

# PORTIA

*Oscar Wilde*

I marvel not Bassanio was so bold  
To peril all he had upon the lead,  
Or that proud Aragon bent low his head  
Or that Morocco's fiery heart grew cold:  
For in that gorgeous dress of beaten gold  
Which is more golden than the golden sun  
No woman Veronesé looked upon  
Was half so fair as thou whom I behold.  
Yet fairer when with wisdom as your shield  
The sober-suited lawyer's gown you donned,  
And would not let the laws of Venice yield  
Antonio's heart to that accursèd Jew—  
O Portia! take my heart: it is thy due:  
I think I will not quarrel with the Bond.