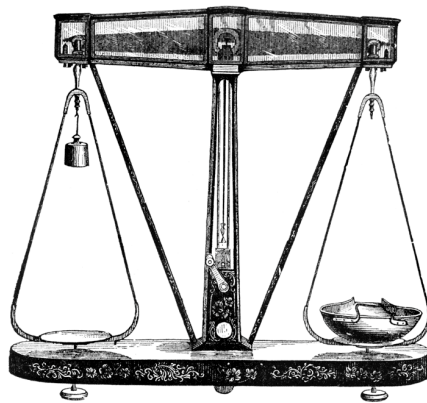


# THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

By

William Shakespeare

Act 1, Scene 3



SCENE. Venice. A public place

(Enter BASSANIO and SHYLOCK.)

SHYLOCK.

Three thousand ducats; well?

BASSANIO.

Ay, sir, for three months.

SHYLOCK.

For three months; well?

BASSANIO.

For the which, as I told you, Antonio shall be bound.

SHYLOCK.

Antonio shall become bound; well?

BASSANIO.

May you stead me? Will you pleasure me? Shall I know your answer?

SHYLOCK.

Three thousand ducats, for three months, and Antonio bound.

BASSANIO.

Your answer to that.

SHYLOCK.

Antonio is a good man.

BASSANIO.

Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?

SHYLOCK.

Ho, no, no, no, no: my meaning in saying he is a good man is to have you understand me that he is sufficient; yet his means are in supposition: he hath an argosy bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies; I understand, moreover, upon the Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England, and other ventures he hath, squandered abroad. But ships are but boards, sailors but men; there be land-rats and water-rats, land-thieves and water-thieves,—I mean pirates,—and then there is the peril of waters, winds, and rocks. The man is, notwithstanding, sufficient. Three thousand ducats- I think I may take his bond.

BASSANIO.

Be assured you may.

SHYLOCK.

I will be assured I may; and, that I may be assured, I will bethink me. May I speak with Antonio?

BASSANIO.

If it please you to dine with us.

SHYLOCK.

Yes, to smell pork; to eat of the habitation which your prophet, the Nazarite, conjured the devil into. I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you. What news on the Rialto? Who is he comes here?

(Enter ANTONIO)

BASSANIO.

This is Signior Antonio.

SHYLOCK.

(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 can catch him once upon the hip,  
I will 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-won thrift,  
Which he calls interest. Cursed be my tribe  
If I forgive him!

BASSANIO.

Shylock, do you hear?

SHYLOCK.

I am debating of my present store,  
And, by the near guess of my memory,  
I cannot instantly raise up the gross  
Of full three thousand ducats. What of that?  
Tubal, a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe,  
Will furnish me. But soft! how many months  
Do you desire? (To ANTONIO) Rest you fair, good signior;  
Your worship was the last man in our mouths.

ANTONIO.

Shylock, albeit I neither lend nor borrow  
By taking nor by giving of excess,  
Yet, to supply the ripe wants of my friend,  
I'll break a custom. (To BASSANIO) Is he yet possess'd  
How much ye would?

SHYLOCK.

Ay, ay, three thousand ducats.

ANTONIO.

And for three months.

SHYLOCK.

I had forgot; three months; you told me so.

Well then, your bond; and, let me see. But hear you,  
Methought you said you neither lend nor borrow  
Upon advantage.

ANTONIO.

I do never use it.

SHYLOCK.

When Jacob graz'd his uncle Laban's sheep,—  
This Jacob from our holy Abram was,  
As his wise mother wrought in his behalf,  
The third possessor; ay, he was the third,—

ANTONIO.

And what of him? Did he take interest?

SHYLOCK.

No, not take interest; not, as you would say,  
Directly interest; mark what Jacob did.  
When Laban and himself were compromis'd  
That all the eanlings which were streak'd and pied  
Should fall as Jacob's hire, the ewes, being rank,  
In end of autumn turned to the rams;  
And when the work of generation was  
Between these woolly breeders in the act,  
The skilful shepherd peel'd me certain wands,  
And, in the doing of the deed of kind,

He stuck them up before the fulsome ewes,  
Who, then conceiving, did in eaning time  
Fall parti-colour'd lambs, and those were Jacob's.  
This was a way to thrive, and he was blest;  
And thrift is blessing, if men steal it not.

ANTONIO.

This was a venture, sir, that Jacob serv'd for;  
A thing not in his power to bring to pass,  
But sway'd and fashion'd by the hand of heaven.  
Was this inserted to make interest good?  
Or is your gold and silver ewes and rams?

SHYLOCK.

I cannot tell; I make it breed as fast.  
But note me, signior.

ANTONIO.

Mark you this, Bassanio,  
The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose.  
An evil soul producing holy witness  
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek,  
A goodly apple rotten at the heart.  
O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath!

SHYLOCK.

Three thousand ducats; 'tis a good round sum.  
Three months from twelve; then let me see the rate.

ANTONIO.

Well, Shylock, shall we be beholding to you?

SHYLOCK.

Signior Antonio, many a time and oft  
In the Rialto you have rated me

About my moneys and my usances;  
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug,  
For suffrance 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 mine own.  
Well then, it now appears you need my help;  
Go to, then; you come to me, and you say  
'Shylock, we would have moneys.' You say so:  
You that did void your rheum upon my beard,  
And foot me as you spurn a stranger cur  
Over your threshold; moneys is your suit.  
What should I say to you? Should I not say  
'Hath a dog money? Is it possible  
A cur can lend three thousand ducats?' Or  
Shall I bend low and, in a bondman's key,  
With bated breath and whisp'ring humbleness,  
Say this:—  
'Fair sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last;  
You spurn'd me such a day; another time  
You call'd me dog; and for these courtesies  
I'll lend you thus much moneys?'

ANTONIO.

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 friends,—for when did friendship take  
A breed for barren metal of his friend?—  
But lend it rather to thine enemy;  
Who if he break thou mayst with better face  
Exact the penalty.

SHYLOCK.

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 moneys, and you'll not hear me:  
This is kind I offer.

BASSANIO.

This were kindness.

SHYLOCK.

This kindness will I show.  
Go with me to a notary, seal me there  
Your single bond; and, in a merry sport,  
If you repay me not on such a day,  
In such a place, such sum or sums as are  
Express'd in the condition, let the forfeit  
Be nominated for an equal pound  
Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken  
In what part of your body pleaseth me.

ANTONIO.

Content, in faith; I'll seal to such a bond,  
And say there is much kindness in the Jew.

BASSANIO.

You shall not seal to such a bond for me;  
I'll rather dwell in my necessity.

ANTONIO.

Why, fear not, man; I will not forfeit it;  
Within these two months, that's a month before



This bond expires, I do expect return  
Of thrice three times the value of this bond.

SHYLOCK.

O father Abram, what these Christians are,  
Whose own hard dealings teaches them suspect  
The thoughts of others. Pray you, tell me this;  
If he should break his day, what should I gain  
By the exaction of the forfeiture?  
A pound of man's flesh, taken from a man,  
Is not so estimable, profitable neither,  
As flesh of muttons, beefs, or goats. I say,  
To buy his favour, I extend this friendship;  
If he will take it, so; if not, adieu;  
And, for my love, I pray you wrong me not.

ANTONIO.

Yes, Shylock, I will seal unto this bond.

SHYLOCK.

Then meet me forthwith at the notary's;  
Give him direction for this merry bond,  
And I will go and purse the ducats straight,  
See to my house, left in the fearful guard  
Of an unthrifty knave, and presently  
I'll be with you.

ANTONIO.

Hie thee, gentle Jew.

(Exit SHYLOCK)

This Hebrew will turn Christian: he grows kind.

BASSANIO.

I like not fair terms and a villain's mind.

ANTONIO.

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

(Exeunt)