

I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,
 And wear my dagger with the braver grace;
 And speak, between the change of man and boy,
 With a reed voice; and turn two mincing steps
 Into a manly stride; and speak of frays
 Like a fine bragging youth; and tell quaint lies,
 How honourable ladies fought my love,
 Which I denying, they fell sick, and dy'd,
 I could not do with all: then I'll repent,
 And wish, for all that, that I had not kill'd them.
 And twenty of these puny lies I'll tell;
 That men shall swear, I've discontinued school
 Above a twelvemonth. I have in my mind
 A thousand raw tricks of these bragging jacks,
 Which I will practise.

Ner. Shall we turn to men?

Por. Fie! what a question's that,
 If thou wert near a lewd interpreter!
 But come, I'll tell thee all my whole device
 When I am in my coach, which stays for us
 At the park gate; and therefore haste away,
 For we must measure twenty miles to-day.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

Enter Launcelot, and Jessica.

Laun. Yes, truly: for, look you, the sins of the father are to be lay'd upon the children; therefore, I promise you, I fear you. I was always plain with you; and so now I speak my agitation of the matter: therefore be of good cheer; for, truly, I think, you are damn'd: there is but one hope in it that can do you any good; and that is but a kind of bastard-hope neither.

Jes. And what hope is that, I pray thee?

Laun. Marry, you may partly hope that your father got you not, that you are not the *Jew's* daughter.