

Take you your instrument, stay you a while;
His lecture will be done ere you have tun'd.

Hor. You'll leave his lecture when I am in tune?
[Hortensio retires.

Luc. That will be never: tune your instrument.

Bian. Where left we last?

Luc. Here, madam: *Hic ibat Simois, hic est Sigeia tellus,*
Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis.

Bian. Construe them.

Luc. *Hic ibat*, as I told you before, *Simois*, I am *Lucentio*,
hic est, son unto *Vincentio* of *Pisa*, *Sigeia tellus*, disguised thus to
get your love, *hic steterat*, and that *Lucentio* that comes a wooing,
Priami, is my man *Tranio*, *regia*, bearing my port, *celsa senis*,
that we might beguile the old pantaloon.

Hor. Madam, my instrument's in tune. [returning.

Bian. Let's hear: o, fie! the treble jars.

Luc. Spit in the hole, man, and tune again.

Bian. Now let me see if I can construe it: *Hic ibat Simois*, I
know you not, *hic est Sigeia tellus*, I trust you not, *hic steterat*
Priami, take heed he hear us not, *regia*, presume not, *celsa senis*,
despair not.

Hor. Madam, 'tis now in tune.

Luc. All but the base.

Hor. The base is right; 'tis the base knave that jars.
How fiery and how froward is our pedant!
Now, for my life, that knave doth court my love;
Pedascule, I'll watch you better yet.

Bian. In time I may believe; yet I mistrust.

Luc. Mistrust it not; for, sure, *Æacides*
Was *Ajax*, call'd so from his grandfather.

Bian. I must believe my master; else, I promise you,
I should be arguing still upon that doubt:

But let it rest. Now, *Licio*, to you:

Good masters, take it not unkindly, pray,

That I have been thus pleasant with you both.

Hor. You may go walk, and give me leave a while;