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 have 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 over-peere the pettie Traffiquers
That curtsie to them, do them reverence
As they flye by them with their woven wings.
Salar. Beleeve 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 every object 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 roring waters with my silkes,
And in a word; but even now worth this,
And now worth nothing. Shall I have the thought
To thinke on this, and shall I lacke the thought
That such a thing bechaunc'd would make me sad?
But tell not me, I know *Anthonio*
Is sad to thinke upon his merchandize.
Anth. Beleeve 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

Upon the fortune of this present yeere:
Therefore my merchandize makes me not sad.
Sola. Why then you are in love.
Anth. Fie, fie.
Sola. Not in love neither: then let us 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 *Janus,*
Nature hath fram'd strange fellowes in her time:
Some that will evermore peepe through their eyes,
And laugh like Parrats at a bag-piper.
And other of such vinegar aspect,
That they'll not shew their teeth in way of smile,
Though *Nestor* sweare the jest be laughable.

Enter Bassanio, Lorenso and Gratiano.

Sola. Heere comes *Bassanio,*
Your most noble Kinsman,
Gratiano, and *Lorenzo.* Faryewell,
We leave you now with better company.
Sala. I would have staid til I had made you merry,
If worthier friends had not prevented 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. (when?
Bass. Good signiors both, when shall we laugh? say,
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 have found *Anthonio*
We two will leave you , but at dinner time
I pray you have in minde where we must meete.
Bass. I will not faile you.
Grat. You looke not well signior *Anthonio,*
You have too much respect upon the world:
They loose it that doe buy it with much care,
Beleeve me you are marvellously chang'd.
Ant. I hold the world but as the world *Gratiano,*
A stage, where every 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 Liver rather heate with wine,
Then my heart coole with mortifying grones.
Why should a man whose blood is warme within,
Sit like his Grandsire, cut in Alablaster?
Sleepe when he wakes? and creep into the Jaundies

By

By being peevish? I tell the what *Anthonio,*
I love thee, and it is my love 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 wisedome, gravity, profound conceit,
As who should say, I am sir an Oracle,
And when I ope my lips, let no dog 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 fool Gudgin, this opinion:
Come good *Lorenzo,* faryewell a while,
Ile end my exhortation after dinner.
Lor. Well, we will leave you then till dinner time.
I must be one of these same dumbe wisemen,
For *Gratiano* never 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. Thankes ifaith, for silence is onely commendable
In a neats tongue dri'd, and a maid not vendible. *Exit.*
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 have 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 unknowne to you *Anthonio*
How much I have 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 love,
And from your love I have a warrantie
To unburthen 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 unlock'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 advised watch
To finde the other forth, and by adventuring both,
I oft found both. I urge this child-hood proofe,
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 love with circumstance,
And out of doubt you doe more wrong
In making question of my uttermost
Then if you had made waste of all I have:
Then doe but say to me what I should doe
That in your knowledge may by me be done,
And I am prest unto 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 receive faire speechlesse messages:
Her name is *Portia,* nothing undervallewd
To *Cato's* daughter, *Brutus Portia,*
Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth,
For the foure windes blow in from every 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 *Jasons* come in quest of her.
O my *Anthonio,* had I but the meanes
To hold a rivall place with one of them,
I have a minde presages me such thrift,
That I should questionlesse be fortunate.
Ant. Thou knowest that all my fortunes are at sea,
Neither have I money, nor commodity
To raise a present summe, therefore goe forth
Try what my credit can in *Venice* doe,
That shall be rackt even to the uttermost,
To furnish thee to *Belmont* to faire *Portia.*
Go presently enquire, and so will I
Where money is, and I no question make
To have it of my trust, or for my sake. *Exeunt.*

Enter Portia with her waiting woman Nerissa.

Portia. By my troth *Narissa,* 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 starve with nothing; it is no smal happinesse therefore to bee seated in the mean, superfluitie comes sooner by white haires , but competencie lives 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 Divine 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 whome I dislike, so is the wil of a living 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 ever vertuous, and holy men at their death have good inspirations, therefore the lotterie that hee hath devised in these three chests of gold, silver, and leade, whereof who chooses his meaning,
chooses

chooses you, wil no doubt never be chosen by any rightly, but one whou you shall rightly love: but what warmth is there in your affection towards any of these Princely suters that are already come?

Portia. I pray thee over-name them, and as thou namest them, I will describe them, and according to my description levell 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 he 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 have me, choose: he heares merrie tales and smiles not, I feare hee will prove the weeping Phylosopher when he growes old, being so full of unmannerly 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*?

Pro. 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 every man in no man, if a Trassell sing, he fals straight a capring, he will fence with his own shadow. If I should marry him, I should marry twentie husbands: if hee would despise me, I would forgive him, for if he love me to madnesse, I should never requite him.

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

Por. You know I say nothing to him, for hee understands not me, nor I him: he hath neither *Latine, French,* nor *Italian,* and you will come into the Court & sweare that I have a poore pennie-worth in the *English*: hee is a proper mans picture, but alas who can converse 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 *Geermanie,* and his behaviour every 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 under 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 ever fell, I hope I shall make shift to goe 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 Rhenish-wine on the contrary Casket, for if the divell 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 spunge.

Ner. You neede not feare Lady the having any of

these Lords, they have acquainted me with their determinations, which is indeede to returne to their home, and to trouble you with no more suite, unlesse you may be won by some other sort then your Fathers imposition, depending on the Caskets.

Por. If I live to be as olde as *Sibilla*, I will dye as chaste as *Diana*: unlesse 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 ever my foolish eyes look'd upon, was the best deserving a faire Lady.

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

Enter a Servingman.

Ser. The foure Strangers seeke you Madam to take their leave: 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 have the condition of a Saint, and the complexion of a divell, I had rather hee should shrive me then wive me. Come *Nerrissa,* sirra go before; whiles wee shut the gate upon one wooer, another knocks at the doore. *Exeunt.*

Enter Bassanio with Shylocke the Jew.

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. Have you heard any imputation to the contrary.

Shy. Ho no, no, no, no : my meaning in saying he is a good man, is to have you understand me that he is [sufficient], yet his meanes are in supposition: he hath an Argosie bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies, I understand moreover upon 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 theeves, and land theeves, I meane Pyrats. and then there is the perrill of waters, windes, and rocks: the man is notwithstanding sufficient, three thousand ducats, I thinke I may take his bond.

Bas. Be assured you may.

Jew. I

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

Bass. If it please you to dine with us.

Jew. Yes, to smell porke, to eate of the habitation which your Prophet the Nazarite conjured the divell 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.*

Jew. 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 usance here with us in *Venice*
If I can catch him once upon the hip,
I will feede fat the ancient grudge I beare him.
He hates our sacred Nation, and he railes
Even there where Merchants most doe congregate
On me, my bargaines, and my well-worne thrift,
Which he cals interrest: Cursed by my Trybe
If I forgive 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 up 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 giving 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
Upon advantage.

Ant. I doe never use it.

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

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

Shy. No, not take interest, not as you would say
Directly interest, marke what *Jacob* did,
When *Laban* and himselfe were compremyz'd
That all the eanelings which were streakt and pied
Shoul fall as *Jacobs* 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 up before the fulsome Ewes,
Who then conceaving, did in eaning time
Fall party-colour'd lambs, and those were *Jacobs.*
this was a way to thrive, and he was blest:

And thrift is blessing if men steale it not.
Ant This was a venture sir that *Jacob* serv'd for,
A thing not in his power to bring to passe,
But sway'd and fashion'd by the hand of heaven.
Was this inserted to make interrest good?
Or is your gold and silver Ewes and Rams?
Shy. I cannot tell, I make it breede as fast,
But note me signior.
Ant. Marke you this *Bassanio,*
The divell can cite Scripture for his purpose,
An evill soule producing holy witnesse,
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 twelve, 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 have rated me
About my monies and my usances:
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug,
(For suffrance is the badge of all our Tribe.)
You call me misbleever, cut-throate dog,
And spet upon my Jewish gaberdine,
And all for use 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 have moneyes, you say so:
You that did voide your rume upon my beard,
And foot me as you spurne a stranger curre
Over 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 mettal of his friend?
But lend it rather to thine enemie,
Who if he breake, thou maist with better face
Exat the penalties.
Shy. Why looke you how you storme,
I would be friends with you, and have your love,
Forget the shames that you have staind me with,
Supplie your present wants, and take no doite
Of usance 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 Jew.

Bass. You

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 forfaite 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 favour, I extend this friendship,
If he will take it, so: if not, adiew,
And for my love I praie you wrong me not.
Ant. Yes *Shylocke,* I will seale unto this bond.
Shy. Then meete me forthwith at the Notaries,
Give him direction for this merrie bond,
And I will goe and purse the ducats straite.
See to my house lest in the fearfull gard
Of an unthriftie knave: and presentlie
Ile be with you. *Exit.*
Ant. Hie thee gentle *Jew.* This Hebrew will turne
Christian, he growes kinde.
Bass. I like not faire termes, 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 liverie 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 us make incision for your love,
To prove whose blood is reddest, his or mine.
I tell thee Ladie this aspect of mine
Hath feard the valiant, (by my love I sweare)
The best regarded Virgins of our Clyme
Have lov'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 have look'd on yet
For my affection.
Mor. Even 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-brave 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 unworthier may attaine,
And die with grieving.
Port. You must take your chance,
And either not attempt to choose at all,
Or sweare before you choose, if you choose wrong
Never to speake to Ladie afterward
In way of marriage, therefore be advis'd.
Mor. Nor will not, come bring me unto my chance.
Por. First forward to the temple, adter dinner
Your hazard shall be made.
Mor. Good fortune then, *Cornets.*
To make me blest or cursed'st among men. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Clowne alone.

Clo. Certainely, my conscience will serve me to run from this Jew my Maister: the fiend is at mine elbow, and tempts me, saying to me, *Jobbe, Launcelet Jobbe,* good *Launcelet,* or good *Jobbe,* or good *Launcelet Jobbe,* use your legs, take the start, run awaye: my conscience saies no; take heede honest *Launcelet,* take heed honest *Jobbe,* or as afore-said honest *Launcelet Jobbe,* doe not runne, scorne running with thy heeles; well, the most coragi-ous fiend bids me packe, *fia* saies the fiend, away saies the fiend, for the heavens rouse up a brave minde saies the fiend, and run; well, my conscience hanging about the necke of my heart, saies verie wisely to me: my ho-nest friend *Launcelet*, being an honest mans sonne, or ra-ther an honest womans sonne, for indeede my Father did something smack, something grow too; he had a kinde of taste; well, my conscience saies *Launcelet* 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 *Jew* my Maister, (who God blesse the marke) is a kinde of di-vell ; and to run away from the *Jew* I should be ruled by the fiend, who saving your reverence is the divell him-selfe: certainely the *Jew* is the verie divell incarnation, and in my conscience, my conscience is a kind of hard conscience, to offer to counsaile me to stay with the *Jew;* the fiend gives the more friendly counsaile: I will runne fiend, my heeles are at your commandment, I will runne.

Enter old Gobbo with a Basket.

Gob. Maister yong-man, you I praie you, which is the waie to Maister *Jewes*?
Lan. O heavens, this is my true begotten Father, who being more then sand-blinde, high gravel blinde, knowes me not, I will trie confusious with him.
Gob. Maister yong Gentleman, I praie you which is the waie to Maister *Jewes.*
Laun. Turne upon your right hand at the next tur-
ning.

ning, 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 *Jewes* 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 live.

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 heaven.

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 hovell-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 alive 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, give 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 up, I am sure you are not *Launcelet* my boy.

Lan. Praie you let's have no more fooling about it, but give 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 *Lancelot* the *Jewes* 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 backeward. I am sure he had more haire of his taile then I have of my face when I [lost] saw him.

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

Lan. Well, well, but for mine owne part, as I have set up my rest to run awaie, so I will not rest till I have run some ground; my Maister's a verie *Jew,* give him a present, give him a halter, I am famisht in his service. You may tell everie finger I have with my ribs: Father I am glad you are come, give me your present to one Maister *Bassanio*, who indeede gives rare new Livories, if I serve

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 *Jew* if I serve the *Jew* 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 five of the clocke: see these Letters delivered, put the Liveries 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 *Jewes* man that would sir as my Father shall specifie.

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

Lan. Indeede the short and the long is, I serve the *Jew,* and have a desire as my Father shall specifie.

Gob. His Maister and he(saving your worships reverence) are scarce catercosins.

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

Gob. I have here a dish of Dovesthat I would bestow upon 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. Serve 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 leave a rich *Jewes* service, to become
The follower of so poore a Gentleman.

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

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

Clo. Father in, I cannot get a service, no, I have nere a tongue in my head, well: if anie man in *Italie* have a fairer table which doth offer to sweare upon a booke, I shall have good fortune; goe too, here's a simple line of life, here's a small trifle of wives, alas, fifteene wives is nothing, a leven 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 leave of the *Jew* 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 the goe.

Leon. My best endevors shall be done herein. *Exit Le.*

Enter Gratiano.

Gra. Where's your Maister.

Leon. Yonder

Leon. Yonder sir he walkes.
Gra. Signior *Bassanio.*
Bas. *Gratiano.*
Gra. I have a sute to you.
Bass. You have 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 too 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 behaviour
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:
Use all the observance of civillitie
Like one well studied in a sad ostent
To please his Grandam, never 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 have friends
That purpose merriment: but far you well,
I have some businesse.
Gra. And I must to *Lorenso* and the rest,
But we will visite you at supper time. *Exeunt.*

Enter Jessica and the Clowne.

Jes. I am sorry thou wilt leave my Father so,
Our house is hell, and thou a merrie divell ,
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,
Give him this Letter, doe it secretly,
And so farwell: I would not have my Father
See me talke with thee.
Clo. Adue, teares exhibit my tongue, most beautifull Pagan, most sweete Jew, if a Christian doe not play the knave and get thee, I am much deceived; but adue, these foolish drops doe somewhat drowne my manly spirit: adue. *Exit.*
Jes. 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 loving wife. *Exit.*

Enter Gratiano, Lorenzo, Slarino, and Salanio.

Lor. Nay, we will slinke away in supper-time.
Disguise us at my lodging, and returne all in an houre.
Gra. We have not made good preparation.
Sal. We have not spoke us yet of Torch-bearers.

Sol. ‘Tis vile unlesse it may be quaintly ordered,
And better in my minde not undertooke.
Lor. ‘Tis now but foure of clock, we have two houres
To furnish us; friend *Lancelet* what’s the newes.
Enter Launcelet with a Letter.
Lan. And it shall please you to breake up 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,
I the faire hand that writ.
Gra. Love newes in faith.
Lan. By your leave sir.
Lor. Whither goest thou?
Lan. Marry sir to bid my old Master the *Jew* to sup
to night with my new Master the Christian.
Lor. Hold here, take this, tell gentle *Jessica*
I will not faile her, speake it privately:
Go Gentlemen, will you prepare you for this Maske to
night,
I am provided 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. *Exit.*
Gra. Was not that Letter from faire *Jessica?*
Lor. I must needes tell thee all, she hath directed
How I shall take her from her Fathers house,
What gold and jewels she is furnisht with,
What Pages suite she hath in readinesse:
If ere the *Jew* her Father come to heaven,
It will be for his gentle daughters sake;
And never dare misfortune crosse her foote,
Unlesse she doe it under this excuse,
That she is issue to a faithlesse *Jew:*
Come goe with me, peruse this as thou goest,
Faire *Jessica* shall be my Torch-bearer. *Exit.*

Enter Jew, and his man that was the Clowne.

Jew. Well, thou shall see, thy eyes shall be thy judge,
The difference of old *Shylocke* and *Bassanio*;
What *Jessica*, thou shal not gurmandize
As thou hast done with me: what *Jessica?*
And sleepe, and snore, and rend apparrell out.
Why *Jessica* I say.
Clo. Why *Jessica.*
Shy. Who bids thee call? I do not bid thee call.
Clo. Your worship was wont to tell me
I could do nothing without bidding.
Enter Jessica.
Jes. Call you? what is your will?
Shy. I am bid forth to supper *Jessica,*
There are my Keyes: but wherefore should I go?
I am not bid for love, they flatter me,
But yet Ile goe in hate, to feede upon
The prodigall Christian. *Jessica* 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 have 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 *Jessica,*
Lock up my doores, and when you heare the drum
And the vile squealing of the wry-neckt Fife,
Clamber not you up 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 *Jacobs* staffe I sweare,
I have 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 Jewes eye.
Shy. What saies that foole of *Hagars* off-spring?
ha.
Jes. 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 hive not with me,
Therefore I part with him, and part with him
To one that I would have him helpe to waste
His borrowed purse. Well *Jessica* goe in,
Perhaps I will returne immediately;
Doe as I bid you, shut dores after you, fast binde, fast
finde,
A proverbe never stale in thriftie mind. *Exit.*
Jes. Farewell, and if my fortune be not crost,
I have a Father, you a daughter lost. *Exit.*

Enter the Maskers, Gratiano and Salino.

Gra. This is the penthouse under which *Lorenzo*
Desired us to make a stand.
Sal. His houre is almost past.
Gra. And it is mervaile he out-dwels his houre,
For lovers ever run before the clocke.
Sal. O ten times faster *Venus* Pidgions flye
To steale loves bonds new made, then they are wont
To keepe obliged faith unforfaited.
Gra. That ever holds, who riseth from a feast
With that keene appetite that he sits downe?
Where is the horse that doth untread againe
His tedious measures with the unbated fire,
That he did pace them first: all things that are,
Are with more spirit chased then enjoy'd.
How like a yonger or a prodigall
The skarfed barke puts from her native bay,
Hudg'd and embraced by the strumpet winde:
How like a prodigall doth she returne
With over-wither'd ribs and ragged sailes,
Leane, rent, and begger'd by the strumpet winde?

Enter Lorenzo.

Salino. Heere comes *Lorenzo,* more of this here-
after.
Lor. Sweete friends, your patience for my long a-
bode,
Not I, but my affaires have made you wait:
When you shall please to play the theeves for wives
Ile watch as long for you then: approach

Here dwels my father Jew. Hoa, who's within?

Jessica above.

Jess. Who are you ? tell me for more certainty,
Albeit Ile sweare, that I do know your tongue.
Lor. Lorenzo, and thy Love.
Jes. Lorenzo certaine, and my love indeed,
For who love I so much? and now who knowes
But you *Lorenzo,* whether I am yours?
Lor. Heaven and thy thoughts are witness that thou art.
Jes. 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 love is blinde, and lovers cannot see
The pretty follies that themselves commit,
For if they could, *Cupid* himselfe would blush
To see me thus transformed to a boy.
Lor. Descend, for you must be my torch-bearer.
Jes. What, must I hold a Candle to my shames?
They in themselves goodsooth are too too light.
Why, 'tis an office of discovery Love,
And I should be obscur'd.
Lor. So you are sweet,
Even in the lovely 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.
Jes. 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 Jew.
Lar. Beshrew me but I love her heartily.
For she is wise, if I can judge of her,
And faire she is, if that mine eyes be true,
And true she is, as she hath prov'd her selfe:
And therefore like her selfe, wise, faire, and true,
Shall she be placed in my constant soule.

Enter Jessica.

What, art thou come? on gentlemen, away,
Our masking mates by this time for us stay. *Exit.*

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 aboord,
I have sent twenty out to seeke for you.
Gra. I am glad on't , I desire no more delight
Then to be under saile, and gone to night. *Exeunt.*

Enter Portia with Morrocho, and both their traines.

Por. Goe, draw aside the curtaines, and discover
The severall Caskets to this noble Prince:
Now make your choyse.
Mor. The first of gold, who this inscription beares,
Who chooseth me, shall gaine what men desire.
The second silver, which this promise carries,
Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserves.
This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt,
Who chooseth me, must give and hazard all he hath.
How shall I know if I doe choose the right?
Por. The

[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 judgement, let me see,
I will survay the inscriptions, backe againe:
What saies this leaden casket?
Who chooseth me, must give and hazard all he hath.
Must give, for what? for lead, hazard for lead?
This casket threatens men that hazard all
Doe it in hope of faire advantages :
A golden minde stoopes not to showes of drosse,
Ile then nor give nor hazard ought for lead.
What saies the Silver with her virgin hue?
Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserves.
As much as he deserves; pause there *Morocho,*
And weigh thy value with an even hand,
If thou beest rated by thy estimation
Thou doost deserve enough, and yet enough
May not extend so farre as to the Ladie:
And yet to be afeard of my deserving,
Were but a weake disabling of my selfe.
As much as I deserve, why that's the Lady.
I doe in birth deserve her, and in fortunes,
In graces, and in qualities of breeding:
But more then these, in love I doe deserve.
What if I strai'd no farther, but chose here?
Let's see once more this saying grav'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 heaven, 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 heavenly picture.
Is't like that Lead containes her? 'twere damnation
To thinke so base a thought, it were too grose
To rib her searecloath in the obscure grave:
Or shall I thinke in Silver she's immur'd
Being ten times undervalued to tride gold;
O sinfull thought, never so rich a Jem
Was set in worse then gold! They have in England
A coyne that beares the figure of an Angell
Stampt in gold, but that's insculpt upon:
But here an Angell in a golden bed
Lies all within. Deliver me the key:
Here doe I choose, and thrive as I may.
Por. There take it Prince, and if my forme lye there
Then I am yours.
Mor. O hell! what have 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 have 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 judgement old,
Your answere had not beene inscrold,
Fareyouwell, your suite is cold,

Mor. Cold indeede, and labour lost,
Then farewell heate, and welcome frost:
Portia adew, I have too griev'd a heart
To take a tedious leave: thus loosers part. *Exit.*
Por. A gentle riddance: draw the curtaines, go:
Let all of his complexion choose me so. *Exeunt.*

Enter Salarino and Solaniu.
Flo.Cornets.

*Sal.*Why man I say *Bassanio* under sayle,
With him is *Gratiano* gone along;
And in their ship I am sure *Lorenzo* is not.
Sol. The villaine *Jew* with outcries raisd the Duke.
Who went with him to search *Bassanios* ship.
Sal. He comes too late, the ship was undersaile;
But there the Duke was given to understand
That in a Gondilo were seene together
Lorenzo and his amorous *Jessica*.
Besides, *Anthonio* certified the Duke
They were not with *Bassanio* in his ship.
Sol. I never heard a passion so confusd,
So strange, outragious, and so variable,
As the dogge *Jew* did utter in the streets;
My daughter, O my ducats, O my daughter,
Fled with a Christian, O my Christian ducats!
Justice, 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 jewels, two stones, two rich and precious stones,
Stolne by my daughter: justice, finde the girle,
She hath the stones upon 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 upon *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 grieve 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 no businesse for my sake *Bassanio,*
But stay the very riping of the time,
And for the *Jewes* bond which he hath of me,
Let it not enter in your minde of love:
Be merry, and imploy your chiefest thoughts
To courtship, and such faire ostents of love
As shall conveniently become you there;
And even there his eye being big with teares,
Turning his face, he put his hand behinde him,
And with affectoin wondrous sencible
He wrung *Bassanios* hand, and so they parted.
Sol. I thinke he onely loves the world for him,
I pray thee let us goe and finde him out
And quicken his embraced heavinesse
With some delight or other.
Sal. Doe we so. *Exeunt.*

Enter Nerrissa and a Serviture.

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 enjoynd by oath to observe three things;
First, never to unfold to any one
Which casket 'twas I chose; next, if I faile
Of the right casket, never in my life
to wooe a maide in way of marriage:
Lastly, if I doe faile in fortune of my choyse,
Immediately to leave you, and be gone.
Por. To these injunctions every one doth sweare
That comes to hazard for my worthlesse selfe.
Ar. And so have I addrest me, fortune now
To my hearts hope: gold, silver, and base lead.
Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath.
You shall looke fairer ere I give 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,
Even in the force and rode of casualtie.
I will not choose what many men desire,
Because I will not jumpe with common spirits,
And ranke me with the barbarous multitudes.
Why then to thee thou Silver treasure house,
Tell me once more, what title thou doost beare;
Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves:
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 undeserved dignitie:
O that estates, degrees, and offices,
Were not deriv'd corruptly, and that cleare honour
Were purchast by the merrit of the wearer;
How many then should cover 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 deserves.
I will assume desert; give me a key for this,
And instantly unlocke 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 read it:
How much unlike art thou to *Portia?*
How much unlike my hopes and my deservings?
Who chooseth me, shall have as much as he deserves.
Did I deserve no more then a fooles head.
Is that my prize, are my deserts no better?
Por. To offend and judge are distinct offices,
And of opposed natures.
Ar. What is here?

The fier seaven times tried this,

Seaven times tried that judement is,
That did never choose amis,
Some there be that shadowes kisse,
Such have but a shadowes blisse:
There be fooles alive Iwis
Silver'd o're, and so was this:
Take what wife you will to bed,
I will ever 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 have the wisdome by their wit to loose.
Ner. The ancient saying is no heresie,
Hanging and wiving goes by destinie.
Por. Come draw the curtaine *Nerissa.*

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. 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 have not seene
So likely and Embassador of love.
A day in Aprill never 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, love if thy will it be. *Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius.

Enter Solanio and Salarino.

Sol. Now, what newes on the Ryalto?
Sal. Why yet it lives there uncheckt, 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 ever knapt Ginger, or made her neighbours beleeve 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;* ô 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

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

Sol. Let me say Amen betimes, least the divell crosse my praier, for here he comes in the likenes of a *Jew.* 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 own part knew the bird was fledg'd, and then it is the complexion of them al to leave the dam.

Shy. She is damn'd for it.

Sal. That's certaine, if the divell may be her Judge.

Shy. My owne flesh and blood to rebell.

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

Shy. I say my daughter is my flesh and bloud.

Sal. There is more difference betweene thy flesh and hers, then betweene Jet and Ivorie, more betweene your bloods, then there is betweene red wine and rennish: but tell us, doe you heare whether *Anthonio* have had anie losse at sea or no?

Shy. There I have another bad match, a bankrout, a prodigall, who dare scarse shew his head on the Ryalto, a begger that was usd to come so smug upon the Mart: let him look to his bond, he was wont to call me Usurer, 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 revenge; 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 *Jewe:* Hath not a *Jew* eyes? hath not a *Jew* hands, organs, dementions, sences, affections, passions, fed with the same foode, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same meanes, warmed and cooled by the same Winter and [Sommmer] as a Christian is : if you pricke us doe we not bleede? if you tickle us, doe we not laugh? if you poison us doe we not die? and if you wrong us shall we not revenge? if we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a *Jew* wrong a *Christian,* what is his humility, revenge? If a *Christian* wrong a *Jew,* what should his sufferance be by Christian example, why revenge? The villanie you teache 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 have beene up and downe to seeke him.

Enter Tuball.

Sol. Here comes another of the Tribe, a third cannot be matcht, unlesse the divell himselfe turne *Jew.*

Exeunt Gentlemen.

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

*Tub.*I often came where I did heare of[stet?(her],but cannot finde her.

Shy. Why there, there, there, there, a diamond gone cost me two thousand ducats in Franckford, the curse never fell upon our Nation till now, I never felt it till now, two thousand ducats in that, and other precious, preci-

ous jewels: I would my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels 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 upon losse, the theefe gone with so much, and so much to finde the theefe, and no satisfaction, no revenge, 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 have ill lucke too, *Anthonio* as I heard in Genova?

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

Tub. Hath an Argosie cast away comming from Tripolis.

Shy. I thanke God, I thanke God, it is true, it is 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 never see my gold againe, forescore ducats at a sitting, fourescore ducats.

Tub. There came divers of *Anthonios* creditors in my company to Venice, that sweare he 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 upon her, thou torturest me *Tuball,* it was my Turkies, I had it of *Leah* when I was a Batcheler: I would not have given it for a wildernesse of Monkies.

Tub. But *Anthonio* is certainly undone.

Shy. Nay, that's true: that's very true, goe *Tuball,* see me an Officer, bespeake him a fortnight before, I will have 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 forbeare a while,
There's something tels me (but it is not love)
I would not loose you, and you know your selfe,
Hate counsailes not in such a quallitie;
But least you should not understand 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 never be, so may you misse me,
But if you do, youle make me wish a sinne,
That I had beene forsworne: Beshrow your eyes,
They have ore-lookt me and devided 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 (prove 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

Bass. Let me choose,
For as I am, I live upon the racke.
Por. Upon the racke *Bassanio,* then confesse
What treason there is mingled with your love.
Bass. None but that uglie treason of mistrust,
Which makes me feare the enjoying of my love:
There may as well be amitie and life,
'Tweene snow and fire, as treason and my love.
Por. I, but I feare you speake upon the racke,
Where men enforced doth speake any thing.
Bass. Promise me life, and ile confesse the truth.
Por. Well then, confesse and live.
*Bass.*Confesse and love
Had beene the verie sum of my confession:
O happie torment, when my tosrturer
Doth teach me answers for deliverance:
But let me to my fortune and the caskets.
Por. Away then, I am lockt in one of them,
If you doe love 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? Then musique is
Even as the flourish, when true subjects 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 love
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 wives:
With bleared visages come forth to view
The issue of th'exploit: Goe Hercules,
Live thou, I live 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 iles:
Let us all ring Fancies knell.
Ile begin it.
Ding dong, bell.
All. *Ding. dong, bell.*

Bass. So may the outward showes be least themeslves
The world is still deceiv'd with ornament.
In Law, what Plea so tanted and corrupt,
But being season'd with a gracious voice,
Obscures the show of evill? In Religion,
What damned error, but some sober brow
Will blesse it, and approve 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 upon their chins
The beards of *Hercules* and frowning *Mars,*
Who inward searcht, have lyvers 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
Upon 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 moves me more then eloquence,
And here choose I, joy 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 jealousie.
O love be moderate, allay thy extasie,
In measure raine thy joy, 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? move these eyes?
Or whether riding on the bals of mine
Seeme they in motion? Here are sever'd lips
Parted with suger breath, so sweet a barre
Should sunder such sweet friends: here in her haires
The Painter plaies the Spider, and hath woven
A golden mesh t'intrap the hearts of men
Faster then gnats in cobwebs: but her eies,
How could he see to doe them? having made one,
Me thinkes it should have power to steale both his
And leave it selfe unfurnisht: Yet looke how farre
The substance of my praise doth wrong this shadow
In underprising it, so far 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 loving kisse.

Bass. A gentle scroule: Faire Lady, by your leave,
I come by note to give, and to receive,
Like one of two contending in a prize
That thinks he hath done well in peoples eies:
Hearing applause and universall shout,
Giddie in spirit, still gazing in a doubt
Whether those peales of praise be his or no.

So

So thrice faire Lady stand I even so,
As doubtfull whether what I see be true,
Untill 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, livings, friends,
Exceed account: but the full summe of me
Is sum of nothing : which to tearme in grosse,
Is an unlessoned girle, unschool'd, unpractiz'd,
Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learne: happier then this,
Shee 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 Governour, her King.
My selfe, and what is mine, to you and yours
Is now converted. But now I was the Lord
Of this faire mansion, master of my servants,
Queene ore my selfe: and even now, but now,
This house, these servants, and this same my selfe
Are yours, my Lord, I give them with this ring,
Which when you part from, loose, or give away,
Let it presage the ruine of your love,
And be my vantage to exclaime on you.
Bass, Maddam, you have bereft me of all words,
Onely my bloud speakes to you in my vaines,
And there is such confusion in my powres,
As after some oration fairely spoke
By a beloved Prince, there doth appeare
Among the buzzing pleased multitude,
Where every something being blent together,
Turnes to a wilde of nothing, save of joy
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 have stood by and seene our wishes prosper,
To cry good joy, good joy my Lord and Lady.
Gra. My Lord *Bassanio* and my gentle Lady,
I wish you all the joy 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
Even 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 have got me one,
My eyes my Lord can looke as swift as yours:
You saw the mistres, I beheld the maid:
You lov'd, I lov'd for intermission,
No more pertaines to me my Lord then you;
Your fortune stood upon the caskets there,
And so did mine too, as the matter falls:
For wooing [heere] untill I swet againe,
And swearing till my very rough was dry
With oathes of love, at last, if promise last,
I got a promise of this faire one heere
To have her love: provided that your fortune
Atchiev'd her mistresse.
Por. Is this true *Nerrissa?*
Ner. Madam it is so, so you stand pleased 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, Jessica, and Salerio.

Bas. Lorenzo and *Salerio,* welcome hether,
If that the youth of my new interest heere
Have power to bid you welcome: by your leave
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 have 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 have 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, unlesse it be in minde,
Nor wel, unlesse in minde : his Letter there
Will 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 *Jasons*, we have 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 leave *Bassanio* I am halfe your selfe,
And I must freely have the halfe of any thing
That this same paper brings you.
Bass. O sweet *Portia,*
Heere are a few of the umpleasant'st words
That ever blotted paper. Gentle Ladie
When I did first impart my love 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 have told you
That I was worse then nothing: for indeede
I have ingag'd my selfe to a deere friend,
Ingag'd my friend to his meere enemie
To feede my meanes. Heere is a Letter Ladie,
The paper as the body of my friend,
And everie word in it a gaping wound
Issuing life blood. But is it true *Salerio,*

Hath

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 Jew,
He would not take it: never 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 justice. Twenty Merchants,
The Duke himselfe, and the Magnificoes
Of greatest port have all perswaded with him,
But none can drive him from the envious plea
Of forfeiture, of justice, and his bond.
Jessi. When I was with him, I have heard him sweare
To *Tuball* and to *Chus* his Countri-men,
That he would rather have *Anthonio's* flesh,
Then twenty times the value of the summe
That he did owe him: and I know myLord,
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 unwearied spirit
In doing curtesies : and one in whom
The ancient Romane honour more appeares
Then any that draws breath in Italie.
Por. What summe owes he the Jew?
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 *Bassano's* fault.
First goe with me to Church, and call me wife,
And then away to Venice to your friend:
For never shall you lie by *Portias* side
With an unquiet soule. You shall have gold
To pay the petty debt twenty times over.
When it is payd, bring your true friend along,
My maid *Nerrissa,* and my selfe mean time
Will live as maids and widdowes; come away,
For you shall hence upon your wedding day:
Bid your friends welcome, show a merry cheere,
Since you are deere bought, I will love you deere.
But let me heare the letter of your friend.

Sweet Bassanio, *my ships have all miscarried, my Creditors grow cruell, my estate is very low, my bond to the Jew is forfeit, and since in paying it, it is impossible I should live, all debts are cleerd betweene you and I, if I might see you at my death : notwithstanding, use your pleasure, if your love doe not perswade you to come, let not my letter.*

Por. O love! dispach all busines and be gone.
Bass. Since I have your good leave 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 us twaine. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Jew, and Solanio, and Anthonio, and the Jaylor.

Jew. Jaylor, looke to him, tell not me of mercy,

This is the foole that lends our money *gratis.*
Jaylor, looke to him.
Ant. Heare me yet good *Shylok.*
Jew. Ile have my bond, speake not against my bond,
I have sworne an oath that I will have 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 justice, I do wonder
Thou naughty Jaylor, that thou art so fond
To come abroad with him at his request.
Ant. I pray thee heare me speake.
Jew. Ile have my bond, I will not heare thee speake,
Ile have 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 Christion intercessors: follow not,
Ile have no speaking, I will have my bond. *Exit Jew.*
Sol. It is the most impenetrable curre
That ever 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 deliver'd from his forfeitures
Many that have at times made mone to me,
Therefore he hates me.
Sol. I am sure the Duke will never grant
this forfeiture to hold.
An. The Duke cannot deny the course of law:
For the commoditie that strangers have
With us in Venice, if it be denied,
Will much impeach the justice of the State,
Since that the trade and profit of the citty
Consisteth of all Nations. Therefore goe,
These greefes and losses have so bated mee,
That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh
To morrow, to my bloudy Creditor.
Well Jaylor, on, pray God *Bassanio* come
To see me pay his debt, and then I care not. *Exeunt.*

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

Lor. Madam, although I speake it in your presence,
You have 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 lover of my Lord your husband,
I know you would be prouder of the worke
Then customary bounty can enforce you.
Por. I never did repent for doing good,
Nor shall not now : for in companions
That do converse and waste the time together,
Whose soules doe beare an egal yoke of love,
There must be needs a like proportion
Of lyniaments, of manners, and of spirit;
Which makes me thinke that this *Anthonio*
Being the bosome lover of my Lord,
Must needs be like my Lord. If it be so,
How little is the cost I have 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

The husbandry and mannage of my house,
Untill my Lords returne; for mine owne part
I have toward heaven breath'd a secret vow,
To live in prayer and contemplation,
Onely attended by *Nerrissa* heere,
Untill 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 love and some necessity
Now layes upon 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 *Jessica*
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.
Jessi. I wish your Ladiship all hearts content.
Par. I thanke you for your wishe, and am well pleas'd
To wish it backe on you: faryouwell *Jessica.* *Exeunt.*
Now *Balthaser,* as I have ever found thee honest true,
So let me finde thee still: take this same letter,
And use thou all the indeavor 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 give thee,
Bring them I pray thee with imagin'd speed
Unto 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 convenient speed.
Por. Come on *Nerissa,* I have worke in hand
That you yet know not of; wee'll see our husbands
Before they thinke of us?
Nerrissa. Shall they see us?
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 prove the prettier fellow of the two,
And weare my dagger with the braver grace,
And speake betweene the change of man and boy,
With a reede voyce, and turne two minsing steps
Into a manly stride; and speake of frayes
Like a fine bragging youth: and tell quaint lyes
How honourable Ladies sought my love,
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 have discontinued schoole
About a twelve moneth: I have within my minde
A thousand raw tricks of these bragging Jacks,
Which I will practice.
Nerris. Why, shall wee turne to men?
Portia. Fie, what a questions that?
If thou wert nere a lewd interpreter:
But come, Ile tell the all my whole device
When I am in my coach, which stayes for us
At the Parke gate; and therefore haste away,
For we must measure twentie miles to day. *Exeunt.*

Ente Clowne and Jessica.

Clown. Yes truly; for looke you, the sinnes of the Fa-

ther are to be laid upon 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.

Jessica. 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 Jewes daughter.

Jes. That were a kinde of bastard hope indeed, so the sins of my mother should be visited upon 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.

Jes. I shall be sav'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 live 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 have a rasher on the coales for money.

Enter Lorenzo.

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

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

Jes. Nay, you need not feare us *Lorenzo, Launcelet* and I are out, he tells me flatly there is no mercy for mee in heaven, because I am a Jewes daughter: and hee saies you are no good member of the commonwealth, for in converting Jewes to Christians, you raise the price of Porke.

Loren. I shall answere that better to the Commonwealth, than you can the getting up 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 everie foole can play upon 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 preare for dinner?

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

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

*Clow.*That is done to sir, only cover is the word.

Loren. Will you cover than sir?

Clow. Not so sir neither, I know my dutie.

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

Clow. For the table sir, it shall be serv'd in, for the meat sir, it shall bee covered, for your comming in to dinner sir, why let it be as humors and conceits shall governe. *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 *Jessica,*
And now good sweet say thy opinion,

How

How dost thou like the Lord *Bassiano's* wife?
Jessi. Past all expressing, it is very meete
The Lord *Bassanio* live an upright life
For having such a blessing in his Lady,
He findes the joyes of heaven heere on earth,
And if on earth he doe not mean it, it
Is reason he should never come to heaven?
Why, if two gods should play some heavenly 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. Even such a husband
Hast thou of me, as she is for a wife.
Jes. Nay, but aske my opinion to of that?
Lor. I will anone, first let us goe to dinner?
Jes. Nay, let me praise you while I hvae a stomacke?
Lor. No pray thee, let it serve for table talke,
Then how some ere thou speakst 'mong other things,
I shall digest it?
Jessi. 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 answere
A stonie adversary, an inhumane wretch,
Uncapable of pitty, voyd, and empty
From any dram of mercie.
Ant. I have 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 envies reach, I do oppose
my patience to his fury, and am arm'd
To suffer with a quietnesse of spirit,
The very tiranny and rage of his.
Du. Go one and cal the Jew 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 hour 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 love:
Forgive a moytie of the principall,
Glancing an eye of pitty on his losses
That have 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 never traind

To offices of tender curtesie,
We all expect a gentle answer Jew?
Jew. I have possest your grace of what I purpose,
And by our holy Sabbath have I sworne
To have the due and forfeit of my bond.
If you denie it, let the danger light
Upon your Charter, and your Cities freedome.
You'l aske me why I rather choose to have
A weight of carrion flesh, then to receive
Three thousand Ducats? Ile not answer that:
But say it is my humour; Is it answered?
What if my house be troubled with a Rat,
And I be please'd to give ten thousand Ducates
To have it bain'd? What, are you answer'd yet?
Some men there are love 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 Urine 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 harmelesse necessarie Cat?
Why he a woolen bag-pipe: but of force
Must yeeld to such inevitable shame,
As to offend himselfe being offended:
So can I give 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 unfeeling man,
To excuse the currant of thy cruelty.
Jew. I am not bound to please thee with my answer.
*Bass.*Do all men kil the things they do not love?
*Jew.*Hates any man the thing he would not kill?
Bass. Everie offence is not a hate at first.
Jew. What wouldst thou have a Serpent sting thee twice?
Ant. I pray you think you question with the Jew:
You may as well go stand upon the beach,
And bid the maine flood baite his usuall height,
Or even as well use 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 heaven:
You may as well do any thing most hard,
As seeke to soften that, then which what harder?
His Jewish heart. Therefore I do beseech you
Make no more offers, use no farther meanes,
But with all briefe and plaine convenienceie
Let me have judgement, and the Jew his will.
Bass. For thy three thousand Ducates [heereis] six.
Jew. If evreie Ducat in sixe thousand Ducates
Were in sixe parts, and every part a Ducate,
I would not draw them, I would have my bond?
Du. How shalt thou hope for mercie, rendring none?
Jew. What judgement shall I dread doing no wrong?
You have among you many a purchast slave,
Which like your Asses, and your Dogs and Mules,
You use in abject and in slavish parts,
Because you bought them. Shall I say to you,
Let them be free, marrie them to your heires?
Why sweate they under burthens? Let their beds
Be made as soft as yours: and let their pallats
Be season'd with such Viands: you will answer

The

The slaves are ours. So do I answer you,
The pound of flesh which I demand of him
Is deerely bought, 'tis mine, and I will have it.
If you deny me; fie upon your Law,
There is no force in the decrees of Venice;
I stand for judgement, answer, Shall I have it?
Du, Upon my power I may dismisse this Court,
Unless *Bellario* a learned Doctor,
Whom I have 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 us the Letters, Call the Messengers.
Bass. Good cheere *Anthonio.* What man, corage yet:
The Jew shall have 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 live still, and write mine Epitaph.

Enter Nerrissa.

Du. Come you from Padua from *Bellario?*
*Ner.*From both.
My Lord *Bellario* greets your Grace.
Bass. Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly?
Jew. To cut the forfeiture from that bank rout there.
Gra. Not on thy soule: but on thy soule harsh Jew
Thou mak'st thy knife keene: but no mettall can,
No, not the hangmans Axe beare halfe the keennesse
Of thy sharpe envy. Can no prayers pierce thee?
*Jew.*No, none that thou hast wit enough to make.
Gra. O be thou damn'd, inexecrable dogge,
And for thy life let justice be accus'd:
Thou almost mak'st me waver in my faith;
To hold opinion with *Pythagoras,*
That soules of Animals infuse themselves
Into the trunkes of men. Thy currish spirit
Govern'd a Wolfe, who hang'd for humane slaughter,
Even from the gallowes did his fell soule fleet;
And whil'st thou layest in thy unhallowed dam,
Infus'd it selfe in thee: For thy desires
Are Wolvish, bloody, sterv'd, and ravenous.
Jew. 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 here 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 give him curteous conduct to this place,
Meane time the Court shall heare *Bellarioes* Letter.

Y*Our Grace shall understand, that at the receite of your Letter I am very sicke; but in the instant that your messenger came, in loving visitation, was with me a young Doctor of Rome, his name is* Balthasar: *I acquainted him with the cause in Controversie, betweene the Jew and* Anthonio *the Merchant: We turn'd ore many Bookes together: hee is furnished with my opinion, which bettred with his owne learning, the greatnese whereof I cannot enough commend, comes*

with him at my importunity, to fill up your Graces request in my sted. I beseech you, let his lacke of years be no impediment to let him lacke a reverend estimation: for I never knewe so yong a body, with so old a head. I leave 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.
Give 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 Jew?
Du. Anthonio and old *Shylocke,* both stand forth.
Por. Is your name *Shylocke?*
Jew. 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 Jew be mercifull.
Jew. On what compulsion must I? Tell me that.
Por. The quality of mercy is not strain'd,
It droppeth as the gentle raine from heaven
Upon the place beneath. It is twice blest,
It blesseth him that gives, 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 Majestie,
Wherein doth sit the dread and feare of Kings;
But mercy is above 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 Justice. Therefore Jew,
Though Justice by thy plea, consider this,
That in the course of Justice, none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercie,
And that same prayer, doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercie. I have spoke thus much
To mittigate the justice of thy plea:
Which if thou follow, this strict course of Venice
Must needes give sentence 'gainst the Merchant there.
Shy. My deeds upon my head, I crave the Law,
The penaltie and forfeite of my bond.
Por. Is he not able to discharge the money?
Bass. 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 divell 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

And many an error by the same example,
Will rush into the state: It cannot be.
Jew. A *Daniel* come to judgement, yea a *Daniel.*
O wise young Judge, how do I honour thee.
Por. I pray you let me looke upon the bond.
Jew. Heere 'tis most reverend Doctor, heere it is.
Por. Shylocke, there's thrice thy monie offered thee.
Shy. An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven:
Shall I lay perjurie upon my soule?
No not for Venice.
Por. Why this bond is forfeit,
And lawfully by this the Jew 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.
Jew. When it is paid according to the tenure.
It doth appeare you are a worthy judge:
you know the Law, your exposition
Hath beene most sound. I charge you by the Law,
Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,
Proceede to judgement: 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 give the judgement.
Por. Why then thus it is:
you must prepare your bosome for his knife.
Jew. O noble Judge, O excellent yong man.
Por. For the intent and purpose of the Law
Hath full relation to the penaltie,
Which heere appeareth due upon the bond,
Jew. 'Tis verie true: O wise and upright Judge,
How much more elder art thou then thy lookes?
Por. Therefore lay bare your bosome.
Jew. I, his brest,
So sayes the bond, doth it not noble Judge?
Neerest his heart, those are the very words.
Por. It is so: Are there ballance heere to weigh the flesh?
Jew. I have them ready.
Por. Have by some Surgeon *Shylock* on your charge
To stop his wounds, least he should bleede to death.
Jew. 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.
Jew. I cannot finde it, 'tis not in the bond.
Por. Come Merchant, have you any thing to say?
Ant. But little: I am arm'd and well prepar'd.
Give me your hand *Bassanio,* fare you well.
Greeve not that I am falne to this for you:
For heerein fortune shewes her selfe more kinde
Then is her custome. It is still her use
To let the wretched man out-live his wealth,
To view with hollow eie, and wrinkled brow
An age of poverty. 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 lov'd you; speake me faire in death:
And when the tale is told, bid her be judge,
Whether *Bassanio* had not once a Love:
Repent not you that you shall loose your friend,
And he repents not that he payes your debt.
For if the Jew 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 above thy life.
I would loose all, I sacrifice them all
Heere to this devill, to deliver you.
*Por.*Your wife would give you little thanks for that
If she were by to heare you make the offer.
Gra. I have a wife whom I protest I love,
I would she were in heaven, so she could
Intreat some power to change this currish Jew.
Ner. 'Tis well you offer it behinde her backe
The wish would make else an unquiet house. (ter
Jew, These be the Christian husbands: I have a daugh-
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 give it.
Jew. Most rightfull Judge.
Por. And you must cut this flesh from off his breast,
The Law allowes it, and the Court awards it.
Jew. Most learned Judge, a sentence, come prepare.
Por. Tarry a little, there is something else,
This bond doth give thee heere no jot 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
Unto the state of Venice.
Gra. O upright Judge,
Marke Jew, ô learned Judge.
Shy. Is that the law?
Por. Thy selfe shalt see the Act:
For as thou urgest justice, be assur'd
Thou shalt have justice more then thou desirest.
Gra. O learned Judge, mark Jew, a learned Judge.
Jew. I take this offer then, pay the bond thrice,
And let the Christian goe.
Bass. Heere is the money.
Por. Soft, the Jew shall have all justice, soft, no haste,
He shall have nothing but the penalty.
Gra. O Jew, an upright Judge, a learned Judge.
Por. Therefore prepare thee to cut off the flesh,
Shed thou no bloud, nor cut thou lesse nor more
But just a pound of flesh: if thou tak'st more
Or lesse then a just pound, be it so much
As makes it light or heavy in the substance,
Or the devision 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* Jew,
Now infidel I have thee on the hip.
Por. Why doth the Jew pause, take thy forfeiture.
Shy. Give me my principall, and let me goe.
Bass. I have it ready for thee, heere it is.
Por. He hath refus'd it in the open Court,
He shall have meerely justice and his bond.
Gra. A *Daniel* still say I, a second *Daniel,*
I thanke thee Jew for teaching me that word.
Shy. Shall I not have barely my principall?
Por. Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,
To be taken so at thy perill Jew.
Shy. Why then the Devill give him good of it:
Ile stay no longer question.

*Por.*Tarry

Por. Tarry Jew,
The Law hath yet another hold on you.
It is enacted in the Lawes of Venice,
If it be proved against an Alien,
That by direct, or indirect attempts
He seeke the life of any Citizen,
The party gainst the which he doth contrive,
Shall seaze one halfe his goods, the other halfe
Comes to the privie 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 contriv'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 have leave 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 humbleness may drive unto a fine.
Por. I for the state not for *Anthonio.*
Shy. Nay, take my life an 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 live.
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 have
The other halfe in use, to render it
Upon his death, unto the Gentleman
That lately stole his daughter.
Two things provided more, that for this favour
He presently become a Christian:
The other, that he doe record a gift
Heere in the Court of all he dies possest
Unto 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 Jew? what dost thou say?
Shy. I am content.
Por. Clarke, draw a deed of gift.
Shy. I pray you give me leave to goe from hence,
I am not well, send the deed after me,
And I will sign it.
Duk. Get thee gone, but doe it.
Gra. In christning thou shalt have two godfathers,
Had I been judge, thou shouldst have had ten more,
To bring thee to the gallowes, not to the font. *Exit.*
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 serves 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

Have by your wisedome beene this day acquitted
Of greevous penalties, in lieu whereof,
Three thousand Ducats due unto the Jew
We freely cope your curteous paines withall.
An. And stand indebted over and above
In love and service to you evermore.
Por. He is well paid that is well satisfied,
And I delivering you, am satisfied,
And therein doe account my selfe well paid,
My minde was never yet more mercinarie.
I pray you know me when we meete againe,
I wish you well, and so I take my leave.
Bass. Dear sir, of force I must attempt you further,
Take some remembrance of us as a tribute,
Not as a 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,
Give me your gloves, Ile weare them for your sake,
And for your love Ile take this ring from you,
Doe not draw backe your hand, ile take no more,
And you in love shall not deny me this?
Bass. This ring good sir, alas it is a trifle,
I will not shame my selfe to give you this.
Por. I wil have nothing else but onely this,
And now methinkes I have a minde to it.
Bas. There's more depends on this then on the valew,
The dearest ring in Venice will I give 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 given me by my wife,
And when she put it on, she made me vow
That I should neither sell, nor give, nor lose it.
Por. That scuse serves many men to save their gifts,
And if your wife be not a mad woman,
And know how well I have deserv'd this ring,
Shee would not hold out enemy for ever
For giving it to me: well, peace be with you. *Exeunt.*
Ant. My L. *Bassanio*, let him have the ring,
Let his deservings and my love withall
Be valued against your wives commandement.
Bass. Goe *Gratiano*, run and over-take him,
Give him the ring, and bring him if thou canst
Unto *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 Jewes house out, give 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. *Bassanio* upon more advice,
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 ever.
Por. Thou maist I warrant, we shal have old swearing
That they did give the rings away to men;
But weel 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 Jessica.

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.
Jes. 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
Upon the wilde sea bankes, and waft her Love
To come againe to Carthage.
Jes. In such a night
Medea gathered the inchanted hearbs
That did renew old *Eson.*
Loren. In such a night
Did *Jessica* steale from the wealthy Jewe,
And with an Unthrift Love did runne from Venice,
As farre as Belmont.
Jes. In such a night
Did young *Lorenzo* sweare he lov'd her well,
Stealing her soule with many vowes of faith,
And nere a true one.
Loren. In such a night
Did pretty *Jessica* (like a little shrow)
Slander her Love, and he forgave it her.
Jes. 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. (friend?
Loren. A friend, what friend? your name I pray you
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 [rnturn'd?]
Loren. He is not, nor we have not heard from him,
But goe we in I pray thee *Jessica,*
And ceremoniously let us [us] 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. *Lorenzo,*& M. *Lorenzo,*sola,
Lor. Leave hollowing man, heere. (sola.
Clo. Sola, where, where?
Lor. Heere?
Clo. Tel him ther's a Post come from my Master, with his horne full of good newes, my Master will be here ere morning sweet soule.
Loren. Let's in, and there expect their comming.
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 foorth into the ayre.
How sweet the moone-light sleepes upon this banke,
Heere will we sit, and let the sounds of musicke
Creepe in our eares soft stilnes, and the night
Become the tutches of sweet harmonie:
Sit *Jessica,*looke how the floore of heaven
Is thicke inlayed with pattens of bright gold,
There's not the smallest orbe which thou beholdst
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 grosly close in it, we cannot heare it:
Come hoe, and wake *Diana* with a hymne,
With sweetest tutches pearce your Mistrisse eare,
And draw her home with musicke.
Jessi. I am never 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 unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,
Which is the hot condition of their bloud,
If they but heare perchance a trumpet sound,
Or any ayre of musicke touch their eares,
You shall perceive them make a mutuall stand,
Their savage 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 moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, strategems, and spoyles,
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections darke as *Erebus,*
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. (dle?
Ner. When the moone shone we did not see the can
Por. So doth the greater glory dim the lesse,
A substitute shines brightly as a King
Untill 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

When neither is attended: and I thinke
The Nighingale if she should sing by day
When every 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 awaked.

Musicke ceases.

Lor. That is the voice,
Or I am much deceiv'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 have 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,*
Give order to my servants, that they take
No note at all of our being absent hence,
Nor you *Lorenzo, Jessica* nor you.

A Tucket sounds.

Lor. Your husband is at hand, I heare his Trumpet,
We are no tell-tales Madam, feare you not.
Par. 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 give light, but let me not be light,
For a light wife doth make a heavie husband,
And never be *Bassanio* so for me,
But God sort all: you are welcome home my Lord.
Bass. I thanke you Madam, give 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 gave it to the Judges Clearke,
Would he were gelt that had it for my part,
Since you do take it Love 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 give me, whose Poesie was
For all the world like Cutlers Poetry
Upon a knife; *Love mee, and leave mee not.*
Ner. What talke you of the Poesie or the valew:
You swore to me when I did give it you,
That you would weare it til the houre of death,
And that it should lye with you in your grave,
Thou not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,
You should have been respective and have kept it.
Gave it a Judges Clearke: but wel I know
The Clearke wil nere weare haire on's face that had it.

Gra. He wil, and if he live to be a man.
Nerrissa. I, if a Woman live to be a man.
Gra. Now by this hand I gave it to a youth,
A kinde of boy, a little scrubbed boy,
No higher then thy selfe, the Judges 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 wives first gift,
A thing stucke on with oathes upon your finger,
And so riveted with faith unto your flesh,
I gave my Love a Ring, and made him sweare
Never to part with it, and heere he stands:
I dare be sworne for him, he would not leave it,
Nor plucke it from his finger, for the wealth
That the world masters. Now in faith *Gratiano,*
You give your wife too unkinde 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* gave his Ring away
Unto the judge that beg'd it, and indeede
Deserv'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 gave you my Lord?
Not that I hope which you receiv'd of me.
Bass. If I could adde a lie unto a fault,
I would deny it: but you see my finger
Hath not the Ring upon it, it is gone.
Por. Even so voide is your false heart of truth.
By heaven I wil nere come in your bed
Until I see the Ring.
Ner. Nor I in yours, til I againe see mine.
*Bass.*Sweet *Portia,*
If you did know to whom I gave the Ring,
If you did know for whom I gave the Ring,
And would conceive for what I gave the Ring,
And how unwillingly 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 gave the Ring,
Or your owne honour to containe the Ring,
You would not then have parted with the Ring:
What man is there so much unreasonable,
If you had pleas'd to have defended it
With any termes of Zeale: wanted the modestie
Tu urge the thing held as a ceremonie:
Nerrissa teaches me what to beleeve,
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 civill 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:
Even he that had held up 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 have beg'd
The Ring of me, to give the worthie Doctor?

Por. Let not that Doctor ere come neere my house,
Since he hath got the jewell that I loved,
And that which you did sweare to keepe for me,
I will become as liberall as you,
Ile not deny him any thing I have,
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 have the Doctor for my bedfellow.
Nerrissa. And I his Clarke: therefore be well advis'd
How you doe leave me to mine owne protection.
Gra. Well, doe you so: let not me take him then,
For if I doe, ile mar the yong Clerks pen.
Ant. I am th'unhappy subject of these quarrels.
Por. Sir, grieve not you,
You are welcome notwithstanding.
Bas. Portia, forgive me this enforced wrong,
And in the hearing of these manie friends
I sweare to thee, even 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.
Paardon this fault, and by my soule I sweare
I never 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 upon the forfeit, that your Lord
Will never more breake faith advisedlie.
Por. Then you shall be his suretie: give him this,
And bid him keepe it better then the other.
Ant. Heere Lord *Bassanio,* swear to keep this ring.
Bass. By heaven it is the same I gave 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 liew 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 have deserv'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 ev'n now return'd: I have not yet
Entred my house. *Anthonio* you are welcome,
And I have better newes in store for you
Then you expect: unseale 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 never meanes to doe it,
Unlesse he live untill 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 have given me life & living;
For heere I read for certaine that my ships
Are safelie come to Rode.
Por. How now *Lorenzo?*
My Clarke hath some good comforts to for you.
Nerr. I, and Ile give them him without a fee.
There doe I give to you and *Jessica*
From the rich Jewe, 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 starved people.
Por. It is almost morning,
And yet I am sure you are not satisfied
Of these events at full. Let us goe in,
And charge us there upon 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 live, Ile fear no other thing
So sore, as keeping safe *Nerrissas* ring.

Exeunt.

F I N I S.