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# The Taming of the Shrew

## Act IV, sc. 3

**PETRUCHIO:** Well, come, my Kate; we will unto your father's  
Even in these honest mean habiliments;  
Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor;  
For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich;  
And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,  
So honour peereth in the meanest habit.  
What, is the jay more precious than the lark  
Because his feathers are more beautiful?  
Or is the adder better than the eel  
Because his painted skin contents the eye?  
O no, good Kate; neither art thou the worse  
For this poor furniture and mean array.  
If thou account'st it shame, lay it on me;  
And therefore frolic; we will hence forthwith  
To feast and sport us at thy father's house.  
Go call my men, and let us straight to him;  
And bring our horses unto Long-lane end;  
There will we mount, and thither walk on foot.  
Let's see; I think 'tis now some seven o'clock,  
And well we may come there by dinner-time.