

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

Enter Musicians.

Come, ho! and wake Diana with a hymn:¹
With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear
And draw her home with music. *[Music.*

Jes. I am never merry when I hear sweet music.

Lor. The reason is, your spirits are attentive:²
The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils:
The motions of his spirit are dull as night
And his affections dark as Erebus:
Let no such man be trusted: mark the music.

Enter PORTIA (1) and NERISSA (2) on terrace from L.

*Por.*³ That light we see is burning in my hall.
How far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.
Music, hark!

Ner. It is your music, madam, of the house.

Por. Nothing is good, I see, without respect:
Methinks it sounds much sweeter than by day.⁴
Peace, ho! the moon sleeps with Endymion
And would not be awaked. *[Music ceases.*