

The Taming of the Shrew by William Shakespeare
M/F UA, Kn, SmS, SS, R&D, QS

II, 1

[Enter KATHERINA]

Good morrow, Kate- for that's your name, I hear.

Katherina. Well have you heard, but something hard of hearing:
They call me Katherine that do talk of me. 1030

Petruchio. You lie, in faith, for you are call'd plain Kate,
And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst;
But, Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom,
Kate of Kate Hall, my super-dainty Kate,
For dainties are all Kates, and therefore, Kate, 1035
Take this of me, Kate of my consolation-
Hearing thy mildness prais'd in every town,
Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded,
Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs,
Myself am mov'd to woo thee for my wife. 1040

Katherina. Mov'd! in good time! Let him that mov'd you hither
Remove you hence. I knew you at the first
You were a moveable.

Petruchio. Why, what's a moveable?

Katherina. A join'd-stool. 1045

Petruchio. Thou hast hit it. Come, sit on me.

Katherina. Asses are made to bear, and so are you.

Petruchio. Women are made to bear, and so are you.

Katherina. No such jade as you, if me you mean.

Petruchio. Alas, good Kate, I will not burden thee! 1050
For, knowing thee to be but young and light-

Katherina. Too light for such a swain as you to catch;
And yet as heavy as my weight should be.

Petruchio. Should be! should- buzz!

Katherina. Well ta'en, and like a buzzard. 1055

Petruchio. O, slow-wing'd turtle, shall a buzzard take thee?

Katherina. Ay, for a turtle, as he takes a buzzard.

Petruchio. Come, come, you wasp; i' faith, you are too angry.

Katherina. If I be waspish, best beware my sting.

Petruchio. My remedy is then to pluck it out. 1060

Katherina. Ay, if the fool could find it where it lies.

Petruchio. Who knows not where a wasp does wear his sting?
In his tail.

Katherina. In his tongue.

Petruchio. Whose tongue? 1065

Katherina. Yours, if you talk of tales; and so farewell.

Petruchio. What, with my tongue in your tail? Nay, come again,
Good Kate; I am a gentleman.

Katherina. That I'll try. [*She strikes him*]

Petruchio. I swear I'll cuff you, if you strike again. 1070

Katherina. So may you lose your arms.
If you strike me, you are no gentleman;
And if no gentleman, why then no arms.

Petruchio. A herald, Kate? O, put me in thy books!

Katherina. What is your crest- a coxcomb? 1075

Petruchio. A combless cock, so Kate will be my hen.

Katherina. No cock of mine: you crow too like a craven.

Petruchio. Nay, come, Kate, come; you must not look so sour.

Katherina. It is my fashion, when I see a crab.

Petruchio. Why, here's no crab; and therefore look not sour. 1080

Katherina. There is, there is.

Petruchio. Then show it me.

Katherina. Had I a glass I would.

Petruchio. What, you mean my face?

Katherina. Well aim'd of such a young one. 1085

Petruchio. Now, by Saint George, I am too young for you.

Katherina. Yet you are wither'd.

Petruchio. 'Tis with cares.

Katherina. I care not.

Petruchio. Nay, hear you, Kate- in sooth, you scape not so. 1090

Katherina. I chafe you, if I tarry; let me go.

Petruchio. No, not a whit; I find you passing gentle.
'Twas told me you were rough, and coy, and sullen,
And now I find report a very liar;
For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous, 1095
But slow in speech, yet sweet as springtime flowers.
Thou canst not frown, thou canst not look askance,
Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will,
Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross in talk;
But thou with mildness entertain'st thy wooers; 1100
With gentle conference, soft and affable.
Why does the world report that Kate doth limp?
O sland'rous world! Kate like the hazel-twigg
Is straight and slender, and as brown in hue
As hazel-nuts, and sweeter than the kernels. 1105
O, let me see thee walk. Thou dost not halt.

Katherina. Go, fool, and whom thou keep'st command.

Petruchio. Did ever Dian so become a grove
As Kate this chamber with her princely gait?
O, be thou Dian, and let her be Kate; 1110
And then let Kate be chaste, and Dian sportful!

Katherina. Where did you study all this goodly speech?

Petruchio. It is extempore, from my mother wit.

Katherina. A witty mother! witless else her son.

Petruchio. Am I not wise? 1115

Katherina. Yes, keep you warm.

Petruchio. Marry, so I mean, sweet Katherine, in thy bed.

And therefore, setting all this chat aside,

Thus in plain terms: your father hath consented

That you shall be my wife your dowry greed on; 1120

And will you, nill you, I will marry you.

Now, Kate, I am a husband for your turn;

For, by this light, whereby I see thy beauty,

Thy beauty that doth make me like thee well,

Thou must be married to no man but me; 1125

For I am he am born to tame you, Kate,

And bring you from a wild Kate to a Kate

Conformable as other household Kates.

[Re-enter BAPTISTA, GREMIO, and TRANIO]

Here comes your father. Never make denial; 1130

I must and will have Katherine to my wife.