

With over-weather'd ribs and ragged sails,
Lean, rent and beggar'd by the wanton wind!
Salar. Here comes Lorenzo: more of this hereafter. 20

Enter LORENZO.

Lor. Sweet friends, your patience for my long abode:
Not I, but my affairs, have made you wait:
When you shall please to play the thieves for wives,
I'll watch as long for you then. Approach;
Here dwells my father Jew. Ho! who's within?

Enter JESSICA, above, in boy's clothes.

Jes. Who are you? Tell me, for more certainty,
Albeit I'll swear that I do know your tongue. *Monty*

Lor. Lorenzo, and thy love.

Jes. Lorenzo, certain, and my love indeed,
For who love I so much? And now who knows 30
But you, Lorenzo, whether I am yours?

Lor. Heaven and thy thoughts are witness that thou art.

Jes. Here, catch this casket; it is worth the pains.
I am glad 't is night, you do not look on me,
For I am much ashamed of my exchange:
But love is blind and lovers cannot see
The pretty follies that themselves commit;
For if they could, Cupid himself would blush
To see me thus transformed to a boy.

Lor. Descend, for you must be my torch-bearer. 40

Jes. What, must I hold a candle to my shames?
They in themselves, good sooth, are too too light.
Why, 't is an office of discovery, love;
And I should be obscured.

Lor. So are you, sweet,
Even in the lovely garnish of a boy.
But come at once;
For the close night doth play the runaway,
And we are stay'd for at Bassanio's feast.

Jes. I will make fast the doors, and gild myself
With some more ducats, and be with you straight.
[Exit above. 50

Gra. Now, by my hood, a Gentile and no Jew.

Lor. 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 placed in my constant soul.

Enter JESSICA, below.

What, art thou come? On, gentlemen; away!
Our masquing mates by this time for us stay.
[Exit with Jessica and Salarino

Enter ANTONIO.

Ant. Who's there? 60

Gra. Signior Antonio!

Ant. Fie, fie, Gratiano! where are all the rest?
'T is nine o'clock: our friends all stay for you.
No masque to-night: the wind is come about;
Bassanio presently will go aboard:
I have sent twenty out to seek for you.

Gra. I am glad on't: I desire no more delight
Than to be under sail and gone to-night. [Exeunt.

SCENE VII. Belmont. A room in PORTIA'S house.

Flourish of cornets. Enter PORTIA, with the PRINCE OF MOROCCO, and their trains.

Por. Go, draw as de the curtains and discover
The several caskets to this noble prince.
Now make your choice.

Mor. The 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? 10

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

Mor. Some god direct my judgement! Let me see;
I will survey the 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. Men that hazard all
Do it in hope of fair advantages:
A golden mind stoeps not to shows of dross; 20

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:
 If thou be'st rated by thy estimation,
 Thou dost deserve enough; and yet enough
 May not extend so far as to the lady:
 And yet to be afraid of my deserving
 Were but a weak disabling of myself. 30
 As much as I deserve! Why, that's the lady:
 I do in birth deserve her, and in fortunes,
 In graces and in qualities of breeding;
 But more than these, in love I do deserve.
 What if I stray'd no further, 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;
 From the four corners of the earth they come,
 To kiss this shrine, this mortal breathing saint: 40
 The Hyrcanian deserts and the vasty wilds
 Of wide Arabia are as throughfares now
 For princes to come view fair Portia:
 (The watery kingdom, whose ambitious head
 Spits in the face of heaven, is no bar
 To stop the foreign spirits, but they come,
 As o'er a brook, to see fair Portia.
 One of these three contains her heavenly picture.
 Is't like that lead contains her? 'T were damnation
 To think so base a thought: it were too gross
 To rib her cerecloth in the obscure grave,
 Or shall I think in silver she's immured,
 Being ten times undervalued to tried gold?
 O sinful thought! Never so rich a gem
 Was set in worse than gold. They have in England
 A coin that bears the figure of an angel
 Stamped in gold, but that's insculp'd upon;
 But here an angel in a golden bed
 Lies all within. Deliver me the key:
 Here do I choose, and thrive I as I may! 50
Por. There, take it, prince; and if my form lie there,
 Then I am yours. [*He unlocks the golden casket.*
Mor. O hell! what have we here?
 A carrion Death, within whose empty eye
 There is a written scroll! I'll read the writing.

[*Reads*] 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, 70
 Young in limbs, in judgement old,
 Your answer had not been inscroll'd:
 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.
 [*Exit with his train. Flourish of cornets.*
Por. A gentle riddance. Draw the curtains, go.
 Let all of his complexion choose me so. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII. Venice. A street.

Enter SALARINO and SALANIO.

Salar. Why, man, I saw Bassanio under sail:
 With him is Gratiano gone along;
 And in their ship I am sure Lorenzo is not.
Salan. The villain Jew with outcries raised the duke,
 Who went with him to search Bassanio's ship.
Salar. He came too late, the ship was under sail:
 But there the duke was given to understand
 That in a gondola were seen together
 Lorenzo and his amorous Jessica:
 Besides, Antonio certified the duke 10
 They were not with Bassanio in his ship.
Salan. I never heard a passion so confused,
 So strange, outrageous, and so variable,
 As the dog Jew did utter in the streets:
 'My daughter! O my ducats! O my daughter!
 Fled with a Christian! O my Christian ducats!
 Justice! the law! my ducats, and my daughter!
 A sealed bag, two sealed bags of ducats,
 Of double ducats, stolen from me by my daughter!
 And jewels, two stones, two rich and precious stones, 20
 Stolen by my daughter! Justice! find the girl;
 She hath the stones upon her, and the ducats.'
Salar. Why, all the boys in Venice follow him,
 Crying, his stones, his daughter, and his ducats.

Salan. Let good Antonio look he keep his day,
Or he shall pay for this.

Salar. Marry, well remember'd.
I reason'd with a Frenchman yesterday,
Who told me, in the narrow seas that part
The French and English, there miscarried
A vessel of our country richly fraught: 30
I thought upon Antonio when he told me;
And wish'd in silence that it were not his.

Salan. You were best to tell Antonio what you hear;
Yet do not suddenly, for it may grieve him.

Salar. A kinder gentleman treads not the earth.
I saw Bassanio and Antonio part:
Bassanio told him he would make some speed
Of his return: he answer'd, 'Do not so;
Slubber not business for my sake, Bassanio,
But stay the very riping of the time; 40
And for the Jew's bond which he hath of me,
Let it not enter in your mind of love:
Be merry, and employ your chiefest thoughts
To courtship and such fair ostents of love
As shall conveniently become you there':
And even there, his eye being big with tears,
Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,
And with affection wondrous sensible
He wrung Bassanio's hand; and so they parted.

Salan. I think he only loves the world for him. 50
I pray thee, let us go and find him out
And quicken his embraced heaviness
With some delight or other.

Salar. Do we so. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IX. Belmont. A room in PORTIA'S house.

Enter NERISSA with a Servitor.

Ner. Quick, quick, I pray thee; draw the curtain straight:
The Prince of Arragon hath ta'en his oath,
And comes to his election presently.

Flourish of cornets. Enter the PRINCE OF ARRAGON,
PORTIA, and their trains.

Por. Behold, there stand the caskets, noble prince:
If you choose that wherein I am contain'd,
Straight shall our nuptial rites be solemnized:

But if you fail, without more speech, my lord,
You must be gone from hence immediately.

Ar. I am enjoin'd by oath to observe three things: 10
First, never to unfold to any one
Which casket 't was 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.

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

Ar. And so have I address'd me. Fortune now
To my heart's hope! Gold; silver; and base lead. 20
'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'.
What many men desire! that 'many' may be meant
By the fool multitude, that choose by show,
Not learning more than the fond eye doth teach;
Which pries not to the interior (but, like the martlet,
Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
Even in the force and road of casualty. 30

I will not choose what many men desire,
Because I will not jump with common spirits
And rank me with the barbarous multitudes.
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':
And well said too; for who shall go about
To cozen fortune and be honourable

Without the stamp of merit? Let none presume
To wear an undeserved dignity. 40

O, that estates, degrees and offices
Were not derived corruptly, and that clear honour
Were purchased by the merit of the wearer!
How many then should cover that stand bare!
How many be commanded that command!

How much low peasantry would then be glean'd
From the true seed of honour! and how much honour
Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times
To be new-varnish'd! Well, but to my choice:
'Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves'. 50
I will assume desert. Give me a key for this,

And instantly unlock my fortunes here.

[*He opens the silver casket.*]

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

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

How much unlike art thou to Portia!

How much unlike my hopes and my deservings!

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

Did I deserve no more than a fool's head?

Is that my prize? are my deserts no better?

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

Ar. What is here?

[*Reads*] The fire seven times tried this:
Seven times tried that judgement is,
That did never choose amiss.
Some there be that shadows kiss;
Such have but a shadow's bliss:
There be fools alive, I wis,
Silver'd o'er; and so was this.
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.

[*Exeunt Arragon and train.*]

Por. Thus hath the candle singed the moth.
O, these deliberate fools! when they do choose,
They have the wisdom by their wit to lose.

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

Por. Come, draw the curtain, Nerissa.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Where is my lady?

Por. Here: what would my lord?

Serv. Madam, there is alighted at your gate
A young Venetian, one that comes before
To signify the approaching of his lord;
From whom he bringeth sensible regrets,
To wit, besides commends and courteous breath,

Gifts of rich value. Yet I have not seen
So likely an ambassador of love:

A day in April never came so sweet,
To show how costly summer was at hand,
As this fore-spurrer comes before his lord.

Por. No more, I pray thee: I am half afraid
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.

Ner. Bassanio, lord Love, if thy will it be! [*Exeunt.* 100]

ACT III.

SCENE I. Venice. A street.

Enter SALANIO and SALARINO.

Salan. Now, what news on the Rialto?

Salar. Why, yet it lives there unchecked that Antonio hath
a ship of rich lading wrecked on the narrow seas; the Good-
wins, I think they call the place; a very dangerous flat and
fatal, where the carcasses of many a tall ship lie buried, as they
say, if my gossip Report be an honest woman of her word.

Salan. I would she were as lying a gossip in that as ever
knapped ginger or made her neighbours believe she wept for
the death of a third husband. But it is true, without any slips
of prolixity or crossing the plain highway of talk, that the good
Antonio, the honest Antonio,—O that I had a title good
enough to keep his name company!—

Salar. Come, the full stop.

Salan. Ha! what sayest thou? Why, the end is, he hath
lost a ship.

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

Salan. Let me say 'amen' betimes, lest the devil cross my
prayer, for here he comes in the likeness of a Jew.

Enter SHYLOCK.

How now, Shylock! what news among the merchants?

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

Salar. That's certain: I, for my part, knew the tailor that
made the wings she flew withal.

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

Shy. She is damned for it.

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

Shy. My own flesh and blood to rebel!

Salan. Out upon it, old carrion! rebels it at these years?

Shy. I say, my daughter is my flesh and blood. 31

Salar. There is more difference between thy flesh and hers than between jet and ivory; more between your bloods than there is between red wine and rhenish. But tell us, do you hear whether Antonio had any loss at sea or no? *Ant*

Shy. 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. 41

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

Shy. 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; laughed at my losses, 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, 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 villany you teach me, I will execute, and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction. 61

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Gentlemen, my master Antonio is at his house and desires to speak with you both.

Salar. We have been up and down to seek him.

Enter TUBAL.

Salan. Here comes another of the tribe: a third cannot be matched, unless the devil himself turn Jew.

[*Exeunt Salan., Salar., and Servant.*]

Shy. How now, Tubal! what news from Genoa? hast thou found my daughter?

Tub. I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her. 70

Shy. Why, there, there, there, there! a diamond gone, cost me two thousand ducats in Frankfort! 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 on my shoulders; no sighs but of my breathing; no tears but of my shedding. 82

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

Shy. What, what, what? ill luck, ill luck?

Tub. Hath an argosy cast away, coming from Tripolis.

Shy. I thank God, I thank God. Is't true, is't true?

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

Shy. I thank thee, good Tubal: good news, good news! ha, ha! where? in Genoa? 91

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

Shy. Thou stickest a dagger in me: I shall never see my gold again: fourscore ducats at a sitting! fourscore ducats!

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

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

Tub. One of them showed me a ring that he had of your daughter for a monkey. 101

Shy. 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.

Tub. But Antonio is certainly undone.

Shy. 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, go, Tubal, and meet me at our synagogue; go, good Tubal; at our synagogue, Tubal.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Belmont. A room in PORTIA'S house.*

Enter BASSANIO, PORTIA, GRATIANO, NERISSA, and Attendants.

Por. I pray you, tarry: pause a day or two
Before you hazard; for, in choosing wrong,
I lose your company: therefore forbear awhile.
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.
But lest you should not understand me well,—
And yet a maiden hath no tongue but thought,—
I would detain you here some month or two
Before you venture for me. I could teach you
How to choose right, but I am then forsworn; 10
So will I never be: so may you miss me;
But if you do, you'll make me wish a sin,
That I had been forsworn. Beshrew your eyes,
They have o'erlook'd me and divided me;
One half of me is yours, the other half yours,
Mine own, I would say; but if mine, then yours,
And so all yours. O, these naughty times
Put bars between the owners and their rights!
And so, though yours, not yours. Prove it so, 20
Let fortune go to hell for it, not I.
I speak too long; but 't is to peize the time,
To eke it and to draw it out in length,
To stay you from election.

Bass. Let me choose;
For as I am, I live upon the rack.
Por. Upon the rack, Bassanio! then confess
What treason there is mingled with your love.

Bass. None but that ugly treason of mistrust,
Which makes me fear the enjoying of my love:
There may as well be amity and life 30
'Tween snow and fire, as treason and my love.

Por. Ay, but I fear you speak upon the rack,
Where men enforced do speak anything.

Bass. Promise me life, and I'll confess the truth.

Por. Well then, confess and live.

Bass. 'Confess' and 'love'

Had been the very sum of my confession:

O happy torment, when my torturer

Doth teach me answers for deliverance!

But let me to my fortune and the caskets.

Por. Away, then! I am lock'd in one of them: 40

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;

Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end,) *sim*

Fading in music: that the comparison

May stand more proper, my eye shall be the stream

And watery death-bed for him. He may win;

And what is music then? Then music is

Even as the flourish when true subjects bow

To a new-crowned monarch: such it is 50

As are those dulcet sounds in break of day

That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear

And summon him to marriage. Now he goes,

With no less presence, but with much more love,

Than young Alcides, when he did redeem

The virgin tribute paid by howling Troy

To the sea-monster: I stand for sacrifice;

The rest aloof are the Dardanian wives,

With bleared visages, come forth to view

The issue of the exploit. Go, Hercules! 60

Live thou, I live: with much much more dismay

I view the fight than thou that makest the fray.

Music, whilst BASSANIO comments on the caskets to himself.

SONG.

Tell me where is fancy bred,

Or in the heart or in the head?

How begot, how nourished?

Reply, reply.

It is engender'd in the eyes,

With gazing fed; and fancy dies

In the cradle where it lies.

Let us all ring fancy's knell: 70

I'll begin it,—Ding, dong, bell.

All. Ding, dong, bell.

Bass. So may the outward shows be least themselves:

The world is ~~still~~ ^{always} deceived with ornament.
 In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt
 But, being season'd with a gracious voice,
 Obscures the show of evil? (In religion,
 What damned error, but some sober brow
 Will bless it and approve it with a text,
 Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?
 There is no vice so simple but assumes
 Some mark of virtue on his outward parts:
 How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false
 As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins
 The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars,
 Who, inward search'd, have livers white as milk;
 And these assume but valour's excrement
 To render them redoubt'd! Look on beauty,
 And you shall see 'tis purchased by the weight;
 Which therein works a miracle in nature,
 Making them lightest that wear most of it:
 So are those crisp'd snaky golden locks
 Which make such wanton gambols with the wind,
 Upon supposed fairness, often known
 To be the dowry of a second head,
 The skull that bred them in the sepulchre.
 Thus ornament is but the guiled shore
 To a most dangerous sea; the beauteous scarf
 Veiling an Indian beauty; in a word,
 The seeming truth which cunning times put on
 To entrap the wisest. Therefore, thou 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 threatenest than dost promise aught,
 Thy paleness moves me more than eloquence;
 And here choose I: joy be the consequence!
Por. [*Aside*] How all the other passions fleet to air,
 As doubtful thoughts, and rash-embraced despair,
 And shuddering fear, and green-eyed jealousy!
 O love, be moderate; allay thy ecstasy;
 In measure rain thy joy; scant this excess.
 I feel too much thy blessing: make it less,
 For fear I surfeit.

Bass. What find I here?

[*Opening the leaden casket.*]

Fair Portia's counterfeit! What demi-god
 Hath come so near creation? Move these eyes?

Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,
 Seem they in motion? Here are sever'd lips,
 Parted with sugar breath: so sweet a bar
 Should sunder such sweet friends. Here in her hairs 120
 The painter plays the spider and hath woven
 A golden mesh to entrap the hearts of men
 Faster than gnats in cobwebs: but her eyes,—
 How could he see to do them? having made one,
 Methinks it should have power to steal both his
 And leave itself unfurnish'd. Yet look, how far
 The substance of my praise doth wrong this shadow
 In underprizing it, so far this shadow
 Doth limp behind the substance. Here's the scroll, 130
 The continent and summary of my fortune.

[*Reads*] 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; 140
 I come by note, to give and to receive.
 Like one of two contending in a prize,
 That thinks he hath done well in people's eyes,
 Hearing applause and universal shout,
 Giddy in spirit, still gazing in a doubt
 Whether those peals of praise be his or no;
 So, thrice-fair lady, stand I, even so;
 As doubtful whether what I see be true,
 Until confirm'd, sign'd, ratified by you.

Por. You see me, Lord Bassanio, where I stand, 150
 Such as I am: though for myself alone
 I would not be ambitious in my wish,
 To wish myself much better; yet, for you
 I would be trebled twenty times myself;
 A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times
 More rich;
 That only to stand high in your account,
 I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
 Exceed account; but the full sum of me
 Is sum of something, which, to term in gross,
 Is an unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractis'd; 160
 Happy in this, she is not yet so old

But she may learn; happier then in this,
 She is not bred so dull but she can learn;
 Happiest of all in 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: I give them with this ring;
 Which when you part from, lose, or give away,
 Let it presage the ruin of your love
 And be my vantage to exclaim on you.

Bass. Madam, you have bereft me of all words,
 Only my blood speaks to you in my veins;
 And there is such confusion in my powers,
 As, after some oration fairly spoke
 By a beloved prince, there doth appear
 Among the buzzing pleased multitude;
 Where every something, being blent together,
 Turns to a wild of nothing, save of joy,
 Express'd and not express'd. But when this ring
 Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence:
 O, then be bold to say Bassanio's dead!

Ner. My lord and lady, it is now our time,
 That have stood by and seen our wishes prosper,
 To cry, good joy: good joy, my lord and lady!

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

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

Gra. 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; for intermission
 No more pertains to me, my lord, than you.
 Your fortune stood upon the casket there,
 And so did mine too, as the matter falls;
 For wooing here until I sweat again,
 And swearing till my very roof was dry
 With oaths of love, at last, if promise last,

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I got a promise of this fair one here
 To have her love, provided that your fortune
 Achieved her mistress.

Por. Is this true, Nerissa? 210

Ner. Madam, it is, so you stand pleased withal.

Bass. And do you, Gratiano, mean good faith?

Gra. Yes, faith, my lord.

Bass. Our feast shall be much honour'd in your marriage.
 But who comes here? Lorenzo and his infidel?
 What, and my old Venetian friend Salanio?

*Enter LORENZO, JESSICA, and SALANIO, a Messenger
 from Venice.*

Bass. Lorenzo and Salanio, welcome hither;
 If that the youth of my new interest here
 Have power to bid you welcome. By your leave,
 I bid my very friends and countrymen,
 Sweet Portia, welcome. 220

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

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

Salan. I did, my lord;
 And I have reason for it. Signor Antonio
 Commends him to you. [*Gives Bassanio a letter.*]

Bass. Ere I ope his letter,
 I pray you, tell me how my good friend doth. 230
Salan. Not sick, my lord, unless it be in mind;
 Nor well, unless in mind: his letter there
 Will show you his estate.

Gra. Nerissa, cheer yon stranger; bid her welcome.
 Your hand, Salanio: 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, we have won the fleece.

Salan. I would you had won the fleece that he hath lost.
Por. There are some shrewd contents in yon same paper,
 That steals the colour from Bassanio's cheek: 241
 Some dear friend dead; else nothing in the world
 Could turn so much the constitution
 Of any constant man. What, worse and worse!
 With leave, Bassanio; I am half yourself,

And I must freely have the half of anything
That this same paper brings you.

Bass. O sweet Portia,
Here are a few of the unpleasant'st words
That ever blotted paper! Gentle lady,
When I did first impart my love to you, 250
I freely told you, all the wealth I had
Ran in my veins, I was a gentleman;
And then I told you true: and yet, dear lady,
Rating myself at nothing, you shall see
How much I was a braggart. When I told you
My state was nothing, I should then have told you
That I was worse than nothing; for, indeed,
I have engaged myself to a dear friend,
Engaged my friend to his mere enemy, 260
To feed my means. Here is a letter, lady;
The paper as the body of my friend,
And every word in it a gaping wound,
(Issuing life-blood.) But is it true, Salanio?
Have all his ventures fail'd? What, not one hit?
From Tripolis, from Mexico and England,
From Lisbon, Barbary and India?
(And not one vessel 'scape the dreadful touch
Of merchant-marring rocks?)

Salan. Not one, my lord.
Besides, it should appear, that if he had
The present money to discharge the Jew, 270
He would not take it. Never did I know
A creature, that did bear the shape of man,
So keen and greedy to confound a man:
He plies the duke at morning and at night,
And doth impeach the freedom of the state,
If they deny him justice: 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. 280

Jes. When I was with him I have heard him swear
To Tubal and to Chus, 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.

Por. Is it your dear friend that is thus in trouble?

Bass. The dearest friend to me, the kindest man,
The best-condition'd and unwearied spirit 290
In doing courtesies, and one in whom
The ancient Roman honour more appears
Than any that draws breath in Italy.

Por. What sum owes he the Jew?

Bass. For me three thousand ducats.

Por. What, no more?

Pay him six thousand, and deface the bond;
Double six thousand, and then treble that,
Before a friend of this description
Shall lose a hair through Bassanio's fault.
First go with me to church and call me wife, 300
And then away to Venice to your friend;
For never shall you lie by Portia's side
With an unquiet soul. You shall have gold
To pay the petty debt twenty times over:
When it is paid, bring your true friend along.
My maid Nerissa and myself meantime
Will live as maids and widows. 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. 310
But let me hear the letter of your friend.

Bass. [*Reads*] Sweet Bassanio, my ships have all miscarried,
my creditors grow cruel, my estate is very low, my bond to
the Jew is forfeit; and since in paying it, it is impossible I
should live, all debts are cleared between you and I. If I
might but see you at my death—notwithstanding, use your
pleasure: if your love do not persuade you to come, let not
my letter.

Por. O love, dispatch all business, and be gone!

Bass. Since I have your good leave to go away, 320

I will make haste: but, till I come again,

No bed shall e'er be guilty of my stay,

No rest be interposer 'twixt us twain. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III. Venice. A street.

Enter SHYLOCK, SALARINO, ANTONIO, and Gaoler.

Shy. Gaoler, look to him: tell not me of mercy;
This is the fool that lent out money gratis:
Gaoler, look to him.

Ant. Hear me yet, good Shylock.

Shy. I'll have my bond; speak not against my bond:
I have sworn an oath that I will have my bond.
Thou call'dst me dog before thou hadst a cause;
But, since I am a dog, beware my fangs:
The duke shall grant me justice. I do wonder,
Thou naughty gaoler, that thou art so fond
To come abroad with him at his request. 10

Ant. I pray thee, hear me speak.

Shy. 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. 15

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

Ant. Let him alone:

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

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

Ant. The duke cannot deny the course of law,
For the commodity that strangers have
With us in Venice. If it be denied,
'T will much impeach the justice of his state:
Since that the trade and profit of the city
Consisteth of all nations. Therefore, go:
These griefs and losses have so bated me,
That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh
To-morrow to my bloody creditor.
Well, gaoler, on. Pray God, Bassanio come
To see me pay his debt, and then I care not!

SCENE IV. Belmont. A room in PORTIA'S house.

Enter PORTIA, NERISSA, LORENZO, JESSICA, and BALTHASAR.

Lor. Madam, although I speak it in your presence,
You have a noble and a true conceit
Of god-like amity; which appears most strongly
In bearing thus the absence of your lord.
But if you knew to whom you show this honour,

How true a gentleman you send relief,
How dear a lover of my lord your husband,
I know you would be prouder of the work
Than customary bounty can enforce you. *explains* 10

Por. I never did repent for doing good,
Nor shall not now: for in companions
That do converse and waste the time together,
(Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love,) *met*
There must be needs a like proportion
Of lineaments, of manners and of spirit;
Which makes me think that this Antonio,
Being the bosom lover of my lord,
Must needs be like my lord. If it be so,
How little is the cost I have bestow'd
In purchasing the semblance of my soul 20
From out the state of hellish misery!

This comes too near the praising of myself;
Therefore no more of it: hear 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,
Until her husband and my lord's return: 30
There is a monastery two miles off;
And there will we abide. I do desire you
Not to deny this imposition;
The which my love and some necessity
Now lays upon you.

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

Por. My people do already know my mind,
And will acknowledge you and Jessica
In place of Lord Bassanio and myself.
And so farewell, till we shall meet again. 40

Lor. Fair thoughts and happy hours attend on you!
Jes. I wish your ladyship all heart's content.

Por. I thank you for your wish, and am well pleased
To wish it back on you: fare you well, Jessica.

[*Exeunt Jessica and Lorenzo.*]

Now, Balthasar,
As I have ever found thee honest-true,
So let me find thee still. Take this same letter,
And use thou all the endeavour of a man

In speed to Padua: see thou render this
 Into my cousin's hand, Doctor Bellario; 50
 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.
Balth. Madam, I go with all convenient speed. [Exit.]
Por. Come on, Nerissa; I have work in hand
 That you yet know not of: we'll see our husbands
 Before they think of us.
Ner. Shall they see us?
Por. They shall, Nerissa; but in such a habit, 60
 That they shall think we are accomplished
 With that we lack. I'll hold thee any wager,
 When we are both accoutred like young men,
 I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,
 And wear my dagger with the braver grace,
 And speak between the change of man and boy
 With a reed voice, and turn two mincing steps
 Into a manly stride, and speak of frays
 Like a fine bragging youth, and tell quaint lies,
 How honourable ladies sought my love, 70
 Which I denying, they fell sick and died;
 I could not do withal; then I'll repent,
 And wish, for all that, that I had not kill'd them;
 And twenty of these puny lies I'll tell,
 That men shall swear I have discontinued school
 Above a twelvemonth. I have within my mind
 A thousand raw tricks of these bragging Jacks,
 Which I will practise.
 But come, I'll tell thee all my whole device
 When I am in my coach, which stays for us 80
 At the park gate; and therefore haste away,
 For we must measure twenty miles to-day. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V. *The same. A garden.*

Enter LAUNCELOT and JESSICA.

Laun. Yes, truly; for, look you, the sins of the father are
 to be laid upon the children: therefore, I promise ye, I fear
 you. I was always plain with you, and so now I speak my
 agitation of the matter: therefore be of good cheer, for truly
 I think you are damned.

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

Laun. Truly, the more to blame he: we were Christians
 enow 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. 12

Enter LORENZO.

Jes. I'll tell my husband, Launcelot, what you say: here
 he comes.

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

Jes. Nay, you need not fear us, Lorenzo: Launcelot and I
 are out. He tells me flatly, there is no mercy for me in
 heaven, because I am a Jew's daughter: and he says, you
 are no good member of the commonwealth, for in converting
 Jews to Christians, you raise the price of pork. 21

Lor. How every fool can play upon the word! I think the
 best grace of wit will shortly turn into silence, and discourse
 grow commendable in none only but parrots. Go in, sirrah;
 bid them prepare for dinner.

Laun. That is done, sir; they have all stomachs.

Lor. Goodly Lord, what a wit-snapper are you! then bid
 them prepare dinner.

Laun. That is done too, sir; only 'cover' is the word.

Lor. Will you cover then, sir? 30

Laun. Not so, sir, neither; I know my duty.

Lor. Yet more quarrelling with occasion! Wilt thou show
 the whole wealth of thy wit in an instant? I pray thee,
 understand a plain man in his plain meaning: go to thy
 fellows; bid them cover the table, serve in the meat, and we
 will come in to dinner.

Laun. For the table, sir, it shall be served in; for the meat,
 sir, it shall be covered; for your coming in to dinner, sir, why,
 let it be as humours and conceits shall govern. [Exit.]

Lor. O dear discretion, how his words are suited! 40
 The fool hath planted in his memory
 An army of good words; and I do know
 A many fools, that stand in better place,
 Garnish'd like him, that for a tricky word
 Defy the matter. How cheer'st thou, Jessica?
 And now, good sweet, say thy opinion,
 How dost thou like the Lord Bassanio's wife?

Jes. Past all expressing. It is very meet