



## *Othello*

### Ensemble Soliloquy

**ALL:** Lend me thy handkerchief...

1. You have it not about you?
2. Not? That is a fault. That handkerchief did an Egyptian to my mother give;
3. She was a charmer, and could almost read the thoughts of people;
4. She told her, while she kept it, 'twould subdue my father entirely to her love,
5. But if she lost it, or made a gift of it,
6. My father's eye should hold her loathed, and his spirits should hunt after new fancies.
7. She dying gave it me; and bid me, when my fate would have me wive, give it her.
8. I did so: and take heed on 't;
9. To lose't or give't away, were such perdition as nothing else could match...

**ALL:** Is't lost? Is't gone? Fetch me the handkerchief!