

Bianca

III,1,1283 **Bianca.** 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.
And to cut off all strife: here sit we down;
Take you your instrument, play you the whiles!
His lecture will be done ere you have tun'd.

II,1,837 (**stage directions**). *Enter KATHERINA and BIANCA*

Bianca. Good sister, wrong me not, nor wrong yourself,
To make a bondmaid and a slave of me-
That I disdain; but for these other gawds,
Unbind my hands, I'll pull them off myself,
Yea, all my raiment, to my petticoat;
Or what you will command me will I do,
So well I know my duty to my elders.