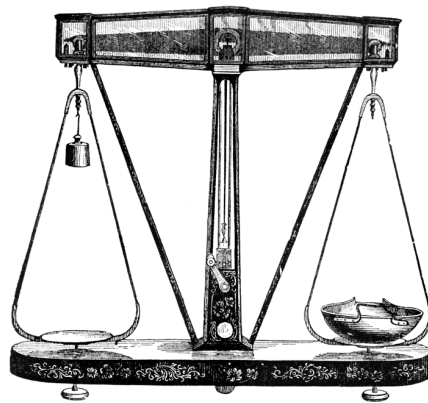


# THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

By

William Shakespeare

Act 2, Scene 5



SCENE. The same. Before SHYLOCK'S house

(Enter SHYLOCK and LAUNCELOT.)

SHYLOCK.

Well, thou shalt see; thy eyes shall be thy judge,  
The difference of old Shylock and Bassanio:—  
What, Jessica!—Thou shalt not gormandize,  
As thou hast done with me;—What, Jessica!—  
And sleep and snore, and rend apparel out—  
Why, Jessica, I say!

LAUNCELOT.

Why, Jessica!

SHYLOCK.

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

LAUNCELOT.

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

(Enter JESSICA.)

JESSICA.

Call you? What is your will?

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,  
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 to-night.

LAUNCELOT.

I beseech you, sir, go: my young master doth expect your  
reproach.

SHYLOCK.

So do I his.

LAUNCELOT.

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' the morning, falling out that year on Ash-Wednesday was four  
year in the 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-neck'd fife,  
Clamber not you up to the casements then,  
Nor thrust your head into the public street  
To gaze on Christian fools with varnish'd faces;  
But stop my house's ears- I mean my casements;  
Let not the sound of shallow fopp'ry enter  
My sober house. By Jacob's staff, I swear  
I have no mind of feasting forth to-night;  
But I will go. Go you before me, sirrah;  
Say I will come.

LAUNCELOT.

I will go before, sir. Mistress, look out at window for all this;

There will come a Christian by  
Will be worth a Jewess' eye.

(Exit LAUNCELOT.)

SHYLOCK.

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;  
Snail-slow in profit, and he sleeps by day  
More than the wild-cat; 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 borrow'd purse. Well, Jessica, go in;  
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.)

JESSICA.

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

(Exit.)