

KATHERINE
(complaining about being forced to marry Petruchio)

I must, forsooth, be forced
To give my hand opposed against my heart
Unto a mad-brain rudesby full of spleen,
Who woo'd in haste and means to wed at leisure.
I told you, I, he was a frantic fool,
Hiding his bitter jests in blunt behavior.
Now must the world point at poor Katharine,
And say, 'Lo, there is mad Petruchio's wife,
If it would please him come and marry her!'

BIANCA (being wooed by two suitors disguised as a music teacher and a Latin teacher.)

Why, gentlemen, you do me double wrong,
To strive for that which resteth in my choice.
I am no breeching scholar in the schools;
I'll not be tied to hours nor 'pointed times,
But learn my lessons as I please myself.
Take you your instrument, play you the whiles;
His lecture will be done ere you have tuned.

Music teacher goes aside
To the Latin teacher while pretending to study a Latin lesson:

Now let me see if I can construe it: '*Hic ibat Simois,*' I know you not, '*hic est Sigeia tellus,*' I trust you not; '*Hic steterat Priami,*' take heed he hear us not, '*regia,*' presume not, '*celsa senis,*' despair not.

JAQUES (a melancholy lord attending the duke in the forest)

All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players;
They have their exits and their entrances,
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.
And then the whining school-boy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth.

ROSALIND (a woman disguised as a man and speaking to the man she's in love with)

Love is merely a madness, and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip as madmen do; and the reason why they are not so punished and cured is that the lunacy is so ordinary that the whippers are in love too. Yet I cured one, and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his mistress; and I set him every day to woo me, at which time would I, being but a moonish youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing and liking, full of tears, full of smiles, would now like him, now loathe him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now weep for him, then spit at him; that I drave my suitor from his mad humour of love to a living humour of madness; and thus I cured him. And this way will I take upon me to wash your liver clean that there shall not be one spot of love in't – if you would but call me “Rosalind” and come every day to my cottage and woo me.