

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew
And with an unthrift love did run from Venice
As far as Belmont.

Jes. In such a night
Did young Lorenzo swear he loved her well,
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith
And ne'er a true one.

Lor. In such a night
Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.

Jes. I would out-night you, did nobody come;
But, hark, I hear the footing of a man.

Enter LAUNCELOT from L.

*Laun.*¹ Sola, sola! wo ha, ho! sola, sola!

Lor. Who calls?

*Laun.*¹ Sola! did you see Master Lorenzo!
and Mistress Lorenzo, sola, sola!

Lor. (*R C*). Leave hollaing, man: here.

Laun. Sola! where? where?

Lor. Here.

Laun. (*L C*). Tell him there's a post come
from my master, with his horn full of good
news: (*Xs to R*) My master will be here ere
morning — sweet soul.² [*Exit R.*