

# THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

*A line-by-line translation*

## Induction, Scene 1

**Shakespeare***Enter SLY and HOSTESS***SLY**

I'll pheeze you, in faith.

**HOSTESS**

A pair of stocks, you rogue!

**SLY**

Y'are a baggage, the Sly's are no rogues. Look in the chronicles—we came in with Richard Conqueror. Therefore paucas pallabris: let the world slide. Sessa!

**HOSTESS**

You will not pay for the glasses you have burst?

**SLY**

No, not a denier. Go by, Saint Jeronimy. Go to thy cold bed and warm thee.

**HOSTESS**

I know my remedy. I must go fetch the thirdborough.

*Exit***SLY**

10 Third, or fourth, or fifth borough, I'll answer him by law. I'll not budge an inch, boy. Let him come, and kindly.

*Falls asleep**Wind horns Enter a LORD from hunting, with his train***LORD**

Huntsman, I charge thee, tender well my hounds. Breathe Merriman, the poor cur is embossed, 15 And couple Clowder with the deep-mouthed brach. Saw'st thou not, boy, how Silver made it good At the hedge corner, in the coldest fault? I would not lose the dog for twenty pound.

**FIRST HUNTSMAN**

Why, Belman is as good as he, my lord. 20 He cried upon it at the merest loss, And twice today picked out the dullest scent. Trust me, I take him for the better dog.

**LORD**

Thou art a fool. If Echo were as fleet, I would esteem him worth a dozen such. 25 But sup them well and look unto them all. Tomorrow I intend to hunt again.

**Shakescleare Translation***SLY and the HOSTESS enter.***SLY**

I'll get you back, I promise.

**HOSTESS**I'll have you put in the stocks, you villain! 11 The stocks were a device used to punish and humiliate. They consisted of a wooden frame with holes in which the victim's ankles and/or wrists were locked, so that they couldn't move.**SLY**The Sly's aren't villains, you whore. Look it up—we came over with Richard the Conqueror 2. So hold your tongue, and forget about it. Enough!2 This is Sly's mistake for William the Conqueror, the first Norman king of England.**HOSTESS**

You won't pay for the glasses you've broken?

**SLY**No, not a penny. Forget about it, Saint Jeronimy 3. Run off to bed now and play with yourself.3 Sly confuses "Jeronimo" (a reference to *The Spanish Tragedy*) with "St. Jerome."**HOSTESS**

I know what to do. I'll go call the constable.

*She exits.***SLY**

Call every last one, I'll answer them all. I have my rights. I won't budge an inch. Let the constable come—I welcome him!

*He falls asleep.**Horns blow. A LORD enters from hunting, with his huntsmen.***LORD**

Huntsman, take care of my hounds. Let Merriman rest—the poor dog's exhausted. And leash Clowder with the bitch with the deep bark. Didn't you see how Silver picked up the trail at the hedge corner, when the scent was coldest? I wouldn't sell that dog for twenty pounds.

**FIRST HUNTSMAN**

Why, Belman is just as good, my lord. He was the only one to howl when the scent was lost completely, and twice today he picked it up when it was weakest. Trust me, I think he's the better dog.

**LORD**

You're a fool. If Echo were as fast, he'd be worth a dozen Belmans. But feed them all well and look after them. I intend to go hunting again tomorrow.

**FIRST HUNTSMAN**

I will, my lord.

**LORD**

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

**SECOND HUNTSMAN**

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

**LORD**

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

**FIRST HUNTSMAN**

Believe me, lord, I think he cannot choose.

**SECOND HUNTSMAN**

40 It would seem strange unto him when he waked.

**LORD**

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

**FIRST HUNTSMAN**

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

**LORD**

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

*Some servants carry out SLY. Sound trumpets*

Sirrah, go see what trumpet 'tis that sounds.

*Exit Servingman*

Belike some noble gentleman that means,  
Traveling some journey, to repose him here.

**FIRST HUNTSMAN**

I will, my lord.

**LORD**

What's this here? Is he dead or drunk? Check and see if he's breathing.

**SECOND HUNTSMAN**

He's breathing, my lord. But he couldn't be sleeping so deeply in such a cold place if beer wasn't keeping him warm.

**LORD**

Oh, what a monstrous beast, lying there like a pig! Grim death, how foul and hateful your twin—sleep—is!  
Gentlemen, I will play a trick on this drunken man. What do you think: if he were carried to bed, dressed in fresh clothes, had rings put on his fingers, a delicious feast laid out by his bed, and had finely dressed servants near him when he woke up—wouldn't the beggar be confused then?

**FIRST HUNTSMAN**

I don't think he'd have any choice, my lord, believe me.

**SECOND HUNTSMAN**

Everything would seem strange to him when he woke up.

**LORD**

Like a nice dream or an empty fantasy. So take him inside and start setting up the prank. Carry him gently to my finest room, and hang all my erotic paintings on the walls. Bathe his filthy head with warm, clean water, and burn fragrant wood to make the room smell sweet. Find some musicians to be ready for when he wakes, so they can make sweet and heavenly sounds for him. If he happens to speak, be ready right away—bow low and say obediently, "What does your Honor command us to do?" Let one servant wait on him with a silver bowl full of rosewater and flowers. Have another servant carry the pitcher, and a third carry a towel, and say, "Would it please your Lordship to cool your hands?" Have someone ready with expensive clothing, and ask him what he wants to wear. Have another servant tell him about his dogs and his horse, and explain that his wife has been grieving over his illness. Convince him he's been out of his mind, and when he says that he's insane now, tell him that he's just mistaken, for he is really a mighty lord. Do all this, and do it convincingly, gentle sirs. If this can be managed subtly, it will be some excellent entertainment for us.

**FIRST HUNTSMAN**

My lord, I promise you that we'll play our parts so well that he'll believe everything we tell him.

**LORD**

Carry him gently off to bed, and have everyone in position for when he wakes up.

*Some servants carry SLY out. Trumpets sound.*

Go see what that trumpet's for, boy.

*A SERVANT exits.*

Probably some noble gentleman on a journey, who wants to stop and rest here.

*Enter SERVANT*

75 How now! who is it?

**SERVANT**

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

**LORD**

Bid them come near.

*Enter PLAYERS*

Now, fellows, you are welcome.

**PLAYERS**

80 We thank your Honor.

**LORD**

Do you intend to stay with me tonight?

**A PLAYER**

So please your Lordship to accept our duty.

**LORD**

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

**A PLAYER**

I think 'twas Soto that your Honor means.

**LORD**

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

**A PLAYER**100 Fear not, my lord, we can contain ourselves  
Were he the veriest antic in the world.**LORD**

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

*Exit one with the PLAYERS*

105 Sirrah, go you to Barthol'mew, my page,  
And see him dressed in all suits like a lady.  
That done, conduct him to the drunkard's chamber  
And call him "madam," do him obeisance.  
Tell him from me, as he will win my love,  
110 He bear himself with honorable action,  
Such as he hath observed in noble ladies  
Unto their lords, by them accomplishèd.  
Such duty to the drunkard let him do  
With soft low tongue and lowly courtesy,  
115 And say, "What is 't your Honor will command,  
Wherein your lady and your humble wife  
May show her duty and make known her love?"  
And then with kind embracements, tempting kisses,  
And with declining head into his bosom,

*The SERVANT returns.*

Hello! Who is it?

**SERVANT**

It's a troupe of actors, your Honor, offering to perform for  
your Lordship.

**LORD**

Tell them to come in.

*The PLAYERS (actors) enter.*

Now, fellows, you are welcome here.

**PLAYERS**

We thank your Honor.

**LORD**

Do you intend to sleep here tonight?

**A PLAYER**

If it would please your Lordship to have us.

**LORD**

With all my heart. I remember this fellow here—he once  
played the part of a farmer's eldest son. That was the play  
in which you courted the gentlewoman so successfully. I've  
forgotten your name, but you were well suited for that role,  
and played it realistically.

**A PLAYER**

I think your Honor means the character "Soto."

**LORD**

Yes, that's right. You played it excellently. Well, you've come  
at just the right time, especially because I have some  
special entertainment planned and could use your acting  
skills. There is a lord who will watch you perform tonight,  
but I'm worried about your self-control—for his Honor has  
never seen a play before—and I fear that you might notice  
his odd behavior and burst out laughing, and offend him. I  
tell you, sirs, if you even smile, he will notice.

**A PLAYER**

Don't worry, my lord. We can control ourselves even if he's  
the greatest buffoon in the world.

**LORD**

Go, fellow, take them to the pantry and make them all  
welcome. See that they have whatever they need.

*A servant exits with the PLAYERS.*

And you, fellow, go find my page, Bartholomew, and dress  
him up like a lady in great detail. When that's done, bring  
him to the drunkard's room, address him as "madam," and  
bow to him and treat him as if he were the lady of the  
house. Tell Bartholomew I said this: if he wants to please  
me, he will conduct himself properly, copying the way he's  
seen noble ladies act towards their husbands. Let him  
attend to the drunkard like that: speaking softly, acting  
humble and polite, and saying things like, "What does your  
Honor command your lady and humble wife to do, that she  
might show her devotion and love?" And then with kind  
embraces, tempting kisses, and his head resting on the  
drunkard's breast, Bartholomew should weep as if he's  
overjoyed to see his noble husband restored to health after  
believing for the last seven years that he was no better than

Bid him shed tears, as being overjoyed  
To see her noble lord restored to health,  
Who for this seven years hath esteemed him  
No better than a poor and loathsome beggar.  
And if the boy have not a woman's gift  
125 To rain a shower of commanded tears,  
An onion will do well for such a shift,  
Which in a napkin being close conveyed  
Shall in despite enforce a watery eye.  
See this dispatched with all the haste thou canst:  
130 Anon I'll give thee more instructions.

*Exit a servingman*

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

*Exeunt*

a poor, disgusting beggar. And if the boy lacks a woman's gift for crying on command, an onion will serve the same purpose. Hide one in a handkerchief and put it close to his face, and that will certainly make his eyes water. Get this taken care of as quickly as you can, and soon I'll give you more instructions.

*A servant exits.*

I know the boy will convincingly mimic the grace, voice, walk, and gestures of a gentlewoman. I can't wait to hear him call the drunkard "husband," and to watch my men contain their laughter as they bow to this simple peasant. I'll go in and advise them. Perhaps my presence will restrain their joy and rowdiness, which otherwise might get out of control.

*They all exit.*

## Induction, Scene 2

### Shakespeare

*Enter aloft SLY, the drunkard, with Attendants, some with apparel, others with basin and ewer and other appurtenances, and LORD dressed as an attendant.*

#### SLY

For God's sake, a pot of small ale.

#### FIRST SERVANT

Will 't please your Lordship drink a cup of sack?

#### SECOND SERVANT

Will 't please your Honor taste of these conserves?

#### THIRD SERVANT

What raiment will your Honor wear today?

#### SLY

5 I am Christopher Sly. Call not me "Honor" nor "Lordship." I ne'er drank sack in my life. An if you give me any conserves, give me conserves of beef. Ne'er ask me what raiment I'll wear, for I have no more doublets than backs, no more stockings than legs, nor no  
10 more shoes than feet, nay sometime more feet than shoes, or such shoes as my toes look through the over-leather.

#### LORD

Heaven cease this idle humor in your Honor!  
Oh, that a mighty man of such descent,  
15 Of such possessions and so high esteem,  
Should be infusèd with so foul a spirit!

#### SLY

What, would you make me mad? Am not I Christopher Sly, old Sly's son of Burton Heath, by birth a peddler, by education a cardmaker, by transmutation a bearherd, and now by present profession a tinker? Ask Marian Hacket,

### Shakescleare Translation

*SLY enters in the gallery above the stage, along with SERVANTS, some carrying clothing, others with a bowl, pitcher, and other accessories, and the LORD (dressed as a servant).*

#### SLY

For God's sake, someone bring me a mug of cheap beer.

#### FIRST SERVANT

Would your Lordship like to drink a cup of Spanish wine ?

 "Sack" is an old term referring to fortified white wine (wine with brandy added to it) imported from mainland Spain or the Canary Islands.

#### SECOND SERVANT

Would your Honor like to try this dried fruit?

#### THIRD SERVANT

What outfit will your Honor wear today?

#### SLY

I am Christopher Sly. Don't call me your "Honor" or your "Lordship." I've never drunk Spanish wine in my life. And if you give me anything "preserved," give me some salted beef. Don't bother asking what "outfit" I'll wear, for I have no more jackets than I do backs, no more stockings than I have legs, and no more shoes than I have feet. Sometimes I even have more feet than shoes, unless the ones where my toes stick out count as shoes.

#### LORD

May God end this foolish fantasy in your Honor's mind! Alas, that a mighty man of such noble birth, with so much wealth and such a good reputation, should be infected with such a terrible illness!

#### SLY

What, are you trying to make me go crazy? Aren't I Christopher Sly, son of old Sly from Barton-on-the-Heath, a peddler by birth, trained to be a cardmaker , who then became a bear keeper, and now a pot-mender? Ask Marian

 A cardmaker made combs used for preparing wool for spinning.

the fat alewife of Wincot, if she know me not! If she say I am not fourteen pence on the score for sheer ale, score me up for the lying'st knave in Christendom. What! I am not bestraught! Here's—

**THIRD SERVANT**

25 O, this it is that makes your lady mourn!

**SECOND SERVANT**

O, this it is that makes your servants droop!

**LORD**

Hence comes it that your kindred shuns your house, As beaten hence by your strange lunacy. O noble lord, bethink thee of thy birth, 30 Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment, And banish hence these abject lowly dreams. Look how thy servants do attend on thee, Each in his office ready at thy beck. Wilt thou have music? Hark! Apollo plays,

*Music*

35 And twenty caged nightingales do sing: Or wilt thou sleep? We'll have thee to a couch Softer and sweeter than the lustful bed Or purpose trimmed up for Semiramis. Say thou wilt walk, we will bestrew the ground. 40 Or wilt thou ride? Thy horses shall be trapped, Their harness studded all with gold and pearl. Dost thou love hawking? Thou hast hawks will soar Above the morning lark. Or wilt thou hunt? Thy hounds shall make the welkin answer them 45 And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth.

**FIRST SERVANT**

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

**SECOND SERVANT**

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

**LORD**

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

**THIRD SERVANT**

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

**LORD**

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

**FIRST SERVANT**

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

**SLY**

Am I a lord, and have I such a lady? Or do I dream? Or have I dreamed till now?

Hacket, the fat innkeeper in Wincot, if she knows me! If she doesn't tell you about the tab I've run up—fourteen pence on beer alone—then you can call me the biggest liar in God's kingdom. What! I'm not crazy! Here's—

**THIRD SERVANT**

Oh, it's this that makes your wife mourn!

**SECOND SERVANT**

Oh, it's this that makes your servants hang their heads in sorrow!

**LORD**

And this is why your relatives avoid your house, as if beaten away by your strange insanity. Oh noble lord, remember your lineage, call back the thoughts of your former state of mind, and banish these worthless, lowly fantasies. Look how your servants attend to you, each one ready to obey your every request. Do you want music? Listen! Apollo, god of music, plays for you.

*Music plays.*

And twenty caged nightingales sing along. Or do you want to sleep? We'll bring you to a couch that's softer and more fragrant than the lustful bed of Semiramis.<sup>3</sup> Say you want to walk, and we'll strew the ground with flowers. Or do you want to ride? Your horses will be made ready, their harnesses studded with gold and pearls. Do you like hawking? You have hawks that can soar higher than the morning lark. Or do you want to hunt? Your hounds will make the heavens and earth echo with their barks.

<sup>3</sup> Semiramis was a notoriously lustful Assyrian queen.

**FIRST SERVANT**

Say you want to hunt rabbits. Your greyhounds are as swift as healthy stags, yes, and quicker than young deer.

**SECOND SERVANT**

Do you like pictures? We'll instantly fetch you one of Adonis<sup>4</sup> next to a running brook, with Venus<sup>5</sup> hidden in the rushes and spying on him. The rushes seem to move seductively with her signs, just like real grass swaying in the wind.

<sup>4</sup> Adonis was a famously beautiful young man loved by Venus, the goddess of love.

<sup>5</sup> "Cytherea" is another name for Venus, the goddess of love.

**LORD**

We'll show you one of Io as a maid, just as Jupiter tricks and surprises her.<sup>6</sup> The painting seems alive, it's so realistic.

<sup>6</sup> Io was a mortal girl that the Roman god Jupiter (the Greek Zeus) fell in love with. She was later turned into a cow by Jupiter's jealous wife.

**THIRD SERVANT**

Or one of Daphne running through a thorny wood, her legs scratched up and Apollo weeping at that sad sight.<sup>7</sup> The blood and tears are drawn so well you'll swear that they're real.

<sup>7</sup> Daphne was a nymph that Apollo fell in love with and pursued. Knowing she couldn't outrun him, she transformed into a tree to avoid being raped by him.

**LORD**

You are a lord, and nothing less than a lord. You have a wife who is far more beautiful than any other woman in this declining age.

**FIRST SERVANT**

Before she tears began running all down her face over you, she was the fairest creature in the world—and still she has no equal.

**SLY**

Am I a lord? Do I have such a lady? Or am I dreaming? Or have I been dreaming until now? I'm not asleep: I can see,

I do not sleep: I see, I hear, I speak.  
 70 I smell sweet savors and I feel soft things.  
 Upon my life, I am a lord indeed  
 And not a tinker, nor Christopher Sly.  
 Well, bring our lady hither to our sight,  
 And once again, a pot o' the smallest ale.

**SECOND SERVANT**

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

**SLY**

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

**FIRST SERVANT**

O, yes, my lord, but very idle words.  
 For though you lay here in this goodly chamber,  
 Yet would you say ye were beaten out of door;  
 85 And rail upon the hostess of the house,  
 And say you would present her at the leet,  
 Because she brought stone jugs and no sealed quarts.  
 Sometimes you would call out for Cicely Hacket.

**SLY**

Ay, the woman's maid of the house.

**THIRD SERVANT**

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

**SLY**

Now Lord be thanked for my good amends!

**ALL**

Amen.

**SLY**

I thank thee. Thou shalt not lose by it.

*Enter the PAGE as a lady, with attendants*

**PAGE**

How fares my noble lord?

**SLY**

100 Marry, I fare well,  
 For here is cheer enough. Where is my wife?

**PAGE**

Here, noble lord. What is thy will with her?

**SLY**

Are you my wife and will not call me "husband"?  
 My men should call me "lord." I am your goodman.

**PAGE**

105 My husband and my lord, my lord and husband,  
 I am your wife in all obedience.

**SLY**

I know it well.—What must I call her?

and hear, and speak. I can smell sweet aromas and feel soft things. I swear, I must be a lord indeed! I'm not a tinker, and I'm not Christopher Sly. Well, bring my lady here before me, and I'll ask again, bring me a mug of the cheapest beer.

**SECOND SERVANT**

Would your greatness like to wash your hands? Oh, how overjoyed we are to see your sanity restored! Oh, if only you could better remember who you are! These past fifteen years you've been living in a dream. Even when you were awake, it was as if you slept.

**SLY**

Fifteen years! By God, that's quite a nap. But did I not speak that entire time?

**FIRST SERVANT**

Oh yes, my lord, but only complete nonsense. Even though you were lying here in this nice room, you would talk as if you'd been thrown out of a tavern, and you'd curse at the tavern's hostess, and swear you would take her to court for cheating you out of liquor. Sometimes you would call out for Cicely Hacket.

**SLY**

Yes, the hostess's maid.

**THIRD SERVANT**

But sir, you don't know any such house or any such maid, or any of the men you dreamed up, like Stephen Sly and Old John Naps of Greet, and Peter Turph and Henry Pimpernell, and twenty more names like this—men who never existed.

**SLY**

Thank the Lord for my recovery!

**ALL**

Amen.

**SLY**

Thank you all. You won't regret my return.

*The PAGE enters, disguised as a lady, with attendants.*

**PAGE**

How is my noble lord doing?

**SLY**

Well, I'm doing well. Everything's quite nice around here.  
 Where is my wife?

**PAGE**

Here, noble lord. What do you wish of her?

**SLY**

You say you're my wife, but you won't call me your husband? My men should call me "lord," not you. I am your husband, your fellow. [8]

.8 Among the nobility, husbands and wives addressed each other as "lord" and "madam," but in the lower classes, they used "goodman" or "husband" and "wife."

**PAGE**

You are my husband and my lord, my lord and my husband, and I am your obedient wife.

**SLY**

I know it now.—

**LORD**

"Madam."

**SLY**

"Alice Madam," or "Joan Madam"?

**LORD**

110 "Madam," and nothing else. So lords call ladies.

**SLY**

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

**PAGE**

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

**SLY**

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

**PAGE**

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

**SLY**

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

*Enter a MESSENGER*

**MESSENGER**

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

**SLY**

135 Marry, I will. Let them play it. Is not a comonty a  
Christmas gambold or a tumbling-trick?

**PAGE**

No, my good lord, it is more pleasing stuff.

**SLY**

What, household stuff?

**PAGE**

It is a kind of history.

**SLY**

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

*They sit*

*[To the LORD] What should I call her?*

**LORD**

"Madam."

**SLY**

"Madam Alice," <sup>9</sup> or "Madam Joan?" What's her first  
name?

<sup>9</sup> Sly mistakenly believes that  
"Madam" is referring to a woman's  
first name, not her title.

**LORD**

Just "madam," and nothing else. That's what lords call their  
ladies.

**SLY**

Madam wife, they say that I've been dreaming or asleep for  
fifteen years or more.

**PAGE**

Yes, and it seemed like thirty years to me, as I've been  
banished from your bed this whole time.

**SLY**

That's a lot.—Servants, leave me and her alone.—Madam,  
undress and come to bed.

**PAGE**

Noble lord, I ask you to pardon me for another night or two,  
or at least wait until nightfall. Your doctors have expressly  
ordered me not to sleep with you, as otherwise you might  
be in danger of a relapse of your illness. I hope this reason  
will stand as my excuse.

**SLY**

Well, *something*'s standing up and making it so I can hardly  
wait that long. But I would hate to fall back into my dreams.  
I'll wait, despite my flesh and blood <sup>10</sup>.

<sup>10</sup> Sly is making a crude reference to  
his sexual arousal (and his penis that  
"stands" as a sign of this arousal).

*A MESSENGER enters.*

**MESSENGER**

Your Honor's actors heard about your recovery and have  
come to perform a pleasant comedy for you. Your doctors  
approve of this, as too much sadness has made your blood  
congeal, and melancholy can lead to more insanity. So they  
think it would be good for you to watch a play and direct  
your thoughts toward laughter and joy—both of which can  
prevent a thousand illnesses and lengthen your life.

**SLY**

Well, I will then. Let them perform it. But what's a  
"comonty?" <sup>11</sup> Isn't it a Christmas dance, or some  
acrobatic trick?

**PAGE**

No, my good lord, it is more pleasing stuff than that.

**SLY**

What, stuff from a house?

**PAGE**

It's a kind of story.

**SLY**

Well, let's watch it. Come, madam wife, sit by my side.  
Forget about the world. We aren't getting any younger.

*They sit.*

## Act 1, Scene 1

### Shakespeare

*Flourish. Enter LUCENTIO and his man TRANIO*

**LUCENTIO**

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

**TRANIO**

25 *Mi perdonato*, gentle master mine.  
I am in all affected as yourself,  
Glad that you thus continue your resolve  
To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy.  
Only, good master, while we do admire  
30 This virtue and this moral discipline,  
Let's be no stoics nor no stocks, I pray,  
Or so devote to Aristotle's checks  
As Ovid be an outcast quite abjured.  
Balk logic with acquaintance that you have,  
35 And practice rhetoric in your common talk;  
Music and poesy use to quicken you;  
The mathematics and the metaphysics—  
Fall to them as you find your stomach serves you.  
No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en.  
40 In brief, sir, study what you most affect.

**LUCENTIO**

Gramceries, Tranio, well dost thou advise.  
If, Biondello, thou wert come ashore,  
We could at once put us in readiness  
And take a lodging fit to entertain  
45 Such friends as time in Padua shall beget.  
But stay awhile. What company is this?

**TRANIO**

Master, some show to welcome us to town.

*LUCENTIO and TRANIO stand by*

*Enter BAPTISTA, KATHERINE, BIANCA, GREMIO, and HORTENSIO*

**BAPTISTA**

Gentlemen, importune me no farther,  
For how I firmly am resolved you know—  
50 That is, not to bestow my youngest daughter  
Before I have a husband for the elder.  
If either of you both love Katherine,

### Shakescleare Translation

*Trumpets play. LUCENTIO and his servant TRANIO enter.*

**LUCENTIO**

Tranio, because I have always longed to see Padua and its famous university, I wanted to stop here on my way to fertile Lombardy, that pleasant garden of great Italy. And now, thanks to my father's love and approval, and your own good company—here I am. So, my trusty, dependable servant, let's rest here a while and begin a course of intellectual studies. I was born in Pisa, famous for its serious citizens, along with my father before me: Vincentio of the Bentivoli family. He was a successful merchant and world traveler, and it now seems fitting that I, Vincentio's son, brought up in Florence, should fulfill all my father's hopes for me and increase his wealth with my own virtuous deeds. And therefore, Tranio, I will study virtue for now, and that area of philosophy that discusses how to achieve happiness through virtue. But tell me what you think of all this, for I have left Pisa and come to Padua, and now I feel like I've left a puddle behind and jumped into an ocean, hoping to quench my thirst.

**TRANIO**

Pardon me, my gentle master. I agree with everything you've said, and I'm glad that you've followed through with your decision to enjoy all the pleasures of sweet philosophy. Only, good master, while we're studying all this admirable virtue and moral discipline, let's not become stoics or stocks <sup>1</sup>, and let's not focus on Aristotle's restraints so much that we forget to read Ovid <sup>2</sup>. Practice your logic with the friends you have, and use rhetoric in everyday talk. Stimulate yourself with music and poetry. And as for mathematics and metaphysics—follow your appetite, and only study what you can stomach. You'll gain no profit from something you take no pleasure in. In short, sir, study what you enjoy.

<sup>1</sup> The Stoics were a group of ancient Greek philosophers who believed that perfection involved getting rid of all emotion. "Stocks," meaning a post or block of wood, is then a pun on the unfeeling Stoics.

<sup>2</sup> Tranio then contrasts Ovid, a Roman poet who often wrote about erotic love, with the formal, ascetic Greek philosopher Aristotle.

**LUCENTIO**

Many thanks, Tranio, for the good advice. If Biondello would come ashore, we could get ready at once and find a place to stay. Then we would have a place to entertain the friends we'll make here in Padua. But wait a minute. Who are all these people?

**TRANIO**

Master, maybe it's a gathering to welcome us to town.

*LUCENTIO and TRANIO stand off to one side.*

*BAPTISTA enters with his two daughters, KATHERINE and BIANCA, along with GREMIO, and HORTENSIO.*

**BAPTISTA**

Gentlemen, stop pestering me about this. You know that my mind is made up. I won't let my younger daughter marry until I've found a husband for the elder one. I know and like both of you, so if either of you loves Katherine, then you have my permission to court her as you please.

Because I know you well and love you well  
Leave shall you have to court her at your pleasure.

**GREMIO**

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

**KATHERINE**

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

**HORTENSIO**

"Mates," maid? how mean you that? No mates for you  
Unless you were of gentler, milder mold.

**KATHERINE**

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

**HORTENSIO**

From all such devils, good Lord, deliver us!

**GREMIO**

And me too, good Lord!

**TRANIO**

(aside to LUCENTIO) Husht, master, here's some good pastime toward.  
70 That wench is stark mad or wonderful froward.

**LUCENTIO**

(aside to TRANIO) But in the other's silence do I see  
Maid's mild behavior and sobriety.  
Peace, Tranio.

**TRANIO**

(aside to LUCENTIO) Well said, master. Mum, and gaze  
75 your fill.

**BAPTISTA**

(to GREMIO and HORTENSIO)  
Gentlemen, that I may soon make good  
What I have said—Bianca, get you in,  
And let it not displease thee, good Bianca,  
80 For I will love thee ne'er the less, my girl.

**KATHERINE**

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

**BIANCA**

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

**LUCENTIO**

Hark, Tranio! Thou mayst hear Minerva speak.

**HORTENSIO**

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

**GREMIO**

To cart her, is more likely. 3

3 Disobedient women and prostitutes were sometimes punished by being driven through town in a cart.

**KATHERINE**

(To BAPTISTA) Please, sir, is it your intention to make a laughingstock of me in front of these mates 4?

4 Katherine means "mates" as "rude, boorish fellows," but Hortensio then takes it to mean "husbands."

**HORTENSIO**

"Mates," girl? What do you mean by that? You won't have any mates until you improve your temper.

**KATHERINE**

Don't worry, sir, you don't need to worry about being my husband. Indeed, marriage doesn't appeal to my heart. But even if it did, the only thing I'd want to do with you is knock you on the head with a three-legged stool, scratch up your face, and make you my fool.

**HORTENSIO**

May God preserve us from all devils like her!

**GREMIO**

And me too, good Lord!

**TRANIO**

(So only LUCENTIO can hear) Keep quiet master, here's some entertainment for us. That girl is either insane or incredibly disobedient.

**LUCENTIO**

(So only TRANIO can hear) But her sister is silent, and seems to have a proper girl's mildness and obedience. Quiet, Tranio.

**TRANIO**

(So only LUCENTIO can hear) You're right, master. Let's keep quiet and enjoy the sight.

**BAPTISTA**

(To GREMIO and HORTENSIO) Gentlemen, I want to make good on what I've said—so Bianca, go inside. And don't let this make you unhappy, good Bianca, for I'll never love you any less, my girl.

**KATHERINE**

What a spoiled pet! If she knew what she was doing, she would have put on a show of weeping.

**BIANCA**

Sister, let yourself be happy in my unhappiness. Sir, I will humbly obey your will. My books and musical instruments will be my companions. I will read and practice by myself.

**LUCENTIO**

Listen, Tranio! It sounds like Minerva speaking 5.

5 In Roman mythology, Minerva was the goddess of wisdom and the arts.

**HORTENSIO**

Sir Baptista, will you really act so unnaturally? I'm sorry that our good will towards Bianca should cause her grief.

**GREMIO**

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

**BAPTISTA**

Gentlemen, content ye. I am resolved.—  
95 Go in, Bianca.

*Exit BIANCA*

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

*Exit*

**KATHERINE**

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

*Exit*

**GREMIO**

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

**HORTENSIO**

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

**GREMIO**

What's that, I pray?

**HORTENSIO**

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

**GREMIO**

A husband? A devil!

**HORTENSIO**

125 I say a husband.

**GREMIO**

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

**HORTENSIO**

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

**GREMIO**

Why would you cage her up in place of this fiend from hell,  
Sir Baptista, and punish her for her sister's tongue?

**BAPTISTA**

Gentleman, calm down. I've made my decision, and I can't  
be swayed.—Go inside, Bianca.

*BIANCA exits.*

And I know that she loves music, playing her instruments,  
and poetry, so I'll keep tutors in my house to instruct her. If  
either of you, Hortensio and Sir Gremio, know of any good  
tutors, then recommend them to me. I'll pay well for good  
teachers, and won't spare anything in giving my children a  
good education. So farewell.—Katherine, you may stay. I  
have more to talk about with Bianca.

*He exits.*

**KATHERINE**

Well, I can go too, can't I? What, do I have to start making  
appointments now, as if I didn't know when to come and  
go?

*She exits.*

**GREMIO**

You can go straight to the devil! No one here can stand your  
"gifts."—

*[To HORTENSIO]* Hortensio, our love for women isn't so  
great that we can't twiddle our thumbs and wait this out.  
We're out of luck for now. Farewell. But because of my love  
for sweet Bianca, I'll try to find a suitable man to teach her  
in the subjects she enjoys, and send him to her father.

**HORTENSIO**

So will I, Sir Gremio. But wait, let me have a word with you  
first, please. Though we've always been opponents, never  
allies, when you think about it, it's now important to us  
both that we regain access to our fair mistress, so that we  
can once again be friendly rivals competing for Bianca's  
love. But first we have to work to achieve one thing.

**GREMIO**

And what's that?

**HORTENSIO**

Well, sir, to get a husband for her sister.

**GREMIO**

A husband? A devil!

**HORTENSIO**

I say a husband.

**GREMIO**

I say a devil. Do you really think, Hortensio, that any man is  
foolish enough to marry hell itself—even if her father *is* very  
rich?

**HORTENSIO**

Hush, Gremio. Even though you and I don't have the  
patience to put up with her loud cries, why, man, there are  
good fellows in this world, if we could only find them, who  
would take her with all her faults—and enough money.

**GREMIO**

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

135

**HORTENSIO**

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

**GREMIO**

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

*Exeunt GREMIO and HORTENSIO*

**TRANIO**

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

**LUCENTIO**

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

**TRANIO**

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

**LUCENTIO**

165 Gramercies, lad, go forward. This contents.  
The rest will comfort, for thy counsel's sound.

**TRANIO**

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

**LUCENTIO**

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

**TRANIO**

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

**LUCENTIO**

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

**GREMIO**

I'm not sure. I would rather take her dowry 6 and be  
whipped in public every morning than have to put up with  
her.

6 A dowry is a "bride-price," or an inheritance of wealth that goes to a woman's husband from her father when she is married.

**HORTENSIO**

Well, as you say, it's a choice between two evils. But come,  
since this great obstacle makes us allies, let's be friends  
until we can find a husband for Baptista's elder daughter.  
Then we'll set the younger daughter free to be courted, and  
we can resume our competition. Sweet Bianca! Happy is  
the man who wins you! To the victor go the spoils. What do  
you say, Sir Gremio?

**GREMIO**

I agree with this plan. If we can find the right man, I'd give  
him the best horse in Padua to start wooing Katherine  
immediately, marry her, take her to bed, and rid the house  
of her! Come on.

*GREMIO and HORTENSIO exit.*

**TRANIO**

Please tell me, sir, is it possible that love could overpower a  
person so suddenly?

**LUCENTIO**

Oh Tranio, I never thought it possible or likely until it  
happened to me. But see, while I stood here watching this  
unfold, I suddenly found myself struck with love. You are as  
trustworthy and dear to me as Anna was to Dido, Queen of  
Carthage 7, so I must plainly confess to you, Tranio: I'm on  
fire, I'm burning, I'm filled with longing. Tranio—I'll die if I  
can't win this modest young girl for myself. Advise me,  
Tranio, for I know you can. Help me, Tranio, for I know you  
will.

7 In Virgil's "Aeneid," Dido, Queen of Carthage, fell madly in love with Aeneas, and confessed her passion to her sister Anna.

**TRANIO**

Master, now's not the time to scold you. Affection can't be  
driven out of the heart. If love has really touched you, then  
there's only one thing to be done. As the Latin grammar  
book says, "Ransom yourself from captivity as cheaply as  
you can."

**LUCENTIO**

Many thanks, friend. Go on. This is helping. Your advice is  
good, so I know the rest of it will comfort me.

**TRANIO**

Master, you spent so much time looking at the girl that you  
might have missed the heart of the matter here.

**LUCENTIO**

Oh yes, I saw the sweet beauty in her face, just like that  
of Europa 8, the daughter of Agenor—beauty that made  
even the great god Jove fall in love and humble himself,  
falling to his knees and kissing the ground on that beach in  
Crete.

8 Jove (Jupiter, or Zeus) fell in love with the mortal maiden Europa. He transformed himself into a bull and carried her over the seas to Crete.

**TRANIO**

Is that all you saw? Didn't you notice how her sister began  
to scold and cause such a ruckus that human ears could  
hardly endure the noise?

**LUCENTIO**

Tranio, I saw her coral-pink lips move, and her breath  
perfume the air. Everything I saw in her was holy and sweet.

**TRANIO**

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

**LUCENTIO**

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

**TRANIO**

Ay, marry, am I, sir; and now 'tis plotted!

**LUCENTIO**

I have it, Tranio!

**TRANIO**

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

**LUCENTIO**

Tell me thine first.

**TRANIO**

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

**LUCENTIO**

It is. May it be done?

**TRANIO**

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

**LUCENTIO**

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

*They exchange clothes*

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

**TRANIO**

So had you need.  
In brief, sir, sith it your pleasure is,  
And I am tied to be obedient—  
For so your father charged me at our parting,  
"Be serviceable to my son," quoth he,  
Although I think 'twas in another sense—  
I am content to be Lucentio  
Because so well I love Lucentio.

**TRANIO**

[To himself] Well, then, it's time to wake him up from his  
trance.

[To LUCENTIO]—Wake up, sir! If you love this girl, then start  
using your wits to figure out how to win her. This is how  
things stand right now: her older sister is such a bad-  
tempered shrew that her father wants to get rid of her. He's  
keeping your beloved locked up at home until he does, and  
not letting any suitors bother her.

**LUCENTIO**

Ah, Tranio, what a cruel father he is! But didn't you hear  
how he wanted to hire good tutors to instruct her?

**TRANIO**

Yes, I did, sir—and now I've got a plan!

**LUCENTIO**

I have it, Tranio!

**TRANIO**

Master, I think we both had the same idea at the same time.

**LUCENTIO**

Tell me your idea first.

**TRANIO**

You will be a tutor and offer to teach the girl. Is that your  
plan?

**LUCENTIO**

It is. Can it be done?

**TRANIO**

It's impossible. Who would take your place and be  
Vincentio's son here in Padua, living in your house and  
studying your books, welcoming your friends, visiting and  
dining with your fellow countrymen from Pisa?

**LUCENTIO**

Enough—don't worry, I have it all planned out. No one has  
seen us yet, so no one knows which of us is the master and  
which is the servant. So this is how it'll go: *you'll* be the  
master, Tranio, and replace me. You'll maintain my rank,  
live in my house, and keep servants, just as I would do. I, on  
the other hand, will be some other man—some fellow from  
Florence or Naples, or a low-ranking man from Pisa. Well,  
that's the plan, so let's do it. Tranio, undress yourself at  
once, and put on my colored hat and cloak.

*They exchange clothes.*

When Biondello comes, he must wait on you like you're his  
master. But first I'll persuade him to keep all this a secret.

**TRANIO**

That's very important. Since this is what you want, sir, and I  
am sworn to obey you—for that's what your father  
commanded me when we left, saying, "Serve my son,"  
although I don't think he had *this* in mind—I will pretend to  
be Lucentio, because I love the real Lucentio so much.

**LUCENTIO**

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

*Enter BIONDELLO*

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

**BIONDELLO**

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

**LUCENTIO**

Sirrah, come hither: 'tis no time to jest,  
And therefore frame your manners to the time.  
Your fellow Tranio here, to save my life,  
Puts my apparel and my countenance on,  
235 And I for my escape have put on his;  
For in a quarrel since I came ashore  
I killed a man and fear I was despaired.  
Wait you on him, I charge you, as becomes,  
While I make way from hence to save my life.

240 You understand me?

**BIONDELLO**

Aye, sir. *(aside)* Ne'er a whit.

**LUCENTIO**

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

**BIONDELLO**

The better for him. Would I were so too.

**TRANIO**

245 So could I, faith, boy, to have the next wish after,  
That Lucentio indeed had Baptista's youngest daughter.  
But, sirrah, not for my sake, but your master's, I  
advise  
250 You use your manners discreetly in all kind of  
companies.  
When I am alone, why then I am Tranio;  
But in all places else, your master Lucentio.

**LUCENTIO**

Tranio, let's go. One thing more rests, that thyself  
execute,  
255 To make one among these wooers. If thou ask me why,  
Sufficeth my reasons are both good and weighty.

*Exeunt*

*The presenters above speak*

**FIRST SERVANT**

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

**SLY**

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

**PAGE**

260 My lord, 'tis but begun.

**SLY**

'Tis a very excellent piece of work, madam lady. Would  
'twere done.

**LUCENTIO**

Good, Tranio, for the real Lucentio is also in love. I will even  
become a slave if it will win me that girl, whose appearance  
has bewitched my lovestruck eyes.

*BIONDELLO enters.*

Here comes that rascal. Boy, where have you been?

**BIONDELLO**

Where have I been? The real question is, where are you?  
Master, has Tranio stolen your clothes? Or have you stolen  
his? Or both? Please tell me, what's going on?

**LUCENTIO**

Boy, come here. This is no time for jokes, so get serious.  
Your fellow Tranio here has taken on my outward  
appearance to save my life, and I have put on his  
appearance in order to escape. I've been in a fight since we  
came ashore, and I killed a man. I'm afraid that someone  
saw me. So for now you must wait on Tranio like he's your  
master, while I make my escape and save my life. Do you  
understand me?

**BIONDELLO**

Yes, sir.

*[To himself]* Not a bit.

**LUCENTIO**

And don't ever let the name "Tranio" slip out. "Tranio" is  
now "Lucentio."

**BIONDELLO**

All the better for him. I wish I could be Lucentio too.

**TRANIO**

I'd second your wish, boy, if it meant that the next wish  
gave Baptista's youngest daughter to Lucentio. But for your  
master's sake, boy, not mine, I advise you to be discreet in  
the company of others. When we're alone, then I'm Tranio.  
But everywhere else, I'm your master Lucentio.

**LUCENTIO**

Tranio, let's go. One more thing still has to be done, and it's  
up to you to arrange it. You have to become another suitor  
to Bianca. Don't ask me why—just trust that I have a good  
reason for doing this.

*They exit.*

*The "audience" in the gallery speak.*

**FIRST SERVANT**

*[To SLY]* My lord, you're falling asleep. You're not watching  
the play.

**SLY**

I am watching, by God, I am. It's a good play, to be sure. Is  
there any more?

**PAGE**

My lord, it's only just begun.

**SLY**

'Tis a very excellent piece of work, madam lady. I wish it  
were over.

*They sit and mark**They sit and watch.*

## Act 1, Scene 2

### Shakespeare

*Enter PETRUCHIO and his man GRUMIO***PETRUCHIO**

Verona, for a while I take my leave,  
To see my friends in Padua, but of all  
My best beloved and approved friend,  
Hortensio. And I trow this is his house.  
5 Here, sirrah Grumio. Knock, I say.

**GRUMIO**

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

**PETRUCHIO**

Villain, I say, knock me here soundly.

**GRUMIO**

Knock you here, sir? Why, sir, what am I, sir, that I  
10 should knock you here, sir?

**PETRUCHIO**

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

**GRUMIO**

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

**PETRUCHIO**

Will it not be?  
Faith, sirrah, an you'll not knock, I'll ring it.  
I'll try how you can *solf, fa*, and sing it.

*He wrings him by the ears***GRUMIO**

Help, mistress, help! My master is mad.

**PETRUCHIO**

20 Now knock when I bid you, sirrah villain.

*Enter HORTENSIO***HORTENSIO**

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

**PETRUCHIO**

Signior Hortensio, come you to part the fray?  
*Con tutto il cuore, ben trovato*, may I say.

**HORTENSIO**

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

**GRUMIO**

Nay, 'tis no matter, sir, what he 'leges in Latin. If  
this be not a lawful case for me to leave his service

### Shakescleare Translation

*PETRUCHIO enters with his servant GRUMIO.***PETRUCHIO**

Farewell for now, Verona. I have come to see my friends in  
Padua, but especially my best and most beloved friend  
Hortensio. And I believe this is his house. Here, Grumio.  
Knock, I say.

**GRUMIO**

Knock, sir? Whom should I knock? Has any man rebused  your Worship?

 This is Grumio's mistake for "abused," but as with Grumio's other thickheaded errors, it is possibly deliberate.

**PETRUCHIO**

Villain, I say, knock for me here.

**GRUMIO**

Knock you here, sir? Why, sir, I don't think it's appropriate  
for me to knock you here, sir.

**PETRUCHIO**

Villain, I say, knock for me on this door, and pound it well,  
or I'll knock your fool's head!

**GRUMIO**

My master is getting angry. If I knock him first, then I know  
who's going to end up sorry for it.

**PETRUCHIO**

Why is this so hard? Well, man, if you won't knock, I'll  
ring—wring your ears and make you sing!

*He grabs GRUMIO by the ears.***GRUMIO**

Help, help! My master's gone crazy.

**PETRUCHIO**

Now knock when I tell you to, you idiot peasant.

*HORTENSIO enters.***HORTENSIO**

What's going on, what's the matter? Is this my old friend  
Grumio and my good friend Petruchio? How are all your  
family in Verona?

 This is Italian, and means "with all my heart, well met."

**PETRUCHIO**

Sir Hortensio, have you come to break up the fig? Let me  
say con tutto il cuore, ben trovato .

**HORTENSIO**

*Alla nostra casa ben venuto, molto honorato signor mio*  
Petruchio. —Get up, Grumio, get up. We will settle this  
argument.

 The Italian means "Welcome to our house, my most honored Sir Petruchio."

**GRUMIO**

It doesn't matter what he's accused me of in Latin. If this  
isn't legal justification for me to leave his service, I don't

—look you, sir: he bid me knock him and rap him soundly,  
sir. Well, was it fit for a servant to use his master  
so, being perhaps, for aught I see, two-and-thirty, a  
pip out?  
Whom, would to God, I had well knocked at first,  
Then had not Grumio come by the worst.

35

**PETRUCHIO**

A senseless villain, good Hortensio.  
I bade the rascal knock upon your gate  
And could not get him for my heart to do it.

**GRUMIO**

Knock at the gate? O heavens! Spake you not these words  
plain: "Sirrah, knock me here, rap me here, knock me  
well, and knock me soundly"? And come you now with  
"knocking at the gate"?

**PETRUCHIO**

Sirrah, begone or talk not, I advise you.

**HORTENSIO**

Petruchio, patience. I am Grumio's pledge.  
Why, this' a heavy chance 'twixt him and you,  
Your ancient, trusty, pleasant servant Grumio.  
And tell me now, sweet friend, what happy gale  
Blows you to Padua here from old Verona?

**PETRUCHIO**

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

**HORTENSIO**

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

**PETRUCHIO**

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

**GRUMIO**

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

**HORTENSIO**

Petruchio, since we are stepped thus far in,  
I will continue that I broached in jest.

know what is. Listen to this, sir: he tells me to knock him and pound him well, sir. Well, was it proper for a servant to treat his master like that—especially if he might be a little more drunk than drunk? Maybe I ought to have hit him first, and then I'd feel better.

**PETRUCHIO**

He's a senseless villain, good Hortensio. I told the rascal to knock on your door and couldn't for the life of me get him to do it.

**GRUMIO**

Knock on the door? Oh God! Didn't you clearly say the words "Man, knock me here, pound here, and knock me well"? And now you're claiming it was "knocking on the door"?

**PETRUCHIO**

Be quiet or go away, I warn you.

**HORTENSIO**

Calm down, Petruchio. I'll vouch for Grumio. Why, this is sad to see you two fighting—you and Grumio, your trusty, cheerful servant of many years. But tell me now, sweet friend, what lucky wind blew you from old Verona here to Padua.

**PETRUCHIO**

The wind that scatters young men throughout the world to seek their fortunes away from home, where there are few new experiences to be had. But to be brief, Sir Hortensio, this is how it stands: Antonio, my father, is dead, and I have now thrown myself into the wide world to try and marry and thrive as best I can. I have money in my purse and property at home, so I've set off to see the world.

**HORTENSIO**

Petruchio, should I speak plainly then and offer you a shrewish, unpleasant wife? I don't think you'd thank me for my suggestion, but I promise you she's rich, yes, very rich. But you are my friend, so I won't wish her on you.

**PETRUCHIO**

Sir Hortensio, for good friends like us only a few words are needed. So if you know a woman rich enough to be Petruchio's wife—and wealth is the biggest factor for me—it doesn't matter if she's as ugly as Florentius' love <sup>4</sup>, as old as the Sybil <sup>5</sup>, or as shrewish as Socrates' Xanthippe <sup>6</sup>. None of that would bother me, or make me less keen to marry her, even if she were as rough as the Adriatic Sea. I've come to find a wealthy wife in Padua, and if she's wealthy, then I'll have found a good wife.

<sup>4</sup> In a story told by both Chaucer and John Gower, Florentius is forced to marry an old hag after she saves his life.

<sup>5</sup> The Sybil of Cumae was a prophetess to whom Apollo granted extremely long life.

<sup>6</sup> Xanthippe was the famously bad-tempered wife of the philosopher Socrates.

**GRUMIO**

[To HORTENSIO] Look at that, sir, he is very straightforward with his intentions. Why, if you give him enough gold he'll marry a puppet, a doll, or an old prostitute with a dozen diseases and not a tooth in her head. Why, nothing can bother him, as long as money comes with it.

**HORTENSIO**

Petruchio, since the conversation has gone this far already, I'll continue with what I meant only as a joke. I can help you

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

**PETRUCHIO**

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

**HORTENSIO**

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

**PETRUCHIO**

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

**GRUMIO**

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

**HORTENSIO**

115 Tarry, Petruchio, I must go with thee,  
 For in Baptista's keep my treasure is.  
 He hath the jewel of my life in hold,  
 His youngest daughter, beautiful Bianca,  
 And her withholdes from me and other more,  
 120 Suitors to her and rivals in my love,  
 Supposing it a thing impossible,  
 For those defects I have before rehearsed,  
 That ever Katherina will be wooed.  
 Therefore this order hath Baptista ta'en,  
 125 That none shall have access unto Bianca  
 Till Katherine the curst have got a husband.

**GRUMIO**

"Katherine the curst!"  
 A title for a maid of all titles the worst.

**HORTENSIO**

Now shall my friend Petruchio do me grace,  
 130 And offer me disguised in sober robes  
 To old Baptista as a schoolmaster  
 Well seen in music, to instruct Bianca,  
 That so I may, by this device at least,  
 Have leave and leisure to make love to her  
 135 And, unsuspected, court her by herself.

**GRUMIO**

Here's no knavery! See, to beguile the old folks, how the young folks lay their heads together!

*Enter GREMIO and LUCENTIO disguised as CAMBIO*

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

find a wife, Petruchio, who's rich, young, beautiful, and brought up as a noble gentlewoman. Her only flaw, and it's certainly a big one, is that she is an unbearable shrew, disagreeable and willful, and so much so that even if I was broke I wouldn't marry her for a goldmine.

**PETRUCHIO**

Quiet, Hortensio. You don't know the power of money. Tell me her father's name, and that will be enough. I will pursue her even if her scolding is as loud as thunder in an autumn storm.

**HORTENSIO**

Her father is Baptista Minola, an agreeable and polite gentleman. Her name is Katherina Minola, famous in Padua for her scolding tongue.

**PETRUCHIO**

I don't know her, but I know her father, and he knew my father well when he was alive. I won't sleep until I see her, Hortensio, so I hope you'll pardon me for cutting off this first meeting of ours—unless you want to come with me.

**GRUMIO**

(To HORTENSIO) Please, sir, let him go while this mood lasts. I swear, if she knew him as well as I do, she'd know how little scolding affects him. At best, she might come up with ten or so horrible names to call him. Why, that's nothing. Once he gets started, he'll rant and rave and throw his rope tricks  around, and if she tries to stand up to him, he'll throw a figure of speech in her face that'll disfigure her so she'll have no more eyes to see with than a cat does. You don't know him, sir.

.7 A mistake for "rhetoric," and also a joke on "tricks punishable by hanging."

**HORTENSIO**

Wait, Petruchio. I must go with you, for my own treasure is in Baptista's keeping too. He has my precious jewel hidden away in his fortress: his youngest daughter, the beautiful Bianca. He keeps her away from me and her other suitors, my rivals for her love, as he assumes it will be impossible—because of those character defects I already described—for Katherina to ever find a husband. Baptista has therefore set down this rule: no one will have access to Bianca until Katherine the shrew gets a husband.

**GRUMIO**

"Katherine the shrew!" Of all the titles you could give a girl, that's the worst.

**HORTENSIO**

Now my friend Petruchio will do me a favor, and present me—disguised in somber robes—to Baptista as a teacher, well-versed in music, to instruct Bianca. With this disguise, I'll at least have time and permission to be with Bianca alone, and then I can court her once more.

**GRUMIO**

What a nice trick! See how the young folks put their heads together to deceive the old.

*GREMIO enters with LUCENTIO, disguised as CAMBIO*

Master, master, look behind you. Who's that, huh?

**HORTENSIO**

Peace, Grumio. It is the rival of my love.  
Petruchio, stand by a while.

140

*PETRUCHIO, HORTENSIO, and GRUMIO stand aside*

**GRUMIO**

(aside) A proper stripling, and an amorous.

**GREMIO**

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

**LUCENTIO**

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

**GREMIO**

O this learning, what a thing it is!

**GRUMIO**

(aside) O this woodcock, what an ass it is!

**PETRUCHIO**

(aside) Peace, sirrah.

**HORTENSIO**

160 (aside) Grumio, mum! God save you, Signior Gremio.

**GREMIO**

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

**HORTENSIO**

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

**GREMIO**

Beloved of me, and that my deeds shall prove.

**GRUMIO**

175 (aside) And that his bags shall prove.

**HORTENSIO**

Gremio, 'tis now no time to vent our love.  
Listen to me, and if you speak me fair,  
I'll tell you news indifferent good for either.  
(presenting PETRUCHIO)

180

**HORTENSIO**

Quiet, Grumio. It is my rival for Bianca's love. Petruchio, let's watch a while.

*PETRUCHIO, HORTENSIO, and GRUMIO step off to the side.*

**GRUMIO**

[To himself, indicating GREMIO] What a handsome young man <sup>8</sup>! A real heartbreaker.

<sup>8</sup> It is possible Grumio is being serious and pointing to the disguised Lucentio, but he may also be indicating the elderly Gremio here as a joke.

**GREMIO**

[To LUCENTIO] Oh, very well, I've read the list of books for Bianca. Now listen, sir: I want them very handsomely bound, and I want them to be books of love. No matter what, don't teach her any other lessons. Do you understand me? Above and beyond what Sir Baptista pays you, I'll add on a hefty bonus. Take your book list too. And have all the books well perfumed too, for the lady they're going to is sweeter than perfume itself. What will you teach her?

**LUCENTIO**

[As CAMBIO] Whatever I teach her, I'll plead your case. You can be sure of that—I'll argue for you as strongly as if you were there yourself. And maybe I'll be more successful than you would be too, sir, unless you were a scholar.

**GREMIO**

Oh, this learning, what an excellent thing it is!

**GRUMIO**

[To himself] Oh, this moron, what an ass it is!

**PETRUCHIO**

[So only GRUMIO can hear] Quiet, boy.

**HORTENSIO**

[So only GRUMIO can hear] Grumio, hush!—

[To GREMIO] God bless you, Sir Gremio.

**GREMIO**

Good to see you, Sir Hortensio. Do you know where I'm going? To see Baptista Minola. I promised that I would find a teacher for the fair Bianca, and my good luck has led me to this young man. His manners and learning are well-suited for her needs, and he's well-read in poetry and other books—good books, I assure you.

**HORTENSIO**

That's good. And / have met a gentleman who has promised to help find a fine musician to teach our lady. So I won't fall even a step behind in my duty to fair Bianca, my beloved.

**GREMIO**

My beloved—as my deeds will prove.

**GRUMIO**

[To himself] And as his moneybags will prove.

**HORTENSIO**

Gremio, now is not the time to express our love. If you're willing to be polite and listen to me, then I'll give you some news that's equally good for both of us.

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

**GREMIO**

So said, so done, is well.  
185 Hortensio, have you told him all her faults?

**PETRUCHIO**

I know she is an irksome brawling scold.  
If that be all, masters, I hear no harm.

**GREMIO**

No? Say'st me so, friend? What countryman?

**PETRUCHIO**

Born in Verona, old Antonio's son.  
190 My father dead, my fortune lives for me.  
And I do hope good days and long to see.

**GREMIO**

O sir, such a life with such a wife were strange!  
But if you have a stomach, to 't, i' God's name:  
You shall have me assisting you in all.  
195 But will you woo this wildcat?

**PETRUCHIO**

Will I live?

**GRUMIO**

Will he woo her? Ay, or I'll hang her.

**PETRUCHIO**

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

**GRUMIO**

For he fears none.

**GREMIO**

Hortensio, hark.  
This gentleman is happily arrived,  
My mind presumes, for his own good and ours.

**HORTENSIO**

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

**GREMIO**

And so we will, provided that he win her.

**GRUMIO**

I would I were as sure of a good dinner.

*Enter TRANIO brave and BIONDELLO*

[Presenting PETRUCHIO] Here is a gentleman I met by chance. If we meet the terms he wants, he is willing to try and woo the shrewish Katherine—yes, and to marry her too, if her dowry's big enough.

**GREMIO**

If he'll do as he says, then that's good. But Hortensio, have you told him about all her flaws?

**PETRUCHIO**

I know she is an annoying, argumentative scolder. If that's all, masters, then I see no problem.

**GREMIO**

No? Is that what you're telling me, friend? Where are you from?

**PETRUCHIO**

I was born in Verona. I'm old Antonio's son. My father is dead, and his fortune is mine now. I hope to see many long, good days.

**GREMIO**

Oh sir, such a life with such a wife will be strange! But if you have the stomach for it, then godspeed—and you'll have my help in everything you need. But will you really woo this wildcat?

**PETRUCHIO**

As long as I'm alive.

**GRUMIO**

Will he woo her? Yes, or I'll hang her.

**PETRUCHIO**

Why did I come here if not for that? Do you think a little noise can frighten me? Haven't I heard lions roar? Haven't I heard the windy sea rage like an angry boar? Haven't I heard cannons on the battlefield, and thunder—heaven's artillery—in the sky? Haven't I been at war and heard loud calls to arms, neighing horses, and trumpets blasting? And now you warn me about some woman's tongue, which isn't even half as loud as a chestnut popping in a farmer's fire? For shame! Save your bogeymen to frighten children.

**GRUMIO**

For he fears nothing.

**GREMIO**

Hortensio, listen. This gentleman has arrived at a fortunate time, I think—for both our good and his.

**HORTENSIO**

I promised that we would all contribute and pay the expenses for his courtship, whatever they turn out to be.

**GREMIO**

And so we will, as long as he wins Katherine.

**GRUMIO**

I wish I could be as sure of a good dinner.

*TRANIO enters, in disguise as LUCENTIO, along with BIONDELLO*

**TRANIO**

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

**BIONDELLO**

He that has the two fair daughters—is ‘t he you mean?

**TRANIO**

(as LUCENTIO) Even he, Biondello.

**GREMIO**

Hark you, sir, you mean not her to—

**TRANIO**

(as LUCENTIO)  
Perhaps him and her, sir. What have you to do?

**PETRUCHIO**

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

**TRANIO**

(as LUCENTIO) I love no chiders, sir. Biondello, let’s  
away.

**LUCENTIO**

(aside) Well begun, Tranio.

**HORTENSIO**

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

**TRANIO**

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

**GREMIO**

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

**TRANIO**

(as LUCENTIO) Why, sir, I pray, are not the streets as  
free For me as for you?

**GREMIO**

But so is not she.

**TRANIO**

For what reason, I beseech you?

**GREMIO**

For this reason, if you’ll know:  
That she’s the choice love of Signior Gremio.

**HORTENSIO**

That she’s the chosen of Signior Hortensio.

**TRANIO**

Softly, my masters. If you be gentlemen,  
Do me this right: hear me with patience.  
Baptista is a noble gentleman,  
To whom my father is not all unknown,  
And were his daughter fairer than she is,  
She may more suitors have, and me for one.  
Fair Leda’s daughter had a thousand wooers;  
Then well one more may fair Bianca have.  
And so she shall. Lucentio shall make one,  
Though Paris came in hope to speed alone.

**GREMIO**

What! This gentleman will out-talk us all.

**TRANIO**

[As LUCENTIO] God bless you, gentlemen. If I may be so bold, please tell me, which is the best way to the house of Sir Baptista Minola?

**BIONDELLO**

The man with the two pretty daughters—is that who you mean?

**TRANIO**

[As LUCENTIO] The very man, Biondello.

**GREMIO**

Listen, sir, you’re not looking for the daughter—

**TRANIO**

[As LUCENTIO] Maybe I mean the father and the daughter, sir. What is it to you?

**PETRUCHIO**

Not the daughter who scolds, anyway, I hope.

**TRANIO**

[As LUCENTIO] I have no love for scolders, sir. Biondello, let’s go.

**LUCENTIO**

[To himself] Well done, Tranio.

**HORTENSIO**

[To TRANIO] Sir, a word before you go. Are you a suitor to the girl you asked about—yes or no?

**TRANIO**

[As LUCENTIO] And if I am, sir, is it a problem?

**GREMIO**

Not if you get out of here without saying another word.

**TRANIO**

[As LUCENTIO] Why, sir, don’t I have just as much a right to be out on the streets as you do?

**GREMIO**

But *she* doesn’t.

**TRANIO**

For what reason, I ask you?

**GREMIO**

For this reason, if you want to know: because she’s the chosen beloved of Sir Gremio.

**HORTENSIO**

Because she’s the chosen beloved of Sir Hortensio.

**TRANIO**

Calm down, sirs. If you’re gentleman, then be polite and hear me out. Baptista is a noble gentleman—one who knows my father—and even if his daughter was more beautiful than she already is, she would still be entitled to more than one suitor—and I will be one of them. Helen of Troy<sup>9</sup> had a thousand suitors, so let fair Bianca have one more. And so she does. Lucentio will woo her, even if Paris himself should come to try and win her.

**GREMIO**

What! This gentleman will out-talk us all.

<sup>9</sup> Helen of Troy was famous for being the most beautiful woman alive. Paris stole her away from her husband, Menelaus.

**LUCENTIO**

(as CAMBIO) Sir, give him head; I know he'll prove a jade.

255

**PETRUCHIO**

Hortensio, to what end are all these words?

**HORTENSIO**

(to TRANIO) Sir, let me be so bold as to ask you, Did you yet ever see Baptista's daughter?

**TRANIO**

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

260

**PETRUCHIO**

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

**GREMIO**

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

**PETRUCHIO**

(to TRANIO) Sir, understand you this of me, in sooth: The youngest daughter, whom you hearken for, Her father keeps from all access of suitors And will not promise her to any man Until the elder sister first be wed.

270

The younger then is free, and not before.

**TRANIO**

(as LUCENTIO) If it be so, sir, that you are the man Must stead us all, and me amongst the rest, And if you break the ice and do this feat, Achieve the elder, set the younger free

275

For our access, whose hap shall be to have her Will not so graceless be to be ingrate.

**HORTENSIO**

Sir, you say well, and well you do conceive. And since you do profess to be a suitor, You must, as we do, gratify this gentleman, To whom we all rest generally beholding.

280

**TRANIO**

(as LUCENTIO) Sir, I shall not be slack; in sign whereof, Please ye we may contrive this afternoon And quaff carouses to our mistress' health

285

And do as adversaries do in law, Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.

**GRUMIO AND BIONDELLO**

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

**HORTENSIO**

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

Exeunt

**LUCENTIO**

[As CAMBIO] Well, let him sprint ahead for now. He's not likely to finish the race.

**PETRUCHIO**

Hortensio, what's all this talk about?

**HORTENSIO**

[To TRANIO] Sir, if I may be so bold as to ask you, have you even seen Baptista's daughter yet?

**TRANIO**

[As LUCENTIO] No, sir, but I hear that he has two, the one as famous for her scolding tongue as the other is for her beauty and modesty.

**PETRUCHIO**

Sir, sir, the first one's mine, so let her go by.

**GREMIO**

Yes, leave that labor to great Hercules—it's worse than all the other *Twelve Labors*<sup>10</sup> put together.

<sup>10</sup> Hercules was famed for his twelve labors, twelve acts of penance after he killed his wife and children.

**PETRUCHIO**

[To TRANIO] Sir, let me make sure you understand this: the youngest daughter, the one you long for, is kept locked away from all suitors by her father. He won't promise her to any man until the elder sister is married first. Then, and only then, will the younger be free.

**TRANIO**

[As LUCENTIO] If that's true, sir, and you are the man who will help us all—myself included—and you *do* break the ice and perform the incredible feat of winning the elder sister, thereby setting the younger free for us to woo—then I'm sure whoever happens to win her won't be such a brute as to be ungrateful to you.

**HORTENSIO**

Sir, you speak well, and you understand well. And since you declare yourself a suitor, you must do as we already have, and pay this gentleman to whom we all owe so much.

**TRANIO**

[As LUCENTIO] Sir, I won't be stingy. On that note, let's spend this afternoon drinking toasts to our beloved's health. We'll be like opposing lawyers in a case, who fight viciously in court, but outside of it eat and drink as friends.

**GRUMIO AND BIONDELLO**

An excellent suggestion! Fellows, let's go.

**HORTENSIO**

It's a good suggestion, so let's do it.—Petruchio, let me buy you a drink as your host<sup>11</sup>.

<sup>11</sup> "Ben venuto" is Italian for welcome, given as a greeting, but here Hortensio uses it so it is synonymous with "host."

They all exit.

**Act 2, Scene 1****Shakespeare****Shakescleare Translation**

*Enter KATHERINE and BIANCA, her hands bound*

**BIANCA**

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

5

**KATHERINE**

Of all thy suitors here I charge thee tell  
Whom thou lovest best. See thou dissemble not.

**BIANCA**

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

**KATHERINE**

Minion, thou liest. Is 't not Hortensio?

**BIANCA**

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

**KATHERINE**

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

**BIANCA**

Is it for him you do envy me so?  
Nay, then you jest, and now I well perceive  
20 You have but jested with me all this while.  
I prithee, sister Kate, untie my hands.

*KATHERINE strikes her*

**KATHERINE**

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

*Enter BAPTISTA*

**BAPTISTA**

Why, how now, dame! whence grows this insolence?—  
Bianca, stand aside.—Poor girl, she weeps!  
25 (to BIANCA) Go ply thy needle; meddle not with her.  
(to KATHERINE) For shame, thou hilding of a devilish  
spirit!  
Why dost thou wrong her that did ne'er wrong thee?  
When did she cross thee with a bitter word?

**KATHERINE**

30 Her silence flouts me, and I'll be revenged.

*Flies after BIANCA*

**BAPTISTA**

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

*Exit BIANCA*

**KATHERINE**

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

*Exit*

*KATHERINE enters with BIANCA, whose hands are tied.*

**BIANCA**

Good sister, don't wrong both me and yourself by turning  
me into a slave. I won't stand for that. But if it's my jewelry  
and clothes you want—untie my hands and I'll pull them off  
myself, yes, everything down to my underwear. Or I'll do  
anything else you command me to do, for I know that it is  
my duty is to obey my elders.

**KATHERINE**

I order you to tell me which of your suitors you like best.  
And make sure you don't lie.

**BIANCA**

Believe me, sister, out of all the men alive I've never yet  
seen that special face that I could love more than any other.

**KATHERINE**

You're lying, you hussy. It's Hortensio, isn't it?

**BIANCA**

If you love him, sister, you can have him. I swear I'll even  
plead with him on your behalf.

**KATHERINE**

Oh, then you probably prefer money. You'll choose Gremio  
who will keep you dressed up in fine clothes and jewelry.

**BIANCA**

Are you really jealous of me because of *him*? You must be  
joking—and now I can see that you've been joking with me  
this whole time. Please, sister Kate, untie my hands.

*KATHARINE strikes her.*

**KATHERINE**

If you consider *that* a joke, then the rest was too.

*BAPTISTA enters.*

**BAPTISTA**

What's going on, woman? How dare you!—Bianca, step  
away from her.—The poor girl, she's weeping!

*[To BIANCA] Go do some sewing, and don't talk to her.*

*[To KATHERINE] For shame, you vicious creature, you devil!  
Why would you hurt her when she's never done you any  
harm? When did she ever speak a single cruel word to you?*

**KATHERINE**

Her silence mocks me, and I'll get my revenge on her.

*She rushes at BIANCA.*

**BAPTISTA**

What, right in front of me?—Bianca, go inside.

*BIANCA exits.*

**KATHERINE**

What, you can't even stand my presence? Now I see that she  
is your treasure. She must have a husband, while I must  
35 dance barefoot on her wedding day and lead apes in hell   
, all because you love her most. Don't speak to me, I will go  
cry and wait until I can get my revenge.

 These were both proverbial fates  
for old maids.

*She exits.*

**BAPTISTA**

Was ever gentleman thus grieved as I?  
But who comes here?

*Enter GREMIO, LUCENTIO in the habit of a mean man; PETRUCHIO, with HORTENSIO as a musician; and TRANIO, with BIONDELLO bearing a lute and books*

**GREMIO**

40 Good morrow, neighbor Baptista.

**BAPTISTA**

Good morrow, neighbor Gremio.—God save you, gentlemen!

**PETRUCHIO**

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

**BAPTISTA**

I have a daughter, sir, called Katherina.

**GREMIO**

45 (to PETRUCHIO ) You are too blunt. Go to it orderly.

**PETRUCHIO**

You wrong me, Signior Gremio. Give me leave.—  
I am a gentleman of Verona, sir,  
That hearing of her beauty and her wit,  
Her affability and bashful modesty,  
50 Her wondrous qualities and mild behavior,  
Am bold to show myself a forward guest  
Within your house, to make mine eye the witness  
Of that report which I so oft have heard.  
And, for an entrance to my entertainment,  
55 I do present you with a man of mine,  
(presenting HORTENSIO , disguised as LITIO )  
Cunning in music and the mathematics,  
To instruct her fully in those sciences,  
Whereof I know she is not ignorant.  
60 Accept of him, or else you do me wrong.  
His name is Litio, born in Mantua.

**BAPTISTA**

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

**PETRUCHIO**

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

**BAPTISTA**

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

**PETRUCHIO**

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

**BAPTISTA**

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

**GREMIO**

Saving your tale, Petruchio, I pray  
Let us that are poor petitioners speak too.  
*Bacare*, you are marvelous forward.

**BAPTISTA**

Was there ever a man who suffered like I do? But who's this coming?

*GREMIO enters with LUCENTIO, dressed as CAMBIO the poor schoolmaster. PETRUCHIO enters with HORTENSIO, disguised as a musician. TRANIO, disguised as LUCENTIO, enters with BIONDELLO, who carries a lute (stringed instrument) and books.*

**GREMIO**

Good morning, neighbor Baptista.

**BAPTISTA**

Good morning, neighbor Gremio.—Hello and God bless you, gentlemen!

**PETRUCHIO**

And you, good sir. Please tell me, don't you have a daughter named Katherina, who is fair and virtuous?

**BAPTISTA**

I do have a daughter named Katherina, sir.

**GREMIO**

[To PETRUCHIO] You're being too blunt. Go about it with more ceremony.

**PETRUCHIO**

You do me wrong, Sir Gremio. Let me continue.—I am a gentleman of Verona, sir, who has heard of your daughter's beauty and wit, her friendliness and bashful modesty, her wondrous talents and mild behavior. I have now boldly come as a guest to your house to try and see for myself all the things I've heard reported. And, to pay the price of my admission to your hospitality, I here present you with a servant of mine.

[He presents HORTENSIO, disguised as LITIO] He is skilled in music and mathematics, and can instruct your daughter in these fields of study—in which I know she is no beginner. Accept him, or else risk offending me. His name is Litio, from Mantua.

**BAPTISTA**

You're welcome here, sir, and he is too, for your sake. But as for my daughter Katherine, this much I know: she won't meet your expectations—and that's a pity for me.

**PETRUCHIO**

I see that you don't intend to part with her, or else you don't like my company.

**BAPTISTA**

No, don't misunderstand me—I'm just stating the facts.  
Where are you from, sir? What name should I call you?

**PETRUCHIO**

Petruchio is my name. My father was Antonio, a man well known throughout Italy.

**BAPTISTA**

He's well known to me. You are welcome for his sake.

**GREMIO**

With all due respect, Petruchio, please let us poor petitioners get a word in too. Stand back—you're too forward.

**PETRUCHIO**

75 Oh, pardon me, Signior Gremio, I would fain be doing.

**GREMIO**

I doubt it not, sir, but you will curse your wooing.—  
(To BAPTISTA) Neighbor, this is a gift very grateful, I  
am sure of it. To express the like kindness, myself,  
that have been more kindly beholding to you than any,  
freely give unto you this young scholar (*presenting*  
80 LUCENTIO, *disguised as CAMBIO*) that hath been long  
studying at Rheims, as cunning in Greek, Latin, and  
other languages as the other in music and mathematics.  
His name is Cambio. Pray accept his service.

**BAPTISTA**

85 A thousand thanks, Signior Gremio. Welcome, good  
Cambio. (to TRANIO as LUCENTIO) But, gentle sir,  
methinks you walk like a stranger. May I be so bold to  
know the cause of your coming?

**TRANIO**

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

**BAPTISTA**

Luentio is your name. Of whence, I pray?

**TRANIO**

105 (as LUCENTIO) Of Pisa, sir, son to Vincentio.

**BAPTISTA**

A mighty man of Pisa. By report  
I know him well. You are very welcome, sir.  
(to HORTENSIO as LITIO) Take you the lute,  
(to LUCENTIO as CAMBIO) and you the set of books.  
110 You shall go see your pupils presently.  
Holla, within!

*Enter a Servant*

Sirrah, lead these gentlemen  
To my daughters, and tell them both  
These are their tutors. Bid them use them well.

*Exit Servant with LUCENTIO and HORTENSIO, BIONDELLO following*

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

**PETRUCHIO**

Oh, pardon me, Sir Gremio. I'm just eager to get down to  
business.

**GREMIO**

I don't doubt it, sir, but you'll regret your wooing if it's  
successful.

(To BAPTISTA) Neighbor, this is a very gracious gift, I'm sure.  
To express my own gratitude, I—who am more indebted to  
you than anyone—offer you the services of this young  
scholar.

[Presenting LUCENTIO, disguised as CAMBIO] He has  
studied at the university in Rheims <sup>2</sup>, and is as skilled in  
Greek, Latin, and other languages as that man is in music  
and mathematics. His name is Cambio. Please accept his  
service.

**BAPTISTA**

A thousand thanks, Sir Gremio. Welcome, good Cambio.

[To TRANIO, disguised as LUCENTIO] But, gentle sir, you  
seem to be a foreigner. May I be so bold as to ask about  
your reason for coming here?

**TRANIO**

[As LUCENTIO] Pardon me sir, for the boldness is all my  
own. I am a foreigner in this city, but I have come to make  
myself a suitor to your daughter, the fair and virtuous  
Bianca. I'm also aware of your firm decision that your eldest  
daughter must marry first. All I ask is that, once you know  
who my parents are, you make me as welcome as Bianca's  
other suitors, and give me the same freedom and  
permission as the rest. And as for the education of your  
daughters, I here contribute a simple instrument and this  
small pack of Greek and Latin books.

[BIONDELLO *brings the gifts forward*] If you accept them,  
then they are valuable indeed.

**BAPTISTA**

I see that your name is Luentio <sup>3</sup>. Where are you from?

<sup>2</sup> Rheims, or Reims, is a city in France, and Reims University was an important and well-regarded university in Europe during this time.

**TRANIO**

[As LUCENTIO] From Pisa, sir. My father is Vincentio.

**BAPTISTA**

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

[To HORTENSIO as LITIO] You take the lute—

[To LUCENTIO as CAMBIO]—and you take the set of books.  
You will go see your pupils right away. Hey there, inside!

*A servant enters.*

Boy, lead these gentlemen to my daughters, and tell them  
that these are their tutors, so make sure to treat them well.

*The servant exits with LUCENTIO and HORTENSIO, followed  
by BIONDELLO.*

We'll go for a little walk in the garden, and then to dinner.  
Please, know that you are all very welcome here and make  
yourselves at home.

**PETRUCHIO**

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

**BAPTISTA**

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

**PETRUCHIO**

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

**BAPTISTA**

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

**PETRUCHIO**

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

**BAPTISTA**

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

**PETRUCHIO**

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

*Enter HORTENSIO as LITIO, with his head broke*

**BAPTISTA**

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

**HORTENSIO**

(as LITIO) For fear, I promise you, if I look pale.

**BAPTISTA**

What, will my daughter prove a good musician?

**HORTENSIO**

I think she'll sooner prove a soldier.  
150 Iron may hold with her, but never lutes.

**BAPTISTA**

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

**HORTENSIO**

Why, no, for she hath broke the lute to me.  
I did but tell her she mistook her frets,  
And bowed her hand to teach her fingering,  
155 When, with a most impatient devilish spirit,  
"Frets' call you these?" quoth she. "I'll fume with  
them!"  
And with that word she struck me on the head,  
And through the instrument my pate made way,  
160 And there I stood amazed for a while

**PETRUCHIO**

Sir Baptista, I'm in a bit of a hurry with this business, and I  
can't come wooing every day. You knew my father well, and  
through him, me, the only heir to all his lands and wealth,  
which I have increased rather than depleted. So tell me, if I  
can win your daughter's love, what dowry will I get when I  
marry her?

**BAPTISTA**

Twenty thousand crowns right away, and one half of my  
lands after my death.

**PETRUCHIO**

And on my side, if I die before she does, as her widow's  
inheritance she'll get all my lands and the rent from my  
property. Let's have contracts drawn up between us, so  
both of us will be sure to keep up our end of the agreement.

**BAPTISTA**

Of course, once the most important thing has been  
obtained—her love, that is. That is everything.

**PETRUCHIO**

Why, that is nothing. I tell you, father, I am as domineering  
as she is proud-minded, and when two raging fires come  
together, they cancel each other out. A little wind will make  
a little fire great, but a great gust will blow the fire out. I'll  
be the great gust to her fire, and she will yield to me, for I  
am rough and don't woo like a child.

**BAPTISTA**

Good luck with your wooing. May you be successful. But be  
ready for some unpleasant words.

**PETRUCHIO**

I'll be well-armed against them, like a mountain in the  
wind. Even if it keeps blowing forever, the mountain never  
shakes.

*HORTENSIO (as LITIO) enters with a cut on his head.*

**BAPTISTA**

What's going on, my friend? Why do you look so pale?

**HORTENSIO**

[As LITIO] If I look pale, it must be from fear.

**BAPTISTA**

What, will my daughter turn out to be a good musician?

**HORTENSIO**

I think she'd do better as a soldier. Swords might withstand  
her, but never lutes.

**BAPTISTA**

What, you don't think you can break her to the lute 4 ?

4 This means "train her to play the lute," and sets up the pun in the next line.

**HORTENSIO**

Why no—she's broken the lute on me. All I told her was that  
she was using the wrong frets, and I bent her hand to teach  
her the right fingering. Then she jumped up with  
impatience and said, "Frets' is that what you call them? Let  
me fret you then!" And with that she struck me on the head,  
so that my head went right through the lute. I stood there  
confused for a while, looking through the strings of the lute  
as if they were prison bars, while she called me a "rascal  
fiddler," "twangling fool," and twenty other hateful names

As on a pillory, looking through the lute,  
While she did call me "rascal fiddler"  
And "twangling Jack"; with twenty such vile terms,  
As had she studied to misuse me so.

**PETRUCHIO**

165 Now, by the world, it is a lusty wench.  
I love her ten times more than e'er I did.  
O, how I long to have some chat with her!

**BAPTISTA**

(to *HORTENSIO* as *LITIO*)  
Well, go with me and be not so discomfited.  
170 Proceed in practice with my younger daughter.  
She's apt to learn and thankful for good turns.  
Signior Petruchio, will you go with us,  
Or shall I send my daughter Kate to you?

**PETRUCHIO**

I pray you do.

*Exeunt all but PETRUCHIO*

175 I'll attend her here  
And woo her with some spirit when she comes.  
Say that she rail; why then I'll tell her plain  
She sings as sweetly as a nightingale.  
Say that she frown; I'll say she looks as clear  
180 As morning roses newly washed with dew.  
Say she be mute and will not speak a word;  
Then I'll commend her volubility,  
And say she uttereth piercing eloquence.  
If she do bid me pack, I'll give her thanks,  
185 As though she bid me stay by her a week.  
If she deny to wed, I'll crave the day  
When I shall ask the banns and when be marrièd.  
But here she comes—and now, Petruchio, speak.

*Enter KATHERINE*

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

**KATHERINE**

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

**PETRUCHIO**

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

**KATHERINE**

"Moved," in good time. Let him that moved you hither  
Remove you hence. I knew you at the first  
You were a moveable.

**PETRUCHIO**

205 Why, what's a moveable?

**KATHERINE**

A joint stool.

**PETRUCHIO**

Thou hast hit it. Come, sit on me.

like that. It was as if she'd been practicing and planning to abuse me like this.

**PETRUCHIO**

By God, that's a lively girl! Now I like her ten times more than I did before. Oh, I can't wait to talk to her!

**BAPTISTA**

[To *HORTENSIO* as *LITIO*] Well, come with me, and don't be discouraged. Proceed in your lessons with my younger daughter. She's a quick learner and will be grateful for your help. Sir Petruchio, will you come with us, or should I send my daughter Kate to you?

**PETRUCHIO**

Please send her in.

*Everyone exits except for PETRUCHIO.*

I'll wait for her here and woo her forcefully when she comes. If she rants and scolds, I'll tell her that she sings as sweetly as a nightingale. If she frowns, I'll say that she looks as cheerful as morning roses newly washed with dew. If she is silent and won't say a word, then I'll praise her for being talkative, and say that she speaks with piercing eloquence. If she tells me to get out, then I'll thank her as if she'd asked me to stay with her for a week. If she refuses to marry me, then I'll ask about the date for the announcement and the wedding. But here she comes—and now, Petruchio, speak.

*KATHERINE enters.*

Hello, Kate—for that's your name, I hear.

**KATHERINE**

You may have heard that, but you must be somewhat hard of hearing then. Those who talk about me call me Katherine.

**PETRUCHIO**

You lie, I swear, for you are called Kate, plain Kate, and pretty Kate, and sometimes Kate the shrew, but always Kate, the prettiest Kate in God's kingdom, Kate from Kate Hall, my delicious Kate—for all delicacies are Kates<sup>5</sup>—and so, Kate, listen to me: having heard your modesty, virtue, and beauty praised in every town, though not as highly as you deserve, I have been moved to court you for my wife.

<sup>5</sup> He puns on "cates," meaning "choice foods."

**KATHERINE**

"Moved," indeed. Then let whoever moved you here come and remove you. I could tell at once that you were a moveable<sup>6</sup>.

<sup>6</sup> A moveable is a piece of furniture.

**PETRUCHIO**

Why, what do you mean by "moveable?"

**KATHERINE**

A stool.

**PETRUCHIO**

Exactly. Come sit on me.

**KATHERINE**

Asses are made to bear, and so are you.

**PETRUCHIO**

Women are made to bear, and so are you.

**KATHERINE**

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

**PETRUCHIO**

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

**KATHERINE**

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

**PETRUCHIO**

215 "Should be"—should buzz!

**KATHERINE**

Well ta'en, and like a buzzard.

**PETRUCHIO**

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

**KATHERINE**

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

**PETRUCHIO**

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

**KATHERINE**

220 If I be waspish, best beware my sting.

**PETRUCHIO**

My remedy is then to pluck it out.

**KATHERINE**

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

**PETRUCHIO**

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

**KATHERINE**

225 In his tongue.

**PETRUCHIO**

Whose tongue?

**KATHERINE**

Yours, if you talk of tales. And so farewell.

**PETRUCHIO**

What, with my tongue in your tail? Nay, come again,  
Good Kate. I am a gentleman.

**KATHERINE**

230 That I'll try.

**KATHERINE**

Asses are meant for bearing, and so are you.

**PETRUCHIO**

Women are meant for bearing <sup>7</sup>, and so are you.

 This is a pun on "bearing children" and "bearing the weight" of a man while having sex.

**KATHERINE**

Not for bearing the likes of you, if you're talking about me.

**PETRUCHIO**

Alas, good Kate, I would never burden you, for I know  
you're young and light <sup>8</sup>—

 "Light" here has three meanings:  
"weak," "inconsequential," and  
"flirtatious."

**KATHERINE**

Too light for a pumpkin like you to catch—and yet just as  
heavy as I should be.

**PETRUCHIO**

"Should be?" Keep on buzzing, bee!

**KATHERINE**

Spoken like a true buzzard <sup>9</sup>.

 A buzzard was an untrainable  
kind of hawk, and so synonymous  
with "fool." In the next lines it is also  
mocked as being able to catch only  
"turtles," or turtledoves.

**PETRUCHIO**

Oh slow-winged turtledove, will you let a buzzard catch  
you?

**KATHERINE**

No, this turtledove will catch a buzzard <sup>10</sup>.

 This time a "buzzard" means a  
buzzing insect, leading to the "wasp"  
of the next line.

**PETRUCHIO**

Come, come, my little wasp. Really, you're too angry.

**KATHERINE**

If I'm a wasp, then you'd better beware my stinger.

**PETRUCHIO**

I'll have to pluck it out.

**KATHERINE**

If a fool like you could find it.

**PETRUCHIO**

Who doesn't know where a wasp wears its stinger? In its  
tail.

**KATHERINE**

No, in its tongue.

**PETRUCHIO**

Whose tongue?

**KATHERINE**

Yours, if we're telling tall tales. Farewell then.

**PETRUCHIO**

What, you'll leave with my tongue in your tail? No, come  
back, good Kate. I am a gentleman.

**KATHERINE**

I'll test that out.

*She strikes him*

*She strikes him.*

**PETRUCHIO**

I swear I'll cuff you if you strike again.

**KATHERINE**

So may you lose your arms.  
If you strike me, you are no gentleman;  
And if no gentleman, why then no arms.

**PETRUCHIO**

235 A herald, Kate? Oh, put me in thy books!

**KATHERINE**

What is your crest? A coxcomb?

**PETRUCHIO**

A combless cock, so Kate will be my hen.

**KATHERINE**

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

**PETRUCHIO**

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

**KATHERINE**

240 It is my fashion, when I see a crab.

**PETRUCHIO**

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

**KATHERINE**

There is, there is.

**PETRUCHIO**

Then show it me.

**KATHERINE**

Had I a glass, I would.

**PETRUCHIO**

245 What, you mean my face?

**KATHERINE**

Well aimed of such a young one.

**PETRUCHIO**

Now, by Saint George, I am too young for you.

**KATHERINE**

Yet you are withered.

**PETRUCHIO**

'Tis with cares.

**KATHERINE**

250 I care not.

**PETRUCHIO**

Nay, hear you, Kate: in sooth you 'scape not so.

**KATHERINE**

I chafe you, if I tarry. Let me go.

**PETRUCHIO**

No, not a whit. I find you passing gentle.  
'Twas told me you were rough and coy and sullen,

**PETRUCHIO**

I swear I'll hit you if you strike me again.

**KATHERINE**

Then you'll lose your arms. If you strike me, then you're no gentleman, and if you're not a gentleman, then you have no arms <sup>11</sup>.

<sup>11</sup> Gentlemen would come from noble families and have a "coat of arms." The "crest" two lines later is also a reference to the family crest on a coat of arms.

**PETRUCHIO**

Are you a register for gentlemen, Kate? Oh, put me in your good books!

**KATHERINE**

What's your family crest? A coxcomb <sup>12</sup>?

<sup>12</sup> A coxcomb, or "cock's comb," is the crest of a rooster, but also the name for a fool's cap like jesters would wear.

**PETRUCHIO**

I'd be a cock without a comb, if Kate will be my hen.

**KATHERINE**

Then you'd be no cock of mine. You won't fight.

**PETRUCHIO**

Come, Kate, come. Don't look so sour.

**KATHERINE**

That's just what I do, when I see a crab apple.

**PETRUCHIO**

Why, there's no crab apple here, so don't look sour.

**KATHERINE**

But there is, there is.

**PETRUCHIO**

Then show it to me.

**KATHERINE**

If I had a mirror, I would.

**PETRUCHIO**

What, you mean my face?

**KATHERINE**

What a good guess for such a boy!

**PETRUCHIO**

By Saint George, I probably *am* too young for you.

**KATHERINE**

But you're also wrinkled.

**PETRUCHIO**

That's from worries and cares.

**KATHERINE**

I don't care.

**PETRUCHIO**

Now listen, Kate: you won't escape like that.

**KATHERINE**

I'll only irritate you if I stay. Let me go.

**PETRUCHIO**

No, not a bit. I find you exceedingly gentle. I was told that you were rough, scornful, and sullen, but now I see that

And now I find report a very liar.  
 For thou are pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous,  
 But slow in speech, yet sweet as springtime flowers.  
 Thou canst not frown, thou canst not look askance,  
 Nor bite the lip as angry wenches will,  
 260 Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross in talk.  
 But thou with mildness entertain'st thy wooers,  
 With gentle conference, soft and affable.  
 Why does the world report that Kate doth limp?  
 O slanderous world! Kate like the hazel-twigs  
 265 As hazel nuts, and sweeter than the kernels.  
 Oh, let me see thee walk! Thou dost not halt.

**KATHERINE**

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

**PETRUCHIO**

Did ever Dian so become a grove  
 As Kate this chamber with her princely gait?  
 270 Oh, be thou Dian, and let her be Kate,  
 And then let Kate be chaste and Dian sportful.

**KATHERINE**

Where did you study all this goodly speech?

**PETRUCHIO**

It is extempore, from my mother wit.

**KATHERINE**

A witty mother! Witless else her son.

**PETRUCHIO**

275 Am I not wise?

**KATHERINE**

Yes, keep you warm.

**PETRUCHIO**

Marry, so I mean, sweet Katherine, in thy bed.  
 And therefore, setting all this chat aside,  
 Thus in plain terms: your father hath consented  
 280 That you shall be my wife, your dowry 'greed on,  
 And, will you, nill you, I will marry you.  
 Now, Kate, I am a husband for your turn,  
 For, by this light, whereby I see thy beauty,  
 Thy beauty that doth make me like thee well,  
 285 Thou must be married to no man but me.  
 For I am he am born to tame you, Kate,  
 And bring you from a wild Kate to a Kate  
 Conformable as other household Kates.

*Enter BAPTISTA, GREMIO, and TRANIO*

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

**BAPTISTA**

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

**PETRUCHIO**

How but well, sir? How but well?  
 It were impossible I should speed amiss.

**BAPTISTA**

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

**KATHERINE**

295 Call you me daughter? Now, I promise you  
 You have showed a tender fatherly regard  
 To wish me wed to one half lunatic,  
 A madcup ruffian and a swearing Jack,

those rumors are lies. You are pleasant, amusing, polite, not sharp-tongued, and as sweet as springtime flowers. Even if you tried, you couldn't frown, glare scornfully, or bite your lip as angry women do, and you take no pleasure in arguments. Instead you entertain your suitors with mild and gentle conversation, and are quiet and friendly. So why does the world report that Kate limps along? What a slanderous world! Kate is like a hazel-twigs, straight and slender, her hair is as brown as hazelnuts, and she herself is sweeter than the hazelnut kernels. Oh, let me see you walk, Kate! You don't limp at all!

**KATHERINE**

Go, fool. Order your servants around—not me.

**PETRUCHIO**

Did the goddess Diana ever grace a forest like Kate now  
 graces this room with her queenly walk? Oh, you be Diana,  
 then, and let Diana be Kate. Then let Kate be the chaste  
 one, while Diana is my love.

**KATHERINE**

Where did you memorize all this witty talk?

**PETRUCHIO**

It's off-the-cuff. It comes from my natural intelligence.

**KATHERINE**

What a witty mother! Too bad her son is witless.

**PETRUCHIO**

Am I not wise?

**KATHERINE**

Hardly wise enough to keep yourself warm 13.

13 Having "wit enough to keep oneself warm" was a proverbial expression for "stupid."

**PETRUCHIO**

Indeed, I do mean to keep myself warm, sweet Katherine, in  
 your bed. But enough chatter. Let's speak plainly: your  
 father has consented that you will be my wife. Your dowry is  
 agreed upon, and whether you want it or not, I will marry  
 you. Now, Kate, I'm the only husband for you. I swear by  
 this light, which lets me see your beauty—your beauty that  
 makes me love you—that you must be married to no man  
 but me. I was born to tame you, Kate, and change you from  
 a wildcat Kate into a Kate as obedient as other  
 domesticated Kates.

*BAPTISTA, GREMIO, and TRANIO enter.*

Here comes your father. Don't refuse my proposal. I must  
 and will have Katherine for my wife.

**BAPTISTA**

Now, Sir Petruchio, how's it going with my daughter?

**PETRUCHIO**

How but well, sir? How but well? It would be impossible to  
 go any other way.

**BAPTISTA**

And how are you, daughter Katherine? Are you sad?

**KATHERINE**

You'd dare to call me daughter? I swear, you've certainly  
 shown a father's tender care in trying to marry me off to a  
 lunatic, a crazed villain and a swearing fool, who thinks that  
 he can force his way through with enough cursing!

That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.

**PETRUCHIO**

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

**KATHERINE**

I'll see thee hanged on Sunday first.

**GREMIO**

- 310 Hark, Petruchio: she says she'll see thee hanged first.

**TRANIO**

Is this your speeding? Nay, then, good night our part.

**PETRUCHIO**

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

**BAPTISTA**

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

**GREMIO AND TRANIO**

- 330 Amen, say we. We will be witnesses.

**PETRUCHIO**

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

*Exeunt PETRUCHIO and KATHERINE severally*

**GREMIO**

- 335 Was ever match clapped up so suddenly?

**BAPTISTA**

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

**TRANIO**

(as LUCENTIO) 'Twas a commodity lay fretting by you.  
'Twill bring you gain or perish on the seas.

**BAPTISTA**

- 340 The gain I seek is quiet in the match.

**PETRUCHIO**

Father, it's like this: you and everyone else who've talked about her have all been wrong. If she's a shrew, then it's for some crafty purpose, for she's not naturally willful, but is in fact as modest as a dove. She's not fierce, but as mild as the morning. She has the patience of Griselda <sup>14</sup> and the chastity of Rome's Lucrece <sup>15</sup>. To conclude, we've gotten along so well together that Sunday will be our wedding day.

<sup>14</sup> Griselda was a famously obedient and patient wife from Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales."

<sup>15</sup> Lucrece was a Roman woman who committed suicide after being raped, and then became a classical example of great chastity.

**KATHERINE**

I'll see you hanged on Sunday first!

**GREMIO**

Did you hear that, Petruchio? She says she'll see you hanged first.

**TRANIO**

Is this what you call success? So much for our hopes of freeing Bianca.

**PETRUCHIO**

Be patient, gentlemen. I choose her for myself. If she and I are happy, then what's it to you? When we were alone, we agreed that she would go on being a shrew in public. I tell you, it's incredible how much she loves me, though. Oh, the kindest Kate! She threw her arms around my neck, giving me kiss after kiss and swearing vows of love, and in an instant she had won my heart. Oh, you are all just beginners! It's amazing to see—even a cowardly wretch can tame the fiercest shrew when a man and a woman are left alone together.—Give me your hand, Kate. I'll now go to Venice to buy clothes for the wedding. You plan the feast, father, and invite the guests. I'll make sure my Katherine will be beautifully dressed.

**BAPTISTA**

I don't know what to say. Give me your hands. May God give you joy, Petruchio. It's a match.

**GREMIO AND TRANIO**

We say Amen to that! We will be witnesses.

**PETRUCHIO**

Father, and wife, and gentlemen—farewell. I'm off to Venice. Sunday is coming soon. We will have rings, and things, and fine clothes, and kiss me, Kate. We will be married on Sunday.

*PETRUCHIO and KATE exit at different doors.*

**GREMIO**

Was ever a match agreed upon so suddenly?

**BAPTISTA**

Truly, gentlemen, I'm now playing the part of the merchant, and I've made a desperate bargain.

**TRANIO**

(as LUCENTIO) Yes, but your goods were just gathering dust and annoying you. Now they'll either bring you a profit or be lost at sea.

**BAPTISTA**

The only profit I seek is a quiet, peaceful match.

**GREMIO**

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

**TRANIO**

345 (as LUCENTIO) And I am one that love Bianca more  
Than words can witness or your thoughts can guess.

**GREMIO**

Youngling, thou canst not love so dear as I.

**TRANIO**

(as LUCENTIO)  
Graybeard, thy love doth freeze.

**GREMIO**

350 But thine doth fry.  
Skipper, stand back. 'Tis age that nourisheth.

**TRANIO**

(as LUCENTIO) But youth in ladies' eyes that  
flourisheth.

**BAPTISTA**

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

**GREMIO**

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

**TRANIO**

(as LUCENTIO)  
That "only" came well in. (to BAPTISTA) Sir, list to  
me:  
I am my father's heir and only son.  
380 If I may have your daughter to my wife,  
I'll leave her houses three or four as good,  
Within rich Pisa walls, as any one  
Old Signior Gremio has in Padua,  
Besides two thousand ducats by the year  
385 Of fruitful land, all which shall be her jointure.—  
What, have I pinched you, Signior Gremio?

**GREMIO**

Two thousand ducats by the year of land!  
(aside) My land amounts not to so much in all.—  
That she shall have, besides an argosy  
390 That now is lying in Marcellus' road.  
(to TRANIO) What, have I choked you with an argosy?

**GREMIO**

And no doubt Petruchio will have a quiet catch—no one's  
going to fight him for her. But now, Baptista, let's think  
about your younger daughter. This is the day we've been  
waiting for. I am your neighbor, and I was her first suitor.

**TRANIO**

[As LUCENTIO] And I am a man that loves Bianca more than  
words can express, or your thoughts can guess.

**GREMIO**

Boy, you don't know how to love like I do.

**TRANIO**

[As LUCENTIO] Old graybeard, your love has frozen over.

**GREMIO**

But yours will burn out. Stand back, fickle boy. Age is what  
nourishes.

**TRANIO**

[As LUCENTIO] But in ladies' eyes, it's youth that flourishes.

**BAPTISTA**

Calm down, gentlemen. I will settle this quarrel. Only deeds  
355 can determine the winner here. Whoever can offer my  
daughter the most wealth and property as her widow's  
inheritance will have Bianca's love. So tell me, Sir Gremio,  
what can you offer her?

16 This is a pun referring to deeds as actions (speaking louder than words), but also documents of ownership for property.

**GREMIO**

First, as you know, my house in the city, which is richly  
360 furnished with gold and china, and basins and jugs for her  
to wash her dainty hands. My wall hangings are of purple  
tapestry, my ivory chests are stuffed with gold, and my  
cypress-wood chests are filled with quilted bedspreads,  
expensive clothes, bed curtains and canopies, fine linen,  
Turkish cushions embossed with pearl, gold Venetian  
draperies, pewter and brass, and everything else you could  
want for a house or housekeeping. Then, at my farm I have  
a hundred milk cows and a hundred and twenty fat oxen in  
my stables. Everything else I own is of a similar high value. I  
myself am getting on in years, I must confess, and if I should  
die tomorrow, all this will belong to Bianca—so long as  
while I live she will be only mine.

17 "Tyrian" is a shade of royal purple; the dye was known to be expensive.

**TRANIO**

[As LUCENTIO] That "only" came just in time.

[To BAPTISTA] Sir, listen to me: I am my father's heir and  
only son. If I may have your daughter for my wife, I will  
leave her three or four houses in rich Pisa, all of them as  
good as anything old Sir Gremio has in Padua. Along with  
this, she'll get two thousand gold coins a year, which is  
what my land earns me. All of this will be her marriage  
settlement.—What, have I discouraged you, Sir Gremio?

**GREMIO**

Two thousand gold coins a year from his land!

[To himself] All my land together doesn't add up to that  
much!—Well, from me she'll have all that, plus a merchant  
ship that's now docked in Marseilles harbor.

[To TRANIO] What, have I silenced you with a ship?

**TRANIO**

(as LUCENTIO) Gremio, 'tis known my father hath no less  
Than three great argosies, besides two galliasses,  
And twelve tight galleys. These I will assure her,  
395 And twice as much whate'er thou offer'st next.

**GREMIO**

Nay, I have offered all, I have no more,  
And she can have no more than all I have.  
(to BAPTISTA) If you like me, she shall have me and  
mine.

**TRANIO**

400 (as LUCENTIO)  
Why, then the maid is mine from all the world,  
By your firm promise. Gremio is outvied.

**BAPTISTA**

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

**TRANIO**

(as LUCENTIO) That's but a cavil: he is old, I young.

**GREMIO**

And may not young men die as well as old?

**BAPTISTA**

Well, gentlemen,  
410 I am thus resolved. On Sunday next, you know  
My daughter Katherine is to be married.  
(to TRANIO as LUCENTIO)  
Now, on the Sunday following, shall Bianca  
Be bride to you, if you make this assurance.  
415 If not, to Signior Gremio.  
And so I take my leave, and thank you both.

**GREMIO**

Adieu, good neighbor.

*Exit BAPTISTA*

Now I fear thee not.  
Sirrah young gamester, your father were a fool  
420 To give thee all and in his waning age  
Set foot under thy table. Tut, a toy!  
An old Italian fox is not so kind, my boy.

*Exit*

**TRANIO**

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

*Exit*

**TRANIO**

[As LUCENTIO] Gremio, it's well known that my father has  
no fewer than three great merchant ships, along with two  
large galleys and twelve smaller ones. I'll offer all these to  
Bianca, and I'll double whatever you might offer next.

**GREMIO**

No, I've offered everything I own. I have nothing left. She  
can't have more than all I have.

[To BAPTISTA] If you choose me, she will have me and mine.

**TRANIO**

[As LUCENTIO] Why, then she's mine alone, of all the men in  
the world, by your firm promise. Gremio has been outbid.

**BAPTISTA**

I must confess that your offer is the best. If your father will  
second your guarantees, then she's yours. Otherwise, you  
must pardon me—if you should die before your father does,  
then what would become of all the wealth Bianca is  
supposed to inherit from you?

**TRANIO**

[As LUCENTIO] That's a trivial objection: he is old, and I am  
young.

**GREMIO**

And can't young men die as well as old men?

**BAPTISTA**

Well, gentlemen, I have decided. Next Sunday my daughter  
Katherine is to be married, you know.

[To TRANIO] On the following Sunday, Bianca will marry  
you—if you can make this guarantee. If you can't, then  
she'll marry Sir Gremio. And so I bid you farewell, and thank  
you both.

**GREMIO**

Farewell, good neighbor.

*BAPTISTA exits.*

Now I'm not afraid of you anymore, boy. You young  
gambler, your father would be a fool to give you everything  
and spend his declining years as a dependent in your  
house. Ha, it's nonsense! An old Italian fox is never that  
kind, my boy.

*He exits.*

**TRANIO**

A curse on your crafty withered hide! But I've bluffed  
successfully without even a face card <sup>18</sup>. I think I'll be able  
to do my master good. I see no reason why the pretend  
Lucentio shouldn't produce a father, called "pretend  
Vincentio"—and that'll be a miracle. Fathers usually father  
their children, not the other way around. But in this case of  
wooing, a child will father a father, if my wits don't fail me.

<sup>18</sup> In the original text, Tranio uses the analogy of a game of cards, he has "Faced it with a card of ten" to indicate that he has successfully bluffed without even having the best hand (a ten, as opposed to a higher value card).

*He exits.*

## Act 3, Scene 1

Shakespeare

Shakescleare Translation

Enter *LUCENTIO* disguised as *CAMBIO*, *HORTENSIO* disguised as *LITIO*, and *BIANCA*

**LUCENTIO**

(as *CAMBIO*) Fiddler, forbear. You grow too forward, sir.  
Have you so soon forgot the entertainment  
Her sister Katherine welcomed you withal?

**HORTENSIO**

5 (as *LITIO*) But, wrangling pedant, this is  
The patroness of heavenly harmony.  
Then give me leave to have prerogative,  
And when in music we have spent an hour,  
Your lecture shall have leisure for as much.

**LUCENTIO**

10 (as *CAMBIO*) Preposterous ass, that never read so far  
To know the cause why music was ordained.  
Was it not to refresh the mind of man  
After his studies or his usual pain?  
Then give me leave to read philosophy  
15 And, while I pause, serve in your harmony.

**HORTENSIO**

(as *LITIO*) Sirrah, I will not bear these braves of  
thine.

**BIANCA**

Why, gentlemen, you do me double wrong  
To strive for that which resteth in my choice.  
20 I am no breeching scholar in the schools.  
I'll not be tied to hours nor 'pointed times  
But learn my lessons as I please myself.  
And, to cut off all strife, here sit we down.  
(to *HORTENSIO*)  
25 Take you your instrument, play you the whiles.  
His lecture will be done ere you have tuned.

**HORTENSIO**

(as *LITIO*) You'll leave his lecture when I am in tune?

**LUCENTIO**

(aside) That will be never. (to *HORTENSIO*) Tune your  
instrument.

**BIANCA**

30 Where left we last?

**LUCENTIO**

Here, madam:  
*Hic ibat Simois, hic est Sigeia tellus,*  
*Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis.*

**BIANCA**

Construe them.

**LUCENTIO**

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

**HORTENSIO**

(as *LITIO*) Madam, my instrument's in tune.

**BIANCA**

Let's hear. (*he plays*) O fie! The treble jars.

*LUCENTIO* (disguised as *CAMBIO*), *HORTENSIO* (disguised as *LITIO*), and *BIANCA* enter.

**LUCENTIO**

[As *CAMBIO*] Enough, fiddler! You grow too forward, sir.  
Have you already forgotten how her sister Katherine  
thanked you for your insistence?

**HORTENSIO**

[As *LITIO*] But this is not Katherine, that quarrelsome know-it-all—this is the goddess of heavenly harmony. So let me go first, and after we've spent an hour on music, you can have the same amount of time for your lesson.

**LUCENTIO**

[As *CAMBIO*] Ridiculous ass! You are not even educated enough to know why music was created in the first place. Wasn't it to refresh the mind of man *after* his studies and daily labor? So let me read philosophy with her, and when I take a break, you can come in with your harmony.

**HORTENSIO**

[As *LITIO*] Boy, I won't stand for these insults!

**BIANCA**

Why, gentlemen, you both do me wrong in arguing over something that is really my decision. I am no schoolboy to be whipped and disciplined. I won't be ordered about with hours and appointed schedules—I will learn my lessons as it pleases me. So to cut off all this arguing, let's sit down and figure this out.

[To *HORTENSIO*] You take your instrument and play awhile. His lesson will be done before you've even tuned it.

**HORTENSIO**

[As *LITIO*] And you'll stop his lesson once I am in tune?

**LUCENTIO**

[To himself] That will be never.

[To *HORTENSIO*] Tune your instrument.

**BIANCA**

Where did we leave off?

**LUCENTIO**

Here, madam:

"Here flowed the river Simois; here is the Sigeian land; here stood the lofty palace of old Priam."

 This is a line from Ovid.

**BIANCA**

Translate them.

**LUCENTIO**

*Hic ibat*, as I told you before, *Simois*, I am Lucentio, *hic est*, son of Vincentio of Pisa, *Sigeia tellus*, disguised like this to win your love. *Hic steterat*, and the other “Lucentio” who comes to woo you, *Priami*, is my servant Tranio, *regia*, pretending to be me, *celsa senis*, so we can trick the foolish old Gremio.

**HORTENSIO**

[As *LITIO*] Madam, my instrument's in tune.

**BIANCA**

Let's hear it.

**LUCENTIO**

(as CAMBIO) Spit in the hole, man, and tune again.

**BIANCA**

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

**HORTENSIO**

(as LITIO) Madam, 'tis now in tune.

**LUCENTIO**

(as CAMBIO) All but the base.

**HORTENSIO**

50 (as LITIO) The base is right; 'tis the base knave that jars.  
 (aside) How fiery and forward our pedant is!  
 Now, for my life, the knave doth court my love.  
*Pedasule*, I'll watch you better yet.

**BIANCA**

55 (to LUCENTIO) In time I may believe, yet I mistrust.

**LUCENTIO**

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

**BIANCA**

I must believe my master; else, I promise you,  
 I should be arguing still upon that doubt.  
 60 But let it rest.—Now, Litio, to you.  
 Good master, take it not unkindly, pray,  
 That I have been thus pleasant with you both.

**HORTENSIO**

(as LITIO, to LUCENTIO)  
 You may go walk, and give me leave awhile.  
 65 My lessons make no music in three parts.

**LUCENTIO**

(as CAMBIO) Are you so formal, sir? Well, I must wait.  
 (aside) And watch withal, for, but I be deceived,  
 Our fine musician groweth amorous.

**HORTENSIO**

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

**BIANCA**

Why, I am past my gamut long ago.

**HORTENSIO**

Yet read the gamut of Hortensio.

**BIANCA**

(reads)  
 "Gamut I am, the ground of all accord:

80

[He plays] Oh! The high string's still out of tune.

**LUCENTIO**

[As CAMBIO] Start over, man, and tune again.

**BIANCA**

Now let me see if I can translate it. *Hic ibat Simois*, I don't know you, *hic est Sigeia tellus*, I don't trust you, *Hic steterat Priami*, make sure he doesn't hear us, *regia*, don't presume anything, *celsa senis*, don't give up.

**HORTENSIO**

[As LITIO] Madam, now it's in tune.

**LUCENTIO**

[As CAMBIO] All but the bass string.

**HORTENSIO**

[As LITIO] The bass string is fine—it's this base villain that's out of tune.

[To himself] How touchy and forward this teacher is! I swear, the fool must be courting my beloved. Little know-it-all, I'll keep my eye on you.

**BIANCA**

[To LUCENTIO] In time I may believe you, but I'm still doubtful.

**LUCENTIO**

Don't doubt me, for—

[he notices that HORTENSIO is listening and returns to the Latin lesson]—"Aeacides" is just another name for the hero Ajax. It comes from his grandfather Aeacus.

**BIANCA**

I must believe you because you're my teacher, or else, I promise you, I would keep arguing. But let it go.—Now, Litio, it's your turn. Good teacher, I hope you're not offended that I've been equally friendly to both of you.

**HORTENSIO**

[As LITIO, to LUCENTIO] You can go take a walk, and leave us alone for a while. I don't teach music for three people.

**LUCENTIO**

[As CAMBIO] Are you so strict, sir? Well, I guess I have to wait then.

[To himself] And watch, too, for unless I'm mistaken, our fancy musician grows romantic.

**HORTENSIO**

[As LITIO] Madam, before you touch the instrument or learn the fingering, I must begin by teaching you the fundamentals of music. To teach you the scales, I have a method that's more pleasant and effective than what any other teachers use. And here it is written out.

**BIANCA**

Why, I learned my scales long ago.

**HORTENSIO**

But still, read Hortensio's scale.

**BIANCA**

[Reading] "I am the scale, the foundation of all harmony:  
*A re*, to declare Hortensio's passion;

A re, to plead Hortensio's passion;  
*B mi*, Bianca, take him for thy lord,  
*C fa ut*, that loves with all affection;  
*D sol re*, one clef, two notes have I;  
*E la mi*, show pity, or I die."  
85 Call you this "gamut"? Tut, I like it not.  
Old fashions please me best. I am not so nice  
To change true rules for old inventions.

*Enter a SERVANT*

#### SERVANT

Mistress, your father prays you leave your books  
And help to dress your sister's chamber up.  
90 You know tomorrow is the wedding day.

#### BIANCA

Farewell, sweet masters both. I must be gone.

#### LUCENTIO

(as CAMBIO) Faith, mistress, then I have no cause to stay.

*Exeunt BIANCA, the SERVANT, and LUCENTIO*

#### HORTENSIO

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

*Exit*

*A SERVANT enters.*

#### SERVANT

Mistress, your father asks that you leave your books and help decorate your sister's room. You know tomorrow is the wedding day.

#### BIANCA

Farewell, sweet teachers. I must go.

#### LUCENTIO

[As CAMBIO] Well, mistress, then I have no reason to stay any longer.

*BIANCA, the SERVANT, and LUCENTIO exit.*

#### HORTENSIO

But I have a reason to examine this know-it-all teacher more closely. I think he looks like he's in love. But if Bianca is so vulgar as to fall for every false man she sees, then let him have her! If I ever catch her being unfaithful, I'll get even with her by loving someone else.

*He exits.*

## Act 3, Scene 2

### Shakespeare

*Enter BAPTISTA, GREMIO, TRANIO as LUCENTIO, KATHERINE, BIANCA, LUCENTIO, and others, attendants*

#### BAPTISTA

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

#### KATHERINE

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

#### TRANIO

(as LUCENTIO) Patience, good Katherine, and Baptista too.  
Upon my life, Petruchio means but well,

### Shakescleare Translation

*BAPTISTA, GREMIO, TRANIO (disguised as LUCENTIO), KATHERINE, BIANCA, LUCENTIO, and attendants enter.*

#### BAPTISTA

[To TRANIO] Sir Lucentio, this is the day appointed for Katherine and Petruchio to be married, but I haven't heard from my son-in-law at all. What will people say? What a mockery it will be to have the priest here, ready to perform the marriage ceremony, and be missing the bridegroom! What does Lucentio have to say about our shame?

#### KATHERINE

The shame is all mine. I was forced to oppose my own heart and give my hand to that boorish, fickle madman, who wooed in a hurry and means to marry at his leisure. I told you he was a crazy fool, hiding his bitter jokes with his forward behavior. He wants to be known as this cheerful libertine, so he'll woo a thousand women, set the marriage date, invite friends, and make a public announcement—but he has no intention of actually getting married. Now everyone must point at poor Katherine and say, "Look, there is mad Petruchio's wife—if he could be bothered to come and marry her!"

#### TRANIO

[As LUCENTIO] Be patient, good Katherine, and you too, Baptista. I swear Petruchio means well, despite whatever might be keeping him from honoring his word. Though he's

Whatever fortune stays him from his word:  
 25 Though he be blunt, I know him passing wise;  
 Though he be merry, yet withal he's honest.

**KATHERINE**

Would Katherine had never seen him, though!

*Exit weeping, followed by BIANCA and others*

**BAPTISTA**

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

*Enter BIONDELLO*

**BIONDELLO**

Master, master! News, old news, and such news as you  
 never heard of!

**BAPTISTA**

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

**BIONDELLO**

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

**BAPTISTA**

35 Is he come?

**BIONDELLO**

Why, no, sir.

**BAPTISTA**

What then?

**BIONDELLO**

He is coming.

**BAPTISTA**

When will he be here?

**BIONDELLO**

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

**TRANIO**

(as LUCENTIO) But say, what to thine old news?

**BIONDELLO**

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

**BAPTISTA**

Who comes with him?

rude, I know he's exceedingly wise, and though he's a joker,  
 he's still an honest man.

**KATHERINE**

I wish that I had never seen him, though!

*She exits weeping, followed by BIANCA and others.*

**BAPTISTA**

Go, girl. I can't blame you for weeping now. Such an insult  
 would offend even a saint, let alone an impatient shrew like  
 you.

*BIONDELLO enters.*

**BIONDELLO**

Master, master! I have news, old news 1, and such news as  
 you never heard before!

1 "Old" means "great" or "rare"  
 here, but Baptista misunderstands in  
 the next line.

**BAPTISTA**

You have news that's both new and old? How can that be?

**BIONDELLO**

Why, isn't it news that Petruchio is coming?

**BAPTISTA**

Is he here?

**BIONDELLO**

Why, no, sir.

**BAPTISTA**

What then?

**BIONDELLO**

He is coming.

**BAPTISTA**

When will he be here?

**BIONDELLO**

When he stands where I am and sees you there.

**TRANIO**

(As LUCENTIO) But tell us, what is your old news?

**BIONDELLO**

Well, Petruchio is coming in a new hat and an old jacket, a  
 pair of old pants turned inside out, broken suspenders  
 holding them up, and a pair of boots that have been used as  
 candle holders: one of them buckled, the other laced. He  
 has an old rusty sword from the town armory with a broken  
 hilt and no scabbard. He's riding on a lame horse with an  
 old moth-eaten saddle and two different stirrups, and the  
 horse has swollen glands 2, a mouth infection 3, tumors,  
 leg boils, diseased feet, jaundice 4, swollen ears, palsy,  
 worms, a twisted back, a sprained shoulder, and knock-  
 kneed forelegs. His bit is hanging off and his cheap bridle,  
 which is pulled tight, is pieced together with knots; his  
 saddle strap is patched up and his tail strap is velvet,  
 studded with the initials of some woman, and here and  
 there held together with thread.

2 "Glanders" is a disease in horses  
 which causes a swelling in the jaw and  
 discharge of mucus from the nostrils.  
 The next line, "mose in the chine" has  
 no known definition.

3 Lampass is a disease that occurs  
 only within horses, which consists of  
 swelling of the roof of the mouth  
 behind the front teeth.

4 "Jaundice" is a yellowish or  
 greenish pigmentation of the skin and  
 whites of the eyes.

**BAPTISTA**

Who's with him?

**BIONDELLO**

O, sir, his lackey, for all the world caparisoned like  
the horse; with a linen stock on one leg and a kersey  
boot-hose on the other, gartered with a red and blue  
list; an old hat and the humor of forty fancies pricked  
in 't for a feather. A monster, a very monster in  
apparel, and not like a Christian footboy or a  
gentleman's lackey.

**TRANIO**

(as LUCENTIO )

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

**BAPTISTA**

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

**BIONDELLO**

Why, sir, he comes not.

**BAPTISTA**

Didst thou not say he comes?

**BIONDELLO**

Who? That Petruchio came?

**BAPTISTA**

Ay, that Petruchio came.

**BIONDELLO**

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

**BAPTISTA**

Why, that's all one.

**BIONDELLO**

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

*Enter PETRUCHIO and GRUMIO*

**PETRUCHIO**

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

**BAPTISTA**

You are welcome, sir.

**PETRUCHIO**

And yet I come not well.

**BAPTISTA**

And yet you halt not.

**TRANIO**

(as LUCENTIO ) Not so well appareled as I wish you were.

**PETRUCHIO**

Were it better I should rush in thus—  
But where is Kate? Where is my love?  
How does my father? Gentles, methinks you frown.  
And wherefore gaze this goodly company  
As if they saw some wondrous monument,  
Some comet or unusual prodigy?

**BIONDELLO**

Oh, sir, just his servant, who's dressed up like the horse,  
with a linen stocking on one leg and a big woolen sock on  
the other, a pair of red and blue garters, and an old hat with  
some crazy decoration on it in place of the feather. He's  
dressed like a monster, a total monster, and not at all like a  
proper Christian page or a gentleman's servant.

**TRANIO**

[As LUCENTIO] It's some strange whim of his that inspires  
this fashion—though he does often dress casually.

**BAPTISTA**

I'm glad he's coming, however he might be dressed.

**BIONDELLO**

Why, sir, he's not coming.

**BAPTISTA**

Didn't you say he was coming?

**BIONDELLO**

Who? Petruchio?

**BAPTISTA**

Yes, that Petruchio was coming.

**BIONDELLO**

No, sir, I said that his horse was coming, with him on its  
back.

**BAPTISTA**

Why, that's the same thing.

**BIONDELLO**

No, by Saint Jamy,  
I'll bet you a penny,  
A horse and a man  
Are not the same—  
And yet not too different.

*PETRUCHIO and GRUMIO enter.*

**PETRUCHIO**

Come now, where are all the gentlemen? Is anyone at  
home?

**BAPTISTA**

You are welcome, sir.

**PETRUCHIO**

And yet I didn't come well.

**BAPTISTA**

And yet you aren't limping.

**TRANIO**

[As LUCENTIO] And you're not as well-dressed as I wish you  
would be.

**PETRUCHIO**

Even if my clothes were better I would still rush in like  
this—But where is Kate? Where is my love? How is my  
father-in-law? Gentlemen, you seem to be frowning. Why is  
this fine gathering of people all staring, as if at something  
strange—a comet or some unnatural phenomenon?

**BAPTISTA**

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

**TRANIO**

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

**PETRUCHIO**

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

**TRANIO**

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

**PETRUCHIO**

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

**BAPTISTA**

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

**PETRUCHIO**

Good sooth, even thus. Therefore, ha' done with words:  
115 To me she's married, not unto my clothes.  
Could I repair what she will wear in me  
As I can change these poor accoutrements,  
'Twere well for Kate and better for myself.  
But what a fool am I to chat with you,  
120 When I should bid good morrow to my bride  
And seal the title with a lovely kiss!

*Exeunt PETRUCHIO and GRUMIO*

**TRANIO**

He hath some meaning in his mad attire.  
We will persuade him, be it possible,  
To put on better ere he go to church.

**BAPTISTA**

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

*Exeunt BAPTISTA, GREMIO, and attendants*

**TRANIO**

But sir, to love concerneth us to add  
Her father's liking, which to bring to pass,  
As I before unparted to your worship,  
I am to get a man—whate'er he be  
130 It skills not much, we'll fit him to our turn—  
And he shall be "Vincentio of Pisa"  
And make assurance here in Padua  
Of greater sums than I have promisèd.  
So shall you quietly enjoy your hope  
135 And marry sweet Bianca with consent.

**LUCENTIO**

Were it not that my fellow schoolmaster  
Doth watch Bianca's steps so narrowly,  
'Twere good, methinks, to steal our marriage,  
Which, once performed, let all the world say no,  
140 I'll keep mine own despite of all the world.

**BAPTISTA**

Why, sir, you know this is your wedding day. First we were sad because we feared you wouldn't come, but now we're sadder to see that you've come so unprepared. For God's sake, take off this costume. It's a disgrace to your social rank and an eyesore in the middle of our solemn ceremony.

**TRANIO**

And tell us what was so important that it made you late for your wedding, and sent you here dressed so unlike yourself.

**PETRUCHIO**

It would be a tedious story to tell, and a rough one to hear. Suffice it to say that I've come to keep my promise, though I'll have to deviate from it some. I'll explain all this to your satisfaction later, when there's more time. But where is Kate? I've been away from her for too long. The morning is passing, and it's time we go to church.

**TRANIO**

Don't go see your bride in these disrespectful clothes. Go to my room and put on some of my clothes.

**PETRUCHIO**

I won't, believe me. I'll visit her like this.

**BAPTISTA**

But surely you won't *marry* her like this.

**PETRUCHIO**

I swear, I will. So let's stop talking about it. She's marrying *me*, not my clothes. If I could fix my bad qualities as easily as I could change out of these ugly clothes, it would be good for Kate and even better for myself. But what a fool I am for standing here chatting with you, when I should say good morning to my bride and seal our bargain with a loving kiss!

*PETRUCHIO and GRUMIO exit.*

**TRANIO**

He has some plan in dressing up like this. If it's possible, I'll try to persuade him to put on something better before he goes to the church.

**BAPTISTA**

I'll follow him too, and see how this turns out.

*BAPTISTA, GREMIO, and attendants exit.*

**TRANIO**

*[To LUCENTIO]* Sir, to be successful you need to get her father's approval as well as Bianca's love. To make this happen, as I explained to your worship, I will find a man—it doesn't really matter what kind of man; I'll make him suit our purposes—who can pretend to be "Vincentio of Pisa," and he can offer Baptista even greater sums of money than I already promised. And so you can get what you want without any trouble, and marry sweet Bianca with her father's consent.

**LUCENTIO**

If it weren't for the fact that my fellow tutor was watching Bianca so closely, I'd think it would be good to just elope in secret. Once the ceremony was performed, it wouldn't matter if the whole world disapproved—I'd keep my wife, despite what anyone might say.

**TRANIO**

That by degrees we mean to look into  
And watch our vantage in this business.  
We'll overreach the graybeard, Gremio,  
The narrow-prying father, Minola,  
145 The quaint musician, amorous Litio,  
All for my master's sake, Lucentio.

**TRANIO**

I mean to look into that, too, and to keep an eye on our opportunities in this business. I'll outwit the old graybeard, Gremio, the overbearing father, Minola, and the crafty musican, Litio the lover—all for the sake of my master Lucentio.

145

*Enter GREMIO*

Sigñor Gremio, came you from the church?

**GREMIO**

As willingly as e'er I came from school.

**TRANIO**

(as LUCENTIO) And is the bride and bridegroom coming home?  
150

**GREMIO**

A bridegroom, say you? 'Tis a groom indeed,  
A grumbling groom, and that the girl shall find.

**TRANIO**

(as LUCENTIO) Curster than she? Why, 'tis impossible.

**GREMIO**

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

**TRANIO**

(as LUCENTIO) Why, she's a devil, a devil, the devil's dam.  
155

**GREMIO**

Tut, she's a lamb, a dove, a fool to him!  
I'll tell you, Sir Lucentio: when the priest  
Should ask if Katherine should be his wife,  
160 "Ay, by gogs woun's!" quoth he, and swore so loud  
That, all amazed, the priest let fall the book,  
And as he stooped again to take it up,  
The mad-brained bridegroom took him such a cuff  
That down fell priest and book, and book and priest.  
165 "Now take them up," quoth he, "if any list."

**TRANIO**

(as LUCENTIO) What said the wench when he rose again?

**GREMIO**

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

*Music*

Hark, hark! I hear the minstrels play.

*Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHERINE, BIANCA, BAPTISTA, HORTENSIO,  
GRUMIO, and train*

**TRANIO**

I mean to look into that, too, and to keep an eye on our opportunities in this business. I'll outwit the old graybeard, Gremio, the overbearing father, Minola, and the crafty musican, Litio the lover—all for the sake of my master Lucentio.

*GREMIO enters.*

Sir Gremio, are you coming from the church?

**GREMIO**

As eagerly as I ever came home from school.

**TRANIO**

[As LUCENTIO] And are the bride and bridegroom coming home?  
150

**GREMIO**

A bridegroom, you say? More like a groom who cleans stables, a grumbling groom, as that girl will soon discover.

**TRANIO**

[As LUCENTIO] You mean he's more of a shrew than she is?  
Why, that's impossible.

**GREMIO**

Why, he's a devil, a devil, a total fiend.

**TRANIO**

[As LUCENTIO] No, she's a devil, a devil, the devil's own mother.

**GREMIO**

Ha! She's a lamb, a dove, an innocent child compared to him! I'll tell you what happened, Sir Lucentio: when the priest asked him if he would take Katherine as his wife, he answered, "Yes, by God's wounds <sup>5</sup>!" and swore so loudly that everyone was shocked and the priest dropped the prayer book. And when the priest bent down to pick it back up, that lunatic bridegroom gave him such a smack that both priest and book went flying "Now pick them up," he said then, "if anyone dares to."

<sup>5</sup> "By gogs woun's" was a common oath at the time, though this is the only time Shakespeare ever uses it.

**TRANIO**

[As LUCENTIO] What did the girl say when the priest got back up?

**GREMIO**

She trembled and shook, because the bridegroom starting stamping and swearing, as if the priest was trying to cheat him out of his marriage. But then when the ceremony was finally done, he called for wine. "A toast!" he said, as if he were some drunken sailor partying with his mates after a storm. He chugged the wine and then threw the dregs in the sexton's <sup>6</sup> face, just because the man's beard looked "thin and hungry" and seemed to be asking for it. After that he threw his arms around the bride's neck and kissed her with such a noisy smack that the whole church echoed when their lips parted. After seeing that, I immediately left the shameful scene. I'm sure the rest of the crowd is following me. There's never been a wedding as crazy as that!

<sup>6</sup> A sexton is an officer of the Church responsible for ringing the church bells.

*Music plays.*

Listen, listen! I can hear the musicians playing.

PETRUCHIO, KATHERINE, BIANCA, BAPTISTA, HORTENSIO,  
GRUMIO, and the wedding procession enters.

**PETRUCHIO**

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

**BAPTISTA**

Is 't possible you will away tonight?

**PETRUCHIO**

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

**TRANIO**

(as LUCENTIO) Let us entreat you stay till after dinner.

**PETRUCHIO**

200 It may not be.

**GREMIO**

Let me entreat you.

**PETRUCHIO**

It cannot be.

**KATHERINE**

Let me entreat you.

**PETRUCHIO**

I am content.

**KATHERINE**

205 Are you content to stay?

**PETRUCHIO**

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

**KATHERINE**

Now, if you love me, stay.

**PETRUCHIO**

Grumio, my horse.

**GRUMIO**

210 Ay, sir, they be ready. The oats have eaten the horses.

**KATHERINE**

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

**PETRUCHIO**

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

**KATHERINE**

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

**PETRUCHIO**

Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for coming. I know you expected to dine with me today, and you've prepared a feast to celebrate the wedding, but it so happens that I've been called away to urgent business. So I must say goodbye.

**BAPTISTA**

Are you really leaving tonight?

**PETRUCHIO**

I must leave today, before the night even comes. Don't be so surprised. If you knew my business, you'd urge me to go rather than stay. And, honest friends, I thank you all for coming to watch me give myself away to this patient, sweet, virtuous wife. Dine with my father-in-law and drink a toast to me, for I must go. Farewell to you all.

**TRANIO**

[As LUCENTIO] Can you at least stay until after dinner?

**PETRUCHIO**

I cannot.

**GREMIO**

Whaf if I ask you to stay?

**PETRUCHIO**

I cannot.

**KATHERINE**

Can I ask you to stay?

**PETRUCHIO**

I'd be glad to.

**KATHERINE**

You'd be glad to stay?

**PETRUCHIO**

I'd be glad to hear you ask me to stay. But I cannot stay, no matter how much you plead with me.

**KATHERINE**

If you love me, stay.

**PETRUCHIO**

Grumio, get my horses ready.

**GRUMIO**

They're ready, sir. The oats have all eaten the horses.

**KATHERINE**

All right then, you do what you want. I won't go today, or tomorrow either. I won't go until I feel like it. The door is open, sir. There's the way out. You'd better get an early start. As for me, I'll leave when I want to. If you throw your weight around so rudely at the very start, I'm sure you'll prove to be a surly, overbearing husband.

**PETRUCHIO**

Oh Kate, calm down. Please, don't be angry.

**KATHERINE**

I will be angry. What business is it of yours?—Father, be quiet. He'll stay until I want him to.

**GREMIO**

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

**KATHERINE**

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

225

**PETRUCHIO**

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

240

*Exeunt PETRUCHIO, KATHERINE, and GRUMIO*

**BAPTISTA**

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

**GREMIO**

245 Went they not quickly, I should die with laughing.

**TRANIO**

(as LUCENTIO) Of all mad matches never was the like.

**LUCENTIO**

(as CAMBIO) Mistress, what's your opinion of your sister?

**BIANCA**

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

**GREMIO**

250 I warrant him, Petruchio is Kated.

**BAPTISTA**

Neighbors and friends, though bride and bridegroom wants  
For to supply the places at the table,  
You know there wants no junkets at the feast.  
255 (to TRANIO) Lucentio, you shall supply the bridegroom's place,  
And let Bianca take her sister's room.

**TRANIO**

(as LUCENTIO) Shall sweet Bianca practice how to bide  
it?

**BAPTISTA**

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

*Exeunt*

**GREMIO**

Well, sir, now it begins.

**KATHERINE**

Gentlemen, go on to the bridal dinner. I see that a woman  
will be made into a fool if she doesn't stand up for herself.

**PETRUCHIO**

They'll go on, Kate, at your command.—Obey the bride, you  
guests who attend on her. Go to the feast, party and be  
merry, get drunk toasting to her virginity! Be wild and  
happy, or else go hang yourselves. But as for my pretty  
Kate, she must go with me. Now, don't look threatening, or  
stamp your feet, or glare, or worry. I will be the master of  
what is mine. She is my possession now, my property—like  
my house, my household stuff, my field, my barn, my horse,  
my ox, my donkey, my anything. And here she stands.  
Touch her if you dare! I'll attack—legally and  
otherwise—any man in Padua who stands in my way, no  
matter what his rank.—Grumio, draw your sword, we are  
surrounded by thieves! Rescue your mistress, if you have  
any manliness in you!—Don't be afraid, sweet girl, no one  
will touch you. I'll shield you against a million of them, Kate.

*PETRUCHIO, KATHERINE, and GRUMIO exit.*

**BAPTISTA**

No, let them go. What a calm, quiet couple!

**GREMIO**

If they hadn't left so quickly, I would have died of laughing.

**TRANIO**

[As LUCENTIO] Of all the craziest pairings, I've never seen  
one like this.

**LUCENTIO**

[As CAMBIO] Mistress, what's your opinion of your sister?

**BIANCA**

That, being mad herself, she has now married a madman.

**GREMIO**

And I bet Petruchio will catch the Kate 7 soon enough!

7 Here, Gremio is implying that "Kate" is an illness that Petruchio has caught.

**BAPTISTA**

Neighbors and friends, though the seats for the bride and  
bridegroom will be empty at the table, you know there are  
no delicacies lacking at the feast itself.

[To TRANIO] Lucentio, you will take the bridegroom's place,  
and let Bianca take her sister's.

**TRANIO**

[As LUCENTIO] Will sweet Bianca practice being a bride?

**BAPTISTA**

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

*They all exit.*

## Act 4, Scene 1

### Shakespeare

*Enter GRUMIO*

**GRUMIO**

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

*Enter CURTIS*

**CURTIS**

Who is that calls so coldly?

**GRUMIO**

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

**CURTIS**

Is my master and his wife coming, Grumio?

**GRUMIO**

O, ay, Curtis, ay, and therefore fire, fire. Cast on no water.

**CURTIS**

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

**GRUMIO**

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

**CURTIS**

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

**GRUMIO**

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

**CURTIS**

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

**GRUMIO**

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

**CURTIS**

There's fire ready. And therefore, good Grumio, the news.

### Shakescleare Translation

*GRUMIO enters.*

**GRUMIO**

A curse, a curse on all tired, worthless horses, on all crazy masters, and on all bad roads! Was ever a man beaten so much as me? Was ever a man so weary? I've been sent ahead to make a fire, and they're coming afterward to warm themselves up. It's a good thing I can keep myself hot with my quick temper, or else my lips might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the roof of my mouth, and my heart to my belly before I could find a fire to thaw myself out. But I'll keep stoking my anger to stay warm. In weather like this, a better man than I am would catch cold.—Hey, hello! Curtis!

*CURTIS enters.*

**CURTIS**

Who is it who calls so coldly?

**GRUMIO**

A piece of ice. If you doubt me, try it out—you could slide from my shoulder to my heel after just a step from my head to my neck. Start a fire, good Curtis.

**CURTIS**

Are my master and his wife coming, Grumio?

**GRUMIO**

Oh, yes, Curtis, yes, so they need a fire, a fire. And leave out the water.

**CURTIS**

Is she as fiery a shrew as she's reported to be?

**GRUMIO**

She was, good Curtis, before this frost. But you know how winter tames man, woman, and beast—and so it's tamed my old master, my new mistress, and myself, good colleague Curtis.

**CURTIS**

So you're a beast, and I'm your colleague! I don't think so. Away with you, you tiny fool!

**GRUMIO**

Am I only three inches? Why, your cuckold's horn is a foot long, and I'm at least that tall  . But are you going to make a fire, or will I have to complain about you to our mistress? Now that she's at hand, you'll soon feel her hand, and you'll find it cold comfort if you're slow in warming us up.

 Grumio implies that he is "big" enough to make Curtis into a cuckold (to sleep with his wife). While Curtis meant "three inches" as an insult to his height, Grumio takes it as a different measurement.

**CURTIS**

Please, good Grumio, tell me, how are things out in the world?

**GRUMIO**

It's a cold world, Curtis, for every man except fire-starters like you, so start a fire! Do your duty, and take your reward, for my master and mistress are almost frozen to death.

**CURTIS**

There's a fire ready. So tell me the news, good Grumio.

**GRUMIO**

35 Why, "Jack, boy! Ho, boy!" and as much news as wilt thou.

**CURTIS**

Come, you are so full of cony-catching!

**GRUMIO**

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

**CURTIS**

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

**GRUMIO**

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

**CURTIS**

How?

**GRUMIO**

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

**CURTIS**

Let's ha' 't, good Grumio.

**GRUMIO**

Lend thine ear.

**CURTIS**

Here.

**GRUMIO**

There!

*Strikes him*

**CURTIS**

55 This 'tis to feel a tale, not to hear a tale.

**GRUMIO**

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

60 Both of one horse?

**GRUMIO**

What's that to thee?

**CURTIS**

Why, a horse.

**GRUMIO**

Tell thou the tale! But hast thou not crossed me, thou shouldst have heard how her horse fell, and she under her horse. Thou shouldst have heard in how miry a place,

**GRUMIO**

Why, "Jack, boy! Ho, boy!" and whatever other news you want.

**CURTIS**

Well, aren't you full of cony-catching! 

 "Cony-catching" (or "rabbit-catching") means "trickery" here, but it's also a reference to Grumio's quoting of "catches," or songs sung in rounds. Grumio's earlier answer of "Jack, boy! Ho, boy!" comes from a "catch."

**GRUMIO**

Why, make a fire then, for I have caught extreme cold. Where's the cook? Is supper ready? Is the house prepared, the floor covered, the cobwebs swept up? Are the servingmen wearing their new clothes and white stockings, and the household servants their wedding suits? Are the Jacks and Jills  in their places, the tablecloths laid out—is everything in order?

 "Jacks" means both "fellows" (the male servants) and "leather drinking vessels." "Jills" means "girls," (the female servants) and "metal measuring cups."

**CURTIS**

Everything's ready. So please, give me the news.

**GRUMIO**

First of all, my horse is tired, and my master and mistress have had a falling out.

**CURTIS**

How?

**GRUMIO**

Out of their saddles and into the dirt. But that's a long story.

**CURTIS**

Let's hear it, good Grumio.

**GRUMIO**

Lean close and I'll tell you.

**CURTIS**

Here.

**GRUMIO**

There!

*GRUMIO strikes CURTIS.*

**CURTIS**

That's to *feel* a story, not hear it.

**GRUMIO**

That's why it's a "sensitive" story. I was just knocking to see if your ear was listening. But now I'll begin: first of all, we came down a muddy hill, my master riding behind my mistress.

**CURTIS**

Both on one horse?

**GRUMIO**

What's the difference?

**CURTIS**

Why, a horse.

**GRUMIO**

Then why don't you tell the story! If you hadn't interrupted me, you would have heard about how her horse fell, with her under it. You would have heard about the swampy

how she was bemoiled, how he left her with the horse  
upon her, how he beat me because her horse stumbled, how  
she waded through the dirt to pluck him off me, how he  
swore, how she prayed that never prayed before, how I  
cried, how the horses ran away, how her bridle was  
burst, how I lost my crupper, with many things of worthy  
memory which now shall die in oblivion, and thou return  
unexperienced to thy grave.

70

**CURTIS**

By this reck'ning he is more shrew than she.

**GRUMIO**

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

80

**CURTIS**

They are.

**GRUMIO**

Call them forth.

**CURTIS**

(calling offstage) Do you hear, ho? you must meet my  
master to countenance my mistress.

**GRUMIO**

Why, she hath a face of her own.

**CURTIS**

Who knows not that?

**GRUMIO**

Thou, it seems, that calls for company to countenance  
her.

90

**CURTIS**

I call them forth to credit her.

**GRUMIO**

Why, she comes to borrow nothing of them.

*Enter four or five Servingmen*

**NATHANIEL**

Welcome home, Grumio.

**PHILIP**

How now, Grumio?

95

**JOSEPH**

What, Grumio!

**NICHOLAS**

Fellow Grumio!

**NATHANIEL**

How now, old lad?

place she landed, and how she was covered in mud, and  
how my master left her with the horse on top of her, and  
beat me because her horse stumbled, and how she waded  
through the dirt to pull him off of me, and how he swore,  
and how she prayed—she who had never prayed  
before—and how I yelled, and how the horses ran away,  
and how her bridle was broken, and how I lost my saddle  
strap, and many other things worth being remembered, but  
which will now be forgotten, and you'll go ignorant to your  
grave.

**CURTIS**

It sounds like he is more of a shrew than she is.

**GRUMIO**

Yes, and you and everyone else will find that out when he  
comes home. But why am I talking about this? Call in  
Nathaniel, Joseph, Nicholas, Philip, Walter, Sugarsop, and  
all the rest. Make sure their hair is slicked down and  
combed, their blue coats are brushed, and their garters are  
normal-looking and matching. Have them do an elaborate  
greeting and not dare to touch a hair of my master's horse's  
tail until they've kissed their hands. Are they all ready?

**CURTIS**

They are.

**GRUMIO**

Call them in.

**CURTIS**

[Calling offstage] Hey, do you hear that? You must come  
greet the master and countenance <sup>4</sup> the mistress.

<sup>4</sup> This means "pay respects to," but "countenance" is also another word for "face," which Grumio jokes about in the next lines.

**GRUMIO**

Why, she already has a face of her own.

**CURTIS**

Who said she didn't?

**GRUMIO**

You did, it seems, since you told them to "countenance"  
her.

**CURTIS**

I mean they should give her credit.

**GRUMIO**

Why, she's not coming to borrow money from them <sup>5</sup>.

<sup>5</sup> Another pun; "credit" as in "acknowledge," but also as "credit" in the financial sense.

*Four or five servants enter.*

**NATHANIEL**

Welcome home, Grumio.

**PHILIP**

How's it going, Grumio?

**JOSEPH**

Hey, Grumio!

**NICHOLAS**

Grumio, my friend!

**NATHANIEL**

How's it going, old boy?

**GRUMIO**

Welcome, you!—How now, you?—What, you!—Fellow, you!—And thus much for greeting. Now, my spruce companions, is all ready, and all things neat?

**NATHANIEL**

All things is ready. How near is our master?

**GRUMIO**

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

*Enter PETRUCHIO and KATHERINE*

**PETRUCHIO**

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

**ALL SERVINGMEN**

Here, here, sir! Here, sir!

**PETRUCHIO**

"Here, sir! Here, sir! Here, sir! Here, sir!"  
110 You loggerheaded and unpolished grooms!  
What, no attendance? No regard? No duty?  
Where is the foolish knave I sent before?

**GRUMIO**

Here, sir, as foolish as I was before.

**PETRUCHIO**

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

**GRUMIO**

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

**PETRUCHIO**

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

*Exeunt Servants*

125 *Singing*

*Where is the life that late I led—  
Where are those—Sit down, Kate, and welcome.—  
Soud, soud, soud, soud!*

*Enter Servants with supper*

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

*Sings*

*It was the friar of orders gray,  
As he forth walkèd on his way:—  
A servant tries to take off PETRUCHIO 's boots.  
135 Out, you rogue! You pluck my foot awry.  
Take that, and mend the plucking off the other.  
Strikes the servant  
Be merry, Kate.—Some water, here, what, ho!  
Where's my spaniel Troilus? Sirrah, get you hence  
140 And bid my cousin Ferdinand come hither.*

**GRUMIO**

Welcome to you!—How's it going to you?—Hey to you!—My friend to you!—And that's enough greetings. Now, my dapper companions, is everything neat and ready?

**NATHANIEL**

Everything's ready. How far away is our master?

**GRUMIO**

He's probably here already. So don't—by God, quiet! I hear him.

*PETRUCHIO and KATHERINE enter.*

**PETRUCHIO**

Where are those villains? What, there's no man at the door to help me off my horse and take him to the stable! Where are Nathaniel, Gregory, and Philip?

**ALL SERVINGMEN**

Here, here, sir! Here, sir!

**PETRUCHIO**

"Here, sir! Here, sir! Here, sir! Here, sir!" You blockheaded servants! What, I'll get no service from you? No respect? No duty? Where is the foolish villain I sent ahead of me?

**GRUMIO**

Here, sir, and just as foolish as I was before.

**PETRUCHIO**

You stupid bumpkin! You bastard workhorse drudge! Didn't I tell you to meet me outside and bring these idiot rascals along with you?

**GRUMIO**

Nathaniel's coat wasn't ready, sir, and Gabriel's shoes didn't have the proper pattern on them. Peter's hat was the wrong color, and Walter's dagger needed a sheathe. The only ones properly dressed were Adam, Rafe, and Gregory. The rest looked like ragged old beggars. But here they are sir, and they've come as they are to greet you.

**PETRUCHIO**

Go, idiots, go, and fetch me my supper.

*The servants exit.*

*[Singing] Where is the life I used to lead? Where are those—Sit down, Kate, and make yourself welcome.—Food, food, food, food!*

*Servants enter with supper.*

Now, I say!—Be happy, good sweet Kate.—Get my boots off, you rogues! You villains, now!

*[Singing]  
It was the friar in robes of gray,  
Who walked along on his way:*

*[A servant tries to take off PETRUCHIO 's boots]—Damn you, you rogue! You're twisting my foot off! Take that, and do better with the other one.*

*[He strikes the servant] Be happy, Kate.—Bring some water here, hey! Where's my spaniel Troilus [6]? Boy, go tell my cousin Ferdinand to come here.*

[6] This may be a reference to Troilus, a character associated with the Trojan War and his love for Cressida, which Shakespeare will tell in his later play

*"Troilus and Cressida."* It was a name associated with loyalty and faithfulness.

*Exit a servant*

One, Kate, that you must kiss and be acquainted with.—  
Where are my slippers? Shall I have some water?—

*Enter one with water*

Come, Kate, and wash, and welcome heartily.—  
You whoreson villain! Will you let it fall?

145 *Strikes him*

**KATHERINE**

Patience, I pray you! 'Twas a fault unwilling.

**PETRUCHIO**

A whoreson, beetle-headed, flap-eared knave!—  
Come, Kate, sit down. I know you have a stomach.  
Will you give thanks, sweet Kate, or else shall I?—  
What's this? Mutton?

150

**FIRST SERVANT**

Ay.

**PETRUCHIO**

Who brought it?

**PETER**

I.

**PETRUCHIO**

'Tis burnt, and so is all the meat.  
155 What dogs are these! Where is the rascal cook?  
How durst you, villains, bring it from the dresser  
And serve it thus to me that love it not?  
There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all!  
*Throws the meat, &c. about the stage*  
160 You heedless joltheadsl and unmannered slaves!  
What, do you grumble? I'll be with you straight.

*Exeunt servants*

**KATHERINE**

I pray you, husband, be not so disquiet.  
The meat was well, if you were so contented.

**PETRUCHIO**

I tell thee, Kate, 'twas burnt and dried away.  
165 And I expressly am forbid to touch it,  
For it engenders choler, planteth anger;  
And better 'twere that both of us did fast,  
Since of ourselves, ourselves are choleric,  
Than feed it with such over-roasted flesh.  
170 Be patient, tomorrow 't shall be mended,  
And, for this night, we'll fast for company.  
Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber.

*Exeunt*

*Enter Servants severally*

*A servant exits.*

He's someone you must get to know, Kate.—Where are my slippers? Can I get some water please?

*A servant enters with water.*

Come, Kate, and wash, and make yourself at home.—You bastard villain! Are you really going to spill it?

*[He strikes the servant]*

**KATHERINE**

Calm down, please! It was an accident.

**PETRUCHIO**

He's a stupid, blockheaded, flap-eared son of a bitch!—Come, Kate, sit down. I know you must be hungry.  
Will you say grace, sweet Kate, or should I?—What's this?  
Mutton?

**FIRST SERVANT**

Yes.

**PETRUCHIO**

And who brought it?

**PETER**

I did.

**PETRUCHIO**

It's burnt, and so is all the rest of the meat. These servant dogs! Where is the rascal cook? You villains, how dare you bring me this meat when you know I don't like it overcooked? There, take it back, plates, cups, and all!

*[He throws the meat and everything else around the stage]* You careless morons and ignorant slaves! What, are you grumbling? I'll deal with you right now.

*Servants exit.*

**KATHERINE**

Please, husband, don't be so upset. The meat was fine, if you would have accepted it.

**PETRUCHIO**

I tell you, Kate, it was burnt and dried up. I'm expressly forbidden from eating meat like that, for it creates cholera and makes me angry. It's probably better that we should go hungry, since we're both hotheaded and temperamental, than that we should eat such overcooked meat. Be patient—it'll get fixed tomorrow. For tonight we'll just go without food. Come, I'll bring you to your bridal bedroom.

 "Choler" was thought to be a substance in the human body that produced anger. Roast meat supposedly produced choler, so it was to be avoided by temperamental people.

*They exit.*

*Several servants enter from different doors.*

**NATHANIEL**

Peter, didst ever see the like?

**PETER**

He kills her in her own humor.

*Enter CURTIS*

**GRUMIO**

175 Where is he?

**CURTIS**

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

*Exeunt*

*Enter PETRUCHIO*

**PETRUCHIO**

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

*Exit*

*CURTIS enters.*

**GRUMIO**

Where is he?

**CURTIS**

In her room, preaching to her about self-control. He rants and rails and swears so much that she, poor soul, doesn't know which way to stand, look, or speak, so she just sits like someone who's woken up from a dream. But go, go, he's coming!

*They exit.*

*PETRUCHIO enters.*

**PETRUCHIO**

I've begun my reign in this cunning way, and I hope to end up successful. My falcon is now hungry and unfed, and she won't be allowed to eat until she submits to my authority. Otherwise she'll just ignore my bait. And I also have another plan to tame my wild hawk, to make her come and recognize her owner's call—that is, I'll keep her from sleeping, just like trainers do with falcons that flap and flutter and won't be obedient. She ate no food today, and she'll continue to have none. She got no sleep last night, and she'll get none tonight. Just like I did with the meat, I'll make up some problem with the way the bed is made, and throw around the pillow, the cushion, the blanket, and the sheets. Yes, and I'll pretend that I'm making all this fuss for her sake. The result will be that she'll stay awake all night, and if she starts to nod off, I'll scold and argue and keep her awake with my yelling. This is how to kill a wife with kindness, and in this way I'll curb her wild and headstrong nature. If anyone knows a better way to tame a shrew, let him speak up now. I'd appreciate the help.

*He exits.*

## Act 4, Scene 2

### Shakespeare

*Enter TRANIO as LUCENTIO and HORTENSIO as LITIO*

**TRANIO**

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

**HORTENSIO**

5 (as LITIO ) Sir, to satisfy you in what I have said,  
Stand by and mark the manner of his teaching.  
*They stand aside*

### Shakescleare Translation

*TRANIO (disguised as LUCENTIO) and HORTENSIO (disguised as LITIO) enter.*

**TRANIO**

[As LUCENTIO] Is it possible, my dear friend Litio, that Bianca could prefer another man over me? I tell you, sir, she's been very friendly towards me.

**HORTENSIO**

[As LITIO] Sir, to prove to you what I've said, stand by right here and watch how this fellow teaches her.

[They stand off to one side]

Enter *BIANCA* and *LUCENTIO* as *CAMBIO*

**LUCENTIO**

(as *CAMBIO*) Now, mistress, profit you in what you read?

**BIANCA**

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

**LUCENTIO**

10 (as *CAMBIO*) I read that I profess, *The Art to Love*.

**BIANCA**

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

**LUCENTIO**

(as *CAMBIO*) While you, sweet dear, prove mistress of my heart!

**HORTENSIO**

15 (as *LITIO*) Quick proceeders, marry! Now, tell me, I pray,  
You that durst swear that your mistress Bianca  
Loved none in the world so well as Lucentio.

**TRANIO**

(as *LUCENTIO*) O spiteful love! Unconstant womankind!  
I tell thee, Litio, this is wonderful!

**HORTENSIO**

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

**TRANIO**

(as *LUCENTIO*) Signior Hortensio, I have often heard  
Of your entire affection to Bianca,  
And since mine eyes are witness of her lightness,  
I will with you, if you be so contented,  
30 Forswear Bianca and her love for ever.

**HORTENSIO**

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

**TRANIO**

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

**HORTENSIO**

40 Would all the world but he had quite forsworn!  
For me, that I may surely keep mine oath,  
I will be married to a wealthy widow,  
Ere three days pass, which hath as long loved me  
As I have loved this proud disdainful haggard.  
And so farewell, Signior Lucentio.  
45 Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks,  
Shall win my love, and so I take my leave,  
In resolution as I swore before.

Exit

*BIANCA* enters with *LUCENTIO* (disguised as *CAMBIO*).

**LUCENTIO**

[As *CAMBIO*] Now, mistress, have you been making progress in your studies?

**BIANCA**

What are you studying, teacher? First answer me that.

**LUCENTIO**

[As *CAMBIO*] I study what I teach—*The Art of Love* .

 "The Art of Love" (*Ars Amandi*) was a book of poetic instructions in seduction and relationship advice by the Roman poet Ovid.

**BIANCA**

And may you prove, sir, to be a master of your art.

**LUCENTIO**

[As *CAMBIO*] While you, sweet dear, prove to be the mistress of my heart!

**HORTENSIO**

[As *LITIO*] How quickly he earns his degree! Now tell me, please, what just happened? I thought you swore that your mistress Bianca loved no one in the world better than Lucentio.

**TRANIO**

[As *LUCENTIO*] Oh spiteful love! Faithless womankind! I tell you, Litio, it's incredible!

**HORTENSIO**

Let me reveal myself. I am not Litio, and not a musician either. I refuse to continue with this disguise for the sake of a woman who would choose a low-class scoundrel over a gentleman like me. Know, sir, that I am called Hortensio.

**TRANIO**

[As *LUCENTIO*] Sir Hortensio, I've often heard of your sincere affection for Bianca, and now that I've seen with my own eyes that she is unfaithful, I will join you, if you like, in rejecting Bianca and her love forever.

**HORTENSIO**

See how they kiss and flirt! Sir Lucentio, take my hand. I firmly vow to stop wooing her forever. I reject her as a woman unworthy of all the time and money I have so foolishly flattered her with.

**TRANIO**

And I now make the same oath, never to marry her even if she begs me. Damn her! See how lustfully she flirts with him!

**HORTENSIO**

I wish all the world but him would reject her, so she'd have only that poor schoolteacher to accept her as a wife! But as for me, I will surely keep my promise. I plan to marry a wealthy widow  before three days have passed. She's been in love with me for as long as I've been pursuing this proud, disdainful vixen. And so farewell, Sir Lucentio. From now on, kindness in women, not their beauty, will win my love. And so I bid you farewell, and am resolved to keep my promise.

 The character of the wealthy widow is introduced here at a favorable moment; it seems to indicate that Hortensio's role has undergone extensive revision.

He exits.

**TRANIO**

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

**BIANCA**

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

**TRANIO**

Mistress, we have.

**LUCENTIO**

Then we are rid of Litio.

**TRANIO**

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

**BIANCA**

God give him joy!

**TRANIO**

Ay, and he'll tame her.

**BIANCA**

He says so, Tranio?

**TRANIO**

60 Faith, he is gone unto the taming school.

**BIANCA**

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

**TRANIO**

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

*Enter BIONDELLO*

**BIONDELLO**

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

**TRANIO**

What is he, Biondello?

**BIONDELLO**

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

**LUCENTIO**

And what of him, Tranio?

**TRANIO**

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

*Exeunt LUCENTIO and BIANCA*

*Enter a MERCHANT*

**MERCHANT**

God save you, sir.

**TRANIO**

Miss Bianca, may you be blessed with all the good fortune  
you deserve! No, I've caught you napping, my dear. Both  
Hortensio and I have rejected you.

**BIANCA**

You're joking, Tranio! But have you both really given me up?

**TRANIO**

Mistress, we have.

**LUCENTIO**

Then we've gotten rid of Litio.

**TRANIO**

Yes, now he'll have a lively widow for himself. He claims  
he'll woo her and marry her in a day.

**BIANCA**

God give him joy!

**TRANIO**

Yes, and he'll tame her.

**BIANCA**

Did he say that, Tranio?

**TRANIO**

Well, he's gone off to the taming school.

**BIANCA**

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

**TRANIO**

Yes, mistress, and Petruchio is the headmaster. He teaches  
suitable tricks<sup>3</sup> to tame a shrew and her chattering  
tongue.

*BIONDELLO enters.*

**BIONDELLO**

Oh master, master, I've been watching for so long that I'm  
dog-tired, but at last I spied a good old fellow coming down  
the hill. He'll work for our needs.

**TRANIO**

Who is he, Biondello?

**BIONDELLO**

Master, I'm not sure if he's a merchant or a schoolmaster,  
but he's well-dressed and looks old and respectable  
enough to be Lucentio's father.

**LUCENTIO**

And what will you do with him, Tranio?

**TRANIO**

If he's gullible and believes my story, then I'll make him  
happy to pretend to be Vincentio and vouch for you to  
Baptista Minola, just as if he were the real Vincentio. Take  
your sweetheart and leave this to me.

*LUCENTIO and BIANCA exit.*

*A MERCHANT enters.*

**MERCHANT**

Hello and God bless you, sir.

 "Eleven and twenty long" refers to a card game, *Thirty-one*, in which the goal is to obtain a hand that equals 31 points.

**TRANIO**

80   (as LUCENTIO )  
And you, sir. You are welcome.  
Travel you far on, or are you at the farthest?

**MERCHANT**

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

**TRANIO**

(as LUCENTIO ) What countryman, I pray?

**MERCHANT**

Of Mantua.

**TRANIO**

(as LUCENTIO ) Of Mantua, sir? Marry, God forbid!  
And come to Padua, careless of your life?

**MERCHANT**

90   My life, sir! how, I pray? For that goes hard.

**TRANIO**

'Tis death for anyone in Mantua  
To come to Padua. Know you not the cause?  
Your ships are stayed at Venice, and the Duke,  
For private quarrel 'twixt your duke and him,  
95   Hath published and proclaimed it openly.  
'Tis marvel, but that you are but newly come,  
You might have heard it else proclaimed about.

**MERCHANT**

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

**TRANIO**

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

**MERCHANT**

Ay, sir, in Pisa have I often been,  
Pisa renowned for grave citizens.  
105

**TRANIO**

(as LUCENTIO ) Among them know you one Vincentio?

**MERCHANT**

I know him not, but I have heard of him:  
A merchant of incomparable wealth.

**TRANIO**

(as LUCENTIO ) He is my father, sir, and sooth to say,  
In count'nce somewhat doth resemble you.  
110

**BIONDELLO**

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

**TRANIO**

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

**TRANIO**

[As LUCENTIO] And you too, sir. Welcome. Are you going  
farther, or is this your destination?

**MERCHANT**

Sir, this is my destination for a week or two, but then I'll go  
on as far as Rome, and then to Tripoli, if God is willing.

**TRANIO**

[As LUCENTIO] Where are you from, if I might ask?

**MERCHANT**

From Mantua.

**TRANIO**

[As LUCENTIO] Mantua, sir? God forbid! And you've come to  
Padua? Are you so careless with your life?

**MERCHANT**

My life, sir! What do you mean? That sounds serious indeed.

**TRANIO**

It's death for anyone from Mantua to come to Padua. Don't  
you know why? The Duke of Padua proclaimed it openly.  
There's a private quarrel between him and your duke, and  
all the ships from Mantua are being impounded in Venice.  
It's amazing that you didn't know, but I guess you just  
arrived. Otherwise you would have heard it proclaimed all  
around town.

**MERCHANT**

Alas, sir, this is bad news for me. I have money orders from  
Florence, and I must deliver them here.

**TRANIO**

[As LUCENTIO] Well, sir, I'll do you a favor, and help you out  
and give you some advice. But first tell me, have you ever  
been to Pisa?

**MERCHANT**

Yes, sir, I've often been to Pisa—Pisa, famous for its serious  
citizens.

**TRANIO**

[As LUCENTIO] Do you know one of those citizens called  
Vincentio?

**MERCHANT**

I don't know him, but I've heard of him: a merchant of  
incomparable wealth.

**TRANIO**

[As LUCENTIO] He is my father, sir, and to be honest, you  
look a little bit like him.

**BIONDELLO**

[To himself] As much as an apple looks like an oyster, but  
that's no matter.

**TRANIO**

[As LUCENTIO] I'll do you this favor for his sake, and to save  
your life in this dangerous situation—indeed, you should  
consider yourself lucky that you resemble Sir Vincentio.  
You'll pretend to be him, assume his name and reputation,  
and stay at my house as a guest. Just make sure that you  
play your part well. Do you understand, sir? This way you  
can stay until you've done your business in the city. If this is  
kindness, then accept it.

If this be court'sy, sir, accept of it.

**MERCHANT**

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

**TRANIO**

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

*Exeunt*

**MERCHANT**

Oh sir, I will, and I'll always consider you the savior of my life and liberty.

**TRANIO**

[As LUCENTIO] Then come with me, and we'll get everything ready. By the way, I should also tell you this: my father is expected here any day now to come vouch for me about a widow's inheritance for my marriage. The marriage contract is between me and the daughter of a man named Baptista, who lives here. I'll instruct you about the rest of the details. Come with me, and I'll get you some new clothes.

*They exit.*

## Act 4, Scene 3

### Shakespeare

*Enter KATHERINE and GRUMIO*

**GRUMIO**

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

**KATHERINE**

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

**GRUMIO**

What say you to a neat's foot?

**KATHERINE**

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

**GRUMIO**

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

**KATHERINE**

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

**GRUMIO**

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

**KATHERINE**

A dish that I do love to feed upon.

**GRUMIO**

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

### Shakescleare Translation

*KATHERINE and GRUMIO enter.*

**GRUMIO**

No, no, I swear, I can't. He'd kill me.

**KATHERINE**

The more I suffer, the angrier he seems to get. What, did he marry me to starve me? Even beggars who come to my father's door get money when they ask for it. If not, they find charity elsewhere. But I, who never learned how to beg and never needed to beg, am starved for food and dizzy with lack of sleep, kept awake by curses and fed only with arguing. And what puzzles me more than all these troubles is that he does it all under the pretense of perfect love. He acts as if I would get sick and die right away if I were to sleep or eat. Please, go and get me some food. I don't care what it is, as long as it's filling.

**GRUMIO**

What do you say to an ox's foot?

**KATHERINE**

It sounds excellent. Please let me have it.

**GRUMIO**

I'm afraid that meat like that is choleric and will make you angry  . What do you say to a fat cow stomach, well-broiled?

**KATHERINE**

I'd like that very much. Good Grumio, bring it to me.

**GRUMIO**

I'm not sure. I'm afraid it's choleric too. What do you say to a piece of beef with mustard?

**KATHERINE**

It's a dish I love to eat.

**GRUMIO**

Yes, but the mustard's a little too hot.

 Grumio once again references the idea that meat could make one "choleric," or angry.

**KATHERINE**

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

**GRUMIO**

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

**KATHERINE**

Then both, or one, or anything thou wilt.

**GRUMIO**

30 Why then, the mustard without the beef.

**KATHERINE**

Go, get thee gone, thou false deluding slave,  
(Beats him)

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

*Enter PETRUCHIO and HORTENSIO with meat*

**PETRUCHIO**

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

**HORTENSIO**

Mistress, what cheer?

**KATHERINE**

Faith, as cold as can be.

**PETRUCHIO**

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

**KATHERINE**

I pray you, let it stand.

**PETRUCHIO**

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

**KATHERINE**

50 I thank you, sir.

**HORTENSIO**

Signior Petruchio, fie, you are to blame.  
Come, mistress Kate, I'll bear you company.

**PETRUCHIO**

(aside to HORTENSIO )  
Eat it up all, Hortensio, if thou lovest me.—  
55 Much good do it unto thy gentle heart.  
Kate, eat apace. And now, my honey love,  
Will we return unto thy father's house  
And revel it as bravely as the best,  
With silken coats and caps and golden rings,  
60 With ruffs and cuffs and farthingales and things,  
With scarves and fans and double change of brav'ry,  
With amber bracelets, beads, and all this knav'ry.  
What, hast thou dined? The tailor stays thy leisure  
To deck thy body with his ruffling treasure.

*Enter TAILOR*

65 Come, tailor, let us see these ornaments.

**KATHERINE**

Why then, the beef, and leave the mustard off.

**GRUMIO**

Certainly not, in that case. You'll have the mustard or else  
you'll get no beef from Grumio.

**KATHERINE**

Then both, or one, or anything you want.

**GRUMIO**

Why then, the mustard without the beef.

**KATHERINE**

Go, get out of here, you false, deceitful slave.

[She beats him] You feed me with only the names of meats.  
A curse on you and the whole pack of you who rejoice in my  
misery! Go, get out of here, I say.

*PETRUCHIO and HORTENSIO enter with a plate of meat.*

**PETRUCHIO**

How is my Kate doing? What, sweetheart, why so dejected?

**HORTENSIO**

Mistress, how are you?

**KATHERINE**

Indeed, I'm as bad as can be.

**PETRUCHIO**

Cheer up. Give me a smile. Here, love, see how diligent I  
am—I've prepared your meat myself, and brought it to you.  
I am sure, sweet Kate, that this kindness deserves your  
thanks. What, not a word? Well, then I guess you don't like  
it, and all my work was for nothing. Here, take away this  
dish.

**KATHERINE**

Please, don't take it away.

**PETRUCHIO**

Even the poorest service is repaid with thanks, and mine  
will be too, before you touch the meat.

**KATHERINE**

I thank you, sir.

**HORTENSIO**

Shame on you, Sir Petruchio, this is your fault. Come,  
mistress Kate, I'll join you.

**PETRUCHIO**

[So only HORTENSIO can hear] Do me a favor and eat it all  
up yourself, Hortensio.—May it do your gentle heart much  
good, Kate. Eat quickly. And now, my honey love, we will  
return to your father's house and party with the best of  
them, with silken coats and caps and golden rings, with  
ruffs and cuffs and petticoats <sup>2</sup> and things, with scarves  
and fans and two sets of fine clothes, with amber bracelets,  
beads, and all such tricks. What, have you finished? The  
tailor is waiting to dress you in ruffled finery.

<sup>2</sup> "Farthingales" were hooped  
petticoats that made the skirt of a  
dress more prominent.

A TAILOR enters.

Come, tailor, let's see what you have. Lay out the gown.

Lay forth the gown.

*Enter HABERDASHER*

What news with you, sir?

**HABERDASHER**

Here is the cap your Worship did bespeak.

**PETRUCHIO**

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

**KATHERINE**

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

**PETRUCHIO**

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

**HORTENSIO**

(aside) That will not be in haste.

**KATHERINE**

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

**PETRUCHIO**

Why, thou say'st true. It is a paltry cap,  
A custard-coffin, a bauble, a silken pie.  
I love thee well in that thou lik'st it not.

**KATHERINE**

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

*Exit HABERDASHER*

**PETRUCHIO**

Thy gown? Why, ay. Come, tailor, let us see 't.  
O mercy, God! What masking stuff is here?  
What's this? A sleeve? 'Tis like a demi-cannon.  
What, up and down, carved like an apple tart?  
Here's snip and nip and cut and slish and slash,  
Like to a censer in a barber's shop.  
Why, what i' devil's name, tailor, call'st thou this?

**HORTENSIO**

(aside) I see she's like to have neither cap nor gown.

**TAILOR**

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

**PETRUCHIO**

Marry, and did. But if you be remembered,  
I did not bid you mar it to the time.  
Go, hop me over every kennel home,

*A HATMAKER enters.*

What do you want, sir?

**HABERDASHER**

Here is the cap your Worship asked for.

**PETRUCHIO**

Why, this must have been modeled on a porridge bowl! It's like a velvet dish! For shame, for shame, it's worthless and filthy! Why, it's like a cockleshell or a walnut shell, a knickknack, a trifle, a baby's cap. Take it away! Come, let me see a bigger one.

**KATHERINE**

I don't want a bigger one. This one agrees with the present fashion, and all gentlewomen wear caps <sup>3</sup> like this.

<sup>3</sup> During this time, married women would wear a hat both outside and in the house, while unmarried women did not wear hats.

**PETRUCHIO**

Well, when you are gentle you can have one too, and not before.

**HORTENSIO**

(To himself) That won't be anytime soon.

**KATHERINE**

Why, sir, I trust that I'm allowed to speak, and speak I will. I am not a child or an infant. Better men than you have heard me speak my mind, and if you cannot endure it, then you'd better stop up your ears. My tongue must express the anger of my heart, or else my heart will burst from trying to contain it all. So I will speak as freely as I like, no matter what.

**PETRUCHIO**

Why, you're right. It is a puny little cap, a tart crust <sup>4</sup>, a plaything, a silken pie. I love you more for not liking it.

<sup>4</sup> "Custard coffin" was refers to the crust around a custard, which here indicates a type of pie with pieces of fruit or meat and covered with broth or milk.

**KATHERINE**

Whether you love me or love me not, I like the cap, and I will have it, or I'll have nothing.

*The HATMAKER exits.*

**PETRUCHIO**

Now, your gown? Why, yes. Come, tailor, let us see it. God have mercy! What is this costume? What's this, a sleeve? It's more like a cannon. What, you've carved it like an apple tart all over? A snip here and a nip there, a cut here and a slash there—it's like a sieve! What in the hell do you call this, tailor?

**HORTENSIO**

(To himself) I see that she's likely to have neither a cap nor a gown.

**TAILOR**

You told me to make it properly and well, according to the current fashions.

**PETRUCHIO**

Indeed I did. But if you remember, I didn't tell you to make it a mockery of the current fashions. Go on, hop on home, for you must hop without my money, sir. I want nothing to

For you shall hop without my custom, sir.  
I'll none of it. Hence, make your best of it.

**KATHERINE**

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

**PETRUCHIO**

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

**TAILOR**

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

**PETRUCHIO**

O monstrous arrogance! Thou liest, thou thread, thou  
thimble,  
Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter, nail!  
115 Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter cricket thou!  
Braved in mine own house with a skein of thread?  
Away, thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant,  
Or I shall so be-mete thee with thy yard  
As thou shalt think on prating whilst thou liv'st!

120 I tell thee, I, that thou hast marred her gown.

**TAILOR**

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

**GRUMIO**

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

**TAILOR**

125 But how did you desire it should be made?

**GRUMIO**

Marry, sir, with needle and thread.

**TAILOR**

But did you not request to have it cut?

**GRUMIO**

Thou hast faced many things.

**TAILOR**

I have.

**GRUMIO**

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

**TAILOR**

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

*Holds up a paper*

**PETRUCHIO**

135 Read it.

**GRUMIO**

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

**TAILOR**

(reads) "Imprimis, a loose-bodied gown—"

do with this. Get out of here, and do whatever you want  
with it.

**KATHERINE**

I never saw a better-made gown, or one more elegant,  
pleasing, and praiseworthy. It seems like you're trying to  
make a plaything out of me.

**PETRUCHIO**

Why, exactly! That tailor intends to make a plaything out of  
you.

**TAILOR**

She says *you*, your Worship, intend to make a plaything out  
of her.

**PETRUCHIO**

Oh monstrous arrogance! You lie, you thread, you thimble,  
you puny measurement! You flea, you louse egg, you winter  
cricket! Defied in my own house by a spool of thread? Away  
with you, you rag, you fragment, you remnant, or I'll use  
your own yardstick against you until you think twice about  
talking again for the rest of your life! I tell you that you've  
ruined her gown.

**TAILOR**

Your Worship is deceived. The gown is made just as my  
master directed me to make it. Grumio gave the order for  
how it should be done.

**GRUMIO**

I gave him no order. I gave him the material.

**TAILOR**

But how did you want it to be made?

**GRUMIO**

Well, sir, with needle and thread.

**TAILOR**

But didn't you want to have it cut, too?

**GRUMIO**

You've faced 5 many things, haven't you?

5 "Faced" could also mean  
"trimmed."

**TAILOR**

I have.

**GRUMIO**

Well don't try to face off with me. You have braved many  
men, but don't try to brave me 6. I tell you, I asked your  
master to cut out the gown, but I didn't ask him to cut it to  
pieces. Therefore, you're a liar.

6 To "brave" means both to "dress  
in fine clothes" and to "defy."

**TAILOR**

Why, here is the order as evidence.

*He holds up a paper.*

**PETRUCHIO**

Read it.

**GRUMIO**

The note is a low note and a liar, if it says I said so.

**TAILOR**

(Reading) "First, a loose-bodied gown—"

**GRUMIO**

Master, if ever I said "loose-bodied gown," sew me in the skirts of it, and beat me to death with a ball of brown thread. I said "a gown."

140

**PETRUCHIO**

Proceed.

**TAILOR**

(reads) "With a small-compassed cape—"

**GRUMIO**

I confess the cape.

**TAILOR**

(reads) "With a trunk sleeve—"

**GRUMIO**

145 I confess two sleeves.

**TAILOR**

(reads) "The sleeves curiously cut."

**PETRUCHIO**

Ay, there's the villany.

**GRUMIO**

Error i' the bill, sir, error i' the bill! I commanded the sleeves should be cut out and sewed up again, and 150 that I'll prove upon thee, though thy little finger be armed in a thimble.

**TAILOR**

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

**GRUMIO**

155 I am for thee straight. Take thou the bill, give me thy mete-yard, and spare not me.

**HORTENSIO**

God-a-mercy, Grumio! Then he shall have no odds.

**PETRUCHIO**

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

**GRUMIO**

You are i' the right, sir, 'tis for my mistress.

**PETRUCHIO**

Go, take it up unto thy master's use.

**GRUMIO**

160 Villain, not for thy life! Take up my mistress' gown for thy master's use!

**PETRUCHIO**

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

**GRUMIO**

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

165

**PETRUCHIO**

(aside) Hortensio, say thou wilt see the tailor paid.  
(to TAILOR ) Go, take it hence. Begone, and say no more.

**GRUMIO**

Master, if I ever said "loose-bodied gown" , you can sew me into the skirts of it and beat me to death with a ball of brown thread. I said "a gown."

 Loose-bodied gowns were fashionable at the time, but were also worn by prostitutes. The point is that there is nothing wrong with the gown, but Grumio makes it seem scandalous.

**PETRUCHIO**

Go on.

**TAILOR**

[Reading] "With a flared half-circle cape—"

**GRUMIO**

I admit to ordering the cape.

**TAILOR**

[Reading] "With a large, wide sleeve—"

**GRUMIO**

I admit to two sleeves.

**TAILOR**

[Reading] "The sleeves elaborately cut."

**PETRUCHIO**

Ah, there's the problem.

**GRUMIO**

Error in the bill, sir, error in the bill! I said that the sleeves should be cut out and sewed up again, and I'll prove it by defeating you in combat, even if your little finger is armed with a thimble.

**TAILOR**

What I say is the truth: and if I had you in the right place, I'd prove it to you.

**GRUMIO**

I'm ready for you right now. You take the bill , give me the yardstick, and do your worst!

 He means the bill ordering the gown, but "bill" was also a word for a weapon called a halberd.

**HORTENSIO**

God have mercy, Grumio! Then he'll have no chance.

**PETRUCHIO**

Well, sir, in conclusion, the gown is not for me.

**GRUMIO**

You're right, sir. It's for my mistress.

**PETRUCHIO**

Go, take it away and let your master use it however he wants.

**GRUMIO**

Villain, not on your life! Take off my mistress's gown for your master's use!

**PETRUCHIO**

Why, sir, what do you mean by that?

**GRUMIO**

Oh, sir, the meaning is deeper than you think. Take off my mistress's gown for his master's use! Oh, shameful, shameful, shameful!

**PETRUCHIO**

[So only HORTENSIO can hear] Hortensio, tell the tailor that you'll make sure he gets paid.

**HORTENSIO**

(aside to TAILOR) Tailor, I'll pay thee for thy gown tomorrow.

170 Take no unkindness of his hasty words.  
Away, I say. Command me to thy master.

*Exit TAILOR*

**PETRUCHIO**

Well, come, my Kate. We will unto your father's Even in these honest mean habiliments. Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor, 175 For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich, And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds, So honor peereth in the meanest habit. What, is the jay more precious than the lark Because his feathers are more beautiful? 180 Or is the adder better than the eel Because his painted skin contents the eye? Oh, no, good Kate. Neither art thou the worse For this poor furniture and mean array. If thou account'st it shame, lay it on me, 185 And therefore frolic! We will henceforth To feast and sport us at thy father's house. (to GRUMIO) Go, call my men, and let us straight to him, And bring our horses unto Long Lane end. 190 There will we mount, and thither walk on foot. Let's see, I think 'tis now some seven o'clock, And well we may come there by dinnertime.

**KATHERINE**

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

**PETRUCHIO**

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

**HORTENSIO**

200 (aside) Why, so this gallant will command the sun.

*Exeunt*

[To TAILOR] Go, take it away. Be gone, and don't say anything more.

**HORTENSIO**

[So only the TAILOR can hear] Tailor, I'll pay you for your gown tomorrow. Don't take his rudeness to heart. Go then, I say. Give my regards to your master.

*The TAILOR exits.*

**PETRUCHIO**

Well, come on then, my Kate. We'll just go on to your father's house dressed in our plain, respectable clothes. Our purses will be proud and our clothes will be poor. It's the mind that makes the body rich, after all, and just as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds, so honor can be seen through even the lowliest attire. What, is the jay more precious than the lark because his feathers are more beautiful? Or is the poisonous snake better than the eel because his patterned scales please the eye? Certainly not, good Kate. Therefore you aren't any less precious because of your poor clothes and lowly attire. If you consider it shameful, then lay the shame on me. So cheer up! We will go now to feast and party at your father's house.

[To GRUMIO] Go, call my men, and let's go right away. And bring our horses to the end of Long Lane. We'll walk there on foot and then mount up. Let's see, I think it's now about seven o'clock, so we might get there by lunchtime.

**KATHERINE**

I dare say, sir, that it's almost two, and it will be dinnertime before we get there.

**PETRUCHIO**

It will be seven o'clock before I'll get on any horse. Whatever I say, or do, or think, you are still contradicting it. Sirs, never mind. I won't go today. I won't go until it is the time that I say it is.

**HORTENSIO**

[To himself] Why, this gentleman wants to command even the sun.

*They all exit.*

## Act 4, Scene 4

### Shakespeare

Enter TRANIO as LUCENTIOMERCHANT booted and dressed like VINCENTIO

**TRANIO**

(as LUCENTIO) Sir, this is the house. Please it you that I call?

**MERCHANT**

Ay, what else? and but I be deceived, Signior Baptista may remember me, 5 Near twenty years ago, in Genoa, Where we were lodgers at the Pegasus.

### Shakescleare Translation

TRANIO (disguised as LUCENTIO) enters with the MERCHANT, who is dressed like VINCENTIO.

**TRANIO**

[As LUCENTIO] Sir, this is the house. Do you want me to knock?

**MERCHANT**

Yes, of course. Unless I'm mistaken, Sir Baptista might remember me, Sir Vincentio, from when we both stayed at the Pegasus in Genoa nearly twenty years ago.

**TRANIO**

(as LUCENTIO) 'Tis well; and hold your own, in any case,  
With such austerity as 'longeth to a father.

**MERCHANT**

10 I warrant you.

*Enter BIONDELLO*

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

**TRANIO**

(as LUCENTIO) Fear you not him.—Sirrah Biondello,  
Now do your duty thoroughly, I advise you.  
15 Imagine 'twere the right Vincentio.

**BIONDELLO**

Tut, fear not me.

**TRANIO**

(as LUCENTIO) But hast thou done thy errand to  
Baptista?

**BIONDELLO**

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

**TRANIO**

(as LUCENTIO) Thou'rt a tall fellow. Hold thee that to  
drink.  
*Gives money*

*Enter BAPTISTA and LUCENTIO*

Here comes Baptista. Set your countenance, sir.

*MERCHANT takes off his cap*

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

**MERCHANT**

30 (as VINCENTIO) Soft son.—  
Sir, by your leave, having come to Padua  
To gather in some debts, my son Lucentio  
Made me acquainted with a weighty cause  
Of love between your daughter and himself.  
35 And, for the good report I hear of you  
And for the love he beareth to your daughter  
And she to him, to stay him not too long,  
I am content, in a good father's care,  
To have him matched. And if you please to like  
40 No worse than I, upon some agreement  
Me shall you find ready and willing  
With one consent to have her so bestowed,  
For curious I cannot be with you,  
Signior Baptista, of whom I hear so well.

**BAPTISTA**

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

**TRANIO**

[As LUCENTIO] Very good. Now keep playing your part, and act as respectable as a father should.

**MERCHANT**

I swear I will.

*BIONDELLO enters.*

But sir, here comes your boy. He needs to learn his lines.

**TRANIO**

[As LUCENTIO] Don't worry about him.—Biondello, boy,  
now play your part well. Imagine this is the real Vincentio.

**BIONDELLO**

Ha, don't worry about me.

**TRANIO**

[As LUCENTIO] But have you delivered the message to  
Baptista?

**BIONDELLO**

I told him that your father was in Venice, and that you  
expected him in Padua today.

**TRANIO**

[As LUCENTIO] You're a fine fellow. Here, have a drink on  
me.

[He gives BIONDELLO some money]

*BAPTISTA and LUCENTIO enter.*

Here comes Baptista. Look appropriately serious, sir.

*The MERCHANT takes off his cap.*

Sir Baptista, it's good to see you.—

[To the MERCHANT] Sir, this is the gentleman I told you  
about. Please, be a good father to me now. Give me Bianca  
for my inheritance.

**MERCHANT**

[As VINCENTIO] Quiet, son.—Sir, if I may—having come to  
Padua to collect some debts, my son Lucentio made me  
aware of the deep love between your daughter and himself.  
Because of the good reports I've heard about you, and for  
the sake of the love between your daughter and my son, I  
won't delay—I am glad to have him matched. And if you  
also approve of the marriage, then you'll find me ready and  
willing to consent to your daughter's betrothal. I won't be  
fussy about details with you, Sir Baptista, for I respect you.

**BAPTISTA**

Sir, pardon me for what I have to say. I like your plainness  
and honesty. It is indeed true that your son Lucentio here  
loves my daughter, and she loves him—unless they're both  
good at pretending. Therefore, if you have nothing else to  
say, and agree that you will treat your son as a father should  
and settle on a sufficient widow's inheritance for my  
daughter, then the match is made, and all's done. Your son  
will marry my daughter with my consent.

The match is made, and all is done.  
Your son shall have my daughter with consent.

**TRANIO**

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

**BAPTISTA**

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

**TRANIO**

(as LUCENTIO ) Then at my lodging, an it like you.  
There doth my father lie, and there this night  
65 We'll pass the business privately and well.  
Send for your daughter by your servant here.  
My boy shall fetch the scrivener presently.  
The worst is this, that at so slender warning  
You are like to have a thin and slender pittance.

**BAPTISTA**

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

*Exit LUCENTIO*

**BIONDELLO**

75 I pray the gods she may, with all my heart!

**TRANIO**

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

**BAPTISTA**

I follow you.

*Exeunt TRANIO, MERCHANT, and BAPTISTA*

**BIONDELLO**

Cambio.

**LUCENTIO**

What sayest thou, Biondello?

**BIONDELLO**

You saw my master wink and laugh upon you?

**LUCENTIO**

85 Biondello, what of that?

**BIONDELLO**

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

**LUCENTIO**

I pray thee, moralize them.

**BIONDELLO**

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

**TRANIO**

[As LUCENTIO] I thank you, sir. Where is the best place to  
draw up the necessary papers and settle this matter?

**BAPTISTA**

Not in my house, Lucentio, for you know that I have many  
servants who might eavesdrop, and "little pitchers have big  
ears," as they say. Besides, old Gremio is always hanging  
around and listening, so we might be interrupted.

**TRANIO**

[As LUCENTIO] Then let's go to my lodging, if you'd like.  
That's where my father is staying, and tonight we can  
complete our transactions privately there. Send your  
servant for Bianca. My boy will fetch the notary right away.  
The only bad thing is that with such short notice, we'll only  
be able to offer you a small meal.

**BAPTISTA**

That sounds good to me.—Cambio, hurry home and tell  
Bianca to get ready right away. And, if you want to, tell her  
what has happened: Lucentio's father has come to Padua,  
and now she's likely to be Lucentio's wife.

*LUCENTIO exits.*

**BIONDELLO**

With all my heart I pray to the gods that she will!

**TRANIO**

[As LUCENTIO] Don't worry about the gods. Go on about  
your business.—Signor Baptista, should I lead the way?  
Welcome! We'll only have one course to feed you, but we'll  
make up for it in Pisa. Come, sir.

**BAPTISTA**

I'll follow you.

*TRANIO, the MERCHANT, and BAPTISTA exit.*

**BIONDELLO**

Cambio.

**LUCENTIO**

What is it, Biondello?

**BIONDELLO**

Did you see my master winking and laughing at you?

**LUCENTIO**

What about it, Biondello?

**BIONDELLO**

Well, nothing. But he left me behind to explain the meaning  
of his signs and signals.

**LUCENTIO**

Please, explain them.

**BIONDELLO**

It's like this: Baptista is safely taken care of. He's talking  
with the pretend father of the pretend son.

**LUCENTIO**

And what of him?

**BIONDELLO**

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

**LUCENTIO**

And then?

**BIONDELLO**

The old priest at Saint Luke's Church is at your command at all hours.

95

**LUCENTIO**

And what of all this?

**BIONDELLO**

I cannot tell, except they are busied about a counterfeit assurance. Take you assurance of her cum privilegio ad imprimendum solum. To th' church take the priest, clerk, and some sufficient honest witnesses.  
100 If this be not that you look for, I have no more to say,  
But bid Bianca farewell forever and a day.

**LUCENTIO**

Hear'st thou, Biondello?

**BIONDELLO**

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

*Exit***LUCENTIO**

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

*Exit***LUCENTIO**

And what else?

**BIONDELLO**

You're to bring his daughter to dinner.

**LUCENTIO**

And then?

**BIONDELLO**

The old priest at Saint Luke's Church is at your service at all hours.

**LUCENTIO**

And what of all this?

**BIONDELLO**

I'm not sure, except that they are busy with some fake marriage contract. Go get your exclusive rights to that girl. Go to the church and take a priest, a clerk, and some honest-enough witnesses. If this isn't what you've been waiting for, then I have nothing more to say—but bid Bianca farewell forever.

**LUCENTIO**

Do you hear, Biondello—

**BIONDELLO**

I can't linger. I once knew a girl who was married in the afternoon as she went out to the garden to look for parsley to stuff a rabbit. It may happen to you too, sir. And so farewell, sir. My master instructed me to go to Saint Luke's and tell the priest to be ready in anticipation of your arrival with your better half.

*He exits.***LUCENTIO**

I may, and I will, if she agrees. She will be pleased. Then why am I doubtful? What will be will be. I'll just be honest and straightforward with her. But it will be hard for "Cambio" if he loses her.

*He exits.*

## Act 4, Scene 5

### Shakespeare

*Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHERINE, HORTENSIO and Servants*

**PETRUCHIO**

Come on, i' God's name, once more toward our father's. Good Lord, how bright and goodly shines the moon!

**KATHERINE**

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

**PETRUCHIO**

I say it is the moon that shines so bright.

**KATHERINE**

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

### Shakescleare Translation

*PETRUCHIO, KATHERINE, HORTENSIO, and servants enter.*

**PETRUCHIO**

Come on, in God's name, let's continue on to your father's house. Good Lord, the moon is so bright and beautiful tonight!

**KATHERINE**

The moon? That's the sun! There's no moonlight now.

**PETRUCHIO**

I say it's the moon that shines so bright.

**KATHERINE**

5 I know it's the sun that shines so bright.

**PETRUCHIO**

Now, by my mother's son, and that's myself,  
It shall be moon, or star, or what I list,  
Or e'er I journey to your father's house.  
(to servants) Go on, and fetch our horses back again.—  
10 Evermore crossed and crossed, nothing but crossed!

**HORTENSIO**

(to KATHERINE) Say as he says, or we shall never go.

**KATHERINE**

Forward, I pray, since we have come so far,  
And be it moon, or sun, or what you please.  
An if you please to call it a rush candle,  
15 Henceforth I vow it shall be so for me.

**PETRUCHIO**

I say it is the moon.

**KATHERINE**

I know it is the moon.

**PETRUCHIO**

Nay, then you lie. It is the blessed sun.

**KATHERINE**

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

**HORTENSIO**

Petruchio, go thy ways; the field is won.

**PETRUCHIO**

25 Well, forward, forward! Thus the bowl should run,  
And not unluckily against the bias.  
But, soft! Company is coming here.

*Enter VINCENTIO*

(to VINCENTIO)

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

**HORTENSIO**

(aside) He will make the man mad, to make a woman of him.

**KATHERINE**

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

**PETRUCHIO**

Now, I swear by my mother's son, and that's myself, it will  
be the moon, or a star, or whatever I want it to be before I'll  
journey on to your father's house.

[To servants] Go on, bring our horses back again.—I'm  
constantly contradicted and contradicted, nothing but  
contradicted!

**HORTENSIO**

[To KATHERINE] Say what he wants you to say, or we'll  
never go.

**KATHERINE**

Let's keep going, please, since we've come so far already.  
And it can be the moon, or the sun, or whatever you like. If  
you want to call it a tea candle, then I swear it will be a tea  
candle to me from now on.

**PETRUCHIO**

I say it is the moon .

 Interestingly, women were often associated with the moon for their "inconstant" nature and changeability.

**KATHERINE**

I know it is the moon.

**PETRUCHIO**

No, you're a liar. It's the blessed sun.

**KATHERINE**

Then God be blessed, it's the blessed sun. But it's not the  
sun when you say it isn't, and the moon changes with your  
mind  . Whatever you name it, that's what the thing is,  
and so it will always be for Katherine.

 Katherine is submitting to Petruchio and agreeing with him, but also subtly mocking him. Lunatics were thought to be controlled by the changes of the moon, and here she associates Petruchio's fickle egotism with insanity and the moon.

**HORTENSIO**

Petruchio, let's go on. You've won the war.

**PETRUCHIO**

Well, forward, forward then! This is how things should go,  
smooth and straight. But wait! Someone's coming.

*VINCENTIO enters.*

[To VINCENTIO] Good morning, gentle mistress, where are  
you off to?—Tell me, sweet Kate, and be honest, have you  
ever seen a prettier, healthier-looking young lady? See how  
the shades of white and red do battle with each other in her  
cheeks! And what stars in heaven sparkle with as much  
beauty as the two eyes in that heavenly face?—Fair lovely  
maid, once more I say good day to you.—Sweet Kate,  
embrace her for her beauty's sake.

**HORTENSIO**

[To himself] He'll make the man go crazy, pretending that  
he's a woman.

**KATHERINE**

Young budding virgin, fair and fresh and sweet, where are  
you off to, and where is your home? Happy are the parents  
of such a fair child. And happier the man whose destiny is to  
share your bed!

**PETRUCHIO**

Why, how now, Kate! I hope thou art not mad.  
 45 This is a man—old, wrinkled, faded, withered—  
 And not a maiden, as thou say'st he is.

**KATHERINE**

Pardon, old father, my mistaking eyes  
 That have been so bedazzled with the sun  
 That everything I look on seemeth green.  
 50 Now I perceive thou art a reverend father.  
 Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad mistaking.

**PETRUCHIO**

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

**VINCENTIO**

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

**PETRUCHIO**

60 What is his name?

**VINCENTIO**

Lucentio, gentle sir.

**PETRUCHIO**

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

**VINCENTIO**

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

**HORTENSIO**

I do assure thee, father, so it is.

**PETRUCHIO**

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

*Exeunt all but HORTENSIO*

**HORTENSIO**

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

*Exit*

**PETRUCHIO**

Why, what's going on, Kate! I hope you haven't gone crazy.  
 This is a man—old, wrinkled, faded, and withered—not a  
 girl, as you say he is.

**KATHERINE**

Pardon me, sir! My eyes were so blinded by the sun that  
 everything I see looks young and fresh. But now I can see  
 that you're a respectable old gentleman. Pardon me,  
 please, for my crazy mistake.

**PETRUCHIO**

Do pardon her, good old grandfather, and also tell us which  
 way you're traveling. If you're going the same way we are,  
 we'd be glad to have your company.

**VINCENTIO**

Well, fair sir, and you, my cheerful mistress, you've  
 surprised me with your strange behavior, but know that my  
 name is Vincentio, my home is Pisa, and I am headed for  
 Padua. I'm going to visit my son who I haven't seen in a long  
 time.

**PETRUCHIO**

What is his name?

**VINCENTIO**

Lucentio, gentle sir.

**PETRUCHIO**

What a happy coincidence, and even happier for your son. I  
 can now call you "father" legally, and not just as a term of  
 respect for your age. This gentlewoman here is my wife, and  
 her sister is now married to your son. Don't be amazed or  
 upset. His wife has a good reputation, a wealthy dowry, and  
 a noble bloodline. She has all the qualities that would make  
 her a worthy spouse for any noble gentleman. Now let me  
 embrace you, Vincentio, and then we'll go out of our way to  
 see your honest son. He'll be overjoyed at your coming.

**VINCENTIO**

But is all this true? Or are you just having fun, like silly  
 travelers, and playing jokes on people you meet along the  
 way?

**HORTENSIO**

I assure you, father, it's true.

**PETRUCHIO**

Come along with us and you'll see the truth for yourself, if  
 our initial joke has made you suspicious.

*Everyone exits except for HORTENSIO.*

**HORTENSIO**

Well, Petruchio, this has been encouraging to me. I'll go to  
 my widow now, and if she's stubborn, you've taught me  
 how to tame her—by being even more difficult than she is.

*He exits.*

## Act 5, Scene 1

### Shakespeare

### Shakescleare Translation

*Enter BIONDELLO, LUCENTIO, and BIANCA. GREMIO is out before*

**BIONDELLO**

Softly and swiftly, sir, for the priest is ready.

**LUCENTIO**

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

*Exit LUCENTIO with BIANCA*

**BIONDELLO**

5 Nay, faith, I'll see the church a' your back, and then come back to my master's as soon as I can.

*Exit*

**GREMIO**

I marvel Cambio comes not all this while.

*Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHERINE, VINCENTIO and GRUMIO with Attendants*

**PETRUCHIO**

Sir, here's the door. This is Lucentio's house.  
My father's bears more toward the marketplace.

10 Thither must I, and here I leave you, sir.

**VINCENTIO**

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

*Knocks*

**GREMIO**

They're busy within. You were best knock louder.

*MERCHANT looks out of the window*

**MERCHANT**

15 (as VINCENTIO) What's he that knocks as he would beat down the gate?

**VINCENTIO**

Is Signior Lucentio within, sir?

**MERCHANT**

(as VINCENTIO) He's within, sir, but not to be spoken withal.

**VINCENTIO**

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

**MERCHANT**

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

**PETRUCHIO**

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

**MERCHANT**

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

*BIONDELLO, LUCENTIO, and BIANCA enter. GREMIO is already onstage, and doesn't see them.*

**BIONDELLO**

Quietly and quickly, sir. The priest is ready.

**LUCENTIO**

I'm hurrying, Biondello. But they might need you at home, so you go back.

*LUCENTIO and BIANCA exit.*

**BIONDELLO**

No, I'll see you safely to the church, and then I'll hurry back to my master's.

*He exits.*

**GREMIO**

I'm surprised Cambio hasn't come by all this time.

*PETRUCHIO, KATHERINE, VINCENTIO, and GRUMIO enter, with attendants.*

**PETRUCHIO**

Sir, here's the door. This is Lucentio's house. My father-in-law's house lies closer to the marketplace. That's where I'm off to, and here I leave you, sir.

**VINCENTIO**

You must have a drink before you go. I think I can welcome you on my son's behalf, and it's likely that some entertainment is being prepared anyway.

*He knocks.*

**GREMIO**

They're busy inside. You'd better knock louder.

*The MERCHANT looks out the window.*

**MERCHANT**

[As VINCENTIO] Who's that trying to break down the door?

**VINCENTIO**

Is Sir Lucentio inside, sir?

**MERCHANT**

[As VINCENTIO] He's inside, sir, but he can't be bothered right now.

**VINCENTIO**

What if a man were to bring him a couple hundred pounds to have fun with?

**MERCHANT**

[As VINCENTIO] Keep your hundred pounds to yourself. He won't need anything as long as I'm alive.

**PETRUCHIO**

[As VINCENTIO] See, I told you your son was well-loved in Padua.—

[To the MERCHANT] Do you hear me, sir? Jokes aside, please tell Sir Lucentio that his father has come from Pisa and is here at the door to speak with him.

**MERCHANT**

[As VINCENTIO] You are lying. His father has already come to Padua, and here he is looking out the window.

**VINCENTIO**

Art thou his father?

**MERCHANT**

(as VINCENTIO) Ay, sir, so his mother says, if I may believe her.

**PETRUCHIO**

(to VINCENTIO) Why, how now, gentleman! Why, this is flat knavery to take upon you another man's name.

35

**MERCHANT**

(as VINCENTIO) Lay hands on the villain. I believe he means to cozen somebody in this city under my countenance.

*Enter BIONDELLO*

**BIONDELLO**

(aside) I have seen them in the church together. God send 'em good shipping! But who is here? Mine old master Vincentio! Now we are undone and brought to nothing.

40

**VINCENTIO**

(to BIONDELLO) Come hither, crack-hemp.

**BIONDELLO**

Hope I may choose, sir.

**VINCENTIO**

Come hither, you rogue! What, have you forgot me?

45

**BIONDELLO**

Forgot you! No, sir. I could not forget you, for I never saw you before in all my life.

**VINCENTIO**

What, you notorious villain, didst thou never see thy master's father, Vincentio?

50

**BIONDELLO**

What, my old worshipful old master? Yes, marry, sir. See where he looks out of the window.

**VINCENTIO**

Is 't so, indeed.

*Beats BIONDELLO*

**BIONDELLO**

Help, help, help! Here's a madman will murder me.

*Exit*

**MERCHANT**

(as VINCENTIO) Help, son! Help, Signior Baptista!

*Exit from above*

**PETRUCHIO**

Prithee, Kate, let's stand aside and see the end of this controversy.

55

*They retire*

*Enter MERCHANT below, TRANIO, BAPTISTA and Servants*

**VINCENTIO**

Are you his father?

**MERCHANT**

[As VINCENTIO] Yes, sir, or so his mother tells me, if I can believe her.

**PETRUCHIO**

[To VINCENTIO] Why, what's going on? This is downright criminal, to take on another man's name!

**MERCHANT**

[As VINCENTIO] Arrest the villain. I believe he means to cheat someone in this city while pretending to be me.

*BIONDELLO enters.*

**BIONDELLO**

[To himself] Now I've seen them go into the church together. May God give them a good marriage! But who's this here? My old master Vincentio! Now everything's ruined! It was all for nothing.

**VINCENTIO**

[To BIONDELLO] Come here, you villain.

**BIONDELLO**

I don't have to obey you, sir.

**VINCENTIO**

Come here, you rogue! What, have you forgotten me?

**BIONDELLO**

Forgotten you! No, sir. I could not forget you, for I've never seen you before in my life.

**VINCENTIO**

What, you foul villain, did you never see your master's father, Vincentio?

**BIONDELLO**

What, my respectable old master? Yes, of course, sir. There he is, looking out of the window.

**VINCENTIO**

Is that so.

*He beats BIONDELLO.*

**BIONDELLO**

Help, help, help! There's a madman trying to murder me!

*He exits.*

**MERCHANT**

[As VINCENTIO] Help, son! Help, Sir Baptista!

*He exits from above.*

**PETRUCHIO**

Come on, Kate, let's stand aside and see how all this chaos turns out.

*They draw back.*

*The MERCHANT enters below, with TRANIO (as LUCENTIO), BAPTISTA, and servants.*

**TRANIO**

(as LUCENTIO) Sir, what are you that offer to beat my servant?

**VINCENTIO**

What am I, sir! Nay, what are you, sir? O immortal gods! O fine villain! A silken doublet, a velvet hose, a scarlet cloak, and a copatain hat! Oh, I am undone, I am undone! While I play the good husband at home, my son and my servant spend all at the university.

**TRANIO**

(as LUCENTIO) How now, what's the matter?

**BAPTISTA**

What, is the man lunatic?

**TRANIO**

(as LUCENTIO) Sir, you seem a sober ancient gentleman by your habit, but your words show you a madman. Why, sir, what 'cerns it you if I wear pearl and gold? I thank my good father I am able to maintain it.

**VINCENTIO**

Thy father! O villain! He is a sailmaker in Bergamo.

**BAPTISTA**

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

**VINCENTIO**

His name! As if I knew not his name! I have brought him up ever since he was three years old, and his name is Tranio.

75

**MERCHANT**

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

**VINCENTIO**

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

80

**TRANIO**

(as LUCENTIO) Call forth an officer.

*Enter an Officer*

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

85

**VINCENTIO**

Carry me to the jail?

**GREMIO**

Stay, officer. He shall not go to prison.

**BAPTISTA**

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

**GREMIO**

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

90

**MERCHANT**

(as VINCENTIO) Swear, if thou daarest.

**TRANIO**

[As LUCENTIO] Sir, who are you that you would presume to beat my servant?

**VINCENTIO**

Who am I, sir! No, who are you, sir? By the immortal gods! Oh, you complete villain! A silken jacket, velvet hose, a scarlet cloak, and a tall hat! Oh, I'm ruined, I'm ruined! While I played the thrifty father at home, my son and my servant have spent all my money at university.

**TRANIO**

[As LUCENTIO] What's going on, what's the matter?

**BAPTISTA**

What, is the man a lunatic?

**TRANIO**

[As LUCENTIO] Sir, from your clothes you seem to be a wise, respectable old gentleman, but your words show you to be a madman. Why, sir, what is it to you if I should wear pearls and gold? Thanks to my good father, I can afford it.

**VINCENTIO**

Your father! Oh you villain! Your father is a sailmaker in Bergamo.

**BAPTISTA**

You're mistaken, sir, you're mistaken. Please tell me, what do you think his name is?

**VINCENTIO**

His name! As if I didn't know his name! I raised him ever since he was three years old, and his name is Tranio.

**MERCHANT**

[As VINCENTIO] Away with you, mad fool! His name is Lucentio, my only son, and heir to all the lands owned by me, Vincentio.

**VINCENTIO**

Lucentio! Oh, he's murdered his master! Arrest him, I charge you in the Duke's name. Oh my son, my son! Tell me, you villain, where is my son Lucentio?

**TRANIO**

[As LUCENTIO] Call an officer.

*An Officer enters.*

Take this mad fool to jail.—Father Baptista, make sure that he's ready to appear in court when he's called.

**VINCENTIO**

Take me to jail?

**GREMIO**

Wait, officer. He won't go to prison.

**BAPTISTA**

Be quiet, Sir Gremio. I say he will go to prison.

**GREMIO**

Be careful, Sir Baptista, or else you'll be tricked by this business. I would dare to swear that this is the real Vincentio.

**MERCHANT**

[As VINCENTIO] Swear, if you dare.

**GREMIO**

Nay, I dare not swear it.

**TRANIO**

(as LUCENTIO) Then thou wert best say that I am not Lucentio.

**GREMIO**

95 Yes, I know thee to be Signior Lucentio.

**BAPTISTA**

Away with the dotard! To the jail with him!

**VINCENTIO**

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

*Enter BIONDELLO with LUCENTIO, BIANCA*

**BIONDELLO**

100 O! We are spoiled and yonder he is! Deny him, forswear him, or else we are all undone.

*Exeunt BIONDELLO, TRANIO and MERCHANT as fast as may be*

*LUCENTIO, and BIANCA kneel*

**LUCENTIO**

Pardon, sweet father.

**VINCENTIO**

Lives my sweet son?

**BIANCA**

Pardon, dear father.

**BAPTISTA**

How hast thou offended? Where is Lucentio?

**LUCENTIO**

105 Here's Lucentio, right son to the right Vincentio, That have by marriage made thy daughter mine While counterfeit supposes bleared thine eyne.

**GREMIO**

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

**VINCENTIO**

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

**BAPTISTA**

Why, tell me, is not this my Cambio?

**BIANCA**

Cambio is changed into Lucentio.

**LUCENTIO**

Love wrought these miracles. Bianca's love Made me exchange my state with Tranio, 115 While he did bear my countenance in the town, And happily I have arrivèd at the last Unto the wishèd haven of my bliss. What Tranio did, myself enforced him to. Then pardon him, sweet father, for my sake.

**VINCENTIO**

120 I'll slit the villain's nose that would have sent me to the jail.

**GREMIO**

No, I won't really dare to swear it.

**TRANIO**

[As LUCENTIO] Then you'd better say that I'm not really Lucentio.

**GREMIO**

No, I know you're Sir Lucentio.

**BAPTISTA**

Away with this old fool! Take him to jail!

**VINCENTIO**

This is how strangers are mistreated and abused!—Oh you monstrous villain!

*BIONDELLO enters with LUCENTIO and BIANCA.*

**BIONDELLO**

Oh! There he is, and we're ruined! Deny him, swear that you don't know him, or else we're completely undone.

*BIONDELLO, TRANIO, and the MERCHANT exit as fast as they can.*

*LUCENTIO and BIANCA kneel.*

**LUCENTIO**

Forgive me, sweet father.

**VINCENTIO**

Is my sweet son alive?

**BIANCA**

Forgive me, dear father.

**BAPTISTA**

Why, what have you done wrong? Where is Lucentio?

**LUCENTIO**

Here is Lucentio, the real son of the real Vincentio. I've made your daughter mine by marriage while you were tricked by false appearances.

**GREMIO**

A conspiracy, a total conspiracy, that deceived us all!

**VINCENTIO**

Where is that damned villain Tranio, who bullied and defied me about this?

**BAPTISTA**

Why, tell me though, isn't this my daughter's tutor Cambio?

**BIANCA**

Cambio has become Lucentio.

**LUCENTIO**

Love performed these miracles. Bianca's love made me trade my identity with Tranio, while he pretended to be me in town. And now at last I've arrived happily at the blissful conclusion of my endeavors. Whatever Tranio did, I commanded him to do. So pardon him, sweet father, for my sake.

**VINCENTIO**

No, I'll slit the nose of that villain who tried to send me to jail.

**BAPTISTA**

But do you hear, sir, have you married my daughter without asking my goodwill?

**VINCENTIO**

Fear not, Baptista, we will content you. Go to. But I will in to be revenged for this villainy.

125

*Exit***BAPTISTA**

And I, to sound the depth of this knavery.

*Exit***LUCENTIO**

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

*Exeunt LUCENTIO and BIANCA***GREMIO**

My cake is dough, but I'll in among the rest,  
Out of hope of all but my share of the feast.

*Exit***KATHERINE**

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

**PETRUCHIO**

First kiss me, Kate, and we will.

**KATHERINE**

What, in the midst of the street?

**PETRUCHIO**

What, art thou ashamed of me?

**KATHERINE**

No, sir, God forbid, but ashamed to kiss.

**PETRUCHIO**

135 Why, then let's home again. (to GRUMIO) Come, sirrah, let's away.

**KATHERINE**

Nay, I will give thee a kiss. (*kisses him*) Now pray thee, love, stay.

**PETRUCHIO**

Is not this well? Come, my sweet Kate.  
Better once than never, for never too late.

140

*Exeunt*

## Act 5, Scene 2

**Shakespeare**

*Enter BAPTISTA, VINCENTIO, GREMIO, the MERCHANT, LUCENTIO, BIANCA, PETRUCHIO, KATHERINE, HORTENSIO, WIDOW, TRANIO, BIONDELLO, and GRUMIO, with the Servingsmen bringing in a banquet*

**BAPTISTA**

But is this true, sir, that you've married my daughter without asking for my permission?

**VINCENTIO**

Don't worry, Baptista, we will satisfy you. You'll see. But I will go inside and get some revenge for this villainy.

*He exits.***BAPTISTA**

And I will too, to see how deep this villainy goes.

*He exits.***LUCENTIO**

Don't look so pale, Bianca. Your father won't be angry with you.

*LUCENTIO and BIANCA exit.***GREMIO**

I'm all out of luck , but I'll go in with the rest. The only thing I can hope for now is a share of the feast.

 "My cake is dough" is an expression meaning that one has failed, like a cake that is not baked properly.

*He exits.***KATHERINE**

Husband, let's follow them and see how all this turns out.

**PETRUCHIO**

First kiss me, Kate, and then we will.

**KATHERINE**

What, in the middle of the street?

**PETRUCHIO**

What, are you ashamed of me?

**KATHERINE**

No sir, God forbid, but I am ashamed to kiss.

**PETRUCHIO**

Well then, let's go home again.

*[To GRUMIO] Come, fellow, let's go.*

**KATHERINE**

No, I'll give you a kiss.

*[She kisses him] Now please, love, stay.*

**PETRUCHIO**

Isn't this nice? Come, my sweet Kate. Better late than never, for never's too late.

*They exit.***Shakescleare Translation**

*BAPTISTA, VINCENTIO, GREMIO, the MERCHANT, LUCENTIO, BIANCA, PETRUCHIO, KATHERINE, HORTENSIO, the WIDOW, TRANIO, BIONDELLO, and GRUMIO enter, with servants bringing in desserts.*

**LUCENTIO**

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

**PETRUCHIO**

Nothing but sit and sit, and eat and eat!

**BAPTISTA**

Padua affords this kindness, son Petruchio.

**PETRUCHIO**

Padua affords nothing but what is kind.

**HORTENSIO**

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

**PETRUCHIO**

Now, for my life, Hortensio fears his widow.

**WIDOW**

Then never trust me if I be afraid.

**PETRUCHIO**

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

**WIDOW**

20 He that is giddy thinks the world turns round.

**PETRUCHIO**

Roundly replied.

**KATHERINE**

Mistress, how mean you that?

**WIDOW**

Thus I conceive by him.

**PETRUCHIO**

Conceives by me? How likes Hortensio that?

**HORTENSIO**

25 My widow says, thus she conceives her tale.

**PETRUCHIO**

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

**KATHERINE**

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

**WIDOW**

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

**KATHERINE**

A very mean meaning.

**LUCENTIO**

It's taken a long time, but at last we've all been reconciled. Now that the raging war is over, it's time to smile at our past dangers and adventures. My fair Bianca, welcome my father, while I with equal kindness welcome yours. Brother Petruchio, Sister Katherina, and you, Hortensio, with your loving widow, feast with the best of them, and welcome to my house. This dessert is to close up our stomachs—and any hard feelings—after our great feast. Please, sit down, for now we sit to chat as well as to eat.

**PETRUCHIO**

Nothing but sit and sit, and eat and eat!

**BAPTISTA**

Padua can afford this pleasant lifestyle, my son Petruchio.

**PETRUCHIO**

Padua contains nothing that isn't pleasant.

**HORTENSIO**

For both our sakes, I hope that's true.

**PETRUCHIO**

Now, I swear! Hortensio fears  his widow.

 Here this means both "is frightened of," which is how Petruchio intends it, and "frightens," which is how the widow interprets it.

**WIDOW**

Don't worry, I'm not afraid of him.

**PETRUCHIO**

You are very sensible, but you mistook my meaning: I meant that Hortensio is afraid of you.

**WIDOW**

He who is dizzy thinks the world spins round.

**PETRUCHIO**

Well said.

**KATHERINE**

Mistress, what do you mean by that?

**WIDOW**

That's what I conceive of Petruchio.

**PETRUCHIO**

She conceives  by me? And what does Hortensio think of that?

 Petruchio jokes on "conceives" as to "become pregnant."

**HORTENSIO**

My widow means that that's how she understands you.

**PETRUCHIO**

Good job fixing that. Kiss him for that, good widow.

**KATHERINE**

"He who is dizzy thinks the world spins round"—Please, tell me what you meant by that.

**WIDOW**

Your husband, who has to live with a shrew, projects his own troubles onto my husband. And now you know my meaning.

**KATHERINE**

A very mean meaning.

**WIDOW**

Right, I mean you.

**KATHERINE**

And I am mean indeed, respecting you.

**PETRUCHIO**

35 To her, Kate!

**HORTENSIO**

To her, widow!

**PETRUCHIO**

A hundred marks, my Kate does put her down.

**HORTENSIO**

That's my office.

**PETRUCHIO**

Spoke like an officer! Ha' to thee, lad!

*Drinks to HORTENSIO*

**BAPTISTA**

40 How likes Gremio these quick-witted folks?

**GREMIO**

Believe me, sir, they butt together well.

**BIANCA**

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

**VINCENTIO**

Ay, mistress bride, hath that awakened you?

**BIANCA**

45 Ay, but not frightened me. Therefore I'll sleep again.

**PETRUCHIO**

Nay, that you shall not. Since you have begun,  
Have at you for a bitter jest or two!

**BIANCA**

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

*Exeunt BIANCA, KATHERINE and WIDOW*

**PETRUCHIO**

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

**TRANIO**

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

**PETRUCHIO**

A good swift simile, but something currish.

**TRANIO**

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

**WIDOW**

Right, because I mean you.

**KATHERINE**

And I demean myself by paying you any attention.

**PETRUCHIO**

Get her, Kate!

**HORTENSIO**

Get her, widow!

**PETRUCHIO**

I'll bet you a hundred marks, my Kate will have her on her back.

**HORTENSIO**

That's my job. 

 Hortensio makes a clear sexual pun—getting the widow "on her back" during sexual intercourse.

**PETRUCHIO**

Spoken like a good worker! Here's to you, boy!

*He drinks to HORTENSIO.*

**BAPTISTA**

How does Gremio like these quick-witted folks?

**GREMIO**

Believe me, sir, they butt heads well.

**BIANCA**

Head and butt! A clever person would say your butting head had horns .

 This is the usual joke about cuckolds having horns, though it's unclear why it's aimed at the unmarried Gremio.

**VINCENTIO**

Ah, mistress bride, have we woken you up?

**BIANCA**

Yes, but it hasn't frightened me. So I'll go back to sleep.

**PETRUCHIO**

No, you certainly won't. Now that you've gotten started, be ready for a sharp joke or two!

**BIANCA**

Am I the bird you're shooting at now? I'll fly to a different tree, so you must follow me with your bow. You are all welcome here. Ladies, let me lead you out.

*BIANCA, KATHERINE, and the WIDOW exit.*

**PETRUCHIO**

Well, she's escaped me. Sir Tranio, you also aimed at that bird, though you didn't hit her.—So here's a toast to all who have shot and missed.

**TRANIO**

Oh, sir, Lucentio just let me off his leash like a greyhound. I did the running, but the catch was for my master.

**PETRUCHIO**

A good and fast answer, but also one for the dogs.

**TRANIO**

It's good, sir, that you hunted for yourself. There's a rumor that your deer  has faced you down and cornered you.

 Tranio puns on "deer" and "dear".

**BAPTISTA**

Oh, Oh, Petruchio! Tranio hits you now.

**LUCENTIO**

60 I thank thee for that gird, good Tranio.

**HORTENSIO**

Confess, confess, hath he not hit you here?

**PETRUCHIO**

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

**BAPTISTA**

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

**PETRUCHIO**

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

**HORTENSIO**

Content. What's the wager?

**LUCENTIO**

Twenty crowns.

**PETRUCHIO**

Twenty crowns?  
75 I'll venture so much of my hawk or hound,  
But twenty times so much upon my wife.

**LUCENTIO**

A hundred then.

**HORTENSIO**

Content.

**PETRUCHIO**

A match! 'Tis done.

**HORTENSIO**

80 Who shall begin?

**LUCENTIO**

That will I.  
Go, Biondello, bid your mistress come to me.

**BIONDELLO**

I go.

*Exit*

**BAPTISTA**

Son, I'll be your half Bianca comes.

**LUCENTIO**

85 I'll have no halves. I'll bear it all myself.

*Enter BIONDELLO*

How now, what news?

**BIONDELLO**

Sir, my mistress sends you word  
That she is busy, and she cannot come.

**BAPTISTA**

Oh, oh, Petruchio! Now Tranio hits you with a good one.

**LUCENTIO**

I thank you for that taunt, good Tranio.

**HORTENSIO**

Admit it, admit, didn't that one hit close to home?

**PETRUCHIO**

He has wounded me a little, I confess. But since the taunt  
grazed me and kept flying, it's ten to one that it hit you two  
straight on.

**BAPTISTA**

In all seriousness though, my son Petruchio, I think you  
have the biggest shrew of all.

**PETRUCHIO**

Well, I have to disagree. But let's have some proof. Each one  
of us should send for his wife, and whoever's wife is most  
obedient, and comes immediately when he sends for her,  
that man will win the bet we make.

**HORTENSIO**

Sounds good. What's the bet?

**LUCENTIO**

Twenty crowns.

**PETRUCHIO**

Twenty crowns? I'd bet that much on my hawk or my  
hound, but I'd bet twenty times that on my wife.

**LUCENTIO**

A hundred then.

**HORTENSIO**

Agreed.

**PETRUCHIO**

It's a bet! Let's do it.

**HORTENSIO**

Who should begin?

**LUCENTIO**

I will. Go, Biondello, and tell your mistress to come to me.

**BIONDELLO**

I go.

*He exits.*

**BAPTISTA**

Son, I'll take half your bet that Bianca comes.

**LUCENTIO**

85 I don't want any halves. I'll bear it all myself.

*BIONDELLO enters.*

Well, what's the news?

**BIONDELLO**

Sir, my mistress says to tell you that she's busy, and she  
cannot come.

**PETRUCHIO**

How! "She's busy, and she cannot come!"  
Is that an answer?

90

**GREMIO**

Ay, and a kind one too.  
Pray God, sir, your wife send you not a worse.

**PETRUCHIO**

I hope better.

**HORTENSIO**

Sirrah Biondello, go and entreat my wife  
To come to me forthwith.

95

*Exit BIONDELLO*

**PETRUCHIO**

O, ho, entreat her!  
Nay, then she must needs come.

**HORTENSIO**

I am afraid, sir,  
Do what you can, yours will not be entreated.

*Enter BIONDELLO*

100 Now, where's my wife?

**BIONDELLO**

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

105

**PETRUCHIO**

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

*Exit GRUMIO*

**HORTENSIO**

I know her answer.

**PETRUCHIO**

What?

**HORTENSIO**

She will not.

**PETRUCHIO**

110 The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.

*Enter KATHERINE*

**BAPTISTA**

Now, by my holidam, here comes Katherina!

**KATHERINE**

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

**PETRUCHIO**

Where is your sister, and Hortensio's wife?

**KATHERINE**

They sit conferring by the parlor fire.

**PETRUCHIO**

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

**PETRUCHIO**

What! "She's busy, and she cannot come!" Is that her answer?

**GREMIO**

Yes, and a kind one at that. Pray to God, sir, that your wife doesn't send you a worse one.

**PETRUCHIO**

I expect something better.

**HORTENSIO**

Biondello, boy, go and ask my wife to come to me right away.

*BIONDELLO exits.*

**PETRUCHIO**

Oh ho, *ask* her! Well, then she has to come.

**HORTENSIO**

I'm afraid that no matter what you do, sir, your wife won't let herself be *asked* for anything.

*BIONDELLO enters.*

Now, where's my wife?

**BIONDELLO**

She says you must be playing some kind of joke. She will not come. She tells you to come to *her*.

**PETRUCHIO**

Worse and worse. She will not come! Oh, it's vile, intolerable, not to be endured!—Grumio, go to your mistress. Say that I command her to come to me.

*GRUMIO exits.*

**HORTENSIO**

I know what her answer will be.

**PETRUCHIO**

What?

**HORTENSIO**

She will not.

**PETRUCHIO**

That'll be the worse for me, and an end to the matter.

*KATHERINE enters.*

**BAPTISTA**

Now, by all that's holy, here comes Katherina!

**KATHERINE**

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

**PETRUCHIO**

Where are your sister and Hortensio's wife?

**KATHERINE**

They sit talking by the fire in the parlor.

**PETRUCHIO**

Go bring them here. If they refuse to come, give them a beating on my behalf to get them out here to their husbands. Go on, I say, and bring them here right away.

*Exit KATHERINE***LUCENTIO**

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

**HORTENSIO**

And so it is. I wonder what it bodes.

**PETRUCHIO**

120 Marry, peace it bodes, and love, and quiet life,  
And awful rule, and right supremacy,  
And, to be short, what not that's sweet and happy?

**BAPTISTA**

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

**PETRUCHIO**

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

*Enter KATHERINE with BIANCA and WIDOW*

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

**WIDOW**

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

**BIANCA**

Fie! What a foolish duty call you this?

**LUCENTIO**

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

**BIANCA**

The more fool you for laying on my duty.

**PETRUCHIO**

Katherine, I charge thee, tell these headstrong women  
What duty they do owe their lords and husbands.

**WIDOW**

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

**PETRUCHIO**

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

**WIDOW**

She shall not.

**PETRUCHIO**

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

**KATHERINE**

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

*KATHERINE exits.***LUCENTIO**

Here is a miracle, if we're speaking of miracles.

**HORTENSIO**

So it is. I wonder what it means.

**PETRUCHIO**

Well, it means peace, and love, and a quiet life, and  
authority commanding respect, and proper hierarchy, and,  
in brief, everything sweet and happy.

**BAPTISTA**

Well, may you have good fortune, good Petruchio! You've  
won the bet, and I'll add twenty thousand crowns to these  
two men's losses. It will be a new dowry for a new daughter,  
for indeed she is so changed that she's like a whole new  
woman.

**PETRUCHIO**

Wait, I'll win the bet even more completely, and show more  
signs of her obedience, her newly-created virtue and  
obedience.

*KATHERINE enters with BIANCA and the WIDOW.*

See, here she comes, bringing your willful wives with her as  
prisoners of her womanly duty. Katherine, that cap of yours  
doesn't look good. Take off the silly thing and stomp on it.

**WIDOW**

Lord, don't let me ever be brought to such a silly state of  
affairs where someone could treat me like that!

**BIANCA**

For shame! What kind of foolish "obedience" do you call  
this?

**LUCENTIO**

I wish your obedience was just as foolish. The wisdom of  
your obedience, fair Bianca, has cost me a hundred crowns  
since dinnertime.

**BIANCA**

Then you're the bigger fool for betting money on my  
obedience.

**PETRUCHIO**

Katherine, I want you to tell these headstrong women what  
kind of obedience they owe to their lords and husbands.

**WIDOW**

Come on, you're joking. She won't tell us anything.

**PETRUCHIO**

Do it, I say, and begin with her.

**WIDOW**

She won't.

**PETRUCHIO**

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

**KATHERINE**

For shame, for shame! Don't furrow your brow and glare so  
scornfully to try to wound the man who is your lord, your  
king, and your governor. It tarnishes your beauty like frost  
blights the meadows, and ruins your reputation like a  
strong wind shaking a flower bud. In no sense whatsoever is  
it appropriate or pleasant. An angry woman is like a stirred-

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

**PETRUCHIO**

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

**LUCENTIO**

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

**VINCENTIO**

'Tis a good hearing when children are toward.

**LUCENTIO**

195 But a harsh hearing when women are froward.

**PETRUCHIO**

(to LUCENTIO )

Come, Kate, we'll to bed.  
 We three are married, but you two are sped.  
 'Twas I won the wager, though you hit the white,  
 200 And, being a winner, God give you good night!

*Exeunt PETRUCHIO and KATHERINE*

**HORTENSIO**

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

**LUCENTIO**

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

*Exeunt*

up fountain—muddy, ugly, thick, lacking beauty—and while it's in this condition, no one, not even a dry or thirsty man, will stoop to sip or touch one drop of it. Your husband is your lord, your life, your keeper, your head, your ruler, and one who cares for you. To keep you safe and comfortable he commits his body to painful labor on both sea and land, to staying awake on stormy nights and cold days at sea, while you stay at home, warm and secure. And in exchange all he asks for is love, beauty, and true obedience—too little payment for so great a debt. A woman owes her husband the same obedience that a subject owes to his prince. And when she is stubborn, peevish, sullen, sour, and not obedient to his honest will, then what is she but a foul, vicious rebel, and a cursed traitor to her loving lord? I am ashamed that women are so foolish as to declare war when they should kneel and plead for peace. I'm ashamed that they should seek rulership, supremacy, and power when they are obligated to serve, love and obey. Why else are our bodies so soft and weak and smooth, unfit for labor and trouble in the world, if not so that our soft qualities and our hearts should agree with our external parts? Come, come, you weak, willful worms! My mind was once just as arrogant as yours, my courage just as great, and my wit perhaps even better when it came to tossing words back and forth and exchanging frowns for frowns. But now I see that our swords are only straws, our strength is just as weak, and our weakness is beyond compare, so that we seem to be exactly the thing we are not. So humble your pride, for it's useless. Place your hands beneath your husband's boot as a gesture of obedience. My hand is always ready to comfort and pleasure my husband, if he wants me to.

**PETRUCHIO**

Why, there's a good girl! Come on and kiss me, Kate.

**LUCENTIO**

Well, what do you know, old boy, you've done it.

**VINCENTIO**

It's good to hear children being obedient.

**LUCENTIO**

But it's unpleasant to hear women being willful.

**PETRUCHIO**

Come, Kate, we'll go to bed. We three are all married, but you two are done for—your wives are too disobedient.

*[To LUCENTIO] I won the wager, but you hit the white*  *. And as the winner, I now bid you good night!*

 *He means the white circle at the center of an archery target, or "bullseye," but Petruchio is also punning on Bianca's name, which means "white."*

*PETRUCHIO and KATHERINE exit.*

**HORTENSIO**

Well, go on. You've tamed a terrible shrew.

**LUCENTIO**

And it's a miracle, if I may say so, that she could be tamed like that.

*They all exit.*

## How to Cite

To cite this Shakescleare translation:

**MLA**

Cosby, Matt. "*The Taming of the Shrew: A Shakescleare Translation.*" LitCharts LLC, 11 May 2014. Web. 14 Sep 2017.

**Chicago Manual**

Cosby, Matt. "*The Taming of the Shrew: A Shakescleare Translation.*" LitCharts LLC, May 11, 2014. Retrieved September 14, 2017.  
<http://www.litcharts.com/lit/the-taming-of-the-shrew>.