    <SLY> <prose> I'll pheeze you, in faith. </prose>

    <HOSTESS> <prose> A pair of stocks, you rogue! </prose>

    <SLY> <prose> Y' are a baggage, the Slys are no rogues.

 Look in the chronicles; we came in with Richard

 Conqueror.  Therefore paucas pallabris, let the world

 slide.  Sessa! </prose>

    <HOSTESS> <prose> You will not pay for the glasses you have

 burst? </prose>

    <SLY> <prose> No, not a denier. Go by, Saint Jeronimy! go

 to thy cold bed, and warm thee. </prose>

    <HOSTESS> <prose> I know my remedy; I must go fetch the

 thirdborough. </prose>

    <SLY> <prose> Third, or fourth, or fift borough, I'll answer

 him by law. I'll not budge an inch, boy; let him come,

 and kindly. </prose>

    <LORD> <verse> Huntsman, I charge thee, tender well my hounds

 (Brach Merriman, the poor cur, is emboss'd),

 And couple Clowder with the deep-mouth'd 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. </verse>

    <1. HUNTSMAN> <verse> Why, Belman is as good as he, my lord;

 He cried upon it at the merest loss,

 And twice to-day pick'd out the dullest scent.

 Trust me, I take him for the better dog. </verse>

    <LORD> <verse> Thou art a fool; if Echo were as fleet,

 I would esteem him worth a dozen such.

 But sup them well, and look unto them all,

 To-morrow I intend to hunt again. </verse>

    <1. HUNTSMAN>   <verse> I will, my lord. </verse>

    <LORD> <verse> What's here? One dead, or drunk? See, doth

           he breathe? </verse>

    <1. HUNTSMAN> <verse> He breathes, my lord.  Were he not warm'd with ale,

 This were a bed but cold to sleep so soundly. </verse>

    <LORD> <verse> 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 convey'd to bed,

 Wrapp'd 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? </verse>

    <1. HUNTSMAN> <verse> Believe me, lord, I think he cannot choose. </verse>

    <2. HUNTSMAN> <verse> It would seem strange unto him when he wak'd. </verse>

    <LORD> <verse> Even as a flatt'ring dream or worthless fancy.

 Then take him up, and manage well the jest.

 Carry him gently to my fairest chamber,

 And hang it round with all my wanton pictures.

 Balm his foul head in warm 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,

 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 bestrew'd with flowers,

 Another bear the ewer, the third a diaper,

 And say, "Will't please your lordship cool your hands?"

 Some one be ready with a costly suit,

 And ask him what apparel he will wear;

 Another tell him of his hounds and horse,

 And that his lady mourns at his disease.

 Persuade him that he hath been lunatic,

 And when he says he is, say that he dreams,

 For he is nothing but a mighty lord.

 This do, and do it kindly, gentle sirs;

 It will be pastime passing excellent,

 If it be husbanded with modesty. </verse>

    <1. HUNTSMAN> <verse> 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. </verse>

    <LORD> <verse> Take him up gently and to bed with him,

 And each one to his office when he wakes.

Sirrah, go see what trumpet 'tis that sounds.

 Belike some noble gentleman that means

 (Travelling some journey) to repose him here.

 How now? who is it? </verse>

         <SERVANT>               <verse> An't please your honor, players

 That offer service to your lordship </verse>

    <LORD> <verse> Bid them come near. Now, fellows, you are welcome. </verse>

    <PLAYERS>   <verse> We thank your honor. </verse>

    <LORD> <verse> Do you intend to stay with me to-night? </verse>

    <1. PLAYER> <verse> So please your lordship to accept our duty. </verse>

    <LORD> <verse> With all my heart. This fellow I remember

 Since once he play'd a farmer's eldest son.

 'Twas where you woo'd the gentlewoman so well.

 I have forgot your name; but sure that part

 Was aptly fitted and naturally perform'd. </verse>

    <2. PLAYER> <verse> I think 'twas Soto that your honor

      means. </verse>

    <LORD> <verse> 'Tis very true; thou didst it excellent.

 Well, you are come to me in happy time,

 The rather for I have some sport in hand,

 Wherein your cunning can assist me much.

 There is a lord will hear you play to-night;

 But I am doubtful of your modesties,

 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. </verse>

    <1. PLAYER> <verse> Fear not, my lord, we can contain ourselves,

 Were he the veriest antic in the world. </verse>

    <LORD> <verse> Go, sirrah, take them to the buttery,

 And give them friendly welcome every one.

 Let them want nothing that my house affords.

 Sirrah, go you to Barthol'mew my page,

 And see him dress'd in all suits like a lady;

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

 And call him madam, do him obeisance.

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

 He bear himself with honorable action,

 Such as he hath observ'd in noble ladies

 Unto their lords, by them accomplished;

 Such duty to the drunkard let him do,

 With soft low tongue and lowly courtesy,

 And say, "What is't your honor will command,

 Wherein your lady, and your humble wife,

 May show her duty and make known her love?"

 And then with kind embracements, tempting kisses,

 And with declining head into his bosom,

 Bid him shed tears, as being overjoyed

 To see her noble lord restor'd to health,

 Who for this seven years hath esteemed him

 No better than a poor and loathsome beggar.

 And if the boy have not a woman's gift

 To rain a shower of commanded tears,

 An onion will do well for such a shift,

 Which in a napkin (being close convey'd)

 Shall in despite enforce a watery eye.

 See this dispatch'd with all the haste thou canst;

 Anon I'll give thee more instructions.

I know the boy will well usurp the grace

Voice, gait, and action of a gentlewomen

I long to hear him call the drunkard husband,

 And how my men will stay themselves from laughter

 When they do homage to this simple peasant.

 I'll in to counsel them; haply my presence

 May well abate the over-merry spleen,

 Which otherwise would grow into extremes. </verse>

    <SLY> <prose> For God's sake, a pot of small ale. </prose>

    <1. SERVANT> <verse> Will't please your lordship drink a cup of sack? </verse>

    <2. SERVANT> <verse> Will't please your honor taste of these conserves? </verse>

    <3. SERVANT> <verse> What raiment will your honor wear to-day? </verse>

    <SLY> <prose> I am Christophero Sly, call not me honor

 nor lordship.  I ne'er drank sack in my life; and

 if you give me any conserves, give me conserves of

 beef.   Ne'er ask me what raiment I'll wear, for

 I have no more doublets than backs, no more stockings

 than legs, nor no more shoes than feet --

 nay, sometime more feet than shoes, or such shoes

 as my toes look through the overleather. </prose>

    <LORD> <verse> Heaven cease this idle humor in your honor!

 O that a mighty man of such descent,

 Of such possessions, and so high esteem,

 Should be infused with so foul a spirit! </verse>

    <SLY> <prose> What, would you make me mad?  Am not

 I Christopher Sly, old Sly's son of Burton-heath,

 by birth a pedlar, by education a card-maker, by

 transmutation a bear-herd, and now by present

 profession a tinker?  Ask Marian Hacket, the fat

 ale-wife 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 -- </prose>

    <3. SERVANT> <verse> O, this it is that makes your lady mourn! </verse>

    <2. SERVANT> <verse> O, this is it that makes your servants

      droop! </verse>

    <LORD> <verse> Hence comes it that your kindred shuns

      your house,

 As beaten hence by your strange lunacy.

 O noble lord, bethink thee of thy birth,

 Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment,

 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,

 And twenty caged nightingales do sing.

 Or wilt thou sleep? We'll have thee to a couch,

 Softer and sweeter than the lustful bed

 On purpose trimm'd up for Semiramis.

 Say thou wilt walk; we will bestrow the ground.

 Or wilt thou ride? Thy horses shall be trapp'd,

 Their harness studded all with gold and pearl.

 Dost thou love hawking? Thou hast hawks will soar

 Above the morning lark.  Or wilt thou hunt?

 Thy hounds shall make the welkin answer them

 And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth. </verse>

    <1. SERVANT> <verse> Say thou wilt course, thy greyhounds

      are as swift

 As breathed stags; ay, fleeter than the roe. </verse>

    <2. SERVANT> <verse> Dost thou love pictures?  We will fetch

      thee straight

 Adonis painted by a running brook,

 And Cytherea all in sedges hid,

 Which seem to move and wanton with her breath,

 Even as the waving sedges play with wind. </verse>

    <LORD> <verse> We'll show thee Io as she was a maid,

 And how she was beguiled and surpris'd,

 As lively painted as the deed was done. </verse>

    <3. SERVANT> <verse> 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. </verse>

    <LORD> <verse> Thou art a lord, and nothing but a lord.

 Thou hast a lady far more beautiful

 Than any woman in this waning age. </verse>

    <1. SERVANT> <verse> And till the tears that she hath shed for

      thee

 Like envious floods o'errun her lovely face,

 She was the fairest creature in the world,

 And yet she is inferior to none. </verse>

    <SLY> <verse> Am I a lord, and have I such a lady?

 Or do I dream?  Or have I dream'd till now?

 I do not sleep: I see, I hear, I speak;

 I smell sweet savors, and I feel soft things.

 Upon my life, I am a lord indeed,

 And not a tinker, nor Christopher Sly.

 Well, bring our lady hither to our sight,

 And once again a pot o' th' smallest ale. </verse>

    <2. SERVANT> <verse> Will't please your mightiness to wash

      your hands?

 O how we joy to see your wit restor'd!

 O that once more you knew but what you are!

 These fifteen years you have been in a dream,

 Or when you wak'd, so wak'd as if you slept. </verse>

    <SLY> <verse> These fifteen years! by my fay, a goodly nap,

 But did I never speak of all that time? </verse>

    <1. SERVANT> <verse> 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,

 And rail upon the hostess of the house,

 And say you would present her at the leet,

 Because she brought stone jugs and no seal'd quarts.

 Sometimes you would call out for Cicely Hacket. </verse>

    <SLY> <prose>   Ay, the woman's maid of the house. </prose>

    <3. SERVANT> <verse> Why, sir, you know no house nor no such maid,

 Nor no such men as you have reckon'd 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,

 Which never were, nor no man ever saw. </verse>

    <SLY> <verse> Now Lord be thanked for my good amends! </verse>

    <All.> <prose> Amen. </prose>

    <SLY> <verse> I thank thee, thou shalt not lose by it. </verse>

    <Page. <verse>   How fares my noble lord? </verse>

    <SLY> <prose> Marry, I fare well, for here is cheer enough.

       Where is my wife? </prose>

    <PAGE> <verse> Here, noble lord, what is thy will with her? </verse>

    <SLY> <verse> Are you my wife and will not call me husband?

 My men should call me "lord"; I am your goodman. </verse>

    <PAGE> <verse> My husband and my lord, my lord and

 husband,

 I am your wife in all obedience. </verse>

    <SLY> <prose> I know it well.  What must I call her? </prose>

    <LORD> <prose> Madam. </prose>

    <SLY> <prose>   Al'ce madam, or Joan madam? </prose>

    <LORD> <verse> Madam, and nothing else, so lords call

       ladies. </verse>

    <SLY> <verse> Madam wife, they say that I have dream'd,

 And slept above some fifteen year or more. </verse>

    <PAGE> <verse> Ay, and the time seems thirty unto me,

 Being all this time abandon'd from your bed. </verse>

    <SLY> <prose> 'Tis much. Servants, leave me and her alone.

 Madam, undress you, and come now to bed. </prose>

    <PAGE> <verse> Thrice-noble lord, let me entreat of you

 To pardon me yet for a night or two;

 Or if not so, until the sun be set.

 For your physicians have expressly charg'd,

 In peril to incur your former malady,

 That I should yet absent me from your bed.

 I hope this reason stands for my excuse. </verse>

    <SLY> <prose> Ay, it stands so that I may hardly tarry so

 long.  But I would be loath to fall into my dreams

 again.  I will therefore tarry in despite of the flesh

 and the blood. </prose>

    <MESSENGER> <verse> Your honor's players, hearing your amendment,

 Are come to play a pleasant comedy,

 For so your doctors hold it very meet,

 Seeing too much sadness hath congeal'd 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. </verse>

    <SLY> <prose> Marry, I will, let them play it.  Is not a

 comonty a Christmas gambold, or a tumbling-trick? </prose>

    <PAGE> <verse> No, my good lord, it is more pleasing stuff. </verse>

    <SLY> <prose>   What, household stuff? </prose>

    <PAGE> <verse> It is a kind of history. </verse>

    <SLY> <prose> Well, we'll see't.  Come, madam wife, sit by my side, and let the world slip, we shall ne'er be younger. </prose>

 Actus

    <LUCENTIO> <verse> Tranio, since for the great desire I had

 To see fair Padua, nursery of arts,

 I am arriv'd for fruitful Lombardy,

 The pleasant garden of great Italy,

 And by my father's love and leave am arm'd

 With his good will and thy good company,

 My trusty servant, well approv'd in all,

 Here let us breathe, and haply institute

 A  course of learning and ingenious studies.

 Pisa, renowned for grave citizens,

 Gave me my being and my father first,

 A merchant of great traffic through the world,

 Vincentio, come of the Bentivolii;

 Vincentio's son, brought up in Florence,

 It shall become to serve all hopes conceiv'd,

 To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds.

 And therefore, Tranio, for the time I study,

 Virtue and that part of philosophy

 Will I apply that treats of happiness

 By virtue specially to be achiev'd.

 Tell me thy mind, for I have Pisa left

 And am to Padua come, as he that leaves

 A shallow plash to plunge him in the deep,

 And with saciety seeks to quench his thirst. </verse>

    <TRANIO> <verse> Mi perdonato, gentle master mine;

 I am, in all affected as yourself,

 Glad that you thus continue your resolve

 To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy.

 Only, good master, while we do admire

 This virtue and this moral discipline,

 Let's be no Stoics nor no stocks, I pray,

 Or so devote to Aristotle's checks

 As Ovid be an outcast quite abjur'd.

 Balk logic with acquaintance that you have,

 And practice rhetoric in your common talk,

 Music and poesy use to quicken you,

 The mathematics, and the metaphysics,

 Fall to them as you find your stomach serves you:

 No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en.

 In brief, sir, study what you most affect. </verse>

    <LUCENTIO> <verse> Gramercies, Tranio, well dost thou advise.

 If, Biondello, thou wert come ashore,

 We could at once put us in readiness,

 And take a lodging fit to entertain

 Such friends as time in Padua shall beget.

 But stay a while, what company is this? </verse>

    <TRANIO> <verse> Master, some show to welcome us to town. </verse>

    <BAPTISTA> <verse> Gentlemen, importune me no farther,

 For how I firmly am resolv'd you know:

 That is, not to bestow my youngest daughter

 Before I have a husband for the elder.

 If either of you both love Katherina,

 Because I know you well, and love you well,

 Leave shall you have to court her at your pleasure. </verse>

    <GREMIO> <verse> To cart her rather; she's too rough for me.

 There, there, Hortensio, will you any wife? </verse>

    <KATHARINA> <verse> I pray you, sir, is it your will

 To make a stale of me amongst these mates? </verse>

    <HORTENSIO> <verse> Mates, maid, how mean you that? No mates

      for you,

 Unless you were of gentler, milder mould. </verse>

    <KATHARINA> <verse> I' faith, sir, you shall never need to fear.

 Iwis it is not half way to her heart;

 But if it were, doubt not her care should be

 To comb your noddle with a three-legg'd stool,

 And paint your face, and use you like a fool. </verse>

    <HORTENSIO> <verse> From all such devils, good Lord deliver us! </verse>

    <GREMIO> <prose> And me too, good Lord! </prose>

    <TRANIO> <verse> Husht, master, here's some good pastime

      toward;

 That wench is stark mad or wonderful froward. </verse>

    <LUCENTIO> <verse> But in the other's silence do I see

 Maid's mild behavior and sobriety. </verse>

<prose> Peace, Tranio! </prose>

    <TRANIO>   <prose> Well said, master, mum, and gaze your fill. </prose>

    <BAPTISTA> <verse> Gentlemen, that I may soon make good

 What I have said, Bianca, get you in,

 And let it not displease thee, good Bianca,

 For I will love thee ne'er the less, my girl. </verse>

    <KATHARINA> <verse> A pretty peat! it is best

 Put finger in the eye, and she knew why. </verse>

    <BIANCA>   <verse> Sister, content you in my discontent.

 Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe;

 My books and instruments shall be my company,

 On them to look and practice by myself. </verse>

  <LUCENTIO> <verse> Hark, Tranio, thou mayst hear Minerva

      speak. </verse>

  <HORTENSIO> <verse> Signior Baptista, will you be so strange?

 Sorry am I that our good will effects Bianca's grief. </verse>

  <GREMIO> <verse> Why will you mew her up,

Signior Baptista, for this fiend of hell,

 And make her bear the penance of her tongue? </verse>

  <BAPTISTA>   <verse> Gentlemen, content ye; I am resolv'd.

Go in, 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,

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.  Katherina, you may stay,

 For I have more to commune with Bianca. </verse>

  <KATHARINA>   <verse> 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! </verse>

    <GREMIO> <prose> You may go to the devil's dam; your gifts

 are so good, here's none will hold you.  Their

 love is not so great, Hortensio, but we may blow our

 nails together, and fast it fairly out.  Our cake's

 dough on both sides.  Farewell; yet for the love

 I bear my sweet Bianca, if I can by any means light

 on a fit man to teach her that wherein she delights,

 I will wish him to her father. </prose>

    <HORTENSIO> <prose> So will I, Signior Gremio.  But a word, I

 pray.  Though the nature of our quarrel yet never

 brook'd parle, know now upon advice, it toucheth

 us both, that we may yet again have access to our

 fair mistress, and be happy rivals in Bianca's love,

 to labor and effect one thing specially. </prose>

    <GREMIO> <prose> What's that, I pray? </prose>

    <HORTENSIO> <prose> Marry, sir, to get a husband for her sister. </prose>

    <GREMIO>   <prose> A husband! a devil. </prose>

    <HORTENSIO> <prose> I say, a husband. </prose>

    <GREMIO> <prose> 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? </prose>

    <HORTENSIO> <prose> Tush, Gremio; though it pass your patience

 and mine to endure her loud alarums, why, man,

 there be good fellows in the world, and a man could

 light on them, would take her with all faults, and

 money enough. </prose>

    <GREMIO> <prose> I cannot tell; but I had as lief take her

 dowry with this condition: to be whipt at the high

 cross every morning. </prose>

    <HORTENSIO> <prose> 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

 maintain'd till by helping Baptista's eldest daughter

 to a husband we set his youngest free for a husband,

 and then have to't afresh.  Sweet Bianca, happy man

 be his dole! He that runs fastest gets the ring. How

 say you, Signior Gremio? </prose>

    <GREMIO> <prose> I am agreed, and would I had given him the

 best horse in Padua to begin his wooing that would

 thoroughly woo her, wed her, and bed her, and rid

 the house of her! Come on. </prose>

    <TRANIO> <verse> I pray, sir, tell me, is it possible

 That love should of a sudden take such hold? </verse>

    <LUCENTIO> <verse> <verse> O Tranio, till I found it to be true,

 I never thought it possible or likely.

 But see, while idly I stood looking on,

 I found the effect of love in idleness,

 And now in plainness do confess to thee,

 That art to me as secret and as dear

 As Anna to the Queen of Carthage was:

 Tranio, I burn, I pine, I perish, Tranio,

 If I achieve not this young modest girl.

 Counsel me, Tranio, for I know thou canst;

 Assist me, Tranio, for I know thou wilt. </verse>

    <TRANIO> <verse> Master, it is no time to chide you now,

 Affection is not rated from the heart.

 If love have touch'd you, nought remains but so,

   "Redime te captum quam queas minimo." </verse>

    <LUCENTIO> <verse> Gramercies, lad. Go forward, this contents;

 The rest will comfort, for thy counsel's sound. </verse>

    <TRANIO> <verse> Master, you look'd so longly on the maid,

 Perhaps you mark'd not what's the pith of all. </verse>

    <LUCENTIO> <verse> O yes, I saw sweet beauty in her face,

 Such as the daughter of Agenor had,

 That made great Jove to humble him to her hand,

 When with his knees he kiss'd the Cretan strond. </verse>

          <TRANIO> <verse> Saw you no more?  Mark'd you not how her sister

 Began to scold, and raise up such a storm

 That mortal ears might hardly endure the din? </verse>

    <LUCENTIO> <verse> 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. </verse>

    <TRANIO> <verse> Nay, then 'tis time to stir him from his trance.

 I pray, awake, sir; if you love the maid,

 Bend thoughts and wits to achieve her. Thus it stands:

 Her elder sister is so curst and shrewd

 That till the father rid his hands of her,

 Master, your love must live a maid at home,

 And therefore has he closely mew'd her up,

 Because she will not be annoy'd with suitors. </verse>

    <LUCENTIO>   <verse> Ah, Tranio, what a cruel father's he!

 But art thou not advis'd, he took some care

 To get her cunning schoolmasters to instruct her? </verse>

    <TRANIO> <verse> Ay, marry, am I, sir; and now 'tis plotted. </verse>

    <LUCENTIO> <verse> I have it, Tranio. </verse>

          <TRANIO>                     <verse> Master, for my hand,

 Both our inventions meet and jump in one. </verse>

    <LUCENTIO> <verse> Tell me thine first. </verse>

          <TRANIO>                     <verse> You will be schoolmaster,

 And undertake the teaching of the maid:

 That's your device. </verse>

          <LUCENTIO>             <verse> It is; may it be done? </verse>

    <TRANIO> <verse> 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? </verse>

    <LUCENTIO>   <verse> Basta, content thee; for I have it full.

 We have not yet been seen in any house,

 Nor can we be distinguish'd 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 hatch'd, and shall be so. Tranio, at once

 Uncase thee; take my color'd hat and cloak.

 When Biondello comes, he waits on thee,

 But I will charm him first to keep his tongue. </verse>

    <TRANIO>   <verse> So had you need.

 In brief, sir, sith it your pleasure is,

 And I am tied to be obedient --

 For so your father charg'd 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. </verse>

    <LUCENTIO> <verse> Tranio, be so, because Lucentio loves,

 And let me be a slave, t' achieve that maid

 Whose sudden sight hath thrall'd my wounded eye.

 Here comes the rogue. Sirrah, where have you been? </verse>

    <BIONDELLO> <prose> Where have I been? Nay, how now, where

 are you?  Master, has my fellow Tranio stol'n your

 clothes? or you stol'n his?  or both?  Pray what's

 the news? </prose>

    <LUCENTIO> <verse> Sirrah, come hither,'tis no time to jest,

 And therefore frame your manners to the time.

 Your fellow Tranio here, to save my life,

 Puts my apparel and my count'nance on,

 And I  for my escape have put on his;

 For in a quarrel since I came ashore

 I kill'd a man, and fear I was descried.

 Wait you on him, I charge you, as becomes,

 While I make way from hence to save my life.

       You understand me? </verse>

    <BIONDELLO> <prose> Ay, sir! -- ne'er a whit. </prose>

    <LUCENTIO> <verse> And not a jot of Tranio in your mouth,

       Tranio is chang'd into Lucentio. </verse>

    <BIONDELLO> <prose> The better for him, would I were so too! </prose>

    <TRANIO> <verse> So could I, faith, boy, to have the next wish

       after,

 That Lucentio indeed had Baptista's youngest

 daughter.

 But, sirrah, not for my sake, but your master's, I

       advise

 You use your manners discreetly in all kind of companies.

 When I am alone, why then I am Tranio;

 But in all places else your master Lucentio. </verse>

    <LUCENTIO>   <verse> Tranio, let's go.

 One thing more rests, that thyself execute --

 To make one among these wooers.  If thou ask me

       why,

 Sufficeth my reasons are both good and weighty. </verse>

    <1. SERVANT> <verse> My lord, you nod, you do not mind the

       Play. </verse>

    <SLY> <prose> Yes, by Saint Anne, do I.  A good matter,

 surely; comes there any more of it? </prose>

    <PAGE> <verse> My lord,'tis but begun. </verse>

    <SLY> <prose> 'Tis a very excellent piece of work, madam

  lady; would 'twere done! </prose>

    <PETRUCHIO> <verse> 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.

 Here, sirrah Grumio, knock, I say. </verse>

    <GRUMIO> <prose> Knock, sir? whom should I knock?  Is there

 any man has rebus'd your worship? </prose>

    <PETRUCHIO> <verse> Villain, I say, knock me here soundly. </verse>

    <GRUMIO> <prose> Knock you here, sir?  Why, sir, what am I,

 sir, that I should knock you here, sir? </prose>

    <PETRUCHIO> <verse> Villain, I say, knock me at this gate,

 And rap me well, or I'll knock your knave's pate. </verse>

    <GRUMIO> <prose> My master is grown quarrelsome. I should

      knock you first,

 And then I know after who comes by the worst. </prose>

    <PETRUCHIO> <verse> Will it not be?

 Faith, sirrah, and you'll not knock, I'll ring it.

 I'll try how you can sol, fa, and sing it. </verse>

    <GRUMIO> <prose> Help, masters, help, my master is mad. </prose>

    <PETRUCHIO> <verse> Now knock when I bid you, sirrah villain! </verse>

    <HORTENSIO> <prose> How now, what's the matter?  My old

 friend Grumio!  and my good friend Petruchio!

 How do you all at Verona? </prose>

    <PETRUCHIO> <verse> Signior Hortensio, come you to part the fray?

   Con tutto core, ben trovato, may I say. </verse>

    <HORTENSIO> <verse> Alla nostra casa ben venuto, molto honorato

   signor mio Petrucio.

 Rise, Grumio, rise, we will compound this quarrel. </verse>

    <GRUMIO> <prose> Nay, 'tis no matter, sir, what he 'leges in

 Latin.  If this be not a lawful cause for me to leave

 his service, look you, sir.  He bid me knock

 him and rap him soundly, sir.  Well, was it fit for a

 servant to use his master so, being perhaps (for

 aught I see) two and thirty, a peep out?

 Whom would to God I had well knock'd at first,

 Then had not Grumio come by the worst. </prose>

    <PETRUCHIO> <verse> A senseless villain!  Good Hortensio,

 I bade the rascal knock upon your gate,

 And could not get him for my heart to do it. </verse>

    <GRUMIO> <prose> 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,? </prose>

    <PETRUCHIO> <verse> Sirrah, be gone, or talk not, I advise you. </verse>

    <HORTENSIO> <verse> 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? </verse>

          <PETRUCHIO> <verse> Such wind as scatters young men through the

 world

 To seek their fortunes farther than at home,

 Where small experience grows.  But in a few,

 Signior Hortensio, thus it stands with me:

 Antonio, my father, is deceas'd,

 And I  have thrust myself into this maze,

 Happily to wive and thrive as best I may.

 Crowns in my purse I have, and goods at home,

 And so am come abroad to see the world. </verse>

     <HORTENSIO> <verse> Petruchio, shall I then come roundly to thee,

 And wish thee to a shrewd ill-favor'd wife?

 Thou'dst thank me but a little for my counsel;

 And yet I'll promise thee she shall be rich,

 And very rich. But th' art too much my friend,

 And I'll not wish thee to her. </verse>

     <PETRUCHIO> <verse> 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 burthen of my wooing dance),

 Be she as foul as was Florentius, love,

 As old as Sibyl, and as curst and shrowd

 As Socrates' Xantippe, or a worse,

 She moves me not, or not removes at least

 Affection's edge in me. Whe'er she is as rough

 As are the swelling Adriatic seas,

 I come to wive it wealthily in Padua;

 If wealthily, then happily in Padua. </verse>

     <GRUMIO> <prose> Nay, look you, sir, he tells you flatly what

 his mind is.  Why, give him gold enough, and marry

 him to a puppet or an aglet-baby, or an old trot with

 ne'er a tooth in her head, though she have as many

 diseases as two and fifty horses. Why, nothing comes

 amiss, so money comes withal. </prose>

     <HORTENSIO> <verse> Petruchio, since we are stepp'd thus far in,

 I will continue that I broach'd in jest.

 I  can, Petruchio, help thee to a wife

 With wealth enough, and young and beauteous,

 Brought up as best becomes a gentlewoman.

 Her only fault, and that is faults enough,

 Is that she is intolerable curst

 And shrowd and froward, so beyond all measure,

 That were my state far worser than it is,

 I  would not wed her for a mine of gold. </verse>

     <PETRUCHIO> <verse> Hortensio, peace! thou know'st not gold's

      effect.

 Tell me her father's name, and 'tis enough;

 For I will board her, though she chide as loud

 As thunder when the clouds in autumn crack. </verse>

     <HORTENSIO> <verse> Her father is Baptista Minola,

 An affable and courteous gentleman.

 Her name is Katherina Minola,

 Renown'd in Padua for her scolding tongue. </verse>

     <PETRUCHIO> <verse> 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,

 Unless you will accompany me thither. </verse>

     <GRUMIO> <prose> I pray you, sir, let him go while the humor

 lasts. A' my word, and she knew him as well as I do,

 she would think scolding would do little good upon

 him.  She may perhaps call him half a score

 knaves or so.  Why, that's nothing; and he begin

 once, he'll rail in his rope-tricks.  I'll tell you what,

 sir, and 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. </prose>

     <HORTENSIO> <verse> 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 withholds from me and other more,

 Suitors to her and rivals in my love;

 Supposing it a thing impossible,

 For those defects I have before rehears'd,

 That ever Katherina will be woo'd.

 Therefore this order hath Baptista ta'en,

 That none shall have access unto Bianca

 Till Katherine the curst have got a husband. </verse>

     <GRUMIO> <verse> Katherine the curst!

 A title for a maid of all titles the worst. </verse>

     <HORTENSIO> <verse> Now shall my friend Petruchio do me grace,

 And offer me disguis'd in sober robes

 To old Baptista as a schoolmaster

 Well seen in music, to instruct Bianca,

 That so I may by this device at least

 Have leave and leisure to make love to her,

 And unsuspected court her by herself. </verse>

     <GRUMIO> <prose> Here's no knavery!  See, to beguile the old

 folks, how the young folks lay their heads together!

 Master, master, look about you!  Who goes there? ha! </prose>

     <HORTENSIO> <verse> Peace, Grumio, it is the rival of my love.

 Petruchio, stand by a while. </verse>

     <GRUMIO> <verse> A proper stripling, and an amorous! </verse>

     <GREMIO> <verse> O, very well, I have perus'd the note.

 Hark you, sir, I'll have them very fairly bound --

 All books of love, see that at any hand --

 And see you read no other lectures to her.

 You understand me. Over and beside

 Signior Baptista's liberality,

 I'll mend it with a largess. Take your paper too,

 And let me have them very well perfum'd;

 For she is sweeter than perfume itself

 To whom they go to.  What will you read to her? </verse>

     <LUCENTIO> <verse> What e'er I read to her, I'll plead for you

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

 As firmly as yourself were still in place,

 Yea, and perhaps with more successful words

 Than you -- unless you were a scholar, sir. </verse>

     <GREMIO> <verse> O this learning, what a thing it is! </verse>

     <GRUMIO> <verse> O this woodcock, what an ass it is! </verse>

     <PETRUCHIO> <verse> Peace, sirrah! </verse>

     <HORTENSIO> <prose> Grumio, mum! God save

       you, Signior Gremio. </prose>

     <GREMIO> <verse> And you are well met, Signior Hortensio.

 Trow you whither I am going? To Baptista Minola.

 I promis'd to inquire carefully

 About a schoolmaster for the fair Bianca,

 And by good fortune I have lighted well

 On this young man; for learning and behavior

 Fit for her turn, well read in poetry`

 And other books, good ones, I warrant ye. </verse>

     <HORTENSIO> <verse> 'Tis well; and I have met a gentleman

 Hath promis'd 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. </verse>

     <GREMIO> <verse> Beloved of me, and that my deeds shall prove. </verse>

  <GRUMIO> <verse> And that his bags shall prove. </verse>

     <HORTENSIO> <verse> Gremio,'tis now no time to vent our love;

 Listen to me, and if you speak me for,

 I'll tell you news indifferent good for either.

 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. </verse>

     <GREMIO> <verse> So said, so done, is well.

 Hortensio, have you told him all her faults? </verse>

     <PETRUCHIO> <verse> I know she is an irksome brawling scold.

 If that be all, masters, I hear no harm. </verse>

     <GREMIO> <verse> No, say'st me so, friend?  What countryman? </verse>

     <PETRUCHIO> <verse> Born in Verona, old Antonio's son.

 My father dead, my fortune lives for me,

 And I do hope good days and long to see. </verse>

     <GREMIO> <verse> O sir, such a life, with such a wife, were

       strange;

 But if you have a stomach, to't a' God's name;

 You shall have me assisting you in all.

 But will you woo this wild-cat? </verse>

          <PETRUCHIO> <verse>                         Will I live? </verse>

    <GRUMIO> <verse> Will he woo her? ay -- or I'll hang her. </verse>

    <PETRUCHIO> <verse> Why came I hither but to that intent?

 Think you a little din can daunt mine ears?

 Have I not in my time heard lions roar?

 Have I not heard the sea, puff'd 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?

 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?

 Tush, tush, fear boys with bugs. </verse>

          <GRUMIO> <verse>                         For he fears none. </verse>

    <GREMIO> <verse>   Hortensio, hark.

 This gentleman is happily arriv'd,

 My mind presumes, for his own good and ours. </verse>

     <HORTENSIO> <verse> I promis'd we would be contributors,

 And bear his charge of wooing,  whatsoe'er. </verse>

    <GREMIO> <verse> And so we will, provided that he win her. </verse>

    <GRUMIO> <verse> I would I were as sure of a good dinner. </verse>

    <TRANIO> <prose> 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? </prose>

     <BIONDELLO> <prose> He that has the two fair daughters? is't he

       you mean? </prose>

     <TRANIO> <verse> Even he, Biondello. </verse>

     <GREMIO> <verse> Hark you, sir, you mean not her to -- </verse>

           <TRANIO> <verse> Perhaps him and her, sir; what have you

 to do? </verse>

     <PETRUCHIO> <verse> Not her that chides, sir, at any hand, I pray. </verse>

     <TRANIO> <verse> I love no chiders, sir.  Biondello, let's away. </verse>

     <LUCENTIO> <verse> Well begun, Tranio. </verse>

           <HORTENSIO> <verse>                       Sir, a word ere you go.

 Are you a suitor to the maid you talk of, yea or no? </verse>

     <TRANIO> <verse> And if I be, sir, is it any offense? </verse>

           <GREMIO> <verse> No; if without more words you will get you

 Hence. </verse>

     <TRANIO> <verse> Why, sir, I pray, are not the streets as free

 For me as for you? </verse>

           <GREMIO> <verse>             But so is not she. </verse>

     <TRANIO> <verse> For what reason, I beseech you? </verse>

           <GREMIO> <verse>               For this reason, if you'll know,

 That she's the choice love of Signior Gremio. </verse>

     <HORTENSIO> <verse> That she's the chosen of Signior Hortensio. </verse>

  <TRANIO> <verse> 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. </verse>

    <GREMIO> <verse> What, this gentleman will out-talk us all. </verse>

    <LUCENTIO> <verse> Sir, give him head, I know he'll prove a jade. </verse>

    <PETRUCHIO> <verse> Hortensio, to what end are all these words? </verse>

    <HORTENSIO> <verse> Sir, let me be so bold as ask you,

 Did you yet ever see Baptista's daughter? </verse>

    <TRANIO> <verse> 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. </verse>

    <PETRUCHIO> <verse> Sir, sir, the first's for me, let her go by. </verse>

    <GREMIO> <verse> Yea, leave that labor to great Hercules,

 And let it be more than Alcides' twelve. </verse>

    <PETRUCHIO> <verse> Sir, understand you this of me, in sooth:

 The youngest daughter, whom you hearken for,

 Her father keeps from all access of suitors,

 And will not promise her to any man,

 Until the elder sister first be wed.

 The younger then is free, and not before. </verse>

     <TRANIO> <verse> If it be so, sir, that you are the man

 Must stead us all, and me amongst the rest;

 And if you break the ice, and do this feat,

 Achieve the elder, set the younger free

 For our access -- whose hap shall be to have her

 Will not so graceless be to be ingrate. </verse>

     <HORTENSIO> <verse> 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. </verse>

     <TRANIO> <verse> Sir, I shall not be slack; in sign whereof,

 Please ye we may contrive this afternoon,

 And quaff carouses to our mistress' health,

 And do as adversaries do in law,

 Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends. </verse>

     <GRUMIO, BIONDELLO> <verse> O excellent motion!  Fellows, let's be

       gone. </verse>

     <HORTENSIO> <verse> The motion's good indeed, and be it so,

 Petruchio, I shall be your ben venuto. </verse>

ActusII

     <BIANCA> <verse> Good sister, wrong me not, nor wrong

     yourself,

 To make a bondmaid and a slave of me --

 That I disdain; but for these other gawds,

 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. </verse>

     <KATHARINA> <verse> Of all thy suitors here I charge thee tell

 Whom thou lov'st best; see thou dissemble not. </verse>

    <BIANCA> <verse> Believe me, sister, of all the men alive

 I never yet beheld that special face

 Which I could fancy more than any other. </verse>

    <KATHARINA> <verse> Minion, thou liest. Is't not Hortensio? </verse>

    <BIANCA> <verse> If you affect him, sister, here I swear

 I'll plead for you myself, but you shall have him. </verse>

    <KATHARINA> <verse> O then belike you fancy riches more:

 You will have Gremio to keep you fair. </verse>

    <BIANCA> <verse> Is it for him you do envy me so?

 Nay then you jest, and now I well perceive

 You have but jested with me all this while.

 I prithee, sister Kate, untie my hands. </verse>

    <KATHARINA> <verse> If that be jest, then all the rest was so. </verse>

     <BAPTISTA> <verse> Why, how now, dame, whence grows this

      insolence?

 Bianca, stand aside. Poor girl, she weeps.

 Go ply thy needle, meddle not with her.

 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? </verse>

     <KATHARINA> <verse> Her silence flouts me, and I'll be reveng'd. </verse>

     <BAPTISTA> <verse> What, in my sight?  Bianca, get thee in. </verse>

     <KATHARINA> <verse> What, will you not suffer me?  Nay, now I

      see

 She is your treasure, she must have a husband;

 I must dance barefoot on her wedding-day,

 And for your love to her lead apes in hell.

 Talk not to me, I will go sit and weep,

 Till I can find occasion of revenge. </verse>

     <BAPTISTA> <verse> Was ever gentleman thus griev'd as I?

But who comes here? </verse>

     <GREMIO> <prose> Good morrow, neighbor Baptista. </prose>

     <BAPTISTA> <prose> Good morrow, neighbor Gremio.  God save

 you, gentlemen! </prose>

     <PETRUCHIO> <verse> And you, good sir!  Pray have you not a

      daughter

 Call'd Katherina, fair and virtuous? </verse>

     <BAPTISTA> <verse> I have a daughter, sir, call'd Katherina. </verse>

     <GREMIO> <verse> You are too blunt, go to it orderly. </verse>

     <PETRUCHIO> <verse> You wrong me, Signior Gremio, give me leave.

 I am a gentleman of Verona, sir,

 That hearing of her beauty and her wit,

 Her affability and bashful modesty,

 Her wondrous qualities and mild behavior,

 Am bold to show myself a forward guest

 Within your house, to make mine eye the witness

 Of that report which I so oft have heard.

 And for an entrance to my entertainment,

 I do present you with a man of mine,

Cunning in music and the mathematics,

 To instruct her fully in those sciences,

 Whereof I know she is not ignorant.

 Accept of him, or else you do me wrong.

 His name is Litio, born in Mantua. </verse>

     <BAPTISTA> <verse> Y' are 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. </verse>

    <PETRUCHIO> <verse> I see you do not mean to part with her,

 Or else you like not of my company. </verse>

    <BAPTISTA> <verse> Mistake me not, I speak but as I find.

 Whence are you, sir? What may I call your name? </verse>

    <PETRUCHIO> <verse> Petruchio is my name, Antonio's son,

 A man well known throughout all Italy. </verse>

         <BAPTISTA> <prose> I know him well; you are welcome for his

 sake. </prose>

    <GREMIO> <prose> Saving your tale, Petruchio, I pray

 Let us that are poor petitioners speak too.

 Backare! you are marvellous forward. </prose>

    <PETRUCHIO> <prose> O, pardon me, Signior Gremio, I would fain

      be doing. </prose>

         <GREMIO> <prose> I doubt it not, sir; but you will curse your

 wooing.

 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

 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. </prose>

    <BAPTISTA> <prose> A thousand thanks, Signior Gremio.  Welcome,

 good Cambio.  But, gentle

 sir, methinks you walk like a stranger.  May I be so

 bold to know the cause of your coming? </prose>

    <TRANIO> <verse> Pardon me, sir, the boldness is mine own,

 That being a stranger in this city here,

 Do make myself a suitor to your daughter,

 Unto Bianca, fair and virtuous.

 Nor is your firm resolve unknown to me,

 In the preferment of the eldest sister.

 This liberty is all that I request,

 That upon knowledge of my parentage,

 I may have welcome 'mongst the rest that woo,

 And free access and favor as the rest;

 And toward the education of your daughters,

 I here bestow a simple instrument,

 And this small packet of Greek and Latin books.

 If you accept them, then their worth is great. </verse>

    <BAPTISTA> <verse> Lucentio is your name, of whence, I pray? </verse>

    <TRANIO> <verse> Of Pisa, sir, son to Vincentio. </verse>

    <BAPTISTA> <verse> A mighty man of Pisa; by report

 I know him well. You are very welcome, sir.

 Take you the lute, and you the set of books.

 You shall go see your pupils presently. </verse>

  <prose> Holla, within! </prose>

  <verse> Sirrah, lead these gentlemen

 To my daughters, and tell them both,

 These are their tutors. Bid them use them well.

 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. </verse>

    <PETRUCHIO> <verse> Signior Baptista, my business asketh haste,

 And every day I cannot come to woo.

 You knew my father well, and in him me,

 Left soly heir to all his lands and goods,

 Which I have bettered rather than decreas'd.

 Then tell me, if I get your daughter's love,

 What dowry shall I have with her to wife? </verse>

    <BAPTISTA> <verse> After my death, the one half of my lands,

 And in possession twenty thousand crowns. </verse>

    <PETRUCHIO> <verse> And for that dowry, I'll assure her of

 Her widowhood, be it that she survive me,

 In all my lands and leases whatsoever.

 Let specialties be therefore drawn between us,

 That covenants may be kept on either hand. </verse>

    <BAPTISTA> <verse> Ay, when the special thing is well obtain'd,

 That is, her love; for that is all in all. </verse>

    <PETRUCHIO> <verse> Why, that is nothing; for I tell you, father,

 I am as peremptory as she proud-minded;

 And where two raging fires meet together,

 They do consume the thing that feeds their fury.

 Though little fire grows great with little wind,

 Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all;

 So I to her, and so she yields to me,

 For I am rough, and woo not like a babe. </verse>

    <BAPTISTA> <verse> Well mayst thou woo, and happy be thy

       speed!

 But be thou arm'd for some unhappy words. </verse>

     <PETRUCHIO> <verse> Ay, to the proof, as mountains are for winds,

 That shake not, though they blow perpetually. </verse>

    <BAPTISTA> <verse> How now, my friend, why dost thou look

       so pale? </verse>

    <HORTENSIO> <verse> For fear, I promise you, if I look pale. </verse>

    <BAPTISTA> <verse> What, will my daughter prove a good musician? </verse>

    <HORTENSIO> <verse> I think she'll sooner prove a soldier,

 Iron may hold with her, but never lutes. </verse>

    <BAPTISTA> <verse> Why then thou canst not break her to the lute? </verse>

    <HORTENSIO> <verse> Why no, for she hath broke the lute to me.

 I did but tell her she mistook her frets,

 And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering;

 When, with a most impatient devilish spirit,

 "Frets, call you these?" quoth she, "I'll fume with

       them."

 And with that word she strook me on the head,

 And through the instrument my pate made way,

 And there I stood amazed for a while,

 As on a pillory, looking through the lute,

 While she did call me rascal fiddler

 And twangling jack, with twenty such vild terms,

 As had she studied to misuse me so. </verse>

    <PETRUCHIO> <verse> 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! </verse>

    <BAPTISTA> <verse> Well, go with me and be not so discomfited.

 Proceed in practice with my younger daughter;

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

 Signior Petruchio, will you go with us,

 Or shall I send my daughter Kate to you? </verse>

    <PETRUCHIO> <verse> I pray you do. 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

 As morning roses newly wash'd with dew;

 Say she be mute, and will not speak a word,

 Then I'll commend her volubility,

 And say she uttereth piercing eloquence;

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

 As though she bid me stay by her a week;

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

 When I shall ask the banes, and when be married.

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

 Good morrow, Kate, for that's your name, I hear. </verse>

    <KATHARINA> <verse> Well have you heard, but something hard

       of hearing.:

 They call me Katherine that do talk of me. </verse>

    <PETRUCHIO> <verse> You lie, in faith, for you are call'd plain Kate,

 And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst;

 But Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom,

 Kate of Kate-Hall, my super-dainty Kate,

 For dainties are all Kates, and therefore, Kate,

 Take this of me, Kate of my consolation --

 Hearing thy mildness prais'd in every town,

 Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded,

 Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs,

 Myself am mov'd to woo thee for my wife. </verse>

          <KATHARINA> <verse> Mov'd! in good time!  Let him that mov'd

 you hither

 Remove you hence. I knew you at the first

 You were a moveable. </verse>

          <PETRUCHIO>                 <verse> Why, what's a moveable? </verse>

    <KATHARINA> <verse> A join'd-stool. </verse>

          <PETRUCHIO>             <verse> Thou hast hit it; come sit on me. </verse>

    <KATHARINA> <verse> Asses are made to bear, and so are you. </verse>

    <PETRUCHIO> <verse> Women are made to bear, and so are you. </verse>

    <KATHARINA> <verse> No such jade as you, if me you mean. </verse>

    <PETRUCHIO> <verse> Alas, good Kate, I will not burthen thee,

 For knowing thee to be but young and light. </verse>

    <KATHARINA> <verse> Too light for such a swain as you to catch,

 And yet as heavy as my weight should be. </verse>

    <PETRUCHIO> <verse> Should be! should -- buzz! </verse>

          <KATHARINA>               <verse> Well ta'en, and like a buzzard. </verse>

    <PETRUCHIO> <verse> O slow-wing'd turtle, shall a buzzard take

       thee? </verse>

    <KATHARINA> <verse> Ay, for a turtle, as he takes a buzzard. </verse>

    <PETRUCHIO> <verse> Come, come, you wasp, i' faith you are too

       angry. </verse>

    <KATHARINA> <verse> If I be waspish, best beware my sting. </verse>

    <PETRUCHIO> <verse> My remedy is then to pluck it out. </verse>

    <KATHARINA> <verse> Ay, if the fool could find it where it lies. </verse>

    <PETRUCHIO> <verse> Who knows not where a wasp does wear his

       sting?

 In his tail. </verse>

    <KATHARINA> <verse>   In his tongue. </verse>

    <PETRUCHIO> <verse> Whose tongue? </verse>

    <KATHARINA> <verse> Yours, if you talk of tales, and so farewell. </verse>

    <PETRUCHIO> <verse> What, with my tongue in your tail?  Nay,

       come again,

 Good Kate; I am a gentleman -- </verse>

          <KATHARINA>               <verse> That I'll try.  </verse>

    <PETRUCHIO> <verse> I swear I'll cuff you, if you strike again. </verse>

    <KATHARINA> <verse> So may you lose your arms.

 If you strike me, you are no gentleman,

 And if no gentleman, why then no arms. </verse>

    <PETRUCHIO> <verse> A herald, Kate?  O, put me in thy books! </verse>

    <KATHARINA> <verse> What is your crest? a coxcomb? </verse>

    <PETRUCHIO> <verse> A combless cock, so Kate will be my hen. </verse>

    <KATHARINA> <verse> No cock of mine, you crow too like a

       Craven. </verse>

    <PETRUCHIO> <verse> Nay, come, Kate, come; you must not look

       so sour. </verse>

    <KATHARINA> <verse> It is my fashion when I see a crab. </verse>

          <PETRUCHIO> <verse> Why, here's no crab, and therefore look not

 sour.  </verse>

    <KATHARINA> <verse> There is, there is. </verse>

    <PETRUCHIO> <verse> Then show it me. </verse>

    <KATHARINA> <verse> Had I a glass, I would. </verse>

    <PETRUCHIO> <verse> What, you mean my face? </verse>

    <KATHARINA> <verse> Well aim'd of such a young one. </verse>

    <PETRUCHIO> <verse> Now, by Saint George, I am too young for

       you. </verse>

    <KATHARINA> <verse> Yet you are wither'd. </verse>

    <PETRUCHIO> <verse> 'Tis with cares. </verse>

    <KATHARINA> <verse> I care not. </verse>

          <PETRUCHIO> <verse> Nay, hear you, Kate. In sooth you scape not

 so.  </verse>

    <KATHARINA> <verse> I chafe you if I tarry. Let me go. </verse>

    <PETRUCHIO> <verse> No, not a whit, I find you passing gentle:

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

 And now I find report a very liar;

 For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous,

 But slow in speech, yet sweet as spring-time flowers.

 Thou canst not frown, thou canst not look askaunce,

 Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will,

 Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross in talk;

 But thou with mildness entertain'st thy wooers,

 With gentle conference, soft, and affable.

 Why does the world report that Kate doth limp?

 O sland'rous world!  Kate like the hazel-twig

 Is straight and slender, and as brown in hue

 As hazel-nuts, and sweeter than the kernels.

 O, let me see thee walk. Thou dost not halt. </verse>

  <KATHARINA> <verse> Go, fool, and whom thou keep'st command. </verse>

  <PETRUCHIO> <verse> Did ever Dian so become a grove

 As Kate this chamber with her princely gait?

 O, be thou Dian, and let her be Kate,

 And then let Kate be chaste, and Dian sportful! </verse>

    <KATHARINA> <verse> Where did you study all this goodly speech? </verse>

    <PETRUCHIO> <verse> It is extempore, from my mother-wit. </verse>

    <KATHARINA> <verse> A witty mother! witless else her son. </verse>

    <PETRUCHIO> <verse> Am I not wise? </verse>

    <KATHARINA> <verse> Yes, keep you warm. </verse>

    <PETRUCHIO> <verse> Marry, so I mean, sweet Katherine, in thy

       bed;

 And therefore setting all this chat aside,

 Thus in plain terms: your father hath consented

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

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

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

 For by this light whereby I see thy beauty,

 Thy beauty that doth make me like thee well,

 Thou must be married to no man but me;

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

 And bring you from a wild Kate to a Kate

 Conformable as other household Kates.

 Here comes your father. Never make denial;

 I must and will have Katherine to my wife. </verse>

    <BAPTISTA> <verse> Now, Signior Petruchio, how speed you with

       my daughter? </verse>

    <PETRUCHIO> <verse> How but well, sir? how but well?

 It were impossible I should speed amiss. </verse>

          <BAPTISTA> <verse> Why, how now, daughter Katherine, in your

 Dumps? </verse>

    <KATHARINA> <verse> Call you me daughter?  Now I promise you

 You have show'd a tender fatherly regard,

 To wish me wed to one half lunatic,

 A madcap ruffian and a swearing Jack,

 That thinks with oaths to face the matter out. </verse>

    <PETRUCHIO> <verse> Father, 'tis thus: yourself and all the world,

 That talk'd of her, have talk'd amiss of her.

 If she be curst, it is for policy,

 For she's not froward, but modest as the dove;

 She is not hot, but temperate as the morn:

 For patience she will prove a second Grissel,

 And Roman Lucrece for her chastity;

 And to conclude, we have 'greed so well together

 That upon Sunday is the wedding-day. </verse>

    <KATHARINA> <verse> I'll see thee hand'd on Sunday first. </verse>

          <GREMIO>   <verse> Hark, Petruchio, she says she'll see thee

 hang'd first. </verse>

    <TRANIO> <verse> Is this your speeding? Nay then good night

       our part! </verse>

    <PETRUCHIO> <verse> Be patient, gentlemen, I choose her for myself.

 If she and I be pleas'd, what's that to you?

 'Tis bargain'd 'twixt us twain, being alone,

 That she shall still be curst in company.

 I tell you 'tis incredible to believe

 How much she loves me. O, the kindest Kate,

 She hung about my neck, and kiss on kiss

 She vied so fast, protesting oath on oath,

 That in a twink she won me to her love.

 O, you are novices! 'tis a world to see

 How tame, when men and women are alone,

 A meacock wretch can make the curstest shrew.

 Give me thy hand, Kate, I will unto Venice

 To buy apparel 'gainst the wedding-day.

 Provide the feast, father, and bid the guests,

 I will be sure my Katherine shall be fine. </verse>

    <BAPTISTA> <verse> I know not what to say, but give me your

       hands.

 God send you joy, Petruchio, 'tis a match. </verse>

    <Gre., Tra.> <verse> Amen, say we. We will be witnesses. </verse>

    <PETRUCHIO> <verse> 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 a' Sunday. </verse>

   <GREMIO> <verse> Was ever match clapp'd up so suddenly? </verse>

   <BAPTISTA> <verse> Faith, gentlemen, now I play a merchant's

       part,

 And venture madly on a desperate mart. </verse>

    <TRANIO> <verse> 'Twas a commodity lay fretting by you;

 'Twill bring you gain, or perish on the seas. </verse>

    <BAPTISTA> <verse> The gain I seek is quiet in the match. </verse>

    <GREMIO> <verse> No doubt but he hath got a quiet catch.

 But now, Baptista, to your younger daughter;

 Now is the day we long have looked for.

 I am your neighbor, and was suitor first. </verse>

   <TRANIO> <verse> And I am one that love Bianca more

 Than words can witness, or your thoughts can guess. </verse>

    <GREMIO> <verse> Youngling, thou canst not love so dear as I. </verse>

    <TRANIO> <verse> Greybeard, thy love doth freeze. </verse>

          <GREMIO> <verse>                           But thine doth fry.

 Skipper, stand back,'tis age that nourisheth. </verse>

    <TRANIO> <verse> But youth in ladies' eyes that flourisheth. </verse>

          <BAPTISTA> <verse> Content you, gentlemen, I will compound

 this strife.

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

 That can assure my daughter greatest dower

 Shall have my Bianca's love.

 Say, Signior Gremio, what can you assure her? </verse>

     <GREMIO> <verse> First, as you know, my house within the city

 Is richly furnished with plate and gold,

 Basins and ewers to lave her dainty hands;

 My hangings all of Tyrian tapestry;

 In ivory coffers I have stuff'd my crowns;

 In cypress chests my arras counterpoints,

 Costly apparel, tents, and canopies,

 Fine linen, Turkey cushions boss'd with pearl,

 Valens of Venice gold in needle-work;

 Pewter and brass, and all things that belongs

 To house or house-keeping. Then at my farm

 I have a hundred milch-kine to the pail,

 Six score fat oxen standing in my stalls,

 And all things answerable to this portion.

 Myself am strook in years, I must confess,

 And if I die to-morrow, this is hers,

 If whilst I live she will be only mine. </verse>

     <TRANIO> <verse> That"only" came well in. Sir, list to me:

 I am my father's heir and only son.

 If I may have your daughter to my wife,

 I'll leave her houses three or four as good,

 Within rich Pisa walls, as any one

 Old Signior Gremio has in Padua,

 Besides two thousand ducats by the year

 Of fruitful land, all which shall be her jointer.

 What, have I pinch'd you, Signior Gremio? </verse>

     <GREMIO> <verse> Two thousand ducats by the year of land!

My land amounts not to so much in all. --

 That she shall have, besides an argosy

 That now is lying in Marsellis road.

 What,  have I chok'd you with an argosy? </verse>

     <TRANIO> <verse> Gremio,'tis known my father hath no less

 Than three great argosies, besides two galliasses

 And twelve tight galleys.  These I will assure her,

 And twice as much, what e'er thou off'rest next. </verse>

     <GREMIO> <verse> Nay, I have off'red all, I have no more,

 And she can have no more than all I have;

 If you like me, she shall have me and mine. </verse>

     <TRANIO> <verse> Why then the maid is mine from all the

       world,

 By your firm promise; Gremio is outvied. </verse>

     <BAPTISTA> <verse> I must confess your offer is the best,

 And let your father make her the assurance,

 She is your own, else you must pardon me;

 If you should die before him, where's her dower? </verse>

     <TRANIO>   <verse> That's but a cavil; he is old, I young. </verse>

     <GREMIO> <verse> And may not young men die as well as old? </verse>

  <BAPTISTA> <verse> Well, gentlemen,

 I am thus resolv'd: on Sunday next you know

 My daughter Katherine is to be married.

 Now on the Sunday following shall Bianca

 Be bride to you, if you make this assurance;

 If not, to Signior Gremio.

 And so I take my leave, and thank you both. </verse>

     <GREMIO> <verse> Adieu, good neighbor. Now I fear thee not.

 Sirrah, young gamester, your father were a fool

 To give thee all, and in his waning age

 Set foot under thy table. Tut, a toy!

 An old Italian fox is not so kind, my boy. </verse>

     <TRANIO> <verse> A vengeance on your crafty withered hide!

 Yet I have fac'd it with a card of ten.

 'Tis in my head to do my master good.

 I see no reason but suppos'd Lucentio

 Must get a father, call'd suppos'd Vincentio;

 And that's a wonder. Fathers commonly

 Do get their children; but in this case of wooing,

 A child shall get a sire, if I fail not of my cunning. </verse>

                                                 <Exit.>

ActusIII

     <LUCENTIO> <verse> Fiddler, forbear, you grow too forward, sir.

 Have you so soon forgot the entertainment

 Her sister Katherine welcom'd you withal? </verse>

     <HORTENSIO> <verse> 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. </verse>

    <LUCENTIO> <verse> Preposterous ass, that never read so far

 To know the cause why music was ordain'd!

 Was it not to refresh the mind of man

 After his studies or his usual pain?

 Then give me leave to read philosophy,

 And while I pause, serve in your harmony. </verse>

         <HORTENSIO> <verse> Sirrah, I will not bear these braves of

 thine. </verse>

    <BIANCA> <verse> Why, gentlemen, you do me double wrong

 To strive for that which resteth in my choice.

 I am no breeching scholar in the schools,

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

 But learn my lessons as I please myself.

 And to cut off all strife, here sit we down:

 Take you your instrument, play you the whiles,

 His lecture will be done ere you have tun'd. </verse>

    <HORTENSIO> <verse> You'll leave his lecture when I am in tune? </verse>

    <LUCENTIO> <verse> That will be never, tune your instrument. </verse>

    <BIANCA>   <prose> Where left we last? <prose>

    <LUCENTIO> <prose> Here, madam:

 "Hic ibat Simois; hic est Sigeia tellus;

 Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis. </prose>

    <BIANCA>   <prose> Conster them. </prose>

    <LUCENTIO>   <prose> "Hic ibat," as I told you before,"sinnois,"

 I am Lucentio,"hic est," son unto Vincentio of Pisa,

 "Sigeia tellus," disguis'd thus to get your love,

 "Hic steterat," and that Lucentio that comes a-wooing,

 "Priami," is my man Tranio, "regia," bearing

 my port,"celsa senis," that we might beguile the old

 pantaloon. </prose>

    <HORTENSIO> <prose> Madam, my instrument's in tune. </prose>

    <BIANCA> <prose> Let's hear. O fie, the treble jars. </prose>

    <LUCENTIO>   <prose> Spit in the hole, man, and tune again. </prose>

    <BIANCA> <prose> Now let me see if I can conster it:

 "Hic ibat Simois," I know you not,"hic est Sigeia

 tellus," I trust you not, "Hic steterat Priami,', take

 heed he hear us not, "regia," presume not, "celsa

 senis," despair not. </prose>

    <HORTENSIO> <verse> Madam,'tis now in tune. </verse>

         <LUCENTIO>                             <verse> All but the base. </verse>

    <HORTENSIO>   <verse> The base is right,'tis the base knave that jars.

How fiery and forward our pedant is!

 Now, for my life, the knave doth court my love:

 Pedascule, I'll watch you better yet. </verse>

    <BIANCA>   <verse> In time I may believe, yet I mistrust. </verse>

    <LUCENTIO>   <verse> Mistrust it not, for sure Aeacides

 Was Ajax, call'd so from his grandfather. </verse>

    <BIANCA>   <verse> I must believe my master, else, I promise

      you,

 I should be arguing still upon that doubt.

 But let it rest. Now, Litio, to you:

 Good master, take it not unkindly, pray,

 That I have been thus pleasant with you both. </verse>

    <HORTENSIO>   <verse> You may go walk, and give

      me leave a while;

 My lessons make no music in three parts.  </verse>

    <LUCENTIO>   <verse> Are you so formal, sir?  Well, I must wait,

And watch withal, for but I be deceiv'd,

 Our fine musician groweth amorous.  </verse>

    <HORTENSIO>   <verse> Madam, before you touch the instrument,

 To learn the order of my fingering,

 I must begin with rudiments of art,

 To teach you gamouth in a briefer sort,

 More pleasant, pithy, and effectual,

 Than hath been taught by any of my trade;

 And there it is in writing, fairly drawn.  </verse>

    <BIANCA>   <verse> Why, I am past my gamouth long ago. </verse>

    <HORTENSIO>   <verse> Yet read the gamouth of Hortensio.  </verse>

         <BIANCA>   <verse>

         Gamouth I am, the ground of all accord:

         A re, to plead Hortensio's passion;

          <B mi, Bianca, take him for thy lord,

         C fa ut, that loves with all affection.

         D sol re, one cliff, two notes have I,

         E la mi, show pity, or I die.

 Call you this gamouth?  Tut, I like it not.

 Old fashions please me best; I am not so nice

 To change true rules for odd inventions. </verse>

   <MESSENGER> <verse> Mistress, your father prays you leave your

      books,

 And help to dress your sister's chamber up.

 You know to-morrow is the wedding-day. </verse>

         <BIANCA> <verse> Farewell, sweet masters both, I must be

 gone. </verse>

    <LUCENTIO> <verse> Faith, mistress, then I have no cause to

      stay. </verse>

    <HORTENSIO> <verse> But I have cause to pry into this pedant.

 Methinks he looks as though he were in love;

 Yet if thy thoughts, Bianca, be so humble

 To cast thy wand'ring eyes on every stale,

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

 Hortensio will be quit with thee by changing. </verse>

     <BAPTISTA> <verse> Signior Lucentio, this is the 'pointed day,

 That Katherine and Petruchio should be married,

 And yet we hear not of our son-in-law.

 What will be said? What mockery will it be,

 To want the bridegroom when the priest attends

 To speak the ceremonial rites of marriage?

 What says Lucentio to this shame of ours? </verse>

     <KATHARINA> <verse> No shame but mine.  I must forsooth be

     forc'd

 To give my hand oppos'd against my heart

 Unto a mad-brain rudesby full of spleen,

 Who woo'd in haste, and means to wed at leisure.

 I  told you, I, he was a frantic fool,

 Hiding his bitter jests in blunt behavior,;

 And to be noted for a merry man,

 He'll woo a thousand,'point the day of marriage,

 Make friends, invite, and proclaim the banes,

 Yet never means to wed where he hath woo'd.

 Now must the world point at poor Katherine,

 And say,"Lo, there is mad Petruchio's wife,

 If it would please him come and marry her!" </verse>

    <TRANIO> <verse> Patience, good Katherine, and Baptista too.

 Upon my life, Petruchio means but well,

 Whatever fortune stays him from his word.

 Though he be blunt, I know him passing wise;

 Though he be merry, yet withal he's honest. </verse>

    <KATHARINA> <verse> Would Katherine had never seen him though!  </verse>

    <BAPTISTA> <verse> Go, girl, I cannot blame thee now to weep,

 For such an injury would vex a very saint,

 Much more a shrew of thy impatient humor. </verse>

    <BIONDELLO> <prose> Master, master, news, old news, and such

 news as you never heard of! </prose>

    <BAPTISTA> <prose> Is it new and old too? how may that be? </prose>

    <BIONDELLO> <prose> Why, is it not news to hear of Petruchio's

 coming? </prose>

    <BAPTISTA> <prose> Is he come? </prose>

    <BIONDELLO> <prose> Why, no, sir. </prose>

    <BAPTISTA> <prose> What then? </prose>

    <BIONDELLO> <prose> He is coming. </prose>

    <BAPTISTA> <prose> When will he be here? </prose>

    <BIONDELLO> <prose> When he stands where I am, and sees you

 there. </prose>

    <TRANIO> <prose> But say, what to thine old news? </prose>

    <BIONDELLO> <prose> Why, Petruchio is coming in a new hat and

 an old jerkin; a pair of old breeches thrice turn'd;

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

 buckled, another lac'd; an old rusty sword ta'en

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

 chapeless; with two broken points; his horse hipp'd,

 with an old mothy saddle and stirrups of no kindred;

  besides, possess'd with the glanders and

 like to mose in the chine, troubled with the lampass,

 infected with the fashions, full of windgalls, sped

 with spavins, ray'd with the yellows, past cure

 of the fives, stark spoil'd with the staggers, begnawn

 with the bots, sway'd in the back, and

 shoulder-shotten, near-legg'd before, and with a

 half-cheek'd bit and a head-stall of sheep's leather,

 which being restrain'd to keep him from stumbling,

 hath been often burst, and now repair'd with knots;

 one girth six times piec'd, and a woman's crupper

 of velure, which hath two letters for her name fairly

 set down in studs, and here and there piec'd with

 packthread. </prose>

    <BAPTISTA> <prose> Who comes with him? </prose>

    <BIONDELLO> <prose> O, sir, his lackey, for all the world caparison'd

 like the horse; with a linen stock on one leg,

 and a kersey boot-hose on the other, gart'red with

 a red and blue list; an old hat, and the humor of

 forty fancies prick'd in't for a feather: a monster,

 a very monster in apparel, and not like a Christian

 footboy or a gentleman's lackey. </prose>

    <TRANIO> <verse> 'Tis some odd humor pricks him to this

      fashion;

 Yet oftentimes he goes but mean apparell'd. </verse>

    <BAPTISTA> <prose> I am glad he's come, howsoe'er he comes. </prose>

    <BIONDELLO> <prose> Why, sir, he comes not. </prose>

    <BAPTISTA> <prose> Didst thou not say he comes? </prose>

    <BIONDELLO> <prose> Who? that Petruchio came? </prose>

    <BAPTISTA>   <prose> Ay, that Petruchio came. </prose>

    <BIONDELLO> <prose> No, sir, I say his horse comes, with him on

 his back. </prose>

    <BAPTISTA> <prose> Why, that's all one. </prose>

    <BIONDELLO> <verse> Nay, by Saint Jamy,

            I hold you a penny,

            A horse and a man

            Is more than one,

            And yet not many. </verse>

     <PETRUCHIO> <verse> Come, where be these gallants?  Who's at

      home? </verse>

    <BAPTISTA>   <verse>   You are welcome, sir. </verse>

         <PETRUCHIO>                     <verse> And yet I come not well. </verse>

    <BAPTISTA>   <verse> And yet you halt not. </verse>

         <TRANIO>                         <verse> Not so well apparell'd

 As I wish you were. </verse>

    <PETRUCHIO> <verse> Were it better I should rush in thus:

 But where is Kate?  Where is my lovely bride?

 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? </verse>

    <BAPTISTA> <verse> 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 eye-sore to our solemn festival! </verse>

    <TRANIO> <verse> And tell us what occasion of import

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

 And sent you hither so unlike yourself? </verse>

    <PETRUCHIO> <verse> Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to hear --

 Sufficeth I am come to keep my word,

 Though in some part enforced to digress,

 Which at more leisure I will so excuse

 As you shall well be satisfied with all.

 But where is Kate?  I stay too long from her.

 The morning wears,'tis time we were at church. </verse>

    <TRANIO> <verse> See not your bride in these unreverent robes,

 Go to my chamber, put on clothes of mine. </verse>

    <PETRUCHIO> <verse> Not I, believe me, thus I'll visit her. </verse>

    <BAPTISTA> <verse> But thus, I trust, you will not marry her. </verse>

    <PETRUCHIO> <verse> Good sooth, even thus; therefore ha' done

       with words;

 To me she's married, not unto my clothes.

 Could I repair what she will wear in me,

 As I can change these poor accoutrements,

 'Twere well for Kate, and better for myself.

 But what a fool am I to chat with you,

 When I should bid good morrow to my bride,

 And seal the title with a lovely kiss! </verse>

  <TRANIO> <verse> He hath some meaning in his mad attire.

 We will persuade him, be it possible,

 To put on better ere he go to church. </verse>

    <BAPTISTA> <verse> I'll after him, and see the event of this. </verse>

     <TRANIO> <verse> But, sir, love concerneth us to add

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

 As before imparted to your worship,

 I am to get a man -- what e'er he be,

 It skills not much, we'll fit him to our turn --

 And he shall be Vincentio of Pisa,

 And make assurance here in Padua

 Of greater sums than I have promised.

 So shall you quietly enjoy your hope,

 And marry sweet Bianca with consent. </verse>

    <LUCENTIO> <verse> Were it not that my fellow schoolmaster

 Doth watch Bianca's steps so narrowly,

 'Twere good methinks to steal our marriage,

 Which once perform'd, let all the world say no,

 I'll keep mine own, despite of all the world. </verse>

    <TRANIO> <verse> That by degrees we mean to look into,

 And watch our vantage in this business.

 We'll overreach the greybeard, Gremio,

 The narrow-prying father, Minola,

 The quaint musician, amorous Litio,

 All for my master's sake, Lucentio.

 Signior Gremio, came you from the church? </verse>

    <GREMIO> <verse> As willingly as e'er I came from school. </verse>

    <TRANIO> <verse> And is the bride and bridegroom coming

       home? </verse>

    <GREMIO> <verse> A bridegroom, say you?'tis a groom indeed,

 A grumbling groom, and that the girl shall find. </verse>

    <TRANIO> <verse> Curster than she? why,'tis impossible. </verse>

    <GREMIO> <verse> Why, he's a devil, a devil, a very fiend. </verse>

    <TRANIO> <verse> Why, she's a devil, a devil, the devil's dam. </verse>

    <GREMIO> <verse> 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,

 "Ay, by gogs-wouns," quoth he, and swore so loud,

 That all amaz'd the priest let fall the book,

 And as he stoop'd again to take it up,

 This mad-brain'd bridegroom took him such a cuff

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

 "Now take them up," quoth he,"if any list." </verse>

    <TRANIO> <verse> What said the wench when he rose again? </verse>

  <GREMIO> <verse> Trembled and shook; for why, he stamp'd

       and swore

 As if the vicar meant to cozen him.

 But after many ceremonies done,

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

 He had been aboard, carousing to his mates

 After a storm, quaff'd off the muscadel,

 And threw the sops all in the sexton's face,

 Having no other reason

 But that his beard grew thin and hungerly,

 And seem'd to ask him sops as he was drinking.

 This done, he took the bride about the neck,

 And kiss'd her lips with such a clamorous smack

 That at the parting all the church did echo.

 And I  seeing this, came thence for very shame,

 And after me I know the rout is coming.

 Such a mad marriage never was before.

 Hark, hark, I hear the minstrels play. </verse>

    <PETRUCHIO> <verse> Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for your

       pains.

 I know you think to dine with me to-day,

 And have prepar'd great store of wedding cheer,

 But so it is, my haste doth call me hence,

 And therefore here I mean to take my leave. </verse>

    <BAPTISTA> <verse> Is't possible you will away to-night? </verse>

    <PETRUCHIO> <verse> I must away to-day, before night come.

 Make it no wonder; if you knew my business,

 You would entreat me rather go than stay.

 And, honest company, I thank you all

 That have beheld me give away myself

 To this most patient, sweet, and virtuous wife.

 Dine with my father, drink a health to me,

 For I must hence, and farewell to you all. </verse>

    <TRANIO> <verse> Let us entreat you stay till after dinner. </verse>

    <PETRUCHIO> <verse> It may not be. </verse>

          <GREMIO>   <verse>               Let me entreat you. </verse>

          <PETRUCHIO> <verse> It cannot be. </verse>

    <KATHARINA> <verse>             Let me entreat you. </verse>

    <PETRUCHIO> <verse> I am content. </verse>

          <KATHARINA> <verse>               Are you content to stay? </verse>

    <PETRUCHIO> <verse> I am content you shall entreat me stay,

 But yet not stay, entreat me how you can. </verse>

    <KATHARINA> <verse> Now if you love me stay. </verse>

          <PETRUCHIO> <verse>                           Grumio, my horse. </verse>

    <GRUMIO> <prose> Ay, sir, they be ready; the oats have eaten

 the horses. </prose>

    <KATHARINA> <verse> Nay then,

 Do what thou canst, I will not go to-day,

 No, nor to-morrow -- not till I please myself.

 The door is open, sir, there lies your way;

 You may be jogging whiles your boots are green.

 For me, I'll not be gone till I please myself.

 'Tis like you'll prove a jolly surly groom,

 That take it on you at the first so roundly. </verse>

    <PETRUCHIO> <verse> O Kate, content thee, prithee be not angry. </verse>

    <KATHARINA> <verse> I will be angry; what hast thou to do?

 Father, be quiet, he shall stay my leisure. </verse>

    <GREMIO> <verse> Ay, marry, sir, now it begins to work. </verse>

    <KATHARINA> <verse> Gentlemen, forward to the bridal dinner.

 I see a woman may be made a fool,

 If she had not a spirit to resist. </verse>

    <PETRUCHIO> <verse> They shall go forward, Kate, at thy command.

 Obey the bride, you that attend on her.

 Go to the feast, revel and domineer,

 Carouse full measure to her maidenhead,

 Be mad and merry, or go hang yourselves;

 But for my bonny Kate, she must with me.

 Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret,

 I will be master of what is mine own.

 She is my goods, my chattels, she is my house,

 My household stuff, my field, my barn,

 My horse, my ox, my ass, my any thing;

 And here she stands, touch her whoever dare,

 I'll bring mine action on the proudest he

 That stops my way in Padua.  Grumio,

 Draw forth thy weapon, we are beset with thieves;

 Rescue thy mistress if thou be a man.

 Fear not, sweet wench, they shall not touch thee,

       Kate!

 I'll buckler thee against a million. </verse>

    <BAPTISTA> <verse> Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet ones. </verse>

    <GREMIO> <verse> Went they not quickly, I should die with

       laughing. </verse>

    <TRANIO> <verse> Of all mad matches never was the like. </verse>

    <LUCENTIO> <verse> Mistress, what's your opinion of your sister? </verse>

    <BIANCA> <verse> That being mad herself, she's madly mated. </verse>

    <GREMIO> <verse> I warrant him, Petruchio is Kated. </verse>

    <BAPTISTA> <verse> 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.

 Lucentio, you shall supply the bridegroom's place,

 And let Bianca take her sister's room. </verse>

    <TRANIO> <verse> Shall sweet Bianca practice how to bride it? </verse>

    <BAPTISTA> <verse> She shall, Lucentio.  Come, gentlemen, let's

       go. </verse>

ActusIV

     <GRUMIO> <prose> Fie, fie on all tir'd jades, on all mad masters,

 and all foul ways!  Was ever man so beaten?

 Was ever man so ray'd?  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! </prose>

     <Curt.> <prose> Who is that calls so coldly? </prose>

     <GRUMIO> <prose> 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. </prose>

    <Curt.> <prose> Is my master and his wife coming, Grumio? </prose>

    <GRUMIO> <prose> O ay, Curtis, ay, and therefore fire, fire;

 cast on no water. </prose>

    <Curt.> <prose> Is she so hot a shrew as she's reported? </prose>

    <GRUMIO> <prose> She was,   good Curtis, before this frost;

 but thou know'st winter tames man, woman, and

 beast; for it hath tam'd my old master and my new

 mistress and myself, fellow Curtis. </prose>

    <Curt.> <prose> Away, you three-inch fool!  I am no beast. </prose>

    <GRUMIO> <prose> 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? </prose>

     <Curt.> <prose> I prithee, good Grumio, tell me, how goes

 the world? </prose>

    <GRUMIO> <prose> 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. </prose>

    <Curt.> <prose> There's fire ready, and therefore, good

 Grumio, the news. </prose>

    <GRUMIO> <prose> Why, "Jack, boy! ho, boy!" and as much

 news as wilt thou. </prose>

    <Curt.> <prose> Come, you are so full of cony-catching! </prose>

    <GRUMIO> <prose> Why, therefore fire, for I have caught

 extreme cold.  Where's the cook?  Is supper

 ready, the house trimm'd, rushes strew'd, cobwebs

  swept, the servingmen in their new fustian,

 their white stockings, and every officer his wedding

 garment on?  Be the Jacks fair within, the

 Gills fair without, the carpets laid, and every thing

 in order? </prose>

    <Curt.> <prose> All ready; and therefore I pray thee,

 News. </prose>

    <GRUMIO> <prose> First, know my horse is tir'd, my master

 and mistress fall'n out. </prose>

    <Curt.> <prose> How? </prose>

    <GRUMIO> <prose> Out of their saddles into the dirt, and

 thereby hangs a tale. </prose>

    <Curt.> <prose> Let's ha't, good Grumio. </prose>

    <GRUMIO>   <prose> Lend thine ear. </prose>

    <Curt.> <prose> Here. </prose>

    <GRUMIO>   <prose> There. </prose>

    <Curt.> <prose> This 'tis to feel a tale, not to hear a tale. </prose>

    <GRUMIO> <prose> And therefore 'tis call'd a sensible tale;

 and this cuff was but to knock at your ear, and

 beseech list'ning.  Now I begin: <Inprimis,> we came

 down a foul hill, my master riding behind my

 mistress -- </prose>

    <Curt.> <prose> Both of one horse? </prose>

    <GRUMIO>   <prose> What's that to thee? </prose>

    <Curt.> <prose> Why, a horse. </prose>

    <GRUMIO> <prose> Tell thou the tale.  But hadst thou not

 cross'd me, thou shouldst have heard how her horse

 fell, and she under her horse; thou shouldst have

 heard in how miry a place, how she was bemoil'd,

 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 pray'd that never pray'd

 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 unexperienc'd

 to thy grave. </prose>

    <Curt.> <prose> By this reck'ning he is more shrew than

 she. </prose>

    <GRUMIO> <prose> 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 comb'd, their blue coats brush'd,

 and their garters of an indifferent knit; let them curtsy

 with their left legs, and not presume to touch a hair

 of my master's horse-tail till they kiss their hands.

 Are they all ready? </prose>

    <Curt.> <prose> They are. </prose>

    <GRUMIO> <prose> Call them forth. </prose>

    <Curt.> <prose> Do you hear, ho?  You must meet my

 master to countenance my mistress. </prose>

    <GRUMIO>   <prose> Why, she hath a face of her own. </prose>

    <Curt.> <prose> Who knows not that? </prose>

    <GRUMIO> <prose> Thou, it seems, that calls for company to

 countenance her. </prose>

    <Curt.>   <prose> I call them forth to credit her. </prose>

    <GRUMIO> <prose> Why, she comes to borrow nothing of them. </prose>

    <NATHANIEL> <prose> Welcome home, Grumio! </prose>

    <PHILIP> <prose> How now, Grumio? </prose>

    <JOSEPH> <prose> What, Grumio! </prose>

    <NICHOLAS> <prose> Fellow Grumio! </prose>

    <NATHANIEL>   <prose> How now, old lad? </prose>

    <GRUMIO> <prose> 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? </prose>

    <NATHANIEL> <prose> All things is ready.  How near is our

 master?   </prose>

    <GRUMIO> <prose> E'en at hand, alighted by this; and therefore

 be not -- Cock's passion, silence!  I hear my

 master. </prose>

           <PETRUCHIO> <verse> Where be these knaves?  What, no man at

 door

 To hold my stirrup, nor to take my horse?

 Where is Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip? </verse>

    <All Serv.> <prose> Here, here, sir, here, sir. </prose>

    <PETRUCHIO> <verse> Here, sir! here, sir! here, sir! here sir!

 You loggerheaded and unpolish'd grooms!

 What?  no attendance? no regard? no duty?

 Where is the foolish knave I sent before? </verse>

    <GRUMIO> <verse> Here, sir, as foolish as I was before. </verse>

    <PETRUCHIO> <verse> You peasant swain, you whoreson malt-horse

       drudge!

 Did I  not bid thee meet me in the park,

 And bring along these rascal knaves with thee? </verse>

    <GRUMIO> <verse> Nathaniel's coat, sir, was not fully made,

 And Gabr'el's pumps were all unpink'd i' th' heel;

 There was no link to color Peter's hat,

 And Walter's dagger was not come from sheathing;

 There were none fine but Adam, Rafe, and Gregory;

 The rest were ragged, old, and beggarly,

 Yet, as they are, here are they come to meet you.  </verse>

    <PETRUCHIO> <verse> Go, rascals, go, and fetch my supper in.

"Where is the life that late I led?

              Where are those" --

 Sit down, Kate, and welcome. Soud, soud, soud, soud!

 Why, when, I say? Nay, good sweet Kate, be merry.

 Off with my boots, you rogues!  You villains, when?

"It was the friar of orders grey,

              As he forth walked on his way" --

 Out, you rogue, you pluck my foot awry.

 Take that, and mend the plucking off the other.

Be merry, Kate.  Some water here; what ho!

 Where's my spaniel Troilus?  Sirrah, get you hence,

 And bid my cousin Ferdinand come hither;

 One, Kate, that you must kiss, and be acquainted

       with.

 Where are my slippers?  Shall I have some water?

 Come,  Kate, and wash, and welcome heartily.

 You whoreson villain, will you let it fall? </verse>

    <KATHARINA> <verse> Patience, I pray you, 'twas a fault unwilling. </verse>

    <PETRUCHIO> <verse> A whoreson, beetle-headed, flap-ear'd 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? </verse>

          <1. SERVANT>               <verse> Ay. </verse>

          <PETRUCHIO>                     <verse> Who brought it? </verse>

    <Peter.>                                   <verse>   I. </verse>

    <PETRUCHIO> <verse> 'Tis burnt, and so is all the meat.

 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.

You heedless joltheads and unmanner'd slaves!

 What, do you grumble?  I'll be with you straight. </verse>

    <KATHARINA> <verse> I pray you, husband, be not so disquiet.

 The meat was well, if you were so contented. </verse>

    <PETRUCHIO> <verse> I tell thee, Kate, 'twas burnt and dried away,

 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 overroasted flesh.

 Be patient, to-morrow't shall be mended,

 And for this night we'll fast for company.

 Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber. </verse>

    <NATHANIEL> <prose> Peter, didst ever see the like? </prose>

    <Peter.>   <prose> He kills her in her own humor. </prose>

    <GRUMIO> <prose> Where is he? </prose>

    <Curt.> <verse> <verse> In her chamber, making a sermon of continency

  to her,

 And rails, and swears, and rates, that she, poor soul,

 Knows not which way to stand, to look, to speak,

 And sits as one new risen from a dream.

 Away, away, for he is coming hither.   </verse>

    <PETRUCHIO> <verse> Thus have I politicly begun my reign,

 And 'tis my hope to end successfully.

 My falcon now is sharp and passing empty,

 And till she stoop, she must not be full-gorg'd,

 For then she never looks upon her lure.

 Another way I have to man my haggard,

 To make her come, and know her keeper's call,

 That is, to watch her, as we watch these kites

 That bate and beat and will not be obedient.

 She eat no meat to-day, nor none shall eat;

 Last night she slept not, nor to-night she shall not;

 As with the meat, some undeserved fault

 I'll find about the making of the bed,

 And here I'll fling the pillow, there the bolster,

 This way the coverlet, another way the sheets.

 Ay, and amid this hurly I intend

 That all is done in reverend care of her,

 And in conclusion, she shall watch all night,

 And if she chance to nod I'll rail and brawl,

 And with the clamor keep her still awake.

 This is a way to kill a wife with kindness,

 And thus I'll curb her mad and headstrong humor.

 He that knows better how to tame a shrew,

 Now let him speak;'tis charity to shew.   </verse>

    <TRANIO> <verse> Is't possible, friend Litio, that Mistress Bianca

 Doth fancy any other but Lucentio?

 I tell you, sir, she bears me fair in hand.  </verse>

    <HORTENSIO> <prose> Sir, to satisfy you in what I have said,

 Stand by and mark the manner of his teaching. </prose>

    <LUCENTIO> <verse> Now, mistress, profit you in what you read? <verse>

    <BIANCA> <verse> What, master, read you?  First resolve me

     that. </verse>

    <LUCENTIO> <verse> I read that I profess, the Art to Love. </verse>

    <BIANCA> <verse> And may you prove, sir, master of your art! </verse>

        <LUCENTIO> <verse> While you, sweet dear, prove mistress of

 my heart! </verse>

    <HORTENSIO> <prose> <verse> Quick proceeders, marry!  Now tell me,

      I pray,

 You that durst swear that your mistress Bianca

 Lov'd none in the world so well as Lucentio. </verse>

    <TRANIO> <verse> O despiteful love, unconstant womankind!

 I tell thee, Litio, this is wonderful. </verse>

    <HORTENSIO> <verse> Mistake no more, I am not Litio,

 Nor a musician, as I seem to be,

 But one that scorn to live in this disguise

 For such a one as leaves a gentleman,

 And makes a god of such a cullion.

 Know, sir, that I am call'd Hortensio. </verse>

    <TRANIO> <verse> Signior Hortensio, I have often heard

 Of your entire affection to Bianca,

 And since mine eyes are witness of her lightness,

 I will with you, if you be so contented,

 Forswear Bianca and her love for ever. </verse>

    <HORTENSIO> <verse> See how they kiss and court!  Signior

      Lucentio,

 Here is my hand, and here I firmly vow

 Never to woo her more, but do forswear her

 As one unworthy all the former favors

 That I have fondly flatter'd her withal. </verse>

    <TRANIO> <verse> And here I take the like unfeigned oath,

 Never to marry with her though she would entreat.

 Fie on her, see how beastly she doth court him! </verse>

         <HORTENSIO> <verse> 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 lov'd me

 As I have lov'd this proud disdainful haggard.

 And so farewell, Signior Lucentio.

 Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks,

 Shall win my love, and so I take my leave,

 In resolution as I swore before.  </verse>

    <TRANIO> <verse> Mistress Bianca, bless you with such grace

 As 'longeth to a lover's blessed case!

 Nay, I have ta'en you napping, gentle love,

 And have forsworn you with Hortensio. </verse>

    <BIANCA> <verse> Tranio, you jest, but have you both forsworn me? </verse>

    <TRANIO> <verse> Mistress, we have. </verse>

         <LUCENTIO>                 <verse> Then we are rid of Litio. </verse>

    <TRANIO> <verse> I' faith, he'll have a lusty widow now,

 That shall be woo'd and wedded in a day. </verse>

    <BIANCA> <verse> God give him joy! </verse>

    <TRANIO> <verse> Ay, and he'll tame her. </verse>

         <BIANCA>                         <verse> He says so, Tranio? </verse>

    <TRANIO> <verse> Faith, he is gone unto the taming-school. </verse>

         <BIANCA> <verse> The taming-school! what, is there such a

 place? </verse>

    <TRANIO> <verse> Ay, mistress, and Petruchio is the master,

 That teacheth tricks eleven and twenty long,

 To tame a shrew and charm her chattering tongue. </verse>

    <BIONDELLO> <verse> O master, master, I have watch'd so long

 That I am dog-weary, but at last I spied

 An ancient angel coming down the hill,

 Will serve the turn. </verse>

         <TRANIO>             <verse> What is he, Biondello? </verse>

    <BIONDELLO> <verse> Master, a mercantant, or a pedant,

 I know not what, but formal in apparel,

 In gait and countenance surely like a father. </verse>

    <LUCENTIO>   <verse> And what of him, Tranio? </verse>

    <TRANIO> <verse> 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. </verse>

    <PEDANT>   <verse> God save you, sir! </verse>

         <Tra>             </verse>     And you, sir! you are welcome.

 Travel you far on or are you at the farthest?

    <PEDANT>   <verse> Sir, at the farthest for a week or two,

 But then up farther, and as far as Rome,

 And so to Tripoli, if God lend me life. </verse>

    <TRANIO> <verse> What countryman, I pray? </verse>

         <PEDANT>                       <verse> Of Mantua. </verse>

    <TRANIO>   <verse> Of Mantua, sir? marry, God forbid!

 And come to Padua, careless of your life? </verse>

    <PEDANT>   <verse> My life, sir? How, I pray? for that goes hard. </verse>

    <TRANIO> <verse>   'Tis death for any one in Mantua

 To come to Padua.  Know you not the cause?

 Your ships are stay'd at Venice, and the Duke,

 For private quarrel 'twixt your Duke and him,

 Hath publish'd and proclaim'd it openly.

 'Tis marvel, but that you are but newly come,

 You might have heard it else proclaim'd about. </verse>

    <PEDANT>   <verse> Alas, sir, it is worse for me than so,

 For I have bills for money by exchange

 From Florence, and must here deliver them. </verse>

    <TRANIO>   <verse> 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? </verse>

    <PEDANT> <verse> Ay, sir, in Pisa have I often been,

 Pisa renowned for grave citizens. </verse>

    <TRANIO>   <verse> Among them know you one Vincentio?  </verse>

    <PEDANT>   <verse> I know him not, but I have heard of him;

 A merchant of incomparable wealth.  </verse>

    <TRANIO>   <verse> He is my father, sir, and sooth to say,

 In count'nance somewhat doth resemble you. </verse>

    <BIONDELLO>   <verse> As much as an apple doth an

 oyster, and all one. </verse>

    <TRANIO> <verse> To save your life in this extremity,

 This favor will I do you for his sake;

 And think it not the worst of all your fortunes

 That you are like to Sir Vincentio.

 His name and credit shall you undertake,

 And in my house you shall be friendly lodg'd.

 Look that you take upon you as you should;

 You understand me, sir? So shall you stay

 Till you have done your business in the city.

 If this be court'sy, sir, accept of it. </verse>

    <PEDANT>   <verse> O sir, I do, and will repute you ever

 The patron of my life and liberty. </verse>

    <TRANIO>   <verse> Then go with me to make the matter good.

 This by the way I let you understand:

 My father is here look'd for every day,

 To pass assurance of a dow'r in marriage

 'Twixt me and one Baptista's daughter here.

 In all these circumstances I'll instruct you;

 Go with me to clothe you as becomes you.     </verse>

    <GRUMIO> <verse> No, no, forsooth I dare not for my life. </verse>

    <KATHARINA>   <verse> The more my wrong, the more his spite

     appears.

 What, did he marry me to famish me?

 Beggars that come unto my father's door

 Upon entreaty have a present alms,

 If not, elsewhere they meet with charity;

 But I, who never knew how to entreat,

 Nor never needed that I should entreat,

 Am starv'd for meat, giddy for lack of sleep,

 With oaths kept waking, and with brawling fed;

 And that which spites me more than all these wants,

 He does it under name of perfect love;

 As who should say, if I should sleep or eat,

 'Twere deadly sickness, or else present death.

 I prithee go, and get me some repast;

 I care not what, so it be wholesome food. </verse>

    <GRUMIO> <verse> What say you to a neat's foot? </verse>

    <KATHARINA> <verse> 'Tis passing good, I prithee let me have it. </verse>

    <GRUMIO> <verse> I fear it is too choleric a meat.

 How say you to a fat tripe finely broil'd? </verse>

    <KATHARINA> <verse> I like it well, good Grumio, fetch it me. </verse>

    <GRUMIO>   <verse> I cannot tell, I fear 'tis choleric.

 What say you to a piece of beef and mustard? </verse>

    <KATHARINA> <verse> A dish that I do love to feed upon. </verse>

    <GRUMIO>   <verse> Ay, but the mustard is too hot a little. </verse>

    <KATHARINA> <verse> Why then the beef, and let the mustard rest. </verse>

    <GRUMIO>   <verse> Nay then I will not, you shall have the

      mustard,

 Or else you get no beef of Grumio. </verse>

    <KATHARINA> <verse> Then both or one, or any thing thou wilt.  </verse>

    <GRUMIO>   <verse> Why then the mustard without the beef.  </verse>

    <KATHARINA> <verse> Go get thee gone, thou false deluding

      slave,

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

 Sorrow on thee and all the pack of you

 That triumph thus upon my misery!

 Go get thee gone, I say. </verse>

    <PETRUCHIO> <verse> How fares my Kate?  What, sweeting, all

      amort? </verse>

    <HORTENSIO> <verse> Mistress, what cheer? </verse>

         <KATHARINA>             <verse> Faith, as cold as can be. </verse>

    <PETRUCHIO> <verse> Pluck up thy spirits, look cheerfully upon me.

 Here, love, thou seest how diligent I am

 To dress thy meat myself, and bring it thee.

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

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

 And all my pains is sorted to no proof.

 Here, take away this dish. </verse>

         <KATHARINA>                 <verse> I pray you let it stand. </verse>

    <PETRUCHIO>   <verse> The poorest service is repaid with thanks,

 And so shall mine before you touch the meat. </verse>

    <KATHARINA> <verse> I thank you, sir. </verse>

    <HORTENSIO>   <verse> Signior Petruchio, fie, you are to blame.

 Come, Mistress Kate, I'll bear you company. </verse>

         <PETRUCHIO>   <verse> Eat it up all, Hortensio, if thou

 lovest me. --

 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,

 With ruffs and cuffs, and fardingales, and things,

 With scarfs and fans, and double change of brav'ry,

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

 What, hast thou din'd?  The tailor stays thy leisure,

 To deck thy body with his ruffling treasure.

 Come, tailor, let us see these ornaments;

 Lay forth the gown.

                       What news with you, sir?  </verse>

  <HABERDASHER> <verse> Here is the cap your worship did bespeak. </verse>

    <PETRUCHIO> <verse> Why, this was moulded 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. </verse>

    <KATHARINA> <verse> I'll have no bigger, this doth fit the time,

 And gentlewomen wear such caps as these. </verse>

    <PETRUCHIO> <verse> When you are gentle, you shall have one too,

 And not till then. </verse>

         <HORTENSIO>   <verse> That will not be in haste. </verse>

    <KATHARINA> <verse> Why, sir, I trust I may have leave to speak,

 And speak I will. I am no child, no babe;

 Your betters have endur'd 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. </verse>

    <PETRUCHIO> <verse> 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. </verse>

    <KATHARINA> <verse> Love me, or love me not, I like the cap,

 And it I will have, or I will have none. </verse>

    <PETRUCHIO> <verse> Thy gown? why, ay. Come, tailor, let us see't.

 O mercy, God, what masquing stuff is here?

 What's this? a sleeve? 'tis like a demi-cannon.

 What, up and down carv'd like an apple-tart?

 Here's snip and nip and cut and slish and slash,

 Like to a censer in a barber's shop.

 Why, what a' devil's name, tailor, call'st thou this? </verse>

    <HORTENSIO> <verse> I see she's like to have neither cap

      nor gown. </verse>

    <TAILOR> <verse> You bid me make it orderly and well,

 According to the fashion and the time. </verse>

    <PETRUCHIO> <verse> Marry, and did; but if you be rememb'red,

 I did not bid you mar it to the time.

 Go hop me over every kennel home,

 For you shall hop without my custom, sir.

 I'll none of it; hence, make your best of it. </verse>

    <KATHARINA> <verse> I never saw a better fashion'd gown,

 More quaint, more pleasing, nor more commendable.

 Belike you mean to make a puppet of me. </verse>

    <PETRUCHIO> <verse> Why, true, he means to make a puppet of thee. </verse>

    <TAILOR> <verse> She says your worship means to make a

 puppet of her. </verse>

    <PETRUCHIO> <verse> O monstrous arrogance!  Thou liest, thou

       thread, thou thimble,

 Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter, nail!

 Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter-cricket thou!

 Brav'd in mine own house with a skein of thread?

 Away, thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant,

 Or I shall so bemete thee with thy yard

 As thou shalt think on prating whilst thou liv'st!

 I tell thee, I, that thou hast marr'd her gown. </verse>

    <TAILOR> <verse> Your worship is deceiv'd, the gown is made

 Just as my master had direction.

 Grumio gave order how it should be done. </verse>

    <GRUMIO> <prose> I gave him no order, I gave him the stuff. </prose>

    <TAILOR> <verse> But how did you desire it should be made? </verse>

    <GRUMIO>   <prose> Marry, sir, with needle and thread. </prose>

    <TAILOR> <verse> But did you not request to have it cut? </verse>

    <GRUMIO> <prose> Thou hast fac'd many things. </prose>

    <TAILOR>   <prose> I have. </prose>

    <GRUMIO> <prose> Face not me; thou hast brav'd many men,

 brave not me; I will neither be fac'd nor brav'd.  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. </prose>

    <TAILOR> <prose> Why, here is the note of the fashion to

 testify. </prose>

    <PETRUCHIO> <prose> Read it. </prose>

    <GRUMIO> <prose> The note lies in 's throat if he say I said

 so. </prose>

    <TAILOR> <prose> "Inprimis, a loose-bodied gown" </prose>

    <GRUMIO> <prose> Master, if ever I said loose-bodied gown,

 sew me in the skirts of it, and beat me to death with

 a bottom of brown thread. I said a gown. </prose>

    <PETRUCHIO> <prose> Proceed. </prose>

    <TAILOR> <prose> "With a small compass'd cape" </prose>

    <GRUMIO>   <prose> I confess the cape. </prose>

    <TAILOR> <prose> "With a trunk sleeve" </prose>

    <GRUMIO> <prose> I confess two sleeves. </prose>

    <TAILOR> <prose> "The sleeves curiously cut." </prose>

    <PETRUCHIO>   <prose> Ay, there's the villainy. </prose>

    <GRUMIO> <prose> Error i' th' bill, sir, error i' th' bill!  I

       commanded

 the sleeves should be cut out, and sew'd up

 again, and that I'll prove upon thee, though thy little

 finger be arm'd in a thimble. </prose>

    <TAILOR> <prose> This is true that I say; and I had thee in

 place where, thou shouldst know it. </prose>

    <GRUMIO> <prose> I am for thee straight.  Take thou the bill,

 give me thy mete-yard, and spare not me. </prose>

    <HORTENSIO> <prose> God-a-mercy, Grumio, then he shall have

 no odds. </prose>

    <PETRUCHIO> <prose> Well, sir, in brief, the gown is not for me. </prose>

    <GRUMIO> <prose> You are i' th' right, sir, 'tis for my mistress. </prose>

    <PETRUCHIO> <prose> Go take it up unto thy master's use. </prose>

    <GRUMIO> <prose> Villain, not for thy life!  Take up my mistress'

 gown for thy master's use! </prose>

    <PETRUCHIO>   <prose> Why, sir, what's your conceit in that? </prose>

    <GRUMIO> <prose> O, sir, the conceit is deeper than you think

       for:

 Take up my mistress' gown to his master's use!

 O fie, fie, fie! </prose>

    <PETRUCHIO> <verse> Hortensio, say thou wilt see the

       tailor paid. --

 Go take it hence, be gone, and say no more. </verse>

    <HORTENSIO> <verse> Tailor, I'll pay thee for thy gown to-morrow,

 Take no unkindness of his hasty words.

 Away, I say, commend me to thy master. </verse>

    <PETRUCHIO> <verse> Well, come, my Kate, we will unto your

       father' s

 Even in these honest mean habiliments;

 Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor,

 For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich;

 And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,

 So honor peereth in the meanest habit.

 What, is the jay more precious than the lark,

 Because his feathers are more beautiful?

 Or is the adder better than the eel,

 Because his painted skin contents the eye?

 O no, good Kate; neither art thou the worse

 For this poor furniture and mean array.

 If thou accountedst it shame, lay it on me,

 And therefore frolic, we will hence forthwith,

 To feast and sport us at thy father's house.

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

 And bring our horses unto Long-lane end;

 There will we mount, and thither walk on foot.

 Let's see, I think 'tis now some seven a' clock,

 And well we may come there by dinner-time. </verse>

    <KATHARINA> <verse> I dare assure you, sir,'tis almost two,

 And 'twill be supper-time ere you come there. </verse>

    <PETRUCHIO> <verse> 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 to-day, and ere I do,

 It shall be what a' clock I say it is. </verse>

    <HORTENSIO> <verse> Why, so this gallant will command

       the sun. </verse>

    <TRANIO> <verse> Sir, this is the house, please it you that I

     call? </verse>

    <PEDANT> <verse> Ay, what else?  And but I be deceived,

 Signior Baptista may remember me

 Near twenty years ago in Genoa,

 Where we were lodgers at the Pegasus. </verse>

    <TRANIO> <verse> 'Tis well, and hold your own in any case

 With such austerity as 'longeth to a father. </verse>

    <PEDANT> <verse> I warrant you. But, sir, here comes your boy;

 'Twere good he were school'd. </verse>

    <TRANIO> <verse> Fear you not him. Sirrah Biondello,

 Now do your duty throughly, I advise you.

 Imagine 'twere the right Vincentio. </verse>

    <BIONDELLO> <verse> Tut, fear not me. </verse>

    <TRANIO> <verse> But hast thou done thy errand to Baptista? <verse>

    <BIONDELLO> <verse> I told him that your father was at Venice,

 And that you look'd for him this day in Padua. </verse>

    <TRANIO> <verse> Th' art a tall fellow; hold thee that to drink.

 Here comes Baptista; set your countenance, sir.

 Signior Baptista, you are happily met.

 Sir, this is the gentleman I told you of.

 I pray you stand good father to me now,

 Give me Bianca for my patrimony. </verse>

    <PEDANT> <verse> 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;

 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 match'd; and if you please to like

 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. </verse>

    <BAPTISTA> <verse> Sir, pardon me in what I have to say --

 Your plainness and your shortness please me well.

 Right true it is, your son Lucentio here

 Doth love my daughter, and she loveth him,

 Or both dissemble deeply their affections;

 And therefore if you say no more than this,

 That like a father you will deal with him,

 And pass my daughter a sufficient dower,

 The match is made, and all is done:

 Your son shall have my daughter with  consent. </verse>

    <TRANIO> <verse> 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? </verse>

    <BAPTISTA> <verse> Not in my house, Lucentio, for you know

 Pitchers have ears, and I have many servants;

 Besides, old Gremio is heark'ning still,

 And happily we might be interrupted. </verse>

    <TRANIO>   <verse> Then at my lodging, and it like you.

 There doth my father lie; and there this night

 We'll pass the business privately and well.

 Send for your daughter by your servant here;

 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. </verse>

     <BAPTISTA> <verse> It likes me well.  Cambio, hie you home,

 And bid Bianca make her ready straight;

 And if you will, tell what hath happened:

 Lucentio's father is arriv'd in Padua,

 And how she's like to be Lucentio's wife. </verse>

    <BIONDELLO> <verse> I pray the gods she may with all my heart! </verse>

    <TRANIO> <verse> Dally not with the gods, but get thee gone.

 Signior Baptista, shall I lead the way?

 Welcome! one mess is like to be your cheer.

 Come, sir, we will better it in Pisa. </verse>

    <BAPTISTA>   <verse> I follow you.   </verse>

    <BIONDELLO> <prose> Cambio! </prose>

    <LUCENTIO> <prose> What say'st thou, Biondello? </prose>

    <BIONDELLO> <prose> You saw my master wink and laugh upon

 you?      </prose>

    <LUCENTIO> <prose> Biondello, what of that? </prose>

    <BIONDELLO> <prose> Faith, nothing; but h'as left me here behind

 to expound the meaning or moral of his signs and

 tokens.      </prose>

    <LUCENTIO> <prose> I pray thee moralize them. </prose>

    <BIONDELLO> <prose> Then thus: Baptista is safe, talking with the

 deceiving father of a deceitful son. </prose>

    <LUCENTIO> <prose> And what of him? </prose>

    <BIONDELLO> <prose> His daughter is to be brought by you to

 the supper. </prose>

    <LUCENTIO> <prose> And then? </prose>

    <BIONDELLO> <prose> The old priest of Saint Luke's church is at

 your command at all hours. </prose>

    <LUCENTIO>   <prose> And what of all this? </prose>

    <BIONDELLO> <prose> I cannot tell, except they are busied

 about a counterfeit assurance.  Take you assurance

 of her, cum privilegio ad imprimendum solum; to th'

 church take the priest, clerk, and some sufficient

 honest witnesses. If this be not that you look for, I have no more to say,

 But bid Bianca farewell for ever and a day. </prose>

    <LUCENTIO> <prose> Hear'st thou, Biondello? </prose>

    <BIONDELLO> <prose> 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.  </prose>

    <LUCENTIO> <verse> I may and will, if she be so contented.

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

 Hap what hap may, I'll roundly go about her;

 It shall go hard if Cambio go without her.  </verse>

    <PETRUCHIO> <verse> Come on a, God's name, once more toward

     our fathers.

 Good Lord, how bright and goodly shines the moon! <verse>

    <KATHARINA> <verse> The moon! the sun -- it is not moonlight now. <verse>

    <PETRUCHIO> <verse> I say it is the moon that shines so bright. <verse>

    <KATHARINA> <verse> I know it is the sun that shines so bright. <verse>

        <PETRUCHIO> <verse> Now by my mother's son, and that's

 myself,

 It shall be moon, or star, or what I list,

 Or ere I journey to your father's house. --

 Go on, and fetch our horses back again. --

 Evermore cross'd and cross'd, nothing but cross'd! <verse>

    <HORTENSIO> <verse> Say as he says, or we shall never go. <verse>

    <KATHARINA> <verse> Forward, I pray, since we have come so far,

 And be it moon, or sun, or what you please;

 And if you please to call it a rush-candle,

 Henceforth I vow it shall be so for me. <verse>

    <PETRUCHIO> <verse> I say it is the moon. <verse>

         <KATHARINA>                   <verse>   I know it is the moon. <verse>

    <PETRUCHIO> <verse> Nay then you lie; it is the blessed sun. <verse>

    <KATHARINA> <verse> Then God be blest, it is the blessed sun,

 But sun it is not, when you say it is not;

 And the moon changes even as your mind.

 What you will have it nam'd, even that it is,

 And so it shall be so for Katherine. <verse>

    <HORTENSIO> <verse> Petruchio, go thy ways, the field is won. </verse>

    <PETRUCHIO> <verse> Well, forward, forward, thus the bowl should

      run,

 And not unluckily against the bias.

 But soft company is coming here.

Good morrow, gentle mistress, where away?

 Tell me, sweet Kate, and tell me truly too,

 Hast thou beheld a fresher gentlewoman?

 Such war of white and red within her cheeks!

 What stars do spangle heaven with such beauty,

 As those two eyes become that heavenly face?

 Fair lovely maid, once more good day to thee.

 Sweet Kate, embrace her for her beauty's sake. </verse>

    <HORTENSIO> <prose> 'A will make the man mad, to make a woman of him. </prose>

    <KATHARINA> <verse> Young budding virgin, fair, and fresh, and

      sweet,

 Whither away, or where is thy abode?

 Happy the parents of so fair a child!

 Happier the man whom favorable stars

 Allots thee for his lovely bedfellow! </verse>

    <PETRUCHIO> <verse> Why, how now, Kate, I hope thou art not mad.

 This is a man, old, wrinkled, faded, withered,

 And not a maiden, as thou say'st he is. </verse>

    <KATHARINA> <verse> Pardon, old father, my mistaking eyes,

 That have been so bedazzled with the sun,

 That every thing I look on seemeth green;

 Now I perceive thou art a reverent father.

 Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad mistaking. </verse>

         <PETRUCHIO> <verse> Do, good old grandsire, and withal make

 known

 Which way thou travellest -- if along with us,

 We shall be joyful of thy company. </verse>

    <VINCENTIO> <verse> Fair sir, and you my merry mistress,

 That with your strange encounter much amaz'd me,

 My name is call'd Vincentio, my dwelling Pisa,

 And bound I am to Padua, there to visit

 A son of mine, which long I have not seen. </verse>

    <PETRUCHIO> <verse> What is his name? </verse>

         <VINCENTIO>                     <verse> Lucentio, gentle sir. </verse>

    <PETRUCHIO> <verse> Happily met, the happier for thy son.

 And now by law, as well as reverent age,

 I may entitle thee my loving father.

 The sister to my wife, this gentlewoman,

 Thy son by this hath married.  Wonder not,

 Nor be not grieved; she is of good esteem,

 Her dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth;

 Beside, so qualified as may beseem

 The spouse of any noble gentleman.

 Let me embrace with old Vincentio,

 And wander we to see thy honest son,

 Who will of thy arrival be full joyous. </verse>

    <VINCENTIO> <verse> But is this true, or is it else your pleasure,

 Like pleasant travellers, to break a jest

 Upon the company you overtake? </verse>

    <HORTENSIO> <verse> I do assure thee, father, so it is. </verse>

    <PETRUCHIO>   <verse> Come go along and see the truth hereof

 For our first merriment hath made thee jealous. </verse>

    <HORTENSIO> <verse> Well, Petruchio, this has put me in heart.

 Have to my widow! and if she be froward,

 Then hast thou taught Hortensio to be untoward. </verse>

ActusV

    <BIONDELLO> <prose> Softly and swiftly, sir, for the priest is ready. </prose>

    <LUCENTIO> <prose> I fly, Biondello; but they may chance to need

 thee at home, therefore leave us. </prose>

    <BIONDELLO> <prose> Nay, faith, I'll see the church a' your back,

 and then come back to my master's as soon

 as I can. </prose>

    <GREMIO> <verse> I marvel Cambio comes not all this while. </verse>

    <PETRUCHIO> <verse> Sir, here's the door, this is Lucentio's house.

 My father's bears more toward the market-place;

 Thither must I, and here I leave you, sir. </verse>

    <VINCENTIO> <verse> 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.   <verse>

    <GREMIO> <prose> They're busy within, you were best knock

 louder.  </prose>

     <PEDANT>   <prose> What's he that knocks as he would beat

 down the gate?  </prose>

    <VINCENTIO>   <prose> Is Signior Lucentio within, sir?  </prose>

    <PEDANT>   <prose> He's within, sir, but not to be spoken

 withal.    </prose>

    <VINCENTIO>   <prose> What if a man bring him a hundred pound

 or two, to make merry withal? </prose>

    <PEDANT>   <prose> Keep your hundred pounds to yourself, he

 shall need none so long as I live. </prose>

    <PETRUCHIO>   <prose> Nay, I told you your son was well belov'd

 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.  </prose>

    <PEDANT>   <prose> Thou liest, his father is come from Padua

 and here looking out at the window. </prose>

    <VINCENTIO>   <prose> Art thou his father? </prose>

    <PEDANT>   <prose> Ay, sir, so his mother says, if I may believe

 her.    </prose>

    <PETRUCHIO>   <prose> Why, how now, gentleman?

 Why, this is flat knavery, to take upon you another

 man's name. </prose>

     <PEDANT>   <prose> Lay hands on the villain.  I believe 'a means

 to cozen somebody in this city under my

 countenance. </prose>

    <BIONDELLO>   <prose> 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. </prose>

    <VINCENTIO> <prose> Come hither, crackhemp. </prose>

    <BIONDELLO> <prose> I hope I may choose, sir. </prose>

    <VINCENTIO> </prose> Come hither, you rogue.  What, have you

 forgot me? <prose>

  <BIONDELLO> <prose>

 Forgot you? no, sir.  I could not forget

 you, for I never saw you before in all my life. </prose>

    <VINCENTIO> <prose> What, you notorious villain, didst thou

 never see thy master's father, Vincentio? </prose>

    <BIONDELLO> <prose> What, my old worshipful old master?

 Yes, marry, sir -- see where he looks out of the

 window.   </prose>

    <VINCENTIO>   <prose> Is't so indeed?  </prose>

    <BIONDELLO> <prose> Help, help, help! here's a madman will

 murder me. </prose>

    <PEDANT>   <prose> Help, son! help, Signior Baptista! </prose>

    <PETRUCHIO> <prose> Prithee, Kate, let's stand aside and see the

 end of this controversy. </prose>

    <TRANIO> <prose> Sir, what are you that offer to beat my

 servant?    </prose>

    <VINCENTIO> <prose> What am I, sir?  Nay, what are you, sir?

 O immortal gods!  O fine villain!  A silken doublet,

 a velvet hose, a scarlet cloak, and a copatain hat!

 O, I am undone, I am undone! While I play the good

 husband at home, my son and my servant spend all

 at the university. </prose>

    <TRANIO> <prose> How now, what's the matter? </prose>

    <BAPTISTA> <prose> What, is the man lunatic? </prose>

    <TRANIO> <prose> 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. </prose>

    <VINCENTIO> <prose> Thy father!  O villain, he is a sailmaker in

 Bergamo. </prose>

    <BAPTISTA> <prose> You mistake, sir, you mistake, sir.  Pray

 what do you think is his name? </prose>

    <VINCENTIO> <prose> His name! as if I knew not his name!

 have brought him up ever since he was three years

 old, and his name is Tranio. </prose>

    <PEDANT> <prose> Away away mad ass his name is Lucentio,

 and he is mine only son, and heir to the lands of me,

 Signior Vincentio. </prose>

    <VINCENTIO> <prose> Lucentio!  O, he hath murd'red his master!

 Lay hold on him, I charge you, in the Duke's name.

 O, my son, my son!  Tell me, thou villain, where is

 my son Lucentio?  </prose>

    <TRANIO> <prose> Call forth an officer.

 Carry this mad knave to the jail.  Father Baptista,

 I charge you see that he be forthcoming. </prose>

    <VINCENTIO> <prose> Carry me to the jail? </prose>

    <GREMIO>   <prose> Stay, officer, he shall not go to prison. </prose>

    <BAPTISTA> <prose> Talk not, Signior Gremio; I say he shall go

 to prison. </prose>

    <GREMIO> <prose> Take heed, Signior Baptista, lest you be

 cony-catch'd in this business.  I dare swear this is the

 right Vincentio. </prose>

    <PEDANT> <prose> Swear if thou dar'st. </prose>

    <GREMIO> <prose> Nay, I dare not swear it. </prose>

    <TRANIO> <prose> Then thou wert best say that I am not

 Lucentio. </prose>

    <GREMIO> <prose> Yes, I know thee to be Signior Lucentio. </prose>

  <BAPTISTA> <prose> Away with the dotard, to the jail with

 him! </prose>

    <VINCENTIO> <prose> Thus strangers may be hal'd and abus'd.  O

 monstrous villain!  </prose>

    <BIONDELLO> <prose> O, we are spoil'd and -- yonder he is. Deny

 him, forswear him, or else we are all undone. </prose>

    <LUCENTIO>   <verse> Pardon, sweet father. </verse>

          <VINCENTIO>                         <verse> Lives my sweet son? </verse>

    <BIANCA> <verse> Pardon, dear father. </verse>

          <BAPTISTA>                     <verse> How hast thou offended?

 Where is Lucentio? </verse>

          <LUCENTIO>             <verse> Here's Lucentio,

 Right son to the right Vincentio,

 That have by marriage made thy daughter mine,

 While counterfeit supposes blear'd thine eyne. </verse>

    <GREMIO> <prose> Here's packing, with a witness, to deceive us

 all! </prose>

    <VINCENTIO>   <verse> Where is that damned villain Tranio,

 That fac'd and braved me in this matter so? </verse>

    <BAPTISTA> <verse> Why, tell me, is not this my Cambio? </verse>

    <BIANCA> <verse> Cambio is chang'd into Lucentio. </verse>

    <LUCENTIO> <verse> Love wrought these miracles.  Bianca's love

 Made me exchange my state with Tranio,

 While he did bear my countenance in the town,

 And happily I have arrived at the last

 Unto the wished haven of my bliss.

 What Tranio did, myself enforc'd him to;

 Then pardon him, sweet father, for my sake. </verse>

    <VINCENTIO> <prose> I'll slit the villain's nose, that would have

 sent me to the jail. </prose>

    <BAPTISTA> <prose> But do you hear, sir?  Have you married my

 daughter without asking my good will? </prose>

    <VINCENTIO> <prose> Fear not, Baptista, we will content you, go

 to; but I will in to be reveng'd for this villainy. </prose>

    <BAPTISTA> <prose> And I, to sound the depth of this knavery. </prose>

    <LUCENTIO> <verse> Look not pale, Bianca, thy father will not

 frown. </verse>

          <GREMIO> <verse> My cake is dough, but I'll in among the rest,

 Out of hope of all but my share of the feast.  </verse>

    <KATHARINA> <prose> Husband, let's follow, to see the end of

       this ado. </prose>

    <PETRUCHIO> <prose> First kiss me, Kate, and we will. <prose>

    <KATHARINA> <prose> What, in the midst of the street? <prose>

    <PETRUCHIO>   <prose> What, art thou asham'd of me? <prose>

    <KATHARINA> <prose> No, sir, God forbid, but asham'd to kiss. <prose>

    <PETRUCHIO> <prose> Why then let's home again.  Come, sirrah,

       let's away. <prose>

    <KATHARINA> <prose> Nay, I will give thee a kiss; now pray thee,

       love, stay. <prose>

    <PETRUCHIO> <verse> Is not this well?  Come, my sweet Kate:

 Better once than never, for never too late.  </verse>

    <LUCENTIO> <verse> At last, though long, our jarring notes agree,

 And time it is, when raging war is done,

 To smile at scapes and perils overblown.

 My fair Bianca, bid my father welcome,

 While I with self-same kindness welcome thine.

 Brother Petruchio, sister Katherina,

 And thou, Hortensio, with thy loving widow,

 Feast with the best, and welcome to my house.

 My banket is to close our stomachs up

 After our great good cheer.  Pray you sit down,

 For now we sit to chat as well as eat. </verse>

    <PETRUCHIO> <verse> Nothing but sit and sit, and eat and eat! </verse>

    <BAPTISTA> <verse> Padua affords this kindness, son Petruchio. </verse>

    <PETRUCHIO> <verse> Padua affords nothing but what is kind. </verse>

         <HORTENSIO> <verse> For both our sakes, I would that word were

 true. </verse>

    <PETRUCHIO> <verse> Now, for my life, Hortensio fears his widow. </verse>

    <WIDOW> <verse> Then never trust me if I be afeard. </verse>

    <PETRUCHIO> <verse> You are very sensible, and yet you miss my

      sense:

 I mean Hortensio is afeard of you. </verse>

         <WIDOW> <verse> He that is giddy thinks the world turns

 round. </verse>

    <PETRUCHIO> <verse> Roundly replied. </verse>

         <KATHARINA>               <verse> Mistress, how mean you that? </verse>

    <WIDOW> <verse> Thus I conceive by him. </verse>

    <PETRUCHIO> <verse> Conceives by me! how likes Hortensio that? </verse>

    <HORTENSIO> <verse> My widow says, thus she conceives her tale. </verse>

         <PETRUCHIO> <verse> Very well mended.  Kiss him for that, good

 widow. </verse>

    <KATHARINA> <verse> "He that is giddy thinks the world turns

      round":

 I pray you tell me what you meant by that. </verse>

    <WIDOW> <verse> Your husband, being troubled with a shrew,

 Measures my husband's sorrow by his woe:

 And now you know my meaning. </verse>

    <KATHARINA> <verse> A very mean meaning. </verse>

         <WIDOW>                         <verse> Right, I mean you. </verse>

    <KATHARINA> <verse> And I am mean indeed, respecting you. </verse>

    <PETRUCHIO> <verse> To her, Kate! </verse>

    <HORTENSIO> <verse> To her, widow! </verse>

         <PETRUCHIO> <verse> A hundred marks, my Kate does put her

 down. </verse>

    <HORTENSIO> <verse> That's my office. </verse>

    <PETRUCHIO> <verse> Spoke like an officer. Ha' to thee, lad! </verse>

                                    <Drinks to Hortensio.>

    <BAPTISTA> <verse> How likes Gremio these quick-witted folks? </verse>

    <GREMIO> <verse> Believe me, sir, they butt together well. </verse>

    <BIANCA> <verse> Head, and butt! an hasty-witted body

 Would  say your head and butt were head and horn. </verse>

    <VINCENTIO> <verse> Ay, mistress bride, hath that awakened you? </verse>

    <BIANCA> <verse> Ay, but not frighted me, therefore I'll sleep again. </verse>

    <PETRUCHIO> <verse> Nay, that you shall not, since you have begun;

 Have at you for a bitter jest or two! </verse>

    <BIANCA> <verse> Am I your bird? I mean to shift my bush,

 And then pursue me as you draw your bow.

 You are welcome all. </verse>

<PETRUCHIO> <verse> She hath prevented me. Here, Signior Tranio,

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

 Therefore a health to all that shot and miss'd. </verse>

    <TRANIO> <verse> O, sir, Lucentio slipp'd me like his greyhound,

 Which runs himself, and catches for his master. </verse>

    <PETRUCHIO> <verse> A good swift simile, but something currish. </verse>

    <TRANIO> <verse> 'Tis well, sir, that you hunted for yourself;

 'Tis thought your deer does hold you at a bay. </verse>

    <BAPTISTA> <verse> O, O, Petruchio, Tranio hits you now. </verse>

    <LUCENTIO> <verse> I thank thee for that gird, good Tranio. </verse>

    <HORTENSIO> <verse> Confess, confess, hath he not hit you here? </verse>

    <PETRUCHIO>   <verse> 'A has a little gall'd me, I confess;

 And as the jest did glance away from me,

 'Tis ten to one it maim'd you two outright. <verse>

    <BAPTISTA> <verse> Now in good sadness, son Petruchio,

 I think thou hast the veriest shrew of all. </verse>

    <PETRUCHIO> <verse> Well, I say no; and therefore for assurance

 Let's each one send unto his wife,

 And he whose wife is most obedient,

 To come at first when he doth send for her,

 Shall win the wager which we will propose. </verse>

    <HORTENSIO> <verse> Content.  What's the wager? </verse>

         <LUCENTIO>                               <verse> Twenty crowns. </verse>

    <PETRUCHIO>   <verse> Twenty crowns!

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

 But twenty times so much upon my wife. </verse>

    <LUCENTIO> <verse> A hundred then. </verse>

         <HORTENSIO>                   <verse> Content. </verse>

         <PETRUCHIO>                           <verse> A match! 'tis done. </verse>

         <HORTENSIO> <verse> Who shall begin? </verse>

    <LUCENTIO>                   <verse> That will I.

 Go, Biondello, bid your mistress come to me. </verse>

    <BIONDELLO>   <verse> I go. </verse>

    <BAPTISTA> <verse> Son, I'll be your half, Bianca comes. </verse>

    <LUCENTIO> <verse> I'll have no halves; I'll bear it all myself.

 How now, what news? </verse>

         <BIONDELLO>             <verse> Sir, my mistress sends you word

 That she is busy, and she cannot come. </verse>

    <PETRUCHIO> <verse> How? she is busy, and she cannot come!

 Is that an answer? </verse>

         <GREMIO>           <verse> Ay, and a kind one too.

 Pray God, sir, your wife send you not a worse. </verse>

    <PETRUCHIO>   <verse> I hope better. </verse>

    <HORTENSIO> <verse> Sirrah Biondello, go and entreat my wife

 To come to me forthwith. </verse>

         <PETRUCHIO>                   <verse> O ho, entreat her!

 Nay then she must needs come. </verse>

         <HORTENSIO>                         <verse> I am afraid, sir,

 Do what you can,  yours will not be entreated.

 Now, where's my wife? </verse>

    <BIONDELLO> <verse> She says you have some goodly jest in hand.

 She will not come; she bids you come to her. </verse>

    <PETRUCHIO> <verse> Worse and worse; she will not come! O vild,

 Intolerable, not to be endur'd!

 Sirrah Grumio, go to your mistress,

 Say I command her come to me.  </verse>

    <HORTENSIO> <verse> I know her answer. </verse>

         <PETRUCHIO>                       <verse> What? </verse>

         <HORTENSIO>                             <verse> She will not. </verse>

    <PETRUCHIO> <verse> The fouler fortune mine, and there an end. </verse>

    <BAPTISTA> <verse> Now, by my holidam, here comes Katherina! </verse>

         <KATHARINA> <verse> What is your will, sir, that you send for

 me? </verse>

    <PETRUCHIO> <verse> Where is your sister, and Hortensio's wife? </verse>

    <KATHARINA> <verse> They sit conferring by the parlor fire. </verse>

    <PETRUCHIO> <verse> Go fetch them hither. If they deny to come,

 Swinge me them soundly forth unto their husbands.

 Away, I say, and bring them hither straight. </verse>

  <LUCENTIO> <verse> Here is a wonder, if you talk of a wonder. </verse>

    <HORTENSIO> <verse> And so it is; I wonder what it bodes. </verse>

    <PETRUCHIO> <verse> Marry, peace it bodes, and love, and quiet life,

 An aweful rule, and right supremacy;

 And to be short, what not, that's sweet and happy. </verse>

    <BAPTISTA> <verse> Now fair befall thee, good Petruchio!

 The wager thou hast won, and I will add

 Unto their losses twenty thousand crowns,

 Another dowry to another daughter,

 For she is chang'd, as she had never been. </verse>

    <PETRUCHIO> <verse> Nay, I will win my wager better yet,

 And show more sign of her obedience,

 Her new-built virtue and obedience.

 See where she comes, and brings your froward wives

 As prisoners to her womanly persuasion.

 Katherine, that cap of yours becomes you not;

 Off with that bable, throw it under-foot. </verse>

    <WIDOW> <verse> Lord, let me never have a cause to sigh,

 Till I be brought to such a silly pass! </verse>

    <BIANCA> <verse> Fie, what a foolish duty call you this? </verse>

          <LUCENTIO> <verse> I would your duty were as foolish too.

 The wisdom of your duty, fair Bianca,

 Hath cost me a hundred crowns since supper-time. </verse>

    <BIANCA> <verse> The more fool you for laying on my duty. </verse>

    <PETRUCHIO> <verse> Katherine, I charge thee tell these headstrong women

 What duty they do owe their lords and husbands. </verse>

    <WIDOW> <verse> Come, come, you're mocking; we will have

       no telling. </verse>

    <PETRUCHIO> <verse> Come on, I say, and first begin with her. </verse>

    <WIDOW> <verse> She shall not. </verse>

    <PETRUCHIO>   <verse> I say she shall, and first begin with her. </verse>

    <KATHARINA> <verse> Fie, fie, unknit that threat'ning unkind brow,

 And dart not scornful glances from those eyes,

 To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor.

 It blots thy beauty, as frosts do bite the meads,

 Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds shake fair buds,

 And in no sense is meet or amiable.

 A woman mov'd is like a fountain troubled,

 Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty,

 And while it is so, none so dry or thirsty

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

 Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,

 Thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares for thee,

 And for thy maintenance; commits his body

 To painful labor, both by sea and land;

 To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,

 Whilst thou li'st warm at home, secure and safe;

 And craves no other tribute at thy hands

 But love, fair looks, and true obedience --

 Too little payment for so great a debt.

 Such duty as the subject owes the prince,

 Even such a woman oweth to her husband;

 And when she is froward, peevish, sullen, sour,

 And not obedient to his honest will,

 What is she but a foul contending rebel,

 And graceless traitor to her loving lord?

 I am asham'd that women are so simple

 To offer war where they should kneel for peace,

 Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,

 When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.

 Why are our bodies soft, and weak, and smooth,

 Unapt to toil and trouble in the world,

 But that our soft conditions, and our hearts,

 Should well agree with our external parts?

 Come, come, you froward and unable worms!

 My mind hath been as big as one of yours,

 My heart as great, my reason haply more,

 To bandy word for word and frown for frown;

 But now I see our lances are but straws,

 Our strength as weak, our weakness past compare,

 That seeming to be most which we indeed least are.

 Then vail your stomachs, for it is no boot,

 And place your hands below your husband's foot;

 In token of which duty, if he please,

 My hand is ready, may it do him ease. </verse>

          <PETRUCHIO> <verse> Why, there's a wench!  Come on, and kiss

 me, Kate. </verse>

    <LUCENTIO> <verse> Well, go thy ways, old lad, for thou shalt ha't. </verse>

    <VINCENTIO> <verse> 'Tis a good hearing when children are toward. </verse>

    <LUCENTIO> <verse> But a harsh hearing when women are froward. </verse>

    <PETRUCHIO> <verse> 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,

 And being a winner, God give you good night! </verse>

    <HORTENSIO> <verse> Now go thy ways, thou hast tam'd a curst

       shrew. </verse>

    <LUCENTIO> <verse> 'Tis a wonder, by your leave, she will be

       tam'd so.   </verse>