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 Sallie Dickson Memorial Fund/Dallas Shakespeare Club Fund, Mr James Barber, and
 a private individual. The Bodleian Libraries are very grateful for this additional
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<note type="citation">Rasmussen, E. **& West, A.J.** "The Shakespeare First Folios a descriptive catalogue", Palgrave Macmillan, 2012.**</note>**
<note type="citation">Hinman, C. The printing and proof-reading of the First Folio of Shakespeare, Oxford, 1963, p.30**</note>**
<note type="citation">West, A.J. A Model for Describing Shakespeare First Folios, With Descriptions of Selected Copies, in The Library, v. s6-21, Issue 1 (March 1999), p.1-19**</note>**

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<hi rend="large">SHAKESPEARES**</hi>**

</lb>COMEDIES, **</lb>**HISTORIES, **&**

</lb>TRAGEDIES. **</titlePart>**

<titlePart>Published according to the True Originall

Copies.**</titlePart>**

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<docImprint>London : Printed by Isaac Iaggard, and Ed. Blount [at

the charges

of W. Iaggard, Ed. Blount, I. Smithweeke, and W. Aspley].,

<docDate>1623**</docDate>**.**</docImprint>**

</titlePage>

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 79-82, 80-98, [2], 109-156, 257-993 [i.e. 399], [1] p.;
 fol.</p>
 <p>Numbering peculiarities: 1st count: p.50 misnumbered 58;
 p.59
 misnumbered 51; p.86 misnumbered 88; p.153 misnumbered
 151; p.161
 misnumbered] 163; p.164 misnumbered 162; p. 165
 misnumbered 163; p.
 189 misnumbered 187; p. 249 misnumbered 251; p.250
 misnumbered 252; p.
 265 misnumbered 273 -- 2nd count: p.37 misnumbered 39 in
 some copies;
 p.89 misnumbered 91; p. 90 misnumbered 92 -- 3rd count:
 p.165-166
 numbered 167 and 168 respectively; p. 216 numbered 218 --
 5th count:
 p. 279 misnumbered 259; p. 282 misnumbered 280; p.308
 misnumbered 38;
 p. 379 misnumbered 389; p. 399 misnumbered 993.</p>
 </foliation>
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 <p>The signatures varies between sources, with the most
 commonly
 cited being Hinman's and West's: 1. Hinman: $\pi A^6 (\pi A1+1)$
 $[\pi B^2], {}^2A-2B^6$
 $2C^2 a-g^6 \chi gg^8 h-v^6 x^4 \chi 1.2$ [para.]-2[para.]⁶ 3[para.]¹ aa-ff⁶
 $gg^2 Gg^6$
 $hh^6 kk-bbb^6$; 2. West: $\pi A^6 (\pi A1+1, \pi A5+1.2)^2 A-2B^6 2C^2 a-$
 $g^6 {}^2g^8 h-v^6 x^4$
 $'gg3.4' (\pm'gg3')$ [para.]-2[para.]⁶ 3[para.]¹ 2a-2f⁶ 2g² 2G⁶ 2h⁶
 $2k-2v^6$
 $x^6 2y-3b^6$.</p>
 <p>Mis-signed leaves: a3 mis-signed Aa3; ³gg1 mis-signed
 Gg; nn1-nn2
 mis-signed Nn and Nn2 and oo1 mis-signed Oo.</p>
 <p>"The life and death of King Iohn" begins new pagination
 on leaf a1
 recto; "The tragedy of Coriolanus" begins new pagination on
 leaf aa1
 recto.</p>
 </collation>
 <condition>Lacks A1, the letterpress frontispiece entitled "To the

reader".

mount

some the

and the

Rare

The title page is trimmed and mounted, with a section of the
towards the foot of the leaf mutilated resulting in the loss of
Droechout imprint at the bottom left hand corner of the portrait
central section of an early MS note. For a full condition report,
including a full survey of damage and repairs, please contact
Books.</condition>

</supportDesc>

<layoutDesc>

<layout>

<p>Predominantly printed in double columns.</p>

<p>Text within simple lined frame.</p>

<p>Colophon reads: "Printed at the charges of W. Iaggard, Ed.

Blount, I.

Smithweeke, and W. Aspley. 1623."</p>

<p>Editors' dedication signed: Iohn Heminge. Henry

Condell.</p>

</layout>

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</objectDesc>

<decoDesc>

<decoNote>Head- and tail- pieces; initials.</decoNote>

<decoNote>With an engraved title-page portrait of the author

signed: "Martin-

earlier

shading,

with the

have the plate

the earlier

Droeshout: sculpsit· London.". The plate exists in 2 states: 1. The
state has lighter shading generall ; 2. Later state has heavier
especially around the collar, and minor differences particularly
jawline and moustache. The vast majority of surviving copies
in the second state which has led some scholars to conclude that
state was a proof. The portrait in this copy is the second state.

</decoNote>

</decoDesc>

<additions>

<p>Two MS verses on first endpaper verso: 1. 9 lines of verse by an
unknown author, first line reads "An active swain to make a leap

was seen".

2. A copy of Ben Jonson's printed "To the Reader"; MS note on

t.p.

(mutilated) appears to read "Honest [Shakes]peare". Minor

annotations on leaf 2n4 (Macbeth). All in an early English hand, presumably added after leaving the Library.</p></additions><bindingDesc><p>Seventeenth-century (1624) English (Oxford) smooth calf. Bound for the Bodleian Library by William Wildgoose, with evidence of two cloth ties, red sprinkled edge. Formerly chained, with evidence of chain staple at the head of the upper cover. Remains of paper label at the head of the spine. Enclosed in 20th century book box by Maltby of Oxford. See S. Gibson in Original Bodleian Copy of First Folio, p. 12-13. One of four items sent out on 17th February 1624 for binding by Wildgoose containing printed waste from a copy of Cicero's "De Officiis, et al." [Deventer: Richard Pafraet, between 1480 and 1485] as paste-downs. For more information on this work see: Bod. Inc. Cat., C-322.</p></bindingDesc></physDesc><history><origin><p>For further details on the printing of this item see Hinman, Charleton. The printing and proof-reading of the First Folio of Shakespeare: Oxford, 1963.</p></origin><acquisition><p>Acquired by the Bodleian in 1623, presumably in sheets. It was sent out to <persName>William Wildgoose</persName> on <date when="1624-02-17">17 February 1624</date> for binding (see: Library Records e.258, fol. 48r) and upon its return chained in Duke Humfrey at shelfmark S 2.17 Art. It is listed in the Bodleian's <date when="1635">1635</date> catalogue of printed books but was gone by the publication of the next catalogue in <date when="1674">1674</date>, replaced by the newer <bibl><title>Third Folio</title> (<date when="1664">1664</date>)</bibl>. There is no explicit reference in Library Records to the disposal of this copy, but there is a record of a sale of

"superfluous library books" to <persName>Richard Davis</persName>, a bookseller in Oxford, in <date when="1664">1664</date> for the sum of <num value="24">£24</num>.</p><p>After leaving the Bodleian this copy entered the collection of <persName>Richard Turbutt</persName> of Ogston Hall, Derbyshire at some point in the early 18th century. It stayed in the family's possession until <date when="1906">1906</date>, when it was reacquired by the Bodleian for the sum of <num value="3000">£3000</num>, raised by public subscription. For a full discussion of the rediscovery and purchase of this copy see: F. Madan, G. M. R. Turbutt and S. Gibson, The Original Bodleian Copy of the First Folio of Shakespeare (the Turbutt Shakespeare) (Oxford, 1905)</p><p>For a full discussion of this copy and the digital version see <http://shakespeare.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/> and West and Rasmussen (2011), 31.</p>

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at: <ref

target="http://firstfolio.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/">http://firstfolio.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/</ref>.</bibl>

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<persName type="form">An.</persName>

<persName type="form">Ant.</persName>

<persName type="form">Anth.</persName>

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  <persName type="form">Salino.</persName>
  <persName type="form">Sol.</persName>
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          <head type="supplied">[Act 1, Scene 1]</head>
          <cb n="1"/>
          <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Anthonio, Salarino,
and
          Salanio.</stage>
          <sp who="#F-mv-ant">
            <speaker rend="italic center">Anthonio.</speaker>
            <l><c rend="decoratedCapital">I</c>N sooth I know not why I am
so
            sad,</l>
            <l>It wearies me: you say it wearies you;</l>
            <l>But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,</l>
            <l>What stuffe 'tis made of, whereof it is borne,</l>
            <l>I am to learne: and such a Want&#x2011;wit sadnesse makes of
            <lb/>mee,</l>
            <l>That I haue much ado to know my selfe.</l>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-mv-sln">
            <speaker rend="italic">Sal.</speaker>
            <l>Your minde is tossing on the Ocean,</l>
            <l>There where your Argosies with portly saile</l>
            <l>Like Signiors and rich Burgers on the flood,</l>
            <l>Or as it were the Pag<gap extent="1" unit="chars"
reason="illegible"
            agent="partiallyInkedType" resp="#LMC"/>ants of the
sea,</l>
            <l>Do ouer&#x2011;peere the pettie Traffiquers</l>
            <l>That curtsie to them, do them reuerence</l>
            <l>As they flye by them with their wouen wings.</l>
          </sp>

```

<sp who="#F-mv-slr">
 <speaker rend="italic">Salar.</speaker>
 <l>Beleeue me sir, had I such venture forth,</l>
 <l>The better part of my affections, would</l>
 <l>Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still</l>
 <l>Plucking the grasse to know where sits the winde.</l>
 <l>Peering in Maps for ports, and peers, and rodes:</l>
 <l>And euery obiect that might make me feare</l>
 <l>Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt</l>
 <l>Would make me sad.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-sln">
 <speaker rend="italic">Sal.</speaker>
 <l>My winde cooling my broth,</l>
 <l>Would blow me to an Ague, when I thought</l>
 <l>What harme a winde too great might doe at sea.</l>
 <l>I should not see the sandie houre‑glasse runne,</l>
 <l>But I should thinke of shallows, and of flats,</l>
 <l>And see my wealthy <hi rend="italic">Andrew</hi> docks in
 sand,</l>
 <l>Vailing her high top lower then her ribs</l>
 <l>To kisse her buriall; should I goe to Church</l>
 <l>And see the holy edifice of stone,</l>
 <l>And not bethinke me straight of dangerous rocks,</l>
 <l>Which touching but my gentle Vessels side</l>
 <l>Would scatter all her spices on the streame,</l>
 <l>Enrobe the roring waters with my silkes,</l>
 <l>And in a word, but euen now worth this,</l>
 <l>And now worth nothing. Shall I haue the thought</l>
 <l>To thinke on this, and shall I lacke the thought</l>
 <l>That such a thing bechaunc'd would make me sad?</l>
 <l>But tell not me, I know <hi rend="italic">Anthonio</hi></l>
 </l>
 <l>Is sad to thinke vpon his merchandize.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-ant">
 <speaker rend="italic">Anth.</speaker>
 <l>Beleeue me no, I thanke my fortune for it,</l>
 <l>My ventures are not in one bottome trusted,</l>
 <l>Nor to one place; nor is my whole estate</l>
 <cb n="2"/>
 <l>Vpon the fortune of this present yeere:</l>
 <l>Therefore my merchandize makes me not sad.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-sln">
 <speaker rend="italic">Sola.</speaker>
 <p>Why then you are in loue.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-ant">
 <speaker rend="italic">Anth.</speaker>

<p>Fie, fie.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mv-sln">
<speaker rend="italic">Sola.</speaker>
<l>Not in loue neither: then let vs say you are sad</l>
<l>Because you are not merry: and 'twere as easie</l>
<l>For you to laugh and leape, and say you are merry</l>
<l>Because you are not sad. Now by two</l><hi rend="italic">
>Ianus</hi>,</l>
<l>Nature hath fram'd strange fellowes in her time:</l>
<l>Some that will euermore peepe through their eyes,</l>
<l>And laugh like Parrats at a bag</l><hi rend="italic">
<l>And other of such vineger aspect,</l>
<l>That they'll not shew their teeth in way of smile,</l>
<l>Though Nestor sweare the iest be laughable.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Bassanio, Lorenzo,
and
Gratiano.</stage>
<sp who="#F-mv-sln">
<speaker rend="italic">Sola.</speaker>
<l>Heere comes <hi rend="italic">Bassanio</hi>,</l>
<l>Your most noble Kinsman,</l>
<l>
<hi rend="italic">Gratiano</hi>, and <hi
rend="italic">Lorenzo</hi>.
Faryewell,</l>
<l>We leaue you now with better company.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mv-slr">
<speaker rend="italic">Sala.</speaker>
<l>I would haue staid till I had made you merry,</l>
<l>If worthier friends had not preuented me.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mv-ant">
<speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
<l>Your worth is very deere in my regard.</l>
<l>I take it your owne busines calls on you,</l>
<l>And you embrace th'occasion to depart.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mv-slr">
<speaker rend="italic">Sal.</speaker>
<l>Good morrow my good Lords.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mv-bas">
<speaker rend="italic">Bass.</speaker>
<l>Good signiors both, when shall we laugh? say, <lb
rend="turnover"/>
<pc rend="turnover">(</pc>when?</l>

<l>You grow exceeding strange: must it be so?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-slr">
 <speaker rend="italic">Sal.</speaker>
 <l>Wee'll make our leysures to attend on yours.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt Salarino, and
 Solanio.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-mv-lor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Lor.</speaker>
 <l>My Lord <hi rend="italic">Bassanio</hi>, since you haue found
 <hi
 rend="italic">Anthonio</hi>
 </l>
 <l>We two will leaue you, but at dinner time</l>
 <l>I pray you haue in minde where we must meete.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-bas">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bass.</speaker>
 <p>I will not faile you.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-gra">
 <speaker rend="italic">Grat.</speaker>
 <l>You looke not well signior <hi
 rend="italic">Anthonio</hi>,</l>
 <l>You haue too much respect vpon the world:</l>
 <l>They loose it that doe buy it with much care,</l>
 <l>Beleuee me you are maruellously chang'd.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-ant">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
 <l>I hold the world but as the world <hi rend="italic"
 >Gratiano</hi>,</l>
 <l>A stage, where euery man must play a part,</l>
 <l>And mine a sad one.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-gra">
 <speaker rend="italic">Grati.</speaker>
 <l>Let me play the foole,</l>
 <l>With mirth and laughter let old wrinckles come,</l>
 <l>And let my Liuer rather heate with wine,</l>
 <l>Then my heart coole with mortifying grones.</l>
 <l>Why should a man whose bloud is warme within,</l>
 <l>Sit like his Grandsire, cut in Alablaster?</l>
 <l>Sleepe when he wakes? and creep into the Iaundies</l>
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">By</fw>
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0184.jpg" n="162"/>
 <fw type="rh">
 <hi rend="italic">The Merchant of Venice.</hi>
 </fw>

<cb n="1"/>
<|>By being peeuish? I tell thee what **<hi rend="italic">**
>Antonio**</hi>**,</|>
<|>I loue thee, and it is my loue that speakes:</|>
<|>There are a sort of men, whose visages</|>
<|>Do creame and mantle like a standing pond,</|>
<|>And do a wilfull stilnesse entertaine,</|>
<|>With purpose to be drest in an opinion</|>
<|>Of wisdom, grauity, profound conceit,</|>
<|>As who should say, I am sir an Oracle,</|>
<|>And when I ope my lips, let no dogge barke.</|>
<|>O my **<hi rend="italic">**Antonio**</hi>**, I do know of these</|>
<|>That therefore onely are reputed wise,</|>
<|>For saying nothing; when I am verie sure</|>
<|>If they should speake, would almost dam those eares</|>
<|>Which hearing them would call their brothers fooles:</|>
<|>Ile tell thee more of this another time.</|>
<|>But fish not with this melancholly baite</|>
<|>For this foole Gudgin, this opinion:</|>
<|>Come good **<hi rend="italic">**Lorenzo**</hi>**, faryewell a

while,</|>

<|>Ile end my exhortation after dinner.</|>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-mv-lor">

<speaker rend="italic">Lor.</speaker>

<|>Well, we will leaue you then till dinner time.</|>

<|>I must be one of these same dumbe wise men,</|>

<|>For **<hi rend="italic">**Gratiano**</hi>** neuer let's me speake.</|>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-mv-gra">

<speaker rend="italic">Gra.</speaker>

<|>Well, keepe me company but two yeares mo,</|>

<|>Thou shalt not know the sound of thine owne tongue.</|>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-mv-ant">

<speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>

<p>Far you well, Ile grow a talker for this geare.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-mv-gra">

<speaker rend="italic">Gra.</speaker>

<|>Thankes ifaith, for silence is onely commendable</|>

<|>In a neats tongue dri'd, and a maid not vendible.</|>

</sp>

<stage rend="italic inline" type="exit">Exit.</stage>

<sp who="#F-mv-ant">

<speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>

<p>It is that any thing now.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-mv-bas">

<speaker rend="italic">Bas.</speaker>

two

them

it, </l>

```

<p>
  <hi rend="italic">Gratiano</hi> speakes an infinite deale of
  nothing, <lb/>more then any man in all Venice, his reasons are

  <lb/>graines of wheate hid in two bushels of chaffe: you shall
  <lb/>seeke all day ere you finde them, &amp; when you haue

  <lb/>they are not worth the search.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mv-ant">
  <speaker rend="italic">An.</speaker>
  <l>Well: tel me now, what Lady is the same</l>
  <l>To whom you swore a secret Pilgrimage</l>
  <l>That you to day promis'd to tel me of?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mv-bas">
  <speaker rend="italic">Bas.</speaker>
  <l>Tis not vnknowne to you <hi rend="italic">Anthonio</hi>
  </l>
  <l>How much I haue disabled mine estate,</l>
  <l>By something shewing a more swelling port</l>
  <l>Then my faint meanes would grant continuance:</l>
  <l>Nor do I now make mone to be abridge'd</l>
  <l>From such a noble rate, but my cheefe care</l>
  <l>Is to come fairely off from the great debts</l>
  <l>Wherein my time something too prodigall</l>
  <l>Hath left me gag'd: to you <hi rend="italic">Anthonio</hi>
  </l>
  <l>I owe the most in money, and in loue,</l>
  <l>And from your loue I haue a warrantie</l>
  <l>To vnburthen all my plots and purposes,</l>
  <l>How to get cleere of all the debts I owe.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mv-ant">
  <speaker rend="italic">An.</speaker>
  <l>I pray you good <hi rend="italic">Bassanio</hi> let me know

  <l>And if it stand as you your selfe still do,</l>
  <l>Within the eye of honour, be assur'd</l>
  <l>My purse, my person, my extreamest meanes</l>
  <l>Lye all vnlock'd to your occasions.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mv-bas">
  <speaker rend="italic">Bass.</speaker>
  <l>In my schoole dayes, when I had lost one shaft</l>
  <l>I shot his fellow of the selfesame flight</l>
  <l>The selfesame way, with more aduised watch</l>
  <l>To finde the other forth, and by aduenturing both,</l>
  <l>I oft found both. I vrge this child&#x2011;hoode profe,</l>
  <l>Because what followes is pure innocence.</l>

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<l>I owe you much, and like a wilfull youth,</l>
<l>That which I owe is lost: but if you please</l>
<l>To shoote another arrow that selfe way</l>
<l>Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt,</l>
<l>As I will watch the ayme: Or to finde both,</l>
<l>Or bring your latter hazard backe againe,</l>
<cb n="2"/>
<l>And thankfully rest debter for the first.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-mv-ant">

<speaker rend="italic">An.</speaker>

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

</sp>

<sp who="#F-mv-bas">

<speaker rend="italic">Bass.</speaker>

<l>In <hi rend="italic">Belmont</hi> is a Lady richly left,</l>
<l>And she is faire, and fairer then that word,</l>
<l>Of wondrous vertues, sometimes from her eyes</l>
<l>I did receiue faire speechlesse messages:</l>
<l>Her name is <hi rend="italic">Portia</hi>, nothing

vndervallewd</l>

<l>To <hi rend="italic">Cato's</hi> daughter, <hi
rend="italic">Brutus

Portia</hi>,</l>

<l>Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth,</l>
<l>For the foure windes blow in from euery coast</l>
<l>Renowned sutors, and her sunny locks</l>
<l>Hang on her temples like a golden fleece,</l>
<l>Which makes her seat of <hi rend="italic">Belmont

Cholchos</hi>

strond,</l>

<l>And many <hi rend="italic">Iasons</hi> come in quest of
her.</l>

<l>O my <hi rend="italic">Anthonio</hi>, had I but the
meanes</l>

<l>To hold a riuall place with one of them,</l>
<l>I haue a minde presages me such thrift,</l>
<l>That I should questionlesse be fortunate.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-mv-ant">

<speaker rend="italic">Anth.</speaker>

<l>Thou knowst that all my fortunes are at sea,</l>
<l>Neither haue I money, nor commodity</l>

<l>To raise a present summe, therefore goe forth</l>
 <l>Try what my credit can in <hi rend="italic">Venice</hi>
 doe,</l>
 <l>That shall be rackt euen to the vttermost,</l>
 <l>To furnish thee to <hi rend="italic">Belmont</hi> to faire <hi
 rend="italic">Portia</hi>.</l>
 <l>Goe presently enquire, and so will I</l>
 <l>Where money is, and I no question make</l>
 <l>To haue it of my trust, or for my sake.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic inline" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
 </div>
 <div type="scene" n="2" rend="notPresent">
 <head type="supplied">[Act 1, Scene 2]</head>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Portia with her
 waiting
 woman Nerissa.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-mv-por">
 <speaker rend="italic">Portia.</speaker>
 <p>By my troth <hi rend="italic">Nerrissa</hi>, my little body is a
 wea­<lb/>rie of this great world.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-ner">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ner.</speaker>
 <p>You would be sweet Madam, if your miseries <lb/>were in the
 same
 abundance as your good fortunes are: <lb/>and yet for ought I
 see,
 they are as sicke that surfet with <lb/>too much, as they that
 starue with nothing; it is no smal <lb/>happinesse therefore to bee
 seated in the meane, super­<lb/>flutie comes sooner by
 white
 haire, but competencie <lb/>liues longer.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-por">
 <speaker rend="italic">Portia.</speaker>
 <p>Good sentences, and well pronounc'd.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-ner">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ner.</speaker>
 <p>They would be better if well followed.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-por">
 <speaker rend="italic">Portia.</speaker>
 <p>If to doe were as easie as to know what were <lb/>good to doe,
 Princes
 Chappels had beene Churches, and poore <lb/>mens cottages
 good
 Pallaces: it is a good Diuine that <lb/>followes his owne
 instructions; I can easier teach twen­<lb/>tie what were

mine
the
hare
counsaile
whom I
not
cannot

to be done, then be one of the twen­<lb/>tie to follow
owne teaching: the braine may de­<lb/>uise lawes for
blood, but a hot temper leapes ore a <lb/>colde decree, such a
is madnesse the youth, to skip <lb/>ore the meshes of good
the cripple; but this <lb/>reason is not in fashion to choose me a
husband: O mee, <lb/>the word choose, I may neither choose
would, <lb/>nor refuse whom I dislike, so is the wil of a liuing
daugh­<lb/>ter curb'd by the will of a dead father: it is
hard <hi rend="italic">Ner­<lb/>rissa</hi>, that I
choose one, nor refuse none.</p>

haue
hath

</sp>
<sp who="#F-mv-ner">
<speaker rend="italic">Ner.</speaker>
<p>Your father was euer vertuous, and holy men <lb/>at their death
good inspirations, therefore the lot­<lb/>terie that hee
deused in these three chests of gold, <lb/>siluer, and leade,
whereof who chooses his meaning, <fw type="catchword"
place="footRight">chooses</fw>
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0185.jpg" n="163"/>
<fw type="rh">
<hi rend="italic">The Merchant of Venice.</hi>
</fw>
<cb n="1"/>
<lb/>chooses you, wil no doubt neuer be chosen by any
right­<lb/>ly, but one who you shall rightly loue: but
warmth <lb/>is there in your affection towards any of these
<lb/>suters that are already come?</p>

Princely
what
them, I
descrip­<lb/>tion

</sp>
<sp who="#F-mv-por">
<speaker rend="italic">Por.</speaker>
<p>I pray thee ouer‑name them, and as thou namest
will describe them, and according to my
leuell at my affection.</p>

</sp>
<sp who="#F-mv-ner">
<speaker rend="italic">Ner.</speaker>
<p>First there is the Neopolitane Prince.</p>

</sp>
<sp who="#F-mv-por">
<speaker rend="italic">Por.</speaker>
<p>I that's a colt indeede, for he doth nothing but <lb/>talke of his
horse, and hee makes it a great appropria­<lb/>tion to
his
owne good parts that he can shoo him him­<lb/>selfe: I
am
much afraid my Ladie his mother plaid false <lb/>with a
Smyth.</p>

</sp>
<sp who="#F-mv-ner">
<speaker rend="italic">Ner.</speaker>
<p>Than is there the Countie Palentine.</p>

</sp>
<sp who="#F-mv-por">
<speaker rend="italic">Por.</speaker>
<p>He doth nothing but frowne (as who should <lb/>say, and you
will not
haue me, choose: he heares merrie <lb/>tales and smiles not, I
feare
hee will proue the weeping <lb/>Phylosopher when he growes
old,
being so full of vn­<lb/>mannerly sadnesse in his
youth.) I
had rather to be marri­<lb/>ed to a deaths head with a
bone
in his mouth, then to ei­<lb/>ther of these: God defend
me
from these two.</p>

</sp>
<sp who="#F-mv-ner">
<speaker rend="italic">Ner.</speaker>
<p>How say you by the French Lord, Mounsier <lb/>
<hi rend="italic">Le Boune</hi>?</p>

</sp>
<sp who="#F-mv-por">
<speaker rend="italic">Por.</speaker>
<p>God made him, and therefore let him passe for a <lb/>man, in
truth I
know it is a sinne to be a mocker, but he, <lb/>why he hath a
horse
better then the Neopolitans, a bet­<lb/>ter bad habite of
man,
frowning then the Count Palentine, he <lb/>is euey man in no
marry
if a Trassell sing, he fals straight <lb/>a capring, he will fence
with his owne shadow. If I should <lb/>marry him, I should
him,
twentie husbands: if hee <lb/>would despise me, I would forgiue

him.</p>
 for if he loue me <lb/>to madnesse, I should neuer requite

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-ner">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ner.</speaker>
 <l>What say you then to <hi rend="italic">Fauconbridge</hi>, the

yong
 <lb/>Baron of <hi rend="italic">England</hi>?</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-por">
 <speaker rend="italic">Por.</speaker>
 <p>You know I say nothing to him, for hee

vnder­<lb/>stands not
 me, nor I him: he hath neither <hi rend="italic">Latine,
 French</hi>, <lb/>nor <hi rend="italic">Italian</hi>, and you

will
 come into the Court & swaere <lb/>that I haue a poore
 pennie‑worth in the <hi rend="italic">English</hi>: hee

is a
 <lb/>proper mans picture, but alas who can conuerse with a
 <lb/>dumbe show? how odly he is suited, I thinke he bought

<lb/>his
 doublet in <hi rend="italic">Italie</hi>, his round hose in <hi
 rend="italic">France</hi>, his bonnet <lb/>in <hi rend="italic">
 >Germanie</hi>, and his behaiour euey where.</p>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-ner">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ner.</speaker>
 <l>What thinke you of the other Lord his

neigh­<lb/>bour?</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-por">
 <speaker rend="italic">Por.</speaker>
 <p>That he hath a neighbourly charitie in him, for <lb/>he

borrowed a
 boxe of the eare of the <hi rend="italic">Englishman</hi>, and
 <lb/>swore he would pay him againe when hee was able: I

<lb/>thinke
 the <hi rend="italic">Frenchman</hi> became his suretie, and

seald
 vnder <lb/>for another.</p>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-ner">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ner.</speaker>
 <p>How like you the yong <hi rend="italic">Germaine</hi>, the

Duke of <lb/>
 <hi rend="italic">Saxonies</hi> Nephew?</p>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-por">
 <speaker rend="italic">Por.</speaker>

vildely
a
you
glasse
their
may
dye
among
faire

<p>Very vildely in the morning when hee is sober, <lb/>and most
in the afternoone when hee is drunke: <lb/>when he is best, he is
little worse then a man, and when <lb/>he is worst, he is little
better then a beast: and the worst <lb/>fall that euer fell, I hope
I shall make shift to go with­<lb/>out him.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mv-ner">
<speaker rend="italic">Ner.</speaker>
<p>If he should offer to choose, and choose the right <lb/>Casket,
should refuse to performe your Fathers will, <lb/>if you should
refuse to accept him.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mv-por">
<speaker rend="italic">Por.</speaker>
<p>Therefore for feare of the worst, I pray thee set <lb/>a deepe
of Reinish‑wine on the contrary Casket, <lb/>for if the
diuell be within, and that temptation without, <lb/>I know he will
choose it. I will doe any thing <hi rend="italic">Nerrissa</hi>
<lb/>ere I will be married to a sponge.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mv-ner">
<speaker rend="italic">Ner.</speaker>
<p>You neede not feare Lady the hauing any of <cb n="2"/>
<lb/>these Lords, they haue acquainted me with their
deter­<lb/>minations, which is indeede to returne to
home, <lb/>and to trouble you with no more suite, vnlesse you
<lb/>be won by some other sort then your Fathers
impositi­<lb/>on, depending on the Caskets.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mv-por">
<speaker rend="italic">Por.</speaker>
<p>If I liue to be as olde as <hi rend="italic">Sibilla</hi>, I will
as <lb/>chaste as <hi rend="italic">Diana</hi>: vnlesse I be
obtained by the manner <lb/>of my Fathers will: I am glad this
parcell of wooers <lb/>are so reasonable, for there is not one
them but <lb/>I doate on his verie absence: and I wish them a
de­<lb/>parture.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mv-ner">
<speaker rend="italic">Ner.</speaker>
<p>Doe you not remember Ladie in your Fa­<lb/>thers

time, a <hi

*>Venecian</i>, a Scholler and a Souldior that
<lb/>came hither in companie of the Marquesse of <hi*

rend="italic"

>Mount­<lb/>ferrat</i>?</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-mv-por">

<speaker rend="italic">Por.</speaker>

<p>Yes, yes, it was <hi rend="italic">Bassanio</i>, as I thinke, so

was

hee <lb/>call'd.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-mv-ner">

<speaker rend="italic">Ner.</speaker>

<p>True Madam, hee of all the men that euer my <lb/>foolish eyes

look'd

vpon, was the best deseruing a faire <lb/>Lady.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-mv-por">

<speaker rend="italic">Por.</speaker>

<p>I remember him well, and I remember him

wor­<lb/>thy of thy

praise.</p>

</sp>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter a

Seruingman.</stage>

<sp who="#F-mv-ser">

<speaker rend="italic">Ser.</speaker>

<p>The four Strangers seeke you Madam to take <lb/>their leaue:

and

there is a fore‑runner come from a fift, <lb/>the Prince

of

<hi rend="italic">Moroco</i>, who brings word the Prince

his

<lb/>Maister will be here to night.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-mv-por">

<speaker rend="italic">Por.</speaker>

<p>If I could bid the fift welcome with so good <lb/>heart as I can

bid

the other foure farewell, I should be <lb/>glad of his approach: if
he haue the condition of a Saint, <lb/>and the complexion of a
diuell, I had rather hee should <lb/>shriue me then wiue me.

Come

<hi rend="italic">Nerrissa</i>, sirra go before; <lb/>whiles
wee shut the gate vpon one wooer, another <lb/>knocks at the
doore.</p>

</sp>

<stage rend="italic inline" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>

</div>

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<div type="scene" n="3" rend="notPresent">
  <head type="supplied">[Act 1, Scene 3]</head>
  <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Bassanio with
Shylocke the
    Iew.</stage>
  <sp who="#F-mv-shy">
    <speaker rend="italic">Shy.</speaker>
    <p>Three thousand ducates, well.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-mv-bas">
    <speaker rend="italic">Bass.</speaker>
    <p>I sir, for three months.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-mv-shy">
    <speaker rend="italic">Shy.</speaker>
    <p>For three months, well.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-mv-bas">
    <speaker rend="italic">Bass.</speaker>
    <p>For the which, as I told you,<lb/>
      <hi rend="italic">Anthonio</hi> shall be bound.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-mv-shy">
    <speaker rend="italic">Shy.</speaker>
    <p>
      <hi rend="italic">Anthonio</hi> shall become bound, well.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-mv-bas">
    <speaker rend="italic">Bass.</speaker>
    <p>May you sted me? Will you pleasure me?<lb/>Shall I know
your
    answeere.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-mv-shy">
    <speaker rend="italic">Shy.</speaker>
    <p>Three thousand ducats for three months, <lb/>and <hi
rend="italic"
      >Anthonio</hi> bound.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-mv-bas">
    <speaker rend="italic">Bass.</speaker>
    <p>Your answeere to that.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-mv-shy">
    <speaker rend="italic">Shy.</speaker>
    <p><hi rend="italic">Anthonio</hi> is a good man.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-mv-bas">
    <speaker rend="italic">Bass.</speaker>
    <p>Haue you heard any imputation to the con

```

­<lb/>trary.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-shy">
 <speaker rend="italic">Shy.</speaker>
 <p>Ho no, no, no, no: my meaning in saying he is a <lb/>good man,

is to

haue you vnderstand me that he is <choice>
 <orig>suffi­<lb/>ent</orig>
 <corr>sufficient</corr>
 </choice>, yet his meanes are in supposition: he hath an
 Argo­<lb/>sie bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies, I
 vnder­<lb/>stand moreouer vpon the Ryalta, he hath a

third at

hee

hath <lb/>squandred abroad, but ships are but boords, Saylers but
 <lb/>men, there be land rats, and water rats, water theeues,
 <lb/>and land theeues, I meane Pyrats, and then there is the
 <lb/>perrill of waters, windes, and rocks: the man is not with
 ­<lb/>standing sufficient, three thousand ducats, I

thinke I

may <lb/>take his bond.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-bas">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bas.</speaker>
 <p>Be assured you may.</p>
 </sp>
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">
 <hi rend="italic">Iew.</hi> I</fw>
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0186.jpg" n="166"/>
 <fw type="rh">
 <hi rend="italic">The Merchant of Venice.</hi>
 </fw>
 <cb n="1"/>
 <sp who="#F-mv-shy">
 <speaker rend="italic">Iew.</speaker>
 <p>I will be assured I may: and that I may be

assu­<lb/>red, I

will bethinke mee, may I speake with <hi rend="italic">
 >Antho­<lb/>nio?</hi></p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-bas">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bass.</speaker>
 <p>If it please you to dine with vs.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-shy">
 <speaker rend="italic">Iew.</speaker>
 <p>Yes, to smell porke, to eate of the habitation <lb/>which your
 Prophet the Nazarite coniured the diuell <lb/>into: I will buy with
 you, sell with you, talke with <lb/>you, walke with you, and so

following: but I will **not** eat with you, drinke with you, nor pray with you. **What** newes on the Ryalta, who is he comes here?

Enter Anthonio.

Bass.

Bass.

This is signior *Anthonio.*

Iew.

Iew.

How like a fawning publican he lookes.

I hate him for he is a Christian:

But more, for that in low simplicitie

He lends out money gratis, and brings downe

The rate of vsance here with vs in *Venice.*

Venice.

If I can catch him once vpon the hip,

I will feede fat the ancient grudge I beare him.

He hates our sacred Nation, and he railles

Euen there where Merchants most doe congregate

On me, my bargaines, and my well-worne thrift,

Which he cals interest: Cursed by my Trybe

If I forgiue him.

Bass.

Bass.

Shylock, doe you heare.

Shy.

Shy.

I am debating of my present store,

And by the neere gesse of my memorie

I cannot instantly raise vp the grosse

Of full three thousand ducats: what of that?

Tuball a wealthy Hebrew of my Tribe

Will furnish me: but soft, how many months

Doe you desire? Rest you faire good signior,

Your worship was the last man in our mouthes.

Ant.

Ant.

Shylocke, albeit I neither lend nor borrow

By taking, nor by giuing of excesse,

Yet to supply the ripe wants of my friend,

<l>Ile breake a custome: is he yet possest</l>
 <l>How much he would?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-shy">
 <speaker rend="italic">Shy.</speaker>
 <p>I, I, three thousand ducats.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-ant">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
 <p>And for three months.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-shy">
 <speaker rend="italic">Shy.</speaker>
 <l>I had forgot, three months, you told me so.</l>
 <l>Well then, your bond: and let me see, but heare you,</l>
 <l>Me thoughts you said, you neither lend nor borrow</l>
 <l>Vpon aduantage.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-ant">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
 <p>I doe neuer vse it.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-shy">
 <speaker rend="italic">Shy.</speaker>
 <l>When <hi rend="italic">Iacob</hi> graz'd his Vncle <hi
 rend="italic">
 >Labans</hi> sheepe,</l>
 <l>This <hi rend="italic">Iacob</hi> from our holy <hi
 rend="italic">
 >Abram</hi> was <lb/>(As his wise mother wrought in his
 behalfe)</l>
 <l>The third possesser; I, he was the third.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-ant">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
 <l>And what of him, did he take interrest?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-shy">
 <speaker rend="italic">Shy.</speaker>
 <l>No, not take interest, not as you would say</l>
 <l>Directly interest, marke what <hi rend="italic">Iacob</hi>
 did,</l>
 <l>When <hi rend="italic">Laban</hi> and himselfe were
 compremyz'd</l>
 <l>That all the eanelings which were streakt and pied</l>
 <l>Should fall as <hi rend="italic">Iacobs</hi> hier, the Ewes
 being
 rancke,</l>
 <l>In end of Autumne turned to the Rammes,</l>
 <l>And when the worke of generation was</l>

<l>Betweene these woolly breeders in the act,</l>
<l>The skilfull shepheard pil'd me certaine wands,</l>
<l>And in the dooing of the deede of kinde,</l>
<l>He stucke them vp before the fulsome Ewes,</l>
<l>Who then conceauing, did in eaning time</l>
<l>Fall party‑colour'd lambs, and those were <hi

rend="italic"

>Jacobs</hi>.</l>

<l>This was a way to thriue, and he was blest:</l>

<cb n="2"/>

<l>And thrift is blessing if men steale it not.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-mv-ant">

<speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>

<l>This was a venture sir that <hi rend="italic">Iacob</hi> seru'd
for,</l>

<l>A thing not in his power to bring to passe,</l>

<l>But sway'd and fashion'd by the hand of heauen.</l>

<l>Was this inserted to make interrest good?</l>

<l>Or is your gold and siluer Ewes and Rams?</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-mv-shy">

<speaker rend="italic">Shy.</speaker>

<l>I cannot tell, I make it breede as fast,</l>

<l>But note me signior.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-mv-ant">

<speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>

<l>Marke you this <hi rend="italic">Bassanio</hi>,</l>

<l>The diuell can cite Scripture for his purpose,</l>

<l>An euill soule producing holy witnesse,</l>

<l>Is like a villaine with a smiling cheeke,</l>

<l>A goodly apple rotten at the heart.</l>

<l>O what a goodly outside falsehood hath.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-mv-shy">

<speaker rend="italic">Shy.</speaker>

<l>Three thousand ducats, 'tis a good round sum.</l>

<l>Three months from twelue, then let me see the rate.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-mv-ant">

<speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>

<l>Well <hi rend="italic">Shylocke</hi>, shall we be beholding to

you<hi

rend="italic">?</hi></l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-mv-shy">

<speaker rend="italic">Shy.</speaker>

<l>Signior <hi rend="italic">Anthonio</hi>, many a time and

oft</l>

<|>In the Ryalto you haue rated me</|>
<|>About my monies and my vsances:</|>
<|>Still haue I borne it with a patient shrug,</|>
<|>(For suffrance is the badge of all our Tribe.)</|>
<|>You call me misbeleuer, cut‑throate dog,</|>
<|>And spet vpon my Iewish gaberdine,</|>
<|>And all for vse of that which is mine owne.</|>
<|>Well then, it now appeares you neede my helpe:</|>
<|>Goe to then, you come to me, and you say,</|>
<|>
<hi rend="italic">Shylocke</hi>, we would haue moneyes, you

say

so:</|>
<|>You that did voide your rume vpon my beard,</|>
<|>And foote me as you spurne a stranger curre</|>
<|>Ouer your threshold, moneyes is your suite.</|>
<|>What should I say to you? Should I not say,</|>
<|>Hath a dog money? Is it possible</|>
<|>A curre should lend three thousand ducats? or</|>
<|>Shall I bend low, and in a bond‑mans key</|>
<|>With bated breath, and whispring humblenesse,</|>
<|>Say this: Faire sir, you spet on me on Wednesday last;</|>
<|>You spurn'd me such a day; another time</|>
<|>You cald me dog: and for these curtesies</|>
<|>Ile lend you thus much moneyes.</|>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-mv-ant">
<speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
<|>I am as like to call thee so againe,</|>
<|>To spet on thee againe, to spurne thee too.</|>
<|>If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not</|>
<|>As to thy friends, for when did friendship take</|>
<|>A breede of barraine mettall of his friend?</|>
<|>But lend it rather to thine enemie,</|>
<|>Who if he breake, thou maist with better face</|>
<|>Exact the penalties.</|>

</sp>
<sp who="#F-mv-shy">
<speaker rend="italic">Shy.</speaker>
<|>Why looke you how you storme,</|>
<|>I would be friends with you, and haue your loue,</|>
<|>Forget the shames that you haue staind me with,</|>
<|>Supplie your present wants, and take no doite</|>
<|>Of vsance for my moneyes, and youle not heare me,</|>
<|>This is kinde I offer.</|>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-mv-bas">
<speaker rend="italic">Bass.</speaker>
<|>This were kindnesse.</|>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-shy">
 <speaker rend="italic">Shy.</speaker>
 <l>This kindnesse will I shoue,</l>
 <l>Goe with me to a Notarie, seale me there</l>
 <l>Your single bond, and in a merrie sport</l>
 <l>If you repaie me not on such a day,</l>
 <l>In such a place, such sum or sums as are</l>
 <l>Express in the condition, let the forfeite</l>
 <l>Be nominated for an equall pound</l>
 <l>Of your faire flesh, to be cut off and taken</l>
 <l>In what part of your bodie it pleaseth me.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-ant">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
 <l>Content infaith, Ile seale to such a bond,</l>
 <l>And say there is much kindnesse in the Iew.</l>
 </sp>
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">
 <hi rend="italic">Bass.</hi> You</fw>
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0187.jpg" n="167"/>
 <fw type="rh">
 <hi rend="italic">The Merchant of Venice.</hi>
 </fw>
 <cb n="1"/>
 <sp who="#F-mv-bas">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bass.</speaker>
 <l>You shall not seale to such a bond for me,</l>
 <l>Ile rather dwell in my necessitie.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-ant">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
 <l>Why feare not man, I will not forfaite it,</l>
 <l>Within these two months, that's a month before</l>
 <l>This bond expires, I doe expect returne</l>
 <l>Of thrice three times the vlew of this bond.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-shy">
 <speaker rend="italic">Shy.</speaker>
 <l>O father <hi rend="italic">Abram</hi>, what these Christians
 are,</l>
 <l>Whose owne hard dealings teaches them suspect </l>
 <l>The thoughts of others: Praie you tell me this,</l>
 <l>If he should breake his daie, what should I gaine</l>
 <l>By the exaction of the forfeiture?</l>
 <l>A pound of mans flesh taken from a man,</l>
 <l>Is not so estimable, profitable neither</l>
 <l>As flesh of Muttons, Beefes, or Goates, I say</l>
 <l>To buy his fauour, I extend this friendship,</l>
 <l>If he will take it, so: if not adiew,</l>

<l>And for my loue I praie you wrong me not.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-ant">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
 <p>Yes <hi rend="italic">Shylocke</hi>, I will seale vnto this
 bond.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-shy">
 <speaker rend="italic">Shy.</speaker>
 <l>Then meete me forthwith at the Notaries,</l>
 <l>Giue him direction for this merrie bond,</l>
 <l>And I will goe and purse the ducats strait.</l>
 <l>See to my house left in the fearefull gard</l>
 <l>Of an vnthriftie knaue: and presentlie</l>
 <l>Ile be with you.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-mv-ant">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
 <p>Hie thee gentle <hi rend="italic">Iew</hi>. This Hebrew will
 turne<lb/>Christian, he growes kinde.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-bas">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bass.</speaker>
 <l>I like not faire tearmes, and a villaines minde.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-ant">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
 <l>Come on, in this there can be no dismaie,</l>
 <l>My Shippes come home a month before the daie.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
 </div>
 </div>
 <div type="act" n="2">
 <div type="scene" n="1" rend="notPresent">
 <head rend="italic center">Actus Secundus.</head>
 <head type="supplied">[Act 2, Scene 1]</head>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Morochus a tawnie
 Moore
 all in white, and three or <lb/>foure followers accordingly, with
 Portia, <lb/>Nerrissa, and their traine.</stage>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="business">Flo. Cornets.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-mv-mor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mor.</speaker>
 <l>Mislike me not for my complexion,</l>
 <l>The shadowed liuerie of the burnisht sunne,</l>
 <l>To whom I am a neighbour, and neere bred.</l>
 <l>Bring me the fairest creature North‑ward borne,</l>
 <l>Where <hi rend="italic">Phoebus</hi> fire scarce thawes the

ysicles,</l>
 <l>And let vs make incision for your loue,</l>
 <l>To proue whose blood is reddest, his or mine.</l>
 <l>I tell thee Ladie this aspect of mine</l>
 <l>Hath feard the valiant, (by my loue I sweare)</l>
 <l>The best regarded Virgins of our Clyme</l>
 <l>Haue lou'd it to: I would not change this hue,</l>
 <l>Except to steale your thoughts my gentle Queene.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-por">
 <speaker rend="italic">Por.</speaker>
 <l>In tearmes of choise I am not solie led</l>
 <l>By nice direction of a maidens eies:</l>
 <l>Besides, the lottrie of my destenie</l>
 <l>Bars me the right of voluntarie choosing:</l>
 <l>But if my Father had not scanted me,</l>
 <l>And hedg'd me by his wit to yeelde my selfe</l>
 <l>His wife, who wins me by that meanes I told you,</l>
 <l>Your selfe (renowned Prince) than stood as faire</l>
 <l>As any commer I haue look'd on yet</l>
 <l>For my affection.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-mor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mor.</speaker>
 <l>Euen for that I thanke you,</l>
 <l>Therefore I pray you leade me to the Caskets</l>
 <l>To trie my fortune: By this Symitare</l>
 <cb n="2"/>
 <l>That slew the Sophie, and a Persian Prince</l>
 <l>That won three fields of Sultan Solyman,</l>
 <l>I would ore‑stare the sternest eies that looke:</l>
 <l>Out‑braue the heart most daring on the earth:</l>
 <l>Plucke the yong sucking Cubs from the she Beare,</l>
 <l>Yea, mocke the Lion when he rores for pray</l>
 <l>To win the Ladie. But alas, the while</l>
 <l>If <hi rend="italic">Hercules</hi> and <hi
 rend="italic">Lychas</hi>
 plaie at dice</l>
 <l>Which is the better man, the greater throw</l>
 <l>May turne by fortune from the weaker hand:</l>
 <l>So is <hi rend="italic">Alcides</hi> beaten by his rage,</l>
 <l>And so may I, blinde fortune leading me</l>
 <l>Misse that which one vnworthier may attaine,</l>
 <l>And die with grieuing.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-por">
 <speaker rend="italic">Port.</speaker>
 <l>You must take your chance,</l>
 <l>And either not attempt to choose at all,</l>
 <l>Or sweare before you choose, if you choose wrong</l>

<l>Neuer to speake to Ladie afterward</l>
 <l>In way of marriage, therefore be aduis'd.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-mor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mor.</speaker>
 <l>Nor will not, come bring me vnto my chance.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-por">
 <speaker rend="italic">Por.</speaker>
 <l>First forward to the temple, after dinner</l>
 <l>Your hazard shall be made.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-mor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mor.</speaker>
 <l>Good fortune then,</l>
 <stage rend="italic inline" type="business">Cornets.</stage>
 <l>To make me blest or cursd'st among men.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic inline" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
 </div>
 <div type="scene" n="2" rend="notPresent">
 <head type="supplied">[Act 2, Scene 2]</head>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter the Clowne
 alone.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-mv-lau">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
 <p>Certainly, my conscience will serue me to run <lb/>from this
 lew my
 Maister: the fiend is at mine elbow, <lb/>and tempts me, saying
 to
 me, <hi rend="italic">Iobbe</hi>, <hi rend="italic">Launcelet
 Iobbe</hi>, good <lb/>
 <hi rend="italic">Launcelet</hi>, or good <hi rend="italic"
 >Iobbe</hi>, or good <hi rend="italic">Launcelet Iobbe</hi>,
 vse
 <lb/>your legs, take the start, run awaie: my conscience saies
 <lb/>no; take heede honest <hi rend="italic">Launcelet</hi>,
 take
 heed honest <hi rend="italic">Iobbe</hi>, <lb/>or as
 afore‑said honest <hi rend="italic">Launcelet
 Iobbe</hi>, doe
 not runne, <lb/>scorne running with thy heeles; well, the most
 coragi­<lb/>ous fiend bids me packe, <hi rend="italic"
 >fia</hi> saies the fiend, away saies <lb/>the fiend, for the
 well,
 heauens rouse vp a braue minde saies <lb/>the fiend, and run;
 verie
 my conscience hanging about <lb/>the necke of my heart, saies
 wisely to me: my ho­<lb/>nest friend <hi rend="italic"
 >Launcelet</hi>, being an honest mans sonne, or

Father ra­<lb/>ther an honest womans sonne, for indeede my
 of did <lb/>something smack, something grow too; he had a kinde
 <lb/>taste; wel, my conscience saies <hi
 rend="italic">Lancelet</hi>
 boug not, bouge <lb/>saies the <choice>
 <orig>siend</orig>
 <corr>fiend</corr>
 </choice>, bouge not saies my conscience, conscience <lb/>say I
 you
 counsaile well, fiend say I you counsaile well, <lb/>to be rul'd by
 my conscience I should stay with the <hi rend="italic">Iew</hi>
 <lb/>my Maister, (who God blesse the marke) is a kinde of
 di­<lb/>uell; and to run away from the <hi rend="italic"
 >Iew</hi> I should be ruled by <lb/>the fiend, who sauing
 your
 reuerence is the diuell him­<lb/>selfe: certainly the
 <hi
 rend="italic">Iew</hi> is the verie diuell incarnation, <lb/>and
 in my conscience, my conscience is a kinde of hard
 <lb/>conscience,
 to offer to counsaile me to stay with the <hi rend="italic"
 >Iew</hi>; <lb/>the fiend giues the more friendly counsaile: I
 will
 runne <lb/>fiend, my heeles are at your commandement, I will
 <lb/>runne.</p>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter old Gobbo with a
 Basket.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-mv-gob">
 <speaker rend="italic">Gob.</speaker>
 <p>Maister yong‑man, you I prairie you, which is the
 <lb/>waie to
 Maister <hi rend="italic">Iewes</hi>?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-lau">
 <speaker rend="italic">Lan.</speaker>
 <p>O heauens, this is my true begotten Father, who <lb/>being
 more then
 sand‑blinde, high grauel blinde, knows <lb/>me not, I
 will
 trie confusions with him.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-gob">
 <speaker rend="italic">Gob.</speaker>
 <p>Maister yong Gentleman, I prairie you which is <lb/>the waie to
 Maister
 <hi rend="italic">Iewes.</hi>
 </p>

</sp>
<sp who="#F-mv-lau">
<speaker rend="italic">Laun.</speaker>
<p>Turne vpon your right hand at the next tur­<fw
type="catchword" place="footRight">ning</fw>
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0188.jpg" n="168"/>
<fw type="rh">
<hi rend="italic">The Merchant of Venice.</hi>
</fw>
<cb n="1"/>
<lb/>ning but at the next turning of all on your left; marrie
<lb/>at the verie next turning, turne of no hand, but turn down
<lb/>indirectlie to the <hi rend="italic">Iewes</hi> house.</p>
</sp>

me

him,

<sp who="#F-mv-gob">
<speaker rend="italic">Gob.</speaker>
<p>Be Gods sonties 'twill be a hard waie to hit, can <lb/>you tell
whether one <hi rend="italic">Launcelet</hi> that dwels with
<lb/> dwell with him or no.</p>
</sp>

marke

<sp who="#F-mv-lau">
<speaker rend="italic">Laun.</speaker>
<p>Talke you of yong Master <hi rend="italic">Launcelet</hi>,
<lb/>me now, now will I raise the waters; talke you of yong
<lb/>Maister <hi rend="italic">Launcelet</hi>?</p>
</sp>

Fa­<lb/>ther

<sp who="#F-mv-gob">
<speaker rend="italic">Gob.</speaker>
<p>No Maister sir, but a poore mans sonne, his
though I say't is an honest exceeding poore man, <lb/>and God be
thanked well to liue.</p>
</sp>

Maister

<sp who="#F-mv-lau">
<speaker rend="italic">Lan.</speaker>
<p>Well, let his Father be what a will, wee talke of <lb/>yong
<hi rend="italic">Launcelet.</hi>
</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-mv-gob">
<speaker rend="italic">Gob.</speaker>
<p>Your worships friend and <hi rend="italic">Launcelet.</hi>
</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-mv-lau">
<speaker rend="italic">Laun.</speaker>

<p>But I praie you <hi rend="italic">ergo</hi> old man, <hi
 rend="italic">ergo</hi> I beseech you, <lb/>talke you of yong
 Maister <hi rend="italic">Launcelet.</hi>
 </p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-gob">
 <speaker rend="italic">Gob.</speaker>
 <p>Of <hi rend="italic">Launcelet</hi>, ant please your
 maistership.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-lau">
 <speaker rend="italic">Lan.</speaker>
 <p>
 <hi rend="italic">Ergo</hi> Maister <hi
 rend="italic">Lancelet</hi>,
 talke not of maister <hi
 rend="italic">Lancelet</hi>,
 Father, for the yong gentleman according to fates and
 <lb/>destinies, and such odde sayings, the sisters three, &
 such
 <lb/>branches of learning, is indeede deceased, or as you
 <lb/>would
 say in plaine tearmes, gone to heauen.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-gob">
 <speaker rend="italic">Gob.</speaker>
 <p>Marrie God forbid, the boy was the verie staffe <lb/>of my age,
 my
 verie prop.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-lau">
 <speaker rend="italic">Lau.</speaker>
 <p>Do I look like a cudgell or a houell;post, a staffe
 <lb/>or a
 prop: doe you know me Father.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-gob">
 <speaker rend="italic">Gob.</speaker>
 <p>Alacke the day, I know you not yong
 Gentleman; <lb/>man, but I
 praie you tell me, is my boy God rest his soule <lb/>aliue or
 dead.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-lau">
 <speaker rend="italic">Lan.</speaker>
 <p>Doe you not know me Father.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-gob">
 <speaker rend="italic">Gob.</speaker>
 <p>Alacke sir I am sand blinde, I know you not.</p>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-lau">
 <speaker rend="italic">Lan.</speaker>
 <p>Nay, indeede if you had your eies you might <lb/>faile of the
 knowing
 me: it is a wise Father that knowes <lb/>his owne childe. Well,
 old
 man, I will tell you newes of <lb/>your son, giue me your
 blessing,
 truth will come to light, <lb/>murder cannot be hid long, a mans
 sonne may, but in the <lb/>end truth will out.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-gob">
 <speaker rend="italic">Gob.</speaker>
 <p>Praie you sir stand vp, I am sure you are not <lb/><hi
 rend="italic">
 >Lancelet</hi> my boy.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-lau">
 <speaker rend="italic">Lan.</speaker>
 <p>Praie you let's haue no more fooling about <lb/>it, but giue mee
 your
 blessing: I am <hi rend="italic">Lancelet</hi> your <lb/>boy that
 was, your sonne that is, your childe that <lb/>shall be.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-gob">
 <speaker rend="italic">Gob.</speaker>
 <p>I cannot thinke you are my sonne.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-lau">
 <speaker rend="italic">Lan.</speaker>
 <p>I know not what I shall thinke of that: but I am <lb/>
 <hi rend="italic">Lancelet</hi> the <hi rend="italic">Iewes</hi>
 man, and I am sure <hi rend="italic">Margerie</hi> your wife
 <lb/>is
 my mother.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-gob">
 <speaker rend="italic">Gob.</speaker>
 <p>Her name is <hi rend="italic">Margerie</hi> indeede, Ile be
 sworne if
 <lb/>thou be <hi rend="italic">Lancelet</hi>, thou art mine
 owne
 flesh and blood: <lb/>Lord worshipt might he be, what a beard
 hast
 thou got; <lb/>thou hast got more haire on thy chin, then Dobbin
 my
 <lb/>philhorse has on his taile.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-lau">

<speaker rend="italic">Gob.</speaker>
 <p>God blesse your worship.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-bas">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bass.</speaker>
 <p>Gramercie, would'st thou ought with me.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-gob">
 <speaker rend="italic">Gob.</speaker>
 <p>Here's my sonne sir, a poore boy.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-lau">
 <speaker rend="italic">Lan.</speaker>
 <p>Not a poore boy sir, but the rich <hi rend="italic">Iewes</hi>
 man
 that <lb/>would sir as my Father shall specifie.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-gob">
 <speaker rend="italic">Gob.</speaker>
 <p>He hath a great infection sir, as one would say <lb/>to
 serue.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-lau">
 <speaker rend="italic">Lan.</speaker>
 <p>Indeede the short and the long is, I serue the <lb/><hi
 rend="italic">
 >Iew</hi>, and haue a desire as my Father shall specifie.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-gob">
 <speaker rend="italic">Gob.</speaker>
 <p>His Maister and he (sauing your worships
 reue­<lb/>rence) are
 scarce caterco<gap extent="1" unit="chars" reason="illegible"
 agent="partiallyInkedType" resp="#LMC"/>ins.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-lau">
 <speaker rend="italic">Lan.</speaker>
 <p>To be briefe, the verie truth is, that the <hi
 rend="italic">Iew</hi>
 <lb/>hauing done me wrong, doth cause me as my Father
 be­<lb/>ing I hope an old man shall frutifie vnto
 you.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-gob">
 <speaker rend="italic">Gob.</speaker>
 <p>I haue here a dish of Doues that I would bestow <lb/>vpon your
 worship, and my suite is.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-lau">
 <speaker rend="italic">Lan.</speaker>

it,

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

</sp>

<sp who="#F-mv-bas">

<speaker rend="italic">Bass.</speaker>

<p>One speake for both, what would you?</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-mv-lau">

<speaker rend="italic">Lan.</speaker>

<p>Serue you sir.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-mv-gob">

<speaker rend="italic">Gob.</speaker>

<p>That is the verie defect of the matter sir.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-mv-bas">

<speaker rend="italic">Bass.</speaker>

<l>I know thee well, thou hast obtain'd thy suite,</l>

<l><hi rend="italic">Shylocke</hi> thy Maister spoke with me this
daie,</l>

<l>And hath prefer'd thee, if it be preferment</l>

<l>To leaue a rich <hi rend="italic">Iewes</hi> seruice, to

become</l>

<l>The follower of so poore a Gentleman.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-mv-lau">

<speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>

<p>The old prouerbe is verie well parted betweene <lb/>my Maister

<hi

rend="italic">Shylocke</hi> and you sir, you haue the grace of
<lb/>God sir, and he hath enough.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-mv-bas">

<speaker rend="italic">Bass.</speaker>

<l>Thou speak'st well; go Father with thy Son,</l>

<l>Take leaue of thy old Maister, and enquire</l>

<l>My lodging out, giue him a Liuerie</l>

<l>More garded then his fellowes: see it done.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-mv-lau">

<speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>

<p>Father in, I cannot get a seruice, no, I haue nere <lb/>a tongue in
my head, well: if anie man in <hi rend="italic">Italie</hi> haue a
<lb/>fairer table which doth offer to sweare vpon a booke, I
<lb/>shall haue good fortune; goe too, here's a simple line <lb/>of
life, here's a small trifle of wiues, alas, fifteene wiues <lb/>is
nothing, a leuen widdowes and nine maides is a

sim­<lb/>ple

comming in for one man, and then to scape
 draw­<lb/>ning
 thrice, and to be in perill of my life with the edge <lb/>of a
 featherbed, here are simple scapes: well, if Fortune <lb/>be a
 woman, she's a good wench for this gere: Father <lb/>come, Ile
 take
 my leaue of the <hi rend="italic">Iew</hi> in the twinkling.</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit Clowne.</stage>
<sp who="#F-mv-bas">
<speaker rend="italic">Bass.</speaker>
<l>I prairie thee good <hi rend="italic">Leonardo</hi> thinke on
this,</l>
<l>These things being bought and orderly bestowed</l>
<l>Returne in haste, for I doe feast to night</l>
<l>My best esteemd acquaintance, hie thee goe.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mv-leo">
<speaker rend="italic">Leon.</speaker>
<l>My best endeuors shall be done herein.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic inline" type="exit">Exit. Le.</stage>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Gratiano.</stage>
<sp who="#F-mv-gra">
<speaker rend="italic">Gra.</speaker>
<p>Where's your Maister.</p>
</sp>
<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">
<hi rend="italic">Leon.</hi> Yonder</fw>
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0189.jpg" n="169"/>
<fw type="rh">
<hi rend="italic">The Merchant of Venice.</hi>
</fw>
<cb n="1"/>
<sp who="#F-mv-leo">
<speaker rend="italic">Leon.</speaker>
<p>Yonder sir he walkes.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mv-gra">
<speaker rend="italic">Gra.</speaker>
<p>Signior <hi rend="italic">Bassanio.</hi>
</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mv-bas">
<speaker rend="italic">Bas.</speaker>
<p>
<hi rend="italic">Gratiano.</hi>
</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mv-gra">

<speaker rend="italic">Gra.</speaker>
 <p>I haue a sute to you.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-bas">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bass.</speaker>
 <p>You haue obtain'd it.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-gra">
 <speaker rend="italic">Gra.</speaker>
 <p>You must not denie me, I must goe with you to
 <lb/>Belmont.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-bas">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bass.</speaker>
 <l>Why then you must: but heare thee <hi rend="italic">
 >Gratiano</hi>,</l>
 <l>Thou art to wilde, to rude, and bold of voyce,</l>
 <l>Parts that become thee happily enough,</l>
 <l>And in such eyes as ours appeare not faults;</l>
 <l>But where they are not knowne, why there they show</l>
 <l>Something too liberall, pray thee take paine</l>
 <l>To allay with some cold drops of modestie</l>
 <l>Thy skipping spirit, least through thy wilde behaiour</l>
 <l>I be misconsterd in the place I goe to,</l>
 <l>And loose my hopes.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-gra">
 <speaker rend="italic">Gra.</speaker>
 <l>Signor <hi rend="italic">Bassanio</hi>, heare me,</l>
 <l>If I doe not put on a sober habite,</l>
 <l>Talke with respect, and sweare but now and than,</l>
 <l>Weare prayer bookes in my pocket, looke demurely,</l>
 <l>Nay more, while grace is saying hood mine eyes</l>
 <l>Thus with my hat, and sigh and say Amen:</l>
 <l>Vse all the obseruance of ciuillitie</l>
 <l>Like one well studied in a sad ostent</l>
 <l>To please his Grandam, neuer trust me more.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-bas">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bas.</speaker>
 <p>Well, we shall see your bearing.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-gra">
 <speaker rend="italic">Gra.</speaker>
 <l>Nay but I barre to night, you shall not gage me</l>
 <l>By what we doe to night.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-bas">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bas.</speaker>
 <l>No that were pittie,</l>

<l>I would intreate you rather to put on</l>
<l>Your boldest suite of mirth, for we haue friends</l>
<l>That purpose merriment: but far you well,</l>
<l>I haue some businesse.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-mv-gra">

<speaker rend="italic">Gra.</speaker>

<l>And I must to <hi rend="italic">Lorenzo</hi> and the rest,</l>

<l>But we will visite you at supper time.</l>

</sp>

<stage rend="italic inline" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>

</div>

<div type="scene" n="3" rend="notPresent">

<head type="supplied">[Act 2, Scene 3]</head>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Iessica and the
Clowne.</stage>

<sp who="#F-mv-jes">

<speaker rend="italic">Ies.</speaker>

<l>I am sorry thou wilt leaue my Father so,</l>

<l>Our house is hell, and thou a merrie diuell</l>

<l>Did'st rob it of some taste of tediousnesse;</l>

<l>But far thee well, there is a ducat for thee,</l>

<l>And <hi rend="italic">Lancelet</hi>, soone at supper shalt thou
see</l>

<l>

<hi rend="italic">Lorenzo</hi>, who is thy new Maisters

guest,</l>

<l>Giue him this Letter, doe it secretly,</l>

<l>And so farewell: I would not haue my Father</l>

<l>see me talke with thee.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-mv-lau">

<speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>

<p>Aduē, teares exhibit my tongue, most beautifull <lb/>Pagan,

most

sweete Iew, if a Christian doe not play the <lb/>knaue and get

thee,

I am much deceiued; but adue, these <lb/>foolish drops doe

somewhat

drowne my manly spirit: <lb/>adue.</p>

</sp>

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>

<sp who="#F-mv-jes">

<speaker rend="italic">Ies.</speaker>

<l>Farewell good <hi rend="italic">Lancelet</hi>.</l>

<l>Alacke, what hainous sinne is it in me</l>

<l>To be ashamed to be my Fathers childe,</l>

<l>But though I am a daughter to his blood,</l>

<l>I am not to his manners: O <hi rend="italic">Lorenzo</hi>,</l>

<l>If thou keepe promise I shall end this strife,</l>

```

        <l>Become a Christian, and thy louing wife.</l>
    </sp>
    <stage rend="italic inline" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
</div>
<div type="scene" n="4" rend="notPresent">
    <head type="supplied">[Act 2, Scene 4]</head>
    <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Gratiano, Lorenzo,
        Slarino, and Salanio.</stage>
    <sp who="#F-mv-lor">
        <speaker rend="italic">Lor.</speaker>
        <p>Nay, we will slinke away in supper time,<b/> Disguise vs at my
            lodging, and returne all in an houre.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-mv-gra">
        <speaker rend="italic">Gra.</speaker>
        <p>We haue not made good preparation.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-mv-slr">
        <speaker rend="italic">Sal.</speaker>
        <p>We haue not spoke vs yet of Torch&#x2011;bearers.</p>
    </sp>
    <cb n="2"/>
    <sp who="#F-mv-sln">
        <speaker rend="italic">Sol.</speaker>
        <l>'Tis vile vnlesse it may be quaintly ordered,</l>
        <l>And better in my minde not vndertooke.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-mv-lor">
        <speaker rend="italic">Lor.</speaker>
        <l>'Tis now but foure of clock, we haue two houres</l>
        <l>To furnish vs; friend <hi rend="italic">Lancelet</hi> what's the
            newes.</l>
    </sp>
    <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Lancelet with a
        rend="inverted">e</c>r.</stage>
    <sp who="#F-mv-lau">
        <speaker rend="italic">Lan.</speaker>
        <p>And it shall please you to breake vp this, shall it <b/>seeme to
            signifie.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-mv-lor">
        <speaker rend="italic">Lor.</speaker>
        <l>I know the hand, in faith 'tis a faire hand</l>
        <l>And whiter then the paper it writ on,</l>
        <l>I the faire hand that writ.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-mv-gra">
        <speaker rend="italic">Gra.</speaker>
        <p>Loue newes in faith.</p>

```

Let<c

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-lau">
 <speaker rend="italic">Lan.</speaker>
 <p>By your leaue sir.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-lor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Lor.</speaker>
 <p>Whither goest thou?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-lau">
 <speaker rend="italic">Lan.</speaker>
 <p>Marry sir to bid my old Master the <hi rend="italic">Iew</hi>
 to sup
 <lb/>to night with my new Master the Christian.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-lor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Lor.</speaker>
 <l>Hold here, take this, tell gentle <hi rend="italic">Iessica</hi>
 </l>
 <l>I will not faile her, speake it priuately:</l>
 <l>Go Gentlemen, will you prepare you for this Maske to
 <lb/>night,</l>
 <l>I am prouided of a Torch‑bearer.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic inline" type="exit">Exit. Clowne.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-mv-slr">
 <speaker rend="italic">Sal.</speaker>
 <p>I marry, ile be gone about it stra<gap extent="1" unit="chars"
 reason="absent" agent="uninkedType" resp="#LMC"/>t.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-sln">
 <speaker rend="italic">Sol.</speaker>
 <p>And so will I.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-lor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Lor.</speaker>
 <p>Meete me and <hi rend="italic">Gratiano</hi> at <hi
 rend="italic">
 >Gratianos</hi> lodging <lb/>Some houre hence.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-slr">
 <speaker rend="italic">Sal.</speaker>
 <p>'Tis good we do so.</p>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-mv-gra">
 <speaker rend="italic">Gra.</speaker>
 <p>Was not that Letter from faire <hi
 rend="italic">Iessica</hi>?</p>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-mv-lor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Lor.</speaker>
 <l>I must needs tell thee all, she hath directed</l>
 <l>How I shall take her from her Fathers house,</l>
 <l>What gold and iewels she is furnisht with,</l>
 <l>What Pages suite she hath in readinesse:</l>
 <l>If ere the <hi rend="italic">Iew</hi> her Father come to
 heauen,</l>
 <l>It will be for his gentle daughters sake;</l>
 <l>And neuer dare misfortune crosse her foote,</l>
 <l>Vnlesse she doe it vnder this excuse,</l>
 <l>That she is issue to a faithlesse <hi rend="italic">Iew</hi>:</l>
 <l>Come goe with me, peruse this as thou goest,</l>
 <l>Faire <hi rend="italic">Iessica</hi> shall be my
 Torch‑bearer.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic inline" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
 </div>
 <div type="scene" n="5" rend="notPresent">
 <head type="supplied">[Act 2, Scene 5]</head>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Iew, and his man
 that was
 the Clowne.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-mv-shy">
 <speaker rend="italic">Iew.</speaker>
 <l>Well, thou shall see, thy eyes shall be thy iudge,</l>
 <l>The difference of old <hi rend="italic">Shylocke</hi> and <hi
 rend="italic">Bassanio</hi>;</l>
 <l>What <hi rend="italic">Iessica</hi>, thou shalt not
 gurmandize</l>
 <l>As thou hast done with me: what <hi
 rend="italic">Iessica</hi>?</l>
 <l>And sleepe, and snore, and rend apparrell out.</l>
 <l>Why <hi rend="italic">Iessica</hi> I say.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-lau">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
 <p>Why <hi rend="italic">Iessica.</hi>
 </p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-shy">
 <speaker rend="italic">Shy.</speaker>
 <l>Who bids thee call? I do not bid thee call.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-lau">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
 <p>Your worship was wont to tell me<lb/> I could doe nothing
 without
 bidding.</p>
 </sp>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Iessica.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-mv-jes">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ies.</speaker>
 <p>Call you? what is your will?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-shy">
 <speaker rend="italic">Shy.</speaker>
 <l>I am bid forth to supper <hi rend="italic">Iessica</hi>,</l>
 <l>There are my Keyes: but wherefore should I go?</l>
 <l>I am not bid for loue, they flatter me,</l>
 <l>But yet Ile goe in hate, to feede vpon</l>
 <l>The prodigall Christian. <hi rend="italic">Iessica</hi> my
 girle,</l>
 <l>Looke to my house, I am right loath to goe,</l>
 <l>There is some ill a bruing towards my rest,</l>
 <l>For I did dreame of money bags to night.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-lau">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
 <p>I beseech you sir goe, my yong Master <lb/>Doth expect your
 reproach.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-shy">
 <speaker rend="italic">Shy.</speaker>
 <p>So doe I his.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-lau">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
 <p>And they haue conspired together, I will not say <lb/>you shall
 see a
 Maske, but if you doe, then it was not for <lb/>nothing that my
 nose
 fell a bleeding on blacke monday <fw type="sig"
 place="footCentre"
 >P</fw>
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">last,</fw>
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0190.jpg" n="170"/>
 <fw type="rh">
 <hi rend="italic">The Merchant of Venice.</hi>
 </fw>
 <cb n="1"/>
 <lb/>last, at six a clocke ith morning, falling out that yeere on
 <lb/>ashwensday was foure yeere in th'afternoone.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-shy">
 <speaker rend="italic">Shy.</speaker>
 <l>What are <gap extent="1" unit="chars" reason="illegible"
 agent="inkBlot" resp="#LMC"/>heir maskes? heare you me
 <hi
 rend="italic">Iessica</hi>,</l>

<|>Lock vp my doores, and when you heare the drum</|>
 <|>And the vile squealing of the wry‑neckt Fife,</|>
 <|>Clamber not you vp to the casements then,</|>
 <|>Nor thrust your head into the publique streete</|>
 <|>To gaze on Christian fooles with varnisht faces:</|>
 <|>But stop my houses eares, I meane my casements,</|>
 <|>Let not the sound of shallow fopperie enter</|>
 <|>My sober house. By <hi rend="italic">Jacobs</hi> staffe I
 sweare,</|>
 <|>I haue no minde of feasting forth to night:</|>
 <|>But I will goe: goe you before me sirra,</|>
 <|>Say I will come.</|>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-lau">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
 <|>I will goe before sir,</|>
 <|>Mistris looke out at window for all this;</|>
 <|>There will come a Christian by,</|>
 <|>Will be worth a Iewes eye.</|>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-shy">
 <speaker rend="italic">Shy.</speaker>
 <|>What saies that foole of <hi rend="italic">Hagars</hi>
 off‑spring? <lb/>ha.</|>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-jes">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ies.</speaker>
 <|>His words were farewell mistris, nothing else.</|>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-shy">
 <speaker rend="italic">Shy.</speaker>
 <|>The patch is kinde enough, but a huge feeder:</|>
 <|>Snaile‑slow in profit, but he sleepes by day</|>
 <|>More then the wilde‑cat: drones hiue not with me,</|>
 <|>Therefore I part with him, and part with him</|>
 <|>To one that I would haue him helpe to waste</|>
 <|>His borrowed purse. Well <hi rend="italic">Iessica</hi> goe
 in,</|>
 <|>Perhaps I will returne immediately;</|>
 <|>Doe as I bid you, shut doores after you, fast binde, fast
 <lb/>finde,</|>
 <|>A prouerbe neuer stale in thriftie minde.</|>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic inline" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-mv-jes">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ies.</speaker>
 <|>Farewell, and if my fortune be not crost,</|>
 <|>I haue a Father, you a daughter lost.</|>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic inline" type="exit">Exit.</stage>

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</div>
<div type="scene" n="6" rend="notPresent">
  <head type="supplied">[Act 2, Scene 6]</head>
  <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter the Maskers,
Gratiano and
  Salino.</stage>
  <sp who="#F-mv-gra">
    <speaker rend="italic">Gra.</speaker>
    <p>This is the penthouse vnder which <hi
rend="italic">Lorenzo</hi>
      <lb/>Desired vs to make a stand.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-mv-sln">
    <speaker rend="italic">Sal.</speaker>
    <p>His houre is almost past.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-mv-gra">
    <speaker rend="italic">Gra.</speaker>
    <l>And it is meruaile he out&#x2011;dwels his houre,</l>
    <l>For louers euer run before the clocke.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-mv-sln">
    <speaker rend="italic">Sal.</speaker>
    <l>O ten times faster <hi rend="italic">Venus</hi> Pidgions
flye</l>
    <l>To steale loues bonds new made, then they are wont</l>
    <l>To keepe obliged faith vnforfaited.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-mv-gra">
    <speaker rend="italic">Gra.</speaker>
    <l>That euer holds, who riseth from a feast</l>
    <l>With that keene appetite that he sits downe?</l>
    <l>Where is the horse that doth vntread againe</l>
    <l>His tedious measures with the vnbated fire,</l>
    <l>That he did pace them first: all things that are,</l>
    <l>Are with more spirit chased then enioy'd.</l>
    <l>How like a yonger or a prodigall</l>
    <l>The skarfed barke puts from her natiue bay,</l>
    <l>Hudg'd and embraced by the strumpet winde:</l>
    <l>How like a prodigall doth she returne</l>
    <l>With ouer&#x2011;wither'd ribs and ragged sailes,</l>
    <l>Leane, rent, and begger'd by the strumpet winde?</l>
  </sp>
  <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Lorenzo.</stage>
  <sp who="#F-mv-sln">
    <speaker rend="italic">Salino.</speaker>
    <p>Heere comes <hi rend="italic">Lorenzo</hi>, more of this
      here&#x00AD;<lb/>after.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-mv-lor">

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<speaker rend="italic">Lor.</speaker>
 <l>Sweete friends, your patience for my long
 a­<lb/>bode,</l>
 <l>Not I, but my affaires haue made you wait;</l>
 <l>When you shall please to play the theeues for wiues</l>
 <l>Ile watch as long for you then: approach</l>
 </sp>
 <cb n="2"/>
 <l>Here dwels my father Iew. Hoa, who's within?</l>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="business">Iessica aboue.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-mv-jes">
 <speaker rend="italic">Iess.</speaker>
 <l>Who are you? tell me for more certainty,</l>
 <l>Albeit Ile sweare that I do know your tongue.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-lor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Lor.</speaker>
 <p>
 <hi rend="italic">Lorenzo</hi>, and thy Loue.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-jes">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ies.</speaker>
 <l>
 <hi rend="italic">Lorenzo</hi> certaine, and my loue indeed,</l>
 <l>For who loue I so much? and now who knowes</l>
 <l>But you <hi rend="italic">Lorenzo</hi>, whether I am
 yours?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-lor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Lor.</speaker>
 <p>Heauen and thy thoughts are witness that thou <lb/>art.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-jes">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ies.</speaker>
 <l>Heere, catch this casket, it is worth the paines,</l>
 <l>I am glad 'tis night, you do not looke on me,</l>
 <l>For I am much asham'd of my exchange:</l>
 <l>But loue is blinde, and louers cannot see</l>
 <l>The pretty follies that themselues commit,</l>
 <l>For if they could, <hi rend="italic">Cupid</hi> himselfe would
 blush</l>
 <l>To see me thus transformed to a boy.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-lor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Lor.</speaker>
 <p>Descend, for you must be my torch‑bearer.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-jes">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ies.</speaker>
 <l>What, must I hold a Candle to my shames?</l>

<l>They in themselues goodsooth are too too light.</l>
 <l>Why, 'tis an office of discouery Loue,</l>
 <l>And I should be obscur'd.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-lor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Lor.</speaker>
 <l>So you are sweet,</l>
 <l>Euen in the louely garnish of a boy: but come at once,</l>
 <l>For the close night doth play the run‑away,</l>
 <l>And we are staid for at <hi rend="italic">Bassanio'</hi>s
 feast.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-jes">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ies.</speaker>
 <l>I will make fast the doores and guild my selfe</l>
 <l>With some more ducats, and be with you straight.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-gra">
 <speaker rend="italic">Gra.</speaker>
 <l>Now by my hood, a gentle, and no Iew.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-lor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Lor.</speaker>
 <l>Beshrew me but I loue her heartily.</l>
 <l>For she is wise, if I can iudge of her.</l>
 <l>And faire she is, if that mine eyes be true,</l>
 <l>And true she is, as she hath prou'd her selfe:</l>
 <l>And therefore like her selfe, wise, faire, and true,</l>
 <l>Shall she be placed in my constant soule.</l>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Iessica.</stage>
 <l>What, art thou come? on gentlemen, away,</l>
 <l>Our masking mates by this time for vs stay.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic inline" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Anthonio.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-mv-ant">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
 <p>Who's there?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-gra">
 <speaker rend="italic">Gra.</speaker>
 <p>Signior <hi rend="italic">Anthonio?</hi></p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-ant">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
 <l>Fie, fie, <hi rend="italic">Gratiano</hi>, where are all the
 rest?</l>
 <l>'Tis nine a clocke, our friends all stay for you,</l>
 <l>No maske to night, the winde is come about,</l>
 <l>
 </l>

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        <hi rend="italic">Bassanio</hi> presently will goe aboard,</l>
        <l>I haue sent twenty out to seeke for you.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-mv-gra">
        <speaker rend="italic">Gra.</speaker>
        <l>I am glad on't, I desire no more delight</l>
        <l>Then to be vnder saile, and gone to night.</l>
    </sp>
    <stage rend="italic inline" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
</div>
<div type="scene" n="7" rend="notPresent">
    <head type="supplied">[Act 2, Scene 7]</head>
    <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Portia with

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Morrocho, and

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    both their traines.</stage>
    <sp who="#F-mv-por">
        <speaker rend="italic">Por.</speaker>
        <l>Goe, draw aside the curtaines, and discouer</l>
        <l>The seuerall Caskets to this noble Prince:</l>
        <l>Now make your choise.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-mv-mor">
        <speaker rend="italic">Mor.</speaker>
        <l>The first of gold, who this inscription beares,</l>
        <l>Who chooseth me, shall gaine what men desire.</l>
        <l>The second siluer, which this promise carries,</l>
        <l>Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserues.</l>
        <l>This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt,</l>
        <l>Who chooseth me, must giue and hazard all he hath.</l>
        <l>How shall I know if I doe choose the right?</l>
        <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">
            <hi rend="italic">Por.</hi> The</fw>
        <pb facs="FFimg:axc0191.jpg" n="171"/>
        <fw type="rh">
            <hi rend="italic">The Merchant of Venice.</hi>
        </fw>
        <cb n="1"/>
        <l><note type="editorial" resp="#LMC">This line appears
erroneously to have been repeated at the top of this page.</note>How shall I know if I
doe choose the right.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-mv-por">
        <speaker rend="italic">Por.</speaker>
        <l>The one of them contains my picture Prince,</l>
        <l>If you choose that, then I am yours withall.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-mv-mor">
        <speaker rend="italic">Mor.</speaker>
        <l>Some God direct my iudgement, let me see,</l>
        <l>I will suruay the inscriptions, backe againe:</l>

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<|>What saies this leaden casket?</|>
<|>Who chooseth me, must giue and hazard all he hath.</|>
<|>Must giue, for what? for lead, hazard for lead?</|>
<|>This casket threatens men that hazard all</|>
<|>Doe it in hope of faire aduantages:</|>
<|>A golden minde stoopes not to showes of drosse,</|>
<|>Ile then nor giue nor hazard ought for lead.</|>
<|>What saies the Siluer with her virgin hue?</|>
<|>Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserues.</|>
<|>As much as he deserues; pause there <hi rend="italic"
>Morocho</hi>,</|>
<|>And weigh thy value with an euen hand,</|>
<|>If thou beest rated by thy estimation</|>
<|>Thou doost deserue enough, and yet enough</|>
<|>May not extend so farre as to the Ladie:</|>
<|>And yet to be afeard of my deseruing,</|>
<|>Were but a weake disabling of my selfe.</|>
<|>As much as I deserue, why that's the Lady.</|>
<|>I doe in birth deserue her, and in fortunes,</|>
<|>In graces, and in qualities of breeding:</|>
<|>But more then these, in loue I doe deserue.</|>
<|>What if I strai'd no farther, but chose here?</|>
<|>Let's see once more this saying grau'd in gold.</|>
<|>Who chooseth me shall gaine what many men desire:</|>
<|>Why that's the Lady, all the world desires her:</|>
<|>From the foure corners of the earth they come</|>
<|>To kisse this shrine, this mortall breathing Saint.</|>
<|>The Hircanion deserts, and the vaste wildes</|>
<|>Of wide Arabia are as throughfares now</|>
<|>For Princes to come view faire <hi

rend="italic">Portia</hi>.</|>

<|>The waterie Kingdome, whose ambitious head</|>
<|>Spets in the face of heauen, is no barre</|>
<|>To stop the forraine spirits, but they come</|>
<|>As ore a brooke to see faire <hi rend="italic">Portia</hi>.</|>
<|>One of these three containes her heauenly picture.</|>
<|>Is't like that Lead containes her? 'twere damnation</|>
<|>To thinke so base a thought, it were too grosse</|>
<|>To rib her searecloath in the obscure graue:</|>
<|>Or shall I thinke in Siluer she's immur'd</|>
<|>Being ten times vnderualue'd to tride gold;</|>
<|>O sinfull thought, neuer so rich a Iem</|>
<|>Was set in worse then gold! They haue in England</|>
<|>A coyne that beares the figure of an Angell</|>
<|>Stamp't in gold, but that's insculpt vpon:</|>
<|>But here an Angell in a golden bed</|>
<|>Lies all within. Deliuer me the key:</|>
<|>Here doe I choose, and thriue I as I may.</|>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-mv-por">

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    <speaker rend="italic">Por.</speaker>
    <l>There take it Prince, and if my forme lye there</l>
    <l>Then I am yours.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mv-mor">
    <speaker rend="italic">Mor.</speaker>
    <l>O hell! what haue we here, a carrion death,</l>
    <l>Within whose emptie eye there is a written scroule;</l>
    <l>Ile reade the writing.</l>

<lg rend="center">
    <l><hi rend="italic">All that glisters is not gold</hi>, </l>
    <l>
    <hi rend="italic">Often haue you heard that told</hi>; </l>
    <l rend="italic"> Many a man his life hath sold </l>
    <l>
    <hi rend="italic">But my outside to behold</hi>; </l>
    <l rend="italic"> Guilded timber doe wormes infold: </l>
    <l>
    <hi rend="italic">Had you beene as wise as bold</hi>, </l>
    <l>
    <hi rend="italic">Yong in limbs</hi>, <hi rend="italic">in
    iudgement old</hi>, </l>
    <l>
    <hi rend="italic">Your answere had not beene inscrolde</hi>,
</l>

    <l>
    <hi rend="italic">Fareyouwell</hi>, <hi rend="italic">your
suite
    is cold</hi>, </l>
</lg>
</sp>
<cb n="2"/>
<sp who="#F-mv-mor">
    <speaker rend="italic">Mor.</speaker>
    <l>Cold indeede, and labour lost,</l>
    <l>Then farewell heate, and welcome frost:</l>
    <l>
    <hi rend="italic">Portia</hi> adew, I haue too grieu'd a heart</l>
    <l>To take a tedious leaue: thus loosers part.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic inline" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
<sp who="#F-mv-por">
    <speaker rend="italic">Por.</speaker>
    <l>A gentle riddance: draw the curtaines, go:</l>
    <l>Let all of his complexion choose me so.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic inline" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
</div>
<div type="scene" n="8" rend="notPresent">

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<head type="supplied">[Act 2, Scene 8]</head>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Salarino and Solanio.</stage>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="business">Flo. Cornets.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-mv-slr">
 <speaker rend="italic">Sal.</speaker>
 <l>Why man I saw <hi rend="italic">Bassanio</hi> vnder
 sayle;</l>
 <l>With him is <hi rend="italic">Gratiano</hi> gone along;</l>
 <l>And in their ship I am sure <hi rend="italic">Lorenzo</hi> is not.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-sln">
 <speaker rend="italic">Sol.</speaker>
 <l>The villaine <hi rend="italic">Iew</hi> with outcries raisd the Duke.</l>
 <l>Who went with him to search <hi rend="italic">Bassanios</hi> ship.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-slr">
 <speaker rend="italic">Sal.</speaker>
 <l>He comes too late, the ship was vnder saile;</l>
 <l>But there the Duke was giuen to vnderstand</l>
 <l>That in a Gondilo were seene together</l>
 <l>
 <hi rend="italic">Lorenzo</hi> and his amorous <hi
 rend="italic">
 >Iessica</hi>.</l>
 <l>Besides, <hi rend="italic">Anthonio</hi> certified the Duke</l>
 <l>They were not with <hi rend="italic">Bassanio</hi> in his
 ship.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-sln">
 <speaker rend="italic">Sol.</speaker>
 <l>I neuer heard a passion so confusd,</l>
 <l>So strange, outragious, and so variable,</l>
 <l>As the dogge <hi rend="italic">Iew</hi> did vtter in the
 streets;</l>
 <l>My daughter, O my ducats, O my daughter,</l>
 <l>Fled with a Christian, O my Christian ducats!</l>
 <l>Iustice, the law, my ducats, and my daughter;</l>
 <l>A sealed bag, two sealed bags of ducats,</l>
 <l>Of double ducats, stolne from me by my daughter,</l>
 <l>And iewels, two stones, two rich and precious stones,</l>
 <l>Stolne by my daughter: iustice, finde the girle,</l>
 <l>She hath the stones vpon her, and the ducats.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-slr">
 <speaker rend="italic">Sal.</speaker>
 <l>Why all the boyes in Venice follow him,</l>

<l>Crying his stones, his daughter, and his ducats.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-sln">
 <speaker rend="italic">Sol.</speaker>
 <l>Let good <hi rend="italic">Antonio</hi> looke he keepe his
 day</l>
 <l>Or he shall pay for this.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-slr">
 <speaker rend="italic">Sal.</speaker>
 <l>Marry well remembred,</l>
 <l>I reason'd with a Frenchman yesterday,</l>
 <l>Who told me, in the narrow seas that part</l>
 <l>The French and English, there miscaried</l>
 <l>A vessell of our country richly fraught:</l>
 <l>I thought vpon <hi rend="italic">Antonio</hi> when he told
 me,</l>
 <l>And wisht in silence that it were not his.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-sln">
 <speaker rend="italic">Sol.</speaker>
 <l>Yo were best to tell <hi rend="italic">Antonio</hi> what you
 heare.</l>
 <l>Yet doe not suddainely, for it may grieue him.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-slr">
 <speaker rend="italic">Sal.</speaker>
 <l>A kinder Gentleman treads not the earth,</l>
 <l>I saw <hi rend="italic">Bassanio</hi> and <hi rend="italic">
 >Antonio</hi> part,</l>
 <l>
 <hi rend="italic">Bassanio</hi> told him he would make some
 speede</l>
 <l>Of his returne: he answered, doe not so,</l>
 <l>Slubber not businesse for my sake <hi rend="italic">
 >Bassanio</hi>,</l>
 <l>But stay the very riping of the time,</l>
 <l>And for the <hi rend="italic">Iewes</hi> bond which he hath of
 me,</l>
 <l>Let it not enter in your minde of loue:</l>
 <l>Be merry, and imploy your chiefest thoughts</l>
 <l>To courtship, and such faire ostents of loue</l>
 <l>As shall conueniently become you there;</l>
 <l>And euen there his eye being big with teares,</l>
 <l>Turning his face, he put his hand behinde him,</l>
 <l>And with affection wondrous sencible</l>
 <l>He wrung <hi rend="italic">Bassanios</hi> hand, and so they
 parted.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-sln">

<speaker rend="italic">Sol.</speaker>
 <l>I thinke he onely loues the world for him,</l>
 <l>I pray thee let vs goe and finde him out</l>
 <l>And quicken his embraced heuinesse</l>
 <l>With some delight or other.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-slr">
 <speaker rend="italic">Sal.</speaker>
 <p>Doe we so.</p>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
 </div>
 <div type="scene" n="9" rend="notPresent">
 <head type="supplied">[Act 2, Scene 9]</head>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Nerrissa and a
 Seruiture.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-mv-ner">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ner.</speaker>
 <l>Quick, quick I pray thee, draw the curtain strait,</l>
 <fw type="sig" place="footCentre">P2</fw>
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">The</fw>
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0192.jpg" n="172"/>
 <fw type="rh">
 <hi rend="italic">The Merchant of Venice.</hi>
 </fw>
 <cb n="1"/>
 <l>The Prince of Arragon hath tane his oath,</l>
 <l>And comes to his election presently.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Arragon, his traine,
 and
 Portia.</stage>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="business">Flor. Cornets.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-mv-por">
 <speaker rend="italic">Por.</speaker>
 <l>Behold, there stand the caskets noble Prince,</l>
 <l>If you choose that wherein I am contain'd,</l>
 <l>Straight shall our nuptiall rights be solemniz'd:</l>
 <l>But if thou faile, without more speech my Lord,</l>
 <l>You must be gone from hence immediately.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-arr">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ar.</speaker>
 <l>I am enioynd by oath to obserue three things;</l>
 <l>First, neuer to vnfold to any one</l>
 <l>Which casket 'twas I chose; next, if I faile</l>
 <l>Of the right casket, neuer in my life</l>
 <l>To wooe a maide in way of marriage:</l>
 <l>Lastly, if I doe faile in fortune of my choyse,</l>
 <l>Immediately to leaue you, and be gone.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-mv-por">

<speaker rend="italic">Por.</speaker>

<l>To these iniunctions euey one doth sweare</l>

<l>That comes to hazard for my worthlesse selfe.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-mv-arr">

<speaker rend="italic">Ar.</speaker>

<l>And so haue I adrest me, fortune now</l>

<l>To my hearts hope: gold, siluer, and base lead.</l>

<l>Who chooseth me must giue and hazard all he hath.</l>

<l>You shall looke fairer ere I giue or hazard.</l>

<l>What saies the golden chest, ha, let me see.</l>

<l>Who chooseth me, shall gaine what many men desire:</l>

<l>What many men desire, that many may be meant</l>

<l>By the foole multitude that choose by show,</l>

<l>Not learning more then the fond eye doth teach,</l>

<l>Which pries not to th'interior, but like the Martlet</l>

<l>Builds in the weather on the outward wall,</l>

<l>Euen in the force and rode of casualtie.</l>

<l>I will not choose what many men desire,</l>

<l>Because I will not iumpe with common spirits,</l>

<l>And ranke me with the barbarous multitudes.</l>

<l>Why then to thee thou Siluer treasure house,</l>

<l>Tell me once more, what title thou doost beare;</l>

<l>Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserues:</l>

<l>And well said too; for who shall goe about</l>

<l>To cosen Fortune, and be honourable</l>

<l>Without the stampe of merrit, let none presume</l>

<l>To weare an vnderued dignitie:</l>

<l>O that estates, degrees, and offices,</l>

<l>Were not deriu'd corruptly, and that cleare honour</l>

<l>Were purchast by the merrit of the wearer;</l>

<l>How many then should couer that stand bare?</l>

<l>How many be commanded that command?</l>

<l>How much low pleasantry would then be gleaned</l>

<l>From the true seede of honor? And how much honor</l>

<l>Pickt from the chaffe and ruine of the times,</l>

<l>To be new varnisht: Well, but to my choise.</l>

<l>Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserues.</l>

<l>I will assume desert; giue me a key for this,</l>

<l>And instantly vnlocke my fortunes here.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-mv-por">

<speaker rend="italic">Por.</speaker>

<p>Too long a pause for that which you finde there.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-mv-arr">

<speaker rend="italic">Ar.</speaker>

<l>What's here, the portrait of a blinking idiot</l>

<|>Presenting me a scedule, I will reade it:</|>
<|>How much vnlike art thou to <hi rend="italic">Portia</hi>?</|>
<|>How much vnlike my hopes and my deseruings?</|>
<|>Who chooseth me, shall haue as much as he deserues.</|>
<|>Did I deserue no more then a fooles head,</|>
<|>Is that my prize, are my deserts no better?</|>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mv-por">
<speaker rend="italic">Por.</speaker>
<|>To offend and iudge are distinct offices,</|>
<|>And of opposed natures.</|>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mv-arr">
<speaker rend="italic">Ar.</speaker>
<|>What is here?</|>
<lg rend="center">
<|>
<hi rend="italic">The fier seauen times tried this</hi>, </|>
<cb n="2"/>
<|>
<hi rend="italic">Seauen times tried that iudgement is</hi>,
</|>
<|>
<hi rend="italic">That did neuer choose amis</hi>, </|>
<|>
<hi rend="italic">Some there be that shadowes kisse</hi>, </|>
<l rend="italic"> Such haue but a shadowes blisse: </l>
<l rend="italic"> There be fooles aliuie Iwis </l>
<|>
<hi rend="italic">Siluer'd o're</hi>, <hi rend="italic">and so
was this</hi>: </|>
<|>
<hi rend="italic">Take what wife you will to bed</hi>, </|>
<|>
<hi rend="italic">I will euer be your head</hi>: </|>
<|>
<hi rend="italic">So be gone</hi>, <hi rend="italic">you are
sped.</hi>
</|>
</lg>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mv-arr">
<speaker rend="italic">Ar.</speaker>
<|>Still more foole I shall appeare</|>
<|>By the time I linger here,</|>
<|>With one fooles head I came to woo,</|>
<|>But I goe away with two.</|>
<|>Sweet adue, Ile keepe my oath,</|>
<|>Patiently to beare my wroath.</|>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-mv-por">
 <speaker rend="italic">Por.</speaker>
 <l>Thus hath the candle sing'd the moath:</l>
 <l>O these deliberate fooles when they doe choose,</l>
 <l>They haue the wisdome by their wit to loose.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-ner">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ner.</speaker>
 <l>The ancient saying is no heresie,</l>
 <l>Hanging and wiuing goes by destinie.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-por">
 <speaker rend="italic">Por.</speaker>
 <p>Come draw the curtaine <hi rend="italic">Nerrissa</hi>.</p>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Messenger.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-mv-mes">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mes.</speaker>
 <p>Where is my Lady?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-por">
 <speaker rend="italic">Por.</speaker>
 <p>Here, what would my Lord?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-mes">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mes.</speaker>
 <l>Madam, there is a‑lighted at your gate</l>
 <l>A yong Venetian, one that comes before</l>
 <l>To signifie th'approaching of his Lord,</l>
 <l>From whom he bringeth sensible regreets;</l>
 <l>To wit (besides commends and curteous breath)</l>
 <l>Gifts of rich value; yet I haue not seene</l>
 <l>So likely an Ambassador of loue.</l>
 <l>A day in Aprill neuer came so sweete</l>
 <l>To show how costly Sommer was at hand,</l>
 <l>As this fore‑spurrer comes before his Lord.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-por">
 <speaker rend="italic">Por.</speaker>
 <l>No more I pray thee, I am halfe a‑feard</l>
 <l>Thou wilt say anone he is some kin to thee,</l>
 <l>Thou spend'st such high‑day wit in praising him:</l>
 <l>Come, come <hi rend="italic">Nerryssa</hi>, for I long to
 see</l>
 <l>Quicke <hi rend="italic">Cupids</hi> Post, that comes so
 mannerly.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-ner">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ner.</speaker>
 <p>

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        <hi rend="italic">Bassanio</hi> Lord, loue if thy will it be.</p>
    </sp>
    <stage rend="italic inline" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
</div>
</div>
<div type="act" n="3">
    <div type="scene" n="1" rend="notPresent">
        <head rend="italic center">Actus Tertius.</head>
        <head type="supplied">[Act 3, Scene 1]</head>
        <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Solanio and
            Salarino.</stage>
        <sp who="#F-mv-sln">
            <speaker rend="italic">Sol.</speaker>
            <p>Now, what newes on the Ryalto?</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-mv-slr">
            <speaker rend="italic">Sal.</speaker>
            <p>Why yet it liues there vncheckt, that <hi
rend="italic">Anthonio</hi>
                <lb/>hath a ship of rich lading wrackt on the narrow Seas; the
                <lb/>Goodwins I thinke they call the place, a very dangerous
                <lb/>flat, and fatall, where the carcasses of many a tall ship, lye
                <lb/>buried, as they say, if my gossips report be an honest
                wo&#x00AD;<lb/>man of her word.</p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-mv-sln">
                <speaker rend="italic">Sol.</speaker>
                <p>I would she were as lying a gossip in that, as euer <lb/>knappt
                Ginger, or made her neighbours beleue she wept <lb/>for the
death
                of a third husband: but it is true, without <lb/>any slips of
                prolixity, or crossing the plaine high&#x2011;way of <lb/>talke,
                that the good <hi rend="italic">Anthonio</hi>, the honest <hi
                rend="italic">Anthonio</hi>; &#xf4; that <lb/>I had a title
good
                enough to keepe his name company!</p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-mv-slr">
                <speaker rend="italic">Sal.</speaker>
                <p>Come, the full stop.</p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-mv-sln">
                <speaker rend="italic">Sol.</speaker>
                <p>Ha, what sayest thou, why the end is, he hath lost <lb/>a
ship.</p>
            </sp>
            <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">
                <hi rend="italic">Sal.</hi> I</fw>
            <pb facs="FFimg:axc0193.jpg" n="173"/>
            <fw type="rh">

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<hi rend="italic">The Merchant of Venice.</hi>
 </fw>
 <cb n="1"/>
 <sp who="#F-mv-slr">
 <speaker rend="italic">Sal.</speaker>
 <p>I would it might proue the end of his losses.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-sln">
 <speaker rend="italic">Sol.</speaker>
 <p>Let me say Amen betimes, least the diuell crosse <lb/>my
 praier, for
 here he comes in the likenes of a <hi rend="italic">Iew</hi>.
 How
 <lb/>now <hi rend="italic">Shylocke</hi>, what newes among
 the
 Merchants?</p>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Shylocke.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-mv-shy">
 <speaker rend="italic">Shy.</speaker>
 <p>You knew none so well, none so well as you, of <lb/>my
 daughters
 flight.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-slr">
 <speaker rend="italic">Sal.</speaker>
 <p>That's certaine, I for my part knew the Tailor <lb/>that made the
 wings she flew withall.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-sln">
 <speaker rend="italic">Sol.</speaker>
 <p>And <hi rend="italic">Shylocke</hi> for his owne part knew
 the bird
 was <lb/>fledg'd, and then it is the complexion of them al to leaue
 <lb/>the dam.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-shy">
 <speaker rend="italic">Shy.</speaker>
 <p>She is damn'd for it.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-slr">
 <speaker rend="italic">Sal.</speaker>
 <p>That's certaine, if the diuell may be her Iudge.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-shy">
 <speaker rend="italic">Shy.</speaker>
 <p>My owne flesh and blood to rebell.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-sln">
 <speaker rend="italic">Sol.</speaker>

<p>Out vpon it old carrion, rebels it at these yeeres.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-shy">
 <speaker rend="italic">Shy.</speaker>
 <p>I say my daughter is my flesh and bloud.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-slr">
 <speaker rend="italic">Sal.</speaker>
 <p>There is more difference betweene thy flesh and <lb/>hers, then
 betweene Iet and Iuorie, more betweene your <lb/>bloods, then
 there
 is betweene red wine and rennish: but <lb/>tell vs, doe you heare
 whether <hi rend="italic">Anthonio</hi> haue had anie
 <lb/>losse at
 sea or no?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-shy">
 <speaker rend="italic">Shy.</speaker>
 <p>There I haue another bad match, a bankrout, a <lb/>prodigall,
 who
 dare scarce shew his head on the Ryalto, <lb/>a begger that was
 vsd
 to come so smug vpon the Mart: <lb/>let him look to his bond, he
 was
 wont to call me Vsurer, <lb/>let him looke to his bond, he was
 wont
 to lend money <lb/>for a Christian curtsie, let him looke to his
 bond.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-slr">
 <speaker rend="italic">Sal.</speaker>
 <p>Why I am sure if he forfaite, thou wilt not take <lb/>his flesh,
 what's that good for?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-shy">
 <speaker rend="italic">Shy.</speaker>
 <p>To baite fish withall, if it will feede nothing <lb/>else, it will
 feede my reuenge; he hath disgrac'd me, and <lb/>hindred me
 halfe a
 million, laught at my losses, mockt at <lb/>my gaines, scorned
 my
 Nation, thwarted my bargaines, <lb/>cooled my friends, heated
 mine
 enemies, and what's the <lb/>reason? I am a <hi rend="italic">
 >Iewe</hi>: Hath not a <hi rend="italic">Iew</hi> eyes? hath
 not
 a <lb/>
 <hi rend="italic">Iew</hi> hands, organs, dementions, sences,
 affections, passi­<lb/>ons, fed with the same foode,
 hurt

diseases, with the same wea­<lb/>pons, subject to the same
Winter healed by the same <lb/>meanes, warmed and cooled by the same
and <lb/>Sommmmer as a Christian is: if you pricke vs doe we not
<lb/>bleede? if you tickle vs, doe we not laugh? if you poison
<lb/>vs doe we not die? and if you wrong vs shall we not
re­<lb/>uenge? if we are like you in the rest, we will
resemble you <lb/>in that. If a <hi rend="italic">Iew</hi> wrong
a <hi rend="italic">Christian</hi>, what is his humility,
<lb/>reuenge? If a <hi rend="italic">Christian</hi> wrong a <hi
rend="italic">Iew</hi>, what should his
suf­<lb/>ferance
be by Christian example, why reuenge? The
vil­<lb/>lanie you
teach me I will execute, and it shall goe hard <lb/>but I will
better the instruction.</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter a man from <hi
rend="roman">Anthonio</hi>.</stage>
<sp who="#F-mv-man">
<p>Gentlemen, my maister <hi rend="italic">Anthonio</hi> is at
his
house, and <lb/>desires to speake with you both.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mv-slr">
<speaker rend="italic">Sal.</speaker>
<p>We haue beene vp and downe to seeke him.</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="center" type="entrance">
<hi rend="italic">Enter</hi> Tuball.</stage>
<sp who="#F-mv-sln">
<speaker rend="italic">Sol.</speaker>
<p>Here comes another of the Tribe, a third cannot <lb/>be matcht,
vnlesse the diuell himselfe turne <hi rend="italic">Iew</hi>.</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.
Gentlemen.</stage>
<sp who="#F-mv-shy">
<speaker rend="italic">Shy.</speaker>
<p>How now <hi rend="italic">Tuball</hi>, what newes from <hi
rend="italic">Genowa</hi>? hast <lb/>thou found my
daughter?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mv-tub">
<speaker rend="italic">Tub.</speaker>
<p>I often came where I did heare of <choice>
<orig>ster</orig>
<corr>her</corr>

</choice>, but can­<lb/>not finde her.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-shy">
 <speaker rend="italic">Shy.</speaker>
 <p>Why there, there, there, there, a diamond gone <lb/>cost me two
 thousand ducats in Franckford, the curse ne­<lb/>uer
 fell
 vpon our Nation till now, I neuer felt it till now, <lb/>two
 thousand ducats in that, and other precious, preci­<cb
 n="2"/>
 <lb/>ous iewels: I would my daughter were dead at my foot,
 <lb/>and
 the iewels in her eare: would she were hearst at my <lb/>foote,
 and
 the duckets in her coffin: no newes of them, <lb/>why so? and I
 know
 not how much is spent in the search: <lb/>why thou losse vpon
 losse,
 the theefe gone with so <lb/>much, and so much to finde the
 theefe,
 and no satisf­<lb/>ction, no reuenge, nor no ill luck
 stirring but what lights <lb/>a my shoulders, no sighes but a my
 breathing, no teares <lb/>but a my shedding.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-tub">
 <speaker rend="italic">Tub.</speaker>
 <p>Yes, other men haue ill lucke too, <hi
 rend="italic">Anthonio</hi> as
 I <lb/>heard in Genowa?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-shy">
 <speaker rend="italic">Shy.</speaker>
 <p>What, what, what, ill lucke, ill lucke.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-tub">
 <speaker rend="italic">Tub.</speaker>
 <p>Hath an Argosie cast away comming from
 Tri­<lb/>polis.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-shy">
 <speaker rend="italic">Shy.</speaker>
 <p>I thanke God, I thanke God, is it true, is it true?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-tub">
 <speaker rend="italic">Tub.</speaker>
 <p>I spoke with some of the Saylers that escaped <lb/>the
 wracke.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-shy">
 <speaker rend="italic">Shy.</speaker>

good
 <p>I thanke thee good <hi rend="italic">Tuball</hi>, good newes,
 <lb/>newes: ha, ha, here in Genowa.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-tub">
 <speaker rend="italic">Tub.</speaker>
 <p>Your daughter spent in Genowa, as I heard, one <lb/>night
 fourescore
 ducats.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-shy">
 <speaker rend="italic">Shy.</speaker>
 <p>Thou stick'st a dagger in me, I shall neuer see my <lb/>gold
 againe,
 fourescore ducats at a sitting, fourescore
 du­<lb/>cats.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-tub">
 <speaker rend="italic">Tub.</speaker>
 <p>There came diuers of <hi rend="italic">Anthonios</hi>
 creditors in my
 <lb/>company to Venice, that sweare hee cannot choose but
 <lb/>breake.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-shy">
 <speaker rend="italic">Shy.</speaker>
 <p>I am very glad of it, ile plague him, ile torture <lb/>him, I am
 glad
 of it,</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-tub">
 <speaker rend="italic">Tub.</speaker>
 <p>One of them shewed me a ring that hee had of <lb/>your
 daughter for a
 Monkie.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-shy">
 <speaker rend="italic">Shy.</speaker>
 <p>Out vpon her, thou torturest me <hi rend="italic">Tuball</hi>,
 it was
 <lb/>my Turkies, I had it of <hi rend="italic">Leah</hi> when I
 was
 a Batcheler: I <lb/>would not haue giuen it for a wildernesse of
 Monkies.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-tub">
 <speaker rend="italic">Tub.</speaker>
 <p>But <hi rend="italic">Anthonio</hi> is certainly vndone.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-shy">

will: goe

```
<speaker rend="italic">Shy.</speaker>
<p>Nay, that's true, that's very true, goe <hi rend="italic"
  >Tuball</hi>, see <lb/>me an Officer, bespeake him a fortnight
  before, I will <lb/>haue the heart of him if he forfeit, for were he
  out of Ve&#x00AD;<lb/>nice, I can make what merchandize I

  <hi rend="italic">Tuball</hi>, <lb/>and meete me at our
  Sinagogue, goe good <hi rend="italic">Tuball</hi>, at our
  <lb/>Sinagogue <hi rend="italic">Tuball</hi>.</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic inline" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
</div>
<div type="scene" n="2" rend="notPresent">
  <head type="supplied">[Act 3, Scene 2]</head>
  <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Bassanio, Portia,
    Gratiano, and all their traine.</stage>
  <sp who="#F-mv-por">
    <speaker rend="italic">Por.</speaker>
    <l>I pray you tarrie, pause a day or two</l>
    <l>Before you hazard, for in choosing wrong</l>
    <l>I loose your companie; therefore forbear a while,</l>
    <l>There's something tels me (but it is not loue)</l>
    <l>I would not loose you, and you know your selfe,</l>
    <l>Hate counsailes not in such a quallitie;</l>
    <l>But least you should not vnderstand me well,</l>
    <l>And yet a maiden hath no tongue, but thought,</l>
    <l>I would detaine you here some month or two</l>
    <l>Before you venture for me. I could teach you</l>
    <l>How to choose right, but then I am forsworne,</l>
    <l>So will I neuer be, so may you misse me,</l>
    <l>But if you doe, youle make me wish a sinne,</l>
    <l>That I had beene forsworne: Beshrow your eyes,</l>
    <l>They haue ore&#x2011;lookt me and deided me,</l>
    <l>One halfe of me is yours, the other halfe yours,</l>
    <l>Mine owne I would say: but of mine then yours,</l>
    <l>And so all yours; O these naughtie times</l>
    <l>Puts bars betweene the owners and their rights.</l>
    <l>And so though yours, not yours (proue it so)</l>
    <l>Let Fortune goe to hell for it, not I.</l>
    <l>I speake too long, but 'tis to peize the time,</l>
    <l>To ich it, and to draw it out in length,</l>
    <l>To stay you from election.</l>
  </sp>
  <fw type="sig" place="footCentre">P3</fw>
  <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">
    <hi rend="italic">Bass</hi>. Let</fw>
  <pb facs="FFimg:axc0194.jpg" n="174"/>
  <fw type="rh">
    <hi rend="italic">The Merchant of Venice.</hi>
  </fw>
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<cb n="1"/>
 <sp who="#F-mv-bas">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bass.</speaker>
 <l>Let me choose,</l>
 <l>For as I am, I liue vpon the racke.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-por">
 <speaker rend="italic">Por.</speaker>
 <l>Vpon the racke <hi rend="italic">Bassanio</hi>, then
 confesse</l>
 <l>What treason there is mingled with your loue.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-bas">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bass.</speaker>
 <l>None but that vglie treason of mistrust.</l>
 <l>Which makes me feare the enioying of my loue:</l>
 <l>There may as well be amitie and life,</l>
 <l>'Tweene snow and fire, as treason and my loue.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-por">
 <speaker rend="italic">Por.</speaker>
 <l>I, but I feare you speake vpon the racke,</l>
 <l>Where men enforced doth speake any thing.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-bas">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bass.</speaker>
 <l>Promise me life, and ile confesse the truth.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-por">
 <speaker rend="italic">Por.</speaker>
 <l>Well then, confesse and liue.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-bas">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bass.</speaker>
 <l>Confesse and loue</l>
 <l>Had beene the verie sum of my confession:</l>
 <l>O happie torment, when my torturer</l>
 <l>Doth teach me answers for deliuerance:</l>
 <l>But let me to my fortune and the caskets.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-por">
 <speaker rend="italic">Por.</speaker>
 <l>Away then, I am lockt in one of them,</l>
 <l>If you doe loue me, you will finde me out.</l>
 <l>
 <hi rend="italic">Nerryssa</hi> and the rest, stand all aloose,</l>
 <l>Let musicke sound while he doth make his choise,</l>
 <l>Then if he loose he makes a Swan-like end,</l>
 <l>Fading in musique. That the comparison</l>
 <l>May stand more proper, my eye shall be the streame</l>

<\/>And watrie death‑bed for him: he may win,<\/>
 <\/>And what is musique than? Than musique is<\/>
 <\/>Euen 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 loue<\/>
 <\/>Then yong <hi rend="italic">Alcides<\/hi>, when he did
 redeeme<\/>
 <\/>The virgine tribute, paied by howling <hi
 rend="italic">Troy<\/hi>
 <\/>
 <\/>To the Sea‑monster: I stand for sacrifice,<\/>
 <\/>The rest aloofe are the Dardanian wiues:<\/>
 <\/>With bleared visages come forth to view<\/>
 <\/>The issue of th'exploit: Goe Hercules,<\/>
 <\/>Liue thou, I liue with much more dismay<\/>
 <\/>I view the fight, then thou that mak'st the fray.<\/>
 <\/sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="business">Here Musicke.<\/stage>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="business">A Song the whilst <hi
 rend="roman">Bassanio<\/hi> comments on the <\/>Caskets to
 himselfe.<\/stage>
 <sp who="#F-mv-all">
 <lg>
 <\/>
 <hi rend="italic">Tell me where is fancie bred<\/hi>, <\/>
 <\/>
 <hi rend="italic">Or in the heart, or in the head<\/hi>: <\/>
 <l rend="italic">How begot, how nourished.<\/l>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Replie,
 replie.<\/stage>
 <\/>
 <hi rend="italic">It is engendred in the eyes<\/hi>, <\/>
 <\/>
 <hi rend="italic">With gazing fed<\/hi>, <hi rend="italic">and
 Fancie
 dies<\/hi>, <\/>
 <l rend="italic">In the cradle where it lies:<\/l>
 <l rend="italic">Let vs all ring Fancies knell.<\/l>
 <\/>Ile begin it.<\/>
 <\/>
 <hi rend="italic">Ding dong<\/hi>, <hi rend="italic">bell.<\/hi>
 <\/>
 <\/lg>
 <\/sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-all">
 <speaker>All.<\/speaker>
 <\/>

Ding, *dong*, *bell*.

</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-mv-bas">

Bass.</speaker>

<l>So may the outward shewes be least themselves</l>

<l>The world is still deceiv'd with ornament.</l>

<l>In Law, what Plea so tainted and corrupt,</l>

<l>But being season'd with a gracious voice,</l>

<l>Obscures the show of euill? In Religion,</l>

<l>What damned error, but some sober brow</l>

<l>Will blesse it, and approue it with a text,</l>

<l>Hiding the grossenesse with faire ornament:</l>

<l>There is no voice so simple, but assumes</l>

<l>Some marke of vertue on his outward parts;</l>

<cb n="2"/>

<l>How manie cowards, whose hearts are all as false</l>

<l>As stayers of sand, weare yet vpon their chins</l>

<l>The beards of *Hercules* and frowning *Mars*,

<l>Who inward searcht, haue lyuers white as milke,</l>

<l>And these assume but valors excrement,</l>

<l>To render them redoubted. Looke on beautie,</l>

<l>And you shall see 'tis purchast by the weight,</l>

<l>Which therein workes a miracle in nature,</l>

<l>Making them lightest that weare most of it:</l>

<l>So are those crisped snakie golden locks</l>

<l>Which makes such wanton gambols with the winde</l>

<l>Vpon supposed fairenesse, often knowne</l>

<l>To be the dowrie of a second head,</l>

<l>The scull that bred them in the Sepulcher.</l>

<l>Thus ornament is but the guiled shore</l>

<l>To a most dangerous sea: the beautious scarfe</l>

<l>Vailing an Indian beautie; In a word,</l>

<l>The seeming truth which cunning times put on</l>

<l>To intrap the wisest. Therefore then thou gaudie gold,</l>

<l>Hard food for *Midas*, I will none of

thee,</l>

<l>Nor none of thee thou pale and common drudge</l>

<l>'Tweene man and man: but thou, thou meager lead</l>

<l>Which rather threatnest then dost promise ought,</l>

<l>Thy palenesse moues me more then eloquence,</l>

<l>And here choose I, ioy be the consequence.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-mv-por">

Por.</speaker>

<l>How all the other passions fleet to ayre,</l>

<l>As doubtfull thoughts, and rash imbrac'd despaire:</l>

<l>And shuddring feare, and greene-eyed ieaalousie.</l>

<l>O loue be moderate, allay thy extasie,</l>
<l>In measure raine thy ioy, scant this excesse,</l>
<l>I feele too much thy blessing, make it lesse,</l>
<l>For feare I surfeit.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-mv-bas">

<speaker rend="italic">Bas.</speaker>

<l>What finde I here?</l>

<l>Faire <hi rend="italic">Portias</hi> counterfeit. What demie

God</l>

<l>Hath come so neere creation? moue these eies?</l>

<l>Or whether riding on the bals of mine</l>

<l>Seeme they in motion? Here are seuer'd lips</l>

<l>Parted with suger breath, so sweet a barre</l>

<l>Should sunder such sweet friends: here in her haire</l>

<l>The Painter plaies the Spider, and hath wouen</l>

<l>A golden mesh t'intrap the hearts of men</l>

<l>Faster then gnats in cobwebs: but her eies,</l>

<l>How could he see to doe them? hauing made one,</l>

<l>Me thinkes it should haue power to steale both his</l>

<l>And leaue it selfe vnfurnisht: Yet looke how farre</l>

<l>The substance of my praise doth wrong this shadow</l>

<l>In vnderprising it, so farre this shadow</l>

<l>Doth limpe behinde the substance. Here's the scroule,</l>

<l>The continent, and summarie of my fortune.</l>

<lg rend="italic center">

<l>You that choose not by the view</l>

<l>Chance as faire, and choose as true:</l>

<l>Since this fortune fals to you,</l>

<l>Be content, and seeke no new.</l>

<l>If you be well pleasd with this,</l>

<l>And hold your fortune for your blisse,</l>

<l>Turne you where your Lady is,</l>

<l>And claime her with a louing kisse.</l>

</lg>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-mv-bas">

<speaker rend="italic">Bass.</speaker>

<l>A gentle scroule: Faire Lady, by your leaue,</l>

<l>I come by note to giue, and to receiue,</l>

<l>Like one of two contending in a prize</l>

<l>That thinks he hath done well in peoples eies:</l>

<l>Hearing applause and vniuersall shout,</l>

<l>Giddie in spirit, still gazing in a doubt</l>

<l>Whether those peales of praise be his or no.</l>

<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">So</fw>

<pb facs="FFimg:axc0195.jpg" n="175"/>

<fw type="rh">

<hi rend="italic">The Merchant of Venice.</hi>

</fw>

<cb n="1"/>

<l>So thrice faire Lady stand I euen so,</l>

<l>As doubtfull whether what I see be true,</l>

<l>Vntill confirm'd, sign'd, ratified by you.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-mv-por">

<speaker rend="italic">Por.</speaker>

<l>You see my Lord <hi rend="italic">Bassiano</hi> where I

stand,</l>

<l>Such as I am; though for my selfe alone</l>

<l>I would not be ambitious in my wish,</l>

<l>To wish my selfe much better, yet for you,</l>

<l>I would be trebled twenty times my selfe,</l>

<l>A thousand times more faire, ten thousand times</l>

<l>More rich, that onely to stand high in your account,</l>

<l>I might in vertues, beauties, liuings, friends,</l>

<l>Exceed account: but the full summe of me</l>

<l>Is sum of nothing: which to terme in grosse,</l>

<l>Is an vnlessoned girle, vnschool'd, vnpractiz'd,</l>

<l>Happy in this, she is not yet so old</l>

<l>But she may learne: happier then this,</l>

<l>Shee is not bred so dull but she can learne;</l>

<l>Happiest of all, is that her gentle spirit</l>

<l>Commits it selfe to yours to be directed,</l>

<l>As from her Lord, her Gouvernour, her King.</l>

<l>My selfe, and what is mine, to you and yours</l>

<l>Is now conuerted. But now I was the Lord</l>

<l>Of this faire mansion, master of my seruants,</l>

<l>Queene ore my selfe: and euen now, but now,</l>

<l>This house, these seruants, and this same my selfe</l>

<l>Are yours, my Lord, I giue them with this ring,</l>

<l>Which when you part from, loose, or giue away,</l>

<l>Let it presage the ruine of your loue,</l>

<l>And be my vantage to exclaime on you.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-mv-bas">

<speaker rend="italic">Bass.</speaker>

<l>Maddam, you haue bereft me of all words,</l>

<l>Onely my bloud speakes to you in my vaines,</l>

<l>And there is such confusion in my powers,</l>

<l>As after some oration fairely spoke</l>

<l>By a beloued Prince, there doth appeare</l>

<l>Among the buzzing pleased multitude,</l>

<l>Where euery something being blent together,</l>

<l>Turnes to a wilde of nothing, saue of ioy</l>

<l>Exprest, and not exprest: but when this ring</l>

<l>Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence,</l>

<l>O then be bold to say <hi rend="italic">Bassanio'</hi>s

dead.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-mv-ner">
<speaker rend="italic">Ner.</speaker>
<l>My Lord and Lady, it is now our time</l>
<l>That haue stood by and seene our wishes prosper,</l>
<l>To cry good ioy, good ioy my Lord and Lady.</l>
</sp>

Lady,</l>

<sp who="#F-mv-gra">
<speaker rend="italic">Gra.</speaker>
<l>My Lord <hi rend="italic">Bassanio</hi>, and my gentle
<l>I wish you all the ioy that you can wish:</l>
<l>For I am sure you can wish none from me:</l>
<l>And when your Honours meane to solemnize</l>
<l>The bargaine of your faith: I doe beseech you</l>
<l>Euen at that time I may be married too.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-mv-bas">
<speaker rend="italic">Bass.</speaker>
<l>With all my heart, so thou canst get a wife.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-mv-gra">
<speaker rend="italic">Gra.</speaker>
<l>I thanke your Lordship, you gaue got me one.</l>
<l>My eyes my Lord can looke as swift as yours:</l>
<l>You saw the mistres, I beheld the maid:</l>
<l>You lou'd, I lou'd for intermission,</l>
<l>No more pertaines to me my Lord then you;</l>
<l>Your fortune stood vpon the caskets there,</l>
<l>And so did mine too, as the matter falls:</l>
<l>For wooing heere vntill I swet againe,</l>
<l>And swearing till my very rough was dry</l>
<l>With oathes of loue, at last, if promise last,</l>
<l>I got a promise of this faire one heere</l>
<l>To haue her loue: prouided that your fortune</l>
<l>Atchieu'd her mistresse.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-mv-por">
<speaker rend="italic">Por.</speaker>
<p>Is this true <hi rend="italic">Nerrissa</hi>?</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-mv-ner">
<speaker rend="italic">Ner.</speaker>
<p>Madam it is so, so you stand pleas'd withall.</p>
</sp>

faith?</p>

<sp who="#F-mv-bas">
<speaker rend="italic">Bass.</speaker>
<p>And doe you <hi rend="italic">Gratiano</hi> meane good

</sp>
<cb n="2"/>

<sp who="#F-mv-gra">
 <speaker rend="italic">Gra.</speaker>
 <p>Yes faith my Lord.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-bas">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bass.</speaker>
 <p>Our feast shall be much honored in your
 mar­<lb/>riage.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-gra">
 <speaker rend="italic">Gra.</speaker>
 <p>Weele play with them the first boy for a
 thou­<lb/>sand
 ducats.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-ner">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ner.</speaker>
 <p>What and stake downe?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-gra">
 <speaker rend="italic">Gra.</speaker>
 <l>No, we shal nere win at that sport, and stake <lb/>downe.</l>
 <l>But who comes heere? <hi rend="italic">Lorenzo</hi> and his
 Infidell?</l>
 <l>What and my old Venetian friend <hi
 rend="italic">Salerio</hi>?</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Lorenzo, Iessica,
 and
 Salerio.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-mv-bas">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bas.</speaker>
 <l>
 <hi rend="italic">Lorenzo</hi> and <hi
 rend="italic">Salerio</hi>,
 welcome hether,</l>
 <l>If that the youth of my new interest heere</l>
 <l>Haue power to bid you welcome: by your leaue</l>
 <l>I bid my verie friends and Countrimen</l>
 <l>Sweet <hi rend="italic">Portia</hi> welcome.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-por">
 <speaker rend="italic">Por.</speaker>
 <p>So do I my Lord, they are intirely welcome.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-lor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Lor.</speaker>
 <l>I thanke your honor; for my part my Lord,</l>
 <l>My purpose was not to haue seene you heere,</l>
 <l>But meeting with <hi rend="italic">Salerio</hi> by the way,</l>

<l>He did intreate mee past all saying nay</l>
 <l>To come with him along.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-slr">
 <speaker rend="italic">Sal.</speaker>
 <l>I did my Lord,</l>
 <l>And I haue reason for it, Signior <hi
 rend="italic">Anthonio</hi>
 </l>
 <l>Commends him to you.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-bas">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bass.</speaker>
 <l>Ere I ope his Letter</l>
 <l>I pray you tell me how my good friend doth.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-sln">
 <speaker rend="italic">Sal.</speaker>
 <l>Not sicke my Lord, vnlesse it be in minde,</l>
 <l>Nor wel, vnlesse in minde: his Letter there</l>
 <l>Wil shew you his estate.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="business">Opens the Letter.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-mv-gra">
 <speaker rend="italic">Gra.</speaker>
 <l>
 <hi rend="italic">Nerrissa</hi>, cheere yond stranger, bid her
 welcom.</l>
 <l>Your hand <hi rend="italic">Salerio</hi>, what's the newes
 from
 Venice?</l>
 <l>How doth that royal Merchant good <hi rend="italic">
 >Anthonio</hi>;</l>
 <l>I know he will be glad of our successe,</l>
 <l>We are the <hi rend="italic">Iasons</hi>, we haue won the
 fleece.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-slr">
 <speaker rend="italic">Sal.</speaker>
 <p>I would you had vvon the fleece that hee hath <lb/>lost.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-por">
 <speaker rend="italic">Por.</speaker>
 <l>There are some shrewd contents in yond same<lb/> Paper,</l>
 <l>That steales the colour from <hi rend="italic">Bassianos</hi>
 cheeke,</l>
 <l>Some deere friend dead, else nothing in the world</l>
 <l>Could turne so much the constitution</l>
 <l>Of any constant man. What, worse and worse?</l>
 <l>With leaue <hi rend="italic">Bassanio</hi> I am halfe your

selfe, </l>

<l>And I must freely haue the halfe of any thing</l>
<l>That this same paper brings you.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mv-bas">
<speaker rend="italic">Bass.</speaker>
<l>O sweet <hi rend="italic">Portia</hi>,</l>
<l>Heere are a few of the vnpleasant'st words</l>
<l>That euer blotted paper. Gentle Ladie</l>
<l>When I did first impart my loue to you,</l>
<l>I freely told you all the wealth I had</l>
<l>Ran in my vaines: I was a Gentleman,</l>
<l>And then I told you true: and yet deere Ladie,</l>
<l>Rating my selfe at nothing, you shall see</l>
<l>How much I was a Braggart, when I told you</l>
<l>My state was nothing, I should then haue told you</l>
<l>That I vvas worse then nothing: for indeede</l>
<l>I haue ingag'd my selfe to a deere friend,</l>
<l>Ingag'd my friend to his meere enemy</l>
<l>To feede my meanes. Heere is a Letter Ladie,</l>
<l>The paper as the bodie of my friend,</l>
<l>And euerie word in it a gaping wound</l>
<l>Issuing life blood. But is it true <hi rend="italic">
>Salerio</hi>,</l>
<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">Hath</fw>
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0196.jpg" n="176"/>
<fw type="rh">
<hi rend="italic">The Merchant of Venice.</hi>
</fw>
<cb n="1"/>
<l>Hath all his ventures faild, what not one hit,</l>
<l>From Tripolis, from Mexico and England,</l>
<l>From Lisbon, Barbary, and India,</l>
<l>And not one vessell scape the dreadfull touch</l>
<l>Of Merchant‑marring rocks?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mv-slr">
<speaker rend="italic">Sal.</speaker>
<l>Not one my Lord.</l>
<l>Besides, it should appeare, that if he had</l>
<l>The present money to discharge the Iew,</l>
<l>He would not take it: neuer did I know</l>
<l>A creature that did beare the shape of man</l>
<l>So keene and greedy to confound a man.</l>
<l>He pyles the Duke at morning and at night,</l>
<l>And doth impeach the freedome of the state</l>
<l>If they deny him iustice. Twenty Merchants,</l>
<l>The Duke himselfe, and the Magnificoes</l>
<l>Of greatest port haue all perswaded with him,</l>
<l>But none can driue him from the enuious plea</l>

<l>Of forfeiture, of iustice, and his bond.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-jes">
 <speaker rend="italic">Iessi.</speaker>
 <l>When I was with him, I haue heard him sweare</l>
 <l>To <hi rend="italic">Tuball</hi> and to <hi
 rend="italic">Chus</hi>,
 his Countri‑men,</l>
 <l>That he would rather haue <hi rend="italic">Anthonio's</hi>
 flesh,</l>
 <l>Then twenty times the value of the summe</l>
 <l>That he did owe him: and I know my Lord,</l>
 <l>If law, authoritie, and power denie not,</l>
 <l>It will goe hard with poore <hi rend="italic">Anthonio.</hi>
 </l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-por">
 <speaker rend="italic">Por.</speaker>
 <l>Is it your deere friend that is thus in trouble?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-bas">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bass.</speaker>
 <l>The deerest friend to me, the kindest man,</l>
 <l>The best condition'd, and vnwearied spirit</l>
 <l>In doing curtesies: and one in whom</l>
 <l>The ancient Romane honour more appeares</l>
 <l>Then any that drawes breath in Italie.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-por">
 <speaker rend="italic">Por.</speaker>
 <l>What summe owes he the Iew?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-bas">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bass.</speaker>
 <l>For me three thousand ducats.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-por">
 <speaker rend="italic">Por.</speaker>
 <l>What, no more?</l>
 <l>Pay him sixe thousand, and deface the bond:</l>
 <l>Double sixe thousand, and then treble that,</l>
 <l>Before a friend of this description</l>
 <l>Shall lose a haire through <hi rend="italic">Bassano</hi>'s
 fault.</l>
 <l>First goe with me to Church, and call me wife,</l>
 <l>And then away to Venice to your friend:</l>
 <l>For neuer shall you lie by <hi rend="italic">Portias</hi>
 side</l>
 <l>With an vnquiet soule. You shall haue gold</l>
 <l>To pay the petty debt twenty times ouer.</l>

<l>When it is payd, bring your true friend along,</l>
 <l>My maid <hi rend="italic">Nerrissa</hi>, and my selfe meane
 time</l>
 <l>Will liue as maids and widdowes; come away,</l>
 <l>For you shall hence vpon your wedding day:</l>
 <l>Bid your friends welcome, show a merry cheere,</l>
 <l>Since you are deere bought, I will loue you deere.</l>
 <l>But let me heare the letter of your friend.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-bas">
 <note type="editorial" resp="#LMC">This unattributed speech is
 conventionally given to Bassanio.</note>
 <p rend="italic"> Sweet <hi rend="roman">Bassanio,</hi> my
 ships haue
 all miscarried<hi rend="roman">,</hi> my Credi
 ­<lb/>tors
 grow cruell<hi rend="roman">,</hi> my estate is very low<hi
 rend="roman">,</hi> my bond to the Iew is <lb/>forfeit<hi
 rend="roman">,</hi> and since in paying it<hi rend="roman"
 >,</hi> it is impossible I should liue<hi rend="roman">,</hi>
 all <lb/>debts are cleerd betweene you and I<hi
 rend="roman">,</hi>
 if I might see you at my <lb/>death: notwithstanding<hi
 rend="roman">,</hi> vse your pleasure<hi rend="roman">,</hi> if your loue
 doe not <lb/>perswade you to come<hi rend="roman">,</hi> let
 not my
 letter. </p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-por">
 <speaker rend="italic">Por.</speaker>
 <p>O loue! dispach all busines and be gone.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-bas">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bass.</speaker>
 <l>Since I haue your good leaue to goe away,</l>
 <l>I will make hast; but till I come againe,</l>
 <l>No bed shall ere be guilty of my stay,</l>
 <l>Nor rest be interposer twixt vs twaine.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic inline" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
 </div>
 <div type="scene" n="3" rend="notPresent">
 <head type="supplied">[Act 2, Scene 3]</head>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter the Iew, and
 Solanio, and
 Anthonio, <lb/>and the Iaylor.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-mv-shy">
 <speaker rend="italic">Iew.</speaker>
 <l>Iaylor, looke to him, tell not me of mercy,</l>

<cb n="2"/>
<l>This is the foole that lends out money <hi rend="italic">
>gratis</hi>.</l>
<l>Iaylor, looke to him.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mv-ant">
<speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
<p>Heare me yet good <hi rend="italic">Shylok.</hi>
</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mv-shy">
<speaker rend="italic">Iew.</speaker>
<l>Ile haue my bond, speake not against my bond,</l>
<l>I haue sworne an oath that I will haue my bond:</l>
<l>Thou call'dst me dog before thou hadst a cause,</l>
<l>But since I am a dog, beware my phangs,</l>
<l>The Duke shall grant me iustice, I do wonder</l>
<l>Thou naughty Iaylor, that thou art so fond</l>
<l>To come abroad with him at his request.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mv-ant">
<speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
<p>I pray thee heare me speake.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mv-shy">
<speaker rend="italic">Iew.</speaker>
<l>Ile haue my bond, I will not heare thee speake,</l>
<l>Ile haue my bond, and therefore speake no more,</l>
<l>Ile not be made a soft and dull ey'd foole,</l>
<l>To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yeeld</l>
<l>To Christian intercessors: follow not,</l>
<l>Ile haue no speaking, I will haue my bond.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic inline" type="exit">Exit Iew.</stage>
<sp who="#F-mv-sln">
<speaker rend="italic">Sol.</speaker>
<l>It is the most impenetrable curre</l>
<l>That euer kept with men.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mv-ant">
<speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
<l>Let him alone,</l>
<l>Ile follow him no more with bootlesse prayers:</l>
<l>He seekes my life, his reason well I know;</l>
<l>I oft deliuer'd from his forfeitures</l>
<l>Many that haue at times made mone to me,</l>
<l>Therefore he hates me.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mv-sln">
<speaker rend="italic">Sol.</speaker>

hold.</p></div>
<div data-bbox="265 119 800 332" data-label="Text">
<p>I am sure the Duke will neuer grant this forfeiture to</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mv-ant">
<speaker rend="italic">An.</speaker>
<l>The Duke cannot deny the course of law:</l>
<l>For the commoditie that strangers haue</l>
<l>With vs in Venice, if it be denied,</l>
<l>Will much impeach the iustice of the State,</l>
<l>Since that the trade and profit of the city</l>
<l>Consisteth of all Nations. Therefore goe,</l>
<l>These greefes and losses haue so bated mee,</l>
<l>That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh</l>
<l>To morrow, to my bloody Creditor.</l>
<l>Well Iaylor, on, pray God <hi rend="italic">Bassanio</hi>
</div>
<div data-bbox="144 331 706 365" data-label="Text">
<p>come</l>
<l>To see me pay his debt, and then I care not.</l>
</sp>
<div rend="italic inline" type="exit">Exeunt.</div>
<div type="scene" n="4" rend="notPresent">
<head type="supplied">[Act 3, Scene 4]</head>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Portia, Nerrissa,
</div>
<div data-bbox="144 462 642 496" data-label="Text">
<p>Lorenzo,
Iessica, and a man of Portias.</stage>
</div>
<div data-bbox="265 495 827 675" data-label="Text">
<sp who="#F-mv-lor">
<speaker rend="italic">Lor.</speaker>
<l>Madam, although I speake it in your presence,</l>
<l>You haue a noble and a true conceit</l>
<l>Of god‑like amity, which appeares most strongly</l>
<l>In bearing thus the absence of your Lord.</l>
<l>But if you knew to whom you shew this honour,</l>
<l>How true a Gentleman you send releefe,</l>
<l>How deere a louer of my Lord your husband,</l>
<l>I know you would be prouder of the worke</l>
<l>Then customary bounty can enforce you.</l>
</sp>
</div>
<div data-bbox="144 691 727 838" data-label="Text">
<sp who="#F-mv-por">
<speaker rend="italic">Por.</speaker>
<l>I neuer did repent for doing good,</l>
<l>Nor shall not now: for in companions</l>
<l>That do conuerse and waste the time together,</l>
<l>Whose soules doe beare an egal yoke of loue.</l>
<l>There must be needs a like proportion</l>
<l>Of lyniaments, of manners, and of spirit;</l>
<l>Which makes me thinke that this <hi
</div>
<div data-bbox="144 837 387 854" data-label="Text">
<p>rend="italic">Antonio</hi>
</div>
<div data-bbox="285 853 674 904" data-label="Text">
<l>
<l>Being the bosome louer of my Lord,</l>
<l>Must needs be like my Lord. If it be so,</l>
</div>

<|>How little is the cost I haue bestowed</|>
<|>In purchasing the semblance of my soule;</|>
<|>From out the state of hellish cruelty,</|>
<|>This comes too neere the praising of my selfe,</|>
<|>Therefore no more of it: heere other things</|>
<|>

<hi rend="italic">Lorenzo</hi> I commit into your hands,</|>
<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">The</fw>
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0197.jpg" n="177"/>
<fw type="rh">
<hi rend="italic">The Merchant of Venice.</hi>
</fw>

<cb n="1"/>
<|>The husbandry and mannage of my house,</|>
<|>Vntill my Lords returne; for mine owne part</|>
<|>I haue toward heauen breath'd a secret vow,</|>
<|>To liue in prayer and contemplation,</|>
<|>Onely attended by <hi rend="italic">Nerrissa</hi> heere,</|>
<|>Vntill her husband and my Lords returne:</|>
<|>There is a monastery too miles off,</|>
<|>And there we will abide. I doe desire you</|>
<|>Not to denie this imposition,</|>
<|>The which my loue and some necessity</|>
<|>Now layes vpon you.</|>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-mv-lor">
<speaker rend="italic">Lorens.</speaker>
<|>Madame, with all my heart,</|>
<|>I shall obey you in all faire commands.</|>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-mv-por">
<speaker rend="italic">Por.</speaker>
<|>My people doe already know my minde,</|>
<|>And will acknowledge you and <hi rend="italic">Iessica</hi>
</|>
<|>In place of Lord <hi rend="italic">Bassanio</hi> and my

selfe.</|>

<|>So far you well till we shall meete againe.</|>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-mv-lor">
<speaker rend="italic">Lor.</speaker>
<|>Faire thoughts & happy houres attend on you.</|>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-mv-jes">
<speaker rend="italic">Iessi.</speaker>
<|>I wish your Ladiship all hearts content.</|>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-mv-por">
<speaker rend="italic">Por.</speaker>
<|>I thanke you for your wish, and am well pleas'd</|>

<l>To wish it backe on you: faryouwell <hi rend="italic">
>Iessica</hi>.</l>
<stage rend="italic inline" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
<l>Now <hi rend="italic">Balthaser</hi>, as I haue euer found thee
honest true,</l>
<l>So let me finde thee still: take this same letter,</l>
<l>And vse thou all the indeauor of a man,</l>
<l>In speed to Mantua, see thou render this</l>
<l>Into my cosins hand, Doctor <hi rend="italic">Belario</hi>,</l>
<l>And looke what notes and garments he doth giue thee,</l>
<l>Bring them I pray thee with imagin'd speed</l>
<l>Vnto the Tranect, to the common Ferrie</l>
<l>Which trades to Venice; waste no time in words,</l>
<l>But get thee gone, I shall be there before thee.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-mv-bal">

<speaker rend="italic">Balth.</speaker>

<l>Madam, I goe with all conuenient speed.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-mv-por">

<speaker rend="italic">Por.</speaker>

<l>Come on <hi rend="italic">Nerissa</hi>, I haue worke in

hand</l>

<l>That you yet know not of; wee'll see our husbands</l>

<l>Before they thinke of vs?</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-mv-ner">

<speaker rend="italic">Nerrissa.</speaker>

<l>Shall they see vs<hi rend="italic">?</hi></l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-mv-por">

<speaker rend="italic">Portia.</speaker>

<l>They shall <hi rend="italic">Nerrissa</hi>: but in such a

habit,</l>

<l>That they shall thinke we are accomplished</l>

<l>With that we lacke; Ile hold thee any wager</l>

<l>When we are both accoutered like yong men,</l>

<l>Ile proue the prettier fellow of the two,</l>

<l>And weare my dagger with the brauer grace,</l>

<l>And speake betweene the change of man and boy,</l>

<l>With a reede voyce, and turne two mising steps</l>

<l>Into a manly stride; and speake of frayes</l>

<l>Like a fine bragging youth: and tell quaint lyes</l>

<l>How honourable Ladies sought my loue,</l>

<l>Which I denying, they fell sicke and died.</l>

<l>I could not doe withall: then Ile repent,</l>

<l>And wish for all that, that I had not kil'd them;</l>

<l>And twentie of these punie lies Ile tell,</l>

<l>That men shall sweare I haue discontinued schoole</l>

<l>Aboue a twelue moneth: I haue within my minde</l>

<l>A thousand raw tricks of these bragging Jacks,</l>
<l>Which I will practise.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-mv-ner">

<speaker rend="italic">Nerris.</speaker>

<p>Why, shall wee turne to men?</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-mv-por">

<speaker rend="italic">Portia.</speaker>

<l>Fie, what a questions that?</l>

<l>If thou wert nere a lewd interpreter:</l>

<l>But come, Ile tell thee all my whole deuce</l>

<l>When I am in my coach, which staves for vs</l>

<l>At the Parke gate; and therefore haste away,</l>

<l>For we must measure twentie miles to day.</l>

</sp>

<stage rend="italic center" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>

</div>

<div type="scene" n="5" rend="notPresent">

<head type="supplied">[Act 3, Scene 5]</head>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Clowne and
Iessica.</stage>

<sp who="#F-mv-lau">

<speaker rend="italic">Clown.</speaker>

<p>Yes truly; for looke you, the sinnes of the Fa ­<cb

n="2"/>

<lb/>ther are to be laid vpon the children, therefore I promise
<lb/>you, I feare you, I was alwaies plaine with you, and so
<lb/>now I speake my agitation of the matter: therfore be of
<lb/>good cheere, for truly I thinke you are damn'd, there is
<lb/>but one hope in it that can doe you anie good, and that is
<lb/>but a kinde of bastard hope neither.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-mv-jes">

<speaker rend="italic">Iessica.</speaker>

<p>And what hope is that I pray thee?</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-mv-lau">

<speaker rend="italic">Clow.</speaker>

<p>Marrie you may partlie hope that your father <lb/>got you not,

that

you are not the Iewes daughter.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-mv-jes">

<speaker rend="italic">Ies.</speaker>

<p>That were a kinde of bastard hope indeed, so the <lb/>sins of

my

mother should be visited vpon me.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-mv-lau">

<speaker rend="italic">Clow.</speaker>
 <p>Truly then I feare you are damned both by
 father, mother: thus when I shun <hi rend="italic">Scilla</hi> your
 father,
 well, I </>fall into <hi rend="italic">Charibdis</hi> your mother;
 you are gone both </>waies.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-jes">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ies.</speaker>
 <p>I shall be sau'd by my husband, he hath made me </>a
 Christian.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-lau">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clow.</speaker>
 <p>Truly the more to blame he, we were Christi</>ans
 enow
 before, e'ne as many as could wel liue one by
 another:
 this making of Christians will raise the price of </>Hogs, if wee
 grow all to be porke</>eaters, wee shall not </>shortlie
 haue
 a rasher on the coales for money.</p>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Lorenzo.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-mv-jes">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ies.</speaker>
 <p>Ile tell my husband <hi rend="italic">Lancelet</hi> what you
 say,
 heere </>he comes.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-lor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Loren.</speaker>
 <p>I shall grow iealous of you shortly <hi
 rend="italic">Lancelet</hi>,
 </>if you thus get my wife into corners?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-jes">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ies.</speaker>
 <p>Nay, you need not feare vs <hi rend="italic">Lorenzo,
 Launcelet</hi>
 </>and I are out, he tells me flatly there is no mercy for mee
 </>in heauen, because I am a Iewes daughter: and hee saies
 </>you are no good member of the common wealth, for </>in
 conuerting Iewes to Christians, you raise the price </>of
 Porke.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-lor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Loren.</speaker>

‑<lb/>wealth, than
 Moore you can the getting vp of the Negroes bel­<lb/>lie: the
 is with childe by you <hi rend="italic">Launcelet</hi>?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-lau">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clow.</speaker>
 if she <p>It is much that the Moore should be more then <lb/>reason: but
 tooke be lesse then an honest woman, shee is <lb/>indeed more then I
 her for.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-lor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Loren.</speaker>
 grace <p>How euerie foole can play vpon the word, I <lb/>thinke the best
 discourse of witte will shortly turne into si­<lb/>lence, and
 bid grow commendable in none onely <lb/>but Parrats: goe in sirra,
 them prepare for dinner?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-lau">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clow.</speaker>
 <p>That is done sir, they haue all stomacks?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-lor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Loren.</speaker>
 bid them <p>Goodly Lord, what a witte‑snapper are you, <lb/>then
 prepare dinner.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-lau">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clow.</speaker>
 <p>That is done to sir, onely couer is the word.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-lor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Loren.</speaker>
 <p>Will you couer than sir?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-lau">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clow.</speaker>
 <p>Not so sir neither, I know my dutie.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-lor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Loren.</speaker>
 whole <p>Yet more quarreling with occasion, wilt thou <lb/>shew the

them

wealth of thy wit in an instant; I pray **thee** vnderstand a
plaine man in his plaine meaning: goe **to** thy fellowes, bid

couer the table, serue in the **meat**, and we will come in to
dinner.

Clow.

For the table sir, it shall be seru'd in, for the **meat** sir, it

shall bee couered, for your comming in to **dinner** sir, why let
it be as humors and conceits shall goe **uerne**.

Exit Clowne.

Lor.

O deare discretion, how his words are suted,

The foole hath planted in his memory

An Armie of good words, and I doe know

A many fooles that stand in better place,

Garnisht like him, that for a tricksie word

Defie the matter: how cheer'st thou **Jessica**,

And now good sweet say thy opinion,

How

The Merchant of Venice.

The Merchant of Venice.

How dost thou like the Lord **Bassiano**'s
wife?

Jessi.

Past all expressing, it is very meete

The Lord **Bassanio** liue an vpright

life

For hauing such a blessing in his Lady,

He findes the ioyes of heauen heere on earth,

And if on earth he doe not meane it, it

Is reason he should neuer come to heauen?

Why, if two gods should play some heauenly match,

And on the wager lay two earthly women,

And **Portia** one: there must be something
else

Paund with the other, for the poore rude world

Hath not her fellow.

Loren.

wife.</p>
 <p>Euen such a husband <lb/>Hast thou of me, as she is for a
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-jes">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ies.</speaker>
 <p>Nay, but aske my opinion to of that?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-lor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Lor.</speaker>
 <p>I will anone, first let vs goe to dinner<hi
 rend="italic">?</hi></p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-jes">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ies.</speaker>
 <p>Nay, let me praise you while I haue a stomacke?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-lor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Lor.</speaker>
 <p>No pray thee, let it serue for table talke, <lb/>Then how som ere
 thou speakst 'mong other things, <lb/>I shall digest it?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-jes">
 <speaker rend="italic">Iessi.</speaker>
 <p>Well, Ile set you forth.</p>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic inline" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
</div>
</div>
<div type="act" n="4">
 <div type="scene" n="1" rend="notPresent">
 <head rend="italic center">Actus Quartus.</head>
 <head type="supplied">[Act 4, Scene 1]</head>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter the Duke, the
 Magnificoes,
 Anthonio, Bassanio, and <lb/>Gratiano.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-mv-duk">
 <speaker rend="italic">Duke.</speaker>
 <p>What, is <hi rend="italic">Anthonio</hi> heere?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-ant">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
 <p>Ready, so please your grace?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-duk">
 <speaker rend="italic">Duke.</speaker>
 <l>I am sorry for thee, thou art come to answere</l>
 <l>A stonie aduersary, an inhumane wretch,</l>
 <l>Vncapable of pittie, voyd, and empty</l>
 <l>From any dram of mercie.</l>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-mv-ant">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
 <l>I haue heard</l>
 <l>Your Grace hath tane great paines to qualifie</l>
 <l>His rigorous course: but since he stands obdurate,</l>
 <l>And that no lawful meanes can carrie me</l>
 <l>Out of his enuies reach, I do oppose</l>
 <l>My patience to his fury, and am arm'd</l>
 <l>To suffer with a quietnesse of spirit,</l>
 <l>The very tyranny and rage of his.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-duk">
 <speaker rend="italic">Du.</speaker>
 <l>Go one and cal the Iew into the Court.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-slr">
 <speaker rend="italic">Sal.</speaker>
 <p>He is ready at the doore, he comes my Lord.</p>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Shylocke.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-mv-duk">
 <speaker rend="italic">Du.</speaker>
 <l>Make roome, and let him stand before our face.</l>
 <l>
 <hi rend="italic">Shylocke</hi> the world thinkes, and I thinke
 so
 to</l>
 <l>That thou but leadeest this fashion of thy mallice</l>
 <l>To the last houre of act, and then 'tis thought</l>
 <l>Thou'lt shew thy mercy and remorse more strange,</l>
 <l>Than is thy strange apparant cruelty;</l>
 <l>And where thou now exact'st the penalty,</l>
 <l>Which is a pound of this poore Merchants flesh,</l>
 <l>Thou wilt not onely loose the forfeiture,</l>
 <l>But touch'd with humane gentlenesse and loue:</l>
 <l>Forgiue a moytie of the principall,</l>
 <l>Glancing an eye of pitty on his losses</l>
 <l>That haue of late so hudled on his backe,</l>
 <l>Enow to presse a royall Merchant downe;</l>
 <l>And plucke commiseration of his state</l>
 <l>From brassie bosomes, and rough hearts of flints,</l>
 <l>From stubborne Turkes and Tarters neuer traind</l>
 <cb n="2"/>
 <l>To offices of tender curtesie,</l>
 <l>We all expect a gentle answer Iew?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-shy">
 <speaker rend="italic">Iew.</speaker>
 <l>I haue possesst your grace of what I purpose,</l>
 <l>And by our holy Sabbath haue I sworne</l>

<|>To haue the due and forfeit of my bond.</|>
<|>If you denie it, let the danger light</|>
<|>Vpon your Charter, and your Cities freedome.</|>
<|>You'l aske me why I rather choose to haue</|>
<|>A weight of carrion flesh, then to receiue</|>
<|>Three thousand Ducats? Ile not answer that:</|>
<|>But say it is my humor; Is it answered?</|>
<|>What if my house be troubled with a Rat,</|>
<|>And I be pleas'd to giue ten thousand Ducates</|>
<|>To haue it bain'd? What, are you answer'd yet?</|>
<|>Some men there are loue not a gaping Pigge:</|>
<|>Some that are mad, if they behold a Cat:</|>
<|>And others, when the bag‑pipe sings i'th nose,</|>
<|>Cannot containe their Vrine for affection.</|>
<|>Masters of passion swayes it to the moode</|>
<|>Of what it likes or loaths, now for your answer:</|>
<|>As there is no firme reason to be rendred</|>
<|>Why he cannot abide a gaping Pigge?</|>
<|>Why he a harmlesse necessarie Cat?</|>
<|>Why he a woollen bag‑pipe: but of force</|>
<|>Must yeeld to such ineuitable shame,</|>
<|>As to offend himselfe being offended:</|>
<|>So can I giue no reason, nor I will not,</|>
<|>More then a lodg'd hate, and a certaine loathing</|>
<|>I beare <hi rend="italic">Anthonio</hi>, that I follow thus</|>
<|>A loosing suite against him? Are you answered?</|>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-mv-bas">

<speaker rend="italic">Bass.</speaker>

<|>This is no answer thou vnfeeling man,</|>

<|>To excuse the currant of thy cruelty.</|>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-mv-shy">

<speaker rend="italic">Iew.</speaker>

<|>I am not bound to please thee with my answer.</|>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-mv-bas">

<speaker rend="italic">Bass.</speaker>

<|>Do all men kil the things they do not loue?</|>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-mv-shy">

<speaker rend="italic">Iew.</speaker>

<|>Hates any man the thing he would not kill?</|>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-mv-bas">

<speaker rend="italic">Bass.</speaker>

<|>Euerie offence is not a hate at first.</|>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-mv-shy">

<speaker rend="italic">Iew.</speaker>

<l>What wouldst thou haue a Serpent sting thee twice?</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-mv-ant">

<speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>

<l>I pray you thinke you question with the Iew:</l>

<l>You may as well go stand vpon the beach,</l>

<l>And bid the maine flood baite his vsuall height,</l>

<l>Or euen as well vse question with the Wolfe,</l>

<l>The Ewe bleate for the Lambe:</l>

<l>You may as well forbid the Mountaine Pines</l>

<l>To wagge their high tops, and to make no noise</l>

<l>When they are fretted with the gusts of heauen:</l>

<l>You may as well do any thing most hard,</l>

<l>As seeke to soften that, then which what harder?</l>

<l>His Iewish heart. Therefore I do beseech you</l>

<l>Make no more offers, vse no farther meanes,</l>

<l>But with all briefe and plaine conueniencie</l>

<l>Let me haue iudgement, and the Iew his will.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-mv-bas">

<speaker rend="italic">Bas.</speaker>

<l>For thy three thousand Ducates heere is six.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-mv-shy">

<speaker rend="italic">Iew.</speaker>

<l>If euerie Ducat in sixe thousand Ducates</l>

<l>Were in sixe parts, and euerie part a Ducate,</l>

<l>I would not draw them, I would haue my bond?</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-mv-duk">

<speaker rend="italic">Du.</speaker>

<l>How shalt thou hope for mercie, rendring none?</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-mv-shy">

<speaker rend="italic">Iew.</speaker>

<l>What iudgement shall I dread doing no wrong?</l>

<l>You haue among you many a purchast slaue,</l>

<l>Which like your Asses, and your Dogs and Mules,</l>

<l>You vse in abiect and in slauish parts,</l>

<l>Because you bought them. Shall I say to you,</l>

<l>Let them be free, marrie them to your heires?</l>

<l>Why sweate they vnder burthens? Let their beds</l>

<l>Be made as soft as yours: and let their pallats</l>

<l>Be season'd with such Viands: you will answer</l>

<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">The</fw>

<pb facs="FFimg:axc0199.jpg" n="179"/>

<fw type="rh">

<hi rend="italic">The Merchant of Venice.</hi>

</fw>

<cb n="1"/>

<l>The slaues are ours. So do I answer you.</l>
 <l>The pound of flesh which I demand of him</l>
 <l>Is deerey bought, 'tis mine, and I will haue i<gap extent="1" unit="chars" reason="illegible" agent="partiallyInkedType" resp="#LMC"/>.</l>
 <l>If you deny me; fie vpon your Law,</l>
 <l>There is no force in the decrees of Venice;</l>
 <l>I stand for iudgement, answer, Shall I haue it?</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-mv-duk">

<speaker rend="italic">Du.</speaker>

<l>Vpon my power I may dismisse this Court,</l>
 <l>Vnlesse <hi rend="italic">Bellario</hi> a learned Doctor,</l>
 <l>Whom I haue sent for to determine this,</l>
 <l>Come heere to day.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-mv-slr">

<speaker rend="italic">Sal.</speaker>

<l>My Lord, heere staves without</l>
 <l>A Messenger with Letters from the Doctor,</l>
 <l>New come from Padua.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-mv-duk">

<speaker rend="italic">Du.</speaker>

<l>Bring vs the Letters, Call the Messengers.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-mv-bas">

<speaker rend="italic">Bass.</speaker>

<l>Good cheere <hi rend="italic">Anthonio</hi>. What man,

corage

yet:</l>
 <l>The Iew shall haue my flesh, blood, bones, and all,</l>
 <l>Ere thou shalt loose for me one drop of blood.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-mv-ant">

<speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>

<l>I am a tainted Weather of the flocke,</l>
 <l>Meetest for death, the weakest kinde of fruite</l>
 <l>Drops earliest to the ground, and so let me;</l>
 <l>You cannot better be employ'd <hi rend="italic">Bassanio</hi>,</l>
 <l>Then to liue still, and write mine Epitaph.</l>

</sp>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Nerrissa.</stage>

<sp who="#F-mv-duk">

<speaker rend="italic">Du.</speaker>

<p>Came you from Padua from <hi rend="italic">Bellario</hi>?</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-mv-ner">

greet's your

<speaker rend="italic">Ner.</speaker>

<p>From both. <lb/>My Lord <hi rend="italic">Bellario</hi>

Grace.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-mv-bas">

<speaker rend="italic">Bas.</speaker>

<p>Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly?</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-mv-shy">

<speaker rend="italic">Iew.</speaker>

<p>To cut the forfeiture from that bankrout there.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-mv-gra">

<speaker rend="italic">Gra.</speaker>

<l>Not on thy soale: but on thy soule harsh Iew</l>

<l>Thou mak'st thy knife keene: but no mettall can,</l>

<l>No, not the hangmans Axe beare halfe the keenesse</l>

<l>Of thy sharpe enuy. Can no prayers pierce thee?</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-mv-shy">

<speaker rend="italic">Iew.</speaker>

<l>No, none that thou hast wit enough to make.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-mv-gra">

<speaker rend="italic">Gra.</speaker>

<l>O be thou damn'd, inexecrable dogge,</l>

<l>And for thy life let iustice be accus'd:</l>

<l>Thou almost mak'st me wauer in my faith;</l>

<l>To hold opinion with <hi rend="italic">Pythagoras</hi>,</l>

<l>That soules of Animals infuse themselues</l>

<l>Into the trunkes of men. Thy currish spirit</l>

<l>Gouern'd a Wolfe, who hang'd for humane slaughter,</l>

<l>Euen from the gallowes did his fell soule fleet;</l>

<l>And whil'st thou layest in thy vnhalloved dam,</l>

<l>Infus'd it selfe in thee: For thy desires</l>

<l>Are Woluish, bloody, steru'd, and rauenous.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-mv-shy">

<speaker rend="italic">Iew.</speaker>

<l>Till thou canst raile the seale from off my bond</l>

<l>Thou but offend'st thy Lungs to speake so loud:</l>

<l>Repaire thy wit good youth, or it will fall</l>

<l>To endlesse ruine. I stand heere for Law.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-mv-duk">

<speaker rend="italic">Du.</speaker>

<l>This Letter from <hi rend="italic">Bellario</hi> doth

commend</l>

<l>A yong and Learned Doctor in our Court;</l>

<l>Where is he?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-ner">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ner.</speaker>
 <p>He attendeth heere hard by <lb/>To know your answer, whether
 you'l
 admit him.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-duk">
 <speaker rend="italic">Du.</speaker>
 <p>With all my heart. Some three or four of you <lb/>Go giue him
 curteous conduct to this place, <lb/>Meane time the Court shall
 heare <hi rend="italic">Bellarioes</hi> Letter.</p>
 <p rend="italic">
 <c rend="roman droppedCapital">Y</c>Our Grace shall
 vnderstand, that
 at the receite of your <lb/>Letter I am very sicke: but in the
 visitation,
 instant that your mes­<lb/>senger came, in louing
 <hi
 was with me a yong Do­<lb/>ctor of Rome, his name is
 <hi
 rend="roman">Balthasar:</hi> I acquainted him with <lb/>the
 cause
 in Controuersie, betweene the Iew and <hi
 rend="roman">Anthonio</hi>
 <lb/> the Merchant: We turn'd ore many Bookes together: hee is
 <lb/>furnished with my opinion, which bettred with his owne
 lear­<lb/>ning, the greatnesse whereof I cannot enough
 commend, comes <cb n="2"/> with him at my importunity, to fill
 vp
 your Graces request in <lb/>my sted. I beseech you, let his lacke
 of
 years be no impediment <lb/>to let him lacke a reuerend
 estimation:
 for I neuer knewe so <lb/>yong a body, with so old a head. I leaue
 him to your gracious <lb/>acceptance, whose trial shall better
 publish his commendation.</p>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Portia for
 Balthazar.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-mv-duk">
 <speaker rend="italic">Duke.</speaker>
 <l>You heare the learn'd <hi rend="italic">Bellario</hi> what he
 writes,</l>
 <l>And heere (I take it) is the Doctor come.</l>
 <l>Giue me your hand: Came you from old <hi rend="italic">
 >Bellario</hi>?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-por">

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 Iew?

Du.
Antonio and old *Shylocke*, both stand forth.

Por.
Is your name *Shylocke*?

Iew.
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.

<p>Then must the Iew be mercifull.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mv-shy">
<speaker rend="italic">Iew.</speaker>
<p>On what compulsion must I? Tell me that.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mv-por">
<speaker rend="italic">Por.</speaker>
<l>The quality of mercy is not strain'd,</l>
<l>It droppeth as the gentle raine from heauen</l>
<l>Vpon the place beneath. It is twice blest,</l>
<l>It blesseth him that giues, and him that takes,</l>
<l>'Tis mightiest in the mightiest, it becomes</l>
<l>The throned Monarch better then his Crowne.</l>
<l>His Scepter shewes the force of temporall power,</l>
<l>The attribute to awe and Maiestie,</l>
<l>Wherein doth sit the dread and feare of Kings:</l>
<l>But mercy is about this sceptred sway,</l>
<l>It is enthroned in the hearts of Kings,</l>
<l>It is an attribute to God himselfe;</l>
<l>And earthly power doth then shew likest Gods</l>
<l>When mercie seasons Iustice. Therefore Iew,</l>
<l>Though Iustice be thy plea, consider this,</l>
<l>That in the course of Iustice, none of vs</l>
<l>Should see saluation: we do pray for mercie,</l>
<l>And that same prayer, doth teach vs all to render</l>
<l>The deeds of mercie. I haue spoke thus much</l>
<l>To mittigate the iustice of thy plea:</l>
<l>Which if thou follow, this strict course of Venice</l>
<l>Must needes giue sentence 'gainst the Merchant there.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mv-shy">
<speaker rend="italic">Shy.</speaker>
<l>My deeds vpon my head, I craue the Law,</l>
<l>The penaltie and forfeite of my bond.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mv-por">
<speaker rend="italic">Por.</speaker>
<l>Is he not able to discharge the money?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mv-bas">
<speaker rend="italic">Bas.</speaker>
<l>Yes, heere I tender it for him in the Court,</l>
<l>Yea, twice the summe, if that will not suffice,</l>
<l>I will be bound to pay it ten times ore,</l>
<l>On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart:</l>
<l>If this will not suffice, it must appeare</l>
<l>That malice beares downe truth. And I beseech you</l>
<l>Wrest once the Law to your authority.</l>
<l>To do a great right, do a little wrong,</l>

<l>And curbe this cruell diuell of his will.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mv-por">
<speaker rend="italic">Por.</speaker>
<l>It must not be, there is no power in Venice</l>
<l>Can alter a decree established:</l>
<l>'Twill be recorded for a President,</l>
<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">And</fw>
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0200.jpg" n="180"/>
<fw type="rh">
<hi rend="italic">The Merchant of Venice.</hi>
</fw>
<cb n="1"/>
<l>And many an error by the same example,</l>
<l>Will rush into the state: It cannot be.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mv-shy">
<speaker rend="italic">Iew.</speaker>
<l>A <hi rend="italic">Daniel</hi> come to iudgement, yea a <hi
<rend="italic">Daniel</hi>.</l>
<l>O wise young Iudge, how do I honour thee.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mv-por">
<speaker rend="italic">Por.</speaker>
<l>I pray you let me looke vpon the bond.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mv-shy">
<speaker rend="italic">Iew.</speaker>
<l>Heere 'tis most reuerend Doctor, heere it is.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mv-por">
<speaker rend="italic">Por.</speaker>
<l>
<hi rend="italic">Shylocke</hi>, there's thrice thy monie offered
thee.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mv-shy">
<speaker rend="italic">Shy.</speaker>
<l>An oath, an oath, I haue an oath in heauen:</l>
<l>Shall I lay periurie vpon my soule?</l>
<l>No not for Venice.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mv-por">
<speaker rend="italic">Por.</speaker>
<l>Why this bond is forfeit,</l>
<l>And lawfully by this the Iew may claime</l>
<l>A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off</l>
<l>Neerest the Merchants heart; be mercifull,</l>
<l>Take thrice thy money, bid me teare the bond.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-mv-shy">
<speaker rend="italic">Iew.</speaker>
<l>When it is paid according to the tenure.</l>
<l>It doth appeare you are a worthy Iudge:</l>
<l>You know the Law, your exposition</l>
<l>Hath beene most sound. I charge you by the Law,</l>
<l>Whereof you are a well‑deseruing pillar,</l>
<l>Proceede to iudgement: By my soule I sweare,</l>
<l>There is no power in the tongue of man</l>
<l>To alter me: I stay heere on my bond.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mv-ant">
<speaker rend="italic">An.</speaker>
<l>Most heartily I do beseech the Court</l>
<l>To giue the iudgement.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mv-por">
<speaker rend="italic">Por.</speaker>
<p>Why then thus it is: <lb/>you must prepare your bosome for his
knife.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mv-shy">
<speaker rend="italic">Iew.</speaker>
<l>O noble Iudge, O excellent yong man.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mv-por">
<speaker rend="italic">Por.</speaker>
<l>For the intent and purpose of the Law</l>
<l>Hath full relation to the penaltie,</l>
<l>Which heere appeareth due vpon the bond.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mv-shy">
<speaker rend="italic">Iew.</speaker>
<l>'Tis verie true: O wise and vpright Iudge,</l>
<l>How much more elder art thou then thy lookes?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mv-por">
<speaker rend="italic">Por.</speaker>
<p>Therefore lay bare your bosome.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mv-shy">
<speaker rend="italic">Iew.</speaker>
<l>I, his brest,</l>
<l>So sayes the bond, doth it not noble Iudge?</l>
<l>Neerest his heart, those are the very words.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mv-por">
<speaker rend="italic">Por.</speaker>
<p>It is so: Are there ballance heere to weigh the <lb/>flesh?</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-mv-shy">
<speaker rend="italic">Iew.</speaker>
<p>I haue them ready.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mv-por">
<speaker rend="italic">Por.</speaker>
<l>Haue by some Surgeon <hi rend="italic">Shylock</hi> on your
charge</l>
<l>To stop his wounds, least he should bleede to death.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mv-shy">
<speaker rend="italic">Iew.</speaker>
<l>It is not nominated in the bond?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mv-por">
<speaker rend="italic">Por.</speaker>
<l>It is not so exprest: but what of that?</l>
<l>'Twere good you do so much for charitie.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mv-shy">
<speaker rend="italic">Iew.</speaker>
<l>I cannot finde it, 'tis not in the bond.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mv-por">
<speaker rend="italic">Por.</speaker>
<l>Come Merchant, haue you any thing to say?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mv-ant">
<speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
<l>But little: I am arm'd and well prepar'd.</l>
<l>Giue me your hand <hi rend="italic">Bassanio</hi>, fare you
well.</l>
<l>Greeue not that I am falne to this for you:</l>
<l>For heerein fortune shewes her selfe more kinde</l>
<l>Then is her custome. It is still her vse</l>
<l>To let the wretched man out‑liue his wealth,</l>
<l>To view with hollow eye, and wrinkled brow</l>
<l>An age of pouerty. From which lingring penance</l>
<l>Of such miserie, doth she cut me off:</l>
<l>Commend me to your honourable Wife,</l>
<l>Tell her the processe of <hi rend="italic">Anthonio's</hi>
end:</l>
<l>Say how I lou'd you; speake me faire in death:</l>
<l>And when the tale is told, bid her be iudge,</l>
<l>Whether <hi rend="italic">Bassanio</hi> had not once a
Loue:</l>
<l>Repent not you that you shall loose your friend,</l>
<l>And he repents not that he payes your debt.</l>
<l>For if the Iew do cut but deepe enough,</l>
<l>Ile pay it instantly, with all my heart.</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-bas">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bas.</speaker>
 <l>
 <hi rend="italic">Anthonio</hi>, I am married to a wife,</l>
 <cb n="2"/>
 <l>Which is as deere to me as life it selfe,</l>
 <l>But life it selfe, my wife, and all the world,</l>
 <l>Are not with me esteem'd about thy life.</l>
 <l>I would loose all, I sacrifice them all</l>
 <l>Heere to this deuill, to deliuer you.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-por">
 <speaker rend="italic">Por.</speaker>
 <l>Your wife would giue you little thanks for that</l>
 <l>If she were by to heare you make the offer.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-gra">
 <speaker rend="italic">Gra.</speaker>
 <l>I haue a wife whom I protest I loue,</l>
 <l>I would she were in heauen, so she could</l>
 <l>Intreat some power to change this currish Iew.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-ner">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ner.</speaker>
 <l>'Tis well you offer it behinde her backe,</l>
 <l>The wish would make else an vnquiet house.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-shy">
 <speaker rend="italic">Iew.</speaker>
 <l>These be the Christian husbands: I haue a daugh<lb
 rend="turnover"
 /><pc rend="turnover">(</pc>ter</l>
 <l>Would any of the stocke of <hi rend="italic">Barrabas</hi>
 <l>
 <l>Had beene her husband, rather then a Christian.</l>
 <l>We trifle time, I pray thee pursue sentence.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-por">
 <speaker rend="italic">Por.</speaker>
 <l>A pound of that same marchants flesh is thine,</l>
 <l>The Court awards it, and the law doth giue it.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-shy">
 <speaker rend="italic">Iew.</speaker>
 <p>Most rightfull Iudge.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-por">
 <speaker rend="italic">Por.</speaker>
 <l>And you must cut this flesh from off his breast,</l>

<l>The Law allows it, and the Court awards it.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mv-shy">
<speaker rend="italic">Iew.</speaker>
<l>Most learned Iudge, a sentence, come prepare.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mv-por">
<speaker rend="italic">Por.</speaker>
<l>Tarry a little, there is something else,</l>
<l>This bond doth giue thee heere no iot of bloud,</l>
<l>The words expresly are a pound of flesh:</l>
<l>Then take thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh,</l>
<l>But in the cutting it, if thou dost shed</l>
<l>One drop of Christian bloud, thy lands and goods</l>
<l>Are by the Lawes of Venice confiscate</l>
<l>Vnto the state of Venice.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mv-gra">
<speaker rend="italic">Gra.</speaker>
<l>O vpright Iudge,</l>
<l>Marke Iew, ô learned Iudge.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mv-shy">
<speaker rend="italic">Shy.</speaker>
<p>Is that the law?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mv-por">
<speaker rend="italic">Por.</speaker>
<l>Thy selfe shalt see the Act:</l>
<l>For as thou vrgest iustice, be assur'd</l>
<l>Thou shalt haue iustice more then thou desirest.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mv-gra">
<speaker rend="italic">Gra.</speaker>
<l>O learned Iudge, mark Iew, a learned Iudge.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mv-shy">
<speaker rend="italic">Iew.</speaker>
<p>I take this offer then, pay the bond thrice,
<lb/>And let the Christian goe.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mv-bas">
<speaker rend="italic">Bass.</speaker>
<p>Heere is the money.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mv-por">
<speaker rend="italic">Por.</speaker>
<l>Soft, the Iew shall haue all iustice, soft, no haste,</l>
<l>He shall haue nothing but the penalty.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-mv-gra">
 <speaker rend="italic">Gra.</speaker>
 <l>O Iew, an vpright Iudge, a learned Iudge.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mv-por">
 <speaker rend="italic">Por.</speaker>
 <l>Therefore prepare thee to cut off the flesh,</l>
 <l>Shed thou no bloud, nor cut thou lesse nor more</l>
 <l>But iust a pound of flesh: if thou tak'st more</l>
 <l>Or lesse then a iust pound, be it so much</l>
 <l>As makes it light or heauy in the substance,</l>
 <l>Or the deuision of the twentieth part</l>
 <l>Of one poore scruple, nay if the scale doe turne</l>
 <l>But in the estimation of a hayre,</l>
 <l>Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mv-gra">
 <speaker rend="italic">Gra.</speaker>
 <l>A second <hi rend="italic">Daniel</hi>, a <hi rend="italic">
 >Daniel</hi> Iew,</l>
 <l>Now infidell I haue thee on the hip.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mv-por">
 <speaker rend="italic">Por.</speaker>
 <l>Why doth the Iew pause, take thy forfeiture.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mv-shy">
 <speaker rend="italic">Shy.</speaker>
 <l>Giue me my principall, and let me goe.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mv-bas">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bass.</speaker>
 <l>I haue it ready for thee, heere it is.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mv-por">
 <speaker rend="italic">Por.</speaker>
 <l>He hath refus'd it in the open Court,</l>
 <l>He shall haue meerly iustice and his bond.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mv-gra">
 <speaker rend="italic">Gra.</speaker>
 <l>A <hi rend="italic">Daniel</hi> still say I, a second <hi
 rend="italic">Daniel</hi>,</l>
 <l>I thanke thee Iew for teaching me that word.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mv-shy">
 <speaker rend="italic">Shy.</speaker>
 <l>Shall I not haue barely my principall?</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-mv-por">
 <speaker rend="italic">Por.</speaker>
 <l>Thou shalt haue nothing but the forfeiture,</l>
 <l>To be taken so at thy perill Iew.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mv-shy">
 <speaker rend="italic">Shy.</speaker>
 <l>Why then the Deuill giue him good of it:</l>
 <l>Ile stay no longer question.</l>
</sp>
<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">
 <hi rend="italic">Por.</hi> Tarry</fw>
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0201.jpg" n="181"/>
<fw type="rh">
 <hi rend="italic">The Merchant of Venice.</hi>
</fw>
<cb n="1"/>
<sp who="#F-mv-por">
 <speaker rend="italic">Por.</speaker>
 <l>Tarry Iew,</l>
 <l>The Law hath yet another hold on you.</l>
 <l>It is enacted in the Lawes of Venice,</l>
 <l>If it be proued against an Alien,</l>
 <l>That by direct, or indirect attempts</l>
 <l>He seeke the life of any Citizen,</l>
 <l>The party gainst the which he doth contriue,</l>
 <l>Shall seaze one halfe his goods, the other halfe</l>
 <l>Comes to the priuie coffer of the State,</l>
 <l>And the offenders life lies in the mercy</l>
 <l>Of the Duke onely, gainst all other voice.</l>
 <l>In which predicament I say thou standst:</l>
 <l>For it appeares by manifest proceeding,</l>
 <l>That indirectly, and directly to,</l>
 <l>Thou hast contriu'd against the very life</l>
 <l>Of the defendant: and thou hast incur'd</l>
 <l>The danger formerly by me rehearst.</l>
 <l>Downe therefore, and beg mercy of the Duke.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mv-gra">
 <speaker rend="italic">Gra.</speaker>
 <l>Beg that thou maist haue leaue to hang thy selfe,</l>
 <l>And yet thy wealth being forfeit to the state,</l>
 <l>Thou hast not left the value of a cord,</l>
 <l>Therefore thou must be hang'd at the states charge.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mv-duk">
 <speaker rend="italic">Duk.</speaker>
 <l>That thou shalt see the difference of our spirit,</l>
 <l>I pardon thee thy life before thou aske it:</l>
 <l>For halfe thy wealth, it is <hi rend="italic">Anthonio</hi>'s</l>

<l>The other halfe comes to the generall state,</l>
 <l>Which humblenesse may driue vnto a fine.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-por">
 <speaker rend="italic">Por.</speaker>
 <l>I for the state, not for <hi rend="italic">Antonio.</hi>
 </l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-shy">
 <speaker rend="italic">Shy.</speaker>
 <l>Nay, take my life and all, pardon not that,</l>
 <l>You take my house, when you do take the prop</l>
 <l>That doth sustaine my house: you take my life</l>
 <l>When you doe take the meanes whereby I liue.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-por">
 <speaker rend="italic">Por.</speaker>
 <l>What mercy can you render him <hi
 rend="italic">Antonio</hi>?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-gra">
 <speaker rend="italic">Gra.</speaker>
 <l>A halter <hi rend="italic">gratis</hi>, nothing else for Gods
 sake.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-ant">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
 <l>So please my Lord the Duke, and all the Court</l>
 <l>To quit the fine for one halfe of his goods,</l>
 <l>I am content: so he will let me haue</l>
 <l>The other halfe in vse, to render it</l>
 <l>Vpon his death, vnto the Gentleman</l>
 <l>That lately stole his daughter.</l>
 <l>Two things prouided more, that for this fauour</l>
 <l>He presently become a Christian:</l>
 <l>The other, that he doe record a gift</l>
 <l>Heere in the Court of all he dies possest</l>
 <l>Vnto his sonne <hi rend="italic">Lorenzo</hi>, and his
 daughter.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-duk">
 <speaker rend="italic">Duk.</speaker>
 <l>He shall doe this, or else I doe recant</l>
 <l>The pardon that I late pronounced heere.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-por">
 <speaker rend="italic">Por.</speaker>
 <l>Art thou contented Iew? what dost thou say?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-shy">

Shy.

I am content.

Por.

Clarke, draw a deed of gift.

Shy.

I pray you giue me leaue to goe from hence,

I am not well, send the deed after me,

And I will signe it.

Duke.

Get thee gone, but doe it.

Gra.

In christning thou shalt haue two godfathers,

Had I been iudge, thou shouldst haue had ten more,

To bring thee to the gallowes, not to the font.

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 serues you not:

Antonio, gratifie this gentleman,

For in my minde you are much bound to him.

Exit Duke and his traine.

Bass.

Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend

2

Haue by your wisdome beene this day acquitted

Of greeuous penalties, in lieu whereof,

Three thousand Ducats due vnto the Iew

<l>We freely cope your courteous paines withall.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mv-ant">
<speaker rend="italic">An.</speaker>
<l>And stand indebted ouer and aboue</l>
<l>In loue and seruice to you euermore.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mv-por">
<speaker rend="italic">Por.</speaker>
<l>He is well paid that is well satisfied,</l>
<l>And I deliuering you, am satisfied,</l>
<l>And therein doe account my selfe well paid,</l>
<l>My minde was neuer yet more mercinarie.</l>
<l>I pray you know me when we meete againe,</l>
<l>I wish you well, and so I take my leaue.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mv-bas">
<speaker rend="italic">Bass.</speaker>
<l>Deare sir, of force I must attempt you further,</l>
<l>Take some remembrance of vs as a tribute,</l>
<l>Not as fee: grant me two things, I pray you</l>
<l>Not to denie me, and to pardon me.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mv-por">
<speaker rend="italic">Por.</speaker>
<l>You presse mee farre, and therefore I will yeeld,</l>
<l>Giue me your gloues, Ile weare them for your sake,</l>
<l>And for your loue Ile take this ring from you,</l>
<l>Doe not draw backe your hand, ile take no more,</l>
<l>And you in loue shall not deny me this?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mv-bas">
<speaker rend="italic">Bass.</speaker>
<l>This ring good sir, alas it is a trifle,</l>
<l>I will not shame my selfe to giue you this.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mv-por">
<speaker rend="italic">Por.</speaker>
<l>I wil haue nothing else but onely this,</l>
<l>And now methinkes I haue a minde to it.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mv-bas">
<speaker rend="italic">Bas.</speaker>
<l>There's more depends on this then on the valew,</l>
<l>The dearest ring in Venice will I giue you,</l>
<l>And finde it out by proclamation,</l>
<l>Onely for this I pray you pardon me.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mv-por">
<speaker rend="italic">Por.</speaker>

<l>I see sir you are liberall in offers,</l>
 <l>You taught me first to beg, and now me thinks</l>
 <l>You teach me how a beggar should be answer'd.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-bas">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bas.</speaker>
 <l>Good sir, this ring was giuen me by my wife,</l>
 <l>And when she put it on, she made me vow</l>
 <l>That I should neither sell, nor giue, nor lose it.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-por">
 <speaker rend="italic">Por.</speaker>
 <l>That scuse serues many men to saue their gifts,</l>
 <l>And if your wife be not a mad woman,</l>
 <l>And know how well I haue deseru'd this ring,</l>
 <l>Shee would not hold out enemy for euer</l>
 <l>For giuing it to me: well, peace be with you.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic inline" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-mv-ant">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
 <l>My L. <hi rend="italic">Bassanio</hi>, let him haue the
 ring,</l>
 <l>Let his deseruings and my loue withall</l>
 <l>Be valued against your wiues commandement.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-bas">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bass.</speaker>
 <l>Goe <hi rend="italic">Gratiano</hi>, run and
 ouer‑take
 him,</l>
 <l>Giue him the ring, and bring him if thou canst</l>
 <l>Vnto <hi rend="italic">Anthonios</hi> house, away, make
 haste.</l>
 <stage rend="italic inline" type="exit">Exit Grati.</stage>
 <l>Come, you and I will thither presently,</l>
 <l>And in the morning early will we both</l>
 <l>Flie toward <hi rend="italic">Belmont</hi>, come <hi
 rend="italic">
 >Anthonio</hi>.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic inline" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
 </div>
 <div type="scene" n="2" rend="notPresent">
 <head type="supplied">[Act 4, Scene 2]</head>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Portia and
 Nerrissa.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-mv-por">
 <speaker rend="italic">Por.</speaker>
 <l>Enquire the Iewes house out, giue him this deed,</l>

<l>And let him signe it, wee'll away to night,</l>
 <l>And be a day before our husbands home:</l>
 <l>This deed will be well welcome to <hi
 rend="italic">Lorenzo</hi>.</l>

</sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Gratiano.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-mv-gra">
 <speaker rend="italic">Gra.</speaker>
 <l>Faire sir, you are well ore‑tane:</l>
 <l>My L. <hi rend="italic">Bassanio</hi> vpon more aduice,</l>
 <l>Hath sent you heere this ring, and doth intreat</l>
 <l>Your company at dinner.</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-por">
 <speaker rend="italic">Por.</speaker>
 <l>That cannot be;</l>
 <l>His ring I doe accept most thankfully,</l>
 <l>And so I pray you tell him: furthermore,</l>
 <l>I pray you shew my youth old <hi rend="italic">Shylockes</hi>
 house.</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-gra">
 <speaker rend="italic">Gra.</speaker>
 <p>That will I doe.</p>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-ner">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ner.</speaker>
 <l>Sir, I would speake with you:</l>
 <fw type="sig" place="footCentre">Q</fw>
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">Ile</fw>
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0202.jpg" n="182"/>
 <fw type="rh">
 <hi rend="italic">The Merchant of Venice.</hi>
 </fw>
 <cb n="1"/>
 <l>Ile see if I can get my husbands ring</l>
 <l>Which I did make him sweare to keepe for euer.</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-por">
 <speaker rend="italic">Por.</speaker>
 <l>Thou maist I warrant, we shal haue old swearing</l>
 <l>That they did giue the rings away to men;</l>
 <l>But weele out‑face them, and out‑swear them

to:</l>
 <l>Away, make haste, thou know'st where I will tarry.</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-ner">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ner.</speaker>
 <l>Come good sir, will you shew me to this house.</l>

</sp>

```

    <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
  </div>
</div>
<div type="act" n="5">
  <div type="scene" n="1" rend="notPresent">
    <head rend="italic center">Actus Quintus.</head>
    <head type="supplied">[Act 5, Scene 1]</head>
    <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Lorenzo and
      Jessica.</stage>
    <sp who="#F-mv-lor">
      <speaker rend="italic">Lor.</speaker>
      <l>The moone shines bright. In such a night as this,</l>
      <l>When the sweet winde did gently kisse the trees,</l>
      <l>And they did make no noyse, in such a night</l>
      <l>
        <hi rend="italic">Troylus</hi> me thinkes mounted the Troian
          walls,</l>
        <l>And sigh'd his soule toward the Grecian tents</l>
        <l>Where <hi rend="italic">Cressed</hi> lay that night.</l>
      </sp>
    <sp who="#F-mv-jes">
      <speaker rend="italic">Ies.</speaker>
      <l>In such a night</l>
      <l>Did <hi rend="italic">Thisbie</hi> fearefully ore&#x2011;trip
the
        dewe,</l>
        <l>And saw the Lyons shadow ere himselfe,</l>
        <l>And ranne dismayed away.</l>
      </sp>
    <sp who="#F-mv-lor">
      <speaker rend="italic">Loren.</speaker>
      <l>In such a night</l>
      <l>Stood <hi rend="italic">Dido</hi> with a Willow in her
hand</l>
        <l>Vpon the wilde sea bankes, and waft her Loue</l>
        <l>To come againe to Carthage.</l>
      </sp>
    <sp who="#F-mv-jes">
      <speaker rend="italic">Ies.</speaker>
      <l>In such a night</l>
      <l>
        <hi rend="italic">Medea</hi> gathered the enchanted hearbs</l>
        <l>That did renew old <hi rend="italic">Eson.</hi>
        </l>
      </sp>
    <sp who="#F-mv-lor">
      <speaker rend="italic">Loren.</speaker>
      <l>In such a night</l>
      <l>Did <hi rend="italic">Iessica</hi> steale from the wealthy
Iewe,</l>

```

<l>And with an Vnthrif Loue did runne from Venice,</l>
 <l>As farre as Belmont.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-jes">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ies.</speaker>
 <l>In such a night</l>
 <l>Did young <hi rend="italic">Lorenzo</hi> sweare he lou'd her
 well,</l>
 <l>Stealing her soule with many vowes of faith,</l>
 <l>And nere a true one.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-lor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Loren.</speaker>
 <l>In such a night</l>
 <l>Did pretty <hi rend="italic">Iessica</hi> (like a little shrow)</l>
 <l>Slander her Loue, and he forgauē it her.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-jes">
 <speaker rend="italic">Iessi.</speaker>
 <l>I would out‑night you did no body come:</l>
 <l>But harke, I heare the footing of a man.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Messenger.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-mv-lor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Lor.</speaker>
 <l>Who comes so fast in silence of the night?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-mes">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mes.</speaker>
 <p>A friend.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-lor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Loren.</speaker>
 <p>A friend, what friend? your name I pray you <lb
 rend="turnover"/><pc
 rend="turnover">(</pc>friend?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-mes">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mes.</speaker>
 <l>
 <hi rend="italic">Stephano</hi> is my name, and I bring
 word</l>
 <l>My Mistresse will before the breake of day</l>
 <l>Be heere at Belmont, she doth stray about</l>
 <l>By holy crosses where she kneeles and prayes</l>
 <l>For happy wedlocke houres.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-lor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Loren.</speaker>
 <p>Who comes with her?</p>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-mes">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mes.</speaker>
 <l>None but a holy Hermit and her maid:</l>
 <l>I pray you is my Master yet return'd?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-lor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Loren.</speaker>
 <l>He is not, nor we haue not heard from him,</l>
 <l>But goe we in I pray thee <hi rend="italic">Jessica</hi>,</l>
 <l>And ceremoniously let vs prepare</l>
 <l>Some welcome for the Mistresse of the house,</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Clowne.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-mv-lau">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
 <l>Sola, sola: wo ha ho, sola, sola.</l>
 </sp>
 <cb n="2"/>
 <sp who="#F-mv-lor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Loren.</speaker>
 <p>Who calls?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-lau">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
 <p>Sola, did you see M. <hi rend="italic">Lorenzo</hi>, & <hi
 rend="italic">Lorenzo</hi>, sola, <lb rend="turnunder"/><pc
 rend="turnunder">(</pc>sola,</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-lor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Lor.</speaker>
 <p>Leaue hollowing man, heere.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-lau">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
 <p>Sola, where, where?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-lor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Lor.</speaker>
 <p>Heere?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-lau">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
 <p>Tel him ther's a Post come from my Master, with <lb/>his horne
 of good newes, my Master will be here ere <lb/>morning sweete
 soule.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-lor">

M. <hi

full

<speaker rend="italic">Loren.</speaker>
 <|>Let's in, and there expect their comming.</|>
 <|>And yet no matter: why should we goe in?</|>
 <|>My friend <hi rend="italic">Stephen</hi>, signifie pray you</|>
 <|>Within the house, your Mistresse is at hand,</|>
 <|>And bring your musique foorth into the ayre.</|>
 <|>How sweet the moone‑light sleepes vpon this
 banke,</|>
 <|>Heere will we sit, and let the sounds of musicke</|>
 <|>Creepe in our eares soft stilnes, and the night</|>
 <|>Become the tutches of sweet harmonie:</|>
 <|>Sit <hi rend="italic">Iessica</hi>, looke how the floore of
 heauen</|>
 <|>Is thicke inlayed with pattens of bright gold,</|>
 <|>There's not the smallest orbe which thou beholdst</|>
 <|>But in his motion like an Angell sings,</|>
 <|>Still quiring to the young eyed Cherubins;</|>
 <|>Such harmonie is in immortall soules,</|>
 <|>But whilst this muddy vesture of decay</|>
 <|>Doth grosly close in it, we cannot heare it:</|>
 <|>Come hoe, and wake <hi rend="italic">Diana</hi> with a
 hymne,</|>
 <|>With sweetest tutches pearce your Mistresse eare,</|>
 <|>And draw her home with musicke.</|>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-jes">
 <speaker rend="italic">Iessi.</speaker>
 <|>I am neuer merry when I heare sweet musique.</|>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Play
 musicke.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-mv-lor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Lor.</speaker>
 <|>The reason is, your spirits are attentiu:</|>
 <|>For doe but note a wilde and wanton heard</|>
 <|>Or race of youthful and vnhandled colts,</|>
 <|>Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,</|>
 <|>Which is the hot condition of their bloud,</|>
 <|>If they but heare perchance a trumpet sound,</|>
 <|>Or any ayre of musicke touch their eares,</|>
 <|>You shall perceiue them make a mutuall stand,</|>
 <|>Their sauage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze,</|>
 <|>By the sweet power of musicke: therefore the Poet</|>
 <|>Did faine that <hi rend="italic">Orpheus</hi> drew trees,
 stones, and
 floods.</|>
 <|>Since naught so stockish, hard, and full of rage,</|>
 <|>But musicke for time doth change his nature,</|>
 <|>The man that hath no musicke in himselfe,</|>
 <|>Nor is not moued with concord of sweet sounds,</|>

<l>Is fit for treasons, stratagemes, and spoyles,</l>
 <l>The motions of his spirit are dull as night,</l>
 <l>And his affections darke as <hi rend="italic">Erobus</hi>,</l>
 <l>Let no such man be trusted: marke the musicke.</l>

</sp>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Portia and Nerrissa.</stage>

<sp who="#F-mv-por">

<speaker rend="italic">Por.</speaker>

<l>That light we see is burning in my hall:</l>

<l>How farre that little candell throwes his beames,</l>

<l>So shines a good deed in a naughty world.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-mv-ner">

<speaker rend="italic">Ner.</speaker>

<l>When the moone shone we did not see the can<lb
 rend="turnover"/>

<pc rend="turnover">(</pc>dle?</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-mv-por">

<speaker rend="italic">Por.</speaker>

<l>So doth the greater glory dim the lesse,</l>

<l>A substitute shines brightly as a King</l>

<l>Vntill a King be by, and then his state</l>

<l>Empties it selfe, as doth an inland brooke</l>

<l>Into the maine of waters: musique, harke.</l>

</sp>

<stage rend="italic inline" type="business">Musicke.</stage>

<sp who="#F-mv-ner">

<speaker rend="italic">Ner.</speaker>

<l>It is your musicke Madame of the house.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-mv-por">

<speaker rend="italic">Por.</speaker>

<l>Nothing is good I see without respect,</l>

<l>Methinkes it sounds much sweeter then by day?</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-mv-ner">

<speaker rend="italic">Ner.</speaker>

<l>Silence bestowes that vertue on it Madam.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-mv-por">

<speaker rend="italic">Por.</speaker>

<l>The Crow doth sing as sweetly as the Larke</l>

<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">When</fw>

<pb facs="FFimg:axc0203.jpg" n="183"/>

<fw type="rh">

<hi rend="italic">The Merchant of Venice.</hi>

</fw>

<cb n="1"/>

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

</sp>

<stage rend="italic center" type="business">Musicke ceases.</stage>

<sp who="#F-mv-lor">

<speaker rend="italic">Lor.</speaker>

<l>That is the voice,</l>

<l>Or I am much deceiu'd of <hi rend="italic">Portia.</hi>

</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-mv-por">

<speaker rend="italic">Por.</speaker>

<p>He knowes me as the blinde man knowes the <lb/>Cuckow by

the bad

voice?</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-mv-lor">

<speaker rend="italic">Lor.</speaker>

<l>Deere Lady welcome home?</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-mv-por">

<speaker rend="italic">Por.</speaker>

<l>We haue bene praying for our husbands welfare</l>

<l>Which speed we hope the better for our words,</l>

<l>Are they return'd?</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-mv-lor">

<speaker rend="italic">Lor.</speaker>

<l>Madam, they are not yet:</l>

<l>But there is come a Messenger before</l>

<l>To signifie their comming.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-mv-por">

<speaker rend="italic">Por.</speaker>

<l>Go in <hi rend="italic">Nerrissa</hi>,</l>

<l>Giue order to my seruants, that they take</l>

<l>No note at all of our being absent hence,</l>

<l>Nor you <hi rend="italic">Lorenzo, Iessica</hi> nor you.</l>

</sp>

<stage rend="italic center" type="business">A Tucket sounds.</stage>

<sp who="#F-mv-lor">

<speaker rend="italic">Lor.</speaker>

<l>Your husband is at hand, I heare his Trumpet,</l>

<l>We are no tell‑tales Madam, feare you not.</l>

</sp>
<sp who="#F-mv-por">
 <speaker rend="italic">Por.</speaker>
 <l>This night me thinkes is but the daylight sicke,</l>
 <l>It lookes a little paler, 'tis a day,</l>
 <l>Such as the day is, when the Sun is hid.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Bassanio, Anthonio,
 Gratiano, and their <lb/>Followers.</stage>
<sp who="#F-mv-bas">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bas.</speaker>
 <l>We should hold day with the Antipodes,</l>
 <l>If you would walke in absence of the sunne.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mv-por">
 <speaker rend="italic">Por.</speaker>
 <l>Let me giue light, but let me not be light,</l>
 <l>For a light wife doth make a heauie husband,</l>
 <l>And neuer be <hi rend="italic">Bassanio</hi> so for me,</l>
 <l>But God sort all: you are welcome home my Lord.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mv-bas">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bass.</speaker>
 <l>I thanke you Madam, giue welcom to my friend</l>
 <l>This is the man, this is <hi rend="italic">Anthonio</hi>,</l>
 <l>To whom I am so infinitely bound.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mv-por">
 <speaker rend="italic">Por.</speaker>
 <l>You should in all sence be much bound to him,</l>
 <l>For as I heare he was much bound for you.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mv-ant">
 <speaker rend="italic">Anth.</speaker>
 <l>No more then I am wel acquitted of.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mv-por">
 <speaker rend="italic">Por.</speaker>
 <l>Sir, you are verie welcome to our house:</l>
 <l>It must appeare in other waies then words,</l>
 <l>Therefore I scant this breathing curtesie.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mv-gra">
 <speaker rend="italic">Gra.</speaker>
 <l>By yonder Moone I sweare you do me wrong,</l>
 <l>Infaieth I gaue it to the Iudges Clarke,</l>
 <l>Would he were gelt that had it for my part,</l>
 <l>Since you do take it Loue so much at hart.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mv-por">

<speaker rend="italic">Por.</speaker>
<l>A quarrel hoe alreadie, what's the matter?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mv-gra">
<speaker rend="italic">Gra.</speaker>
<l>About a hoope of Gold, a paltry Ring</l>
<l>That she did giue me, whose Poesie was</l>
<l>For all the world like Cutlers Poetry</l>
<l>Vpon a knife; <hi rend="italic">Loue mee, and leaue mee
not</hi>.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mv-ner">
<speaker rend="italic">Ner.</speaker>
<l>What talke you of the Poesie or the valew:</l>
<l>You swore to me when I did giue it you,</l>
<l>That you would weare it til the houre of death,</l>
<l>And that it should lye with you in your graue,</l>
<l>Though not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,</l>
<l>You should haue beene respectiue and haue kept it.</l>
<l>Gauē it a Iudges Clearke: but wel I know</l>
<l>The Clearke wil nere weare haire on's face that had it.</l>
</sp>
<cb n="2"/>
<sp who="#F-mv-gra">
<speaker rend="italic">Gra.</speaker>
<l>He wil, and if he liue to be a man.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mv-ner">
<speaker rend="italic">Nerrissa.</speaker>
<l>I, if a Woman liue to be a man.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mv-gra">
<speaker rend="italic">Gra.</speaker>
<l>Now by this hand I gauē it to a youth,</l>
<l>A kinde of boy, a little scrubbed boy,</l>
<l>No higher then thy selfe, the Iudges Clearke,</l>
<l>A prating boy that begg'd it as a Fee,</l>
<l>I could not for my heart deny it him.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mv-por">
<speaker rend="italic">Por.</speaker>
<l>You were too blame, I must be plaine with you,</l>
<l>To part so slightly with your wiues first gift,</l>
<l>A thing stucke on with oathes vpon your finger,</l>
<l>And so riueted with faith vnto your flesh.</l>
<l>I gauē my Loue a Ring, and made him sweare</l>
<l>Neuer to part with it, and heere he stands:</l>
<l>I dare be sworne for him, he would not leaue it,</l>
<l>Nor plucke it from his finger, for the wealth</l>
<l>That the world masters. Now in faith <hi rend="italic">

>Gratiano</hi>,</l>
 <l>You giue your wife too vnkinde a cause of greefe,</l>
 <l>And 'twere to me I should be mad at it.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-bas">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bass.</speaker>
 <l>Why I were best to cut my left hand off,</l>
 <l>And swear I lost the Ring defending it.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-gra">
 <speaker rend="italic">Gra.</speaker>
 <l>My Lord <hi rend="italic">Bassanio</hi> gaue his Ring
 away</l>
 <l>Vnto the Iudge that beg'd it, and indeede</l>
 <l>Deseru'd it too: and then the Boy his Clarke</l>
 <l>That tooke some paines in writing, he begg'd mine,</l>
 <l>And neyther man nor master would take ought</l>
 <l>But the two Rings.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-por">
 <speaker rend="italic">Por.</speaker>
 <l>What Ring gaue you my Lord?</l>
 <l>Not that I hope which you receiu'd of me.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-bas">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bass.</speaker>
 <l>If I could adde a lie vnto a fault,</l>
 <l>I would deny it: but you see my <gap extent="1" unit="chars"
 reason="illegible" agent="uninkedType"
 resp="#LMC"/>inger</l>
 <l>Hath not the Ring vpon it, it is gone.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-por">
 <speaker rend="italic">Por.</speaker>
 <l>Euen so voide is your false heart of truth.</l>
 <l>By heauen I wil nere come in your bed</l>
 <l>Vntil I see the Ring.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-ner">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ner.</speaker>
 <l>Nor I in yours, til I againe see mine.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-bas">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bass.</speaker>
 <l>Sweet Portia,</l>
 <l>If you did know to whom I gaue the Ring,</l>
 <l>If you did know for whom I gaue the Ring,</l>
 <l>And would conceiue for what I gaue the Ring,</l>
 <l>And how vnwillingly I left the Ring,</l>
 <l>When nought would be accepted but the Ring,</l>

<|>You would abate the strength of your displeasure?</|>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-por">
 <speaker rend="italic">Por.</speaker>
 <|>If you had knowne the vertue of the Ring,</|>
 <|>Or halfe her worthinesse that gaue the Ring,</|>
 <|>Or your owne honour to containe the Ring,</|>
 <|>You would not then haue parted with the Ring:</|>
 <|>What man is there so much vnreasonable,</|>
 <|>If you had pleas'd to haue defended it</|>
 <|>With any termes of Zeale: wanted the modestie</|>
 <|>To vrge the thing held as a ceremonie:</|>
 <|>
 <hi rend="italic">Nerrissa</hi> teaches me what to beleue,</|>
 <|>Ile die for't, but some Woman had the Ring?</|>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-bas">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bass.</speaker>
 <|>No by mine honor Madam, by my soule</|>
 <|>No Woman had it, but a ciuill Doctor,</|>
 <|>Which did refuse three thousand Ducates of me,</|>
 <|>And beg'd the Ring; the which I did denie him,</|>
 <|>And suffer'd him to go displeas'd away:</|>
 <|>Euen he that had held vp the verie life</|>
 <|>Of my deere friend. What should I say s<gap extent="1"
 unit="chars" reason="illegible" agent="torn" resp="#LMC"/>ete Lady?</|>
 <|>I was inforc'd to send it after him,</|>
 <|>I was beset with shame and curtes<gap extent="1" unit="chars" reason="absent" agent="torn" resp="#LMC"/>e,</|>
 <|>My honor would not l<gap extent="1" unit="chars" agent="torn" resp="#LMC"/>t ingratitude</|>
 <|>So much besmeare it. Pardon me good Lady,</|>
 <|>And by these <gap extent="1" unit="chars" reason="illegible" agent="torn" resp="#LMC"/>lessed Candles of the night,</|>
 <|>Had you <gap extent="2" unit="chars" reason="absent" resp="#LMC"/>en there, I t<gap extent="3" unit="chars" reason="absent" agent="torn" resp="#LMC"/>ke you would
 haue
 beg'd</|>
 <|>The Rin<gap extent="1" unit="chars" reason="absent" agent="torn" resp="#LMC"/> of me, to giue <gap extent="1" unit="words" reason="illegible" agent="torn" resp="#LMC"/> worthie
 Doctor?</|>
 </sp>
 <fw type="sig" place="footCentre">Q2</fw>
 <fw type="catchword" rend="italic" place="footRight"> Por.</fw>

<pb facs="FFimg:axc0204.jpg" n="184"/>
 <fw type="rh">
 <hi rend="italic">The Merchant of Venice.</hi>
 </fw>
 <cb n="1"/>
 <sp who="#F-mv-por">
 <speaker rend="italic">Por.</speaker>
 <l>Let not that Doctor ere come neere my house,</l>
 <l>Since he hath got the iewell that I loued,</l>
 <l>And that which you did sweare to keepe for me,</l>
 <l>I will become as liberall as you,</l>
 <l>Ile not deny him any thing I haue,</l>
 <l>No, not my body, nor my husbands bed:</l>
 <l>Know him I shall, I am well sure of it.</l>
 <l>Lie not a night from home. Watch me like Argos,</l>
 <l>If you doe not, if I be left alone,</l>
 <l>Now by mine honour which is yet mine owne,</l>
 <l>Ile haue the Doctor for my bedfellow.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-ner">
 <speaker rend="italic">Nerrissa.</speaker>
 <l>And I his Clarke: therefore be well aduis'd</l>
 <l>How you doe leaue me to mine owne protection.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-gra">
 <speaker rend="italic">Gra.</speaker>
 <l>Well, doe you so: let not me take him then,</l>
 <l>For if I doe, ile mar the yong Clarks pen.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-ant">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
 <l>I am th' vnhappy subiect of these quarrels.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-por">
 <speaker rend="italic">Por.</speaker>
 <l>Sir, grieue not you,</l>
 <l>You are welcome notwithstanding.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-bas">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bas.</speaker>
 <l>
 <hi rend="italic">Portia</hi>, forgiue me this enforced
 wrong,</l>
 <l>And in the hearing of these manie friends</l>
 <l>I sweare to thee, euen by thine owne faire eyes</l>
 <l>Wherein I see my selfe.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-por">
 <speaker rend="italic">Por.</speaker>
 <l>Marke you but that?</l>

<l>In both my eyes he doubly sees himself:</l>
<l>In each eye one, swear by your double selfe,</l>
<l>And there's an oath of credit.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mv-bas">
<speaker rend="italic">Bas.</speaker>
<l>Nay, but heare me.</l>
<l>Pardon this fault, and by my soule I sweare</l>
<l>I neuer more will breake an oath with thee.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mv-ant">
<speaker rend="italic">Anth.</speaker>
<l>I once did lend my bodie for thy wealth,</l>
<l>Which but for him that had your husbands ring</l>
<l>Had quite miscarried. I dare be bound againe,</l>
<l>My soule vpon the forfeit, that your Lord</l>
<l>Will neuer more breake faith aduisedlie.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mv-por">
<speaker rend="italic">Por.</speaker>
<l>Then you shall be his suretie: giue him this,</l>
<l>And bid him keepe it better then the other.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mv-ant">
<speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
<l>Heere Lord <hi rend="italic">Bassanio</hi>, swear to keep this
ring.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mv-bas">
<speaker rend="italic">Bass.</speaker>
<l>By heauen it is the same I gaue the Doctor.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mv-por">
<speaker rend="italic">Por.</speaker>
<l>I had it of him: pardon <hi rend="italic">Bassanio</hi>,</l>
<l>For by this ring the Doctor lay with me.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mv-ner">
<speaker rend="italic">Ner.</speaker>
<l>And pardon me my gentle <hi rend="italic">Gratiano</hi>,</l>
<l>For that same scrubbed boy the Doctors Clarke</l>
<l>In lieu of this, last night did lye with me.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mv-gra">
<speaker rend="italic">Gra.</speaker>
<l>Why this is like the mending of high waies</l>
<l>In Sommer, where the waies are faire enough:</l>
<l>What, are we Cuckolds ere we haue deseru'd it.</l>
</sp>
<cb n="2"/>

<sp who="#F-mv-por">
 <speaker rend="italic">Por.</speaker>
 <l>Speake not so grossely, you are all amaz'd;</l>
 <l>Heere is a letter, reade it at your leysure,</l>
 <l>It comes from Padua from <hi rend="italic">Bellario</hi>,</l>
 <l>There you shall finde that <hi rend="italic">Portia</hi> was the
 Doctor,</l>
 <l>
 <hi rend="italic">Nerrissa</hi> there her Clarke. <hi
 rend="italic">
 >Lorenzo</hi> heere</l>
 <l>Shall wisse I set forth as soone as you,</l>
 <l>And but eu'n now return'd: I haue not yet</l>
 <l>Entred my house. <hi rend="italic">Anthonio</hi> you are
 welcome,</l>
 <l>And I haue better newes in store for you</l>
 <l>Then you expect: vnseale this letter soone,</l>
 <l>There you shall finde three of your Argosies</l>
 <l>Are richly come to harbour sodainlie.</l>
 <l>You shall not know by what strange accident</l>
 <l>I chanced on this letter.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-ant">
 <speaker rend="italic">Antho.</speaker>
 <p>I am dumbe.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-bas">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bass.</speaker>
 <l>Were you the Doctor, and I knew you not?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-gra">
 <speaker rend="italic">Gra.</speaker>
 <l>Were you the Clark that is to make me cuckold.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-ner">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ner.</speaker>
 <l>I, but the Clark that neuer meanes to doe it,</l>
 <l>Vnlesse he liue vntill he be a man.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-bas">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bass.</speaker>
 <l>(Sweet Doctor) you shall be my bedfellow,</l>
 <l>When I am absent, then lie with my wife.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-mv-ant">
 <speaker rend="italic">An.</speaker>
 <l>(Sweet Ladie) you haue giuen me life & liuing;</l>
 <l>For heere I reade for certaine that my ships</l>
 <l>Are safelie come to Rode.</l>
 </sp>

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<sp who="#F-mv-por">
  <speaker rend="italic">Por.</speaker>
  <l>How now <hi rend="italic">Lorenzo</hi>?</l>
  <l>My Clarke hath some good comforts to for you.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mv-ner">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ner.</speaker>
  <l>I, and Ile giue them him without a fee.</l>
  <l>There doe I giue to you and <hi rend="italic">Iessica</hi>
  </l>
  <l>From the rich Iewe, a speciall deed of gift</l>
  <l>After his death, of all he dies possess'd of.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mv-lor">
  <speaker rend="italic">Loren.</speaker>
  <l>Faire Ladies you drop Manna in the way</l>
  <l>Of starued people.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mv-por">
  <speaker rend="italic">Por.</speaker>
  <l>It is almost morning,</l>
  <l>And yet I am sure you are not satisfied</l>
  <l>Of these euent at full. Let vs goe in,</l>
  <l>And charge vs there vpon intergatories,</l>
  <l>And we will answer all things faithfully.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mv-gra">
  <speaker rend="italic">Gra.</speaker>
  <l>Let it be so, the first intergatory</l>
  <l>That my <hi rend="italic">Nerrissa</hi> shall be sworne on,
is,</l>
  <l>Whether till the next night she had rather stay,</l>
  <l>Or goe to bed, now being two houres to day,</l>
  <l>But were the day come, I should wish it darke,</l>
  <l>Till I were couching with the Doctors Clarke.</l>
  <l>Well, while I liue, Ile feare no other thing</l>
  <l>So sore, as keeping safe <hi rend="italic">Nerrissas</hi>
ring.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
</div>
</div>
</div>
<trailer>FINIS.</trailer>
</div>
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