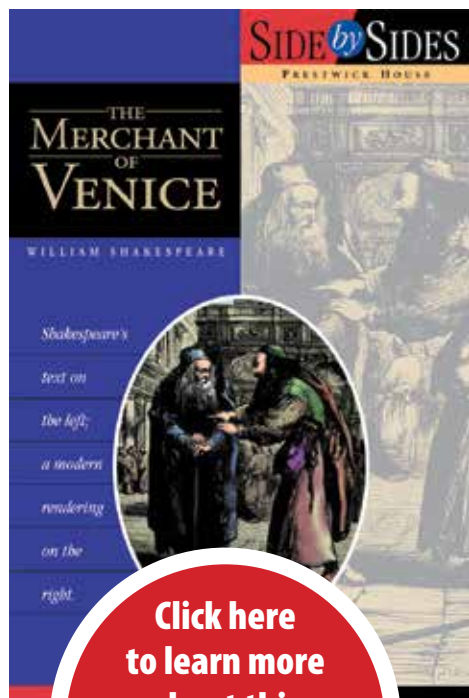




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## DRAMATIS PERSONAE

THE DUKE OF VENICE

THE PRINCE OF MOROCCO }  
THE PRINCE OF ARRAGON } suitors to Portia

ANTONIO, a merchant of Venice

BASSANIO, his friend, suitor to Portia

SALANIO, }  
SALERIO, } friends, to Antonio and Bassanio\*  
GRATIANO, }  
SALARINO, }

LORENZO, in love with Jessica

SHYLOCK, a rich Jew

TUBAL, a Jew, his friend

LAUNCELOT GOBBO, a clown, servant to Shylock

OLD GOBBO, father to Launcelot

LEONARDO, servant to Bassanio

BALTHASAR, }  
STEPHANO, } servants to Portia

PORTIA, a rich heiress

NERISSA, her waiting-maid

JESSICA, daughter to Shylock

Nobles of Venice, Officers of the Court of Justice, jailer, servants, and other Attendants

\*Note: Numerous spelling variations exist for Antonio's friends.

*[Enter Bassanio, Lorenzo, and Gratiano]*

60 SALAN: Here comes Bassanio, your most noble kinsman,  
Gratiano and Lorenzo. Fare ye well:  
We leave you now with better company.

SALAR: I would have stay'd till I had made you merry,  
If worthier friends had not prevented me.

65 ANT: Your worth is very dear in my regard.  
I take it, your own business calls on you  
And you embrace the occasion to depart.

SALAR: Good morrow, my good lords.

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

70 SALAR: We'll make our leisures to attend on yours.  
*[Exeunt Salarino and Salanio]*

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

Bass: I will not fail you.

75 GRA: You look not well, Signior Antonio;  
You have too much respect upon the world:  
They lose it that do buy it with much care:  
Believe me, you are marvellously changed.

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

GRA: Let me play the fool:  
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come,

*[Bassanio, Lorenzo, and Gratiano enter.]*

SALARINO: Here comes your noble kinsman Bassanio with Gratiano and  
Lorenzo. Farewell, we leave you now with better company.

SALARINO: I would have stayed until I'd made you merry, if these worthier  
friends had not prevented me.

ANTONIO: Your worth is very dear to me. I think your own business calls you  
away and you are happy to have the occasion to depart.

SALARINO: Good morning, my good lords!

BASSANIO: My two good gentlemen, when shall we laugh? Tell me, when? You  
have grown into total strangers. Does it have to be like that?

SALARINO: We'll have to set up a time to meet with you later.  
*[Salarino and Salanio exit.]*

LORENZO: My Lord Bassanio, since you have found Antonio, the two of us will  
leave you. But at dinner time, please remember where we have to meet.

BASSANIO: I won't fail you.

GRATIANO: You don't look well, Signior Antonio. You let the cares of the world  
weigh upon you too much. People often lose what they buy by worrying  
too much. Believe me, you are greatly changed.

ANTONIO: I see the world only as it is, Gratiano: a stage where every man  
must play a part, and mine is a sad one.

GRATIANO: Let me play the fool! Let old wrinkles come with mirth and laugh-  
ter. I'd rather let my liver be heated with wine than my heart cooled with

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

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

Ner: First, there is the Neapolitan prince.

35 POR: Ay, that's a colt indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horse; and he makes it a great appropriation to his own good parts, that he can shoe him himself. I am much afeard my lady his mother played false with a smith.

Ner: Then there is the County Palatine.

40 POR: He doth nothing but frown, as who should say "If you will not have me, choose:" he hears merry tales and smiles not: I fear he will prove the weeping philosopher when he grows old, being so full of unmannerly sadness in his youth. I had rather be married to a death's-head with a bone in his mouth than to either of these. God defend me from these two!

45 Ner: How say you by the French lord, Monsieur Le Bon?

50 POR: God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man. In truth, I know it is a sin to be a mocker: but, he! why, he hath a horse better than the Neapolitan's, a better bad habit of frowning than the Count Palatine; he is every man in no man; if a thrustle sing, he falls straight a capering: he will fence with his own 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.

NERISSA: *Your father was always virtuous, and when they are about to die, holy men have good inspirations. Therefore the lottery that he has devised with these three chests of gold, silver, and lead—where the one who chooses the correct chest wins you as a bride—will, no doubt, keep anyone but your true love from choosing correctly. But how do you feel about any of the princely suitors that have already come here?*

PORTIA: *Please, say their names again, and as you name them, I will describe them, and, by my description, you can guess how I feel about them.*

NERISSA: *First, there's the Neapolitan prince.*

PORTIA: *Yes, he's a colt, indeed, because he does nothing but talk about his horse! And he seems to think that I'll be impressed that he can shoe him himself. I am afraid his mother slept with a blacksmith.*

NERISSA: *Then there is the Count Palatine.*

PORTIA: *He does nothing but frown, as if to say, "If you won't have me, have it your own way." He hears merry tales and doesn't smile. I'm afraid he'll be a weeping philosopher when he gets old, since he is so full of unattractive sadness in his youth. I'd rather be married to a skull and crossbones than to either of these. God defend me from these two!*

NERISSA: *What do you say about the French lord, Monsieur Le Bon?*

PORTIA: *Well, God made him, so we can't question that he is a man. Truly, I know it's a sin to mock people. But, he! Why, he has a better horse than the Neapolitan's, and a better bad habit of frowning than Count Palatine. He is every man and no man. If a thrush starts to sing, he begins dancing. He will fence with his own shadow. If I married him, I'd be marrying twenty husbands. If he despised me, I would forgive him, because even if he loves me to madness, I will never love him back.*

## Scene II. Venice. A street.

[Enter Launcelot]

LAUN: Certainly my conscience will serve me to run from this Jew my master. The fiend is at mine elbow and tempts me saying to me "Gobbo, Launcelot Gobbo, good Launcelot," or "good Gobbo," or good Launcelot Gobbo, use your legs, take the  
 5 start, run away. My conscience says "No; take heed, honest Launcelot; take heed, honest Gobbo," or, as aforesaid, "honest Launcelot Gobbo; do not run; scorn running with thy heels." Well, the most courageous fiend bids me pack: "Via!" says the fiend; "away!" says the fiend; "for the heavens, rouse up a  
 10 brave mind," says the fiend, "and run." Well, my conscience, hanging about the neck of my heart, says very wisely to me "My honest friend Launcelot, being an honest man's son,"—or rather an honest woman's son;—for, indeed, my father did something smack, something grow to, he had a kind of taste;—  
 15 well, my conscience says "Launcelot, budge not." "Budge," says the fiend. "Budge not," says my conscience. "Conscience," say I, "you counsel well;" "Fiend," say I, "you counsel well:" to be ruled by my conscience, I should stay with the Jew my master, who, God bless the mark, is a kind of devil; and, to  
 20 run away from the Jew, I should be ruled by the fiend, who, saving your reverence, is the devil himself. Certainly the Jew is the very devil incarnal; and, in my conscience, my conscience is but a kind of hard conscience, to offer to counsel me to stay with the Jew. The fiend gives the more friendly counsel: I will  
 25 run, fiend; my heels are at your command; I will run.

[Enter Old Gobbo, with a basket]

GOB: Master young man, you, I pray you, which is the way to master Jew's?

LAUN: [Aside] O heavens, this is my true-begotten father! who, being more than sand-blind, high-gravel blind, knows me not:  
 30 I will try confusions with him.

## Scene II. Venice. A street.

[Launcelot enters.]

LAUNCELOT: Certainly my conscience will have no problem if I were to run from my master, this Jew. The demon is at my elbow and tempts me, saying to me, "Gobbo, Launcelot Gobbo, good Launcelot," or "Good Gobbo," or "Good Launcelot Gobbo, use your legs, take the start, run away." My conscience says, "No. Beware, honest Launcelot. Beware, honest Gobbo," or, as I said before, "Honest Launcelot Gobbo, do not run; turn away from running like a coward." Well, the most courageous demon tells me to take off. "Giddyap!" says the demon, "Away!" says the demon, "By heaven, rouse yourself to bravery," says the demon, "and run." Well, my conscience, weighing heavily on my heart, says to me very wisely, "My honest friend Launcelot, being an honest man's son," or rather an honest woman's son, because, truly, my father was kind of dishonest. He had an air of dishonesty about him. Well, my conscience says, "Launcelot, don't budge." "Budge," says the demon. "Don't budge," says my conscience. "Conscience," say I, "you give me good counsel." "Demon," I say, "you give me good counsel." If I'm to be ruled by my conscience, I should stay with the Jew my master, who, God protect us, is a kind of devil. And, if I run away from the Jew, I should be ruled by the demon, who, I beg your pardon, is the devil himself. Certainly the Jew is the very devil in the flesh. Upon my word, my conscience is a difficult conscience, to counsel me to stay with the Jew. The demon gives the more friendly counsel. I will run, demon, my heels are at your command! I will run!

[Old Gobbo, Launcelot's blind father, enters with a basket.]

Gobbo: Master young man, you, I beg of you, which is the way to master Jew's?

Launcelot: [Aside.] Oh heavens, this is my very own father! He is more than blind from sand in his eyes; he is as blind as if boulders were in his eyes, and he doesn't know me at all. I will try to confuse him.

LOR: Meet me and Gratiano  
At Gratiano's lodging some hour hence.

30 SALAR: 'Tis good we do so.  
[Exeunt Salarino and Salanio]

GRA: Was not that letter from fair Jessica?

LOR: I must needs tell thee all. She hath directed  
How I shall take her from her father's house,  
gold and jewels she is furnish'd with,  
35 What page's suit she hath in readiness.  
If e'er the Jew her father come to heaven,  
It will be for his gentle daughter's sake:  
And never dare misfortune cross her foot,  
Unless she do it under this excuse,  
40 she is issue to a faithless Jew.  
Come, go with me; peruse this as thou goest:  
Fair Jessica shall be my torch-bearer.

[Exeunt]

**Scene V. The same. Before Shylock's house.**

[Enter Shylock and Launcelot]

SHY: Well, thou shalt see, thy eyes shall be thy judge,  
The difference of old Shylock and Bassanio—  
What, Jessica!—thou shalt not gormandise,  
As thou hast done with me:—What, Jessica!—  
5 And sleep and snore, and rend apparel out;—  
Why, Jessica, I say!

LAUN: Why, Jessica!

SHY: Who bids thee call? I do not bid thee call.

LORENZO: Meet Gratiano and me at Gratiano's house about an hour from now.

SALARINO: That's a good idea.  
[Salerio and Salanio exit.]

GRATIANO: Wasn't that letter from fair Jessica?

LORENZO: I have to tell you everything. She's given me directions how I shall  
take her from her father's house with the gold and jewels she has and  
what servant's clothes she has ready. If the Jew, her father, ever gets to  
heaven, it will be for his gentle daughter's sake. May misfortune never  
dare to come to her, unless it does so with the excuse that she is the  
daughter of a faithless Jew. Come on, let's go. Look over this as you go.  
Fair Jessica will be my torchbearer.

[Everyone exits.]

**Scene V. The same. Before Shylock's house.**

[Shylock and Launcelot enter.]

SHYLOCK: Well, you shall see; your eyes will be your judge about the differ-  
ence between old Shylock and Bassanio. Jessica, are you there! You will  
not eat gourmet food, as you've done with me... Jessica! And sleep and  
snore, and wear your clothing out... For the last time, Jessica!

LAUNCELOT: [Calling to Jessica.] Jessica!

SHYLOCK: Who asked you to call? I didn't ask you to call.

One of these three contains her heavenly picture.  
 Is't like that lead contains her? 't were damnation  
 50 To think so base a thought: it were too gross  
 To rib her cerecloth in the obscure grave.  
 Or shall I think in silver she's immured,  
 Being ten times undervalued to tried gold?  
 O sinful thought! Never so rich a gem  
 55 Was set in worse than gold. They have in England  
 A coin that bears the figure of an angel  
 Stamped in gold, but that's insculp'd upon;  
 But here an angel in a golden bed  
 Lies all within. Deliver me the key:  
 60 Here do I choose, and thrive I as I may!

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

*[He unlocks the golden casket]*

MOR: O hell! what have we here?  
 A carrion Death, within whose empty eye  
 65 There is a written scroll! I'll read the writing.  
*[Reads]*  
 "All that glitters is not gold;  
 Often have you heard that told:  
 Many a man his life hath sold  
 But my outside to behold:  
 70 Gilded tombs do worms enfold.  
 Had you been as wise as bold,  
 Young in limbs, in judgment old,  
 Your answer had not been inscroll'd:  
 Fare you well; your suit is cold."

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

*[Exit with his train. Flourish of cornets]*

PORTIA: There, take it, prince. And if my portrait is inside there, then I am  
 yours.

*[He unlocks the golden casket.]*

MOROCCO: Oh hell! What do we have here? A Death's head, whose empty eye  
 holds a written scroll! I'll read the writing.

*[Reads]*

*All that glitters is not gold;  
 Often have you heard that told.  
 Many a man his life has sold  
 For my appearance to behold.  
 But golden tombs do worms enfold.  
 Had you been as wise as bold,  
 Young in your body, in your judgment old,  
 Your answer would not have been enscribled.  
 Farewell, your desire to marry is cold.*

*This is cold, indeed, and my labor is lost. Then, farewell, any thoughts  
 of marriage, and welcome, this frosty answer! Portia, adieu. My heart is  
 too broken to say a lengthy farewell. Thus, as losers, we part.*

*[Morocco exits with his servants.]*

**Scene IX. Belmont. A room in Portia's house.**

*[Enter Nerissa with a Servitor]*

NER: Quick, quick, I pray thee; draw the curtain straight:  
The Prince of Arragon hath ta'en his oath,  
And comes to his election presently.

*[Flourish of cornets. Enter the Prince of Arragon, Portia, and their trains]*

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

AR: I am enjoind by oath to observe three things:  
10 First, never to unfold to any one  
Which casket 'twas I chose; next, if I fail  
Of the right casket, never in my life  
To woo a maid in way of marriage: Lastly,  
If I do fail in fortune of my choice,  
15 Immediately to leave you and be gone.

POR: To these injunctions every one doth swear  
That comes to hazard for my worthless self.

AR: And so have I address'd me. Fortune now  
To my heart's hope! Gold; silver; and base lead.  
20 "Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath."  
You shall look fairer, ere I give or hazard.  
What says the golden chest? ha! let me see:  
"Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire."  
What many men desire! that "many" may be meant  
25 By the fool multitude, that choose by show,  
Not learning more than the fond eye doth teach;  
Which pries not to the interior, but, like the martlet,  
Builds in the weather on the outward wall,

**Scene IX. Belmont. A room in Portia's house.**

*[Nerissa enters with a Servant.]*

NERISSA: Quickly, quickly, I beg of you. Open the curtain right away. The  
Prince of Arragon has taken his oath and comes to choose soon.

*[The Prince of Arragon, Portia, and their servants enter.]*

PORTIA: There are the caskets, noble prince. If you choose the one that my  
portrait is in, we shall be married right away. But if you fail, my lord,  
you must leave here immediately without another word.

ARRAGON: I have sworn an oath to observe three things. First, never to tell  
anyone which casket I chose. Next, if I fail to choose the right casket, I  
can never in my life ask a maid to marry me. Lastly, if I do fail in the  
fortune of my choice, I must immediately leave you and be gone.

PORTIA: Everyone who comes to take a chance for my worthless self swears  
to these rules.

ARRAGON: And so have I. May Fortune give me my heart's desire! Gold, sil-  
ver, and base lead: "Whoever chooses me must give and take a chance  
with everything he owns." You would have to look prettier before I give  
or take a chance on you. What does the golden chest say? Ha! Let me  
see: "Whoever chooses me will gain what many men desire." What  
many men desire! That "many" might mean the foolish multitudes, who  
choose by appearance and don't learn more than what their eye sees.  
They do not look deeply to the inside, but like the bird that builds its  
nest on the outward wall, where it puts itself in danger. I won't choose  
what many men desire, because I won't jump in with common spirits and  
be ranked with the barbarous multitudes. Why, then to you, you silver



20 SHY: You know, none so well, none so well as you, of my daughter's flight.

SALAR: That's certain: I, for my part, knew the tailor that made the wings she flew withal.

SALAN: And Shylock, for his own part, knew the bird was fledged; and then it is the complexion of them all to leave the dam.

25 SHY: She is damned for it.

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

SHY: My own flesh and blood to rebel!

SALAN: Out upon it, old carrion! rebels it at these years?

SHY: I say, my daughter is my flesh and blood.

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

35 SHY: There I have another bad match: a bankrupt, a prodigal, who dare scarce show his head on the Rialto; a beggar, that was used to come so smug upon the mart; let him look to his bond: he was wont to call me usurer; let him look to his bond: he was wont to lend money for a Christian courtesy; let him look to his bond.

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

SHY: To bait fish withal: if it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge. He hath disgraced me, and hindered me half a million; laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned my nation,

45 thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies;

SHYLOCK: *You knew no one knew as well as you of my daughter's flight.*

SALARINO: *That's for sure. For my part, I know the tailor that made the wings she flew away with.*

SALANIO: *And Shylock, for his own part, knew the bird was ready to fly. But then, it is the way of all youngsters to leave their mother.*

SHYLOCK: *She is damned for it.*

SALANIO: *That's certain, if the devil is her judge.*

SHYLOCK: *My own flesh and blood to rebel!*

SALANIO: *Truly, are your skin and bones rebelling because they are this old?*

SHYLOCK: *I mean, my daughter is my flesh and blood.*

SALARINO: *There is more difference between your flesh and hers than there is between black and white, more between your bloods than there is between red wine and white. But tell us, have you heard whether or not Antonio has had any losses at sea?*

SHYLOCK: *There I have another bad match. A bankrupt, a prodigal man, who scarcely dares to show his head on the Rialto. A beggar that used to come to the Rialto so smugly. Let him look to his bond. He liked to call me usurer. Let him look to his bond! He liked to lend money as a Christian courtesy. Let him look to his bond!*

SALARINO: *Why, I'm sure if he forfeits, you won't take his flesh. What good is that?*

SHYLOCK: *To bait fish with! If it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge. He has disgraced me and hindered me half a million times. He laughed at my losses, mocked my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, and heated my enemies. And what's his reason?*

200 I wish you all the joy that you can wish;  
For I am sure you can wish none from me:  
And when your honours mean to solemnize  
The bargain of your faith, I do beseech you,  
Even at that time I may be married too.

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

205 GRA: I thank your lordship, you have got me one.  
My eyes, my lord, can look as swift as yours:  
You saw the mistress, I beheld the maid;  
You loved, I loved for intermission.  
No more pertains to me, my lord, than you.  
210 Your fortune stood upon the casket there,  
And so did mine too, as the matter falls;  
For wooing here until I sweat again,  
And sweating until my very roof was dry  
With oaths of love, at last, if promise last,  
215 I got a promise of this fair one here  
To have her love, provided that your fortune  
Achieved her mistress.

POR: Is this true, Nerissa?

NER: Madam, it is, so you stand pleased withal.

220 BASS: And do you, Gratiano, mean good faith?

GRA: Yes, faith, my lord.

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

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

NER: What, and stake down?

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

*you can wish for. And I'm sure you don't need to add mine to them. And when you decide to get married, I beg of you, that at that time I may be married too.*

BASSANIO: With all my heart, if you can find a wife.

GRATIANO: *I thank your lordship; you have gotten me one. My eyes, my lord, are just as swift as yours. You saw the mistress, I saw the maid. You loved; I loved. Pausing pertains no more to me, my lord, than it does to you. Your fortune depended on that casket there, and so did mine, as it so happens. I was wooing here until I started to sweat, and I was sweating until the roof of my mouth was dry with oaths of love. At last, if promises last, I got a promise from this fair one here to have her love, provided that your fortune was able to win her mistress.*

PORTIA: *Is this true, Nerissa?*

NERISSA: *Madam, it is, if you are pleased by it.*

BASSANIO: *And do you, Gratiano, mean this in good faith?*

GRATIANO: *Yes, in good faith, my lord.*

BASSANIO: *Our feast will be much honored by your marriage.*

GRATIANO: *We'll make a bet to see who gives birth to the first boy for a thousand ducats.*

NERISSA: *What, betting on something like that?*

GRATIANO: *No, we'll never win at that sport, so don't bet on it. But who's com-*

SALAR: I am sure the duke  
Will never grant this forfeiture to hold.

30 ANT: The duke cannot deny the course of law:  
For the commodity that strangers have  
With us in Venice, if it be denied,  
Will much impeach the justice of his state;  
Since that the trade and profit of the city  
Consisteth of all nations. Therefore, go:  
35 These griefs and losses have so bated me,  
That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh  
To-morrow to my bloody creditor.  
Well, gaoler, on. Pray God, Bassanio come  
To see me pay his debt, and then I care not!

[Exeunt]

**Scene IV. Belmont. A room in Portia's house.**

[Enter Portia, Nerissa, Lorenzo, Jessica, and Balthasar]

LOR: Madam, although I speak it in your presence,  
You have a noble and a true conceit  
Of godlike amity; which appears most strongly  
In bearing thus the absence of your lord.  
5 But if you knew to whom you show this honour,  
How true a gentleman you send relief,  
How dear a lover of my lord your husband,  
I know you would be prouder of the work  
Than customary bounty can enforce you.

10 POR: I never did repent for doing good,  
Nor shall not now: for in companions  
That do converse and waste the time together,  
Whose souls do bear an equal yoke Of love,  
There must be needs a like proportion  
15 Of lineaments, of manners and of spirit;

SALARINO: *I am sure the duke will never grant this forfeiture to hold.*

ANTONIO: *The duke cannot deny the course of law. Since the trade and profit of the city consists of all nations, if we denied the commercial advantage of foreigners here in Venice, it would go against the justice of the state. Therefore, go. These griefs and losses have made me so thin, that I'll hardly be able to spare a pound of flesh to my bloody creditor tomorrow. Well, jailer, go on. I pray to God, that Bassanio comes to see me pay his debt, and then I don't care what happens!*

[Everyone exits.]

**Scene IV. Belmont. A room in Portia's house.**

[Portia, Nerissa, Lorenzo, Jessica, and Balthasar enter.]

LORENZO: *Madam, although I'm saying it in your presence, you have a noble and a true understanding of godlike friendship that appears most strongly in the way you bear the absence of your lord. But if you knew to whom you show this honor, how true a gentleman you are sending relief, how dear a friend of my lord your husband, I know you would be prouder of the work than even your usual kindness can make you.*

PORTIA: *I never repented for doing good, and I won't now. In companions that chat and spend a lot of time together, who love each other equally, there must be an equal proportion of character, of manners, and of spirit. This makes me think that Antonio, being the very best friend of my lord, must be very much like my lord. If this is so, I've spent very little money to get someone who is like my soul out of a state of hellish misery! This*

Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too,  
 That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice  
 20 To the last hour of act; and then 'tis thought  
 Thou'lt show thy mercy and remorse more strange  
 Than is thy strange apparent cruelty;  
 And where thou now exact'st the penalty,  
 Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh,  
 25 Thou wilt not only loose the forfeiture,  
 But, touch'd with human gentleness and love,  
 Forgive a moiety of the principal;  
 Glancing an eye of pity on his losses,  
 That have of late so huddled on his back,  
 30 Enow to press a royal merchant down  
 And pluck commiseration of his state  
 From brassy bosoms and rough hearts of flint,  
 From stubborn Turks and Tartars, never train'd  
 To offices of tender courtesy.  
 35 We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.

SHY: I have possess'd your grace of what I purpose;  
 And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn  
 To have the due and forfeit of my bond:  
 If you deny it, let the danger light  
 40 Upon your charter and your city's freedom.  
 You'll ask me, why I rather choose to have  
 A weight of carrion flesh than to receive  
 Three thousand ducats: I'll not answer that:  
 But, say, it is my humour: is it answer'd?  
 45 What if my house be troubled with a rat  
 And I be pleased to give ten thousand ducats  
 To have it baned? What, are you answer'd yet?  
 Some men there are love not a gaping pig;  
 Some, that are mad if they behold a cat;  
 50 And others, when the bagpipe sings i' the nose,  
 Cannot contain their urine: for affection,  
 Mistress of passion, sways it to the mood  
 Of what it likes or loathes. Now, for your answer:  
 As there is no firm reason to be render'd,

*world thinks, and I think so too, that you are only hanging onto the appearance of your malice until the last hour, and then it's thought you'll show a mercy and remorse that is stranger than this apparent cruelty. And where you now exact the penalty, which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh, you will not only forget about the forfeiture, but, touched with human gentleness and love, you'll also forgive a portion of the original debt and look with a pitiful eye on the losses that have so recently fallen on his back. He's lost enough to press even a royal merchant down and make even the hardest hearts of brass and flint feel sorry for the man, even stubborn Turks and Tartars, who were never trained to feel tender courtesies. We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.*

SHYLOCK: *I have informed your grace of what I propose to do. By our holy Sabbath I have sworn to have the full payment due for the forfeit of my bond. If you deny it, it will be dangerous for your constitution and your city's freedom. You'll ask me why I would rather have a pound of dead flesh than to receive three thousand ducats. I won't answer that. Just say because I feel like it. Is it answered? What if my house is troubled with a rat and I'm pleased to pay ten thousand ducats to have it poisoned? Are you answered yet? Some men hate an open-mouthed roast pig. Some go mad if they see a cat. And others, when the bagpipe starts squealing, wet themselves. Sympathy, mistress of our passions, determines what we like or loathe. Now, for your answer. Since there is no firm reason to be given why one man cannot stand a gaping pig, why one man goes mad about a harmless cat, why one man hates a woolen bagpipe and is forced to yield to such inevitable shameful actions that offend others, since he himself is offended. I can't give any reason, and I won't, more than a firm and a certain hatred I have for Antonio, which is why I pursue this losing suit against him. Do you have your answer?*

LAUN: Sola, sola! wo ha, ho! sola, sola!

LOR: Who calls?

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

50 LOR: Leave hollaing, man: here.

LAUN: Sola! where? where?

LOR: Here.

LAUN: Tell him there's a post come from my master, with his horn  
full of good news: my master will be here ere morning.  
[Exit]

55 LOR: Sweet soul, let's in, and there expect their coming.  
And yet no matter: why should we go in?  
My friend Stephano, signify, I pray you,  
Within the house, your mistress is at hand;  
And bring your music forth into the air. [Exit Stephano]  
60 How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!  
Here will we sit and let the sounds of music  
Creep in our ears: soft stillness and the night  
Become the touches of sweet harmony.  
Sit, Jessica. Look how the floor of heaven  
65 Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold:  
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st  
But in his motion like an angel sings,  
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins;  
Such harmony is in immortal souls;  
70 But whilst this muddy vesture of decay  
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.  
[Enter Musicians]  
Come, ho! and wake Diana with a hymn!  
With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,  
And draw her home with music. [Music]

LAUNCELOT: Doot-da-doo, da-doo! Wo ha, ho! Doot-da-doo, da-doo!

LORENZO: Who calls?

LAUNCELOT: Doot-da-doo, da-doo! Did you see Master Lorenzo? Master  
Lorenzo, doot-da-doo, da-doo!

LORENZO: Stop hollering, man. I'm here.

LAUNCELOT: Doot-da-doo, da-doo! Where? Where?

LORENZO: Here.

LAUNCELOT: Tell him there's a message that's come from my master, and his  
horn is full of good news. My master will be here before morning.  
[Launcelot exits.]

LORENZO: Sweet soul, let's go in, and wait for their arrival. And yet, it doesn't  
matter. Why should we go in? My friend, Stephano, please tell those in  
the house that your mistress is coming soon, and bring your musicians  
outside into the air. [Stephano exits.]  
How sweetly the moonlight shines on this bank! We will sit here and let  
the sounds of music play softly in our ears. Quiet stillness and night are  
good complements to the sweet harmony of music. Sit, Jessica. Look how  
the sky is thickly inlaid with tiles of bright gold. The movement of the  
smallest star that you can see is like an angel singing in a choir with the  
sharp-sighted angels. This kind of harmony can be heard in immortal  
souls, but while we are trapped in these human bodies, we can't hear it.

[Musicians enter.]  
Come here! And wake the goddess Diana with a hymn! Let your mis-  
tress' ears be filled with the sweetest sounds of your instruments and  
draw her home with music. [Music plays.]

## STUDY GUIDE

### **Act I, Scene I: Venice. A street.**

1. What are Salarino and Salanio discussing at the beginning of Act I?
2. What does Bassanio ask Antonio to help him with?
3. Whom is Bassanio in love with?
4. What does Antonio recommend to Bassanio that eventually gets Antonio into trouble?

### **Act I, Scene II: Belmont. A room in Portia's house.**

1. What is Portia's predicament about choosing a husband?
2. How do the suitors take a chance to win Portia as their wife?
3. What are Portia's feelings about the suitors?
4. Which man is Portia interested in having as a husband?
5. Which man talks about nothing but his horse?

### **Act I, Scene III: Venice. A public place.**

1. How much money does Bassanio ask to borrow from Shylock?
2. How long does Antonio have to pay the loan back?
3. Shylock will trade goods and loan money to Christians, but what won't he do?
4. Why does Shylock hate Antonio?
5. Instead of interest, what does Shylock ask for to guarantee his loan?

### **Act II, Scene I: Belmont. A room in Portia's house.**

1. Who is trying for Portia's hand in this scene?
2. What happens to the suitor if he chooses the wrong casket?
3. What does the suitor have to do before he makes a choice?