

Taming of the Shrew
Act 2 Scene i

Enter KATHARINA.

Pet: Good morrow, Kate; for that's your name, I hear.

Kath. Well have you heard, but something hard of hearing:
They call me Katharine that do talk of me.

180

Pet. 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 cates: and therefore, Kate,
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.

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Kath. 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.

Pet. Why, what's a moveable?

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Kath. A joint-stool.

Pet. Thou hast hit it: come, sit on me.

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

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

Kath. No such jade as bear you, if me you mean.

200

Pet. Alas! good Kate, I will not burden thee;

For, knowing thee to be but young and light,—

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

Pet. Should be! should buz!

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Kath. Well ta'en, and like a buzzard.

Pet. O slow-wing'd turtle! shall a buzzard take thee?

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

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

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

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Pet. My remedy is, then, to pluck it out.

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

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

Kath. In his tongue.

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Pet. Whose tongue?

Kath. Yours, if you talk of tails; and so farewell.

Pet. What! with my tongue in your tail? nay, come again.
Good Kate, I am a gentleman.

Kath. That I'll try. [*Striking him.*]

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Pet. I swear I'll cuff you if you strike again.

Kath. So may you lose your arms:
If you strike me, you are no gentleman;

And if no gentleman, why then no arms.

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

225

Kath. What is your crest? a coxcomb?

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

Kath. No cock of mine; you crow too like a craven.

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

Kath. It is my fashion when I see a crab.

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Pet. Why, here's no crab, and therefore look not sour.

Kath. There is, there is.

Pet. Then show it me.

Kath. Had I a glass, I would.

Pet. What, you mean my face?

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Kath. Well aim'd of such a young one.

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

Kath. Yet you are wither'd.

Pet. 'Tis with cares.

Kath. I care not.

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Pet. Nay, hear you, Kate: in sooth, you 'scape not so.

Kath. I chafe you, if I tarry: let me go.

Pet. 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; 245
For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous,
But slow in speech, yet sweet as spring-time 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; 250
But thou with mildness entertain'st thy wooers,
With gentle conference, soft and affable.
Why does the world report that Kate doth limp?
O slanderous world! Kate, like the hazel-twigg,
Is straight and slender, and as brown in hue 255
As hazel nuts, and sweeter than the kernels.
O! let me see thee walk: thou dost not halt.

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

Pet. Did ever Dian so become a grove
As Kate this chamber with her princely gait? 260
O! be thou Dian, and let her be Kate,
And then let Kate be chaste, and Dian sportful!

Kath. Where did you study all this goodly speech?

Pet. It is extempore, from my mother-wit.

Kath. A witty mother! witless else her son. 265

Pet. Am I not wise?

Kath. Yes; keep you warm.

Pet. Marry, so I mean, sweet Katharine, in thy bed:
And therefore, setting all this chat aside,
Thus in plain terms: your father hath consented 270
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,—
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.
Here comes your father: never make denial;
I must and will have Katharine to my wife.

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