

The pretty follies that themselves commit;
For if they could, *Cupid* himself would blush
To see me thus transformed to a boy.

Lor. Descend, for you must be my torchbearer.

Jes. What, must I hold a candle to my flames?
They in themselves good-footh are too, too light.
Why, 'tis an office of discovery, love,
And I should be obscur'd.

Lor. So are you, sweet,
Ev'n in the lovely garnish of a boy.
But come at once —

For the close night doth play the runaway,
And we are stay'd for at *Bassanio's* feast.

Jes. I will make fast the doors, and gild myself
With some more ducats, and be with you straight.

Gra. Now, by my hood, a gentile, and no Jew.

Lor. Beshrew me, but I love her heartily,
For she is wise, if I can judge of her;
And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true;
And true she is, as she hath prov'd herself;
And therefore, like herself, wise, fair, and true,
Shall she be placed in my constant soul.

Reenter Jessica.

What, art thou come? on, gentlemen, away;
Our masking mates by this time for us stay. [*Exit, with Jessica.*]

Enter Anthonio.

Anth. Who's there?

Gra. Signior *Anthonio*!

Anth. Fie, *Gratiano*, where are all the rest?

'Tis nine o'clock; our friends all stay for you;

I have sent twenty out to seek for you.

No mask to-night, the wind is come about,

Bassanio presently will go aboard.

Gra. I'm glad on't, I desire no more delight

Than to be under sail, and gone to-night.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE