

**OTHELLO IN HELL AND
THE INFANT: WITH A
BRANCH OF OLIVES**

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Othello in Hell and the Infant: with a Branch of Olives by Anonymous

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ANONYMOUS

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A BRANCH OF OLIVES.

BY

ONE IN THE RANKS.

"The minstrel boy to the war is gone,
In the ranks of death you'll find him;
His father's sword he has girded on,
And his wild harp slung behind him."

MOORE.



DUBLIN

JAMES M'GLASHAN, 21, D'OLIER-STREET,

WILLIAM S. ORR AND CO., LONDON.

MDCCLXVIII.

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OTHELLO IN HELL



The borders of hell—OTHELLO sleeping on a low couch.

Enter FIRST FIEND.

FIRST FIEND. Othello, to torments wake!

[FIEND walks round OTHELLO, pointing at him.]

Enter SECOND FIEND.

SECOND FIEND. Murderer! revengeful murderer!
Wake, wake to burn in hell!

[Walks round OTHELLO, pointing at him.]

Enter THIRD FIEND.

THIRD FIEND. Condemned man of passion, sleep
No longer—thy peace is ended.
Torture, to be never ended,
Must begin.

[Walks round OTHELLO, pointing at him.]

Enter FOURTH FIEND.

FOURTH FIEND. Food for devils! Ah, ah! Mr.
Thella,
Here you are, boy! The Turks are drowned,
And Thella must be burned.
Wake, salamander!

[FIEND *strikes* OTHELLO, *and walks round.*

Enter FIFTH *and* SIXTH FIENDS, *running. They suddenly stop in front of OTHELLO—the whole stand still and sing.*

Blow high, blow high, blow high!

Blow, blow, blow!

Rise, rise the boil of hell!

[*All walk round singing.*

Blow, blow, blow!

Rise, rise the boil of hell!

Blow, blow, blow!

Rise, rise the boil of hell!

All stand, FIRST FIEND in front.

FIRST FIEND. Wake, brother, wake!

[OTHELLO *wakes.*

SECOND FIEND. Of hell partake

THIRD FIEND. Flames and fury,

FOURTH FIEND. For all your war's glory.

FIFTH *and* SIXTH. Now you're hell's mate,

ALL. And a dish for us all.

OTH. Misery! Oh, what—where am I?—
 Who—brother? What—
 What dream is on me?
 Methought I—methought I—

FOURTH FIEND. Killed Desdemona.

OTH. Oh yes, I did—no, no!
 It was my hands that killed her!

ALL SING.

Then leave your hands here,
 And be off back again.

FOURTH FIEND. You have the spirit of a devil,
 And the face of a devil,
 And that's the reason
 You were sent home to hell.

OTH. Oh, thou unsubstantial, unaccountable,
 Incomprehensible monster,
 Unlock me!

FOURTH FIEND. You're bound in hell, boy O!

OTH. Loose my spirit from the spell
 Of this infernal dream!
 Recover me to nature, where
 Natural things exist!—Oh!
 For heaven's sake —

[*All rush and point at him with excitement.*]

FIENDS. What!—ha!—hush!

FOURTH FIEND. Heaven has no sake for us,
 Or for you. Dance away now
 To your sulphur!

OTH. By all the powers of horror
 And extremity, flames and endless
 Damnation ! if there's no other hope
 For me, I'll engage you.
 I never flinched on earth,
 And if I am in hell, there is
 No more for me than flames.
 Devils will be devils—hell owns
 All its natives—and if I'm your
 Brother we'll all fight at home,
 And let the conqueror be
 Beelzebub.

[*DESDEMONA appears in white, with the spotted handkerchief in her hand, and clouds under her feet. The FIENDS all fall down and look up at her. DESDEMONA waves the handkerchief.*]

DES. Othello !—lost Othello !—my love
 Is changed—I have no pity
 For you—the flames are yours—
 And here is your handkerchief,
 To wipe the tears from your endless
 Weeping eyes [*throws him the handkerchief*]. I was
 innocent—
 Always innocent—farewell !

OTH. Oh, for one moment wait !
 Though my torn heart galls me
 To be silent, I cannot speak,
 Nor can I call assistance.