

Scene 3

(Enter Lance, weeping, with his dog, Crab)

LANCE Nay, 'twill be this hour ere I have done weeping. All the kind of the Lances have this very fault. I have received my proportion like the Prodigious Son and am going with Sir Proteus to the Imperial's court. I think Crab my dog be the sourest-natured dog that lives: my mother weeping, my father wailing, my sister crying, our maid howling, our cat wringing her hands, and all our house in a great perplexity, yet did not this cruel-hearted cur shed one tear. He is a stone, a very pibble stone, and has no more pity in him than a dog. Anyone would have wept to have seen our parting. Why, my grandam, having no eyes, look you, wept herself blind at my parting.

(The next paragraph is optional)

((Nay, I'll show you the manner of it. He takes off his shoes. This shoe is my father. No, this left shoe is my father; no, no, this left shoe is my mother. Nay, that cannot be so neither. Yes, it is so, it is so; it hath the worser sole. This shoe with the hole in it is my mother; and this my father. A vengeance on 't, there 'tis! Now sir, this staff is my sister, for, look you, she is as white as a lily and as small as a wand. This hat is Nan, our maid. I am the dog. No, the dog is himself, and I am the dog. O, the dog is me, and I am myself. Ay, so, so.))

Now come I to my father: "Father, your blessing."
He cannot speak a word for weeping. Now come I to my mother. She cannot speak for sighing. Well, I kiss her. Now come I to my sister. Mark the moan she makes! Now the dog all this while sheds not a tear nor speaks a word. But see how I lay the dust with my tears.
Well, I must away. My master is shipped and I must go.
Come Crab.

(Lance starts walking off but the dog doesn't follow. Lance stops, throws his arms up in the air and goes back to get the dog. He picks him up and goes off.)