

Some that will evermore peep through their eyes
And laugh like parrots at a bag-piper,
And other of such vinegar aspect
That they'll not show their teeth in way of smile,
Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.

Enter BASSANIO, LORENZO, and GRATIANO.

Salanio. Here comes Bassanio, your most noble
kinsman,

60

Gratiano and Lorenzo. Fare ye well ;
We leave you now with better company.

Salar. I would have stay'd till I had made you merry,
If worthier friends had not prevented me.

Antonio. Your worth is very dear in my regard.

I take it, your own business calls on you
And you embrace the occasion to depart.

Salarino. Good morrow, my good lords.

Russ. Good signiors both, when shall we laugh ? say,
when ?

70

You grow exceeding strange : must it be so ?

Salarino. We'll make our leisures to attend on yours.

[Exeunt Salarino and Salanio.]

Lor. My Lord Bassanio, since you have found Antonio,
We two will leave you ; but at dinner-time,
I pray you, have in mind where we must meet.

Bassanio. I will not fail you.

Gratiano. You look not well, Signior Antonio ;
You have too much respect upon the world :
They lose it that do buy it with much care :
Believe me, you are marvellously changed.

80

Antonio. I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano ;
A stage where every man must play a part,
And mine a sad one.