

O, you are novices; 'tis a world to see,
How tame, when men and women are alone,
A meacock wretch can make the curfeste shrew,
Give me thy hand, *Kate*; I will unto *Venice*,
To buy apparel 'gainst the wedding-day:
Father, provide the feast, and bid the guests;
I will be sure, my *Catharine* shall be fine.

Bap. I know not what to say; but give your hands:
God send you joy, *Petruchio*! 'tis a match.

Gre. Tra. Amen, say we; we will be witnesses.

Pet. Father, and wife, and gentlemen, adieu;
I will to *Venice*, funday comes apace:

We will have rings, and things, and fine array;
And kiss me, *Kate*, we'll marry o' funday.

[*Ex. Petruchio and Catharina.*]

SCENE VI.

Gre. Was ever match clap'd up so suddenly?

Bap. 'Faith, gentlemen, I play a merchant's part,
And venture madly on a desperate mart.

Tra. 'Twas a commodity lay fretting by you;
'Twill bring you gain, or perish on the seas.

Bap. The gain I seek, is quiet in the match.

Gre. No doubt but he hath got a quiet catch:
But now, *Baptista*, to your younger daughter;
Now is the day we long have looked for:
I am your neighbour, and was suitor first.

Tra. And I am one that love *Bianca* more
Than words can witness or your thoughts can guess.

Gre. Youngling! thou canst not love so dear as I.

Tra. Graybeard! thy love doth freeze.

Gre. But thine doth fry.

Skipper, stand back; 'tis age that nourisheth.

Tra. But youth in ladies eyes that flourisheth.

Bap. Content you, gentlemen; I will compound this strife:
'Tis