

**SCENE II. -Petruccio, Grumio, Hortensio
Padua. Before HORTENSIO'S house.**

Enter PETRUCHIO and his man GRUMIO

PETRUCHIO

Verona, for a while I take my leave, To see my friends in Padua, but of all My best beloved and approved friend, Hortensio; and I trow this is his house. Here, sirrah Grumio; knock, I say.

GRUMIO

Knock, sir! whom should I knock? is there man has abused your worship

PETRUCHIO

Villain, I say, knock me here soundly.

GRUMIO

Knock you here, sir! why, sir, what am I, sir, that I should knock you here, sir?

PETRUCHIO

Villain, I say, knock me at this gate
And rap me well, or I'll knock your knave's pate.

GRUMIO

My master is grown quarrelsome. I should knock
you first, and then I know after who comes by the worst.

PETRUCHIO

Will it not be?
Faith, sirrah, an you'll not knock, I'll ring it; I'll try how you can sol, fa, and sing it.
He wrings him by the ears

GRUMIO

Help, masters, help! my master is mad.

PETRUCHIO

Now, knock when I bid you, sirrah villain!

Enter HORTENSIO

HORTENSIO

How now! what's the matter? My old friend Grumio!
and my good friend Petruccio! How do you all at Verona?

PETRUCHIO

Signior Hortensio, come you to part the fray?

HORTENSIO

Rise, Grumio, rise: we will compound this quarrel.

GRUMIO

Nay, if this be not a lawful case for me to leave his service, look you, sir, he bid me knock him and rap him soundly, sir: well, was it fit for a servant to use his master so? Whom would to God I had well knock'd at first, Then had not Grumio come by the worst.

PETRUCHIO

A senseless villain! Good Hortensio,
I bade the rascal knock upon your gate
And could not get him for my heart to do it.

GRUMIO

Knock at the gate! O heavens! Spake you not these words plain, 'Sirrah, knock me here, rap me here, knock me well, and knock me soundly'? And come you now with, 'knocking at the gate'?

PETRUCHIO

Sirrah, be gone, or talk not, I advise you.

HORTENSIO

Petruchio, patience; I am Grumio's pledge: Why, this's a heavy chance 'twixt him and you, Your ancient, trusty, pleasant servant Grumio. And tell me now, sweet friend, what happy gale Blows you to Padua here from old Verona?

PETRUCHIO

Such wind as scatters young men through the world, To seek their fortunes farther than at home
Where small experience grows. But in a few, Signior Hortensio, thus it stands with me:
Antonio, my father, is deceased;
And I have thrust myself into this maze,
Haply to wive and thrive as best I may: Crowns in my purse I have and goods at home, And so am come abroad to see the world.

HORTENSIO

Petruchio, shall I then come roundly to thee And wish thee to a shrewd ill-favour'd wife? Thou'ldst thank me but a little for my counsel: And yet I'll promise thee she shall be rich And very rich: but thou'rt too much my friend, And I'll not wish thee to her.

PETRUCHIO

Signior Hortensio, 'twixt such friends as we Few words suffice; and therefore, if thou know One rich enough to be Petruchio's wife,
As wealth is burden of my wooing dance,
Be she as foul as was Florentius' love,
As old as Sibyl, were she as rough
As are the swelling Adriatic seas:
I come to wive it wealthily in Padua;
If wealthily, then happily in Padua.

GRUMIO

Nay, look you, sir, he tells you flatly what his mind is: Why give him gold enough and marry him to a puppet or an aglet-baby; or an old trot with ne'er a tooth in her head, though she have as many diseases as two and fifty horses: why, nothing comes amiss, so money comes withal.

HORTENSIO

Petruchio, since we are stepp'd thus far in,
I will continue that I broach'd in jest.
I can, Petruchio, help thee to a wife
With wealth enough and young and beauteous, Brought up as best becomes a gentlewoman: Her only fault, and that is faults enough,

Is that she is intolerable curst
And shrewd and froward, so beyond all measure That, were my state far worse than it is,
I would not wed her for a mine of gold.

PETRUCHIO

Hortensio, peace! thou know'st not gold's effect: Tell me her father's name and 'tis enough;
For I will board her, though she chide as loud As thunder when the clouds in autumn crack.