

Signior Petruchio, will you go with us,  
Or shall I send my daughter Kate to you?

**PETRUCHIO** I pray you do. (*Exeunt all but PETRUCHIO*)

I'll attend her here,  
And woo her with some spirit when she comes,  
Say that she rail, why then I'll tell her plain,  
She sings as sweetly as a Nightingale:  
Say that she frown, I'll say she looks as clear  
As morning Roses newly wash'd with dew:  
Say she be mute, and will not speak a word,  
Then I'll commend her volubility,  
And say she uttereth piercing eloquence:  
If she do bid me pack, I'll give her thanks,  
As though she bid me stay by her a week:  
If she deny to wed, I'll crave the day  
When I shall ask the banns, and when be married.  
But here she comes; and now Petruchio speak. (*Enter KATERINA*)  
Good morrow Kate, for that's your name I hear.

**KATHARINA** Well have you heard, but something hard of hearing:  
They call me Katerine, that do talk of me.

**PETRUCHIO** You lie in faith, for you are call'd plain Kate,  
And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst:  
But Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom,  
Kate of Kate-hall, my super-dainty Kate,  
For dainties are all Kates, and therefore Kate  
Take this of me, Kate of my consolation,  
Hearing thy mildness praised in every Town,  
Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded,  
Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs,  
My self am moved to woo thee for my wife.