

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW. 281

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 banes, and when be married.
 But here she comes; and now, *Petruchio*, speak.

SCENE IV.

Enter Catharina.

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

Cath. Well have you heard, but something hard of hearing:
 They call me *Catharine*, that do talk of me.

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 founded,
 (Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs)
 Myself am mov'd to woo thee for my wife.

Cath. 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?

Cath. A jointstool.

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

VOL. II.

N n

Cath.