

SC. I.]

OF VENICE

ANT. 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.

SALAR. Why, then you are in love.

ANT.

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:
Some that will evermore peep through their eyes
And laugh like parrots at a bag-piper,
And other of such vinegar aspect
That they'll not show their teeth in way of smile,
Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.

Enter BASSANIO, LORENZO, *and* GRATIANO.

SAL. Here comes Bassanio, your most noble kins-
man,

Gratiano and Lorenzo. Fare ye well:
We leave you now with better company.