SHAKSPERE'S

MERCHANT OF VENICE:

THE SECOND (AND BETTER) QUARTO,
1600,

A FACSIMILE IN FOTO-LITHOGRAPHY
(FROM THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE'S COPY)

BY

CHARLES PRAETORIUS.

WITH FOREWORDS BY

FREDERICK J. FURNIVAL,
M.A., CAMBRIDGE; HON. DR. PHIL., BERLIN;
FOUNDER AND DIRECTOR OF THE NEW SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY, ETC.

LONDON:
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JUNE 26, 1930

40 SHAKSPERE QUARTO FACSIMILES,
WITH INTRODUCTIONS, LINE NUMBERS, &C., BY SHAKSPERE SCHOLARS,
ISSUED UNDER THE SUPERINTENDENCE OF DR. F. J. FURNIVALL.

1. Those by W. Griggs.

No. 1. Hamlet. 1603.
    2. Hamlet. 1604.
    3. Midsummer Night's Dream. 1600. (Fisher.)
    4. Midsummer Night's Dream. 1600. (Shakespeare.)
    5. Loves Labour's Lost. 1600.
    7. Merchant of Venice. 1600. (Shakespeare.)

2. Those by C. Pericles.

   15. Taming of a Shrew. 1604.
   16. Merchant of Venice. 1600. (I. R. for
      Thomas Heywood.)
      copy. (On stone.)
   18. Richard II. 1597. Mr. Ruth. (fotgraf.)
   20. Richard III. 1664. (fotgraf.)
   22. Pericles. 1600. Qu.
   23. The Whole Contention. 1619. Part I. (for
      3 Henry VI.)
   24. The Whole Contention. 1619. Part II. (for
      3 Henry VI.)
   25. Romeo and Juliet. 1597.
   26. Romeo and Juliet. 1599.
   27. Henry V. 1600.
   29. Titus Andronicus. 1600.
   30. Sonnets and Lover's Complaint. 1609.
   31. Othello. 1603.
   32. Othello. 1600.
   33. King Lear. 1608. Qu. (N. Butter, Ptd. Bull.)
   34. King Lear. 1606. Qu. (N. Butter.)
   35. Rape of Lucrece. 1594.
   36. Romeo and Juliet. Undated (1607).
   37. Contention. 1604. (fotgraf.)
   38. True Tragedy. 1596. (fotgraf.)
   39. The Famous Victories. 1588. (fotgraf.)
   40. The Troublesome Raigne. 1581. (For
      King John: not yet done.)

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

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

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

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

"I. Bassanio, in answer to the disguised Portia’s request for her ring on his finger, answers:
  Roberts Q1. Bass. There’s more then this depends upon the value.
  Heyes Q2. " " " " depends on this then on " " .
  2. the test passage: when Antonio first asks Shylock in I. iii. 64-6 about the loan, the Roberts Quarto has:
    ‘Yet to supply the ripe wants of my friend
    Ile break a custome: are you resolue’d,
    How much he would haue!’ [the italics are mine.]
And though you can mend the metre without introducing ‘yet,’ by printing:
    ‘Are you resolue’d how much he would haue?’
yet few students will doubt that the Heyes Quarto has Shakspere’s reading—revisd, if not original—when it makes Antonio turn to Bassanio, and say:
    ‘is he yet possess
    How much ye would?’

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

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

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

The Folio has certain readings special to itself, of which some are blunders, some right; but none (I think) show any later revision by Shakspere. I ought to have myself collated F1 with Q2 and Q1 throughout, but time faileth; and so I took the Cambridge Editors' collation, set the spelling right, compared their results with the Quartos and Folio, and here and there supplied a slight omission or corrected a slight mistake. (They don't leave much work of this kind for their followers to do.) The differences of text in the three versions are set in parallel columns below. Where Q1 and Q2 differ, and either has the Folio reading, the letters of that reading—and the words when in varying order—are printed in italics. When the Folio has an original reading of its own, the letters (or transposed words) of it are printed in clarendon. Any reader, by running his eye down the Folio column, noticing any clarendon words which he thinks important,—like, for instance, other for 'Scottish' in II. ii. 83, wish for 'pray God grant' in II. ii. 121, but wel I know for 'no, Gods my judge' in V. i. 157,—can settle for himself whether they necessitate Shakspere's hand. I don't think they do.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Qo 1: Roberts.</th>
<th>Qo 2: Heyes.</th>
<th>Folio 1.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Act I. sc. i.</td>
<td>Act I. sc. i.</td>
<td>Act I. sc. i.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>19 for Peeres</td>
<td>and peers</td>
<td>and peers</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>24 at sea, might do</td>
<td>might doe at sea</td>
<td>might doe at sea</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>33 the spices</td>
<td>her spices</td>
<td>her spices</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>46 Then y' are</td>
<td>Why then you are</td>
<td>Why then you are</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>47 neither?</td>
<td>neither:</td>
<td>neither:</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>64 the</td>
<td>th'</td>
<td>th'</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>72 Exit [om.]</td>
<td>man [om.]</td>
<td>man</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>78 one tis</td>
<td>tis</td>
<td>it is</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>89 dreame cream</td>
<td>cream</td>
<td>cream</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>93 am sir</td>
<td>am sir</td>
<td>am sir an</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>95 those</td>
<td>these</td>
<td>these</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>103 farwell faryewell</td>
<td>Far you well bakke</td>
<td>Faryewell</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>110 Farewell</td>
<td>Far you well</td>
<td>bakke</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>115 backe doe me now</td>
<td>doe me now</td>
<td>doe (A)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>155 comes</td>
<td>come</td>
<td>come</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I. ii.</td>
<td>I. ii.</td>
<td>I. ii.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2 a wearie</td>
<td>awearie</td>
<td>a wearie</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7 meane happinesse</td>
<td>meane happinesse</td>
<td>smal happinesse</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>17 then to be</td>
<td>then to be</td>
<td>then (A) be</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>23 the fashion</td>
<td>the fashion</td>
<td>(A) fashion</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>25 who... who</td>
<td>who... who</td>
<td>whom... whom</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>27 is it</td>
<td>is it</td>
<td>it is</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>35 no doubt you wil</td>
<td>will no doubt</td>
<td>wil no doubt</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>36 who</td>
<td>who you</td>
<td>who you</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>39, 103 prethee</td>
<td>pray thee</td>
<td>pray thee</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>40 shoo</td>
<td>shoo him</td>
<td>shoo him</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

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§ 2. THE DIFFERENT READINGS OF Q1, Q2, F1.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Q1</th>
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<th>F1</th>
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<tr>
<td>47</td>
<td>afeard</td>
<td>afraid</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>49</td>
<td>there is</td>
<td>is there</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>49, 64</td>
<td>Palatine</td>
<td>Palatine</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>51</td>
<td>if</td>
<td>&amp;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>56</td>
<td>be</td>
<td>be</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>66</td>
<td>straight</td>
<td>straight</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>70</td>
<td>shall</td>
<td>shall</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>83</td>
<td>Scottish</td>
<td>Scottish</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>108</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>121</td>
<td>pray God grant</td>
<td>pray God grant</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>124</td>
<td>Scholler</td>
<td>a Scholler</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>128</td>
<td>he was so</td>
<td>so was he</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>134</td>
<td>How now, what newes?</td>
<td>How nowe, what newes</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>135</td>
<td>for you</td>
<td>for you</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>147</td>
<td>gates</td>
<td>gate</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>40</td>
<td>Ryalto</td>
<td>Ryalto</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>51</td>
<td>well-won</td>
<td>well-wone</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>53</td>
<td>Shylocke</td>
<td>Shylock</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>62</td>
<td>although</td>
<td>albeit</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>65-6</td>
<td>are you resolu'd... he would haue?</td>
<td>is he yet possesse... ye would (A)?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>70</td>
<td>Me-thought</td>
<td>Me thoughts</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>82</td>
<td>In th' end</td>
<td>In (A) end</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>85</td>
<td>pyld</td>
<td>pyld</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>120</td>
<td>money</td>
<td>money</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>123</td>
<td>can</td>
<td>can</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>128</td>
<td>day another</td>
<td>day another</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>135</td>
<td>breed for</td>
<td>breed for</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>138</td>
<td>penalty</td>
<td>penalty</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>152</td>
<td>pleaseth</td>
<td>pleaseth</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>153</td>
<td>faith</td>
<td>faith</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>179</td>
<td>The... so kinde</td>
<td>The (A) kinde</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>180</td>
<td>termes</td>
<td>termes</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

| II. i | |
| 4  | Bring | Bring me |
| 11 | Hath | Haue |
| 24 | Semitaur | Symitare |
| 27 | out-stare | ore-stare |
| 43 | to | unto |

| II. ii | |
| 3, 4, 7, 8 | Gobbo |
| 18 | too... says | Iobbe |
| 19 | ill, to | to... says Lancelet |
| 29 | incarnall | well, to |
| 30 | but a | incarnation |
| 33 | command | but a |
| 34 | Master yong man | Maister yong-man |
| 39 | conclusions | conclusions |
| 54 | say it | say 't |
| 53-5 | (as verse) | (as prose) |
| 58 | sir | sir |
| 83 | murther | murder |
| 84 | at the length | in the end |
§ 2. THE DIFFERENT READINGS OF Q1, Q2, F1.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Q1</th>
<th>Q2</th>
<th>F1</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>pilhorse</td>
<td>philhorse</td>
<td>lost</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>last</td>
<td>lost</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>agree</td>
<td>(A) gree</td>
<td>gree</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Exit one of his men</td>
<td>haue . . head, wel</td>
<td>haue . . head, well</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>eleuen</td>
<td>scape</td>
<td>a leuen</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>escape</td>
<td>[om. Q2]</td>
<td>scape</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>of an eye</td>
<td>goe</td>
<td>[om. F1]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>of</td>
<td></td>
<td>Exit Le.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>a suite</td>
<td>(A) suite</td>
<td>a suite</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>prethee</td>
<td>pray thee</td>
<td>pray thee</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>misconsted</td>
<td>misconstred</td>
<td>misconstréd</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>far you well</td>
<td></td>
<td>far you well</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>II. iii.</td>
<td>II. iii.</td>
<td>II. iii.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>something</td>
<td>something</td>
<td>somewhat</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>II. iv.</td>
<td>II. iv.</td>
<td>II. iv.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>of</td>
<td></td>
<td>of</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>And it shal</td>
<td>and it shall</td>
<td>And it shall</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>it shall seeme</td>
<td>Is</td>
<td>shall seeme</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Is</td>
<td>prepare you</td>
<td>I</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>II. v.</td>
<td>II. v.</td>
<td>II. v.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>St. D. the Iew and Lance-let.</td>
<td>(A) Iew and his man that was the Clowne.</td>
<td>Iew, and his man that was the Clowne.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>(A) I</td>
<td>I</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>[as verse]</td>
<td>[as verse]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>ith</td>
<td>ith</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>What are there</td>
<td>What are their</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>heare you</td>
<td>heare you</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>squealing</td>
<td>squealing</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>at (A)</td>
<td>at</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>and he</td>
<td>but he</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>53. 54</td>
<td>[as 2 lines]</td>
<td>[as 1 line]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>II. vi.</td>
<td>II. vi.</td>
<td>II. vi.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>St. Dir. Salarino</td>
<td>Salarino</td>
<td>Salino</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2 stand</td>
<td>stand</td>
<td>a stand</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6 seale</td>
<td>seale</td>
<td>steale</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>17 the</td>
<td>the</td>
<td>a</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>18 ouer-weatherd</td>
<td>ouer-wetherd</td>
<td>ouer-wither’d</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>25 Ho, whose</td>
<td>Howe whose</td>
<td>Hoa, who’s</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>33 this worth</td>
<td>it is worth</td>
<td>it is worth</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>44 are you</td>
<td>are you</td>
<td>you are</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>50 mo</td>
<td>mo</td>
<td>more</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>51 Gentle</td>
<td>gentle</td>
<td>gentle</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>52 Beshrow</td>
<td>Beshrow</td>
<td>Beshrew</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>58 gentlemen</td>
<td>gentleman</td>
<td>gentlemen</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>60 Who’s</td>
<td>Whose</td>
<td>Who’s</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>66 [om.]</td>
<td>I have sent twenty out to seek for you</td>
<td>I have sent twenty out to seek for you</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>II. vii.</td>
<td>II. vii.</td>
<td>II. vii.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5 many men</td>
<td>many men</td>
<td>(A) men</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10</td>
<td></td>
<td>[line repeated]</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
§ 2. THE DIFFERENT READINGS OF Q1, Q2, FI.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Q1</th>
<th>Q2</th>
<th>FI</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>41 vasty</td>
<td>vaste</td>
<td>vaste</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>51 rib</td>
<td>ribb</td>
<td>rib</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>69 do</td>
<td>doe</td>
<td>doe</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>II. viii.</td>
<td>II. viii.</td>
<td>II. viii.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>St. Dir. Salanio</td>
<td>Solanio</td>
<td>Solanio</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>[om.]</td>
<td>Flo. cornets</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4 Salan.</td>
<td>Sola</td>
<td>Sol.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6 came</td>
<td>came</td>
<td>comes</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9 armorous</td>
<td>armorous</td>
<td>amorous</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>√ 39 Sluubber</td>
<td>Slumber</td>
<td>Slubber</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>51 prethee</td>
<td>pray thee</td>
<td>pray thee</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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</tr>
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<td>II. ix.</td>
<td>II. ix.</td>
<td>II. ix.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>√ St. Dir. Seruitor</td>
<td>Seruiture</td>
<td>Seruiture</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Arragon</td>
<td>Arragon</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7 you</td>
<td>you</td>
<td>thou</td>
</tr>
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<td>46 pezantry</td>
<td>peasantry</td>
<td>pleasantry</td>
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<td>48 chaife</td>
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<td>chaffe</td>
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<td>49 vernish't</td>
<td>vernish't</td>
<td>varnish't</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>62 heere</td>
<td>is heere</td>
<td>is here</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>64 judgement</td>
<td>judgement</td>
<td>judement</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>73 Still</td>
<td>Arr. Still</td>
<td>Arr. Still</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>79 Moth</td>
<td>moth</td>
<td>moath</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>81 their wisdome</td>
<td>the (A) wisdome</td>
<td>the wisdome</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>√ 84-5 a Messenger</td>
<td>(A) Messenger</td>
<td>Messenger</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
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<td></td>
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<td>III. i.</td>
<td>III. i.</td>
<td>III. i.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7 gossip report</td>
<td>gossip report</td>
<td>gossip report</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9 as a lying</td>
<td>as lying a</td>
<td>as a lying</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>St. Dir. Enter... before l. 25</td>
<td>Enter... after l. 25</td>
<td>Enter... after l. 25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>27 know</td>
<td>knew</td>
<td>knew</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>32 fledge'd</td>
<td>fledge</td>
<td>fledge'd</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>40 (A) blood</td>
<td>my blood</td>
<td>my blood</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>45 at losse a</td>
<td>any losse a</td>
<td>anie losse at</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>60 his</td>
<td>his</td>
<td>his</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>93 O would she</td>
<td>(A) would she</td>
<td>would she</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>95 them, why so?</td>
<td>them, why so?</td>
<td>them, why so?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>95 what</td>
<td>what</td>
<td>what</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>99 lights on</td>
<td>lights a</td>
<td>lights a</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>100 but of</td>
<td>but a</td>
<td>but a</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>103 Genoway</td>
<td>Genoway</td>
<td>Genoway</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>107-8 ist... ist</td>
<td>is it... is it</td>
<td>is it... is it</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>111 the</td>
<td>thee</td>
<td>thee</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>112, 113 Genoway</td>
<td>Genoway</td>
<td>Genoway</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>114 (A) one</td>
<td>in one</td>
<td>one</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>119 unto (A) to</td>
<td>(A) to</td>
<td>to</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>119 swear that hee</td>
<td>swear, (A) he</td>
<td>swear hee</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>122 on't</td>
<td>of it</td>
<td>of it</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>134 I will go: go</td>
<td>I will (A): go</td>
<td>I will: go</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>III. ii.</td>
<td>III. ii.</td>
<td>III. ii.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11 I am then</td>
<td>then I am</td>
<td>then I am</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>23 eck... out</td>
<td>eck... it out</td>
<td>ich... it out</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>33 do</td>
<td>doe</td>
<td>doth</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>61 much (A)</td>
<td>much much</td>
<td>much</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>62 To</td>
<td>I</td>
<td>I</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
§ 2. THE DIFFERENT READINGS OF Q1, Q2, FI.

Q1
62-3 St. Dir. [om.]
67 eye [om.]
82 Some
93 maketh
101 Therefore
102 foole
110 shuddring
112 range
118 whither
123 't intrap
146 pearl's
150 me . . . Bassanio
160 summe of something
173 Lord
186 Bassanio is
198 haue
203 casket
206 roofe
211 is, so
222-3 St. Dir. a messenger from Venice

Q2
67 eye
82 Some marke
93 maketh
101 Therefore then
102 food
110 shuddring
112 raine
118 whither
123 't' intrap
146 peales
150 me . . . Bassanio
160 sume of something
173 Lords
186 Bassanio
198 haue
203 caskets
206 rough
211 is, so
222-3 St. Dir. a messenger from Venice

FI
Here Musick.

St. Dir. [om.]

(a) Open (a)

(a) Opens

(a) Open

(a) Opens

(a) Opens

(a) Opens

(a) Opens

(a) Opens

(a) Opens

(a) Opens

(a) Opens

(a) Opens

(a) Opens

(a) Opens

(a) Opens

(a) Opens

(a) Opens

(a) Opens

(a) Opens

(a) Opens

(a) Opens

(a) Opens

(a) Opens

(a) Opens

(a) Opens

(a) Opens

(a) Opens

(a) Opens

(a) Opens

(a) Opens

(a) Opens

(a) Opens

(a) Opens

(a) Opens

(a) Opens

(a) Opens

(a) Opens

(a) Opens
§ 2. THE DIFFERENT READINGS OF Q1, Q2, FI.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Q1</th>
<th>Q2</th>
<th>FI</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>how sōere</td>
<td>how sōere</td>
<td>how somere</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>digest</td>
<td>digest</td>
<td>digest</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Exit</td>
<td>Exit</td>
<td>Exsunt</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IV. i.</td>
<td>IV. i.</td>
<td>IV. i.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[as 3 lines]</td>
<td>[As 2 lines]</td>
<td>[As 2 lines]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sal.,</td>
<td>Salerio</td>
<td>Sal.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>exacts</td>
<td>exact's</td>
<td>exact's</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>humane</td>
<td>humane</td>
<td>humane</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>his state</td>
<td>this states</td>
<td>his state</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sabbath</td>
<td>Sabaoth</td>
<td>Sabbath</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>offend, himselfe</td>
<td>offend himselfe</td>
<td>offend himselfe</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>answers?</td>
<td>answers?</td>
<td>answer.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>You may as</td>
<td>[as Q1, Museum Qto]</td>
<td>Or even as</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[as Q1, Museum Qto]</td>
<td>(A) omit. [Devon. Qto]</td>
<td>The Ewe bleate</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[as Q1, Museum Qto]</td>
<td>(A) the Ewe bleake</td>
<td>[Devonshire Qto]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Why he hath made the</td>
<td>-</td>
<td>-</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ewe bleake</td>
<td>-</td>
<td>-</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>of Pines</td>
<td>of Pines</td>
<td>(A) Pines</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>fretten</td>
<td>fretten</td>
<td>fretted</td>
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<tr>
<td>what's</td>
<td>as</td>
<td>what (A)</td>
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<tr>
<td>tis</td>
<td>Salerio.</td>
<td>Sal</td>
</tr>
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<td>Messenger?</td>
<td>Messengers.</td>
<td>Messengers</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>From both, my L.</td>
<td>From both? my L.</td>
<td>From both. My Lord</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>soule...soule</td>
<td>soule...soule</td>
<td>soule...soule</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>humane</td>
<td>humane</td>
<td>humane</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>staru'd</td>
<td>staru'd</td>
<td>staru'd</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>curelesse</td>
<td>curelesse</td>
<td>endlessse</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>to</td>
<td>to</td>
<td>in</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>acquainted</td>
<td>acquainted</td>
<td>acquainted</td>
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<tr>
<td>Come</td>
<td>Come</td>
<td>Came</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>impugne</td>
<td>impugne</td>
<td>impugne</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>you not,</td>
<td>you not,</td>
<td>you not?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>likest</td>
<td>likest</td>
<td>likest</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>precedent</td>
<td>precedent</td>
<td>President</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>do</td>
<td>do</td>
<td>do</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Not not</td>
<td>Not not</td>
<td>No not</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>tenure</td>
<td>tenure</td>
<td>tenure</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>than</td>
<td>than</td>
<td>then</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>doe</td>
<td>doe</td>
<td>should</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Is it so</td>
<td>Is it so</td>
<td>It is not</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>You</td>
<td>You</td>
<td>You</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>presently</td>
<td>instantly</td>
<td>instantly</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>who</td>
<td>who</td>
<td>whom</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>iote</td>
<td>iote</td>
<td>iot (A)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Take then</td>
<td>Take then</td>
<td>Then take</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>takers</td>
<td>be it but</td>
<td>tak'st</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>be it but</td>
<td>be it but</td>
<td>be it (A)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>you</td>
<td>you</td>
<td>thee</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>And</td>
<td>hee</td>
<td>He</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>so taken</td>
<td>so taken</td>
<td>taken so</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>heere in question</td>
<td>(A) question</td>
<td>question</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>[A] question</td>
<td>an</td>
<td>an</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>352</td>
<td>seaze one</td>
<td>seaze one</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>354</td>
<td>coffer</td>
<td>coffer</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
§ 2. THE DIFFERENT READINGS OF Q1, Q2, F1.

360 gainst
368 spirits
379 Gods sake
398 shalt thou
400 not
401 home with me dinner
402 (a) desire
423 a fee
430 then this depends vpon
435 I will
446 the
451 gainst
454 Exeunt

Q1  
 against  
 spirit  
 Godsake  
 shalt thou  
 not to  
 home with me to dinner  
 doe desire  
 (a) fee  
 depends on this then on  
 will I  
 this  
 gainst  
 Exit

Q2

against
spirit
Gods sake
thou shalt
not to
home with me to dinner
desire
fee
depends on this then on
will I
this
against
Exit G

F1

against
spirit
Gods sake
thou shalt
not to
home with me to dinner
desire
fee
depends on this then on
will I
this
against
Exit G

IV. ii. Enter Nerrissa

IV. ii. Enter Nerrissa

IV. ii. Enter Portia and Nerrissa

His

V. i. walls
6 Cressada  
21 shrow  
32 wedlocke  
34 is . . return'd  
37 vs

V. i. walls
Cressed
tsrow
wedlocke
it . . return'd
vs

41-2 Lorenzo, M.
51 Stephano
51 I pray
59 pattnets
65 in it

41-2 Lorenzo, & M.
Stephen
I pray
pattnets
in it

66 with him a
68 Musicke playes
75 perchance but heare
82 for the
87 Terebus

66 with a
68 play Musique
but heare perchance
for the

88-9 Enter Nerrissa and Portia
Enter Portia and Nerrissa

88-9 Enter Nerrissa and Portia

92 candle.
106 Wren
109 [om.]
112-13 [as 2 verse lines]
114 husband health
121 [om.]
123 y'are
148, 151 poesie
152 glue it
153 your
157 no God's my Iudge
166 too blame
209 my honor
213 away displeasd
214 did vphold
220 For
233 that . . . my
239 [as 1 line]

92 candle?
Renne
[om.]
[as 1¾ prose lines]
husbands welfare
[om.]
you are
posie

92 candle?
Wren
Musicke ceases
[as 1¾ prose lines]
husbands welfare

A Tucket sounds
you are
Poesie
gue it
the

but wel I know
too blame
mine honor

displeas'd away
had held vp

And

the . . . my

[as 1 line]
[as 2 lines]
§ 3. Shakspere, and Munday's English Silvayn's Orator. xi

§ 3. My friend and colleague, the Rev. W. A. Harrison, in comparing The Merchant with L. P.'s Englishing of Alex. Silvayn's short story 'Of a Jew, who would for his debt have a pound of the flesh of a Christian' (Hazlitt's Sh. Library, Pt. I, vol. i, p. 355—360), was struck by the way in which Shakspere has used some of L. P.'s very words, as he has those of Holinshed, Plutarch, Sir T. More, &c. in other plays. Mr. Harrison thence concludes that The Merchant was not written till the autumn of 1596, or early in 1597. The following extracts are from Mr. Harrison's Note-book:—

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

1 L. P., Lazarus Piot, was Anthony Munday.
2 The reader can judge for himself; but if Silvayn's French was before Shakspere, as it well may have been, I see no evidence that Sh. used Piot's Englishing.
"The following are the parallels between The M. of V. and the Declamation 95 of Silvyn:

1 "The ordinary Judge of that place appointed him to cut a just pound of the Christian's flesh, and if he cut either more or less, then his owne head should be smitten off." "If thou cut'st more / Or less than a just pound, be it but so much / As makes it light or heavy in the substance / Or the division of the twentieth part / Of one poor scruple . . . . / Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate."

2 "Impossible is it to breake the credite of traffick amongst men without great detriment unto the Commonwealth; wherefore no man ought to bind himself unto such covenants which he cannot or will not accomplish," &c. "If you deny it, let the danger light / Upon your Charter and your city's freedom."

"The pound of flesh which I demand of him / Is dearly bought; 'tis mine, and I will have it. / If you deny me, fie upon your law! / There is no force in the decrees of Venice." Again, "It must not be; there is no power in Venice / Can alter a decree established. / 'Twill be recorded for a precedent, / And many an error by the same example / Will rush into the state; it cannot be."

"You'll ask me why I rather choose to have / A weight of carrion flesh than to receive / Three thousand ducats; I'll not answer that: / But, say, it is my humour: is it answered? / What if my house be troubled with a rat, / And I be pleased to give ten thousand ducats / To have it baned? &c. So I can give no reason, nor I will not."

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

"By my soul I swear / There is no power in the tongue of man / To alter me: I stay here on my bond." "By our holy Sabbath have I sworn to have the due and forfeit of my bond."

---

1 Le Juge ordinaire ordonne que le Juif coup�ra justement une livre de la chair du Chr?tien, et ? il en coupe d'avantage ou moins, que l'on lui coup?ra la teste ? lui.—Silvyn.
3 L'on pourrait demander pourquoi je n'ayme point mieux prendre l'argent de cet homme que sa chair. Je pourray all?ger plusieurs raisons, . . . . . mais je diray seulement que par son obligation, il me la doit.
4 Est-ce donc si grand fait, de faire payer une livre de chair ? un qui plusieurs fois a fauss? sa promesse, ou qui met un autre en danger de perdre avec son cr?dit son honneur encore, voir peutestre la vie, pour le regret qu'il aura?
§ 3. SHAKSPERE, AND MUNDAY'S ENGLISH SILVAYN'S ORATOR. xiii

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

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

"Thou almost makst me waver in my faith! To hold opinion with Pythagoras, that souls of animals infuse themselves into the trunks of men: thy currish spirit! Governed a wolf. . . For thy desires! Are wolvish, bloody, starved and ravenous."

"Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you, For herein fortune shews herself more kind Than is her custom: it is still her use To let the wretched man outlive his wealth, To view with hollow eye and wrinkled brow An age of poetry: from which lingering pence Of such a misery she doth cut me off," &c.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Se voit manifestement la Haine involontre et cruelle qu'il porte non seulement aux chrestiens, mais à tous autres qui ne sont de sa secte.

Vouloir se payer de chair humaine, . . . est chose plus naturelle aux tigres qu'aux hommes.
§ 3. Shakspere, and Munday's Enlgisht Silvayn's Orator.

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

10 "Although I knew the danger wherein I was to satisfy the conueise of this mischievous man with the price of my flesh and blood, yet did I not flee away, but submitted myself unto the discretion of the Judge . . . . Behold I will present a part of my bodie unto him, that he may pay himself, according to the contents of the judgment."

11 "It may please you then, most righteous Judge, to consider all these circumstances, having pitie of him who doth wholly submit himself unto your just clencency, hoping thereby to be delivered from this monster's cruelty."

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

§ 4. This Facsimile is from negatives taken by Mr. Griggs from the Duke of Devonshire's copy of the Heyes Quarto, save its last page, the duplicate and complete page 54, Sign. G4 (see IV. i. 74), which was photographed by Mr. Praetorius from the British Museum copy, C. 12, g. 32. The lithograph was done in Hamburg. The side-marks note some of the places where Q2 differs from Q1. (On p. 7, strike out the + to l. 169. On p. 22, l. 189, read 'you;' and on p. 39, l. 57, 'stampt.') The line-nos., &c. are those of the Globe Shakspere.

22 Dec., 1886.

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

10 Cognaisant le danger ou j'estoy de satisfaire à la cruauté de ce ma liu . . . n'ay pris la fuite, mais me suis rendu à la discrétion du juge.

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

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

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


Place daggers [†] against the following lines.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>p. 4.</th>
<th>I. i.</th>
<th>...</th>
<th>20</th>
<th>p. 34.</th>
<th>II. iii.</th>
<th>...</th>
<th>90</th>
<th>p. 61.</th>
<th>IV. ii.</th>
<th>...</th>
<th>89</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>&quot;&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;&quot;</td>
<td>...</td>
<td>24</td>
<td>&quot;&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;&quot;</td>
<td>...</td>
<td>95</td>
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<td>111</td>
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1 [The † wrongly placed under 184.]
2 [The † wrongly placed under 140.]
3 [The † placed on wrong side of page.]
4 [The † wrongly placed under 68.]
5 [The † wrongly placed under 64.]

Note: pp. 39. 40. III. i. The speeches having in the Qo. the prefix "Man" have in the Fo., throughout, the prefix "Ser."

The blotch on p. 12, I. ii. 262, should be "Pan. Affes"
ON THE QUARTO AND FOLIO OF
'TROILUS AND CRESSIDA',

BY F. J. FURNIVALL.

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

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

'Corrects the ill aspects of Planets euill,'

from the Quarto:

'Corrects the influence of euill Planets.'

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

'the secrets of nature Haue not more gift in taciturnitie,'

from the Quarto:

'the secrets of neighbour Pandar Haue not more guift,' &c.,
and recollected that F. had several more lines than Q. (tho it leaves out some of Q.'s), I had no hesitation in deciding that F. showd corrections of Q. by Shakspere's hand, and ought to be used as the basis of the text of the play, tho it had evidently been revised afterwards by another man, who had weakend many of Sh.'s strong archaic and other words, which an Editor now is bound to restore from the Quarto.

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

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

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

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

Written by William Shakespeare.

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

Enter Antonio, Salierno, and Salanio.

An. Sooth I know not why I am so sad,
It wearies me, you say it wearies you;
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What stuffe tis made of, whereof it is borne,
I am to learne: and such want-wit sadnes
makes of mee,
That I haue much ado to know my selfe.

Salierno. Your minde is tostling on the Ocean,
There where your Argosies with portlie sayle
Like Signiors and rich Burgars on the flood,
Or as it were the Pageants of the sea,
Doe ouer-pee the petty traffiquers
That curst to them do them reverence
As they flie by them with their wouen wings.

Saliario. Beleeue mee sir, had I such venture forth,
The better part of my affections would
Be with my hopes abroade. I should be still
Plucking the grass to know where fits the wind,
Piring in Maps for ports, and peers and rodes:
And every obiect that might make me feare
Mif-fortune to my ventures, out of doubt
Would make me sad.

Sali. My wind cooling my broth,
vvould blow me to an aque when I thought
vvhat harme a winde too great might doe at sea.
I should not see the fandie howre-glasse runne
But I should thinke of shallowes and of flats,
And see my wealthy Andrew docks in land.
The comical Historie of

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

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

Sola. Why then you are in loue.

Anth. Fie, fie.

Sola. Not in loue neither: then let vs say you are sad
Because you are not merry; and twere as easie
For you to laugh and leape, and say you are merry
Because you are not sad. Now by two-headed Ianus,
Nature hath framd strange fellowes in her time:
Some that will euermore peepe through their eyes,
And laugh like Parrats at a bagpoper.
And other of such vinagar aspect,
That theye not shew their teeth in way of smile
Though Neflor sweare the lefte be laughable.

Enter Bassanio, Lorenzo, and Gratiano.

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

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

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

I take it your owne busines calls on you,
And you embrace th' occasion to depart.
Sal. Good morrow my good Lords.
Bass. Good signiors both when that we laugh: say, when?
You grow exceeding strange: must it be so?
Sal. Weele make our leases to attend on yours.

Exeunt Salarino, and Solanio.

Lor. My Lord Bassanio, since you have found Antonio
We two will leave you, but at dinner time
I pray you have in minde where we must meete.
Bass. I will not faile you.
Grat. You looke not well signior Antonio,
You have too much respect upon the world:
They loose it that doe buy it with much care,
Believe me you are mercailously chang'd.
Ant. I hold the world but as the world Gratiano,
A stage, where every man must play a part,
And mine a sad one.
Grat. Let me play the fool,
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come,
And let my liuer rather heate with wine
Then my hart coole with mortifying grones.
Why should a man whose blood is warme within,
Sit like his grandfire, cut in Alabaster?
Sleepe when he wakes? and crepe into the laundies
By beinge pecuith? I tell thee what Antonio,
I love thee, and tis my loue that speaks:
There are a sort of men whose vilages
Doe creame and mantle like a standing pond,
And doe a wilful stilnes entertaine,
With purpose to be drest in an opinion
Of wisedome, grauitie, profound conceit,
As who should say, I am sir Oracle,
And when I ope my lips, let no dogge barke.
O my Antonio I doe know of these
That therefore onely are reputed wise

A 3. For
The comical Historie of

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

Loren. Well we will leave 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 yeeres more
Thou shalt not know the sound of thine owne tongue.

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

Gra. Thanks yfaith, for silence is onely commendable
In a neat's tongue dried. and a mayde not vendable.       Extant.

An. It is that any thing now.

Bass. Gratiano speaks 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 seek all day ere you finde them,
and when you have them, they are not worth the search.

An. Y well, tell me now what Lady is the same
To whom you swore a secrete pilgrimage
That you to day promisid to tell me of.

Bass. Tis not vnknownne to you Antonio
How much I haue disabled mine estate,
By something showing a more swelling port
Then my faint means would grant continuance:
Nor doe I now make mone to be abridg'd
From such a noble rate, but my chees care
Is to come fareily of from the great debts
wherin my time something too prodigall
Hath left me gagd: to you Antonio
I owe the most in money and in loue,
And from your loue I have a warrantie
To vnburthen all my plots and purposes
How to get cleere of all the debts I owe.

Amb.
the Merchant of Venice.

An. I pray you good Bassanio let me know it,
And if it stand as you your selfe still doe,
Within the eye of honour, be assured
My purse, my person, my extremeest means
Lie all unlockt 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 advisd watch
To finde the other forth, and by adventuring both,
I oft found both : I urge this childe-hood profe
Because what followes is pure innocence.
I owe you much, and like a wifull youth
That which I owe is lost, but if you please
To shooe another arrow that selfe way
Which you did shooe the first, I doe not doubt,
As I will watch the ayme or to find both,
Or bring your latter hazzard bake againe,
And thankfully rest debtor for the first.

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

Bass. In Belmont is a Lady richly lest,
And she is faire, and fairer then that word,
Of wondrouses vertues, sometimes from her eyes
I did receaue faire speechlese messages :
Her name is Portia, nothing vndevallewed
To Catoe daughter, Bruteis Portia,
Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth,
For the foure winds blow in from every coast
Renowned tutors, and her funny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece,
Which makes her feat of Belmont Cholobos strond,
The comical Historie of

And many Inson come in quest of her.
O my Antonio, had I but the means
To hold a riual place with one of them,
I have a minde presages me such thrift
That I should questionlesse be fortunate.

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

Enter Portia with her wayting woman Nerrissa.

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

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

Portia. Good sentences, and well pronounc'd.

Ner. They would be better if well followed.

Portia. If to do were as easie as to know what were good to do,
Chappels had been Churches, and poore mens cottages Princes
Pallaces, it is a good diuine that followes his owne instructions, I
can easier teach twentie what were good to be done, then to be one
of the twentie to follow mine owne teaching: the braine may de-
uife lawes for the blood, but a hote temper leapes ore a colde de-
cree, such a hare is madnes the youth, to skippe ore the meshes of
good counsaile the cripple; but this reasoning is not in the fashion
to choose mee a husband, o mee the word choose, I may nether
choose who I would, nor refuse who I dislike, so is the will of a ly-
ving daughter curbd by the will of a deade father: is it not harde

Nerrissa,
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Nerissa. That I cannot choose one, nor refuse none.

Ner. Your Father was ever vertuous, 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 rightlie, but one who you shall rightly love: But what warmth is there in your affection towards any of these Princes' suitors that are already come?

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

Ner. First there is the Neapolitan Prince.

Por. I thave a colt indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horfe, & he makes it a great appropriation to his owne good parts that he ondoo him himselfe: I am much afeard my Ladie his mother plaid a fable with a Smyth.

Ner. Than is there the Countie Palentine.

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

Ner. How say you by the French Lord, Mounsier Le Boune?

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

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

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

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

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

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

Por. Very vildlie in the morning when hee is sober, and moist vildly in the afternoone when he is drunke: when he is best, he is a little worne then a man, & when he is worst he is little better then a beast, and the worst fall that ever fell, I hope I shall make shift to goe without him.

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

Portia. Therefore for feare of the worst, I pray thee set a deepe glasse of Reynishe vine on the contrarie Casket, for if the deuil be within, and that temptation without, I knowe hee will choose it. I will doe any thing Nerrissa ere I will be married to a sponge.

Nerrissa. You neede not feare Ladie the having enie of these Lords, they have acquainted me with their determinations, which is indeede to returne to their home, and to trouble you with no more sute, vnlesse you may be wonne by some other fort the your Fathers imposition, depending on the Caskets.

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

Nerrissa. Doe you not remember Lady in your Fathers time, a Venecian a Scholler & a Soulidour that came hither in companie of the Marqueffe of Mountferrat?
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Portia. Yes, yes, it was Bassanio, as I think he was called.

Ner. True madam, he of all the men that ever my foolish eyes look'd upon, was the best deserving of a fair lady.

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

How nowe, what news?

Enter a Sergingman.

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

Por. Yf I could bid the ship welcome with so good hart as I can bid the other foure farewell, I should bee glad of his approch: if he haue the condition of a Saint, and the complexion of a devil, I had rather he should shrieue mee then wiuue mee. Come Nerrissia, sirra goe before: whiles we shut the gate upon one wooer, another knocks at the doore.

Enter Bassanio with Shylocke the Jew.

Shy. Three thousand ducats, well.

Bass. Sir, for three months.

Shy. For three months, well.

Bass. For the which as I told you,

Anthony shall be bound.

Shy. Anthony shall become bound, well.

Bass. May you fmet me? Will you pleasure me?

Shall I know your surnawere.

Shy. Three thousand ducats for three months,

and Anthony bound.

Bass. Your surnawere to that.

Shy. Anthony is a good man.

Bass. Have you heard any imputation to the contrary.

Shylocke. No no, no, no: my meaning in laying hee is a good man, is to haue you understand mee that hee is sufficient, yet his means are in supposition: hee hath an Argosie bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies, I understand moreover vp- on the Ryalts, hee hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England, and
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and other ventures he hath squandered abroade, but ships are but
boordes, Saylers but men, there be land rats, and water rats, water
theeues, and land theeues, I mean Pyrats, and then there is the
perrill of waters, windes, and rockes: the man is notwithstanding
sufficient, three thousand ducats, I think I may take his bond.

Bass. Be assured you may.

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

Bass. Yf it please you to dine with vs.

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

Enter Antonio.

Bass. This is signior Antonio.

Iew. How like a fawning publican he lookes.
I hate him for he is a Christian:
But more, for that in low simplicitie
He lends out money gratis, and brings downe
The rate of vsance heere with vs in Venice.
Yf I can catch him once vpon the hip,
I will feede fat auncient grudge I beare him.
He hates our sacred Nation, and he rayles
Even there where Merchants most doe congregate
On me, my bargaines, and my well-wone thrift,
which hee calls interrect: Curfed be my Trybe
if I forgive him.

Bass. Shylock, doe you heare.

Shyl. I am debating of my present store,
And by the neere geste of my memorie
I cannot instantly raise up the grosse
Of full three thousand ducats: what of that,
To buy a wealthy Hebrew of my Tribe
Will furnish me; but soft, how many months
Doe you desire? Refl you faire good signior,
Your worship was the last man in our mouthes.
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Ant. Shylocke, albeit I neither lend nor borrow
By taking nor by giuing of excessive,
Yet to supply the ripe wants of my friend,
He break a custome: is hee yet possesse
How much ye would?

Shy. 7, I, three thousand ducats.
Ant. And for three months.

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

Ant. I doe never vse it.

Shy. When Jacob grazd his Vnkle Labans Sheepe,
This Jacob from our holy Abram was
(As his wife motherwrought in his behalfe)
The third possessor; I, he was the third.

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

Shy. No, not take interest, not as you would say
Directly interest, marke what Jacob did,
When Laban and himselfe were compreymzd
That all the eanelings which were streakt and pied
Should fall as Jacobs hier, the Ewes being ranck
In end of Autumne turned to the Rammes,
And when the worke of generation was
Betweene thef wolly breeders in the act,
The skilful sheepeheard pyld me certaine wands,
And in the dooing of the deede of kind
He fluck them vp before the fulsome Ewes,
Who then conceaving, did in eaning time
Fall party-coloured lambs, and those were Jacobs.
This was a way to thrive, and he was blest:
And thrift is blessing if men steale it not.

An. This was a venture for that Jacob servd for.
A thing not in his power to bring to passe,
But swayd and fashioned by the hand of heauen.
Was this inserted to make interest good?
Or is your gold and siluer ewes and rammes?

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

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

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

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

Shy. Signior Antonio, manie a time and oft

In the Ryalf you haue rated me
About my monies and my viances:
Still haue I borne it with a patient shrug,
(For suffrance is the badge of all our Trybe)
You call me misbeleuer, cut-throate dog,
And spet upon my Iewish gaberdine,
And all for use of that which is mine owne.
Well then, it now appeares you neede my helpe:

Goe to then, you come to me, and you say,
Shylocke, we would haue monies, you say so:
You that did voyde your rume, upon my beard,
And foote me as you spurne a stranger curre

Ouer your threshold, monies is your fute.
What should I say to you? Should I not say
Hath a dog money? is it possible
A curre can lend three thousand ducats? or
Shall I bend low, and in a bond-mans key
With bated breath, and whispring humblenes
Say this: Faire sir, you spet on me on Wednesday last,

You spumd me such a day another time,
You called me dogge: and for these curtesies
He lend you thus much monies.

Ant. I am as like to call thee so againe,
To spet on thee againe, to spurne thee to.
Yf thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
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As to thy friends, for when did friendship take
A breede for barrayne mettaille of his friend?
But lend it rather to thine enemie,
Who if he breake, thou maist with better face
Exact the penaltie.

Shy. Why looke you how you storme,
I would be friends with you, and have your loue,
Forget the shame that you have staind me with,
Supply your present wants, and take no doyte
Of vance for my moneyes, and youle not heare mee,
this is kinde I offer.

Bass. This were kindnesse.

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

Ant. Content in faith, ye seale to such a bond,
and say there is much kindnes in the Jew.

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

An. Why feare not man, I will not forfeit it,
within these two months, thts a moneth before
this bond expires, I doe expect returne
of thrice three times the valem 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 eexion of the forfeiture?
A pound of mans flesh taken from a man,
is not so estimable, profitable neither
as flesh of Muttons, Beefes, or Goates, I say.
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To buy his favour, I extend this friendship,
Ye! He will take it, so, if not adieu,
And for my love I pray you wrong me not.

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

Exit.

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

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

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

Exeunt.

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

Morosco. Mislike me not for my complexion,
The shadowed liuerie of the burnish'd sunne,
To whom I am a neighbour, and neere bred.
Bring me the fayrest creature North-ward borne,
Where Phoebus fire scarce thawes the yscicles,
And let vs make incyzion for your loue,
To proue whose blood is reddest, his or mine.

I tell thee Lady this aspect of mine
Hath feared the valiant, (by my loue I sweare)
The best regarded Virgins of our Clyme
Haue lou'd it to: I would not change this hue,
Except to steale your thoughts my gentle Queene.

Portia. In termes of choyse I am not sole led
By nice direction of a maydens eyes:
Besides, the lottrie of my destenie
Bars me the right of voluntary chooping:
But if my Father had not scanted me,

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

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

Portia. You must take your chauncce,
And eather not attempt to choosse at all,
Or sweare before you choose, if you choose wrong
Neuer to speake to Lady afterward
In way of marriage, therefore be aduised.

Mor. Nor will not, come bring me vnto my chauncce.

Portia. First forward to the temple, after dinner

Your hazard shall be made.

Mor. Good fortune then,
To make me blest or cursed’t among men.

Exeunt.

Enter the Clowne alone.

Clowne. Certainly, my conscience will serue me to runne from
this Iewe my Master: the fiend is at mine elbow, and tempts me,
saying to me, lobbe, Launcels lobbe, good Launcels, or good lobbe,
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or good Laurencee lobbe, vfe your legges, take the start, runneway, my conscience sayes no; take heede honest Laureceet, take heede honest lobbe, or a fone fide honest Laureceet lobbe, doe not runne, scorne running with thy heele; well, the most corageous fiend bids me packe, sa fayes the fiend, away sayes the fiend, for the heauens roufe vp a braue minde sayes the fiend, and runne; well, my conscience hanging about the necke of my heart, sayes very wisely to mee: my honest friend Laureceet beeing an honest mans sonne, or rather an honest womens sonne, for indeede my Father did something smake, something grow to; he had a kinde of safit; well, my conscience sayes Laureceet bouge not, bouge sayes the fiend, bouge not sayes my conscience, conscience say I you counseyle well, fiend say I you counseyle well, to be ruld by my conscience, I should stay with the Jewe my Master, (who God blesse the marke) is a kinde of deuill; and to runne away from the Jewe I should be ruled by the fiend, who sauing your reverence is the deuill himselfe; certainly the Jewe is the very deuill incarnation, and in my conscience, my conscience is but a kinde of hard conscience, to offer to counseyle mee to stay with the Jewe; the fiend gives the more friendly counseyle: I will runne fiend, my heele are at your commandement, I will runne.

Enter old Gobbo with a basket.

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

Laurencee. O heauens, this is my true begotten Father, who being more then sawd blinde, high grauell blinde, knowes me not, I will try confusions with him.

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

Laurencee. Turne vp on your right hand at the next turning, but at the next turning of all on your left; marry at the very next turning turne of no hand, but turne downe indirectly to the Jewes house.

Gobbo. Be Gods founties twill be a hard way to hit, can you tell me
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mee whether one Launcelet that dwels with him, dwell with him or no.

Launcelet. Telke you of young Maistre Launcelet, marke mee nowe, nowe will I raise the waters; telke you of young Maistre Launcelet.

Gobbe. No Maistre sir, but a poore mans Sonne, his Father though I sayt is an honest exceeding poore man, and God bee thanked well to liue.

Launce. Well, let his Father be what a will, wee telke of young Maistre Launcelet.

Gob. Your worshps friend and Launcelet sir.

Launce. But I pray you ergo olde man, ergo I beseech you, telke you of young Maistre Launcelet.

Gob. Of Launcelet ant plesse your maistership.

Launce. Ergo Maistre Launcelet, talke not of maister Launcelet Father, for the young Gentleman according to fates and defteries, and such odd sayings, the sistres three, and such branches of learning, is indeede deceased, or as you would say in plaine termes, gone to heauen.

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

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

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

Launcelet. Doe you not know me Father.

Gobbe. Alack sir I am said blind, I know you not.

Launcelet. Nay, in deede if you had your eyes you might sayle of the knowing mee: it is a wise Father that knowes his owyne childe. Well, olde man, I will tell you newes of your Sonne, give mee your blessing, trueth will come to light, muder cannot bee hidde long, a mannes Sonne may, but in the ende trueth will out.

Gobbe. Pray you sir stand vp, I am sure you are not Launcelet my boy.
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Launc. Pray you let's haue no more fooling, about it, but giue meee your blessing: I am Launcelet your boy that was, your sonne that is, your child that shall be.

Gob. I cannot thinke you are my sonne.

Launc. I know not what I shall think of that: but I am Launcelet the Iewes man, and I am sure Margerie your wife is my moother.

Gob. Her name is Margerie in deede, ile be sworne if thou bee Launcelet, thou art mine owne flesh and blood: Lord worshipt might he be, what a beard haft thou got; thou haft got more haire on thy chinne, then Dobbin my philhorshe hase on his taile.

Launc. It should seeme then that Dobbins taile growes backward. I am sure hee had more haire of his taile then I haue of my face when I lofte saw him.

Gob. Lord how art thou chang'd: how doost thou and thy Maister agree, I haue brought him a present: how gree you now?

Launc. Well, well, but for mine owne part, as I haue let vp my rest to runne away, so I will not rest till I haue runne some ground; my Maister's a very Iewe, giue him a present, giue him a halter, I am famisht in his service. You may tell every finger I haue with my ribs: Father I am glad you are come, giue me your present to one Maister Bassanio, who in deede giues rare newe Lyuories, if I ferue 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 Iewe if I ferue the Iewe any longer.

Enter Bassanio with a follower or two.

Bass. You may doe so, but let it be so hasted that supper be reade at the farthest by five of the clocke: see these Letters deliuered, put the Lyuories to making, and desiere Grasiano to come anone to my lodging.

Launc. To him Father.

Gob. God bleffe your worship.

Bass. Gramercie, wouldst thou ought with me.

Gobbe. Heere's my sonne sir, a poore boy.

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

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

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

Gob. His Master and he (saying your worship's reverence) are scarce catecisms.

Lau. To be briefe, the very truth is, that the Jew having done me wrong, doth cause me as my Father being I hope an old man shall restitution unto you.

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

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

Bass. One speake for both, what would you?

Lau. Servce you sir.

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

Bass. I know thee well, thou hast obtained thy fute, Shylocke thy Master spokke with me this day,
And hast prefered thee, if it be preferment
To leaue a rich Jewes service, to become
The follower of so poore a Gentleman.

Clowne. The old proverb is very well parted betwene my Master Shylocke and you sir, you have the grace of God sir, and he hath enough.

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

Clowne. Father in, I cannot get a service, no, I have nere a tong
in my head, wel: if any man in Italy haue a fayrer table which
doeth offer to sweare upon a booke, I shall haue good fortune;
goe too, here's a simple lyne of life, here's a small tryfle of wiues,
ala, fifteen wines is nothing, a leuen widuowes and nine maydes
is a simple comming in for one man, and then to escape drowning thrice,
and to be in perrill of my life with the edge of a featherbed,
here are simple escapes: well, if Fortune be a woman she's a good
wench for this gree: Father come, ile take my leaue of the Jewe in

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the twinkling. Exit Clurme.

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

Leon. My best endeavours shall be done herein. Exit Leonardo.

Enter Gratiano.

Grati. Where's your Master.

Leonar. Yonder sir he walkes.

Grati. Signior Bassanio.

Bass. Gratiano.

Grat. I haue sute to you.

Bass. You haue obtaind it.

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

Bass. Why then you must but heare thee Gratiano,

Thou art to wild, to rude, and bold of voyce,
Parts that become thee happily enough,
And in such eyes as ours appeare not faults
But where thou art not knowne; why there they show
Somthing too liberal, pray thee take paine
To allay with some cold drops of modestie.

Thy skipping spirit, leaft through thy wild behaviour
I be misconstrued in the place I goe to,
And loose my hopes.

Grat. Signior Bassanio, heare me,

Yf I doe not put on a sober habite,
Take with respect, and sweare but now and than,
Weare prayer bookes in my pocket, looks demurely;
Nay more, while grace isaying hood mine eyes
Thus with my hat, and sigh and say amen:

We all the observance of ciuillity
Like one well studied in a fad of sent
To please his Grandam, neuer trust me more.

Bass. Well, we shall see your bearing.

Grat. Nay but I barre to night, you shall not gage me
By what we doe to night.

Bass. No that were pitty,

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

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

Enter Jessica and the Clown.

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

Clowne. Adieu, tears exhibit my tongue, most beautifull Pa-
gan, most sweete Iewe, if a Christian doe not play the knaue and
get thee, I am much deceaued; but adieu, these foolish drops doe
somthing drowne my manly spirit: adieu.

Jessica. Farwell good Laureleot.
Alack, what heynous name is it in me
To be ashamed to be my Father's child,
But though I am a daughter to his blood
I am not to his manners: o Lorenzo
Yf thou keepe promise I shall end this strife,
Become a Christian and thy loving wife. 

Exit.

Enter Gratiano, Lorenzo, Salarno, and Salarino.

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

Gratia. We have not made good preparation.
Salar. We have not spoke vs yet of Torch-bearers,
Salarino. Tis vile vnlesse it may be quaintly ordered,
And better in my minde not vnertooke.

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

Lanucelet. And it shal please you to breake vp this, it shal 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.

Gretia. Loue, newes in faith.
Lanuce. By your leave sir.
Loren. Whither goest thou.
Lanuc. Marry sir to bid my old Maister the Iewe to sup to night
with my new Maister the Christian.

Loren. Hold heere take this, tell gentle Jessica
I will not faile her, speake it privaetly,
Goe Gentlemen, will you prepare you for this maske to night,
I am provided of a Torch-bearer. Exit Clowne.

Sal. I marry, ile be gone about it straite.
Sal. And so will I.

Loren. Meete me and Gratiano at Gratianos lodging
Some howre hence.

Sal. Tis good we doe so. Exit.

Gratia. Was not that Letter from faire Jessica.
Loren. I muut needes tell thee all, she hath dierect

How I shall take her from her Fathers house,
What gold and jewells she is furnisht with,
What Pages sute she hath in readines,
Yfere the Iewe her Father come to heauen,
Yt will be for his gentle daughters sake,
And never dare misfortune crosse her foot,
Unles she doe it vnder this excuse,
That she is issue to a faithlesse Iewe:
Come goe with me, perufe this as thou goest,
Faire Jessica shal be my Torch-bearer. Exit.

II. vi

Enter Iewe and his man that was the Clowne.

Iewe. Well, thou shalt see, thy eyes shall be thy judge,
The difference of old Shylocke and Bassanio's
What Jessica, thou shalt not gurmandize

As
the Merchant of Venice.

As thou hast done with mee: what Jessica,
and sleepe, and more, and rend apparaile out.
Why Jessica I say.

Clowne. Why Jessica.


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

Enter Jessica.

Jessica. Call you? what is your will?

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

Clowne. I beseech you sir goe, my young Master
dothe expect your reproch.

Shy. So doe this.

Clowne. 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 nose fell a bleeding on black monday last, at sixe a clocke
ith morning, falling out that yeere on ahsbenday was foure yeere
in thaternoone.

Shy. What are there masks? heare you me Jessica,
lock vp my doores, and when you heare the drumme
and the vile squealing of the wry-neckt Fiffe
clamber not you vp to the casements then
Nor thrust your head into the publique streete
To gaze on Christan foole with varniht faces:
But stop my houses eares, I meane my casements,
let not the sound of shallow sopprie enter
my sober house. By Jacobs staffe I swore
I have no minde of feasting forth to night:
but I will goe: goe you before me sirra,
say I will come.
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Clowne.  I will goe before sir.
Mistres looke out at window for all this, there will come a Christian by
will be worth a Iewes eye.

Shy.  What sayes that foole of Flaggars ofpring? ha.
Isfica.  His words were farewell mistres, nothing els.
Shy.  The patch is kinde enough, but a huge feeder
Snaille flow in profit, and he sleepeas by day
more then the vvild-cat: drones huite not with me,
therefore I part with him: and part with him
to one that I would haue him helpe to walt
his borrowed purfe.  Well Isfica goe in,
perhaps I will returne immediatlie,
do as I bid you, shut dores after you, fast bind, fast find.
a prouerbe neuer flale in thristie minde.  Exit.

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

Enter the maskers, Gratiano and Salerino.

Grat.  This is the penthouse vnder which Lorenzo
defired vs to make fland.
Sal.  His howre is almost past.
Gra.  And it is meruaile he out-dwells his howre.
for louers euer runne before the clocke.
Sal.  O tenne times faster Venus pidgions flie
to seale loues bonds new made, then they are wont
to keepe obliged faith vnsforfaited.
Gra.  That euer holds: who riseth from a feast
vyth that keene appetite that he sits downe?
where is the horse that doth vntrread againe
his tedious meuaures with the vnbatled fire
that he did pace them first: all things that are
are with more spirit chasfed then enioyd.
How like a younger or a prodigall
theskarfed barke puts from her native bay
hugd and embracd by the strumpeet wind,
how like the prodigall doth the returne
the Merchant of Venice.

with outer-wetherd ribbs and ragged sailes
jeane, rent, and beggar'd by the trumpet wind?

Enter Lorenzo.

Sal. Here comes Lorenzo, more of this hereafter.

Lor. Sweet frends, your patience for my long abode
not I but my affaires have made you waite:
vwhen you shall please to play the theues for winces
Ile watch as long for you then: approch
here dwels my father Iew. Howe whose within?

Ieffice aboue.

Ieff. Who are you? tell me for more certainty,

Albeit Ile swear that I doe know your tongue.

Lor. Lorenzo and thy loue.

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

Lor. Heauen & thy thoughts are wistes that thou art.

Ieff. Heere catch this casket, it is worth the paines,
I am glad this night you doe not looke on me,
for I am much ashamede of my exchange:
But loue is blinde, and louers cannot see
The pretty follies that themselfes commit,
for if they could. Cupid himselfe would bluss

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 shame,
they in themselfes goodfooth are too too light.
Why, its an office of discovery loue,
and I should be obscured.

Lor. Soare you sweet
even in the lovely garnish of a boy, but come at once,
for the close night doth play the runaway,
and we are staid for at Bassaniss feast.

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

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

Lor. Beshrow me but I love her hartlie,

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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 proou'd herselue:
And therefore like herselue, wife, faire, and true,
shall she be placed in my constant soule.

Enter Iesica.
What, art thou come, on gentleman, away,
our masking mates by this time for vs stay.

Exit.

Enter Antoniio.

An. Whose there?
Gra. Signior Antoniio?
Anth. Fie, fie Gratiano, where are all the rest?
Tis nine a clocke, our friends all stay for you,
No maske to night, the wind is come about
Bassanio preently will goe abord,
I have sent twentie out to seke for you.

Gra. I am glad out, I desire no more delight
then to be vnderfaile, and gone to night.  

Exit Portia with Morroco and both
their traines.

Per. Goe, draw aside the curtaines and discouer
the feuerall caskets to this noble Prince:
Now make your choyse.

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

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

Mor. Some God direct my judgement, let me see,
I will suruay th'inscriptions, back againe,
What faies 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
the Merchant of Venice.

doe it in hope of faire advantages:
A golden minde stooopes not to showes of drosse,
Ile then nor gine nor hazarad ought for lead.
What fayes the siluer with her virgin hue?
Who chooseth me, shal get as much as he deserues.
As much as he deserues, paule there Marocho,
and weigh thy valew with an euens hand.

If thou bend by thy estimation
thou dosst deserue enough, and yet enough
May not extend so farre as to the Ladie:
And yet to be afeard of my deseruing:
were but a weake disabbling of my selfe.

As much as I deserue, why that the Ladie.
I doe in birth deserue her, and in fortunes,
in graces, and in qualities of breeding:
but more then these, in love I doe deserue,
what if I strait no farther, but chose heere?

Let's see once more this saying graud in gold:
Who chooseth me shall gaine what many men desire.

Why that the Ladie, all the world desires her.
From the four corners of the earth they come
to kisse this shrine, this mortall breathing Saint.
The Hircanion deserts, and the vaste wildes
Of wide Arabia are as throughfares now
for Princes to come view faire Portia.
The waterie Kingdome, whose ambitious head
Spets in the face of heauen, is no barre
To stop the foraine spirits, but they come
as ore a brooke to see faire Portia.

One of these three contains her heaunely picture.
It like that leade contains her, were damnation
to thinke so base a thought, it were too grosse
to ribb her serecloth in the obscure graue,
Or shall I thinke in siluer sheets immurd
beeing tenne times undervalewed to trie gold,
O sinful thought, neuer so rich a tem
was set in worde then gold. They haue in England
The comicall Historie of

A coyne that beares the figure of an Angell
Slumpr in gold, but thats insculpt upon:
But heere an Angell in a golden bed
lies all vwithin. Deliuer me the key:
heere doe I choose, and thriue I as I may.

Por. There take it Prince, and if myforme lie there
then I am yours?

Mor. O hell! what haue wee heare, a carrion death,
vwithin whose emptie eye there is a written scroule,
Ile reade the writing.

All that glitters is not gold,
Often haue you heard that told,
Many a man his life hath fold
But my outside to behold,
Guelted timber doe wormes insfold:
Had you borne as wife as bold,
Young in limbs, in judgeman old,
Your arms weree not borne insfold,
Fareyouwell, your fete is cold.

Mor. Cold indeede and labour lost,
Then farewell heare, and welcom frost:
Poris adiew, I haue too greeu'd a hart
To take a tedious leau: thus losers part.

Por. A gentle riddance, draw the curtaines, go;
Let all of his complexion choose me so.

Exeunt.

Enter Salamano and Solarino.

Sal. Why man I saw Baffanio vnder dayle,
vwith him is Gratiano gone along;
and in theyr ship I am sure Lorenzo is not.

Solo. The villaine Iew with outcries raidd the Duke,
who went with him to search Baffanios ship.

Sal. He came too late, the ship was vnderfaile,
But there the Duke was gien to vnderstand
that in a Gondylo were seene together
Lorenzo and his amorous office.
Besides, Antonio certified the Duke
they were not with Baffanio in his ship.
the Merchant of Venice.

Sol. I never heard a passion so confus'd,
So strange, outrageous, and so variable
As the dogge Iew did viter in the streets,
My daughter, 0 my ducats, 0 my daughter,
Fled with a Christian, 0 my Christian ducats.
Justice, the law my ducats, and my daughter,
A sealed bag, two sealed bags of ducats
Of double ducats, stolen from me by my daughter,
And jewels, two stones, two rich and precious stones,
Stolen by my daughter: justice: find the girlgie,
Shee hath the stones upon her, and the ducats.

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

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

Sal. Marry well remembred,
I reafond with a Frenchman yesterday,
Who told me, in the narrow seas that part
The French and English, there miscaried
A vessel of our country richly fraught:
I thought upon Antonio when he told me,
And witht in silence that it were not his.

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

Sal. A kinder gentleman treades not the earth,
I saw Baffanio and Antonio part,
Baffanio told him he would make some speede
Of his returne: he answered, doe not so,
Flumbe not busines for my sake Baffanio,
But slay the very riping of the time,
And for the Jews bond which he hath of me
Let it not enter in your minde of loue:
Be merry, and employ your cheuest thoughts
To courtship, and such faire offent of loue
As shall convenientely become you there,
And even there his eye being big with teares,
Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,
And with affection wondrouses sensible
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He wrung Baffanias hand, and so they parted.

Sol. I thinke hee onely loues the world for him,
I pray thee let vs goe and finde him out
and quicken his embraced heauines
vvhith some delight or other.

Sol. Doe we fo. Exeunt.

Enter Nerissa and a Seruiture.

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

Enter Arragon, his trayne, and Portia.

Por. Behold there stand the caskets noble Prince,
yf you choose that wherein I am containd
straight shall our nuptiall rights be solemniz'd:
but if you faile, without more speecn my Lord
you must be gone from hence immediatly.

Arra. I am enjoynd by oath to obserue three things,
First, neuer to unfold to any one
vvhich casket twas I chose; next, if I faile
of the right casket, neuer in my life
to wooe a maide in way of marriage:
lastly, if I doe faile in fortune of my choyse
immediatly to leaue you, and be gone.

Por. To these injunctions every one doth sweare
that comes to hazard for my worthlesse selfe.

Arr. And so haue I address me, fortune now
To my harts hope: gold, sluer, and bafe lead.
Who chooseth me, must giue and hazard all he hath.
You shall looke fairer ere I giue or hazard.
What faies the golden chest, ha, let me see,
Who chooseth me, shall gaine what many men desire,
What many men desire, that many may be meant
by the foole multitude that choose by shrow,
not learning more then the fond eye doth teach,
which priests not to thinteriour, but like the Martlet

builds
the Merchant of Venice.

Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
Euen in the force and rode of casualty.
I will not choose what many men desire,
Because I will not jumpe with common spirits,
And ranke me with the barbarous multitudes.
Why then to thee thou siluer treasure house,
Tell me once more what title thou dost beare;
Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserues,
And well sayde to ; for who shall goe about
To copen Fortune, and be honourable
Without the stamp of merit, let none presume
To weare an undeserved dignity : 
O that estates, degrees, and offices,
were not deriu'd corruptly, and that cleare honour
were purchaft by the merit of the weare,
How many then should couer that fland bare ?
How many be commaunded that commaund?
How much low pefantery would then be gleaned
From the true seede of honour ? and how much honour
Pickt from the chaft and ruin of the times,
To be new varnifi : well but to my choice.
Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserues,
I will assume deserts, give me a key for this,
And instantly unlocke my fortunes heere.

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

Arrag. What's heere, the pourtrait of a blinking idiot

Presenting me a shedule, I will reade it :
How much vnlike art thou to Portia?
How much vnlike my hopes and my deserrings.
Who chooseth me, shall have as much as he deserues ?
Did I deferue no more then a fooles head,
Is that my prize, are my deserts no better ?

Portia. To offend and judge are distinct offices,
And of oppased natures.

Arrag. What is heere ?

The for seaven times tried this,
Seaven times tried that indentment is,

E. That
The comical Historie of

That did never choose amis,
Some there be that shadowes kis.
Such have but a shadowes bliss;
There be foole alwaye twis;
Silverd o're, and so was this.
Take what wift you will to bed,
I will ever be your bed:
So be gone, you are sped.

Arrag. Still more foole I shall appeare
By the time I linger heere,
With one foole head I came to woo,
But I goe away with two.
Sweet adiew, ile keepe my oath,
Patiently to bear my wraoth.

Portia. Thus hath the candle singd the moacht:
O these deliberate foole when they doe choose,
They haue the wisedome by their wit to loose.

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

Portia. Come draw the curtaine Nerissa.

Enter Messenger.

Mess. Where is my Lady.

Portia. Heere, what would my Lord?

Mess. Madame, there is a lighted at your gate
A young Venetian, one that comes before
To signifie th'approaching of his Lord,
From whom he bringeth sensible regretts;
To wit, (besides commendes and curious breath)
Gifts of rich valiew: yet I haue not seene
So likely an Embassador of loue.
A day in Aprill never came so sweete
To show how costly Sommer was at hand,
As this fore-spurrer comes before his Lord.

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

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

_Nerissa._ Bassanio Lord, love if thy will it be.  
_Solanio and Salarino._

_Solanio._ Now what newes on the Ryальto?

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

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

_Salaro._ Come, the full stop.

_Solanio._ Ha, what sayest thou, why the end is, he hath lost a ship.

_Salaro._ I would it might proue the end of his losses.

_Solanio._ Let me say amen betimes, least the devil crofe my prayer,
for heere he comes in the likenes of a Jewe. How now _Shylocke_,
what newes among the Merchants?  
_Enter Shylocke._

_Shy._ You knew, none so well, none so well as you, of my daughters
flight.

_Salaro._ Thates certain, I for my part knew the Taylor that made
the wings she flew withall.

_Solanio._ And _Shylocke_ for his own part knew the bird was fledgde,
and then it is the complexion of them all to leave the dam.

_Shy._ She is damnd for it.

_Salaro._ Thats certaine, if the deuill may be her Iudge.

_Shy._ My owne flesh and blood to rebell.

_Solar._ Out vpon it old carrion. rebel it at these yecres.

_Shy._ I lay my daughter is my flesh and my blood.

_Salaro._ There is more difference betweene thy flesh and hers,
then betweene jet and _worie_, more betweene your bloods, then
there is betweene red vine and rennish: but tell vs, doe you heare
whether _Antonio_ haue had any losse at sea or no?

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_Shy._ There
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46 Shy. There I have another bad match, a bankrupt, a prodigall, who dare scarce shewe his head on the Ryalto, a begger that was vsd to come so smug upon the Mart: let him looke to his bond, he was wont to call me vliuer, let him looke to his bond, he was wont to lende money for a Christian curfic, let him looke to his bond.

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

Shy. To baite fish: with all, if it will feede nothing else, it will feede my revenge: hee hath disgrac'd me, and hindered me halfe a million, laugh at my losses, mock at my gaines, scorn'd my Nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies, and what's his reason. I am a Jew: Hath not a Jew eyes, hath not a Jewe hands, organs, demeanions, fencs, 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 Sommer as a Christian is: if you pricke vs doe we not bleed, if you tickle vs doe we not laugh, if you poyson vs doe we not die, and if you wrong vs shall we not revenge, if we are like you in the rest, we will resembe you in that.

If a Jewe 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 villainie 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.

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

Enter Tuball.

Solanio. Here comes another of the Tribe, a third cannot bee matcht, vnselle the devill himselfe turne Jewe. 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.
the Merchant of Venice.

Shylock. Why there, there, there, there, a diamond gone cost me two thousand ducats in Franckford, the curse never fell upon our Nation till now, I never felt it till nowe, two thousand ducats in that, and other precious jewels; I would my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her care: would she were heart at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin: no newes of them, why so? and I know not what's spent in the search: why thou losse upon losse, the theefe gone with so much, and so much to finde the theefe and no satisfaction, no revenge, no ill lucke stirring but what lights a my shoulders, no sighs but a my breathing, no teares but a my shedding.

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


Tuball. Hath an Argolis cast away comming from Tripolis.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Tuball. But Antonio is certainly vndone.

Shy. Nay, that's true, that's very true, goe Tuball see me an Officer, beseake him a fortnight before, I will haue the hart of him if he forfeite, for were he out of Venice I can make what merchan -dize I will: goe Tuball, and meete me at our Sinagogue, goe good
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Tuball, at our Synagogue Tubball.

Exeunt.
Enter Bassanio, Portia, Gratiano, and all
their trayses.

Portia. I pray you tarry, pause a day or two
Before you hazard, for in choosing wrong
I looke your companie; therefore forbear a while,
Theres something tells me (but it is not loue)
I would not looke you, and you know your selfe,
Hate counsailes not in such a quallity;
But leaft you should not understand me well,
And yet a maiden hath no tongue, but thought,
I would detain you here some moneth or two
Before you venture for me. I could teach you
how to choose right, but then I am forgeworne,
So will I neuer be, so may you misse me,
But if you doe, youle make me with a sinne,
That I had beene forgeworne: Beshrow your eyes,
They haue oere-lookt me and deuided 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 goe to hell for it, not I.
I speake too long, but tis too peize the time,
To ech it, and to draw it out in length,
To slay you from election.

Bass. Let me choose,

For as I am, I live vpon the racke.

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

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

Por. But I fear you speake vpon the racke
where men enforced do speake any thing.
the Merchant of Venice.

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

Portia. Well then, confess and live.

Bass. Confess and love

had been the very sum of my confession:

O happy torment, when my torturer

doth teach me answers for deliverance:

But let me to my fortune and the caskets.

Portia. Away then, I am locked in one of them,

If you do love me, you will find me out.

Nerissa and the rest, stand all afofe,

Let musique sound while he doth make his choice,

Then if he looke he makes a Swan-like end,

Fading in musique. That the comparison

may stand more proper, my eye shall be the stream

and watry death-bed for him: he may win,

And what is musique than? Than musique is

even as the flourish, when true subjects bowe

to a new crowned Monarch: Such it is,

As are those dulcet sounds in breake of day,

That creepe into the dreaming bride-grooms ear,

And summon him to marriage. Now he goes

with no lesser presence, but with much more love

Then young Alcides, when he did redeem

The virgin tribute, pay'd by howling Troy

To the Sea-monster: I stand for sacrifice,

The rest afofe are the Dardanian virgins:

With bleared vilaes come forth to view

The issue of th' exploit: Goe Hercules,

Lie thou, I lie with much much more dismay,

I view the fight, then thou that mak'st the fray.

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

Tell me where is fancie bred,

Or in the hart, or in the head,

How begot, how nourished?    Replie, replie.
The comicall Historie of

It is engendred in the eye,
With gazing fed, and Fancie dies:
In the cradle where it lies

Let us all ring Fancyes knell.
Ile begin it.
Ding, dong, bell.

All. Ding, dong, bell.

Bass. So may the outward shooes be least themselves,
The world is still deceau’d with ornament
In Law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,
But being season’d with a gracious voyce,
Obscures the show of euill. In religion
What damned error but some sober brow
Vvill blest it, and approstue it with a text,

Hiding the grosnes with faire ornament:
There is no voyce so simple, but assumes

Some marke of vertue on his outward parts;
How many cowards whose harts are all as false

As flayers of land, weare yet vpon their chins
The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars,
Vvho 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,
Vvitch therein works a miracle in nature,
Making them lightest that weare most of it:

So are thofe crisp’d snaky golden locks
Vvitch maketh such wanton gambols with the wind
Vpon suppossted fairenes, often knowne
To be the dowry of a second head,

The scull that bred them in the Sepulcher.
Thus ornament is but the guiled shore
To a most dangerous sea: the beautious scarfe
Vailing an Indian beauty; In a word,
The seeming truth which cunning times put on

To intrapp the wisest. Therefore then thou gaudy gold,

Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee,
the Merchant of Venice.

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

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

Baf. What finde I heere?
Faire Porius counterfeit. What demy God
hath come so neere creation? moue these eyes?
Or whither riding on the balls of mine
seeme they in motion? Heere are feuerd lips
parted with suger breath, so sweet a barre
should finde such sweet friends: heere in her haires
the Paynter playes the Spyder, and hath wounen
a golden meath treasur the harts of men
faister then gnats in cobwebs, but her eyes
how could he see to doe them? hauing made one,
me thinkes it should haue power to steele both his
and leave it selfe vnform'd: Yet looke how farre
the substance of my prais doth wrong this shadow
in vnderprysing it, so farre this shadow
doth limpe behind the substance. Heere the scroule,
the continent and summare of my fortune.

Ton that choose not by the view
Chance as faire, and choose as true:
Since this fortune falls to you,
Be content, and seek no more.
If you be well pleased with this,
And hold your fortune for your bliss,
Turne you where your Lady is,
And claim her with a loving kiss.

F.
The comicall Historie of

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

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

Bass. Maddam, you haue bereft me of all words,
tony my blood spakest to you in my vaines,
and there is such confusion in my powers,
as after some oration fairly spoke
by a beloved Prince, there doth appeare
among the buzzing pleased multitude.
Where every somthing being blet together,
turnes to a wild of nothing, saue of joy
express, and not express, but when this ring
parts from this finger, then parts life from hence,
do then be bold to say Baffanius dead.

Nor. My Lord and Lady, it is now our time
that have stooede by and scene our wishes prosper,
to cry good joy, good joy my Lord and Lady.

Gra. My Lord Baffanius, and my gentle Lady,
I wish you all the joy that you can wish:
for I am sure you can wish none from me :
and when your honours meane to solemnize
the bargaine of your syth : I doe beseech you
even at that time I may be married to.

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

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

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

Por. Is this true Nerrissa ?

Nor. Maddam it is, so you stand pleased withall.

Baff. And doe you Graian close good syth ?

Gra. Yes faith my Lord.
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Bass. Our feast shalbe much honer'd in your mariage.

Gra. Wele 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 old Venecian friend Salerio?

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

Bass. Lorenzo and Salerio, welcome hether,

if that the youth of my newe intrest heere

haue power to bid you welcome: by your leaue

I bid my very friends and countrymen

sweet Portia welcome.

Per. So doe I my Lord, they are intirely welcome.

Lor. I thanke your honour, for my part my Lord

my purpose was not to haue seene you heere,

but meeting with Salerio by the way

he did entreate me past all saying nay

to come with him along.

Sal. I did my Lord,

and I haue reason for it, Signior Antonio

commends him to you.

Bass. Ere I ope his Letter

I pray you tell me how my good friend doth.

Sal. Not sicke my Lord, vnlesse it be in mind,

nor well, vnlesse in mind: his letter there

will show you his estate.

Gra. Nerissa, cheere yond stranger, bid her welcom.

Your hand Salerio, what's the newes from Venice?

How doth that royall Merchant good Antonio?

I know he will be glad of our successse,

We are the Iasons, we have won the fleece.

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

Per. There are some throd contents in yond fame paper

That steale the colour from Bassanie cheke,

Some deere friend dead, els nothing in the world

could turne so much the constitution
the Merchant of Venice.

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

Bass. O sweete Portia,
here are a few of the unpleasantst words
that euer blotted paper. Gentle Lady
when I did first impart my love to you,
I freely told you all the wealth I had
ranne in my vaines, I was a gentleman,
and then I told you true: and yet deere Lady
rating my selfe at nothing, you shall see
how much I was a Braggart, when I told you
my state was nothing, I should then haue told you
that I was worse then nothing; for indeede
I haue engag'd my selfe to a deere friend,
ingag'd my friend to his meere enemie
to feede my meanes. Heere is a letter Lady,
the paper as the body of my friend,
and every word in it a gaping wound
infling life blood. But is it true Salerio
hath all his ventures said, what not one hit,
from Tripolis, from Mexico and England,
from Lisbon, Barbary, and India,
and not one vessell scape the dreadfull touch
of Merchant-marring rocks?

Sal. Not one my Lord.
Befides, it should appeare, that if he had
the present money to discharge the lew,
hee would not take it: never did I know
a creature that did beare the shape of man
to keene and greede to confound a man.
He plyes the Duke at morning and at night,
and doth impeach the freedome of the state
if they deny him justice. Twentie Merchants,
the Duke him selfe, and the Magnificoes
of greatest port haue all perswaded with him,
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but none can drvie him from the envious plea
of forsaiture, of injustice, and his bond.
He. When I was with him, I haue heard him sweare
to Tuball and to (hwo, his country-men,
that he would rather haue Antonomi's flesh
then twenty times the value of the summe
that he did owe him: and I know my lord,
if law, authoritie, and power denie not,
it will goe hard with poore Antonomio.
Por. Is it your deere friend that is thus in trouble?
Bass. The dearest friend to me, the kindest man,
the best condition and vnwearied spirit
in dooing curteisies: and one in whom
the auncient Romaine honour more appeares
then any that draws breath in Italie.
Por. What summe owes he the Iew?
Bass. For me three thousand ducats.
Por. What no more, pay him six thousand, & deface the bond:
double sixe thousand and then treble that,
befoere a friend of this description
shall lose a hair through Bassario's fault.
First goe with me to Church, and call me wife,
and then away to Venice to your friend:
for never shall you lie by Portia's side
with an vnquiet soule. You shall haue gold
to pay the petty debt twenty times ouer.
When it is payd, bring your true friend along,
my mayd Nerissa, and my selfe meane time
vill live as maydes and widdowes: come away,
for you shall hence vpon your wedding day:
bid your frends welcome, shew a merry cheere,
since you are deere bought, I will loue you deere.
But let me heare the letter of your friend.

Sweet Bassanio, my ships have all miscaried, my Creditors growe
crueall, my estate is very low, my bond to the Iew is forsaite, and since in
paying it, it is impossible I should live, all debts are cleerd betweene you
and
the Merchant of Venice.
and I if I might but see you at my dea: notwithstanding, use your plea-
sure; if your love do not persuade you to come, let not my letter.

Por. O loue! dispatch all busines and be gone.
 Bass. Since I haue your good leave to goe away,
 I will make hast; but till I come againe,
 no bed shall ere be guiltie of my stay,
 nor rest be interpoier twixt vs twaine.

Exeunt.

Enter the Iew, and Salario, and Antonio,
 and the Taylor.

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

Ant. Heare me yet good Shylock,

Iew. Ile haue my bond, speake not against my bond,
 I haue sworne an oath, that I will haue my bond:
 thou call'd me dogge before thou hadst a cause,
 but since I am a dog, beware my phanges,
 the Duke shall graunt me iustice, I do wonder
 thou naughtie Taylor that thou art so fond
 to come abroade with him at his request.

Ant. I pray thee heare me speake.

Iew. Ile haue my bond. I will not heare thee speake,
 Ile haue my bond, and therefore speake no more.
 Ile not be made a soft and dulle yde foole,
 to shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yeeld
 to christians intercessers: follow not,
 Ile haue no speaking, I will haue my bond.

Exit Iew.

Sal. It is the most impenetrable curre
 that euer kept with men.

Ant. Let him alone,
 Ile follow him no more with bootlesse prayers.

hee
The comical History of

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

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

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

Exeunt.

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

Lor. Madam, although I speake it in your presence,
you have a noble and a true conceit
of god-like amitie, which appears most strongly
in bearing thus the absence of your Lord.
But if you knew to whom you show this honour,
how true a gentleman you fend releese,
how deere a louer of my Lord your husband,
I know you would be prouder of the worke
then customarie bountie can enforce you.

Por. I never did repent for doing good,
nor shall not now: for in companions
that doe conuerse and waite the time together,
whose soules doe beare an egall yoke of loue,
there must be needs a like proportion
of luyants, of manners, and of spirit;
which makes me thinke that this Anthonio
beeing the besome louer of my Lord,
must needs be like my Lord. If it be so,
the Merchant of Venice.

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

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

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

Lor. Faire thoughts and happy houres attend on you.

Jessica. I wish your Ladiship all harts content.

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

Now Balthasar, as I haue ever found thee honest true,
So let me find thee still: take this same letter,
and vse thou all thindeuour of a man,
In speed to Mantua, see thou render this
into my cosin hands Doctor Belario,
And looke what notes and garments he doth giue thee,
bring them I pray thee with imagin'd speed
to the Transeft, to the common Ferrie
which trades to Venice; vvaft no time in words
but get thee gone, I shall be there before thee.

G.

Balthasar.
The comical Histore of

Balba. Madam, I goe with all convenient speeke.
Portia. Come on Nerissa, I have worke in hand
That you yet know not of; weele see our husbands
before they thinke of ye?
Nerissa. Shall they see vs?
Portia. They shall Nerissa: but in such a habite,
that they shall thinke we are accomplished
vith that we lacke; Ile hold thee any waster
when we are both accoutered like young men,
ille proue the prettie fellow of the two,
and weare my dagger with the brauer grace,
and speake betwene the change of man and boy,
vith a reede voyce, and turne two mincing steps
into a manly stride; and speake of frays
like a fine bragging youth: and tell quaint lyes
how honorable Ladies fought my loue,
which I denying, they fell sicke and dyed.
I could not doe withall: then ille repent,
and with for all that, that I had not killd them;
And twenty of these punie lies ille tell,
that men shall sweare I have discontinued schoole
aboue a twelue-moneth: I haue within my minde
a thousand raw tricks of these bragging Lackes,
which I will practise.

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

Enter Clowne and Jessica.

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

that is but a kinde of bastard hope neither.

Jessica. And what hope is that I pray thee?

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

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

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

Jessica. I shall be fai’d by my husband, he hath made me a Christian?

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

Enter Lorenzo.

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

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

Jessica. Nay, you need not feare vs Lorenzo, Launcelet and I are out, he tells me flatly there's no mercy for mee in heaven, because I am a Jewes daughter: and he faith you are no good member of the common-wealth. for in conuerting Jewes to Christians, you raise the price of pork.

Loren. I shall anfwere that better to the common-wealth than you can the getting vp of the Negroes belly: the Moore is vvith child by you Launcelet?

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

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

Clowne. That is done Sir, they haue all stomacks?

Loren. Goodly Lord what a wit snapper are you, than bid them prepare dinner?
The comical Historie of

Clowne. That is done to sir, onely couer is the word.
Loren. Will you couer than sir?
Clowne. Not so sir neither, I know my duty.
Loren. Yet more quarrelling with occasion, wilt thou shewe

the whole wealth of thy wit in an instant; I pray thee understand a
plaine man in his plaine meaning: goe to thy fellowes, bid them

couer the table, serue in the meate, and we will come in to dinner.

Clowne. For the table sir, it shall be seru’d in, for the meate sir, it
shall be couerd, for your comming in to dinner sir, why let it be as
humors and conceites shall goure.

Exit Clowne.
Loren. O deare discretion, how his words are futed,
The foole hath planted in his memorie
an Armie of good words, and I doe know
a many fooles that stand in better place,
garnisht like him, that for a tricksie word

defie the matter: how cherisht thou Ieffica,
And now good sweet say thy opinion,
How dooest thou like the Lord Bassanios wife?
Ieffi. Past all expressing, it is very meete

the Lord Bassanio live 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, it
in reason he should never come to heauen?
Why, if two Gods should play some heauenly match,
and on the wager lay two earthly women,
And Portia one: there must be somthing else
paund with the other, for the poore rude world
hath not her fellow.

Loren. Euen such a husband
haft thou of me, as she is for wife.
Ieffi. Nay, but ask my opinion to of that?
Loren. I will anone, first let vs goe to dinner?
Ieffi. Nay, let me praiue you while I haue a stomack
Loren. No pray thee, let it serue for table talke,
Then how so mere thou speakesst mong other things,
I shall digest it?

Ieffi.
the Merchant of Venice.

Ieffe. Well, I'll set you forth. Exit.

Enter the Duke, the Magnificoes, Antonio, Bassanio, and Gratiano.

Duke. What, is Antonio here?

Antonio. Ready, to please your grace?

Duke. I am sorry for thee, thou art come to answer
a slavish adversary, an inhumane wretch,
uncapable of pitty, void, and empty
from any dram of mercy.

Antonio. I have heard
your grace hath taken great pains to qualify
his rigorous course; but since he stands obdurate,
and that no lawful means can carry me
out of his enuiy's reach, I doe oppose
my patience to his furie, and am armed
to suffer with a quietnesse of spirit,
the very tyranny and rage of his.

Duke. Go to and call the Jew into the Court.

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

Enter Shylock.

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

Shylock. The world thinks, and I think so to
that thou hast ledft this fashion of thy malice
to the last house of act, and then is thought
thowit they thy mercy and remore more strange,
than is thy strange apparant cruelty;
and where thou now exacts the penalty,
which is a pound of this poore merchant's flesh,
thou wilt not onely lose the forfeiture,
but toucht with humane gentlenes and louse:
Forgue a myotie of the principall,
glauncing an eye of pitty on his losses
that haue of late so hudled on his backe,
Enow to preffe a royall Merchant downe;
And pluck comiferation of this states
from brasse bosomes and rough harts of flints,
from stubborne Turkes, and Tarters never traind
The comicall Historie of

to offices of tender curtesie:
We all expect a gentle aunswere Iewe?
    Iewe. I haue possest your grace of what I purpose,
and by our holy Sabaoth haue I sworne
to haue the due and forset of my bond,
if you deny it, let the danger light
    vpon your charter and your Cities freedome?
Youle ask me why I rather choose to have
a weight of carrion flesh, then to receaue
three thousand ducats: Ile not aunswere that?
    But say it is my humour, is it aunswerd?
What if my house be troubled with a Rat,
and I be pleafl to giue ten thousand ducats
to haue it baind? vvhath, are you aunswerd yet?
Some men there are loue not a gaping pigge?
Some that are mad if they behold a Cat?
And others when the bagpipe sings ith nose,
cannot containe their vnrie for affection.
Maisters of passion swyes it to the moode
of what it likes or loathes, now for your aunswer:
    As there is no firme reason to be rendred
vvhy he cannot abide a gaping pigge:
    vvhy he a harmelesse necessarie Cat?
vvhy he a woollen bagpipe: but of force
must yeeld to such in suitable shame,
as to offend himselfe being offended:
    So can I giue no reason, nor I will not,
more then a lodgd hate, and a certaine loathing
I beare Anthonio, that I follow thus
a loving fute against him? are you aunswered?
    Baff. This is no aunswer thou vnfeeling man.
to excuse the currant of thy cruelty?
    Iewe. I am not bound to please thee with my answers?
    Baff. Doe all men kill the things they doe not loue?
    Iewe. Hates any man the thing he would not kill?
    Baff. Every offence is not a hate at first?
    Iewe. What wouldst thou haue a serpent sting thee twice?

Antho.
the Merchant of Venice.

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

Baff. For thy three thousand ducats here is fixe?

Jewe. If every ducat in fixe thousand ducats
were in fixe 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?

Jewe. What judgment shall I dread doing no wrong?
you haue among you many a purchaft slave,
which like your Asses, and your Dogs and Mules
you vs in abiest and in slaveish parts,
for you bought them, shall I say to you,
let them be free, marrie them to your heires?
why sweat they vnder burthen, let their beds
be made as soft as yours, and let their pallats
be laced with such viands, you will answver
the slaves are ours, so doe I answver you:
The pound of fleisch which I demaund of him
is deereely bought, as 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, answver, shall I have it?

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

Come
The comicall Historie of

Come here to day?
Salario. My Lord, here stays without,
a messenger with letters from the Doctor,
new come from Padua?
Duke. Bring vs the letters? call the Messenger?
Bass. Good cheere Antho? what man, courage yet?
The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones and all,
erst thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood?
Antho. I am a tainted weather of the flocke,
meetest for death, the weakest kind offruite
drops earliest 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 doost thou what thy knife so earnestly?
Iew. To cut the forfeiture from that bankrupt there?
Gratia. Not on thy soule: but on thy soule harsh Jew
thou makst thy knife keen: but no mettall can,
no, not the hangmans axe beare halfe the keenenesse
of thy sharpe enuie: can no prayers pearce thee?
Iew. No, none that thou haist wit enuough to make,
Gratia. O be thou damned, inexercable dogge,
And for thy life let justice be accusd;
Thou almoast makst me waver in my faith,
to hold opinion with Pythagoras,
that soules of Animalls infuse themselves
into the trunks of men: Thy currish spirit
gouerned a Woolfe, who hangd for humaine slaughter
even from the gallowes did his fell soule feste,
and whilest thou layest in thy unhallowed dam;
infusd it selfe in thee: for thy desires
are voluiish, bloody, staru'd, and ravenous.
Iew. Till thou canst raile the seal from off my bond,
Thou but offendst thy lungs to speake so loud:
Repaiire thy wit good youth, or it will fall
the Merchant of Venice.

to curelesse ruine. I stand heare for law.

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

Ner. He attendeth here hard by
to know your aunswrer whether youle admit him.

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

Your Grace shall understand, that at the receit of your letter I am very sicke, but in the instant that your messenger came, in loyning visitation was with me a young Doctor of Rome, his name is Balthazar: I acquainted him with the cause in coterouerse between the Jew and Antonio the Merchant, wee turned or many bookees together, hee is furnished with my opinion, which bettered with his owne learning, the greatnes whereof I cannot enough commend, comes with him at my importunitie, to fill vp your graces request in my stead. I beseech you let his lacke of yeeres be no impediment to let him lacke a reuerend estimation, for I never knew so young a body with so olde a head: I leave him to your gracious acceptance, whose tryall shall better publish his commendation.

Enter Portia for Balthazer.

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

Portia. I did my Lord.

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

Por. I am enformed throughly of the cause,
which is the Merchant here? and which the Jew?

Duke. Antonio and old Shylocke, both stand forth.

Por. Is your name Shylocke?

Jew. Shylocke is my name.

Por. Of a strange nature is the fute you follow,
yet in such rule, that the Venetian law
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cannot impugne you as you doe proceed.
You stand within his danger, doe you not.  
An. I, so he sayes.  
Por. Doe you confesse the bond?  
An. I doe.  
Por. Then must the few be mercifull.  
Shy. On what compulsion must I, tell me that.  
Por. The qualitie of mercie is not straund,  
it droppeth as the gentle raine from heaven  
upon the place beneath: it is twice blest,  
it blesteth him that gius, and him that takes,  
tis mightiest in the mightiest, it becomes  
the throned Monarch better then his crowne,  
His scepter shewes the force of temporall power,  
the attribut to awe and maiestie,  
wherein doth fit the dread and seare of Kings:  
but mercie is aboue this sceptred sway,  
it is enthroned in the harts of Kings,  
it is an attribut to God himselfe;  
and earthly power doth then shew likest gods  
when mercie seasones justice: therefore few,  
though justice be thy plea, consider this,  
that in the course of justice, none of vs  
should see salvation: wee doe pray for mercy,  
and that same prayer, doth teach vs all to render  
the deedes of mercie. I have spoke thus much  
to mitigate the justice of thy plea,  
which if thou follow, this strict Court of Venice  
must needs giue sentence against the Merchant there.  
Shy. My deeds upon my head, I craue the law,  
the penalty and forfeite 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 hart,  
if this will not suffice, it must appeare  
that
the Merchant of Venice.

that malice beares downe truth. And I beseech you
wrest once the law to your authoritie,
to doe a great right, doe a little wrong,
and curbe this cruell deuill of his will.

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

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

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

Shy. Here is most reuerend doctor, here it is.

Por. Shylocke theres thrice thy money offred thee.

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

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

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

An. Most hartelie I doe beseech the Court
to giue the judgement.

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

Shy. O noble Judge, an excellent young man.

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

_Iew._ Tis very true: o wife and vpright Judge,
how much more elder art thou then thy lookes.

_Por._ Therefore lay bare your bosome.

_Iew._ I, his breast,
so saries the bond, doth it not noble Judge?
Nearest his hart, those are the very words.

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

_Iew._ I haue them ready.

_Por._ Haue by some Surgeon Shylocke on your charge,
to stop his wounds, leaft he doe bleed to death.

_Iew._ Is it so nominated in the bond?

_Por._ It is not so expres, but what of that?

Twere good you doe so much for charitie.

_Iew._ I cannot finde it, tis not in the bond.

_Por._ You Merchant, haue you any thing to say?

_Ant._ But little; I am armd and well prepar'd,
give me your hand Bassanio, far you well,
greene not that I am falne to this for you:
for heerein Fortune showes her selve more kind
then is her custome: it is stille her vs.
to let the wretched man out-liue his wealth,
to view with hollow eyre and wrinckled brow
an age of povertie: from which lingring penance
of such misery doth the cut me of.
Commend me to your honourable wife,
tell her the proccesse of Anthonio end,
say how I lou'd you, speake me faire in death:
and when the tale is told, bid her be judge
whether Bassanio had not once a loue:
Repet but you that you shall loose your friend
and he repents not that he payes your debt.
For if the Iew doe cut but deepe enough,
He pay it instantly with all my hart.

_Bass._ Anthonio, I am married to a wife
which is as deere to me as life it selfe,
but life it selfe, my wife, and all the world,
the Merchant of Venice.

are not with me esteem'd above thy life.
I would loose all, I sacrifice them all
here to this devil, to deliver you.

Por. Your wife would give you little thankes 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
intreate some power to change this currish Jew.

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

Jew. These be the christian husbands, I have a daughter
would any of the stock of Barrabas
had beene her husband, rather then a Christian.
We trifle time, I pray thee pursuie sentence.

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

Jew. Most rightfull judge.

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

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

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

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

Shy. Is that the law?

Por. Thy selfe shalt see the Act:
for as thou vrgest injustice, be assured
thou shalt have injustice more then thou defirft.

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

Jew. I take this offer then, pay the bond thrice
and let the Christian goe.

H. 3.
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Bass. Here is the money.

Por. Soft, the Jew shall have all justice, soft no haft,
he shall have nothing but the penalty.

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

Por. Therefore prepare thee to cut of the flesh,
shed thou no blood, nor cut thou lest nor more
but just a pound of flesh: if thou tak't more
or lefse then a just pound, be it but so much
as makes it light or heavy in the substance,
or the division of the twentieth part
of one poor scruple, nay if the scale doe turne
but in the estimation of a hayre,
thee 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 pause, take thy forfeit.

Sby. Give me my principall, and let me goe.

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

Por. Hee hath refused it in the open Court,
hee shall haue meereely justice and his bond.

Gra. A Daniel stil say I, a second Daniel,
I thanke thee Jew for teaching me that word.

Sby. Shall I not haue barely my principall?

Por. Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture
to be so taken at thy perrill Jew.

Sby. Why then the devill gie him good of it:
He stay no longer question.

Por. Tarry Jew,
the law hath yet another hold on you.
It is enacted in the lawes of Venice,
if it be proved against an alien,
that by direct, or indirect attempts
he seeke the life of any Citizen,
the party gaine the which he doth contrive,
shall seaze one halfe his goods, the other halfe
comes to the privie coffer of the State,
and the offenders life lies in the mercy
the Merchant of Venice.

of the Duke only, gainst all other voyce.
In which predicament I say thou standst:
for it appeares by manifect proceeding,
that indirectly, and directly to
thou hast contriued against the very life
of the defendant: and thou hast incur'd
the danger forormerly by me rehearse.
Downe therefore, and beg mercie of the Duke.

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

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

Por. I for the state, not for Antonius.

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

Por. What mercy can you render him Antonius?

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

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

Duke. He shall doe this, or else I doe recant
the pardon that I late pronounced heere.

Por.
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Por. Art thou contented Iew? what dost thou say?
Shy. I am content.
Por. Clarke, draw a deede of gift.
Shy. I pray you give me leave to goe from hence,
I am not well, lend the deede after me,
and I will signe it.

Duke. Get thee gone, but doe it.
Shy. In christening shalt thou haue two Godfathers,
had I beene judge, thou shouldst haue had ten more,
to bring thee to the gallowes, not to the font. Exit.

Duke. Sir I entreat you home with me to dinner.
Por. I humbly doe desire your Grace of pardon,
I must away this night toward Padua,
and it is meete I presently set forth.

Duke. I am sorry that your leysure serves you not.
Anthonio, gratifie this gentleman,
for in my mind you are much bound to him.
Exit Duke and his traine.

Bass. Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend
have by your wisedome been this day acquitted
of greevous penalties, in lewe whereof,
three thousand ducats due vnto the Iew
were freely cope your curtious paines withall.

An. And stand indebted ouer and abowe
in loue and servise to you euer-more.
Por. Hee is well payd that is well satisfied,
and I deliuering you, am satisfied,
and therein doe account my selfe well payd,
my mind was never yet more mercinarie.
I pray you know me when we meete againe,
I wish you well, and so I take my leaue.

Bass. Deere sir, of force I must attempt you further,
take some remembrance of vs as a tribute,
not as fee: graunte me two things I pray you,
not to deny me, and to pardon me.

Por. You preffe me farre, and therefore I wil yeeld,
giue mee your gloues, Ile weare them for your lake,

and
the Merchant of Venice.

and for your loue ile take this ring from you,
doe not draw back your hand, ile take no more,
and you in loue shall not denie me this?

Bass. This ring good sir, alas it is a trifle,
I will not shame my selfe to give you this?

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

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

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

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

Por. That excuseserves many men to save their gifts,
and if your wife be not a mad woman,
and know how well I haue deserv'd this ring,
the would not hold out enemie for ever
for giving it to me: well, peace be with you. 

Enter.

Ant. My L. Bassani, let him haue the ring,
let his deservings and my loue withall
be valued against your wives commandement.

Bass. Goe Gratiano, runne and oue-take him,
give him the ring, and bring him if thou canst
unto Antonio's house, away, make haste. Exit Gratiano.
Come, you and I will thither presently,
and in the morrow early will we both
fli toward Belmont, come Antonio.

Enter.

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

Enter.
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Enter Gratiano.

Grat. Fair sir, you are well oretane:
My L. Bassanio upon more advice,
hath sent you here this ring, and doth intreate
your company at dinner.

Por. That cannot be;
his 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 doe.

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

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

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

Enter Lorenzo and Juffi.

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

Juffi. In such a night
did Thisbie fearfully ore-trip the dewe,
and saw the Lyons shadow ere him selfe,
and ranne dismayed away.

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

Juffi. In such a night
Medea gathered the enchanted hearbs
that did renew old Efon.

Loren. In such a night
did
the Merchant of Venice.

did Jaquilla steal from the wealthy Jewe,
and with an unthrift love did runne from Venice,
as farre as Belmont.

Ieffi. In such a night

did young Lorenzo swear he louted her well,
stealing her soule with many vowes of faith,
and none a true one.

Loren. In such a night

did pretty Jaquilla (like a little sugar)

drown her Loue, and he forgave it her.

Ieffi. I would out-night you did no body come:

But harke, I heare the footing of a man.

Enter a Messenger.

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

Messen. A friend?

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

Meff. Stephano is my name, and I bring word

my Mistress will before the breake of day

be here at Belmont, she doth stray about

by holy crosses where she kneels and prays

for happy wedlock houres.

Loren. Who comes with her?

Meff. None but a holy Hermit and her mayd:

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 Jaquilla,

and ceremoniously let vs prepare

some welcome for the Mistress of the house.

Enter Clowne.

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

Loren. Who calls?

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

Loren. Leave hollowing man, here.

Clowne. Sola, where, where?

Loren. Heere?

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

home full of good newes, my Master will be here ere morning

sweete soule.
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Loren. Let's in, and there expect their comming.
And yet no matter: why shoul'd we goe in.
My friend Stephen, signifie I pray you
within the house, your mistres is at hand,
and bring your musike forth into the ayre.
How sweet the moone-light sleepees vpon this banke,
here will we sit, and let the sounds of musique
creepe in our eares soft stilnes, and the night
become the tutches of sweet harmonie:
sit Iesica, looke how the floore of heaven
is thick inlayed with pattens of bright gold,
there's not the smallest orbe which thou beholdst
but in his motion like an Angell sings,
still quiring to the young eyde Cherubins;
such harmonie is in immortall soules,
but whilst this muddy vesture of decay
doeth grofsly close it in, we cannot heare it:
Come hoe, and wake Diana with a hymne,
with sweetest tutches pears your mistres eare,
and draw her home with musique. play Musique.

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

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

the motions of his spirit are dull as night,
and his affections dark as Terceus:
let no such man be trusted: mark the musique.

Enter Portia and Nerissa.

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

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

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

Ner. It is your musique Madame of the house?

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

Ner. Silence bestowes that vertue on it Madam?

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

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

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

Loren. Deere Lady welcome home?

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

Loren. Madam, they are not yet:
but there is come a Messenger before
to signifie their comming.
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Por. Goe in Morrife.
Giuue order to my servaunts, that they take
no note at all of our being absent hence,
nor you Lorenzo, Jessica nor you.

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

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

Enter Bassanio, Antonio, Gratiano, and their
followers.

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

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

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

Bass. I thank 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 sence be much bound to him,
for as I heare he was much bound for you.

Anth. 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 doe me wrong,
infait I gaue it to the Judges Clarke,
vwould he were get that had it for my part,
since you doe take it Loue so much at hart.

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

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

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

that you would ware it till your hour of death,
and that it should lie with you in your grave,
though not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,
you should have beene respectiue and have kept it.
Gaue it a Judges Clarke: no Gods my Judge
the Clarke will nere ware haire ons face that had it.

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

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

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

Por. You were to blame, I must be plaine with you,
to part so slightly with your wifes first gift,
a thing stuck on with oaths vpon your finger,
and so riueted with faith vnto your flesh.
I gaue my Loue a ring, and made him swere
never to part with it, and heere he stands:
I dare be sworne for him he would not leaue it,
nor pluck it from his finger, for the wealth
that the world maisters. Now in faith Gratianno
you giue your wife too vnkind a cause of griefe,
and twere to me I should be mad at it.

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

Gra. My Lord Bassano 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 maister would take ought
but the two rings.

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

Bass. If I could add a lie vnto a fault,
I would deny it: but you see my finger
hath not the ring vpon it, it is gone.
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Por. Euen so voyd is your false hart of truth.
By heauen I will nere come in your bed
vntil I see the ring?

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

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

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

what man is there so much vnreasonable
if you had pleas'd to haue defended it

with any termes of zeale: wanted the modesty
to vrgue the thing held as a ceremonie:

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

Bass. No by my honour Madam, by my soule
no woman had it, but a ciuill Doctor,

vvhich did refuse three thousand ducats of me,
and begd the ring, the which I did denye him,
and sufferd him to goe displeased away,
euen he that had held vp the very life
of my deere friend. What should I say sweet Lady,
I was inforc'd to send it after him,
I was beset with shame and curtesie,

my honour would not let ingratitude
so much befoure it: pardon me good Lady,

for by these blessed candels of the night,
had you been there, I think you would have begd
the ring of me to giue the worthy Doctor?

Por. Let not that Doctor ere come neere my house

since
the Merchant of Venice.

since he hath got the ieweell 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,
no, not my body, nor my husbands bed:
Know him I shall, I am well sure of it.
Lie not a night from home. Watch me like Argus,
if you doe not, if I be left alone.
now by mine honour which is yet mine owne,
ile haue that Doctor for mine bedfellow.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Nerissa. And pardon me my gentle Gratiano,

for that saine scrubbed boy the Doctors Clarke
in liew of this last night did lie with me.

Gratia. Why this is like the mending of high wayes

in Sommer where the wayes are faire enough?

What, are we cuckolds ere we haue deseru'd it.

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

Here is a letter, reade it at your leasure,

It comes from Padua from Bellario,

there you shall finde that Portia was the Doctor,

Nerissa there her Clarke. Lorenzo here
shall witnesse I set forth as soone as you,

and eu'en but now returnd: I haue not yet
entred my house. Anthonio you are welcome,

and I haue better newes in store for you

than you expeft: vnseale this letter soone,

there you shall finde three of your Argoes

are richly come to harbour sodainly.

You shall not know by what strange accident

I chaunced on this letter.

Antho. I am dumb?

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

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

Ner. Ibout the Clarke that neuer means to doe it,

vnlesse he lye vntill he be a man.

Bass. (Sweet Doctor) you shall be my bedfellow,

when I am absented then lie with my wife.

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

Por. How now Lorenzo?

my Clarke hath some good comforts to for you.

Ner I, and Ieue them him without a fee.

There doe I giue to you and Ieue from the rich Iewe, a speciall deede of gift
after his death, of all he dies possess of:

Loren.
the Merchant of Venice.

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

Por. It is almost morning,
and yet ? am s?re you are not satisfied
of these events at full. Let vs goe in,
and charge vs there upon intergories,
and we will aunswer all things faithfully.

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

FINIS.
the Merchant of Venice.

Antb. I pray you think you question with the Jewe,
you may as well goe stand upon the Beach
and bid the maine flood bate his visiall height,
you may as well question with the Woolfe
vwhy he hath made the Ewe bleake for the Lambe;
You may as well forbid the mountaine of Pines
to wag their high topps, and to make no noise
vwhen they are fretten with the gusts of heauen:
You may as well doe any thing most hard
as seeke to softten that then which what’s harder:
his Jewish hart? therefore I doe beseech you
make no noce offers, vse no farther meanes,
but with all breife and plaine conueniencie
let me haue judgament, and the Jewe his will?

Bass. For thy three thousand ducats heere is sise?

Jewe. If every ducat in sise thousand ducats
vere in sise parts, and every part a ducat,
I would not draw them, I would haue my bond?

Duke. How shalt thou hope for mercy rendering none?

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

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

Come