

*Tra.* An if I be, fir, is it any offence?

*Gre.* No; if, without more words, you will get you hence.

*Tra.* Why, fir, I pray, are not the streets as free  
For me, as for you?

*Gre.* But so is not she.

*Tra.* For what reason, I beseech you?

*Gre.* For this reason, if you'll know:  
She's the choice love of signior *Gremio*.

*Hor.* She is the chosen of *Hortensio*.

*Tra.* Softly, my masters! if you be gentlemen,  
Do me this right; hear me with patience.

*Baptista* is a noble gentleman,  
To whom my father is not all unknown;  
And were his daughter fairer than she is,  
She may more suitors have, and me for one.  
Fair *Leda*'s daughter had a thousand wooers;  
Then well one more may fair *Bianca* have,  
And so she shall. *Lucentio* shall make one,  
Though *Paris* came, in hope to speed alone.

*Gre.* What! this gentleman will outtalk us all.

*Luc.* Sir, give him head; I know, he'll prove a jade.

*Pet.* *Hortensio*, to what end are all these words?

*Hor.* Sir, let me be so bold as to ask you,  
Did you yet ever see *Baptista*'s daughter?

*Tra.* No, fir; but hear I do that he hath two:  
The one as famous for a scolding tongue,  
As the other is for beauteous modesty.

*Pet.* Sir, fir, the first's for me; let her go by.

*Gre.* Yea, leave that labour to great *Hercules*,  
And let it be more than *Alcides*' twelve.

*Pet.* Sir, understand you this of me, insooth:  
The youngest daughter, whom you hearken for,  
Her father keeps from all access of suitors;  
And will not promise her to any man,  
Until the eldest sister first be wed:  
The younger then is free, and not before.

*Tra.*