

Duke of Venice. Valiant Othello, we must straight employ you
Against the general enemy Ottoman.

[To BRABANTIO]

I did not see you; welcome, gentle signior;
We lack'd your counsel and your help tonight.

Brabantio. So did I yours. Good your grace, pardon me;
Neither my place nor aught I heard of business
Hath raised me from my bed, nor doth the general care
Take hold on me, for my particular grief
Is of so flood-gate and o'erbearing nature
That it engulfs and swallows other sorrows
And it is still itself.

Duke of Venice. Why, what's the matter?

Brabantio. My daughter! O, my daughter!

Duke of Venice. *[with Senator]* Dead?

Brabantio. Ay, to me;

She is abused, stol'n from me, and corrupted
By spells and medicines bought of mountebanks;
For nature so preposterously to err, Being not deficient, blind, or lame of sense,
Sans witchcraft could not.

Duke of Venice. Whoe'er he be that in this foul proceeding
Hath thus beguiled your daughter of herself
And you of her, the bloody book of law
You shall yourself read in the bitter letter
After your own sense, yea, though our proper son
Stood in your action.

Brabantio. Humbly I thank your grace.
Here is the man, this Moor, whom now, it seems,
Your special mandate for the state-affairs
Hath hither brought.

Duke of Venice. *[with Senator]* We are very sorry for't.
What, in your own part, can you say to this?