THE
Jew of Venice.

A
COMEDY.

As it is Acted at the
THEATRE in Little-Lincoln's-Inn-Fields,

BY
His Majesty's Servants.

LONDON,
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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 Re-
ligion; The Nature of our Constitution; The Balance of Europe; and, The Rights of
Mankind. Dedicated to the Duke of Newcastle. By Mr. Toland.
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 Rochester 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 Shakespeare 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
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.
PROLOGUE.

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

Written by Bevil Higgon, Esq;

Dry. 'Tis his radiant Circle, reverend Shakespeare, view;
An Audience only to thy Buskin due.
Shak. A Scene so noble, antient Greece ne'er saw,
Nor Pompey's Power, when Rome the World gave Law.
Shak. At once both Wonder and Delight,
By Beauty warm'd, trancedently so bright,
Dry. Well, Dryden, might'st thou sing; well may these Hero's fight.
Shak. With all the outward Lustre, which you find,
They want the nobler Beauties of the Mind.
Shak. Their sickly Judgments, 'what is just, refuse,
And French Grinace, Buffoons, and Mimicks choose;
Dry. Some Scenes desert, some 'crotchted Earc to see;
Shak. They knew not Nature, for they talk not Thee.
Shak. Whose stupid Souls thy Passion cannot move,
Are deaf indeed to Nature and to Love.
Dry. When thy Egyptian weeps, what Eyes are dry!
Shak. Or who can live to see thy Roman dye.
Dry. Thro' Perspectives revers'd they Nature view,
Which give the Passions Images, not true.
Dry. Stephon for Stephon sighs; and Sapho dies,
Shak. To the Soul by brighter Sapho's Eyes:
Shak. No Wonder then their wand'ren Passions roam,
And feel not Nature, whom th' have overcome.
Shak. In flame let genel Love prevail aye,
To Beau Love Ladies, and you Ladies Men.
Shak. These Crimes unknown, in our last polished Age,
Now seem above Correction of the Stage.
Shak. Let Heinous Faults, our Justice does pursue;
Shak. To-day we punish a Stock-jobbing Jew.
Shak. A piece of Justice, terrible and strange;
Shak. Which, if pursu'd, would make a thin Exchange.'
The Law's Defeat, the luger Muse supplies,
Tis only we, can make you Good or Wife,
Whom Heav'n spares, the Poet will Chaste.
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 Critics, shall your Fury stand,
Adorn'd and rejoin'd by a faultless Hand.

Dying to support thy Stage,
With the faint Copies of thy Nobler Rage,
Bat toy'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 Personae.

M E N.

Bassanio. Gentlemen of Venice, and Friends.
Antonio. Their Companion.
Gratiano. In Love with Jessica.
Lorenzo. The Jew.
Shylock. Duke of Venice.

W O M E N.

Nerissa. Her Friend.
Jessica. Daughter to the Jew.

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

SCENE Venice.
The Jew of Venice.

ACT I. Scene I.

Enter Baffiano, Antonio, Gratiano, and Lorenzo.

Anto. 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 Vitages
Do cream and mantle, like a standing Pond;
And do a willful Stillness entertain,
'Cheating their Faces in a politick Form,
'To cheat Obervers with a false Opinion
Of Wisdom, Gravity, profound Conceit;
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: One more, my Friends, be merry.
'All have their Follies; merry Fools are best.'

Lorenzo. Sir Gravities, Farewell!
I'll end my Exhortation after Dinner. [Exeunt Grat. and Lorenzo.

Baff. 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.
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.

Baff. '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;
Nor would I now make suit to be abridged,
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 truth,
For him I love. Speak freely your Demand,
And it it stand, as you your self still do,
Within the Eye of Honor, be assured,
My Purse, my Person, my extremest Means,
Are all my Friend's.

Baff. 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 Baffanio, '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 faltering 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.

Baff. The
Bess. '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 Meffages.

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
Sers 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 layl* 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.

**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 suffice
With too much, as those who starve with too little;
From whence I conclude, That Happines most is seated in
The Mean: Superfluities brings Care, Care both
Robbs us of our Time, and shortens our Days;
But Competency is the easiest and the longest Liver.

Port. Good Sentences, and well-pronounce'd.

Neriss. They would 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,

B 2 Than
Than be one of the Twenty, to follow my own Instructiun.
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 chooing a Husband: Ah me! The Word
Chooe: I am neither to choo e whom I like, nor
Refuse whom I dislike; so is the Pleasure of a
Living Daughter refrain'd by the Will of a dead
Father. Was ever Woman ty'd to such hard Laws,
' Neriff? Neither to choo e, nor refuse?
Neriff. 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
Caskers of Gold, Silver and Lead, whereof who
Chooses his Meaning choo e you: I have Superstition
'Enough to believe the Benefic Lot is destin'd for
'The best Deferver.
' 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 Lift; Read me the Names,
And according as I describe, guess at my Inclinations.
Ner. 'What a long Lift 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 Monsieur le Comte,
Your French Lover.
Port. 'Of himself, thou mean'ft: He has more Tricks than
'A Baboon: If my Bird sings, he'rait falls a capering;
He will fence with his own Shadow; 'nor is his Tongue
'Lest 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.
Neriff. 'Myn Heer van Gotts, 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 drunk;
At best, he is worse than a Man; and at worst, no better

Than
Than a Beef. I will do any thing, Nerissa, e're I'll
be marry'd to a Sponge.
Nerissa. 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 Seignora 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:
'The 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.
Nerissa. 'This Lottery will certainly be drawn full.

[Exeunt.

SCENE returns to Venice.

Enter Bassanio, and Shylock the Jew.

Bass. Ay Sir, for Three Months.
Shy. For Three Months. Well.
Bass. And as I told you, Antonio will be bound.
Bass. Will you oblige me, shall I know your Answer?
Shy. Three Thousand Ducats for Three Months, and
Antonio bound!
Bass. Your Answer to that?
Shy. Antonio is a good Man.
Bass. Have you heard any Imputation to the contrary.
Shy. 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 Phraze, 'tis the Phraze. 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, Sailers but Men: There are Land-Rats
And Water-Rats, Water-Thieves and Land-Thieves:
And then there is the Peril of Waters, Winds and Rocks.
The Man notwithstanding is a sufficient Man. Three Thoufand
Duccats —— humph —— I think I may venture to take his
Bond.

Baff. 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.

Baff. 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.

Baff. Here is Seignor 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 Gratia, 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: Curst be my Tribe,
If I forgive him. ———

Baff. Shyloc, 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 Duccats, what of that?
Thaal, a wealthy Hebrew of our Tribe

Shall
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. Shylock, 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?

Shy. Ay, ay, Three Thousand Ducats,

Ant. And for Three Months.

Shy. 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.

Ant. I do never use it.

Shy. When Jacob gra'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.

Ant. And what of him? Did he take Interest?

Shy. No, not as you would 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.

Ant. Was this inserted to make Interest good?

Shy. Note, my good Seignior!——

Ant. 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?

Shy. Seignior Antonio, many a time and oft
On the Royal 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 Gabeldine,
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 should 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 lowd Night Voice,
And whispering Humbleness, — Say thus!
Fair Sir, on Wednesday last, you spake 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.

Ant. I am as like to call thee so again,
To spake 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 fordid Mettal of his Friend!
But lend it rather as to thy Enemy,
Who, if he fails, thou mayl't with better Face
Exact the Penalty.

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

Bass. This were Kindness.

Shy. 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, meekly for Mirth —
If you repay me not on such a day, in such a Place,
Such Sum or Sums as are express — 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?

Ant. 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.

Ant. 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.

Shy. Oh
Shy. O Father Abraham, what these Christians are! Those own hard Dealings teach 'em to suspect the Truth of others. Pray tell me, thou'd he fail in Day, — what should I get by the Exaction? At the Penalty? A Pound of Man's Flesh? Not 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, I'm sure you well.

[Going.

Ant. Stay, Shylock, I will seal as you propose.

Shy. Then meet me at the Notary's,

[Returning.

Give him Directions to prepare the Bond,

In the mean time, I'll fetch the Duccats;

To my House, lest some unthrifty Knave

Take the Guard! Christian, thy Hand,

I'll presently be with you.

[Exit Jew.

Ant. Thou'rt now a very gentle Jew.
The Hebrew will turn Christian, he grows kind.

Shy. I like not yet the Terms,

A Villain, when he most seems kind,

Is most to be suspected.

[Exit. There is not the least Danger, nor can be,

If it there were, what is a Pound of Flesh,

What my whole Body, every Drop of Blood,

To purchase my Friend's Quiet! Heaven still is good

To those who seek the Good of others: Come Bassanio,

Be cheerful, for 'tis lucky Gold we borrow:

Of all the Joys that generous Minds receive,

The noblest is, the God like Power to give.

[Exeunt.

ACT II.

Enter Shylock and Jessica.

Shy. I am bid forth to Supper, Jessica,

There are my Keys; but wherefore should I go?

I am not bid for Love: They flatter me,

When 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,
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 Caffement 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
Immediately. Do as I bid you, shut doors after
You. Fatt bind, fust fand. [Exit Shylock.

Jessica. Alas! what Sin is it in me
To be ashamed 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.

Lorenzo. 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 Misfortune cross her Foot,
For that she is the Issue of a Jew.
‘Grat. Young, landom, willing, with Gold and Jewels to Boot!
‘Plague on’t, when shall I have such Luck?

Enter Jessica, in the Balcony.

Jessica. Who are you? Tell me for more Certainty,
Albeit I swear that I do know your Voice,
I love the Repetition of your Name.
Lorenzo and thy Love.
Jessica. Lorenzo certain, and my Love indeed,
For who love I so much? but ah, who knows
But you Lorenzo, whether I am yours?
Lorenzo. Heav’n and thy Thoughts are Witness that thou art. Jessica.
Jeff. Here, catch this Casket; it is worth the Pain,
In glad its Night, you look, but cannot see me,
For I am much ashamed of what I am,
But Love is blind, and Lovers cannot see
The Follies that themselves commit.
Lor. Come down, my Love!
Jeff. I will make fast the Doors, and guild my self
With some few Ducats 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. Bethe 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 the 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.

Jeff. 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 sion'd in Bed,
Jacob with sprightly Rachel fled.
Jeff. 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 loiter 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. [Exit.
Grat. 'Jew, Turk and Christian differ but in Creed;
In ways of Wickedness, they're all agreed.

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

SCENE opens, and discovers Bassanio, Antonio, Shylock, and others, sitting, as at an Entertainment. Music playing: During the Music, 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 Adriatic Bride,
For ever linked in Love.
Bass. 'Thou joyn'st us well: And rightly hast compar'd;
Like Venice on a Rock, my Friendship stands
Constant and fixed: but 'tis a barren Spot;
While like the liberal Adriatic, thou
With Plenty bath't thy Shoars—
My Fortunes are the Bounty of my Friend.
Anto. 'My Friend's the noblest Bounty of my Fortune.
'Sound every Instrument of Music there,
To our immortal Friendship. [All drink. Loud Music.
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 the her self would place it: Crown her with,
Tho' Ruine and Perdition catch Bassanio:
Let me be wretched, but let her be blest. [Drink and Music again.
Grat. 'Mine's a short Health: Here's to the Sex in general;
To Woman; be she black, or brown, or fair;
Plump, flender, tall, or middle-stature'd—
Let it be Woman; and 'tis all I ask. [Drink again, Music as before.
Shy! 'I have a Mistres, that our shines'em all——
Commanding yours—and yours tho' the whole Sex:
O may her Charms encrease and multiply,
My Money is my Mistres! 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 Glafs—— [All Rise.
Nor shall the Music found: O Bassanio!
' There sits a Heavinefs upon my Heart

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

Bur. 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 Orpheus 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, Stratagems 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 & Thetis.

A MASQUE.

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 Prometheus, famous for his Skill in Astrology, upon whose Prophecy, that the Son born of Thetis should prove greater than his Father, Jupiter desists. The Prophecy was afterwards verified in the Birth of Achilles, the Son of Thetis, by Peleus.

Persons in the Masque.

JUPITER. Prometheus.
PELEUS. THETIS.

Prometheus 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 Prometheus.

Pel. Ondem'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 inspitting 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 restless Fates ordain:
I still am True—— And would be kind.
Pel. Despair tormented first my Heart,
Now Falsehood a more cruel Smart!

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

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

Thy unjustly you complain.
Peleus, Give, give me back my Heart again.
The Accursed Jealousy!
Thou Jaundice in the Lover's Eye,
Thro' which all Objects false we see;
Accursed Jealousy.

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 deformed, 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 eyes.

CHORUS.

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 toam live with Jove.

[Jupiter appears descending.

But see! the mighty Thunderer'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.

CHORUS.

Chor. But see! the mighty Thund'rer's here;
Tremble Pelus, tremble, fly;
The Thunderer! the mighty Thunderer!
Tremble Pelus, tremble, fly.

[Jupiter being descended.

Jup. Presumptuous Slave, Rival to Jove,
How dar'st thou, Mortal, thus defy
A Goddes 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 Terrore 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 forcked 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 sander.

[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 sander
The. Thy Love, still arm'd with Fate,
Is dreadful, as thy Hate.
O might it prove to me
(So gentle Peleus 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 furnish'd leisure to grow wise.
Thou rulest the Gods, but Fate rules thee.

The PROPHESY.

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

CHORUS 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.

[Al.] Jupiter during the Chorus seems to stand considering.
Jup. Shall then the Son of Saturn be undone
As Saturn was, by an Aspiring Son?
Jutly th' impartial Fates conspire,
Dooming that Son to be the Sire
Of such another Son.

Conscions of Bls 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. Heaven had been lost, bad I been love,
There is no Heaven, like mutual love.

[ Jupiter turning to Prometheus.]

Jup. And show the Stars Interpreter,
'Tis just I set thee free,
Who gives me Liberty?
Arisè, arisè, 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 Instruments.

Peleus and Thetis together.

Pel. &c. 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're ye endure,
Tho' cruel the Pain is, how sweet is the Cure!

Ant. " 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 haff Aboard.
[Baff turning to Ant.] 'Oh my lov'd Friend! till now I never knew
The pangs of parting Friendship.
At distance I have tafted of the Pain,
When the rude Morn has flither'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.

D 2  Ant. 'Yow
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 daily: 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 hastily, my Bassanio neither;
Slubber not Business for my Sake, my Friend,
But stay the very ripening of thy Love.
Be gay, affable, and employ such Arts,
As best incline the Fair: Love is not feiz'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 again
'Bass. One more Embrace: To those who know not Friendship
'This may appear unmanly Tenderness,
'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 again,
Always, I hope, good Friends.
'Oh my Antonio! 'tis hard, tho' for a Moment,
'To lose the Sight of what we Love.
Shy. 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: Shylock 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.
ACT III. Scene I.

Enter Portia, Baffanio, Nerissa, Gratiano, and their Train. Nerissa, Gratiano discourse apart.

Why, 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
Pun'td with the other; for the poor rude World
Has not her Equal: But alas, the while
Should Hercules and Ilycas play at Dice,
Who were the better Man? The greater throw
Might turn by Fortune from the weaker Hand:
So were a Giant worsted by a Dwarf,
And so may I, having no Guide but Chance,
Mis 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 somthing 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 mis's 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, the 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.

Baff. ' Doubt is the worst State: 'Tis better once
To die, than still to live in Pain.
Defire is fierce, nor brookes the least delay.
Fortune and Love befriend me: I'm resolv'd;
My Life, and all my earthly Happinets
Sits on the chance: Where may I find the Casket!

Port. 'Yet, let me perswade you: If for your self
You cannot fear, 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 the wishes to be won,
But being lost to him, remain expos'd
To some new Choice, another must posses.
What Chance denies to you. O fatal Law!
Lost to each other were a cruel Doom,
But 'tis our last Misfortune; I may live
To be enjoy'd by one I hate. And you
May live to see it.

Buff. 'To love, and to be lov'd, yet not possess,
No greater Curl'e could be, but what thou fear'st,
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 locket:

Thy Courage is an Omen of Success,
If Love be just, he'll teach thee where to chuse.

Nerissa, shew 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 Prefence, 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 Baffanio in each Hand a Casket.

Baff. 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' interiour: 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? a Ban let me consider.

[Walks about thinking.

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

Baff. 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 varnish'd: Let me not be rash,
There yet remains a Third: well will I weigh
For I resolve.

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 Baffanio with a Casket of Lead.

Baff. 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 blest 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 Grotesques 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 crisp'd 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 Alidas, 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 fulness moves more than Eloquence,
And here I fix: Joy be the Consequence.

Gna't. 'Undone, undone: I'll not stand to't, Nerissa. I'll
Chafe 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-eyed Jealousy.
O! Love! be moderate; allay this Excess.
In measure pour thy Joy, stilt this Excess:
I feel too much thy Bleating, make it less,
For fear I forfeit.

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 fever'd Lips,
Parted with sweetest Breath: 'The very odour
'Seems there express'd, and thus invites the Taste! [Kissing the Pillar.

And here again, 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 undazzled 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 Kif,
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 Heals 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, Mistresses of these Servants,
Queen o'er my self, even now, and in a Moment
This House, these Servants, and my self their Queen,
As yours, my Lord. I plight'em with this Ring,
Which when you part'em, lose or give away,
Let it preface 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.

Biff. 'Dye first, Baffiano, my Mistresses, 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 Baffiano.
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 affirm'd, Baffiano's dead.

Gratiano and Nerissa seem in earnest dispute.

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

Neriff. 'I say, we drew Stakes.

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

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

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

I happened to say to this Lady, that it was her Destiny to-
Hence, she contented to put it to Tryal, and agreed
To be determined by the Choice, my Friend should make
If he had you—I should have her; and here
Stand I to claim her Promises.

Port. Is this true, Nerissa?

Neriff. '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.

Neriff. '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 rejoice, Gratiano, that my good Fortune
' Thus included yours.
' Oh that Antonio knew of our Success,
' It would ore-joy him. Prithee Gratiano,
' Send a special Messenger to Venice,
' To inform him of our Fortunes—
' Shylock shall now be paid, my Friend is safe,
' And Happines: on every side surrounds us.

[Gratiano going out, meets Lorenzo, Jessica, and Servant from Antonio entering.

Grat. Lorenzo, and his pretty Infidel,
Salerno too, Antonio's Servant: If I mistake him not,
' Look here, Bassanio; here is News from Venice.
Bass. Lorenzo, Welcome! Salerno too! what News
' From my Antonio? Oh, 'tis the best of Freinds!
Y're welcome hither. By your Leave, my Love,
Tho' my Interets 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.
Lorez. We thank you, Madam: for my part, my Lord,
My purpose was not to have seen you here,
But meeting with Salerno by the way,
He needs would have me come.

Salerno. I did my Lord desire it, and had a reason for it:
Seignior Antonio commends him to you.
Bass. 'How does my Friend?
Salerno. 'This Letter will inform you.

[Bass read to himself and seems concern'd.

Grat. Nerissa, bid this pretty Stranger welcome;
Your Hand, Lorenzo; and yours, Salerno.
What's the News from Venice? We are the Jasons
Who have won the Fleece: Antonio will rejoice
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 steal the Colour from Baffanio's Cheek:
Some great Misfortune sure: No common Cause.
Could thus disturb him at this time Still worse and worse.
With leave, Baffanio, I am half your self,
And freely must have half of any thing
That this same Letter brings you.
Baff. 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?
Baff. 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?
Baff. For me 3000 Ducats,
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 Baffanio'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 myself mean while will live
As Maids and Widows. Let none reply,
'For I will have it thus.
'Baff. O Love! O Friendship!

E 2

Was
Was ever Man thus torture’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 Bifiano 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’er Love. Farewell, my Lord,

Be cheerful in this Trial: as you prove,

Your Faith in Friendship, I shall trust your Love.

[She conducts him to the Door. Exit Baf. Grat.

Loren. Madam, if you knew to whom you shew 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, whole Pardon I should crave,

For having flood so much unnoticed by me,

I will commit, as to my Lord’s best Friends,

The Husbandry and Conduet 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.

Shy. Jailor, look to him. Tell not me of Mercy;
This is the Fool, who lent out Money gratis:
Jailor, I say, look to him

Auto. Hear me yet, good Shylock.
Shy. I'll have my Bond: I have sworn an Oath, that
I will have my Bond: Thou call'st me Dog,
Before thou hast a Cause: but since I am a
Dog, beware my Phangs.

Auto. I prithee hear me speak.
Shy. 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 will have no speaking,
I will have my Bond.

Auto. Thou wilt not take my Flesh; what's that good for?
Shy. To hay Fifih withal; if it will feed nothing else, it
Will feed my Revenge: Thou hast disgrac'd me,
Hinder'd me half a Million; laught at my Loffes;
Repin'd at my Gains, scorn'd my Nation;
Thwarted my Bargains, cool'd my Friends;
Enam'd my Enemies; and what's the Reason?
I am a Jew———Has not a Jew Eyes? Has not
A Jew Hands? Organs, Dimentions, Senfes, Affecti ons;
Passions? Fed with the same Food, hurt with
The same Weapons, subject to the same Diseases,
Had 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 re semble you in that: For it 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 pre tise, I will
Imitate: And it shall go hard, but I will improve
By the Instruction.

Auto. Thou art the most impenetrable Curr

That
That ever kept with Men.

Shyl. 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 Leah,
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 Thiefs gone With so much, and so much to find the Thiefs;
And no Satisfaction, no Revenge: But thou art Caught, and thou shalt pay the whole Thiefs Bill.
Thou who walt won’t lend out Money for a Christiens Curteisy: Thou Christen 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 seate, Officers of the Court attending Antonio as a Prisoner, Buffanio and Gratiano.

Duke. W hat is Antonio here?

Ant. Ready, so please your Grace.

Duke. I am sorry for thee, thou art come to answer
A Strong 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 Losse,

That
That have of late so hudled 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 Curtesy.
We all expect a gentle Answer, Jew.

Shyl. I have poffet your Grace, of what I purpofe,
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'll ask me why I rather chufe to have
A weight of Carrion-Flesh, than to receive
2000 Ducats. I reply to that,
It is my Humour: Is that queftion answer'd,
What if my Houfe be troubled with a Rat,
And I am pleas'd to give 10000 Ducats
To have it ban'd; What, are you answer'd yet?
My Humour is my Reafon. Are you answer'd?

Baff. This is no Answer; thou hard-hearted Man.

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

Baff. For thy 3000 Ducats here are Six.

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

Duke. How may'st 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 ufe in abject and in flavish part,
Because you bought 'em: Shall I fay 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, blame upon your Laws,
There is no force in the Decees 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 command.
A young and learned Doctor in our Court,
Whose Wisdom shall direct us. Where is he?
Call in the Council.

Biff. Fear not, Antonio: This greedy Dogg
Shall have my Flesh, Blood, Sinews, Bones, and all,
E'er thou shalt lose one drop of Blood for me.
To Shylock. Why dost thou whet thy Knife so earnestly?
Shy. To cut the Forfeit from that Bankrupt there.
Biff. Can no Pray'r's pleas thee?
Shy. None that thou has Wit enough to make.
Biff. Oh be thou damn'd, inexorable Jew,
And that thou livest, 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 Pathygerius,
That Souls of Animals infuse themselves
Into the Trunks of Men: Thy Currit Spirit
Governs a Woolf, who hang'd for Humane Slaughter,
Even from the Gallows, did his fell-foul fleet,
And whilst thou lay'd it in thy unhallowed Dam
Infus'd it self in Thee.

Shy. 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
Enrubbing thy best Freind, thou didst it, and not I.
I stand for Law: Thy Prodigality brought him
To this.

Biff. Inhumane Dog!

Ofic. Room for the Council there.
Enter Portia disguised like a Lawyer, Nerissa like her Clerk, with Bigg and Papers.

Port. Take your Place.
Isb. You acquainted with the Difference
Port. I am instructed fully in the Case.
Isb. Which is Antonio, and which the Jew?
Port. Antonio and old Shylock both stand forth.
Isb. Is your Name Shylock?
Shy. Shylock is my Name.
Isb. Of a strange Nature is the Suit you follow.
Port. The Bond prov'd? Or does he confess it?
Isb. I do confess it.
Port. Then must the Jew be merciful.
Port. The Quality of Mercy is not strain'd;
Shy. Keeps as does the gentle Dew from Heav'n
Isb. The Place beneath: It is twice blest,
Port. He that gives, and him that takes:
Shy. Mightieth, in the mightieth: It becomes
Isb. The Crown'd Monarch, better than his Crown;
Port. In the first of Sacred Attributes,
Shy. Earthly Power does then seem most Divine,
Isb. Mercy seizeth Justice. I have spoke thus much
Port. To mitigate the Rigour of thy Plea;
Shy. And thou followest this strict Course of Law,
Isb. As must Antonio stand condemn'd.
Shy. My Deeds upon my Head. I crave the Law,
Port. That Penalty and forfeit of the Bond.
Isb. Is he not able to discharge the Bond?
Port. Yes, here I tender't for him in the Court;
Isb. Twice thrice the Sum; if that will not suffice,
Port. Will be bound to pay it ten times over,
Isb. Forfeit of my Hands, my Head, my Heart:
Port. This will not prevail, it must appear
Shy. For Malice bears down Truth.
Port. There is no Power in Venice
Shy. To alter a Decree establish'd;
Isb. Will be recorded for a President;
Port. Of many an Error by the same Example
Shy. Truth into the State. It cannot be.
Shy. A Daniel, a Daniel: So ripe in Wisdom;
F

Aad
And so young in Years! A second Solomon.

Port. I pray you let me see the Bond.

Shylock. Here 'tis, most reverend Doctor. Here it is.

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

Shylock. 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.

Shylock. It has appear'd you are an upright Judge;

You know the Law; your Explication

Has been most sound. I charge you by the Law,

Whereof you are a well-defering 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.

Antione. Moft 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.

Shylock. 'Tis very true. O wife and upright Judge!

Port. Prepare, Antione: Officers, be ready

To lay bare his Bosom.

Shylock. 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.

Shylock. 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.

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

Port. Then do your Office.

Duke. 'Hold awhile Antione:

Have you any thing to say to hinder Sentence?

Antione. 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 winkled Brow
In Age of Poverty, from which lingering Penance
She kindly cuts me off: Once more farewell;
Grieve not my Friend, that thou thus lose a Friend,
For I repent not thus to pay your debt
E'en 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.
Shy. Doubt it not, Christian; thus far I will be Courteous.
Baff. Antonio, is this all thou haft to say?
Anto. 'Tis all.
Baff. ' Stand off. I have a word in his behalf,
Since even more than in his Avarice,
In Cruelty, this Jew's infaatable;
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 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. 'Tis him, not me.
Baff. Cruel Antonio.
Ant. Unjust Baffanio.
[Shouts and Laughter.]
Baff. Why Grins the Dog?
Shy. 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 Caule: And so my ends are serv'd upon both.
Proceed to Execution
Baff. Then thus I interpose.

[Draws and stands before Antonio: 'Tis
Few starts back. Antonio intercepts.

Ant. 'Forbear Baffanio, this is certain Death
To both.
Baff. In one, both dye: since it must be,
'No matter how.

'Duke. Before our Face this Insolence! And in a Court


'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 sween 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.


'Forgive, most potent Duke, and Reverend Seignors,

'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 refuse'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 Allen, 
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 Coiffors 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 hadst contriv’d against the very Life
Of the Defendant, and therefore hail-incur’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.
Shyf. 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?
Shyf. 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 rejoice at this Conclusion;
And I congratulate with you Baffanio,
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. 'tis the time to 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 again:
I wish you well, and take my leave.
Bass. *tis 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 thou'ld 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 flight 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 deserving, and my love without,
Be valued against every other scruple.
Bass. Prithee Gratiano, run and overtake him:
Give him the ring; and bring him, if thou canst,
To my Antonio's house—away, make haste.
[Exit Gratiano.

Once more, let me embrace my friend, welcome to life,
And welcome to my arms, thou best of men:
Thus of my love and of my friend blest,
With such a double shield upon my breast,
Fate cannot pierce 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. 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 Tryal.

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 'im
Swearing, that they gave these Rings to Men,
But we'll out-face 'em, and out-swear 'em too.

[aloud.] Make haft, 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 Deceipt,
'That every Man's a Fool, when we think fit.'
A C T 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 Cressida lay——

Jeff. 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 Athen.

Jeff. 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.

Jeff. In such a Night.  both together.

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

Euter 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 Lord’s 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
fect as we were here in formal Expectation
is return—
Night methinks is but the Day-light sick;
oks a little paler. 'Tis a Day,
as the Day is when the Sun is hid.

Enter Baffanio, Antonio, Gratiano, and Followers.

Baff. 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 Caufe of Grief
aside my Lord and me.

[Gratiano runs to Nerissa, who discourse apart.

Baff. Nothing can: Here Madam is my Friend,
me present him to you: This is Antonio,
whom, if you love Baffanio, you must love.
Port. 'I should behold him with a Jealous Eye,
ho has so large a Share in my Lord's Heart.
Port. 'Having his Leave, you'll not deny me yours,
make a third in Friendship: I doubly joy
hat you are safe and here.
Port. I thank you, Madam.
Port. 'Play all our Instruments of Musick there,
thing now be heard but sounds of Joy,
let those glorious Orbs that we behold,
in their Motions, all like Angels fing,
quiring to the blew-ey'd Cherubims,
in the Chorus, that in Heav'n and Earth
be universal Tune may celebrate
his Harmony of Hearts. Soft Stilets, and the Night
ome 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 quarre! what, already? What's the matter?
Grat. About a Hoop of Gold, a paltry Ring she gave me,
ole Poefie was, for all the World, like Cutlers
try upon a Knife, Love me, and leave me not.
Criff. No matter for the Poefie, or the Value.
then I gave it, you swore never to part with it:

G
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 we're have Hair upon his Face.  

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

Nerijj. 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 riveted with solemn Protestsions  
Communion: A Pledge of Truth between you:  
I was the more to blame.  

I let him have a Ring, and made him swear  
Never to part with it: And here he stands,  
I gave his word for him, he would not give it,  
Or pluck it from his finger, for the Wealth  
That the Whole World contains.  

Grat. [aside.] Now were I half to cut my Left hand off,  
And I wou'd pluck the Ring defending it.  

Grat. My Lord Bajazio gave his Ring away  
To the young Smock fac'd Lawyer, who begg'd it,  
'A little 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?  

Biff. 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.  

Nerijj. Nor I in yours, till I see mine.  

Biff. 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 solemn Oath,
Swear this Ring, you would have dy'd, Bajazet,
If you had parted from it:

Man is there so much unreasonable,
He had pleas'd to have defended it
As my shew of Zeal, wanted the Modesty
Rash a thing, held as a Ceremony
Had to Truth, and to Connubial Love.

It reaches me what to believe;
Perjury; but a Woman had this Ring.

No, by my Honour, Madam, by my Soul,
A Woman had it: but a generous Friend;
He, who had held up the very Life
To his Friend. What shall I say, my Pertia?

Is belit with Shame and Courteze.

You been there, you would your self begg'd
This Ring, to be dispos'd as I dispos'd it.

Let not that Man, who're he is, come near me:
He has got the Jewel that I priz'd,
Th' become as liberal as you,
Nothing can deny the Man that has it.

There it was of wondrous Mystery,
Identify'd by Charms to rive Love:
Heer has it, has the sure Command
Of mine, my Perion, and of all that's mine:

Here Enchantment was so strongly wroug't;
She Mind directs us, and one Bed must hold us:
I shall, I must; nay, I will know him;
And the Effects already. Watch me like Argus,
You do not, if I be left alone,
By my Honour, which is yet entire.

Man and I are one.

Sirriji. 'Tis such a Ring was mine:
I think, I love that Lawyers Clerk already,
As I love my self.

Pert. Forgive me this first Fault;
I trust thy Honour above any Charms:
My Love is built upon Esteem so strong,
I cannot doubt your Virtue.

Sirriji. 'Tis not quite so liberal of good Thoughts;
But this I'll say, if I can catch this Clerk,
As I shall split for't.

Pert. I am the unhappy Subject of this Quarrel.

G  2

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

[Walks about as in a Passion.]

'Buff. 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 loft. Antonio, give him this: But make him swear To keep it better.

'Ant. Here, Lord Baffanio: Swear to keep this Ring. Buff. 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.

'Ant. We have met already.

'Buff. Met! how have you met!

'Neriff. Met——why by Art Magick, to lie together:

'Ask that same scrubbed Boy, the Lawyers Clerk. Grat. 'Why this is worse and worse.

'Buff. 'Antonio! this was your doing. [Angrily.]

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

'Buff. '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 disjoin United Hearts? uniting the Averse!

'How, wretched Man! how can't 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.

Port. 3 Ha, ha, ha.

Neriss. 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 fallen, Lord,
But read it. Lorenzo here and Jessica
Can witness for me: I set out almonst
Affoon 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?

Jessica. 'Tis his own signing.

Loren. What prodigy is this?

Bass. I am struck dumb with wonder.

Grat. Was Portia then the little Smerling 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.

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, Antonia. '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 Jeffs, but of your own

Making?

Grat. You have so scar'd me with your Arts-Magick,

That:
That I shall scarce be a true Man these two Days;
But therein ly my Revenge: And to shak
Hands from this Day forwards.
As the most precious of all Gems, I swear!
Nerij'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 anwer 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.

Buff. 'The sweets of Love shall here for ever blow;
I needs must Love, remembring 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.

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 Glafs, 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 meekly to submit;
Would you encourage Sense, Sense would be writ.
Plain Beauties pleas'd your Sires an Age ago,
Without the Varnish and the Dazzling of Show.
At vast Expence we labour to our Ruine,
And court your兴趣 with our own undoing.
A War of Profit multiplies 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?
Shakespeares sublime in vain critic'd the Throng;
Without the Charm of Purcell's Syren Song.

In the same Antique Loom these Scenes were wrought,
Emblish'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 Fest, and sulkom Ribaldry.
What Rust remains upon the shining Masts
Antiquity may privilege to pass.
'Tis Shakespear's Play, and if these Scenes miscarry,
Let Gornon take the Stage—or Lady Mary.

FINIS.
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Love Triumphant.
Sir Martin Marpil.
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