

Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? If we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his 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. 78

Enter a Servant.

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

Salar. We have been up and down to seek him.

Enter TUBAL.

Salan. Here comes another of the tribe: a third cannot be matched, unless the devil himself turn Jew. 85

[Exeunt SALANIO, SALARINO and Servant.]

Shy. How now, Tubal! what news from Genoa? Hast thou found my daughter?

Tub. I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her. 89

Shy. Why there, there, there! a diamond gone, cost me two thousand ducats in Frankfort! The curse never fell upon our nation till now; I never felt it till now: two thousand ducats in that; and other precious, precious jewels. I would my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear! would she were hearsed at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin! No news of them? Why, so: and I know not what's spent in the search: Why thou—loss upon loss! the thief gone with so much, and so much to find the thief; and no satisfaction, no revenge: nor no ill luck stirring but what lights on my shoulders; no sighs but of my breathing; no tears but of my shedding. 104

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

Shy. What, what, what? ill luck, ill luck?

Tub.—hath an argosy cast away, coming from Tripolis. 109

Shy. I thank God! I thank God! Is it true? is it true?

Tub. I spoke with some of the sailors that escaped the wrack. 113

Shy. I thank thee, good Tubal. Good news, good news! ha, ha! Where? in Genoa?

Tub. Your daughter spent in Genoa, as I heard, one night, fourscore ducats. 117

Shy. Thou stick'st a dagger in me: I shall never see my gold again: fourscore ducats at a sitting! fourscore ducats! 120

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

Shy. I am very glad of it: I'll plague him; I'll torture him: I am glad of it. 125

Tub. One of them showed me a ring that he had of your daughter for a monkey.

Shy. Out upon her! Thou torturest me, Tubal: it was my turquoise; I had it of Leah

when I was a bachelor: I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys.

Tub. But Antonio is certainly undone. 132

Shy. Nay, that's true, that's very true. Go Tubal, fee me an officer; bespeak him a fortnight before. 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.]*

SCENE II.—Belmont. A Room in PORTIA'S House.

Enter BASSANIO, PORTIA, GRATIANO, NERISSA, and Attendants.

Por. 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, 5 Hate counsels not in such a quality.

But lest you should not understand me well,— And yet a maiden hath no tongue but thought,— I would detain you here some month or two 9 Before you venture for me. I could teach you How to choose right, but then I am forsworn; So will I never be: so may you miss me; 12 But if you do, you'll make me wish a sin, That I had been forsworn. Beshrew your eyes, They have o'erlook'd me and divided me: One half of me is yours, the other half yours, 16 Mine own, I would say; but if mine, then yours, And so all yours. O! these naughty times Put bars between the owners and their rights; And so, though yours, not yours. Prove it so, 20 Let fortune go to hell for it, not I. I speak too long; but 'tis to please the time, To eke it and to draw it out in length, To stay you from election.

Bass. Let me choose; 24 For as I am, I live upon the rack.

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

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

Por. Ay, but I fear you speak upon the rack, Where men enforced do speak anything. 33

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

Por. Well then, confess, and live. 36

Bass. 'Confess' and 'love' Had been the very sum of my confession: 36 O happy torment, when my torturer Doth teach me answers for deliverance! But let me to my fortune and the caskets.

Por. Away then! I am lock'd in one of them: If you do love me, you will find me out. 41

Nerissa and the rest, stand all aloof. Let music sound while he doth make his choice; Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end, 44 Fading in music: that the comparison May stand more proper, my eye shall be the stream

And watery death-bed for him. He may win; And what is music then? then music is 48 Even as the flourish when true subjects bow To a new-crowned monarch: such it is As are those dulcet sounds in break of day That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear, And summon him to marriage. Now he goes, 53 With no less presence, but with much more love, Than young Alcides, when he did redeem The virgin tribute paid by howling Troy 56 To the sea-monster: I stand for sacrifice; The rest aloof are the Dardanian wives, With bleared visages, come forth to view The issue of the exploit. Go, Hercules! 60 Live thou, I live: with much, much more dismay I view the fight than thou that mak'st the fray.

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

Tell me where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart or in the head? 64
How begot, how nourished?

Reply, reply.
It is engender'd in the eyes,
With gazing fed; and fancy dies 68
In the cradle where it lies.
Let us all ring fancy's knell:
I'll begin it,—Ding, dong, bell.

All. Ding, dong, bell. 72

Bass. So may the outward shows be least themselves:

The world is still deceiv'd with ornament. In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt But, being season'd with a gracious voice, 76 Obscures the show of evil? In religion, What damned error, but some sober brow Will bless it and approve it with a text, Hiding the grossness with fair ornament? 80 There is no vice so simple but assumes Some mark of virtue on his outward parts. How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins 84 The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars, Who, inward search'd, have livers white as milk; And these assume but valour's excrement To render them redoubt'd! Look on beauty, 88 And you shall see 'tis purchas'd by the weight; Which therein works a miracle in nature, Making them lightest that wear most of it: So are those crisped snaky golden locks 92 Which make such wanton gambols with the wind, Upon supposed fairness, often known To be the dowry of a second head, The skull that bred them, in the sepulchre. 96 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 101 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 104 lead,

Which rather threat'nest than dost promise aught,

Thy plainness moves me more than eloquence, And here choose I: joy be the consequence!

Por. *[Aside.]* How all the other passions fleet to air, 108 As doubtful thoughts, and rash-embrac'd despair,

And shuddering fear, and green-ey'd jealousy. O love! be moderate; allay thy ecstasy; In measure rain thy joy; scant this excess; 112 I feel too much thy blessing; make it less, For fear I surfeit!

Bass. What find I here?
[Opening the leaden casket.]

Fair Portia's counterfeit! What demi-god Hath come so near creation? Move these eyes? Or whether, riding on the balls of mine, 117 Seem they in motion? Here are sever'd lips, Parted with sugar breath; so sweet a bar Should sunder such sweet friends. Here, in her 120 hairs

The painter plays the spider, and hath woven A golden mesh to entrap the hearts of men Faster than gnats in cobwebs: but her eyes!— 68 How could he see to do them? having made one, Methinks it should have power to steal both his And leave itself unfurnish'd: yet look, how far The substance of my praise doth wrong this shadow

In underprizing it, so far this shadow 128 Doth limp behind the substance. Here's the scroll,

The continent and summary of my fortune.

You that choose not by the view,
Chance as fair and choose as true! 132
Since this fortune falls to you,
Be content and seek no new.
If you be well pleas'd with this
And hold your fortune for your bliss, 136
Turn you where your lady is
And claim her with a loving kiss.

A gentle scroll. Fair lady, by your leave;
[Kissing her.]

I come by note, to give and to receive. 140 Like one of two contending in a prize, That thinks he hath done well in people's eyes, Hearing applause and universal shout, Giddy in spirit, still gazing in a doubt 144 Whether those peals of praise be his or no; So, thrice-fair lady, stand I, even so, As doubtful whether what I see be true, Until confirm'd, sign'd, ratified by you. 148

Por. You see me, Lord Bassanio, where I stand,
Such as I am: though for myself alone I would not be ambitious in my wish, To wish myself much better; yet, for you 152 I would be trebled twenty times myself; A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times More rich;

That only stand high in your account, 156 I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends, Exceed account: but the full sum of me Is sum of nothing; which, to term in gross, Is an unlesson'd girl, unschooled, unpractis'd; 161 Happy in this, she is not yet so old

But she may learn; happier than this,

She is not bred so dull but she can learn;
 Happiest of all 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: but now I was the lord
 Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,
 Queen o'er myself; and even now, but now,
 This house, these servants, and this same myself
 Are yours, my lord. 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.
Bass. Madam, you have bereft me of all
 words.
 Only my blood speaks to you in my veins;
 And there is such confusion in my powers,
 As, after some oration fairly spoke
 By a beloved prince, there doth appear
 Among the buzzing pleased multitude;
 Where every something, being blent together,
 Turns to a wild of nothing, save of joy,
 Express'd and not express'd. But when this ring
 Parts from this finger, then parts life from
 hence:
 O! then be bold to say Bassanio's dead.
Ner. 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!
Gra. My Lord Bassanio and my gentle lady,
 I wish you all the joy that you can wish;
 For I am sure you can wish none from me:
 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.
Bass. With all my heart, so thou canst get a
 wife.
Gra. 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 lov'd, I lov'd for intermission.
 No more pertains to me, my lord, than you.
 Your fortune stood upon the caskets there,
 And so did mine too, as the matter falls;
 For wooing here until I sweat again,
 And swearing till my very roof was dry
 With oaths of love, at last, if promise last,
 I got a promise of this fair one here
 To have her love, provided that your fortune
 Achiev'd her mistress.
Por. Is this true, Nerissa?
Ner. Madam, it is, so you stand pleas'd withal.
Bass. And do you, Gratiano, mean good
 faith?
Gra. Yes, faith, my lord.
Bass. Our feast shall be much honour'd in
 your marriage.
Gra. We'll play with them the first boy for a
 thousand ducats.
Ner. What! and stake down?
Gra. No; we shall ne'er win at that sport,
 and stake down.
 But who comes here? Lorenzo and his infidel?
 What! and my old Venetian friend, Salanio?

Enter LORENZO, JESSICA, and SALANIO.
Bass. Lorenzo, and Salanio, welcome hither,
 If that the youth of my new interest here
 Have power to bid you welcome. By your leave,
 I bid my very friends and countrymen,
 Sweet Portia, welcome.
Por. So do I, my lord:
 They are entirely welcome.
Lor. I thank your honour. For my part, my
 lord,
 My purpose was not to have seen you here;
 But meeting with Salanio by the way,
 He did entreat me, past all saying nay,
 To come with him along.
Salan. I did, my lord,
 And I have reason for it. Signior Antonio
 Commends him to you. [*Gives BASSANIO a letter.*]
Bass. Ere I ope his letter,
 I pray you, tell me how my good friend doth.
Salan. Not sick, my lord, unless it be in mind;
 Nor well, unless in mind: his letter there
 Will show you his estate.
Gra. Nerissa, cheer yon stranger; bid her
 welcome.
 Your hand, Salanio. What's the news from
 Venice?
 How doth that royal merchant, good Antonio?
 I know he will be glad of our success;
 We are the Jasons, we have won the fleece.
Salan. I would you had won the fleece that
 he hath lost.
Por. There are some shrewd contents in yon
 same paper,
 That steal the colour from Bassanio's cheek:
 Some dear friend dead, else nothing in the world
 Could turn so much the constitution
 Of any constant man. What, worse and worse!
 With leave, Bassanio; I am half yourself.
 And I must freely have the half of anything
 That this same paper brings you.
Bass. O sweet Portia!
 Here are a few of the unpleasant'st words
 That ever blotted paper. Gentle lady,
 When I did first impart my love to you,
 I freely told you all the wealth I had
 Ran in my veins, I was a gentleman:
 And then I told you true; and yet, dear lady,
 Rating myself at nothing, you shall see
 How much I was a braggart. When I told you
 My state was nothing, I should then have told
 you
 That I was worse than nothing; for, indeed,
 I have engag'd myself to a dear friend,
 Engag'd my friend to his mere enemy,
 To feed my means. 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, Salanio?
 Hath all his ventures fail'd? What, not one hit?
 From Tripolis, from Mexico, and England,
 From Lisbon, Barbary, and India?
 And not one vessel 'scape the dreadful touch
 Of merchant-marring rocks?
Salan. Not one, my lord.
 Besides, it should appear, that if he had
 The present money to discharge the Jew,

He would not take it. Never did I know
 A creature, that did bear the shape of man,
 So keen and greedy to confound a man.
 He plies the duke at morning and at night,
 And doth impeach the freedom of the state,
 If they deny him justice: twenty merchants,
 The duke himself, and the magnificoes
 Of greatest port, have all persuaded with him;
 But none can drive him from the envious plea
 Of forfeiture, of justice, and his bond.
Jes. 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.
Por. Is it your dear friend that is thus in
 trouble?
Bass. The dearest friend to me, the kindest
 man,
 The best-condition'd and unwearied spirit
 In doing courtesies, and one in whom
 The ancient Roman honour more appears
 Than any that draws breath in Italy.
Por. What sum owes he the Jew?
Bass. For me, three thousand ducats.
Por. 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 thorough 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:
 When it is paid, bring your true friend along.
 My maid Nerissa and myself meantime,
 Will live as maids and widows. Come, away!
 For you shall hence upon your wedding-day.
 Bid your friends welcome, show a merry cheer;
 Since you are dear bought, I will love you dear.
 But let me hear the letter of your friend.
Bass. Sweet Bassanio, my ships have all mis-
 carried, my creditors grow cruel, my estate is very
 low, my bond to the Jew is forfeit; and since, in
 paying it, it is impossible I should live, all debts
 are cleared between you and I, if I might but see
 you at my death. Notwithstanding, use your
 pleasure: if your love do not persuade you to come,
 let not my letter.
Por. O love, dispatch all business, and be
 gone!
Bass. 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,
 Nor rest be interposer 'twixt us twain.
 [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*Venice. A Street.*
Enter SHYLOCK, SALARINO, ANTONIO, and Gaoler.
Shy. Gaoler, look to him: tell not me of
 mercy;
 This is the fool that lent out money gratis:

Gaoler, look to him.
Ant. Hear me yet, good Shylock.
Shy. I'll have my bond; speak not against
 my bond:
 I have sworn an oath that I will have my bond.
 Thou call'st me dog before thou hadst a cause,
 But, since I am a dog, beware my fangs:
 The duke shall grant me justice. I do wonder,
 Thou naughty gaoler, that thou art so fond
 To come abroad with him at his request.
Ant. I pray thee, hear me speak.
Shy. I'll have my bond; I will not hear thee
 speak:
 I'll have my bond, and therefore speak no more.
 I'll not be made a soft and dull-eyed fool,
 To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield
 To Christian intercessors. Follow not;
 I'll have no speaking; I will have my bond.
 [*Exit.*]

Salar. It is the most impenetrable cur
 That ever kept with men.
Ant. Let him alone:
 I'll follow him no more with bootless prayers.
 He seeks my life; his reason well I know.
 I oft deliver'd from his forfeitures
 Many that have at times made moan to me;
 Therefore he hates me.
Salar. I am sure the duke
 Will never grant this forfeiture to hold.
Ant. The duke cannot deny the course of law:
 For the commodity that strangers have
 With us in Venice, if it be denied,
 'Twill much impeach the justice of the state;
 Since that the trade and profit of the city
 Consisteth of all nations. Therefore, go:
 These griefs and losses have so bated me,
 That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh
 To-morrow to my bloody creditor.
 Well, gaoler, on. Pray God, Bassanio come
 To see me pay his debt, and then I care not!
 [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*Belmont. A Room in PORTIA'S House.*

Enter PORTIA, NERISSA, LORENZO, JESSICA, and BALTHAZAR.
Lor. Madam, although I speak it in your
 presence,
 You have a noble and a true conceit
 Of god-like amity; which appears most strongly
 In bearing thus the absence of your lord.
 But if you knew to whom you show this honour,
 How true a gentleman you send relief,
 How dear a lover of my lord your husband,
 I know you would be prouder of the work
 Than customary bounty can enforce you.
Por. I never did repent for doing good,
 Nor shall not now: for in companions
 That do converse and waste the time together,
 Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love,
 There must be needs a like proportion
 Of lineaments, of manners, and of spirit;
 Which makes me think that this Antonio,
 Being the bosom lover of my lord,

Must needs be like my lord. If it be so,
How little is the cost I have bestow'd
In purchasing the semblance of my soul 20
From out the state of hellish cruelty!
This comes too near the praising of myself;
Therefore, no more of it: hear other things.
Lorenzo, I commit into your hands 24
The husbandry and manage of my house
Until my lord's return: for mine own part,
I have toward heaven breath'd a secret vow
To live in prayer and contemplation, 28
Only attended by Nerissa here,
Until her husband and my lord's return.
There is a monastery two miles off,
And there will we abide. I do desire you 32
Not to deny this imposition,
The which my love and some necessity
Now lays upon you.

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

Por. My people do already know my mind,
And will acknowledge you and Jessica
In place of Lord Bassanio and myself.

So fare you well till we shall meet again. 40
Lor. Fair thoughts and happy hours attend
on you!

Jes. I wish your ladyship all heart's content.
Por. I thank you for your wish, and am well
pleas'd

To wish it back on you: fare you well, Jessica.
[*Exeunt JESSICA and LORENZO.*]

Now, Balthazar, 45
As I have ever found thee honest-true,
So let me find thee still. Take this same letter,
And use thou all the endeavour of a man 48
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 imagin'd speed 52
Unto the trajet, to the common ferry
Which trades to Venice. Waste no time in words,
But get thee gone: I shall be there before thee.

Balth. Madam, I go with all convenient speed.
[*Exit.*]

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

Ner. Shall they see us?

Por. They shall, Nerissa; but in such a habit
That they shall think we are accomplished 61
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, 64
And wear my dagger with the braver grace,
And speak between the change of man and boy
With a reed voice, and turn two mincing steps
Into a manly stride, and speak of frays 68
Like a fine bragging youth, and tell quaint lies,
How honourable ladies sought my love,
Which I denying, they fell sick and died:
I could not do withal; then I'll repent, 72
And wish, for all that, that I had not kill'd them:
And twenty of these puny lies I'll tell,
That men shall swear I have discontinu'd school
Above a twelvemonth. I have within my mind

A thousand raw tricks of these bragging Jacks,
Which I will practise.

Ner. Why, shall we turn to men?

Por. Fie, what a question's that,
If thou wert near a lewd interpreter! 80

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. 84
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—The Same. A Garden.

Enter LAUNCELOT and JESSICA.

Laun. Yes, truly; for, look you, the sins of
the father are to be laid upon the children; there-
fore, I promise you, I fear you. I was always
plain with you, and so now I speak my agitation
of the matter: therefore be of good cheer; for,
truly, I think you are damned. There is but one
hope in it that can do you any good, and that is
but a kind of bastard hope neither. 8

Jes. And what hope is that, I pray thee?

Laun. Marry, you may partly hope that your
father got you not, that you are not the Jew's
daughter. 12

Jes. That were a kind of bastard hope, in-
deed: so the sins of my mother should be visited
upon me.

Laun. Truly then I fear you are damned both
by father and mother: thus when I shun Scylla,
your father, I fall into Charybdis, your mother:

well, you are gone both ways. 21

Jes. I shall be saved by my husband; he hath
made me a Christian.

Laun. Truly the more to blame he: we were
Christians enow before; e'en as many as could
well live one by another. This making of Chris-
tians will raise the price of hogs: if we grow all
to be pork-eaters, we shall not shortly have a
rasher on the coals for money. 27

Jes. I'll tell my husband, Launcelot, what you
say: here he comes.

Enter LORENZO.

Lor. I shall grow jealous of you shortly,
Launcelot, if you thus get my wife into cor-
ners. 32

Jes. Nay, you need not fear us, Lorenzo:
Launcelot and I are out. He tells me flatly,
there is no mercy for me in heaven, because I
am a Jew's daughter: and he says you are no
good member of the commonwealth, for, in con-
verting Jews to Christians, you raise the price of
pork. 39

Lor. I shall answer that better to the com-
monwealth than you can the getting up of the
negro's belly: the Moor is with child by you,
Launcelot. 43

Laun. It is much that the Moor should be
more than reason; but if she be less than an
honest woman, she is indeed more than I took
her for. 47

Lor. How every fool can play upon the word!
I think the best grace of wit will shortly turn
into silence, and discourse grow commendable

in none only but parrots. Go in, sirrah: bid
them prepare for dinner. 52

Laun. That is done, sir; they have all
stomachs.

Lor. Goodly Lord, what a wit-snapper are
you! then bid them prepare dinner. 56

Laun. That is done too, sir; only, 'cover' is
the word.

Lor. Will you cover, then, sir? 59

Laun. Not so, sir, neither; I know my duty.

Lor. Yet more quarrelling with occasion!
Wilt thou show the whole wealth of thy wit in
an instant? I pray thee, understand a plain man
in his plain meaning: go to thy fellows; bid
them cover the table, serve in the meat, and we
will come in to dinner. 66

Laun. For the table, sir, it shall be served in;
for the meat, sir, it shall be covered; for your
coming in to dinner, sir, why, let it be as hu-
mours and conceits shall govern. [Exit.]

Lor. O dear discretion, how his words are
suited!

The fool hath planted in his memory 72
An army of good words: and I do know
A many fools, that stand in better place,
Garnish'd like him, that for a tricky word
Defy the matter. How cheer'st thou, Jessica?

And now, good sweet, say thy opinion; 77
How dost thou like the Lord Bassanio's wife?

Jes. Past all expressing. It is very meet,
The Lord Bassanio live an upright life, 80

For, having such a blessing in his lady,
He finds the joys of heaven here on earth;
And if on earth he do not mean it, then
In reason he should never come to heaven. 84

Why, if two gods should play some heavenly
match,

And on the wager lay two earthly women,
And Portia one, there must be something else
Pawn'd with the other, for the poor rude world
Hath not her fellow.

Lor. Even such a husband 89
Hast thou of me as she is for a wife.

Jes. Nay, but ask my opinion too of that.

Lor. I will anon; first, let us go to dinner. 92

Jes. Nay, let me praise you while I have a
stomach.

Lor. No, pray thee, let it serve for table-talk;
Then howsoe'er thou speak'st, 'mong other
things

I shall digest it.

Jes. Well, I'll set you forth. [Exit.]

ACT IV

SCENE I.—Venice. A Court of Justice.

*Enter the DUKE: the Magnificoes; ANTONIO,
BASSANIO, GRATIANO, SALARINO, SALANIO,
and Others.*

Duke. What is Antonio here?

Ant. Ready, so please your Grace.

Duke. I am sorry for thee: thou art come to
answer

A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch 4
Uncapable of pity, void and empty

From any dram of mercy.

Ant. I have heard
Your Grace hath ta'en great pains to qualify
His rigorous course; but since he stands ob-
durate, 8

And that no lawful means can carry me
Out of his envy's reach, I do oppose
My patience to his fury, and am arm'd
To suffer with a quietness of spirit 12

The very tyranny and rage of his.

Duke. Go one, and call the Jew into the
court.

Salar. He's ready at the door: he comes,
my lord.

Enter SHYLOCK.

Duke. Make room, and let him stand before
our face. 16

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 20

Than is thy strange-apparent cruelty;
And where thou now exact'st the penalty,—
Which is a pound of this poor merchant's
flesh,—

Thou wilt not only loose the forfeiture, 24
But, touch'd with human gentleness and love,
Forgive a moiety of the principal;
Glancing an eye of pity on his losses,
That have of late so huddled on his back, 28
Enow to press a royal merchant down,
And pluck commiseration of his state
From brassy bosoms and rough hearts of flint,
From stubborn Turks and Tartars, never train'd
To offices of tender courtesy. 33

We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.

Shy. I have possess'd your Grace of what I
purpose;

And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn 36
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 40
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?

What if my house be troubled with a rat, 44
And I be pleas'd to give ten thousand ducats
To have it ban'd? What, are you answer'd yet?

Some men there are love not a gaping pig;
Some, that are mad if they behold a cat; 48
And others, when the bagpipe sings i' the nose,
Cannot contain their urine: for affection,
Mistress of passion, sways it to the mood
Of what it likes, or loathes. Now, for your
answer: 52

As there is no firm reason to be render'd,
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig;
Why he, a harmless necessary cat;
Why he, a wailing bagpipe; but of force 56
Must yield to such inevitable shame
As to offend, himself being offended;
So can I give no reason, nor I will not,
More than a lodg'd hate and a certain loathing

I bear Antonio, that I follow thus 61
A losing suit against him. Are you answer'd?
Bass. This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,
To excuse the current of thy cruelty. 64
Shy. I am not bound to please thee with my
answer.
Bass. Do all men kill the things they do not
love?
Shy. Hates any man the thing he would not
kill?
Bass. Every offence is not a hate at first. 68
Shy. What! wouldst thou have a serpent
sting thee twice?
Ant. 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; 72
You may as well use question with the wolf,
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb;
You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops, and to make no noise 76
When they are fretted with the gusts of heaven;
You may as well do anything most hard,
As seek to soften that—than which what's
harder?—
His Jewish heart: therefore, I do beseech you,
Make no more offers, use no further means; 81
But with all brief and plain convenience,
Let me have judgment, and the Jew his will.
Bass. For thy three thousand ducats here
is six. 84
Shy. 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. How shalt thou hope for mercy, render-
ing none? 88
Shy. What judgment shall I dread, doing no
wrong?
You have among you many a purchas'd slave,
Which, like your asses and your dogs and mules,
You use in abject and in slavish parts, 92
Because you bought them: shall I say to you,
Let them be free, marry them to your heirs?
Why sweat they under burdens? let their beds
Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates
Be season'd with such viands? You will an-
swer: 97
'The slaves are ours:' so do I answer you:
The pound of flesh which I demand of him,
Is dearly bought; 'tis mine and I will have it.
If you deny me, fie upon your law! 101
There is no force in the decrees of Venice.
I stand for judgment: answer; shall I have it?
Duke. Upon my power I may dismiss this
court, 104
Unless Bellario, a learned doctor,
Whom I have sent for to determine this,
Come here to-day.
Salar. My lord, here stays without
A messenger with letters from the doctor, 108
New come from Padua.
Duke. Bring us the letters: call the messenger.
Bass. Good cheer, Antonio! What, man,
courage yet!
The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones,
and all, 112

Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.
Ant. 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: 116
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?
Ner. From both, my lord. Bellario greets
your Grace. [Presents a letter.
Bass. Why dost thou whet thy knife so
earnestly? 121
Shy. To cut the forfeiture from that bank-
rupt there.
Gra. Not on thy sole, but on thy soul, harsh
Jew,
Thou mak'st thy knife keen; but no metal can,
No, not the hangman's axe, bear half the keen-
ness 125
Of thy sharp envy. Can no prayers pierce thee?
Shy. No, none that thou hast wit enough to
make.
Gra. O, be thou damn'd, inexecrable dog! 128
And for thy life let justice be accus'd.
Thou almost mak'st me waver in my faith
To hold opinion with Pythagoras,
That souls of animals infuse themselves 132
Into the trunks of men: thy currish spirit
Govern'd a wolf, who, hang'd for human slaugh-
ter,
Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet,
And whilst thou lay'st in thy unhallow'd dam,
Infus'd itself in thee; for thy desires 137
Are wolfish, bloody, starv'd, and ravenous.
Shy. Till thou canst rail the seal from off my
bond,
Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud:
Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall 141
To cureless ruin. I stand here for law.
Duke. This letter from Bellario doth com-
mend
A young and learned doctor to our court. 144
Where is he?
Ner. He attendeth here hard by,
To know your answer, whether you'll admit
him.
Duke. With all my heart: some three or four
of you 147
Go give him courteous conduct to this place.
Meantime, the court shall hear Bellario's letter.
Clerk. Your Grace shall understand that at the
receipt of your letter I am very sick; but in the
instant that your messenger came, in loving visita-
tion was with me a young doctor of Rome; his
name is Balthazar. I acquainted him with the
cause in controversy between the Jew and Antonio
the merchant: we turned o'er many books toge-
ther: he is furnished with my opinion; which,
bettered with his own learning,—the greatness
whereof I cannot enough commend,—comes with
him, at my importunity, to fill up your Grace's
request in my stead. I beseech you, let his lack
of years be no impediment to let him lack a re-
verend estimation, for I never knew so young a
body with so old a head. I leave him to your
gracious acceptance, whose trial shall better pub-
lish his commendation. 166

Duke. You hear the learn'd Bellario, what
he writes:
And here, I take it, is the doctor come.
Enter PORTIA, dressed like a doctor of laws.
Give me your hand. Came you from old
Bellario?
Por. I did, my lord.
Duke. You are welcome: take your place.
Are you acquainted with the difference 171
That holds this present question in the court?
Por. I am informed thoroughly of the cause.
Which is the merchant here, and which the
Jew?
Duke. Antonio and old Shylock, both stand
forth.
Por. Is your name Shylock?
Shy. Shylock is my name. 176
Por. Of a strange nature is the suit you
follow;
Yet in such rule that the Venetian law
Cannot impugn you as you do proceed.
[To ANTONIO.] You stand within his danger, do
you not? 180
Ant. Ay, so he says.
Por. Do you confess the bond?
Ant. I do.
Por. Then must the Jew be merciful.
Shy. On what compulsion must I? tell me
that.
Por. The quality of mercy is not strain'd, 184
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice bless'd;
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes:
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes 188
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, 193
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,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this, 198
That in the course of justice none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy,
And that same prayer doth teach us all to
render 201
The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much
To mitigate the justice of thy plea,
Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant
there. 205
Shy. My deeds upon my head! I crave the
law,
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.
Por. Is he not able to discharge the money?
Bass. Yes, here I tender it for him in the
court; 209
Yea, twice the sum: if that will not suffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart. 212
If this will not suffice, it must appear
That malice bears down truth. And, I beseech
you,

Wrest once the law to your authority:
To do a great right, do a little wrong, 216
And curb this cruel devil of his will.
Por. It must not be. There is no power in
Venice
Can alter a decree established:
'Twill be recorded for a precedent, 220
And many an error by the same example
Will rush into the state. It cannot be.
Shy. A Daniel come to judgment! yea, a
Daniel!
O wise young judge, how I do honour thee! 224
Por. I pray you, let me look upon the bond.
Shy. Here 'tis, most reverend doctor; here
it is.
Por. Shylock, there's thrice thy money offer'd
thee.
Shy. An oath, an oath, I have an oath in
heaven: 228
Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?
No, not for Venice.
Por. Why, this bond is forfeit;
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off 232
Nearest the merchant's heart. Be merciful:
Take thrice thy money; bid me tear the bond.
Shy. When it is paid according to the tenour.
It doth appear you are a worthy judge; 236
You know the law, your exposition
Hath been most sound: I charge you by the law,
Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,
Proceed to judgment: by my soul I swear 240
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me. I stay here on my bond.
Ant. Most heartily I do beseech the court
To give the judgment.
Por. Why then, thus it is: 244
You must prepare your bosom for his knife.
Shy. O noble judge! O excellent young man!
Por. For, the intent and purpose of the law
Hath full relation to the penalty, 248
Which here appeareth due upon the bond.
Shy. 'Tis very true! O wise and upright
judge!
How much more elder art thou than thy looks!
Por. Therefore lay bare your bosom.
Shy. Ay, 'his breast:'
So says the bond:—doth it not, noble judge?—
'Nearest his heart:' those are the very words.
Por. It is so. Are there balance here to weigh
The flesh? 256
Shy. I have them ready.
Por. Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your
charge,
To stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to death.
Shy. Is it so nominated in the bond? 260
Por. It is not so express'd; but what of that?
'Twere good you do so much for charity.
Shy. I cannot find it: 'tis not in the bond.
Por. You, merchant, have you anything to
say? 264
Ant. But little: I am arm'd and well prepar'd.
Give me your hand, Bassanio: fare you well!
Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you;
For herein Fortune shows herself more kind 268
Than is her custom: it is still her use

To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,
To view with hollow eye and wrinkled brow
An age of poverty; from which lingering pen-
ance 272
Of such a misery doth she cut me off.
Commend me to your honourable wife:
Tell her the process of Antonio's end;
Say how I lov'd you, speak me fair in death; 276
And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge
Whether Bassanio had not once a love.
Repent not you that you shall lose your friend,
And he repents not that he pays your debt; 280
For if the Jew do cut but deep enough,
I'll pay it instantly with all my heart.
Bass. Antonio, I am married to a wife
Which is as dear to me as life itself; 284
But life itself, my wife, and all the world,
Are not with me esteem'd above thy life:
I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all,
Here to this devil, to deliver you. 288
Por. Your wife would give you little thanks
for that,
If she were by to hear you make the offer.
Gra. I have a wife, whom, I protest, I love:
I would she were in heaven, so she could 292
Entreat some power to change this curish Jew.
Ner. 'Tis well you offer it behind her back;
The wish would make else an unquiet house.
Shy. These be the Christian husbands! I have
a daughter; 296
Would any of the stock of Barabbas
Had been her husband rather than a Christian!
We trifle time; I pray thee, pursue sentence.
Por. A pound of that same merchant's flesh
is thine: 300
The court awards it, and the law doth give it.
Shy. Most rightful judge!
Por. And you must cut this flesh from off his
breast:
The law allows it, and the court awards it. 304
Shy. Most learned judge! A sentence! come,
prepare!
Por. 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:' 308
Then take 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 312
Unto the state of Venice.
Gra. Oupright judge! Mark, Jew: O learned
judge!
Shy. Is that the law?
Por. Thyself shalt see the act;
For, as thou urgest justice, be assur'd 316
Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desir'st.
Gra. O learned judge! Mark, Jew: a learned
judge!
Shy. I take this offer then: pay the bond
thrice,
And let the Christian go.
Bass. Here is the money. 320
Por. Soft!
The Jew shall have all justice; soft! no haste:—
He shall have nothing but the penalty.

Gra. O Jew! an upright judge, a learned
judge! 324
Por. Therefore prepare thee to cut off the
flesh.
Shed thou no blood; nor cut thou less, nor more,
But just a pound of flesh: if thou tak'st more,
Or less, than a just pound, be it but so much 328
As makes it light or heavy in the substance,
Or the division of the twentieth part
Of one poor scruple, nay, if the scale do turn
But in the estimation of a hair, 332
Thou diest and all thy goods are confiscate.
Gra. A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew!
Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip.
Por. Why doth the Jew pause? take thy for-
feiture. 336
Shy. Give me my principal, and let me go.
Bass. I have it ready for thee; here it is.
Por. He hath refus'd it in the open court:
He shall have merely justice, and his bond. 340
Gra. A Daniel, still say I; a second Daniel!
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.
Shy. Shall I not have barely my principal?
Por. Thou shalt have nothing but the for-
feiture, 344
To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.
Shy. Why, then the devil give him good of it!
I'll stay no longer question.
Tarry, Jew:
The law hath yet another hold on you. 348
It is enacted in the laws of Venice,
If it be prov'd against an alien
That by direct or indirect attempts
He seek the life of any citizen, 352
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 356
Of the duke only, 'gainst all other voice.
In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st;
For it appears by manifest proceeding,
That indirectly and directly too 360
Thou hast contriv'd against the very life
Of the defendant; and thou hast incur'd
The danger formerly by me rehears'd.
Down therefore and beg mercy of the duke. 364
Gra. Beg that thou mayst have leave to hang
thyself:
And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the state,
Thou hast not left the value of a cord;
Therefore thou must be hang'd at the state's 368
charge.
Duke. That thou shalt see the difference of
our spirits,
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, 372
Which humbleness may drive into a fine.
Por. Ay, for the state; not for Antonio.
Shy. 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.
Por. What mercy can you render him, An-
tonio?

Gra. A halter gratis; nothing else, for God's
sake! 380
Ant. 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, 384
Upon his death, unto the gentleman
That lately stole his daughter:
Two things provided more, that, for this favour,
He presently become a Christian; 388
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, or else I do recant
The pardon that I late pronounced here. 392
Por. Art thou contented, Jew? what dost
thou say?
Shy. I am content.
Por. Clerk, draw a deed of gift.
Shy. I pray you give me leave to go from
hence:
I am not well. Send the deed after me, 397
And I will sign it.
Duke. Get thee gone, but do it.
Gra. In christening thou shalt have two god-
fathers;
Had I been judge, thou shouldst have had ten
more, 400
To bring thee to the gallows, not the font.
[Exit SHYLOCK.
Duke. Sir, I entreat you home with me to
dinner.
Por. I humbly do desire your Grace of par-
don:
I must away this night toward Padua, 404
And it is meet I presently set forth.
Duke. I am sorry that your leisure serves
you not.
Antonio, gratify this gentleman,
For, in my mind, you are much bound to him.
[Exit DUKE, Magnificoes, and Train.
Bass. 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, 412
We freely cope your courteous pains withal.
Ant. And stand indebted, over and above,
In love and service to you evermore.
Por. He is well paid that is well satisfied; 416
And I, delivering you, am satisfied,
And therein do account myself well paid:
My mind was never yet more mercenary.
I pray you, know me when we meet again: 420
I wish you well, and so I take my leave.
Bass. Dear sir, of force I must attempt you
further:
Take some remembrance of us, as a tribute,
Not as a fee. Grant me two things, I pray you,
Not to deny me, and to pardon me. 425
Por. You press me far, and therefore I will
yield.
[To ANT.] Give me your gloves, I'll wear them
for your sake;
[To BASS.] And, for your love, I'll take this ring 428
from you.

Do not draw back your hand; I'll take no more;
And you in love shall not deny me this.
Bass. This ring, good sir? alas! it is a trifle;
I will not shame myself to give you this. 432
Por. I will have nothing else but only this;
And now methinks I have a mind to it.
Bass. There's more depends on this than on
the value.
The dearest ring in Venice will I give you, 436
And find it out by proclamation:
Only for this, I pray you, pardon me.
Por. I see, sir, you are liberal in offers: 439
You taught me first to beg, and now methinks
You teach me how a beggar should be answer'd.
Bass. Good sir, this ring was given me by my
wife;
And, when she put it on, she made me vow
That I should never sell nor give nor lose it. 444
Por. That 'scuse serves many men to save
their gifts.
An if your wife be not a mad-woman,
And know how well I have deserv'd the ring,
She would not hold out enemy for ever, 448
For giving it to me. Well, peace be with you.
[Exit PORTIA and NERISSA.
Ant. My Lord Bassanio, let him have the
ring:
Let his deservings and my love withal
Bevalu'd 'gainst your wife's commandment. 452
Bass. 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, 456
And in the morning early will we both
Fly toward Belmont. Come, Antonio. [Exit.

SCENE II.—The Same. A Street.

Enter PORTIA and NERISSA.

Por. Inquire the Jew's house out, give him
this deed,
And let him sign it. We'll away to-night,
And be a day before our husbands home:
This deed will be well welcome to Lorenzo. 4

Enter GRATIANO.

Gra. 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.
Por. That cannot be: 8
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.
Gra. That will I do.
Ner. Sir, I would speak with you. 12
[Aside to PORTIA.] I'll see if I can get my hus-
band's ring,
Which I did make him swear to keep for ever.
Por. Thou mayst, I warrant. We shall have
old swearing
That they did give the rings away to men; 16
But we'll outface them, and outswear them too.