

But, touch'd with human gentleness and love,
 Forgive a moiety of the principal;
 Glancing an eye of pity on his losses,
 That have of late so huddled on his back;
 Enough to press a royal merchant down,
 And pluck commiseration of his state
 From brassy bosoms, and rough hearts of flint,
 From stubborn *Turks*, and *Tartars*, never train'd
 To offices of tender courtesy.
 We all expect a gentle answer, *Jew*.

Sby. I have possess'd your grace of what I purpose;
 And by our holy sabbath have I sworn,
 To have the due and forfeit of my bond.
 If you deny it, let the danger light
 Upon your charter, and your city's freedom.
 You'll ask me, why I rather choose to have
 A weight of carrion flesh, than to receive
 Three thousand ducats? I'll not answer that.
 But, say, it is my humour; is it answered?
 What if my house be troubled with a rat,
 And I be pleas'd to give ten thousand ducats
 To have it bane'd? what, are you answer'd yet?
 Some men there are, love not a gaping pig;
 Some, that are mad if they behold a cat;
 And others, when the bagpipe sings i' th' nose,
 Cannot contain their urine for affection.^a
 Masterless passion sways us to the mood
 Of what it likes, or loaths. Now for your answer:
 As there is no firm reason to be render'd,
 Why he cannot abide a gaping pig,
 Why he a harmless necessary cat,
 Why he a woollen bagpipe, but of force
 Must yield to such inevitable shame,
 As to offend, himself being offended;
 So can I give no reason, nor I will not,

^a That is, they are so affected with it.