1

'Twas told me you were rough and coy and sullen, And now I find report a very liar; For thou are pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous, But slow in speech, yet sweet as spring-time flowers: Thou canst not frown, thou canst not look askance, Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will, Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross in talk, But thou with mildness entertain'st thy wooers, With gentle conference, soft and affable. Why does the world report that Kate doth limp? O slanderous world! Kate like the hazel-twig Is straight and slender and as brown in hue As hazel nuts and sweeter than the kernels. O, let me see thee walk: thou dost not halt.

2

Marry, so I mean, sweet Katharina, in thy bed: And therefore, setting all this chat aside, Thus in plain terms: your father hath consented That you shall be my wife; your dowry 'greed on; And, Will you, nill you, I will marry you. Now, Kate, I am a husband for your turn; For, by this light, whereby I see thy beauty, Thy beauty, that doth make me like thee well, Thou must be married to no man but me; For I am he am born to tame you Kate, And bring you from a wild Kate to a Kate Conformable as other household Kates. Here comes your father: never make denial; I must and will have Katharina to my wife. I pray you do. I will 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.

The Taming of the Shrew Act 2, scene 1

PETRUCHIO

No, not a whit: I find you passing gentle. 'Twas told me you were rough and coy and sullen, And now I find report a very liar; For thou are pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous, But slow in speech, yet sweet as spring-time flowers: Thou canst not frown, thou canst not look askance, Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will, Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross in talk, But thou with mildness entertain'st thy wooers, With gentle conference, soft and affable. Why does the world report that Kate doth limp? O slanderous world! Kate like the hazel-twig Is straight and slender and as brown in hue As hazel nuts and sweeter than the kernels. O, let me see thee walk: thou dost not halt.

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