

Bassanio. No, that were pity:
 I would entreat you rather to put on
 Your boldest suit of mirth, for we have friends
 That purpose merriment. But fare you well:
 I have some business.

Gratiano. And I must to Lorenzo and the rest: 200
 But we will visit you at supper-time. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The same. A room in Shylock's house.*

Enter JESSICA and LAUNCELOT.

Jessica. I am sorry thou wilt leave my father so:
 Our house is hell, and thou, a merry devil,
 Didst rob it of some taste of tediousness.
 But fare thee well, there is a ducat for thee:
 And, Launcelot, soon at supper shalt thou see
 Lorenzo, who is thy new master's guest:
 Give him this letter; do it secretly;
 And so farewell: I would not have my father
 See me in talk with thee. 9

Launcelot. Adieu! tears exhibit my tongue. Most
 beautiful pagan, most sweet Jew, adieu: these foolish
 drops do something drown my manly spirit: adieu.

Jessica. Farewell, good Launcelot. [*Exit Launcelot.*]
 Alack, what heinous sin is it in me
 To be ashamed to be my father's child!
 But though I am a daughter to his blood,
 I am not to his manners. O Lorenzo,
 If thou keep promise, I shall end this strife,
 Become a Christian and thy loving wife. [*Exit.*]