

Othello

Peace, and be still!

Desdemona

I will so. What's the matter?

Othello

That handkerchief which I so loved and gave thee
Thou gavest to Cassio.

Desdemona

No, by my life and soul!
Send for the man, and ask him.

Othello

Sweet soul, take heed,
Take heed of perjury; thou art on thy deathbed.

Desdemona

Ay, but not yet to die.

Othello

Yes, presently:
Therefore confess thee freely of thy sin;
For to deny each article with oath
Cannot remove nor choke the strong conception
That I do groan withal. Thou art to die.

Desdemona

Then Lord have mercy on me!

Othello

I say, amen.

Desdemona

And have you mercy too! I never did
Offend you in my life; never loved Cassio
But with such general warranty of heaven
As I might love: I never gave him token.

Othello

By heaven, I saw my handkerchief in's hand.
O perjured woman! thou dost stone my heart,
And makest me call what I intend to do
A murder, which I thought a sacrifice:
I saw the handkerchief.

He found it then;
I never gave it him: send for him hither;

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Let him confess a truth.

He hath confess'd.

What, my lord?

That he hath used thee.

How? unlawfully?

Ay.

He will not say so.

No, his mouth is stopp'd;
Honest Iago hath ta'en order for't.

O! my fear interprets: what, is he dead?

Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge
Had stomach for them all.

Alas! he is betray'd and I undone.

Out, strumpet! weep'st thou for him to my face?

O, banish me, my lord, but kill me not!

Down, strumpet!

Kill me to-morrow: let me live to-night!

Nay, if you strive--

But half an hour!

Being done, there is no pause.

But while I say one prayer!

It is too late.

Within My lord, my lord! what, ho! my lord, my lord!

What noise is this? Not dead? not yet quite dead?
I that am cruel am yet merciful;
I would not have thee linger in thy pain: So, so.

Within What, ho! my lord, my lord!

Who's there?

Within O, good my lord, I would speak a word with you!