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Shylock

Signor Antonio, many a time and oft
In the Rialto you have rated me
About my moneys and my usances.
Still I have borne it with a patient shrug,
For suffrance is a badge of all our tribe.
You call me a misbeliever, cut-throat, dog,
And spit upon me 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,
And foot me as you spurn a stranger cur,
Over your threshold. Moneys is your suit.
What shall 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 wisp'ring humbleness
Say this: "Fair sir, you spat on me on Wednesday last;
You spured me such a day; another time
You called me dog; and for these courtesies
I'll lend you thus much moneys"?

Antonio

I am 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,
Who if he break, thou mayst with better face
Exact the penalty.

William Shakespeare, The Comical History of the Merchant of Venice,
Or Otherwise Called the Jew of Venice