Enter Antonio, Salerio, and Solanio.

Antonio.

If I am sooth I know not, why I am so sad, it wearies me: you say it wearies you; but how I caught it, found it, or came by it, what stuff is made of, where it is borne, I am to learn: and such waste wit saddeneth makes of me, that I have much ado to know my selfe.

Salerio. Your minde is tossing on the Ocean, there where your Argosies with portly failte, like Signiors and rich Burgers on the flood, or as it were the Pageants of the sea, do out-peer the petty Traffickers that curie to them, do them reverence as they flye by them, with their women wings.

Solanio. Beholde me sir, had I such venture forth, the better part of my affections, would be with my hopes abroad. I should be still plucking the grasse to know where fits the wind, peering in Maps for ports, and peers, and routes; and euydy object that might make me fear.

Antonio. Mistfortune to my ventures, out of doubt would make me sad.

Salerio. My winde cooling my broth, would blow me to an Ague, when I thought what harme a winde too great might doe at sea. I should not see the sandie house-grasse sittie, but I should thinke of shallows, and of flats, and see my weathy Andrew docks in sand, vailing her high top lower then her ribs.

To kisheher burwaile, should I goe to church, and see the holy edifice of faine, and not bethinke me straight of dangerous rocks, which touching by my gentle Vessells side, would scatter all her spices on the streame, enrobe the roaring waters with my fillies, and in a word, but even now worth this, and now worth nothing. Shall I haue the thoughts of to thinke on this, and shall I lacke the thought, that such a thing becaus’d would make me sad? But tell not me, I know Antonio is sad to thinke upon his merchandize.

Antonio. Believe me no, I thank all fortune for it; my venture are not in one bastome trusted. Nor to one place, nor is my whole estate.
By being penitent? I tell thee what Anthony, I love thee, and it is my love that speaks: There are a sort of men, whose vices Do create and mantle like a floundering pond, And do a willful chimney entertain, With purpose to be drest in an opinion Of wifelorn, gravity, profound conceit, As who should say, I am for an Oracle, And when I open my lips, let no dogge barke. O my Anthony, I do know of thyself That therefore onely are reputed wise, For saying nothing; when I am verie sure If they should speake, would almoost dam those ears Which hearing them would call their brothers fools: Ile tell thee more of this another time, But fith nor with this melancholye bate For this insole Gudgin, this opinion: Come good Lorenzo, faywelly a while, Ile end my exhortation after dinner. Love, Well, we will lease you then till dinnet time. I must be one of these fame dumbe wife men, For Gratiano neuer let me speake. Great, Well, keep me company but two yeares mo, Thou shalt not know the found of thine owne tongue. As, Far you well, Ile grow a talker for this geare. Grateful thanks iathe for silence is onely commendable In a neast tongue drayd, and a maid not vendible. Exeunt. Alice. It is that any thing now. Baff. Gratiano speakes in infinite deal of nothing, more then any man in all Venice, his reasons are two grains of wheate hid in two bubbles of chaffe: you shall seeke all day ere you find them, & when you haue them they are not worth the search. Alice. Well: tel me now, what Lady is the same To whom you swore a secreete Pilgrimage That you to day promis'd to me of? Baff. This not knownne to you Anthony, How much I have disarmed effete, By something shewing a more dwelling port Then my faint meanes would grant continuance: Nor do I now make money to be abridg'd From such a noble rate, but my cheele sure Is to come fairly off from the great debts Wherein my time something too roddigall Hath left me gag'd: to you Anthony I owe the most in money, and in loue, And from your love I have a warrantie To communite all my plots and purposes, How to get cleare of all the debts I owe. Alice. I pray you good Baffano let me know it, And if't stand as you your fallie full do, Within the eye of honoure, be affraid. My purle, my person, my extremeff meanes Lye all unlook'd to your occasions. Baff. In my schoole days, when I had lost one shaft I found his fellow of the falliefame flight The selfe same way, with more aduanced watch To finde the other forth, and by adventuring both I oft found both. I verge this child-hooede proofe, Because what followes is pure innocence. I owe you much, and like a wilfull youth, That which I owe is lost: but if you please To shooe another arrow that selfe way Which you did shooe the first, I do not doubt, As I will watch the ayme: Or to finde both, Or bring your latter hazzad backe againe, And thankfully reff debter for the first. Alice. You know me well, and herein spend but time To winde about my love with circumstance, And out of doubt you doe more wrong In making question of my vtermone? Then if you had made wafte of all I have: Then doe but say to me what I shoulde doe That in your knowledge may be me done, And I am pruett unto it: therefore speake. Baff. In Belmont is a Lady richly left, And she is faire, and fatter then that word, Of wondrous vertues, sometimes from her eyes I did receive faire spechelesse mesages: Her name is Portia, nothing vnder allowed To Cio's daughter, Ermento Portia, Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth, For the four winde blow in from every coast Renowned fators, and her funny locks Hang on her temples like a golden fleece, Which makes her head of Belmont Choloes stond, And many Iasons come in quest of her. O my Anthony, had I but the means To hold a riuall place with one of them, I have a minde prefages me such thrifft, That I shoulde question for to be fortunate. Alice. Thou knowest that all my fortunes are at sea, Neither have I money, nor commoditie To raise a preffent summe, therefore goe forth Try what my credit can in Venice doe, That shall be racke euent to the vtermone, To furnish thee to Belmont to faire Portia. Go presently enquire, and do will I Where money is, and I no question make To have it of my trust, or for my sake. Exeunt. Enter Portia, with her waiting woman Nerissa. Portia. By my troth Nerissa, my little body is a wastie of this great world. Ner. You would be sweet Madam, if your misheries were in the fame abundance as your good fortunes are; and yet for ought I see, they are as ficke that surft with too much, as they that surft with nothing: it is no finall happinesse therefore to bee fixed in the meanes, superfluity comes sooner by white bairnes, but competens lies longer. Portia. Good sentences, and well pronounc'd. Ner. They would be better if well followed. Portia. If too were easie as to know what were good to doe, Chappells had bene Churches, and poore mens cottages Princes Pallesce it is a good Diaune that followes his owne instructions; I can easie rest twentie what were good to be done, then be one of the twentie to follow mine owne teaching: the braine may deuise lawes for the blood, but a hot temper leapes ore a colde decrece, such a hare is madnesse the youth, to skip ore the meles of good concaffe the cripple; but this reason is not in fashion to choose me a husband: O me, The word choose, I may neither choose whom I would, nor refuse whom I dislike, for is the wilt of a loving daughter curbed by the will of a dead father; it is not hard Nerissa, that I cannot choose one, nor refuse none. Ner. Your father was ever vertuous, and holy men at their death have good inspirations, therefore the lotterie that he hath deuised in thee three cheset of gold, filuer, and lead, whereof who chooseth his meaning, choothes
chooses you, will no doubt never be chosen by any right-ly, but one who you shall rightly love; but what warmth is there in your affection towards any of these Princely states that are already come? I pray thee over-name them, and as thou namest them, I will describe them, and according to my description let all at my affection.

**Ner.** First there is the Neapolitan Prince.

**Pro.** That's a colic indeed; for he doth nothing but talk of his horse, and he makes it a great appropriation to his own good parts that he can flout him himself; I am much afraid my Lady his mother plaited fails with a Smyth.

**Ner.** Than is there the Counte Palantine.

**Pro.** He doth nothing but browne (as who should say, and you will not have me, choose: he hears merrie tales and smiles not; I feare he will prove the weeping Philosopher when he grows old, being so full of un-annimatly sadnesse in his youth.) I had rather to be married to a deaths head with a bone in his mouth, than to either of these. God defend me from these two.

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

**Pro.** God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man, in truth I know it is a faine to be a mackerel, but he, why he hath a horse better then the Neapolitans, a better bad habite of frowning then the Counte Palantine, he is every man in no man, it's a Trallfell ling; he fals straight a casting, he will fence with his own shadow. If I should marry him, I should marrie twenty husbands; for he would delive me, I would forgive him, for if I love me to madness, I should never require him.

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

**Pro.** You know I say nothing to him, for he under-stands not me, nor I him: he lieth neither Latin, French, nor Italian, and you will come into the Court & tire you that I have a poore penny-worth in the English, he is a proper mans picture, but alas who can concert with a dunce tow? how edly he is futed, I think he bought his doubltet in Italie, his round hote in France, his boonet in Germany, and his behaviour every where.

**Ner.** What think you of the other Lord his neighbour?

**Pro.** That he hath a neighbourly charite in him, for he borrowed a boxe of the care of the Englishmen, and swore he would pay him againe when he was able: I think he the Frenchman became his fortune, and sold vader for another.

**Ner.** How like you the yong Germans, the Duke of Saxony's Nephew?

**Pro.** Very wildly in the morning when he is sober, and most violently in the afternoon when he is drunk: when he is best, he is a little worrie then a man, and when he is worst, he is little better then a beast; and the worst fall that ever fell, I hope shall make thift to goe without him.

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

**Pro.** Therefore for feare of the worst, I pray thee set a deep plaffe of musk-wine on the contrary Casket, for if the diallebe be within, and that repentence without, I know he will choose it. I will doe any thing.**Nerissa ere I will be married to a sponge.

**Ner.** You neede not fear Lady the having any of these Lords, they have acquainted me with their determinations, which is indee due to returne to their home, and to trouble you with no more suife, vneffe you may be won by some other for the Father's impoitition, depending on the Caskets.

**Pro.** If I live to be aged and as Sibylla, I will dye as chaste as Diana: vneffe I be obtrased by the manner of my Fathers will: I am glad this parcell of wretches are so reasonable, for there is not one among them but I doste on his verie absence; and I with them a faire departure.

**Ner.** Doe you not remember Ladie in your Fathers state, a Fransian, a Schelleber and a Souilliard that came(structed in the manner of the Marquess of Montferrat?

**Pro.** Yes, yes, it was Baffiano, as I thinke, so was he call'd.

**Ner.** True Madam, he of all the men that ever my foolish eyes look'd upon, was the best defenting a faire Lady.

**Pro.** I remember him well, and I remember him worthy of thy praise.

Enter a Scowlingman.

**Sir.** The four Strangers seeke you Madam to take their leave: there is a fore-runner come from a fift, the Prince of Moroso, who brings word the Prince his Master will be here to night.

**Pro.** If I could bid the fift welcome with so good a heart as I can bid the other four fare well, I should be glad of his approach: if he have the condition of a Saint, and the complexion of a devil, I had rather he should thrive me then wiste me. Come Nerrissa, shola go before; whilst wese that the gate vpon one woot, another knocks at the doore.

Exeunt.

Enter Baffiano with Hithells the Jew.

**Shy.** Three thousand ducats, well.

**Baff.** I fir, for three months.

**Shy.** For three months, well.

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

**Shy.** Antonio shall be come bound, well.

**Baff.** May you fed me? Will you pleasure me?

**Shy.** Shall I know your answere.

**Baff.** Three thousand ducats for three months, and Antonio bound.

**Shy.** Your answere to that.

**Shy.** Antonio is a good man.

**Baff.** Have you heard any imputation to the contrary.

**Shy.** Ho no, no, no, no: my meaning in sayig he is a good man, is to have you understand me that he is sufficient, yet his meanes are in supposition: he hath an Argosy bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies, I understand moreover upon the Royalty, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England, and other ventures he hath squandered abroad, but ships are but boards, Seylers but men, there be land rats, and water rats, water thees, and land thees, I mean Pyruss, and then there is the terrill of waters, winds, and rocks; the man is not withstanding sufficient, three thousand ducats, I thinke I may take his bond.

**Baff.** Be assured you may.

Iesu,
Enter Antony.

Bass. This is signior Antonio.

Jew. How like a favouring publican he lookes. I hate him for he is a Christian; but more, for that in low simplicity he lends out money gratis, and brings down the rate of hire here with vs in Venice. If I can catch him once upon the hip, I will feele for the ancient grudge I bare him. He will lend money, because he is usurer, and hath given money to receive money, and done there where Merchants most doe congregate. On me, my bargains, and my well-won'd thrift, which he calls interest: Curst be my Trybe, if I forgive him.

Bass. Signior neglect doe you hear, Shy. I am debating of my present store, and by the necer gift of my memory, I cannot infieldily raise on the good fortune of three thousand ducats: what of that? Tubal a wealthy Hebrew of my Tribe, will furnish me, but for a long time, how many months do you desire? Be't you fare good signior, your worship is the last man in our mouths. Ant. Shylock, albeit I neither lend nor borrow by taking, nor by giving of excesse, yet to supply the rare wants of my friend, he breakes a vellum: is he yet pox't? How much would he?

Shy. I T, three thousand ducats.

Ant. And for three months.

Shy. I had forgot, three months, you told me so. Well then, your bond: and let me see, but heere you, me thoughts you fail'd, you neither lend nor borrow upon advantage.

Ant. I doe never vse it.

Shy. When Jacob graz'd his Ynde Laban sheeppe, this Jacob from our holy Abram was (As his wife mother wrought in his behalfe) the third pox'selfe; the was the third. Ant. And what of him, did he take interest?

Shy. No, not take interest, nor as you would say directly interest, make what Jacob did, when Laban himselfe were compryme'd what the sheeple that were shepped, the Eues being rancke, in end of Autumnne turned to the Rammes, and when the work of generation was between these wooley breeders in the sheeple, the skilfull sheepherds told me certaine wands, and in the dressing of the ¢æbel of kinde, he bucke them yp before the fallsome Eues, who then conceaung, did in caunng time, fall party-colour'd lambs, and those were Jacob's. This was a way to thrive, and he was blest: and thus is blest if men steale it not.

Ant. This was a venture for that Jacob cou'd for, a thing not in his power to bring to passe, but I say'd and fashion'd by the hand of heaven. Was this inferred to make interest good?

Shy. Your gold and silver Eues and Raums? Ant. I cannot sell, I make it breede as fast, but note me signior.

Ant. Marke you this Bargain, the diuell can cite Scripture for his purpose, an euil soule producing holy winetle, is like a villaine with a limpling cheeke, a goodly apple rotted at the heart. O what a goodly outside falsethood hath. Shy. Three thousand ducats, 'tis a good round sum. Three monts from twelve, then let me see the rate.

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

Shy. Signior Antonio, many a time and oft in the Ryalto you haue rated me. About my monies and my victuals: Still have I borne it with a patient shrug, (For I vnderstand the end of all our Tribe.) You cal me vnskeueler, cut-throat dog, and speer upon my Jewishe gardender, and all for vs of that which is mine owne. Will then, it now appears you neede my helpe; Go to then, you come to me, and you say, Signior, we would have moneys, you say so: You that did write your name upon my beard, and foote me as you spurne a stranger currere, ouer your threshold, moneys is your suite. What should I say to you? Should I not say, Hath a dog money? Is it possible a currere should lend three thousand ducats? or shall I bend low, and in a bond-mans key, with bated breath, and whirring humbrells, say this: I vse neither, you spuer me on Wednesday last, you spuerd me on such a day, another time you cald me dog: and for these curtseies he lend you thus much moneys.

Ant. I am as like to call thee to agraine, to spuer thee against, to spuer thee too, if thou wilt lend this money, lend it not as to thy friends, for when did friend ship take a breed of barattine mutual of his frond? But lend it rather to thine enemie, who if he break, thou maist with better face exact the penalties.

Shy. Why lookke you how thou formes, I would be friends with you, and hate your love, forget the shamees that you have flaiued me with, supplye your present wante, and take no deite for vnsance of my moneys, and youll not heare me, this is kindle I offer.

Bass. This were kindness.

Shy. This kindness will I shewe, goe with me to a Notarie, feale me there your single bond, and in a merrie spoarte. If you repaire me not on such a day, in such a place, such sunes or sunes are express in the condition, let the forfeite be nominat for an euall pound of your faire flesh, to be cut off and taken in what part of your bodie it pleaseth me.

Ant. Content in faith, le feale to such a bond, and say there is much kindness in the Jew.
Enter Marchus a page in white, and three or four followers according; with Curios, Nerissa, and their train. Exeunt.

Mor. Mistake me not for my complexion,
The shadowed lucre of the bountiful sunne,
To whom I am a neighbour, and no more bred.
Bring me the fared creature Northward-borne,
Where Phoebus fire I scarce doth the yeicles,
And let vs make intimation for your lone,
To prove whose blood is redder, his or mine.
I tell thee Ladie this aspect of mine
Hath feard the valiant, (by my lone I speake)
The belt regarded Virgins of our Clymne
Have lou'd it so: I would not change this line,
Except to finde your thoughts my gentle Queen.

Per. In tearmes of chiefe I am not folleled
By nice direction of a madens eies;
Beside, the istrie of my delective
Bear me the sight of voluntarie choosing:
But if my Father had not contemned me,
And hedged me by his wit to yeidle my selfe.
His wife, who wins me by that chaunced to tell you,
Your selfe (renowned Prince) than fould disfaste
As any common I have look'd on yet.
For my affection.

Mor. Even for that I thank you,
Therefore I pray you lead me to the Caskets.
To trie my fortune: By this Syntarse.

That flew the Sophie, and a Persian Prince
That won three fields of Sultan Solymar.
I would one-thire the hermit eies that looke:
Out-brose the heartmost dasy on the earth
Plucke the yong sucking Cubs from the she Beares,
Yea, mocke the Lion when he roars for pray
To win the Ladie. But alas, the while
If Hercules and Lycaeon plate at dice
Which is the better man, the greater throw
May turne by fortune from the weaker hand:
So is Alcides beaten by his rage,
And so may I, blinde fortune leading me
Mute that which one unworthy may attaine,
And die with grieving.

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

Mor. Nor will not, come bring me vnto my chance;
Por. First forward to the temple, after dinner.
Your hazzard shall be made.

Mor. Good fortune then,
To make me blest or cursed among men,

Enter the Clowe alone.

Col. Certainly, my confidence will ferue me to run
From this Jew my Maister: the tend is at mine elbow,
And tempts me now to me, Jobe, Lascaro Jobe, good
Lascaro, on good Lascaro, or good Lascaro Jobbe,
Wine, eggs, lead, the flax, run away: my confidence vses no
Take heed honest Lascaro, take heed honest Jobbe,
or as aforesaid honest Lascaro Jobbe, doe not runne,
None running with thy heele: well, the most coragiouss
Fend bids me packe, fis faies the fend, away faies the fend,
For the heauens rule vs a braue mind men faies the fend, and run;
Well, my confidence hanging about the neck of my heart,
Faies verie wisely to me: my honest friend Lascaro,
Being an honest mans sonne, or rather an honest womens sonne,
For indeed my Father did something make, something grow tooch he had a kind of taint; well, my confidence fayes Lascaro bouge not, bouge faies the fend, bouge not fayes my confidence, fayes fay I you confeisse well, fay fay I you confeisse well,
To be rule by my confidence I should stay with the Jew
My Maister, (who God bleffe the mark) is a kind of diuell;
And to run away from the Jew I should be ruled by the fendi,
Who faies your yeuerence is the diuell himself: certainly the Jew is the verie diuell incarnation,
And in my confidence, my confidence is a kind of hard confidence, to offer to confeisse I to stay with the Jew;
The fendi giveth the more friendly confeisse: I will runne fendi,
My heele are at your commandement, I will runne.

Enter old Jobbe with a Basket.

Col. Maister yong-man, you I praye you, which is the way to Maister Iowre?

Lan. O heauen, this is my true begotten Father, who being more than fand blind, high grace blind, knows me not, I will make confusion with him.

Col. Maister yong Gentleman, I praye you which is the way to Maister Ioure.

Lan. Turne upon your right hand at the next turn.
The Merchant of Venice.

ning, but at the next turning of all on your left; marry it at the verie next turning, turne of no hand, but turn downe indirectlie to the lenter house.

Gob. Be Gods founties will be a hard wale to hit, can you tell me wherethen one Laniclet that dwells within, with his wife or no. Lani. Talk you of young Master Laniclet, mark me now, now will I raise the waters: talk you of young Master Laniclet?

Gob. No Master sir, but a poore mans sonne, his Father though I sayt is an honest exceeding poore man, and God be thanked well to live.

Lani. Well, let his Father be what a will, we talke of young Master Laniclet.

Gob. Your worships friends and Lani. But I prate your argold man, argo I beleeche you, talke you of young Master Laniclet.

Gob. Of Laniclet, are please your mastership.

Lani. Sir, young Master Laniclet, talke not of master Lancelet, Father, for you young gentlemen according to facts and definitions, such odie fayrely, the filters three, such breake les of learning, is indee desperde, or as you would say in plain teare, gone to heaven.

Gob. Marrie God forbid, the boy was the verie staflfe of my aged, my verie prop.

Lani. Do looke like a deuide or a honell poif, a  staflfe or a prop: dor you know me Father.

Gob. Alack the day, I know you are young Gentleman, but I prate you tell, is my boy Godrell his foule alive or dead.

Lani. Doe you not know my Father.

Gob. Alack the day, I am fond boude, I know you not.

Lani. Nay, indeede if you had your eyes you might saile of the knowing mee, it is a wise Father that knows his owne child. Well, old man, I will tell you newes of your son, give me your blessing, truth will come to light; murder cannot be hid long, a man sone may, but in the end truth will cure.

Gob. Praise you sir hand up, I am sure you are not Laniclet my boy.

Lani. Praise you let's have no more foolish about it, but give mee your blessing: I am Laniclet your boy that was, your loue thy is, your childe that shall be.

Gob. I cannot think you are my sonne.

Lani. I know not what I shall think of that: but I am Laniclet the Lovers man, and I am sure Margaret your wife is my mother.

Gob. Her name is Margaret in Deede, He be woman if thou be Laniclet, thou art of owne flesh and blood.

Lani. Lord werthip he be what? a beared hist thou went, thou hast got more haine on thy chin, then Dobbins my phosphorus on his tale.

Gob. It should issue then that Dobbins tail groves backward. I am sure he had more haine of his tale then I have of my face when I lift saw him.

Gob. Lord how art thou changd: how doofit thou and thy Master agree, I have brought him a present, how grace you now?

Lani. Well, well, but for mine owne part, as I have sey my rell to run away, for I will not rest till I have run some ground; my Master, I werit leue, give him a present, give him a halter, I am famity in his servise. You may tell every finger I have with my ribs: Father I am glad you are come, give me your present: to one Master Battario, whoindeede givs rare new litters, if I leve not him, I will run as far as God has ane ground. O rare fortune, here comes the man, to him Father, for I am a Jew if Ierve the Jew ane longer.

Enter Battario with a follower or two.

Batt. You may doe so, but let it be so hastened that supper be ready at the farthest by five of the clocke: see there Letters delivered, put the Litters to making, and defte Grattions to come anone to my lodging.

Lani. To him Father.

Batt. God blewe your worship.

Lani. Gramatricello would I thought ought with me.

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

Lani. Not a poore boy sir, but the rich Jews than that would sir as my Father shall particular.

Batt. He hath a great infection sir, as one would say to fortune.

Lani. Indeed the flour and the long is, I serve the Jew and have a derive as my Father shall particular.

Batt. His Master and (having your worshipes serue-

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

Lani. I have here a dish, of Douce that I would bellow upon you, bestow, and my fuite is.

Lani. In verie briefe, the tuece is pertinent to my felle, as your worship shall know by this honest old man, and though I try it, though old man, yet poore man my Father.

Batt. One speake for both, what would you?

Lani. Seue you sir.

Batt. That is the verie defile of the master sir.

Batt. I know thee well, thou haft obstrait thy fuite, Shalake thy Master spoke with me this state, and hast prefered thee, if it be prefermment To leaue a rich Jewes fortune to become.

Batt. The follower of poore a Gentleman.

Lani. The old prosterie is very well parted betweene my Master Shalake and you sir; you haue the grace of God sir, and he hath enough.

Batt. Thou speake it well, goe Father with thy Son, Take leave of thy old Master, and enquire My lodging out, give him a Luttere More garded then his fellows: see it done.

Batt. Father in, I cannot get a ferruce, no, I have here a tongue in my head, well: if any man in Italia have a faire table which doth offer to dines upon a book, I shall have good fortune, goe you, here's a simple line of life, here's a small mistle of wines, here's nothing, a leaen widows and nine sides is a simple comming in for one man, and then to scape drow-

Batt. Where's your Master.

Lani. Where's your Master.

Enter Grattiano.

Lani. Where's your Master.
The Merchant of Venice.

Sal. 'Tis welluellie it may be quainly ordered,
And better in my minde not undercooke.
Lor. 'Tis now but foure of clocke, we havve two hours
To furnilhe vs; friend Lancelet what's the newes.

Enter Lancelet with a Letter.

Lan. And so shall ye see to break vp this, shall it
seeme to signifie.
Lor. I know the hand, in faith 'tis a faire hand.
And wherethen the paper it writ on,
I the faire hand that writ.

Gra. Loune newes in faith.
Lam. By your leave sir.
Lor. Whither goest thou?
Lor. Marry sir to bid my old Master the Jew to sup
to night with my new Master the Christian.
Lor. Hold here, take this, tell gentillie Iffica
I will not faile her, speake it privately.

Go Gentleman, will you prepare you for this Maske to
night,
I am prouded of a Torch-bearer.

Sat. I say, Ibe gone about it is a faire t.
Lor. And well I.
Lor. Meete me and Graian at Graiano lodging
Some house hence.

Sal. This good we do so.
Gra. Was not that Letter from faire Iffica?
Lor. I must needs call thee all, she hath directed
How I shall take her from her Fathers house,
What gold and jewels she is furnilhed with,
What Pages suite the hath in readiness.
If she the Jew her Father come to heauen,
It will be for his gentill daughters sake,
And never dare misfortune croffe her foot.
Vuliffe she doe it vnder this excuse,
That she is offe to a faithfull Jew.
Come goe with me, prveve this as thou goest,
Faire Iffica shall be my Torch-bearer.

Enter Iffica and his man that was the Clowne.

Iff. I am forry thou wilt leave my Father so,
Our house is hell, and thou a mercie droll
Did I rob it of some taze of distraction,
But thou I say, there is a dutee for thee,
And Lancelet, soone at supper haste thou sore
Lorenso, who is thy new Master grief,
Glide this Letter, doe it secretly,
And for farwell, I would not lose my Father
See me talke with thee.

Clo. Adie, 'eares exhibit my tongue, most beautifull
Pagan, most sweare Jew, if a Christillian doe not play the
knave and get thee, I am much deceyued, but aad these
toffish drops doe somewhat drown me my maine spirit:

salute...

Iff. Farewell good Lancelet.
Allake, what hainous sinne is it in me
To be ashamed to be my Fathers childe,
But though I am a daughter to his blood,
I am not to his manners: O Lorenzo,
If thou keepes promise I shall end this strife,
Become a Christillian, and thy loving wife.

Enter Graiano, Lorenzo, Salerno, and Salerno.

Lor. Nay, we will thinke away in supper time,
Diffigue vs at my lodging, and returne all in an hour.
Gra. We have not made good preparaition.

Sal. We haue not spokke vs yet of Torch-bearers.
Here dwells my father Jew. How, who's within?

**Juffa.**

**Jeff.** Who are you, sir? Tell me for more certainty, albeit I well vouch that I do know your tongue.

**Lor.** Lorenzo, and thine, thou wench.

**Jeff.** Lorenzo certain and my loue, indeed, for who love I so much and now who knowes but you Lorenzo, whether I am yours?

**Lor.** Heauen and they thoughts are witness that thou art.

**Jeff.** Here, catch this casker, it is worth the pains, I am glad 'tis night, you do not looke on me, for I am much a shamed of my exchange: But loue is blinde, and lovers cannot see. The pretty follies that themselves commit, for if they could, Cupid himselfe would blincke to me thus transformed to a boy.

**Lor.** Defend, for you must be my torch-bearer.

**Jeff.** What, must I hold a Candle to my flames? They in themselves goodsooth are too too light. Why, tis an office of discovery, Loue, and I should be obtus'd.

**Lor.** So you are sweet, even in the lovely garnish of a boy: but come storge, for the close night doth play the run-away, and we are afraid for at Baffano's feast.

**Jeff.** I will make fault the doores and guild my selfe With some more ducats, and be with you straight.

**Gra.** Now by my head, a gentle, and no Jew.

**Lor.** Befriend me but I love her heartily. For she is wife, if I can judge of her, and faire she is, if that mine eyes be true, and true she is, she hath pron'd her selfe; And therefore like her selfe, wife, faire, and true, shall she be placed in my constant foule.

**Enter Juffa.**

**Gra.** What, art thou come? on gentlemen, away, Our masking mates by this time for vs, flay.

**Exit.**

**Enter Antonio.**

**Ant.** Who's there?

**Gra.** Signior Antonio?

**Ant.** Peace, Peace, Graziano, where are all the rest? Tis nine a clocke, our friends all flay for you, No maske to night, the windes is come about, Baffano presently will goe abroad, I haue lent twenty out to feele for you.

**Gra.** I am glad on't, I define no more delight Then to be vnder faile, and gone to night. Exeunt.

**Enter Fortis with Murrough, and both their trays.**

**For.** Gone, draw aside the curtaines, and discover The feuerall Caskeths to this noble Prince: Now make your choyse.

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

**For.**
The Merchant of Venice

How shall I know if I do choose the right.

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

Mer. Some God direct my judgment, let me see,
I will murmur the inscriptions, backe against:
What fairest this leaden casket?
Who chooseth me, must give me hazard all he hath,
Muft give, for what? for lead, hazard for lead?
This casket threatens death, that hazard all.

Doe it in hope of faire advantages :
A golden minde floopes not to showes of droffe,
He then not give but hazard ought for lead.
What failes the Siluer with her virgin hue?
Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deferes.
As much as he deferes, paule there Morosco,
And weigh thy value with an even hand,
If thou best rated by thy effimation
Thou dost defere enough, and yet enough
May not extend to farre as to the Lady:
And yet to be afraid of my defering,
Were but a weake dissembling of my selfe,
As much as I defere, why that's the Lady,
I doe in birth defere, and in fortune,
In graces, and in qualities of breeding;
But more then these, in loue I doe defere.
What if I first'd no farther, but chose here?
Let's see once more this paying gruid in gold
Who chooseth me shall gaine what many men desire:
Why that's the Lady, all the world deferes her.

From the four corners of the earth they come
to kisse this throne, this mortal breathing Saint.
The Hircanion defers, and the vallie wildes
Of wide Arabia are as throughsares now.
For Princes to come view fare Partia.
The waster Kingdome, whose ambitious head
Spets in the face of heauen, is no barre
To flop the foraine spirits, but they come
As one a brooke to see faire Partia.

One of these three contains her heavenly picture.
It's like that Lead contains her? twere damnation
To think so base a thought, it were too grofe
To rib her ferrecloth in the obscure grave:
Or some think in Siluer she's immur'd
Being ten times undervalued to tride gold;
O finfull thought, sooner so rich a gem
Was set in worse then gold: They hauve in England
A coyne that bears the figure of an Angell
Stamp't in gold, but that's inculp't ypon:
But here an Angell in a golden bed
Lies all within. Deliuer me the key:
Here doe I choose, and chritize I as I may.

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

Mer. O hell! what base we here, a carriion death,
Within whose emptie eye there is a written troule;
He reade the writing.

As that gilder is not gold,
Often heare you heard that told,
Many a man his life hath sold
But my outside to behold;
Guided tender doe wormers infold
Hast you beene as wife as bold,
String in vaine, in indecent old,
That after whiles be once bewrayed
Farewell, your faire is cold.

Mer. Cold mideeke, and labour luff,
Then fairewell heate, and welcome frost.

Por. The wise a dew, I haue too grieved a heart
To take a tedious leave; thus loofers part.

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

Extend. Who.

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

Sal. The villain I saw with outeries raid the Duke.
Who went with him to search Baffiumi ship.
Sal. He comes too late, the ship was vnderfaile;
But there the Duke was given to vnderstand
That in a Gondio were terno together
Lorenzo and his amorous Iffisa.

Befides, Antonio certified the Duke
They were not with Baffium in his ship.

Sal. I never heard a passion so confus'd,
So strange, outrageous, and Ioviable,
As the dogge low did vter in the streets;
My daughter, O my ducats, O my daughter,
Fied with a Christian, O my Christian ducats!
Justice, the law, my ducats, and my daughter;
A sealed bag, two sealed bags of ducats,
Of double ducats, flome from me by my daughter,
And iewels, two ifones, two rich and precious ifones,
Stole by my daughter: justice, finde the girl,
She hath the ifones ypon her, and the ducats.

Sal. Why all the boys in Venice follow him,
Crying his ifones, his daughter, and his ducats.

Sal. Let good Antonio looke he keepes his day
Or he shall pay for this.

Sal. Marry well remembered,
I reason'd with a Frenchman yesterday,
Who told me, in the narrow less that part
The French and English, there misconcered
A vaffell of our countrey richly fraught:
I thought vpon Antonio when he told me,
And was in silence that it were not his.

Sal. You were best to tell Antonio what you heare.
Yet do not fuddly, for it may grieve him.

Sal. A kinder Gentleman treads not the earth,
I saw Baffiumi and Antonio part.
Baffiumi told him he would make some speede
Of his returne: he answered, doe not so,
Slacker not butifone for my sake Baffiumi,
Put fay the very ripping of the time,
And for the lower bond which he hath of me,
Let it not enter in your minde of loue:
Be merry, and employ your chiefest thoughts
To courtship, and such faire offents of loue
As shall conveniently become you there;
And even there his eye being big with tears,
Turning his face, he put his hand behinde him,
And with affiance wondrouse and sensible
He wrung Baffiumi's hand, and to they parted.

Sal. Thinks he only loves the world for him,
I pray thee let vs goe and finde him out
And quicken his embraced heauinewe
With some delight or other.

Sal. Doe we lo.

Enter Nerissa and a Servitor.

Ner. Quicke, quick I pray thee, draw the curtain strait,
P 2

The
The Merchant of Venice.

The Prince of Arragon hath taken his oath, And comes to his election presently.

Enter Arragon, his train, and Portia. Flor. Cornets.

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

Arr. I am ensnayd by oath to observe three things; First, never to unfold to any one Which casket 'twas I chose; next, if I fail Of the right casket, never in my life To worse a maid in way of marriage; Lastly, if I do fail in fortune of my choice, Immediately to leave you, and be gone.

Por. To these inhumations every one doth swear, That comes to hazard for my worthless self.

Arr. And for I haue I addressed, fortune now To my hearts hope: gold, flutes, and bate lead, Who chooseth me must glue and hazard all he hath. You shall look for faire ebe I give or hazard. What fairies the golden chef, ha, let me seee: Who chooseth me, shall gains what many men desire, What many men desire, that many may be meant By the foole multitude that choose by how, Not learning more then he fond eye dooth teach, Which prises not sh't interior, but like the Martlet Builds in the weather on the outward wall, Euen in the force and rode of casualtie. I will not choose what many men desire, Because I will not jumpe with common spirits, And ranke me with the barbarous multitudes. Why then to thee thou Siluer treasured house, Tell me once more, what title thou dost bear; Who chooseth me shall get as much as he desires: And well said too; for who shall go about To coven Fortune, and be honorable Without the flame of merit, and none presume To wear an undefiend dignitu: O that estate's, degrees, and offices, Were not deri'd corruptly, and that cleare honour Were purchas with the merris of the wearer; How many then shoul cower that stand bare? How many be commanded that command? How much low plesantry would then be glemmed From the true seale of honor? And how much honor Pickt from the chaffe and ruin of the times, To be new varnifish: Well, but to my choise, Who chooseth me shall get as much as he desiers, I will assine desiers; give me a key for this, And instantly unlocke my fortunes here.

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

Arr. What's here, the portrait of a blinks idiot Presuming me a fredule, I will read it: How much unlike art thou to Portia? How much unlike my hopes and my defurings? Who chooseth me, shall have as much as he desires. Did I defuer no more then a fools head, Is that my prize, are my defurers no better? Por. To offend and judge are diffirent offices, And of oppossed natures. Arr. What is here?

Seymore times tried that indigent in, That did never choose amie, Some where be that shadowes knife, Such base but a bad awes blyfe: There be foole aline this Silver do re, and so was this: Take what wis' you will to bed, I will ever be your head: So be gone, you are feed.

Por. Still more foole I shall appeare By the time I linger here, With one foole head I came to woo, But I goe away with two. Sweet alue, he keepe my oaths, Patiently to brewe my wroth. Por. Thus hath the candle f'nd the mouth: O thes' deliberate fooles when they doe chooze, They hau the widows by their wit to loofe, Ner. The ancient saying is no heretie, Hanging and wining goes by definie. Por. Come draw the curtain Nerissa.

Enter Celsinger.

Mrs. Where is my Lady?

Por. Here, what would my Lord?

Mrs. Madam, there is a lighted at your gate A yong Venetian, one that comes before To signifie the approaching of his Lord, From whom he bringeth leuitive respects; To wit (besides commendes and curruous breath) Gifts of rich value; yet I haue not receive So likely an Embassador of love. A day in April never came so sweete To shew how cooly Sommer was at hand, As this fore-journe comes before his Lord. Por. No more I pray thee, I am halfe a feard Thou wilt lay ane he is some kin to thee, Thou spendst such high-day wit in praising him: Come, come Nerissa, I long to see Quicke Capite Poil, that comes so mannerly. Ner. Bajania Lord, love if they will it be. Exeunt.

Albus Turtius.

Enter Salanio and Salarino.

Sal. Now, what newses on the Ryalto?

Sal. Why yet it is lies there unchecked, that Antonio hath a ship of rich lading wraekd on the narrow seas; the Goodwins I think they cal the place, a very dangerous flar, and farall, where the carcasses of many a tall ship, lye buried, as they say, if my goffs report be an honest woman of her word.

Sal. I would the were as lying a goff in that, as ever knapt Ginger, or made her neighbours belewe the wept for the death of a third husband: but it is true, without any flips of prolixity, or crofting the plains high-way of tale, that the good Antonio, the honest Antonio; that I had a title good enough to keep his name company!

Sal. Come, the full stop.

Sal. Ha, what sayest thou, why the end is, he hath lost a ship.
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Sal. I would it might prove the end of his lusts. Let me say Amen betimes, let the distill crosse my prayer, for here he comes in the likeness of a Jew. How now Shylock, what news among the Merchants? Enter Shylock.

Shy. You know none so well, none so well as you, of my daughters flight. That's certain, I for my part knew the tailor that made the wings the Jew withal. And Shylock for his own part knew the bird was fledg'd, and then is the complexion of them all to leave the dam. Shy. She is damn'd for it. That's certain, if the distill may be her judge. My own flesh and blood to rebel. Out upon it old carrion, rebels it at these yeares. I say my daughter is my flesh and blood. There is more difference between thy flesh and hers, between thee and I, more betweene your bloods, then there is betweenen red wine and renichet: but tell vs, do you hear whether Antonio have any loffe at tea or no? There I have another bad match, a bankroat, a prodigal, who dareScarce throw his head on the Railet, a beggar that was vid to come to no mug upon the Mart: let him look to his bond, he was wont to call me Viner, let him looke to his bond, he was wont to lend money for a Christian curtise, let him looke to his bond. Why am I inured to possess thee, thou wilt not take his flesh, that's thus good for.

Shy. To baite this withall, if it will feede nothing else, it will feede my revenue; he hath disgraced me, and hindered me half a million, taught at my loffes, mockt at my gains, feorded my Nation, abused my bargains, cooled my friends, hatred mine enemies, and what's the reaison? I am a Jew: Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dementions, fences, affections, passions, fed with the same booke, hurt with the same weapons, liuing in the same stinknes, warmed and cooled by the same Winter and Summer as a Christian is: if it puke vs do we not bleed? if you tickle vs, do we not laugh? if you poison us do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? we are like you in the rest, we will revenge you in that, if it weren't a Jewish law, what is his humility, revenue? It's a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his fineness be by Christian example, why revenge? The villain you teach me I will execute, and it shall goe hard but I will better the instruction.

Enter a man from Antonio.

Gentlemen, my matter Antonio is at his house, and desires to speake with you both. Sal. We have beene vp and downe to seeke him. Enter Tubal.

Sal. Here comes another of the Tribe, a third cannot be match, unlesse the distill himselfe turne Jew. Enter Gentlemen.

Shy. How now Tubal, what news newes from Genovath thou found my daughter? I am long since came where I did hear of her, but cannot finde her.

Shy. Why there, there, there, a diamond gone cost me two thousand ducats in Frankford, the curte neuer fell upon our Nation till now, I never felt it till now, two thousand ducats in that, and other precious, precious jewels: I would my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewells in her care: would she were earst at my foote, and the ducetts in her coffyn: no newes of them, why foe? I know not how much is spent in the search: why thou loffe upon loffe, the cheele gone with so much, and so much to finde the theefe, and no satisfaction, no recompence, nor so ill luck flittering but what lights a yu shoulders, no sighes but my breathing, no tears but my shedding.

Tab. Yes, other men have ill luck too, Antonio as I heard in Genova.


Tab. Hast an Argosie call away comming from Tripolis.

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

Tab. I spoke with some of the Stylers that escaped the wracke.

Shy. I thank thee good Tubal, good newses, good newes: thasa, thasa, here in Genova.

Tab. Your daughter spent in Genova, as I heard, one night forsome cure.

Shy. Thou flick a dagger in me, I shall neuer see my gold againe, fourtrecure ducats at sittting, fourtrecure ducats.

Tab. There came divers of Antonio creditors in my company to Venice, that sweare lee cannot choose but breake.

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

Tab. One of them showed me a ring that hee had of your daughter for a Monkie.

Shy. Out upon her, thou torturest me Tubal, it was my Turkies, that is of Lebath when I was a Batchelor: I would not have given it for a wildernefe of Monkeys.

Tab. But Antonio is certainly undone.

Shy. Nay, that's true, that's very true, goe Tubal, see me an Other, before he come to morrow: before I will have the heart of him if he forren for were he out of Ve¬ nice, I can make what meerandize I will, goe Tubal, and meete me at our Sinagogue, goe good Tubal, as our Sinagogue Tubal. Exeunt.

Enter Baffano, Portia, Gratiano, and all their truaine.

Port. I pray you tarry, passe a day or two Before you hazard, for inchoosing wrong I looke your company, therefore forbear a while, There's something tells me (but it is not love) I would not looke you, and you know you selfe, Hate counten only not in such a qualitie: But lest you should not understand me well, And yet a maiden hath no tongue, but thought, I would detaine you here some month or two Before you venture for me. I could teach you How to choose right, but then I am forsworne, So will I heart be, to my you make me, But if you do, you make me with a thaine, That I had beene forsworne: Behold your eyes, They have o'looked me and desuided me, One halfe of me is yours, the other halfe yours, Mine owne I would say: but of mine then yours, And to all yours; O tellestnaughte times Putt barre betweene the owners and their rights, And so though yours, not yours: (prove it is) Let Fortune goe to hell for it, not I. I speake too long, but 'tis to proue the time, To icch it, and to draw it out in length, To fay you from election.

P.3 Enact. Let.
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Baff. Let me choose,
For as I am, I live upon the rack.

Por. Upon the rack he Baffonia, then confesse,
What treason there is mingled with your love.

Baff. None but that vague treason of mistrust.
Which makes me fear the omen of my love:
There may as well be summe and life.

Twenne I low and fire, as treason and my love:

Por. I, but I fear you speak upon the rack,
Where men enforced doth speak any thing.

Baff. Promis me life, and I'll confesse the truth.

Por. Well then, confesse and live.

Baff. Confesse and live.

Had beene the vertue in my confession:
Of happy toment, when my torturer
Doth teach me answers for deliuerance:
But let me to my fortune and the caskets.

Por. Away then, I am lockt in one of them,
If you doe love me, you will finde me out.

Nerijga and the reft, stand all aloofe,
Let musick sound while he doth make his choice,
Then if he love he makes a Swain-like end,
Fading in musick. That the comparison
May stand more proper, my eye shall be the flame
And warie death-bed for him: he may win,
And what is musick than? Than musick is
Even as the flourish, when true subject bowe
To a new crowned Monarch: Such is it,
As are those dulcet sounds in break of day,
That creaste into the dreamy bride-grooms care,
And gumman him to marriage. Now he goes
With no leffe preference, but with much more love
Then young Alcedes, when he did redeem
The virgin tribute, paid by howling Troy
To the Sea-monter: I stand for sacrifice,
The rest aloofe are the Dardanian vines:
With bleared vishges come forth to view
The influx of the exploit: Go Hercules,
Lute thou, I live with much more dulity
I view the fight, then thou that mak't the fray.

Here Musick.

A Song the whilfe Baffonio comments on the Caskets to himself.

Tell me where is fancie bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head:
How begot, how nourished,
Reply, reply.

It is engendr'd in the eye,
With gazings feare, and fancies dues,
In the cradle where it lies:
Let us all song fancies kneel.

He begin it,

Ding, dong, felle.

All, Ding, dong, bell.

Baff. So may the outward flowers be leaft them selves
The world is still dece'd with ornament.
In Law, what Plea is tainted and corrupt,
But being feared with a gracious voice,
Obstructs the show of evil? In Religion,
What dammed error, but some sober brow
Will bleffe it, and approve it with a text,
Hiding the groffesse with faire ornament:
There is no voice so simple, but allures
Some mark of vertue on his outward parts;

How manie cowards, whose hearts are all as false
As fayers of fand, weare yet upon their chins
The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars,
Who inward search, haue lyvers white as milke,
And thefie affume but valors excreemer,
To render them redoubled. Looke on beautie,
And you shall as well be search'd by the weight,
Which therein works a miracle in nature,
Making them lighteft that weare moft of it:
So are those crisp'd flackie golden locks
Which makes fuch wanton gambuls with the winde
Upon suppofted fairenesse, often knowne
To be the dowrie of a second head,
The fculf that bred them in the Sepulcher,
Thus ornament is but the guiled thron.

To a most dangerous fea: the beautious scarce
Vailing an Indian beautie; In a word,
The feeming truth which cunning times put on
To intrap the wifcht. Therefore then thou gaudie gold,
Hard food for Malth, I will none of thee,
Not none of thou thou pale and common drudge
Twenne man and man: but thou, thou meaner lead
Which rather threatneth then doth promise ought,
Thy palefcence moves me more then eloquence,
And here choos't, I lay the consequence.

Por. How all the other passions fiet to tyre,
As doubltfull thoughts, and rash imbrace'd delfire:
And thudding fear, and greene-eyed incourage.
Olde be moderate, alaye thy extasie,
In measure take thy joy, about this excelle,
I feel too much thy blushing, make it fife,
For fear I fufcit.

Baff. What finde I here?

Faire Partington counterfeit. What demie God
Hath come to meere creation? mowe thee eies?
Or whether riding on the bals of mine
Scene they in motion? Here are feyr's lips
Paarl with ficker breath, so sweet a bare
Should fnder such fweet friends: there in her hair's
The Painter plates the Spider, and hath worn
A golden meath to intrap the hearts of men
Falter then goats in cobwebbs: but her eies,
How could he fee to doe them? having made one,
Me thinkes it should have power to bleffe both his
And leave it lefte us unfarme: Yet looke how faire
The fubfance of my praffe doth wrong this shadow
In underprizing it, to faire this fladow
Doth limpe behind the fubfance, Here's the fcorule,
The continent, and summarie of my fortune.

You that choose not by the view
Chance as faire, and choose as true:
Since this fortune falls to you,
Be content, and feke no more,
If you be well pleas'd with this,
And hold your fortune for your life,  
Then you where your Lady is,
And claim her with a loving knife.

Baff. A gentle fcorule: Faire Lady by your leave,
I come by note to giue, and to receve,
Like one of two contending in a prize
That thinks he hath done well in peoples eies:
Hearing applause and vniuerfall throug,
Giddee in spirit, ftil gazing in a doubt:
Whether those peals of praise he be or no,

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Gra. Yes faith my Lord.
Baff. Our feast shall be much honored in your marriage.
Gra. Weele play with them the first boy for a thousand ducats.
Ner. What and make downe?
Gra. No, we shall here win at that sport, and make downe.
But who comes here? Lorenzo and his Infidell? What and my old Venetian friend Salerie?

Enter Lorenzo, Iffessa, and Salerie.

Baff. Lorenzo and Salerie, welcome better.
If that the youth of my new interest here
Have power to bid you welcome; by your leave
I bid my vere friends and Countrimen.
Sweet Portia welcome.

Por. So do I my Lord, they are entirely welcome.
Lor. I thank your honor; for my part my Lord,
My purpose was not to have scene you heere,
But meeting with Salerie by the way,
He did interce mee past al laying my
To come with him along.
Sal. I did my Lord,
And I hauie reacon for it, Signior Antonio
Commends him to you.
Baff. Ere I ope his Letter
I pray you telle me how my good friend doth.
Sal. Not for me my Lord, vallete he be in minde,
Nor well, vnleste in minute: his Letter there
Will shewe you his estate.

Open the Letter.

Gra. Nerissa, chere yond strainger, bid her welcom.
Your hand Salerie, what’s the newes from Venice?
How doth that royal Merchant good Antonio?
I know hee will be glad of our success,
We are the Infidels, we have won the breeze.
Sal. I would you had won the breeze that bee hath lost.

Por. There are some fineword contents in yond same
Paper,
That feele the colour from Baffana’s checks,
Some deere friend dead, elle nothing in the world
Could tune so much the confusion.
Of any countant man. What, worfe and worst?
With ease Baffano I am halfe my selfe,
And I must feele the halfe of any thing
That this same paper brings you.
Baff. O sweet Portia,
Heere are a few of the vnaplesance €t words
That ever blotted paper. Gentle Ladie
When I did first impart my love to you,
I freely told you all the wealth I had
Ran in my vaines: I was a Gentleman,
And then I told you true: and yet deere Ladie,
Rating my selfe at nothing, you shall see
How much I was a Braggart, when I told you
My state was nothing, I should then haue told you
That I was worse then nothing: for indeede
I have ingag’d my fellon to a deere friend,
Ingag’d my friend to his more enemy
To feeede my means, Heere is a Letter Ladie,
The paper as the bodie of any friend,
And euery word in it a gaping wound
Influing life blood, But is true Salerie,

Hath
The Merchant of Venice.

Hath all his ventures failed, what not one hit, From Tripolis, from Mexico and England, From Lisbon, Barbary, and India, And not one vessel escape the dreadfull touch Of Merchant-marrying rocks? Sal. Not one my Lord, Besides, it should appeare, that if he had The present money to discharge the Lew, He would not take it: neeter did I know A creature that did bear the shape of man So keene and greedy to confound a man. He plesies the Duke at morning, and at night, And doth impeach the freemome of the state If they deny him justice. Twenty Merchants, The Duke himselfe, and the Magnificoes Of greatest part have all perfused with him, But none can dute him from the enimious plea Of forfeitue, of justice, and his bond. 

If. When I was with him, I have heard him foreare To Tubbali and to Chus, his Countri-men, That he would rather have Antonia's fleth, Than twenty times the value of the summe That he did owe him: and I know my Lord, If law, authority, and power desire not. It will goe hard with poore Antonia. Por. Is it your deere friend that is thus in trouble? If. The deerest friend to me, the kindest man, The best condition, and unwearied spirit In doing currenties; and one in whom The ancient Romane honour more appears Than any that draws breath in Italie. 

Por. What summe owes he the Lew? If. For me three thousand ducats. 

Por. What, no more? Pay him five thousand, and deface the bond: Double five thousand, and treat thee better, Before a friend of this defecion Shall lose a haire through Baffiano's fault. First goe with me to Church, and call me wife, And then away to Venice to your friend: For never shall you lie by Portia's side With an unquiet soule. You shall have gold To pay the petty debts twenty times over. When it is payed, bring your true friend along, My maid Nerissa, and my feline mean time Will blue as maidens and widows; come away, For you shall hear upon your wedding day: But your friends welcome, show a merry cheere, Since you are deere bought, I will love you deere. But let me heare the letter of your friend.

Sweet Baffiano, my ships have all miscarried, my Creditors grow crourd, my estate is very low, my bond to the Lew is forfeit, and since on paying it, it is impossible I should live, all debts are cleared, between you and I, if I might see you at my death: notwist stand, we are friends, and if your pleasure, if your issue do not perfuse you to come, fet me not letter.

Por. O loue! dispauch all bufines and be gone. If. Since I have your good leave to goe away, I will make haste but till I come againe, No bed shall euer be guilty of my lay, Nor rest be interpolated twixt vs twice. Exeunt. Enter the Jew, and Solanio, and Antonio, and the Taylor. 

Jew. Taylor, looke to him, tell me of mercy, This is the foule that loads out money gratis, Tarry, looke to him.
The husbandry and manageme of my house,  
Vntill my Lords returne, for mine owne use,  
I have towardes bought the best, and court, now,  
To live in prayers and contemplation,  

Oneley attenct by Nervissa heece,  
Vntill her husband and my Lords returne:  
There is a moniefer too miles off,  
And there we will abide, I doe desire you  
Not to denote this imposition,  
The which my love and some necessitie  
Now layes vpon you.

Lor.  Madame, with all my heart,  
I shall obey you in all faire commands.  
Per.  My people doe already know my minde,  
And will acknowledge you and Nervissa  
In place of Lord Baghans and my selfe.  

So far you well till we shall meete againe.

Lor.  Faire thoughts & happy houres attend on you.  
Inf.  I wish with your Ladyship all houres content.  
Per.  I thank you for your wish, and am well pleased  
To wish it backe on you: fayrowell Nervissa.  

Now Babie, sa I have ever found thee honest and true,  
So let me finde thee still: take this same letter,  
And vse thoy all the industriu of a man,  
In speed to Mantua, see thou render this  
Into my cofines hand, Doctor Berto,  
And looke what notes and garments he doth give thee,  
Bring them I pray thee with imagin'd speed  
Unto the Trinite, to the common Ferrie  
Which trades to Venice; wasseto time in words,  
But get thee gone, I shall be there before thee.

Babie, Madam, I goe with all convenient speed.

Per.  Come on Nervissa, I have worke in hand  
That you yet know not of: we'll see our husbands  
Before they thinke of vs?

Nervissa. Shall they see us?

Per.  They shall Nervissa: but in such a habit,  
That they shall thinke we are accomphlied  
With that we lacke: I eile hold thee any wager  
When we are both accoutered like yong men,  
Ie proue the prettiest fellow of the two,  
And weare my dogger with the brater grace,  
And speake between the change of man and boy,  
With a reckon voyce, and turne to minde steps  
Into a manly stride; and speake of frays  
Like a fine braging youth: and tell quaint ylce  
How honourable Ladies bought my loue,  
Which I denying, they fell sick and dyed,  
I could not doe withall: then I le repent  
And with for all that, that I had not kill'd them;  
And twentie of these punie lies Ie tell,  
That men shall sweare I have disconntinued schoole  
Aboute a twelth monethe: I have within my minde  
A thousand raw tricks of these bragging Jacks,  
Which I will practive.

Nervissa. Why, shall we turne to men?

Per.  Fie, what a question that is?
If thou wert here a lewd interpreter;  
But come, Ie tell thee all my whole device  
When I am in my coach, which fraves for vs  
At the Parke gate: and therefore haste away,  
For we must mesure twenty miles to day.

Clown. Yes truly; for looke you, the fumes of the Fa-
there are to be laid upon the children, therefore I promise you, I feare you, I was always plaine with you, and to now I speake my agitation of the matter: therefore be good cheere; for truly I am daunted; there is but one hope in it that can doe you anie good, and that is but a kinde of bastard hope neither.

Inf.  And what hope is that I pray thee?  

Lor.  Marrie you may partake hope that your father  
Gort you not, that you are not the Jewes daughter.

Inf.  That were a kinde of bastard hope indeed, to the sins of my mother should be visited upon me.

Lor.  Truly then I leave you are damned both by father  
And mother: thus when I thinke Stellas your father,  
I fall into Chastity your mother; well, you are gone both waies.

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

Lor.  Truly the more to blame he, we were Christi-

ans now before, ene as many as could well have one by another; this making of Christians will raise the price of Hogs, if wee grow all to be porke-easters, we shall not shortly have a rafter on the coales for money.

Enter Lorenzo.

Inf.  Ille tell my husband Lancelet what you say, here he comes,

Loren.  I shall grow jealous of you shortly Lancetta,  
yf you thus get my wife into corners?

Inf.  Nay, you need not feare vs Lorenzo, Lancaster  
and I are out, he tells me flatly there is no mercy for mee  
in heaven, because I am a Jewes daughter; and he fayres  
you are no good member of the common wealth, for  
in connecting Jewes to Christians, you raise the price  
of Porke.

Loren.  I shall answeres that better to the Common-  
wealth, than you can the getting vp of the Negroes belie  
thee the Moore is with childe by you Lancetta?

Clown.  It is much that the Moore should be more reason;  
but if she lefte then an honest woman, thers is  
indeed more then I tooke her for.

Loren.  How enerie foole can play upon the word,  
I think the bell grace of witte will shortly turne into  
lience, and diffoure grow commembreable in one oneley  
but Parracks; goe in fora, bid them prepare for dinner?

Clown.  That is done first, they haue all bonmacks?

Loren.  Goodly Lord, what a witse-spupper are you,  
then bid them prepare dinner.

Clown.  That is done to fir, onely couter is the word.

Loren.  Will you couter than fir?

Clown.  Not to fir neither, I know my dutte.

Loren.  Yet more quarrelling with occasion, wilt thou  
throw the whole wealth of thy wit in an indiant; I pray  
you understand a plaine man in his plaine meaning: goe  
to thoy fellows, bid them couter the table, serue in the meat, and we will come in to dinner.

Clown.  For the table fir, shall be ferd in, for the meat fir,  
it shal bee covered, for your comming in to dinner fir, why let it be as humors and conceits fird go-  
urne.

Loren.  O deare discretion, how his words are fratized,  
The foole hath planted in his memory  
An Armie of good words, and I doe know  
A many foolest that stand in better place,  
Garnisht like him, that for a trickke word  
Dese the mater how cheerrilly thou Lancelet,  
And now good sweet say thy opinion,
How dost thou like the Lord Bassanio's wife?  
Inf.  Self all expressing, it is very neat.

The Lord Bassanio live an upright life  
For having such a blessing in his Lady,  
He finds the joys of heaven here on earth,  
And if on earth he do not mean it, it
Is reason he should never come to heaven?  
Why, if two gods should play some heavenly match,  
And on the wager lay two earthly women,  
And Portia one; there must be something else
Paud with the other, for the poor rude world  
Hath not her fellow.

Loren.  Even such a husband
Hail thou of me, as fie is for a wife.
Inf.  Nay, but ask my opinion to of that?

Lor.  I will anon, first let us go to dinner?
Inf.  Nay, let me pr arrive you while I have a domaque?

Lor.  No pray thee, let it serve for table,  
Then how some ere thou speakest among other things,  
I shall digest it?

Inf.  Well, Ile let you forth.

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**Enter the Duke, the Magnificoes, Antonio, Bassanio, and Gratiano.**

**Duke.** What, is Antonio here?

**Ant.** Ready, so please your grace?

**Duke.** I am sorry for thee, thou art come to answe're

A stone a dervers, an inhume wreath,

Vaccapable of pity, voyd, and empty  
From any dram of mercie.

**Ant.** I have heard
Your Grace hath tane great pains to qualify  
His rigorous course; bu now he stands oburate,  
And that no lawful means can bear me
Out of his enemies reach, I do oppose
My patience to his fury, and am arm'd  
To suffer with a quittance of spirit,  
The very tyranny and rage of his.

**Duke.** Go oye and call the Jew into the Court.

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

**Enter Shylock.**

**Dn.** Make roome, and let him stand before our face.

Shylock the world thinkers, and I think so to  
That thou but leadest this fashion of thy mallice  
To the lathe hour of a'h, and then 'is thought
Thou'it flue thy mercy and remorse for strange  
Than is thy strange apparent cruelty;  
And where thou now except the penalty,  
Which is a pound of this poore Merchants flesh,
Thou wilt not onely loose the forfeiture,  
But touch'd with humane gentleness and love.

Forgive a moatie of the principal,  
Gliming an eye of pity on his loss,  
That hare of late so bided on his backe,
Enow to preffe a royall Merchant downe;  
And pluck comministration of his state
From braile bosomes, and rough hearts of flinte;  
From rubborne Turkes and Tarters newe traind

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

**Iem.** I haue poisseft your grace of what I purpose,  
And by our holy Sabbath have I sverne  
To haue the due and forset of my bond.

If you deny it, the danger light  
Vpon your Charter, and your Cities freedome,  
You'ld ask me why I rather choose to haue  
A weight of carrion flesh, then to receaue  
Three thousand Ducates? Ile not answere that:  
But fay it is my humor; Is it answered?

What if my house be troubled with a Rat,  
And I be pleas'd to give ten thousand Ducates  
To have it bain'd? What, are you answered yet?

Some men there are louse but a gaping Pigge:
Some that are mad, if they behold a Cat;  
And others, when the bag-pipe singes ith nofe,  
Cannot contain their Virne for affraction.  
Matters of passion frawes it to the moodo  
Of what it likes or lossth, now for your answere:
As there is no forme reason to be rendered  
Why he cannot abide a going Pigge  
What he a harrie to necessarie Cat,
Why he a woollen bag-pipe: but of force
Muf't yeeld to such ineceivable shame,
As to offend himselfe being offended:  
So can I gue no reason, nor I will not,
More then a lodg'd hate, and a certaine loathing

I cearc Antonio, that I follow this
A looking quite against him? Are you answered?

**Baff.** This is no answere thou vve feeling man,
To excuce thearrant of thy crueltie.

**Iem.** I am not bound to please thee with my answere.

**Baff.** Do all men kill the things they do not louse?

**Iem.** Hates any man the thing he would not kill?

**Baff.** Euric offence is not a hate at first.

**Iem.** What wouldst thou have a Serpent fling thee twice?

**Ant.** I pray you thinke you question with the Jew:
You may as well go stand upon the beach,
And bid the maine floode raise his fiue height,
Or even as well viue question with the Wolfe,
The Eve bleate for the Lambe:
You maye as well forbud the Mountain Pines
To wagge their high tops, and to make no noise
When they are frePorts with the gulls of heaven:
You may as well do any thing moft hard,
As seeke to foften that, then which what harder?
His Jewih heart. Therefore I doe beseech thee
Make no more offers, vie no farther means,
But with all brieve and plaine conveniencie
Let me haste judgement, and the Jew his will.

**Baff.** For thy three thousand Ducates hereyes fix.

**Iem.** If enric Ducate in five thousand Ducates
Were in fixe partes, and every parte a Ducate,
I would not draw them, I would haue my bond?

**Dn.** How shalt thou hope for mercie, rendering none?

**Iem.** What judgement shal I dread doing no wrong?
You have among you many a purchash flace,
Which like your Aiffs, and your Dogs and Hules,
You vie in abiet and in flishe-parts,
Because you bought them. Shall I lay to you,
Let them be free, marrie them to your heirs?
Why sweate they ende burstens? Let their beds
Be made as soft as yours: and let their pallats
Be feafor'd with such Viands: you will answere
The Merchant of Venice.

The flutes are ours. So do't answer you.
The pound of flesh which I demand of him
Is dearly bought, 'tis mine, and I will have it.
If you deny me, sir, upon your Law
There is no force in the decrees of Venice;
I stand for indignity, answer, Shall I have it?

Du. Upon my power I'll may dismiss this Court,
Voleo Bellario a learned Doctor,
Whom I have instant to determine this,
Come here to day,
Sat. My Lord, heere falset without
A Messenger, with Letters from the Doctor,
New come from Padua.

Du. Bring me the Letters, Call the Messengers,
Baff. Good cheer, Antonio. What man, corage yet:
The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones, and all,
Ere thou think list be one drop of blood.
Ant. I am aainted Weather of the flocke,
Meere fit for death, the weakest kind ofernte
Drops new life to the ground, and do leame;
You cannot better be employ'd thus.
Then to live still, and write mine Epitaph.

Enter Nerissa.

Du. Came you from Padua from Bellario?
Ner. From both,
My Lord Bellario greets your Grace.
Baff. Why doth thou scourge him so carelessly?
Jer. To cut the forfeiture from that bankrouther.
Gra. Not on thy sole: but on thy sole harshly Jew
Thou mad'st thy knife keenest: but no metallet can,
Not, no the hangmans Axe beare half the kennemee
Of thy sharpne enuy, Can no prayers pierce thee?
Jes. No, none that thou hast wit enough to make.
Gra. O be thou damned, inexcuseable dogge,
And for thy heeles infecte hee accead'st;
I thou almost mak it me want in my faith;
To hold opinion with Pythagorres,
That foules of Animals infule themselves
Into the trunckes of men. Thy curriish spirit
Gouerd a Wolf, who hang'd for humane lauffer,
Even from the gallowses did he sell foule fleer;
And whilst thou layest in thy shalowed dam,
Infus'd it hate in thee; For thy deface
Are Wolofhth, bloody, soerd and rauesome.
Jer. Till thou canst rate the scale from off my bond
Thou but offend it thy Langes to speake so loud;
Repairs thy wit good youth, or it will fall
To enendle ruine. I stand here for Law.

Du. This Letter from Bellario doth commend
A young and Learned Doctor in our Court;
Where's he?
Ner. He attendeth here hard by
To know your answer, whether he'll admit him.
Du. With all my heart. Some three or four of you
Go give him entrance, conduct to this place,
Meanet the Court shall hear Bellario's Letter.

Y ou Grace shall understand, that at the sight of your Letter I am very joyde; but in the instant that your messenger came, in being affrayed, was with me a young Doctor of Rome, his name is Battarico: I acquainted him with the content of your Letters between the Jew and Antonio the Merchant: He turn'd the many Letters together: he is furnish'd with my opinion, which Hewe with the same learning, the greatnesse whereof I cannot enioy commend, for this

with him at my importunity, to fill up your Grace's request in
my stead. I beseech you, let his lackey of yeare he no impudence to
let him lackey a reverend expectation: for I once knew so young a body, with to old a hand. I leave him to your gracious
acceptance, whose trial shall better publish his commendation.

Enter Portia for Balchozar.

Doth. You heare the learned Bellario what he writes,
And hear'ye I take it's the Doctor come.
Give me your hand: Came you from old Bellario?
Por. I did my Lord.
Du. You are welcome: take your place;
Are you acquainted with the difference
That holds this present question in the Court,
Por. I am informed thoroughly of the cause.
Which is the Merchant here? and which the Jew?
Du. Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth,
Por. Is your name Shylock?
Por. Is it Shylock is my name.
Por. O'tis strange nature is the fate 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. 1, so he fares.
Por. Do you confess the bond?
Por. I do.
Por. Then must the Jew be mercifull,
Por. On what condition must I tell me that.
Por. The quality of mercy is not strain'd;
It dropeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath. It is twice blest,
It blesteth him that giveth, and him that taketh,
'Tis mightier in the light of mercy, it becomes
The throned Monarch better then his Crowne.
His Scepter shewes the force of temporall power,
The attribute to awe and Maiestie.
Wherein both sit the dread and frra of Kings:
But mercy is above this sceptred sway,
It is enshrined in the hearts of Kings,
It is an attribute to God himselfe;
And earthly power doth then dwell like Gods
When mercie feates justice. Therefore Jew,
Though thy justice be thy plea, consider this,
That in the courts of justice, none of vs
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy,
And that same prayer, doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much
To mitigate the justice of thy plea:
Which if thou follow, this stricte course of Venice
Must needs give seance against the Merchant there.
Sly. My deede upon my head, I raise the Law,
The penaltie and forfrete of my bond.
Por. Is he not able to discharge the money?
Baff. Yes, hear heere I tendes it for him in the Court,
Por. Yes, twice the summe, if that will not suffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times ore,
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart:
If this will not suffice, it must appear
That maleace be Bronte truth. And I beseech you
Well once am the Law to your authority,
To do a great right, do a little wrong,
And curbe this cruel diewell of his will.
Por. It must not be, there is no power in Venice
Can alter a decree established:
Twill be recorded for a President,
And many an error by the same example,
Will rush into the state: It cannot be.

Jew. A Daniel come to judgement, yea a Daniel.
O wife young Judge, how do I honour thee.
Por. I pray you let me looke vpon the bond.

Jew. Here’s tis most reuend Doctor, here it is.

Por. Shylock, there’s thrice thine monie offered thee.

Shy. An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven;
Shall I lay perjury vpon my soul?
No not for Venice.

Por. Why this bond is forfeit,
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off
Neereft the Merchants heart, be mercifull,
Take thrice thy monie, but me teare the bond.

Jew. When it is paid according to the tenure,
It doth appeare you are a worthy judge:
you know the Law, your exposition
Hath beene most found. I charge you by the Law,
Whereof you are a well-delerning pillar,
Proceed to judgement: By my soule I sweweare,
There is no power in the tongue of man
To ass me: I lay hereon my bond.

Por. Most heartily I do beseech the Court
To giue the judgement.

Por. Why then thus it is:
you must prepare your botome for his knife.

Jew. O noble Judge, O excellent yong man.

Por. For the intent and purpose of the Law
Hath full relation to the penalty,
Which here he appears due vpon the bond.

Jew. Tis very true: O wife and yng Judge,
How much more elder art thou then thy lookes?

Por. Therefore lay bare your botome.

Jew. I, his breff,
So layes the bond, doth it not noble Judge?
Neereft his heart, thofe are the very words.

Por. It is so: Are there balleace here to weighe the flesh?

Jew. I haue them ready.

Por. Haue by some Surgeon Shylock on your charge
To stop his woundes, leaff he should bleedce to death.

Jew. It is not nominated in the bond?

Por. It is not to express: but what of that?

Twere good you do so much for charitable.

Jew. I cannot finde it, tis not in the bond.

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

Ant. But little: I am arm’d and well prepar’d.

Give me your hand. Baffiano, fare you well.

Greeue not that I am came to this for you:
For herein fortune fhewes her felie more kinde.
Then is her countenance. It is full her wife
To let the wretched man outliue his wealth,
To view with hollow eye, and wrinkled brow
An age of poverty. From which lingering penance
Of such miserie, doth frite me off.

Commend me to your honourable Wife,
Tell her the proclame of Antionio’s end:
Say how I lou’d you I speake me faire in death
And when the tale is told, but her heudge,
Whether Baffiano hath not once a Loune:
Rememb not you that you shall loose your friend,
And he rememb not that he pays your debt.
For if the Jew do cut but deep enough,
Hee pay it instantly, with all my heart.

Baff. Antionio, I am married to a wife.

Which is as deere to me as life it selfe,
But life it selfe, my wife, and all the world,
Are not with me eftem’d above thy life.
I would loose all, I sacrifice them all.
Here to this deuill, to deliver you.

Por. Your wife would give you little thanks for that.
If there be no other way you make the offer.

Grat. I haue a woman whom I protest I loue,
I wold the were in heaven, so fhe could
Intreat some power to change this curriff Jew.

Nor. Tis well you offer it behind her backe,
The whifh would make elle an enuious house.

(See Jew. Ther’es the Christian husbands: I haue a daugh.
Would any of the becke of Barbeck.
Had beene her husband, rather then a Christian.
We trie feue, I pray thee pursue sentence.

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

Jew. Most rightfull Judge.

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

Jew. Most learned Judge, a sentence, come prepare.

Por. Tarry a little, there is something else,
This bond doth giue thee heereto io of bloud,
The words expressly are a pound of flesh:
Then take thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh,
But in the cutting it, if thou dost slue
One drop of Christian bloud, thy lands and goods
Are by the Lawes of Venice confiscate.

Vnto the state of Venice.

Grat. O vpright Judge.

Marke Jew, O learned Judge.

Syr. Is that the law?

Por. Thy feate shall see the Act.

For as thou voyest justice, be assur’d.

Thou haue justice more then thou desirist.

Grat. O learned Judge, mark well, a learned Judge.

Por. I take this offer then, pay the bond thence,
And let the Christian goe.

Baff. Here is the money.

Por. Soft, the Jew shall have all iusitife, los, no haue,
He faile haue nothing but the penalty.

Grat. O Jew, an vpright judge, a learned judge.

Por. Therefore prepare thee to cut off the flesh.

Shed thou no blood, nor cut thou leffe not more.
But inu a pound of flesh: if thou tak’st more.
Or leffe then an iuf pound, bee it so much.
As makes it light or heavy in the substance,
Or the delistion of the twentieth part.

Of one poore scruple, may if the scale doe turne.
But in the effimation of a huyare,
Thou dieth, and all thy goods are confiscate.


Now indiell I haue thee on the hip.

Por. Why doth the Jew paife, take thy forfeiture.

Syr. Give me my principall, and let me goe.

Baff. I haue thee ready for thee, here it is.

Por. He hath refus’d it, in the open Court,
He faile haue meryly iustice and his bond.

Grat. A Daniel still say, a second Daniel,
I thank thee Jew for teaching me that word.

Syr. Shall I not haue barely my principall?

Por. Thou shalt haue nothing, but the forfeiture.
To be taken of thy perill Jew.

Syr. Why then the Deuill giue him good of it.
Hee say no longer question.

Por. Terry.
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Par. Tarry, Jew,
The Law hath yet another hold on you. It is enabled in the Laws of Venice, If it be proved against an Alien, That by due or indirect attempts To take the life of any Citizen, The party gainst the which he doth contrive, Shall forfeit one half his goods, the other half Comes to the priuate coffre of the State, And the offends ess lies in the mercy Of the Duke only, gainst all other voice. In which predicament I say thou standest: For it appears by manifest proceeding, That indirectly and directly to, Thou hast contrived against the very life Of the defendant: and thou hast incour'd The danger formerly by thy recreart. Downe therefore, and beg mercy of the Duke. Gra. Beg that thou mayst have leave to hang thy selfe, And yet thy wealth being forfeite to the state, The Duke not yet the value of a cord, Therefore thou must be hang'd at the state charges, Duke. That thou shalt (see the difference of our spirit,) I pardon thee life but ask thou it for Halfe thy wealth, it is Anthony's, The other halfe comes to the general state, Which thou mayst have, by the means I do. Par. 1 for the flate, not for Anthony. Gra. Nay, take my life and all, pardon not that, Yop take your house, when you do take the prop That doth sustaine my house; you take my life When you do take the means whereby I live. Par. What mercy can you render him Anthony? Gra. A halfe gratia, nothing else for Gods sake. Ants. So please my Lord the Duke, and all the Court To quit the fine for one halfe of his goods, I am contente: so he will let me have The other halfe in life, to render it Upon his death, unto the Gentleman That lately доле his Christian. Two things proued more, that for this favours He presently become a Christian: The other, that he doe record a gift Here in the Court, that he do etc. to. Yop to his sonne Lorenzo, and his daughter, Duke. He shall doe this, or else I doe recent The pardon that I late pronounced here. Par. Art thou contented Jew? what doft thou say? Shy. I am content. Par. Clarke, draw a deed of gift. Shy. I pray you give me leave to goe from hence, I am not well, and the deed after me, And I will signe it. Duke. Get thee gone, but doe it. Gra. In chrishning thou shalt have two godfathers, Had I beene judge, thou shouldest have had ten more, To bring thee to the gallowes, not to the font. Exeunt. Duk. Sir I intreat you with me to home to dinner. Par. Sir, I humbly doe define your Grace of pardon, I must away this night toward Padua, And it is meete I presently set forth. Duke. I am marrie that your leyfure secretes you not. Anthony: gratifie this gentleman, I For in my minde you are much bound to him. Exeunt Duke and his train. Baff. Most wortly gentleman, I and my friend Hath by your wife done bee this day acquittet Of greeuous penalties, in lieu whereof, Three thousand Ducats due unto the Jew We freely corye your courteous paines withall, And hand indebted ever and aboue In love and fertice to you evertmore. Par. Heis well paid that is well satisfied, And I deliverung you, am satisfied, And therein doe account my selfe well paid, My minde was never yet more mercurian. I pray you know me when we meeet againe, With you well, and so I take my leave, Baff. Deare sir, of force I must atteempt you further, Take some remembrance of vs as a tribute, Not as fee: grant me two things, I pray you Not to denote me, and to pardon me. Par. You preffe mee farre, and therefore I will yeeld, Give me your gloues, Ile weare them for your sake, And for your leaue I take this ring from you, Doe not draw back your hand, I take no more, And you in houlh shall not deny me this? Baff. This ring good sir, alas it is a trifle, I will not shame my selfe to give you this. Par. I will have nothing else but onelty this, And now methinks I have a minde to it. Baff. There is more depends on this then on the valew, The dearst ring in Venice will I give you, And finde it out by promissation, Only for this I pray you pardon me. Par. I see sir are liberall in offres, You taught me first to beg, and now me thinkes You teach me how a beggar should be awed, Baff. Good sir, this ring was given me by my wife, And when the put it on, she made me vow That I should neither sell, nor give, nor lose it. Par. That courte feres many men to sale their gifts, And if your wife be not a mad woman, And know how well I have deiuer'd this ring, Shee would not hold out enemy for euer For giving it to me: well, peace be with you. Exeunt. Ants. My L. Baffano, let him have the ring, Lec his defferings and my lone withall Be valued against your owne commandement. Baff. Go Grattio, tell him the ring shall doe the thing, Glue him the ring, and bring him if thou canst, Vnto Anthony's house, away make haste. Exit Grattio. Come, you and I will thither presently, And in the morning early will we both Flie tore Belfont, come Anthony. Exeunt.

Enter Portia and Nerissa.
Par. Enquire the Jewes house out, grant him this deed, And let him signe it, wee'le way to night, And be a day before our husbands home: This deed will be well welcome to Lorenzo. Enter Gratiano.
Gra. Faire sir, you are well ore-tane: My L. Baffano upon more advice, Hath sent you here this ring, and doth intrest Your company at dinner.
Par. That cannot be, His ring I do accept most thankfully, And so I pray you tell him: furthermore, I pray you shew my youth old Shylock's house.
Gra. That will I doe.
Ner. Sir, I would speake with you:

Q. He
Enter Lorenzo and Iffice.

Lor. The moone shines bright. In such a night as this, When the sweet winde did gently kiss the trees, And they did make no noise, in such a night

They thankes me thinkes mounted the Iolan walls, And sigh'd his foule toward the Grecian tents

Where Orsifay lay that night.

Ifs. In such a night

Did Iffice fearlessly one-trip the dewe, And saw the Lyons shadow ere hiuлет, And ranne dismayed away.

Lor. In such a night

Stood Dido with a Willow in her hand, Upon the wildes fies bankes, and wait her Loue

To come againe to Carthage.

Ifs. In such a night

Muses gathered the enchanted hearbs
That did renew eth Eos.

Lor. In such a night

Did Iffice steale from the wealthy Iewe, And with an Unthrift Loue did runne from Venice,

As far as Belmont.

Ifs. In such a night

Did young Lorenzo love her all her well,
Stealing her foule with many vowes of faith,

And more a true one.

Lor. In such a night

Did pretty Iffice (like a little throw)
Slender her Loue, and he forgave it her.

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

Enter Messengers.

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

Mes. A friend. (friend?

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

Mes. Stephano is my name, and I bring word

My Mistress will be before the breake of day

Be heere at Belmont, the doth strait about

By holy crofes where the kneels and prayers
For happy wedlocke houres.

Lor. Who comes with her?

Mes. None but a holy Hermit and her maid:
I pray you if my Master yet return'd?

Lor. He is not nor we haue not heard from him,
But goe we in I pray thee Iffice,

And ceremoniousely let vs vs prepare

Some welcome for the Mistrelle of the house,

Enter Clowns.

Clos. Sola,sola : who ha no,sola, sola.

Loren. Who calls?

Clos. Sola, did you see M.Lorenzo, & M.Lorenzo,sola.

Lor. Leave hollowing man, heere.

Clos. Sola, where, where?

Lor. Heere?

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

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

And yet no matter; why should we goe in?

My friend Stephen, signifie pray you

Within the house, your Mistrelle is at hand,

And bring your musique forth to the syre.

How sweet the moone-light deepes upon this banke, Heere will we sit, and let the soundes of musique

Creepe in our ears soe flintes, and the night

Become the tuches of sweet harmony.

Sit Iffice, looke how the flower of heauen

Is chique inlayed with patterns of bright gold,

There's not the smallest orbe which thou beholdst

But in his motion like an Angel finges,

Still retrouing to the young eyed Cerubins ;

Such harmonie is in immortal foules,

But whilst this maddy vexture of decay

Doth grossly close in us, we cannot heare it:

Come hoe, and wake Diana with a hymne,

With sweetest tuches pearce your Mistrelle ears,

And drue her home with musique.

Ifs. I am never merry when I heare sweet musique.

Play musique.

Lor. The reason is, your spirits are attestuare:

For doe but note a wilde and wonton heard

Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,

Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,

Which is the hot condition of their blood,

If they but heare perchance a trumpet found,

Or any syre of musique touch their ears,

You shall perceiue them make a mutuall fand,

Their saugre eyes turn'd go a solemn gaze,

By the sweet power of musique: therefore the Poet

Did singe that Orpheus drew trees, rocks, and floods,

Since naught to flockish hard, and full of rage,

But musique for that doth change his nature,

The man that hath no musique in himselfe,

Nor is not mounsed with concord of sweete sounds,

I fit for treasors, fratagems, and playles,

The motions of his spirt are dull as night,

And his affections darke as Eeres,

Let no such man be trusted: marke the musique.

Enter Portia and Nerissa.

Par. That light we see is burning in my hall:

How farre that little candell throwes his beams,

So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

(die?)

Ner. When the moone shone we did not see the can

Par. So doth the greater glory dim the leeffe,

A sublumine shines brightlie as a King

Votill a King be by, and then his fatee

Empties it selfe, as doth an inland brooke

Into the maine of waters: musique, harke,.

Ner. Is't it your musique Madame of the house?

Par. Nothing is good I see without repit:

Methinkes it sounds much sweeter then by day?

Ner. Silence lestowe that vertue on it Madam.

Par. The Crow doth sing as sweetly as the Larke

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When neither is attended: and I think The Nightingale if she should sing by day When every Goose is cackling, would be thought No better a Musitian then the Wen she How many things by feasion, feason'd are To their right praise, and true perfection: Peace, how the Moone sleepeas with Endimion, And would not be awak'd, Alas! alas! craves.

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

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

Lor. Deere Lady welcome home!

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

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

Por. Go in Nerissa, Glue order to my servants, that they take No note at all of our being absent hence, Nor you Lorenzo, Jefferson nor you, and Tuckey founds.

Lor. Your husband is at hand, I hear his Trumpet, We are no tell-calles Madam, fear ye not.

Por. This night methinks is but the daylight sickle, It looks a little paler, 'tis a day, Such as the day is, when the Sun is hid.

Enter Baffiano, Arragonio, Gratiano, and their Followers.

Baff. We should hold day with the Antipodes, If you would walk in absences of the sun. Por. Let me glue light, but let me not be light, For a light wife doth make a heauen husband, And never be Baffiano so for me, But God for all ye are welcome home my Lord. Baff. I thank you Madam, giue welcom to my friend This is the man, this is Arragonio, To whom I am so infinitely bound.

Por. You shold in all lence be much bound to him, For as I hear was much bound for you.

Auth. No more then I am well acquittance of.

Por. Sir, you are very welcome to our house: It must appeare in other wais then words, Therefore I saight this breathing curteisie, Gras. By yonder Moone I Andrew you do me wrong, Infaunt I giue it to the Judges Clescare, Would he were gett that had it for my part, Since you do take it Louis so much at heart.

Por. A quarrel how aside, what's the matter? Gras. About a hoope of Gold, a pauly Ring That she did giue me, whose Pole was For all the world like Cutler Poetry: Upon a knife; Love me, and lease none out.

Ner. What talke you of the Poleo or the valew You swore to me when I did giue it you, That you would wear it till the houre of death, And that it should lye with you in your grave; Though not forme, yet for your vehement oaths, You shold have it wornne as it is, and haue kept it.

Gius. It is Judges Clescare: but well I know The Clescare will weare his hood on his face that had it.
For. Let not that Doctor ere come neere my house, 
Since he hath got the jewell that I loued,
And that which you did sweare to keepe for me,
I will become as liberall as you,
Ille not deny him any thing I have,
No, not my body, nor my husbands bed:
Know him I shal, I am well sure of it,
Lye not a night from home. Watch me like Argos,
If you doe nor, if I be left alone,
Now by mine honour which is yet mine owne,
Ille have the Doctor for my bedfellow.
Nerissa. And his Clarke: therefore be well advis'd
How you doe leave me to mine owne protection.
Gra. Well, do you be ox: let not me take them, 
For if I doe, ile mar the yong Clarke's pen.
Ant. I am th' unhappy subject of these quarrells.
For. Sir, grieve not you,
You are welcome notwithstanding.
Baff. Portia, forgive me this enforced wrong,
And in the hearing of these manie friends
I sweare to thee, eu'n by thine owne faire eyes
Wherein I see my fete.
For. Mark ye how that?
In both my eyes he doubtly feets himselfe:
In each eye one, sweare by your double selfe,
And there's an oath of credit.
Baff. Nay, but heere me.
Pardon this fault, and by my foule I sweare,
I never more will break an oath with thee.
Ant. I once did lende my bodie to thy wealth,
Which but for him that had thy husbands ring
Had quite miscarried. I dare be bound againe,
My soule upon the forfeit, that thy Lord
Will never more break faith adultery.
For. Then you shall be his foresite: give him this,
And bid him keepe it better then the other.
Ant. Hence Lord Baffano, sweare to keep this ring.
Baff. By heauen it is the same I gane the Doctor.
For. I had it of him: pardon Baffano,
For by this ring the Doctor lay with me.
Ner. And pardon me, my gentle Gratiana,
For that same scrabe boy the Doctors Clarke.
In lie of this, last night did lye with me.
Gra. Why this is like the mending of high wates
In Somner, where the wates are faire enough:
What are we Cuckolds ere we have deuer'd it.

For. Speakst not so groffly, you are all amaz'd:
Here is a letter, read it at your leyture,
It comes from Padua from Bellario,
There you shal finde that Portia was the Doctor,
Nerissa there her Clarke. Lorenzo here
Shall witnisse I fer forth as soon as you,
And but eu'n now return'd: I have not yet
Entered my house. Anthimio you are welcome,
And I have better newes in store for you.
Then you expept: unfeale this letter toone,
There you shal finde three of your Argopies
Are richely come to harbour sadainlie.
You shall not know by what strange accident
I chanced on this letter.

Ant. I am dumber.
Baff. Were you the Doctor, and I knew you not?
Gra. Were you the Clark that is to make me cuckold,
Ner. I, but the Clark that never means to doe it,
Vnfeale he live vnill he be a man.
Baff. (Sweet Doctor) you shall be my bedfellow,
When I am abilent, then lie with my wife.
An. (Sweet Ladie) you have giv'n me life & living:
For here I read for certaine that my ships
Are safelie come to lande.
For. How now Lorenzo?
My Clarke hath some good comforts to for you.
Ner. I, and Ile give them him without a fee.
There doe I gius to you & Iffisa
From the rich Jewe, a speciall deed of gift:
After his death, of all he dies possest of.
Loren. Fair Ladies you drop Manna in the way
Of frained people.
For. It is aso morning,
And yet I am sure you are not satisfied
Of these events at full. Let vs goe in,
And charge vs there upon intergeratories,
And we will answer all things faithfully.
Gra. Let it be so, the full interrogatory
That my Nerissa shal be sworn on, is,
Whether till the next night she had rather say,
Or goe to bed, now being two hours to day,
But were the day come, I shou'd wish it darke,
Till I were couching with the Doctors Clarke.
Well, while I live, I leue no other thing
So fore, as keeping safe Nerissias ring.

FINIS.