I am Christophero Sly; call not me 'honour' nor 'lordship.' I

ne'er drank sack in my life; and if you give me any conserves,

give me conserves of beef. Ne'er ask me what raiment I'll wear,

for I have no more doublets than backs, no more stockings than

legs, nor no more shoes than feet- nay, sometime more feet than

shoes, or such shoes as my toes look through the overleather.

Lord. Heaven cease this idle humour in your honour!

What, would you make me mad? Am not I Christopher Sly, old

Sly's son of Burton Heath; by birth a pedlar, by education a

cardmaker, by transmutation a bear-herd, and now by present

profession a tinker? Ask Marian Hacket, the fat ale-wife of Wincot, if she know me not; if she say I am not fourteen pence on the score for sheer ale, score me up for the lying'st knave in

Christendom. What! I am not bestraught.

Here's-

Why, Petruchio is coming- in a new hat and an old

jerkin; a pair of old breeches thrice turn'd; a pair of boots

that have been candle-cases, one buckled, another lac'd; an old

rusty sword ta'en out of the town armoury, with a broken hilt,

and chapeless; with two broken points; his horse hipp'd, with an

old motley saddle and stirrups of no kindred; besides, possess'd

with the glanders and like to mose in the chine, troubled with

the lampass, infected with the fashions, full of windgalls, sped

with spavins, rayed with the yellows, past cure of the fives,

stark spoil'd with the staggers, begnawn with the bots, sway'd in

the back and shoulder-shotten, near-legg'd before, and with a

half-cheek'd bit, and a head-stall of sheep's leather which,

being restrained to keep him from stumbling, hath been often

burst, and now repaired with knots; one girth six times piec'd,

and a woman's crupper of velure, which hath two letters for her

name fairly set down in studs, and here and there piec'd with

pack-thread.

O, sir, his lackey, for all the world caparison'd like the horse- with a linen stock on one leg and a kersey boot-hose on the other, gart'red with a red and blue list; an old hat, and the humour of forty fancies prick'd in't for a feather; a monster, a very monster in apparel, and not like a Christian footboy or a gentleman's lackey.

Fie, fie on all tired jades, on all mad masters, and all

foul ways! Was ever man so beaten? Was ever man so ray'd? 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 myself; for,

considering the weather, a taller man than I

O, that a mighty man of such descent,

Of such possessions, and so high esteem,

Should be infused with so foul a spirit!

O, this it is that makes your lady mourn!

O, this is it that makes your servants droop!

Hence comes it that your kindred shuns your house,

As beaten hence by your strange lunacy.

O noble lord, bethink thee of thy birth!

Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment,

And banish hence these abject lowly dreams.

Look how thy servants do attend on thee,

Each in his office ready at thy beck.

Wilt thou have music? Hark! Apollo plays,

And twenty caged nightingales do sing.

Or wilt thou sleep? We'll have thee to a couch

Softer and sweeter than the lustful bed

On purpose trimm'd up for Semiramis.

Say thou wilt walk: we will bestrew the ground.

Or wilt thou ride? Thy horses shall be trapp'd,

Their harness studded all with gold and pearl.

Dost thou love hawking? Thou hast hawks will soar

Above the morning lark. Or wilt thou hunt?

Thy hounds shall make the welkin answer them

And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth.

Fie, fie! unknit that threatening unkind brow,

And dart not scornful glances from those eyes

To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor.

It blots thy beauty as frosts do bite the meads,

Confounds thy fame as whirlwinds shake fair buds,

And in no sense is meet or amiable.

A woman mov'd is like a fountain troubled-

Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty;

And while it is so, none so dry or thirsty

Will deign to sip or touch one drop of it.

Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,

Thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares for thee,

And for thy maintenance commits his body

To painful labour both by sea and land,

To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,

Whilst thou liest warm at home, secure and safe;

And craves no other tribute at thy hands

But love, fair looks, and true obedience-

Too little payment for so great a debt.

Such duty as the subject owes the prince,

Even such a woman oweth to her husband;

And when she is froward, peevish, sullen, sour,

And not obedient to his honest will,

What is she but a foul contending rebel

And graceless traitor to her loving lord?

I am asham'd that women are so simple

To offer war where they should kneel for peace;

Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,

When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.

Why are our bodies soft and weak and smooth,

Unapt to toil and trouble in the world,

But that our soft conditions and our hearts

Should well agree with our external parts?

Come, come, you forward and unable worms!

My mind hath been as big as one of yours,

My heart as great, my reason haply more,

To bandy word for word and frown for frown;

But now I see our lances are