

very monster in apparel, and not like a christian footboy, or gentleman's lackey.

Tra. 'Tis some odd humour pricks him to this fashion;
Yet oftentimes he goes but mean apparell'd.

Bap. I am glad he's come, howsoever he comes.

Bion. Why, fir, he comes not.

Bap. Didst thou not say, he comes?

Bion. Who? that *Petruchio* came?

Bap. Ay, that *Petruchio* came.

Bion. No, fir; I say, his horse comes with him on his back.

Bap. Why, that's all one.

Bion. Nay, by faint *Jamy*, I hold you a penny,
A horse and a man is more than one, and yet not many.

SCENE IV.

Enter Petruchio, and Grumio, fantastically habited.

Pet. Come, where be these gallants? who is at home?

Bap. You're welcome, fir.

Pet. And yet I come not well.

Bap. And yet you halt not.

Tra. Not so well 'parell'd as I wish you were.

Pet. Why, were it better, I should rush in thus.

But where is *Kate*? where is my lovely bride?

How does my father? gentles, methinks, you frown:

And wherefore gaze this goodly company,

As if they saw some wondrous monument,

Some comet, or unusual prodigy?

Bap. Why, fir, you know this is your wedding-day:

First, were we sad, fearing you would not come;

Now, sadder, that you come so unprovided.

Fie! doff this habit, shame to your estate,

An eyesore to our solemn festival.

Tra. And tell us what occasion of import

Hath all so long detain'd you from your wife,

And sent you hither so unlike yourself?

Pet.