
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
me,

That I have much adoe 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 petty Traffiquers
That curtsie to them, doe them reverence
As they flye by them with their woven wings.

Sala. 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 rockes,
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 bechanc'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* swear the jest be laughable.

Enter Bassanio, Lorenzo 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 till I had made you merry,

If worthier friends had not prevented me.

Anth. 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.

Anth. 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 Alabaster?

Sleepe when he wakes? and creepe 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 wisdom, gravity, profound conceit,
As who should say, I am sir an Oracle,
And when I ope my lips, let no dogge barke.
O my *Anthonio*, I do know of these
That therefore onely are reputed wise,
For saying nothing; when I am very sure
If they should speake, would almost damme those eares
Which hearing them would call their brothers fooles:
Ile tell thee more of this another time.
But fish not with this [malancholly] baite
For this fool Gudgion, 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 wise men,
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. Fare you well, Ile grow a talker for this geare.

Gra. Thanks ifaith, for silence is onely commendable
In a neats tongue dri'd, and a maid not vendible. *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, and when you have them they
are not worth the search.

An. Well: tell 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 doe I now make mone to be abridg'd
From such a noble rate, but my cheife 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 mony, and in love,
And from your love I have a warranty
To unburthen all my plots and purposes,
How to get cleere of all the debts I owe.

Ant. 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 prooffe,
Because what followes is pure innocence.
I owe you much, and like a willfull 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 ayre: Or to find 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 to me 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 lockes
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 mind 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.

Porti. By my troth *Narissa*, my little body is a wea-
ry 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 small
happinesse therefore to be seated in the mean, superflui-
ty comes sooner by white haire, but competency lives
longer.

Por. Good sentences, and well pronounc'd.

Ner. They would be better if well followed.

Por. 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 fol-
lowes his owne instructions; I can easier teach twen-
ty what were good to be done, then be one of the twen-
ty to follow mine owne teaching: the braine may devise
lawes for the blood, but a hot temper leapes ore a cold
decree, such a hare is madnesse the youth, to skip ore
the meshes of good counsaile the cripple; but this rea-
son is not in fashion to choose me a husband: O me, the
word choose I may neither choose whom I would, nor
refuse whome I dislike, so is the will of a living daughter
curb'd by the will of a dead father: it is not hard *Ner-*
rissa, 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 lot-
tery that he hath devised in these three chests of Gold,
Silver, and Lead, whereof who chooses his meaning,
chooses

chooses you, will 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?

Por. 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 Lady his mother plaid false with a Smyth.

Ner. Than is there the County Palentine.

Por. He doth nothing but frowne (as who should say, and you will not have me, choose: he heares merry tales and smiles not, I feare he will prove the weeping Philosopher 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 Tarssell sing, he fals straight a capring, he will fence with his own shadow. If I should marry him, I should marry twenty husbands: if he 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 he understands not me, nor I him: he hath neither *Latine*, *French*, nor *Italian*, and you will come into the Court and sweare that I have a poore penny-worth in the *English*: he 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 *Italy*, his round hose in *France*, his bonnet in *Geermany*, and his behaviour every where.

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

Por. That he hath a neighbourly charity in him, for he borrowed a boxe of the eare of the *Englishman*, and sworne he would pay him againe when hee was able: I thinke the *Frenchman* became his surety, and seald under for another.

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

Por. Very vildely in the morning when he is sober, and most vildely in the afternoone when he 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 sponge.

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 wone by some other sort then your Fathers imposition, depending on the Caskets.

Por. If I live to be as old 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 very absence: and I wish them a faire departure.

Ner. Do you not remember Lady in your Fathers time, a *Venetian*, a Scholler and a Souldier that came hither in companie of the Marquesse of *Mountforrat*?

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 Master 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 he should shrive me then wive me. Come *Nerrissa*, sirra goe before; whiles we 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 mouths, well.

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

Shy. *Antonio* shall become bound, well.

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

Shy. Three thousand ducats for three moneths, and *Antonio* bound.

Bass. Your answer to that.

Shy. *Antonio* is a good man.

Bass. Have you heard any imputation to the contrary.

Shy. 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 Ryalto, 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 lands 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 *Antonio*?

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 Ryalto, who is he comes here?

Enter Antonio.

Bass. This is signior *Antonio*.

Jew. How like a fawning publican he looks.

I hate him for he is a Christian:

But more, for that in low simplicity

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 calls interest: Cursed by my Trybe

If I forgive him.

Bass. Shylocke, doe you heare.

Shy. I am debating of my present store,

And by the neere gesse of my memory

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.

Anth. 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 bahalf)

The third possesser; I, he was the third.

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

Shy. No, not take interest, not as you would say

Directly interest, marke what *Jacob* did,

When *Laban* and himselfe were comprimyz'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 kind,

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.

Anth. 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 interest 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 witenesse,
Is like a villaine with a smiling cheekke,
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 monyes 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 rheume 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 friend, for when did friendship take
A breed of barraine mettall of his friend?
But lend it rather to thine enemye,
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 staine me with,
Supplie your present wants, and take no doite
Of usance for my moneyes, and youle not heare me,
This is kind I offer.

Bass. This were kindnesse.

Shy. This kindnesse will I shewe,
Goe with me to a Notary, seale me there
Your single bond, and in a merry 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 body 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 necessity.

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

Shy. O father *Abram*, what these Christians are,
Whose owne hard dealings teaches them suspect
The thoughts of others: Pray you tell me this,
If he should breake his day, 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 pray 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 merry bond,
And I will goe and purse the ducats straite.
See to my house lest in the fearefull guard
Of an unthrifty knave: and presently
Ile be with you.

Exit.

Ant. Hye thee gentle *Jew*. This Hebrew will turne
Christian, he growes kind.

Bas. I like not faire termes and, a villaines mind.

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

Exeunt.

Actus Secundus.

*Enter Morochus a tawny 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 Northward 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 Lady this aspect of mine
Hath feard the valiant, (by my love I sweare)
The best regarded Virgins of our Clyme
Have lov'd it too: I would not change this hue,
Except to steale your thoughts my gentle Queene.

Por. In tearmes of choise I am not soly led
By nice direction of a maidens eyes:
Besides, the lottry of my destiny
Bars me the right of voluntary choosing:
But if my father had not scanted me,
And hedg'd me by his wit to yeeld my selfe
His wife, who wins me by that meanes I told you;
Your selfe (renowned Prince) than stood as faire
As any commmer 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 try my fortune: By this Symitar

That slew the Sophy, and a Persian Prince
That won three fields of *Sultan Solyman*,
I would ore-stare the sternest eyes 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 prey
To win the Lady. But alas, the while
If *Hercules* and *Lychas* play 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, blind fortune leading me
Misse that which one unworthier may attaine,
And dye 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 Lady afterward
In way of marriage, therefor be advis'd.

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

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

Mor. Good fortune then, *Cornets.*
To make me blest or curs'd'st among men. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Clowne alone.

Clo. Certainly, my conscience will serve me to runne
from this Jew my Master: 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, runne away: my conscience sayes
no; take heed honest *Launcelet*, take heed honest *Jobbe*,
or as afore-said honest *Launcelet Jobbe*, doe not runne,
scorne running with thy heeles; well, the most couragi-
ous fiend bids me packe, *fia* sayes the fiend, away sayes
the fiend, for the heavens rouse up a brave minde sayes
the fiend, and runne; well, my conscience hanging about
the necke of my heart, sayes very 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 kind of
taste; wel, my conscience sayes *Launcelet* bouge not, bouge
sayes the fiend, bouge not sayes 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 Master, who (God blesse the marke) is a kind 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: certainly the Jew is the very 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. Master yong-man, you I pray you, which is the
way to Master Jewes?

Laun. O heavens, this is my true begotten father, who
being more then sand-blind, high gravell blind, knowes
me not, I will try confusious with him.

Gob. Maister yong Gentleman, I pray you which is
the way to Master Jewes.

Laun. Turne upon your right hand at the next tur-
ning.

ning, but at the next turning of all on your left; marry at the very next turning, turne of no hand, but turne downe indirectly to the *Jewes* house.

Gob. Be Gods sonties 'twill be a hard way to hit, can you tell me whether one *Launcelet* that dwells 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 Master 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.

Laun. Well, let his Father be what a will, we talke of yong Master *Launcelet*.

Gob. Your worships friend and *Launcelet*.

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

Gob. Of *Launcelet*, ant please your maistership.

Lan. *Ergo* Master *Launcelet* talke not of maister *Launcelet* Father, for the yong gentleman according to fates and destinies, and such odde sayings, the sisters three, and such branches of learning, [in] indeede deceased, or as you would say in plaine tearmes, gone to heaven.

Gob. Marry God forbid, the boy was the very staffe of my age, my very prop.

Laun. Doe I look like a cudgell or a hovell-post, a staff or a prop: doe you know me Father.

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

Laun. Doe you not know me Father.

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

Laun. Nay, indeede if you had your eyes you might faile of the knowing me: it is a wise Father that knowes his owne childe. Well, old man, I wil tell you news 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. Pray you sir stand up, I am sure you are not *Launcelet* my boy.

Laun. Pray you let's have no more fooling about it, but give me your blessing: I am *Launcelet* your boy that was your sonne that is, your childe that shall be.

Gob. I cannot thinke you are my sonne.

Laun. I know not what I shall thinke of that: but I am *Launcelot* the Jewes man, and I am sure *Margery* your wife is my mother.

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

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

Laun. Well, well, but for mine owne part, as I have set up my rest to run away, so I will not rest till I have run some ground; my Maister's a very Jew, give him a present, give him a halter, I am famisht in his service. You may tell every finger I have with my ribs: Father I am glad you are come, give me your present to one Master *Bassanio*, who indeede gives rare new Liveries, if I serve not him, I will runne as farre as God has any ground. O

rare fortune, here comes the man, to him Father, for I
am a Jew if I serve the Jew any longer.

Enter Bassanio with a follower or two.

Bassa. You may doe so, but let it be so hasted that supper be ready 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.

Laun. To him Father.

Gob. God blesse your worship.

Bass. Gramercy, would'st thou ought with me.

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

Laun. 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.

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

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

Laun. To be briefe, the very 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 Doves that I would bestow upon your worship, and my suite is.

Laun. In very 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?

Laun. Serve you sir.

Gob. That is the very defect of the matter sir.

Bass. I know thee well, thou hast obtain'd thy suite, *Shylocke* thy Master spoke with me this day, And hath perfer'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 very well parted betweene my Master *Shylocke* and you sir, you have the grace of God sir, and he hath enough.

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

Clo. Father in, I cannot get a service, no, I have ne're a tongue in my head, well: if any man in *Italy* 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, fiftene 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 Clown.

Bass. I pray 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 gon.

Leon. My best endeavors shall be done herein. *Exit Leonato*

Enter Gratiano.

Gra. Where's your Maister.

Leon.

Leon. Yonder sir he walkes.

Gra. Signior *Bassanio*.

Bas. *Gratiano*.

Gra. I have a suite to you.

Bas. You have obtain'd it.

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

Bas. Why then you must: but heare thee *Gratiano*,
Thou art too wilde, to rude, and bold of voice,
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 go to,
And loose my hopes.

Gra. Signior *Bassanio*, heare me,
If I do 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 civility
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 fare you well,
I have some businesse.

Gra. And I must to *Lorenzo* 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 merry 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 mee talke with thee.

Clo. Aduie, teares exhibit my tongue, most beautifull
Pagan, most sweete Jew, if a Christian did not play the
knave and get thee, I am much deceived; but adue, these
foolish drops do 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.

Enter Gratiano, Lorenzo, Salarino, and Salanio.

Lo. 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 Lancelet with a Letter.

Lan. And it shall please you to breake up this, it shall
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?

La. Marry sir to bid my old Maister the *Jew* to sup
to night with my new Maister 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*?

Lo. I must needs 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 do it under this excuse,
That she is issue to a faithlesse *Jew*:
Come go 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 shalt 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 go,
There is some ill a bruing towards my rest,
For I did dreame of money bags to night.

Clo. I beseech you sir go, my yong Maister
Doth expect your reproach.

Shy. So do I his.

Clo. And they have conspired together, I will not say
you shall see a Maske, but if you do, then it was not for
nothing that my nose fell a bleeding on blacke monday

P

last,

last, at six a clocke ith morning, falling out that yeere on
ash wensday 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 go: go you before me sirra,
Say I will come.

Clo. I will go 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:
Snail-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* go in,
Perhaps I will returne immediately;
Doe as I bid you, shut dores after you, fast binde, fast
finde,

A proverbe never stale in thrifty minde. *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 mervaille 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,
Hug'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 dwells my father Jew. Hoa, who's within?

Jessica above.

Jess. Who are you? tell me for more certainty,
Albeit I'll swear, 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 knows
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 gentile, 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 aboard,
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 do choose the right?

Po. 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 survey the inscriptions, backe againe:
What sayes 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
Do it in hope of faire advantages :
A golden minde stoopes not to shewes of drosse,
He 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 Lady:
And yet to be afear'd 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 do 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 Hircanian 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 [fortaine] 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 grosse
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
Stamp't 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;

*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 inscrol'd,
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 Solanio.
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 rais'd the Duke.
Who went with him to search *Bassanio's* 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, outrageous, 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 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, do 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 *Bassanio's* 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. Do 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 do 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 sayes 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 casualty.
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 dignity:
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 judgement 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 sir, 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 go 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 do choose,
They have the wisdom by their wit to loose.

Ner. The ancient saying is no heresie,
Hanging and wiving goes by destiny.

Por. Come draw the curtaine *Nerrissa*.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Where is my Lady?

Por. Here, what would my Lord?

Mes. Madam, there is a-lighted at your gate
A yong Venetian, one that comes before
To signifie th'approaching of his Lord,
From whom he bringeth sensible regreets;
To wit (besides commends and curteous breath)
Gifts of rich value; yet I 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 *Nerrissa*, 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 unchecked, 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 wo-
man of her word.

Sol. I would she were as lying a gossip in that, as ever
knapt Ginger, or made her neighbours beleieve she wept
for the death of a third husband: but it is true, without
any slips of prolixity, or crossing the plaine high-way of
talke, that the good *Anthonio*, the honest *Anthonio*; O that
I had a title good enough to keepe his name company!

Sal. Come, the full stop.

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

Sal. I

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

Sol. Let me say Amen betimes, least the divell crosse my prayer, for here he comes in the likenesse 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, & then it is the complexion of them all 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 any losse at sea or no?

Shy. There I have another bad match, a bankrout, a prodigall, who dare scarce shew his head on the Ryalta, 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 hindered 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 *Jew*: 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 Sommer as a Christian is: if you pricke us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do 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 villany you teache me I will execute, and it shall go 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 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 care: would she were hearst at my
foote, and the duckets in her coffin : no newes of them,
why so? & I know not how much is spent in the search:
why then losse upon losse, the theefe gone with so much,
and so much to finde the theefe, and no satisfaction, no
revenge, nor no ill lucke 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 Tri-
polis.

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

Tu. 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.

Tu. 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 du-
cats.

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 Turkis, I had it of *Leah* when I was a Batcheler: I
would not have given it for a wilderness of Monkies.

Tub. But *Anthonio* is certainly undone.

Shy. Nay, that's true: that's very true, go *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: go *Tuball*, and meet
me at our Sinagogue, go 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 company; therefore forbear 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 quallity;
But least you should not understand me well,
And yet a maiden hath no tongue, but thought,
I would detain 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
Mine owne I would say: but first mine, then yours,
And so all yours; O these naughty times
Put bars betweene the owners and their rights.
And so though yours, not yours (prove it so)
Let fortune go 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.

Bas. 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.
Bas. None but that ugly 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.
Bas. Promise me life, and ile confesse the truth.
Por. Well then, confesse and live.
Bas. Confesse and love
 Had beene the very sum of my confession:
 O happy torment, when my torturer
 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 do love me, you will finde me out.
Nerrissa 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 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 illes:
 Let us all ring Fancies knell.
 Ile begin it.
 Ding dong, bell.
 All. Ding. dong, bell.*

Bass. So may the outward shewes be least themselves
 The world is still deceiv'd with ornament.
 In Law, what Plea so tainted 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 many cowards, whose hearts are all as false
As stayres 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 beauty,
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 gilded shore
To a most dangerous sea : the beautious scarfe
Vailing an Indian beauty; 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 jealousye.
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 eies?
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 haire
The Painter plaies the Spider, and hath woven
A golden mesh t'intrap the hearts of men
Faster then gnats in cobwebs: but her eyes,
How could he see to do them? having made one,
Me thinks 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 farre this shadow
Doth limpe behinde the substance. Here's the scroule,
The continent, and summary 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.*

Bas. 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 eyes:
Hearing applause and universall shout,
Giddy 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 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 in 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, maister 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.

Bas. Maddam, you have bereft me of all words,
Onely my bloud speakes to you in my veines,
And there is such confusion in my powers,
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 do beseech you
Even at that time I may be married too.

Bas. 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 heete 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.

Bas. And do you *Gratiano* meane good faith?

Gra. Yes faith my Lord.

Bas. 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 ne're 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 hither,
If that the youth of my new interest heere
Have power to bid you welcome: by your leave
I bid my very 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.

Bas. 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 well, unlesse in minde : his Letter there
Will shew you his estate.

Opens the Letter.

Gra. *Nerrissa*, cheere yond stranger, bid her welcome.
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 he hath lost.

Por. There are some shrewd contents in yond same
Paper,
That steales the colour from *Bassianos* cheekes,
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 must freely have the halfe of any thing
That this same paper brings you.

Bas. O sweet *Portia*,
Heere are a few of the umpleasant'st words
That ever blotted paper. Gentle Lady
When I did first impart my love to you,
I freely told you all the wealth I had
Ran in my veines: I was a Gentleman,
And then I told you true : and yet deere Lady,
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 enemy
To feede my meanes. Heere is a Letter Lady,
The paper as the body of my friend,
And every 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 pyles 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 envyou plea
 Of forfeiture, of justice, and his bond.

Jes. 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 my Lord,
 If law, authority, and power deny not,
 It will goe hard with poore *Anthonio*.

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

Bas. The deere 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 Italy.

Por. What summe owes he the Jew?

Bas. 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 go 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 do not perswade you to come, let not my letter.

Por. O love! dispatch all busines and be gone.

Bas. Since I have your good leave to go 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'st 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 Christian 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 forfei-
ture to hold.

An. The Duke cannot deny the course of law:

For the commodity 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 city
Consisteth of all Nations. Therefore go,
These greefes and losses have so bated mee,
That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh
To morrow, to my bloody 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 do beare an egal yoke of love,
There must be needs a like proportion
Of lynniments, 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.

Lor. 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.

Jes. I wish your Ladiship all hearts content.

Par. I thanke you for your wish, 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; [wast] no time in words,
But get [hee] gone, I shall be there before thee.

Bal. Madam, I go with all convenient speed.

Po. Come on *Nerrissa*, I have worke in hand
That you yet know not of; wee'll see our husbands
Before they thinke of us?

Ner. 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 do withall: then Ile repent,
And wish for all that, that I had not kil'd them;
And twenty of these puny 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.

Ner. Why, shall wee turne to men?

Por. 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 twenty 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 any good, and that is but a kinde of bastard hope neither.

Jes. And what hope is that I pray thee?

Clow. Marry you may partly 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 well 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 shortly have a rasher on the coales for money.

Enter Lorenzo.

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

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

Jes. Nay, you need not feare us *Lorenzo*, *Lancelet* 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 Pork.

Lor. 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.

Lor. How every foole can play upon the word, I think the best grace of witte will shortly turne into silence, and discourse grow commendable in none onely but Parrats: go in sirra, bid them preare for dinner?

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

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

Clow. That is done too sir, only cover is the word.

Lor. Will you cover than sir?

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

Lor. 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 be 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 do 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 *Bassanio's* wife?

Jes. 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 meane 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.

Lo. Even such a husband
Hast thou of me, as she is for a wife.

Jes. Nay, but aske my opinion too of that?

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

Jes. Nay, let me praise you while I have 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?

Du. I am sorry for thee, thou art come to answer
A stony adversary, an inhumane wretch,
Uncapable of pitty, voyd, and empty
From any dram of mercy.

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 carry 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 tyranny and rage of his.

Du. Go one and call 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 too
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 moyty 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 flint,
From stubborne Turkes and Tartars never traind

To offices of tender curtesie,
 We all expect a gentle answer Jew?

Jew. I have possesst 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 deny 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 madde, 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 necessary Cat?
 Why he a woollen 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?

Bas. 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.

Bas. Do all men kil the thing they do not love?

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

Bas. Every offence is not a hate at first.

Jew. What wouldst thou have a Serpent sting thee
 twice?

Ant. I pray you thinke you question with the Jew:
 You may as well go stand upon the beach,
 And bid the maine flood bate his usuall height,
 Or even as well use question with the Wolfe,
 The Ewe bleate for the Lambe: when you behold,
 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, than 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 conveniency
 Let me have judgement, and the Jew his will.

Bass. For thy three thousand Ducates heere is six.

Jew. If every 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 mercy, 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 part,
 Because you bought them. Shall I say to you,
 Let them be free, marry 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 deerly 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.

Bas. 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.

Bas. Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly?

Jew. To cut the forfeiture from that bankrout 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 keenesse
 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 trunks of men. Thy currish spirit
 Govern'd a Wolfe, who hang'd for humane slaughter,
 Even from the gallows 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 [speale] 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.

Your 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 great-nese whereof I cannot enough commend, comes with him at my

importunity, to fill up your Graces request in my stead. 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.

Du. You heere 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 Majesty,
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 mercy 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 mercy,
And that same prayer, doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much
To mitigate the justice of thy plea:
Which if thou follow, this strict course of Venice
Must needs give sentence gainst the Merchant there.

Shy. My deeds upon my head, I crave the Law,
The penalty and forfeite of my bond.

Por. Is he not able to discharge the money?

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

Shy. An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven:
Shall I lay perjury 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 penalty,
Which heere appeareth due upon the bond,

Jew. 'Tis very 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 charity.

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 false 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 eye, and wrinkled brow
An age of poverty. From which lingring penance
Of such a misery, 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, O 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, marke Jew, a learned Judge.

Jew. I take this offer then, pay the bond thrice,
And let the Christian go.

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 do 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 go.

Bas. 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 privy coffer of the State,
And the offenders life lyes in the mercy
Of the Duke onely, 'gainst all other voyce.
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 dyes 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 mind, you are much bound to him.

Exit Duke and his traine.

Bass. Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend

Have by your wisdoms beene this day acquitted
Of greivous penalties, in lieu whereof,
Three thousand Ducats due unto the Jew
We freely cope your courteous paines withall.

Ant. 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 mercenary.
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 deny me, and to pardon me.

Por. You presse me 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 will have nothing else but onely this,
And now methinkes I have a mind to it.

Bas. There's more depends on this then on the vawle,
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.

Bas. 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
Flye 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:

Q

Ile

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 shall have old swearing

That they did give the rings away to men;

But weel out-face them, and out-sweare them too:

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 wall,

And sigh'd his soule toward the Grecian tents

Where *Cressed* lay that night.

Jes. In such a night

Did *Thisby* 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 enchanted 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. And 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 return'd?

Loren. He is not, nor we have not heard from him,

But go 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*, and *M. Lorenzo*, sola,

Lor. Leave [hellowing] man, heere. (sola.)

Clo. Sola, where, where?

Lor. Heere?

Clo. Tell him ther's a Post come from my Master, with
his horne full of good newes, my Master will be here ere
morning sweet love.

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

And yet no matter: why should we goe in?

My friend *Stepheno*, signifie pray you

Within the house, your Mistresse is at hand,

And bring your musique forth into the ayre.

How sweet the moone-light sleepes 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 harmony:

Sit *Jessica*, looke how the floore of heaven

Is thicke inlayed with patterns 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 harmony 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 [blood],

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 teares, 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 voyce,
Or I am much deceiv'd of *Portia*.

Por. He knowes me as the blind man knowes the Cuc-
kow by the bad voice?

Lor. Deere Lady welcome home?

Por. We have beene 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. Goe 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.

Por. This night methinkes is but the daylight sicke,
It lookes a little paler, 'tis a day:
Such as the day is, when the Sun is hid.

*Enter Bassanio, Anthonio, Gratiano, and their
Followers.*

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

Por. Let me give light, but let me not be light,
For a light wife doth make a heavy husband,
And never be *Bassanio* so from me,
But God sort all: you are welcome home my Lord.

Bas. I thanke you Madam, give welcome 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.

Ant. No more then I am well acquitted of.

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

Gra. By yonder Moone I sweare you doe me wrong,
Infaiht 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 heart.

Por. A quarrel hoe already, 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 me, and leave me not.*

Ner. What talke you of the Poesie or the valed:
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 well I know
The Clearke will nere weare haire on's face that had it.

Gra. He wil, and if he live to be a man.
Ner. If, 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 sticke 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.
Bas. 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 begg'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.
Bas. If I could adde a lye unto a fault,
I would deny it: but you see my finger
Hath not the Ring upon it, it is gone.
Por. And even so voide is your false heart of truth.
By heaven I will ne're come in your bed
Until I see the Ring.
Ner. Nor I in yours, till 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 modesty
Tu urge the thing held as a ceremony:
Nerrissa teaches me what to beleeve,
Ile dye for't, but some Woman had the Ring?
Bas. 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 begg'd the Ring; the which I did deny him,
And suffer'd him to go displeas'd away:
Even he that had held up the very 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 beene there, I thinke you would have begg'd
The Ring of me, to give the worthy 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.
Lye not a night from home. Watch me like Argus,
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.

Ner. 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 many 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 body 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 advisedly.

Por. Then you shall be his surety: 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 lieu of this, last night did lye with me.

Gra. Why this is like the mending of high wayes
In Sommer, where the wayes 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 *Bellarion*,
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
Than you expect: unseale this letter soone,
There you shall finde three of your Argosies
Are richly come to harbour sodainly.
You shall not know by what strange accident
I chanced on this letter.
Anth. I am dumbe.
Bas. Were you the Doctor, and I knew you not?
Gra. Were you the Clarke that is to make me cuckold.
Ner. I, but the Clarke that never meanes to doe it,
Unlesse he live untill he be a man.
Bas. (Sweet Doctor) you shall be my bedfellow,
When I am absent, then lye with my wife.
Ant. (Sweet Lady) you have given me life and living;
For heere I read for certaine that my ships
Are safely come to Rodes.
Por. How now *Lorenzo*?
My Clarke hath some good comforts too for you.
Ner. 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 dyes 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 .
