

*Gre.* And you are well met, signior *Hortensio*. Trow you whither I am going? to *Baptista Minola*: I promis'd to inquire carefully about a schoolmaster for the fair *Bianca*; and, by good fortune, I have lighted well on this young man; for learning, and behaviour, fit for her turn, well read in poetry, and other books, good ones, I warrant ye.

*Hor.* 'Tis well; and I have met a gentleman Hath promis'd me to help me to another, A fine musician to instruct our mistress; So shall I no whit be behind in duty To fair *Bianca*, so belov'd of me.

*Gre.* Belov'd of me, and that my deeds shall prove.

*Gru.* And that his bags shall prove.

*Hor. Gremio*, 'tis now no time to vent our love: Listen to me, and, if you speak me fair, I'll tell you news indifferent good for either. Here is a gentleman whom by chance I met, Upon agreement from us to his liking, Will undertake to woo curst *Catharine*, Yea, and to marry her, if her dowry please.

*Gre.* So said, so done, is well;

*Hortensio*, have you told him all her faults?

*Pet.* I know, she is an irksome brawling scold; If that be all, masters, I hear no harm.

*Gre.* No, say'st me so, friend? pray, what countryman?

*Pet.* Born in *Verona*, old *Antonio*'s son; My father's dead, my fortune lives for me, And I do hope good days and long to see.

*Gre.* O, such a life with such a wife were strange; But, if you have a stomach, to't o'god's name, You shall have me assisting you in all. But will you woo this wild cat?

*Pet.* Will I live?

*Gru.* Will he woo her? ay, or I'll hang her.

*Pet.* Why came I hither, but to that intent? Think you, a little din can daunt my ears?

Have