PETRUCHIO. Here, sirrah Grumio, knock, I say.

GRUMIO. Knock, sir? Whom should I knock? Is there any man has rebused 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, and you'll not knock, I'll ring 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 Petruchio? How do you all at Verona?

PETRUCHIO. Signor Hortensio, come you to part the fray? Con tutto il cuore ben trovato, may I say.

HORTENSIO. Alla nostra casa ben venuto, molto honorato signor mio
Petruchio. Rise, Grumio, rise. We will compound this quarrel.

GRUMIO. Nay, 'tis no matter, sir, what he 'leges in Latin. If this be not a lawful cause 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?

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.
GRUMIO. 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 I not 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 myself, 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 know'st winter tames man, woman, and beast; for it hath tamed my old master, and my new mistress, and myself, fellow Curtis.

CURTIS. Away, you three-inch fool! I am no beast.

GRUMIO. Am I but three inches? Why, thy horn is a foot, and so long am I at the least. But wilt thou make a fire, or shall I complain on thee to our mistress, whose hand, she being now at hand, thou shalt soon feel, to thy cold comfort, for being slow in thy hot office?

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 'tis 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 foul hill, my master riding behind my mistress –

CURTIS. Both of one horse?

GRUMIO. What's that to thee?

CURTIS. Why, a horse.

GRUMIO. Tell thou the tale. But hadst thou not crossed me, thou shouldst have heard how her horse fell, and she under her horse; thou shouldst have heard in how miry a place, how she was bemoiled, how he left her with the horse upon her, how he beat me because her horse stumbled, how she waded through the dirt to pluck him off me, how he swore, how she prayed that never prayed before, how I cried, how the horses ran away, how her bridle was burst, how I lost my crupper, with many
things of worthy memory, which now shall die in oblivion, and thou return unexperienced to thy grave.

CURTIS. By this reckoning he is more shrew than she.

GRUMIO. Ay, and that thou and the proudest of you all shall find when he comes home. But what talk I of this? Call forth Nathaniel, Joseph, Nicholas, Philip, Walter, Sugarsop, and the rest. Let their heads be slickly combed, their blue coats brushed, and their garters of an indifferent knit. Let them curtsy with their left legs, and not presume to touch a hair of my master's horse-tail till they kiss their hands. Are they all ready?

CURTIS. They are.

GRUMIO. Call them forth.

CURTIS. Do you hear, ho?