

SCENE V.

Enter Baptista, Gremio, and Tranio.

Bap. Signior *Petruchio*, how speed you with My daughter?

Pet. How but well, fir? how but well?
It were impossible I should speed amiss.

Bap. Why, how now, daughter *Catharine*? in your dumps?

Cath. Call you me daughter? now I promise you,
You've show'd a tender fatherly regard,
To wish me wed to one half lunatick;
A madcap ruffian, and a swearing jack,
That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.

Pet. Father, 'tis thus; yourself and all the world
That talk'd of her, have talk'd amiss of her:
If she be curst, it is for policy;
For she's not froward, but modest as the dove;
She is not hot, but temperate as the morn;
For patience she will prove a second *Grissel*,
And *Roman Lucrece* for her chastity:
And to conclude, we've 'greed so well together,
That upon funday is the wedding-day.

Cath. I'll see thee hang'd on funday first.

Gre. Hark, hark;

Petruchio! she says, she'll see thee hang'd first.

Tra. Is this your speeding? then, good night our part!

Pet. Be patient, firs, I choose her for myself;
If she and I be pleas'd, what's that to you?
'Tis bargain'd 'twixt us twain, being alone,
That she shall still be curst in company.
I tell you, 'tis incredible to believe
How much she loves me: o, the kindest *Kate*!
She hung about my neck, and kiss on kiss
She vy'd so fast, protesting oath on oath,
That in a twink she won me to her love.

O, you