

The Merchant of Venice

The Actors' Names

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
SOLANIO}
SALARIO} friends of Antonio & Bassanio
GRATIANO}
LORENZO, in love with Jessica
SHYLOCK, a rich Jew
TUBAL, a Jew, his friend
LAUNCELOT GOBBO, the Clown, servant to Shylock
LEONARDO, servant to Bassanio
BALTHASAR, servant to Portia
PORTIA, a rich heiress
NERISSA, her gentlewoman
JESSICA, daughter to Shylock

ACT I

SCENE i. Venice. A Street.

Enter ANTONIO, SALARINO, and SOLANIO

ANTONIO

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

SOLANIO

Your mind is tossing on the ocean;
There, where your Argosies with portly sail,
Like Signiors and rich burghers on the flood,
Or, as it were, the pageants of the sea,
Do overpeer the petty traffickers,
That curtsy to them, do them reverence,
As they fly by them with their woven wings.

SALARINO

Believe me, sir, had I such venture forth,
The better part of my affections, would
Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still

Plucking the grass, to know where sits the wind,
Peering in maps for ports and piers and roads;
And every object that might make me fear
Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt
Would make me sad.

SOLANIO

My wind cooling my broth
Would blow me to an ague, when I thought
What harm a wind too great might do at sea.
But tell not me; I know, Antonio
Is sad to think upon his merchandise.

ANTONIO

Believe me, no: I thank my fortune for it,
My ventures are not in one bottom trusted,
Therefore my merchandise makes me not sad.

SOLANIO

Why, then you are in love.

ANTONIO

Fie, fie!

SOLANIO

Not in love neither? Then let us say you are sad,
Because you are not merry: and 'twere as easy
For you to laugh and leap and say you are merry,
Because you are not sad.

Enter BASSANIO, LORENZO, and GRATIANO

SOLANIO

Here comes Bassanio, your most noble kinsman,
Gratiano and Lorenzo. Fare ye well:
We leave you now with better company.
Good morrow, my good lords.

BASSANIO

Good signiors both, when shall we laugh? say, when?
You grow exceeding strange: must it be so?

SOLANIO

We'll make our leisures to attend on yours.

Exeunt Salarino and Salanio

LORENZO

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

BASSANIO

I will not fail you.

GRATIANO

You look not well, Signior Antonio;
Believe me, you are marvellously changed.

ANTONIO

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

GRATIANO

Let me play the fool:
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come,
And let my liver rather heat with wine
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
I tell thee what, Antonio,
I love thee, and it is my love that speaks:
I'll tell thee more of this another time:
But fish not, with this melancholy bait,
For this fool gudgeon, this opinion:
Come, good Lorenzo, fare ye well awhile:
I'll end my exhortation after dinner.

LORENZO

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

GRATIANO

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

ANTONIO

Farewell: I'll grow a talker for this gear.

GRATIANO

Thanks, i' faith, for silence is only commendable
In a neat's tongue dried and a maid not vendible.

Exeunt GRATIANO and LORENZO

ANTONIO

Is that any thing now?

BASSANIO

Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing, more
than any man in all Venice.

ANTONIO

Well, tell me now what lady is the same
To whom you swore a secret pilgrimage,
That you to-day promised to tell me of?

BASSANIO

'Tis not unknown to you, Antonio,
How much I have disabled mine estate,
To you, Antonio,
I owe the most, in money and in love,
And from your love I have a warranty
To unburden all my plots and purposes
How to get clear of all the debts I owe.

ANTONIO

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

BASSANIO

In Belmont is a lady richly left;
And she is fair, and, fairer than that word,
Of wondrous virtues: sometimes from her eyes
I did receive fair speechless messages:
Her name is Portia, nothing undervalued
To Cato's daughter, Brutus' Portia:
Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth,
For the four winds blow in from every coast
Renowned suitors,
O my Antonio, had I but the means
To hold a rival place with one of them,
I have a mind presages me such thrift,
That I should questionless be fortunate!

ANTONIO

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

Exeunt

ACT I SCENE ii: Belmont. A room in PORTIA'S house.

Enter PORTIA and NERISSA

PORTIA

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

NERISSA

You would be, sweet madam, if your miseries
were in the same abundance as your good fortunes are.

PORTIA

Good sentences and well pronounced.

NERISSA

They would be better, if well followed.

PORTIA

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. But this reasoning is not in the fashion to
choose me a husband. O me, the word 'choose!' I may
neither choose whom I would nor refuse whom 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?

NERISSA

Your father was ever virtuous; and holy men at their
death have good inspirations: therefore the lottery,
that he hath devised 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 shall rightly love. But what warmth is there in your affection towards any of these princely suitors that are already come?

PORTIA

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

NERISSA

First, there is the Neapolitan prince.

PORTIA

Ay, that's a colt indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horse; I am much afeard my lady his mother played false with a smith.

NERISSA

Then there is the County Palatine.

PORTIA

He doth nothing but frown, (as who should say 'If you will not have me, choose'). 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!

NERISSA

How say you by the French lord, Monsieur Le Boune?

PORTIA

God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man.

NERISSA

What say you, then, to Falconbridge, the young Baron of England?

PORTIA

You know I say nothing to him, for he understands not me, nor I him: he hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian,

He is a proper man's picture, but, alas, who can converse with a dumb-show?

NERISSA

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

PORTIA

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 fell, I hope I shall make shift to go without him. I will do any thing, Nerissa, ere I'll be married to a sponge.

NERISSA

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?

PORTIA

Yes, yes, it was Bassanio; as I think, he was so called.

NERISSA

True, madam: he, of all the men that ever my foolish eyes looked upon, was the best deserving a fair lady.

PORTIA

I remember him well, and I remember him worthy of thy praise. How now! what news?

Enter a Servingman

SERVINGMAN

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.

PORTIA

Come, Nerissa. Sirrah, go before.

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

Exeunt

ACT I SCENE iii. Venice. A public place.

Enter BASSANIO with SHYLOCK the Jew

SHYLOCK

Three thousand ducats; well.

BASSANIO

Ay, sir, for three months.

SHYLOCK

For three months; well.

BASSANIO

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

SHYLOCK

Three thousand ducats for three months and Antonio bound.

BASSANIO

Your answer to that.

SHYLOCK

Antonio is a good man.

Yet his means are in supposition: he

hath an argosy bound to Tripolis, another to the

Indies; and other ventures he hath, squandered abroad.

The man is, notwithstanding,

sufficient. Three thousand ducats; I think I may take his bond.

BASSANIO

Be assured you may.

SHYLOCK

I will be assured I may; and, that I may be assured,
I will bethink me.

SHYLOCK

What news on the Rialto? Who is he comes here?

Enter ANTONIO

BASSANIO

This is Signior Antonio.

SHYLOCK

[Aside] How like a fawning publican he looks!

I hate him for he is a Christian,

But more for that in low simplicity

He lends out money gratis and brings down

The rate of usance here with us in Venice.

Cursed be my tribe,

If I forgive him!

BASSANIO

Shylock, do you hear?

SHYLOCK

Rest you fair, good signior;

Your worship was the last man in our mouths.

ANTONIO

Shylock, although I neither lend nor borrow

By taking nor by giving of excess,

Yet, to supply the ripe wants of my friend,

I'll break a custom. Is he yet possess'd

How much ye would?

SHYLOCK

Ay, ay, three thousand ducats.

ANTONIO

And for three months.

SHYLOCK

I had forgot; three months; you told me so.

but hear you;

Methought you said you neither lend nor borrow

Upon advantage.

ANTONIO

I do never use it.

SHYLOCK

Three thousand ducats; 'tis a good round sum.

Three months from twelve; then, let me see; the rate.

ANTONIO

Well, Shylock, shall we be beholding to you?

SHYLOCK

Signior Antonio, many a time and oft

In the Rialto you have rated me

About my moneys and my usances:

Still have I borne it with a patient shrug,

(For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe.)
You call me misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine,
And all for use of that which is mine own.
Well then, it now appears you need my help:
What should I say to you?
'Fair sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last;
You spurn'd me such a day; another time
You call'd me dog; and for these courtesies
I'll lend you thus much moneys'?

ANTONIO

I am as like to call thee so again,
To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too.
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy friends;
But lend it rather to thine enemy,
Who, if he break, thou mayst with better face
Exact the penalties.

SHYLOCK

Why, look you, how you storm!
I would be friends with you and have your love,
Forget the shames that you have stain'd me with.

SHYLOCK

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

ANTONIO

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

BASSANIO

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

ANTONIO

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

ANTONIO

Yes Shylock, I will seal unto this bond.

SHYLOCK

Then meet me forthwith at the Notary's;
Give him direction for this merry bond,
And I will go and purse the ducats straight,
See to my house, left in the fearful guard

Of an unthrifty knave, and presently
I will be with you.

Exit Shylock

ANTONIO

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

BASSANIO

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

ANTONIO

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

Exeunt

ACT II

SCENE ii. Venice. A street.

Enter LAUNCELOT

LAUNCELOT

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: 'Via!' 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 smack, something
grow to, he had a kind of taste; well, my conscience
says 'Launcelot, budge not.' 'Budge,' says the
fiend. 'Budge not,' says my conscience.
'Conscience,' say I, 'you counsel well;' 'Fiend,'
say I, 'you counsel well:' to be ruled 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 ruled by the
fiend, who, saving your reverence, is the devil
himself. Certainly the Jew is the very devil
incarnal; 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 command; I will run.

O rare fortune! here comes the man: for I
am a Jew, if I serve the Jew any longer.

Enter BASSANIO, with LEONARDO and other followers

BASSANIO

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 delivered; put the liveries to making,
and desire Gratiano to come anon to my lodging.

Exit a Servant

BASSANIO

What would you?

LAUNCELOT

Serve you, sir.

BASSANIO

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

LAUNCELOT

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.

BASSANIO

Thou speak'st it well.
Take leave of thy old master and inquire
My lodging out. Give him a livery
More guarded than his fellows': see it done.

Enter GRATIANO

GRATIANO

Signior Bassanio!

BASSANIO

Gratiano!

GRATIANO

I have a suit to you.

BASSANIO

You have obtain'd it.

GRATIANO

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

BASSANIO

Why then you must. But hear thee, Gratiano;
Thou art too wild, too rude and bold of voice;
Pray thee, take pain
To allay with some cold drops of modesty
Thy skipping spirit, lest through thy wild behaviour
I be misconstrued in the place I go to,
And lose my hopes.

GRATIANO

Signior Bassanio, hear me:
If I do not put on a sober habit,
Talk with respect and swear but now and then,
never trust me more.

BASSANIO

Well, we shall see your bearing.

GRATIANO

Nay, but I bar to-night: you shall not gauge me
By what we do to-night.

BASSANIO

No, that were pity:
I would entreat you rather to put on
Your boldest suit of mirth, for we have friends
That purpose merriment. But fare you well:
I have some business.

GRATIANO

And I must to Lorenzo and the rest:
But we will visit you at supper-time.

Exeunt

ACT II SCENE iii. The same. A room in SHYLOCK'S house.

Enter JESSICA and LAUNCELOT, the Clown

JESSICA

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

LAUNCELOT

Adieu! tears exhibit my tongue. Most beautiful
pagan, most sweet Jew! if a Christian did not play
the knave and get thee, I am much deceived. But,
adieu: these foolish drops do something drown my
manly spirit: adieu.

Exit Launcelot

JESSICA

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

Exit

ACT II SCENE iv. The same. A Street.

Enter GRATIANO, LORENZO, SALARINO, and SOLANIO

LORENZO

Nay, we will slink away in supper-time.
'Tis now but four o'clock: we have two hours
To furnish us; friend Launcelot, what's the news?

Enter LAUNCELOT, with a letter

LAUNCELOT

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

LORENZO

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

GRATIANO

Love-news, in faith.

LAUNCELOT

By your leave, sir.

LORENZO

Whither goest thou?

LAUNCELOT

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

LORENZO

Hold here, take this: tell gentle Jessica
I will not fail her; speak it privately.

Go, Gentlemen,

Will you prepare you for this Masque tonight?

I am provided of a torch-bearer.

Exit LAUNCELOT

SOLANIO

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

SOLANIO

And so will I.

LORENZO

Meet me and Gratiano at Gratiano's lodging
Some hour hence.

SALARINO

'Tis good we do so.

Exeunt SALARINO and SOLANIO

GRATIANO

Was not that letter from fair Jessica?

LORENZO

I must needs tell thee all. She hath directed
How I shall take her from her father's house,
What gold and jewels she is furnish'd with,

What page's suit she hath in readiness.
If e'er the Jew her Father come to heaven,
It will be for his gentle daughter's sake:
And never dare misfortune cross her foot,
Unless she do it under this excuse,
That she is issue to a faithless Jew.
Come, go with me; peruse this as thou goest:
Fair Jessica shall be my torch-bearer.

Exeunt

ACT II SCENE v. The same. Before SHYLOCK'S house.

Enter SHYLOCK and his man that was the Clown, LAUNCELOT

SHYLOCK

Well, thou shalt see, thy eyes shall be thy judge,
The difference of old Shylock and Bassanio;
What, Jessica Why, Jessica, I say!

Enter JESSICA

JESSICA

Call you? what is your will?

SHYLOCK

I am bid forth to supper, Jessica:
There are my keys
Look to my house. I am right loath to go:
There is some ill a-brewing towards my rest,
For I did dream of money-bags to-night.

LAUNCELOT

I beseech you, sir, go: my young master doth expect
your reproach.

SHYLOCK

So do I his.

LAUNCELOT

And they have conspired together, I will not say you
shall see a Masque.

SHYLOCK

What, are there masques? Hear you me, Jessica:
Lock up my doors. By Jacob's staff, I swear,
I have no mind of feasting forth to-night:
But I will go. Go you before me, sirrah;
Say I will come.

LAUNCELOT

I will go before, sir.
Mistress, look out at window, for all this;
There will come a Christian by,
Will be worth a Jew's eye.

Exit

JESSICA

Farewell; and if my fortune be not crost,
I have a father, you a daughter, lost.

Exit

ACT II SCENE vi. The same.

Enter the Masquers, GRATIANO and SALARINO,

GRATIANO

This is the pent-house under which Lorenzo
Desired us to make stand.

SALARINO

His hour is almost past.

GRATIANO

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

Enter LORENZO

SALARINO

Here comes Lorenzo.

LORENZO

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

Enter JESSICA, above, in boy's clothes

JESSICA

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

LORENZO

Lorenzo, and thy love.

JESSICA

Lorenzo, certain, and my love indeed,
Here, catch this casket; it is worth the pains.

LORENZO

Descend, for you must be my torchbearer.

JESSICA

What, must I hold a candle to my shames?

LORENZO

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

Enter JESSICA

On, gentlemen; away!

Our masquing mates by this time for us stay.

Exit with JESSICA and SALARINO Enter ANTONIO

ANTONIO

Who's there?

GRATIANO

Signior Antonio!

ANTONIO

Fie, fie, Gratiano! where are all the rest?
'Tis nine o'clock: our friends all stay for you.
No masque to-night: the wind is come about;
Bassanio presently will go aboard:
I have sent twenty out to seek for you.

GRATIANO

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

Exeunt

ACT II SCENE vii. Belmont. A room in PORTIA'S house.

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

PORTIA

Go and discover
The several caskets to this noble Prince.
Now make your choice.

MOROCCO

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

PORTIA

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

MOROCCO

Some god direct my judgment! Let me see;
What says this leaden casket?
'Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath,'
hazard for lead? This casket threatens.
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! Why, that's the lady:
I do in birth deserve her, in love I do deserve.
What if I stray'd no further, but chose here?
Let's see once more this saying graved in gold.
'Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire.'
Why, that's the lady; all the world desires her;
From the four corners of the earth they come,
Deliver me the key:
Here do I choose, and thrive I as I may!

PORTIA

There, take it, prince; and if my form lie there,
Then I am yours.

He unlocks the golden casket

MOROCCO

O hell! what have we here, a carrion death,
Within whose empty eye there is a written scroll!
I'll read the writing.

*All that glitters is not gold;
Often have you heard that told:
Many a man his life hath sold
But my outside to behold:
Fare you well; your suit is cold.*

Cold, indeed; and labour lost:
Then, farewell, heat, and welcome, frost!
Portia, adieu. I have too grieved a heart
To take a tedious leave: thus losers part.

Exit with his train.

PORTIA

A gentle riddance, go.
Let all of his complexion choose me so.
Exeunt. Flourish of cornets

ACT II SCENE viii. Venice. A street.

Enter SALARINO and SOLANIO

SALARINO

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

SOLANIO

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

SALARINO

He came too late, the ship was under sail:
Besides, Antonio certified the duke
They were not with Bassanio in his ship.

SOLANIO

I never heard a passion so confused,
As the dog Jew did utter in the streets:
'My daughter! O my ducats! O my daughter!
Fled with a Christian! O my Christian ducats!
Justice! the law! my ducats, and my daughter!

SOLANIO

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

SALARINO

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

SOLANIO

You were best to tell Antonio what you hear;

SALARINO

A kinder gentleman treads not the earth.
I saw Bassanio and Antonio part:
And even there, his eye being big with tears,
Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,
And with affection wondrous sensible
He wrung Bassanio's hand; and so they parted.

SOLANIO

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

SALARINO

Do we so.

Exeunt

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ACT II SCENE ix. Belmont. A room in PORTIA'S house.

Enter NERISSA with a Servitor

NERISSA

Quick, quick, I pray thee:
The Prince of Arragon hath ta'en his oath,
And comes to his election presently.

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

PORTIA

Behold, there stand the caskets, noble Prince:
If you choose that wherein I am contain'd,
Straight shall our nuptial rites be solemnized:
But if you fail, without more speech, my Lord,
You must be gone from hence immediately.

ARRAGON

I am enjoin'd by oath to observe three things:
First, never to unfold to any one
Which casket 'twas I chose; next, if I fail

Of the right casket, never in my life
To woo a maid in way of marriage:
Lastly, if I do fail in fortune of my choice,
Immediately to leave you and be gone.
And so have I address'd me. Fortune now
To my heart's hope! Gold; silver; and base lead.
'Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath.'
You shall look fairer, ere I give or hazard.
What says the golden chest? ha! let me see:
'Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire.'
What many men desire! that 'many' may be meant
By the fool multitude, that choose by show,
I will not choose what many men desire,
Because I will not jump with common spirits
Why, then to thee, thou silver treasure-house;
'Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves.'
Well, but to my choice:
'Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves.'
I will assume desert. Give me a key for this,
And instantly unlock my fortunes here.

He opens the silver casket

PORTIA

Too long a pause for that which you find there.

ARRAGON

What's here? the portrait of a blinking idiot,
Presenting me a schedule! I will read it.
'Who chooseth me shall have as much as he deserves.'
Did I deserve no more than a fool's head?
What is here?

Reads

*The fire seven times tried this:
Seven times tried that judgment is,
That did never choose amiss.
There be fools alive, I wis,
Silver'd o'er; and so was this.
Take what wife you will to bed,
I will ever be your head:
So be gone: you are sped.*

Still more fool I shall appear
By the time I linger here
With one fool's head I came to woo,
But I go away with two.
Sweet, adieu. I'll keep my oath,
Patiently to bear my wroth.

Exeunt Arragon and train

PORTIA

Thus hath the candle sing'd the moth.

Enter a Servant

SERVANT

Where is my lady?

PORTIA

Here: what would my lord?

Servant

Madam, there is alighted at your gate
A young Venetian, one that comes before
To signify the approaching of his Lord;
I have not seen
So likely an Ambassador of Love:

PORTIA

No more, I pray thee: I am half afeard
Thou wilt say anon he is some kin to thee,
Thou spend'st such high-day wit in praising him.
Come, come, Nerissa; for I long to see
Quick Cupid's post that comes so mannerly.

NERISSA

Bassanio, lord Love, if thy will it be!

Exeunt

ACT III

SCENE i. Venice. A street.

Enter SOLANIO and SALARINO

SOLANIO

Now, what news on the Rialto?

SALARINO

Why, yet it lives there uncheck'd that Antonio hath
a ship of rich lading wrack'd on the Narrow Seas;

SOLANIO

I would she were as lying a gossip in that.

SOLANIO

Why, the end is, he hath
lost a ship.

SALARINO

I would it might prove the end of his losses.

SOLANIO

Let me say Amen' betimes, lest the devil cross my
prayer, for here he comes in the likeness of a Jew.
How now, Shylock! what news among the merchants?

Enter SHYLOCK

SHYLOCK

You know, none so well, none so well as you, of my
daughter's flight.
She is damned for it.

SOLANIO

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

SHYLOCK

My own flesh and blood to rebel.

SALARINO

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

SHYLOCK

There I have another bad match: a bankrupt, a prodigal, let him look to his bond: he was wont to call me usurer; let him look to his bond: he was wont to lend money for a Christian courtesy; let him look to his bond.

SALARINO

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

SHYLOCK

To bait fish withal, if it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge. He hath disgraced me, and hindered me half a million; laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned my Nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies; and what's his reason? I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? Revenge. If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example? Why, revenge. The villany you teach me, I will execute, and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction.

Enter TUBAL

SOLANIO

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

Exeunt SALANIO, SALARINO, and SERVANT

SHYLOCK

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

TUBAL

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

SHYLOCK

Why, there, there, there, there! a diamond gone, cost me two thousand ducats in Frankfort! The curse never fell upon our nation till now; I 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!

TUBAL

Yes, other men have ill luck too: Antonio, as I
heard in Genoa!

SHYLOCK

What, what, what? ill luck, ill luck?

TUBAL

Hath an argosy cast away, coming from Tripolis.

SHYLOCK

I thank God, I thank God. Is't true, is't true?
I thank thee, good Tubal: good news, good news!
ha, ha! here in Genoa.

TUBAL

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

SHYLOCK

Thou stick'st a dagger in me: I shall never see my
gold again: fourscore ducats at a sitting!
fourscore ducats!

TUBAL

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

SHYLOCK

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

TUBAL

Antonio is certainly undone.

SHYLOCK

Nay, that's true, that's very true.

I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit; for, were
he out of Venice, I can make what merchandise I
will. Go, go, Tubal, and meet me at our synagogue;
go, good Tubal; at our synagogue, Tubal.

Exeunt

ACT III SCENE ii. Belmont. A room in PORTIA'S house.

Enter BASSANIO, PORTIA, GRATIANO, NERISSA, and all their train

PORTIA

I pray you, tarry: pause a day or two
Before you hazard; for, in choosing wrong,
I lose your company: therefore forbear awhile.
There's something tells me (but it is not love)
I would not lose you; and you know yourself,
Hate counsels not in such a quality.
I speak too long; but 'tis to peize the time,
To eke it and to draw it out in length,
To stay you from election.

BASSANIO

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

PORTIA

Upon the rack, Bassanio!

BASSANIO

Let me to my fortune and the caskets.

PORTIA

Away, then! I am lock'd in one of them:
If you do love me, you will find me out.
Nerissa and the rest, stand all aloof.
Let music sound while he doth make his choice;
Go, Hercules!
Live thou, I live: with much, much more dismay
I view the fight than thou that makest the fray.

Music. A Song, whilst BASSANIO comments on the caskets to himself

SONG.

*Tell me where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head?
How begot, how nourished?
Reply, reply.*

*It is engender'd in the eyes,
With gazing fed; and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies:
Let us all ring fancy's knell
I'll begin it
Ding, dong, bell.*

ALL

Ding, dong, bell.

BASSANIO

So may the outward shows be least themselves:
The world is still deceived with ornament.
Thus ornament is but the guiled shore
To a most dangerous sea; the beauteous scarf
Veiling an Indian beauty; in a word,
The seeming truth which cunning times put on
To entrap the wisest. Therefore, thou gaudy gold,
Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee;
Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge
'Tween man and man: but thou, thou meagre lead,
Which rather threatenest than dost promise aught,
Thy paleness moves me more than eloquence;
And here choose I; joy be the consequence!
What find I here?

Opening the leaden casket

Fair Portia's counterfeit! What demi-god
Hath come so near creation?
Yet look, how far
The substance of my praise doth wrong this shadow
In underprizing it, so far this shadow

Doth limp behind the substance. Here's the scroll,
The continent and summary of my fortune.

Reads

*You that choose not by the view,
Chance as fair and choose as true!
Since this fortune falls to you,
Be content and seek no new,
If you be well pleased with this
And hold your fortune for your bliss,
Turn you where your lady is
And claim her with a loving kiss.*

A gentle scroll. Fair lady, by your leave;
I come by note, to give and to receive.
As doubtful whether what I see be true,
Until confirm'd, sign'd, ratified by you.

PORTIA

You see me, Lord Bassanio, where I stand,
Such as I am: yet, for you
I would be trebled twenty times myself;
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times more rich;
Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learn; happier than this,
is that her gentle spirit
Commits itself to yours to be directed,
As from her lord, her Governor, her King.
Myself and what is mine to you and yours
Is now converted. I give them with this ring;
Which when you part from, lose, or give away,
Let it presage the ruin of your love
And be my vantage to exclaim on you.

BASSANIO

Madam, you have bereft me of all words,
Only my blood speaks to you in my veins.
But when this ring
Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence:
O then be bold to say Bassanio's dead!

NERISSA

My Lord and Lady, it is now our time,
That have stood by and seen our wishes prosper,
To cry, good joy: good joy, my Lord and Lady!

GRATIANO

My Lord Bassanio and my gentle Lladly,
I wish you all the joy that you can wish;
And when your honours mean to solemnize
The bargain of your faith, I do beseech you,
Even at that time I may be married too.

BASSANIO

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

GRATIANO

I thank your lordship, you have got me one.

My eyes, my lord, can look as swift as yours:

You saw the mistress, I beheld the maid;

You loved, I loved for intermission.

Your fortune stood upon the casket there,

And so did mine too, as the matter falls;

For wooing here until I sweat again,

I got a promise of this fair one here

To have her love, provided that your fortune

Achieved her mistress.

PORTIA

Is this true, Nerissa?

NERISSA

Madam, it is, so you stand pleased withal.

BASSANIO

Our feast shall be much honour'd in your marriage.

GRATIANO

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

NERISSA

What, and stake down?

GRATIANO

No; we shall ne'er win at that sport, and stake down.

But who comes here?

Enter LORENZO, JESSICA, and SALERIO, a Messenger from Venice

BASSANIO

Lorenzo and Salerio, welcome hither;

By your leave,

I bid my very friends and countrymen,

Sweet Portia, welcome.

PORTIA

So do I, my Lord, they are entirely welcome.

LORENZO

I thank your honour.

SALERIO

Signior Antonio commends him to you.

Bassanio opens the letter

GRATIANO

Nerissa, cheer yon stranger; bid her welcome.

Your hand, Salerio.

PORTIA

There are some shrewd contents in yond same paper,

That steals the colour from Bassanio's cheek.

BASSANIO

O sweet Portia,

Here is a letter, Lady;

The paper as the body of my friend,
And every word in it a gaping wound,
Issuing life-blood. But is it true, Salerio?
Have all his ventures fail'd? What, not one hit?

SALERIO

Not one, my Lord.
Besides, it should appear, that if he had
The present money to discharge the Jew,
He would not take it.
None can drive him from the envious plea
Of forfeiture, of justice and his bond.

JESSICA

When I was with him I have heard him swear
To Tubal and to Chus, his countrymen,
That he would rather have Antonio's flesh
Than twenty times the value of the sum
That he did owe him: and I know, my Lord,
If law, authority and power deny not,
It will go hard with poor Antonio.

PORTIA

Is it your dear friend that is thus in trouble?
What sum owes he the Jew?

BASSANIO

For me three thousand ducats.

PORTIA

What, no more?
Pay him six thousand, and deface the bond;
Double six thousand, and then treble that,
Before a friend of this description
Shall lose a hair through Bassanio's fault.
First go with me to church and call me wife,
And then away to Venice to your friend;
For never shall you lie by Portia's side
With an unquiet soul. You shall have gold
To pay the petty debt twenty times over.
O love! dispatch all business, and be gone.

BASSANIO

Since I have your good leave to go away,
I will make haste: but, till I come again,
No bed shall e'er be guilty of my stay,
No rest be interposer 'twixt us twain.

Exeunt

ACT III SCENE iv. Belmont. A room in PORTIA'S house.

Enter PORTIA, NERISSA, LORENZO, JESSICA, and BALTHASAR

PORTIA

Lorenzo, I commit into your hands
The husbandry and manage of my house
Until my lord's return
There is a monastery two miles off;
And there will we abide. I do desire you
Not to deny this imposition;
The which my love and some necessity
Now lays upon you.

LORENZO

Madam, with all my heart;
I shall obey you in all fair commands.
Fair thoughts and happy hours attend on you!

JESSICA

I wish your ladyship all heart's content.

PORTIA

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

Exeunt JESSICA and LORENZO

Now, Balthasar, this same letter,
And use thou all the endeavour of a man
In speed to Padua: see thou render this
Into my cousin's hand, Doctor Bellario;
And, look, what notes and garments he doth give thee,
Bring them, I pray thee, with imagined speed
Unto the tranect, to the common ferry
Which trades to Venice. Waste no time in words,
But get thee gone: I shall be there before thee.

BALTHASAR

Madam, I go with all convenient speed.

Exit

PORTIA

Come on, Nerissa; I have work in hand
That you yet know not of: we'll see our husbands
Before they think of us!

NERISSA

Shall they see us?

PORTIA

They shall, Nerissa; but in such a habit,
That they shall think we are accomplished
With that we lack. I'll hold thee any wager,
When we are both accoutred like young men,
I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two.

NERISSA

Why, shall we turn to men?

PORTIA

Fie, what a question's that,
If thou wert near a lewd interpreter:
But come, I'll tell thee all my whole device
When I am in my coach, which stays for us

At the park gate; and therefore haste away,
For we must measure twenty miles to-day.

Exeunt

ACT IV

SCENE i Venice. A court of justice.

*Enter the DUKE, the Magnificoes, ANTONIO, BASSANIO,
GRATIANO, SALERIO, and others*

DUKE

What, is Antonio here?

ANTONIO

Ready, so please your Grace.

DUKE

I am sorry for thee: thou art come to answer
A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch
uncapable of pity, void and empty
From any dram of mercy.

ANTONIO

I have heard

Your grace hath ta'en great pains to qualify
His rigorous course; but since he stands obdurate.
I do oppose my patience to his fury, and am arm'd
To suffer, with a quietness of spirit,
The very tyranny and rage of his.

DUKE

Go one, and call the Jew into the Court.

SALERIO

He is ready at the door: he comes, my Lord.

Enter SHYLOCK

DUKE

Make room, and let him stand before our face.
Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too,
That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice
To the last hour of act; and then 'tis thought
Thou'lt show thy mercy and remorse more strange
Than is thy strange apparent cruelty;
We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.

SHYLOCK

I have possess'd your Grace of what I purpose;
And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn
To have the due and forfeit of my bond:
If you deny it, let the danger light
Upon your charter and your city's freedom.
You'll ask me, why I rather choose to have
A weight of carrion flesh than to receive
Three thousand ducats: I'll not answer that:
But, say, it is my humour: is it answer'd?

So can I give no reason, nor I will not,
More than a lodged hate and a certain loathing
I bear Antonio, that I follow thus
A losing suit against him. Are you answer'd?

ANTONIO

I pray you, think you question with the Jew:
You may as well go stand upon the beach,
And bid the main flood bate his usual height;
You may as well use question with the wolf
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb.
Therefore, I do beseech you,
Make no more offers, use no farther means,
But with all brief and plain expediency
Let me have judgment and the Jew his will.

BASSANIO

For thy three thousand ducats here is six.

SHYLOCK

If every ducat in six thousand ducats
Were in six parts, and every part a ducat,
I would not draw them; I would have my bond.

DUKE

Upon my power I may dismiss this Court,
Unless Bellario, a learned doctor,
Whom I have sent for to determine this,
Come here to-day.

SALERIO

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

DUKE

Bring us the letters; call the messenger.

BASSANIO

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

ANTONIO

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

Enter NERISSA, dressed like a lawyer's clerk

DUKE

Came you from Padua, from Bellario?

NERISSA

From both.

My Lord Bellario greets your Grace.

Presenting a letter

BASSANIO

Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly?

SHYLOCK

To cut the forfeiture from that bankrupt there.

GRATIANO

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

SHYLOCK

No, none that thou hast wit enough to make.

GRATIANO

O, be thou damn'd, inexecrable dog!
And for thy life let justice be accus'd.

DUKE

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

NERISSA

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

DUKE

With all my heart.

Enter PORTIA, dressed like a doctor of laws

And here (I take it) is the Doctor come.
Give me your hand. Come you from old Bellario?

PORTIA

I did, my lord.

DUKE

You are welcome: take your place.
Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.

PORTIA

Is your name Shylock?

SHYLOCK

Shylock is my name.

PORTIA

Of a strange nature is the suit you follow;
Yet in such rule that the Venetian Law
Cannot impugn you as you do proceed.
You stand within his danger, do you not?

ANTONIO

Ay, so he says.

PORTIA

Do you confess the bond?

ANTONIO

I do.

PORTIA

Then must the Jew be merciful.

SHYLOCK

On what compulsion must I? Tell me that.

PORTIA

The quality of mercy is not strain'd,
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice blest;
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes:
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest: it becomes
The throned Monarch better than his Crown;
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of Kings;
But mercy is above this sceptred sway;
It is enthroned in the hearts of Kings,
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
we do pray for mercy,
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy.

SHYLOCK

My deeds upon my head! I crave the Law,
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

PORTIA

Is he not able to discharge the money?

BASSANIO

Yes, here I tender it for him in the Court;
Yea, twice the sum
To do a great right, do a little wrong,
And curb this cruel devil of his will.

PORTIA

It must not be; there is no power in Venice
Can alter a decree established:
it cannot be.

SHYLOCK

A Daniel come to judgment! yea, a Daniel!

PORTIA

I pray you, let me look upon the bond.

SHYLOCK

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

PORTIA

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

SHYLOCK

When it is paid according to the tenor.

ANTONIO

Most heartily I do beseech the Court
To give the judgment.

PORTIA

Why then, thus it is:
You must prepare your bosom for his knife.

PORTIA

Therefore lay bare your bosom.

PORTIA

Are there balance here to weigh
The flesh?

SHYLOCK

I have them ready.

PORTIA

Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your charge,
To stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to death.

SHYLOCK

Is it so nominated in the bond?

SHYLOCK

I cannot find it; 'tis not in the bond.

PORTIA

You, merchant, have you any thing to say?

ANTONIO

But little: I am arm'd and well prepared.
Give me your hand, Bassanio: fare you well!
Commend me to your honourable wife:
Tell her the process of Antonio's end;
Say how I loved you, speak me fair in death;
And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge
Whether Bassanio had not once a Love.

BASSANIO

Antonio, I am married to a wife
Which is as dear to me as life itself;
I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all
Here to this devil, to deliver you.

PORTIA

Your wife would give you little thanks for that,
If she were by, to hear you make the offer.

GRATIANO

I have a wife, whom, I protest, I love,
I would she were in heaven, so she could
Entreat some power to change this currish Jew.

NERISSA

'Tis well you offer it behind her back,
The wish would make else an unquiet house.
We trifle time: I pray thee, pursue sentence.

Aside

PORTIA

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

SHYLOCK

Most rightful judge!

PORTIA

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

SHYLOCK

Most learned judge! A sentence! Come, prepare!

PORTIA

Tarry a little; there is something else.
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood;
The words expressly are 'a pound of flesh:'
Take then thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh;
But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods
Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate
Unto the State of Venice.

GRATIANO

O upright judge! Mark, Jew: O learned judge!

SHYLOCK

Is that the Law?

PORTIA

Thyself shalt see the Act:
Why doth the Jew pause? take thy forfeiture.

SHYLOCK

Shall I not have barely my principal?

PORTIA

Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,
To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.

SHYLOCK

Why, then the devil give him good of it:
I'll stay no longer question.

PORTIA

Tarry, Jew,
The Law hath yet another hold on you.
It is enacted in the Laws of Venice,
If it be proved against an Alien
That by direct or indirect attempts
He seek the life of any Citizen,
The party 'gainst the which he doth contrive
Shall seize one half his goods; the other half
Comes to the privy coffer of the State;
And the offender's life lies in the mercy
Of the duke only, 'gainst all other voice.
In which predicament I say thou stand'st:
Down therefore and beg mercy of the duke.

DUKE

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

SHYLOCK

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

PORTIA

What mercy can you render him, Antonio?

GRATIANO

A halter *gratis*; nothing else, for God's sake.

ANTONIO

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

DUKE

He shall do this.

PORTIA

Art thou contented, Jew? what dost thou say?

SHYLOCK

I am content.

PORTIA

Clerk, draw a deed of gift.

SHYLOCK

I pray you, give me leave to go from hence;
I am not well: send the deed after me,
And I will sign it.

DUKE

Get thee gone, but do it.

GRATIANO

In christening thou shalt have two godfathers:
Had I been judge, thou shouldst have had ten more,
To bring thee to the gallows, not the font.

Exit SHYLOCK

DUKE

Antonio, gratify this gentleman,
For, in my mind, you are much bound to him.

Exeunt Duke and his train

BASSANIO

Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend
Have by your wisdom been this day acquitted
Of grievous penalties; in lieu whereof,
Three thousand ducats, due unto the Jew,
We freely cope your courteous pains withal.

PORTIA

He is well paid that is well satisfied,
And I, delivering you, am satisfied.
I pray you, know me when we meet again:
I wish you well, and so I take my leave.

BASSANIO

Dear sir, Take some remembrance of us, as a tribute,
Not as a fee.

PORTIA

You press me far, and therefore I will yield.

To ANTONIO

Give me your gloves, I'll wear them for your sake;

To BASSANIO

And, for your love, I'll take this ring from you,
Do not draw back your hand,
I see, sir, you are liberal in offers
You taught me first to beg; and now methinks
You teach me how a beggar should be answer'd.

BASSANIO

Good sir, this ring was given me by my wife,
And when she put it on, she made me vow
That I should neither sell nor give nor lose it.

PORTIA

That 'scuse serves many men to save their gifts.
She would not hold out enemy for ever,
For giving it to me. Well, peace be with you!

Exeunt PORTIA and NERISSA

ANTONIO

My Lord Bassanio, let him have the ring,
Let his deservings and my love withal
Be valued against your wife's commandment.

BASSANIO

Go, Gratiano, run and overtake him;
Give him the ring, and bring him, if thou canst,
Unto Antonio's house: away! make haste.

Exit GRATIANO

Come, you and I will thither presently;
And in the morning early will we both
Fly toward Belmont: come, Antonio.

Exeunt

ACT IV SCENE ii. The same. A street.

Enter PORTIA and NERISSA and GRATIANO

GRATIANO

Fair sir, you are well o'erta'en;
My Lord Bassanio upon more advice,
Hath sent you here this ring, and doth entreat
Your company at dinner.

PORTIA

His ring I do accept most thankfully:
And so, I pray you, tell him: furthermore,
I pray you, show my youth old Shylock's house.

GRATIANO

That will I do.

NERISSA

Sir, I would speak with you.

Aside to PORTIA

I'll see if I can get my husband's ring,
Which I did make him swear to keep for ever.

PORTIA

Aside to NERISSA

Thou mayst, I warrant, we shall have old swearing
That they did give the rings away to men.

NERISSA

Come, good sir, will you show me to this house?

Exeunt

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ACT V

SCENE i. Belmont. Avenue to PORTIA'S house.

Enter LAUNCELOT and LORENZO

LAUNCELOT

Sola! did you see Master Lorenzo?
Master Lorenzo, sola, sola!

LORENZO

Leave hollowing, man: here.

Exit

Enter PORTIA and NERISSA

PORTIA

That light we see is burning in my hall:
How far that little candle throws his beams,
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

LORENZO

That is the voice,
Or I am much deceiv'd, of Portia.

PORTIA

He knows me as the blind man knows the cuckoo
By the bad voice.

LORENZO

Dear lady, welcome home.

A tucket sounds

LORENZO

Your husband is at hand; I hear his trumpet.

PORTIA

This night methinks is but the daylight sick,
It looks a little paler: 'tis a day,
Such as the day is when the sun is hid.

Enter BASSANIO, ANTONIO, GRATIANO, and their followers

BASSANIO

We should hold day with the Antipodes,
If you would walk in absence of the sun.

PORTIA

Let me give light, but let me not be light,
For a light wife doth make a heavy husband,
And never be Bassanio so for me:
But God sort all! You are welcome home, my Lord.

BASSANIO

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

PORTIA

You should in all sense be much bound to him.
For, as I hear, he was much bound for you.

ANTONIO

No more than I am well acquitted of.

PORTIA

Sir, you are very welcome to our house.

GRATIANO

[*To NERISSA*] By yonder moon I swear you do me wrong;
In faith, I gave it to the Judge's Clerk:

PORTIA

A quarrel, ho, already! what's the matter?

GRATIANO

About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring
That she did give me.

NERISSA

What talk you of the posy or the value?
You swore to me, when I did give it you,
That you would wear it till your hour of death
Gave it a Judge's Clerk! no, God's my judge,
The clerk will ne'er wear hair on's face that had it.

GRATIANO

He will, and if he live to be a man.

NERISSA

Ay, if a woman live to be a man.

PORTIA

You were to blame, I must be plain with you,
To part so slightly with your wife's first gift,
I gave my love a ring and made him swear
Never to part with it; and here he stands.

BASSANIO

[*Aside*] Why, I were best to cut my left hand off
And swear I lost the ring defending it.

GRATIANO

My Lord Bassanio gave his ring away
Unto the Judge that begg'd it.

PORTIA

What ring gave you my Lord?
Not that, I hope, which you receiv'd of me.

BASSANIO

If I could add a lie unto a fault,
I would deny it; but you see my finger
Hath not the ring upon it; it is gone.

PORTIA

By heaven, I will ne'er come in your bed
Until I see the ring.

NERISSA

Nor I in yours till I again see mine.

BASSANIO

Sweet Portia,
If you did know to whom I gave the ring,
If you did know for whom I gave the ring
You would abate the strength of your displeasure.

PORTIA

If you had known the virtue of the ring,
Or half her worthiness that gave the ring,
You would not then have parted with the ring.
Nerissa teaches me what to believe,
I'll die for't but some woman had the ring.

BASSANIO

No, by my honour, Madam, by my soul,
No woman had it, but a civil Doctor,
What should I say, sweet Lady?
I was enforced to send it after him;
Pardon me, good Lady;
For, by these blessed candles of the night,
Had you been there, I think you would have begg'd
The ring of me to give the worthy Doctor.

PORTIA

Let not that Doctor e'er come near my house:
Since he hath got the jewel that I loved.
Now, by mine honour, which is yet mine own,
I'll have that Doctor for my bedfellow.

NERISSA

And I his Clerk; therefore be well advised
How you do leave me to mine own protection.

GRATIANO

Well, do you so; let not me take him, then;
For if I do, I'll mar the young Clerk's pen.

ANTONIO

I am the unhappy subject of these quarrels.

PORTIA

Sir, grieve not you; you are welcome notwithstanding.

BASSANIO

Nay, but hear me.

Pardon this fault, and by my soul I swear
I never more will break an oath with thee.

ANTONIO

I once did lend my body for his wealth;
Which, but for him that had your husband's ring,
Had quite miscarried: I dare be bound again,
My soul upon the forfeit, that your Lord
Will never more break faith advisedly.

PORTIA

Then you shall be his surety. Give him this,
And bid him keep it better than the other.

ANTONIO

Here, Lord Bassanio; swear to keep this ring.

BASSANIO

By heaven, it is the same I gave the Doctor!

PORTIA

I had it of him: pardon me, Bassanio;
For, by this ring, the Doctor lay with me.

NERISSA

And pardon me, my gentle Gratiano;
For that same scrubbed boy, the Doctor's Clerk,
In lieu of this, last night did lie with me.

GRATIANO

What, are we cuckolds ere we have deserved it?

PORTIA

Speak not so grossly. You are all amaz'd:
Here is a letter; read it at your leisure;
It comes from Padua, from Bellario:
There you shall find that Portia was the Doctor,
Nerissa there her Clerk. Lorenzo here
Shall witness I set forth as soon as you,
And e'en but now return'd; I have not yet
Enter'd my house. Antonio, you are welcome;
And I have better news in store for you
Than you expect: unseal this letter soon;
There you shall find three of your Argosies
Are richly come to harbour suddenly:

ANTONIO

I am dumb.

BASSANIO

Were you the doctor and I knew you not?

GRATIANO

Were you the clerk that is to make me cuckold?

NERISSA

Ay, but the clerk that never means to do it,
Unless he live until he be a man.

BASSANIO

Sweet Doctor, you shall be my bed-fellow:
When I am absent, then lie with my wife.

ANTONIO

Sweet Lady, you have given me life and living;
For here I read for certain that my ships
Are safely come to road.

PORTIA

How now, Lorenzo!
My clerk hath some good comforts too for you.

NERISSA

Ay, and I'll give them him without a fee.
There do I give to you and Jessica
From the rich Jew, a special deed of gift,
After his death, of all he dies possess'd of.

LORENZO

Fair ladies, you drop manna in the way
Of starved people.

PORTIA

It is almost morning,
Let us go in;
And charge us there upon intergatories,
And we will answer all things faithfully.

GRATIANO

Let it be so: the first intergatory
That my Nerissa shall be sworn on, is
Whether till the next night she had rather stay
Or go to bed now, being two hours to day:
But were the day come, I should wish it dark,
Till I were couching with the Doctor's Clerk.
Well, while I live I'll fear no other thing
So sore, as keeping safe Nerissa's ring.

Exeunt