

Sal. O, ten times faster *Venus*' pidgeons fly
To seal love's bonds new made, than they are wont
To keep obliged faith unforfeited!

Gra. That ever holds. Who riseth from a feast
With that keen appetite that he sits down?
Where is the horse that doth untread again
His tedious measures with th' unbated fire
That he did pace them first? all things that are,
Are with more spirit chased than enjoy'd.
How like a youngster, or a prodigal,
The scarfed bark puts from her native bay,
Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet wind!
How like the prodigal doth she return
With overweather'd ribs, and ragged sails,
Lean, rent, and beggar'd by the strumpet wind!

Enter Lorenzo.

Sal. Here comes *Lorenzo*: more of this hereafter.

Lor. Sweet friends, your patience for my long abode;
Not I, but my affairs, have made you wait;
When you shall please to play the thieves for wives,
I'll watch as long for you then; come, approach;
Here dwells my father *Jew*. Hoa, who's within?

Jessica above in boy's cloths.

Jes. Who are you? tell me, for more certainty,
Albeit I'll swear that I do know your tongue.

Lor. *Lorenzo*, and thy love.

Jes. *Lorenzo*, certain, and my love, indeed;
For who love I so much? and now who knows,
But you, *Lorenzo*, whether I am yours?

Lor. Heav'n and thy thoughts are witnesses that thou art.

Jes. Here, catch this casket, it is worth the pains.
I'm glad 'tis night, you do not look on me,
For I am much ashamed of my exchange;
But love is blind, and lovers cannot see.

The