

*All that glisters is not gold ;
Often have you heard that told :
Many a man his life hath sold,
But my outside to behold.
Gilded wood may worms infold :
Had you been as wise as bold,
Young in limbs, in judgment old,
Your answer had not been inscrol'd :
Fare you well ; your suit is cold.*

Mor. Cold, indeed ; and labour lost :
Then, farewell, heat ; and, welcome, frost :
Portia, adieu ! I have too griev'd a heart
To take a tedious leave : thus losers part. [Exit.

Por. A gentle riddance : draw the curtains, go ;
Let all of his complexion choose me so ! [Exeunt.

S C E N E IX.

Venice.

Enter Solarino, and Salanio.

Sal. **W**HY, man, I saw *Bassanio* under fail ;
With him is *Gratiano* gone along ;
And in their ship, I'm sure, *Lorenzo* is not.

Sola. The villain *Jew* with outcries rais'd the duke,
Who went with him to search *Bassanio's* ship.

Sal. He came too late, the ship was under fail ;
But there the duke was giv'n to understand
That in a gondola were seen together
Lorenzo and his am'rous *Jessica* :
Besides, *Anthonio* certify'd the duke,
They were not with *Bassanio* in his ship.

Sola. I never heard a passion so confus'd,
So strange, outrageous, and so variable,