**IAGO**

Something from Venice, sure. 'Tis Lodovico
Come from the duke: and, see, your wife is with him.

*Enter LODOVICO, DESDEMONA, and Attendants*

**LODOVICO**

Save you, worthy general!

**OTHELLO**

With all my heart, sir.

**LODOVICO**

The duke and senators of Venice greet you.

*Gives him a letter*

**OTHELLO**

I kiss the instrument of their pleasures.

*Opens the letter, and reads*

**DESDEMONA**

And what's the news, good cousin Lodovico?

**IAGO**

I am very glad to see you, signior
Welcome to Cyprus.

**LODOVICO**

I thank you. How does Lieutenant Cassio?

**IAGO**

Lives, sir.

**DESDEMONA**

Cousin, there's fall'n between him and my lord
An unkind breach: but you shall make all well.

**OTHELLO**

Are you sure of that?

**DESDEMONA**

My lord?

**OTHELLO**

[Reads] 'This fail you not to do, as you will--'

**LODOVICO**

He did not call; he's busy in the paper.
Is there division 'twixt my lord and Cassio?

**DESDEMONA**

A most unhappy one: I would do much
To atone them, for the love I bear to Cassio.

**OTHELLO**

Fire and brimstone!

**DESDEMONA**

My lord?

**OTHELLO**

Are you wise?

**DESDEMONA**

What, is he angry?

**LODOVICO**

May be the letter moved him;
For, as I think, they do command him home,
Deputing Cassio in his government.

**DESDEMONA**

Trust me, I am glad on't.

**OTHELLO**

Indeed!

**DESDEMONA**

My lord?

**OTHELLO**

I am glad to see you mad.

**DESDEMONA**

Why, sweet Othello,--

**OTHELLO**

[Striking her] Devil!

**DESDEMONA**

I have not deserved this.

**LODOVICO**

My lord, this would not be believed in Venice,
Though I should swear I saw't: 'tis very much:
Make her amends; she weeps.

**OTHELLO**

O devil, devil!
If that the earth could teem with woman's tears,
Each drop she falls would prove a crocodile.
Out of my sight!

**DESDEMONA**

I will not stay to offend you.

*Going*

**LODOVICO**

Truly, an obedient lady:
I do beseech your lordship, call her back.

**OTHELLO**

Mistress!

**DESDEMONA**

My lord?

**OTHELLO**

What would you with her, sir?

**LODOVICO**

Who, I, my lord?

**OTHELLO**

Ay; you did wish that I would make her turn:
Sir, she can turn, and turn, and yet go on,
And turn again; and she can weep, sir, weep;
And she's obedient, as you say, obedient,
Very obedient. Proceed you in your tears.
Concerning this, sir,--O well-painted passion!--
I am commanded home. Get you away;
I'll send for you anon. Sir, I obey the mandate,
And will return to Venice. Hence, avaunt!

*Exit DESDEMONA*

Cassio shall have my place. And, sir, tonight,
I do entreat that we may sup together:
You are welcome, sir, to Cyprus.--Goats and monkeys!

*Exit*



* Examine the view that, in this passage and elsewhere in the play, Othello is presented as ‘a typically violent and suspicious man whose love is little more than a physical attraction’.