The TAMING of the SHREW
By William Shakespeare

Edited by Barbara A. Mowat and Paul Werstine

Folger Shakespeare Library
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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.

The New Folger Editions of Shakespeare’s plays, which are the basis for the texts realized here in digital form, are special because of their origin. The Folger Shakespeare Library in Washington, DC, is the single greatest documentary source of Shakespeare’s works. An unparalleled collection of early modern books, manuscripts, and artwork connected to Shakespeare, the Folger’s holdings have been consulted extensively in the preparation of these texts. The Editions also reflect the expertise gained through the regular performance of Shakespeare’s works in the Folger’s Elizabethan Theater.

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 exists to supplement the material in these texts. I commend to you these words, and hope that they inspire.

Michael Witmore
Director, Folger Shakespeare Library
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 blade and sword and fire to win your...”), and the kinds of signals used in much of the original Folger Shakespeare Editions. The reader of the Folger Digital Texts can learn more about the editorial process by consulting the Folger’s “Textual Introduction” by Barbara Mowat and Paul Werstine.
example, from *Henry V*: “With [blood] and sword and fire to win your 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.
BAPTISTA MINOLA, father to Katherine and Bianca
KATHERINE, his elder daughter
BIANCA, his younger daughter
PETRUCHIO, suitor to Katherine

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

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)

VINCENTIO, Lucentio’s father
TRANIO (later impersonating Lucentio)
BIONDELLO
A Merchant (later disguised as Vincentio)

GRUMIO
CURTIS
NATHANIEL
PHILLIP
JOSEPH
NICHOLAS
PETER

Widow
Tailor
Haberdasher
Officer

Servants to Baptista and Petruchio

characters in the Induction

suitors to Bianca

servants to Lucentio

servants to Petruchio
Scene 1

Enter Beggar (Christopher Sly) and Hostess.

SLY    I’ll feeze you, in faith.
HOSTESS  A pair of stocks, you rogue!
SLY     You’re a baggage! The Slys are no rogues. Look in the chronicles. We came in with Richard Conqueror. Therefore, paucas pallabris, let the world slide. Sessa!
HOSTESS  You will not pay for the glasses you have burst?
SLY     No, not a denier. Go, by [Saint] Jeronimy! Go to thy cold bed and warm thee. [He lies down.]
HOSTESS  I know my remedy. I must go fetch the headborough. [She exits.]
SLY     Third, or fourth, or fifth borough, I’ll answer him by law. I’ll not budge an inch, boy. Let him come, and kindly. Falls asleep.

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

LORD

Huntsman, I charge thee tender well my hounds. [Breathe] Merriman (the poor cur is embossed) And couple Clowder with the deep-mouthed brach. Saw’st thou not, boy, how Silver made it good At the hedge corner, in the coldest fault? I would not lose the dog for twenty pound!
FIRST HUNTSMAN

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

LORD

Thou art a fool. If Echo were as fleet,  
I would esteem him worth a dozen such.  
But sup them well, and look unto them all.  
Tomorrow I intend to hunt again.  

FIRST HUNTSMAN  I will, my lord.  

First Huntsman exits.  

LORD, noticing Sly

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

SECOND HUNTSMAN

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

LORD

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

THIRD HUNTSMAN

Believe me, lord, I think he cannot choose.  

SECOND HUNTSMAN

It would seem strange unto him when he waked.  

LORD

Even as a flatt’ring dream or worthless fancy.  
Then take him up, and manage well the jest.
Carry him gently to my fairest chamber,
And hang it round with all my wanton pictures;
Balm his foul head in warm distillèd waters,
And burn sweet wood to make the lodging sweet;
Procure me music ready when he wakes
To make a dulcet and a heavenly sound.
And if he chance to speak, be ready straight
And, with a low, submissive reverence,
Say “What is it your Honor will command?”
Let one attend him with a silver basin
Full of rosewater and bestrewed with flowers,
Another bear the ewer, the third a diaper,
And say “Will ’t please your Lordship cool your hands?”
Someone be ready with a costly suit,
And ask him what apparel he will wear.
Another tell him of his hounds and horse,
And that his lady mourns at his disease.
Persuade him that he hath been lunatic,
And when he says he is, say that he dreams,
For he is nothing but a mighty lord.
This do, and do it kindly, gentle sirs.
It will be pastime passing excellent
If it be husbanded with modesty.

THIRD HUNTSMAN

My lord, I warrant you we will play our part
As he shall think by our true diligence
He is no less than what we say he is.

LORD

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

[Sly is carried out.]
Sound trumpets [within.]

Sirrah, go see what trumpet ’tis that sounds.

[Servingman exits.]
Belike some noble gentleman that means
(Traveling some journey) to repose him here.

Enter Servingman.

How now? Who is it?

SERVINGMAN
An ’t please your Honor, players
That offer service to your Lordship.

LORD
Bid them come near.

Enter Players.

Now, fellows, you are welcome.

PLAYERS
We thank your Honor.

LORD
Do you intend to stay with me tonight?

FIRST PLAYER
So please your Lordship to accept our duty.

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

SECOND PLAYER
I think ’twas Soto that your Honor means.

LORD
’Tis very true. Thou didst it excellent.
Well, you are come to me in happy time,
The rather for I have some sport in hand
Wherein your cunning can assist me much.
There is a lord will hear you play tonight;
But I am doubtful of your modesties,
Lest, over-eying of his odd behavior
(For yet his Honor never heard a play),
You break into some merry passion,
And so offend him. For I tell you, sirs,
If you should smile, he grows impatient.
FIRST PLAYER
Fear not, my lord, we can contain ourselves
Were he the veriest antic in the world.

LORD, to a Servingman
Go, sirrah, take them to the buttery
And give them friendly welcome every one.
Let them want nothing that my house affords.

One exits with the Players.

Sirrah, go you to Bartholomew, my page,
And see him dressed in all suits like a lady.
That done, conduct him to the drunkard’s chamber,
And call him “Madam,” do him obeisance.
Tell him from me, as he will win my love,
He bear himself with honorable action,
Such as he hath observed in noble ladies
Unto their lords, by them accomplishèd.
Such duty to the drunkard let him do
With soft low tongue and lowly courtesy,
And say “What is ’t your Honor will command,
Wherein your lady and your humble wife
May show her duty and make known her love?”
And then with kind embracements, tempting kisses,
And with declining head into his bosom,
Bid him shed tears, as being overjoyed
To see her noble lord restored to health,
Who, for this seven years, hath esteemed him
No better than a poor and loathsome beggar.
And if the boy have not a woman’s gift
To rain a shower of commanded tears,
An onion will do well for such a shift,
Which (in a napkin being close conveyed)
Shall in despite enforce a watery eye.
See this dispatched with all the haste thou canst.
Anon I’ll give thee more instructions.

A Servingman exits.

I know the boy will well usurp the grace,
Voice, gait, and action of a gentlewoman.
I long to hear him call the drunkard “husband”!
And how my men will stay themselves from
laughter
When they do homage to this simple peasant,
I’ll in to counsel them. Haply my presence
May well abate the over-merry spleen
Which otherwise would grow into extremes.

They exit.\}

\Scene 2\n
Enter aloft \Christopher Sly,\ the drunkard, with
Attendants, some with apparel, basin and ewer, and
other appurtenances, and Lord \dressed as an Attendant.\}

SLY For God’s sake, a pot of small ale.
FIRST SERVINGMAN
Will ’t please your Lord drink a cup of sack?
SECOND SERVINGMAN
Will ’t please your Honor taste of these conserves?
THIRD SERVINGMAN
What raiment will your Honor wear today?
SLY I am Christophero Sly! Call not me “Honor” nor
“Lordship.” I ne’er drank sack in my life. An if you
give me any conserves, give me conserves of beef.
Ne’er ask me what raiment I’ll wear, for I have no
more doublets than backs, no more stockings than
legs, nor no more shoes than feet, nay sometime
more feet than shoes, or such shoes as my toes look
through the over-leather.

LORD, \as Attendant\}
Heaven cease this idle humor in your Honor!
O, that a mighty man of such descent,
of such possessions, and so high esteem
Should be infusèd with so foul a spirit!
SLY What, would you make me mad? Am not I Christopher Sly, old Sly’s son of Burton Heath, by birth a peddler, by education a cardmaker, by transmutation a bearherd, and now by present profession a tinker? Ask Marian Hacket, the fat alewife of Wincot, if she know me not! If she say I am not fourteen pence on the score for sheer ale, score me up for the lying’st knave in Christendom. What, I am not bestraught! Here’s—

THIRD SERVINGMAN

O, this it is that makes your lady mourn.

SECOND SERVINGMAN

O, this it is that makes your servants droop.

LORD, [as Attendant]

Hence comes it that your kindred shuns your house, As beaten hence by your strange lunacy. O noble lord, bethink thee of thy birth, Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment, Look how thy servants do attend on thee, Each in his office ready at thy beck.

Wilt thou have music? Hark, Apollo plays, And twenty cagèd nightingales do sing. Or wilt thou sleep? We’ll have thee to a couch Softer and sweeter than the lustful bed On purpose trimmed up for Semiramis. Say thou wilt walk, we will bestrew the ground. Or wilt thou ride? Thy horses shall be trapped, Their harness studded all with gold and pearl. Dost thou love hawking? Thou hast hawks will soar Above the morning lark. Or wilt thou hunt? Thy hounds shall make the welkin answer them And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth.

FIRST SERVINGMAN

Say thou wilt course. Thy greyhounds are as swift As breathèd stags, ay, fleeter than the roe.
SECOND SERVINGMAN

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

LORD, [as Attendant]

We’ll show thee Io as she was a maid
And how she was beguilèd and surprised,
As lively painted as the deed was done.

THIRD SERVINGMAN

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

LORD, [as Attendant]

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

FIRST SERVINGMAN

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

SLY

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

SECOND SERVINGMAN

Will ’t please your Mightiness to wash your hands?
O, how we joy to see your wit restored!
O, that once more you knew but what you are!
These fifteen years you have been in a dream,
Or, when you waked, so waked as if you slept.

SLY
These fifteen years! By my fay, a goodly nap.
But did I never speak of all that time?

FIRST SERVINGMAN
Oh, yes, my lord, but very idle words.
For though you lay here in this goodly chamber,
Yet would you say you were beaten out of door,
And rail upon the hostess of the house,
And say you would present her at the leet
Because she brought stone jugs and no sealed quarts.

Sometimes you would call out for Cicely Hacket.

SLY  Ay, the woman’s maid of the house.

THIRD SERVINGMAN
Why, sir, you know no house, nor no such maid,
Nor no such men as you have reckoned up,
As Stephen Sly and old John Naps of Greete,
And Peter Turph and Henry Pimpernell,
And twenty more such names and men as these,
Which never were, nor no man ever saw.

SLY  Now, Lord be thanked for my good amends!

ALL  Amen.

SLY  I thank thee. Thou shalt not lose by it.

Enter "Page as" Lady, with Attendants.

"Page, as" Lady  How fares my noble lord?
SLY  Marry, I fare well, for here is cheer enough.
Where is my wife?

"Page, as" Lady
Here, noble lord. What is thy will with her?
SLY
Are you my wife, and will not call me “husband”?
My men should call me “lord.” I am your goodman.
My husband and my lord, my lord and husband,
I am your wife in all obedience.

I know it well.—What must I call her?
“Madam.”

“Alice Madam,” or “Joan Madam”?

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

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

Ay, and the time seems thirty unto me,
Being all this time abandoned from your bed.

’Tis much.—Servants, leave me and her alone.—
Madam, undress you, and come now to bed.

Thrice noble lord, let me entreat of you
To pardon me yet for a night or two;
Or if not so, until the sun be set.
For your physicians have expressly charged,
In peril to incur your former malady,
That I should yet absent me from your bed.

I hope this reason stands for my excuse.

Ay, it stands so that I may hardly tarry so long; but
I would be loath to fall into my dreams again. I will therefore tarry in despite of the flesh and the blood.

Enter a Messenger.

Your Honor’s players, hearing your amendment,
Are come to play a pleasant comedy,
For so your doctors hold it very meet,
Seeing too much sadness hath congealed your blood,
   And melancholy is the nurse of frenzy.
Therefore they thought it good you hear a play
And frame your mind to mirth and merriment,
   Which bars a thousand harms and lengthens life.

SLY    Marry, I will. Let them play it.  [Messenger exits.]

    Is not a comonty a Christmas gambold or a tumbling trick?

PAGE, as Lady
   No, my good lord, it is more pleasing stuff.

SLY    What, household stuff?

PAGE, as Lady    It is a kind of history.

SLY    Well, we’ll see ’t. Come, madam wife, sit by my side, and let the world slip. We shall ne’er be younger.

    [They sit.]
Scene 1

Flourish. Enter Lucentio and his man Tranio.

LUCENTIO

Tranio, since for the great desire I had
To see fair Padua, nursery of arts,
I am arrived for fruitful Lombardy,
The pleasant garden of great Italy,
And by my father’s love and leave am armed
With his goodwill and thy good company.
My trusty servant well approved in all,
Here let us breathe and haply institute
A course of learning and ingenious studies.
Pisa, renownèd for grave citizens,
Gave me my being, and my father first,
A merchant of great traffic through the world,
Vincentio, come of the Bentivolii.
Vincentio’s son, brought up in Florence,
It shall become to serve all hopes conceived
To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds.
And therefore, Tranio, for the time I study
Virtue, and that part of philosophy
Will I apply that treats of happiness
By virtue specially to be achieved.
Tell me thy mind, for I have Pisa left
And am to Padua come, as he that leaves
A shallow plash to plunge him in the deep
And with satiety seeks to quench his thirst.

TRANIO

'Mi perdonato,' gentle master mine.
I am in all affected as yourself,
Glad that you thus continue your resolve
To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy.
Only, good master, while we do admire
This virtue and this moral discipline,
Let's be no stoics nor no stocks, I pray,
Or so devote to Aristotle's checks
As Ovid be an outcast quite abjured.
Balk logic with acquaintance that you have,
And practice rhetoric in your common talk;
Music and poesy use to quicken you;
The mathematics and the metaphysics—
Fall to them as you find your stomach serves you.
No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en.
In brief, sir, study what you most affect.
Gramercies, Tranio, well dost thou advise.
If, Biondello, thou wert come ashore,
We could at once put us in readiness
And take a lodging fit to entertain
Such friends as time in Padua shall beget.

Enter Baptista with his two daughters, Katherine and Bianca; Gremio, a pantaloon, and Hortensio, suitors to Bianca.

But stay awhile! What company is this?

TRANIO

Master, some show to welcome us to town.

Lucentio and Tranio stand by.

BAPTISTA, to Gremio and Hortensio

Gentlemen, importune me no farther,
For how I firmly am resolved you know:
That is, not to bestow my youngest daughter
Before I have a husband for the elder.
If either of you both love Katherine,
Because I know you well and love you well,
Leave shall you have to court her at your pleasure.

Gremio

To cart her, rather. She’s too rough for me.—
There, there, Hortensio, will you any wife?

Katherine, to Baptista

I pray you, sir, is it your will
To make a stale of me amongst these mates?

Hortensio

“Mates,” maid? How mean you that? No mates for you,
Unless you were of gentler, milder mold.

Katherine

I’ faith, sir, you shall never need to fear.
Iwis it is not halfway to her heart.
But if it were, doubt not her care should be
To comb your noddle with a three-legged stool
And paint your face and use you like a fool.

Hortensio

From all such devils, good Lord, deliver us!

Gremio

And me too, good Lord.

Tranio, aside to Lucentio

Husht, master, here’s some good pastime toward;
That wench is stark mad or wonderful froward.

Lucentio, aside to Tranio

But in the other’s silence do I see
Maid’s mild behavior and sobriety.

Peace, Tranio.

Tranio, aside to Lucentio

Well said, master. Mum, and gaze your fill.

Baptista, to Gremio and Hortensio

Gentlemen, that I may soon make good
What I have said—Bianca, get you in,
And let it not displease thee, good Bianca,
For I will love thee ne’er the less, my girl.

KATHERINE
A pretty peat! It is best
Put finger in the eye, an she knew why.

BIANCA
Sister, content you in my discontent.—
Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe.
My books and instruments shall be my company,
On them to look and practice by myself.

LUCENTIO, [aside to Tranio]
Hark, Tranio, thou mayst hear Minerva speak!

HORTENSIO
Signior Baptista, will you be so strange?
Sorry am I that our goodwill effects
Bianca’s grief.

GREMIO
Why will you mew her up,
Signior Baptista, for this fiend of hell,
And make her bear the penance of her tongue?

BAPTISTA
Gentlemen, content you. I am resolved.—
Go in, Bianca. [Bianca exits.]

And for I know she taketh most delight
In music, instruments, and poetry,
Schoolmasters will I keep within my house
Fit to instruct her youth. If you, Hortensio,
Or, Signior Gremio, you know any such,
Prefer them hither. For to cunning men
I will be very kind, and liberal
To mine own children in good bringing up.
And so, farewell.—Katherine, you may stay,
For I have more to commune with Bianca. He exits.

KATHERINE
Why, and I trust I may go too, may I not?
What, shall I be appointed hours as though, belike,
I knew not what to take and what to leave? Ha!

She exits.
Gremio: You may go to the Devil’s dam! Your gifts are so good here’s none will hold you.—Their love is not so great, Hortensio, but we may blow our nails together and fast it fairly out. Our cake’s dough on both sides. Farewell. Yet for the love I bear my sweet Bianca, if I can by any means light on a fit man to teach her that wherein she delights, I will wish him to her father.

Hortensio: So will I, Signior Gremio. But a word, I pray. Though the nature of our quarrel yet never brooked parle, know now upon advice, it toucheth us both (that we may yet again have access to our fair mistress and be happy rivals in Bianca’s love) to labor and effect one thing specially.

Gremio: What’s that, I pray?

Hortensio: Marry, sir, to get a husband for her sister.

Gremio: A husband? A devil!

Hortensio: I say “a husband.”

Gremio: I say “a devil.” Think’st thou, Hortensio, though her father be very rich, any man is so very a fool to be married to hell?

Hortensio: Tush, Gremio. Though it pass your patience and mine to endure her loud alarums, why, man, there be good fellows in the world, an a man could light on them, would take her with all faults, and money enough.

Gremio: I cannot tell. But I had as lief take her dowry with this condition: to be whipped at the high cross every morning.

Hortensio: Faith, as you say, there’s small choice in rotten apples. But come, since this bar in law makes us friends, it shall be so far forth friendly maintained till by helping Baptista’s eldest daughter to a husband we set his youngest free for a husband, and then have to ’t afresh. Sweet Bianca! Happy man be his dole! He that runs fastest gets the ring. How say you, Signior Gremio?
Gremio says to Lucentio:

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

[Gremio and Hortensio exit.

Tranio and Lucentio remain onstage.

Tranio says to Lucentio:

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

Lucentio

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

Tranio: Master, it is no time to chide you now.
Affection is not rated from the heart.
If love have touched you, naught remains but so:

Redime te captum quam queas minimo.

Lucentio:

Gramercies, lad. Go forward. This contents;
The rest will comfort, for thy counsel’s sound.

Tranio: Master, you looked so longly on the maid,
Perhaps you marked not what’s the pith of all.

Lucentio:

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

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

TRANIO

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

TRANIO, \( \text{aside} \)

Nay, then ’tis time to stir him from his trance.—
I pray, awake, sir! If you love the maid,
Bend thoughts and wits to achieve her. Thus it
stands:
Her elder sister is so curst and shrewd
That till the father rid his hands of her,
Master, your love must live a maid at home,
And therefore has he closely mewed her up,
Because she will not be annoyed with suitors.

LUCENTIO

Ah, Tranio, what a cruel father’s he!
But art thou not advised he took some care
To get her cunning schoolmasters to instruct her?

TRANIO

Ay, marry, am I, sir—and now ’tis plotted!

LUCENTIO

I have it, Tranio!

TRANIO

Master, for my hand,
Both our inventions meet and jump in one.

LUCENTIO

Tell me thine first.

TRANIO

You will be schoolmaster
And undertake the teaching of the maid:
That’s your device.

LUCENTIO

It is. May it be done?

TRANIO

Not possible. For who shall bear your part
And be in Padua here Vincentio’s son,
Keep house, and ply his book, welcome his friends,
Visit his countrymen and banquet them?

LUCENTIO

_Basta, content thee, for I have it full._
We have not yet been seen in any house,
Nor can we be distinguished by our faces
For man or master. Then it follows thus:
Thou shalt be master, Tranio, in my stead,
Keep house, and port, and servants, as I should.
I will some other be, some Florentine,
Some Neapolitan, or meaner man of Pisa.
’Tis hatched, and shall be so. Tranio, at once
Uncase thee. Take my colored hat and cloak.

_They exchange clothes._

When Biondello comes, he waits on thee,
But I will charm him first to keep his tongue.

TRANIO

So had you need.

In brief, sir, sith it your pleasure is,
And I am tied to be obedient
(For so your father charged me at our parting:
“Be serviceable to my son,” quoth he,
Although I think ’twas in another sense),
I am content to be Lucentio,
Because so well I love Lucentio.

LUCENTIO

Tranio, be so, because Lucentio loves,
And let me be a slave, t’ achieve that maid
Whose sudden sight hath thrall’d my wounded eye.

_Enter Biondello._

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

BIONDELLO

Where have I been? Nay, how now, where are you?
Master, has my fellow Tranio stolen your clothes? 
Or you stolen his? Or both? Pray, what’s the news?

LUCENTIO

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

BIONDELLO Ay, sir. [Aside.] Ne’er a whit.

LUCENTIO

And not a jot of “Tranio” in your mouth.

Tranio is changed into Lucentio.

BIONDELLO

The better for him. Would I were so too.

TRanio

So could I, faith, boy, to have the next wish after,
That Lucentio indeed had Baptista’s youngest
daughter.
But, sirrah, not for my sake, but your master’s, I
advise

You use your manners discreetly in all kind of
companies.

When I am alone, why then I am Tranio;
But in all places else, [your] master Lucentio.

LUCENTIO Tranio, let’s go. One thing more rests, that
thyself execute, to make one among these wooers. If
thou ask me why, sufficeth my reasons are both
good and weighty. [They exit.]

FIRST SERVINGMAN

My lord, you nod. You do not mind the play.
Verona, for a while I take my leave
To see my friends in Padua, but of all
My best belovèd and approvèd friend,
Hortensio. And I trow this is his house.
Here, sirrah Grumio, knock, I say.
Knock, sir? Whom should I knock? Is there
any man has rebused your Worship?
Villain, I say, knock me here soundly.
Knock you here, sir? Why, sir, what am I, sir,
that I should knock you here, sir?
Villain, I say, knock me at this gate
And rap me well, or I’ll knock your knave’s pate.
My master is grown quarrelsome. I should knock
you first,
And then I know after who comes by the worst.
Will it not be?
Faith, sirrah, an you’ll not knock, I’ll ring it.
I’ll try how you can sol, fa, and sing it.
He wrings him by the ears. ‘Grumio falls.’
Help, mistress, help! My master is mad.
Now knock when I bid you, sirrah
villain.
Enter Hortensio.

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

PETRUCHIO

Signior Hortensio, come you to part the fray?

‘Con tutto il cuore ben trovato,’ may I say.

HORTENSIO    Alia nostra casa ben venuto, molto honorato signor mio Petruchio.—Rise, Grumio, rise. We will compound this quarrel.

GRUMIO      Nay, ’tis no matter, sir, what he ’leges in Latin. If this be not a lawful cause for me to leave his service—look you, sir: he bid me knock him and rap him soundly, sir. Well, was it fit for a servant to use his master so, being perhaps, for aught I see, two-and-thirty, a pip out?

Whom, would to God, I had well knocked at first, Then had not Grumio come by the worst.

PETRUCHIO

A senseless villain, good Hortensio.

I bade the rascal knock upon your gate

And could not get him for my heart to do it.

GRUMIO      Knock at the gate? O, heavens, spake you not these words plain: “Sirrah, knock me here, rap me here, knock me well, and knock me soundly”? And come you now with “knocking at the gate”?

PETRUCHIO

Sirrah, begone, or talk not, I advise you.

HORTENSIO    Petruochio, patience. I am Grumio’s pledge.

Why, this’ a heavy chance ’twixt him and you, Your ancient, trusty, pleasant servant Grumio.

And tell me now, sweet friend, what happy gale Blows you to Padua here from old Verona?

PETRUCHIO

Such wind as scatters young men through the world
To seek their fortunes farther than at home,
Where small experience grows. But in a few,
Signior Hortensio, thus it stands with me:
Antonio, my father, is deceased,
And I have thrust myself into this maze,
Happily to wive and thrive, as best I may.
Crowns in my purse I have and goods at home,
And so am come abroad to see the world.

HORTENSIO

Petruchio, shall I then come roundly to thee
And wish thee to a shrewd ill-favored wife?
Thou 'dst thank me but a little for my counsel—
And yet I'll promise thee she shall be rich,
And very rich. But thou 'rt too much my friend,
And I’ll not wish thee to her.

PETRUCHIO

Signior Hortensio, ’twixt such friends as we
Few words suffice. And therefore, if thou know
One rich enough to be Petruchio’s wife
(As wealth is burden of my wooing dance),
Be she as foul as was Florentius’ love,
As old as Sibyl, and as curst and shrewd
As Socrates’ Xanthippe, or a worse,
She moves me not, or not removes at least
Affection’s edge in me, were she as rough
As are the swelling Adriatic seas.
I come to wive it wealthily in Padua;
If wealthily, then happily in Padua.

GRUMIO, [to Hortensio]
Nay, look you, sir, he tells you
flatly what his mind is. Why, give him gold enough
and marry him to a puppet or an aglet-baby, or an
old trot with ne’er a tooth in her head, though she
have as many diseases as two-and-fifty horses. Why,
nothing comes amiss, so money comes withal.

HORTENSIO

Petruchio, since we are stepped thus far in,
I will continue that I broached in jest.
I can, Petruchio, help thee to a wife
With wealth enough, and young and beauteous,
Brought up as best becomes a gentlewoman.
Her only fault, and that is faults enough,
Is that she is intolerable curst,
And shrewd, and froward, so beyond all measure
That, were my state far worser than it is,
I would not wed her for a mine of gold.

PETRUCHIO

Hortensio, peace. Thou know’st not gold’s effect.
Tell me her father’s name, and ’tis enough;
For I will board her, though she chide as loud
As thunder when the clouds in autumn crack.

HORTENSIO

Her father is Baptista Minola,
An affable and courteous gentleman.
Her name is Katherina Minola,
Renowned in Padua for her scolding tongue.

PETRUCHIO

I know her father, though I know not her,
And he knew my deceasèd father well.
I will not sleep, Hortensio, till I see her,
And therefore let me be thus bold with you
To give you over at this first encounter—
Unless you will accompany me thither.

GRUMIO, "to Hortensio" I pray you, sir, let him go while
the humor lasts. O’ my word, an she knew him as
well as I do, she would think scolding would do little
good upon him. She may perhaps call him half a
score knaves or so. Why, that’s nothing; an he begin
once, he’ll rail in his rope tricks. I’ll tell you what,
sir, an she stand him but a little, he will throw a
figure in her face and so disfigure her with it that
she shall have no more eyes to see withal than a cat.
You know him not, sir.
GRUMIO

Tarry, Petruchio. I must go with thee, 110  
For in Baptista’s keep my treasure is.  
He hath the jewel of my life in hold,  
His youngest daughter, beautiful Bianca,  
And her withholds from me and other more,  
Suitors to her and rivals in my love,  
Supposing it a thing impossible,  
For those defects I have before rehearsed,  
That ever Katherina will be wooed.  
Therefore this order hath Baptista ta’en,  
Till Katherine the curst have got a husband.  
"Katherine the curst,"  
A title for a maid, of all titles the worst.  

Hortensio

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

Enter Gremio and Lucentio, disguised as Cambio, a schoolmaster.

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

Hortensio

Peace, Grumio, it is the rival of my love.  
Petruchio, stand by awhile.  

A proper stripling, and an amorous.
The Taming of the Shrew

Act 1, Scene 2

Lucentio, to Lucentio

O, very well, I have perused the note.
Hark you, sir, I'll have them very fairly bound,
All books of love. See that at any hand,
And see you read no other lectures to her.
You understand me. Over and beside
Signior Baptista's liberality,
I'll mend it with a largess. Take your paper too.
And let me have them very well perfumed,
For she is sweeter than perfume itself
To whom they go to. What will you read to her?

Luciento, as Cambio

Whate'er I read to her, I'll plead for you
As for my patron, stand you so assured,
As firmly as yourself were still in place,
Yea, and perhaps with more successful words
Than you—unless you were a scholar, sir.

Gremio

O this learning, what a thing it is!

Grumio, aside

O this woodcock, what an ass it is!

Petrucho, aside Peace, sirrah.

Hortensio, aside

Grumio, mum. Coming forward.

Gremio

And you are well met, Signior Hortensio.
Trow you whither I am going? To Baptista Minola.
I promised to enquire carefully
About a schoolmaster for the fair Bianca,
And by good fortune I have lighted well
On this young man, for learning and behavior
Fit for her turn, well read in poetry
And other books—good ones, I warrant you.

Hortensio

'Tis well. And I have met a gentleman
Hath promised me to help me to another,
A fine musician to instruct our mistress.
So shall I no whit be behind in duty
To fair Bianca, so beloved of me.

Gremio
Beloved of me, and that my deeds shall prove.

Grumio, aside
And that his bags shall prove.

Hortensio
Gremio, ’tis now no time to vent our love.

Listen to me, and if you speak me fair
I’ll tell you news indifferent good for either.

[Presenting Petruchio.]

Here is a gentleman whom by chance I met,
Upon agreement from us to his liking,
Will undertake to woo curst Katherine,
Yea, and to marry her, if her dowry please.

Gremio
So said, so done, is well.

Hortensio, have you told him all her faults?

Petruchio
I know she is an irksome, brawling scold.

If that be all, masters, I hear no harm.

Gremio
No? Sayst me so, friend? What countryman?

Petruchio
Born in Verona, old Antonio’s son.

My father dead, my fortune lives for me,
And I do hope good days and long to see.

Gremio
Oh, sir, such a life with such a wife were strange.

But if you have a stomach, to ’t, i’ God’s name!

You shall have me assisting you in all.

But will you woo this wildcat?

Petruchio
Will I live?

Grumio
Will he woo her? Ay, or I’ll hang her.
PETRUCHIO

Why came I hither but to that intent?
Think you a little din can daunt mine ears?
Have I not in my time heard lions roar?
Have I not heard the sea, puffed up with winds,
Rage like an angry boar chafèd with sweat?
Have I not heard great ordnance in the field
And heaven’s artillery thunder in the skies?
Have I not in a pitchèd battle heard
Loud ’larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets clang?
And do you tell me of a woman’s tongue,
That gives not half so great a blow to hear
As will a chestnut in a farmer’s fire?
Tush, tush, fear boys with bugs!

GRUMIO

For he fears none.

GREMIO

Hortensio, hark.

This gentleman is happily arrived,
My mind presumes, for his own good and yours.

HORTENSIO

I promised we would be contributors
And bear his charge of wooing whatsoe’er.

GREMIO

And so we will, provided that he win her.

GRUMIO

I would I were as sure of a good dinner.

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

TRANIO, [as Lucentio]

Gentlemen, God save you. If I may be bold,
Tell me, I beseech you, which is the readiest way
To the house of Signior Baptista Minola?

BIONDELLO

He that has the two fair daughters—is ’t
he you mean?

TRANIO, [as Lucentio]

Even he, Biondello.

GREMIO

Hark you, sir, you mean not her to—
Perhaps him and her, sir. What have you to do?

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

I love no chiders, sir. Biondello, let’s away.

Well begun, Tranio.

Sir, a word ere you go.

Are you a suitor to the maid you talk of, yea or no?

An if I be, sir, is it any offense?

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

Why sir, I pray, are not the streets as free

For me, as for you?

But so is not she.

For what reason, I beseech you?

For this reason, if you’ll know:

That she’s the choice love of Signior Gremio.

That she’s the chosen of Signior Hortensio.

Softly, my masters. If you be gentlemen,

Do me this right: hear me with patience.

Baptista is a noble gentleman

To whom my father is not all unknown,
And were his daughter fairer than she is,

She may more suitors have, and me for one.

Fair Leda’s daughter had a thousand wooers.

Then well one more may fair Bianca have.

And so she shall. Lucentio shall make one,
Though Paris came in hope to speed alone.
LUCENTIO, "as Cambio"
Sir, give him head; I know he’ll prove a jade.

PETRUCHIO
Hortensio, to what end are all these words?

HORTENSIO, "to Tranio"
Sir, let me be so bold as ask you,
Did you yet ever see Baptista’s daughter?

TRANIO, "as Lucentio"
No, sir, but hear I do that he hath two,
The one as famous for a scolding tongue
As is the other for beauteous modesty.

PETRUCHIO
Sir, sir, the first’s for me; let her go by.

GREMIO
Yea, leave that labor to great Hercules,
And let it be more than Alcides’ twelve.

PETRUCHIO, "to Tranio"
Sir, understand you this of me, in sooth:
The youngest daughter, whom you hearken for,
Her father keeps from all access of suitors
And will not promise her to any man
Until the elder sister first be wed.
The younger then is free, and not before.

TRANIO, "as Lucentio"
If it be so, sir, that you are the man
Must stead us all, and me amongst the rest,
And if you break the ice and do this feat,
Achieve the elder, set the younger free
For our access, whose hap shall be to have her
Will not so graceless be to be ingrate.

HORTENSIO
Sir, you say well, and well you do conceive.
And since you do profess to be a suitor,
You must, as we do, gratify this gentleman,
To whom we all rest generally beholding.
TRANIO, \textit{as Lucentio}\\
Sir, I shall not be slack; in sign whereof,  
Please you we may contrive this afternoon  
And quaff carouses to our mistress’ health,  
And do as adversaries do in law,  
Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.  

GRUMIO \textit{and} BIONDELLO\textit{, as Lucentio}\\
O excellent motion! Fellows, let’s be gone.  

HORTENSIO\textit{, as Lucentio}\\
The motion’s good indeed, and be it so.—  
Petruchio, I shall be your \textit{benvenuto}.  

\textit{They exit.}
Scene 1

Enter Katherine and Bianca with her hands tied.

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

KATHERINE
Of all thy suitors here I charge thee tell
Whom thou lov’st best. See thou dissemble not.

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

KATHERINE
Minion, thou liest. Is ’t not Hortensio?

BIANCA
If you affect him, sister, here I swear
I’ll plead for you myself, but you shall have him.

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

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The Taming of the Shrew

ACT 2. SC. 1

KATHERINE

He unties her hands.

KATHERINE

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

Enter Baptista.

BAPTISTA

Why, how now, dame, whence grows this insolence?—

Baptista, stand aside.—Poor girl, she weeps!

He unties her hands.

To Bianca. Go ply thy needle; meddle not with her.

To Katherine. For shame, thou hilding of a devilish spirit!

Why dost thou wrong her that did ne’er wrong thee?

When did she cross thee with a bitter word?

KATHERINE

Her silence flouts me, and I’ll be revenged!

She flies after Bianca.

KATHERINE

What, in my sight?—Bianca, get thee in.

Bianca exits.

KATHERINE

What, will you not suffer me? Nay, now I see

She is your treasure, she must have a husband,

I must dance barefoot on her wedding day

And, for your love to her, lead apes in hell.

Talk not to me. I will go sit and weep

Till I can find occasion of revenge.

She exits.

BAPTISTA

Was ever gentleman thus grieved as I?

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.

GREMIO   Good morrow, neighbor Baptista.
BAPTISTA   Good morrow, neighbor Gremio.—God save you, gentlemen.

PETRUCHIO

And you, good sir. Pray, have you not a daughter Called Katherina, fair and virtuous?

BAPTISTA

I have a daughter, sir, called Katherina.

GREMIO, [to Petruchio]

You are too blunt. Go to it orderly.

PETRUCHIO

You wrong me, Signior Gremio. Give me leave.—

I am a gentleman of Verona, sir,

That hearing of her beauty and her wit,

Her affability and bashful modesty,

Her wondrous qualities and mild behavior,

Am bold to show myself a forward guest

Within your house, to make mine eye the witness

Of that report which I so oft have heard,

And, for an entrance to my entertainment,

I do present you with a man of mine,

[Presenting Hortensio, disguised as Litio]

Cunning in music and the mathematics,

To instruct her fully in those sciences,

Whereof I know she is not ignorant.

Accept of him, or else you do me wrong.

His name is Litio, born in Mantua.

BAPTISTA

You’re welcome, sir, and he for your good sake.
But for my daughter Katherine, this I know,  
She is not for your turn, the more my grief.

PETRUCHIO

I see you do not mean to part with her,  
Or else you like not of my company.

BAPTISTA

Mistake me not. I speak but as I find.  
Whence are you, sir? What may I call your name?

PETRUCHIO

Petruchio is my name, Antonio’s son,  
A man well known throughout all Italy.

BAPTISTA

I know him well. You are welcome for his sake.

GREMIO

Saving your tale, Petruchio, I pray  
Let us that are poor petitioners speak too!

PETRUCHIO

O, pardon me, Signior Gremio, I would fain be  
doing.

GREMIO

I doubt it not, sir. But you will curse your wooing.

「To Baptista. Neighbor,」 this is a gift very grateful,  
I am sure of it. To express the like kindness, myself,  
that have been more kindly beholding to you than  
any, freely give unto 「you」 this young scholar 「presenting  
Lucentio, disguised as Cambio」 that hath  
been long studying at Rheims, as cunning in Greek,  
Latin, and other languages as the other in music and  
mathematics. His name is Cambio. Pray accept his  
service.

BAPTISTA  A thousand thanks, Signior Gremio.—Welcome,  
good Cambio. 「To Tranio as Lucentio.」 But,  
gentle sir, methinks you walk like a stranger. May I  
be so bold to know the cause of your coming?
TRANIO, "as Lucentio"

Pardon me, sir, the boldness is mine own,
That being a stranger in this city here
Do make myself a suitor to your daughter,
Unto Bianca, fair and virtuous.
Nor is your firm resolve unknown to me,
In the preferment of the eldest sister.
This liberty is all that I request,
That, upon knowledge of my parentage,
I may have welcome ’mongst the rest that woo
And free access and favor as the rest.
And toward the education of your daughters
I here bestow a simple instrument
And this small packet of Greek and Latin books.
If you accept them, then their worth is great.

BAPTISTA

Lucentio is your name. Of whence, I pray?

TRANIO, "as Lucentio"

Of Pisa, sir, son to Vincentio.

BAPTISTA

A mighty man of Pisa. By report
I know him well. You are very welcome, sir.

"To Hortensio as Litio." Take you the lute,
"To Lucentio as Cambio." and you the set of books.
You shall go see your pupils presently.
Holla, within!

Enter a Servant.

Sirrah, lead these gentlemen
To my daughters, and tell them both
These are their tutors. Bid them use them well.
"Servant exits with Hortensio and Lucentio."

We will go walk a little in the orchard,
And then to dinner. You are passing welcome,
And so I pray you all to think yourselves.
PETRUCHIO

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

BAPTISTA

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

PETRUCHIO

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

BAPTISTA

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

PETRUCHIO

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

BAPTISTA

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

PETRUCHIO

Ay, to the proof, as mountains are for winds,
That shakes not, though they blow perpetually.
Enter Hortensio \(\text{as Litio}\) with his head broke.

BAPTISTA

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

HORTENSIO, \(\text{as Litio}\)

For fear, I promise you, if I look pale.

BAPTISTA

What, will my daughter prove a good musician?

HORTENSIO, \(\text{as Litio}\)

I think she’ll sooner prove a soldier!

Iron may hold with her, but never lutes.

BAPTISTA

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

HORTENSIO, \(\text{as Litio}\)

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

I did but tell her she mistook her frets,

And bowed her hand to teach her fingering,

When, with a most impatient devilish spirit,

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

And with that word she struck me on the head,

And through the instrument my pate made way,

And there I stood amazèd for a while,

As on a pillory, looking through the lute,

While she did call me “rascal fiddler,”

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

As had she studied to misuse me so.

PETRUCHIO

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

I love her ten times more than ere I did.

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

BAPTISTA, \(\text{to Hortensio as Litio}\)

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

Proceed in practice with my younger daughter.

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

Signior Petruchio, will you go with us,

Or shall I send my daughter Kate to you?
PETRUCHIO

I pray you do. I’ll attend her here—

_All but Petruchio exit._

And woo her with some spirit when she comes!

Say that she rail, why then I’ll tell her plain

She sings as sweetly as a nightingale.

Say that she frown, I’ll say she looks as clear

As morning roses newly washed with dew.

Say she be mute and will not speak a word,

Then I’ll commend her volubility

And say she uttereth piercing eloquence.

If she do bid me pack, I’ll give her thanks

As though she bid me stay by her a week.

If she deny to wed, I’ll crave the day

When I shall ask the banns, and when be marrièd.

But here she comes—and now, Petruchio, speak.

_Enter Katherine._

Good morrow, Kate, for that’s your name, I hear.

KATHERINE

Well have you heard, but something hard of hearing.

They call me Katherine that do talk of me.

PETRUCHIO

You lie, in faith, for you are called plain Kate,

And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst.

But Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom,

Kate of Kate Hall, my super-dainty Kate

(For dainties are all Kates)—and therefore, Kate,

Take this of me, Kate of my consolation:

Hearing thy mildness praised in every town,

Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded

(Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs),

Myself am moved to woo thee for my wife.

KATHERINE

“Moved,” in good time! Let him that moved you

hither
Remove you hence. I knew you at the first
You were a movable.

PETRUCHIO
Why, what's a movable?

KATHERINE A joint stool.

PETRUCHIO
Thou hast hit it. Come, sit on me.

KATHERINE
Asses are made to bear, and so are you.

PETRUCHIO
Women are made to bear, and so are you.

KATHERINE
No such jade as you, if me you mean.

PETRUCHIO
Alas, good Kate, I will not burden thee,
For knowing thee to be but young and light—

KATHERINE
Too light for such a swain as you to catch,
And yet as heavy as my weight should be.

PETRUCHIO
"Should be"—should buzz!

KATHERINE Well ta'en, and like a
buzzard.

PETRUCHIO
O slow-winged turtle, shall a buzzard take thee?

KATHERINE
Ay, for a turtle, as he takes a buzzard.

PETRUCHIO
Come, come, you wasp! I' faith, you are too angry.

KATHERINE
If I be waspish, best beware my sting.

PETRUCHIO
My remedy is then to pluck it out.

KATHERINE
Ay, if the fool could find it where it lies.
PETRUCHIO

Who knows not where a wasp does wear his sting?
In his tail.

KATHERINE In his tongue.

PETRUCHIO Whose tongue?

KATHERINE Yours, if you talk of tales, and so farewell.

PETRUCHIO What, with my tongue in your tail?

KATHERINE Nay, come again, good Kate. I am a gentleman—

PETRUCHIO That I’ll try. She strikes him.

PETRUCHIO I swear I’ll cuff you if you strike again.

KATHERINE So may you lose your arms.

PETRUCHIO If you strike me, you are no gentleman,
And if no gentleman, why then no arms.

PETRUCHIO A herald, Kate? O, put me in thy books.

KATHERINE What is your crest? A coxcomb?

PETRUCHIO A combless cock, so Kate will be my hen.

KATHERINE No cock of mine. You crow too like a craven.

PETRUCHIO Nay, come, Kate, come. You must not look so sour.

KATHERINE It is my fashion when I see a crab.

PETRUCHIO Why, here’s no crab, and therefore look not sour.

KATHERINE There is, there is.

PETRUCHIO Then show it me.

KATHERINE Had I a glass, I would.

PETRUCHIO What, you mean my face?

KATHERINE Well aimed of such a young one.

PETRUCHIO Now, by Saint George, I am too young for you.
Yet you are withered.

’Tis with cares.

I care not.

Nay, hear you, Kate—in sooth, you ’scape not so.

I chafe you if I tarry. Let me go.

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

’Twas told me you were rough, and coy, and sullen,
And now I find report a very liar.

For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing
courteous,

But slow in speech, yet sweet as springtime flowers.

Thou canst not frown, thou canst not look askance,

Nor bite the lip as angry wenches will,

Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross in talk.

But thou with mildness entertain’st thy wooers,

With gentle conference, soft, and affable.

Why does the world report that Kate doth limp?

O sland’rous world! Kate like the hazel twig

Is straight, and slender, and as brown in hue

As hazelnuts, and sweeter than the kernels.

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

Go, fool, and whom thou keep’st command.

Did ever Dian so become a grove

As Kate this chamber with her princely gait?

O, be thou Dian and let her be Kate,

And then let Kate be chaste and Dian sportful.

Where did you study all this goodly speech?

It is extempore, from my mother wit.
KATHERINE

A witty mother, witless else her son.

PETRUCHIO  Am I not wise?

KATHERINE  Yes, keep you warm.

PETRUCHIO

Marry, so I mean, sweet Katherine, in thy bed.
And therefore, setting all this chat aside,
Thus in plain terms: your father hath consented
That you shall be my wife, your dowry ’greed on,
And, will you, nill you, I will marry you.

Now, Kate, I am a husband for your turn,
For by this light, whereby I see thy beauty,
Thy beauty that doth make me like thee well,
Thou must be married to no man but me.

For I am he am born to tame you, Kate,
And bring you from a wild Kate to a Kate
Conformable as other household Kates.

Enter Baptista, Gremio, and Tranio as Lucentio.

Here comes your father. Never make denial.
I must and will have Katherine to my wife.

BAPTISTA

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

PETRUCHIO  How but well, sir? How but well?

It were impossible I should speed amiss.

BAPTISTA

Why, how now, daughter Katherine? In your dumps?

KATHERINE

Call you me daughter? Now I promise you
You have showed a tender fatherly regard,
To wish me wed to one half lunatic,
A madcap ruffian and a swearing Jack,
That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.
PETRUCHIO

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

KATHERINE

I'll see thee hanged on Sunday first.

GREMIO

Hark, Petruchio, she says she’ll see thee
hanged first.

TRANIO ['as Lucentio]

Is this your speeding? Nay, then, goodnight our part.

PETRUCHIO

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

BAPTISTA

I know not what to say, but give me your hands.
God send you joy, Petruchio. ’Tis a match.
PETRUCHIO

Father, and wife, and gentlemen, adieu.
I will to Venice. Sunday comes apace.
We will have rings, and things, and fine array,
And kiss me, Kate. We will be married o’ Sunday.

Petruchio and Katherine exit
through different doors.

GREMIO

Amen, say we. We will be witnesses.

BAPTISTA

Father, and wife, and gentlemen, adieu.
I will to Venice. Sunday comes apace.
We will have rings, and things, and fine array,
And kiss me, Kate. We will be married o’ Sunday.

Was ever match clapped up so suddenly?

BAPTISTA

Faith, gentlemen, now I play a merchant’s part
And venture madly on a desperate mart.

TRANIO

’Twas a commodity lay fretting by you.
’Twill bring you gain, or perish on the seas.

The gain I seek, is quiet in the match.

GREMIO

No doubt but he hath got a quiet catch.
But now, Baptista, to your younger daughter.
Now is the day we long have lookèd for.
I am your neighbor and was suitor first.

And I am one that love Bianca more
Than words can witness or your thoughts can guess.

Youngling, thou canst not love so dear as I.

Graybeard, thy love doth freeze.

But thine doth fry!

Skipper, stand back. ’Tis age that nourisheth.

But youth in ladies’ eyes that flourisheth.
BAPTISTA
Content you, gentlemen. I will compound this strife.
'Tis deeds must win the prize, and he of both
That can assure my daughter greatest dower
Shall have my Bianca’s love.
Say, Signior Gremio, what can you assure her?

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

TRANIO, 'as Lucentio'
That “only” came well in. 'To Baptista.' Sir, list to me:
I am my father’s heir and only son.
If I may have your daughter to my wife,
I’ll leave her houses three or four as good,
Within rich Pisa walls, as any one
Old Signior Gremio has in Padua,
Besides two thousand ducats by the year
Of fruitful land, all which shall be her jointure.—
What, have I pinched you, Signior Gremio?
The Taming of the Shrew

Gremio

Two thousand ducats by the year of land?

Aside. My land amounts not to so much in all.—

That she shall have, besides an argosy

That now is lying in Marcellus’ road.

To Tranio. What, have I choked you with an argosy?

Tranio, as Lucentio

Gremio, ’tis known my father hath no less

Than three great argosies, besides two galliasses

And twelve tight galleys. These I will assure her,

And twice as much whate’er thou off’rest next.

Gremio

Nay, I have offered all. I have no more,

And she can have no more than all I have.

To Baptista. If you like me, she shall have me and

mine.

Tranio, as Lucentio

Why, then, the maid is mine from all the world,

By your firm promise. Gremio is outvied.

Baptista

I must confess your offer is the best,

And, let your father make her the assurance,

She is your own; else, you must pardon me.

If you should die before him, where’s her dower?

Tranio, as Lucentio

That’s but a cavil. He is old, I young.

Gremio

And may not young men die as well as old?

Baptista

Well, gentlemen, I am thus resolved:

On Sunday next, you know

My daughter Katherine is to be married.

To Tranio as Lucentio. Now, on the Sunday

following, shall Bianca

Be bride to you, if you make this assurance.

If not, to Signior Gremio.

And so I take my leave, and thank you both.
GREMIO

     Adieu, good neighbor.  \( \text{Baptista}\) exits.
     Now I fear thee not.
     Sirrah young gamester, your father were a fool
     To give thee all and in his waning age
     Set foot under thy table. Tut, a toy!
     An old Italian fox is not so kind, my boy.
     \( \text{Gremio}\) exits.

TRANIO

     A vengeance on your crafty withered hide!—
     Yet I have faced it with a card of ten.
     'Tis in my head to do my master good.
     I see no reason but supposed Lucentio
     Must get a father, called “supposed Vincentio”—
     And that's a wonder. Fathers commonly
     Do get their children. But in this case of wooing,
     A child shall get a sire, if I fail not of my cunning.

     \( \text{He exits.} \)
LUCENTIO, \textit{as Cambio}\]
Fiddler, forbear. You grow too forward, sir.
Have you so soon forgot the entertainment
Her sister Katherine welcomed you withal?

HORTENSIO, \textit{as Litio}\]
But, wrangling pedant, this is
The patroness of heavenly harmony.
Then give me leave to have prerogative,
And when in music we have spent an hour,
Your lecture shall have leisure for as much.

LUCENTIO, \textit{as Cambio}\]
Preposterous ass, that never read so far
To know the cause why music was ordained.
Was it not to refresh the mind of man
After his studies or his usual pain?
Then give me leave to read philosophy,
And, while I pause, serve in your harmony.

HORTENSIO, \textit{as Litio}\]
Sirrah, I will not bear these braves of thine.

BIANCA
Why, gentlemen, you do me double wrong
To strive for that which resteth in my choice.
I am no breeching scholar in the schools.
I’ll not be tied to hours, nor ’pointed times,
But learn my lessons as I please myself.
And, to cut off all strife, here sit we down.

[To Hortensio.] Take you your instrument, play you
the whiles;
His lecture will be done ere you have tuned.

HORTENSIO, [as Litio]
You’ll leave his lecture when I am in tune?

LUCENTIO, [aside]
That will be never. [To Hortensio.] Tune your
instrument. [Hortensio steps aside to tune his lute.]

BIANCA Where left we last?
LUCENTIO, [as Cambio] Here, madam:

Showing her a book.

Hic ibat Simois, hic est Sigeia tellus,
Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis.

BIANCA Conster them.
LUCENTIO Hic ibat, as I told you before, Simois, I am
Lucentio, hic est, son unto Vincentio of Pisa,
Sigeia tellus, disguised thus to get your love, Hic
steterat, and that “Lucentio” that comes a-wooing,
Priami, is my man Tranio, regia, bearing my port,
celsa senis, that we might beguile the old pantaloon.

HORTENSIO, [as Litio] Madam, my instrument’s in
tune.

BIANCA Let’s hear. [He plays.] Oh fie, the treble jars!
LUCENTIO, [as Cambio] Spit in the hole, man, and tune
again. [Hortensio tunes his lute again.]

BIANCA Now let me see if I can conster it. Hic ibat
Simois, I know you not; hic est Sigeia tellus, I trust
you not; Hic steterat Priami, take heed he hear us
not; regia, presume not; celsa senis, despair not.

HORTENSIO, [as Litio]
Madam, ’tis now in tune. [He plays again.]

LUCENTIO, [as Cambio] All but the bass.
HORTENSIO, as [Litio]
The bass is right. ’Tis the base knave that jars.
'Aside.' How fiery and forward our pedant is.
Now for my life the knave doth court my love!
*Pedascule*, I'll watch you better yet.

**BIANCA, to Lucentio**

In time I may believe, yet I mistrust.

**LUCENTIO**

Mistrust it not, for sure Aeacides
Was Ajax, called so from his grandfather.

**BIANCA**

I must believe my master; else, I promise you,
I should be arguing still upon that doubt.

But let it rest.—Now, Litio, to you.

Good master, take it not unkindly, pray,
That I have been thus pleasant with you both.

**HORTENSIO, as Litio, to Lucentio**

You may go walk, and give me leave awhile.
My lessons make no music in three parts.

**LUCENTIO, as Cambio**

Are you so formal, sir? Well, I must wait

*'Aside.'* And watch withal, for, but I be deceived,

Our fine musician groweth amorous.

*'He steps aside.'*

**HORTENSIO, as Litio**

Madam, before you touch the instrument,
To learn the order of my fingering
I must begin with rudiments of art,
To teach you gamut in a briefer sort,
More pleasant, pithy, and effectual
Than hath been taught by any of my trade.
And there it is in writing fairly drawn.

**BIANCA**

Why, I am past my gamut long ago.

**HORTENSIO**

Yet read the gamut of Hortensio.

*'Giving her a paper.'*
BIANCA reads

"Gamut I am, the ground of all accord:

A re, to plead Hortensio’s passion;

B mi, Bianca, take him for thy lord,

C fa ut, that loves with all affection;

D sol re, one clef, two notes have I;

E la mi, show pity or I die."

Call you this “gamut”? Tut, I like it not.

Old fashions please me best. I am not so nice

To change true rules for odd inventions.

Enter a Servant.

SERVANT

Mistress, your father prays you leave your books

And help to dress your sister’s chamber up.

You know tomorrow is the wedding day.

BIANCA

Farewell, sweet masters both. I must be gone.

LUCENTIO

Faith, mistress, then I have no cause to stay.

[Bianca, the Servant, and Lucentio exit.]

HORTENSIO

But I have cause to pry into this pedant.

Methinks he looks as though he were in love.

Yet if thy thoughts, Bianca, be so humble

To cast thy wand’ring eyes on every stale,

Seize thee that list! If once I find thee ranging,

Hortensio will be quit with thee by changing.

He exits.

Scene 2

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

BAPTISTA, to Tranio

Signior Lucentio, this is the ’pointed day
That Katherine and Petruchio should be married,
And yet we hear not of our son-in-law.
What will be said? What mockery will it be,
To want the bridegroom when the priest attends
To speak the ceremonial rites of marriage?
What says Lucentio to this shame of ours?

KATHERINE

No shame but mine. I must, forsooth, be forced
To give my hand, opposed against my heart,
Unto a mad-brain rudesby, full of spleen,
Who wooed in haste and means to wed at leisure.
I told you, I, he was a frantic fool,
Hiding his bitter jests in blunt behavior,
And, to be noted for a merry man,
He’ll woo a thousand, ’point the day of marriage,
Make friends, invite, and proclaim the banns,
Yet never means to wed where he hath wooed.
Now must the world point at poor Katherine
And say “Lo, there is mad Petruchio’s wife,
If it would please him come and marry her.”

TRANIO, [as Lucentio]

Patience, good Katherine, and Baptista too.
Upon my life, Petruchio means but well,
Whatever fortune stays him from his word.
Though he be blunt, I know him passing wise;
Though he be merry, yet withal he’s honest.

KATHERINE

Would Katherine had never seen him, though!

She exits weeping.

BAPTISTA

Go, girl. I cannot blame thee now to weep,
For such an injury would vex a very saint,
Much more a shrew of [thy] impatient humor.

Enter Biondello.

BIONDELLO  Master, master, news! And such [old]
news as you never heard of!
BAPTISTA

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

BIONDELLO Why, is it not news to hear of Petruchio's coming?

BAPTISTA Is he come?

BIONDELLO Why, no, sir.

What then?

BIONDELLO He is coming.

BAPTISTA When will he be here?

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

TRANIO as Lucentio But say, what to thine old news?

BIONDELLO Why, Petruchio is coming in a new hat and an old jerkin, a pair of old breeches thrice turned, a pair of boots that have been candle-cases, one buckled, another laced; an old rusty sword ta'en out of the town armory, with a broken hilt, and chapeless; with two broken points; his horse hipped, with an old mothy saddle and stirrups of no kindred, besides possessed with the glanders and like to mose in the chine, troubled with the lampass, infected with the fashions, full of windgalls, sped with spavins, rayed with the yellows, past cure of the fives, stark spoiled with the stagers, begnawn with the bots, swayed in the back and shoulder-shotten, near-legged before, and with a half-checked bit and a headstall of sheep's leather, which, being restrained to keep him from stumbling, hath been often burst, and now repaired with knots; one girth six times pieced, and a woman's crupper of velour, which hath two letters for her name fairly set down in studs, and here and there pieced with packthread.

BAPTISTA Who comes with him?
TRANIO, "as Lucentio"

'Tis some odd humor pricks him to this fashion,
Yet oftentimes he goes but mean-apparelled.

BAPTISTA

I am glad he’s come, howsoe’er he comes.

BIONDELLO

Why, sir, he comes not.

BAPTISTA

Didst thou not say he comes?

BIONDELLO

Who? That Petruchio came?

BAPTISTA

Ay, that Petruchio came!

BIONDELLO

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

BAPTISTA

Why, that’s all one.

BIONDELLO

Nay, by Saint Jamy.
I hold you a penny,
A horse and a man
Is more than one,
And yet not many.

Enter Petruchio and Grumio.

PETRUCHIO

Come, where be these gallants? Who’s at home?

BAPTISTA

You are welcome, sir.

PETRUCHIO

And yet I come not well.

BAPTISTA

And yet you halt not.

TRANIO, "as Lucentio"

Not so well appareled as I wish you were.

PETRUCHIO

Were it better I should rush in thus—
BAPTISTA

Why, sir, you know this is your wedding day.
First were we sad, fearing you would not come,
Now sadder that you come so unprovided.
Fie, doff this habit, shame to your estate,
An eyesore to our solemn festival.

TRANIO, [as Lucentio]

And tell us what occasion of import
Hath all so long detained you from your wife
And sent you hither so unlike yourself.

PETRUCHIO

Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to hear.
Sufficeth I am come to keep my word,
Though in some part enforcèd to digress,
Which at more leisure I will so excuse
As you shall well be satisfied with all.
But where is Kate? I stay too long from her.
The morning wears. ’Tis time we were at church.

TRANIO, [as Lucentio]

See not your bride in these unreverent robes.
Go to my chamber, put on clothes of mine.

PETRUCHIO

Not I, believe me. Thus I’ll visit her.

BAPTISTA

But thus, I trust, you will not marry her.

PETRUCHIO

Good sooth, even thus. Therefore, ha’ done with words.
To me she’s married, not unto my clothes.
Could I repair what she will wear in me,
As I can change these poor accoutrements,
‘Twere well for Kate and better for myself.

But what a fool am I to chat with you
When I should bid good morrow to my bride

And seal the title with a lovely kiss!

Petruchio exits, [with Grumio.]

TRANIO, [as Lucentio]

He hath some meaning in his mad attire.

We will persuade him, be it possible,

To put on better ere he go to church.

BAPTISTA

I’ll after him, and see the event of this.

[All except Tranio and Lucentio] exit.

TRANIO

But, sir, ’twere love concerneth us to add

Her father’s liking, which to bring to pass,

As I before imparted to your Worship,

I am to get a man (whate’er he be

It skills not much, we’ll fit him to our turn),

And he shall be “Vincentio of Pisa,”

And make assurance here in Padua

Of greater sums than I have promiséd.

So shall you quietly enjoy your hope

And marry sweet Bianca with consent.

LUCENTIO

Were it not that my fellow schoolmaster

Doth watch Bianca’s steps so narrowly,

‘Twere good, methinks, to steal our marriage,

Which, once performed, let all the world say no,

I’ll keep mine own despite of all the world.

TRANIO

That by degrees we mean to look into,

And watch our vantage in this business.

We’ll overreach the graybeard, Gremio,

The narrow prying father, Minola,

The quaint musician, amorous Litio,

All for my master’s sake, Lucentio.
Enter Gremio.

TRANIO, \textit{as Lucentio} \footnote{FTLN 1524} \\
Signior Gremio, came you from the church?

GREMIO \footnote{FTLN 1525} \\

As willingly as e’er I came from school.

TRANIO, \textit{as Lucentio} \footnote{FTLN 1526} \\

And is the bride and bridegroom coming home?

GREMIO \footnote{FTLN 1527} \\

A bridegroom, say you? ’Tis a groom indeed, \footnote{FTLN 1528} \\
A grumbling groom, and that the girl shall find. \footnote{FTLN 1529} \\

TRANIO, \textit{as Lucentio} \footnote{FTLN 1530} \\
Curster than she? Why, ’tis impossible.

GREMIO \footnote{FTLN 1531} \\

Why, he’s a devil, a devil, a very fiend.

TRANIO, \textit{as Lucentio} \footnote{FTLN 1532} \\

Why, she’s a devil, a devil, the devil’s dam.

GREMIO \footnote{FTLN 1533} \\

Tut, she’s a lamb, a dove, a fool to him. \footnote{FTLN 1534} \\
I’ll tell you, Sir Lucentio: when the priest \footnote{FTLN 1535} \\
Should ask if Katherine should be his wife, \footnote{FTLN 1536} \\
“Ay, by gog’s wouns!” quoth he, and swore so loud \footnote{FTLN 1537} \\
That, all amazed, the priest let fall the book, \footnote{FTLN 1538} \\
And as he stooped again to take it up, \footnote{FTLN 1539} \\
This mad-brained bridegroom took him such a cuff \footnote{FTLN 1540} \\
That down fell priest and book, and book and priest. \footnote{FTLN 1541} \\
“Now, take them up,” quoth he, “if any list.”

TRANIO, \textit{as Lucentio} \footnote{FTLN 1542} \\

What said the wench when he rose again?

GREMIO \footnote{FTLN 1543} \\

Trembled and shook, for why he stamped and swore \footnote{FTLN 1544} \\
As if the vicar meant to cozen him. \footnote{FTLN 1545} \\
But after many ceremonies done, \footnote{FTLN 1546} \\
He calls for wine. “A health!” quoth he, as if \footnote{FTLN 1547} \\
He had been aboard, carousing to his mates \footnote{FTLN 1548} \\
After a storm; quaffed off the muscatel
And threw the sops all in the sexton’s face,
Having no other reason
But that his beard grew thin and hungerly,
And seemed to ask him sops as he was drinking.
This done, he took the bride about the neck
And kissed her lips with such a clamorous smack
That at the parting all the church did echo.
And I, seeing this, came thence for very shame,
And after me I know the rout is coming.
Such a mad marriage never was before!  

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

PETRUCHIO

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

BAPTISTA

Is ’t possible you will away tonight?

PETRUCHIO

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

TRANIO, [as Lucentio]

Let us entreat you stay till after dinner.

PETRUCHIO

It may not be.

GREMIO

Let me entreat you.

PETRUCHIO

It cannot be.
KATHERINE Let me entreat you.

PETRUCHIO I am content.

KATHERINE Are you content to stay?

PETRUCHIO I am content you shall entreat me stay,
But yet not stay, entreat me how you can.

KATHERINE Now, if you love me, stay.

PETRUCHIO Grumio, my horse.

GRUMIO Ay, sir, they be ready; the oats have eaten the horses.

KATHERINE Nay, then,
Do what thou canst, I will not go today,
No, nor tomorrow, not till I please myself.
The door is open, sir. There lies your way.
You may be jogging whiles your boots are green.
For me, I’ll not be gone till I please myself.
'Tis like you’ll prove a jolly surly groom,
That take it on you at the first so roundly.

PETRUCHIO O Kate, content thee. Prithee, be not angry.

KATHERINE I will be angry. What hast thou to do?—
Father, be quiet. He shall stay my leisure.

GREMIO Ay, marry, sir, now it begins to work.

KATHERINE Gentlemen, forward to the bridal dinner.
I see a woman may be made a fool
If she had not a spirit to resist.

PETRUCHIO They shall go forward, Kate, at thy command.—
Obey the bride, you that attend on her.
Go to the feast, revel and domineer,
Carouse full measure to her maidenhead,
Be mad and merry, or go hang yourselves.
But for my bonny Kate, she must with me.
Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret;
I will be master of what is mine own.
She is my goods, my chattels; she is my house,
My household stuff, my field, my barn,
My horse, my ox, my ass, my anything.
And here she stands, touch her whoever dare.
I’ll bring mine action on the proudest he
That stops my way in Padua.—Grumio,
Draw forth thy weapon. We are beset with thieves.
Rescue thy mistress if thou be a man!—
Fear not, sweet wench, they shall not touch thee,
Kate.
I’ll buckler thee against a million.

_Petruchio and Katherine exit, with Grumio._

**BAPTISTA**
Nay, let them go. A couple of quiet ones!

**GREMIO**
Went they not quickly, I should die with laughing.

**TRANIO, as Lucentio**
Of all mad matches never was the like.

**LUCENTIO, as Cambio**
Mistress, what’s your opinion of your sister?

**BIANCA**
That being mad herself, she’s madly mated.

**GREMIO**
I warrant him, Petruchio is Kated.

**BAPTISTA**
Neighbors and friends, though bride and bridegroom wants
For to supply the places at the table,
You know there wants no junkets at the feast.

_‘To Tranio.’_ Lucentio, you shall supply the bridegroom’s place,
And let Bianca take her sister’s room.
TRANIO, *as Lucentio*

Shall sweet Bianca practice how to bride it?

BAPTISTA, *to Tranio*

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

*They exit.*
Enter Grumio.

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

Enter Curtis.

CURTIS  Who is that calls so coldly?

GRUMIO  A piece of ice. If thou doubt it, thou mayst slide from my shoulder to my heel with no greater a run but my head and my neck. A fire, good Curtis!

CURTIS  Is my master and his wife coming, Grumio?

GRUMIO  Oh, ay, Curtis, ay, and therefore fire, fire! Cast on no water.

CURTIS  Is she so hot a shrew as she’s reported?

GRUMIO  She was, good Curtis, before this frost. But thou know’st winter tames man, woman, and
beast, for it hath tamed my old master and my new mistress and myself, fellow Curtis.

CURTIS Away, you three-inch fool, I am no beast!

GRUMIO Am I but three inches? Why, thy horn is a foot, and so long am I, at the least. But wilt thou make a fire? Or shall I complain on thee to our mistress, whose hand (she being now at hand) thou shalt soon feel, to thy cold comfort, for being slow in thy hot office?

CURTIS I prithee, good Grumio, tell me, how goes the world?

GRUMIO A cold world, Curtis, in every office but thine, and therefore fire! Do thy duty, and have thy duty, for my master and mistress are almost frozen to death.

CURTIS There’s fire ready. And therefore, good Grumio, the news!

GRUMIO Why, “Jack boy, ho boy!” and as much news as wilt thou.

CURTIS Come, you are so full of cony-catching.

GRUMIO Why, therefore fire, for I have caught extreme cold. Where’s the cook? Is supper ready, the house trimmed, rushes strewed, cobwebs swept, the servingmen in their new fustian, their white stockings, and every officer his wedding garment on? Be the Jacks fair within, the Jills fair without, the carpets laid, and everything in order?

CURTIS All ready. And therefore, I pray thee, news.

GRUMIO First, know my horse is tired, my master and mistress fallen out.

CURTIS How?

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

CURTIS Let’s ha’ t, good Grumio.

GRUMIO Lend thine ear.

CURTIS Here.
GRUMIO There!  

CURTIS This ’tis to feel a tale, not to hear a tale.

GRUMIO And therefore ’tis called a sensible tale. And this cuff was but to knock at your ear and beseech list’ning. Now I begin: *Imprimis*, we came down a foul hill, my master riding behind my mistress—

CURTIS Both of one horse?

GRUMIO What’s that to thee?

CURTIS Why, a horse.

GRUMIO Tell thou the tale! But hadst thou not crossed me, thou shouldst have heard how her horse fell, and she under her horse; thou shouldst have heard in how miry a place, how she was bemoiled, how he left her with the horse upon her, how he beat me because her horse stumbled, how she waded through the dirt to pluck him off me, how he swore, how she prayed that never prayed before, how I cried, how the horses ran away, how her bridle was burst, how I lost my crupper, with many things of worthy memory which now shall die in oblivion, and thou return unexperienced to thy grave.

CURTIS By this reck’ning, he is more shrew than she.

GRUMIO Ay, and that thou and the proudest of you all shall find when he comes home. But what talk I of this? Call forth Nathaniel, Joseph, Nicholas, Phillip, Walter, Sugarsop, and the rest. Let their heads be slickly combed, their blue coats brushed, and their garters of an indifferent knit. Let them curtsy with their left legs, and not presume to touch a hair of my master’s horse-tail till they kiss their hands. Are they all ready?

CURTIS They are.

GRUMIO Call them forth.

CURTIS, [*calling out*] Do you hear, ho? You must meet my master to countenance my mistress.

GRUMIO Why, she hath a face of her own.
The Taming of the Shrew

ACT 4. SC. 1

GRUMIO

Who knows not that?

Thou, it seems, that calls for company to

countenance her.

I call them forth to credit her.

Why, she comes to borrow nothing of them.

Enter four or five Servingmen.

NATHANIEL

Welcome home, Grumio.

PHILLIP

How now, Grumio?

JOSEPH

What, Grumio!

NICHOLAS

Fellow Grumio!

NATHANIEL

How now, old lad?

GRUMIO

Welcome, you!—How now, you?—What,
you!—Fellow, you!—And thus much for greeting.

Now, my spruce companions, is all ready and all
things neat?

GRUMIO

E’en at hand, alighted by this. And therefore be not—Cock’s passion, silence! I hear my master.

Enter Petruchio and Katherine.

PETRUCHIO

Where be these knaves? What, no man at door
To hold my stirrup nor to take my horse?
Where is Nathaniel, Gregory, Phillip?

ALL THE SERVANTS

Here! Here, sir, here, sir!

PETRUCHIO

“Here, sir! Here, sir! Here, sir! Here, sir!”
You loggerheaded and unpolished grooms.
What? No attendance? No regard? No duty?
Where is the foolish knave I sent before?

GRUMIO

Here, sir, as foolish as I was before.

PETRUCHIO

You peasant swain, you whoreson malt-horse drudge!
Did I not bid thee meet me in the park
And bring along these rascal knaves with thee?

GRUMIO

Nathaniel’s coat, sir, was not fully made,
And Gabriel’s pumps were all unpinked i’ th’ heel.
There was no link to color Peter’s hat,
And Walter’s dagger was not come from sheathing.
There were none fine but Adam, Rafe, and Gregory.
The rest were ragged, old, and beggarly.
Yet, as they are, here are they come to meet you.

PETRUCHIO

Go, rascals, go, and fetch my supper in!

Enter Servants with supper.

Why, when, I say?—Nay, good sweet Kate, be merry.—
Off with my boots, you rogues, you villains! When?

It was the friar of orders gray,
As he forth walked on his way—

Out, you rogue! You pluck my foot awry.
Take that! And mend the plucking of the other.—
Be merry, Kate.—Some water here! What ho!

Enter one with water.

Where’s my spaniel Troilus? Sirrah, get you hence
And bid my cousin Ferdinand come hither.

A Servant exits.
One, Kate, that you must kiss and be acquainted
with.—
Where are my slippers? Shall I have some water?—
Come, Kate, and wash, and welcome heartily.—
You whoreson villain, will you let it fall?

"He hits the Servant."
And for this night we’ll fast for company. 
Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber. 

They exit.

Enter Servants severally.

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

Enter Curtis.

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

[The Servants exit.]

Enter Petruchio.

PETRUCHIO  Thus have I politicly begun my reign, 
And ’tis my hope to end successfully. 
My falcon now is sharp and passing empty, 
And, till she stoop, she must not be full-gorged, 
For then she never looks upon her lure. 
Another way I have to man my haggard, 
To make her come and know her keeper’s call. 
That is, to watch her, as we watch these kites 
That bate and beat and will not be obedient. 
She ate no meat today, nor none shall eat. 
Last night she slept not, nor tonight she shall not. 
As with the meat, some undeservèd fault 
I’ll find about the making of the bed, 
And here I’ll fling the pillow, there the bolster, 
This way the coverlet, another way the sheets. 
Ay, and amid this hurly I intend
That all is done in reverend care of her.
And, in conclusion, she shall watch all night,
And, if she chance to nod, I’ll rail and brawl,
And with the clamor keep her still awake.
This is a way to kill a wife with kindness.
And thus I’ll curb her mad and headstrong humor.
He that knows better how to tame a shrew,
Now let him speak; ’tis charity to shew.

He exits.

Scene 2

Enter Tranio as Lucentio and Hortensio as Litio.

TRANIO, as Lucentio
Is ’t possible, friend Litio, that mistress Bianca
Doth fancy any other but Lucentio?
I tell you, sir, she bears me fair in hand.

HORTENSIO, as Litio
Sir, to satisfy you in what I have said,
Stand by, and mark the manner of his teaching.

They stand aside.

Enter Bianca as and Lucentio as Cambio.

LUCENTIO, as Cambio
Now mistress, profit you in what you read?

BIANCA
What, master, read you? First resolve me that.

LUCENTIO, as Cambio
I read that I profess, The Art to Love.

BIANCA
And may you prove, sir, master of your art.

LUCENTIO, as Cambio
While you, sweet dear, prove mistress of my heart.

They move aside and kiss and talk.

HORTENSIO, as Litio
Quick proceeders, marry! Now tell me, I pray,
TRANIO,  \textit{as Lucentio}\textbf{\textsuperscript{1}}

O despiteful love, unconstant womankind!

I tell thee, Litio, this is wonderful!

HORTENSIO

Mistake no more. I am not Litio,
Nor a musician as I seem to be,
But one that scorn to live in this disguise
For such a one as leaves a gentleman
And makes a god of such a cullion.

Know, sir, that I am called Hortensio.

TRANIO,  \textit{as Lucentio}\textbf{\textsuperscript{1}}

Signior Hortensio, I have often heard
Of your entire affection to Bianca,
And since mine eyes are witness of her lightness,
I will with you, if you be so contented,
Forswear Bianca and her love forever.

HORTENSIO

See how they kiss and court! Signior Lucentio,
Here is my hand, and here I firmly vow
Never to woo her more, but do forswear her
As one unworthy all the former favors
That I have fondly flattered \textit{her\textsuperscript{1}} withal.

TRANIO,  \textit{as Lucentio}\textbf{\textsuperscript{1}}

And here I take the like unfeignèd oath,
Never to marry with her, though she would entreat.
Fie on her, see how beastly she doth court him!

HORTENSIO

Would all the world but he had quite forsworn!
For me, that I may surely keep mine oath,
I will be married to a wealthy widow
Ere three days pass, which hath as long loved me
As I have loved this proud disdainful haggard.
And so farewell, Signior Lucentio.

Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks,
Shall win my love, and so I take my leave,
In resolution as I swore before.

"Hortensio exits; Bianca and Lucentio come forward."

TRANIO

Mistress Bianca, bless you with such grace
As 'longeth to a lover’s blessèd case!
Nay, I have ta’en you napping, gentle love,
And have forsworn you with Hortensio.

BIANCA

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

TRANIO

Mistress, we have.

LUCENTIO Then we are rid of Litio.

TRANIO

I’ faith, he’ll have a lusty widow now
That shall be wooed and wedded in a day.

BIANCA God give him joy.

TRANIO

Ay, and he’ll tame her.

BIANCA He says so, Tranio?

TRANIO

Faith, he is gone unto the taming school.

BIANCA

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

TRANIO

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

Enter Biondello.

BIONDELLO

O master, master, I have watched so long
That I am dog-weary, but at last I spied
An ancient angel coming down the hill
Will serve the turn.
TRANIO  What is he, Biondello?  65

BIONDELLO
  Master, a marcantant, or a pedant,
  I know not what, but formal in apparel,
  In gait and countenance surely like a father.

LUCENTIO  And what of him, Tranio?

TRANIO
  If he be credulous, and trust my tale,
  I'll make him glad to seem Vincentio
  And give assurance to Baptista Minola
  As if he were the right Vincentio.
  Take in your love, and then let me alone.
  "Lucentio and Bianca exit."

Enter a "Merchant."

"Merchant"
  God save you, sir.  75

TRANIO, "as Lucentio"  And you, sir. You are welcome.
  Travel you far on, or are you at the farthest?

"Merchant"
  Sir, at the farthest for a week or two,
  But then up farther, and as far as Rome,
  And so to Tripoli, if God lend me life.

TRANIO, "as Lucentio"
  What countryman, I pray?
  "Merchant"
  Of Mantua.

TRANIO, "as Lucentio"
  Of Mantua, sir? Marry, God forbid!
  And come to Padua, careless of your life?

"Merchant"
  My life, sir? How, I pray? For that goes hard.  85

TRANIO, "as Lucentio"
  'Tis death for anyone in Mantua
  To come to Padua. Know you not the cause?

FTLN 1910

FTLN 1911

FTLN 1912

FTLN 1913

FTLN 1914

FTLN 1915

FTLN 1916

FTLN 1917

FTLN 1918

FTLN 1919

FTLN 1920

FTLN 1921

FTLN 1922

FTLN 1923

FTLN 1924

FTLN 1925

FTLN 1926

FTLN 1927

FTLN 1928

FTLN 1929

FTLN 1930

FTLN 1931

FTLN 1932

FTLN 1933

FTLN 1934
Hath published and proclaimed it openly.  
'Tis marvel, but that you are but newly come,  
You might have heard it else proclaimed about.

\[\text{MERCHANT}\]

Alas, sir, it is worse for me than so,  
For I have bills for money by exchange  
From Florence, and must here deliver them.

\[\text{TRANIO, as Lucentio}\]

Well, sir, to do you courtesy,  
This will I do, and this I will advise you.  
First tell me, have you ever been at Pisa?

\[\text{MERCHANT}\]

Ay, sir, in Pisa have I often been,  
Pisa renownèd for grave citizens.

\[\text{TRANIO, as Lucentio}\]

Among them know you one Vincentio?  
I know him not, but I have heard of him:  
A merchant of incomparable wealth.

\[\text{TRANIO, as Lucentio}\]

He is my father, sir, and sooth to say,  
In count’rance somewhat doth resemble you.

\[\text{BIONDELLO, aside}\]

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

\[\text{TRANIO, as Lucentio}\]

To save your life in this extremity,  
This favor will I do you for his sake  
(And think it not the worst of all your fortunes  
That you are like to Sir Vincentio):  
His name and credit shall you undertake,  
And in my house you shall be friendly lodged.  
Look that you take upon you as you should.  
You understand me, sir. So shall you stay  
Till you have done your business in the city.

If this be court’sey, sir, accept of it.
The Taming of the Shrew

ACT 4. SC. 3

TRANIO, as Lucentio

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

They exit.

Enter Katherine and Grumio.

Grumio

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

Katherine

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

Grumio What say you to a neat’s foot?
KATHERINE
’Tis passing good. I prithee let me have it.

GRUMIO
I fear it is too choleric a meat.
How say you to a fat tripe finely broiled?

KATHERINE
I like it well. Good Grumio, fetch it me.

GRUMIO
I cannot tell. I fear ’tis choleric.
What say you to a piece of beef and mustard?

KATHERINE
A dish that I do love to feed upon.

GRUMIO
Ay, but the mustard is too hot a little.

KATHERINE
Why then, the beef, and let the mustard rest.

GRUMIO
Nay then, I will not. You shall have the mustard
Or else you get no beef of Grumio.

KATHERINE
Then both, or one, or any thing thou wilt.

GRUMIO
Why then, the mustard without the beef.

KATHERINE
Go, get thee gone, thou false deluding slave,
‘She beats him.

GRUMIO
That feed’st me with the very name of meat.
Sorrow on thee, and all the pack of you
That triumph thus upon my misery.
Go, get thee gone, I say.

Enter Petruchio and Hortensio with meat.

PETRUCHIO
How fares my Kate? What, sweeting, all amort?

HORTENSIO
Mistress, what cheer?

KATHERINE
Faith, as cold as can be.
PETRUCHIO

Pluck up thy spirits. Look cheerfully upon me.

Here, love, thou seest how diligent I am,

To dress thy meat myself and bring it thee.

I am sure, sweet Kate, this kindness merits thanks.

What, not a word? Nay then, thou lov’st it not,

And all my pains is sorted to no proof.

Here, take away this dish.

KATHERINE I pray you, let it stand.

PETRUCHIO

The poorest service is repaid with thanks,

And so shall mine before you touch the meat.

KATHERINE I thank you, sir.

HORTENSIO

Signior Petruchio, fie, you are to blame.

Come, Mistress Kate, I’ll bear you company.

PETRUCHIO, aside to Hortensio

Eat it up all, Hortensio, if thou lovest me.—

Much good do it unto thy gentle heart.

Kate, eat apace.

[“Katherine and Hortensio prepare to eat.”]

Will we return unto thy father’s house

And revel it as bravely as the best,

With silken coats and caps and golden rings,

With ruffs and cuffs and farthingales and things,

With scarves and fans and double change of brav’ry,

With amber bracelets, beads, and all this knav’ry.

What, hast thou dined? The tailor stays thy leisure

To deck thy body with his ruffling treasure.

Enter Tailor.

Come, tailor, let us see these ornaments.

Lay forth the gown.

Enter Haberdasher.

What news with you, sir?
PETRUCHIO

Here is the cap your Worship did bespeak.

Why, this was molded on a porringer!
A velvet dish! Fie, fie, ’tis lewd and filthy.
Why, ’tis a cockle or a walnut shell,
A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby’s cap.
Away with it! Come, let me have a bigger.

KATHERINE

I’ll have no bigger. This doth fit the time,
And gentlewomen wear such caps as these.

PETRUCHIO

When you are gentle, you shall have one too,
And not till then.

HORTENSIO, \textit{aside}

That will not be in haste.

KATHERINE

Why, sir, I trust I may have leave to speak,
And speak I will. I am no child, no babe.
Your betters have endured me say my mind,
And if you cannot, best you stop your ears.
My tongue will tell the anger of my heart,
Or else my heart, concealing it, will break,
And, rather than it shall, I will be free
Even to the uttermost, as I please, in words.

PETRUCHIO

Why, thou sayst true. It is \textit{a} paltry cap,
A custard-coffin, a bauble, a silken pie.
I love thee well in that thou lik’st it not.

KATHERINE

Love me, or love me not, I like the cap,
And it I will have, or I will have none.

\textit{Exit Haberdasher.}

PETRUCHIO

Thy gown? Why, ay. Come, tailor, let us see ’t.

O mercy God, what masking-stuff is here?
What’s this? A sleeve? ’Tis like ½ demi-cannon.
What, up and down carved like an apple tart?
Here’s snip and nip and cut and slish and slash,
Like to a censer in a barber’s shop.
Why, what a devil’s name, tailor, call’st thou this?

HORTENSIO, [aside]
I see she’s like to have neither cap nor gown.

TAILOR
You bid me make it orderly and well,
According to the fashion and the time.

PETRUCHIO
Marry, and did. But if you be remembered,
I did not bid you mar it to the time.
Go, hop me over every kennel home,
For you shall hop without my custom, sir.
I’ll none of it. Hence, make your best of it.

KATHERINE
I never saw a better-fashioned gown,
More quaint, more pleasing, nor more commendable.
Belike you mean to make a puppet of me.

PETRUCHIO
Why, true, he means to make a puppet of thee.

TAILOR
She says your Worship means to make a puppet of her.

PETRUCHIO
O monstrous arrogance! Thou liest, thou thread,
thou thimble,
Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter, nail!
Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter cricket, thou!
Braved in mine own house with a skein of thread?
Away, thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant,
Or I shall so be-mete thee with thy yard
As thou shalt think on prating whilst thou liv’st.
I tell thee, I, that thou hast marred her gown.
The Taming of the Shrew

ACT 4. SC. 3

GRUMIO

Your Worship is deceived. The gown is made
Just as my master had direction.
Grumio gave order how it should be done.

I gave him no order. I gave him the stuff.

But how did you desire it should be made?

Marry, sir, with needle and thread.

But did you not request to have it cut?

Thou hast faced many things.

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

Why, here is the note of the fashion to testify.

"Imprimis, a loose-bodied gown—"

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

"With a small-compassed cape—"

"With a trunk sleeve—"

"The sleeves curiously cut."

"Error i’ th’ bill, sir, error i’ th’ bill! I commanded
the sleeves should be cut out and sewed
up again, and that I’ll prove upon thee, though thy
little finger be armed in a thimble."
GRUMIO  I am for thee straight. Take thou the bill, give me thy mete-yard, and spare not me.

HORTENSIO  God-a-mercy, Grumio, then he shall have no odds.

PETRUCHIO  Well, sir, in brief, the gown is not for me.

GRUMIO  You are i’ th’ right, sir, ’tis for my mistress.

PETRUCHIO  Go, take it up unto thy master’s use.

GRUMIO  Villain, not for thy life! Take up my mistress’ gown for thy master’s use!

PETRUCHIO  Why, sir, what’s your conceit in that?

GRUMIO  O, sir, the conceit is deeper than you think for. Take up my mistress’ gown to his master’s use!

O, fie, fie, fie!

PETRUCHIO  Hortensio, say thou wilt see the tailor paid. Go, take it hence. Begone, and say no more.

HORTENSIO  Tailor, I’ll pay thee for thy gown tomorrow. Take no unkindness of his hasty words. Away, I say. Commend me to thy master.

Tailor exits.

PETRUCHIO  Well, come, my Kate, we will unto your father’s, even in these honest mean habiliments. Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor, for ’tis the mind that makes the body rich, and as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds, so honor peereth in the meanest habit.

What, is the jay more precious than the lark because his feathers are more beautiful? Or is the adder better than the eel
Because his painted skin contents the eye?

O no, good Kate. Neither art thou the worse
For this poor furniture and mean array.
If thou 'account'st it shame, lay it on me,
And therefore frolic! We will hence forthwith
To feast and sport us at thy father's house.
'To Grumio.' Go, call my men, and let us straight to
him,
And bring our horses unto Long-lane end.
There will we mount, and thither walk on foot.
Let's see, I think 'tis now some seven o'clock,
And well we may come there by dinner time.

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

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

HORTENSIO, [aside]
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]
'Sir,' this is the house. Please it you that I call?

MERCHANT
Ay, what else? And but I be deceived,
Signior Baptista may remember me,
Near twenty years ago, in Genoa,
Where we were lodgers at the Pegasus.
'Tis well. And hold your own in any case
With such austerity as 'longeth to a father.
I warrant you.

Enter Biondello.

But, sir, here comes your boy.
'Twere good he were schooled.

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

Tut, fear not me.

But hast thou done thy errand to Baptista?
I told him that your father was at Venice,
And that you looked for him this day in Padua.

Thou 'rt a tall fellow. Hold thee that to drink.

Enter Baptista and Lucentio 'as Cambio.'

Here comes Baptista. Set your countenance, sir.

Signior Baptista, you are happily met.—
Sir, this is the gentleman I told you of.
I pray you stand good father to me now.
Give me Bianca for my patrimony.

Soft, son.—
Sir, by your leave, having come to Padua
To gather in some debts, my son Lucentio
Made me acquainted with a weighty cause
Of love between your daughter and himself.
BAPTISTA

Sir, pardon me in what I have to say.
Your plainness and your shortness please me well.
Right true it is your son Lucentio here
Doth love my daughter, and she loveth him,
Or both dissemble deeply their affections.
And therefore, if you say no more than this,
That like a father you will deal with him
And pass my daughter a sufficient dower,
The match is made, and all is done.
Your son shall have my daughter with consent.

TRANIO, [as Lucentio]

I thank you, sir. Where then do you know best
We be affied and such assurance ta’en
As shall with either part’s agreement stand?

BAPTISTA

Not in my house, Lucentio, for you know
Pitchers have ears, and I have many servants.
Besides, old Gremio is heark’ning still,
And happily we might be interrupted.

TRANIO, [as Lucentio]

Then at my lodging, an it like you.
There doth my father lie, and there this night
We’ll pass the business privately and well.
Send for your daughter by your servant here.

[He indicates Lucentio, and winks at him.]
My boy shall fetch the scrivener presently.
The worst is this: that at so slender warning
You are like to have a thin and slender pittance.

BAPTISTA
It likes me well.—Cambio, hie you home,
And bid Biancâ make her ready straight.
And, if you will, tell what hath happenèd:
Lucentio’s father is arrived in Padua,
And how she’s like to be Lucentio’s wife.

`Lucentio exits.`

BIONDELLO
I pray the gods she may, with all my heart.

TRANIO, `as Lucentio`
Dally not with the gods, but get thee gone.—
Signior Baptista, shall I lead the way?
Welcome! One mess is like to be your cheer.
Come, sir, we will better it in Pisa.

`All but Biondello\` exit.

Enter Lucentio.

BIONDELLO Cambio.

LUCENTIO What sayst thou, Biondello?

BIONDELLO You saw my master wink and laugh upon you?

LUCENTIO Biondello, what of that?

BIONDELLO Faith, nothing; but ’has left me here behind to expound the meaning or moral of his signs and tokens.

LUCENTIO I pray thee, moralize them.

BIONDELLO Then thus: Baptista is safe, talking with the deceiving father of a deceitful son.

LUCENTIO And what of him?

BIONDELLO His daughter is to be brought by you to the supper.
The old priest at Saint Luke’s Church is at your command at all hours. I cannot tell, except they are busied about a counterfeit assurance. Take you assurance of her cum privilegio ad imprimendum solum. To th’ church take the priest, clerk, and some sufficient honest witnesses. If this be not that you look for, I have no more to say, But bid Bianca farewell forever and a day.

Hear’st thou, Biondello? I cannot tarry. I knew a wench married in an afternoon as she went to the garden for parsley to stuff a rabbit, and so may you, sir. And so adieu, sir. My master hath appointed me to go to Saint Luke’s to bid the priest be ready to come against you come with your appendix. He exits.

I may, and will, if she be so contented. She will be pleased. Then wherefore should I doubt? Hap what hap may, I’ll roundly go about her. It shall go hard if “Cambio” go without her.

He exits.

Come on, i’ God’s name, once more toward our father’s. Good Lord, how bright and goodly shines the moon!
The moon? The sun! It is not moonlight now.
The Taming of the Shrew

ACT 4. SC. 5

KATHERINE
I say it is the moon that shines so bright.

PETRUCHIO
I know it is the sun that shines so bright.

PETRUCHIO
Now, by my mother’s son, and that’s myself,
It shall be moon, or star, or what I list,
Or e’er I journey to your father’s house.

To Servants.1 Go on, and fetch our horses back
again.—

Evermore crossed and crossed, nothing but crossed!

HORTENSIO, to Katherine
Say as he says, or we shall never go.

KATHERINE
Forward, I pray, since we have come so far,
And be it moon, or sun, or what you please.

And if you please to call it a rush candle,
Henceforth I vow it shall be so for me.

PETRUCHIO
I say it is the moon.

KATHERINE
I know it is the moon.

PETRUCHIO
Nay, then you lie. It is the blessèd sun.

KATHERINE
Then God be blest, it [is] the blessèd sun.

But sun it is not, when you say it is not,
And the moon changes even as your mind.
What you will have it named, even that it is,
And so it shall be so for Katherine.

HORTENSIO
Petruchio, go thy ways, the field is won.

PETRUCHIO
Well, forward, forward. Thus the bowl should run,
And not unluckily against the bias.

But soft! Company is coming here.

Enter Vincentio.
Good morrow, gentle mistress, where away?—
Tell me, sweet Kate, and tell me truly, too,
Hast thou beheld a fresher gentlewoman?
Such war of white and red within her cheeks!
What stars do spangle heaven with such beauty
As those two eyes become that heavenly face?—
Fair lovely maid, once more good day to thee.—
Sweet Kate, embrace her for her beauty’s sake.

He will make the man mad, to make the woman of him.

Young budding virgin, fair and fresh and sweet,
Whither away, or where is thy abode?
Happy the parents of so fair a child!
Happier the man whom favorable stars
Allots thee for his lovely bedfellow.

Why, how now, Kate? I hope thou art not mad!
This is a man—old, wrinkled, faded, withered—
And not a maiden, as thou sayst he is.
Pardon, old father, my mistaking eyes
That have been so bedazzled with the sun
That everything I look on seemeth green.
Now I perceive thou art a reverend father.
Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad mistaking.

Do, good old grandsire, and withal make known
Which way thou travelest. If along with us,
We shall be joyful of thy company.

Fair sir, and you, my merry mistress,
That with your strange encounter much amazed me,
My name is called Vincentio, my dwelling Pisa,
And bound I am to Padua, there to visit
A son of mine which long I have not seen.

PETRUCHIO

What is his name?

VINCENTIO        Lucentio, gentle sir.

PETRUCHIO

Happily met, the happier for thy son.
And now by law as well as reverend age,
I may entitle thee my loving father.
The sister to my wife, this gentlewoman,
Thy son by this hath married. Wonder not,
Nor be not grieved. She is of good esteem,
Her dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth;
Beside, so qualified as may beseem
The spouse of any noble gentleman.
Let me embrace with old Vincentio,
And wander we to see thy honest son,
Who will of thy arrival be full joyous.

VINCENTIO

But is this true, or is it else your pleasure,
Like pleasant travelers, to break a jest
Upon the company you overtake?

HORTENSIO

I do assure thee, father, so it is.

PETRUCHIO

Come, go along and see the truth hereof,
For our first merriment hath made thee jealous.

"All but Hortensio" exit.

HORTENSIO

Well, Petruchio, this has put me in heart!
Have to my widow, and if she be froward,
Then hast thou taught Hortensio to be untoward.

He exits.
Scene 1

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

BIONDELLO Softly and swiftly, sir, for the priest is ready.  
LUCENTIO I fly, Biondello. But they may chance to need thee at home. Therefore leave us. "Lucentio exits with Bianca."

BIONDELLO Nay, faith, I’ll see the church a’ your back, and then come back to my "master’s" as soon as I can. "He exits."

GREMIO I marvel Cambio comes not all this while.  

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

PETRUCHIO Sir, here’s the door. This is Lucentio’s house. My father’s bears more toward the marketplace. Thither must I, and here I leave you, sir.

VINCENTIO You shall not choose but drink before you go. I think I shall command your welcome here, And by all likelihood some cheer is toward. "He" knocks.
They’re busy within. You were best knock louder.

What’s he that knocks as he would beat down the gate?

Is Signior Lucentio within, sir?

He’s within, sir, but not to be spoken withal.

What if a man bring him a hundred pound or two to make merry withal?

Keep your hundred pounds to yourself. He shall need none so long as I live.

Nay, I told you your son was well beloved in Padua.—Do you hear, sir? To leave frivolous circumstances, I pray you tell Signior Lucentio that his father is come from Pisa and is here at the door to speak with him.

Thou liest. His father is come from Padua and here looking out at the window.

Art thou his father?

Ay, sir, so his mother says, if I may believe her.

Why, how now, gentleman! Why, this is flat knavery, to take upon you another man’s name.

Lay hands on the villain. I believe he means to cosen somebody in this city under my countenance.

Enter Biondello.

I have seen them in the church together. God send ’em good shipping! But who is here? Mine old master Vincentio! Now we are undone and brought to nothing.
VINCENTIO, \(\text{to Biondello}\) \text{Come hither, crack-hemp.}\n
BIONDELLO \text{I hope I may choose, sir.}\n
VINCENTIO \text{Come hither, you rogue! What, have you forgot me?}\n
BIONDELLO \text{Forgot you? No, sir. I could not forget you, for I never saw you before in all my life.}\n
VINCENTIO \text{What, you notorious villain, didst thou never see thy \(\text{master's}\) father, Vincentio?}\n
BIONDELLO \text{What, my old worshipful old master? Yes, marry, sir. See where he looks out of the window.}\n
VINCENTIO \text{Is 't so indeed? He beats Biondello.}\n
BIONDELLO \text{Help, help, help! Here's a madman will murder me.}\n
\(\text{Biondello exits.}\)

\(\text{MERCHANT, as Vincentio}\) \text{Help, son! Help, Signior Baptista! He exits from window.}\n
PETRUCHIO \text{Prithee, Kate, let's stand aside and see the end of this controversy. They move aside.}\n
\text{Enter Merchant with Servants, and Baptista and Tranio disguised as Lucentio.}\n
TRANIO, \(\text{as Lucentio}\) \text{Sir, what are you that offer to beat my servant?}\n
VINCENTIO \text{What am I, sir? Nay, what are you, sir! O immortal gods! O fine villain! A silken doublet, a velvet hose, a scarlet cloak, and a copatain hat! O, I am undone, I am undone! While I play the good husband at home, my son and my servant spend all at the university.}\n
TRANIO, \(\text{as Lucentio}\) \text{How now, what's the matter?}\n
BAPTISTA \text{What, is the man lunatic?}\n
TRANIO, \(\text{as Lucentio}\) \text{Sir, you seem a sober ancient gentleman by your habit, but your words show you a madman. Why, sir, what 'cerns it you if I wear pearl and gold? I thank my good father, I am able to maintain it.}\n
VINCENTIO  Thy father! O villain, he is a sailmaker in Bergamo.

BAPTISTA  You mistake, sir, you mistake, sir! Pray, what do you think is his name?

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.

MERCHANT, as Vincentio  Away, away, mad ass! His name is Lucentio and he is mine only son, and heir to the lands of me, Signior Vincentio.

VINCENTIO  Lucentio? O, he hath murdered his master! Lay hold on him, I charge you in the Duke’s name. O, my son, my son! Tell me, thou villain, where is my son Lucentio?

TRANIO, as Lucentio  Call forth an officer.

Enter an Officer.

Carry this mad knave to the jail.—Father Baptista, I charge you see that he be forthcoming.

VINCENTIO  Carry me to the jail?

GREMIO  Stay, officer. He shall not go to prison.

BAPTISTA  Talk not, Signior Gremio. I say he shall go to prison.

GREMIO  Take heed, Signior Baptista, lest you be cony-caught in this business. I dare swear this is the right Vincentio.

MERCHANT, as Vincentio  Swear, if thou dar’st.

GREMIO  Nay, I dare not swear it.

TRANIO, as Lucentio  Then thou wert best say that I am not Lucentio.

GREMIO  Yes, I know thee to be Signior Lucentio.

BAPTISTA  Away with the dotard, to the jail with him.

VINCENTIO  Thus strangers may be haled and abused.—O monstrous villain!

Enter Biondello, Lucentio and Bianca.
BIONDELLO  O, we are spoiled, and yonder he is! Deny him, forswear him, or else we are all undone.

_Lucanio and Bianca_ kneel.

Lucanio and Tranio and _Merchant_ exit as fast as may be.

LUCENTIO  Pardon, sweet father.

VINCENTIO  Lives my sweet son?

BIANCA  Pardon, dear father.

BAPTISTA  How hast thou offended?

Where is Lucentio?

LUCENTIO  Here’s Lucentio,

Right son to the right Vincentio,

That have by marriage made thy daughter mine

While counterfeit supposes bleared thine eyne.

GREMIO  Here’s packing, with a witness, to deceive us all!

VINCENTIO  Where is that damnèd villain, Tranio,

That faced and braved me in this matter so?

BAPTISTA  Why, tell me, is not this my Cambio?

BIANCA  Cambio is changed into Lucentio.

LUCENTIO  Love wrought these miracles. Bianca’s love

Made me exchange my state with Tranio,

While he did bear my countenance in the town,

And happily I have arrivèd at the last

Unto the wished haven of my bliss.

What Tranio did, myself enforced him to.

Then pardon him, sweet father, for my sake.

VINCENTIO  I’ll slit the villain’s nose that would have sent me to the jail!

BAPTISTA  But do you hear, sir, have you married my daughter without asking my goodwill?
VINCENTIO  Fear not, Baptista, we will content you. Go to! But I will in to be revenged for this villainy.

He exits.

BAPTISTA  And I to sound the depth of this knavery.

He exits.

LUCENTIO  Look not pale, Bianca. Thy father will not frown.

They exit.

GREMIO  My cake is dough, but I’ll in among the rest,

Out of hope of all but my share of the feast.

He exits.

KATHERINE  Husband, let’s follow to see the end of this ado.

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PETRUCHIO  First kiss me, Kate, and we will.

KATHERINE  What, in the midst of the street?

PETRUCHIO  What, art thou ashamed of me?

KATHERINE  ‘No,’ sir, God forbid, but ashamed to kiss.

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PETRUCHIO  Why, then, let’s home again. ‘To Grumio.’ Come, sirrah, let’s away.

KATHERINE  Nay, I will give thee a kiss. ‘She kisses him.’ Now pray thee, love, stay.

PETRUCHIO  Is not this well? Come, my sweet Kate.

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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, Petruchio and Katherine; Tranio, Biondello, and Grumio, with Servingmen bringing in a banquet.

LUCENTIO

At last, though long, our jarring notes agree,
And time it is when raging war is done
To smile at ’scapes and perils overblown.
My fair Bianca, bid my father welcome,
While I with selfsame kindness welcome thine. 5
Brother Petruchio, sister Katherina,
And thou, Hortensio, with thy loving widow,
Feast with the best, and welcome to my house.
My banquet is to close our stomachs up
After our great good cheer. Pray you, sit down,
For now we sit to chat as well as eat. 10

PETRUCHIO

Nothing but sit and sit, and eat and eat!

BAPTISTA

Padua affords this kindness, son Petruchio.

PETRUCHIO

Padua affords nothing but what is kind.

HORTENSIO

For both our sakes I would that word were true. 15

PETRUCHIO

Now, for my life, Hortensio fears his widow!

WIDOW

Then never trust me if I be afeard.

PETRUCHIO

You are very sensible, and yet you miss my sense:
I mean Hortensio is afeard of you.

WIDOW

He that is giddy thinks the world turns round. 20

PETRUCHIO

Roundly replied.

KATHERINE

Mistress, how mean you that?

WIDOW

Thus I conceive by him.

PETRUCHIO

Conceives by me? How likes Hortensio that?

HORTENSIO

My widow says, thus she conceives her tale. 25
PETRUCHIO

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

KATHERINE

“He that is giddy thinks the world turns round”—
I pray you tell me what you meant by that.

WIDOW

Your husband being troubled with a shrew
Measures my husband’s sorrow by his woe.
And now you know my meaning.

KATHERINE

A very mean meaning.

WIDOW

Right, I mean you.

KATHERINE

And I am mean indeed, respecting you.

PETRUCHIO

To her, Kate!

HORTENSIO

To her, widow!

PETRUCHIO

A hundred marks, my Kate does put her down.

HORTENSIO

That’s my office.

PETRUCHIO

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

\[He\] drinks to Hortensio.

BAPTISTA

How likes Gremio these quick-witted folks?

GREMIO

Believe me, sir, they butt together well.

BIANCA

Head and butt! An hasty-witted body
Would say your head and butt were head and horn.

VINCENTIO

Ay, mistress bride, hath that awakened you?

BIANCA

Ay, but not frighted me. Therefore I’ll sleep again.

PETRUCHIO

Nay, that you shall not. Since you have begun,
Have at you for a \[bitter\] jest or two.
BIANCA

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

*Bianca, †Katherine, and the Widow† exit.*

PETRUCHIO

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

TRANIO

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

PETRUCHIO

A good swift simile, but something currish.

TRANIO

’Tis well, sir, that you hunted for yourself.
’Tis thought your deer does hold you at a bay.

BAPTISTA

O, O, Petruchio! Tranio hits you now.

LUCENTIO

I thank thee for that gird, good Tranio.

HORTENSIO

Confess, confess! Hath he not hit you here?

PETRUCHIO

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

BAPTISTA

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

PETRUCHIO

Well, I say no. And therefore, †for‖ assurance,
Let’s each one send unto his wife,
And he whose wife is most obedient
To come at first when he doth send for her
Shall win the wager which we will propose.
LUCENTIO

Content, what’s the wager?

PETRUCHIO Twenty crowns.

LUCENTIO Twenty crowns?

I’ll venture so much of my hawk or hound,

But twenty times so much upon my wife.

LUCENTIO

A hundred, then.

PETRUCHIO A match! ’Tis done.

HORTENSIO Who shall begin?

LUCENTIO That will I.

Go, Biondello, bid your mistress come to me.

BIONDELLO I go. He exits.

BAPTISTA Son, I’ll be your half Bianca comes.

LUCENTIO I’ll have no halves. I’ll bear it all myself.

Enter Biondello.

How now, what news?

BIONDELLO Sir, my mistress sends you word

That she is busy, and she cannot come.

PETRUCHIO How? “She’s busy, and she cannot come”? Is that an answer?

GREMIO Ay, and a kind one, too.

Pray God, sir, your wife send you not a worse.

PETRUCHIO I hope better.

HORTENSIO Sirrah Biondello, go and entreat my wife

To come to me forthwith. Biondello exits.

PETRUCHIO O ho, entreat her!

Nay, then, she must needs come.
I am afraid, sir,
Do what you can, yours will not be entreated.

Enter Biondello.

Now, where’s my wife?

She says you have some goodly jest in hand.
She will not come. She bids you come to her.

Worse and worse. She will not come!
O vile, intolerable, not to be endured!—
Sirrah Grumio, go to your mistress,
Say I command her come to me.  

Now by my holidam, here comes Katherina!

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

Where is your sister, and Hortensio’s wife?

They sit conferring by the parlor fire.

Go fetch them hither. If they deny to come,
Swinge me them soundly forth unto their husbands.
Away, I say, and bring them hither straight.

Enter Katherine.

They sit conferring by the parlor fire.

Go fetch them hither. If they deny to come,
Swinge me them soundly forth unto their husbands.
Away, I say, and bring them hither straight.

Enter Katherine.

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

And so it is. I wonder what it bodes.
PETRUCHIO

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

BAPTISTA

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

PETRUCHIO

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

Enter Katherine, Bianca, and Widow.

See where she comes, and brings your froward
wives
As prisoners to her womanly persuasion.—
Katherine, that cap of yours becomes you not.
Off with that bauble, throw it underfoot.
(Shobn y)

WIDOW

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

BIANCA

Fie, what a foolish duty call you this?

LUCENTIO

I would your duty were as foolish too.
The wisdom of your duty, fair Bianca,
Hath cost me a hundred crowns since suppertime.

BIANCA

The more fool you for laying on my duty.

PETRUCHIO

Katherine, I charge thee tell these headstrong
women
What duty they do owe their lords and husbands.
The Taming of the Shrew

ACT 5. SC. 2

PETRUCHIO

Come, come, you're mocking. We will have no telling.

PETRUCHIO

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

WIDOW

She shall not.

PETRUCHIO

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

KATHERINE

Fie, fie! Unknit that threat’ning unkind brow,
And dart not scornful glances from those eyes
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor.
It blots thy beauty as frosts do bite the meads,
Confounds thy fame as whirlwinds shake fair buds,
And in no sense is meet or amiable.
A woman moved is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty,
And while it is so, none so dry or thirsty
Will deign to sip or touch one drop of it.
Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy sovereign, one that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance commits his body
To painful labor both by sea and land,
To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,
Whilst thou liest warm at home, secure and safe,
And craves no other tribute at thy hands
But love, fair looks, and true obedience—
Too little payment for so great a debt.
Such duty as the subject owes the prince,
Even such a woman oweth to her husband;
And when she is froward, peevish, sullen, sour,
And not obedient to his honest will,
What is she but a foul contending rebel
And graceless traitor to her loving lord?
I am ashamed that women are so simple
To offer war where they should kneel for peace,
Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway
When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.
Why are our bodies soft and weak and smooth,
Unapt to toil and trouble in the world,
But that our soft conditions and our hearts
Should well agree with our external parts?
Come, come, you froward and unable worms!
My mind hath been as big as one of yours,
My heart as great, my reason haply more,
To bandy word for word and frown for frown;
But now I see our lances are but straws,
Our strength as weak, our weakness past compare,
That seeming to be most which we indeed least are.
Then vail your stomachs, for it is no boot,
And place your hands below your husband’s foot;
In token of which duty, if he please,
My hand is ready, may it do him ease.

Petruchio

Why, there’s a wench! Come on, and kiss me, Kate.

[LUCENTIO

Well, go thy ways, old lad, for thou shalt ha ’t.

VINCENTIO

’Tis a good hearing when children are toward.

LUCENTIO

But a harsh hearing when women are froward.

Petruchio

Come, Kate, we’ll to bed.

We three are married, but you two are sped.

[TTo Lucentio.] ’Twas I won the wager, though you

hit the white,

And being a winner, God give you good night.

Petruchio [and Katherine] exit.

Deathsio

Now, go thy ways, thou hast tamed a curst shrow.

LUCENTIO

’Tis a wonder, by your leave, she will be tamed so.

[They exit.]