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PORTIA from The Merchant of Venice by William Shakespeare Act 3 Scene 2

I pray you, tarry, pause a day or two
Before you hazard, for in choosing wrong
I lose your company; therefore forbear a while.
There's something tells me, but it is not love
I would not lose you; and you know yourself 5
Hate counsels not in such a quality.
But lest you should not understand me well –
And yet a maiden hath no tongue but thought –
I would detain you here some month or two
Before you venture for me. I could teach you 10
How to choose right, but then I am forsworn
So will I never be. So may you miss me,
But if you do, you'll make me wish a sin,
That I had been forsworn. Beshrew your eyes!
They have o'erlooked me and divided me: 15
One half of me is yours, the other half yours –
Mine own, I would say: but if mine then yours,
And so all yours. O these naughty times
Puts bars between the owners and their rights!
And so though yours, not yours. Prove it so, 20
Let fortune go to hell for it, not I.
I speak too long, but 'tis to prize the time,
To eche it, and to draw it out in length,
To stay you from election.

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