

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, gazing still in doubt,  
Whether those peals 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, ratify'd by you.

*Por.* You see, my lord *Bassanio*, where I stand,  
Such as I am; though for myself alone,  
I would not be ambitious in my wish,  
To wish myself much better; yet for you,  
I would be trebled twenty times myself,  
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times  
More rich, that, to stand high in your account,  
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,  
Exceed account: but the full sum of me  
Is sum of nothing, which, to term in gross,  
Is an unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractis'd:  
Happy in this, she is not yet so old  
But she may learn; more happy then in this,  
She is not bred so dull but she can learn;  
Happiest of all is, that her gentle spirit  
Commits itself to yours to be directed,  
As from her lord, her governor, her king:  
Myself, and what is mine, to you and yours  
Is now converted. I but now was lady  
Of this fair mansion, mistress of my servants,  
Queen o'er myself; and even now, but now,  
This house, these servants, and this same myself  
Are yours, my lord: I give them with this ring,  
Which when you part from, lose or give away,  
Let it presage the ruin of your love,  
And be my vantage to exclaim on you.

*Bass.* Madam, you have bereft me of all words,  
Only my blood speaks to you in my veins;

And