

# Merchant of Venice

In sooth, I know not why I am so sad.  
Antonio (Act 1, Scene 1)

I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano,  
A stage where every man must play a part,  
And mine a sad one.  
Antonio (Act 1, Scene 1)

You speak an infinite deal of nothing.  
Bassanio (Act 1, Scene 1)

With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come.  
Gratiano (Act 1, Scene 1)

If to do were as easy as to know what were good  
to do, chapels had been churches, and poor  
men's cottages princes' palaces.  
Portia (Act 1, Scene 2)

God made him, and therefore let him pass for a  
man.  
Portia (Act 1, Scene 2)

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.  
Shylock (Act 1, Scene 3)

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?  
Shylock (Act 1, Scene 3)

If I can get him once upon the hip,  
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.  
Shylock (Act 1, Scene 2)

The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose.  
Antonio (Act 1, Scene 3)

I like not fair terms and a villain's mind.  
Bassanio (Act 1, Scene 3)

Mislike me not for my complexion,  
The shadowed livery of the burnished sun.  
Morocco (Act 2, Scene 1)

It is a wise father who knows his own child.  
Lancelot (Act 2, Scene 1)

But love is blind, and lovers cannot see  
The pretty follies that themselves commit.  
Jessica (Act 2, Scene 6)

All that glisters is not gold;  
Often have you heard that told:  
Many a man his life hath sold  
But my outside to behold:  
Gilded tombs do worms enfold.  
Morocco (Act 2, Scene 7)

Young in limbs, in judgement old.  
Morocco (Act 2, Scene 7)

The portrait of a blinking idiot  
Aragon (Act 2, Scene 9)

Let him look to his bond.  
Shylock (Act 3, Scene 1)

Tell me where is fancy bred,  
Or in the heart or in the head?  
Singer (Act 3, Scene 2)

How far that little candle throws his beams!  
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.  
Portia (Act 5, Scene 1)

I am never merry when I hear sweet music.  
Jessica (Act 5, Scene 1)

The man that hath no music in himself,  
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet  
sounds,  
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;  
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,  
And his affections dark as Erebus.  
Let no such man be trusted. Mark the music.  
Lorenzo (Act 5, Scene 1)

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 sufferance is the badge of all our tribe.  
You call me misbeliever, cut-throat dog,  
And spit 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 whispering 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'?

Shylock (Act 1, Scene 1)

**Salarino:** Why, I am sure, if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his flesh: what's that good for?

**Shylock:** To bait fish withal: if it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge. He hath disgraced me, and hindered me half a million; laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies; and what's his reason? I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes? Hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? If you tickle us, do we not laugh? If you poison us, do we not die? And if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? If we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? Revenge. If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example? Why, revenge. The villainy you teach me, I will execute, and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction.

Act 3, Scene 1

**Portia:** Then must the Jew be merciful.

**Shylock:** On what compulsion must I? Tell me that.

**Portia:** The quality of mercy is not strain'd,  
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven  
Upon the place beneath: it is twice blest;  
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes:  
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest: it becomes  
The throned monarch better than his crown;  
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,  
The attribute to awe and majesty,  
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;  
But mercy is above this sceptred sway;  
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,  
It is an attribute to God himself;  
And earthly power doth then show likest God's  
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,  
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,  
That, in the course of justice, none of us  
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy;  
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render  
The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much  
To mitigate the justice of thy plea;  
Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice  
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.

**Shylock:** My deeds upon my head! I crave the law,  
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

Act IV, Scene 1, lines 190-212

**LORENZO**

The moon shines bright: in such a night as this,  
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees  
And they did make no noise, in such a night  
Troilus methinks mounted the Troyan walls  
And sigh'd his soul toward the Grecian tents,  
Where Cressid lay that night.

**JESSICA**

In such a night  
Did Thisbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew  
And saw the lion's shadow ere himself  
And ran dismay'd away.

**LORENZO**

In such a night  
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand  
Upon the wild sea banks and waft her love  
To come again to Carthage.

**JESSICA**

In such a night  
Medea gather'd the enchanted herbs  
That did renew old AEson.

**LORENZO**

In such a night  
Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew  
And with an unthrift love did run from Venice  
As far as Belmont.

**JESSICA**

In such a night  
Did young Lorenzo swear he loved her well,  
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith  
And ne'er a true one.

**LORENZO**

In such a night  
Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,  
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.

**JESSICA**

I would out-night you, did no body come;  
But, hark, I hear the footing of a man.

Act 5, Scene 1