

*Enter Old GOBBO, with a basket*

**GOBBO**

Master young man, you, I pray you, which is the way to master Jew's?

**LAUNCELOT**

[Aside] O heavens, this is my true-begotten father! who, being more than sand-blind, high-gravel blind, knows me not: I will try confusions with him.

**GOBBO**

Master young gentleman, I pray you, which is the way to master Jew's?

**LAUNCELOT**

Turn up on your right hand at the next turning, but, at the next turning of all, on your left; marry, at the very next turning, turn of no hand, but turn down indirectly to the Jew's house.

**GOBBO**

By God's sonties, 'twill be a hard way to hit. Can you tell me whether one Launcelot, that dwells with him, dwell with him or no?

**LAUNCELOT**

Talk you of young Master Launcelot?

*Aside*

Mark me now; now will I raise the waters. Talk you of young Master Launcelot?

**GOBBO**

No master, sir, but a poor man's son: his father, though I say it, is an honest exceeding poor man and, God be thanked, well to live.

**LAUNCELOT**

Well, let his father be what a' will, we talk of young Master Launcelot.

**GOBBO**

Your worship's friend and Launcelot, sir.

**LAUNCELOT**

But I pray you, ergo, old man, ergo, I beseech you, talk you of young Master Launcelot?

**GOBBO**

Of Launcelot, an't please your mastership.

**LAUNCELOT**

Ergo, Master Launcelot. Talk not of Master Launcelot, father; for the young gentleman, according to Fates and Destinies and such odd sayings, the Sisters Three and such branches of learning, is indeed deceased, or, as you would say in plain terms, gone to heaven.

**GOBBO**

Marry, God forbid! the boy was the very staff of my age, my very prop.

**LAUNCELOT**

Do I look like a cudgel or a hovel-post, a staff or

a prop? Do you know me, father?

**GOBBO**

Alack the day, I know you not, young gentleman:  
but, I pray you, tell me, is my boy, God rest his  
soul, alive or dead?

**LAUNCELOT**

Do you not know me, father?

**GOBBO**

Alack, sir, I am sand-blind; I know you not.

**LAUNCELOT**

Nay, indeed, if you had your eyes, you might fail of  
the knowing me: it is a wise father that knows his  
own child. Well, old man, I will tell you news of  
your son: give me your blessing: truth will come  
to light; murder cannot be hid long; a man's son  
may, but at the length truth will out.

**GOBBO**

Pray you, sir, stand up: I am sure you are not  
Launcelot, my boy.

**LAUNCELOT**

Pray you, let's have no more fooling about it, but  
give me your blessing: I am Launcelot, your boy  
that was, your son that is, your child that shall  
be.

**GOBBO**

I cannot think you are my son.

**LAUNCELOT**

I know not what I shall think of that: but I am  
Launcelot, the Jew's man, and I am sure Margery your  
wife is my mother.

**GOBBO**

Her name is Margery, indeed: I'll be sworn, if thou  
be Launcelot, thou art mine own flesh and blood.  
Lord worshipped might he be! what a beard hast thou  
got! thou hast got more hair on thy chin than  
Dobbin my fill-horse has on his tail.

**LAUNCELOT**

It should seem, then, that Dobbin's tail grows  
backward: I am sure he had more hair of his tail  
than I have of my face when I last saw him.

**GOBBO**

Lord, how art thou changed! How dost thou and thy  
master agree? I have brought him a present. How  
'gree you now?

**LAUNCELOT**

Well, well: but, for mine own part, as I have set  
up my rest to run away, so I will not rest till I  
have run some ground. My master's a very Jew: give  
him a present! give him a halter: I am famished in  
his service; you may tell every finger I have with  
my ribs. Father, I am glad you are come: give me  
your present to one Master Bassanio, who, indeed,  
gives rare new liveries: if I serve not him, I  
will run as far as God has any ground.