

Have I not in my time heard lions roar?
 Have I not heard the sea, puff'd up with winds,
 Rage like an angry boar, chafed with sweat?
 Have I not heard great ordnance in the field?
 And heav'n's artillery thunder in the skies?
 Have I not in a pitched battle heard
 Loud larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets clang?
 And do you tell me of a woman's tongue,
 That gives not half so great a blow to th' ear,
 As will a chestnut in a farmer's fire?
 Tush, tush! fear boys with bugs.

Gru. For he fears none.

Gre. Hortensio, hark:
 This gentleman is happily arriv'd,
 My mind presumes, for his own good, and ours.

Hor. I promis'd we would be contributors,
 And bear his charge of wooing, whatsoe'er.

Gre. And so we will, provided that he win her.

Gru. I would I were as sure of a good dinner!

SCENE VII.

To them Tranio bravely apparell'd, and Biondello.

Tra. Gentlemen, god save you! If I may be bold, tell me,
 I beseech you, which is the readiest way to the house of signior
Baptista Minola?

Bion. He that has the two fair daughters? is't he you mean?

Tra. Even he, *Biondello*.

Gre. Hark you, sir; you mean not her to—

Tra. Perhaps, him and her; what have you to do?

Pet. Nor her that chides, sir, at any hand, I pray.

Tra. I love no chiders, sir: *Biondello*, let's away.

Luc. Well begun, *Tranio*.

Hor. Sir, a word ere you go:

Are you a suitor to the maid you talk of, yea, or no?

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M m

[*aside.*

Tra.