

Pet. I am content.

Cath. Are you content to stay?

Pet. I am content, you shall entreat me stay;
But yet not stay, entreat me how you can.

Cath. Now, if you love me, stay.

Pet. *Grumio*, my horses.

Gru. Sir, they be ready: the oats have eaten the horses.

Cath. Nay then,

Do what thou canst, I will not go to-day;
No, nor to-morrow, nor till I please myself:
The door is open, sir, there lies your way,
You may be jogging while your boots are green;
For me, I'll not go, till I please myself:
'Tis like, you'll prove a jolly surly groom,
That take it on you at the first so roundly.

Pet. O, *Kate*, content thee; pr'ythee, be not angry.

Cath. I will be angry; what hast thou to do?
Father, be quiet; he shall stay my leisure.

Gre. Ay, marry, sir, now it begins to work.

Cath. Gentlemen, forward to the bridal-dinner.
I see, a woman may be made a fool,
If she had not a spirit to resist.

Pet. They shall go forward, *Kate*, at thy command.
Obey the bride, you that attend on her:
Go to the feast, revel and domineer;
Carouse full measure to her maidenhead;
Be mad and merry, or go hang yourselves;
But for my bonny *Kate*, she must with me.
Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret,
I will be master of what is mine own;
She is my goods, my chattels, and my house,
She is my householdstuff, my field, my barn,
My horse, my ox, my ass, my any thing;
And here she stands, touch her whoever dare;
I'll bring my action on the proudest he,
That stops my way in *Padua*: *Grumio*,