



Taming of the Shrew Act 2 Scene 1 lines 39-320

Baptista welcomes Petruchio as well as Gremio who introduces Baptista to Cambio (Lucentio in disguise), a young scholar of Greek and Latin who, Gremio assures, will make an ideal tutor for Katherine and Bianca. As for Tranio, he introduces himself as Lucentio, the son of the famed merchant Vincentio, and informs Baptista that he has come to woo Bianca.

Presently, the tutors are conveyed to Baptista’s daughters, and despite Baptista’s warning of Katherine’s temper, Petruchio repeats his intention to woo and wed Katherine. Suddenly, Litio (Hortensio in disguise) appears in a state of disarray. He tells of how he has been beaten by Katherine when he tried to teach her how to play the lute. Consequently, Baptista has Litio attend to Bianca and goes to fetch Katherine for Petruchio who is eager to meet her.

When Katherine appears, Petruchio calls her Kate and compliments her in every way. Naturally, Katherine, who only has insults for Petruchio, objects to being called Kate. But Petruchio insists on calling her Kate, absorbs her every insult with equanimity, and even permits himself to be struck without retaliating. Petruchio continues to speak highly of Kate when Baptista appears with Gremio and Tranio. Protesting that her father would allow a lunatic to woo her, Katherine leaves in a huff. Undaunted, Petruchio argues that Katherine is only pretending to be cross and that in reality the two of them are in the best of terms and assures Baptista that he will marry Katherine on Sunday.

	<i>Original Text</i>	<i>Modern Text</i>
	<i>Enter GREMIO, LUCENTIO in the habit of a mean man; PETRUCHIO, with HORTENSIO as a musician; and TRANIO, with BIONDELLO bearing a lute and books</i>	<i>GREMIO enters with LUCENTIO, dressed as a poor man; PETRUCHIO enters with HORTENSIO, disguised as a musician; TRANIO, disguised as LUCENTIO, enters with BIONDELLO, who is carrying a lute and books.</i>
	GREMIO Good morrow, neighbor Baptista.	GREMIO Good morning, neighbor Baptista.
40	BAPTISTA Good morrow, neighbor Gremio.—God save you, gentlemen!	BAPTISTA Good morning, neighbor Gremio. Greetings, gentlemen.
	PETRUCHIO And you, good sir. Pray, have you not a daughter Called Katherina, fair and virtuous?	PETRUCHIO And to you, good sir. Tell me, don’t you have a virtuous and lovely daughter named Katherina?
	BAPTISTA I have a daughter, sir, called Katherina.	BAPTISTA I have a daughter named Katherina, sir.
45	GREMIO (to PETRUCHIO) You are too blunt. Go to it orderly.	GREMIO (to PETRUCHIO) You are too blunt. You’re supposed to work up to it.
50	PETRUCHIO You wrong me, Signior Gremio. Give me leave.— I am a gentleman of Verona, sir, That hearing of her beauty and her wit, Her affability and bashful modesty, Her wondrous qualities and mild behavior, Am bold to show myself a forward guest	PETRUCHIO Please, Signior Gremio. Allow me to continue.—I am a gentleman of Verona, sir, who, hearing of your daughter’s beauty and wit, her friendly disposition and bashful modesty, her uncommon virtues and her mild behavior, have taken the liberty of presenting



<p>55</p> <p>60</p> <p>65</p> <p>70</p> <p>75</p>	<p>Within your house, to make mine eye the witness Of that report which I so oft have heard. And, for an entrance to my entertainment, I do present you with a man of mine, <i>(presenting HORTENSIO, disguised as LITIO)</i> Cunning in music and the mathematics, To instruct her fully in those sciences, Whereof I know she is not ignorant. Accept of him, or else you do me wrong. His name is Litio, born in Mantua.</p> <p>BAPTISTA You're welcome, sir, and he for your good sake. But for my daughter Katherine, this I know, She is not for your turn, the more my grief.</p> <p>PETRUCHIO I see you do not mean to part with her, Or else you like not of my company.</p> <p>BAPTISTA Mistake me not. I speak but as I find. Whence are you, sir? What may I call your name?</p> <p>PETRUCHIO Petruccio is my name, Antonio's son, A man well known throughout all Italy.</p> <p>BAPTISTA I know him well. You are welcome for his sake.</p> <p>GREMIO Saving your tale, Petruccio, I pray Let us that are poor petitioners speak too. Bacare, you are marvelous forward.</p> <p>PETRUCHIO Oh, pardon me, Signior Gremio, I would fain be doing.</p> <p>GREMIO I doubt it not, sir, but you will curse your wooing.— Neighbor, this is a gift very grateful, I am sure of it. To express the like kindness, myself, that have been more kindly beholding to you than any, freely give unto you this young scholar <i>(presenting</i> LUCENTIO, disguised as CAMBIO) that hath been long studying at Rheims, as cunning in Greek, Latin, and other languages as the other in music and mathematics. His name is Cambio. Pray accept his service.</p> <p>BAPTISTA A thousand thanks, Signior Gremio. Welcome, good Cambio. <i>(to TRANIO as LUCENTIO)</i> But, gentle sir, methinks you walk like a stranger. May</p>	<p>myself as a guest at your house in the hope of seeing for myself if what I've heard is true. And, as the price of admission for being received by you, I here present you with a servant of mine. <i>(he presents HORTENSIO,</i> <i>disguised as LITIO)</i>. He is expert in the fields of music and mathematics. I thought he might instruct her in those branches of knowledge—of which she is, I gather, no beginner. Be good enough to accept this gift—I'll be offended if you don't. His name is Litio, and he comes from Mantua.</p> <p>BAPTISTA You and he are both welcome, sir. As for my daughter Katherine, this much I know: she's not for you—more's the pity.</p> <p>PETRUCHIO I see you don't intend to part with her—or perhaps you don't like my company.</p> <p>BAPTISTA Don't misunderstand me, sir. I'm just stating the facts as I see them. Where are you from? What's your name?</p> <p>PETRUCHIO My name is Petruccio, son of Antonio, a man well known throughout Italy.</p> <p>BAPTISTA I know him well. You are welcome for his sake.</p> <p>GREMIO With all due respect, Petruccio, give someone else a chance to speak. You're so aggressive!</p> <p>PETRUCHIO Forgive me, Signior Gremio, but I'm anxious to get things moving.</p> <p>GREMIO No doubt, but you may be going about it the wrong way—Neighbor, this gift is very gracious, I'm sure. I myself, who am more indebted to you than anyone, have brought you this young scholar <i>(presenting</i> LUCENTIO, disguised as CAMBIO) who has long studied at RHEIMS. He is as expert in Greek, Latin, and other languages as that other man is in music and mathematics. His name is Cambio. Please accept his services.</p> <p>BAPTISTA Many thanks, Signior Gremio. Welcome, good Cambio. <i>(to TRANIO as</i> LUCENTIO) As for you, sir, you would</p>
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<p>80</p> <p>85</p> <p>90</p> <p>95</p> <p>100</p> <p>105</p> <p>110</p>	<p>I be so bold to know the cause of your coming?</p> <p>TRANIO (as LUCENTIO) Pardon me, sir, the boldness is mine own, That being a stranger in this city here Do make myself a suitor to your daughter, Unto Bianca, fair and virtuous. Nor is your firm resolve unknown to me, In the preferment of the eldest sister. This liberty is all that I request, That, upon knowledge of my parentage, I may have welcome 'mongst the rest that woo And free access and favor as the rest. And toward the education of your daughters, I here bestow a simple instrument And this small packet of Greek and Latin books. BIONDELLO brings the gifts forward If you accept them, then their worth is great.</p> <p>BAPTISTA Lucentio is your name. Of whence, I pray?</p> <p>TRANIO (as LUCENTIO) Of Pisa, sir, son to Vincentio.</p> <p>BAPTISTA A mighty man of Pisa. By report I know him well. You are very welcome, sir. (to HORTENSIO as LITIO) Take you the lute, (to LUCENTIO as CAMBIO) and you the set of books. You shall go see your pupils presently. Holla, within! Enter a Servant Sirrah, lead these gentlemen To my daughters, and tell them both These are their tutors. Bid them use them well.</p> <p>Exit Servant with LUCENTIO and HORTENSIO, BIONDELLO following We will go walk a little in the orchard, And then to dinner. You are passing welcome, And so I pray you all to think yourselves.</p> <p>PETRUCHIO Signior Baptista, my business asketh haste, And every day I cannot come to woo. You knew my father well, and in him me, Left solely heir to all his lands and goods, Which I have bettered rather than decreased. Then tell me, if I get your daughter's love, What dowry shall I have with her to wife?</p>	<p>appear to be a stranger. May I be so bold as to ask your reason for coming?</p> <p>TRANIO (as LUCENTIO) Pardon me, sir, the boldness is all mine in seeking to court your fair and virtuous daughter, Bianca. I am indeed a stranger in this city. I'm aware of your firm decision regarding her older sister. I only ask that when you know who my parents are, I may be made as welcome as her other suitors and given the same freedom and favor. My contribution toward the education of your daughters is a lute and this small package of Greek and Latin books. (BIONDELLO brings the gifts forward) You would add to their value by accepting them.</p> <p>BAPTISTA Your name is Lucentio, you say. Of what city, may I ask?</p> <p>TRANIO (as LUCENTIO) Of Pisa, sir, son of Vincentio.</p> <p>BAPTISTA A man of great influence. I know him well by reputation. You are very welcome here, sir. (to HORTENSIO as LITIO) You take the lute (to LUCENTIO as CAMBIO), and you, the set of books. I'll send you to your pupils right away. You there in the house!</p> <p>A servant enters. Boy, take these gentlemen to my daughters, and tell them both they are to be their teachers and to be courteous to them. The servant exits with LUCENTIO and HORTENSIO, followed by BIONDELLO. Let's take a little walk in the orchard before dinner. You are all most welcome here; please make yourselves at home.</p> <p>PETRUCHIO Signior Baptista, I'm actually in a bit of a hurry. I can't make this wooing into a daily thing. You knew my father well; therefore, you know me, the sole heir to all his property and possessions, which I have added to rather than depleted. So, tell me, assuming I win your daughter's love, what dowry would she bring to the marriage?</p>
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115	<p>BAPTISTA After my death, the one half of my lands, And, in possession, twenty thousand crowns.</p> <p>PETRUCHIO And, for that dowry, I'll assure her of Her widowhood, be it that she survive me, In all my lands and leases whatsoever. Let specialties be therefore drawn between us, That covenants may be kept on either hand.</p> <p>BAPTISTA Ay, when the special thing is well obtained, That is, her love, for that is all in all.</p> <p>PETRUCHIO Why, that is nothing. For I tell you, father, I am as peremptory as she proud-minded; And where two raging fires meet together, They do consume the thing that feeds their fury. Though little fire grows great with little wind, Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all. So I to her and so she yields to me, For I am rough and woo not like a babe.</p> <p>BAPTISTA Well mayst thou woo, and happy be thy speed. But be thou armed for some unhappy words.</p> <p>PETRUCHIO Ay, to the proof, as mountains are for winds, That shakes not, though they blow perpetually.</p> <p>Enter HORTENSIO as LITIO, with his head broke</p> <p>BAPTISTA How now, my friend, why dost thou look so pale?</p> <p>HORTENSIO (as LITIO) For fear, I promise you, if I look pale.</p> <p>BAPTISTA What, will my daughter prove a good musician?</p> <p>HORTENSIO I think she'll sooner prove a soldier. Iron may hold with her, but never lutes.</p> <p>BAPTISTA Why, then thou canst not break her to the lute?</p> <p>HORTENSIO Why, no, for she hath broke the lute to me. I did but tell her she mistook her frets, And bowed her hand to teach her fingering, When, with a most impatient devilish spirit, "Frets' call you these?" quoth she. "I'll fume with</p>	<p>BAPTISTA Twenty thousand crowns now, and half my lands after my death.</p> <p>PETRUCHIO Fair enough. And on my side, I'll guarantee that if I die before she does, she shall inherit all my land and the rent from any property I own. Let's have explicit contracts drawn up to ensure that both sides keep their promises.</p> <p>BAPTISTA Certainly, as soon as you've gotten the most important thing—her love. That counts for everything.</p> <p>PETRUCHIO Oh, that's nothing, believe me, sir. I'm as commanding as she is proud, and when two raging fires meet, they end up consuming the very thing that kindled them. Blow on a fire and all you do is fan the flames. But a great gust of wind will blow the fire out completely. I'm that great gust to her fire. I'm rough, and I don't woo like a little boy.</p> <p>BAPTISTA Well, good luck! I hope you're successful. But prepare yourself for some unpleasantness.</p> <p>PETRUCHIO I'll be completely prepared. Mountains don't tremble, however much the wind may blow!</p> <p>Enter HORTENSIO as LITIO, with his head cut and bleeding</p> <p>BAPTISTA Gracious! Why so pale, my friend?</p> <p>HORTENSIO (as LITIO) I would have to say from fear.</p> <p>BAPTISTA Will my daughter be a good musician, do you think?</p> <p>HORTENSIO I think she'll be a better soldier. She may be good with firearms. Never lutes.</p> <p>BAPTISTA You don't think you can teach her?</p> <p>HORTENSIO No, but she's taught me a thing or two! All I said was that she was using the wrong frets and tried to adjust her fingering. And she jumps up and says, "Frets? I'll give you frets!" With that, she clobbers me</p>
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<p>150</p> <p>155</p> <p>160</p> <p>165</p> <p>170</p> <p>175</p> <p>180</p>	<p>them!” And with that word she struck me on the head, And through the instrument my pate made way, And there I stood amazed for a while As on a pillory, looking through the lute, While she did call me “rascal fiddler” And “twangling Jack”; with twenty such vile terms, As had she studied to misuse me so.</p> <p>PETRUCHIO Now, by the world, it is a lusty wench. I love her ten times more than e'er I did. Oh, how I long to have some chat with her!</p> <p>BAPTISTA (to HORTENSIO as LITIO) Well, go with me and be not so discomfited. Proceed in practice with my younger daughter. She's apt to learn and thankful for good turns. Signior Petruchio, will you go with us, Or shall I send my daughter Kate to you?</p> <p>PETRUCHIO I pray you do. Exeunt all but PETRUCHIO I'll attend her here And woo her with some spirit when she comes. Say that she rail; why then I'll tell her plain She sings as sweetly as a nightingale. Say that she frown; I'll say she looks as clear As morning roses newly washed with dew. Say she be mute and will not speak a word; Then I'll commend her volubility, And say she uttereth piercing eloquence. If she do bid me pack, I'll give her thanks, As though she bid me stay by her a week. If she deny to wed, I'll crave the day When I shall ask the banns and when be married. But here she comes—and now, Petruchio, speak.</p> <p>Enter KATHERINE Good morrow, Kate—for that's your name, I hear.</p> <p>KATHERINE Well have you heard, but something hard of hearing. They call me Katherine that do talk of me.</p> <p>PETRUCHIO You lie, in faith, for you are called plain Kate, And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst, But Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom,</p>	<p>with the lute so that my head goes right through, and there I am, dazed, strings around my neck, looking through the sound hole like I was in the stocks, while she calls me “worthless fiddler,” “twangling twerp,” and twenty more hateful names, as though she'd prepared for me by composing a long list of insults to use on my behalf.</p> <p>PETRUCHIO I like this girl! She has real character! Now I want her more than ever. I can't wait to meet her!</p> <p>BAPTISTA (to HORTENSIO, disguised as LITIO) All right, come with me. Don't be discouraged. Continue your lessons with my younger daughter. She's quick to learn and responsive. Signior Petruchio, will you come with us, or shall I send my daughter Kate to you?</p> <p>PETRUCHIO Please do. Everyone but PETRUCHIO exits. I'll wait for her here and when she comes I'll take a novel approach with her. If she rants, I'll tell her that she sings as sweetly as a nightingale. If she glares, I'll say her brow is as clear as roses newly washed with morning dew. If she is silent and won't speak at all, I'll praise her chattiness and say she speaks with piercing eloquence. If she orders me to go, I'll thank her warmly as if she'd just offered to put me up for a week. If she refuses my proposal, I'll tell her how much I'm looking forward to the announcement and the wedding. But here she comes. Here goes!</p> <p>KATHERINE enters. Good morning, Kate, for I hear that's what you're called.</p> <p>KATHERINE Is that what you've heard? Then you'd better get your ears checked. I am called Katherine by those who have any business using my name.</p> <p>PETRUCHIO Liar. In fact, you're called Kate, plain Kate—and pretty Kate, and sometimes Kate the shrew. But it's definitely Kate—</p>
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<p>185</p> <p>190</p> <p>195</p> <p>200</p>	<p>Kate of Kate Hall, my super-dainty Kate— For dainties are all Kates—and therefore, Kate, Take this of me, Kate of my consolation: Hearing thy mildness praised in every town, Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded— Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs— Myself am moved to woo thee for my wife.</p> <p>KATHERINE “Moved,” in good time. Let him that moved you hither Remove you hence. I knew you at the first You were a moveable.</p> <p>PETRUCHIO Why, what’s a moveable?</p> <p>KATHERINE A joint stool.</p> <p>PETRUCHIO Thou hast hit it. Come, sit on me.</p> <p>KATHERINE Asses are made to bear, and so are you.</p> <p>PETRUCHIO Women are made to bear, and so are you.</p> <p>KATHERINE No such jade as you, if me you mean.</p> <p>PETRUCHIO Alas, good Kate, I will not burden thee, For knowing thee to be but young and light—</p> <p>KATHERINE Too light for such a swain as you to catch, And yet as heavy as my weight should be.</p> <p>PETRUCHIO “Should be”—should buzz!</p> <p>KATHERINE Well ta'en, and like a buzzard.</p> <p>PETRUCHIO O slow-winged turtle, shall a buzzard take thee?</p> <p>KATHERINE Ay, for a turtle, as he takes a buzzard.</p> <p>PETRUCHIO Come, come, you wasp. I' faith, you are too angry.</p> <p>KATHERINE If I be waspish, best beware my sting.</p> <p>PETRUCHIO</p>	<p>the prettiest Kate in the world, Katie, Kitty, Kat-woman, the Kate-ster—and so, Kate, here’s my pitch: that having heard your charming disposition praised—not to mention your beauty and your virtues, though none of them as richly as you deserve—I find myself driven to propose. I want you for my wife.</p> <p>KATHERINE “Driven?” Really? Well, let whoever drove you here drive you back again. I had you figured for a piece of furniture.</p> <p>PETRUCHIO What do you mean by “furniture”?</p> <p>KATHERINE A nice stool.</p> <p>PETRUCHIO You’re right, actually. Come sit on me.</p> <p>KATHERINE Asses are made for bearing, and so are you.</p> <p>PETRUCHIO Women are made for BEARING and so are you.</p> <p>KATHERINE Not by the likes of you!</p> <p>PETRUCHIO Oh heavens, Kate, I wouldn’t think of burdening you. I know how LIGHT and carefree you are.</p> <p>KATHERINE Too light for a lout like you to catch— though no lighter than I should be.</p> <p>PETRUCHIO Should be? Maybe you should be the subject of some buzz!</p> <p>KATHERINE Buzz off, BUZZARD</p> <p>PETRUCHIO If I’m a buzzard, you’re a TURTLEDOVE.</p> <p>KATHERINE Only a buzzard would think so.</p> <p>PETRUCHIO Come, my little wasp—you’re too angry.</p> <p>KATHERINE If I’m a wasp, look out for my stinger.</p> <p>PETRUCHIO</p>
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<p>205</p> <p>210</p> <p>215</p> <p>220</p>	<p>My remedy is then to pluck it out. KATHERINE Ay, if the fool could find it where it lies.</p> <p>PETRUCHIO Who knows not where a wasp does wear his sting? In his tail.</p> <p>KATHERINE In his tongue.</p> <p>PETRUCHIO Whose tongue?</p> <p>KATHERINE Yours, if you talk of tales. And so farewell.</p> <p>PETRUCHIO What, with my tongue in your tail? Nay, come again, Good Kate. I am a gentleman.</p> <p>KATHERINE That I'll try. She strikes him</p> <p>PETRUCHIO I swear I'll cuff you if you strike again.</p> <p>KATHERINE So may you lose your arms.</p> <p>If you strike me, you are no gentleman; And if no gentleman, why then no arms.</p> <p>PETRUCHIO A herald, Kate? Oh, put me in thy books!</p> <p>KATHERINE What is your crest? A coxcomb?</p> <p>PETRUCHIO A combless cock, so Kate will be my hen.</p> <p>KATHERINE No cock of mine. You crow too like a craven.</p> <p>PETRUCHIO Nay, come, Kate, come. You must not look so sour.</p> <p>KATHERINE It is my fashion, when I see a crab.</p> <p>PETRUCHIO Why, here's no crab, and therefore look not sour.</p> <p>KATHERINE There is, there is.</p> <p>PETRUCHIO</p>	<p>All I have to do is remove it. KATHERINE True, if a fool such as yourself could find it.</p> <p>PETRUCHIO Everyone knows where a wasp wears its stinger. In its tail.</p> <p>KATHERINE No, in its tongue.</p> <p>PETRUCHIO Whose tongue?</p> <p>KATHERINE Yours, if we're talking about TALES. I'm leaving.</p> <p>PETRUCHIO You're leaving with my tongue in your tail? No, come back, Kate. I'm too much of a gentleman.</p> <p>KATHERINE A gentleman? We'll see about that! She strikes him.</p> <p>PETRUCHIO I swear I'll smack you if you hit me again.</p> <p>KATHERINE Not if you want to keep your arms! If you hit me, that proves you're not a GENTLEMAN. And if you're not a gentleman, you don't have any arms.</p> <p>PETRUCHIO Are you a HERALD, Kate? Put me in your books!</p> <p>KATHERINE What is your CREST? A COXCOMB?</p> <p>PETRUCHIO I'll give up my COMB if you'll be my hen.</p> <p>KATHERINE Your cock is not for me. It has no fighting spirit.</p> <p>PETRUCHIO Oh, come on now, Kate. Don't look so sour.</p> <p>KATHERINE That's my way, when I see a crab-apple.</p> <p>PETRUCHIO There's no crab-apple here, so don't look sour.</p> <p>KATHERINE There is a crab-apple here.</p> <p>PETRUCHIO</p>
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225	<p>Then show it me. KATHERINE Had I a glass, I would. PETRUCHIO What, you mean my face?</p> <p>KATHERINE Well aimed of such a young one. PETRUCHIO Now, by Saint George, I am too young for you.</p> <p>KATHERINE Yet you are withered. PETRUCHIO 'Tis with cares. KATHERINE I care not. PETRUCHIO Nay, hear you, Kate: in sooth you 'scape not so. KATHERINE 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 are pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous, 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, With gentle conference, soft and affable. Why does the world report that Kate doth limp?</p> <p>O slanderous world! Kate like the hazel-twigg Is straight and slender and as brown in hue As hazel nuts, and sweeter than the kernels. Oh, let me see thee walk! Thou dost not halt.</p> <p>KATHERINE Go, fool, and whom thou keep'st command.</p> <p>PETRUCHIO Did ever Dian so become a grove As Kate this chamber with her princely gait? Oh, be thou Dian, and let her be Kate, And then let Kate be chaste and Dian sportful.</p> <p>KATHERINE Where did you study all this goodly speech?</p>	<p>Show me. KATHERINE I would, if I had a mirror. PETRUCHIO What, you mean my face looks like a crab-apple? KATHERINE What a clever child he is! PETRUCHIO You know, you're right. I probably am too young for you. KATHERINE Maybe, but you're wrinkled all the same. PETRUCHIO Oh, that's with worry. KATHERINE Well, that doesn't worry me. PETRUCHIO Listen, Kate! You won't get away like that. KATHERINE Let me go. I'll make you angry if I stay. PETRUCHIO No, not a bit. I find you quite gentle. I was told that you were violent, proud, and sullen. But now I see that people have been lying about you, for you are funny, playful, and beautifully behaved, not sharp-tongued, but as sweet as flowers in springtime. You haven't got it in you to frown or look displeased or bite your lip as angry women do. You don't take pleasure in bitter conversation. No, you entertain your suitors with mild and gentle conversation, quiet and pleasant. Why does the world report that Kate is lame? The world's a liar. Kate is as straight and slender as a hazel-twigg, her hair as brown as hazelnut shells, and she herself sweeter than the kernels. Take a few steps—I want to see you walk. You don't limp at all! KATHERINE Get out of here, fool, and give orders to your servants, not me. PETRUCHIO Did Diana ever beautify a grove as much as Kate beautifies this room with her queenly movements? You be Diana, and let Diana be Kate. Then let Kate be the chaste one, while Diana plays with me. KATHERINE Where do you memorize all this smart talk?</p>
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	<p>PETRUCHIO It is extempore, from my mother wit.</p> <p>KATHERINE 255 A witty mother! Witless else her son.</p> <p>PETRUCHIO Am I not wise?</p> <p>KATHERINE Yes, keep you warm.</p> <p>PETRUCHIO 260 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, 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, 265 Thou must be married to no man but me. 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.</p> <p>Enter BAPTISTA, GREMIO, and TRANIO</p> <p>270 Here comes your father. Never make denial. I must and will have Katherine to my wife.</p> <p>BAPTISTA Now, Signior Petruchio, how speed you with my daughter?</p> <p>PETRUCHIO How but well, sir? How but well? It were impossible I should speed amiss.</p> <p>BAPTISTA Why, how now, daughter Katherine? In your dumps?</p> <p>KATHERINE 275 Call you me daughter? Now, I promise you You have showed a tender fatherly regard To wish me wed to one half lunatic, A mad-cup ruffian and a swearing Jack, That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.</p> <p>PETRUCHIO 280 Father, 'tis thus: yourself and all the world That talked of her have talked amiss of her. If she be curst, it is for policy, For she's not froward, but modest as the dove. She is not hot, but temperate as the morn.</p>	<p>PETRUCHIO I make it up as I go. It's born of my MOTHER WIT.</p> <p>KATHERINE A witty mother! Too bad about the son!</p> <p>PETRUCHIO Am I not wise?</p> <p>KATHERINE ENOUGH TO KEEP YOURSELF WARM.</p> <p>PETRUCHIO Yes, I intend to keep myself warm, sweet Katherine—in your bed. So let's cut to the chase: your father has consented for you to become my wife. Your dowry is agreed upon, and whether you like it or not, I will marry you. I tell you, I'm the man for you, Kate. I swear by this light, which shows me your beauty—the beauty that makes me love you—that you must be married to no man but me. I'm the man who was born to tame you and change you from a wildcat Kate into a Kate as gentle and domestic as other household Kates. BAPTISTA, GREMIO, and TRANIO enter. Here comes your father. Don't even think about refusing. I must and will have Katherine for my wife.</p> <p>BAPTISTA Now, Signior Petruchio, how are you getting on with my daughter?</p> <p>PETRUCHIO Beautifully, sir, beautifully! It couldn't go any other way.</p> <p>BAPTISTA Now, daughter Katherine? Are you down in the dumps?</p> <p>KATHERINE You have the nerve to call me daughter? Is this a father's loving care—wanting to marry me off to a total madman, a worthless, irresponsible louse who thinks if he swears enough, he'll get his way?</p> <p>PETRUCHIO Sir, this is the truth: you and the rest—all the people who have ever talked about her—have all been wrong. If she seems fierce, it's for a reason. She's not obstinate but gentle as the dove, not high-strung but</p>
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320	<p>TRANIO (as LUCENTIO) 'Twas a commodity lay fretting by you. 'Twill bring you gain or perish on the seas.</p> <p>BAPTISTA The gain I seek is quiet in the match.</p>	<p>TRANIO (speaking as LUCENTIO) Yes, but the item was just gathering dust. This way, you'll either make a profit by it or lose it on the high seas.</p> <p>BAPTISTA The only profit I seek is a peaceful match.</p>
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