

Bassanio. I know thee well; thou hast obtain'd thy suit:

Shylock thy master spoke with me this day,
And hath preferr'd thee, if it be preferment
To leave a rich Jew's service, to become
The follower of so poor a gentleman.

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Launcelot. The old proverb is very well parted
between my master Shylock and you, sir: you have the
grace of God, sir, and he hath enough.

Bass. Thou speak'st it well. Go, father, with thy son.
Take leave of thy old master and inquire
My lodging out. Give him a livery
More guarded than his fellows': see it done.

Launcelot. Father, in. I cannot get a service, no; I
have ne'er a tongue in my head. Well, if any man in
Italy have a fairer table which doth offer to swear upon
a book, I shall have good fortune. Go to, here's a simple
line of life: here's a small trifle of wives: alas, fifteen
wives is nothing! eleven widows and nine maids is a
simple coming-in for one man: and then to 'scape
drowning thrice, and to be in peril of my life with the
edge of a feather-bed; here are simple 'scapes. Well, if
Fortune be a woman, she's a good wench for this gear.
Father, come; I'll take my leave of the Jew in the
twinkling of an eye.

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[*Exeunt Launcelot and Old Gobbo.*]

Bassanio. I pray thee, good Leonardo, think on this:
These things being bought and orderly bestow'd
Return in haste, for I do feast to-night
My best-esteem'd acquaintance; hie thee, go.

Leonardo. My best endeavours shall be done herein.