

310 THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Gru. Nay then, I will not; you shall have the mustard,
Or else you get no beef of *Grumio*.

Cath. Then both, or one, or any thing thou wilt.

Gru. Why, then the mustard e'en without the beef.

Cath. Go, get thee gone, thou false deluding slave, [*beats him.*
That feed'st me with the very name of meat:
Sorrow on thee, and all the pack of you
That triumph thus upon my misery!
Go, get thee gone, I say.

SCENE II.

Enter Petruchio and Hortensio with meat.

Pet. How fares my *Kate*? what, sweeting, all amorous?

Hor. Mistress, what cheer?

Cath. 'Faith, as cold as can be.

Pet. Pluck up thy spirits; look cheerfully upon me;
Here, love, thou seest how diligent I am,
To dress thy meat myself, and bring it thee:
I'm sure, sweet *Kate*, this kindness merits thanks.
What, not a word? nay then, thou lov'st it not:
And all my pains is sorted to no proof.
Here, take away the dish.

Cath. Pray, let it stand.

Pet. The poorest service is repay'd with thanks,
And so shall mine before you touch the meat.

Cath. I thank you, sir.

Hor. Signior *Petruchio*, fie! you are to blame:
Come, mistress *Kate*, I'll bear you company.

Pet. Eat it up all, *Hortensio*, if thou lovest me. — [*aside.*
Much good do it unto thy gentle heart!

Kate, eat apace: and now, my honey love,
Will we return unto thy father's house,
And revel it as bravely as the best,
With filken coats, and caps, and golden rings,

With