

**SCENE III. A room in PETRUCHIO'S house.**

*Enter KATHERINA and GRUMIO*

**GRUMIO** No, no forsooth I dare not for my life.

**KATE** 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 starved for meat, giddy for lack of sleep:  
With oath 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 should say, if I should sleep or eat,  
'Twere deadly sickness, or else present death.  
I prithee go, and get me some repast,  
I care not what, so it be wholesome food.

**GRUMIO** What say you to a Neat's foot?

**KATE** 'Tis passing good, I prithee let me have it.

**GRUMIO** I fear it is too choleric a meat.

How say you to a fat Tripe finely broil'd?

**KATE** I like it well, good Grumio fetch it me.

**GRUMIO** I cannot tell, I fear 'tis choleric.

What say you to a piece of Beef and Mustard?

**KATE** A dish that I do love to feed upon.

**GRUMIO** Ay, but the Mustard is too hot a little.

**KATE** Why then the Beef, and let the Mustard rest.