

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

You would abate the strength of your displeasure.

Por. If you had known the virtue of the ring,
Or half her worthiness that gave the ring,
Or your own honour to contain the ring,
You would not then have parted with the ring.
Nerissa teaches me what to believe:
I'll die for 't but some woman had the ring.

Bass. (L C). No by my honour, madam, by
my soul,
No woman had it, but a civil doctor,
Which did refuse three thousand ducats of me
And begged the ring; the which I did deny him
And suffered him to go displeased away;
Even he that did uphold the very life
Of my dear friend. What should I say, sweet
lady?

I was enforced to send it after him;

*Ant. (L).*¹ I am the unhappy subject of
these quarrels.

Por (C). Sir, grieve not you; you are welcome notwithstanding.

Bass. (L C). Portia, forgive me this enforced wrong;

Pardon this fault, and by my soul I swear