

Taming of the Shrew

Act IV, sc. 3

KATHERINA

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 aims;

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 oath 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.