

Tempests themselves, high seas, and howling winds,  
 The gutter'd rocks, and congregated sands,  
 (Traitors ensteep'd to clog the guiltless keel,)  
 As having sense of beauty, do omit  
 Their mortal natures, letting safe go by  
 The divine *Desdemona*.

*Mont.* What is she?

*Cas.* She that I spake of, our great captain's captain,  
 Left in the conduct of the bold *Iago*;  
 Whose footing here anticipates our thoughts,  
 A se'nnight's speed. — Great *Jove*, *Othello* guard,  
 And swell his sail with thine own powerful breath;  
 That he may bless this bay with his tall ship,  
 Make love's quick pants in *Desdemona's* arms,  
 Give renew'd fire to our extinguish'd spirits,  
 And bring all *Cyprus* comfort! —

## S C E N E V.

*Enter Desdemona, Iago, Rodorigo, and Æmilia.*

O, behold,  
 The riches of the ship is come on shore! —  
 You men of *Cyprus*, let her have your knees. —  
 Hail to thee, lady! and the grace of heav'n  
 Before, behind thee, and on every hand  
 Enwheel thee round!

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

*Cas.* He is not yet arriv'd, nor know I aught  
 But that he's well, and will be shortly here.

*Des.* O, but I fear; — how lost you company?

*Cas.* The great contention of the sea and skies  
 Parted our fellowship. But, hark, a sail!

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

*Gent.* They give this greeting to the citadel:  
 This likewise is a friend.

*Cas.*