

ACT I

SCENE I. *Venice. A street.*

Enter ANTONIO (2), SALARINO (3), *and* SAL-
ANIO (1).

Ant. (C). In sooth, I know not why I am so
sad;

It wearies me; you say it wearies you;
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What stuff 't is made of, whereof it is born
I am to learn;
And such a want-wit sadness makes of me,
That I have much ado to know myself.¹

Salan. (R). Your mind is tossing on the ocean;
There where your argosies with portly sail
Like signiors and rich burghers on the flood,
Or as it were the pageants of the sea
Do overpeer the petty traffickers.
That curtesy to them, do them reverence
As they fly by them with their woven wings.