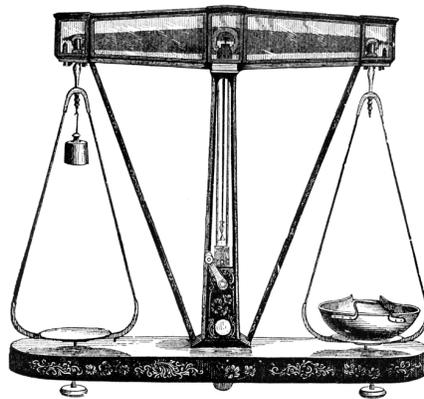


# THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

By

William Shakespeare

Act 3, Scene 4



SCENE. Belmont. A room in PORTIA's house.

(Enter PORTIA, NERISSA, LORENZO, JESSICA, and BALTHASAR.)

LORENZO.

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

PORTIA.

I never did repent for doing good,  
Nor shall not now; for in companions  
That do converse and waste the time together,  
Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love,  
There must be needs a like proportion  
Of lineaments, of manners, and of spirit,  
Which makes me think that this Antonio,  
Being the bosom lover of my lord,  
Must needs be like my lord. If it be so,  
How little is the cost I have bestowed  
In purchasing the semblance of my soul  
From out the state of hellish cruelty!  
This comes too near the praising of myself;  
Therefore, no more of it; hear other things.  
Lorenzo, I commit into your hands  
The husbandry and manage of my house  
Until my lord's return; for mine own part,  
I have toward heaven breath'd a secret vow

To live in prayer and contemplation,  
Only attended by Nerissa here,  
Until her husband and my lord's return.  
There is a monastery two miles off,  
And there we will abide. I do desire you  
Not to deny this imposition,  
The which my love and some necessity  
Now lays upon you.

LORENZO.

Madam, with all my heart  
I shall obey you in an fair commands.

PORTIA.

My people do already know my mind,  
And will acknowledge you and Jessica  
In place of Lord Bassanio and myself.  
So fare you well till we shall meet again.

LORENZO.

Fair thoughts and happy hours attend on you!

JESSICA.

I wish your ladyship all heart's content.

PORTIA.

I thank you for your wish, and am well pleas'd  
To wish it back on you. Fare you well, Jessica.

(Exeunt JESSICA and LORENZO.)

Now, Balthasar,  
As I have ever found thee honest-true,  
So let me find thee still. Take this same letter,  
And use thou all th' endeavour of a man

In speed to Padua; see thou render this  
Into my cousin's hands, Doctor Bellario;  
And look what notes and garments he doth give thee,  
Bring them, I pray thee, with imagin'd speed  
Unto the traject, to the common ferry  
Which trades to Venice. Waste no time in words,  
But get thee gone; I shall be there before thee.

BALTHASAR.

Madam, I go with all convenient speed.

(Exit.)

PORTIA.

Come on, Nerissa, I have work in hand  
That you yet know not of; we'll see our husbands  
Before they think of us.

NERISSA.

Shall they see us?

PORTIA.

They shall, Nerissa; but in such a habit  
That they shall think we are accomplished  
With that we lack. I'll hold thee any wager,  
When we are both accoutred like young men,  
I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,  
And wear my dagger with the braver grace,  
And speak between the change of man and boy  
With a reed voice; and turn two mincing steps  
Into a manly stride; and speak of frays  
Like a fine bragging youth; and tell quaint lies,  
How honourable ladies sought my love,  
Which I denying, they fell sick and died;

I could not do withal. Then I'll repent,  
And wish for all that, that I had not kill'd them.  
And twenty of these puny lies I'll tell,  
That men shall swear I have discontinu'd school  
About a twelvemonth. I have within my mind  
A thousand raw tricks of these bragging Jacks,  
Which I will practise.

NERISSA.

Why, shall we turn to men?

PORTIA.

Fie, what a question's that,  
If thou wert near a lewd interpreter!  
But come, I'll tell thee all my whole device  
When I am in my coach, which stays for us  
At the park gate; and therefore haste away,  
For we must measure twenty miles to-day.

(Exeunt.)