

Draw forth thy weapon; we're beset with thieves;  
Rescue thy mistress, if thou be a man:

Fear not, sweet wench, they shall not touch thee, *Kate*;  
I'll buckler thee against a million. [*Exe. Pet. and Cath.*]

*Bap.* Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet ones.

*Gre.* Went they not quickly, I should die with laughing.

*Tra.* Of all mad matches, never was the like!

*Luc.* Mistress, what's your opinion of your sister?

*Bian.* That, being mad herself, she's madly mated.

*Gre.* I warrant him, *Petruchio* is Kated.

*Bap.* Neighbours and friends, though bride and bridegroom want  
For to supply the places at the table,

You know, there wants no junkets at the feast:

*Lucentio*, you supply the bridegroom's place.

And let *Bianca* take her sister's room.

*Tra.* Shall sweet *Bianca* practise how to bride it?

*Bap.* She shall, *Lucentio*: gentlemen, let's go. [*Exeunt.*]

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## ACT IV. SCENE I.

*Petruchio's Country-House.*

*Enter Grumio.*

GRUMIO.

**F**IE, fie on all tired jades, on all mad masters, and all foul  
ways! was ever man so weary? was ever man so beaten?  
was ever man so raied? I am sent before to make a fire, and they  
are coming after to warm them: now, were I not a little pot, and  
soon hot, my very lips might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to  
the roof of my mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I should come  
by a fire to thaw me; but I, with blowing the fire, shall warm  
myself; for, considering the weather, a taller man than I will  
take cold: holla, hoa! *Curtis!*

*Enter*