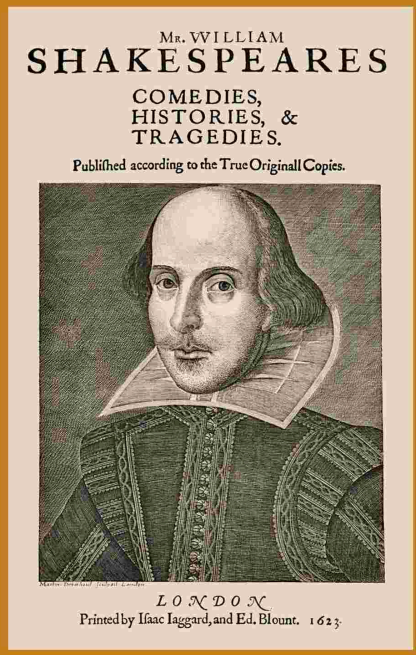
THE Taming OF THE Shrew


MR. WILLIAM
SHAKESPEARES
COMEDIES,
HISTORIES, &
TRAGEDIES.
Published according to the True Originall Copies.
LONDON
Printed by Isaac Iaggard, and Ed. Blount. 1623.

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Executive Director's Notes:

In addition to the notes below, and so you will *NOT* think all the spelling errors introduced by the printers of the time have been corrected, here are the first few lines of Hamlet, as they are presented herein:

Barnardo. Who's there?
Fran. Nay answer me: Stand & vnfold
your selfe

Bar. Long liue the King

* * * * *

As I understand it, the printers often ran out of certain words or letters they had often packed into a "cliche". . .this is the original meaning of the term cliche. . .and thus, being unwilling to unpack the cliches, and thus you will see some substitutions that look very odd. . .such as the exchanges of u for v, v for u, above. . .and you may wonder why they did it this way, presuming Shakespeare did not actually write the play in this manner. . . .

The answer is that they MAY have packed "liue" into a cliche at a time when they were out of "v"'s. . .possibly having used "vv" in place of some "w"'s, etc. This was a common practice of the day, as print was still quite expensive, and they didn't want to spend more on a wider selection of characters than they had to.

You will find a lot of these kinds of "errors" in this text, as I have mentioned in other times and places, many "scholars" have an extreme attachment to these errors, and many have accorded them a very high place in the "canon" of Shakespeare. My father read an assortment of these made available to him by Cambridge University in England for several months in a glass room constructed for the purpose. To the best of my knowledge he read ALL those available . . .in great detail. . .and determined from the various changes, that Shakespeare most likely did not write in nearly as many of a variety of errors we credit him for, even though he was in/famous for signing his name with several different spellings.

So, please take this into account when reading the comments below made by our volunteer who prepared this file: you may see errors that are "not" errors. . . .

So. . .with this caveat. . .we have NOT changed the canon errors, here is the Project Gutenberg Etext of Shakespeare's The first Part of Henry the Sixt.

Michael S. Hart
Project Gutenberg
Executive Director

* * * * *

Scanner's Notes:

What this is and isn't. This was taken from a copy of
Shakespeare's first folio and it is as close as I can come in
ASCII to the printed text.

The elongated S's have been changed to small s's and the conjoined ae have been changed to ae. I have left the spelling, punctuation, capitalization as close as possible to the printed text. I have corrected some spelling mistakes (I have put together a spelling dictionary devised from the spellings of the Geneva Bible and Shakespeare's First Folio and have unified spellings according to this template), typo's and expanded abbreviations as I have come across them. Everything within brackets [] is what I have added. So if you don't like that you can delete everything within the brackets if you want a purer Shakespeare.

Another thing that you should be aware of is that there are textual differences between various copies of the first folio. So there may be differences (other than what I have mentioned above) between this and other first folio editions. This is due to the printer's habit of setting the type and running off a number of copies and then proofing the printed copy and correcting the type and then continuing the printing run. The proof run wasn't thrown away but incorporated into the printed copies. This is just the way it is. The text I have used was a composite of more than 30 different First Folio editions' best pages.

David Reed

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The Taming of the Shrew

Actus primus. Scaena Prima.

Enter Begger and Hostes, Christophero Sly.

Begger. Ile pheeze you infaith

Host. A paire of stockes you rogue

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

Host. You will not pay for the glasses you haue burst?
Beg. No, not a deniere: go by S[aint]. Ieronimie, goe to thy cold bed, and warme thee

Host. I know my remedie, I must go fetch the Head-borough

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

Falles asleepe.

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

Lo. Huntsman I charge thee, tender wel my hounds,
Brach Meriman, the poore Curre is imbost,
And couple Clowder with the deepe-mouth'd brach,

Saw'st thou not boy how Siluer made it good
At the hedge corner, in the couldest fault,
I would not loose the dogge for twentie pound

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

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

Hunts. I will my Lord

Lord. What's heere? One dead, or drunke? See doth
he breath?
2.Hun. He breath's my Lord. Were he not warm'd
with Ale, this were a bed but cold to sleep so soundly

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

2.H. It would seem strange vnto him when he wak'd
Lord. Euen as a flatt'ring dreame, or worthles fancie.
Then take him vp, and manage well the iest:
Carrie him gently to my fairest Chamber,
And hang it round with all my wanton pictures:
Balme his foule head in warme distilled waters,
And burne sweet Wood to make the Lodging sweete:
Procure me Musicke readie when he wakes,
To make a dulcet and a heauenly sound:
And if he chance to speake, be readie straight
(And with a lowe submissiue reuerence)
Say, what is it your Honor wil command:
Let one attend him with a siluer Bason
Full of Rose-water, and bestrew'd with Flowers,
Another beare the Ewer: the third a Diaper,
And say wilt please your Lordship coole your hands.
Some one be readie with a costly suite,
And aske him what apparrel he will weare:
Another tell him of his Hounds and Horse,
And that his Ladie mournes at his disease,

Perswade him that he hath bin Lunaticke,
And when he sayes he is, say that he dreames,
For he is nothing but a mightie Lord:
This do, and do it kindly, gentle sirs,
It wil be pastime passing excellent,
If it be husbanded with modestie

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

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

Sound trumpets.

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

How now? who is it?
Ser. An't please your Honor, Players
That offer seruice to your Lordship.
Enter Players.

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

Players. We thanke your Honor

Lord. Do you intend to stay with me to night?
2.Player. So please your Lordshippe to accept our dutie

Lord. With all my heart. This fellow I remember,
Since once he plaide a Farmers eldest sonne,
'Twas where you woo'd the Gentlewoman so well:

I haue forgot your name: but sure that part
Was aptly fitted, and naturally perform'd

Sincklo. I thinke 'twas Soto that your honor meanes

Lord. 'Tis verie true, thou didst it excellent:
Well you are come to me in happie time,
The rather for I haue some sport in hand,
Wherein your cunning can assist me much.
There is a Lord will heare you play to night;
But I am doubtfull of your modesties,
Least (ouer-eying of his odde behauiour,
For yet his honor neuer heard a play)

You breake into some merrie passion,
And so offend him: for I tell you sirs,
If you should smile, he growes impatient

Plai. Feare not my Lord, we can contain our selues,
Were he the veriest anticke in the world

Lord. Go sirra, take them to the Butterie,
And giue them friendly welcome euerie one,
Let them want nothing that my house affoords.

Exit one with the Players.

Sirra go you to Bartholmew my Page,
And see him drest in all suites like a Ladie:
That done, conduct him to the drunkards chamber,
And call him Madam, do him obeisance:
Tell him from me (as he will win my loue)
He beare himselfe with honourable action,
Such as he hath obseru'd in noble Ladies
Vnto their Lords, by them accomplished,
Such dutie to the drunkard let him do:
With soft lowe tongue, and lowly curtesie,
And say: What is't your Honor will command,
Wherein your Ladie, and your humble wife,
May shew her dutie, and make knowne her loue.
And then with kinde embracements, tempting kisses,
And with declining head into his bosome
Bid him shed teares, as being ouer-ioyed
To see her noble Lord restor'd to health,
Who for this seuen yeares hath esteemed him
No better then a poore and loathsome begger:
And if the boy haue not a womans guift
To raine a shower of commanded teares,
An Onion wil do well for such a shift,
Which in a Napkin (being close conuei'd)
Shall in despight enforce a waterie eie:
See this dispatch'd with all the hast thou canst,
Anon Ile giue thee more instructions.

Exit a seruingman.

I know the boy will wel vsurpe the grace,
Voice, gate, and action of a Gentlewoman:
I long to heare him call the drunkard husband,
And how my men will stay themselues from laughter,
When they do homage to this simple peasant,
Ile in to counsell them: haply my presence
May well abate the ouer-merrie spleene,
Which otherwise would grow into extreames.

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

Beg. For Gods sake a pot of small Ale

1.Ser. Wilt please your Lord drink a cup of sacke? 2.Ser. Wilt please your Honor taste of these Conserues? 3.Ser. What raiment wil your honor weare to day

Beg. I am Christophero Sly, call not mee Honour nor Lordship: I ne're drank sacke in my life: and if you giue me any Conserues, giue me conserues of Beefe: nere ask me what raiment Ile weare, for I haue no more doublets then backes: no more stockings then legges: nor no more shooes then feet, nay sometime more feete then shooes, or such shooes as my toes looke through the ouer-leather

Lord. Heauen cease this idle humor in your Honor.
Oh that a mightie man of such discent,
Of such possessions, and so high esteeme
Should be infused with so foule a spirit

Beg. What would you make me mad? Am not I Christopher Slie, old Slies sonne of Burton-heath, by byrth a Pedler, by education a Cardmaker, by transmutation a Beare-heard, and now by present profession a Tinker. Aske Marrian Hacket the fat Alewife of Wincot, if shee know me not: if she say I am not xiiii.d. on the score for sheere Ale, score me vp for the lyingst knaue in Christen dome. What I am not bestraught: here's- 3.Man. Oh this it is that makes your Ladie mourne

2.Man. Oh this is it that makes your seruants droop

Lord. Hence comes it, that your kindred shuns your house
As beaten hence by your strange Lunacie.
Oh Noble Lord, bethinke thee of thy birth,
Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment,
And banish hence these abiect lowlie dreames:
Looke how thy seruants do attend on thee,
Each in his office readie at thy becke.
Wilt thou haue Musicke? Harke Apollo plaies,

Musick

And twentie caged Nightingales do sing.
Or wilt thou sleepe? Wee'l haue thee to a Couch,
Softer and sweeter then the lustfull bed
On purpose trim'd vp for Semiramis.
Say thou wilt walke: we wil bestrow the ground.
Or wilt thou ride? Thy horses shal be trap'd,
Their harnesse studded all with Gold and Pearle.
Dost thou loue hawking? Thou hast hawkes will soare
Aboue the morning Larke. Or wilt thou hunt,
Thy hounds shall make the Welkin answer them
And fetch shrill ecchoes from the hollow earth

1.Man. Say thou wilt course, thy gray-hounds are as swift
As breathed Stags: I fleeter then the Roe

2.M. Dost thou loue pictures? we wil fetch thee strait
Adonis painted by a running brooke,
And Citherea all in sedges hid,
Which seeme to moue and wanton with her breath,
Euen as the wauing sedges play with winde

Lord. Wee'l shew thee Io, as she was a Maid,
And how she was beguiled and surpriz'd,
As liuelie painted, as the deede was done

3.Man. Or Daphne roming through a thornie wood,
Scratching her legs, that one shal sweare she bleeds,
And at that sight shal sad Apollo weepe,
So workmanlie the blood and teares are drawne

Lord. Thou art a Lord, and nothing but a Lord:
Thou hast a Ladie farre more Beautifull,
Then any woman in this waining age

1.Man. And til the teares that she hath shed for thee,
Like enuious flouds ore-run her louely face,
She was the fairest creature in the world,
And yet shee is inferiour to none

Beg. Am I a Lord, and haue I such a Ladie?
Or do I dreame? Or haue I dream'd till now?
I do not sleepe: I see, I heare, I speake:
I smel sweet sauours, and I feele soft things:
Vpon my life I am a Lord indeede,
And not a Tinker, nor Christopher Slie.
Well, bring our Ladie hither to our sight,
And once againe a pot o'th smallest Ale

2.Man. Wilt please your mightinesse to wash your hands:
Oh how we ioy to see your wit restor'd,
Oh that once more you knew but what you are:
These fifteene yeeres you haue bin in a dreame,
Or when you wak'd, so wak'd as if you slept

Beg. These fifteene yeeres, by my fay, a goodly nap,
But did I neuer speake of all that time

1.Man. Oh yes my Lord, but verie idle words,
For though you lay heere in this goodlie chamber,
Yet would you say, ye were beaten out of doore,
And raile vpon the Hostesse of the house,
And say you would present her at the Leete,
Because she brought stone-Iugs, and no seal'd quarts:
Sometimes you would call out for Cicely Hacket

Beg. I, the womans maide of the house

3.Man. Why sir you know no house, nor no such maid
Nor no such men as you haue reckon'd vp,
As Stephen Slie, and old Iohn Naps of Greece,
And Peter Turph, and Henry Pimpernell,
And twentie more such names and men as these,
Which neuer were, nor no man euer saw

Beg. Now Lord be thanked for my good amends

All. Amen.
Enter Lady with Attendants.

Beg. I thanke thee, thou shalt not loose by it

Lady. How fares my noble Lord?
Beg. Marrie I fare well, for heere is cheere enough.
Where is my wife?
La. Heere noble Lord, what is thy will with her?
Beg. Are you my wife, and will not cal me husband?
My men should call me Lord, I am your good-man

La. My husband and my Lord, my Lord and husband
I am your wife in all obedience

Beg. I know it well, what must I call her?
Lord. Madam

Beg. Alce Madam, or Ione Madam?
Lord. Madam, and nothing else, so Lords cal Ladies
Beg. Madame wife, they say that I haue dream'd,
And slept aboue some fifteene yeare or more

Lady. I, and the time seeme's thirty vnto me,
Being all this time abandon'd from your bed

Beg. 'Tis much, seruants leaue me and her alone:
Madam vndresse you, and come now to bed

La. Thrice noble Lord, let me intreat of you
To pardon me yet for a night or two:
Or if not so, vntill the Sun be set.
For your Physitians haue expressely charg'd,
In perill to incurre your former malady,
That I should yet absent me from your bed:
I hope this reason stands for my excuse

Beg. I, it stands so that I may hardly tarry so long:
But I would be loth to fall into my dreames againe: I
wil therefore tarrie in despight of the flesh & the blood
Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Your Honors Players hearing your amendment,
Are come to play a pleasant Comedie,
For so your doctors hold it very meete,
Seeing too much sadnesse hath congeal'd your blood,
And melancholly is the Nurse of frenzie,
Therefore they thought it good you heare a play,
And frame your minde to mirth and merriment,
Which barres a thousand harmes, and lengthens life

Beg. Marrie I will let them play, it is not a Comontie,
a Christmas gambold, or a tumbling tricke?
Lady. No my good Lord, it is more pleasing stuffe

Beg. What, houshold stuffe

Lady. It is a kinde of history

Beg. Well, we'l see't:
Come Madam wife sit by my side,
And let the world slip, we shall nere be yonger.

Flourish. Enter Lucentio, and his man Triano.

Luc. Tranio, since for the great desire I had
To see faire Padua, nurserie of Arts,
I am arriu'd for fruitfull Lumbardie,
The pleasant garden of great Italy,
And by my fathers loue and leaue am arm'd
With his good will, and thy good companie.
My trustie seruant well approu'd in all,
Heere let vs breath, and haply institute
A course of Learning, and ingenious studies.
Pisa renowned for graue Citizens
Gaue me my being, and my father first
A Merchant of great Trafficke through the world:
Vincentio's come of the Bentiuolij,
Vincentio's sonne, brought vp in Florence,
It shall become to serue all hopes conceiu'd
To decke his fortune with his vertuous deedes:
And therefore Tranio, for the time I studie,
Vertue and that part of Philosophie
Will I applie, that treats of happinesse,
By vertue specially to be atchieu'd.
Tell me thy minde, for I haue Pisa left,
And am to Padua come, as he that leaues
A shallow plash, to plunge him in the deepe,
And with sacietie seekes to quench his thirst

Tra. Me Pardonato, gentle master mine:
I am in all affected as your selfe,
Glad that you thus continue your resolue,

To sucke the sweets of sweete Philosophie.
Onely (good master) while we do admire
This vertue, and this morall discipline,
Let's be no Stoickes, nor no stockes I pray,
Or so deuote to Aristotles checkes
As Ouid; be an out-cast quite abiur'd:
Balke Lodgicke with acquaintance that you haue,
And practise Rhetoricke in your common talke,
Musicke and Poesie vse, to quicken you,
The Mathematickes, and the Metaphysickes
Fall to them as you finde your stomacke serues you:
No profit growes, where is no pleasure tane:
In briefe sir, studie what you most affect

Luc. Gramercies Tranio, well dost thou aduise,
If Biondello thou wert come ashore,
We could at once put vs in readinesse,
And take a Lodging fit to entertaine
Such friends (as time) in Padua shall beget.
But stay a while, what companie is this?
Tra. Master some shew to welcome vs to Towne.
Enter Baptista with his two daughters, Katerina & Bianca, Gremio a
Pantelowne, Hortentio sister to Bianca. Lucen. Tranio, stand by.

Bap. Gentlemen, importune me no farther,
For how I firmly am resolu'd you know:
That is, not to bestow my yongest daughter,
Before I haue a husband for the elder:
If either of you both loue Katherina,
Because I know you well, and loue you well,
Leaue shall you haue to court her at your pleasure

Gre. To cart her rather. She's to rough for mee,
There, there Hortensio, will you any Wife?
Kate. I pray you sir, is it your will
To make a stale of me amongst these mates?
Hor. Mates maid, how meane you that?
No mates for you,
Vnlesse you were of gentler milder mould

Kate. I'faith sir, you shall neuer neede to feare,
Iwis it is not halfe way to her heart:
But if it were, doubt not, her care should be,
To combe your noddle with a three-legg'd stoole,
And paint your face, and vse you like a foole

Hor. From all such diuels, good Lord deliuer vs

Gre. And me too, good Lord

Tra. Husht master, heres some good pastime toward;
That wench is starke mad, or wonderfull froward

Lucen. But in the others silence do I see,
Maids milde behauiour and sobrietie.
Peace Tranio

Tra. Well said Mr, mum, and gaze your fill

Bap. Gentlemen, that I may soone make good
What I haue said, Bianca get you in,
And let it not displease thee good Bianca,
For I will loue thee nere the lesse my girle

Kate. A pretty peate, it is best put finger in the eye,
and she knew why

Bian. Sister content you, in my discontent.
Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe:
My bookes and instruments shall be my companie,
On them to looke, and practise by my selfe

Luc. Harke Tranio, thou maist heare Minerua speak

Hor. Signior Baptista, will you be so strange,
Sorrie am I that our good will effects
Bianca's greefe

Gre. Why will you mew her vp
(Signior Baptista) for this fiend of hell,
And make her beare the pennance of her tongue

Bap. Gentlemen content ye: I am resolud:
Go in Bianca.
And for I know she taketh most delight
In Musicke, Instruments, and Poetry,
Schoolemasters will I keepe within my house,
Fit to instruct her youth. If you Hortensio,
Or signior Gremio you know any such,
Preferre them hither: for to cunning men,
I will be very kinde and liberall,
To mine owne children, in good bringing vp,
And so farewell: Katherina you may stay,
For I haue more to commune with Bianca.
Enter.

Kate. Why, and I trust I may go too, may I not?
What shall I be appointed houres, as though
(Belike) I knew not what to take,
And what to leaue? Ha.

Exit

Gre. You may go to the diuels dam: your guifts are so good heere's none will holde you: Their loue is not so great Hortensio, but we may blow our nails together, and fast it fairely out. Our cakes dough on both sides. Farewell: yet for the loue I beare my sweet Bianca, if I can by any meanes light on a fit man to teach her that wherein she delights, I will wish him to her father

Hor. So will I signiour Gremio: but a word I pray: Though the nature of our quarrell yet neuer brook'd parle, know now vpon aduice, it toucheth vs both: that we may yet againe haue accesse to our faire Mistris, and be happie riuals in Bianca's loue, to labour and effect one thing specially

Gre. What's that I pray?
Hor. Marrie sir to get a husband for her Sister

Gre. A husband: a diuell

Hor. I say a husband

Gre. I say, a diuell: Think'st thou Hortensio, though her father be verie rich, any man is so verie a foole to be married to hell? Hor. Tush Gremio: though it passe your patience & mine to endure her lowd alarums, why man there bee good fellowes in the world, and a man could light on them, would take her with all faults, and mony enough

Gre. I cannot tell: but I had as lief take her dowrie with this condition; To be whipt at the hie crosse euerie morning

Hor. Faith (as you say) there's small choise in rotten apples: but come, since this bar in law makes vs friends, it shall be so farre forth friendly maintain'd, till by helping Baptistas eldest daughter to a husband, wee set his yongest free for a husband, and then haue too't afresh: Sweet Bianca, happy man be his dole: hee that runnes fastest, gets the Ring: How say you signior Gremio? Grem. I am agreed, and would I had giuen him the best horse in Padua to begin his woing that would thoroughly woe her, wed her, and bed her, and ridde the house of her. Come on.

Exeunt. ambo. Manet Tranio and Lucentio

Tra. I pray sir tel me, is it possible
That loue should of a sodaine take such hold

Luc. Oh Tranio, till I found it to be true,
I neuer thought it possible or likely.
But see, while idely I stood looking on,
I found the effect of Loue in idlenesse,
And now in plainnesse do confesse to thee
That art to me as secret and as deere
As Anna to the Queene of Carthage was:
Tranio I burne, I pine, I perish Tranio,
If I atchieue not this yong modest gyrle:
Counsaile me Tranio, for I know thou canst:
Assist me Tranio, for I know thou wilt

Tra. Master, it is no time to chide you now,
Affection is not rated from the heart:
If loue haue touch'd you, naught remaines but so,
Redime te captam quam queas minimo

Luc. Gramercies Lad: Go forward, this contents,
The rest wil comfort, for thy counsels sound

Tra. Master, you look'd so longly on the maide,
Perhaps you mark'd not what's the pith of all

Luc. Oh yes, I saw sweet beautie in her face,
Such as the daughter of Agenor had,
That made great Ioue to humble him to her hand,
When with his knees he kist the Cretan strond

Tra. Saw you no more? Mark'd you not how hir sister
Began to scold, and raise vp such a storme,
That mortal eares might hardly indure the din

Luc. Tranio, I saw her corrall lips to moue,
And with her breath she did perfume the ayre,
Sacred and sweet was all I saw in her

Tra. Nay, then 'tis time to stirre him fro[m] his trance:
I pray awake sir: if you loue the Maide,
Bend thoughts and wits to atcheeue her. Thus it stands:
Her elder sister is so curst and shrew'd,
That til the Father rid his hands of her,
Master, your Loue must liue a maide at home,
And therefore has he closely meu'd her vp,
Because she will not be annoy'd with suters

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

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

Luc. I haue it Tranio

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

Luc. Tell me thine first

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

Luc. It is: May it be done?
Tra. Not possible: for who shall beare your part,
And be in Padua heere Vincentio's sonne,
Keepe house, and ply his booke, welcome his friends,
Visit his Countrimen, and banquet them?
Luc. Basta, content thee: for I haue it full.
We haue not yet bin seene in any house,
Nor can we be distinguish'd by our faces,

For man or master: then it followes thus;
Thou shalt be master, Tranio in my sted:
Keepe house, and port, and seruants, as I should,
I will some other be, some Florentine,
Some Neapolitan, or meaner man of Pisa.
'Tis hatch'd, and shall be so: Tranio at once
Vncase thee: take my Coulord hat and cloake,
When Biondello comes, he waites on thee,
But I will charme him first to keepe his tongue

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

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

Heere comes the rogue. Sirra, where haue you bin?
Bion. Where haue I beene? Nay how now, where are you? Maister, ha's my fellow Tranio stolne your cloathes, or you stolne his, or both? Pray what's the newes?
Luc. Sirra come hither, 'tis no time to iest,
And therefore frame your manners to the time
Your fellow Tranio heere to saue my life,
Puts my apparrell, and my count'nance on,
And I for my escape haue put on his:
For in a quarrell since I came a-shore,
I kil'd a man, and feare I was descried:
Waite you on him, I charge you, as becomes:
While I make way from hence to saue my life:
You vnderstand me?
Bion. I sir, ne're a whit

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

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

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

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

Exeunt. The Presenters aboue speakes.

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

Beg. Yes by Saint Anne do I, a good matter surely:
Comes there any more of it?
Lady. My Lord, 'tis but begun

Beg. 'Tis a verie excellent peece of worke, Madame
Ladie: would 'twere done.

They sit and marke.

Enter Petruchio, and his man Grumio.

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

Gru. Knocke sir? whom should I knocke? Is there
any man ha's rebus'd your worship?
Petr. Villaine I say, knocke me heere soundly

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

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

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

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

He rings him by the eares

Gru. Helpe mistris helpe, my master is mad

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Hor. Petruchio patience, I am Grumio's pledge:
Why this a heauie chance twixt him and you,
Your ancient trustie pleasant seruant Grumio:
And tell me now (sweet friend) what happie gale
Blowes you to Padua heere, from old Verona?
Petr. Such wind as scatters yongmen throgh y world,
To seeke their fortunes farther then at home,
Where small experience growes but in a few.
Signior Hortensio, thus it stands with me,
Antonio my father is deceast,
And I haue thrust my selfe into this maze,
Happily to wiue and thriue, as best I may:
Crownes in my purse I haue, and goods at home,
And so am come abroad to see the world

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

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

As are the swelling Adriaticke seas.
I come to wiue it wealthily in Padua:
If wealthily, then happily in Padua

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

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

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

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

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

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

Hor. Tarrie Petruchio, I must go with thee,
For in Baptistas keepe my treasure is:
He hath the Iewel of my life in hold,
His yongest daughter, beautiful Bianca,
And her with-holds from me. Other more
Suters to her, and riuals in my Loue:
Supposing it a thing impossible,
For those defects I haue before rehearst,
That euer Katherina wil be woo'd:

Therefore this order hath Baptista tane,
That none shal haue accesse vnto Bianca,
Til Katherine the Curst, haue got a husband

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

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

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

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

Grumio. A proper stripling, and an amorous

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

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

Gre. Oh this learning, what a thing it is

Gru. Oh this Woodcocke, what an Asse it is

Petru. Peace sirra

Hor. Grumio mum: God saue you signior Gremio

Gre. And you are wel met, Signior Hortensio.
Trow you whither I am going? To Baptista Minola,
I promist to enquire carefully
About a schoolemaster for the faire Bianca,

And by good fortune I haue lighted well
On this yong man: For learning and behauiour
Fit for her turne, well read in Poetrie
And other bookes, good ones, I warrant ye

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

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

Gru. And that his bags shal proue

Hor. Gremio, 'tis now no time to vent our loue,
Listen to me, and if you speake me faire,
Ile tel you newes indifferent good for either.
Heere is a Gentleman whom by chance I met
Vpon agreement from vs to his liking,
Will vndertake to woo curst Katherine,
Yea, and to marrie her, if her dowrie please

Gre. So said, so done, is well:
Hortensio, haue you told him all her faults?
Petr. I know she is an irkesome brawling scold:
If that be all Masters, I heare no harme

Gre. No, sayst me so, friend? What Countreyman?
Petr. Borne in Verona, old Butonios sonne:
My father dead, my fortune liues for me,
And I do hope, good dayes and long, to see

Gre. Oh sir, such a life with such a wife, were strange:
But if you haue a stomacke, too't a Gods name,
You shal haue me assisting you in all.
But will you woo this Wilde-cat?
Petr. Will I liue?
Gru. Wil he woo her? I: or Ile hang her

Petr. Why came I hither, but to that intent?
Thinke you, a little dinne can daunt mine eares?
Haue I not in my time heard Lions rore?
Haue I not heard the sea, puft vp with windes,
Rage like an angry Boare, chafed with sweat?
Haue I not heard great Ordnance in the field?
And heauens Artillerie thunder in the skies?
Haue I not in a pitched battell heard
Loud larums, neighing steeds, & trumpets clangue?
And do you tell me of a womans tongue?

That giues not halfe so great a blow to heare,
As wil a Chesse-nut in a Farmers fire.
Tush, tush, feare boyes with bugs

Gru. For he feares none

Grem. Hortensio hearke:
This Gentleman is happily arriu'd,
My minde presumes for his owne good, and yours

Hor. I promist we would be Contributors,
And beare his charge of wooing whatsoere

Gremio. And so we wil, prouided that he win her

Gru. I would I were as sure of a good dinner.
Enter Tranio braue, and Biondello.

Tra. Gentlemen God saue you. If I may be bold
Tell me I beseech you, which is the readiest way
To the house of Signior Baptista Minola?
Bion. He that ha's the two faire daughters: ist he you meane?
Tra. Euen he Biondello

Gre. Hearke you sir, you meane not her to-
Tra. Perhaps him and her sir, what haue you to do?
Petr. Not her that chides sir, at any hand I pray

Tranio. I loue no chiders sir: Biondello, let's away

Luc. Well begun Tranio

Hor. Sir, a word ere you go:
Are you a sutor to the Maid you talke of, yea or no?
Tra. And if I be sir, is it any offence?
Gremio. No: if without more words you will get you hence

Tra. Why sir, I pray are not the streets as free
For me, as for you?
Gre. But so is not she

Tra. For what reason I beseech you

Gre. For this reason if you'l kno,
That she's the choise loue of Signior Gremio

Hor. That she's the chosen of signior Hortensio

Tra. Softly my Masters: If you be Gentlemen
Do me this right: heare me with patience.
Baptista is a noble Gentleman,
To whom my Father is not all vnknowne,

And were his daughter fairer then she is,
She may more sutors haue, and me for one.
Faire Laedaes daughter had a thousand wooers,
Then well one more may faire Bianca haue;
And so she shall: Lucentio shal make one,
Though Paris came, in hope to speed alone

Gre. What, this Gentleman will out-talke vs all

Luc. Sir giue him head, I know hee'l proue a Iade

Petr. Hortensio, to what end are all these words?
Hor. Sir, let me be so bold as aske you,
Did you yet euer see Baptistas daughter?
Tra. No sir, but heare I do that he hath two:
The one, as famous for a scolding tongue,
As is the other, for beauteous modestie

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

Gre. Yea, leaue that labour to great Hercules,
And let it be more then Alcides twelue

Petr. Sir vnderstand you this of me (insooth)
The yongest daughter whom you hearken for,
Her father keepes from all accesse of sutors,
And will not promise her to any man,
Vntill the elder sister first be wed.
The yonger then is free, and not before

Tranio. If it be so sir, that you are the man
Must steed vs all, and me amongst the rest:
And if you breake the ice, and do this seeke,
Atchieue the elder: set the yonger free,
For our accesse, whose hap shall be to haue her,
Wil not so gracelesse be, to be ingrate

Hor. Sir you say wel, and wel you do conceiue,
And since you do professe to be a sutor,
You must as we do, gratifie this Gentleman,
To whom we all rest generally beholding

Tranio. Sir, I shal not be slacke, in signe whereof,
Please ye we may contriue this afternoone,
And quaffe carowses to our Mistresse health,
And do as aduersaries do in law,
Striue mightily, but eate and drinke as friends

Gru. Bion. Oh excellent motion: fellowes let's be gon

Hor. The motions good indeed, and be it so,
Petruchio, I shal be your Been venuto.

Exeunt.

Enter Katherina and Bianca.

Bian. Good sister wrong me not, nor wrong your self,
To make a bondmaide and a slaue of mee,
That I disdaine: but for these other goods,
Vnbinde my hands, Ile pull them off my selfe,
Yea all my raiment, to my petticoate,
Or what you will command me, wil I do,
So well I know my dutie to my elders

Kate. Of all thy sutors heere I charge tel
Whom thou lou'st best: see thou dissemble not

Bianca. Beleeue me sister, of all the men aliue,
I neuer yet beheld that speciall face,
Which I could fancie, more then any other

Kate. Minion thou lyest: Is't not Hortensio?
Bian. If you affect him sister, heere I sweare
Ile pleade for you my selfe, but you shal haue him

Kate. Oh then belike you fancie riches more,
You wil haue Gremio to keepe you faire

Bian. Is it for him you do enuie me so?
Nay then you iest, and now I wel perceiue
You haue but iested with me all this while:
I prethee sister Kate, vntie my hands

Ka. If that be iest, then all the rest was so.

Strikes her

Enter Baptista.

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

Flies after Bianca

Bap. What in my sight? Bianca get thee in.
Enter.

Kate. What will you not suffer me: Nay now I see
She is your treasure, she must haue a husband,
I must dance bare-foot on her wedding day,

And for your loue to her, leade Apes in hell.
Talke not to me, I will go sit and weepe,
Till I can finde occasion of reuenge

Bap. Was euer Gentleman thus greeu'd as I?
But who comes heere.
Enter Gremio, Lucentio, in the habit of a meane man, Petruchio with
Tranio, with his boy bearing a Lute and Bookes.

Gre. Good morrow neighbour Baptista

Bap. Good morrow neighbour Gremio: God saue you Gentlemen

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

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

Gre. You are too blunt, go to it orderly

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Bap. A thousand thankes signior Gremio:
Welcome good Cambio. But gentle sir,
Me thinkes you walke like a stranger,
May I be so bold, to know the cause of your comming?
Tra. Pardon me sir, the boldnesse is mine owne,
That being a stranger in this Cittie heere,
Do make my selfe a sutor to your daughter,
Vnto Bianca, faire and vertuous:
Nor is your firme resolue vnknowne to me,
In the preferment of the eldest sister.
This liberty is all that I request,
That vpon knowledge of my Parentage,
I may haue welcome 'mongst the rest that woo,
And free accesse and fauour as the rest.
And toward the education of your daughters:
I heere bestow a simple instrument,
And this small packet of Greeke and Latine bookes:
If you accept them, then their worth is great:
Bap. Lucentio is your name, of whence I pray

Tra. Of Pisa sir, sonne to Vincentio

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

Enter a Seruant

Sirrah, leade these Gentlemen
To my daughters, and tell them both
These are their Tutors, bid them vse them well,

We will go walke a little in the Orchard,
And then to dinner: you are passing welcome,
And so I pray you all to thinke your selues

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

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

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

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

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

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

Pet. I to the proofe, as Mountaines are for windes,
That shakes not, though they blow perpetually.
Enter Hortensio with his head broke.

Bap. How now my friend, why dost thou looke so
pale?
Hor. For feare I promise you, if I looke pale

Bap. What, will my daughter proue a good Musitian?
Hor. I thinke she'l sooner proue a souldier,
Iron may hold with her, but neuer Lutes

Bap. Why then thou canst not break her to the Lute?
Hor. Why no, for she hath broke the Lute to me:
I did but tell her she mistooke her frets,
And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering,

When (with a most impatient diuellish spirit)
Frets call you these? (quoth she) Ile fume with them:
And with that word she stroke me on the head,
And through the instrument my pate made way,
And there I stood amazed for a while,
As on a Pillorie, looking through the Lute,
While she did call me Rascall, Fidler,
And twangling Iacke, with twentie such vilde tearmes,
As had she studied to misvse me so

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

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

Exit. Manet Petruchio.

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

Enter Katerina

Good morrow Kate, for thats your name I heare

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

Pet. You lye infaith, for you are call'd plaine Kate,
And bony Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst:
But Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendome,
Kate of Kate-hall, my super-daintie Kate,
For dainties are all Kates, and therefore Kate
Take this of me, Kate of my consolation,
Hearing thy mildnesse prais'd in euery Towne,

Thy vertues spoke of, and thy beautie sounded,
Yet not so deepely as to thee belongs,
My selfe am moou'd to woo thee for my wife

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

Pet. Why, what's a mouable?
Kat. A ioyn'd stoole

Pet. Thou hast hit it: come sit on me

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

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

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

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

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

Pet. Shold be, should: buzze

Kate. Well tane, and like a buzzard

Pet. Oh slow-wing'd Turtle, shal a buzard take thee?
Kat. I for a Turtle, as he takes a buzard

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

Kate. If I be waspish, best beware my sting

Pet. My remedy is then to plucke it out

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

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

Kate. In his tongue?
Pet. Whose tongue

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

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

She strikes him

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

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

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

Kate. What is your Crest, a Coxcombe?
Pet. A comblesse Cocke, so Kate will be my Hen

Kate. No Cocke of mine, you crow too like a crauen
Pet. Nay come Kate, come: you must not looke so sowre

Kate. It is my fashion when I see a Crab

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

Kate. There is, there is

Pet. Then shew it me

Kate. Had I a glasse, I would

Pet. What, you meane my face

Kate. Well aym'd of such a yong one

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

Kate. Yet you are wither'd

Pet. 'Tis with cares

Kate. I care not

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

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

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

Is straight, and slender, and as browne in hue
As hazle nuts, and sweeter then the kernels:
Oh let me see thee walke: thou dost not halt

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

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

Kate. Where did you study all this goodly speech?
Petr. It is extempore, from my mother wit

Kate. A witty mother, witlesse else her sonne

Pet. Am I not wise?
Kat. Yes, keepe you warme

Pet. Marry so I meane sweet Katherine in thy bed:
And therefore setting all this chat aside,
Thus in plaine termes: your father hath consented
That you shall be my wife; your dowry greed on,
And will you, nill you, I will marry you.
Now Kate, I am a husband for your turne,
For by this light, whereby I see thy beauty,
Thy beauty that doth make me like thee well,
Thou must be married to no man but me,
Enter Baptista, Gremio, Trayno.

For I am he am borne to tame you Kate,
And bring you from a wilde Kate to a Kate
Conformable as other houshold Kates:
Heere comes your father, neuer make deniall,
I must, and will haue Katherine to my wife

Bap. Now Signior Petruchio, how speed you with my daughter?
Pet. How but well sir? how but well?
It were impossible I should speed amisse

Bap. Why how now daughter Katherine, in your dumps?
Kat. Call you me daughter? now I promise you
You haue shewd a tender fatherly regard,
To wish me wed to one halfe Lunaticke,
A mad-cap ruffian, and a swearing Iacke,
That thinkes with oathes to face the matter out

Pet. Father, 'tis thus, your selfe and all the world
That talk'd of her, haue talk'd amisse of her:
If she be curst, it is for pollicie,
For shee's not froward, but modest as the Doue,
Shee is not hot, but temperate as the morne,

For patience shee will proue a second Grissell,
And Romane Lucrece for her chastitie:
And to conclude, we haue greed so well together,
That vpon sonday is the wedding day

Kate. Ile see thee hang'd on sonday first

Gre. Hark Petruchio, she saies shee'll see thee hang'd first

Tra. Is this your speeding? nay the[n] godnight our part

Pet. Be patient gentlemen, I choose her for my selfe,
If she and I be pleas'd, what's that to you?
'Tis bargain'd twixt vs twaine being alone,
That she shall still be curst in company.
I tell you 'tis incredible to beleeue
How much she loues me: oh the kindest Kate,
Shee hung about my necke, and kisse on kisse
Shee vi'd so fast, protesting oath on oath,
That in a twinke she won me to her loue.
Oh you are nouices, 'tis a world to see
How tame when men and women are alone,
A meacocke wretch can make the curstest shrew:
Giue me thy hand Kate, I will vnto Venice
To buy apparell 'gainst the wedding day;
Prouide the feast father, and bid the guests,
I will be sure my Katherine shall be fine

Bap. I know not what to say, but giue me your ha[n]ds,
God send you ioy, Petruchio, 'tis a match

Gre. Tra. Amen say we, we will be witnesses

Pet. Father, and wife, and gentlemen adieu,
I will to Venice, sonday comes apace,
We will haue rings, and things, and fine array,
And kisse me Kate, we will be married a sonday.

Exit Petruchio and Katherine.

Gre. Was euer match clapt vp so sodainly?
Bap. Faith Gentlemen now I play a marchants part,
And venture madly on a desperate Mart

Tra. Twas a commodity lay fretting by you,
'Twill bring you gaine, or perish on the seas

Bap. The gaine I seeke, is quiet me the match

Gre. No doubt but he hath got a quiet catch:
But now Baptista, to your yonger daughter,
Now is the day we long haue looked for,
I am your neighbour, and was suter first

Tra. And I am one that loue Bianca more
Then words can witnesse, or your thoughts can guesse

Gre. Yongling thou canst not loue so deare as I

Tra. Gray-beard thy loue doth freeze

Gre. But thine doth frie,
Skipper stand backe, 'tis age that nourisheth

Tra. But youth in Ladies eyes that florisheth

Bap. Content you gentlemen, I wil co[m]pound this strife
'Tis deeds must win the prize, and he of both
That can assure my daughter greatest dower,
Shall haue my Biancas loue.
Say signior Gremio, what can you assure her?
Gre. First, as you know, my house within the City
Is richly furnished with plate and gold,
Basons and ewers to laue her dainty hands:
My hangings all of tirian tapestry:
In Iuory cofers I haue stuft my crownes:
In Cypres chests my arras counterpoints,
Costly apparell, tents, and Canopies,
Fine Linnen, Turky cushions bost with pearle,
Vallens of Venice gold, in needle worke:
Pewter and brasse, and all things that belongs
To house or house-keeping: then at my farme
I haue a hundred milch-kine to the pale,
Sixe-score fat Oxen standing in my stalls,
And all things answerable to this portion.
My selfe am strooke in yeeres I must confesse,
And if I die to morrow this is hers,
If whil'st I liue she will be onely mine

Tra. That only came well in: sir, list to me,
I am my fathers heyre and onely sonne,
If I may haue your daughter to my wife,
Ile leaue her houses three or foure as good
Within rich Pisa walls, as any one
Old Signior Gremio has in Padua,
Besides, two thousand Duckets by the yeere
Of fruitfull land, all which shall be her ioynter.
What, haue I pincht you Signior Gremio?
Gre. Two thousand Duckets by the yeere of land,
My Land amounts not to so much in all:
That she shall haue, besides an Argosie
That now is lying in Marcellus roade:
What, haue I choakt you with an Argosie?
Tra. Gremio, 'tis knowne my father hath no lesse

Then three great Argosies, besides two Galliasses
And twelue tite Gallies, these I will assure her,
And twice as much what ere thou offrest next

Gre. Nay, I haue offred all, I haue no more,
And she can haue no more then all I haue,
If you like me, she shall haue me and mine

Tra. Why then the maid is mine from all the world
By your firme promise, Gremio is out-vied

Bap. I must confesse your offer is the best,
And let your father make her the assurance,
Shee is your owne, else you must pardon me:
If you should die before him, where's her dower?
Tra. That's but a cauill: he is olde, I young

Gre. And may not yong men die as well as old?
Bap. Well gentlemen, I am thus resolu'd,
On sonday next, you know
My daughter Katherine is to be married:
Now on the sonday following, shall Bianca
Be Bride to you, if you make this assurance:
If not, to Signior Gremio:
And so I take my leaue, and thanke you both.
Enter.

Gre. Adieu good neighbour: now I feare thee not:
Sirra, yong gamester, your father were a foole
To giue thee all, and in his wayning age
Set foot vnder thy table: tut, a toy,
An olde Italian foxe is not so kinde my boy.
Enter.

Tra. A vengeance on your crafty withered hide,
Yet I haue fac'd it with a card of ten:
'Tis in my head to doe my master good:
I see no reason but suppos'd Lucentio
Must get a father, call'd suppos'd Vincentio,
And that's a wonder: fathers commonly
Doe get their children: but in this case of woing,
A childe shall get a sire, if I faile not of my cunning.
Enter.

Actus Tertia.

Enter Lucentio, Hortentio, and Bianca.

Luc. Fidler forbeare, you grow too forward Sir,
Haue you so soone forgot the entertainment
Her sister Katherine welcom'd you withall

Hort. But wrangling pedant, this is
The patronesse of heauenly harmony:
Then giue me leaue to haue prerogatiue,
And when in Musicke we haue spent an houre,
Your Lecture shall haue leisure for as much

Luc. Preposterous Asse that neuer read so farre,
To know the cause why musicke was ordain'd:
Was it not to refresh the minde of man
After his studies, or his vsuall paine?
Then giue me leaue to read Philosophy,
And while I pause, serue in your harmony

Hort. Sirra, I will not beare these braues of thine

Bianc. Why gentlemen, you doe me double wrong,
To striue for that which resteth in my choice:
I am no breeching scholler in the schooles,
Ile not be tied to howres, nor pointed times,
But learne my Lessons as I please my selfe,
And to cut off all strife: heere sit we downe,
Take you your instrument, play you the whiles,
His Lecture will be done ere you haue tun'd

Hort. You'll leaue his Lecture when I am in tune?
Luc. That will be neuer, tune your instrument

Bian. Where left we last?
Luc. Heere Madam: Hic Ibat Simois, hic est sigeria tellus, hic steterat Priami regia Celsa senis

Bian. Conster them

Luc. Hic Ibat, as I told you before, Simois, I am Lucentio, hic est, sonne vnto Vincentio of Pisa, Sigeria tellus, disguised thus to get your loue, hic steterat, and that Lucentio that comes a wooing, priami, is my man Tranio, regia, bearing my port, celsa senis that we might beguile the old Pantalowne

Hort. Madam, my Instrument's in tune

Bian. Let's heare, oh fie, the treble iarres

Luc. Spit in the hole man, and tune againe

Bian. Now let mee see if I can conster it. Hic ibat simois, I know you not, hic est sigeria tellus, I trust you not, hic staterat priami, take heede he heare vs not, regia presume not, Celsa senis, despaire not

Hort. Madam, tis now in tune

Luc. All but the base

Hort. The base is right, 'tis the base knaue that iars

Luc. How fiery and forward our Pedant is,
Now for my life the knaue doth court my loue,
Pedascule, Ile watch you better yet:
In time I may beleeue, yet I mistrust

Bian. Mistrust it not, for sure Aeacides
Was Aiax cald so from his grandfather

Hort. I must beleeue my master, else I promise you,
I should be arguing still vpon that doubt,
But let it rest, now Litio to you:
Good master take it not vnkindly pray
That I haue beene thus pleasant with you both

Hort. You may go walk, and giue me leaue a while,
My Lessons make no musicke in three parts

Luc. Are you so formall sir, well I must waite
And watch withall, for but I be deceiu'd,
Our fine Musitian groweth amorous

Hor. Madam, before you touch the instrument,
To learne the order of my fingering,
I must begin with rudiments of Art,
To teach you gamoth in a briefer sort,
More pleasant, pithy, and effectuall,
Then hath beene taught by any of my trade,
And there it is in writing fairely drawne

Bian. Why, I am past my gamouth long agoe

Hor. Yet read the gamouth of Hortentio

Bian. Gamouth I am, the ground of all accord:
Are, to plead Hortensio's passion:
Beeme, Bianca take him for thy Lord
Cfavt, that loues with all affection:
D sol re, one Cliffe, two notes haue I,
Ela mi, show pitty or I die,
Call you this gamouth? tut I like it not,
Old fashions please me best, I am not so nice
To charge true rules for old inuentions.
Enter a Messenger.

Nicke. Mistresse, your father prayes you leaue your books,
And helpe to dresse your sisters chamber vp,
You know to morrow is the wedding day

Bian. Farewell sweet masters both, I must be gone

Luc. Faith Mistresse then I haue no cause to stay

Hor. But I haue cause to pry into this pedant,
Methinkes he lookes as though he were in loue:
Yet if thy thoughts Bianca be so humble
To cast thy wandring eyes on euery stale:
Seize thee that List, if once I finde thee ranging,
Hortensio will be quit with thee by changing.
Enter.

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

Bap. Signior Lucentio, this is the pointed day
That Katherine and Petruchio should be married,
And yet we heare not of our sonne in Law:
What will be said, what mockery will it be?
To want the Bride-groome when the Priest attends
To speake the ceremoniall rites of marriage?
What saies Lucentio to this shame of ours?
Kate. No shame but mine, I must forsooth be forst
To giue my hand oppos'd against my heart
Vnto a mad-braine rudesby, full of spleene,
Who woo'd in haste, and meanes to wed at leysure:
I told you I, he was a franticke foole,
Hiding his bitter iests in blunt behauiour,
And to be noted for a merry man;
Hee'll wooe a thousand, point the day of marriage,
Make friends, inuite, and proclaime the banes,
Yet neuer meanes to wed where he hath woo'd:
Now must the world point at poore Katherine,
And say, loe, there is mad Petruchio's wife
If it would please him come and marry her

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

Kate. Would Katherine had neuer seen him though.

Exit weeping.

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

Bion. Master, master, newes, and such newes as you
neuer heard of,
Bap. Is it new and olde too? how may that be?

Bion. Why, is it not newes to heard of Petruchio's comming?
Bap. Is he come?
Bion. Why no sir

Bap. What then?
Bion. He is comming

Bap. When will he be heere?
Bion. When he stands where I am, and sees you there

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

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

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

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

Bion. Why sir, he comes not

Bap. Didst thou not say hee comes?
Bion. Who, that Petruchio came?
Bap. I, that Petruchio came

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

Bap. Why that's all one

Bion. Nay by S[aint]. Iamy, I hold you a penny, a horse and a man is more then one, and yet not many. Enter Petruchio and Grumio.

Pet. Come, where be these gallants? who's at home?
Bap. You are welcome sir

Petr. And yet I come not well

Bap. And yet you halt not

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

Petr. Were it better I should rush in thus:
But where is Kate? where is my louely Bride?
How does my father? gentles methinkes you frowne,
And wherefore gaze this goodly company,
As if they saw some wondrous monument,
Some Commet, or vnusuall prodigie?
Bap. Why sir, you know this is your wedding day:
First were we sad, fearing you would not come,
Now sadder that you come so vnprouided:
Fie, doff this habit, shame to your estate,
An eye-sore to our solemne festiuall

Tra. And tell vs what occasion of import
Hath all so long detain'd you from your wife,
And sent you hither so vnlike your selfe?
Petr. Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to heare,
Sufficeth I am come to keepe my word,
Though in some part inforced to digresse,
Which at more leysure I will so excuse,
As you shall well be satisfied with all.
But where is Kate? I stay too long from her,
The morning weares, 'tis time we were at Church

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

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

Bap. But thus I trust you will not marry her

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

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

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

Tra. But sir, Loue concerneth vs to adde
Her fathers liking, which to bring to passe
As before imparted to your worship,
I am to get a man what ere he be,
It skills not much, weele fit him to our turne,

And he shall be Vincentio of Pisa,
And make assurance heere in Padua
Of greater summes then I haue promised,
So shall you quietly enioy your hope,
And marry sweet Bianca with consent

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

Tra. That by degrees we meane to looke into,
And watch our vantage in this businesse,
Wee'll ouer-reach the grey-beard Gremio,
The narrow prying father Minola,
The quaint Musician, amorous Litio,
All for my Masters sake Lucentio.
Enter Gremio.

Signior Gremio, came you from the Church?
Gre. As willingly as ere I came from schoole

Tra. And is the Bride & Bridegroom coming home?
Gre. A bridegroome say you? 'tis a groome indeed,
A grumlling groome, and that the girle shall finde

Tra. Curster then she, why 'tis impossible

Gre. Why hee's a deuill, a deuill, a very fiend

Tra. Why she's a deuill, a deuill, the deuils damme

Gre. Tut, she's a Lambe, a Doue, a foole to him:
Ile tell you sir Lucentio; when the Priest
Should aske if Katherine should be his wife,
I, by goggs woones quoth he, and swore so loud,
That all amaz'd the Priest let fall the booke,
And as he stoop'd againe to take it vp,
This mad-brain'd bridegroome tooke him such a cuffe,
That downe fell Priest and booke, and booke and Priest,
Now take them vp quoth he, if any list

Tra. What said the wench when he rose againe? Gre. Trembled and shooke: for why, he stamp'd and swore, as if the Vicar meant to cozen him: but after many ceremonies done, hee calls for wine, a health quoth he, as if he had beene aboord carowsing to his Mates after a storme, quaft off the Muscadell, and threw the sops all in the Sextons face: hauing no other reason, but that his beard grew thinne and hungerly, and seem'd to aske him sops as hee was drinking: This done, hee tooke the Bride about the necke, and kist her lips with such a clamorous smacke, that at the parting all the Church did eccho: and I seeing this, came thence for very shame, and after mee I know the rout is comming, such a mad marryage neuer was before: harke, harke, I heare the minstrels play.

Musicke playes.

Enter Petruchio, Kate, Bianca, Hortensio, Baptista.

Petr. Gentlemen & friends, I thank you for your pains,
I know you thinke to dine with me to day,
And haue prepar'd great store of wedding cheere,
But so it is, my haste doth call me hence,
And therefore heere I meane to take my leaue

Bap. Is't possible you will away to night?
Pet. I must away to day before night come,
Make it no wonder: if you knew my businesse,
You would intreat me rather goe then stay:
And honest company, I thanke you all,
That haue beheld me giue away my selfe
To this most patient, sweet, and vertuous wife,
Dine with my father, drinke a health to me,
For I must hence, and farewell to you all

Tra. Let vs intreat you stay till after dinner

Pet. It may not be

Gra. Let me intreat you

Pet. It cannot be

Kat. Let me intreat you

Pet. I am content

Kat. Are you content to stay?
Pet. I am content you shall entreat me stay,
But yet not stay, entreat me how you can

Kat. Now if you loue me stay

Pet. Grumio, my horse

Gru. I sir, they be ready, the Oates haue eaten the
horses

Kate. Nay then,
Doe what thou canst, I will not goe to day,
No, nor to morrow, not till I please my selfe,
The dore is open sir, there lies your way,
You may be iogging whiles your bootes are greene:
For me, Ile not be gone till I please my selfe,
'Tis like you'll proue a iolly surly groome,
That take it on you at the first so roundly

Pet. O Kate content thee, prethee be not angry

Kat. I will be angry, what hast thou to doe?
Father, be quiet, he shall stay my leisure

Gre. I marry sir, now it begins to worke

Kat. Gentlemen, forward to the bridall dinner,
I see a woman may be made a foole
If she had not a spirit to resist

Pet. They shall goe forward Kate at thy command,
Obey the Bride you that attend on her.
Goe to the feast, reuell and domineere,
Carowse full measure to her maiden-head,
Be madde and merry, or goe hang your selues:
But for my bonny Kate, she must with me:
Nay, looke not big, nor stampe, not stare, nor fret,
I will be master of what is mine owne,
Shee is my goods, my chattels, she is my house,
My houshold-stuffe, my field, my barne,
My horse, my oxe, my asse, my any thing,
And heere she stands, touch her who euer dare,
Ile bring mine action on the proudest he
That stops my way in Padua: Grumio
Draw forth thy weapon, we are beset with theeues,
Rescue thy Mistresse if thou be a man:
Feare not sweet wench, they shall not touch thee Kate,
Ile buckler thee against a Million.

Exeunt. P. Ka.

Bap. Nay, let them goe, a couple of quiet ones

Gre. Went they not quickly, I should die with laughing

Tra. Of all mad matches neuer was the like

Luc. Mistresse, what's your opinion of your sister?
Bian. That being mad her selfe, she's madly mated

Gre. I warrant him Petruchio is Kated

Bap. Neighbours and friends, though Bride & Bridegroom wants
For to supply the places at the table,
You know there wants no iunkets at the feast:
Lucentio, you shall supply the Bridegroomes place,
And let Bianca take her sisters roome

Tra. Shall sweet Bianca practise how to bride it?
Bap. She shall Lucentio: come gentlemen lets goe.
Enter Grumio.

Exeunt.

Gru. Fie, fie on all tired Iades, on all mad Masters, & all foule waies: was euer man so beaten? was euer man so raide? was euer man so weary? I am sent before to make a fire, and they are comming after to warme them: now were not I a little pot, & soone hot; my very lippes might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the roofe of my mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I should come by a fire to thaw me, but I with blowing the fire shall warme my selfe: for considering the weather, a taller man then I will take cold: Holla, hoa Curtis. Enter Curtis.

Curt. Who is that calls so coldly? Gru. A piece of Ice: if thou doubt it, thou maist slide from my shoulder to my heele, with no greater a run but my head and my necke. A fire good Curtis

Cur. Is my master and his wife comming Grumio?
Gru. Oh I Curtis I, and therefore fire, fire, cast on no water

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

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

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

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

Cur. I prethee good Grumio, tell me, how goes the world?
Gru. A cold world Curtis in euery office but thine, & therefore fire: do thy duty, and haue thy dutie, for my Master and mistris are almost frozen to death

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

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

Cur. Come, you are so full of conicatching

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

Gru. First know my horse is tired, my master & mistris falne out

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

Cur. Let's ha't good Grumio

Gru. Lend thine eare

Cur. Heere

Gru. There

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

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

Cur. Both of one horse?
Gru. What's that to thee?
Cur. Why a horse

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

Cur. By this reckning he is more shrew than she

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

Gru. Call them forth

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

Gru. Why she hath a face of her owne

Cur. Who knowes not that?
Gru. Thou it seemes, that cals for company to countenance her

Cur. I call them forth to credit her.
Enter foure or fiue seruingmen.

Gru. Why she comes to borrow nothing of them

Nat. Welcome home Grumio

Phil. How now Grumio

Ios. What Grumio

Nick. Fellow Grumio

Nat. How now old lad

Gru. Welcome you: how now you: what you: fellow you: and thus much for greeting. Now my spruce companions, is all readie, and all things neate? Nat. All things is readie, how neere is our master? Gre. E'ne at hand, alighted by this: and therefore be not- Cockes passion, silence, I heare my master. Enter Petruchio and Kate.

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

All ser. Heere, heere sir, heere sir

Pet. Heere sir, heere sir, heere sir, heere sir.
You logger-headed and vnpollisht groomes:
What? no attendance? no regard? no dutie?
Where is the foolish knaue I sent before?
Gru. Heere sir, as foolish as I was before

Pet. You pezant, swain, you horson malt-horse drudg
Did I not bid thee meete me in the Parke,
And bring along these rascal knaues with thee?
Grumio. Nathaniels coate sir was not fully made,
And Gabrels pumpes were all vnpinkt i'th heele:
There was no Linke to colour Peters hat,
And Walters dagger was not come from sheathing:
There were none fine, but Adam, Rafe, and Gregory,
The rest were ragged, old, and beggerly,
Yet as they are, heere are they come to meete you

Pet. Go rascals, go, and fetch my supper in.

Ex. Ser.

Where is the life that late I led?
Where are those? Sit downe Kate,
And welcome. Soud, soud, soud, soud.
Enter seruants with supper.

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

Where's my Spaniel Troilus? Sirra, get you hence,
And bid my cozen Ferdinand come hither:
One Kate that you must kisse, and be acquainted with.
Where are my Slippers? Shall I haue some water?

Come Kate and wash, & welcome heartily:
You horson villaine, will you let it fall?
Kate. Patience I pray you, 'twas a fault vnwilling

Pet. A horson beetle-headed flap-ear'd knaue:
Come Kate sit downe, I know you haue a stomacke,
Will you giue thankes, sweete Kate, or else shall I?
What's this, Mutton?
1.Ser. I

Pet. Who brought it?
Peter. I

Pet. 'Tis burnt, and so is all the meate:
What dogges are these? Where is the rascall Cooke?
How durst you villaines bring it from the dresser
And serue it thus to me that loue it not?
There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all:
You heedlesse iolt-heads, and vnmanner'd slaues.
What, do you grumble? Ile be with you straight

Kate. I pray you husband be not so disquiet,
The meate was well, if you were so contented

Pet. I tell thee Kate, 'twas burnt and dried away,
And I expressely am forbid to touch it:
For it engenders choller, planteth anger,
And better 'twere that both of vs did fast,
Since of our selues, our selues are chollericke,
Then feede it with such ouer-rosted flesh:
Be patient, to morrow't shalbe mended,
And for this night we'l fast for companie.
Come I wil bring thee to thy Bridall chamber.

Exeunt.

Enter Seruants seuerally.

Nath. Peter didst euer see the like

Peter. He kils her in her owne humor

Grumio. Where is he?
Enter Curtis a Seruant.

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

Pet. Thus haue I politickely begun my reigne,
And 'tis my hope to end successefully:
My Faulcon now is sharpe, and passing emptie,
And til she stoope, she must not be full gorg'd,

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

Exit

Enter Tranio and Hortensio.

Tra. Is't possible friend Lisio, that mistris Bianca
Doth fancie any other but Lucentio,
I tel you sir, she beares me faire in hand

Luc. Sir, to satisfie you in what I haue said,
Stand by, and marke the manner of his teaching.
Enter Bianca.

Hor. Now Mistris, profit you in what you reade?
Bian. What Master reade you first, resolue me that?
Hor. I reade, that I professe the Art to loue

Bian. And may you proue sir Master of your Art

Luc. While you sweet deere proue Mistresse of my heart

Hor. Quicke proceeders marry, now tel me I pray, you that durst sweare that your Mistris Bianca
Lou'd me in the World so wel as Lucentio

Tra. Oh despightful Loue, vnconstant womankind,
I tel thee Lisio this is wonderfull

Hor. Mistake no more, I am not Lisio,
Nor a Musitian as I seeme to bee,
But one that scorne to liue in this disguise,

For such a one as leaues a Gentleman,
And makes a God of such a Cullion;
Know sir, that I am cal'd Hortensio

Tra. Signior Hortensio, I haue often heard
Of your entire affection to Bianca,
And since mine eyes are witnesse of her lightnesse,
I wil with you, if you be so contented,
Forsweare Bianca, and her loue for euer

Hor. See how they kisse and court: Signior Lucentio,
Heere is my hand, and heere I firmly vow
Neuer to woo her more, but do forsweare her
As one vnworthie all the former fauours
That I haue fondly flatter'd them withall

Tra. And heere I take the like vnfained oath,
Neuer to marrie with her, though she would intreate,
Fie on her, see how beastly she doth court him

Hor. Would all the world but he had quite forsworn
For me, that I may surely keepe mine oath.
I wil be married to a wealthy Widdow,
Ere three dayes passe, which hath as long lou'd me,
As I haue lou'd this proud disdainful Haggard,
And so farewel signior Lucentio,
Kindnesse in women, not their beauteous lookes
Shal win my loue, and so I take my leaue,
In resolution, as I swore before

Tra. Mistris Bianca, blesse you with such grace,
As longeth to a Louers blessed case:
Nay, I haue tane you napping gentle Loue,
And haue forsworne you with Hortensio

Bian. Tranio you iest, but haue you both forsworne mee?
Tra. Mistris we haue

Luc. Then we are rid of Lisio

Tra. I'faith hee'l haue a lustie Widdow now,
That shalbe woo'd, and wedded in a day

Bian. God giue him ioy

Tra. I, and hee'l tame her

Bianca. He sayes so Tranio

Tra. Faith he is gone vnto the taming schoole

Bian. The taming schoole: what is there such a place?
Tra. I mistris, and Petruchio is the master,
That teacheth trickes eleuen and twentie long,
To tame a shrew, and charme her chattering tongue.
Enter Biondello.

Bion. Oh Master, master I haue watcht so long,
That I am dogge-wearie, but at last I spied
An ancient Angel comming downe the hill,
Wil serue the turne

Tra. What is he Biondello?
Bio. Master, a Marcantant, or a pedant,
I know not what, but formall in apparrell,
In gate and countenance surely like a Father

Luc. And what of him Tranio?
Tra. If he be credulous, and trust my tale,
Ile make him glad to seeme Vincentio,
And giue assurance to Baptista Minola.
As if he were the right Vincentio

Par. Take me your loue, and then let me alone.
Enter a Pedant.

Ped. God saue you sir

Tra. And you sir, you are welcome,
Trauaile you farre on, or are you at the farthest?
Ped. Sir at the farthest for a weeke or two,
But then vp farther, and as farre as Rome,
And so to Tripolie, if God lend me life

Tra. What Countreyman I pray?
Ped. Of Mantua

Tra. Of Mantua Sir, marrie God forbid,
And come to Padua carelesse of your life

Ped. My life sir? how I pray? for that goes hard

Tra. 'Tis death for any one in Mantua
To come to Padua, know you not the cause?
Your ships are staid at Venice, and the Duke
For priuate quarrel 'twixt your Duke and him,
Hath publish'd and proclaim'd it openly:
'Tis meruaile, but that you are but newly come,
You might haue heard it else proclaim'd about

Ped. Alas sir, it is worse for me then so,
For I haue bils for monie by exchange
From Florence, and must heere deliuer them

Tra. Wel sir, to do you courtesie,
This wil I do, and this I wil aduise you.
First tell me, haue you euer beene at Pisa?
Ped. I sir, in Pisa haue I often bin,
Pisa renowned for graue Citizens

Tra. Among them know you one Vincentio?
Ped. I know him not, but I haue heard of him:
A Merchant of incomparable wealth

Tra. He is my father sir, and sooth to say,
In count'nance somewhat doth resemble you

Bion. As much as an apple doth an oyster, & all one

Tra. To saue your life in this extremitie,
This fauor wil I do you for his sake,
And thinke it not the worst of all your fortunes,
That you are like to Sir Vincentio.
His name and credite shal you vndertake,
And in my house you shal be friendly lodg'd,
Looke that you take vpon you as you should,
You vnderstand me sir: so shal you stay
Til you haue done your businesse in the Citie:
If this be court'sie sir, accept of it

Ped. Oh sir I do, and wil repute you euer
The patron of my life and libertie

Tra. Then go with me, to make the matter good,
This by the way I let you vnderstand,
My father is heere look'd for euerie day,
To passe assurance of a dowre in marriage
'Twixt me, and one Baptistas daughter heere:
In all these circumstances Ile instruct you,
Go with me to cloath you as becomes you.

Exeunt.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Katherina and Grumio.

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

Ka. The more my wrong, the more his spite appears.
What, did he marrie me to famish me?
Beggers that come vnto my fathers doore,
Vpon intreatie haue a present almes,
If not, elsewhere they meete with charitie:
But I, who neuer knew how to intreat,
Nor neuer needed that I should intreate,

Am staru'd for meate, giddie for lacke of sleepe:
With oathes kept waking, and with brawling fed,
And that which spights me more then all these wants,
He does it vnder name of perfect loue:
As who should say, if I should sleepe or eate
'Twere deadly sicknesse, or else present death.
I prethee go, and get me some repast,
I care not what, so it be holsome foode

Gru. What say you to a Neats foote?
Kate. 'Tis passing good, I prethee let me haue it

Gru. I feare it is too chollericke a meate.
How say you to a fat Tripe finely broyl'd?
Kate. I like it well, good Grumio fetch it me

Gru. I cannot tell, I feare 'tis chollericke.
What say you to a peece of Beefe and Mustard?
Kate. A dish that I do loue to feede vpon

Gru. I, but the Mustard is too hot a little

Kate. Why then the Beefe, and let the Mustard rest

Gru. Nay then I wil not, you shal haue the Mustard
Or else you get no beefe of Grumio

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

Gru. Why then the Mustard without the beefe

Kate. Go get thee gone, thou false deluding slaue,

Beats him.

That feed'st me with the verie name of meate.
Sorrow on thee, and all the packe of you
That triumph thus vpon my misery:
Go get thee gone, I say.
Enter Petruchio, and Hortensio with meate

Petr. How fares my Kate, what sweeting all amort?
Hor. Mistris, what cheere?
Kate. Faith as cold as can be

Pet. Plucke vp thy spirits, looke cheerfully vpon me.
Heere Loue, thou seest how diligent I am,
To dresse thy meate my selfe, and bring it thee.
I am sure sweet Kate, this kindnesse merites thankes.
What, not a word? Nay then, thou lou'st it not:
And all my paines is sorted to no proofe.
Heere take away this dish

Kate. I pray you let it stand

Pet. The poorest seruice is repaide with thankes,
And so shall mine before you touch the meate

Kate. I thanke you sir

Hor. Signior Petruchio, fie you are too blame:
Come Mistris Kate, Ile beare you companie

Petr. Eate it vp all Hortensio, if thou louest mee:
Much good do it vnto thy gentle heart:
Kate eate apace; and now my honie Loue,
Will we returne vnto thy Fathers house,
And reuell it as brauely as the best,
With silken coats and caps, and golden Rings,
With Ruffes and Cuffes, and Fardingales, and things:
With Scarfes, and Fannes, & double change of brau'ry,
With Amber Bracelets, Beades, and all this knau'ry.
What hast thou din'd? The Tailor staies thy leasure,
To decke thy bodie with his ruffling treasure.
Enter Tailor.

Come Tailor, let vs see these ornaments.
Enter Haberdasher.

Lay forth the gowne. What newes with you sir?
Fel. Heere is the cap your Worship did bespeake

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

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

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

Hor. That will not be in hast

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

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

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

Pet. Thy gowne, why I: come Tailor let vs see't.
Oh mercie God, what masking stuffe is heere?
Whats this? a sleeue? 'tis like demi cannon,
What, vp and downe caru'd like an apple Tart?
Heers snip, and nip, and cut, and slish and slash,
Like to a Censor in a barbers shoppe:
Why what a deuils name Tailor cal'st thou this?
Hor. I see shees like to haue neither cap nor gowne

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Tail. But how did you desire it should be made?
Gru. Marrie sir with needle and thred

Tail. But did you not request to haue it cut?
Gru. Thou hast fac'd many things

Tail. I haue

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

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

Pet. Reade it

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

Tail. Inprimis, a loose bodied gowne

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

Pet. Proceede

Tai. With a small compast cape

Gru. I confesse the cape

Tai. With a trunke sleeue

Gru. I confesse two sleeues

Tai. The sleeues curiously cut

Pet. I there's the villanie

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

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

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

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

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

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

Pet. Go take it vp vnto thy masters vse

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

Pet. Why sir, what's your conceit in that?
Gru. Oh sir, the conceit is deeper then you think for:
Take vp my Mistris gowne to his masters vse.
Oh fie, fie, fie

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

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

Exit Tail.

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

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

Pet. It shall be seuen ere I go to horse:
Looke what I speake, or do, or thinke to doe,
You are still crossing it, sirs let't alone,
I will not goe to day, and ere I doe,
It shall be what a clock I say it is

Hor. Why so this gallant will command the sunne.
Enter Tranio, and the Pedant drest like Vincentio.

Tra. Sirs, this is the house, please it you that I call

Ped. I what else, and but I be deceiued,
Signior Baptista may remember me
Neere twentie yeares a goe in Genoa

Tra. Where we were lodgers, at the Pegasus,
Tis well, and hold your owne in any case
With such austeritie as longeth to a father.
Enter Biondello.

Ped. I warrant you: but sir here comes your boy,
'Twere good he were school'd

Tra. Feare you not him: sirra Biondello,
Now doe your dutie throughlie I aduise you:
Imagine 'twere the right Vincentio

Bion. Tut, feare not me

Tra. But hast thou done thy errand to Baptista

Bion. I told him that your father was at Venice,
And that you look't for him this day in Padua,
Tra. Th'art a tall fellow, hold thee that to drinke,
Here comes Baptista: set your countenance sir.
Enter Baptista and Lucentio: Pedant booted and bare headed.

Tra. Signior Baptista you are happilie met:
Sir, this is the gentleman I told you of,
I pray you stand good father to me now,
Giue me Bianca for my patrimony

Ped. Soft son: sir by your leaue, hauing com to Padua
To gather in some debts, my son Lucentio
Made me acquainted with a waighty cause
Of loue betweene your daughter and himselfe:
And for the good report I heare of you,
And for the loue he beareth to your daughter,
And she to him: to stay him not too long,
I am content in a good fathers care
To haue him matcht, and if you please to like
No worse then I, vpon some agreement
Me shall you finde readie and willing
With one consent to haue her so bestowed:
For curious I cannot be with you
Signior Baptista, of whom I heare so well

Bap. Sir, pardon me in what I haue to say,
Your plainnesse and your shortnesse please me well:
Right true it is your sonne Lucentio here
Doth loue my daughter, and she loueth him,
Or both dissemble deepely their affections:
And therefore if you say no more then this,
That like a Father you will deale with him,
And passe my daughter a sufficient dower,
The match is made, and all is done,
Your sonne shall haue my daughter with consent

Tra. I thanke you sir, where then doe you know best
We be affied and such assurance tane,
As shall with either parts agreement stand

Bap. Not in my house Lucentio, for you know
Pitchers haue eares, and I haue manie seruants,
Besides old Gremio is harkning still,
And happilie we might be interrupted

Tra. Then at my lodging, and it like you,
There doth my father lie: and there this night
Weele passe the businesse priuately and well:
Send for your daughter by your seruant here,
My Boy shall fetch the Scriuener presentlie,
The worst is this that at so slender warning,
You are like to haue a thin and slender pittance

Bap. It likes me well:
Cambio hie you home, and bid Bianca make her readie straight:
And if you will tell what hath hapned,
Lucentios Father is arriued in Padua,
And how she's like to be Lucentios wife

Biond. I praie the gods she may withall my heart.
Enter.

Tran. Dallie not with the gods, but get thee gone.
Enter Peter.

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

Bap. I follow you.

Exeunt.

Enter Lucentio and Biondello.

Bion. Cambio

Luc. What saist thou Biondello

Biond. You saw my Master winke and laugh vpon you?
Luc. Biondello, what of that?
Biond. Faith nothing: but has left mee here behinde to expound the meaning or morrall of his signes and tokens

Luc. I pray thee moralize them

Biond. Then thus: Baptista is safe talking with the deceiuing Father of a deceitfull sonne

Luc. And what of him?
Biond. His daughter is to be brought by you to the supper

Luc. And then

Bio. The old Priest at Saint Lukes Church is at your command at all houres

Luc. And what of all this

Bion. I cannot tell, expect they are busied about a counterfeit assurance: take you assurance of her, Cum preuilegio ad Impremendum solem, to th' Church take the Priest, Clarke, and some sufficient honest witnesses: If this be not that you looke for, I haue no more to say, But bid Bianca farewell for euer and a day

Luc. Hear'st thou Biondello

Biond. I cannot tarry: I knew a wench maried in an afternoone as shee went to the Garden for Parseley to stuffe a Rabit, and so may you sir: and so adew sir, my Master hath appointed me to goe to Saint Lukes to bid the Priest be readie to come against you come with your appendix. Enter.

Luc. I may and will, if she be so contented:
She will be pleas'd, then wherefore should I doubt:
Hap what hap may, Ile roundly goe about her:
It shall goe hard if Cambio goe without her.
Enter.

Enter Petruchio, Kate, Hortentio

Petr. Come on a Gods name, once more toward our fathers:
Good Lord how bright and goodly shines the Moone

Kate. The Moone, the Sunne: it is not Moonelight now

Pet. I say it is the Moone that shines so bright

Kate. I know it is the Sunne that shines so bright

Pet. Now by my mothers sonne, and that's my selfe,
It shall be moone, or starre, or what I list,
Or ere I iourney to your Fathers house:
Goe on, and fetch our horses backe againe,
Euermore crost and crost, nothing but crost

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

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

Henceforth I vowe it shall be so for me

Petr. I say it is the Moone

Kate. I know it is the Moone

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Petr. What is his name?
Vinc. Lucentio gentle sir

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

Vinc. But is this true, or is it else your pleasure,
Like pleasant trauailors to breake a Iest
Vpon the companie you ouertake?
Hort. I doe assure thee father so it is

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

Exeunt.

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

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

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

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

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

Gre. I maruaile Cambio comes not all this while.
Enter Petruchio, Kate, Vincentio, Grumio with Attendants.

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

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

Knock.

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

Pedant lookes out of the window.

Ped. What's he that knockes as he would beat downe
the gate?
Vin. Is Signior Lucentio within sir?
Ped. He's within sir, but not to be spoken withall

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

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

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

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

Vin. Art thou his father?
Ped. I sir, so his mother saies, if I may beleeue her

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

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

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

Vin. Come hither crackhempe

Bion. I hope I may choose Sir

Vin. Come hither you rogue, what haue you forgot
mee?
Biond. Forgot you, no sir: I could not forget you, for
I neuer saw you before in all my life

Vinc. What, you notorious villaine, didst thou neuer
see thy Mistris father, Vincentio?
Bion. What my old worshipfull old master? yes
marie sir see where he lookes out of the window

Vin. Ist so indeede.

He beates Biondello.

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

Pedan. Helpe, sonne, helpe signior Baptista

Petr. Preethe Kate let's stand aside and see the end of
this controuersie.
Enter Pedant with seruants, Baptista, Tranio.

Tra. Sir, what are you that offer to beate my seruant? Vinc. What am I sir: nay what are you sir: oh immortall Goddes: oh fine villaine, a silken doublet, a veluet hose, a scarlet cloake, and a copataine hat: oh I am vndone, I am vndone: while I plaie the good husband at home, my sonne and my seruant spend all at the vniuersitie

Tra. How now, what's the matter?
Bapt. What is the man lunaticke?
Tra. Sir, you seeme a sober ancient Gentleman by
your habit: but your words shew you a mad man: why
sir, what cernes it you, if I weare Pearle and gold: I thank
my good Father, I am able to maintaine it

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

Bap. You mistake sir, you mistake sir, praie what do you thinke is his name? Vin. His name, as if I knew not his name: I haue brought him vp euer since he was three yeeres old, and his name is Tronio

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

Ven. Lucentio: oh he hath murdred his Master; laie hold on him I charge you in the Dukes name: oh my sonne, my sonne: tell me thou villaine, where is my son Lucentio? Tra. Call forth an officer: Carrie this mad knaue to the Iaile: father Baptista, I charge you see that hee be forth comming

Vinc. Carrie me to the Iaile?
Gre. Staie officer, he shall not go to prison

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

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

Ped. Sweare if thou dar'st

Gre. Naie, I dare not sweare it

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

Gre. Yes, I know thee to be signior Lucentio

Bap. Awaie with the dotard, to the Iaile with him.
Enter Biondello, Lucentio and Bianeu.

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

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

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

Luc. Pardon sweete father.

Kneele.

Vin. Liues my sweete sonne?
Bian. Pardon deere father

Bap. How hast thou offended, where is Lucentio?
Luc. Here's Lucentio, right sonne to the right Vincentio,
That haue by marriage made thy daughter mine,
While counterfeit supposes bleer'd thine eine

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

Vin. Where is that damned villaine Tranio,
That fac'd and braued me in this matter so?
Bap. Why, tell me is not this my Cambio?
Bian. Cambio is chang'd into Lucentio

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

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

Bap. But doe you heare sir, haue you married my daughter without asking my good will? Vin. Feare not Baptista, we will content you, goe to: but I will in to be reueng'd for this villanie. Enter.

Bap. And I to sound the depth of this knauerie.
Enter.

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

Exeunt.

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

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

Petr. First kisse me Kate, and we will

Kate. What in the midst of the streete?
Petr. What art thou asham'd of me?
Kate. No sir, God forbid, but asham'd to kisse

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

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

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

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus.

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

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

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

Bap. Padua affords this kindnesse, sonne Petruchio

Petr. Padua affords nothing but what is kinde

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

Pet. Now for my life Hortentio feares his Widow

Wid. Then neuer trust me if I be affeard

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

Wid. He that is giddie thinks the world turns round

Petr. Roundlie replied

Kat. Mistris, how meane you that?
Wid. Thus I conceiue by him

Petr. Conceiues by me, how likes Hortentio that?
Hor. My Widdow saies, thus she conceiues her tale

Petr. Verie well mended: kisse him for that good Widdow

Kat. He that is giddie thinkes the world turnes round,
I praie you tell me what you meant by that

Wid. Your housband being troubled with a shrew,
Measures my husbands sorrow by his woe:
And now you know my meaning

Kate. A verie meane meaning

Wid. Right, I meane you

Kat. And I am meane indeede, respecting you

Petr. To her Kate

Hor. To her Widdow

Petr. A hundred marks, my Kate does put her down

Hor. That's my office
Petr. Spoke like an Officer: ha to the lad.

Drinkes to Hortentio.

Bap. How likes Gremio these quicke witted folkes?
Gre. Beleeue me sir, they But together well

Bian. Head, and but an hastie witted bodie,
Would say your Head and But were head and horne

Vin. I Mistris Bride, hath that awakened you?
Bian. I, but not frighted me, therefore Ile sleepe againe

Petr. Nay that you shall not since you haue begun:
Haue at you for a better iest or too

Bian. Am I your Bird, I meane to shift my bush,
And then pursue me as you draw your Bow.
You are welcome all.

Exit Bianca.

Petr. She hath preuented me, here signior Tranio,
This bird you aim'd at, though you hit her not,
Therefore a health to all that shot and mist

Tri. Oh sir, Lucentio slipt me like his Gray-hound,
Which runs himselfe, and catches for his Master

Petr. A good swift simile, but something currish

Tra. 'Tis well sir that you hunted for your selfe:
'Tis thought your Deere does hold you at a baie

Bap. Oh, oh Petruchio, Tranio hits you now

Luc. I thanke thee for that gird good Tranio

Hor. Confesse, confesse, hath he not hit you here?
Petr. A has a little gald me I confesse:
And as the Iest did glaunce awaie from me,
'Tis ten to one it maim'd you too out right

Bap. Now in good sadnesse sonne Petruchio,
I thinke thou hast the veriest shrew of all

Petr. Well, I say no: and therefore sir assurance,
Let's each one send vnto his wife,
And he whose wife is most obedient,
To come at first when he doth send for her,
Shall win the wager which we will propose

Hort. Content, what's the wager?
Luc. Twentie crownes

Petr. Twentie crownes,
Ile venture so much of my Hawke or Hound,
But twentie times so much vpon my Wife

Luc. A hundred then

Hor. Content

Petr. A match, 'tis done

Hor. Who shall begin?
Luc. That will I.
Goe Biondello, bid your Mistris come to me

Bio. I goe.
Enter.

Bap. Sonne, Ile be your halfe, Bianca comes

Luc. Ile haue no halues: Ile beare it all my selfe.
Enter Biondello.

How now, what newes?
Bio. Sir, my Mistris sends you word
That she is busie, and she cannot come

Petr. How? she's busie, and she cannot come: is that
an answere?
Gre. I, and a kinde one too:
Praie God sir your wife send you not a worse

Petr. I hope better

Hor. Sirra Biondello, goe and intreate my wife to come to me forthwith.

Exit. Bion.

Pet. Oh ho, intreate her, nay then shee must needes
come

Hor. I am affraid sir, doe what you can
Enter Biondello.

Yours will not be entreated: Now, where's my wife?
Bion. She saies you haue some goodly Iest in hand,
She will not come: she bids you come to her

Petr. Worse and worse, she will not come:
Oh vilde, intollerable, not to be indur'd:
Sirra Grumio, goe to your Mistris,
Say I command her come to me.
Enter.

Hor. I know her answere

Pet. What?
Hor. She will not

Petr. The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.
Enter Katerina.

Bap. Now by my hollidam here comes Katerina

Kat. What is your will sir, that you send for me?
Petr. Where is your sister, and Hortensios wife?
Kate. They sit conferring by the Parler fire

Petr. Goe fetch them hither, if they denie to come,
Swinge me them soundly forth vnto their husbands:
Away I say, and bring them hither straight

Luc. Here is a wonder, if you talke of a wonder

Hor. And so it is: I wonder what it boads

Petr. Marrie peace it boads, and loue, and quiet life,
An awfull rule, and right supremicie:
And to be short, what not, that's sweete and happie

Bap. Now faire befall thee good Petruchio;
The wager thou hast won, and I will adde
Vnto their losses twentie thousand crownes,
Another dowrie to another daughter,
For she is chang'd as she had neuer bin

Petr. Nay, I will win my wager better yet,
And show more signe of her obedience,
Her new built vertue and obedience.
Enter Kate, Bianca, and Widdow.

See where she comes, and brings your froward Wiues
As prisoners to her womanlie perswasion:
Katerine, that Cap of yours becomes you not,
Off with that bable, throw it vnderfoote

Wid. Lord let me neuer haue a cause to sigh,
Till I be brought to such a sillie passe

Bian. Fie what a foolish dutie call you this?
Luc. I would your dutie were as foolish too:
The wisdome of your dutie faire Bianca,
Hath cost me fiue hundred crownes since supper time

Bian. The more foole you for laying on my dutie

Pet. Katherine I charge thee tell these head-strong
women, what dutie they doe owe their Lords and husbands

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

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

Wid. She shall not

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

Kate. Fie, fie, vnknit that threatning vnkinde brow,
And dart not scornefull glances from those eies,
To wound thy Lord, thy King, thy Gouernour.
It blots thy beautie, as frosts doe bite the Meads,

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

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

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

Vin. Tis a good hearing, when children are toward

Luc. But a harsh hearing, when women are froward,
Pet. Come Kate, wee'le to bed,
We three are married, but you two are sped.

'Twas I wonne the wager, though you hit the white,
And being a winner, God giue you good night.

Exit Petruchio

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

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

FINIS.

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK THE TAMING OF THE SHREW ***

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