

THE

Jew of Venice.

A

COMEDY.

As it is Acted at the

THEATRE in *Little-Lincolns-Inn-Fields,*

BY

His Majesty's Servants.

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L O N D O N,

Printed for *BER. LINTOTT* at the *Post-House*  
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To morrow will be Published, *Anglia Libera: or, the Limitation and Succession of the Crown of England Explain'd and Asserted, as grounded on, His Majesty's Speech; The Proceedings in Parliament; The Desires of the People; The Safety of our Religion; The Nature of our Constitution; The Ballance of Europe; and, The Rights of Mankind. Dedicated to the Duke of Newcastle. By Mr. Toland.*

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# ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE

# READER.

THE Foundation of the following Comedy being liable to some Objections, it may be wonder'd that any one should make Choice of it to bestow so much Labour upon: But the judicious Reader will observe so many Manly and Moral Graces in the Characters and Sentiments, that he may excuse the Story, for the Sake of the Ornamental Parts. Undertakings of this kind are justify'd by the Examples of those Great Men who have employ'd their Endeavours the same Way: The only Dramatique Attempt of Mr. *Waller* was of this Nature, in his Alterations of the *Maid's Tragedy*: To the Earl of *Rockester* we owe, *Valentinian*: To the Duke of *Buckingham*, *The Chance* & Sir *William Davenant* and Mr. *Dryden* united, in restoring the *Tempest*: *Troilus* and *Cressida*, *Timon*, and *King Lear*, were the Works of three succeeding Laureats: Besides many others, too many to mention. The Reader may please moreover to take Notice, (that nothing may be imputed to *Shakespear* which may seem unworthy of him) that such Lines as appear to be markt, are Lines added, to make good the Connexion where there was a necessity to leave out; in which all imaginable  
Care

## *Advertisement to the Reader.*

Care has been taken to imitate the same fashion of Period, and turn of Stile and Thought with the Original. What other Alterations have been requisite as to the change of Words, or single Lines, the Conduct of Incidents, and Method of Action throughout the whole Piece, to bring it into the Form and Compass of a Play, would be superfluous to examin, every Reader being able to satisfy himself, if he thinks fit, by comparing.

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PRO-

# PROLOGUE.

The Ghosts of *Shakespear* and *Dryden* arise  
Crown'd with Lawrel.

Written by *Bevill Higgons, Esq;*

*Dry.* **T**His radiant Circle, reverend *Shakespear*, view;  
An Audience only to thy Buskin due.

*Shakesf.* A Scene so noble, antient Greece ne'er saw,  
Nor Pompey's Dome, when Rome the World gave Law.

I feel at once both Wonder and Delight,

By Beauty warm'd, transcendently so bright,

Well, *Dryden*, might'st thou sing; well may these Hero's fight.

*Dryd.* With all the outward Lustre, which you find,

They want the nobler Beauties of the Mind.

Their sickly Judgments, what is just, refuse,

And French Grimace, Buffoons, and Mimicks choose;

Our Scenes desert, some wretched Farce to see;

They know not Nature, for they taste not Thee.

*Shakesf.* Whose stupid Souls thy Passion cannot move,

Are deaf indeed to Nature and to Love.

When thy Egyptian weeps, what Eyes are dry!

Or who can live to see thy Roman dye.

*Dryd.* Thro' Perspectives revers'd they Nature view,

Which give the Passions Images, not true.

Strephon for Strephon sighs; and Sapho dies,

Set to the Soul by brighter Sapho's Eyes:

No Wonder then their wand'ring Passions roam,

And feel not Nature, whom th' have overcome.

To shame let genal Love prevail agen,

To Beaux Love Ladies, and you Ladies Men.

*Shakesf.* These Crimes unknown, in our less polish'd Age,

Now seem above Correction of the Stage;

Less Heinous Faults, our Justice does pursue;

To day we punish a Stock-jobbing Jew.

A piece of Justice, terrible and strange;

Which, if purju'd, would make a thin Exchange.

*The Law's Defect, the juster Muse supplies,  
 Tis only we, can make you Good or Wise,  
 Whom Heav'n spares, the Poet will Chastise.  
 These Scenes in their rough Native Dress were mine;  
 But now improv'd with nobler Lustre shine;  
 The first rude Sketches Shakespear's Pencil drew,  
 But all the shining Master-strokes are new.  
 This Play, ye Criticks, shall your Fury stand,  
 Adorn'd and rescu'd by a faultless Hand.*

*Dryc            endeavour'd to support thy Stage,  
 With the faint Copies of thy Nobler Rage,  
 But toyl'd in vain for an Ungenerous Age.  
 They starv'd me living; nay, deny'd me Fame,  
 And scarce now dead, do Justice to my Name.  
 Would you repent? Be to my Ashes kind,  
 Indulge the Pledges I have left behind.*

## Dramatis Personæ.

### M E N.

<i>Bassanio.</i>	} Gentlemen of <i>Venice</i> , and } Friends.	{ Mr. Betterton. } Mr. Verbruggen.
<i>Antonio.</i>		
<i>Gratiano.</i>	Their Companion.	Mr. Booth.
<i>Lorenzo.</i>	In Love with <i>Jessica</i> .	Mr. Baily.
<i>Shylock.</i>	The Jew.	Mr. Dogget.
Duke of <i>Venice</i> .		Mr. Harris.

### W O M E N.

<i>Portia.</i>	A Rich Heiress.	Mrs. Bracegirdle.
<i>Nerissa.</i>	Her Friend.	Mrs. Bowman.
<i>Jessica.</i>	Daughter to the Jew.	Mrs. Porter.

Officers belonging to the Court of Justice, Servants and Attendants, Men and Women.

SCENE *Venice*.

# The Jew of Venice.

## ACT I. Scene I.

*Enter Bassanio, Antonio, Gratiano, and Lorenzo.*

*Anto.* **I** Hold the World, but as a Stage, *Gratiano*,  
 'Where every Man must play some certain Part,  
 And mine's a serious one.

*Grat.* Laughter and Mirth be mine,  
 Why should a Man, whose Blood is warm and young,  
 Sit like his Grandfire, cut in Alabaster!

Sleep, when he wakes, and creep into the Jaundice,  
 By being peevish! I tell thee what, *Antonio*!

I love thee, and it is my Love that speaks;  
 There are a sort of Men, whose Vilages  
 Do cream and mantle, like a standing Pond;  
 And do a willful Stillness entertain,

'Screwing their Faces in a politick Form,  
 'To cheat Observers with a false Opinion  
 Of Wisdom, Gravity, profound Conceit;  
 As who should say, I am, Sir, an Oracle.

Oh my *Antonio*! I do know of these,

Who therefore only are reputed wise,  
 For saying nothing; But more of this

Another time. 'Let you and I, *Lorenzo*,

'Take a short turn: Once more, my Friends, be merry.

'All have their Follies; merry Fools are best.

'*Lorenzo* come, Sir Gravities, Farewell;

I'll end my Exhortation after Dinner.

[*Exeunt Grat. and Lorenz.*]

*Bassa.* *Gratiano* speaks an infinite deal of nothing;  
 More than any Man in all *Venice*. His Reasons  
 Are two Grains of Wheat, hid in two Bushels of Chaff,  
 You may seek all day e're you find 'em, and when  
 You have 'em, they are not worth the Search.

*Anto.* Well, tell me now, what Lady is the same  
To whom you swore a secret Pilgrimage,  
That you to day promis'd to tell me of.

*Bassa.* 'Tis not unknown to you, *Antonio*,  
How much I have disabled my Estate  
By something showing a more swelling Port,  
Than my faint Means would grant continuance;  
Ner would I now make suit to be abridg'd,  
From such a noble Rate, but my chief Care  
Is to come fairly off, from the great Debts  
Wherein my Time, something too prodigal,  
Has left me bound. To you, *Antonio*,  
I owe the most in Mony and in Love.

*Anto.* ' My Friend can owe me nothing; we are one,  
' The Treasures I possess, are but in Trust,  
' For him I love. Speak freely your Demand,  
And if it stand, as you your self still do,  
Within the Eye of Honor, be assur'd,  
My Purse, my Person, my extreamest Means,  
' Are all my Friend's.

*Bassa.* In my School-days, when I had lost one Shaft,  
I shot his Fellow of the self-same Flight,  
The self-same way, with more advis'd Regard,  
And by advent'ring both, I oft found both.  
I owe you much, and like a Prodigal;  
That, which I owe, is lost; but, if you please  
To shoot another Arrow, that self-way,  
Which you did shoot the first: I do not doubt,  
As I will watch the Aim, or to find both,  
Or bring your latter Hazard back again,  
And thankfully rest Debtor for the first.

*Anto.* You know me well, and herein spend but Time,  
To wind about my Love with Circumstance.  
' Believe me, my *Bassanio*, 'tis more wrong  
' Thus to delay the Service of your Friend,  
Than if you had made waste of all I have;  
' Is this to be a Friend? With blushing Cheek,  
' With down-cast Eyes, and with a faltring Tongue,  
' We sue to those we doubt: Friendship is plain,  
' Artless, familiar, confident and free.  
' Ask then as you wou'd grant, were yours the Power,  
' Were yours the Power, so would I ask of you;  
' No longer hesitate. Give me to know  
' What you wou'd have me do, and think it done.

*Bass.* 'Then briefly thus. In *Belmont* is a Lady  
Immensly rich, and yet more fair than rich.  
'And vertuous as she's fair; sometimes from her Eyes  
I have receiv'd kind speechless Messages.

Her Name is *Portia*: you have heard her Fame,  
From the Four Corners of the World; the Winds  
Blow in, from every Coast, adoring Crowds;  
The watry Kingdom, whose ambitious Head  
Spets in the Face of Heaven, is no Bar  
'To amulous Love, as o're a Brook they come  
'To Anchor at her Heart: Her Sunny Locks  
Hang on her Temples, like a golden Fleece,  
For which these many *Jason's* sayl in Quest.  
O my *Antonio*, had I but the Means  
To hold a Rival-Place with one of 'em.

*Anto.* 'The Means be thine, if I can find the Means;  
My present Fortunes are, thou know'st, at Sea.  
No Money, nor Commodity is left me  
'To raise immediate Sums. Therefore go forth,  
Try what my Credit can in *Venice* do.  
It shall be rack'd even to the uttermost  
'To furnish thy Desires: 'Nay, no set Speech  
'Of formal Thanks, which I must blush to hear.  
Go, presently enquire. And so will I,  
Where Money is: 'In Friendship, who receives,  
'Obliges, by Acceptance, him that gives.

[Exit.]

## SCENE Changes to *Belmont*.

*Enter Portia and Nerissa.*

*Port.* In short, *Nerissa*, my little Body is weary of this  
Great World.

*Neriss.* It might indeed, if your Wants were as great as your  
Plenty. For ought I see, they are as sick, who surfeit  
With too much, as those who starve with too little;  
'From whence I conclude, That Happiness is seated in  
'The Mean: Superfluity brings Care, Care both  
'Robs us of our Time, and shortens our Days;  
'But Competency is the easiest and the longest Liver.

*Port.* Good Sentences, and well pronounc'd.

*Neriss.* They wou'd be better, if well follow'd.

*Port.* It is a good Divine, who follows his own Teaching;  
I could easier instruct Twenty, what were good to do,

Than be one of the Twenty, to follow my own Instruction.  
 The Brain may devise Laws for the Blood; ' but the hot  
 ' Part will be sure to get the better of the cold; but what  
 Is all this to my choosing a Husband: Ah me! The Word  
 Choole: I am neither to choose whom I like, nor  
 Refuse whom I dislike; so is the Pleasure of a  
 Living Daughter restrain'd by the Will of a dead  
 Father. Was ever Woman ty'd to such hard Laws,  
 ' *Nerissa?* Neither to choose, nor refuse?

*Neriss.* Your Father was ever virtuous, and holy Men at  
 Their Deaths have often good Inspirations; wherefore  
 In this Lottery, which he dying devis'd, in these Three  
 Caskets of Gold, Silver and Lead, whereof who  
 Chooses his Meaning chooses you: I have Superstition  
 ' Enough to believe the Benefit Lot is destin'd for  
 ' The best Deserver.  
 ' Love is at best, but a Lottery to all,  
 ' Your Case looks different, but is in Effect the same  
 ' With the rest of the World: For it is Fortune that  
 ' Always decides.——

And now pray discover to whom of this Retinue of Suitors  
 Stand your Affections most inclin'd,

' Never was Woman so surrounded as you are.

*Port.* ' *Penelope* was but a poor Princess to *Portia*,  
 But come, out with your List; Read me the Names,  
 And according as I describe, guess at my Inclinations.

*Ner.* ' What a long List is here! Alas for poor Men, that  
 ' Among so many, but one can be happy!

*Port.* ' Alas! for poor Woman! that when she might have so  
 ' Many, she must have but one; but come, a Truce  
 ' To moral Reflections: Read, read.

*Ner. Imprimis*, here in the front, stands *Monfieur le Comte*,  
 Your French Lover.

*Port.* ' Of himself, thou mean'st: He has more Tricks than  
 ' A Baboon: If my Bird sings, he strait falls a capering;  
 He will fence with his own Shadow; ' nor is his Tongue  
 ' Less nimble than his Heels; I would as soon marry  
 ' My Squirrel, or my Monkey.

*Ner.* What think you then of your Englishman, he comes next.

*Port.* ' The Frenchman's Ape: No, give me an Original,  
 Whatever it be. The Ape of an Ape must needs be a strange Monster.

*Neriss.* ' *Myn Heer van Guttis*, the Dutchman, how like you him?

*Port.* Very vilely in the Morning, when he is sober: And  
 More vilely in the Afternoon, when he is drukk;  
 At best, he is worse than a Man; and at worst, no better

Than a Beast: I will do any thing, *Nerissa*, e're I'll  
Be marry'd to a Sponge.

*Neriss.* For any thing I find, this Lottery is not like to be  
Fair drawn: For if he should choose the right Casket,  
You'll refuse to perform your Father's Will.

*Port.* Therefore, I prithee, Set a Bumper of Rhenish:  
On the contrary Casket; for if the Devil be within,  
And the Temptation without, I know he will  
Choose it.

'*La Scignora Gutts!* oh hideous! what  
'A Sound would there be in the Mouth of an  
'Italian?

*Enter Servant.*

*Serv.* Some of the Strangers, Madam, desire to take:  
Their Leaves: And there are others just arriv'd, and  
Alighting at the Gate.

*Port.* Would some one, would come, to whom I could bid  
Welcome, as heartily, as I can bid all these, Farewell:

'There is a Man, *Nerissa*, such a Man; But what we wish,

'Either never arrives, or is always longest in coming:

Fellow, go before: *Nerissa*, come: Whilst we shut  
Out one Lover, another knocks at the Gate.

*Neriss.* 'This Lottery will certainly be drawn full.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE returns to Venice.

*Enter Bassanio, and Shylock the Jew.*

*Shyl.* Three Thousand Duccats. Well.

*Bass.* Ay Sir, for Three Months.

*Shyl.* For Three Months. Well.

*Bass.* And as I told you, *Antonio* will be bound.

*Shyl.* *Antonio* bound. Well.

*Bass.* Will you oblige me, shall I know your Answer?

*Shyl.* Three Thousand Duccats for Three Months, and  
*Antonio* bound!

*Bass.* Your Answer to that?

*Shyl.* *Antonio* is a good Man.

*Bass.* Have you heard any Imputation to the contrary.

*Shyl.* No, no, no; my Meaning in saying he is a good  
Man, is to have you understand that I think him.

A sufficient Man. ' When a Man is rich, we say  
 ' He is a good Man,  
 ' As on the contrary, when he has nothing, we say a  
 ' Poor Rascal : 'tis the Phrase, 'tis the Phrase. Let me  
 ' Consider, one *Argosy* from *Tripoli*, another to the *Indies*,  
 A Third at *Mexico* ; I understand moreover a fourth  
 For *England*. And other Ventures he has, scatter'd  
 Abroad ; but Ventures are but Ventures, Ships are  
 But Planks, Sailors but Men : There are Land-Rats  
 And Water-Rats, Water-Theives and Land-Thieves :  
 And then there is the Peril of Waters, Winds and Rocks.  
 The Man notwithstanding is a sufficient Man. Three Thousand  
 Ducats — humph — I think I may venture to take his  
 Bond.

*Bass.* Be assur'd you may.

*Shyl.* I will be assur'd ; and that I may be assur'd, I will bethink  
 Me, where I may speak with *Antonio*.

*Bass.* If you will please to dine with us.

*Shyl.* Yes, to smell Pork, to eat of the Habitation, which  
 Your Prophet conjur'd the Devil into. I will buy  
 With you, Sell with you, talk with you, walk with you,  
 And so forth, — but I will neither eat with you, drink  
 With you, nor pray with you, that's flat.

*Enter Antonio.*

*Bassa.* Here is Seignior *Antonio*.

*Shyl. Aside.]* How like a fawning Publican he looks !  
 I hate him, for he is a Christian.  
 But more, for that in low Simplicity  
 He lends out Money *Gratis*, and brings down  
 The Rate of Usance, here with us in *Venice*.  
 If I could catch him once upon the Hip,  
 I would feed fat the ancient Grudge I bear him.  
 He hates our Sacred Nation ; and he rails  
 Even there, where Merchants most do congregate,  
 On me, my Bargains, and my well-worn Thrift,  
 Which he calls Interest : Curs'd be my Tribe,  
 If I forgive him. —

*Bassa.* *Shyl.* do you hear ?

*Shyl.* I was debating of my private Stock :  
 And if my Computation's right,  
 I cannot instantly raise up the Gross  
 Of full Three Thousand Ducats, what of that ?  
*Tibal*, a wealthy Hebrew of our Tribe

Shall furnish me; but soft! How many Months  
Is't you desire?

Rest you fair, good Seignior,  
You were the last Man in our Mouths.

*Ant. Shyloc,* altho I neither lend nor borrow,  
By taking or by giving of Excess,  
Yet to supply my friend, I'll break a Custom:  
Is he yet resolv'd, how much will serve?

*Shyl.* Ay, ay, Three Thousand Duccats,

*Anto.* And for Three Months.

*Shyl.* I had forgot, Three Months he told me so,  
Well then, your Bond. But soft a little, methoughts  
You said, you neither lend nor borrow  
Upon Advantage.

*Anto.* I do never use it.

*Shyl.* When *Jacob* graz'd his Uncle *Laban's* Sheep,  
This *Jacob* from our holy *Abraham* was,  
As his wife Mother wrought on his behalf,  
The third Possessor, ay, — he was the third.

*Anto.* And what of him? Did he take Interest?

*Shyl.* No, not as you wou'd say, directly interest —  
'You know the Story. 'Twas a way to thrive.  
'And he was blest: For Gain is Blessing,  
So Men steal it not.

*Anto.* Was this inserted to make Interest good?

*Shyl.* Note, my good Seignior! —

*Anto.* Mark you this, *Bassanio*?

The Devil can cite Scripture for a Turn,  
An evil Soul producing holy Witness  
Is like a Villain, with a smiling Cheek.  
Oh, what a goodly Outside Falshood wears?

*Shyl.* Seignior *Antonio*, many a time and oft  
On the *Ryalto* have you rated me,  
About my Monies and my Usances;  
Still have I born it with a patient Shrug,  
For Sufferance is the Badge of all our Tribe.

You call me Misbeliever, Cut-throat Dog,  
And spet upon my Jewish Gaberdine,  
And all for use of that which is my own.  
Well then, it now appears, you need my Help:

Go to then, — you come to me, and you say

*Shylock*, we would have Monies;

You that did void your Rheum upon my Beard,

And foot me, as you spurn a stranger Cur

Over your Threshold: Mony is your Suit,

What shou'd I answer? should I not say,

Has a Dog Money? Can a Cur

Lend Three Thousand Ducats? or shall I bend down low,  
 And in a Bondman's Key, with softened Voice,  
 And whispering Humbleness,—— Say thus!  
 Fair Sir, on Wednesday last, you spet on me  
 You spurn'd me such a day, another time;  
 You call'd me Dog, and for these Courtesies  
 I'll lend you so much Monies.

*Anto.* I am as like to call thee so again,  
 To spet on thee again, to spurn thee too.  
 If thou wilt lend this Money, lend it not  
 As to thy Friend; for when did Friendship take  
 A Breed of sordid Mettal of his Friend!  
 But lend it rather as to thy Enemy,  
 Who, if he fails, thou may'st with better Face  
 Exact the Penalty.

*Sbyl.* Why, look you, how you storm,  
 I would be Friends with you, and have your Love!  
 Forget the Shames that you have stain'd me with,  
 Supply your present Wants, and take no Doit  
 Of Usance for my Monies—— And you'll  
 Not hear me,—— were this Offer kind?

*Bassa.* This were Kindness.

*Sbyl.* This Kindness will I shew; nay more, I'll take  
*Antonio's* single Bond: And that we may henceforth  
 ' Be Friends, no Penalty will I exact  
 ' But this, meerly for Mirth——  
 If you repay me not on such a day, in such a Place,  
 Such Sum or Sums as are exprest—— Be this  
 The Forfeiture.

' Let me see, What think you of your Nose,  
 ' Or of an Eye—— or of --- a Pound of Flesh  
 To be cut off, and taken from what Part  
 Of your Body—— I shall think fit to name.  
 ' Thou art too portly, Christian!  
 ' Too much pamper'd—— What say you then  
 ' To such a merry Bond?

*Anto.* The Jew grows witty; I'll seal to such a Bond,  
 And say there is much Kindness in the Jew.

*Bass.* You shall not seal to such a Bond——  
 ' There is some Trick, some farther Fetch in this;  
 You shall not seal to such a Bond for me.

*Anto.* Fear not, my Friend, within two Months, that is  
 A Month before the Bond expires, I expect Returns  
 Of thrice three times the Value of this Bond.

*Sbyl.* Oh

*Shyl.* O Father *Abraham*, what these Christians are!  
Whose own hard Dealings teach 'em to suspect  
The Truth of others. Pray tell me, shou'd he fail  
His Day, ——— what should I get by the Exaction  
Of the Penalty? A Pound of Man's Flesh?  
Nor to be sold nor eaten. ———

To buy his Favour, I propos'd these Terms,  
Such as I thought could bear no wrong  
Construction; but since you're so suspicious,  
Fare you well.

[Going.]

*Anto.* Stay, *Shylock*, I will seal as you propose.

*Shyl.* Then meet me at the Notary's,  
Give him Directions to prepare the Bond,  
In the mean time, I'll fetch the Duccats;  
Go to my House, least some unthrifty Knave  
Be on the Guard! Christian, thy Hand,  
I'll presently be with you.

[Returning.]

[Exit Jew.]

*Anto.* Thou'rt now a very gentle Jew.  
This Hebrew will turn Christian, he grows kind.

*Baj.* I like not yet the Terms,  
A Villain, when he most seems kind,  
Is most to be suspected.

*Anto.* There is not the least Danger, nor can be,  
Or if there were, what is a Pound of Flesh,  
What my whole Body, every Drop of Blood,  
To purchase my Friend's Quiet! Heav'n still is good  
To those who seek the Good of others: Come *Bassanio*,  
Be chearful, for 'tis lucky Gold we borrow:  
Of all the Joys that generous Minds receive,  
The noblest is, the God-like Power to give.

[Exeunt.]

## A C T II.

Enter *Shylock* and *Jessica*.

*Shyl.* I Am bid forth to Supper, *Jessica*,  
I There are my Keys; but wherefore should I go!  
I am not bid for Love: They flatter me,  
But then I'll go in Hate: To feed upon  
The Prodigal Christian.  
I am right loath to go, there is some ill  
brewing towards me: I dreamt last Night  
Of Money-bags. *Jessica!* my Girl, look to my House,

C

They

They say, there will be Masques: Hear you me, *Jessica*,  
 Lock up my Doors—— And when you hear the Drum,  
 Or the vile Squealing of the wry-neck'd Fyfe,  
 Clamber not you up to the Casement then,  
 Nor thrust your Head into the publick Streets,  
 To gaze on Christian Fools, with varnish'd Faces;  
 But stop the Windows close; nor look, nor listen,  
 Let not the Sound of shallow Foppery enter  
 My sober House. By *Jacob's Staff* I swear,  
 I have no Mind of feasting forth to night:  
 Well, *Jessica*,—— go in,—— perhaps I will return  
 Immediatly. Do as I bid you, shut doors after  
 You. Fast bind, fast find. [Exit *Shylock*.

*Jess.* Alas! what Sin is it in me  
 To be asham'd to be my Father's Child?  
 ' But how can he be said to have given me Life,  
 ' Who never suffer'd me to know,  
 ' What 'tis to live. O *Lorenzo*!  
 ' Keep but thy Word to night, and thou shalt be  
 ' A Father, and a Husband, both to me. [Exit.

*Enter Lorenzo and Gratiano.*

*Loren.* Here she directs  
 How I shall take her from her Father's House,  
 What Gold and Jewels she is furnish'd with,  
 And how she'll be disguis'd; oh 'tis the kindest  
 Creature: if e're the Jew her Father comes to Heav'n,  
 It must be for his gentle Daughter's Sake.  
 Oh never may Mistortune cross her Foot,  
 For that she is the Issue of a Jew.

' *Grat.* Young, landsom, willing, with Gold and Jewels to Boot!  
 ' Plague on't, when shall I have such Luck?

*Enter Jessica, in the Balcony.*

*Jess.* Who are you? Tell me for more Certainty,  
 Albeit I swear that I do know your Voice,  
 I love the Repetition of your Name.

*Lor.* *Lorenzo* and thy Love.

*Jess.* *Lorenzo* certain, and my Love indeed;  
 For who love I so much? but ah, who knows  
 But you *Lorenzo*, whether I am yours?

*Lor.* Heav'n and thy Thoughts are Witness that thou art.

*Jess.* He!

*Jess.* Here, catch this Casket, it is worth the Pains,  
 'I'm glad 'tis Night; you look, but cannot see me,  
 'For I am much asham'd of what I am,  
 'But Love is blind, and Lovers cannot see  
 'The Follies that themselves commit.

*Lor.* Come down, my Love!

*Jess.* I will make fast the Doors, and guild my self  
 'With some few Duccats more, and then be with you.

[Exit.]

*Grat.* Now, by my Soul, a Gentile, and no Jew,  
 'She robs her Father with a Christian's Grace.

*Lor.* Beshrew me, but I love her from my Soul!  
 'For she is fair, or else my Eyes are false;  
 'And true she is. What Proofs cou'd she give more?  
 'And oh she's kind; she loves me, and I love.  
 'A greater Bliss, scarce Heav'n it self can boast,  
 'Than mutual Love.

*Enter Jessica, shutting the Door after her.*

*Jess.* Shut Doors after you; fast bind, fast find,  
 'These were his last Words: Thus I avoid the  
 'Curse of Disobedience: Be thou shut till I  
 'Open thee.

*Lor.* So whilst old *Laban* snor'd in Bed,  
 'Jacob with sprightly *Rachel* fled.

*Jess.* His Gold, and Gems of Price they took,  
 'And eke the Flower of every Flock. [Holds up a Bag.]

*Lor.* But not one precious thing was there  
 'That could with *Jessica* compare.

*Enter Antonio.*

*Ant.* Fy, fy, my Friends, why do you loyter thus!  
*Gratiano* and *Lorenzo*, for Shame make haste:  
*Bassanio* frets, that you are wanting,  
 'He has sent twenty times to look you out.

*Grat.* 'Matters of State, *Antonio*, Matters of State,  
 'A Rape and a Robbery: Matters of State,  
 'Matters of State, *Antonio*.

*Ant.* Away, away, for Shame.

[Exit.]

*Lor.* Farewell *Gratiano*: Excuse me to *Bassanio*.  
 'Come *Jessica*, this must be your way and mine. [Exeunt.]

*Grat.* 'Jew, Turk and Christian differ but in Creed;  
 'In ways of Wickedness, they're all agreed:

' None upward clears the Road . They part and caviel,  
' But all jog on—— unerring, to the Devil. [ *Exeunt.* ]

SCENE opens, and discovers Bassanio, Antonio, Shylock, and others, sitting, as at an Entertainment. Musick playing: During the Musick, Gratiano enters, and takes his Place.

*Anto.* ' This to immortal Friendship ; fill it up——  
' Be thou to me, and I to my *Bassanio*,  
' Like *Venice* and her *Adriatick* Bride,  
' For ever link'd in Love.

*Bass.* ' Thou joyn'st us well: And rightly hast compar'd;  
' Like *Venice* on a Rock, my Friendship stands  
' Constant and fix'd; but 'tis a barren Spot;  
' Whilst like the liberal *Adriatick*; thou  
' With Plenty bath'st my Shoars——  
' My Fortunes are the Bounty of my Friend.

*Anto.* ' My Friend's the noblest Bounty of my Fortune.  
' Sound every Instrument of Musick there,  
' To our immortal Friendship. [ *All drink. Loud Musick.* ]

*Bass.* ' Let Love be next, what else should  
' Follow Friendship?  
' To Love, and to Love's Queen; my charming *Portia*,  
' Fill; till the rosy Brim reflects her Lips;  
' Then kiss the Symbol round:  
' Oh, in this Lottery of Love, where Chance  
' Not Choice presides: Give, give, ye Powers, the Lot,  
' Where she her self would place it: Crown her wish,  
' Tho' Ruine and Perdition catch *Bassanio*:  
' Let me be wretched, but let her be blest. [ *Drink and Musick again.* ]

*Grat.* ' Mine's a short Health: Here's to the Sex in general;  
' To Woman; be she black, or brown, or fair;  
' Plump, slender, tall, or middle-statur'd——  
' Let it be Woman; and 'tis all I ask. [ *Drink again, Musick as before.* ]

*Shy!* ' I have a Mistress, that out-shines 'em all——  
' Commanding yours—— and yours tho' the whole Sex:  
' O may her Charms encrease and multiply;  
' My Money is my Mistress! Here's to  
' Interest upon Interest. [ *Drinks.* ]

*Anto.* ' Let Birds and Beasts of Prey howl to such Vows,  
' All generous Notes be hush'd: Pledge thy self, Jew:  
' None here will stir the Glas—— [ *All Rise.* ]  
' Nor shall the Musick sound: O *Bassanio*!  
' There sits a Heaviness upon my Heart

< Which

‘ Which Wine cannot remove: I know not  
But Musick ever makes me thus.

*Bass.* The Reason is, your Spirits are attentive:  
For do but note, a wild and wanton Herd  
Or Race of skittish and unhandled Colts  
Fetching mad Bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,  
If they but hear by Chance some Trumpet sound,  
Or any Aire of Musick touch their Ears,  
You strait perceive ’em make a mutual stand,  
Their savage Eyes turn’d to attentive Gaze,  
By the soft Power of Musick: Therefore the Poet  
Did feign, That *Orphens* melted Stones and Rocks;  
For what so hard, so stubborn, or so fierce,  
But Musick for the Time will change its Nature.  
The Man, who has not Musick in his Soul,  
Or is not touch’d with Concord of sweet Sounds,  
Is fit for Treasons, Stratagem and Spoils,  
The Motions of his Mind are dull as Night,  
And his Affections dark as *Erebus*,  
Let no such Man be trusted. ——— Mark the Musick.

**Peleus**

# Peleus & Thetis.

A

## M A S Q U E.

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### The ARGUMENT.

*Peleus in Love with Thetis, by the Assistance of Proteus obtains her Favor: But Jupiter, also in Love with her, interposing, Peleus in Despair consults Promotheus, famous for his Skill in Astrology, upon whose Prophecie, that the Son born of Thetis should prove greater than his Father, Jupiter desists. The Prophecie was afterwards veresfy'd in the Birth of Achilles, the Son of Thetis by Peleus.*

### Persons in the Masque.

JUPITER. } PROMOTHEUS.  
PELEUS. } THETIS.

---

*Promotheus is seen upon Mount Caucasus chain'd to a Rock with the Vulture at his Breast. A Flourish of all the Instruments. Then plaintive Musick.*

*Peleus Enters to Promotheus.*

Pel. **C**ondemn'd on Caucasus to lie,  
Still to be dying not to dye,  
With certain Pain, uncertain of releif,  
True Emblem of a wretched Lover's Grief!  
To whose inspecting Eye 'tis given

To view the Planetary Way,  
 To penetrate eternal Day,  
 And to revolve the starry Heaven;  
 To thee, Prometheus, I complain,  
 And bring a Heart, as full of Pain.  
 Pro. From Jupiter spring all our Woes,  
 Thetis is Jove's, who once was thine,  
 'Tis vain, O Peleus! to oppose

Thy Torturer and mine.  
 Contented with Despair  
 You must, you must resign,  
 Or wretched Man prepare

For change of Torments, great as mine.

Pel. In change of Torment would be ease,  
 Could you divine what Lovers bear,  
 Even you Prometheus, would confess  
 There is no Vulture, like Despair.

Pro. Cease, cruel Vulture, to devour.

Pel. Cease, cruel Thetis, to disdain.  
 If for the Pleasures of an Hour

We must endure an Age of Pain,  
 Love give me back, my Heart again.

Both together.

Pro. } Cease cruel Vulture to devour;  
 Pel. } Cease cruel Thetis to disdain.

Enter Thetis.

The. Peleus unjustly you complain.

Pel. Give give me back my Heart again.

The. Peleus unjustly you complain.

The Gods, alas! no Refuge find  
 From Ills resistless Fates ordain:

I still am True--- And would be kind.

Pel. Despair tormented first my Heart,  
 Now Falshood a more cruel Smart!

O for the Peace of Human-kind,  
 Make Women longer true, or sooner kind!

*With Justice, or with Mercy reign :  
Or give me, give me back my Heart again.*

*Both together.*

*The. 2 Peleus unjustly you complain.*

*Pel. 3 Give, give me back my Heart again.*

*The. Accursed Jealousie !*

*Thou Jaundice in the Lover's Eye,  
Thro' which all Objects false we see ;  
Accursed Jealousy !*

*Pro. Love is by Fancy led about.*

*From Hope to Fear, from Joy to Doubt :*

*Whom we now a Goddess call,*

*Divinely grac'd in every Feature,*

*Strait's a deform'd, a perjur'd Creature ;*

*Love and Hate, are fancy all.*

*'Tis but as fancy shall present*

*Objects of Grief, or of Content,*

*That the Lover's blest, or dyes :*

*Visions of mighty Pains, or Pleasure,*

*Imagin'd want, Imagin'd Treasure,*

*All in powerful Fancy lyes.*

### C H O R U S.

*Cho. Accursed Jealousy,*

*Thou Jaundice in the Lovers Eye,*

*Thro' which all Objects false we see ;*

*Accursed Jealousy.*

*The. Thy Rival, Peleus, rules the Sky,*

*Yet I so prize thy Love,*

*With Peleus I would chuse to die,*

*Rather toan llve with Jove.*

*[Jupiter appears descending.*

*But see ! the mighty Thund'rer's here,*

*Tremble Peleus, tremble, fly.*

*The Thunderer ! the mighty Thunderer !*

*Tremble Peleus, tremble, fly.*

[ A full Chorus of all the Voices and Instruments while  
*Jupiter* is descending. Thunder the while.

## C H O R U S.

*Cho.* But see! the mighty Thund'rer's here;  
 Tremble *Peleus*, tremble, fly;  
 The Thunderer! the mighty Thunderer!  
 Tremble *Peleus*, tremble, fly.

[*Jupiter* being descended.

*Jup.* Presumptuous Slave, Rival to Jove,  
 How dar'st thou, Mortal, thus defy  
 A Goddess with audacious Love,  
 And irritate a God with Jealousy?  
 Presumptuous Mortal hence,  
 Tremble at Omnipotence.

*Pel.* Arm'd with Love, and *Thetis* by,  
 I fear no Odds  
 Of Men or Gods,  
 But Jove himself defy.  
 Jove lay thy Thunder down,  
 Arm'd with Love, and *Thetis* by,  
 There is more Terrour in her Frown,  
 And fiercer Lightning in her Eye.

I fear no Odds  
 Of Men or Gods  
 But Jove himself defy.

*Jup.* Bring me Lightning, give me Thunder;  
 Hast ye Cyclops with your forked Rods,  
 This Rebel Love, braves all the Gods,  
 And every Hour by Love is made  
 Some Heaven-defying Encelade.

Bring me Lightning, give me Thunder.

*The.* Jove may kill, but ne'er shall sunder.

[*Pel.* and *The.* holding by each other.

All three repeat.

*Jup. Pel.* } Bring me Lightning, give me Thunder.  
*and The.* } Jove may kill, but ne'er shall sunder

*The. Thy Love, still arm'd with Fate,  
Is dreadful, as thy Hate.*

*O might it prove to me  
(So gentle Pelets were but free)*

*O might it prove to me  
As fatal, as to lost, consuming Semele!*

*Pro. Son of Saturn, take advice*

*From one, whom thy severe decree  
Has furnisht leisure to grow wise.*

*Thou rul'st the Gods, but Fate rules thee.*

### *The P R O P H E S Y.*

*“ Whoe'er th' immortal Maid compressing  
“ Shall tast the Joy, and reap the Blessing,  
“ Thus th' unerring Stars advise,  
“ From that auspicious Night an Heir shall rise,  
“ Paternal Glories to outshine,  
“ And be the foremost of his Line.*

### *C H O R U S Repeat.*

*Cho. Son of Saturn, take Advice ;  
From that auspicious Night an Heir shall rise,  
Paternal Glories to outshine,  
And be the foremost of his Line.*

*[Jupiter during the Chorus seems to stand considering.*

*Jup. Shall then the Son of Saturn be undone*

*As Saturn was, by an Aspiring Son ?*

*Justly th' impartial Fates conspire,*

*Dooming that Son to be the Syre*

*Of such another Son.*

*Conscious of Ills that I have done,*

*My Fears to Prudence shall advise,*

*And Guilt that made me great shall make me wise.*

*[Turning to Peleus.*

*The Fatal Blessing I resign,*

*Peleus take the Maid Divine ;*

*Jove consenting, she is thine.*

*Peleus receiving Thetis.*

*Pel. Heav'n had been lost, had I been Jove,  
There is no Heav'n, like mutual Love.*

*[ Jupiter turning to Prometheus.*

*Jup. And thou the Stars Interpreter,  
'Tis just I set thee free,  
Who giv'st me Liberty;  
Arise, arise, and be thy self a Star.*

*The Vulture drops dead at the Feet of Prometheus,  
his Chains fall off, and he is born up to Heaven  
with Jupiter, to a loud Flourish of all the Instru-  
ments.*

*Peleus and Thetis together.*

*Pel. & Be true all ye Lovers, what're ye endure,  
The. } Tho' cruel the Pain is, how sweet is the Cure!  
So Divine is the Blessing  
In the Hour of possessing,  
That one Moment's obtaining  
Pays an Age of Complaining:  
Be true, all ye Lovers, what'ere you endure,  
Tho' cruel the Pain is, how sweet is the Cure!*

*Anto. " With such an Air of true Magnificence,  
' My noble minded Brother treats his Friends:  
' As hardly has been known to Italy  
' Since Pompey and Lucullus entertain'd:  
' To frame thy Fortunes ample as thy Mind,  
' New Worlds shou'd be created.*

*Enter Servant.*

*Ser. The Master of the Ship sends word the Wind is  
Come about : and he desires you wou'd hast Aboard.*

*Bass. turning to Ant.] ' Oh my lov'd Friend ! till now I never knew  
' The pangs of parting Freindship.  
' At distance I have tasted of the Pain,  
' When the rude Morn has sunder'd us away,  
' To our Repose : But, by my Soul, I swear  
' Even then my Eyes would drop a silent Tear,  
' Repugnant still to close, and shut out Thee ;*

*Ant.* ' You go for your Advantage, and that Thought  
' Shall keep *Antonio* comforted.

*Bass.* ' The Traject is from hence to *Belmont* short,  
' And Letters may come dayly : Such Intercourse  
' Is all the Cordial absent Friends enjoy :  
' Fail not in that. Your Trouble shall be short,  
' I will return with the best speed I can.

*Ant.* ' Be not too hasty, my *Bassanio* neither ;  
Slubber not Business for my Sake, my Friend,  
' But stay the very ripening of thy Love.  
' Be gay, assiduous, and imploy such Arts,  
' As best incline the Fair : Love is not seiz'd, but won ;  
' Hard is the Labour ; you must plant and prune,  
' And watch occasion just : This fruit is nice,  
' 'Twill promise Wonders, and grow fairly up ;  
' Seem hopeful to the Eye, look ripe, and then  
' A sudden Blast spoils all.

*Enter another Servant.*

*Serv.* ' The Master of the Ship has sent agen  
' *Bass.* One more Embrace : To those who know not Friendship  
' This may appear unmanly Tendernefs ;  
' But 'tis the frailty of the bravest Minds.

*Ant.* ' I ask but this, *Bassanio* ;  
' Give not your Heart so far away,  
' As to forget your Friend.  
' Come, is all ready ? I must hasten you.

*Grat.* ' If you were ready to part,  
' 'Tis all we stay for now.

*Bass.* *Shylock* ; thy Hand : be gentle to my Friend,  
' Fear not thy Bond it shall be justly paid,  
' We soon shall meet agen,  
' Always, I hope, good Friends.  
' Oh my *Antonio* ! 'tis hard, tho' for a Moment,  
' To lose the Sight of what we Love.

*Shyl. aside.]* ' These two Christian Fools put me in mind  
' Of my Money : just so loath am I to part with that.

*Bass.* ' *Gratiano*, lead the way : *Shyloc* once more farewell.  
' We must not part, but at the Ship, *Antonio* :  
' Lovers and Friends, should they for Ages stay,  
' Would still find something left, that they would say.

[ *Exit*

## A C T III. Scene I.

*Enter Portia, Bassanio, Nerissa, Gratiano, and their Train. Nerissa,  
Gratiano discourse apart.*

*Bass.* **W**H Y if two Gods should play some Heav'nly match,  
And on the Wager lay two earthly Beauties,  
And *Portia*, one there must be something more  
Pawn'd with the other; for the poor rude World  
Has not her Equal: But alas, the while  
Should *Hercules* and *Lychas* play at Dice,  
Who were the better Man? The greater throw  
Might turn by Fortune from the weaker Hand:  
So were a Gyant worited by a Dwarf;  
And so may I, having no Guide but Chance,  
Miss that, which one unworthier may obtain,  
And dye with the Despair.

*Port.* Therefore forbear to chuse, pause for a while,  
Before you hazard; for in chusing wrong  
You lose for ever: Therefore, I pray forbear;  
For something tells me, but it is not Love,  
I would not lose you: I could teach you  
How to chuse right: But then I am forsworn,  
So will I never be

' Yet should you miss me,  
' I should repent that I was not forsworn;  
' For oh, what heavier Curse for perjury  
' Could Heav'n provide, than losing all my Hope?  
I speak too much; tho' Thought will have no bound;  
A Virgin's Tongue should shame to hint a Thought,  
At which a Virgin's Cheek should blush.  
Think it not Love, yet think it what you please,  
So you defer a Month or Two,  
' For fain I would detain you as a Friend,  
' Whom as a Lover I might lose,  
' Should you persist to venture the rash throw.  
' 'Tis better still to doubt, and still to hope,  
' Than knowing of our Fates, to know  
' That we have lost for ever.

*Bass.* ' Doubt is the worst State: 'Tis better once  
' To die, than still to live in Pain.

' Desire

' Desire is fierce, nor brookes the least delay.  
 ' Fortune and Love befriend me : I'm resolv'd ;  
 My Life, and all my earthly Happiness  
 Sits on the chance : Where may I find the Casket!

*Port.* ' Yet, let me perswade you : If for your self  
 ' You cannot tear, tremble for her——  
 ' For her, to whom you have so often sworn,  
 ' More than your self, you love her : Think! oh Think!  
 ' On *Portia's* Fate : Who may not only lose  
 ' The Man, by whom she wishes to be won,  
 ' But being lost to him, remain expos'd  
 ' To some new Choice ; another must possess  
 ' What Chance denies to you. O fatal Law!  
 ' Lost to each other were a cruel Doom,  
 ' But 'tis our least Misfortune ; I may live  
 ' To be enjoy'd by one I hate. And you  
 ' May live to see it.

*Bass.* ' To love, and to be lov'd, yet not possess,  
 ' No greater Curse could be, but what thou fear'it,  
 ' Yet I will on : With double Flames I burn,  
 ' Knowing that *Portia* loves me; all my fear  
 ' Was for her Love : Secure of that I go  
 ' Secure of the Reward : Lead me to the Caskets.

*Port.* Away then, and find out where *Portia's* lockt :  
 ' Thy Courage is an Omen of Success,  
 ' If Love be just, he'll teach thee where to chuse.  
*Nerissa*, show him, since he is resolv'd,  
 The rest stand all aloft, whilst Musick Plays  
 That if he lose, like Swans we may expire  
 In softest Harmony : but if he win  
 Ah what is Musick then? Then Musick is  
 Even as the flourish, when true Subjects bow  
 To a new crown'd Monarch : Such it is,  
 As are those Dulcet Sounds at break of Day  
 That steal into the dreaming Bridegrooms Ear  
 And summon him to joy : See where he goes  
 With no less Presence, but with much more Love  
 Than young *Alcides*, when he did redeem  
 The virgin Tribute paid by weeping Troy,  
 To the Sea Monster! I like the Victim stand,  
 The rest aloof, like the *Dardanian* Wives,  
 With blotted Visages come forth to view  
 The Issue of the Exploit. Go *Hercules*  
 ' Love that inflames thy Heart inspire thy Eyes,

'To chuse aright, where *Portia* is the Prize.

[*Portia and the rest stand at a Distance observing soft Musick. Till re-enter Bassanio in each Hand a Casket.*

*Bass.* Who chuses me, shall get what he deserves,  
The like inscription bears this Silver Casket.  
Shall get what he deserves; who chuse by outward show,  
Entic'd by gilded Baits and flattering Forms,  
Who look not to th' interior: But like the Martlet,  
Build in the Weather on the outward Wall,  
Even in the force and Road of Casualty,  
What may their Merit be? agen let me consider.

[*Walks about thinking.*

*Grat.* Take the Gold Man, or the Silver: plague on't,  
Would I were to chuse for him.

*Bass.* Shall get what he deserves: Let none presume  
Without the Stamp of Merit to obtain.

Oh that Estates, Degrees and Offices,  
Were not deriv'd Corruptly; and that clear Honour  
Were purchas'd by the Merit of the Wearer,  
How many then would cover who stand bare!  
How many be commanded, who command!  
How much low Peasantry would then be glean'd  
From the true Seed of Honour! And how much Honour  
Pickt from the Chaff and ruine of the Times,  
To be new varnisht: Let me not be rash,  
There yet remains a Third: well will I weigh  
Eer I resolve.

[*Exit.*

*Gra.* 'Take the Gold, I say; pox on Lead; what is it good.  
'For, but to make Bullets, 'tis the Image of  
'Death and Destruction.

*Re-enter Bassanio with a Casket of Lead.*

*Bass.* The World is still deceiv'd with Ornament:  
In Law, what Plea so tainted or corrupt,  
But being season'd with a gracious Voice,  
And cover'd with fair specious Subtleties  
Obscures the show of Reason. 'In Religion  
What damn'd Error, but some sober brow  
Will bless it, and approve it with a Text.  
There is no Vice so artless, but assumes  
Some Mark of Vertue on its outward Parts,  
Hiding the Grossness with fair Ornament:  
How many Cowards with Livers white as Milk,  
Have Backs of Brawn, and wear upon their Chins  
The Beards of *Hercules* and frowning *Mars*,

Look even on Beauty : what are those crisped Locks  
That make such wanton Gambols with the Wind ?  
What, but the Dowry of a second Head :  
The Skull that bred 'em in the Sepulcher.

' Thus Ornament is as a beauteous Scarf  
' Veiling Deformity. Therefore thou gawdy Gold,  
Hard Food for *Midas*, I will have none of thee ;  
Nor, none of thee, Silver, thou common Drudge ;  
' Twixt Man and Man. But thou, thou Meager Lead,  
' Which rather threaten'st, than do'st promise ought,  
' Thy fullness moves more than Eloquence,  
And here I fix : Joy be the Consequence.

*Grat.* ' Undone, undone : I'll not stand to't, *Nerissa*. I'll  
' Chuse for my self ;

*Port. aside.*] How all the other Passions fleet to Air,  
As doubtful Thoughts, and rash, embrac'd Despair,  
Tormenting fears, and Green-ey'd Jealousy.  
O ! Love ! be moderate ; allay this Extacy.  
In measure pour thy Joy, stint this excess ;  
I feel too much thy Blessing, make it less,  
For fear I surfeit.

*Bass.* What find I here ?

[*Opening the Casket.*

The Portraiture of *Portia*.

What Demi-God has come so near Creation, move these Eyes !  
Or whether riding on the Balls of mine,

Seem they in Motion ? Here are sever'd Lips,  
Parted with sweetest Breath : ' The very odour

' Seems there express'd, and thus invites the Taste ! [*Kissing the Picture.*

And here agen, here in her lovely Hair,  
The Painter plays the Spider, and has woven  
A Golden Snare, to catch the Hearts of Men :

' But then her Eyes.

' How could he gaze undazled upon them,  
' And see to imitate : Let me peruse the Motto.

' *Reads.*] Who chuses me ; let him whose Fate it is,

' Turn to the Fair, and claim her with a Kiss.

A gentle Schrole : fair Lady, by your leave,

I come by note, to give and to receive,

Like one of two contending for a Prize,

Who thinks he has done well, looks round to mark

(Hearing Applause, and universal Shout )

Whether those Peals of Praise are meant to him ;

So stands *Bassanio*, full of Hopes and Fears ;

' Still anxious what to trust, and what believe,

Till you confirm his Hopes.

*Port.* " Had Choice' decided, and not only Chance,

' As Fortune has dispos'd me, so had I.

My self, and what is mine, to you and yours

Is now converted. But now I was the Lady

Of this fair Mansion, Mistress of these Servants,

Queen o'er my self, even now, and in a Moment

This House, these Servants, and my self their Queen;

Are yours, my Lord. I plight 'em with this Ring,

Which when you part 'em, lose or give away,

Let it presage the Ruin of your Love,

' And stand, as a Record, that you were false,

' A follower of my Fortunes not of me,

' And never meant me fair.

*Bass.* " Dye first, *Bassanio*, my Mistress, and my Queen

' As absolute as ever shall you reign,

' Not as the Lord, but Vassal of your Charms,

' Not as a Conqueror, but Acquisition.

' Not one to lessen, but enlarge your Power.

' No more but this, the Creature of your Pleasure,

' As such receive the passionate *Bassanio*.

Oh there is that Confusion in my Powers,

As Words cannot express: But when the Ring

Parts from this Finger, then part Life from thence;

Then say, and be assur'd, *Bassanio's* dead.

*Gratiano and Nerissa seem in earnest dispute.*

*Grat.* " I say, a Bargains a Bargain, and I will have Justice.

*Neriss.* " I say, we drew Stakes.

*Grat.* " That was only in Case I had lost, Child.

*Port.* A Dispute between our Friends! what's the matter, Cozen?

*Grat.* I'll tell you, Madam, the matter in short, and you shall be

Judge;

' I happen'd to say to this Lady, that it was her Destiny to

' Have me; she consented to put it to Tryal, and agreed

' To be determin'd by the Choice, my Friend should make

' If he had you——I should have her; and here

' Stand I to claim her Promise,

*Port.* Is this true, *Nerissa*?

*Neriss.* " Ay! but he recanted, and said afterwards, he

' Would chuse for himself.

*Grat.* " Why sure so I can, now I know the right Casket.

' What sort of a Tramontane, do you take me to

' Be? you are gone that way too, as I take it.

*Neriss.* " Then Madam, all my Hope is, that you won't let

‘ Me keep my Word.

*Grat.* ‘ ’Tis false, to my certain Knowledge she hopes  
Otherwise——*Nerissa!* we’ll play with ’em the first  
Boy for 1000 Duccats.

*Neriss.* ‘ Methinks, this looks like the last Act of a Play.  
‘ All Parties are agreed; there remains nothing but  
‘ To draw the Curtain, and put out the Lights.

*Grat.* ‘ A good hint, my Love: Let you and I make our *Exit*  
‘ About that same last Act, as you call it.

*Bass.* ‘ I rejoyce, *Gratiano*, that my good Fortune  
‘ Thus included yours.

‘ Oh that *Antonio* knew of our Success,  
‘ It would ore-joy him. Prithce *Gratiano*,  
‘ Send a special Messenger]to *Venice*,  
‘ To inform him of our Fortunes——

‘ *Shylock* shall now be paid, my Friend is safe,  
‘ And Happiness, on every side surrounds us.

[*Gratiano going out, meets Lorenzo, Jessica, and a  
Servant from Antonio entring.*

*Grat.* *Lorenzo*, and his pretty Infidel,  
*Salerio* too, *Antonio*’s Servant: If I mistake him not,  
‘ Look here, *Bassanio*; here is News from *Venice*.

*Bass.* *Lorenzo*, Welcome! *Salerio* too! what News  
‘ From my *Antonio*? Oh, ’tis the best of Freinds!  
Y’are welcome hither. By your Leave, my Love,  
Tho’ my Interest here be yet but young, I  
Take upon me to bid my Friends most welcome.

*Port.* So do I my Lord, they are entirely welcome.

*Loren.* We thank you, Madam: for my part, my Lord,  
My purpose was not to have seen you here,  
But meeting with *Salerio* by the way,  
He needs would have me come.

*Saler.* I did my Lord desire it, and had a reason for it:  
Seignior *Antonio* commends him to you.

*Bass.* ‘ How does my Friend?

*Saler.* ‘ This Letter will inform you.

[*Bass.* reads to himself and seems concern’d.

*Grat.* *Nerissa*, bid this pretty Stranger welcome;  
Your Hand, *Lorenzo*; and yours, *Salerio*.  
Whats the News from *Venice*? We are the *Fasons*  
Who have won the Fleece: *Antonio* will rejoyce  
At our Success.

*Sal.* Would you had won the Fleece which he had lost.

*Port.* There are some shrewd Contents in that same Paper,

Which

Which steal the Colour from *Bassanio's* Cheek :

'Some great Misfortune, sure: No common Cause

'Could thus disturb him at this time Still worse and worse.

With leave, *Bassanio*, I am half your self,

And freely must have half of any thing

That this same Letter brings you.

*Bass.* O my *Portia*! here are a few of the most fatal words  
That ever blotted Paper—

When I did first impart my Love, I told you

That all the Wealth I had ran in my Veins.

When I said Nothing, I should then have said

That I was worse than nothing: For indeed

I have engag'd my self to my best Friend;

Engag'd my Friend to his worst Enemy,

To feed my Fortunes. But is it true, *Salerio*?

Have all his Ventures fail'd? What! not one hit!

From *Tripoli*, from *Mexico*, from *England*,

From *Lisbon*, *Barbary*, and *India*,

And not one Vessel scape!

*Sal.* Not one, my Lord.

*Port.* Is it your Friend who is thus troubled?

*Bass.* The dearest Friend to me! the kindest Man!

The best condition'd, most unwearied Spirit

In doing Good; and one in whom

The ancient Roman Honour more appears

'For liberal Love and bounteous Courtesie,

'Than any that has breath'd in *Italy*

'Since *Antony* and *Brutus*.

*Port.* What is the Sum?

*Bass.* For me 3000 Duccats,

'Rais'd to transport me hither.

*Port.* What! no more!

'And rais'd on my Account. 'Tis then my Debt;

Pay him 6000. double 6000.

And then treble that, before a Friend should suffer,

Or lose a Hair thro' my *Bassanio's* Fault:

You shall away to *Venice* to your Friend;

For never shall you lie by *Portia's* side

With an unquiet Soul. You shall have Gold

To pay the petty Debt 20 times over.

*Nerissa* and my self mean while will live

As Maids and Widows. Let none reply,

'For I will have it thus.

'*Bass.* O Love! O Friendship!

‘ Was ever Man thus tortur’d !

‘ *Grat.* What, not one quarter of an hour to pack up  
‘ My Baggage ?

‘ *Ner.* Whereabouts is the last Act now *Gratiano* ?

‘ *Grat.* Faith, Child, I have the part ready,  
‘ If I might have leave to play it.

‘ *Port.* Away ye Triflers.

‘ Nay then *Bassanio* I must thrust you from me :

‘ ‘Tis hard for both to be divided thus

‘ Upon our Wedding Day. But Honour calls,

‘ And Love must wait. Honour, that still delights

‘ To tyrannize o’r Love. Farewell, my Lord,

‘ Be cheartful in this Trial: as you prove,

‘ Your Faith in Friendship, I shall trust your Love.

[*She conducts him to the Door. Exit Bas. Grat.*

*Loren.* Madam, if you knew to whom you show this Honor,  
How true a Lover of your Lord !

*Port.* I never did repent of doing good ;  
Nor shall I now : But we have much to do  
In other things : Therefore to you, *Lorenzo*,  
And to this Lady, whose Pardon I should crave,  
For having stood so much unnoted by me,  
I will commit, as to my Lords best Friends,  
The Husbandry and Conduct of my House  
Until my Lord’s Return : For my own part  
I have to Heav’n breath’d a secret Vow,  
To live in Prayer and Contemplation,  
Only attended by *Nerissa* here,  
Until her Husband and my Lord come back.  
There is a Monastery two Miles off,  
And there we will abide. I do desire you  
Not to deny this Imposition, which  
My Love and some Necessity  
Now lays upon you.

*Loren.* Madam, with all our Hearts ;  
We will observe your Pleasure.

*Port.* Come on, *Nerissa* ; I have Work in hand  
That thou yet knowest not of. *Balthazar*,  
Thou art honest ; so let me find thee still  
Follow me in : I have some short Directions  
For you all.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

## SCENE Changes to a Prison in Venice.

Enter Shylock and Jailer with Antonio in Shackles.

*Shyl.* Jailer, look to him. Tell not me of Mercy ;  
This is the Fool, who lent out Money gratis :

Jailer, I say, look to him

*Anto.* Hear me yet, good *Shylock*.

*Shyl.* I'll have my Bond : I have sworn an Oath, that  
I will have my Bond : Thou call'st me Dog,  
Before thou hadst a Cause : but since I am a  
Dog, beware my Phangs.

*Anto.* I prithee hear me speak.

*Shyl.* I'll have my Bond. I will not hear thee speak:  
I'll not be made a soft relenting Fool,  
To shake the Head, and sigh, and yield, and melt  
To Christian Intercessors : I'll have no speaking,  
I will have my Bond.

*Anto.* Thou wilt not take my Flesh ; what's that good for ?

*Shyl.* To bait Fish withal ; if it will feed nothing else, it  
Will feed my Revenge : Thou hast disgrac'd me,  
Hindered me half a Million ; laught at my Losses ;  
Repin'd at my Gains, scorn'd my Nation ;  
Thwarted my Bargains ; cool'd my Friends ;  
Enflam'd my Enemies ; and what's the Reason ?  
I am a Jew ——— Has not a Jew Eyes ? Has not  
A Jew Hands ? Organs, Dimensions, Senses, Affections ;  
Passions ? Fed with the same Food, hurt with  
The same Weapons, subject to the same Diseases,  
Heal'd by the same Means, warm'd and cool'd,  
By the same Winter and Summer as a Christian ?  
If you prick us, do we not bleed ? If you  
Tickle us, do we not laugh ? If you poison us,  
Do we not dye ? And if you wrong us, shall  
We not Revenge ? If we are like you in the rest,  
We will resemble you in that : For if a Jew  
Wrong a Christian, what is his Humility,  
Revenge ? If a Christian wrong a Jew, what  
Should his sufferance be by a Christian Example ?  
Why, Revenge. The Charity you pretise, I will  
Imitate : And it shall go hard, but I will improve  
By the Instruction.

*Anto.* Thou art the most impenetrable Curr

That

That ever kept with Men.

*Sbyl.* My Daughter too! None knew so well as you of my Daughter's Flight. Why there, there, there is a Diamond gone, cost me 2000 Ducats in *Frankfort*. A Ring too, it was my Turkis; I had it of *Leab*, When I was a Batchelour; besides Gold, and many other Precious Jewels. Would my Daughter were dead At my Foot, so the Jewels were in her Ears Would she were Hears'd, so the Ducats were in the Coffin. No News, and I know not how much Spent in the Search: Loss upon Loss. The Thief gone With so much, and so much to find the Thief; And no Satisfaction, no Revenge: But thou art Caught, and thou shalt pay the whole Theif's Bill. Thou who wast wont to lend out Money for a Christian Curtesy: Thou Christian Fool, pay thy Debts: Jaylor, I say, look to him.

[*Thrusts him after the Jaylor and Exeunt.*]

## ACT IV. Scene I.

*A Court of Justice. The Duke and Nobles seated, Officers of the Court attending Antonio as a Prisoner, Bassanio and Gratiano.*

*Duke.* What is *Antonio* here?

*Ant.* Ready, so please your Grace.

*Duke.* I am sorry for thee, thou art come to answer A Stony Adversary; an Inhumane Wretch Incapable of Pity. Go one and call the Jew Into the Court.

*Enter Shylock.*

*Duke.* Make room, and let him stand before our Face.  
*Shylock,* the World does think, and so do I,  
That thou but lead'st this Fashion of thy Malice  
To the last Hour of Act, and then 'tis hop'd  
Thou'lt show thy Mercy, and Remorse, as strange  
As is thy strange apparent Cruelty,  
Glancing an Eye of Pity on his Losses,

That

That have of late so huddled on his Back,  
 Enow to press a Royal Merchant down,  
 And pluck Comiseration of his State  
 From stubborn *Turks* and *Tartars*, never train'd  
 To Offices of tender Curtely.

We all expect a gentle Answer, Jew.

*Shyl.* I have possess't your Grace, of what I purpose,  
 And by our Holy Sabbath have I sworn,  
 To have the Due, and Forfeit of my Bond:  
 If you deny it, let the Danger light  
 Upon your Charter and the City's Freedom:

You'l ask me why I rather chuse to have  
 A weight of Carrion-Flesh, than to receive  
 3000 Ducats. I reply to that,

It is my Humour: Is that question answer'd,  
 What if my House be troubled with a Rat,  
 And I am pleas'd to give 10000 Duccats  
 To have it ban'd; What, are you answer'd yet?  
 My Humour is my Reason. Are you answer'd?

*Bass.* This is no Answer; thou hard-hearted Man.

*Anto.* I pray you think you question with a Jew;  
 You may as well expostulate with Wolves;  
 You may as well go stand upon the Beach,  
 And bid the Waves be still, and Winds be husht;  
 You may as well forbid the Mountain-pines  
 To wag their Tops, and dance about their Leaves,  
 When the rude Gusts of Heav'n are whistling round.  
 You may as well do any thing most hard,  
 As seek to soften that, than which what harder?  
 His Jewish Heart: Therefore I do beseech you  
 Make no more Offers, use no farther Means,  
 But with all Brief, and plain Conveniency,  
 Let me have Judgment, and the Jew his Will.

*Bass.* For thy 3000 Ducats here are Six.

*Shyl.* If every Ducat in 6000 Ducats,  
 Were in six Parts, and every Part a Ducat,  
 I would not draw 'em: I will have my Bond.

*Duke.* How mayst thou hope for Mercy, rend'ring none?

*Shyl.* What Judgments shall I dread, doing no wrong?  
 You have among you many a purchas'd Slave,  
 Whom, like your Asses, and your Doggs, and Mules,  
 You use in abject and in slavish part,  
 Because you bought 'em: Shall I say to you  
 Let 'em be free: Marry 'em to your Heirs

Why?

Why sweat they under Burdens? Let their Beds  
 Be made as soft as yours; and let their Pallats  
 Be season'd with such Dainties. You will answer.  
 The Slaves are ours; so do I answer you;  
 The Penalty which I demand of him,  
 Is dearly bought, 'tis mine, and I will have it:  
 If you deny me, shame upon your Laws,  
 There is no force in the Decrees of *Venice*;  
 I stand for Judgment. Answer; shall I have it?

*Duke.* The Court will first advise. Here is a Letter  
 From fam'd *Bellario*, which does much commend  
 A young and learned Doctor in our Court,  
 Whose Wisdom shall direct us. Where is he?  
 Call in the Council.

*Bass.* Fear not, *Antonio*: This greedy Dogg  
 Shall have my Flesh, Blood, Sinews, Bones, and all,  
 E'er thou shalt loie one drop of Blood for me.

*To Shylock.*] Why dost thou whet thy Knife so earnestly?

*Shyl.* To cut the Forfeit from that Bankrupt there.

*Bass.* Can no Pray'rs peitce thee?

*Shyl.* None that thou has Wit enough to make.

*Bass.* Oh be thou damn'd, inexorable Jew,  
 And that thou liv'st, let Justice be accus'd,  
 ' And Heaven accus'd that such a Wretch was born.  
 Thou almost make me waver in my Faith;  
 To hold Opinion with *Pathygeras*,  
 That Souls of Animals infuse themselves  
 Into the Trunks of Men: Thy Currish Spirit  
 Govern'd a Woolf, who hang'd for Humane Slaughter,  
 Even from the Gallows, did his fell-soul fleet,  
 And whilst thou lay'st in thy unhallowed Dam,  
 Infus'd it self in Thee.

*Shyl.* Till thou canst rail the Seal from off my Bond,  
 Thou but offends thy Lungs to speak so loud;  
 ' Thy Curses fall on thy own Head, for thus  
 ' Entnaring thy best Freind, thou didst it, and not I.  
 ' I stand for Law: Thy Prodigality brought him  
 To this.

*Bass.* ' Inhumane Dog!

*Offic.* Room for the Council there.

*Enter*

Enter Portia disguis'd like a Lawyer, Nerissa like her Clerk, with Bagg  
and Papers.

Duke. Take your Place.

Are you acquainted with the Difference  
Which holds the present Question in the Court?

Port. I am instructed fully in the Case.

Which is *Antonio*, and which the Jew?

Duke. *Antonio* and old *Shylock* both stand forth.

Port. Is your Name *Shylock*?

Shyl. *Shylock* is my Name?

Port. Of a strange Nature is the Suit you follow.

Is the Bond prov'd? Or does he confess it?

Anto. I do confess it.

Port. Then must the Jew be merciful.

Shyl. On what Compulsion? Must I? Tell me that.

Port. The Quality of Mercy is not strain'd;

It drops as does the gentle Dew from Heav'n

Upon the Place beneath: It is twice blest,

It blesses him that gives, and him that takes:

It is mightiest, in the mightiest: It becomes

The Crown'd Monarch, better than his Crown;

It is the first of Sacred Attributes,

And Earthly Power does then seem most Divine,

When Mercy seasons Justice. I have spoke thus much

To mitigate the Rigour of thy Plea;

For if thou followest this strict Course of Law,

Then must *Antonio* stand condemn'd.

Shyl. My Deeds upon my Head. I crave the Law,

The Penalty and Forfeit of the Bond.

Port. Is he not able to discharge the Bond?

Bagg. Yes, here I tender't for him in the Court;

Twice, thrice the Sum; if that will not suffice,

He will be bound to pay it ten times over,

In Forfeit of my Hands, my Head, my Heart:

But this will not prevail, it must appear

That Malice bears down Truth.

Port. There is no Power in *Venice*

To alter a Decree establish'd;

It will be recorded for a President;

And many an Error by the same Example

May rush into the State. It cannot be.

Shyl. A *Daniel*, a *Daniel*: So ripe in Wisdom,

And so young in Years! A second *Solomon*.

*Port.* I pray you let me see the Bond.

*Shyl.* Here 'tis, most reverend Doctor. Here it is.

*Port.* *Shylock*, there's thrice the Money offer'd thee.

*Shyl.* An Oath, an Oath; I have an Oath in Heaven.  
Shall I lay Perjury upon my Soul:

No, not for *Venice*.

*Port.* Be merciful, take thrice thy Money:  
Bid me tear the Bond.

*Shyl.* It has appear'd you are an upright Judge;  
You know the Law; your Exposition  
Has been most sound. I charge you by the Law,  
Whereof you are a well-deserving Pillar,  
Proceed to Judgment. By my Soul, I swear,  
There is no Power in the Tongue of Man  
To alter me. I do insist upon my Bond;  
The Time's expir'd; I claim the Penalty.

*Anto.* Most heartily I do beseech the Court  
To pass the Sentence.

*Port.* Why then thus it is:  
You must prepare your Bosom for the Knife;  
For the intent and purpose of the Law  
Has full relation to the Penalty,  
Which plainly appears due upon the Bond.

*Shyl.* 'Tis very true. O wise and upright Judge!

*Port.* 'Prepare, *Antonio*: Officers, be ready  
To lay bare his Bosom.

*Shyl.* Ay, his Breast; so says the Bond:  
Does it not, noble Doctor: nearest his Heart;  
Those are his Words.

*Port.* Have by some Surgeon, *Shylock*, at your Charge,  
To stop his Wound, lest he should bleed to Death.

*Shyl.* It is not nominated in the Bond.

*Port.* Not so express'd in Words: But what of that?  
'Twere good to allow so much for Charity.

*Shyl.* I cannot find it: 'Tis not in the Bond.

*Port.* Then do your Office.

*Duke.* 'Hold awhile *Antonio*:  
Have you any thing to say to hinder Sentence?

*Anto.* But little, I am arm'd and well prepar'd:  
Give me your Hand, *Bassanio*: Fare you well:  
Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you,  
For herein, Fortune shows her self more kind  
Then is her Custom: It is still her use

To let the wretched Man outlive his Wealth,  
 To view with Hollow Eye, and wrinckled Brow  
 An Age of Poverty, from which lingring Penance  
 She kindly cuts me off: Once more farewell:  
 Grieve not my Friend, that you thus lose a Friend,  
 For I repent not thus to pay your debt  
 Even with my Blood and Life: 'Now, do your Office,  
 Cut deep enough be sure, and whet thy Knife  
 With keenest Malice; for I would have my Heart  
 Seen by my Friend.

*Shyl.* Doubt it not, Christian; thus far I will be Courteous.

*Duke.* Antonio, is this all thou hast to say?

*Anto.* 'Tis all.

*Bass.* 'Stand off. I have a word in his behalf,  
 Since even more than in his Avarice,  
 In Cruelty, this Jew's insatiable;  
 Here stand I for my Friend. Body for Body,  
 To endure the Torture: But one pound of Flesh  
 Is due from him: Take every peice of mine,  
 And tear it off with Pincers: whatever way  
 Invention can contrive to torture Man,  
 Practice on me: Let but my Friend go safe,  
 Thy Cruelty is limited on him;  
 Unbounded let it loose on me: Say, Jew,  
 Here's Interest upon Interest in Flesh;  
 Will that content you?

*Ant.* 'It may him, not me.

*Bass.* 'Cruel Antonio.

*Ant.* 'Unjust Bassanio.

[ Few laughs.

*Bass.* 'Why Grins the Dog?

*Shyl.* 'To hear a Fool propose: Thou shallow Christian!  
 To think that I'd consent: I know thee well.

When he has paid the Forfeit of his Bond,  
 Thou canst not chuse but hang thy self for being  
 The Cause: And so my ends are serv'd on both.

Proceed to Execution

*Bass.* Then thus I interpose.

[Draws and stands before Antonio: 'The  
 Jew starts back. Antonio interposes.

*Ant.* 'Forbear Bassanio, this is certain Death  
 To both.

*Bass.* 'In one, both dye: since it must be,

' No matter how.

' *Duke.* Before our Face this Insolence! And in a Court  
' Of Justice. Disarm and seize him.

' *Port.* Spare him, my Lord; I have a way to tame him.  
' Hear me one word.

' *Shyl.* Hear, hear the Doctor: Now for a Sentence  
' To sweep these Christian Vermin, coupled  
' To the Shambles. O 'tis a *Solomon!*

*Port.* Hark you, *Shylock*, I have view'd this Bond,  
And find it gives thee not one drop of Blood.  
The Words expressly are, *A Pound of Flesh*.  
No more. Take thou that Flesh,  
But in the cutting it, if thou dost shed  
One drop of Christian Blood, thy Lands and Goods  
Are, by the Laws of *Venice*, mark you me,  
Confiscate to the State. [*Shylock starts surpris'd.*]

*Shyl.* Humph.

*Bass.* O, upright Judge! Mark, Jew. O learned Judge!  
' Forgive, most potent Duke, and Reverend Seigniors,  
' That thus enforc'd by my Despair —

' *Duke.* We do forgive thee, and admire thy Virtue  
' More than we blame thy Passion. But proceed.

*Port.* *Shylock*, thy self shall see the Act,  
And Letter of the Law: For as thou urgest Justice,  
Be sure thou shalt have Justice.

*Shyl.* I take this Offer then; pay the Bond, thrice  
And let the Christian go.

*Bass.* Here is the Money.

*Port.* Soft! The Jew shall have all Justice: Soft, no haste!  
He shall have nothing but the Penalty.

' *Grat.* A *Daniel!* A *Daniel!* Now Infidel,  
We have thee on the Hip.

*Port.* Why does the Jew pause? Take thy Forfeiture.

*Shyl.* Give me my Principal, and let me go.

*Port.* He has refus'd it in the open Court,  
He shall have meerly Justice and his Bond.

*Shyl.* Shall I not have barely my Principal?

*Port.* Thou shalt have barely thy Forfeiture,  
To be so taken at thy Peril, Jew.

*Shyl.* Why then the Devil give you good of it;  
I'll stay no longer Question —

*Port.* Tarry Jew.

The Law has yet another hold of you:  
It is enacted in the Laws of *Venice*,

If it be prov'd against an Alien,  
 That by direct or indirect Attempt,  
 He seek the Life of any Citizen,  
 The party against whom he shall contrive,  
 Shall seize on half his Goods: The other half  
 Comes to the privy Coffers of the State,  
 And the Offenders Life lies in the Mercy  
 Of the Duke only, against all other Voice;  
 In which Predicament, I say, thou stand'st;  
 For it appears by manifest proceeding,  
 That indirectly and directly too  
 Thou had'st contriv'd against the very Life  
 Of the Defendant; and therefore hast-incurr'd  
 These several Penalties of Life and Goods.

*Duke.* That thou may'st see the difference of our Spirits,  
 I pardon thee thy Life, before thou ask it;  
 But half thy Wealth shall be *Antonio's*,  
 The other half the States.

*Shyl.* Nay, take my Life and all; pardon not that:  
 You take my House, when you do take the Prop  
 That does sustain my House: You take my Life,  
 When you do take the means by which I live.

*Duke.* What Mercy can you render him, *Antonio*?

*Ant.* So please my Lord the Duke  
 To quit the Fine of one half of his Goods.  
 I am content, so he will let me have  
 The other half in use, to render it upon  
 His Death to young *Lorenzo*,  
 Who lately has espous'd his Daughter.

*Duke.* He shall do this, or else I do recant  
 The Pardon of his Life.

*Port.* Art thou contented, Jew? What dost thou say?

*Shyl.* Pray give me leave to go from hence;  
 I am not well: send after me your Deeds,  
 And I will sign 'em.

*Duke.* Get thee gone; but do it.

[*Ex: Shyloc.*

*Port.* Clerk, draw a Deed of Gift.

[*The Duke and Court rise.*

*Duke.* *Antonio*, I rejoyce at this Conclusion;  
 And I congratulate with you *Bassanio*,  
 Your Friends escape: You will do well  
 To gratify that learned Councillor,  
 For in my Mind you both are in his debt.

[*Exit Duke with his Train, the Court breaking up.*

*Bass.*

*Bass.* ' Let me embrace the Man, by whom my Friend  
' Has Life: For in that Life I live—  
3000 Ducats due on *Shylock's* Bond  
I freely offer to requite your Pain.

*Ant.* And stand indebted over and above  
In Love and Gratitude for evermore.

*Port.* He is well paid, who is well satisfy'd,  
My Mind was never yet more Mercenary:  
I pray you, know me, when we meet agen:  
I wish you well, and take my leave.

*Bass.* ' Not as a Fee, but as a small Remembrance;  
' A Token of our Loves and Gratitude.

*Port.* Give me your Gloves: I'll wear 'em for your Sake,  
Or else that Ring—

*Bass.* This Ring! alas it is a Trifle;  
' Not fit for me to give, or you to take.

*Port.* I see Sir, you are liberal in Offers:  
You taught me first to beg, and now methinks  
You teach me how a Beggar shou'd be answer'd.

*Bass.* There's more depends on this than on the Value;  
The dearest Ring in *Venice* will I give you,  
And find it out, by Proclamation;  
Only for this, I pray you pardon me.

*Port.* ' Such slight Excuses well I understand.  
Well— Peace be with you both. [Exit *Port.* and *Nerissa*.]

*Ant.* My Lord *Bassanio*, let him have the Ring;  
Let his Deservings, and my Love withall,  
' Be valu'd against every other Scruple.

*Bass.* Prithee *Gratiano*, run and overtake him:  
Give him the Ring; and bring him, if thou can't,  
To my *Antonio's* House—away, make haste.

[Exit *Gratiano*.]

' Once more, let me embrace my Friend, welcom to Life,  
' And welcome to my Arms, thou best of Men:  
' Thus of my Love and of my Friend possess'd,  
' With such a double Shield upon my Breast,  
' Fate cannot peirce me now, securely Blest.

[As they go off, Re-enter *Portia* and  
*Nerissa*, *Gratiano* following.]

*Grat.* Sir, Sir, you are well overtaken;  
My Lord *Bassanio*, upon more Advice,  
Has sent you here the Ring; and does entreat  
Your Company at Dinner.

*Port.*

*Port.* For that he must excuse me: His Ring  
I do accept with Thanks; and so, pray tell him:  
And further more oblige my Clerk to show him  
*Shylock's House*—These Writings he must Sign.

*Grat.* That I will do: 'Tis a pert pretty youth,  
I had much talk with him, during the Trial.

*Nerissa aside.*] Now will I see if I can get a Ring  
I gave him too at parting, which he swore  
As much never to part from.

*Port.* Thou may'st, I warrant: We shall have 'old  
Swearing, that they gave these Rings to Men,  
But we'll out-face 'em, and out-swear 'em too.

[*Aloud.*] Make hast, I pray: Thou know'st where I will  
Tarry.

*Grat.* 'Come on, Sir: The first Cause I have to split,  
'You shall have all my Practice.

*Neriss.* 'That may be sooner than you dream of,  
'Sir, I follow you.

'So many Shapes have Women for Deceit,  
'That every Man's a Fool, when we think fit.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT

ACT V. Scene I.

Enter Lorenzo and Jessica.

Loren. THE Moon shines bright. In such a Night as this  
Did pensive Troilus mount the Trojan Wall,  
Sighing his Soul towards the Grecian Tents,  
Where beauteous Cressid lay——

Jess. In such a Night——  
Sad Dido with a Willow in her Hand  
Stood on the wild Sea-Beach, and waft her Love  
To come again to Carthage——

Loren. In such a Night Medea gather'd the enchanted  
Herbs, that did renew old Æson.

Jess. In such a Night,  
Did young Lorenzo swear to Jessica  
He lov'd her well, and stole away her Soul  
With many a Vow, and ne're a true one.

Loren. In such a Night.

Jess. In such a Night.

} Both together.

I would out-Night you. But hark!  
I hear a footing.

Enter Portia and Jessica.

Port. That Light we see is burning in my Hall.

Loren. 'Tis sure the Voice of Portia.

Port. He knows me as the Blind Man does the Cuckow,  
By the bad Voice. Lorenzo, is it you?

Loren. Madam, you are most welcome.

Port. We have been praying for my Lords Success,  
Who fares, we hope, the better for our Pray'rs :  
Is he return'd ?

Loren. Madam, not yet. But here are Letters from him,  
Which give a good Account of his Proceeding,  
And that he will be here to Night ;  
We were walk't out to wait his coming.

Port. Give Order to my Servants, that they take  
No Note at all of our being absent hence ;

And

let our Musick play, and every thing  
direct as we were here in formal Expectation  
his return—

As Night methinks is but the Day-light sick;  
Looks a little paler. 'Tis a Day,  
As the Day is when the Sun is hid.

*Enter Bassanio, Antonio, Gratiano, and Followers.*

*Bass.* We should hold day with the *Antipodes*,  
You would walk in Absence of the Sun?  
*Portia*, this was kind to meet me thus.

*Port.* 'O never more let any Cause of Grief  
Divide my Lord and me.

[ *Gratiano runs to Nerissa, who discourse apart.* ]

*Bass.* Nothing can: Here Madam is my Friend,  
I present him to you: This is *Antonio*,  
Whom, if you love *Bassanio*, you must love.

*Port.* 'I should behold him with a Jealous Eye,  
Who has so large a Share in my Lord's Heart.

*Ant.]* 'Having his Leave, you'll not deny me yours,  
To make a third in Friendship: I doubly joy  
That you are safe and here.

*Ant.* I thank you, Madam.

*Port.* 'Play all our Instruments of Musick there,  
Let nothing now be heard but sounds of Joy,  
And let those glorious Orbs that we behold,

Who in their Motions, all like Angels sing,  
All Quiring to the blew-ey'd Cherubims,  
Join in the Chorus; that in Heav'n and Earth  
One universal Tune may celebrate

This Harmony of Hearts. Soft Stillness, and the Night  
Come the Touches of sweet Harmony.

*Musick.*

*Grat.* By yonder Moon and Stars, I swear you wrong me,  
Heav'n, I gave it to the Lawyers Clerk.

*Port.* A quarrel! what, already? What's the matter?

*Grat.* About a Hoop of Gold, a paltry Ring she gave me,  
Whose Poésie was, for all the World, like Cutlers  
Engraven upon a Knife, *Love me, and leave me not.*

*Neriss.* No matter for the Poésie, or the Value.  
When I gave it, you swore never to part with it:

If not for Love of me, yet for your Conscience sake,  
 For your Oath's sake, such vehement Oaths, you  
 Should have kept it. A Lawyer's Clerk! A fine  
 Invention! But well, I know the Clerk who had it  
 Will ne're have Hair upon his Face.

*Grat.* He will, if he but live to be Man.

*Neriff.* If! If a Woman live to be a Man!

*Grat.* Now by this Hand, I gave it to a Youth, a kind  
 Of Boy; a little scrubbed Boy, no higher  
 Than thy self; the Judge's Clerk; a prating  
 Boy, that begg'd it for a Fee.

*Port.* You were to blame, I must be plain with you,  
 To make so slight of the first Gift of Love;  
 A thing stuck on with Oaths upon your Fingers,  
 ' And rivited with solemn Protestations  
 ' On that which was: A Pledge of Truth between you:  
 ' In which you were to blame.

I gave my Lord a Ring, and made him swear  
 Never to part with it: And here he stands,  
 I dare be sworn for him, he would not give it,  
 Or pluck it from his Finger, for the Wealth  
 That the whole World contains.

*Ess. aside.* Now were I best to cut my Left-hand off,  
 And swear I lost the Ring defending it.

*Grat.* My Lord *Bassanio* gave his Ring away  
 To the young Smock fac'd Lawyer, who begg'd it,  
 ' And deserv'd it too: And then the Boy his Clerk,  
 ' A little importunate Urchin, who took some pains  
 In Writing, would needs beg mine; and neither  
 Man nor Master would take any thing but the 2 Rings.

*Port.* What Ring gave you, my Lord?  
 Not that, I hope, which you receiv'd from me?

*Bass.* If I could add a Lye to hide a Fault,  
 I would deny it: But you see my Finger  
 Has not the Ring upon it; it is gone.

*Port.* And even as void is your false Heart of Truth.  
 By Heav'n! I'll never come within your Bed  
 Till I have seen this Ring.

*Neriff.* Nor I in yours, till I see mine.

*Bass.* If you but knew to whom I gave this Ring,  
 ' For what I gave it, and for whom I gave it;  
 ' How much compell'd, and how unwillingly,  
 ' When nothing else would be accepted——

*Port.* If you but knew the Virtue of this Ring,  
 ' If you had valu'd her, who gave this Ring,

your own Honour, bound by tolemn Oath,  
 to keep this Ring, you wou'd have dy'd, *Bassanio*,  
 if you had parted from it :  
 that Man is there so much unreasonable,  
 you had pleas'd to have defended it  
 with any shew of Zeal, wanted the Modesty  
 to urge a thing, held as a Ceremony  
 Sacred to Truth, and to Connubial Love.  
 teaches me what to be believe ;  
 for fort ; but a Woman had this Ring.  
*Bass.* No, by my Honour, Madam, by my Soul,  
 no Woman had it : but a generous Friend,  
 a Gentleman, who had held up the very Life  
 of my best Friend. What shall I say, my *Pertia* ?  
 was beset with Shame and Coustessie.  
 if you been there, you would your self have begg'd  
 this Ring, to be dispos'd as I dispos'd it.  
*Pert.* Let not that Man, whoe're he is, come near me :  
 since he has got the Jewel that I priz'd,  
 I shall become as liberal as you,  
 and nothing can deny the Man that has it.  
 thinking it was of wondrous Mystery,  
 and sanctify'd by Charms to rivet Love :  
 Whoever has it, has the sure Command  
 Of me, my Person, and of all that's mine :  
 The dire Enchantment was so strongly wrought ;  
 One Mind directs us, and one Bed must hold us :  
 Now him I shall, I must ; nay, I will know him ;  
 I feel the Effects already. Watch me like *Argos*,  
 if you do not, if I be left alone,  
 Swear by my Honour, which is yet entire,  
 that Man and I are one.  
*Neriss.* Just such a Ring was mine :  
 methinks I love that Lawyers Clerk already,  
 just as I love my self.  
*Bass.* Forgive me this first Fault ;  
 I'll trust thy Honour above any Charms :  
 My Love is built upon Esteem so strong,  
 I cannot doubt your Virtue.  
*Grat.* I am not quite so liberal of good Thoughts ;  
 but this I'll say, if I can catch this Clerk,  
 his Pen shall split for't.  
*Anto.* I am the unhappy Subject of this Quarrel  
 by my Perswasion.—

*Port.* Sir, grieve not you ;  
You're welcome notwithstanding.

[*Walks about us in a Passion.*]

*Bass.* But hear me, *Portia* ;  
' Pardon this Error ; by my Soul, I swear,  
' By what is dearer to me than my Soul,  
' Your precious self——

*Ant.* I dare be bound for him ;  
' My life upon the Forfeit, that your Lord  
' Shall never more break Faith.

*Port.* You have been of this Surety, and  
' Have paid for't dearly.

*Ant.* No more than I am well acquitted of.

*Port.* Then be his Surety still : Here is a Ring,  
' Of the same Virtue, ' and so qualify'd  
' With equal Spells. This only can retrieve  
' With Counter-Magick what the other lost.  
*Antonio*, give him this : But make him swear  
To keep it better.

*Ant.* Here, Lord *Bassanio* : Swear to keep this Ring.

*Bass.* By Heav'n!

[*Starts.*]

This is the same I gave the Lawyer.

*Port.* Why so it is ; I had it from him : ' You see  
' How quick an Operation is in Magick.  
' We have met already.

*Bass.* Met ! how have you met !

*Neriss.* Met——why by Art Magick, to lie together :  
' Ask that same scrubbed Boy, the Lawyers Clerk.

*Grat.* ' Why this is worse and worse.

*Bass.* ' *Antonio* ! this was your doing.

[*Angrily.*]

*Ant.* ' Take your Revenge, and kill me.

*Bass.* ' I am answer'd——Is it then true ?

' And can it be ? That by the Secret Workings  
' Of Mystick Words, and Spells, and dire Compounds,  
' Potions and Invocations horrible,  
' Nature can be so led ? What then is Virtue ?  
' And what Security has Love or Reason,  
' Thus subjected to every Hell-born Hagg,  
' Who, by such Conjurations can dis-join  
' United Hearts ? uniting the Averse !  
' How, wretched Man ! how canst thou boast free Will ?  
' If this in very deed be true. I'll not suppos't——  
' But then that Ring ! How could she have it : 'tis Witch-craft !  
' Damn'd, damn'd Witchcraft : And I will fathom Hell,

‘ But I will find a Fiend shall Counter-work

‘ The Devil that has done this.

[Portia and Nerissa laugh

Port. } Ha, ha, ha.  
Neriss. }

Grat. ‘ Is this true, *Nerissa!* are we then two Scurvy  
‘ Cuckolds by Art Magick!

‘ Port. Ha, ha, ha. Well; since you grow so serious,  
‘ I will be serious too: Read this *Bassanio*,  
‘ The Adventures writ at large: Look not so fullen, Lord,  
‘ But read it. *Lorenzo* here and *Jessica*  
Can witness for me: I set out almost  
As soon as you. And am but even now return’d,  
‘ I have not yet enter’d my House: But  
‘ For farther proof, Clerk, give *Lorenzo*  
‘ The Writings sign’d by *Shylock*.

*Neriss.* I’ll give ’em without Fee: Here *Lorenzo*,  
Here is a Deed of Gift to you and *Jessica*,  
Of all the Jew, your Father, dies possess’d of.

‘ *Loren.* See *Jessica*, is this his Hand?

‘ *Jess.* ’Tis his own signing.

‘ *Loren.* What prodigy is this?

‘ *Bass.* I am struck dumb with wonder.

‘ *Grat.* Was *Portia* then the little Smerking Lawyer,  
‘ And *Nerissa* the Clerk: I’ll never forgive such a  
‘ Trick. Art-Magick do you call it?

‘ *Neriss.* Nay, but *Gratiano*.

‘ *Grat.* Away, away.

[Dispute aside..

*Port.* *Antonio!* Here are Letters too for you,  
Ask me not yet, by what strange Accident  
They fell into my Hands——but read ’em.

‘ *Bass.* Amazement has bereft me of all Words.

*Ant.* Why here I read, for certain, that my scatter’d Ships,  
Are safely all arriv’d at *Rhodes*,  
With their whole Cargo.

*Port.* Doubt it not, *Antonio.* ’Tis most true.

‘ Virtue like yours; such Patience in Adversity,  
‘ And in Prosperity such Goodness,  
‘ Is still the Care of Providence.

‘ *Ant.* My Life and Fortunes have been all your Gift;  
‘ Dispose ’em, and command ’em, Madam,  
‘ As you please.

[Grat. and Neriss. advance..

‘ *Neriss.* What can you bear no Jests, but of your own  
‘ Making?

‘ *Grat.* You have so scar’d me with your Art-Magick,

That

‘ That I shall scarce be a true Man these two Days ;

‘ But therein by my Revenge : And so shake

‘ Hands from this Day for-wards.

‘ As the most precious of all Gems, I swear !

‘ Nerissa's Ring shall be Gratiano's Care.

*Port.* ‘ All look amaz'd, in every Face I see

‘ A thousand Questions: 'Tis time we should go in,

‘ There will I answer all : Cease your astonishment,

‘ My Lord ; by these small Services to you

‘ And to your Friends, I hope I may secure

‘ Your Love ; which, built upon meer Fancy,

‘ Had else been subjected to Alteration.

‘ With Age and Use the Rose grown Sick and Faint,

‘ Thus mixt with friendly Sweets, secures it's Scent.

*Bass.* ‘ The sweets of Love shall here for ever blow ;

‘ I needs must Love, remembering what I owe.

‘ Love, like a Meteor, shows a short-liv'd Blaze,

‘ Or treads thro' various Skies, a wond'ring Maze ;

‘ Begot by Fancy, and by Fancy led,

‘ Here in a Moment, in a Moment fled :

‘ But fixt by Obligations, it will last ;

‘ For Gratitude's the Charm that binds it fast.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

# EPILOGUE.

**E** Ach in his turn, the Poet and the Priest,  
Have view'd the Stage, but like false Prophets guess'd:  
The Man of Zeal in his Religious Rage  
Would silence Poets, and reduce the Stage.  
The Poet rashly, to get clear, retorts  
On Kings the Scandal, and bespatters Courts.  
Both err; for without mincing, to be plain,  
The Guilt is yours of every Odious Scene.  
The present time still gives the Stage its Mode,  
The Vices which you practice, we explode:  
We hold the Glass, and but reflect your Shame,  
Like Spartans, by exposing, to reclaim.  
The Scribler, pinch'd with Hunger, writes to Dine,  
And to your Genius must conform his Line;  
Not lewd by Choice, but meerly to submit;  
Would you encourage Sense, Sense would be writ.  
Plain Beauties pleas'd your Sires an Age ago,  
Without the Varnish and the Dawb of Show.  
At vast Expence we labour to our Ruine,  
And court your Favour with our own undoing.  
A War of Profit mitigates the Evil,  
But to be tax'd and beaten, is the Devil.  
How was the Scene forlorn, and how despis'd,  
When Tymon, without Musick, moraliz'd?  
Shakespears sublime in vain entic'd the Throng;  
Without the Charm of Purcel's Syren Song.  
In the same Antique Loom these Scenes were wrought,  
Embellish'd with good Morals and just Thought:  
True Nature in her Noblest Light you see,  
E're yet debauch'd by modern Gallantry,  
To trifling Jest, and fulsom Ribaldry.  
What Rust remains upon the shining Mass  
Antiquity may privilege to pass.  
'Tis Shakespear's Play, and if these Scenes miscarry,  
Let Gormon take the Stage—— or Lady Mary.

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