

The Taming of the Shrew

by William Shakespeare

Act 4, sc. 3 (line 163 - Verse)

Petruchio

Well, come, my Kate; we will unto your father's

Even in these honest mean habiliments:

Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor;

For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich;

And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,

So honour peereth in the meanest habit.

What is the jay more precious than the lark,

Because his feathers are more beautiful?

Or is the adder better than the eel,

Because his painted skin contents the eye?

O, no, good Kate; neither art thou the worse

For this poor furniture and mean array.

if thou account'st it shame. lay it on me;

And therefore frolic: we will hence forthwith,

To feast and sport us at thy father's house.

Go, call my men, and let us straight to him;

And bring our horses unto Long-lane end;

There will we mount, and thither walk on foot

Let's see; I think 'tis now some seven o'clock,

And well we may come there by dinner-time.