

~~BAPTISTA Well mayst thou woo, and happy be thy speed:
But be thou arm'd for some unhappy words.~~

~~PETRUCHIO Ay to the proof, as Mountains are for winds,
That shakes not, though they blow perpetually.~~

Re-enter HORTENSIO, with his head broke

BAPTISTA How now my friend, why dost thou look so pale?

— HORTENSIO For fear I promise you: if I look pale.

BAPTISTA What, will my daughter prove a good Musician?

— HORTENSIO I think she'll sooner prove a soldier,
Iron may hold with her, but never Lutes.

BAPTISTA Why then thou canst not break her to the Lute?

— HORTENSIO Why no, for she hath broke the Lute to me:
I did but tell her she mistook her frets,
And bow'd her hands to teach her fingering,
When (with a most impatient devilish spirit)
"Frets call you these?" (quoth she) "I'll fume with them":
And with that word she stroke me on the head,
And through the instrument my pate made way,
And there I stood amazed for a while,
As on a Pillory, looking through the Lute,
While she did call me Rascal, Fiddler,
And twangling Jack, with twenty such vile terms,
As had she studied to misuse me so.

~~PETRUCHIO Now, by the world, it is a lusty Wench,
I love her ten times more than e'er I did,
O how I long to have some chat with her.~~

BAPTISTA Well go with me, and be not so discomfited.
Proceed in practise with my younger daughter
She's apt to learn, and thankful for good turns: