

*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.

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*Gobbo.* Your worship's friend and Launcelot, sir.

*Launcelot.* But I pray ycu, 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 Fate 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.

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*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.