

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

Salar. Believe me, sir, had I such venture
forth,

The better part of my affections would
Be with my hopes abroad; and every object
That might make me fear misfortune
To my ventures, out of doubt would make me sad.
But tell not me: I know, Antonio
Is sad to think upon his merchandise.

Ant. Believe me, no¹: I thank my fortune
for it,

My ventures are not in one bottom trusted,
Nor to one place; nor is my whole estate
Upon the fortune of this present year:
Therefore my merchandise makes me not sad.

Salan. Why then you are in love.

Ant. Fie! fie! (*laughs and rises*).

Salan. (*R C*). Not in love neither: then let
us say you are sad,²

Because you are not merry; and 'twere as easy
For you to laugh and leap and say you are merry
Because you are not sad.³ (*Laugh.*)

Salar. Here comes Bassanio, your most
noble kinsman,
Gratiano and Lorenzo. Fare ye well:
(*Crosses to R.*)