The most excellent

Historie of the Merchant

of Venice.

With the extreme crueltie of Shylocke the Jewe
towards the sayd Merchant, in cutting a just pound
of his flesh: and the obtaining of Portia
by the choyse of three
cheffs.

As it hath beene divers times acted by the Lord
Chamberlaine his Servants.

Written by William Shakespeare.

AT LONDON,
Printed by I. R. for Thomas Heyes,
and are to be sold in Paules Church-yard, at the
signe of the Greene Dragon.

1600.
The comicall History of the Merchant of Venice.

Enter Antonio, Salario, and Salanio.

Am. Not sooth I know not why I am so sad,
It weares me, you say it weares you;
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What stiffe tis made of, whereof it is borne,
I am to learne: and such a want-wit sadness
makes of mee,
That I haue much ado to know my selfe.

Salario. Your minde is tostling on the Ocean,
There where your Argosies with portlie saile
Like Signiors and rich Burgars on the flood,
Or as it were the Pageants of the sea,
Doe ouer-peere the petty traffiquers
That curse to them do them reverence
As they flie by them with theire wouen wings.

Salario. Beleeue mee sir, had I such venture forth,
The better part of my affections would
Be with my hopes abroade. I should be still
Plucking the grassie to know where fits the wind,
Piring in Maps for ports, and peers and rodes:
And euerie object that might make me feare
Mis-fortune to my ventures, out of doubt
Would make me sad.

Salar. My wind cooling my broth,
would blow me to an ague when I thought
what harme a winde too great might doe at sea.
I should not see the sandle howre-glassie runne
But I should thinke of shallowes and of flatts,
And see my wealthy Andrew docks in sand

Vayling
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Vayling her high top lower then her ribs
To kisse her burial; should I goe to Church
And see the holy edifice of stone
And not bethinke me straight of dangerous rocks,
Which touching but my gentle vessels side
Would scatter all her spieces on the streame,
Enrobe the roaring waters with my silkes,
And in a word, but even now worth this,
And now worth nothing. Shall I have the thought
To thinke on this, and shall I lack the thought
That such a thing becauynce'd would make me sad?
But tell not me, I know Antonio
Is sad to thinke vpon his merchandize.

Anth. Beleeue me no, I thanke my fortune for it
My ventures are not in one bottome trusted,
Nor to one place, nor is my whole estate
Vpon the fortune of this present yeere :
Therefore my merchandize makes me not sad.

Sola. Why then you are in loue.

Anth. Fie, fie.

Sola. Not in loue neither: then let vs say you are sad
Because you are not merry; and twere as easie
For you to laugh and leape, and say you are merry
Because you are not sad. Now by two-headed lanus,
Nature hath framde strange fellowes in her time:
Some that wil euermore peepe through their eyes,
And laugh like Parrats at a bagpyper.
And other of such vinigar aspe,
That theyle not shew theyr teeth in way of smile
Though Nestor sweare the ieft be laughable.

Enter Bassanio, Lorenzo, and Gratiano.

Sola. Here comes Bassanio your most noble kinsman,
Gratiano, and Lorenzo. Faryewell,
We leaue you now with better company.

Sala. I would haue staied till I had made you merry,
If worthier friends had not preuented me.

Anth. Your worth is very deere in my regard.
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I take it your owne busines calls on you,
And you embrace th'occasion to depart.

Sal. Good morrow my good Lords.

Bass. Good signiors both when shal we laugh? say, when?
You grow exceeding strange: mu? it be so?
Sal. Weele make our leysures to attend on yours.

Exeunt Salarino, and Solanio.

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

Bass. I will not faile you.

Grat. You looke not well signior Anthonio,
You have too much respect upon the world:
They loose it that doe buy it with much care,
Beleeue me you are meruailously changd.

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

Grati. Let me play the foole,
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkle come;
And let my liuer rather heate with wine
Then my hart coole with mortifying grones.
Why should a man whose blood is warme within,
Sit like his grandfire, cut in Alabaster?
Sleepe when he wakes? and crepe into the laundies
By beeing peeuish? I tell thee what Anthonio,
I loue thee, and tis my loue that speakes:
There are a sort of men whose visages
Doe creame and mantle like a standing pond;
And doe a wilful stilnes entreate,
With purpose to be dreft in an opinion:
Of wisedome, grauitie, profound conceit,
As who should say, I am sir Oracle,
And when I ope my lips, let no dogge barke:
O my Anthonio I doe know of these
That therefore onely are reputed wise
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For saying nothing; when I am very sure
If they should speake, would almost dam those eares
Where hearing them would call their brothers fooles,
Ile tell thee more of this another time.
But fish not with this melancholy baiet
For this foole gudgin, this opinion:
Come good Lorenzo, far yewell a while,
Ile end my exhortation after dinner.

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

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

An. Far you well, Ile grow a talker for this gear.

Gra. Thanks yfaith, for silence is onely commendable
In a neates tongue dried, and a maybe not vendable. Exeunt.

An. It is that any thing now.

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

An. Well, tell me now what Lady is the same
To whom you swore a secrete pilgrimage
That you to day promisid to tell me of.

Baff. Tis not vnknowne to you Antonio
How much I have disabled mine estate,
By something shoewing a more swelling port.
Then my faint meanes would graunt continuance;
Nor doe I now make mone to be abridg'd
From such a noble rate, but my cheefe care
Is to come fairely of from the great debts
Wherein my time something too prodigall
Hath left me gagd: to you Antonio
I owe the most in money and in loue,
And from your loue I haue a warrantie
To vnburthen all my plots and purposes
How to get cleere of all the debts I owe.
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An. I pray you good Bassanio let me know it,
And if it stand as you your selfe still doe,
within the eye of honour, be assured
My purse, my person, my extremest meanes
Lie all unlockt to your occasions.

Bass. In my schoole dayes, when I had lost one shaft,
I shot his fellow of the selfe same flight
The selfe same way, with more advised watch
To finde the other forth, and by aduenturing both,
I oft found both : I urge this child-hood profe
Because what followes is pure innocence.
I owe you much, and like a wilfull youth
That which I owe is lost, but if you please
To shoote another arrow that selfe way
Which you did shoote the first, I doe not doubt,
As I will watch the ayme or to find both,
Or bring your latter hazzard bake againe,
And thankfully rest debtor for the first.

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

Bass. In Belmont is a Lady richly left,
And she is faire, and fairer then that word;
Of wondrous vertues, sometimes from her eyes
I did receive faire speechlesse messages :
Her name is Portia, nothing undervallewd
To Catos daughter, Brutus Portia,
Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth,
For the foure winds blow in from euery coast
Renowned sutors, and her funny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece,
Which makes her seat of Belmont Cholchos stond,
And many Ufos come in quest of her.
O my Anthony, had I but the meanes
To hold a riual place with one of them,
I have a minde presages me such thrift
That I should question less be fortunate.

Anth. Thou knowst that all my fortunes are at sea,
Neither have I money, nor commoditie
To raise a present summe, therefore goe forth
Try what my credite can in Venice doe,
That shall be raikd euon to the uttermost
To furnish thee to Belmont to faire Portia.
Goe presently enquire and so will I
vwhere money is, and I no question make
To haue it of my trust, or for my sake.  Exeunt.

Enter Portia with her wayting woman Nerissa.

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

Ner. You would be sweet Madam, if your miseries were in the
same aboundance as your good fortunes are: and yet for ought I
see, they are as sicke that surfeite with too much, as they that starue
with nothing; it is no meane happenes therefore to be seated in the
meane, superfluuitie comes sooner by white haires, but competen-
cie liues longer.

Portia. Good sentences, and well pronounce'd.

Ner. They would be better if well followed.

Portia. If to do were as easie as to know what were good to do,
Chappels had bene Churches, and poore mens cottages Princes
Pallaces; it is a good divine that followes his owne instructions, I
can easier teach twentie what were good to be done, then to be one
of the twentie to follow mine owne teaching: the braine may de-
uise lawes for the blood, but a hote temper leapes o're a colde de-
cree, such a hare is madnes the youth, to skippe o're the meshes of
good counsaile the cripple; but this reasoning is not in the fashion
to choose mee a husband, o me the word choose, I may nether
choose who I would, nor refuse who I dislike, so is the will of a ly-
uing daughter curbd by the will of a deade father: is it not harde.
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Nerissa, that I cannot choose one, nor refuse none.

Ner. Your Father was ever vertuous, and holy men at their death have good inspirations, therefore the lotterie that he hath devised in these three chests of gold, siluer, and leade, whereof who chooses his meaning chooses you, will no doubt never be chosen by any rightlie, but one who you shall rightly loue: But what warmth is there in your affection towards any of these Princelie suitors that are already come?

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

Ner. First there is the Neopolitane Prince.

Por. That's a colt indeede, for he doth nothing but talke of his horse, & he makes it a great appropriation to his owne good parts that he can shoo him himselfe: I am much afeard my Ladie his mother plaid false with a Smyth.

Ner. Than is there the Countie Palentine.

Por. He doth nothing but frowne (as who should say, & you will not haue me, choose, he heares merry tales and smiles not, I feare hee will prooue the weeping Phylosopher when hee growes old, beeing so full of vnmannerly ladnes in his youth,) I had rather be married to a deathes head with a bone in his mouth, then to eryther of these: God defend me from these two.

Ner. -How say you by the French Lord, Mounfier Le Boune?

Por. God made him, and therefore let him passe for a man, in truth I knowe it is a sinne to be a mocker, but hee, why hee hath a horse better then the Neopolitans, a better bad habite of frowning then the Count Palentine, heis every man in no man, if a Traffell sing, he falls straught a capring, he will fence with his owne shadow. If I shoulde marry him, I shoulde marry twenty husbands: if hee would despise me, I would forgive him, for if he loue me to madness, I shal never requite him.

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

Por. You know I say nothing to him, for hee understandes not me, nor I him: he hath neither Latine, French, nor Italian, & you will come into the Court and sweare that I have a poore pennie-
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worth in the English: he is a proper mans picture, but alas who can converse with a dumbe swow? how odly he is suted, I think he bought his doublet in Italie, his round hoge in Fraunce, his bonnet in Germanie, and his behauiour every where.

Nerissa. What thinke you of the Scottish Lorde his neighbour?

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

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

Por. Very wilde in the morning when hee is sober, and most wilde in the afternoone when he is drunke: when he is best, he is a little worse then a man, & when he is worst he is little better then a beast, and the worst fall that euer fell, I hope I shall make shift to goe without him.

Ner. Yf hee shoulde offer to choose, and choose the right Casket, you should refuse to performe your Fathers will, if you should refuse to accept him.

Portia. Therefore for feare of the worst, I pray thee set a deepe glasse of Reynifhe vnwine on the contrarie Casket, for if the devill be within, and that temptation without, I knowe hee will choose it. I will doe any thing Nerissa ere I will be married to a sponge.

Nerissa. You neede not feare Ladie the bauing anie of these Lords, they have acquainted me with theyr determinations, which is indeede to returne to theyr home, and to trouble you with no more sute, vnlesse you may be wonne by some other fort the your Fathers imposition, depending on the Caskets.

Por. Yf I liue to be as old as Sibilla, I will die as chaft as Diana, vnlesse I be obtained by the maner of my Fathers will: I am glad this parcell of woowers are so reasonable, for there is not one among them but I doate on his very absence: & I pray God graunt them a faire departure.

Nerissa. Doe you not remember Lady in your Fathers time, a Venecian a Scholler & a Souldiour that came hether in companie of the Marquesse of Mountferrat?
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Portia. Yes, yes, it was Bassanio, as I think so was he call'd.

Ner. True madam, hee of all the men that euer my foolish eyes look'd vpon, was the best deserving a faire Ladie.

Portia. I remember him well, and I remember him worthie of thy praye.

How nowe, what newes?

Enter a Servuingman.

Ser. The foure strangers seeke for you madam to take their leaue: and there is a fore-runner come from a fift, the Prince of Morocco, who brings word the Prince his Maister will be heere to night.

Por. Ye could bid the fift welcome with so good hart as I can bid the other foure farewell, I should bee glad of his approch: if he haue the condition of a Saint, and the complexion of a deuill, I had rather he should shrive mee then wine mee. Come Nerissa, sirra goe before: whiles we shut the gate vpon one wooer, another knocks at the doore.

- Exeunt.

Enter Bassanio with Shylocke the Iew.

Shy. Three thousand ducates, well.

Bass. I sir, for three months.

Shy. For three months, well.

Bass. For the which as I told you,

Antonio shalbe bound.

Shy. Antonio shall become bound, well.

Bass. May you sted mee? Will you pleasure mee?

Shall I know your aunswere.

Shy. Three thousand ducats for three months,

and Antonio bound.

Bass. Your aunswere to that.

Shy. Antonio is a good man.

Bass. Haue you heard any imputation to the contrary.

Shylocke. Ho no, no, no, no: my meaning in saying hee is a good man, is to haue you understand mee that hee is sufficient, yet his meanes are in supposition: hee hath an Argosie bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies, I understand morecouer vp- on the Ryalta, hee hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England,

and
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and other ventures he hath squandered abroade, but ships are but
boordes, Saylers but men, there be land rats, and water rats, water
theeues, and land theeues, I meane Pyrats, and then there is the
perrill of waters, windes, and rockes: the man is notwithstanding
sufficient, three thousand ducats, I thinke I may take his bond.

Bass. Be aslur'd you may.

Iew. I will be aslur'd I may: and that I may bee asur'd, ? will
bethinke mee, may I speake with Anthonio?

Bass. Yf it please you to dine with vs.

Iew. Yes, to smell porke, to eate of the habitation which your
Prophet the Nazarit conjured the deuill into: I wil buy with you,
fell with you, talke with you, walke with you, and so following:
but I will not eate with you, drinke with you, nor pray with you.
What newes on the Ryalto, who is he comes heere?

Enter Anthonio.

Bass. This is signior Anthonio.

Iew. How like a faewing publican he lookes.
I hate him for he is a Christian:
But more, for that in low simplicitie
He lends out money gratis, and brings downe
The rate of vance heere with vs in Venice.
Yf I can catch him once vpon the hip,
I will feede fat the auncient grudge I beare him.
He hates our sacred Nation, and he rayles
Euen there where Merchants most doe congregate
On me, my bargaines, and my well-wone thrift,
Which hee calls interrest: Cursed be my Trybe
if I forgive him.

Bass. Shylock, doe you heare.

Shy. ? am debating of my present store,
And by the neere gesse of my memorie
I cannot instanty raife vp the grosse
Offull three thousand ducats: what of that,
Tushall a wealthy Hebrew of my Tribe
Will furnish me; but soft, how many months
Doe you desire? Rest you faire good signior,
Your worship was the last man in our mouthes.
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An. Shylock, albeit I neither lend nor borrow
By taking nor by giving of excesse,
Yet to supply the ripe wants of my friend,
I le breake a custome: is hee yet possel
How much ye would?

Shy. ? , I, three thousand ducats.

Ant. And for three months.

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

Ant. I doe neuer vse it.

Shy. When Iacob grazd his Vncle Labans Sheepe,
This Iacob from our holy Abram was
(As his wife mother wrought in his behalfe)
The third posselrer; I, he was the third.

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

Shyl. No, not take interest, not as you would say
Directly interest, marke what Iacob did,

When Laban and himselfe were compremyzud
That all the eanelings which were streakt and pied
Should fall as Iacobs hier, the Ewes being ranck
In end of Autume turned to the Rammes,

And when the worke of generation was
Betweene these wolly breeders in the act,
The skilfull sheepheard pyld me certaine wands,
And in the dooing of the deede of kind
He stuck them vp before the fulsme Ewes,
Who then conceauing, did in caning time
Fall party-colourd lambs, and those were Iacobs.
This was a way to thrive, and he was blest:
And thrift is blessing if men steele it not.

An. This was a venture sir that Iacob serud for,
A thing not in his power to bring to passe,
But swayd and fashioned by the hand of heauen.
Was this inserted to make interrest good?
Or is your gold and siluer ewes and rammes?

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Shyl. I cannot tell, I make it breede as fast,
but note me signior.

Anth. Marke you this Bassanio,
The deuill can cite Scripture for his purpose,
An euill soule producing holy witnes
Is like a villaine with a smiling cheele,
A goodly apple roten at the hart.
O what a goodly out-side falsehood hath.

Shyl. Three thousand ducats, is a good round summe.

Three months from twelue, then let me see the rate.

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

Shyl. Signior Antonio, manie a time and oft
In the Ryalto you haue rated me
About my moneyes and my vances:
Still haue I borne it with a patient shrug,
(For suffrance is the badge of all our Trybe)
You call me misbelieuer, cut-throate dog,
And spet vpon my Jewish gaberdine,
And all for vse of that which is mine owne.
Well then, it now appeares you neede my helpe:
Goe to then, you come to me, and you say,
Shylocke, we would haue moneyes, you say so:
You that did voyde your rume vpon my beard,
And foote me as you spurne a stranger curre
Ouer your threshold, moneyes is your sute.
What should I say to you? Should I not say
Hath a dog money? is it possible
A curre can lend three thousand ducats? or
Shall I bend low, and in a bond-mans key
With bated breath, and whispring humblenes
Say this: Faire sir, you spet on me on Wednesday last,
You spurnd me such a day another time,
You calld me dogge: and for these curtesies
Ie lend you thus much moneyes.

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

Shy. Why looke you how you storme,
I would be friends with you, and haue your loute,
Forget the shame that you haue stain'd me with,
Supply your present wants, and take no doyte
Of vsance for my moneyes, and youle not heare mee,
this is kinde I offer.

Bass. This were kinndeffe.
Shy. This kindneffe will I showe,
Goe with me to a Notarie, seale me there
Your single bond, and in a merrie sport
if you repay me not on such a day
in such a place, such summe or summes as are
expreft in the condition, let the forfaite
be nominated for an equall pound
of your faire flesh, to be cut off and taken
in what part of your bodie pleaseth me.

Ant. Content infaith, yle seale to such a bond;
and say there is much kindnes in the Iew.

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

Ant. Why feare not man, I will not forfaite it,
within these two months, thats a month before
this bond expires, I doe expect returne
of thrice three times the valew of this bond.

Shy. O father Abram, what these Christians are;
Whose owne hard dealings teaches them suspect
the thoughts of others: Pray you tell me this,
if he should breake his day what should I gaine
by the exaction of the forseyture?
A pound of mans flesh taken from a man,
is not so estimable, profitable neither
as flesh of Muttons, Beefes, or Goates, I say
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To buy his fauour, I extend this friendship,
Yf he wil take it, so, if not adiew,
And for my loue I pray you wrong me not.

An. Yes Shylocke, I will scale vnto this bond.

Shy. Then meete me forthwith at the Noteries,
Give him direction for this merry bond
And I will goe and purfe the ducats straite,
See to my house left in the fearefull gard
Of an vnthriftie knaue: and presently
Ile be with you.

Exit.

An. Hie thee gentle Iewe. The Hebrew will turne

Christian, he growes kinde.

Bassa. I like not faire termes, and a villaines minde.

An. Come on, in this there can be no dismay,

My ships come home a month before the day.

Exeunt.

Enter Morochus a tawnie Moore all in white, and three
or foure followers accordingly, with Portia,
Nerriffa, and their traine.

Morocho. Mislike me not for my complexion,
The shadowed liuerie of the burnisht sunne,
To whom I am a neighbour, and neere bred.
Bring me the fairest creature North-ward borne,
Where Phoebus fire scarce thawes the yficles,
And let vs make incyzion for your loue,
To proue whose blood is readdest, his or mine.
I tell thee Lady this aspect of mine
Hath feared the valiant, (by my loue I sweare)
The best regarded Virgins of our Clyme
Haue lou'd it to: I would not change this hue,
Except to steale your thoughts my gentle Queene.

Portia. In termes of choyse I am not soly led
By nice direction of a maydens eyes:
Besides, the lottrie of my deftenie
Barrs me the right of voluntary chooing:
But if my Father had not scanted me,
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And hedg'd me by his wit to yeeld my selfe
His wife, who winnes me by that meanes I told you,
Your selfe (renowned Prince) than stoode as faire
As any commer I haue look'd on yet
For my affection.

Mor. Even for that I thanke you,
Therefore I pray you leade me to the Caskets
To try my fortune: By this Symitar
That flewe the Sophy, and a Persian Prince
That won three fields of Sultan Solyman,
I would ore-stare the sterness eyes that looke:
Out-braue the hart most daring on the earth:
Pluck-braue the hart most daring on the earth:
Yea, mock the Lyon when a rores for pray
To win the Lady. But alas, the while
If Hercules and Lychus play at dice
Which is the better man, the greater throw
May turne by fortune from the weaker hand:
So is Alcides beaten by his rage,
And so may I, blind Fortune leading me
Mifle that which one vnworthier may attaine,
And die with greeuing.

Portia. You must take your chaunce,
And eyther not attempt to choose at all,
Or sweare before you choose, if you choose wrong
Neuer to speake to Lady afterward
In way of marriage, therefore be aduist'd.

Mor. Nor will not, come bring me vnto my chaunce.

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

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

Enter the Clowne alone.

Clowne. Certainly, my conscience will servme to runne from
this Iewe my Maister: the fiend is at mine elbow, and temptes me,
saying to me, lobbe, Launcelot lobbe, good Launcelot, or good lobbe,
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or good Launcelet Jobbe, vse your legges, take the start, runne away, my conscience sayes no; take heede honest Launcelet, take heede honest Jobbe, or as afore-saide honest Launcelet Jobbe, doe not runne, scorne running with thy heele; well, the most coragious fiend bids me packe, fiayes the fiend, away sayes the fiend, for the heavens route vp a braue minde sayes the fiend, and runne; well, my conscience hanging about the necke of my heart, sayes very wisely to mee: my honest friend Launcelet beeing an honest mans sonne, or rather an honest womans sonne, for indeede my Father did something smacke, something grow to; he had a kinde of taff; well, my conscience sayes Launcelet bouge not, bouge sayes the fiend, bouge not sayes my conscience, conscience say I you counsaile well, fiend say I you counsaile well, to be ruled by my conscience, I should stay with the Iewe my Maister, (who God bleffe the marke) is a kinde of deuill; and to runne away from the Iewe I should be ruled by the fiend, who saying your reverence is the deuill himselfe: certainely the Iewe is the very deuill incarnation, and in my conscience, my conscience is but a kinde of hard conscience, to offer to counsaile mee to stay with the Iewe; the fiend giues the more friendly counsaile: I will runne fiend, my heele are at your commaundement, I will runne.

Enter old Gobbo with a basket.

Gobbo. Master young-man, you I pray you, which is the way to Master Iewes?

Launcelet. O heavens, this is my true begotten Father, who being more then faind blinde, high grauell blinde, knowes me not, I will try confusions with him.

Gobbo. Master young Gentleman, I pray you which is the way to Master Iewes.

Launcelet. Turne vp on your right hand at the next turning, but at the next turning of all on your left; marry at the very next turning turne of no hand, but turne downe indirectly to the Iewes house.

Gobbo. Be Gods fonties twill be a hard way to hit, can you tell
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mee whether one Launcelet that dwells with him, dwell with him or no.

Launcelet. Tale you of young Maister Launcelet, marke mee nowe, nowe will I raise the waters; tale you of young Maister Launcelet.

Gobbo. No Maister sir, but a poore mans Sonne, his Father though I say't is an honest exceeding poore man, and God bee thanked well to liue.

Launce. Well, let his Father be what a will, wee tale of young Maister Launcelet.

Gob. Your worships friend and Launcelet sir.

Launce. But I pray you ergo olde man, ergo I beseech you, tale you of young Maister Launcelet.

Gob. Of Launcelet ant please your maistership.

Launce. Ergo Maister Launcelet, tale not of maister Launcelet Father, for the young Gentleman according to fates and destinies, and such odd sayings, the sifters three, and such braunches of learning, is indeede deceased, or as you would say in plaine termes, gone to heauen.

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

Launcelet. Doe I looke like a cudgell or a houell post, a staffe, or a prop: doe you know me Father.

Gobbo. Alacke the day, I knowe you not young Gentleman, but I pray you tell mee, is my boy GOD rest his soule alioe or dead.

Launcelet. Doe you not know me Father.

Gobbo. Alack sir I am said blind, I know you not.

Launcelet. Nay, in deede, if you had your eyes you might sayle of the knowing mee: it is a wise Father that knowes his owyne childe. Well, olde man, I will tell you newes of your sonne, give mee your blessing, trueth will come to light, muder cannot bee hidde long, a mannes Sonne may, but in the ende trueth will out.

Gobbo. Pray you sir stand vp, I am sure you are not Launcelet my boy.
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Launce. Pray you let's haue no more fooling, about it, but giue mee your blessing: I am a Launcelot your boy that was, your sone that is, your child that shall be.

Gob. I cannot thinke you are my sone.

Launce. I know not what I shall think of that: but I am Launcelot the Iewes man, and I am sure Margerie your wife is my mother.

Gob. Her name is Margerie in deede, ile be sworne if thou bee Launcelot, thou art mine owne flesh and blood: Lord worship might he be, what a beard haft thou got; thou haft got more hair on thy chinne, then Dobbin my philhorse haue on his taile.

Launce. It should seeme then that Dobbins taile growes backward. I am sure hee had more hair of his taile then I haue of my face when I lofte saw him.

Gob. Lord how art thou changd: how doost thou and thy Maister agree, I haue brought him a present; how gree you now?

Launce. Well, well, but for mine owne part, as I haue set vp my rest to runne away, so I will not rest till I haue runne some ground; my Maister's a very Iewe, giue him a present, giue him a halter, I am famisht in his service. You may tell euery finger I haue with my ribs: Father I am glad you are come, giue me your present to one Maister Baffanio, who in deede giues rare newe Lyuories, if I serue not him, I will runne as farre as God has any ground. O rare fortune, heere comes the man, to him Father, for I am a Iewe if I serue the Iewes any longer.

Enter Baffanio with a follower or two.

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

Launce. To him Father.

Gob. God bleffe your worship.

Bass. Gramercie, wouldst thou ought with me.

Gobbe. Heere's my sone sir, a poore boy.

Launce. Not a poore boy sir, but the rich Iewes man that would sit as my Father shall specific.
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Gob. He hath a great infection sir, as one would say to serve.

Lau. Indeede the short and the long is, I serve the Jewe, & have a desire as my Father shall specific.

Gob. His Master and he (saying your worship's reverence) are scarce catercogins,

Lau. To be briefe, the very truth is, that the Jewe hauing done me wrong, dooth cause me as my Father being I hope an old man shall frutifie unto you.

Gob. I haue heere a dish of Doues that I would bestow vpon your worship, and my fute is.

Lau. In very briefe, the fute is impertinent to my selfe, as your worship shall knowe by this honest old man, and though I say it, though old man, yet poore man my Father.

Bass. One speake for both, what would you?

Lau. Serue you sir.

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

Bass. I know thee well, thou hast obtayned thy fute,

Shylocke thy Master spake with me this day,

And hath preferd thee, if it be preferment

To leaue a rich Jewes service, to become

The follower of so poore a Gentleman.

Clowne. The old proverb is very well parted betw'ecne my Maister Shylocke and you sir, you haue the grace of God sir, and hee hath enough.

Bass. Thou speakest it well; goe Father with thy Sonne

Take leaue of thy old Maister, and enquire

My lodging out, give him a Lyuerie

More garded then his fellowes: see it done.

Clowne. Father in, I cannot get a service, no, I haue nere a tong in my head, wel: if any man in Italy haue a fayrer table which dooth offer to sweare vpon a booke, I shall haue good fortune; goe too, heere's a simple lyne of life, heeres a small tryffe of wiuues, alas, fifteene wiuues is nothing, a leuen widdowes and nine maydes is a simple comming in for one man, and then to scape drowning thrice, and to be in perrill of my life with the edge of a featherbed, heere are simple scapes: vwell, if Fortune be a woman she's a good wench for this gere: Father come, ile take my leaue of the Jewe in
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Exit Clowne.

Bass. I pray thee good Leonardo thinke on this,
These things being bought and orderly bestowed
Returne in haste, for I doe feaste to night
My best esteemd acquaintance, hie thee goe.
Leon. My best endeavours shall be done herein. Exit Leonardo.

Enter Gratiano.

Grati. Where's your Maister.
Leonar. Yonder sir he walke.
Grati. Signior Bassanio.
Bass. Gratiano.
Gra. I haue sute to you.
Bass. You haue obtaind it.
Gra. You must not deny me, I must goe with you to Belmont.
Bass. Why then you must but heare thee Gratiano.
Thou art to wild, to rude, and bold of voyce,
Parts that become thee happily enough,
And in such eyes as ours appeare not faults
But where thou art not knowne; why there they show
Somthing too liberall, pray thee take paine
To allay with some cold drops of modestie
Thy skipping spirit, least through thy wild behauiour
I be misconfred in the place I goe to,
And loose my hopes.

Gra. Signor Bassanio, heare me,
If I doe not put on a sober habite,
Talk with respect, and sweare but now and than,
Weare prayer booke in my pocket, looke demurely,
Nay more, while grace is sayinge hood mine eyes
Thus with my hat, and sigh and say amen:
Vse all the obseruance of ciuillity
Like one well studied in a sad ostent
To please his Grandam, neuer trust me more.
Bass. Well, we shall see your bearing.
Gra. Nay but I barre to night, you shall not gage me
By what we doe to night.
Bass. No that were pitty.

I would
I would intreat you rather to put on
Your boldest suit of mirth, for we have friends
That purpose merriment: but far you well,
I have some busines.

Gra. And I must to Lorenzo and the rest;
But we will visite you at supper time. Exeunt.

Enter Jessica and the Clowne.

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 tediousnes,
But far thee well, there is a ducat for thee,
And Launcelet, soone at supper shalt thou see.
Lorenzo, who is thy new Master's guest,
Give him this letter, doe it secretly,
And so farewell: I would not have my Father
See me in talkce with thee.

Clowne. Adiew, tears exhibit my tongue, most beautifull Pagan, most sweete Iewe, if a Christian doe not play the knaue and get thee, I am much deceaved; but adiew, these foolish drops doe somthing drowne my manly spirit: adiew.

Jessica. Farewell good Launcelet.

Alack, what heynous sinne 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
Yf thou keepe promise I shall end this strife,
Become a Christian and thy loving wife. Exit.

Enter Gratiano, Lorenzo, Salario, and Salanio.

Loren. Nay, we will slinke away in supper time,
Disguise vs at my lodging, and returne all in an houre.

Gratia. We haue not made good preparation.
Salari. We haue not spoke vs yet of Torch-bearers,
Saliano. Tis vile vnlesse it may be quaintly ordered,
And better in my minde not undertooke.

Loren. Tis now but foure of clocke, we haue two houres

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To furnish vs; friend Launcelet what's the newes. Enter Launcelet.

Launcelet. And it shal please you to breake vp this, it shal seeme to signifie.

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

Is the faire hand that writ.

Gratia. Loue, newes in faith.

Launce. By your leave sir.

Loren. Whither goest thou.

Launc. Marry sir to bid my old Maifter the Jewe to sup to night with my new Maifter the Christian.

Loren. Hold here take this, tell gentle Jessica I will not faile her, speake it priuatly, Goe Gentlemen, will you prepare you for this maske to night, I am provied of a Torch-bearer.

Exit Clowne.

Sal. I marry, ile be gone about it straite:

Sol. And so will I.

Loren. Meete me and Gratiano at Gratianos lodging Some houre hence.

Sal. Tis good we doe so. Exit.

Gratia. Was not that Letter from faire Jessica.

Loren. I must needs tell thee all, she hath directed How I shall take her from her Fathers house, What gold and iewels she is furnisht with, What Pages sute she hath in readines, Yfere the Jewe her Father come to heauen, Yt will be for his gentle daughters sake, And never dare misfortune crosse her foote, Vnlesse she doe it vnder this excuse, That she is issue to a faithlesse Jewe: Come goe with me, pervse this as thou goest, Faire Jessica shall be my Torch-bearer. Exit.

Enter Jewe and his man that was the Clowne.

Jewe. Well, thou shalt see, thy eyes shall be thy judge, The difference of old Skylocke and Bassanio; What Jessica, thou shalt not gurmandize
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As thou hast done with mee: what Jessica, and sleepe, and snore, and rend appareale out. Why Jessica I say.

Clowne. Why Jessica.


Clown. Your vvorship was wont to tell me, I could doe nothing without bidding.

Enter Jessica.

Jessica. Call you? what is your will? 

Shy. I am bid forth to supper Jessica, There are my keyes: but wherefore should I goe? I am not bid for loue, they flatter me, But yet Ie goe in hate, to feeede vpon The prodigall Christian. Jessica my girle, looke to my house, I am right loth to goe, There is some ill a bruising towards my rest, For I did dreame of money baggs to night. 

Clowne. I beleech you sir goe, my young Maister doth expect your reproch.

Shy. So doe I his.

Clowne. And they haue conspired together, I vwill not say you shall see a Maske, but if you doe, then it was not for nothing that my nose fell a bleeding on black monday last, at fixe a clocke ith morning, falling out that yeere on ashwensday was foure yeere in thatsternoone. 

Shy. What are there maskes? heare you me Jessica, lock vp my doores, and when you heare the drumme and the vile squealing of the wry-neckt Piffe clamber not you vp to the casements then Nor thrust your head into the publique streete. To gaze on Christian fooles with varnishet faces: But stop my houses eares, I meane my casements, let not the sound of shallow fopprie enter my sober house. By Jacobs staffe I sweare I haue no minde of feasting forth to night: but? will goe: goe you before me sirra, say I will come.
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Clowne. I will goe before Sir.
Misses looke out at window for all this,
there will come a Christian by
will be worth a Jewes eye.

Shy. What sayes that foole of Hagar's offpring? ha.

Iessica. His words were farewell mistris, nothing els.

Shy. The patch is kinde enough, but a huge teeder,
Snaile slow in profit, and he sleepe by day
more then the wild-cat: drones h-use not with me,
therefore I part with him and part with him
to one that I would haue him helpe to waft
his borrowed purse. Well Iessica goe in
perhaps I will returne immediate, d
do as I bid you, shut dores after you, fast bind, fast find.
a proverbe neuer stale in thirstie minde. Exit.

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

Enter the maskers, Gratiano and Salerino.

Grat. This is the penthoufe vnder which Lorenzo
desired vs to make stand.

Sal. His howre is almost past.

Gra. And it is meruaile he out-dwells his howre,
for louers euer runne before the clocke.

Sal. O tenne times faster Venus pidgeons flie
to seale loues bonds new made, then they are wont
to keepe obliged faith unforfaite.

Gra. That euer holds: who riseth from a feast
vwith that keene appetite that he fits downe?
where is the horse that doth vntread againe
his tedious measures with the vnbatet fire
that he did pace them first: all things that are
are with more spirit chased then enjoyned.

How like a younger or a prodigall
the skarfed barke puts from her native bay
hug'd and embraced by the strumpet wind;
how like the prodigall doth she returne
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with ouer-wetherd ribbs and ragged sailes
leane, rent, and beggerd by the strumpet wind?

Enter Lorenzo.

Sal. Heere comes Lorenzo, more of this hereafter.

Lor. Sweet frends, your patience for my long abode
not I but my affaires have made you waite:
when you shall please to play the theues for wiues
Ile watch as long for you then: approch
here dwels my father Iew. Howe whose within?

Jessica aboue.

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

Lor. Lorenzo and thy loue.

Jessica. Lorenzo certaine, and my loue indeed,
for who loue I so much? and now who knowes
but you Lorenzo whether I am yours?

Lor. Heauen & thy thoughts are witnes that thou art.

Jef. Heere catch this casket, it is worth the paines,
I am glad tis night you doe not looke on me,
for I am much ashamede of my exchange:
But loue is blinde, and louers cannot see
The pretty follies that themselues commit,
for if they could, Cupid himselfe would blush
to see me thus trans-formed to a boy.

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

Jef. What, must I hold a candle to my shames,
they in themselues goodsooth are too too light.
Why, tis an office of discovery loue,
and I should be obscurd.

Lor. So are you sweet
euen in the louely garnish of a boy, but come at once,
for the close night doth play the runaway,
and we are staid for at Baffanius feast.

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

Gra. Now by my hoode a gentle, and no Iew.

Lor. Besthrow me but I loue her hartlie,
For she is wise, if I can judge of her, and faire she is, if that mine eyes be true, and true she is, as she hath prou'd herselfe: And therefore like herselfe, wise, faire, and true, shall she be placed in my constant soule. Enter Jessica. What, art thou come, on gentleman, away, our masking thee mates by this time for vs stay. 

Enter Antho'nio.

An. VV hose there?

Gra. Signior Antho'nio?

Anth. Fie, fie Gratiano, where are all the rest? Tis nine a clocke, our friends all stay for you, No maske to night, the wind is come about Baffanio presently will goe abord, I haue sent twentie out to seeke for you. Gra. I am glad ont, I desire no more delight then to be undesfaile, and gone to night. 

Exeunt.

Enter Portia with Morroch'o and both their traines.

Por. Goe, draw aside the curtaines and discouer the severall caskets to this noble Prince: Now make your choyse.

Mor. This first of gold, who this inscription beares, Who chooseth me, shall gaine what many men desire. The second siluer, which this promise carrieth, Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he defcrues. This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt, Who chooseth me, must giue and hazard all he hath. How shall I know if I doe choose the right?

Por. The one of them containes my picture Prince, if you choose that, then am yours withall.

Mor. Some God direct my judgement, let me see, I will furuay th'inscriptions, back againe, What saies this leaden casket? Who chooseth me, must giue and hazard all he hath, Must giue, for what? for lead, hazard for lead? This casket threatens men that hazard all
the Merchant of Venice.

doe it in hope of faire aduantages:
A golden minde soopes not to showes of droffe,
Ile then nor giue nor hazard ought for lead.
What sayes the siluer with her virgin hue?
Who chooseth me, shal get as much as he deferues,
As much as he deferues, pause there Mороche,
and weigh thy valew with an euen hand,
If thou best rated by thy estimation
thou dooest deferue enough, and yet enough
May not extend so farre as to the Ladie:
And yet to be afeard of my deferuing
were but a weake disablings of my seife.
As much as I deferue, why that's the Ladie.
? doe in birth deferue her, and in fortunes,
in graces, and in qualities of breeding:
but more then these, in loue do deferue,
what if I straid no farther, but chose heere?
Lets see once more this saying graud in gold:
Who chooseth me shall gaine what many men desire:
Why that's the Ladie, all the world defires her.
From the foure corners of the earth they come
to kiffe this shrine, this mortall breathing Saint.
The Hircanian deserts, and the vastie wildes
Of wide Arabia are as throughfares now
for Princes to come view faire Portia.
The waterie Kingdome, whose ambitious head
Spets in the face of heauen, is no barre
To stop the foraine spirits, but they come
as ore a brooke to see faire Portia.
One of these three contains her heauenly picture.
Itt like that leade contains her, twere damnation
to thinke so base a thought, it were too grosse
to ribb her serecloth in the obscure grave,
Or shall I thinke in siluer shees immurd
being tenne times undervalewed to tride gold,
O sinful thought, neuer so rich a tem
vvas set in worfe then gold. They haue in England
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A coyne that beares the figure of an Angell
flampt in gold, but that hath insculpt vpon:
But heere an Angell in a golden bed
lies all within. Deliuer me the key:
heere doe I choose, and thrive I as I may.

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

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

- All that glisteris not gold,
- Often haue you heard that told,
- Many a man his life hath lost
- But my outisde to be bold,
- Guilded timber doe wormes infold:
- Had you beene as wise as bold,
- Young in limbs, in judgement old,
- Your answere haue not beene infold,
Fareyouwell, your fate is cold.

Mor. Cold indeede and labour lost,
Then farewell heate, and welcome frost:
Portia adiew, I haue too green'd a hart
To take a tedious leave: thus losers part.  

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

Enter Salavino and Solano.

Sal. Why man I saw Bassanio vnder sayle,
with him is Gratiano gone along;
and in theyr ship I am sure Lorenzo is not.

Sola. The villaine Iew with outeries raisd the Duke,
who went with him to search Bassanios ship.

Sal. He came too late, the ship was vnderfaile,
But there the Duke was givn to vnderstand
that in a Gondylo were scene together
Lorenzo and his amorous Iessica.
Besides, Anthonio certified the Duke
they were not with Bassanio in his ship.
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Sol. I never heard a passion so confused,
So strange, outrageous, and so variable
as the dogge Iew did vitre 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, stolne from me by my daughter,
and jewels, two stones, two rich and precious stones,
Stolne by my daughter: justice, find the girl,
thee hath the stones upon her, and the ducats.

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

Sola. Let good Antonio looke he keepe his day
or he shall pay for this.

Sal. Marry well remembred,
I reasond with a Frenchman yesterdai,
who told me, in the narrow seas that part
the French and English, there miscaried
a vessell of our country richly fraught:
I thought upon Antonio when he told me,
and with his silence that it were not his.

Sol. You were best to tell Antonio what you heare,
Yet doe not suddainely, for it may greeue him.

Sal. A kinder gentleman treads not the earth,
I saw Bassanio and Antonio part,
Bassanio told him he would make some speed
of his returne: he answered, doe not so,
slumber not busines for my sake Bassanio,
but stay the very riping of the time,
and for the Jewes bond which he hath of me
let it not enter in your minde of loue:
be merry, and imploie your cheefeest thoughts
to courteship, and such faire ostents of loue,
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 wondrouses sensible

He
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He wrung Baffanios hand, and so they parted.

Sol. I thinke hee onely loues the world for him,
I pray thee let vs goe and finde him out
and quicken his embraced heauines
with some delight or other.

Sol. Doe we so.

Enter Nemissa and a Seruiture.

Ner. Quick, quick / pray thee, draw the curtain strait,
The Prince of Arragon hath rane his oath,
and comes to his election presently.

Enter Arragon, his trayne, and Portia.

Por. Behold, there stand the caskets noble Prince,
yf you choose that wherein I am contained
straight shall our nuptiall rights be solemniz'd:
but if you faile, without more speech my Lord
you must be gone from hence immediatly.

Arr. I am enioynd by oath to obserue three things,
First, neuer to vnfold to any one
which casket twas I chose; next, if I faile
of the right casket, neuer in my life
to wooe a maide in way of marriage:
lastly, if I doe faile in fortune of my choyse,
immediatly to leaue you, and be gone.

Por. To these injunctions every one doth sweare
that comes to hazard for my worthlesse selfe.

Arr. And so haue I addresst me, fortune now
To my harts hope: gold, silver, and base lead.
Who chooseth me, must giue and hazard all he hath.
You shall looke fairer ere I giue or hazard.
What faies the golden cheft, ha, let me see,
Who chooseth me, shal gaine what many men desire,
What many men desire, that many may be meant
by the foole multitude that choose by show,
not learning more then the fond eye doth teach,
which pries not to thinteriour, but like the Martlet

builds
Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
Euen in the force and rode of casualty.
I will not choose what many men desire,
Because I will not tumpe with common spirits,
And ranke me with the barbarous multitudes.
Why then to thee thou silver treasure house,
Tell me once more what title thou doost beare;
Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserues,
And well sayde to; for who shall goe about
To cosen Fortune, and be honourable
v/without the stamp of merrit, let none presume
To weare an undeserved dignity:
O that estates, degrees, and offices,
were not deriu'd corruptly, and that cleare honour
were purcaft by the merrit of the wearer,
How many then should couer that stand bare?
How many be commaunded that commaund?
How much low peasantery would then be gleaned
From the true seede of honour? and how much honour
Pickt from the chaft and ruin of the times,
To be new varnift; well but to my choife.
Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserues,
I will assume desert; give me a key for this,
And instantly unloake my fortunes heere.

Portia. Too long a pause for that which you finde there.
Arrag. What’s heere, the pourtrait of a blinking idiot
Presenting me a shedule, I will reade it:
How much vnlike art thou to Portia?
How much vnlike my hopes and my deseruings.
Who chooseth me, shall haue as much as he deserues?
Did I deserue no more then a fools head,
Is that my prize, are my deserts no better?
Portia. To offend and iudge are distinct offices,
And of opposed natures.

Arrag. What is heere?

The fier seauen times tried this;
Seauen times tried that iudement is,
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That did never choose amis,
Some there be that shadowes his.
Such haue but a shadowes bliss:
There be fooleis alyue Iwys
Silverd o're, and so was this.
Take what wife you wil to bed,
I will euer be your head:
So be gone, you are sped.

Arrag. Still more foole I shall appeare
By the time I linger heere,
With one fooles head I came to woo,
But I goe away with two.
Sweet adiew, ile keepe my oath,
Paciently to beare my wraith.

Portia. Thus hath the candle singd the moath:
O these deliberate fooleis when they doe choose,
They haue the wisedome by their wit to loose.

Neriss. The auncient saying is no herisie,
Hanging and wiuing goes by destinie.

Portia. Come draw the curtaine Nerissa.

Enter Messenger.

Mess. Where is my Lady.

Portia. Heere, what would my Lord?

Mess. Madame, there is a-lighted at your gate
A young Venetian, one that comes before
To signifie th'approching of his Lord,
From whom he bringeth sensible regreets;
To wit, (besides commendes and curtious breath)
Gifts of rich valiue; yet I haue not seene
So likenly an Embassadour of love.
A day in Aprill neuer came so sweete
To show how costly Sommer was at hand,
As this fore-spurrer comes before his Lord.

Portia. No more I pray thee, I am halfe a-feard
Thou wilt say anone he is some kin to thee,
Thou spendst such high day with in praying him:

Come
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Come come Nerissa, for I long to see
Quick Cupids Post that comes so mannerly.

Nerissa. Bassanio, Lord, loue if thy will it be. Exeunt.

Solanio and Salarino.

Solanio. Now what newes on the Ryalto?

Salar. Why yet it liues there vncheckt, that安东尼 hath a ship
of rich lading wrackt on the narrow Seas; the Goodwins I think they call the place, a very dangerous flat, and fatal, where the car-raffles of many a tall ship lie buried, as they say, if my gossip report be an honest woman of her word.

Solanio. I would she were as lying a gossip in that, as ever knap 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 plaine high way of talke, that the good安东尼, the honest安东尼, that I had a tytle good enough to kepe his name company.

Salar. Come, the full flop.

Solanio. Ha, what sayest thou, why the end is, he hath lost a ship.

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

Solanio. Let me say amen betimes, leaft the diuell crosse my prai-er, for heere he comes in the likenes of a Jewe. How now Shylocke, what newes among the Merchants? Enter Shylocke.

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

Salar. Thats certaine, I for my part knew the Taylor that made the wings she fled withall.

Solan. And Shylocke for his own part knew the bird was flidge, and then it is the complexion of them all to leaue the dam.

Shy. She is damnd for it.

Salar. Thats certaine, if the deuill may be her Judge.

Shy. My owne flesh and blood to rebell.

Salar. Out upon it old carrion, rebels it at these yeeres.

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

Salar. There is more difference betweene thy flesh and hers, then betweene?et and suoie, more betweene your bloods, then there is betweene red wine and rennish: but tell vs, doe you heare whether Anthony haue had any losse at sea or no?

E 2

Shy. There
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Shy. There I haue another bad match, a bankrout, a prodigall, who dare scarce shewe his head on the Ryalto, a begger that was vsd to come so smug vpon the Mart: let him looke to his bond, he was wont to call me vfurier, let him looke to his bond, hee was wont to lende money for a Christian curstie, let him looke to his bond.

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

Shy. To baite fish with all, if it will feede nothing else, it will feede my revenge; hee hath disgrac'd me, and hindred me halfe a million, laught at my losses, mockt at my gaines, scorne my Nation, thwarted my bargaines, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies, and what's his reason, I am a Iewe: Hath not a Iewe eyes, hath not a Iewe hands, organs, dementions, fences, affections, passions, fed with the same foode, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same meanes, warmed and cooled by the same Winter and Sommer as a Christian is: if you pricke vs doe we not bleede, if you tickle vs doe we not laugh, if you poyson vs doe wee not die, and if you wrong vs shall wee not reuenge, if we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Iewe wrong a Christian, what is his humilitie, reuenge? If a Christian wrong a Iewe, what should his sufferance be by Christian example, why reuenge? The villanie you teach me I will execute, and it shall goe hard but I will better the instruction.

Enter a man from Antthonio.

Gentlemen, my maister Antthonio is at his house, and desires to speake with you both.

Salern. We haue beeene vp and downe to seeke him.

Enter Tuball.

Salerio. Heere comes another of the Tribe, a third cannot bee matcht, vnlesse the devill himselfe turne Iewe. Exeunt Gentlemen.

Enter Tuball.

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

Tuball. I often came where I did heare of her, but cannot finde her.
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Shylock. Why there, there, there, there, a diamond gone cost me two thousand ducats in Franckford, the curse never fell upon our Nation till now, I never felt it till nowe, two thousand ducats in that, & other precious precious Jewsels; I would my daughter were dead at my foote, and the Jewells in her ear: would she were hearest at my foote, and the ducats in her coffin: no newes of them; why so? and I know not what spent in the search: why thou losse upon losse, the theefe gone with so much, and so much to finde the theefe, and no satisfaction, no revenge, nor no ill lucke stirring but what lights a my shoulders, no sighs but a my breathing, no teares but a my shedding.

Tuball. Yes, other men haue ill lucke to, Antonio as I heard in Genowa?


Tuball. Hath an Argosie cast away coming from Tripolis.

Shy. I thank God, I thank God, is it true, is it true.

Tuball. I spake with some of the Saylers that escaped the wrack.

Shy. I thank thee good Tuball, good newes, good newes: ha ha, heere in Genowa.

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

Shy. Thou stickst a dagger in me, I shall never see my gold againe, foure score ducats at a sitting, foure score ducats.

Tuball. There came diuers of Antonio's creditors in my company to Venice, that sweare, he cannot choose but breake.

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

Tuball. One of them shewed mee a ring that hee had of your daughter for a Monkys.

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

Tuball. But Antonio is certainly vndone.

Shy. Nay, that's true, that's very true, goe Tuball see me an Officer, bespeake him a fortnight before, I will haue the hart of him if he forfeite, for were he out of Venice I can make what merchandize I will: goe Tuball, and meete me at our Sinagogue, goe good.
Portia. I pray you tarry, pause a day or two
Before you hazard, for in choosing wrong
Loose your company, therefore forbear a while.
Theres something tells me (but it is not love)
I would not loose you, and you know your selue;
Hate counsels not in such a quality;
But least you should not understand me well,
And yet a mayden hath no tongue, but thought,
I would detaine you here some moneth or two
before you venture for me. I could teach you
how to choose right, but then am forsworne;
So will I neuer be, so may you misse me,
But if you doe, youle make me with a sinne,
That I had beene forsworne: Beshrow your eyes,
They haue ore-lookt me and deuided me,
One halfe of me is yours, the other halfe yours,
Mine owne I would say: but if mine then yours,
And so all yours; & these naughty times
puts barres betwene the owners and their rights.
And so though yours, not yours, (proue it so)
Let Fortune goe to hell for it, not I.
I speake too long, but tis to peize the time,
To ech it, and to draw it out in length,
To stay you from election.
Bass. Let me choose.
For as I am, I live vpon the racke.
Por. Vpon the racke Bassanio, then confesse
what treason there is mingled with your love.
Bass. None but that vgly treason of mistrust,
which makes me feare th'inoying of my Loue,
There may as well be amity and life
Tweene snow and fire, as treason and my loue.
Por. I but I feare you speake vpon the racke
where men enforced doe speake any thing.

Bass.
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Bass. Promise me life, and I'll confess the truth.
Portia. Well then, confess and liue.
Bass. Confess and liue
had beene the very sum of my confession:
O happy torment, when my torturer
doth teach me answeres for deliverance:
But let me to my fortune and the caskets.
Portia. Away then, I am lockt in one of them,
If you doe love me, you will finde me out.
Nerysfa and the rest, stand all aloofe,
Let musique sound while he doth make his choyse,
Then if he loose he makes a Swan-like end,
Fading in musique. That the comparison
may stand more proper, my eye shall be the streame
and wavy death-bed for him: he may win,
And what is musique than? Than musique is
euen as the flourish, when true subjectts bowe
to a new crowned Monarch: Such it is,
As are those dulcet sounds in breake of day,
That creepe into the dreaming bride-groome's eare,
And summon him to marriage. Now he goes
with no lesse presence, but with much more love
Then young Alcides, when he did redeeme
The virgine tribute, payed by howling Troy
To the Sea-monster: I stand for sacrifice,
The rest aloofe are the Dardanian vuiues:
With bleared visages come forth to view
The issue of th'exploit: Goe Hercules,
Liue thou, I liue with much much more dismay,
I view the fight, then thou that mak'st the fray.

A Song the whilst Bassanio comments on the caskets
to himselfe.

Tell me where is fancie bred,
Or in the hart, or in the head,
How begot, how nourished? Replie, replie.
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It is engendred in the eye,
With gazing fed, and Fancie dies:
In the cradle where it lies
Let us all ring Fancies knell.
Ile begin it.
Ding, dong, bell.

All. Ding, dong, bell.

Bass. So may the outward showes be leaft themselues,
The world is still deceau’d with ornament
In Law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,
But being feaon’d with a gracious voyce,
Obscures the show of euill. In religion
What damned error but some sober brow
will bleffe it, and approue it with a text,
Hiding the grofnes with faire ornament:
There is no voyce so simple, but assumes
Some marke of vertue on his outward parts;
How many cowards whose harts are all as false
As flayers of land, weare yet vpon their chins
The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars,
who inward searcht, haue lyuers white as milke,
And these assume but valours excrement
To render them redoubted. Looke on beauty,
And you shall fee tis purchaft by the weight,
which therein works a miracle in nature,
Making them lighteft that weare most of it:
So are those crisped snaky golden locks
which maketh such wanton gambols with the wind
Upon supposed fairenes, often knowne
To be the dowry of a second head,
The scull that bred them in the Sepulcher.
Thus ornament is but the guiled shore
To a most dangerous sea: the beautious scarfe
vailing an Indian beauty; In a word,
The seeming truth which cunning times put on
To intrap the wisest. Therefore then thou gaudy gold,
Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee,
Nor none of thee thou pale and common drudge
tweene man and man: but thou, thou meager lead
which rather threatenst then dost promise ought,
thy palenes moves me more then eloquence,
and heere choose I, ioy be the consequence.

Por. How all the other passions fleet to ayre,
As doubtfull thoughts, and rash imbrac'd despaire:
And shyddring feare, and greene-eyed jealousie.
O Ioue be moderate, allay thy extasie,
In measure raine thy ioy, feant this excessse,
I feel too much thy blessing, make it lesse
for feare I surfeit.

Bas. What finde I heere?
Faire Portias counterfeit. What, demy God
hath come so neere creation? moue these eyes?
Or whither riding on the balls of mine
feeme they in motion? Heere are seuered lips
parted with sugar breath, so sweet a barre
should sunder such sweet friends: heere in her haires
the Paynter playes the Spyder, and hath wouen
a golden mesh tyntrap the harts of men
fafter then gnats in cobwebs, but her eyes
how could he see to doe them? hauing made one,
me thinkes it should haue power to steale both his
and leaue it selfe vnfurniht: Yet looke how farre
the substance of my praisse doth wrong this shadow
in vnderpryling it, so farre this shadow
doth limpe behind the substance. Heeres the Scroule,
the continent and summarie of my fortune.

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

F.
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A gentle grooue: Faire Lady, by your leave,
I come by note to giue, and to receaue,
Like one of two contending in a prize
That thinks he hath done well in peoples eyes:
Hearing applause and uiniuerefall thoute,
Giddy in spirit, stiil gazing in a doubt
Whether those peales of praise be his or no.
So thrice faire Lady stand I euen so,
As doubtful whether what I see be true,
Vntill confirmd, sign'd, ratified by you.

Pos. You see me Lord Baffanio where I stand,
such as I am; though for my selfe alone
I would not be ambitious in my wish
to wish my selfe much better, yet for you,
I would be trebled twenty times my selfe,
a thousand times more faire, tenne thousand times
more rich, that onely to stand high in your account,
I might in vertues, beauties, livings, friends
exceede account: but the full summe of me
is sume of something: which to terme in grosse,
is an vnleffond girle, vnscchoold, vnpriacized,
haappy in this, she is not yet so old
but she may leaarme: happier then this,
she is not bred so dull but she can leaarme:
happiest of all, is that her gentle spirit.
commits it selfe to yours to be directed,
as from her Lord, her governour, her King.
My selfe, and what is mine, to you and yours
is now converted. But now I was the Lord
of this faire manfion, maister of my servuants,
Queene ore my selfe: and euen now, but now,
this house, these servuants, and this same my selfe
are yours, my Lords, I giue them with this ring,
which when you part from, loose, or giue away,
let it presage the ruine of your loue,
and be my vantage to exclaime on you.

Bass. Maddam, you haue bereft me of all words.
the Merchant of Venice.

onely my blood speakes to you in my vaines, and there is such confusion in my powers, as after some oration fairely spoke by a beloued Prince, there doth appeare among the buzzing pleased multitude. Where euer somthing beeing blent together, turns to a wild of nothing, faine of ioy express, and not express: but when this ring parts from this finger, then parts life from hence, o then be bold to say Baffanos dead.

Ner. My Lord and Lady, it is now our time that haue floode by and see our wishes prosper, to cry good ioy, good ioy my Lord and Lady.

Gra. My Lord Baffano, and my gentle Lady, I wish you all the ioy that you can wish: for I am sure you can wish none from me: and when your honours meane to solemnize the bargaine of your fayth: I doe beseche you even at that time I may be married to.

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

Gra. I thanke your Lordship, you haue got me one. My eyes my Lord can looke as twift as yours: you saw the mistres, I beheld the mayd: You lou'd, I lou'd for intermission, No more pertaines to me my lord then you; your fortune stood upon the caskets there, and so did mine to as the matter falls: for wooing heere untill I swet againe, and swearing till my very rough was dry with oathes of loue, at last, if promise last I got a promise of this faire one heere to haue her loue: provided that your fortune atchiu'd her mistres.

Por. Is this true Nerissa?

Ner. Maddam it is, so you stand please withall.

Bass. And doe you Gratiano meane good fayth?

Gra. Yes faith my Lord.
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Bass. Our feast shall be much honored in your marriage.

Gra. We'll play with them the first boy for a thousand ducats.

Ner. What and stake downe?

Gra. No, we shall here win at that sport and stake downe.

But who comes here? Lorenzo and his infidell?

what, and my old Venetian friend Salerio?

Enter Lorenzo, Jessica, and Salerio a messenger

from Venice.

Bass. Lorenzo and Salerio, welcome hether,

if that the youth of my newe intrest here

have power to bid you welcome: by your leave

I bid my very friends and countrymen

tweet Portia welcome.

Por. So doe I my Lord, they are intirely welcome.

Lor. I thank[e] your honour, for my part my Lord

my purpose was not to have scene you here,

but meeting with Salerio by the way

he did intreat me past all saying nay

to come with him along.

Sal. I did my Lord,

and I have reason for it, Signior Anthonio

commends him to you.

Bass. Ere I ope his Letter

I pray you tell me how my good friend doth.

Sal. Not sicke my Lord, vnlesse it be in mind,
nor well, vnlesse in mind: his letter there

will show you his estate. open the letter.

Gra. Nerissa, cheere yond stranger, bid her welcome.

Your hand Salerio, what's the news from Venice?

How doth that royall Merchant good Anthonio?

I know he will be glad of our success,

We are the Iasons, we have won the fleece.

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

Por. There are some throuwd contents in yond same paper

That steals the colour from Bassanios cheeke,

Some deere friend dead, else nothing in the world

could turne so much the constitution.
of any constant man: what worse and worse?
With leave Bassanio I am halfe your felle,
and I must freely haue the halfe of any thing
that this fame paper brings you.

Bass. O sweete Portia,
here are a few of the vnpleasant'tt words
that euery blotted paper. Gentle Lady
when I did first impart my loue to you,
I freely told you all the wealth I had
raine in my vaines, I was a gentleman,
and then I told you true: and yet deere Lady
rating my felle at nothing, you shall see
how much I was a Braggart, when I told you
my state was nothing, I should then haue told you
that I was worse then nothing; for indeede
I haue ingag'd my felle to a deere friend,
ingag'd my friend to his meere enemie
to feede my meanes. Heere is a letter Lady;
the paper as the body of my friend,
and euery word in it a gaping wound
issuing life blood. But is it true Salerio
hath all his ventures faileth, what not one hit,
from Tripolis, from Mexico and England,
from Lisbon, Barbary, and India,
and not one vessell scape the dreadfull touch
of Merchant-marring rocks?

Sal. Not one my Lord.
Besides, it should appeare, that if he had
the present money to discharge the Jew,
hee would not take it: neuer did I know
a creature that did beare the shape of man
so keene and greodie to confound a man.
He plyes the Duke at morning and at night,
and doth impeach the freedome of the state
if they deny him iustice. Twentie Merchants,
the Duke himselfe, and the Magnificoes
of greatest port haue all perswaded with him,
but none can drive him from the envious plea
of forfeiture, of justice, and his bond.

ill. When I was with him, I have heard him sweare
to Tuball and to Cbus, his country-men,
that he would rather have Anthonyos heed
then twenty times the value of the summe
that he did owe him: and I know my lord,
if law, authority, and power denie not,
it will goe hard with poore Anthonyos.

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

Bass. The dearest friend to me, the kindest man,
the best condition and unwearied spirit
in doing curesies: and one in whom
the auncient Romaine honour more appeares
then any that draws breath in Italie.

Por. What summe owes he the Jew?

Bass. For me three thousand ducats.

Por. What no more, pay him six thousand, & deface the bond:
double sixe thousand, and then treble that,
before a friend of this discription
shall lose a hair through Bassanios fault.
First goe with me to Church, and call me wife,
and then away to Venice to your friend:
for never shall you lie by Portius side
with an vnquiet soule. You shall have gold
to pay the petty debt twenty times ouer.
When it is payd, bring your true friend along,
my mayd Nerissa, and my selfe meane time
will live as maydes and widdowes: come away,
for you shall hence vpon your wedding day:
bid your freends welcome, show a merry cheere,
since you are deere bought, I will love you deere.
But let me heare the letter of your friend.

Sweet Bassanio, my ships have all miscaried, my Creditors growe
cruell, my estate is very low, my bond to the Iewe is forfeito, and since in
paying it, it is impossible I should live, all debts are cledred betweene you
and
the Merchant of Venice.

and 1 if 1 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 loue I dispatch all busines and be gone.

Bass. Since I haue your good leave to goe away, I will make hast; but till I come againe, no bed shalere be guiltie of my stay, nor rest be interpoltir twixt vs twaine.

Exeunt.

Enter the Iew, and Salertio, and Anthonio, and the Iaylor.

Iew. Iaylor, looke to him, tell not me of mercie, this is the foole that lent out money gratis. Iaylor, looke to him.

An. Heare me yet good Shylock.

Iew. Ie haue my bond, speake not against my bond, I haue sworne an oath, that I will haue my bond: thou calp'dst me dogge before thou hadst a cause, but since I am a dog, beware my phanges, the Duke shall graunt me iustice, I do wonder thou naughtie Iaylor that thou art so fond to come abroade with him at his request.

An. I pray thee heare me speake.

Iew. Ie haue my bond. I will not heare thee speake, Ie haue my bond, and therefore speake no more. Ie not be made a soft and dull eyde foole, to shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yeeld to christian interceffers: follow not, Ie haue no speaking, I will haue my bond.

Exit Iew.

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

An. Let him alone, Ie follow him no more with bootleffe prayers.
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hee sekes my life, his reason well I know;
I oft deliuerd from his forseytures
many that haue at times made mone to me,
therefore he hates me.

Sal. I am sure the Duke will not grant
this forfaiture to hold.

An. The Duke cannot deny the course of law:
for the commoditie that strangers haue
with vs in Venice, if it be denied,
will much impeach the iustice of the State,
since that the trade and profit of the city
consisteth of all Nations. Therefore goe,
these grieves and losses haue so bated me
that I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh
to morrow, to my bloody Creditor.
Well taylor on, pray God Bassanio come
to see me pay his debt, and then I care not. Exeunt.

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

Lor. Maddam, although I speake it in your presence,
you haue a noble and a true conceite
of god-like amitie, which appeares 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 releefe,
how deere a louer of my Lord your husband,
I know you would be prouder of the worke
then cusmarie bountie can enforce you.

Por. I never did repent for dooing good,
not shall not now: for in companions
that doe conuerse and wast the time together,
whose soules doe beare an egall yoke of loute,
there must be needes a like proportion
of lymiaments, of maners, and of spirit;
which makes me thinke that this Antonic
being the bosome louer of my Lord,
must needes be like my Lord. If it be so,
the Merchant of Venice.

How little is the cost I have bestowed
in purchasing the semblance of my soule;
From out the state of hellish cruelty,
This comes too neere the praising of my selfe,
Therefore no more of it: heere other things
Lorenz fo I commit into your hands,
The husbandry and mannage of my house,
Vntill my Lords returne: for mine owne part
I haue toward heauen breath'd a secret vowe,
To liue in prayer and contemplation,
Onely attended by Nerissa heere,
Vntill her husband and my Lords returne,
There is a Monastery two miles off,
And there we will abide. I doe desire you
not to deny this imposition,
the which my loue and some necessity
now layes vpon you.

Lorenz. Madame, with all my hart,
I shall obey you in all faire commaunds.

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

Lor. Faire thoughts and happy houres attend on you.

Jessica. I with your Ladyship all harts content.

Por. I thank you for your wish, and am well pleast
to wish it back on you: far you well Jessica.

Now Bassafier, as I haue euer found thee honest true,
So let me find thee still: take this same letter,
and we thou all th'indeavour of a man.
In speede to Mantua. see thou render this
into my coffin hands Doctor Belario.

And looke what notes and garments he doth giue thee,
bring them I pray thee with imagin'd speed:
untero the Traneft, to the common Ferrie
which trades to Venice, vvaist no time in words
but get thee gone, I shall be there before thee.

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Balth. Madam, I goe with all convenient speede.

Portia. Come on Nerrissa, I haue worke in hand
That you yet know not of; weelee see our husbands
before they thinke of vs?

Nerrissa. Shall they see vs?

Portia. They shall Nerrissa: but in such a habite,
that they shall thinke we are accomplished
with that we lacke; Ile hold thee any wager
when we are both accouetered like young men,
Ile proue the prettier fellow of the two,
and weare my dagger with the brauer grace,
and speake betweene the change of man and boy;
with a reede voyce, and turne two misling steps
into a manly stride; and speake of frayes
like a fine bragging youth: and tell quaint lyes
how honorable Ladies fought my loue,
which I deining, they fell sicke and dyed.
I could not doe withall: then Ile repent,
and wish for all that, that I had not kild them;
And twenty of these punie lies Ile tell,
that men shall sweare I haue discontinued schoole
aboue a twelve-moneth: I haue within my minde
a thousand raw tricks of these bragging lacks,
which I will practife.

Nerrissa. Why, shall we turne to men?

Portia. Fie, what a question's that,
if thou wert nere a lewd interpreter:
But come, Ile tell thee all my my whole deuice
when I am in my coach, which stayes for vs
at the Parke gate; and therefore haft away,
for we must measure twenty miles to day.

Enter Clowne and Jessica.

Clowne. Yes truly, for looke you, the sinnes of the Father are to
be laid vpon the children, therefore I promise you, I feare you, I
was alwaies plaine with you, and so now I speake my agitation of
the matter: therefore be a good chere, for truly I thinke you are
damnd, there is but one hope in it that can doe you any good, and
the Merchant of Venice.

that is but a kinde of bastard hope neither.

Jessica. And what hope is that I pray thee?

Clowne. Marry you may partly hope that your Father got you not, that you are not the Jewes daughter.

Jessica. That were a kind of bastard hope in deedes, so the finnes of my mother should be visited upon me.

Clowne. Truly then I fcare you are damned both by father and mother: thus when I shun Scilla your father, I fall into Caribdis your mother; well, you are gone both wayes.

Jessica. I shall be sau'd by my husband, he hath made me a Christian?

Clowne. Truly the more to blame he, we were Christians now before, in 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 haue a rasher on the coles for mony.

Enter Lorenzo.

Jessica. Ile tell my husband Launcelet what you say, here he come?

Loren. I shall grow ialous of you shortly Launcelet, if you thus get my wife into corners?

Jessica. Nay, you neede not feare vs Lorenzo, Launcelet and I are out, he tells me flatly there's no mercy for mee in heauen, because I am a Jewes daughter: and he sayes you are no good member of the common-wealth, for in convertinge Jewes to Christians, you raise the price of porke.

Loren. I shall aunswere that better to the common-wealth than you can the getting vp of the Negroes belly: the Moore is with child by you Launcelet?

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

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

Clowne. That is done sir, they haue all stomacks?

Loren. Goodly Lord what a wit snapper are you, than bid them prepare dinner?

G 2 Clowne.
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Clowne. That is done to sir, onely couer is the word.
Loren. Will you couer than sir?
Clowne. Not so sir neither, I know my duty.
Loren. Yet more quarrelling with occasion, wilt thou shewe the whole wealth of thy wit in an instant; I pray thee understand a plaine man in his plaine meaning: goe to thy fellowes, bid them couer the table, serue in the meate, and we will come in to dinner.
Clowne. For the table sir, it shall be seru'd in, for the meate sir, it shall be couerd, for your comming in to dinner sir, why let it be as humors and conceites shal gouerne. Exit Clowne.

Loren. O deare discretion, how his words are suted,
The foole hath planted in his memorie an Armie of good words, and I doe know a many fooles that stand in better place, garnisht like him, that for a tricksie word defie the matter: how cherst thou Jessica,
And now good sweet say thy opinion, How doost thou like the Lord Bassanios wife?
Jessi. Past all expressing, it is very meete the Lord Bassanio liue an vpright life
For hauing such a blessing in his Lady, he findes the ioyes of heauen heere on earth, And if on earth he doe not meane it, it in reason he should neuer come to heauen?
Why, if two Gods should play some heauenly match, and on the wager lay two earthly women, And Portia one: there must be somthing else paund with the other, for the poore rude world hath not her fellow.
Loren. Euen such a husband haft thou of me, as she is for wife.
Jessi. Nay, but aske my opinion to of that?
Loren. I will anone, firft let vs goe to dinner?
Jessi. Nay, let me praise you while I haue a stomack?
Loren. No pray thee, let it serue for table talke, Then how so mere thou speakest mong other things, I shall digest it?
the Merchant of Venice.

Ieffi. Well, ile let you forth. 

Exit.

Enter the Duke, the Magnificoes, Antonio, Bassanio, and Gratiano.

Duke. What, is Antonio heere ?

Antho. Ready, to please your grace ?

Duke. I am sorry for thee, thou art come to aunswer a stonie adversarie, an inhumaine wretch, incapable of pitty, voy'd, and empty from any dram of mercie.

Antho. I haue heard your grace hath tane great paines to qualifie his rigorous course; but since he stands obdurate, And that no lawfull meanes can carry me out of his enuies reach, I doe oppose my patience to his furie, and am armd to suffer with a quietnes of spirit, the very tyranny and rage of his.

Duke. Goe one and call the Iew into the Court.

Salerio. He is ready at the dore, he comes my Lord.

Enter Shylocke.

Duke. Make roome, and let him stand before our face.

Shylocke the world thinks, and I thinke so so that thou but leadest this fashion of thy mallice to the last houre of act, and then tis thought thou wilt shew thy mercy and remorse more strange, than is thy strange apparant cruelty; and where thou now exacts the penalty, which is a pound of this poore Merchants flesh, thou wilt not onely loose the forfeiture, but toucht with humaine gentlenes and loue: Forgive a moytie of the principall, glauncing an eye of pitty on his losses that haue of late so hudled on his backe, Enow to pressa a royall Merchant downe; And pluck comiferation of this states from brasse losomes and rough harts of flints, from stubborne Turkes, and Tarters neuer traind
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to offices of tender curtelle:
We all expect a gentle aunswer Iewe?
Iewe. I haue posſeſt your grace of what I purpose,
and by our holy Sabaoth haue I sworne
to haue the due and forset of my bond,
if you deny it, let the danger light
uppon your charter and your Citties freedome?
Youle aske me why I rather choose to haue
a weight of carrion fleshe, then to receaue
three thousand ducats: Ile not aunswer that?
But say it is my humour, is it aunswerd?
What if my house be troubled with a Rat,
and I be pleasd to giue ten thousand ducats
to haue it baind? vwhat, are you aunswerd yet?
Some men there are loue not a gaping pigge?
Some that are mad if they behold a Cat?
And others when the bagpipe fings ith nofe,
cannot containe their vrine for affection.
Maisters of passion swyes it to the moode
of what it likes or loathes, now for your aunswer:
As there is no firme reason to be rendred
why he cannot abide a gaping pigge?
why he a harmelffe necessarie Cat?
why he a woollen bagpipe: but of force
must yeeld to fuch in euitable shame,
as to offend himselfe being offended:
So can I giue no reason, nor I will not,
more then a lodgd hate, and a certaine loathing
I beare Anthomo, that I follow thus
a loosing fute against him? are you aunswered?
Baſſ. This is no aunswer thou vnfeeling man,
to excuse the currant of thy cruelty?
Iewe. I am not bound to pleafe thee with my answers?
Baſſ. Doe all men kill the things they doe not loue?
Iewe. Hates any man the thing he would not kill?
Baſſ. Every offence is not a hate at first?
Iewe. What wouldst thou haue a ferpent fling thee twice?
the Merchant of Venice.

Anth. I pray you think you question with the Jewe,
you may as well goe stand upon the Beach
and bid the maine flood bare his vsuall height,
you may as well vsue question with the Woolfe
why he hath made the Ewe bleake for the Lambe?
You may as well forbid the mountaine of Pines
to wag their high tops, and to make no noise
when they are fretten with the gusts of heauen:
You may as well doe any thing most hard
as seek to soften that then which what's harder:
his Jewish hart? therefore I doe beseech you
make no moe offers, vsue no farther meanes,
but with all breiue and plaine conueniencie
let me have judgement, and the Jewe his will?
Bass. For thy three thousand ducats heere is fixe?
Jewe. If euery ducat in fixe thousand ducats
were in fixe parts, and euery part a ducat,
I would not draw them, I would have my bond?
Duk. How shalt thou hope for mercy rendring none?
Jewe. What judgment shall I dread doing no wrong?
you have among you many a purchase slave,
which like your Asses, and your Dogs and Mules
you use in abject and in slaveish parts,
because you bought them, shall I say to you,
let them be free, marry them to your heires?
why sweat they under burthens, let their beds
be made so soft as yours, and let their pallats
be seasond with such viands, you will aunswer
the slaves are ours, so doe I aunswer you:
The pound of flesh which I demaund of him
is deerely bought, as mine and I will haue it:
if you deny me, fie upon your Law,
there is no force in the decrees of Venice:
I stand for judgement, aunswer, shall I haue it?
Duke. Upon my power I may dismisle this Court,
unless Bellarius a learned Doctor,
whom I have sent for to determine this.
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Come here to day?

Salierio. My Lord, here stayes without a messenger with letters from the Doctor, new come from Padua?

Duke. Bring vs the letters? call the Messenger?

Bass. Good cheere Anthony? what man, courage yet:
The Jew shall have my flesh,blood,bones and all, ere thou shalt loose for me one drop of blood?

Antho. I am a tainted weather of the flocke, meetest for death, the weakest kind of fruitie drops earliest to the ground, and so let me;
You cannot better be imploied Bassanio, then to liue still and write mine Epitaph?

Enter Nerissa.

Duke. Came you from Padua from Bellario?

Ner. From both: my L. Bellario greetes your grace?

Bass. Why doest thou whet thy knife so earnestly?

Iewe. To cut the forfeiture from that bankrupt there?

Gratia. Not on thy soule: but on thy soule harsh Iew thou mak'st thy knife keene: but no mettell can, no, not the hangmans axe beare halfe the keenenesse of thy sharpe cruie! can no prayers pearce thee?

Iewe. No, none that thou haft witeneough to make.

Gratia. O be thou damned, inexecrable dogge,
And for thy life let injustice be accus'd;
Thou almost mak'st me waier in my faith,
to hold opinion with Pythagoras,
that soules of Animalls infused themselves
into the trunks of men: Thy currish spirit
gouvernd a Woolfe, who hanged for humaine slaughter
euen from the gallowes did his fell soule fleere,
and whilst thou layest in thy unhallowed dam;
infused it selfe in thee: for thy desires
are vvvoluifh, bloody, staru'd, and raueneous.

Iewe. Till thou canst raile the scale from off my bond,
Thou but offendst thy lungs to speake so loud:
Repaire thy wit good youth, or it will fall

To
the Merchant of Venice.

to cureleffe ruine. I stand heere for law.

Duke. This letter from Bellario doth commend
a young and learned Doctor to our Court:
Where is he?

Ner. He attendeth here hard by
to know your answere whether youle admit him.

Duke. With all my hart: some three or foure of you
go: give him curteous conduct to this place;
meane time the Court shall heare Bellarios letter.

Your Grace shall understand, that at the receit of your letter I
am very sicke, but in the instant that your messenger came, in lo-
ting visitation was with me a young Doctor of Rome, his name is
Balthazer: I acquainted him with the cause in co'trouersie between
the Jew and Anthonio the Merchant, wee turnd ore many bookes
together, hee is furnish'd with my opinion, which bettered vvith
his owne learning, the greatnes whereof I cannot enough com-
mend, comes with him at my importunitie, to fill vp your graces
request in my stead. I beseech you let his lacke of yeeres be no im-
pediment to let him lacke a reuerrend estimation, for I neuer knew
so young a body with so olde a head: I leaue him to your gracious
acceptance, whose tryall shall better publish his commendation.

Enter Portia for Balthazer.

Duke. You heare the learned Bellario what he writes,
and heere I take it is the doctor come.
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.

Por. I am enformed throughly of the cause,
which is the Merchant here? and which the Jew?

Duke. Anthonio and old Shylocke, both stand forth.

Por. Is your name Shylocke?

Jew. Shylocke is my name.

Por. Of a strange nature is the fute you follow,
yet in such rule, that the Venetian law

H. cannot
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cannot impugne you as you doe proceed.
You stand within his danger, doe you not.
   An. I, to he sayes.
   Por. Doe you confesse the bond?
   An. I doe.
   Por. Then must the Jew be mercifull.
   Shy. On what compulsion must I, tell me that.
   Por. The qualitie of mercie is not straund,
it droppeth as the gentle raine from heauen
upon the place beneath: it is twise blest,
it blefleth him that giues, and him that takes,
tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
the throned Monarch better then his crowne.
His scepter showes the force of temporall power,
the attribut to awe and maiestie,
wherein doth fit the dread and feare of Kings:
but mercie is above this sceptred swaie,
it is enthroned in the harts of Kings,
it is an attribut to God himselfe;
and earthly power doth then show likest gods
when mercie reasons justice: therefore Jew,
though justice be thy plea, consider this,
that in the course of justice, none of vs
should see saluation: wee doe pray for mercy,
and that same prayer, doth teach vs all to render
the deeds of mercie. I haue spoke thus much
to mitigatte the iustice of thy plea,
which if thou follow, this strict Court of Venice
must needs giue sentence gainst the Merchant there.
   Shy. My deeds vpon my head, I crane the law,
the penalty and forfeite of my bond.
   Por. Is he not able to discharge the money?
   Base. Yes, heere I tender it for him in the Court,
yea, twise the summe, if that will not suffifie,
I will be bound to pay it ten times ore
on forfeit of my hands, my head, my hart,
if this will not suffifie, it must appeare.
that malice beares downe truth. And I beseech you
wrest once the law to your authoritie,
to doe a great right, doe a little wrong,
and curbe this cruell devill of his will.

Por. It must not be, there is no power in Venice
can alter a decreed established:
twill be recorded for a precedent,
and many an error by the same example
will rush into the state, it cannot be.

Shy. A Daniell come to judgement: yea a Daniell.
O wise young Judge how I doe honour thee.

Por. I pray you let me looke vpon the bond.

Shy. Here is most reverend doctor, here it is.

Por. Shylocke there is thrice thy money offered thee.

Shy. An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heautch,
shall I lay perjury vpon my soule?

Not not for Venice.

Por. Why this bond is forfeit,
and lawfully by this the Jew may claim
a pound of flesh, to be by him cut off
nearest the Merchants hart: be mercifull,
take thrice thy money, bid me tear the bond.

Shy. When it is payd, according to the tenure,
It doth appeare you are a worthy judge,
you know the law, your exposition
hath beene most found: I charge you by the law,
whereof you are a well deserving piller;
proceeds to judgement: by my soule I sweare,
there is no power in the tongue of man
to alter me? Stay here on my Bond,

Shy. Most hartelie I doe beseech the Court
to give the judgement.

Por. Why than thus it is,
you must prepare your bosome for his knife.

Shy. O noble Judge, a excellent young man.

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

Jew. Tis very true: 
  o wife and upright Judge,
how much more elder art thou then thy lookes.

Por. Therefore lay bare your bosome.

Jew. I, his breast.

so sayes the bond, doth it not noble Judge?

Necessit his hart, those are the very words.

Por. It is so, are there ballance here to weigh the flesh?

Jew. I haue them ready.

Por. Haue by some Surgeon Shylooke on your charge,
to stop his wounds, leaft he doe bleede to death.

Jew. Is it so nominated in the bond?

Por. It is not so express, but what of that?

Twere good you doe so much for charitie.

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

Por. You Merchant, haue you any thing to say?

Ant. But little; I am armd and well prepar'd,
give me your hand Baffamo, far you well,
greeue not that I am false to this for you:
for herein Fortune shewes her selfe more kind
then is her custome: it is still her vse
to let the wretched man out-live his wealth,
to view with hollow eye and wrinckled brow
an age of pouertie: from which lingering penance
of such misery doth she cut me of.

Commend me to your honourable wife,
tell her the proceffe of Anthonios end,
say how I lou'd you, speake me faire in death:
and when the tale is told, bid her be judge
whether Baffano had not once a love:
Repent but you that you shall loose your friend
and he repents not that he payes your debt.
For if the Jew doe cut but deepe enough,
Ile pay it instantly with all my hart.

Bass. Anthonio, I am married to a wife
which is as deere to me as life it selfe,
but life it selfe, my wife, and all the world,
are not with me esteem'd above thy life.
I would loose all, I sacrifice them all
'there to this deuill, to deliver you.

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

Gra. I have a wife who I protest I loue,
I would she were in heauen, so she could
intreate some power to change this currish Jew.

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

Jew. These be the christian husbands, I have a daughter
would any of the stocke of Barrabas
had beene her husband, rather then a Christian.

Por. A pound of that same Merchant's flesh is thine,
the Court awards it, and the law doth give it:

Jew. Most rightfull Judge,

Por. And you must cut this flesh from off his breast,
the law allowes it, and the court awards it.

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

Por. Tarry a little, there is some thing else,
this bond doth give thee heere no iote of blood,
the words expressly are a pound of flesh:
take then thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh,
but in the cutting it, if thou dooff shed
one drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods
are by the lawes of Venice confiscate
unto the state of Venice.

Gra. O upright Judge,

Mark Iew, o learned Judge.

Shy. Is that the law?

Por. Thy selfe shalt see the Act:
for as thou urgest justice, be assured
thou shalt haue justice more then thou deisirft.

Gra. O learned judge, mark Iew, a learned judge.

Jew. I take this offer then, pay the bond thrice
and let the Christian goe.
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Bass. Here is the money.

Por. Soft, the Jew shall haue all iustice, soft no haft, he shall haue nothing but the penalty.

Gra. O Jew, an upright Judge, a learned Judge.

Por. Therefore prepare thee to cut of the flesh,

Shed thou no blood, nor cut thou leffe nor more but just a pound of flesh: if thou takest more or leffe then a just pound, be it but so much as makes it light or heavy in the substance, or the deuision of the twentieth part of one poore scruple, nay if the scale doe turme but in the estimation of a hayre, thou dyest, and all thy goods are confiscate.

Gra. A second Daniel, a Daniel Jew, now I have you on the hip.

Por. Why doth the Jew pause, take thy forfeiture.

Shy. Give me my principal, and let me goe.

Bass. I have it ready for thee, here it is.

Por. He hath refused it in the open Court, hee shall haue meerely iustice and his bond.

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

Shy. Shall I not haue barely my principal?

Por. Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture to be so taken at thy perrill, Jew.

Shy. Why then the devill giue him good of it?

Ie stey no longer question.

Por. Tarry Jew,

the law hath yet another hold on you.

It is enacted in the lawes of Venice, if it be proued against an alien, that by direct, or indirect attempts he seeke the life of any Citizen, the party against the which he doth contrive, shall seaze one halfe his goods, the other halfe comes to the privie coffer of the State, and the offenders life lies in the mercy
of the Duke onely, gaunt all other voyce.
In which predicament I say thou standst:
for it appears by manifest proceeding,
that indirectly, and directly to
thou haft contrived against the very life
of the defendant: and thou haft incurd
the danger formostly by me rehearst.
Downe therefore, and beg mercie of the Duke.

Gra. Beg that thou maist haue leaue to hang thy selfe,
and yet thy wealth being forfait to the state,
thou haft not left the value of a cord,
therefore thou must be hangd at the states charge.

Duke. That thou shalt see the difference of our spirit
I pardon thee thy life before thou aske it:
for halfe thy wealth, it is Anthomio,
the other halfe comes to the generall state,
which humblenes may drive vnto a fine.

Por. I for the state, not for Anthomio.

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

Por. What mercy can you render him Anthomio?

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

Anth. So please my Lord the Duke, & all the Court
to quit the fine for one halfe of his goods,
I am content: so he will let me haue
the other halfe in use, to render it
upon his death vnto the Gentleman
that lately stole his daughter.
Two things provided more, that for this fauour:
he presently become a Christian:
the other, that he doe record a gift
here in the Court of all he dies possesst
vnto his sonne Lorenzo and his daughter.

Duke. He shall doe this, or else I doe recant
the pardon that I late pronounced here.

Por.
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Por. Art thou contented Jew? what doft thou say?
Shy. I am content.
Por. Clarke, draw a deedee of gift.
Shy. I pray you giue me leave to goe from hence, I am not well, send the deedee after me, and I will signe it.
Duke. Get thee gone, but doe it.
Shy. In christning shalt thou haue two Godfathers, had I beene iudge, thou shouldest haue had ten more, to bring thee to the gallowes, not to the font.
Duke. Sir I entreate you home with me to dinner.
Por. I humbly doe desire your Grace of pardon, I must away this night toward Padua, and it is meete I presently set forth.
Duke. I am sorry that your leysure serues you not.
Anthony, gratifie this gentleman, for in my mind you are much bound to him.
Exit Duke and his traine.

Bass. Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend haue by your wisedome been this day aquitted of greeuous penalties, in Iewe whereof, three thousand ducats due unto the Iew wee freely cope your curious paines withall.
An. And stand indebted ouer and above in loue and service to you ever-more.
Por. Hee is well payd that is well satisfied, and I deliverying you, am satisfied, and therein doe account my selfe well payd, my minde was never yet more mercinarie.
I pray you know me when we meete againe, I wish you well, and so I take my leaue.
Bass. Deere sir, of force I must attempt you further, take some remembrance of vs as a tribute, not as fee: graunt me two things I pray you, not to deny me, and to pardon me.
Por. You press me farre, and therefore I wil yeeld, giue mee your gloues, Ile weare them for your sake,
the Merchant of Venice.

and for your loue ile take this ring from you, 
do not draw back your hand, ile take no more, 
and you in loue shall not denie me this?

Bass. This ring good sir, alas it is a trifle, 
I will not shame my selfe to give you this?

Por. I will haue nothing else but onely this, 
and now me thinks I haue a minde to it?

Bass. There's more depends on this then on the valew, 
the dearest ring in Venice will I giue you, 
and finde it out by proclamation, 
onely for this I pray you pardon me?

Por. I see sir you are liberall in offers, 
you taught me first to beg, and now me thinks 
you teach me how a begger should be aunswerd.

Bass. Good sir, this ring was giuen me by my wife, 
and when she put it on, she made me vowe. 
that I should neither fell, nor giue, nor loose it.

Por. That scuse serues,many men to saue their gifts, 
and if your wife be not a mad woman, 
and know how well I haue deseru'd this ring, 
she would not hold out enemy for euer 
for giuing it to me: well, peace be with you. Exeunt.

Anth. My L.Bassanio, let him haue the ring, 
let his deseruings and my loue withall 
be valued against your wiues commaundement.

Bass. Goe Gratian, runne and ouer-take him, 
giue him the ring, and bring him if thou canst
vnto Anthonios house, away,make haft. Exit Gratiana.
Come, you and I will thither presently, 
and in the morning early will we both 
flie toward Belmont, come Anthonio.

Exeunt.

Enter Nerissa.

Por. Enquire the Iewes house out,giue him this deed, 
and let him signe it, weele away to night, 
and be a day before our husbands home: 
this deede will be well welcome to Lorenzo?
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Enter Gratiano.

Grati. Faire sir, you are well ore-tane:
My L. Bassanio vpon more advice,
hath sent you heere this ring, and doth intreate
your company at dinner.

Por. That cannot be;
his ring I doe accept most thankfully,
and so I pray you tell him: furthermore,
I pray you shew my youth old Shylocke's house.

Gra. That will I doe.

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

Por. Thou maist I warrant,we shal haue old swearing
that they did gieue the rings away to men;
but wele out-face them, and out-sweare them to:
away,make haft, thou knowft where I will tarry.

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

Enter Lorenzo and Jeffica.

Lor. The moone shines bright.In such a night as this,
when the sweet winde did gently kisse the trees,
and they did make no noyse, in such a night
Troylus me thinks mounted the Troian walls,
and figh'd his soule toward the Grecian tents.
where Cress'd lay that night.

Jeoff. In such a night
did Thibie fearfully ore-trip the dewe,
and saw the Lyons shadow ere him selfe,
and ranne dismayed away.

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

Jeoff. In such a night
Medeae gathered the inchanted heartes
that did renew old Eson.

Loren. In such a night
the Merchant of Venice.

did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jewe,
and with an unthrift love did runne from Venice,
as farre as Belmont.

Jessica. In such a night

did young Lorenzo swear he loved her well,
stealing her soul with many vows of faith,
and her a true one.

Loren. In such a night

did pretty Jessica (like a little throw)
laundre her Loue, and he forgave it her.

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

Enter a Messenger.

Loren. Who comes so fast in silence of the night?

Mess. A friend?

Loren. A friend, what friend, your name I pray you friend?

Mess. Stephano is my name, and I bring word

my Mistres will be before the breake of day
beheere at Belmont, she doth stray about
by holy crosles where she kneels and prays
for happy wedlock houres.

Loren. Who comes with her?

Mess. None but a holy Hermit and her mayd.

I pray you is my Master yet return'd?

Loren. He is not, nor we have not heard from him,

But goe we in I pray thee Jessica,
and ceremoniously let vs prepare
some welcome for the Mistres of the house. Enter Clowne.

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

Loren. Who calls?

Clo. Sola, did you see M.Lorenzo, & M.Lorenzo sola, sola.

Loren. Leave hallowing man, heere.

Clowne. Sola, where, where?

Loren. Heere?

Clo. Tell him there's a Post come from my Master, with his
horse full of good newes, my Master will be heere ere morning
sweete soule.

I 2

Loren.
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Loren. Let's in, and there expect their comming.
And yet no matter: why should we goe in.
My friend stephen, signifie pray you
within the house, your mistres is at hand,
and bring your musique forth into the ayre.
How sweet the moonelight sleepeys vpon this banke,
here will we sit, and let the sounds of musique
creepe in our eares soft silnes, and the night
become the tutches of sweet harmonie:

sit Ieffica, looke how the floore of heauen
is thick inlayed with pattens of bright gold,
there's not the smallest orbe which thou beholdst
but in his motion like an Angell sings,
still quiring to the young eyde Cherubins;
such harmonie is in immortall soules,
but whilst this muddy vesture of decay
doeth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it:
Come hoe, and wake Diana with a himne,
with sweetest tutches pearce your mistres eare,
and draw her home with musique. play Musique.

Ieff. I am never merry when I heare sweet musique.

Loren. The reason is, your spirits are attentiue:
for doe but note a wild and wanton heard
or race of youtfull and unhandled colts
fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neghing loude,
which is the hote condition of their blood,
if they but heare perchance a trumpet sound;
or any ayre of musique touch their eares,
you shall perceauce them make a mutuall stand,
their sauage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze,
by the sweet power of musique: therefore the Poet
did faire that Orpheus drew trees, flones, and floods.
Since naught so stockish hard and full of rage,
but musique for the time doth change his nature,
the man that hath no musique in himselfe,
nor is not moued with concord of sweet sounds,
is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoiles,
the Merchant of Venice.

the motions of his spirit are dull as night,
and his affections darke as Terebus:
let no such man be trusted: marke the musique.

Enter Portia and Nerissa.

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

Ner. When the moone shone we did not see the candle?

Por. So dooth the greater glory dim the lesse,
a substitute shines brightly as a King
vntill a King be by, and then his flame
empties it selfe, as doth an inland brooke
into the maine of waters: musique harke.

Ner. It is your musique Madame of the house?

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

Ner. Silence bestowes that vertue on it Madam?

Por. The Crow doth sing as sweetly as the Lark
when neither is attended: and I thinke
the Nightingale if she should sing by day
when euery Goose is cackling, would be thought
no better a Musition then the Renne?
How many things by season, season are
to their right prayse, and true perfeccion:
Peace, how the moone sleepe with Endimion,
and would not be awak'd.

Loren. That is the voyce,
or I am much deceau'd of Portia.

Por. He knowes me as the blind man knowes the Cuckoe
by the bad voyce?

Loren. Deere Lady welcome home?

Por. We haue bin praying for our husbands welfare,
which speed we hope the better for our words:
are they return'd ?

Loren. Madam, they are not yet:
but there is come a Messenger before
to signifie their comming?
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Por. Goe in Nerrissa.

Give order to my servants, that they take
no note at all of our being absent hence,
nor you Lorenzo, Jessica nor you.

Loren. Your husband is at hand, I heare his trumpet,
we are no tell-tales Madame, feare you not.

Por. This night me thinks is but the day light sick,
it looks a little paler, tis a day,
such as the day is when the sunne is hid.

Enter Bassanio, Antonio, Gratiano, and their

followers.

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

Por. Let me giue light, but let me not be light,
for a light wife doth make a heauie husband,
and neuer be Bassanio so for me,
but God for all: you are welcome home my Lord.

Bass. I thank you Madam, giue welcome to my friend,
this is the man, this is Antonio,
to whom I am so infinitely bound.

Por. You should in all fience be much bound to him,
for as I heare he was much bound for you.

Anth. No more then I am well acquitted of.

Por. Sir, you are very welcome to our house:
it must appeare in other wayes then words,
therefore I scant this breathing curtesie.

Gra. By yonder moone I sweare you doe me wrong,
insfait I gaue it to the Judges Clarke,
would he were gelt that had it for my part,
since you doe take it Lune so much at hart.

Por. A quarrell how already, what's the matter?

Grati. About a hoope of gold, a paltry ring
that she did giue me, whose posie was
for all the world like Cutlers poetry
upon a knife, Lune me, and leaue me not.

Ner. What talke you of the posie or the valew:
You swore to me when I did giue you,
that you would waere it till your houre of death, 
and that it should lie with you in your graue.
though not for me, yet for your vehement oathes, 
you should haue beene respective and haue kept it.
Gaue it a Judges Clarke: no Gods my Judge 
the Clarke will here waere haire ons face that had it.

Gra. He will, and if he liue to be a man.
Nerissa. I, if a woman liue to be a man.
Gra. Now by this hand I gaue it to a youth,
a kind of boy, a little scrubbed boy, 
no higher then thy selfe, the Judges Clarke, 
a prating boy that begd it as a fee, 
I could not for my hart deny it him.

Por. You were to blame, I must be plaine with you, 
to part so slightly with your wiues first gift, 
a thing stuck on with oaths vpon your finger, 
and so riueded with faith vnto your flesh.
I gaue my Loue a ring, and made him sweare 
never to part with it, and heere he stands:
I dare be sworne for him he would not leaue it, 
nor pluck it from his finger, for the wealth 
that the world maifters. Now in faith Gratiano 
you giue your wife too vnkind a cause of grieue, 
and twere to me I should be mad at it.

Baff. Why I were best to cut my left hand off, 
and sweare I lost the ring defending it.

Gra. My Lord Baffano gaue his ring away 
vnto the Judge that begd it, and indeede: 
sertu’d it to: and then the boy his Clarke 
that tooke some paines in writing, he begd mine; 
and neither man nor maifter would take ought: 
but the two rings.

Por. What ring gaue you my Lord?
Not that I hope which you receau’d of me.
Baff. If I could add a lie vnto a fault, 
I would deny it: but you see my finger: 
bath not the ring vpon it, it is gone.
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Por. Euen so voyd is your false hart of truth.
By heauen I will here come in your bed
vntill I see the ring?

Ner. Nor I inyours,
till I againe see mine?

Bass. Sweet Portia,
if you did know to whom I gaue the ring,
if you did know for whom I gaue the ring,
and would conceaue for what I gaue the ring,
and how unwillingly I left the ring,
when naught would be accepted but the ring,
you would abate the strength of your displeasure?

Por. If you had knowne the vertue of the ring,
or halfe her worthines that gaue the ring,
or your owne honour to containe the ring,
you would not then haue parted with the ring:
what man is there so much unreasonable
if you had pleaʃd to haue defended it
with any termes of zeale: wanted the modesty
to urge the thing held as a ceremonie:
Nerissa teaches me what to beleue,
ile die for't, but some woman had the ring?

Bass. No by my honour Madam, by my soule
no woman had it, but a ciuill Doctor,
which did refuse three thousand ducats of me,
and begd the ring, the which I did denie him,
and sufferd him to goe displeasd away,
euen he that had held vp the very life
of my deere friend. What should I say sweet Lady,
I was inforc'd to send it after him,
I was beset with shame and curtesie,
my honour would not let ingratitude
so much besmere it: pardon me good Lady,
for by these blessed candels of the night,
had you been there, I think you would haue begd
the ring of me to giue the worthy Doctor?

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

Nerissa. And I his Clark: therefore be well aduis'd 
how you doe leaue me to mine owne protection. 

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

Anth. I am th'vnhappy subiect of these quarrells. 

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

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

Por. Marke you but that? 
In both my eyes he doubly sees himself: 
In each eye one, sweare by your double selfe, 
and there's an oath of credite. 

Baff. Nay, but heare me. 
Pardon this fault, and by my soule I sweare 
I neuer more will breake an oath with thee. 

Anth. I once did lend my body for his wealthi, 
which but for him that had your husbands ring 
had quite miscarried. I dare be bound againe, 
my soule upon the forfeit, that your Lord 
vill neuer more breake faith aduisedly. 

Por. Then you shall be his surety: give him this, 
and bid him keepe it better then the other. 

Antho. Here Lord Baffano, sweare to keepe this ring. 

Baff. By heauen it is the same I gaue the Doctor. 
Por. I had it of him: pardon me Baffano,
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for by this ring the Doctor lay with me.
Nerissa. And pardon me my gentle Gratiana,
for that lame scrubbed boy the Doctors Clarens
in lieue of this, last night did lie with me.
Grati. Why this is like the mending of high wayes
in Summer where the wayes are faire enough?
What, are we cuckolds ere we haue deserv'd it.
Por. Speake not so grofsly, you are all amaz'd;
Here is a letter, reade it at your leasure,
It comes from Padua from Bellario,
there you shall finde that Portia was the Doctor,
Nerissa there her Clarke. Lorenzo here
shall witnes I set foorth as soone as you,
and even but now returnd: I haue not yet
enterd my house. Antonio you are welcome,
and I haue better newes in store for you
than you exspect: vnseale this letter soone,
there you shall finde three of your Argosies
are richly come to harbour sodainly.
You shall not know by what strange accident
I chaunced on this letter.
Antho. I am dumb?
Bass. Were you the Doctor, and I knew you not?
Grat. Were you the Clark that is to make me cuckold.
Ner. I but the Clarke that never meanes to doe it,
vnlesse he liue vntil he be a man.
Bass. (Sweet Doctor) you shall be my bedfellow,
when I am absent then lie with my wife.
Ant. (Sweet Lady) you haue giuen me life and lyuing;
for here I reade for certaine that my ships
are saffely come to Rode.
Por. How now Lorenzo?
my Clarke hath some good comforts to for you.
Ner I, and Ile giue them him without a fee.
There doe I giue to you and lesson
from the rich Jewe, a speciall deede of gift
after his death, of all he dies possess of.
the Merchant of Venice.

Loren. Faire Ladies, you drop Manna in the way of starved people.

Por. 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 intergatories, and we will answer all things faithfully.

Gra. Let it be so, the first intergatory that my Nerissa shall be sworn on, is, whether till the next night she had rather stay, or goe to bed now being two hours to day: But were the day come, I should wish it darke till I were couching with the Doctors Clarke. Well, while I live, I le feare no other thing so sore, as keeping safe Nerissa's ring.

FINIS.