

The Merchant of Venice

by William Shakespeare

Act 3, sc. 2 (line 114 - Verse)

Bassanio

PORTIA

*[Aside] How all the other passions fleet to air,
As doubtful thoughts, and rash-embraced despair,
And shuddering fear, and green-eyed jealousy! O love,
Be moderate; allay thy ecstasy,
In measure rein thy joy; scant this excess.
I feel too much thy blessing: make it less,
For fear I surfeit.*

BASSANIO

What find I here?

Opening the leaden casket

Fair Portia's counterfeit! What demi-god
Hath come so near creation? Move these eyes?
Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,
Seem they in motion? Here are sever'd lips,
Parted with sugar breath: so sweet a bar
Should sunder such sweet friends. Here in her hairs
The painter plays the spider and hath woven
A golden mesh to entrap the hearts of men,
Faster than gnats in cobwebs; but her eyes,--
How could he see to do them? having made one,
Methinks it should have power to steal both his
And leave itself unfurnish'd. Yet look, how far
The substance of my praise doth wrong this shadow
In underprizing it, so far this shadow

Doth limp behind the substance. Here's the scroll,

The continent and summary of my fortune.

Reads

You that choose not by the view,

Chance as fair and choose as true!

Since this fortune falls to you,

Be content and seek no new,

If you be well pleased with this

And hold your fortune for your bliss,

Turn you where your lady is

And claim her with a loving kiss.

A gentle scroll. Fair lady, by your leave;

I come by note, to give and to receive.

Like one of two contending in a prize,

That thinks he hath done well in people's eyes,

Hearing applause and universal shout,

Giddy in spirit, still gazing in a doubt

Whether these pearls of praise be his or no;

So, thrice fair lady, stand I, even so;

As doubtful whether what I see be true,

Until confirm'd, sign'd, ratified by you.