SHAKSPERE'S

MERCHANT OF VENICE:

THE FIRST (THO WORSE) QUARTO,

1600,

A FACSIMILE IN PHOTO-LITHOGRAPHY

BY

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WITH FOREWORDS BY

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To the Memory of

GERVINUS,

TO

DELIUS,

AND ALL OTHER GERMAN SCHOLARS AND STUDENTS

WHO'VE LOVD AND STUDYD

SHAKSPERE.

F. J. F.

PR
2750
B25
1881

689196
3:12:5f

[Shakspere-Quarto Facsimiles, No. 7.]
FOREWORDS TO QUARTO I, 1600.

§ 1. Tho this Roberts Qo is the earlier, the Heyes Qo is the better, and has a few later revisions by Shakspere. and Heyes in 1600, p. 7.

§ 2. The Stationers-Register entries of the 'Booke' to Roberts in 1598, § 3. The probable date of the Merchant of Venice, p. 9. Mr. Lee on Lopez and Shylock, p. 10.

§ 4. This Facsimile, p. 11.

§ 1. The writer of Introductions to the Fisher and Roberts Quartos of the Midosummer Night's Dream, 1600, when comparing the two Quartos with one another, has merely 1. to confirm the judgment of the Cambridge Editors in 1863,—to show, as their collation did, that the Fisher Q0 was the first of the two, and the Roberts the second 1;—2. to snub the less-competent person who supports the converse view. But the writer of Forewords to the Roberts Quarto of the Merchant of Venice, 1600, while he can adopt the same Cambridge Editors' views of 1863, that the Roberts Quarto should be call'd Q1, as against the Heyes Quarto of the same year, and that neither book was printed from the other, yet has to take some exception to, nay, to dissent from, the same Editors' beliefs that

1 "On comparing these two Quartos we find that they correspond page for page, though not line for line, except in the first five pages of sheet G." The printer's errors in Fisher's edition are corrected in that issued by Roberts, and from this circumstance, coupled with the facts that in the Roberts Quarto the 'Exits' are more frequently marked, and that it was not entered at Stationers' Hall, as Fisher's edition was, we infer that the Roberts Quarto was a pirated reprint of Fisher's, probably for the use of the players. This may account for its having been followed by the First Folio. Fisher's edition, though carelessly printed, contains on the whole the best readings, and may have been taken from the author's manuscript. The First Folio edition was printed from Roberts's Quarto, which we have quoted as Q2," vol. ii. p. viii-ix.
§ 1. *What settles that one Qto is better than another?*

As against (1), I think the evidence shows the Heyes Quarto, Q2, to be the more accurate text, and to have the better claim to be the basis-text of the Play, because it is the truer representative of Shakspere's original. As to (2), I contend that the two Quartos were printed from different copies\(^1\) of Shakspere’s MS. (or transcripts of it) made from different states of its text, and that the Heyes copy more nearly represents the text revis'd by Shakspere,\(^2\) and is consequently the better Qo of the two.

The settler of the betterness of one Quarto over another, is the betterness of its phrase-readings, which the printer could not have made, and not the betterness of its word or letter-readings, mistakes in which may so easily have been due to printers' slips. Thus in the present business, the student doesn't look first to the class of letter-differences shown in the *dreame* and *creame* line, I. i. 89,

*Roberts:* There are a sort of men whose visages
  Doe dreame and mantle like a standing pond

*Heyes:* . . . creame . . . . . . . .

where Roberts’s wrong *d* for Heyes’s right *e* is a mere accident, but to the differences of reading, where the nonsense of one Quarto, due to the copier rather than the printer, is made good sense by the other Quarto. And here the betterness of the Heyes Quarto is at once establisht by the two following instances: 1. Bassanio, in answer to the disguised Portia's request for her ring on his finger, answers Roberts Qo. *Bass.* There's more then this depends vpon the valew. Heyes Qo. . . . . . . . depends on this then on . . . .

1 PS. After proving this to myself, I found that the Cambridge editors had in their Clarendon Press edition of the *Merchant, 1874,* come to the same conclusion. At p. xxii they say of the Roberts and Heyes Quartos, “They were printed from different transcripts of the author’s manuscript.”

2 If there is anything in Mommsen's and Tanger's point that Shakspere spelt -ie final, the following chance collation of 2 or 3 pages is in favour of the Heyes Qo being the nearer to Shakspere's spelling.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>HEYES.</th>
<th>ROBERTS.</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>III. iv. 3.</td>
<td>amidie</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-------</td>
<td>customarie bountie</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>33.</td>
<td>deny</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>34.</td>
<td>(both have ‘necessity’)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>63.</td>
<td>accoutered (good)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>III. v. 71.</td>
<td>memorie</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>72.</td>
<td>armie</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>73.</td>
<td>(both ‘tricksie’)</td>
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</table>
§ I. THE HEYES MERCHANT Q² BETTER THAN THE ROBERTS.

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
I he break a custom: are you resolvd
How much he would have?" [the italics are mine].

And though you can mend the metre without introducing "yet," by printing

"Are you resolvd how much he would have?"

yet few students will doubt that the Heyes Quarto has Shakspere's reading—revised, if not original—when it makes Antonio turn to Bassanio, and say

"is hee yet posses
How much ye would?" ¹

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 Qo surely too recovers a Shakspere word in 'how cher'st thou, Jessica?' for the Roberts 'far'st.' In II. ii. 22-3, the Roberts Qo misses Lancelot's point by making him say "Fiend say I you counsell ill", where we must have the Heyes "well," to match the "Conscience say I you counsell well," and Lancelot's following the Fiend's advice by budging from Shylock. In several other cases where the Roberts Quarto leaves out a necessary word, the Heyes Qo puts it in, as shown by brackets here:

I. i. 46. [Why] then y[ou] are in loue.
I. i. 103. Come good Lorenzo fare [ye] well a while.
I. ii. 34. no doubt you will neuer be chosen by any rightly, but one who [you] shall rightly louse.
I. ii. 125. a Venetian [a] Scholler, and a Souldior
II. i. 4. Bring [mê] the fairest creature North-ward borne.
II. iv. 23. will you prepare [you] for this maske to night.
II. v. 28. What, are there maskes? Heare [you] me Jessica.
II. vi. 33. Here, catch this Casket, [i]t is worth the paines
III. ii. 23. To eck it, and to dravv [it] out in length.
--- 61. Liue thou, I liue with much [much] more dismay.²

¹ This may involve the change of Bass. for Ant. in the "And for three months," with Shylock answering Bassanio, "I had forgot, three months, you told me so," and then turning to Antonio with "Well, then, your bond." I prefer this change, but of course the Heyes text may stand as it is.
§ 1. THE HEYES Qo THE BETTER, THO IT HAS MISTAKES.

III. ii. 82. Some [marke] of vertue on his outward parts — 266. To feed my meanes. Heere [i]s a Letter Lady
IV. i. 401-2. Sir, I intreate you home with me [to] dinner.
I humbly [doc] desire your Grace of pardon.

Moreover, the Roberts Qo sometimes has a word too many— between ( ) below—which the Heyes Qo leaves out: as

I. iii. 179. the Hebrew will turne Christian, he growes (so) kinde.
II. v. 41. Mistresse looke out at (a) window for all this
III. i. 93. (O) would she were heerst at my foote
IV. i. 346. Ile stay no longer (heere in) question. Por. Tarry few
V. i. 67. Come hoe, and wake Diana with (him) a hymne.

Also the Roberts Qo leaves out one line II. vi. 66, p. 28, which the Heyes Qo has.

Against these, if my notes can be trusted, there are but few worsenesses of the Heyes Qo to be set. The worst case seems to be on sign. G4, Heyes, and H, p. 56, of Roberts, where the Duke of Devonshire’s Heyes copy leaves out the first 3 words of IV. i. 73, and the first four of I. 74, as markt ‘]’ here:—

You may as] well vse question with the Wolfe
Why he hath made] the Ewe bleake for the Lambe

but on turning to the 3 Museum copies of the Heyes Qo, I found that tho ‘Case 12. g. 11’ had the same fault as the Duke’s copy, yet ‘Case 12. g. 32’ (formerly 162. d. 70) and ‘Case 34. k. 22’ (formerly C. 34. e. 13) had the lines right, as in the Roberts Qto; ¹ so this blemish in a few copies can’t fairly be set down to the Heyes Qo. But at the end of II. ii. all the Museum copies of the Heyes Qo, as well as the Duke’s, wrongly leave out "of an eye" after "in the twinkling"; and in V. i. 152 omit ‘it.’

In word and phrase-readings the balance of betterness is on the side of the Heyes Qo. Compare

¹ The Cambridge editors had, I afterwards found, spotted in 1863; (as others had done before them) the mistake in the Duke’s copy: see their Note XIII, vol ii. p. 371. Their work is a pleasure to follow.
§ 1. THE HEYES Qo THE BETTER, THO IT HAS MISTAKES. vii

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>HEYES.</th>
<th>ROBERTS.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>I. i. 33. all her spices</td>
<td>all the spices</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I. iii. 120. moneyes</td>
<td>money</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>II. ii. 39. try confusions</td>
<td>t. conclusions</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>II. iv. 84. in the ende</td>
<td>at the length</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>II. viii. 10. And it shal please,</td>
<td>If it please</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>II. viii. 39. Slumber</td>
<td>Slubber</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>III. i. 8. gossip report</td>
<td>gossip r.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>III. ii. 27. you knew</td>
<td>you know</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>III. ii. 61. not</td>
<td>nos</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IV. i. 146. peales (of prase)</td>
<td>pearles</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IV. i. 179. impugne</td>
<td>impugne</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IV. iii. 196. likest</td>
<td>lik'st</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IV. iii. 354. coffer</td>
<td>kosten</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IV. iii. 435. will I guie</td>
<td>I will guie</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IV. iii. 455. Exit</td>
<td>Exuit</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>V. i. 6. Cressada</td>
<td>Cressed</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>V. i. 59. pattens</td>
<td>pattens</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>—— 148, 151. posie</td>
<td>poesie</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>—— 213. goe displeased away</td>
<td>go away, displeased</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

On the other hand, the Heyes Qo has some bad misprints, probably mainly due to Robertes’s carelessness: ‘muder’ for ‘Murther,’ II. ii. 83; (?) ‘ore-stare’ for ‘out-stare,’ II. i. 27; ‘Iobbe’ for ‘Gobbo,’ II. ii. 4-8; ‘incarnation’ for ‘incarnall,’ II. ii. 28; ‘lost’ for ‘last,’ II. ii. 105; ‘sute’ for ‘a sute,’ II. ii. 186; ‘gentle,’ for ‘Gentile,’ II. vi. 51; ‘iudement’ for ‘judgement,’ II. ix. 64; ‘flidge’ for ‘fledg’d,’ III. i. 32; ‘one’ for ‘in one,’ III. i. 114; ‘cosin’ for ‘Cosins,’ III. iv. 50; ‘in’ for ‘e’n,’ III. v. 24; ‘it’ for ‘then,’ III. v. 82; ‘states’ for ‘state,’ IV. i. 30; ‘as’ for ‘tis,’ IV. i. 100; ‘takst’ for ‘cutst,’ IV. i. 322; ‘not to’ for ‘not,’ IV. i. 400; ‘his’ for ‘This,’ IV. ii. 9; ‘& M.’ for ‘M.,’ V. i. 41; ‘Stephen’ for ‘Stephano,’ V. i. 51 show a worseness in the Heyes Qo to the Roberts, tho on the whole the Heyes remains the better text of the two, its mistakes being more accidental, its improvements intentional. (The Heyes ‘cruelty’ for ‘misery,’ III. iv. 21; and ‘till’ for ‘That,’ V. i. 305, Robertes, are, at least, equally good readings.) But both Quartos are most excellent ones.

§ 2. After the first Part of Henry IV had been entered on the Stationers’ Register to Andrew Wyse on Feb. 25, 1598, (Arber’s Transcript, iii. 105,) came on July 22, 1598, the following entry to James Robertes:—
CHAPTER II.

STATIONERS-REGISTER ENTRIES OF MERCHANT IN 1598 AND 1600.

"Entred for his copie vnder the handes of both the wardens, a booke of the Marchaunt of Venyce or otherwise called the Jewe of Venyce / Prouided that yt bee not prynited by the said James Robertes or anye other whatsoeuer without lycence first had from the Right honorable the lord Chamberlen . . . vjd." Arber's Transcript, iii. 122.

More than two years later, 20 days after the entry of the 'Mydsonner nightes Dreame' to Thomas Fisher, came that of the Merchant to "Thomas Haies," on Oct. 28, 1600.

"Entred for his copie under the handes of the Wardens and by Consent of master Robertes. A booke called the booke of the merchant of Venyce, . . . vjd." Transcript, iii. 175.

From these entries we may gather, that in 1598 Roberts had got hold of a copy of the play; that, fearing loss from its publication, Shakspere's company, the Lord Chamberlain's, applied to their patron to stop the printing of it for a time, which he did; that then in 1600,—after not only the First and Second Parts of Henry IV,\(^1\) Henry V,\(^2\) Much A\(d\),\(^3\) and As You Like It\(^4\) had been enterd in the Register, and four of them printed,—the Company ceast to care so much about the Merchant; that they let Heyes take or have a copy of the play,—with a few later corrections than Robertses copy had—and agreed to both Quartos coming out, Roberts getting the printing of Heyes's version \(^5\) (after his own was in hand, if not done and lying by him) in consideration of his consent to the rival copy's appearing \(^6\); that the Company then kept Heyes's Quarto by them.

\(^1\) Pt. I, Feb. 25, 1598 (printed 1598), Transcript, iii. 105; Pt. II, 23 Aug. 1600, Transcript, iii. 170.
\(^2\) 4 & 13 Aug. 1600, Transcript, iii. 37, 169.
\(^3\) 4 & 23 Aug. 1600, Transcript, iii. 37, 170.
\(^4\) 4 Aug. 1600, Transcript, iii. 37.
\(^5\) On Aug. 27, 1596, James Roberts was fined for pirating 'a book called Newe tydings'; on Sep. 1, 1595 he was orderd to stop printing 'The brief catechisme,' with the A. B. C., Letany, and other things inserted. In 1599 he
§ 3. The date of the Merchant is probably 1596 A.D. ix corrected it here and there, and used it for the First Folio, which is clearly printed from it. Roberts ‘got up’ Heyes’s Qo less carefully than his own, in a type short of capitals, that he had to help out with initial caps; and they ran short too. He put 37 lines in each of its pages, as against 36 in his own.

§ 3. The date of the ‘Merchant’. The only clear outside evidence is the 1598 entry (as above) in the Stationers Register C, and Meres’s 1598 mention of the play: “for Comedy, witness his Gentlemen of Verona, his Errors, his Love labors lost, his Love labours wonne, his Midsummer night dreame, and his Merchant of Venice.” These give us the downward limit of date. I do not believe that the new play of “the Venecyon comedy,” acted the “25 of aguste 1594” (Henslowe’s Diary, p. 40), can have been Shakspere’s Merchant. That play belongs to his Second Period, not his First; it “is the first full Shakspere,” the prelude to the glorious group of Much Ado, As you like it, Twelfth Night, 1599-1600, tho not up to the full power and characterization of, either them, or the First and Second Parts of Henry the Fourth, which cannot date later than 1597, 1598. In my belief The Merchant, in 1596, followd King John in 1595; and together they open royally the brilliant, happy Second Period of Shakspere’s art. Of his Comedies, The Two Gentlemen of Verona is the only real original drama of his First Period;—L. L. Lost is a play of conversation and situation; the Errors plot is Plautus’s; the Dream is more poem than play;—and with the Two Gentlemen one has but to contrast the Merchant, to see how splendid an advance Shakspere has made. But still there linger weaknesses of construction and work, survivals of the First Period, which show us that the Merchant was before 1 Henry IV. Those three Casket trials, with their long soliloquies, would not have been allowd so to seem to have pirated William Wood’s ‘Markhams Horsemanship,’ and settled the dispute by giving up his pirated sheets of the book, on payment for them, and getting the right of printing future editions (as probably with Heyes above). Herbert’s Ames, ii. 1039-1. Roberts printed an M. N. Dr. Qo in 1600 (he publish this), Titus Andronicus in 1600, and the Second Quarto of Hamlet in 1604.

1 I think Launce and his dog a truer creation than ‘Launce-let,’ tho of course an earlier one.
stop the action of the play, the development of the plot, at a later time. Launcelot has still too much about him of his prototype of the First Period, Launce,¹ and like him imitates Davus in Terences Andria, I. iii. There are still 4 lines of doggrel—two in Gratiano’s mouth too (I. i. 111-112)—still much rhyme, frequent classical allusions, and bits of greasiness, tho veild. But what a gulf separates the Merchant from an early play like the Dream, may be realizd by contrasting Portia, every inch a lady, with Hermia and Helena, beside her but overgrown country school-girls.

If the fate of Q. Elizabeth’s Jew physician, Roderigo Lopez, who with 2 other Portuguese was hung and quarterd while alive, on June 7, 1594, for conspiring to poison Queen Elizabeth,²—so impresst folk’s minds that it was taken by Dekker as one of the most prominant features of his Whore of Babylon, 1607, and was mentioned by Middleton in his Game of Chesse (pr. 1625), I do not see why it, and the discussions he must have heard on it, should not have suggested to Shakspere some of the thoughts which he has expresst by Shylock’s mouth.³ On this subject see Mr. S. L. Lee’s able Paper in the Gent.’s Mag., February, 1880. Mr. Lee shows the

¹ Compare the two parallel scenes of Julia and Lucetta discussing the former’s lovers and her page’s dress, Two Gent., I. ii., II. vii., 39—58, with Portia and Nerissa discussing Portia’s lovers, and man’s dress, Much., I. ii. and III. iv. 60—84. These two pairs of scenes should be read together.

² See Stowe’s Annals, 1605, p. (1274) 1275: “The 7 of June [1594] Rodericke Lopez, with two other Portingales were conuinned . . . to the kings bench, there laide on hurdles, and conuinned by the sherifhes of London ouer the bridge, vp to Leaden hall, and so to Tyborne, and there hanged, cutte downe aliue, holden downe by strength of men, dismembred, bowelled, headed and quartered, their quarters set on the gates of the citie.” (The good old times! One wouldn’t wish to treat even a Tory so now.)

³ 1607. Dekker introduces him [Lopez, by the name of Ropus], actually making an attempt [by poison] on the Queen’s life, in the following passage of the Whore of Babylon [the Pope], 1607:

“Titania. Is Lupus here, our Doctor?” &c.

Dyce’s Note in T. Middleton’s Game at Chess, IV. ii. M’s Works, ed. Dyce, iv. 384-5. The passage in Middleton is:

“B. KNIGHT. (reads) Promised also to doctor Lopez for poisoning the maiden queen of the White Kingdom, ducats twenty thousand; which said sum was afterwards given as a meritorious alms to the nunnery at Lisbon, having at this present ten thousand pounds more at use in the town-house of Antwerp.”

Lopez is also mentiond in Marlowe’s Jew of Malta; and Beaumont and Fletcher called their ‘sordid usurer’ in their Women Pleased, Lopez. Gent.’s Mag. vol. 246, p. 200.
close connection between Lopez, and his enemy and accuser Don Antonio, the Portuguese pretender, and argues strongly for 1594 as the date of the supposed first Henslowe cast of the Merchant. He also says,

"What we may fairly claim to have proved is, that Jews were residing in England in Shakespeare's day, and that the Jew of Venice bears evidence of having had a contemporary prototype. We have placed, at least, beyond all reasonable doubt, the facts that one Jew of England came into considerable prominence while the dramatist was growing up to manhood, and was treated with great indignity because of his religious belief towards the end of his remarkable career. We have shown what grounds there are for believing that Shakespeare and his friend Burbage came into contact with this famous Jew [James Burbage, the father, headed Lord Leicester's Players, and Lopez was attacht to Leicester's household]; and we have pointed out how the name and character of Lopez's accuser correspond with the name and character of Shylock's enemy." 1

§ 4. This Facsimile is from the Duke of Devonshire's copy of Roberts's Quarto. 2 The mounter of it has been more merciful than of wont, and has not cut into any head-lines or signatures. The head-line "The Comicall History of the Merchant of Venice" confirms the tradition that Shylock was playd by the chief comedian, 3 unless that tradition applies only to Lord Lansdowne's version of The Merchant, 1701, in which Dogget playd Shylock. (See Baker, Biog. Dram. 1812, ii. 345, col. 2.) Downes describes

"Mr. Doggett. On the Stage, he's very Aspectabund, wearing a Farce in his Face; his Thoughts deliberately forming his Utterance Congruous to his Looks: He is the only Comick Original now Extant: Witness, Ben. Solon, Nikin, The Jew of Venice, &c." Hist. Rev. of English Stage, 1660—1706, p. 52, ed. 1708.

The few lines that are emended in the Globe edition are daggered (†) at the side. This fac-simile is about a line shorter than the original: the photographer has been slightly at fault.

1 The imitation of part of the Merchant, in Wilie Béguille, cannot date Shaksper's play before 1596, because the phrase 'Wily beguily,' in some form or other, was a kind of saw or proverb, and the use of it implied no reference to the later play so call'd.

2 Mr. Griggs having lately got again the Duke's copy of the Heyes Quarto, the photographs of which he could not complete last year, the Heyes Qo will be finishd, foreworded, and sent out forthwith.

3 And in a red beard. (But on this lawn of pretty Castell Farm, looking up a torrented gorg of Snowdon and crested Lliwedd, over freshly-mown meadows and pine-wood ranges, I have no books to give references, Aug. 16, 1880.)
LIST OF THE CHARACTERS IN 'THE MERCHANT' Q

The Persons who act

(set down in the Order of their Oncoming).

BASSANIO, p. 4, 10, 20 (with a follower or two), 38 (with his traine), 54, 73 (with followers).
LORENZO (or LORENZO), p. 4, 23, 27, 45, 49, 52, 68.
GRATIANO, p. 4, 22, 23, 26, 38 (see 44), 54, 68, 73.
NERRISSA, her waiting Woman, p. 7, 16, 30, 32, 38 (see 44), 49, 58, 68, 71.
A Serving-Man, p. 10.
SHYLOCHGE the Jew, p. 10, 24, 36, 48, 55.
MOROCHUS, a tawny Moore, and three or foure Followers, p. 16, 28 (Morrocho, with his traine).
LANCELET GOBBO, the Clowne, p. 17, 23, 24 (twice), 52, 70.
OLD GOBBO, p. 18.
IESSICA (Shylockes daughter), p. 21, 23, 25, 27, 28, 45, 49, 52, 68.
A Servitor (of Portias), p. 32.
ARRAGON, with his traine, p. 32.
A Messenger, p. 35.
A Man from Anthonio, p. 37.
TUBALL, p. 37.
Musicke (with The Singers of a Song), p. 40, 71.
SALERIO, a Messenger from Venice, p. 45, 57.
The Taylor, p. 48.
BALTHASER, a man of Portias, p. 49.
The Duke of Venice, with the Magnificos, p. 54.
STEPHANO, a Messenger, p. 69.

1 This name is from vol. ii. of Ben Jonson's Works, fol., ed. 1640.
THE EXCELLENT
History of the Merchant of Venice.

With the extreme cruelty of Shylocke—the Jew towards the saide Merchant, in cutting a just pound of his flesh. And the obtaining of Portia, by the choyse of three Caskets.

Written by W. SHAKESPEARE.

Printed by F. Roberts, 1600
The Comical History of the Merchant of Venice.

Enter Anthonio, Salaryno, and Salario.

Anthonio. Insooth 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 is made off, whereof it is borne, I am to learne: & such a want-wit sadnes makes of me, that I have much adoe to know my selfe.

Salarino. Your minde is tossing on the Ocean, there where your Argosies with portly sayle, like signiors and rich burgars on the flood, or as it were the pageants of the sea, doe over-peeere the petty traffiquers that curtie to them, do them reverence as they flie by them with their wouen wings.

Salario. Believe me sir, had I such venture foorth, the better part of my affections would be with my hopes abroad, I should be still plucking the grave, to know where fits the winde, piering in Maps, for Ports, for Peeres and Rodes; and every object that might make me feare misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt would make me sad.
The Comical History of

Salar. My winde cooling my broth,
Would blow me to an Ague, when I thought
What harme a winde too great at sea, might do.
I should not see the sandy howre-glafe runne,
But I should thinke of shallowes, and of flats,
And see my wealthy Andrew dockes on sand,
Veyling her high top lower then her ribs,
To kisse her buriall. Should I go to Church,
And see the holy edifice of stone,
And not bethinke me straight of dangerous rockes,
Which touching but my gentle vessells side,
Would scatter all the spices on the streame,
Enrobe the roaring waters with my sikes;
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 lacke the thought,
That such a thing be-chanc'd would make me sad?
But tell not me, I know Antonio
Is sad to thinke upon his merchandize.

Anth. Believe 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
Vpon the fortune of this present yeare:
Therefore my merchandize makes me not sad.

Salar. Then y'are in loue.

Anth. Fie, fie.

Salar. Not in loue neither? Then let vs say you are sad,
Because you are not merry: and 'twere as eafie
For you to laugh and leape, and say you are merry,
Because you are not sad. Now by two-headed Imm, 
Nature hath fram'd strange fellowes in her time:
Some that will evermore peep through their cies,
And laugh like Parrots at a bag-piper.
And other of such vinegar aspect,
That they'll not shew their teeth in way of smile,
Though Neftor sweare the left be laughable.
the Merchant of Venice.

Enter Baffanio, Lorenzo, and Gratiano.

Salan. Here comes Baffanio your most noble kinsman,

Gratiano and Lorenzo: Faryewell,

We leave you now with better company.

Salan. I would have staide till I had made you merry,

If worthier friends had not prevented me.

Anth. Your worth is very deere in my regard.

I take it your owne businesse cals on you,

And you embrace the occasion to depart.

Salan. Good morrow my good Lords.

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

You grow exceeding strange: must it be so?

Salan. We'll make our luyeries to attend on yours.

Exit Salarino and Salario.

Lor. My Lord Baffanio, since you haue found Anthonio,

we two will leave 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 Anthonio,

You haue too much respect vpon the world:

They loose it that do buy it with much care,

Believe me you are meruellously chang'd.

Anth. I hold the world but as the world Gratiano.

A rage, where everie one must play a part,

And mine a sad one.

Grat. Let me play the foole,

with mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come,

And let my Liver rather heare with wine,

Then my heart coole with mortifying grones.

Why should a man whose blood is warme within,

Sit like his Grandfire cut in Alabaster?

Sleepe when he wakes? and creepe into the Laundies.

By being peeuish? I tell thee what Anthonio,

I loue thee, and tis my loue that speakes.

There are a sort of men, whose visages

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Do
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Doe dreame and mantle like a standing poud,
And do a wilfull stilleesse entretaine,
With purpose to be drest in an opinion
Of wisedome,gravity,profound conceit,
As who should say, I am sir Oracle,
And when I ope my lips, let no dog barke.
O my Anthonio, I do know of thole
That therefore oneely are reputed wise
For saying nothing; when I am very sure
If they should speake, would almost dam those eares,
Which hearing them would call their brothers foole,
Ile tell thee more of this another time.
But fishe not with this melancholy baite,
For this foole gudgin, this opinion:
Come good Lorenzo, farwell 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 Gratiano never lets me speake.

Gra. Well, keepe me company but two yeares more,
Thou shalt not know the sound of thine owne tongue.

An. Farwell, Ile grow a talker for this geare.

Gra. Thanks is faith; for silence is onely commendable
In a nats tongue dried, and a maide not vendable.

Exeunt.

An. It is that any thing now.

Bass. Gratians speakes an infinite deale of nothing, more then
any man in all Venice, his reasons are as two graines of wheate
hid in two bushels of chaffe: you shall secke all day ere you
finde them, and when you haue them, they are not worth the
search.

An. Well, tell me now what Lady is the same
To whom you swore a secret pilgrimage,
That you to day promisfd to tell me of.

Bass. Tis not unknowne to you Anthonio,
How much I haue disabled mine estate,

By
the Merchant of Venice.

By something shewing a more swelling port,
Then my faint means would grant continuance:
Nor do I now make moane to be abridg'd
From such a noble rate, but my cheere care
Is to come fairely off from the great debts
Wherein my time something too prodigall
Hath left me gag'd: to you Anthony,
I owe the most in money and in loue,
And from your loue I haue a warranty
To vnburthen all my plots and purposes
How to get cleere of all the debts I owe.

Anthony, I pray you good Bassanio, let me know it,
And if it stand as you your selfe still do,
Within the eye of honour, be assured
My purfe, my person, my extremest means
Lye all vnlockt to your occasions.

Bass. In my schoole dayes, 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 foorth, and by aduentring both
I oft found both: I urge this child-hood prove,
Because what followes, is pure innocence.
I owe you much, and like a wilfull youth,
That which I owe is lost, but if you please
To shoote another arrow that selfe way
Which you did shoote the first, I do not doubt,
As I will watch the ayme or to finde both,
Or bring your latter hazard backe againe,
And thankfully rest debter for the first.

Anthony. You know me well, and heerein spend but time
To winde about my loue with circumstance,
And out of doubt you do me now more wrong,
In making question of my uttermost,
Then if you had made waste of all I haue:
Then do but say to me, what I should do,
That in your knowledge may by me be done,

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And I am prest unto 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 receive faire speechlesse messages:
Her name is Portia; nothing vnder-valew'd
To Catos daughter, Brutus Portia.
Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth,
For the foure winds blow in from euery coast
Renowned tutors, and her funny lockes
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece,
Which makes her beat of Belmont, Calchas strong,
And many Iasons comes in quest of her.
O my Ambonio, had I but the meanes
To hold a rivall place with one of them,
I haue a minde presages me such thrift,
That I should questionlesse be fortunate.

Ant. Thou knowst that all my fortunes are at sea,
Neither haue I money, nor commodity,
To raise a present summe. Therefore go forth,
Try what my credit can in Venice do,
That shall be rackt eu'n to the uttermost,
To furnish thee to Belmont to faire Portia.
Go presently enquire, and so will I
where money is, and I no question make,
To haue it of my trust, or for my sake. Exeunt

Enter Portia with her waiting Woman Nerrissa.

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

Ver. 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 sick that suffer with too much, as they that starve
with nothing; it is no meane happinesse therefore to be seate
in the meanes, superfluity comes sooner by white haires, but
competency liues longer.

Por.
the Merchant of Venice.

Portia. Good sentences, and well pronounced.

Ner. They would be better, if well followed.

Por. If to do, were as easy as to know what were good to do, Chappells had beene Churches, and poore mens cottages, Princes Pallaces; it is a good diuine that followes his owne instructions: I can easiier teach twenty what were good to bee done, then to bee one of the twenty to follow mine owne teaching: the braine may devise lawes for the blood, but a hot temper leapes ore a colde decree, such a hare is madnesse the youth, to skip ore the meshes of good counsell the cripple; but this reasoning is not in the fashion to choose me a husband; O me, the word choofe, I may neyther choofe who I would, nor refuse who I dislike, so is the will of a liuing daughter curbd by the will of a dead father: is it not hard Nerissa, that I cannot choofe one, nor refuse none.

Ner. Your father was euer vertuous, and holy men at their death haue good inspirations, therefore the lottry that he hath devisd in these three chefts of gold, filuer, and lead, whereof who choothes his meaning choothes you, no doubt you wil never be chosen by any rightly, but one who shall rightely loue: But what warmth is there in your affection towards any of these Princely fuers that are already come?

Por. I prethte ouer-name them, and as thou namest them, I will describe them, and according to my description, love at my affection.

Ner. First, there is the Neapolitane Prince.

Por. I that's a colt indeed, for hee doth nothing but talke of his horse, and he makes it a great appropriation vnto his owne good parts, that he can shoo himselfe: I am much afeard my Lady his Mother plaid false with a smith.

Ner. Then there is the County Palatine.

Por. He doth nothing but frowne (as who should say, if you will not haue me, choose: he heares merry tales and smiles not, I feare he will prooue the weeping Philosopher who grows old, being so full of vnmanerly sadnesse in his youth.) I had rather be married to a deaths head with a bone in his mouth, then
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to either of these: God defend me from these two.

Ner. How say you by the French Lord, Mounfier le Boune?

Por. God made him, and therefore let him passe for a man, in truth I know it is a sinne to be a mocker, but he why he hath a horse better then the Neapolitans, a better bad habite offrowning then the Count Palatine, hee is every man in no man, if a Trائفell sing, hee fits straight a capring, hee will fence with his owne shadow. If I should marry him, I should marry twenty husbands: if he would despise me, I would forgive him, for if he love me to madness, I shall never requite him.

Ner. What say you then to Faukenbridge, the young Baron of England?

Por. You know I say nothing to him, for he understandes not me, nor I him: he hath neither Latine, French, nor Italian, & you will come into the Court and sweare that I haue a poore penny-worth in the English: he is a proper mans picture, but alas who can converse with a dumbe shew? how odly he is suted, I think he bought his doublet in Italy, his round hose in France, his bonnet in Germany, and his behauiour every where.

Nerissa. What thinke you of the Scottish Lord his Neighbour?

Por. That he hath a neighbourly charity in him, for he borrowed a boxe of the eare of the Englishman, and sweare he wold pay him againe when he was able: I thinke the Frenchman became his furety, and seald vnder for another.

Ner. How like you the young Germaine, the Duke of Saxo-
nies nephew?

Por. Very vildely in the morning when he is sober, and most vilely in the afternoone when he is drunke: when he is best, hee is a little worse then a man, and when he is worst he is little better then a beast; and the worst fall that euer fell, I hope I shall make thift to go without him.

Ner. If he should offer to choose, and choose the right Casket, you should refuse to performe your fathers wil, if you shold refuse to accept him.

Por. Therefore for feare of the worst, I prethee set a deep glasse
of Reynish Wine on the contrary Casket, for if the duell bee within, and that temptation without, I know he will choose it. I will do any thing Nerissa, etc. Ile be married to a sponge.

Ner. You need not fear Lady, the having any of these Lords, they have acquainted me with their determinations, which is indeed to return to their home, and to trouble you with no more sute, vnlesse you may be won by some other sort then your fathers imposition, depending on the Caskets.

Por. If I liue to be as olde as Sibilla, I will die as chaste as Diana, vnlesse I bee obtained by the manner of my fathers will: I am glad this parcell of wooers are so reasonable, for there is not one among them but I dote on his very absense; & I pray God grant them a faire departure.

Ner. Do you not remember Lady in your fathers time, a Venetian Scholler and a Souldier that came hither in company of the Marquess of Mounifferra?

Portia. Yes, yes, it was Baffanio, as I thinke he was so call’d.

Ner. True Maddam, he of all the men that euer my foolish eyes lookt vpon, was the best deserving a faire Lady.

Por. I remember him well, and I remember him worthy of thy praiise.

How now, what newes?

Enter a servuingman.

Ser. The foure strangers seeke for you Madame, to take their leave; and there is a fore-runner come from a sift, the Prince of Morocco, who brings word the Prince his Master will be heere to night.

Por. If I could bid the sift welcome, with so good a heart as I can bid the other foure farwell, I should be glad of his approch: if he have the condition of a Saint, and the complection of a duell, I had rather he should shrive me then wine me. Come Nerissa, sirra go before: whiles we shut the gates vpon one wooer, another knocks at the doore.

Enter Baffanio, with Shylocke the Jew.

Shy. Three thousand ducats, well.

Bass. I six, for three months.

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Shy. For three moneths, well.
Bass. For the which as I told you, Anthonio shall be bound.
Shy. Anthonio shall become bound, well.
Bass. May you read me? Will you please me?
Shall I know your answer?
Shy. Three thousand ducats for three moneths, and Anthonio bound.
Bass. Your answer to that.
Shy. Anthonio is a good man.
Bass. Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?
Shy. Hono, no, no, no: my meaning in saying he is a good man, is to have you understand me, that he is sufficient, yet his means are in suppose: he hath an Argosie bound to Tripoli, another to the Indies, I understand moreover upon the Ryalta, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England, & other ventures he hath squandered abroad, but ships are but boards, Saylers but men; there be land Paris, and water rats, water theueues, and land theueues, I meane Pyrats, and then there is the peril 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.
Shy. I will be assured I may: and that I may be assured, I will bethinke me, may I speake with Anthonio?
Bass. If it please you to dine with us.
Shy. Yes, to smell porke, to eate of the habitation which your Prophet the Nazarite conjured the diuell into: I will buy with you, fell 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 newes on the Ryalto, who is he comes heere?

Enter Anthonio.

Bass. This is signiour Anthonio.
Shy. How like a fawning Publican he lookes. I hate him for he is a Christian.
**the Merchant of Venice.**

But more, for that in lowe simplicity
He lends out mony gratis, and brings downe
The rate of vsance heere with vs in Venice.
If I can catch him once upon the hip,
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I beare him.
He hates our sacred Nation, and he rayles
Even there where Merchants most do congregate,
On me, my bargaines, and my well-won thrift,
Which he calls interest: Cursed be my Tribe
If I forgive him.

_Est. Shyloke, do you hear.

Shy. I am debating of my present store,
And by the neere gueffe of my memory,
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 mouths.

_Ant. Shyloke, although I neither lend nor borrow,
By taking nor by giving of excesse,
Yet to supply the ripe wants of my friend,
Ile breake a custome: are you resolu'd,
How much he would haue?

_Shy. I, three thousand ducats.
_Ant. And for three moneths.

_Shy. I had forgot, three months, you told me so.
Well then, your bond: and let me see, but heare you,
Me-thought you said, you neither lend nor borrow
Upon advantage.

_Ant. I do never use it.

_Shy. When Iacob graz'd his Vnckle Labans sheepe,
This Iacob from our holy Abram was
(As his wife Mother wrought in his behalfe)
The third possessor; I, he was the third.

_Ant. And what of him, did he take interest?  

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_Shy.
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Shy. No, not take interest, not as you would say
Directly interest, mark what Jacob did,
When Laban and himself were compleemanz,
That all the canelings which were streakt and pied,
Should fall as Jacob's hier, the Ewes being rancke,
In th'end of Autumn turned to the Rams,
And when the worke of generation was
Betweene these woolly breeders in the acte,
The skilfull shepheard pyld me certaine wands,
And in the doing of the deed of kinde,
He stucke them wp before the fulsome Ewes,
Who then conceiving, did in caning time
Fall party-coloured lambs, and those were Jacob's.
This was a way to thrive, and he was blest:
And thrift is blessing if men steale it not.

Ant. This was a venture sir, that Jacob serv'd for,
A thing not in his power to bring to passe,
But swavd and fashion'd by the hand of heaven,
Was this infected to make interest good?
Or is your gold and siluer, Ewes and Rams?

Shy. I cannot tell, I make it breed as fast,
But note me Signior.

Ant. Marke you this Bassanio,
The diuell can cite Scripture for his purpose,
An euill soule producing holy witnesse,
Is like a villain with a smiling chekke,
A goodly apple rotten at the heart.
O what a goodly outside falshood hath.

Shy. Three thousand ducats, 'tis a good round sum.
Three months from twelue, then let me see the rate.

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

Shy. Signior Antonio, many a time and oft
In the Ryalto you have rated me
About my monies and my vsances:
Still have I borne it with a patient fleg.
(For sufferance is the badge of all our Tribe)

You
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You call me misbelieuer, cut-throate dog,
And spat upon my Jewish gaberline,
And all for vse of that which is mine owne.
Well then, it now appeares you need my helpe:
Goe to then, you come to me, and you say,
Shylocke, we would have monies, you say so:
You that did voyd your rume vpon my beard,
And foote me as you spurne a stranger curre
Ouer your threshold, money is your sute,
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 whispering humblenesse
Say this: Faire sir, you spat on me on wensday last,
You spurn'd me such a day another time,
You call'd me dog: and for these curtesies
Ile lend you thus much monies.

Ant. I am as like to call thee so againe,
To spit on thee againe, to spurne thee to.
If thou wilt lend this mony, lend it not
As to thy friends, for when did friendship take
A breed for barren mettall of his friend?
But lend it rather to thine enemy,
Who if he breake, thou maist with better face
Exact the penalty.

Shy. Why looke you how you storme,
I would be friends with you, and have your loue,
Forget the shames that you have staine'd me with,
Supply your present wants, and take no doyte
Of vsance for my monies, and you'll not heare me,
This is kinde I offer.

Bass. This were kindnesse.

Shy. This kindnesse will I shew,
Goe with me to a Notarie, seale me there
Your single bond, and in a merry sport,
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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 forfeit
Be nominated for an equal pound
Of your faire flesh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your body pleaseth me.

Ant. Content if faith, I'll seal to such a bond,
And say there is much kindnesse in the Jew.

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

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

Shy. O father Abram, what these Christians are,
Whose owne hard dealings teaches them suspect
The thoughts of others: pray you tell me this,
If he should breake his day, what should I gaine
By the exaction of the forfeiture?
A pound of mans flesh taken from a man,
Is not so estimable, profitable neither
As flesh of Muttons, Beeses, or Goats, I say,
To buy his favour, I extend this friendship,
If he will take it so, if not adieu,
And for my loue, I pray you wrong me not.

Ant. Yes Shylocke, I will seal unto this bond.

Shy. Then meece me forthwith at the Noteries,
Give him direction for this merry bond,
And I will goe and purse the ducats straight,
See to my house, left in the fearefull guard
Of an vnthrifty knave; and presently
I'll be with you.

Ant. Hie thee gentle Jew: the Hebrew will turne Christian,
he growes so kinde.

Bass. I like not faire terms, and a villaines minde.

Ant. Come on, in this there can be no dismay.

Exit.
the Merchant of Venice.

My ships come home a month before the day.

Enter Morochus a tawny Moore all in white, and three or foure followers accordingly, with Portia Nerissa, & their traine.

Moroc. Mislike me not for my complexion,
The shadowed lucrey of the burnisht sunne,
To whom I am a neighbour, and neere bred,
Bring the fairest creature North-ward borne,
Where Phoebus fire scarfe thawes the yscles,
And let's make incision for your loue,
To prove whose blood is reddenst, his or mine.
I tall thee Lady, this aspect of mine
Hath feard the valiant (by my Loue I sweare)
The best regarded virgins of our clime
Hath lou'd it too: I would not change this hue,
Except to steale your thoughts my gentle Queene.

Por. In terms of choise I am not soly led
By nice direction of a maydens eyes.
Besides, the Lottry of my destiny
Barres me the right of voluntary choosing:
But if my father had not scanted me,
And hedg'd me by his wit, to yeeld my selfe
His wife, who winnes me by that meanes I told you,
Your selfe (renowned Prince) than flood as faire
As any commer I haue look'd on yet,
For my affection.

Mor. Euen for that I thanke you,
Therefore I pray you leade me to the Caskets
To try my fortune. By this Semitaur
That flew the Sophy, and a Persiian Prince,
That wonne three fields of Sultan Solyman,
I would out-stare the sternest eyes that looke:
Out-braue the heart most daring on the earth:
Plucke the yong fucking Cubs from the shee-Beare,
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Yea,
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Yes, mocke the Lyon when he rores for prey,
To win the Lady. But alas, the while
If Hercules and Lychas 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, blinde fortune leading mee,
Misle that which one vnworthier may attaine,
And dye with grieving.

Portia. You must take your chance,
And either not attempt to choose at all,
Or swear before you choose, if you choose wrong,
Never to speake to Lady afterward
In way of marriage, therefore be aduise.

Mor. Nor will not, come bring me to my chance
Por. First forward to the Temple, after dinner
Your hazard shall be made.

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

Enter the Clowne alone.

Clowne. Certainly, my conscience will serve me to run from
this Iew my matter. The fiend is at mine elbow, and tempts me
saying to mee, Gobbo, Lancelet Gobbo, good Lancelet, or good
Gobbo, or good Lancelet Gobbo, vse your legges, take the starte,
runne away: My Conscience sayes no; take heed honest Lance-
let, take heed honest Gobbo, or as aforesaid, honest Lancelet
Gobbo, do not runne, scorne running with thy heele.
Well, the most courageous fiend bids me packe, saye the fiend, away
sayes the fiend, for the heauens rouse vp a braue mind sayes the
fiend, and runne. Well, my conscience hanging about the neck
of my heart, sayes very wisely to me; My honest friend Lance-
let, being an honest mans sonne, or rather an honest womans
sonne, for indeede my Father did something smack, something
grow too, he had a kinde of taste: well, my conscience sayes
bouge
The Merchant of Venice.

Bouge not; bouge saies the fiend; bouge not sayes my Conscience. Conscience say I you counsell well; Fiend say I you counsell ill. To be rul'd by my Conscience, I should stay with the Jew my master, who (God blefe the marke) is a kinde of diuell; and to runne away from the Jew, I should be rul'd by the fiend, who (fauing your reuerence) is the Diuell himselfe. Certainly the Jew is the very diuell incarnall, and in my conscience, my conscience is but a kinde of hard conscience, to offer to counsell me to stay with the Jew. The fiende giues the more friendly counsaile, I will run fiend, my hecles are at your command, I will run.

Enter old Gobbo with a Basket.

Gobbo. Master yong man, you I pray you, which is the way to Master Iewes?

Lance. O heastens, this is my true begotten Father, who being more then fand blind, high grauell blinde, knowes men not, I will try conclusions with him.

Gobbo. Master yong Gentleman, I pray you which is the way to master Iewes?

Lance. T urne vp on your right hand at the next turning, but at the next turning of all on your left; marry at the verie nexte turning turne of no hand, but turne downe indire(ly vnto the Iewes houfe.

Gobbo. Be Gods fonties twill bee a hard way to hit, can you tell me whither one Lancelet that dwels with him, dwell with him, or no?

Lancelet. T alke you of young master Lancelet? Marke mee now, now will I raise the waters:

T alke you of yong M. Lancelet?

Gobbo. No master sir, but a poore mans sonne.

His Father (though I say it)

Is an honest exceeding poore man,

And God be thanked, well to liue.

Lancelet. Well, let his Father be what a will, we talk of yong master
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Master Launcelot.

Gob. Your worship's friend, and Lancelet sir.

Lam. But I pray you ergo olde man, ergo I beseech you, talke you of yong M. Lancelet.

Gob. Of Lancelet an't please your mastership.

Lam. Ergo master Lancelet, talke not of maister Lancelet Fa-
ther; for the yong Gentleman according to fates and destinies, and such odd sayings, the sistres three, and such branches of learning, is indeed deceased, or as you would say in plain terms, gone to heauen.

Gob. Marry God forbid, the boy was the verie staffe of my age, my very prop.

Lance. Do I looke like a cudgell or a houell poste, a staffe, or a prop: do you know me Father.

Gob. Alacke the day, I know you not yong Gentleman, but I pray you telle mee, is my boy (G O D rest his soule) alie or dead.

Lance. Do you not know me Father?

Gob. Alacke sir, I am saind blinde, I know you not.

Lam. Nay, in deede if you had your eyes you might saile of the knowing me: it is a wise Father that knowes his own child. Well, olde man, I will tell you newes of your sonne, gluie mee your blesing; Trueth will come to light, Murther cannot be hidde long, a mans sonne may, but at the length trueth will out.

Gobbo. Pray you sir stand vp, I am sure you are not Launcelot my boy.

Lance. Pray you let's haue no more fooling about it, but gluie me your blesing; I am Lancelet your boy that was, your son that is, your child that shall be.

Gob. I cannot thinke you are my sonne.

Lance. I know not what I shal thinke of that, but I am Lan-
celet the Jewes man, and I am sure Margery your wife is my mo-

Gob. Her name is Margery indeede, ile be sworne if thou bee Lancelet, thou art mine owne flesh and blood: Lord worshipt
the Merchant of Venice.

might he be, what a beard hast thou got? thou hast got more hair on thy chin, then Dobbin my pilhorse has on his tale.

Lan. It should seeme then that Dobbins tale growes backward. I am sure he had more hair of his tayle then I haue of my face, when I last saw him.

Gob. Lord how art thou chang'd: how doest thou and thy Master agree? I haue brought him a present; how agree you now?

Lance. Well, well, but for mine owne part, as I haue set vp my rest to runne away, so I will not rest till I haue run some ground; My master's a very Jew, giue him a present, giue him a halter, I am famisht in his seruice. You may tell every finger I haue with my ribs: Father I am glad you are come, giue me your present to one Master Baffanio, who indeed giues rare new liueries, if I serue 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 Jew if I serue the Jew any longer.

Enter Baffanio with a follower or two.

Bass. You may doe so, but let it be so hafted that supper be ready at the farthest by five of the clocke: see these Letters deliuered, put the Lyueries to making, and desiere Gratiano to come anon to my lodging.

Exit one of his men.

Lance. To him Father.

Gob. God bleffe your Worships.

Bass. Gramercy, wouldst thou ought with me?

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

Lance. Not a poore boy sir, but the rich Jewes man that wold sir, as my father shall specify.

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

Lance. Indeed the short and the long is, I serue the Jew, and have a desire as my Father shall specify.

Gob. His Master and he (saies your Worships reuerence) are scarce catercousins.
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Lan. To be briefe, the very truth is, that the Iew having don me wrong, doth cause me as my Father, being I hope, an olde man, shall frutifise vnto you.

Gob. I haue heere a dish of Doues that I would bestow vpon your worship: and my fute is——

Lan. In very briefe, the fute is impertinent to my felfe, as your worship shall know 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?

Lan. Serue you sir.

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

Bass. I know thee well, thou haft obtain'd thy fute,

Shyloke thy master spoke with me this day,
And hath prefer'd thee, if it be preferment
To leaue a rich Iewes service, to become
The follower of so poore a Gentleman.

Lan. The old Proverbe is very well parted between my ma-
ster Shylock and you sir, You haue the grace of God sir, and hee hath enough.

Bass. Thou speakest it well. Go Father with thy sonne,
Take leave of thy old master, and enquire
My Lodging out. Give him a Litury
More garded then his fellowes, see it done.

Lan. Father in, I cannot get a seruice, no, I ha nere a tongue in my head. Well, if any man in Italy haue a fairer table which doth offer to sweare vpon a booke, I shall haue good fortune.
Go too, heere's a simple line of life, here's a final trifle of wiuues: Alas, fifteene wiuues is nothing, eleuen Widdowes and nine maids, is a simple comming in for one man, and then to escape drowning thrice, and to be in perill of my life with the edge of a feather-bed, heere are simple scape: well, if Fortune bee a woman, hee's a good wench for this geere. Father, come, ile take my leaue of the Iew in the twinkling of an eye.

Exit Clowne.

Bass. I pray thee good Leonardo thinke on this,
These things being bought, and orderly bestow'd,
the Merchant of Venice.

Returne in haste, for I do feast to night,
My best esteem'd acquaintance, hie thee, go.
Leon. My best endeavours shall be done heerein.

Exit

Enter Gratiano.

Gra. Where's your Master.
Leon. Yonder for he walkes.
Gra. Signior Baffanio.
Bass. Gratiano?
Gra. I have a suite to you.
Bass. You have obtain'd it.
Gra. You must not deny me, I must go with you to Belmont.
Bass. Why then you must. But heare thee Gratiano,
Thou art too wilde, too rude, and bold of voice,
Parts that become thee happily enough,
And in such eies as ours appeare not faults,
But where thou art not knowne. Why there they shew
Something too lib'ral: prethee take paine
To allay with some cold drops of modestie
Thy skipping spirit, left through thy wilde behaviour
I be misconstrued in the place I go to,
And lose my hopes.

Gra. Signior Baffanio, heare me:
If I do not put on a sober habite,
Talke with respecte, and sweare but now and than;
Weare prayer bookes in my pocker, looke demurely,
Nay more, while Grace is laying, hood mine eies
Thus with my hat, and sigh, and say Amen:
Vse all the obseruance of civility,
Like one well studied in a sad oftent
To pleafe his Grandam, neuer trust me more.
Bass. Well, we shall see your bearing.
Gra. Nay but I barre to night, you shall not rage me
By what we do to night.
Bass. No that were pity.
I would entreat you rather to put on Your
The Comical History of

Your boldest flute of mirth, for we have friends
That purpose merriment: but faryewell,
I have some businesse.

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

Enter Jessica and the Clowne.

Jessica. I am sorry thou wilt leave my Father so,
Our house is hell, and thou a merry diuell
Didst rob it of some taste of tediousnesse,
But fare thee well, there is a ducat for thee,
And Lancelet, some at supper shalt thou see
Lorenzo, who is thy new Masters guest,
Give him this Letter, do it secretly,
And so farewell: I would not have my Father
See me in talkes with thee.

Lance. A dew, tears exhibitae my tongue, most beautiful Pagan, most sweete Jew, if a Christian doe not play the knaue and get thee, I am much deccied; but adew, these foolish drops do something drowne my manly spirit: adieu. Exit.

Jessica. Farewell good Lancelet.

Alack, what heynous sinne is it in me,
To be a sham’d to be my fathers child
But though I am a daughter to his blood,
I am not to his manners: O Lorenzo,
If thou keepe promise, I shall end this strife,
Become a Christian, and thy louing wife. Exit.

Enter Gratiano, Lorenzo, Salarino, and Salanio.

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

Gra. We have not made good preparation.

Salar. We have not spoke vs yet of Torch-bearers,
Saliano. Tis vile, vnlesse it may be quaintly ordered,
And better in my minde not vnderstooken.

Loren. Tis now but foure a clocke, we haue two houres To
Enter Lancelet.

To furnish vs; friend Lancelet, what's the newes?

Lan. If it please you to break vp this, it shall seeme to signifie.

Loren. I know the hand, in faith tis a faire hand,

And whiter then the paper it writ on,

Is the faire hand that writ.

Grat. Loue newes, in faith.

Lance. By your leave sir,

Loren. Whither goest thou?

Lance. Marry sir, to bid my olde Master the Iew to sup to night

with my new Master the Christian,

Loren. Hold here take this, tell gentle Ieffica,

I will not sayle her, speake it privately.

Goe Gentlemen, will you prepare for this maske to night,

Iam prouided of a Torch-bearer.

Exit Clowne.

Salar. I marry, ile be gone about it straight.

Salar. And fo will I.

Loren. Meete me and Gratiano at Gratianos lodging,

Some houre hence.

Salar. Tis good we do so.

Exit.

Grat. 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 sute she hath in readinesse,

Ifere the Iew her father come to heauen,

It will be for his gentle daughters sake,

And never dare misfortune crosse her foote,

Ufleffe she do it vnder this excuse,

That she is issue to a faithlesse Iew:

Come goe with me, peruse this as thou goest,

Faire Ieffica shall be my Torch-bearer.

Exit.

Enter the Iew and Lancelet.

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

The difference of old Shylocke and Baffanio;

What
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What _Ieffica_, thou shalt not gourmandize
As thou hast done with me: what _Ieffica_?
And sleepe, and snore, and rend apparrell out.
Why _Ieffica_ I say.

_Clown._ Why _Ieffica_.


clo. Your worship was wont to tell me, that I could do no-
thing without bidding.

_Enter Ieffica._

_Iess_. Call you? what is your will?

_Shy_. I am bid forth to supper _Ieffica_,

There are my keyes; but wherefore should I go?
I am not bid for loue, they flatter me,
But yet I go in hate, to feede vpon
The prodigall Christian. _Ieffica_ my gyrle,
Looke to my house. I am right loth to go,
There is some ill a bruising towards my rest,
For I did dreame of money bagges to night.

_Clown._ I beseech you sir go,

My yong Master doth expect your reprouch.

_Shy_. So do I his.

_Clown._ And they have conspired together, I will not say you
shall see a Maske; but if you doe, then it was not for nothing
that my nofe fell a bleeding on black monday last, at six a clock
in the morning, falling out that yeare on Ashwensday was four
yeares in th'afternoon.

_Shy_. What, are there maskes? Heare me _Ieffica_:
Locke vp my doores, and when you heare the drumme,
And the vile squeaking of the wry-neckt Fife,
Clamber not you vp to the Casements then
Not thrust your head into the publike streete,
To gaze on Christian fooles with varnifht faces:
But flop my houses eares, I meane my Casements,
Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter
My sober house. By _Iacobs_ staffe I sweare,
I have no minde of feasting forth to night:

But
the Merchant of Venice.

But I will go. Go you before me sirra,
Say I will come.

Clowne. I will go before sir.

Mistresse looke out at a window for all this,
There will come a Christián by,

Will be worth a Jewes eye.

Shy. What sayes that fool of Hagar’s off-spring? ha.

Ies. His words were, Farewell mistris, nothing else.

Shy. The patch is kinde enough, but a huge feeder,
Snails-flow in profit, and he sleepe by day
More then the wilde Cat. Drones hie not with me,
Therefore I part with him, and part with him
To one, that I would haue him helpe to wafte
His borrowed purse. Well Iessica goe in,
Perhaps I will returne immediately,
Do as I bid you, shut dooress after you,
Fast binde, fast finde,

A Proverbe neuer stale in thrifty minde.

Ies. Farewell, and if my fortune be not crost,
I haue a Father, you a daughter lost.

Enter the maskers, Gratiano and Salarino.

Gra. This is the pent-house vnder which
Lorenzo desir’d vs to make stand.

Sal. His houre is almost past.

Gra. And it is meruaile he out-dwells his houre,
For louers euer run before the clocke.

Sal. O ten times faster Venus pigeons flye
To scale loues bonds new made, then they are wont
To keepe obliged faith unsorfaited.

Gra. That euer holds: who riseth from a feast
With that keene appetite that he fits downe?
Where is the horse that doth vntreade againe
His tedious meaures, with the vnbaied fire
That he did pace them first? All things that are,
Are with more spirit chas’d then enjoy’d.

How
The Comical History of

How like a younger or a prodigall,
The scarse Barke puts from her native bay,
Hugd and embraced by the trumpet winde,
How like the prodigall doth she returne
With outer-wetherd ribs and ragged sayles,
Leane, rent, and begg'd by the trumpet wind?

Enter Lorenzo.

Sal. Here comes Lorenzo, more of this hereafter.
Lo. Sweet friends, your patience for my long abode
Not I, but my affaires haue made you waite:
When you shall please to play the theues for wives
Ile watch as long for you then: approch,
Here dwells my father Jew. Ho, whose within?

Jessica above.

Ieff. Who are you? tell me for more certainty,
Albeit Ile sweare that I do know your tongue.

Lor. Lorenzo and thy love.

Ieff. Lorenzo certaine, and my love indeed,
For who love I so much? and now who knowes
But you Lorenzo, whether I am yours?

Lo. Heauen & thy thoughts are witness that thou art
Ieff. Here, catch this Casket, tis worth the paines,
I am glad tis night you do not looke on me,
For I am much a sham'd of my exchange:
But love is blinde, and leuers cannot see
The pretty follies that themselves commit,
For if they could, Cupid himselfe would blush
To see me thus transformed to a boy.

Lor. Descend, for you must be my torch-bearer.
Ieff. What, must I hold a Candle to my shames,
They in themselves good though are too too light.
Why is an office of discouery, Love,
And I should be obscur'd.

Lor. So are you sweete,
Euen in the louely garnish of a boy,
But come at once, for the close night

Doth
the Merchant of Venice.

Doth play the run-away,
And we are staid for at Baffanios feast,
Ieff. I will make fast the doores, and build my selfe
With some mo ducats, and be with you straight.
Lor. Beshrew me but I love her hartily,
For she is wife, if I can judge of her,
And faire she is, if that mine eyes be true,
And true she is, as she hath proo'ud herselfe,
And therefore like herselfe, wise, faire and true,
Shall she be placed in my constant soule.

Enter Jeff.i.

What, art thou come? on gentlemen, away,
Our masking mates by this time for vs flay. Exit.

Enter Anthonio.

Ant. Who's there?
Gra. Signior Anthonio.
Ant. Fie, fie Gratiano, where are all the rest?
Tis nine a clocke, our friends all stay for you,
No maske to night, the winde is come about,
Bassanio presently will goe aboard,
I am glad on't, I desire no more delight
Then to beynder sayle, & gone to night. Exit.

Enter Portia with Morrocho, and both their traine.

Por. Goe, draw aside the Curtaines, and discouer
The severall Caskets to this noble Prince:
Now make your choise.

Mor. The first of gold, who this inscription beares,
Who chooseth me, shall gaine what many men desire.
The second silver, which this promise carries,
Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserues.
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 do choose the right?

D 3

Por.
The Comical History of

Por. The one of them containes my picture Prince,
If you choose that, then I am yours withall.
Mor. Some God direct my judgement, let me see,
I will furuay th' inscriptions backe againe,
What sayes 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 it in hope of faire advantages:
A golden minde stoopes not to showes of droffe,
He then nor giue nor hazard ought for lead.
What sayes the siluer with her virgine hue?
Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserues.
As much as he deserues, pause there Moracho,
And weigh thy value with an euuen hand,
If thou beest rated by thy estimation,
Thou doest deserue enough, and yet enough.
May not extend so farre as to the Lady:
And yet to be afearde of my deseruing,
Were but a weake disabling of my selfe.
As much as I deserue, why that's the Lady.
I do in birth deserue her, and in fortunes,
In graces, and in qualities of breeding;
But more then these in loue I do deserue.
What if I straid no farther, but chose here?
Let's see once more this saying grau'd in gold:
Who chooseth me, shall giaine what many men desire:
Why that's the Lady, all the world desires her.
From the four corners of the earth they come
To kisse this shrine, this mortall breathing Saint.
The Hircanian deserts, and the vasty wildes
Of wide Arabia, are as through-fastes now
For Princes to come view faire Porsia.
The watry Kingdome, whose ambitious head
Speats in the face of heaven, is no barre
To stop the forraine spirits, but they come
the Merchant of Venice

All, that glisters is not gold,
Often have you heard that told,
Many a man his life hath sold,
But my outside to behold,
Guiled timber do wormes infold:
Had you been as wise as bold,
Young in limbes, in judgement old,
Your answer was not beene inscrulled.
Fare you well, your fuse is gold.

Mor. Cold indeed, and labour lost,
Then farewell heate, and welcome frost;
Portia adieu, I have too greeu'd a heart
To take a tedious leave, thus losers part.
Port. A gentle riddance, draw the curtaines, goe,
Let all of his complection choose me so.

Exit.  

Enter.
The Comicall History of

Enter Salario and Salanio.

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

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

Salario. He came too late, the ship was under sail,
But there the Duke was given to understand,
That in a Gondylo were scene together
Lorenzo and his armorous Jessica.
Besides Antonio certified the Duke,
They were not with Bassanio in his ship.

Salario. I never heard a passion so confused,
So strange, outrageous, and so variable,
As the Dog Jew did utter in the streets,
My daughter, O my ducats, O my daughter,
Fled with a Christian, O my Christian ducats.
Justice, the law, my ducats, and my daughter.
A sealed bag, two sealed bags of ducats,
Of double ducats, stolen from me by my daughter,
And jewels, two stones, two rich & precious stones,
Stolen by my daughter: justice, finde the gyrls,
She hath the stones upon her, and the ducats.

Salario. Why all the boys in Venice follow him,
Crying his stones, his daughter, and his ducats.

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

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

Salario.
the Merchant of Venice

Salar. You were best to tell Antonio what you heare,
Yet do not sodainely, for it may greeue him.
Salar. A kinder Gentleman treads not the earth,
I saw Bassanio and Antonio part;
Bassanio told him he would make some speeke
Of his returne: he answered, do not so,
Slubber not business for my sake Bassanio,
But stay 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 employ your cheiesest thoughts
To Courtship, and such faire oftents of loue,
As shall conveniently become you there.
And euen there his eye being bigge with teares,
Turning his face, he put his hand behinde him;
And with affection wondrous sensible,
He wrung Bassanios hand, and so they parted.
Salar. I thinke he onely loues the world for him:
I prethee let vs goe and finde him out,
And quicken his embraced heauinesse,
With some delight or other.
Salar. Do we so.  

Enter Nerissa and a Servitor.

Ner. Quicke, quicke, I pray thee, draw the Curtain arole,
The Prince of Arragon hath tane his oath,
And comes to his election presently.

Enter Arragon, his traine, and Portia.

Por. Behold, there stand the Caskets Noble Prince,
If you choose that wherein I am contain’d,
Straight shall our nuptiall rights be solemniz’d:
But if you faile, without more speeche my Lord,
You must be gone from hence immediately.
Arra. I am enioyn’d by oath to observe three things.
First, neuer to vnfold to any one
E Which
The Comical History of

Which Casket twas I chose. Next, if I faile
Of the right Casket, never in my life
To woe a maid in way of marriage:
Lastly, if I do faile in fortune of my choyse,
Immediately to leave you, and be gone.

Por. To these iniunctions every one doth sweare,
That comes to hazard for my worthlesse selfe.

Arr. And so have I address'd me, fortune now
To my hearts hope: Gold, Siluer, and base Lead.
Who chooseth me, must giue and hazard all he hath.
You shall looke fairer ere I giue or hazard.

VWhat sayes the golden Chest? ha, let me see,
VWho chooseth me, shall gaine what many men desire.

VWhat many men desire, that many may be meant
By the foole-multitude, that chuse by show:
Not learning more then the fond eye doth teach,

VWhich pries not to th'interiour; but like the Martlet,
Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
Euen in the force and rode of casualty.

I will not chuse what many men desire,
Because I will not jumpe with common spirits,
And ranke me with the barbarous multitudes.

VWhy then to thee thou Siluer treasure house,
Tell me once more what title thou doft beare:

VWho chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves.

And well said too, for who shall go about
To cofen Fortune, and be honourable

VWithout the stamp of merit, let none presume
To weare an undeserved dignity:

O that estates, degrees, and offices,
VWere not derived corruptly, and that clear honor
VWere purchas'd by the merit of the weare,

How many then should cower, that stand bare?
How many be commanded, that command?
How much low pezantry would then be gleaned

From the true seede of honor? And how much honor,

Pickt
the Merchant of Venice.

Pickt from the chaffe and ruine of the times
To be new varnish'd? well, but to my choise,
Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserveth.
I will assume desert. Give me a key for this,
And instantly unloke my fortunes heere.

Por. Too long a pause for that which you finde there.

Arrag. VVhat's heere, the portrait of a blinking Idiot,
Presenting me a sedule? I will reade it.
How much vnlike art thou to Portia?
How much vnlike my hopes, and my deservings.
Who chooseth me shall have as much as he deserveth.
Did I deservce no more then a fooles head?
Is that my prize? Are my deserts no better?

Por. To offend and judge are distinct offices,
And of oppofed Natures.

Arrag. VVhat heere?

The fire seven times tried this:
Seven times tried that judgement is,
That did never choose amiss.
Some there be that shadowes kis,
Such have but a shadowes bliss:
There be fooles alone I wis,
Silver'd o're, and so was this.
Take what wife you will to bed,
I will ever be your head:
So be gone, you are tsed.

Still more foole I shall appeere,
By the time I linger heere,
VVith one fooles head I came to woe,
But I go away vvith two.
Sweet adieu, Ile keepe my oath,
Patiently to beare my vvroath.

Portia. Thus hath the candle findg'd the Moth.
O these deliberate fooles, vvhen they do choose,

E 2

They
The Comical History of

They have their wisdome, by their wit to loose.

Hanging and wiuing goes by destiny.

Por. Come draw the Curtaine Nerissa.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Where is my Lady?

Por. Heere, what would my Lord?

Mess. Madam, there is a-lighted at your gate.

A yong Venetian, one that comes before
To signifie th'approaching of his Lord,
From whom he bringeth sensible regrets;
To wit (besides commends and courteous breath)
Gifts of rich valew; yet I have not seene
So likely an Embassadour of love.

A day in Aprill never came so sweet,
To shew how costly Summer was at hand,
As this fore-spurrer comes before his Lord.

Por. No more I pray thee, I am halfe a-fear'd
Thou wilt say anon he is some kin to thee,
Thou spendst such high day wit in praising him:
Come, come Nerissa, for I long to see
Quicke Cupids post that comes so mannerly.

Ner, Baffanio Lord, love if thy will it be. Exit.

Enter Salanio and Salarino.

Salian. Now, what newes on the Ryalto?

Salar. Why yet it liues there vncheckt, that Anthonio hath a
ship of rich lading wrackt on the narrowe seas; the Goodwins
I think they call the place a very dangerous flat, & fatal, wher
the carkasse of many a tall shippe lie buried, as they say, if my
gossips report be an honest woman of her word.

Salan. I would see were as a lying gosippe in that, as euer
knaft Ginger, or made her neighbors beleue she wept for the
death of a third husband: but it is true, without any flippes of
proximity, or crossing the plaine highway of talk, that the good
Antho.
the Merchant of Venice.

Antonio, the honest Antonio, O that I had a title good enoughto keepe his name company.

Salar. Come, the full stop.
Sal. Ha, what saist thou? why the end is, he hath lost a ship.
Salar. I would it might prove the end of his losses.
Salar. Let me say Amen betimes, lees the devill crosse my prayer, for heere he comes in the likenesse of a Jew.

Enter Shylocke.

How now Shylocke, what newes among the Marchants?
Shy. You know, none so well, none so well as you,

Of my daughters flight.
Salar. That's certaine, I for my part knew the Taylor

That made the wings she flew withall.
Salar. And Shylocke for his owne part knew the Birde was fledg'd, and then it is the complexion of them all to leave the

Dam. Shy. She is damn'd for it.
Salar. That's certaine, if the diuell may be her iudge.
Salar. Out vpon it old carrion,rebels it at these yeares.
Shy. I say my daughter is my flesh and blood.

Salar. There is more difference betwenee thy flesh and hirs,

then betweene Let and Ivory: more betweneeyour bloods, then there is between red wine & rennish : but tell vs, do you heare, whether Antonio haue had at losse a fea or no ?
Shy. There I have another bad match: a bankrout, a prodigal,
who dare scarce shew his head on the Ryalto, a begger that was vsf to come so smug upon the Mart: let him looke to his bond: he was wont to call me visurer, let him looke to his bond: he was wont to lend money for a Christian curtrie, let him looke to his bond.
Salar. Why I am sure if he forset, thou wilt not take his flesh,
what's that good for?

Shy. To baite fishe withall; if it will seede nothing els it will feed my revenge: he hath disgrac'd me, and hindered me halfe a
million, laught at my losses, mockt at my gaines, scorned my na-
The Comical History of

The Qomicdll Hijlory of tion, thwancdmybaigaines,
cooled my friends,
heated mine enemies, and what's his reason, I am a Jewe. Hath nos a Jewe eyes? hath not a Jew hands? organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food? hurt with the same weapons? subject to the same diseases? healed by the same means? warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? If you pricke vs, do we not bleed? If you tickle vs, do we not laugh? If you poysen vs, do we not dye? And if you wrong vs, shall we not revenge? If we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility, Revenge? If a Christian wrong a Jewe, what should his sufferance be by Christian example, why Revenge? The villany you teach me I will execute, and it shall goe hard, but I will better the instruction.

Enter a man from Anthonio. 

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

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

Enter Tuball.

Salar. Here comes another of the Tribe, a third cannot bee matcht, vnlesse the diuell himselfe turne Jew.

Exeunt Gentlemen.

Shy. How now Tuball, what newes from Genowa? haft thou found my daughter?

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

Shy. Why there, there, there, there, a Diamond gone cost me two thousand ducats in Frankford. The curse neuer fell vp-on our Nation till now, I neuer felt it till now: two thousande ducats in that, and other precious preciousiewels, I would my daughter were dead at my foote; and the iweels in her eare: O would shee were heartt at my foote, and the ducats in her cof-fin. No newes of them, why fo: and I know not what's spent in the search: why thou losse upon losse, the theefe gone vvhith fo much,
the Merchant of Venice.

much, and so much to finde the Thee, and no satisfaction, no reuenge, nor no ill lucke stirring but what lights on my shoulders, no sithes but of my breathing, no tears but of my shedding.

Tuball. Yes, other men haue ill luck too, Anthonio as I heard in Genoway.

Shy. What, what, what ill lucke, ill lucke?

Tuball. Hath an Argofie cast away comming from Tripolis.

Shy. I thanke God, I thanke God, 1st true? 1st true?

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

Shy. I thanke the good Tuball, good newes, good newes: ha ha, heere in Genoway.

Tuball. Your daughter spent in Genoway, as I heard, in one night, fourescore ducats.

Shy. Thou stickst a dagger in me, I shall never see my golde againe; fourescore ducats at a sitting! Fourescore ducats!

Tuball. There came diuers of Anthonios Creditours in my company vnto Venice, that sweare that hee cannot choose but breake.

Shy. I am very glad of it, ile plague him, ile torture him, I am glad on't.

Tuball. One of them shewed me a ring that hee had of your daughter for a Monkey.

Shy. Out vpon her, thou torturest me Tuball, it was my Turkies, I had it of Leah when I was a Batchellor. I would not have given it for a wilderneffe of Monkies.

Tuball. But Anthonio is certainly vndone.

Shy. Nay, that's true, that's very true: go Tuball, see mee an Officer, bespeake him a fortnight before, I will have the heart of him if he forfeit. For were he out of Venice I can make what merchandize I will go: go Tuball, and meete me at our Synagogue, go good Tuball, at our Synagogue Tuball. Exeunt

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

Portia.
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Por. I pray you tarry, pause a day or two
Before you hazard: for in choosing wrong
I loose your company, therefore forbear a while,
There's something tells me (but it is not loue)
I would not lose you, and you know your selfe,
Hate counsels not in such a quality.
But least you should not understand me well,
And yet a maiden hath no tongue, but thought,
I would detaine you here some moneth or two
Before you venture for me. I could teach you
How to choose right, but I am then forsworne,
So will I never be, so may you misse me,
But if you do, you'll make me wish a sinne,
That I had bene forsworne. Be threw your eyes,
They have one lookt me, and diuided 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 betweene the owners and their rights.
And so though yours, not yours (prove it so)
Let fortune go to hell for it, not I.
I speake too long, but tis to peize the time,
To eck it, and to drawv out in length,
To stay you from ele6ion.

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

Por. Upon the racke Bassanio, then confesse
What treason there is mingled with your loue.

Bass. None but that vgly treason of mistrust,
Which makes me feare th'inojoying 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 upon the racke,
Where men enforced do speake any thing.

Bass. Promise me life, and Ie confesse the truth,

Por. Well then, confesse and liue.
the Merchant of Venice.

Bass. Confeffe and Ioue,
Had bene the very sum of my confession:
O happy torment, when my torturer
Doth teach me answeres for deliuerance:
But let me to my fortune and the Caskets.

Portia. Away then, I am lockt in one of them,
If you do loue me, you will finde me out.
Nerissa and the rest, stand all aloofe,
Let musicke sound while he doth make his choise,
Then if he lose, he makes a Swan-like end,
Fading in musicke. That the comparison
May stand more proper, my eye shall be the streame
And watry death-bed for him: he may win,
And what is musicke then? Then musicke is
Euen as the flourish, when true subiects bow
To a new crownd Monarch: Such it is,
As are those dulcet sounds in breake of day,
That crepe into the dreaming Bridegroomes eare,
And summon him to marriage. Now he goes
With no lesse presence, but with much more loue
Then young Alcides, when he did redeeme
The virgin tribute, payd by howling Troy,
To the sea-monster: I stand for sacrifice,
The rest aloofe are the Dardanian wifes,
With bleared visages come forth to view
The issue of th'exploit: Goe Hercules,
Lieue thou, I lieue with much more dismay
To view the sight, then thou that mak'st the fray.

A song, she whilsst Bassanio comments on the
Caskets to himselfe.

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

Replie, reply.

With
The Comical History of

With gazing fed, and Fancie dies:
In the cradle where it lies,
Let us all ring Fancies kyell.
Ile begin it.
Ding, dong, bell.
All. Ding, dong, bell.

Bass. So may the outward showes be least the selves
The world is still deceiu'd with ornament.
In Law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,
But being season'd with a gracious voice,
Obscures the show of euill. In religion
What damned error but some sober brow
Will bleffe it, and approue it with a text,
Hiding the groenes with faire ornament:
There is no voice so simple, but affumes
Some of vertue on his outward parts;
How many cowards whose hearts are all as false
As staiers of sand, weare yet upon their chins
The beards of Hercules, and frowning Mars,
Who 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,
Which therein works a miracle in nature,
Making them lightest that weare most of it:
So are those crisp'd snaky golden locks
Which maketh such wanton gambals with the wind,
Upon supposed fairenese, often knowne
To be the dowry of a second head,
The skull that bred them in the Sepulcher.
Thus ornament is but the guiled shore
To a most dangerous sea: the beautes scarf
Vailing an Indian beauty; In a word,
The seeming truth which cunning times put on
To intrap the wisest. Therefore thou gaudy gold,
the Merchant of Venice.

Hard foole for Midas, I will none of thee,
Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge
Tweenee man and man: but thou, thou meager lead,
Which rather threatnest then dost promise ought,
Thy paleness moves me more then eloquence,
And heere choose I, joy be the consequence.

Por. How all the other passions fleect to ayre,
As doubtlefull thoughts, and rash imbrac'd despair:
And thyddring feare, and greene-eyed jealousie:
O loue be moderate, allay thy extasie,
In meaure range thy joy, feant this excesse:
I feel too much thy blessing, make it leffe,
For feare I surfeit.

Bass. What finde I heere?
Faire Portias counterfeit, What demy God
Hath come so neere creation? moue these eyes?
Or whither riding on the ball's of mine
Seeme they in motion? Heere are seuerd lips
Parted with sugar breath, so sweet a barre
Should funder such sweet friends: heere in her haires
The painter playes the Spider, and hath wouen
A golden mesh t'intrap the hearts of men
Faster then gnats in cobwebs, but her eyes,
How could he see to do them? hauing made one,
Me-thinks it shoule haue power to steale both his,
And leaue it selfe vnfurnisht: yet looke how farre
The substance of my praiie doth wrong this shadow
In vnderprizing it, so farre this shadow
Doth limpe behind the substance, Heer's the scroule,
The continent and summary of my fortune.

You that choose not by the view,
Chance as faire, and choose as true:
Since this fortune falls to you,
Be content, and seeke no new.
If you be well pleas'd with this,
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And hold your fortune for your blisse,
Turne you where your Lady is,
And claime her with a loving kisse.

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

Por. You see me Lord Baffanio 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 twenty times my selfe,
A thousand times more faire, ten thousand times
More rich, that onely to stand high in your account,
I might in vertues, beauties, livings, friends,
Exceed account: but the full summe of me
Is summe of something; which to terme in grosse,
Is an unlesson'd gyrle, vnscchool'd, vnpractised,
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 Gouernor, 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 servants,
Queene ore my selfe; and even now, but now,
This house, these servants, and this same my selfe
Are
the Merchant of Venice.

Are yours, my Lord, I give them with this ring,
Which when you part from, lose, or give away,
Let it presage the ruine of your love,
And be my vantage to exclaime on you.

Bass. Madame, you have bereft me of all words,
Onely my blood speakes to you in my veines,
And there is such confusion in my powers,
As after some Oration fairely spoke
By a beloued Prince, there doth appeare
Among the buzzing pleased multitude.
Where every something being blent together,
Turnes to a wilde of nothing, saue of ioy
Express, and not express: but when this ring
Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence,
Othen be bold to say Bassanio is dead.

 Ner. My Lord and Lady, it is now our time
That haue flood by and feene our wishes prosper,
To cry good ioy, good ioy my Lord and Lady.

Gra. My Lord Bassanio, and my gentle Lady,
I wish you all the ioy that you can wish:
For I am sure you can with none from me:
And when your honours meane to solemnize
The bargaine of your faith: I do beseech you
Even at that time I may be married to.

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

Gra. I thanke your Lordship, you haue got me one,
My eies my Lord can looke as swift as yours;
You saw the Mistresse, I beheld the Maid;
You lou'd, I lou'd for intermission,
No more pertaines to me my Lord then you,
Your fortune stood vpon the Casket there,
And so did mine too, as the matter fals:
For wooing heere vntill I sweate againe,
And swearing till my very roофe was dry,
With othes of loue, at laft, if promisfe laft
I got a promise of this faire one here.
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To have her loun: provided that your fortune
Achuing'd her Mistris.

Por. Is this true, Nerrissa?
Ner. Madam it is, so you stand pleas'd withall.
Bass. And do you Grattiano mean good faith?
Gra. Yes faith my Lord.
Bass. Our feast shall be much honoured in your marriage.
Gra. We'll play with them the first boy for a thousand ducats
Ner. What, and stake downe?
Gra. No, we shall nere win at that sport and stake downe.
But who comes heere, Lorenzo and his infidell?
What, and my olde venetian friend, Salerio?

Enter Lorenzo, Jessica, and Salerio a messenger from Venice.
Bass. Lorenzo and Salerio, welcome hither,
If that the youth of my new intrest heere
Haue power to bid you welcome: by your leaue
I bid my very friends and countrymen
Sweete Portia welcome.

Por. So do I my Lord, they are entirely welcome.
Lor. I thanke your Honour, for my part my Lord,
My purpose was not to haue scene you heere,
But meeting with Salerio by the way,
He did entreat me past all sayng nay,
To come with him along.
Sal. I did my Lord,
And I haue reaon for it. Signior Anthonio
Commends him to you.
Bass. Ee I ope his Letter,
I pray you tell me how my good friend doth.
Sal. Not sicke my Lord, vnlesse it be in minde,
Nor well, vnlesse in minde: his Letter there
Will shew you his estate.

He opens the Letter.
Gra. Nerrissa, cheere yon stranger, bid her welcome.
Your hand Salerio, what's the newes from Venice?
the Merchant of Venice.

How doth that royall Merchant, good Antonio? I know he will be glad of our success.

We are the Jasons, we have won the fleece. 

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

Por. There are some shrewd contents in you same paper, That steals the colour from Bassanio's cheeke, Some deare friend dead, else nothing in the world Could turne so much the constitution Of any constant man: what worse and worse? With leave Bassanio, I am halfe your selfe, And I must freely haue the halfe of any thing That this same paper brings you.

Bass. O sweete Portia, Here are a few of the vnpleasants words That ever blotted paper. Gentle Lady, When I did first impart my loue to you, I freely told you all the wealth I had Ran in my veines, 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 indeed I haue ingag'd my selfe to a deere friend, Ingag'd my friend to his meere enemy To feed my meanes. Heer's a Letter Lady, The paper as the body of my friend, And euery word in it a gaping wound, Issuing life blood. But is it true Salerio? Hath all his ventures faild? what, not one hit, From Tripolis, from Mexico, and England, From Lisbon, Barbary, and India, And not one vessell escape the dreadfull touch Of Merchant-marring rocks? Sal. Not one my Lord, Besides, it should appeare, that if he had
The present money to discharge the Jew,
He would not take it: never did I know
A creature that did beare the shape of man,
So keene and greedy to confound a man,
He plies the Duke at morning and at night,
And doth impeach the freedom of the state
If they deny him justice. Twenty Merchants,
The Duke himselfe, and the Magnificoes
Of greatest port haue all perswaded with him,
But none can druide him from the envious plea
Of forfeiture, of justice, and his bond.

Jessica. When I was with him, I have heard him sweare
To Tubal and to Chris, his Country-men,
That he would rather haue Anthonio flesh,
Then twenty times the value of the summe
That he did owe him: and I know my Lord,
If law, authority, and power deny not,
It will go hard with poore Anthonio.

Por. Is it your deare friend that is thus in trouble?
Bass. The dearest friend to me, the kindest man,
The best condition'd and vnwearyed spirit
In doing courtesies: and one in whom
The ancient Romane honour more appeares,
Then any that draws breath in Italy.

Por. What summe owes he the Jew?
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 hair through Bassanios fault.
First go with me to Church, and call me wife,
And then away to Venice to your friend;
For neuer shall you lye by Portias side
With an vnquiet soule. You shall haue gold
To pay the petty debt twenty times ouer.
When it is paid, bring your true friend along;
the Merchant of Venice.

My maide Nerissa, and my selfe meanetyme
Will liue as maides and widdowes; come away,
For you shall hence upon your wedding day.
Bid your friends 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 Baffanio, My ships have all miscarried, my Creditors grow cruel, my estate is very low: my bond to the Jew is forfeit, and since in paying it, it is impossible I should live, all debts are cleared between you and I if I might but see you at my death. Notwithstanding, use your pleasure; if your love doe not persuade you to come, let not my Letter.
O Loue! dispatch all business, and be gone.
Baff. Since I have your good leave to go away,
I will make hast. But till I come againe,
No bed shall ere be guilty of my stay,
No rest be interposer twixt vs twaine.

Enter the Jew, and Salario, and Antionio,
and the Taylor.

Jew. Taylor, looke to him, tell not me of mercy,
This is the foole that lent out money gratis.
Taylor looke to him.
An. Heare me yet good Shylocke.
Jew. Ile haue my bond, speake not against my bond:
I haue sworne an oath, that I will haue my bond.
Thou calde me dogge before thou haft a cause,
But since I am a dogge, beware my fangs.
The Duke shall grant me justice: I do wonder
Thou naughtie Taylor that thou art so fond
To come abroad with him at his request.
An. I prethee heare me speake.
Jew. Ile haue my bond: I will not heare thee speake;
Ile haue my bond, and therefore speake no more.
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Ile not be made a soft and dull ey'd soole,
To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yeeld
To Christian intercessors: follow not,
Ile haue no speaking, I will haue my bond.

Exit Jew.

Sol. It is the most impenetrable curre
That euer kept with men.

Ant. Let him alone,
Ile follow him no more with bootlesse prayers.
He seekes my life, his reason well I know:
I oft deliuer'd from his forfeitures
Many that haue at times mademone to mee,
Therefore he hates me.

Sol. I am sure the Duke will neuer grant
This forfeiture to hold.

Ant. The Duke cannot deny the course of Law:
For the commodity that strangers haue
With vs in Venice, if it be denied,
Will much impeach the iustice of his state,
Since that the trade and profit of the City
Consisteth of all Nations, Therefore goe,
These griefes and losses haue so bated me,
That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh
To morrow, to my bloody Creditor.

Well Taylor on, pray God Baffanio come
To see me pay his debt, and then I care not. Exeunt.

Enter Portia, Nerissa, Lorenzo, Jcssica, and a
man of Portias.

Lor. Madam, although I speake it in your presence,
You haue a noble and a true conceite
Of God-like amity, which appeares most strongly,
In bearing thus the absence of your Lord.
But if you knew to whom you shew this honour,
How true a Gentleman you send releefe,
the Merchant of Venice.

How deere a louer of my Lord your husband,
I know you would be prouder of the worke,
Then customary bounty can enforce you.

Por. I neuer did repent for doing good,
Not shall not now: for in companions
That do conuerse and waste the time together,
Whose soules do beare an equall yoke of loue,
There must be needs a like proportion
Of lineaments, of manners, and of spirit:
Which makes me thinke, that this Anthonio
(Being the bosome-louer of my Lord)
Must needs be like my Lord, If it be so,
How little is the cost I haue bestowed
In purchasing the semblance of my soule,
From out the state of hellish misery.
This comes too neere the praising of my selfe,
Therefore no more of it: heere other things
Lorenzo I commit into your hands,
The husbandry and manage of my house,
Vntill my Lords returne. For mine owne part,
I haue toward heauen breath'd a secret vow,
To live 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 will we abide. I do desire you,
Not to deny this imposition,
The which my loue,and some necessity
Now layes vpon you,

Lor. Madame, with all my heart,
I shall obey you in all faire commands.

Por. My people do already know my mind,
And will acknowledge you and Jessica,
In place of Lord Baffanio and my selfe.
And so farewell till we shall mete againe.

Lor. Faire thoughts & happy hours attend on you.
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Ies. I wish your Lady-ship all hearts content.
Por. I thank you for your wish, and am well pleas'd
To wish it backe on you: farewell Jessica. Exeunt.

Now Balthasar, as I have ever found thee honest true,
So let me finde thee still: Take this same Letter,
And vse thou all th'indeavour of a man
In speed to Mantua; see thou render this
Into my Cousins hands, Doctor Belario,
And looke what notes and garments he doth giue thee,
Bring them I pray thee with imagin'd speed
Unto the Tranquilt, to the common Perry
Which trades to Venice: wafte no time in words,
But get thee gone, I shall be there before thee.

Bai. Madam, I go with all convenient speed.

Por. Come on Nerissa, I haue worke in hand
That you yet know not of. We'll see our husbands
Before they thinke of vs.

Ner. Shall they see vs?

Por. 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 appareled like yong men,
Ile proue the prettier fellow of the two,
And weare my dagger with the brauer grace.
And speake betweene the change of man and boy,
With a reede voice, and turne two mincing steps
Into a manly stride; and speake of frayes
Like a fine bragging youth; and tell quaint lyes,
How honourable Ladies fought 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 kill'd them;
And twenty of these punie lies ile tell,
That men shall sweare I haue discontinued schoole
Aboue a twelue-month. I haue within my minde
A thousand raw trickes of these bragging jackses,

Vvich
the Merchant of Venice.

Which I will practise.

_Why, shall we turne to men?

_Por. Fie, what a question's that,

If thou wert here a lewd interpreter:

But come, i'll tell thee all my whole denice

_When I am in my Coach, which stayes for vs

At the Parke gate; and therefore hast away,

For we must measure twenty miles to day.

Enter Clowne and _Jessica.

_Clo. Yes truly, for looke you, the sinnes of the Father are to be laid vpon the children, therefore I promise ye I feare you, I was always plaine with you, and so now I speake my agitation of the matter: therefore be a good cheere, for truly I think you are damn'd, ther is but one hope in it that can do you any good, and that is but a kind of bastard hope neither.

_Jeff. And what hope is that I pray thee?

_Clo. Marry you may partly hope that your Father got you not; that you are not the Lewes daughter.

_Jeff. That were a kind of bastard hope indeede, so the sins of my mother shoulde be visited vpon me.

_Clo. Truely then I feare you are damn'd both by Father and Mother: thus when I shun _Seilla your father, I fall into Charibdis your mother; well, you are gone both wayes.

_Jeff. I shall be sau'd by my husband, he hath made me a christi-an.

_Clo. Truly the more to blame he; we were Christi-anes enow before; e'ne as many as could well liue one by another: this making of Christi-anes will raise the price of hogs, if we grow all to be Porke-eaters, we shall not shortly have a rasher on the coles for money.

Enter _Lorenzo.

_Jeff. Ile tel my husband _Lancelot what you say, here he comes.

_Lor. I shall grow jealous of you shortly Lancelot, if you thus get
The Comical History of

get my wife into corners,

_If. Nay, you need not feare vs Lorenzo, Launcelet and I are out; he tells me flatly, there's no mercy for me in heauen, because I am a Jewes daughter: and he says you are no good meber of the Common-wealth, for in conuerting Jewes to Christians, you raise the price of Porke._

_Lor._ I shall answere that better to the Common-wealth than you can the getting vp of the Negros belly; the Moore's with childe by you _Lancelet?_

_Clowne._ It is much that the Moore should be more then reason: but if she be lesse then an honest woman, she is indeede more then I took her for.

_Lor._ How every foole can play vpon the word, I thinke the best grace of wit will shortly turne into Sillence, and discourse grow commendable in none onely but Parrats. Go in sirra, bid them prepare for dinner?

_Clown._ That is done sir, they haue all stomackes.

_Lor._ Goodly Lord what a wit-snapper are you: then bid the prepare dinner.

_Clo._ That's done sir, onely couer is the word.

_Lor._ Will you couer than sir?

_Clo._ Not so sir neither, I know my duty.

_Lor._ Yet more quarrelling with occasion, wilt thou shewe the whole wealth of thy witte in an instant? I pray thee understand a plaine man in his plaine meaning: Go to thy Fellowes, bid them couer the table, serue in the meate, and we will come in to dinner.

_Clo._ For the table sir, it shall be serued in, for the meate sir it shall be couered, for your coming in to dinner sir, why let it be as humors and conceits shall gourne._ Exit Clowne.

_Lor._ O deere discretion, how his words are suted,

The foole hath planted in his memory
An army of good words, and I do know
A many fooles that stand in better place,
Garnish'd like him, that for a trickse word
Defie the matter: how far'st thou _Iessica_?
the Merchant of Venice.

And now good sweet say thy opinion,  
How doft thou like the Lord Bassanio's wife?  
Ies. Past all expressing, it is very meete  
The Lord Bassanio liue an upright life,  
For hauing such a blessing in his Lady.  
He findes the ioyes of heauen here on earth,  
And if on earth he doe not meane it, then  
In reason he should never come to heauen.  
Why, if two Gods shou'd play some heauenly match,  
And on the wager lay two earthly women,  
And Portia one: there must be something else  
Pawn'd with the other; for the poore rude world  
Hath not her fellow,  
Lor. Euen such a husband haft thou of me,  
As she is for wife.  
Ies. Nay, but ask my opinion to of that.  
Lor. I will anon, first let vs go to dinner.  
Ies. Nay, let me praife you while I haue a stomacke.  
Lor. No prethee, let it serue for table talke,  
Then howfoere thou speakest among other things,  
I shall disgeo ft it.  
Ies. Well, Ile let you forth.  
Exit.  

Enter the Duke, the Magnificos, Anthonio, Bassanio,  
and Gratiano.

Duke. What, is Anthonio heere?  
An. Ready, so pleafe your Grace.  
Duke. I am sorry for thee, thou art come to answer  
A stony aduerfary, an inhumane wretch,  
Uncapable of pity, voide and empty  
From any dram of mercy.  
An. I haue heard,  
Your Grace hath tane great paines  
To qualifie his rigorous course:  
But since he stands obdurate,
The Comical History of

And that no lawfull means can carrie mee
Out of his enuies reach, I do oppose
My patience to his furie, and am arm'd
To suffer with a quietnesse of spirit,
The verie titanny and rage of his.

Duke. Go one and call the Iew into the Court.
Sal. He is ready at the doore, he comes my Lord.

Enter Shylocke.

Dr. Make roome, and let him stand before our face.

Shylocke the world thinkest and I thinke so to,
That thou but leaste this fashion of thy malice
To the last houre of act, and then tis thought
Thou'lt shew thy mercie and remorse more strange,
Then is thy strange apparant cruelty:
And where thou now exacts the penalty,
(Which is a pound of this poore Merchants flesh)
Thou wilt not only lose the forfeiture,
But touch'd with humane gentilenesse and love,
Forgie a moity of the principall;
Glancing an eie of pittie on his losse,
That haue of late so hudled on his backe,
know to press a royall Merchant downe,
And plucke commiseration of his flate
From brasse bosomes, and rough hearts of flint,
From stubborne Turkes, and Tartars never train'd
To offices of tender curtesie;
VVhile all expect a gentle answer Iew.

Iew. I haue poss'd your Grace of what I purpose,
And by our holy Sabbath haue I sworne
To haue the due and forfeit of my bond.
If you deny it, let the danger light
Upon your Charter, and your Citties freedome.
You'll ask me why I rather choose to haue
A weight of carrion flesh, then to receive

Three
the Merchant of Venice.

Three thousand Ducats? Ile not answer that,
But say it is my humor, is it answered?
What if my house be troubled with a Rat,
And I be pleas'd to give ten thousand ducats
To have it bain'd? what, are you answered yet?
Some men there are love not a gaping pig:
Some that are mad if they behold a Cat:
And others when the Bagpipe sings in the nose,
Cannot contain their vaine for affection.
Masters of passion swayes it to the mood
Of what it likes or loathes: now for your answer.
As there is no firme reason to be rendred,
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig?
Why he a harmlesse necessary Cat?
Why he a woollen Bagpipe; but of force
Must yeeld to such ineuitable shame,
As to offend, himselfe being offended:
So can I give no reason, nor I will not,
More then a lodged hate, and a certaine loathing
I beare Anthony, that I follow thus
A losing fute against him; are you answered?
   Bass. This is no answer, thou vnfeeling man,
To excuse the currant of thy cruelty.
   Shy. I am not bound to please thee with my answere.
   Bass. Do all men kill the things they do not love?
   Shy. Hates any man the thing he would not kill?
   Bass. Every offence is not a hate at first.
   Shy. What wouldst thou have a serpent sting thee twice?
   Ant. I pray you thinke you question with the Jew,
You may as well go stand vpon the Beach,
And bid the maine flood bate his usuall height,
You may as well vse question with the Wolfe,
Why he hath made the Ewe bleake for the Lambe:
You may as well forbid the mountaines of Pines
To wag their high tops, and to make no noise:
When they are fretten with the gusts of heauen:

You
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You may as well do any thing most hard,
As seek to soften that, then which what's harder:

His Jewish heart? therefore I do beseech you
Make no more offers, use no further means,

But with all briefe and plaine conformity
Let me have judgement, and the Jew his will,

Bass. For thy three thousand ducats here is sixe.

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

Duke. How shalt thou hope for mercy, rendring none?

Jew. What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong?

You have among you many a purchase slave,
Which like your Asses, and your Dogs and Mules,
You use in abject and in slavish parts,
Because you bought them, shall I say to you,
Let them be free, marry them to your heires?

Why sweat they under burthens, let their beds
Be made as soft as yours, and let their pallats
Be season'd with such viands; you will answer,
The slaves are ours, so do I answer you;
The pound of flesh which I demand of him,
Is deerey 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:
I stand for judgement, answer, shall I have it?

Duke. Upon my power I may dismiss this Court.

Vnlesse Bellario a learned Doctor,
Whom I have sent for to determine this,
Come here to day.

Salter. My Lord, heere stayes without,
A messenger with letters from the Doctor,
New come from Padua.


Bass. Good cheere, Anthony, what man, courage yet:
The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones and all,
the Merchant of Venice.

Ere thou shalt love for me one drop of blood.

Antho. I am a tainted weather of the flocke,
Meeteft for death, the weakeft kinde of fruite
Drops earliuest to the ground, and so let me;
You cannot better be imployd Bassanio,
Then to liue still and write mine Epitaph.

Enter Nerissa.

Duke. Came you from Padua from Bellario?
Ner. From both, my L. Bellario greetes your grace.
Bass. Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly?
Jew. To cut the forfeiture from that bankrout there
Gra. Not on thy soule: but on thy soule harsh Jew
Thou mak'st thy knife keene: but no mettall can,
No, not the hangmans axe beare halfe the keenenesse
Of thy sharpe enuy : can no prayers pierce thee?
Jew. No, none that thou haft wit enough to make.
Gra. O be thou damm'd, inexcrable dog,
And for thy life let justice be accus'd;
Thou almost mak'st me wauier in my faith,
To hold opinion with Pythagoras,
That soules of Animals infuife themselues
Into the trunks of men: Thy currish spirit
Gouern'd a Wolfe, who hang'd for humane slaughter,
Euen from the gallowes did his fell soule fleete,
And whilft thou layest in thy unhallowed dam,
Insufe it selfe in thee: for thy desires
Are woluiish, bloody, staru'd and rauenous,
Jew. Till thou canst raile the scale from off my bond,
Thou but offendst thy lungs to speake so loud:
Repaire thy wit, good youth, or it will fall
To curelesse ruine. I stand heere for law.

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

Ner. He attendeth heere hard by,
The Comicall History of

To know your answere, whether you’l admit him.

Duke. With all my heart; some three or four of you
Goe giue him courteous conduct to this place,
Meane time the Court shall heare Bellarias Letter.

Your Grace shall understand, that at the receiue of your Letter I am
very sicke; but in the instant that your Messenger came, in losing vi-
sitation was with me a young Doctor of Rome, his name is Balthazer:
I acquainted him with the cause in controversie betwixt the Jew and
Anthonio the Merchant; we turned ore many Bookes together, bee is
furnished with my opinion, which betted with his owne learning, the
greatnesse whereof I cannot enough commend, comes with him at my
impoortunity, to fill up your Graces request in my stead. I beseech you,
let his lacke of years be no impediment to let him lacke a reuerend es-
imination, for I never knew so young a body with so olde a head: I leave
him to your gracious acceptance, whose triall shall better publish his
commendation.

Enter Portia for Balthazer.

Duke. You heare the learn’d Bellario what he writes,
And heere I take it is the Doctor come.
Giue me your hand, come you from old Bellario?

Por. 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 heere? and which the Jew?

Duke. Anthonio and olde Shylocke, both stand foorth.

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
Cannot impunge you as you do proceed.
You stand within his danger, doe ye not?

Ant. I, so he sayes.
the Merchant of Venice.

Por. Do you confess the bond?
Ant. I do.

Por. Then must the Jew be merciful.
Shy. On what compulsion must I, tell me that.

Por. The quality of mercy is not strain'd,
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice blest,
It blesseth him that giveth, and him that taketh,
Tis mightier in the mightiest: it becomes
The throned Monarch better then his crowne.
His scepter shewes the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of Kings:
But mercy is above this sceptred sway,
It is enthroned in the hearts of Kings,
It is an attribute to God himselfe;
And earthly power doth then shew like Gods,
When mercy feasts on justice: therefore Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,
That in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy,
And that same prayer, doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much
To mitigate the injustice of thy plea,
Which if thou follow, this strict Court of Venice
Must needs give sentence against the Merchant there,

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

Por. Is he not able to discharge the money?
Bass. Yes, heere I tender it for him in the Court,
Yea twice the summe, if that will not suffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times ore,
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart:
If this will not suffice, it must appeare
That malice beares downe truth. And I beseech you
Wrest once the Law to your authority,
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To do a great right, do a little wrong,
And curbe this cruell diuell of his will.

Por. It must not be; there is no power in Venice
Can alter a decree established:
Wit will be recorded for a precedent,
And many an error by the same example,
Will rush into the state; it cannot be.

Shy. A Daniel come to judgement: yea a Daniel.
O wise young Judge, how I do honour thee.

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

Shy. Here is most reverend Doctor, here it is.

Por. Shylock, there is thrice thy money offered thee.

Shy. An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven.

Shall I lay perjury upon my soule?

No, not for Venice.

Por. Why this bond is forfeit,
And lawfully by this the few may claim
A pound of flesh; to be by him cut off
Nearest the Merchants heart; be mercifull,
Take thrice thy money, bid me tear the bond.

Shy. When it is paid, according to the tenour.

It doth appeare you are a worthy Judge,
You know the Law, your exposition
Hath bene most sound: I charge you by the Law,
Whereof you are a well deserving Pillar,
Proceed to judgement: by my soule I sweare,
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me, I stay heere on my bond.

Ant. Most heartily do I beseech the Court
To give the judgement.

Por. Why then thus it is,
You must prepare your boforme for his knife.

Shy. O noble judge, O excellent young man.

Por. For the intent and purpose of the Law,
Hath full relation to the penalty,
Which heere appeareth due vpon the bond.
the Merchant of Venice.

Shy. Tis very true: O wise and uprighth judge,
How much more elder art thou then thy looks.

Por. Therefore lay bare your bosome.

Shy. I, his breast,

So saies the bond, doth it not noble Judge?

Neerest his heart, those are the very words.

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

Shy. I haue them ready.

Por. Haue by some Surgeon Shylocke on your charge,

To stop his wounds, least he do bleed to death.

Shy. Is it so nominated in the bond?

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

Twere good you do so much for charity.

Shy. I cannot finde it, tis 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,

Greeue not that I am falne to this for you:

For heerein Fortune shewes her selfe more kinde

Then is her custome: it is still her vice.

To let the wretched man out-lie his wealth,

To view with hollow eye and wrinckled brow,

An age of povertie: from which lingring pennisance

Of such misery doth she cut me off.

Commend me to your honourable wife,

Tell her the proceede of Anthoney's ende,

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 shal lose your friend,

And he repents not that he payes your debt.

For if the Jew do cut but deepe enough,

He pay it presently with all my heart.

Bass. Anthoney, I am married to a wife,

Which is as deare to me as life it selfe,

But life it selfe, my wife, and all the world,
The Comical History of

Are not with me esteem'd above thy life.
I would lose all, I sacrifice them all
Heere to this diuell, to deliver you.
Por. Your wife would giue you little thanks for that
If she were by to heare you make the offer.
Gra. I have a wife, who I protest I love,
I would she were in heauen, so she could
Entreate some power to change this currish Jew,
Ner. Tis well you offer it behind her backe,
The wish would make else an vnquiet house.
Jew. These be the christian husbands, I have a daughter,
Would any of the stocke of Barrabas
Had bene her husband, rather then 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 giue 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 something else,
This bond doth giue thee here no ioit of blood,
The words expressly are a pound of flesh;
Take then thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh,
But in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods
Are by the lawes of Venice, confiscate
Vnto the State of Venice.

Gra. O vright Judge,
Mark Jew. O learned Judge.
Shy. Is that the Law?
Por. Thy selfe shalt see the Act:
For as thou vrged in justice, be assur'd
Thou shalt haue justice, more then 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 go.

Bass. Here is the money.

Por. Soft, the Jew shall have all justice, soft no haft

He shall haue nothing but the penalty.

Gra. O Jew, an upright judge, a learned judge.

Por. Therefore prepare thee to cut off the flesh,

Shed thou no blood, nor cut thou lesse nor more,

But juft a pound of flesh: if thou cutft more

Or lesse then a juft pound, be it but so much

As makes it light or heavy in the substance,

Or the division of the twentieth part

Of one poore scruple; nay, if the scale do turne

But in the estimation of a haire,

Thou dyest, and all thy goods are confiscate.

Gra. A second Daniel, a Daniel Jew,

Now infidell I haue you on the hip.

Por. Why doth the Jew paufe, take thy forseyture.

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

Bass. I haue it ready for thee, heere it is.

Por. He hath refufed it in the open Court,

And shall haue meerely justice and his bond.

Gra. A Daniel still say I, a second Daniel,

I thank thee Jew for teaching me that word.

Shy. Shall I not haue barely my principall?

Por. Thou shalt haue nothing but the forseyture,

To be so taken at thy perill Jew.

Shy. Why then the deuill giue him good of it:

He stay no longer heere in question.

Por. Tarry Jew,

The Law hath yet another hold on you.

It is enacted in the lawes of Venice,

If it be proud against any alien,

That by direct, or indirect attempts,

He seek the life of any Citizen,

The party gainst the which he doth contrive,

Shall seize on halfe his goods; the other halfe

Comes
The Comical History of

And the offender lies in the State.

Of the Duke's officers, all other vices.

And yet thy wealth being forfeit to the State.

The danger formerly by us rehearsed.

Therefore thou must be hang'd at the State's charge.

Therefore thou mayst be hung'd to the flat, when thou hast taken the prop.

That doth uphold my house, when you do take the prop, when you do take the means whereby I live.

That then shall be a fine. Which humbleness may divine.

I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it.

For half thy wealth, it is Antinonie.

That thou shalt fee the difference of our spirits,

For half thy wealth, it is Anthony,

Therefore thou must be hang'd at the State's charge.

And yet thy wealth being forfeit to the State.

That doth uphold my house, when you do take the prop.

That then shall be a fine. Which humbleness may divine.

I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it.

For half thy wealth, it is Anthony.
the Merchant of Venice.

Vnto his sonne Lorenzo and his daughter.

Duke. He shall do this, or else I do recant

The pardon that I late pronounced here.

Por. Art thou contented Jew? what dost thou say?

Shy. I am content.

Por. Clarke, draw a deed of gift.

Shy. I pray you give me leave to go from hence,

I am not well, send the deed after me,
And I will signe it.

Duke. Get thee gone, but do it.

Gra. In christning shalt thou have two Godfathers,

Had I bene judge, thou shouldest have had ten more,
To bring thee to the gallows, not the Font.

Exit.

Duke. Sir, I intreate you home with me dinner.

Por. I humbly 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 levy serves you not.

Antonio, gratifie this gentleman,

For in my minde you are much bound to him.

Exit Duke and his traine.

Bass. Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend
Have by your wisedome bene this day acquitted
Of greevous penalties, in Jew whereof,
Three thousand ducats due vnto the Jew,
We freely cope your courteous paines withall.

Ant. And stand indebted ever and above
In loue and service to you euermore.

Por. He is well paid, that is well satisfied,

And I delivering you, am satisfied,

And therein do account my selfe well paid,

My minde was never yet more mercenary.

I pray you know me when we meete againe,

I wish you well, and so I take my leave.

I 2                Bass.
The Comical History of

Bass. Deare sir, of force I must attempt you further,
Take some remembrance of vs as a tribute,
Not as a fee: grant me two things I pray you,
Not to deny me, and to pardon me.

Por. You presse me faire, and therefore I will yeeld,
Give me your gloues, ile weare them for your sake,
And for your love, ile take this ring from you.
Do not draw backe your hand, ile take no more,
And you in lOue 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 methinks I have a minde to it.

Bass. There's more then this depends vpon the valew:
The dearest Ring in Venice I will giue you,
And finde it out by Proclamation,
Onely for this I pray you pardon mee?

Por. I see sir you are liberall in offers,
You taught me first to begge, and now me thinkes
You teach me how a begger should be answer'd.

Bass. Good sir, this Ring was giuen me by my wife,
And when she put it on, she made me vow,
That I should neither sell, nor giue, nor loose it.

Por. That seue seues many men to saue their giftes,
And if your wife be not a mad woman,
And know how well I haue deserued the Ring,
She would nor hold out enemy for euer,
For giuing it to me: well, peace bee with you.

An. My Lord Bassanio, let him haue the Ring,
Let his deservings and my love withall,
Be valew'd gainst your wives commandement.

Bass. Go Gratiano, runne and ouertake him,
Giuie him the Ring, and bring him if thou canst
Vnto Anthoues house, away, make haste.

Execut Gratiano.

Come
the Merchant of Venice.

Come you and I will thither presentely,
And in the morning early will we both
Fly toward Belmont, come. Anthionio.

Enter Nerissa.

Por. Enquire the Iewes house out, giue him this deede,
And let him signe it, wee'll awaie to night,
And be a day before our husbands home:
This deede will be well welcome to Lorenzo.

Enter Gratiano.

Gra. Faire sir, you are well ore-tane,
My Lord Baffanio vpon more aduice,
Hath sent you heere this Ring, and doth intreate
Your company at dinner,
Por. That cannot be,
This Ring I do accept most thankfully,
And so I pray you tell him. Furthermore,
I pray you shew my youth old Shylockes house.
Gra. That will I do.
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 shall haue old swearing
That they did giue the Rings away to men,
But weeke out-face them, and out-sweare them too,
Away, make hast, thou know'st where I will tarry.
Ner. Come good sir, will you shew me to this house?

Enter Lorenzo and Jessica.

Lor. The Moone shines bright.
In such a night as this,
When the sweet winde did gently kisse the Trees,

And
The Comical History of

And they did make no noyse, in such a night,
Troylus me-thinks mounted the Troyan wals,
And sigh'd his soule toward the Grecian Tents
Where Cressida lay that night.

Ieffica. In such a night
Did Thisbie fearfully ore-trip the dew,
And saw the Lyons shadow ere himselfe,
And ranne dismayed away.

Loren. In such a night
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand
Upon the wilde sea banks, and waft her Loue
To come againe to Carthage.

Ieffica. In such a night,
Medea gathered the enchantd herds
That did renew old Eson.

Loren. In such a night
Did Ieffica steal from the wealthy Jew,
And with an vnthrift Loue did runne from Venice,
As farre as Belmont.

Ieffica. In such a night
Did young Lorenzo Iweare he loued her well,
Stealing her soule with many vowes of faith,
And nere a true one.

Loren. In such a night
Did pretty Ieffica (like a little shrew)
Slander her Loue, and he forgaue it her.

Ieffica. I would out-night you did nobody come:
But hearke, I heare the footing of a man.

Enter a Messenger.

Loren. Who comes so fast in silence of the night?
Messen. A friend.
Loren. A friend, what friend, your name I pray you friend.
Messen. Stephano is my name, and I bring word
My mistris will before the breake of day
the Merchant of Venice.

Be here at Belmont, she doth stray about
By holy crosses where she kneels and prays
For happy wedlockes hours.

Loren. Who comes with her?

Messen. None but a holy Hermit and her maid:

I pray you is my Master yet return'd?

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

But goe we in I pray thee Jessica,

And ceremoniously let vs prepare

Some welcome for the Mistris of the house.

Enter Clowne.

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

Loren. Who calleth?

Clowne. Sola, did you see M. Lorenzo, M. Lorenzo, sola, sola.

Loren. Leave hollowing man, here.

Clowne. Sola, where, where?

Loren. Here, here.

Clowne. Tell him there's a Post come from my Master, with

his home full of good newes, my Master will be here ere mor-

ning, sweete soule.

Loren. Let's in, and there expect their comming,

And yet no matter; why should we go in?

My friend Stephano, signifie I pray you

Within the house, your mistris is at hand,

And bring your musicke forth into the ayre.

How sweete the Moone-light sleepev upon this banke,

Here will we sit, and let the sounds of musicke

Creepe in our eares soft stillness, and the night

Become the turches of sweete harmony:

Sit Jessica, looke how the floore of heauen

Is thicke inlaid with patterns 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 cide Cherubins;

Such
The Comickall History of

Such harmony is in immortall soules,
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossely close in it, we cannot heare it.
Come hoe, and wake Diana with him a hymne,
With sweetest touches pierce your mistris eare,
And draw her home with Musick.

Musicke playes.

Ief. I am neuer merry, when I heare sweete Musick.

Lor. The reason is, your spirits are attentive:
For, do but note a wilde and wanton heard,
Or race of youthfull and vnhandled Colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing lowd,
Which is the hot condition of their blood,
If they perchance but heare a Trumpet sound,
Or any aire of musicke touch their eares,
You shall perceiue them make a mutuall stand,
Their sauage eies turn'd to a modest gaze,
By the sweete power of musicke. Therefore the Poet
Did faine that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and floods.
Since nought so stockish hard and full of rage,
But musicke for the time doth change his nature:
The man that hath no musicke in himselfe,
Nor is not mou'd with concord of sweete sounds,
Is fit: for treasons, stratagems, and spoyles,
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
and his affections darke as Terebus:
Let no such man be trusted. Marke the Musick.

Enter Nerrissa and Portia.

Por. That light we see is burning in my hall:
How farre that little candle throwes his beames,
So shines a good deede in a naughty world.

Ner. When the Moone shone we did not see the candle.

Por. So doth the greater glory dim the lesse.
A substitute shines brightly as a King.

Vntill
the Merchant of Venice.

Vntill a King be by, and then his state
Emptyes it selfe, as doth an in-land brooke
Into the maine of waters: Musicke, harke.

Ner. It is your musicke Madam of the house.

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

Ner. Silence bestowes that vertue on it Madam.

Por. The Crow doth sing as sweetly as the Lark,
When neither is attended; and I thinke
The Nightingale if she should sing by day
When every Goose is eackling, would be thought
No better a Musitian then the Wren.
How many things by season, season'd are
To their right praise, and true perfection.
Peace, how the Moone sleepees with Endimion,
And would not be awak'd,

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

Por. He knowes me as the blinde man knowes
The Cucko, by the bad voyce.

Lor. Dear Lady, welcome home.

Por. We haue bin praying for our husband health,
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 comning.

Por. Go in Nerissa,
Giue order to my servants, that they take
No note at all of our being absent hence,
Nor you Lorenzo, Jessica nor you.

Lor. Your husband is at hand, I heare his Trumpet,
We are no tell-tales Madam, feare you not.

Por. This night me thinkes 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 K
The Comical History of

Enter Bassanio, Antonio, Gratiano, and their followers.

Bass. We should hold day with the Antipodes,
If you would walk in absence of the sunne.
Por. Let me giue light, but let me not be light,
For a light wife doth make a heavy husband,
And neuer be Bassanio so for me,
But God for all: y'are welcome home my Lord.
Bass. I thanke you Madame, giue welcome to my friend,
This is the man, this is Antonio,
To whom I am so infinitely bound.
Por. You should in all fence be much bound to him,
For as I heare, he was much bound for you.
Ant. No more then I am well acquitted of.
Por. Sir, you are very welcome to our house,
It must appeare in other wayes then words,
Therefore I scant this breathing curtesie.
Gra. By yonder Moone I sweare you do me wrong,
In faith I gaue it to the Judges Clarke,
Would he were gelt that had it for my part,
Since you do take it (Loue) so much at hart.
Por. A quarrell how already, what's the matter?
Gra. About a hoope of gold, a paltry ring
That she did giue me, whose poezie was
For all the world like Cutlers poetry
Upon a knife, Love me, and leave me not:
Neer, What talke you of the poezie or the value;
You swore to me when I did giue it you,
That you would weare it till your houre of death,
And that it should lye with you in your graue,
Though not for me, yet for your vehement oathanes,
You should have beene repectiuue, and have kept it.
Gave it a Judges Clarke; no God's my Judge,
The Clarke will nere weare haire on's face that had it.

Gra.
the Merchant of Venice.

Gra. He will, and if he liue to be a man.

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

Gra. Now by this hand I gaue it to a youth,

A kinde of boy, a little scrubbed boy,
No higher then thy selfe, the Judges Clarke,
A prating boy that begd it as a fee,
I could not for my heart deny it him.

Por. You were too blame, I must be plaine with you,
To part fo slightly with your wifes first gift,
A thing flucke on with oaths vpon your finger,
And fo riueted with faith vnto your flesh.
I gaue 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 leauie it,
Nor plucke it from his finger, for the wealth
That the world masters. Now in faith Grasiano,
You giue your wife too vnkinde a caufe of greefe,
And twere to me I shoold be mad at it.

Bajf. Why I were best to cut my left hand off,
And sweare I lost the Ring defending it.

Gra. My Lord Baffanio gaue his ring away
Vnto the Judge that begd it, and indeed
Deseru'd it to, and then the boy his Clarke
That tooke some paines in writing, he begd mine,
And neither man nor master would take ought
But the two rings.

Por. What ring gaue you my Lord?
Not that I hope which you receiu'd of me.

Bass. If I could adde a lye vnto a fault,
I would deny it; but you see my finger
Hath not the ring vpon it, it is gone.

Por. Even so void is your false heart 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.
The Comical History of

If you did know to whome I gaue the Ring,
If you did know for whom I gaue the Ring,
And would conceiue for what I gaue the Ring,
And how unwillingly I left the Ring,
When nought would be accepted but the Ring,
You would abate the strength of your displeasure,

Por. If you had knowne the vertue of the Ring,
Of halfe her worthinesse that gaue the Ring,
Or your owne honor to containe the Ring,
You would not then haue parted with the Ring.
What man is there so much unreasonable,
If you had pleaed to haue defended it
With any termes of zeale, wanted the modesty
To urge the thing held as a ceremony?

Nerissa teaches me what to beleue,
He die for't, but some woman had the Ring,

Bass. No by my honor Madam, by my soule
No woman had it, but a civill Doctor,
Which did refuse three thousand Ducates of me,
And begg the Ring, the which I did deny him,
And suffer'd him to go away displeas'd,
Euen he that did uphold the very life
Of my deere friend. What should I say sweet Lady?
I was enforce'd to send it after him:
I was beset with shame and courtesie,
My honour would not let ingratitude
So much besmearre it. Pardon me good Lady,
For by these blessed Candles of the night,
Had you bene there, I thinke you would haue begg
The Ring of me, to giue the worthy Doctor.

Por. Let not that Doctor ere come neere me house,
Since he hath got the iewell that I loued,
And that which you did sweare to keepe for me,
I will become as liberall as you,
Ile not deny him any thing I haue,
the Merchant of Venice.

No, not my bodie, nor my husbands bed:
Know him I shall, I am well sure of it.
Lye not a night from home: watch me like Argos,
If you do not, if I be left alone,
Now by mine honor, which is yet mine owne.
Ile haue that Doctor for my bed-fellow.

Ner. And I his Clarke: therefore be well aduisd
How you do leaue me to mine owne protection.

Cra. Well do you so: let not me take him then,
For if I do, Ile marre the yong Clarkes pen.

An. I am th' unhappy subject of these quarrels.

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

Bas. Portia, forgive me this enforced wrong,
And in the hearing of these many friends
I sweare to thee, euen 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

Bas. Nay, but heare me,
Pardon this fault, and by my soule I sweare,
I neuer more will breake an oath with thee.

An. I once did lend my body for his wealth,
Which but for him that had your husband Ring,
Had quite miscarried. I dare be bound againe,
My soule vpon the forfeit, that your Lord
Will neuer more breake faith aduisedly.

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

An. Heere Lord Bassanio, sweare to keepe this Ring.

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

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

Ner. And pardon me my gentle Gratiano,
For that same scrubbed boy the Doctors Clarke.
The Comical History of

In lieu of this, last night did lie with me.

Cra. Why this is like the mending of high ways

In summer, where the ways are faire enough.

What are we Cuckolds ere we haue deferred it?

Por. Speake not so grossely, you are all amaz'd;

Heere is a Letter, reade it at your leisure,

It comes from Padua from Bellario.

There you shal finde that Portia was the Doctor,

Nerissa there her Clarke. Lorenzo heere

Shall witnesse I set forth as soon as you.

And eu'n but now return'd; I haue not yet

Entred my house. Anthonio, you are welcome,

And I haue better newes in store for you

Then you expect; vnseale this letter soone,

There you shal finde three of your Argoes

Are richly come to harbour sodainly.

You shal not know by what strange accident

I chanced on this Letter.

Ant. I am dumbe.

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

Gra. Were you the Clarke that is to make me Cuckold?

Ner. I, but the Clarke that never meanes to do it,

Vntill he be a man.

Baff. (Sweet Doctor) you shall be my bed-fellow,

When I am absent, then lie with my wife.

An. Sweet Lady, you haue giv'n me life and liuing,

For heere I reade for certaine, that my Ships

Are safely come to Rode.

Por. How now Lorenzo,

My Clarke hath some good comforts too for you.

Ner. I, and Ie give them him without a fee,

There do I give to you and Jessica

From the rich Iew, a speciall deed of gift

After his death, of all he dies possesst off.

Loren. Faire Ladies, you drop Manna in the way

Of starved people.

Por.
the Merchant of Venice.

Por. It is almost morning,
And yet I'm sure you are not satisfied
Of these events at full. Let's go in,
And charge us there upon intergatories,
And we will answer all things faithfully.

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

Exeunt.

FINIS.
SHAKSPERE QUARTO FACSIMILES,
EXECUTED UNDER THE SUPERINTENDANCE OF

F. J. FURNIVALL, Esq., M.A., Camb.,
Founder and Director of the New Shakspere Society,
BY
MR. W. GRIGGS,
FOR 13 YEARS PHOTO-LITHOGRAPHER TO THE INDIA OFFICE.

Every genuine student of Shakspere has always desired to own those Quartos of his Master's Plays and Poems which are the necessary foundations of the Text of so many of his greatest productions in the first three periods of his work. Not only in importance next to the FIRST FOLIO, but even above it, for some Plays, and for all the Poems, stand the first or second QUARTOS, from which, or completed copies of which, certain Plays in that Folio were printed; and every true and faithful worker at Shakspere's text must want to have in his own hand, under his own eye, and as his own, trustworthy facsimiles of these truest representations of the poet's own manuscript. Till now this has been practically impossible. Mr. Ashbee's hand-traced facsimiles, issued by Mr. Halliwell at five guineas each, could be afforded by only some thirty subscribers. But what then cost five guineas, without any information as to the Quartos purchased, will now be buyable, in a new form, for six shillings, with the addition of a critical Introduction to the text by a competent Shakspere scholar. It is hoped that all students and lovers of our great poet will at once come forward to support this new scheme, and render its success certain and speedy.

The New Shakspere Society at first intended to reprint the best Shakspere Quartos, but has now given up its scheme in favour of its founder Mr. Furnivall, who has undertaken to superintend the issue of a series of photo-lithographic Fac-similes of all the most important Shakspere Quartos, to be executed by Mr. W. Griggs, of Elm House, Hanover Street, Peckham, whose long experience as working photo-lithographer to the India Office, enables him to guarantee the entire faithfulness of his reproductions. The Duke of Devonshire, Mr. Alfred H. Huth, the Trustees of the British Museum, the Master and Senior Fellows of Trinity College, Cambridge, and the Curators of the Bodleian Library, Oxford, have most kindly allowed their book-treasures to be photographed. Already 25 Plays have been photographed, and others are in hand. The first six Quartos, now ready, are the two Hamlets, 1603 & 1604, with Introductions by Mr. Furnivall, and the two Mids. Nights Dreams, 1600, (Fisher & Roberts,) with Introductions by the Rev. J. W. Ebsworth. Loves Llaboris Lost. 1598, (Burby) and Merchant of Venice, 1600, (Roberts) with Forewords by Mr. Furnivall. Forewords for the following are also being prepared: The first two of Lear, 1608, by Mr. T. Alfred Spalding, the first and second Parts of Henry IV., by Mr. Herbert A. Evans; The Merry Wives. by Mr. F. A. Daniel; The Merchant of Venice (Heyes.) by Mr. Furnivall.

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