

SCENE II.

Enter Baptista, Tranio, Catharina, Lucentio, and Attendants.

Bap. Signior *Lucentio*, this is the 'pointed day
That *Cath'rine* and *Petruchio* should be married;
And yet we hear not of our son-in-law.
What will be said? what mockery will it be,
To want the bridegroom when the priest attends
To speak the ceremonial rites of marriage?
What says *Lucentio* to this shame of ours?

Cath. No shame but mine; I must, forsooth, be forc'd
To give my hand oppos'd against my heart,
Unto a madbrain rudesby, full of spleen,
Who woo'd in haste, and means to wed at leisure.
I told you, I, he was a frantick fool,
Hiding his bitter jests in blunt behaviour:
And, to be noted for a merry man,
He'll woo a thousand, 'point the day of marriage,
Make friends, invite, yes, and proclaim the banes;
Yet never means to wed where he hath woo'd,
Now must the world point at poor *Catharine*,
And say, lo! there is mad *Petruchio's* wife,
If it would please him come and marry her.

Tra. Patience, good *Catharine*, and *Baptista* too;
Upon my life, *Petruchio* means but well,
Whatever fortune stays him from his word.
Though he be blunt, I know him passing wise;
Though he be merry, yet withal he's honest.

Cath. Would *Catharine* had never seen him though!
[Exit weeping.]

Bap. Go, girl; I cannot blame thee now to weep;
For such an injury would vex a saint,
Much more a shrew of thy impatient humour.