

*Portia.* Yes, yes, it was Bassanio; as I think, he was so called.

*Nerissa.* True, madam: he, of all the men that ever my foolish eyes looked upon, was the best deserving a fair lady.

*Portia.* I remember him well, and I remember him worthy of thy praise.

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*Enter a Serving-man.*

How now! what news?

*Serv.* The four strangers seek for you, madam, to take their leave: and there is a forerunner come from a fifth, the Prince of Morocco, who brings word the prince his master will be here to-night.

*Portia.* If I could bid the fifth welcome with so good a heart as I can bid the other four farewell, I should be glad of his approach: if he have the condition of a saint and the complexion of a devil, I had rather he should shrive me than wive me.

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Come, Nerissa. Sirrah, so before.

Whiles we shut the gates upon one wooer, another knocks at the door.

*[Exeunt.]*

SCENE III. 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.