

'Tis deeds must win the prize; and he of both
That can assure my daughter greatest dower,
Shall have *Bianca's* love.

Say, signior *Gremio*, what can you assure her?

Gre. First, as you know, my house within the city
Is richly furnished with plate and gold,
Basins and ewers to lave her dainty hands:
My hangings all of *Tyrian* tapestry;
In ivory coffers I have stuff'd my crowns;
In cypress chests my arras, counterpanes,
Costly apparel, tents, and canopies,
Fine linen, *Turkey* cushions boss'd with pearl;
Valance of *Venice* gold in needle-work;
Pewter, and brass, and all things that belong
To house, or housekeeping: then, at my farm
I have a hundred milch-kine to the pail,
Sixscore fat oxen standing in my stalls;
And all things answerable to this portion.
Myself am struck in years, I must confess;
And, if I die to-morrow, this is hers,
If, whilst I live, she will be only mine.

Tra. That *only* came well in. Sir, list to me;
I am my father's heir, and only son;
If I may have your daughter to my wife,
I'll leave her houses three or four as good,
Within rich *Pisa* walls, as any one
Old signior *Gremio* has in *Padua*;
Besides two thousand ducats by the year
Of fruitful land; all which shall be her jointure.
What, have I pinch'd you, signior *Gremio*?

Gre. Two thousand ducats by the year of land!
My land amounts but to so much in all;
That she shall have, besides an argosy
That now is lying in *Marseilles's* road.
What, have I chok'd you with an argosy?

Tra. *Gremio*, 'tis known, my father hath no less

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