

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW. 277

Bap. Was ever gentleman thus griev'd as I?
But who comes here?

SCENE II.

Enter Gremio, Lucentio in the habit of a mean man, Petruchio with Hortensio like a musician, Tranio and Biondello bearing a lute and books.

Gre. Good morrow, neighbour *Baptista*.

Bap. Good morrow, neighbour *Gremio*: god save you, gentlemen!

Pet. And you, good fir! pray, have you not a daughter call'd *Catharina*, fair and virtuous?

Bap. I have a daughter, fir, call'd *Catharina*.

Gre. You are too blunt, go to it orderly.

Pet. You wrong me, signior *Gremio*; give me leave.

I am a gentleman of *Verona*, fir,
That, hearing of her beauty, and her wit,
Her affability, and bashful modesty,
Her wondrous qualities, and mild behaviour,
Am bold to shew myself a forward guest
Within your house, to make mine eye the witness
Of that report, which I so oft have heard.

And, for an entrance to my entertainment, [*presenting Hor.*
I do present you with a man of mine,
Cunning in musick, and the mathematicks,
To instruct her fully in those sciences,
Whereof, I know, she is not ignorant:
Accept of him, or else you do me wrong;
His name is *Licio*, born in *Mantua*.

Bap. Y'are welcome, fir, and he, for your good sake.
But for my daughter *Catharine*, this I know,
She is not for your turn, the more's my grief.

Pet. I see, you do not mean to part with her,
Or else you like not of my company.

Bap. Mistake me not, I speak but what I find.

Whence