

280 THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Bap. Well may'st thou woo, and happy be thy speed!
But be thou arm'd for some unhappy words.

Pet. Ay, to the proof, as mountains are for winds,
That shake not, though they blow perpetually.

S C E N E III.

Enter Hortensio, with his head broke.

Bap. How now, my friend, why dost thou look so pale?

Hor. For fear, I promise you, if I look pale.

Bap. What, will my daughter prove a good musician?

Hor. I think, she'll sooner prove a soldier;
Iron may hold with her, but never lutes.

Bap. Why, then thou canst not break her to the lute?

Hor. Why, no; for she hath broke the lute on me.
I did but tell her, she mistook her frets,
And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering,
When, with a most impatient devilish spirit,
Frets call you them? quoth she: I'll fume with them:
And with that word she struck me on the head,
And through the instrument my pate made way;
And there I stood amazed for a while,
As on a pillory, looking through the lute;
While she did call me rascal, fidler,
And twangling jack, with twenty such vile terms,
As she had studied to misuse me so.

Pet. Now, by the world, it is a lusty wench;
I love her ten times more than e'er I did:
O, how I long to have some chat with her!

Bap. Well, go with me, and be not so discomfited.
Proceed in practice with my younger daughter;
She's apt to learn, and thankful for good turns.
Signior *Petruchio*, will you go with us,
Or shall I send my daughter *Kate* to you?

Pet. I pray you, do. I will attend her here,

[*Exit Bap. with Gre. Hor. and Tranio.*
And