

William SHAKESPEARE

THE MERCHANT
OF VENICE

Kyiv
"ZNANNIA"

DRAMATIS PERSONAE



Duke of Venice.
Prince of Morocco, } Suitors to Portia.
Prince of Aragon, }
Antonio, the Merchant of Venice.
Bassanio, his friend.
Gratiano, } Friends to Antonio and Bassanio.
Salanio, }
Salarino, }
Lorenzo, in love with Jessica.
Shylock, a Jew.
Tubal, a Jew, his friend.
Launcelot Gobbo, a Clown, servant to Shylock.
Old Gobbo, Father to Launcelot.
Leonardo, Servant to Bassanio.
Balthasar, } Servants to Portia.
Stephano, }
Portia, a rich Heiress.
Nerissa, her waiting-maid.
Jessica, Daughter to Shylock.
Magnificoes of Venice, Officers of the Court
of Justice, Gaoler, Servants, and other At-
tendants.

Scene, — Partly at Venice, and partly at Belmont, the
seat of Portia, on the Continent.

ACT I



SCENE I

Venice. A Street.

Enter Antonio, Salarino, and Salanio.

Antonio

In sooth, I know not why I am so sad:
It wearies me; you say it wearies you;
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What stuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born,
I am to learn;
And such a want-wit sadness makes of me,
That I have much ado to know myself.

Salarino

Your mind is tossing on the ocean;
There, where your argosies, with portly sail, —
Like signiors and rich burghers on the flood,
Or, as it were, the pageants of the sea, —
Do overpeer the petty traffickers,
That court'sy to them, do them reverence,
As they fly by them with their woven wings.

That they'll not show their teeth in way of smile,
Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.

Enter Bassanio, Lorenzo, and Gratiano.

Salanio

Here comes Bassanio, your most noble kinsman,
Gratiano, and Lorenzo. Fare you well:
We leave you now with better company.

Salarino

I would have stay'd till I had made you merry,
If worthier friends had not prevented me.

Antonio

Your worth is very dear in my regard.
I take it your own business calls on you,
And you embrace the occasion to depart.

Salarino

Good morrow, my good lords.

Bassanio

Good signiors both, when shall we laugh?
Say, when?
You grow exceeding strange: must it be so?

Salarino

We'll make our leisures to attend on yours.

Exeunt Salarino and Salanio.

L o r e n z o

My Lord Bassanio, since you have found Antonio,
We too will leave you: but, at dinner-time,
I pray you, have in mind where we must meet.

B a s s a n i o

I will not fail you.

G r a t i a n o

You look not well, signior Antonio;
You have too much respect upon the world:
They lose it that do buy it with much care:
Believe me, you are marvellously chang'd.

A n t o n i o

I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano;
A stage, where every man must play a part,
And mine a sad one.

G r a t i a n o

Let me play the fool;
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come;
And let my liver rather heat with wine,
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,
Sit like his grandsire 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 visages
Do cream and mantle like a standing pond;

Gratiano

Thanks, i' faith; for silence is only commendable
In a neat's tongue dried, and a maid
not vendible.

Exeunt Gratiano and Lorenzo.

Antonio

Is that anything now?

Bassanio

Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing,
more than any man in all Venice. His reasons are
as two grains of wheat hid in, two bushels of
chaff: you shall seek all day ere you find them;
and when you have them, they are not worth the
search.

Antonio

Well; tell me now, what lady is the same
To whom you swore a secret pilgrimage,
That you today promis'd to tell me of?

Bassanio

'Tis not unknown to you, Antonio,
How much I have disabled mine estate,
By something showing a more swelling port
Than my faint means would
grant continuance:

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