

Portia. You must take your chance, 40
And either not attempt to choose at all
Or swear, before you choose, if you choose wrong
Never to speak to lady afterward
In way of marriage: therefore be advised.

Morocco. Nor will not. Come, bring me unto my
chance.

Portia. First, forward to the temple: after dinner
Your hazard shall be made.

Morocco. Good fortune then!
To make me . . . st or curs'd'st among men. 50

[*Cornets, and exeunt*]

SCENE II. Venice. A street.

Enter LAUNCELOT.

Launcelot. Certainly my conscience will serve me to
run from this Jew my master. The fiend is at mine elbow
and tempts me, saying to me 'Gobbo, Launcelot Gobbo,
good Launcelot,' or 'good Gobbo,' or 'good Launcelot
Gobbo, use your legs, take the start, run away.' My
conscience says 'No; take heed, honest Launcelot; take
heed, honest Gobbo,' or, as aforesaid, 'honest Launcelot
Gobbo; do not run; scorn running with thy heels.'
Well, the most courageous fiend bids me pack: 'Via!'
says the fiend; 'away!' says the fiend; 'for the heavens,
rouse up a brave mind,' says the fiend, 'and run.' Well,
my conscience, hanging about the neck of my heart, says
very wisely to me 'My honest friend Launcelot, being an
honest man's son,' or rather an honest woman's son; for
indeed my father did something smack, something grow
to, he had a kind of taste; well, my conscience says