

Sim. *Anon, my lord.*

Sly. *Give's some more drink here — where's the tapster? here,*  
 Sim, *eat some of these things.*

Sim. *So I do, my lord.*

Sly. *Here, Sim, I drink to thee.*

\*\*\*\*\*

### ACT III. SCENE I.

*Continues in Padua.*

*Enter Lucentio, Hortensio, and Bianca.*

LUCENTIO.

**F**IDLER, forbear; you grow too forward, fir:  
 Have you so soon forgot the entertainment  
 Her sister *Catharine* welcom'd you withal?

*Hor.* But, wrangling pedant, know, this lady is  
 The patroness of heavenly harmony:  
 Then give me leave to have prerogative;  
 And when in musick we have spent an hour,  
 Your lecture shall have leisure for as much.

*Luc.* Preposterous as! that never read so far  
 To know the cause why musick was ordain'd:  
 Was it not to refresh the mind of man  
 After his studies, or his usual pain?  
 Then give me leave to read philosophy,  
 And, while I pause, serve in your harmony.

*Hor.* Sirrah, I will not bear these braves of thine.

*Bian.* Why, gentlemen, you do me double wrong,  
 To strive for that which resteth in my choice:  
 I am no breeching scholar in the schools;  
 I'll not be tied to hours, nor 'pointed times,  
 But learn my lessons as I please myself:  
 And, to cut off all strife, here sit we down,

Take