

UNIT ONE

Act 1 Scene 1

(Enter Antonio, Salerio, and Solanio)

ANTONIO

In sooth, I know not why I am so sad.
It wearies me, you say it wearies you,
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What stuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born,
I am to learn:

SALARINO

Your mind is tossing on the ocean;
There, where your argosies sail,
Like signiors and rich burghers on the flood.

ANTONIO

Believe me, no: I thank my fortune for it,
My ventures are not in one bottom trusted,
Nor to one place;

SALARINO

Why, then you are in love.

ANTONIO

Fie, fie!

SALARINO

Not in love neither? Then let us say you are sad,
Because you are not merry: and 'twere as easy
For you to laugh and leap and say you are merry,
Because you are not sad.

(Enter Bassanio, Lorenzo, and Graziano)

Here comes Bassanio, your most noble kinsman,
Graziano, and Lorenzo. Fare ye well.
We leave you now with better company.

SALERIO

I would have stayed till I had made you merry
If worthier friends had not prevented me.

ANTONIO

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

SALERIO

Good morrow, my good lords.

UNIT TWO.

BASSANIO

Good signors both, when shall we laugh? Say, when?
You grow exceeding strange. Must it be so?

SALERIO

We'll make our leisures to attend on yours.
(Exeunt Salerio and Solanio)

LORENZO

My lord Bassanio, since you have found Antonio,
We two will leave you; but at dinner time

The Merchant Of Venice

- BASSANIO** I pray you have in mind where we must meet.
- BASSANIO** I will not fail you.
- GRAZIANO** You look not well, Signor Antonio.
You have too much respect upon the world.
Believe me, you are marvellously changed.
- ANTONIO** I hold the world but as the world, Graziano—
A stage where every man must play a part,
And mine a sad one.
- GRAZIANO** Let me play the fool.
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come,
I tell thee what, Antonio—
I love thee, and 'tis my love that speaks—
There are a sort of men whose visages
Do a wilful stillness entertain
With purpose to be dressed in an opinion
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit,
As who should say "I am Sir Oracle,
And when I ope my lips, let no dog bark."
O my Antonio, I do know of these
That therefore only are reputed wise
For saying nothing, when I am very sure,
If they should speak, would almost damn those ears
Which, hearing them, would call their brothers fools.
Come, good Lorenzo.—Fare ye well a while.
I'll end my exhortation after dinner.
- LORENZO** (*to Antonio and Bassanio*)
Well, we will leave you then till dinner-time.
I must be one of these same dumb wise men,
For Graziano never lets me speak.
- GRAZIANO** Well, keep me company but two years more
Thou shalt not know the sound of thine own tongue.
(*Exeunt Graziano and Lorenzo*)
- UNIT THREE**
- ANTONIO** Yet is that anything now?
- BASSANIO** Graziano speaks an infinite deal of nothing, more than any man in all Venice. His reasons are as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff: you shall seek all day ere you find them, and when you have them they are not worth the search.
- ANTONIO** Well, tell me now what lady is the same
To whom you swore a secret pilgrimage,
That you today promised to tell me of.
- BASSANIO** 'Tis not unknown to you, Antonio,
How much I have disabled mine estate
By something showing a more swelling port
Than my faint means would grant continuance.
To you, Antonio,
I owe the most in money and in love,
And from your love I have a warranty
To unburden all my plots and purposes

The Merchant Of Venice

How to get clear of all the debts I owe.

ANTONIO

You know me well,
Then do but say to me what I should do
That in your knowledge may by me be done,
And I am pressed unto it. Therefore speak.

BASSANIO

In Belmont is a lady richly left,
And she is fair, and, fairer than that word,
Of wondrous virtues. Sometimes from her eyes
I did receive fair speechless messages.
Her name is Portia;
Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth,
For the four winds blow in from every coast
Renowned suitors, to her seat of Belmont,
And many Jasons come in quest of her.
O my Antonio, had I but the means
To hold a rival place with one of them,
I have a mind presages me such thrift
That I should questionless be fortunate.

ANTONIO

Thou know'st that all my fortunes are at sea,
Neither have I money nor commodity
To raise a present sum. Therefore go forth—
Try what my credit can in Venice do
That shall be racked even to the uttermost
To furnish thee to Belmont, to fair Portia.
Go presently enquire, and so will I,
Where money is; and I no question make
To have it of my trust or for my sake.
(Exeunt severally)

UNIT 4

Act 1 Scene 2

(Enter Portia with Nerissa, her waiting-woman)

PORTIA By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is awearry of this great world.

NERISSA You would be, sweet madam, if your miseries were in the same abundance as your good fortunes are; and yet for aught I see, they are as sick that surfeit with too much as they that starve with nothing.

PORTIA If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages princes' palaces. But this reasoning is not in the fashion to choose me a husband. O me, the word "choose"! I may neither choose who I would nor refuse who I dislike; so is the will of a living daughter curbed by the will of a dead father. Is it not hard, Nerissa, that I cannot choose one nor refuse none?

NERISSA Your father was ever virtuous, and holy men at their death have good inspirations that he hath devised in these three chests of gold, silver, and lead, whereof who chooses his meaning chooses you, will no doubt never be chosen by any rightly but one who you shall rightly love. But what warmth is there in your affection towards any of these princely suitors that are already come?

PORTIA I pray thee overname them, and as thou namest them I will describe them; and according to my description, level at my affection.

The Merchant Of Venice

- NERISSA** First there is the Neapolitan prince.
- PORTIA** Ay, that's a colt indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horse. I am much afraid my lady his mother played false with a smith.
- NERISSA** Then is there the County Palatine.
- PORTIA** He doth nothing but frown, as who should say "An you will not have me, choose". He hears merry tales and smiles not. I had rather be married to a death's-head with a bone in his mouth than to either of these. God defend me from these two!
- NERISSA** How say you by the French lord, Monsieur le Bon?
- PORTIA** God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man.
- NERISSA** How like you the young German, the Duke of Saxony's nephew?
- PORTIA** Very vilely in the morning when he is sober, and most vilely in the afternoon when he is drunk.
- NERISSA** If he should offer to choose, and choose the right casket, you should refuse to perform your father's will if you should refuse to accept him.
- PORTIA** Therefore, for fear of the worst, I pray thee set a deep glass of wine on the contrary casket; I will do anything, Nerissa, ere I will be married to a sponge.
- NERISSA** You need not fear, lady, the having any of these lords. They have acquainted me with their determinations, which is indeed to return to their home and to trouble you with no more suit unless you may be won by some other sort than your father's imposition depending on the caskets.
- PORTIA** I am glad this parcel of wooers are so reasonable, for there is not one among them but I dote on his very absence.
- NERISSA** Do you not remember, lady, in your father's time, a Venetian, a scholar and a soldier, that came hither?
- PORTIA** Yes, yes, it was Bassanio—as I think, so was he called.
- NERISSA** True, madam. He of all the men that ever my foolish eyes looked upon was the best deserving a fair lady.
- PORTIA** I remember him well, and I remember him worthy of thy praise.
(Enter a Servingman)
How now, what news?
- BALTHASAR** The strangers seek for you, madam, to take their leave, and there is a forerunner come from the Prince of Morocco, who brings word the Prince his master will be here tonight.
- PORTIA** I had rather he should shrive me than wive me. Come, Nerissa. *(To Balthasar)* Sirrah, go before. Whiles we shut the gate upon one wooer, Another knocks at the door.
(Exeunt)

UNIT 5

Act 1 Scene 3 (*Enter Bassanio with Shylock the Jew*)

SHYLOCK Three thousand ducats. Well.

BASSANIO Ay, sir, for three months.

SHYLOCK For three months. Well.

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

SHYLOCK Antonio shall become bound. Well.

BASSANIO May you stead me? Will you pleasure me? Shall I know your answer?

SHYLOCK Three thousand ducats for three months, and Antonio bound.

BASSANIO Your answer to that.

SHYLOCK Antonio is a good man.

BASSANIO Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?

SHYLOCK Ho, no, no, no, no! My meaning in saying he is a good man is to have you understand me that he is sufficient. Yet his means are in supposition. He hath an argosy bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies. I understand moreover upon the Rialto he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England, and other ventures he hath squandered abroad. But ships are but boards, sailors but men. There be land rats and water rats, water thieves and land thieves—I mean pirates—and then there is the peril of waters, winds, and rocks. The man is, notwithstanding, sufficient. Three thousand ducats. I think I may take his bond.

BASSANIO Be assured you may.

SHYLOCK I will be assured I may, and that I may be assured, I will bethink me. May I speak with Antonio?

BASSANIO If it please you to dine with us.

SHYLOCK Yes, to smell pork, to eat of the habitation which your prophet the Nazarite conjured the devil into! I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following, but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you.
(*Enter Antonio*)

BASSANIO There is Signor Antonio.

(*Bassanio and Antonio speak silently to one another*)

SHYLOCK

(*aside*) How like a fawning publican he looks.
I hate him for he is a Christian;
But more, for that in low simplicity
He lends out money gratis, and brings down
The rate of usance here with us in Venice.
If I can catch him once upon the hip
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
He hates our sacred nation, and he rails,
Even there where merchants most do congregate,
On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift—

Which he calls interest. Cursèd be my tribe
If I forgive him.

BASSANIO
SHYLOCK

Shylock, do you hear?

I am debating of my present store,
And by the near guess of my memory
I cannot instantly raise up the gross
Of full three thousand ducats. What of that?
Tubal, a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe,
Will furnish me. But soft—how many months
Do you desire?
(*To Antonio*) Rest you fair, good signor.
Your worship was the last man in our mouths.

ANTONIO

Shylock, albeit I neither lend nor borrow
By taking nor by giving of excess,
Yet to supply the ripe wants of my friend
I'll break a custom.
(*To Bassanio*) Is he yet possessed
How much ye would?

SHYLOCK
ANTONIO

Ay, ay, three thousand ducats.

And for three months.

SHYLOCK

I had forgot—three months.
(*To Bassanio*) You told me so.—
Well then, your bond. Let me see; but hear you
Methoughts you said you neither lend nor borrow
Upon advantage.

ANTONIO
SHYLOCK

I do never use it.

Three thousand ducats. 'Tis a good round sum.
Three months from twelve—then let me see the rate.

ANTONIO

Well, Shylock, shall we be beholden to you?

SHYLOCK

Signor Antonio, many a time and oft
In the Rialto you have rated me
About my moneys and my usances.
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug,
For suff'rance is the badge of all our tribe.
You call me misbeliever, cut-throat, dog,
And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine,
And all for use of that which is mine own.
Well then, it now appears you need my help.
Go to, then. You come to me, and you say
"Shylock, we would have moneys"—you say so,
You, that did void your rheum upon my beard,
And foot me as you spurn a stranger cur
Over your threshold. Moneys is your suit.
What should I say to you? Should I not say
"Hath a dog money? Is it possible
A cur should lend three thousand ducats?" Or
Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key,
With bated breath and whisp'ring humbleness

Say this:
“Fair sir, you spat on me on Wednesday last
You spurned me such a day; another time
You called me dog; and for these courtesies
I’ll lend you thus much moneys”?

ANTONIO

I am as like to call thee so again,
To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too.
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy friends; for when did friendship take
A breed for barren metal for his friend?
But lend it rather to thine enemy,
Who if he break, thou mayst with better face
Exact the penalty.

SHYLOCK

Why, look you, how you storm!
I would be friends with you, and have your love,
Forget the shames that you have stained me with,
Supply your present wants, and take no doit
Of usance for my moneys, and you’ll not hear me.
This is kind I offer.

BASSANIO

This were kindness.

SHYLOCK

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

ANTONIO

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

BASSANIO

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

ANTONIO

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

SHYLOCK

O father Abram, what these Christians are,
Whose own hard dealings teaches them suspect
The thoughts of others!

(To Bassanio) Pray you tell me this:
If he should break his day, what should I gain
By the exaction of the forfeiture?
A pound of man’s flesh taken from a man
Is not so estimable, profitable neither,
As flesh of muttons, beeves, or goats. I say,
To buy his favour I extend this friendship.
If he will take it, so. If not, adieu,
And, for my love, I pray you wrong me not.

The Merchant Of Venice

ANTONIO

Yes, Shylock, I will seal unto this bond.

SHYLOCK

Then meet me forthwith at the notary's.
Give him direction for this merry bond,
And I will go and purse the ducats straight,
See to my house—left in the fearful guard
Of an unthrifty knave—and presently
I'll be with you.

ANTONIO

Hie thee, gentle Jew.

(Exit Shylock)

The Hebrew will turn Christian

BASSANIO

I like not fair terms and a villain's mind.

ANTONIO

Come on. In this there can be no dismay.
My ships come home a month before the day.
(Exeunt)

UNIT 6

Act 2 Scene 1

(Flourish of cornetts. Enter the Prince of Morocco, a tawny Moor all in white, and three or four followers accordingly, with Portia, Nerissa, and their train)

MOROCCO *(to Portia)*

Mislike me not for my complexion,
I tell thee, lady, this aspect of mine
Hath feared the valiant. By my love I swear,
The best regarded virgins of our clime
Have loved it too. I would not change this hue
Except to steal your thoughts, my gentle queen.

PORTIA

In terms of choice I am not solely led
By nice direction of a maiden's eyes.
You must take your chance,
And either not attempt to choose at all,
Or swear before you choose, if you choose wrong
Never to speak to lady afterward
In way of marriage. Therefore be advised.

MOROCCO

Nor will not. Come, bring me unto my chance.

PORTIA

First, forward to the temple. After dinner
Your hazard shall be made.

MOROCCO

Good fortune then,

To make me blest or cursèd'st among men.
(Flourish of cornetts. Exeunt)

UNIT 7

Act 2 Scene 2

(Enter Lancelot the clown)

LANCELOT

Certainly my conscience will serve me to run from this Jew my master. The fiend is at mine elbow and tempts me, saying to me "Gobbo, use your legs, take the start, run away." My conscience says "No, take heed, honest Lancelot, do not run, scorn running with thy heels." Well, the most courageous fiend bids me pack. "Away!" says the fiend; "for the heavens; rouse up a brave mind," says the fiend, "and run." Well,

The Merchant Of Venice

my conscience hanging about the neck of my heart says very wisely to me, "My honest friend Lancelot"— being an honest man's son, "Lancelot, budge not" "Budge!" says the fiend conscience. "Conscience," say I, "you counsel well" "Fiend," say I, "you counsel well." To be ruled by my conscience I should stay with the Jew my master who, God bless the mark, is a kind of devil from the Jew I should be ruled by the fiend who, saving your reverence, is the devil himself. Certainly the Jew is the very devil incarnation my conscience is but a kind of hard conscience to offer to counsel me to stay with the Jew. The fiend gives the more friendly counsel. I will run, fiend. My heels are at your commandment. I will run.

(Enter Bassanio)

(to Bassanio) God bless your worship.

BASSANIO Gramercy. Wouldst thou aught with me?

LANCELOT Indeed, the short and the long is, I serve the Jew - In very brief, the suit is impertinent to myself, as your worship shall know ...

BASSANIO What would you?

LANCELOT Serve you, sir.

BASSANIO
I know thee well. Thou hast obtained thy suit.
Shylock, thy master spoke with me this day,
And hath preferred thee, if it be preferment
To leave a rich Jew's service to become
The follower of so poor a gentleman.

LANCELOT The old proverb is very well parted between my master Shylock and you, sir: you have the grace of God, sir, and he hath enough.

BASSANIO Take leave of thy old master and enquire
My lodging out.

LANCELOT I shall have good fortune! I'll take my leave of the Jew in the twinkling.
(Exit)

UNIT 8

(Enter Graziano)

GRAZIANO
Signor Bassanio!

BASSANIO Graziano!

GRAZIANO
I have a suit to you.

BASSANIO You have obtained it.

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

BASSANIO
Why then, you must. But hear thee, Graziano,
Thou art too wild, too rude and bold of voice—
Pray thee, take pain
To allay with some cold drops of modesty
Thy skipping spirit, lest through thy wild behaviour
I be misconstered in the place I go to,
And lose my hopes.

GRAZIANO Signor Bassanio, hear me.

The Merchant Of Venice

If I do not put on a sober habit,
Talk with respect, and swear but now and then,
Wear prayer books in my pocket, look demurely—
To please his grandam, never trust me more.

BASSANIO

Well, we shall see your bearing.

GRAZIANO

Nay, but I bar tonight. You shall not gauge me
By what we do tonight.

BASSANIO

No, that were pity.

I would entreat you rather to put on
Your boldest suit of mirth, for we have friends
That purpose merriment. But fare you well.
I have some business.

GRAZIANO

And I must to Lorenzo and the rest.
But we will visit you at supper-time.
(*Exeunt severally*)

UNIT 9

Act 2 Scene 3

(*Enter Jessica and Lancelot, the clown*)

JESSICA

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

LANCELOT

Adieu. Tears exhibit my tongue, most beautiful pagan, most sweet Jew! If a Christian
did not play the knave and get thee, I am much deceived. But adieu. These foolish
drops do somewhat drown my manly spirit. Adieu.

JESSICA

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

UNIT 10

Act 2 Scene 4

(*Enter Graziano, Lorenzo, Salerio, and Salanio*)

LORENZO

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

GRAZIANO

We have not made good preparation.

LORENZO

The Merchant Of Venice

'Tis now but four o'clock. We have two hours
To furnish us.

(Enter Lancelot with a letter)

Friend Lancelot, what's the news?

LANCELOT *(presenting the letter)* An it shall please you to break up this, it shall seem to signify.

LORENZO *(taking the letter)*

I know the hand. In faith, 'tis a fair hand,
And whiter than the paper it writ on
Is the fair hand that writ.

GRAZIANO Love-news, in faith.

LANCELOT *(to Lorenzo)* By your leave, sir.

LORENZO Whither goest thou?

LANCELOT Marry, sir, to bid my old master the Jew to sup tonight with my new master the Christian.

LORENZO

Hold, here, take this. *(Giving money)*
Tell gentle Jessica
I will not fail her. Speak it privately.
Go.

(Exit Lancelot)

My friends
Will you prepare you for this masque tonight?

SOLANIO

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

LORENZO

Meet me and Graziano
At Graziano's lodging some hour hence.

SOLANIO

'Tis good we do so.
(Exit Solanio)

GRAZIANO

Was not that letter from fair Jessica?

LORENZO

I must needs tell thee all. She hath directed
How I shall take her from her father's house,
What gold and jewels she is furnished with.
If e'er the Jew her father come to heaven
It will be for his gentle daughter's sake
And never dare misfortune cross her foot
Unless she do it under this excuse:
That she is issue to a faithless Jew.
Come, go with me. Peruse this as thou goest.
(He gives Graziano the letter. Exeunt.)

UNIT 11

Act 2 Scene 5

(Enter Shylock the Jew and his man that was, Lancelot the clown)

SHYLOCK

Well, thou shalt see, thy eyes shall be thy judge,
The difference of old Shylock and Bassanio.
(Calling) What, Jessica!

The Merchant Of Venice

(*To Lancelot*) Thou shalt not gormandize
As thou hast done with me.

(*Calling*) What, Jessica!

(*To Lancelot*) And sleep and snore and rend apparel out.

(*Calling*) Why, Jessica, I say!

LANCELOT
SHYLOCK (*calling*) Why, Jessica!

Who bids thee call? I do not bid thee call.

LANCELOT Your worship was wont to tell me I could do nothing without bidding.
(*Enter Jessica*)

JESSICA
SHYLOCK (*to Shylock*) Call you? What is your will?

I am bid forth to supper, Jessica.
There are my keys. But wherefore should I go?
I am not bid for love. They flatter me,
But yet I'll go in hate, to feed upon
The prodigal Christian. Jessica, my girl,
Look to my house. I am right loath to go.
There is some ill a-brewing towards my rest,
For I did dream of money-bags tonight.

LANCELOT I beseech you, sir, go. My young master doth expect your reproach.

SHYLOCK So do I his.

LANCELOT And they have conspired together. I will not say you shall see a masque ...
SHYLOCK

What, are there masques? Hear you me, Jessica,
Lock up my doors; and when you hear the drum
And the vile squealing of the wry-necked fife,
Clamber not you up to the casements then,
Nor thrust your head into the public street
To gaze on Christian fools with varnished faces.
Let not the sound of shallow fopp'ry enter
My sober house. By Jacob's staff I swear
I have no mind of feasting forth tonight.
But I will go.
(*To Lancelot*) Go you before me, sirrah.
Say I will come.

LANCELOT I will go before, sir.
(*Aside to Jessica*) Mistress, look out at window for all this.
There will come a Christian by
Will be worth a Jewess' eye.

SHYLOCK (*Exit*)
(*to Jessica*)
What says that fool, ha?

JESSICA

His words were "Farewell, mistress"

SHYLOCK
The patch is kind enough, but a huge feeder,
Snail-slow in profit, and he sleeps by day
More than the wildcat. Drones hive not with me
Therefore I part with him, and part with him
To one that I would have him help to waste

The Merchant Of Venice

His borrowed purse. Well, Jessica, go in.
Perhaps I will return immediately.
Do as I bid you. Shut doors after you.
Fast bind, fast find—
A proverb never stale in thrifty mind.
(*Exit at one door*)

JESSICA

Farewell; and if my fortune be not crost,
I have a father, you a daughter lost.
(*Exit at another door*)

UNIT 12

Act 2 Scene 6

(*Enter the masquers, Graziano, and Salerio, with torchbearers*)

GRAZIANO

This is the penthouse under which Lorenzo
Desired us to make stand.

SOLANIO

His hour is almost past.

(*Enter Lorenzo, with a torch*)

Here comes Lorenzo. More of this hereafter.

LORENZO

Sweet friends, your patience for my long abode.
When you shall please to play the thieves for wives
I'll watch as long for you therein. Approach.
Here dwells my father Jew.
(*Calling*) Ho, who's within?
(*Enter Jessica above*)

JESSICA

Who are you?

LORENZO

Lorenzo, and thy love.

JESSICA

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

LORENZO

Heaven and thy thoughts are witness that thou art.

JESSICA

Here, catch this casket. It is worth the pains.

LORENZO

But come at once,
For the close night doth play the runaway,
And we are stayed for at Bassanio's feast.

JESSICA

I will make fast the doors, and gild myself
With some more ducats, and be with you straight.
(*Exit above*)

GRAZIANO

Now, by my hood, a gentile, and no Jew.

LORENZO

Beshrew me but I love her heartily,
For she is wise, if I can judge of her
And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true
And true she is, as she hath proved herself
And therefore like herself, wise, fair, and true,
Shall she be placèd in my constant soul.

The Merchant Of Venice

(Enter Jessica below)

What, art thou come? On, sweet friends, away.
Our masquing mates by this time for us stay.

(Exit with Jessica, Solanio and Salerio)

(Enter Antonio)

ANTONIO

Who's there?

GRAZIANO
ANTONIO

Signor Antonio?

Fie, fie, Graziano, where are all the rest?
'Tis nine o'clock. Our friends all stay for you.
No masque tonight. The wind is come about.
Bassanio presently will go aboard.
I have sent twenty out to seek for you.

GRAZIANO

I am glad on 't. I desire no more delight
Than to be under sail and gone tonight.
(Exeunt)

UNIT 13

Act 2 Scene 7

(Flourish of coronets. Enter Portia with Morocco and both their trains)

PORTIA

Noble prince, now make your choice.

MOROCCO

This first of gold, who this inscription bears:
"Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire."
The second silver, which this promise carries:
"Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves."
This third dull lead, with warning all as blunt:
"Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath."
How shall I know if I do choose the right?

PORTIA

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

MOROCCO

Some god direct my judgement! Let me see.
I will survey th' inscriptions back again.
What says this leaden casket?
"Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath."
Must give, for what? For lead? Hazard for lead?
This casket threatens.
I'll then nor give nor hazard aught for lead.
What says the silver with her virgin hue?
"Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves."
"As much as he deserves": pause there, Morocco,
And weigh thy value with an even hand.
As much as I deserve—why, that's the lady!
What if I strayed no farther, but chose here?
Let's see once more this saying graved in gold:
"Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire."
Why, that's the lady! All the world desires her.
One of these three contains her heavenly picture.
Is 't like that lead contains her? 'Twere damnation
To think so base a thought. It were too gross!
Or shall I think in silver she's immured,

The Merchant Of Venice

Being ten times undervalued to tried gold?
O sinful thought! Deliver me the key.
Here do I choose, and thrive I as I may.
(*He is given a key*)

PORTIA

There, take it, Prince; and if my form lie there,
Then I am yours.
(*Morocco opens the golden casket*)

MOROCCO

O hell! What have we here?
A carrion death, within whose empty eye
There is a written scroll. I'll read the writing.
*"All that glisters is not gold
Often have you heard that told.
Many a man his life hath sold
But my outside to behold.
Gilded tombs do worms infold.
Had you been as wise as bold,
Young in limbs, in judgement old,
Your answer had not been enscrolled.
Fare you well; your suit is cold."*
Cold indeed, and labour lost.
Then farewell heat, and welcome frost.
Portia, adieu. I have too grieved a heart
To take a tedious leave. Thus losers part.
(*Flourish of cornetts. Exit with his train*)

PORTIA

A gentle riddance. Turn the caskets, go.
Let all of his complexion choose me so.
(*The curtains are drawn. Exeunt*)

UNIT 14

Act 2 Scene 9

(*Enter Nerissa and Balthasaar*)

NERISSA

Quick, quick, I pray thee, turn the caskets straight.
The Prince of Aragon hath ta'en his oath,
And comes to his election presently.
(*Balthasaar turns the three caskets. Flourish of cornetts. Enter Aragon, his train.*)

PORTIA

Behold, there stand the caskets, noble Prince.
If you choose that wherein I am contained,
Straight shall our nuptial rites be solemnized.
But if you fail, without more speech, my lord,
You must be gone from hence immediately.

ARAGON

I am enjoined by oath to observe three things:
First, never to unfold to anyone
Which casket 'twas I chose. Next, if I fail
Of the right casket, never in my life
To woo a maid in way of marriage.
Lastly, if I do fail in fortune of my choice,
Immediately to leave you and be gone.

PORTIA

To these injunctions everyone doth swear
That comes to hazard for my worthless self.

ARAGON

And so have I addressed me. Fortune now
To my heart's hope! Gold, silver, and base lead.
(He reads the leaden casket)
"Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath."
You shall look fairer ere I give or hazard.
What says the golden chest? Ha, let me see.
"Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire."
I will not choose what many men desire,
Why then, to thee, thou silver treasure-house.
Tell me once more what title thou dost bear.
"Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves"—
I will assume desert. Give me a key for this,
And instantly unlock my fortunes here.
(He is given a key. He opens the silver casket)

PORTIA

Too long a pause for that which you find there.

ARAGON

What's here? The portrait of a blinking idiot
Presenting me a schedule. I will read it.
(He reads the schedule)
"Some there be that shadows kiss
Such have but a shadow's bliss.
There be fools alive, i'wis,
Silvered o'er; and so was this.
Take what wife you will to bed,
I will ever be your head.
So be gone; you are sped."
Still more fool I shall appear
By the time I linger here.
With one fool's head I came to woo,
But I go away with two.
Sweet, adieu. I'll keep my oath
Patiently to bear my wroth.
(Flourish of cornetts. Exit with his train)

PORTIA

Thus hath the candle singed the moth.
O, these deliberate fools!

NERISSA

The ancient saying is no heresy:
Hanging and wiving goes by destiny.

PORTIA

Come, turn the caskets, Nerissa.
(Nerissa turns the caskets)
(Enter a Messenger)

BALTHASAR

Where is my lady?

PORTIA

Here. What would my lord?

BALTHASAR

Madam, there is alighted at your gate
A young Venetian, one that comes before
To signify th' approaching of his lord.
A day in April never came so sweet
To show how costly summer was at hand
As this fore-spurrer comes before his lord.

PORTIA

No more, I pray thee, I am half afeard
Thou wilt say anon he is some kin to thee,
Thou spend'st such high-day wit in praising him.
Come, come, Nerissa, for I long to see
Quick Cupid's post that comes so mannerly. *(Exit)*

NERISSA

Bassanio, Lord Love, if thy will it be!
(Exeunt)

UNIT 15.

Act 3 Scene 1

(Enter Solanio and Salerio)

SOLANIO Now, what news on the Rialto?

SALERIO Why, yet it lives there unchecked that Antonio hath a ship of rich lading wrecked on the narrow seas — if my gossip Report be an honest woman of her word.

SOLANIO I would she were as lying a gossip in that as ever made her neighbours believe she wept for the death of a third husband. But it is true, the good Antonio, hath lost a ship.

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

SOLANIO Let me say amen betimes, lest the devil cross my prayer—

UNIT 16

(Enter Shylock)

for here he comes in the likeness of a Jew. How now, Shylock, what news among the merchants?

SHYLOCK You knew, none so well, none so well as you, of my daughter's flight.

SOLANIO And Shylock for his own part knew the bird was fledge, and then it is the complexion of them all to leave the dam.

SHYLOCK She is damned for it.

SALERIO That's certain, if the devil may be her judge.

SHYLOCK My own flesh and blood to rebel!

SALERIO There is more difference between thy flesh and hers than between jet and ivory bloods than there is between red wine and Rhenish. But tell us, do you hear whether Antonio have had any loss at sea or no?

SHYLOCK There I have another bad match. A bankrupt, a prodigal, who dare scarce show his head on the Rialto a beggar, that was used to come so smug upon the mart. Let him look to his bond. He was wont to call me usurer: let him look to his bond. He was wont to lend money for a Christian courtesy: let him look to his bond.

SALERIO Why, I am sure if he forfeit thou wilt not take his flesh. What's that good for?

SHYLOCK To bait fish withal. If it will feed nothing else it will feed my revenge. He hath disgraced me, and hindered me half a million, mocked at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies, and what's his reason?—I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes? Hath not a Jew hands,

The Merchant Of Venice

organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? Fed with the same food hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer as a Christian is? If you prick us do we not bleed? If you tickle us do we not laugh? If you poison us do we not die? And if you wrong us shall we not revenge? If we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? Revenge. If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example? Why, revenge. The villainy you teach me I will execute, and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction.

(Enter a Servant from Antonio)

SERVANT *(to Solanio and Salerio)* Gentlemen, my master Antonio is at his house and desires to speak with you both.

SALERIO We have been up and down to seek him.
(Enter Tubal)

SOLANIO Here comes another of the tribe.
(Exeunt Solanio and Salerio, with Antonio's Man)

SHYLOCK How now, Tubal? What news from Genoa? Hast thou found my daughter?

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

SHYLOCK Why, there, there, there, there. A diamond gone cost me two thousand ducats in Frankfurt. The curse never fell upon our nation till now—I never felt it till now. Two thousand ducats in that and other precious, precious jewels. I would my daughter were dead at my foot and the jewels in her ear! Would she were hearsed at my foot and the ducats in her coffin! No news of them? Why, so. And I know not what's spent in the search. Why thou, loss upon loss: the thief gone with so much, and so much to find the thief, and no satisfaction, no revenge, nor no ill luck stirring but what lights o' my shoulders, no sighs but o' my breathing, no tears but o' my shedding.

TUBAL Yes, other men have ill luck too. Antonio, as I heard in Genoa—

SHYLOCK What, what, what? Ill luck, ill luck?

TUBAL Hath an argosy cast away coming from Tripolis.

SHYLOCK I thank God, I thank God! Is it true, is it true?

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

SHYLOCK I thank thee, good Tubal. Good news, good news! Ha, ha—heard in Genoa?

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

SHYLOCK Thou stick'st a dagger in me. I shall never see my gold again. Fourscore ducats at a sitting? Fourscore ducats?

TUBAL There came divers of Antonio's creditors in my company to Venice that swear he cannot choose but break.

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

TUBAL One of them showed me a ring that he had of your daughter for a monkey.

The Merchant Of Venice

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

TUBAL But Antonio is certainly undone.

SHYLOCK Nay, that's true, that's very true. Go, Tubal, fee me an officer. Bespeak him a fortnight before. I will have the heart of him if he forfeit, for were he out of Venice I can make what merchandise I will. Go, Tubal, and meet me at our synagogue. Go, good Tubal; at our synagogue, Tubal.
(Exeunt severally)

INTERMISSION.

UNIT 17

Act 3 Scene 2

(Enter Bassanio, Portia, Nerissa, Graziano, and all their trains. The curtains are drawn aside revealing the three caskets)

PORTIA *(to Bassanio)*

I pray you tarry. Pause a day or two
Before you hazard, for in choosing wrong
I lose your company. Therefore forbear a while.
There's something tells me—but it is not love—
I would not lose you; and you know yourself
Hate counsels not in such a quality.
I speak too long, but tis to piece the time,
To eke it, and to draw it out in length
To stay you from election.

BASSANIO Let me choose,
For as I am, I live upon the rack.

PORTIA

Away then. I am locked in one of them.
If you do love me, you will find me out.
Nerissa and the rest, stand all aloof.
Let music sound while he doth make his choice.
Live thou, I live. With much much more dismay
I view the fight than thou that mak'st the fray.

Song.

BASSANIO

Gaudy gold,
Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee.
Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge
'Tween man and man. But thou, thou meagre lead,
Which rather threaten'st than dost promise aught,
Thy paleness moves me more than eloquence,
And here choose I. Joy be the consequence!
(Bassanio opens the leaden casket)

BASSANIO

What find I here? Here's the scroll,
*"You that choose not by the view
Chance as fair and choose as true.
Since this fortune falls to you,
Be content, and seek no new.
If you be well pleased with this,
And hold your fortune for your bliss,
Turn you where your lady is,
And claim her with a loving kiss."*
A gentle scroll. Fair lady, by your leave,

I come by note to give and to receive,
As doubtful whether what I see be true
Until confirmed, signed, ratified by you.

PORTIA

You see me, Lord Bassanio, where I stand,
Such as I am. But the full sum of me
Is sum of something which, to term in gross,
Is an unlessoned girl, unschooled, unpractisèd,
Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learn; happier than this
She is not bred so dull but she can learn;
Happiest of all is that her gentle spirit
Commits itself to yours to be directed
As from her lord, her governor, her king.
Myself and what is mine to you and yours
Is now converted. But now I was the lord
Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,
Queen o'er myself; and even now, but now,
This house, these servants, and this same myself
Are yours, my lord's. 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.

BASSANIO

Madam, you have bereft me of all words.
But when this ring
Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence.
O, then be bold to say Bassanio's dead.

NERISSA

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!"

GRAZIANO

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 too.

BASSANIO

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

GRAZIANO

I thank your lordship, you have got me one.
My eyes, my lord, can look as swift as yours.
You saw the mistress, I beheld the maid.
You loved, I loved.
I got a promise of this fair one here
To have her love, provided that your fortune
Achieved her mistress.

PORTIA

Is this true, Nerissa?

NERISSA

Madam, it is, so you stand pleased withal.

BASSANIO

And do you, Graziano, mean good faith?

GRAZIANO Yes, faith, my lord.

BASSANIO Our feast shall be much honoured in your marriage.

GRAZIANO (*to Nerissa*) We'll play with them the first boy for a thousand ducats.

NERISSA What, and stake down?

GRAZIANO No, we shall ne'er win at that sport and stake down.

UNIT 18.

(*Enter Lorenzo, Jessica, and Salerio*)

But who comes here? Lorenzo and his infidel! What, and my old Venetian friend Salerio!

BASSANIO

Lorenzo and Salerio, welcome hither,
If that the youth of my new int'rest here
Have power to bid you welcome.

(*To Portia*) By your leave,
I bid my very friends and countrymen,
Sweet Portia, welcome.

PORTIA

So do I, my lord. They are entirely welcome.

LORENZO

I thank your honour. For my part, my lord,
My purpose was not to have seen you here,
But meeting with Salerio by the way
He did entreat me past all saying nay
To come with him along.

SALERIO

I did, my lord,
And I have reason for it. Signor Antonio
Commends him to you.

(*He gives Bassanio a letter*)

(*Bassanio opens the letter and reads*)

GRAZIANO

Nerissa,
(*indicating Jessica*) cheer yon stranger. Bid her welcome.
Your hand, Salerio. What's the news from Venice?
How doth that royal merchant good Antonio?
I know he will be glad of our success.
We are the Jasons

SALERIO

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

PORTIA

There are some shrewd contents in yon same paper
That steals the colour from thy cheek.

BASSANIO

O sweet Portia,
Here are a few of the unpleasant'st words
That ever blotted paper. Gentle lady,
I have engaged myself to a dear friend,
Engaged my friend to his mere enemy,
To feed my means. But is it true, Salerio?
Hath all his ventures failed?

SALERIO

All, my lord.
Besides, it should appear that if he had
The present money to discharge the Jew

The Merchant Of Venice

He would not take it. Twenty merchants,
The Duke himself, and the magnificoes
Of greatest port, have all persuaded 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 have heard him swear
To Tubal and to Cush, his countrymen,
That he would rather have Antonio's flesh
Than twenty times the value of the sum
That he did owe him; and I know, my lord,
If law, authority, and power deny not,
It will go hard with poor Antonio.

PORTIA

(to Bassanio)
Is it your dear friend that is thus in trouble?

BASSANIO

The dearest friend to me.

PORTIA

What sum owes he the Jew?

BASSANIO

For me, three thousand ducats.

PORTIA

What, no more?

Pay him six thousand and deface the bond.
Double six thousand, and then treble that,
Before a friend of this description
Shall lose a hair thorough Bassanio's fault.
First go with me to church and call me wife,
And then away to Venice to your friend
For never shall you lie by Portia's side
With an unquiet soul. Come, away,
For you shall hence upon your wedding day.
Bid your friends welcome, show a merry cheer.
Since you are dear bought, I will love you dear.
O, love! Dispatch all business, and be gone.

BASSANIO

Since I have your good leave to go away
I will make haste, but till I come again
No bed shall e'er be guilty of my stay
Nor rest be interposer 'twixt us twain.
(Exeunt)

UNIT 19.

Act 3 Scene 3

(Enter Shylock the Jew, Solanio, Antonio, and the gaoler)

SHYLOCK

Gaoler, look to him. Tell not me of mercy.
This is the fool that lent out money gratis.
Gaoler, look to him.

ANTONIO

Hear me yet, good Shylock.

SHYLOCK

I'll have my bond. Speak not against my bond.
I have sworn an oath that I will have my bond.
Thou called'st me dog before thou hadst a cause,
But since I am a dog, beware my fangs.

ANTONIO

I pray thee hear me speak.

SHYLOCK

The Merchant Of Venice

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

SOLANIO

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

ANTONIO

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

SOLANIO

I am sure the Duke
Will never grant this forfeiture to hold.

ANTONIO

The Duke cannot deny the course of law,
For the commodity that strangers have
With us in Venice, if it be denied,
Will much impeach the justice of the state,
Since that the trade and profit of the city
Consisteth of all nations. Pray God Bassanio come
To see me pay his debt, and then I care not.
(*Exeunt*)

UNIT 20

Act 3 Scene 4

(*Enter Portia, Nerissa, Lorenzo, Jessica, and Balthasar*)

LORENZO

(*to Portia*)
Madam, although I speak it in your presence,
You have a noble and a true conceit
In bearing thus the absence of your lord.

PORTIA

I never did repent for doing good,
Nor shall not now. Hear you of other things:
Lorenzo, I commit into your hands
The husbandry and manage of my house
Until my lord's return. For mine own part,
I have toward heaven breathed a secret vow
To live in prayer and contemplation,
Only attended by Nerissa here.

LORENZO

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

JESSICA

I wish your ladyship all heart's content.

PORTIA

I thank you for your wish, and am well pleased
To wish it back on you. Fare you well, Jessica.
(*Exeunt Lorenzo and Jessica*)
Now, Balthasar,
As I have ever found thee honest-true,

The Merchant Of Venice

So let me find thee still. Take this same letter,
In speed to Padua. See thou render this
Into my cousin's hands, Doctor Bellario,
And look what notes and garments he doth give thee,
Bring them, I pray thee, with imagined speed
Unto the traject, to the common ferry
Which trades to Venice. Waste no time in words,
But get thee gone. I shall be there before thee.

BALTHASAR

Madam, I go with all convenient speed.
(Exit)

UNIT 21

PORTIA

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

NERISSA

Shall they see us?

PORTIA

They shall, Nerissa, but in such a habit
That they shall think we are accomplishèd
With that we lack. I'll hold thee any wager,
When we are both accoutered like young men
I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two.

NERISSA

Shall we turn to men?

PORTIA

What a question's that
If thou wert near a lewd interpreter!
But come, I'll tell thee all my whole device
When I am in my coach, which stays for us
At the park gate, and therefore haste away,
For we must measure twenty miles today.
(Exeunt)

UNIT 22

Act 3 Scene 5

(Enter Lancelot the clown, and Jessica)

LANCELOT

Yes, truly, for look you, the sins of the father are to be laid upon the children,
therefore I promise you I fear you. I was always plain with you, and so now I speak
my agitation of the matter, therefore be o' good cheer, for truly I think you are
damned. There is but one hope in it that can do you any good, and that is but a kind
of bastard hope, neither.

JESSICA

And what hope is that, I pray thee?

LANCELOT

Marry, you may partly hope that your father got you not, that you are not the Jew's
daughter.

JESSICA

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

LANCELOT

Truly, the more to blame he! We were Christians enough before, e'en as many as
could well live one by another. This making of Christians will raise the price of hogs.
If we grow all to be pork-eaters we shall not shortly have a rasher on the coals for
money.
(Exit Lancelot. Enter Lorenzo, Jessica looks at him and then exits into the house)

Act 4 Scene 1

(Enter the Duke, the magnificoes, Antonio, Bassanio, Graziano, and Salerio)

DUKE

What, is Antonio here?

ANTONIO

Ready, so please your grace.

DUKE

I am sorry for thee. Thou art come to answer
A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch
Uncapable of pity, void and empty
From any dram of mercy.

ANTONIO

I have heard

Your grace hath ta'en great pains to qualify
His rigorous course, but since he stands obdurate,
And that no lawful means can carry me
Out of his envy's reach, I do oppose
My patience to his fury, and am armed
To suffer with a quietness of spirit
The very tyranny and rage of his.

DUKE

Go one, and call the Jew into the court.

SALERIO

He is ready at the door. He comes, my lord.
(Enter Shylock)

DUKE

Make room, and let him stand before our face.
Shylock, the world thinks—and I think so too—
That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice
To the last hour of act, and then 'tis thought
Thou'lt show thy mercy and remorse more strange
Than is thy strange apparent cruelty,
And where thou now exacts the penalty—
Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh—
Thou wilt not only loose the forfeiture,
But, touched with human gentleness and love,
Forgive a moiety of the principal.
We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.

SHYLOCK

I have possessed your grace of what I purpose,
And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn
To have the due and forfeit of my bond.
If you deny it, let the danger light
Upon your charter and your city's freedom.
You'll ask me why I rather choose to have
A weight of carrion flesh than to receive
Three thousand ducats. I'll not answer that,
But say it is my humour. Is it answered?
What if my house be troubled with a rat,
And I be pleased to give ten thousand ducats
To have it baned? What, are you answered yet?
Some men there are love not a gaping pig,
Some that are mad if they behold a cat,
And others when the bagpipe sings i' th' nose
Cannot contain their urine; for affection
Mistress of passion, sways it to the mood

Of what it likes or loathes. Now for your answer:
As there is no firm reason to be rendered
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig,
Why he a harmless necessary cat,
Why he a woollen bagpipe,
So can I give no reason, nor I will not,
More than a lodged hate and a certain loathing
I bear Antonio, that I follow thus
A losing suit against him. Are you answered?

BASSANIO

This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,
To excuse the current of thy cruelty.

SHYLOCK

I am not bound to please thee with my answers.

BASSANIO

Do all men kill the things they do not love?

SHYLOCK

Hates any man the thing he would not kill?

BASSANIO

Every offence is not a hate at first.

SHYLOCK

What, wouldst thou have a serpent sting thee twice?

ANTONIO

You think you question with the Jew.
You may as well go stand upon the beach
And bid the main flood bate his usual height
You may as well do anything most hard
As seek to soften that—than which what's harder?—
His Jewish heart. Therefore, I do beseech you,
Make no more offers, use no farther means,
But with all brief and plain conveniency
Let me have judgement and the Jew his will.

BASSANIO

(*to Shylock*) For thy three thousand ducats here is six.

SHYLOCK

If every ducat in six thousand ducats
Were in six parts, and every part a ducat,
I would not draw them. I would have my bond.

DUKE

How shalt thou hope for mercy, rend'ring none?

SHYLOCK

What judgement shall I dread, doing no wrong?
You have among you many a purchased slave
Which, like your asses and your dogs and mules,
You use in abject and in slavish parts
Because you bought them. Shall I say to you
“Let them be free, marry them to your heirs.
Why sweat they under burdens? Let their beds
Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates
Be seasoned with such viands.” You will answer
“The slaves are ours.” So do I answer you.
The pound of flesh which I demand of him
Is dearly bought. 'Tis mine, and I will have it.
If you deny me, fie upon your law:
There is no force in the decrees of Venice.

The Merchant Of Venice

I stand for judgement. Answer: shall I have it?

DUKE

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

SALERIO

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

DUKE

Bring us the letters. Call the messenger.
(Exit Salerio)

UNIT 24

(Enter Salerio, with Nerissa apparelled as a judge's clerk)

DUKE

Came you from Padua, from Bellario?

NERISSA

From both, my lord. Bellario greets your grace.
(She gives a letter to the Duke.)
(Shylock whets his knife on his shoe)

BASSANIO

(to Shylock)
Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly?

SHYLOCK

To cut the forfeit from that bankrupt there.

GRAZIANO

Not on thy sole but on thy soul, harsh Jew,
Thou mak'st thy knife keen. But no metal can,
No, not the hangman's axe, bear half the keenness
Of thy sharp envy. Can no prayers pierce thee?

SHYLOCK

No, none that thou hast wit enough to make.

GRAZIANO

O, be thou damned, inexorable dog,
And for thy life let justice be accused!
For thy desires are wolfish, bloody, starv'd,
And ravenous.

SHYLOCK

Till thou canst rail the seal from off my bond
Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud.
Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall
To cureless ruin. I stand here for law.

DUKE

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

NERISSA

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

DUKE

With all my heart. Some three or four of you
Go give him courteous conduct to this place.
(Exeunt three or four)

NERISSA

Meantime the court shall hear Bellario's letter.
(Reads) "Your grace shall understand that at the receipt of your letter I am very sick,
but in the instant that your messenger came, in loving visitation was with me a young
doctor of Rome. His name is Balthasar. I acquainted him with the cause between

The Merchant Of Venice

the Jew and Antonio, the merchant. He is furnished with my opinion which, bettered with his own learning—the greatness whereof I cannot enough commend—comes with him at my importunity to fill up your grace's request in my stead. I leave him to your gracious acceptance, whose trial shall better publish his commendation."

(Enter three or four with Portia as Balthasar)

UNIT 25

DUKE

You hear the learn'd Bellario, what he writes
And here, I take it, is the doctor come.

(To Portia)

Give me your hand. Come you from old Bellario?

PORTIA

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?

PORTIA

I am informèd throughly of the cause.

Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?

DUKE

Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.

(Antonio and Shylock stand forth)

PORTIA

Is your name Shylock ?

SHYLOCK

Shylock is my name.

PORTIA

Of a strange nature is the suit you follow,

Yet in such rule that the Venetian law

Cannot impugn you as you do proceed.

(To Antonio) You stand within his danger, do you not?

ANTONIO

Ay, so he says.

PORTIA

Do you confess the bond?

ANTONIO

I do.

PORTIA

Then must the Jew be merciful.

SHYLOCK

On what compulsion must I? Tell me that.

PORTIA

The quality of mercy is not strained.

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 thronèd monarch better than his crown.

His sceptre shows 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 enthronèd in the hearts of kings

It is an attribute to God himself,

And earthly power doth then show likest God's

When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,

Though justice be thy plea, consider this:

That in the course of justice none of us

The Merchant Of Venice

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 'gainst the merchant there.

SHYLOCK

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

PORTIA

Is he not able to discharge the money?

BASSANIO

Yes, here I tender it for him in the court,
Yea, twice the sum. And, I beseech you,
Wrest once the law to your authority.
To do a great right, do a little wrong,
And curb this cruel devil of his will.

PORTIA

It must not be. There is no power in Venice
Can alter a decree establishèd.
'Twill be recorded for a precedent,
And many an error by the same example
Will rush into the state. It cannot be.

SHYLOCK

A Daniel come to judgement, yea, a Daniel!
O wise young judge, how I do honour thee!

PORTIA

I pray you let me look upon the bond.

SHYLOCK

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

PORTIA

Shylock, there's thrice thy money offered thee.

SHYLOCK

An oath, an oath! I have an oath in heaven.
Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?
No, not for Venice.

PORTIA

Why, this bond is forfeit,
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off
Nearest the merchant's heart.
(*To Shylock*) Be merciful.
Take thrice thy money. Bid me tear the bond.

SHYLOCK

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

ANTONIO

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

PORTIA

Why, then thus it is:

The Merchant Of Venice

SHYLOCK You must prepare your bosom for his knife—

PORTIA O noble judge, O excellent young man!

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

PORTIA 'Tis very true. O wise and upright judge!
How much more elder art thou than thy looks!
(*to Antonio*)
Therefore lay bare your bosom.

SHYLOCK Ay, his breast.
So says the bond, doth it not, noble judge?
“Nearest his heart”—those are the very words.

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

PORTIA I have them ready.

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

PORTIA Is it so nominated in the bond?

SHYLOCK It is not so expressed, but what of that?
'Twere good you do so much for charity.

PORTIA I cannot find it. 'Tis not in the bond.
(*to Antonio*)
You, merchant, have you anything to say?

ANTONIO But little. I am armed and well prepared.
Give me your hand, Bassanio
Grieve not that I am fall'n to this for you.
Commend me to your honourable wife.
Tell her the process of Antonio's end.
Say how I loved you. Speak me fair in death,
And when the tale is told, bid her be judge
Whether Bassanio had not once a love.
Repent but you that you shall lose your friend,
And he repents not that he pays your debt
For if the Jew do cut but deep enough,
I'll pay it instantly, with all my heart.

BASSANIO Antonio, I am married to a wife
Which is as dear to me as life itself,
But life itself, my wife, and all the world
Are not with me esteemed above thy life.
I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all
Here to this devil, to deliver you.

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

GRAZIANO

The Merchant Of Venice

Of one poor scruple—nay, if the scale do turn
But in the estimation of a hair,
Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate.

GRAZIANO

A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew!
Now, infidel, I have you on the hip.

PORTIA

Why doth the Jew pause? Take thy forfeiture.

SHYLOCK

Give me my principal, and let me go.

BASSANIO

I have it ready for thee. Here it is.

PORTIA

He hath refused it in the open court.
He shall have merely justice and his bond.

GRAZIANO

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

SHYLOCK

Shall I not have barely my principal?

PORTIA

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

SHYLOCK

Why then, the devil give him good of it.
I'll stay no longer question.

PORTIA

Tarry, Jew.

The law hath yet another hold on you.
It is enacted in the laws of Venice,
If it be proved against an alien
That by direct or indirect attempts
He seek the life of any citizen,
The party 'gainst the which he doth contrive
Shall seize one half his goods, the other half
Comes to the privy coffer of the state,
And the offender's life lies in the mercy
Of the Duke only, 'gainst all other voice—
In which predicament I say thou stand'st,
For it appears by manifest proceeding
That indirectly, and directly too,
Thou hast contrived against the very life
Of the defendant, and thou hast incurred
The danger formerly by me rehearsed.
Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the Duke.

GRAZIANO

(to Shylock)

Beg that thou mayst have leave to hang thyself—
And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the state,
Thou hast not left the value of a cord.
Therefore thou must be hanged at the state's charge.

DUKE

(to Shylock)

That thou shalt see the difference of our spirit,
I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it.
For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's.
The other half comes to the general state,
Which humbleness may drive unto a fine.

PORTIA

Ay, for the state, not for Antonio.

SHYLOCK

Nay, take my life and all, pardon not that.
You take my house when you do take the prop
That doth sustain my house. You take my life
When you do take the means whereby I live.

PORTIA

What mercy can you render him, Antonio?

GRAZIANO

A halter, gratis. Nothing else, for God's sake.

ANTONIO

So please my lord the Duke and all the court
To quit the fine for one half of his goods,
I am content, so he will let me have
The other half in use, to render it
Upon his death unto the gentleman
That lately stole his daughter.
Two things provided more: that for this favour
He presently become a Christian
The other, that he do record a gift
Here in the court of all he dies possessed
Unto his son, Lorenzo, and his daughter.

DUKE

He shall do this, or else I do recant
The pardon that I late pronouncèd here.

PORTIA

Art thou contented, Jew? What dost thou say?

SHYLOCK

I am content.

PORTIA

(*to Nerissa*) Clerk, draw a deed of gift.

SHYLOCK

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

DUKE

Get thee gone, but do it.

GRAZIANO

(*to Shylock*)

In christ'ning shalt thou have two godfathers.
Had I been judge thou shouldst have had ten more,
To bring thee to the gallows, not the font.
(*Exit Shylock*)

DUKE

(*to Portia*)

Sir, I entreat you home with me to dinner.

PORTIA

I humbly do desire your grace of pardon.
I must away this night toward Padua,
And it is meet I presently set forth.

DUKE

I am sorry that your leisure serves you not.
Antonio, gratify this gentleman,
For in my mind you are much bound to him.
(*Exit Duke and his train*)

BASSANIO (*to Portia*)

Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend

Have by your wisdom been this day acquitted
Of grievous penalties, in lieu whereof
Three thousand ducats due unto the Jew
We freely cope your courteous pains withal.

ANTONIO

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

PORTIA

He is well paid that is well satisfied,
And I, delivering you, am satisfied,
And therein do account myself well paid.
My mind was never yet more mercenary.
I pray you know me when we meet again.
I wish you well.

BASSANIO

Dear sir, grant me two things, I pray you:
Not to deny me, and to pardon me.

PORTIA

You press me far, and therefore I will yield,
And for your love I'll take this ring from you.
Do not draw back your hand. I'll take no more,
And you in love shall not deny me this.

BASSANIO

This ring, good sir? Alas, it is a trifle.
I will not shame myself to give you this.

PORTIA

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

BASSANIO

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

PORTIA

I see, sir, you are liberal in offers.
You taught me first to beg, and now methinks
You teach me how a beggar should be answered.

BASSANIO

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

PORTIA

That 'scuse serves many men to save their gifts.
An if your wife be not a madwoman,
And know how well I have deserved this ring,
She would not hold out enemy for ever
For giving it to me. Well, peace be with you.
(*Exeunt Portia and Nerissa*)

ANTONIO

My lord Bassanio, let him have the ring.
Let his deservings and my love withal
Be valued 'gainst your wife's commandment.

BASSANIO

Go, Graziano, run and overtake him.
Give him the ring, and bring him, if thou canst,

The Merchant Of Venice

Unto Antonio's house. Away, make haste.

(Exit Graziano)

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

(Exeunt)

UNIT 26

Act 4 Scene 2

(Enter Portia and Nerissa, still disguised)

PORTIA

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

(Enter Graziano)

GRAZIANO

Fair sir, you are well o'erta'en.
My lord Bassanio upon more advice
Hath sent you here this ring, and doth entreat
Your company at dinner.

PORTIA

That cannot be.

His ring I do accept most thankfully,
And so I pray you tell him. Furthermore,
I pray you show my youth old Shylock's house.

GRAZIANO

That will I do.

NERISSA

Sir, I would speak with you.

(Aside to Portia) I'll see if I can get my husband's ring
Which I did make him swear to keep for ever.

PORTIA

(aside to Nerissa)

Thou mayst; I warrant we shall have old swearing
That they did give the rings away to men.
But we'll outface them, and outswear them too.
Away, make haste. Thou know'st where I will tarry.

(Exit at one door)

NERISSA

(to Graziano)

Come, good sir, will you show me to this house?
(Exeunt at another door)

UNIT 27

Act 5 Scene 1

(Enter Lorenzo and Jessica)

LORENZO

The moon shines bright. In such a night as this,
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees
And they did make no noise—In such a night
Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew,
And with an unthrift love did run from Venice
As far as Belmont.

JESSICA

In such a night

Did young Lorenzo swear he loved her well,
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith,
And ne'er a true one.

LORENZO

In such a night

Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.

JESSICA

I would outright you, did nobody come.
But hark, I hear the footing of a man.
(*Enter Salerio*)

LORENZO

Who comes so fast in silence of the night?

SALERIO

A friend.

LORENZO

A friend—what ? Salerio!

What news?

SALERIO

I bring word that Portia
Our lady will before the break of day
Be here at Belmont

LORENZO (*to Jessica*)

Sweet soul, let's in, and there expect their coming.
And yet no matter. Why should we go in?
My friend Salerio, signify, I pray you,
Within the house our mistress is at hand,
And bring some music forth into the air.
(*Exit Salerio*)

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears. (*music plays*)

Look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patens of bright gold.
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still choring to the young-eyed cherubins.
Such harmony is in immortal souls,
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

JESSICA

I am never merry when I hear sweet music.

LORENZO

The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils.
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus.
Let no such man be trusted.

UNIT 28

(*Enter Portia and Nerissa, as themselves*)

LORENZO

Dear lady, welcome home.

PORTIA

We have been praying for our husbands' welfare,
Which speed we hope the better for our words.
Are they returned?

(*Enter Bassanio, Antonio, Graziano, and their followers. Graziano and Nerissa speak silently to one another*)

You are welcome home, my lord.

BASSANIO

I thank you, madam. Give welcome to my friend.
This is the man, this is Antonio,
To whom I am so infinitely bound.

PORTIA

Sir, you are very welcome to our house.

The Merchant Of Venice

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

GRAZIANO *(to Nerissa)*

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

PORTIA

A quarrel, ho, already! What's the matter?

GRAZIANO

About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring
That she did give me, whose posy was
For all the world like cutlers' poetry
Upon a knife—"Love me and leave me not".

NERISSA

What talk you of the posy or the value?
You swore to me when I did give it you
That you would wear it till your hour of death,
And that it should lie with you in your grave.
Gave it a judge's clerk?—no, God's my judge,
The clerk will ne'er wear hair on 's face that had it.

GRAZIANO

Now by this hand, I gave it to a youth,
A kind of boy, a little scrubbèd boy
No higher than thyself, the judge's clerk,
A prating boy that begged it as a fee.
I could not for my heart deny it him.

PORTIA

You were to blame, I must be plain with you,
To part so slightly with your wife's first gift,
A thing stuck on with oaths upon your finger,
And so riveted with faith unto your flesh.
I gave my love a ring, and made him swear
Never to part with it; and here he stands.
I dare be sworn for him he would not leave it,
Nor pluck it from his finger for the wealth
That the world masters. Now, in faith, Graziano,
You give your wife too unkind a cause of grief.
An 'twere to me, I should be mad at it.

BASSANIO

(aside)

Why, I were best to cut my left hand off
And swear I lost the ring defending it.

GRAZIANO

(to Portia)

My lord Bassanio gave his ring away
Unto the judge that begged it, and indeed
Deserved it, too, and then the boy his clerk,
That took some pains in writing, he begged mine,
And neither man nor master would take aught
But the two rings.

PORTIA

(to Bassanio) What ring gave you, my lord?
Not that, I hope, which you received of me.

BASSANIO

If I could add a lie unto a fault
I would deny it; but you see my finger
Hath not the ring upon it. It is gone.

PORTIA

Even so void is your false heart of truth.
By heaven, I will ne'er come in your bed
Until I see the ring.

NERISSA

(to Graziano) Nor I in yours
Till I again see mine.

BASSANIO

Sweet Portia,
If you did know to whom I gave the ring,
You would abate the strength of your displeasure.

PORTIA

Nerissa teaches me what to believe.
I'll die for 't but some woman had the ring.

BASSANIO

No, by my honour, madam, by my soul,
No woman had it, but a civil doctor
Which did refuse three thousand ducats of me,
And begged the ring. Pardon me, good lady,
Had you been there I think you would have begged
The ring of me to give the worthy doctor.

PORTIA

Let not that doctor e'er come near my house.
Since he hath got the jewel that I loved,
And that which you did swear to keep for me,
I will become as liberal as you.
I'll not deny him anything I have,
No, not my body nor my husband's bed.
I'll have that doctor for my bedfellow.

NERISSA

(to Graziano)
And I his clerk, therefore be well advised
How you do leave me to mine own protection.

GRAZIANO

Well, do you so. Let not me take him then,
For if I do, I'll mar the young clerk's pen.

ANTONIO

I am th' unhappy subject of these quarrels.

PORTIA

Sir, grieve not you. You are welcome notwithstanding.

BASSANIO

Portia, forgive me this enforcèd wrong,
Pardon this fault, and by my soul I swear
I never more will break an oath with thee.

ANTONIO

(to Portia)
I once did lend my body for his wealth
Which, but for him that had your husband's ring,
Had quite miscarried. I dare be bound again,
My soul upon the forfeit, that your lord
Will never more break faith advisedly.

PORTIA

Then you shall be his surety. Give him this,
And bid him keep it better than the other.

ANTONIO

Here, Lord Bassanio, swear to keep this ring.

BASSANIO

By heaven, it is the same I gave the doctor!

PORTIA

You are all amazed.
Here is a letter. Read it at your leisure.
It comes from Padua, from Bellario.
There you shall find that Portia was the doctor,
Nerissa there her clerk. Antonio, y'are welcome,
And I have better news in store for you
Than you expect. Unseal this letter soon.
There you shall find three of your argosies
Are richly come to harbour suddenly.
You shall not know by what strange accident
I chancèd on this letter.

ANTONIO I am dumb!

BASSANIO *(to Portia)*
Sweet doctor, you shall be my bedfellow.
When I am absent, then lie with my wife.

ANTONIO *(to Portia)*
Sweet lady, you have given me life and living,
For here I read for certain that my ships
Are safely come to road.

PORTIA How now, Lorenzo?

NERISSA My clerk hath some good comforts, too, for you.

NERISSA Ay, and I'll give them him without a fee.
There do I give to you and Jessica
From the rich Jew a special deed of gift,
After his death, of all he dies possessed of.

LORENZO
Fair ladies, you drop manna in the way
Of starvèd people.

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

GRAZIANO
Let it be so. The first inter'gatory
That my Nerissa shall be sworn on is
Whether till the next night she had rather stay,
Or go to bed now, being two hours to day.
But were the day come, I should wish it dark
Till I were couching with the doctor's clerk.
Well, while I live I'll fear no other thing
So sore as keeping safe Nerissa's ring.

(Exit all save Jessica. Shylock enters - he looks at her, pleading. She hesitates, torn between her husband and her father and then runs weeping into the house, the lights fade to black on the solitary Shylock.)