

LORENZO

How **sweet** the moonlight **sleeps** upon this bank!

Here will **we** **sit** and let the **sounds** of music

Creep in our ears: **soft** **stillness** and the night

Become the touches of **sweet** harmony.

Sit, **Jessica**. Look how the floor of heaven 65

Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold:

There's not the **smallest** orb which thou behold'st

But in his **motion** like an angel **sings**,

Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins;

Such harmony is in immortal **souls**; 70

But whilst this muddy vesture of decay

Doth **grossly** **close** it in, we cannot hear it.

[Enter Musicians]

Come, **ho!** and wake Diana with a hymn!

With **sweetest** touches **pierce** your **mistress'** ear,

And draw her **home** with music. 75

[Music]

JESSICA I am never merry when I hear **sweet** music.

LORENZO The **reason** is, your **spirits** are attentive:

For do but **note** a wild and wanton herd,

Or **race** of youthful and unhandled colts,

Fetching mad bounds, **bellowing** and neighing loud, 80

Which is the hot condition of their blood;

If they but **hear** perchance a trumpet **sound**,

Or any air of music touch their **ears**,

You shall **perceive** them make a mutual **stand**,

Their **s**avage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze 85
By the **s**weet power of music: therefore the poet
Did feign that Orpheus drew **t**rees, **s**tones and floods;
Since nought **s**o stockish, hard and full of rage,
But music for the time doth change his nature.
The man that hath **n**o music in himself, 90
Nor is not moved with concord of **s**weet sounds,
Is fit for **t**reasons, **s**tratagems and **s**poils;
The **m**otions of his **s**pirit are dull as night
And his affections dark as Erebus:
Let no **s**uch man be trusted. Mark the music. 95