

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW. 305

I tell you, fir, ſhe bears me fair in hand.

Hor. To ſatisfy you, fir, in what I ſaid,
Stand by, and mark the manner of his teaching.

Enter Bianca, and Lucentio.

Luc. Now, miſtreſs, profit you in what you read?

Bian. What, maſter, read you? firſt, reſolve me that.

Luc. I read that I profeſs, the art of love.

Bian. And may you prove, fir, maſter of your art!

Luc. While you, ſweet dear, prove miſtreſs of my heart.

Hor. Quick proceeders! marry! now tell me, I pray, you that
durſt ſwear that your miſtreſs *Bianca* lov'd none in the world ſo
well as *Lucentio*.

Tra. O deſpiteful love! unconstant womankind!
I tell thee, *Licio*, this is wonderful.

Hor. Miſtake no more; I am not *Licio*,
Nor a muſician, as I ſeem to be,
But one that ſcorn to live in this diſguiſe,
For ſuch a one as leaves a gentleman,
And makes a god of ſuch a cullion:
Know, fir, that I am call'd *Hortenſio*.

Tra. Signior *Hortenſio*, I have often heard
Of your entire affection to *Bianca*;
And ſince mine eyes are witneſs of her lightneſs,
I will with you, if you be ſo contented,
Forſwear *Bianca* and her love for ever.

Hor. See how they kiſs and court. Signior *Lucentio*,
Here is my hand, and here I firmly vow
Never to woo her more, but do forſwear her
As one unworthy all the former favours
That I have fondly flatter'd her withal.

Tra. And here I take the like unfeigned oath,
Never to marry her, though ſhe entreat.

Fie on her! ſee how beaſtly ſhe doth court him.

Hor. Would all the world, but he, had quite forſworn her!
For me, that I may ſurely keep mine oath,

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