

# SHYLOCK OR, THE MERCHANT OF VENICE PRESERVED.

*AN ENTIRELY NEW READING OF*  
**SHAKESPEARE,**

*From an edition hitherto undiscovered by modern authorities, and  
which it is hoped may be received as the stray leaves of a*

**JERUSALEM HEARTY-JOKE.**

BY

**FRANCIS TALFOURD,**

AUTHOR OF

"*Macbeth, slightly removed*," "*Alcestis*," "*Ganem the Slave of Love*," "*Number One A*," "*By Special Appointment*," "*March of Intellect*," "*Mammon and Gammon*," "*The Heartwreck*," &c.

Part author of "*Sir Rupert the Fearless*," "*La Tarantula*," "*Leo the Terrible*," "*Godiva*," "*Thetis and Peleus*," "*The Princesses in the Tower*," "*Willow-pattern Plate*," &c., &c., &c.

THOMAS HAILES LACY,  
WELLINGTON STREET, STRAND,  
LONDON.

909440

*First produced at the Royal Olympic Theatre, Monday,  
July 4th, 1853.*

The SCENERY, new and old, has been brushed up by Mr. SHALDERS, assisted by Mr. W. SHALDERS, under the direction of Mr. WILLIAM. SHALDERS. The CHARACTERS will find themselves smart under a sound dressing from Mr. ALLEN and Mrs. RAWLINGS. The MECHANICAL EFFECTS, at which we usually find MATTHEWS at home, will on the present occasion be much more easily imagined than described. It is expected the APPOINTMENTS, made under the liberal ministry of Mr. LIGHT-FOOT, will give general satisfaction. The MUSIC will be well treated by Mr. BARNARD, although he intends to handle it with his usual but by no means ordinary violins.

DUKE OF VENICE and Lord Chief Baron of the } MR. C. BENDER.  
Judge and Jury Society, Venice.

THE PRINCE OF MOROCCO } black as the soot which he prefers to Portia, who prefers } MR. HARRIS.  
Bassanio's suit to his

Ditto OF ARRAGON } author of his own Rejected } Addresses } MR. LAPORTE.

ANTONIO } would-be importer of the Merchandise, for loss of which the Merchant dies; whose solid flesh is to melt, thaw, and resolve itself unto a Jew } MR. G. COOKE.

BASSANIO } his Friend and Pitcher into the misfortune above alluded to } Mr. KINLOCH.

GRATIANO } a Footman, very much out of place } Mr. W. SHALDERS.

SHYLOCK } a Jew, who does not on this occasion conduct himself as a Gentile-man } MR. F. ROBSON.

TUBAL (his convenient "Friend in the City") MR. MARCHANT.

LORENZO } the small trump who follows } suit to Jessica's heart } MR. F. CHARLES.

LAUNCELOT } a Page, who tears himself out of Jessica's good books } MR. CLIFTON.

PORTIA } a rich Heiress—a Lady o' substance called to the Bar for } MISS FIELDING.  
a Maiden Assize

NERISSA } Handmaid to a Belle, with her } self a hand made to a ring } MISS H. GORDON.

JESSICA } Shylock's "One fair Daughter," and—something more. } MISS E. TURNER.

Other people of both sexes, by the Company and numerous Supernumeraries of superlative and supernatural abilities, who will be seen when required, and who must be seen to be appreciated.

SCENE 1.—Shylock's Place of Business. The Loan.

SCENE 2.—Saloon in the House of Portia. The Caskets.

SCENE 3.—Shylock's House and Shop The Elopement.

SCENE 4.—A Street. Developing how Shylock having *spun it out*, proceeds to *reel it home*.

SCENE 5.—The Judge and Jury Society, Venice. How the Chief Baron lights his Cigar at 9 o'clock precisely, for hearing of the great Case, "Shylock v. Antonio." The Trial. Frightful example of the License of Counsel. The Result. Reconciliation of Everybody, developing itself in the usual manner.

After which, the Curtain falls, the Piece arrives at its termination, and the Audience it is hoped at a Favourable Conclusion.

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\* Some portions of this Extravaganza are omitted in representation.

Permission for the performance of Shylock must be obtained prior to performance, letters addressed to Mr. Talfourd, care of the publisher, will meet with immediate attention

## SHYLOCK,

## JERUSALEM HARTY-JOKE

SCENE I.—*Interior of a Pawnbroker's Shop.*

Enter SHYLOCK followed by BASSANIO, R.

SHY. Three thousand ducats for three months, you said.

Humph! well, I'll think of it.

BASS. You're not afraid

To take Antonio's bond? or, if his bail

Be insufficient, be sure mine shan't fail.

SHY. Three thousand ducats for three lunar months?

I must think twice ere I reply at once;

Three thousand ducats is a good round sum—

BASS. For which Antonio's bound: your answer, come?

I'm not the sort of man to seek a flaw

In the entangled meshes of our law,

Nor try escape through any hole or cranny.

SHY. Oh!—I could not think base any how, Bassanio!

BASS. But fair and plain with all.

SHY. A virtue rare!

(aside) In my opinion, much more plain than fair.

BASS. Upright and downright is my constant rule.

SHY. Doubtless an upright man, (aside) a downright fool.

(aloud) Antonio's a good man.

BASS. Yes—do you know

Aught contrary?

SHY. Oh! tout au contraire—No!

At him, believe me, I don't mean a rap at all,  
 But all his property is floating capital,  
 Which, while it floats, all's well—but then his ventures  
 Are such as, you must own, sir, prudence censures ;  
 For, if report speaks truly of his fleet,  
 One's to the Indies bound and one to Crete,  
 Which ventures, at the least, are *Indis-crete*.  
 And others widely squandered—then again  
 Ships are but boards and sailors naught but men ;  
 Add to the ocean's perils, too, the fears  
 Of the more free than welcome Buccaneers.  
 Without a "by your leave" or "if you please" upon it,  
 Whate'er they sees upon the seas they seize upon it.  
 Yet may I take this bond, I think—

BASS. You may.  
 Here comes Antonio.

*Enter ANTONIO at door c. from street.*

- ANT. Gentlemen, good day.  
*(ANTONIO and BASSANIO converse apart)*
- SHY. (aside) How like a swindling Publican he looks,  
 Applying for his license, when the books  
 Are crowded with complaints of open house  
 At two o'clock A.M., and drunken rows !  
 I hate him as a conscientious nuisance  
 Who'd bring down our Venetian rate of usance !  
*(aloud)* This is indeed an honour, sir—good day.  
 Is there no little business in my way,  
 Such as a watch or handkerchief to spout,  
 That I can serve you in ? (aside) And serve you out.
- ANT. Shylock, you know I borrow not, nor lend  
 In general—yet to oblige a friend,  
 I will negociate a trifling loan o' you.
- SHY. I marvel you're seen here, Signor Antonio.
- ANT. For once I break a custom, so, my buck,  
 Hand over.
- SHY. Stop though, I've a crow to pluck  
 With you.
- ANT. 'Twere pity now we've gone so far,  
 That any *crow* of yours should a *bar*  
 To our transactions.
- BASS. Come—you'll see about it,  
 Just now we really can't get on without it.

*Duett. AIR.—“Sprig of Shillelah.”*

**SHY.** Good Mister Antonio, often when on  
 The Rialto, my gaberdine you've spit upon,  
 And rated and chaffed at my 60 per cent,  
 You've called me “Old Fagin,” “usurious dog,”  
 And said, though a Jew, I could go the whole hog.  
 Yet here you come now and say “Shylock do lend  
 Me some money!” I wish you may get it, my friend;  
 So don't think you shall have it, nor Shylock so green!

**ANT.** Expectorate, Shylock, I did on your dress,  
 But a rating I did not expect I confess,  
 For I'll give you my bill at your 60 per cent.

**SHY.** Who voided his rheum on my beard, I presume,  
 In decency should have a-voided my *room*,  
 For though I'm a Jew, you'll discover at need,  
 I'm no animal of the Jerusalem breed,  
 So, my sprig, you shall have it—when Shylock's so green.

Shall I say, “Wouldn't ask money from a cur?”  
 Or, bending low speak humbly thus, “Fair sir,  
 ‘Last week you graciously were pleased to lick me,  
 ‘On Thursday you were good enough to kick me.  
 ‘Yes, though my figure might a Christian melt,  
 ‘On the Rialto your *real-toe* I've felt!  
 ‘Full many a time, too, stooping humbly down,  
 ‘By a low bob I've saved an entire crown,  
 ‘And kept the peace—for which, and like facetiae,  
 ‘You're welcome, sir, to all I boast in specie!”

**ANT.** A truce, sir, to this jesting—you refuse?

**SHY.** It *does* sound like it.

**BASS.** Oh! just as you choose.

(they are leaving, arm in arm)

**SHY.** Why, how now, signor—look you how you storm,  
 I've given you no cause to wax so warm;  
 I would be friends with you—whate'er you want,  
 Lend willingly and take no interest on't.

**ANT.** Whatever sum?

**SHY.** I've said it—*what-sum-ever*.

**ANT.** I never knew such self-denial—never!

(they shake hands)

**SHY.** You'll take some interest for the loan though?  
 Pooh!

The interest alone I feel for you;

Or, if you will, you shall—for mere form's sake,  
 My merry cove, a merry *cove-nant* make :  
 That, if you can't the trifling loan repay  
 Conveniently by such and such a day,  
 A pound of flesh t'will then be mine to claim  
 From any part of you I choose to name.

Ha ! ha ! the humorous notion make me laugh !

ANT. (*doubtfully*) Does it indeed ? Well, I don't like it half ;  
 Yet, where's the odds—for very well I see  
 'Tis but a spree, Jew—

SHY. But a *jeu d'esprit*.  
 'Tis but—pray don't misconstrue my intent—  
 I have a leaning towards you, it is lent.  
 Reflect besides, the forfeiture would be  
 But pain to you, sir, and not paying to me ;  
 A pound of man's flesh is not, by your leave,  
 Of half the value of a pound of beef,  
 Nor were it worth my while to cut and run,  
 And *carry off*, what is but *carri-on* ;  
 It is to buy your favour I extend  
 This friendship, if you choose to be my friend.  
 Shake hands—our quarrel is forgot, I hope ?

BASS. I don't like quarrels washed out with *palm soap*.

ANT. I'll seal this bond—Bassanio, hold your tongue,  
 In this proceeding there can be no wrong.

SHY. Let's off then to the Notary's.

ANT. We will.

SHY. Before the Beak we can draw up the bill.

(*retires to take down hat and comforter at back*)

BASS. (*to ANT.*) It grieves me much that you should undertake  
 This inconvenience for Bassanio's sake ;  
 I'd ne'er forgive myself did ill betide  
 So good a friend !

ANT. (*to BASS.*) Why if I can't provide  
 The necessary coin which some fast men,  
 Defying mineralogy, call "tin,"  
 Why, when the bill's *done running*—*I'll begin !*

(SHYLOCK comes down)

TRIO— — — *Polka.*

SHY. Pen and ink, pen and ink—stamp upon the paper,  
 Surely soon your figure-head to a point will taper,  
 If upon your body I for flesh should be a scraper,  
 You think not only I, sir, but the Devil was to pay !

BASS. Never think, never think I shall run away sir,  
 Safe as death and quarter day, I am sure to pay, sir,  
 And to you as to a friend the longest odds I'll lay, sir,  
 I'm as firm as any bank by Lombard's wealthy way !

ANT. Never shrink, never shrink from a bit of paper !  
 If it serves to help a friend to carry on a caper.  
 Stick at it until you see the chance of paying taper,  
 Off to California then and wish your friend good day !  
*(ensemble—and dance off)*

**SCENE II.**—*Drawing-room in the house of PORTIA---the three caskets—severally of gold, silver, and lead, are discovered on the top of wands c. at the time of choice three sticks are handed to each candidate and he throws from the front of the stage c. to the back*

*Enter GRATIANO, l. and sings,*

*Medley : AIR.—“ Nelly Bligh.”*

Vainly I cast my eye everywhere to see  
 If my fair anywhere waiting is for me !  
 That girl I love her like a dove a cooing in a tree,  
 But it strikes me she likes to make a goose of me !

*AIR.—“ O Santa Melodia.” I. MARTIRI.*

If I could only see-e her,  
 To cheer me t'would go far,  
 To whisper in her e-e-ar,  
 “ Pray tell me how you are ? ”  
 I have never known no peace of mind,  
 Since that auspicious day.  
*(high note—air changes to)*

*AIR.—“ Low Back'd Car.”*

When first I saw Nerissa 'twas up at Highbury Barn  
 Says I that's just the sort of girl that should my stockings darn,  
 Affix the buttons to my shirts, and be a wife most dear,  
 To a flunkie with two suits of clothes and fifteen pounds a-year---

But to me she pays small regard,  
 Though none, as I know, retard  
 My suit—if there is  
 I'll damage the phiz  
 And head of that low blackguard !

*Enter NERISSA, R.*

NER. There'll be a row and I shall have my share on't  
 If thus you make your little airs apparent !

GRAT. Nerissa dear, I'm sure I'd not have hummed if  
 I'd thought you'd think my air, an air *presumptive*.  
 Nay—fly not yet—

NER. Oh ! nonsense !

GRAT. If you knew  
 How you've already cut my heart in two,  
 You'd not be angry, nor desire, I'm sure,  
 My lass irate, to *lac-erate* me more !  
 Behold your beau in supplication bent,

NER. Marry in haste they say, and then repent.

GRAT. A false old saying that deluded me once,  
 But now I know an old saw's an old grievance,  
 Which sure you'll not let saw our love it twain ;  
 Here William Gratiano doth remain (*kneels*)  
 Until you say you'll have him—yes, until  
 You take him up as your accepted *Bill*!

NER. At my age such an act would be a rash'un.

GRAT. Your tender (r)age ! think of my tender *passion* !

NER. What would my mistress say though, I forgot,  
 To marriage with a footman ?

GRAT. Oh, think not  
 Of my extraction, but extract the dart  
 That's quivering in my love-tormented heart ;  
 The pangs of Cupid I the first time knows 'em,  
 His bows and arrows pierced my harrowed bo-sum.  
 Let's off to night—there's no chance of *diskivery*  
 With me, dear, *put up* and don't *stand at livery*.  
 Blush not that I'm a flunkie, I implores ;  
 Let not my *plushes* be the cause of yours.  
*You* to the eyes—but, though more difficulter,  
*I* to the knees plush as the *knee plush ultra*.

NER. I scarce know what to say—

GRAT. Make me your choice !

NER. I rather think I heard my mistress' voice !

*Duett: Air.—“To the West, to the West.”*

NER. You had best, you had best, while you can, get off free,  
For mighty Miss Portia's objections will be  
To a man, when he can, coming after me so,  
And to me she will give a month's warning to go!

GRAT. If so be, then, with me, is your pathway through life,  
I don't want a month's warning to make you my wife;  
For the rest, I'm the best sort of choice you can make,  
I'm a sober young man and was never a rake.

*Together.*

NER. { You had best, you had best, while you can, get off free,  
GRAT. { At the best, at the best, what matters to me.  
NER. } For mighty Miss Portia's objections will be  
GRAT. } What mighty Miss etc.  
NER. { To a man, when he can, be coming after { me { so,  
GRAT. { I'm sure I shall have a month's notice to go!  
NER. I wish she'd give me a month's warning to go!

(he snatches a kiss and is retreating when

*Enter PORTIA, R.*

POR. Nerissa! I'm ashamed of you, Nerissa!  
I do believe, sir, you'd the face to kiss her!

GRAT. She has the face to be kissed!

POR. I don't doubt it—  
The saucy minx—well, say no more about it,  
I don't think you intended to be rude.  
But, mind, Nerissa, that a maiden should  
Of kisses to a bearded man be chary.

NER. Such a salute, ma'am, must be *salute-hairy*.

GRAT. We hope to gain from you, ma'am, truth to tell,  
Your kind approval of our nuptials—

POR. Well—  
You have my free consent.

GRAT. Thanks, madam, so  
Having your leave I'll take my leave and go.  
The marriage contract we'll draw up apace,  
Till it's contracted in the smallest space.

*Trio : AIR.—“The One Horse Shay.”*

POR. Since wedded life you want,  
Proper reasons see I can't  
Why I should say you shan't  
Be married when you may.

NER. Oh! really, thank you, ma'am,  
For our love it is no sham.  
GRAT. And to keep her sure I am,  
In a decent way.

POR. May you rub along at ease,  
I'll my husband never tease,  
GRAT. I'll do whate'er you please  
And your wish obey.

*Together.* With such a prospect clear  
Who'd hesitate that's here  
So prefer the double harness to the one-horse shay?

*Exit GRATIANO, L.*

POR. What a sad fate is hers who may not choose  
Where most she loves, nor where she likes, refuse!  
It is a shame, whatever you may say,  
My father's will won't give me my own way.

NER. Why yes—I own, ma'am, it's disgusting rather  
A living daughter checked by a dead father;  
Prap's one you like may prove the happy man,  
What say you to the young Neopolitan?  
Come—he's a prince.

POR. You could'n't choose a worse,  
He constantly is talking of his horse.

NER. Such constancy would shew, though, I presume,  
He to his bride 'll prove a stable groom.

POR. Marriage with him! I tremble while I think of it,  
And yet, who knows? I may be on the brink of it.

NER. The German Count?

POR. From him I've always shrunk  
E'en in the morning when he's not quite drunk.  
Rather than wed him I'll unmarried go!

NER. The Scottish Laird? Were getting on—

POR. Too slow.

NER. Well, the young English yachting man?

POR. Too fast!

NER. I've hit the right nail on the head at last!

Of course, the young Venetian, Bassanio?  
I see I'm right—

POR. Nerissa! don't—how can you?

NER. Well, after all, there's little cause for fright,  
When at the caskets all have ta'en a sight,  
It's ten to one not one will choose the right.

POR. But, if Bassanio the wrong one chose?

NER. No fear of that, ma'am, for not one of those  
Can with him in discrimination cope;  
He'll ope the lead.

POR. That's what I'm led to 'ope.

*Duett: AIR.—“Brindisi.” LUCREZIA BORGIA.*

NER. There's a chance tho' to make you feel easy,  
Although I confess it's no joke,  
If the man you detest most should seize ye,  
And you buy the wrong pig in a poke!

POR. Knocked down to the luckiest bidder! Consider—  
If Morocco should pitch upon me!

NER. In that case a disconsolate widder—his widder  
I soon would endeavour to be!

POR. Well—we shall see!

NER. Yes—we shall see!

POR. In that case a disconsolate widder,

BOTH { I  
You soon must endeavour to be!

(music, very piano heard without)

NER. Here comes the suitors, ma'am, by your direction.

POR. Let's step aside ther while they make election.

(flourish—PORTIA seats herself R. H.)

*Enter the PRINCES OF MOROCCO and ARRAGON, BASSANIO, Lords,  
Ladies, &c.*

MOR. Sweet Portia, we've ventured, as you see,  
To take our chances in love's lottery.

POR. Your sable highness knows I can't refuse  
On the conditions—if you right do choose,  
I'm yours—if not, you understand, you cut it?

MOR. One can't fail, ma'am, so forcibly you put it.  
Now to my choice—

(*Ethiopian melody, very piano, as he examines caskets*)

Gold! silver! lead! let's see,

(aside) I choose the gold!

(he throws and knocks down the gilt casket)

POR. Then here, my lord's the key!

(he opens casket takes out scroll and reads)

MOR. "All that glitters is not gold,  
And like poor Uncle Tom, you'll find you're sold."

Nay—let me not thus throw my chance away,  
Sweet Portia, hear me on my knees I pray!  
Open my heart! (kneels, she repulses him)

POR. You've opened, sir, your chest,  
That's quite enough—now make room for the rest.

MOR. Perhaps I'd better; for I feel, I own,  
Though black before, now done extremely brown.

*Exit L.*

AREA. Now to my prayers if love to listen deigns,  
I'll broach the cask-*et* which your broach contains!  
Folks praise the "happy medium" yet I ween,  
The golden mesne must here the silver mean!  
Yet that again's a puzzler, for, to me  
The lead appears the meanest of the three!  
Now be the maid my choice! my choice is made

(aside) I choose the silver.

(throws and knocks down silver casket which he opens)  
What is this inlaid?

'Tis not her portrait! No—it is a balker,  
In shape of one word, which one word is "Walker."

*Exit L.*

POR. (to BASS.) Bassanio, now 'tis your turn to declare  
Which casket holds my form secreted there;  
By their discomfitures you're clearly told,  
It isn't in the silver or the gold!

BASS. It is a point which, in my estimation,  
Demands a deal of calm deliberation.  
I venture for the lady, not her fortune,  
Though Portia portionless should be my portion,  
I never did the poor shun, and I will  
Love her till death, and none shall rob the till!  
Now to my task—it really is distressing  
That I should be so very bad at guessing.

Yet, as it seems, the caskets are but three,  
 Two *must* be wrong—those two are found to be  
 The silver and the gold—why then, instead,  
 I should'nt wonder if it's in the lead!

(he throws and knocks down the leaden casket—all express signs of astonishment)

**POR.** Oh! wise, discriminating youth, to choose  
 The very one you saw the rest refuse!  
 By your wise choice I see your views weren't sordid,  
 And thus your modest merit is rewarded!

(gives him her hand)

I'm yours, and though your choice, the truth to speak,  
 Some possibly might stigmatise as weak,  
 Preferring lead—yet it has proved, you see,  
 If *weak* in you a fort'n't one to *me*!

**BASS.** Then we'll be married, if you please, to-morrow!

**POR.** I fain would wait—

*Enter GRATIANO, L. with a letter*

**GRAT.** It is with unfeigned sorrow  
 I interrupt your billing with a *billet*—  
 A person waits without—

(gives letter)

**BASS.** Without what, silly?  
 If without coming in, admit him straight.

**GRAT.** He says he is Antonio's delegate.

**POR.** Not over delicate, I think, you mean,  
 To break thus rudely on a lover's scene!

**BASS.** (reads) "Bassanio, I'm done up and done brown!

*My chance is up—my ships, alas, gone down,  
 And all my fortune lost upon the rocks!  
 We'd better far have sunk it in the Stocks.  
 The ship at first caught fire, and after then  
 Received a great and registered stove-in,  
 Thus to upset her on her homeward way  
 Took but of wind a 'cap full' as they say,  
 Yet sometimes I can't help, howe'er I tries,  
 Swearing at the unfortunate caps-ize,  
 So, if with power to aid me you're invested,  
 Haste—for the Jew won't rest till I'm arrested;  
 I've little hope of finding Shylock lenient,  
 So come to Venice, ven it's quite convenient!"*

**POR.** Well, though the debt were multiplied by twenty,  
 To pay it off I'll furnish you with plenty!

Post on your pony, love and love postpone  
 Till you come back ; although I frankly own  
 I'd rather entertain you in these halls,  
 Your friend's ship's sunk, so go where friendship calls !

BASS. Thanks, gentle Portia, aided by your self,  
 I'll pay him in his bond and out himself.

*GRATIANO, who has been conversing apart with NERISSA,  
 now comes forward and sings.*

AIR.—“*Lord Lovel.*”

GRAT. Lord love you, I'll bring to the garden gate,  
 And saddle your milk white stee-eed !

BASS. That's right, Gratiano, before it's too late,  
 Antonio, he must be freed indeed,  
*(hopping)* Antonio he must be freed.

CHORUS: *(hopping)* Be freed, etc.

*Exit GRATIANO, L.*

POR. Since it seems you must leave your fancy belle,  
 Say, how long away will you be-e ? *(hopping)*

BASS. Upon my honour, dear, I can't tell,  
 But no longer than necessarie-arie,  
 No longer than necessarie !

CHORUS: *(hopping)* Sarie, etc.

*Exit BASSANIO, L. hopping*

POR. Now, hark ye, Nerissa, I've hit on a plan,  
 And a capital plan it will be-e ;  
 With me for the master and you for the man,  
 We'll puzzle them confoundedlee-dedlee

CHORUS: *(hopping)* Ded lee, etc.

NER. Of course, my dear mistress, I'm yours at command,  
 So, of course you may reckon on me—

*(hopping)* Whether's man or as woman I'm wanted, you'll find,  
 I always was ripe for a spree-ee-ee !  
 I always was ripe for a spree !

CHORUS: *(repeat and exeunt with PORTIA hopping)*

NERISSA, *Sings: Air.—“A Master I Have.”*

A mistress I have and I am her maid,  
A sensible modest one!  
A mistress I have, &c. (*repeat*)  
And she for old Shylock a nice trap has laid,  
Which will slightly the plans, discompose, I'm afraid,  
Of the musty, fusty—dusty, crusty;  
Fawning, pawnning—snivelling, drivelling,  
Bag-bearing son of a gun!

So now off to Venice at top of our speed,  
Galloping—glorious fun!  
So now off, &c. (*repeat*)  
For she vows that Bassanio's friend shall be free'd,  
And the old Jew shall shiver and shake like a reed,  
Like a nosey, clothesy—stingy, cringy;  
Carneying, blarneying—supplicate, duplicate,  
Pledge-taking son of a gun!

*Exit NERISSA,* R.

SCENE III.—*Exterior of SHYLOCK's house and shop; upon the railings is seen a placard bearing the inscription “Jullien’s last Bal Masque.”*

Enter JESSICA, reading a letter (with bonnet and parasol) R. F followed by LAUNCELOT dressed as a page and leading a toy spaniel on wheels.

JESS. (*reading*) “Sweet Jessica, your window I'll be nigh to—  
(to LAU.) We're just at home so you may take up Fido.

LAU. (*aside*) It's a love letter! How these dandies throng he  
I can't endure this state of things much longer!

JESS. (*reads*) “This is the very night to run away,  
Disguised in costume for the *Bal Masque*.”

LAU. (*aside*) How can I tell her I'm her fond adorer,  
How listen to my page's suit implore her?

JESS. (*reads*) “My heart and sixpence at your feet I fling!”  
(to LAU.) Well, Launcelot, why don't you knock and ring?

LAU. (*going—then in desperation*) The canker secret shall no  
longer dwell

In this torn bosom!

JESS. Poor boy—ain't you well?

- LAU. Yes, now's the time my sorrow to impart,  
And tell the story of a withered heart!  
I feel it here. (*laying his hand on his breast*)
- JESS. Yes—I know what you mean,  
This comes from eating gooseberries when green.
- LAU. 'Tis not green gooseberries, but love in truth,  
Whose ripened *current* never did run smooth !  
But no, the advantage of position scorning,  
Honour demands, Miss, I should give you warning ;  
In leaving you the danger I'd be leaving.
- JESS. (*laughing*) For whom, then, pray, is that soft bosom  
heaving ?
- LAU. Sure, you must see, Miss, if not blind as Cupid,  
You're her !
- JESS. Don't be absurd, you little stupid !
- LAU. Turn not away, but listen to my prayer a little,  
Miss, if you'd condescend to hear me swear a little,  
My faith and constancy you would not doubt !  
(I feel much better now the murderer's out.)  
Should you refuse you open on my view  
A desperate Future all along of you.  
But smile and all again will sunshine be,  
Sweet Israelite you is *real light* to me !  
Forget Lorenzo and I'll undertake  
Still to be called "Young Buttons" for your sake,  
Content be with my homœopathic rations,  
And live entirely on my expectations.  
Take pity on a poor desponding cove ;  
Come—will you dwell with me and be my love ?
- JESS. No, thank you, child ; of what can you be thinking ?  
You naughty boy, I hope you've not been drinking !
- LAU. Mock not my misery—I know full well  
*I'm* a poor serf and *he's* a heavy swell.  
Reject me, and, for suicide I'm ripe,  
I am a page of the old Roman type !  
Nay—listen fascinating female Jew—
- JESS. There, go away you little idiot, do,  
And, since you leave us, whereso'er you dwell  
I shall be glad to hear you're doing well ;  
If out of place let us know I implore you,  
My interest shall be exerted for you.
- (aside) Now to prepare—Lorenzo, sweet, be true  
And I to Shylock soon will bid *a-Jew*.  
(*takes dog, and exit into house*)
- LAU. (*solas*) She'll use her interest, t'must be confessed  
My love's repaid with *simple interest*.

I'll seek an early death, and head first pitch in  
 The water-butt that stands in the back kitchen—  
 Or, to my grief a more efficient stopper  
 I may, perhaps, find in the wash-house copper,  
 In soap-suds there breathe out my vexed soul,  
 Drowning my sorrows in the flowing bowl:  
 And, since I am so soon a ghost to be  
 I'd best rehearse my own ghost's melody.

(*sings mournfully, accompanying it with appropriate action, in imitation of Ghost's movement in the "Corsican Brothers."*)

AIR.—“*The Ghost Melody.*” CORSIKAN BROTHERS.

Though alive oh!—still I'll strive to  
 Bring myself a ghost to be-e,  
 So I'll practise—what exact is  
 Each move to be used by me-e!

(*slowly glides R. to L.*)

This is how that Kean the younger,  
 Or his double ghostly slides,  
 I have seen them—and I mean them  
 (When I'm dead) to be my guides!

(*slides off and up against GRATIANO who is entering with a letter from the house*)

GRAT. Well, “Buttons,” what's all this lugubrious clatter?

LAU. Buttons! you call me “Buttons?” (*threatening*)

GRAT. Well?

LAU. (*relapsing*) No matter.  
 Have you such a thing about you—don't start—  
 I don't mean money, but a feeling heart?  
 'Cause I'll unbosom, if you're so inclined,  
 And share my grief with you—

GRAT. You're very kind.  
 Go on—t'were pity that a beardless youth  
 With scarce down *on* should be down *in* the mouth.

LAU. My Christian friend, you offer consolatio  
 To one *in* love—*out of* a situation.  
 For oh! she spurns me!

GRAT. It seems in that case  
 That, like yourself, your love is out of place.  
 LAU. I lived upon the sweet smiles she has given,  
 For Shylock gave me little else to live on.

GRAT. Cheer up—and serve Bassanio, my master,  
A fast young man—

LAO. I long have been a *faster*.  
GRAT. Well, follow me—you soon will set that right  
And give *loose happy* to your *appe-tite*;  
He wants an under valet—why, you'll clear  
Wages twelve pounds, and three new suits a year!  
Besides, what perquisites the place entails,  
Think as a *valet* on your peaceful *vales*!  
LAU. My mind's made up—I'll seek the world again,  
And once more mingle with my fellow men!  
GRAT. Well, since you're to the occupation fresh,  
The outlines of a valet's life I'll sketch.

*Song.—GRATIANO.—“Life of a Valet.” AIR “Think of Your Head in the Morning.”*

I once was a buttons, but now have grown up  
To powder, tail coat, and short breeches ;  
On the fat of the larder I dine and I sup  
And the cellar rob of it's riches ;  
My masters choice weeds I enjoy when he's out,  
Or for him at the Opera waiting,  
At the Publie enjoy my half pint of cool stout,  
On affairs of the Nation debating.

In the Autumn my master goes Northward to shoot,  
So his place in his absence supplying  
His clothes I employ, down from neckcloth to boot,  
Lest damp they should grow idle lying.  
I bet my half a crown on each popular race,  
When he stands his poney or monkey :  
Indeed, I may say, I consider my place,  
Quite worthy of me, as a flunky.

*Exeunt GRATIANO and LAUNCELOT. R. H.*

*Enter, from the house, SHYLOCK followed by JESSICA.*

SHY. There, Jessica, go in—make fast the doors !  
These dinner parties are uncommon bores.  
Yet I must go, and, Jessica, I say  
You've nought to do, mind. with the *Bal Masque*,  
Nor clamber to the casement in the view  
Of *fast* and *loose* young men, remember too

None of those rioters as friends, the Jew boasts  
 Who blow the post-horn, or who haunt the *Blue Posts*!  
 But if a gentleman should call?

JESS. If so,  
 SHY. Which is'nt likely, your own sense will know  
 The gentleman, dear, by his gentle manners.  
 With him, too, sixpences ain't always "tanners"  
 Or "tizzies," names which fast men are at home in,  
 Nor is the useful shilling of the slow men  
 A coin requiring "bob" as it's cognomen.  
 I trust to decency you'll have a proper eye,  
 Let not the sound of shallow foppery  
 Enter my sober house, but shut the shop, or I  
 Will know the reason; now you know my mind,  
 I'll lock you in; "safe bind," they say, "safe find."

(he locks her in the house)

*Song.—SHYLOCK. AIR.—“Young Lord Lochinvar.”*

'Neath lock, bolt, and bar you'll be safe in your nest,  
 Of all sorts of caution, precaution's the best.  
 With such an arrangement you'll suitors have none,  
 And you'll least be in mischief when biding alone.  
 For so daring in love these young cocksparrows are,  
 No girl can be safe without lock, bolt, and bar!

Would they woo my daughter their suit is denied,  
 No son-in-law suits me who's Christian beside;  
 As in giving me right they so niggardly are,  
 Of my daughter they'll find I'm more sparing by far.  
 Since so daring in love these young cocksparrows are,  
 My girl will be safest 'neath lock, bolt, and bar.

*Exit R.*

*Enter LORENZO, L. stealthily, with a ladder.*

LOR. This is the spot. Ho! Jessica, I say—  
 All is prepared for our departure.

JESS. (at the window) Stay!  
 (JESSICA appears at the window above)  
 If I go with you I am much afraid  
 My conduct can't be looked upon as staid.

And flight with you don't seem to me quite right, eh?  
What will folks say?

- LOR. They can but call it *flighty*  
 JESS. Nay, but advise me seriously, please,  
What steps I ought to take—  
 LOR. You'd best take these.  
 (adjusts the ladder against the window)  
 JESS. But when papa discovers I've got out,  
After his dinner won't there be a *rout*.

*Song. AIR.—“On Yonder Rock Reclining.” “Fra Diavolo.”*

- LOR. (sings) In yonder house is dining  
That snarling, sneaking, snivelling Jew,  
So while he's out o' the way, you  
Run off with me, dear, do.
- JESS. (sings) I can't think of declining  
An offer so politely made,  
But if papa we don't evade  
He'll make me wish I'd stayed!  
I tremble,  
Lorenzo, take the bundle.  
Be quick and let us trundle  
Now, while the coast is clear.  
Quick, throw it down, and follow quick as thought,  
I'll catch it.  
So shall *I*, if I am caught!  
(she throws down a bundle, which he catches, and descends  
the ladder)
- JESS. I scruple if e'en now I ought to go.  
LOR. This *dram* will soon remove those *scruples* though.  
(offers her a flask—she drinks)  
Quick—for to our flight, Shylock, on reflection,  
Might entertain some frivolous objection.  
To suit our craft we'd better change our rig,  
Or we shall have that old bird on the *twig*.

*Duett and Dance: AIR.—“Pop goes the Weasel.”*

- LOR. Long I've loved you, dearest maid,  
But your father, spurning

Open suit, my love has left  
 As a night light burning ;  
 A word from your sweet lips at once  
 My trembling fears will ease all,  
 So, in a matrimonial line  
 Pop goes the weasel !

BOTH

Though behind my curtain, I  
 Hidden have reclined, sir,  
 To your love be certain I  
 Never could be blind, sir ;  
 My father watched me as his wife  
 Did old Sir Peter Teazle—  
 I'll fly with you as when alarmed  
 Pop goes the weasel !

BOTH

(together) Ne'er a happier couple decked  
 Modern painters' easels,  
 Than they who sing as lovers now  
 Pop go the weasels !

(dance off L. H.)

SCENE IV.—*A street in Venice, a practicable pump and trough, L.*

*Enter SHYLOCK as if from a dinner-party, L. He is slightly intoxicated.*

*Song.—SHYLOCK. AIR.—“The Maniac.” H. RUSSELL.*

There's some one comes this way,  
 Yes, 'tis the peeler—he'll lay a feeler,  
 An angry hand on me.  
 Hic! (*hiccups*) If the policeman to me comes,  
 Hic! (*hiccups*) I'll quietly twiddle my thumbs,  
 Hic! (*hiccups*) I thought so—yes—'tis he that comes!  
 Hic! hic!  
 No, by jingo—no, by jingo I'm not drunk!  
 (*falls into the pump trough*)  
 (ad libitum) Right old fellow—don't mind me—  
 No, by jingo!—by jingo I'm not drunk!

That gas light's dancing on the wall,  
 The shadows double seem to fall—  
 I see it glancing—I see it dancing on the wall,  
 I see it—not just now at all—  
 It's no use dancing on the wall !  
 Do leave off dancing !  
 It heeds me not—  
 But by jingo—I really am not drunk !  
 (spoken) I'll go—jolly—so now—steady—  
 No, by jingo !—I'm sure I am not drunk !

Well, well, I must confess, despite their creed,  
 These Gentile dogs are jolly dogs to feed.  
 Ev'n I, myself, so far on this occasion,  
 Forgot myself as list to their *persuasion*,  
 Went the whole *hog*, and though with faith unshaken  
 Attempted my first essay, upon "Bacon."

*Enter TUBAL who passes hurriedly R. to L.*

- TUB. My Tubal, why this look of blank dismay ?  
 SHY. Oh ! if you please, Miss Jessica's run away.  
 SHY. Jessica ! My own flesh and blood revolted !  
 I locked her in.  
 TUB. And she herself has *bolted* !  
 SHY. I always wondered why she eyed the men so !  
 What's the dog's Christian name ?  
 TUB. I think, Lorenzo.  
 She's got the start of us and bolted right off !  
 SHY. *Heavy* the day that first the sun the *light* off !  
 Offer rewards ! Use every means to save her.  
 Let be but catch—I'll *lather* the young *shaver* !  
 My only *heiress*, folks will say in mock,  
 Fled like the *timid hair* from a *Shy-lock* !  
 Take with you though, unthinking girl, my curse !  
 TUB. She's taken something more :  
 SHY. What's that ?  
 TUB. Your purse.  
 SHY. You cannot mean she's robbed her poor old father .  
 TUB. I hate strong language, but I fancy—rather !  
 SHY. Unfeeling child, who's left her *sire* to *sig*  
 Without or *tie* or *prop* or *prop-er-ty*.  
 TUB. Yet I've some good news too.  
 SHY. What good news, pray ?  
 TUB. Antonio's ruined.

- SHY. (*with sudden animation*) Ruined is't you say ?  
 Why that's good news indeed ! How came't about ?  
 TUB. His ships are sunk : but why this joy ? I doubt  
 He ne'er in that case will repay the loan.  
 SHY. His fortunes wrecked I'm reckless of my own,  
 So *vivat wrecks* say I ! I think, my Tubal,  
 They'll find it difficult to throw out *my Jew Bill* ;  
 Which if he cannot meet, inform the swell,  
 He may meet something he won't like so well.  
 I'll have my bond ! his ships went down at sea,  
 But his excuses won't go down with me.  
 Oh ! I could dance with joy ! (*dances about extravagantly*)  
 TUB. Well, since she's fled you  
 Practise the pretty dance your daughter's led you !  
 (SHYLOCK relapses into gloom)  
 SHY. Oh, Tubal ! I shall never see my gold,  
 But what's *he* lost ? (*with animation renewed*)  
 TUB. Near twice as much I'm told,  
 As Jessica spent on her wedding trousseau.  
 SHY. (*relapses again*) Profligate child ! how could she go and  
 do so ?  
 P'raps though I taught her this profusion wild,  
 And issued too many *cross checks* on *Child*.  
 Antonio though shall suffer for't, or I  
 Will be acquainted with the reason why.  
 TUB. Why, what will you gain when Antonio's dead ?  
 SHY. If I'm not *fee'd* my vengeance will be *fed*.  
 He'll answer, if he can't meet my demand,  
 The slight of tongue and sometimes *slight of hand*,  
 With which he used me. Now my turn commences—  
 What ! has a Jew no feelings, passions, senses,  
 Affections, organs ? Yes ! and if they tickle us  
 We laugh too, don't we ? Yes, of course, ridic'lous—  
 A kick, as to a Christian, gives us pain,  
 (*exemplifies the fact on TUBAL, who runs off*)  
 And if they kick us shan't we kick again ;  
 And when *I* kick, if that I argue rightly,  
 It shall go hard indeed, if it goes lightly !

*Song : SHYLOCK. AIR.—“Tippety Witchet.”*

### I.

From my first floor window handy,  
 Her impudence was such,  
 To the arms of that young dandy  
 She took a drop too much.

But he shall see—a Jew may be,  
If he chance to cross my way,  
As good as he—with my one, two, three,

Ri tol e-e.

(pugilistic)

## II.

Of money, she's bereft me,  
And that's a serious thing,  
Besides that belle has left me  
A mournin' for my ring.

In play or show, away she'll throw  
My years expense per day,

And then no doubt—my ring she'll spout,

Ri tol e-e.

(crying)

## III.

But since my own flesh rebelling  
Against me likes to fly,  
Its place within my dwelling,      (*with savage joy*)  
Antonio's shall supply!

Though the tin I've lost and my jewel's cost,  
No time can e'er repay,

Yet the Christian pound I'll dance around,

Singing Ri tol e-e.

(laughing)

(with alternation of feeling)

Exit R.

**SCENE V. AND LAST.—***The "Judge and Jury Society" of Venice assembled. The Senate generally, accommodated with cigars, &c. ANTONIO, BASSANIO, GRATIANO, LORENZO, &c., discovered, L. Clerk of the Court, Spectators, Witnesses, Jurymen, &c., R.*

*Chorus : AIR.—“The Roast Beef of Old England.”*

When the new law procedure reformers can boast  
That the County Court practice diminishes cost,  
And in common sense forms special pleading is lost,

'Tis, oh ! the poor Bar of Old England,  
The unfortunate Bar of Old England.

*The DUKE enters R. crosses to his chair c. business, he lights his cigar, &c.*

DUKE. The Court's assembled ! Let the Jew appear !

*Enter SHYLOCK, R. with a pair of scales and carving knife, followed by TUBAL bearing an enormous wash-hand basin.*

DUKE. Shylock approach—Now, 'twixt ourselves 'tis clear,  
You don't intend to push this matter farther,  
It's but a joke we know. (*very confidentially*)

SHY. (*ironically*) A joke ? yes—rather !

DUKE. (*couxingly*) You'll make it up ? indeed, it hardly fair is  
*Opposite* neighbours should be *adverse-aries*.  
We know you mean it as a jest, a spree.

SHY. This sort of chaff, my lord, will not catch me.  
No joke he'll find it, I can tell you—though  
*His cutting off* may seem a *Jeu-de-mow* ;  
It comes to the same thing howe'er you put it,  
I mean to have my bond and nothing but it.

ANT. Nay, say no more, friends, leave me to my fate !  
As soon the stea'd be taken in to *bate*  
Its usual height—the wolf would spare the lamb  
Nor leave the tender ewe not worth a dam,  
As *his* heart soften ; therefore, sir, I can  
But *bare* my breast, and *bear* it like a man.

BASS. For thy three thousand ducats there are six.  
(*places bag of money on table*)

SHY. It isn't at the number that I sticks,  
If, in three thousand ducats, every ducat,  
Were doubled, that old buck should kick the bucket.  
It was his custom, when he took the whim,  
To cut me up, and now I'll *cut up* him.  
You are *mista'en* if from *my staying* you hope  
To wash that *stain* out—though you use soft soap.  
In plainer words, I have insured his life,  
Ensured it mind I mean. (*sharpens knife on his shoe*)

GRET. What means that knife  
You whet so earnestly ?

SHY.

To cut the forfeit from that bankrupt there !  
 For when his lordship has pronounced the sentence,  
 I mean to think of *cutting your acquaintance* !

(points to ANTONIO)

GRAT. I see then by your pruning knife, of course,  
 Though you hate pig you're partial to prune sauce.

SHY. A source you'll find for cooking your friends goose,  
 But talking this way what on earth's the use ?  
 For after all palaver, t'will be found,  
 It for a pain he, I in for a pound.

GRAT. You've given to my faith such several staggerers  
 As half incline me to believe Pythagoras,  
 And since your mind so villainous and gross is  
 To hold the doctrine of Metempsychosis.

SHY. The best thing you can hold, sir, is your tongue.

BASS. To do a great good do a little wrong.

SHY. Howe'er you raise your voice, sir, it will not  
*Erase* the invoice from this bond a jot !  
 He has insulted me and therefore dies !

DUKE. You're getting warm ?

GRAT. Heat's usual in *Jew-lies*.

DUKE. Hold ! Silence in the Court ! Clerk ! Holloa, silence !  
 This noisy wrangle might be heard a mile hence !  
 The sentence of the court is, to confess  
 The truth, the Court feels rather in a mess ;  
 And waits the arrival of a learned lawyer,  
 Bellario, a regular top sawyer.  
 He knows the law of Venice—no one better—

*Enter NERISSA, R. disguised as a lawyer's clerk.*

NER. I beg your pardon, sir, but here's a letter.

DUKE. Young man, you interrupt the court.

(reading)

Holloa !

Bellario's taken ill—well here's a go !  
 Yet stay—what's this ? a friend, who knows the case,  
 Takes at short notice by our leave his place,  
 Oh, certainly—by all means, show him in.

(Exit NERISSA, R. and returns with PORTIA disguised in a  
 lawyer's wig and gown ; she bows to the Court.

You know what you're to do, sir, so begin.

POR. Which is the merchant here and which the Jew ?

SHY. I'm Shylock, at your service—how d'ye do?

POR. (to ANT.) You're taken then in execution?

ANT. Yes,

At which, of course, I'm taken in distress.

POR. Then must the Jew be merciful, that's flat.

SHY. On what compulsion must I? Tell me that.

POR. The sayings *must-y* and is soon explained,  
The quality of mercy is not strained,  
Nor filtered as Thames water needs to be  
Before it's drinkable; but mercy free  
Springs at the heart, and flows on undistilled, or  
Pure from the lips comes as from *Lipscombe's filter!*  
It droppeth as the gentle rain—

SHY. There, stop,

It drops itself, so please, we'll let it drop.

POR. Nay, come, I'm sure you mean to shew him mercy.

SHY. Do I? well my opinion's *vice versa.*

POR. Deal gently with him.

SHY. That would never do,  
You wouldn't have me Jew and *Gentle* too!

POR. Come, to a fallen foe one should be kind.

SHY. Is the Venetian a *Venetian blind.*

POR. Give him some little time, it isn't clear  
His Argosy mayn't after all appear.

SHY. As for his Argosy, young sir, I doubt,  
T'would need an *Argus eye* to find it out!

BASS. We've offered him three times the borrowed sum  
Here, in this sack.

SHY. I shall not take it.

POR. Come,

You will, I'm sure, this trifling favour show,  
Here is the money—take the sack and go.

You won't? Then did I talk till I were hoarse  
I fear the law must take its lawful course.

SHY. Oh, wise young judge! discriminating beak!  
Precious juvenile! just hear him speak!

POR. You've brought, of course, altho' I don't a surgeon see,  
Some leech to staunch his wound in this emergency?  
For, by that time your *vengeance* will be sated.

SHY. Pray, is it in the bond so nominated?  
A surgeon? look then? You'll not find I'm poz there!  
That *item*—

POR. Then it's high time that it was there.

The law's on your side though, there's no doubt of it,

SHY. A Nonpareil—true as a Derby prophet!

POR. (to ANT.) You must, I fear, to this unfeeling man  
Lay bare your breast—

DUKE. Yet stay, is there no plan  
No *panacea* for your cruel mood?

SHY. You see the *pan* is here to catch the blood,

(to ANT.) Your woes are great, and I prescribe, to end 'em,  
One dose of steel "*hora merid : sumendum.*"

BASS. Antonio, I have at home a wife  
Whom I love well—yet, her, to save your life,  
I'd sacrifice most freely to the Jew.

POR. (aside) Upon my life that's very kind of you!

GRAT. I too, sir, have a wife I richly treasure,  
But I'd resign her with a deal of pleasure.

NER. (aside) And when she gets you home again, I guess,  
You'll pay for your disinterestedness!

ANT. I am prepared. (throws open his waistcoat)  
(SHYLOCK approaches him)

POR. Yet stay—it's clear as mud  
This bond says not a word about the blood ;  
While taking more or less than a pound's weight,  
Renders your life and fortunes confiscate !

GRAT. Our Nonpareil this time has missed his tip,  
Now, Infidel, I have you on the hip.

(SHYLOCK drops his knife and scales, and stands completely crest-fallen)

POR. I'm very sorry, Shylock, thus to bore you,  
But fancy that slight flaw will slightly floor you.

SHY. I feel that flaw's the ground *flaw* of my ruin.

POR. You know exactly now, sir, what you're doing,  
So slice away.

SHY. (aside) I 'gin to doubt though whether  
I hadn't better *cut it* altogether.

GRAT. A Nonpariel beyond all kind of question—  
I'm much obliged to you for that suggestion—

SHY. Pay thrice the bond and let the Christian go.

POR. Your pardon, Shylock, not exactly so,  
The law as yet another hold on thee :  
Fair play's a jewel, as the Jew 'll see !  
Your life is forfeit.

GRAT. Hanging right will serve him !

(to SHY.) Now you are cowed yourself you'd better *carve* him.

SHY. Give me my principal and I'll away ?

POR. Best *carry out* your principle and stay.

Nay, Shylock, though you choose forgive the debt,  
You'd find the law had hold upon you yet.

SHY. I say, young man, your practice rather sharp is.

GRAT. Not when he practises on the *Jews-harp-ies*.

ANT. Shylock, although your conduct in this case,  
In it's whole tenour has been thorough base,  
On one condition I won't press the charge,  
And you're at liberty to go at large.

SHY. At large? I feel particularly small,  
*(aside)* But thank my stars that I can go at all.

*(SHYLOCK is going, but is prevented by the officers of the Court)*

ANT. There are two points though that I must insist on,  
You'll shave your face and look more like a Christian,  
And take your daughter to your arms again.

SHY. Well, since you've got the upper hand it's plain,  
I must knock under—and I will, I swear,  
Receive my heiress and cut off my hair!

*(JESSICA and LORENZO come forward)*

JESS. You pardon us, pa?

SAY. Yes, howe'er distressing  
To my paternal feelings, take my blessing.  
Fathers, I think, will own my case a hard 'un,  
She's done for pa, and now she asks her *par-don*.

LOR. As for the money that we took in our flight, sir,  
Here, in this bag, I think you'll find it right, sir.

*(gives purse; SHYLOCK, JESSICA, and LORENZO converse apart)*

ANT. *(to PORTIA)* We're much beholden, sir, to your address,  
For liberation from an awkward mess.

POR. Though my address you're pleased, sir, to admire,  
I'm getting tired of this male attire.  
And, with your leave, will leave it off.

*(throws off the wig and gown and appears in her proper character)*

BASS. Why, lor—sure,  
May I be hanged if I don't think it's Portia!

*(they embrace; NERISSA throws off her disguise)*

GRAT. Nerissa? *(they embrace)*

POR. We assumed these legal jetty coats  
As travelling's inconvenient in petticoats,  
But, since we've put them off, let's put off, pray,  
All explanation to some future day.

DUKE. Then we're all friends?

SHY. I trust so.

*(aside to audience)* It is clear  
That I have diddled this Tribunal here,  
That's t'wixt ourselves, not very hard to do,  
But how shall I contrive to diddle you?  
I'll touch your pity—bear in mind the fact,  
If we have sinn'd—'tis but *one trifling act*.

30 SHYLOCK : OR, THE MERCHANT OF VEVICE PRESERVED.

Forgive us that—nay more—if you will deign  
To look in on old Shylock e'er again,  
Although reformed at present, you perhaps  
May find him not unwilling to relapse.

*Finale: AIR.—“Non Piu Mesta.”*

**NER.** Some few misters cant abide to laugh  
At what's good and Shakspearian,  
Or give to what's too sad by half,  
An end that's not a dreary 'un.  
To such a Critie I would say,  
As those who work most best can play,  
So I'd invite them to reflect  
That after all there may be  
Such things as gravity incorrect,  
And meet without the *grave-y*.

**CHORUS.** Then why your feelings throw away  
On a fictitious sorrow,  
Nor weep for fancied woes to day  
You may be real to-morrow.

**LOR. JESS. SHY. POR. BASS. ANT. NER. GRAT.**

**THE END.**