

## THE MERCHANT OF VENICE, V ii

### LORENZO

How sweet the moone-light sleepes vpon this banke,  
Heere will we sit, and let the sounds of musicke  
Creepe in our eares soft stilnes, and the night  
Become the tutches of sweet harmonie:  
Sit *Jessica*, looke how the floore of heauen  
Is thicke inlayed with pattens of bright gold,  
There's not the smallest orbe which thou beholdst  
But in his motion like an Angell sings,  
Still quiring to the young eyed Cherubins;  
Such harmonie is in immortall soules,  
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay  
Doth grosly close in it, we cannot heare it:  
Come hoe, and wake *Diana* with a hymne,  
With sweetest tutches pearce your Mistresse eare,  
And draw her home with musicke.  
You are neuer merry when you heare sweet musique.  
The reason is, your spirits are attentiu:  
For doe but note a wilde and wanton heard  
Or race of youthful and vnhandled colts,  
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,  
Which is the hot condition of their bloud,  
If they but heare perchance a trumpet sound,  
Or any ayre of musicke touch their eares,  
You shall perceiue them make a mutuall stand,  
Their sauage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze,  
By the sweet power of musicke: therefore the Poet  
Did faine that *Orpheus* drew trees, stones, and floods.  
Since naught so stockish, hard, and full of rage,  
But musicke for time doth change his nature,  
The man that hath no musicke in himselfe,  
Nor is not moued with concord of sweet sounds,  
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoyles,  
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,  
And his affections darke as *Erobus*,  
Let no such man be trusted: marke the musicke.