

*Sal.* Come, the full stop.

*Sola.* Ha, what say'st thou? why, the end is, he hath lost a ship.

*Sal.* I would it might prove the end of his losses!

*Sola.* Let me say, amen, betimes, lest the devil cross my prayer; for here he comes in the likeness of a *Jew*. How now, *Shylock*, what news among the merchants?

*Enter Shylock.*

*Shy.* You knew (none so well, none so well as you) of my daughter's flight.

*Sal.* That's certain; I, for my part, knew the tailor that made the wings she flew withal.

*Sola.* And *Shylock*, for his own part, knew the bird was fledg'd; and then it is the complexion of them all to leave the dam.

*Shy.* She is damn'd for it.

*Sal.* That's certain, if the devil may be her judge.

*Shy.* My own flesh and blood to rebel!

*Sola.* Out upon it, old carrion! rebels it at these years?

*Shy.* I say, my daughter is my flesh and blood.

*Sal.* There is more difference between thy flesh and hers, than between jet and ivory; more between your bloods, than there is between red wine and rhenish: but tell us, do you hear whether *Antonio* have had any loss at sea or no?

*Shy.* There I have another bad match; a bankrupt, a prodigal, who dares scarce show his head on the *Ryalto*; a beggar that us'd to come so smug upon the mart! let him look to his bond; he was wont to call me usurer; let him look to his bond; he was wont to lend money for a christian courtesy; let him look to his bond.

*Sal.* Why, I am sure, if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his flesh: what's that good for?

*Shy.* To bait fish withal. If it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge: he hath disgrac'd me, and hinder'd me half a million, laugh'd at my losses, mock'd at my gains, scorn'd my nation, thwarted my bargains, cool'd my friends, heated mine enemies; and what's his reason? I am a *Jew*. Hath not a *Jew* eyes? hath not a *Jew* hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions?