

GRATIANO

Let me play the fool.

With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come,

And let my liver rather heat with wine

Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.

Why should a man whose blood is warm within

Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster?

Sleep when he wakes? And creep into the jaundice

By being peevish? I tell thee what, Antonio

(I love thee, and 'tis my love that speaks):

There are a sort of men whose visages

Do cream and mantle like a standing pond

And do a willful stillness entertain

With purpose to be dressed in an opinion

Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit,

As who should say "I am Sir Oracle,

And when I ope my lips, let no dog bark."

O my Antonio, I do know of these

That therefore only are reputed wise

For saying nothing, when, I am very sure,

If they should speak, would almost damn those ears

Which, hearing them, would call their brothers

fools.

I'll tell thee more of this another time.

But fish not with this melancholy bait

For this fool gudgeon, this opinion.—

Come, good Lorenzo.—Fare you well a while.

I'll end my exhortation after dinner.