

**ACT III**

**SCENE I. Padua. BAPTISTA'S house.**

*Enter LUCENTIO, HORTENSIO, and BIANCA*

**LUCENTIO** Fiddler forbear you grow too forward Sir,  
Have you so soon forgot the entertainment  
Her sister Katherine welcomed you withal?

**HORTENSIO** But wrangling pedant, this is  
The patroness of heavenly harmony:  
Then give me leave to have prerogative,  
And when in Music we have spent an hour,  
Your Lecture shall have leisure for as much.

**LUCENTIO** Preposterous Ass that never read so far  
To know the cause why music was ordain'd:  
Was it not to refresh the mind of man  
After his studies, or his usual pain?  
Then give me leave to read Philosophy,  
And while I pause, serve in your harmony.

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**HORTENSIO** Sirrah, I will not bear these braves of thine.

**BIANCA** Why gentlemen, you do me double wrong,  
To strive for that which resteth in my choice:  
I am no breeching scholar in the schools,  
I'll not be tied to hours, nor 'pointed times,  
But learn my Lessons as I please my self,  
And to cut off all strife: here sit we down,  
Take you your instrument, play you the whiles,  
His Lecture will be done ere you have tuned.

**HORTENSIO** You'll leave his Lecture when I am in tune?

**LUCENTIO** That will be never, tune your instrument.

**BIANCA** Where left we last?

**LUCENTIO** Here Madam: *Hic ibat Simois, hic est sigeia tellus, hic steterat Priami regia Celsa senis.*

**BIANCA** Conster them.

**LUCENTIO** *Hic ibat*, as I told you before, *Simois*, I am Lucentio, *hic est*, son unto Vincentio of Pisa, *Sigeia tellus*, disguised thus to get your love, *hic steterat*, and that Lucentio that comes a-wooing, *priami*, is my man Tranio, *regia*, bearing my port, *celsa senis*, that we might beguile the old Pantaloon.

**HORTENSIO** Madam, my instrument's in tune.

**BIANCA** Let's hear, o fie, the treble jars.

**LUCENTIO** Spit in the hole man, and tune again.

**BIANCA** Now let me see if I can conster it. *Hic ibat simois*, I know you not, *hic est sigeia tellus*, I trust you not, *hic steterat priami*, take heed he hear us not, *regia*, presume not, *Celsa senis*, despair not.

**HORTENSIO** Madam, 'tis now in tune.

**LUCENTIO** All but the base.

**HORTENSIO** The base is right, 'tis the base knave that jars.

*(Aside)* How fiery and forward our Pedant is,  
Now, for my life the knave doth court my love,  
*Pedascule*, I'll watch you better yet.

**BIANCA** In time I may believe, yet I mistrust.

**LUCENTIO** Mistrust it not, for sure Æacides  
Was Ajax call'd so from his grandfather.

**BIANCA** I must believe my master, else I promise you,  
I should be arguing still upon that doubt,  
But let it rest, now Litio to you: