

THE TAMER TAMED (PETRUCHIO)

John Fletcher

PETRUCHIO: Have among ye!
 The door shall open too, I'll have a fair shoot.

PETRUCHIO bursts the door open and enters with a gun.

Are ye all gone? Tricks in my old days, crackers
put now upon me? And by lady greensleeves?
When a man has the fairest and the sweetest
of all their sex, and, as he think the noblest,
what has he then? I'll speak modestly:
He has a quartern-ague that shall shake
All his estate to nothing; out on 'em, hedgehogs!
He that shall touch 'em has a thousand thorns
Runs through his fingers. If I were unmarried,
I would do anything below repentance,
Any base dunghill slavery, be a hangman,
Ere I would be a husband. O, the thousand,
Thousand, ten thousand ways they have to kill us!
Some fall with too much stringing of the fiddles,
And those are fools; some that they are not suffer'd,
And those are maudlin lovers; some, like scorpions,
They poison with their tails, and those are martyrs;
Some die with doing good, those benefactors,
And leave 'em land to leap away; some few,
For those are rarest, they are said to kill
With kindness and fair usage, but what they are
My catalogue discovers not, only 'tis thought
They are buried in old walls with their heels upward.
I could rail twenty days together now
I'll seek 'em out, and if I have not reason,
And very sensible, why this was done,
I'll go a-birding yet, and some shall smart for't.