

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE – WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Portia Come on, Nerissa; I have work in hand
That you not yet know of: we'll see our husbands
Before they think of us

Nerissa Shall they see us?

Portia They shall, Nerissa; but in such a habit
That they shall think we are accomplished
With that we lack. I'll hold thee any wager,
When we are both accouter'd like young men,
I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,
And wear my dagger with the brave grace;
And speak, between the change of man and boy,
With a reed voice; and turn two mincing steps
Into a manly stride;

Nerissa Why, shall we turn to men?

Portia Fie! What a question's that
But come, I'll tell thee all my whole device

Exeunt