

William Shakespeare

Merchant of Venice

directed by Jonathan C. Dietrich



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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

The DUKE OF VENICE.

The PRINCE OF MOROCCO	}	suitors to Portia.
The PRINCE OF ARRAGON		

ANTONIO, a merchant of Venice.

BASSANIO, his friend, suitor likewise to Portia.

SALERIO	}	friends to Antonio and Bassanio.
SOLANIO		
GRATIANO		

LORENZO, in love with Jessica.

SHYLOCK, a rich Jew.

TUBAL, a Jew, his friend.

LAUNCELOT GOBBO, the clown, servant to SHYLOCK.

BALTHASAR	}	servants to PORTIA.
STEPHANO		

PORTIA, a rich heiress.

NERISSA, her waiting-maid.

JESSICA, daughter to SHYLOCK.

Magnificoes of Venice, Officers of the Court of Justice, Gaoler, Servants to Portia, and other Attendants.

ACT I

SCENE I – I

Venice. A street.(Antonio, Bassanio, Lorenzo, Gratiano)

{Enter Antonio}

{Enter Antonio, Salerio, and Solanio.}

ANT.

In sooth, I know not why I am so sad;
It wearies me, you say it wearies you; 2
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What stuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born, 4
I am to learn;
And such a want-wit sadness makes of me, 6
That I have much ado to know myself.

SAL.

Your mind is tossing on the ocean, 8
There where your argosies¹ with portly² sail
Like signiors and rich burghers on the flood, 10
Or as it were the pageants of the sea,
Do overpeer the petty traffickers³ 12
That cur'sy to them, do them reverence,
As they fly by them with their woven wings. 14

SOL.

Believe me, sir, had I such venture forth,
The better part of my affections would 16
Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still
Plucking the grass to know where sits the wind, 18
Peering⁴ in maps for ports and piers and roads;
And every object that might make me fear 20
Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt
Would make me sad. 22

SAL.

My wind cooling my broth
Would blow me to an ague⁵ when I thought 24
What harm a wind too great might do at sea.
I should not see the sandy hour-glass run 26
But I should think of shallows and of flats,

¹merchant ships

²swelled by wind, majestic

³lesser craft

⁴was Piring

⁵give me a chill

And see my wealthy Andrew¹ dock'd in sand, 28
Vailing her high top lower than her ribs
To kiss her burial.² Should I go to church 30
And see the holy edifice of stone,
And not bethink me straight of dangerous rocks, 32
Which touching but my gentle vessel's side
Would scatter all her spices on the stream, 34
Enrobe the roaring waters with my silks,
And in a word, but even now worth this, 36
And now worth nothing? Shall I have the thought
To think on this, and shall I lack the thought 38
That such a thing bechanc'd would make me sad?
But tell not me; I know Antonio 40
Is sad to think upon his merchandise.

ANT.

Believe me, no. I thank my fortune for it, 42
My ventures are not in one bottom trusted,
Nor to one place; nor is my whole estate 44
Upon the fortune of this present year:
Therefore my merchandise makes me not sad. 46

SOL.

Why then you are in love.

ANT.

Fie, fie! 48

SOL.

Not in love neither? Then let us say you are sad
Because you are not merry; and 'twere as easy 50
For you to laugh and leap, and say you are merry
Because you are not sad. Now by two-headed Janus, 52
Nature hath fram'd strange fellows in her time:
Some that will evermore peep through their eyes, 54
And laugh like parrots at a bagpiper;³
And other of such vinegar aspect 56
That they'll not show their teeth in way of smile
Though Nestor⁴ swear the jest be laughable. 58

(Enter Bassanio, Lorenzo, and Gratiano.)

Here comes Bassanio, your most noble kinsman,
Gratiano, and Lorenzo. Fare ye well, 60
We leave you now with better company.

SAL.

I would have stay'd till I had made you merry, 62
If worthier friends had not prevented me.

¹ a ship's name

² picturing the ship heeling over

³ laugh at something not funny

⁴ a wise and severe Greek hero

ANT.
 Your worth is very dear in my regard. 64
 I take it your own business calls on you,
 And you embrace th' occasion to depart. 66

SAL.
 Good morrow, my good lords.

BASS.
 Good signiors both, when shall we laugh? Say, when? 68
 You grow exceeding strange¹. Must it be so?

SAL.
 We'll make our leisures to attend on yours. 70

{Exeunt Salerio and Solanio.}

LOR.
 My Lord Bassanio, since you have found Antonio,
 We two will leave you, but at dinner-time 72
 I pray you have in mind where we must meet.

BASS.
 I will not fail you. 74

{Enter Bassanio, Lorenzo, and Gratiano.}

GRA.
 You look not well, Signior Antonio,
 You have too much respect upon the world.² 76
 They lose it that do buy it with much care.
 Believe me you are marvellously chang'd. 78

ANT.
 I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano,
 A stage, where every man must play a part, 80
 And mine a sad one.

GRA.
 Let me play the fool, 82
 With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come,
 And let my liver rather heat with wine 84
 Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
 Why should a man, whose blood is warm within, 86
 Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster?
 Sleep when he wakes? And creep into the jaundies 88
 By being peevish³? I tell thee what, Antonio—
 I love thee, and 'tis my love that speaks— 90
 There are a sort of men whose visages
 Do cream and mantle like a standing pond⁴, 92

¹becoming a stranger

²concern for worldly affairs

³easily irritated

⁴lose sheen of their skin, like scum on a pond

And do a willful stillness entertain,
 With purpose to be dress'd in an opinion 94
 Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit,
 As who should say, "I am Sir Oracle, 96
 And when I ope my lips let no dog bark!"
 O my Antonio, I do know of these 98
 That therefore only are reputed wise
 For saying nothing; when I am very sure 100
 If they should speak, would almost damn those ears
 Which hearing them would call their brothers fools. 102
 I'll tell thee more of this another time;
 But fish not with this melancholy bait 104
 For this fool gudgeon¹, this opinion.
 Come, good Lorenzo. Fare ye well a while, 106
 I'll end my exhortation after dinner.

LOR.
 Well, we will leave you then till dinner-time. 108
 I must be one of these same dumb wise men,
 For Gratiano never lets me speak. 110

GRA.
 Well, keep me company but two years more,
 Thou shalt not know the sound of thine own tongue. 112

ANT.
 Fare you well! I'll grow a talker for this gear².

GRA.
 Thanks, i' faith, for silence is only commendable 114
 In a neat's³ tongue dried and a maid not vendible⁴.

{Exeunt Gratiano and Lorenzo.}

ANT.
 It is that—any thing now!?⁵ 116

BASS.
 Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing, more than any man in all Venice. His
 reasons are as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff; you shall seek all day
 ere you find them, and when you have them, they are not worth the search.

ANT.
 Well, tell me now what lady is the same 118
 To whom you swore a secret pilgrimage,
 That you today promis'd to tell me of? 120

¹small fish

²because of this business

³calf's

⁴sellable, ie. old maids

⁵what was that?

BASS.

'Tis not unknown to you, Antonio,
How much I have disabled mine estate, 122
By something showing a more swelling port¹
Than my faint means would grant continuance.² 124
Nor do I now make moan to be abridg'd³
From such a noble rate, but my chief care 126
Is to come fairly off from the great debts
Wherein my time something too prodigal 128
Hath left me gag'd. To you, Antonio,
I owe the most in money and in love, 130
And from your love I have a warranty
To unburden all my plots and purposes 132
How to get clear of all the debts I owe.

ANT.

I pray you, good Bassanio, let me know it, 134
And if it stand, as you yourself still do,
Within the eye of honor, be assur'd 136
My purse, my person, my extremest means,
Lie all unlock'd to your occasions. 138

BASS.

In my school-days, when I had lost one shaft,
I shot his fellow of the self-same flight 140
The self-same way with more advised⁴ watch
To find the other forth, and by adventuring both 142
I oft found both. I urge this childhood proof,
Because what follows is pure innocence. 144
I owe you much, and like a willful youth,
That which I owe is lost, but if you please 146
To shoot another arrow that self way
Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt, 148
As I will watch the aim, or to find both
Or bring your latter hazard back again, 150
And thankfully rest debtor for the first.

ANT.

You know me well, and herein spend but time 152
To wind about my love with circumstance,⁵
And out of doubt you do me now more wrong 154
In making question of my uttermost
Than if you had made waste of all I have. 156
Then do but say to me what I should do
That in your knowledge may by me be done, 158
And I am prest unto it; therefore speak.

¹living very grandly

²spending more than I continue to make

³curtailed

⁴deliberate

⁵beat around the bush

BASS.
 In Belmont is a lady richly left, 160
 And she is fair and, fairer than that word,
 Of wondrous virtues. Sometimes from her eyes 162
 I did receive fair speechless messages.
 Her name is Portia, nothing undervalu'd 164
 To Cato's daughter, Brutus' Portia.¹
 Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth, 166
 For the four winds blow in from every coast
 Renowned suitors, and her sunny locks 168
 Hang on her temples like a golden fleece,
 Which makes her seat of Belmont Colchis' strand,² 170
 And many Jasons come in quest of her.
 O my Antonio, had I but the means 172
 To hold a rival place with one of them,
 I have a mind presages³ me such thrift 174
 That I should questionless be fortunate!

ANT.
 Thou know'st that all my fortunes are at sea, 176
 Neither have I money nor commodity
 To raise a present sum; therefore go forth, 178
 Try what my credit can in Venice do.
 That shall be rack'd, even to the uttermost, 180
 To furnish thee to Belmont, to fair Portia.
 Go presently inquire, and so will I, 182
 Where money is, and I no question make
 To have it of my trust, or for my sake. 184

{Exeunt.}

¹a famously rich lady

²shore where Jason sought the fleece

³a hunch

SCENE I – II

Belmont. A room in Portia's house.(Portia, Nerissa, Servingman)

{Enter Portia with her waiting-woman, Nerissa.}

POR.

By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is a-weary of this great world.

NER.

You would be, sweet madam, if your miseries were in the same abundance as your good fortunes are; and yet for aught I see, they are as sick that surfeit with too much as they that starve with nothing. It is no mean happiness therefore to be seated in the mean¹: superfluity comes sooner by white hairs, but competency lives longer².

2

POR.

Good sentences, and well pronounc'd.

NER.

They would be better if well follow'd.

4

POR.

If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages princes' palaces. It is a good divine that follows his own instructions; I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than to be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching. The brain may devise laws for the blood, but a hot temper leaps o'er a cold decree—such a hare is madness the youth, to skip o'er the meshes of good counsel the cripple. But this reasoning is not in the fashion to choose me a husband. O me, the word choose! I may neither choose who I would, nor refuse who I dislike; so is the will of a living daughter curbed by the will of a dead father. Is it not hard, Nerissa, that I cannot choose one, nor refuse none?

NER.

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

6

POR.

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

NER.

First, there is the Neapolitan prince.

8

POR.

Ay, that's a colt indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horse, and he makes it a great appropriation to his own good parts that he can shoe him himself. I am much afraid my lady his mother play'd false with a smith.

¹to be average

²excessive wealth ages you, whereas having just enough leads to longer life

NER.
Then is there the County Palentine. 10

POR.
He doth nothing but frown, as who should say, "And you will not have me, choose." He hears merry tales and smiles not. I fear he will prove the weeping philosopher when he grows old, being so full of unmannerly sadness in his youth. I had rather be married to a death's-head with a bone in his mouth than to either of these. God defend me from these two!

NER.
How say you by the French lord, Monsieur Le Bon? 12

POR.
God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man. In truth, I know it is a sin to be a mocker, but he! Why, he hath a horse better than the Neapolitan's, a better bad habit of frowning than the Count Palentine; he is every man in no man. If a throſtle¹ sing, he falls ſtraight a-cap'ring². He will fence with his own shadow. If I should marry him, I should marry twenty husbands. If he would despise me, I would forgive him, for if he love me to madness, I shall never requite him.

NER.
What say you then to Falconbridge, the young baron of England? 14

POR.
You know I say nothing to him, for he understands not me, nor I him. He hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian, and you will come into the court and swear that I have a poor pennyworth in the English. He is a proper man's picture, but alas, who can converse with a dumb show? How oddly he is suited³! I think he bought his doublet in Italy, his round hose in France, his bonnet in Germany, and his behavior every where.

NER.
What think you of the Scottish lord, his neighbor? 16

POR.
That he hath a neighborly charity in him, for he borrow'd a box of the ear⁴ of the Englishman, and swore he would pay him again when he was able. I think the Frenchman became his surety and seal'd under for another.

NER.
How like you the young German, the Duke of Saxony's nephew? 18

POR.
Very vilely in the morning, when he is sober, and moſt vilely in the afternoon, when he is drunk. When he is beſt, he is a little worse than a man, and when he is worſt, he is little better than a beaſt. And the worſt fall that ever fell⁵, I hope I shall make ſhift⁶ to go without him.

¹a small songbird

²skip or dance in a lively way

³dressed

⁴was slapped upside the head

⁵worst thing happened

⁶manage

NER.

If he should offer to choose, and choose the right casket, you should refuse to perform your father's will, if you should refuse to accept him.

20

POR.

Therefore for fear of the worst, I pray thee set a deep glass of Rhenish wine on the contrary casket, for if the devil be within, and that temptation without, I know he will choose it. I will do any thing, Nerissa, ere I will be married to a sponge.

NER.

You need not fear, lady, the having any of these lords. They have acquainted me with their determinations, which is indeed to return to their home, and to trouble you with no more suit, unless you may be won by some other sort than your father's imposition depending on the caskets.

22

POR.

If I live to be as old as Sibylla¹, I will die as chaste as Diana², unless I be obtain'd by the manner of my father's will. I am glad this parcel of wooers are so reasonable, for there is not one among them but I dote on his very absence, and I pray God grant them a fair departure.

NER.

Do you not remember, lady, in your father's time, a Venetian, a scholar and a soldier, that came hither in company of the Marquis of Montferrat?

24

POR.

Yes, yes, it was Bassanio—as I think, so was he call'd.

NER.

True, madam; he, of all the men that ever my foolish eyes look'd upon, was the best deserving a fair lady.

26

POR.

I remember him well, and I remember him worthy of thy praise.

(Enter a Servingman.)

How now, what news?

28

SERV.

The four strangers seek for you, madam, to take their leave; and there is a forerunner come from a fifth, the Prince of Morocco, who brings word the Prince his master will be here tonight.

POR.

If I could bid the fifth welcome with so good heart as I can bid the other four farewell, I should be glad of his approach. If he have the condition of a saint, and the complexion of a devil, I had rather he should shrive³ me than wive me.

30

Come, Nerissa. Sirrah, go before.

Whiles we shut the gate upon one wooer, another knocks at the door.

32

{Exeunt.}

¹granted as many years of life as grains of sand

²virgin Greek goddess

³hear my confession, and absolve me

SCENE I – III

Venice. A public place.(Bassanio, Shylock, Antonio)

{Enter Bassanio with Shylock the Jew.}

SHY.

Three thousand ducats¹, well.

BASS.

Ay, sir, for three months.

2

SHY.

For three months, well.

BASS.

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

4

SHY.

Antonio shall become bound, well.

BASS.

May you stead² me? Will you pleasure me? Shall I know your answer?

6

SHY.

Three thousand ducats for three months, and Antonio bound.

BASS.

Your answer to that.

8

SHY.

Antonio is a good man.

BASS.

Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?

10

SHY.

Ho, no, no, no, no! My meaning in saying he is a good man is to have you understand me that he is sufficient. Yet his means are in supposition³: he hath an argosy bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies; I understand moreover upon the Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England, and other ventures he hath, squand' red abroad. But ships are but boards, sailors but men; there be land-rats and water-rats, water-thieves and land-thieves, I mean pirates, and then there is the peril of waters, winds, and rocks. The man is notwithstanding sufficient. Three thousand ducats; I think I may take his bond.

BASS.

Be assur'd you may.

12

SHY.

I will be assur'd I may; and that I may be assur'd, I will bethink me. May I speak with Antonio?

¹think \$3,800,000

²help

³an uncertain state

BASS.
If it please you to dine with us. 14

SHY.
Yes, to smell pork, to eat of the habitation which your prophet the Nazarite conjur'd the devil into¹. I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you. What news on the Rialto²? Who is he comes here?

{Enter Antonio.}

BASS.
This is Signior Antonio. 16

SHY.
(*Aside.*)
How like a fawning publican³ he looks!
I hate him for he is a Christian; 18
But more, for that in low simplicity
He lends out money gratis, and brings down 20
The rate of usance⁴ here with us in Venice.
If I can catch him once upon the hip⁵, 22
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
He hates our sacred nation, and he rails 24
Even there where merchants most do congregate
On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift, 26
Which he calls interest. Cursed be my tribe
If I forgive him! 28

BASS.
Shylock, do you hear?

SHY.
I am debating of my present store⁶, 30
And by the near guess of my memory,
I cannot instantly raise up the gross 32
Of full three thousand ducats. What of that?
Tubal, a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe, 34
Will furnish me. But soft, how many months
Do you desire? 36

(*To Antonio.*)
Rest you fair, good signior,
Your worship was the last man in our mouths. 38

ANT.
Shylock, albeit I neither lend nor borrow

¹Mark 5:1-20

²financial district, think Wall Street

³Roman tax collector; see Luke 18:9-14

⁴interest

⁵at my mercy, wrestling term

⁶available cash

By taking nor by giving of excess, 40
 Yet to supply the ripe wants of my friend,
 I'll break a custom. 42
 (*To Bassanio.*)
 Is he yet possess'd
 How much ye would? 44
 SHY.
 Ay, ay, three thousand ducats.
 ANT.
 And for three months. 46
 SHY.
 I had forgot—three months—
 (*To Bassanio.*)
 you told me so. 48
 Well then, your bond; and let me see—but hear you,
 Methoughts you said you neither lend nor borrow 50
 Upon advantage.
 ANT.
 I do never use it. 52
 SHY.
 When Jacob graz'd his uncle Laban's sheep—¹
 This Jacob from our holy Abram was 54
 (As his wise mother wrought in his behalf)
 The third possessor; ay, he was the third— 56
 ANT.
 And what of him? Did he take interest?
 SHY.
 No, not take interest, not as you would say 58
 Directly int'rest. Mark what Jacob did:
 When Laban and himself were compremis'd 60
 That all the eanlings which were streak'd and pied²
 Should fall as Jacob's hire, the ewes being rank 62
 In end of autumn turned to the rams,
 And when the work of generation was 64
 Between these woolly breeders in the act,
 The skillful shepherd pill'd me certain wands,³ 66
 And in the doing of the deed of kind,
 He stuck them up before the fulsome ewes,⁴ 68
 Who then conceiving did in eaning time
 Fall parti-color'd lambs, and those were Jacob's. 70
 This was a way to thrive, and he was blest;
 And thrift is blessing, if men steal it not. 72

¹ Genesis 30:25-43

² Jacob would get all stripped and multicoloured lambs

³ stripped some bark off of branches, making stripes

⁴ stuck the branches where the breeding sheep would see, theory being they would then give birth to spotted lambs

ANT.
This was a venture, sir, that Jacob serv'd for,
A thing not in his power to bring to pass, 74
But sway'd and fashion'd by the hand of heaven.
Was this inserted to make interest good? 76
Or is your gold and silver ewes and rams?

SHY.
I cannot tell, I make it breed as fast. 78
But note me, signior.

ANT.
Mark you this, Bassanio, 80
The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose.
An evil soul producing holy witness 82
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek,
A goodly apple rotten at the heart. 84
O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath!

SHY.
Three thousand ducats—'tis a good round sum. 86
Three months from twelve; then let me see, the rate—

ANT.
Well, Shylock, shall we be beholding to you? 88

SHY.
Signior Antonio, many a time and oft
In the Rialto you have rated me 90
About my moneys and my usances.
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug 92
(For suff'rance is the badge of all our tribe).
You call me misbeliever, cut-throat dog, 94
And spet upon my Jewish gaberdine,
And all for use of that which is mine own. 96
Well then, it now appears you need my help.
Go to then, you come to me, and you say, 98
"Shylock, we would have moneys," you say so—
You, that did void your rheum¹ upon my beard, 100
And foot me as you spurn² a stranger cur³
Over your threshold; moneys is your suit. 102
What should I say to you? Should I not say,
"Hath a dog money? Is it possible 104
A cur can lend three thousand ducats?" Or
Shall I bend low and in a bondman's key⁴, 106
With bated breath and whisp'ring humbleness,
Say this: 108
"Fair sir, you spet on me on Wednesday last,

¹spit

²reject with disdain or contempt

³mongrel dog

⁴slave's tone of voice

You spurn'd me such a day, another time 110
 You call'd me dog; and for these courtesies
 I'll lend you thus much moneys"? 112

ANT.
 I am as like to call thee so again,
 To spet on thee again, to spurn thee too. 114
 If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
 As to thy friends, for when did friendship take 116
 A breed for barren metal¹ of his friend?
 But lend it rather to thine enemy, 118
 Who if he break, thou may'st with better face
 Exact the penalty. 120

SHY.
 Why, look you how you storm!
 I would be friends with you, and have your love, 122
 Forget the shames that you have stain'd me with,
 Supply your present wants, and take no doit² 124
 Of usance for my moneys, and You'll not hear me.
 This is kind I offer. 126

BASS.
 This were kindness.

SHY.
 This kindness will I show. 128
 Go with me to a notary, seal me there
 Your single bond; and in a merry sport 130
 If you repay me not on such a day,
 In such a place, such sum or sums as are 132
 Express'd in the condition, let the forfeit
 Be nominated for an equal pound 134
 Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken
 In what part of your body pleaseth me. 136

ANT.
 Content, in faith, I'll seal to such a bond,
 And say there is much kindness in the Jew. 138

BASS.
 You shall not seal to such a bond for me,
 I'll rather dwell in my necessity. 140

ANT.
 Why, fear not, man, I will not forfeit it.
 Within these two months, that's a month before 142
 This bond expires, I do expect return
 Of thrice three times the value of this bond. 144

¹take interest

²penny

SHY.
 O father Abram, what these Christians are,
 Whose own hard dealings teaches them suspect 146
 The thoughts of others! Pray you tell me this:
 If he should break his day, what should I gain 148
 By the exaction of the forfeiture?
 A pound of man's flesh taken from a man 150
 Is not so estimable¹, profitable neither,
 As flesh of mutttons, beefs, or goats. I say, 152
 To buy his favor, I extend this friendship.
 If he will take it, so, if not, *adieu*; 154
 And for my love I pray you wrong me not.

ANT.
 Yes, Shylock, I will seal unto this bond. 156

SHY.
 Then meet me forthwith at the notary's;
 Give him direction for this merry bond, 158
 And I will go and purse the ducats straight,
 See to my house, left in the fearful guard 160
 Of an unthrifty knave, and presently
 I'll be with you. 162

{Exit.}

ANT.
 Hie thee, gentle Jew.
 The Hebrew will turn Christian, he grows kind. 164

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

ANT.
 Come on, in this there can be no dismay, 166
 My ships come home a month before the day.

{Exeunt.}

¹worthy of respect

ACT II

SCENE II – I

Belmont. A room in Portia's house.(Prince of Morocco, Followers, Portia, Nerissa)

{Flourish cornets. Enter the Prince of Morocco, a tawny Moor, all in white, and three or four Followers accordingly, with Portia, Nerissa, and their Train.}

MOR.

Mislike me not for my complexion,
The shadowed livery¹ of the burnish'd sun, 2
To whom I am a neighbor and near bred.
Bring me the fairest creature northward born, 4
Where Phoebus'² fire scarce thaws the icicles,
And let us make incision for your love, 6
To prove whose blood is reddest, his or mine.
I tell thee, lady, this aspect of mine 8
Hath fear'd³ the valiant; by my love, I swear
The best-regarded virgins of our clime 10
Have lov'd it too. I would not change this hue,
Except to steal your thoughts, my gentle queen. 12

POR.

In terms of choice I am not solely led
By nice direction⁴ of a maiden's eyes; 14
Besides, the lott'ry of my destiny
Bars me the right of voluntary choosing. 16
But if my father had not scanted⁵ me,
And hedg'd me by his wit to yield myself 18
His wife who wins me by that means I told you,
Yourself, renowned Prince, then stood as fair 20
As any comer I have look'd on yet
For my affection. 22

MOR.

Even for that I thank you;
Therefore I pray you lead me to the caskets 24
To try my fortune. By this scimitar
That slew the Sophy⁶ and a Persian prince 26
That won three fields of Sultan Solyman,
I would o'erstare the sternest eyes that look, 28
Outbrave the heart most daring on the earth,

¹special uniform worn by servant

²Greek god of the sun

³frightened

⁴careful watch

⁵limited

⁶King of Persia

Pluck the young sucking cubs from the she-bear, 30
 Yea, mock the lion when 'a roars for prey,
 To win thee, lady. But alas the while! 32
 If Hercules and Lichas¹ play at dice
 Which is the better man, the greater throw 34
 May turn by fortune from the weaker hand:
 So is Alcides² beaten by his rage, 36
 And so may I, blind fortune leading me,
 Miss that which one unworthier may attain, 38
 And die with grieving.

POR.

 You must take your chance, 40
 And either not attempt to choose at all,
 Or swear before you choose, if you choose wrong 42
 Never to speak to lady afterward
 In way of marriage; therefore be advis'd. 44

MOR.

Nor will not. Come bring me unto my chance.

POR.

First, forward to the temple; after dinner 46
 Your hazard shall be made.

MOR.

 Good fortune then! 48
 To make me blest or curs'd'st among men.

{Cornets. Exeunt.}

¹Hercules' attendant

²another name for Hercules

SCENE II – II

Venice. A street.(Launcelot Gobbo, Bassanio, 2 men, Gratiano)

{Enter the Clown Launcelot Gobbo alone.}

LAUN.

Certainly my conscience will serve me to run from this Jew my master. The fiend is at mine elbow and tempts me, saying to me, “Gobbo, Launcelot Gobbo, good Launcelot,” or “good Gobbo,” or “good Launcelot Gobbo, use your legs, take the start, run away.” My conscience says, “No; take heed, honest Launcelot, take heed, honest Gobbo,” or as aforesaid, “honest Launcelot Gobbo, do not run, scorn running with thy heels.” Well, the most courageous fiend bids me pack. “Fia¹!” says the fiend; “away!” says the fiend; “for the heavens, rouse up a brave mind,” says the fiend, “and run.” Well, my conscience, hanging about the neck of my heart, says very wisely to me, “My honest friend Launcelot, being an honest man’s son”—or rather an honest woman’s son, for indeed my father did something smack², something grow to, he had a kind of taste—well, my conscience says, “Launcelot, bouge not.” “Bouge³,” says the fiend. “Bouge not,” says my conscience. “Conscience,” say I, “you counsel well.” “Fiend,” say I, “you counsel well.” To be rul’d by my conscience, I should stay with the Jew my master, who (God bless the mark) is a kind of devil; and to run away from the Jew, I should be rul’d by the fiend, who, saving your reverence, is the devil himself. Certainly the Jew is the very devil incarnation, and in my conscience, my conscience is but a kind of hard conscience, to offer to counsel me to stay with the Jew. The fiend gives the more friendly counsel: I will run, fiend; my heels are at your commandment, I will run.

{Enter Bassanio with two men }

BASS.

You may do so, but let it be so hasted that supper be ready at the farthest by five of the clock. See these letters deliver’d, put the liveries to making, and desire Gratiano to come anon to my lodging.

2

{Exit one of his men.}

LAUN.

God bless your worship!

BASS.

Gramercy, wouldst thou aught with me?

4

LAUN.

Indeed the short and the long is, I serve the Jew, and have a desire... To be brief, the very truth is that the Jew, having done me wrong, doth cause me... In very brief, the suit is impertinent to myself...

BASS.

What would you?

6

¹like mush or giddy up

²of a knave

³french. move or budge

LAUN.
Serve you, sir.

BASS.
I know thee well, thou hast obtain'd thy suit. 8
Shylock thy master spoke with me this day,
And hath preferr'd thee, if it be preferment 10
To leave a rich Jew's service, to become
The follower of so poor a gentleman. 12

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

BASS.
Thou speak'st it well. Go, 14
Take leave of thy old master, and inquire
My lodging out.—

(*to second man*) 16

Give him a livery¹
More guarded² than his fellows'; see it done. 18

{*Exit LAUN and second man*}

{*Enter Gratiano.*}

GRA.
Signior Bassanio!

BASS.
Gratiano! 20

GRA.
I have suit to you.

BASS.
You have obtain'd it. 22

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

BASS.
Why then you must. But hear thee, Gratiano: 24
Thou art too wild, too rude, and bold of voice—
Parts that become thee happily enough, 26
And in such eyes as ours appear not faults,
But where thou art not known, why, there they show 28
Something too liberal. Pray thee take pain
To allay with some cold drops of modesty 30
Thy skipping spirit, lest through thy wild behavior
I be misconstrued³ in the place I go to, 32
And lose my hopes.

¹a servan'ts uniform

²trimmed with braid, fancier

³misconstrued, misinterpreted

GRA.	
Signior Bassanio, hear me:	34
If I do not put on a sober habit ¹ ,	
Talk with respect, and swear but now and then,	36
Wear prayer-books in my pocket, look demurely,	
Nay more, while grace is saying hood mine eyes	38
Thus with my hat, and sigh and say amen,	
Use all the observance of civility,	40
Like one well studied in a sad ostent ²	
To please his grandam, never trust me more.	42
BASS.	
Well, we shall see your bearing.	
GRA.	
Nay, but I bar tonight, you shall not gauge me	44
By what we do tonight.	
BASS.	
No, that were pity.	46
I would entreat you rather to put on	
Your boldest suit of mirth, for we have friends	48
That purpose merriment. But fare you well,	
I have some business.	50
GRA.	
And I must to Lorenzo and the rest,	
But we will visit you at supper-time.	52
<i>{Exeunt.}</i>	

¹behaviour

²display or appearance

SCENE II – III

Venice. A room in Shylock's house. (Jessica, Launcelot)

{Enter Jessica and the Clown Launcelot.}

JES.

I am sorry thou wilt leave my father so.
 Our house is hell, and thou, a merry devil, 2
 Didst rob it of some taste of tediousness.
 But fare thee well, there is a ducat for thee, 4
 And, Launcelot, soon at supper shalt thou see
 Lorenzo, who is thy new master's guest. 6
 Give him this letter, do it secretly,
 And so farewell. I would not have my father 8
 See me in talk with thee.

LAUN.

Adieu, tears exhibit¹ my tongue. Most beautiful pagan, most sweet Jew! If a Christian
 do not play the knave and get thee, I am much deceiv'd. But *adieu*, these foolish drops
 do something drown my manly spirit. *Adieu!* 10

JES.

Farewell, good Launcelot.

(Exit Launcelot.)

Alack, what heinous sin is it in me 12
 To be ashamed to be my father's child!
 But though I am a daughter to his blood, 14
 I am not to his manners. O Lorenzo,
 If thou keep promise, I shall end this strife, 16
 Become a Christian and thy loving wife.

{Exit.}

¹he means to say 'prohibit'

SCENE II – IV

Venice. A street.(Gratiano, Lorenzo, Launcelot)

{Enter Gratiano and Lorenzo.}

LOR.

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

2

GRA.

We have not made good preparation.

4

SAL.

We have not spoke us yet of torch-bearers.

SOL.

'Tis vile, unless it may be quaintly ordered,
And better in my mind not undertook.

6

LOR.

'Tis now but four of clock, we have two hours
To furnish us.

8

(Enter Launcelot with a letter.)

Friend Launcelot, what's the news?

10

LAUN.

And it shall please you to break up this, it shall seem to signify.

LOR.

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

12

14

GRA.

Love-news, in faith.

LAUN.

By your leave, sir.

16

LOR.

Whither goest thou?

LAUN.

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

18

LOR.

Hold here, take this.

(gives money)

Tell gentle Jessica

20

I will not fail her, speak it privately.

(Exit Clown.)

Go, gentlemen,

22

Will you prepare you for this masque tonight?

I am provided of a torch-bearer.

24

SAL.

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

SOL.

And so will I.

26

LOR.

Meet me and Gratiano

At Gratiano's lodging some hour hence.

28

SAL.

'Tis good we do so.

{Exit with Solanio.}

GRA.

Was not that letter from fair Jessica?

30

LOR.

I must needs tell thee all. She hath directed

How I shall take her from her father's house,

32

What gold and jewels she is furnish'd with,

What page's suit she hath in readiness.¹

34

If e'er the Jew her father come to heaven,

It will be for his gentle daughter's sake,

36

And never dare misfortune cross her foot,

Unless she do it under this excuse,

38

That she is issue to a faithless Jew.

Come go with me, peruse this as thou goest.

40

Fair Jessica shall be my torch-bearer.

{Exeunt.}

¹page's uniform to use as a disguise

SCENE II – V

Venice. Before Shylock's house. (Shylock, Launcelot, Jessica)

{Enter Shylock the Jew and his man that was, the Clown Launcelot.}

SHY.

Well, thou shalt see, thy eyes shall be thy judge,
The difference of old Shylock and Bassanio.— 2
What, Jessica!—Thou shalt not gurmandize¹,
As thou hast done with me—What, Jessica!— 4
And sleep and snore, and rend apparel out—
Why, Jessica, I say! 6

LAUN.

Why, Jessica!

SHY.

Who bids thee call? I do not bid thee call. 8

LAUN.

Your worship was wont² to tell me I could do nothing without bidding.

{Enter Jessica.}

JES.

Call you? What is your will? 10

SHY.

I am bid forth to supper, Jessica.
There are my keys. But wherefore should I go? 12
I am not bid for love, they flatter me,
But yet I'll go in hate, to feed upon 14
The prodigal Christian. Jessica, my girl,
Look to my house. I am right loath to go; 16
There is some ill a-brewing towards my rest,
For I did dream of money-bags tonight. 18

LAUN.

I beseech you, sir, go. My young master doth expect your reproach³.

SHY.

So do I his.⁴ 20

LAUN.

And they have conspir'd together. I will not say you shall see a masque, but if you do, then it was not for nothing that my nose fell a-bleeding on Black Monday⁵ last at six a' clock i' th' morning, falling out that year on Ash We'n'sday was four year in th' afternoon.

¹To eat greedily; to swallow voraciously; to feed ravenously or like a glutton

²habit

³he means approach

⁴his reproach (criticism)

⁵Easter Monday

SHY.
 What, are there masques? Hear you me, Jessica: 22
 Lock up my doors, and when you hear the drum
 And the vile squealing of the wry-neck'd fife¹, 24
 Clamber not you up to the casements² then,
 Nor thrust your head into the public street 26
 To gaze on Christian fools with varnish'd faces;
 But stop my house's ears, I mean my casements; 28
 Let not the sound of shallow fopp'ry enter
 My sober house. By Jacob's staff I swear 30
 I have no mind of feasting forth tonight;
 But I will go. Go you before me, sirrah, 32
 Say I will come.

LAUN.
 I will go before, sir. Mistress, look out at window for all this— 34
 There will come a Christian by,
 Will be worth a Jewess' eye. 36

{Exit.}

SHY.
 What says that fool of Hagar's³ offspring, ha?

JES.
 His words were "Farewell, mistress!"—nothing else. 38

SHY.
 The patch⁴ is kind enough, but a huge feeder,
 Snail-slow in profit⁵, and he sleeps by day 40
 More than the wild-cat. Drones hive not with me,
 Therefore I part with him, and part with him 42
 To one that I would have him help to waste
 His borrowed purse. Well, Jessica, go in, 44
 Perhaps⁶ I will return immediately.
 Do as I bid you, shut doors after you; 46
 Fast bind, fast find⁷—
 A proverb never stale in thrifty mind. 48

{Exit.}

JES.
 Farewell, and if my fortune be not cross'd,
 I have a father, you a daughter, lost. 50

{Exit.}

¹refers to the player of the fife, whose neck turns sideways while playing

²hinged windows

³see Genesis, xvi

⁴reference to the fool's clothing

⁵executing his duties

⁶if possible

⁷lock it or lose it

SCENE II – VI

Venice. Before Shylock's house. (Gratiano, Salerio, Lorenzo, Jessica, Antonio)

{Enter two of the masquers, Gratiano and Salerio.}

GRA.

This is the penthouse under which Lorenzo
Desir'd us to make stand.

2

SAL.

His hour is almost past.

GRA.

And it is marvel he out-dwells his hour,
For lovers ever run before the clock.

4

SAL.

O, ten times faster Venus' pigeons¹ fly
To seal love's bonds new made, than they are wont
To keep obliged faith unforfeited!

6

8

GRA.

That ever holds. Who riseth from a feast
With that keen appetite that he sits down?
Where is the horse that doth untread again
His tedious measures with the unbated fire
That he did pace them first? All things that are,
Are with more spirit chased than enjoy'd.
How like a younger or a prodigal²
The scarfed bark³ puts from her native bay,
Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet wind!
How like the prodigal doth she return,
With over-weather'd ribs and ragged sails,
Lean, rent, and beggar'd by the strumpet wind!

10

12

14

16

18

20

{Enter Lorenzo.}

SAL.

Here comes Lorenzo, more of this hereafter.

LOR.

Sweet friends, your patience for my long abode⁴;
Not I but my affairs have made you wait.
When you shall please to play the thieves for wives,
I'll watch as long for you then. Approach,
Here dwells my father Jew. Ho! Who's within?

22

24

26

¹the doves which drew Venus' chariot

²referring to the prodigal son (Luke 15:11–32)

³flagged and bannered vessel

⁴delay

{Enter Jessica above in boy's clothes.}

JES.

Who are you? Tell me for more certainty,
Albeit I'll swear that I do know your tongue. 28

LOR.

Lorenzo, and thy love.

JES.

Lorenzo, certain, and my love indeed, 30
For who love I so much? And now who knows
But you, Lorenzo, whether I am yours? 32

LOR.

Heaven and thy thoughts are witness that thou art.

JES.

Here, catch this casket, it is worth the pains. 34
I am glad 'tis night, you do not look on me,
For I am much asham'd of my exchange. 36
But love is blind, and lovers cannot see
The pretty follies that themselves commit, 38
For if they could, Cupid himself would blush
To see me thus transformed to a boy. 40

LOR.

Descend, for you must be my torch-bearer.

JES.

What, must I hold a candle to my shames? 42
They in themselves, good sooth, are too too light.
Why, 'tis an office of discovery, love, 44
And I should be obscur'd.

LOR.

So are you, sweet, 46
Even in the lovely garnish of a boy.
But come at once, 48
For the close¹ night doth play the runaway²,
And we are stay'd³ for at Bassanio's feast. 50

JES.

I will make fast the doors, and gild myself
With some more ducats, and be with you straight. 52

{Exit above.}

GRA.

Now by my hood, a gentle⁴, and no Jew.

¹concealing

²quickly passing

³waited for

⁴ i.e., gentlewoman. —Gratiano is punning on "Gentile."

LOR.
 Beshrew me but¹ I love her heartily, 54
 For she is wise, if I can judge of her,
 And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true, 56
 And true she is, as she hath prov'd herself;
 And therefore, like herself, wise, fair, and true, 58
 Shall she be placed in my constant soul.
 (*Enter Jessica.*)
 What, art thou come? On, gentlemen, away! 60
 Our masquing mates by this time for us stay.
 (*Exit with Jessica and Salerio.*)
 (*Enter Antonio.*)
 ANT.
 Who's there? 62
 GRA.
 Signior Antonio!
 ANT.
 Fie, fie, Gratiano, where are all the rest? 64
 'Tis nine a' clock—our friends all stay for you.
 No masque tonight, the wind is come about, 66
 Bassanio presently will go aboard.
 I have sent twenty out to seek for you. 68
 GRA.
 I am glad on't. I desire no more delight
 Than to be under sail, and gone tonight. 70
 (*Exeunt.*)

¹evil curse me if I don't

SCENE II – VII

Belmont. A room in Portia's house. (Portia, Prince of Morocco)

{Flourish cornets. Enter Portia with the Prince of Morocco and both their Trains.}

POR.

Go, draw aside the curtains and discover¹
The several caskets to this noble prince.
Now make your choice.

2

MOR.

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

4

6

8

10

POR.

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

12

MOR.

Some god direct my judgment! Let me see,
I will survey th' inscriptions back again.
What says this leaden casket?
 "Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath."
Must give—for what? For lead, hazard for lead?
This casket threatens. Men that hazard all
Do it in hope of fair advantages;
A golden mind stoops not to shows of dross².
I'll then nor give nor hazard aught for lead.
What says the silver with her virgin hue?
 "Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves."
As much as he deserves! Pause there, Morocco,
And weigh thy value with an even hand.
If thou beest rated by thy estimation,
Thou dost deserve enough, and yet enough
May not extend so far as to the lady;
And yet to be afraid of my deserving
Were but a weak disabling of myself.
As much as I deserve! Why, that's the lady.
I do in birth deserve her, and in fortunes,
In graces, and in qualities of breeding;
But more than these, in love I do deserve.
What if I stray'd no farther, but chose here?

14

16

18

20

22

24

26

28

30

32

34

¹ reveal

² rubbish

Let's see once more this saying grav'd in gold: 36
 "Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire."
 Why, that's the lady, all the world desires her. 38
 From the four corners of the earth they come
 To kiss this shrine, this mortal breathing saint. 40
 The Hyrcanian¹ deserts and the vasty wilds
 Of wide Arabia are as throughfares now 42
 For princes to come view fair Portia.
 The watery kingdom, whose ambitious head 44
 Spets in the face of heaven, is no bar
 To stop the foreign spirits, but they come 46
 As o'er a brook to see fair Portia.
 One of these three contains her heavenly picture. 48
 Is't like that lead contains her? 'Twere damnation
 To think so base a thought; it were too gross 50
 To rib² her cerecloth³ in the obscure grave.
 Or shall I think in silver she's immur'd,⁴ 52
 Being ten times undervalued to tried gold?
 O sinful thought! Never so rich a gem 54
 Was set in worse than gold. They have in England
 A coin that bears the figure of an angel 56
 Stamp'd in gold, but that's insculp'd⁵ upon;
 But here an angel in a golden bed 58
 Lies all within. Deliver me the key.
 Here do I choose, and thrive I as I may! 60

POR.

There take it, Prince, and if my form lie there,
 Then I am yours. 62

{He unlocks the golden casket.}

MOR.

O hell! What have we here?
 A carrion Death, within whose empty eye 64
 There is a written scroll! I'll read the writing.

(Reads.)

"All that glisters is not gold, 66
Often have you heard that told;
Many a man his life hath sold 68
But my outside to behold.
Gilded tombs do worms infold. 70
Had you been as wise as bold,
Young in limbs, in judgment old, 72
Your answer had not been inscroll'd.

¹ a name given to a district of indefinite extent south of the Caspian

² enclose

³ waxed cloth typically used for wrapping a corpse

⁴ enclosed or confined against one's will

⁵ engraved

<i>Fare you well, your suit is cold."</i>	74
<i>Cold indeed, and labor lost:</i>	
<i>Then farewell heat, and welcome frost!</i>	76
Portia, <i>adieu</i> . I have too griev'd a heart	
To take a tedious leave; thus losers part.	78
 <i>{Exit with his Train.}</i>	
 POR.	
A gentle riddance. Draw the curtains, go.	
Let all of his complexion ¹ choose me so.	80
 <i>{Exeunt.}</i>	

¹everyone who looks like the MOR.

SCENE II – VIII

Venice. A street.(Salerio, Solanio)

{Enter Salerio and Solanio.}

SAL.

Why, man, I saw Bassanio under sail,
With him is Gratiano gone along; 2
And in their ship I am sure Lorenzo is not.

SOL.

The villain Jew with outcries rais'd the Duke, 4
Who went with him to search Bassanio's ship.

SAL.

He came too late, the ship was under sail, 6
But there the Duke was given to understand
That in a gondilo were seen together 8
Lorenzo and his amorous Jessica.
Besides, Antonio certified the Duke 10
They were not with Bassanio in his ship.

SOL.

I never heard a passion so confus'd, 12
So strange, outrageous, and so variable
As the dog Jew did utter in the streets. 14
"My daughter! O my ducats! O my daughter!
Fled with a Christian! O my Christian ducats! 16
Justice! The law! My ducats, and my daughter!
A sealed bag, two sealed bags of ducats, 18
Of double ducats, stol'n from me by my daughter!
And jewels, two stones, two rich and precious stones, 20
Stol'n by my daughter! Justice! Find the girl,
She hath the stones upon her, and the ducats." 22

SAL.

Why, all the boys in Venice follow him,
Crying, his stones, his daughter, and his ducats. 24

SOL.

Let good Antonio look he keep his day,
Or he shall pay for this. 26

SAL.

Marry, well rememb'red.
I reason'd with a Frenchman yesterday, 28
Who told me, in the Narrow Seas that part
The French and English, there miscarried 30
A vessel of our country richly fraught.
I thought upon Antonio when he told me, 32
And wish'd in silence that it were not his.

SOL.	
You were best to tell Antonio what you hear, Yet do not suddenly, for it may grieve him.	34
SAL.	
A kinder gentleman treads not the earth.	36
I saw Bassanio and Antonio part:	
Bassanio told him he would make some speed	38
Of his return; he answered, "Do not so,	
Slubber ¹ not business for my sake, Bassanio,	40
But stay the very riping of the time;	
And for the Jew's bond which he hath of me,	42
Let it not enter in your mind of love.	
Be merry, and employ your chiefest thoughts	44
To courtship, and such fair ostents ² of love	
As shall conveniently become you there."	46
And even there, his eye being big with tears,	
Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,	48
And with affection wondrous sensible	
He wrung Bassanio's hand, and so they parted.	50
SOL.	
I think he only loves the world for him.	
I pray thee let us go and find him out	52
And quicken his embraced heaviness	
With some delight or other.	54
SAL.	
Do we so.	
<i>{Exeunt.}</i>	

¹To do hastily, imperfectly, or sloppily

²displays

SCENE II – IX

Belmont. A room in Portia's house. (Nerissa, Servitor, Prince of Arragon, Portia, Stephano)

{Enter Nerissa and a Servitor.}

NER.

Quick, quick, I pray thee, draw the curtain straight;
The Prince of Arragon¹ hath ta'en his oath, 2
And comes to his election presently.

{Flourish cornets. Enter the Prince of Arragon, his Train, and Portia.}

POR.

Behold, there stand the caskets, noble Prince 4
If you choose that wherein I am contain'd,
Straight shall our nuptial rites be solemniz'd²; 6
But if you fail, without more speech, my lord,
You must be gone from hence immediately. 8

AR.

I am enjoin'd³ by oath to observe three things:
First, never to unfold to any one 10
Which casket 'twas I chose; next, if I fail
Of the right casket, never in my life 12
To woo a maid in way of marriage;
Lastly, 14
If I do fail in fortune of my choice,
Immediately to leave you, and be gone. 16

POR.

To these injunctions every one doth swear
That comes to hazard for my worthless self. 18

AR.

And so have I address'd⁴ me. Fortune now
To my heart's hope! Gold, silver, and base lead. 20
"Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath."
You shall look fairer ere I give or hazard. 22
What says the golden chest? Ha, let me see:
"Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire." 24
What many men desire! That many may be meant
By the fool multitude that choose by show, 26
Not learning more than the fond eye doth teach,
Which pries not to th' interior, but like the martlet⁵ 28
Builds in the weather on the outward wall,

¹region in north-east Spain

²duly performed

³instructed

⁴prepared

⁵a small bird like a swallow

Even in the force and road of casualty.	30
I will not choose what many men desire,	
Because I will not jump with common spirits,	32
And rank me with the barbarous multitudes.	
Why then to thee, thou silver treasure house,	34
Tell me once more what title thou dost bear:	
<i>"Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves."</i>	36
And well said too; for who shall go about	
To cozen fortune, and be honorable	38
Without the stamp of merit? Let none presume	
To wear an undeserved dignity.	40
O that estates ¹ , degrees, and offices	
Were not deriv'd corruptly, and that clear honor	42
Were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer!	
How many then should cover that stand bare?	44
How many be commanded that command?	
How much low peasantry would then be gleaned	46
From the true seed of honor? And how much honor	
Pick'd from the chaff and ruin ² of the times	48
To be new varnish'd? Well, but to my choice:	
<i>"Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves."</i>	50
I will assume desert. Give me a key for this,	
And instantly unlock my fortunes here.	52
<i>{He unlocks the silver casket.}</i>	
POR.	
Too long a pause for that which you find there.	
AR.	
What's here? The portrait of a blinking idiot,	54
Presenting me a schedule! I will read it.	
How much unlike art thou to Portia!	56
How much unlike my hopes and my deservings!	
"Who chooseth me shall have as much as he deserves" !	58
Did I deserve no more than a fool's head?	
Is that my prize? Are my deserts no better?	60
POR.	
To offend and judge are distinct offices,	
And of opposed natures.	62
AR.	
What is here?	
(Reads.)	
<i>"The fire seven times tried this:</i>	64
<i>Seven times tried that judgment is,</i>	
<i>That did never choose amiss.</i>	66
<i>Some there be that shadows kiss,</i>	

¹dignity or status

²rubbish

<i>Such have but a shadow's bliss.</i>	68
<i>There be fools alive, iwisclearly,</i>	
<i>Silver'd o'er, and so was this.</i>	70
<i>Take what wife you will to bed,</i>	
<i>I will ever be your head.</i>	72
<i>So be gone, you are sped."</i>	
Still more fool I shall appear	74
By the time I linger here.	
With one fool's head I came to woo,	76
But I go away with two.	
Sweet, <i>adieu</i> . I'll keep my oath,	78
Patiently to bear my wroth ¹ .	
<i>{Exit with his Train.}</i>	
POR.	
Thus hath the candle sing'd the moth.	80
O, these deliberate fools, when they do choose,	
They have the wisdom by their wit to lose.	82
NER.	
The ancient saying is no heresy,	
Hanging and wiving goes by destiny.	84
POR.	
Come draw the curtain, Nerissa.	
<i>{Enter Stephano.}</i>	
STEPH.	
Where is my lady?	86
POR.	
Here; what would my lord?	
STEPH.	
Madam, there is alighted at your gate	88
A young Venetian, one that comes before	
To signify th' approaching of his lord,	90
From whom he bringeth sensible regreets ² :	
To wit (besides commends and courteous breath),	92
Gifts of rich value. Yet I have not seen	
So likely ³ an ambassador of love.	94
A day in April never came so sweet,	
To show how costly summer was at hand,	96
As this fore-spurrer comes before his lord.	
POR.	
No more, I pray thee. I am half afraid	98
Thou wilt say anon he is some kin to thee,	

¹anger

²salutations

³promising

Thou spend'st such high-day¹ wit in praising him.

100

Come, come, Nerissa, for I long to see

Quick Cupid's post that comes so mannerly.

102

NER.

Bassanio, Lord Love, if thy will it be!

{Exeunt.}

¹extravagant

ACT III

SCENE III – I

Venice. A street.(Solanio, Salerio, Shylock, Antonio's Servant, Tubal)

{Enter Solanio and Salerio.}

SOL.

Now what news on the Rialto?

SAL.

Why, yet it lives there uncheck'd that Antonio hath a ship of rich lading wrack'd on the Narrow Seas¹; the Goodwins I think they call the place, a very dangerous flat, and fatal, where the carcasses of many a tall ship lie buried, as they say, if my gossip Report be an honest woman of her word.

2

SOL.

I would she were as lying a gossip in that as ever knapp'd² ginger or made her neighbors believe she wept for the death of a third husband. But it is true, without any slips of prolixity³, or crossing the plain highway of talk, that the good Antonio, the honest Antonio—O that I had a title good enough to keep his name company!—

SAL.

Come, the full stop.

4

SOL.

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

SAL.

I would it might prove the end of his losses.

6

SOL.

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

(Enter Shylock.)

How now, Shylock, what news among the merchants?

8

SHY.

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

SAL.

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

10

SOL.

And Shylock for his own part knew the bird was fledge⁴, and then it is the complexion⁵ of them all to leave the dam.

¹English Channel

²nibbled

³long windedness

⁴ready for flight

⁵nature

SHY.
She is damn'd for it. 12

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

SHY.
My own flesh and blood to rebel! 14

SOL.
Out upon it, old carrion, rebels it¹ at these years?

SHY.
I say, my daughter is my flesh and my blood. 16

SAL.
There is more difference between thy flesh and hers than between jet and ivory, more between your bloods than there is between red wine and Rhenish². But tell us, do you hear whether Antonio have had any loss at sea or no?

SHY.
There I have another bad match. A bank-rout³, a prodigal, who dare scarce show his head on the Rialto; a beggar, that was us'd to come so smug upon the mart: let him look to his bond. He was wont to call me usurer, let him look to his bond. He was wont to lend money for a Christian cur'sy, let him look to his bond. 18

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

SHY.
To bait fish withal—if it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge. He hath disgrac'd me, and hind'ed me half a million, laugh'd at my losses, mock'd at my gains, scorn'd my nation, thwarted my bargains, cool'd my friends, heated mine enemies; and what's his reason? I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes? Hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions; fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, heal'd by the same means, warm'd and cool'd by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? If you tickle us, do we not laugh? If you poison us, do we not die? And if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? If we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility⁴? Revenge. If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance⁵ be by Christian example? Why, revenge. The villainy you teach me, I will execute, and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction.

20

{Enter a Servingman from Antonio.}

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

¹Sol. is pretending that Shy. can't control his sexual urges

²a white wine

³bankrupt

⁴kindness

⁵suffering

SAL.
We have been up and down to seek him. 22

{Enter Tubal.}

SOL.
Here comes another of the tribe; a third cannot be match'd, unless the devil himself turn Jew.

{Exeunt Gentlemen Solanio and Salerio, with Servingman.}

SHY.
How now, Tubal, what news from Genoa? Hast thou found my daughter? 24

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

SHY.
Why, there, there, there, there! A diamond gone, cost me two thousand ducats¹ in Frankford! The curse never fell upon our nation till now, I never felt it till now. Two thousand ducats in that, and other precious, precious jewels. I would my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear! Would she were hears'd at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin! No news of them? Why, so—and I know not what's spent in the search. Why, thou loss upon loss! The thief gone with so much, and so much to find the thief, and no satisfaction, no revenge, nor no ill luck stirring but what lights a' my shoulders, no sighs but a' my breathing, no tears but a' my shedding. 26

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

SHY.
What, what, what? Ill luck, ill luck? 28

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

SHY.
I thank God, I thank God. Is it true, is it true? 30

TUB.
I spoke with some of the sailors that escap'd the wrack.

SHY.
I thank thee, good Tubal, good news, good news! Ha, ha! Heard in Genoa? 32

TUB.
Your daughter spent in Genoa, as I heard, one night fourscore ducats².

SHY.
Thou stick'st a dagger in me. I shall never see my gold again. Fourscore ducats at a sitting, fourscore ducats! 34

¹\$2,500,000

²think \$100,000

TUB.

There came divers¹ of Antonio's creditors in my company to Venice that swear he cannot choose but break².

SHY.

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

36

TUB.

One of them show'd me a ring that he had of your daughter for a monkey.

SHY.

Out upon her! Thou torturest me, Tubal. It was my turkis³, I had it of Leah when I was a bachelor. I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys.

38

TUB.

But Antonio is certainly undone.

SHY.

Nay, that's true, that's very true. Go, Tubal, fee me an officer⁴; bespeak him a fortnight⁵ before⁶. I will have the heart of him if he forfeit, for were he out of Venice I can make what merchandise⁷ I will. Go, Tubal, and meet me at our synagogue; go, good Tubal, at our synagogue, Tubal.

40

{Exeunt.}

¹several

²declare bankruptcy

³turquoise

⁴police

⁵two weeks

⁶before the contract is due

⁷business deals

SCENE III – II

Belmont. A room in Portia's house. (Bassanio, Portia, Gratiano, Nerissa, Lorenzo, Jessica, Salerio)

{Enter Bassanio, Portia, Gratiano, Nerissa, and all their Trains.}

POR.

I pray you tarry, pause a day or two
 Before you hazard, for in choosing wrong 2
 I lose your company; therefore forbear a while.
 There's something tells me (but it is not love) 4
 I would not lose you, and you know yourself,
 Hate counsels not in such a quality. 6
 But lest you should not understand me well—
 And yet a maiden hath no tongue but thought— 8
 I would detain you here some month or two
 Before you venture for me. I could teach you 10
 How to choose right, but then I am forsworn.
 So will I never be, so may you miss me, 12
 But if you do, You'll make me wish a sin,
 That I had been forsworn. Beshrow¹ your eyes, 14
 They have o'erlook'd² me and divided me:
 One half of me is yours, the other half yours— 16
 Mine own, I would say; but if mine, then yours,
 And so all yours. O, these naughty³ times 18
 Puts bars between the owners and their rights!
 And so though yours, not yours. Prove it so, 20
 Let fortune go to hell for it, not I.
 I speak too long, but 'tis to peize⁴ the time, 22
 To eche⁵ it, and to draw it out in length,
 To stay you from election. 24

BASS.

Let me choose,
 For as I am, I live upon the rack⁶. 26

POR.

Upon the rack, Bassanio! Then confess
 What treason there is mingled with your love. 28

BASS.

None but that ugly treason of mistrust,
 Which makes me fear th' enjoying of my love; 30
 There may as well be amity⁷ and life
 'Tween snow and fire, as treason and my love. 32

¹wicked are

²bewitched

³evil

⁴delay

⁵increase

⁶a torture device

⁷friendship

POR.
 Ay, but I fear you speak upon the rack,
 Where men enforced do speak any thing. 34

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

POR.
 Well then, confess and live. 36

BASS.
 Confess and love
 Had been the very sum of my confession. 38
 O happy torment, when my torturer
 Doth teach me answers for deliverance! 40
 But let me to my fortune and the caskets.

POR.
 Away then! I am lock'd in one of them; 42
 If you do love me, you will find me out.
 Nerissa and the rest, stand all aloof. 44
 Let music sound while he doth make his choice;
 Then if he lose he makes a swan-like end, 46
 Fading in music. That the comparison
 May stand more proper, my eye shall be the stream 48
 And wat'ry death-bed for him. He may win,
 And what is music then? Then music is 50
 Even as the flourish when true subjects bow
 To a new-crowned monarch; such it is 52
 As are those dulcet sounds in break of day
 That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear, 54
 And summon him to marriage. Now he goes,
 With no less presence, but with much more love, 56
 Than young Alcides¹, when he did redeem
 The virgin tribute paid by howling Troy 58
 To the sea-monster². I stand for sacrifice;
 The rest aloof are the Dardanian wives, 60
 With bleared visages, come forth to view
 The issue of th' exploit. Go, Hercules, 62
 Live thou, I live; with much, much more dismay
 I view the fight than thou that mak'st the fray. 64

{Here music.}

{A song, the whilst Bassanio comments on the caskets to himself.}

SING.
 Tell me where is fancy bred,

¹Hercules

²THE KETOS TROIAS (Trojan Cetus) was a giant sea-monster sent by Poseidon to plague the land of Troy as punishment for King Laomedon's refusal to pay him for the building of the city's walls. An oracle declared that the only way to be rid of the beast was to offer the king's daughter as sacrifice. Laomedon did so, chaining Hesione to the rocks, where she was rescued by Herakles who despatched the beast with a fish-hook or volley of arrows.

<i>Or in the heart or in the head?</i>	66
<i>How begot, how nourished?</i>	
ALL.	
<i>Reply, reply.</i>	68
SING.	
<i>It is engend'red¹ in the eyes,</i>	
<i>With gazing fed, and fancy dies</i>	70
<i>In the cradle where it lies.</i>	
<i>Let us all ring fancy's knell.</i>	72
<i>I'll begin it. Ding, dong, bell.</i>	
ALL.	
<i>Ding, dong, bell.</i>	74
BASS.	
So may the outward shows be least themselves—	
The world is still deceiv'd with ornament.	76
In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt	
But, being season'd with a gracious voice,	78
Obscures the show of evil? In religion,	
What damned error but some sober brow	80
Will bless it, and approve it with a text,	
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?	82
There is no vice so simple but assumes	
Some mark of virtue on his outward parts.	84
How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false	
As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins	86
The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars,	
Who inward search'd, have livers white as milk,	88
And these assume but valor's excrement	
To render them redoubted! Look on beauty,	90
And you shall see 'tis purchas'd by the weight,	
Which therein works a miracle in nature,	92
Making them lightest that wear most of it.	
So are those crisped ² snaky golden locks,	94
Which make such wanton gambols ³ with the wind	
Upon supposed fairness, often known	96
To be the dowry of a second head,	
The skull that bred them in the sepulchre.	98
Thus ornament is but the guiled ⁴ shore	
To a most dangerous sea; the beauteous scarf	100
Veiling an Indian ⁵ beauty ⁶ ; in a word,	
The seeming truth which cunning times put on	102
To entrap the wisest. Therefore then, thou gaudy gold,	

¹caused by

²curled

³jumping playfully

⁴cunning

⁵derogatory, dark skinned

⁶woman

Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee; 104
 Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge¹
 'Tween man and man; but thou, thou meagre lead, 106
 Which rather threaten'st than dost promise aught,
 Thy paleness moves me more than eloquence, 108
 And here choose I. Joy be the consequence!

POR.

(*Aside.*)

How all the other passions fleet to air, 110
 As doubtful thoughts, and rash-embrac'd despair,
 And shudd'ring fear, and green-eyed jealousy! 112
 O love, be moderate, allay² thy ecstasy,
 In measure rain³ thy joy, scant this excess! 114
 I feel too much thy blessing; make it less,
 For fear I surfeit. 116

BASS.

What find I here?

(*Opening the leaden casket.*)

Fair Portia's counterfeit⁴! What demigod 118
 Hath come so near creation? Move these eyes?
 Or whether, riding on the balls⁵ of mine, 120
 Seem they in motion? Here are sever'd lips,
 Parted with sugar breath; so sweet a bar 122
 Should sunder such sweet friends. Here in her hairs
 The painter plays the spider, and hath woven 124
 A golden mesh t' entrap the hearts of men
 Faster than gnats in cobwebs. But her eyes— 126
 How could he see to do them? Having made one,
 Methinks it should have power to steal both his 128
 And leave itself unfurnish'd. Yet look how far
 The substance of my praise doth wrong this shadow 130
 In underprizing it, so far this shadow
 Doth limp behind the substance. Here's the scroll, 132
 The continent⁶ and summary of my fortune.

(*Reads.*)

"You that choose not by the view, 134
Chance as fair, and choose as true:
Since this fortune falls to you, 136
Be content, and seek no new.
If you be well pleas'd with this, 138
And hold your fortune for your bliss,
Turn you where your lady is, 140

¹common coins

²diminish

³rein?

⁴likeness

⁵eyes

⁶container

And claim her with a loving kiss.”

A gentle scroll. Fair lady, by your leave, 142
I come by note, to give and to receive.
Like one of two contending in a prize, 144
That thinks he hath done well in people’s eyes,
Hearing applause and universal shout, 146
Giddy in spirit, still gazing in a doubt
Whether those peals of praise be his or no, 148
So, thrice-fair lady, stand I, even so,
As doubtful whether what I see be true, 150
Until confirm’d, sign’d, ratified by you.

POR.

You see me, Lord Bassanio, where I stand, 152
Such as I am. Though for myself alone
I would not be ambitious in my wish 154
To wish myself much better, yet for you,
I would be trebled twenty times myself, 156
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times more rich,
That only to stand high in your account, 158
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
Exceed account. But the full sum of me 160
Is sum of something; which, to term in gross,
Is an unlesson’d girl, unschool’d, unpractic’d, 162
Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learn; happier than this, 164
She is not bred so dull but she can learn;
Happiest of all, is that her gentle spirit 166
Commits itself to yours to be directed,
As from her lord, her governor, her king. 168
Myself, and what is mine, to you and yours
Is now converted. But now I was the lord 170
Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,
Queen o’er myself; and even now, but now, 172
This house, these servants, and this same myself
Are yours—my lord’s!—I give them with this ring, 174
Which when you part from, lose, or give away,
Let it presage¹ the ruin of your love, 176
And be my vantage² to exclaim³ on you.

BASS.

Madam, you have bereft me of all words, 178
Only my blood speaks to you in my veins,
And there is such confusion in my powers, 180
As after some oration fairly spoke
By a beloved prince, there doth appear 182
Among the buzzing pleased multitude,

¹warning, predictor

²opportunity

³yell angrily

Where every something, being blent together, 184
 Turns to a wild of nothing, save of joy
 Express'd and not express'd. But when this ring 186
 Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence;
 O then be bold to say Bassanio's dead! 188

NER.

My lord and lady, it is now our time,
 That have stood by and seen our wishes prosper, 190
 To cry good joy. Good joy, my lord and lady!

GRA.

My Lord Bassanio and my gentle lady, 192
 I wish you all the joy that you can wish;
 For I am sure you can wish none from me; 194
 And when your honors mean to solemnize
 The bargain of your faith, I do beseech you 196
 Even at that time I may be married too.

BASS.

With all my heart, so thou canst get a wife. 198

GRA.

I thank your lordship, you have got me one.
 My eyes, my lord, can look as swift as yours: 200
 You saw the mistress, I beheld the maid¹;
 You lov'd, I lov'd; for intermission 202
 No more pertains to me, my lord, than you;
 Your fortune stood upon the caskets there, 204
 And so did mine too as the matter falls;
 For wooing here until I sweat again, 206
 And swearing till my very roof was dry
 With oaths of love, at last, if promise last, 208
 I got a promise of this fair one here
 To have her love—provided that your fortune 210
 Achiev'd her mistress.

POR.

Is this true, Nerissa? 212

NER.

Madam, it is, so you stand pleas'd withal.

BASS.

And do you, Gratiano, mean good faith? 214

GRA.

Yes, faith, my lord.

BASS.

Our feast shall be much honored in your marriage. 216

¹not servant, but friend

GRA.
We'll play with them the first boy for a thousand ducats¹.

NER.
What, and stake down?² 218

GRA.
No, we shall ne'er win at that sport, and stake³ down.
But who comes here? Lorenzo and his infidel⁴? 220
What, and my old Venetian friend Salerio?

{Enter Lorenzo, Jessica, and Salerio, a messenger from Venice.}

BASS.
Lorenzo and Salerio, welcome hither, 222
If that the youth of my new int'rest here
Have power to bid you welcome. By your leave⁵, 224
I bid my very friends and countrymen,
Sweet Portia, welcome. 226

POR.
So do I, my lord,
They are entirely welcome. 228

LOR.
I thank your honor. For my part, my lord,
My purpose was not to have seen you here, 230
But meeting with Salerio by the way,
He did entreat me, past all saying nay, 232
To come with him along.

SAL.
I did, my lord, 234
And I have reason for it. Signior Antonio
Commends him to you. 236

{Gives Bassanio a letter.}

BASS.
Ere I ope his letter,
I pray you tell me how my good friend doth. 238

SAL.
Not sick, my lord, unless it be in mind,
Nor well, unless in mind. His letter there 240
Will show you his estate.

{Bassanio opens the letter.}

¹to NER., let's bet them we'll have the first son

²put money down now

³penis

⁴adhering to a religion not your own, aka Jessica

⁵to POR.

GRA.	
Nerissa, cheer yond stranger, bid her welcome.	242
Your hand, Salerio. What's the news from Venice?	
How doth that royal merchant, good Antonio?	244
I know he will be glad of our success;	
We are the Jasons ¹ , we have won the fleece.	246
SAL.	
I would you had won the fleece ² that he hath lost.	
POR.	
There are some shrowd ³ contents in yond same paper	248
That steals the color from Bassanio's cheek—	
Some dear friend dead, else nothing in the world	250
Could turn so much the constitution	
Of any constant man. What, worse and worse!	252
With leave, Bassanio, I am half yourself,	
And I must freely have the half of any thing	254
That this same paper brings you.	
BASS.	
O sweet Portia,	256
Here are a few of the unpleasant'st words	
That ever blotted paper! Gentle lady,	258
When I did first impart my love to you,	
I freely told you all the wealth I had	260
Ran in my veins: I was a gentleman;	
And then I told you true. And yet, dear lady,	262
Rating myself at nothing, you shall see	
How much I was a braggart: when I told you	264
My state was nothing, I should then have told you	
That I was worse than nothing; for indeed	266
I have engag'd myself to a dear friend,	
Engag'd my friend to his mere enemy,	268
To feed my means. Here is a letter, lady,	
The paper as the body of my friend,	270
And every word in it a gaping wound	
Issuing life-blood. But is it true, Salerio?	272
Hath all his ventures fail'd? What, not one hit?	
From Tripolis, from Mexico, and England,	274
From Lisbon, Barbary, and India,	
And not one vessel scape the dreadful touch	276
Of merchant-marring rocks?	
SAL.	
Not one, my lord.	278
Besides, it should appear, that if he had	

¹ Jason was an ancient Greek mythological hero who was the leader of the Argonauts whose quest for the Golden Fleece featured in Greek literature.

² word play on fleets

³ malicious, wicked

The present money to discharge the Jew,	280
He would not take it. Never did I know	
A creature that did bear the shape of man	282
So keen and greedy to confound a man.	
He plies the Duke at morning and at night,	284
And doth impeach the freedom of the state ¹ ,	
If they deny him justice. Twenty merchants,	286
The Duke himself, and the magnificoes	
Of greatest port, have all persuaded with him,	288
But none can drive him from the envious plea	
Of forfeiture, of justice, and his bond.	290
JES.	
When I was with him I have heard him swear	
To Tubal and to Chus, his countrymen,	292
That he would rather have Antonio's flesh	
Than twenty times the value of the sum	294
That he did owe him; and I know, my lord,	
If law, authority, and power deny not,	296
It will go hard with poor Antonio.	
POR.	
Is it your dear friend that is thus in trouble?	298
BASS.	
The dearest friend to me, the kindest man,	
The best-condition'd and unwearied spirit	300
In doing courtesies, and one in whom	
The ancient Roman honor more appears	302
Than any that draws breath in Italy.	
POR.	
What sum owes he the Jew?	304
BASS.	
For me, three thousand ducats.	
POR.	
What, no more?	306
Pay him six thousand, and deface the bond;	
Double six thousand, and then treble that,	308
Before a friend of this description	
Shall lose a hair through Bassanio's fault.	310
First go with me to church and call me wife,	
And then away to Venice to your friend;	312
For never shall you lie by Portia's side	
With an unquiet soul. You shall have gold	314
To pay the petty debt twenty times over.	
When it is paid, bring your true friend along.	316
My maid Nerissa and myself mean time	

¹denies that strangers have equal rights in Venice

Will live as maids and widows. Come away! 318
 For you shall hence upon your wedding-day.
 Bid your friends welcome, show a merry cheer— 320
 Since you are dear bought, I will love you dear.
 But let me hear the letter of your friend. 322

BASS.

(*Reads.*)

“Sweet Bassanio, my ships have all miscarried, my creditors grow cruel, my estate is very low, my bond to the Jew is forfeit; and since in paying it, it is impossible I should live, all debts are clear’d between you and I, if I might but see you at my death. Notwithstanding, use your pleasure; if your love do not persuade you to come, let not my letter.”

POR.

O love! Dispatch all business and be gone. 324

BASS.

Since I have your good leave to go away,
 I will make haste; but till I come again, 326
 No bed shall e’er be guilty of my stay,
 Nor rest be interposer ’twixt us twain. 328

{*Exeunt.*}

SCENE III – III

Venice. A street.(Shylock, Solanio, Antonio, Jailer)

{Enter Shylock the Jew and Solanio and Antonio and the Jailer.}

SHY.

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

2

ANT.

Hear me yet, good Shylock.

4

SHY.

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

6

8

10

ANT.

I pray thee hear me speak.

12

SHY.

I'll have my bond; I will not hear thee speak.
I'll have my bond, and therefore speak no more.
I'll not be made a soft and dull-ey'd fool
To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield
To Christian intercessors¹. Follow not,
I'll have no speaking, I will have my bond.

14

16

18

{Exit Jew.}

SOL.

It is the most impenetrable cur²
That ever kept with men.

20

ANT.

Let him alone,
I'll follow him no more with bootless³ prayers.
He seeks my life; his reason well I know:
I oft deliver'd from his forfeitures
Many that have at times made moan to me;
Therefore he hates me.

22

24

26

¹a person who intervenes on behalf of another, especially by prayer.

²aggressive dog

³useless

SOL.

I am sure the Duke
Will never grant this forfeiture to hold. 28

ANT.

The Duke cannot deny the course of law;
For the commodity¹ that strangers have 30

With us in Venice, if it be denied,
Will much impeach the justice of the state, 32

Since that the trade and profit of the city
Consisteth of all nations. Therefore go. 34

These griefs and losses have so bated me
That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh 36

Tomorrow to my bloody creditor.
Well, jailer, on. Pray God Bassanio come 38

To see me pay his debt, and then I care not!

{Exeunt.}

¹convience/priveledges

SCENE III – IV

Belmont. A room in Portia's house. (Portia, Nerissa, Lorenzo, Jessica, Balthazar)

{Enter Portia, Nerissa, Lorenzo, Jessica, and Balthazar, a man of Portia's.}

LOR.

Madam, although I speak it in your presence,	
You have a noble and a true conceit	2
Of godlike amity, which appears most strongly	
In bearing thus the absence of your lord.	4
But if you knew to whom you show this honor,	
How true a gentleman you send relief,	6
How dear a lover of my lord your husband,	
I know you would be prouder of the work	8
Than customary bounty can enforce you.	

POR.

I never did repent for doing good,	10
Nor shall not now: for in companions	
That do converse and waste the time together,	12
Whose souls do bear an egall ¹ yoke of love,	
There must be needs a like proportion	14
Of lineaments, of manners, and of spirit;	
Which makes me think that this Antonio,	16
Being the bosom lover of my lord,	
Must needs be like my lord. If it be so,	18
How little is the cost I have bestowed	
In purchasing the semblance of my soul,	20
From out the state of hellish cruelty.	
This comes too near the praising of myself,	22
Therefore no more of it. Hear other things:	
Lorenzo, I commit into your hands	24
The husbandry and manage of my house	
Until my lord's return. For mine own part,	26
I have toward heaven breath'd a secret vow	
To live in prayer and contemplation,	28
Only attended by Nerissa here,	
Until her husband and my lord's return.	30
There is a monast'ry two miles off,	
And there we will abide. I do desire you	32
Not to deny this imposition,	
The which my love and some necessity	34
Now lays upon you.	

LOR.

Madam, with all my heart,	36
I shall obey you in all fair commands.	

¹equal

POR.	
My people do already know my mind,	38
And will acknowledge you and Jessica	
In place of Lord Bassanio and myself.	40
So fare you well till we shall meet again.	
LOR.	
Fair thoughts and happy hours attend on you!	42
JES.	
I wish your ladyship all heart's content.	
POR.	
I thank you for your wish, and am well pleas'd	44
To wish it back on you. Fare you well, Jessica.	
<i>(Exeunt Jessica and Lorenzo.)</i>	
Now, Balthazar,	46
As I have ever found thee honest-true,	
So let me find thee still. Take this same letter,	48
And use thou all th' endeavor of a man	
In speed to Padua. See thou render this	50
Into my cousin's hands, Doctor Bellario,	
And look what notes and garments he doth give thee,	52
Bring them, I pray thee, with imagin'd speed	
Unto the traject ¹ , to the common ferry	54
Which trades to Venice. Waste no time in words,	
But get thee gone. I shall be there before thee.	56
BALTH.	
Madam, I go with all convenient speed.	
<i>{Exit.}</i>	
POR.	
Come on, Nerissa, I have work in hand	58
That you yet know not of. We'll see our husbands	
Before they think of us.	60
NER.	
Shall they see us?	
POR.	
They shall, Nerissa; but in such a habit ²	62
That they shall think we are accomplished	
With that we lack. I'll hold thee any wager,	64
When we are both accoutered ³ like young men,	
I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,	66
And wear my dagger with the braver grace,	
And speak between the change of man and boy	68

¹the ferry

²attire

³dressed

With a reed voice, and turn two mincing steps
 Into a manly stride; and speak of frays 70
 Like a fine bragging youth, and tell quaint lies,
 How honorable ladies sought my love, 72
 Which I denying, they fell sick and died.
 I could not do withal. Then I'll repent, 74
 And wish, for all that, that I had not kill'd them;
 And twenty of these puny lies I'll tell, 76
 That men shall swear I have discontinued school
 Above a twelvemonth. I have within my mind 78
 A thousand raw tricks of these bragging Jacks,
 Which I will practice. 80

NER.

Why, shall we turn to men?

POR.

Fie, what a question's that, 82
 If thou wert near a lewd interpreter!¹
 But come, I'll tell thee all my whole device 84
 When I am in my coach, which stays for us
 At the park-gate; and therefore haste away, 86
 For we must measure twenty miles today.

{Exeunt.}

¹she's pretending Ner. said turned to men (for sex)

SCENE III – V

Belmont. A garden at Portia's house. (Launcelot, Jessica, Lorenzo)

{Enter Clown Launcelot and Jessica.}

LAUN.

Yes, truly, for look you, the sins of the father are to be laid upon the children; therefore, I promise you, I fear you. I was always plain with you, and so now I speak my agitation¹ of the matter; therefore be a' good cheer, for truly I think you are damn'd. There is but one hope in it that can do you any good, and that is but a kind of bastard hope neither.

JES.

And what hope is that, I pray thee?

2

LAUN.

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

JES.

That were a kind of bastard hope indeed; so the sins of my mother should be visited upon me.

4

LAUN.

Truly then I fear you are damn'd both by father and mother; thus when I shun Scylla², your father, I fall into Charybdis³, your mother. Well, you are gone both ways.

JES.

I shall be sav'd by my husband⁴, he hath made me a Christian!

6

LAUN.

Truly, the more to blame he; we were Christians enow⁵ before, e'en as many as could well live one by another. This making of Christians will raise the price of hogs. If we grow all to be pork-eaters, we shall not shortly have a rasher⁶ on the coals for money.

{Enter Lorenzo.}

JES.

I'll tell my husband, Launcelot, what you say. Here he comes.

8

LOR.

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

JES.

Nay, you need not fear us, Lorenzo, Launcelot and I are out⁷. He tells me flatly there's no mercy for me in heaven because I am a Jew's daughter; and he says you are no good member of the commonwealth, for in converting Jews to Christians, you raise the price of pork.

10

¹ means to say cogitation, which means contemplation

² a rocky shoal

³ a whirlpool

⁴ See 1 Corinthians 7, 14

⁵ enough

⁶ bacon

⁷ disagreeing

LOR.

I shall answer that better to the commonwealth than you can the getting up of the Negro's belly; the Moor is with child by you, Launcelot.

LAUN.

It is much that the Moor should be more than reason¹; but if she be less than an honest woman, she is indeed more than I took her for.

12

LOR.

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

LAUN.

That is done, sir, they have all stomachs!²

14

LOR.

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

LAUN.

That is done too, sir, only "cover"³ is the word.

16

LOR.

Will you cover then, sir?

LAUN.

Not so, sir, neither, I know my duty.⁴

18

LOR.

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

LAUN.

For the table, sir, it shall be serv'd in⁵; for the meat, sir, it shall be cover'd;⁶ for your coming in to dinner, sir, why, let it be as humors and conceits shall govern.

20

{Exit Clown.}

LOR.

O dear discretion, how his words are suited!

The fool hath planted in his memory

22

An army of good words, and I do know

A many fools, that stand in better place,

24

Garnish'd like him, that for a tricky word

Defy the matter. How cheer'st thou, Jessica?

26

And now, good sweet, say thy opinion,

How dost thou like the Lord Bassanio's wife?

28

¹too bad she is pregnant

²all are hungry

³setting of the table

⁴Will not cover his head, as he shouldn't in front of superior

⁵served on the table

⁶in covered dishes

JES.
 Paſt all expreſſing. It is very meet¹
 The Lord Baſſanio live an upright life, 30
 For having ſuch a bleſſing in his lady,
 He finds the joys of heaven here on earth, 32
 And if on earth he do not merit it,
 In reaſon he ſhould never come to heaven! 34
 Why, if two gods ſhould play ſome heavenly match,
 And on the wager lay two earthly women, 36
 And Portia one, there muſt be ſomething elſe
 Pawn'd² with the other, for the poor rude world 38
 Hath not her fellow.

LOR.
 Even ſuch a husband 40
 Haſt thou of me as ſhe is for a wife.

JES.
 Nay, but aſk my opinion too of that. 42

LOR.
 I will anon, firſt let us go to dinner.

JES.
 Nay, let me praize you while I have a ſtomach. 44

LOR.
 No, pray thee, let it ſerve for table-talk;
 Then howſome'er thou ſpeak'ſt, 'mong other things 46
 I ſhall digeſt it.

JES.
 Well, I'll ſet you forth. 48

{Exeunt.}

¹important

²staked or wagered

ACT IV

SCENE IV – I

Venice. A court of justice. (Duke, Magnificoes, Antonio, Bassanio, Salerio, Gratiano, Shylock, Nerissa, Portia)

{Enter the Duke, the Magnificoes, Antonio, Bassanio, Salerio, and Gratiano with others.}

DUKE.

What, is Antonio here?

ANT.

Ready, so please your Grace.

2

DUKE.

I am sorry for thee. Thou art come to answer

A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch,

4

Uncapable of pity, void and empty

From any dram of mercy.

6

ANT.

I have heard

Your Grace hath ta'en great pains to qualify

8

His rigorous course; but since he stands obdurate¹,

And that no lawful means can carry me

10

Out of his envy's² reach, I do oppose

My patience to his fury, and am arm'd

12

To suffer, with a quietness of spirit,

The very tyranny and rage of his.

14

DUKE.

Go one, and call the Jew into the court.

SAL.

He is ready at the door; he comes, my lord.

16

{Enter Shylock.}

DUKE.

Make room, and let him stand before our face.

Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too,

18

That thou but ledest this fashion of thy malice

To the last hour of act, and then 'tis thought

20

Thou'lt show thy mercy and remorse more strange

Than is thy strange apparent cruelty;

22

And where thou now exacts the penalty,

Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh,

24

¹stubbornly unchanging of one's mind

²hatred or malice

Thou wilt not only loose the forfeiture,
 But touch'd with humane gentleness and love, 26
 Forgive a moi'ty¹ of the principal,
 Glancing an eye of pity on his losses, 28
 That have of late so huddled on his back,
 Enow² to press a royal merchant down, 30
 And pluck commiseration³ of his state
 From brassy bosoms and rough hearts of flints⁴, 32
 From stubborn Turks, and Tartars⁵ never train'd
 To offices of tender courtesy. 34
 We all expect a gentle answer, Jew!

SHY.

I have possess'd your Grace of what I purpose, 36
 And by our holy Sabaoth⁶ have I sworn
 To have the due and forfeit of my bond. 38
 If you deny it, let the danger light
 Upon your charter and your city's freedom! 40
 You'll ask me why I rather choose to have
 A weight of carrion flesh than to receive 42
 Three thousand ducats. I'll not answer that;
 But say it is my humor, is it answer'd? 44
 What if my house be troubled with a rat,
 And I be pleas'd to give ten thousand ducats 46
 To have it ban'd? What, are you answer'd yet?
 Some men there are love not a gaping pig⁷; 48
 Some that are mad if they behold a cat;
 And others, when the bagpipe sings i' th' nose, 50
 Cannot contain their urine: for affection,
 Mistress of passion, sways it to the mood 52
 Of what it likes or loathes. Now for your answer:
 As there is no firm reason to be rend'red 54
 Why he cannot abide a gaping pig;
 Why he, a harmless necessary⁸ cat; 56
 Why he, a woollen bagpipe, but of force
 Must yield to such inevitable shame 58
 As to offend, himself being offended;
 So can I give no reason, nor I will not, 60
 More than a lodg'd hate and a certain loathing
 I bear Antonio, that I follow thus 62
 A losing suit against him. Are you answered?

BASS.

This is no answer, thou unfeeling man, 64

¹ moiety, a portion, possibly a third

² enough

³ sympathy

⁴ multitudes

⁵ used here like barbarian

⁶ the hosts of heaven (in the biblical title "Lord (God) of Sabaoth").

⁷ roasted pig head

⁸ useful for catching rodents

To excuse the current of thy cruelty.

SHY.

I am not bound to please thee with my answers. 66

BASS.

Do all men kill the things they do not love?

SHY.

Hates any man the thing he would not kill? 68

BASS.

Every offense is not a hate at first.

SHY.

What, wouldst thou have a serpent sting thee twice? 70

ANT.

I pray you think you question with the Jew:

You may as well go stand upon the beach 72

And bid the main flood bate¹ his usual height;

You may as well use question with the wolf 74

Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb;

You may as well forbid the mountain pines 76

To wag their high tops, and to make no noise

When they are fretten² with the gusts of heaven; 78

You may as well do any thing most hard

As seek to soften that—than which what's harder?— 80

His Jewish heart! Therefore I do beseech you

Make no more offers, use no farther means, 82

But with all brief and plain conveniency

Let me have judgment and the Jew his will. 84

BASS.

For thy three thousand ducats here is six.

SHY.

If every ducat in six thousand ducats 86

Were in six parts, and every part a ducat,

I would not draw them, I would have my bond. 88

DUKE.

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

SHY.

What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong? 90

You have among you many a purchas'd slave,

Which like your asses, and your dogs and mules, 92

You use in abject and in slavish parts,

Because you bought them. Shall I say to you, 94

"Let them be free! Marry them to your heirs!

Why sweat they under burdens? Let their beds 96

¹abate, become less intense

²eaten, consumed

Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates
 Be season'd with such viands¹?" You will answer, 98
 "The slaves are ours." So do I answer you:
 The pound of flesh which I demand of him 100
 Is dearly bought as mine, and I will have it.
 If you deny me, fie upon your law! 102
 There is no force in the decrees of Venice.
 I stand for judgment. Answer—shall I have it? 104

DUKE.
 Upon my power I may dismiss this court,
 Unless Bellario, a learned doctor, 106
 Whom I have sent for to determine this,
 Come here today. 108

SAL.
 My lord, here stays without
 A messenger with letters from the doctor, 110
 New come from Padua.

DUKE.
 Bring us the letters; call the messenger. 112

BASS.
 Good cheer, Antonio! What, man, courage yet!
 The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones, and all, 114
 Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.

ANT.
 I am a tainted wether² of the flock, 116
 Meetest for death; the weakest kind of fruit
 Drops earliest to the ground, and so let me. 118
 You cannot better be employ'd, Bassanio,
 Than to live still and write mine epitaph. 120

{Enter Nerissa dressed like a lawyer's clerk.}

DUKE.
 Came you from Padua, from Bellario?
 NER.
 From both, my lord. Bellario greets your Grace. 122

{Presenting a letter.}

BASS.
 Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly?
 SHY.
 To cut the forfeiture from that bankrout there. 124

¹an item of food

²castrated ram

GRA.
 Not on thy sole, but on thy soul, harsh Jew,
 Thou mak'st thy knife keen; but no metal can, 126
 No, not the hangman's axe, bear half the keenness
 Of thy sharp envy. Can no prayers pierce thee? 128

SHY.
 No, none that thou hast wit enough to make.

GRA.
 O, be thou damn'd, inexecrable¹ dog! 130
 And for thy life let justice be accus'd.
 Thou almost mak'st me waver in my faith 132
 To hold opinion with Pythagoras²,
 That souls of animals infuse themselves 134
 Into the trunks of men. Thy currish spirit
 Govern'd a wolf, who hang'd for human slaughter, 136
 Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet,
 And whilst thou layest in thy unhallowed dam, 138
 Infus'd itself in thee; for thy desires
 Are wolvis, bloody, starv'd, and ravenous. 140

SHY.
 Till thou canst rail the seal from off my bond,
 Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud. 142
 Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall
 To cureless ruin. I stand here for law. 144

DUKE.
 This letter from Bellario doth commend
 A young and learned doctor to our court. 146
 Where is he?

NER.
 He attendeth here hard by 148
 To know your answer, whether You'll admit him.

DUKE.
 With all my heart. Some three or four of you 150
 Go give him courteous conduct to this place.
 Mean time the court shall hear Bellario's letter. 152

(Reads.)

"Your Grace shall understand that at the receipt of your letter I am very sick, but in the instant that your messenger came, in loving visitation was with me a young doctor of Rome. His name is Balthazar. I acquainted him with the cause in controversy between the Jew and Antonio the merchant. We turn'd o'er many books together. He is furnish'd with my opinion, which better'd with his own learning, the greatness whereof I cannot enough commend, comes with him, at my importunity persistant pleas, to fill up your Grace's request in my stead. I beseech you let his lack of years be no impediment to

¹ worthy of being cursed

² Pythagoras taught that the soul is immortal; it migrates into other animals; and all beings with souls should be regarded as kin

let him lack a reverend estimation, for I never knew so young a body with so old a head. I leave him to your gracious acceptance, whose trial shall better publish his commendation.”

(Enter Portia for Balthazar.)

You hear the learn'd Bellario, what he writes, 154

And here I take it is the doctor come.

Give me your hand. Come you from old Bellario? 156

POR.

I did, my lord.

DUKE.

You are welcome, take your place. 158

Are you acquainted with the difference

That holds this present question in the court? 160

POR.

I am informed throughly of the cause.

Which is the merchant here? And which the Jew? 162

DUKE.

Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.

POR.

Is your name Shylock? 164

SHY.

Shylock is my name.

POR.

Of a strange nature is the suit you follow, 166

Yet in such rule that the Venetian law

Cannot impugn¹ you as you do proceed.— 168

You stand within his danger, do you not?

ANT.

Ay, so he says. 170

POR.

Do you confess the bond?

ANT.

I do. 172

POR.

Then must the Jew be merciful.

SHY.

On what compulsion must I? Tell me that. 174

POR.

The quality of mercy is not strain'd,

It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven 176

Upon the place beneath.² It is twice blest:

¹call into question

²see Ecclesiastes 35, 20

It blesseth him that gives and him that takes.	178
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest, it becomes	
The throned monarch better than his crown.	180
His sceptre shows the force of temporal ¹ power,	
The attribute to awe and majesty,	182
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;	
But mercy is above this sceptred sway,	184
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,	
It is an attribute to God himself;	186
And earthly power doth then show likest God's	
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,	188
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,	
That in the course of justice, none of us	190
Should see salvation. We do pray for mercy,	
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render	192
The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much	
To mitigate the justice of thy plea,	194
Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice	
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.	196
SHY.	
My deeds upon my head! I crave the law,	
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.	198
POR.	
Is he not able to discharge the money?	
BASS.	
Yes, here I tender it for him in the court,	200
Yea, twice the sum. If that will not suffice,	
I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,	202
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart.	
If this will not suffice, it must appear	204
That malice bears down truth.	
(To the Duke.)	
And I beseech you	206
Wrest once the law to your authority:	
To do a great right, do a little wrong,	208
And curb this cruel devil of his will.	
POR.	
It must not be, there is no power in Venice	210
Can alter a decree established.	
'Twill be recorded for a precedent,	212
And many an error by the same example	
Will rush into the state. It cannot be.	214
SHY.	
A Daniel ² come to judgment! Yea, a Daniel!	
O wise young judge, how I do honor thee!	216

¹worldly

²In the Bible, as a young man, Daniel shows great wisdom while acting as judge in the case of Susanna, who was falsely accused.

POR.
I pray you let me look upon the bond.

SHY.
Here 'tis, most reverend doctor, here it is. 218

POR.
Shylock, there's thrice thy money off'red thee.

SHY.
An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven! 220
Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?
No, not for Venice. 222

POR.
Why, this bond is forfeit,
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim 224
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off
Nearest the merchant's heart. Be merciful, 226
Take thrice thy money, bid me tear the bond.

SHY.
When it is paid according to the tenure. 228
It doth appear you are a worthy judge;
You know the law, your exposition 230
Hath been most sound. I charge you by the law,
Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar, 232
Proceed to judgment. By my soul I swear
There is no power in the tongue of man 234
To alter me: I stay here on my bond.

ANT.
Most heartily I do beseech the court 236
To give the judgment.

POR.
Why then thus it is: 238
You must prepare your bosom for his knife—

SHY.
O noble judge, O excellent young man! 240

POR.
For the intent and purpose of the law
Hath full relation to the penalty, 242
Which here appeareth due upon the bond.

SHY.
'Tis very true. O wise and upright judge! 244
How much more elder art thou than thy looks!

POR.
Therefore lay bare your bosom. 246

SHY.	
Ay, his breast,	
So says the bond, doth it not, noble judge?	248
"Nearest his heart," those are the very words.	
POR.	
It is so. Are there balance here to weigh	250
The flesh?	
SHY.	
I have them ready.	252
POR.	
Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your charge,	
To stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to death.	254
SHY.	
Is it so nominated in the bond?	
POR.	
It is not so express'd, but what of that?	256
'Twere good you do so much for charity.	
SHY.	
I cannot find it, 'tis not in the bond.	258
POR.	
You, merchant, have you any thing to say?	
ANT.	
But little; I am arm'd and well prepar'd.	260
Give me your hand, Bassanio, fare you well.	
Grieve not that I am fall'n to this for you;	262
For herein Fortune shows herself more kind	
Than is her custom. It is still her use	264
To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,	
To view with hollow eye and wrinkled brow	266
An age of poverty; from which ling'ring penance	
Of such misery doth she cut me off.	268
Commend me to your honorable wife,	
Tell her the process of Antonio's end,	270
Say how I lov'd you, speak me fair in death;	
And when the tale is told, bid her be judge	272
Whether Bassanio had not once a love.	
Repent but you that you shall lose your friend,	274
And he repents not that he pays your debt;	
For if the Jew do cut but deep enough,	276
I'll pay it instantly with all my heart.	
BASS.	
Antonio, I am married to a wife	278
Which is as dear to me as life itself,	
But life itself, my wife, and all the world,	280
Are not with me esteem'd above thy life.	
I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all	282
Here to this devil, to deliver you.	

POR.	
Your wife would give you little thanks for that	284
If she were by to hear you make the offer.	
GRA.	
I have a wife who I protest I love;	286
I would she were in heaven, so she could	
Entreat some power to change this currish Jew.	288
NER.	
'Tis well you offer it behind her back,	
The wish would make else an unquiet house.	290
SHY.	
(<i>Aside.</i>)	
These be the Christian husbands. I have a daughter—	
Would any of the stock of Barrabas	292
Had been her husband rather than a Christian!	
—We trifle time. I pray thee pursue sentence.	294
POR.	
A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine,	
The court awards it, and the law doth give it.	296
SHY.	
Most rightful judge!	
POR.	
And you must cut this flesh from off his breast,	298
The law allows it, and the court awards it.	
SHY.	
Most learned judge, a sentence! Come prepare!	300
POR.	
Tarry a little, there is something else.	
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood;	302
The words expressly are 'a pound of flesh.'	
Take then thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh,	304
But in the cutting it, if thou dost shed	
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods	306
Are by the laws of Venice confiscate	
Unto the state of Venice.	308
GRA.	
O upright judge! Mark, Jew. O learned judge!	
SHY.	
Is that the law?	310
POR.	
Thyself shalt see the act;	
For as thou urgest justice, be assur'd	312
Thou shalt have justice more than thou desir'st.	

GRA. O learned judge! Mark, Jew, a learned judge!	314
SHY. I take this offer then; pay the bond thrice And let the Christian go.	316
BASS. Here is the money.	
POR. Soft, The Jew shall have all justice. Soft, no haste. He shall have nothing but the penalty.	318 320
GRA. O Jew! An upright judge, a learned judge!	
POR. Therefore prepare thee to cut off the flesh. Shed thou no blood, nor cut thou less nor more But just a pound of flesh. If thou tak'st more Or less than a just pound, be it but so much As makes it light or heavy in the substance Or the division of the twentieth part Of one poor scruple, nay, if the scale do turn But in the estimation of a hair, Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate.	322 324 326 328 330
GRA. A second Daniel! A Daniel, Jew! Now, infidel, I have you on the hip.	332
POR. Why doth the Jew pause? Take thy forfeiture.	
SHY. Give me my principal, and let me go.	334
BASS. I have it ready for thee, here it is.	
POR. He hath refus'd it in the open court; He shall have merely justice and his bond.	336
GRA. A Daniel, still say I, a second Daniel! I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.	338
SHY. Shall I not have barely my principal?	340
POR. Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture, To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.	342

SHY.
 Why then the devil give him good of it!
 I'll stay no longer question. 344

POR.
 Tarry, Jew,
 The law hath yet another hold on you. 346
 It is enacted in the laws of Venice,
 If it be proved against an alien, 348
 That by direct or indirect attempts
 He seek the life of any citizen, 350
 The party 'gainst the which he doth contrive
 Shall seize one half his goods; the other half 352
 Comes to the privy coffer of the state,
 And the offender's life lies in the mercy 354
 Of the Duke only, 'gainst all other voice:
 In which predicament I say thou stand'st; 356
 For it appears, by manifest proceeding,
 That indirectly, and directly too, 358
 Thou hast contrived against the very life
 Of the defendant; and thou hast incurr'd 360
 The danger formerly by me rehears'd.
 Down therefore, and beg mercy of the Duke. 362

GRA.
 Beg that thou may'st have leave to hang thyself,
 And yet thy wealth being forfeit to the state, 364
 Thou hast not left the value of a cord;
 Therefore thou must be hang'd at the state's charge. 366

DUKE.
 That thou shalt see the difference of our spirit,
 I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it. 368
 For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's;
 The other half comes to the general state, 370
 Which humbleness may drive unto a fine.

POR.
 Ay, for the state, not for Antonio. 372

SHY.
 Nay, take my life and all, pardon not that:
 You take my house when you do take the prop 374
 That doth sustain my house; you take my life
 When you do take the means whereby I live. 376

POR.
 What mercy can you render him, Antonio?

GRA.
 A halter¹ gratis²—nothing else, for God sake. 378

¹noose

²free of charge

ANT.

So please my lord the Duke and all the court
To quit the fine for one half of his goods, 380
I am content; so he will let me have
The other half in use, to render it 382
Upon his death unto the gentleman
That lately stole his daughter. 384
Two things provided more, that for this favor
He presently become a Christian; 386
The other, that he do record a gift,
Here in the court, of all he dies possess'd 388
Unto his son Lorenzo and his daughter.

DUKE.

He shall do this, or else I do recant 390
The pardon that I late pronounced here.

POR.

Art thou contented, Jew? What dost thou say? 392

SHY.

I am content.

{Exeunt.}