

Unbind my hands, I'll pull them off myself,  
 Yea, all my raiment, to my petticoat,  
 Or what you will command me will I do;  
 So well I know my duty to my elders.

*Cath.* Of all thy suitors, here I charge thee, tell  
 Whom thou lov'st best: see thou dissemble not.

*Bian.* Believe me, sister, of all men alive  
 I never yet beheld that special face  
 Which I could fancy more than any other.

*Cath.* Minion, thou liest; is't not *Hortensio*?

*Bian.* If you affect him, sister, here, I swear,  
 I'll plead for you myself but you shall have him.

*Cath.* O then, belike, you fancy riches more;  
 You will have *Gremio*, to keep you fair.

*Bian.* Is it for him you do so envy me?  
 Nay, then you jest, and now I well perceive  
 You have but jested with me all this while;  
 I pr'ythee, sister *Kate*, untie my hands.

*Cath.* If that be jest, then all the rest was so. [strikes her.

*Enter Baptista.*

*Bap.* Why, how now, dame, whence grows this insolence?  
*Bianca*, stand aside; poor girl, she weeps;  
 Go, ply thy needle, meddle not with her.  
 For shame, thou hilding of a devilish spirit,  
 Why dost thou wrong her, that did ne'er wrong thee?  
 When did she cross thee with a bitter word?

*Cath.* Her silence flouts me, and I'll be reveng'd.

*Bap.* What, in my sight! *Bianca*, get thee in. [flies at Bianca. [Exit. *Bian.*

*Cath.* Will you not suffer me? nay, now I see,  
 She is your treasure, she must have a husband,  
 I must dance barefoot on her wedding-day,  
 And, for your love to her, lead apes in hell:  
 Talk not to me, I will go fit and weep,  
 Till I can find occasion of revenge.

[Exit *Cath.*  
*Bap.*