

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW. 311

With ruffs, and cuffs, and farthingales, and things :
With scarfs, and fans, and double change of brav'ry,
With amber bracelets, beads, and all this knav'ry.
What, hast thou din'd? the tailor stays thy leisure,
To deck thy body with his rustling treasure.

SCENE III.

Enter Tailor.

Come, tailor, let us see these ornaments :

Enter Haberdasher.

Lay forth the gown. What news with you, sir? ha!

Hab. Here is the cap your worship did bespeak.

Pet. Why, this was moulded on a porringer,
A velvet dish; fie, fie! 'tis lewd and filthy:

Why, 'tis a cockle, or a walnut-shell,

A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap.

Away with it, come, let me have a bigger.

Cath. I'll have no bigger, this doth fit the time,
And gentlewomen wear such caps as these.

Pet. When you are gentle, you shall have one too,
And not till then.

Hor. That will not be in haste.

[*aside.*

Cath. Why, sir, I trust, I may have leave to speak;
And speak I will: I am no child, no babe;
Your betters have endur'd me say my mind;
And, if you cannot, best you stop your ears.
My tongue will tell the anger of my heart,
Or else my heart, concealing it, will break:
And, rather than it shall, I will be free
Even to the utmost, as I please, in words.

Pet. Why, thou say'st true, it is a paltry cap,
A custard coffin, a bauble, a filken pie;
I love thee well, in that thou lik'st it not.

Cath. Love me, or love me not, I like the cap;

And