**BIONDELLO - BAPTISTA**

**BIONDELLO**

Master, master! news, old news, and such news as
you never heard of!

**BAPTISTA**

Is it new and old too? how may that be?

**BIONDELLO**

Why, is it not news, to hear of Petruchio's coming?

**BAPTISTA**

Is he come?

**BIONDELLO**

Why, no, sir.

**BAPTISTA**

What then?

**BIONDELLO**

He is coming.

**BAPTISTA**

When will he be here?

**BIONDELLO**

When he stands where I am and sees you there.

**TRANIO**

But say, what to thine old news?

**BIONDELLO**

Why, Petruchio is coming in a new hat and an old
jerkin, a pair of old breeches thrice turned, a pair
of boots that have been candle-cases, one buckled,
another laced, an old rusty sword ta'en out of the
town-armory, with a broken hilt, and chapeless;
with two broken points: his horse hipped with an
old mothy saddle and stirrups of no kindred;
besides, possessed with the glanders and like to mose
in the chine; troubled with the lampass, infected
with the fashions, full of wingdalls, sped with
spavins, rayed with yellows, past cure of the fives,
stark spoiled with the staggers, begnawn with the
bots, swayed in the back and shoulder-shotten;
near-legged before and with, a half-chequed bit
and a head-stall of sheeps leather which, being
restrained to keep him from stumbling, hath been
often burst and now repaired with knots; one girth
six time pieced and a woman's crupper of velure,
which hath two letters for her name fairly set down
in studs, and here and there pieced with packthread.

**BAPTISTA**

Who comes with him?

**BIONDELLO**

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

**TRANIO**

'Tis some odd humour pricks him to this fashion;
Yet oftentimes he goes but mean-apparell'd.

**BAPTISTA**

I am glad he's come, howsoe'er he comes.

**BIONDELLO**

Why, sir, he comes not.

**BAPTISTA**

Didst thou not say he comes?

**BIONDELLO**

Who? that Petruchio came?

**BAPTISTA**

Ay, that Petruchio came.

**BIONDELLO**

No, sir, I say his horse comes, with him on his back.

**BAPTISTA**

Why, that's all one.

**BIONDELLO**

Nay, by Saint Jamy,
I hold you a penny,
A horse and a man
Is more than one,
And yet not many.