

I never did like molestation view
On th' enchas'd flood.

Mont. If that the *Turkish* fleet
Be not inselter'd and embay'd, they're drown'd:
It is impossible to bear it out.

S C E N E II.

Enter a third Gentleman.

3 Gent. News, lords! our wars are done:
The desperate tempest hath so bang'd the *Turks*,
That their designment halts. A ship of *Venice*
Hath seen a grievous wreck and sufferance
On most part of their fleet.

Mont. How! is this true?

3 Gent. The ship is here put in;
A *Veronessa*; *Michael Cassio*,
Lieutenant of the warlike *Moor*, *Othello*,
Is come on shore; the *Moor* himself's at sea,
And is in full commission here for *Cyprus*.

Mont. I'm glad on't; 'tis a worthy governor.

3 Gent. But this same *Cassio*, though he speak of comfort
Touching the *Turkish* loss, yet he looks sadly,
And prays the *Moor* be safe; for they were parted
With foul and violent tempest.

Mont. Pray heav'ns he be:

For I have serv'd him, and the man commands
Like a full soldier. Let's to the sea-side,
As well to see the vessel that's come in,
As to throw out our eyes for brave *Othello*,
Even till we make the main and th' aerial blue
An indistinct regard.

3 Gent. Come, let's do so;
For every minute is expectancy
Of more arrivance.

S C E N E