Printed by J. Wright

Oth. I would you had but see the shipps, how they ingage,
How they lie on the shore, but there not to the purpose. Oh the most
pitious sry of this poore wretch to see him, and not to see him
wave the shipp being the more with her more constrained sorrow
swallowed with gulf and flotts, as greif thereof is such sute is hopeless
And then for the land service. To see how the Turkes have rent

SHAKSPEARE.

Othello's Fête.

ACT III. SCENE III.

Publish'd June 1. 1792 by John Boydell & Josiah Boydell at the Shakspeare Gallery Pall Mall & Cheapside

his shoulders, how he cryed to me for help, and said his name was Antyphonus, a Mahometan... but to make an end of the shipp to see how the sea flpt dowgnard it... but first how the poore wretch, and the sea rushed them... and how the poore gentlemen wrastl, and the boye smothd them, both roaring louder than the sea or weather.

Engraved by S. Middiman

N/L 9.2

Niedersächsisches Ministerium für Wissenschaft und Kultur

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