

# Othello, the Moore of Venice

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## SCENE III. Another room In the castle.

*Enter OTHELLO, LODOVICO, DESDEMONA, EMILIA and Attendants*

### LODOVICO

I do beseech you, sir, trouble yourself no further.

### OTHELLO

O, pardon me: 'twill do me good to walk.

### LODOVICO

Madam, good night; I humbly thank your ladyship.

### DESDEMONA

Your honour is most welcome.

### OTHELLO

Will you walk, sir?  
O,--Desdemona,--

### DESDEMONA

My lord?

### OTHELLO

Get you to bed on the instant; I will be returned  
forthwith: dismiss your attendant there: look it be done.

### DESDEMONA

I will, my lord.

*Exeunt OTHELLO, LODOVICO, and Attendants*

### EMILIA

How goes it now? he looks gentler than he did.

### DESDEMONA

He says he will return incontinent:

He hath commanded me to go to bed,  
And bade me to dismiss you.

**EMILIA**

Dismiss me!

**DESDEMONA**

It was his bidding: therefore, good Emilia,  
Give me my nightly wearing, and adieu:  
We must not now displease him.

**EMILIA**

I would you had never seen him!

**DESDEMONA**

So would not I my love doth so approve him,  
That even his stubbornness, his cheques, his frowns--  
Prithee, unpin me,--have grace and favour in them.

**EMILIA**

I have laid those sheets you bade me on the bed.

**DESDEMONA**

All's one. Good faith, how foolish are our minds!  
If I do die before thee prithee, shroud me  
In one of those same sheets.

**EMILIA**

Come, come you talk.

**DESDEMONA**

My mother had a maid call'd Barbara:  
She was in love, and he she loved proved mad  
And did forsake her: she had a song of 'willow';  
An old thing 'twas, but it express'd her fortune,  
And she died singing it: that song to-night  
Will not go from my mind; I have much to do,  
But to go hang my head all at one side,  
And sing it like poor Barbara. Prithee, dispatch.

**EMILIA**

Shall I go fetch your night-gown?

**DESDEMONA**

No, unpin me here.  
This Lodovico is a proper man.

**EMILIA**

A very handsome man.

**DESDEMONA**

He speaks well.

**EMILIA**

I know a lady in Venice would have walked barefoot  
to Palestine for a touch of his nether lip.

**DESDEMONA**

[Singing] The poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree,  
Sing all a green willow:  
Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,  
Sing willow, willow, willow:  
The fresh streams ran by her, and murmur'd her moans;  
Sing willow, willow, willow;  
Her salt tears fell from her, and soften'd the stones;  
Lay by these:--

*Singing*

Sing willow, willow, willow;  
Prithee, hie thee; he'll come anon:--

*Singing*

Sing all a green willow must be my garland.  
Let nobody blame him; his scorn I approve,-  
Nay, that's not next.--Hark! who is't that knocks?

**EMILIA**

It's the wind.

**DESDEMONA**

[Singing] I call'd my love false love; but what  
said he then?  
Sing willow, willow, willow:  
If I court moe women, you'll couch with moe men!  
So, get thee gone; good night Ate eyes do itch;  
Doth that bode weeping?

**EMILIA**

'Tis neither here nor there.

**DESDEMONA**

I have heard it said so. O, these men, these men!  
Dost thou in conscience think,--tell me, Emilia,--  
That there be women do abuse their husbands  
In such gross kind?

**EMILIA**

There be some such, no question.

**DESDEMONA**

Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the world?

**EMILIA**

Why, would not you?

**DESDEMONA**

No, by this heavenly light!

**EMILIA**

Nor I neither by this heavenly light;  
I might do't as well i' the dark.

**DESDEMONA**

Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the world?

**EMILIA**

The world's a huge thing: it is a great price.  
For a small vice.

**DESDEMONA**

In troth, I think thou wouldst not.

**EMILIA**

In troth, I think I should; and undo't when I had  
done. Marry, I would not do such a thing for a  
joint-ring, nor for measures of lawn, nor for  
gowns, petticoats, nor caps, nor any petty  
exhibition; but for the whole world,--why, who would  
not make her husband a cuckold to make him a  
monarch? I should venture purgatory for't.

**DESDEMONA**

Beshrew me, if I would do such a wrong  
For the whole world.

**EMILIA**

Why the wrong is but a wrong i' the world: and  
having the world for your labour, tis a wrong in your  
own world, and you might quickly make it right.

**DESDEMONA**

I do not think there is any such woman.

**EMILIA**

Yes, a dozen; and as many to the vantage as would  
store the world they played for.  
But I do think it is their husbands' faults  
If wives do fall: say that they slack their duties,  
And pour our treasures into foreign laps,  
Or else break out in peevish jealousies,  
Throwing restraint upon us; or say they strike us,  
Or scant our former having in despite;  
Why, we have galls, and though we have some grace,  
Yet have we some revenge. Let husbands know  
Their wives have sense like them: they see and smell  
And have their palates both for sweet and sour,  
As husbands have. What is it that they do  
When they change us for others? Is it sport?  
I think it is: and doth affection breed it?  
I think it doth: is't frailty that thus errs?  
It is so too: and have not we affections,  
Desires for sport, and frailty, as men have?  
Then let them use us well: else let them know,  
The ill we do, their ill instruct us so.

**DESDEMONA**

Good night, good night: heaven me such uses send,  
Not to pick bad from bad, but by bad mend!

*Exeunt*