**HORTENSIO - GREMIO**

**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 cakes 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.

**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 Bianco's love, to  
labour and effect one thing specially.

**GREMIO**

What's that, I pray?

**HORTENSIO**

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

**GREMIO**

A husband! a devil.

**HORTENSIO**

I say, a husband.

**GREMIO**

I say, a devil. Thinkest thou, Hortensio, though  
her father be very rich, any man is so very a fool  
to be married to hell?

**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.

**GREMIO**

I cannot tell; but I had as lief take her dowry with  
this condition, to be whipped at the high cross  
every morning.

**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 all by helping Baptista's eldest daughter  
to a husband we set his youngest free for a husband,  
and then have to't a fresh. Sweet Bianca! Happy man  
be his dole! He that runs fastest gets the ring.  
How say you, Signior Gremio?

**GREMIO**

I am agreed; and would I had given him the best  
horse in Padua to begin his wooing that would  
thoroughly woo her, wed her and bed her and rid the  
house of her! Come on.