

30 THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

And the vile squeaking of the wry-neck'd fife,
 Clamber not you up to the casements then,
 Nor thrust your head into the publick street,
 To gaze on christian fools with varnish'd faces:
 But stop my house's ears, I mean, my casements,
 Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter
 My sober house. By *Jacob's* staff, I swear,
 I have no mind of feasting forth to-night:
 But I will go; go you before me, sirrah:
 Say, I will come.

Laun. Sir, I will go before.
 Mistress, look out at a window for all this;
 There will come a christian by,
 Will be worth a *Jewess's* eye.

[*Exit* *Laun.*]

Sby. What says that fool of *Hagar's* offspring, ha?

Jes. His words were, farewell, mistress; nothing else.

Sby. The patch is kind enough, but a huge feeder:
 Snail-slow in profit, and he sleeps by day
 More than the wild cat; drones hive not with me;
 Therefore I part with him, and part with him
 To one that I would have him help to waste
 His borrow'd purse. Well, *Jessica*, go in,
 Perhaps, I will return immediately;
 Shut the doors after you; *fast bind, fast find*,
 A proverb never stale in thrifty mind.

[*Exit.*]

Jes. Farewel; and if my fortune be not crost,
 I have a father, you a daughter, lost.

[*Exit.*]

S C E N E VII.

Enter Gratiano, and Salanio, in masquerade.

Gra. This is the penthouse, under which *Lorenzo* desired us
 to make a stand.

Sal. His hour is almost past.

Gra. And it is marvel he outdwells his hour,
 For lovers ever run before the clock.

Sal.