

40 THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

To signify th' approaching of his lord;
From whom he bringeth sensible regrets:
To wit, besides commends, and courteous breath,
Gifts of rich value; yet I have not seen
So likely an ambassador of love.
A day in april never came so sweet,
To show how costly summer was at hand,
As this forepurrer comes before his lord.

Por. No more, I pray thee; I am half afraid,
Thou'lt say anon, he is some kin to thee,
Thou spend'st such high-day wit in praising him.
Come, come, *Nerissa*, for I long to see
Quick *Cupid's* post, that comes so mannerly.

Ner. Bassanio, lord love! if thy will it be!

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

Venice.

Enter Salanio, and Solarino.

SOLARINO.

NOW, what news on the *Ryalto*?

Sal. Why, yet it lives there uncheck'd, that *Anthonio*
hath a ship of rich lading wreck'd on the narrow seas; the
Goodwins, I think, they call the place; a very dangerous flat, and
fatal, where the carcasses of many a tall ship lie bury'd, as they
say, if my gossip report be an honest woman of her word.

Sola. I would, she were as lying a gossip in that, as ever knap'd
ginger, or made her neighbours believe she wept for the death of
a third husband. But it is true, without any slips of prolixity, or
crossing the plain highway of talk, that the good *Anthonio*, the
honest *Anthonio*—o that I had a title good enough to keep his
name company!

Sal.