

Antonio. Well, Shylock, shall we be beholding to you?

Shylock. Signior Antonio, many a time and oft
In the Rialto you have rated me ^{undignified} 100

About my moneys and my usances:

Still have I borne it with a patient shrug,
For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe.

You call me misbeliever, cut-throat dog,

And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine,

And all for use of that which is mine own.

Well then, it now appears you need my help:

Go to, then; you come to me, and you say

'Shylock, we would have moneys:' you say so;

You, that did void your rheum upon my beard 110

And foot me as you spurn a stranger cur

Over your threshold: moneys is your suit.

What should I say to you? Should I not say

'Hath a dog money? is it possible

A cur can lend three thousand ducats?' Or

Shall I bend low and in a bondman's key,

With bated breath and whispering humbleness,

Say this;

'Fair sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last;

You spurn'd me such a day; another time 120

You call'd me dog; and for these courtesies

I'll lend you thus much moneys?'

Antonio. I am as like to call thee so again,

To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too.

If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not

As to thy friends; for when did friendship take

A breed for barren metal of his friend?

But lend it rather to thine enemy,