WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE'S

OTHELLO

ARRANGED AND DIRECTED BY MARTIN DONEGAN/PRODUCED BY SCOTTI D'ARCY

WILLIAM MARSHALL

"The best Othello of our time" — Harold Hobson, London Sunday Times

JAY ROBINSON/MARTIN DONEGAN/LUDI CLAIRE

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2 LPs
1 text (12 p.)
OTHELLO
THE MOOR OF VENICE

Produced by
Scotti D'Arcy
THE RECORD AS AN EDUCATOR

The recording brings to the classroom songs, music, poetry, drama, discussions and sounds of all kinds from the world of nature and the world of man. Records arouse interest, set a mood, provide the content of a lesson. Recordings often allow for participation. They can be stopped for question and answer sessions and played again to clarify a point. They add a new dimension to learning by bringing selected experiences from the world of sound into the classroom, faithfully introducing situations and events otherwise not within the range of student experience. They are valuable for the student to supplement topics taught, to illustrate concepts, obtain vivid experiences which cannot be derived from the printed page.

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Folkways Records' Poet's Theatre Series produced by Scotti D'Arcy is concerned with the English Teacher and Student who are searching for a medium which is capable of renditions faithful to the original intent of poetry and drama.

Relationship between the record and the classroom: The English Teacher uses the spoken word record as a tool to bring out the poetic value of words. Word relationships. Poetic image. Plot construction. Relationship between primary and secondary plots. Relationship of characters to each other. Explanation of footnotes. In the study of Shakespeare: Elizabethan grammar structure re: verb tenses which are difference in many respects. Plays are written to be heard. Poems and novels must be dramatized. There is a difference between the book word, which is a word we see and write and a real word that is a word we hear and speak. The real words are the craft of the actor. Book words are and rightly so the craft of the English Teacher. Words are not written with emotion and it is the job of the actor to speak the playwright, novelist or poets' words for emotional content. Naturally observing the laws of verse, prose, poetic value, meter, etc. Only by hearing the spoken word will students have the full understanding of the emotional value, excitement, the variation in pace and tempo of good literature.

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Georgetown University
Biographical note on

WILLIAM MARSHALL
as Othello

Born and reared in the steel city of Gary, Indiana, U.S.A., of Anglo-American-Indian parentage. Worked in the steel mills and as a commercial artist before becoming an actor. He has been active in every facet of the entertainment media, except grand opera (which he says will come in time) and the circus (which he feels his life has been all the while).

His first stage appearance was in CARMEN JONES as a chorus singer. He then appeared in PETER PAN, playing Captain Hook as deputy for Boris Karloff, and in LOST IN THE STARS, the musical adaptation of Alan Paton's CRY, THE BELOVED COUNTRY. The plan to revive THE GREEN PASTURES could not go ahead until 1951, when author-director Mark Connelly, on seeing William Marshall perform for the first time, decided that this was the actor to whom the role of God could be entrusted. He then played the title role in OEDIPUS REX and OTHELLLO, and the role of a killed Scotman from the Isle of Man—now in Sean O'Casey's TIME TO GO.

In films he has played the Haitian patriot King Didi in LUSTY BAILEY; Glycon, the Buban King converted to Christianity, in DEMETRIUS AND THE GLADIATORS (both for 20th Century Fox); the Min Man Leader in SOMETHING OF VALUE (MGM) and Obah the Gene in SABU AND THE MAGIC RING (United Artists).

In London, his TV appearances include the BBC production of THE GREEN PASTURES; THE DANGER MAN: INTERPOL: THE BIG PRIDE. He also appeared in BBC's radio production of THE EMPEROR JONES, playing the title role. His solo appearance on the London stage was in TOYS IN THE ATTIC at the Piccadilly Theatre.

Now residing in Paris, he has sung a repertory of American and French songs in a number of cabarets, including the Moulin Rouge, immortalized by Toulouse-Lautrec. For presentation at American Air Bases through France, he directed and appeared in Chekov's THE BEAR and THE MARRIAGE PROPOSAL. Recently he made time to direct O'Neil's LONG VOYAGE HOME at the American Artists and Students Centre in Paris.

Forthcoming film releases: "PIEDRA DE TOQUE" (Touchstone)

World premier to be early November in Madrid. Filmed on location in Spanish Guinea and in Madrid. Mr. Marshall portrays an African Missionary who is in violent conflict with his past life as a warring chiefman.

Highlight of the 1963 International Theatre Festival in Dublin, Ireland, was the Othello of American actor WILLIAM MARSHALL, celebrated star of stage, screen, and television, whose performance took Dublin by storm and won unqualified praise from drama critics of the British and Irish Press.

American Television audiences saw Mr. Marshall as guest artist on such top shows this past season as "The Nurses," "Bonanza," and "Romance." He is currently engaged in filming for full the NBC series at MGM - TV "Solo."

This recording of Othello climaxes an international season by Mr. Marshall that ends in September at the Theatre-By-The-Sea, Venice, California.

LUDI CLAIRE - As Desdemona

Ludi Claire successfully combines two careers in one. As a noted actress she has appeared in more than a dozen Broadway productions, ranging from Restoration comedy to musicals to modern verse drama. And as a prize-winning author she has been active in providing scripts for television and motion pictures. Most recently seen in New York with Vivien Leigh in Jean Giraudoux's "Duel of Angels," her other Main Stem assignments include Julie Harris' revival of "The Country Wife," "The First Gentleman" for director Tyrone Guthrie, the musical "Silk Stockings," "Christopher Fry's "Venus Observed" with Rex Harrison, Anouilh's "Legend of Lovers" and "Meade" with Dame Judith Anderson. She guest starred in the Catholic University's production of Racine's "Phedra." A popular leading lady on the summer circuit, she co-starred with Hans Conried in the comedy "Critic's Choice" this past summer. At the National Shakespeare Festival in San Diego Miss Claire won plaudits for her performances as Lady Anne in "Richard III," "Olivia in "Twelfth Night" and Nerissa in "The Merchant of Venice," as the Countess in "Measure for Measure," as the Countess in "Measure for Measure," as the Countess in "Measure for Measure," as the Countess in "Measure for Measure," as the Countess in "Measure for Measure,"

She made her bow as a writer with the TV adaptation of Thornton Wilder's "The Bridge of San Luis Rey," for which she received the Sylvania and Christopher Awards. She followed this with "Bernadette" for the Desilu Playhouse, then wrote the original screenplay for "Cleopatra," the monumental 20th Century-Fox film spectacle starring Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton. She is currently working on a screenplay commissioned by Helen Hayes, "The 29th of June" from a story by Charles MacArthur.
MARTIN DONEGAN

Othello
Arranged & Directed by
Mr. Donegan

The young Irish actor-director, whose recent direction of "Hamlet" and "Richard III" has been praised as uniquely preceptive and original - here presents "Othello" in a new light. Through his arrangement of scenes and clever use of narration we are caught up and swept along with the action - directing our concentration and interest to the suffering helplessness of Othello under the deft handling of Iago. Mr. Donegan illuminates the 'mind collapse' of Othello and his subsequent 'blindness' as he misconstrues events according to his 'jealousy inflamed madness'. His tragic fall is presented with originality and honesty that enables us to - 'observe him - and his own course' - with a rare clarity.

Portraying Michael Cassio — the versatile Mr. Donegan adds another portrait to his list of memorable performances which include the King in "Richard III", Scott Fitzgerald in "The Story of Two Afternoons", and Richmond in "Richard III".

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JAY ROBINSON - As Iago

Mr. Robinson made his Broadway debut at the age of 18 when he shared the starring roles with Boris Karloff in the play, "The Shop At Sly Corner". The doors of Broadway opened easily for the young actor who then starred in a succession of plays that earned for him rave notices and accolades such as "America's finest young actor" - - - THE NEW YORKER; "His acting, sheer genius" - - - Hedda Hopper and "As an actor, he is without peer" - - - TIME MAGAZINE. His stage appearances included: "Gayden" in which he co-starred with Faye Bainter, "As You Like It" with Katherine Hepburn and "Much Ado About Nothing" with Clave Luce. At 21 Jay Robinson became the youngest producer on Broadway when he starred in his own production of "Buy Me Blue Ribbons".

And then Hollywood beckoned. In his very first film "The Robe" and for his portrayal of the mad Roman Emperor Caligula, Robinson was the recipient of both the New York and London Film Critics Award for the best supporting actor of the year. "The Robe" was followed by "Demetrius And The Gladiators" with Susan Hayward and Victor Mature. Then he costarred with Bette Davis in "The Virgin Queen", with Anthony Quinn in "The Wild Party"; with Dean Clark in "The Tower" and with David Niven in "My Man Godfrey".

Mr. Robinson just returned from Nassau where he costarred with Steve Cochran in the new film "Tell Me In The Sunlight". He has also been signed to star in another new film "Hallucination" which will also be produced in Nassau in the fall.

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OTHELLO
THE MOOR OF VENICE

ACT ONE

SCENE ONE

* SIDE A-1

NARRATION
I am Michael Cassio, that served him as lieutenant.
I have seen the cannon
when it hath blown his ranks into the air
And, like the devil, from his very arm
Puffed his own brother. This then his story,
This is the noble Moor whom our full senate called
All in all sufficient.
This is the nature who passion could not shake
Whose solid virtue, the shot of accident and
Dart of chance could neither graze nor pierce.
I will in honesty present to you
What I have seen and known. You shall observe him,
And his own course will denote him so.
That you need not my speech. Do but go after
And mark how it continues.
It is Venice—Iago, ancient to the Moor, is in the street with a fellow Venetian called Rodrigo—

IAGO. Three great ones of the city,
In person suit to make me his lieutenant,
Off-capp'd to him; and, by the faith of man,
I know my price, I am worth no worse a place;
But he, as loving his own pride and purposes,
Evades them, with a bombast circumstance
Horribly stuff'd with epithets of war;
And, in conclusion,
Nonsuits my mediators; for, 'Certs,' says he,
'I have already chose my officer.'
And what was he?
Forschooth, a great architectian,
One Michael Cassio, a Florentine,
A fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife;
That never set a squadron to the field,
Nor the division of a battle knows
More than a spinner; unless the bookish theorist,
Whereto the taxed consuls can propose
As masterly as he: mere prattle, without practice,
Is all his soldierish. But he, sir, had the election;
And I—of whom his eyes had seen the proof
At Rhodes, at Cyprus, and on other grounds
Christian and heathen—must be he-lee'd and calm'd
By debitor and creditor; this counter-caster,
He, in good time, must his lieutenant be,
And I—God bless the mark!—his Moorship's ancient.
Now, sir, be judge yourself.
Who's in any just term am astound'd
To love the Moor.
I follow him to serve my turn upon him;
We cannot all be masters, nor all masters
Cannot be truly follow'd. You shall mark
It as sure as you are Rodrigo,
We, I the Moor, I would not be Iago:
In following him, I follow but myself;
Heaven is my judge, not I for love and duty,
But seeming so, for my peculiar end:
For when my outward action doth demonstrate
The native act and figure of my heart
In compliment extern, 'tis not long after
But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve
For daws to peck at: I am not what I am.

IAGO. Call up his father;
Rouse him, make after him, poison his delight,
Proclaim him in the streets, incense his kinmen,
And, though he in a fertile climate dwell,
Plague him with flies; though that his joy be joy,
Yet throw such changes of vexation on 't
As may lose some colour.
Here is her father's house; I 'll call aloud.
Call, with like timorous accent and dire yell
As when, by night and negligence, the fire
Is spied in populous cities.
What, ho! Brabantio! Signior Brabantio, ho!
Awaked what, ho Brabantio! thief! thief! thief!
Look to your house, your daughter, and your bags!
Thieves! thieves!
Zounds! sir, you're robb'd; for shame, put on your gown!
Your heart is burst, you have lost half your soul;
Even now, now, very now, an old black ram
Is tapping your white ewe. Arise, arise!
Awake the snorting citizens with the bell,
Or else the devil will make a grandire of you.
Arise, I say.

IAGO. Farewell, for I must leave you:
It seems not meet nor wholesome to my place
To be produc'd, as, if I stay, I shall,
Against the Moor; for I do know the state,
However this may gall him with some check,
Cannot with safety cast him; for he's embarr'd
With such loud reason to the Cyprus wars.

Which even now stand in act,—that, for their souls,
Another of his fathom they have none,
To lead their business; in which regard,
Though I do hate him as I do hell-pains,
Yet, for necessity of present life,
I must show out a flag and sign of love.
Which is indeed but sign. That you shall surely find him,
Lead to the Sagittary the raised search;
And there will I be with him. So, farewell.

* SIDE A-2 *

ACT I · SCENE II

ANOTHER STREET.

Enter Othello, Iago.

IAGO. Though in the trade of war I have slain men,
Yet do I hold it very stuff o' the conscience
To do no contriv'd murder: I lack iniquity
Sometimes to do me service. Nine or ten times
I had thought to have yeck'd him here under the ribs.

Othello. 'Tis better as it is.

IAGO. Nay, but he prated,
And spoke such scruvy and provoking terms.
Against your honour
That, with the little godliness I have,
I did full hard forbear him. But, I pray, sir,
Are you fast married? Be assure'd of this,
That the magnifico is much belov'd,
And hath in his effect a voice potent
As double as the duke's; he will divorce you,
Or put upon you what restraint and grievance
The law—with all his might to enforce it on—
Will give him cable.

Othello. Let him do his spite:
My services which I have done the signory
Shall out-tongue his complaints
I fetch my life and being
From men of royal siege, and my demerits
May speak unhonnested to as proud a fortune
As this that I have reach'd; for know, Iago,
But that I love the gentle Desdemona,
I would not my unhoused free condition
Put into circumscription and confine
For the sea's worth. But, look! what lights come yond?

IAGO. Those are the raised father and his friends,
You were best go in.

Othello. Not I; I must be found:
My parts, my title, and my perfect soul
Shall manifest me rightly. Is it they?

IAGO: By James, I think no.

Enter Cassio

Othello. The servants of the duke, and my lieutenant.
The goodness of the night upon you, friends!

What is the news?

CASSIO. The duke does greet you, general,
And he requires your haste-post-haste appearance,
Even on the instant.

Othello. What is the matter, think you?

Cassio. Something from Cyprus, as I may divine.
It is a business of some heat; the galleys
Have sent a dozen sequent messengers
This very night at one another's heels,
And many of the consuls, rais'd and met,
Are at the duke's already. You have been hotly call'd for;
When, being not at your lodging to be found,
The senate hath sent about three several quests
To search you out.

Othello. 'Tis well I am found by you.
I will but spend a word here in the house,
And go with you.

Cassio. Ancient, what makes he here?

IAGO: Faith, he to-night hath boarded a land carrack;
If it prove lawful prize, he's made for ever.

Cassio. I do not understand.

IAGO. He's married.

To whom?

Re-enter Othello

IAGO. Marry, to—Come, captain, will you go?

Othello. Have with you.

Cassio. Here comes another troop to seek for you.

IAGO. It is Brabantio. General, he advis'd;
He comes to bad intent.

Othello. Holla! stand there!
They draw on both sides.
That heaven had made her such a man; she thank’d me,
And bade me, if I had a friend that lov’d her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And that would woo her. Upon this hint I spake.
She lov’d me for the dangers I had pass’d,
And I lov’d her that she did pity them.
This only is the witchcraft I have us’d:
Here comes the lady; let her witness it.

Enter Desdemona, Iago, and Attendants.

Othello. Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,
My very noble and approv’d good masters,
That I have ta’en away this old man’s daughter,
It is most true, true, I have married her:
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my speech,
And little blest’d with the soft phrase of peace;
For since these arms of mine had seven years’ pith,
Till now some nine moons wasted, they have us’d
Their dearest action in the tender field;
And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle;
And therefore little shall I grace my causer
In speaking for myself. Yet, by your gracious patience,
I will a round unvarnish’d tale deliver
Of my whole course of love; what drugs, what charms,
What conjunction, and what mighty magic,
For such proceeding I am charg’d withal,
I won his daughter.

Send for the lady to the Sagittary,
And let her speak of me before her father:
If you do find me foul in her report,
The trust, the office I do hold of you,
Not only take away, but let your sentence
Even fall upon my life.

Ancient, conduct them; you best know the place.

Exeunt Iago and Attendants.

And, till she come, as truly as to heaven
I do confess the vices of my blood,
So justly to your grave ears I’ll present
How I did thrive in this fair lady’s love,
And she in mine.

Side A 3

Othello. Her father lov’d me; oft invited me;
Still question’d me the story of my life;
From year to year, the battles, sieges, fortunes
That I have pass’d.
I ran it through, even from my boyish days
To the very moment that he bade me tell it;
Wherein I speak of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field,
Of hair-breadth escapes; the imminent deadly breach,
Of being taken by the insolent foe
And sold to slavery, of my redemption thence
And portance in my travel’s history;
Wherein of antres vast and deserts idle,
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch heaven,
It was my habit to speak, such was the process;
And of the Cannibals that each other eat,
The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders. This to hear
Would Desdemona seriously incline;
But still the house-affairs would draw her thence;
Which ever as she could with haste dispatch,
She’d come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my discourse. Which I observing,
Took once a plaintful hour, and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
But not intestinally: I did consent.
And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did speak of some distressful stroke
That my youth suffer’d. My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs:
She swore, in faith, ‘twas strange, ‘twas passing strange;
’Twas pitiful, ’twas wondrous pitiful;
She wish’d she had not heard it, yet she wish’d

NARRATION.

The Duke decrees that— it shall be as they privately determine (either for her stay or going) the affair cries haste, and speed must answer it— Othello must hence tonight—

Othello. So pleased your Grace, my ancient;
A man he is of honesty and trust:
To his conveyance I assign my wife,
With what else needful your good grace shall think
To be sent after me.

Honest Iago,
My Desdemona must I leave to thee:
I pettie, let thy wife attend on her;
And bring them after in the best advantage.
Come, Desdemona; I have but an hour
Of love, of worldly matters and direction,
To spend with thee; we must obey the time.

Exeunt Othello and Desdemona.

NARRATION.

The ‘love-sick’ Rodrigo informs Iago he will incessantly drown himself.

Iago. Of villains; I have looked upon the world for four times seven years, and since I could distinguish betwixt a benefit and an injury, I never found man that knew how to love himself. Ere I would say, I would drown myself for the love of a guinea-hen, I would change my humanity with a baboon.

‘tis in ourselves that we are thus, or thus. Our bodies are our gardens, to the which our viles are garsdeneds; so that if we will plant nettles or sowe leu-
tuce, set hyssop and weed up thyme, supply it with one gender of herbs or distract it with many, either to have it sterile with idleness or manured with industry, why, the power and corrigible authority of this lies in our wills. If the balance of our lives had not one scale of reason to poised another of sensuality, the blood and baseness of our natures would conduct us to most preposterous conclusions; but we have reason to cool our raging notions, our
It is merely a lust of the blood and a permission of the will. Come, be a man. Drown thyself! drown cats and blind puppies. I have professed thee my friend, and I confess me knout to thy deserving with cables of per- durable toughness; I could never better stead thee than now. Put money in thy purse; follow these wars; defeat thy favour with a wimpled beard. I say, put money in thy purse. It cannot be that Desdemona should long con- tinue her love to the Moor—put money in thy purse,—nor he to her. It was a violent commencement in her, and thou shalt see an answerable sequelation; put but money in thy purse. These Moors are changeable in their wills—fill thy purse with money—the food that to him now is as hussivous as locusts, shall be to him shortly as bitter as coloquintida. She must change for youth: when she is sated with his body, she will find the error of her choice. She must have change, she must: therefore put money in thy purse. If thou wilt needs demand thyself, do it a more delicate way than drowning. Make all the money thou canst. If sanctimony and a frail vow between an erring barbarian and a super-subtle Venetian be not too hard for my wits and all the tribe of hell, thou shalt enjoy her; therefore make money. A pox of drowning thy- self! it is clean out of the way: seek thou rather to be hanged in compassing thy joy than to be drowned and go without her.

Thou art sure of me: go, make money. I have told thee often, and I re-tell thee again and again, I hate the Moor: my cause is hearted; thine hath no less reason. Let us be conjunctive in our revenge against him; if thou canst cuckold him, thou dost thyself a pleasure, me a sport. There are many events in the womb of time which will be delivered. Traverse: go: provide thy money. We will have more of this to-morrow. Adieu.

Thou dost die my soul: my soul: I hate the Moor, and it is thought abroad that 'twist her sheets. He has done my office: I know not if 'tis true, But I, for mere suspicion in that kind, Will do as if for surety. He holds me well; The better shall my purpose work on him. Cassio's a proper man: let me see now: To get his place; and to plume up my will In double knavery; how, how? Let's see: After some time to abuse Othello's ear That he is too familiar with his wife: He hath a person and a smooth dispose To be suspected; framed to make women false. The Moor is of a free and open nature, That thinks men honest that but seem to be so, And will as tenderly be led by the nose As asses are. I have 't: it is engender'd: hell and night Must bring this monstrous birth to the world's light.

Exit

Othello

Act Two

Scene One

A Seaport Town in Cyprus. An open place near the Quay.

Narration

The desperate tempest hath so bashed the Turks that their desig-nation halts. The town is empty; on the bow o' the sea stand ranks of people, and they cry: "a sail!

My hopes do shape him for the governor. The divine Desdemona. She that I spake of, our great captain's captain, Left in the conduct of the bold Iago, whose footage here anticipates our thoughts A se'ennights speed.

Casio

O! behold, The riches of the ship is come on shore. To men of Cyprus, let her have your knees. Hail to these, lady! and the grace of heaven, Before, behind thee, and on every hand, Enwheels thee round!

Desdemona.

I thank you, valiant Cassio. What tidings can you tell me of my lord?

Cassio. He is not yet arriv'd; nor know I aught

But that he's well, and will be shortly here.

Desdemona. Oh! but I fear—How lost you company?

Cassio. The great contention of the sea and skies Parted our fellowship.

Iago.

Good ancient, you are welcome:—

Let it not gull your patience, good Iago,
That I extend my manners; 'tis my breeding
That gives me this bold show of courtesy. Kissing her

Iago. Sir, would she give you so much of her lips
As of her tongue she oft bestows on me,
You've had enough.

Desdemona. Alas! she has no speech.

Iago. In faith, too much;
I find it still when I have list to sleep:
Marry, before your ladyship, I grant,
She puts her tongue a little in her heart,
And chides with thinking.

Desdemona. You have little cause to say so.

Iago. Come on, come on; you are pictures out of doors,
Bells in your parlours, wild cats in your kitchens,
Saints in your injuries, devils being offended,
Players in your housewifery, and housewives in your beds.

Desdemona. O fie upon thee, slanderer.

Iago. Nay, it is true, or else I am a Turk:
You rise to play and go to bed to work.

Desdemona. You shall not write my praise.

Iago. No, let me not.

Desdemona. How say you, Cassio? Is he not a most profane and liberal counsellor?

Cassio. He speaks home, madam; you may relish him more in the soldier than in the scholar.

Iago. (Aside) He takes her by the palm: ay, well said, whisper: with as little a web as this will I ensnare as great a fly as Cassio. Ay, smile upon her, do; I will give thee in thine own courtship. You say true, 'tis so, indeed. If such tricks as these strip you out of your liestantry, it had been better you had not kissed your three fingers so oft, which now against you are most apt to play the sit in. Very good; well kissed! an excellent courtesy! 'tis so, indeed. Yet again your fingers to your lips; would they were elysian-pipes for your sake!

Enter Othello

Othello. O my fair warrior!

Desdemona. My dear Othello!

Othello. It gives me wonder great as my content To see you here before me. O my soul's joy! If after every tempest come such calms, May the winds blow till they have waken'd death! And let the labouring bark climb hills of seas Olympus-high, and duck again as low As hell's from heaven! If it were now to die, Twere now to be most happy, for I fear My soul hath her content so absolute That not another comfort like to this Succeeds in unknown fate.

Desdemona. The heavens forbid But that our loves and comforts should increase Even as our days do grow!

Othello. Amen to that, sweet powers! I cannot speak enough of this content; It stopps me here; it is too much of joy: And this, and this, the greatest discords be Kissing her

That o'er our hearts shall make! Come, let us to the castle. News; friends, our wars are done, the Turks are drown'd. How does my old acquaintance of this isle? Honey, you shall be well desir'd in Cyprus; I have found great love amongst them. O my sweet, I prattle out of fashion, and I dote In mine own comforts. I pritheee, good Iago, Go to the bay and disembark my coffer. Bring thou the master to the citadel; He is a good one, and his worthiness Does challenge much respect. Come, Desdemona, Once more well met at Cyprus.

Exeunt all except Iago and Roderigo

Iago.

O you are well tuned now! But I'll set down the page that makes this music, As Honest As I am. Roderigo come hither list me be you ruled by me: I have brought you
from Venice. Watch you to-night; for the command, I'll lay you upon: Cassio knows you not. I'll not be far from you: do you find some occasion to anger Cassio, Sir, he is rash and very sudden in choleric, and haply may strike at you: provoke him, that he may; for even out of that will I cause these of Cyprus to mutiny, whose qualification shall come into no true taste again but by the displeasing of Cassio.

Meet me by and by at the citadel: I must fetch his necessaries aboard. Farewell.

CASSIO. That Cassio loves her, I do well believe it; That she loves him, 'tis apt, and of great credit: The Moor, bowing that I endure him not, Is of a constant, loving, noble nature; And I dare think he'll prove to Desdemona A most dear husband. Now, I do love her too; Not out of absolute lust,—though peradventure I stand accountable for as great a sin,— But partly led to diet my revenge,
For that I do suspect the lusty Moor Hath leapt into my seat; the thought thereof Doth like a poisonous mineral gnaw my inward; And nothing else shall content my soul Till I am even'd with him, wise for wife; Or failing so, yet that I put the Moor At least into a jealousy so strong That judgment cannot cure. Which thing to do, If this poor trash of Venice, whom I trust For his quick hunting, stand the putting-on, I'll have our Michael Cassio on the hip; Abuse him to the Moor in the rank garb, For I fear Cassio with my night-cap too, Make the Moor thank me, love me, and reward me For making him egregiously an ass And practising upon his peace and quiet Even to madness. 'Tis here, but yet confound: Knavey's plain face is never seen till 'ud. Exit

SIDE B-2

SCENE TWO

A Street.

CASSIO. It is Othello's pleasure, our noble and valiant general, that, upon certain tidings now arrived, Importing the mere perdition of the Turkish fleet, every man put himself into triumph; some to dance, some to make bonfires, each man to what sport and revels his addiction leads him; for, besides, these beneficial news, it is the celebration of his nuptials. So much was his pleasure should be proclaimed. All offices are open, and there is full liberty of feasting from this present hour of five till the bell have tolled eleven. Heaven bless the isle of Cyprus and our noble general Othello!

OTHELLO. Good Michael, look you to the guard to-night: Let's teach ourselves that honourable step, Not to outsport discretion.

CASSIO. Iago hath direction what to do: But, notwithstanding, with my personal eye Will I look to 't.

OTHELLO. Iago is most honest. Michael, good-night; to-morrow with your earliest Let me have speech with you. (To Desdemona) Come, my dear love, The purchase made, the fruits are to ensue; That profit's yet to come 'twixt me and you. Good-night.

Exeunt Othello, Desdemona, and Attendants

Enter Iago

CASSIO. Welcome, Iago; we must to the watch.

IAGO. Not this hour, lieutenant; 'tis not yet ten o'clock. Our general cast us thus early for the love of his Desdemona, who let us not therefore blame; he hath not yet made wanton the night with her, and she is sport for love.

CASSIO. She's a most exquisite lady.

IAGO. And, I'll warrant her, full of game.

CASSIO. Indeed, she is a most fresh and delicate creature.

IAGO. What an eye she has! methinks it sounds a parley of provocation.

CASSIO. An inviting eye: and yet methinks right modest.

IAGO. And when she speaks, is it not an alarm to love?

CASSIO. She is indeed perfection.

IAGO. Well, happiness to their sheets! Come, lieutenant, I have a stoup of wine, and here without are a brace of Cyprus gallants that would fair have a measure to the health of black Othello.