

Por. How all the other passions fleet to air,
As doubtful thoughts, and rash embrac'd despair,
And shudd'ring fear, and greeney'd jealousy.
Be moderate, love! allay thy ecstasy;
In measure rein thy joy, scant this excess,
I feel too much thy blessing; make it less,
For fear I surfeit. [opening the leaden casket.]

Bass. What do I find here?
Fair *Portia's* counterfeit? what demy-god
Hath come so near creation? move these eyes?
Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,
Seem they in motion? here are fever'd lips
Parted with sugar'd breath; so sweet a bar
Should funder such sweet friends: here in her hair
The painter plays the spider, and hath woven
A golden mesh t' 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 pow'r to steal both his,
And leave itself 'unfurnish'd: yet 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.

*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 pleas'd with this,
And hold your fortune for your blifs,
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.

[kissing her.]

^a That is, not furnish'd with another eye.

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