

And I will have it, or I will have none.

Pet. Thy gown? why, ay; come, tailor, let us see't.
O, mercy, heav'n! what masking stuff is here?
What? this a sleeve? 'tis like a demi-cannon;
What, up and down carv'd like an apple-tart?
Here's snip, and nip, and cut, and flish, and slash,
Like to a censer in a barber's shop:

Why, what o'devil's name, tailor, call'st thou this?

Hor. I see, she's like to've neither cap nor gown.

Tai. You bid me make it orderly and well,
According to the fashion of the time.

Pet. Marry, and did: but, if you be remember'd,
I did not bid you mar it to the time.

Go, hop me over every kennel home,
For you shall hop without my custom, fir:
I'll none of it; hence, make your best of it.

Cath. I never saw a better fashion'd gown,
More quaint, more pleasing, nor more commendable:
Belike, you mean to make a puppet of me.

Pet. Why, true; he means to make a puppet of thee.

Tai. She says, your worship means to make a puppet of her.

Pet. O monstrous arrogance!

Thou liest, thou thread, thou thimble thou! thou liest,
Thou yard, three quarters, half yard, quarter, nail,
Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter cricket thou!
Brav'd in mine own house with a skein of thread!
Away, thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant,
Or I shall so be-mete thee with thy yard,
As thou shalt think on prating whilst thou liv'st!
I tell thee, I, that thou hast marr'd her gown.

Tai. Your worship is deceiv'd, the gown is made
Just as my master had direction:

Grumio gave order how it should be done.

Gru. I gave him no order, I gave him the stuff.

Tai. But how did you desire it should be made?

Gru. Marry, fir, with needle and thread.

[*aside.*

Tai.