

300 THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

*Curt.* How?

*Gru.* Out of their saddles into the dirt; and thereby hangs a tale.

*Curt.* Let's ha't, good *Grumio*.

*Gru.* Lend thine ear.

*Curt.* Here.

*Gru.* There.

[*strikes him.*]

*Curt.* This is to feel a tale, not to hear a tale.

*Gru.* And therefore 'tis call'd a sensible tale: and this cuff was but to knock at your ear, and beseech list'ning. Now I begin: *imprimis*, we came down a foul hill, my master riding behind my mistress.

*Curt.* Both on one horse?

*Gru.* What's that to thee?

*Curt.* Why, a horse.

*Gru.* Tell thou the tale. But, hadst thou not cross'd me, thou should'st have heard, how her horse fell, and she under her horse; thou should'st have heard, in how miry a place; how she was bemoil'd; how he left her with the horse upon her; how he beat me because her horse stumbled; how she waded through the dirt to pluck him off me; how he swore; how she pray'd that never pray'd before; how I cry'd; how the horses ran away; how her bridle was burst; how I lost my crupper; with many things of worthy memory, which now shall die in oblivion, and thou return unexperienc'd to thy grave.

*Curt.* By this reckoning, he is more shrew than she.

*Gru.* Ay, and that thou and the proudest of you all shall find when he comes home. But what talk I of this? call forth *Nathaniel*, *Joseph*, *Nicholas*, *Philip*, *Walter*, *Sugarfop*, and the rest: let their heads be sleekly comb'd, their blue coats brush'd, and their garters of an indifferent knit; let them court'fy with their left legs, and not presume to touch a hair of my master's horse tail, till they kiss their hands. Are they all ready?

*Curt.* They are.

*Gru.* Call them forth.

*Curt.*