

**THE TEXT OF
SHAKESPEARE'S PLAY, THE
MERCHANT OF VENICE**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649323906

The Text of Shakespeare's Play, The Merchant of Venice by Arthur Bouchier

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ARTHUR BOURCHIER

**THE TEXT OF
SHAKESPEARE'S PLAY, THE
MERCHANT OF VENICE**

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

Shakespeare, William

THE TEXT OF
SHAKESPEARE'S PLAY
THE MERCHANT OF
VENICE. ARRANGED FOR
ACTING IN FOURTEEN SCENES
BY ARTHUR BOURCHIER

THE BALLANTYNE PRESS
LONDON

1905

62547-791

Presented by MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER at the GARRICK
THEATRE, LONDON, on Wednesday, October 11, 1905.

JEW S

SHYLOCK
JESSICA (*his daughter*)
TUBAL

PRINCE OF MOROCCO

CHRISTIANS

DUKE OF VENICE
ANTONIO (*a Merchant of Venice*)
BASSANIO
GRATIANO
LORENZO
SALARINO
SALANIO
SALERIO
LAUNCELOT GOBBO (*servant to Shylock*)
OLD GOBBO (*his Father*)
LEONARDO (*servant to Bassanio*)
STEPHANO } (*servants to Portia*)
BALTHASAR }
CLERK OF THE COURT
PORTIA (*a rich heiress*)
NERISSA (*her lady-in-waiting*)

*The Scenes are laid partly in Venice and partly
at Belmont*

MR. ALAN MACKINNON personally supervised
every detail of this production

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

SCENE I (ACT I, SCENE 1).

Venice. In a Balcony.

Enter ANTONIO, SALARINO, and SALANIO.

ANT. 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.

SALAR. 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 overpeep the petty traffickers,
That curtsy to them, do them reverence,
As they fly by them with their woven wings.

SALAN. Believe me, sir, had I such venture forth,
The better part of my affections would
Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still
Plucking the grass, to know where sits the wind,
Peering in maps for ports and piers and roads ;
And every object that might make me fear
Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt
Would make me sad.

SALAR. My wind cooling my broth
Would blow me to an ague, when I thought
What harm a wind too great at sea might do.
I should not see the sandy hour-glass run,

But I should think of shallows and of flats,
 And see my wealthy Andrew dock'd in sand,
 Vailing her high-top lower than her ribs
 To kiss her burial. Shall I have the thought
 To think on this, and shall I lack the thought
 That such a thing bechanced would make me sad ?
 But tell not me ; I know, Antonio
 Is sad to think upon his merchandise.

ANT. Believe me, no : I thank my fortune for it,
 My ventures are not in one bottom trusted,
 Nor to one place ; nor is my whole estate
 Upon the fortune of this present year :
 Therefore my merchandise makes me not sad.

SALAR. Why, then you are in love.

ANT. Fie, fie !

SALAR. Not in love neither ? Then let us say
 you are sad,

Because you are not merry : and 'twere as easy
 For you to laugh and leap and say you are merry,
 Because you are not sad. Now, by two-headed
 Janus,

Nature hath framed strange fellows in her time :
 Some that will evermore peep through their eyes
 And laugh like parrots at a bag-piper,
 And other of such vinegar aspect
 That they'll not show their teeth in way of smile,
 Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.

Enter BASSANIO, LORENZO, and GRATIANO.

SALAR. Here comes Bassanio, your most noble
 kinsman,

Gratiano and Lorenzo. Fare ye well :
 We leave you now with better company.

SALAR. I would have stay'd till I had made you
 merry,

If worthier friends had not prevented me.

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

SALAR. Good morrow, my good lords.

BASS. Good signiors both, when shall we laugh ?
say, when ?

You grow exceeding strange : must it be so ?

SALAR. We 'll make our leisures to attend on
yours. [Exeunt SALARINO and SALANIO.

LOR. My Lord Bassanio, since you have found
Antonio,

We two will leave you : but at dinner-time,
I pray you, have in mind where we must meet.

BASS. I will not fail you.

GRA. 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 changed.

ANT. I hold the world but as the world, Gra-
tiano ;

A stage where every man must play a part,
And mine a sad one.

GRA. 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,

And do a wilful stillness entertain,
With purpose to be dress'd in an opinion

Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit,

As who should say *I am Sir Oracle,*

And when I ope my lips let no dog bark !

O my Antonio, I do know of these
That therefore only are reputed wise

For saying nothing.

I'll tell thee more of this another time :

But fish not, with this melancholy bait,
 For this fool gudgeon, this opinion.
 Come, good Lorenzo. Fare ye well awhile :
 I'll end my exhortation after dinner.

LOR. Well, we will leave you then till dinner-
 time :

I must be one of these same dumb wise men,
 For Gratiano never lets me speak.

GRA. Well, keep me company but two years moe,
 Thou shalt not know the sound of thine own tongue.

ANT. Farewell : I'll grow a talker for this gear.

GRA. Thanks, i' faith, for silence is only com-
 mendable

In a neat's tongue dried and a maid not vendible.

[*Exeunt GRATIANO and LORENZO.*]

ANT. Is that any thing now ?

BASS. 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.

ANT. Well, tell me now what lady is the same
 To whom you swore a secret pilgrimage,
 That you to-day promised to tell me of ?

BASS. '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
 Nor do I now make moan 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
 Hath left me gaged. To you, Antonio,
 I owe the most, in money and in love,
 And from your love I have a warranty
 To unburden all my plots and purposes
 How to get clear of all the debts I owe.

ANT. I pray you, good Bassanio, let me know it ;
 And if it stand, as you yourself still do,