

The Taming of the Shrew Notable Quotations

Act 1, Scene 1

- BAPTISTA: *to Gremio and Hortensio*
Gentlemen, importune me no farther, / For how I firmly am resolved you know: / That is, not to bestow my youngest daughter / Before I have a husband for the elder. / If either of you both love Katherine, / Because I know you well and love you well, / Leave shall you have to court her at your pleasure. (1.1.48–54)
- GREMIO: To cart her, rather. She's too rough for me.— / There, there, Hortensio, will you any wife?
KATHERINE: *to Baptista*
I pray you, sir, is it your will / To make a stale of me amongst these mates?
HORTENSIO: "Mates," maid? How mean you that? No mates for / you, / Unless you were of gentler, milder mold. (1.1.55–61)
- LUCENTIO: But in the other's silence do I see / Maid's mild behavior and sobriety. (1.1.71–72)
- BIANCA: Sister, content you in my discontent.— / Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe. / My books and instruments shall be my company, / On them to look and practice by myself. (1.1.81–84)
- GREMIO: I say 'a devil.' Think'st thou, Hortensio, though her father be very rich, any man is so very a fool to be married to hell? (1.1.125–127)
- LUCENTIO: Tranio, I saw her coral lips to move, / And with her breath she did perfume the air. / Sacred and sweet was all I saw in her. (1.1.176–178)

Act 1, Scene 2

- PETRUCHIO: Signior Hortensio, 'twixt such friends as we / Few words suffice. And therefore, if thou know / One rich enough to be Petruchio's wife / (As wealth is burden of my wooing dance), / Be she as foul as was Florentius' love, / As old as Sibyl, and as curst and shrewd / As Socrates' Xanthippe, or a worse, / She moves me not, or not removes at least / Affection's edge in me, were she as rough / As are the swelling Adriatic seas. / I come to wive it wealthily in Padua; / If wealthily, then happily in Padua. (1.2.66–77)
- HORTENSIO: Petruchio, since we are stepped thus far in, / I will continue that I broached in jest. / I can, Petruchio, help thee to a wife / With wealth enough, and young and beauteous, / Brought up as best becomes a gentlewoman. / Her only fault, and that is faults enough, / Is that she is intolerable curst, / And shrewd, and froward, so beyond all measure / That, were my state far worser than it is, / I would not wed her for a mine of gold.
PETRUCHIO: Hortensio, peace. Thou know'st not gold's effect. / Tell me her father's name, and 'tis enough; / For I will board her, though she chide as loud / As thunder when the clouds in autumn crack. (1.2.84–97)
- HORTENSIO: Now shall my friend Petruchio do me grace / And offer me disguised in sober robes / To old Baptista as a schoolmaster / Well seen in music, to instruct Bianca, / That so I may, by this device at least, / Have leave and leisure to make love to her / And unsuspected court her by herself. (1.2.132–138)

- PETRUCHIO: Why came I hither but to that intent? / Think you a little din can daunt mine ears? / Have I not in my time heard lions roar? / Have I not heard the sea, puffed up with winds, / Rage like an angry boar chafed with sweat? / Have I not heard great ordnance in the field / And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies? / Have I not in a pitched battle heard / Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets clang? / And do you tell me of a woman's tongue, / That gives not half so great a blow to hear / As will a chestnut in a farmer's fire? / Tush, tush, fear boys with bugs! (1.2.201–213)

Act 2, Scene 1

- KATHERINE: Of all thy suitors here I charge ¹thee¹ tell / Whom thou lov'st best. See thou dissemble not. (2.1.8–9)
- KATHERINE: Nay, now I see / She is your treasure, she must have a husband, / I must dance barefoot on her wedding day / And, for your love to her, lead apes in hell. / Talk not to me. I will go sit and weep / Till I can find occasion of revenge (2.1.34–39)
- PETRUCHIO: For I tell you, father, / I am as peremptory as she proud-minded; / And where two raging fires meet together, / They do consume the thing that feeds their fury. / Though little fire grows great with little wind, / Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all. / So I to her and so she yields to me, / For I am rough and woo not like a babe. (2.1.137–144)
- PETRUCHIO: You lie, in faith, for you are called 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 (2.1.193–198)
- PETRUCHIO: Hearing thy mildness praised in every town, / Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded / (Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs), / Myself am moved to woo thee for my wife.
KATHERINE: Moved, in good time! Let him that moved you hither / Remove you hence. I knew you at the first / You were a movable. (2.1.199–206)
- PETRUCHIO: Nay, come, Kate, come. You must not look so sour.
KATHERINE: It is my fashion when I see a crab. (2.1.242–243)
- BAPTISTA: Well, gentlemen, I am thus resolved: / On Sunday next, you know / My daughter Katherine is to be married. / ¹To *Tranio as Lucentio*.¹ Now, on the Sunday following, shall Bianca / Be bride to you, if you make this assurance. / If not, to Signior Gremio. / And so I take my leave, and thank you both. (2.1.414–421)

Act 3, Scene 2

- KATHERINE: No shame but mine. I must, forsooth, be forced / To give my hand, opposed against my heart, / Unto a mad-brain rudesby, full of spleen, / Who wooed in haste and means to wed at leisure. (3.2.8–11)
- BIONDELLO: Oh, sir, his lackey, for all the world caparisoned / like the horse: with a linen stock on one leg / and a kersey boot-hose on the other, gartered with / a red and blue list; an old hat, and the humor of / forty fancies pricked in 't for a feather. A monster, / a very monster in apparel, and not like a Christian / footboy or a gentleman's lackey. (3.2.64–70)

- GREMIO: Trembled and shook, for why he stamped and swore / As if the vicar meant to cozen him. / But after many ceremonies done, / He calls for wine. "A health!" quoth he, as if / He had been aboard, carousing to his mates / After a storm . . . (3.2.169–174)
- KATHERINE: Nay, then, / Do what thou canst, I will not go today, / No, nor tomorrow, not till I please myself. / The door is open, sir. There lies your way. / You may be jogging whiles your boots are green. / For me, I'll not be gone till I please myself. / 'Tis like you'll prove a jolly surly groom, / That take it on you at the first so roundly. (3.2.214–220)
- KATHERINE: I see a woman may be made a fool / If she had not a spirit to resist. (3.2.226–227)
- PETRUCHIO: But for my bonny Kate, she must with me. / Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret; / I will be master of what is mine own. / She is my goods, my chattels; she is my house, / My household stuff, my field, my barn, / My horse, my ox, my ass, my anything. / And here she stands, touch her whoever dare. (3.2.233–239)

Act 4, Scene 1

- CURTIS: By this reck'ning, he is more shrew than she. (4.1.79)
- KATHERINE: I pray you, husband, be not so disquiet. / The meat was well, if you were so contented. (4.1.168–169)
- PETRUCHIO: I tell thee, Kate, 'twas burnt and dried away, / And I expressly am forbid to touch it, / For it engenders choler, planteth anger, / And better 'twere that both of us did fast / (Since of ourselves, ourselves are choleric) / Than feed it with such over-roasted flesh. (4.1.170–175)
- CURTIS: In her chamber, / Making a sermon of continency to her, / And rails and swears and rates, that she (poor soul) / Knows not which way to stand, to look, to speak, / And sits as one new-risen from a dream. (4.1.183–187)
- PETRUCHIO: My falcon now is sharp and passing empty, / And, till she stoop, she must not be full-gorged, / For then she never looks upon her lure. / Another way I have to man my haggard, / To make her come and know her keeper's call. (4.1.188–194)
- PETRUCHIO: This is a way to kill a wife with kindness. / And thus I'll curb her mad and headstrong humor. / He that knows better how to tame a shrew, / Now let him speak; 'tis charity to shew." (4.1.208–211)

Act 4, Scene 3

- KATHERINE: 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 oaths 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. (4.3.2–16)
- PETRUCHIO: Pluck up thy spirits. Look cheerfully upon me. / Here, love, thou seest how diligent I am, / To dress thy meat myself and bring it thee. / I am sure, sweet Kate, this kindness merits thanks. / What, not a word? Nay then, thou lov'st it not, / And all my pains is sorted to no proof. /

Here, take away this dish. (4.3.39–45)

- KATHERINE: Why, sir, I trust I may have leave to speak, / And speak I will. I am no child, no babe. / Your betters have endured me say my mind, / And if you cannot, best you stop your ears. / My tongue will tell the anger of my heart, / Or else my heart, concealing it, will break, / And, rather than it shall, I will be free / Even to the uttermost, as I please, in words.
PETRUCHIO: Why, thou sayst true. It is 'a' paltry cap / A custard-coffin, a bauble, a silken pie. / I love thee well in that thou lik'st it not. (4.3.78–88)
- KATHERINE: I never saw a better-fashioned gown, / More quaint, more pleasing, nor more commendable. / Belike you mean to make a puppet of me.
PETRUCHIO: Why, true, he means to make a puppet of thee. (4.3.106–110)
- KATHERINE: It shall be seven ere I go to horse. / Look what I speak, or do, or think to do, / You are still crossing it. – Sirs, let 'i alone. / I will not go today, and, ere I do, / It shall be what o'clock I say it is. (4.3.198–202)

Act 4, Scene 5

- PETRUCHIO: Come on, i' God's name, once more toward our father's. / Good Lord, how bright and goodly shines the moon!
KATHERINE: The moon? The sun! It is not moonlight now.
PETRUCHIO: I say it is the moon that shines so bright.
KATHERINE: I know it is the sun that shines so bright. (4.5.1–6,8)
- KATHERINE: Then God be blest, it 'is' the blessèd sun. / But sun it is not, when you say it is not, / And the moon changes even as your mind. / What you will have it named, even that it is, / And so it shall be so for Katherine." (4.5.21–25)
- KATHERINE: Pardon, old father, my mistaking eyes / That have been so bedazzled with the sun / That everything I look on seemeth green. / Now I perceive thou art a reverend father. / Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad mistaking. (4.5.49–53)
- PETRUCHIO: The sister to my wife, this gentlewoman, / Thy son by this hath married. Wonder not, / Nor be not grieved. She is of good esteem, / Her dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth; / Beside, so qualified as may beseem / The spouse of any noble gentleman. (4.5.67–72)

Act 5, Scene 1

- MERCHANT [AS VICENTIO]: Thou liest. His father is come from Padua and here looking out at the window.
VICENTIO: Art thou his father?
MERCHANT [AS VICENTIO]: Ay, sir, so his mother says, if I may believe her.
PETRUCHIO [TO VICENTIO]: Why, how now, gentleman! Why, this is flat knavery, to take upon you another man's name.
MERCHANT [AS VICENTIO]: Lay hands on the villain. I believe he means to cosen somebody in this city under my countenance. (5.1.31–42)
- LUCENTIO: Love wrought these miracles. Bianca's love / Made me exchange my state with Tranio, / While he did bear my countenance in the town, / And happily I have arrivèd at the last / Unto the wishèd haven of my bliss. / What Tranio did, myself enforced him to. / Then pardon him, sweet father, for my sake. (5.1.127–133)

- BAPTISTA: But do you hear, sir, have you married my /daughter without asking my goodwill?
VINCENTIO: Fear not, Baptista, we will content you. (5.1.136–138)

Act 5, Scene 2

- PETRUCHIO: Now, for my life, Hortensio fears his widow! (5.2.16)
- KATHERINE: He that is giddy thinks the world turns round'— / I pray you tell me what you meant by that.
WIDOW: Your husband being troubled with a shrew / Measures my husband's sorrow by his woe. / And now you know my meaning.
KATHERINE: A very mean meaning.
WIDOW: Right, I mean you.
KATHERINE: And I am mean indeed, respecting you. (5.2.27–34)
- TRANIO: 'Tis well, sire, that you hunted for yourself. / 'Tis thought your deer does hold you at bay. (5.2.57–58)
- PETRUCHIO: Well, I say no. And therefore, 'for' assurance, / Let's each one send unto his wife, / And he whose wife is most obedient / To come at first when he doth send for her / Shall win the wager which we will propose. (5.2.67–71)
- PETRUCHIO: Twenty crowns? / I'll venture so much of my hawk or hound, / But twenty times so much upon my wife. (5.2.74–76)
- BAPTISTA: The wager thou hast won, and I will add / Unto their losses twenty thousand crowns, / Another dowry to another daughter, / For she is changed as she had never been. (5.2.125–128)
- PETRUCHIO: Nay, I will win my wager better yet, / And show more sign of obedience, / her new-built virtue and obedience. (5.2.129–131)
- PETRUCHIO: Katherine, I charge thee tell these headstrong women/ What duty they do owe their lords and husbands. (5.2.144–46)
- LUCENTIO: I would your duty were as foolish too. / The wisdom of your duty, fair Bianca, / Hath cost me a hundred crowns since supertime.
BIANCA: The more fool you for laying on my duty. (5.2.140–143)