

306 THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

I will be married to a wealthy widow,
Ere three days pass, which has as long lov'd me,
As I have lov'd this proud disdainful haggard.
And so farewell, signior *Lucentio*.

Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks,
Shall win my love: and so I take my leave,
In resolution as I swore before.

[Exit Hor.]

Tra. Mistress *Bianca*, bless you with such grace,
As 'longeth to a lover's blessed case!

Nay, I have ta'en you napping, gentle love,
And have forsworn you with *Hortensio*.

Bian. *Tranio*, you jest: but have you both forsworn me?

Tra. Mistress, we have.

Luc. Then we are rid of *Licio*.

Tra. I' faith, he'll have a lusty widow now,
That shall be woo'd and wedded in a day.

Bian. God give him joy!

Tra. Ay, and he'll tame her.

Bian. He says so, *Tranio*.

Tra. 'Faith, he is gone unto the taming school.

Bian. The taming school! what, is there such a place?

Tra. Ay, mistress, and *Petruchio* is the master,
That teacheth tricks eleven and twenty long,
To tame a shrew, and charm her chattering tongue.

S C E N E V.

Enter Biondello.

Bion. O, master, master, I have watch'd so long,
That I'm dog-weary; but at last I spied
An ancient engle coming down the hill
Will serve the turn.

Tra. What is he, *Biondello*?

Bion. Master, a mercantant, or else a pedant;
I know not what; but formal in apparel;
In gait and countenance furly like a father.

Luc.