

*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. 80

*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. 92

*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. O rare fortune! here comes the man: to him, father; for I am a Jew, if I serve the Jew any longer.