**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.