



ACT V. SCENE I.

Petruchio's Country-house.

Enter Catharina, and Grumio.

GRUMIO.

NO, no, forsooth, I dare not for my life.
Cath. The more my wrong, the more his spite appears :
 What, did he marry me to famish me ?
 Beggars that come unto my father's door,
 Upon entreaty, have a present alms ;
 If not, elsewhere they meet with charity :
 But I, who never knew how to entreat,
 Nor never needed that I should entreat,
 Am starv'd for meat, giddy for lack of sleep ;
 With oaths kept waking, and with brawling fed ;
 And that which spites me more than all these wants,
 He does it under name of perfect love :
 As who would say, if I should sleep, or eat,
 'Twere deadly sickness, or else present death.
 I pr'ythee, go, and get me some repast ;
 I care not what, so it be wholesome food.

Gru. What say you to a neat's foot ?

Cath. 'Tis passing good ; I pr'ythee, let me have it.

Gru. I fear, it is too phlegmatick a meat :
 How say you to a fat tripe finely broil'd ?

Cath. I like it well ; good *Grumio*, fetch it me.

Gru. I cannot tell ; I fear, it's cholerick :
 What say you to a piece of beef and mustard ?

Cath. A dish that I do love to feed upon.

Gru. Ay, but the mustard is too hot a little.

Cath. Why, then the beef, and let the mustard rest.

Gru.