

ACT IV

SCENE I. PETRUCHIO'S country house.

Enter GRUMIO

GRUMIO Fie, fie on all tired Jades, on all mad Masters, and all foul ways: was ever man so beaten? was ever man so rayed? was ever man so weary? I am sent before to make a fire, and they are coming after to warm them: now were not I a little pot, and soon hot; my very lips might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the roof of my mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I should come by a fire to thaw me, but I with blowing the fire shall warm my self: for considering the weather, a taller man than I will take cold: Holla, ho Curtis.

Enter CURTIS

CURTIS Who is that calls so coldly?

GRUMIO A piece of Ice: if thou doubt it, thou mayst slide from my shoulder to my heel, with no greater a run but my head and my neck. A fire good Curtis.

CURTIS Is my master and his wife coming Grumio?

GRUMIO O ay Curtis ay, and therefore fire, fire, cast on no water.

CURTIS Is she so hot a shrew as she's reported?

GRUMIO She was good Curtis before this frost: but thou knowest winter tames man, woman, and beast: for it hath tamed my old master, and my new mistress, and my self fellow Curtis.

CURTIS I prithee good Grumio, tell me, how goes the world?

GRUMIO A cold world, Curtis in every office but thine, and therefore fire: do thy duty, and have thy duty, for my Master and mistress are almost frozen to death.

CURTIS There's fire ready, and therefore good Grumio the news.

GRUMIO Where's the cook? is supper ready, the house trimmed, rushes strewed, cobwebs swept, the servingmen in their new fustian, the white stockings, and every officer his wedding garment on? Be the Jacks fair within, the Jills fair without, the Carpets laid, and every thing in order?

CURTIS All ready, and therefore I pray thee news.

GRUMIO First know my horse is tired, my master and mistress fallen out.

CURTIS How?

GRUMIO Out of their saddles into the dirt, and thereby hangs a tale.

CURTIS Let's ha't good Grumio.

GRUMIO Lend thine ear.

CURTIS Here.

GRUMIO There. (*Strikes him*)

CURTIS This is to feel a tale, not to hear a tale.

GRUMIO And therefore 'tis called a sensible tale: and this Cuff was but to knock at your ear, and beseech listening: now I begin, *Imprimis* we came down a fowl hill, my Master riding behind my Mistress.

CURTIS Both of one horse?

GRUMIO What's that to thee?

CURTIS Why a horse.