

SCENE IV.

Enter Shylock, and Launcelot.

Shy. 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.

Laun. Why, *Jessica*!

Shy. Who bids thee call? I did not bid thee call.

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

Enter Jessica.

Jes. Call you? what is your will?

Shy. 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 moneybags to-night.

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

Shy. So do I his.

Laun. And they have conspired together, I will not say, you
shall see a mask; but if you do, then it was not for nothing that
my nose fell a bleeding on black monday last, at fix o'clock
i' th' morning, falling out that year on ash-wednesday was four
year in the afternoon.

Shy. What are these masks? Hear you me, *Jessica*,
Lock up my doors, and when you hear the drum,

And