

My lessons make no musick in three parts.

Luc. Are you so formal, sir? well, I must wait,
And watch withal; for, but I be deceiv'd,
Our fine musician groweth amorous. [Lucentio retires.

Hor. Madam, before you touch the instrument,
To learn the order of my fingering,
I must begin with rudiments of art,
To teach you gamut in a briefer sort,
More pleasant, pithy, and effectual,
Than hath been taught by any of my trade;
And there it is in writing fairly drawn.

Bian. Why, I am past my gamut long ago.

Hor. Yet read the gamut of *Hortensio*.

Bian. [reading.] Gamut, I am the ground of all accord,

A re, to plead *Hortensio's* passion,

B mi, Bianca, take him for thy lord,

C faut, that loves thee with all affection,

D sol re, one cliff, but two notes have I,

E la mi, show me pity, or I die.

Call you this gamut? tut! I like it not;
Old fashions please me best; I'm not so nice
To change true rules for odd inventions.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Mistress, your father prays you leave your books,
And help to dress your sister's chamber up;
You know to-morrow is the wedding-day.

Bian. Farewel, sweet masters both; I must be gone. [Exit.

Luc. Faith, mistress, then I have no cause to stay. [Exit.

Hor. But I have cause to pry into this pedant;
Methinks, he looks as though he were in love:
Yet if thy thoughts, Bianca, be so humble,
To cast thy wand'ring eyes on every stale,
Seize thee who list; if once I find thee ranging,
Hortensio will be quit with thee by changing. [Exit.

SCENE