

But slow in speech, yet sweet as spring-time flowers:
Thou can'st not frown, thou can'st not look asfance,
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 doth the world report that *Kate* doth limp?

O, stand'rous world! *Kate*, like the hazel-twigg,

Is strait, and slender; and as brown in hue

As hazel-nuts, and sweeter than the kernels.

O, let me see thee walk: thou dost not halt.

Cath. Go, fool, and whom thou keepest, those command.

Pet. Did ever *Dian* so become a grove,

As *Kate* this chamber with her princely gait?

O, be thou *Dian*, and let her be *Kate*;

And then let *Kate* be chaste, and *Dian* sportful.

Cath. Where did you study all this goodly speech?

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

Cath. A witty mother, witless else her son.

Pet. Am I not wise?

Cath. Yes; keep you warm.

Pet. Why, so I mean, sweet *Catharine*, 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,

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 cat to a *Kate*,

Conformable as other household *Kates*:

Here comes your father; never make denial,

I must and will have *Catharine* to my wife.