

More than a lodg'd hate, and a certain loathing,  
I bear *Antonio*, that I follow thus  
A losing suit against him. Are you answered?

*Bass.* This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,  
T'excuse the current of thy cruelty.

*Shy.* I am not bound to please thee with my answer.

*Bass.* Do all men kill the thing they do not love?

*Shy.* Hates any man the thing he would not kill?

*Bass.* Ev'ry offence is not a hate at first.

*Shy.* What, would'st thou have a serpent sting thee twice?

*Anth.* I pray you, think you question with a *Jew*.

You may as well go stand upon the beach,  
And bid the main flood 'bate his usual height;  
You may as well use question with the wolf,  
When you behold the ewe bleat for the lamb;  
You may as well forbid the mountain pines  
To wag their high tops, and to make a noise  
When they are fretted with the gusts of heav'n;  
You may as well do any thing most hard,  
As seek to soften that (than which what's harder?)  
His *Jewish* heart. Therefore, I do beseech you,  
Make no more offers, use no farther means,  
But, with all brief and plain conveniency,  
Let me have judgment, and the *Jew* his will.

*Bass.* For thy three thousand ducats here is fix.

*Shy.* If ev'ry ducat in fix thousand ducats  
Were in fix parts, and ev'ry part a ducat,  
I would not draw them, I would have my bond.

*Duke.* How shalt thou hope for mercy, rend'ring none?

*Shy.* What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong?  
You have among you many a purchas'd slave,  
Which, like your asses, and your dogs, and mules,  
You use in abject and in slavish part,  
Because you bought them. Shall I say to you,  
Let them be free, marry them to your heirs?  
Why sweat they under burdens? let their beds