

*Tub.* Hath an argosy cast away, coming from *Tripolis*.

*Shy.* I thank god, thank god: is it true? is it true?

*Tub.* I spoke with some of the sailors that escap'd the wreck.

*Shy.* I thank thee, good *Tubal*; good news, good news! ha, ha! where? in *Genoua*?

*Tub.* Your daughter spent in *Genoua*, as I heard, one night fourscore ducats.

*Shy.* Thou stick'st a dagger in me; I shall never see my gold again; fourscore ducats at a sitting! fourscore ducats!

*Tub.* There came divers of *Anthonio's* creditors in my company to *Venice*, that swear he cannot choose but break.

*Shy.* I am glad of it, I'll plague him, I'll torture him; I am glad of it.

*Tub.* One of them show'd me a ring that he had of your daughter for a monkey.

*Shy.* Out upon her! thou torturest me, *Tubal*; it was my turquoise; I had it of *Leah* when I was a bachelor; I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkies.

*Tub.* But *Anthonio* is certainly undone.

*Shy.* Nay, that's true, that's very true: go, see me an officer, bespeak him a fortnight before. I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit; for were he out of *Venice*, I can make what merchandize I will: go, go, *Tubal*, and meet me at our synagogue; go, good *Tubal*; at our synagogue, *Tubal*. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

Belmont.

*Enter Bassanio, Portia, Gratiano, and attendants. The caskets are set out.*

*Por.* I Pray you, tarry, pause a day or two  
Before you hazard; for in choosing wrong  
I lose your company; forbear a while.  
There's something tells me, but it is not love,

F 2

I would