

The Merchant of Venice

2.5

*Enter Shylock the Jew and his man that was,
Lancelot the clown*

SHYLOCK

Well, thou shalt see, thy eyes shall be thy judge,
The difference of old Shylock and Bassanio.

(Calling) What, Jessica! (To Lancelot) Thou shalt not
gormandize

As thou hast done with me. (Calling) What, Jessica!

(To Lancelot) And sleep and snore and rend apparel
out. 5

(Calling) Why, Jessica, I say!

LANCELOT (calling) Why, Jessica!

SHYLOCK

Who bids thee call? I do not bid thee call.

LANCELOT Your worship was wont to tell me I could do
nothing without bidding.

Enter Jessica

JESSICA (to Shylock) Call you? What is your will? 10

SHYLOCK

I am bid forth to supper, Jessica.

There are my keys. But wherefore should I go?

I am not bid for love. They flatter me,

But yet I'll go in hate, to feed upon

The prodigal Christian. Jessica, my girl, 15

Look to my house. I am right loath to go.

There is some ill a-brewing towards my rest,

For I did dream of money-bags tonight.

LANCELOT I beseech you, sir, go. My young master doth
expect your reproach. 20

SHYLOCK So do I his.

LANCELOT And they have conspired together. I will not
say you shall see a masque, but if you do, then it was
not for nothing that my nose fell a-bleeding on Black
Monday last at six o'clock i'th' morning, falling out 25
that year on Ash Wednesday was four year in
th'afternoon.

SHYLOCK

What, are there masques? Hear you me, Jessica,
Lock up my doors; and when you hear the drum
And the vile squealing of the wry-necked fife, 30
Clamber not you up to the casements then,
Nor thrust your head into the public street
To gaze on Christian fools with varnished faces,
But stop my house's ears±±I mean my casements.
Let not the sound of shallow fopp'ry enter 35
My sober house. By Jacob's staff I swear
I have no mind of feasting forth tonight.
But I will go. (*To Lancelot*) Go you before me, sirrah.
Say I will come.

LANCELOT I will go before, sir.

(*Aside to Jessica*)

Mistress, look out at window for all this. 40
There will come a Christian by
Will be worth a Jewe's eye.

Exit

SHYLOCK (*to Jessica*)

What says that fool of Hagar's offspring, ha?

JESSICA

His words were `Farewell, mistress'; nothing else.

SHYLOCK

The patch is kind enough, but a huge feeder, 45
Snail-slow in profit, and he sleeps by day
More than the wildcat. Drones hive not with me;
Therefore I part with him, and part with him
To one that I would have him help to waste
His borrowed purse. Well, Jessica, go in. 50
Perhaps I will return immediately.
Do as I bid you. Shut doors after you.
Fast bind, fast find±±
A proverb never stale in thrifty mind.

Exit at one door

JESSICA

Farewell; and if my fortune be not crossed, 55
I have a father, you a daughter lost.

Exit at another door