

*Enter Curtis, a Servant.*

*Curt.* Who is that calls so coldly?

*Gru.* A piece of ice: if thou doubt it, thou may'st slide from my shoulder to my heel, with no greater a run but my head and my neck. A fire, good *Curtis*.

*Curt.* Is my master and his wife coming, *Grumio*?

*Gru.* O, ay, *Curtis*, ay; and therefore, fire, fire; cast on no water.

*Curt.* Is she so hot a shrew as she's reported?

*Gru.* She was, good *Curtis*, before the frost; but, thou know'st, winter tames man, woman, and beast; for it hath tam'd my old master, and my new mistress, and thyself, fellow *Curtis*.

*Curt.* Away, you three-inch'd fool; I am no beast.

*Gru.* Am I but three inches? why, thy horn is a foot, and so long am I, at the least. But wilt thou make a fire, or shall I complain on thee to our mistress? whose hand, she being now at hand, thou shalt soon feel, to thy cold comfort, for being slow in thy hot office.

*Curt.* I pr'ythee, good *Grumio*, tell me, how goes the world?

*Gru.* A cold world, *Curtis*, in every office but thine; and therefore, fire: do thy duty, and have thy duty; for my master and mistress are almost frozen to death.

*Curt.* There is fire ready; and therefore, good *Grumio*, the news.

*Gru.* Why, *Jack* boy, ho boy, and as much news as thou wilt.

*Curt.* Come, you are so full of cony-catching.

*Gru.* Why, therefore, fire; for I have caught extreme cold. Where's the cook? is supper ready, the house trimm'd, rushes strew'd, cobwebs swept, the servingmen in their new fustian, their white stockings, and every officer his wedding-garment on? be the jacks fair without, the jills fair within, carpets lay'd, and every thing in order?

*Curt.* All ready: and therefore, I pray thee, what news?

*Gru.* First, know, my horse is tired, my master and mistress fall'n out.