

The Taming of the Shrew

Act II, sc. 1 (line 160)

PETRUCHIO

Now, by the world, it is a lusty wench;

I love her ten times more than e'er I did:

O, how I long to have some chat with her!

BAPTISTA

*Well, go with me and be not so discomfited:
Proceed in practise 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?*

PETRUCHIO

I pray you do.

Exeunt all but PETRUCHIO

I will 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 wash'd 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.