

The Taming of the Shrew

by William Shakespeare

Act 3, sc. 2 (line 203 - Verse)

Petruchio

They shall go forward, Kate, at thy command.

Obeys the bride, you that attend on her;

Go to the feast, revel and domineer,

Carouse full measure to her maidenhead,

Be mad and merry, or go hang yourselves:

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 any thing;

And here she stands, touch her whoever dare;

I'll bring mine action on the proudest he

That stops my way in Padua. Grumio,

Draw forth thy weapon, we are beset with thieves;

Rescue thy mistress, if thou be a man.

Fear not, sweet wench, they shall not touch thee, Kate:

I'll buckler thee against a million.