

Gra. Nay, you must not deny me; I must go
With you to *Belmont*.

Bass. Why, then you must: but hear thee, *Gratiano*,
Thou art too wild, too rude, and bold of voice,
Parts that become thee happily enough,
And in such eyes as ours appear not faults;
But where thou art not known, why there they show
Something too liberal; pray thee, take pain
T' allay with some cold drops of modesty
Thy skipping spirit, lest through thy wild behaviour
I be misconstru'd in the place I go to,
And lose my hopes.

Gra. Signior *Bassanio*, hear me.
If I do not put on a sober habit,
Talk with respect, and swear but now and then,
Wear prayerbooks in my pockets, look demurely,
Nay more, while grace is saying, hood mine eyes
Thus with mine hat, and sigh, and say, amen;
Use all th' observance of civility,
Like one well study'd in a sad ostent
To please his grandam; never trust me more.

Bass. Well, we shall see your bearing.

Gra. Nay, but I bar to-night; you shall not gage me
By what we do to-night.

Bass. No, that were pity:
I would entreat you rather to put on
Your boldest suit of mirth, for we have friends
That purpose merriment: but fare you well,
I have some business.

Gra. And I must to *Lorenzo* and the rest:
But we will visit you at supper-time.

Exeunt.

SCENE