

For christian shame, put by this barbarous brawl :
 He that stirs next to carve for his own rage,
 Holds his soul light ; he dies upon his motion. —
 Silence that dreadful bell, it frights the isle
 From her propriety. — What is the matter ? —

Honest *Iago*, that look'st dead with grieving,
 Speak ; who began this ? on thy love I charge thee.

Iago. I do not know ; friends all, but now, even now
 In quarter, and in terms like bride and groom
 Divesting them for bed : and then, but now, —
 As if some planet had unwitted men,
 Swords out, and tilting one at other's breasts,
 In opposition bloody. I can't speak

Any beginning to this peevish odds ;
 And 'would in action glorious I had lost
 Those legs that brought me to a part of it !

Oth. How comes it, *Michael*, you are thus forgot ?

Cas. I pray you, pardon me, I cannot speak.

Oth. Worthy *Montano*, you were wont be civil :
 The gravity and stillness of your youth
 The world hath noted ; and your name is great
 In mouths of wisest censure : what's the matter,
 That you unlace your reputation thus,
 And spend your rich opinion for the name
 Of a night-brawler ? give me answer to it.

Mont. Worthy *Othello*, I am hurt to danger ;
 Your officer *Iago* can inform you
 (While I spare speech, which something now offends me)
 Of all that I do know : nor know I aught
 By me that's said or done amiss this night ;
 Unless self-charity be sometimes a vice,
 And to defend ourselves it be a sin,
 When violence assails us.

Oth. Now, by heav'n,
 My blood begins my safer guides to rule,
 And passion, having my best judgment choler'd,

Assays