

Thou naughty jailer, that thou art so fond
To come abroad with him at his request.

Anth. I pray thee, hear me speak.

Sby. I'll have my bond: I will not hear thee speak:
I'll have my bond; and therefore speak no more:

I'll not be made a soft and dull-ey'd fool,
To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield
To christian intercessors. Follow not;

I'll have no speaking; I will have my bond. [*Exit Shylock.*

Sola. It is the most impenetrable cur
That ever kept with men.

Anth. Let him alone;
I'll follow him no more with bootless pray'rs:
He seeks my life; his reason well I know;
I oft deliver'd from his forfeitures
Many that have at times made moan to me;
Therefore he hates me.

Sola. I am sure, the duke
Will never grant this forfeiture to hold.

Anth. The duke cannot deny the course of law;
For the commodity that strangers have
With us in *Venice*, if it be deny'd,
Will much impeach the justice of the state;
Since that the trade and profit of the city
Consisteth of all nations. Therefore, go;
These griefs and losses have so 'bated me,
That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh
To-morrow to my bloody creditor.
Well, jailer, on; pray god, *Bassanio* come
To see me pay his debt, and then I care not!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE