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SHAKSPERE'S

MERCHANT OF VENICE:

THE SECOND (AND BETTER) QUARTO,
1600,

A FACSIMILE IN FOTO-LITHOGRAPHY

(FROM THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE'S COPY)

BY

CHARLES PRAETORIUS.

WITH FOREWORDS BY

FREDERICK J. FURNIVALL,

M.A., CAMBRIDGE; HON. DR. PHIL., BERLIN;
FOUNDER AND DIRECTOR OF THE NEW SHAKSPERE SOCIETY, ETC.

LONDON:
PRODUCED BY C. PRAETORIUS, 14 CLAREVILLE GROVE,
HEREFORD SQUARE, S.W.
1887.
40 SHAKSPERE QUARTE FACSIMILES,  
WITH INTRODUCTIONS, LINE-NUMBERS, &c., BY SHAKSPERE SCHOLARS,  
ISSUED UNDER THE SUPERINTENDENCE OF DR. F. J. FURNIVALL.  

---

1. Those by W. Griggs.  

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>No.</th>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Year</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1</td>
<td>Hamlet</td>
<td>1603</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2</td>
<td>Hamlet</td>
<td>1604</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3</td>
<td>Midsummer Night’s Dream, 1600. (Fisher.)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4</td>
<td>Midsummer Night’s Dream, 1600. (Robert.)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5</td>
<td>Loves Labour’s Lost, 1609.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6</td>
<td>Merry Wives</td>
<td>1609</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7</td>
<td>Merchant of Venice. 1600. (Robert.)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

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2. Those by C. Praetorius.  

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>No.</th>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Year</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>8</td>
<td>Richard IV. 1st Part</td>
<td>1608</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9</td>
<td>Richard IV. 2nd Part</td>
<td>1609</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10</td>
<td>Passionate Pilgrim. 1609.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11</td>
<td>Richard III.</td>
<td>1609</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12</td>
<td>Venus and Adonis</td>
<td>1609</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>13</td>
<td>Troilus and Cressida.</td>
<td>1609</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

---

The leaf p. xv-xvi can be cut off and put into No. 13, the Facsimile of 'Troilus and Cressida.' I have asked Mr. Griggs to issue a copy of the other title-page of the 'Troilus' Quarto. It ought to have been sent out with No. 13.

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Return to stocks  
6k. 11/12/185

[Shakspere-Quarto Facsimiles, No. 16.]
FOREWORDS TO Q2, 1600.

§ 1. This Heyes Qto 2 has later touches by Shakspere than Q1 has, p. iii.  
§ 2. ‘The Merchant’ in F1 was printed from Q2 or a copy of its original, p. iv.  
§ 3. Shakspere’s borrowings from Silvayn’s Orator, 1596, by the Rev. W. A. Harrison, p. xi.  
§ 4. This Facsimile, p. xiv.

§ 1. As this Facsimile of the Second Quarto of The Merchant may fall into hands which have not the Facsimile of the First Quarto (Roberts’s), I repeat from my Forewords to that, the two passages which show that this Q2 is better than Q1, and has at least one touch of Shakspere’s that Q1 has not:—

1. Bassanio, in answer to the disguised Portia’s request for her ring on his finger, answers:
   Roberts Q1. Bass. There’s more then this depends upon the valew.
   Heyes Q2. “” “” depends on this then on “” “”

2. the test passage: when Antonio first asks Shylock in I. iii. 64-6 about the loan, the Roberts Quarto has:
   ‘Yet to supply the ripe wants of my friend
    Ile breake a custome: are you resolu’d
    How much he would haue!’ [the italics are mine.]

And though you can mend the metre without introducing ‘yet,’ by printing:
   ‘Are you resolued how much he would haue?’

Yet few students will doubt that the Heyes Quarto has Shakspere’s reading—revis’d, if not original—when it makes Antonio turn to Bassanio, and say:
   ‘is he yet possessst
    How much ye would?’

This change cannot have been a copier’s or printer’s doing, but must have been got from Shakspere directly, or thru his MS. In III. v. 75, the Heyes Quarto surely too recovers a Shakspere word in ‘how christ thou, Jessica?’ for the Roberts ‘far’st.’” (p. iv—v.)

Other evidence tending to prove the betterness of this second or Heyes Quarto—notwithstanding some worsenesses—is given in my above-quoted Forewords to Q1, p. v—vii, and need not be repeated here. Since they were written, I have edited the Play with my friend Mr. W. G. Stone for the Old-Spelling Shakspere, and Mr. F. A. Marshall has also edited it for the modernized and illustrated edition of Shakspere, which he is preparing (in some slight conjunction with Mr. Hy. Irving) for Messrs. Blackie. We all three hold the Heyes Quarto to be better than the Roberts.

§ 2. The next point is to show that the First Folio print of The Merchant was made from a copy of the Heyes Quarto, or a slightly varying copy of the MS. from which that Quarto was taken.
§ 2. THE DIFFERENT READINGS OF Q1, Q2, F1.

The Folio has certain readings special to itself, of which some are blunders, some right; but none (I think) show any later revision by Shakspere. I ought to have myself collated F1 with Q2 and Q1 throughout, but time failed; and so I took the Cambridge Editors’ collation, set the spelling right, compared their results with the Quartos and Folio, and here and there supplied a slight omission or corrected a slight mistake. (They don’t leave much work of this kind for their followers to do.) The differences of text in the three versions are set in parallel columns below. Where Q1 and Q2 differ, and either has the Folio reading, the letters of that reading—and the words when in varying order—are printed in *italics*. When the Folio has an original reading of its own, the letters (or transposed words) of it are printed in *clarendon*. Any reader, by running his eye down the Folio column, noticing any clarendon words which he thinks important,—like, for instance, other for ‘Scottish’ in II. ii. 83, wish for ‘pray God grant’ in II. ii. 127, but *wel I know* for ‘no, Gods my judge’ in V. i. 157,—can settle for himself whether they necessitate Shakspere’s hand. I don’t think they do.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Qo 1: Roberts.</th>
<th>Qo 2: Heyes.</th>
<th>Folio 1.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Act I. sc. i.</td>
<td>Act I. sc. i.</td>
<td>Act I. sc. i.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>19 for Peeris</td>
<td>and peers</td>
<td>and peers</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>24 at sea, might doe</td>
<td>might doe at sea</td>
<td>might doe at sea</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>33 the spices</td>
<td>her spices</td>
<td>her spices</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>46 Then y’are</td>
<td><em>Why then you are</em></td>
<td><em>Why then you are</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>47 neither?</td>
<td>neither :</td>
<td>neither :</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>64 th'</td>
<td>th'</td>
<td>th'</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>72 Exit</td>
<td><em>om.</em></td>
<td><em>om.</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>78 man</td>
<td>man</td>
<td>man</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>87 tis</td>
<td>tis</td>
<td>tis</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>89 dreame</td>
<td>creame</td>
<td>creame</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>93 am sir</td>
<td>am sir an</td>
<td>am sir an</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>95 those</td>
<td>these</td>
<td>these</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>103 farewell</td>
<td>fairwell</td>
<td>fairwell</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>110 Farewell</td>
<td>Far you well</td>
<td>Far you well</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>151 backe</td>
<td>bake</td>
<td>backe</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>155 doe me now</td>
<td>doe me now</td>
<td>doe (A)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>172 comes</td>
<td>come</td>
<td>come</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I. ii.</td>
<td></td>
<td>I. ii.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2 a wearie</td>
<td>awearie</td>
<td>a wearie</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7 meane happinesse</td>
<td>meane happines</td>
<td>smal happinesse</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>17 then to be</td>
<td>then to be</td>
<td>then (A) be</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>23 the fashion</td>
<td>the fashion</td>
<td>(A) fashion</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>25 who .. who</td>
<td>who .. who</td>
<td>whom .. whom</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>27 is it</td>
<td>is it</td>
<td>it is</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>35 no doubt you wil</td>
<td><em>will no doubt</em></td>
<td>wil no doubt</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>36 who</td>
<td>who you</td>
<td>who you</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>39, 103 prethee</td>
<td>pray thee</td>
<td>pray thee</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>46 vnto</td>
<td>to</td>
<td>to</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>47 shoo</td>
<td>shoo him</td>
<td>shoo him</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
§ 2. THE DIFFERENT READINGS OF Q1, Q2, F1.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Q1</th>
<th>Q2</th>
<th>F1</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>47</td>
<td>afeard</td>
<td>afraid</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>49</td>
<td>there is</td>
<td>is there</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>49, 64</td>
<td>Palatine</td>
<td>Palatine</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>51</td>
<td>if</td>
<td>&amp;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>56</td>
<td>be</td>
<td>straight</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>66</td>
<td>straight</td>
<td>straight</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>70</td>
<td>shall</td>
<td>shall</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>83</td>
<td>Scottish</td>
<td>Scottish</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>108</td>
<td>ile</td>
<td>I will</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>121</td>
<td>pray God grant</td>
<td>wish</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>124</td>
<td>a Scholler</td>
<td>a Scholler</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>128</td>
<td>he was so</td>
<td>so was he</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>134</td>
<td>How now, what newes?</td>
<td>How nowe, what newes</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>135</td>
<td>for you</td>
<td>for you</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>147</td>
<td>gates</td>
<td>gate</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**II. i.**

| 40 | Ryalto | Ryalta |
| 51 | well-won | well-worne |
| 53 | Shylocke | Shylock |
| 62 | although | albeit |
| 65-6 | are you resolu'd...he | is he yet possess... he |
| | would have? | would (A)? |
| 70 | Me-thought | Me thoughts |
| 82 | In th' end | In (A) end |
| 85 | pylid | pylid |
| 120 | money | moneyes |
| 123 | can | can |
| 128 | day another | day another |
| 135 | breed for | breede for |
| 138 | penalty | penaltie |
| 152 | pleaseth | pleaseth |
| 153 | faith | infaith |
| 179 | The...so kinde | The (A) kinde |
| 180 | terms | terms |

**II. ii.**

| 3, 4, 7, 8 | Gobbo | Iobbe |
| 15 | too...sayes | to...sayes Launcelet |
| 19 | ill, to | well, to |
| 29 | incarnall | incarnation |
| 30 | but a | but a |
| 33 | command | commandement |
| 34 | Master yong man | Maister yong-man |
| 39 | conclusions | confusions |
| 54 | say it | say 't |
| 53-5 | (as verse) | (as prose) |
| 58 | sir | sir |
| 83 | murther | muder |
| 84 | at the length | in the ende |
§ 2. THE DIFFERENT READINGS OF Q1, Q2, F1.

Q1  Q2  F1
100 pilhorse  philhorse  pilhorse
105 last  lost  lost
108 agree  (A) gree  gree
127 Exit one of his men  haue . . head, wel:  haue . . head, well:
166 ha . . head.  Wel  a leuen  a leuen
171 eleuen  scape  scape
172 escape  [om. Q2]  [om. F1]
177 of an eye  goe  goe  [om. F1]
180 go  [om. Q2]  Exit Le.
182 Exit  (A) sute  a sute
186 a sute  pray thee  pray thee
194 prethee  misconstrued  misconstrnd
197 misconstr  far you well  far you well
212 farywell  II. iii.  II. iii.
14 something  something  II. iv.
II. iv.
8 a  of  of
10 If it  And it shal  And it shall
10 it shall seeme  it shall seeme  shall it seeme
14 Is  Is  I (A)
22 prepare  prepare you  prepare you
II. v.
22 prepare  (A) Iewe and his man  Iew, and his man that
that was the Clowne.
St. D. the Jewe and Lance-
2-let.
8 that I  (A) I  I
8, 9 [as prose]  [as verse]  [as verse]
25 in the  tib  ith
28 What, are there  What are there  What are their
28 Hearre  heare you  heare you
29 squeaking  squealing  squealing
40 at a  at (A)  at
46 and he  and he  but he
II. vi.
53, 54 [as 2 lines]  [as 1 line]  [as 1 line]
St. Dir. Salarino  II. vi.
2 stand  Salerno
6 scale  stand
17 the  scale
18 ouer-weatherd  the
25 Ho, whose  ouer-wetherd
33 tis worth  Howe whose
44 are you  it is worth
50 mo  are you
51 Gentile  mo
52 Beshrow  gentle
58 gentlemen  gentleman
60 Who's  Whose
66 [om.]  I have sent twentie out to
67 [om.] secke for you  I have sent twenty out
II. vii.  II. vii.
5 many men  many men
10  many men
II. vii.  (A) men
[line repeated]
§ 2. THE DIFFERENT READINGS OF Q1, Q2, F1.

Q1  
41 vasty  
51 rib  
69 do  

Q2  

F1  

II. viii.
St. Dir. Salanio  
" [om.]  
4 Salan.  
6 came  
9 armorous  
39 Slumber  
51 prethee  

II. viii.
Solanio  
[om.]  
Sela.  
came  
amorous  
Slumber  
pray thee  

II. ix.
St. Dir. Seruitor  
" Arragon  
7 you  
46 peantray  
48 chaflg  
49 vernisht  
62 heere  
64 judgement  
73 Still  
79 Moth  
81 their wisdome  
84-5 a Messenger  

II. ix.
Seruiture  
Arragon  
you  
peantray  
chaflg  
vernisht  
heere  
judgement  
\( Arrag. \) Still  
moath  
the (\( A \)) wisdome  
(\( A \)) Messenger  

III. i.
7 gossip report  
9 as a lying  

III. i.
gossip report  
as lying a  

St. Dir. Enter ... before l. 25 Enter ... after l. 25  
27 know  
32 fledg'd  
40 (\( A \)) blood  
45 at lose a  
60 his  
93 O would she  
95 them, why so?  
95 what's  
99 lights on  
100 but of  
103 Genoway  
107-8 ist ... ist  
111 the  
112, 113 Genoway  
114 (\( A \)) one  
119 unto  
119 swear that hee  
122 on 't  
134 I will go: go  

III. ii.
then I am  
eck ... it out  
do  
much much  
I  

III. ii.
then I am  
ich ... it out  
doth  
much  
I  

II. viii.
Flo. cornets  
Sol.  
comea  
amorous  
Slubber  
pray thee
§ 2. THE DIFFERENT READINGS OF Q1, Q2, F1.

Q1                           Q2                           F1
62-3 St. Dir. [om.]          [om.]                         Here Musicke.
  67 eye                        eye                           eyes
  82 Some                      Some marke                   Some marke
  93 maketh                    maketh                        makes
 101 Therefore                 Therefore then                Therefore then
 102 foole                     food                          food
 110 shuddring                 shuddring                     raine
 112 range                     raine                         raine
 118 whither                   whither                       whither
 123 t' intrap                 tyntrap                      t' intrap
 146 pearsles                  pearsles                      peales
 150 me . . Bassanio           me . . Bassanio              my . . Bassiano
 160 summe of something        sume of something            sum of nothing
 173 Lord                      Lords                         Lord
 186 Bassanio is               Bassanior                     Bassanio's
 198 haue                      haue                          gaue (blunder)
 203 casket                    caskets                       caskets
 206 roofe                     rough                        rough
 211 is, so                    is, so, so                    [omits]
222-3 St. Dir. a messenger    a messenger from Venice        [omits]
from Venice                    from Venice
239-40 St. Dir. He open
 240, 246 yon                  (a) Open (a)                  (a) Opens
 247 Bassanios                 yond                         yond
 266 Heer's                    Bassanios                     Bassanios
 323 but see                   Here is                      Here is
 326 O                         but see                      (a) see
 329 Nor                       Por. O.                      Por. O.
  III. iii.                   Nor                           Nor

St. Dir. Salarino             Salerio                      Solario
  7 fangs                      phanges                       phangs
 11 prethee                   pray thee                     pray thee
 29 of his                    of the                        of the
  III. iv.                    egall                         egal
 13 equall                    cruelty                      cruelty
 21 misery                    we will                       we will
 32 will we                   (a) So far you well       So far you well
 40 And so farewell            far you well                   faryouwell
 44 farewell                   Baltha                        Baltha.
 56 Bai.
 63 apparrel                   accoutered                    accoutered
 81 my whole                   my my whole                  my whole
  II. v.                      promise you, I                promise you, I
  3 promise ye I              promise you, I                promise you, I
 25 e'ne                      promise you, I
 29 comeur                    promise you, I
 42 Moore's                   Moore is                      Moore is
 75 far' st                   cheirst                       cheirst
 77 Bassanios                 Bassanios                     Bassanios
 79 prethee                   pray thee                     pray thee
 82-3 then In                 in                            in
 88-9 [2 lines ending 'me . . [2 lines ending 'hus-
  wife']                      band . . wife']              wife
 89 wife                      wife                          a wife
§ 3. THE DIFFERENT READINGS OF Q1, Q2, F1.

Q1
80 howsoever
81 digest
Exit
IV. i.
7, 8 [as 3 lines]
15 Sal.
22 exacts
25 humane
30 his state
36 Sabbath
58 offend, himselfe
65 answer.
73 You may as
74 Why he hath made the
Ewe bleake
75 of Pines
77 fretten
79 what's
100 'tis
107 Salerio.
110 Messenger.
120 From both, my L.
123 soule...soule
134 humane
138 staru'd
142 curelesse
to
155 acquainted
169 Come
179 impunge
180 ye not?
196 lik'est
220 precedent
224 I do
230 No, not
235 tenour
244 than
doe
259 Is it so
263 You
281 presently
290 who
306 iote
308 Take then
326 cut'\st
327 be it but
334 you
339 And
344 so taken
346 heere in question
349 any
353 seize on
354 coester

Q2
how so more
digest
Exit
IV. i.
[As 2 lines]
Salerio.
exact'st
humane
his state
Sabbath
offend himselfe
answers?
[as Q1, Museum Qto] (A) omit. [Devon. Qto]
Why he hath made the
Ewe bleake
[as Q1, Museum Qto] (A) the Ewe bleake
[Devonshire Qto]
of Pines
fretten
what's
as
Salerio.
Messenger?
From both? my L.
soule...soule
humaine
staru'd
curelesse
to
acquainted
Come
impugne
you not,
likest
precedent
I do
Not not
tenure
than
doe
Is it so
You
instantly
who
iote
Take then
tak'st
be it but
you
hee
so taken
(\ A) question
an
seaze one
coffer

F1
how somere
digest
Exit
IV. i.
[As 2 lines]
Sal.
exact'st
humane
his state
Sabbath
offend himselfe
answer.
Or even as
Why he hath made the
Ewe bleate
(A) Pines
fretted
what (A)
'tis
Sal.
Messengers.
From both. My Lord
soule...soule
humane
staru'd
endlesse
in
acquainted
Came
impugne
you not?
likest
President
do I
No not
tenure
then
should
It is not
Come
instantly
whom
iote (A)
Then take
tak'st
be it (A)
thee
He
taken so
question
an
seaze one
coffer
§ 2. THE DIFFERENT READINGS OF Q1, Q2, F1.

<table>
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<tr>
<th>Q1</th>
<th>Q2</th>
<th>F1</th>
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<tr>
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<td>379</td>
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<td>Gods sake</td>
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<tr>
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<td>shalt thou</td>
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<tr>
<td>400</td>
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<tr>
<td>401</td>
<td>home with me dinner</td>
<td>home with me to dinner</td>
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<tr>
<td>402</td>
<td>(A) desire</td>
<td>doe desire</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>423</td>
<td>a fee</td>
<td>(A) fee</td>
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<tr>
<td>430</td>
<td>then this depends vpon</td>
<td>depends on this then on</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>435</td>
<td>I will</td>
<td>will I</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>446</td>
<td>the</td>
<td>this</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>451</td>
<td>gainst</td>
<td>against</td>
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<tr>
<td>454</td>
<td>Exit</td>
<td>Exit</td>
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<td>IV. ii.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Enter Nerrissa</td>
<td>Enter Nerrissa</td>
<td>Enter Portia and Nerrissa</td>
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<td>This</td>
<td>His</td>
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<td>is . . returnd</td>
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<td>37</td>
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<td>41-2</td>
<td>Lorenzo, M.</td>
<td>Lorenzo, &amp; M.</td>
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<tr>
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<td>51</td>
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<td>(A) pray</td>
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<td>65</td>
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<td>with him a</td>
<td>with a</td>
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<td>play Musique</td>
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<td>perchance but heare</td>
<td>but heare perchance</td>
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<td>Wren</td>
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<td>109</td>
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<td>152</td>
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<td>153</td>
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<td>your</td>
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<td>157</td>
<td>no God's my Judge</td>
<td>no Gods my Judge</td>
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<td>166</td>
<td>too blame</td>
<td>to blame</td>
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<td>my honor</td>
<td>my honour</td>
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<td>away displeasd</td>
<td>displeasd away</td>
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<td>214</td>
<td>did vphold</td>
<td>had held vp</td>
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<td>220</td>
<td>For</td>
<td>For</td>
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<td>233</td>
<td>that . . my</td>
<td>that . . mine</td>
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<td>239</td>
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§ 3. My friend and colleague, the Rev. W. A. Harrison, in comparing *The Merchant* with L. P.'s\(^1\) englishing of Alex. Silvayn's short story 'Of a Jew, who would for his debt have a pound of the flesh of a Christian' (Hazlitt's Sh. Library, Pt. I, vol. i, p. 355—360), was struck by the way in which Shakspere has used some of L. P.'s very words, as he has those of Holinshed, Plutarch, Sir T. More, &c. in other plays.\(^2\) Mr. Harrison thence concludes that *The Merchant* was not written till the autumn of 1596, or early in 1597. The following extracts are from Mr. Harrison's Note-book:—

"The Merchant's position in Meres's list, the last of the Comedies, would point to the presumption that it was the latest written at the time when Meres composed his Book, i.e. in 1597, or early in 1598 (in which year it was printed and published). Hence we gather that the play was before this date, but not long before it. Now in 1596 was published *The Orator*, an English Translation made by Lazarus Piot of a French Book called the 'Cent histoires tragiques,' 100 Declamations written by Alexander Silvayn. At page 400 of the English translation is (*Declaration* 95), 'Of a Jew who would for his debt have a pound of the flesh of a Christian.' In this *Declaration* there are many expressions and turns of thought which are so remarkably like portions of the trial-scene in the *Merchant of Venice*, where the Jew and the Christian merchant stand in a similar relation, as to lead to the conclusion that Shakspere must have used this Book of Silvayn's, and taken hints from it for some of the speeches. Now this Book was entered on the Register of the Stationers' Comp. as 'a Booke to be translated into English and printed,' on July 15th, 1596; and in 1596 it was published,—towards the close of the year one may presume. Thus we are brought to the irresistible conclusion, that if Shakspere saw and used *The Orator* before writing the *Merchant of Venice*, then that play must have been composed some time in 1596-7, and produced some time in the same year.

---

1 L. P., Lazarus Piot, was Anthony Munday.
2 The reader can judge for himself; but if Silvayn's French was before Shakspere, as it well may have been, I see no evidence that Sh. used Piot's englishing.
§ 3. SHAKESPEARE, AND MUNDAY’S ENGLISH SILVAIN’S ORATOR.

“The following are the parallels between The M. of V. and the Declamation 95 of Silvain:

1 “The ordinary Judge of that place appointed him to cut a just pound of the Christian’s flesh, and if he cut either more or less, then his owne head should be smitten off.”

2 “Impossible is it to breake the credite of traffike amongst men without great detriment unto the Commonwealth; wherefore no man ought to bind himself unto such covenants which he cannot or will not accomplish,” &c.

3 “A man may ask why I would not rather take silver of this man, than his flesh. I might allege many reasons . . . . I might say that I have need of this flesh to cure a friend of mine of a certain maladie, which is otherwise incurable, or that I would have it, &c., &c., but I will onelie say, that by his obligation he oweth it me . . .”

4 “Is it then such a great matter to cause such a one to pay a pound of his flesh, that hath broken his promise manie times.”

“The tearme being past, the Jew refused to take his money, and demanded the pound of flesh.”

“I refuse it all, and require that the same which is due should be delivered unto me.”

“1 If thou cutst more / Or less than a just pound, be it but so much / As makes it light or heavy in the substance / Or the division of the twentieth part / Of one poor scruple . . . / Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate.”

“2 If you deny it, let the danger light / Upon your Charter and your city’s freedom.”

“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! / There is no force in the decrees of Venice.” Again,

“It must not be; there is no power in Venice / Can alter a decree established. / ’Twill be recorded for a precedent, / And many an error by the same example / Will rush into the state; it cannot be.”

“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 answered? / What if my house be troubled with a rat, / And I be pleased to give ten thousand ducats / To have it baned? &c. So I can give no reason, nor I will not.”

“The pound of flesh which I demand of him / Is dearly bought; ’tis mine, and I will have it . . . My deeds upon my head! I crave the law, / The penalty and forfeit of my bond.”

“By my soul I swear / There is no power in the tongue of man / To alter me: I stay here on my bond.”

“By our holy Sabbath have I sworn / To have the due and forfeit of my bond.”

1 Le Juge ordinaire ordonne que le Juif coupperai justement une livre de la chair du Christien, et s’il en couppa d’avantage ou moins, que l’on lui coupperai la teste a lui.—Silvain.

2 L’on ne peut ostére la fidelité du commerce entre les hommes, sans grand détremption de la république.

3 L’on pourrait demander pourquoi je n’ayme point mieux prendre l’argent de cet homme que sa chair. Je pourroy alléguer plusieurs raisons, . . . . mais je diray seulement que par son obligation, il me la doit.

4 Est-ce donc si grand fait, de faire payer une livre de chair à un qui plusieurs fois la fausse sa promesse, ou qui met un autre en danger de perdre avec son crédit son honneur encore, voir peutestre la vie, pour le regret qu’il aura?
§ 3. SHAKSPERE, AND MUNDAY'S ENGLISH SILVAYN'S ORATOR. xliii

"It seemeth at the first sight that it is a thing no lesse strange than cruel, to bind a man to pay a pound of the flesh of his boide for want of money . . but there are divers others that are more cruel, which, because they are in use, seeme nothing terrible at all: as to bind all the bodie unto a most lottsone prison, or unto an intollerable slave, where not only the whole bodie but also al the sences and spirits are tormenten, the which is commmondly practised, not only betwixt those which are either in sect or Nation contrary, but also even amongst those that are all of one sect and nation."

"Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you, / For herein fortune shews herself more kind / 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 poetry: from which lingering penance / Of such a misery she doth cut me off," &c.

"You have amongst you many a purchas'd slave, / Which, like your asses, and your dogs, and mules, / You use in abject and in slavish parts, / Because you bought them."

"This Jew is content to lose nine hundred crowns to have a pound of my flesh, whereby is manifestly seen the ancient and cruel hate which he beareth not only unto Christians, but unto all others which are not of his sect."

"You may as well do anything most hard, / As seek to soften that— / Than which what's harder?— / His Jewish heart."

"A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch, / Uncapable of pity, void and empty / Of any dram of mercy."

"No lawful means can carry me / Out of his envy's reach."

"I can give no reason, nor I will not, / More than a lodg'd HATE and a certain loathing," &c.

"That he should be willing to be paid with man's flesh is a thing more natural for Tigers than men; the which also was never heard of."

"Thou almost makst me waver in my faith / To hold opinion with Pythagoras, / That souls of animals infuse themselves / Into the trunks of men: / Thy curish spirit / Governed a wolf . . . / For thy desires / Are wilvish, bloody, starved and ravenous."

"Il semble de prime face que ce soit chose non moins estrange que cruelle, / Obliger un homme à payer une livre de la chair de son corps, par faute d'argent. / Vrayement, cela donne quelque grande appréhension, d'autant que c'est chose insuisite: / Mais d'autres plus cruelles, pour estre en usage ne semblent nullement terribles: comme obliger tout le corps à une prison cruelle ou à une servitude intollerable, où non seulement le corps, mais tous les sens et l'esprit sont tormentez; ce qui se fait ordinairement non seulement entre ceux qui sont de secte ou nation diverse, mais entre ceux qui sont de meme secte, de meme nation, voisins et parens.

"Quelle raison y a-t-il qu'un homme doive, à son propos prejudice, désirer la dommage d'autrui?"

"Se void manifestement la HAINE intolérée et cruelle qu'il porte non seulement aux christiens, mais à tous autres qui ne sont de sa secte.

"Vouloir se payer de chair humaine, . . est chose plus naturelle aux tigres qu'aux hommes."
§ 3. SHAKSPERE, AND MUNDAY’S ENGLISH EMPHYSM’S ORATOR.

"This devil in shape of a man, seeing me oppressed with necessitie, propounded this accursed obligation unto me."

"To curb this cruel devil of his will."

"Indirectly and directly too Thou hast contrived against the very life of the defendant."

"I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all! Here to this devil, to deliver you."

"You stand within his danger, do you not? Ay, so he says."

"Do you confess the bond?"

"I do."

"Make no more offers, use no further means. Let me have judgment, and the Jew his will."

"Most heartily do I beseech the court to give the judgment."

"Most righteous judge."

"O upright Judge! mark, Jew, a learned Judge."

"I have heard your Grace hath ta’en great pains to qualify His rigorous course."

"To excuse the current of thy cruelty."

"To sum up, then: Lazarus Piot’s translation of Silvayn’s *Épitomés de Cent histoires tragiques* was entered on the Stationers’ Register on July 15th, 1596, and published soon after in the same year. Meres’s *Wythes Treasury* was entered on the Registers, September the 7th, 1598. Assuming, then, that the latter volume was written some time early in 1598, and that the *M. of V.*, as being the last-mentioned on Meres’s list, was then a new play, this gives us a date early in 1597 as the time of its production."

§ 4. This Facsimile is from negatives taken by Mr. Griggs from the Duke of Devonshire’s copy of the Heyes Quarto, save its last page, the duplicate and complete page 54, Sign. G4 (see IV. i. 74), which was photographed by Mr. Praetorius from the British Museum copy, C. 12. g. 32. The lithography was done in Hamburg. The side-marks note some of the places where Q2 differs from Q1. (On p. 7, strike out the + to l. 169. On p. 22, l. 189, read ‘you;’ and on p. 30, l. 57, ‘stampt.’) The line-nos., &c. are those of the Globe Shakspeare.

*22 Dec.*, 1886.

9 Ce que jamais aussi ne fut ouy sinon ce diable en forme d’homme, me voyant accable de necessite, me propose cette maudite obligation.

10 Cognissant le danger ou je estoy de satisfaire à la cruauté de ce ma liu . . n’ay pris la suite, mais me suis remis à la discrétion du juge.

11 Vous plaise donc, ô juge équitable, bien considérer toutes ces circonstances, ayant pitié de celui qui du tout se remet en vostre juste clémence, aspirant d’icelle sa rédemption.

1 Mr. Griggs’s stock of the printed sheets of the former Facsimile were burnt in his fire, owing to my delay in writing the Forewords.

2 The class-mark at the top of the duplicate page, C. 34, k. 22, is a mistake. I askt Mr. Praetorius to correct the class-mark, but he faileth to do so in time.
TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

ADDITIONAL MARKINGS FOR THE MARGINS OF THE FACSIMILE OF THE Qo. 1609.

Place daggers [†] against the following lines.

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<th>p. 61. IV. ii.</th>
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1 [The † wrongly placed under 184.]
2 [The † wrongly placed under 68.]
3 [The † placed on wrong side of page.]
4 [The † wrongly placed under 140.]
Note. pp. 39, 40, III. i. The speeches having in the Qo. the prefix "Man" have in the Fo., throughout, the prefix "Ser."
The blots on p. 12, I. ii. 262, should be "Fare. Asses"
ON THE QUARTO AND FOLIO OF
‘TROILUS AND CRESSIDA;

BY F. J. FURNIVALL.

I take the opportunity of the issue of these ‘Corrections’ by a
friend, to state my experience as to the Qo. and Fo. of Troilus.

Before Mr. Griggs’s fire, I markt the mounted silver prints of the
Qo. for printing, collated it with the Folio, and came to the conclu-
sion that the Fo. had, plainly, later touches by Shakspere, tho
many of its archaic words, &c., had been altered by an after reviser.
Then I forgot all about this; and when I had to edit the play for
the ‘Comedies’¹ of our Old-Spelling Shakspere, I began to work
on the Qo. text, and went gaily on till I came to the Folio change
of the glorious Planet Sol . . . whose med’civable eye

‘Corrects the ill aspects of Planets evil;’

from the Quarto:

‘Corrects the influence of evil Planets.’

In this change, I of course recognized Shakspere’s hand, and
my former work and conclusion came back to mind. I again saw
that F.’s insertion of Agamemnon’s speech, I. iii. 70-4, was Shak-
spere’s, deliberate after breaking-up of Ulysses’s long speech, and
not a chance omission of the Qo., as I had for the time supposed it
might be; and when I lookt on to the further determining changes
of IV. ii. 74:

‘the secrets of nature Haue not more gift in taciturnitie,’

from the Quarto:

‘the secrets of neighbour Pandar Haue not more guilt,’ &c.,

and recollected that F. had several more lines than Q. (tho it
leaves out some of Q.’s), I had no hesitation in deciding that F.
showd corrections of Q. by Shakspere’s hand, and ought to be
used as the basis of the text of the play, tho it had evidently been
revised afterwards by another man, who had weakend many of
Sh.’s strong archaic and other words, which an Editor now is bound
to restore from the Quarto.

¹ We follow the ‘neuer Writer’ of the Forewords of 1609, in making the
play a comedy.

18th January, 1887.
The most excellent
Historie of the Merchant of Venice.

With the extreme crueltie of Shylocke the Iewe
towards the sayd Merchant, in cutting a lef pound
of his flesh: and the obtayning of Portia
by the choyse of three
chests.

As it hath beene divers times aeted by the Lord
Chamberlaine his Servants.

Written by William Shakespeare.

AT LONDON,
Printed by I. R. for Thomas Heyes,
and are to be sold in Paules Church-yard, at the
signe of the Greene Dragon.
1600.
The comical History of the Merchant of Venice

Enter Antonio, Salario, and Salanio.

An. 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 stuffe it is made of, whereof it is borne,
    I am to learne: and such a wanton fashion
    makes of mee,
    That I have much ado to knowe my selfe.

Salarino. Your minde is tossing on the Ocean,
    There where your Argosies with portlie sail
    Like Signiours and rich Burgars on the flood,
    Or as it were the Pageants of the sea,
    Doe ouer-see the petty traffiquers
    That curstie to them do them reverence
    As they flee by them with their wonen wings.

Salianio. Beleeue mee sir, had I such venture forth,
    The better part of my affections would
    Be with my hopes abroade. I should be still
    Plucking the grasse to know where sits the wind,
    Piring in Maps for ports, and peeres and rodes:
    And euer obiect that might make me fear"e
    Mis-fortune to my ventures, out of doubt
    Would make me sad.

Salar. My wind cooling my broth,
    What blowth me to an ague when I thought
    What harme a winde too great might doe at sea.
    I should not see the sandie howre-glass runne
    But I should thinke of shallowes and of flattes,
    And see my wealthy Andrew docks in land.

Vayling
The comical History of

Vayling her high top lower then her ribs
To kisse her burial if should I goe to Church
And see the holy edifice of stone
And not bethinke me straight of dangerous rocks,
Which touching but my gentle vessels side
Would scatter all her spices on the streame,
Enrobe the roaring waters with my silkes,
And in a word, but euen now worth this,
And now worth nothing. Shall I haue the thought
To thinke on this, and shall I lack the thought
That such a thing becaunce'd would make me sad?
But tell not me, I know Antonomio
Is sad to thinke upon his merchandize.

Anth. Beleeue me no, I thanke my fortune for it
My ventures are not in one bottome trusted,
Nor to one place; nor is my whole estate
Upon the fortune of this present yeere:
Therefore my merchandize makes me not sad.

Sola. Why then you are in loue.

Anth. Fie, fie.

Sola. Not in loue neither: then let vs say you are sad
Because you are not merry; and twere as easie
For you to laugh and leape, and say you are merry
Because you are not sad. Now by two-headed Janus,
Nature hath fram'd strange fellowes in her time:
Some that will euermore peeppe through their eyes,
And laugh like Parrats at a bagpyper.
And other of such vinegar aspece,
That theyle not shew theyr teeth in way of smile
Though Nefor sweare the jest be laughable.

Enter Bassanio, Lorenzo, and Gratiano.

Sola. Here comes Bassanio your most noble kinsman,
Gratiano, and Lorenzo. Faryewell,
We leave you now with better company.

Sola. I would haue staid till I had made you merry,
If worthier friends had not prevented me.

Anth. Your worth is very deere in my regard.
the Merchant of Venice.

I take it your owne busines calls on you,
And you embrace th'occasion to depart.

Sal. Good morrow my good Lords.

Bass. Good signiors both when shall we laugh: say, when?

You grow exceeding strange: must it be so?

Sal. Weele make our leysures to attend on yours.

Exeunt Salarino, and Solanio.

Lor. My Lord Bassanio, since you haue found Antonio
We two will leaue you, but at dinner time
I pray you haue in minde where we must meete.

Bass. I will not faile you.

Grat. You looke not well signior Antonio,
You have too much respect upon the world:
They loose it that doe buy it with much care,
Beleeue me you are merualoully changed.

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

Grati. Let me play the soole,
With mirth and laughter let old wrinckles come,
And let my liuer rather heate with wine
Then my hart coole with mortifying grones.
Why should a man whose blood is warme within,
Sit like his grandfire, cut in Alabaster?
Sleepe when he waketh and creepe into the Daundies
By beeing pectith? I tell thee what Antonio,
I loove thee, and tis my loue that speakes:
There are a sort of men whose vilages
Doe creame and mantle like a standing pond,
And doe a wilful stilnes entertaine,
With purpose to be dreft in an opinion
Of wifedome grauitie, profound conceit,
As who shoulde say, I am sir Oracle,
And when I ope my lips, let no dogge barke.
O my Antonio I doe know of these
That therefore onely are reputed wise
The comicall Historie of

For saying nothing; when I am very sure
If they should speake, would almost dam those eares
which hearing them would call their brothers fooles,
Ile tell thee more of this another time.
But fishe not with this melancholy baite
For this foole gudgin, this opinion:
Come good Lorenquo, faryewell a while,
Ile end my exhortation after dinner.

Loren. Well we will leaue you then till dinner time.
I must be one of these same dumbe wise men,
For Gratiole neuer lets me speke.

Gra. Well keepe me company but two yeeres mole
Thou shalt not know the sound of thine owne tongue.

An. Far you well, Ile grow a talker for this geare.

Gra. Thanks yfaith, for silence is onely commendable
In a neates tonge dried, and a mayde not vendable. Exeunt.

An. It is that any thing now.

Baff. Gratiano speakes an infinite deale of nothing more than any
man in all Venice, his reasons are as two graines of wheate hid in
two busheles of chaffe: you shall seeke all day ere you finde them,
and when you haue them, they are not worth the search.

An. VVell, tell me now what Lady is the same

To whom you swore a secrete pilgrimage
That you to day promised to tell me of.

Baff. Tis not vnknowne to you Antonio
How much I have disabled mine estate,
By something showing a more swelling port
Then my saint meanes would graunt continuance;
Nor doe I now make mone to be abridg'd
From such a noble rate, but my cheefe care
Is to come fairely of from the great debts
wherein my time something too prodigall

Hath left me gaged: to you Antonio
I owne the most in money and in loue,
And from your loue I have a warrantie
To unburthen all my plots and purposes
How to get cleare of all the debts I owe.
the Merchant of Venice.

An. I pray you good Bassanio let me know it,
And if it stand as you your selfe still doe,
Within the eye of honour, be assured
My purse, my person, my extreamest means
Liek all vnockt to your occasions.

Bass. In my schoole days, when I had lost one shaft,
I shot his fellow of the selfe same flight
The selfe same way, with more aduised watch
To finde the other forth, and by aduenturing both,
I oft found both : I urge this child-hood proofe
Because what followes is pure innocence.
I owe you much, and like a wilsfull youth
That which I owe is lost, but if you please
To shoot another arrow that selfe way
Which you did shoote the first, I doe not doubt,
As I will watch the ayme or to find both,
Or bring your latter hazzard bake againe,
And thankfully rest debter for the first.

An. You know me well, and heerein spend but time
To wind about my loute with circumstance,
And out of doubt you doe me now more wrong
In making question of my uttermost
Then if you had made waft of all I haue:
Then doe but say to me what I should doe
That in your knowledge may by me be done,
And I am prest vnto it: therefore speake.

Bass. In Belmont is a Lady richly left,
And she is faire, and fairer then that word,
Of wondrous vertues, sometimes from her eyes
I did receaue faire speechlesse messages:
Her name is Portia, nothing vnervallwed
To Caesars daughter, Brutus Portia,
Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth,
For the foure winds blow in from every coast
Renowned sultors, and her sunny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece,
Which makes her seat of Belmont Cholchis worth,
The comicall Historie of

And many Jasons come in quest of her.
112  O my Anthimio, had I but the means
To hold a ruall place with one of them,
I have a minde prefages me such thrift
That I should questionlesse be fortunate.

Amb. Thou knowst that all my fortunes are at sea,
Neither have I money, nor commoditie
To raise a present summe, therefore goe forth
Try what my credite can in Venice doe,
That shall be raket eu'en to the uttermost
To furnish thee to Belmont to faire Portia.
Goe presently enquire and so will I
vwhere money is, and I no question make
To haue it of my trust, or for my sake.  Exeunt.

Enter Portia with her wayting woman Nerrissa.

Portia. By my troth Nerrissa, my little body is awearie of this
great world.

Ner. You would be sweet Madam, if your miseries were in the
same abundance as your good fortunes are: and yet for ought I
see, they are as sicke that surfeite with too much, as they that starue
with nothing; it is no meane happines therefor to be feasted in the
meane, superfluitie comes sooner by white haires, but competen-
cie liues longer.

Portia. Good sentences, and well pronounc'd.

Ner. They would be better if well followed.

Portia. If to do were as easie as to know what were good to do,
Chappels had bee ne Churches, and poore mens cottages Princes
Pallaces, it is a good divine that followes his owne instructions. I
can easier teach twentie what were good to be done, then to be one
of the twentie to follow mine owne teaching: the braine may de-
uiue lawes for the blood, but a hote temper leapes oare a colde de-
cree, such a hare is madnes the youth, to skippe oare the methes of
good counsaille the cripple; but this reasoning is not in the fashion
to chose mee a husband, o mee the word chose, I may neyther
chose who I would, nor refuse who I dislike, so is the will of a ly-
uing daughter curbd by the will of a deade father: is it not harde
Nerrissa,
the Merchant of Venice.

Nerissa, that I cannot choose one, nor refuse none.

Ner. Your Father was ever virtuous, and holy men at their death have good inspirations, therefore the lotterie that he hath devised in these three chests of gold, silver, and lead, whereof who chooseth his meaning chooseth you, will no doubt never be chosen by any rightlie, but one who you shall rightly love: But what warmth is there in your affection towards any of these Princelie suitors that are already come?

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

Ner. First there is the Neopolitane Prince.

Por. That's a colt indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horse, & he makes it a great appropriation to his owne good parts that he can shoo him himselfe: I am much afraid my Ladie his mother plaid false with a Smyth.

Ner. Than is there the Countie Palentine.

Por. Hee doth nothing but frowne (as who should say, & you will not have me, choose, he heares merry tales and smilies not, I feare he will proue the weeping Phylosopher when he growes old, beeing so full of vnmanerlie ladnes in his youth.) I had rather be married to a deathes head with a bone in his mouth, then to either of these: God defend me from these two.

Ner. How say you by the French Lord, Mounster Le Bouwe?

Por. God made him, and therefore let him passe for a man, in truth I knowe it is a sinne to be a mocker, but hee, why hee hath a horse better then the Neopolitans, a better bad habite of frowning then the Count Palentine, he is every man in no man, if a Trassell sing, he falls straignt a capring, he will fence with his owne shadow. If I should marry him, I should marry twenty husbands: if hee would despise me, I would forgive him, for if he love me to madnes, I shall never requite him.

Ner. What say you then to Fauconbridge, the young Barron of England?

Por. You know I say nothing to him, for hee understands not me, nor him: he hath neither Latine, French, nor Italian, & you will come into the Court and sweare that I have a poore pennie.
The comical Historie of
worth in the English : he is a proper man's picture, but alas who can converse with a dumbe show? how odly hee is freted, I thinke he bought his doublet in Italie, his round hose in Fraunce, his bonnet in Germanie, and his behaviour every where.

Nerissa. What thinke you of the Scottish Lorde his neighbour?

Portia. That hee hath a neyghbourlie charitie in him, for hee borrowed a boxe of the care of the Englishman, and swore hee would pay him againe when he was able; I think the Frenchman became his surette, and seald vnder for another.

Ner. How like you the young Germaine, the Duke of Saxony's nephew?

Por. Ve ry vildlie in the morning when hee is sober, and most vildlie in the afternoone when he is drunke: when he is best, he is a little worse then a man, & when he is worst he is little better then a beast, and the worst fall that euer fell, I hope I shall make shift to goe without him.

Ner. If hee shoulde offer to choose, and choose the right Casket, you should refuse to performe your Fathers will, if you should refuse to accept him.

Portia. Therefore for feare of the worst, I pray thee set a deepe glasse of Reynishe wine on the contrarie Casket, for if'the deuill be within, and that temptation without, I knowe hee will chose it. I will doe any thing Nerissa ere I will be married to a spunge.

Nerissa. You neede not feare Ladie the hauing anie of these Lords, they haue acquainted me with their determinations, which is indeede to returne to their home, and to trouble you with no more fute, vnlesse you may be wonne by some other for his your Fathers impollution, depending on the Caskets.

Por. Ye I live to be as old as Sibilla, I will die as chaste as Diana, vnlesse I be obtained by the maner of my Fathers will: I am glad this parcell of wooers are so reasonable, for there is not one among them but I doate on his very absence: & I pray God graunt them a faire departure.

Nerissa. Doe you not remember Lady in your Fathers time, a Venecian a Scholler & a Souliouer that came hether in companie of the Marquess of Mountferrat?
the Merchant of Venice.

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

Ner. True, madam, hee of all the men that ever my foolish eyes look'd upon, was the best deserving a faire Lady.

Portia. I remember him well, and I remember him worthy of thy prayse.

How nowe, what newes?

Enter a Servingman.

Ser. The foure strangers seek for you, madam to take theyr leave: and there is a fore-runner come from a Sift, the Prince of Morocco, who brings word the Prince his Maister will be here to night.

Per. Ye I could bid the Sift welcome with so good hart as I can bid the other foure farewell, I should bee glad of his approach: if he haue the condition of a Saint, and the complexion of a dewill, I had rather he should shrieue mee then wiuue mee. Come Nerissa, sirra gobe before: whilsts we shut the gate vpon one wooer, another knocks at the doore.

Enter Bassanio with Shylock the Jew.

Shy. Three thousand ducates, well.
Bass. I sir, for three months.
Shy. For three months, well.
Bass. For the which as I told you, Antonio shall be bound.
Shy. Antonio shall become bound, well.
Bass. May you sted me? Will you pleasure me?
Shy. Shall I know your aunswere.
Bass. Three thousand ducates for three months, and Antonio bound.
Bass. Your aunswere to that.
Shy. Antonio is a good man.
Bass. Haue you heard any imputation to the contrary.
Shylocke. No no, no, no: my meaning in sayinge hee is a good man, is to haue you understand mee that hee is sufficient, yet his meanes are in supposition: hee hath an Argosie bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies, I understand moreover vpon the Ryal, hee hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England, and
The comical Historie of

and other ventures he hath squandered abroade, but ships are but
boardes. Saylers but men, there be land rats, and water rats, water
theeues, and land theeues, I meane Pyrats, and then there is the
perrill of waters, windes, and rockes; the man is notwithstanding
sufficient, three thousand ducats, I thinke I may take his bond.

Bass. Be assured you may.

Iew. I will be assured I may: and that I may bee assured, I will
betheinke mee, may I speake with Anthonio?

Bass. Yf it please you to dine with vs.

Iew. Yes, to smell porke, to eate of the habitation which your
Prophet the Nazarit coniured the deuill into: I wil buy with you,
sell with you, talke with you, walke with you, and so following:
but I will not eate with you, drinke with you, nor pray with you.
What newses on the Ryalto, who is he comes heere?

Enter Anthonio.

Bass. This is signior Anthonio.

Iew. How like a fawning publican he lookes.

I hate him for he is a Christian:

But more, for that in low simplicitie

He lends out money gratis, and brings downe

The rate of vsance hee with vs in Venice.

Yet can catch him once vpon the hip,

I will feede fat the auncient grudge I beare him.

He hates our sacred Nation, and he rayles

Euen there where Merchants most doe congregate

On me, my bargains, and my well-wone thrift;

which heere interrett: Cursed be my Trybe

if I forgive him.

Bass. Skylocke, doe you heare.

Skyl. ? am debating of my present store.

And by the neere felde of my memorie

I cannot instantly raise vp the grosse

Of full three thousand ducats: what of that,

Tuball a wealthy Hebrew of my Tribe

Will furnish me; but soft, how many months

Doe you desire? Rest you faire good signior,

Your worship was the last man in our mouthes.
the Merchant of Venice.

_Ant._ Shylocke, albeit I neither lend nor borrow
By taking nor by giuing of excessive,
Yet to supply the ripe wants of my friend,
I le breake a custome : is hee yet possieth
How much ye would ?

_Shyl._ 7, I, three thousand ducats.

_Ant._ And for three months.

_Shyl._ I had forgot, three months, you told me so.
Well then, your bond : and let me see, but heare you,
Me thoughts you saied, you neither lend nor borrow
Upon aduantage.

_Ant._ I doe never use it.

_Shyl._ When Iacob graz'd his Vncle Laban Sheepes,
This Iacob from our holy Abram was
(As his wife mother wrought in his behalfe)
The third possesser ; I, he was the third.

_Ant._ And what of him, did he take interrest ?

_Shyl._ No, not take interrest, not as you would say
Directly interrest, marke what Iacob did,
When Laban and himselfe were compremyzd
That all the eanelings which were strange and pied
Should fall as Iacob hier, the Ewes being ranck
In end of Autumn turned to the Rammes,
And when the worke of generation was
Betweenee these wolly breeders in the act,
The skilful sheepeheard pyld me certaine wands,
And in the dooing of the deede of kind
He stuck them vp before the fullsome Ewes,
Who then conceaung, did in eanie time
Fall party-colourd lambs, and those were Iacobs.
This was a way to thrive, and he was blest : 
And thrist is blessing if men steale it not.

_Ant._ This was a venture for that Iacob serued for.
A thing not in his power to bring to passe,
But swayd and fashiond by the hand of heauen.
Was this infected to make interrest good ?
Or is your gold and siluer ewes and rammes ?

B 3.
The comicalist Historie of

Shy. I cannot tell, I make it breede as fast,
  but note me signior.

Anth. Marke you this Bassanio,
The deuil can cite Scripture for his purpose,
An euill soule producing holy witnes
Is like a villaine with a smiling cheeke,
A goodly apple rotten at the hart.
O what a goodly out-side fals/hood hath.

Shy. Three thousand ducats, tis a good round summe.
Three months from twelve, then let me see the rate.

Ant. Well Shylocke, shall we be beholding to you?

Shy. Signior Antonio, manie a time and oft

In the Ryalto you have rated me
About my monies and my viances:
Still haue I borne it with a patient shrug,
(For suffrance is the badge of all our Trybe)
You call me misbeleeuer, cut-throate dog,
And spet vpon my Iewish gaberdine,
And all for vse of that which is mine owne.
Well then, it now appeares you neede my helpe:
Goe to then, you come to me, and you say,
Shylocke, we would have monies you say so:
You that did voyde your rume vpon my beard,
And foote me as you spurne a stranger curre
Ouer your threshold, monies is your fute.
What should I say to you? Should I not say
Hath a dog money? is it possible
A curre can lend three thousand ducats? or
Shall I bend low, and in a bond-mans key
With bated breath, and whispring humbleses
Say this: Faire sir, you spet on me on Wednesday last,
You spurnd me such a day another time,
You calld me dogge: and for these curtesies
Ils lend you thus much monies.

Ant. I am as like to call thee so againe,
To spet on thee againe, to spurne thee to.
Yf thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
the Merchant of Venice.

As to thy friends, for when did friendship take
A breede for barraine mettaile of his friend?
But lend it rather to thine enemie,
Who if he breake, thou maist with better face
Exact the penaltie.

Shy. Why looke you how you storme,
I would be friends with you, and haue your loue,
Forget the shames that you haue staint me with,
Supply your present wants, and take no doyte
Of vantage for my moneys, and youle not heare mee,
this is kinde I offer.

Bass. This were kindnesse.
Shy. This kindnesse will I shewe,
Goe with me to a Notarie, seale me there
Your single bond, and in a merrie sport
if you repay me not on such a day
in such a place, such summe or summes as are
express in the condition, let the forfaite
be nominated for an equall pound
of your faire flesh, to be cut off and taken
in what part of your bodie pleaseth me.

Ant. Content infaith, yle seale to such a bond,
and say there is much kindnes in the Iew.

Bass. You shall not seale to such a bond for me,
He rather dwell in my necessitie.

An. Why feare not man, I will not forfaite it,
within these two months, thats a month before
this bond expires, I doe expect returne
of thrice three times the valew of this bond.

Shy. O father Abram, what these Christians are,
Whose owne hard dealings teaches them suspec the thoughts of others: Pray you tell me this,
if he shoule breake his day what shoule I gaine
by the exaction of the forseyture?
A pound of mans flesh taken from a man,
is not so estimable, profitable neither
as flesh of Muttons, Beefes, or Goates, I say
The comical Historie of

To buy his favour, I extend this friendship,
Yf he will take it, so, if not adieu,
And for my loue I pray you wrong me not.

As. Yes Shylocke, I will seale vnto this bond.

Shy. Then meete me forthwith at the Noteries,
Give him direction for this merry bond
And I will goe and purrse the ducats straite,
See to my house left in the searefull gard
Of an vnthriftie knaue: and presently
Ile be with you.

Exit.

As. Hie thee gentle Iewe. The Hebrew will turne
Christian, he growes kinde.

Basf. I like not faire termes, and a villaines minde.

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

Exeunt.

Enter Morchoe a tawnie Moore all in white, and three
or foure followers accordingly, with Portia,
Nerissa, and their traine.

Morchoe. Mislike me not for my complexion,
The shadowed liuerie of the burnish'd sunne,
To whom I am a neighbour, and neere bred.
Bring me the fayrest creature North-ward borne,
Where Phalbas fire scarce thawes the yficles,
And let vs make incyzion for your loue,
To prove whose blood is reddest, his or mine.
I tell thee Lady this aspect of mine
Hath heard the valiant, (by my loue I sweare)
The best regarded Virgins of our Clyme
Have lou'd it to: I would not change this hue,
Except to seale your thoughts my gentle Queene.

Portia. In termes of choyse I am not soley led
By nice direction of a maydens eyes:
Besides, the lottrie of my destenie
Barts me the right of voluntary choosinge:
But if my Father had not scanteed me,
the Merchant of Venice.

And hedged me by his wit to yield my selfe
His wife, who wins me by that means I told you,
Your selfe (renowned Prince) than floode as faire
As any commer I haue look'd on yet
For my affection

Mor. Even for that I thank you,
Therefore I pray you leade me to the Caskets
To try my fortune: By this Symitare
That flewe the Sophy, and a Persian Prince
That wone three fields of Sultan Solyma,
I would ore-stare the stement eyes that looke:
Out-braue the hart most daring on the earth:
Pluck the young suckling Cubs from the the Beare,
Yea, mock the Lyon when a rores for pray
To win the Lady. But alas, the while
If Hercules and Lybas play at dice
Which is the better man, the greater throw
May turne by fortune from the weaker hand:
So is Alcides beaten by his rage,
And so may I, blind Fortune leading me
Misle that which one vnworthier may attaine,
And die with grieving.

Portia. You must take your chaunce,
And eyther not attempt to choose at all,
Or swearer before you choose, if you choose wrong
Never to speake to Lady afterward
In way of marriage, therefore be aduiz'd.

Mor. Nor wil not, come bring me vnto my chaunce.

Portia. Firt forward to the temple, after dinner

Your hazard shall be made.

Mor. Good fortune then,
To make me blest or cursed among men.

Exeunt.

Enter the Clowne alone.

Clowne. Certainly, my conscience will serue me to runne from
this Iewe my Maister: the fiend is at mine elbow, and tempts me,
saying to me, Iobbe, Ianeceles Iobbe, good Ianeceles, or good Iobbe,
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or good Lauredflet lobbe, vs your legges, take the start, runne a-
away, my conscience fayes no; take heede honest Lauredflet, take
heed honest lobbe, or as afore-saide honest Lauredflet lobbe, doe
not runne, corner running with thy heele; well, the most cora-
gious fiend bids me packe, six fayes the fiend, away fayes the fiend,
for the heavens route vp a braue minde fayes the fiend, and runne;
well, my conscience hanging about the necke of my heart, fayes
very wisely to mee: my honest friend Lauredflet being an honest
man's sonne, or rather an honest woman's sonne, for indeede my
Father did something smacke, something grow to; he had a kinde
of taft; well, my conscience fayes Lauredflet bouge not, bouge fayes
the fiend, bouge not fayes my conscience, conscience say I you
counfaile well, fiend say I you counfaile well, to be ruld by my con-
science, I should stay with the Jewe my Maiifter, (who God blesse
the marke) is a kinde of deuill; and to runne away from the Jewe I
should be ruled by the fiend, who sauving your reverence is the de-
uill himselfe: certainly the Jewe is the very deuill incarnation, and
in my conscience, my conscience is but a kinde of hard con-
science, to offer to counfaile mee to stay with the Jewe; the fiend
gives the more friendly counfaile: I will runne fiend, my heele
are at your commandement, I will runne.

Enter old Gobbo with a basket.

Gobbo. Maiifter young-man, you I pray you, which is the way
to Maiifter Jewes?

Lauredflet. O heavens, this is my true begotten Father, who be-
ing more then saind blinde, high grauell blinde, knowes me not, I
will try confusions with him.

Gobbo. Maiifter young Gentleman, I pray you which is the way
to Maiifter Jewes.

Lauredflet. Turre vp on your right hand at the next turning,
but at the next turning of all on your left; marry at the very next
turning turne of no hand, but turre downe indirecly to the Jewes
houfe.

Gobbo. Be Godsfonties twill be a hard way to hit, can you tell
me
the Merchant of Venice.

mee whether one Lancalet that dwels with him, dwell with him or no.

Lancalet. Talke you of young Maister Lancalet, marke mee nowe, nowe will I raise the waters; talke you of young Maister Lancalet.

Gobbo. No Maister sir, but a poore mans Sonne, his Father though I say't is an honest exceeding poore man, and God bee thanked well to Ijue.

Lancalet. Well, let his Father be what a will, wee talke of young Maister Lancalet.

Gob. Your worship's friend and Lancalet sir.

Lancalet. But I pray you ergo olde man, ergo I beseech you, talke you of young Maister Lancalet.

Gob. Of Lancalet ant please your maistership.

Lancalet. Ergo Maister Lancalet, talke not of maister Lancalet Father, for the young Gentleman according to fate's and destines, and such odd sayings, the sitters three, and such branches of learning, is in deedse deceased, or as you would say in plaine termes, gone to heauen.

Gobbo. Marry God forbid, the boy was the very staaffe of my age, my very prop.

Lancalet. Doe I looke like a cudgell or a bowell post, a staaffe, or a prop: doe you know me Father.

Gobbo. Alacke the day, I knowe you not young Gentleman, but I pray you tell mee, is my boy GOD rest his soule alive or dead.

Lancalet. Doe you not know me Father.

Gobbo. Alack sir I am fand blind, I know you not.

Lancalet. Nay, in deedse if you had your eyes you might fase of the knowing mee: it is a wise Father that knowes his owthe childe. Well, olde man, I will tell you newes of your sonne, gue mee your blessing, trueth will come to light, muder cannot bee hidde long, a mannes Sonne may, but in the ende trueth vwill out.

Gobbo. Pray you sir stand vp, I am sure you are not Lancalet my boy.
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Launs. Pray you let's have no more fooling, about it, but give mee your blessing: I am Launce your boy that was, your sonne that is, your child that shall be.

God. I cannot thinke you are my sonne.

Launs. I know not what I shall think of that: but I am Launcelet the Jewes man, and I am sure Margeris your wife is my mother.

God. Her name is Margeris in deed, ible be sworne if thou bee Launcelet, thou art mine owne flesh and blood: Lord worship might he be, what a beard hast thou got; thou hast got more haire on thy chine, then Dobbins my phildorke hase on his taile.

Launs. It shoulde seeme then that Dobbins taiel growes backward. I am sure hee had more haire of his tail then I haue of my face when I looke saw him.

God. Lord how art thou changd: how dooost thou and thy Maister agree, I haue brought him a present, how gree you now?

Launs. Well, well, but for mine owne part, as I haue set vp my rest to runne away, so will not rest till I haue runne some ground; my Maister's a very Jewe, give him a present, give him a halter, I am famishd in his servise. You may tell every finger I haue with my ribs: Father I am glad you are come, give me your present to one Maister Bassanio, who in deed giveth rare newe Lyuories, if I seuer not him, I will runne as farre as God has any ground. O rare fortune, here comes the man, to him Father, for I am a Jewe if I seuer the Jewe any longer.

Enter Bassanio with a follower or two.

Bass. You may doe so, but let it be so hasted that supper be rea. dy at the farthest by fiue of the clocke: see these Letters deliuered, put the Lyueries to making, and desire Gratiano to come anon to my lodging.

Launs. To him Father.

God. God bleffe your worship.

Bass. Gramercie, wouldst thou ought with me.

God. Here's my sonne sir, a poore boy.

Launs. Not a poore boy sir, but the rich Jewes man that would sir as my Father shall specifie.

God.
the Merchant of Venice.

Gob. He hath a great infection sir, as one would say to serve.

Lau. Indeede the short and the long is, I serve the Jewe, & have a desire as my Father shall specify.

Gob. His Master and he (lauging your worship's reverence) are scarce catercosins,

Lau. To be briefe, the very truth is, that the Jewe having done me wrong, dooth cause me as my Father being I hope an old man shall refuse you to you.

Gob. I have here a dish of Doues that I would bestow upon your worship, and my sute is.

Lau. In very briefe, the sute is impertinent to myselfe, as your worship shall knowe by this honest old man, and though I say it, though old man, yet poore man my Father.

Bass. One speake for both, what would you?

Lau. Serve you sir.

Gob. That is the very defect of the matter sir.

Bass. I know thee well, thou hast obtaind thy sute, Skyloc'k thy Master spake with me this day, And hath prefered thee, if it be preferment To leave a rich Jewes service, to become The follower of so poore a Gentleman.

Clowne. The old prouerb is very well parted betweene my Master Skyloc'k and you sir, you haue the grace of God sir, and he hath enough.

Bass. Thou speakest it well; goe Father with thy Sonne Take leave of thy old Master, and enquire My lodging out, give him a Lyuerie More garded then his fellowes: see it done.

Clowne. Father in, I cannot get a service, no, I haue none tong in my head, wel: if any man in Italy haue a fayrer table which dooth offer to sweare vpone a booke, I shall haue good fortune; goe too, heere's a simple lyne of life, heere's a small tryfel of wiues, alas, fifteene wiues is nothing, a leuen widdowes and nine maydes is a simple comming in for one man, and then to scape drowning thrice, and to be in perrill of my life with the edge of a featherbed, heere are simple escapes: well, if Fortune be a woman she's a good wench for this gerek: Father come, Ile take my leave of the Jewe in
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the twinkling.  

Exe. Clowne.

Bass. I pray thee good Leonardo thinke on this, 
These things being bought and orderly bestowed 
Returne in halfe, for I doe feast to night 
My best efteeemed acquaintance, hee thee goe.

Leon. My best endeavours shall be done heerein. 
   Exit Leonardo.
   Enter Gratiano.

Grati. Where's your Master.

Leon. Yonder sir he walkes.

Grati. Signior Baffanio.

Bass. Gratiano.

Gra. I haue fute to you.

Bass. You haue obtained it.

Gra. You must not deny me, I must goe with you to Belmont.

Bass. Why then you must but heare thee Gratiano.

Thou art to wild, to rude, and bold of voyce,
Parts that become thee happily enough,
And in such eyes as ours appeare not faults
But where thou art not knowne; why there they show
Somthing too liberall, pray thee take paine
To allay with some cold drops of modestie
Thy skipping spirit, leat through thy wild behaviour
I be misconstrued in the place I goe to,
And loose my hopes.

Gra. Signior Baffanio, heare me,

Yf I doe not put on a sober habite,

Talke with respect, and sweare but now and then,

Weare prayer bookes in my pocket, looks demurely,

Nay more, while grace is saying hood mine eyes

Thus with my hat, and sigh and say amen:

Vse all the obseruance of ciuitillity

Like one well studied in a lust ostent

To please his Grandam, never trust me more.

Bass. Well, we shall see your bearing.

Gra. Nay but I barre to night, you shall not gage me

By what we doe to night.

Bass. No that were pitty,

I would
the Merchant of Venice.

I would intreat you rather to put on
Your boldest suit of mirth, for we have friends
That purpose merriment: but far you well,
I have some business.

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

Enter Jessica and the Clowne.

Jessica. I am sorry thou wilt leave my Father so,
Our house is hell, and thou a merry devil.
Didst rob it of some truant of tediousnesses,
But far thee well, there is a ducat for thee,
And Launcelet, soone at supper shalt thou see
Lorenzo, who is thy new Master guest,
Give him this Letter, doe it secretly,
And so farewell: I would not have my Father
See me in talk with thee.

Clowne. Adieu, tears exhibit my tongue, most beautiful Pagans,
most sweete Iewe, if a Christian doe not play the knaue and
get thee, I am much deceaved; but adieu, these foolish drops do
Something drowning my manly spirit: adieu.

Jessica. Farewell good Launcelet.

Alack, what heinous time is it in me
To be ashamed to be my Fathers child,
But though I am a daughter to his blood
I am not to his manners: o Lorenzo!
Yf thou keepe promise I shall end this strife,
Become a Christian and thy loving wife.  

Exit.

Enter Gratiano, Lorenzo, Salario, and Solanio.

Loren. Nay, we will slinke away in supper time,
Disguise vs at my lodging, and returne all in an houre.

Gratia. We have not made good preparation.

Salari. We have not spoke vs yet of Torch-bearers,

Solanio. Tis vile vnlesse it may be quaintly ordered,
And better in my minde not undertaken.

Loren. Tis now but foure of clocke, we have two houres
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To furnish vs; friend Laucelet what the newes. Enter Laucelet.

Laucelet. And it shall please you to break vp this, it shall seeme to signifie.

Loren. I know the hand, in faith his fare hand,

And whiter then the paper it writ on
Is the faire hand that writ.

Gratia. Lone, newes in faith.

Lauce. By your leave sir.

Loren. Whither goest thou.

Lauc. Marry sir to bid my old Master the Jewe to sup to night
with my new Master the Christian.

Loren. Hold here take this, tell gentle Ieffica

I will not saile her, speake it privitly,

Goe Gentlemen, will you prepare you for this maske to night,
I am provided of a torch-bearer.

Sal. I marry it be gone about it straie.

Sal. And so will I.

Loren. Meete me and Gratian at Gratiana lodging

Some houre hence.

Sal. Tis good we doe so.

Gratia. Was not that Letter from faire Ieffica.

Loren. I must needs tell thee all, she hath directed

How I shall take her from her Fathers house,

What gold and iewels she is furnisht with,

What Pages fute she hath in readines,

Yeare the Jewe her Father come to heaven,

Yet will be for his gentle daughters sake,

And never dare misfortune crosse her soote,

Vnlesse she doe it vnder this excuse,

That she is issue to a faithlesse Jewe:

Come goe with me, pervse this as thou goest,

Faire Ieffica shall be my Torch-bearer.

Enter Iewe and his men that was the Chamber.

Iewe. Well, thou shalt see, thy eyes shall be thy judge,

The difference of old Shylocke and Bassanio;

What Ieffica, thou shalt not gurmanteze

As
the Merchant of Venice.

As thou hast done with me: what Jessica,
and sleepe, and shone, and rend apparrail out.
Why Jessica I say.

Clowne. Why Jessica.


Clowne. Your vvorship was wont to tell me,
I could doe nothing without bidding.
Enter Jessica.

Jessica. Call you? what is your will?

Shy. I am bid forth to supper Jessica,
There are my keyes: but wherefore should I goe?
I am not bid for love, they flatter me,
But yet Ie goe in hate, to feede vpon
The prodigall Christiaen. Jessica my girle,
looke to my house, I am right loth to goe,
There is some ill a bruising towards my rest,
For I did dreame of money baggs to night.

Clowne. I beseech you Sir goe, my young Master
doth expect your reprooch.

Shy. So doe I this.

Clowne. And they haue conspired together, I will not say
you shall see a Maske, but if you doe, then it was not for nothing
that my nose fell a bleeding on black monady last, at sixe a clocke
ith morning, falling out that yeere on ashenfday was foure yeere
in thatmoone.

Shy. What are there maskes? heare you me Jessica,
lock vp my doores, and when you heare the drumme
and the vile squealing of the wry-neckt Fiffe
clamber not you vp to the casements then
Nor thrust your head into the publique streeete
To gaze on Christiaen fooles with varnishit faces:
But stopp my houses eares, I meane my casements,
let not the sound of shallow topprie enter
my sober house. By Jacobs staffe I sweare
I haue no minde of feastinge forth to night:
but I will goo: goe you before me Sirra.
say I will come.

D. Clowne
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Clowne. I will goe before sir.
Mistres looke out at window for all this,
there will come a Chrifian by
vwill be worth a Jowes eye.

Shy. What fayes that fool of Hagare ofspring? ha.
Isfica. His words were farewell mistres, nothing els.
Shy. The parch is kinde enough, but a huge peeder
Snaille grow in profit, and he sleepe by day
more then the vawld-cat: drones bite not with me,
therefore / part with him and part with him
to one that I would have him helpe to wait
his borrowed purfe. Well / Isfica goe in,
perhaps / will returne immediatlie,
do as I bid you, shut dores after you, fast bind, fast find.
a proverbe never stale in thristie minde.

Exit.

Ief. Farewell, and if my fortune be not croft,
I have a Father, you a daughter lost.

Exit.

Enter the maskers, Gratiano and Salerino.

Grat. This is the penthouse vnder which Lorenzo
defired vs to make land.

Sal. His howre is almost past.

Gra. And it is meruaile he out-dwells his howre.
for louers eruer runne before the clocke.

Sal. O tenne times fafter Venu pidgeons fie
to feale loues bonds new made, then they are wont
to keepe obliged faith vnforfaited.

Gra. That eruer holds: who rife from a feaft
vth vt that keen appetite that he fitts downe?
where is the horfe that doth vntread againe
his tedious meaures with the vnbaed fire
that he did pace them firft: all things that are
are with more spirit chafed then enioyed.
How like a younger or a prodigall
the skarfed barke puts from her natuie bay
bugd and embraced by the ftrumpet wind,
how like the prodigall doth she returne

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with outer-wetherd ribbs and ragged rables
lean, rent, and beggarded by the Trumpet wind?
Enter Lorenzo.

Sal. Heere comes Lorenzo, more of this hereafter.

Lor. Sweet frends, your patience for my long abode
not I but my affaires have made you waite:
when you shall please to play the theeces for wites
He watch as long for you then: approch
here dwells my father Iew. Howe whose within?

Jessica aboue.

Jeff. Who are you? tell me for more certainty,
Albeit I Io sweare that I doe know your tongue.

Lor. Lorenzo and thy loue.

Jessica. Lorenzo certaine, and my loue indeed,
for who loue I so much? and now who knowes
but you Lorenzo whether I am yours?

Lor. Heaven & thy thoughts are witnes that thou art.

Jeff. Heere catch this casket, it is worth the paines,
I am glad his night you do not looke on me,
for I am much a shamde of my exchange:
But loue is blinde, and lowers cannot see
The pretty follies that themselves commit,
for if they could, Cupid himselfe would blash
to see me thus transformd to a boy.

Lor. Defend, for you must be my torch-bearer.

Jeff. What, must I hold a candle to my shames,
they in themselves goodsooth are too too light.
Why, tis an office of discouery loue,
and I should be obscured.

Lor. So are you sweet
euen in the lovely garnish of a boy, but come at once,
for the close night dore play the runaway,
and we are flaid for at Ballanies feast.

Jeff. I will make fast the doores & gild my selfe
with some mo ducats, and be with you straight.

Gras. Now by my hoode a gentle, and no Iew.

Lor. Be throw me but I loue her hartlie.
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For she is wise, if I can judge of her,
and faire she is, if that mine eyes be true,
and true she is, as she hath proou'd herselue:
And therefore like herselue, wise, faire, and true,
shall she be placed in my constant soule. Enter Ieffica.
What art thou come, on gentleman, away,
our masking mates by this time for vs stay.     Exit.

Enter Antonio.

An. VVho's there?
Gra. Signior Antonio?
Antb. Fie, fie Gratiano, where are all the rest?
Tis nine a clocke, our friends all stay for you,
No maske to night, the wind is come about
Bassanio presently will goe abord,
I haue sent twentye out to seake for you.

Gra. I am glad ont, I desire no more delight
then to be vnderwaile, and gone to night.     Exeunt.

Enter Portia with Morrocho and both
theyr traines.

Por. Goe, draw aside the curtaine and discover
the seuerall caskets to this noble Prince:
Now make your choyse.

Mor. This first of gold, who this inscription beares,
Who chooseth me, shall gaue what many men desire.
The second siluer, which this promisce carrieth,
Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserveth.
This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt,
Who chooseth me, must giue and hazard all he hath.
How shall I know if I doe choose the right?

Por. The one of them contains my picture Prince,
if you choose that, then I am yours withall.

Mor. Some God direct my judgement, let me see,
I will survey th'inscriptions, back again,
What failes this leaden casket?
Who chooseth me, must giue and hazard all he hath,
Must giue, for what? for lead, hazard for lead?
This casket threatens men that hazard all

doe
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doe it in hope of faire advantages:
A golden minde stoopes not to shoues of drosse,
Ille then nor gine nor hazard ought for lead.
What fayes the siluer with her virgin hue?
Who chooseth me, shal get as much as he deserues.
As much as he deserues, pause there Moroche,
and weigh thy valed with an euene hand,
If thou beeest rated by thy estimation
thou dooest deserue enough, and yet enough
May not extend so farre as to the Ladie:
And yet to be afraied of my deservering
were but a weake disabiling of my selfe.
As much as I deserue, why thats the Ladie.
? doe in birth deserue her, and in fortunes,
in graces, and in qualities of breeding:
but more then these, in loue I doe deserue,
what if I straid no farther, but chofe heere?
Lets see once more this saying grau'd in gold:
Who chooseth me shal gaine what many men desire:
Why thats the Ladie, all the world desires her.
From the foure corners of the earth they come
to kisse this shrine, this mortail breathing Saint.
The Hircanion deserts, and the vastie wildes
Of wide Arabia are as throughsfares now
for Princes to come view faire Portia.
The waterie Kingdome, whose ambitious head
Spets in the face of heauen, is no barre
To flote the forraigne spirits, but they come
as ore a brooke to see faire Portia.
One of these three contains her heauenly pichte.
It like that leade contains her twere damnation
to thinke so base a thought, it were too grosse
to ribb her serceloth in the obscurc grave,
Or shal I thinke in siluer shees immurd
beeing tenne times undervalewed to tride gold,
O sinful thought, never so rich a tem
was set in worte then gold. They have in England
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A coynge that beares the suber of an Angell
Stamp'd in gold, but that insculpt vpon:
But heere an Angell in a golden bed
Lies all vwithin. Deliuer me the key:
Heere doe I choose, and thrue I as I may.

Por. There take it Prince, and if my forme lie there
Then I am yours?

Mor. O hell! what haue wee heare, a carrion death,
Vwithin whose empry eye there is a written scroule,
Ile seade the writing.

All that glisters is not gold,
Often haue you heard that told,
Many a man his life hath sold
But my outside to behold,
Guilied timber doe wormses infold:
Had you bene as wise as bold,
Young in limbs, in judgement old,
Toes amf were had not bene infold,
Fare youswell, your fate is cold.

Mor. Cold indeede and labour lost,
Then farewell heat, and welcome frost:
Portia adiew, I haue too greeu'd a hart
To take a tedious leave: thus loosers part.

Por. A tedious riddance, draw the curtaines, go,
Let all of his complextion choose me so.

Enter Salario and Solanio.

Sal. Why man I saw Bassanio vnder sayle,
With him is Gratiano gone along;
And in theyr ship I am sure Lorenzo is not.

Sola. The villaine Iew with outeries rafid the Duke,
Who went with him to search Bassanios ship.

Sal. He came too late, the ship was vnderseale,
But there the Duke was given to understand
That in a Gondylot were seene together
Lorenzo and his amorous Jeuffica.
Besides, Antonio certified the Duke
They were not with Bassanio in his ship.
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Sal. I never heard a passion so confused,
So strange, outrageous, and so variable
As the dogge Iew did vitter in the streets,
My daughter, ô my ducats, ô my daughter,
Fled with a Christian, ô my Christian ducats.
Justice, the law my ducats, and my daughter,
A sealed bag, two sealed bags of ducats
Of double ducats, stolen from me by my daughter,
And jewels, two stones, two rich and precious stones,
Stolen by my daughter: justice: find the girlie,
She hath the stones upon her, and the ducats.

Sal. Why all the boyes in Venice follow him,
Crying his stones, his daughter and his ducats.

Sal. Let good Antonio looke he keepe his day
Or he shall pay for this.

Sal. Marry well remembred,
I reason'd with a Frenchman yesterday,
Who told me, in the narrow seas that part
The French and English, there miscaried
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.

Sal. You were best to tell Antonio what you heare,
Yet do not suddenly, for it may greeue him.

Sal. A kinder gentleman travels not the earth,
I saw Bassanio and Antonio part,
Bassanio told him he would make some speed
Of his returne: he aunswered, doe not so,
Flumber not businesse for my sake Bassanio,
But face the very riping of the time,
And for the Iewes bond which he hath of me
Let it not enter in your minde of loue:
Be merry, and imploy your cheefest thoughts
to courtship, and such faire ostents of loue
As shall conveniently become you there,
And even there his eye being big with teares,
Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,
And with affection wondrous sensible
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He wrung Bassanios hand, and so they parted.
Sot. I thinke hee onely loves the world for him,
I pray thee let vs goe and finde him out
and quicken his embraced heauines
with some delight or other.
Sot. Dish we do.

Enter Nerissa and a Seruicute.
Ner. Quick, quick, pray thee, draw the curtain strait,
The Prince of Arragon hath tane his oath,
and comes to his election presently.

Enter Arragon, his trayne, and Portia.
Por. Behold there stand the caskets noble Prince,
yf you choose that wherein I am containd
straight shall our nuptiall rights be solemniz'd:
but if you faile, without more speecn my Lord
you must be gone from hence immediatly.
Arr. I am enioynd by oath to observe three things,
First, never to vnfold to any one
which casket twas I chose; next, if I faile
of the right casket, never in my life
to woze a maide in way of marriage:
lastly, if I doe faile in fortune of my choyse
immediatly to leaue you, and be gone.

Por. To these inuiations every one doth sweare
that comes to hazard for my worthlesse selfe.
Arr. And so haue I address me, fortune now
To my harts hope: gold, siluer, and base lead.
Who chooseth me, must giue and hazard all he hath.
You shall looke farther ere I giue or hazard.
What faies the golden cheif, ha, let me see,
Who chooseth me, shall gaine what many men desire,
What many men desire, that many may be meant
by the foole multitude that chooze by hnow,
not learning more then the fond eye doth teach,
which pries not to thinting our, but like the Martlet

builds
the Merchant of Venice.

Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
Euen in the force and rode of casualty.
I will not choose what many men desire,
Because I will not iumpes with common spirits,
And ranke me with the barbarous multitudes.
Why then to thee thou fifer treure house,
Tell me once more what title thou doost beare;
Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserues,
And well sayde to; for who shal goe about
To coven Fortune, and be honourable
Vvithout the flampe of merit, let none presume
To weare an vndeuerued dignity:
O that eftates, degrees, and offices,
were not deriu'd corruptly, and that cleare honour
were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer,
How many then should cower that fland bare?
How many be commauded that commaund?
How much low pesseantry would then be gleaned
From the true seede of honour? and how much honour
Pickt from the chaft and ruin of the times,
To be new varnifi; well but to my choise.
Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserues,
I will assume desert; giue me a key for this,
And instandy vnlocke my fortunes heere.

Poria. Too long a paufe for that which you finde there.

Arrag. What's heere, the pourtrait of a blinking idiot
Presenenting me a shedule, I will reade it:
How much vnlike art thou to Poria?
How much vnlike my hopes and my deseruings.
Who chooseth me, shal haue as much as he deserues?
Did I deserue no more then a fooles head.
Is that my prize, are my deserts no better?

Poria. To offend and judge are distinct offices,
And of oppossed natures.

Arrag. What is heere?

The sier seaven times tried this,
Seaven times tried that indemenent is,
The comical Historie of

That did never choose amis,
Some there be that shadoues kis,
Such hauie but a shadoues kiss:
There be fooles alway wise
Silverd o're, and so was this.
Take what wife you will to bed,
I will ever be your head:
So be gone, you are sped.

Arras. Still more foole I shall appeare
By the time I linger heere,
With one foole's head I came to woo,
But I goe away with two.
Sweet adieu, Ile keepe my oath,
Patiently to beare my wroath.

Portia. Thus hath the candle sinckd the moanth:
O these deliberate fooles when they doe choosse,
They haue the wisedome by their wit to looche.

Nerissa. The auncient sayings is no herisie,
Hanging and wiuing goes by destinie.

Portia. Come draw the curtaine Nerissa.

Enter Messenger.

Mess. Where is my Lady.

Portia. Heer, what would my Lord?

Mess. Madame, there is a lighted at your gate
A young Venetian, one that comes before
To signifie th'approaching of his Lord,
From whom he bringeth sensibell regreets;
To wit, (besides commends and curiuious breath)
Gifts of rich valiew ; yet I haue not seene
So likely an Embassador of love.

A day in April neuer came so sweete
To shew how costly Sommer was at hand,
As this fore-spurret comes before his Lord.

Portia. No more I pray thee, I am halfe a-feard
Thou wilt say anone he is some kine to thee,
Thou spendst such high day wit in praysing him:

Come
the Merchant of Venice.

Come come Nerissa, for I long to see
Quick Cupids Post that comes so mannerly.

Nerissa. Baffanio Lord, I owe if thy will it be.  Exeunt.

Solanio and Salarino.

Solanio. Now what news on the Ryalto?

Salarino. Why yet it liues there vuchock, that Anthony hath a ship
of rich lading wrackt on the narrow Seas; the Goodwins I thinkke
they call the place, a very dangerous flat, and fatall, where the car-
casses of many a tall ship lie buried, as they say, if my gossip report
be an honest woman of her word.

Solanio. I would she were as lying a gossip in that, as euer knewt
Ginger, or made her neighbours beleue she wept for the death of
a third husband: but it is true, without any flippes of prolixity, or
crossing the plaine high way of tale, that the good Anthony, the
honest Anthony; so that I had a tylte good enough to keepe his
name company.

Salarino. Come, the full flop.

Salarino. Ha,what saifiest thou, why the end is, he hath lost a ship.

Salarino. I would it might prove the end of his losses.

Salarino. Let me say amen betimes, left the deuil croste my pri-
er; for heere he comes in the likenes of a Jewe. How now Shylocke,
what news among the Merchants? Enter Shylocke.

Shylocke. You knewe none so well, none so well as you, of my daugh-
ters flight.

Salarino. Thats certaine, I for my part knew the Taylor that made
the wings she flew withall.

Salarino. And Shylocke for his owne part knew the bird was slidge,
and then it is the complextion of them all to leave the dam.

Shylocke. She is damnd for it.

Salarino. Thats certaine, if the deuill may be her Judge.

Shylocke. My owne flesh and blood to rebell.

Sala. Out upon it old carrion. rebels it at these yeeres.

Shylocke. I say my daughter is my flesh and my blood.

Salarino. There is more difference betwene the flesh and hers,
then betwene yet and Iuorie, more betwene your bloods, then
there is betwene red vvinke and rennish: but tell vs, doe you heare
whether Anthony haue had any losse at sea or no?

E 2

Shylocke. There
The comicall Historie of

Sby. There I have another bad match, a bankrupt, a prodigall, who dare scarce shew his head on the Ryalto, a beggar that was vnf to come so smug upon the Mart: let him looke to his bond, he was wont to call me vürer, let him looke to his bond, he was wont to lend me money for a Christian curse, let him looke to his bond.

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

Sby. To baite fish with all, if it will feede nothing else, it will feede my requenge; he hath disgrac'd me, and hindered me halfe a million, laught at my loffes, mockt at my gains, scorned my Nation, thwarted my bargaines, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies, and what's his reason, I am a Jewe: Hath not a Jewe eyes, hath not a Jewe hands, organs, dementions, senses, affections, passions, fed with the fame foode, hurt with the same weapons, subiect to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same Winter and Sommer as a Christian is: if you prick vs vs wee not bleed, if you tickle vs doe wee not laugh, if you poyson vs doe wee not die, and if you wrong vs vs wee not requenge if we are like you in the rest, we will resembe you in that.

If a Jewe wrong a Christian, what is his humillity, requenge: If a Christian wrong a Jewe, what should his sufferance be by Christian example, why requenge? The villanie you teach me I will execute, and it shall goe hard but I will better the instruction.

Enter a man from Anthonio.

Gentlemen, my maister Anthonio is at his house, and desires to speake with you both.

Saleri. We haue bene vp and downe to seeke him.

Enter Tuball.

Solanio. Here comes another of the Tribe, a third cannot bee matcht, vnlesse the dewill himselfe turne Jewe. Exeunt Gentlemen.

Enter Tuball.

Sby. How now Tuball, what newes from Genowga, haft thou found my daughter?

Tuball. I often came where I did heare of her, but cannot finde her.

Sby.
the Merchant of Venice.

Shylock. Why there, there, there, there, a diamond gone cost me two thousand ducats in Frankford, the curse never fell upon our Nation till now, I never felt it till now; two thousand ducats in that, & other precious precious jewels; I would my daughter were dead at my foote, and the jewels in her ear: would she were heard at my foote, and the ducats in her coffin: no newes of them, why so? and I know not what was spent in the search: why thou lost upon lost, the theefe gone with so much, and so much to finde the theefe, and no satisfaction, no reuenge, nor no ill lucke stirring but what lights a my shoulders, no fights but a my breathing, no tears but a my shedding.

Tuball. Yes, other men have ill lucke to, Antonio as I heard in Genowa?


Tuball. Hath an Argosie cast away comming from Tripolis.

Shy. I thank God, I thank God, is it true, is it true.

Tuball. I spoke with some of the Saylers that escaped the wrack.

Shy. I thank thee good Tuball, good newes, good newes: ha ha, heere in Genowa.

Tuball. Your daughter spent in Genowa, as I heard, one night four score ducats.

Shy. Thou stiched a dagger in me, I shall neuer see my gold againe, four score ducats at a sitting, four score ducats.

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

Shy. I am very glad of it, ile plague him, ile torture him, I am glad of it.

Tuball. One of them shewed mee a ring that hee had of your daughter for a Monky.

Shy. Out upon her, thou torturest mee Tuball, it was my Turkies, I had it of Leah when I was a Batcheler: I would not haue giuen it for a Wildeines of Monkies.

Tuball. But Antonio is certainly vndone.

Shy. Nay, that's true, that's very true, goe Tuball see me an Officer, bespeake him a fortnight before, I will haue the hart of him if he forfeite, for were he out of Venice I can make what merchandize I will: goe Tuball, and meete me at our Sinagogue, goe good
The comicall Historie of
Tuball, at our Sinagogue Tuball.

Enter Bassanio, Portia, Gratiano, and all
their traynes.

Portia. I pray you tarry, pause a day or two
Before you hazard, for in choosing wrong
I looke your companie; therefore forbear a while.
Theres something tells me (but it is not loue)
I would not looke you, and you know your selfe,
Hate counsailes not in such a quallity;
But leaft you should not understand me well,
And yet a mayden hath no tongue, but thought,
I would detaine you heere some moneth or two
before you venture for me. I could teach you
how to choose right, but then I am forsworne,
So will I never be, so may you misse me,
But if you doe, youle make me with a sinne,
That I had beene forsworne: Behold your eyes,
They haue ore-lookt me and deuised me,
One halfe of me is yours, the other halfe yours,
Mine owne I would say: but if mine then yours,
And so all yours; o these naughty times
puts barres betwene the owners and their rights,
And so though yours, not yours, proue it so
Let Fortune goe to hell for it, not I.
I speake too long, but tis to peize the time,
To ech it, and to draw it out in length,
To play you from election.

Bass. Let me choose,
For as I am, I liue vpon the racke.

Por. Vpon the racke Bassanio, then confess
what treason there is mingled with your loue.

Bass. None but that vgly treason of mistrust,
which makes me feare the envying of my Loue.
There may as well be amity and life
Tweene snow and fire, as treason and my loue.

Por. I but I feare you speake vpon the racke
where men enforced does speake any thing.
the Merchant of Venice.

Bass. Promise me life, and I will confess the truth.
Portia. Well then, confess and live.
Bass. I will confess and live.

had beene the very sum of my confession:
O happy torment, when my torturer
doth teach me answers for delivery:
But let me to my fortune and the caskets.

Portia. Away then, I am locked in one of them,
If you do love me, you will find me out.

A Song the whilst Bassanio comments on the caskets to himselfe.

Tell me where is fancie bred,
Or in the hart, or in the head,
How begot, how nourished?

Replie, replie.
The comical Historie of

It is engendred in the eye,
With gazing fed, and Fancie dies:
In the cradle where it lies
Let us all ring Fancies knell.
Ile begin it.
Ding, dong, bell.

All. Ding, dong, bell.
Bass: So may the outward showes be least themselves,
The world is still deceau'd with ornament
In Law, what pleasa so tainted and corrupt,
But being sealon'd with a gracious voyce,
Obscures the show of cuill. In religion
What damned error but some sober brow
vwill blesse it, and approve it with a text,
Hiding the grossnes with faire ornament:
There is no voyce so simple, but assumes
Some marke of vertue on his outward parts;
How many cowards whose harts are all as false
As flayers of sand, weare yet vpon their chins
The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars,
vhho inward searcht, haue lyuers white as milke,
And these assume but valours excrement
To render them redoubted. Looke on beauty,
And you shall see tis purchaft by the weight,
vhwhich therein works a miracle in nature,
Making them lightest that weare most of it:
So are those crisp'd snaky golden locks
vhwhich maketh such wanton gambols with the wind
Vpon supposted fairenes, often knowne
To be the dowry of a second head,
The scull that bred them in the Sepulcher.
Thus ornament is but the guiled shore
To a most dangerous sea: the beautious scarfe
vailing an Indian beauty; In a word,
The seeming truth which cunning times put on
To intrap the wisest. Therefore then thou gaudy gold,
Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee.
the Merchant of Venice.

Nor none of thee thou pale and common drudge
tweene man and man: but thou, thou meager lead
which rather threatenst than dost promise ought,
thy paleness moves me more then eloquence,
and here choose I, joy be the consequence.

Por. How all the other passions fleet to ayre,
As doubtfull thoughts, and rash imbrac'd despair:
And shyddring feare, and greene-eyed jealouesie.
O loue be moderate, allay thy extasie,
In measure raine thy joy, scant this excess,
I feele too much thy blessing, make it leffe
for feare I surfeit.

Baj. What finde I heere?
Faire Portia counterfeit. What demy God
hath come so neere creation? moue these eyes?
Or whither riding on the ball of mine
seeme they in motion? Heere are seuerd lips
parted with sucr breth, so sweet a barre
should sunder such sweet friends: heere in her haires
the Painter playes the Spyder, and hath woen
a golden mesh tyntrap the harts of men
fafter then noats in cobwebs, but her eyes
how could he see to doe them? haung made one,
me thinkes it should haue power to ifeale both his
and leave istelfevnusisth . Yet looke how farre
the substance of my praise doth wrong this shadow
in vnderprysing it, so farre this shadow
doeth limpe behind the substance. Heeres the stroule,
the continent and summarie of my fortune.

To thaye choost not by the view
Chance as faire, and choost as truus:
Since this fortune falleth to you,
Be content, and seek no new.
If you be well pleased with this,
and hold your fortune for your bliss,
Turne you where your Lady is,
And claim her with a loving kiss.

Baj.
The comical Historie of

A gentle scroule: Faire Lady, by your leaue,
I come by note to giue, and to receaue
Like one of two contending in a prize
That thinks he hath done well in peoples eyes:
Hearing applause and vnuerfall shoute,
Giddy in spirit, still gazing in a doubt
Whether those peales of praise be his or no,
So thrice faire Lady stand I even so,
As doubtfull whether what I see be true,
Vntill confirm'd, sign'd, ratified by you.

Por. You see me Lord Bassanio where I stand,
such as I am; though for my selfe alone
I would not be ambitious in my wish
to wish my selfe much better, yet for you,
I would be trebled twentie times my selfe.
a thousand times more faire, tenne thousand times
more rich, that onely to stand high in your account,
I might in vertues, beauties, livings, friends
exceede account; but the full summe of me
is sume of somthing: which to terme in grosse,
is an vnlessond girl, vn schoold, vnpractized,
happy in this, she is not yet so old
but she may learne: happier then this,
She is not bred so dull but she can learne;
happiest of all, is that her gentle spirit
commits it selfe to yours to be directed,
as from her Lord, her gouernour, her King.
My selfe, and what is mine, to you and yours
is now converted. But now I was the Lord
of this faire mansion, master of my seruants,
Queene ore my selfe; and even now, but now,
this house, these seruants, and this same my selfe
are yours, my Lords, I giue them with this ring,
which when you part from, loose, or giue away,
let it presage the ruine of your loue,
and be my vantage to exclaime on you.

Bass. Madam, you haue bereft me of all words,
the Merchant of Venice.

only my blood speaks to you in my vaines,
and there is such confusion in my powers,
as after some oration fairly spoke
by a beloved Prince, there doth appeare
among the buzzing pleased multitude.
Where every somthing being blent together,
turnes to a wild of nothing, saue of joy
express, and not express: but when this ring
parts from this finger, then parts life from hence,
do then be bold to say Bassanio dead.

Ner. My Lord and Lady, it is now our time
that haue floode by and seenes 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 honoures meane to solemnize
the bargaine of your fayth: I doe beseech you
euen at that time I may be married to.

Bass. With all my hart, so thou canst get a wife.

Gra. I thanke your Lordship, you haue got me one.

My eyes my Lord can looke as swift as yours:
you saw the mistres, I beheld the mayd:
You lou’d, I lou’d for intermission;
No more pertaines to me my Lord then you;
your fortune stood upon the caskets there,
and so did mine to as the matter falls:
for wooing heere vntill I swet againe,
and swearing till my very rough was dry
with oathes of loue, at last, if promise last
I got a promise of this faire one heere
to have her loue: provided that your fortune
achiu’d her mistres.

Por. Is this true Nerissa?

Ner. Madam it is, so you stand pleased withall.

Bass. And doe you Gratiano meane good fayth?

Gra. Yes faith my Lord.
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Bass. Our feast shall be much honored in your marriage.
Gra. We will play with them the first boy for a thousand ducats.
Ner. What and stake downe?
Gra. No, we shall never win at that sport and stake downe.

But who comes here? Lorenzo and his infidel? What, and my old Venetian friend Salerio?

Enter Lorenzo, Isabella, and Salerio a messenger from Venice.

Bass. Lorenzo and Salerio, welcome hither,
if that the youth of my newe interest here
have power to bid you welcome: by your leave
I bid my very friends and countrymen
sweet Portia welcome.

Por. So doe I my Lord, they are entirely welcome.

Lor. I thank you for your honour, for my part my Lord
my purpose was not to have seen you here,
but meeting with Salerio by the way
he did entreat me past all staying nay
to come with him along.

Salerio. I did my Lord,
and I have reason for it, Signior Antonio
commends him to you.

Bass. Ere I hope his letter
I pray you tell me how my good friend doth.

Salerio. Not sick my Lord, unless it be in mind,
nor well, unless in mind: his letter there
will show you his estate.

Gra. Merryle, cheer your friend, bid her welcome.

Your hand, Salerio, what's the newes from Venice?
How doth that royal Merchant good Antonio?
I know he will be glad of our success,

We are the Iasons, we have won the fleece.

Salerio. I would you had won the fleece that he hath lost.

Por. There are some throwd contents in yond same paper
That steals the colour from Bassanio's cheek,
Some dear friend dead, else nothing in the world
could turne so much the constitution
the Merchant of Venice.

of any constant man: what worse and worse?
With leave Bassanio I am half your selfe,
and I must freely haue the halfe of any thing
that this fame paper brings you.

Bass. O sweete Portia,
here are a fewe of the vnpleasaunt'tt words
that euer blotted paper. Gentle Lady
when I did first impart my loue to you,
I freely told you all the wealth I had
ranne in my vaines, I was a gentleman,
and then I told you true: and yet deere Lady
rating my selfe at nothing, you shall see
how much I was a Braggart, when I told you
my state was nothing, I should then haue told you
that I was worse then nothing; for indeede
I haue ingag'd my selfe to a deere friend,
ingag'd my friend to his meere enemie
to feeue my meanes. Heere 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
hath all his ventures faile, what not one hit,
from Tripolis, from Mexico and England,
from Lisbon, Barbary, and India,
and not one vessell scape the dreadfull touch
of Merchant-marring rocks?

Sal. Not one my Lord.
Besides, it should appare, that if he had
the present money to discharge the tew,
hee would not take it: never did I know
a creature that did beare the shape of man
so keene and greede to confound a man.
He pyles the Duke at morning and at night,
and doth impeach the freedome of the state
if they deny him iustice. Twentie Merchants,
the Duke himselfe, and the Magnificoes
of greatest port haue all perswaded with him,
but none can drue him from the enious plea
of forsaite, of justice, and his bond.

*ff. When I was with him, I haue heard him sware
to Tukal and to Que, his country-men,
that he would rather haue Antbonio flesh
then twentie times the value of the summe
that he did owe him: and I know my lord,
if law, authoritie, and power denie not,
it will goe hard with poore Antbonio.

Por. Is it your deere friend that is thus in trouble?

Bass. The dearest friend to me, the kindest man,
the best condition and unwearied spirit
in doing curtseies: and one in whom
the auncient Romaine honour more appeares
then any that draws breath in Italie.

Por. What summe owes he the Iew?

Bass. For me three thousand ducats.

Por. What no more, pay him six thousand, & deface the bond:
double sixe thousand and then treble that,
before a friend of this description
shall lose a haire through Bassamion fault.
First goe with me to Church, and call me wife,
and then away to Venice to your friend:
for neuer shall you lie by Portias side
with an vnquiet soule. You shall haue gold
to pay the petty debt twenty times ouer.
When it is payd, bring your true friend along,
my mayd Nerissa, and my selfe meane time
will liue as maydees and widdowes; come away,
for you shall hence vpon your wedding day:
bid your frends welcome, shew a merry cheere,
since you are deere bought, I will love you deere.
But let me heare the letter of your friend.

Sweet Bassanio, my ships have all miscaried, my Creditors growe
cruell, my estate is very low, my bond to the Iew is forfaite, and since in
paying it, it is impossible I should live, all debts are cleard betwenee you
and
the Merchant of Venice.

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 I 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 ere be guiltie of my stay,
or rest be interposed between twixt twain.

Exeunt.

Enter the Iew, and Salerio, and Antonio, and the tailor.

Iew. Tailor, looke to him, tell not me of mercie,
this is the fool that lent out money gratis.
Tailor, looke to him.

Ant. Heare me yet good Shylock.
Iew. Ie have my bond, speake not against my bond,
thou calldst me dogge before thou hadst a cause,
but since I am a dog, beware my phanges,
the Duke shall graunt me justice, I do wonder
thou naughtie tailor that thou art so fond
to come abroad with him at his request.

Ant. I pray thee heare me speake.

Iew. Ie have my bond. I will not heare thee speake,
Ie have my bond, and therefore speake no more.
Ie not be made a soft and dull eyde fool, to shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yeeld
to christiane intercessers: follow not,
Ie have no speaking, I will have my bond.

Exit Iew.

Soli. It is the most impenetrable curse
that euer kept with men.

Ant. Let him alone,
Ie follow him no more with bootless prayers.
The comical Historie of

hee seekes my life, his reason well I know,
I oft deliuered from his forseytures
many that haue at times made mone to me,
therefore he hates me.

Sal. I am sure the Duke will never grant
this forfaiture to hold.

An. The Duke cannot deny the course of law:
for the commoditie that strangers haue
vvith vs in Venice, if it be denied,
will much impeach the justice of the state,
since that the trade and profit of the citie
consisteth of all Nations. Therefore goe,
these griefes and losses haue fo bated me
that I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh
to morrow, to my bloody Creditor.
Well taylor on, pray God Bassanio come
to see me pay his debt, and then I care not. Exeunt.

Enter Portia, Nerissa, Lorenzo, Jessica, and a
man of Portia.

Lor. Maddam, although I speake it in your presence,
you haue a noble and a true conceite
of god-like amitie, which appeares 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 releefe,
how deere a louer of my Lord your husband,
I know you would be prouder of the worke
then customary bountie can enforce you.

Por. I neuer did repent for doing good,
nor shall not now: for in companions
that doe conuersse and waft the time together,
whose soules doe beare an egall yoke of loue,
there must be needes a like proportion
of lyniaments, of manners, and of spirit;
which makes me thinke that this Antonio
beeing the bestome louer of my Lord,
must needs be like my Lord. If it be so,
the Merchant of Venice.

How little is the cost I have bestowed
in purchasing the semblance of my soule;
From out the state of hellish cruelty,
This comes too neere the praising of my selfe,
Therefore no more of it: heere other things
Lorenso I commit into your hands,
The husbandry and managge of my house,
Vntill my Lords returne: for mine owne part
I haue toward heauen breath'd a secret vowe,
To liue in prayer and contemplation,
Onely attended by Nerissa heere,
Vntill her husband and my Lords returne,
There is a Monastery two miles off,
And there we will abide. I doe desire you
not to denie this imposition,
the which my loue and some necessitie
now layes vpon you.

Lorenso. Madame, with all my hart,
I shall obey you in all faire commandes.

Por. My people doe already know my mind,
And will acknowledge you and Jessica
in place of Lord Bassanio and my selfe.
So far you well till we shall meete againe.

Lor. Faire thoughts and happy hours attend on you.

Jessica. I wish your Ladyship all harts content.

Por. I thank you for your wish, and am well pleas'd
to wish it back on you: far you well Jessica.

Now Bassafur, as I have never found thee honest true,
So let me find thee still: take this same letter,
and see thou all th'indeavour of a man,
In speed to Mantua, see thou render this
into my coffin handes Doctor Belario,
And looke what notes and garments he doth give thee,
bring them I pray thee with imagin'd speede
vnto the Tranest, to the common Ferrie
vvhich trades to Venice; vvaft no time in words
but get thee gone, I shall be there before thee.

G.

Bassafur.
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Balth. Madam, I goe with all convenient speede.
Portia. Come on Nerissa, I have worke in hand
That you yet know not of; weelee se our husbands
before they thinke of vs?

Nerissa. Shall they see vs?
Portia. They shall Nerissa: but in such a habite,
that they shall thinke we are accomplished
with that we lacke; Ile hold thee any wager
when we are both accoutered like young men,
ille proue the prettier fellow of the two,
and weare my dagger with the brawer grace,
and speake betweene the change of man and boy,
with a reede voyce, and turne two minning steps
into a manly stride; and speake of freyes
like a fine bragging youth: and tell quaint lyes
how honorable Ladies sough my love,
which I denying, they fell sicke and dyed.
I could not doe withall: then ile repent,
and wish for all that, that I had not killd them;
And twenty of these punie lies ile tell,
that men shall sweare I haue discontinued schoole
aboue a twelve moneth: I haue within my minde
a thousand raw tricks of these bragging Lacks,
which I will practifie.

Nerissa. Why, shall we turne to men?
Portia. Fie, what a question's that,
if thou wert neere a lewd interpreter:
But come, ile tell thee all my my whole deuice
when I am in my coach, which stayes for vs
at the Park gate; and therefore haft away,
for we must measure twenty miles to day

Enter Clowne and Jessica.

Clowne. Yes truly, for looke you, the sinnes of the Father are to
be laid vpon the children, therefore I promise you, I feare you, I
was alwaies plaide with you, and so now I speake my agitation of
the matter: therefore be a good cherie, for truly I thinke you are
damned, there is but one hope in it that can doe you any good, and
that
the Merchant of Venice.

that is but a kinde of bastard hope neither.

Jessica. And what hope is that I pray thee?

Clowne. Marry you may partly hope that your Father got you not, that you are not the Jewes daughter.

Jessica. That were a kind of bastard hope in deed, so the finnes of my mother should be visited vpon me.

Clowne. Truly then I feare you are damn'd both by father and mother: thus when I shun Scilla your father, I fall into Caribdis your mother; well, you are gone both wayes.

Jessica. I shall be sau'd by my husband, he hath made me a Christian:

Clowne. Truly the more to blame he, we were Christians now before, in as many as could well live one by another: this making of Christians will raise the price of Hogs, if we grow all to be pork eaters, we shall not shortly have a rashier on the coles for mony.

Enter Lorenzo.

Jessica. He tell my husband Launcelot what you say, here he come?

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

Jessica. Nay, you neede not feare vs Lorenzo, Launcelot and I are out, he tells me flatly there's no mercy for mee in heauen, because I am a Jews daughter: and he sayes you are no good member of the common-wealth, for in converting Jewes to Christians, you raise the price of porke.

Loren. I shall aunswere that better to the common-wealth than you can the getting vp of the Negroes belly: the Moor is with child by you Launcelot?

Clowne. It is much that the Moor should be more then reason: but if she be lesse then an honest woman, she is indeede more then I tooke her for.

Loren. How euery foole can play vpon the word, I thinke the best grace of wit will shortly turne into silence, and discourse grow commendable in none onely but Parrats: goe in sirra, bid them prepare for dinner?

Clowne. That is done sir, they have all stomacks?

Loren. Goodly Lord what a wit snapper are you, than bid them prepare dinner?
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Clowne. That is done to sir, onely couer is the word.
Loren. Will you couer than sir?
Clowne. Not so sir neither, I know my duty.
Loren. Yet more quarrelling with occasion, wilt thou shewe
the whole wealth of thy wit in an instant; I pray thee understandable
a plaine man in his plaine meaning: goe to thy fellowes, bid them
couer the table, serue in the meate, and we will come in to dinner.
Clowne. For the table sir, it shall be seru'd in, for the meate sir, it
shall be couerd, for your comming in to dinner sir, why let it be as
humors and conceites shall gouerne. Exit Clowne.

Loren. O deare discretion, how his words are suted,
The foole hath planted in his memorie
an Armie of good words, and I doe know
a many fooles that stand in better place,
garnisht like him, that for a tricktie word
defie the matter: how cherisst thou Iessica,
And now good sweett say thy opinion,
How doost thou like the Lord Bassanios wife?
Iessi. Past all expressing, it is very meete
the Lord Bassanio liue an uprighit life
For hauing such a blessing in his Lady,
he findes the ioyes of heauen heere on earth,
And if on earth he doet not meane it, it
in reason he should never come to heauen?
Why, if two Gods should play some heauenly match,
and on the wager lay two earthly women,
And Portia one: there must be somthing else
paund with the other, for the poore rude world
hath not her fellow.

Loren. Even such a husband
haft thou of me, as she is for wife.
Iessi. Nay, but aske my opinion to of that?
Loren. I will anone, first let vs goe to dinner?
Iessi. Nay, let me praise you while I haue a stomack.
Loren. No pray thee, let it serue for table talke,
Then how so mere thou speakest mong other things,
I shall digest it?
the Merchant of Venice.


Enter the Duke, the Magnificoes, Anthonio, Bassoino, and Gratiano.

Duke. What, is Anthonio heere? 
Antho. Ready, so please your grace? 
Duke. I am forry for thee, thou art come to aunswere a stonic aduersarie, an inhumaine wretch, vncaable of pitty, voyd, and empty from any dram of mercie.
Antho. I haue heard your grace hath tane great paines to quallifie his rigorous course; but since he stands obdurrate, And that no lawfull meanes can carry me out of his enuies reach, I doe oppose my patience to his furie, and am armd to suffer with a quietnes of spirit, the very tyranny and rage of his.
Duke. Goe one and call the Iew into the Court. 
Salorio. He is ready at the dore, he comes my Lord. Enter Shylocke.

Duke. Make roome, and let him stand before our face. Shylocke the world thinks, and I thinke so to that thou but leadeft this fashin of thy mallice to the laft hour of aft, and then its thought thowlt shew thy mercy and remorse more strange, than is thy strange apparent cruelty; and where thou now exacts the penalty, which is a pound of this poore Merchants flesh, thou wilt not onely loose the forfeiture, but toucht with humane gentlenes and loue: Forgive a mottie of the principall, glauncing an eye of pitty on his losses that haue of late so hulded on his backe, Enow to preffe a royall Merchant downe; And pluck comiferation of thisastes from braffe boolesmes and rough harts of flints, from stubborn Turkes, and Tarters neuer trained
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to offices of tender curtesie:
We all expect a gentle aunswere Iewe?

Iewe. I haue possess your grace of what I purpose, and by our holy Sabaoth haue I sworne to haue the due and forset of my bond, if you deny it, let the danger light

upon your charter and your Citie's freedome?

Youle ask me why I rather choose to have a weight of carriion flesh, then to receaue three thousand ducats: Ile not aunswer that?

But say it is my humour, is it aunswerd?

What if my house be troubled with a Rat, and I be pleas'd to give ten thousand ducats to have it baind? vvhat, are you aunswerd yet?

Some men there are loue not a gaping pigge?

Some that are mad if they behold a Cat?

And others when the bagpipe sings i'th nose, cannot containe their vrine for affection.

Misters of passion fwyes it to the moode of what it likes or loathes, now for your aunswer?

As there is no firme reasone to be rendred vvhhy he cannot abide a gaping pigge?

vvhhy he a harmelesse necessarie Cat?

vvhhy he a woollen bagpipe: but of force must yeeld to such in euytile flame, as to offend himselfe being offended:

So can I giue no reasone, nor I will not, more then a lodgd hate, and a certaine loathing.

I beare Anthonio, that I follow thus a looking face against him? are you aunswered?

Baff. This is no aunswer thou unfeeling man.

to excuse the currant of thy cruelty?

Iewe. I am not bound to please thee with my answers?

Baff. Doe all men kill the things they do not loue?

Iewe. Hates any man the thing he would not kill?

Baff. Every offence is not a hate at first?

Iewe. What wouldst thou have a serpent sting thee twice?

Antho.
the Merchant of Venice.

Ant. I pray you think you question with the Jewe,
you may as well goe stand upon the Beach
and bid the maine flood bate his vsuall height,
vvell vs question with the Woolfe,
the Ewe bleake for the Lambe:
You may as well forbid the mountaine of Pines
to wag their high tops, and to make no noife
when they are fretten with the gusts of heaven:
You may as well doe any thing most hard
as seeke to soften that then which what's harder:
his Jewish hart? therefore I doe beseech you
make no moe offers, vse no farther meanes,
but with all briefe and plaine conveniencie
let me have judgement, and the Jewe his will?

Bass. For thy three thousand ducats heere is fixe?

Jew. If every ducat in fixe thousand ducats
vvere in fixe parts, and every part a ducat,
I would not draw them, I would haue my bond?

Duk. How shalt thou hope for mercy rendering none?

Jew. What judgment shal I dread doing no wrong?
you haue among you many a purchaft slave,
which like your Asses, and your Dogs and Mules
you vse in abiect and in slauishe parts,
because you bought them, shall I say to you,
let them be free, marry them to your heires?
vwhy sweat they vnder burthens, let their beds
be made as soft as yours, and let their pallats
be seafond with such viands, you will aunswer
the slaves are ours, so doe I aunswer you:
The pound of flesh which I demand of him
is deereley bought, as mine and I will haue it:
if you deny me, sie vpon your Law,
there is no force in the decrees of Venice:
I stand for judgement, aunswer, shall I haue it?

Duke. Vpon my power I may dismiss this Court,
vnshe Bellario a learned Doctor,
whom I haue sent for to determine this

Come
Come heere to day?

Salario. My Lord, heere stayes without
a messenger with letters from the Doctor,
new com from Padua?

Duke. Bring vs the letters ? call the Messenger ?

Bass. Good cheere Anthanio? what man, courage yet:
The Jew shall haue my flesh, blood, bones and all,
er thou shalt loose for me one drop of blood ?

Antho. I am a tainted vweather of the flocke,
meetest for death, the weakest kind of fruit
drops earliest to the ground, and so let me;
You cannot better be imployd Bassanio,
then to liue still and write mine Epitaph ?

Enter Nerrissa.

Duke. Came you from Padua from Bellario ?

Ner. From both ? my L. Bellario greetes your grace?

Bass. Why dost thou what thy knife so earnestly ?

Iew. To cut the forfaiture from that bankrouth there?

Gratia. Not on thy soule : but on thy soule harsh Iew
thou makst thy knife keene : but no mettell can,
no, not the hangmans axe beare halfe the keenenesse
of thy charpe enuie : can no prayers perce thee ?

Iew. No, none that thou hast witenough to make,

Gratia. O be thou damnd, inexcercable dogge,
And for thy life let justice be accusd;
Thou almoast makst me wauer in my faith,
to hold opinion with Pythagoras,
that soules of Animalls infuse themselves
into the trunks of men : Thy currish spirit
governd a Woolfe, who hangd for humaine slaughter
euen from the gallows did his fell soule fleete,
and whilst thou layest in thy unhallowed dam;
infusd it selfe in thee : for thy desires
are vvoluith, bloody, sharud, and rauenous.

Iew. Till thou canst raile the scale from off my bond,

Thou but offends thy lungs to speake so loud :
Repair with wit good youth, or it will fall

To
the Merchant of Venice.

to curelesse ruine. I stand here for law.

Duke. This letter from Bellario doth commend
a young and learned Doctor to our Court:
Where is he?

 Ner. He attendeth here hard by
to know your answer whether youe admit him.

Duke. With all my hart: some three or foure of you
go giue him curteous conduct to this place,
meane time the Court shall heare Bellarios letter.

Your Grace shall vnderstand, that at the receit of your letter I
am very sicke, but in the instант your messenger came, in lo-
quing visitation was with me a young Doctor of Rome, his name is
Balthazer. I acquainted him with the cause in çotrouersie betwixt
the Iew and Antonio the Merchant, wee turned ore many booke

together, hee is furnished with my opinion, which bettered vvith
his owne learning, the greatnes whereof I cannot enough com-
mand, comes with him at my importunitie, to fill vp your graces
request in my stead. I beseech you let his lacke of yeeres be no im-
pediment to let him lacke a reverend estimation, for I neuer knew
fo young a body with fo olde a head: I leave him to your gracious
acceptance, whose tryall shall better publish his commendation.

Enter Portia for Balthazer.

Duke. You heare the leard Bellario what he writes,
and heere I take it is the doctor come.
Givne me your hand, come you from old Bellario?

Portia. I did my Lord.

Duke. You are welcome, take your place:
are you acquainted with the difference
that holds this present question in the Court.

Por. I am informed throughly of the cause,
which is the Merchant here? and which the Iew?

Duke. Antonio and old Shylocke, both stand forth.

Por. Is your name Shylocke?

Jew. Shylocke is my name.

Por. Of a strange nature is the fute you follow,
yet in such rule, that the Venetian law
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cannot impugne you as you doe proceed.
You stand within his danger, doe you not.
   An. I, so he sayes.
   Por. Doe you confess the bond?
   An. I doe.
   Por. Then must the Iew be mercifull.
   Shy. On what compulsion must I, tell me that.
   Por. The qualitie of mercie is not straund,
it droppeth as the gentle raine from heauen
upon the place beneath: it is twise blest,
it ble/csveth him that giues, and him that taks,
tis mightieft in the mightieft, it becomes
the throned Monarch better then his crowne,
His scepter shewes the force of temporall power,
the attribut to awe and maestie,
wherein doth fit the dread and feare of Kings:
but mercie is aboue this sceptred sway,
it is enthroned in the harts of Kings,
it is an attribut to God himselfe;
and earthly power doth then showe likest gods
when mercie seafons justice: therefore Iew,
though justice be thy plea, consider this,
that in the course of justice, none of vs
should see saluation: vve doe pray for mercy,
and that same prayer, doth teach vs all to render
the deedes of mercie. I haue spoke thus much
to mitigate the justice of thy plea,
which if thou follow, this strict Court of Venice
must needes giue sentence gainst the Merchant there.
   Shy. My deeds vpon my head, I craue the law.
   the penalty and forfait of my bond.
   Por. Is he not able to discharge the money?
   Baff. Yes, heere I tender it for him in the Court,
yea, twise the summe, if that will not suffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times ore
on forfait of my hands, my head, my hart,
if this will not suffice, it must appeare

that
that malice beares downe truth. And I beseech you
wret once the law to your authoritie,
to doe a great right, doe a little wrong,
and curbe this cruell deuill 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,
and many an errour by the same example
will rush into the state, it cannot be.

Shy. A Daniell come to judgement: yea a Daniell.
O wise young Judge how I doe honour thee.

Por. I pray you let me looke vpon the bond.

Shy. Heere is most reverend doctor, here it is.

Por. Shylocke there is thrice thy money offered thee.

Shy. An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven,
shall I lay perjurie vpon my soule?
Not not for Venice.

Por. Why this bond is forfait,
and lawfully by this the Jew may claime
a pound of flesh, to be by him cut off
neereft the Merchants hart: be mercifull,
take thrice thy money, bid me teare the bond.

Shy. When it is payd, according to the tenure.
It doth appeare you are a worthy judge,
you know the law, your exposition
hath beene most found: I charge you by the law,
whereof you are a well deserving piller,
procede to judgement: by my soule I sware,
there is no power in the tongue of man
to alter me, i stay here on my Bond,

As. Most hartelie I doe beseech the Court
to give the judgement.

Por. Why than thus it is,
you must prepare your bosome for his knife.

Shy. O noble Judge, a excellent young man.

Por. For the intent and purpose of the law
hath full relation to the penaltie,
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which here appeareth due upon the bond.

Lew. 'Tis very true: o wife and upright Judge,
how much more elder art thou then thy lookes.

Por. Therefore lay bare your bosome.

Lew. I, his breast,

so says the bond, doth it not noble Judge?

Nearest his hart, those are the very words.

Por. It is so, are there ballance here to weigh the flesh?

Lew. I haue them ready.

Por. Haue by some Sргion Shylocke on your charge,
to stop his wounds, leaft he doe bleed to death.

Lew. Is it so nominated in the bond?

Por. It is not so exprest, but what of that?

Twere good you doe so much for charitie.

Lew. I cannot finde it, this not in the bond.

Por. You Merchant, haue you any thing to say?

Ant. But little; I am arm'd and well prepar'd,
give me your hand Bassanio, far you well,
greene not that I am faile to this for you:
for herein Fortune showes her selfe more kind
then is her custome: it is still her use
to let the wretched man out-liue his wealth,
to view with hollow eye and wrinkle brow
an age of pouer: from which lingering penance
of such misery doth she cut me of.

Commend me to your honourable wife,
tell her the proceffe of Anthomia end,
say how I lou'd you, speake me faire in death:
and when the tale is told, bid her be judge
whether Bassanio had not once a love:
Repent but you that you shall loose your friend
and he repents not that he payes your debt.
For if the Lew doe cut but deepe enough,
He pay it instantly with all my hart.

Bass. Anthomio, I am married to a wife
which is as deere to me as life it selfe,
but life it selfe, my wife, and all the world,
are not with me esteem'd above thine life.
I would lose all, I sacrifice them all
here to this devil, to deliver you.

Por. Your wife would give you little thanks for that
if she were by to here you make the offer.

Gra. I have a wife who I protest I love,
I would she were in heaven, so she could
integrate some power to change this curst Jew.

Ner. 'Tis well you offer it behind her back,
the wish would make else an unquiet house.

Jew. These be the Christian husbands, I have a daughter
would any of the stock of Barrabas
had been her husband, rather than a Christian.
We trifle time, I pray thee pursue sentence.

Por. A pound of that same Merchants flesh is thine,
the Court awards it, and the law doth give it.

Jew. Most rightfull Judge.

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

Jew. Most learned Judge, a sentence, come prepare.

Por. Tarry a little, there is some thing else,
this bond doth give thee here no iote of blood,
the words express 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.

Gra. O virtuous Judge,
Marke Jew, o learned Judge.

Shy. Is that the law?

Por. Thy self shalt see the Act:
for as thou vrgest injustice, be assured
thou shalt have justice more than thou desirst.

Gra. O learned judge, mark Jew, a learned judge.

Jew. I take this offer then, pay the bond thrice
and let the Christian goe.
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Bass. Here is the money.
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.
Por. Therefore prepare thee to cut of the flesh, Shed thou no blood, nor cut thou less nor more but just a pound of flesh: if thou tak'st more or lesse then a just pound, be it but so much as makes it light or heavy in the substance, or the divulsion of the twentieth part of one poore scruple, say if the scale doe turne but in the estimation of a hayre, thou dyest, and all thy goods are confiscate.

Gra. A second Daniell, a Daniell Jew, now infidell I have you on the hip.
Por. Why doth the Jew pause, take thy forfeiture.

Shy. Give me my principall, and let me go.

Bass. I have it ready for thee, here it is.
Por. Hee hath refused it in the open Court, hee shall have mereely justice and his bond.

Gra. A Daniell still say I, a second Daniell, I thanke the Jew for teaching me that word.
Shy. Shall I not have barely my principall?
Por. Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture to be so taken at thy perill Jew.

Shy. Why then the devill give him good of it: He stay no longer question.
Por. Tarry Jew, the law hath yet another hold on you.
It is enacted in the lawes 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 which he doth continue, shall seize one halfe his goods, the other halfe comes to the privie coffer of the State, and the offenders life lies in the mercy of
of the Duke only, gainst all other voyce.
In which predicament I say thou standst:
for it appeares by manifest proceeding,
that indireectly, and directely to
thou haft countered against the very life
of the defendant: and thou haft incurd
the danger formorly by me rehearst.
Downe therefore, and beg mercie of the Duke.

Gra. Beg that thou maist have leave to hang thy selfe,
and yet thy wealth being forfeit to the state,
 thou haft not left the value of a cord,
therefore thou must be hangd at the states charge.

Duke. That thou shalt see the difference of our spirit
I pardon thee thy life before thou aske it:
for halfe thy wealth, it is Ambonio,
the other halfe comes to the generall state,
which humblenes may drive vnto a fine.

Por. I for the state, not for Ambonio.

Shy. Nay, take my life and all, pardon not that,
you take my house, when you doe take the prop
that doth sustaine my house: you take my life
when you doe take the meanes whereby I liue.

Por. What mercy can you render him Ambonio?

Gra. A halter gratis, nothing else for God sake.

Anth. So please my Lord the Duke, & all the Court
to quit the fine for one halfe of his goods,
I am content: so he will let me have
the other halfe in vfe, to render it
upon his death vnto the Gentleman
that lately stole his daughter.
Two things prouided more, that for this fauour
he presently become a Christian:
the other, that he doe record a gift
heere in the Court of all he dies posseft
vnto his sonne Lorenzo and his daughter.

Duke. He shall doe this, or else I doe recant
the pardon that I late pronounced heere.
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Por. Art thou contented Jew? what dost thou say?
Shy. I am content.
Por. Clarke, draw a deed of gift.
Shy. I pray you giue me leave to goe from hence,
I am not well, send the deed after me,
and I will signe it.
Duke. Get thee gone, but doe it.
Shy. In christning shalt thou haue two Godfathers,
had I beene judge, thou shouldst haue had ten more,
to bring thee to the gallowes, not to the font. Exit.
Duke. Sir I entreate you home with me to dinner.
Por. I humbly doe desire your Grace of pardon,
I must away this night toward Padua,
and it is meete I presently set forth.
Duke. I am sorry that your levity serues you not.
Antonio, gratifie this gentleman,
for in my mind you are much bound to him.
Exit Duke and his train.
Bass. Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend
haue by your wiselome been this day aquitted
of grecious penalties, in lewe whereof,
three thousand ducats due vnto the Jew
wee freely cope your curious paines withall.
An. And stand indebted ouer and aboue
in loue and service to you euermore.
Por. Hee is well payd that is well satisfied,
and I deliuering you, am satisfied,
and therein doe account my selfe well payd,
my minde was never yet more mercinarie.
I pray you know me when we meete againe,
I wish you well, and so I take my leave.
Bass. Deere sir, of force I must attempt you further,
take some remembrance of vs as a tribute,
not as fee: graunt me two things I pray you,
not to deny me, and to pardon me.
Por. You preffe me farre, and therefore I wil yeeld,
giue mee your gloues, Ile weare them for your sake,
the Merchant of Venice.

and for your love, I take this ring from you,
doe not draw back your hand, I 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 my selfe to give you this?

Por. I will have nothing else but onely this,
and now me thinks I have a minde to it?

Bass. There's more depends on this then on the valew,
the dearest ring in Venice will I give you,
and finde it out by proclamation,
onely for this I pray you pardon me?

Por. I see sir you are liberall in offers,
you taught me first to beg, and now me thinks
you teach me how a beggar should be answered.

Bass. Good sir, this ring was given me by my wife,
and when she put it on, she made me vowe
that I should neither sell, nor give, nor lose it.

Por. That excuse serves many men to save their gifts,
and if your wife be not a mad woman,
and know how well I have deferu'd this ring,
she would not hold out enemy for euer
for giving it to me: well, peace be with you.  Exeunt.

Antb. My L.Bassanio, let him have the ring,
let his deferuings and my love withall
be valued gainst your wifes commandement.

Bass. Go to Grattiano, run and ouer-take him,
give him the ring, and bring him if thou canst
unto Antonio's house, away, make hast.  Exit Grattiano.
COME, you and I will thither presently,
and in the morning early will we both
fly toward Belmont, come Antonio.  Exeunt.

Enter Nerissa.

Por. Enquire the Jewes house out, give him this deed,
and let him signe it, weele away to night,
and be a day before our husbands home:
this deed will be well welcome to Lorenzo?

Exeunt.
The comical History of

Enter Gratiano.

Grat. Faire sir, you are well ore-tane:

My L. Bassanio upon more aduice,
hath sent you here this ring, and doth intreate
your company at dinner.

Por. That cannot be;
his ring I doe accept most thankfully,
and so I pray you tell him: furthermore,
I pray you shew my youth old Shylockes house.

Gra. That will I doe.

Ner. Sir, I would speake with you:
Ile see if I can get my husbands ring
which I did make him sweare to keepe for euer.

Por. Thou maist I warrant, we shal haue old swearing
that they did give the rings away to men;
but wele out-face them, and out-sweare them to:
away, make haft, thou knowest where I will tarry.

Ner. Come good sir, will you shew me to this house.

Enter Lorenzo and Ieffica.

Lor. The moone shines bright, in such a night as this,
when the sweet winde did gently kisse the trees,
and they did make no noyse, in such a night
Troylus me thinks mounted the Trojan walls,
and sigh'd his soule toward the Grecian tents
where Cressida lay that night.

Ieffi. In such a night
did Thibbie fearefully ore-trip the dewe,
and saw the Lyons shadow ere him selfe,
and ranne dismayed away.

Loren. In such a night

Stood Dido with a willow in her hand

Upon the wilde sea banks, and waint her Loue
to come againe to Carthage.

Ieffi. In such a night

Medea gathered the enchanted heartes

That did renew old Eson.

Loren. In such a night

did
the Merchant of Venice.

did J effica steale from the wealthy Iewe, 
and with a vnthrift loue did runne from Venice, 
as farre as Belmont.

 J effi. In such a night 
did young Lorenzo I sweare he loued her well, 
stealing her soule with many vowes of faith, 
and nere a true one. 

Loren. In such a night 
did pretty J effica (like a little throw) 
flaunfer her Loue, and he forgaue it her. 

 J effi. I would out-night you did no body come: 
But harke, I heare the footing of a man. 

Enter a Messenger.

Loren. Who comes so fast in silence of the night? 

Messor. A friend? 

Loren. A friend, what friend, your name I pray you friend? 

Messor. Stephano is my name, and I bring word 
my Mistres will before the breake of day 
be here at Belmont, the doth stray about 
by holy crosses where she kneels and prays 
for happy wedlock houres. 

Loren. Who comes with her? 

Messor. None but a holy Hermit and her mayd. 

I pray you is my Master yet returnd? 

Loren. He is not, nor we haue not heard from him, 

But goe we in I pray thee J effica, 
and ceremoniously let vs prepare 
some welcome for the Mistres of the house. 

Enter Clowne.

Clowne. Sola, sola: wo ha, ho sola, sola. 

Loren. Who calls? 

Cl. Sola, did you see M. Lorenzo & M. Lorenzo sola, sola. 

Loren. Leave hollowing man, heere. 

Clowne. Sola, where, where? 

Loren. Heere. 

Clown. Tell him there's a Post come from my Master, with his 
horne full of good newes, my Master will be heere ere morning 
swete soule.

I 2 

Loren.
The comical Historie of

Loren. Let's in, and there expect their comming.
And yet no matter: why should we goe in.
My friend Stephen, signifie I pray you
vwithin the house, your mistres is at hand,
and bring your musique foorth into the ayre.
How sweet the moone-light sleepees upon this banke,
here will we sit, and let the sounds of musique
creep in our eares soft shines, and the night
become the tutches of sweet harmonie:
Sit Ieffica, looke how the floore of heauen
is thick inlayed with pattens of bright gold,
there's not the smallest orbe which thou beholdst
but in his motion like an Angell sings,
still quiring to the young eyde Cherubins;
such harmonie is in immortall soules,
but whilst this muddy vesture of decay
doeth grossly close it in, we cannot heare it:
Come hoe, and wake Diana with a himne,
vwith sweetest tutches pearce your mistres eare,
and draw her home with musique.

Ieff. I am neuer merry when I heare sweet musique.

Loren. The reason is, your spirits are attentue:
for doe but note a wild and wanton heard
or race of yOUTHfull and vnhandled colts
fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neghing loude.
which is the hote condition of their blood,
if they but heare perchance a trumpet sound,
or any ayre of musique touch their eares,
you shall perceve them make a mutuell stand.
their fauge eyes turn'd to a modest gaze,
by the sweet power of musique: therefore the Poet
did faire that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and floods.
Since naught so stockish hard and full of rage,
but musique for the time doth change his nature,
the man that hath no musique in himselfe,
nor is not mouded with concord of sweet sounds,
is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoiles,
the Merchant of Venice.

the motions of his spirit are dull as night,
and his affections darke as Terebus:
let no such man be trusted: marke the musique.
Enter Portia and Nerissa.

Por. That light we see is burning in my hall:
how farre that little candell throwes his beames,
so shines a good deed in a naughty world.

Ner. When the moone shone we did not see the candle?

Por. So dooth the greater glory dim the lesse,
a substitute shines brightly as a King
vntill a King be by, and then his state
empties it selfe, as doth an inland brooke
into the maine of waters: musique harke.

Ner. It is your musique Madame of the house?

Por. Nothing is good I see without respect,
me thinks it sounds much sweeter then by day?

Ner. Silence bestowes that vertue on it Madam?

Por. The Crow doth sing as sweetly as the Larke
when neither is attended: and I thinke
the Nightingale if she should sing by day
when every Goose is cackling, would be thought
no better a Musition then the Renne?
How many things by season, seazon are
to their right prays, and true perfection:
Peace, how the moone sleepeas with Endimion,
and would not be awak'd.

Loren. That is the voyce,
or I am much deceau'd of Portia.

Por. He knows me as the blind man knowes the Cuckoe
by the bad voyce?

Loren. Deere Lady welcome home?

Por. We haue bin praying for our husbands welfare,
which speed we hope the better for our words:
are they return'd?

Loren. Madam, they are not yet:
but there is come a Messenger before
to signifie their comming?
The comicall Historie of

Por. Goe in Norrissa.
Give order to my seruants, that they take
no note at all of our being absent hence,
nor you Lorenzo, Jessica nor you.

Loren. Your husband is at hand, I heare his trumpet,
we are no tell-tales Madame, feare you not.

Por. This night me thinks is but the day light sicke,
it lookes a little paler, tis a day,
such as the day is when the sunne is hid.

Enter Bassanio, Antonio, Gratiano, and their
followers.

Bass. We should hold day with the Antipodes,
if you would walke in absence of the sunne.

Por. Let me giue light, but let me not be light,
for a light wife doth make a heauie husband,
and never be Bassanio so for me.

but God for all: you are welcome home my Lord.

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

Por. You should in all sence be much bound to him,
for as I heare he was much bound for you.

Anth. No more then I am well acquited of.

Por. Sir, you are very welcome to our house:
it must appeare in other ways than words,
therefore I scant this breathing curtesie.

Gra. By yonder moone I sweare you doe me wrong,
in faith I gave it to the Judges Clarke,
would he were gelt that had it for my part,
since you doe take it Looke so much at hart.

Por. A quarrell hoe already, what's the matter?

Grati. About a hoope of gold, a paltry ring
that she did giue me, whose posie was
for all the world like Cutlers poetry
upon a knife, Looke me, and leave me not.

Nor. What talke you of the posie or the valew?
You swore to me when I did giue you,
the Merchant of Venice.

that you would weare it till your houre of death,
and that it should lie with you in your graue,
though not for me, yet for your vehement oathes,
you should haue beene resepctue and haue kept it.
Gaues it a Judges Clarke: no Gods my Judge
the Clarke will nere weare hairnes face that had it.
Gra. He will, and if he liue to be a man.

Norrisse. I, if a woman liue to be a man.

Gra. Now by this hand I gaued it to a youth,
a kind of boy, a little scrubbed boy,
no higher then thy selfe, the Judges Clarke,
a prating boy that begd it as a see,
I could not for my hart deny it him.

Por. You were to blame, I must be plaine with you,
to part So slightly with your wifes first gift,
a thing stuck on with oaths vpon your finger,
and so riuoted with faith vnto your flesh.
I gaued my Loue a ring, and made him sweare
neuer to part with it, and heere he stands:
I dare be sworne for him he would not leau it,
nor pluck it from his finger, for the wealth
that the world maisters. Now in faith Gratiano
you gue your wife too vnkind a caufe of griese,
and twere to me I shoulde be mad at it.

Baff. Why I were best to cut my left hand off,
and sweare I lost the ring defending it.

Gra. My Lord Baffano gaued his ring away
vnto the Judge that begd it, and indeede
deferusd it to: and then the boy his Clarke
that rooke some paines in writing, he begd mine,
and neither man nor maister would take ought
but the two rings.

Por. What ring gaue you my Lord?
Not that I hopewhich you receau'd of me.

Baff. If I could add a lie vnto a fault,
I would deny it: but you see my finger
hath not the ring vpon it, it is gone.
The comical Historie of

Por. Euen so voyd is your salse hart of truth.
By heauen I will nere come in your bed
vntill I see the ring?

Ner. Nor I in yours
till I againe see mine?

Bass. Sweet Portia,
if you did know to whom I gaue the ring,
if you did know for whom I gaue the ring,
and would conceaue for what I gaue the ring,
and how vnwillingly I left the ring,
vwhen naught would be accepted but the ring,
you would abate the strength of your displeasure?

Por. If you had knowne the vertue of the ring,
or halfe her worthines that gaue the ring,
or your owne honour to containe the ring,
you would not then haue parted with the ring:

what man is there so much unreasonable
if you had pleads to haue defended it
vwith any termes of zeale: wanted the modesty
to vrghe the thing held as a ceremonie:

Nerissa teache me what to beleue,
ile die for't, but some woman had the ring?

Bass. No by my honour Madam, by my soule
no woman had it, but a ciuill Doctor,
vvhich did refuse three thousand ducats of me,
and begd the ring, the which I did denye him,
and suffered him to goe displeased away.
euen he that had held vp the very life
of my deere friend. What should I saye sweet Lady,
I was inforc'd to send it after him,
I was befor with shame and curtesie,
my honour would not let ingratitude
so much bemenre it: pardon me good Lady,
for by these blessed candels of the night,
had you been there, I think you would haue begd
the ring of me to giue the worthy Doctor?

Por. Let not that Doctor ere come neere my house

since
the Merchant of Venice.

since he hath got the jewell that I loued,
and that which you did sweare to keepe for me,
I will become as liberal as you,
Ile not deny him any thing I have,
no, not my body, nor my husbands bed:
Know him I shal, I am well sure of it.
Ile not a night from home. Watch me like Argos,
if you doe not, if I be left alone,
now by mine honour which is yet mine owne,
ile haue that Doctor for mine bedfellow.

Nerissa. And I his Clark: therefore be well advis'd
how you doe leaue me to mine owne protection.

Gra. Well doe you so: let not me take him then,
for if I doe, ile mar the young Clark's pen.

Ant. I am th'vnhappy subiect of these quarrells.

Por. Sir, greeue not you, you are welcome notwithstanding.

Bass. Portia, forgive me this enforced wrong,
and in the hearing of these many friends
I sweare to thee, even by thine owne faire eyes
wherein I see my selfe.

Por. Marke you but that?
In both my eyes he doubly sees himselfe:
In each eye one, sweare by your double selfe,
and there's an oath of credite.

Bass. Nay, but heare me.
Pardon this fault, and by my soule I sweare
I never more will breake an oath with thee.

Ant. I once did lend my body for his wealth,
which but for him that had your husbands ring
had quite miscarried. I dare be bound againe,
my soule upon the forset, that your Lord
vwill never more breake faith advisedly.

Por. Then you shall be his surety: give him this,
and bid him keepe it better then the other.

Ant. Here Lord Bassanio, sweare to keepe this ring.

Bass. By heauen it is the same I gaue the Doctor.

Por. I had it of him: pardon me Bassanio,
The comicall Historie of

for by this ring the Doctor lay with me.

Nerissa. And pardon me my gentle Gratiano,
for that same scurvyd boy the Doctors Clarke
in liew of this, last night did lie with me.

Grat. Why this is like the mending of high wayes
in Sommer where the wayes are faire enough?
What, are we cuckolds ere we haue deseru'd it.

Por. Speake not so grossly, you are all amaz'd;
Heere is a letter, reade it at your leasure,
It comes from Padua from Bellario,
there you shall finde that Portia was the Doctor,
Nerissa there her Clarke. Lorenzo heere
shall witnes I set forth soone as soone as you,
and euyn but now returnd: I haue not yet
enterd my house. Anthonio you are welcome,
and I haue better newes in store for you
than you expect: vnseale this letter soone,
there you shall finde three of your Argosies
are richly come to harbour sodainly.
You shall not know by what strange accident
I chaunced on this letter.

Antho. I am dumb?

Bass. Were you the Doctor, and I knew you not?

Gra. Were you the Clark that is to make me cuckold.

Ner. I but the Clarke that neuer meanes to doe it,
vnlesse he lye vntill he be a man.

Bass. (Sweet Doctor) you shall be my bedfellow,
when I am abSENT then lie with my wife.

An. (Sweet Lady) you haue giuen me life and lyuings
for heere I reade for certaine that my ships
are safely come to Rode.

Por. How now Lorenzo?

my Clarke hath some good comorts to for you.

Ner I, and ile giue them him without a fee.
There doe I giue to you and Jeoffra
from the rich Jewe, a speciall deede of gift
after his death, of all he dies possest of.
the Merchant of Venice.

Loren. Faire Ladies, you drop Manna in the way
of starued people.

Por. It is almost morning,
and yet I am sure you are not satisfied
of these cuents at full. Let vs goe in,
and charge vs there upon intergatories,
and we will aunswer all things faithfully.

Gra. Let it be so, the first intergory
that my Nerrissa shall be sworne on, is,
whether till the next night she had rather stay,
or goe to bed now being two hours to day:
But were the day come, I shoulde wish it darke
till I were couching with the Doctors Clarke.
Well, while I live, I feare no other thing
so sore, as keeping safe Nerrissas ring.

Exeunt.

FINIS.
the Merchant of Venice.

Ant. I pray you think you question with the Jewe, you may as well goe stand upon the Beach and bid the maine flood bate his vsuall height, you may as well question with the Woolfe vvhhy he hath made the Ewe bleake for the Lambe: You may as well forbid the mountaine of Pines to wag their high tops, and to make no noise vvhnen they are fretten with the gusts of heauen: You may as well doe any thing most hard as seeke to soffen that then which what's harder: his Jewishe hart? therefore I doe beseech you make no moe offers, vse no farther meanes, but with all breife and plaine conueniencie let me haue judgement, and the Jewe his will?

Bass. For thy three thousand ducats here is fixe?

Jew. If every ducat in fixe thousand ducats were in fixe parts, and every part a ducat,

I would not draw them, I would haue my bond?

Duc. How shalst thou hope for mercy renderinge none?

Jew. What judgment shal I dread doing no wrong? you haue among you many a purchase flawe, vvhich like your Asses, and your Dogs and Mules you vse in aibed and in flaunt parts, because you bought them, shal I say to you, let them be free, marry them to your heires? vvhyn I sweat they vnder burthens, let their beds be made as soft as yours, and let their pallats be seald with such viands, you will aunswer the flaues are ours, so doe I aunswer you:
The pound of flesh which I demaund of him is deerey bought, as mine and I will haue it:
if you deny me, fie vpon your Law,
there is no force in the decrees of Venice:
I stand for judgement, aunswer, shal I haue it?

Duc. Upon my power I may dissimile this Court, vnlesse Bellario a learned Doctor, whom I haue sent for to determine this

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