

To cure him of this evil. Hark! what noise?

[*within*, help! help!

Reenter Cassio pursuing Rodorigo.

Cas. You rogue! you rascal! —

Mont. What's the matter, lieutenant?

Cas. A knave teach me my duty!

I'll beat the knave into a twiggen bottle.

Rod. Beat me!

Cas. Dost thou prate, rogue?

Mont. Nay, good lieutenant;

[*slaying him.*

I pray you, sir, hold your hand.

Cas. Let me go, sir, or I'll knock you o'er the mazzard.

Mont. Come, come, you're drunk.

Cas. Drunk?

[*they fight.*

Iago. Away, I say; go out, and cry a mutiny. — [*Exit Rodorigo.*

Nay, good lieutenant, — alas, gentlemen, —

Help, ho! — Lieutenant, — sir, — *Montano*, —

Help, masters! — Here's a goodly watch indeed!

Who's that who rings the bell? — *Diablo*, ho!

[*bell rings.*

The town will rise. — Fie, fie, lieutenant!

You will be sham'd for ever.

S C E N E XIII.

Enter Othello, and Attendants.

Oth. What is the matter here?

Mont. I bleed still, I am hurt, but not to th' death.

Oth. Hold for your lives.

Iago. Hold, ho! — Lieutenant, — sir, — *Montano*, — gentlemen, —
Have you forgot all sense of place and duty?

The general speaks to you; hold, hold, for shame!

Oth. Why, how now, ho! from whence ariseth this?

Are we turn'd *Turks*? and to ourselves do that

Which heaven hath forbid the *Ottomites*?

For