

The Taming of the Shrew from Mr. William Shakespeares comedies, histories, & tragedies. Published according to the true originall copies. Mr. VWilliam Shakespeares comedies, histories, & tragedies Bodleian First Folio, Arch. G c.7

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THE Taming of the Shrew.

Actus primus. Scna Prima.

Enter Begger and Hostes, Christophero Sly.

rem

remBegger.

I Le pheeze you infaith.

rem

remHost.

A paire of stockes you rogue.

rem

remBeg.

Y'are a baggage, the Slies are no Rogues. Looke in the Chronicles, we came in with Richard Conqueror: therefore Pau cas pallabris, let the world slide: Sessa.

rem

remHost.

You will not pay for the glasses you haue burst?

rem

remBeg.

No, not a deniere: go by Saint¹ Ieronimie, goe to thy cold bed, and warme thee.

rem

remHost.

I know my remedie, I must go fetch the Head borough.

rem

remBeg.

¹S.

Third, or fourth, or fift Borough, Ile answere him by Law. Ile not budge an inch boy: Let him come, and kindly.

Falles asleepe.

Winde hornes. Enter a Lord from hunting, with his traine.

rem

remLo.

*Huntsman I charge thee, tender wel my hounds,
Brach Meriman, the poore Curre is imbest,
And couple Clowder with the deepemouth'd brach,
Saw'st thou not boy how Siluer made it good
At the hedge corner, in the couldest fault,
I would not loose the dogge for twentie pound.*

rem

remHunts.

*Why Belman is as good as he my Lord,
He cried vpon it at the meerest losse,
And twice to day pick'd out the dullest sent,
Trust me, I take him for the better dogge.*

rem

remLord.

*Thou art a Foole, if Eccho were as flete,
I would esteeme him worth a dozen such:
But sup them well, and looke vnto them all,
To morrow I intend to hunt againe.*

rem

remHunts.

I will my Lord.

rem

remLord.

What's heere? One dead, or drunke? See doth he breath?

rem

rem2. Hun.

He breath's my Lord. Were he not warm'd with Ale, this were a bed but cold to sleep so soundly.

rem

remLord.

Oh monstrous beast, how like a swine he lyes.

Grim death, how foule and loathsome is thine image:

Sirs, I will practise on this drunken man.

What thinke you, if he were conuey'd to bed,

Wrap'd in sweet cloathes: Rings put vpon his fingers:

A most delicious banquet by his bed,

*And braue attendants neere him when he wakes,
Would not the begger then forget himselfe?*

rem

rem1. Hun.

Beleeue me Lord, I thinke he cannot choose.

rem

rem2. H.

It would seem strange vnto him when he wak'd

rem

remLord.

Euen as a flatt'ring dreame, or worthles fancie.

Then take him vp, and manage well the iest:

Carrie him gently to my fairest Chamber,

And hang it round with all my vvanton pictures:

Balme his foule head in warme distilled waters,

And burne sweet Wood to make the Lodging sweete:

Procure me Musicke readie when he vvakes,

To make a dulcet and a heavenly sound:

And if he chance to speake, be readie straight

(And with a lowe submissiue reuerence)

Say, what is it your Honor vvil command:

Let one attend him vvith a siluer Bason

Full of Rosewater, and bestrew'd with Flowers,

Another beare the Ewer: the third a Diaper,

And say wilt please your Lordship coole your hands.

Some one be readie with a costly suite,

And aske him what apparrel he will weare:

Another tell him of his Hounds and Horse,

And that his Ladie mournes at his disease,

Perswade him that he hath bin Lunaticke,

And when he sayes he is, say that he dreames,

For he is nothing but a mightie Lord:

This do, and do it kindly, gentle sirs,

It wil be pastime passing excellent,

If it be husbanded with modestie.

rem

rem1. Hunts.

My Lord I warrant you we wil play our part

As he shall thinke by our true diligence

He is no lesse then what we say he is.

rem

remLord.

*Take him vp gently, and to bed with him,
And each one to his office when he wakes.*

Sound trumpets.

*Sirrah, go see what Trumpet 'tis that sounds,
Belike some Noble Gentleman that meanes
(Trauelling some iourney) to repose him heere.*

Enter Seruingman.

How now? who is it?

rem

remSer.

*An't please your Honor, Players
That offer seruice to your Lordship.*

Enter Players.

rem

remLord

Bid them come neere:

Now fellowes, you are welcome.

rem

remPlayers.

We thanke your Honor.

rem

remLord.

Do you intend to stay with me to night?

rem

rem2. Player.

So please your Lordshippe to accept our dutie.

rem

remLord.

*With all my heart. This fellow I remember,
Since once he plaide a Farmers eldest sonne,
'Twas where you woo'd the Gentlewoman so well:
I haue forgot your name: but sure that part
Was aptly fitted, and naturally perform'd.*

rem

remSincklo.

I thinke 'twas Soto that your honor meanes.

rem

remLord.

*'Tis verie true, thou didst it excellent:
Well you are come to me in happie time,*

*The rather for I haue some sport in hand,
Wherein your cunning can assist me much.
There is a Lord will heare you play to night;
But I am doubtfull of your modesties,
Least (ouereying of his odde behaiour,
For yet his honor neuer heard a play)
You breake into some merrie passion,
And so offend him: for I tell you sirs,
If you should smile, he growes impatient.*

rem

remPlai.

*Feare not my Lord, we can contain our selues,
Were he the veriest anticke in the world.*

rem

remLord.

*Go sirra, take them to the Butterie,
And giue them friendly welcome euerie one,
Let them want nothing that my house affoord.*

Exit one with the Players.

*Sirra go you to Bartholmew my Page,
And see him drest in all suites like a Ladie:
That done, conduct him to the drunkards chamber,
And call him Madam, do him obeisance:
Tell him from me (as he will win my loue)
He beare himselfe with honourable action,
Such as he hath obseru'd in noble Ladies
Vnto their Lords, by them accomplished,
Such dutie to the drunkard let him do:
With soft lowe tongue, and lowly curtesie,
And say: What is't your Honor will command,
Wherein your Ladie, and your humble wife,
May shew her dutie, and make knowne her loue.
And then with kinde embracements, tempting kisses,
And with declining head into his bosome
Bid him shed teares, as being ouerioyed
To see her noble Lord restor'd to health,
Who for this seuen yeares hath esteemed him
No better then a poore and loathsome begger:
And if the boy haue not a womans guift
To raine a shower of commanded teares,*

*An Onion wil do well for such a shift,
Which in a Napkin (being close conuei'd)
Shall in despight enforce a waterie eie:
See this dispatch'd with all the hast thou canst,
Anon Ile giue thee more instructions.*

Exit a seruingman.

*I know the boy will wel vsurpe the grace,
Voice, gate, and action of a Gentlewoman:
I long to heare him call the drunkard husband,
And how my men will stay themselues from laughter,
When they do homage to this simple peasant,
Ile in to counsell them: haply my presence
May well abate the ouermerrie spleene,
Which otherwise would grow into extreames.*

*Enter aloft the drunkard with attendants, some with apparel, Bason and Ewer, &
other appurtenances, & Lord.*

rem

remBeg.

For Gods sake a pot of small Ale.

rem

rem1. Ser.

Wilt please your Lord drink a cup of sacke?

rem

rem2. Ser.

Wilt please your Honor taste of these Con serues?

rem

rem3. Ser.

What raiment wil your honor weare to day.

rem

remBeg.

*I am Christophero Sly, call not mee Honour nor Lordship: I ne're drank sacke in my
life: and if you giue me any Conserues, giue me conserues of Beefe: nere ask me
what raiment Ile weare, for I haue no more doub lets then backes: no more stockings
then legges: nor no more shooes then feet, nay sometime more fete then shooes, or
such shooes as my toes looke through the o uerleather.*

rem

remLord.

Heauen cease this idle humor in your Honor.

*Oh that a mightie man of such discent,
Of such possessions, and so high esteeme
Should be infused with so foule a spirit.*

rem

remBeg.

What would you make me mad? Am not I Christopher Sly, old Sies sonne of Burtonheath, by byrth a Pedler, by education a Cardmaker, by transmutation a Beareheard, and now by present profession a Tinker. Aske Marrian Hacket the fat Alewife of Wincot, if shee know me not: if she say I am not xiiii.d. on the score for sheere Ale, score me vp for the lyingst knaue in Christen dome. What I am not bestrought: here's

rem

rem3. Man.

Oh this it is that makes your Ladie mourne.

rem

rem2. Man.

Oh this is it that makes your seruants droop.

rem

remLord.

*Hence comes it, that your kindred shuns your (house
As beaten hence by your strange Lunacie.
Oh Noble Lord, bethinke thee of thy birth,
Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment,
And banish hence these abiect lowlie dreames:
Looke how thy seruants do attend on thee,
Each in his office readie at thy becke.
Wilt thou haue Musicke? Harke Apollo plaies,
Musick*

*And twentie caged Nightingales do sing.
Or wilt thou sleepe? Wee'l haue thee to a Couch,
Softer and sweeter then the lustfull bed
On purpose trim'd vp for Semiramis.
Say thou wilt walke: we wil bestrow the ground.
Or wilt thou ride? Thy horses shal be trap'd,
Their harnessse studded all with Gold and Pearle.
Dost thou loue hawking? Thou hast hawkes will soare
Aboue the morning Larke. Or wilt thou hunt,
Thy hounds shall make the Welkin answer them
And fetch shrill ecchoes from the hollow earth.*

rem

rem1 Man.

*Say thou wilt course, thy grayhounds are as (swift
As breathed Stags: I fleeter then the Roe.*

rem

rem2 M.

Dost thou loue pictures? we wil fetch thee strait

*Adonis painted by a running brooke,
And Citherea all in sedges hid,
Which seeme to moue and wanton with her breath,
Euen as the wauing sedges play with winde.*

rem

remLord.

*Wee'l shew thee Io as she was a Maid,
And how she was beguiled and surpriz'd,
As liuelie painted, as the deede was done.*

rem

rem3. Man.

*Or Daphne roming through a thornie wood,
Scratching her legs, that one shal sweare she bleeds,
And at that sight shal sad Apollo weepe,
So workmanlie the blood and teares are drawne.*

rem

remLord.

*Thou art a Lord, and nothing but a Lord:
Thou hast a Ladie farre more Beautifull,
Then any woman in this waining age.*

rem

rem1 Man.

*And til the teares that she hath shed for thee,
Like enuious flouds orerun her louely face,
She was the fairest creature in the world,
And yet shee is inferiour to none.*

rem

remBeg.

*Am I a Lord, and haue I such a Ladie?
Or do I dreame? Or haue I dream'd till now?
I do not sleepe: I see, I heare, I speake:
I smel sweet sauours, and I feele soft things:
Vpon my life I am a Lord indeede,
And not a Tinker, nor Christopher Slie.
Well, bring our Ladie hither to our sight,
And once againe a pot o'th smallest Ale.*

rem

rem2. Man.

*Wilt please your mightinesse to wash your hands:
Oh how we ioy to see your wit restor'd,
Oh that once more you knew but what you are:
These fifteene yeeres you haue bin in a dreame,*

Or when you wak'd, so wak'd as if you slept.

rem

remBeg.

These fifteene yeeres, by my fay, a goodly nap, But did I neuer speake of all that time.

rem

rem1. Man.

Oh yes my Lord, but verie idle words,

For though you lay heere in this goodlie chamber,

Yet would you say, ye were beaten out of doore,

And raile vpon the Hostesse of the house,

And say you would present her at the Leete,

Because she brought stoneIugs, and no seal'd quarts:

Sometimes you would call out for Cicely Hacket.

rem

remBeg.

I, the womans maide of the house.

rem

rem3. man.

Why sir you know no house, nor no such maid

Nor no such men as you haue reckon'd vp,

As Stephen Slie, and old Iohn Naps of Greece,

And Peter Turph, and Henry Pimpernell,

And twentie more such names and men as these,

Which neuer were, nor no man euer saw.

rem

remBeg.

Now Lord be thanked for my good amends.

rem

remAll.

Amen.

Enter Lady with Attendants.

rem

remBeg.

I thanke thee, thou shalt not loose by it.

rem

remLady.

How fares my noble Lord?

rem

remBeg.

Marrie I fare well, for heere is cheere enough. Where is my wife?

rem

remLa.

Heere noble Lord, what is thy will with her?

rem

remBeg.

Are you my wife, and will not cal me husband?

My men should call me Lord, I am your goodman.

rem

remLa.

My husband and my Lord, my Lord and husband

I am your wife in all obedience.

rem

remBeg.

I know it well, what must I call her?

rem

remLord.

Madam.

rem

remBeg.

Alce Madam, or Ione Madam?

rem

remLord.

Madam, and nothing else, so Lords cal Ladies

rem

remBeg.

Madame wife, they say that I haue dream'd,

And slept aboue some fifteene yeare or more.

rem

remLady.

I, and the time seeme's thirty vnto me,

Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.

rem

remBeg.

'Tis much, seruants leaue me and her alone:

Madam vndresse you, and come now to bed.

rem

remLa.

Thrice noble Lord, let me intreat of you

To pardon me yet for a night or two:

Or if not so, vntill the Sun be set.

For your Physitians haue expressely charg'd,

In perill to incurre your former malady,

That I should yet absent me from your bed:

I hope this reason stands for my excuse.

rem

remBeg.

I, it stands so that I may hardly tarry so long: But I would be loth to fall into my dreames againe: I wil therefore tarrie in despite of the flesh & the blood

Enter a Messenger.

rem

remMes.

*Your Honors Players hearing your amendment,
Are come to play a pleasant Comedie,
For so your doctors hold it very meete,
Seeing too much sadnesse hath congeal'd your blood,
And melancholly is the Nurse of frenzie,
Therefore they thought it good you heare a play,
And frame your minde to mirth and merriment,
Which barres a thousand harmes, and lengthens life.*

rem

remBeg.

Marrie I will let them play, it is not a Comon tie, a Christmas gambold, or a tumbling tricke?

rem

remLady.

No my good Lord, it is more pleasing stuffe.

rem

remBeg.

What, houshold stuffe.

rem

remLady.

It is a kinde of history.

rem

remBeg.

Well, we'l see't:

Come Madam wife sit by my side,

And let the world slip, we shall nere be yonger.

Flourish. Enter Lucentio, and his man Triano.

rem

remLuc.

*Tranio, since for the great desire I had
To see faire Padua, nurserie of Arts,
I am arriu'd for fruitfull Lumbardie,
The pleasant garden of great Italy,
And by my fathers loue and leaue am arm'd
With his good will, and thy good companie.
My trustie seruant well approu'd in all,
Heere let vs breath, and haply institute*

*A course of Learning, and ingenious studies.
 Pisa renowned for graue Citizens
 Gaue me my being, and my father first
 A Merchant of great Trafficke through the world:
 Vincentio's come of the Bentiuolij,
 Vincentio's sonne, brough vp in Florence,
 It shall become to serue all hopes conceiu'd
 To decke his fortune with his vertuous deedes:
 And therefore Tranio, for the time I studie,
 Vertue and that part of Philosophie
 Will I applie, that treats of happinesse,
 By vertue specially to be atchieu'd.
 Tell me thy minde, for I haue Pisa left,
 And am to Padua come, as he that leaues
 A shallow plash, to plunge him in the deepe,
 And with sacietie seekes to quench his thirst.*

rem

remTra.

*Me Pardonato, gentle master mine:
 I am in all affected as your selfe,
 Glad that you thus continue your resolute,
 To sucke the sweets of sweete Philosophie.
 Onely (good master) while we do admire
 This vertue, and this morall discipline,
 Let's be no Stoickes, nor no stockes I pray,
 Or so deuote to Aristotles checkes
 As Ouid; be an outcast quite abiur'd:
 Balke Lodgicke with acquaintaince that you haue,
 And practise Rhetoricke in your common talke,
 Musicke and Poesie vse, to quicken you,
 The Mathematickes, and the Metaphysickes
 Fall to them as you finde your stomacke serues you:
 No profit growes, where is no pleasure tane:
 In briefe sir, studie what you most affect.*

rem

remLuc.

*Gramercies Tranio, well dost thou aduise,
 If Biondello thou wert come ashore,
 We could at once put vs in readinesse,
 And take a Lodging fit to entertaine*

Such friends (as time) in Padua shall beget.

But stay a while, what companie is this?

rem

remTra.

Master some shew to welcome vs to Towne.

*Enter Baptista with his two daughters, Katerina & Bianca, Gremio a Pantelowne,
Hortentio sister to Bianca. Lucen. Tranio, stand by.*

rem

remBap.

Gentlemen, importune me no farther,

For how I firmly am resolu'd you know:

That is, not to bestow my yongest daughter,

Before I haue a husband for the elder:

If either of you both loue Katherina,

Because I know you well, and loue you well,

Leaue shall you haue to court her at your pleasure.

rem

remGre.

To cart her rather. She's too rough for mee,

There, there Hortensio, will you any Wife?

rem

remKate.

I pray you sir, is it your will

To make a stale of me amongst these mates?

rem

remHor.

Mates maid, how meane you that?

No mates for you,

Vnlesse you were of gentler milder mould.

rem

remKate.

I'faith sir, you shall neuer neede to feare,

Iwis it is not halfe way to her heart:

But if it were, doubt not, her care should be,

To combe your noddle with a threelegg'd stoole,

And paint your face, and vse you like a foole.

rem

remHor.

From all such diuels, good Lord deliuer vs.

rem

remGre.

And me too, good Lord.

rem

remTra.

*Husht master, heres some good pastime toward;
That wench is starke mad, or wonderfull froward.*

rem

remLucen.

*But in the others silence do I see,
Maids milde behauiour and sobrietie.*

Peace Tranio.

rem

remTra.

Well said Master², mum, and gaze your fill.

rem

remBap.

*Gentlemen, that I may soone make good
What I haue said, Bianca get you in,
And let it not displease thee good Bianca,
For I will loue thee nere the lesse my girle.*

rem

remKate.

A pretty peate, it is best put finger in the eye, and she knew why.

rem

remBian.

*Sister content you, in my discontent.
Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe:
My bookes and instruments shall be my companie,
On them to looke, and practise by my selfe.*

rem

remLuc.

Harke Tranio, thou maist heare Minerua speak.

rem

remHor.

*Signior Baptista, will you be so strange,
Sorrie am I that our good will effects
Bianca's greefe.*

rem

remGre.

*Why will you mew her vp
(Signior Baptista) for this fiend of hell,
And make her beare the pennance of her tongue.*

rem

remBap.

*Gentlemen content ye: I am resolut:
Go in Bianca.*

²Mr

*And for I know she taketh most delight
In Musicke, Instruments, and Poetry,
Schoolemasters will I keepe within my house,
Fit to instruct her youth. If you Hortensio,
Or signior Gremio you know any such,
Preferre them hither: for to cunning men,
I will be very kinde and liberall,
To mine owne children, in good bringing vp,
And so farewell: Katherina you may stay,
For I haue more to commune with Bianca.*

Exit.

rem

remKate.

*Why, and I trust I may go too, may I not?
What shall I be appointed houres, as though
(Belike) I knew not what to take,
And what to leaue? Ha.*

Exit

rem

remGre.

*You may go to the diuels dam: your gifts are so good heere's none will holde you:
Their loue is not so great Hortensio, but we may blow our nails together, and fast
it fairely out. Our cakes dough on both sides. Farewell: yet for the loue I beare my
sweet Bianca, if I can by any meanes light on a fit man to teach her that wherein
she delights, I will wish him to her father.*

rem

remHor.

*So will I signiour Gremio: but a word I pray: Though the nature of our quarrell yet
neuer brook'd parle, know now vpon aduice, it toucheth vs both: that we may yet
againe haue accesse to our faire Mistris, and be happie riuals in Bianca's loue, to
labour and effect one thing specially.*

rem

remGre.

What's that I pray?

rem

remHor.

Marrie sir to get a husband for her Sister.

rem

remGre.

A husband: a diuell.

rem

remHor.

I say a husband.

rem

remGre.

I say, a diuell: Think'st thou Hortensio, though her father be verie rich, any man is so verie a foole to be married to hell?

rem

remHor.

Tush Gremio: though it passe your patience & mine to endure her lowd alarums, why man there bee good fellows in the world, and a man could light on them, would take her with all faults, and mony enough.

rem

remGre.

I cannot tell: but I had as lief take her dowrie with this condition; To be whipt at the hie crosse euerie morning.

rem

remHor.

Faith (as you say) there's small choise in rotten apples: but come, since this bar in law makes vs friends, it shall be so farre forth friendly maintain'd, till by hel ping Baptistas eldest daughter to a husband, wee set his yongest free for a husband, and then haue too t afresh: Sweet Bianca, happy man be his dole: hee that runnes fastest, gets the Ring: How say you signior Gremio?

rem

remGrem.

I am agreed, and would I had giuen him the best horse in Padua to begin his woing that would tho roughly woe her, wed her, and bed her, and ridde the house of her. Come on.

Exeunt ambo. Manet Tranio and Lucentio.

rem

remTra.

I pray sir tel me, is it possible

That loue should of a sodaine take such hold.

rem

remLuc.

Oh Tranio, till I found it to be true,

I neuer thought it possible or likely.

But see, while idely I stood looking on,

I found the effect of Loue in idlenesse,

And now in plainnesse do confesse to thee

That art to me as secret and as deere

As Anna to the Queene of Carthage was:

Tranio I burne, I pine, I perish Tranio,

If I atchieue not this yong modest gyrl:

Counsaile me Tranio, for I know thou canst:

Assist me Tranio, for I know thou wilt.

rem

remTra.

Master, it is no time to chide you now,
 Affection is not rated from the heart:
 If loue haue touch'd you, naught remaines but so,
 Redime te captam quam queas minimo.

rem

remLuc.

Gramercies Lad: Go forward, this contents,
 The rest wil comfort, for thy counsels sound.

rem

remTra.

Master, you look'd so longly on the maide,
 Perhaps you mark'd not what's the pith of all.

rem

remLuc.

Oh yes, I saw sweet beautie in her face,
 Such as the daughter of Agenor had,
 That made great Ioue to humble him to her hand,
 When with his knees he kist the Cretan strond.

rem

remTra.

Saw you no more? Mark'd you not how hir sister
 Began to scold, and raise vp such a storme,
 That mortal eares might hardly indure the din.

rem

remLuc.

Tranio, I saw her corrall lips to moue,
 And with her breath she did perfume the ayre,
 Sacred and sweet was all I saw in her.

rem

remTra.

Nay, then 'tis time to stirre him from³ his trance:
 I pray awake sir: if you loue the Maide,
 Bend thoughts and wits to atcheeue her. Thus it stands:
 Her elder sister is so curst and shrew'd,
 That til the Father rid his hands of her,
 Master, your Loue must liue a maide at home,
 And therefore has he closely meu'd her vp,
 Because she will not be annoy'd with suters.

rem

remLuc.

³f.

*Ah Tranio, what a cruell Fathers he:
 But art thou not aduis'd, he tooke some care
 To get her cunning Schoolemasters to instruct her.*

*rem
 remTra.*

I marry am I sir, and now 'tis plotted.

*rem
 remLuc.*

I haue it Tranio.

*rem
 remTra.*

*Master, for my hand,
 Both our inuentions meet and iumpe in one.*

*rem
 remLuc.*

Tell me thine first.

*rem
 remTra.*

*You will be schoolemaster,
 And vndertake the teaching of the maid:
 That's your device.*

*rem
 remLuc.*

It is: May it be done?

*rem
 remTra.*

*Not possible: for who shall beare your part,
 And be in Padua heere Vincentio's sonne,
 Keepe house, and ply his booke, welcome his friends,
 Visit his Countrimen, and banquet them?*

*rem
 remLuc.*

*Basta, content thee: for I haue it full.
 We haue not yet bin seene in any house,
 Nor can we be distinguish'd by our faces,
 For man or master: then it followes thus;
 Thou shalt be master, Tranio in my sted:
 Keepe house, and port, and seruants, as I should,
 I will some other be, some Florentine,
 Some Neapolitan, or meaner man of Pisa.
 'Tis hatch'd, and shall be so: Tranio at once
 Vncase thee: take my Conlord hat and cloake,
 When Biondello comes, he waites on thee,*

But I will charme him first to keepe his tongue.

rem

remTra.

So had you neede:

In breefe Sir, sith it your pleasure is,

And I am tyed to be obedient,

For so your father charg'd me at our parting:

Be seruiceable to my sonne (quoth he)

Although I thinke 'twas in another sense,

I am content to bee Lucentio,

Because so well I loue Lucentio.

rem

remLuc.

Tranio be so, because Lucentio loues,

And let me be a slaue, t'atchieue that maide,

Whose sodaine sight hath thral'd my wounded eye.

Enter Biondello.

Heere comes the rogue. Sirra, where haue you bin?

rem

remBion.

Where haue I beene? Nay how now, where are you? Maister, ha's my fellow Tranio stolne your cloathes, or you stolne his, or both? Pray what's the newes?

rem

remLuc.

Sirra come hither, 'tis no time to iest,

And therefore frame your manners to the time

Your fellow Tranio heere to saue my life,

Puts my apparrell, and my count'nance on,

And I for my escape haue put on his:

For in a quarrell since I came a shore,

I kil'd a man, and feare I was descried:

Waite you on him, I charge you, as becomes:

While I make way from hence to saue my life:

You vnderstand me?

rem

remBion.

I sir, ne're a whit.

rem

remLuc.

And not a iot of Tranio in your mouth,

Tranio is chang'd into Lucentio.

rem

remBion.

The better for him, would I were so too.

rem

remTra.

So could I 'faith boy, to haue the next wish af ter, that Lucentio indeede had Baptistas yongest daugh ter. But sirra, not for my sake, but your masters, I ad uise you use your manners discreetly in all kind of com panies: When I am alone, why then I am Tranio: but in all places else, your master Lucentio.

rem

remLuc.

Tranio let's go:

One thing more rests, that thy selfe execute,

To make one among these wooers: if thou ask me why,

Sufficeth my reasons are both good and waighty.

Exeunt. The Presenters aboue speakes.

rem

rem1. Man.

My Lord you nod, you do not minde the play.

rem

remBeg.

Yes by Saint Anne do I, a good matter surely: Comes there any more of it?

rem

remLady.

My Lord, 'tis but begun.

rem

remBeg.

'Tis a verie excellent peece of worke, Madame Ladie: would 'twere done.

They sit and marke.

Enter Petruchio, and his man Grumio.

rem

remPetr.

Verona, for a while I take my leaue,

To see my friends in Padua; but of all

My best beloued and approued friend

Hortensio: & I trow this is his house:

Heere sirra Grumio, knocke I say.

rem

remGru.

Knocke sir? whom should I knocke? Is there any man ha's rebus'd your worship?

rem

remPetr.

Villaine I say, knocke me heere soundly.

rem

remGru.

Knocke you heere sir? Why sir, what am I sir, that I should knocke you heere sir.

rem

remPetr.

Villaine I say, knocke me at this gate,

And rap me well, or Ile knocke your knaues pate.

rem

remGru.

My Master^A is growne quarrelsome:

I should knocke you first,

And then I know after who comes by the worst.

rem

remPetr.

Will it not be?

'Faith sirrah, and you'l not knocke, Ile ring it,

Ile trie how you can Sol, Fa, and sing it.

He rings him by the eares

rem

remGru.

Helpe mistris helpe, my master is mad.

rem

remPetr.

Now knocke when I bid you: sirrah villaine.

Enter Hortensio.

rem

remHor.

How now, what's the matter? My olde friend Grumio, and my good friend Petruchio? How do you all at Verona?

rem

remPetr.

Signior Hortensio, come you to part the fray?

Contutti le core bene trobatto, may I say.

rem

remHor.

Alla nostra casa bene venuto multo honorata signi ior mio Petruchio.

Rise Grumio rise, we will compound this quarrell.

rem

remGru.

⁴Mr

Nay 'tis no matter sir, what he leges in Latine. If this be not a lawfull cause for me to leaue his seruice, looke you sir: He bid me knocke him, & rap him sound ly sir. Well, was it fit for a seruant to use his master so, being perhaps (for ought I see) two and thirty, a peepe out? Whom would to God I had well knockt at first, then had not Grumio come by the worst.

rem

remPetr.

*A sencelesse villaine: good Hortensio,
I bad the rascall knocke vpon your gate,
And could not get him for my heart to do it.*

rem

remGru.

Knocke at the gate? O heauens: spake you not these words plaine? Sirra, Knocke me heere: rappe me heere: knocke me well, and knocke me soundly? And come you now with knocking at the gate?

rem

remPetr.

Sirra be gone, or talke not I aduise you.

rem

remHor.

*Petruchio patience, I am Grumio's pledge:
Why this a heauie chance twixt him and you,
Your ancient trustie pleasant seruant Grumio:
And tell me now (sweet friend) what happie gale
Blowes you to Padua heere, from old Verona?*

rem

remPetr.

*Such wind as scatters yongmen through y world,
To seeke their fortunes farther then at home,
Where small experience growes but in a few.
Signior Hortensio, thus it stands with me.
Antonio my father is deceast,
And I haue thrust my selfe into this maze,
Happily to wiue and thriue, as best I may:
Crownes in my purse I haue, and goods at home,
And so am come abroad to see the world.*

rem

remHor.

*Petruchio, shall I then come roundly to thee,
And wish thee to a shrew'd illfauour'd wife?
Thou'dst thanke me but a little for my counsell:
And yet Ile promise thee she shall be rich,
And verie rich: but th'art too much my friend,*

And Ile not wish thee to her.

rem

remPetr.

*Signior Hortensio, 'twixt such friends as wee,
Few words suffice: and therefore, if thou know
One rich enough to be Petruchio's wife:
(As wealth is burthen of my woing dance)
Be she as foule as was Florentius Loue,
As old as Sibell, and as curst and shrow'd
As Socrates Zentippe, or a worse:
She moues me not, or not remoues at least
Affections edge in me. Were she is as rough
As are the swelling Adriaticke seas.
I come to wiue it wealthily in Padua:
If wealthily, then happily in Padua.*

rem

remGru.

*Nay looke you sir, hee tels you flatly what his minde is: why giue him Gold enough,
and marrie him to a Puppet or an Aglet babie, or an old trot with ne're a tooth in
her head, though she haue as manie diseases as two and fiftie horses. Why nothing
comes amisse, so monie comes withall.*

rem

remHor.

*Petruchio, since we are stept thus farre in,
I will continue that I broach'd in iest,
I can Petruchio helpe thee to a wife
With wealth enough, and yong and beautious,
Brought vp as best becomes a Gentlewoman.
Her onely fault, and that is faults enough,
Is, that she is intollerable curst,
And shrow'd, and froward, so beyond all measure,
That were my state farre worsen then it is,
I would not wed her for a mine of Gold.*

rem

remPetr.

*Hortensio peace: thou knowst not golds effect,
Tell me her fathers name, and 'tis enough:
For I will boord her, though she chide as loud
As thunder, when the clouds in Autumne cracke.*

rem

remHor.

Her father is Baptista Minola,

*An affable and courteous Gentleman,
Her name is Katherina Minola,
Renown'd in Padua for her scolding tongue.*

rem

remPetr.

*I know her father, though I know not her,
And he knew my deceased father well:
I wil not sleepe Hortensio til I see her,
And therefore let me be thus bold with you,
To giue you ouer at this first encounter,
Vnlesse you wil accompanie me thither.*

rem

remGru.

*I pray you Sir let him go while the humor lasts. A my word, and she knew him as wel
as I do, she would thinke scolding would doe little good vpon him. Shee may perhaps
call him halfe a score Knaues, or so: Why that's nothing; and he begin once, hee'l
raile in his rope trickes. Ile tell you what sir, and she stand him but a li tle, he wil
throw a figure in her face, and so disfigure hir with it, that shee shal haue no more
eies to see withall then a Cat: you know him not sir.*

rem

remHor.

*Tarrie Petruchio, I must go with thee,
For in Baptistas keepe my treasure is:
He hath the Iewel of my life in hold,
His yongest daughter, beautiful Bianca,
And her withholds from me. Other more
Suters to her, and riuals in my Loue:
Supposing it a thing impossible,
For those defects I haue before rehearst,
That euer Katherina wil be woo'd:
Therefore this order hath Baptista tane,
That none shal haue accesse vnto Bianca,
Til Katherine the Curst, haue got a husband.*

rem

remGru.

Katherine the curst,

A title for a maide, of all titles the worst.

rem

remHor.

*Now shal my friend Petruchio do me grace,
And offer me disguis'd in sober robes,
To old Baptista as a schoolemaster
Well seene in Musicke, to instruct Bianca,*

*That so I may by this device at least
 Haue leaue and leisure to make loue to her,
 And vnsuspected court her by her selfe.*

Enter Gremio and Lucentio disguised.

rem

remGru.

*Heere's no knauerie. See, to beguile the olde folkes, how the young folkes lay their
 heads together. Master, master, looke about you: Who goes there? ha.*

rem

remHor.

Peace Grumio, it is the riuall of my Loue.

Petruchio stand by a while.

rem

remGrumio.

A proper stripling, and an amorous.

rem

remGremio.

O very well, I haue perus'd the note:

Hearke you sir, Ile haue them verie fairely bound,

All bookes of Loue, see that at any hand,

And see you reade no other Lectures to her:

You vnderstand me. Ouer and beside

Signior Baptistas liberalitie,

Ile mend it with a Largesse. Take your paper too,

And let me haue them verie wel perfum'd;

For she is sweeter then perfume it selfe

To whom they go to: what wil you reade to her.

rem

remLuc.

What ere I reade to her, Ile pleade for you,

As for my patron, stand you so assur'd,

As firmly as your selfe were still in place,

Yea and perhaps with more successefull words

Then you; vnlesse you were a scholler sir.

rem

remGre.

Oh this learning, what a thing it is.

rem

remGru.

Oh this Woodcocke, what an Asse it is.

rem

remPetru.

Peace sirra.

rem

remHor.

Grumio mum: God saue you signior Gremio.

rem

remGre.

And you are wel met, Signior Hortensio.

Trow you whither I am going? To Baptista Minola,

I promist to enquire carefully

About a schoolemaster for the faire Bianca,

And by good fortune I haue lighted well

On this yong man: For learning and behauiour

Fit for her turne, well read in Poetrie

And other bookes, good ones, I warrant ye.

rem

remHor.

'Tis well: and I haue met a Gentleman

Hath promist me to helpe one to another,

A fine Musitian to instruct our Mistris,

So shal I no whit be behinde in dutie

To faire Bianca, so beloued of me.

rem

remGre.

Beloued of me, and that my deeds shal proue.

rem

remGru.

And that his bags shal proue.

rem

remHor.

Gremio, 'tis now no time to vent our loue,

Listen to me, and if you speake me faire,

Ile tel you newes indifferent good for either.

Heere is a Gentleman whom by chance I met

Vpon agreement from vs to his liking,

Will vndertake to woo curst Katherine,

Yea, and to marrie her, if her dowrie please.

rem

remGre.

So said, so done, is well:

Hortensio, haue you told him all her faults?

rem

remPetr.

I know she is an irkesome brawling scold:

If that be all Masters, I heare no harme.

rem

remGre.

No, sayst me so, friend? What Countreyman?

rem

remPetr.

Borne in Verona, old Butonios sonne:

My father dead, my fortune liues for me,

And I do hope, good dayes and long, to see.

rem

remGre.

Oh sir, such a life with such a wife, were strange:

But if you haue a stomacke, too't a Gods name,

You shal haue me assisting you in all.

But will you woo this Wildecate?

rem

remPetr.

Will I liue?

rem

remGru.

Wil he woo her? I: or Ile hang her.

rem

remPetr.

Why came I hither, but to that intent?

Thinke you, a little dinne can daunt mine eares?

Haue I not in my time heard Lions rore?

Haue I not heard the sea, puft vp with windes,

Rage like an angry Boare, chafed with sweat?

Haue I not heard great Ordnance in the field?

And heauens Artillerie thunder in the skies?

Haue I not in a pitched battell heard

Loud larums, neighing steeds, & trumpets clangue?

And do you tell me of a womans tongue?

That giues not halfe so great a blow to heare,

As wil a Chessenut in a Farmers fire.

Tush, tush, feare boyes with bugs.

rem

remGru.

For he feares none.

rem

remGrem.

Hortensio hearke:

This Gentleman is happily arriu'd,

My minde presumes for his owne good, and yours.

rem

remHor.

I promist we would be Contributors,

And beare his charge of wooing what1oere.

rem

remGremio.

And so we wil, prouided that he win her.

rem

remGru.

I would I were as sure of a good dinner.

Enter Tranio braue, and Biondello.

rem

remTra.

Gentlemen God saue you. If I may be bold

Tell me I beseech you, which is the readiest way

To the house of Signior Baptista Minola?

rem

remBion.

He that ha's the two faire daughters: ist he you meane?

rem

remTra.

Euen he Biondello.

rem

remGre.

Hearke you sir, you meane not her to

rem

remTra.

Perhaps him and her sir, what haue you to do?

rem

remPetr.

Not her that chides sir, at any hand I pray.

rem

remTranio.

I loue no chiders sir: Biondello, let's away.

rem

remLuc.

Well begun Tranio.

rem

remHor.

Sir, a word ere you go:

Are you a sutor to the Maid you talke of, yea or no?

rem

remTra.

And if I be sir, is it any offence?

rem

remGremio.

No: if without more words you will get you hence.

rem

remTra.

Why sir, I pray are not the streersstreets as free

For me, as for you?

rem

remGre.

But so is not she.

rem

remTra.

For what reason I beseech you.

rem

remGre.

For this reason if you'l kno,

That she's the choise loue of Signior Gremio.

rem

remHor.

That she's the chosen of signior Hortensio.

rem

remTra.

Softly my Masters: If you be Gentlemen

Do me this right: heare me with patience.

Baptista is a noble Gentleman,

To whom my Father is not all vnknowne,

And were his daughter fairer then she is,

She may more sutors haue, and me for one.

Faire Ladaes daughter had a thousand wooers,

Then well one more may faire Bianca haue;

And so she shall: Lucentio shal make one,

Though Paris came, in hope to speed alone.

rem

remGre.

What, this Gentleman will outtalke vs all.

rem

remLuc.

Sir giue him head, I know hee'l proue a Iade.

rem

remPetr.

Hortensio, to what end are all these words?

rem

remHor.

Sir, let me be so bold as aske you,

Did you yet euer see Baptistas daughter?

rem

remTra.

No sir, but heare I do that he hath two:

The one, as famous for a scolding tongue,

As is the other, for beauteous modestie.

rem

remPetr.

Sir, sir, the first's for me, let her go by.

rem

remGre.

Yea, leaue that labour to great Hercules,

And let it be more then Alcides twelue.

rem

remPetr.

Sir vnderstand you this of me (insooth)

The yongest daughter whom you hearken for,

Her father keepes from all accesse of sutors,

And will not promise her to any man,

Vntill the elder sister first be wed.

The yonger then is free, and not before.

rem

remTranio.

If it be so sir, that you are the man

Must steed vs all, and me amongst the rest:

And if you breake the ice, and do this seeke,

Atchieue the elder: set the yonger free,

For our accesse, whose hap shall be to haue her,

Wil not so gracelesse be, to be ingrate.

rem

remHor.

Sir you say wel, and wel you do conceiue,

And since you do professe to be a sutor,

You must as we do, gratifie this Gentleman,

To whom we all rest generally beholding.

rem

remTranio.

Sir, I shal not be slacke, in signe whereof,

Please ye we may contriue this afternoone,

And quaffe carouses to our Mistresse health,

And do as aduersaries do in law,

Striue mightily, but eate and drinke as friends.

rem

remGru. Bion.

Oh excellent motion: fellowes let's be gon.

rem

remHor.

*The motions good indeed, and be it so,
Petruchio, I shal be your Been venuto.*

Exeunt.

Enter Katherina and Bianca.

rem

remBian.

*Good sister wrong me not, nor wrong your self,
To make a bondmaide and a slaue of mee,
That I disdaine: but for these other goods,
Vnbinde my hands, Ile pull them off my selfe,
Yea all my raiment, to my petticoate,
Or what you will command me, wil I do,
So well I know my dutie to my elders.*

rem

remKate.

*Of all thy sutors heere I charge tel
Whom thou lou'st best: see thou dissemble not.*

rem

remBianca.

*Beleeue me sister, of all the men aliue,
I neuer yet beheld that speciall face,
Which I could fancie, more then any other.*

rem

remKate.

Minion thou lyeest: Is't not Hortensio?

rem

remBian.

*If you affect him sister, heere I sweare
Ile pleade for you my selfe, but you shal haue him.*

rem

remKate.

*Oh then belike you fancie riches more,
You wil haue Gremio to keepe you faire.*

rem

remBian.

*Is it for him you do enuie me so?
Nay then you iest, and now I wel perceiue
You haue but iested with me all this while:
I prethee sister Kate, vntie my hands.*

rem
remKa.

If that be iest, then all the rest was so.

Strikes her

Enter Baptista.

rem
remBap.

Why how now Dame, whence growes this in solence?

Bianca stand aside, poore gyrl she weepes:

Go ply thy Needle, meddle not with her.

For shame thou Hilding of a diuellish spirit,

Why dost thou wrong her, that did nere wrong thee?

When did she crosse thee with a bitter word?

rem
remKate.

Her silence flouts me, and Ile be reueng'd.

Flies after Bianca

rem
remBap.

What in my sight? Bianca get thee in.

Exit.

rem
remKate.

What will you not suffer me: Nay now I see

She is your treasure, she must haue a husband,

I must dance barefoot on her wedding day,

And for your loue to her, leade Apes in hell.

Talke not to me, I will go sit and weepe,

Till I can finde occasion of reuenge.

rem
remBap.

Was euer Gentleman thus greeu'd as I?

But who comes heere.

*Enter Gremio, Lucentio, in the habit of a meane man, Petruchio with Tranio, with
his boy bearing a Lute and Bookes.*

rem
remGre.

Good morrow neighbour Baptista.

rem
remBap.

Good morrow neighbour Gremio: God saue you Gentlemen.

rem

remPet.

And you good sir: pray haue you not a daugh ter, cal'd Katerina, faire and vertuous.

rem

remBap.

I haue a daughter sir, cal'd Katerina.

rem

remGre.

You are too blunt, go to it orderly.

rem

remPet.

You wrong me signior Gremio, giue me leaue.

I am a Gentleman of Verona sir,

That hearing of her beautie, and her wit,

Her affability and bashfull modestie:

Her wondrous qualities, and milde behauiour,

Am bold to shew my selfe a forward guest

Within your house, to make mine eye the witnesse

Of that report, which I so oft haue heard,

And for an entrance to my entertainment,

I do present you with a man of mine

Cunning in Musicke, and the Mathematickes,

To instruct her fully in those sciences,

Whereof I know she is not ignorant,

Accept of him, or else you do me wrong.

His name is Litio, borne in Mantua.

rem

remBap.

Y'are welcome sir, and he for your good sake.

But for my daughter Katerine, this I know,

She is not for your turne, the more my greefe.

rem

remPet.

I see you do not meane to part with her,

Or else you like not of my companie.

rem

remBap.

Mistake me not, I speake but as I finde,

Whence are you sir? What may I call your name.

rem

remPet.

Petruchio is my name, Antonio's sonne,

A man well knowne throughout all Italy.

rem

remBap.

I know him well: you are welcome for his sake.

rem

remGre.

*Sawing your tale Petruchio, I pray let vs that are poore petitioners speake too?
Bacare, you are meruay lous forward.*

rem

remPet.

Oh, Pardon me signior Gremio, I would faine be doing.

rem

remGre.

I doubt it not sir. But you will curse

Your wooing neighbors: this is a guift

Very gratefull, I am sure of it, to expresse

The like kindnesse my selfe, that haue beene

More kindly beholding to you then any:

Freely giue vnto this yong Scholler, that hath

Beene long studying at Rhemes, as cunning

In Greeke, Latine, and other Languages,

As the other in Musicke and Mathematickes:

His name is Cambio: pray accept his seruice.

rem

remBap.

A thousand thankes signior Gremio:

Welcome good Cambio. But gentle sir,

Me thinkes you walke like a stranger,

May I be so bold, to know the cause of your comming?

rem

remTra.

Pardon me sir, the boldnesse is mine owne,

That being a stranger in this Cittie heere,

Do make my selfe a sutor to your daughter,

Vnto Bianca, faire and vertuous:

Nor is your firme resolute vnknowne to me,

In the preferment of the eldest sister.

This liberty is all that I request,

That vpon knowledge of my Parentage,

I may haue welcome 'mongst the rest that woo,

And free accesse and fauour as the rest.

And toward the education of your daughters:

I heere bestow a simple instrument,

And this small packet of Greeke and Latine bookes:

If you accept them, then their worth is great:

rem

remBap.

Lucentio is your name, of whence I pray.

rem

remTra.

Of Pisa sir, sonne to Vincentio.

rem

remBap.

A mightie man of Pisa by report,

I know him well: you are verie welcome sir:

Take you the Lute, and you the set of bookes,

You shall go see your Pupils presently.

Holla, within.

Enter a Seruant.

Sirrah, leade these Gentlemen

To my daughters, and tell them both

These are their Tutors, bid them use them well,

We will go walke a little in the Orchard,

And then to dinner: you are passing welcome,

And so I pray you all to thinke your selues.

rem

remPet.

Signior Baptista, my businesse asketh haste,

And euerie day I cannot come to woo,

You knew my father well, and in him me,

Left soli3eire to all his Lands and goods,

Which I haue bettered rather then decreast,

Then tell me, if I get your daughters loue,

What dowrie shall I haue with her to wife.

rem

remBap.

After my death, the one halfe of my Lands,

And in possession twentie thousand Crownes.

rem

remPet.

And for that dowrie, Ile assure her of

Her widdowhood, be it that she suruiue me

In all my Lands and Leases whatsoever,

Let specialties be therefore drawne betweene vs,

That couenants may be kept on either hand.

rem

remBap.

I, when the speciall thing is well obtain'd,

That is her loue: for that is all in all.

rem

remPet.

Why that is nothing: for I tell you father,

I am as peremptorie as she proud minded:

And where two raging fires meete together,

They do consume the thing that feedes their furie.

Though little fire growes great with little winde,

Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire an3

So I to her, and so she yeelds to me3

For I am rough, and woo not li0.5

rem

remBap.

Well m2st thou wo0.5

But be thou arm'0.5

rem

remPet.

I to the 0.5

That shakes not0.5

Enter0.5

rem

remBap.

How now my friend, why dost thou looke so pale?

rem

remHor.

For feare I promise you, if I looke pale.

rem

remBap.

What, will my daughter proue a good Musiti an?

rem

remHor.

I thinke she'l sooner proue a souldier,

Iron may hold with her, but neuer Lutes.

rem

remBap.

Why then thou canst not break her to the Lute?

rem

remHor.

Why no, for she hath broke the Lute to me:

I did but tell her she mistooke her frets,

*And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering,
 When (with a most impatient diuellish spirit)
 Frets call you these? (quoth she) Ile fume with them:
 And with that word she stroke me on the head,
 And through the instrument my pate made way,
 And there I stood amazed for a while,
 As on a Pillorie, looking through the Lute,
 While she did call me Rascall, Fidler,
 And twangling Iacke, with twentie such vilde tearmes,
 As had she studied to misvse me so.*

rem

remPet.

*Now by the world, it is a lustie Wench,
 I loue her ten times more then ere I did,
 Oh how I long to haue some chat with her.*

rem

remBap.

*Wel go with me, and be not so discomfited.
 Proceed in practise with my yonger daughter,
 She's apt to learne, and thankefull for good turnes:
 Signior Petruchio, will you go with vs,
 Or shall I send my daughter Kate to you.*

Exit. Manet Petruchio.

rem

remPet.

*I pray you do. Ile attend her heere,
 And woo her with some spirit when she comes.
 Say that she raile, why then Ile tell her plaine,
 She sings as sweetly as a Nightinghale:
 Say that she frowne, Ile say she lookes as cleere
 As morning Roses newly washt with dew:
 Say she be mute, and will not speake a word,
 Then Ile commend her volubility,
 And say she vttereth piercing eloquence:
 If she do bid me packe, Ile giue her thanks,
 As though she bid me stay by her a weeke:
 If she denie to wed, Ile craue the day
 When I shall aske the banes, and when be married.
 But heere she comes, and now Petruchio speake.*

Enter Katerina.

Good morrow Kate, for thats your name I heare.

rem

remKate.

Well haue you heard, but something hard of hearing:

They call me Katerine, that do talke of me.

rem

remPet.

You lye infaith, for you are call'd plaine Kate,

And bony Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst:

But Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendome,

Kate of Katehall, my superdaintie Kate,

For dainties are all Kates, and therefore Kate

Take this of me, Kate of my consolation,

Hearing thy mildnesse prais'd in euery Towne,

Thy vertues spoke of, and thy beautie sounded,

Yet not so deepely as to thee belongs,

My selfe am moou'd to woo thee for my wife.

0.5in good time, let him that mou'd you

0.5

0.5new you at the first

0.5

0.5

0.5

0.5 are you.

rem

remPet.

Women are made to beare, and so are you.

rem

remKate.

No such Iade as you, if me you meane.

rem

remPet.

Alas good Kate, I will not burthen thee,

For knowing thee to be but yong and light.

rem

remKate.

Too light for such a swaine as you to catch,

And yet as heauie as my waight should be.

rem

remPet.

Shold be, should: buzze.

rem

remKate.

Well tane, and like a buzzard.

rem

remPet.

Oh slowwing'd Turtle, shal a buzard take thee?

rem

remKat.

I for a Turtle, as he takes a buzard.

rem

remPet.

Come, come you Waspe, y'faith you are too angrie.

rem

remKate.

If I be waspish, best beware my sting.

rem

remPet.

My remedy is then to plucke it out.

rem

remKate.

I, if the foole could finde it where it lies.

rem

remPet.

Who knowes not where a Waspe does weare his sting? In his taile.

rem

remKate.

In his tongue?

rem

remPet.

Whose tongue.

rem

remKate.

Yours if you talke of tales, and so farewell.

rem

remPet.

What with my tongue in your taile.

Nay, come againe, good Kate, I am a Gentleman,

rem

remKate.

That Ile trie.

She strikes him

rem

remPet.

I sweare Ile cuffe you, if you strike againe.

rem

remKate.

So may you loose your armes,

If you strike me, you are no Gentleman,

And if no Gentleman, why then no armes.

rem

remPet.

A Herald Kate? Oh put me in thy bookes.

rem

remKate.

What is your Crest, a Coxcombe?

rem

remPet.

A comblesse Cocke, so Kate will be my Hen.

rem

remKate.

No Cocke of mine, you crow too like a crauen

rem

remPet.

Nay come Kate, come: you must not looke so sowre.

rem

remKate.

It is my fashion when I see a Crab.

rem

remPet.

Why heere's no crab, and therefore looke not sowre.

rem

remKate.

There is, there is.

rem

remPet.

Then shew it me.

rem

remKate.

Had I a glasse, I would.

rem

remPet.

What, you meane my face.

rem

remKate.

Well aym'd of such a yong one.

rem

remPet.

Now by Saint⁵ George I am too yong for you.

rem

remKate.

⁵S.

Yet you are wither'd.

rem

remPet.

'Tis with cares.

rem

remKate.

I care not.

rem

remPet.

Nay heare you Kate. Insooth you scape not so.

rem

remKate.

I chafe you if I tarrie. Let me go.

rem

remPet.

No, not a whit, I finde you passing gentle:

'Twas told me you were rough, and coy, and sullen,

And now I finde report a very liar:

For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous,

But slow in speech: yet sweet as springtime flowers.

Thou canst not frowne, thou canst not looke a sconce,

Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will,

Nor hast thou pleasure to be crosse in talke:

But thou with mildnesse entertain'st thy wooers,

With gentle conference, soft, and affable.

Why does the world report that Kate doth limpe?

Oh sland'rous world: Kate like the hazle twig

Is straight, and slender, and as browne in hue

As hazle nuts, and sweeter then the kernels:

Oh let me see thee walke: thou dost not halt.

rem

remKate.

Go foole, and whom thou keep'st command.

rem

remPet.

Did euer Dian so become a Groue

As Kate this chamber with her princely gate:

O be thou Dian, and let her be Kate,

And then let Kate be chaste, and Dian sportfull.

rem

remKate.

Where did you study all this goodly speech?

rem

remPetr.

It is extempore, from my mother wit.

rem

remKate.

A witty mother, witlesse else her sonne.

rem

remPet.

Am I not wise?

rem

remKat.

Yes, keepe you warme.

rem

remPet.

Marry so I meane sweet Katherine in thy bed:

And therefore setting all this chat aside,

Thus in plaine termes: your father hath consented

That you shall be my wife; your dowry greed on,

And will you, nill you, I will marry you.

Now Kate, I am a husband for your turne,

For by this light, whereby I see thy beauty,

Thy beauty that doth make me like thee well

Thou must be married to no man but me,

Enter Baptista, Gremio, Trayno.

For I am he am borne to tame you Kate,

And bring you from a wilde Kate to a Kate

Conformable as other household Kates:

Heere comes your father, neuer make deniall,

I must, and will haue Katherine to my wife.

rem

remBap.

Now Signior Petruchio, how speed you with my (daughter?)

rem

remPet.

How but well sir? how but well?

It were impossible I should speed amisse.

rem

remBap.

Why how now daughter Katherine, in your (dumps?)

rem

remKat.

Call you me daughter? now I promise you

You haue shewd a tender fatherly regard,

To wish me wed to one halfe Lunaticke,

*A madcap ruffian, and a swearing Iacke,
That thinkes with oathes to face the matter out.*

rem

remPet.

*Father, 'tis thus, your selfe and all the world
That talk'd of her, haue talk'd amisse of her:
If she be curst, it is for pollicie,
For shee's not froward, but modest as the Doue,
Shee is not hot, but temperate as the morne,
For patience shee will proue a second Grissell,
And Romane Lucrece for her chastitie:
And to conclude, we haue greed so well together,
That vpon sonday is the wedding day.*

rem

remKate.

Ile see thee hang'd on sonday first.

rem

remGre.

Hark Petruchio, she saies shee'll see thee hang'd (first.

rem

remTra.

Is this your speeding? nay them⁶ godnight our part.

rem

remPet.

*Be patient gentlemen, I choose her for my selfe,
If she and I be pleas'd, what's that to you?
'Tis bargain'd twixt vs twaine being alone,
That she shall still be curst in company.
I tell you 'tis incredible to beleue
How much she loues me: oh the kindest Kate,
Shee hung about my necke, and kisse on kisse
Shee vi'd so fast, protesting oath on oath,
That in a twinke she won me to her loue.
Oh you are nouices, 'tis a world to see
How tame when men and women are alone,
A meacocke wretch can make the curstest shrew:
Giue me thy hand Kate, I will vnto Venice
To buy apparell 'gainst the wedding day;
Prouide the feast father, and bid the guests,
I will be sure my Katherine shall be fine.*

rem

remBap.

I know not what to say, but giue me your hands⁷,

⁶th

⁷hds

God send you ioy, Petruchio, 'tis a match.

rem

remGre. Tra.

Amen say we, we will be witnesses.

rem

remPet.

Father, and wife, and gentlemen adieu,

I will to Venice, sonday comes apace,

We will haue rings, and things, and fine array,

And kisse me Kate, we will be married a sonday.

Exit Petruchio and Katherine.

rem

remGre.

Was euer match clapt vp so sodainly?

rem

remBap.

Faith Gentlemen now I play a marchants part,

And venture madly on a desperate Mart.

rem

remTra.

Twas a commodity lay fretting by you,

'Twill bring you gaine, or perish on the seas.

rem

remBap.

The gaine I seeke, is quiet me the match.

rem

remGre.

No doubt but he hath got a quiet catch:

But now Baptista, to your yonger daughter,

Now is the day we long haue looked for,

I am your neighbour, and was suter first.

rem

remTra.

And I am one that loue Bianca more

Then words can witnesse, or your thoughts can guesse.

rem

remGre.

Yongling thou canst not loue so deare as I.

rem

remTra.

Graybeard thy loue doth freeze.

rem

remGre.

But thine doth frie,

Skipper stand backe, 'tis age that nourisheth.

rem

remTra.

But youth in Ladies eyes that florisheth.

rem

remBap.

Content you gentlemen, I wil compound^s this strife

'Tis deeds must win the prize, and he of both

That can assure my daughter greatest dower,

Shall haue my Biancas loue.

Say signior Gremio, what can you assure her?

rem

remGre.

First, as you know, my house within the City

Is richly furnished with plate and gold,

Basons and ewers to laue her dainty hands:

My hangings all of tirian tapestry:

In Iuory cofers I haue stuft my crownes:

In Cypres chests my arras counterpoints,

Costly apparell, tents, and Canopies,

Fine Linnen, Turky cushions bost with pearle,

Vallens of Venice gold, in needle worke:

Pewter and brasse, and all things that belongs

To house or housekeeping: then at my farme

I haue a hundred milchkinne to the pale,

Sixescore fat Oxen standing in my stalls,

And all things answerable to this portion.

My selfe am strooke in yeeres I must confesse,

And if I die to morrow this is hers,

If whil'st I liue she will be onely mine.

rem

remTra.

That only came well in: sir, list to me,

I am my fathers heyre and onely sonne,

If I may haue your daughter to my wife,

Ile leaue her houses three or foure as good

Within rich Pisa walls, as any one

Old Signior Gremio has in Padua,

Besides, two thousand Duckets by the yeere

Of fruitfull land, all which shall be her ioynter.

^scpound

What, haue I pincht you Signior Gremio?

rem

remGre.

*Two thousand Duckets by the yeere of land,
My Land amounts not to so much in all:*

That she shall haue, besides an Argosie

That now is lying in Marcellus roade:

What, haue I choakt you with an Argosie?

rem

remTra.

*Gremio, 'tis knowne my father hath no lesse
Then three great Argosies, besides two Galliasses
And twelue tite Gallies, these I will assure her,
And twice as much what ere thou offrest next.*

rem

remGre.

*Nay, I haue offred all, I haue no more,
And she can haue no more then all I haue,
If you like me, she shall haue me and mine.*

rem

remTra.

*Why then the maid is mine from all the world
By your firme promise, Gremio is outvied.*

rem

remBap.

*I must confesse your offer is the best,
And let your father make her the assurance,
Shee is your owne, else you must pardon me:
If you should die before him, where's her dower?*

rem

remTra.

That's but a cauill: he is olde, I young.

rem

remGre.

And may not yong men die as well as old?

rem

remBap.

*Well gentlemen, I am thus resolu'd,
On sonday next, you know
My daughter Katherine is to be married:
Now on the sonday following, shall Bianca
Be Bride to you, if you make this assurance:
If not, to Signior Gremio:*

And so I take my leaue, and thanke you both.

Exit.

rem

remGre.

*Adieu good neighbour: now I feare thee not:
Sirra, yong gamester, your father were a foole
To giue thee all, and in his wayning age
Set foot vnder thy table: tut, a toy,
An olde Italian foxe is not so kinde my boy.*

Exit.

rem

remTra.

*A vengeance on your crafty withered hide,
Yet I haue fac'd it with a card of ten:
'Tis in my head to doe my master good:
I see no reason but suppos'd Lucentio
Must get a father, call'd suppos'd Vincentio,
And that's a wonder: fathers commonly
Doe get their children: but in this case of woing,
A childe shall get a sire, if I faile not of my cunning.*

Exit.

Actus Tertia.

Enter Lucentio, Hortentio, and Bianca.

rem

remLuc.

*Fidler forbear, you grow too forward Sir,
Haue you so soone forgot the entertainment
Her sister Katherine welcom'd you withall.*

rem

remHort.

*But wrangling pedant, this is
The patronesse of heauenly harmony:
Then giue me leaue to haue prerogatiue,
And when in Musicke we haue spent an houre,
Your Lecture shall haue leisure for as much.*

rem

remLuc.

*Preposterous Asse that neuer read so farre,
To know the cause why musicke was ordain'd:*

*Was it not to refresh the minde of man
After his studies, or his usuall paine?
Then giue me leaue to read Philosophy,
And while I pause, serue in your harmony.*

rem

remHort.

Sirra, I will not beare these braues of thine.

rem

remBianc.

*Why gentlemen, you doe me double wrong,
To striue for that which resteth in my choice:
I am no breeching scholler in the schooles,
Ile not be tied to howres, nor pointed times,
But learne my Lessons as I please my selfe,
And to cut off all strife: heere sit we downe,
Take you your instrument, play you the whiles,
His Lecture will be done ere you haue tun'd.*

rem

remHort.

You'll leaue his Lecture when I am in tune?

rem

remLuc.

That will be neuer, tune your instrument.

rem

remBian.

Where left we last?

rem

remLuc.

Heere Madam: Hic Ibat Simois, hic est sigeria tellus, hic steterat Priami regia Celsa senis.

rem

remBian.

Conster them.

rem

remLuc.

Hic Ibat, as I told you before, Simois, I am Lu centio, hic est, sonne unto Vincentio of Pisa, Sigeria te llus, disguised thus to get your loue, hic steterat, and that Lucentio that comes a wooing, priami, is my man Tra nio, regia, bearing my port, celsa senis that we might be guile the old Pantalowne.

rem

remHort.

Madam, my Instrument's in tune.

rem

remBian.

Let's heare, oh fie, the treble iarres.

rem

remLuc.

Spit in the hole man, and tune againe.

rem

remBian.

Now let mee see if I can conster it. Hic ibat si mois, I know you not, hic est sigeria tellus, I trust you not, hic staterat priami, take heede he heare vs not, regia pre sume not, Celsa senis, despaire not.

rem

remHort.

Madam, tis now in tune.

rem

remLuc.

All but the base.

rem

remHort.

The base is right, 'tis the base knaue that iars.

rem

remLuc.

How fiery and forward our Pedant is,

Now for my life the knaue doth court my loue,

Pedascule, Ile watch you better yet:

In time I may beleeeue, yet I mistrust.

rem

remBian.

Mistrust it not, for sure acides

Was Ajax cald so from his grandfather.

rem

remHort.

This speech is conventionally attributed to Bianca.

I must beleeeue my master, else I promise you,

I should be arguing still vpon that doubt,

But let it rest, now Litio to you:

Good master take it not vnkindly pray

That I haue beene thus pleasant with you both.

rem

remHort.

You may go walk, and giue me leaue a while,

My Lessons make no musicke in three parts.

rem

remLuc.

Are you so formall sir, well I must waite

And watch withall, for but I be deceiu'd,

Our fine Musitian groweth amorous.

rem

remHor.

Madam, before you touch the instrument,
 To learne the order of my fingering,
 I must begin with rudiments of Art,
 To teach you gamoth in a briefer sort,
 More pleasant, pithy, and effectuall,
 Then hath beene taught by any of my trade,
 And there it is in writing fairely drawne.

rem

remBian.

Why, I am past my gamouth long agoe.

rem

remHor.

Yet read the gamouth of Hortentio.

rem

remBian.

Gamouth I am, the ground of all accord:
 Are, to plead Hortensio's passion:
 Beeme, Bianca take him for thy Lord
 Cfavt, that loues with all affection:
 D solre, one Cliffe, two notes haue I,
 Elami, show pittie or I die.
 Call you this gamouth? tut I like it not,
 Old fashions please me best, I am not so nice
 To charge true rules for old inuentions.

Enter a Messenger.

rem

remNicke.

Mistresse, your father prayes you leaue your (books,
 And helpe to dresse your sisters chamber vp,
 You know to morrow is the wedding day.

rem

remBian.

Farewell sweet masters both, I must be gone.

rem

remLuc.

Faith Mistresse then I haue no cause to stay.

rem

remHor.

But I haue cause to pry into this pedant,
 Methinkes he lookes as though he were in loue:

*Yet if thy thoughts Bianca be so humble
To cast thy wandring eyes on euery stale:
Seize thee that List, if once I finde thee ranging,
Hortensio will be quit with thee by changing.*

Exit.

Enter Baptista, Gremio, Tranio, Katherine, Bianca, and o thers, attendants.

rem

remBap.

*Signior Lucentio, this is the pointed day
That Katherine and Petruchio should be married,
And yet we heare not of our sonne in Law:
What will be said, what mockery will it be?
To want the Bridegroome when the Priest attends
To speake the ceremoniall rites of marriage?
What saies Lucentio to this shame of ours?*

rem

remKate.

*No shame but mine, I must forsooth be forst
To giue my hand oppos'd against my heart
Vnto a madbraine rudesby, full of spleene,
Who woo'd in haste, and meanes to wed at leysure:
I told you I, he was a franticke foole,
Hiding his bitter iests in blunt behauiour,
And to be noted for a merry man;
Hee'll wooe a thousand, point the day of marriage,
Make friends, inuite, and proclaime the banes,
Yet neuer meanes to wed where he hath woo'd:
Now must the world point at poore Katherine,
And say, loe, there is mad Petruchio's wife
If it would please him come and marry her.*

rem

remTra.

*Patience good Katherine and Baptista too,
Vpon my life Petruchio meanes but well,
What euer fortune stayes him from his word,
Though he be blunt, I know him passing wise,
Though he be merry, yet withall he's honest.*

rem

remKate.

Would Katherine had neuer seen him though.

Exit weeping.

rem

remBap.

*Goe girle, I cannot blame thee now to weepe,
For such an iniurie would vex a very saint,
Much more a shrew of impatient humour.*

Enter Biondello.

rem

remBion.

Master, master, newes, and such newes as you neuer heard of,

rem

remBap.

Is it new and olde too? how may that be?

rem

remBion.

Why, is it not newes to heard of Petruchio's (comming?

rem

remBap.

Is he come?

rem

remBion.

Why no sir.

rem

remBap.

What then?

rem

remBion.

He is comming.

rem

remBap.

When will he be heere?

rem

remBion.

When he stands where I am, and sees you there.

rem

remTra.

But say, what to thine olde newes?

rem

remBion.

Why Petruchio is comming, in a new hat and an old ierkin, a paire of old breeches thrice turn'd; a paire of bootes that haue beene candlecases, one buck led, another lac'd: an olde rusty sword tane out of the Towne Armory, with a broken hilt, and chapelesse: with two broken points: his horse hip'd with an olde mo thy saddle, and

stirrups of no kindred: besides possest with the glanders, and like to mose in the chine, trou bled with the Lampasse, infected with the fashions, full of Windegalls, sped with Spauins, raied with the Yel lowes, past cure of the Fiues, starke spoyl'd with the Staggers, begnawne with the Bots, Waid in the backe, and shouldershotten, neere leg'd before, and with a halfechekt Bitte, & a headstall of sheepes leather, which being restrain'd to keepe him from stumbling, hath been often burst, and now repaired with knots: one girth sixe times peec'd, and a womans Crupper of velure, which hath two letters for her name, fairely set down in studs, and heere and there peec'd with packthred.

rem

remBap.

Who comes with him?

rem

remBion.

Oh sir, his Lackey, for all the world Capari soned like the horse: with a linnen stock on one leg, and a kersey boothose on the other, gartred with a red and blew list; an old hat, & the humor of forty fancies prickt in't for a feather: a monster, a very monster in apparell, & not like a Christian footboy, or a gentlemans Lacky.

rem

remTra.

'Tis some od humor pricks him to this fashion,

Yet oftentimes he goes but meane apparel'd.

rem

remBap.

I am glad he's come, howsoere he comes.

rem

remBion.

Why sir, he comes not.

rem

remBap.

Didst thou not say hee comes?

rem

remBion.

Who, that Petruchio came?

rem

remBap.

I, that Petruchio came.

rem

remBion.

No sir, I say his horse comes with him on his (backe.

rem

remBap.

Why that's all one.

rem

remBion.

Nay by Saint⁹ Iamy, I hold you a penny, a horse and a man is more then one, and yet not many.

Enter Petruchio and Grumio.

rem

remPetr.

Come, where be these gallants? who's at home?

rem

remBap.

You are welcome sir.

rem

remPetr.

And yet I come not well.

rem

remBap.

And yet you halt not.

rem

remTra.

Not so well apparell'd as I wish you were.

rem

remPetr.

Were it better I should rush in thus:

But where is Kate? where is my louely Bride?

How does my father? gentles methinkes you frowne,

And wherefore gaze this goodly company,

As if they saw some wondrous monument,

Some Commet, or vnusuall prodigie?

rem

remBap.

Why sir, you know this is your wedding day:

First were we sad, fearing you would not come,

Now sadder that you come so unprouided:

Fie, doff this habit, shame to your estate,

An eyesore to our solemne festiuall.

rem

remTra.

And tell vs what occasion of import

Hath all so long detain'd you from your wife,

And sent you hither so vnlike your selfe?

rem

remPetr.

Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to heare,

Sufficeth I am come to keepe my word,

⁹S.

*Though in some part inforced to digresse,
Which at more leysure I will so excuse,
As you shall well be satisfied with all.
But where is Kate? I stay too long from her,
The morning weares, 'tis time we were at Church.*

rem

remTra.

*See not your Bride in these vnreuerent robes,
Goe to my chamber, put on clothes of mine.*

rem

remPet.

Not I, beleue me, thus Ile visit her.

rem

remBap.

But thus I trust you will not marry her.

rem

remPet.

*Good sooth euen thus: therefore ha done with (words,
To me she's married, not vnto my cloathes:
Could I repaire what she will weare in me,
As I can change these poore accoutrements,
'Twere well for Kate, and better for my selfe.
But what a foole am I to chat with you,
When I should bid good morrow to my Bride?
And seale the title with a louely kisse.*

Exit.

rem

remTra.

*He hath some meaning in his mad attire,
We will perswade him be it possible,
To put on better ere he goe to Church.*

rem

remBap.

Ile after him, and see the euent of this.

Exit.

rem

remTra.

*But sir, Loue concerneth vs to adde
Her fathers liking, which to bring to passe
As before imparted to your worship,
I am to get a man what ere he be,*

*It skills not much, weele fit him to our turne,
And he shall be Vincentio of Pisa,
And make assurance heere in Padua
Of greater summes then I haue promised,
So shall you quietly enioy your hope,
And marry sweet Bianca with consent.*

rem

remLuc.

*Were it not that my fellow schoolemaster
Doth watch Bianca's steps so narrowly:
'Twere good methinkes to steale our marriage,
Which once perform'd, let all the world say no,
Ile keepe mine owne despite of all the world.*

rem

remTra.

*That by degrees we meane to looke into,
And watch our vantage in this businesse,
Wee'll ouerreach the greybeard Gremio,
The narrow prying father Minola,
The quaint Musician, amorous Litorio,
All for my Masters sake Lucentio.*

Enter Gremio.

Signior Gremio, came you from the Church?

rem

remGre.

As willingly as ere I came from schoole.

rem

remTra.

And is the Bride & Bridegroom coming home?

rem

remGre.

*A bridegroome say you? 'Tis a groome indeed,
A grumling groome, and that the girle shall finde.*

rem

remTra.

Curster then she, why 'tis impossible.

rem

remGre.

Why hee's a deuill, a deuill, a very fiend.

rem

remTra.

Why she's a deuill, a deuill, the deuils damme.

rem

remGre.

Tut, she's a Lambe, a Doue, a foole to him:

*Ile tell you sir Lucentio; when the Priest
Should aske if Katherine should be his wife,
I, by goggs woones quoth he, and swore so loud,
That all amaz'd the Priest let fall the booke,
And as he stoop'd againe to take it vp,
This madbrain'd bridegroomme tooke him such a cuffe,
That downe fell Priest and booke, and booke and Priest,
Now take them vp quoth he, if any list.*

rem

remTra.

What said the wench when he rose againe?

rem

remGre.

Trembled and shooke: for why, he stamp'd and swore, as if the Vicar meant to cozen him: but after ma ny ceremonies done, hee calls for wine, a health quoth he, as if he had beene aboard carousing to his Mates af ter a storme, quaft off the Muscadell, and threw the sops all in the Sextons face: hauing no other reason, but that his beard grew thinne and hungerly, and seem'd to aske him sops as hee was drinking: This done, hee tooke the Bride about the necke, and kist her lips with such a cla morous smacke, that at the parting all the Church did eccho: and I seeing this, came thence for very shame, and after mee I know the rout is comming, such a mad mar ryage neuer was before: harke, harke, I heare the min strels play.

Musicke playes.

Enter Petruchio, Kate, Bianca, Hortensio, Baptista.

rem

remPetr.

*Gentlemen & friends, I thank you for your pains,
I know you thinke to dine with me to day,
And haue prepar'd great store of wedding cheere,
But so it is, my haste doth call me hence,
And therefore heere I meane to take my leaue.*

rem

remBap.

Is't possible you will away to night?

rem

remPet.

*I must away to day before night come,
Make it no wonder: if you knew my businesse,
You would intreat me rather goe then stay:
And honest company, I thanke you all,*

*That haue beheld me giue away my selfe
To this most patient, sweet, and vertuous wife,
Dine with my father, drinke a health to me,
For I must hence, and farewell to you all.*

rem

remTra.

Let vs intreat you stay till after dinner.

rem

remPet.

It may not be.

rem

remGra.

Let me intreat you.

rem

remPet.

It cannot be.

rem

remKat.

Let me intreat you.

rem

remPet.

I am content.

rem

remKat.

Are you content to stay?

rem

remPet.

I am content you shall entreat me stay,

But yet not stay, entreat me how you can.

rem

remKat.

Now if you loue me stay.

rem

remPet.

Grumio, my horse.

rem

remGru.

I sir, they be ready, the Oates haue eaten the horses.

rem

remKate.

Nay then,

Doe what thou canst, I will not goe to day,

No, nor to morrow, not till I please my selfe,

The dore is open sir, there lies your way,

You may be iogging whiles your bootes are greene:

*For me, Ile not be gone till I please my selfe,
'Tis like you'll proue a iolly surly groome,
That take it on you at the first so roundly.*

rem

remPet.

O Kate content thee, prethee be not angry.

rem

remKat.

I will be angry, what hast thou to doe?

Father, be quiet, he shall stay my leisure.

rem

remGre.

I marry sir, now it begins to worke.

rem

remKat.

Gentlemen, forward to the bridall dinner,

I see a woman may be made a foole

If she had not a spirit to resist.

rem

remPet.

They shall goe forward Kate at thy command,

Obeie the Bride you that attend on her.

Goe to the feast, reuell and domineere,

Carouse full measure to her maidenhead,

Be madde and merry, or goe hang your selues:

But for my bonny Kate, she must with me:

Nay, looke not big, nor stampe, not stare, nor fret,

I will be master of what is mine owne,

Shee is my goods, my chattels, she is my house,

My housholdstuffe, my field, my barne,

My horse, my oxe, my asse, my any thing,

And heere she stands, touch her who euer dare,

Ile bring mine action on the proudest he

That stops my way in Padua: Grumio

Draw forth thy weapon, we are beset with theeues,

Rescue thy Mistresse if thou be a man:

Feare not sweet wench, they shall not touch thee Kate,

Ile buckler thee against a Million.

Exeunt. P. Ka.

rem

remBap.

Nay, let them goe, a couple of quiet ones.

rem

remGre.

Went they not quickly, I should die with laugh (ing.

rem

remTra.

Of all mad matches neuer was the like.

rem

remLuc.

Mistresse, what's your opinion of your sister?

rem

remBian.

That being mad her selfe, she's madly mated.

rem

remGre.

I warrant him Petruchio is Kated.

rem

remBap.

Neighbours and friends, though Bride & Bride (groom wants

For to supply the places at the table,

You know there wants no iunkets at the feast:

Lucentio, you shall supply the Bridegroomes place,

And let Bianca take her sisters roome.

rem

remTra.

Shall sweet Bianca practise how to bride it?

rem

remBap.

She shall Lucentio: come gentlemen lets goe.

Exeunt.

Enter Grumio.

rem

remGru.

Fie, fie on all tired Iades, on all mad Masters, & all foule waies: was euer man so beaten? was euer man so raide? was euer man so weary? I am sent before to make a fire, and they are comming after to warme them: now were not I a little pot, & soone hot; my very lippes might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the roofe of my mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I should come by a fire to thaw me, but I with blowing the fire shall warme my selfe: for considering the weather, a taller man then I will take cold: Holla, hoa Curtis.

Enter Curtis.

rem

remCurt.

Who is that calls so coldly?

rem

remGru.

A piece of Ice: if thou doubt it, thou maist slide from my shoulder to my heele, with no greater a run but my head and my necke. A fire good Curtis.

rem

remCur.

Is my master and his wife comming Grumio?

rem

remGru.

Oh I Curtis I, and therefore fire, fire, cast on no water.

rem

remCur.

Is she so hot a shrew as she's reported.

rem

remGru.

She was good Curtis before this frost: but thou know'st winter tames man, woman, and beast: for it hath tam'd my old master, and my new mistris, and my selfe fellow Curtis.

rem

remGru.

This speech is conventionally attributed to Curtis. Away you three inch foole, I am no beast.

rem

remGru.

Am I but three inches? Why thy horne is a foot and so long am I at the least. But wilt thou make a fire, or shall I complaine on thee to our mistris, whose hand (she being now at hand) thou shalt soone feele, to thy cold comfort, for being slow in thy hot office.

rem

remCur.

I prethee good Grumio, tell me, how goes the world?

rem

remGru.

A cold world Curtis in euery office but thine, & therefore fire: do thy duty, and haue thy dutie, for my Master and mistris are almost frozen to death.

rem

remCur.

There's fire readie, and therefore good Grumio the newes.

rem

remGru.

Why Iacke boy, ho boy, and as much newes as wilt thou.

rem

remCur.

Come, you are so full of conicatching.

rem

remGru.

Why therefore fire, for I haue caught extreme cold. Where's the Cooke, is supper ready, the house trim'd, rushes strew'd, cobwebs swept, the seruingmen in their new fustian, the white stockings, and euery offi cer his wedding garment on? Be the Iackes faire with in, the Gils faire without, the Carpets laide, and euerie thing in order?

rem

remCur.

All readie: and therefore I pray thee newes.

rem

remGru.

First know my horse is tired, my master & mi stris falne out.

rem

remCur.

How?

rem

remGru.

Out of their saddles into the durt, and thereby hangs a tale.

rem

remCur.

Let's ha't good Grumio.

rem

remGru.

Lend thine eare.

rem

remCur.

Heere.

rem

remGru.

There.

rem

remCur.

This 'tis to feele a tale, not to heare a tale.

rem

remGru.

And therefore 'Tis cal'd a sensible tale: and this Cuffe was but to knocke at your eare, and beseech list ning: now I begin, Inprimis wee came downe a fowle hill, my Master riding behinde my Mistris.

rem

remCur.

Both of one horse?

rem

remGru.

What's that to thee?

rem

remCur.

Why a horse.

rem

remGru.

Tell thou the tale: but hadst thou not crost me, thou shouldst haue heard how her horse fel, and she vn der her horse: thou shouldst haue heard in how miery a place, how she was bemoil'd, how hee left her with the horse vpon her, how he beat me because her horse stum bled, how she waded through the durt to plucke him off me: how he swore, how she prai'd, that neuer prai'd be fore: how I cried, how the horses ranne away, how her bridle was burst: how I lost my crupper, with manie things of worthy memorie, which now shall die in obli uion, and thou returne vnexperienc'd to thy graue.

rem

remCur.

By this reckning he is more shrew than she.

rem

remGru.

I, and that thou and the proudest of you all shall finde when he comes home. But what talke I of this? Call forth Nathaniel, Ioseph, Nicholas, Phillip, Walter, Sutersop and the rest: let their heads bee slickely comb'd, their blew coats brush'd, and their garters of an indiffe rent knit, let them curtsie with their left legges, and not presume to touch a haire of my Masters horsetaile, till they kisse their hands. Are they all readie?

rem

remCur.

They are.

rem

remGru.

Call them forth.

rem

remCur.

Do you heare ho? you must meete my maister to countenance my mistris.

rem

remGru.

Why she hath a face of her owne.

rem

remCur.

Who knowes not that?

rem

remGru.

Thou it seemes, that cals for company to coun tenance her.

rem

remCur.

I call them forth to credit her.

Enter foure or fiue seruingmen.

rem

remGru.

Why she comes to borrow nothing of them.

rem

remNat.

Welcome home Grumio.

rem

remPhil.

How now Grumio.

rem

remIos.

What Grumio.

rem

remNick.

Fellow Grumio.

rem

remNat.

How now old lad.

rem

remGru.

Welcome you: how now you: what you: fel low you: and thus much for greeting.

Now my spruce companions, is all readie, and all things neate?

rem

remNat.

All things is readie, how neere is our master?

rem

remGre.

E'ne at hand, alighted by this: and therefore be not Cockes passion, silence, I heere my master.

Enter Petruchio and Kate.

rem

remPet.

Where be these knaues? What no man at doore

To hold my stirrop, nor to take my horse?

Where is Nathaniel, Gregory, Phillip.

rem

remAll ser.

Heere, heere sir, heere sir.

rem

remPet.

Heere sir, heere sir, heere sir, heere sir.

You loggerheaded and vnpollisht groomes:

What? no attendance? no regard? no dutie?

Where is the foolish knaue I sent before?

rem

remGru.

Heere sir, as foolish as I was before.

rem

remPet.

*You pezant, swain, you horson malthorse drudg
Did I not bid thee meete me in the Parke,
And bring along these rascal knaues with thee?*

rem

remGrumio.

*Nathaniels coate sir was not fully made,
And Gabrels pumpes were all vnpinkt i'th heele:
There was no Linke to colour Peters hat,
And Walters dagger was not come from sheathing:
There were none fine, but Adam, Rafe, and Gregory,
The rest were ragged, old, and beggerly,
Yet as they are, heere are they come to meete you.*

rem

remPet.

Go rascals, go, and fetch my supper in.

Ex. Ser.

*Where is the life that late I led?
Where are those? Sit downe Kate,
And welcome. Soud, soud, soud, soud.*

Enter seruants with supper.

*Why when I say? Nay good sweete Kate be merrie.
Off with my boots, you rogues: you villaines, when?
It was the Friar of Orders gray,
As he forth walked on his way.
Out you rogue, you plucke my foote awrie,
Take that, and mend the plucking of the other.
Be merrie Kate: Some water heere: what hoa.*

Enter one with water.

*Where's my Spaniel Troilus? Sirra, get you hence,
And bid my cozen Ferdinand come hither:
One Kate that you must kisse, and be acquainted with.
Where are my Slippers? Shall I haue some water?
Come Kate and wash, & welcome heartily:
You horson villaine, will you let it fall?*

rem

remKate.

Patience I pray you, 'twas a fault vnwilling.

rem

remPet.

A horson beetleheaded flapear'd knaue:

*Come Kate sit downe, I know you haue a stomacke,
Will you giue thanks, sweete Kate, or else shall I?
What's this, Mutton?*

rem

rem1. Ser.

I.

rem

remPet.

Who brought it?

rem

remPeter.

I.

rem

remPet.

'Tis burnt, and so is all the meate:

What dogges are these? Where is the rascall Cooke?

How durst you villaines bring it from the dresser

And serue it thus to me that loue it not?

There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all:

You heedlesse ioltheads, and vnmaner'd slaues.

What, do you grumble? Ile be with you straight.

rem

remKate.

I pray you husband be not so disquiet,

The meate was well, if you were so contented.

rem

remPet.

I tell thee Kate, 'twas burnt and dried away,

And I expressely am forbid to touch it:

For it engenders choller, planteth anger,

And better 'twere that both of vs did fast,

Since of our selues, our selues are chollericke,

Then feede it with such ouerrosted flesh:

Be patient, to morrow't shalbe mended,

And for this night we'l fast for companie.

Come I wil bring thee to thy Bridall chamber.

Exeunt.

Enter Seruants seuerally.

rem

remNath.

Peter didst euer see the like.

rem

remPeter.

He kils her in her owne humor.

rem

remGrumio.

Where is he?

Enter Curtis a Seruant.

rem

remCur.

In her chamber, making a sermon of continen cie to her, and railles, and sweares, and rates, that shee (poore soule) knowes not which way to stand, to looke, to speake, and sits as one new risen from a dreame. A way, away, for he is comming hither.

Enter Petruchio.

rem

remPet.

*Thus haue I politickeely begun my reigne,
 And 'tis my hope to end successsefully:
 My Faulcon now is sharpe, and passing emptie,
 And til she stoope, she must not be full gorg'd,
 For then she neuer lookes vpon her lure.
 Another way I haue to man my Haggard,
 To make her come, and know her Keepers call:
 That is, to watch her, as we watch these Kites,
 That baite, and beate, and will not be obedient:
 She eate no meate to day, nor none shall eate.
 Last night she slept not, nor to night she shall not:
 As with the meate, some vnderued fault
 Ile finde about the making of the bed,
 And heere Ile fling the pillow, there the boulder,
 This way the Couerlet, another way the sheets:
 I, and amid this hurlie I intend,
 That all is done in reuerend care of her,
 And in conclusion, she shal watch all night,
 And if she chance to nod, Ile raile and brawle,
 And with the clamor keepe her stil awake:
 This is a way to kil a Wife with kindnesse,
 And thus Ile curbe her mad and headstrong humor:
 He that knowes better how to tame a shrew,
 Now let him speake, 'tis charity to shew.*

Exit.

Enter Tranio and Hortensio.

rem

remTra.

*Is't possible friend Lisio, that mistris Bianca
Doth fancie any other but Lucentio,
I tel you sir, she beares me faire in hand.*

rem

remLuc.

*This speech is conventionally attributed to Hortensio.
Sir, to satisfie you in what I haue said,
Stand by, and marke the manner of his teaching.*

Enter Bianca.

rem

remHor.

Now Mistris, profit you in what you reade?

rem

remBian.

What Master reade you first, resolue me that?

rem

remHor.

I reade, that I professe the Art to loue.

rem

remBian.

And may you proue sir Master of your Art.

rem

remLuc.

While you sweet deere proue Mistresse of my heart.

rem

remHor.

*Quicke proceeders marry, now tel me I pray,
you that durst sweare that your Mistris Bianca
Lou'd me in the World so wel as Lucentio.*

rem

remTra.

*Oh despightful Loue, vnconstant womankind,
I tel thee Lisio this is wonderfull.*

rem

remHor.

*Mistake no more, I am not Lisio,
Nor a Musitian as I seeme to bee,
But one that scorne to liue in this disguise,*

*For such a one as leaues a Gentleman,
And makes a God of such a Cullion;
Know sir, that I am cal'd Hortensio.*

rem

remTra.

*Signior Hortensio, I haue often heard
Of your entire affection to Bianca,
And since mine eyes are witnessse of her lightnesse,
I wil with you, if you be so contented,
Forsweare Bianca, and her loue for euer.*

rem

remHor.

*See how they kisse and court: Signior Lucentio,
Heere is my hand, and heere I firmly vow
Neuer to woo her more, but do forswear her
As one vnworthie all the former fauours
That I haue fondly flatter'd them withall.*

rem

remTra.

*And heere I take the like vnfaigned oath,
Neuer to marrie with her, though she would intreate,
Fie on her, see how beastly she doth court him.*

rem

remHor.

*Would all the world but he had quite forsworn
For me, that I may surely keepe mine oath.
I wil be married to a wealthy Widdow,
Ere three dayes passe, which hath as long lou'd me,
As I haue lou'd this proud disdainful Haggard,
And so farewell signior Lucentio,
Kindnesse in women, not their beauteous lookes
Shal win my loue, and so I take my leaue,
In resolution, as I swore before.*

rem

remTra.

*Mistris Bianca, blesse you with such grace,
As longeth to a Louers blessed case:
Nay, I haue tane you napping gentle Loue,
And haue forsworne you with Hortensio.*

rem

remBian.

Tranio you iest, but haue you both forsworne mee?

rem

remTra.

Mistris we haue.

rem

remLuc.

Then we are rid of *Lisio*.

rem

remTra.

*I'*faith hee'l haue a lustie *Widdow* now,

That shalbe woo'd, and wedded in a day.

rem

remBian.

God giue him ioy.

rem

remTra.

I, and hee'l tame her.

rem

remBianca.

He sayes so *Tranio*.

rem

remTra.

Faith he is gone vnto the taming schoole.

rem

remBian.

The taming schoole: what is there such a place?

rem

remTra.

I mistris, and *Petruchio* is the master,

That teacheth trickes eleuen and twentie long,

To tame a shrew, and charme her chattering tongue.

Enter Biondello.

rem

remBion.

Oh Master, master *I* haue watcht so long,

That *I* am doggewearie, but at last *I* spied

An ancient Angel comming downe the hill,

Wil serue the turne.

rem

remTra.

What is he *Biondello*?

rem

remBio.

Master, a *Marcantant*, or a pedant,

I know not what, but formall in apparrell,

In gate and countenance surely like a Father.

rem

remLuc.

And what of him Tranio?

rem

remTra.

If he be credulous, and trust my tale,

Ile make him glad to seeme Vincentio,

And giue assurance to Baptista Minola.

As if he were the right Vincentio.

rem

remPar.

Take me your loue, and then let me alone.

Enter a Pedant.

rem

remPed.

God saue you sir.

rem

remTra.

And you sir, you are welcome,

Trauaile you farre on, or are you at the farthest?

rem

remPed.

Sir at the farthest for a weeke or two,

But then vp farther, and as farre as Rome,

And so to Tripolie, if God lend me life.

rem

remTra.

What Countreyman I pray?

rem

remPed.

Of Mantua.

rem

remTra.

Of Mantua Sir, marrie God forbid,

And come to Padua carelesse of your life.

rem

remPed.

My life sir? how I pray? for that goes hard.

rem

remTra.

'Tis death for any one in Mantua

To come to Padua, know you not the cause?

Your ships are staid at Venice, and the Duke

*For priuate quarrel 'twixt your Duke and him,
Hath publish'd and proclaim'd it openly:
Tis meruaile, but that you are but newly come,
you might haue heard it else proclaim'd about.*

rem

remPed.

*Alas sir, it is worse for me then so,
For I haue bills for monie by exchange
From Florence, and must heere deliuer them.*

rem

remTra.

*Wel sir, to do you courtesie,
This wil I do, and this I wil aduise you,
First tell me, haue you euer beene at Pisa?*

rem

remPed.

*I sir, in Pisa haue I often bin,
Pisa renowned for graue Citizens.*

rem

remTra.

Among them know you one Vincentio?

rem

remPed.

*I know him not, but I haue heard of him:
A Merchant of incomparable wealth.*

rem

remTra.

*He is my father sir, and sooth to say,
In count'nance somewhat doth resemble you.*

rem

remBion.

As much as an apple doth an oyster, & all one.

rem

remTra.

*To saue your life in this extremitie,
This fauor wil I do you for his sake,
And thinke it not the worst of all your fortunes,
That you are like to Sir Vincentio.
His name and credite shal you vndertake,
And in my house you shal be friendly lodg'd,
Looke that you take vpon you as you should,
You vnderstand me sir: so shal you stay
'Til you haue done your businesse in the Citie:
If this be court'sie sir, accept of it.*

rem

remPed.

*Oh sir I do, and wil repute you euer
The patron of my life and libertie.*

rem

remTra.

*Then go with me, to make the matter good,
This by the way I let you vnderstand,
My father is heere look'd for euerie day,
To passe assurance of a dowre in marriage
'Twi'x me, and one Baptistas daughter heere:
In all these circumstances Ile instruct you,
Go with me to cloath you as becomes you.*

Exeunt.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima

Conventional scene numbering does not accord with the Folio at this point.

Enter Katherina and Grumio.

rem

remGru.

No, no forsooth I dare not for my life.

rem

remKa.

*The more my wrong, the more his spite appears.
What, did he marrie me to famish me?
Beggars that come vnto my fathers doore,
Vpon intreatie haue a present almes,
If not, elsewhere they meete with charitie:
But I, who neuer knew how to intreat,
Nor neuer needed that I should intreate,
Am staru'd for meate, giddie for lacke of sleepe:
With oathes kept waking, and with brawling fed,
And that which spights me more then all these wants,
He does it vnder name of perfect loue:
As who should say. if I should sleepe or eate
'Twere deadly sicknesse, or else present death.
I prethee go, and get me some repast,
I care not what, so it be holsome foode.*

rem

remGru.

What say you to a Neats foote?

rem

remKate.

'Tis passing good, I prethee let me haue it.

rem

remGru.

I feare it is too chollericke a meate.

How say you to a fat Tripe finely broyl'd?

rem

remKate.

I like it well, good Grumio fetch it me.

rem

remGru.

I cannot tell, I feare 'tis chollericke.

What say you to a peece of Beefe and Mustard?

rem

remKate.

A dish that I do loue to feede vpon.

rem

remGru.

I, but the Mustard is too hot a little.

rem

remKate.

Why then the Beefe, and let the Mustard rest.

rem

remGru.

Nay then I wil not, you shal haue the Mustard

Or else you get no beefe of Grumio.

rem

remKate.

Then both or one, or any thing thou wilt.

rem

remGru.

Why then the Mustard without the beefe.

rem

remKate.

Go get thee gone, thou false deluding slaue,

Beats him.

That feed'st me with the verie name of meate.

Sorrow on thee, and all the packe of you

That triumph thus vpon my misery:

Go get thee gone, I say.

Enter Petruchio, and Hortensio with meate.

rem

remPetr.

How fares my Kate, what sweeting all amort?

rem

remHor.

Mistris, what cheere?

rem

remKate.

Faith as cold as can be.

rem

remPet.

Plucke vp thy spirits, looke cheerfully vpon me.

Heere Loue, thou seest how diligent I am,

To dresse thy meate my selfe, and bring it thee.

I am sure sweet Kate, this kindnesse merites thankes.

What, not a word? Nay then, thou lou'st it not:

And all my paines is sorted to no prooffe.

Heere take away this dish.

rem

remKate.

I pray you let it stand.

rem

remPet.

The poorest seruice is repaide with thankes,

And so shall mine before you touch the meate.

rem

remKate.

I thanke you sir.

rem

remHor.

Signior Petruchio, fie you are too blame:

Come Mistris Kate, Ile beare you companie.

rem

remPetr.

Eate it vp all Hortensio, if thou louest mee:

Much good do it vnto thy gentle heart:

Kate eate apace; and now my honie Loue,

Will we returne vnto thy Fathers house,

And reuell it as brauely as the best,

With silken coats and caps, and golden Rings,

With Ruffes and Cuffes, and Fardingales, and things:

With Scarfes, and Fannes, & double change of brau'ry,

With Amber Bracelets, Beades, and all this knau'ry.

What hast thou din'd? The Tailor staies thy leasure,

To decke thy bodie with his ruffling treasure.

Enter Tailor.

Come Tailor, let us see these ornaments.

Enter Haberdasher.

Lay forth the gowne. What newes with you sir?

rem

remFel.

Heere is the cap your Worship did bespeake.

rem

remPet.

Why this was moulded on a porrenger,

A Veluet dish: Fie, fie, 'tis lewd and filthy,

Why 'tis a cockle or a walnutshell,

A knacke, a toy, a tricke, a babies cap:

Away with it, come let me haue a bigger.

rem

remKate.

Ile haue no bigger, this doth fit the time,

And Gentlewomen weare such caps as these.

rem

remPet.

When you are gentle, you shall haue one too,

And not till then.

rem

remHor.

That will not be in hast.

rem

remKate.

Why sir I trust I may haue leaue to speake,

And speake I will. I am no childe, no babe,

Your betters haue indur'd me say my minde,

And if you cannot, best you stop your eares.

My tongue will tell the anger of my heart,

Or els my heart concealing it wil breake,

And rather then it shall, I will be free,

Euen to the vttermost as I please in words.

rem

remPet.

Why thou saist true, it is paltrie cap,

A custard coffen, a bauble, a silken pie,

I loue thee well in that thou lik'st it not.

rem

remKate.

*Loue me, or loue me not, I like the cap,
And it I will haue, or I will haue none.*

rem

remPet.

*Thy gowne, why I: come Tailor let vs see't.
Oh mercie God, what masking stuffe is heere?
Whats this? a sleeue? 'tis like demi cannon,
What, vp and downe caru'd like an apple Tart?
Heers snip, and nip, and cut, and slish and slash,
Like to a Censor in a barbers shoppe:
Why what a deuils name Tailor cal'st thou this?*

rem

remHor.

I see shees like to haue neither cap nor gowne.

rem

remTal.

*You bid me make it orderlie and well,
According to the fashion, and the time.*

rem

remPet.

*Marrie and did: but if you be remembred,
I did not bid you marre it to the time.
Go hop me ouer euery kennell home,
For you shall hop without my custome sir:
Ile none of it; hence, make your best of it.*

rem

remKate.

*I neuer saw a better fashion'd gowne,
More queint, more pleasing, nor more commendable:
Belike you meane to make a puppet of me.*

rem

remPet.

Why true, he meanes to make a puppet of thee.

rem

remTail.

She saies your Worship meanes to make a puppet of her.

rem

remPet.

*Oh monstrous arrogance:
Thou lvest, thou thred, thou thimble,
Thou yard three quarters, halfe yard, quarter, naile,
Thou Flea, thou Nit, thou winter cricket thou:
Brau'd in mine owne house with a skeine of thred:*

*Away thou Ragge, thou quantitie, thou remnant,
Or I shall so bemetee thee with thy yard,
As thou shalt thinke on prating whil'st thou liu'st:
I tell thee I, that thou hast marr'd her gowne.*

rem

remTail.

*Your worship is deceiu'd, the gowne is made
Iust as my master had direction:
Grumio gaue order how it should be done.*

rem

remGru.

I gaue him no order, I gaue him the stufte.

rem

remTail.

But how did you desire it should be made?

rem

remGru.

Marrie sir with needle and thred.

rem

remTail.

But did you not request to haue it cut?

rem

remGru.

Thou hast fac'd many things.

rem

remTail.

I haue.

rem

remGru.

*Face not mee: thou hast brau'd manie men, braue not me; I will neither bee fac'd
nor brau'd. I say vnto thee, I bid thy Master cut out the gowne, but I did not bid
him cut it to peeces. Ergo thou liest.*

rem

remTail.

Why heere is the note of the fashion to testify.

rem

remPet.

Reade it.

rem

remGru.

The note lies in's throate if he say I said so.

rem

remTail.

Inprimis, a loose bodied gowne.

rem

remGru.

Master, if euer I said loosebodied gowne, sow me in the skirts of it, and beate me to death with a bot tome of browne thred: I said a gowne.

rem

remPet.

Proceede.

rem

remTai.

With a small compast cape.

rem

remGru.

I confesse the cape.

rem

remTai.

With a trunke sleeue.

rem

remGru.

I confesse two sleeues.

rem

remTai.

The sleeues curiously cut.

rem

remPet.

I there's the villanie.

rem

remGru.

Error i'th bill sir, error i'th bill? I commanded the sleeues should be cut out, and sow'd vp againe, and that Ile proue vpon thee, though thy little finger be ar med in a thimble.

rem

remTail.

This is true that I say, and I had thee in place where thou shouldst know it.

rem

remGru.

I am for thee straight: take thou the bill, giue me thy meatyard, and spare not me.

rem

remHor.

Godamercie Grumio, then hee shall haue no oddes.

rem

remPet.

Well sir in breefe the gowne is not for me.

rem

remGru.

You are i'th right sir, 'tis for my mistris.

rem

remPet.

Go take it vp vnto thy masters use.

rem

remGru.

Villaine, not for thy life: Take vp my Mistresse gowne for thy masters use.

rem

remPet.

Why sir, what's your conceit in that?

rem

remGru.

Oh sir, the conceit is deeper then you think for:

Take vp my Mistris gowne to his masters use.

Oh fie, fie, fie.

rem

remPet.

Hortensio, say thou wilt see the Tailor paide.

Go take it hence, be gone, and say no more.

rem

remHor.

Tailor, Ile pay thee for thy gowne to morrow,

Take no vnkindnesse of his hastie words:

Away I say, commend me to thy master.

Exit Tail.

rem

remPet.

Well, come my Kate, we will vnto your fathers,

Euen in these honest meane habiliments:

Our purses shall be proud, our garments poore:

For 'Tis the minde that makes the bodie rich.

And as the Sunne breakes through the darkest clouds,

So honor peereth in the meanest habit.

What is the Iay more precious then the Larke?

Because his feathers are more beautifull.

Or is the Adder better then the Eele,

Because his painted skin contents the eye.

Oh no good Kate: neither art thou the worse

For this poore furniture, and meane array.

If thou accountedst it shame, lay it on me,

And therefore frolicke, we will hence forthwith,

To feast and sport vs at thy fathers house,

Go call my men, and let vs straight to him,

And bring our horses vnto Longlane end,

There wil we mount, and thither walke on foote,

*Let's see, I thinke 'tis now some seuen a clocke,
And well we may come there by dinner time.*

rem

remKate.

*I dare assure you sir, 'tis almost two,
And 'twill be supper time ere you come there.*

rem

remPet.

*It shall be seuen ere I go to horse:
Looke what I speake, or do, or thinke to doe,
You are still crossing it, sirs let't alone,
I will not goe to day, and ere I doe,
It shall be what a clock I say it is.*

rem

remHor.

Why so this gallant will command the sunne.

Enter Tranio, and the Pedant drest like Vincentio.

rem

remTra.

Sirs, this is the house, please it you that I call.

rem

remPed.

*I what else, and but I be deceiued,
Signior Baptista may remember me
Neere twentie yeares a goe in Genoa.*

rem

remTra.

*Where we were lodgers, at the Pegasus,
Tis well, and hold your owne in any case
With such austeritie as longeth to a father.*

Enter Biondello.

rem

remPed.

*I warrant you: but sir here comes your boy,
'Twere good he were school'd.*

rem

remTra.

*Feare you not him: sirra Biondello,
Now doe your dutie throughlie I aduise you:
Imagine 'twere the right Vincentio.*

rem

remBion.

Tut, feare not me.

rem

remTra.

But hast thou done thy errand to Baptista.

rem

remBion.

I told him that your father was at Venice,

And that you look't for him this day in Padua.

rem

remTra.

Th'art a tall fellow, hold thee that to drinke,

Here comes Baptista: set your countenance sir.

Enter Baptista and Lucentio: Pedant booted and bare headed.

rem

remTra.

Signior Baptista you are happilie met:

Sir, this is the gentleman I told you of,

I pray you stand good father to me now,

Giue me Bianca for my patrimony.

rem

remPed.

Soft son: sir by your leaue, hauing com to Padua

To gather in some debts, my son Lucentio

Made me acquainted with a waighty cause

Of loue betweene your daughter and himselfe:

And for the good report I heare of you,

And for the loue he beareth to your daughter,

And she to him: to stay him not too long,

I am content in a good fathers care

To haue him matcht, and if you please to like

No worse then I, vpon some agreement

Me shall you finde readie and willing

With one consent to haue her so bestowed:

For curious I cannot be with you

Signior Baptista, of whom I heare so well.

rem

remBap.

Sir, pardon me in what I haue to say,

Your plainnesse and your shortnesse please me well:

Right true it is your sonne Lucentio here

Doth loue my daughter, and she loueth him,

Or both dissemble deeply their affections:

*And therefore if you say no more then this,
That like a Father you will deale with him,
And passe my daughter a sufficient dower,
The match is made, and all is done,
Your sonne shall haue my daughter with consent.*

rem

remTra.

*I thanke you sir, where then doe you know best
We be affied and such assurance tane,
As shall with either parts agreement stand.*

rem

remBap.

*Not in my house Lucentio, for you know
Pitchers haue eares, and I haue manie seruants,
Besides old Gremio is harkning still,
And happilie we might be interrupted.*

rem

remTra.

*Then at my lodging, and it like you,
There doth my father lie: and there this night.
Weele passe the businesse priuately and well:
Send for your daughter by your seruant here,
My Boy shall fetch the Scriuener presentlie,
The worst is this that at so slender warning,
You are like to haue a thin and slender pittance.*

rem

remBap.

*It likes me well:
Cambio hie you home, and bid Bianca make her readie straight:
And if you will tell what hath hapned,
Lucentios Father is arriued in Padua,
And how she's like to be Lucentios wife.*

rem

remBiond.

I praie the gods she may withall my heart.

Exit.

rem

remTran.

Dallie not with the gods, but get thee gone.

Enter Peter.

Signior Baptista, shall I leade the way,

Welcome, one messe is like to be your cheere,

Come sir, we will better it in Pisa.

rem

remBap.

I follow you.

Exeunt.

Enter Lucentio and Biondello.

rem

remBion.

Cambio.

rem

remLuc.

What saist thou Biondello.

rem

remBiond.

You saw my Master winke and laugh vpon you?

rem

remLuc.

Biondello, what of that?

rem

remBiond.

Faith nothing: but has left mee here behinde to expound the meaning or morrall of his signes and to kens.

rem

remLuc.

I pray thee moralize them.

rem

remBiond.

Then thus: Baptista is safe talking with the deceiuing Father of a deceitfull sonne.

rem

remLuc.

And what of him?

rem

remBiond.

His daughter is to be brought by you to the supper.

rem

remLuc.

And then.

rem

remBio.

The old Priest at Saint Lukes Church is at your command at all houres.

rem

remLuc.

And what of all this.

rem

remBion.

I cannot tell, expect they are busied about a counterfeit assurance: take you assurance of her, Cum privilegio ad Impremendum solem, to th'Church take the Priest, Clarke, and some sufficient honest witnesses:

If this be not that you looke for, I have no more to say,

But bid Bianca farewell for euer and a day.

rem

remLuc.

Hear'st thou Biondello.

rem

remBiond.

I cannot tarry: I knew a wench married in an afternoone as shee went to the Garden for Parseley to stuffe a Rabit, and so may you sir: and so adew sir, my Master hath appointed me to goe to Saint Lukes to bid the Priest be readie to come against you come with your appendix.

Exit.

rem

remLuc.

I may and will, if she be so contented:

She will be pleas'd, then wherefore should I doubt:

Hap what hap may, Ile roundly goe about her:

It shall goe hard if Cambio goe without her.

Exit.

Enter Petruchio, Kate, Hortentio.

rem

remPetr.

Come on a Gods name, once more toward our fathers:.

Good Lord how bright and goodly shines the Moone.

rem

remKate.

The Moone, the Sunne: it is not Moonelight now.

rem

remPet.

I say it is the Moone that shines so bright.

rem

remKate.

I know it is the Sunne that shines so bright.

rem

remPet.

Now by my mothers sonne, and that's my selfe,

It shall be moone, or starre, or what I list,

*Or ere I iourney to your Fathers house:
Goe on, and fetch our horses backe againe,
Euermore crost and crost, nothing but crost.*

rem

remHort.

Say as he saies, or we shall neuer goe.

rem

remKate.

*Forward I pray, since we haue come so farre,
And be it moone, or sunne, or what you please:
And if you please to call it a rush Candle,
Henceforth I vowe it shall be so for me.*

rem

remPetr.

I say it is the Moone.

rem

remKate.

I know it is the Moone.

rem

remPetr.

Nay then you lye: it is the blessed Sunne.

rem

remKate.

*Then God be blest, it is the blessed sun,
But sunne it is not, when you say it is not.
And the Moone changes euen as your minde:
What you will haue it nam'd, euen that it is,
And so it shall be so for Katherine.*

rem

remHort.

Petruchio, goe thy waies, the field is won.

rem

remPetr.

*Well, forward, forward, thus the bowle should (run,
And not vnluckily against the Bias:
But soft, Company is comming here.*

Enter Vincentio.

*Good morrow gentle Mistris, where away:
Tell me sweete Kate, and tell me trueely too,
Hast thou beheld a fresher Gentlewoman:
Such warre of white and red within her cheekes:
What stars do spangle heauen with such beautie,*

*As those two eyes become that heavenly face?
 Faire louely Maide, once more good day to thee:
 Sweete Kate embrace her for her beauties sake.*

rem

remHort.

A will make the man mad to make the woman of him.

rem

remKate.

*Yong budding Virgin, faire, and fresh, & sweet,
 Whether away, or whether is thy aboade?
 Happy the Parents of so faire a childe;
 Happier the man whom fauourable stars
 A lots thee for his louely bedfellow.*

rem

remPetr.

*Why how now Kate, I hope thou art not mad,
 This is a man old, wrinckled, faded, withered,
 And not a Maiden, as thou saist he is.*

rem

remKate.

*Pardon old father my mistaking eies,
 That haue bin so bedazled with the sunne,
 That euery thing I looke on seemeth greene:
 Now I perceiue thou art a reuerent Father:
 Pardon I pray thee for my mad mistaking.*

rem

remPetr.

*Do good old grandsire, & withall make known
 Which way thou trauellest, if along with vs,
 We shall be ioyfull of thy companie.*

rem

remVin.

*Faire Sir, and you my merry Mistris,
 That with your strange encounter much amasde me:
 My name is call'd Vincentio, my dwelling Pisa,
 And bound I am to Padua, there to visite
 A sonne of mine, which long I haue not seene.*

rem

remPetr.

What is his name?

rem

remVinc.

Lucentio gentle sir.

rem

remPetr.

Happily met, the happier for thy sonne:

*And now by Law, as well as reuerent age,
I may intitle thee my louing Father,
The sister to my wife, this Gentlewoman,
Thy Sonne by this hath married: wonder not,
Nor be not grieued, she is of good esteeme,
Her dowrie wealthie, and of worthie birth;
Beside, so qualified, as may beseeme
The Spouse of any noble Gentleman:
Let me imbrace with old Vincentio,
And wander we to see thy honest sonne,
Who will of thy arriuall be full ioyous.*

rem

remVinc.

But is this true, or is it else your pleasure,

*Like pleasant trauailors to breake a Iest
Vpon the companie you ouertake?*

rem

remHort.

I doe assure thee father so it is.

rem

remPetr.

Come goe along and see the truth hereof,

For our first merriment hath made thee iealous.

Exeunt.

rem

remHor.

Well Petruchio, this has put me in heart;

*Haue to my Widdow, and if she froward
Then hast thou taught Hortentio to be vntoward.*

Exit.

Enter Biondello, Lucentio and Bianca, Gremio is out before.

rem

remBiond.

Softly and swiftly sir, for the Priest is ready.

rem

remLuc.

I flie Biondello; but they may chance to neede thee at home, therefore leaue vs.

Exit.

rem

remBiond.

Nay faith, Ile see the Church a your backe, and then come backe to my mistris as soone as I can.

rem

remGre.

I maruaile Cambio comes not all this while.

Enter Petruchio, Kate, Vincentio, Grumio with Attendants.

rem

remPetr.

*Sir heres the doore, this is Lucentios house,
My Fathers beares more toward the Marketplace,
Thither must I, and here I leaue you sir.*

rem

remVin.

*You shall not choose but drinke before you go,
I thinke I shall command your welcome here;
And by all likelihood some cheere is toward.*

Knock.

rem

remGrem.

They're busie within, you were best knocke lowder.

Pedant lookes out of the window.

rem

remPed.

What's he that knockes as he would beat downe the gate?

rem

remVin.

Is Signior Lucentio within sir?

rem

remPed.

He's within sir, but not to be spoken withall.

rem

remVinc.

What if a man bring him a hundred pound or two to make merrie withall.

rem

remPed.

Keepe your hundred pounds to your selfe, hee shall neede none so long as I liue.

rem

remPetr.

Nay, I told you your sonne was well beloved in Padua: doe you heare sir, to leaue friuolous circumstan ces, I pray you tell signior Lucentio that his Father is come from Pisa, and is here at the doore to speake with him.

rem

remPed.

Thou liest his Father is come from Padua, and here looking out at the window.

rem

remVin.

Art thou his father?

rem

remPed.

I sir, so his mother saies, if I may beleeeue her.

rem

remPetr.

Why how now gentleman: why this is flat kna uerie to take vpon you another mans name.

rem

remPeda.

Lay hands on the villaine, I beleeeue a meanes to cosen some bodie in this Citie vnder my countenance.

Enter Biondello.

rem

remBio.

I haue seene them in the Church together, God send'em good shipping: but who is here? mine old Ma ster Vincentio: now wee are vndone and brough to no thing.

rem

remVin.

Come hither crackhempe.

rem

remBion.

I hope I may choose Sir.

rem

remVin.

Come hither you rogue, what haue you forgot mee?

rem

remBiond.

Forgot you, no sir: I could not forget you, for I neuer saw you before in all my life.

rem

remVinc.

What, you notorious villaine, didst thou neuer see thy Mistris father, Vincentio?

rem

remBion.

What my old worshipfull old master? yes marie sir see where he lookes out of the window.

rem

remVin.

Ist so indeede.

He beates Biondello.

rem

remBion.

Helpe, helpe, helpe, here's a mad man will mur der me.

rem

remPedan.

Helpe, sonne, helpe signior Baptista.

rem

remPetr.

Pree the Kate let's stand aside and see the end of this controuersie.

Enter Pedant with seruants, Baptista, Tranio.

rem

remTra.

Sir, what are you that offer to beate my ser uant?

rem

remVinc.

What am I sir: nay what are you sir: oh immor tall Goddes: oh fine villaine, a silken doublet, a vel uet hose, a scarlet cloake, and a copataine hat: oh I am vndone, I am vndone: while I plaie the good husband at home, my sonne and my seruant spend all at the vni uersitie.

rem

remTra.

How now, what's the matter?

rem

remBapt.

What is the man lunaticke?

rem

remTra.

Sir, you seeme a sober ancient Gentleman by your habit: but your words shew you a mad man: why sir, what cernes it you, if I weare Pearle and gold: I thank my good Father, I am able to maintaine it.

rem

remVin.

Thy father: oh villaine, he is a Sailemaker in Bergamo.

rem

remBap.

You mistake sir, you mistake sir, praie what do you thinke is his name?

rem

remVin.

His name, as if I knew not his name: I haue brought him vp euer since he was three yeeres old, and his name is Tronio.

rem

remPed.

Awaie, awaie mad asse, his name is Lucentio, and he is mine onelie sonne and heire to the Lands of me sig nior Vincentio.

rem

remVen.

Lucentio: oh he hath murdred his Master; laie hold on him I charge you in the Dukes name: oh my sonne, my sonne: tell me thou villaine, where is my son Lucentio?

rem

remTra.

Call forth an officer: Carrie this mad knaue to the Iaile: father Baptista, I charge you see that hee be forth comming.

rem

remVinc.

Carrie me to the Iaile?

rem

remGre.

Staie officer, he shall not go to prison.

rem

remBap.

Talke not signior Gremio: I saie he shall goe to prison.

rem

remGre.

Take heede signior Baptista, least you be conie catcht in this businesse: I dare sweare this is the right Vincentio.

rem

remPed.

Sweare if thou dar'st.

rem

remGre.

Naie, I dare not sweare it.

rem

remTran.

Then thou wert best saie that I am not Lu centio.

rem

remGre.

Yes, I know thee to be signior Lucentio.

rem

remBap.

Awaie with the dotard, to the Iaile with him.

Enter Biondello, Lucentio and BiancuBianca.

rem

remVin.

Thus strangers may be haild and abusd: oh mon strous villaine.

rem

remBion.

Oh we are spoil'd, and yonder he is, denie him, forswear him, or else we are all vndone.

Exit Biondello, Tranio and Pedant as fast as may be.

rem

remLuc.

Pardon sweete father.

Kneele.

rem

remVin.

Liues my sweete sonne?

rem

remBian.

Pardon deere father.

rem

remBap.

How hast thou offended, where is Lucentio?

rem

remLuc.

*Here's Lucentio, right sonne to the right Vin centio,
That haue by marriage made thy daughter mine,
While counterfeit supposes bleer'd thine eie.*

rem

remGre.

Here's packing with a witnesse to deceiue vs all.

rem

remVin.

*Where is that damned villaine Tranio,
That fac'd and braued me in this matter so?*

rem

remBap.

Why, tell me is not this my Cambio?

rem

remBian.

Cambio is chang'd into Lucentio.

rem

remLuc.

*Loue wrought these miracles. Biancas loue
Made me exchange my state with Tranio,
While he did beare my countenance in the towne,
And happilie I haue arriued at the last
Vnto the wished hauen of my blisse:
What Tranio did, my selfe enforst him to;
Then pardon him sweete Father for my sake.*

rem

remVin.

Ile slit the villaines nose that would haue sent me to the Iaile.

rem

remBap.

But doe you heare sir, haue you married my daughter without asking my good will?

rem

remVin.

Feare not Baptista, we will content you, goe to: but I will in to be reueng'd for this villanie.

Exit.

rem

remBap.

And I to sound the depth of this knauerie.

Exit.

rem

remLuc.

Looke not pale Bianca, thy father will not frown.

Exeunt.

rem

remGre.

*My cake is doug,hbutdough, but Ile in among the rest,
Out of hope of all, but my share of the feast.*

rem

remKate.

Husband let's follow, to see the end of this adoe.

rem

remPetr.

First kisse me Kate, and we will.

rem

remKate.

What in the midst of the streete?

rem

remPetr.

What art thou asham'd of me?

rem

remKate.

No sir, God forbid, but asham'd to kisse.

rem

remPetr.

Why then let's home againe: Come Sirra let's awaie.

rem

remKate.

Nay, I will giue thee a kisse, now praie thee Loue staie.

rem

remPetr.

Is not this well? come my sweete Kate.

Better once then neuer, for neuer to late.

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus.

Conventional scene numbering does not accord with the Folio at this point.

Enter Baptista, Vincentio, Gremio, the Pedant, Lucentio, and Bianca. Tranio, Biondello Grumio, and Widdow: The Seruingmen with Tranio bringing in a Banquet.

rem

remLuc.

At last, though long, our iarring notes agree,

And time it is when raging warre is come,

To smile at scapes and perils ouerblowne:

My faire Bianca bid my father welcome,

While I with selfesame kindnesse welcome thine:

Brother Petruchio, sister Katerina,

And thou Hortentio with thy louing Widdow:

Feast with the best, and welcome to my house,

My Banket is to close our stomakes vp

After our great good cheere: praie you sit downe,

For now we sit to chat as well as eate.

rem

remPetr.

Nothing but sit and sit, and eate and eate.

rem

remBap.

Padua affords this kindnesse, sonne Petruchio.

rem

remPetr.

Padua affords nothing but what is kinde.

rem

remHor.

For both our sakes I would that word were true.

rem

remPet.

Now for my life Hortentio feares his Widow.

rem

remWid.

Then neuer trust me if I be affeard.
rem
remPetr.
You are verie sencible, and yet you misse my sence:
I meane Hortentio is afeard of you.
rem
remWid.
He that is giddie thinks the world turns round.
rem
remPetr.
Roundlie replied.
rem
remKat.
Mistris, how meane you that?
rem
remWid.
Thus I conceiue by him.
rem
remPetr.
Conceiues by me, how likes Hortentio that?
rem
remHor.
My Widdow saies, thus she conceiues her tale.
rem
remPetr.
Verie well mended: kisse him for that good Widdow.
rem
remKat.
He that is giddie thinkes the world turnes round,
I praie you tell me what you meant by that.
rem
remWid.
Your housband being troubled with a shrew,
Measures my husbands sorrow by his woe:
And now you know my meaning.
rem
remKate.
A verie meane meaning.
rem
remWid.
Right, I meane you.
rem
remKat.
And I am meane indeede, respecting you.
rem
remPetr.

To her Kate.

rem

remHor.

To her Widdow.

rem

remPetr.

A hundred marks, my Kate does put her down.

rem

remHor.

That's my office.

rem

remPetr.

Spoke like an Officer: ha to the lad.

Drinkes to Hortentio.

rem

remBap.

How likes Gremio these quicke witted folkes?

rem

remGre.

Beleeue me sir, they But together well.

rem

remBian.

Head, and but an hastie witted bodie,

Would say your Head and But were head and horne.

rem

remVin.

I Mistris Bride, hath that awakened you?

rem

remBian.

I, but not frighted me, therefore Ile sleepe a gaine.

rem

remPetr.

Nay that you shall not since you haue begun:

Haue at you for a better iest or too.

rem

remBian.

Am I your Bird, I meane to shift my bush,

And then pursue me as you draw your Bow.

You are welcome all.

Exit Bianca.

rem

remPetr.

She hath preuented me, here signior Tranio,

This bird you aim'd at, though you hit her not,

Therefore a health to all that shot and mist.

rem

remTri.

*Oh sir, Lucentio slipt me like his Grayhound,
Which runs himselfe, and catches for his Master.*

rem

remPetr.

A good swift simile, but something currish.

rem

remTra.

'Tis well sir that you hunted for your selfe:

'Tis thought your Deere does hold you at a bai1.

rem

remBap.

Oh, oh Petruchio, Tranio hits you now.

rem

remLuc.

I thanke thee for that gird good Tranio.

rem

remHor.

Confesse, confesse, hath he not hit you here?

rem

remPetr.

A has a little gald me I confesse:

And as the Iest did glaunce awaie from me,

'Tis ten to one it maim'd you too out right.

rem

remBap.

Now in good sadnesse sonne Petruchio,

I thinke thou hast the veriest shrew of all.

rem

remPetr.

Well, I say no: and therefore sir assurance,

Let's each one send vnto his wife,

And he whose wife is most obedient,

To come at first when he doth send for her,

Shall win the wager which we will propose.

rem

remHort.

Content, what's the wager?

rem

remLuc.

Twentie crownes.

rem

remPetr.

*Twentie crownes,
 Ile venture so much of my Hawke or Hound,
 But twentie times so much upon my Wife.*

rem

remLuc.

A hundred then.

rem

remHor.

Content.

rem

remPetr.

A match, 'tis done.

rem

remHor.

Who shall begin?

rem

remLuc.

That will I.

Goe Biondello, bid your Mistris come to me.

rem

remBio.

Igoe.

Exit.

rem

remBap.

Sonne, Ile be your halfe, Bianca comes.

rem

remLuc.

Ile haue no halues: Ile beare it all my selfe.

Enter Biondello.

How now, what newes?

rem

remBio.

Sir, my Mistris sends you word

That she is busie, and she cannot come.

rem

remPetr.

How? she's busie, and she cannot come: is that an answer?

rem

remGre.

I, and a kinde one too:

Praie God sir your wife send you not a worse.

rem

remPetr.

I hope better.

rem

remHor.

Sirra Biondello, goe and intreate my wife to come to me forthwith.

Exit. Bion.

rem

remPet.

Oh ho, intreate her, nay then shee must needes come.

rem

remHor.

I am affraid sir, doe what you can

Enter Biondello.

Yours will not be entreated: Now, where's my wife?

rem

remBion.

She saies you haue some goodly Iest in hand,

She will not come: she bids you come to her.

rem

remPetr.

Worse and worse, she will not come:

Oh vilde, intollerable, not to be indur'd:

Sirra Grumio, goe to your Mistris,

Say I command her come to me.

Exit.

rem

remHor.

I know her answeare.

rem

remPet.

What?

rem

remHor.

She will not.

rem

remPetr.

The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.

Enter Katerina.

rem

remBap.

Now by my hollidam here comes Katerina.

rem

remKat.

What is your will sir, that you send for me?

rem

remPetr.

Where is your sister, and Hortensios wife?

rem

remKate.

They sit conferring by the Parler fire.

rem

remPetr.

Goe fetch them hither, if they denie to come,

Swinge me them soundly forth vnto their husbands:

Away I say, and bring them hither straight.

rem

remLuc.

Here is a wonder, if you talke of a wonder.

rem

remHor.

And so it is: I wonder what it boads.

rem

remPetr.

Marrie peace it boads, and loue, and quiet life,

An awfull rule, and right supremicie:

And to be short, what not, that's sweete and happie.

rem

remBap.

Now faire befall thee good Petruchio;

The wager thou hast won, and I will adde

Vnto their losses twentie thousand crownes,

Another dowrie to another daughter,

For she is chang'd as she had neuer bin.

rem

remPetr.

Nay, I will win my wager better yet,

And show more signe of her obedience,

Her new built vertue and obedience.

Enter Kate, Bianca, and Widdow.

See where she comes, and brings your froward Wiues

As prisoners to her womanlie perswasion:

Katerine, that Cap of yours becomes you not,

Off with that bable, throw it vnderfoote.

rem

remWid.

Lord let me neuer haue a cause to sigh,

Till I be brought to such a sillie passe.

rem

remBian.

Fie what a foolish dutie call you this?

rem

remLuc.

I would your dutie were as foolish too:

The wisdome of your dutie faire Bianca,

Hath cost me fiew hundred crownes since supper time.

rem

remBian.

The more foole you for laying on my dutie.

rem

remPet.

Katherine I charge thee tell these headstrong women, what dutie they doe owe their Lords and hus bands.

rem

remWid.

Come, come, your mocking: we will haue no telling.

rem

remPet.

Come on I say, and first begin with her.

rem

remWid.

She shall not.

rem

remPet.

I say she shall, and first begin with her.

rem

remKate.

Fie, fie, vnknit that threatning vnkinde brow,

And dart not scornefull glances from those eies,

To wound thy Lord, thy King, thy Gouvernour.

It blots thy beautie, as frosts doe bite the Meads,

Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds shake faire budds,

And in no sence is meete or amiable.

A woman mou'd, is like a fountaine troubled,

Muddie, ill seeming, thicke, bereft of beautie,

And while it is so, none so dry or thirstie

Will daigne to sip, or touch one drop of it.

Thy husband is thy Lord, thy life, thy keeper,

Thy head, thy soueraigne: One that cares for thee,

And for thy maintenance. Commits his body

To painfull labour, both by sea and land:

*To watch the night in stormes, the day in cold,
 Whil'st thou ly'st warme at home, secure and safe,
 And craues no other tribute at thy hands,
 But loue, faire lookes, and true obedience;
 Too little payment for so great a debt.
 Such dutie as the subiect owes the Prince,
 Euen such a woman oweth to her husband:
 And when she is froward, peeuish, sullen, sowre,
 And not obedient to his honest will,
 What is she but a foule contending Rebell,
 And gracelesse Traitor to her louing Lord?
 I am asham'd that women are so simple,
 To offer warre, where they should kneele for peace:
 Or seeke for rule, supremacie, and sway,
 When they are bound to serue, loue, and obay.
 Why are our bodies soft, and weake, and smooth,
 Vnapt to toyle and trouble in the world,
 But that our soft conditions, and our harts,
 Should well agree with our externall parts?
 Come, come, you froward and vnable wormes,
 My minde hath bin as bigge as one of yours,
 My heart as great, my reason haplie more,
 To bandie word for word, and frowne for frowne;
 But now I see our Launces are but strawes:
 Our strength as weake, our weakenesse past compare,
 That seeming to be most, which we indeed least are.
 Then vale your stomackes, for it is no boote,
 And place your hands below your husbands foote:
 In token of which dutie, if he please,
 My hand is readie, may it do him ease.*

rem

remPet.

Why there's a wench: Come on, and kisse mee Kate.

rem

remLuc.

Well go thy waies olde Lad for thou shalt ha't.

rem

remVin.

Tis a good hearing, when children are toward.

rem

remLuc.

But a harsh hearing, when women are froward,

rem

remPet.

Come Kate, wee'le to bed,

We three are married, but you two are sped.

'Twas I wonne the wager, though you hit the white,

And being a winner, God giue you good night.

Exit Petruchio.

rem

remHorten.

Now goe thy wayes, thou hast tam'd a curst Shrow.

rem

remLuc.

Tis a wonder, by your leaue, she wil be tam'd so.

FINIS.