THE EXCELLENT History of the Merchant of Venice.

With the extreme cruelty of Shylock, the Jew towards the said Merchant, in cutting a just pound of his flesh. And the obtaining of Portia, by the choyse of three Caskers.

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Printed by J. Roberts, 1600.
The Comical History of the Merchant of Venice.

Enter Anthonio, Salyrno, and Salanio.

Anthonio. Insooth I know not why I am so sad, it wearies me, you say it wearies you; but how I caught it, found it, or came by it, what stiffe tis made off, whereof it is borne, I am to learn: & such a want-wit sadness makes of me, that I have much adoë to know my selfe.

Salarino. Your minde is tosting on the Ocean, there where your Argoës with portly saile, like Signiors and rich Burgars on the flood, or as it were the Pageants of the sea, doe ouer-peere the petty traffiquers, that curse to them, do them reverence as they flie by them with their wouen wings.

Salario. Beleeue me sir, had I such venture foorth, the better part of my affections would be with my hopes abroad, I should be still plucking the grassë, to know where fits the winde, piering in Maps, for Ports, for Peeres and Rodes; and every obiect that might make me feare Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt would make me sad.
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Salar. My winde cooling my broth,
Would blow me to an Ague, when I thought
What harme a winde too great at sea, might do.
I should not see the sandy howre-glasfe runne,
But I should thinke of shallowes, and of flats,
And see my wealthy Andrew dockes in sand,
Veyling her high top lower then her ribs,
To kisse her burial. Should I go to Church,
And see the holy edifice of stone,
And not bethinke me straight of dangerous rockes,
Which touching but my gentle vessels side,
Would scatter all the spices on the streame,
Enrobe the roaring waters with my silkes;
And in a word, but euен now worth this,
And now worth nothing? Shall I haue the thought
To thinke on this, and shall I lacke the thought,
That such a thing be-chanc’d would make me sad?
But tell not me, I know Antonio
Is sad to thinke upon his merchandize.

Anth. 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
Upon the fortune of this present yeare:
Therefore my merchandize makes me not sad.

Salar. Then y‘are in loue.

Anth. Fie, fie.

Salar. Not in loue neither: Then let vs say you are sad,
Because you are not merry: and twere as easie
For you to laugh and leape, and say you are merry,
Because you are not sad. Now by two-headed Ianus,
Nature hath fram’d strange fellows in her time:
Some that will euermore peepe through their eies,
And laugh like Parrats at a bag-piper.
And other of such vinegar aspect,
That they‘ll not shew their teeth in way of smile,
Though Neftor sweare the iest be laughable.
Enter Bassanio, Lorenzo, and Gratiano.

Salan. Here comes Bassanio your most noble kinsman,
Gratiano and Lorenzo: Farewell,
We leave you now with better company.

Salar. I would have stay'd till I had made you merry,
If worthier friends had not prevented me.

Anth. Your worth is very dear in my regard.
I take it your own business calls on you,
And you embrace the occasion to depart.

Salar. Good morrow my good Lords.

Bass. Good signiors both, when shall we laugh? say, when?
You grow exceeding strange: must it be so?

Salar. We'll make our leysures to attend on yours.

Exeunt Salarino and Salanio.

Lor. My Lord Bassanio, since you have found Anthonio,
We two will leave you; but at dinner time
I pray you have in minde where we must meete.

Bass. I will not faile you.

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

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

Grat. Let me play the foole,
with mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come,
And let my Liver rather heate with wine,
Then my heart coole with mortifying grones.
Why should a man whose blood is warme within,
Sit like his Grandfather cut in Alabaster?
Sleepe when he wakes? and creepe into the Laundies.
By being peevish? I tell thee what Anthonio,
I love thee, and tis my love that speaks.
There are a sort of men, whose visages

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Doe dreame and mantle like a standing pond,
And do a wilfull filnesse entertaine,
With purpose to be drest in an opinion
Of wisedome, grauity, profound conceit,
As who should say, I am sir Oracle,
And when I ope my lips, let no dog barke.
O my Anthony, I do know of those
That therefore onely are reputed wise
For saying nothing; when I am very sure
If they should speake, would almost dam those eares,
Which hearing them would call their brothers foole,
Ile tell thee more of this another time.
But fish not with this melancholy baite,
For this foole gudgin, this opinion:
Come good Lorenzo, farwell a while,
Ile end my exhortation after dinner.

Loren. Well, we will leaue you then till dinner time.
I must be one of these same dumbe wise men,
For Gratiano never lets me speake.

Gra. Well, keepe me company but two yeares moe,
Thou shalt not know the sound of thine owne tongue.

Ant. Farwell, Ile grow a talker for this geare.

Gra. Thanks ifaith, for silence is onely commendable
In a neats tongue dried, and a maide not vendable.

Exeunt.

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

Ant. Well, tell me now what Lady is the same
To whom you swore a secret pilgrimage,
That you to day promis'd to tell me of.

Baff. Tis not vknowne to you Anthony,
How much I haue disabled mine estate,
the Merchant of Venice.

By something shewing a more swelling port,
Then my faint means would grant continuance:
Nor do I now make moane to be abridg'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 Anthbio,
I owe the most in money and in loue,
And from your loue I haue a warranty
To vnburthen all my plots and purposes.
How to get cleere of all the debts I owe.

Antho. I pray you good Bassanio, let me know it;
And if it stand as you your selfe still do,
Within the eye of honour, be assured
My purse, my person, my extremest means
Lie all vnlockt to your occasions.

Bass. In my schoole dayes, when I had lost one shaft,
I shot his fellow of the selfe-same flight
The selfe-same way, with more aduifed watch
To finde the other foorth, and by aduentring both,
I oft found both: I urge this child-hood profe, Because what followes, is pure innocence.
I owe you much, and like a wilful youth,
That which I owe is lost, but if you please
To shoote another arrow that selfe way
Which you did shoote 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.

Anth. You know me well, and herein spend but time:
To winde about my loue with circumstance,
And out of doubt you do me now more wrong,
In making question of my vittermost,
Then if you had made waste of all I haue:
Then do but say to me, what I should do,
That in your knowledge may by me be done.

And:
And I am prest unto it, therefore speake.

Baff. In Belmont is a Lady richly left,
And she is faire, and fairer then that word,
Of wondrous vertues. Sometimes from her eyes
I did receive faire speechlesse messages:
Her name is Portia; nothing vnder-valew'd
To Cato's daughter, Brutus Portia.
Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth,
For the foure winds blow in from every coast
Renowned tutors, and her sunny lockes
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece,
which makes her seat of Belmont, Calchas sround,
And many Iasons comes in quest of her.
O my Antonio, had I but the meanes
To hold a riuall place with one of them,
I have a minde prefages me such thrift,
That I should questionlesse be fortunate.

Ant. Thou knowst that all my fortunes are at sea,
Neither haue I money, nor commodity,
To raise a present summe. Therefore go forth,
Try what my credit can in Venice do,
That shall be racht eu'en to the uttermost,
To furnishe thee to Belmont to faire Portia.
Go presently enquire, and so will I
where money is, and I no question make,
To have it of my trust, or for my sake. Exeunt

Enter Portia with her waiting Woman Nerissa.

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

Ner. You would be sweet Madam, if your miseries were in the
same abundance as your good fortunes are: and yet for ought I
see, they are as sick that surfeet with too much, as they that starue
with nothing; it is no meane happinesse therefore to be seated
in the meane, superfluity comes sooner by white haires, but
competency lilces longer.
Portia. Good sentences, and well pronounced.

Ner. They would be better, if well followed.

Por. If to do, were as easy as to know what were good to do, Chappels had beene Churches, and poore mens cottages, Princes Pallaces; it is a good diuine that followes his owne instructions: I can easie teach twenty what were good to be done, then to be one of the twenty to follow mine owne teaching: the braine may devise lawes for the blood, but a hot temper leapes ore a colde decrees, such a hare is madnesse the youth, to skip ore the meshes of good counsell the cripple; but this reasoning is not in the fashion to choose me a husband; O me, the word choose, I may neyther choose who I would, nor refuse who I dislike, so is the will of a living daughter curbd by the will of a dead father: is it not hard Nerissa, that I cannot choose one, nor refuse none.

Ner. Your father was ever vertuous, and holy men at their death haue good inspirations, therefore the lottry that he hath devised in these three chests of gold, siluer, and lead, whereof who chooses his meaning chooses you, no doubt you wil never be chosen by any rightly, but one who shall rightly loue: But what warmth is there in your affection towards any of these Princely suters that are already come?

Por. I prethee ouer-name them, and as thou namest them, I will describe them, and according to my description, leuell at my affection.

Ner. First, there is the Neapolitane Prince.

Por. I that's a colt indeed, for hee doth nothing but talke of his horse, and he makes it a great appropriation vnto his owne good parts, that he can shoo himselfe: I am much afeard my Lady his Mother plaid falle with a smith.

Ner. Then there is the County Palatine.

Por. He doth nothing but frowne (as who should say, if you will not haue me, choose; he heares merry tales and smiles not, I feare he will prooue the weeping Philosopher whe he growes old, being so full of vnmanerly sadnesse in his youth.) I had ra
ther be married to a deaths head with a bone in his mouth, then
to eyther of these: God defend me from these two.

Ner. How say you by the French Lord, Mounfer le Boume?

Por. God made him, and therefore let him passe for a man, in truth I know it is a shame to be a mocker, but he, why he hath a horse better then the Neapolitans, a better habite of frowning then the Count Palatine, hee is every man in no man, if a Trasell sing, hee fals straight a capring, hee will fence with his owne shadow. If I should marry him, I should marry twenty husbands: if he would despise me, I would forgive him, for if he love me to madness, I shall neuer require him.

Ner. What say you then to Fauconbridge, the young Baron of England?

Por. You know I say nothing to him, for he understands not me, nor I him: he hath neither Latine, French, nor Italian, & you will come into the Court and sweare that I haue a poore penny-worth in the English: he is a proper mans picture, but alas who can converse with a dumbe show? how odly he is futed, I think he bought his doublet in Italy, his round hose in France, his bonnet in Germany, and his behauiour every where.

Nerissa. What think you of the Scottish Lord his Neighbour?

Por. That he hath a neighbourly charity in him, for he borrowed a boxe of the care of the Englishman, and sweare he wold pay him againe when he was able: I thinke the Frenchman became his surety, and seald ynder for another.

Ner. How like you the young Germaine, the Duke of Saxonyes nephew?

Por. Very vildely in the morning when he is sober, and most vilely in the afternoone when he is drunke: when he is beft, hee is a little worse then a man, and when he is worst he is little better then a beaft; and the worst fall that euer fell, I hope I shall make shift to go without him.

Ner. If he should offer to choose, and choose the right Casket, you should refuse to performe your fathers wil, if you shoud refuse to accept him.

Por. Therefore for feare of the worst, I prethee set a deep glasse
of Reynifh Wine on the contrary Casker, for if the diuell bee within, and that temptation without, I know he will choose it. I will do any thing Nerissa, ere ile be married to a sponge.

Ner. You need not feare Lady the having any of these Lords, they have acquainted me with their determinations, which is indeed to returne to their home, and to trouble you with no more fute, vnlesse you may be won by some other fort then your fathers impofition, depending on the Caskets.

Por. If I liue to be as olde as Sibilla, I will die as chaste as Dia-ana, vnlesse I bee obtained by the manner of my fathers will: I am glad this parcel of wooers are fo reasonable, for there is not one among them but I dote on his very abfence; & I pray God grant them a faire departure.

Ner. Do you not remember Lady in your fathers time, a Ve- netian Scholler and a Soultior that came hither in company of the Marquell of Mountferrat?

Por. Yes, yes, it was Baffanio, as I thinke he was fo call’d.

Ner. True Maddam, he of all the men that ever my foolish eyes lookt upon, was the best deferving a faire Lady.

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

How now, what newes?

Enter a Seruvingman.

Ser. The fourte Strangers seeke for you Madame, to take their leave; and there is a fore-runner come from a ift, the Prince of Morocco, who brings word the Prince his Master will be here to night.

Por. If I could bid the ift welcome, with so good a heart as I can bid the other fourte farwell, I should be glad of his approch: if he haue the condition of a Saint, and the complection of a di- uell, I had rather he should shriue me then wiue me. Come Ner- risa, sirra go before: whiles we shut the gates vpon one wooer, another knocks at the doore.

Enter Baffanio, with Shylocke the low.

Shy. Three thousand ducats, well.

Baff. I fix, for three months.

B 2  Shy.
For three moneths, well.

Bass. For the which as I told you,

Anthonio shall be bound.

Shy. Anthonio shall become bound, well.

Bass. May you read me? Will you pleasure me?

Shall I know your answer?

Shy. Three thousand ducats for three moneths,

and Anthonio bound.

Bass. Your answer to that.

Shy. Anthonio is a good man.

Bass. Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?

Shy. No, no, no, no: my meaning in saying hee is a good man, is to have you understand me, that he is sufficient, yet his means are in supposition: he hath an Argosie bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies, I understand moreover upon the Ryalta, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England, & other ventures he hath squandered abroad, but ships are but boards, Saylers but men; there be land rats, and water rats, water theeeus, and land theeeus, I meane Pyrats, and then there is the perill of waters, windes, and rockes: the man is notwithstanding sufficient, three thousand ducats, I thinke I may take his bond.

Bass. Be assured you may.

Shy. I will be assured I may: and that I may be assured, I will bethinke me, may I speake with Anthonio?

Bass. If it please you to dine with us.

Shy. Yes, to smell porke, to eate of the habitation which your Prophet the Nazarite conjured 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 Ryalto, who is he comes heere?

Enter Anthonio.

Bass. This is signiour Anthonio.

Shy. How like a fawning Publican he lookes.

I hate him for he is a Christian.

But
the Merchant of Venice.

But more, for that in lowe simplicity
He lends out mony gratis, and brings downe
The rate of vsance heere with vs in Venice.
If I can catch him once vpon the hip,
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I beare him.
He hates our sacred Nation, and he rayles
Euen there where Merchants most do congregate,
On me, my bargaines, and my well-won thrift,
Which he calls interest; Cursed be my Tribe
If I forgive him.

Bass. Shyloke, do you heare.

Shy. I am debating of my present store,
And by the neere guesse of my memory,
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, although I neither lend nor borrow,
By taking nor by giuing of exceede,
Yet to supply the ripe wants of my friend,
Ile breake a custome: are you resolu'd,
How much he would have?

Shy. I, I, three thousand ducats.

Ant. And for three moneths.

Shy. I had forgot, three months, you told me so.
Well then, your bond: and let me see, but heare you,
Me-thought you said, you neither lend nor borrow
Vpon aduantage.

Ant. I do neuer vse it.

Shy. When Jacob graz'd his Uncle Labans sheepe,
This Jacob from our holy Abram was
(As his wife Mother wrought in his behalfe)
The third poffeffer; I, he was the third.

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

Shy.
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Shy. No, not take interest, not as you would say
Directly interest, marke what Jacob did,
When Laban and himselfe were compleymzd,
That all the eanelings which were streakt and pied,
Should fall as Jacob's hier, the Ewes being rankke,
In th'end of Autumne turned to the Rams,
And when the worke of generation was
Betweene these woolly breeders in the acte,
The skilfull shepheard pyld me certame wands,
And in the doing of the deed of kinde,
He stucke them vp before the fulsome Ewes,
Who then conceiuing, did in eaning time
Fall party-coloured lambes, and those were Jacob's.
This was a way to thrive, and he was blest.
And thift is blessing if men steale it not.

Ant. This was a venture sir, that Jacob serv'd for,
A thing not in his power to bring to passe,
But sward and fashion'd by the hand of heauen.
Was this inserted to make interest good?
Or is your gold and sluer, Ewes and Rams?

Shy. I cannot tell, I make it breed as fast,
But note me signior.

Ant. 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 falshood hath.

Shy. Three thousand ducats, tis a good round sum.
Three months from twelve, then let me see the rate.

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

Shy. Signior Anthony, 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 sufferance is the badge of all our Tribe)
You call me misbelieuer, cut-throate dog,
And spit upon my *liewish* gaberdine,
And all for use of that which is mine owne.
Well then, it now appeares you need my helpe:
Goe to then, you come to me, and you say,
*Shylock*, we would have monies, you say so:
You that did voyd your rume upon my beard,
And foot me as you spurne a stranger curre
Ouer your threshold, money is your sute,
What should I say to you? Should I not say,
Hath a dog money? is it possible
A curre can lend three thousand ducats? or
Shall I bend low, and in a bond-mans key,
With bated breath, and whispring humbleness.
Say this: Faire sir, you spet on me on wendsday last,
You spurn'd me such a day another time,
You call'd me dog: and for these courtesies
Ile lend you thus much monies.

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

*Shy.* Why looke you how you storne,
I would be friends with you, and have your loue,
Forget the shames that you have stain'd me with,
Supply your present wants, and take no doyte
Of vience for my monies, and you'll not heare me.
This is kinde I offer.

*Baj.* This were kindnesse.

*Shy.* This kindnesse will I show,
Goe with me to a Notarie, seale me there
Your single bond, and in a merry spert,
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If you repay me not on such a day
In such a place, such summe or summes as are
Express'd in the condition, let the forfeit
Be nominated for an equall pound
Of your faire flesh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your body pleaseth me.

Ant. Content if faith, I leale to such a bond,
And say there is much kindnesse in the Jew.
Bass. You shall not seale to such a bond for me,
Ile rather dwell in my necessity.

Ant. Why scarce not man, I will not forfeit it,
Within these two months, that's a month before
This bond expires, I do expect returne
Of thrice three times the value of this bond.

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

Ant. Yes Shylocke, I will seale vnto this bond;
Shy. Then meete me forthwith at the Noteries,
Give him direction for this merry bond,
And I will goe and purfe the ducats straight,
See to my house, lest in the searefull guard
Of an vnthriftie knaue; and prestently
Ile be with you. Exit.

Ant. Hic thee gentle Jew: the Hebrew will turne Christian,
he growes so kinde.

Bass. I like not faire termes, and a villaines minde.
Ant. Come on, in this there can be no dismay.
Enter Morochus a tawny Moore all in white, and three or foure followers accordingly, with Portia, Nerrissa, & their traine.

Moroc. Mislike me not for my complexion, The shadowed luiry of the burnish't sunne, To whom I am a neighbour, and neere bred, Bring the fairest creature North-ward borne, Where Phoebus fire scarce thawes the yscles, And let vs make incision for your loue, To prove whose blood is reddest, his or mine. I tell thee Lady, this aspect of mine Hath fear'd the valiant (by my Loue I swear) The best regarded virgins of our clime Hath lou'd it too: I would not change this hue, Except to steale your thoughts my gentle Queene.

Por. In termes of choise I am not soly led By nice direction of a maydens eyes, Besides, the Lottry of my destiny Barres me the right of voluntary choosing: But if my father had not scanted me, And hedg'd me by his wit, to yeeld my selfe His wife, who winnes 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.

Mor. Euen for that I thanke you, Therefore I pray you leade me to the Caskets To try my fortune. By this Semitaur That fled the Sophy, and a Persian Prince, That wonne three fields of Sultan Solyman, I would out-flare the sternerst eyes that looke: Our-braue the heart most daring on the earth: Plucke the yong fucking Cubs from the shee-Beare,
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Yea, mocke the Lyon when he rores for prey,
To win the Lady. But alas, the while
If Hercules and Lychas play at dice
Which is the better man, the greater throw
May turne by fortune from the weaker hand:
So is Alcides beaten by his rage,
And so may I, blinde fortune leading mee,
Misse that which one vnworthier may attaine,
And dye with greuuing.

Portia. You must take your chance,
And either not attempt to choose at all,
Or swear before you choose, if you choose wrong,
Neuer to speake to Lady afterward
In way of marriage, therefore be advinse.

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

Por. First forward to the Temple, after dinner

Your hazard shall be made.

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

Exeunt.

Enter the Clowne alone.

Clowne. Certainly, my conscience will serve me to run from
this Iew my master. The fiend is at mine elbow, and tempts me
laying to mee, Gobbo, Lancelet Gobbo, good Lancelet, or good
Gobbo, or good Lancelet Gobbo, vfe your legges, take the starte,
runne away: My Conscience sayes no; take heed honest Lance-
let, take heed honest Gobbo, or as aforesaide, honest Lancelet
Gobbo, do not runne, scorn running with thy heelcs. Well, the
most courageous fiend bids me packe, sayes the fiend, away
sayes the fiend, for the heauens rouse vp a braue mind sayes the
fiend, and runne. Well, my conscience hanging about the neck
of my heart, sayes very wisely to me; My honest friend Lance-
let, being an honest mans sonne, or rather an honest womans
sonne, for indeede my Father did something smack, something
grow too, he had a kinde of taste: well, my conscience sayes
bouge
bouge not; bouge saies the fiend; bouge not sayes my Con-
sience. Conscience say I you counsell well; Fiend say I you
counsell ill. To be rul'd by my Conscience, I should stay with
the Iew my master, who (God blesse the marke) is a kinde of
diuell; and to runne away from the Iew, I should be rul'd by
the fiend, who (fauing your reverence) is the Diuell himselfe.
Certainly the Iew is the very diuell incarnall, and in my con-
sience, my conscience is but a kinde of hard conscience, to offer
to counsell me to stay with the Iew. The fiende giues the more
friendly counsaile, I will run fiend, my heeles are at your com-
mand, I will run.

Enter old Gobbo with a Basket.

Gobbo. Master yong man, you I pray you; which is the way
to Master Iewes?
Lance. O heauens, this is my true begotten Father, who be-
ing more then fand blind, high grauell blinde, knowes me not,
I will try conclusions with him.

Gobbo. Master yong Gentleman, I pray you which is the way
to master Iewes?
Lance. Turne vp on your right hand at the next turning, but
at the next turning of all on your left; marry at the vere nexte
turning turne of no hand, but turne downe indire&ly vnto the
Iewes house.

Gobbo. Be Gods fonties twill bee a hard way to hit, can you
tell me whither one Lancelet that dwels with him, dwell with
him, or no?

Lancelet. Talke you of young master Lancelet? Marke mee
now, now will I raise the waters:
Talke you of yong M. Lancelet?

Gobbo. No master sir, but a poore mans soune.
His Father (though I say it)
Is an honest exceeding poore man,
And God be thanked, well to liue.

Lancelet. Well, let his Father be what a will, we talk of yong
master
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Master Launcelet.

Gob. Your worships friend, and Launcelet sir.

Lan. But I pray you ergo olde man, ergo I beseech you, talke you of yong M. Launcelet.

Gob. Of Lancelet an't please your mastership.

Lan. Ergo master Lancelet, talke not of maister Lancelet Father; for the yong Gentleman according to fates and destinies, and such odd sayings, the sisters three, and such branches of learning, is indeed deceased, or as you would say in plain terms, gone to heauen.

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

Lance. Do I looke like a cudgell or a houell poste, a staffe, or a prop: do you know me Father.

Gob. Alacke the day, I know you not yong Gentleman, but I pray you tell mee, is my boy (G O D rest his soule) alive or dead.

Lance. Do you not know me Father?

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

Lan. Nay, in deede if you had your eyes you might faile of the knowing me: it is a wise Father that knowes his own child. Well, olde man, I will tell you newes of your sonne, giue mee your blessing; Trueth will come to light, Murther cannot be hidde long, a mans sonne may, but at the length trueth will out.

Gobbo. Pray you sir stand vp, I am sure you are not Launcelet my boy.

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

Gob. I cannot thinke you are my sonne.

Lance. I know not what I shall thinke of that, but I am Launcelet the Iews man, and I am sure Margery your wife is my mother.

Gob. Her name is Margery indeede, Ile be sworne if thou bee Launcelet, thou art mine owne flesh and blood: Lord worship might
might he be, what a beard hast thou got? thou hast got more hair on thy chin, then Dobbin my pilhorse has on his tale.

Lan. It should seeme then that Dobbin's tail grows backward. I am sure he had more hair of his tale then I have of my face, when I last saw him.

Gob. Lord how art thou chang'd: how dost thou and thy Master agree? I have brought him a present; how agree you now?

Lance. Well, well, but for mine owne part; as I have set vp my rest to runne away, so I will not rest till I have run some ground; My master's a very Jew, give him a present, give him a halter, I am famish in his service. You may tell every finger I have with my ribs: Father I am glad you are come, give me your present to one Master Bassanio, who indeed gives rare new liueries, if I serve not him, I will runne as farre as God has any ground. O rare fortune, here comes the man, to him Father, for I am a Jew if I serve the Jew any longer.

Enter Bassanio with a follower or two.

Bass. You may doe so, but let it be so hasted that supper be ready at the farthest by five of the clocke: see these Letters deliuered, put the Lyueries to making, and desire Gratiano to come anon to my lodging.

Exit one of his men.

Lance. To him Father.
Gob. God bless ye your Worship.
Bass. Gramercy, wouldst thou ought with me?
Gob. Here's my sonne sir, a poore boy.
Lance. Not a poore boy sir, but the rich Jewes man that wold sir, as my father shall specify.
Gob. He hath a great infection sir, as one would say to serve.
Lance. Indeed the short and the long is, I serve the Jew, and have a desire as my Father shall specify.
Gob. His Master and he (saying your worships reverence) are scarce cetercosins.

C3. Lance.
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Lan. To be briefe, the very truth is, that the Jew having done wrong, doth cause me as my Father, being I hope, an old man, shall frutifie unto you.

Gob. I have here a dish of Doves that I would bestow upon your worship: and my suit is

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

Baff. One speake for both, what would you?

Lan. Sere you sir.

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

Baff. I know thee well, thou hast obtain'd thy suit,

Shyloke thy master spoke with me this day,
And hath preferr'd thee, if it be preferment
To leave a rich Jewes service, to become
The follower of so poor a Gentleman.

Lan. The old Proverbe is very well parted between my master Shylock and you sir, You haue the grace of God sir, and he hath enough.

Baff. Thou speakst it well. Go Father with thy sonne,
Take leave of thy old master, and enquire
My Lodging out. Give him a Liuery
More garded then his fellowes, see it done.

Lan. Father in, I cannot get a service, no, I haue here a tongue in my head. Well, if any man in Italy have a fairer table which doth offer to sweare vpon a booke, I shall have good fortune.

Go too, here's a simple line of life, here's a small trifle of wives:
Alas, fifteene wives is nothing, eleuen Widdowes and nine maids, is a simple comming in for one man, and then to escape drowning thrice, and to be in perill of my life with the edge of a feather-bed, here are simple scapes: well, if Fortune bee a woman, shee's a good wench for this geere. Father, come, Ile take my leave of the Jew in the twinkling of an eye.

Exit Clowne.

Baff. I pray thee good Leonardo thinke on this,
These things being bought, and orderly bestowed,
Returne in haft, for I do feast to night,
My beft efteem'd acquaintance, hie thee, go.

Leon. My beft endeuors shall be done heerein.

Exit

Enter Gratiano.

Gra. Where's your Master.
Leon. Yonder sir he walkes.
Gra. Signior Baffanio.
Baff. Gratiano?
Gra. I haue a fute to you.
Baff. You haue obtain'd it.
Gra. You muft not deny me, I muft go with you to Belmont.
Baff. Why then you muft. But heare thee Gratiano,
Thou art too wilde, too rude, and bold of voice,
Parts that become thee happily enough,
And in fuch eies as ours appeare not faults,
But where thou art not knowne. Why there they shew
Something too lib'ral: prethee take paine
To allay with fome cold drops of modeftie
Thy skipping spirit, left through thy wilde behauiour
I be misconftred in the place I go to,
And lose my hopes.

Gra. Signior Baffanio, heare me:
If I do not put on a sober habite,
Talke with repect, and sweare but now and than;
Weare prayer bookes in my pocket, looke demurely;
Nay more, while Grace is faying, hood mine eies.
Thus with my hat, and figh, and fay Amen:
Vfe all the obferuance of ciuility,
Like one well studied in a sad or tent:
To please his Grandam, never trust me more.

Baff. Well, we shall fee your bearing.
Gra. Nay but I barre to night, you shall not gage me
By what we do to night.

Baff. No that were pitty,
I would entreat you rather to put on
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Your boldest suit of mirth, for we have friends
That purpose merriment: but fay ye well,
I have some businesse.

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

Enter Ieffica and the Clowne.

Ieffica. I am sorry thou wilt leave my Father so,
Our house is hell, and thou a merry diuell
Didst rob it of some taste of tediousnesse,
But fare thee well, there is a ducat for thee,
And Lancelet, soone at supper shalt thou see
Lorenzo, who is thy new Masters guest,
Give him this Letter, do it secretly,
And so farewell: I would not have my Father
See me in talke with thee.

Lance. Adew, tears exhibite my tongue, most beautifull Pagan,
Most sweete Iew, if a Christian doe not play the knaue and
get thee, I am much deceiued; but adew, these foolish drops do
something drowne my manly spirit: adieu.

Exit.

Ieffica. Farewell good Lancelet.
Alacke, what heinous sinne is it in me,
To be a sham'd 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.

Exit.

Enter Gratiano, Lorenzo, Salarino, and Salanio.

Loren. Nay, we will slinke away in supper time,
Disguise vs at my lodging, and returne all in an houre.
Gra. We haue not made good preparation.
Salar. We haue not spoke vs yet of Torch-bearers,
Salanio. Tis vile, vnlesse it may be quaintly ordered,
And better in my minde not undertooke.

Loren. Tis now but foure a clocke, we haue two houres
Enter Lancelet.

To furnish us; friend Lancelet, what's the newes?

Lan. If it please you to breake vp this, it shall seeme to signifie.

Loren. I know the hand, in faith tis a faire hand,
And whiter then the paper it writ on,
Is the faire hand that writ.

Grat. Loue newes, in faith.
Lance. By your leve sir.
Loren. Whither goest thou?
Lance. Marry sir, to bid my olde Master the Iew to sup to night
with my new Master the Christian,

Loren. Hold here take this, tell gentle Jessica,
I will not fayle her, speake it priuately.

Goe Gentlemen, will you prepare for this maske to night,
I am prouided of a Torch-bearer.

Salar. I marry, ile be gone about it straight.
Salan. And so will I.

Loren. Meete me and Gratiano at Gratianos lodg'ng,

Some houre hence.

Salar. Tis good we do so. Exit.

Grat. Was not that Letter from faire Jessica?
Loren. I must needs tell thee all, she hath directed

How I shall take her from her Fathers house,
What gold and iewels she is furnisht with,
What Pages sure she hath in readinesse,
If ere the Iew her father come to heauen,
It will be for his gentle daughters sake,
And neuer dare misfortune crosse her foote,
Unlesse she do it vnder this excuse,
That she is issue to a faithlesse Iew:
Come goe with me, peruse this as thou goest,
Faire Jessica shall be my Torch-bearer.

Exit.

Enter the Iew and Lancelet.

Shy. Well, thou shalt see, thy eyes shall be thy judge,
The difference of old Shylocke and Baffiano;
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What Jessica, thou shalt not gourmandize
As thou hast done with me: what Jessica?
And sleepe, and sorne, and rend apparell out.
Why Jessica I say.

Clowne. Why Jessica.

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

Enter Jessica.

Jess. Call you? what is your will?

Shy. I am bid forth to supper Jessica,
There are my keyes; but wherefore should I go?
I am not bid for loue, they flatter me,
But yet ile go in hate, to feede vpon
The prodigall Christian. Jessica my gyrl,
Looke to my house. I am right loth to go,
There is some ill a bruising towards my rest,
For I did dreame of money bagges to night.

Clowne. I beseech you sir go,
My yong Master doth expect your reproch.

Shy. So do I his.

Clown. And they have conspired together, I will not say you shall see a Maske; but if you doe, then it was not for nothing that my nose fell a bleeding on black monday last, at six a clock in the morning; falling out that yeare on Ashwensday was four yeare in th'afternoone.

Shy. What, are there maskes? Heare me Jessika:
Locke vp my doores, and when you heare the drumme,
And the vile squeaking of the wry-neckt Fife,
Clamber not you vp to the Casements then,
Nor thrust your head into the publike streete,
To gaze on Christian fooles with varnish't faces:
But flop my houses eares, I meane my Casements,
Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter
My sober house. By Jacobs staffe I sweare,
I haue no minde of feasting forth to night:

But
the Merchant of Venice.

But I will go. Go you before me sirra,
Say I will come.

Clowne. I will go before sir.
Mistrefse looke out at a window for all this,
There will come a Christian by,
Will be worth a Jewes eye.

Shy. What sayes that foole of Hagar's off-spring? ha.

Ies. His words were, Farewell mistris, nothing else.

Shy. The patch is kinde enough, but a huge feeder,
Snaile-flow in profit, and he sleepe by day
More then the wilde Cat: Drones hie not with me;
Therefore I part with him, and part with him
To one, that I would haue him helpe to waste
His borrowed purse. Well Iesica goe in,
Perhaps I will returne immediately,
Do as I bid you, shut doores after you,
Faft binde, faft finde,
A Prouerbe neuer steale in thrifty minde.

Ies. Farewell, and if my fortune be not crost,
I haue a Father, you a daughter lost.

Enter the maskers, Gratiano and Salarino.

Gra. This is the pent-house vnder which
Lorenzo desir'd vs to make stand.

Sal. His houre is almost past.

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

Sal. O ten times faster Venus pigeons flye
To seale loues bonds new made, then they are wont
To keepe obliged faith vnforfaited.

Gra. That euer holds: who riseth from a feast
With that keene appetite that he sits downe?
Where is the horse that doth vntreade againe
His tedious measures, with the vnbate fire
That he did pace them first? All things that are,
Are with more spirit chased then enjoy'd.

D 2 How
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How like a younger or a prodigall,
The skarfed Barke puts from her native bay,
Hugd and embraced by the strumpet winde,
How like the prodigall doth she returne
With over-wetherd ribs and ragged sailes,
Leane, rent, and beggerd by the strumpet wind?

Enter Lorenzo.

Sal. Here comes Lorenzo, more of this hereafter.

Lo. Sweet friends, your patience for my long abode
Not I, but my affaires haue made you waite:
When you shal please to play the theewe for vwiues
Ile watch as long for you then: approach;
Here dwells my father Iew. Ho, whose within?

Ieff. Above.

Ieff. Who are you? tell me for more certaintie,
Albeit I cleare that I do know your tongue.

Lo. Lorenzo and thy loue.

Ieff. Lorenzo certaine, and my loue indeed,
For who loue I so much? and now who knowes
But you Lorenzo, whether I am yours?

Lo. Heauen & thy thoughtes are witnes that thou art

Ieff. Here, catch this Casket, tis worth the paines,
I am glad this night you do not looke on me,
For I am much ashamed of my exchange:
But loue is blinde, and lovers cannot see
The pretty follies that themselues commit,
For if they could, Cupid himselfe would blush
To see me thus transformed to a boy.

Lo. Descend, for you must be my torch-bearer.

Ieff. What, must I hold a Candle to my shames,
They in themselues goodsooth are too too light.
Why tis an office of discouery, Loue,
And I should be obscur’d.

Lo. So are you sweete,
Euen in the louely garnish of a boy,
But come at once, for the close night.
the Merchant of Venice.

Doth play the run-away,
And we are staid for at Bassanios feast.

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


Lor. Beshrew me but I loue her hartily,
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 proo'ud herselfe,
And therefore like herselfe, wise, faire and true,
Shall she be placed in my constant soule.

Enter Ieffica.

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

Enter Anthonio.

Ant. Who's there?

Gra. Signior Anthonio.

Ant. Fie, fie Gratiano, where are all the rest?

Tis nine a clocke, our friends all stay for you,
No maske to night, the winde is come about,
Bassanio presently will goe aboard,
I am glad on't, I desire no more delight
Then to be under sayle, & gone to night. Exeunt.

Enter Portia with Morrocho, and both their trumpe.

Por. Goe, draw aside the Curtaines, and discover
The seuerall Caskets to this noble Prince:
Now make your choise.

Mor. The first of gold, who this inscription beares,
Who chooseth me, shall gaine what many 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 do choos the right?

D 3

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

Mor. Some God direct my judgement, let me see,
I will suruay th'inscriptions backe againe,
What sayes this leaden Casket?
Who chooseth me, must giue and hazard all he hath,
Must giue, for what? for lead, hazard for lead?
This Casket threatens men that hazard all,
Doe it in hope of faire aduantages:
A golden minde stoopes not to shoues of drosse,
Ile then nor giue nor hazard ought for lead.
What sayes the silver with her virgine hue?
Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserues.
As much as he deserues, pause there Morocho,
And weigh thy value with an euene hand,
If thou beest rated by thy estimation,
Thou dost deserue enough, and yet enough
May not extend so farre as to the Lady:
And yet to be afraid of my deseruing,
Were but a weake disabbling of my selfe.
As much as I deserue, why that's the Lady,
I do in birth deserue her, and in fortunes,
In graces, and in qualities of breeding:
But more then these, in loue I do deserue.
What if I straied no farther, but chose here?
Let's see once more this saying graud 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 vafty wildes
Of wide Arabia, are as through-fares now
For Princes to come view faire Portia.
The watry Kingdome, whose ambitious head
Spets in the face of heauen, is no barre
To stop the forraine spirits, but they come
As o're a brooke to see faire Portia.
One of these three contains her hevenly picture.
Is't like that leade contains her, 't were damnation
To think so base a thought, it were too grosse
To rib her sere-cloth in the obscure graue,
Or shall I thinke in siluer shee's immur'd,
Being ten times under-valewed to trie gold,
O sinfull thought, neuer so rich a Iem
Was set in worse then gold. They haue in England
A coyne that bears the figure of an Angell
Stampt in gold, but that's insculpt vpon:
But heere an Angell in a golden bod
Lies all within. Deliuer me the key:
Heere do I choose, and thrive I as I may.

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

Mor. O hell! what haue we heere, a carrion death?
Within whose empty eye there is a written scroule,
He reade the writing:

All that glisters is not gold,
Often haue you heard that told,
Many a man his life hath foldc,
But my oustide to behold,
Guildec timber do wormes infold:
Had you bene as wise as bold,
Young in limbes, in judgment old,
Your answere had not bene in scrolde,
Fare you well, your sute is cold.

Mor. Cold indeed, and labour loft,
Then farewell heate, and welcome frost:
Portia adiew, I haue too greeu'd a heart
To take a tedious leaue; thus losers part.

Por. A gentle riddance, draw the curtaines, goe,
Let all of his complection choose me so.
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Enter Salarino and Salanio.

Salar. Why man, I saw Baffanio under saile,
With him is Gratiano gone along;
And in their ship Imcure Lorenzo is not.

Salan. The villaine Jew with our cries raise the Duke,
Who went with him to search Baffanios ship.

Salar. He came too late; the ship was under saile,
But there the Duke was given to understand,
That in a Gondylo were seen together,
Lorenzo and his armorous Jessica.
Besides Anthonyo certified the Duke,
They were not with Baffanio in his ship.

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

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

Salan. Let good Anthonyo looke he keep his day,
Or he shall pay for this.

Salar. Marry well remembred,
I reason'd with a Frenchman yesterday,
Who told me, in the narrow seas that part
The French and English, there miscarried
A vessell of our country richly fraught:
I thought upon Anthonyo when he told me,
And wished in silence that it were not his.

Salan.
the Merchant of Venice

Sal. You were best to tell Antonio what you hear,
Yet do not sodainely, for it may grecue him.
Sal. A kinder Gentleman treads not the earth,
I saw Bassanio and Antonio part:
Bassanio told him he would make some speede
Of his returne: he answered, do not so,
Slubber not businesse for my sake Bassanio,
But stay the very riping of the time,
And for the Iews bond which he hath of me,
Let it not enter in your minde of loue:
Be merry, and employ your cheefeest thoughts
To Courtship, and such faire ofteats of loue,
As shall conveniently become you there.
And even there his eye being bigge with teares,
Turning his face, he put his hand behinde him;
And with affection wondrous sensible,
He wrung Bassanios hand, and so they parted.
Sal. I thinke he onely loues the world for him:
I prethee let vs goe and finde him out,
And quicken his embraced heauinesse,
With some delight or other.
Sal. Do we so.

Exeunt

Enter Nerissa and a Servitor.
Ner. Quicke, quicke, I pray thee, draw the Curtain straite,
The Prince of Arragon hath tane his oath,
And comes to his election presently.

Enter Arragon, his traine, and Portia.
Por. Behold, there stand the Caskets Noble Prince,
If you choose that wherein I am contain'd,
Straight shall our nuptiall rights be solemniz'd:
But if you faile, without more speech my Lord,
You must be gone from hence immediately.
Arra. I am enjoyn'd by oath to obserue three things.
First, neuer to vnsold to any one
Which
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Which Casket twas I chose. Next, if I faile
Of the right Casket, neuer in my life
To woe a maide in way of marriage:
Lastly, if I do faile in fortune of my choife,
Immediately to leaue you, and be gone.

Por. To these invincions euery one doth swere,
That comes to hazard for my worthlesse selfe.

Arr. And so haue I addreft me, fortune now
To my hearts hope: Gold, Siluer, and base Lead.
Who chooseth me, must giue and hazard all he hath.
You shall looke fairer ere I giue or hazard.

What sayes the golden Cheft? ha, let me fee,
Who chooseth me, shall gaine what many men desire,
What many men desire, that many may be meant
By the foole-multitude, that chuse by show:
Not learning more then the fond eye doth teach,

VWhich pries not to th'interiour; but like the Martlet,
Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
Euen in the force and rode of casualty.
I will not chuse 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 beare:
Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deerves.
And well said too, for who shall go about
To cozen Fortune, and be honourable
Without the stampe of merit, let none presume
To weare an undeserved dignity:
O that estates, degrees, and offices,
Were not derived corruptly, and that cleare honor
Were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer,
How many then should cover, that stand bare?
How many be commanded, that command?
How much low pezantry would then be gleaned
From the true seede of honor? And how much honor,
the Merchant of Venice

Pickt from the chaffe and ruine of the times
To be new veruifh'd? well, but to my choife,
Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deferves.
I will assume desert. Give me a key for this,
And instantly vnlocke my fortunes heere.

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

Arrag. VVhat's heere, the portrait of a blinking Ideot,
Presenting me a sedule? I will reade it.
How much vnlike art thou to Portia?
How much vnlike my hopes, and my deseruings.
Who chooseth me shall have as much as he deferves.
Did I deferve no more then a fooles head?
Is that my prize? Are my deferts no better?

Por. To offend and iudge are distinct offices,
And of oppofed Natures.

Arrag. VVhat heere?

Hee reads.

The fire feuen times tried this:
Seven times tried that judgement is,
That did never choose amis.
Some there be that shadowes kis,
Such have but a shadowes blis:
There be fooles alioe I wis,
Silver'd o're, and so was this.
Take what wife you will to bed,
I will euuer be your head:
So be gone, you are fhed.

Still more foole I fhall appeere,
By the time I linger heere,
VVith one fooles head I came to woe,
But I go away vvith two.
Sweet adieu, Ile keepe my oath,
Patiently to beare my vvroath.

Portia. Thus hath the candle findo'd the Moth.
O these deliberate fooles, vvhen they do choose,
They have their wisedome, by their wit to loose.

Ner. The ancient saying is no heresie,

Hanging and wiuing goes by destiny.

Por. Come draw the Curtaine Nerissa.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Where is my Lady?

Por. Heere, what would my Lord?

Mess. Madam, there is a-lighted at your gate

A yong Venetian, one that comes before

To signifie th'approching of his Lord,

From whom he bringeth sensible regrets;

To wit (besides commends and courteous breath)

Gifts of rich valew; yet I haue not seene

So likely an Embassador of loue,

A day in Aprill neuer came so sweet,

To shew how costly Summer was at hand,

As this fore-spurrer comes before his Lord.

Por. No more I pray thee, I am halfe a-fear'd

Thou wilt say anon he is some kin to thee,

Thou spendft such high day wit in praising him:

Come, come Nerissa, for I long to see

Quicke Cupids poft that comes so mannerly.

Ner. Bassanio Lord, loue if thy will it be. Exit.

Enter Salanio and Salarino.

Salan. Now, what newes on the Ryalto?

Salar. Why yet it liues there vncheckt, that Antho. hath a

ship of rich lading wrackt on the narrowe seas; the Goodwins

I thinke they call the place, a very dangerous flat, & fatal, wher

the carkasses of many a tall shippe lie buried, as they say, if my

gossipes report be an honest woman of her word.

Salan. I would shee were as a lying gosshippe in that, as euer

knapt Ginger, or made her neighbors beleue she wept for the

death of a third husband; but it is true, without any flippes of

prolixity, or crossing the plaine highway of talk, that the good

Antho.
"the Merchant of Venice."

Antonio, the honest Antonio, O that I had a title good enough to keepe his name company.

Sal. Come, the full stop.

Sal. Ha, what saist thou? why the end is, he hath lost a ship.

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

Sal. Let me say Amen betimes, leaft the deuill crosse my prayer, for heere he comes in the likenesse of a Jew.

Enter Shylocke.

How now Shylocke, what newes among the Marchants?

Shy. You know, none so well, none so well as you,

Of my daughters flight.

Salar. That's certaine, I for my part knew the Taylor

That made the wings she flew withall.

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

Shy. She is damn'd for it.

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

Shy. My owne flesh and blood to rebell.

Salan. Out vpon it old carrion, rebels it at these yeares.

Shy. I say my daughter is my flesh and blood.

Salar. There is more difference betweene thy flesh and hirs, then betweene Jet and Iuory: more between your bloods, then there is between red wine & rennish: but tell vs, do you heare, whether Antonio haue had at losse a sea or no?

Shy. There I haue another bad match, a bankrout, a prodigal, who dare scarce shew his head on the Ryalto, a begger that was vsd to come so smug vpon the Mart: let him looke to his bond; he was wont to call me usurer, let him looke to his bond; he was wont to lend money for a Christian curtse, let him looke to his bond.

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

Shy. To baite fish withall; if it will feede nothing els it will feed my reuenge: he hath disgrac'd me, and hindred me halfe a million, laught at my losses, mockt at my gaines, scorned my nat.
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tion, thwarted my bargaines, cooled my friendes, heated mine enemies, and what's his reason, I am a Jewe. Hath nos a Jewe eyes? hath not a Jewe hands? organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food? hurt with the same weapons? subject to the same diseases? healed by the same meanes? warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? If you pricke vs, do we not bleede? If you tickle vs, do we not laugh? If you poysen vs, do we not dye? And if you wrong vs, shall we not reuenge? If we are like you in the rest, we will re semble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility, Reuenge? If a Christian wrong a Jewe, what should his sufferance be by Christian example, why Reuenge? The villany you teach me I will execute, and it shall goe hard, but I will better the instruction.

Enter a man from Anthonio.

Gentlemen, my master Anthonio is at his house, and desires to speake with you both.

Salan. We haue bene vp and downe to seeke him.

Enter Tuball.

Salan. Here comes another of the Tribe, a third cannot bee matcht, vnlesse the diuell himselfe turne Iew.

Exeunt Gentlemen.

Shy. How now Tuball, what newes from Genowa? haft thou found my daughter?

Tuball. I often came where I did heare of her, but cannot finde her.

Shy. Why there, there, there, there, a Diamond gone cost me two thousand ducats in Frankford. The curse neuer fell vp on our Nation till now, I neuer felt it till now: two thousande ducats in that, and other precious precious iewels. I would my daughter were dead at my foote, and the iewels in her eare: O would shee were heartt at my foote, and the ducats in her cof fin. No newes of them, why so: and I know not what's spent in the search: why thou losse vpon losse, the theefe gone vwith so much,
much, and so much to finde the Theepe, and no satisfaction, no revenge, nor no ill lucke stirring but what lights on my shou-
ders, no sighes but of my breathing, no teares but of my shed-
ding.

Tuball. Yes, other men haue ill luck too, Anthonio as I heard
in Genoway.

Shy. What, what, what ill lucke, ill lucke?

Tuball. Hath an Argosie cast away comming from Tripolis.

Shy. I thanke God, I thanke God, ist true? ist true?

Tuball. I spoke with some of the Saylers that escaped the
wreck.

Shy. I thanke the good Tuball, good newes, good newes: ha
ha, heere in Genoway.

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

Shy. Thou stickst a dagger in me, I shall neuer see my golde
againe; fourescore ducates at a sitting! Fourescore ducats!

Tuball. There came diuers of Anthonios Creditours in my
company, vnto Venice, that sweare that hee cannot chooie but
breake.

Shy. I am very glad of it, ile plague him, ile torture him, I
am glad on't.

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

Shy. Out vpon her: thou tortur'st me Tuball, it was my Tur-
kies, I had it of Leah when I was a Batchellor. I would not haue
giuen it for a wildernesse of Monkies.

Tuball. But Anthonio is certainly vndone.

Shy. Nay, that's true, that's very true: go Tuball, see mee an
Officer, bespeake him a fortnight before, I will haue the heart
of him if he forfeit. For were he out of Venice I can make what
merchandize I will go: go Tuball, and mee me at our Syna-
gogue, go good Tuball, at our Synagogue Tuball. Exeunt.

Enter Baffanio, Portia, Gratiano, and all;
their Traines.
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Por. I pray you tarry, pause a day or two
Before you hazard: for in choosing wrong
I loose your company, therefore forbear a while,
There's something tells me (but it is not love)
I would not lose you, and you know your selfe,
Hate counsels not in such a quality:
But least you should not understand me well,
And yet a maiden hath no tongue, but thought,
I would detain you here some month or two
Before you venture for me. I could teach you
How to choose right, but I am then forsworne,
So will I never be, so may you mistake me,
But if you do, you'll make me wish a sinne,
That I had been forsworne. Beshrew your eyes,
They have ore-looked me, and divided me,
One half of me is yours, the other half yours,
Mine owne I would say; but if mine then yours,
And so all yours. O these naughty times
Puts barres betwixt the owners and their rights.
And so though yours, not yours (prove it so)
Let fortune go to hell for it, not I.
I speak too long, but tis to peize the time,
To eck it, and to draw it out in length,
To stay you from election.

Bass. Let me choose,
For as I am, I live upon the racke.

Por. Upon the racke Bassanio, then confess
What treason there is mingled with your love.

Bass. None but that ugly treason of mistrust,
Which makes me fear the joying of my love,
There may as well be amity and life
Tweene snow and fire, as treason and my love.

Por. I but I fear you speak upon the racke,
Where men enforced do speak any thing.

Bass. Promise me life, and I will confess the truth,

Por. Well then, confess and live.
the Merchant of Venice.

Bass. Confesse and loue,
Had bene the very sum of my confession:
O happy torment, when my tormenter
Doth teach me answeres for deliverance:
But let me to my fortune and the Caskets.

Portia. Away then, I am lockt in one of them,
If you do loue me, you will finde me out.
Nerissa and the rest, stand all aloofe,
Let musicke sound while he doth make his choice,
Then if he lose, he makes a Swan-like end,
Fading in musicke. That the comparison
May stand more proper, my eye shall be the streame
And watry death-bed for him: he may win,
And what is musicke then? Then musicke is
Euen as the flourish, when true subjects bow
To a new crownd Monarch: Such it is,
As are those dulcet sounds in breake of day,
That creepe into the dreaming Bridegroomes eare,
And summon him to marriage. Now he goes
With no lesse presence, but with much more loue
Then young Alcides, when he did redeeme
The virgin tribute, payd by howling Troy,
To the sea-monster: I stand for sacrifice,
The rest aloofe are the Dardanian wiues,
With bleared visages come forth to view
The issue of th'exploit: Goe Hercules,
Luie thou, I luie with much more dismay
To view the fight, then thou that makst the fray.

A song, the whilst Bassanio comments on the Caskets to himselfe.

Tell me where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head?
How begot, how nourished? Replic, reply.
It is engendered in the eye,
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With gazing fed, and Fancie dies:
In the cradle where it lies,
Let us all ring Fancies knell.
Ile begin it.
Ding, dong, bell.
All. Ding, dong, bell.

Bass. So may the outward showes be least theselues
The world is still deceiu'd with ornament.
In Law, what plea so tainted 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 approve it with a text,
Hiding the grovenes with faire ornament:
There is no voice so simple, but assumes
Some of vertue on his outward parts;
How many cowards whose hearts are all as false
As staiers of sand, weare yet vpon their chins
The beards of Hercules, and frowning Mars,
Who inward searcht, haue lyuers white as milke,
And these assume but valours excrement,
To render them redoubted. Looke on beauty,
And you shall see this purchaft by the weight,
Which therein works a miracle in nature,
Making them lightest that weare most of it:
So are those crisped snaky golden locks
Which maketh such wanton gambals with the wind,
Vpon supposed fairenesse, often knowne
To be the dowry of a second head,
The skull that bred them in the Sepulcher.
Thus ornament is but the guiled shore
To a most dangerous sea: the beautious scarce
Vailing an Indian beauty; In a word,
The seeming truth which cunning times put on
To intrap the wisest. Therefore thou gaudy gold,
the Merchant of Venice.

Hard foole for Midas, I will none of thee,
Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge
Tweenee man and man: but thou, thou meager lead,
Which rather threatnest then dost promise ought,
Thy palenesselae moues me more then eloquence,
And heere choose I,joy be the consequence.

Por. How all the other passions fleet to ayre,
As doubtfull thoughts, and rash imbrac'd despaine:
And shyddring feare, and greene-eyed iæalousie.
O loue be moderate, allay thy extasie,
In measure range thy ioy, feare this excelle,
I feele too much thy blissing, make it leffe,
For feare I suffet.

Bass. What finde I heere?
Faire Portias counterfeit. What demy God
Hath come so neere creation? moue these eyes?
Or whither riding on the ball's of mine
See me they in motion? Heere are feuerd lips
Parted with fugar breath, so fweet a barre
Should funder such fweet friends: heere in her haires
The painter playes 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 do them? hauing made one,
Me-thinks it should haue power to steale both his,
And leave it selfe vnfurnifht: yet looke how farre
The substance of my præife doth wrong this shadow
In vnderprizing it, so farre this shadow
Doth limpe behind the substance. Heer's the scroule,
The continent and summary of my fortune.

You that choose not by the view,
Chance as faire, and choose as true:
Since this fortune falls to you,
Be content, and seek no new.
If you be well pleas'd with this.
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And hold your fortune for your bliss,
Turne you where your Lady is,
And claine her with a loving kisse.

A gentle scroule: Faire Lady, by your leaue,
I come by note to giue, and to receiue;
Like one of two contending in a prize,
That thinks he hath done well in peoples eyes;
Hearing applause and vniuersall shote,
Giddy in spirit, still gazing in a doubt,
Whether those pearles of praisie be his or no.
So thrie faire Lady, stand I euen so,
As doubtfull whether what I see be true,
Vntill confirm'd, sign'd, ratified by you.

Por. You see me Lord Baffanio 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, livings, friends,
Exceed account: but the full summe of me
Is summe of something; which to terme in grosse,
Is an vnlesson'd gyrl, vn-school'd, vnpractised,
Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learne: happier then this,
She 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 Gouernor, 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 servants,
Queene ore my selfe; and even now, but now,
This house, these servants, and this same my selfe

Are
Are yours, my Lord, I give them with this ring,
Which when you part from, lose, or give away,
Let it presage the ruin of your love,
And be my vantage to exclaim on you.

_Bass._ Madam, you have bereft me of all words,
Only my blood speaks to you in my veins,
And there is such confusion in my powers,
As after some Oration fairly spoke
By a beloved Prince, there doth appear
Among the buzzing pleased multitude.
Where every something being blended together,
Turns to a void of nothing, save of joy
Expressed, and not expressed: but when this ring
Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence,
O then be bold to say _Bassanio_ is dead.

_Ner._ 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.

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

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

_Gra._ I thank you, my Lordship, you have got me one.

My eyes, my Lord, can look as swift as yours;
You saw the Mistresse, I beheld the Maid;
You loud, I loud for intermission,
No more pertains to me, my Lord then you.
Your fortune stood upon the Casket there,
And so did mine too, as the matter fails:
For wooing here 'till I sweet again,
And swearing till my very roof was dry,
With oaths of love, at last, if promise last
I got a promise of this faire one here.
To haue her loue: provided that your fortune
Archieu'd her Mistris.

Por. Is this true, Nerrissia?
Ner. Maddam it is, so you stand pleas'd withall.
Bass. And do you Grattiano meane good faith?
Gra. Yes faith my Lord.
Bass. Our feast shall be much honoured in your marriage.
Gra. We'l play with them the first boy for a thousand ducats
Ner. What, and stake downe?
Gra. No, we shall nere win at that sport and stake downe.
But who comes heere, Lorenzo and his infidell?
What, and my olde venetian friend, Salerio?

Enter Lorenzo, Jessica, and Salerio a messenger from Venice.
Bass. Lorenzo and Salerio, welcome hither,
If that the youth of my new intrest heere
Haue power to bid you welcome: by your leave
I bid my very friends and countrymen
Sweete Portia welcome.

Por. So do I my Lord, they are entirely welcome.
Lor. I thanke your Honour, for my part my Lord,
My purpose was not to haue scene you heere,
But meeting with Salerio by the way,
He did entreat me past all saying nay,
To come with him along.
Sal. I did my Lord,
And I have reason for it. Signior Anthonio
Commends him to you.
Bass. Ere I ope his Letter,
I pray you tell me how my good friend doth.
Sal. Not sicke my Lord, vnlesse it be in minde,
Nor well, vnlesse in minde: his Letter there
Will shew you his estate.

Gra. Nerrissia, cheere yeon stranger, bid her welcome,
Your hand Salerio, what's the newes from Venice?
How doth that royall Merchant, good Anthonio?
I know he will be glad of our succeffe,
We are the Iasons, we haue won the fleece,

Sal. I would you had won the fleece that he hath lost.

Por. There are some shrewd contents in yon same paper,
That steales the colour from Baffaniae cheeke,
Some deare friend dead, else nothing in the world
Could turne so much the constitution
Of any constant man: what worse and worse?
With leaue Baffania, I am halfe your selfe,
And I muft freely haue the halfe of any thing
That this same paper brings you,

Bass. O sweete Portia,

Here are a few of the vnpleasantstt words
That euer blotted paper. Gentle Lady,
When I did first impart my loue to you,
I freely told you all the wealth I had
Ran in my veines, I was a Gentleman,
And then I told you true: and yet deere Lady,
Rating my selfe at nothing, you shall see
How much I was a Braggart, when I told you
My state was nothing, I shoule then haue told you
That I was worse then nothing; for indeed
I haue engag'd my selfe to a deere friend,
Ingag'd my friend to his meere enemy
To feed my meanes. Heer's a Letter Lady,
The paper as the body of my friend,
And euery word in it a gaping wound,
Issuing life blood. But is it true Salerio?
Hath all his ventures faile? what, not one hit;
From Tripolis, from Mexico, and England,
From Lisbon, Barbary, and India,
And not one vessell scape the dreadfull touch
Of Merchant-marring rocks?

Sal. Not one my Lord,

Besides, it should appeare, that if he had
The present money to discharge the Jew,
He would not take it: neuer did I know
A creature that did beare the shape of man,
So keene and greedy to confound a man.
He plies 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 drive him from the envious plea
Of forfeiture, of justice, and his bond.

Jessica. When I was with him, I haue heard him swears
To Tuball and to Chus, his Country-men,
That he would rather haue Anthonios flesh,
Then twenty times the value of the summe
That he did owe him: and I know my Lord,
If law, authority, and power deny not,
It will go hard with poore Anthonio.

Por. Is it your deare friend that is thus in trouble?
Bass. The deereſt friend to me, the kindest man,
The best condition'd and vnwearied spirit
In doing courtesies: and one in whom
The ancient Roman honour more appeares,
Then any that drawes breath in Italy.

Por. What summe owes he the Jew?
Bass. For me three thouſand Ducats.

Por. What no more, pay him fix thouſand & deface the bond,
Double fixe thouſand, and then treble that,
Before a friend of this description
Shall lose a haire through Bassanios fault.
First go with me to Church, and call me Wife,
And then away to Venice to your friend;
For neuer shall you lye by Portius side
With an vnquiet soule. You shall have gold
To pay the petty debt twenty times ouer.
When it is paid, bring your true friend along;
the Merchant of Venice.

My maide Nerissa, and my selfe meane time
Will liue as maides and widdowes; come away,
For you shall hence vpon your wedding day.
Bid your friends welcome, shew 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 have all miscarried, my Creditors grow cruel, my estate is very low: my bond to the Jew is forfet, and since in paying it, it is impossible I should liue, all debts are cleared betwene you and I if I might but see you at my death. Notwithstanding, use your pleasure; if your loue doe not perswade you come, let not my Letter.

O Loue! dispatch all businesse, and be gone.

Bass. Since I have your good leave to go away,
I will make haft. But till I come againe,
No bed shall ere be guilty of my flay,
No rest be interposer twixt vs twaine.

Exeunt.

Enter the Jew, and Salarino, and Anthonio,
and the Taylor.

Jew. Taylor, looke to him, tell not me of mercy,
This is the foole that lent out money gratis.
Taylor, looke to him.

An. Heare me yer good Shylocke.

Jew. Ile haue my bond, speake not against my bond:
I haue sworne an oath, that I will haue my bond.
Thou calld'ft me dogge before thou hadst a cause,
But since I am a dogge, beware my fangs.
The Duke shall grant me justice: I do wonder
Thou naughty Taylor that thou art so fond
To come abroad with him at his request.

An. I prethee heare me speake.

Jew. Ile haue my bond: I will not heare thee speake;
Ile haue my bond, and therefore speake no more.

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

Exit Jew.

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

Ant. Let him alone,  
Ile follow him no more with bootlesse prayers.  
He seekes my life, his reafon well I know:  
I oft deliuier'd from his forfeitures  
Many that haue atimes made mone to mee,  
Therefore he hates me.  

Sol. I am sure the Duke will neuer grant  
This forfeytue to hold.  

Ant. The Duke cannot deny the course of Law:  
For the commodity that strangers haue  
With vs in Venice, if it be denied,  
Will much impeach the justice of his state,  
Since that the trade and profit of the City  
Consisteth of all Nations. Therefore goe,  
These greeses and lostes haue so bated me,  
That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh  
To morrow, to my bloody Creditor.  
Well Iaylor on, pray God Bassanio come  
To see me pay his debt, and then I care not.  Exeunt.

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

Lor. Madam, although I speake it in your presence,  
You haue a noble and a true conceite  
Of God-like amity, which appeares most strongly,  
In bearing thus the absence of your Lord,  
But if you knew to whom you shew this honour,  
How true a Gentleman you send releefe,

How
How dear a lover of my Lord your husband,
I know you would be prouder of the worke,
Then customary bounty can enforce you.

Por. I neuer did repent for doing good,
Nor shall not now: for in companions
That do converse and waste the time together,
Whose soules do beare an equall yoke of love,
There must be needs a like proportion
Of lineaments, of manners, and of spirit:
Which makes me think, that this Anthonie
(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 misery.
This comes too neere the praising of my selfe,
Therefore no more of it: heere other things
Lorenzo I commit into your hands,
The husbandry and manage 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 Nerissa heere,
Vntill her husband, and my Lords returne.
There is a Monastery two miles off,
And there will we abide. I do desire you,
Not to deny this imposition,
The which my loue, and some necessity
Now layes vpon you.

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

Por. My people do already know my mind,
And will acknowledge you and Jessica,
In place of Lord Bassanio and my selfe.
And so farewell till we shall meeate againe.

Lor. Faire thoughts & happy hours attend on you.
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Jef. I wish your Lady-ship all hearts content.

Por. I thank you for your wish, and am well pleased

To wish it back on you: farewell Jessica.

Exeunt.

Now Balthasar, as I have ever found thee honest true,
So let me finde thee still. Take this same Letter,
And vse thou all th'indeavour of a man
In speed to Mantua; see thou render this
Into my Cofins hands, Doctor Belario,
And looke what notes and garments he doth give thee,
Bring them I pray thee with imagin'd speed

Unto the Tranesf, to the common Ferry
Which trades to Venice: waste no time in words,
But get thee gone, I shall be there before thee.

Bai, Madam, I go with all convenient speed.

Exit.

Por. Come on Nerissa, I haue worke in hand

That you yet know not of. We'll see our husbands
Before they thinke of vs.

Ner. Shall they see vs?

Por. They shall Nerissa: but in such a habite,

That they shall thinke we are accomplished
With that we lacke, Ile hold thee any wager,
When we are both appareld like yong men,
Ile proue the prettier fellow of the two,
And weare my dagger with the brauer grace,
And speake betweene the change of man and boy,
With a reede voice, and turne two mincing steps
Into a manly stride; and speake of frayes
Like a fine bragging youth; and tell quaint lyes,
How honourable Ladies fought my loue,
Which I denying, they fell sicke and dyed:
I could not doe withall. Then ile repent,
And wish for all that, that I had not kill'd them;
And twenty of these punie lies ile tell,
That men shall sweare I haue discontinued schoole
Aboue a twelue-month. I haue within my minde
A thousand raw trickes of these bragging iackes,

Which
the Merchant of Venice.

Which I will practice.

Ner. Why, shall we turne to men?

Por. Fie, what a question's that,

If thou wert nere a lewd interpreter:

But come, 1le tell thee all my whole deuice

When I am in my Coach, which stayes for vs

At the Parke gate; and therefore halt away;

For we must measure twenty miles to day.

Enter Clowne and Ieffica.

Clo. Yes truly, for looke you, the sinnes of the Father are to be laid vpon the children, therefore I promise ye I feare you, I was alwayes plaine with you, and so now I speake my agitation of the matter: therefore be a good cheere, for truly I think you are damn'd, ther is but one hope in it that can do you any good, and that is but a kind of bastard hope neither.

Ieff. And what hope is that I pray thee?

Clo. Marry you may partly hope that your Father got you not, that you are not the Lewes daughter.

Ieff. That were a kind of bastard hope indeede, so the sins of my mother should be visited vpon me.

Clo. Truely then I feare you are damn'd both by Father and Mother: thus when I shun Scilla your father, I fall into Charibdis your mother; well, you are gone both wayes.

Ieff. I shall be sau'd by my husband, he hath made me a chri-

sian.

Clo. Truly the more to blame he; we were Christians enow before, e'ne as many as could well liue one by another: this making of Christians will raife the price of hogs, if we grow all to be Porke-eaters, we shall not shortly haue a raiser on the coles for money.

Enter Lorenzo.

Ieff. Ile tel my husband Lancelet what you say, here he comes.

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

Lor. Nay, you neede not feare vs Lorenzo, Launcelot and I are out; he tells me flatly, there's no mercy for me in heauen, becaufe I am a Jewes daughter: and he layes you are no good meber of the Common-wealth, for in converting Jewes to Christians, you raise the price of Porke.

Lor. I shall answere that better to the Common-wealth than you can the getting vp of the Negros belly; the Moore's with child by you Launcelot?

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

Lor. How every foole can play vpon the word, I thinke the best grace of wit will shortly turne into silencie, and discourse grow commendable in none onely but Parrats. Go in sirra, bid them prepare for dinner?

Clow. That is done sir, they haue all stomackes.

Lor. Goodly Lord what a wit-snapper are you: then bid the prepare dinner.

Clow. That's done to sir, onely couer is the word.

Lor. Will you couer than sir?

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

Lor. Yet more quarrelling with occasion, wilt thou shewe the whole wealth of thy witte in an instant? I pray thee understand a plaine man in his plaine meaning: Go to thy Fellowes, bid them couer the table, serve in the meate, and we will come in to dinner.

Clow. For the table sir, it shall be seru'd in, for the meate sir it shall be couered, for your comming into dinner sir, why let it be as humors and conceits shall goure.

Exit Clowne.

Lor. O deere discretion, how his words are futed.

The foole hath planted in his memory
An army of good words, and I do know
A many fooles that stand in better place,
Garnish'd like him, that for a trickifie word
Defie the matter: how far'ft thou Jessica?

And
And now good sweet say thy opinion,
How dost thou like the Lord Bassanios wife?

Lor. Past all expressing, it is very meete
The Lord Bassanio live an upright life,
For having such a blessing in his Lady,
He finds the ioyes of heaven here on earth,
And if on earth he doe not meane it, then
In reason he should never come to heaven.

Why, if two Gods should play some heavenly match,
And on the wager lay two earthly women,
And Portia one: there must be something else
Pawn'd with the other; for the poore rude world
Hath not her fellow.

Lor. Euen such a husband hast thou of me,
As she is for wife.

Jef. Nay, but aske my opinion to of that.
Lor. I will anon, first let vs go to dinner.
Jef. Nay, let me praise you while I haue a stomacke.
Lor. No prethee, let it serve for table talke,
Then howsoere thou speakest among other things,
I shall digest it.

Jef. Well, ike let you forth.

Enter the Duke, the Magnificos, Anthonio, Bassanio,
and Gratiano.

Duke. What, is Anthonio here?
An. Ready, so please your Grace

Duke. I am sorry for thee, thou art come to answer:
A stony adversary, an inhumane wretch,
Vncapeable of pitty, void and empty
From any dram of mercy.

An. I haue heard,
Your Grace hath taken great paines
To qualify his rigorous course:
But since he stands obdurate.

And
And that no lawfull meanes can carrie mee
Out of his enimies reach, I do oppose
My patience to his furie, and am arm'd
To suffer with a quietnesse of spirit,
The verie tiranny and rage of his.

_Duke._ Go one and call the Jew into the Court.
_Sal._ He is ready at the doore, he comes my Lord.

_Enter Shylocke._

_Du._ Make roome, and let him stand before our face.
_Shylocke_ the world thinkes, and I thinke so to,
That thou but leadest this fashion of thy malice
To the last hour of act, and then sis thought
Thou'lt shew thy mercie and remorse more strange,
Then is thy strange apparant cruelty:
And where thou now exacts 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,
Forgive a moity of the principall;
Glancing an eie of pittie on his losses,
That haue of late so huddled on his backe,
Enow to presse a royall Merchant downe,
And plucke commisseration of his state
From brasse bosomes, and rough hearts of flinte,
From stubborn Turkes, and Tartars neuer train'd
To offices of tender curtesie;
We all except a gentle answer _Jew._

_Jew._ I haue possed your Grace of what I purpose,
And by our holy Sabbath haue I sworne.
To haue the due and forset of my bond.
If you deny it, let the danger light
Upon your Charter, and your Citties freedome.
You'll aske me why I rather choose to haue
A weight of carrion flesh, then to receive
Three thousand Ducats? He not answer that,
But say it is my humor, is it answer'd?
What if my house be troubled with a Rat,
And I be pleas'd to give ten thousand ducats
To have it bain'd? what, are you answer'd yet?
Some men there are loue not a gaping pig:
Some that are mad if they behold a Cat:
And others when the Bagpipe sings i' th' nose,
Cannot containe their vnrie for affection.
Masters of passion s'wyes it to the mood
Of what it likes or loathes: now for your answer.
As there is no firme reason to be rendred,
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig?
Why he a harmlesse necessary Cat?
Why he a woollen Bagpipe; but of force
Must yeeld to such inevitable shame,
As to offend, himselfe being offended:
So can I glue no reason, nor I will not,
More then a lodged hate, and a certaine loathing
I beare Antonio, that I follow thus
A losing sute against him; are you answer'd?
Bass. This is no answer, thou vnfeeling man,
To excuse the currant of thy cruelty.
Shy. I am not bound to please thee with my answer.
Bass. Do all men kill the things they do not loue?
Shy. Hates any man the thing he would not kill?
Bass. Every offence is not a hate at first.
Shy. What wouldst thou haue a serpent sting thee twice?
Ant. I pray you think: you question with the Jew,
You may as well go stand vpon the Beach,
And bid the maine flood bate his usuall height,
You may as well vfe question with the Wolfe,
Why he hath made the Ewe bleake for the Lambe:
You may as well forbid the mountaine of Pines
To wag their high tops, and to make no noise
When they are fretten with the gusts of heaven:
You may as well do any thing most hard,
As seek to soften that, then which what’s harder:
His Iewish heart? therefore I do beseech you
Make no moe offers, vse no farther conueniency
But with all briefe and plaine conueniency
Let me haue judgement, and the Iew his will.

Bass. For thy three thousand ducats here is fixe.
Iew. If every ducat in fix thousand ducats
Were in fixe parts, and every part a ducat,
I would not draw them, I would haue my bond.

Dr. How shalt thou hope for mercy, rendring none?
Iew. What judgment shal I dread, doing no wrong?
You haue among you many a purchaft flaue,
Which like your Asses, and your Dogs and Mules,
You vse in ablest and in flauish parts,
Because you bought them, shal I say to you,
Let them be free, marry them to your heires?
Why sweat they vnder burthens, let their beds
Be made as soft as yours, and let their pallats
Be feason’d with such viands; you will answer,
The slaves are ours, so do I answer you;
The pound of flesh which I demand of him,
Is deereely bought, tis mine and I will haue it:
If you deny me, fie vpon your Law,
There is no force in the decrees of Venice:
I stand for judgement, answer, shal I haue it?

Duke. Vpon my power I may dismisse this Court,
Unlesse Bellario a learned Doctor,
Whom I haue sent for to determine this,
Come heere to day.

Saler. My Lord, heere yeayes without,
A messenger with letters from the Doctor,
New come from Padua.


Bass. Good cheere Anthony, what man, courage yet:
The Iew shall haue my flesh, blood, bones and all.
Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.

Anfho. I am a tainted weather of the flocke,
Meetest for death, the weakest kinde of fruites
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 Nerissa.

Duke. Came you from Padua from Bellario?
Ner. From both, my L. Bellario greetes your grace.
Bass. Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly?
Iew. To cut the forfeiture from that bankrout there
Gra. Not on thy soule: but on thy soule harsh Iew
Thou mak'st thy knife keene: but no mettall can,
No, not the hangman's axe beare halfe the keenenesse
Of thy sharpe enuy: can no prayers pierce thee?
Iew. No, none that thou haft wit enough to make.
Gra. O be thou damn'd, inexecrable dog,
And for thy life let justice be accuise;
Thou almost mak'st me wauer in my faith,
To hold opinion with Pythagoras,
That soules of Animals infuse themselues
Into the trunks of men: Thy currish spirit
Govern'd a Wolfe, who hang'd for humane slaughter,
Euen from the gallowes did his fell soule fleete,
And whilst thou layest in thy unhallowed dam,
Infusde it selfe in thee: for thy desires
Are woluish, bloody, staru'd and ravenous.
Iew. Till thou canst raile the scale from off my bond,
Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speake so loud:
Repaire thy wit, good youth, or it will fall
To cureleffe ruine. I stand heere for law.

Duke. This letter from Bellario doth commend
A young and learned Doctor to our Court:
Where is he?
Ner. He attendeth heere hard by,
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To know your answer, whether you'll admit him.

Duke. With all my heart; some three or foure of you

Goe give him courteous conduct to this place,

Meane time the Court shall heare Bellarios Letter.

Your Grace shall understand, that at the receit of your Letter I am
very sicke; but in the instant that your Messenger came, in loving vi-
sitation was with me a young Doctor of Rome, his name is Balthazer:
I acquainted him with the cause in controversie betweene the Iew and
Anthono the Merchant; we turned oare many Booke together, hee is
furnished with my opinion, which buttred with his owne learning, the
greatnesse whereof I cannot enough commend, comes with him at my
importunity, to fill up your Grace's request in my stead. I beseech you,
let his lacke of years be no impediment to let him lacke a reverend es-
nimation, for I never knew so young a body with so olde a head: I leave
him to your gracious acceptance, whose triall shall better publish his
commendation.

Enter Portia for Balthazer.

Duke. You heare the learn'd Bellario what he writes,
And heere I take it is the Doctor come.
Give me your hand, come you from old Bellario?

Port. I did my Lord.

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

Port. I am enformed throughly of the cause:

Which is the Merchant heere? and which the Iew?

Duke. Anthono and olde Shylocke, both stand foorth.

Port. Is your name Shylocke?

Iew. Shylocke is my name.

Port. Of a strange nature is the sute you follow,
Yet in such rule, that the Venetian law
Cannot impunge you as you do proceed.
You stand within his danger, doe ye not?

Anth. So he sayes.
the Merchant of Venice.

Por. Do you confess the bond?

Ant. I do.

Por. Then must the Jew be merciful.

Shy. On what compulsion must I tell me that.

Por. The quality of mercy is not strain'd,

It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven

Upon the place beneath: it is twice blest,

It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes,

Tis mightiest in the mightiest, it becomes

The throned Monarch better than his crowne.

His scepter shewes the force of temporal power,

The attribute to awe and majesty,

Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of Kings:

But mercy is above this sceptred sway,

It is enthroned in the hearts of Kings,

It is an attribute to God himself;

And earthly power doth then shew likest Gods;

When mercy seasons justice; therefore Jew,

Though justice be thy plea, consider this,

That in the course of justice, none of us

Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy,

And that same prayer, doth teach us all to render

The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much

To mitigate the justice of thy plea,

Which if thou follow, this strict Court of Venice

Must needs give sentence against the Merchant there,

Shy. My deeds vpon my head, I crave the law,

The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

Por. Is he not able to discharge the money?

Bass. Yes, here 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 bears downe truth. And I beseech you

Wrest once the Law to your authority,
To do a great right, do a little wrong,
And curb this cruel diuell of his will.

Por. It must not be, there is no power in Venice
Can alter a Decree establisht:
Twill be recorded for a precedent,
And many an errour by the same example,
Will rush into the state, it cannot be.

Shy. A Daniel come to iudgement: yea a Daniel.
O wife young Judge, how I do honour thee.

Por. I pray you let me looke vpon the bond.
Shy. Here is most reverend Doctor, here it is.
Por. Shylocke, ther's thrice thy money offred thee.

Shy. An oath, an oath, I haue an oath in heauen,
Shall I lay periury vpon my soule?
No, not for Venice.

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

Shy. When it is paid, according to the tenour,
It doth appeare you are a worthy Judge,
You know the Law, your expostion
Hath bene most sound: I charge you by the Law,
Whereof you are a well deserving Pillar,
Proceed to judgement: by my soule I sweare,
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me, I stay heere on my bond.

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

Por. Why then thus it is,
You must prepare your bosome for his knife.

Shy. O noble judge, O excellent young man,
Por. For the intent and purpose of the Law,
Hath full relation to the penalty,
Which heere appeareth due vpon the bond.

Shy.
Shy. Tis very true: O wise and upright judge,
How much more elder art thou then thy lookes.
Por. Therefore lay bare your bosome.
Shy. I, his breast,
So sayes the bond, doth it not noble Judge?
Nearest his heart, those are the very words.
Por. It is so, are there ballance here to weigh the flesh?
Shy. I have them ready.
Por. Have by some Surgeon Shylocke on your charge,
To stop his wounds, least he do bleed to death.
Shy. Is it so nominated in the bond?
Por. It is not so express, but what of that?
Twere good you do so much for charity.
Shy. I cannot finde it, tis not in the bond.
Por. You Merchant, have you any thing to say?
Ant. But little; I am arm'd and well prepar'd,
Give me your hand Bassanio, far you well;
Greece not that I am falne to this for you:
For here in Fortune she shews her selfe more kind:
Then is her custome: it is still her vs
To let the wretched man out-live his wealth,
To view with hollow eye and wrinkled brow,
An age of poverty: from which lingring penance:
Of such misery doth she cut me off.
Commend me to your honourable wife,
Tell her the proceffe of Anthonios ende,
Say how I lou'd you, speake me faire in death:
And when the tale is told, bid her be judge,
Whether Bassanio had not once a loue:
Repent but you that you shall lose your friend,
And he repents not that he payes your debt,
For if the Jew do cut but deepe enough,
Ile pay it presently with all my heart.
Bass. Anthonio, I am married to a wife,
Which is as deare to me as life it selfe,
But life it selfe, my wife, and all the world,
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Are not with me esteem'd above thy life,
I would lose all, I sacrifice them all
Here to this diuell, to deliver you.

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

Gra. I have a wife, who I protest I love,
I would she were in heaven, so she could
Entreat some power to change this currish Jew,

Ner. Tis well you offer it behind her backe,
The wish would make else an vnquiet house.

Jew. These be the christian husbands, I have a daughter,
Would any of the stocke of Barrabas
Had bene her husband, rather then a Christian.

We trifle time, I pray thee pursue sentence.

Por. A pound of that same Merchants flesh is thine,
The Court awards it, and the law doth give it.

Jew. Most rightfull Judge.

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

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

Por. Tarry a little, there is something else,
This bond doth give thee here no iote of blood,
The words expressly are a pound of flesh:
Take then thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh,
But in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods
Are by the lawes of Venice, confiscate
Unto the State of Venice.

Gra. O vpright Judge,
Marke Jew, O learned Judge.

Shy. Is that the Law?

Por. Thy selfe shalt see the Act:
For as thou urgeft justice, be asur'd
Thou shalt have justice, more then thou desirest.

Gra. O learned Judge, marke Jew, a learned Judge.

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

\textit{Bass.} Here is the money.

\textit{Por.} Soft, the Jew shall have all justice, soft no haft
He shall have nothing but the penalty.

\textit{Gra.} O Jew, an upright judge, a learned judge.

\textit{Por.} Therefore prepare thee to cut off the flesh,
Shed thou no blood, nor cut thou lefse nor more,
But just a pound of flesh: if thou cutt more
Or leffe then a just pound, be it but so much
As makes it light or heavy in the substance,
Or the division of the twentieth part
Of one poore scruple; nay, if the scale do turne
But in the estimation of a hair,
Thou dyeft, and all thy goods are confiscate.

\textit{Gra.} A second Daniel, a Daniel Jew,
Now infidell I haue you on the hip.

\textit{Por.} Why doth the Jew pause, take thy forseyture.

\textit{Shy.} Give me my principall, and let me go.

\textit{Bass.} I haue it ready for thee, heere it is.

\textit{Por.} He hath refusd it in the open Court,
And shall haue meereely justice and his bond,

\textit{Gra.} A Daniel still say I, a second Daniel,
I thank thee Jew for teaching me that word.

\textit{Shy.} Shall I not haue barely my principall?

\textit{Por.} Thou shalt haue nothing but the forseyture,
To be so taken at thy perill Jew.

\textit{Shy.} Why then the deuill giue him good of it:
Ile stay no longer heere in question.

\textit{Por.} Tarry Jew,
The Law hath yet another hold on you.
It is enacted in the lawes of Venice,
If it be proued against any alien,
That by direct, or indirect attempts,
He seeke the life of any Citizen,
The party against the which he doth contrive,
Shall seize on halfe his goods; the other halfe

\textit{Comes}
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Comes to the privy cofter of the State,
And the offenders life lies in the mercy
Of the Duke onely, gainst all other voyce.
In which predicament I say, thou standst:
For it appeares by manifelr proceeding,
That indirectly, and directly to
Thou haft contriued gainst the very life
Of the defendant: and thou haft incurd
The danger formerly by me rehearst.
Downe therefore, and beg mercy of the Duke.

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

Duke. That thou shalt see the difference of our spirits,
I pardon thee thy life before thou aske it:
For halfe thy wealth, it is Anthomios,
The other halfe comes to the generall State,
Which humbleness may drive vnto a fine.

Por. I for the State, not for Anthomio.

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 do take the meanes wherby I liue.

Por. What mercy can you render him, Anthomo?

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

An. So please my Lord the Duke, & 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 use, to render it
Vpon his death vnto the Gentleman
That lately stole his daughter.
Two things provided more, that for this favour:
He presently become a Christian:
The other, that he do record a gift
Heere in the Court, of all he dies poffeef.
the Merchant of Venice.

Onto his sonne Lorenzo and his daughter.

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

The pardon that I late pronounced here.

Por. Art thou contented Jew? what doft thou say?

Shy. I am content.

Por. Clearke, draw a deed of gift.

Shy. I pray you give me leave to go from hence,
I am not well, send the deed after me,
And I will signe it.

Duke. Get thee gone, but do it.

Gr. In christning shalt thou have two Godfathers,
Had I bene judge, thou shouldst have had ten more,
To bring thee to the gallowes, not the Font.

Duke. Sir, I intreate you home with me dinner.

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

Duke. I am sorry that your leysure serues you not.

Antonio, gratifie this gentleman,

For in my minde you are much bound to him.

Exit Duke and his traine.

Bass. Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend
Haue by your wisedome bene this day acquited
Of greeuous penaltys, in lew whereof,
Three thousand ducats due vnto the lew,
We freely cope your courteous paines withall.

Ant. And stand indebted ouer and aboue
In loue and service to you euermore.

Por. He is well paid, that is well satisfied,
And I deliuring you, am satisfied,
And therein doe account my selfe well paid,
My minde was neuer yet more mercinary.
I pray you know me when we meete againe,
I wish you well, and so I take my leave.
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Baff. Deere sir, of force I must attempt you further,
Take some remembrance of vs as a tribute,
Not as a fee: grant me two things I pray you,
Not to deny me, and to pardon me.

Por. You press me farre, and therefore I will yeeld,
Give me your gloues, ile weare them for your sake,
And for your loue, ile take this ring from you.
Do not draw backe your hand, ile take no more,
And you in loue shall not deny me this.

Baff. This Ring good sir, alas it is a trifle,
I will not shame my selfe to giue you this.

Por. I will have nothing else but onely this,
And now methinkes I haue a minde to it.

Baff. There's more then this depends vpon the valew:
The dearest Ring in Venice I will giue you,
And finde it out by Proclamation,
Onely for this I pray you pardon mee?

Por. I see sir you are liberall in offers,
You taught me first to begge, and now me thinkes
You teach me how a begger should be answer'd.

Baff. Good sir, this Ring was giuen me by my wife,
And when she put it on, she made me vow,
That I should neither sell, nor giue, nor loose it.

Por. That scuse serve s many men to saue their giftes,
And if your wife be not a mad woman,
And know how well I haue deseru'd the Ring,
She would not hold out enemy for euer,
For giuing it to me: well, peace bee with you.

An. My Lord Baffanio, let him haue the Ring,
Let his deservings and my loue withall,
Be valew'd gainst your wiues commandement.

Baff. Go Gratiano, runne and ouertake him,
Giue him the Ring, and bring him if thou canst
Vnto Anthonios house, away, make haft.

Exeunt Gratiano.

Come
the Merchant of Venice.

Come you and I will thither presently,
And in the morning early will we both
Fly toward Belmont, come, Antonio.

Enter Nerissa.

Por. Enquire the Jewes house out, give him this deede,
And let him signe it, wee'l away to night,
And be a day before our husbands home:
This deede will be well welcome to Lorenzo.

Enter Gratiano.

Gra. Faire sir, you are well ore-tane,
My Lord Bassanio vpon more advice,
Hath sent you heere this Ring, and doth intreate
Your company at dinner.

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

Gra. That will I do.

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

Por. Thou maist I warrant, we shall haue old swearing.
That they did gue the Rings away to men,
But weele out-face them, and out-sweare them too,
Away, make hast, thou know't where I will tarry.

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

Enter Lorenzo and Ieffica.

Lor. The Moone shines bright.
In such a night as this,
When the sweet winde did gently kisse the Trees,
The Comical History of

And they did make no noise, in such a night,
Troylus me-thinks mounted the Trojan walls,
And sigh'd his soul towards the Grecian Tents,
Where Cressida lay that night.

Jessica. In such a night
Did Thisbie fearfully o'er-trip the dew,
And saw the Lyons shadow ere himselfe,
And ranne dismayed away.

Loren. In such a night
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand
Upon the wilde sea banks, and waft her Loue
To come againe to Carthage.

Jessica. In such a night,
Medea gathered the enchant'd herbs
That did renew old Efon.

Loren. In such a night
Did Jessica steale from the wealthy Jew,
And with an unthrift loue did runne from Venice,
As farre as Belmont.

Jessica. In such a night
Did young Lorenzo sweare he loued her well,
Stealing her soul with many vowes of faith,
And nere a true one.

Loren. In such a night
Did pretty Jessica (like a little threw)
Slander her Loue, and he forgave it her.

Jessica. I would out-night you did nobody come:
But hearke, I heare the footing of a man.

Enter a Messenger.

Loren. Who comes so fast in silence of the night?
Messen. A friend.
Loren. A friend, what friend, your name I pray you friend.
Messen. Stephano is my name, and I bring word
My mistris will before the breake of day
the Merchant of Venice.

Be heere at Belmont, she doth stray about
By holy crosses where she kneels and prays
For happy wedlockes houres.

Loren. Who comes with her?

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

Loren. He is not, nor we have not heard from him,
But goe we in I pray thee Jessica,
And ceremoniously let vs prepare
Some welcome for the Mistris of the house.

Enter Clowne.

Clowne. Sola, sola: wo ha, ho sola, sola,
Loren. Who calles?

Clowne. Sola, did you see M.Lorenzo, M. Lorenzo, sola, sola,
Loren. Leave hollowing man, heere.

Loren. Where, where?

Loren. Heere.

Clowne. Tell him there's a Post come from my Master, with
his horne full of good newes, my Master will be heere ere mor-
ning, sweete soule.

Loren. Let's in, and there expect their comming,
And yet no matter; why should we go in?
My friend Stephano, signifye I pray you
Within the house, your mistris is at hand,
And bring your musicke fourth into the ayre.
How sweete the Moone-light sleepe vpon this banke,
Heere will we sit, and let the sounds of musicke
Creepe in our eares soft stillese, and the night
Become the tutches of sweete harmony:
Sit Jessica, looke how the floore of heauen
Is thicke inlayed with patterns of bright gold,
There's not the smallet orbe which thou beholdst,
But in his motion like an Angell sings,
Still quiring to the young eide Cherubins;

Such
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Such harmony is in immortal souls,
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close in it, we cannot hear it.
Come hoe, and wake Diana with him a hymne,
With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,
And draw her home with Musick.

Musick plays.

Ies. I am never merry, when I hear sweete Musick.

Lor. The reason is, your spirits are attentive:
For, do but note a wilde and wanton heard,
Or race of youthfull and unhandled Colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing lowd,
Which is the hot condition of their blood,
If they perchance but hear a Trumpet sound,
Or any aire of musicke touch their ears,
You shall perceive them make a mutuall stand,
Their savage eies turn'd to a modest gaze,
By the sweete power of musicke. Therefore the Poet
Did faine that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and floods.
Since nought so stockish hard and full of rage,
But musicke for the time doth change his nature:
The man that hath no musicke in himselfe,
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweete sounds,
is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoyle,
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
and his affections dark as Terebus:
Let no such man be trusted. Marke the Musick.

Enter Nerissa and Portia.

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

Ner. When the Moone shone we did not see the candle.

Por. So doth the greater glory dim the lesser,
A substitute shines brightly as a King,
the Merchant of Venice.

Vntill a King be by, and then his state
Empties it selfe, as doth an in-land brooke
Into the maine of waters: Musicke, harke.

Ner. It is your musicke Madam of the house.

Por. Nothing is good I see without respect,
Methinkes it sounds much sweeter then by day.

Ner. Silence bestowes that vertue on it Madam.

Por. The Crow doth sing as sweetly as the Larke,
When neither is attended: and I thinke
The Nightingale if she should sing by day
When every Goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a Musitian then the Wren.

How many things by season, season’d are
To their right praise, and true perfection.
Peace, how the Moone sleepe’s with Endimion,
And would not be awak’d.

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

Por. He knowes me as the blinde man knowes
The Cucko, by the bad voyce.

Lor. Deere Lady, welcome home.

Por. We haue bin praying for our husband health,
Which speed we hope the better for our words.
Are they return’d?

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

Por. Go in Nerissa,
Giue order to my servants, that they take
No note at all of our being absent hence,
Nor you Lorenzo, Ieffica nor you.

Lor. Your husband is at hand, I heare his Trumpet,
We are no tell-tales Madame, feare you not.

Por. This night me thinkes is but the day light sicke,
It lookes a little paler, tis a day,
Such as the day is when the Sunne is hid.

K Enter
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Enter Bajfario, Anthonio, Gratiano, and their followers.

Bass. We should hold day with the Antipodes, If you would walke in absence of the sunne. 
Por. Let me giue light, but let me not be light, For a light wife doth make a heavie husband, And never be Bassario so for me, But God for all: y'are welcome home my Lord. 
Bass. I thanke you Madame, giue welcome to my friend, This is the man, this is Anthonio, To whom I am so infinitely bound. 
Por. You shoulde in all fence be much bound to him, For as I heare, he was much bound for you. 
Ant. No more then I am well acquitted of, 
Por. Sir, you are very welcome to our house, It must appeare in other wayes then words, Therefore I scant this breathing curtesie. 
Gra. By yonder Moone I sweare you do me wrong, In faith I gaue it to the Judges Clarke, Would he were gelt that had it for my part, Since you do take it (Loue) so much at hart. 
Por. A quarrell hoe already, what's the matter? 
Gra. About a hoope of gold, a paltry ring That she did giue me, whose poeifie was: For all the world like Cutlers poetry 
Upon a knife, Loue me, and leave me not. 
Ner. What talke you of the poeifie or the value; You sweare to me when I did giue it you, That you would weare it till your house of death, And that it should lye with you in your graue, Though not for me, yet for your vehement oathes, You shoulde have beene respective, and haue kept it. Gaue it a Judges Clarke; no God's my judge, The Clarke will nere weare haire on's face that had it.
the Merchant of Venice.

Gra. He will, and if he liue to be a man.
Ner. 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 Judges Clarke,
A prating boy that begd 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 lightly with your wiues first gift,
A thing stucke on with oaths vpon your finger,
And so riveted with faith vnto your flesh.
I gaue my Loue a ring, and made him sweare
Never to part with it, and here he stands;
I dare be sworn for him he would not leave it,
Nor plucke it from his finger, for the wealth
That the world matters. Now in faith Gratiano,
You giue your wife too vnkinde a cause of greefe,
And were 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 Bassanio gaue his ring away
Vnto the Judge that begd it, and indeed
Deseu'd it to: and then the boy his Clarke
That tooke some paines in writing, he begd mine,
And neither 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.
Bass. If I could adde a lye vnto a fault,
I would deny it: but you see my finger
Hath not the ring vpon it, it is gone.

Por. Euen so void is your falfe heart of truth.
By heauen I will nere come in your bed,
Vntill I see the ring.

Ner. Nor I in yours,
Till I againe see mine.
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Bajf. Sweet Portia,

If you did know to whom I gave the Ring,
If you did know for whom I gave the Ring,
And would conceive for what I gave the Ring,
And how unwillingly I left the Ring,
When nought would be accepted but the Ring,
You would abate the strength of your displeasure.

Por. If you had knowne the vertue of the Ring,
Of halfe her worthinesse that gave the Ring,
Or your owne honor to containe the Ring,
You would not then haue parted with the Ring.
What man is there so much unreasonable,
If you had pleas'd to haue defended it
With any terms of zeal, wanted the modesty
To urge the thing held as a ceremony?
Nerrissa teaches me what to beleue,
Ile die for't, but some woman had the Ring.

Bajf. No by my honor Madam, by my foule
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 deny him,
And suffer'd him to go away displeas'd,
Euen he that did uphold the very life
Of my deere friend. What should I say sweet Lady?
I was enforce'd to send it after him:
I was beset with shame and courtese,
My honour would not let ingratitude
So much besmeare it. Pardon me good Lady,
For by these blessed Candles of the night,
Had you bene there, I thinke you would haue beg'd
The Ring of me, to giue the worthy Doctor.

Por. Let not that Doctor ere come neere my house,
Since he hath got the iewell that I loued,
And that which you did sweare to keepe for me,
I will become as liberall as you,
Ile not deny him any thing I haue,

No,
No, not my bodie, nor my husbands bed:
Know him I shall, I am well sure of it.
Lye not a night from home: watch me like Argos,
If you do not, if I be left alone,
Now by mine honor, which is yet mine owne,
Ile haue that Doctor for my bed-fellow.

Ner. And I his Clarke: therefore be well aduised
How you do leaue me to mine owne protection.

Gra. Well do you so: let not me take him then,
For if I do, Ile marre the yong Clarkes pen.

An. I am th'vnhappy subiect of these quarrels.

Por'. Sir, greeue not you, you are welcome notwithstanding.

Bass. Portia, for giue me this enforced wrong,
And in the hearing of these many friends
I fweare to thee, euen by thine owne faire eyes,
Wherein I see my felfe.

Por. Marke you but that,
In both my eyes he doubly sees himselfe:
In each eye one, fweare by your double felfe,
And there's an oath of credite.

Bass. Nay, but heare me,
Pardon this fault; and by my foule I fweare,
I neuer more will breake an oath with thee.

An. I once did lend my body for his wealth,
Which but for him that had your husband Ring,
Had quite miscarried. I dare be bound againe,
My foule vpon the forfeit, that your Lord
Will neuer more breake faith aduisedly.

Por. Then you shall be his surety; giue him this,
And bid him keepe it better then the other.

An. Heere Lord Baffonio, fweare to keepe this Ring.

Bass. By heauen it is the same I gaue the Doctor.

Por. I had it of him; pardon me Bassamo,
For by this ring the Doctor lay with me.

Ner. And pardon me my gentle Gratiano,
For that same scrubbed boy the Doctors Clarke.
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In lieu of this, last night did lie with me.

Gra. Why this is like the mending of high ways
In summer, where the ways are faire enough,
What, are we Cuckolds ere we have deserved it?

Por. Speake not so grossely, you are all amaz'd;
Heere is a Letter, reade it at your leisire,
It comes from Padua from Bellario,
There you shall finde that Portia was the Doctor,
Nerissa there her Clarke. Lorenzo heere
Shall witness I set forth as soone as you,
And even but now return'd; I have not yet
Entred my house. Anthonio, you are welcome,
And I have better newes in store for you
Then you expect; unseale this letter soone,
There you shall finde three of your Argosies
Are richly come to harbour sodainly.
You shall not know by what strange accident
I chanced on this Letter.

Ant. I am dumbe.

Bass. Were you the Doctor, and I knew you not?

Gra. Were you the Clarke that is to make me Cuckold?

Ner. I, but the Clarke that never meanes to do it,

Unlesse he liue vntill he be a man.

Bass. (Sweete Doctor) you shall be my bed-fellow,
When I am absent, then lie with my wife.

An. Sweet Lady, you have given me life and liuing;
For heere I reade for certaine, that my Ships
Are safely come to Rode.

Por. How now Lorenzo,
My Clarke hath some good comforts too for you.

Ner. I, and Ile giue them him without a fee,
There do I giue to you and Ieffica.
From the rich Iew, a speciall deed of gift
After his death, of all he dies possest off.

Loren, Faire Ladies, you drop Manna in the way
Of starued people.
the Merchant of Venice.

Por. It is almost morning,
And yet I'm sure you are not satisfied
Of these events at full. Let's go in,
And charge us there upon interrogatories,
And we will answer all things faithfully.

Gra. Let it be so, the first interrogatory
That my Nerissa shall be sworn on, is,
Whether till the next night she had rather stay,
Or go to bed now, being two hours to day:
But were the day come, I should wish it darke,
That I were couching with the Clarke.
Well, while I live, I fear no other thing
So sore, as keeping safe Nerissa's Ring.

Exeunt.

FINIS.