

① Gremio / Hortensio

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*The Taming of the Shrew* ACT I. SC. 1

GREMIO You may go to the devil's dam! Your gifts are so good here's none will hold you.—Their love is not so great, Hortensio, but we may blow our nails together and fast it fairly out. Our cake's dough on both sides. Farewell. Yet for the love I bear my sweet Bianca, if I can by any means light on a fit man to teach her that wherein she delights, I will wish him to her father. 110

HORTENSIO So will I, Signior Gremio. But a word, I pray. Though the nature of our quarrel yet never brooked parle, know now upon advice, it toucheth us both (that we may yet again have access to our fair mistress and be happy rivals in Bianca's love) to labor and effect one thing specially. 120

GREMIO What's that, I pray?

HORTENSIO Marry, sir, to get a husband for her sister.

GREMIO A husband? A devill

HORTENSIO I say "a husband."

GREMIO I say "a devil." Think'st thou, Hortensio, though her father be very rich, any man is so very a fool to be married to hell? 125

HORTENSIO Tush, Gremio. Though it pass your patience and mine to endure her loud alarums, why, man, there be good fellows in the world, an a man could light on them, would take her with all faults, and money enough. 130

GREMIO I cannot tell. But I had as lief take her dowry with this condition: to be whipped at the high cross every morning. 135

HORTENSIO Faith, as you say, there's small choice in rotten apples. But come, since this bar in law makes us friends, it shall be so far forth friendly maintained till by helping Baptista's eldest daughter to a husband we set his youngest free for a husband, and then have to 't afresh. Sweet Bianca! Happy man be his dole! He that runs fastest gets the ring. How say you, Signior Gremio? 140