

~~TRANIO~~ Twas a commodity lay fretting by you,  
'Twill bring you gain, or perish on the seas.

~~BAPTISTA~~ The gain I seek, is quiet me the match.

**GREMIO** No doubt but he hath got a quiet catch:  
But now Baptista, to your younger daughter,  
Now is the day we long have looked for,  
I am your neighbour, and was suitor first.

**TRANIO** And I am one that love Bianca more  
Than words can witness, or your thoughts can guess.

**GREMIO** Youngling thou canst not love so dear as I.

**TRANIO** Graybeard, thy love doth freeze.

**GREMIO** But thine doth fry.  
Skipper stand back, 'tis age that nourisheth.

**TRANIO** But youth in Ladies eyes that flourisheth.

**BAPTISTA** Content you gentlemen, I will compound this strife  
'Tis deeds must win the prize, and he of both  
That can assure my daughter greatest dower,  
Shall have my Bianca's love.  
Say signior Gremio, what can you assure her?

**GREMIO** First, as you know, my house within the City  
Is richly furnished with plate and gold,  
Basins and ewers to lave her dainty hands:  
My hangings all of tyrian tapestry:  
In Ivory coffers I have stuff'd my crowns:  
In Cypress chests my arras counterpoints,  
Costly apparel, tents, and Canopies,  
Fine Linen, Turkey cushions boss'd with pearl,  
Valance of Venice gold, in needlework:  
Pewter and brass, and all things that belongs  
To house or housekeeping: then at my farm

I have a hundred milch-kine to the pail,  
Sixscore fat Oxen standing in my stalls,  
And all things answerable to this portion.  
My self am struck in years I must confess,  
And if I die tomorrow this is hers,  
If whilst I live she will be only mine.

**TRANIO** That only came well in: sir, list to me,  
I am my father's heir and only son,  
If I may have your daughter to my wife,  
I'll leave her houses three or four as good,  
Within rich Pisa walls, as any one  
Old Signior Gremio has in Padua,  
Besides, two thousand Ducats by the year  
Of fruitful land, all which shall be her jointure.  
What, have I pinch'd you Signior Gremio?

**GREMIO** Two thousand Ducats by the year of land,  
My Land amounts not to so much in all:  
That she shall have, besides an Argosy  
That now is lying in Marsellis road:  
What, have I choked you with an Argosy?

**TRANIO** Gremio, 'tis known my father hath no less  
Than three great Argosies, besides two Gallias  
And twelve tight Galleys, these I will assure her,  
And twice as much what ere thou offer'st next.

**GREMIO** Nay, I have offer'd all, I have no more;  
And she can have no more than all I have,  
If you like me, she shall have me and mine.

**TRANIO** Why then the maid is mine from all the world  
By your firm promise, Gremio is out-vied.

**BAPTISTA** I must confess your offer is the best,  
And let your father make her the assurance,