

**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

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- 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

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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 aweary 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.

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- 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.

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**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,



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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.

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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**

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'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!

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(*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

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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.

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*(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**

Signor Antonio?

**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,

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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 Balthasar*)

**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.  
(*Balthasar 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,

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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.

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**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

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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**

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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,

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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.

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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

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*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

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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:

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**SHYLOCK** You must prepare your bosom for his knife—

**PORTIA** O noble judge, O excellent young man!

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

**SHYLOCK** 'Tis very true. O wise and upright judge!  
How much more elder art thou than thy looks!

**PORTIA** *(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?

**SHYLOCK** I have them ready.

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

**SHYLOCK** Is it so nominated in the bond?

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

**SHYLOCK** I cannot find it. 'Tis not in the bond.

**PORTIA** *(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**



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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,

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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 choiring 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.

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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**

## The Merchant Of Venice

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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.

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.)*