

## Resource

### Appendix F: Act 1 Scene 2 (Edited)

**OTHELLO** Let him do his spite;  
My services, which I have done the signiory,  
Shall out-tongue his complaints. 'Tis yet to know –  
Which, when I know that boasting is an honour,  
I shall promulgate – I fetch my life and being  
From men of royal siege, and my demerits  
May speak unbonneted to as proud a fortune  
As this that I have reached. 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?

*Enter Cassio, with officers and torches*

**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 Janus, I think no.

**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's 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, raised and met,  
Are at the duke's already. You have been hotly called 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. *[Exit.]*

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**OTHELLO**  
Keep up your bright swords, for the dew will rust them.  
Good signior, you shall more command with years  
Than with your weapons.

**BRABANTIO**  
O thou foul thief, where hast thou stowed my daughter?  
Damned as thou art, thou hast enchanted her,  
For I'll refer me to all things of sense,  
If she in chains of magic were not bound,  
Whether a maid so tender, fair and happy,  
So opposite to marriage that she shunned  
The wealthy, curled darlings of our nation,  
Would ever have, t'incur a general mock,  
Run from her guardage to the sooty bosom  
Of such a thing as thou? to fear, not to delight.  
Judge me the world if 'tis not gross in sense  
That thou hast practised on her with foul charms,  
Abused her delicate youth with drugs or minerals  
That weakens motion: I'll have't disputed on,  
'Tis probable and palpable to thinking.  
I therefore apprehend and do attach thee  
For an abuser of the world, a practiser  
Of arts inhibited and out of warrant.  
Lay hold upon him; if he do resist  
Subdue him at his peril!

**OTHELLO** Hold your hands,  
Both you of my inclining and the rest:  
Were it my cue to fight, I should have known it  
Without a prompter. Where will you that I go  
To answer this your charge?

**BRABANTIO** To prison, till fit time  
Of law, and course of direct session

Call thee to answer.

**OTHELLO**       What if I do obey?  
How may the duke be therewith satisfied,  
Whose messengers are here about my side  
Upon some present business of the state,  
To bring me to him?