PETRUCHIO.
Good morrow, Kate; for that's your name, I hear.

KATHERINA.
Well have you heard, but something hard of hearing:
They call me Katherine 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 cates: and therefore, Kate,
Take this of me, Kate of my consolation;
Hearing thy mildness prais'd in every town,
Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded,--
Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs,--
Myself am mov'd to woo thee for my wife.

KATHERINA.
Mov'd! in good time: let him that mov'd you hither
Remove you hence. I knew you at the first,
You were a moveable.

PETRUCHIO.
Why, what's a moveable?

KATHERINA.
A joint-stool.

PETRUCHIO.
Thou hast hit it: come, sit on me.

KATHERINA.
Asses are made to bear, and so are you.

PETRUCHIO.
Women are made to bear, and so are you.

KATHERINA.
No such jade as bear you, if me you mean.

PETRUCHIO.
Alas! good Kate, I will not burden thee;
For, knowing thee to be but young and light,--