



MonologueBlogger.com

# The Taming of the Shrew

## Act II, sc. 1

**PETRUCHIO:** Be patient, gentlemen. I choose her for myself;  
If she and I be pleas'd, what's that to you?  
'Tis bargain'd 'twixt us twain, being alone,  
That she shall still be curst in company.  
I tell you 'tis incredible to believe.  
How much she loves me- O, the kindest Kate!  
She hung about my neck, and kiss on kiss  
She vied so fast, protesting oath on oath,  
That in a twink she won me to her love.  
O, you are novices! 'Tis a world to see,  
How tame, when men and women are alone,  
A meacock wretch can make the curstest shrew.  
Give me thy hand, Kate; I will unto Venice,  
To buy apparel 'gainst the wedding-day.  
Provide the feast, father, and bid the guests;  
I will be sure my Katherine shall be fine.