

S C E N E III.

Enter Cassio.

Cas. Thanks to the valiant of this warlike isle
That so approve the *Moor*: o, let the heav'ns
Give him defence against the elements,
For I have lost him on a dangerous sea!

Mont. Is he well shipp'd?

Cas. His bark is stoutly timber'd, and his pilot
Of very expert and approv'd allowance;
Therefore my hopes, not surfeited to death,
Stand in bold cure.

[*Within.*] A fail! a fail! a fail!

Cas. What noise?

Gent. The town is empty; on the brow o'th' sea
Stand ranks of people, and they cry, a fail.

Cas. My hopes do shape him for the governor.

Gent. They do discharge their shot of courtesy:
Our friends at least.

Cas. I pray you, sir, go forth,
And give us truth who 'tis that is arriv'd.

Gent. I shall.

[*Exit.*

Mont. But, good lieutenant, is your general wiv'd?

Cas. Most fortunately: he hath atchiev'd a maid
That paragon's description and wild fame;
One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens,
And in th' essential vesture of creation
Does bear all excellency.—

S C E N E IV.

Reenter Gentleman.

How now? who has put in?

Gent. 'Tis one *Iago*, ancient to the general.

Cas. H'as had most favourable and happy speed;

Tempests.