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*****The Merchant of Venice*****

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The Merchant of Venice

by William Shakespeare

July, 2000 [Etext #2243]

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*****The Merchant of Venice*****

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Project Gutenberg's Etext of Shakespeare's The first Part of Henry the Sixth

Executive Director's Notes:

In addition to the notes below, and so you will *NOT* think all the spelling errors introduced by the printers of the time have been corrected, here are the first few lines of Hamlet, as they are presented herein:

Barnardo. Who's there?

Fran. Nay answer me: Stand & vnfold
your selfe

Bar. Long liue the King

As I understand it, the printers often ran out of certain words or letters they had often packed into a "cliche". . .this is the original meaning of the term cliche. . .and thus, being unwilling to unpack the cliches, and thus you will see some substitutions that look very odd. . .such as the exchanges of u for v, v for u, above. . .and you may wonder why they did it this way, presuming Shakespeare did not actually write the play in this manner. . . .

The answer is that they MAY have packed "liue" into a cliche at a time when they were out of "v"s. . .possibly having used "vv" in place of some "w"s, etc. This was a common practice of the day, as print was still quite expensive, and they didn't want to spend more on a wider selection of characters than they had to.

You will find a lot of these kinds of "errors" in this text, as I have mentioned in other times and places, many "scholars" have an extreme attachment to these errors, and many have accorded them a very high place in the "canon" of Shakespeare. My father read an assortment of these made available to him by Cambridge University in England for several months in a glass room constructed for the purpose. To the best of my knowledge he read ALL those available . . . in great detail. . . and determined from the various changes, that Shakespeare most likely did not write in nearly as many of a variety of errors we credit him for, even though he was in/famous for signing his name with several different spellings.

So, please take this into account when reading the comments below made by our volunteer who prepared this file: you may see errors that are "not" errors. . . .

So. . . with this caveat. . . we have NOT changed the canon errors, here is the Project Gutenberg Etext of Shakespeare's The first Part of Henry the Sixth.

Michael S. Hart
Project Gutenberg
Executive Director

Scanner's Notes: What this is and isn't. This was taken from a copy of Shakespeare's first folio and it is as close as I can come in ASCII to the printed text.

The elongated S's have been changed to small s's and the conjoined ae have been changed to ae. I have left the spelling, punctuation, capitalization as close as possible to the printed text. I have corrected some spelling mistakes (I have put together a spelling dictionary devised from the spellings of the Geneva Bible and Shakespeare's First Folio and have unified spellings according to this template), typo's and expanded abbreviations as I have come across them. Everything within brackets [] is what I have added. So if you don't like that you can delete everything within the brackets if you want a purer Shakespeare.

Another thing that you should be aware of is that there are textual differences between various copies of the first folio. So there may be differences (other than what I have mentioned above) between this and other first folio editions. This is due to the printer's habit of setting the type and running off a number of copies and then proofing the printed copy and correcting the type and then continuing the printing run. The proof run wasn't thrown away but incorporated into the printed copies. This is just the way it is.

The text I have used was a composite of more than 30 different First Folio editions' best pages.

If you find any scanning errors, out and out typos, punctuation errors, or if you disagree with my spelling choices please feel free to email me those errors. I wish to make this the best etext possible. My email address for right now are haradda@aol.com and davidr@inconnect.com. I hope that you enjoy this.

David Reed

The Merchant of Venice

Actus primus.

Enter Anthonio, Salarino, and Salanio.

Anthonio. In sooth I know not why I am so sad,
It wearies me: you say it wearies you;
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What stuffe 'tis made of, whereof it is borne,
I am to learne: and such a Want-wit sadnesse makes of
mee,
That I haue much ado to know my selfe

Sal. Your minde is tossing on the Ocean,
There where your Argosies with portly saile
Like Signiors and rich Burgers on the flood,
Or as it were the Pageants of the sea,
Do ouer-peere the pettie Traffiquers
That curtsie to them, do them reuerence
As they flye by them with their wouen wings

Salar. Beleeue me sir, had I such venture forth,
The better part of my affections, would
Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still
Plucking the grasse to know where sits the winde,
Peering in Maps for ports, and peers, and rodes:
And euery obiect that might make me feare
Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt
Would make me sad

Sal. My winde cooling my broth,
Would blow me to an Ague, when I thought
What harme a winde too great might doe at sea.
I should not see the sandie houre-glasse runne,
But I should thinke of shallows, and of flats,
And see my wealthy Andrew docks in sand,
Vailing her high top lower then her ribs
To kisse her buriall; should I goe to Church
And see the holy edifice of stone,
And not bethinke me straight of dangerous rocks,
Which touching but my gentle Vessels side

Would scatter all her spices on the streame,
Enrobe the roing waters with my silkes,
And in a word, but euen now worth this,
And now worth nothing. Shall I haue the thought
To thinke on this, and shall I lacke the thought
That such a thing bechaunc'd would make me sad?
But tell me, I know Anthonio
Is sad to thinke vpon his merchandize

Anth. Beleeue me no, I thanke my fortune for it,
My ventures are not in one bottome trusted,
Nor to one place; nor is my whole estate
Vpon the fortune of this present yeere:
Therefore my merchandize makes me not sad

Sola. Why then you are in loue

Anth. Fie, fie

Sola. Not in loue neither: then let vs say you are sad
Because you are not merry: and 'twere as easie
For you to laugh and leape, and say you are merry
Because you are not sad. Now by two-headed Ianus,
Nature hath fram'd strange fellowes in her time:
Some that will euermore peepe through their eyes,
And laugh like Parrats at a bag-piper.
And other of such vineger aspect,
That they'll not shew their teeth in way of smile,
Though Nestor sweare the iest be laughable.
Enter Bassanio, Lorenzo, and Gratiano.

Sola. Heere comes Bassanio,
Your most noble Kinsman,
Gratiano, and Lorenzo. Faryewell,
We leaue you now with better company

Sala. I would haue staid till I had made you merry,
If worthier friends had not preuented me

Ant. Your worth is very deere in my regard.
I take it your owne busines calls on you,
And you embrace th' occasion to depart

Sal. Good morrow my good Lords

Bass. Good signiors both, when shall we laugh? say, when?
You grow exceeding strange: must it be so?

Sal. Wee'll make our leysures to attend on yours.

Exeunt. Salarino, and Solanio.

Lor. My Lord Bassanio, since you haue found Anthonio
We two will leaue you, but at dinner time

I pray you haue in minde where we must meete

Bass. I will not faile you

Grat. You looke not well signior Anthonio,
You haue too much respect vpon the world:
They loose it that doe buy it with much care,
Beleeue me you are maruellously chang'd

Ant. I hold the world but as the world Gratiano,
A stage, where euery man must play a part,
And mine a sad one

Grati. Let me play the foole,
With mirth and laughter let old wrinckles come,
And let my Liuer rather heate with wine,
Then my heart coole with mortifying grones.
Why should a man whose bloud is warme within,
Sit like his Grandsire, cut in Alablaster?
Sleepe when he wakes? and creep into the laundies
By being peeuish? I tell thee what Anthonio,
I loue thee, and it is my loue that speakes:
There are a sort of men, whose visages
Do creame and mantle like a standing pond,
And do a wilfull stilnesse entertaine,
With purpose to be drest in an opinion
Of wisdom, grauity, profound conceit,
As who should say, I am sir an Oracle,
And when I ope my lips, let no dogge barke.
O my Anthonio, I do know of these
That therefore onely are reputed wise,
For saying nothing; when I am verie sure
If they should speake, would almost dam those eares
Which hearing them would call their brothers fooles:
Ile tell thee more of this another time.
But fish not with this melancholly baite
For this foole Gudgin, this opinion:
Come good Lorenzo, faryewell a while,
Ile end my exhortation after dinner

Lor. Well, we will leaue you then till dinner time.
I must be one of these same dumbe wise men.
For Gratiano neuer let's me speake

Gra. Well, keepe me company but two yeares mo,
Thou shalt not know the sound of thine owne tongue

Ant. Far you well, Ile grow a talker for this geare

Gra. Thanks ifaith, for silence is onely commendable
In a neats tongue dri'd, and a maid not vendible.
Enter.

Ant. It is that any thing now

Bas. Gratiano speakes an infinite deale of nothing,
more then any man in all Venice, his reasons are two
graines of wheate hid in two bushels of chaffe: you shall
seeke all day ere you finde them, & when you haue them
they are not worth the search

An. Well: tel me now, what Lady is the same
To whom you swore a secret Pilgrimage
That you to day promis'd to tel me of?

Bas. Tis not vnknowne to you Anthonio
How much I haue disabled mine estate,
By something shewing a more swelling port
Then my faint meanes would grant continuance:
Nor do I now make mone to be abridg'd
From such a noble rate, but my cheefe care
Is to come fairely off from the great debts
Wherein my time something too prodigall
Hath left me gag'd: to you Anthonio
I owe the most in money, and in loue,
And from your loue I haue a warrantie
To vnburthen all my plots and purposes,
How to get cleere of all the debts I owe

An. I pray you good Bassanio let me know it,
And if it stand as you your selfe still do,
Within the eye of honour, be assur'd
My purse, my person, my extreamest meanes
Lye all vnlock'd to your occasions

Bass. In my schoole dayes, when I had lost one shaft
I shot his fellow of the selfesame flight
The selfesame way, with more aduised watch
To finde the other forth, and by aduenturing both,
I oft found both. I vrge this child-hoode prooffe,
Because what followes is pure innocence.
I owe you much, and like a wilfull youth,
That which I owe is lost: but if you please
To shoote another arrow that selfe way
Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt,
As I will watch the ayme: Or to finde both,
Or bring your latter hazard backe againe,
And thankfully rest debter for the first

An. You know me well, and herein spend but time
To winde about my loue with circumstance,
And out of doubt you doe more wrong
In making question of my vttermost
Then if you had made waste of all I haue:
Then doe but say to me what I should doe
That in your knowledge may by me be done,
And I am prest vnto it: therefore speake

Bass. In Belmont is a Lady richly left,
And she is faire, and fairer then that word,
Of wondrous vertues, sometimes from her eyes
I did receiue faire speechlesse messages:
Her name is Portia, nothing vnderallewd
To Cato's daughter, Brutus Portia,
Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth,
For the four windes blow in from euery coast
Renowned sutors, and her sunny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece,
Which makes her seat of Belmont Cholchos strond,
And many lasons come in quest of her.
O my Anthonio, had I but the meanes
To hold a riual place with one of them,
I haue a minde presages me such thrift,
That I should questionlesse be fortunate

Anth. Thou knowst that all my fortunes are at sea,
Neither haue I money, nor commodity
To raise a present summe, therefore goe forth
Try what my credit can in Venice doe,
That shall be rackt euen to the vttermost,
To furnish thee to Belmont to faire Portia.
Goe presently enquire, and so will I
Where money is, and I no question make
To haue it of my trust, or for my sake.

Exeunt.

Enter Portia with her waiting woman Nerissa.

Portia. By my troth Nerrissa, my little body is a wearie
of this great world

Ner. You would be sweet Madam, if your miseries
were in the same abundance as your good fortunes are:
and yet for ought I see, they are as sicke that surfet with
too much, as they that starue with nothing; it is no smal
happinesse therefore to bee seated in the meane, superfluitie
comes sooner by white haire, but competencie
liues longer

Portia. Good sentences, and well pronounc'd

Ner. They would be better if well followed

Portia. If to doe were as easie as to know what were
good to doe, Chappels had beene Churches, and poore
mens cottages Princes Pallaces: it is a good Diuine that
followes his owne instructions; I can easier teach twentie
what were good to be done, then be one of the twentie
to follow mine owne teaching: the braine may devise

lawes for the blood, but a hot temper leapes ore a colde decree, such a hare is madnesse the youth, to skip ore the meshes of good counsaile the cripple; but this reason is not in fashion to choose me a husband: O mee, the word choose, I may neither choose whom I would, nor refuse whom I dislike, so is the wil of a liuing daughter curb'd by the will of a dead father: it is not hard Nerrissa, that I cannot choose one, nor refuse none

Ner. Your father was euer vertuous, and holy men at their death haue good inspirations, therefore the lotterie that hee hath deuised in these three chests of gold, siluer, and leade, whereof who chooses his meaning, chooses you, wil no doubt neuer be chosen by any rightly, but one who you shall rightly loue: but what warmth is there in your affection towards any of these Princely suters that are already come?

Por. I pray thee ouer-name them, and as thou namest them, I will describe them, and according to my description leuell at my affection

Ner. First there is the Neopolitane Prince

Por. I that's a colt indeede, for he doth nothing but talke of his horse, and hee makes it a great appropriation to his owne good parts that he can shoo him himselfe: I am much afraid my Ladie his mother plaid false with a Smyth

Ner. Than is there the Countie Palentine

Por. He doth nothing but frowne (as who should say, and you will not haue me, choose: he heares merrie tales and smiles not, I feare hee will proue the weeping Phylosopher when he growes old, being so full of vnmannerly sadnesse in his youth.) I had rather to be married to a deaths head with a bone in his mouth, then to either of these: God defend me from these two

Ner. How say you by the French Lord, Mounsier Le Boune?

Por. God made him, and therefore let him passe for a man, in truth I know it is a sinne to be a mocker, but he, why he hath a horse better then the Neopolitans, a better bad habite of frowning then the Count Palentine, he is euery man in no man, if a Trassell sing, he fals straight a capring, he will fence with his owne shadow. If I should marry him, I should marry twentie husbands: if hee would despise me, I would forgiue him, for if he loue me to madnesse, I should neuer requite him

Ner. What say you then to Fauconbridge, the yong Baron of England?

Por. You know I say nothing to him, for hee vnderstands not me, nor I him: he hath neither Latine, French, nor Italian, and you will come into the Court & sweare that I haue a poore pennie-worth in the English: hee is a proper mans picture, but alas who can conuerse with a dumbe show? how odly he is suited, I thinke he bought his doublet in Italie, his round hose in France, his bonnet in Germanie, and his behaiour euery where

Ner. What thinke you of the other Lord his neighbour?

Por. That he hath a neighbourly charitie in him, for he borrowed a boxe of the eare of the Englishman, and swore he would pay him againe when hee was able: I thinke the Frenchman became his suretie, and seald vnder for another

Ner. How like you the yong Germaine, the Duke of Saxonies Nephew?

Por. Very vildely in the morning when hee is sober, and most vildely in the afternoone when hee is drunke: when he is best, he is a little worse then a man, and when he is worst, he is little better then a beast: and the worst fall that euer fell, I hope I shall make shift to go without him

Ner. If he should offer to choose, and choose the right Casket, you should refuse to performe your Fathers will, if you should refuse to accept him

Por. Therefore for feare of the worst, I pray thee set a deepe glasse of Reinish-wine on the contrary Casket, for if the diuell be within, and that temptation without, I know he will choose it. I will doe any thing Nerrissa ere I will be married to a sponge

Ner. You neede not feare Lady the hauing any of these Lords, they haue acquainted me with their determinations, which is indeede to returne to their home, and to trouble you with no more suite, vnlesse you may be won by some other sort then your Fathers imposition, depending on the Caskets

Por. If I liue to be as olde as Sibilla, I will dye as chaste as Diana: vnlesse I be obtained by the manner of my Fathers will: I am glad this parcell of wooers are so reasonable, for there is not one among them but I doate on his verie absence: and I wish them a faire departure

Ner. Doe you not remember Ladie in your Fathers time, a Venecian, a Scholler and a Souldior that came hither in companie of the Marquesse of Mountferrat?

Por. Yes, yes, it was Bassanio, as I thinke, so was hee call'd

Ner. True Madam, hee of all the men that euer my foolish eyes look'd vpon, was the best deseruing a faire Lady

Por. I remember him well, and I remember him worthy of thy praise.
Enter a Seruingman.

Ser. The four Strangers seeke you Madam to take their leaue: and there is a fore-runner come from a fift, the Prince of Moroco, who brings word the Prince his Maister will be here to night

Por. If I could bid the fift welcome with so good heart as I can bid the other foure farewell, I should be glad of his approach: if he haue the condition of a Saint, and the complexion of a diuell, I had rather hee should shriue me then wiue me. Come Nerrissa, sirra go before; whiles wee shut the gate vpon one wooer, another knocks at the doore.

Exeunt.

Enter Bassanio with Shylocke the lew.

Shy. Three thousand ducates, well

Bass. I sir, for three months

Shy. For three months, well

Bass. For the which, as I told you,
Anthonio shall be bound

Shy. Anthonio shall become bound, well

Bass. May you sted me? Will you pleasure me?
Shall I know your answere

Shy. Three thousand ducats for three months,
and Anthonio bound

Bass. Your answere to that

Shy. Anthonio is a good man

Bass. Haue you heard any imputation to the contrary

Shy. Ho no, no, no, no: my meaning in saying he is a good man, is to haue you vnderstand me that he is sufficient, yet his meanes are in supposition: he hath an Argosie bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies, I vnderstand

moreouer vpon the Ryalta, he hath a third at Mexico,
a fourth for England, and other ventures hee hath
squandred abroad, but ships are but boords, Saylers but
men, there be land rats, and water rats, water theeues,
and land theeues, I meane Pyrats, and then there is the
perrill of waters, windes, and rocks: the man is not withstanding
sufficient, three thousand ducats, I thinke I may
take his bond

Bas. Be assured you may

Iew. I will be assured I may: and that I may be assured,
I will bethinke mee, may I speake with Anthonio?

Bass. If it please you to dine with vs

Iew. Yes, to smell porke, to eate of the habitation
which your Prophet the Nazarite coniuired the diuell
into: I will buy with you, sell with you, talke with
you, walke with you, and so following: but I will
not eate with you, drinke with you, nor pray with you.
What newes on the Ryalta, who is he comes here?
Enter Anthonio.

Bass. This is signior Anthonio

Iew. How like a fawning publican he lookes.
I hate him for he is a Christian:
But more, for that in low simplicitie
He lends out money gratis, and brings downe
The rate of vsance here with vs in Venice.
If I can catch him once vpon the hip,
I will feede fat the ancient grudge I beare him.
He hates our sacred Nation, and he railles
Euen there where Merchants most doe congregate
On me, my bargaines, and my well-worne thrift,
Which he cals interest: Cursed by my Trybe
If I forgiue him

Bass. Shylock, doe you heare

Shy. I am debating of my present store,
And by the neere gesse of my memorie
I cannot instantly raise vp the grosse
Of full three thousand ducats: what of that?
Tuball a wealthy Hebrew of my Tribe
Will furnish me: but soft, how many months
Doe you desire? Rest you faire good signior,
Your worship was the last man in our mouthes

Ant. Shylocke, albeit I neither lend nor borrow
By taking, nor by giuing of excesse,
Yet to supply the ripe wants of my friend,
Ile breake a custome: is he yet possest

How much he would?

Shy. I, I, three thousand ducats

Ant. And for three months

Shy. I had forgot, three months, you told me so.
Well then, your bond: and let me see, but heare you,
Me thoughts you said, you neither lend nor borrow
Vpon aduantage

Ant. I doe neuer vse it

Shy. When Iacob graz'd his vnclē Labans sheepe,
This Iacob from our holy Abram was
(As his wise mother wrought in his behalfe)
The third possesser; I, he was the third

Ant. And what of him, did he take interest?

Shy. No, not take interest, not as you would say
Directly interest, marke what Iacob did,
When Laban and himselfe were compremyz'd
That all the eanelings which were streakt and pied
Should fall as Iacobs hier, the Ewes being rancke,
In end of Autumne turned to the Rammes,
And when the worke of generation was
Betweene these woolly breeders in the act,
The skilfull shepheard pil'd me certaine wands,
And in the dooing of the deede of kinde,
He stucke them vp before the fulsome Ewes,
Who then conceauing, did in eaning time
Fall party-colour'd lambs, and those were Iacobs.
This was a way to thriue, and he was blest:
And thrift is blessing if men steale it not

Ant. This was a venture sir that Iacob seru'd for,
A thing not in his power to bring to passe,
But sway'd and fashion'd by the hand of heauen.
Was this inserted to make interest good?
Or is your gold and siluer Ewes and Rams?

Shy. I cannot tell, I make it breede as fast,
But note me signior

Ant. Marke you this Bassanio,
The diuell can cite Scripture for his purpose,
An euill soule producing holy witnessse,
Is like a villaine with a smiling cheeke,
A goodly apple rotten at the heart.
O what a goodly outside falsehood hath

Shy. Three thousand ducats, 'tis a good round sum.
Three months from twelue, then let me see the rate

Ant. Well Shylocke, shall we be beholding to you?

Shy. Signior Anthonio, many a time and oft
In the Ryalto you haue rated me
About my monies and my vsances:
Still haue I borne it with a patient shrug,
(For suffrance is the badge of all our Tribe.)
You call me misbeleeuer, cut-throate dog,
And spet vpon my lewish gaberdine,
And all for vse of that which is mine owne.
Well then, it now appeares you neede my helpe:
Goe to then, you come to me, and you say,
Shylocke, we would haue moneyes, you say so:
You that did voide your rume vpon my beard,
And foote me as you spurne a stranger curre
Ouer your threshold, moneyes is your suite.
What should I say to you? Should I not say,
Hath a dog money? Is it possible
A curre should lend three thousand ducats? or
Shall I bend low, and in a bond-mans key
With bated breath, and whispring humblenesse,
Say this: Faire sir, you spet on me on Wednesday last;
You spurn'd me such a day; another time
You cald me dog: and for these curtesies
Ile lend you thus much moneyes

Ant. I am as like to call thee so againe,
To spet on thee againe, to spurne thee too.
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy friends, for when did friendship take
A breede of barraine mettall of his friend?
But lend it rather to thine enemie,
Who if he breake, thou maist with better face
Exact the penalties

Shy. Why looke you how you storme,
I would be friends with you, and haue your loue,
Forget the shames that you haue staine me with,
Supplie your present wants, and take no doite
Of vsance for my moneyes, and youle not heare me,
This is kinde I offer

Bass. This were kindnesse

Shy. This kindnesse will I showe,
Goe with me to a Notarie, seale me there
Your single bond, and in a merrie sport
If you repaie me not on such a day,
In such a place, such sum or sums as are
Exprest in the condition, let the forfeite
Be nominated for an equall pound
Of your faire flesh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your bodie it pleaseth me

Ant. Content infaith, Ile seale to such a bond,

And say there is much kindnesse in the law

Bass. You shall not seale to such a bond for me,
Ile rather dwell in my necessitie

Ant. Why feare not man, I will not forfeite it,
Within these two months, that's a month before
This bond expires, I doe expect returne
Of thrice three times the valew of this bond

Shy. O father Abram, what these Christians are,
Whose owne hard dealings teaches them suspect
The thoughts of others: Praie you tell me this,
If he should breake his daie, what should I gaine
By the exaction of the forfeiture?
A pound of mans flesh taken from a man,
Is not so estimable, profitable neither
As flesh of Muttons, Beefes, or Goates, I say
To buy his fauour, I extend this friendship,
If he will take it, so: if not adiew,
And for my loue I praie you wrong me not

Ant. Yes Shylocke, I will seale vnto this bond

Shy. Then meete me forthwith at the Notaries,
Giue him direction for this merrie bond,
And I will goe and purse the ducats strait.
See to my house left in the fearefull gard
Of an vnthriftie knaue: and presentlie
Ile be with you.
Enter.

Ant. Hie thee gentle law. This Hebrew will turne
Christian, he growes kinde

Bass. I like not faire tearmes, and a villaines minde

Ant. Come on, in this there can be no dismaie,
My Shippes come home a month before the daie.

Exeunt.

Actus Secundus.

Enter Morochus a tawnie Moore all in white, and three or foure
followers
accordingly, with Portia, Nerrissa, and their traine. Flo. Cornets.

Mor. Mislike me not for my complexion,
The shadowed liuerie of the burnisht sunne,
To whom I am a neighbour, and neere bred.
Bring me the fairest creature North-ward borne,

Where Phoebus fire scarce thawes the ysicles,
And let vs make incision for your loue,
To proue whose blood is reddest, his or mine.
I tell thee Ladie this aspect of mine
Hath feard the valiant, (by my loue I sweare)
The best regarded Virgins of our Clyme
Haue lou'd it to: I would not change this hue,
Except to steale your thoughts my gentle Queene

Por. In tearmes of choise I am not solie led
By nice direction of a maidens eies:
Besides, the lottrie of my destenie
Bars me the right of voluntarie choosing:
But if my Father had not scanted me,
And hedg'd me by his wit to yeelde my selfe
His wife, who wins me by that meanes I told you,
Your selfe (renowned Prince) than stood as faire
As any commer I haue look'd on yet
For my affection

Mor. Euen for that I thanke you,
Therefore I pray you leade me to the Caskets
To trie my fortune: By this Symitare
That slew the Sophie, and a Persian Prince
That won three fields of Sultan Solyman,
I would ore-stare the sternest eies that looke:
Out-braue the heart most daring on the earth:
Plucke the yong sucking Cubs from the she Beare,
Yea, mocke the Lion when he rores for pray
To win the Ladie. But alas, the while
If Hercules and Lychas plaie at dice
Which is the better man, the greater throw
May turne by fortune from the weaker hand:
So is Alcides beaten by his rage,
And so may I, blinde fortune leading me
Misse that which one vnworthier may attaine,
And die with grieuing

Port. You must take your chance,
And either not attempt to choose at all,
Or sweare before you choose, if you choose wrong
Neuer to speake to Ladie afterward
In way of marriage, therefore be aduis'd

Mor. Nor will not, come bring me vnto my chance

Por. First forward to the temple, after dinner
Your hazard shall be made

Mor. Good fortune then,

Cornets.

To make me blest or curs'd'st among men.

Exeunt.

Enter the Clowne alone.

Clo. Certainly, my conscience will serue me to run from this lew my Maister: the fiend is at mine elbow, and tempts me, saying to me, lobbe, Launcelet lobbe, good Launcelet, or good lobbe, or good Launcelet lobbe, vse your legs, take the start, run awaie: my conscience saies no; take heede honest Launcelet, take heed honest lobbe, or as afore-said honest Launcelet lobbe, doe not runne, scorne running with thy heeles; well, the most coragious fiend bids me packe, fia saies the fiend, away saies the fiend, for the heauens rouse vp a braue minde saies the fiend, and run; well, my conscience hanging about the necke of my heart, saies verie wisely to me: my honest friend Launcelet, being an honest mans sonne, or rather an honest womans sonne, for indeede my Father did something smack, something grow too; he had a kinde of taste; wel, my conscience saies Lancelet bouge not, bouge saies the fiend, bouge not saies my conscience, conscience say I you counsaile well, fiend say I you counsaile well, to be rul'd by my conscience I should stay with the lew my Maister, (who God blesse the marke) is a kinde of diuell; and to run away from the lew I should be ruled by the fiend, who sauing your reuerence is the diuell himselfe: certainly the lew is the verie diuell incarnation, and in my conscience, my conscience is a kinde of hard conscience, to offer to counsaile me to stay with the lew; the fiend giues the more friendly counsaile: I will runne fiend, my heeles are at your commandement, I will runne.

Enter old Gobbe with a Basket.

Gob. Maister yong-man, you I praie you, which is the waie to Maister lewes?

Lan. O heauens, this is my true begotten Father, who being more then sand-blinde, high grauel blinde, knows me not, I will trie confusions with him

Gob. Maister yong Gentleman, I praie you which is the waie to Maister lewes

Laun. Turne vpon your right hand at the next turning, but at the next turning of all on your left; marrie at the verie next turning, turne of no hand, but turn down indirectlie to the lewes house

Gob. Be Gods sonties 'twill be a hard waie to hit, can you tell me whether one Launcelet that dwels with him

dwell with him or no

Laun. Talke you of yong Master Launcelet, marke me now, now will I raise the waters; talke you of yong Maister Launcelet?

Gob. No Maister sir, but a poore mans sonne, his Father though I say't is an honest exceeding poore man, and God be thanked well to liue

Lan. Well, let his Father be what a will, wee talke of yong Maister Launcelet

Gob. Your worships friend and Launcelet

Laun. But I praie you ergo old man, ergo I beseech you, talke you of yong Maister Launcelet

Gob. Of Launcelet, ant please your maistership

Lan. Ergo Maister Lancelet, talke not of maister Lancelet Father, for the yong gentleman according to fates and destinies, and such odde sayings, the sisters three, & such branches of learning, is indeede deceased, or as you would say in plaine tearmes, gone to heauen

Gob. Marrie God forbid, the boy was the verie staffe of my age, my verie prop

Lau. Do I look like a cudgell or a houell-post, a staffe or a prop: doe you know me Father

Gob. Alacke the day, I know you not yong Gentleman, but I praie you tell me, is my boy God rest his soule aliue or dead

Lan. Doe you not know me Father

Gob. Alacke sir I am sand blinde, I know you not

Lan. Nay, indeede if you had your eies you might faile of the knowing me: it is a wise Father that knowes his owne childe. Well, old man, I will tell you newes of your son, giue me your blessing, truth will come to light, murder cannot be hid long, a mans sonne may, but in the end truth will out

Gob. Praie you sir stand vp, I am sure you are not Lancelet my boy

Lan. Praie you let's haue no more fooling about it, but giue mee your blessing: I am Lancelet your boy that was, your sonne that is, your childe that shall be

Gob. I cannot thinke you are my sonne

Lan. I know not what I shall thinke of that: but I am Lancelet the lewes man, and I am sure Margerie your wife is my mother

Gob. Her name is Margerie indeede, Ile be sworne if thou be Lancelet, thou art mine owne flesh and blood: Lord worshipt might he be, what a beard hast thou got; thou hast got more haire on thy chin, then Dobbin my philhorse has on his taile

Lan. It should seeme then that Dobbins taile growes backward. I am sure he had more haire of his taile then I haue of my face when I last saw him

Gob. Lord how art thou chang'd: how doost thou and thy Master agree, I haue brought him a present; how gree you now?

Lan. Well, well, but for mine owne part, as I haue set vp my rest to run awaie, so I will not rest till I haue run some ground; my Maister's a verie lew, giue him a present, giue him a halter, I am famisht in his seruice. You may tell euerie finger I haue with my ribs: Father I am glad you are come, giue me your present to one Maister Bassanio, who indeede giues rare new Liuories, if I serue not him, I will run as far as God has anie ground. O rare fortune, here comes the man, to him Father, for I am a lew if I serue the lew anie longer.
Enter Bassanio with a follower or two.

Bass. You may doe so, but let it be so hasted that supper be readie at the farthest by fiue of the clocke: see these Letters deliuered, put the Liueries to making, and desire Gratiano to come anone to my lodging

Lan. To him Father

Gob. God blesse your worship

Bass. Gramercie, would'st thou ought with me

Gob. Here's my sonne sir, a poore boy

Lan. Not a poore boy sir, but the rich lewes man that would sir as my Father shall specifie

Gob. He hath a great infection sir, as one would say to serue

Lan. Indeede the short and the long is, I serue the lew, and haue a desire as my Father shall specifie

Gob. His Maister and he (sauing your worships reuerence)
are scarce catercosins

Lan. To be briefe, the verie truth is, that the lew
hauing done me wrong, doth cause me as my Father being
I hope an old man shall frutifie vnto you

Gob. I haue here a dish of Doues that I would bestow
vpon your worship, and my suite is

Lan. In verie briefe, the suite is impertinent to my
selfe, as your worship shall know by this honest old man,
and though I say it, though old man, yet poore man my
Father

Bass. One speake for both, what would you?

Lan. Serue you sir

Gob. That is the verie defect of the matter sir

Bass. I know thee well, thou hast obtain'd thy suite,
Shylocke thy Maister spoke with me this daie,
And hath prefer'd thee, if it be preferment
To leaue a rich lewes seruice, to become
The follower of so poore a Gentleman

Clo. The old prouerbe is verie well parted betweene
my Maister Shylocke and you sir, you haue the grace of
God sir, and he hath enough

Bass. Thou speak'st well; go Father with thy Son,
Take leaue of thy old Maister, and enquire
My lodging out, giue him a Liuerie
More garded then his fellowes: see it done

Clo. Father in, I cannot get a seruice, no, I haue nere
a tongue in my head, well: if anie man in Italie haue a
fairer table which doth offer to sweare vpon a booke, I
shall haue good fortune; goe too, here's a simple line
of life, here's a small trifle of wiues, alas, fiteene wiues
is nothing, a leuen widdowes and nine maides is a simple
comming in for one man, and then to scape drowning
thrice, and to be in perill of my life with the edge
of a featherbed, here are simple scapes: well, if Fortune
be a woman, she's a good wench for this gere: Father
come, Ile take my leaue of the lew in the twinkling.

Exit Clowne.

Bass. I praie thee good Leonardo thinke on this,
These things being bought and orderly bestowed
Returne in haste, for I doe feast to night

My best esteemd acquaintance, hie thee goe

Leon. my best endeours shall be done herein.

Exit Le.

Enter Gratiano.

Gra. Where's your Maister

Leon. Yonder sir he walkes

Gra. Signior Bassanio

Bas. Gratiano

Gra. I haue a sute to you

Bass. You haue obtain'd it

Gra. You must not denie me, I must goe with you to Belmont

Bass. Why then you must: but heare thee Gratiano,
Thou art to wilde, to rude, and bold of voyce,
Parts that become thee happily enough,
And in such eyes as ours appeare not faults;
But where they are not knowne, why there they show
Something too liberall, pray thee take paine
To allay with some cold drops of modestie
Thy skipping spirit, least through thy wilde behaiour
I be misconsterd in the place I goe to,
And loose my hopes

Gra. Signor Bassanio, heare me,
If I doe not put on a sober habite,
Talke with respect, and sweare but now and than,
Weare prayer bookes in my pocket, looke demurely,
Nay more, while grace is saying hood mine eyes
Thus with my hat, and sigh and say Amen:
Vse all the obseruance of ciuillitie
Like one well studied in a sad ostent
To please his Grandam, neuer trust me more

Bas. Well, we shall see your bearing

Gra. Nay but I barre to night, you shall not gage me
By what we doe to night

Bas. No that were pittie,
I would intreate you rather to put on
Your boldest suite of mirth, for we haue friends
That purpose merriment: but far you well,

I haue some businesse

Gra. And I must to Lorenzo and the rest,
But we will visite you at supper time.

Exeunt.

Enter Iessica and the Clowne.

Ies. I am sorry thou wilt leaue my Father so,
Our house is hell, and thou a merrie diuell
Did'st rob it of some taste of tediousnesse;
But far thee well, there is a ducat for thee,
And Lancelet, soone at supper shalt thou see
Lorenzo, who is thy new Maisters guest,
Giue him this Letter, doe it secretly,
And so farewell: I would not haue my Father
see me talke with thee

Clo. Aduē, teares exhibit my tongue, most beautifull
Pagan, most sweete lew, if a Christian doe not play the
knaue and get thee, I am much deceiued; but adue, these
foolish drops doe somewhat drowne my manly spirit:
adue.
Enter.

Ies. Farewell good Lancelet.
Alacke, what hainous sinne is it in me
To be ashamed to be my Fathers childe,
But though I am a daughter to his blood,
I am not to his manners: O Lorenzo,
If thou keepe promise I shall end this strife,
Become a Christian, and thy louing wife.
Enter.

Enter Gratiano, Lorenzo, Salarino, and Salanio.

Lor. Nay, we will slinke away in supper time,
Disguise vs at my lodging, and returne all in an houre

Gra. We haue not made good preparation

Sal. We haue not spoke vs yet of Torch-bearers

Sol. 'Tis vile vnlesse it may be quaintly ordered,
And better in my minde not vndertooke

Lor. 'Tis now but foure of clock, we haue two houres
To furnish vs; friend Lancelet what's the newes.
Enter Lancelet with a Letter.

Lan. And it shall please you to breake vp this, shall it

seeme to signifie

Lor. I know the hand, in faith 'tis a faire hand
And whiter then the paper it writ on,
Is the faire hand that writ

Gra. Loue newes in faith

Lan. By your leaue sir

Lor. Whither goest thou?

Lan. Marry sir to bid my old Master the Iew to sup
to night with my new Master the Christian

Lor. Hold here, take this, tell gentle Iessica
I will not faile her, speake it priuately:
Go Gentlemen, will you prepare you for this Maske to
night,
I am prouided of a Torch-bearer.

Exit. Clowne

Sal. I marry, ile be gone about it strait

Sol. And so will I

Lor. Meete me and Gratiano at Gratianos lodging
Some houre hence

Sal. 'Tis good we do so.
Enter.

Gra. Was not that Letter from faire Iessica?

Lor. I must needs tell thee all, she hath directed
How I shall take her from her Fathers house,
What gold and Iewels she is furnisht with,
What Pages suite she hath in readinesse:
If ere the Iew her Father come to heauen,
It will be for his gentle daughters sake;
And neuer dare misfortune crosse her foote,
Vnlesse she doe it vnder this excuse,
That she is issue to a faithlesse Iew:
Come goe with me, peruse this as thou goest,
Faire Iessica shall be my Torch-bearer.
Enter.

Enter Iew, and his man that was the Clowne.

Iew. Well, thou shall see, thy eyes shall be thy Iudge,
The difference of old Shylocke and Bassanio;
What Iessica, thou shalt not gurmandize
As thou hast done with me: what Iessica?
And sleepe, and snore, and rend apparrell out.

Why lessica I say

Clo. Why lessica

Shy. Who bids thee call? I do not bid thee call

Clo. Your worship was wont to tell me
I could doe nothing without bidding.
Enter lessica.

Ies. Call you? what is your will?

Shy. I am bid forth to supper lessica,
There are my Keyes: but wherefore should I go?
I am not bid for loue, they flatter me,
But yet Ile goe in hate, to feede vpon
The prodigall Christian. lessica my girle,
Looke to my house, I am right loath to goe,
There is some ill a bruing towards my rest,
For I did dreame of money bags to night

Clo. I beseech you sir goe, my yong Master
Doth expect your reproach

Shy. So doe I his

Clo. And they haue conspired together, I will not say
you shall see a Maske, but if you doe, then it was not for
nothing that my nose fell a bleeding on blacke monday
last, at six a clocke ith morning, falling out that yeere on
ashwensday was foure yeere in th' afternoone

Shy. What are their maskes? heare you me lessica,
Lock vp my doores, and when you heare the drum
And the vile squealing of the wry-neckt Fife,
Clamber not you vp to the casements then,
Nor thrust your head into the publique streete
To gaze on Christian fooles with varnisht faces:
But stop my houses eares, I meane my casements,
Let not the sound of shallow fopperie enter
My sober house. By Iacobs staffe I sweare,
I haue no minde of feasting forth to night:
But I will goe: goe you before me sirra,
Say I will come

Clo. I will goe before sir,
Mistris looke out at window for all this;
There will come a Christian by,
Will be worth a lewes eye

Shy. What saies that foole of Hagars off-spring?
ha

Ies. His words were farewell mistris, nothing else

Shy. The patch is kinde enough, but a huge feeder:
Snaile-slow in profit, but he sleepes by day
More then the wilde-cat: drones hiue not with me,
Therefore I part with him, and part with him
To one that I would haue him helpe to waste
His borrowed purse. Well lessica goe in,
Perhaps I will returne immediately;
Doe as I bid you, shut dores after you, fast binde, fast
finde,
A prouerbe neuer stale in thriftie minde.
Enter.

Ies. Farewell, and if my fortune be not crost,
I haue a Father, you a daughter lost.
Enter.

Enter the Maskers, Gratiano and Salino.

Gra. This is the penthouse vnder which Lorenzo
Desired vs to make a stand

Sal. His houre is almost past

Gra. And it is meruaile he out-dwels his houre,
For louers euer run before the clocke

Sal. O ten times faster Venus Pidgions flye
To steale loues bonds new made, then they are wont
To keepe obliged faith vnforfaited

Gra. That euer holds, who riseth from a feast
With that keene appetite that he sits downe?
Where is the horse that doth vntread againe
His tedious measures with the vnbated fire,
That he did pace them first: all things that are,
Are with more spirit chased then enioy'd.
How like a yonger or a prodigall
The skarfed barke puts from her natiue bay,
Hudg'd and embraced by the strumpet winde:
How like a prodigall doth she returne
With ouer-wither'd ribs and ragged sailes,
Leane, rent, and begger'd by the strumpet winde?
Enter Lorenzo.

Salino. Heere comes Lorenzo, more of this hereafter

Lor. Sweete friends, your patience for my long abode,
Not I, but my affaires haue made you wait;
When you shall please to play the theeues for wiues
Ile watch as long for you then: approach
Here dwels my father Iew. Hoa, who's within?

Iessica aboue.

Iess. Who are you? tell me for more certainty,
Albeit Ile sweare that I do know your tongue

Lor. Lorenzo, and thy Loue

Ies. Lorenzo certaine, and my loue indeed,
For who loue I so much? and now who knowes
But you Lorenzo, whether I am yours?

Lor. Heauen and thy thoughts are witness that thou
art

Ies. Heere, catch this casket, it is worth the paines,
I am glad 'tis night, you do not looke on me,
For I am much asham'd of my exchange:
But loue is blinde, and louers cannot see
The pretty follies that themselues commit,
For if they could, Cupid himselve would blush
To see me thus transformed to a boy

Lor. Descend, for you must be my torch-bearer

Ies. What, must I hold a Candle to my shames?
They in themselues goodsooth are too too light.
Why, 'tis an office of discouery Loue,
And I should be obscur'd

Lor. So you are sweet,
Euen in the louely garnish of a boy: but come at once,
For the close night doth play the run-away,
And we are staid for at Bassanio's feast

Ies. I will make fast the doores and guild my selfe
With some more ducats, and be with you straight

Gra. Now by my hood, a gentle, and no lew

Lor. Beshrew me but I loue her heartily.
For she is wise, if I can iudge of her.
And faire she is, if that mine eyes be true,
And true she is, as she hath prou'd her selfe:
And therefore like her selfe, wise, faire, and true,
Shall she be placed in my constant soule.
Enter Iessica.

What, art thou come? on gentlemen, away,
Our masking mates by this time for vs stay.
Enter.

Enter Anthonio.

Ant. Who's there?

Gra. Signior Anthonio?

Ant. Fie, fie, Gratiano, where are all the rest?

'Tis nine a clocke, our friends all stay for you,
No maske to night, the winde is come about,
Bassanio presently will goe aboard,
I haue sent twenty out to seeke for you

Gra. I am glad on't, I desire no more delight
Then to be vnder saile, and gone to night.

Exeunt.

Enter Portia with Morrocho, and both their traines.

Por. Goe, draw aside the curtaines, and discouer
The seuerall Caskets to this noble Prince:
Now make your choise

Mor. The first of gold, who this inscription beares,
Who chooseth me, shall gaine what men desire.
The second siluer, which this promise carries,
Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserues.
This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt,
Who chooseth me, must giue and hazard all he hath.
How shall I know if I doe choose the right?
How shall I know if I doe choose the right

Por. The one of them containes my picture Prince,
If you choose that, then I am yours withall

Mor. Some God direct my iudgement, let me see,
I will suruay the inscriptions, backe againe:
What saies this leaden casket?
Who chooseth me, must giue and hazard all he hath.
Must giue, for what? for lead, hazard for lead?
This casket threatens men that hazard all
Doe it in hope of faire aduantages:
A golden minde stoopes not to shewes of drosse,
He then nor giue nor hazard ought for lead.
What saies the Siluer with her virgin hue?
Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserues.
As much as he deserues; pause there Morocho,
And weigh thy value with an euen hand,
If thou beest rated by thy estimation
Thou doost deserue enough, and yet enough
May not extend so farre as to the Ladie:
And yet to be afeard of my deseruing,
Were but a weake disabling of my selfe.
As much as I deserue, why that's the Lady.
I doe in birth deserue her, and in fortunes,
In graces, and in qualities of breeding:
But more then these, in loue I doe deserue.
What if I strai'd no farther, but chose here?

Let's see once more this saying grau'd in gold.
Who chooseth me shall gaine what many men desire:
Why that's the Lady, all the world desires her:
From the foure corners of the earth they come
To kisse this shrine, this mortall breathing Saint.
The Hircanion deserts, and the vaste wildes
Of wide Arabia are as throughfares now
For Princes to come view faire Portia.
The waterie Kingdome, whose ambitious head
Spets in the face of heauen, is no barre
To stop the forraine spirits, but they come
As ore a brooke to see faire Portia.
One of these three containes her heauenly picture.
Is't like that Lead containes her? 'twere damnation
To thinke so base a thought, it were too grosse
To rib her searecloath in the obscure graue:
Or shall I thinke in Siluer she's immur'd
Being ten times vndervalued to tride gold;
O sinfull thought, neuer so rich a lem
Was set in worse then gold! They haue in England
A coyne that beares the figure of an Angell
Stampt in gold, but that's insculpt vpon:
But here an Angell in a golden bed
Lies all within. Deliuer me the key:
Here doe I choose, and thriue I as I may

Por. There take it Prince, and if my forme lye there
Then I am yours

Mor. O hell! what haue we here, a carrion death,
Within whose emptie eye there is a written scroule;
Ile reade the writing.
All that glisters is not gold,
Often haue you heard that told;
Many a man his life hath sold
But my outside to behold;
Guilded timber doe wormes infold:
Had you beene as wise as bold,
Yong in limbs, in iudgement old,
Your answere had not beene inscroud,
Fareyouwell, your suite is cold,
Mor. Cold indeede, and labour lost,
Then farewell heate, and welcome frost:
Portia adew, I haue too grieu'd a heart
To take a tedious leaue: thus loosers part.
Enter.

Por. A gentle riddance: draw the curtaines, go:
Let all of his complexion choose me so.

Exeunt.

Enter Salarino and Solanio.

Flo. Cornets

Sal. Why man I saw Bassanio vnder sayle;
With him is Gratiano gone along;
And in their ship I am sure Lorenzo is not

Sol. The villaine lew with outcries raisd the Duke.
Who went with him to search Bassanios ship

Sal. He comes too late, the ship was vndersaile;
But there the Duke was giuen to vnderstand
That in a Gondilo were seene together
Lorenzo and his amorous lessica.
Besides, Anthonio certified the Duke
They were not with Bassanio in his ship

Sol. I neuer heard a passion so confusd,
So strange, outragious, and so variable,
As the dogge lew did vtter in the streets;
My daughter, O my ducats, O my daughter,
Fled with a Christian, O my Christian ducats!
Iustice, the law, my ducats, and my daughter;
A sealed bag, two sealed bags of ducats,
Of double ducats, stolne from me by my daughter,
And iewels, two stones, two rich and precious stones,
Stolne by my daughter: iustice, finde the girle,
She hath the stones vpon her, and the ducats

Sal. Why all the boyes in Venice follow him,
Crying his stones, his daughter, and his ducats

Sol. Let good Anthonio looke he keepe his day
Or he shall pay for this

Sal. Marry well remembred,
I reason'd with a Frenchman yesterday,
Who told me, in the narrow seas that part
The French and English, there miscaried
A vessell of our countrey richly fraught:
I thought vpon Anthonio when he told me,
And wisht in silence that it were not his

Sol. You were best to tell Anthonio what you heare.
Yet doe not suddainely, for it may grieue him

Sal. A kinder Gentleman treads not the earth,
I saw Bassanio and Anthonio part,
Bassanio told him he would make some speede
Of his returne: he answered, doe not so,
Slubber not businesse for my sake Bassanio,
But stay the very riping of the time,
And for the lewes bond which he hath of me,

Let it not enter in your minde of loue:
Be merry, and imploy your chiefest thoughts
To courtship, and such faire ostents of loue
As shall conueniently become you there;
And euen there his eye being big with teares,
Turning his face, he put his hand behinde him,
And with affection wondrous sencible
He wrung Bassanios hand, and so they parted

Sol. I thinke he onely loues the world for him,
I pray thee let vs goe and finde him out
And quicken his embraced heauinesse
With some delight or other

Sal. Doe we so.

Exeunt.

Enter Nerrissa and a Seruiture.

Ner. Quick, quick I pray thee, draw the curtain strait,
The Prince of Arragon hath tane his oath,
And comes to his election presently.
Enter Arragon, his traine, and Portia. Flor. Cornets.

Por. Behold, there stand the caskets noble Prince,
If you choose that wherein I am contain'd,
Straight shall our nuptiall rights be solemniz'd:
But if thou faile, without more speech my Lord,
You must be gone from hence immediately

Ar. I am enioynd by oath to obserue three things;
First, neuer to vnfold to any one
Which casket 'twas I chose; next, if I faile
Of the right casket, neuer in my life
To wooe a maide in way of marriage:
Lastly, if I doe faile in fortune of my choyse,
Immediately to leaue you, and be gone

Por. To these iniunctions euery one doth sweare
That comes to hazard for my worthlesse selfe

Ar. And so haue I addrest me, fortune now
To my hearts hope: gold, siluer, and base lead.
Who chooseth me must giue and hazard all he hath.
You shall looke fairer ere I giue or hazard.
What saies the golden chest, ha, let me see.
Who chooseth me, shall gaine what many men desire:
What many men desire, that many may be meant
By the foole multitude that choose by show,
Not learning more then the fond eye doth teach,
Which pries not to th' interior, but like the Martlet
Builds in the weather on the outward wall,

Euen in the force and rode of casualtie.
I will not choose what many men desire,
Because I will not iumpe with common spirits,
And ranke me with the barbarous multitudes.
Why then to thee thou Siluer treasure house,
Tell me once more, what title thou doost beare;
Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserues:
And well said too; for who shall goe about
To cosen Fortune, and be honourable
Without the stampe of merrit, let none presume
To weare an vn-deserued dignitie:
O that estates, degrees, and offices,
Were not deriu'd corruptly, and that cleare honour
Were purchast by the merrit of the wearer;
How many then should couer that stand bare?
How many be commanded that command?
How much low pleasantry would then be gleaned
From the true seede of honor? And how much honor
Pickt from the chaffe and ruine of the times,
To be new varnisht: Well, but to my choise.
Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserues.
I will assume desert; giue me a key for this,
And instantly vnlocke my fortunes here

Por. Too long a pause for that which you finde there

Ar. What's here, the portrait of a blinking idiot
Presenting me a scedule, I will reade it:
How much vnlike art thou to Portia?
How much vnlike my hopes and my deseruings?
Who chooseth me, shall haue as much as he deserues.
Did I deserue no more then a fooles head,
Is that my prize, are my deserts no better?

Por. To offend and iudge are distinct offices,
And of opposed natures

Ar. What is here?
The fier seauen times tried this,
Seauen times tried that iudgement is,
That did neuer choose amis,
Some there be that shadowes kisse,
Such haue but a shadowes blisse:
There be fooles aliuie lwis
Siluer'd o're, and so was this:
Take what wife you will to bed,
I will euer be your head:
So be gone, you are sped

Ar. Still more foole I shall appeare
By the time I linger here,
With one fooles head I came to woo,
But I goe away with two.
Sweet adue, Ile keepe my oath,

Patiently to beare my wroath

Por. Thus hath the candle sing'd the moath:
O these deliberate fooles when they doe choose,
They haue the wisdome by their wit to loose

Ner. The ancient saying is no heresie,
Hanging and wiuing goes by destinie

Por. Come draw the curtaine Nerrissa.
Enter Messenger.

Mes. Where is my Lady?

Por. Here, what would my Lord?

Mes. Madam, there is a-lighted at your gate
A yong Venetian, one that comes before
To signifie th' approaching of his Lord,
From whom he bringeth sensible regreets;
To wit (besides commends and curteous breath)
Gifts of rich value; yet I haue not seene
So likely an Ambassador of loue.
A day in Aprill neuer came so sweete
To show how costly Sommer was at hand,
As this fore-spurrer comes before his Lord

Por. No more I pray thee, I am halfe a-feard
Thou wilt say anone he is some kin to thee,
Thou spend'st such high-day wit in praising him:
Come, come Nerryssa, for I long to see
Quicke Cupids Post, that comes so mannerly

Ner. Bassanio Lord, loue if thy will it be.

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius.

Enter Solanio and Salarino.

Sol. Now, what newes on the Ryalto?

Sal. Why yet it liues there vncheckt, that Anthonio
hath a ship of rich lading wrackt on the narrow Seas; the
Goodwins I thinke they call the place, a very dangerous
flat, and fatall, where the carcasses of many a tall ship, lye
buried, as they say, if my gossips report be an honest woman
of her word

Sol. I would she were as lying a gossip in that, as euer
knapt Ginger, or made her neighbours beleeeue she wept
for the death of a third husband: but it is true, without
any slips of prolixity, or crossing the plaine high-way of
talke, that the good Anthonio, the honest Anthonio; o that

I had a title good enough to keepe his name company!

Sal. Come, the full stop

Sol. Ha, what sayest thou, why the end is, he hath lost
a ship

Sal. I would it might proue the end of his losses

Sol. Let me say Amen betimes, least the diuell crosse
my praier, for here he comes in the likenes of a lew. How
now Shylocke, what newes among the Merchants?
Enter Shylocke.

Shy. You knew none so well, none so well as you, of
my daughters flight

Sal. That's certaine, I for my part knew the Tailor
that made the wings she flew withall

Sol. And Shylocke for his owne part knew the bird was
fledg'd, and then it is the complexion of them al to leaue
the dam

Shy. She is damn'd for it

Sal. That's certaine, if the diuell may be her Iudge

Shy. My owne flesh and blood to rebell

Sol. Out vpon it old carrion, rebels it at these yeeres

Shy. I say my daughter is my flesh and blood

Sal. There is more difference betweene thy flesh and
hers, then betweene let and luorie, more betweene your
bloods, then there is betweene red wine and rennish: but
tell vs, doe you heare whether Anthonio haue had anie
losse at sea or no?

Shy. There I haue another bad match, a bankrout, a
prodigall, who dare scarce shew his head on the Ryalto,
a begger that was vsd to come so smug vpon the Mart:
let him looke to his bond, he was wont to call me Vsurer,
let him looke to his bond, he was wont to lend money
for a Christian curtsie, let him looke to his bond

Sal. Why I am sure if he forfaite, thou wilt not take
his flesh, what's that good for?

Shy. To baite fish withall, if it will feede nothing
else, it will feede my reuenge; he hath disgrac'd me, and
hindred me halfe a million, laught at my losses, mockt at
my gaines, scorned my Nation, thwarted my bargaines,
cooled my friends, heated mine enemies, and what's the
reason? I am a lewe: Hath not a lew eyes? hath not a

lew hands, organs, dementions, sences, affections, passions,
fed with the same foode, hurt with the same weapons,
subiect to the same diseases, healed by the same
meanes, warmed and cooled by the same Winter and
Sommer as a Christian is: if you pricke vs doe we not
bleede? if you tickle vs, doe we not laugh? if you poison
vs doe we not die? and if you wrong vs shall we not reuenge?
if we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you
in that. If a lew wrong a Christian, what is his humility,
reuenge? If a Christian wrong a lew, what should his sufferance
be by Christian example, why reuenge? The villanie
you teach me I will execute, and it shall goe hard
but I will better the instruction.
Enter a man from Anthonio.

Gentlemen, my maister Anthonio is at his house, and
desires to speake with you both

Sal. We haue beene vp and downe to seeke him.
Enter Tuball.

Sol. Here comes another of the Tribe, a third cannot
be matcht, vnlesse the diuell himselve turne lew.

Exeunt. Gentlemen

Shy. How now Tuball, what newes from Genowa? hast
thou found my daughter?

Tub. I often came where I did heare of her, but cannot
finde her

Shy. Why there, there, there, there, a diamond gone
cost me two thousand ducats in Franckford, the curse neuer
fell vpon our Nation till now, I neuer felt it till now,
two thousand ducats in that, and other precious, precious
iewels: I would my daughter were dead at my foot,
and the iewels in her eare: would she were hearst at my
foote, and the duckets in her coffin: no newes of them,
why so? and I know not how much is spent in the search:
why thou losse vpon losse, the theefe gone with so
much, and so much to finde the theefe, and no satisfaction,
no reuenge, nor no ill luck stirring but what lights
a my shoulders, no sighes but a my breathing, no teares
but a my shedding

Tub. Yes, other men haue ill lucke too, Anthonio as I
heard in Genowa?

Shy. What, what, what, ill lucke, ill lucke

Tub. Hath an Argosie cast away comming from Tripolis

Shy. I thanke God, I thanke God, is it true, is it true?

Tub. I spoke with some of the Saylers that escaped

the wracke

Shy. I thanke thee good Tuball, good newes, good
newes: ha, ha, here in Genowa

Tub. Your daughter spent in Genowa, as I heard, one
night fourescore ducats

Shy. Thou stick'st a dagger in me, I shall neuer see my
gold againe, fourescore ducats at a sitting, fourescore ducats

Tub. There came diuers of Anthonios creditors in my
company to Venice, that sweare hee cannot choose but
breake

Shy. I am very glad of it, ile plague him, ile torture
him, I am glad of it,

Tub. One of them shewed me a ring that hee had of
your daughter for a Monkie

Shy. Out vpon her, thou torturest me Tuball, it was
my Turkies, I had it of Leah when I was a Batcheler: I
would not haue giuen it for a wildernesse of Monkies

Tub. But Anthonio is certainly vndone

Shy. Nay, that's true, that's very true, goe Tuball, see
me an Officer, bespeake him a fortnight before, I will
haue the heart of him if he forfeit, for were he out of Venice,
I can make what merchandize I will: goe Tuball,
and meete me at our Sinagogue, goe good Tuball, at our
Sinagogue Tuball.

Exeunt.

Enter Bassanio, Portia, Gratiano, and all their traine.

Por. I pray you tarrie, pause a day or two
Before you hazard, for in choosing wrong
I loose your companie; therefore forbear a while,
There's something tels me (but it is not loue)
I would not loose you, and you know your selfe,
Hate counsailes not in such a quallitie;
But least you should not vnderstand me well,
And yet a maiden hath no tongue, but thought,
I would detaine you here some month or two
Before you venture for me. I could teach you
How to choose right, but then I am forsworne,
So will I neuer be, so may you misse me,
But if you doe, youle make me wish a sinne,
That I had beene forsworne: Beshrow your eyes,
They haue ore-lookt me and deuided me,
One halfe of me is yours, the other halfe yours,

Mine owne I would say: but of mine then yours,
And so all yours; O these naughtie times
Puts bars betweene the owners and their rights.
And so though yours, not yours (proue it so)
Let Fortune goe to hell for it, not I.
I speake too long, but 'tis to peize the time,
To ich it, and to draw it out in length,
To stay you from election

Bass. Let me choose,
For as I am, I liue vpon the racke

Por. Vpon the racke Bassanio, then confesse
What treason there is mingled with your loue

Bass. None but that vglie treason of mistrust.
Which makes me feare the enjoyng of my loue:
There may as well be amitie and life,
'Tweene snow and fire, as treason and my loue

Por. I, but I feare you speake vpon the racke,
Where men enforced doth speake any thing

Bass. Promise me life, and ile confesse the truth

Por. Well then, confesse and liue

Bass. Confesse and loue
Had beene the verie sum of my confession:
O happie torment, when my torturer
Doth teach me answers for deliuerance:
But let me to my fortune and the caskets

Por. Away then, I am lockt in one of them,
If you doe loue me, you will finde me out.
Nerryssa and the rest, stand all aloofe,
Let musicke sound while he doth make his choise,
Then if he loose he makes a Swan-like end,
Fading in musique. That the comparison
May stand more proper, my eye shall be the streame
And watrie death-bed for him: he may win,
And what is musique than? Than musique is
Euen as the flourish, when true subiects bowe
To a new crowned Monarch: Such it is,
As are those dulcet sounds in breake of day,
That creepe into the dreaming bride-groomes eare,
And summon him to marriage. Now he goes
With no lesse presence, but with much more loue
Then yong Alcides, when he did redeeme
The virgine tribute, paied by howling Troy
To the Sea-monster: I stand for sacrifice,
The rest aloofe are the Dardanian wiues:
With bleared visages come forth to view

The issue of th' exploit: Goe Hercules,
Liue thou, I liue with much more dismay
I view the sight, then thou that mak'st the fray.

Here Musicke. A Song the whilst Bassanio comments on the
Caskets to
himselfe.

Tell me where is fancie bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head:
How begot, how nourished. Replie, replie.
It is engendred in the eyes,
With gazing fed, and Fancie dies,
In the cradle where it lies:
Let vs all ring Fancies knell.
Ile begin it.
Ding, dong, bell

All. Ding, dong, bell

Bass. So may the outward shewes be least themselues
The world is still deceiu'd with ornament.
In Law, what Plea so tainted and corrupt,
But being season'd with a gracious voice,
Obscures the show of euill? In Religion,
What damned error, but some sober brow
Will blesse it, and approue it with a text,
Hiding the grosenesse with faire ornament:
There is no voice so simple, but assumes
Some marke of vertue on his outward parts;
How manie cowards, whose hearts are all as false
As stayers of sand, weare yet vpon their chins
The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars,
Who inward searcht, haue lyuers white as milke,
And these assume but valors excrement,
To render them redoubted. Looke on beautie,
And you shall see 'tis purchast by the weight,
Which therein workes a miracle in nature,
Making them lightest that weare most of it:
So are those crisped snakie golden locks
Which makes such wanton gambols with the winde
Vpon supposed fairenesse, often knowne
To be the dowrie of a second head,
The scull that bred them in the Sepulcher.
Thus ornament is but the guiled shore
To a most dangerous sea: the beautious scarfe
Vailing an Indian beautie; In a word,
The seeming truth which cunning times put on
To intrap the wisest. Therefore then thou gaudie gold,
Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee,
Nor none of thee thou pale and common drudge
'Tweene man and man: but thou, thou meager lead
Which rather threatnest then dost promise ought,

Thy palenesse moues me more then eloquence,
And here choose I, ioy be the consequence

Por. How all the other passions fleet to ayre,
As doubtfull thoughts, and rash imbrac'd despaire:
And shuddring feare, and greene-eyed ieaalousie.
O loue be moderate, allay thy extasie,
In measure raine thy ioy, scant this excesse,
I feele too much thy blessing, make it lesse,
For feare I surfeit

Bas. What finde I here?
Faire Portias counterfeit. What demie God
Hath come so neere creation? moue these eies?
Or whether riding on the bals of mine
Seeme they in motion? Here are seuer'd lips
Parted with suger breath, so sweet a barre
Should sunder such sweet friends: here in her haire
The Painter plaies the Spider, and hath wouen
A golden mesh t' intrap the hearts of men
Faster then gnats in cobwebs: but her eies,
How could he see to doe them? hauing made one,
Me thinks it should haue power to steale both his
And leaue it selfe vnfurnisht: Yet looke how farre
The substance of my praise doth wrong this shadow
In vnderprising it, so farre this shadow
Doth limpe behinde the substance. Here's the scroule,
The continent, and summarie of my fortune.
You that choose not by the view
Chance as faire, and choose as true:
Since this fortune fals to you,
Be content, and seeke no new.
If you be well pleasd with this,
And hold your fortune for your blisse,
Turne you where your Lady is,
And claime her with a louing kisse

Bass. A gentle scroule: Faire Lady, by your leaue,
I come by note to giue, and to receiue,
Like one of two contending in a prize
That thinks he hath done well in peoples eies:
Hearing applause and vniuersall shout,
Giddie in spirit, still gazing in a doubt
Whether those peales of praise be his or no.
So thrice faire Lady stand I euen so,
As doubtfull whether what I see be true,
Vntill confirm'd, sign'd, ratified by you

Por. You see my Lord Bassiano where I stand,
Such as I am; though for my selfe alone
I would not be ambitious in my wish,
To wish my selfe much better, yet for you,
I would be trebled twenty times my selfe,

A thousand times more faire, ten thousand times
More rich, that onely to stand high in your account,
I might in vertues, beauties, liuings, friends,
Exceed account: but the full summe of me
Is sum of nothing: which to terme in grosse,
Is an vnlessoned girle, vnschool'd, vnpractiz'd,
Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learne: happier then this,
Shée is not bred so dull but she can learne;
Happiest of all, is that her gentle spirit
Commits it selfe to yours to be directed,
As from her Lord, her Gouvernour, her King.
My selfe, and what is mine, to you and yours
Is now conuerted. But now I was the Lord
Of this faire mansion, master of my seruants,
Queene ore my selfe: and euen now, but now,
This house, these seruants, and this same my selfe
Are yours, my Lord, I giue them with this ring,
Which when you part from, loose, or giue away,
Let it presage the ruine of your loue,
And be my vantage to exclaime on you

Bass. Maddam, you haue bereft me of all words,
Onely my bloud speakes to you in my vaines,
And there is such confusion in my powers,
As after some oration fairely spoke
By a beloued Prince, there doth appeare
Among the buzzing pleased multitude,
Where euery something being blent together,
Turnes to a wilde of nothing, saue of ioy
Exprest, and not exprest: but when this ring
Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence,
O then be bold to say Bassanio's dead

Ner. My Lord and Lady, it is now our time
That haue stood by and seene our wishes prosper,
To cry good ioy, good ioy my Lord and Lady

Gra. My Lord Bassanio, and my gentle Lady,
I wish you all the ioy that you can wish:
For I am sure you can wish none from me:
And when your Honours meane to solemnize
The bargaine of your faith: I doe beseech you
Euen at that time I may be married too

Bass. With all my heart, so thou canst get a wife

Gra. I thanke your Lordship, you haue got me one.
My eyes my Lord can looke as swift as yours:
You saw the mistres, I beheld the maid:
You lou'd, I lou'd for intermission,
No more pertaines to me my Lord then you;
Your fortune stood vpon the caskets there,

And so did mine too, as the matter falls:
For wooing heere vntill I swet againe,
And swearing till my very rough was dry
With oathes of loue, at last, if promise last,
I got a promise of this faire one heere
To haue her loue: provided that your fortune
Atchieu'd her mistresse

Por. Is this true Nerrissa?

Ner. Madam it is so, so you stand pleas'd withall

Bass. And doe you Gratiano meane good faith?

Gra. Yes faith my Lord

Bass. Our feast shall be much honored in your marriage

Gra. Weele play with them the first boy for a thousand
ducats

Ner. What and stake downe?

Gra. No, we shal nere win at that sport, and stake
downe.

But who comes heere? Lorenzo and his Infidell?
What and my old Venetian friend Salerio?
Enter Lorenzo, Iessica, and Salerio.

Bas. Lorenzo and Salerio, welcome hether,
If that the youth of my new interest heere
Haue power to bid you welcome: by your leaue
I bid my verie friends and Countrimen
Sweet Portia welcome

Por. So do I my Lord, they are intirely welcome

Lor. I thanke your honor; for my part my Lord,
My purpose was not to haue seene you heere,
But meeting with Salerio by the way,
He did intreate mee past all saying nay
To come with him along

Sal. I did my Lord,
And I haue reason for it, Signior Anthonio
Commends him to you

Bass. Ere I ope his Letter
I pray you tell me how my good friend doth

Sal. Not sicke my Lord, vnlesse it be in minde,
Nor wel, vnlesse in minde: his Letter there
Wil shew you his estate.

Opens the Letter.

Gra. Nerrissa, cheere yond stranger, bid her welcom.
Your hand Salerio, what's the newes from Venice?
How doth that royal Merchant good Anthonio;
I know he will be glad of our successe,
We are the lasons, we haue won the fleece

Sal. I would you had won the fleece that hee hath
lost

Por. There are some shrewd contents in yond same
Paper,
That steales the colour from Bassianos cheeke,
Some deere friend dead, else nothing in the world
Could turne so much the constitution
Of any constant man. What, worse and worse?
With leaue Bassanio I am halfe your selfe,
And I must freely haue the halfe of any thing
That this same paper brings you

Bass. O sweet Portia,
Heere are a few of the vnpleasant'st words
That euer blotted paper. Gentle Ladie
When I did first impart my loue to you,
I freely told you all the wealth I had
Ran in my vaines: I was a Gentleman,
And then I told you true: and yet deere Ladie,
Rating my selfe at nothing, you shall see
How much I was a Braggart, when I told you
My state was nothing, I should then haue told you
That I was worse then nothing: for indeede
I haue ingag'd my selfe to a deere friend,
Ingag'd my friend to his meere enimie
To feede my meanes. Heere is a Letter Ladie,
The paper as the bodie of my friend,
And euerie word in it a gaping wound
Issuing life blood. But is it true Salerio,
Hath all his ventures faild, what not one hit,
From Tripolis, from Mexico and England,
From Lisbon, Barbary, and India,
And not one vessell scape the dreadfull touch
Of Merchant-marring rocks?

Sal. Not one my Lord.
Besides, it should appeare, that if he had
The present money to discharge the lew,
He would not take it: neuer did I know
A creature that did beare the shape of man
So keene and greedy to confound a man.
He plyes the Duke at morning and at night,
And doth impeach the freedome of the state
If they deny him iustice. Twenty Merchants,
The Duke himselfe, and the Magnificoes
Of greatest port haue all perswaded with him,
But none can driue him from the enuious plea

Of forfeiture, of iustice, and his bond

Iessi. When I was with him, I haue heard him sweare
To Tuball and to Chus, his Countri-men,
That he would rather haue Anthonio's flesh,
Then twenty times the value of the summe
That he did owe him: and I know my Lord,
If law, authoritie, and power denie not,
It will goe hard with poore Anthonio

Por. Is it your deere friend that is thus in trouble?

Bass. The deerest friend to me, the kindest man,
The best condition'd, and vnwearied spirit
In doing curtesies: and one in whom
The ancient Romane honour more appeares
Then any that drawes breath in Italie

Por. What summe owes he the lew?

Bass. For me three thousand ducats

Por. What, no more?

Pay him sixe thousand, and deface the bond:
Double sixe thousand, and then treble that,
Before a friend of this description
Shall lose a haire through Bassanio's fault.
First goe with me to Church, and call me wife,
And then away to Venice to your friend:
For neuer shall you lie by Portias side
With an vnquiet soule. You shall haue gold
To pay the petty debt twenty times ouer.
When it is payd, bring your true friend along,
My maid Nerrissa, and my selfe meane time
Will liue as maids and widdowes; come away,
For you shall hence vpon your wedding day:
Bid your friends welcome, show a merry cheere,
Since you are deere bought, I will loue you deere.
But let me heare the letter of your friend.
Sweet Bassanio, my ships haue all miscarried, my Creditors
grow cruell, my estate is very low, my bond to the lew is
forfeit, and since in paying it, it is impossible I should liue, all
debts are cleerd between you and I, if I might see you at my
death: notwithstanding, vse your pleasure, if your loue doe not
perswade you to come, let not my letter

Por. O loue! dispach all busines and be gone

Bass. Since I haue your good leaue to goe away,
I will make hast; but till I come againe,
No bed shall ere be guilty of my stay,
Nor rest be interposer twixt vs twaine.

Exeunt.

Enter the Iew, and Solanio, and Anthonio, and the Iaylor.

Iew. Iaylor, looke to him, tell not me of mercy,
This is the foole that lends out money gratis.
Iaylor, looke to him

Ant. Heare me yet good Shylok

Iew. Ile haue my bond, speake not against my bond,
I haue sworne an oath that I will haue my bond:
Thou call'dst me dog before thou hadst a cause,
But since I am a dog, beware my phangs,
The Duke shall grant me iustice, I do wonder
Thou naughty Iaylor, that thou art so fond
To come abroad with him at his request

Ant. I pray thee heare me speake

Iew. Ile haue my bond, I will not heare thee speake,
Ile haue my bond, and therefore speake no more,
Ile not be made a soft and dull ey'd foole,
To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yeeld
To Christian intercessors: follow not,
Ile haue no speaking, I will haue my bond.

Exit Iew.

Sol. It is the most impenetrable curre
That euer kept with men

Ant. Let him alone,
Ile follow him no more with bootlesse prayers:
He seekes my life, his reason well I know;
I oft deliuer'd from his forfeitures
Many that haue at times made mone to me,
Therefore he hates me

Sol. I am sure the Duke will neuer grant
this forfeiture to hold

An. The Duke cannot deny the course of law:
For the commoditie that strangers haue
With vs in Venice, if it be denied,
Will much impeach the iustice of the State,
Since that the trade and profit of the citty
Consisteth of all Nations. Therefore goe,
These greefes and losses haue so bated mee,
That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh
To morrow, to my bloody Creditor.
Well Iaylor, on, pray God Bassanio come
To see me pay his debt, and then I care not.

Exeunt.

Enter Portia, Nerrissa, Lorenzo, Iessica, and a man of Portias.

Lor. Madam, although I speake it in your presence,
You haue a noble and a true conceit
Of god-like amity, which appeares most strongly
In bearing thus the absence of your Lord.
But if you knew to whom you shew this honour,
How true a Gentleman you send releefe,
How deere a louer of my Lord your husband,
I know you would be prouder of the worke
Then customary bounty can enforce you

Por. I neuer did repent for doing good,
Nor shall not now: for in companions
That do conuerse and waste the time together,
Whose soules doe beare an egal yoke of loue.
There must be needs a like proportion
Of lymaments, of manners, and of spirit;
Which makes me thinke that this Anthonio
Being the bosome louer of my Lord,
Must needs be like my Lord. If it be so,
How little is the cost I haue bestowed
In purchasing the semblance of my soule;
From out the state of hellish cruelty,
This comes too neere the praising of my selfe,
Therefore no more of it: heere other things
Lorenzo I commit into your hands,
The husbandry and mannage of my house,
Vntill my Lords returne; for mine owne part
I haue toward heauen breath'd a secret vow,
To liue in prayer and contemplation,
Onely attended by Nerrissa heere,
Vntill her husband and my Lords returne:
There is a monastery too miles off,
And there we will abide. I doe desire you
Not to denie this imposition,
The which my loue and some necessity
Now layes vpon you

Lorens. Madame, with all my heart,
I shall obey you in all faire commands

Por. My people doe already know my minde,
And will acknowledge you and Iessica
In place of Lord Bassanio and my selfe.
So far you well till we shall meete againe

Lor. Faire thoughts & happy houres attend on you

Iessi. I wish your Ladiship all hearts content

Por. I thanke you for your wish, and am well pleas'd

To wish it backe on you: faryouwell lessica.

Exeunt.

Now Balthaser, as I haue euer found thee honest true,
So let me finde thee still: take this same letter,
And vse thou all the indeauor of a man,
In speed to Mantua, see thou render this
Into my cosins hand, Doctor Belario,
And looke what notes and garments he doth giue thee,
Bring them I pray thee with imagin'd speed
Vnto the Tranect, to the common Ferrie
Which trades to Venice; waste no time in words,
But get thee gone, I shall be there before thee

Balth. Madam, I goe with all conuenient speed

Por. Come on Nerissa, I haue worke in hand
That you yet know not of; wee'll see our husbands
Before they thinke of vs?

Nerrissa. Shall they see vs?

Portia. They shall Nerrissa: but in such a habit,
That they shall thinke we are accomplished
With that we lacke; Ile hold thee any wager
When we are both accoutered like yong men,
Ile proue the prettier fellow of the two,
And weare my dagger with the brauer grace,
And speake betweene the change of man and boy,
With a reede voyce, and turne two mising steps
Into a manly stride; and speake of frayes
Like a fine bragging youth: and tell quaint lyes
How honourable Ladies sought my loue,
Which I denying, they fell sicke and died.
I could not doe withall: then Ile repent,
And wish for all that, that I had not kil'd them;
And twentie of these punie lies Ile tell,
That men shall sweare I haue discontinued schoole
Aboue a twelue moneth: I haue within my minde
A thousand raw tricks of these bragging lacks,
Which I will practise

Nerris. Why, shall wee turne to men?

Portia. Fie, what a questions that?

If thou wert nere a lewd interpreter:
But come, Ile tell thee all my whole deuce
When I am in my coach, which stayes for vs
At the Parke gate; and therefore haste away,
For we must measure twentie miles to day.

Exeunt.

Enter Clowne and lessica.

Clown. Yes truly; for looke you, the sinnes of the Father are to be laid vpon the children, therefore I promise you, I feare you, I was alwaies plaine with you, and so now I speake my agitation of the matter: therefore be of good cheere, for truly I thinke you are damn'd, there is but one hope in it that can doe you anie good, and that is but a kinde of bastard hope neither

Iessica. And what hope is that I pray thee?

Clow. Marrie you may partlie hope that your father got you not, that you are not the lewes daughter

Ies. That were a kinde of bastard hope indeed, so the sins of my mother should be visited vpon me

Clow. Truly then I feare you are damned both by father and mother: thus when I shun Scilla your father, I fall into Charibdis your mother; well, you are gone both waies

Ies. I shall be sau'd by my husband, he hath made me a Christian

Clow. Truly the more to blame he, we were Christians enow before, e'ne as many as could wel liue one by another: this making of Christians will raise the price of Hogs, if wee grow all to be porke-eaters, wee shall not shortlie haue a rasher on the coales for money.
Enter Lorenzo.

Ies. Ile tell my husband Lancelet what you say, heere he comes

Loren. I shall grow iealous of you shortly Lancelet, if you thus get my wife into corners?

Ies. Nay, you need not feare vs Lorenzo, Launcelet and I are out, he tells me flatly there is no mercy for mee in heauen, because I am a lewes daughter: and hee saies you are no good member of the common wealth, for in conuerting lewes to Christians, you raise the price of Porke

Loren. I shall answere that better to the Commonwealth, than you can the getting vp of the Negroes bellie: the Moore is with childe by you Launcelet?

Clow. It is much that the Moore should be more then reason: but if she be lesse then an honest woman, shee is indeed more then I tooke her for

Loren. How euerie foole can play vpon the word, I thinke the best grace of witte will shortly turne into silence, and discourse grow commendable in none onely but Parrats: goe in sirra, bid them prepare for dinner?

Clow. That is done sir, they haue all stomacks?

Loren. Goodly Lord, what a witte-snapper are you,
then bid them prepare dinner

Clow. That is done to sir, onely couer is the word

Loren. Will you couer than sir?

Clow. Not so sir neither, I know my dutie

Loren. Yet more quarreling with occasion, wilt thou
shew the whole wealth of thy wit in an instant; I pray
thee vnderstand a plaine man in his plaine meaning: goe
to thy fellowes, bid them couer the table, serue in the
meat, and we will come in to dinner

Clow. For the table sir, it shall be seru'd in, for the
meat sir, it shall bee couered, for your comming in to
dinner sir, why let it be as humors and conceits shall gouerne.

Exit Clowne.

Lor. O deare discretion, how his words are suted,
The foole hath planted in his memory
An Armie of good words, and I doe know
A many fooles that stand in better place,
Garnisht like him, that for a tricksie word
Defie the matter: how cheer'st thou lessica,
And now good sweet say thy opinion,
How dost thou like the Lord Bassiano's wife?

Iessi. Past all expressing, it is very meete
The Lord Bassanio liue an vpright life
For hauing such a blessing in his Lady,
He findes the ioyes of heauen heere on earth,
And if on earth he doe not meane it, it
Is reason he should neuer come to heauen?
Why, if two gods should play some heauenly match,
And on the wager lay two earthly women,
And Portia one: there must be something else
Paund with the other, for the poore rude world
Hath not her fellow

Loren. Euen such a husband
Hast thou of me, as she is for a wife

Ies. Nay, but aske my opinion to of that?

Lor. I will anone, first let vs goe to dinner?

Ies. Nay, let me praise you while I haue a stomacke?

Lor. No pray thee, let it serue for table talke,
Then how som ere thou speakst 'mong other things,
I shall digest it?

Iessi. Well, Ile set you forth.

Exeunt.

Actus Quartus.

Enter the Duke, the Magnificoes, Anthonio, Bassanio, and Gratiano

Duke. What, is Anthonio heere?

Ant. Ready, so please your grace?

Duke. I am sorry for thee, thou art come to answer
A stonie aduersary, an inhumane wretch,
Vncapable of pittie, voyd, and empty
From any dram of mercie

Ant. I haue heard

Your Grace hath tane great paines to qualifie
His rigorous course: but since he stands obdurate,
And that no lawful meanes can carrie me
Out of his enuies reach, I do oppose
My patience to his fury, and am arm'd
To suffer with a quietnesse of spirit,
The very tyranny and rage of his

Du. Go one and cal the lew into the Court

Sal. He is ready at the doore, he comes my Lord.
Enter Shylocke.

Du. Make roome, and let him stand before our face.
Shylocke the world thinkes, and I thinke so to
That thou but leadest this fashion of thy mallice
To the last houre of act, and then 'tis thought
Thou'lt shew thy mercy and remorse more strange,
Than is thy strange apparant cruelty;
And where thou now exact'st the penalty,
Which is a pound of this poore Merchants flesh,
Thou wilt not onely loose the forfeiture,
But touch'd with humane gentlenesse and loue:
Forgiue a moytie of the principall,
Glancing an eye of pittie on his losses
That haue of late so hudled on his backe,
Enow to presse a royall Merchant downe;
And plucke commiseration of his state
From brassie bosomes, and rough hearts of flints,
From stubborne Turkes and Tarters neuer traird
To offices of tender curtesie,
We all expect a gentle answer lew?

Iew. I haue possest your grace of what I purpose,
And by our holy Sabbath haue I sworne
To haue the due and forfeit of my bond.
If you denie it, let the danger light
Vpon your Charter, and your Cities freedome.
You'l aske me why I rather choose to haue

A weight of carrion flesh, then to receiue
Three thousand Ducats? Ile not answer that:
But say it is my humor; Is it answered?
What if my house be troubled with a Rat,
And I be pleas'd to giue ten thousand Ducates
To haue it bain'd? What, are you answer'd yet?
Some men there are loue not a gaping Pigge:
Some that are mad, if they behold a Cat:
And others, when the bag-pipe sings i'th nose,
Cannot containe their Vrine for affection.
Masters of passion swayes it to the moode
Of what it likes or loaths, now for your answer:
As there is no firme reason to be rendred
Why he cannot abide a gaping Pigge?
Why he a harmlesse necessarie Cat?
Why he a woollen bag-pipe: but of force
Must yeeld to such ineuitable shame,
As to offend himselfe being offended:
So can I giue no reason, nor I will not,
More then a lodg'd hate, and a certaine loathing
I beare Anthonio, that I follow thus
A loosing suite against him? Are you answered?
Bass. This is no answer thou vnfeeling man,
To excuse the currant of thy cruelty

Iew. I am not bound to please thee with my answer

Bass. Do all men kil the things they do not loue?

Iew. Hates any man the thing he would not kill?

Bass. Euerie offence is not a hate at first

Iew. What wouldst thou haue a Serpent sting thee
twice?

Ant. I pray you thinke you question with the Iew:

You may as well go stand vpon the beach,
And bid the maine flood baite his vsuall height,
Or euen as well vse question with the Wolfe,
The Ewe bleate for the Lambe:
You may as well forbid the Mountaine Pines
To wagge their high tops, and to make no noise
When they are fretted with the gusts of heauen:
You may as well do any thing most hard,
As seeke to soften that, then which what harder?
His Iewish heart. Therefore I do beseech you
Make no more offers, vse no farther meanes,
But with all briefe and plaine conueniencie
Let me haue iudgement, and the Iew his will

Bas. For thy three thousand Ducates heere is six

Iew. If euerie Ducat in sixe thousand Ducates
Were in sixe parts, and euery part a Ducate,
I would not draw them, I would haue my bond?

Du. How shalt thou hope for mercie, rendring none?
Iew. What iudgement shall I dread doing no wrong?
You haue among you many a purchast slaue,
Which like your Asses, and your Dogs and Mules,
You vse in abiect and in slauish parts,
Because you bought them. Shall I say to you,
Let them be free, marrie them to your heires?
Why sweate they vnder burthens? Let their beds
Be made as soft as yours: and let their pallats
Be season'd with such Viands: you will answer
The slaues are ours. So do I answer you.
The pound of flesh which I demand of him
Is deerely bought, 'tis mine, and I will haue it.
If you deny me; fie vpon your Law,
There is no force in the decrees of Venice;
I stand for iudgement, answer, Shall I haue it?
Du. Vpon my power I may dismisse this Court,
Vnlesse Bellario a learned Doctor,
Whom I haue sent for to determine this,
Come heere to day

Sal. My Lord, heere stayes without
A Messenger with Letters from the Doctor,
New come from Padua

Du. Bring vs the Letters, Call the Messengers

Bass. Good cheere Anthonio. What man, corage yet:
The Iew shall haue my flesh, blood, bones, and all,
Ere thou shalt loose for me one drop of blood

Ant. I am a tainted Weather of the flocke,
Meetest for death, the weakest kinde of fruite
Drops earliest to the ground, and so let me;
You cannot better be employ'd Bassanio,
Then to liue still, and write mine Epitaph.
Enter Nerrissa.

Du. Came you from Padua from Bellario?
Ner. From both.
My Lord Bellario greets your Grace

Bas. Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly?
Iew. To cut the forfeiture from that bankrout there

Gra. Not on thy soale: but on thy soule harsh Iew
Thou mak'st thy knife keene: but no mettall can,
No, not the hangmans Axe beare halfe the keenesse
Of thy sharpe enuy. Can no prayers pierce thee?
Iew. No, none that thou hast wit enough to make

Gra. O be thou damn'd, inexecrable dogge,
And for thy life let iustice be accus'd:

Thou almost mak'st me wauer in my faith;
To hold opinion with Pythagoras,
That soules of Animals infuse themselues
Into the trunkes of men. Thy currish spirit
Gouern'd a Wolfe, who hang'd for humane slaughter,
Euen from the gallowes did his fell soule fleet;
And whil'st thou layest in thy vnhalloved dam,
Infus'd it selfe in thee: For thy desires
Are Woluish, bloody, steru'd, and rauenuous

lew. Till thou canst raile the seale from off my bond
Thou but offend'st thy Lungs to speake so loud:
Repaire thy wit good youth, or it will fall
To endlesse ruine. I stand heere for Law

Du. This Letter from Bellario doth commend
A yong and Learned Doctor in our Court;
Where is he?

Ner. He attendeth heere hard by
To know your answer, whether you'l admit him

Du. With all my heart. Some three or four of you
Go giue him curteous conduct to this place,
Meane time the Court shall heare Bellarioes Letter.
Your Grace shall vnderstand, that at the receite of your
Letter I am very sicke: but in the instant that your messenger
came, in louing visitation, was with me a yong Doctor
of Rome, his name is Balthasar: I acquainted him with
the cause in Controuersie, betweene the lew and Anthonio
the Merchant: We turn'd ore many Bookes together: hee is
furnished with my opinion, which bettred with his owne learning,
the greatnesse whereof I cannot enough commend, comes
with him at my importunity, to fill vp your Graces request in
my sted. I beseech you, let his lacke of years be no impediment
to let him lacke a reuerend estimation: for I neuer knewe so
yong a body, with so old a head. I leaue him to your gracious
acceptance, whose trial shall better publish his commendation.
Enter Portia for Balthazar.

Duke. You heare the learn'd Bellario what he writes,
And heere (I take it) is the Doctor come.
Giue me your hand: Came you from old Bellario?
Por. I did my Lord

Du. You are welcome: take your place;
Are you acquainted with the difference
That holds this present question in the Court

Por. I am enformed throughly of the cause.
Which is the Merchant heere? and which the lew?

Du. Anthonio and old Shylocke, both stand forth

Por. Is your name Shylocke?

lew. Shylocke is my name

Por. Of a strange nature is the sute you follow,
Yet in such rule, that the Venetian Law
Cannot impugne you as you do proceed.
You stand within his danger, do you not?

Ant. I, so he sayes

Por. Do you confesse the bond?

Ant. I do

Por. Then must the lew be mercifull

lew. On what compulsion must I ? Tell me that

Por. The quality of mercy is not strain'd,
It droppeth as the gentle raine from heauen
Vpon the place beneath. It is twice blest,
It blesseth him that giues, and him that takes,
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest, it becomes
The throned Monarch better then his Crowne.
His Scepter shewes the force of temporall power,
The attribute to awe and Maiestie,
Wherein doth sit the dread and feare of Kings:
But mercy is about this sceptred sway,
It is enthroned in the hearts of Kings,
It is an attribute to God himselfe;
And earthly power doth then shew likest Gods
When mercie seasons lustice. Therefore lew,
Though lustice be thy plea, consider this,
That in the course of lustice, none of vs
Should see saluation: we do pray for mercie,
And that same prayer, doth teach vs all to render
The deeds of mercie. I haue spoke thus much
To mittigate the iustice of thy plea:
Which if thou follow, this strict course of Venice
Must needs giue sentence 'gainst the Merchant there

Shy. My deeds vpon my head, I craue the Law,
The penaltie and forfeite of my bond

Por. Is he not able to discharge the money?

Bas. Yes, heere I tender it for him in the Court,
Yea, twice the summe, if that will not suffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times ore,
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart:
If this will not suffice, it must appeare
That malice beares downe truth. And I beseech you
Wrest once the Law to your authority.
To do a great right, do a little wrong,
And curbe this cruell diuell of his will

Por. It must not be, there is no power in Venice

Can alter a decree established:

'Twill be recorded for a President,
And many an error by the same example,
Will rush into the state: It cannot be

Iew. A Daniel come to iudgement, yea a Daniel.
O wise young Iudge, how do I honour thee

Por. I pray you let me looke vpon the bond

Iew. Heere 'tis most reuerend Doctor, heere it is

Por. Shylocke, there's thrice thy monie offered thee

Shy. An oath, an oath, I haue an oath in heauen:
Shall I lay periurie vpon my soule?
No not for Venice

Por. Why this bond is forfeit,
And lawfully by this the Iew may claime
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off
Neerest the Merchants heart; be mercifull,
Take thrice thy money, bid me teare the bond

Iew. When it is paid according to the tenure.
It doth appeare you are a worthy Iudge:
You know the Law, your exposition
Hath beene most sound. I charge you by the Law,
Whereof you are a well-deseruing pillar,
Proceede to iudgement: By my soule I sweare,
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me: I stay heere on my bond

An. Most heartily I do beseech the Court
To giue the iudgement

Por. Why then thus it is:
You must prepare your bosome for his knife

Iew. O noble Iudge, O excellent yong man

Por. For the intent and purpose of the Law
Hath full relation to the penaltie,
Which heere appeareth due vpon the bond

Iew. 'Tis verie true: O wise and vpriht Iudge,
How much more elder art thou then thy lookes?

Por. Therefore lay bare your bosome

Iew. I, his brest,
So sayes the bond, doth it not noble Iudge?
Neerest his heart, those are the very words

Por. It is so: Are there ballance heere to weigh the
flesh?

Iew. I haue them ready

Por. Haue by some Surgeon Shylock on your charge
To stop his wounds, least he should bleede to death

Iew. It is not nominated in the bond?

Por. It is not so exprest: but what of that?
'Twere good you do so much for charitie

Iew. I cannot finde it, 'tis not in the bond

Por. Come Merchant, haue you any thing to say?

Ant. But little: I am arm'd and well prepar'd.
Giue me your hand Bassanio, fare you well.
Greeue not that I am false to this for you:
For heerein fortune shewes her selfe more kinde
Then is her custome. It is still her vse
To let the wretched man out-liue his wealth,
To view with hollow eye, and wrinkled brow
An age of pouerty. From which lingring penance
Of such miserie, doth she cut me off:
Commend me to your honourable Wife,
Tell her the processe of Anthonio's end:
Say how I lou'd you; speake me faire in death:
And when the tale is told, bid her be iudge,
Whether Bassanio had not once a Loue:
Repent not you that you shall loose your friend,
And he repents not that he payes your debt.
For if the Iew do cut but deepe enough,
Ile pay it instantly, with all my heart

Bas. Anthonio, I am married to a wife,
Which is as deere to me as life it selfe,
But life it selfe, my wife, and all the world,
Are not with me esteem'd about thy life.
I would loose all, I sacrifice them all
Heere to this deuill, to deliuer you

Por. Your wife would giue you little thanks for that
If she were by to heare you make the offer

Gra. I haue a wife whom I protest I loue,
I would she were in heauen, so she could
Intreat some power to change this currish Iew

Ner. 'Tis well you offer it behinde her backe,
The wish would make else an vnquiet house

Iew. These be the Christian husbands: I haue a daughter
Would any of the stocke of Barrabas
Had beene her husband, rather then a Christian.

We trifle time, I pray thee pursue sentence

Por. A pound of that same marchants flesh is thine,
The Court awards it, and the law doth giue it

Iew. Most rightfull Iudge

Por. And you must cut this flesh from off his breast,
The Law allows it, and the Court awards it

Iew. Most learned Iudge, a sentence, come prepare

Por. Tarry a little, there is something else,
This bond doth giue thee heere no iot of bloud,
The words expresly are a pound of flesh:
Then take thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh,
But in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
One drop of Christian bloud, thy lands and goods
Are by the Lawes of Venice confiscate
Vnto the state of Venice

Gra. O vpright Iudge,
Marke Iew, o learned Iudge

Shy. Is that the law?

Por. Thy selfe shalt see the Act:
For as thou vrgest iustice, be assur'd
Thou shalt haue iustice more then thou desirest

Gra. O learned Iudge, mark Iew, a learned Iudge

Iew. I take this offer then, pay the bond thrice,
And let the Christian goe

Bass. Heere is the money

Por. Soft, the Iew shall haue all iustice, soft, no haste,
He shall haue nothing but the penalty

Gra. O Iew, an vpright Iudge, a learned Iudge

Por. Therefore prepare thee to cut off the flesh,
Shed thou no bloud, nor cut thou lesse nor more
But iust a pound of flesh: if thou tak'st more
Or lesse then a iust pound, be it so much
As makes it light or heauy in the substance,
Or the deuision of the twentieth part
Of one poore scruple, nay if the scale doe turne
But in the estimation of a hayre,
Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate

Gra. A second Daniel, a Daniel Iew,
Now infidell I haue thee on the hip

Por. Why doth the law pause, take thy forfeiture

Shy. Give me my principall, and let me goe

Bass. I haue it ready for thee, heere it is

Por. He hath refus'd it in the open Court,
He shall haue meerly iustice and his bond

Gra. A Daniel still say I, a second Daniel,
I thanke thee law for teaching me that word

Shy. Shall I not haue barely my principall?

Por. Thou shalt haue nothing but the forfeiture,
To be taken so at thy perill law

Shy. Why then the Deuill give him good of it:
He stay no longer question

Por. Tarry law,
The Law hath yet another hold on you.
It is enacted in the Lawes of Venice,
If it be proued against an Alien,
That by direct, or indirect attempts
He seeke the life of any Citizen,
The party gainst the which he doth contriue,
Shall seaze one halfe his goods, the other halfe
Comes to the priuie coffer of the State,
And the offenders life lies in the mercy
Of the Duke onely, gainst all other voice.
In which predicament I say thou standst:
For it appeares by manifest proceeding,
That indirectly, and directly to,
Thou hast contriu'd against the very life
Of the defendant: and thou hast incur'd
The danger formerly by me rehearst.
Downe therefore, and beg mercy of the Duke

Gra. Beg that thou maist haue leaue to hang thy selfe,
And yet thy wealth being forfeit to the state,
Thou hast not left the value of a cord,
Therefore thou must be hang'd at the states charge

Duk. That thou shalt see the difference of our spirit,
I pardon thee thy life before thou aske it:
For halfe thy wealth, it is Anthonio's
The other halfe comes to the generall state,
Which humblenesse may driue vnto a fine

Por. I for the state, not for Anthonio

Shy. Nay, take my life and all, pardon not that,

You take my house, when you do take the prop
That doth sustaine my house: you take my life
When you doe take the meanes whereby I liue

Por. What mercy can you render him Anthonio?

Gra. A halter gratis, nothing else for Gods sake

Ant. So please my Lord the Duke, and all the Court
To quit the fine for one halfe of his goods,
I am content: so he will let me haue
The other halfe in vse, to render it
Vpon his death, vnto the Gentleman
That lately stole his daughter.
Two things prouided more, that for this fauour
He presently become a Christian:
The other, that he doe record a gift
Heere in the Court of all he dies possest
Vnto his sonne Lorenzo, and his daughter

Duk. He shall doe this, or else I doe recant
The pardon that I late pronounced heere

Por. Art thou contented lew? what dost thou say?

Shy. I am content

Por. Clarke, draw a deed of gift

Shy. I pray you giue me leaue to goe from hence,
I am not well, send the deed after me,
And I will signe it

Duke. Get thee gone, but doe it

Gra. In christning thou shalt haue two godfathers,
Had I been iudge, thou shouldst haue had ten more,
To bring thee to the gallowes, not to the font.
Enter.

Du. Sir I intreat you with me home to dinner

Por. I humbly doe desire your Grace of pardon,
I must away this night toward Padua,
And it is meete I presently set forth

Duk. I am sorry that your leysure serues you not:
Anthonio, gratifie this gentleman,
For in my minde you are much bound to him.

Exit Duke and his traine.

Bass. Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend
Haue by your wisdom beene this day acquitted
Of greuous penalties, in lieu whereof,

Three thousand Ducats due vnto the lew
We freely cope your curteous paines withall

An. And stand indebted ouer and aboute
In loue and seruice to you euermore

Por. He is well paid that is well satisfied,
And I deliuering you, am satisfied,
And therein doe account my selfe well paid,
My minde was neuer yet more mercinarie.
I pray you know me when we meete againe,
I wish you well, and so I take my leaue

Bass. Deare sir, of force I must attempt you further,
Take some remembrance of vs as a tribute,
Not as fee: grant me two things, I pray you
Not to denie me, and to pardon me

Por. You presse mee farre, and therefore I will yeeld,
Giue me your gloues, Ile weare them for your sake,
And for your loue Ile take this ring from you,
Doe not draw backe your hand, ile take no more,
And you in loue shall not deny me this?

Bass. This ring good sir, alas it is a trifle,
I will not shame my selfe to giue you this

Por. I wil haue nothing else but onely this,
And now methinkes I haue a minde to it

Bas. There's more depends on this then on the valew,
The dearest ring in Venice will I giue you,
And finde it out by proclamation,
Onely for this I pray you pardon me

Por. I see sir you are liberall in offers,
You taught me first to beg, and now me thinkes
You teach me how a beggar should be answer'd

Bas. Good sir, this ring was giuen me by my wife,
And when she put it on, she made me vow
That I should neither sell, nor giue, nor lose it

Por. That scuse serues many men to saue their gifts,
And if your wife be not a mad woman,
And know how well I haue deseru'd this ring,
Shee would not hold out enemy for euer
For giuing it to me: well, peace be with you.

Exeunt.

Ant. My L[ord]. Bassanio, let him haue the ring,
Let his deseruings and my loue withall
Be valued against your wiues commandement

Bass. Goe Gratiano, run and ouer-take him,
Giue him the ring, and bring him if thou canst
Vnto Anthonios house, away, make haste.

Exit Grati.

Come, you and I will thither presently,
And in the morning early will we both
Flie toward Belmont, come Anthonio.

Exeunt.

Enter Portia and Nerrissa.

Por. Enquire the lewes house out, giue him this deed,
And let him signe it, wee'll away to night,
And be a day before our husbands home:
This deed will be well welcome to Lorenzo.
Enter Gratiano.

Gra. Faire sir, you are well ore-tane:
My L[ord]. Bassanio vpon more aduice,
Hath sent you heere this ring, and doth intreat
Your company at dinner

Por. That cannot be;
His ring I doe accept most thankfully,
And so I pray you tell him: furthermore,
I pray you shew my youth old Shylockes house

Gra. That will I doe

Ner. Sir, I would speake with you:
Ile see if I can get my husbands ring
Which I did make him sweare to keepe for euer

Por. Thou maist I warrant, we shal haue old swearing
That they did giue the rings away to men;
But wee le out-face them, and out-sweare them to:
Away, make haste, thou know'st where I will tarry

Ner. Come good sir, will you shew me to this house.

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus.

Enter Lorenzo and Iessica.

Lor. The moone shines bright. In such a night as this,
When the sweet winde did gently kisse the trees,

And they did make no noyse, in such a night
Troylus me thinkes mounted the Troian walls,
And sigh'd his soule toward the Grecian tents
Where Cressed lay that night

Ies. In such a night
Did Thisbie fearefully ore-trip the dewe,
And saw the Lyons shadow ere himselfe,
And ranne dismayed away

Loren. In such a night
Stood Dido with a Willow in her hand
Vpon the wilde sea bankes, and waft her Loue
To come againe to Carthage

Ies. In such a night
Medea gathered the enchanted hearbs
That did renew old Eson

Loren. In such a night
Did lessica steale from the wealthy lewe,
And with an Vnthrif Loue did runne from Venice,
As farre as Belmont

Ies. In such a night
Did young Lorenzo sweare he lou'd her well,
Stealing her soule with many vowes of faith,
And nere a true one

Loren. In such a night
Did pretty lessica (like a little shrow)
Slander her Loue, and he forgaue it her

Iessi. I would out-night you did no body come:
But harke, I heare the footing of a man.
Enter Messenger.

Lor. Who comes so fast in silence of the night?
Mes. A friend

Loren. A friend, what friend? your name I pray you friend?
Mes. Stephano is my name, and I bring word
My Mistresse will before the breake of day
Be heere at Belmont, she doth stray about
By holy crosses where she kneeles and prayes
For happy wedlocke houres

Loren. Who comes with her?
Mes. None but a holy Hermit and her maid:
I pray you is my Master yet return'd?
Loren. He is not, nor we haue not heard from him,
But goe we in I pray thee lessica,
And ceremoniously let vs prepare

Some welcome for the Mistresse of the house,
Enter Clowne.

Clo. Sola, sola: wo ha ho, sola, sola

Loren. Who calls?

Clo. Sola, did you see M[aster]. Lorenzo, & M[aster]. Lorenzo,
sola,

Lor. Leave hollowing man, heere

Clo. Sola, where, where?

Lor. Heere?

Clo. Tell him there's a Post come from my Master, with
his home full of good news, my Master will be here ere
morning sweete soule

Loren. Let's in, and there expect their coming.

And yet no matter: why should we goe in?

My friend Stephen, signifie pray you

Within the house, your Mistresse is at hand,

And bring your musique forth into the ayre.

How sweet the moone-light sleepes vpon this banke,

Heere will we sit, and let the sounds of musicke

Creepe in our eares soft stilnes, and the night

Become the touches of sweet harmonie:

Sit Iessica, looke how the floore of heauen

Is thicke inlayed with pattens of bright gold,

There's not the smallest orbe which thou beholdest

But in his motion like an Angell sings,

Still quiring to the young eyed Cherubins;

Such harmonie is in immortall soules,

But whilst this muddy vesture of decay

Doth grossly close in it, we cannot heare it:

Come hee, and wake Diana with a hymne,

With sweetest touches pearce your Mistresse eare,

And draw her home with musicke

Iessi. I am neuer merry when I heare sweet musique.

Play musicke.

Lor. The reason is, your spirits are attentive:

For doe but note a wilde and wanton heard

Or race of youthful and vnhandled colts,

Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,

Which is the hot condition of their blood,

If they but heare perchance a trumpet sound,

Or any ayre of musicke touch their eares,

You shall perceiue them make a mutuall stand,

Their sauage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze,

By the sweet power of musicke: therefore the Poet

Did faine that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and floods.

Since naught so stockish, hard, and full of rage,

But musicke for time doth change his nature,
The man that hath no musicke in himselfe,
Nor is not moued with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagemes, and spoyles,
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections darke as Erobus,
Let no such man be trusted: marke the musicke.
Enter Portia and Nerrissa.

Por. That light we see is burning in my hall:
How farre that little candell throwes his beames,
So shines a good deed in a naughty world

Ner. When the moone shone we did not see the candle?

Por. So doth the greater glory dim the lesse,
A substitute shines brightly as a King
Vntill a King be by, and then his state
Empties it selfe, as doth an inland brooke
Into the maine of waters: musique, harke.

Musicke.

Ner. It is your musicke Madame of the house

Por. Nothing is good I see without respect,
Methinkes it sounds much sweeter then by day?

Ner. Silence bestowes that vertue on it Madam

Por. The Crow doth sing as sweetly as the Larke
When neither is attended: and I thinke
The Nightingale if she should sing by day
When euery Goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a Musitian then the Wren?
How many things by season, season'd are
To their right praise, and true perfection:
Peace, how the Moone sleepes with Endimion,
And would not be awak'd.

Musicke ceases.

Lor. That is the voice,
Or I am much deceiu'd of Portia

Por. He knowes me as the blinde man knowes the
Cuckow by the bad voice?

Lor. Deere Lady welcome home?

Por. We haue bene praying for our husbands welfare
Which speed we hope the better for our words,
Are they return'd?

Lor. Madam, they are not yet:
But there is come a Messenger before
To signifie their comming

Por. Go in Nerrissa,
Giue order to my seruants, that they take
No note at all of our being absent hence,
Nor you Lorenzo, lessica nor you.

A Tucket sounds.

Lor. Your husband is at hand, I heare his Trumpet,
We are no tell-tales Madam, feare you not

Por. This night methinkes is but the daylight sicke,
It lookes a little paler, 'tis a day,
Such as the day is, when the Sun is hid.
Enter Bassanio, Anthonio, Gratiano, and their Followers.

Bas. We should hold day with the Antipodes,
If you would walke in absence of the sunne

Por. Let me giue light, but let me not be light,
For a light wife doth make a heauie husband,
And neuer be Bassanio so for me,
But God sort all: you are welcome home my Lord

Bass. I thanke you Madam, giue welcom to my friend
This is the man, this is Anthonio,
To whom I am so infinitely bound

Por. You should in all sence be much bound to him,
For as I heare he was much bound for you

Anth. No more then I am wel acquitted of

Por. Sir, you are verie welcome to our house:
It must appeare in other waies then words,
Therefore I scant this breathing curtesie

Gra. By yonder Moone I sweare you do me wrong,
Infaith I gaue it to the Iudges Clearke,
Would he were gelt that had it for my part,
Since you do take it Loue so much at hart

Por. A quarrel hoe alreadie, what's the matter?

Gra. About a hoope of Gold, a paltry Ring
That she did giue me, whose Poesie was
For all the world like Cutlers Poetry
Vpon a knife; Loue mee, and leaue mee not

Ner. What talke you of the Poesie or the valew:
You swore to me when I did giue it you,
That you would weare it til the houre of death,
And that it should lye with you in your graue,
Though not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,
You should haue beene respectiue and haue kept it.

Gaue it a Iudges Clearke: but wel I know
The Clearke wil nere weare haire on's face that had it

Gra. He wil, and if he liue to be a man

Nerrissa. I, if a Woman liue to be a man

Gra. Now by this hand I gaue it to a youth,
A kinde of boy, a little scrubbed boy,
No higher then thy selfe, the Iudges Clearke,
A prating boy that begg'd it as a Fee,
I could not for my heart deny it him

Por. You were too blame, I must be plaine with you,
To part so slightly with your wiues first gift,
A thing stucke on with oathes vpon your finger,
And so riueted with faith vnto your flesh.
I gaue my Loue a Ring, and made him sweare
Neuer to part with it, and heere he stands:
I dare be sworne for him, he would not leaue it,
Nor plucke it from his finger, for the wealth
That the world masters. Now in faith Gratiano,
You giue your wife too vnkinde a cause of greefe,
And 'twere to me I should be mad at it

Bass. Why I were best to cut my left hand off,
And sweare I lost the Ring defending it

Gra. My Lord Bassanio gaue his Ring away
Vnto the Iudge that beg'd it, and indeede
Deseru'd it too: and then the Boy his Clearke
That tooke some paines in writing, he begg'd mine,
And neyther man nor master would take ought
But the two Rings

Por. What Ring gaue you my Lord?
Not that I hope which you receiu'd of me

Bass. If I could adde a lie vnto a fault,
I would deny it: but you see my finger
Hath not the Ring vpon it, it is gone

Por. Euen so voide is your false heart of truth.
By heauen I wil nere come in your bed
Vntil I see the Ring

Ner. Nor I in yours, til I againe see mine

Bass. Sweet Portia,
If you did know to whom I gaue the Ring,
If you did know for whom I gaue the Ring,
And would conceiue for what I gaue the Ring,
And how vnwillingly I left the Ring,

When nought would be accepted but the Ring,
You would abate the strength of your displeasure?

Por. If you had knowne the vertue of the Ring,
Or halfe her worthinesse that gaue the Ring,
Or your owne honour to containe the Ring,
You would not then haue parted with the Ring:
What man is there so much vnreasonable,
If you had pleas'd to haue defended it
With any termes of Zeale: wanted the modestie
To vrge the thing held as a ceremonie:
Nerrissa teaches me what to beleeeue,
Ile die for't, but some Woman had the Ring?

Bass. No by mine honor Madam, by my soule
No Woman had it, but a ciuill Doctor,
Which did refuse three thousand Ducates of me,
And beg'd the Ring; the which I did denie him,
And suffer'd him to go displeas'd away:
Euen he that had held vp the verie life
Of my deere friend. What should I say sweete Lady?
I was inforc'd to send it after him,
I was beset with shame and curtesie,
My honor would not let ingratitude
So much besmeare it. Pardon me good Lady,
And by these blessed Candles of the night,
Had you bene there, I thinke you would haue beg'd
The Ring of me, to giue the worthie Doctor?

Por. Let not that Doctor ere come neere my house,
Since he hath got the ieuell that I loued,
And that which you did sweare to keepe for me,
I will become as liberall as you,
Ile not deny him any thing I haue,
No, not my body, nor my husbands bed:
Know him I shall, I am well sure of it.
Lie not a night from home. Watch me like Argos,
If you doe not, if I be left alone,
Now by mine honour which is yet mine owne,
Ile haue the Doctor for my bedfellow

Nerrissa. And I his Clarke: therefore be well aduis'd
How you doe leaue me to mine owne protection

Gra. Well, doe you so: let not me take him then,
For if I doe, ile mar the yong Clarks pen

Ant. I am th' vnhappy subiect of these quarrels

Por. Sir, grieue not you,
You are welcome notwithstanding

Bas. Portia, forgiue me this enforced wrong,
And in the hearing of these manie friends
I sweare to thee, euen by thine owne faire eyes
Wherein I see my selfe

Por. Marke you but that?
In both my eyes he doubly sees himselfe:
In each eye one, sweare by your double selfe,
And there's an oath of credit

Bas. Nay, but heare me.
Pardon this fault, and by my soule I sweare
I neuer more will breake an oath with thee

Anth. I once did lend my bodie for thy wealth,
Which but for him that had your husbands ring
Had quite miscarried. I dare be bound againe,
My soule vpon the forfeit, that your Lord
Will neuer more breake faith aduisedlie

Por. Then you shall be his suretie: giue him this,
And bid him keepe it better then the other

Ant. Heere Lord Bassanio, swear to keep this ring

Bass. By heauen it is the same I gaue the Doctor

Por. I had it of him: pardon Bassanio,
For by this ring the Doctor lay with me

Ner. And pardon me my gentle Gratiano,
For that same scrubbed boy the Doctors Clarke
In lieu of this, last night did lye with me

Gra. Why this is like the mending of high waies
In Sommer, where the waies are faire enough:
What, are we Cuckolds ere we haue deseru'd it

Por. Speake not so grossely, you are all amaz'd;
Heere is a letter, reade it at your leysure,
It comes from Padua from Bellario,
There you shall finde that Portia was the Doctor,
Nerrissa there her Clarke. Lorenzo heere
Shall witnesse I set forth as soone as you,
And but eu'n now return'd: I haue not yet
Entred my house. Anthonio you are welcome,
And I haue better newes in store for you
Then you expect: vnseale this letter soone,
There you shall finde three of your Argosies
Are richly come to harbour sodainlie.
You shall not know by what strange accident
I chanced on this letter

Antho. I am dumbe

Bass. Were you the Doctor, and I knew you not?
Gra. Were you the Clark that is to make me cuckold

Ner. I, but the Clark that neuer meanes to doe it,
Vnlesse he liue vntill he be a man

Bass. (Sweet Doctor) you shall be my bedfellow,
When I am absent, then lie with my wife

An. (Sweet Ladie) you haue giuen me life & liuing;
For heere I reade for certaine that my ships
Are safelie come to Rode

Por. How now Lorenzo?
My Clarke hath some good comforts to for you

Ner. I, and Ile giue them him without a fee.
There doe I giue to you and lessica
From the rich lewe, a speciall deed of gift
After his death, of all he dies possess'd of

Loren. Faire Ladies you drop Manna in the way
Of starued people

Por. It is almost morning,
And yet I am sure you are not satisfied
Of these euent at full. Let vs goe in,
And charge vs there vpon intergatories,
And we will answer all things faithfully

Gra. Let it be so, the first intergatory
That my Nerrissa shall be sworne on, is,
Whether till the next night she had rather stay,
Or goe to bed, now being two houres to day,
But were the day come, I should wish it darke,
Till I were couching with the Doctors Clarke.
Well, while I liue, Ile feare no other thing
So sore, as keeping safe Nerrissas ring.

Exeunt.

FINIS. The Merchant of Venice.
fe Nerrissas ring.

Exeunt.

FINIS. The Merchant of Venice.

gos,

If you doe not, if I be left alone,

Now by mine honour which is yet mine owne,

Ile haue the Doctor for my bedfellow

Nerrissa. And I his Clarke: therefore be well aduis'd

How you doe leaue me to mine owne protection

Gra. Well, doe you so: let not me take him then,

For if I doe, ile mar the yong Clarks pen

Ant. I am th' vnhappy subiect of these quarrels

Por. Sir, grieue not you,

You are welcome notwithstanding

Bas. Portia, forgiue me this enforced wrong,

And in the hearing of these manie friends

I sweare to thee, euen by thine owne faire eyes

Wherein I see my selfe

Por. Marke you but that?

In both my eyes he doubly sees himselfe:

In each eye one, sweare by your double selfe,

And there's an oath of credit

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Ner. And pardon me my gentle Gratiano,
For that same scrubbed boy the Doctors Clarke
In lieu of this, last night