

And say, lo, there is mad Petruchio's wife
If it would please him come and marry her.

TRANIO Patience good Katherine and Baptista too,
Upon my life Petruchio means but well,
Whatever fortune stays him from his word,
Though he be blunt, I know him passing wise,
Though he be merry, yet withal he's honest.

KATE Would Katherine had never seen him though.

Exit weeping

BAPTISTA Go girl, I cannot blame thee now to weep,
For such an injury would vex a very saint,
Much more a shrew of impatient humour.

Enter BIONDELLO

BIONDELLO Master, master, old news, and such new news as
you never heard of!

BAPTISTA Is it new and old too? how may that be?

BIONDELLO Why, is it not news to hear of Petruchio's coming?

BAPTISTA Is he come?

BIONDELLO Why no sir.

BAPTISTA What then?

BIONDELLO He is coming.

BAPTISTA When will he be here?

BIONDELLO When he stands where I am, and sees you there.

TRANIO But say, what to thine old news?

BIONDELLO Why Petruchio is coming, in a new hat and an old
jerkin, a pair of old breeches thrice turned; a pair
of boots that have been candle-cases, one buckled,

another laced: an old rusty sword ta'en out of the
Town Armory, with a broken hilt, and chapeless:
with two broken points: his horse hipped with an
old mothy saddle, and stirrups of no kindred.

BAPTISTA Who comes with him?

BIONDELLO O sir, his Lackey, for all the world Caparisoned
like the horse: with a linen stock on one leg, and a
kersey boot-hose on the other, gartered with a red
and blue lift; an old hat, and the humour of forty
fancies pricked in't for a feather: a monster, a
very monster in apparel, and not like a Christian
footboy, or a gentleman's Lackey.

TRANIO 'Tis some odd humour pricks him to this fashion,
Yet oftentimes he goes but mean apparell'd.

BAPTISTA I am glad he's come, howsoe'er he comes.

BIONDELLO Why sir, he comes not.

BAPTISTA Didst thou not say he comes?

BIONDELLO Who, that Petruchio came?

BAPTISTA Ay, that Petruchio came.

BIONDELLO No, sir, I say his horse comes with him on his back.

BAPTISTA Why that's all one.

BIONDELLO Nay by Saint Jamy,

I hold you a penny,
A horse and a man
Is more than one,
And yet not many.

Enter PETRUCHIO and GRUMIO

PETRUCHIO Come, where be these gallants? who's at home?