

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW. 303

Pet. Who brought it?

Serv. I.

Pet. 'Tis burnt: and so is all the meat:
What dogs are these? where is the rascal cook?
How durst you, villains, bring it from the dresser,
And serve it thus to me that love it not?
There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all:

[throws the meat, &c. about the stage.]

You heedless joltheads, and unmanner'd slaves!
What, do you grumble? I'll be with you straight.

Cath. I pray you, husband, be not so disquiet;
The meat was well, if you were so contented.

Pet. I tell thee, *Kate*, 'twas burnt, and dry'd away,
And I expressly am forbid to touch it:
For it engenders choler, planteth anger;
And better 'twere that both of us did fast,
Since of ourselves ourselves are cholerick,
Than feed it with such overroasted flesh:
Be patient, for to-morrow't shall be mended,
And, for this night, we'll fast for company.
Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber.

[Exeunt.]

Enter Servants severally.

Nath. *Peter*, didst ever see the like?

Peter. He kills her in her own humour.

Gru. Where is he?

Enter Curtis.

Curt. In her chamber, making a sermon of continency to her,
And rails, and swears, and rates; and she, poor soul,
Knows not which way to stand, to look, to speak,
And sits as one new-risen from a dream.
Away, away, for he is coming hither.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE