THE Taming of the Shrew.

Actus primus. Scœna Prima.

Enter Begger and Hostes, Christophero Sly.

Begger.

IIe pheeze you in faith.

Host. A paire of stockes you rogue.

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

Host. You will not pay for the glasses you haue burst?

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

Host. I know my remedie, I must go fetch the Headborough.

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

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

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

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

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

Huntſ. I will my Lord.

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

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

Lord. Oh monstrous beast, how like a swine he lyes.
Grim death, how foule and loathsome is thine image:
Sirs, I will practise on this drunken man.
What thinke you, if he were conuey'd to bed,
Wrap'd in sweet cloathes: Rings put vpon his fingers:
A most delicious banquet by his bed,
And braue attendants neere him when he wakes,
Would not the begger then forget himselfe?

1. *Hun.* Beleeue me Lord, I thinke he cannot choose.

2. *H.* It would seem strange vnto him when he wak'd

Lord. Euen as a flatt'ring dreame, or worthles fancie.
Then take him vp, and manage well the iest:
Carrie him gently to my fairest Chamber,
And hang it round with all my vvanton pictures:
Balme his foule head in warme distilled waters,
And burne sweet Wood to make the Lodging sweete:
Procure me Musicke readie when he vvakes,
To make a dulcet and a heauenly sound:
And if he chance to speake, be readie straight
(And with a lowe submissiue reuerence)
Say, what is it your Honor vvil command:
Let one attend him vvith a siluer Bason
Full of Rose-water, and bestrew'd with Flowers,
Another beare the Ewer: the third a Diaper,
And say wilt please your Lordship coole your hands.
Some one be readie with a costly suite,
And aske him what apparrel he will weare:
Another tell him of his Hounds and Horse,
And that his Ladie mourns at his disease,
Perswade him that he hath bin Lunaticke,
And when he sayes he is, say that he dreames,
For he is nothing but a mightie Lord:
This do, and do it kindly, gentle sirs,
It wil be pastime passing excellent,
If it be husbanded with modestie.

1. *Huntſ.* My Lord I warrant you we wil play our part
As he shall thinke by our true diligence
He is no lesse then what we say he is.

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

Sound trumpets.

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

Enter Seruingman.

How now? who is it?

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

Enter Players.

Lord. Bid them come neere:
Now fellowes, you are welcome.

Players. We thanke your Honor.

Lord. Do you intend to stay with me to night?

2. *Player.* So please your Lordshippe to accept our dutie.

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

Was

Was aptly fitted, and naturally perform'd.
Sincklo. I thinke 'twas *Soto* that your honor meanes.
Lord. 'Tis verie true, thou didst it excellent:
Well you are come to me in happie time,
The rather for I haue some sport in hand,
Wherein your cunning can assist me much:
There is a Lord will heare you play to night;
But I am doubtfull of your modesties,
Least (ouer-eying of his odde behauiour,
For yet his honor neuer heard a play)
You breake into some merrie passion,
And so offend him: for I tell you sirs,
If you should smile, he growes impatient.
Flai. Feare not my Lord, we can contain ourselues,
Were he the verieſt antick in the world.
Lord. Go sirra, take them to the Butterie,
And giue them friendly welcome euerie one,
Let them want nothing that my house affoords.
Exit one with the Players.
Sirra go you to Bartholmew my Page,
And see him drest in all suites like a Ladie:
That done, conduct him to the drunkards chamber,
And call him Madam, do him obeisance:
Tell him from me (as he will win my loue)
He beare himselfe with honourable action,
Such as he hath obseru'd in noble Ladies
Vnto their Lords, by them accomplished,
Such dutie to the drunkard let him do:
With soft lowe tongue, and lowly curtesie,
And say: What is't your Honor will command,
Wherein your Ladie, and your humble wife,
May shew her dutie, and make knowne her loue.
And then with kinde embracements, tempting kisses,
And with declining head into his bosome
Bid him shed teares, as being ouer-ioyed
To see her noble Lord restor'd to health,
Who for this seuen yeares hath esteemed him
No better then a poore and loathsome begger:
And if the boy haue not a womans guift
To raine a shower of commanded teares,
An Onion wil do well for such a shift,
Which in a Napkin (being close conuei'd)
Shall in despight enforce a waterie eie:
See this dispatch'd with all the hast thou canst,
Anon Ile giue thee more instructions.
Exit a seruingman.
I know the boy will wel vsurpe the grace,
Voice, gate, and action of a Gentlewoman:
I long to heare him call the drunkard husband,
And how my men will stay themselues from laughter,
When they do homage to this simple peasant,
Ile in to counsell them: haply my presence
May well abate the ouer-merrie spleene,
Which otherwise would grow into extreames.

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

Beg. For Gods sake a pot of small Ale.
1. *Ser.* Wilt please your Lord drink a cup of sacke?
2. *Ser.* Wilt please your Honor taste of these Conserues?
3. *Ser.* What raiment wil your honor weare to day.
Beg. I am *Christophero Sly*, call not mee Honour nor Lordship: I ne're drank sacke in my life: and if you giue me any Conserues, giue me conserues of Beefe: nere ask me what raiment Ile weare, for I haue no more doublets then backes: no more stockings then legges: nor no more shooes then feet, nay sometime more feete then shooes, or such shooes as my toes looke through the ouer-leather.
Lord. Heauen cease this idle humor in your Honor.
Oh that a mightie man of such discent,
Of such possessions, and so high esteeme
Should be infused with so foule a spirit.
Beg. What would you make me mad? Am not I *Christopher Slie*, old Sies sonne of Burton-heath, by byrth a Pedler, by education a Cardmaker, by transmutation a Beare-heard, and now by present profession a Tinker. Aske *Marrian Hacket* the fat Alewife of Wincot, if shee know me not: if she say I am not xiiii. d. on the score for sheere Ale, score me vp for the lyingst knaue in Christendome. What I am not bestraught: here's—
3. *Man.* Oh this it is that makes your Ladie mourne.
2 *Mar.* Oh this is it that makes your seruants droop.
Lord. Hence comes it, that your kindred shuns your (house
As beaten hence by your strange Lunacie.
Oh Noble Lord, bethinke thee of thy birth,
Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment,
And banish hence these abiect lowlie dreames:
Looke how thy seruants do attend on thee,
Each in his office readie at thy becke.
Wilt thou haue Musicke? Harke Apollo plaies, *Musick*
And twentie caged Nightingales do sing.
Or wilt thou sleepe? We'l haue thee to a Couch,
Softer and sweeter then the lustfull bed
On purpose trim'd vp for Semiramis.
Say thou wilt walke: we wil bestrow the ground.
Or wilt thou ride? Thy horses shal be trap'd,
Their harnesse studded all with Gold and Pearle.
Dost thou loue hawking? Thou hast hawkes will soare
Aboue the morning Larke. Or wilt thou hunt,
Thy hounds shall make the Welkin answer them
And fetch shrill ecchoes from the hollow earth.
1 *Man.* Say thou wilt course, thy gray-hounds are as (swift
As breathed Stags: I fleeter then the Roe.
2 *M.* Dost thou loue pictures? we wil fetch thee strait
Adonis painted by a running brooke,
And Citherea all in sedges hid,
Which seeme to moue and wanton with her breath,
Euen as the wauing sedges play with winde.
Lord. We'l shew thee *Io*, as she was a Maid,
And how she was beguiled and surpriz'd,
As liuelie painted, as the deede was done.
3. *Man.* Or *Daphne* roming through a thornie wood,
Scratching her legs, that one shal sweare she bleeds,
And at that sight shal sad Apollo weepe,
So workmanlie the blood and teares are drawne.
Lord. Thou art a Lord, and nothing but a Lord:
Thou hast a Ladie farre more Beautifull,
Then any woman in this waining age.
1 *Man.* And til the teares that she hath shed for thee,
Like enuious flouds ore-run her louely face,
She was the fairest creature in the world,
And yet shee is inferiour to none.
Beg. Am I a Lord, and haue I such a Ladie?
Or do I dreame? Or haue I dream'd till now?
I do not sleepe: I see, I heare, I speake:
I smel sweet sauours, and I feele soft things:
Vpon my life I am a Lord indeede,
And not a Tinker, nor Christopher Slie.
Well, bring our Ladie hither to our sight,
And once againe a pot o'th smallest Ale.

2. *Man.* Wilt please your mightinesse to wash your hands:
Oh how we ioy to see your wit restor'd,
Oh that once more you knew but what you are:
These fifteene yeeres you haue bin in a dreame,
Or when you wak'd, so wak'd as if you slept.
Beg. These fifteene yeeres, by my fay, a goodly nap,
But did I neuer speake of all that time.
1. *Man.* Oh yes my Lord, but verie idle words,
For though you lay heere in this goodlie chamber,
Yet would you say, ye were beaten out of doore,
And raile vpon the Hostesse of the house,
And say you would present her at the Leete,
Because she brought stone-iugs, and no seal'd quarts:
Sometimes you would call out for Cicely Hacket.
Beg. I, the womans maide of the house.
3. *man.* Why sir you know no house, nor no such maid
Nor no such men as you haue reckon'd vp,
As *Stephen Slie*, and old *Iohn Naps* of Greece,
And *Peter Turph*, and *Henry Pimpernell*,
And twentie more such names and men as these,
Which neuer were, nor no man euer saw.
Beg. Now Lord be thanked for my good amends.
All. Amen.

Enter Lady with Attendants.

Beg. I thanke thee, thou shalt not loose by it.
Lady. How fares my noble Lord?
Beg. Marrie I fare well, for heere is cheere enough.
Where is my wife?
La. Heere noble Lord, what is thy will with her?
Beg. Are you my wife, and will not cal me husband?
My men should call me Lord, I am your good-man.
La. My husband and my Lord, my Lord and husband
I am your wife in all obedience.
Beg. I know it well, what must I call her?
Lord. Madam.
Beg. *Alce* Madam, or *Ione* Madam?
Lord. Madam, and nothing else, so Lords cal Ladies
Beg. Madame wife, they say that I haue dream'd,
And slept aboue some fifteene yeare or more.
Lady. I, and the time seeme's thirty vnto me,
Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.
Beg. 'Tis much, seruants leaue me and her alone:
Madam vndresse you, and come now to bed.
La. Thrice noble Lord, let me intreat of you
To pardon me yet for a night or two:
Or if not so, vntill the Sun be set.
For your Physitians haue expressely charg'd,
In perill to incurre your former malady,
That I should yet absent me from your bed:
I hope this reason stands for my excuse.
Beg. I, it stands so that I may hardly tarry so long:
But I would be loth to fall into my dreames againe: I wil therefore tarrie in despight of the flesh & the blood

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Your Honors Players hearing your amendment,
Are come to play a pleasant Comedie,
For so your doctors hold it very meete,
Seeing too much sadnesse hath congeal'd your blood,
And melancholly is the Nurse of frenzie,
Therefore they thought it good you heare a play,
And frame your minde to mirth and merriment,
Which barres a thousand harmes, and lengthens life.
Beg. Marrie I will let them play, it is not a Comontie, a Christmas gambold, or a tumbling tricke?
Lady. No my good Lord, it is more pleasing stuffe.
Beg. What, houshold stuffe.
Lady. It is a a kinde of history.
Beg. Well, we'l see't:
Come Madam wife sit by my side,
And let the world slip, we shall nere be yonger.

Flourish. Enter Lucentio, and his man Tranio.

Luc. *Tranio*, since for the great desire I had
To see faire *Padua*, nurserie of Arts,
I am arriu'd for fruitfull *Lumbardie*,
The pleasant garden of great *Italy*,
And by my fathers loue and leaue am arm'd
With his good will, and thy good companie.
My trustie seruant well approu'd in all,
Heere let vs breath, and haply institute
A course of Learning, and ingenious studies.
Pisa renowned for graue Citizens
Gaue me my being, and my father first
A Merchant of great Trafficke through the world:
Vincentio's come of the *Bentiuoly*,
Vincentio's sonne, brough vp in *Florence*,
It shall become to serue all hopes conceiu'd
To decke his fortune with his vertuous deedes:
And therefore *Tranio*, for the time I studie,
Vertue and that part of Philosophie
Will I applie, that treats of happinesse,
By vertue specially to be atchieu'd.
Tell me thy minde, for I haue *Pisa* left,
And am to *Padua* come, as he that leaues
A shallow plash, to plunge him in the deepe,
And with facietie seekes to quench his thirst.
Tra. *Me Pardonato*, gentle master mine:
I am in all affected as your selfe,
Glad that you thus continue your resolue,
To sucke the sweets of sweete Philosophie.
Onely (good master) while we do admire
This vertue, and this morall discipline,
Let's be no Stoickes, nor no stockes I pray,
Or so deuote to *Aristotles* checkes
As *Ouid*; be an out-cast quite abiur'd:
Balke Lodgicke with acquaintaince that you haue,
And practise Rhetoricke in your common talke,
Musicke and Poesie vse, to quicken you,
The Mathematickes, and the Metaphysickes
Fall to them as you finde your stomacke serues you:
No profit growes, where is no pleasure tane:
In briefe sir, studie what you most affect.
Luc. Gramercies *Tranio*, well dost thou aduise,
If *Biondello* thou wert come ashore,
We could at once put vs in readinesse,
And take a Lodging fit to entertaine
Such friends (as time) in *Padua* shall beget.
But stay a while, what companie is this?
Tra. Master some shew to welcome vs to Towne.

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

Bap. Gentlemen, importune me no farther,
For how I firmly am resolu d you know:
That is, not to bestow my yongest daughter,
Before I haue a husband for the elder:
If either of you both loue *Katherina*,

Because

Becauſe I know you well, and loue you well,
Leaue ſhall you haue to court her at your pleaſure.
Gre. To cart her rather. She's to rough for mee,
There, there *Hortenſio*, will you any Wife?
Kate. I pray you ſir, is it your will
To make a ſtale of me amongſt theſe mates?
Hor. Mates maid, how meane you that?
No mates for you,
Vnleſſe you were of gentler milder mould.
Kate. I'faith ſir, you ſhall neuer neede to feare,
I-wis it is not halfe way to her heart:
But if it were, doubt not, her care ſhould be,
To combe your noddle with a three-legg'd ſtoole,
And paint your face, and vſe you like a foole.
Hor. From all ſuch diuels, good Lord deliuer vs.
Gre. And me too, good Lord.
Tra. Huſht maſter, heres ſome good paſtime toward;
That wench is ſtarke mad, or wonderfull froward.
Lucen. But in the others ſilence do I ſee,
Maids milde behauiour and ſobrietie.
Peace *Tranio*.
Tra. Well ſaid Mr, mum, and gaze your fill.
Bap. Gentlemen, that I may ſoone make good
What I haue ſaid, *Bianca* get you in,
And let it not diſpleaſe thee good *Bianca*,
For I will loue thee nere the leſſe my girle.
Kate. A pretty peate, it is beſt put finger in the eye, and ſhe knew why.
Bian. Siſter content you, in my diſcontent.
Sir, to your pleaſure humbly I ſubſcribe:
My bookes and inſtruments ſhall be my companie,
On them to looke, and practiſe by my ſelfe.
Luc. Harke *Tranio*, thou maiſt heare *Minerua* ſpeak.
Hor. Signior *Baptiſta*, will you be ſo ſtrange,
Sorrie am I that our good will effects
Bianca's greefe.
Gre. Why will you mew her vp
(Signior *Baptiſta*) for this fiend of hell,
And make her beare the pennance of her tongue.
Bap. Gentlemen content ye: I am reſould:
Go in *Bianca*.
And for I know ſhe taketh moſt delight
In Muſicke, Inſtruments, and Poetry,
Schoolemaſters will I keepe within my houſe,
Fit to inſtruct her youth. If you *Hortenſio*,
Or ſignior *Gremio* you know any ſuch,
Preferre them hither: for to cunning men,
I will be very kinde and liberall,
To mine owne children, in good bringing vp,
And ſo farewell: *Katherina* you may ſtay,
For I haue more to commune with *Bianca*. *Exit.*
Kate. Why, and I truſt I may go too, may I not?
What ſhall I be appointed houres, as though
(Belike) I knew not what to take,
And what to leaue? Ha. *Exit*
Gre. You may go to the diuels dam: your guifts are ſo good heere's none will holde you: Their loue is not ſo great *Hortenſio*, but we may blow our nails together, and faſt it fairely out. Our cakes dough on both ſides. Farewell: yet for the loue I beare my ſweet *Bianca*, if I can by any meanes light on a fit man to teach her that wherein ſhe delights, I will wiſh him to her father.
Hor. So will I ſignior *Gremio*: but a word I pray: Though the nature of our quarrell yet neuer brook'd parle, know now vpon aduice, it toucheth vs both: that we may yet againe haue acceſſe to our faire Miſtris, and be happie riuals in *Bianca's* loue, to labour and effect one thing ſpecially.
Gre. What's that I pray?
Hor. Marrie ſir to get a husband for her Siſter.
Gre. A husband: a diuell.
Hor. I ſay a husband.
Gre. I ſay, a diuell: Think'ſt thou *Hortenſio*, though her father be verie rich, any man is ſo verie a foole to be married to hell?
Hor. Tuſh *Gremio*: though it paſſe your patience & mine to endure her lowd alarums, why man there bee good fellowes in the world, and a man could light on them, would take her with all faults, and mony enough.
Gre. I cannot tell: but I had as lief take her dowrie with this condition; To be whipt at the hie croſſe euerie morning.
Hor. Faith (as you ſay) there's ſmall choiſe in rotten apples: but come, ſince this bar in law makes vs friends, it ſhall be ſo farre forth friendly maintain'd, till by helping *Baptiſtas* eldeſt daughter to a husband, wee ſet his yongeſt free for a husband, and then haue to't afreſh: Sweet *Bianca*, happy man be his dole: hee that runnes faſteſt, gets the Ring: How ſay you ſignior *Gremio*?
Grem. I am agreed, and would I had giuen him the beſt horſe in *Padua* to begin his woing that would thoroughly woe her, wed her, and bed her, and ridde the houſe of her. Come on.
Exeunt ambo. Manet Tranio and Lucentio
Tra. I pray ſir tel me, is it poſſible
That loue ſhould of a ſodaine take ſuch hold.
Luc. Oh *Tranio*, till I found it to be true,
I neuer thought it poſſible or likely.
But ſee, while idely I ſtood looking on,
I found the effect of Loue in idleneſſe,
And now in plainneſſe do confeſſe to thee
That art to me as ſecret and as deere
As *Anna* to the Queene of Carthage was:
Tranio I burne, I pine, I periſh *Tranio*,
If I atchieue not this yong modeſt gyrle:
Counſaile me *Tranio*, for I know thou canſt:
Aſſiſt me *Tranio*, for I know thou wilt.
Tra. Maſter, it is no time to chide you now,
Affection is not rated from the heart:
If loue haue touch'd you, naught remaines but ſo,
Redime te captam quam queas minimo.
Luc Gramercies Lad: Go forward, this contents,
The reſt wil comfort, for thy counſels ſound.
Tra. Maſter, you look'd ſo longly on the maide,
Perhaps you mark'd not what's the pith of all.
Luc. Oh yes, I ſaw ſweet beautie in her face,
Such as the daughter of *Agenor* had,
That made great *Ioue* to humble him to her hand,
When with his knees he kiſt the Cretan ſtrond.
Tra. Saw you no more? Mark'd you not how her ſiſter
Began to ſcold, and raiſe vp ſuch a ſtorme,
That mortal eares might hardly indure the din.
Luc. *Tranio*, I ſaw her corrall lips to moue,
And with her breath ſhe did perfume the ayre,
Sacred and ſweet was all I ſaw in her.
Tra. Nay, then 'tis time to ſtirre him frõ his trance:
I pray awake ſir: if you loue the Maide,
Bend thoughts and wits to atcheeue her. Thus it ſtands:
Her elder ſiſter is ſo curſt and ſhrew'd,
That til the Father rid his hands of her,
Maſter, your Loue muſt liue a maide at home,
And therefore has he cloſely meu'd her vp,
Becauſe

Because she will not be annoy'd with suters.

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

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

Luc. I haue it *Tranio.*

Tra. Master, for my hand,
Both our inuentions meet and jumpe in one.

Luc. Tell me thine first.

Tra. You will be schoole-master,
And vndertake the teaching of the maid:
That's your deuice.

Luc. It is: May it be done?

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

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

Tra. So had you neede:
In breefe Sir, sith it your pleasure is,
And I am tyed to be obedient,
For so your father charg'd me at our parting:
Be seruiceable to my sonne (quoth he)
Although I thinke 'twas in another sence,
I am content to bee *Lucentio*,
Because so well I loue *Lucentio*.

Luc. *Tranio* be so, because *Lucentio* loues,
And let me be a slaue, t'atchieue that maide,
Whose sodaine sight hath thral'd my wounded eye.

Enter Biondello.

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

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

Luc. Sirra come hither, 'tis no time to iest,
And therefore frame your manners to the time
Your fellow *Tranio* heere to saue my life,
Puts my apparrell, and my count'nance on,
And I for my escape haue put on his:
For in a quarrell since I came a shore,
I kil'd a man, and feare I was descried:
Waite you on him, I charge you, as becomes:
While I make way from hence to saue my life:
You vnderstand me?

Bion. I sir, ne're a whit.

Luc. And not a iot of *Tranio* in your mouth,
Tranio is chang'd into *Lucentio*.

Bion. The better for him, would I were so too.

Tra. So could I 'faith boy, to haue the next wish after, that *Lucentio* indeede had *Baptistas* yongest daughter. But sirra, not for my sake, but your masters, I aduise you vse your manners discreetly in all kind of companies: When I am alone, why then I am *Tranio:* but in all places else, you master *Lucentio*.

Luc. *Tranio* let's go:
One thing more rests, that thy selfe execute,
To make one among these wooers: if thou ask me why,
Sufficeth my reasons are both good and waighty.

Exeunt. *The Presenters aboue speakes.*

1. *Man.* My Lord you nod, you do not minde the play.

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

Lady. My Lord, 'tis but begun.

Beg. 'Tis a verie excellent peece of worke, Madame Ladie: would 'twere done. *They sit and marke.*

Enter Petruchio, and his man Grumio.

Petr. *Verona*, for a while I take my leaue,
To see my friends in *Padua*; but of all
My best beloued and approued friend
Hortensio: & I trow this is his house:
Heere sirra *Grumio*, knocke I say.

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

Petr. Villaine I say, knocke me heere soundly.

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

Petr. Villaine I say, knocke me at this gate,
And rap me well, or Ile knocke your knaues pate.

Gru. My Mr is growne quarrelsome:
I should knocke you first,
And then I know after who comes by the worst.

Petr. Will it not be?
'Faith sirrah, and you'l not knocke, Ile ring it,
Ile trie how you can *Sol, Fa*, and sing it.

He rings him by the eares

Gru. Helpe mistris helpe, my master is mad.

Petr. Now knocke when I bid you: sirrah villaine.

Enter Hortensio.

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

Petr. Signior *Hortensio*, come you to part the fray?
Contutti le core bene trobatto, may I say.

Hor. *Alla nostra casa bene venuto multo honorata signior mio Petruchio.*
Rise *Grumio* rise, we will compound this quarrell.

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

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

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

Petr. Sirra be gone, or talke not I aduise you.

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

Petr. Such wind as scatters yongmen throgh ỹ world,

To

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

Hor. *Petruchio*, shall I then come roundly to thee,
And wish thee to a shrew'd ill-fauour'd wife?
Thou'dst thanke me but a little for my counsell:
And yet Ile promise thee she shall be rich,
And verie rich; but th'art too much my friend,
And Ile not wish thee to her.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Gru. *Katherine* the curst,
A title for a maide, of all titles the worst.

Hor. Now shal my friend *Petruchio* do me grace,
And offer me disguis'd in sobet robes,
To old *Baptista* as a schoole-master
Well seene in Musicke, to instruct *Bianca*,
That so I may by this deuice at least
Haue leaue and leisure to make loue to her,
And vnsuspected court her by her selfe.

Enter Gremio and Lucentio disguised.

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

Hor. Peace *Grumio*, it is the riuall of my Loue. *Petruchio* stand by a while.

Grumio. A proper stripling, and an amorous.

Gremio. O very well, I haue perus'd the note:
Hearke you sir, Ile haue them verie fairely bound,
All bookes of Loue, see that at any hand,
And see you reade no other Lectures to her:
You vnderstand me. Ouer and beside
Signior *Baptistas* liberalitie,
Ile mend it with a Largesse. Take your paper too,
And let me haue them verie wel perfum'd;
For she is sweeter then perfume it selfe
To whom they go to: what wil you reade to her.

Luc. What ere I reade to her, Ile pleade for you,
As for my patron, stand you so assur'd,
As firmely as your selfe were still in place,
Yea and perhaps with more successefull words
Then you; vnlesse you were a scholler sir.

Gre. Oh this learning, what a thing it is.

Gru. Oh this Woodcocke, what an Asse it is.

Petru. Peace sirra.

Hor. *Grumio* mum: God saue you signior *Gremio*.

Gre. And you are wel met, Signior *Hortensio*.
Trow you whither I am going? To *Baptista Minola*,
I promist to enquire carefully
About a schoolemaster for the faire *Bianca*,
And by good fortune I haue lighted well
On this yong man: For learning and behauiour
Fit for her turne, well read in Poetrie
And other bookes, good ones, I warrant ye.

Hor. 'Tis well: and I haue met a Gentleman
Hath promist me to helpe one to another,
A fine Musitian to instruct our Mistris,
So shal I no whit be behinde in dutie
To faire *Bianca*, so beloued of me.

Gre. Beloued of me, and that my deeds shal proue.

Gru. And that his bags shal proue.

Hor. *Gremio*, 'tis now no time to vent our loue,
Listen to me, and if you speake me faire,
Ile tel you newes indifferent good for either.
Heere is a Gentleman whom by chance I met,

Vpon

Vpon agreement from vs to his liking,
Will vndertake to woo curst *Katherine*,
Yea, and to marrie her, if her dowrie please.
Gre. So said, so done, is well:
Hortensio, haue you told him all her faults?
Petr. I know she is an irkesome brawling scold:
If that be all Masters, I heare no harme.
Gre. No, sayst me so, friend? What Countreyman?
Petr. Borne in *Verona*, old *Butonio* sonne:
My father dead, my fortune liues for me,
And I do hope, good dayes and long, to see.
Gre. Oh sir, such a life with such a wife, were strange:
But if you haue a stomacke, doo't a Godsname,
You shal haue me assisting you in all.
But will you woo this Wilde-cat?
Petr. Will I liue?
Gru. Wil he woo her? I? or Ile hang her.
Petr. Why came I hither, but to that intent?
Thinke you, a little dinne can daunt mine eares?
Haue I not in my time heard Lions rore?
Haue I not heard the sea, puft vp with windes,
Rage like an angry Boare, chafed with sweat?
Haue I not heard great Ordnance in the field?
And heauens Artillerie thunder in the skies?
Haue I not in a pitched battell heard
Loud larums, neighing steeds, & trumpets clangue?
And do you tell me of a womans tongue?
That giues not halfe so great a blow to heare,
As wil a Chesse-nut in a Farmers fire.
Tush, tush, feare boyes with bugs.
Gru. For he feares none.
Grem. *Hortensio* hearke!
This Gentleman is happily arriu'd,
My minde presumes for his owne good, and yours.
Hor. I promist we would be Contributors,
And beare his charge of wooing whatsoere.
Gremio. And so we wil, prouided that he winner.
Gru. I would I were as sure of a good dinner.

Enter Tranio braue, and Biondello.

Tra. Gentlemen God saue you. If I may be bold
Tell me I beseech you, which is the readiest way
To the house of Signior *Baptista Minola*?
Bion. He that ha's the two faire daughters: ist he you meane?
Tra. Euen he *Biondello*.
Gre. Hearke you sir, you meane not her to——
Tra. Perhaps him and her sir, what haue you to do?
Petr. Not her that chides sir, at any hand I pray.
Tranio. I loue no chiders sir: *Biondello*, let's away.
Luc Well begun *Tranio*.
Hor. Sir, a word ere you go:
Are you a sutor to the Maid you talke of, yea or no?
Tra. And if I be sir, is it any offence?
Gremio. No: if without more words you will get you hence.
Tra. Why sir, I pray are not the streets as free
For me, as for you?
Gre. But so is not she.
Tra. For what reason I beseech you.
Gre. For this reason if you'l kno,
That she's the choise loue of Signior *Gremio*.
Hor. That she's the chosen of signior *Hortensio*.
Tra. Softly my Masters: If you be Gentlemen
Do me this right: heare me with patience.
Baptista is a noble Gentleman,
To whom my Father is not all vnknowne,
And were his daughter fairer then she is,
She may more sutors haue, and me for one.
Faire *Ledaes* daughter had a thousand wooers,
Then well one more may faire *Bianca* haue;
And so she shall: *Lucentio* shal make one,
Though *Paris* came, in hope to speed alone.
Gre. What, this Gentleman will out-talke vs all.
Luc. Sir giue him head, I know hee'l proue a Iade.
Petr. *Hortensio*, to what end are all these words?
Hor. Sir, let me be so bold as aske you,
Did you yet euer see *Baptistas* daughter?
Tra. No sir, but heare I do that he hath two:
The one, as famous for a scolding tongue,
As is the other, for beauteous modestie.
Petr. Sir, sir, the first's for me, let her go by.
Gre. Yea, leaue that labour to great *Hercules*,
And let it be more then *Alcides* twelue.
Petr. Sir vnderstand you this of me (insooth)
The yongest daughter whom you hearken for,
Her father keepes from all accesse of sutors,
And will not promise her to any man,
Vntill the elder sister first be wed.
The yonger then is free, and not before.
Tranio. If it be so sir, that you are the man
Must steed vs all, and me amongst the rest:
And if you breake the ice, and do this seeke,
Atchieue the elder: set the yonger free,
For our accesse, whose hap shall be to haue her,
Wil not so graceless be, to be ingrate.
Hor. Sir you say wel, and wel you do conceiue,
And since you do professe to be a sutor,
You must as we do, gratifie this Gentleman,
To whom we all rest generally beholding.
Tranio. Sir, I shal not be slacke, in signe whereof,
Please ye we may contriue this afternoone,
And quaffe carowses to our Mistresse health,
And do as aduersaries do in law,
Striue mightily, but eate and drinke as friends.
Gru. *Bion.* Oh excellent motion: fellowes let's be gon.
Hor. The motions good indeed, and be it so,
Petruchio, I shal be your *Been venuto*. *Exeunt.*

Enter Katherina and Bianca.

Bian. Good sister wrong me not, nor wrong your self,
To make a bondmaide and a slaue of mee,
That I disdaine: but for these other goods,
Vnbinde my hands, Ile pull them off my selfe,
Yea all my raiment, to my petticoate,
Or what you will command me, wil I do,
So well I know my dutie to my elders.
Kate. Of all thy sutors heere I charge tel
Whom thou lou'st best: see thou dissemble not.
Bianca. Beleeue me sister, of all the men aliue,
I neuer yet beheld that speciall face,
Which I could fancie, more then any other.
Kate. Minion thou lyest: Is't not *Hortensio*?
Bian. If you affect him sister, heere I sweare
Ile pleade for you my selfe, but you shal haue him.
Kate. Oh then belike you fancie riches more,
You wil haue *Gremio* to keepe you faire.
Bian. Is it for him you do enuie me so?
Nay then you iest, and now I wel perceiue
You haue but iested with me all this while:
I prethee sister Kate, vntie my hands.
Ka. If that be iest, then all the rest was so. *Strikes her*

Enter

Enter Baptista.

Bap. Why how now Dame, whence growes this insolence?
Bianca stand aside, poore gyrle she weepes:
Go ply thy Needle, meddle not with her.
For shame thou Hilding of a diuellish spirit,
Why dost thou wrong her, that did nere wrong thee?
When did she crosse thee with a bitter word?

Kate. Her silence flouts me, and Ile be reueng'd. *Flies after Bianca*

Bap. What in my sight? *Bianca* get thee in. *Exit.*

Kate. What will you not suffer me: Nay now I see
She is your treasure, she must haue a husband,
I must dance bare-foot on her wedding day,
And for your loue to her, leade Apes in hell.
Talke not to me, I will go sit and weepe,
Till I can finde occasion of reuenge.

Bap. Was euer Gentleman thus greeu'd as I?
But who comes heere.

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

Gre. Good morrow neighbour *Baptista.*

Bap. Good morrow neighbour *Gremio:* God saue you Gentlemen.

Pet. And you good sir: pray haue you not a daughter, cal'd *Katerina*, faire and vertuous.

Bap. I haue a daughter sir, cal'd *Katerina.*

Gre. You are too blunt, go to it orderly.

Pet. You wrong me signior *Gremio*, giue me leaue.
I am a Gentleman of *Verona* sir,
That hearing of her beautie, and her wit,
Her affability and bashfull modestie:
Her wondrous qualities, and milde behauiour,
Am bold to shew my selfe a forward guest
Within your house, to make mine eye the witnesse
Of that report, which I so oft haue heard,
And for an entrance to my entertainment,
I do present you with a man of mine
Cunning in Musicke, and the Mathematickes,
To instruct her fully in those sciences,
Whereof I know she is not ignorant,
Accept of him, or else you do me wrong,
His name is *Litio*, borne in *Mantua.*

Bap. Y'are welcome sir, and he for your good sake.
But for my daughter *Katerine*, this I know,
She is not for your turne, the more my greefe.

Pet. I see you do not meane to part with her,
Or else you like not of my companie.

Bap. Mistake me not, I speake but as I finde,
Whence are you sir? What may I call your name.

Pet. *Petruchio* is my name, *Antonio's* sonne,
A man well knowne throughout all Italy.

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

Gre. Sauing your tale *Petruchio*, I pray let vs that are poore petitioners speake too? *Bacare*, you are meruaylous forward.

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

Gre. I doubt it not sir. But you will curse
Your wooing neighbors: this is a guift
Very gratefull, I am sure of it, to expresse
The like kindnesse my selfe, that haue beene
More kindely beholding to you then any:
Freely giue vnto this yong Scholler, that hath
Beene long studying at *Rhemes*, as cunning
In Greeke, Latine, and other Languages,
As the other in Musicke and Mathematickes:
His name is *Cambio*: pray accept his seruice.

Bap. A thousand thankes signior *Gremio:*
Welcome good *Cambio.* But gentle sir,
Me thinkes you walke like a stranger,
May I be so bold, to know the cause of your comming?

Tra. Pardon me sir, the boldnesse is mine owne,
That being a stranger in this Cittie heere,
Do make my selfe a suitor to your daughter,
Vnto *Bianca*, faire and vertuous:
Nor is your firme resolue vnknowne to me,
In the preferment of the eldest sister.
This liberty is all that I request,
That vpon knowledge of my Parentage,
I may haue welcome 'mongst the rest that woo,
And free accesse and fauour as the rest.
And toward the education of your daughters:
I heere bestow a simple instrument,
And this small packet of Greeke and Latine bookes:
If you accept them, then their worth is great:

Bap. *Lucentio* is your name, of whence I pray.

Tra. Of *Pisa* sir, sonne to *Vincentio.*

Bap. A mightie man of *Pisa* by report,
I know him well: you are verie welcome sir:
Take you the Lute, and you the set of bookes,
You shall go see your Pupils presently.
Holla, within.

Enter a Seruant.

Sirrah, leade these Gentlemen
To my daughters, and tell them both
These are their Tutors, bid them vse them well,
We will go walke a little in the Orchard,
And then to dinner: you are passing welcome,
And so I pray you all to thinke your selues.

Pet. Signior *Baptista*, my businesse asketh haste,
And euerie day I cannot come to woo,
You knew my father well, and in him me,
Left solie heire to all his Lands and goods,
Which I haue bettered rather then decreast,
Then tell me, if I get your daughters loue,
What dowrie shall I haue with her to wife.

Bap. After my death, the one halfe of my Lands,
And in possession twentie thousand Crownes.

Pet And for that dowrie, Ile assure her of
Her widdow-hood, be it that she suruiue me
In all my Lands and Leases whatsoeuer
Let specialties be therefore drawne betweene vs,
That couenants may be kept on either hand.

Bap. I, when the speciall thing is well obtain'd,
That is her loue: for that is all in all.

Pet. Why that is nothing: for I tell you father,
I am as peremptorie as she proud minded:
And where two raging fires meete together,
They do consume the thing that feedes their furie.
Though little fire growes great with little winde,
yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all:
So I to her, and so she yeelds to me,
For I am rough, and woo not like a babe.

Bap. Well maist thou woo, and happy be thy speed:
But be thou arm'd for some vnhappie words.

Pet. I to the proofe, as Mountaines are for windes,
That shakes not, though they blow perpetually.

Enter Hortensio with his head broke.

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

Her. For feare I promiſe you, if I looke pale.

Bap. What, will my daughter proue a good Muſitian?

Her. I thinke ſhe'l ſooner proue a ſouldier,
Iron may hold with her, but neuer Lutes.

Bap. Why then thou canſt not break her to the Lute?

Her. Why no, for ſhe hath broke the Lute to me:
I did but tell her ſhe miſtooke her frets,
And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering,
When (with a moſt impatient diuelliſh ſpirit)
Frets call you theſe? (quoth ſhe) Ile ſume with them:
And with that word ſhe ſtroke me on the head,
And through the inſtrument my pate made way,
And there I ſtood amazed for a while,
As on a Pillorie, looking through the Lute,
While ſhe did call me Raſcall, Fidler,
And twangling Iacke, with twentie ſuch vilde tearmes,
As had ſhe ſtudied to miſvſe me ſo.

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

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

Exit. Manet Petruchio.

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

Enter Katerina.

Good morrow *Kate*, for thats your name I heare.

Kate. Well haue you heard, but ſomething hard of hearing:
They call me *Katerine*, that do talke of me.

Pet. You lye in faith, for you are call'd plaine *Kate*,
And bony *Kate*, and ſometimes *Kate* the curſt:
But *Kate*, the prettieſt *Kate* in Chriſtendome,
Kate of *Kate*-hall, my ſuper-daintie *Kate*,
For dainties are all *Kates*, and therefore *Kate*
Take this of me, *Kate* of my conſolation,
Hearing thy mildneſſe prais'd in euery Towne,
Thy vertues ſpoke of, and thy beautie founded,
Yet not ſo deepely as to thee belongs,
My ſelfe am moou'd to woo thee for my wife.

Kate. Mou'd, in good time, let him that mou'd you hether
Remoue you hence: I knew you at the firſt
You were a mouable.

Pet. Why, what's a mouable?

Kat. A ioyn'd ſtoole.

Pet. Thou haſt hit it: come ſit on me.

Kate. Aſſes are made to beare, and ſo are you.

Pet. Women are made to beare, and ſo are you.

Kate. No ſuch Iade as you, if me you meane.

Pet. Alas good *Kate*, I will not burthen thee,
For knowing thee to be but yong and light.

Kate. Too light for ſuch a ſwaine as you to catch,
And yet as heauie as my waight ſhould be.

Pet. Shold be, ſhould: buzze.

Kate. Well tane, and like a buzzard.

Pet. Oh ſlow-wing'd Turtle, ſhal a buzard take thee?

Kat. I for a Turtle, as he takes a buzard.

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

Kate. If I be waſpiſh, beſt beware my ſting.

Pet. My remedy is then to plucke it out.

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

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

Kate. In his tongue?

Pet. Whoſe tongue.

Kate. Yours if you talke of tales, and ſo farewell.

Pet. What with my tongue in your taile.
Nay, come againe, good *Kate*, I am a Gentleman,

Kate. That Ile trie. *ſhe ſtrikes him*

Pet. I ſweare Ile cuffe you, if you ſtrike againe.

Kate. So may you looſe your armes,
If you ſtrike me, you are no Gentleman,
And if no Gentleman, why then no armes.

Pet. A Herald *Kate*? Oh put me in thy bookes.

Kate. What is your Creſt, a Coxcombe?

Pet. A combleſſe Cocke, ſo *Kate* will be my Hen.

Kate. No Cocke of mine, you crow too like a crauen

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

Kate. It is my faſhion when I ſee a Crab.

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

Kate. There is, there is.

Pet. Then ſhew it me.

Kate. Had I a glaſſe, I would.

Pet. What, you meane my face.

Kate. Well aym'd of ſuch a yong one.

Pet. Now by S. George I am too yong for you.

Kate. Yet you are wither'd,

Pet. 'Tis with cares.

Kate. I care not.

Pet. Nay heare you *Kate*. Inſooth you ſcape not ſo.

Kate. I chafe you if I tarrie. Let me go.

Pet. No, not a whit, I finde you paſſing gentle:
'Twas told me you were rough, and coy, and ſullen,
And now I finde report a very liar:
For thou art pleaſant, gameſome, paſſing courteous,
But ſlow in ſpeech: yet ſweet as ſpring-time flowers.
Thou canſt not frowne, thou canſt not looke a ſconce,
Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will,
Nor haſt thou pleaſure to be croſſe in talke:
But thou with mildneſſe entertain'ſt thy wooers,
With gentle conference, ſoft, and affable.
Why does the world report that *Kate* doth limpe?
Oh ſland'rous world: *Kate* like the hazle twig
Is ſtraight, and ſlender, and as browne in hue
As hazle nuts, and ſweeter then the kernels:
Oh let me ſee thee walke: thou doſt not halt.

Kate. Go foole, and whom thou keep'ſt command.

Pet. Did euer *Dian* ſo become a Groue
As *Kate* this chamber with her princely gate:
O be thou *Dian*, and let her be *Kate*,

And

And then let *Kate* be chaste, and *Dian* sportfull.
Kate. Where did you study all this goodly speech?
Petr. It is *extempore*, from my mother wit.
Kate. A witty mother, witlesse else her sonne.
Pet. Am I not wise?
Kat. Yes, keepe you warme.
Pet. Marry so I meane sweet *Katherine* in thy bed:
And therefore setting all this chat aside,
Thus in plaine termes: your father hath consented
That you shall be my wife; your dowry greed on,
And will you, nill you, I will marry you.
Now *Kate*, I am a husband for your turne,
For by this light, whereby I see thy beauty,
Thy beauty that doth make me like thee well,
Thou must be married to no man but me,

Enter Baptista, Gremio, Trayno.

For I am he am borne to tame you *Kate*,
And bring you from a wilde *Kate* to a *Kate*
Conformable as other houshold *Kates*:
Heere comes your father, neuer make deniall,
I must, and will haue *Katherine* to my wife. (daughter?
Bap. Now Signior *Petruchio*, how speed you with my
Pet. How but well sir? how but well?
It were impossible I should speed amisse. (dumps?
Bap. Why how now daughter *Katherine*, in your
Kat. Call you me daughter? now I promise you
You haue shewd a tender fatherly regard,
To wish me wed to one halfe Lunaticke,
A mad-cap ruffian, and a swearing lacke,
That thinkes with oathes to face the matter out.
Pet. Father, 'tis thus, your selfe and all the world
That talk'd of her, haue talk'd amisse of her:
If she be curst, it is for pollicie,
For shee's not froward, but modest as the Doue,
Shee is not hot, but temperate as the morne,
For patience shee will proue a second *Grissell*,
And Romane *Lucrece* for her chastitie:
And to conclude, we haue greed so well together,
That vpon sonday is the wedding day.
Kate. Ile see thee hang'd on sonday first. (first.
Gre. Hark *Petruchio*, she saies shee'll see thee hang'd
Tra. Is this your speeding? nay thē godnight our part.
Pet. Be patient gentlemen, I choose her for my selfe,
If she and I be pleas'd, what's that to you?
'Tis bargain'd twixt vs twaine being alone,
That she shall still be curst in company.
I tell you 'tis incredible to beleeue
How much she loues me: oh the kindest *Kate*,
Shee hung about my necke, and kisse on kisse
Shee vi'd so fast, protesting oath on oath,
That in a twinke she won me to her loue.
Oh you are noüices, 'tis a world to see
How tame when men and women are alone,
A meacocke wretch can make the curstest shrew:
Giue me thy hand *Kate*, I will vnto *Venice*
To buy apparell 'gainst the wedding day;
Prouide the feast father, and bid the guests,
I will be sure my *Katherine* shall be fine.
Bap. I know not what to say, but giue me your hāds,
God send you ioy, *Petruchio*, 'tis a match.
Gre. Tra. Amen say we, we will be witnesses.
Pet. Father, and wife, and gentlemen adieu,
I will to *Venice*, sonday comes apace,
We will haue rings, and things, and fine array,
And kisse me *Kate*, we will be married a sonday.
Exit Petruchio and Katherine.
Gre. Was euer match clapt vp so sodainly?
Bap. Faith Gentlemen now I play a marchants part,
And venture madly on a desperate Mart.
Tra. Twas a commodity lay fretting by you,
'Twill bring you gaine, or perish on the seas.
Bap. The gaine I seeke, is quiet me the match.
Gre. No doubt but he hath got a quiet catch:
But now *Baptista*, to your yonger daughter,
Now is the day we long haue looked for,
I am your neighbour, and was suter first.
Tra. And I am one that loue *Bianca* more
Then words can witnesse, or your thoughts can guesse.
Gre. Yongling thou canst not loue so deare as I.
Tra. Gray-beard thy loue doth freeze.
Gre. But thine doth frie,
Skipper stand backe, 'tis age that nourisheth.
Tra. But youth in Ladies eyes that florisheth.
Bap. Content you gentlemen, I wil cōpound this strife
'Tis deeds must win the prize, and he of both
That can assure my daughter greatest dower,
Shall haue my *Biancas* loue.
Say signior *Gremio*, what can you assure her?
Gre. First, as you know, my house within the City
Is richly furnished with plate and gold,
Basons and ewers to laue her dainty hands:
My hangings all of *tirian* tapestry:
In Iuory cofers I haue stuft my crownes:
In Cypres chests my arras counterpoints,
Costly apparell, tents, and Canopies,
Fine Linnen, Turky cushions bost with pearle,
Vallens of Venice gold, in needle worke:
Pewter and brasse, and all things that belongs
To house or house-keeping: then at my farme
I haue a hundred milch-kine to the pale,
Sixe-score fat Oxen standing in my stalls,
And all things answerable to this portion.
My selfe am strooke in yeeres I must confesse,
And if I die to morrow this is hers,
If whil'st I liue she will be onely mine.
Tra. That only came well in: sir, list to me,
I am my fathers heyre and onely sonne,
If I may haue your daughter to my wife,
Ile leaue her houses three or foure as good
Within rich *Pisa* walls, as any one
Old Signior *Gremio* has in *Padua*,
Besides, two thousand Duckets by the yeere
Of fruitfull land, all which shall be her ioynter.
What, haue I pincht you Signior *Gremio*?
Gre. Two thousand Duckets by the yeere of land,
My Land amounts not to so much in all:
That she shall haue, besides an Argosie
That now is lying in Marcellus roade:
What, haue I choakt you with an Argosie?
Tra. *Gremio*, 'tis knowne my father hath no lesse
Then three great Argosies, besides two Galliasses
And twelue tite Gallies, these I will assure her,
And twice as much what ere thou offrest next.
Gre. Nay, I haue offred all, I haue no more,
And she can haue no more then all I haue,
If you like me, she shall haue me and mine.
Tra. Why then the maid is mine from all the world
By your firme promise, *Gremio* is out-vied.
Bap. I must confesse your offer is the best,
And let your father make her the assurance,

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Shee is your owne, else you must pardon me:
If you should die before him, where's her dower?
Tra. That's but a cauill: he is olde, I young.
Gre. And may not yong men die as well as old?
Bap. Well gentlemen, I am thus resolu'd,
On sonday next, you know
My daughter *Katherine* is to be married:
Now on the sonday following, shall *Bianca*
Be Bride to you, if you make this assurance:
If not, to Signior *Gremio*:
And so I take my leaue, and thanke you both. *Exit.*
Gre. Adieu good neighbour: now I feare thee not:
Sirra, yong gamester, your father were a foole
To giue thee all, and in his wayning age
Set foot vnder thy table: tut, a toy,
An olde Italian foxe is not so kinde my boy. *Exit.*
Tra. A vengeance on your crafty withered hide,
Yet I haue fac'd it with a card of ten:
'Tis in my head to doe my master good:
I see no reason but suppos'd *Lucentio*
Must get a father, call'd suppos'd *Vincentio*,
And that's a wonder: fathers commonly
Doe get their children: but in this case of woing,
A childe shall get a sire, if I faile not of my cunning. *Exit.*

Actus Tertia.

Enter Lucentio, Hortentio, and Bianca.

Luc. Fidler forbeare you grow too forward Sir,
Haue you so soone forgot the entertainment
Her sister *Katherine* welcom'd you withall.
Hort. But wrangling pedant, this is
The patronesse of heauenly harmony:
Then giue me leaue to haue prerogatiue,
And when in Musicke we haue spent an houre,
Your Lecture shall haue leisure for as much.
Luc. Preposterous Asse that neuer read so farre,
To know the cause why musicke was ordain'd:
Was it not to refresh the minde of man
After his studies, or his vsuall paine?
Then giue me leaue to read Philosophy,
And while I paule, serue in your harmony.
Hort. Sirra, I will not beare these braues of thine.
Bianc. Why gentlemen, you doe me double wrong,
To striue for that which resteth in my choice:
I am no breeching scholler in the schooles,
Ile not be tied to howres, nor pointed times,
But learne my Lessons as I please my selfe,
And to cut off all strife: heere sit we downe,
Take you your instrument, play you the whiles,
His Lecture will be done ere you haue tun'd.
Hort. You'll leaue his Lecture when I am in tune?
Luc. That will be neuer, tune your instrument.
Bian. Where left we last?
Luc. Heere Madam: *Hic Ibat Simois, hic est sigeria tellus, hic steterat Priami regia Celsa senis.*
Bian. Conster them.
Luc. *Hic Ibat*, as I told you before, *Simois*, I am Lucentio, *hic est*, sonne vnto Vincentio of Pisa, *Sigeria tellus*, disguised thus to get your loue, *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 Pantalowne.
Hort. Madam, my Instrument's in tune.
Bian. Let's heare, oh fie, the treble iarres.
Luc. Spit in the hole man, and tune againe.
Bian. Now let mee see if I can conster it. *Hic ibat simois*, I know you not, *hic est sigeria tellus*, I trust you not, *hic stateraat priami*, take heede he heare vs not, *regia* presume not, *Celsa senis*, despaire not.
Hort. Madam, tis now in tune.
Luc. All but the base.
Hort. The base is right, 'tis the base knaue that iars.
Luc. How fiery and forward our Pedant is,
Now for my life the knaue doth court my loue,
Pedascule, Ile watch you better yet:
In time I may beleeue, yet I mistrust.
Bian. Mistrust it not, for sure *Æacides*
Was *Aiax* cald so from his grandfather.
Hort. I must beleeue my master, else I promise you,
I should be arguing still vpon that doubt,
But let it rest, now *Litio* to you:
Good master take it not vnkindly pray
That I haue beene thus pleasant with you both.
Hort. You may go walk, and giue me leaue a while,
My Lessons make no musicke in three parts.
Luc. Are you so formall sir, well I must waite
And watch withall, for but I be deceiu'd,
Our fine Musitian groweth amorous.
Hor. Madam, before you touch the instrument,
To learne the order of my fingering,
I must begin with rudiments of Art,
To teach you gamoth in a briefer sort,
More pleasant, pithy, and effectuall,
Then hath beene taught by any of my trade,
And there it is in writing fairely drawne.
Bian. Why, I am past my gamouth long agoe.
Hor. Yet read the gamouth of *Hortentio*.
Bian. *Gamouth* I am, the ground of all accord:
Are, to plead *Hortensio*'s passion:
Beeme, Bianca take him for thy Lord
Cfavt, that loues with all affection:
D solre, one Cliffe, two notes haue I,
Ela mi, show pitty or I die.
Call you this gamouth? tut I like it not,
Old fashions please me best, I am not so nice
To charge true rules for old inuentions.

Enter a Messenger.

Nicke. Mistresse, your father prayes you leaue your (books,
And helpe to dresse your sisters chamber vp,
You know to morrow is the wedding day.
Bian. Farewell sweet masters both, I must be gone.
Luc. Faith Mistresse then I haue no cause to stay.
Hor. But I haue cause to pry into this pedant,
Methinkes he lookes as though he were in loue:
Yet if thy thoughts *Bianca* be so humble
To cast thy wandring eyes on euery stale:
Seize thee that List, if once I finde thee ranging,
Hortensio will be quit with thee by changing. *Exit.*

Enter Baptista, Gremio, Tranio, Katherine, Bianca, and others, attendants.

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

No

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

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

Kate. Would *Katherine* had neuer ſeen him though. *Exit weeping.*

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

Enter Biondello.

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

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

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

Bap. Is he come?

Bion. Why no ſir.

Bap. What then?

Bion. He is comming.

Bap. When will he be heere?

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

Tra. But ſay, what to thine olde newes?

Bion. Why *Petruchio* is comming, in a new hat and an old ierkin, a paire of olde breeches thrice turn'd; a paire of bootes that haue beene candle-caſes, one buckled, another lac'd: an olde ruſty ſword tane out of the Towne Armory, with a broken hilt, and chapeleſſe: with two broken points: his horſe hip'd with an olde mothy ſaddle, and ſtirrops of no kindred: beſides poſſeſt with the glanders, and like to moſe in the chine, troubled with the Lampaſſe, infected with the faſhions, full of Windegalls, ſped with Spauins, raied with the Yellowes, paſt cure of the Fiues, ſtarke ſpoyl'd with the Staggers, begnawne with the Bots, Waid in the backe, and ſhoulder-ſhotten, neere leg'd before, and with a halfe-chekt Bitte, & a headſtall of ſheepes leather, which being reſtrain'd to keepe him from ſtumbling, hath been often burſt, and now repaired with knots: one girth ſixe times peec'd, and a womans Crupper of velure, which hath two letters for her name, fairely ſet down in ſtuds, and heere and there peec'd with packthred.

Bap. Who comes with him?

Bion. Oh ſir, his Lackey, for all the world Capariſon'd like the horſe: with a linnen ſtock on one leg, and a kerſey boot-hoſe on the other, gartred with a red and blew lift; an old hat, & the humor of forty fancies prickt in't for a feather: a monſter, a very monſter in apparell, & not like a Chriſtian foot-boy, or a gentlemans Lacky.

Tra. 'Tis ſome od humor pricks him to this faſhion,
Yet oftentimes he goes but meane apparel'd.

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

Bion. Why ſir, he comes not.

Bap. Didſt thou not ſay hee comes?

Bion. Who, that *Petruchio* came?

Bap. I, that *Petruchio* came. (backe.

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

Bap. Why that's all one.

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

Enter Petruchio and Grumio.

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

Bap. You are welcome ſir.

Petr. And yet I come not well.

Bap. And yet you halt not.

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

Petr. Were it better I ſhould ruſh in thus:
But where is *Kate*? where is my louely Bride?
How does my father? gentles methinkes you frowne,
And wherefore gaze this goodly company,
As if they ſaw ſome wondrous monument,
Some Commet, or vnuſuall prodigie?

Bap. Why ſir, you know this is your wedding day:
First were we ſad, fearing you would not come,
Now ſadder that you come ſo vnprouided:
Fie, doff this habit, ſhame to your eſtate,
An eye-ſore to our ſolemne feſtiuall.

Tra. And tell vs what occaſion of import
Hath all ſo long detain'd you from your wife,
And ſent you hither ſo vnlike your ſelfe?

Petr. Tedious it were to tell, and harſh to heare,
Sufficeth I am come to keepe my word,
Though in ſome part inforced to digreſſe,
Which at more leyſure I will ſo excuſe,
As you ſhall well be ſatisfied with all.
But where is *Kate*? I ſtay too long from her,
The morning weares, 'tis time we were at Church.

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

Pet. Not I, beleeue me, thus Ile viſit her.

Bap. But thus I truſt you will not marry her. (words,

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

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

Bap. Ile after him, and ſee the euent of this. *Exit.*

Tra. But ſir, Loue concerneth vs to adde
Her fathers liking, which to bring to paſſe
As before imparted to your worſhip,
I am to get a man what ere he be,
It skills not much, weele fit him to our turne,
And he ſhall be *Vincentio* of *Piſa*,
And make aſſurance heere in *Padua*
Of greater ſummes then I haue promiſed,
So ſhall you quietly enioy your hope,
And marry ſweet *Bianca* with conſent.

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

Tra. That by degrees we meane to looke into,

And watch our vantage in this businesse,
Wee'll ouer-reach the grey-beard *Gremio*,
The narrow prying father *Minola*,
The quaint Musician, amorous *Litio*,
All for my Masters sake *Lucentio*.

Enter Gremio.

Signior *Gremio*, came you from the Church?
Gre. As willingly as ere I came from schoole.
Tra. And is the Bride & Bridegroom coming home?
Gre. A bridegroome say you? 'tis a groome indeed,
A grumlling groome, and that the girle shall finde.
Tra. Curster then she, why 'tis impossible.
Gre. Why hee's a deuill, a deuill, a very fiend.
Tra. Why she's a deuill, a deuill, the deuils damme.
Gre. Tut, she's a Lambe, a Doue, a foole to him:
Ile tell you sir *Lucentio*; when the Priest
Should aske if *Katherine* should be his wife,
I, by goggs woones quoth he, and swore so loud,
That all amaz'd the Priest let fall the booke,
And as he stoop'd againe to take it vp,
This mad-brain'd bridegroome tooke him such a cuffe,
That downe fell Priest and booke, and booke and Priest,
Now take them vp quoth he, if any list.
Tra. What said the wench when he rose againe?
Gre. Trembled and shooke: for why, he stamp'd and swore, as if the Vicar meant to cozen him: but after many ceremonies done, hee calls for wine, a health quoth he, as if he had beene aboord carowsing to his Mates after a storme, quaft off the Muscadell, and threw the sops all in the Sextons face: hauing no other reason, but that his beard grew thinne and hungerly, and seem'd to aske him sops as hee was drinking: This done, hee tooke the Bride about the necke, and kist her lips with such a clamorous smacke, that at the parting all the Church did eccho: and I seeing this, came thence for very shame, and after mee I know the rout is comming, such a mad marryage neuer was before: harke, harke, I heare the minstrels play. *Musicke playes.*

Enter Petruchio, Kate, Bianca, Hortensio, Baptista.

Petr. Gentlemen & friends, I thank you for your pains,
I know you thinke to dine with me to day,
And haue prepar'd great store of wedding cheere,
But so it is, my haste doth call me hence,
And therefore heere I meane to take my leaue.
Bap. Is't possible you will away to night?
Pet. I must away to day before night come,
Make it no wonder: if you knew my businesse,
You would intreat me rather goe then stay:
And honest company, I thanke you all,
That haue beheld me giue away my selfe
To this most patient, sweet, and vertuous wife,
Dine with my father, drinke a health to me,
For I must hence, and farewell to you all.
Tra. Let vs intreat you stay till after dinner.
Pet. It may not be.
Gra. Let me intreat you.
Pet. It cannot be.
Kat. Let me intreat you.
Pet. I am content.
Kat. Are you content to stay?
Pet. I am content you shall entreat me stay,
But yet not stay, entreat me how you can.
Kat. Now if you loue me stay.
Pet. *Grumio*, my horse.
Gru. I sir, they be ready, the Oates haue eaten the horses.
Kate. Nay then,
Doe what thou canst, I will not goe to day,
No, nor to morrow, not till I please my selfe,
The dore is open sir, there lies your way,
You may be iogging whiles your bootes are greene:
For me, Ile not be gone till I please my selfe,
'Tis like you'll proue a iolly surly groome,
That take it on you at the first so roundly.
Pet. O *Kate* content thee, prethee be not angry.
Kat. I will be angry, what hast thou to doe?
Father, be quiet, he shall stay my leisure.
Gre. I marry sir, now it begins to worke.
Kat. Gentlemen, forward to the bridall dinner,
I see a woman may be made a foole
If she had not a spirit to resist.
Pet. They shall goe forward *Kate* at thy command,
Obey the Bride you that attend on her.
Goe to the feast, reuell and domineere,
Carowse full measure to her maiden-head,
Be madde and merry, or goe hang your selues:
But for my bonny *Kate*, she must with me:
Nay, looke not big, nor stampe, nor stare, nor fret,
I will be master of what is mine owne,
Shee is my goods, my chattels, she is my house,
My houshold-stuffe, my field, my barne,
My horse, my oxe, my asse, my any thing,
And heere she stands, touch her who euer dare,
Ile bring mine action on the proudest he
That stops my way in *Padua*: *Grumio*
Draw forth thy weapon, we are beset with theeues,
Rescue thy Mistresse if thou be a man:
Feare not sweet wench, they shall not touch thee *Kate*,
Ile buckler thee against a Million. *Exeunt. P. Ka.*
Bap. Nay, let them goe, a couple of quiet ones. (ing.
Gre. Went they not quickly, I should die with laugh-
Tra. Of all mad matches neuer was the like.
Luc. Mistresse, what's your opinion of your sister?
Bian. That being mad her selfe, she's madly mated.
Gre. I warrant him *Petruchio* is Kated.
Bap. Neighbours and friends, though Bride & Bride-
For to supply the places at the table, (groom wants
You know there wants no iunkets at the feast:
Lucentio, you shall supply the Bridegroomes place,
And let *Bianca* take her sisters roome.
Tra. Shall sweet *Bianca* practise how to bride it?
Bap. She shall *Lucentio*: come gentlemen lets goe.
Enter Grumio. *Exeunt.*
Gru.: Fie, fie on all tired Iades, on all mad Masters, & all foule waies: was euer man so beaten? was euer man so raide? was euer man so weary? I am sent before to make a fire, and they are comming after to warme them: now were not I a little pot, & soone hot; my very lippes might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the roofe of my mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I should come by a fire to thaw me, but I with blowing the fire shall warme my selfe: for considering the weather, a taller man then I will take cold: Holla, hoa *Curtis*.

Enter Curtis.

Curt. Who is that calls so coldly?
Gru. A piece of Ice: if thou doubt it, thou maist slide from my shoulder to my heele, with no greater

greater a run but my head and my necke. A fire good *Curtis*.

Cur. Is my master and his wife comming *Grumio*?

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

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

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

Gru. Away you three inch foole, I am no beast.

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

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

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

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

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

Cur. Come, you are so full of conicatching.

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

Cur. All readie: and therefore I pray thee newes.

Gru. First know my horse is tired, my master & mistris falne out. *Cur.* How?

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

Cur. Let's ha't good *Grumio*.

Gru. Lend thine eare.

Cur. Heere.

Gru. There.

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

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

Cur. Both of one horse?

Gru. What's that to thee?

Cur. Why a horse.

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

Cur. By this reckning he is more shrew than she.

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

Cur. They are.

Gru. Call them forth.

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

Gru. Why she hath a face of her owne.

Cur. Who knowes not that?

Gru. Thou it seemes, that cals for company to countenance her.

Cur. I call them forth to credit her.

Enter foure or fiue seruingmen.

Gru. Why she comes to borrow nothing of them.

Nat. Welcome home *Grumio*.

Phil. How now *Grumio*.

Ios. What *Grumio*.

Nick. Fellow *Grumio*.

Nat. How now old lad.

Gru. Welcome you: how now you: what you: fellow you: and thus much for greeting. Now my spruce companions, is all readie, and all things neate?

Nat. All things is readie, how neere is our master?

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

Enter Petruchio and Kate.

Pet. Where be these knaues? What no man at doore
To hold my stirrop, nor to take my horse?
Where is *Nathaniel, Gregory, Phillip*.

All ser. Heere, heere sir, heere sir.

Pet. Heere sir, heere sir, heere sir, heere sir.
You logger-headed and vnpolisht groomes:
What? no attendance? no regard? no duties?
Where is the foolish knaue I sent before?

Gru. Heere sir, as foolish as I was before.

Pet. You pezant, swain, you horson malt-horse drudg
Did I not bid thee meete me in the Parke,
And bring along these rascal knaues with thee?

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

Pet. Go rascals, go, and fetch my supper in. *Ex. Ser.*
Where is the life that late I led?
Where are those? Sit downe *Kate*,
And welcome. Soud, soud, soud, soud.

Enter seruants with supper.

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

Enter one with water.

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

Kate. Patience I pray you, 'twas a fault vnwilling.
Pet. A horson beetle-headed flap-ear'd knaue:
Come *Kate* sit downe, I know you haue a stomacke,
Will you giue thankes, sweete *Kate*, or else shall I?
What's this, Mutton?
1. *Ser.* I.
Pet. Who brought it?
Peter. I.
Pet. 'Tis burnt, and so is all the meate:
What dogges are these? Where is the rascall Cooke?
How durst you villaines bring it from the dresser
And serue it thus to me that loue it not?
There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all:
You heedlesse iolt-heads, and vnmanner'd slaues.
What, do you grumble? Ile be with you straight.
Kate. I pray you husband be not so disquiet,
The meate was well, if you were so contented.
Pet. I tell thee *Kate*, 'twas burnt and dried away,
And I expressely am forbid to touch it:
For it engenders choller, planteth anger,
And better 'twere that both of vs did fast,
Since of our selues, our selues are chollericke,
Then feede it with such ouer-rosted flesh:
Be patient, to morrow 't shalbe mended,
And for this night we'l fast for companie.
Come I wil bring thee to thy Bridall chamber. *Exeunt.*

Enter Seruants seuerally.

Nath. Peter didst euer see the like.
Peter. He kils her in her owne humor.
Grumio. Where is he?

Enter Curtis a Seruant.

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

Enter Petruchio.

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

Enter Tranio and Hortensio:

Tra. Is't possible friend *Lisio*, that mistris *Bianca*
Doth fancie any other but *Lucentio*,
I tel you sir, she beares me faire in hand.
Luc. Sir, to satisfie you in what I haue said,
Stand by, and marke the manner of his teaching.

Enter Bianca.

Hor. Now Mistris, profit you in what you reade?
Bian. What Master reade you first, resolue me that?
Hor. I reade, that I professe the Art to loue.
Bian And may you proue sir Master of your Art.
Luc. While you sweet deere ptoue Mistresse of my heart.
Hor. Quicke proceeders marry, now tel me I pray,
you that durst sweare that your mistris *Bianca*
Lou'd me in the World so wel as *Lucentio*.
Tra. Oh despightful Loue, vnconstant womankind,
I tel thee *Lisio* this is wonderfull.
Hor. Mistake no more, I am not *Lisio*,
Nor a Musitian as I seeme to bee,
But one that scorne to liue in this disguise,
For such a one as leaues a Gentleman,
And makes a God of such a Cullion;
Know sir, that I am cal'd *Hortensio*.
Tra. Signior *Hortensio*, I haue often heard
Of your entire affection to *Bianca*,
And since mine eyes are witnesse of her lightnesse,
I wil with you, if you be so contented,
Forsweare *Bianca*, and her loue for euer.
Hor. See how they kisse and court: Signior *Lucentio*,
Heere is my hand, and heere I firmly vow
Neuer to woo her more, but do forsweare her
As one vnworthie all the former fauours
That I haue fondly flatter'd them withall.
Tra. And heere I take the like vnfained oath,
Neuer to marrie with her, though she would intreate,
Fie on her, see how beastly she doth court him.
Hor. Would all the world but he had quite forsworn
For me, that I may surely keepe mine oath.
I wil be married to a wealthy Widdow,
Ere three dayes passe, which hath as long lou'd me,
As I haue lou'd this proud disdainful Haggard,
And so farewel signior *Lucentio*,
Kindnesse in women, not their beauteous lookes
Shal win my loue, and so I take my leaue,
In resolution, as I swore before.
Tra. Mistris *Bianca*, blesse you with such grace,
As longeth to a Louers blessed case:
Nay, I haue tane you napping gentle Loue,
And haue forsworne you with *Hortensio*.
Bian. *Tranio* you iest, but haue you both forsworne mee?
Tra. Mistris we haue.
Luc. Then we are rid of *Lisio*.
Tra. I'faith hee'l haue a lustie Widdow now,
That shalbe woo'd, and wedded in a day.
Bian. God giue him ioy.
Tra. I, and hee'l tame her.
Bianca. He sayes so *Tranio*.
Tra. Faith he is gone vnto the taming schoole.
Bian. The taming schoole: what is there such a place?
Tra. I mistris, and *Petruchio* is the master,
That teacheth trickes eleuen and twentie long,
To tame a shrew, and charme her chattering tongue.

Enter Biondello.

Bion. Oh Master, master I haue watcht so long,
That I am dogge-wearie, but at last I spied
An ancient Angel comming downe the hill,
Wil serue the turne.
Tra. What is he *Biondello*?
Bio. Master, a Marcantant, or a pedant,

I know not what, but formall in apparrell,
In gate and countenance surely like a Father.
Luc. And what of him *Tranio*?
Tra. If he be credulous, and trust my tale,
Ile make him glad to seeme *Vincentio*,
And giue assurance to *Baptista Minola*.
As if he were the right *Vincentio*.
Par. Take me your loue, and then let me alone.
Enter a Pedant.
Ped. God saue you sir.
Tra. And you sir, you are welcome,
Trauaile you farre on, or are you at the farthest?
Ped. Sir at the farthest for a weeke or two,
But then vp farther, and as farre as Rome,
And so to Tripolie, if God lend me life.
Tra. What Countreyman I pray?
Ped. Of *Mantua*.
Tra. Of *Mantua* Sir, marrie God forbid,
And come to Padua carelesse of your life.
Ped. My life sir? how I pray? for that goes hard.
Tra. 'Tis death for any one in Mantua
To come to Padua, know you not the cause?
Your ships are staid at Venice, and the Duke
For priuate quarrel 'twixt your Duke and him,
Hath publish'd and proclaim'd it openly:
'Tis meruaile, but that you are but newly come,
you might haue heard it else proclaim'd about.
Ped. Alas sir, it is worse for me then so,
For I haue bils for monie by exchange
From Florence, and must heere deliuer them.
Tra. Wel sir, to do you courtesie,
This wil I do, and this I wil aduise you,
First tell me, haue you euer beene at Pisa?
Ped. I sir, in Pisa haue I often bin,
Pisa renowned for graue Citizens.
Tra. Among them know you one *Vincentio*?
Ped. I know him not, but I haue heard of him:
A Merchant of incomparable wealth.
Tra. He is my father sir, and sooth to say,
In count'nance somewhat doth resemble you.
Bion. As much as an apple doth an oyster, & all one.
Tra. To saue your life in this extremitie,
This fauor wil I do you for his sake,
And thinke it not the worst of all your fortunes,
That you are like to Sir *Vincentio*.
His name and credite shal you vndertake,
And in my house you shal be friendly lodg'd,
Looke that you take vpon you as you should,
you vnderstand me sir: so shal you stay
Til you haue done your businesse in the Citie:
If this be court'sie sir, accept of it.
Ped. Oh sir I do, and wil repute you euer
The patron of my life and libertie.
Tra. Then go with me, to make the matter good,
This by the way I let you vnderstand,
My father is heere look'd for euerie day,
To passe assurance of a dowre in marriage
'Twixt me, and one *Baptista* daughter heere:
In all these circumstances Ile instruct you,
Go with me to cloath you as becomes you. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Katherina and Grumio.

Gru. No, no forsooth I dare not for my life.
Ka. The more my wrong, the more his spite appears,
What, did he marrie me to famish me?
Beggers that come vnto my fathers doore,
Vpon intreatie haue a present almes,
If not, elsewhere they meete with charitie:
But I, who neuer knew how to intreat,
Nor neuer needed that I should intreate,
Am staru'd for meate, giddie for lacke of sleepe:
With oathes kept waking, and with brawling fed,
And that which spights me more then all these wants,
He does it vnder name of perfect loue:
As who should say, if I should sleepe or eate
'Twere deadly sicknesse, or else present death.
I prethee go, and get me some repast,
I care not what, so it be holsome foode.
Gru. What say you to a Neats foote?
Kate. 'Tis passing good, I prethee let me haue it.
Gru. I feare it is too chollericke a meate.
How say you to a fat Tripe finely broyl'd?
Kate. I like it well, good Grumio fetch it me.
Gru. I cannot tell, I feare 'tis chollericke.
What say you to a peece of Beefe and Mustard?
Kate. A dish that I do loue to feede vpon.
Gru. I, but the Mustard is too hot a little.
Kate. Why then the Beefe, and let the Mustard rest.
Gru. Nay then I wil not, you shal haue the Mustard
Or else you get no beefe of Grumio.
Kate. Then both or one, or any thing thou wilt.
Gru. Why then the Mustard without the beefe.
Kate. Go get thee gone, thou false deluding slaue,
Beats him.
That feed'st me with the verie name of meate.
Sorrow on thee, and all the packe of you
That triumph thus vpon my misery:
Go get thee gone, I say.

Enter Petruchio, and Hortensio with meate.

Petr. How fares my Kate, what sweeting all a-mort?
Hor. Mistris, what cheere?
Kate. Faith as cold as can be.
Pet. Plucke vp thy spirits, looke cheerfully vpon me.
Heere Loue, thou seest how diligent I am,
To dresse thy meate my selfe, and bring it thee.
I am sure sweet Kate, this kindnesse merites thankes.
What, not a word? Nay then, thou lou'st it not:
And all my paines is sorted to no proofe.
Heere take away this dish.
Kate. I pray you let it stand.
Pet. The poorest seruice is repaide with thankes,
And so shall mine before you touch the meate.
Kate. I thanke you sir.
Hor. Signior *Petruchio*, fie you are too blame:
Come Mistris Kate, Ile beare you companie.
Petr. Eate it vp all *Hortensio*, if thou loues mee:
Much good do it vnto thy gentle heart:
Kate eate apace; and now my honie Loue,
Will we returne vnto thy Fathers house,
And reuell it as brauely as the best,
With silken coats and caps, and golden Rings,
With Ruffes and Cuffes, and Fardingales, and things:
With Scarfes, and Fannes, & double change of brau'ry,
With Amber Bracelets, Beades, and all this knau'ry.
What hast thou din'd? The Tailor staies thy leasure,
To decke thy bodie with his ruffling treasure.
Enter Tailor.

Come

Come Tailor, let vs see these ornaments.

Enter Haberdasher.

Lay forth the gowne. What newes with you sir?

Fel. Heere is the cap your Worship did bespeake.

Pet. Why this was moulded on a porrenger,
A Veluet dish: Fie, fie, 'tis lewd and filthy,
Why 'tis a cockle or a walnut-shell,
A knacke, a toy, a tricke, a babies cap:
Away with it, come let me haue a bigger.

Kate. Ile haue no bigger, this doth fit the time,
And Gentlewomen weare such caps as these.

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

Hor. That will not be in haste.

Kate. Why sir I trust I may haue leaue to speake,
And speake I will. I am no childe, no babe,
Your betters haue indur'd me say my minde,
And If you cannot, best you stop your eares.
My tongue will tell the anger of my heart,
Or els my heart concealing it wil breake,
And rather then it shall, I will be free,
Euen to the vttermost as I please in words.

Pet. Why thou saist true, it is paltrie cap,
A custard coffen, a bauble, a silken pie,
I loue thee well in that thou lik'st it not.

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

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

Hor. I see shees like to haue neither cap nor gowne.

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

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

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

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

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

Pet. Oh monstrous arrogance:
Thou lyest, thou thred, thou thimble,
Thou yard three quarters, halfe yard, quarter, naile,
Thou Flea, thou Nit, thou winter cricket thou:
Brau'd in mine owne house with a skeine of thred:
Away thou Ragge, thou quantitie, thou remnant,
Or I shall so be-mete thee with thy yard,
As thou shalt thinke on prating whil'st thou liu'st:
I tell thee I, that thou hast marr'd her gowne.

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

Gru. I gaue him no order, I gaue him the stuffe.

Tail. But how did you desire it should be made?

Gru. Marrie sir with needle and thred.

Tail. But did you not request to haue it cut?

Gru. Thou hast fac'd many things.

Tail. I haue.

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

Tail. Why heere is the note of the fashion to testify.

Pet. Reade it.

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

Tail. Inprimis, a loose bodied gowne.

Gru. Master, if euer I said loose-bodied gowne, sow me in the skirts of it, and beate me to death with a bottome of browne thred: I said a gowne.

Pet. Proceede.

Tai. With a small compast cape.

Gru. I confesse the cape.

Tai. With a trunke sleeue.

Gru. I confesse two sleeues.

Tai: The sleeues curiously cut.

Pet. I there's the villanie.

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

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

Gru. I am for thee straight: take thou the bill, giue me thy meat-yard, and spare not me.

Hor. God-a-mercie *Grumio*, then hee shall haue no oddes.

Pet. Well sir in breefe the gowne is not for me.

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

Pet. Go take it vp vnto thy masters vse.

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

Pet. Why sir, what's your conceit in that?

Gru. Oh sir, the conceit is deeper then you think for: Take vp my Mistris gowne to his masters vse.
Oh fie, fie, fie.

Pet. *Hortensio*, say thou wilt see the Tailor paide:
Go take it hence, be gone, and say no more.

Hor. Tailor, Ile pay thee for thy gowne to morrow,
Take no vnkindnesse of his hastie words:
Away I say, commend me to thy master. *Exit Tail.*

Pet. Well, come my *Kate*, we will vnto your fathers,
Euen in these honest meane habiliments:
Our purses shall be proud, our garments poore:
For 'tis the minde that makes the bodie rich.
And as the Sunne breakes through the darkest clouds,
So honor peereth in the meanest habit.
What is the Iay more precious then the Larke?
Because his feathers are more beautifull.
Or is the Adder better then the Eele,
Because his painted skin contents the eye.
Oh no good *Kate*: neither art thou the worse
For this poore furniture, and meane array.
If thou accountedst it shame, lay it on me,
And therefore frolicke, we will hence forthwith,
To feast and sport vs at thy fathers house,
Go call my men, and let vs straight to him,
And bring our horses vnto Long-lane end,
There wil we mount, and thither walke on foote,
Let's see, I thinke 'tis now some seuen a clocke,
Aud well we may come there by dinner time.

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

Pet. It shall be seuen ere I go to horse:
Looke what I speake, or do, or thinke to doe,

You

You are still crossing it, sirs let't alone,
I will not goe to day, and ere I doe,
It shall be what a clock I say it is.
Hor. Why so this gallant will command the sunne.

Enter Tranio, and the Pedant drest like Vincentio.

Tra. Sirs, this is the house, please it you that I call.
Ped. I what else, and but I be deceiued,
Signior *Baptista* may remember me
Neere twentie yeares a goe in *Genoa*.
Tra. Where we were lodgers, at the *Pegasus*,
Tis well, and hold your owne in any case
With such austeritie as longeth to a father.

Enter Biondello.

Ped. I warrant you: but sir here comes your boy,
Twere good he were school'd.
Tra. Feare you not him: sirra *Biondello*,
Now doe your dutie throughlie I aduise you:
Imagine 'twere the right *Vincentio*.
Bion. Tut, feare not me.
Tra. But hast thou done thy errand to *Baptista*.
Bion. I told him that your father was at *Venice*,
And that you look't for him this day in *Padua*.
Tra. Th'art a tall fellow, hold thee that to drinke,
Here comes *Baptista*: set your countenance sir.

Enter Baptista and Lucentio: Pedant booted and bare headed.

Tra. Signior *Baptista* you are happilie met:
Sir, this is the gentleman I told you of,
I pray you stand good father to me now,
Giue me *Bianca* for my patrimony.
Ped. Soft son: sir by your leaue, hauing com to *Padua*
To gather in some debts, my son *Lucentio*
Made me acquainted with a waighty cause
Of loue betweene your daughter and himselfe:
And for the good report I heare of you,
And for the loue he beareth to your daughter,
And she to him: to stay him not too long,
I am content in a good fathers care
To haue him matcht, and if you please to like
No worse then I, vpon some agreement
Me shall you finde readie and willing
With one consent to haue her so bestowed:
For curious I cannot be with you
Signior *Baptista*, of whom I heare so well.
Bap. Sir, pardon me in what I haue to say,
Your plainnesse and your shortnesse please me well:
Right true it is your sonne *Lucentio* here
Doth loue my daughter, and she loueth him,
Or both dissemble deepely their affections:
And therefore if you say no more then this,
That like a Father you will deale with him,
And passe my daughter a sufficient dower,
The match is made, and all is done,
Your sonne shall haue my daughter with consent.
Tra. I thanke you sir, where then doe you know best
We be affied and such assurance tane,
As shall with either parts agreement stand.
Bap. Not in my house *Lucentio*, for you know
Pitchers haue eares, and I haue manie seruants,
Besides old *Gremio* is harkning still,
And happilie we might be interrupted.
Tra. Then at my lodging, and it like you,
There doth my father lie: and there this night
Weele passe the businesse priuately and well:
Send for your daughter by your seruant here,
My Boy shall fetch the Scriuener presentlie,
The worst is this that at so slender warning,
You are like to haue a thin and slender pittance.
Bap. It likes me well:
Cambio hie you home, and bid *Bianca* make her readie straight:
And if you will tell what hath hapned,
Lucentios Father is arriued in *Padua*,
And how she's like to be *Lucentios* wife.
Biond. I praie the gods she may withall my heart. *Exit.*
Tran. Dallie not with the gods, but get thee gone.

Enter Peter.

Signior *Baptista*, shall I leade the way,
Welcome, one messe is like to be your cheere,
Come sir, we will better it in *Pisa*.
Bap. I follow you. *Exeunt.*

Enter Lucentio and Biondello.

Bion. *Cambio.*
Luc. What saist thou *Biondello*.
Biond. You saw my Master winke and laugh vpon you?
Luc. *Biondello*, what of that?
Biond. Faith nothing: but has left mee here behinde to expound the meaning or morrall of his signes and tokens.
Luc. I pray thee moralize them.
Biond. Then thus: *Baptista* is safe talking with the deceiuing Father of a deceitfull sonne.
Luc. And what of him?
Biond. His daughter is to be brought by you to the supper.
Luc. And then.
Bio. The old Priest at Saint *Lukes* Church is at your command at all houres.
Luc. And what of all this.
Bion. I cannot tell, expect they are busied about a counterfeit assurance: take you assurance of her, *Cum preuilegio ad Imprimendum solem*, to th' Church take the Priest, Clarke, and some sufficient honest witnesses:
If this be not that you looke fot, I haue no more to say,
But bid *Bianca* farewell for euer and a day.
Luc. Hear'st thou *Biondello*.
Biond. I cannot tarry: I knew a wench maried in an afternoone as shee went to the Garden for Parseley to stuffe a Rabit, and so may you sir: and so adew sir, my Master hath appointed me to goe to Saint *Lukes* to bid the Priest be readie to come against you come with your appendix. *Exit.*
Luc. I may and will, if she be so contented:
She will be pleas'd, then wherefore should I doubt:
Hap what hap may, Ile roundly goe about her:
It shall goe hard if *Cambio* goe without her. *Exit.*

Enter Petruchio, Kate, Hortentio

Petr. Come on a Gods name, once more toward our fathers:
Good Lord how bright and goodly shines the Moone.
Kate. The Moone, the Sunne: it is not Moonelight now.
Pet. I say it is the Moone that shines so bright.
Kate. I know it is the Sunne that shines so bright.
Pet. Now by my mothers sonne, and that's my selfe,

It

It shall be moone, or starre, or what I list,
Or ere I iourney to your Fathers house:
Goe on, and fetch our horses backe againe,
Euermore crost and crost, nothing but crost.

Hort. Say as he saies, or we shall neuer goe.

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

Petr. I say it is the Moone.

Kate. I know it is the Moone.

Petr. Nay then you lye: it is the blessed Sunne.

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

Hort. *Petruchio*, goe thy waies, the field is won.

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

Enter Vincentio.

Good morrow gentle Mistris, where away:
Tell me sweete *Kate*, and tell me truely too,
Hast thou beheld a fresher Gentlewoman:
Such warre of white and red within her cheekes:
What stars do spangle heauen with such beautie,
As those two eyes become that heauenly face?
Faire louely Maide, once more good day to thee:
Sweete *Kate* embrace her for her beauties sake.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Petr. What is his name?

Vinc. *Lucentio* gentle sir.

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

Vinc. But is this true, or is it else your pleasure,
Like pleasant trauailors to breake a lest
Vpon the companie you ouertake?

Hort. I doe assure thee father so it is.

Petr. Come goe along and see the truth hereof,
For our first merriment hath made thee iealous. *Exeunt.*

Hor. Well *Petruchio*, this has put me in heart;
Haue to my Widdow, and if she froward,
Then hast thou taught *Hortentio* to be vntoward. *Exit.*

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

Biond. Softly and swiftly sir, for the Priest is ready.

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

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

Gre. I maruaile *Cambio* comes not all this while.

Enter Petruchio, Kate, Vincentio, Grumio with Attendants.

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

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

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

Pedant lookes out of the window.

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

Vin. Is Signior *Lucentio* within sir?

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

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

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

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

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

Vin. Art thou his father?

Ped. I sir, so his mother saies, if I may beleeue her.

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

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

Enter Biondello.

Bio. I haue seene them in the Church together, God send'em good shipping: but who is here? mine old Master *Vincentio*: now wee are vndone and brough to nothing.

Vin. Come hither crackhempe.

Bion. I hope I may choose Sir.

Vin. Come hither you rogue, what haue you forgot mee?

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

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

Bion. What

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

Vin. Ist so indeede. *He beates Biondello.*

Bion. Helpe, helpe, helpe, here's a mad man will murder me.

Pedan. Helpe, sonne, helpe signior *Baptista.*

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

Enter Pedant with seruants, Baptista, Tranio.

Tra. Sir, what are you that offer to beate my seruant?

Vinc. What am I sir: nay what are you sir: oh immortall Goddes: oh fine villaine, a silken doubtlet, a velluet hose, a scarlet cloake, and a copataine hat: oh I am vndone, I am vndone: while I plaie the good husband at home, my sonne and my seruant spend all at the vniuersitie.

Tra. How now, what's the matter?

Bapt. What is the man lunaticke?

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

Vin. Thy father: oh villaine, he is a Saile-maker in *Bergamo.*

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

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

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

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

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

Vinc. Carrie me to the Iaile?

Gre. Staie officer, he shall not go to prison.

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

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

Ped. Sweare if thou dar'st.

Gre. Naie, I dare not sweare it.

Tran. Then thou wert best saie that I am not *Lucentio.*

Gre. Yes, I know thee to be signior *Lucentio.*

Bap. Awaie with the dotard, to the Iaile with him.

Enter Biondello, Lucentio and Bianca.

Vin. Thus strangers may be haild and abusd: oh monstrous villaine.

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

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

Luc. Pardon sweete father. *Kneele.*

Vin. Liues my sweete sonne?

Bian. Pardon deere father.

Bap. How hast thou offended, where is *Lucentio*?

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

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

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

Bap. Why, tell me is not this my *Cambio*?

Bian. *Cambio* is chang'd into *Lucentio.*

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

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

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

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

Bap. And I to sound the depth of this knauerie. *Exit.*

Luc. Looke not pale *Bianca*, thy father will not frown. *Exeunt.*

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

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

Petr. First kisse me *Kate*, and we will.

Kate. What in the midst of the streete?

Petr. What art thou asham'd of me?

Kate. Mo sir, God forbid, but asham'd to kisse.

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

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

Petr. Is not this well? come my sweete *Kate.*
Better once then neuer, for neuer to late. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus.

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

Luc. At last, though long, our iarring notes agree,
And time it is when raging warre is come,
To smile at scapes and perils ouerblowne:
My faire *Bianca* bid my father welcome,
While I with selfesame kindnesse welcome thine:
Brother *Petruchio*, sister *Katerina*,
And thou *Hortentio* with thy louing *Widdow*:
Feast with the best, and welcome to my house,
My Banket is to close our stomakes vp
After our great good cheere: praie you sit downe,
For now we sit to chat as well as eate.

Petr. Nothing but sit and sit, and eate and eate.

Bap. *Padua* affords this kindnesse, sonne *Petruchio.*

Petr. *Padua* affords nothing but what is kinde.

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

Pet. Now for my life *Hortentio* feares his Widow.

Wid. Then neuer trust me if I be affeard.

Petr. You are verie sencible, and yet you misse my sence:
I meane *Hortentio* is afeard of you.

Wid. He

Wid. He that is giddie thinks the world turns round.
Petr. Roundlie replied.
Kat. Mistris, how meane you that?
Wid. Thus I conceiue by him.
Petr. Conceiues by me, how likes *Hortentio* that?
Hor. My Widdow saies, thus she conceiues her tale.
Petr. Verie well mended: kisse him for that good Widdow.
Kat. He that is giddie thinkes the world turnes round,
I praie you tell me what you meant by that.
Wid. Your husband being troubled with a shrew,
Measures my husbands sorrow by his woe:
And now you know my meaning.
Kate. A verie meane meaning.
Wid. Right, I meane you.
Kat. And I am meane indeede, respecting you.
Petr. To her *Kate.*
Hor. To her *Widdow.*
Petr. A hundred marks, my *Kate* does put her down.
Hor. That's my office.
Petr. Spoke like an Officer: ha to the lad.
Drinkes to Hortentio.
Bap. How likes *Gremio* these quicke witted folkes?
Gre. Beleeue me sir, they But together well.
Bian. Head, and but an hastie witted bodie,
Would say your Head and But were head and horne.
Vin. I Mistris Bride, hath that awakened you?
Bian. I, but not frighted me, therefore Ile sleepe again.
Petr. Nay that you shall not since you haue begun:
Haue at you for a better iest or too.
Bian. Am I your Bird, I meane to shift my bush,
And then pursue me as you draw your Bow.
You are welcome all. *Exit Bianca.*
Petr. She hath preuented me, here signior *Tranio*,
This bird you aim'd at, though you hit her not,
Therefore a health to all that shot and mist.
Tri. Oh sir, *Lucentio* slipt me like his Gray-hound,
Which runs himselfe, and catches for his Master.
Petr. A good swift simile, but something currish.
Tra. 'Tis well sir that you hunted for your selfe:
'Tis thought your Deere does hold you at a bais.
Bap. Oh, oh *Petruchio*, *Tranio* hits you now.
Luc. I thanke thee for that gird good *Tranio.*
Hor. Confesse, confesse, hath he not hit you here?
Petr. A has a little gald me I confesse:
And as the Iest did glaunce awaie from me,
'Tis ten to one it maim'd you too out right.
Bap. Now in good sadnesse sonne *Petruchio*,
I thinke thou hast the verieft shrew of all.
Petr. Well, I say no: and therefore sir assurance,
Let's each one send vnto his wife,
And he whose wife is most obedient,
To come at first when he doth send for her,
Shall win the wager which we will propose.
Hort. Content, what's the wager?
Luc. Twentie crownes.
Petr. Twentie crownes,
Ile venture so much of my Hawke or Hound,
But twentie times so much vpon my Wife.
Luc. A hundred then.
Hor. Content.
Petr. A match, 'tis done.
Hor. Who shall begin?
Luc. That will I.
Goe *Biondello*, bid your Mistris come to me.
Bio. Igoe. *Exit.*
Bap. Sonne, Ile be your halfe, *Bianca* comes.
Luc. Ile haue no halues: Ile beare it all my selfe,
Enter Biondello.
How now, what newes?
Bio. Sir, my Mistris sends you word
That she is busie, and she cannot come.
Petr. How? she's busie, and she cannot come: is that an answere?
Gre. I, and a kinde one too:
Praie God sir your wife send you not a worse.
Petr. I hope better.
Hor. Sirra *Biondello*, goe and intreate my wife to come to me forthwith. *Exit Bion.*
Pet. Oh ho, intreate her, nay then shee must needes come.
Hor. I am affraid sir, doe what you can
Enter Biondello.
Yours will not be entreated: Now, where's my wife?
Bion. She saies you haue some goodly Iest in hand,
She will not come: she bids you come to her.
Petr. Worse and worse, she will not come:
Oh vilde, intollerable, not to be indur'd:
Sirra *Grumio*, goe to your Mistris,
Say I command her come to me. *Exit.*
Hor. I know her answere.
Pet. What?
Hor. She will not.
Petr. The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.
Enter Katerina.
Bap. Now by my hollidam here comes *Katerina.*
Kat. What is your will sir, that you send for me?
Petr. Where is your sister, and *Hortensios* wife?
Kate. They sit conferring by the Parler fire.
Petr. Goe fetch them hither, if they denie to come,
Swinge me them soundly forth vnto their husbands:
Away I say, and bring them hither straight.
Luc. Here is a wonder, if you talke of a wonder.
Hor. And so it is: I wonder what it boads.
Petr. Marrie peace it boads, and loue, and quiet life,
An awfull rule, and right supremicie:
And to be short, what not, that's sweete and happie.
Bap. Now faire befall thee good *Petruchio*;
The wager thou hast won, and I will adde
Vnto their losses twentie thousand crownes,
Another dowrie to another daughter,
For she is chang'd as she had neuer bin.
Petr. Nay, I will win my wager better yet,
And show more signe of her obedience,
Her new built vertue and obedience.
Enter Kate, Bianca, and Widdow.
See where she comes, and brings your froward Wiues
As prisoners to her womanlie perswasion:
Katerine, that Cap of yours becomes you not,
Off with that bable, throw it vnderfoote.
Wid. Lord let me neuer haue a cause to sigh,
Till I be brought to such a sillie passe.
Bian. Fie what a foolish dutie call you this?
Luc. I would your dutie were as foolish too:
The wisdome of your dutie faire *Bianca*,
Hath cost me fiue hundred crownes since supper time.
Bian. The more foole you for laying on my dutie.
Pet. *Katherine* I charge thee tell these head-strong women, what dutie they doe owe their Lords and husbands.

Wid. Come,

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

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

Wid. She shall not.

Pet. I say she shall, and first begin with her.

Kate. Fie, fie, vnknit that thretaning vnkinde brow,
And dart not scornefull glances from those eies,
To wound thy Lord, thy King, thy Gouernour.
It blots thy beautie, as frosts doe bite the Meads,
Confounds thy fame, as whirlewinds shake faire budds,
And in no sence is meete or amiable.
A woman mou'd, is like a fountaine troubled,
Muddie, ill seeming, thicke, bereft of beautie,
And while it is so, none so dry or thirstie
Will daigne to sip, or touch one drop of it.
Thy husband is thy Lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy soueraigne: One that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance. Commits his body
To painfull labour, both by sea and land:
To watch the night in stormes, the day in cold,
Whil'st thou ly'st warme at home, secure and safe,
And craues no other tribute at thy hands,
But loue, faire lookes, and true obedience;
Too little payment for so great a debt.
Such dutie as the subiect owes the Prince,
Euen such a woman oweth to her husband:
And when she is froward, peeuish, sullen, sowre,
And not obedient to his honest will,
What is she but a foule contending Rebell,
And graceless Traitor to her louing Lord?
I am asham'd that women are so simple,
To offer warre, where they should kneele for peace:
Or seeke for rule, supremacie, and sway,
When they are bound to serue, loue, and obay.
Why are our bodies soft, and weake, and smooth,
Vnapt to toyle and trouble in the world,
But that our soft conditions, and our harts,
Should well agree with our externall parts?
Come, come, you froward and vnable wormes,
My minde hath bin as bigge as one of yours,
My heart as great, my reason haplie more,
To bandie word for word, and frowne for frowne;
But now I see our Launces are but strawes:
Our strength as weake, our weakenesse past compare,
That seeming to be most, which we indeed least are.
Then vale your stomackes, for it is no boote,
And place your hands below your husbands foote:
In token of which dutie, if he please,
My hand is readie, may it do him ease.

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

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

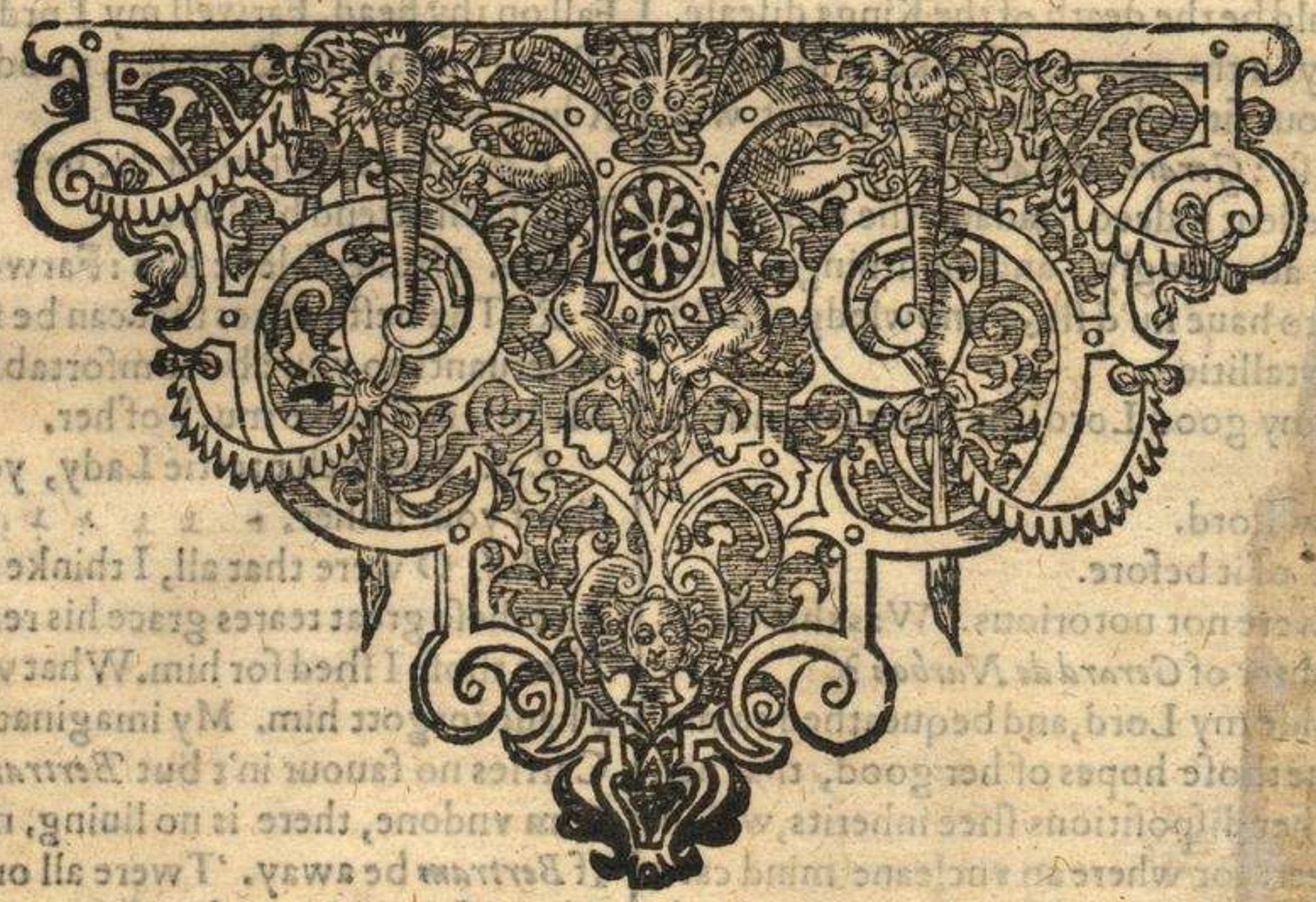
Vin. Tis a good hearing, when children are toward.

Luc. But a harsh hearing, when women are froward,

Pet. Come *Kate*, weee'le to bed,
We three are married, but you two are sped.
'Twas I wonne the wager, though you hit the white,
And being a winner, God giue you good night.

Exit Petruchio

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

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

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