﻿I'm sorry that you're leaving my father this way. Our home is like hell, and you, a lively troublemaker, took away some of its dullness. But farewell. Here's a ducat for you. Launcelot, you'll soon see Lorenzo at supper; he's the guest of your new master. Give him this letter secretly. Goodbye. I wouldn't want my father to catch me talking with you.

Farewell, good Launcelot.

[Launcelot exits]

Oh, what a terrible sin it is in me to feel ashamed of being my father's child! But even though I am related by blood, I don't share his manners. O Lorenzo, if you keep your promise, I will resolve this conflict, become a Christian, and be your loving wife.

Call you? What do you want?

He said, 'Goodbye, mistress,' and nothing more.

Goodbye, and if my luck doesn't fail,

I have a father, and you have lost a daughter.

Who are you? Tell me, to be more certain,

Although I'll swear that I recognize your language.

Lorenzo, for sure, and my love indeed,

For whom do I love so much? And now, who knows

But you, Lorenzo, whether I am yours?

Here, catch this casket; it is worth the effort.

I am glad it's night; you do not look at me,

For I am much ashamed of my transformation.

But love is blind, and lovers cannot see

The pretty follies that they themselves commit;

For if they could, Cupid himself would blush

To see me thus transformed into a boy.

What, must I highlight my own shameful acts?

They, in themselves, truly are too trivial.

Why, it's a role of revelation, my love;

And I should be hidden.

I will secure the doors and adorn myself

With some more ducats, and come to you immediately.

When I was with Shylock, I heard him swear

To Tubal and to Chus, his countrymen,

That he would rather have Antonio's flesh

Than twenty times the value of the sum

That he owed him. And I know, my lord,

If law, authority, and power do not deny,

It will go hard with poor Antonio.

I hope you find joy and satisfaction, madam.

What is that hope, I ask you?

What are you saying? That would indeed be a kind of illegitimate hope. So my mother's sins would be visited upon me.

I will be saved by my husband; he has made me a Christian.

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

Don't worry, Lorenzo, you have nothing to fear from us. Launcelot and I are out. He plainly tells me there's no mercy for me in heaven because I'm a Jew's daughter. He also says you're no good member of the commonwealth because in converting Jews to Christians, you raise the price of pork.

Beyond words. It is very fitting that Lord Bassanio lives an upright life. Having such a blessing in his lady, he finds the joys of heaven here on earth. If he doesn't mean it on earth, then he should never come to heaven. If two gods were to engage in some heavenly match and wager two earthly women, with Portia being one, there must be something else pawned with the other because the poor, rude world has no equal to her.

No, but ask my opinion too.

No, let me praise you while I have the appetite.

Well, I'll see you off.

In such a night, Thisbe fearfully hurried through the dew and saw the lion's shadow before the lion itself, running away in fright.

In such a night, Medea gathered the enchanted herbs that renewed old AEson.

In such a night, young Lorenzo swore he loved her well, stealing her soul with many vows of faith and not a true one.

I would out-night you if nobody came, but listen, I hear the footsteps of a man.

I am never merry when I hear sweet music.