

***Othello***  
By William Shakespeare  
***ACT I :Scene 3***

Enter Brabantio, Othello, Cassio, Iago, Roderigo, and  
Officers.

DUKE

Valiant Othello, we must straight employ you  
Against the general enemy Ottoman.  
To Brabantio. I did not see you. Welcome, gentle  
signior.

We lacked your counsel and your help tonight. 60

BRABANTIO

So did I yours. Good your Grace, pardon me.  
Neither my place nor aught I heard of business  
Hath raised me from my bed, nor doth the general  
care

Take hold on me, for my particular grief 65

That it engulfs and swallows other sorrows  
And it is still itself.

DUKE

BRABANTIO

My daughter! O, my daughter! 70

FIRST SENATOR Dead?

BRABANTIO Ay, to me.

By spells and medicines bought of mountebanks; 75

Being not deficient, blind, or lame of sense  
Sans witchcraft could not.

DUKE

ceeding  
Hath thus beguiled your daughter of herself  
And you of her, the bloody book of law 80  
You shall yourself read in the bitter letter,  
After your own sense, yea, though our proper son  
Stood in your action.

BRABANTIO Humbly I thank your Grace.

Here is the man this Moor, whom now it seems 85  
Your special mandate for the state affairs  
Hath hither brought.

ALL

FIRST SENATOR But, Othello, speak:  
Did you by indirect and forcèd courses

Or came it by request, and such fair question  
As soul to soul affordeth?

OTHELLO I do beseech you,  
Send for the lady to the Sagittary 135  
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. 140

DUKE Fetch Desdemona hither.

Ancient, conduct them. You best know the place.

And till she come, as truly as to heaven  
I do confess the vices of my blood,

And she in mine.

DUKE Say it, Othello.

OTHELLO

Her father loved me, oft invited me,  
Still questioned me the story of my life  
From year to year the battles, sieges, fortunes  
That I have passed.  
I ran it through, even from my boyish days  
                                he bade me tell it,  
Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances:  
Of moving accidents by flood and field,

150  
  
  
  
  
  
  
155

breach,  
Of being taken by the insolent foe  
And sold to slavery, of my redemption thence,  
And portage

Wherein of antres vast and deserts idle,  
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads  
touch heaven,  
It was my hint to speak such was my process 165  
And of the cannibals that each other eat,  
The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads  
Do grow beneath their shoulders.