The Merchant of Venice from Mr. William Shakespeares comedies, histories, & tragedies. Published according to the true original copies.

Mr. William Shakespeare's comedies, histories, & tragedies

Bodleian First Folio, Arch. G c.7

Shakespeare, William, 1564-1616.

Heminge, John, approximately 1556-1630

Condell, Henry, -1627

Droeshout, Martin, 1601

Jaggard, Isaac, -1627

Blount, Edward, fl. 1594-1632

Jaggard, William, 1569-1623

Smethwicke, John, -1641

Aspley, William, -1640

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The second phase of the Bodleian First Folio project was made possible by a lead gift from Dr Geoffrey Eibl-Kaye and generous support from the Sallie Dickson Memorial Fund/Dallas Shakespeare Club Fund, Mr James Barber, and a private individual. The Bodleian Libraries are very grateful for this additional support, which brings new features to the digitized First Folio, enabling more efficient and intuitive use for all with an interest in Shakespeare, early modern drama, theatre and book history.
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<note type="citation">Rasmussen, E. &amp; West, A.J. "The Shakespeare First Folios a descriptive catalogue", Palgrave Macmillan, 2012.</note>

<note type="citation">Hinman, C. The printing and proof-reading of the First Folio of Shakespeare, Oxford, 1963, p.30</note>


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  <p>[18], 303, [1], 46, 49-100, [2], 69-232, [2], 79-80, [26], 76, 79-82, 80-98, [2], 109-156, 257-993 [i.e. 399], [1] p.; fol.</p>
  <p>Numbering peculiarities: 1st count: p.50 is numbered 58; p.59 misnumbered 51; p.86 misnumbered 88; p.153 misnumbered 163; p.252; p. 189 misnumbered 187; p. 249 misnumbered 251; p.250 misnumbered 252; p. 265 misnumbered 273 -- 2nd count: p.37 misnumbered 39 in some copies; p.89 misnumbered 91; p. 90 misnumbered 92 -- 3rd count: numbered 167 and 168 respectively; p. 216 numbered 218 -- 5th count: p. 279 misnumbered 259; p. 282 misnumbered 280; p.308 misnumbered 38; p. 379 misnumbered 389; p. 399 misnumbered 993.</p>
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<collation>
  <p>The signatures varies between sources, with the most commonly cited being Hinman's and West's: 1. Hinman: πA<sup>6</sup> (πA1+1)<br>2A-2B<sup>6</sup><br>2C<sup>2</sup> 2-g<sup>6</sup> χg<sup>6</sup> h-v<sup>6</sup> x<sup>4</sup> χ.1.2 [para.]-2[para.]<sup>6</sup> 3[para]1 aa-ff<sup>6</sup><br>hh<sup>6</sup> kk-bbb<sup>6</sup>; 2. West: πA<sup>6</sup> (πA1+1, πA5+1.2)<sup>2</sup> A-2B<sup>6</sup> 2C<sup>2</sup> a-<br>'gg3.4' (±'gg3') [para.]-2[para.]<sup>6</sup> 3[para]1 2a-2f<sup>6</sup> 2g<sup>2</sup> 2G<sup>6</sup> 2h<sup>6</sup><br>2k-2v<sup>6</sup><br>x<sup>6</sup> 2y-3b<sup>6</sup>.</p>
  <p>Mis-signed leaves: a3 mis-signed Aa3; 3gg1 mis-signed Gg; nn1-nn2 mis-signed Nn and Nn2 and oo1 mis-signed Oo.</p>
  <p>"The life and death of King Iohn" begins new pagination on leaf a1 recto; "The tragedy of Coriolanus" begins new pagination on leaf aa1 recto.</p>
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<condition>Lacks A1, the letterpress frontispiece entitled "To the
The title page is trimmed and mounted, with a section of the mount towards the foot of the leaf mutilated resulting in the loss of some the Droeuchout imprint at the bottom left hand corner of the portrait and the central section of an early MS note. For a full condition report, including a full survey of damage and repairs, please contact Rare Books.

Predominantly printed in double columns.

Text within simple lined frame.

Colophon reads: "Printed at the charges of W. Iaggard, Ed. Blount, I. Smithweke, and W. Aspley. 1623.".

Editors’ dedication signed: Iohn Heminge. Henry Condell.

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

Two MS verses on first endpaper verso: 1. 9 lines of verse by an unknown author, first line reads "An active swain to make a leap was seen". 2. A copy of Ben Jonson’s printed "To the Reader"; MS note on t.p. (mutilated) appears to read "Honest [Shakes]peare". Minor
annotations on leaf 2n4 (Macbeth). All in an early English hand, presumably added after leaving the Library.


&amp;&lt;/bindingDesc&gt;

&lt;/physDesc&gt;

&lt;/history&gt;

&lt;/origin&gt;

&lt;p&gt;For further details on the printing of this item see Hinman, Charleton. The printing and proof-reading of the First Folio of Shakespeare: Oxford, 1963.\</p&gt;

&lt;/origin&gt;

&lt;/acquisition&gt;

&lt;p&gt;Acquired by the Bodleian in 1623, presumably in sheets. It was sent out to &lt;persName&gt;William Wildgoose&lt;/persName&gt; on 17 February 1624 &lt;/date&gt; for binding (see: Library Records e.258, fol. 48r) and upon its return chained in Duke Humfrey at shelfmark S 2.17 Art. It is listed in the Bodleian’s &lt;date when="1635"&gt;1635&lt;/date&gt; catalogue of printed books but was gone by the publication of the next catalogue in &lt;date when="1674"&gt;1674&lt;/date&gt;, replaced by the newer &lt;bibl&gt;
&lt;title&gt;Third Folio&lt;/title&gt; &lt;/bibl&gt;.&lt;/p&gt; There is no explicit reference in Library Records to the disposal of this copy, but there is a record of a sale of
"superfluous library books" to <persName>Richard Davis</persName>, a bookseller in Oxford, in <date when="1664">1664</date> for the sum of <num value="24">£24</num>.<p></p><p>After leaving the Bodleian this copy entered the collection of <persName>Richard Turbutt</persName> of Ogston Hall, Derbyshire at some point in the early 18th century. It stayed in the family’s possession until <date when="1906">1906</date>, when it was reacquired by the Bodleian for the sum of <num value="3000">£3000</num>, raised by public subscription. For a full discussion of the rediscovery and purchase of this copy see: F. Madan, G. M. R. Turbutt and S. Gibson, The Original Bodleian Copy of the First Folio of Shakespeare (the Turbutt Shakespeare) (Oxford, 1905).<p></p><p>For a full discussion of this copy and the digital version see http://shakespeare.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/ and West and Rasmussen (2011), 31.</p><p>http://firstfolio.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/”>http://firstfolio.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/</p>
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Shylock, a rich Jew

Leonardo, servant to Bassiano

Lorenzo, in love with Jessica

Portia, a rich heiress

Salanio, friend to Antonio and Bassiano

Salarino, friend to Antonio and Bassiano
Antonio. Enter Antho
nio, Salarino, and Salario. 

Salanio. 

Your minde is tossing on the Ocean,

There where your Argosies with portly saile

Like Signiors and rich Burgers on the flood,

Or as it were the Pag <gap extent="1" unit="chars" reason="illegible"

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ants of the sea,

Do ouer\#x2011;peere the pettie Traffiquers

That curtsie to them, do them reuerence

As they flye by them with their wouen wings.
Beleeue me sir, had I such venture forth,

The better part of my affections, would.

Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still.

Plucking the grasse to know where sits the winde.

Peering in Maps for ports, and peers, and rodes:

And euery object that might make me feare.

Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt.

Would make me sad.

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 hour
glasses runne,

But I should thinke of shallows, and of flats.

And see my wealthy docks in sand,

Vailing her high top lower then her ribs.

To kisse her buriall; should I goe to Church.

And see the holy edifice of stone.

And not bethinke me straight of dangerous rocks.

Which touching but my gentle Vessels side.

Would scatter all her spices on the streame.

Enrobe the roring waters with my silkes.

And in a word, but euen now worth this.

And now worth nothing. Shall I haue the thought.

To thynke on this, and shall I lacke the thought.

That such a thing bechaunc’d would make me sad?

But tell not me, I know Anthonio.

Is sad to thynke vpon his merchandize.

Beleeue me no, I thanke my fortune for it.

My ventures are not in one bottome trusted.

Nor to one place; nor is my whole estate.

Vpon the fortune of this present yeere:

Therefore my merchandize makes me not sad.

Why then you are in loue.

Why then you are in loue.
Fie, fie.

Not in love neither: then let us say you are sad.

Because you are not merry: and 'twere as easy

For you to laugh and leap, and say you are merry.

Because you are not sad. Now by two.

Ianus,

Some that will evermore peep through their eyes,

And laugh like Parrots at a bag.

And other of such vinegar aspect,

That they'll not show their teeth in way of smile.

Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.

Enter Bassanio, Lorenzo, and Gratiano.

I would have staid till I had made you merry,

If worthier friends had not prevented me.

Your worth is very dear in my regard.

I take it your own business calls on you,

And you embrace the occasion to depart.

Good morrow my good Lords.

Good morrow my good Lords.
You grow exceeding strange: must it be so?

Wee'll make our leysures to attend on yours.

Exeunt Salarino, and Solanio.

My Lord Bassanio, since you haue found Anthonio Wee two will leaue you, but at dinner time I pray you haue in minde where we must meete.

I will not faile you.

Let me play the foole, With mirth and laughter let old wrinkle come, And let my Liuer rather heate with wine, Then my heart coole with mortifying grones. Why should a man whose bloud is warme within, Sit like his Grandsire, cut in Alablaster? Sleepe when he wakes? and creep into the Iaundies By The Merchant of Venice.
By being peevish? I tell thee what. Anthonio,
I loue thee, and it is my loue that speakes:
There are a sort of men, whose visages
Do creame and mantle like a standing pond,
And do a wilfull stilnesse entertaine,
With purpose to be drest in an opinion
Of wisedome, grauity, profound conceit,
As who should say, I am sir an Oracle,
And when I ope my lips, let no dogge barke.
O my, Anthonio, I do know of these
That therefore onely are reputed wise,
For sayi
And they should speake, would almost dam those eares
But fish not with this melancholly baite
Come good Lorenzo, far
Ile end my exhortation after dinner.
Well, we will leaue you then till dinner time.
I must be one of these same dumbe wise men,
For saying nothing; when I am verie sure
If they should speake, would almost dam those eares:
Ile tell thee more of this another time.
But fish not with this melancholly baite
For this foole Gudgin, this opinion:
Ile come good Lorenzo, far
Thou shalt not know the sound of thine owne tongue.
Far you well, Ile grow a talker for this geare.
Thankes ifaith, for silence is onely commendable
In a neats tongue dri'd, and a maid not vendible.
It is that any thing now.

Gratiano speakes an infinite deale of nothing, more then any man in all Venice, his reasons are two graines of wheate hid in two bushels of chaffe: you shall seeke all day ere you finde them, when you haue them they are not worth the search.

Well: tel me now, what Lady is the same To whom you swore a secret Pilgrimage That you to day promis'd to tel me of?

Tis not vnknowne to you Anthonio How much I haue disabled mine estate, By something shewing a more swelling port Then my faint meanes would grant continuance: Nor do I now make mone to be abridge'd From such a noble rate, but my cheefe care Is to come fairly off from the great debts Wherein my time something too prodigall Hath left me gag'd: to you Anthonio I owe the most in money, and in loue, And from your loue I haue a warrantie To vnburthen all my plots and purposes, How to get cleere of all the debts I owe.

In my schoole dayes, when I had lost one shaft I shot his fellow of the selfesame flight The selfesame way, with more aduised watch To finde the other forth, and by aduenturing both, I oft found both. I vrge this child hoode proofe, Because what followes is pure innocence.
I owe you much, and like a wilfull youth,
That which I owe is lost: but if you please
To shoote another arrow that selfe way,
Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt,
As I will watch the ayme: Or to finde both,
Or bring your latter hazard backe againe,
And thankfully rest debter for the first.

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

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

Cholchos

Strond,

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

O my <hi rend="italic">Anthonio</hi>, had I but the meanes
To hold a riuall place with one of them,
I haue a minde presages me such thrift,
That I should questionlesse be fortunate.

Anh. Thou knowst that all my fortunes are at sea,
Neither haue I money, nor commodity
To raise a present summe, therefore goe forth.

Try what my credit can in Venice.

That shall be rackt euen to the uttermost,

To furnish thee to Belmont to faire Portia.

Goe presently enquire, and so will I.

Where money is, and I no question make.

To haue it of my trust, or for my sake.

Exeunt.

Enter Portia with her waiting woman Nerissa.

By my troth Nerissa, my little body is a weare of this great world.

You would be sweet Madam, if your miseries were in the same abundance as your good fortunes are: and yet for ought I see, they are as sicke that surfet with too much, as they that starue with nothing; it is no small happinesse therefore to bee seated in the meane, superfluitie comes sooner by white haires, but competencie liues longer.

Good sentences, and well pronounc'd.

You would be better if well followed.

If to doe were as easie as to know what were good to doe, Chappels had beene Churches, and poore mens cottages.

Princes Pallaces: it is a good Diuine that followes his owne instructions; I can easier teach twen\&;tie what were good
mine the hare counsaile

<lb/>to be done, then be one of the twen<hi rend="italic">tie to follow</hi>

owne teaching: the braine may de<lb/>uise lawes for

blood, but a hot temper leapes ore a<lb/>-colde decree, such a

is madnesse the youth, to skip<lb/>ore the meshes of good

the cripple; but this<lb/>reason is not in fashion to choose me a

husband: O mee,<lb/>the word choose, I may neither choose

whom I would,<lb/>nor refuse whom I dislike, so is the wil of a liuing

daugh<&hi rend="italic">rissa</hi>, that I cannot

choose one, nor refuse none.</p>

<sp who="#F-mv-ner">
<speaker rend="italic">Ner.</speaker>
<p>Your father was euer vertuous, and holy men</p>

have <lb/>haue good inspirations, therefore the lot<lb/>-terie that hee

hath deuised in these three chests of gold,<lb/>siluer, and leade,

whereof who chooses his meaning,<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">chooses</fw>
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0185.jpg" n="163"/>
<fw type="rh">
<hi rend="italic">The Merchant of Venice.</hi>
</fw>
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<lb/>chooses you, wil no doubt neuer be chosen by any

right<&hi rend="italic">ly, but one who you shall rightly loue: but

what warmth<lb/>is there in your affection towards any of these

Princely
</p>

<sp who="#F-mv-por">
<speaker rend="italic">Por.</speaker>
<p>I pray thee ouer<&hi rend="italic">name them, and as thou namest</hi>
</p>

<lb/>them, I will describe them, and according to my

descrip<lb/>tion leuell at my affection.</p>
Por. I that's a colt indeede, for he doth nothing but talk of his horse, and hee makes it a great appropria­tion to his owne good parts that he can shoo him &#x00AD; selve: I am much afraid my Ladie his mother plaid false &lt;br&gt;with a Smyth.&lt;/p&gt;

Ner. Than is there the Countie Palentine.&lt;/p&gt;

Por. He doth nothing but frowne (as who should &lt;br&gt;say, and you will not haue me, choose: he heares merrie &lt;br&gt;tales and smiles not, I feare hee will proue the weeping &lt;br&gt; Phylosopher when he growes old, being so full of vn&amp;#x00AD; mannerly sadnesse in his youth.) I had rather to be marri&amp;#x00AD; ed to a deaths head with a bone in his mouth, then to ei&amp;#x00AD; ther of these: God defend me from these two.&lt;/p&gt;

Ner. How say you by the French Lord, Mounsier Le Boune?&lt;/p&gt;

Por. God made him, and therefore let him passe for a &lt;br&gt;man, in truth I know it is a sinne to be a mocker, but he, &lt;br&gt;why he hath a horse better then the Neopolitans, a bet&amp;#x00AD; ter bad habite of frowning then the Count Palentine, he &lt;br&gt;is every man in no man, if a Trassell sing, he fals straight &lt;br&gt;a capring, he will fence with his owne shadow. If I should &lt;br&gt;marry him, I should marry him, twentye husbands: if hee &lt;br&gt;would despise me, I would forgiue
for if he loue me to madnesse, I should neuer requite him.

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

You know I say nothing to him, for hee vnderstands not me, nor I him: he hath neither Latine, French, nor Italian, and you will come into the Court & sweare that I haue a poore pennie worth in the English: hee is a proper mans picture, but alas who can conuerse with a dumbe show? how odly he is suited, I thinke he bought his doublet in Italie, his round hose in France, his bonnet in Germanie, and his behauiour euery where.

What thinke you of the other Lord his neighbour?

That he hath a neighbourly charitie in him, for he borrowed a boxe of the eare of the Englishman, and swore he would pay him againe when hee was able: I thinke the Frenchman became his suretie, and seald vnder for another.

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

Saxonies Nephew?
Very vildely in the morning when hee is sober, and most in the afternoone when hee is drunke: when he is best, he is little worse then a man, and when he is worst, he is little better then a beast: and the worst fall that euer fell, I hope I shall make shift to go with out him.

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.

Therefore for feare of the worst, I pray thee set a deepe glasse of Reinish wine on the contrary Casket, for if the diuell be within, and that temptation without, I know he will choose it. I will doe any thing Nerrissa ere I will be married to a spunge.

You neede not feare Lady the hauing any of these Lords, they haue acquainted me with their determinations, which is indeede to returne to their home, and to trouble you with no more suite, vnlesse you may be won by some other sort then your Fathers impositi on, depending on the Caskets.

If I liue to be as olde as Sibilla, I will dye as chaste as Diana: vnlesse I be obtained by the manner of my Fathers will: I am glad this parcell of wooers are so reasonable, for there is not one among them but I doate on his verie absence: and I wish them a faire de parture.

Doe you not remember Ladie in your Fa thers
time, a Venecian, a Scholler and a Souldior that came hither in companie of the Marquesse of Mountferrat?

Por. Yes, yes, it was Bassanio, as I thinke, so was hee call'd.

Ner. True Madam, hee of all the men that euer my foolish eyes look'd vpon, was the best deserning a faire Lady.

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

Enter a Seruingman.

Ser. The four Strangers seeke you Madam to take their leaue: and there is a fore-runner come from a fift, the Prince of Moroco, who brings word the Prince his Maister will be here to night.

Por. If I could bid the fift welcome with so good heart as I can bid the other foure farewell, I should be glad of his approach: if he haue the condition of a Saint, and the complexion of a diuell, I had rather hee should shrieue me then wiue me.

Come Nerrissa, sirra go before; whiles wee shut the gate vpon one wooer, another knocks at the doore.

Exeunt.
Enter Bassanio with Shylock the Iew. 

Shy. Three thousand ducates, well.

Bass. I sir, for three months.

Shy. For three months, well.

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

Shy. Anthonio shall become bound, well.

Bass. Your answere to that.

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

Bass. Your answere to that.

Shy. Anthonio is a good man.

Bass. Haue you heard any imputation to the con
Shy.

Ho no, no, no, no: my meaning in saying he is a good man, is to haue you vnderstand me that he is sufficient, yet his meanes are in supposition: he hath an Argo; sie bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies, I vnderstand moreouer upon the Ryalta, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England, and other ventures hee hath squandred abroad, but ships are but boords, Saylers but men, there be land rats, and water rats, water theeeues, and land theeeues, I meane Pyrats, and then there is the pertill of waters, windes, and rocks: the man is not with standing sufficient, three thousand ducats, I thinke I may take his bond.

Be assured you may.

I will be assured I may: and that I may be assu red, I will bethinke mee, may I speake with Antho

If it please you to dine with vs.

Yes, to smell porke, to eate of the habitation which your Prophet the Nazarite coniured the diuell into: I will buy with you, sell with you, talke with you, walke with you, and so
following: but I will not eate with you, drinke with you, nor pray with you. What newes on the Ryalta, who is he comes here?

Enter Anthonio.

Bass. This is signior Anthonio.

Iew. How like a fawning publican he lookes. I hate him for he is a Christian: But more, for that in low simplicitie He lends out money gratis, and brings downe The rate of vsance here with vs in Venice. If I can catch him once vpon the hip, I will feede fat the ancient grudge I beare him. He hates our sacred Nation, and he railes Euen there where Merchants most doe congregate On me, my bargaines, and my well-worne thrift, Which he cals interrest: Cursed by my Trybe If I forgiue him.

Bass. Shylock, doe you heare. Shylock, doe you heare.

Shylock. I am debating of my present store, And by the neere gesse of my memorie I cannot instantly raise vp the grosse Of full three thousand ducats: what of that? Tuball a wealthy Hebrew of my Tribe Will furnish me: but soft, how many months? Doe you desire? Rest you faire good signior, Your worship was the last man in our mouthes.

Ant. Shylocke, albeit I neither lend nor borrow By taking, nor by giuing of excesse, Yet to supply the ripe wants of my friend.
Ile breake a custome: is he yet possest?

How much he would?

Who = "#F-mv-shy"

Shy.

I, I, three thousand ducats.

Who = "#F-mv-ant"

Ant.

And for three months.

Who = "#F-mv-shy"

Shy.

I had forgot, three months, you told me so.

Well then, your bond: and let me see, but heare you,

Me thoughts you said, you neither lend nor borrow.

Vpon aduantage.

Who = "#F-mv-ant"

Ant.

I doe neuer vse it.

Who = "#F-mv-shy"

Shy.

When Iacob graz'd his Vncle Labans sheepe,

This Iacob from our holy Abram was (As his wise mother wrought in his behalfe)

The third possessor; I, he was the third.

Who = "#F-mv-ant"

Ant.

And what of him, did he take interest?

Who = "#F-mv-shy"

Shy.

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

Directly interest, marke what Iacob.

did,

When Laban and himselfe were complemyz'd

That all the eanelings which were streakt and pied

Should fall as Iacobs hier, the Ewes being

rancke,

In end of Autumnne turned to the Rammes,

And when the worke of generation was
Between these woolly breeders in the act,
The skilfull shepheard pil'd me certaine wands,
And in the dooing of the deede of kinde,
He stucke them vp before the fulsome Ewes,
Who then conceauing, did in eaning time
Fall party colour'd lambs, and those were Iacobs.
This was a way to thriue, and he was blest:
And thrift is blessing if men steale it not.
This was a venture sir that Iacob seru'd for,
A thing not in his power to bring to passe,
But sway'd and fashion'd by the hand of heauen.
Was this inserted to make interrest good?
Or is your gold and siluer Ewes and Rams?
I cannot tell, I make it breede as fast,
But note me signior.
Marke you this Bassanio,
The diuell can cite Scripture for his purpose,
An euill soule producing holy witnesse,
Is like a villaine with a smiling cheeke,
A goodly apple rotten at the heart.
O what a goodly outside falsehood hath.
Three thousand ducats, 'tis a good round sum.
Three months from twelue, then let me see the rate.

Well Shylocke, shall we be beholding to you?

Signior Anthonio, many a time and oft
In the Ryalto you haue rated me
About my monies and my vsances:
Still haue I borne it with a patient shrug,
(For suffrance is the badge of all our Tribe.)
You call me misbeleeuer, cutthroat dog,
And spet vpon my Iewish gaberdine,
And all for vse of that which is mine owne.
Well then, it now appeares you neede my helpe:
Goe to then, you come to me, and you say,

Shylocke, we would haue moneyes, you say
You that did voide your rume vpon my beard,
Ouer your threshold, moneyes is your suite.
What should I say to you? Should I not say,
Hath a dog money? Is it possible?
A curre should lend three thousand ducats? or
Shall I bend low, and in a bondmans key
With bated breath, and whispring humblenesse,
Say this: Faire sir, you spet on me on Wednesday last;
You spurn'd me such a day; another time
You cald me dog: and for these curtesies
Ile lend you thus much moneyes.

Ant. I am as like to call thee so againe,
To spet on thee againe, to spurne thee too.
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy friends, for when did friendship take
A breede of barraine mettall of his friend?
But lend it rather to thine enemie,
Who if he breake, thou maist with better face
Exact the penalties.

Shy. Why looke you how you storme,
I would be friends with you, and haue your loue,
Forget the shames that you haue staint me with,
Supplie your present wants, and take no doite
Of vsance for my moneyes, and youle not heare me,
This is kinde I offer.

Bass. This were kindnesse.
This kindnesse will I showe,
Goe with me to a Notarie, seale me there
Your single bond, and in a merrie sport
If you repaie me not on such a day,
In such a place, such sum or sums as are
Expres in the condition, let the forfeite
Be nominated for an equall pound
Of your faire flesh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your bodie it pleaseth me.

Content infaith, Ile seale to such a bond,
And say there is much kindnesse in the Iew.

You shall not seale to such a bond for me,
Ile rather dwell in my necessitie.

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

O father Abram, what these Christians are,
Whose owne hard dealings teaches them suspect
The thoughts of others: Praie you tell me this,
If he should breake his daie, what should I gaine
By the exaction of the forfeiture?
A pound of mans flesh taken from a man,
Is not so estimable, profitable neither
As flesh of Muttons, Beefes, or Goates, I say
To buy his fauour, I extend this friendship,
If he will take it, so: if not adiew.
And for my loue I praiue you wrong me not.

Ant. Yes Shylocke, I will seale vnto this bond.

Shylocke, I will seale vnto this bond.

Then meete me forthwith at the Notaries,

Giue him direction for this merrie bond,

And I will goe and purse the ducats straite.

See to my house left in the fearefull gard

Of an vnthriftie knaue: and presentlie

Ile be with you.

Hie thee gentle Iew. This Hebrew will
turne Christian, he growes kinde.

I like not faire tearmes, and a villaines minde.

Come on, in this there can be no dismaie,

My Shippes come home a month before the daie.

Enter Morochus a tawnie all in white, and three or
toure followers accordingly, with
Portia, Nerrissa, and their traine.

Mislike me not for my complexion,
The shadowed liuerie of the burnisht sunne,
To whom I am a neighbour, and neere bred.
Bring me the fairest creature Northward borne,
Where Phoebus fire scarce thawes the
ysicles,

And let vs make incision for your loue,

To proue whose blood is reddest, his or mine.

I tell thee Ladie this aspect of mine

Hath feard the valiant, (by my loue I sweare)

The best regarded Virgins of our Clyme

Haue lou'd it to: I would not change this hue,

Except to steale your thoughts my gentle Queene.

Who = "#F-mv-por"

Por.

In tearmes of choise I am not solie led

By nice direction of a maidens eies:

Besides, the lottrie of my destenie

Bars me the right of voluntarie choosing:

But if my Father had not scanted me,

And hedg'd me by his wit to yeelde my selfe

His wife, who wins me by that meanes I told you,

Your selfe (renowned Prince) than stood as faire

As any commer I haue look'd on yet

For my affection.

Who = "#F-mv-mor"

Mor.

Euen for that I thanke you,

Therefore I pray you leade me to the Caskets

To trie my fortune: By this Symitare

That slew the Sophie, and a Persian Prince

That won three fields of Sultan Solyman,

I would ore-stare the sternest eies that looke:

Out-braue the heart most daring on the earth:

Plucke the yong sucking Cubs from the she Beare,

Yea, mocke the Lion when he rores for pray

To win the Ladie. But alas, the while

If Hercules and Lychas plaie at dice

Which is the better man, the greater throw

May turne by fortune from the weaker hand:

So is Alcides beaten by his rage,

And so may I, blinde fortune leading me

Misse that which one vnworthier may attaine,

And die with grieuing.

Port.

You must take your chance,

And either not attempt to choose at all,

Or sweare before you choose, if you choose wrong
Neuer to speake to Ladie afterward. In way of marriage, therefore be aduis'd.

Nor will not, come bring me vnto my chance.

First forward to the temple, after dinner. Good fortune then, Cornets.

To make me blest or cursed'st among men.

Enter the Clowne alone. Certainly, my conscience will serue me to run from this Iew my Maister: the fiend is at mine elbow, and tempts me, saying to me, Launcelet Lobbe, good you legs, take the start, run awaie: my conscience saies no; take heede honest Launcelet Lobbe, or good honest Launcelet Iobbe, or good honest Launcelet Iobbe, vse your legs, take the start, run awaie: my conscience saies not runne, score running with thy heeles; well, the most coragi, our fiend bids me packe, fia saies the fiend, away saies the fiend, for the heauens rouse vp a braue minde saies the fiend, and run; well, my conscience hanging about the necke of my heart, saies wisely to me: my ho nest friend, being an honest mans sonne, or
Father did something smack, something grow too; he had a kinde of taste; wel, my conscience saies Lancelet bouge not, bouge saies the you bouge not saies my conscience, conscience say I, bouge not saies my conscience, conscience counsaile well, fiend say I you counsaile well, to be rul'd by my conscience I should stay with the my Maister, (who God blesse the marke) is a kinde of diuell; and to run away from the Iew I should be ruled by the fiend, who sauing your reverence is the diuell him selfe: certainly the Lew is the verie diuell incarnation, and in my conscience, my conscience is a kinde of hard to offer to counsaile me to stay with the Iew; the fiend giues the more friendly counsaile: I will runne fiend, my heeles are at your commandement, I will

Enter old Gobbo with a Basket.

Maister yong man, you I praie you, which is the waie to Maister Iewes? Maister yong Gentleman, I praie you which is the waie to Maister Iewes.

O heauens, this is my true begotten Father, who being more then sand ble, high grauel blinde, knows me not, I will trie confusions with him.

Maister yong Gentleman, I praie you which is the waie to
Turne vpon your right hand at the next turning but at the next turning of all on your left; marrie at the verie next turning, turne of no hand, but turn down in directlie to the Jewes house.

Be Gods sonties 'twill be a hard waie to hit, can you tell me whether one Launcelet that dwels with him, dwell with him or no.

talk you of yong Master Launcelet, marke me now, now will I raise the waters; talke you of yong Maister Launcelet? whether one Launcelet that dwels with him, dwell with him or no.

No Maister sir, but a poore mans sonne, his Fa...though I say't is an honest exceeding poore man, and God be thanked well to liue.

Well, let his Father be what a will, wee talke of yong Maister Launcelet.

Your worships friend and Launcelet.
But I praye you <hi rend="italic">ergo</hi> old man, <hi rend="italic">ergo</hi> I beseech you, <lb/>talke you of yong Maister <hi rend="italic">Launcelet</hi>, ant please your maistership.<p>

Of <hi rend="italic">Launcelet</hi>, talke not of maister <hi rend="italic">Lance</hi>&#x00AD;<lb/>let Father, for the yong gentleman according to fates and <lb/>destinies, and such odde sayings, the sisters three, &amp; such<br />
<br />
branches of learning, is indeede deceased, or as you <lb/>would say in plaine tearmes, gone to heauen.<p>

Marrie God forbid, the boy was the verie staffe <lb/>of my age, my verie prop.<p>

Do I look like a cudgell or a houell&#x2011;post, a staffe prop: doe you know me Father.<p>

Alacke the day, I know you not yong Gentle&#x00AD;man, but I praye you tell me, is my boy God rest his soule <lb/>aliue or dead.<p>

Alacke sir I am sand blinde, I know you not.
Nay, indeede if you had your eies you might faile of the knowing me: it is a wise Father that knowes his owne childe. Well, old man, I will tell you newes of your son, giue me your blessing, truth will come to light, murder cannot be hid long, a mans sonne may, but in the end truth will out.<p>

Praie you sir stand vp, I am sure you are not my boy. <hi rend="italic">Lancelet</hi> my boy.</p>

Praie you let's haue no more fooling about it, but giue mee your blessing: I am your boy that was, your sonne that is, your childe that shall be.</p>

I cannot thinke you are my sonne. <hi rend="italic">Lancelet</hi> the <hi rend="italic">Iewes</hi> man, and I am sure <hi rend="italic">Margerie</hi> your wife is my mother.</p>

Her name is <hi rend="italic">Margerie</hi> indeede, Ile be sworne if thou be <hi rend="italic">Lancelet</hi>, thou art mine owne flesh and blood: Lord worshipt might he be, what a beard hast thou got; thou hast got more haire on thy chin, then Dobbin my phillhorse has on his taile.
Lan.

It should seeme then that Dobbins taile growes backeward. I am sure he had more haire of his taile then I haue of my face when I lost saw him.</p>

Gob.

Lord how art thou chang'd: how doost thou and thy Master agree, I haue brought him a present; how gree you now?</p>

Lan.

Well, well, but for mine owne part, as I haue set vp my rest to run awaie, so I will not rest till I haue run some ground; my Maister's a verie Jew, giue him a present, giue him a halter, I am famisht in his seruice. You may tell euery finger I haue with my ribs: Father I am glad you are come, giue me your present to one Maister Bassanio, who indeede giues rare new Luories, if I serue not him, I will run as far as God has anye ground. O rare fortune, here comes the man, to him Father, for I am a anie longer.

Enter Bassanio with a follower or two.

Bass.

You may doe so, but let it be so hasted that supper be ready at the farthest by fiue of the clocke: see these Letters deliuered, put the Liueries to making, and desire Gratiano to come anone to my lodg#{x00AD};ing, and desire.
<speaker rend="italic">Gob.</speaker>
<p>God blesse your worship.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-mv-bas">
<speaker rend="italic">Bass.</speaker>
<p>Gramercie, would'st thou ought with me.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-mv-gob">
<speaker rend="italic">Gob.</speaker>
<p>Here's my sonne sir, a poore boy.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-mv-lau">
<speaker rend="italic">Lan.</speaker>
<p>Not a poore boy sir, but the rich <hi rend="italic">Iewes</hi> man that <lb/>would sir as my Father shall specifie.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-mv-gob">
<speaker rend="italic">Gob.</speaker>
<p>He hath a great infection sir, as one wou<br/>ld say <lb/>to serve.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-mv-lau">
<speaker rend="italic">Lan.</speaker>
<p>Indeede the short and the long is, I serue the <hi rend="italic">Iew</hi>, and haue a desire as my Father shall specifie.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-mv-gob">
<speaker rend="italic">Gob.</speaker>
<p>His Maister and he (sauing your worships <lb/>rence) are scarce catterco<gap extent="1" unit="chars" reason="illegible" agent="partiallyInkedType" resp="#LMC"/>ins.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-mv-lau">
<speaker rend="italic">Lan.</speaker>
<p>To be briefe, the verie truth is, that the <hi rend="italic">Iew</hi> hauing done me wrong, doth cause me as my Father be<br/>ing I hope an old man shall frutifie vnto you.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-mv-gob">
<speaker rend="italic">Gob.</speaker>
<p>I haue here a dish of Doues that I would bestow <lb/>pon your worship, and my suite is.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-mv-lau">
<speaker rend="italic">Lan.</speaker>
In verie briefe, the suite is impertinent to my selfe, as your worship shall know by this honest old man, and though I say it, though old man, yet poore man my Father.

One speake for both, what would you?

Serue you sir.

That is the verie defect of the matter sir.

The old prouerbe is verie well parted betweene my Maister and you sir, you haue the grace of God sir, and he hath enough.

The follower of so poore a Gentleman.

The old prouerbe is verie well parted betwene my Maister and you sir, you haue the grace of God sir, and he hath enough.

Thou speak'st well; goe Father with thy Son, take leaue of thy old Maister, and enquire my lodging out, giue him a Liuerie guarded then his fellowes: see it done.

Father in, I cannot get a seruice, no, I haue nere a tongue in my head, well: if anie man in Italie haue a fairer table which doth offer to sweare vpon a booke, I shall haue good fortune; goe too, here's a simple line of life, here's a small trifle of wiues, alas, fifteene wiues is nothing, a leuen widdowes and nine maides is a sim\ref{00AD}; ple
comming in for one man, and then to scape

drining thrice, and to be in perill of my life with the edge of a featherbed, here are simple scapes: well, if Fortune be a woman, she's a good wench for this gree: Father come, Ile take

my leaue of the Iew in the twinkling.</p>

Exit Clowne.</stage>

Bass.</speaker>

I praie thee good Leonardo thinke on this,

These things being bought and orderly bestowed

Returne in haste, for I doe feast to night

My best esteemd acquaintance, hie thee goe.

Exit. Le.

Enter Gratiano.

Gratiano.

Signior Bassanio.

Bassano.</hi>

Yonder sir he walkes.

Gra. </speaker>

Where's your Maister.

Leon.</hi> Yonder</fw>

Yonder sir he walkes.</p>

Gra. </speaker>

Signior Bassanio.</p>

Gra. </speaker>

Gratiano.</p>
Grat. I have a suit to you.

Bass. You have obtain'd it.

Grat. You must not deny me, I must goe with you to Belmont.

Bass. Why then you must: but hear thee Gratiano,
Thou art too wilde, too rude, and bold of voyce,
Parts that become thee happily enough,
And in such eyes as ours appeare not faults;
But where they are not knowne, why there they show
Something too liberal, pray thee take paine
To allay with some cold drops of modestie
Thy skipping spirit, least through thy wilde behauiour
I be misconsterd in the place I goe to,
And loose my hopes.

Signor Bassanio, hear me,
If I doe not put on a sober habite,
Talke with respect, and sweare but now and then,
Weare prayer booke in my pocket, looke demurely,
Nay more, while grace is saying hood mine eyes
Thus with my hat, and sigh and say Amen:
Vse all the observance of ciuillitie
Like one well studied in a sad ostent
To please his Grandam, neuer trust me more.

Well, we shall see your bearing.

Grat. Nay but I barre to night, you shall not gage me
By what we doe to night.
I would intreat you rather to put on your boldest suite of mirth, for we haue friends. That purpose merriment: but far you well, I haue some businesse.

Gra.

And I must to Lorenzo and the rest, but we will visite you at supper time.

Enter Iessica and the Clowne.

I am sorry thou wilt leaue my Father so, Our house is hell, and thou a merrie diuell Did'st rob it of some taste of tediousnesse; But far thee well, there is a ducat for thee, And Lorenzo, who is thy new Maisters guest, Giue him this Letter, doe it secretly, And so farewell: I would not haue my Father see:

Lorenzo, who is thy new Maisters guest, Giue him this Letter, doe it secretly, And so farewell: I would not haue my Father see:

Adue, teares exhibit my tongue, most beautifull Pagan, most sweete Iew, if a Christian doe not play the knaue and get thee, I am much deceiued; but adue, these foolish drops doe somewhat drowne my manly spirit: adue.

Exit.

Farewell good Lancelet. Alacke, what hainous sinne is it in me To be ashamed to be my Fathers childe, But though I am a daughter to his blood, I am not to his manners: O Lorenzo, If thou keepe promise I shall end this strife,
Become a Christian, and thy loving wife.</div>
<stage rend="italic inline" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
</div>
<div type="scene" n="4" rend="notPresent">
<head type="supplied">[Act 2, Scene 4]</head>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Gratiano, Lorenzo, Slarino, and Salanio.</stage>
<sp who="#F-mv-lor">
  <speaker rend="italic">Lor.</speaker>
  <p>Nay, we will slinke away in supper time, Disguise vs at my lodging, and returne all in an houre.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mv-gra">
  <speaker rend="italic">Gra.</speaker>
  <p>We haue not made good preparation.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mv-slr">
  <speaker rend="italic">Sal.</speaker>
  <p>We haue not spoke vs yet of Torch-bearers.</p>
</sp>
<cb n="2"/>
<sp who="#F-mv-sln">
  <speaker rend="italic">Sol.</speaker>
  <l>Tis vile vnlesse it may be quaintly ordered, And better in my minde not vndertooke.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mv-lor">
  <speaker rend="italic">Lor.</speaker>
  <l>Tis now but foure of clock, we haue two houres To furnish vs; frie</l>
  <hi rend="italic">Lancelet</hi> what's the newes.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Lancelet with a Lett<e rend="inverted">e</e>r.</stage>
<sp who="#F-mv-lau">
  <speaker rend="italic">Lan.</speaker>
  <p>And it shall please you to breake vp this, shall it seeme to signific.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mv-lor">
  <speaker rend="italic">Lor.</speaker>
  <l>I know the hand, in faith 'tis a faire hand And whiter then the paper it writ on,</l>
  <l>I the faire hand that writ.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-mv-gra">
  <speaker rend="italic">Gra.</speaker>
  <p>Loue newes in faith.</p>
</sp>
By your leave sir.

Whither goest thou?

Marry sir to bid my old Master the Jew to sup to night with my new Master the Christian.

I marry, I'll be gone about it straight.

And so will I.

Meete me and Gratiano at Gratianos lodging some houre hence.

'Tis good we do so.

Was not that Letter from faire Jessica?
I must needs tell thee all, she hath directed how I shall take her from her Father's house; what gold and jewels she is furnish'd with; what pages suite she hath in readiness; if ere the Jew her Father come to heaven, it will be for his gentle daughter's sake; and never dare misfortune cross her foot, unless she do it under this excuse, that she is issue to a faithless Jew: come goe with me, pervse this as thou goest; faire Jessica shall be my torch-bearer.

Well, thou shalt see, thy eyes shall be thy judge, the difference of old Shylocke and Bassanio; what Jessica, thou shalt not gourmandize as thou hast done with me: what Jessica? and sleep, and snore, and rend apparel out. Why Jessica? I say.


Your worship was wont to tell me I could do nothing without bidding.
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Jessica.</stage>

<sp who="#F-mv-jes">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ies.</speaker>
  <p>Call you? what is your will?</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-mv-shy">
  <speaker rend="italic">Shy.</speaker>
  <l>I am bid forth to supper <hi rend="italic">Iessica</hi>,/l>
  <l>There are my Keyes: but wherefore should I go?/l>
  <l>I am not bid for loue, they flatter me,/l>
  <l>But yet Ile goe in hate, to feede vpon/l>
  <l>The prodigall Christian. <hi rend="italic">Iessica</hi> my girle,/l>
  <l>Looke to my house, I am right loath to goe,/l>
  <l>There is some ill a bruing towards my rest,/l>
  <l>For I did dreame of money bags to night./l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-mv-lau">
  <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
  <p>I beseech you sir goe, my yong Master <lb/>Doth expect your reproach.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-mv-shy">
  <speaker rend="italic">Shy.</speaker>
  <p>So doe I his./p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-mv-lau">
  <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
  <p>And they haue conspired together, I will not say <lb/>you shall see a Maske, but if you doe, then it was not for <lb/>nothing that my nose fell a bleeding on blacke monday <fw type="sig" place="footCentre">P</fw>
  <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">last,/fw>
  <pb facs="FFimg:axc0190.jpg" n="170"/>
  <fw type="rh">The Merchant of Venice.</hi>
  </fw>
</sp>

<cb n="1"/>

<sp who="#F-mv-shy">
  <speaker rend="italic">Shy.</speaker>
  <l>What are <gap extent="1" unit="chars" reason="illegible" agent="inkBlot" resp="#LMC">heir maskes? heare you me</gap>
  <hi rend="italic">Iessica</hi>,</l>
</sp>
Lock vp my doores, and when you heare the drum<lb/>
And the vile squealing of the wryneckt Fife,<lb/>
Clamber not you vp to the casements then,<lb/>
Nor thrust your head into the publique streeete<lb/>
To gaze on Christian fooles with varnisht faces,<lb/>
But stop my houses eares, I meane my casements,<lb/>
Let not the sound of shallow fopperie enter my sober house.
By Iacobs staffe I sweare,
I haue no minde of feasting forth to night:
I will goe: goe you before me sirra,
By Iessica goe in,
Perhaps I will returne immediately;
Doe as I bid you, shut dores after you, fast binde, fast
A prouerbe neuer stale in thriftie minde.
</sp>
 exit
Exit.
Farewell, and if my fortune be not crost,
I haue a Father, you a daughter lost.
exit
Exit.
Enter the Maskers, Gratiano and Salino.

This is the penthouse vnder which Lorenzo Desired vs to make a stand.

His houre is almost past.

And it is meruaile he out dwels his houre,
For louers euer run before the clocke.

It is meruaile he out dwels his houre,
For louers euer run before the clocke.

O ten times faster Venus Pidgeons flye

To steale loues bonds new made, then they are wont
To keepe obliged faith vnforfaited.

That euer holds, who riseth from a feast
With that keene appetite that he sits downe?
Where is the horse that doth vntread againe
That he did pace them first: all things that are,
Are with more spirit chased then enioy'd.
How like a yonger or a prodigall
The skarfed barke puts from her natuie bay,
Hudg'd and embraced by the strumpet winde:
How like a prodigall doth she returne
With ouer wither'd ribs and ragged sailes,
Leane, rent, and begger'd by the strumpet winde?

Enter Lorenzo.

Heere comes Lorenzo, more of this here & after.
Sweete friends, your patience for my long bode,
Not I, but my affaires haue made you wait;
When you shall please to play the theeues for wiues
Ile watch as long for you then: approach

Here dwels my father Iew. Hoa, who's within?
Iessica aboue.

Who are you? tell me for more certainty,
Albeit Ile sweare that I do know your tongue.

Who are you? tell me for more certainty,
Albeit Ile sweare that I do know your tongue.

Lorenzo, and thy Loue.
Lorenzo certaine, and my loue indeed,
But you love I so much? and now who knowes
But you love I so much? and now who knowes

Heauen and thy thoughts are witness that thou art.
For who love I so much? and now who knowes
For if they could, Cupid himselfe would blush
To see me thus transformed to a boy.

Descend, for you must be my torch-bearer.
Heauen and thy thoughts are witness that thou art.

What, must I hold a Candle to my shames?
They in themselves goodsooth are too too light.
Why, 'tis an office of discovery love,
And I should be obscur'd.

So you are sweet,
Euen in the lovely garnish of a boy: but come at once,
For the close night doth play the run away,
And we are staid for at Bassanio's feast.

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

Now by my hood, a gentle, and no jew.
For she is wise, if I can iudge of her.
And faire she is, if that mine eyes be true,
And true she is, as she hath prou'd her selfe:
And therefore like her selfe, wise, faire, and true,
Shall she be placed in my constant soule.

Enter Iessica.
What, art thou come? on gentlemen, away,
Our masking mates by this time for vs stay.

Enter Anthonio.
Who's there?
Signior Anthonio?
Fie, fie, Gratiano, where are all the rest?
'Tis nine a clocke, our friends all stay for you,
No maske to night, the winde is come about,
Bassanio presently will go abroad.

I have sent twenty out to seeke for you.

Gra.

I am glad on't, I desire no more delight

Then to be under saile, and gone to night.

Exeunt.

Enter Portia with Morrocho, and both their traines.

Goe, draw aside the curtaines, and discouer

The seuerall Caskets to this noble Prince:

Now make your choyse.

The first of gold, who this inscription beares,

Who chooseth me, shall gaine what men desire.

The second siluer, which this promise carries,

Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserues.

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?

The one of them containes my picture Prince,

If you choose that, then I am yours withall.

Some God direct my judgement, let me see,

I will suvey the inscriptions, backe againe:
What saies this leaden casket?

Who chooseth me, must giue and hazard all he hath.

Must giue, for what? for lead, hazard for lead?

This casket threatens men that hazard all

Doe it in hope of faire advuantages:

A golden minde stoopes not to showes of drosse,

Ile then nor giue nor hazard ought for lead.

What saies the Siluer with her virgin hue?

Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserues.

As much as he deserues; pause there

And weigh thy value with an euen hand.

If thou beest rated by thy estimation

Thou doest deserue enough, and yet enough

May not extend so farre as to the Ladie:

And yet to be afeard of my deseryng.

Were but a weake disabling of my selfe.

As much as I deserue, why that's the Lady.

I doe in birth deserue her, and in fortunes

In graces, and in qualities of breeding

But more then these, in loue I doe deserue.

What if I strai'd no farther, but chose here?

Let's see once more this saying grau'd in gold.

Who chooseth me shall gaine what many men desire:

Why that's the Lady, all the world desires her:

From the foure corners of the earth they come
to kisse this shrine, this mortall breathing Saint.

The Hircanion deserts, and the vaste wildes

Of wide Arabia are as throughfares now

For Princes to come view faire

The watterie Kingdome, whose ambitious head

Spets in the face of heauen, is no barre

To stop the farraine spirits, but they come

As ore a brooke to see faire

Is't like that Lead containes her? 'twere damnation
to thinke so base a thought, it were too grosse
to rib her searecloath in the obscure graue:

Or shall I thinke in Siluer she's immur'd

Being ten times undervalued to tride gold;

O sinfull thought, neuer so rich a Iem

Was set in worse then gold! They haue in England

A coyne that beares the figure of an Angell

Stampt in gold, but that's insculpt vpon

But here an Angell in a golden bed

Lies all within. Deliuer me the key:

Here doe I choose, and thriue I as I may.
Por. There take it Prince, and if my forme lye there
Then I am yours.

Mor. O hell! what haue we here, a carrion death,
Within whose emptie eye there is a written scroule;
Ile reade the writing.

All that glisters is not gold,
Often haue you heard that told;
Many a man his life hath sold
But my outside to behold
Guilded timber doe wormes infold:
Had you beene as wise as bold,
Yong in limbs in judgement old
Your answere had not beene inscrold,
Fareyouwell your suite is cold.

Cold indeede, and labour lost,
Then farewell heate, and welcome frost:
Portia adew, I haue too grieu'd a heart
To take a tedious leaue: thus loosers part.

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

Exeunt.
Enter Salarino and Solanio.</stage>

Flo. Cornets.</stage>

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

Who went with him to search Bassanio ship.

He comes too late, the ship was under sail; But there the Duke was given to understand That in a Gondilo were seen together Lorenzo and his amorous Jessica. Besides, Anthonio certified the Duke They were not with Bassanio in his ship.

I never heard a passion so confused, So strange, outrageous, and so variable, As the dogge Iew did utter in the streets; My daughter, O my ducats, O my daughter, Fled with a Christian, O my Christian ducats! Justice, the law, my ducats, and my daughter; A sealed bag, two sealed bags of ducats, Of double ducats, stolen from me by my daughter, And jewels, two stones, two rich and precious stones, Stolne by my daughter: justice, finde the girlie, She hath the stones upon her, and the ducats.

Why all the boyes in Venice follow him,
Crying his stones, his daughter, and his ducats.  

Let good Anthonio looke he keepe his day.  

Or he shall pay for this.  

Marry well remembred,  

I reason'd with a Frenchman yesterday,  

Who told me, in the narrow seas that part  

The French and English, there miscaried  

A vessell of our countrey richly fraught:  

I thought vpon Anthonio when he told me,  

And wisht in silence that it were not his.  

Yo were best to tell Anthonio what you heare.  

Yet doe not suddainely, for it may grieue him.  

A kinder Gentleman treads not the earth,  

I saw Bassanio and Anthonio part,  

Bassanio told him he would make some speede  

Of his returne: he answered, doe not so,  

Slubber not businesse for my sake Bassanio,  

But stay the very riping of the time,  

And for the Iewes bond which he hath of me,  

Let it not enter in your minde of loue  

Be merry, and imployn your chiefest thoughts  

To courtship, and such faire ostents of loue  

As shall conueniently become you there;  

And euen there his eye being big with teares,  

Turning his face, he put his hand behinde him,  

And with affection wondrous sencible  

He wrang Bassanios hand, and so they parted.
I think he onely loues the world for him,
I pray thee let vs goe and finde him out,
And quicken his embraced heauinesse,
With some delight or other.

Doe we so.

Enter Nerrissa and a Seruiture.

Quick, quick I pray thee, draw the curtain strait,
P2
The
The Merchant of Venice.

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

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

I am enioynd by oath to obserue three things;
First, neuer to vnfold to any one
Which casket 'twas I chose; next, if I faile
Of the right casket, neuer in my life
To wooe a maide in way of marriage:
Lastly, if I doe faile in fortune of my choyse,
Immediately to leaue you, and be gone.
To these injunctions every one doth swear
That comes to hazard for my worthlesse selfe.

And so have I address'd me, fortune now
To my hearts hope: gold, silver, and base lead.
Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath.
You shall look fairer ere I give or hazard.
What saies the golden chest, ha, let me see.
Who chooseth me, shall gaine what many men desire:
What many men desire, that many may be meant
By the foole multitude that choose by show,
Not learning more then the fond eye doth teach,
Which pries not to th'interior, but like the Martlet
Builds in the weather on the outward wall.
Euen in the force and rode of casualtie.
I will not choose what many men desire,
Because I will not iumpe with common spirits,
And ranke me with the barbarous multitudes.
Why then to thee thou Siluer treasure house,
Tell me once more, what title thou dost bear:
Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserues:
And well said too; for who shall go about
to cosen Fortune, and be honourable
Without the stamp of merit, let none presume
To weare an undeserved dignitie:
O that estates, degrees, and offices,
Were not derived corruptly, and that cleare honour
Were purchast by the merrit of the wearer,
How many then should couer that stand bare?
How many be commanded that command?
How much low pleasantry would then be gleaned
From the true seede of honor? And how much honor
Pickt from the chaffe and ruine of the times,
To be new varnisht: Well, but to my choise.
Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserues.
I will assume desert: giue me a key for this,
And instantly vnlocke my fortunes here.

Too long a pause for that which you finde there.

What's here, the portrait of a blinking idiot.
Presenting me a schedule, I will read it:

How much unlike art thou to Portia?

How much unlike my hopes and my deserving?

Who chooseth me, shall have as much as he deserves.

Is that my prize, am I my desert no better?

To offend and judge are distinct offices, and of opposed natures.

What is here?

The fierce seven times tried this, seven times tried that judgment is, that did never choose amis, some there be that shadowes kiss, such have but a shadowes blisse, silver'd o're and so was this:

Take what wife you will to bed, I will ever be your head: So be gone, you are sped.

Still more fool I shall appear by the time I linger here. With one fool's head I came to woo, but I go away with two. Sweet adieu, I'll keep my oath. Patiently to bear my wrath.
Thus hath the candle sing'd the moath:
O these deliberate fooles when they doe choose,
They haue the wisdome by their wit to loose.

The ancient saying is no heresie,
Hanging and wiuing goes by destinie.

Come draw the curtaine Nerissa.

Where is my Lady?
Here, what would my Lord?

Madam, there is a lighted at your gate
A yong Venetian, one that comes before
To signifie th'approaching of his Lord,
From whom he bringeth sensible regreets;
To wit (besides commends and curteous breath)
Gifts of rich value; yet I haue not seene
So likely an Embassador of loue.
A day in Aprill neuer came so sweete
To show how costly Sommer was at hand,
As this fore"spurrer comes before his Lord.

No more I pray thee, I am halfe a feard
Thou wilt say anone he is some kin to thee,
Thou spend'st such high\#x2011;day wit in praising him:
Come, come Cupids Post, that comes so mannerly.

Quicke Nerissa, for I long to see
<hi rend="italic">Bassanio</hi> Lord, loue if thy will it be.<p>
</p>

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

</div>

</div>

</div>

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

<speaker rend="italic">Sol.</speaker>
<p>Now, what newes on the Ryalto?</p>
</sp>

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

<speaker rend="italic">Sal.</speaker>
<p>Why yet it liues there vncheckt, that <hi rend="italic">Anthonio</hi> hath a ship of rich lading wrackt on the narrow Seas; the Goodwins I thinke they call the place, a very dangerous flat, and faltall, where the carcasses of many a tall ship, lyue buried, as they say, if my gossips report be an honest wo<wшибка> &amp;x00AD;</wшибка>man of her word.</p>
</sp>

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

<speaker rend="italic">Sol.</speaker>
<p>I would she were as lying a gossip in that, as euer <lb/>knapt Ginger, or made her neighbours beleeue she wept <lb/>for the death of a third husband: but it is true, without <lb/>any slips of prolixity, or crossing the plaine high<wшибка>;&amp;x2011;</wшибка>way of <lb/>talke, that the good <hi rend="italic">Anthonio</hi>, the honest <hi rend="italic">Anthonio</hi>; &amp;x84; that <lb/>I had a title good enough to keepe his name company!</p>
</sp>

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

<speaker rend="italic">Sal.</speaker>
<p>Come, the full stop.</p>
</sp>

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

<speaker rend="italic">Sol.</speaker>
<p>Ha, what sayest thou, why the end is, he hath lost <lb/>a ship.</p>
</sp>

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

<hi rend="italic">Sal.</hi> I</fw>
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0193.jpg" n="173"/>
<fw type="rh">
The Merchant of Venice.

I would it might prove the end of his losses.

Let me say Amen betimes, least the diuell cross my prayer, for here he comes in the likeness of a Jew.

How now, Shylocke, what newes among the Merchants?

You knew none so well, none so well as you, of my daughters flight.

That's certaine, I for my part knew the Tailor that made the wings she flew withall.

And Shylocke for his owne part knew the bird was fledg'd, and then it is the complexion of them all to leave the dam.

She is damn'd for it.

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

My owne flesh and blood to rebell.
Out vpon it old carrion, rebels it at these yeeres.

I say my daughter is my flesh and bloud.

There is more difference betweene thy flesh and hers, then betweene Iet and Iuorie, more betweene your bloods, then there is betweene red wine and rennish: but tell vs, doe you heare whether Anthonio haue had anie losse at sea or no?

Why I am sure if he forfaite, thou wilt not take his flesh, what's that good for?

To baite fish withall, if it will feede nothing else, it will feede my reuenge; he hath disgrac'd me, and hindred me halfe a million, laught at my losses, mockt at my gaines, scorned my Nation, thwarted my bargaines, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies, and what's the reason? I am a Iewe: Hath not a Iew eyes? hath not a Iew hands, organs, dementions, sences, affections, passions, fed with the same foode, hurt
with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases,
healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same Winter
and Summer as a Christian is: if you pricke vs doe we not bleed? if you tickle vs, doe we not laugh? if you poison vs doe we not die? and if you wrong vs shall we not revenge? if we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Christian is wrong a Jew, what is his humility, revenge? If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his suffering 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.</p>
</sp>

Enter a man from Anthonio.

Gentlemen, my master Anthonio is at his house, and desires to speake with you both.</p>
</sp>

Who are you? Gentlemen, my master Anthonio is at his house, and desires to speake with you both.</p>
</sp>

Who am I? Gentlemen, my master Anthonio is at his house, and desires to speake with you both.</p>
</sp>

As you see, I am a Christian. What is his humility, revenge? As you see, I am a Christian. What is his humility, revenge? I often came where I did heare of her, but I will better the instruction.</p>
</sp>

How now Tuball, what newes from Genowa? hast thou found my daughter?
<p>But can I not finde her.</p>

<p>Why there, there, there, there, a diamond gone cost me two thousand ducats in Franckford, the curse fell vpon our Nation till now, I neuer felt it till now, two thousand ducats in that, and other precious, precious jewels: I would my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her eare: would she were hearst at my foote, and the ducets in her coffin: no newes of them, why so? and I know not how much is spent in the search: why thou losse vpon losse, the theefe gone with so much, and so much to finde the theefe, and no satisfaction, no reuenge, nor no ill luck stirring but what lights a my shoulders, no sighes but a my breathing, no teares but a my shedding.</p>

<p>Yes, other men haue ill lucke too, heard in Genowa?</p>

<p>I spoke with some of the Saylers that escaped the wracke.</p>

<p>I thanke God, I thanke God, is it true, is it true?</p>

<p>I spoke with some of the Saylers that escaped the wracke.</p>
I thanke thee good good newes: ha, ha, here in Genowa.

Your daughter spent in Genowa, as I heard, one night fourescore ducats.

Thou stick'st a dagger in me, I shall neuer see my gold againe,

fourescore ducats at a sitting, fourescore du&x00AD;cats.

There came diuers of my company to Venice, that sweare hee cannot choose but breake.

I am very glad of it, ile plague him, ile torture him, I am glad of it,

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

Monkie.

Out vpon her, thou torturest me Tuball, it was my Turkies, I had it of Leah when I was a Batcheler: I would not haue giuen it for a wildernesse of Monkies.

But Anthonio is certainely vndone.
Shy.

Nay, that's true, that's very true, goe Tuball, see me an Officer, bespeake him a fortnight before, I will haue the heart of him if he forfeit, for were he out of Venice, nice, I can make what merchandize I will: goe

Tuball, and meete me at our Sinagogue, goe good Tuball, and meete me at our Sinagogue.

Exeunt.

Enter Bassanio, Portia, Gratiano, and all their traine.

I pray you tarrie, pause a day or two Before you hazard, for in choosing wrong I loose your companie; therefore forbeare a while, There's something tels me (but it is not loue) I would not loose you, and you know your selfe, Hate counsailes not in such a quallitie; But least you should not vnderstand 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 neuer be, so may you misse me, But if you doe, youle make me wish a sinne, That I had bee forsworne: Beshrow your eyes, They haue oer-lookt me and deuided me, One halfe of me is yours, the other halfe yours, Mine owne I would say: but of mine then you rs, And so all yours; O these naughtie times Puts bars betweene the owners and their rights, And so though yours, not yours (proute it so) Let Fortune goe to hell for it, not I. I speake too long, but *tis to peize the time, To ich it, and to draw it out in length, To stay you from election.

P3
<sp who="#F-mv-bas">
  <speaker rend="italic">Bass.</speaker>
  <l>Let me choose,</l>
  <l>For as I am, I liue vpon the racke.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-mv-por">
  <speaker rend="italic">Por.</speaker>
  <l>Vpon the racke</l>
  <hi rend="italic">Bassanio</hi>, then confesse</sp>

  <l>What treason there is mingled with your loue.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-mv-bas">
  <speaker rend="italic">Bass.</speaker>
  <l>None but that vglie treason of mistrust.</l>
  <l>Which makes me feare the enjoying of my loue:</l>
  <l>There may as well be amitie and life,</l>
  <l>'Tueene snow and fire, as treason and my loue.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-mv-por">
  <speaker rend="italic">Por.</speaker>
  <l>I, but I feare you speake vpon the racke,</l>
  <l>Where men enforced doth speake any thing.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-mv-bas">
  <speaker rend="italic">Bass.</speaker>
  <l>Promise me life, and ile confesse the truth.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-mv-por">
  <speaker rend="italic">Por.</speaker>
  <l>Well then, confesse and liue.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-mv-bas">
  <speaker rend="italic">Bass.</speaker>
  <l>Confesse and loue</l>
  <l>Had beene the verie sum of my confession:</l>
  <l>O happie torment, when my torturer</l>
  <l>Doth teach me answers for deliuerance:</l>
  <l>But let me to my fortune and the caskets.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-mv-por">
  <speaker rend="italic">Por.</speaker>
  <l>Away then, I am lockt in one of them,</l>
  <l>If you doe loue me, you will finde me out.</l>
  <hi rend="italic">Nerryssa</hi> and the rest, stand all aloose,</sp>

  <l>Let musicke sound while he doth make his choise,</l>
  <l>Then if he loose he makes a Swan&#x2011;like end,</l>
  <l>Fading in musique. That the comparison</l>
  <l>May stand more proper, my eye shall be the streame</l>
And watrie death for him: he may win,"<l>
And what is musique than? Than musique is</l>
Euen as the flourish, when true subiects bowe</l>
To a new crowned Monarch: Such it is,"<l>
As are those dulcet sounds in breake of day,"<l>
That creepe into the dreaming bride&x2011;grooms eare,"<l>
And summon him to marriage. Now he goes</l>
With no lesse presence, but with much more loue</l>
Then yong &lt;hi rend=&quot;italic&quot;&gt;Alcides</hi&gt;, when he did
redeeme</l>
The virgine tribute, paid by howling &lt;hi
rend=&quot;italic&quot;&gt;Troy</hi&gt;
To the Sea&x2011;monster: I stand for sacrifice,"<l>
The rest aloofe are the Dardanian wiues:"<l>
With bleared visages come forth to view</l>
The issue of th'exploit: Goe Hercules,"<l>
Liue thou, I liue with much more dismay</l>
I view the fight, then thou that mak'st the fray."<l>
Here Musicke."<l>
A Song the whilst &lt;hi
rend=&quot;roman&quot;&gt;Bassanio</hi&gt; comments on the &lt;lb&gt;Caskets to
himselfe."<l>
Tell me where is fancie bred</hi>, &lt;/l&gt;
Or in the heart, or in the head</hi>: &lt;/l&gt;
How begot, how nourished."<l>
Replie, replie."<l>
It is engendred in the eyes</hi>, &lt;/l&gt;
With gazing fed</hi>, &lt;hi rend=&quot;italic&quot;&gt;and
Fancie
dies</hi>, &lt;/l&gt;
In the cradle where it lies:"<l>
Let vs all ring Fancies knell."<l>
Ile begin it."
Ding dong</hi>, &lt;hi rend=&quot;italic&quot;&gt;bell."<l>
All."
<hi rend="italic">Ding</hi>, <hi rend="italic">dong</hi>, <hi rend="italic">bell</hi>

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

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

<sp>
So may the outward showes be least themselues
The world is still deceiu'd with ornament.
In Law, what Plea so tanted and corrupt,
But being season'd with a gracious voice,
Obscures the show of euill? In Religion,
What damned error, but some sober brow
Will blesse it, and approue it with a text,
Hiding the grosenesse with faire ornament:
There is no voice so simple, but assumes
Some marke of vertue on his outward parts;

<cb n="2"/>
How manie cowards, whose hearts are all as false
As stayers of sand, weare yet vpon their chins
The beards of <hi rend="italic">Hercules</hi> and frowning <hi rend="italic">Mars</hi>,
Who inward searcht, haue lyuers white as milke,
And these assume but valors excrement,
To render them redoubted. Looke on beautie,
And you shall see 't is purchast by the weight,
Which therein workes a miracle in nature,
So are those crisped snakie golden locks
Which makes such wanton gambols with the winde
Vpon supposed fairenesse, often knowne
To be the dowrie of a second head,
The scull that bred them in the Sepulcher.
Thus ornament is but the guiled shore
To a most dangerous sea: the beautious scarfe
Vailing an India in beautie; In a word,
The seeming truth which cunning times put on
To intrap the wisest. Therefore then thou gaudie gold,
Hard food for <hi rend="italic">Midas</hi>, I will none of thee,
Nor none of thee thou pale and common drudge
'Tweene man and man: but thou, thou meager lead
Which rather threatnest then dost promise ought,
Thy palenesse moues me more then eloquence,
And here choose I, ioy be the consequence.

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

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

<sp>
How all the other passions fleet to ayre,
As doubtfull thoughts, and rash imbrac'd despaire:
And shuddring feare, and greeneyed jealousie.
O love be moderate, allay thy extasie,
In measure raine thy joy, scant this excesses,
I feel too much thy blessing, make it lesse,
For feare I surfeit.

What finde I here?
Faire Portias counterfeit. What demie God

Hath come so neere creation? moue these eyes?
Seeme they in motion? Here are seuer'd lips
Parted with sugar breath, so sweet a barre
Should sunder such sweet friends: here in her haires
The Painter plays the Spider, and hath wouen
A golden mesh t'intrap the hearts of men
Faster then gnats in cobwebs: but her eyes,
How could he see to doe them? hauing made one,
Me thinkes it should haue power to steale both his
And leaue it selfe unfurnisht: Yet looke how farre
The substance of my praise doth wrong this shadow
In underprising it, so farre this shadow
Doth limpe behinde the substance. Here's the scroule,
The continent, and summaries of my fortune.
You that choose not by the view
Chance as faire, and choose as true:
Since this fortune fals to you,
Be content, and seeke no new.
If you be well pleas'd with this,
And hold your fortune for your bliss.

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

The Merchant of Venice.
So thrice faire Lady stand I euen so,
As doubtfull whether what I see be true,
Vntill confirm'd, sign'd, ratified by you.

You see my Lord Bassiano where I stand,
Such as I am; though for my selfe alone
I would not be ambitious in my wish,
To wish my selfe much better, yet for you,
I would be trebled twenty times my selfe,
A thousand times more faire, ten thousand times,
More rich, that onely to stand high in your account,
I might in vertues, beauties, liuings, friends,
Exceed account: but the full summe of me
Is sum of nothing: which to terme in grosse,
Is an vnlessoned girle, vnschool'd, vnpractiz'd,
Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learne: happier then this,
Shooe is not bred so dull but she can learne;
Happiest of all, is that her gentle spirit
Commits it selfe to yours to be directed,
As from her Lord, her Gouernour, her King.
My selfe, and what is mine, to you and yours
Is now converted. But now I was the Lord
Of this faire mansion, master of my seruants,
Queene ore my selfe: and euen now, but now,
This house, these seruants, and this same my selfe,
Are yours, my Lord, I giue them with this ring,
Which when you part from, loose, or giue away,
Let it presage the ruine of your loue,
And be my vantage to exclaime on you.

Maddam, you haue bereft me of all words,
Onely my bloud speakes to you in my vaines,
And there is such confusion in my powers,
As after some oration fairely spoke
By a beloued Prince, there doth appeare
Among the buzzing pleased multitude,
Where every something being blent together,
Turnes to a wilde of nothing, saue of ioy
Exprest, and not exprest: but when this ring
Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence,
O then be bold to say Bassanio's dead.
My Lord and Lady, it is now our time
That have stood by and seen our wishes prosper,
To cry good joy, good joy my Lord and Lady.

My Lord and Lady, it is now our time
That have stood by and seen our wishes prosper,
To cry good joy, good joy my Lord and Lady.

My Lord Bassanio, and my gentle Lady,
I wish you all the joy that you can wish:
For I am sure you can wish none from me:
And when your Honours mean to solemnize
The bargain of your faith: I do beseech you
Euen at that time I may be married too.

With all my heart, so thou canst get a wife.

I thanke your Lordship, you gave got me one.

Madam it is so, so you stand pleas'd withall.

And doe you Gratiano mean good faith?
Gra.

Yes faith my Lord.

Bass.

Our feast shall be much honored in your marriage.

Gra.

Weele play with them the first boy for a thousand ducats.

Ner.

What and stake downe?

No, we shal nere win at that sport, and stake downe.

But who comes heere? Lorenzo and his Infidell?

What and my old Venetian friend Salerio?

Enter Lorenzo, Jessica, and Salerio.

If that the youth of my new interest heere,

Haue power to bid you welcome: by your leave,

I bid my verie friends and Countrimen,

Sweet Portia welcome.

Lorenzo and Salerio,

welcome hether,

If that the youth of my new interest heere

I haue power to bid you welcome: by your leave

I bid my verie friends and Countrimen

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Lorenzo and Salerio,

welcome hether,

If that the youth of my new interest heere

I haue power to bid you welcome: by your leave

I bid my verie friends and Countrimen

Sweet Portia welcome.
He did intreate mee past all saying nay.
To come with him along.

I did my Lord,
And I haue reason for it, Signior Anthonio Commends him to you.

Ere I ope his Letter I pray you tell me how my good friend doth.

Not sicke my Lord, vnlesse it be in minde,
Nor wel, vnlesse in minde: his Letter there Wil shew you his estate.

Opens the Letter.

Nerrissa, cheere yond stranger, bid her welcom.
Your hand Salerio, what's the newes from Venice?
How doth that royal Merchant good Anthonio; I know he will be glad of our successe,
We are the Iasons, we haue won the fleece.

I would you had vvon the fleece that hee hath lost.

There are some shrewd contents in yond same Paper,
That steales the colour from Bassianos cheeke,
Some deere friend dead, else nothing in the world
Could turne so much the constitution
Of any constant man. What, worse and worse?
With leaue Bassanio I am halfe your
And I must freely haue the halfe of any thing
That this same paper brings you.

Bass.

O sweet Portia,

Heere are a few of the vnpleasant'st words
That euer blotted paper. Gentle Ladie
When I did first impart my loue 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 vwas worse then nothing: for indeede
I haue ingag'd my selfe to a deere friend,
Ingag'd my friend to his meere enemie
To feede my meanes. Heere is a Letter Ladie,
The paper as the bodie of my friend,
Issuing life blood. But is it true
Hath all his ventures faild, what not one hit,
From Tripolis, from Mexico and England,
From Lisbon, Barbary, and India,
And not one vessell scape the dreadfull touch
Of Merchant-marring rocks?

Sal.

Not one my Lord.
Besides, it should appeare, that if he had
The present money to discharge the Iew,
He would not take it: neuer did I know
A creature that did beare the shape of man
So keene and greedy to confound a man.
He plyes the Duke at morning and at night,
And doth impeach the freedome of the state
If they deny him justice. Twenty Merchants,
The Duke himselfe, and the Magnificoes
Of greatest port haue all perswaded with him,
But none can driue him from the enuious plea
Of forfeiture, of justice, and his bond.

When I was with him, I have heard him swear to Tuball and to Chus, his Countrymen, that he would rather have Anthonio's flesh, than twenty times the value of the summe that he did owe him: and I know my Lord, if law, authority, and power deny not, it will go hard with poor Anthonio.

Is it your deere friend that is thus in trouble?

The dearest friend to me, the kindest man, the best condition'd, and unwearied spirit in doing courtesies: and one in whom the ancient Roman honour more appears than any that draws breath in Italie.

What summe owes he the Iew?

For me three thousand ducats.

What, no more? Pay him six thousand, and deface the bond: double six thousand, and then treble that, before a friend of this description shall lose a hair through Bassano's fault.

First goe with me to Church, and call me wife, and then away to Venice to your friend: for never shall you lie by Portia's side.

With an vnquiet soule. You shall have gold to pay the petty debt twenty times over.
When it is payd, bring your true friend along.

My maid Nerrissa, and my selfe meane time.

Will liue as maids and widdowes; come away.

Bid your friends welcome, show a merry cheere,

Since you are deere bought, I will loue you deere.

But let me heare the letter of your friend.

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

Por.

O loue! dispach all busines and be gone.

Bass.

Since I haue your good leaue to goe away, I will make hast; but till I come againe,

No bed shall ere be guilty of my stay,

Nor rest be interposer twixt vs twaine.

Exeunt.

Enter the Iew, and Solanio, and Anthonio, and the Iaylor.
This is the foole that lends out money gratis.

Iaylor, looke to him.

Heare me yet good Shylok.

Ile haue my bond, speake not against my bond,
I haue sworne an oath that I will haue my bond:
Thou call'dst me dog before thou hadst a cause,
But since I am a dog, beware my phangs,
The Duke shall grant me iustice, I do wonder
Thou naughty Iaylor, that thou art so fond
To come abroad with him at his request.

I pray thee heare me speake.

Ile haue my bond, I will not heare thee speake,
Ile haue my bond, and therefore speake no more,
Ile not be made a soft and dull ey'd foole,
To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yeeld
To Christian intercessors: follow not,
Ile haue no speaking, I will haue my bond.

Exit Iew.

It is the most impenetrable curre
That euer kept with men.

That euer kept with men.

Let him alone,
Ile follow him no more with bootlesse prayers:
He seekes my life, his reason well I know;
I oft deliuer'd from his forfeitures
Many that haue at times made mone to me,
Therefore he hates me.
I am sure the Duke will neuer grant this forfeiture to hold.

An.
The Duke cannot deny the course of law:

For the commoditie that strangers haue

With vs in Venice, if it be denied,

Will much impeach the iustice of the State,

Since that the trade and profit of the citty

Consisteth of all Nations. Therefore goe,

These greefes and losses haue so bated mee,

That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh

To morrow, to my bloudy Creditor.

Well Iaylor, on, pray God Bassanio come

To see me pay his debt, and then I care not.

Exeunt.

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

Lor.

You haue a noble and a true conceit

Of god‑like amity, which appeares most strongly

In bearing thus the absence of your Lord.

But if you knew to whom you shew this honour,

How true a Gentleman you send reliefe,

How deere a louer of my Lord your husband,

I know you would be prouder of the worke

Then customary bounty can enforce you.

Lor.

I neuer did repent for doing good,

Nor shall not now: for in companions

That do conuerve and waste the time together,

Whose soules doe beare an egal yoke of loue.

There must be needs a like proportion

Of lyniaments, of manners, and of spirit;

Which makes me thinke that this Anthonio

Being the bosome louer of my Lord,

Must needs be like my Lord. If it be so,
How little is the cost I haue bestowed
In purchasing the semblance of my soule;
From out the state of hellish cruelty,
This comes too neere the praising of my selfe,
Therefore no more of it: heere other things


Lorenso I commit into your hands,
The Merchant of Venice.
The husbandry and mannage of my house,
Vntill my Lords returne; for mine owne part
I haue toward heauen breath'd a secret vow,
To liue in prayer and contemplation,
Onely attended by Nerrissa heere,
Vntill her husband and my Lords returne:
There is a monastery too miles off,
And there we will abide. I doe desire you
Not to denie this imposition,
The which my loue and some necessity
Now layes vpon you.

Lorens.
Madame, with all my heart,
I shall obey you in all faire commands.

Por.
My people doe already know my minde,
And will acknowledge you and Jessica
In place of Lord Bassanio and my selfe.
So far you well till we shall meete againe.

Lor.
Faire thoughts & happy houres attend on you.

Lessi.
I wish your Ladiship all hearts content.

Por.
I thanke you for your wish, and am well pleas'd
To wish it back on you: faryouwell

Jessica.

Exeunt.

Now Balthasar, as I haue euer found thee honest true,

So let me finde thee still: take this same letter,

And vse thou all the indeauor of a man,

In speed to Mantua, see thou render this

Into my cosins hand, Doctor Belario,

And looke what notes and garments he doth giue thee,

Bring them I pray thee with imagin'd speed

Vnto the Tranect, to the common Ferrie

Which trades to Venice; waste no time in words,

But get thee gone, I shall be there before thee.

Madam, I goe with all conuenient speed.

Come on Nerissa, I haue worke in hand

That you yet know not of; wee'll see our husbands

Before they thinke of vs?

Shall they see vs?

They shall Nerissa: but in such a habit,

That you yet know not of; wee'll see our husbands

Before they thinke of vs?

Shall they see vs?

They shall Nerissa: but in such a habit,
A thousand raw tricks of these bragging lacks,
Which I will practise.

Nerris.

Why, shall we turne to men?

Portia.

Fie, what a questions that?
If thou wert nere a lewd interpreter:
But come, Ile tell thee all my whole deuice
When I am in my coach, which stayes for vs
At the Parke gate; and therefore haste away,
For we must measure twentie miles to day.

Exeunt.

[Act 3, Scene 5]
Enter Clowne and Iessica.

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

Iessica.
And what hope is that I pray thee?

Clown.
Marrie you may partlie hope that your father got you not,
you are not the Iewes daughter.

Iessica.
That were a kinde of bastard hope indeed, so the sins of
my mother should be visited vpon me.
Truly then I fear you are damned both by father and mother: thus when I shun your father, I fall into your mother; well, you are gone both ways.

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

Truly the more to blame he, we were Christians before, e'ne as many as could well lie one by another: this making of Christians will raise the price of Hogs, if wee grow all to be porke-eaters, wee shall not have a rasher on the coales for money.

Enter Lorenzo.

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

Nay, you need not fear vs you are no good member of the common wealth, for in converting Jews to Christians, you raise the price of Porke.
I shall answere that better to the Common wealth, than you can the getting vp of the Negroes believe: the Moore is with child by you. Launcelet?

It is much that the Moore should be more than reason: but if she be lesse than an honest woman, shee is indeed more than I tooke her for.

How euery foole can play vpon the word, I thinke the best grace of witte will shortly turne into silence, and discourse grow commendable in none onely but Parrats: goe in sirra, bid them prepare for dinner.

That is done sir, they haue all stomacks?

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

Not so sir neither, I know my dutie.

Yet more quarreling with occasion, wilt thou shew the whole
wealth of thy wit in an instant; I pray thee vnderstand a plaine man in his plaine meaning: goe to thy fellowes, bid couer the table, serue in the meat, and we will come in to dinner.

For the table sir, it shall be seru'd in, for the meat sir, it shall bee couered, for your comming in to dinner sir, why let it be as humors and conceits shall goe overne.

Exit Clowne.

O deare discretion, how his words are suted, The foole hath planted in his memory An Armie of good words, and I doe know A many fooles that stand in better place, Garnisht like him, that for a tricksie word Defie the matter: how cheer'st thou Iessica, And now good sweet say thy opinion, Past all expressing, it is very meete The Lord liue an vpright life For hauing such a blessing in his Lady, He findes the ioyes of heauen heere on earth, And if on earth he doe not meane it, it Is reason he should neuer come to heauen? Why, if two gods should play some heauenly match, And on the wager lay two earthly women, And Portia one: there must be something else Paund with the other, for the poore rude world Hath not her fellow.

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Euen such a husband Hast thou of me, as she is for a wife.<p>

Nay, but ask my opinion to of that?<p>

I will anone, first let vs goe to dinner?<p>

Nay, let me praise you while I haue a stomacke?<p>

No pray thee, let it serue for table talke, Then how som ere thou speakst 'mong other things, I shall digest it?<p>

Well, Ile set you forth.<p>

I am sorry for thee, thou art come to answere A stonie aduersary, an inhumane wretch,

Vncapable of pitty, voyd, and empty From any dram of mercie.<p>
I haue heard

Your Grace hath tane great paines to qualifie

His rigorous course: but since he stands obdurate,

And that no lawfull meanes can carrie me

Out of his enuies reach, I do oppose

The very tyranny and rage of his.

Go one and cal the Iew into the Court.

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

Enter Shylocke.

That thou but leadest this fashion of thy mallice

To the last houre of act, and then 'tis thought

Than is thy strange apparant cruelty;

And where thou now exact'st the penalty,

Which is a pound of this poore Merchants flesh,

Thou wilt not onely loose the forfeiture,

But touch'd with humane gentlenesse and loue:

Forgiue a moytie of the principall,

Glancing an eye of pitty on his losses

That haue of late so hudled on his backe,

Enow to presse a roayll Merchant downe;

And plucke commiseration of his state

From brassie bosomes, and rough hearts of flints

To offices of tender curtesie,

We all expect a gentle answer Iew?

I haue possest your grace of what I purpose,

And by our holy Sabbath haue I sworne
To haue the due and forfeit of my bond.

If you deny it, let the danger light.

Vpon your Charter, and your Cities freedome.

You'll ask me why I rather choose to haue

A weight of carrion flesh, then to receiue

Three thousand Ducats? I le not answer that:

But say it is my humor; Is it answered?

What if my house be troubled with a Rat,

And I be pleas'd to giue ten thousand Ducates

To haue it bain'd? What, are you answer'd yet?

Some that are mad, if they behold a Cat:

Some that are mad, if they behold a Cat:

And others, when the bag pipe sings i'th nose,

Cannot containe their Vrine for affection.

Masters of passion swayes it to the moode

Of what it likes or loaths, now for your answer:

As there is no firme reason to be rendred

Why he cannot abide a gaping Pigge?

Why he a harmlesse necessarie Cat?

Why he a woollen bag pipe: but of force

Must yeeld to such inneuitable shame,

As to offend himselfe being offended:

So can I giue no reason, nor I will not,

More then a lodg'd hate, and a certaine loathing

I am not bound to please thee with my answer.

Do all men kil the things they do not loue?

Hates any man the thing he would not kill?

Euerie offence is not a hate at first.

A loosing suite against him? Are you answered?
What wouldst thou have a Serpent sting thee twice?

Ant. I pray you think you question with the Jew:

You may as well stand upon the beach,

And bid the main flood baite his usual height,

Or even as well use question with the Wolfe,

The Ewe bleat for the Lambe:

You may as well forbid the Mountain Pines

To wagge their high tops, and to make no noise

When they are fretted with the gusts of heaven:

You may as well do any thing most hard,

As seeke to soften that, then which what harder?

His Jewish heart. Therefore I do beseech you

Make no more offers, use no farther means,

But with all briefe and plaine conueniency

Let me have judgement, and the Jew his will.

Bas. For thy three thousand Ducates heere is six.

Iew. If euery Ducat in sixe thousand Ducates

Were in sixe parts, and euery part a Ducate,

I would not draw them, I would haue my bond?

Du. How shalt thou hope for mercie, rendring none?

Iew. What judgement shall I dread doing no wrong?

You haue among you many a purchast slave,

Which like your Asses, and your Dogs and Mules,

You use in abiect and in slauish parts,

Because you bought them. Shall I say to you,

Let them be free, marrie them to your heires?

Why sweate they under burdens? Let their beds

Be made as soft as yours: and let their pallats

Be season'd with such Viands: you will answer

The Merchant of Venice.
The slaues are ours. So do I answer you.

The pound of flesh which I demand of him

Is deereely bought, 'tis mine, and I will haue i

deerely bought, 'tis mine, and I will have it?

If you deny me; fie vpon your Law,

There is no force in the decrees of Venice;

I stand for judgement, answer, Shall I haue it?

Vpon my power I may dismisse this Court,

Vnlesse Bellario a learned Doctor,

Whom I haue sent for to determine this,

Come heere to day.

My Lord, heere stayes without

A Messenger with Letters from the Doctor,

New come from Padua.

Bring vs the Letters, Call the Messengers.

Good cheere Anthonio. What man, corage yet:

The Iew shall haue my flesh, blood, bones, and all,

Ere thou shalt loose for me one drop of blood.

I am a tainted Weather of the flocke,

Meetest for death, the weakest kinde of fruite

Drops earliest to the ground, and so let me;

You cannot better be employ'd Bassanio,

Then to liue still, and write mine Epitaph.

Enter Nerrissa.

Came you from Padua from Bellario?

 Came you from Padua from Bellario?
Ner. From both. My Lord Bellario greets your Grace.

Bas. Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly?

Iew. To cut the forfeiture from that bankrout there.

Gra. Not on thy sole: but on thy soul harsh Iew

Thou mak'st thy knife keen: but no metal can,

No, not the hangman's axe bear half the keenness

Of thy sharp envy. Can no prayers pierce thee?

Iew. No, none that thou hast wit enough to make.

Gra. O be thou damned, inexecrable dog,

And for thy life let justice be accused:

Thou almost makest me waver in my faith;

To hold opinion with Pythagoras,

That souls of animals infuse themselves

Into the trunks of men. Thy curious spirit

Gouern'd a Wolfe, who hang'd for humane slaughter,

Euen from the gallows did his fell soul flee;

And whil'st thou layest in thy unhallowed dam,

Infus'd it selfe in thee: For thy desires

Aren Wulish, bloody, stenth'd, and ravenous.

Till thou canst rail the seal from off my bond

Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud:

Repaire thy wit good youth, or it will fall

To endless ruin. I stand here for Law.

This Letter from Bellario doth commend

A young and learned Doctor in our Court;
Where is he?

He attendeth here hard by To know your answer, whether you'll admit him.

With all my heart. Some three or four of you Go give him courteous conduct to this place, Meane time the Court shall heare Bellarioes Letter.

Our Grace shall understand, that at the receite of your Letter I am very sicke: but in the instant that your messenger came, in loving visitation, was with me a yong Doctor of Rome, his name is Balthasar: I acquainted him with the cause in Controversie, betwene the Iew and Anthonio the Merchant: We turn'd over many Bookes together: hee is furnished with my opinion, which betted with his owne learning, the greatness whereof I cannot enough commend, comes with him at my importunity, to fill your Graces request in my sted. I beseech you, let his lacke of years be no impediment to let him lacke a reverend estimation: for I neuer knewe so yong a body, with so old a head. I leaue him to your gracious acceptance, whose trial shall better publish his commendation.

Enter Portia for Balthazar.

You heare the learn'd Bellario what he writes, And heere (I take it) is the Doctor come. Give me your hand: Came you from old Bellario?
Por. I did my Lord.

Du. You are welcome: take your place. Are you acquainted with the difference? That holds this present question in the Court.

Por. I am enformed throughly of the cause. Which is the Merchant here? and which the Jew? Ant. I, so he says.

Por. Is your name Shylocke? Jew. Shylocke is my name.

Por. Of a strange nature is the suit you follow. Yet in such rule, that the Venetian Law cannot impugne you as you do proceed. You stand within his danger, do you not?

Ant. I, so he says.

Por. Do you confess the bond?

Ant. I do.
Then must the Iew be mercifull.

On what compulsion must I? Tell me that.

The quality of mercy is not strain'd,
It droppeth as the gentle raine from heauen
Vpon the place beneath. It is twice blest,
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest, it becomes
The throned Monarch better then his Crowne.
His Sceptred shewes the force of temporall power,
The attribute to awe and Maiestie,
Wherein doth sit the dread and feare of Kings:
But mercy is aboue this sceptred sway,
It is enthroned in the hearts of Kings,
It is an attribute to God himselfe;
And earthly power doth then shew likest Gods
When mercie seasons Iustice. Therefore Iew,
Though Iustice be thy plea, consider this,
That in the course of Iustice, none of vs
Should see saluation: we do pray for mercie,
And that same prayer, doth teach vs all to render
The deeds of mercie. I haue spoke thus much
To mitigate the iustice of thy plea:
Which if thou follow, this strict course of Venice
Must needes giue sentence 'gainst the Merchant there.

My deeds vpon my head, I craue the Law,
The penaltie and forfeite of my bond.

Is he not able to discharge the money?

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

Iew. O wise young judge, how do I honour thee.

Por. Why this bond is forfeit, and lawfully by this the Jew may claim a pound of flesh, to be by him cut off nearest the Merchant's heart; be merciful, take thrice thy money, bid me tear the bond.
When it is paid according to the tenure.

It doth appeare you are a worthy Judge:

You know the Law, your exposition hath beene most sound. I charge you by the Law, whereof you are a well-deserving pillar.

There is no power in the tongue of man.

To alter me: I stay here on my bond.

Most heartily I do beseech the Court to give the judgement.

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

O noble Judge, O excellent young man.

For the intent and purpose of the Law hath full relation to the penaltie, which here appeareth due upon the bond.

'Tis verie true: O wise and upright Judge, how much more elder art thou then thy looks?

Therefore lay bare your bosome.

I, his brest, so sayes the bond, doth it not noble Judge?

Neerest his heart, those are the very words.

It is so: Are there ballance here to weigh the flesh?
I haue them ready.

Por. Haue by some Surgeon Shylock on your charge to stop his wounds, least he should bleede to death.

It is not nominated in the bond?

It is not so exprest: but what of that?

'Twere good you do so much for charitie.

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

Come Merchant, haue you any thing to say?

But little: I am arm'd and well prepar'd.

Give me your hand Bassanio, fare you well.

Greeue not that I am falne to this for you:

For heerein fortune shewes her selfe more kinde

Then is her custome. It is still her vse

To let the wretched man out liue his wealth,

To view with hollow eye, and wrinkled brow

An age of pouerty. From which lingring penance

Of such miserie, doth she cut me off:

Commend me to your honourable Wife,

Tell her the processe of Anthonio's end:

Say how I lou'd you; speake me faire in death:

And when the tale is told, bid her be iudge,

Whether Bassanio had not once a Loue:

Repent not you that you shall loose your friend,

And he repents not that he payes your debt.

For if the Iew do cut but deepe enough,

Ile pay it instantly, with all my heart.
"Anthonio, I am married to a wife,
Which is as deere to me as life it selfe,
But life it selfe, my wife, and all the world,
Are not with me esteem'd aboue thy life.
I would loose all, I sacrifice them all
Heere to this deuill, to deliuer you."

"Your wife would giue you little thanks for that
If she were by to heare you make the offer."

"I haue a wife whom I protest I loue,
I would she were in heauen, so she could
Intreat some power to change this currish Iew."

"'Tis well you offer it behinde her backe,
The wish would make else an vnqui set house."

"These be the Christian husbands: I haue a daugh
Would any of the stocke of
Had beene her husband, rather then a Christian.
We trifle time, I pray thee pursue sentence."

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

"Most rightfull Iudge."

"And you must cut this flesh from off his breast."
The Law allowes it, and the Court awards it.

Most learned Iudge, a sentence, come prepare.

Tarry a little, there is something else,

This bond doth giue thee heere no iot of bloud,

The words expresly are a pound of flesh:

Then take thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh,

But in the cutting it, if thou dost shed

One drop of Christian bloud, thy lands and goods

Are by the Lawes of Venice confiscate

Vnto the state of Venice.

O vpright Iudge,

Marke Iew, ô learned Iudge.

Is that the law?

Thy selfe shalt see the Act:

For as thou vrgest iustice, be assur'd

Thou shalt haue iustice more then thou desirest.

O learned Iudge, mark Iew, a learned Iudge.

I take this offer then, pay the bond thrice,

And let the Christian goe.

Heere is the money.

Soft, the Iew shall haue all iustice, soft, no haste,

He shall haue nothing but the penalty.
O Iew, an vpright Iudge, a learned Iudge.

Therefore prepare thee to cut off the flesh, Shed thou no bloud, nor cut thou lesse nor more But just a pound of flesh: if thou tak'st more Or lesse then a iust pound, be it so much As makes it light or heauy in the substance, Or the deuision of the twentieth part Of one poore scrupl, nay if the scale doe turne But in the estimation of a hayre, Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate.

A second Daniel, a Daniel Iew, Now infidell I haue thee on the hip.

Why doth the Iew pause, take thy forfeiture.

Giue me my principall, and let me goe.

I haue it ready for thee, heere it is.

He hath refus'd it in the open Court, He shall haue meerly iustice and his bond.

A Daniel still say I, a second Daniel, I thanke thee Iew for teaching me that word.

Shall I not haue barely my principall?
Por. Thou shalt haue nothing but the forfeiture, To be taken so at thy perill Iew. 

Shy. Why then the Deuill giue him good of it: Ile stay no longer question. 

Por. Tarry Iew, The Law hath yet another hold on you. It is enacted in the Lawes of Venice, If it be proued against an Alien, That by direct, or indirect attempts. He seeke the life of any Citizen, The party gainst the which he doth contriue, Shall seaze one halfe his goods, the other halfe Comes to the priuie coffer of the State, And the offenders life lies in the mercy Of the Duke onely, gainst all other voice. In which predicament I say thou standst: For it appeares by manifest proceeding, That indirectly, and directly to, Thou hast contriu'd against the very life Of the defendant: and thou hast incur'd The danger formerly by me rehearst. Downe therefore, and beg mercy of the Duke. 

Gra. Beg that thou maist haue leaue to hang thy selfe, And yet thy wealth being forfeit to the state, Thou hast not left the value of a cord, Therefore thou must be hang'd at the states charge. 

Duk. That thou shalt see the difference of our spirit, I pardon thee thy life before thou aske it: For halfe thy wealth, it is Anthonio's.
The other halfe comes to the generall state,
Which humblenesse may drive vnto a fine.

Por. I for the state, not for Anthonio.

Shy. Nay, take my life and all, pardon not that,
You take my house, when you do take the prop
That doth sustaine my house: you take my life
When you doe take the meanes whereby I liue.

Por. What mercy can you render him Anthonio?

Gra. A halter gratis, nothing else for Gods sake.

Ant. So please my Lord the Duke, and all the Court
To quit the fine for one halfe of his goods,
I am content: so he will let me haue
The other halfe in vse, to render it
Vpon his death, vnto the Gentleman
That lately stole his daughter.
Two things prouided more, that for this fauour
He presently become a Christian:
The other, that he doe record a gift
Heere in the Court of all he dies possest
Vnto his sonne Lorenzo, and his daughter.

Duk. He shall doe this, or else I doe recant
The pardon that I late pronounced heere.

Por. Art thou contented Iew? what dost thou say?
Shy.

I am content.

Por.

Clarke, draw a deed of gift.

Shy.

I pray you giue me leaue to goe from hence, I am not well, send the deed after me, and I will signe it.

Duke.

Get thee gone, but doe it.

Gra.

In christning thou shalt haue two godfathers, Had I been iudge, thou shouldst haue had ten more, To bring thee to the gallowes, not to the font.

Exit.

Sir I intreat you with me home to dinner.

I humbly doe desire your Grace of pardon, I must away this night toward Padua, And it is meete I presently set forth.

I am sorry that your leysure serues you not: Anthonio, gratifie this gentleman, For in my minde you are much bound to him.

Exit Duke and his traine.

Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend Haue by your wisedome beene this day acquitted Of greeuous penalties, in lieu whereof, Three thousand Ducats due vnto the Iew.
We freely cope your courteous pains withall.

And stand indebted ower and aboue

In loue and servuce to you euermore.

He is well paid that is well satisfied,

And I deliuering you, am satisfied,

And therein doe account my selfe well paid,

My minde was neuer yet more mercinarie.

I pray you know me when we meete againe,

I wish you well, and so I take my leaue.

You presse mee farre, and therefore I will yeeld,

Giue me your gloues, Ile weare them for your sake,

And for your loue Ile take this ring from you,

Doe not draw backe your hand, ile take no more,

And you in loue shall not deny me this?

This ring good sir, alas it is a trifle,

I will not shame my selfe to giue you this.

I wil haue nothing else but onely this,

And now methinkes I haue a minde to it.

There's more depends on this then on the valew,

The dearest ring in Venice will I giue you.

And finde it out by proclamation.

Onely for this I pray you pardon me.
I see sir you are liberal in offers,
You taught me first to beg, and now me thinkes
You teach me how a beggar should be answer'd.

who = "#F-mv-bas"

Bas.
Good sir, this ring was given me by my wife,
And when she put it on, she made me vow
That I should neither sell, nor give, nor lose it.

who = "#F-mv-por"

Por.
That excuse serves many men to save their gifts,
And if your wife be not a mad woman,
And know how well I have deserved this ring,
She would not hold out enemy for ever
For giving it to me: well, peace be with you.

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

who = "#F-mv-bas"

Bass.
Goe <hi rend="italic">Gratiano</hi>, run and over you and take him,
Give him the ring, and bring him if thou canst
Vnto <hi rend="italic">Anthonio</hi> house, away, make haste.

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

Come, you and I will thither presently,
And in the morning early will we both
Flie toward <hi rend="italic">Belmont</hi>, come <hi rend="italic">

who = "#F-mv-por"

Por.
Enquire the Iewes house out, giue him this deed,

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

who = "#F-mv-por"

Por.
Enquire the Iewes house out, giue him this deed,
And let him signe it, wee'll away to night,
And be a day before our husbands home:
This deed will be well welcome to Lorenzo.

Enter Gratiano.

Faire sir, you are well ore‑tane:
My L. Bassanio vpon more aduice,
Hath sent you heere this ring, and doth intreat your company at dinner.

That cannot be;
His ring I doe accept most thankfully,
And so I pray you tell him: furthermore, I pray you shew my youth old Shylockes house.

That will I doe.

Sir, I would speake with you:
Q Ile see if I can get my husbands ring
Which I did make him sweare to keepe for euer.

Thou maist I warrant, we shal haue old swearing
That they did giue the rings away to men;
But weele out, face them, and out sweare them to:
Away, make haste, thou know'st where I will tarry.

Come good sir, will you shew me to this house.
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
</div>
</div>
</div>
</div>
<div type="act" n="5">
<div type="scene" n="1" rend="notPresent">
<head rend="italic center">Actus Quintus.</head>
<head type="supplied">[Act 5, Scene 1]</head>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Lorenzo and Jessica.</stage>

<sp who="#F-mv-lor">
  <speaker rend="italic">Lor.</speaker>
  <l>The moone shines bright. In such a night as this,
  When the sweet winde did gently kisse the trees,
  And they did make no noyse, in such a night</l>
  <l>
  </l>
  <hi rend="italic">Troylus</hi> me thinkes mounted the Troian walls,
  <l>
  And sigh'd his soule toward the Grecian tents</l>
  <l>
  Where <hi rend="italic">Cress</hi> lay that night.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-mv-jes">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ies.</speaker>
  <l>In such a night</l>
  <l>Did <hi rend="italic">Thisbie</hi> fearefully ore</l>
  <l>
  the dewe;</l>
  <l>
  And saw the Lyons shadow ere himselfe,</l>
  <l>
  And ranne dismayed away.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-mv-lor">
  <speaker rend="italic">Loren.</speaker>
  <l>In such a night</l>
  <l>Stood <hi rend="italic">Dido</hi> with a Willow in her hand</l>
  <l>
  Vpon the wilde sea bankes, and waft her Loue</l>
  <l>To come againe to Carthage.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-mv-jes">
  <speaker rend="italic">Iessica.</speaker>
  <l>In such a night</l>
  <l>Medea</l>
  gathered the inchanted hearbs</l>
  <l>That did renew old <hi rend="italic">Eson</hi></l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-mv-lor">
  <speaker rend="italic">Loren.</speaker>
  <l>In such a night</l>
  <l>Did <hi rend="italic">Jessica</hi> steale from the wealthy Iewe.</l>
</sp>
And with an Unthrift Love did runne from Venice,
As farre as Belmont.

Ies.

Did young Lorenzo swear he lou'd her well,
Stealing her soule with many vowes of faith,
And nere a true one.

Iessi.

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

Enter Messenger.

A friend.

A friend, what friend? your name I pray you
My Mistresse will before the breake of day
Be heere at Belmont, she doth stray about
By holy crosses where she kneels and prayes
For happy wedlocke houres.

Who comes with her?
None but a holy Hermit and her maid:

I pray you is my Master yet return'd?

He is not, nor we haue not heard from him,

But goe we in I pray thee Jessica,

And ceremoniously let vs prepare

Some welcome for the Mistresse of the house,

Enter Clowne.

Who calls?

Sola, sola: wo ha ho, sola, sola.

Leaue hollowing man, heere.

Heere?

Tel him ther's a Post come from my Master, with his horne full of good newes, my Master will be here ere morning sweete soule.
Loren.

Let's in, and there expect their comming.

And yet no matter: why should we goe in?

My friend, signifie pray you.

Within the house, your Mistresse is at hand, And bring your musique forth into the ayre.

How sweet the moone light sleepes vpon this banke,

Heere will we sit, and let the sounds of musicke

Creepe in our eares soft stilnes, and the night

Become the tutches of sweet harmonie:

Sit, looke how the floore of heauen

Is thicke inlayed with pattens of bright gold,

There's not the smallest orbe which thou beholdst

But in his motion like an Angell sings,

Still quiring to the young eyed Cherubins;

Such harmonie is in immortall soules,

But whilst this muddy vesture of decay

Doth grosly close in it, we cannot heare it:

Come hoe, and wake Diana with a hymne,

With sweetest tutches pearce your Mistresse eare,

And draw her home with musicke.

I am neuer merry when I heare sweet musique.

The reason is, your spirits are attentiue:

For doe but note a wilde and wanton heard

Or race of youthful and vnhandled colts,

Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,

Which is the hot condition of their bloud,

If they but heare perchance a trumpet sound,

Or any ayre of musicke touch their eares,

You shall perceiue them make a mutuall stand,

Their sauage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze,

By the sweet power of musicke: therefore the Poet

Did faine that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and floods.

Since naught so stockish, hard, and full of rage,

But musicke for time doth change his nature,

The man that hath no musicke in himselfe,

Nor is not moued with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoiles,
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections darke as Erobus,
Let no such man be trusted: marke the musicke.

Enter Portia and Nerrissa.

That light we see is burning in my hall:
How farre that little candell throwes his beames,
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

When the moone shone we did not see the can
So doth the greater glory dim the lesse,
A substitute shines brightly as a King
Vntill a King be by, and then his state
Into the maine of waters: musique, harke.

Musicke.

Nothing is good I see without respect,
Methinkes it sounds much sweeter then by day?
Silence bestowes that vertue on it Madam.
The Crow doth sing as sweetly as the Larke
When neither is attended: and I thinke
The Nightingale if she should sing by day
When euery Goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a Musitian then the Wren?
How many things by season, season'd are
To their right praise, and true perfection:
Peace, how the Moone sl
sleepe with Endimion,
And would not be awak'd.

Musicke ceases.

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

He knowes me as the blinde man knowes the
Cuckow by
the bad
voice?

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

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

Go in Nerrissa
Giue order to my seruants, that they take
No note at all of our being absent hence,
Nor you Lorenzo, jessica nor you.

A Tucket sounds.

Your husband is at hand, I heare his Trumpet,
We are no tell Madam, feare you not.
This night me thinkes is but the daylight sicke,
It lookes a little paler, 'tis a day,
Such as the day is, when the Sun is hid.

Enter Bassanio, Anthonio, Gratiano, and their Followers.

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

Let me giue light, but let me not be light,
For a light wife doth make a heauie husband,
But God sort all: you are welcome home my Lord.

I thanke you Madam, giue welcom to my friend
This is the man, this is Anthonio,
To whom I am so infinitely bound.

Sir, you are verie welcome to our house:
It must appeare in other waies then wos,
Therefore I scant this breathing curtesie.

By yonder Moone I sweare you do me wrong,
Infaith I gaue it to the Judges Clearke,
Would he were gelt that had it for my part,
Since you do take it Loue so much at hart.
Por.

A quarrel how alreadie, what's the matter?"</l>

Gra.

About a hoope of Gold, a paltry Ring

That she did giue me, whose Poesie was

For all the world like Cutlers Poetry

Vpon a knife; "Loue mee, and leaue mee not".

Ner.

What talke you of the Poesie or the valew:

You swore to me when I did giue it you,

That you would weare it til the houre of death,

And that it should lye with you in your graue,

Though not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,

You should haue beene respectiue and haue kept it.

Gaue it a Iudges Clearke: but wel I know

The Clearke wil nere weare haire on's face that had it.

Nerrissa.

I, if a Woman liue to be a man.

Gra.

Now by this hand I gaue it to a youth,

A kinde of boy, a little scrubbed boy,

No higher then thy selfe, the Iudges Clearke,

A prating boy that begg'd it as a Fee,

I could not for my heart deny it him.

Por.

You were too blame, I must be plaine with you,

To part so slightly with your wiues first gift,

A thing stucke on with oathes vpon your finger,

And so riueted with faith vnto your flesh.

I gaue my Loue a Ring, and made him sweare

Neuer to part with it, and heere he stands:

I dare be sworne for him, he would not leaue it,

Nor plucke it from his finger, for the wealth

That the world masters. Now in faith "LOUER mee, and leaue mee not".
Gratiano,

You giue your wife too vnkinde a cause of greefe,

And 'twere to me I should be mad at it.

Bass.

Why I were best to cut my left hand off,

And sweare I lost the Ring defending it.

Gra.

My Lord <hi rend="italic">Bassanio</hi> gaue his Ring unto the Iudge that beg'd it, and indeede

Deseru'd it too: and then the Boy his Clearke

That tooke some paines in writing, he begg'd mine,

And neyther man nor master would take ought

But the two Rings.

Por.

What Ring gaue you my Lord?

Not that I hope which you receiu'd of me.

If I could adde a lie vnto a fault,

I would deny it: but you see my <gap extent="1" unit="chars" reason="illegible" agent="uninkedType" resp="#LMC"/>inger

Hath not the Ring vpon it, it is gone.

Euen so voide is your false heart of truth.

By heauen I wil nere come in your bed

Vntil I see the Ring.

Nor I in yours, til I againe see mine.

Sweet Portia,

If you did know to whom I gaue the Ring,

If you did know for whom I gaue the Ring,

And would conceiue for what I gaue the Ring,

And how vnwillingly I left the Ring,

When nought would be accepted but the Ring.
You would abate the strength of your displeasure?

If you had knowne the vertue of the Ring,

Or halfe her worthinesse that gaue the Ring,

Or your owne honour to containe the Ring;

You would not then haue parted with the Ring:

What man is there so much unreasonabile,

If you had pleas'd to haue defended it

With any termes of Zeale: wanted the modestie

to vrge the thing held as a ceremonie:

Nerrissa teaches me what to beleeue, Ile die for't, but some Woman had the Ring?

No by mine honor Madam, by my soule

No Woman had it, but a ciuill Doctor,

Which did refuse three thousand Ducates of me,

And beg'd the Ring; the which I did denie him,

And suffer'd him to go displeas'd away:

Euen he that had held vp the verie life

Of my deere friend. What should I say sate it. Pardon me good Lady,

My honor would not let ingratitude. Pardon me good Lady,

So much besmear it. Pardon me good Lady,

And by these en there, I t haue beg'd

Had you of me, to giue ke you would

The Rin of me, to giue worthie Doctor?

Q2

Por.
The Merchant of Venice.

Por. Let not that Doctor ere come neere my house, since he hath got the ieweell that I loued, and that which you did sweare to keepe for me, I will become as liberall as you, Ile not deny him anything I haue, no, not my body, nor my husbands bed; know him I shall, I am well sure of it. Lie not a night from home. Watch me like Argos, if you doe not, if I be left alone, now by mine honour which is yet mine owne, Ile haue the Doctor for my bedfellow.

Nerrissa. And I his Clarke: therefore be well advis'd how you doe leaue me to mine owne protection.

Gra. Well, doe you so: let not me take him then, for if I doe, Ile mar the yong Clarks pen.

Ant. I am th' unhappy subiect of these quarrels.

Portia, forgiue me this enforced wrong, and in the hearing of these manie friends I sweare to thee, euen by thine owne faire eyes wherein I see my selfe.

Por. Marke you but that?
In both my eyes he doubly sees himselfe:

In each eye one, sweare by your double selfe,

And there's an oath of credit.

Nay, but heare me.

Pardon this fault, and by my soule I sweare

I neuer more will breake an oath with thee.

I once did lend my bodie for thy wealth,

Which but for him that had your husbands ring

Had quite miscarried. I dare be bound againe,

My soule vpon the forfeit, that your Lord

Will neuer more breake faith aduisedlie.

Then you shall be his suretie: giue him this,

And bid him keepe it better then the other.

Heere Lord <hi rend="italic">Bassanio</hi>, swear to keep this

ring.

I had it of him: pardon <hi rend="italic">Bassanio</hi>,

For by this ring the Doctor lay with me.

And pardon me my gentle <hi rend="italic">Gratiano</hi>,

For that same scrubbed boy the Doctors Clarke

In liew of this, last night did lye with me.

Why this is like the mending of high waies

In Sommer, where the waies are faire enough:

What, are we Cuckolds ere we haue deseru'd it.
<sp who="#F-mv-por">
  <speaker rend="italic">Por.</speaker>
  <l>Speake not so grossely, you are all amaz'd;</l>
  <l>Heere is a letter, reade it at your leysure;</l>
  <l>It comes from Padua from <hi rend="italic">Bellario</hi>,
    <l>T</l>here you shall finde that <hi rend="italic">Portia</hi> was the
    <l>Doctor,</l>
    <l><hi rend="italic">Nerrissa</hi> there her Clarke. <hi rend="italic">Lorenzo</hi>
      heere</l>
    <l>Shall witnesse I set forth as soone as you,</l>
    <l>And but eu'n now return'd: I haue not yet</l>
    <l>Entred my house. <hi rend="italic">Anthonio</hi> you are</l>
    <l>And I haue better newes in store for you</l>
    <l>Then you expect: vnseale this letter soone,</l>
    <l>There you shall finde three of your Argosies</l>
    <l>Are richly come to harbour sodainlie.</l>
    <l>You shall not know by what strange accident</l>
    <l>I chanced on this letter.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-mv-ant">
  <speaker rend="italic">Antho.</speaker>
  <p>I am dumbe.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-mv-bas">
  <speaker rend="italic">Bass.</speaker>
  <l>Were you the Doctor, and I knew you not?</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-mv-gra">
  <speaker rend="italic">Gra.</speaker>
  <l>Were you the Clark that is to make me cuckold.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-mv-ner">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ner.</speaker>
  <l>I, but the Clark that neuer meanes to doe it,</l>
  <l>Vnlesse he liue vntill he be a man.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-mv-bas">
  <speaker rend="italic">Bass.</speaker>
  <l>(Sweet Doctor) you shall be my bedfellow,
    <l>When I am absent, then lie with my wife.</l>
  </l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-mv-ant">
  <speaker rend="italic">An.</speaker>
  <l>(Sweet Ladie) you haue giuen me life &amp; liuing,</l>
  <l>For heere I reade for certaine that my ships</l>
  <l>Are safelie come to Rode.</l>
</sp>
Por. How now Lorenzo? My Clarke hath some good comforts to for you.

Ner. I, and Ile giue them him without a fee. From the rich Iewe, a speciall deed of gift. After his death, of all he dies possess'd of.

Lorenzo. Faire Ladies you drop Manna in the way Of starued people.

Por. It is almost morning, And yet I am sure you are not satisfied Of these euents at full. Let vs goe in, And charge vs there vpon intergatories, And we will answer all things faithfully.

Gra. Let it be so, the first intergatory That my Nerrissa shall be sworne on, is, Whether till the next night she had rather stay, Or goe to bed, now being two houres to day, But were the day come, I should wish it darke, Till I were couching with the Doctors Clarke, Well, while I liue, Ile feare no other thing So sore, as keeping safe Nerrissas ring.

Exeunt.