

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

I never more will break an oath with thee.

Ant. (L). I once did lend my body for his wealth,

Which, but for him that had your husband's ring,

Had quite miscarried: I dare be bound again,
My soul upon the forfeit, that your lord
Will never more break faith advisedly.

Por. (Xs to L). Then you shall be his surety.
Give him this

And bid him keep it better than the other.

Ant. Here, Lord Bassanio; swear to keep this ring.

*Bass.*¹ By Heaven ☾ it is the same I gave the doctor!

*Por. (kneeling).*² I had it of him. Pardon, Bassanio.

Ner. (kneeling.) And pardon me, my gentle Gratiano.

Gra. (raising her, Bassanio at the same time raising Portia). Why, this is like the mending of highways in summer, where the ways are fair enough.

Por. (LC). You are all amazed:³
Here is a letter; read it at your leisure;