MERCHANT of VENICE

Act V. Sc. I.
THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.
A COMEDY.
AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE THEATRES ROYAL.

WRITTEN BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, ESQ.

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M, DCC, LXXVIII.
DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

Duke,
Antonio,
Bassanio,
Solano,
Solarino,
Gratiano,
Lorenzo,
Shylock,
Tubal,
Launcelot,
Gobbo,
Balthazar,
Servant to Antonio,
Leonardo.

W O M E N.

Portia,
Nerissa,
Jessica.

Senators of Venice, Officers, Gaolers, Servants, and other Attendants.

SCENE, partly at Venice, and partly at Belmont, the Seat of Portia.
ACT I.

SCENE, A Street in Venice.

Enter Anthonio, Solarino, 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 stuff tis made of, whereof 'tis born,
I am to learn:
And such a want-wit sadness makes of me,
That I have much ado to know myself.

Sal. Your mind is tossing on the ocean;
There, where your Argolies with portly sail,
Like signiors and rich burghers on the flood,
Or as it were the pageants of the sea,
Do over-peer the petty traffickers,
That courtsey to them, do them reverence,
As they fly by them with their woven wings.

Sola. Believe 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 grass, to know where fits the wind;
Prying in maps, for ports, and piers, and roads.
And every object that might make me fear
Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt,
Would make me sad.

Sal. My mind, cooling my brooth,
Would blow me to an ague, when I thought
What harm a wind too great might do at sea.

I should not see the sandy hour-glass run,
But I should think of shallows, and of flats;
And see my wealthy Andrew dock'd in sand,
Vailing her high top lower than her ribs
To kiss her burial. Should I go to church,
And see the holy edifice of stone,
And not bethink me straight of dangerous rocks;
Which, touching but my gentle vessel's side,
Would scatter all her spices on the stream;
Enrobe the roaring waters with my silks;
And, in a word, but even now worth this,
And now worth nothing. Shall I have the thought
To think on this, and shall I lack the thought,
That such a thing, bechanc'd, would make me sad?
But, tell not me;—I know, Anthonio
Is sad to think upon his merchandize.

Anth. Believe me, no: I thank my fortune for it,
My ventures are not in one bottom trusted,
Nor to one place; nor is my whole estate
Upon the fortune of this present year:
Therefore, my merchandize makes me not sad.

Sola. Why then you are in love.

Anth. Fie, fie!

Sola. Not in love neither? Then let's say, you are sad,

Because you are not merry: and 'twere as easy
For you, to laugh, and leap, and say, you are merry,

Because you are not sad. Now, by two headed Janus,

A. Nature
Nature hath fram'd strange fellows in her time:
Some that will evermore peep through their eyes,
And laugh, like parrots, at a bag-piper;
And others of fitch vinegar-aspect,
That they'll not show their teeth in way of smile,
Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.

Enter Baffanio, Lorenzo, and Gratiano.

Sal. Here comes Baffanio, your most noble kinsman,
Gratiano and Lorenzo. Fare ye well:
We leave you now with better company.
Sal. I would have staid till I had made you merry,
If worthier friends had not prevented me.
Anth. Your worth is very dear in my regard.
I take it, your own business calls on you,
And you embrace the occasion to depart.
Sal. Good morrow, my good lords.

Baff. Good Signiors both, when shall we laugh?

You grow exceeding strange: must it be so?
Sal. We'll make our leisures to attend on yours.
Sal. My lord Baffanio, since you have found
Anthonio,
We two will leave you; but, at dinner-time,
I pray you have a mind, where we must meet.
Baff. I will not leave you.

[Exeunt Solar. and Sala.

Gra. You look not well, signior Anthonio;
You have too much respect upon the world:
They lose it, that do buy it with much care.
Believe me, you are marvellously chang'd.

Anth. I hold the world but as the world,
Gratiano;
A stage, where every man must play his part,
And mine a sad one.

Gra. Let me play the Fool:
With mirth and laughter, let old wrinkles come;
And let my liver rather heat with wine,
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,
Sit like his grandfire cut in alabaster?
Sleep when he wakes, and creep into the jaundice
By being peevish? I tell thee what, Anthonio,
(I love thee, and it is my love that speaks:)

There are a sort of men whose visages
Do cream and mantle like a standing pond;
And do a wilful stillness entertain,
With purpose to be prest in an opinion
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit;
As who should say, I am Sir Oracle.
And when I open my lips, let no dog bark!
O, my Anthonio, I do know of those,
That therefore only are reputed wise,
For saying nothing;
I'll tell thee more of this another time:
But fish not with this melancholy bait.
For this fool's gudgeon, this opinion.
Come, good Lorenzo: Fare ye well, a while;
I'll end my exhortation after dinner.

Lor. Well, we will leave you then till dinner time.
I must be one of these same dumb wife men,
For Gratiano never lets me speak.

Gra. Well, keep me company but two years more,
Thou shalt not know the sound of thine own tongue.

Anth. Farewel: I'll grow a talker for this year.

Gra. Thanks, faith; for silence is only commendable

In a neat's tongue dry'd, and a maid not vendible.

[Exeunt Gra. and Loren.

Anth. Is that any thing now?

Baff. Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing, more than any man in all Venice: his reasons are as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff; you shall seek all the day ere you find them; and when you have them they are not worth the search.

Anth. Well; tell me now, what lady is the same,
To whom you swore a secret pilgrimage,
That you to-day promis'd to tell me of?

Baff. 'Tis not unknown to you, Anthonio,
How much I have disabled mine estate,
By shewing something a more swelling port,
Than my faint means would grant continuance:
Nor do I now make moan to be abridg'd
From such a noble rate: but my chief care
Is to come fairly off from the great debts,

Wherein
THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

Wherein my time, something too prodigal, 
Hath left me gage’d. To you, Anthonio, 
I owe the most, in money, and in love; 
And from your love I have a warranty 
To unburrthen all my plots, and purposes; 
How to get clear of all my debts I owe.

Anth. Thou know’st, that all my fortunes are 
at sea:
Nor have I money, nor commodity
To raise a present sum: therefore go forth;
Try what my credit can in Venice do;
That shall be rack’d even to the uttermost,
To furnish thee to Belmont, to fair 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.

SCENE, a Room in Portia’s House at Belmont.

Enter Portia and Nerissa.

Por. By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is weavy 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 aught I see, they are as sick, that surfeit with too much, as they that starve with nothing: it is no mean happiness, therefore, to be seated in the mean; superfluity comes sooner by white hairs, but competency lives longer.

Por. Good sentences, and well pronoun’d.

Ner. They would be better, if well follow’d.

Por. If to do, were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor mens cottages, princes’ palaces. He is a good divine, that follows his own constructions: I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow my own teaching. But this reasoning is not in fashion to chuse me a husband: O me, the word chuse! I may neither chuse whom I would, nor refuse whom I dislike; so is the will of a living daughter curb’d by the will of a dead father. Is it not hard, Nerissa, that I cannot chuse one, nor refuse none?

Ner. Your father was ever virtuous; and holy men, at their death, have good inspirations: therefore, the lottery, that he hath devised in their three chests of gold, silver, and lead, (whereof who chuses his meaning, chuses you) will, no doubt, never be chosen by any rightly, but one who shall rightly love. But what warmith is there

Anth. Thou know’st, that all my fortunes are

Por.
in your affection towards any of these princely suitors 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, level at my affection.

Ner. First, there is the Neapolitan prince.

Por. Ay, that's a colt, indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horse; and he makes it a great appropriation to his own good parts, that he can shoe himself. I am much afraid, my lady, his mother play'd false with a smith.

Ner. Then, there is the Count Palatine.

Por. He doth nothing but frown; as who should say, And if you will not have me, chuse. He hears merry tales, and smiles not: I fear he will prove the weeping philosopher when he grows old, being so full of unmannersly sadness in his youth. I had rather be married to a death's head with a bone in his mouth, than to either of these. God defend me from these two!

Ner. How say you by the French Lord, Monsieur Le Bon?

Por. God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man.

Ner. How like you the young German, the duke of Saxony's nephew?

Por. Very vilely in the morning, when he is sober; and most vilely in the afternoon, when he is drunk: when he is best, he is a little worse than a man; and when he is worst, he is little better than a beast. And the worst fall that ever fell, I hope, I shall make shift to go without him.

Ner. If he should offer to chuse, and chuse the right casket, you should refuse to perform your father's will, if you should refuse to accept him.

Por. Therefore, for fear of the worst, I pray thee, set a deep glass of Rhenish wine on the contrary casket; for if the devil be within, and that temptation without, I know, he will chuse it. I will do any thing, Nerissa, ere I will be marry'd to a sponge.

Ner. You need not fear, lady, the having any of these lords: they have acquainted me with their determinations, which is indeed, to return to their home, and to trouble you with no more suit, unless you may be won by some other sort than your father's imposition, depending on the caskets.

Por. If I live to be as old as Sibylla, I will die as chaste as Diana, unless I be obtained by the manner of my father's will. I am glad that this parcel of wooers are so very reasonable; for there is not one among them but I doat on his very absence, and pray God grant them a fair departure.

Ner. Do you not remember, lady, in your father's time, a Venetian, a scholar and a soldier, that came hither in company of the Marquis of Montferrat?

Por. Yes, yes, it was Bassanio; as I think, he was so call'd.

Ner. True, madam. He, of all the men that ever my foolish eyes look'd upon, was the best deserving a fair lady.

Por. I remember him well; and I remember him worthy of thy praise. How now? what news?

Enter a Servant.

Ser. The four strangers seek for you, madam, to take their leave: and there is a fore-runner come from a fifth, the prince of Morocco; who brings word, the prince, his matter, will be here to-night.

Por. If I could bid the fifth welcome with so good heart as I can bid the other four farewell, I should be glad of his approach: if he have the condition of a saint, and the complexion of a devil, I had rather he should shrive me, than wive me. Come, Nerissa. Sirrah, go before—While we shut the gate upon one wooer, another knocks at the door.

[Exeunt.

SCENE, A public Place in Venice.

Enter Bassanio and Shylock.

Shy. Three thousand ducats: — well.
Bass. Ay, Sir, for three months.
Shy. For three months: — well.
Bass. For the which, as I told you, Anthonio shall be bound.

Shy. Anthonio shall become bound: — well.

Bass.
THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

Baff. May you feed me? will you pleasure me? shall I know your answer?

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

Baff. Your answer to that.

Shy. Anthonio is a good man.

Baff. Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?

Shy. Ho, no, no, no;—my meaning, in saying he is a good man, is, to have you understand, that he is sufficient. Yet his means are in supposition; he hath an Argosy bound to Tripoli, another to the Indies; I understand moreover upon the Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England; and other ventures he hath, squander'd abroad. But ships are but boards, sailors but men: there be land-rats, and water-rats; water-thieves, and land-thieves; I mean, pirates; and then, there is the peril of waters, winds, and rocks. The man is, notwithstanding, sufficient. Three thousand ducats: I think, I may take his bond.

Baff. Be affur'd, you may.

Shy. I will be affur'd I may; and that I may be affur'd, I will bethink me. May, I speak with Anthonio?

Baff. If it please you to dine with us.

Shy. Yes, to smell pork; to eat of the habitation, which your prophet the Nazarite conjured the devil into: I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and fo following; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you. What news on the Rialto? — Who is he comes here?

Enter Anthonio.

Baff. This is Signior Anthonio.

Shy. [Aside.] 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 down
The rate of usance here with us in Venice.
If I can catch him once upon the hip,
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
He hates our sacred nation; and he rails,
Even there where merchants most do congregate,
On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift,
Which he calls interest. Cursed be my tribe.
If I forgive him!

Baff. Shylock, do you hear?——

Shy. I am debating of my present store;
And by the near guess of my memory,
I cannot instantly raise up the gros
Of full three thousand ducats: what of that?
Tubal, a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe,
Will furnish me: but soft, how many months

Do you desire? Rest you fair, good signior;

[To Anth.

Your worship was the last man in our mouths.

Anth. Shylock, albeit I neither lend nor borrow
By taking, nor by giving of excess,
Yet, to supply the ripe wants of my friend,
I'll break a custom:—Is he yet poss'd,
How much you would?

Shy. Ay, ay, three thousand ducats.

Anth. And for three months.

Shy. I had forgot, three months, you told me so.
Well then, your bond; and let me see,—But hear you,
Methought, you said, you neither lend nor borrow
Upon advantage.

Anth. I do never use it:

Shy. When Jacob graz'd his uncle Laban's sheep,—

This Jacob from our holy Abraham was
(As his wife mother wrought in his behalf)
The third possessor; ay, he was the third.

Anth. And what of him? did he take interest?

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

Directly, interest: mark, what Jacob did.

When Laban and himself were compromis'd,
That all the yearlings which were streak'd and pied,
Should fall as Jacob's hire? the ewes, being rank,
In the end of autumn turned to the rams;
And when the work of generation was
Between those woolly breeders in the act,
The skilful shepherd peel'd me certain wands,
And, in the doing of the deed of kind,
He stuck them up before the fylive ewes;
Who, then conceiving, did in yearning time

Fall
Fall party-colour’d lambs, and those were Jacob’s.
This was a way to thrive, and he was blest;
And thrift is blessing, if men steal it not.

Anth. This was a venture, Sir, that Jacob serv’d
A thing not in his power to bring to pass, [for;
But sly’d, and fashion’d by the hand of Heaven.
Was this inferred to make interest good?
Or is your gold, and silver, ewes and rams?

Shy. I cannot tell; I make it breed as fast:

Anth. Mark you this, Bassanio?
The devil can cite scripture for his purpose.—
An evil soul, producing holy witnesses,
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek;
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.

Anth. Well, Shylock, shall we be beholden to
you?

Shy. Signior Anthonio, many a time and oft
In the Rialto, you have rated me,
About my monies, and my usances.
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug:
(For suffering is the badge of all our tribe)
You call me, unbeliever, cut-throat dog,
And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine;
And all for use of that, which is mine own.
Well, then, it now appears, you need my help:
Go to then; — you come to me, and you say,
Shylock, we would have monies; — you say so; —
You that did void your rheum upon my beard,
And foot me, as you spurn a stranger cur
Over your threshold; — monies is your suit;
What should I say to you? should I not say,
Fath a dog money? is it possible,
A cur can lend three thousand ducats? or
Shall I bend low, and in a bondman’s key,
With ’bated breath, and whispering humbleness,
Say this,—Fair Sir, you spit on me on Wednesday
left:—
You spurn’d me such a day; another time
You call’d me dog; and for these curtesies
I’ll lend you thus much monies? —

Anth. I am as like to call thee so again,

To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too.
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy friends, (for when did friendship take
A breed of barren metal of his friend?)
But lend it rather to thine enemy;
Who, if he break, thou may’t with better face
Exact the penalty.

Shy. Why, look you, how you storm?
I would be friends with you, and have your love:
Forget the shame that you have stain’d me with:
Supply your present wants, and take no doit.
Of usance for my monies, and you’ll not hear
This is kind I offer.

Anth. This were kindness.

Shy. This kindness will I shew:—
Go with me to a notary, seal me there
Your single bond; and, in a merry sport,
If you repay me not on such a day,
In such a place, such sum, or sums, as are
Express’d in the condition, let the forfeit
Be nominated for an equal pound
Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your body pleaseth me.

Anth. Content, in faith. I’ll seal to such a
bond,
And say, there is much kindness in the Jew.

Bass. You shall not seal to such a bond for me,
I’ll rather dwell in my necessities.

Anth. Why, fear not, man; I will not forfeit it;
Within these two months (that’s a month before
This bond expires) I do expect return
Of thrice three times the value of this bond.

Shy. O father Abraham, what these Christians
are!
Whose own hard dealing teaches them to suspect
The thought of others! pray you, tell me this;
If he should break this day, what should I gain
By the ealexion of the forfeiture?
A pound of man’s flesh, taken from a man,
Is not so estimable, profitable neither,
As flesh of muttons, beests, or goats. I say,
To buy his favour I extend this friendship?
If he will take it, so; if not, adieu;
And, for my love, I pray you wrong me not.

Anth. Yes, Shylock, I will seal unto this bond.

Shy.
Enter old Gobbo, with a Basket.

Gob. Master, young man; you, I pray you, which is the way to master Jew's?

Laun. [Aside.] O Heavens, this is my true-begotten father, who being more than sand blind, high-garvel blind, knows me not. — I will try confusion with him.

Gob. By God's fontis, 'twill be a hard way to hit. Can you tell me whether one Launcelot, that dwells with him, dwells with him, or not?

Laun. Talk you of young master Launcelot? (mark me now, [Aside.] now will I raise the waters ;) Talk you of young master Launcelot?

Gob. No master, Sir, but a poor man's son. His father, though I say't, is an honest exceeding poor man, and, God be thanked, well to live.

Laun. Well, let his father be what he will, we talk of young master Launcelot.

Gob. Your worship's friend, and Launcelot, Sir.

Laun. But! pray you ergo, old man: ergo; I beseech you; talk you of young master Launcelot?

Gob. Of Launcelot, an't please your mastership.

Laun. Ergo, master Launcelot; talk not of master Launcelot, father, for the young gentleman (according to fates and destinies, and such odd sayings, the sisters three, and such branches of learning) is, indeed decafed; or, as you would say, in plain terms, gone to heaven.

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

Laun. Do I look like a cudgel, or a hovel post, a staff or prop? Do you know me, father?
THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

Gob. A lack a day, I know you not, young gentleman: but I pray you tell me, is my boy, (God rest his soul) alive or dead?

Laun. Do you not know me, father?

Gob. Alack, Sir, I am sand-blind, I know you not.

Laun. Nay, indeed, if you had your eyes, you might fail of the knowing me: it is a wise father, that knows his own child. Well, old man I will tell you news of your son. Give me your blessing. Truth will come to light. Murder cannot be hid long; a man's son may; but in the end, truth will out.

Gob. Pray you, Sir, stand up. I am sure, you are not Launcelot my boy.

Laun. Pray you, let's have no more fooling about it, but give me your blessing; I am Launcelot, your boy that was, your son that is, your child that shall be.

Gob. I cannot think you are my son.

Laun. I know not, what I shall think of that: but I am Launcelot the Jew's man; and, I am sure, Margery your wife, is my mother.

Gob. Her name is Margery, indeed:—I'll be sworn if thou be Launcelot, thou art mine own flesh and blood. Lord worship'd might he be! what a beard hast thou got! thou hast got more hair on thy chin, than Dobbin my thill-horse has on his tail.

Laun. It should seem them, that Dobbin's tail grows backward; I am sure he had more hair on his tail, than I have on my face, when I last saw him.

Gob. Lord, how thou art chang'd! How dost thou and thy master agree? I have brought him a present: how agree you now?

Laun. Well, well; but for my own part, as I have set up my rest to run away, so I will not rest till I have run some ground. My master's a very Jew. Give him a present! give him a halter; I am famish'd 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, indeed, gives rare new liveries; if I serve him not, I will run as far as God has any ground. O, rare fortune! here comes the man;

Enter Bassanio, with Leonardo, and a Follower or two more.

Bass. You may do so.—But let it be so hasted, that supper be ready at the farthest by five of the clock. See these letters deliver'd; put the liveries to making; and desire Gratiano to come anon to my lodging.

Laun. To him, father.

Gob. God bless your worship!

Bass. Gramercy; would'st thou aught with me?

Gob. Here's my son, Sir, a poor boy,—

Laun. Not a poor boy, Sir, but the rich Jew's man; that would, Sir, as my father shall specify,

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

Laun. Indeed, the short and the long is I serve the Jew, and have a desire, as my father shall specify,

Gob. His master and he, (saving your worship's reverence) are scarce cater-cousins.

Laun. To be brief, the very truth is, that the Jew, having done me wrong, doth cause me, as my father, being, I hope, an old man, shall fructify unto you,

Gob. I have here a dish of doves, that I would bestow upon your worship; and my suit is—

Laun. In very brief, the suit is impertinent to myself, as your worship shall know by this honest old man; and, though I say it, though old man, yet poor man my father.

Bass. One speak for both. What would you?

Laun. Serve you, Sir.

Gob. This is the very defect of the matter, Sir:

Bass. I know thee well. Thou hast obtain'd thy suit:

Shylock, thy master, spoke with me this day,
And hath preferr'd thee; if it be preferment
To leave a rich Jew's service to become
The follower of so poor a gentleman.

Laun. The old proverb is very well parted between master Shylock and you, Sir; you have the grace of God, Sir, and he hath enough.
The Merchant of Venice.

Bass. Thou speak'rt it well. Go, father, with thy son:
Take leave of thy old master, and enquire
My lodging out.——Give him a livery.

[To his followers.

More guarded than his fellows: see it done.

Laun. Father, in. I cannot get a service, no;
I have ne'er a tongue in my head.——Well, [looking on his palm] if any man in Italy have a fairer table, which doth offer to swear upon a book, I shall have good fortune.——Go to, here's a sim.
ple line of life! Here's a small trifle of wives:
alas, fifteen wives is nothing; eleven widows and nine maids is a simple coming-in for one man.
And then, to 'scape drowning thrice, and to be in peril of my life with the edge of a feather-bed.
Here are simple 'scapes! Well, if Fortune be a woman, she's a good wench for this gear. Father, come; I'll take my leave of the Jew in the twinkling of an eye.

[Exeunt Laun. and Gob.

Bass. I pray thee, good Leonardo, think on this:
These things being bought and orderly bestow'd,
Return in haste, for I do feast to-night
My best-esteem'd acquaintance: hie thee, go.

Laun. My best endeavours shall be done, believe.

Enter Gratiano.

Gra. Where is your master?

Bass. Gratiano!

Gra. I have a suit to you.

Bass. You have obtain'd it.

Gra. You must not deny me, I must go with you to Belmont.

Bass. Why, then you must:——But hear thee,

Gratiano,

Thou art too wild, too rude, and bold of voice;——
Parts, that become thee happily enough,
And in such eyes as ours appear not faults;
But where thou art not known, why, there they
Something too liberal; pray thee, take pain [theew
To alloy with some cold drops of modesty
Thy skipping spirit; left, through thy wild beha-
vour,

I be misconstru'd in the place I go to,
And lose my hopes.

Gra. Signior Bassanio, hear me:
If I do not put on a sober habit,
Talk with respect, and 'scape but now and then;
Weap prayer-books in my pocket, look demurely;
Nay more, while grace is saying, hood mine eyes
Thus with my hat, and sigh, and say, Amen;
Never trust me more.

Bass. Well, we shall see your bearing.

Gra. Nay, but I bar to-night; you shall not
By what we do to-night.

Bass. No, that were pity:
I would intreat you rather to put on
Your boldest suit of mirth, for we have friends
That purpose merriment—But fare you well,
I have some business.

Gra. And I must to Lorenzo, and the rest—
But we will visit you at supper-time. [Exeunt.

Scene, Shylock's House.

Enter Jessica and Launcelot.

Jef. I am sorry thou wilt leave my father so:
Our house is hell, and thou, a merry devil,
Didst rob it of some taste of tediousness:—
But fare thee well; there is a ducat for thee.
And, Launcelot, soon at supper shalt thou see
Lorenzo, who is thy new master's guest—
Give him this letter; do it secretly,
And so farewell—I would not have my father
See me talk with thee.

Laun. Adieu!——Tears exhibit my tongue.

[Aside.] Most beautiful Pagan,—most sweet Jew!
If a Christian did not play the knave and get thee,
I am much deceiv'd. But, adieu these foolish drops
Do somewhat drown my manly spirit—adieu!

Jef. Farewel, good Launcelot.—

Alack, what heinous sin is it in me,
To be ashamed to be my father's child!
But though I am a daughter to his blood,
I am not to his manners. O, Lorenzo,
If thou keep promise, I shall end this strife;
Become a Christian, and thy loving wife.

Song,
SONG, by Jessica.

Haste, Lorenzo, haste away,
To my longing arms repair,
With impatience I shall die;
Come, and ease thy Jeffy’s care—
Let me then, in wanton play,
Sigh and gaze my soul away. [Exit.

SCENE. The Street.

Enter Gratiano, Lorenzo, Solarino, and Salanio

Lor. Nay, we will flink away at supper-time,
Disguise us at my lodging, and return
All in an hour.

Gra. We have not made good preparation.
Sal. We have not spoke us yet of torch-bearers.
Sola. 'Tis vile, unless it may be quaintly ordered;
And better, in my mind, not undertook.
Lor. 'Tis now but four a-clock; we have two
To furnish us. [Hours

Enter Launcelot, with a Letter.

Friend Launcelot, what's the news?

Laun. An't it shall please you to break up this,
it shall seem to signify.
Lor. I know the hand—in faith, 'tis a fair
And whiter than the paper it writ on, [hand;
Is the fair hand that writ.

Gra. Love-news, in faith.

Laun. By your leave, Sir.

Lor. Whither goest thou?

Laun. Marry, Sir, to bid my old master the
Jew to sup to-night with my new master the Christian.
Lor. Hold, here, take this. — Tell gentle
Jessica,
I will not fail her—Speak it privately; go—
Gentlemen, will you prepare you for this masque
to-night?

I am provided of a torch bearer [Exit Laun.

Sal. Ay, Marry, I'll be gone about it straight.

Sola. And so will I.
Lor. Meet me, and Gratiano,

At Gratiano's lodging some hour hence.

Sal. 'Tis good we do so.

Gra. Was not that letter from fair Jessica?

Lor. I must needs tell thee all. She hath directed,
How I shall take her from her father's house?
What goods and jewels she is furnish'd with;
What page's suit she hath in readiness.
If e'er the Jew her father come to heaven,
It will be for his gentle daughter's sake:
And never dare misfortune cross her foot,
Unless she do it under this excuse,
That she is issue to a faithless Jew.
Come, go with me; peruse this, as thou goest.
Fair Jeffica shall be my torch-bearer. [Exit.

SCENE. Shylock's House.

Enter Shylock and Launcelot.

Shy. Well thou shalt see, thy eyes shall be thy judge,
The inference of old Shylock and Bassanio:—
What, Jeffica!—thou shalt not gormandize,
As thou hast done with me:—what, Jeffica!—
And sleep and snore, and rend apparel out:
Why, Jeffica, I say!

Laun. Why, Jeffica!

Laun. Your worship was wont tell me, that I
could do nothing without bidding.

Enter Jeffica.

Jef. Call you? What is your will?

Shy. I am bid forth to supper, Jeffica!
There are my keys:—But wherefore should I go?
I am not bid for love; they flatter me:
But yet I'll go in hate, to feed upon
The prodigal Christian.—Jeffica, my girl,
Look to my house:—I am right loth to go;
There is some ill a brewing towards my rest,
For I did dream of money-bags to-night.

Laun. I lefsech you, Sir, go; my young master's to expect your reproach.

Shy. So do I his.

Laun. And they have conspired together.—— I
will not say, you shall see a masque; but if you do,
then it was not for nothing that my nose fell a
bleeding on Black-Monday last, at six o'clock i' the morning,
THE MERCHANT OF VENICE. 13

morning, falling out that year on Ash-wednesday
was four year in the afternoon.

Shy. What! are there masques? Hear you me;
Jessica,
Lock up my doors; and when you hear the drum,
And the vile squeaking of the wry-neck'd sife,
Clamber not you up to the casements then,
Nor thrust your head into the public street,
To gaze on Christian fools with varnish'd faces:
But stop my house's ears, I mean, my casements;
Let not the sound of hollow foppery enter
My sober house.—By Jacob's staff, I swear,
I have no mind of feasting forth to-night:
But I will go. — Go you before me, sirrah:
Say, I will come.

Lau. I will go before, Sir:
Mistref's look out at window, for all this;
There will come a Christian by,
Will be worth a Jewef's eye. [Exit Lau.

Shy. What says that fool of Hagar's offspring,  
ha?

Jef. His words were, Farewel, mistref; nothing
else.

Shy. The patch is kind enough; but a huge
Snail-flow in profit: but he sleeps by day
More than the wild cat; drones hive not with me;
Therefore I part with him; and part with him
'To one, that I would have him help to wate
His borrow'd purse. — Well, Jessica, go in;
Perhaps, I will return immediately;
Do, as I bid you: —
Shut the doors after you; fast bind, fast find:
A proverb never stale in thirsty mind. [Exit.

Jef. Farewel; and if my fortune be not croft.
I have a father, you a daughter lost. [Exit.

SCENE, The Street.

Enter Gratiano and Salanio in Masquerade.

Gra. This is the pent-house, under which Lo-
Desired us to make a stand.

Sal. His hour is almost past.

Gra. And it is marvel he out-dwells his hour,
For lovers ever run before the clock.

Sal. Q, ten times faster Venus' pigeon fly
To seal love's bonds new made, than they are went

To keep oblig'd faith unforfeited!

Gra. That ever holds.

Sal. Here comes Lorenzo.—More of this here-
after.

Enter Lorenzo.

Lor. Sweet friends, your patience for my long
abode:
Not I, but my affairs, have made me wait—
When you shall please to play the thieves for
wives,
I'll watch as long for you then; approach;
Here dwells my father Jew. Ho! who's within?

SONG, by Lorenzo.

My bliss too long my bride denies;
Apace the wailing summer flies;
Nor yet the wintry blasts I fear,
Nor storms nor night shall keep me here.

What may for strength with steel compare?
O, love has fetters stronger far!
By bolts of steel are limbs cousin'd;
But cruel love enchains the mind.

No longer then perplex thy breast,
When thoughts torment, the first are best;
'Tis mad to go, 'tis death to stay,
Away, my Jefly, haste away.

Jessica above in Boy's Cloaths.

Jef. Who are you? tell me, for more certainty,
Albeit I'll swear that I do know your tongue.

Lor. Lorenzo, and thy love.

Jef. Lorenzo, certain; and my love, indeed;
For whom love I so much? and now who knows,
But you, Lorenzo, whether I am yours?

Lor. Heaven and thy thoughts are witness,
that thon art.

Jef. Here, catch this casket, it is worth the
pains.

Lor. But come at once;
For the close night doth play the run-away,
And we are fled for at Ballanio's feast.

Jef. I will make fast the doors, and gild myself
With some more ducats, and be with you straight.

[Exit from above.

Gra.
Gra. Now by my hood, a Gentile, and no Jew.

Lor. Beshrew me, but I love her heartily—
For she is wise, if I can judge of her;
And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true:
And true she is, as she has prov’d herself;
And therefore like herself, wise, fair, and true,
Shall she be placed in my constant soul.

Enter Jessica below.

What art thou come?—On, gentlemen, away;
Our masquing mates by this time for us stay.

Exit.

Enter Anthonio.

Anth. Who’s there?

Gra. Signior Anthonio?

Anth. Fie, Gratiano! where are all the rest?
’Tis nine o’clock, our friends all stay for you—
No masque to-night;—the wind is come about,
Bassanio presently will go aboard—
I have sent twenty out to seek for you.

Gra. I am glad on’t; I desire no more delight
Than to be under sail, and gone to-night. [Exeunt.

SCENE, The Rialto.

Enter Salarino and Solarino.

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

Sola. The villain Jew with outcries rais’d the duke,
Who went with him to search Bassanio’s ship.

Sal. He came too late, the ship was under sail—
But there the duke was, given to understand,
That in a Gondola were seen together
Lorenzo and his amorous Jessica—
Besides Anthonio certify’d the duke,
They were not with Bassanio in his ship.

Sola. I never heard a passion so confus’d.

So strange, outrageous, and so variable,
As the dog Jew did utter in the streets;

“O, my daughter!—O, my ducats!—O, my
“daughter!

“Justice! the law!—My ducats, and my
“daughter!

“A sealed bag, two sealed bags of ducats,

Of double ducats, stol’n from me by my
dughter

“And jewels—Justice! find the girl!
“She hath the jewels upon her, and the ducats!”

Let good Anthonio look he keeps his day;
Or shall he pay for this.

Sal. Marry, well remember’d.
I reason’d with a Frenchman yesterday;
Who told me, in the narrow seas, that part
The French and English, there miscarried
A vessel of our country, richly fraught.
I thought upon Anthonio, when he told me,
And wish’d in silence, that it were not his.

Sola. You were best to tell Anthonio what you
hear;
Yet do not suddenly, for it may grieve him.

Sal. A kinder gentlemen treads not the earth.
I saw Bassanio and Anthonio part.
Bassanio told him, he would make some speed
Of his return—he answer’d “Do not so.
“Slubber not business for my sake, Bassanio,
“But stay the very riping of the time;
“And for the Jew’s bond, which he hath of me,
“Let it not enter in your mind of love;
“Be merry, and employ your chiefest thoughts
“To courtship, and such fair o’erlings of love,
“As shall conveniently become you there.”
And even there his eye being big with tears,
Turning his face, he puts his hand behind him,
And with affection wondrous sensible
He wrung Bassanio’s hand, and so they parted.

Sola. I think, he only loves the world for him.
I pray thee, let us go and find him out,
And quicken his embraced heaviness
With some delight or other.

Sal. Do we so.

[Exeunt.

ACT III.

SCENE, A Street in Venice.

Enter Salarino and Solarino.

Solarino.

NOW, what news on the Rialto?

Sal. Why, yet it lives there uncheck’d,
that Anthonio hath a ship of rich lading wreck’d on
Sal. Why, I am sure, if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his flesh—what's that good for?

Shy. To bait fish withal. If it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge. He hath disgrac'd me, and hinder'd me of half a million; laugh'd at my losses, mock'd at my gains, scorn'd my nation, thwarted my bargains, cool'd my friends, heated mine enemies; and what's his reason? I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warm'd and cool'd by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? If you prick 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's his humility? This is a real matter. There's more of him in this than is shown in his capacity. He is a Jew. A Christian would he was not a Jew.

Enter Tubal.

Sala. Here comes another of the tribe; a third cannot be match'd, unless the devil himself turn Jew.

[Exeunt Sala. and Solar.

Shy. How now, Tubal, what news from Genoa? hast thou found my daughter?

Tubal. I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her.

Shy. Why there, there, there, there! a diamond gone, cost me two thousand ducats in Frankfort! the curse never fell upon our nation till now; I never felt it till now—two thousand ducats in that, and other precious, precious jewels. I would, my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear! O, would she were hear'd at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin! No news of them?—why, so—and I know not what's spent in the search. Why, thou lo'st upon lo'st; the thief gone with so much, and so much to find the thief; and no satisfaction, no revenge—not no ill luck stirring, but what lights o' my shoulders; no sighs, but o' my shedding.
THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

Tub. Yes, other men have ill luck too—Anthonio, as I heard in Genoa—

Shy. What, what, what? ill luck, ill luck?

Tub. Hath an Argosy cast away, coming from Tripolis.

Shy. I thank God, I thank God—Is it true? is it true?

Tub. I spoke with some of the sailors that escaped the wreck.

Shy. I thank thee, good Tubal—Good news, good news—ha! ha! Where? in Genoa?

Tub. Your daughter spent in Genoa, as I heard, one night, fourscore ducats.

Shy. Thou stick'st a dagger in me—I shall never see my gold again—fourscore ducats at a sitting! fourscore ducats!

Tub. There came divers of Anthonio's creditors in my company to Venice, that swear he cannot chuse but break.

Shy. I am glad of it. I'll plague him, I'll torture him. I am glad of it.

Tub. One of them shewed me a ring, that he had of your daughter for a monkey.

Shy. Out upon her! Thou torturest me, Tubal—It was my Turquois, I had it of Leah when I was a bachelor—I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys.

Tub. But Anthonio is certainly undone.

Shy. Nay, that's true, that's very true—go, Tubal, see me an officer, bespeak him a fortnight before. I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit; for where he out of Venice, I can make what merchandize I will. Go, go, Tubal, and meet me at our synagogue? go, good Tubal; at our synagogue, Tubal. [Exeunt.

SCENE, Belmont.

Enter Bassanio, Portia, Gratiano, and Attendants.

The Caskets are set out.

Por. I pray you, tarry;—pause a day or two, Before you hazard; for, in chusing wrong I lose your company; therefore, forbear a while. There's something tells me, but it is not love, I would not lose you; and you know yourself, I could teach you

How to chuse right, but I am then forsworn; So will I never be—so you may miss me; But if you do, you'll make me with a sin, That I had been forsworn.

Baff. Let me chuse;

For, as I am, I live upon the rack. But let me to my fortune and the caskets. Por. Away, then! I am lock'd in one of them. If you do love me, you will find me out. Nerissa, and the rest, stand all aloof. Let music sound, while he doth make his choice; Then if he lose, he makes a swan-like end, Fading in music.

Baff. ——So may the outward shows 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 shew of evil? In religion, What damned error, but some sober brow Will bless it, and approve it with a text, Hiding the grossness with fair ornament? There is no vice so simple, but assumes Some mark of virtue on its outward parts. How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars; Who, inward search'd, have livers white as milk? Therefore, thou gaudy gold, Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee; Nor none of the thee, thou pale and common drudge 'Tween man and man—But thou, thou meager lead, Which rather, threatnest, than dost promise aught, Thy plainless moves me more than eloquence; And here chuse I. Joy be the consequence! Por. O, love, be moderate, allay thy ceafary, In measure rain thy joy, faint this excess; I feel too much thy blessing, make it less, For fear I surfeit!

Baff. What find I here? [Opening the leaden casket. Fair Portia's counterfeit? What Demy-god Hath come so near creation? Move their eyes? Or whether, riding on the balls of mine, Seem they in motion? Here are sever'd lips
And then Away to Venice to your friend; 
For never shall you lie by Portia's side 
With an unquiet soul. You shall have gold 
To pay the petty debt twenty times over.

When it is paid, bring your true friend along: 
My maid Nerissa and myself, mean time, 
Will live as maids and widows. Come,—away! 
For you shall hence upon our wedding-day.

Bid your friends welcome, shew a merry cheer; 
Since you are dear bought, I will love you dear. 
—but let me hear the letter of your friend.

Bass. [reads.] "Sweet Bassanio, my ships have 
all miscarried, my creditors grow cruel, my 
estate is very low, my bond to the Jew is for- 
feit; and since, in paying it, it is impossible I 
should live, all debts are cleared between you 
and me, if I might but see you at my death. 
Notwithstanding, use your pleasure: if your 
love do not persuade you to come, let not my 
letter."

Por. O, love, dispatch all business, and be gone. 

Bass. Since you have your good leave to go away, 
I will make haste: but till I come again, 
No bed shall e'er be guilty of my stay, 
No rest be interposed 'twixt us twain. 

[Exeunt.

SCENE, A Street in Venice.

Enter Shylock, Bassanio, Anthonio, and the Jailer.

Shy. Jailer, look to him:—Tell not me of mercy: 
This is the fool that lent out money gratis;— 
Jailer, look to him. 

Anth. Hear me yet, good Shylock.

Shy. I'll have my bond; speak not against my bond. 
I have sworn an oath, that I will have my bond. 
Thou call'dst me dog, before thou hadst a cause; 
But, since I am a dog, beware my fangs. 
The duke shall grant me justice. I do wonder, 
Thou naughty jailer, that thou art so fond 
To come abroad with him at his request. 

Anth. I pray thee, hear me speak. 

Shy. I'll have my bond I will not hear thee speak:—

I'll have my bond; and therefore speak no more. 
I'll not be made a fool and dull-eyed fool, 
To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield 
To Christian intercessors. Follow not; 
I'll have no speaking; I will have my bond. 

[Exit Shylock.

Sola. It is the most impenetrable cur, 
That ever kept with men. 

Anth. Let him alone; 
I'll follow him no more with bootless prayers: 
He seeks my life; his reason well I know. 
I oft deliver'd from his forfeitures. 
Many that have at times made moan to me. 
Therefore he hates me. 

Sola. I am sure, the duke 
Will never grant his forfeiture to hold. 

Anth. The duke cannot deny the course of law: 
For the commodity that strangers have 
With us in Venice, if it be deny'd, 
Will much impeach the justice of the state. 
Since that the trade and profit of the city 
Confiseth of all nations. 'Therefore go; 
These griefs and losses have so 'bated me, 
That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh 
To-morrow to my bloody creditor.—— 
Well, jailer, on——Pray God, Bassanio come 
To see me pay his debt, and then I care not! 

[Exeunt.

SCENE, Belmont.

Enter Portia, Nerissa, Lorenzo, Jessica, and Balthazar.

Lor. Madam, although I speak it in your presence, 
You have a noble and a true conceit 
Of God-like amity: which appears 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 lend relief, 
How dear a lover of my lord your husband, 
I know, you would be prouder of the work, 
Than customary bounty can enforce you. 

Por. I never did repent of doing good, 
And shall not now: 
Therefore, no more of it. Hear other things.—— 
Lorenzo, I commit into your hands 

The
The husbandry and manage of my house,
Until my lord's return. For mine own part,
I have toward heaven breath'd a secret vow,
To live in prayer and contemplation,
Only attended by Nerissa here,
Until her husband and my lord's return.
There is a monastery two miles off,
And there we will abide, I do desire you,
Not to deny this imposition;
The which my love, and some necessity
Now lays upon you.

Lor. Madam, with all my heart;
I shall obey you in all fair commands.

Por. My people do already know my mind,
And will acknowledge you and Jessica
In place of lord Bellario and myself.
So fare you well till we shall meet again.

Lor. Fair thoughts and happy hours attend on
you!

Jef. I wish your ladyship all heart's content.

Por. I thank you for your wish, and am well
pleas'd
To wish it back on you: fare you well, Jessica.

[Exeunt Jef. and Lor.

Now, Balthazar,
As I have ever found thee honest, true,
So let me find thee still: Take this same letter,
And use thou all the endearment of a man,
In speed to Padua; see thou render this
Into my cousin's hand, doctor Bellario;
And, look, what notes and garments he doth give
thee,
Bring them, I pray thee, with imagin'd speed
Unto the Traiect, to the common ferry
Which trades to Venice: waste no time in words,
But get thee gone; I shall be there before thee.

Balth. Madam, I go with all convenient speed.

[Exit.

Por. Come on, Nerissa, I have work in hand,
That you yet know not of: we'll see our husbands,
Before they think of us.

Ner. Shall they see us?

Por. They shall, Nerissa; but in such a habit,
That they shall think we are accomplished
With what we lack. I'll hold thee any wager,
When we are both appareled like young men,

I'll prove the prettiest fellow of the two,
And wear the dagger with a braver grace;
And speak between the change of man and boy,
With a reed voice; and turn two mincing steps
Into a manly stride, and speak frays,
Like a fine bragging youth: and tell quaint lies,
How honourable ladies sought my love,
Which I denying, they fell sick and dy'd;
I could not do with all: — then I'll repent,
And wish, for all that, that I had not kill'd them.
And twenty of these puny lies I'll tell,
That men shall swear, I have discontinued school
Above a twelvemonth. I have in my mind
A thousand raw tricks of these bragging Jacks,
Which I will practise.

But come, I'll tell thee all my whole device
When I am in my coach; which stays for us.
At the park-gate; and therefore haste away,
For we must measure twenty miles to-day.

[Exeunt.

Enter Launcelot and Jessica.

Laun. Yes, truly:—for, look you, the sins of
the father are to be laid upon the children; there-
fore, I promise you, I fear for you. I was always
plain with you: and so now I speak my agstion
of the matter: therefore he or good cheer; for,
truly, I think, you are damn'd. There is but
one hope in it that can do you any good; and
that is but a kind of bastard hope neither.

Jef. And what hope is that, I pray thee?

Laun. Marry, you may partly hope that your fa-
ther got you not, that you are not the Jew's
daughter.

Jef. That were a kind of bastard hope, indeed.
So the sins of my mother shall be visited upon me.

Laun. Truly, then, I fear, you are damn'd both
by father, and mother; thus when I shun Scylla,
your father, I fall into Charybdis, your mother:—
well, you are gone both ways.

Jef. I shall be saved by my husband; he hath
made me a Christian.

Laun. Truly, the more to blame he: we were
Christians enough before e'en as many as could
well live one by another. This making of Chris-
tians will raise the price of hogs: if we grow all
Defy the matter. How far'st thou, Jessica? And now, good sweet, say thy opinion, How dost thou like the lord Baffanio's wife? Jef. Past all expressing: It is very meet, The lord Baffanio live an upright life; For, having such a blessing in his lady, He finds the joys of heaven here on earth: And, if on earth he do not merit it, then In 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 Pawn'd with the other; for the poor rude world Hath not her fellow.

Lor. Even such a husband Has thou of me, as she is for a wife.

Jef. Nay, but ask my opinion too of that.

Lor. I will anon. First, let us go to dinner.

Jef. Nay, let me praise you, while I have a stomach.

Lor. No, pray thee, let it serve for table-talk; Then, bowfo'er thou speakest, 'mong other I shall digest it.

Jef. Well, I'll let you forth. Exeunt.

ACT IV.

SCENE, The Senate-house in Venice.

Enter the Duke, the Senators, Anthonio, Baffanio, Gratiano, and others.

Duke.

W HAT, is Anthonio here? Antb. Ready, to please your grace.

Duke. I'm sorry for thee; thou art come to answer A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch Uncapable of pity, void and empty From any dram of mercy.

Antb. I have heard, Your Grace hath taken great pains to qualify His rigorous course; but since he stands obdurare, And that no lawful means can carry me Out of his envy's reach, I do oppose.
My patience to his fury; and am arm'd
To suffer, with a quietness of spirit,
The very tyranny and rage of his.

_Duke._ Go one, and call the Jew into the court.

_Sal._ He's ready at the door; he comes, my lord,

_Enter Shylock._

_Duke._ Make room, and let him stand before our face.

Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too,
That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice
To the last hour of act; and then, 'tis thought,
Thou'l'shew thy mercy, and remorse, more strange,
Than is thy strange apparent cruelty.
And, where thou now exact'st the penalty,
Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh,
Then wilt not only lose the forfeiture,
But touch'd with human gentleness and love,
Forgive a moiety of the principal;
Glancing an eye of pity on his losses,
That have of late so huddled on his back,
Enough to press a royal merchant down;
And pluck commiseration of his state
From braffy bosoms, and rough hearts of flint;
From stubborn Turks, and Tartars, never train'd
To offices of tender courtesy.
We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.

_Shy._ I have post's'd your Grace of what I purpose,
And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn,
To have the due and forfeit of my bond.
If you deny it, let the danger light
Upon your Charter, and your city's freedom.
You'll ask me, why I rather chuse to have
A weight of carrion flesh, than to receive
Three thousand ducats: I'll not answer that;
But, say, it is my humour: Is it answer'd?
What if my house be troubled with a rat,
And I be pleas'd to give ten thousand ducats
To have it ban'd? What, are you answer'd yet?
Some men there are, love not a gaping pig;
Some, that are mad, if they behold a cat;
And others, when the bag-pipe sings 'tis noise,
Cannot contain their urine. For affection,
Which, like your ass's, and your dogs, and mules, 
You use in abject and in slavish pacts,
Because you bought them. Shall I say to you, 
Let them be free, marry them to your heirs? 
Why sweat they under burdens? let their beds 
Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates 
Be season'd with such viands? you will answer, 
The slaves are ours:— So do I answer you, 
The pound of flesh, which I demand of him, 
Is dearly bought, is 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 judgment. Answer, shall I have it?

Duke. Upon my power I may dismiss the court, 
Unless Bellario, a learned doctor, 
Whom I have sent for to determine this, 
Come here to-day.

Sal. My lord, here stays, without, 
A messenger with letters from the doctor, 
Now come from Padua,

Duke. Bring us the letters; call the messenger. 
Baff. Good cheer, Anthonio! What man? 
courage yet!
The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones, and all. 
Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood. 

Anth. I am a tainted weather of the flock, 
Meetest for death—the weakest kind of fruit 
Drops earliest to the ground, and so let me. 
You cannot better he employ'd, Baffano, 
Than to live still, and write mine epitaph.

Enter Nerissa, dressed like a Lawyer's Clerk.

Duke. Came you from Padua, from Bellario? 
Ner. From both, my lord. Bellario greets your grace.

Baff. Why dost thou wet thy knife so earnestly? 
Shy. To cut the forfeiture from that bankrupt there. 

Gra. Can no prayers pierce thee? 
Shy. No, none that thou haft wit enough to make. 

Gra. O, be thou damn'd, inexorable dog, 
And for thy life let justice be accus'd! 
Thou almost mak'st me waver in my faith, 
To hold opinion with Pythagoras, 
That souls of animals infuse themselves 
Into the trunks of men. Thy currish spirit 
Govern'd a wolf, who, hang'd for human slaughter, 
Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet, 
And, whilst thou lay'st in thy unhallow'd dam, 
Infus'd itself in thee; for thy defines 
Are wolfish, bloody, starv'd, and ravenous.

Shy. Till thou can't rail the seal from off my bond, 
Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud— 
Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall 
To cureless ruin.—I stand here for law.

Duke. This letter from Bellario doth commend 
A young and leaned doctor to our court.—— 
Where is he?

Ner. He attendeth here hard by 
To know your answer, whether you'll admit him. 
Duke. With all my heart. Some three or four 
of you 
Go give him courteous conduct to this place:—— 
Mean time, the court shall hear Bellario's letter.

"Your Grace shall understand, that, at the 
receipt of your letter, I am very sick: but at 
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 controversy between the Jew, and 
Anthonio, the merchant. We turn'd o'er 
many books together: he is furnish'd with my 
opinion; which, bettered with his own learning, 
(the greatness whereof I cannot enough com-
mand) comes with him at my importunity, to fill 
up your Grace's request in my stead. I beseech 
you, let his lack of years be no impediment, to 
let him lack a reverend effimation: for I never 
"knew so young a body with so old a head. I 
leave him to your gracious acceptance, whose 
"trial shall better publish his commendation."

Enter Portia, dress'd like a Doctor of Laws.

Duke. You hear the learn'd Bellario what he 
writes; 
And here, I take it, is the doctor come. 
—Give me your hand. Came you from old Bel-
Por. I did, my lord. [lario? 
Duke. You are welcome: take your place. 
Are you acquainted with the difference,
THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

That holds this present question in the court? Po. I am inform'd thoroughly of the cause.

Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew? Duke. Antonio and old Shylock, both stand

Po. Is your name Shylock? [forth.

Shy. Shylock is my name.

Po. Of a strange nature is the suit you follow;
Yet in such rule, that the Venetian law
Cannot impugn you, as you do proceed.
—You stand within his danger, do you not?

Anth. Ay, so he says.

Po. Do you confess the bond?

Anth. I do.

Po. Then must the Jew be merciful.

Shy. On what compulsion must I? tell me that.

Po. The quality of mercy is not strain'd;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath. It is twice bless'd;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes;
’Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown:
His sceptre shews the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this sceptre'd sway,
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings:
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then lend likest God's,
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Tho' justice be 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 court of Venice
Must needs give sentence against the merchant there.

Shy. My deeds upon my head! I crave the
The penalty and forfeit of my bond. [law

Po. Is he not able to discharge the money?

Bass. Yes, here I tender it for him in the court;

Yea, twice the sum: if that will not suffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart;

If this will not suffice, it must appear
That malice bears down truth. And I beseech
Wrest once the law to your authority.

To do a great right, to do a little wrong;
And curb this cruel devil of his will.

Po. It must not be; there is no power in
Can alter a decree establ.ished;
’Twill be recorded for a precedent;
And many an error, by the same example,
Will rush into the state:—It cannot be.

Shy. A Daniel come to judgment? yea, a

Daniel.

O, wise young judge, how do I honour thee!

Po. I pray you, let me look upon the bond.

Shy. Here 'tis, most reverend doctor, here it is.

Po. Shylock, there’s thrice thy money offer’d thee.

Shy. An oath, an oath,—I have an oath in
Shall I lay perjury upon my soul? [heaven:

No, not for Venice.

Po. Why then this bond is forfeit;
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off
Nearest the merchant’s heart. Be merciful;
Take thrice thy money; bid me tear the bond.

Shy. When it is paid according to the tenour,—
It doth appear you are a worthy judge;
You know the law; your exposition
Hath been most sound. I charge you by the law,
Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,
Proceed to judgement. By my soul I swear,
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me: I stay here on my bond.

Anth. Most heartily I do beseech the court
To give the judgement.

Po. Why, then thus it is:
You must prepare your bosom for his knife.

Shy. O, noble judge! O, excellent young man!

Po. For the intent and purpose of the law
Hath full relation to the penalty,
Which here appeareth due upon the bond.

Shy. 'Tis very true. O, wise and upright
judge!

How much more elder art thou than thy looks!

Po. Therefore lay bare your bosom.

Shy. Ay, his breast;
THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

So says the bond; doth it not, noble judge?
Nearest his heart, those are the very words.

Por. It is so. Are there balance here to weigh
the flesh?

Shy. I have them ready.

Por. Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your
charge,
To stop his wounds, lest he should bleed to death.

Shy. Not so nominated in the bond?
Por. It is not so express'd; but what of that?

'Twere good, you do so much for charity.

Shy. I cannot find 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!

Grieve not, that I am fallen to this for you;
For herein Fortune shows herself more kind,
Than is her custom. 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 lingering penance
Of such a misery doth she cut me off.

Commend me to your honourable wife:
Tell her the process of Anthonio's end;
Say, how I lov'd you; speak me fair in death;
And when that tale is told, bid her be judge,
Whether Bassanio had not once a love.

Repent not you, that you shall lose your friend,
And he repents not, that he pays your debt;
For, if the Jew do cut but deep enough,
I'll pay it instantly with all my heart.

Bass. Anthonio, I am married to a wife,
Which is as dear to me as life itself:
But life itself, my wife, and all the world,
Are not with me esteem'd above thy life.

Por. Your wife would give you little thanks for
that,
If she were by, to hear 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 behind her back;
The wife would make else an unquiet house.

Shy. These be the Christian husbands, I have a
daughter;

Would, any of the flock of Barrabas
Had been her husband, rather than a Christian!

—We trifle time; I pray thee, pursue sentence.

Por. A pound of that same merchant's flesh is
thine,
The court awards it, and the law doth give it.

Shy. Most rightful judge!

Por. And you must cut this flesh from off his
breast;
The law allows it, and the court awards it.

Shy. Most learned judge! — A sentence—
come, prepare.

Por. Tarry a little; — there is something else.

This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood;
The words expressly are a pound of flesh.

Then take thy bond, take thou thy pound of
But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed [flesh;
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods
Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate
Unto the state of Venice.

Gra. O, upright judge! — Mark, Jew; — O,
learned judge!

Shy. Is that the law?

Por. Thyself shalt see the act:

For, as thou urgest justice, be affur'd,
Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desir'dst.

Gra. O, learned judge! — Mark, Jew — a learned
judge!

Shy. I take this offer then; — pay the bond thrice,
And let the Christian go.

Bass. Here is the money.

Por. The Jew shall have all justice; — soft! —

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 blood; nor cut thou no less, nor
more,
But just a pound of flesh: if thou tak'st more
Or less, than just a pound, be it so much
As makes it light or heavy in the substance,
On the division of the twentieth part
Of one poor scruple; nay, if the scale turn
But in the estimation of a hair,
Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate.
**THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.**

Gra. A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew!

—Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip.

Por. Why doth the Jew pause?—take the forfeiture.

Shy. Give me my principal, and let me go.

Baff. I have it ready for thee; here it is.

Por. He hath refus'd it in the open court;

He shall have merely justice, and his bond.

Gra. A Daniel, still say I: A second Daniel!

I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.

Shy. Shall I not barely have my principal?

Por. Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture to be so taken at thy peril, Jew.

Shy. Why, then the devil give him good of it!

I'll stay no longer question.

Por. Tarry, Jew;

The law hath yet another hold on you.

It is enacted in the laws of Venice,

If it be prov'd against an alien,

That, by direct, or indirect attempts

He seeks the life of any citizen,

The party, 'gainst which he doth contrive,

Shall seize on half his goods; the other half

Comes to the privy coffers of the state;

And the offender's life lies in the mercy

Of the Duke only, 'gainst all other voice:

In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st.

For it appears, by manifest proceeding,

That indirectly, and directly too,

Thou hast contriv'd against the very life

Of the defendant; and thou hast incur'd

The danger formerly by me rehearse'd.

Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the Duke.

Gra. Beg, that thou may'st have leave to hang thyself:

And yet, thy wealth being forfeited to the state,

Thou hast not left the value of a cord;

Therefore, thou must be hang'd at the state's charge.

Duke. That thou may'st see the difference of our spirit,

I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it.

For half thy wealth, it is Anthonio's;

The other half comes to the general state,

Which humbleness may drive unto a fine.

Por. Ay, for the state; not for Anthonio.

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

You take my house, when you do take the prop

That doth sustain my house; you take my life,

When do you take the means whereby I live.

Por. What mercy can you render him, Anthonio?

Gra. A halter gratis; nothing else, for God's fake.

Anth. So please my lord the duke, and all the

To quit the fine for one half of his goods; [court,

I am content, so he will let me have

The other half 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 doth record a gift,

Here in the court, of all he dies posses'd,

Unto his son Lorenzo and his daughter.

Duke. He shall do this; or else I do recant

The pardon that I lately pronounced here.

Por. Art thou contented, Jew? what dost thou

Shy. I am content.

Por. Clerk, draw a deed of gift.

Shy. I pray you give me leave to go from hence;

I am not well; send the deed after me,

And I will sign it.

Duke. Get thee gone, but do it.

Gra. In chriffening thou shalt have two godfathers:

Had I been judge, thou should'st have ten more,

To bring thee to the gallows, not the font.

[Exit Shylock.

Duke. Sir, I intreat you home with me to dinner:

Por. I humbly do desire your grace of pardon;

I must away this night to Padua,

And it is meet, I presently set forth.

Duke. I'm sorry, that your leisure serves you

—Anthonio, gratify this gentleman; [not.

For, in my mind, you are much bound to him.

[Exit Duke and his train.

Baff. Most worthy gentleman, I, and my friend

Have by your wisdom been this day acquitted

Of grievous penalties; in love whereof,
Three thousand ducats, due unto the Jew,
We freely cope your courteous pains withal.

Anth. And stand indebted, over and above,
In love and service to you evermore.

Por. He is well paid, that is well satisfy'd;
And I, delivering you, am satisfy'd,
And therein do account myself well paid;
My mind was never yet more mercenary.
I pray you, know me, when we meet again;
I wish you well, and so I take my leave.

Bass. Dear Sir, of force I must attempt you
farther.
Take some remembrance of us, for a tribute,
Not as a fee. Grant me two things, I pray you,
Not to deny me, and to pardon me.

Por. You press me far, and therefore I will
yield.
Give me your gloves, I'll wear them for your
fake;
And, for your love, I'll take this ring from you.
Do not draw back your hand; I'll 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 myself to give you this.

Por. I will have nothing else but only this.
And now, methinks, I have a mind to it.

Bass. There is more depends on this, than on
the value.
The dearest ring in Venice will I give you,
And find it out by proclamation;
Only for this, I pray you, pardon me.

Por. I see, Sir, you are liberal in offers;
You taught me first to beg, and, now, methinks,
You teach me how a beggar should be answer'd.

Bass. 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 scuffe serves many men to save their
And if your wife be not a mad woman, [gifts.
And know how well I have deserv'd this ring,
She would not hold out enmity for ever.
For giving it to me. Well, peace be with you.

[Exit with Nerissa.

Anth. My lord Bassanio, let him have the ring.
Let his deservings, and my love withal,
Be valu'd against your wife's commandment.

Bass. Go, Gratiano, run and overtake him,
Give him the ring; and bring him, if thou canst,
Unto Anthonio's house. Away, make haste.
—Come, you and I will thither presently;
And in the morning early will we both

SCENE, A Street.

Re-enter Portia and Nerissa.

Por. Enquire the Jew's house out, give him
this deed,
And let him sign it. We'll away to-night,
And be a day before our husbands home.
This deed will be well welcome to Lorenzo.

Enter Gratiano.

Gra. Fair Sir, you are well o'erta'n:
My Lord Bassanio, upon more advice,
Hath sent you here this ring; and doth entreat
Your company at dinner.

Por. That cannot be:
This ring I do accept most thankfully.
And so I pray you, tell him. Furthermore,
I pray you, shew my youth old Shylock's house.

Gra. That will I do.

Ner. Sir, I would speak with you.
I'll see if I can get my husband's ring; [To Por.
Which I did make him swear to keep for ever.

Por. Thou may'st I warrant. We shall have
old swearing,
That they did give the rings away to men;
But we'll out-face them, and out-swear them too.

—Away, make haste; thou know'ft where I
will tarry.

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

[Exeunt.

ACT V.

SCENE, Belmont. A Garden belonging to
Portia's House

Enter Lorenzo and Jessica.

Lor. The moon shines bright—in such a
night as this,
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,
And
And they did make no noise; in such a night,
Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan wall,
And sigh'd his soul towards the Grecian tents,
Where Cressid lay that night.

Jef. In such a night,
Did Thisbe fearfully o'er-trip the dew;
And saw the lion's shadow ere himself,
And ran dismayed away.

Lor. In such a night,
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand
Upon the wild sea-banks, and wak'd her love
To come again to Carthage.

Jef. In such a night,
Medea gather'd the enchanted herbs,
That did renew old Æson.

Lor. In such a night,
Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew,
And with an unthrift love did run from Venice,
As far as Belmont.

Jef. And in such a night,
Did young Lorenzo swear, helov'd her well;
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith,
And ne'er a true one:

Lor. And in such a night,
Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.

Jef. I would out-night you, did no body come:
But hark! I hear the footing of a man.

Enter Balthazar.

Lor. Who comes so fast, in silence of the night?

Balth. A friend.

Lor. A friend? what friend? your name, I pray you, friend?

Balth. Balthazar is my name; and I bring word,
My mistres will before the break of day
Be here at Belmont. She doth stray about
By holy croffes, where she kneels, and prays,
For happy wedlock hours.

Lor. Who comes with her?

Balth. None but a holy hermit, and her maid.

—I pray you, is my master yet return'd?

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

But go we in. I pray thee, Jessica,
And ceremoniously let us prepare
Some welcome for the mistres of the house.


Enter Launcelot.

Laun. Sola, sola, wo, ha, ho, sola, sola!

Lor. Who calls?

Laun. Sola! did you see master Lorenzo and
mistres Lorenzo? sola, sola!

Lor. Leave hollowing, man: here.

Laun. Sola! where? where?

Lor. Here.

Laun. Tell him, there's a post come from my
master with his horn full of good news. My mat-
ter will be here ere morning.

[Exit.

Lor. Sweet love, let's in, and there expect their
coming.

And yet no matter:—why should we go in?
My friend Balthazar, signify, I pray you,
Within the house, your mistres is at hand;
And bring your music forth into the air.

[Exit Balth.

How sweet the moon-light sleeps upon this bank!
Here we will sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears; soft stillness, and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony.

Sir. Jessica: look, how the floor of heaven
Is thick enlay'd with patterns of bright gold;
There's not the smallest orb, which thou behold'st.
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-ey'd cherubim:
Such harmony is in immortal souls!
But whilst this muddy ventre of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.
Come, ho, and wake Diana with a hymn;
With sweetest touches pierce your mistres' ear,
And draw her home with music.

SONG, by Lorenzo.

To keep my gentle J effy,
What labour wou'd seem hard;
Each toilsome task how easy!
Her love the sweet reward.
The bee thus, uncomplaining,
Lievem no toil severe;
The sweet reward obtaining,
Of honey, all the year.

Jef. I am never merry, when I hear sweet
music.

[Musick.

Lor.
Lor. The reason is, your spirits are attentive:  
For do but note a wild and wanton herd,  
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,  
Fetched mad bounds, bellowing, and neighing.  
Which is the hot condition of their blood; [loud,  
If they perchance but hear a trumpet sound,  
Or any air of music touch their ears,  
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,  
Their savage eyes turn’d to a modest gaze,  
By the sweet power of music. Therefore, the poet  
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and  
Since sought to stoke her, hard, and full of rage,  
But music for the time doth change his nature.  
The man that hath no music in himself,  
Nor is not mov’d with concord of sweet sounds,  
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;  
The motions of his spirit are as dull as night,  
And his effections dark as Erebus:  
Let no such man be trusted.—Mark the music.

Enter Portia and Nerissa at a Distance.

Por. That light we see, is burning in my hall:  
—How far that little candle throws his beams!  
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

Ner. When the moon shone, we did not see the candle.

Por. So doth the greater glory dim the less.  
Lor. That is the voice,  
Or I am much deceiv’d, of Portia.

Por. He knows me, as the blind man knows the cuckow,  
By the bad voice.

Lor. Dear lady, welcome home.

Por. We have been praying for our husband’s healths,  
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 signify their coming.

Por. Go, Nerissa,  
Give orders to my servants, that they take  
No note at all of our being absent hence.

—Nor you, Lorenzo: Jessica, nor you.

[A trumpet sounds.

Lor. Your husband is at hand, I hear his trump;  
We are no tell-tales, madam, fear you not.  
[pet;  

Enter Baffanio, Anthonio, Gratiano, and their Followers.

Por. You are welcome home, my lord.

Baff. I thank 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 sense be much bound to him,  
For, as I hear, he was much bound for you.

Anth. No more than I am well acquitted of.

Por. Sir, you are very welcome to our house.

It must appear in other ways than words;  
Therefore I scant this breathing courtesy.

[Gratiano and Nerissa seem to talk apart.

Gra. By yonder moon, I swear, you do me  
In faith, I gave it to the judge’s clerk:  
Would he were gelt that had it, for my part,  
Since you do take it, love, so much at heart.

Por. A quarrel, ho,—already?—what’s the matter?

Gra. About a hoop of gold, a pauntry ring,  
That she did give me; whose poetry was  
For all the world like cutler’s poetry  
Upon a knife; Love me, and leave me not.

Ner. What talk you of the poetry, or the value?  
You swore to me, when I did give it you,  
That you would wear it till your hour of death;  
And that it should lie with you in your grave.  
Tho’ not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,  
You should have been respective, and have kept it.  
Gave it a judge’s clerk!—but well I know,  
The clerk will ne’er wear hair on’t face that had  
Gra. He will, an if he live to be a man.  

Ner. Ay, if a woman live to be a man.

Gra. Now by this hand, I give it to a youth.—  
A kind of boy,—a little scrubbed boy,  
No higher than thyself,—the judge’s clerk—  
A prating boy, that begg’d it as a fee:  
I could not for my heart deny it him.

Por. You were to blame, I must be plain with you,  
To part so slightly with your wife’s first gift;  
A thing
A thing stuck on with oaths upon your finger,
And riveted with faith unto your flesh,
I gave my love a ring, and made him swear
Never to part with it; and here he stands:
I dare be sworn for him, he would not leave it,
Nor pluck it from his finger, for the wealth
That the world masters. Now, in faith, Gratiano,
You give your wife too unkind a cause of grief;
An 'tware to me, I should be mad at it.
Baff. Why, I were best to cut my left-hand off,
And swear, I lost the ring defending it [Aside.
Gra. My lord Baffanio gave his ring away
Unto the judge that begg'd it, and indeed,
Deserv'd it too:—And then the boy, his clerk,
That took some pains in writing, he begg'd mine;
And neither, man nor master, would take off aught
But the two rings.
Por. What ring gave you, my lord?
Not that, I hope, which you receiv'd of me.
Baff. If I could add a lie unto a fault,
I would deny it; but you see, my finger
Hath not the ring upon it, it is gone.
Por. Even so void is your false heart of truth.
By heaven, I will ne'er come in your bed
Until I see the ring.
Ner. Nor I in yours,
Till I again see mine.
Aff. 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 known the virtue of the ring,
Or half her worthiness that gave the ring,
Or your own honour to retain 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 terms of zeal, wanted the modesty
To urge the thing held as a ceremony?
Nerissa teaches me what to believe;—
I'll die for't, but some woman had the ring.
Baff. No, by mine honour, madam,—by my
No woman had it, but a civil doctor,
Had you been there, I think, you would have
The ring of me, to give the worthy doctor. [beg'd
Por. Let not that doctor e'er come ne'er my house:
Since he hath got the jewel that I lov'd,
And that which you did swear to keep for me,
I will become as liberal as you;
I'll not deny him any thing I have,
No, not my body, nor my husband's bed:
Know him I shall, I am well sure of it.
Lie not a night from home; watch me, like Ar-
If you do not, if I be left alone, [gus:
Now, by mine honour, which is yet my own,
I'll have that doctor for my bed-fellow.
Ner. And I his clerk;—therefore, be well advis'd,
How you do leave me to mine own protection.
Gra. Well, do you so; let me not take him then;
For, if I do, I'll mar the young clerk's pen.
Anth. I am the unhappy subject of these quarrels.
Por. Sir, grieve not you:—You are welcome,
notwithstanding.
Baff. Pardon this fault, and by my soul I swear,
I never more will break an oath with thee.
Anth. I once did lend my body for his wealth;
Which but for him, that had your husband's ring,
Had quite miscarried. I dare be bound again,
My soul upon the forfeit, that your lord
Will never more break faith advisedly,
Por. Then you shall be his surety. Give him
And bid him keep it better than the other. [this,
Anth. Here, lord Baffanio; swear to keep this
ring.
Baff. By heaven it is the same I gave the doctor.
Por. I had it of him:—pardon me, Baffanio;
For by this ring the doctor lay with me.
Ner. And pardon me, my gentle Gratiano,
For that name scrubbed boy, the doctor's clerk,
In lieu of this, last night did lay with me.
Goh. Why this is like the mending of high-ways
In summer, where the ways are fair enough.
What! are we cuckolds, ere we have deserv'd it?
Por. Speak not so grossly.—You are all amaz'd;
Here is a letter, read it at your leisure;
Por. How now, Lorenzo?

My clerk hath some good comforts too for you.

Ner. Ay and I'll give them him without a fee.

There do I give to you and Jessica,

From the rich Jew, a special deed of gift,

After his death, of all he dies posses'd of.

Lor. Fair ladies, you drop manna in the way

Of starved people.

Por. It is almost morning,

And yet, I am sure, you are not satisfy'd

Of these events at full. Let us go in,

And charge us there upon interrogatories,

And we will answer all things faithfully.

Gra. Let it be so. The first interrogatory,

That my Nerissa shall be sworn on, is,

Whether till the next night she had rather stay,

Or go to bed now, being two hours to-day.

But were the day come, I should wish it dark,

That I were couching with the doctors clerk.

Well, while I live, I'll fear no other thing

So sure, as keeping safe Nerissa's ring.

[Exeunt omnes.

THE END.