

And there is such confusion in my pow'rs,
 As, after some oration fairly spoke
 By a beloved prince, there doth appear
 Among the buzzing pleased multitude;
 Where every something, being blent together,
 Turns to a wild of nothing, save of joy
 Express'd, and not express'd. But when this ring
 Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence;
 O, then be bold to say, *Bassanio's* dead.

Ner. My lord, and lady, it is now our time,
 That have stood by, and seen our wishes prosper,
 To cry, good joy; good joy, my lord and lady!

Gra. My lord *Bassanio*, and my gentle lady,
 I wish you all the joy that you can wish;
 For, I am sure, you can wish none from ^a me:
 And, when your honours mean to solemnize
 The bargain of your faith, I do beseech you
 Ev'n at that time I may be married too.

Bass. With all my heart, so thou canst get a wife.

Gra. I thank your lordship, you have got me one.
 My eyes, my lord, can look as swift as yours:
 You saw the mistress, I beheld the maid;
 You lov'd; I lov'd; for intermission
 No more pertains to me, my lord, than you.
 Your fortune stood upon the casket there;
 And so did mine too, as the matter falls:
 For wooing here until I sweat again,
 And swearing till my very roof was dry
 With oaths of love; at last, if promise last,
 I got a promise of this fair one here
 To have her love, provided that your fortune
 Atchiev'd her mistress.

Por. Is this true, *Nerissa*?

Ner. Madam, it is, so you stand pleas'd withal.

Bass. And do you, *Gratiano*, mean good faith?

^a That is, distinct from me and my wishes.