

*Salarino.* My wind cooling my broth  
Would blow me to an ague, when I thought  
What harm a wind too great at sea might do.  
I should not see the sandy hour-glass run,  
But I should think of shallows and of flats,  
And see my wealthy Andrew dock'd in sand,  
Vailing her high-top lower than her ribs  
To kiss her burial. Should I go to church  
And see the holy edifice of stone,  
And not bethink me straight of dangerous rocks,  
Which touching but my gentle vessel's side,  
Would scatter all her spices on the stream;  
Enrobe the roaring waters with my silks,  
And, in a word, but even now worth this,  
And now worth nothing? Shall I have the thought  
To think on this, and shall I lack the thought  
That such a thing bechanced would make me sad?  
But tell not me; I know, Antonio  
Is sad to think upon his merchandise.

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*Antonio.* Believe me, no: 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.

*Salarino.* Why, then you are in love.

*Antonio.*

Fie, fie!

*Salar.* Not in love neither? Then let us say you are  
sad,  
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. Now, by two-headed Janus,  
Nature hath framed strange fellows in her time:

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