
The TAMING *of*
the SHREW

By WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Edited by BARBARA A. MOWAT
and PAUL WERSTINE

Folger Shakespeare Library

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From the Director of the Folger Shakespeare Library

It is hard to imagine a world without Shakespeare. Since their composition four hundred years ago, Shakespeare's plays and poems have traveled the globe, inviting those who see and read his works to make them their own.

Readers of the New Folger Editions are part of this ongoing process of "taking up Shakespeare," finding our own thoughts and feelings in language that strikes us as old or unusual and, for that very reason, new. We still struggle to keep up with a writer who could think a mile a minute, whose words paint pictures that shift like clouds. These expertly edited texts are presented to the public as a resource for study, artistic adaptation, and enjoyment. By making the classic texts of the New Folger Editions available in electronic form as Folger Digital Texts, we place a trusted resource in the hands of anyone who wants them.

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I want to express my deep thanks to editors Barbara Mowat and Paul Werstine for creating these indispensable editions of Shakespeare's works, which incorporate the best of textual scholarship with a richness of commentary that is both inspired and engaging. Readers who want to know more about Shakespeare and his plays can follow the paths these distinguished scholars have tread by visiting the Folger either in-person or online, where a range of physical and digital resources exist to supplement the material in these texts. I commend to you these words, and hope that they inspire.

Michael Witmore
Director, Folger Shakespeare Library

Textual Introduction

By Barbara Mowat and Paul Werstine

Until now, with the release of the Folger Digital Texts, readers in search of a free online text of Shakespeare's plays had to be content primarily with using the Moby™ Text, which reproduces a late-nineteenth century version of the plays. What is the difference? Many ordinary readers assume that there is a single text for the plays: what Shakespeare wrote. But Shakespeare's plays were not published the way modern novels or plays are published today: as a single, authoritative text. In some cases, the plays have come down to us in multiple published versions, represented by various Quartos (Qq) and by the great collection put together by his colleagues in 1623, called the First Folio (F). There are, for example, three very different versions of *Hamlet*, two of *King Lear*, *Henry V*, *Romeo and Juliet*, and others. Editors choose which version to use as their base text, and then amend that text with words, lines or speech prefixes from the other versions that, in their judgment, make for a better or more accurate text.

Other editorial decisions involve choices about whether an unfamiliar word could be understood in light of other writings of the period or whether it should be changed; decisions about words that made it into Shakespeare's text by accident through four hundred years of printings and misprinting; and even decisions based on cultural preference and taste. When the Moby™ Text was created, for example, it was deemed "improper" and "indecent" for Miranda to chastise Caliban for having attempted to rape her. (See *The Tempest*, 1.2: "Abhorred slave,/Which any print of goodness wilt not take,/Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee..."). All Shakespeare editors at the time took the speech away from her and gave it to her father, Prospero.

The editors of the Moby™ Shakespeare produced their text long before scholars fully understood the proper grounds on which to make the thousands of decisions that Shakespeare editors face. The Folger Library Shakespeare Editions, on which the Folger Digital Texts depend, make this editorial process as nearly transparent as is possible, in contrast to older texts, like the Moby™, which hide editorial interventions. The reader of the Folger Shakespeare knows where the text has been altered because editorial interventions are signaled by square brackets (for example, from *Othello*: "[If she in chains of magic were not bound,]"), half-square brackets (for example, from *Henry V*: "With [blood] and sword and fire to win your

example, from *Henry v.*: “with blood and sword and fire to win you right,”), or angle brackets (for example, from *Hamlet*: “O farewell, honest <soldier.> Who hath relieved/you?”). At any point in the text, you can hover your cursor over a bracket for more information.

Because the Folger Digital Texts are edited in accord with twenty-first century knowledge about Shakespeare’s texts, the Folger here provides them to readers, scholars, teachers, actors, directors, and students, free of charge, confident of their quality as texts of the plays and pleased to be able to make this contribution to the study and enjoyment of Shakespeare.

Synopsis

The Taming of the Shrew begins with an “induction” in which a nobleman plays a trick on a beggar, Christopher Sly, treating Sly as if he is a nobleman who has lost his memory. A play is staged for Sly—the play that we know as *The Taming of the Shrew*.

In the play, set in Padua, Lucentio and other suitors pursue Bianca, but are told by her father, Baptista, that her bad-tempered older sister, Katherine, must marry first. They encourage Petruchio, who has come to Padua to find a wealthy wife, to court Katherine and free Bianca to marry.

Petruchio negotiates marriage terms with Baptista, then has a stormy meeting with Katherine, after which he assures Baptista that the two have agreed to marry. Petruchio arrives late to their wedding dressed in strange clothes; he behaves rudely and carries Katherine away before the wedding dinner. At his home, he embarks on a plan to “tame” Katherine as one would tame a wild hawk. Starved and kept without sleep, Katherine eventually agrees with everything Petruchio says, however absurd. He takes her back to Padua, where they attend Bianca’s wedding. There Katherine proves more obedient to her husband than the other wives, whom she chastises before she and Petruchio go off to consummate their marriage.

Characters in the Play

CHRISTOPHER SLY, a beggar
Hostess of an alehouse
A Lord
Huntsmen of the Lord
Page (disguised as a lady)
Players
Servingmen
Messenger

} *characters in the Induction*

BAPTISTA MINOLA, father to Katherine and Bianca
KATHERINE, his elder daughter
BIANCA, his younger daughter

PETRUCHIO, suitor to Katherine

GREMIO
HORTENSIO (later disguised as the teacher Litio)
LUCENTIO (later disguised as the teacher Cambio)

} *suitors to Bianca*

VINCENTIO, Lucentio's father

TRANIO (later impersonating Lucentio)
BIONDELLO
A Merchant (later disguised as Vincentio)

} *servants to Lucentio*

GRUMIO
CURTIS
NATHANIEL
PHILLIP
JOSEPH
NICHOLAS
PETER

} *servants to Petruchio*

Widow

Tailor

Haberdasher

Officer

Servants to Baptista and Petruchio

INDUCTION

Scene 1

Enter Beggar (Christopher Sly) and Hostess.

FTLN 0001 SLY I'll feeze you, in faith.
FTLN 0002 HOSTESS A pair of stocks, you rogue!
FTLN 0003 SLY You're a baggage! The Slys are no rogues. Look
FTLN 0004 in the chronicles. We came in with Richard Conqueror.
FTLN 0005 Therefore, *paucas pallabris*, let the world 5
FTLN 0006 slide. Sessa!
FTLN 0007 HOSTESS You will not pay for the glasses you have
FTLN 0008 burst?
FTLN 0009 SLY No, not a denier. Go, by 'Saint' Jeronimy! Go to
FTLN 0010 thy cold bed and warm thee. 'He lies down.' 10
FTLN 0011 HOSTESS I know my remedy. I must go fetch the
FTLN 0012 headborough. 'She exits.'
FTLN 0013 SLY Third, or fourth, or fifth borough, I'll answer him
FTLN 0014 by law. I'll not budge an inch, boy. Let him come,
FTLN 0015 and kindly. Falls asleep. 15

Wind horns 'within.' Enter a Lord from hunting, with
his train.

LORD

FTLN 0016 Huntsman, I charge thee tender well my hounds.
FTLN 0017 'Breathe' Merriman (the poor cur is embossed)
FTLN 0018 And couple Clowder with the deep-mouthed brach.
FTLN 0019 Saw'st thou not, boy, how Silver made it good
FTLN 0020 At the hedge corner, in the coldest fault? 20
FTLN 0021 I would not lose the dog for twenty pound!

FIRST HUNTSMAN

FTLN 0022 Why, Bellman is as good as he, my lord.
 FTLN 0023 He cried upon it at the merest loss,
 FTLN 0024 And twice today picked out the dullest scent.
 FTLN 0025 Trust me, I take him for the better dog. 25

LORD

FTLN 0026 Thou art a fool. If Echo were as fleet,
 FTLN 0027 I would esteem him worth a dozen such.
 FTLN 0028 But sup them well, and look unto them all.
 FTLN 0029 Tomorrow I intend to hunt again.
 FTLN 0030 FIRST HUNTSMAN I will, my lord. 30

「*First Huntsman exits.*」

LORD, 「*noticing Sly*」

FTLN 0031 What's here? One dead, or drunk? See doth he
 FTLN 0032 breathe.

SECOND HUNTSMAN

FTLN 0033 He breathes, my lord. Were he not warmed with ale,
 FTLN 0034 This were a bed but cold to sleep so soundly.

LORD

FTLN 0035 O monstrous beast, how like a swine he lies! 35
 FTLN 0036 Grim death, how foul and loathsome is thine image!
 FTLN 0037 Sirs, I will practice on this drunken man.
 FTLN 0038 What think you, if he were conveyed to bed,
 FTLN 0039 Wrapped in sweet clothes, rings put upon his
 FTLN 0040 fingers, 40
 FTLN 0041 A most delicious banquet by his bed,
 FTLN 0042 And brave attendants near him when he wakes,
 FTLN 0043 Would not the beggar then forget himself?

「THIRD」 HUNTSMAN

FTLN 0044 Believe me, lord, I think he cannot choose.

SECOND HUNTSMAN

FTLN 0045 It would seem strange unto him when he waked. 45

LORD

FTLN 0046 Even as a flatt'ring dream or worthless fancy.
 FTLN 0047 Then take him up, and manage well the jest.

FTLN 0048	Carry him gently to my fairest chamber,	
FTLN 0049	And hang it round with all my wanton pictures;	
FTLN 0050	Balm his foul head in warm distillèd waters,	50
FTLN 0051	And burn sweet wood to make the lodging sweet;	
FTLN 0052	Procure me music ready when he wakes	
FTLN 0053	To make a dulcet and a heavenly sound.	
FTLN 0054	And if he chance to speak, be ready straight	
FTLN 0055	And, with a low, submissive reverence,	55
FTLN 0056	Say "What is it your Honor will command?"	
FTLN 0057	Let one attend him with a silver basin	
FTLN 0058	Full of rosewater and bestrewed with flowers,	
FTLN 0059	Another bear the ewer, the third a diaper,	
FTLN 0060	And say "Will 't please your Lordship cool your	60
FTLN 0061	hands?"	
FTLN 0062	Someone be ready with a costly suit,	
FTLN 0063	And ask him what apparel he will wear.	
FTLN 0064	Another tell him of his hounds and horse,	
FTLN 0065	And that his lady mourns at his disease.	65
FTLN 0066	Persuade him that he hath been lunatic,	
FTLN 0067	And when he says he is, say that he dreams,	
FTLN 0068	For he is nothing but a mighty lord.	
FTLN 0069	This do, and do it kindly, gentle sirs.	
FTLN 0070	It will be pastime passing excellent	70
FTLN 0071	If it be husbanded with modesty.	
	「THIRD」 HUNTSMAN	
FTLN 0072	My lord, I warrant you we will play our part	
FTLN 0073	As he shall think by our true diligence	
FTLN 0074	He is no less than what we say he is.	
	LORD	
FTLN 0075	Take him up gently, and to bed with him,	75
FTLN 0076	And each one to his office when he wakes.	
	<i>「Sly is carried out.」</i>	
	<i>Sound trumpets 「within.」</i>	
FTLN 0077	Sirrah, go see what trumpet 'tis that sounds.	
	<i>「Servingman exits.」</i>	

FTLN 0078 Belike some noble gentleman that means
 FTLN 0079 (Traveling some journey) to repose him here.

Enter Servingman.

FTLN 0080 How now? Who is it? 80
 FTLN 0081 SERVINGMAN An 't please your Honor, players
 FTLN 0082 That offer service to your Lordship.
 LORD
 FTLN 0083 Bid them come near.

Enter Players.

FTLN 0084 Now, fellows, you are welcome.
 FTLN 0085 PLAYERS We thank your Honor. 85
 LORD

FTLN 0086 Do you intend to stay with me tonight?
 「FIRST PLAYER」

FTLN 0087 So please your Lordship to accept our duty.
 LORD

FTLN 0088 With all my heart. This fellow I remember
 FTLN 0089 Since once he played a farmer's eldest son.—
 FTLN 0090 'Twas where you wooed the gentlewoman so well. 90
 FTLN 0091 I have forgot your name, but sure that part
 FTLN 0092 Was aptly fitted and naturally performed.

「SECOND PLAYER」

FTLN 0093 I think 'twas Soto that your Honor means.
 LORD

FTLN 0094 'Tis very true. Thou didst it excellent.
 FTLN 0095 Well, you are come to me in happy time, 95
 FTLN 0096 The rather for I have some sport in hand
 FTLN 0097 Wherein your cunning can assist me much.
 FTLN 0098 There is a lord will hear you play tonight;
 FTLN 0099 But I am doubtful of your modesties,
 FTLN 0100 Lest, over-eying of his odd behavior 100
 FTLN 0101 (For yet his Honor never heard a play),
 FTLN 0102 You break into some merry passion,
 FTLN 0103 And so offend him. For I tell you, sirs,
 FTLN 0104 If you should smile, he grows impatient.

「FIRST PLAYER」

FTLN 0105 Fear not, my lord, we can contain ourselves 105

FTLN 0106 Were he the veriest antic in the world.

LORD, 「*to a Servingman*」

FTLN 0107 Go, sirrah, take them to the buttery

FTLN 0108 And give them friendly welcome every one.

FTLN 0109 Let them want nothing that my house affords.

One exits with the Players.

FTLN 0110 Sirrah, go you to Bartholomew, my page, 110

FTLN 0111 And see him dressed in all suits like a lady.

FTLN 0112 That done, conduct him to the drunkard's chamber,

FTLN 0113 And call him "Madam," do him obeisance.

FTLN 0114 Tell him from me, as he will win my love,

FTLN 0115 He bear himself with honorable action, 115

FTLN 0116 Such as he hath observed in noble ladies

FTLN 0117 Unto their lords, by them accomplishèd.

FTLN 0118 Such duty to the drunkard let him do

FTLN 0119 With soft low tongue and lowly courtesy,

FTLN 0120 And say "What is 't your Honor will command, 120

FTLN 0121 Wherein your lady and your humble wife

FTLN 0122 May show her duty and make known her love?"

FTLN 0123 And then with kind embracements, tempting kisses,

FTLN 0124 And with declining head into his bosom,

FTLN 0125 Bid him shed tears, as being overjoyed 125

FTLN 0126 To see her noble lord restored to health,

FTLN 0127 Who, for this seven years, hath esteemed him

FTLN 0128 No better than a poor and loathsome beggar.

FTLN 0129 And if the boy have not a woman's gift

FTLN 0130 To rain a shower of commanded tears, 130

FTLN 0131 An onion will do well for such a shift,

FTLN 0132 Which (in a napkin being close conveyed)

FTLN 0133 Shall in despite enforce a watery eye.

FTLN 0134 See this dispatched with all the haste thou canst.

FTLN 0135 Anon I'll give thee more instructions. 135

A Servingman exits.

FTLN 0136 I know the boy will well usurp the grace,

FTLN 0137 Voice, gait, and action of a gentlewoman.
 FTLN 0138 I long to hear him call the drunkard “husband”!
 FTLN 0139 And how my men will stay themselves from
 FTLN 0140 laughter 140
 FTLN 0141 When they do homage to this simple peasant,
 FTLN 0142 I’ll in to counsel them. Haply my presence
 FTLN 0143 May well abate the over-merry spleen
 FTLN 0144 Which otherwise would grow into extremes.
They exit.

[Scene 2]

*Enter aloft [Christopher Sly,] the drunkard, with
 Attendants, some with apparel, basin and ewer, and
 other appurtenances, and Lord [dressed as an Attendant.]*

FTLN 0145 SLY For God’s sake, a pot of small ale.
 FIRST SERVINGMAN
 FTLN 0146 Will ’t please your Lord drink a cup of sack?
 SECOND SERVINGMAN
 FTLN 0147 Will ’t please your Honor taste of these conserves?
 THIRD SERVINGMAN
 FTLN 0148 What raiment will your Honor wear today?
 FTLN 0149 SLY I am Christophero Sly! Call not me “Honor” nor 5
 FTLN 0150 “Lordship.” I ne’er drank sack in my life. An if you
 FTLN 0151 give me any conserves, give me conserves of beef.
 FTLN 0152 Ne’er ask me what raiment I’ll wear, for I have no
 FTLN 0153 more doublets than backs, no more stockings than
 FTLN 0154 legs, nor no more shoes than feet, nay sometime 10
 FTLN 0155 more feet than shoes, or such shoes as my toes look
 FTLN 0156 through the over-leather.
 LORD, [as Attendant]
 FTLN 0157 Heaven cease this idle humor in your Honor!
 FTLN 0158 O, that a mighty man of such descent,
 FTLN 0159 Of such possessions, and so high esteem 15
 FTLN 0160 Should be infused with so foul a spirit!

FTLN 0161	SLY	What, would you make me mad? Am not I Christopher	
FTLN 0162		Sly, old Sly's son of Burton Heath, by birth a	
FTLN 0163		peddler, by education a cardmaker, by transmutation	
FTLN 0164		a bearherd, and now by present profession a	20
FTLN 0165		tinker? Ask Marian Hacket, the fat alewife of Wincot,	
FTLN 0166		if she know me not! If she say I am not fourteen	
FTLN 0167		pence on the score for sheer ale, score me up for the	
FTLN 0168		lying'st knave in Christendom. What, I am not	
FTLN 0169		bestraught! Here's—	25
	THIRD SERVINGMAN		
FTLN 0170		O, this it is that makes your lady mourn.	
	SECOND SERVINGMAN		
FTLN 0171		O, this is it that makes your servants droop.	
	LORD, [<i>as Attendant</i>]		
FTLN 0172		Hence comes it that your kindred shuns your house,	
FTLN 0173		As beaten hence by your strange lunacy.	
FTLN 0174		O noble lord, bethink thee of thy birth,	30
FTLN 0175		Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment,	
FTLN 0176		And banish hence these abject lowly dreams.	
FTLN 0177		Look how thy servants do attend on thee,	
FTLN 0178		Each in his office ready at thy beck.	
FTLN 0179		Wilt thou have music? Hark, Apollo plays,	<i>Music.</i> 35
FTLN 0180		And twenty caged nightingales do sing.	
FTLN 0181		Or wilt thou sleep? We'll have thee to a couch	
FTLN 0182		Softer and sweeter than the lustful bed	
FTLN 0183		On purpose trimmed up for Semiramis.	
FTLN 0184		Say thou wilt walk, we will bestrew the ground.	40
FTLN 0185		Or wilt thou ride? Thy horses shall be trapped,	
FTLN 0186		Their harness studded all with gold and pearl.	
FTLN 0187		Dost thou love hawking? Thou hast hawks will soar	
FTLN 0188		Above the morning lark. Or wilt thou hunt?	
FTLN 0189		Thy hounds shall make the welkin answer them	45
FTLN 0190		And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth.	
	FIRST SERVINGMAN		
FTLN 0191		Say thou wilt course. Thy greyhounds are as swift	
FTLN 0192		As breathèd stags, ay, fleeter than the roe.	

SECOND SERVINGMAN

FTLN 0193 Dost thou love pictures? We will fetch thee straight
 FTLN 0194 Adonis painted by a running brook, 50
 FTLN 0195 And Cytherea all in sedges hid,
 FTLN 0196 Which seem to move and wanton with her breath,
 FTLN 0197 Even as the waving sedges play with wind.

LORD, *as Attendant*

FTLN 0198 We'll show thee Io as she was a maid
 FTLN 0199 And how she was beguilèd and surprised, 55
 FTLN 0200 As lively painted as the deed was done.

THIRD SERVINGMAN

FTLN 0201 Or Daphne roaming through a thorny wood,
 FTLN 0202 Scratching her legs that one shall swear she bleeds,
 FTLN 0203 And at that sight shall sad Apollo weep,
 FTLN 0204 So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn. 60

LORD, *as Attendant*

FTLN 0205 Thou art a lord, and nothing but a lord;
 FTLN 0206 Thou hast a lady far more beautiful
 FTLN 0207 Than any woman in this waning age.

FIRST SERVINGMAN

FTLN 0208 And till the tears that she hath shed for thee
 FTLN 0209 Like envious floods o'errun her lovely face, 65
 FTLN 0210 She was the fairest creature in the world—
 FTLN 0211 And yet she is inferior to none.

SLY

FTLN 0212 Am I a lord, and have I such a lady?
 FTLN 0213 Or do I dream? Or have I dreamed till now?
 FTLN 0214 I do not sleep: I see, I hear, I speak, 70
 FTLN 0215 I smell sweet savors, and I feel soft things.
 FTLN 0216 Upon my life, I am a lord indeed
 FTLN 0217 And not a tinker, nor Christopher Sly.
 FTLN 0218 Well, bring our lady hither to our sight,
 FTLN 0219 And once again a pot o' the smallest ale. 75

SECOND SERVINGMAN

FTLN 0220 Will 't please your Mightiness to wash your hands?
 FTLN 0221 O, how we joy to see your wit restored!

FTLN 0222	O, that once more you knew but what you are!	
FTLN 0223	These fifteen years you have been in a dream,	
FTLN 0224	Or, when you waked, so waked as if you slept.	80
	SLY	
FTLN 0225	These fifteen years! By my fay, a goodly nap.	
FTLN 0226	But did I never speak of all that time?	
	FIRST SERVINGMAN	
FTLN 0227	Oh, yes, my lord, but very idle words.	
FTLN 0228	For though you lay here in this goodly chamber,	
FTLN 0229	Yet would you say you were beaten out of door,	85
FTLN 0230	And rail upon the hostess of the house,	
FTLN 0231	And say you would present her at the leet	
FTLN 0232	Because she brought stone jugs and no sealed	
FTLN 0233	quarts.	
FTLN 0234	Sometimes you would call out for Cicely Hacket.	90
FTLN 0235	SLY Ay, the woman's maid of the house.	
	THIRD SERVINGMAN	
FTLN 0236	Why, sir, you know no house, nor no such maid,	
FTLN 0237	Nor no such men as you have reckoned up,	
FTLN 0238	As Stephen Sly and old John Naps of 'Greete,'	
FTLN 0239	And Peter Turph and Henry Pimpernell,	95
FTLN 0240	And twenty more such names and men as these,	
FTLN 0241	Which never were, nor no man ever saw.	
FTLN 0242	SLY Now, Lord be thanked for my good amends!	
FTLN 0243	ALL Amen.	
FTLN 0244	SLY I thank thee. Thou shalt not lose by it.	100

Enter 'Page as' Lady, with Attendants.

FTLN 0245	'PAGE, as' Lady How fares my noble lord?	
FTLN 0246	SLY Marry, I fare well, for here is cheer enough.	
FTLN 0247	Where is my wife?	
	'PAGE, as' Lady	
FTLN 0248	Here, noble lord. What is thy will with her?	
	SLY	
FTLN 0249	Are you my wife, and will not call me "husband"?	105
FTLN 0250	My men should call me "lord." I am your goodman.	

〔PAGE, *as*〕 *Lady*

FTLN 0251 My husband and my lord, my lord and husband,
FTLN 0252 I am your wife in all obedience.

SLY

FTLN 0253 I know it well.—What must I call her?

FTLN 0254 LORD, 〔*as Attendant*〕 “Madam.” 110

FTLN 0255 SLY “Alice Madam,” or “Joan Madam”?

LORD

FTLN 0256 “Madam,” and nothing else. So lords call ladies.

SLY

FTLN 0257 Madam wife, they say that I have dreamed
FTLN 0258 And slept above some fifteen year or more.

〔PAGE, *as*〕 *Lady*

FTLN 0259 Ay, and the time seems thirty unto me, 115

FTLN 0260 Being all this time abandoned from your bed.

SLY

FTLN 0261 ’Tis much.—Servants, leave me and her alone.—

FTLN 0262 Madam, undress you, and come now to bed.

〔PAGE, *as*〕 *Lady*

FTLN 0263 Thrice noble lord, let me entreat of you

FTLN 0264 To pardon me yet for a night or two; 120

FTLN 0265 Or if not so, until the sun be set.

FTLN 0266 For your physicians have expressly charged,

FTLN 0267 In peril to incur your former malady,

FTLN 0268 That I should yet absent me from your bed.

FTLN 0269 I hope this reason stands for my excuse. 125

FTLN 0270 SLY Ay, it stands so that I may hardly tarry so long; but

FTLN 0271 I would be loath to fall into my dreams again. I will

FTLN 0272 therefore tarry in despite of the flesh and the

FTLN 0273 blood.

Enter a Messenger.

MESSENGER

FTLN 0274 Your Honor’s players, hearing your amendment, 130

FTLN 0275 Are come to play a pleasant comedy,

FTLN 0276 For so your doctors hold it very meet,

FTLN 0277 Seeing too much sadness hath congealed your
FTLN 0278 blood,
FTLN 0279 And melancholy is the nurse of frenzy. 135
FTLN 0280 Therefore they thought it good you hear a play
FTLN 0281 And frame your mind to mirth and merriment,
FTLN 0282 Which bars a thousand harms and lengthens life.
FTLN 0283 SLY Marry, I will. Let them play it. 「*Messenger exits.*」
FTLN 0284 Is not a comonty a Christmas gambold or a tumbling 140
FTLN 0285 trick?
 「PAGE, as」 *Lady*
FTLN 0286 No, my good lord, it is more pleasing stuff.
FTLN 0287 SLY What, household stuff?
FTLN 0288 「PAGE, as」 *Lady* It is a kind of history.
FTLN 0289 SLY Well, we'll see 't. Come, madam wife, sit by my 145
FTLN 0290 side, and let the world slip. We shall ne'er be
FTLN 0291 younger.
「*They sit.*」

「ACT I」

「Scene 1」

Flourish. Enter Lucentio, and his man Tranio.

LUCENTIO

FTLN 0292	Tranio, since for the great desire I had	
FTLN 0293	To see fair Padua, nursery of arts,	
FTLN 0294	I am arrived for fruitful Lombardy,	
FTLN 0295	The pleasant garden of great Italy,	
FTLN 0296	And by my father's love and leave am armed	5
FTLN 0297	With his goodwill and thy good company.	
FTLN 0298	My trusty servant well approved in all,	
FTLN 0299	Here let us breathe and haply institute	
FTLN 0300	A course of learning and ingenious studies.	
FTLN 0301	Pisa, renownèd for grave citizens,	10
FTLN 0302	Gave me my being, and my father first,	
FTLN 0303	A merchant of great traffic through the world,	
FTLN 0304	「Vincentio,」 come of the Bentivolii.	
FTLN 0305	Vincentio's son, brought up in Florence,	
FTLN 0306	It shall become to serve all hopes conceived	15
FTLN 0307	To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds.	
FTLN 0308	And therefore, Tranio, for the time I study	
FTLN 0309	Virtue, and that part of philosophy	
FTLN 0310	Will I apply that treats of happiness	
FTLN 0311	By virtue specially to be achieved.	20
FTLN 0312	Tell me thy mind, for I have Pisa left	
FTLN 0313	And am to Padua come, as he that leaves	

FTLN 0314	A shallow splash to plunge him in the deep	
FTLN 0315	And with satiety seeks to quench his thirst.	
	TRANIO	
FTLN 0316	「 <i>Mi perdonato,</i> 」 gentle master mine.	25
FTLN 0317	I am in all affected as yourself,	
FTLN 0318	Glad that you thus continue your resolve	
FTLN 0319	To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy.	
FTLN 0320	Only, good master, while we do admire	
FTLN 0321	This virtue and this moral discipline,	30
FTLN 0322	Let's be no stoics nor no stocks, I pray,	
FTLN 0323	Or so devote to Aristotle's checks	
FTLN 0324	As Ovid be an outcast quite abjured.	
FTLN 0325	Balk logic with acquaintance that you have,	
FTLN 0326	And practice rhetoric in your common talk;	35
FTLN 0327	Music and poesy use to quicken you;	
FTLN 0328	The mathematics and the metaphysics—	
FTLN 0329	Fall to them as you find your stomach serves you.	
FTLN 0330	No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en.	
FTLN 0331	In brief, sir, study what you most affect.	40
	LUCENTIO	
FTLN 0332	Gramercies, Tranio, well dost thou advise.	
FTLN 0333	If, Biondello, thou wert come ashore,	
FTLN 0334	We could at once put us in readiness	
FTLN 0335	And take a lodging fit to entertain	
FTLN 0336	Such friends as time in Padua shall beget.	45
	<i>Enter Baptista with his two daughters, Katherine and Bianca; Gremio, a pantaloon, 「and」 Hortensio, 「suitors」 to Bianca.</i>	
FTLN 0337	But stay awhile! What company is this?	
	TRANIO	
FTLN 0338	Master, some show to welcome us to town.	
	<i>Lucentio 「and」 Tranio stand by.</i>	
	BAPTISTA, 「to Gremio and Hortensio」	
FTLN 0339	Gentlemen, importune me no farther,	
FTLN 0340	For how I firmly am resolved you know:	

FTLN 0341	That is, not to bestow my youngest daughter	50
FTLN 0342	Before I have a husband for the elder.	
FTLN 0343	If either of you both love Katherine,	
FTLN 0344	Because I know you well and love you well,	
FTLN 0345	Leave shall you have to court her at your pleasure.	
	GREMIO	
FTLN 0346	To cart her, rather. She's too rough for me.—	55
FTLN 0347	There, there, Hortensio, will you any wife?	
	KATHERINE, <i>['to Baptista']</i>	
FTLN 0348	I pray you, sir, is it your will	
FTLN 0349	To make a stale of me amongst these mates?	
	HORTENSIO	
FTLN 0350	“Mates,” maid? How mean you that? No mates for	
FTLN 0351	you,	60
FTLN 0352	Unless you were of gentler, milder mold.	
	KATHERINE	
FTLN 0353	I' faith, sir, you shall never need to fear.	
FTLN 0354	Iwis it is not halfway to her heart.	
FTLN 0355	But if it were, doubt not her care should be	
FTLN 0356	To comb your noddle with a three-legged stool	65
FTLN 0357	And paint your face and use you like a fool.	
	HORTENSIO	
FTLN 0358	From all such devils, good Lord, deliver us!	
FTLN 0359	GREMIO And me too, good Lord.	
	TRANIO, <i>['aside to Lucentio']</i>	
FTLN 0360	Husht, master, here's some good pastime toward;	
FTLN 0361	That wench is stark mad or wonderful froward.	70
	LUCENTIO, <i>['aside to Tranio']</i>	
FTLN 0362	But in the other's silence do I see	
FTLN 0363	Maid's mild behavior and sobriety.	
FTLN 0364	Peace, Tranio.	
	TRANIO, <i>['aside to Lucentio']</i>	
FTLN 0365	Well said, master. Mum, and gaze your fill.	
	BAPTISTA, <i>['to Gremio and Hortensio']</i>	
FTLN 0366	Gentlemen, that I may soon make good	75
FTLN 0367	What I have said—Bianca, get you in,	

FTLN 0368	And let it not displease thee, good Bianca,	
FTLN 0369	For I will love thee ne'er the less, my girl.	
	KATHERINE	
FTLN 0370	A pretty peat! It is best	
FTLN 0371	Put finger in the eye, an she knew why.	80
	BIANCA	
FTLN 0372	Sister, content you in my discontent.—	
FTLN 0373	Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe.	
FTLN 0374	My books and instruments shall be my company,	
FTLN 0375	On them to look and practice by myself.	
	LUCENTIO, <i>['aside to Tranio']</i>	
FTLN 0376	Hark, Tranio, thou mayst hear Minerva speak!	85
	HORTENSIO	
FTLN 0377	Signior Baptista, will you be so strange?	
FTLN 0378	Sorry am I that our goodwill effects	
FTLN 0379	Bianca's grief.	
FTLN 0380	GREMIO Why will you mew her up,	
FTLN 0381	Signior Baptista, for this fiend of hell,	90
FTLN 0382	And make her bear the penance of her tongue?	
	BAPTISTA	
FTLN 0383	Gentlemen, content you. I am resolved.—	
FTLN 0384	Go in, Bianca. <i>['Bianca exits.']</i>	
FTLN 0385	And for I know she taketh most delight	
FTLN 0386	In music, instruments, and poetry,	95
FTLN 0387	Schoolmasters will I keep within my house	
FTLN 0388	Fit to instruct her youth. If you, Hortensio,	
FTLN 0389	Or, Signior Gremio, you know any such,	
FTLN 0390	Prefer them hither. For to cunning men	
FTLN 0391	I will be very kind, and liberal	100
FTLN 0392	To mine own children in good bringing up.	
FTLN 0393	And so, farewell.—Katherine, you may stay,	
FTLN 0394	For I have more to commune with Bianca. <i>He exits.</i>	
	KATHERINE	
FTLN 0395	Why, and I trust I may go too, may I not?	
FTLN 0396	What, shall I be appointed hours as though, belike,	105
FTLN 0397	I knew not what to take and what to leave? Ha!	
		<i>She exits.</i>

FTLN 0398 GREMIO You may go to the devil's dam! Your gifts are
 FTLN 0399 so good here's none will hold you.—Their love is
 FTLN 0400 not so great, Hortensio, but we may blow our nails
 FTLN 0401 together and fast it fairly out. Our cake's dough on 110
 FTLN 0402 both sides. Farewell. Yet for the love I bear my
 FTLN 0403 sweet Bianca, if I can by any means light on a fit
 FTLN 0404 man to teach her that wherein she delights, I will
 FTLN 0405 wish him to her father.

FTLN 0406 HORTENSIO So will I, Signior Gremio. But a word, I 115
 FTLN 0407 pray. Though the nature of our quarrel yet never
 FTLN 0408 brooked parle, know now upon advice, it toucheth
 FTLN 0409 us both (that we may yet again have access to our
 FTLN 0410 fair mistress and be happy rivals in Bianca's love) to
 FTLN 0411 labor and effect one thing specially. 120

FTLN 0412 GREMIO What's that, I pray?

FTLN 0413 HORTENSIO Marry, sir, to get a husband for her sister.

FTLN 0414 GREMIO A husband? A devil!

FTLN 0415 HORTENSIO I say "a husband."

FTLN 0416 GREMIO I say "a devil." Think'st thou, Hortensio, 125
 FTLN 0417 though her father be very rich, any man is so very a
 FTLN 0418 fool to be married to hell?

FTLN 0419 HORTENSIO Tush, Gremio. Though it pass your patience
 FTLN 0420 and mine to endure her loud alarms, why,
 FTLN 0421 man, there be good fellows in the world, an a man 130
 FTLN 0422 could light on them, would take her with all faults,
 FTLN 0423 and money enough.

FTLN 0424 GREMIO I cannot tell. But I had as lief take her dowry
 FTLN 0425 with this condition: to be whipped at the high cross
 FTLN 0426 every morning. 135

FTLN 0427 HORTENSIO Faith, as you say, there's small choice in
 FTLN 0428 rotten apples. But come, since this bar in law
 FTLN 0429 makes us friends, it shall be so far forth friendly
 FTLN 0430 maintained till by helping Baptista's eldest daughter
 FTLN 0431 to a husband we set his youngest free for a 140
 FTLN 0432 husband, and then have to 't afresh. Sweet Bianca!
 FTLN 0433 Happy man be his dole! He that runs fastest gets the
 FTLN 0434 ring. How say you, Signior Gremio?

FTLN 0435 GREMIO I am agreed, and would I had given him the
 FTLN 0436 best horse in Padua to begin his wooing that would 145
 FTLN 0437 thoroughly woo her, wed her, and bed her, and rid
 FTLN 0438 the house of her. Come on.

*「Gremio and Hortensio」 exit.
 Tranio and Lucentio remain onstage.*

TRANIO

FTLN 0439 I pray, sir, tell me, is it possible
 FTLN 0440 That love should of a sudden take such hold?

LUCENTIO

FTLN 0441 O Tranio, till I found it to be true, 150
 FTLN 0442 I never thought it possible or likely.
 FTLN 0443 But see, while idly I stood looking on,
 FTLN 0444 I found the effect of love-in-idleness,
 FTLN 0445 And now in plainness do confess to thee
 FTLN 0446 That art to me as secret and as dear 155
 FTLN 0447 As Anna to the Queen of Carthage was:
 FTLN 0448 Tranio, I burn, I pine! I perish, Tranio,
 FTLN 0449 If I achieve not this young modest girl.
 FTLN 0450 Counsel me, Tranio, for I know thou canst.
 FTLN 0451 Assist me, Tranio, for I know thou wilt. 160

TRANIO

FTLN 0452 Master, it is no time to chide you now.
 FTLN 0453 Affection is not rated from the heart.
 FTLN 0454 If love have touched you, naught remains but so:
 FTLN 0455 *Redime te 「captum」 quam queas minimo.*

LUCENTIO

FTLN 0456 Gramercies, lad. Go forward. This contents; 165
 FTLN 0457 The rest will comfort, for thy counsel's sound.

TRANIO

FTLN 0458 Master, you looked so longly on the maid,
 FTLN 0459 Perhaps you marked not what's the pith of all.

LUCENTIO

FTLN 0460 O yes, I saw sweet beauty in her face,
 FTLN 0461 Such as the daughter of Agenor had, 170
 FTLN 0462 That made great Jove to humble him to her hand
 FTLN 0463 When with his knees he kissed the Cretan strand.

TRANIO

FTLN 0464 Saw you no more? Marked you not how her sister
 FTLN 0465 Began to scold and raise up such a storm
 FTLN 0466 That mortal ears might hardly endure the din? 175

LUCENTIO

FTLN 0467 Tranio, I saw her coral lips to move,
 FTLN 0468 And with her breath she did perfume the air.
 FTLN 0469 Sacred and sweet was all I saw in her.

TRANIO, [*aside*]

FTLN 0470 Nay, then 'tis time to stir him from his trance.—
 FTLN 0471 I pray, awake, sir! If you love the maid, 180
 FTLN 0472 Bend thoughts and wits to achieve her. Thus it
 FTLN 0473 stands:

FTLN 0474 Her elder sister is so curst and shrewd
 FTLN 0475 That till the father rid his hands of her,
 FTLN 0476 Master, your love must live a maid at home, 185
 FTLN 0477 And therefore has he closely mew'd her up,
 FTLN 0478 Because she will not be annoyed with suitors.

LUCENTIO

FTLN 0479 Ah, Tranio, what a cruel father's he!
 FTLN 0480 But art thou not advised he took some care
 FTLN 0481 To get her cunning schoolmasters to instruct her? 190

TRANIO

FTLN 0482 Ay, marry, am I, sir—and now 'tis plotted!

LUCENTIO

FTLN 0483 I have it, Tranio!

FTLN 0484 TRANIO Master, for my hand,
 FTLN 0485 Both our inventions meet and jump in one.

LUCENTIO

FTLN 0486 Tell me thine first. 195

FTLN 0487 TRANIO You will be schoolmaster
 FTLN 0488 And undertake the teaching of the maid:
 FTLN 0489 That's your device.

FTLN 0490 LUCENTIO It is. May it be done?

TRANIO

FTLN 0491 Not possible. For who shall bear your part 200

FTLN 0492 And be in Padua here Vincentio's son,
 FTLN 0493 Keep house, and ply his book, welcome his friends,
 FTLN 0494 Visit his countrymen and banquet them?

LUCENTIO

FTLN 0495 *Basta*, content thee, for I have it full.
 FTLN 0496 We have not yet been seen in any house, 205
 FTLN 0497 Nor can we be distinguished by our faces
 FTLN 0498 For man or master. Then it follows thus:
 FTLN 0499 Thou shalt be master, Tranio, in my stead,
 FTLN 0500 Keep house, and port, and servants, as I should.
 FTLN 0501 I will some other be, some Florentine, 210
 FTLN 0502 Some Neapolitan, or meaner man of Pisa.
 FTLN 0503 'Tis hatched, and shall be so. Tranio, at once
 FTLN 0504 Uncase thee. Take my colored hat and cloak.

They exchange clothes.

FTLN 0505 When Biondello comes, he waits on thee,
 FTLN 0506 But I will charm him first to keep his tongue. 215
 FTLN 0507 TRANIO So had you need.
 FTLN 0508 In brief, sir, sith it your pleasure is,
 FTLN 0509 And I am tied to be obedient
 FTLN 0510 (For so your father charged me at our parting:
 FTLN 0511 "Be serviceable to my son," quoth he, 220
 FTLN 0512 Although I think 'twas in another sense),
 FTLN 0513 I am content to be Lucentio,
 FTLN 0514 Because so well I love Lucentio.

LUCENTIO

FTLN 0515 Tranio, be so, because Lucentio loves,
 FTLN 0516 And let me be a slave, t' achieve that maid 225
 FTLN 0517 Whose sudden sight hath thrall'd my wounded eye.

Enter Biondello.

FTLN 0518 Here comes the rogue.—Sirrah, where have you
 FTLN 0519 been?

BIONDELLO

FTLN 0520 Where have I been? Nay, how now, where are you?

FTLN 0521 Master, has my fellow Tranio stolen your clothes? 230
FTLN 0522 Or you stolen his? Or both? Pray, what's the news?

LUCENTIO

FTLN 0523 Sirrah, come hither. 'Tis no time to jest,
FTLN 0524 And therefore frame your manners to the time.
FTLN 0525 Your fellow, Tranio here, to save my life,
FTLN 0526 Puts my apparel and my count'nance on, 235
FTLN 0527 And I for my escape have put on his;
FTLN 0528 For in a quarrel since I came ashore
FTLN 0529 I killed a man and fear I was descried.
FTLN 0530 Wait you on him, I charge you, as becomes,
FTLN 0531 While I make way from hence to save my life. 240
FTLN 0532 You understand me?

FTLN 0533 BIONDELLO Ay, sir. *['Aside.']* Ne'er a whit.

LUCENTIO

FTLN 0534 And not a jot of "Tranio" in your mouth.
FTLN 0535 Tranio is changed into Lucentio.

BIONDELLO

FTLN 0536 The better for him. Would I were so too. 245

TRANIO

FTLN 0537 So could I, faith, boy, to have the next wish after,
FTLN 0538 That Lucentio indeed had Baptista's youngest
FTLN 0539 daughter.
FTLN 0540 But, sirrah, not for my sake, but your master's, I
FTLN 0541 advise 250
FTLN 0542 You use your manners discreetly in all kind of
FTLN 0543 companies.
FTLN 0544 When I am alone, why then I am Tranio;
FTLN 0545 But in all places else, *['your']* master Lucentio.

FTLN 0546 LUCENTIO Tranio, let's go. One thing more rests, that 255
FTLN 0547 thyself execute, to make one among these wooers. If
FTLN 0548 thou ask me why, sufficeth my reasons are both
FTLN 0549 good and weighty. *They exit.*

The Presenters above ['speak.']

FIRST SERVINGMAN

FTLN 0550 My lord, you nod. You do not mind the play.

FTLN 0551 SLY Yes, by Saint Anne, do I. A good matter, surely. 260
 FTLN 0552 Comes there any more of it?
 FTLN 0553 [PAGE, as] Lady My lord, 'tis but begun.
 FTLN 0554 SLY 'Tis a very excellent piece of work, madam lady.
 FTLN 0555 Would 'twere done.

They sit and mark.

[Scene 2]

Enter Petruchio and his man Grumio.

PETRUCHIO

FTLN 0556 Verona, for a while I take my leave
 FTLN 0557 To see my friends in Padua, but of all
 FTLN 0558 My best belovèd and approvèd friend,
 FTLN 0559 Hortensio. And I trow this is his house.
 FTLN 0560 Here, sirrah Grumio, knock, I say. 5

FTLN 0561 GRUMIO Knock, sir? Whom should I knock? Is there
 FTLN 0562 any man has rebused your Worship?

FTLN 0563 PETRUCHIO Villain, I say, knock me here soundly.

FTLN 0564 GRUMIO Knock you here, sir? Why, sir, what am I, sir,
 FTLN 0565 that I should knock you here, sir? 10

PETRUCHIO

FTLN 0566 Villain, I say, knock me at this gate
 FTLN 0567 And rap me well, or I'll knock your knave's pate.

GRUMIO

FTLN 0568 My master is grown quarrelsome. I should knock
 FTLN 0569 you first,
 FTLN 0570 And then I know after who comes by the worst. 15

FTLN 0571 PETRUCHIO Will it not be?

FTLN 0572 Faith, sirrah, an you'll not knock, I'll ring it.

FTLN 0573 I'll try how you can *sol, fa*, and sing it.

He wrings him by the ears. [Grumio falls.]

FTLN 0574 GRUMIO Help, mistress, help! My master is mad.

FTLN 0575 PETRUCHIO Now knock when I bid you, sirrah 20
 FTLN 0576 villain.

Enter Hortensio.

FTLN 0577	HORTENSIO	How now, what's the matter? My old	
FTLN 0578		friend Grumio and my good friend Petruchio? How	
FTLN 0579		do you all at Verona?	
	PETRUCHIO		
FTLN 0580		Signior Hortensio, come you to part the fray?	25
FTLN 0581		「 <i>Con tutto il cuore ben trovato,</i> 」 may I say.	
FTLN 0582	HORTENSIO	<i>Alia nostra casa</i> 「 <i>ben</i> 」 <i>venuto, 「molto</i>	
FTLN 0583		<i>onorato</i> 」 <i>signor mio Petruchio.</i> —Rise, Grumio,	
FTLN 0584		rise. We will compound this quarrel. 「 <i>Grumio rises.</i> 」	
FTLN 0585	GRUMIO	Nay, 'tis no matter, sir, what he 'leges in	30
FTLN 0586		Latin. If this be not a lawful cause for me to leave	
FTLN 0587		his service—look you, sir: he bid me knock him	
FTLN 0588		and rap him soundly, sir. Well, was it fit for a	
FTLN 0589		servant to use his master so, being perhaps, for	
FTLN 0590		ought I see, two-and-thirty, a pip out?	35
FTLN 0591		Whom, would to God, I had well knocked at first,	
FTLN 0592		Then had not Grumio come by the worst.	
	PETRUCHIO		
FTLN 0593		A senseless villain, good Hortensio.	
FTLN 0594		I bade the rascal knock upon your gate	
FTLN 0595		And could not get him for my heart to do it.	40
FTLN 0596	GRUMIO	Knock at the gate? O, heavens, spake you not	
FTLN 0597		these words plain: “Sirrah, knock me here, rap me	
FTLN 0598		here, knock me well, and knock me soundly”? And	
FTLN 0599		come you now with “knocking at the gate”?	
	PETRUCHIO		
FTLN 0600		Sirrah, begone, or talk not, I advise you.	45
	HORTENSIO		
FTLN 0601		Petruchio, patience. I am Grumio's pledge.	
FTLN 0602		Why, this' a heavy chance 'twixt him and you,	
FTLN 0603		Your ancient, trusty, pleasant servant Grumio.	
FTLN 0604		And tell me now, sweet friend, what happy gale	
FTLN 0605		Blows you to Padua here from old Verona?	50
	PETRUCHIO		
FTLN 0606		Such wind as scatters young men through the world	

FTLN 0607	To seek their fortunes farther than at home,	
FTLN 0608	Where small experience grows. But in a few,	
FTLN 0609	Signior Hortensio, thus it stands with me:	
FTLN 0610	Antonio, my father, is deceased,	55
FTLN 0611	And I have thrust myself into this maze,	
FTLN 0612	Happily to wive and thrive, as best I may.	
FTLN 0613	Crowns in my purse I have and goods at home,	
FTLN 0614	And so am come abroad to see the world.	
	HORTENSIO	
FTLN 0615	Petruchio, shall I then come roundly to thee	60
FTLN 0616	And wish thee to a shrewd ill-favored wife?	
FTLN 0617	Thou 'dst thank me but a little for my counsel—	
FTLN 0618	And yet I'll promise thee she shall be rich,	
FTLN 0619	And very rich. But thou 'rt too much my friend,	
FTLN 0620	And I'll not wish thee to her.	65
	PETRUCHIO	
FTLN 0621	Signior Hortensio, 'twixt such friends as we	
FTLN 0622	Few words suffice. And therefore, if thou know	
FTLN 0623	One rich enough to be Petruchio's wife	
FTLN 0624	(As wealth is burden of my wooing dance),	
FTLN 0625	Be she as foul as was Florentius' love,	70
FTLN 0626	As old as Sibyl, and as curst and shrewd	
FTLN 0627	As Socrates' Xanthippe, or a worse,	
FTLN 0628	She moves me not, or not removes at least	
FTLN 0629	Affection's edge in me, were she as rough	
FTLN 0630	As are the swelling Adriatic seas.	75
FTLN 0631	I come to wive it wealthily in Padua;	
FTLN 0632	If wealthily, then happily in Padua.	
FTLN 0633	GRUMIO, [to Hortensio] Nay, look you, sir, he tells you	
FTLN 0634	flatly what his mind is. Why, give him gold enough	
FTLN 0635	and marry him to a puppet or an aglet-baby, or an	80
FTLN 0636	old trot with ne'er a tooth in her head, though she	
FTLN 0637	have as many diseases as two-and-fifty horses. Why,	
FTLN 0638	nothing comes amiss, so money comes withal.	
	HORTENSIO	
FTLN 0639	Petruchio, since we are stepped thus far in,	

FTLN 0640	I will continue that I broached in jest.	85
FTLN 0641	I can, Petruchio, help thee to a wife	
FTLN 0642	With wealth enough, and young and beauteous,	
FTLN 0643	Brought up as best becomes a gentlewoman.	
FTLN 0644	Her only fault, and that is faults enough,	
FTLN 0645	Is that she is intolerable curst,	90
FTLN 0646	And shrewd, and froward, so beyond all measure	
FTLN 0647	That, were my state far worser than it is,	
FTLN 0648	I would not wed her for a mine of gold.	
	PETRUCHIO	
FTLN 0649	Hortensio, peace. Thou know'st not gold's effect.	
FTLN 0650	Tell me her father's name, and 'tis enough;	95
FTLN 0651	For I will board her, though she chide as loud	
FTLN 0652	As thunder when the clouds in autumn crack.	
	HORTENSIO	
FTLN 0653	Her father is Baptista Minola,	
FTLN 0654	An affable and courteous gentleman.	
FTLN 0655	Her name is Katherina Minola,	100
FTLN 0656	Renowned in Padua for her scolding tongue.	
	PETRUCHIO	
FTLN 0657	I know her father, though I know not her,	
FTLN 0658	And he knew my deceased father well.	
FTLN 0659	I will not sleep, Hortensio, till I see her,	
FTLN 0660	And therefore let me be thus bold with you	105
FTLN 0661	To give you over at this first encounter—	
FTLN 0662	Unless you will accompany me thither.	
FTLN 0663	GRUMIO, <i>[to Hortensio]</i> I pray you, sir, let him go while	
FTLN 0664	the humor lasts. O' my word, an she knew him as	
FTLN 0665	well as I do, she would think scolding would do little	110
FTLN 0666	good upon him. She may perhaps call him half a	
FTLN 0667	score knaves or so. Why, that's nothing; an he begin	
FTLN 0668	once, he'll rail in his rope tricks. I'll tell you what,	
FTLN 0669	sir, an she stand him but a little, he will throw a	
FTLN 0670	figure in her face and so disfigure her with it that	115
FTLN 0671	she shall have no more eyes to see withal than a cat.	
FTLN 0672	You know him not, sir.	

HORTENSIO

FTLN 0673 Tarry, Petruchio. I must go with thee,
 FTLN 0674 For in Baptista's keep my treasure is.
 FTLN 0675 He hath the jewel of my life in hold, 120
 FTLN 0676 His youngest daughter, beautiful Bianca,
 FTLN 0677 And her withholds from me ^{and} other more,
 FTLN 0678 Suitors to her and rivals in my love,
 FTLN 0679 Supposing it a thing impossible,
 FTLN 0680 For those defects I have before rehearsed, 125
 FTLN 0681 That ever Katherina will be wooed.
 FTLN 0682 Therefore this order hath Baptista ta'en,
 FTLN 0683 That none shall have access unto Bianca
 FTLN 0684 Till Katherine the curst have got a husband.
 FTLN 0685 GRUMIO "Katherine the curst," 130
 FTLN 0686 A title for a maid, of all titles the worst.

HORTENSIO

FTLN 0687 Now shall my friend Petruchio do me grace
 FTLN 0688 And offer me disguised in sober robes
 FTLN 0689 To old Baptista as a schoolmaster
 FTLN 0690 Well seen in music, to instruct Bianca, 135
 FTLN 0691 That so I may, by this device at least,
 FTLN 0692 Have leave and leisure to make love to her
 FTLN 0693 And unsuspected court her by herself.
 FTLN 0694 GRUMIO Here's no knavery! See, to beguile the old
 FTLN 0695 folks, how the young folks lay their heads together! 140

*Enter Gremio and Lucentio, disguised ^{as Cambio, a}
 schoolmaster.*

FTLN 0696 Master, master, look about you. Who goes there, ha?

HORTENSIO

FTLN 0697 Peace, Grumio, it is the rival of my love.
 FTLN 0698 Petruchio, stand by awhile.
^{Petruchio, Hortensio, and Grumio stand aside.}

GRUMIO, ^{aside}

FTLN 0699 A proper stripling, and an amorous.

	GREMIO, <i>「to Lucentio」</i>	
FTLN 0700	O, very well, I have perused the note.	145
FTLN 0701	Hark you, sir, I'll have them very fairly bound,	
FTLN 0702	All books of love. See that at any hand,	
FTLN 0703	And see you read no other lectures to her.	
FTLN 0704	You understand me. Over and beside	
FTLN 0705	Signior Baptista's liberality,	150
FTLN 0706	I'll mend it with a largess. Take your paper too.	
FTLN 0707	And let me have them very well perfumed,	
FTLN 0708	For she is sweeter than perfume itself	
FTLN 0709	To whom they go to. What will you read to her?	
	LUCENTIO, <i>「as Cambio」</i>	
FTLN 0710	Whate'er I read to her, I'll plead for you	155
FTLN 0711	As for my patron, stand you so assured,	
FTLN 0712	As firmly as yourself were still in place,	
FTLN 0713	Yea, and perhaps with more successful words	
FTLN 0714	Than you—unless you were a scholar, sir.	
	GREMIO	
FTLN 0715	O this learning, what a thing it is!	160
	GRUMIO, <i>「aside」</i>	
FTLN 0716	O this woodcock, what an ass it is!	
FTLN 0717	PETRUCHIO, <i>「aside」</i> Peace, sirrah.	
	HORTENSIO, <i>「aside」</i>	
FTLN 0718	Grumio, mum. <i>「Coming forward.」</i>	
FTLN 0719	God save you, Signior Gremio.	
	GREMIO	
FTLN 0720	And you are well met, Signior Hortensio.	165
FTLN 0721	Trow you whither I am going? To Baptista Minola.	
FTLN 0722	I promised to enquire carefully	
FTLN 0723	About a schoolmaster for the fair Bianca,	
FTLN 0724	And by good fortune I have lighted well	
FTLN 0725	On this young man, for learning and behavior	170
FTLN 0726	Fit for her turn, well read in poetry	
FTLN 0727	And other books—good ones, I warrant you.	
	HORTENSIO	
FTLN 0728	'Tis well. And I have met a gentleman	

FTLN 0729	Hath promised me to help 「me」 to another,	
FTLN 0730	A fine musician to instruct our mistress.	175
FTLN 0731	So shall I no whit be behind in duty	
FTLN 0732	To fair Bianca, so beloved of me.	
	GREMIO	
FTLN 0733	Beloved of me, and that my deeds shall prove.	
FTLN 0734	GRUMIO, 「 <i>aside</i> 」 And that his bags shall prove.	
	HORTENSIO	
FTLN 0735	Gremio, 'tis now no time to vent our love.	180
FTLN 0736	Listen to me, and if you speak me fair	
FTLN 0737	I'll tell you news indifferent good for either.	
	「 <i>Presenting Petruchio.</i> 」	
FTLN 0738	Here is a gentleman whom by chance I met,	
FTLN 0739	Upon agreement from us to his liking,	
FTLN 0740	Will undertake to woo curst Katherine,	185
FTLN 0741	Yea, and to marry her, if her dowry please.	
FTLN 0742	GREMIO So said, so done, is well.	
FTLN 0743	Hortensio, have you told him all her faults?	
	PETRUCHIO	
FTLN 0744	I know she is an irksome, brawling scold.	
FTLN 0745	If that be all, masters, I hear no harm.	190
	GREMIO	
FTLN 0746	No? Sayst me so, friend? What countryman?	
	PETRUCHIO	
FTLN 0747	Born in Verona, old Antonio's son.	
FTLN 0748	My father dead, my fortune lives for me,	
FTLN 0749	And I do hope good days and long to see.	
	GREMIO	
FTLN 0750	Oh, sir, such a life with such a wife were strange.	195
FTLN 0751	But if you have a stomach, to 't, i' God's name!	
FTLN 0752	You shall have me assisting you in all.	
FTLN 0753	But will you woo this wildcat?	
FTLN 0754	PETRUCHIO Will I live?	
	GRUMIO	
FTLN 0755	Will he woo her? Ay, or I'll hang her.	200

 PETRUCHIO

- FTLN 0756 Why came I hither but to that intent?
 FTLN 0757 Think you a little din can daunt mine ears?
 FTLN 0758 Have I not in my time heard lions roar?
 FTLN 0759 Have I not heard the sea, puffed up with winds,
 FTLN 0760 Rage like an angry boar chafèd with sweat? 205
 FTLN 0761 Have I not heard great ordnance in the field
 FTLN 0762 And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies?
 FTLN 0763 Have I not in a pitched battle heard
 FTLN 0764 Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets clang?
 FTLN 0765 And do you tell me of a woman's tongue, 210
 FTLN 0766 That gives not half so great a blow to hear
 FTLN 0767 As will a chestnut in a farmer's fire?
 FTLN 0768 Tush, tush, fear boys with bugs!
 FTLN 0769 GRUMIO For he fears none.
 FTLN 0770 GREMIO Hortensio, hark. 215
 FTLN 0771 This gentleman is happily arrived,
 FTLN 0772 My mind presumes, for his own good and yours.
 HORTENSIO
 FTLN 0773 I promised we would be contributors
 FTLN 0774 And bear his charge of wooing whatsoever.
 GREMIO
 FTLN 0775 And so we will, provided that he win her. 220
 GRUMIO
 FTLN 0776 I would I were as sure of a good dinner.

Enter Tranio, [disguised as Lucentio,] and Biondello.

TRANIO, [as Lucentio]

- FTLN 0777 Gentlemen, God save you. If I may be bold,
 FTLN 0778 Tell me, I beseech you, which is the readiest way
 FTLN 0779 To the house of Signior Baptista Minola?
 FTLN 0780 BIONDELLO He that has the two fair daughters—is 't 225
 FTLN 0781 he you mean?
 FTLN 0782 TRANIO, [as Lucentio] Even he, Biondello.
 GREMIO
 FTLN 0783 Hark you, sir, you mean not her to—

TRANIO, *「as Lucentio」*
 FTLN 0784 Perhaps him and her, sir. What have you to do?

PETRUCHIO
 FTLN 0785 Not her that chides, sir, at any hand, I pray. 230

TRANIO, *「as Lucentio」*
 FTLN 0786 I love no chiders, sir. Biondello, let's away.

LUCENTIO, *「aside」*
 FTLN 0787 Well begun, Tranio.

HORTENSIO Sir, a word ere you go.
 FTLN 0788
 FTLN 0789 Are you a suitor to the maid you talk of, yea or no?

TRANIO, *「as Lucentio」*
 FTLN 0790 An if I be, sir, is it any offense? 235

GREMIO
 FTLN 0791 No, if without more words you will get you hence.

TRANIO, *「as Lucentio」*
 FTLN 0792 Why sir, I pray, are not the streets as free
 FTLN 0793 For me, as for you?

GREMIO But so is not she.
 FTLN 0794

TRANIO, *「as Lucentio」*
 FTLN 0795 For what reason, I beseech you? 240

GREMIO
 FTLN 0796 For this reason, if you'll know:
 FTLN 0797 That she's the choice love of Signior Gremio.

HORTENSIO
 FTLN 0798 That she's the chosen of Signior Hortensio.

TRANIO, *「as Lucentio」*
 FTLN 0799 Softly, my masters. If you be gentlemen,
 FTLN 0800 Do me this right: hear me with patience. 245
 FTLN 0801 Baptista is a noble gentleman
 FTLN 0802 To whom my father is not all unknown,
 FTLN 0803 And were his daughter fairer than she is,
 FTLN 0804 She may more suitors have, and me for one.
 FTLN 0805 Fair Leda's daughter had a thousand wooers. 250
 FTLN 0806 Then well one more may fair Bianca have.
 FTLN 0807 And so she shall. Lucentio shall make one,
 FTLN 0808 Though Paris came in hope to speed alone.

	GREMIO	
FTLN 0809	What, this gentleman will out-talk us all!	
	LUCENTIO, <i>「as Cambio」</i>	
FTLN 0810	Sir, give him head; I know he'll prove a jade.	255
	PETRUCHIO	
FTLN 0811	Hortensio, to what end are all these words?	
	HORTENSIO, <i>「to Tranio」</i>	
FTLN 0812	Sir, let me be so bold as ask you,	
FTLN 0813	Did you yet ever see Baptista's daughter?	
	TRANIO, <i>「as Lucentio」</i>	
FTLN 0814	No, sir, but hear I do that he hath two,	
FTLN 0815	The one as famous for a scolding tongue	260
FTLN 0816	As is the other for beauteous modesty.	
	PETRUCHIO	
FTLN 0817	Sir, sir, the first's for me; let her go by.	
	GREMIO	
FTLN 0818	Yea, leave that labor to great Hercules,	
FTLN 0819	And let it be more than Alcides' twelve.	
	PETRUCHIO, <i>「to Tranio」</i>	
FTLN 0820	Sir, understand you this of me, in sooth:	265
FTLN 0821	The youngest daughter, whom you hearken for,	
FTLN 0822	Her father keeps from all access of suitors	
FTLN 0823	And will not promise her to any man	
FTLN 0824	Until the elder sister first be wed.	
FTLN 0825	The younger then is free, and not before.	270
	TRANIO, <i>「as Lucentio」</i>	
FTLN 0826	If it be so, sir, that you are the man	
FTLN 0827	Must stead us all, and me amongst the rest,	
FTLN 0828	And if you break the ice and do this <i>「feat,」</i>	
FTLN 0829	Achieve the elder, set the younger free	
FTLN 0830	For our access, whose hap shall be to have her	275
FTLN 0831	Will not so graceless be to be ingrate.	
	HORTENSIO	
FTLN 0832	Sir, you say well, and well you do conceive.	
FTLN 0833	And since you do profess to be a suitor,	
FTLN 0834	You must, as we do, gratify this gentleman,	
FTLN 0835	To whom we all rest generally beholding.	280

TRANIO, *as Lucentio*

FTLN 0836 Sir, I shall not be slack; in sign whereof,
FTLN 0837 Please you we may contrive this afternoon
FTLN 0838 And quaff carouses to our mistress' health,
FTLN 0839 And do as adversaries do in law,
FTLN 0840 Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.

285

GRUMIO *AND* BIONDELLO

FTLN 0841 O excellent motion! Fellows, let's be gone.

HORTENSIO

FTLN 0842 The motion's good indeed, and be it so.—
FTLN 0843 Petruchio, I shall be your *ben* venuto.

They exit.

「ACT 2」

「Scene 1」

Enter Katherine and Bianca 「with her hands tied.」

BIANCA

FTLN 0844 Good sister, wrong me not, nor wrong yourself,
FTLN 0845 To make a bondmaid and a slave of me.
FTLN 0846 That I disdain. But for these other goods—
FTLN 0847 Unbind my hands, I'll pull them off myself,
FTLN 0848 Yea, all my raiment to my petticoat, 5
FTLN 0849 Or what you will command me will I do,
FTLN 0850 So well I know my duty to my elders.

KATHERINE

FTLN 0851 Of all thy suitors here I charge 「thee」 tell
FTLN 0852 Whom thou lov'st best. See thou dissemble not.

BIANCA

FTLN 0853 Believe me, sister, of all the men alive 10
FTLN 0854 I never yet beheld that special face
FTLN 0855 Which I could fancy more than any other.

KATHERINE

FTLN 0856 Minion, thou liest. Is 't not Hortensio?

BIANCA

FTLN 0857 If you affect him, sister, here I swear
FTLN 0858 I'll plead for you myself, but you shall have him. 15

KATHERINE

FTLN 0859 O, then belike you fancy riches more.
FTLN 0860 You will have Gremio to keep you fair.

BIANCA

FTLN 0861 Is it for him you do envy me so?
 FTLN 0862 Nay, then, you jest, and now I well perceive
 FTLN 0863 You have but jested with me all this while. 20
 FTLN 0864 I prithee, sister Kate, untie my hands.
«Katherine» strikes her.

KATHERINE

FTLN 0865 If that be jest, then all the rest was so.

Enter Baptista.

BAPTISTA

FTLN 0866 Why, how now, dame, whence grows this
 FTLN 0867 insolence?—
 FTLN 0868 Bianca, stand aside.—Poor girl, she weeps! 25
«He unties her hands.»
 FTLN 0869 *«To Bianca.»* Go ply thy needle; meddle not with her.
 FTLN 0870 *«To Katherine.»* For shame, thou hilding of a devilish
 FTLN 0871 spirit!
 FTLN 0872 Why dost thou wrong her that did ne'er wrong
 FTLN 0873 thee? 30
 FTLN 0874 When did she cross thee with a bitter word?

KATHERINE

FTLN 0875 Her silence flouts me, and I'll be revenged!
«She» flies after Bianca.

BAPTISTA

FTLN 0876 What, in my sight?—Bianca, get thee in.
«Bianca» exits.

KATHERINE

FTLN 0877 What, will you not suffer me? Nay, now I see
 FTLN 0878 She is your treasure, she must have a husband, 35
 FTLN 0879 I must dance barefoot on her wedding day
 FTLN 0880 And, for your love to her, lead apes in hell.
 FTLN 0881 Talk not to me. I will go sit and weep
 FTLN 0882 Till I can find occasion of revenge. *«She exits.»*

BAPTISTA

FTLN 0883 Was ever gentleman thus grieved as I? 40
 FTLN 0884 But who comes here?

Enter Gremio; Lucentio 「disguised as Cambio」
in the habit of a mean man; Petruchio with
「Hortensio disguised as Litio; and」 *Tranio* 「disguised
as Lucentio,」 *with his boy, Biondello bearing a lute*
and books.

FTLN 0885	GREMIO	Good morrow, neighbor Baptista.	
FTLN 0886	BAPTISTA	Good morrow, neighbor Gremio.—God	
FTLN 0887		save you, gentlemen.	
	PETRUCHIO		
FTLN 0888		And you, good sir. Pray, have you not a daughter	45
FTLN 0889		Called Katherina, fair and virtuous?	
	BAPTISTA		
FTLN 0890		I have a daughter, sir, called Katherina.	
	GREMIO, 「to Petruchio」		
FTLN 0891		You are too blunt. Go to it orderly.	
	PETRUCHIO		
FTLN 0892		You wrong me, Signior Gremio. Give me leave.—	
FTLN 0893		I am a gentleman of Verona, sir,	50
FTLN 0894		That hearing of her beauty and her wit,	
FTLN 0895		Her affability and bashful modesty,	
FTLN 0896		Her wondrous qualities and mild behavior,	
FTLN 0897		Am bold to show myself a forward guest	
FTLN 0898		Within your house, to make mine eye the witness	55
FTLN 0899		Of that report which I so oft have heard,	
FTLN 0900		And, for an entrance to my entertainment,	
FTLN 0901		I do present you with a man of mine,	
		<i>Presenting Hortensio, disguised as Litio</i>	
FTLN 0902		Cunning in music and the mathematics,	
FTLN 0903		To instruct her fully in those sciences,	60
FTLN 0904		Whereof I know she is not ignorant.	
FTLN 0905		Accept of him, or else you do me wrong.	
FTLN 0906		His name is Litio, born in Mantua.	
	BAPTISTA		
FTLN 0907		You're welcome, sir, and he for your good sake.	

FTLN 0908	But for my daughter Katherine, this I know,	65
FTLN 0909	She is not for your turn, the more my grief.	
	PETRUCHIO	
FTLN 0910	I see you do not mean to part with her,	
FTLN 0911	Or else you like not of my company.	
	BAPTISTA	
FTLN 0912	Mistake me not. I speak but as I find.	
FTLN 0913	Whence are you, sir? What may I call your name?	70
	PETRUCHIO	
FTLN 0914	Petruchio is my name, Antonio's son,	
FTLN 0915	A man well known throughout all Italy.	
	BAPTISTA	
FTLN 0916	I know him well. You are welcome for his sake.	
	GREMIO	
FTLN 0917	Saving your tale, Petruchio, I pray	
FTLN 0918	Let us that are poor petitioners speak too!	75
FTLN 0919	<i>Bacare</i> , you are marvelous forward.	
	PETRUCHIO	
FTLN 0920	O, pardon me, Signior Gremio, I would fain be	
FTLN 0921	doing.	
	GREMIO	
FTLN 0922	I doubt it not, sir. But you will curse your wooing.	
FTLN 0923	「 <i>To Baptista.</i> Neighbor,」 this is a gift very grateful,	80
FTLN 0924	I am sure of it. To express the like kindness, myself,	
FTLN 0925	that have been more kindly beholding to you than	
FTLN 0926	any, freely give unto 「you」 this young scholar 「 <i>presenting</i>	
FTLN 0927	<i>Lucentio, disguised as Cambio</i> 」 that hath	
FTLN 0928	been long studying at Rheims, as cunning in Greek,	85
FTLN 0929	Latin, and other languages as the other in music and	
FTLN 0930	mathematics. His name is Cambio. Pray accept his	
FTLN 0931	service.	
FTLN 0932	BAPTISTA A thousand thanks, Signior Gremio. Welcome,	
FTLN 0933	good Cambio. 「 <i>To Tranio as Lucentio.</i> 」 But,	90
FTLN 0934	gentle sir, methinks you walk like a stranger. May I	
FTLN 0935	be so bold to know the cause of your coming?	

TRANIO, *as Lucentio*

FTLN 0936 Pardon me, sir, the boldness is mine own,
 FTLN 0937 That being a stranger in this city here
 FTLN 0938 Do make myself a suitor to your daughter, 95
 FTLN 0939 Unto Bianca, fair and virtuous.
 FTLN 0940 Nor is your firm resolve unknown to me,
 FTLN 0941 In the preferment of the eldest sister.
 FTLN 0942 This liberty is all that I request,
 FTLN 0943 That, upon knowledge of my parentage, 100
 FTLN 0944 I may have welcome 'mongst the rest that woo
 FTLN 0945 And free access and favor as the rest.
 FTLN 0946 And toward the education of your daughters
 FTLN 0947 I here bestow a simple instrument
 FTLN 0948 And this small packet of Greek and Latin books. 105

«Biondello comes forward with the gifts.»

FTLN 0949 If you accept them, then their worth is great.

BAPTISTA

FTLN 0950 Lucentio is your name. Of whence, I pray?

TRANIO, *as Lucentio*

FTLN 0951 Of Pisa, sir, son to Vincentio.

BAPTISTA

FTLN 0952 A mighty man of Pisa. By report
 FTLN 0953 I know him well. You are very welcome, sir. 110
 FTLN 0954 *«To Hortensio as Litio.»* Take you the lute,
 FTLN 0955 *«To Lucentio as Cambio.»* and you the set of books.
 FTLN 0956 You shall go see your pupils presently.
 FTLN 0957 Holla, within!

Enter a Servant.

FTLN 0958 Sirrah, lead these gentlemen 115
 FTLN 0959 To my daughters, and tell them both
 FTLN 0960 These are their tutors. Bid them use them well.
«Servant exits with Hortensio and Lucentio.»
 FTLN 0961 We will go walk a little in the orchard,
 FTLN 0962 And then to dinner. You are passing welcome,
 FTLN 0963 And so I pray you all to think yourselves. 120

 PETRUCHIO

FTLN 0964 Signior Baptista, my business asketh haste,
 FTLN 0965 And every day I cannot come to woo.
 FTLN 0966 You knew my father well, and in him me,
 FTLN 0967 Left solely heir to all his lands and goods,
 FTLN 0968 Which I have bettered rather than decreased. 125
 FTLN 0969 Then tell me, if I get your daughter's love,
 FTLN 0970 What dowry shall I have with her to wife?

BAPTISTA

FTLN 0971 After my death, the one half of my lands,
 FTLN 0972 And, in possession, twenty thousand crowns.

PETRUCHIO

FTLN 0973 And, for that dowry, I'll assure her of 130
 FTLN 0974 Her widowhood, be it that she survive me,
 FTLN 0975 In all my lands and leases whatsoever.
 FTLN 0976 Let specialties be therefore drawn between us,
 FTLN 0977 That covenants may be kept on either hand.

BAPTISTA

FTLN 0978 Ay, when the special thing is well obtained, 135
 FTLN 0979 That is, her love, for that is all in all.

PETRUCHIO

FTLN 0980 Why, that is nothing. For I tell you, father,
 FTLN 0981 I am as peremptory as she proud-minded;
 FTLN 0982 And where two raging fires meet together,
 FTLN 0983 They do consume the thing that feeds their fury. 140
 FTLN 0984 Though little fire grows great with little wind,
 FTLN 0985 Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all.
 FTLN 0986 So I to her and so she yields to me,
 FTLN 0987 For I am rough and woo not like a babe.

BAPTISTA

FTLN 0988 Well mayst thou woo, and happy be thy speed. 145
 FTLN 0989 But be thou armed for some unhappy words.

PETRUCHIO

FTLN 0990 Ay, to the proof, as mountains are for winds,
 FTLN 0991 That shakes not, though they blow perpetually.

Enter Hortensio 「*as Litio*」 *with his head broke.*

BAPTISTA

FTLN 0992 How now, my friend, why dost thou look so pale?

HORTENSIO, 「*as Litio*」

FTLN 0993 For fear, I promise you, if I look pale. 150

BAPTISTA

FTLN 0994 What, will my daughter prove a good musician?

HORTENSIO, 「*as Litio*」

FTLN 0995 I think she'll sooner prove a soldier!

FTLN 0996 Iron may hold with her, but never lutes.

BAPTISTA

FTLN 0997 Why, then thou canst not break her to the lute?

HORTENSIO, 「*as Litio*」

FTLN 0998 Why, no, for she hath broke the lute to me. 155

FTLN 0999 I did but tell her she mistook her frets,

FTLN 1000 And bowed her hand to teach her fingering,

FTLN 1001 When, with a most impatient devilish spirit,

FTLN 1002 “‘Frets’ call you these?” quoth she. “I’ll fume with
FTLN 1003 them!” 160

FTLN 1004 And with that word she struck me on the head,

FTLN 1005 And through the instrument my pate made way,

FTLN 1006 And there I stood amazèd for a while,

FTLN 1007 As on a pillory, looking through the lute,

FTLN 1008 While she did call me “rascal fiddler,” 165

FTLN 1009 And “twangling Jack,” with twenty such vile terms,

FTLN 1010 As had she studied to misuse me so.

PETRUCHIO

FTLN 1011 Now, by the world, it is a lusty wench.

FTLN 1012 I love her ten times more than e’er I did.

FTLN 1013 O, how I long to have some chat with her! 170

BAPTISTA, 「*to Hortensio as Litio*」

FTLN 1014 Well, go with me, and be not so discomfited.

FTLN 1015 Proceed in practice with my younger daughter.

FTLN 1016 She’s apt to learn, and thankful for good turns.—

FTLN 1017 Signior Petruccio, will you go with us,

FTLN 1018 Or shall I send my daughter Kate to you? 175

PETRUCHIO

FTLN 1019 I pray you do. I'll attend her here—
All but Petruchio exit.

FTLN 1020 And woo her with some spirit when she comes!
 FTLN 1021 Say that she rail, why then I'll tell her plain
 FTLN 1022 She sings as sweetly as a nightingale.
 FTLN 1023 Say that she frown, I'll say she looks as clear 180
 FTLN 1024 As morning roses newly washed with dew.
 FTLN 1025 Say she be mute and will not speak a word,
 FTLN 1026 Then I'll commend her volubility
 FTLN 1027 And say she uttereth piercing eloquence.
 FTLN 1028 If she do bid me pack, I'll give her thanks 185
 FTLN 1029 As though she bid me stay by her a week.
 FTLN 1030 If she deny to wed, I'll crave the day
 FTLN 1031 When I shall ask the banns, and when be married.
 FTLN 1032 But here she comes—and now, Petruchio, speak.

Enter Katherine.

FTLN 1033 Good morrow, Kate, for that's your name, I hear. 190

KATHERINE

FTLN 1034 Well have you heard, but something hard of hearing.
 FTLN 1035 They call me Katherine that do talk of me.

PETRUCHIO

FTLN 1036 You lie, in faith, for you are called plain Kate,
 FTLN 1037 And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst.
 FTLN 1038 But Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom, 195
 FTLN 1039 Kate of Kate Hall, my super-dainty Kate
 FTLN 1040 (For dainties are all Kates)—and therefore, Kate,
 FTLN 1041 Take this of me, Kate of my consolation:
 FTLN 1042 Hearing thy mildness praised in every town,
 FTLN 1043 Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded 200
 FTLN 1044 (Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs),
 FTLN 1045 Myself am moved to woo thee for my wife.

KATHERINE

FTLN 1046 "Moved," in good time! Let him that moved you
 FTLN 1047 hither

FTLN 1048 Remove you hence. I knew you at the first 205
FTLN 1049 You were a movable.
PETRUCHIO
FTLN 1050 Why, what's a movable?
FTLN 1051 KATHERINE A joint stool.
PETRUCHIO
FTLN 1052 Thou hast hit it. Come, sit on me.
KATHERINE
FTLN 1053 Asses are made to bear, and so are you. 210
PETRUCHIO
FTLN 1054 Women are made to bear, and so are you.
KATHERINE
FTLN 1055 No such jade as you, if me you mean.
PETRUCHIO
FTLN 1056 Alas, good Kate, I will not burden thee,
FTLN 1057 For knowing thee to be but young and light—
KATHERINE
FTLN 1058 Too light for such a swain as you to catch, 215
FTLN 1059 And yet as heavy as my weight should be.
PETRUCHIO
FTLN 1060 “Should be”—should buzz!
FTLN 1061 KATHERINE Well ta'en, and like a
FTLN 1062 buzzard.
PETRUCHIO
FTLN 1063 O slow-winged turtle, shall a buzzard take thee? 220
KATHERINE
FTLN 1064 Ay, for a turtle, as he takes a buzzard.
PETRUCHIO
FTLN 1065 Come, come, you wasp! I' faith, you are too angry.
KATHERINE
FTLN 1066 If I be waspish, best beware my sting.
PETRUCHIO
FTLN 1067 My remedy is then to pluck it out.
KATHERINE
FTLN 1068 Ay, if the fool could find it where it lies. 225

PETRUCHIO
 FTLN 1069 Who knows not where a wasp does wear his sting?
 FTLN 1070 In his tail.
 FTLN 1071 KATHERINE In his tongue.
 FTLN 1072 PETRUCHIO Whose tongue?
 KATHERINE
 FTLN 1073 Yours, if you talk of tales, and so farewell. 230
 FTLN 1074 PETRUCHIO What, with my tongue in your tail?
 FTLN 1075 Nay, come again, good Kate. I am a gentleman—
 FTLN 1076 KATHERINE That I'll try. *She strikes him.*
 PETRUCHIO
 FTLN 1077 I swear I'll cuff you if you strike again.
 FTLN 1078 KATHERINE So may you lose your arms. 235
 FTLN 1079 If you strike me, you are no gentleman,
 FTLN 1080 And if no gentleman, why then no arms.
 PETRUCHIO
 FTLN 1081 A herald, Kate? O, put me in thy books.
 FTLN 1082 KATHERINE What is your crest? A coxcomb?
 PETRUCHIO
 FTLN 1083 A combless cock, so Kate will be my hen. 240
 KATHERINE
 FTLN 1084 No cock of mine. You crow too like a craven.
 PETRUCHIO
 FTLN 1085 Nay, come, Kate, come. You must not look so sour.
 KATHERINE
 FTLN 1086 It is my fashion when I see a crab.
 PETRUCHIO
 FTLN 1087 Why, here's no crab, and therefore look not sour.
 FTLN 1088 KATHERINE There is, there is. 245
 PETRUCHIO
 FTLN 1089 Then show it me.
 FTLN 1090 KATHERINE Had I a glass, I would.
 FTLN 1091 PETRUCHIO What, you mean my face?
 FTLN 1092 KATHERINE Well aimed of such a young one.
 PETRUCHIO
 FTLN 1093 Now, by Saint George, I am too young for you. 250

KATHERINE
 FTLN 1094 Yet you are withered.

FTLN 1095 PETRUCHIO 'Tis with cares.

FTLN 1096 KATHERINE I care not.

 PETRUCHIO

FTLN 1097 Nay, hear you, Kate—in sooth, you 'scape not so.

 KATHERINE

FTLN 1098 I chafe you if I tarry. Let me go. 255

 PETRUCHIO

FTLN 1099 No, not a whit. I find you passing gentle.

FTLN 1100 'Twas told me you were rough, and coy, and sullen,

FTLN 1101 And now I find report a very liar.

FTLN 1102 For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing

FTLN 1103 courteous, 260

FTLN 1104 But slow in speech, yet sweet as springtime flowers.

FTLN 1105 Thou canst not frown, thou canst not look askance,

FTLN 1106 Nor bite the lip as angry wenches will,

FTLN 1107 Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross in talk.

FTLN 1108 But thou with mildness entertain'st thy wooers, 265

FTLN 1109 With gentle conference, soft, and affable.

FTLN 1110 Why does the world report that Kate doth limp?

FTLN 1111 O sland'rous world! Kate like the hazel twig

FTLN 1112 Is straight, and slender, and as brown in hue

FTLN 1113 As hazel nuts, and sweeter than the kernels. 270

FTLN 1114 O, let me see thee walk! Thou dost not halt.

 KATHERINE

FTLN 1115 Go, fool, and whom thou keep'st command.

 PETRUCHIO

FTLN 1116 Did ever Dian so become a grove

FTLN 1117 As Kate this chamber with her princely gait?

FTLN 1118 O, be thou Dian and let her be Kate, 275

FTLN 1119 And then let Kate be chaste and Dian sportful.

 KATHERINE

FTLN 1120 Where did you study all this goodly speech?

 PETRUCHIO

FTLN 1121 It is extempore, from my mother wit.

KATHERINE

FTLN 1122 A witty mother, witless else her son.

FTLN 1123 PETRUCHIO Am I not wise? 280

FTLN 1124 KATHERINE Yes, keep you warm.

PETRUCHIO

FTLN 1125 Marry, so I mean, sweet Katherine, in thy bed.

FTLN 1126 And therefore, setting all this chat aside,

FTLN 1127 Thus in plain terms: your father hath consented

FTLN 1128 That you shall be my wife, your dowry 'greed on, 285

FTLN 1129 And, will you, nill you, I will marry you.

FTLN 1130 Now, Kate, I am a husband for your turn,

FTLN 1131 For by this light, whereby I see thy beauty,

FTLN 1132 Thy beauty that doth make me like thee well,

FTLN 1133 Thou must be married to no man but me. 290

FTLN 1134 For I am he am born to tame you, Kate,

FTLN 1135 And bring you from a wild Kate to a Kate

FTLN 1136 Conformable as other household Kates.

Enter Baptista, Gremio, [and] Tranio as Lucentio.

FTLN 1137 Here comes your father. Never make denial.

FTLN 1138 I must and will have Katherine to my wife. 295

BAPTISTA

FTLN 1139 Now, Signior Petruchio, how speed you with my
FTLN 1140 daughter?

FTLN 1141 PETRUCHIO How but well, sir? How but well?

FTLN 1142 It were impossible I should speed amiss.

BAPTISTA

FTLN 1143 Why, how now, daughter Katherine? In your 300

FTLN 1144 dumps?

KATHERINE

FTLN 1145 Call you me daughter? Now I promise you

FTLN 1146 You have showed a tender fatherly regard,

FTLN 1147 To wish me wed to one half lunatic,

FTLN 1148 A madcap ruffian and a swearing Jack, 305

FTLN 1149 That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.

PETRUCHIO

FTLN 1150 Father, 'tis thus: yourself and all the world
 FTLN 1151 That talked of her have talked amiss of her.
 FTLN 1152 If she be curst, it is for policy,
 FTLN 1153 For she's not froward, but modest as the dove; 310
 FTLN 1154 She is not hot, but temperate as the morn.
 FTLN 1155 For patience she will prove a second Grissel,
 FTLN 1156 And Roman Lucrece for her chastity.
 FTLN 1157 And to conclude, we have 'greed so well together
 FTLN 1158 That upon Sunday is the wedding day. 315

KATHERINE

FTLN 1159 I'll see thee hanged on Sunday first.
 FTLN 1160 GREMIO Hark, Petruchio, she says she'll see thee
 FTLN 1161 hanged first.
 FTLN 1162 TRANIO, [*as Lucentio*] Is this your speeding? Nay,
 FTLN 1163 then, goodnight our part. 320

PETRUCHIO

FTLN 1164 Be patient, gentlemen. I choose her for myself.
 FTLN 1165 If she and I be pleased, what's that to you?
 FTLN 1166 'Tis bargained 'twixt us twain, being alone,
 FTLN 1167 That she shall still be curst in company.
 FTLN 1168 I tell you, 'tis incredible to believe 325
 FTLN 1169 How much she loves me. O, the kindest Kate!
 FTLN 1170 She hung about my neck, and kiss on kiss
 FTLN 1171 She vied so fast, protesting oath on oath,
 FTLN 1172 That in a twink she won me to her love.
 FTLN 1173 O, you are novices! 'Tis a world to see 330
 FTLN 1174 How tame, when men and women are alone,
 FTLN 1175 A meacock wretch can make the curstest shrew.—
 FTLN 1176 Give me thy hand, Kate. I will unto Venice
 FTLN 1177 To buy apparel 'gainst the wedding day.—
 FTLN 1178 Provide the feast, father, and bid the guests. 335
 FTLN 1179 I will be sure my Katherine shall be fine.

BAPTISTA

FTLN 1180 I know not what to say, but give me your hands.
 FTLN 1181 God send you joy, Petruchio. 'Tis a match.

GREMIO AND TRANIO, *as Lucentio*

FTLN 1182 Amen, say we. We will be witnesses.

PETRUCHIO

FTLN 1183 Father, and wife, and gentlemen, adieu. 340

FTLN 1184 I will to Venice. Sunday comes apace.

FTLN 1185 We will have rings, and things, and fine array,

FTLN 1186 And kiss me, Kate. We will be married o' Sunday.

Petruchio and Katherine exit
through different doors.

GREMIO

FTLN 1187 Was ever match clapped up so suddenly?

BAPTISTA

FTLN 1188 Faith, gentlemen, now I play a merchant's part 345

FTLN 1189 And venture madly on a desperate mart.

TRANIO, *as Lucentio*

FTLN 1190 'Twas a commodity lay fretting by you.

FTLN 1191 'Twill bring you gain, or perish on the seas.

BAPTISTA

FTLN 1192 The gain I seek, is quiet *in* the match.

GREMIO

FTLN 1193 No doubt but he hath got a quiet catch. 350

FTLN 1194 But now, Baptista, to your younger daughter.

FTLN 1195 Now is the day we long have lookèd for.

FTLN 1196 I am your neighbor and was suitor first.

TRANIO, *as Lucentio*

FTLN 1197 And I am one that love Bianca more

FTLN 1198 Than words can witness or your thoughts can guess. 355

GREMIO

FTLN 1199 Youngling, thou canst not love so dear as I.

TRANIO, *as Lucentio*

FTLN 1200 Graybeard, thy love doth freeze.

FTLN 1201 GREMIO But thine doth fry!

FTLN 1202 Skipper, stand back. 'Tis age that nourisheth.

TRANIO, *as Lucentio*

FTLN 1203 But youth in ladies' eyes that flourisheth. 360

BAPTISTA

FTLN 1204 Content you, gentlemen. I will compound this strife.
 FTLN 1205 'Tis deeds must win the prize, and he of both
 FTLN 1206 That can assure my daughter greatest dower
 FTLN 1207 Shall have my Bianca's love.
 FTLN 1208 Say, Signior Gremio, what can you assure her? 365

GREMIO

FTLN 1209 First, as you know, my house within the city
 FTLN 1210 Is richly furnishèd with plate and gold,
 FTLN 1211 Basins and ewers to lave her dainty hands;
 FTLN 1212 My hangings all of Tyrian tapestry;
 FTLN 1213 In ivory coffers I have stuffed my crowns, 370
 FTLN 1214 In cypress chests my arras counterpoints,
 FTLN 1215 Costly apparel, tents, and canopies,
 FTLN 1216 Fine linen, Turkey cushions bossed with pearl,
 FTLN 1217 Valance of Venice gold in needlework,
 FTLN 1218 Pewter and brass, and all things that belongs 375
 FTLN 1219 To house or housekeeping. Then, at my farm
 FTLN 1220 I have a hundred milch-kine to the pail,
 FTLN 1221 Six score fat oxen standing in my stalls,
 FTLN 1222 And all things answerable to this portion.
 FTLN 1223 Myself am struck in years, I must confess, 380
 FTLN 1224 And if I die tomorrow this is hers,
 FTLN 1225 If whilst I live she will be only mine.

TRANIO, *as Lucentio*

FTLN 1226 That "only" came well in. *['To Baptista.']* Sir, list to
 FTLN 1227 me:
 FTLN 1228 I am my father's heir and only son. 385
 FTLN 1229 If I may have your daughter to my wife,
 FTLN 1230 I'll leave her houses three or four as good,
 FTLN 1231 Within rich Pisa walls, as any one
 FTLN 1232 Old Signior Gremio has in Padua,
 FTLN 1233 Besides two thousand ducats by the year 390
 FTLN 1234 Of fruitful land, all which shall be her jointure.—
 FTLN 1235 What, have I pinched you, Signior Gremio?

GREMIO

FTLN 1236 Two thousand ducats by the year of land?
 FTLN 1237 *Aside.* My land amounts not to so much in all.—
 FTLN 1238 That she shall have, besides an argosy 395
 FTLN 1239 That now is lying in Marcellus' road.
 FTLN 1240 *To Tranio.* What, have I choked you with an argosy?

TRANIO, *as Lucentio*

FTLN 1241 Gremio, 'tis known my father hath no less
 FTLN 1242 Than three great argosies, besides two galliasses
 FTLN 1243 And twelve tight galleys. These I will assure her, 400
 FTLN 1244 And twice as much whate'er thou off'rest next.

GREMIO

FTLN 1245 Nay, I have offered all. I have no more,
 FTLN 1246 And she can have no more than all I have.
 FTLN 1247 *To Baptista.* If you like me, she shall have me and
 FTLN 1248 mine. 405

TRANIO, *as Lucentio*

FTLN 1249 Why, then, the maid is mine from all the world,
 FTLN 1250 By your firm promise. Gremio is outvied.

BAPTISTA

FTLN 1251 I must confess your offer is the best,
 FTLN 1252 And, let your father make her the assurance,
 FTLN 1253 She is your own; else, you must pardon me. 410
 FTLN 1254 If you should die before him, where's her dower?

TRANIO, *as Lucentio*

FTLN 1255 That's but a cavil. He is old, I young.

GREMIO

FTLN 1256 And may not young men die as well as old?

BAPTISTA

FTLN 1257 Well, gentlemen, I am thus resolved:
 FTLN 1258 On Sunday next, you know 415
 FTLN 1259 My daughter Katherine is to be married.
 FTLN 1260 *To Tranio as Lucentio.* Now, on the Sunday
 FTLN 1261 following, shall Bianca
 FTLN 1262 Be bride to you, if you make this assurance.
 FTLN 1263 If not, to Signior Gremio. 420
 FTLN 1264 And so I take my leave, and thank you both.

「ACT 3」

「Scene 1」

Enter Lucentio 「as Cambio,」 Hortensio 「as Litio,」 and Bianca.

LUCENTIO, 「*as Cambio*」

FTLN 1279 Fiddler, forbear. You grow too forward, sir.

FTLN 1280 Have you so soon forgot the entertainment

FTLN 1281 Her sister Katherine welcomed you withal?

FTLN 1282 HORTENSIO, 「*as Litio*」 But, wrangling pedant, this is

FTLN 1283 The patroness of heavenly harmony. 5

FTLN 1284 Then give me leave to have prerogative,

FTLN 1285 And when in music we have spent an hour,

FTLN 1286 Your lecture shall have leisure for as much.

LUCENTIO, 「*as Cambio*」

FTLN 1287 Preposterous ass, that never read so far

FTLN 1288 To know the cause why music was ordained. 10

FTLN 1289 Was it not to refresh the mind of man

FTLN 1290 After his studies or his usual pain?

FTLN 1291 Then give me leave to read philosophy,

FTLN 1292 And, while I pause, serve in your harmony.

HORTENSIO, 「*as Litio*」

FTLN 1293 Sirrah, I will not bear these braves of thine. 15

BIANCA

FTLN 1294 Why, gentlemen, you do me double wrong

FTLN 1295 To strive for that which resteth in my choice.

FTLN 1296 I am no breeching scholar in the schools.

FTLN 1297 I'll not be tied to hours, nor 'pointed times,

FTLN 1298	But learn my lessons as I please myself.	20
FTLN 1299	And, to cut off all strife, here sit we down.	
FTLN 1300	<i>«To Hortensio.»</i> Take you your instrument, play you	
FTLN 1301	the whiles;	
FTLN 1302	His lecture will be done ere you have tuned.	
	HORTENSIO, <i>«as Litio»</i>	
FTLN 1303	You'll leave his lecture when I am in tune?	25
	LUCENTIO, <i>«aside»</i>	
FTLN 1304	That will be never. <i>«To Hortensio.»</i> Tune your	
FTLN 1305	instrument. <i>«Hortensio steps aside to tune his lute.»</i>	
FTLN 1306	BIANCA Where left we last?	
FTLN 1307	LUCENTIO, <i>«as Cambio»</i> Here, madam:	
	<i>«Showing her a book.»</i>	
FTLN 1308	<i>Hic ibat Simois, hic est «Sigeia» tellus,</i>	30
FTLN 1309	<i>Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis.</i>	
FTLN 1310	BIANCA Conster them.	
FTLN 1311	LUCENTIO <i>Hic ibat</i> , as I told you before, <i>Simois</i> , I am	
FTLN 1312	Lucentio, <i>hic est</i> , son unto Vincentio of Pisa,	
FTLN 1313	<i>«Sigeia» tellus</i> , disguised thus to get your love, <i>Hic</i>	35
FTLN 1314	<i>steterat</i> , and that "Lucentio" that comes a-wooing,	
FTLN 1315	<i>Priami</i> , is my man Tranio, <i>regia</i> , bearing my port,	
FTLN 1316	<i>celsa senis</i> , that we might beguile the old pantaloon.	
FTLN 1317	HORTENSIO, <i>«as Litio»</i> Madam, my instrument's in	
FTLN 1318	tune.	40
FTLN 1319	BIANCA Let's hear. <i>«He plays.»</i> Oh fie, the treble jars!	
FTLN 1320	LUCENTIO, <i>«as Cambio»</i> Spit in the hole, man, and tune	
FTLN 1321	again. <i>«Hortensio tunes his lute again.»</i>	
FTLN 1322	BIANCA Now let me see if I can conster it. <i>Hic ibat</i>	
FTLN 1323	<i>Simois</i> , I know you not; <i>hic est «Sigeia» tellus</i> , I trust	45
FTLN 1324	you not; <i>Hic «steterat» Priami</i> , take heed he hear us	
FTLN 1325	not; <i>regia</i> , presume not; <i>celsa senis</i> , despair not.	
	HORTENSIO, <i>«as Litio»</i>	
FTLN 1326	Madam, 'tis now in tune. <i>«He plays again.»</i>	
FTLN 1327	LUCENTIO, <i>«as Cambio»</i> All but the bass.	
	HORTENSIO, <i>as «Litio»</i>	
FTLN 1328	The bass is right. 'Tis the base knave that jars.	50

BIANCA *reads*

FTLN 1354 “*Gamut* I am, the ground of all accord:
 FTLN 1355 *A re,* to plead Hortensio’s passion;
 FTLN 1356 *B mi,* Bianca, take him for thy lord,
 FTLN 1357 *C fa ut,* that loves with all affection;
 FTLN 1358 *D sol re,* one clef, two notes have I; 80
 FTLN 1359 *E la mi,* show pity or I die.”
 FTLN 1360 Call you this “gamut”? Tut, I like it not.
 FTLN 1361 Old fashions please me best. I am not so nice
 FTLN 1362 To *change* true rules for *odd* inventions.

Enter a Servant.

SERVANT

FTLN 1363 Mistress, your father prays you leave your books 85
 FTLN 1364 And help to dress your sister’s chamber up.
 FTLN 1365 You know tomorrow is the wedding day.

BIANCA

FTLN 1366 Farewell, sweet masters both. I must be gone.

LUCENTIO

FTLN 1367 Faith, mistress, then I have no cause to stay.
Bianca, the Servant, and Lucentio exit.

HORTENSIO

FTLN 1368 But I have cause to pry into this pedant. 90
 FTLN 1369 Methinks he looks as though he were in love.
 FTLN 1370 Yet if thy thoughts, Bianca, be so humble
 FTLN 1371 To cast thy wand’ring eyes on every stale,
 FTLN 1372 Seize thee that list! If once I find thee ranging,
 FTLN 1373 Hortensio will be quit with thee by changing. 95

He exits.

Scene 2

*Enter Baptista, Gremio, Tranio as Lucentio, Katherine,
 Bianca, Lucentio as Cambio, and others, Attendants.*

BAPTISTA, *to Tranio*

FTLN 1374 Signior Lucentio, this is the ’pointed day

FTLN 1375	That Katherine and Petruchio should be married,	
FTLN 1376	And yet we hear not of our son-in-law.	
FTLN 1377	What will be said? What mockery will it be,	
FTLN 1378	To want the bridegroom when the priest attends	5
FTLN 1379	To speak the ceremonial rites of marriage?	
FTLN 1380	What says Lucentio to this shame of ours?	
	KATHERINE	
FTLN 1381	No shame but mine. I must, forsooth, be forced	
FTLN 1382	To give my hand, opposed against my heart,	
FTLN 1383	Unto a mad-brain rudesby, full of spleen,	10
FTLN 1384	Who wooed in haste and means to wed at leisure.	
FTLN 1385	I told you, I, he was a frantic fool,	
FTLN 1386	Hiding his bitter jests in blunt behavior,	
FTLN 1387	And, to be noted for a merry man,	
FTLN 1388	He'll woo a thousand, 'point the day of marriage,	15
FTLN 1389	Make friends, invite, and proclaim the banns,	
FTLN 1390	Yet never means to wed where he hath wooed.	
FTLN 1391	Now must the world point at poor Katherine	
FTLN 1392	And say "Lo, there is mad Petruchio's wife,	
FTLN 1393	If it would please him come and marry her."	20
	TRANIO, [as Lucentio]	
FTLN 1394	Patience, good Katherine, and Baptista too.	
FTLN 1395	Upon my life, Petruchio means but well,	
FTLN 1396	Whatever fortune stays him from his word.	
FTLN 1397	Though he be blunt, I know him passing wise;	
FTLN 1398	Though he be merry, yet withal he's honest.	25
	KATHERINE	
FTLN 1399	Would Katherine had never seen him, though!	
	<i>She exits weeping.</i>	
	BAPTISTA	
FTLN 1400	Go, girl. I cannot blame thee now to weep,	
FTLN 1401	For such an injury would vex a very saint,	
FTLN 1402	Much more a shrew of [thy] impatient humor.	
	<i>Enter Biondello.</i>	
FTLN 1403	BIONDELLO Master, master, news! And such [old]	30
FTLN 1404	news as you never heard of!	

BAPTISTA

FTLN 1405 Is it new and old too? How may that be?

FTLN 1406 BIONDELLO Why, is it not news to ^{hear} of Petruchio's
FTLN 1407 coming?

FTLN 1408 BAPTISTA Is he come? 35

FTLN 1409 BIONDELLO Why, no, sir.

BAPTISTA

FTLN 1410 What then?

FTLN 1411 BIONDELLO He is coming.

FTLN 1412 BAPTISTA When will he be here?

BIONDELLO

FTLN 1413 When he stands where I am, and sees you there. 40

FTLN 1414 TRANIO, ^{as Lucentio} But say, what to thine old news?

FTLN 1415 BIONDELLO Why, Petruchio is coming in a new hat and

FTLN 1416 an old jerkin, a pair of old breeches thrice turned,

FTLN 1417 a pair of boots that have been candle-cases, one

FTLN 1418 buckled, another laced; an old rusty sword ta'en 45

FTLN 1419 out of the town armory, with a broken hilt, and

FTLN 1420 chapeless; with two broken points; his horse

FTLN 1421 hipped, with an old mothy saddle and stirrups of no

FTLN 1422 kindred, besides possessed with the glanders and

FTLN 1423 like to mose in the chine, troubled with the lampass, 50

FTLN 1424 infected with the fashions, full of windgalls,

FTLN 1425 sped with spavins, rayed with the yellows, past cure

FTLN 1426 of the fives, stark spoiled with the staggers, begnawn

FTLN 1427 with the bots, ^{swayed} in the back and shoulder-shotten,

FTLN 1428 near-legged before, and with a half-checked 55

FTLN 1429 bit and a headstall of sheep's leather,

FTLN 1430 which, being restrained to keep him from stumbling,

FTLN 1431 hath been often burst, and now repaired with

FTLN 1432 knots; one girth six times pieced, and a woman's

FTLN 1433 crupper of velour, which hath two letters for her 60

FTLN 1434 name fairly set down in studs, and here and there

FTLN 1435 pieced with packthread.

FTLN 1436 BAPTISTA Who comes with him?

FTLN 1437	BIONDELLO	Oh, sir, his lackey, for all the world caparisoned	
FTLN 1438		like the horse: with a linen stock on one leg	65
FTLN 1439		and a kersey boot-hose on the other, gartered with	
FTLN 1440		a red and blue list; an old hat, and the humor of	
FTLN 1441		forty fancies pricked in 't for a feather. A monster,	
FTLN 1442		a very monster in apparel, and not like a Christian	
FTLN 1443		footboy or a gentleman's lackey.	70
	TRANIO, <i>as Lucentio</i>		
FTLN 1444		'Tis some odd humor pricks him to this fashion,	
FTLN 1445		Yet oftentimes he goes but mean-appareled.	
	BAPTISTA		
FTLN 1446		I am glad he's come, howsoe'er he comes.	
FTLN 1447	BIONDELLO	Why, sir, he comes not.	
FTLN 1448	BAPTISTA	Didst thou not say he comes?	75
FTLN 1449	BIONDELLO	Who? That Petruchio came?	
FTLN 1450	BAPTISTA	Ay, that Petruchio came!	
FTLN 1451	BIONDELLO	No, sir, I say his horse comes with him on	
FTLN 1452		his back.	
FTLN 1453	BAPTISTA	Why, that's all one.	80
	BIONDELLO		
FTLN 1454		<i>Nay, by Saint Jamy.</i>	
FTLN 1455		<i>I hold you a penny,</i>	
FTLN 1456		<i>A horse and a man</i>	
FTLN 1457		<i>Is more than one,</i>	
FTLN 1458		<i>And yet not many.</i>	85

Enter Petruchio and Grumio.

	PETRUCHIO		
FTLN 1459		Come, where be these gallants? Who's at home?	
FTLN 1460	BAPTISTA	You are welcome, sir.	
FTLN 1461	PETRUCHIO	And yet I come not well.	
FTLN 1462	BAPTISTA	And yet you halt not.	
FTLN 1463	TRANIO, <i>as Lucentio</i>	Not so well appareled as I wish	90
FTLN 1464		you were.	
	PETRUCHIO		
FTLN 1465		Were it better I should rush in thus—	

FTLN 1466	But where is Kate? Where is my lovely bride?	
FTLN 1467	How does my father? Gentles, methinks you frown.	
FTLN 1468	And wherefore gaze this goodly company	95
FTLN 1469	As if they saw some wondrous monument,	
FTLN 1470	Some comet or unusual prodigy?	
	BAPTISTA	
FTLN 1471	Why, sir, you know this is your wedding day.	
FTLN 1472	First were we sad, fearing you would not come,	
FTLN 1473	Now sadder that you come so unprovided.	100
FTLN 1474	Fie, doff this habit, shame to your estate,	
FTLN 1475	An eyesore to our solemn festival.	
	TRANIO, <i>as Lucentio</i>	
FTLN 1476	And tell us what occasion of import	
FTLN 1477	Hath all so long detained you from your wife	
FTLN 1478	And sent you hither so unlike yourself.	105
	PETRUCHIO	
FTLN 1479	Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to hear.	
FTLN 1480	Sufficeth I am come to keep my word,	
FTLN 1481	Though in some part enforcèd to digress,	
FTLN 1482	Which at more leisure I will so excuse	
FTLN 1483	As you shall well be satisfied with all.	110
FTLN 1484	But where is Kate? I stay too long from her.	
FTLN 1485	The morning wears. 'Tis time we were at church.	
	TRANIO, <i>as Lucentio</i>	
FTLN 1486	See not your bride in these unreverent robes.	
FTLN 1487	Go to my chamber, put on clothes of mine.	
	PETRUCHIO	
FTLN 1488	Not I, believe me. Thus I'll visit her.	115
	BAPTISTA	
FTLN 1489	But thus, I trust, you will not marry her.	
	PETRUCHIO	
FTLN 1490	Good sooth, even thus. Therefore, ha' done with	
FTLN 1491	words.	
FTLN 1492	To me she's married, not unto my clothes.	
FTLN 1493	Could I repair what she will wear in me,	120
FTLN 1494	As I can change these poor accoutrements,	

FTLN 1495	'Twere well for Kate and better for myself.	
FTLN 1496	But what a fool am I to chat with you	
FTLN 1497	When I should bid good morrow to my bride	
FTLN 1498	And seal the title with a lovely kiss!	125
	<i>Petruchio exits, [with Grumio.]</i>	
	TRANIO, [as Lucentio]	
FTLN 1499	He hath some meaning in his mad attire.	
FTLN 1500	We will persuade him, be it possible,	
FTLN 1501	To put on better ere he go to church.	
	BAPTISTA	
FTLN 1502	I'll after him, and see the event of this.	
	<i>[All except Tranio and Lucentio] exit.</i>	
	TRANIO	
FTLN 1503	But, sir, [to] love concerneth us to add	130
FTLN 1504	Her father's liking, which to bring to pass,	
FTLN 1505	As [I] before imparted to your Worship,	
FTLN 1506	I am to get a man (whate'er he be	
FTLN 1507	It skills not much, we'll fit him to our turn),	
FTLN 1508	And he shall be "Vincenzio of Pisa,"	135
FTLN 1509	And make assurance here in Padua	
FTLN 1510	Of greater sums than I have promised.	
FTLN 1511	So shall you quietly enjoy your hope	
FTLN 1512	And marry sweet Bianca with consent.	
	LUCENTIO	
FTLN 1513	Were it not that my fellow schoolmaster	140
FTLN 1514	Doth watch Bianca's steps so narrowly,	
FTLN 1515	'Twere good, methinks, to steal our marriage,	
FTLN 1516	Which, once performed, let all the world say no,	
FTLN 1517	I'll keep mine own despite of all the world.	
	TRANIO	
FTLN 1518	That by degrees we mean to look into,	145
FTLN 1519	And watch our vantage in this business.	
FTLN 1520	We'll overreach the graybeard, Gremio,	
FTLN 1521	The narrow prying father, Minola,	
FTLN 1522	The quaint musician, amorous Litorio,	
FTLN 1523	All for my master's sake, Lucentio.	150

Enter Gremio.

TRANIO, *「as Lucentio」*

FTLN 1524 Signior Gremio, came you from the church?

GREMIO

FTLN 1525 As willingly as e'er I came from school.

TRANIO, *「as Lucentio」*

FTLN 1526 And is the bride and bridegroom coming home?

GREMIO

FTLN 1527 A bridegroom, say you? 'Tis a groom indeed,

FTLN 1528 A grumbling groom, and that the girl shall find. 155

TRANIO, *「as Lucentio」*

FTLN 1529 Curster than she? Why, 'tis impossible.

GREMIO

FTLN 1530 Why, he's a devil, a devil, a very fiend.

TRANIO, *「as Lucentio」*

FTLN 1531 Why, she's a devil, a devil, the devil's dam.

GREMIO

FTLN 1532 Tut, she's a lamb, a dove, a fool to him.

FTLN 1533 I'll tell you, Sir Lucentio: when the priest 160

FTLN 1534 Should ask if Katherine should be his wife,

FTLN 1535 "Ay, by gog's wouns!" quoth he, and swore so loud

FTLN 1536 That, all amazed, the priest let fall the book,

FTLN 1537 And as he stooped again to take it up,

FTLN 1538 This mad-brained bridegroom took him such a cuff 165

FTLN 1539 That down fell priest and book, and book and priest.

FTLN 1540 "Now, take them up," quoth he, "if any list."

TRANIO, *「as Lucentio」*

FTLN 1541 What said the wench when he rose again?

GREMIO

FTLN 1542 Trembled and shook, for why he stamped and swore

FTLN 1543 As if the vicar meant to cozen him. 170

FTLN 1544 But after many ceremonies done,

FTLN 1545 He calls for wine. "A health!" quoth he, as if

FTLN 1546 He had been aboard, carousing to his mates

FTLN 1547 After a storm; quaffed off the muscatel

FTLN 1548 And threw the sops all in the sexton's face, 175
 FTLN 1549 Having no other reason
 FTLN 1550 But that his beard grew thin and hungerly,
 FTLN 1551 And seemed to ask him sops as he was drinking.
 FTLN 1552 This done, he took the bride about the neck
 FTLN 1553 And kissed her lips with such a clamorous smack 180
 FTLN 1554 That at the parting all the church did echo.
 FTLN 1555 And I, seeing this, came thence for very shame,
 FTLN 1556 And after me I know the rout is coming.
 FTLN 1557 Such a mad marriage never was before! *Music plays.*
 FTLN 1558 Hark, hark, I hear the minstrels play. 185

*Enter Petruchio, Katherine, Bianca, Hortensio, Baptista,
 Grumio, and Attendants.*

PETRUCHIO

FTLN 1559 Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for your pains.
 FTLN 1560 I know you think to dine with me today
 FTLN 1561 And have prepared great store of wedding cheer,
 FTLN 1562 But so it is, my haste doth call me hence,
 FTLN 1563 And therefore here I mean to take my leave. 190

BAPTISTA

FTLN 1564 Is 't possible you will away tonight?

PETRUCHIO

FTLN 1565 I must away today, before night come.
 FTLN 1566 Make it no wonder. If you knew my business,
 FTLN 1567 You would entreat me rather go than stay.
 FTLN 1568 And, honest company, I thank you all, 195
 FTLN 1569 That have beheld me give away myself
 FTLN 1570 To this most patient, sweet, and virtuous wife.
 FTLN 1571 Dine with my father, drink a health to me,
 FTLN 1572 For I must hence, and farewell to you all.

TRANIO, *as Lucentio*

FTLN 1573 Let us entreat you stay till after dinner. 200

FTLN 1574 PETRUCHIO It may not be.

FTLN 1575 GREMIO Let me entreat you.

FTLN 1576 PETRUCHIO It cannot be.

FTLN 1577	KATHERINE	Let me entreat you.	
	PETRUCHIO		
FTLN 1578		I am content.	205
FTLN 1579	KATHERINE	Are you content to stay?	
	PETRUCHIO		
FTLN 1580		I am content you shall entreat me stay,	
FTLN 1581		But yet not stay, entreat me how you can.	
	KATHERINE		
FTLN 1582		Now, if you love me, stay.	
FTLN 1583	PETRUCHIO	Grumio, my horse.	210
FTLN 1584	GRUMIO	Ay, sir, they be ready; the oats have eaten the	
FTLN 1585		horses.	
FTLN 1586	KATHERINE	Nay, then,	
FTLN 1587		Do what thou canst, I will not go today,	
FTLN 1588		No, nor tomorrow, not till I please myself.	215
FTLN 1589		The door is open, sir. There lies your way.	
FTLN 1590		You may be jogging whiles your boots are green.	
FTLN 1591		For me, I'll not be gone till I please myself.	
FTLN 1592		'Tis like you'll prove a jolly surly groom,	
FTLN 1593		That take it on you at the first so roundly.	220
	PETRUCHIO		
FTLN 1594		O Kate, content thee. Prithee, be not angry.	
	KATHERINE		
FTLN 1595		I will be angry. What hast thou to do?—	
FTLN 1596		Father, be quiet. He shall stay my leisure.	
	GREMIO		
FTLN 1597		Ay, marry, sir, now it begins to work.	
	KATHERINE		
FTLN 1598		Gentlemen, forward to the bridal dinner.	225
FTLN 1599		I see a woman may be made a fool	
FTLN 1600		If she had not a spirit to resist.	
	PETRUCHIO		
FTLN 1601		They shall go forward, Kate, at thy command.—	
FTLN 1602		Obey the bride, you that attend on her.	
FTLN 1603		Go to the feast, revel and domineer,	230
FTLN 1604		Carouse full measure to her maidenhead,	

FTLN 1605 Be mad and merry, or go hang yourselves.
 FTLN 1606 But for my bonny Kate, she must with me.
 FTLN 1607 Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret;
 FTLN 1608 I will be master of what is mine own. 235
 FTLN 1609 She is my goods, my chattels; she is my house,
 FTLN 1610 My household stuff, my field, my barn,
 FTLN 1611 My horse, my ox, my ass, my anything.
 FTLN 1612 And here she stands, touch her whoever dare.
 FTLN 1613 I'll bring mine action on the proudest he 240
 FTLN 1614 That stops my way in Padua.—Grumio,
 FTLN 1615 Draw forth thy weapon. We are beset with thieves.
 FTLN 1616 Rescue thy mistress if thou be a man!—
 FTLN 1617 Fear not, sweet wench, they shall not touch thee,
 FTLN 1618 Kate. 245
 FTLN 1619 I'll buckler thee against a million.

Petruchio and Katherine exit, 「with Grumio.」

BAPTISTA

FTLN 1620 Nay, let them go. A couple of quiet ones!

GREMIO

FTLN 1621 Went they not quickly, I should die with laughing.

TRANIO, 「*as Lucentio*」

FTLN 1622 Of all mad matches never was the like.

LUCENTIO, 「*as Cambio*」

FTLN 1623 Mistress, what's your opinion of your sister? 250

BIANCA

FTLN 1624 That being mad herself, she's madly mated.

GREMIO

FTLN 1625 I warrant him, Petruchio is Kated.

BAPTISTA

FTLN 1626 Neighbors and friends, though bride and
 FTLN 1627 bridegroom wants

FTLN 1628 For to supply the places at the table, 255

FTLN 1629 You know there wants no junkets at the feast.

FTLN 1630 「*To Tranio.*」 Lucentio, you shall supply the
 FTLN 1631 bridegroom's place,

FTLN 1632 And let Bianca take her sister's room.

TRANIO, 「*as Lucentio*」

FTLN 1633

Shall sweet Bianca practice how to bride it?

260

BAPTISTA, 「*to Tranio*」

FTLN 1634

She shall, Lucentio. Come, gentlemen, let's go.

They exit.

「ACT 4」

「Scene 1」

Enter Grumio.

FTLN 1635	GRUMIO	Fie, fie on all tired jades, on all mad masters,	
FTLN 1636		and all foul ways! Was ever man so beaten? Was	
FTLN 1637		ever man so 'rayed? Was ever man so weary? I am	
FTLN 1638		sent before to make a fire, and they are coming	
FTLN 1639		after to warm them. Now were not I a little pot and	5
FTLN 1640		soon hot, my very lips might freeze to my teeth, my	
FTLN 1641		tongue to the roof of my mouth, my heart in my	
FTLN 1642		belly, ere I should come by a fire to thaw me. But I	
FTLN 1643		with blowing the fire shall warm myself. For, considering	
FTLN 1644		the weather, a taller man than I will take	10
FTLN 1645		cold.—Holla, ho, Curtis!	

Enter Curtis.

FTLN 1646	CURTIS	Who is that calls so coldly?	
FTLN 1647	GRUMIO	A piece of ice. If thou doubt it, thou mayst	
FTLN 1648		slide from my shoulder to my heel with no greater	
FTLN 1649		a run but my head and my neck. A fire, good Curtis!	15
FTLN 1650	CURTIS	Is my master and his wife coming, Grumio?	
FTLN 1651	GRUMIO	Oh, ay, Curtis, ay, and therefore fire, fire! Cast	
FTLN 1652		on no water.	
FTLN 1653	CURTIS	Is she so hot a shrew as she's reported?	
FTLN 1654	GRUMIO	She was, good Curtis, before this frost. But	20
FTLN 1655		thou know'st winter tames man, woman, and	

FTLN 1656	beast, for it hath tamed my old master and my new	
FTLN 1657	mistress and myself, fellow Curtis.	
FTLN 1658	「CURTIS」 Away, you three-inch fool, I am no beast!	
FTLN 1659	「GRUMIO」 Am I but three inches? Why, thy horn is a	25
FTLN 1660	foot, and so long am I, at the least. But wilt thou	
FTLN 1661	make a fire? Or shall I complain on thee to our	
FTLN 1662	mistress, whose hand (she being now at hand) thou	
FTLN 1663	shalt soon feel, to thy cold comfort, for being slow in	
FTLN 1664	thy hot office?	30
FTLN 1665	CURTIS I prithee, good Grumio, tell me, how goes the	
FTLN 1666	world?	
FTLN 1667	GRUMIO A cold world, Curtis, in every office but thine,	
FTLN 1668	and therefore fire! Do thy duty, and have thy duty,	
FTLN 1669	for my master and mistress are almost frozen to	35
FTLN 1670	death.	
FTLN 1671	CURTIS There's fire ready. And therefore, good Grumio,	
FTLN 1672	the news!	
FTLN 1673	GRUMIO Why, "Jack boy, ho boy!" and as much news	
FTLN 1674	as wilt thou.	40
FTLN 1675	CURTIS Come, you are so full of cony-catching.	
FTLN 1676	GRUMIO Why, therefore fire, for I have caught extreme	
FTLN 1677	cold. Where's the cook? Is supper ready, the house	
FTLN 1678	trimmed, rushes strewed, cobwebs swept, the servingmen	
FTLN 1679	in their new fustian, 「their」 white stockings,	45
FTLN 1680	and every officer his wedding garment on? Be	
FTLN 1681	the Jacks fair within, the Jills fair without, the	
FTLN 1682	carpets laid, and everything in order?	
FTLN 1683	CURTIS All ready. And therefore, I pray thee, news.	
FTLN 1684	GRUMIO First, know my horse is tired, my master and	50
FTLN 1685	mistress fallen out.	
FTLN 1686	CURTIS How?	
FTLN 1687	GRUMIO Out of their saddles into the dirt, and thereby	
FTLN 1688	hangs a tale.	
FTLN 1689	CURTIS Let's ha' t, good Grumio.	55
FTLN 1690	GRUMIO Lend thine ear.	
FTLN 1691	CURTIS Here.	

FTLN 1692	GRUMIO	There!	「 <i>He slaps Curtis on the ear.</i> 」	
FTLN 1693	CURTIS	This 'tis to feel a tale, not to hear a tale.		
FTLN 1694	GRUMIO	And therefore 'tis called a sensible tale. And		60
FTLN 1695		this cuff was but to knock at your ear and beseech		
FTLN 1696		list'ning. Now I begin: <i>Imprimis</i> , we came down a		
FTLN 1697		foul hill, my master riding behind my mistress—		
FTLN 1698	CURTIS	Both of one horse?		
FTLN 1699	GRUMIO	What's that to thee?		65
FTLN 1700	CURTIS	Why, a horse.		
FTLN 1701	GRUMIO	Tell thou the tale! But hadst thou not crossed		
FTLN 1702		me, thou shouldst have heard how her horse fell,		
FTLN 1703		and she under her horse; thou shouldst have heard		
FTLN 1704		in how miry a place, how she was bemoiled, how he		70
FTLN 1705		left her with the horse upon her, how he beat me		
FTLN 1706		because her horse stumbled, how she waded		
FTLN 1707		through the dirt to pluck him off me, how he swore,		
FTLN 1708		how she prayed that never prayed before, how I		
FTLN 1709		cried, how the horses ran away, how her bridle was		75
FTLN 1710		burst, how I lost my crupper, with many things of		
FTLN 1711		worthy memory which now shall die in oblivion,		
FTLN 1712		and thou return unexperienced to thy grave.		
FTLN 1713	CURTIS	By this reck'ning, he is more shrew than she.		
FTLN 1714	GRUMIO	Ay, and that thou and the proudest of you all		80
FTLN 1715		shall find when he comes home. But what talk I of		
FTLN 1716		this? Call forth Nathaniel, Joseph, Nicholas, Phillip,		
FTLN 1717		Walter, Sugarsop, and the rest. Let their heads		
FTLN 1718		be slickly combed, their blue coats brushed, and		
FTLN 1719		their garters of an indifferent knit. Let them curtsy		85
FTLN 1720		with their left legs, and not presume to touch a hair		
FTLN 1721		of my master's horse-tail till they kiss their hands.		
FTLN 1722		Are they all ready?		
FTLN 1723	CURTIS	They are.		
FTLN 1724	GRUMIO	Call them forth.		90
FTLN 1725	CURTIS	「 <i>calling out</i> 」 Do you hear, ho? You must meet		
FTLN 1726		my master to countenance my mistress.		
FTLN 1727	GRUMIO	Why, she hath a face of her own.		

FTLN 1728 CURTIS Who knows not that?
 FTLN 1729 GRUMIO Thou, it seems, that calls for company to 95
 FTLN 1730 countenance her.
 FTLN 1731 CURTIS I call them forth to credit her.
 FTLN 1732 GRUMIO Why, she comes to borrow nothing of them.

Enter four or five Servingmen.

FTLN 1733 NATHANIEL Welcome home, Grumio.
 FTLN 1734 PHILLIP How now, Grumio? 100
 FTLN 1735 JOSEPH What, Grumio!
 FTLN 1736 NICHOLAS Fellow Grumio!
 FTLN 1737 NATHANIEL How now, old lad?
 FTLN 1738 GRUMIO Welcome, you!—How now, you?—What,
 FTLN 1739 you!—Fellow, you!—And thus much for greeting. 105
 FTLN 1740 Now, my spruce companions, is all ready and all
 FTLN 1741 things neat?
 FTLN 1742 NATHANIEL All things is ready. How near is our
 FTLN 1743 master?
 FTLN 1744 「GRUMIO」 E'en at hand, alighted by this. And therefore 110
 FTLN 1745 be not—Cock's passion, silence! I hear my master.

Enter Petruchio and Katherine.

PETRUCHIO
 FTLN 1746 Where be these knaves? What, no man at door
 FTLN 1747 To hold my stirrup nor to take my horse?
 FTLN 1748 Where is Nathaniel, Gregory, Phillip?
 FTLN 1749 ALL THE SERVANTS Here! Here, sir, here, sir! 115
 PETRUCHIO
 FTLN 1750 "Here, sir! Here, sir! Here, sir! Here, sir!"
 FTLN 1751 You loggerheaded and unpolished grooms.
 FTLN 1752 What? No attendance? No regard? No duty?
 FTLN 1753 Where is the foolish knave I sent before?
 GRUMIO
 FTLN 1754 Here, sir, as foolish as I was before. 120
 PETRUCHIO
 FTLN 1755 You peasant swain, you whoreson malt-horse
 FTLN 1756 drudge!

FTLN 1757	Did I not bid thee meet me in the park	
FTLN 1758	And bring along these rascal knaves with thee?	
	GRUMIO	
FTLN 1759	Nathaniel's coat, sir, was not fully made,	125
FTLN 1760	And Gabriel's pumps were all unpinked i' th' heel.	
FTLN 1761	There was no link to color Peter's hat,	
FTLN 1762	And Walter's dagger was not come from sheathing.	
FTLN 1763	There were none fine but Adam, Rafe, and Gregory.	
FTLN 1764	The rest were ragged, old, and beggarly.	130
FTLN 1765	Yet, as they are, here are they come to meet you.	
	PETRUCHIO	
FTLN 1766	Go, rascals, go, and fetch my supper in!	
	<i>The Servants exit.</i>	
FTLN 1767	「Sings.」 <i>Where is the life that late I led?</i>	
FTLN 1768	<i>Where are those—</i>	
FTLN 1769	Sit down, Kate, and welcome.—	135
	「 <i>They sit at a table.</i> 」	
FTLN 1770	Soud, soud, soud, soud!	
	<i>Enter Servants with supper.</i>	
FTLN 1771	Why, when, I say?—Nay, good sweet Kate, be	
FTLN 1772	merry.—	
FTLN 1773	Off with my boots, you rogues, you villains! When?	
FTLN 1774	「Sings.」 <i>It was the friar of orders gray,</i>	140
FTLN 1775	<i>As he forth walkèd on his way—</i>	
	「 <i>Servant begins to remove Petruchio's boots.</i> 」	
FTLN 1776	Out, you rogue! You pluck my foot awry.	
FTLN 1777	Take that! 「 <i>He hits the Servant.</i> 」	
FTLN 1778	And mend the plucking of the other.—	
FTLN 1779	Be merry, Kate.—Some water here! What ho!	145
	<i>Enter one with water.</i>	
FTLN 1780	Where's my spaniel Troilus? Sirrah, get you hence	
FTLN 1781	And bid my cousin Ferdinand come hither.	
	「 <i>A Servant exits.</i> 」	

FTLN 1782	One, Kate, that you must kiss and be acquainted	
FTLN 1783	with.—	
FTLN 1784	Where are my slippers? Shall I have some water?—	150
FTLN 1785	Come, Kate, and wash, and welcome heartily.—	
FTLN 1786	You whoreson villain, will you let it fall?	
	<i>He hits the Servant.</i>	
	KATHERINE	
FTLN 1787	Patience, I pray you, 'twas a fault unwilling.	
	PETRUCHIO	
FTLN 1788	A whoreson beetle-headed flap-eared knave!—	
FTLN 1789	Come, Kate, sit down. I know you have a stomach.	155
FTLN 1790	Will you give thanks, sweet Kate, or else shall I?—	
FTLN 1791	What's this? Mutton?	
FTLN 1792	FIRST SERVANT	Ay.
FTLN 1793	PETRUCHIO	Who brought it?
FTLN 1794	PETER	I.
FTLN 1795	PETRUCHIO	'Tis burnt, and so is all the meat.
FTLN 1796	What dogs are these? Where is the rascal cook?	
FTLN 1797	How durst you, villains, bring it from the dresser	
FTLN 1798	And serve it thus to me that love it not?	
FTLN 1799	There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all!	165
	<i>He throws the food and dishes at them.</i>	
FTLN 1800	You heedless joltheads and unmannered slaves!	
FTLN 1801	What, do you grumble? I'll be with you straight.	
	<i>The Servants exit.</i>	
	KATHERINE	
FTLN 1802	I pray you, husband, be not so disquiet.	
FTLN 1803	The meat was well, if you were so contented.	
	PETRUCHIO	
FTLN 1804	I tell thee, Kate, 'twas burnt and dried away,	170
FTLN 1805	And I expressly am forbid to touch it,	
FTLN 1806	For it engenders choler, planteth anger,	
FTLN 1807	And better 'twere that both of us did fast	
FTLN 1808	(Since of ourselves, ourselves are choleric)	
FTLN 1809	Than feed it with such over-roasted flesh.	175
FTLN 1810	Be patient. Tomorrow 't shall be mended,	

FTLN 1811 And for this night we'll fast for company.
 FTLN 1812 Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber.

They exit.

Enter Servants severally.

FTLN 1813 NATHANIEL Peter, didst ever see the like?
 FTLN 1814 PETER He kills her in her own humor.

180

Enter Curtis.

FTLN 1815 GRUMIO Where is he?
 FTLN 1816 CURTIS In her chamber,
 FTLN 1817 Making a sermon of continency to her,
 FTLN 1818 And rails and swears and rates, that she (poor soul)
 FTLN 1819 Knows not which way to stand, to look, to speak,
 FTLN 1820 And sits as one new-risen from a dream.
 FTLN 1821 Away, away, for he is coming hither!

185

「The Servants exit.」

Enter Petruchio.

PETRUCHIO

FTLN 1822 Thus have I politicly begun my reign,
 FTLN 1823 And 'tis my hope to end successfully.
 FTLN 1824 My falcon now is sharp and passing empty,
 FTLN 1825 And, till she stoop, she must not be full-gorged,
 FTLN 1826 For then she never looks upon her lure.
 FTLN 1827 Another way I have to man my haggard,
 FTLN 1828 To make her come and know her keeper's call.
 FTLN 1829 That is, to watch her, as we watch these kites
 FTLN 1830 That bate and beat and will not be obedient.
 FTLN 1831 She ate no meat today, nor none shall eat.
 FTLN 1832 Last night she slept not, nor tonight she shall not.
 FTLN 1833 As with the meat, some undeservèd fault
 FTLN 1834 I'll find about the making of the bed,
 FTLN 1835 And here I'll fling the pillow, there the bolster,
 FTLN 1836 This way the coverlet, another way the sheets.
 FTLN 1837 Ay, and amid this hurly I intend

190

195

200

FTLN 1838 That all is done in reverend care of her.
 FTLN 1839 And, in conclusion, she shall watch all night, 205
 FTLN 1840 And, if she chance to nod, I'll rail and brawl,
 FTLN 1841 And with the clamor keep her still awake.
 FTLN 1842 This is a way to kill a wife with kindness.
 FTLN 1843 And thus I'll curb her mad and headstrong humor.
 FTLN 1844 He that knows better how to tame a shrew, 210
 FTLN 1845 Now let him speak; 'tis charity to shew.

He exits.

「Scene 2」

Enter Tranio 「as Lucentio」 and Hortensio 「as Litio.」

TRANIO, 「as Lucentio」

FTLN 1846 Is 't possible, friend Litio, that mistress Bianca
 FTLN 1847 Doth fancy any other but Lucentio?
 FTLN 1848 I tell you, sir, she bears me fair in hand.

「HORTENSIO, as Litio」

FTLN 1849 Sir, to satisfy you in what I have said,
 FTLN 1850 Stand by, and mark the manner of his teaching. 5

「They stand aside.」

Enter Bianca 「and Lucentio as Cambio.」

「LUCENTIO, as Cambio」

FTLN 1851 Now mistress, profit you in what you read?

BIANCA

FTLN 1852 What, master, read you? First resolve me that.

「LUCENTIO, as Cambio」

FTLN 1853 I read that I profess, *The Art to Love*.

BIANCA

FTLN 1854 And may you prove, sir, master of your art.

LUCENTIO, 「as Cambio」

FTLN 1855 While you, sweet dear, prove mistress of my heart. 10

「They move aside and kiss and talk.」

HORTENSIO, 「as Litio」

FTLN 1856 Quick proceeders, marry! Now tell me, I pray,

FTLN 1857	You that durst swear that your mistress Bianca	
FTLN 1858	Loved 「none」 in the world so well as Lucentio.	
	TRANIO, 「 <i>as Lucentio</i> 」	
FTLN 1859	O despiteful love, unconstant womankind!	
FTLN 1860	I tell thee, Litio, this is wonderful!	15
	HORTENSIO	
FTLN 1861	Mistake no more. I am not Litio,	
FTLN 1862	Nor a musician as I seem to be,	
FTLN 1863	But one that scorn to live in this disguise	
FTLN 1864	For such a one as leaves a gentleman	
FTLN 1865	And makes a god of such a cullion.	20
FTLN 1866	Know, sir, that I am called Hortensio.	
	TRANIO, 「 <i>as Lucentio</i> 」	
FTLN 1867	Signior Hortensio, I have often heard	
FTLN 1868	Of your entire affection to Bianca,	
FTLN 1869	And since mine eyes are witness of her lightness,	
FTLN 1870	I will with you, if you be so contented,	25
FTLN 1871	Forswear Bianca and her love forever.	
	HORTENSIO	
FTLN 1872	See how they kiss and court! Signior Lucentio,	
FTLN 1873	Here is my hand, and here I firmly vow	
FTLN 1874	Never to woo her more, but do forswear her	
FTLN 1875	As one unworthy all the former favors	30
FTLN 1876	That I have fondly flattered 「her」 withal.	
	TRANIO, 「 <i>as Lucentio</i> 」	
FTLN 1877	And here I take the like unfeignèd oath,	
FTLN 1878	Never to marry with her, though she would entreat.	
FTLN 1879	Fie on her, see how beastly she doth court him!	
	HORTENSIO	
FTLN 1880	Would all the world but he had quite forsworn!	35
FTLN 1881	For me, that I may surely keep mine oath,	
FTLN 1882	I will be married to a wealthy widow	
FTLN 1883	Ere three days pass, which hath as long loved me	
FTLN 1884	As I have loved this proud disdainful haggard.	
FTLN 1885	And so farewell, Signior Lucentio.	40
FTLN 1886	Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks,	

FTLN 1887 Shall win my love, and so I take my leave,
 FTLN 1888 In resolution as I swore before.

[*Hortensio exits;*
Bianca and Lucentio come forward.]

TRANIO

FTLN 1889 Mistress Bianca, bless you with such grace
 FTLN 1890 As 'longeth to a lover's blessed case! 45
 FTLN 1891 Nay, I have ta'en you napping, gentle love,
 FTLN 1892 And have forsworn you with Hortensio.

BIANCA

FTLN 1893 Tranio, you jest. But have you both forsworn me?

TRANIO

FTLN 1894 Mistress, we have.

FTLN 1895 LUCENTIO Then we are rid of Litio. 50

TRANIO

FTLN 1896 I' faith, he'll have a lusty widow now
 FTLN 1897 That shall be wooed and wedded in a day.

FTLN 1898 BIANCA God give him joy.

TRANIO

FTLN 1899 Ay, and he'll tame her.

FTLN 1900 BIANCA He says so, Tranio? 55

TRANIO

FTLN 1901 Faith, he is gone unto the taming school.

BIANCA

FTLN 1902 The taming school? What, is there such a place?

TRANIO

FTLN 1903 Ay, mistress, and Petruchio is the master,
 FTLN 1904 That teacheth tricks eleven and twenty long
 FTLN 1905 To tame a shrew and charm her chattering tongue. 60

Enter Biondello.

BIONDELLO

FTLN 1906 O master, master, I have watched so long
 FTLN 1907 That I am dog-weary, but at last I spied
 FTLN 1908 An ancient angel coming down the hill
 FTLN 1909 Will serve the turn.

FTLN 1910	TRANIO	What is he, Biondello?	65
	BIONDELLO		
FTLN 1911		Master, a marcantant, or a pedant,	
FTLN 1912		I know not what, but formal in apparel,	
FTLN 1913		In gait and countenance surely like a father.	
FTLN 1914	LUCENTIO	And what of him, Tranio?	
	TRANIO		
FTLN 1915		If he be credulous, and trust my tale,	70
FTLN 1916		I'll make him glad to seem Vincentio	
FTLN 1917		And give assurance to Baptista Minola	
FTLN 1918		As if he were the right Vincentio.	
FTLN 1919		Take 'in' your love, and then let me alone.	
		<i>'Lucentio and Bianca exit.'</i>	
		<i>Enter a 'Merchant.'</i>	
	'MERCHANT'		
FTLN 1920		God save you, sir.	75
FTLN 1921	TRANIO, 'as Lucentio'	And you, sir. You are welcome.	
FTLN 1922		Travel you far on, or are you at the farthest?	
	'MERCHANT'		
FTLN 1923		Sir, at the farthest for a week or two,	
FTLN 1924		But then up farther, and as far as Rome,	
FTLN 1925		And so to Tripoli, if God lend me life.	80
	TRANIO, 'as Lucentio'		
FTLN 1926		What countryman, I pray?	
FTLN 1927	'MERCHANT'	Of Mantua.	
	TRANIO, 'as Lucentio'		
FTLN 1928		Of Mantua, sir? Marry, God forbid!	
FTLN 1929		And come to Padua, careless of your life?	
	'MERCHANT'		
FTLN 1930		My life, sir? How, I pray? For that goes hard.	85
	TRANIO, 'as Lucentio'		
FTLN 1931		'Tis death for anyone in Mantua	
FTLN 1932		To come to Padua. Know you not the cause?	
FTLN 1933		Your ships are stayed at Venice, and the Duke,	
FTLN 1934		For private quarrel 'twixt your duke and him,	

FTLN 1935	Hath published and proclaimed it openly.	90
FTLN 1936	'Tis marvel, but that you are but newly come,	
FTLN 1937	You might have heard it else proclaimed about.	
	「MERCHANT」	
FTLN 1938	Alas, sir, it is worse for me than so,	
FTLN 1939	For I have bills for money by exchange	
FTLN 1940	From Florence, and must here deliver them.	95
	TRANIO, 「 <i>as Lucentio</i> 」	
FTLN 1941	Well, sir, to do you courtesy,	
FTLN 1942	This will I do, and this I will advise you.	
FTLN 1943	First tell me, have you ever been at Pisa?	
	「MERCHANT」	
FTLN 1944	Ay, sir, in Pisa have I often been,	
FTLN 1945	Pisa renownèd for grave citizens.	100
	TRANIO, 「 <i>as Lucentio</i> 」	
FTLN 1946	Among them know you one Vincentio?	
	「MERCHANT」	
FTLN 1947	I know him not, but I have heard of him:	
FTLN 1948	A merchant of incomparable wealth.	
	TRANIO, 「 <i>as Lucentio</i> 」	
FTLN 1949	He is my father, sir, and sooth to say,	
FTLN 1950	In count'nance somewhat doth resemble you.	105
FTLN 1951	BIONDELLO, 「 <i>aside</i> 」 As much as an apple doth an	
FTLN 1952	oyster, and all one.	
	TRANIO, 「 <i>as Lucentio</i> 」	
FTLN 1953	To save your life in this extremity,	
FTLN 1954	This favor will I do you for his sake	
FTLN 1955	(And think it not the worst of all your fortunes	110
FTLN 1956	That you are like to Sir Vincentio):	
FTLN 1957	His name and credit shall you undertake,	
FTLN 1958	And in my house you shall be friendly lodged.	
FTLN 1959	Look that you take upon you as you should.	
FTLN 1960	You understand me, sir. So shall you stay	115
FTLN 1961	Till you have done your business in the city.	
FTLN 1962	If this be court'sy, sir, accept of it.	

「MERCHANT」

FTLN 1963 O sir, I do, and will repute you ever
FTLN 1964 The patron of my life and liberty.

TRANIO, 「*as Lucentio*」

FTLN 1965 Then go with me, to make the matter good. 120
FTLN 1966 This, by the way, I let you understand:
FTLN 1967 My father is here looked for every day
FTLN 1968 To pass assurance of a dower in marriage
FTLN 1969 'Twixt me and one Baptista's daughter here.
FTLN 1970 In all these circumstances I'll instruct you. 125
FTLN 1971 Go with me to clothe you as becomes you.

They exit.

「Scene 3」

Enter Katherine and Grumio.

GRUMIO

FTLN 1972 No, no, forsooth, I dare not for my life.

KATHERINE

FTLN 1973 The more my wrong, the more his spite appears.
FTLN 1974 What, did he marry me to famish me?
FTLN 1975 Beggars that come unto my father's door
FTLN 1976 Upon entreaty have a present alms. 5
FTLN 1977 If not, elsewhere they meet with charity.
FTLN 1978 But I, who never knew how to entreat,
FTLN 1979 Nor never needed that I should entreat,
FTLN 1980 Am starved for meat, giddy for lack of sleep,
FTLN 1981 With oaths kept waking and with brawling fed. 10
FTLN 1982 And that which spites me more than all these wants,
FTLN 1983 He does it under name of perfect love,
FTLN 1984 As who should say, if I should sleep or eat
FTLN 1985 'Twere deadly sickness or else present death.
FTLN 1986 I prithee, go, and get me some repast, 15
FTLN 1987 I care not what, so it be wholesome food.

FTLN 1988 GRUMIO What say you to a neat's foot?

KATHERINE

FTLN 1989 'Tis passing good. I prithee let me have it.

GRUMIO

FTLN 1990 I fear it is too choleric a meat.

FTLN 1991 How say you to a fat tripe finely broiled? 20

KATHERINE

FTLN 1992 I like it well. Good Grumio, fetch it me.

GRUMIO

FTLN 1993 I cannot tell. I fear 'tis choleric.

FTLN 1994 What say you to a piece of beef and mustard?

KATHERINE

FTLN 1995 A dish that I do love to feed upon.

GRUMIO

FTLN 1996 Ay, but the mustard is too hot a little. 25

KATHERINE

FTLN 1997 Why then, the beef, and let the mustard rest.

GRUMIO

FTLN 1998 Nay then, I will not. You shall have the mustard

FTLN 1999 Or else you get no beef of Grumio.

KATHERINE

FTLN 2000 Then both, or one, or any thing thou wilt.

GRUMIO

FTLN 2001 Why then, the mustard without the beef. 30

KATHERINE

FTLN 2002 Go, get thee gone, thou false deluding slave,
[She] beats him.

FTLN 2003 That feed'st me with the very name of meat.

FTLN 2004 Sorrow on thee, and all the pack of you

FTLN 2005 That triumph thus upon my misery.

FTLN 2006 Go, get thee gone, I say. 35

Enter Petruchio and Hortensio with meat.

PETRUCHIO

FTLN 2007 How fares my Kate? What, sweeting, all amort?

HORTENSIO

FTLN 2008 Mistress, what cheer?

FTLN 2009 KATHERINE Faith, as cold as can be.

PETRUCHIO

FTLN 2010 Pluck up thy spirits. Look cheerfully upon me.
 FTLN 2011 Here, love, thou seest how diligent I am, 40
 FTLN 2012 To dress thy meat myself and bring it thee.
 FTLN 2013 I am sure, sweet Kate, this kindness merits thanks.
 FTLN 2014 What, not a word? Nay then, thou lov'st it not,
 FTLN 2015 And all my pains is sorted to no proof.
 FTLN 2016 Here, take away this dish. 45

FTLN 2017 KATHERINE I pray you, let it stand.

PETRUCHIO

FTLN 2018 The poorest service is repaid with thanks,
 FTLN 2019 And so shall mine before you touch the meat.

FTLN 2020 KATHERINE I thank you, sir.

HORTENSIO

FTLN 2021 Signior Petruchio, fie, you are to blame. 50
 FTLN 2022 Come, Mistress Kate, I'll bear you company.

PETRUCHIO, *['aside to Hortensio']*

FTLN 2023 Eat it up all, Hortensio, if thou lovest me.—
 FTLN 2024 Much good do it unto thy gentle heart.
 FTLN 2025 Kate, eat apace.

['Katherine and Hortensio prepare to eat.']

FTLN 2026 And now, my honey love, 55
 FTLN 2027 Will we return unto thy father's house
 FTLN 2028 And revel it as bravely as the best,
 FTLN 2029 With silken coats and caps and golden rings,
 FTLN 2030 With ruffs and cuffs and farthingales and things,
 FTLN 2031 With scarves and fans and double change of brav'ry, 60
 FTLN 2032 With amber bracelets, beads, and all this knav'ry.
 FTLN 2033 What, hast thou dined? The tailor stays thy leisure
 FTLN 2034 To deck thy body with his ruffling treasure.

Enter Tailor.

FTLN 2035 Come, tailor, let us see these ornaments.
 FTLN 2036 Lay forth the gown. 65

Enter Haberdasher.

FTLN 2037 What news with you, sir?

「HABERDASHER」

FTLN 2038 Here is the cap your Worship did bespeak.

PETRUCHIO

FTLN 2039 Why, this was molded on a porringer!

FTLN 2040 A velvet dish! Fie, fie, 'tis lewd and filthy.

FTLN 2041 Why, 'tis a cockle or a walnut shell, 70

FTLN 2042 A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap.

FTLN 2043 Away with it! Come, let me have a bigger.

KATHERINE

FTLN 2044 I'll have no bigger. This doth fit the time,

FTLN 2045 And gentlewomen wear such caps as these.

PETRUCHIO

FTLN 2046 When you are gentle, you shall have one too, 75

FTLN 2047 And not till then.

FTLN 2048 HORTENSIO, 「*aside*」 That will not be in haste.

KATHERINE

FTLN 2049 Why, sir, I trust I may have leave to speak,

FTLN 2050 And speak I will. I am no child, no babe.

FTLN 2051 Your betters have endured me say my mind, 80

FTLN 2052 And if you cannot, best you stop your ears.

FTLN 2053 My tongue will tell the anger of my heart,

FTLN 2054 Or else my heart, concealing it, will break,

FTLN 2055 And, rather than it shall, I will be free

FTLN 2056 Even to the uttermost, as I please, in words. 85

PETRUCHIO

FTLN 2057 Why, thou sayst true. It is 「a」 paltry cap,

FTLN 2058 A custard-coffin, a bauble, a silken pie.

FTLN 2059 I love thee well in that thou lik'st it not.

KATHERINE

FTLN 2060 Love me, or love me not, I like the cap,

FTLN 2061 And it I will have, or I will have none. 90

「*Exit Haberdasher.*」

PETRUCHIO

FTLN 2062 Thy gown? Why, ay. Come, tailor, let us see 't.

FTLN 2063 O mercy God, what masking-stuff is here?

FTLN 2064	What's this? A sleeve? 'Tis like 'a' demi-cannon.	
FTLN 2065	What, up and down carved like an apple tart?	
FTLN 2066	Here's snip and nip and cut and slish and slash,	95
FTLN 2067	Like to a censer in a barber's shop.	
FTLN 2068	Why, what a devil's name, tailor, call'st thou this?	
	HORTENSIO, [<i>aside</i>]	
FTLN 2069	I see she's like to have neither cap nor gown.	
	TAILOR	
FTLN 2070	You bid me make it orderly and well,	
FTLN 2071	According to the fashion and the time.	100
	PETRUCHIO	
FTLN 2072	Marry, and did. But if you be remembered,	
FTLN 2073	I did not bid you mar it to the time.	
FTLN 2074	Go, hop me over every kennel home,	
FTLN 2075	For you shall hop without my custom, sir.	
FTLN 2076	I'll none of it. Hence, make your best of it.	105
	KATHERINE	
FTLN 2077	I never saw a better-fashioned gown,	
FTLN 2078	More quaint, more pleasing, nor more	
FTLN 2079	commendable.	
FTLN 2080	Belike you mean to make a puppet of me.	
	PETRUCHIO	
FTLN 2081	Why, true, he means to make a puppet of thee.	110
	TAILOR	
FTLN 2082	She says your Worship means to make a puppet of	
FTLN 2083	her.	
	PETRUCHIO	
FTLN 2084	O monstrous arrogance! Thou liest, thou thread,	
FTLN 2085	thou thimble,	
FTLN 2086	Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter, nail!	115
FTLN 2087	Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter cricket, thou!	
FTLN 2088	Braved in mine own house with a skein of thread?	
FTLN 2089	Away, thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant,	
FTLN 2090	Or I shall so be-mete thee with thy yard	
FTLN 2091	As thou shalt think on prating whilst thou liv'st.	120
FTLN 2092	I tell thee, I, that thou hast marred her gown.	

TAILOR

FTLN 2093 Your Worship is deceived. The gown is made

FTLN 2094 Just as my master had direction.

FTLN 2095 Grumio gave order how it should be done.

FTLN 2096 GRUMIO I gave him no order. I gave him the stuff. 125

TAILOR

FTLN 2097 But how did you desire it should be made?

FTLN 2098 GRUMIO Marry, sir, with needle and thread.

TAILOR

FTLN 2099 But did you not request to have it cut?

FTLN 2100 GRUMIO Thou hast faced many things.

FTLN 2101 TAILOR I have. 130

FTLN 2102 GRUMIO Face not me. Thou hast braved many men;
 FTLN 2103 brave not me. I will neither be faced nor braved. I
 FTLN 2104 say unto thee, I bid thy master cut out the gown,
 FTLN 2105 but I did not bid him cut it to pieces. *Ergo*, thou
 FTLN 2106 liest. 135

FTLN 2107 TAILOR Why, here is the note of the fashion to testify.

He shows a paper.

FTLN 2108 PETRUCHIO Read it.

FTLN 2109 GRUMIO The note lies in 's throat, if he say I said so.

FTLN 2110 TAILOR *reads* "Imprimis, a loose-bodied gown—"

FTLN 2111 GRUMIO Master, if ever I said "loose-bodied gown," 140

FTLN 2112 sew me in the skirts of it and beat me to death with
 FTLN 2113 a bottom of brown thread. I said "a gown."

FTLN 2114 PETRUCHIO Proceed.

FTLN 2115 TAILOR *reads* "With a small-compassed cape—"

FTLN 2116 GRUMIO I confess the cape. 145

FTLN 2117 TAILOR *reads* "With a trunk sleeve—"

FTLN 2118 GRUMIO I confess two sleeves.

FTLN 2119 TAILOR *reads* "The sleeves curiously cut."

FTLN 2120 PETRUCHIO Ay, there's the villainy.

FTLN 2121 GRUMIO Error i' th' bill, sir, error i' th' bill! I commanded 150

FTLN 2122 the sleeves should be cut out and sewed
 FTLN 2123 up again, and that I'll prove upon thee, though thy
 FTLN 2124 little finger be armed in a thimble.

FTLN 2125	TAILOR	This is true that I say. An I had thee in place	
FTLN 2126		where, thou shouldst know it.	155
FTLN 2127	GRUMIO	I am for thee straight. Take thou the bill, give	
FTLN 2128		me thy mete-yard, and spare not me.	
FTLN 2129	HORTENSIO	God-a-mercy, Grumio, then he shall have	
FTLN 2130		no odds.	
	PETRUCHIO		
FTLN 2131		Well, sir, in brief, the gown is not for me.	160
FTLN 2132	GRUMIO	You are i' th' right, sir, 'tis for my mistress.	
	PETRUCHIO		
FTLN 2133		Go, take it up unto thy master's use.	
FTLN 2134	GRUMIO	Villain, not for thy life! Take up my mistress'	
FTLN 2135		gown for thy master's use!	
FTLN 2136	PETRUCHIO	Why, sir, what's your conceit in that?	165
FTLN 2137	GRUMIO	O, sir, the conceit is deeper than you think	
FTLN 2138		for. Take up my mistress' gown to his master's use!	
FTLN 2139		O, fie, fie, fie!	
	PETRUCHIO, <i>aside to Hortensio</i>		
FTLN 2140		Hortensio, say thou wilt see the tailor paid.	
FTLN 2141	<i>To Tailor.</i>	Go, take it hence. Begone, and say no	170
FTLN 2142		more.	
	HORTENSIO, <i>aside to Tailor</i>		
FTLN 2143		Tailor, I'll pay thee for thy gown tomorrow.	
FTLN 2144		Take no unkindness of his hasty words.	
FTLN 2145		Away, I say. Commend me to thy master.	
		<i>Tailor exits.</i>	
	PETRUCHIO		
FTLN 2146		Well, come, my Kate, we will unto your father's,	175
FTLN 2147		Even in these honest mean habiliments.	
FTLN 2148		Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor,	
FTLN 2149		For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich,	
FTLN 2150		And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,	
FTLN 2151		So honor peereth in the meanest habit.	180
FTLN 2152		What, is the jay more precious than the lark	
FTLN 2153		Because his feathers are more beautiful?	
FTLN 2154		Or is the adder better than the eel	

FTLN 2155 Because his painted skin contents the eye?
 FTLN 2156 O no, good Kate. Neither art thou the worse 185
 FTLN 2157 For this poor furniture and mean array.
 FTLN 2158 If thou 'account'st' it shame, lay it on me,
 FTLN 2159 And therefore frolic! We will hence forthwith
 FTLN 2160 To feast and sport us at thy father's house.
 FTLN 2161 'To Grumio.' Go, call my men, and let us straight to 190
 FTLN 2162 him,
 FTLN 2163 And bring our horses unto Long-lane end.
 FTLN 2164 There will we mount, and thither walk on foot.
 FTLN 2165 Let's see, I think 'tis now some seven o'clock,
 FTLN 2166 And well we may come there by dinner time. 195

KATHERINE
 FTLN 2167 I dare assure you, sir, 'tis almost two,
 FTLN 2168 And 'twill be supper time ere you come there.

PETRUCHIO
 FTLN 2169 It shall be seven ere I go to horse.
 FTLN 2170 Look what I speak, or do, or think to do,
 FTLN 2171 You are still crossing it. Sirs, let 't alone. 200
 FTLN 2172 I will not go today, and, ere I do,
 FTLN 2173 It shall be what o'clock I say it is.

HORTENSIO, 'aside'
 FTLN 2174 Why, so, this gallant will command the sun!
 'They exit.'

Scene 4

*Enter Tranio 'as Lucentio,' and the 'Merchant,' booted,
 and dressed like Vincentio.*

TRANIO, 'as Lucentio'
 FTLN 2175 'Sir,' this is the house. Please it you that I call?
 'MERCHANT'
 FTLN 2176 Ay, what else? And but I be deceived,
 FTLN 2177 Signior Baptista may remember me,
 FTLN 2178 Near twenty years ago, in Genoa,
 FTLN 2179 Where we were lodgers at the Pegasus. 5

TRANIO, *as Lucentio*

FTLN 2180 'Tis well. And hold your own in any case
FTLN 2181 With such austerity as 'longeth to a father.

as Merchant

FTLN 2182 I warrant you.

Enter Biondello.

FTLN 2183 But, sir, here comes your boy.

FTLN 2184 'Twere good he were schooled. 10

TRANIO, *as Lucentio*

FTLN 2185 Fear you not him.—Sirrah Biondello,
FTLN 2186 Now do your duty throughly, I advise you.
FTLN 2187 Imagine 'twere the right Vincentio.

FTLN 2188 BIONDELLO Tut, fear not me.

TRANIO, *as Lucentio*

FTLN 2189 But hast thou done thy errand to Baptista? 15

BIONDELLO

FTLN 2190 I told him that your father was at Venice,
FTLN 2191 And that you looked for him this day in Padua.

TRANIO, *as Lucentio*

FTLN 2192 Thou 'rt a tall fellow. Hold thee that to drink.
He gives him money.

Enter Baptista and Lucentio as Cambio.

FTLN 2193 Here comes Baptista. Set your countenance, sir.
Merchant stands bareheaded.

TRANIO, *as Lucentio*

FTLN 2194 Signior Baptista, you are happily met.— 20

FTLN 2195 Sir, this is the gentleman I told you of.

FTLN 2196 I pray you stand good father to me now.

FTLN 2197 Give me Bianca for my patrimony.

FTLN 2198 *as Merchant, as Vincentio* Soft, son.—

FTLN 2199 Sir, by your leave, having come to Padua 25

FTLN 2200 To gather in some debts, my son Lucentio

FTLN 2201 Made me acquainted with a weighty cause

FTLN 2202 Of love between your daughter and himself.

FTLN 2203	And, for the good report I hear of you,	
FTLN 2204	And for the love he beareth to your daughter	30
FTLN 2205	And she to him, to stay him not too long,	
FTLN 2206	I am content, in a good father's care,	
FTLN 2207	To have him matched. And if you please to like	
FTLN 2208	No worse than I, upon some agreement	
FTLN 2209	Me shall you find ready and willing	35
FTLN 2210	With one consent to have her so bestowed,	
FTLN 2211	For curious I cannot be with you,	
FTLN 2212	Signior Baptista, of whom I hear so well.	
	BAPTISTA	
FTLN 2213	Sir, pardon me in what I have to say.	
FTLN 2214	Your plainness and your shortness please me well.	40
FTLN 2215	Right true it is your son Lucentio here	
FTLN 2216	Doth love my daughter, and she loveth him,	
FTLN 2217	Or both dissemble deeply their affections.	
FTLN 2218	And therefore, if you say no more than this,	
FTLN 2219	That like a father you will deal with him	45
FTLN 2220	And pass my daughter a sufficient dower,	
FTLN 2221	The match is made, and all is done.	
FTLN 2222	Your son shall have my daughter with consent.	
	TRANIO, <i>as Lucentio</i>	
FTLN 2223	I thank you, sir. Where then do you know best	
FTLN 2224	We be affied and such assurance ta'en	50
FTLN 2225	As shall with either part's agreement stand?	
	BAPTISTA	
FTLN 2226	Not in my house, Lucentio, for you know	
FTLN 2227	Pitchers have ears, and I have many servants.	
FTLN 2228	Besides, old Gremio is heark'ning still,	
FTLN 2229	And happily we might be interrupted.	55
	TRANIO, <i>as Lucentio</i>	
FTLN 2230	Then at my lodging, an it like you.	
FTLN 2231	There doth my father lie, and there this night	
FTLN 2232	We'll pass the business privately and well.	
FTLN 2233	Send for your daughter by your servant here.	

He indicates Lucentio, and winks at him.

FTLN 2234	My boy shall fetch the scrivener presently.	60
FTLN 2235	The worst is this: that at so slender warning	
FTLN 2236	You are like to have a thin and slender pittance.	
	BAPTISTA	
FTLN 2237	It likes me well.—Cambio, hie you home,	
FTLN 2238	And bid Bianca make her ready straight.	
FTLN 2239	And, if you will, tell what hath happenèd:	65
FTLN 2240	Lucentio's father is arrived in Padua,	
FTLN 2241	And how she's like to be Lucentio's wife.	
	<i>Lucentio exits.</i>	
	BIONDELLO	
FTLN 2242	I pray the gods she may, with all my heart.	
	TRANIO, <i>as Lucentio</i>	
FTLN 2243	Dally not with the gods, but get thee gone.—	
FTLN 2244	Signior Baptista, shall I lead the way?	70
FTLN 2245	Welcome! One mess is like to be your cheer.	
FTLN 2246	Come, sir, we will better it in Pisa.	
FTLN 2247	BAPTISTA I follow you.	
	<i>All but Biondello exit.</i>	
	<i>Enter Lucentio.</i>	
FTLN 2248	BIONDELLO Cambio.	
FTLN 2249	LUCENTIO What sayst thou, Biondello?	75
FTLN 2250	BIONDELLO You saw my master wink and laugh upon	
FTLN 2251	you?	
FTLN 2252	LUCENTIO Biondello, what of that?	
FTLN 2253	BIONDELLO Faith, nothing; but 'has left me here behind	
FTLN 2254	to expound the meaning or moral of his signs	80
FTLN 2255	and tokens.	
FTLN 2256	LUCENTIO I pray thee, moralize them.	
FTLN 2257	BIONDELLO Then thus: Baptista is safe, talking with	
FTLN 2258	the deceiving father of a deceitful son.	
FTLN 2259	LUCENTIO And what of him?	85
FTLN 2260	BIONDELLO His daughter is to be brought by you to the	
FTLN 2261	supper.	

FTLN 2262	LUCENTIO	And then?	
FTLN 2263	BIONDELLO	The old priest at Saint Luke's Church is at	
FTLN 2264		your command at all hours.	90
FTLN 2265	LUCENTIO	And what of all this?	
FTLN 2266	BIONDELLO	I cannot tell, 「except」 they are busied	
FTLN 2267		about a counterfeit assurance. Take you assurance	
FTLN 2268		of her <i>cum privilegio ad imprimendum solum</i> . To th'	
FTLN 2269		church take the priest, clerk, and some sufficient	95
FTLN 2270		honest witnesses.	
FTLN 2271		If this be not that you look for, I have no more to	
FTLN 2272		say,	
FTLN 2273		But bid Bianca farewell forever and a day.	
FTLN 2274	LUCENTIO	Hear'st thou, Biondello?	100
FTLN 2275	BIONDELLO	I cannot tarry. I knew a wench married in	
FTLN 2276		an afternoon as she went to the garden for parsley	
FTLN 2277		to stuff a rabbit, and so may you, sir. And so adieu,	
FTLN 2278		sir. My master hath appointed me to go to Saint	
FTLN 2279		Luke's to bid the priest be ready to come against	105
FTLN 2280		you come with your appendix. <i>He exits.</i>	
	LUCENTIO		
FTLN 2281		I may, and will, if she be so contented.	
FTLN 2282		She will be pleased. Then wherefore should I	
FTLN 2283		doubt?	
FTLN 2284		Hap what hap may, I'll roundly go about her.	110
FTLN 2285		It shall go hard if "Cambio" go without her.	
		<i>He exits.</i>	

「Scene 5」

Enter Petruchio, Katherine, Hortensio, 「and Servants.」

PETRUCHIO

FTLN 2286 Come on, i' God's name, once more toward our
FTLN 2287 father's.

FTLN 2288 Good Lord, how bright and goodly shines the moon!

KATHERINE

FTLN 2289 The moon? The sun! It is not moonlight now.

	PETRUCHIO	
FTLN 2290	I say it is the moon that shines so bright.	5
	KATHERINE	
FTLN 2291	I know it is the sun that shines so bright.	
	PETRUCHIO	
FTLN 2292	Now, by my mother's son, and that's myself,	
FTLN 2293	It shall be moon, or star, or what I list,	
FTLN 2294	Or e'er I journey to your father's house.	
FTLN 2295	「 <i>To Servants.</i> 」 Go on, and fetch our horses back	10
FTLN 2296	again.—	
FTLN 2297	Evermore crossed and crossed, nothing but crossed!	
	HORTENSIO, 「 <i>to Katherine</i> 」	
FTLN 2298	Say as he says, or we shall never go.	
	KATHERINE	
FTLN 2299	Forward, I pray, since we have come so far,	
FTLN 2300	And be it moon, or sun, or what you please.	15
FTLN 2301	And if you please to call it a rush candle,	
FTLN 2302	Henceforth I vow it shall be so for me.	
FTLN 2303	PETRUCHIO I say it is the moon.	
FTLN 2304	KATHERINE I know it is the moon.	
	PETRUCHIO	
FTLN 2305	Nay, then you lie. It is the blessèd sun.	20
	KATHERINE	
FTLN 2306	Then God be blest, it 「is」 the blessèd sun.	
FTLN 2307	But sun it is not, when you say it is not,	
FTLN 2308	And the moon changes even as your mind.	
FTLN 2309	What you will have it named, even that it is,	
FTLN 2310	And so it shall be so for Katherine.	25
	HORTENSIO	
FTLN 2311	Petruchio, go thy ways, the field is won.	
	PETRUCHIO	
FTLN 2312	Well, forward, forward. Thus the bowl should run,	
FTLN 2313	And not unluckily against the bias.	
FTLN 2314	But soft! Company is coming here.	

Enter Vincentio.

FTLN 2315	「 <i>To Vincentio.</i> 」 Good morrow, gentle mistress, where	30
FTLN 2316	away?—	
FTLN 2317	Tell me, sweet Kate, and tell me truly, too,	
FTLN 2318	Hast thou beheld a fresher gentlewoman?	
FTLN 2319	Such war of white and red within her cheeks!	
FTLN 2320	What stars do spangle heaven with such beauty	35
FTLN 2321	As those two eyes become that heavenly face?—	
FTLN 2322	Fair lovely maid, once more good day to thee.—	
FTLN 2323	Sweet Kate, embrace her for her beauty's sake.	
	HORTENSIO, 「 <i>aside</i> 」	
FTLN 2324	He will make the man mad, to make the woman of	
FTLN 2325	him.	40
	KATHERINE	
FTLN 2326	Young budding virgin, fair and fresh and sweet,	
FTLN 2327	Whither away, or 「where」 is thy abode?	
FTLN 2328	Happy the parents of so fair a child!	
FTLN 2329	Happier the man whom favorable stars	
FTLN 2330	「Allots」 thee for his lovely bedfellow.	45
	PETRUCHIO	
FTLN 2331	Why, how now, Kate? I hope thou art not mad!	
FTLN 2332	This is a man—old, wrinkled, faded, withered—	
FTLN 2333	And not a maiden, as thou sayst he is.	
	KATHERINE	
FTLN 2334	Pardon, old father, my mistaking eyes	
FTLN 2335	That have been so bedazzled with the sun	50
FTLN 2336	That everything I look on seemeth green.	
FTLN 2337	Now I perceive thou art a reverend father.	
FTLN 2338	Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad mistaking.	
	PETRUCHIO	
FTLN 2339	Do, good old grandsire, and withal make known	
FTLN 2340	Which way thou travelest. If along with us,	55
FTLN 2341	We shall be joyful of thy company.	
	VINCENTIO	
FTLN 2342	Fair sir, and you, my merry mistress,	
FTLN 2343	That with your strange encounter much amazed me,	
FTLN 2344	My name is called Vincentio, my dwelling Pisa,	

FTLN 2345	And bound I am to Padua, there to visit	60
FTLN 2346	A son of mine which long I have not seen.	
	PETRUCHIO	
FTLN 2347	What is his name?	
FTLN 2348	VINCENTIO Lucentio, gentle sir.	
	PETRUCHIO	
FTLN 2349	Happily met, the happier for thy son.	
FTLN 2350	And now by law as well as reverend age,	65
FTLN 2351	I may entitle thee my loving father.	
FTLN 2352	The sister to my wife, this gentlewoman,	
FTLN 2353	Thy son by this hath married. Wonder not,	
FTLN 2354	Nor be not grieved. She is of good esteem,	
FTLN 2355	Her dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth;	70
FTLN 2356	Beside, so qualified as may beseem	
FTLN 2357	The spouse of any noble gentleman.	
FTLN 2358	Let me embrace with old Vincentio,	
FTLN 2359	And wander we to see thy honest son,	
FTLN 2360	Who will of thy arrival be full joyous.	75
	VINCENTIO	
FTLN 2361	But is this true, or is it else your pleasure,	
FTLN 2362	Like pleasant travelers, to break a jest	
FTLN 2363	Upon the company you overtake?	
	HORTENSIO	
FTLN 2364	I do assure thee, father, so it is.	
	PETRUCHIO	
FTLN 2365	Come, go along and see the truth hereof,	80
FTLN 2366	For our first merriment hath made thee jealous.	
	<i>「All but Hortensio」 exit.</i>	
	HORTENSIO	
FTLN 2367	Well, Petruchio, this has put me in heart!	
FTLN 2368	Have to my widow, and if she 「be」 froward,	
FTLN 2369	Then hast thou taught Hortensio to be untoward.	
	<i>He exits.</i>	

「ACT 5」

「Scene 1」

*Enter Biondello, Lucentio 「as himself,」 and Bianca.
Gremio is out before 「and stands to the side.」*

FTLN 2370 BIONDELLO Softly and swiftly, sir, for the priest is
FTLN 2371 ready.

FTLN 2372 LUCENTIO I fly, Biondello. But they may chance to
FTLN 2373 need thee at home. Therefore leave us.

「Lucentio exits with Bianca.」

FTLN 2374 BIONDELLO Nay, faith, I'll see the church a' your back, 5
FTLN 2375 and then come back to my 「master's」 as soon as I
FTLN 2376 can. *「He exits.」*

FTLN 2377 GREMIO I marvel Cambio comes not all this while.

*Enter Petruchio, Katherine, Vincentio, Grumio, with
Attendants.*

PETRUCHIO

FTLN 2378 Sir, here's the door. This is Lucentio's house.
FTLN 2379 My father's bears more toward the marketplace. 10
FTLN 2380 Thither must I, and here I leave you, sir.

VINCENTIO

FTLN 2381 You shall not choose but drink before you go.
FTLN 2382 I think I shall command your welcome here,
FTLN 2383 And by all likelihood some cheer is toward.

「He」 knocks.

	GREMIO, <i>〔coming forward〕</i>	
FTLN 2384	They're busy within. You were best knock louder.	15
	<i>〔Merchant〕 looks out of the window.</i>	
FTLN 2385	<i>〔MERCHANT, as Vincentio〕</i> What's he that knocks as	
FTLN 2386	he would beat down the gate?	
FTLN 2387	VINCENTIO Is Signior Lucentio within, sir?	
FTLN 2388	<i>〔MERCHANT, as Vincentio〕</i> He's within, sir, but not to	
FTLN 2389	be spoken withal.	20
FTLN 2390	VINCENTIO What if a man bring him a hundred pound	
FTLN 2391	or two to make merry withal?	
FTLN 2392	<i>〔MERCHANT, as Vincentio〕</i> Keep your hundred	
FTLN 2393	pounds to yourself. He shall need none so long as I	
FTLN 2394	live.	25
FTLN 2395	PETRUCHIO, <i>〔to Vincentio〕</i> Nay, I told you your son was	
FTLN 2396	well beloved in Padua.—Do you hear, sir? To leave	
FTLN 2397	frivolous circumstances, I pray you tell Signior	
FTLN 2398	Lucentio that his father is come from Pisa and is	
FTLN 2399	here at the door to speak with him.	30
FTLN 2400	<i>〔MERCHANT, as Vincentio〕</i> Thou liest. His father is	
FTLN 2401	come from Padua and here looking out at the	
FTLN 2402	window.	
FTLN 2403	VINCENTIO Art thou his father?	
FTLN 2404	<i>〔MERCHANT, as Vincentio〕</i> Ay, sir, so his mother says,	35
FTLN 2405	if I may believe her.	
FTLN 2406	PETRUCHIO, <i>〔to Vincentio〕</i> Why, how now, gentleman!	
FTLN 2407	Why, this is flat knavery, to take upon you another	
FTLN 2408	man's name.	
FTLN 2409	<i>〔MERCHANT, as Vincentio〕</i> Lay hands on the villain. I	40
FTLN 2410	believe he means to cosen somebody in this city	
FTLN 2411	under my countenance.	

Enter Biondello.

FTLN 2412	BIONDELLO, <i>〔aside〕</i> I have seen them in the church	
FTLN 2413	together. God send 'em good shipping! But who is	
FTLN 2414	here? Mine old master Vincentio! Now we are	45
FTLN 2415	undone and brought to nothing.	

FTLN 2416 VINCENTIO, *to Biondello* Come hither, crack-hemp.

FTLN 2417 BIONDELLO I hope I may choose, sir.

FTLN 2418 VINCENTIO Come hither, you rogue! What, have you

FTLN 2419 forgot me? 50

FTLN 2420 BIONDELLO Forgot you? No, sir. I could not forget you,

FTLN 2421 for I never saw you before in all my life.

FTLN 2422 VINCENTIO What, you notorious villain, didst thou

FTLN 2423 never see thy *master's* father, Vincentio?

FTLN 2424 BIONDELLO What, my old worshipful old master? Yes, 55

FTLN 2425 marry, sir. See where he looks out of the window.

FTLN 2426 VINCENTIO Is 't so indeed? *He beats Biondello.*

FTLN 2427 BIONDELLO Help, help, help! Here's a madman will

FTLN 2428 murder me. *Biondello exits.*

FTLN 2429 *MERCHANT, as Vincentio* Help, son! Help, Signior 60

FTLN 2430 Baptista! *He exits from window.*

FTLN 2431 PETRUCHIO Prithce, Kate, let's stand aside and see the

FTLN 2432 end of this controversy. *They move aside.*

*Enter Merchant with Servants, and Baptista and
Tranio disguised as Lucentio.*

FTLN 2433 TRANIO, *as Lucentio* Sir, what are you that offer to

FTLN 2434 beat my servant? 65

FTLN 2435 VINCENTIO What am I, sir? Nay, what are you, sir! O

FTLN 2436 immortal gods! O fine villain! A silken doublet, a

FTLN 2437 velvet hose, a scarlet cloak, and a copatain hat! O, I

FTLN 2438 am undone, I am undone! While I play the good

FTLN 2439 husband at home, my son and my servant spend all 70

FTLN 2440 at the university.

FTLN 2441 TRANIO, *as Lucentio* How now, what's the matter?

FTLN 2442 BAPTISTA What, is the man lunatic?

FTLN 2443 TRANIO, *as Lucentio* Sir, you seem a sober ancient

FTLN 2444 gentleman by your habit, but your words show you 75

FTLN 2445 a madman. Why, sir, what 'cerns it you if I wear

FTLN 2446 pearl and gold? I thank my good father, I am able

FTLN 2447 to maintain it.

FTLN 2448	VINCENTIO	Thy father! O villain, he is a sailmaker in Bergamo.	80
FTLN 2449			
FTLN 2450	BAPTISTA	You mistake, sir, you mistake, sir! Pray, what do you think is his name?	
FTLN 2451			
FTLN 2452	VINCENTIO	His name? As if I knew not his name! I have brought him up ever since he was three years old, and his name is Tranio.	85
FTLN 2453			
FTLN 2454			
FTLN 2455	「MERCHANT, <i>as Vincentio</i> 」	Away, away, mad ass! His name is Lucentio and he is mine only son, and heir to the lands of me, Signior Vincentio.	
FTLN 2456			
FTLN 2457			
FTLN 2458	VINCENTIO	Lucentio? O, he hath murdered his master! Lay hold on him, I charge you in the Duke's name.	90
FTLN 2459			
FTLN 2460			
FTLN 2461			
FTLN 2462	TRANIO, 「 <i>as Lucentio</i> 」	Call forth an officer.	
		「 <i>Enter an Officer.</i> 」	
FTLN 2463		Carry this mad knave to the jail.—Father Baptista, I charge you see that he be forthcoming.	95
FTLN 2464			
FTLN 2465	VINCENTIO	Carry me to the jail?	
FTLN 2466	GREMIO	Stay, officer. He shall not go to prison.	
FTLN 2467	BAPTISTA	Talk not, Signior Gremio. I say he shall go to prison.	
FTLN 2468			
FTLN 2469	GREMIO	Take heed, Signior Baptista, lest you be cony-catched in this business. I dare swear this is the right Vincentio.	100
FTLN 2470			
FTLN 2471			
FTLN 2472	「MERCHANT, <i>as Vincentio</i> 」	Swear, if thou dar'st.	
FTLN 2473	GREMIO	Nay, I dare not swear it.	
FTLN 2474	TRANIO, 「 <i>as Lucentio</i> 」	Then thou wert best say that I am not Lucentio.	105
FTLN 2475			
FTLN 2476	GREMIO	Yes, I know thee to be Signior Lucentio.	
FTLN 2477	BAPTISTA	Away with the dotard, to the jail with him.	
FTLN 2478	VINCENTIO	Thus strangers may be haled and abused.—O monstrous villain!	110
FTLN 2479			

Enter Biondello, Lucentio and Bianca.

FTLN 2480 BIONDELLO O, we are spoiled, and yonder he is! Deny
 FTLN 2481 him, forswear him, or else we are all undone.
Biondello, Tranio, and Merchant
exit as fast as may be.

LUCENTIO
 FTLN 2482 Pardon, sweet father. *Lucentio and Bianca* kneel.

FTLN 2483 VINCENTIO Lives my sweet son?

BIANCA
 FTLN 2484 Pardon, dear father. 115

FTLN 2485 BAPTISTA How hast thou offended?
 FTLN 2486 Where is Lucentio?

FTLN 2487 LUCENTIO Here's Lucentio,
 FTLN 2488 Right son to the right Vincentio,
 FTLN 2489 That have by marriage made thy daughter mine 120
 FTLN 2490 While counterfeit supposes bleared thine eyne.

GREMIO
 FTLN 2491 Here's packing, with a witness, to deceive us all!

VINCENTIO
 FTLN 2492 Where is that damnèd villain, Tranio,
 FTLN 2493 That faced and braved me in this matter so?

BAPTISTA
 FTLN 2494 Why, tell me, is not this my Cambio? 125

BIANCA
 FTLN 2495 Cambio is changed into Lucentio.

LUCENTIO
 FTLN 2496 Love wrought these miracles. Bianca's love
 FTLN 2497 Made me exchange my state with Tranio,
 FTLN 2498 While he did bear my countenance in the town,
 FTLN 2499 And happily I have arrivèd at the last 130
 FTLN 2500 Unto the wishèd haven of my bliss.
 FTLN 2501 What Tranio did, myself enforced him to.
 FTLN 2502 Then pardon him, sweet father, for my sake.

FTLN 2503 VINCENTIO I'll slit the villain's nose that would have
 FTLN 2504 sent me to the jail! 135

FTLN 2505 BAPTISTA But do you hear, sir, have you married my
 FTLN 2506 daughter without asking my goodwill?

FTLN 2507 VINCENTIO Fear not, Baptista, we will content you. Go
 FTLN 2508 to! But I will in to be revenged for this villainy.
He exits.

FTLN 2509 BAPTISTA And I to sound the depth of this knavery. 140
He exits.

FTLN 2510 LUCENTIO Look not pale, Bianca. Thy father will not
 FTLN 2511 frown. *They exit.*

GREMIO
 FTLN 2512 My cake is dough, but I'll in among the rest,
 FTLN 2513 Out of hope of all but my share of the feast.
He exits.

FTLN 2514 KATHERINE Husband, let's follow to see the end of 145
 FTLN 2515 this ado.

FTLN 2516 PETRUCHIO First kiss me, Kate, and we will.

FTLN 2517 KATHERINE What, in the midst of the street?

FTLN 2518 PETRUCHIO What, art thou ashamed of me?

FTLN 2519 KATHERINE «No,» sir, God forbid, but ashamed to kiss. 150
 PETRUCHIO
 FTLN 2520 Why, then, let's home again. «To Grumio.» Come,
 FTLN 2521 sirrah, let's away.

KATHERINE
 FTLN 2522 Nay, I will give thee a kiss. «She kisses him.»
 FTLN 2523 Now pray thee, love, stay.

PETRUCHIO
 FTLN 2524 Is not this well? Come, my sweet Kate. 155
 FTLN 2525 Better once than never, for never too late.
They exit.

«Scene 2»

*Enter Baptista, Vincentio, Gremio, the «Merchant,»
 Lucentio, and Bianca; «Hortensio» and «the» Widow,
 «Petruccio and Katherine;» Tranio, Biondello, «and»
 Grumio, «with» Servingmen bringing in a banquet.*

LUCENTIO
 FTLN 2526 At last, though long, our jarring notes agree,

FTLN 2527	And time it is when raging war is <i>done</i>	
FTLN 2528	To smile at 'scapes and perils overblown.	
FTLN 2529	My fair Bianca, bid my father welcome,	
FTLN 2530	While I with selfsame kindness welcome thine.	5
FTLN 2531	Brother Petruchio, sister Katherina,	
FTLN 2532	And thou, Hortensio, with thy loving widow,	
FTLN 2533	Feast with the best, and welcome to my house.	
FTLN 2534	My banquet is to close our stomachs up	
FTLN 2535	After our great good cheer. Pray you, sit down,	10
FTLN 2536	For now we sit to chat as well as eat. <i>They sit.</i>	
	PETRUCHIO	
FTLN 2537	Nothing but sit and sit, and eat and eat!	
	BAPTISTA	
FTLN 2538	Padua affords this kindness, son Petruchio.	
	PETRUCHIO	
FTLN 2539	Padua affords nothing but what is kind.	
	HORTENSIO	
FTLN 2540	For both our sakes I would that word were true.	15
	PETRUCHIO	
FTLN 2541	Now, for my life, Hortensio fears his widow!	
	WIDOW	
FTLN 2542	Then never trust me if I be afeard.	
	PETRUCHIO	
FTLN 2543	You are very sensible, and yet you miss my sense:	
FTLN 2544	I mean Hortensio is afeard of you.	
	WIDOW	
FTLN 2545	He that is giddy thinks the world turns round.	20
	PETRUCHIO	
FTLN 2546	Roundly replied.	
FTLN 2547	KATHERINE Mistress, how mean you that?	
FTLN 2548	WIDOW Thus I conceive by him.	
	PETRUCHIO	
FTLN 2549	Conceives by me? How likes Hortensio that?	
	HORTENSIO	
FTLN 2550	My widow says, thus she conceives her tale.	25

PETRUCHIO

FTLN 2551 Very well mended. Kiss him for that, good widow.

KATHERINE

FTLN 2552 “He that is giddy thinks the world turns round”—

FTLN 2553 I pray you tell me what you meant by that.

WIDOW

FTLN 2554 Your husband being troubled with a shrew

FTLN 2555 Measures my husband’s sorrow by his woe. 30

FTLN 2556 And now you know my meaning.

KATHERINE

FTLN 2557 A very mean meaning.

FTLN 2558 WIDOW Right, I mean you.

KATHERINE

FTLN 2559 And I am mean indeed, respecting you.

FTLN 2560 PETRUCHIO To her, Kate! 35

FTLN 2561 HORTENSIO To her, widow!

PETRUCHIO

FTLN 2562 A hundred marks, my Kate does put her down.

FTLN 2563 HORTENSIO That’s my office.

PETRUCHIO

FTLN 2564 Spoke like an officer! Ha’ to thee, lad.

‘He’ drinks to Hortensio.

BAPTISTA

FTLN 2565 How likes Gremio these quick-witted folks? 40

GREMIO

FTLN 2566 Believe me, sir, they butt together well.

BIANCA

FTLN 2567 Head and butt! An hasty-witted body

FTLN 2568 Would say your head and butt were head and horn.

VINCENTIO

FTLN 2569 Ay, mistress bride, hath that awakened you?

BIANCA

FTLN 2570 Ay, but not frightened me. Therefore I’ll sleep again. 45

PETRUCHIO

FTLN 2571 Nay, that you shall not. Since you have begun,

FTLN 2572 Have at you for a ‘bitter’ jest or two.

BIANCA

FTLN 2573 Am I your bird? I mean to shift my bush,
 FTLN 2574 And then pursue me as you draw your bow.—
 FTLN 2575 You are welcome all. 50

Bianca, [Katherine, and the Widow] exit.

PETRUCHIO

FTLN 2576 She hath prevented me. Here, Signior Tranio,
 FTLN 2577 This bird you aimed at, though you hit her not.—
 FTLN 2578 Therefore a health to all that shot and missed.

TRANIO

FTLN 2579 O, sir, Lucentio slipped me like his greyhound,
 FTLN 2580 Which runs himself and catches for his master. 55

PETRUCHIO

FTLN 2581 A good swift simile, but something currish.

TRANIO

FTLN 2582 'Tis well, sir, that you hunted for yourself.
 FTLN 2583 'Tis thought your deer does hold you at a bay.

BAPTISTA

FTLN 2584 O, O, Petruchio! Tranio hits you now.

LUCENTIO

FTLN 2585 I thank thee for that gird, good Tranio. 60

HORTENSIO

FTLN 2586 Confess, confess! Hath he not hit you here?

PETRUCHIO

FTLN 2587 He has a little galled me, I confess.
 FTLN 2588 And as the jest did glance away from me,
 FTLN 2589 'Tis ten to one it maimed you two outright.

BAPTISTA

FTLN 2590 Now, in good sadness, son Petruchio,
 FTLN 2591 I think thou hast the veriest shrew of all. 65

PETRUCHIO

FTLN 2592 Well, I say no. And therefore, [for] assurance,
 FTLN 2593 Let's each one send unto his wife,
 FTLN 2594 And he whose wife is most obedient
 FTLN 2595 To come at first when he doth send for her
 FTLN 2596 Shall win the wager which we will propose. 70

	HORTENSIO		
FTLN 2597	Content, what's the wager?		
FTLN 2598	LUCENTIO	Twenty crowns.	
FTLN 2599	PETRUCHIO	Twenty crowns?	
FTLN 2600	I'll venture so much of my hawk or hound,		75
FTLN 2601	But twenty times so much upon my wife.		
	LUCENTIO		
FTLN 2602	A hundred, then.		
FTLN 2603	HORTENSIO	Content.	
FTLN 2604	PETRUCHIO	A match! 'Tis done.	
FTLN 2605	HORTENSIO	Who shall begin?	80
FTLN 2606	LUCENTIO	That will I.	
FTLN 2607	Go, Biondello, bid your mistress come to me.		
FTLN 2608	BIONDELLO	I go.	<i>He exits.</i>
	BAPTISTA		
FTLN 2609	Son, I'll be your half Bianca comes.		
	LUCENTIO		
FTLN 2610	I'll have no halves. I'll bear it all myself.		85
		<i>Enter Biondello</i>	
FTLN 2611	How now, what news?		
FTLN 2612	BIONDELLO	Sir, my mistress sends you	
FTLN 2613	word		
FTLN 2614	That she is busy, and she cannot come.		
	PETRUCHIO		
FTLN 2615	How? "She's busy, and she cannot come"?		90
FTLN 2616	Is that an answer?		
FTLN 2617	GREMIO	Ay, and a kind one, too.	
FTLN 2618	Pray God, sir, your wife send you not a worse.		
FTLN 2619	PETRUCHIO	I hope better.	
	HORTENSIO		
FTLN 2620	Sirrah Biondello, go and entreat my wife		95
FTLN 2621	To come to me forthwith.	<i>Biondello exits.</i>	
FTLN 2622	PETRUCHIO	O ho, entreat her!	
FTLN 2623	Nay, then, she must needs come.		

FTLN 2624 HORTENSIO I am afraid, sir,
 FTLN 2625 Do what you can, yours will not be entreated. 100

Enter Biondello.

FTLN 2626 Now, where's my wife?
 BIONDELLO
 FTLN 2627 She says you have some goodly jest in hand.
 FTLN 2628 She will not come. She bids you come to her.
 FTLN 2629 PETRUCHIO Worse and worse. She will not come!
 FTLN 2630 O vile, intolerable, not to be endured!— 105
 FTLN 2631 Sirrah Grumio, go to your mistress,
 FTLN 2632 Say I command her come to me. *['Grumio'] exits.*

HORTENSIO
 FTLN 2633 I know her answer.
 FTLN 2634 PETRUCHIO What?
 FTLN 2635 HORTENSIO She will not. 110
 PETRUCHIO
 FTLN 2636 The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.

Enter Katherine.

BAPTISTA
 FTLN 2637 Now by my holidam, here comes Katherine!
 KATHERINE
 FTLN 2638 What is your will, sir, that you send for me?
 PETRUCHIO
 FTLN 2639 Where is your sister, and Hortensio's wife?
 KATHERINE
 FTLN 2640 They sit conferring by the parlor fire. 115
 PETRUCHIO
 FTLN 2641 Go fetch them hither. If they deny to come,
 FTLN 2642 Swinge me them soundly forth unto their husbands.
 FTLN 2643 Away, I say, and bring them hither straight.
['Katherine exits.']

LUCENTIO
 FTLN 2644 Here is a wonder, if you talk of a wonder.
 HORTENSIO
 FTLN 2645 And so it is. I wonder what it bodes. 120

PETRUCHIO

FTLN 2646 Marry, peace it bodes, and love, and quiet life,
 FTLN 2647 An awful rule, and right supremacy,
 FTLN 2648 And, to be short, what not that's sweet and happy.

BAPTISTA

FTLN 2649 Now fair befall thee, good Petruchio!
 FTLN 2650 The wager thou hast won, and I will add 125
 FTLN 2651 Unto their losses twenty thousand crowns,
 FTLN 2652 Another dowry to another daughter,
 FTLN 2653 For she is changed as she had never been.

PETRUCHIO

FTLN 2654 Nay, I will win my wager better yet,
 FTLN 2655 And show more sign of her obedience, 130
 FTLN 2656 Her new-built virtue and obedience.

Enter Katherine, Bianca, and Widow.

FTLN 2657 See where she comes, and brings your froward
 FTLN 2658 wives
 FTLN 2659 As prisoners to her womanly persuasion.—
 FTLN 2660 Katherine, that cap of yours becomes you not. 135
 FTLN 2661 Off with that bauble, throw it underfoot.

〔She obeys.〕

WIDOW

FTLN 2662 Lord, let me never have a cause to sigh
 FTLN 2663 Till I be brought to such a silly pass.

BIANCA

FTLN 2664 Fie, what a foolish duty call you this?

LUCENTIO

FTLN 2665 I would your duty were as foolish too. 140
 FTLN 2666 The wisdom of your duty, fair Bianca,
 FTLN 2667 Hath cost me 「a」 hundred crowns since supertime.

BIANCA

FTLN 2668 The more fool you for laying on my duty.

PETRUCHIO

FTLN 2669 Katherine, I charge thee tell these headstrong
 FTLN 2670 women 145
 FTLN 2671 What duty they do owe their lords and husbands.

WIDOW

FTLN 2672 Come, come, 「you're」 mocking. We will have no
FTLN 2673 telling.

PETRUCHIO

FTLN 2674 Come on, I say, and first begin with her.

FTLN 2675 WIDOW She shall not. 150

PETRUCHIO

FTLN 2676 I say she shall.—And first begin with her.

KATHERINE

FTLN 2677 Fie, fie! Unknit that threat'ning unkind brow,
FTLN 2678 And dart not scornful glances from those eyes
FTLN 2679 To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor.
FTLN 2680 It blots thy beauty as frosts do bite the meads, 155
FTLN 2681 Confounds thy fame as whirlwinds shake fair buds,
FTLN 2682 And in no sense is meet or amiable.

FTLN 2683 A woman moved is like a fountain troubled,
FTLN 2684 Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty,
FTLN 2685 And while it is so, none so dry or thirsty 160
FTLN 2686 Will deign to sip or touch one drop of it.

FTLN 2687 Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
FTLN 2688 Thy head, thy sovereign, one that cares for thee,
FTLN 2689 And for thy maintenance commits his body
FTLN 2690 To painful labor both by sea and land, 165

FTLN 2691 To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,
FTLN 2692 Whilst thou liest warm at home, secure and safe,
FTLN 2693 And craves no other tribute at thy hands
FTLN 2694 But love, fair looks, and true obedience—
FTLN 2695 Too little payment for so great a debt. 170

FTLN 2696 Such duty as the subject owes the prince,
FTLN 2697 Even such a woman oweth to her husband;
FTLN 2698 And when she is froward, peevish, sullen, sour,
FTLN 2699 And not obedient to his honest will,

FTLN 2700 What is she but a foul contending rebel 175
FTLN 2701 And graceless traitor to her loving lord?

FTLN 2702 I am ashamed that women are so simple

FTLN 2703 To offer war where they should kneel for peace,

FTLN 2704	Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway	
FTLN 2705	When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.	180
FTLN 2706	Why are our bodies soft and weak and smooth,	
FTLN 2707	Unapt to toil and trouble in the world,	
FTLN 2708	But that our soft conditions and our hearts	
FTLN 2709	Should well agree with our external parts?	
FTLN 2710	Come, come, you froward and unable worms!	185
FTLN 2711	My mind hath been as big as one of yours,	
FTLN 2712	My heart as great, my reason haply more,	
FTLN 2713	To bandy word for word and frown for frown;	
FTLN 2714	But now I see our lances are but straws,	
FTLN 2715	Our strength as weak, our weakness past compare,	190
FTLN 2716	That seeming to be most which we indeed least are.	
FTLN 2717	Then vail your stomachs, for it is no boot,	
FTLN 2718	And place your hands below your husband's foot;	
FTLN 2719	In token of which duty, if he please,	
FTLN 2720	My hand is ready, may it do him ease.	195
	PETRUCHIO	
FTLN 2721	Why, there's a wench! Come on, and kiss me, Kate.	
	<i>They kiss.</i>	
	LUCENTIO	
FTLN 2722	Well, go thy ways, old lad, for thou shalt ha't.	
	VINCENTIO	
FTLN 2723	'Tis a good hearing when children are toward.	
	LUCENTIO	
FTLN 2724	But a harsh hearing when women are froward.	
FTLN 2725	PETRUCHIO Come, Kate, we'll to bed.	200
FTLN 2726	We three are married, but you two are sped.	
FTLN 2727	<i>To Lucentio.</i> 'Twas I won the wager, though you	
FTLN 2728	hit the white,	
FTLN 2729	And being a winner, God give you good night.	
	<i>Petruchio and Katherine exit.</i>	
	HORTENSIO	
FTLN 2730	Now, go thy ways, thou hast tamed a curst shrow.	205
	LUCENTIO	
FTLN 2731	'Tis a wonder, by your leave, she will be tamed so.	
	<i>They exit.</i>	

