THE
Taming of the Shrew.

Actus primus. Scoena prima.

Enter Begger and Hostes, Christopher 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 have burst?
Beg. No, not a deniere: go by S. *Jeronimie,* goe to thy cold bed, and warme thee.
Host. I know my remedie, I must go fetch the Headborough.
Beg. Third, or fourth, or fifth 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, render 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 *Silver* 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 upon 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 unto 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 breathe?
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. O monstrous beast, how like a swine he lyes.
Grim death, how foule and loathsome is thine image:
Sirs, I will practice on this drunken man,
What thinke you, if he were convey'd to bed,
Wrap'd in sweet cloathes: Rings put upon his fingers:
A most delicious banquet by his bed,
And brave attendants neere him when he wakes,
Would not the begger then forget himselfe?
1. *Hun.* Beleeve me Lord, I thinke he cannot choose.
2. H. It would seem strange unto him when he wak'd
Lord. Even as a flatt'ring dreame, or worthles fancie.

Then take him up, and manage well the jest:
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 heavenly sound:
And if he chance to speake, be readie straight
(And with a low submissive reverence)
Say, what is it your Honor vvil command:
Let one attend him with a silver 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 apparel 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 will play our part
As he shall thinke by our true diligence
He is no lesse then what we say he is.
Lord. Take him up 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
(Travelling some journey) to repose him heere.
Enter Servingman.
How now? who is it?
Ser. An't please your Honor, Players
That offer service 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 have forgot your name: but sure that part
Was

Was aptly fitted, and naturally perform'd.
Sincklo. I thinke 'twas *Soto* that your honor meanes.
Lord. 'Tis verie true, thou didst it excellent:
Well you are come to me in happie time,
The rather for I have 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 (over-eying of his odde behaviour,
For yet his honor never heard a play)
You break 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 selves,
Were he the veriest anticke in the world,
Lord. Go sirra, take them to the Butterie,
And give them friendly welcome everie 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 love)
He beare himselfe with honourable action,
Such as he hath observ'd in noble Ladies
Unto 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 love.
And then with kinde embracements, tempting kisses,
And with declining head into his bosome
Bid him shed teares, as being over-joyed
To see her noble Lord restor'd to health,
Who for this seven yeares hath esteemed him
No better then a poore and loathsome begger:
And if the boy have 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 convei'd)
Shall in despight enforce a waterie eie:
See this dispatch'd with all the hast thou canst,
Anon Ile give thee more instructions.
Exit a servingman.
I know the boy will wel usurpe the grace.
Voice, gate, and action of a Gentlewoman:
I long to heare him call the drunkard husband,
And how my men will stay themselves from laughter,
When they do homage to this simple peasant,
Ile in to counsell them: haply my presence
May well abate the over-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 drinke a cup of sacke?
2.*Ser.* Wilt please your Honor taste of these Conserves?
3.*Ser.* What raiment wil your honor weare to day.
Beg. I am *Christopher Sly,* call not mee Honour nor Lordship: I ne're drank sacke in my life: and if you give me any Conserves, give me conserves of Beefe: nere ask me what raiment Ile weare, for I have no moure doub-

lets 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 o-
ver-leather.

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

Beg. What would you make me mad? Am not I *Christopher Slie,* old Sies sonne of Burton-heath, by byrth a Pedler, by education a Cardmaker, by transmutation a Beare-heard, and now by present profession a Tinker. Aske *Marrian Hacket* the fat Alewife of Wincot, if shee know me not: if she say I am not xiiii.d on the score for sheere Ale, score me up for the lyingst knave in Christen dome. What I am not bestraught: here's----

3. *Man.* O this is it that makes your Ladie mourne.

*2. Man.*Oh this is it that makes your servants droop.

Lord. Hence comes it, that your kindred shuns your
As beaten hence by your strange Lunacie. (house
Oh Noble Lord, bethinke thee of thy birth,
Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment,
And banish hence these abject lowlie dreames:
Looke how thy servants do attend on thee,
Each in his office readie at thy becke.
Wilt thou have Musicke? Harke Apollo plaies, *Musick*
And twentie caged Nightingales do sing.
Or wilt thou sleepe? Wee'l have thee to a Couch,
Softer and sweeter then the lustfull bed
On purpose trim'd up 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 love hawking? Thou hast hawkes will soare
Above 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
As breathed Stags: I fleeter then the Roe. (swift

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

Lord. Wee'l shew thee *Io,* as she was a Maid,
And how she was beguiled and surpriz'd,
As livelie 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 envious flouds ore-run her lovely face,
She was the fairest creature in the world,
And yet shee is inferiour to none.

Beg. Am I a Lord, and have I such a Ladie?
Or do I dreame? Or have I dream'd till now?
I do not sleepe: I see, I heare, I speake:
I smel sweet savours, and I feele soft things:
Upon 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 joy to see your wit restor'd,
Oh that once more you knew but what your are:
These fifteene yeeres you have bin in a dreame,
Or when you wak'd, so wak'd as if you slept.
Beg. These fifteene yeeres, by my say, a goodly nap,
But did I never 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 upon the Hostesse of the house,
And say you would present her at the Leete,
Because she brought stone-Jugs, 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 have reckon'd up,
As *Stephen Slie,* and old *John Naps* of Greece,
And *Peter Turph,* and *Henry Pimpernell,*
And twentie more such names and men as these,
Which never were, nor no man ever 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 *Jone* Madam?
Lord. Madam, and nothing else, so Lords cal Ladies
Beg. Madame wife, they say that I have dream'd,
And slept above some fifteene yeare or more.
Lady. I, and the time seeme's thirty unto me,
Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.
Beg. 'Tis much, servants leave me and her alone:
Madam undresse 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, untill the Sun be set.
For your Physitians have 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 Comon-

tie, 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 shal 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 arriv'd for fruitfull *Lumbardie,*
The pleasant garden of great *Italy,*
And by my fathers love and leave am arm'd
With his good will, and thy good companie.
My trustie servant well approv'd in all,
Heere let us breath, and haply institute
A course of Learning, and ingenious studies.
Pisa renowned for grave Citizens
Gave me my being, and my father first
A Merchant of great Trafficke through the world:
Vincentio's come of the *Bentiuolii,*
Vincentio's sonne, brought up in *Florence,*
It shall become to serve all hopes conceiv'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 atchiev'd
Tell me thy minde, for I have *Pisa* left,
And am to *Padua* come, as he that leaves
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 resolve,
To sucke the sweetes 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 devote to *Aristotles* checkes
As *Ovid;* be an out-cast quite abjur'd:
Balke Lodgicke with acquaintaince that you have,
And practise Rhetoricke in your common talke,
Musicke and Poesie use, to quicken you,
The Mathematickes, and the Metaphysickes
Fall to them as you finde your stomacke serves you:
No profit growes, where is no pleasure tane:
In briefe sir, studie what you most affect.
Luc. Gramercies *Tranio*, well dost thou advise,
If *Biondello* thou wert come ashore,
We could at once put us 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 us 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 resolv d you know:
That is, not to bestow my yongest daughter,
Before I have a husband for the elder:
If either of you both love *Katherina,*

Because

Because I know you well, and love you well,
Leave shall you have 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,
Unlesse you were of gentler milder mould.
Kate. I'faith sir, you shall never neede to feare,
I-wis it is not halfe way to her heart:
But if it were, doubt not, her care should be,
To combe your noddle with a three-legg'd stoole,
And paint your face, and use you like a foole.
Hor. From all such divels, good Lord deliver us.
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 behaviour and sobrietie.
Peace *Tranio.*
Tra. Well said Mr, mum, and gaze your fill.
*Bap.*Gentlemen, that I may soone make good
What I have said, *Bianca* get you in,
And let it not displease thee good *Bianca*,
For I will love 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 *Minerva* speake.
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 up
(Signior *Baptista*) for this fiend of hell,
And make her beare the pennance of her tongue.
Bap Gentlemen content ye: I am resolved:
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 up,
And so farewell: *Katherina* you may stay,
For I have more to commune with *Bianca.* *Exit.*
Kate. Why, and I trust I may go too, may I not?
What shall I be appointed houres, as though
(Belike) I knew not what to take,
And what to leave? Ha. Exit
Gre. You may go to the divels dam: your guifts are
so good heere's none will holde you: Their love 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 love 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 never brook'd
parle, know now upon advice, it toucheth us both: that
we may yet againe have accesse to our faire Mistris, and

be happie rivals in *Bianca's* love, 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 divell.
Hor. I say a husband.
Gre. I say a divell: 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 everie
morning.
Hor. Faith (as you say) there's small choise in rotten
apples: but come, since this bar in law makes us friends,
it shall be so farre forth friendly maintain'd, till by hel-
ping *Baptistas* eldest daughter to a husband, wee set his
yongest free for a husband, and then have 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 given him the
best horse in *Padua* to begin his woing that would tho-
roughly 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 love should of a sodaine take such hold.
Luc. Oh *Tranio,* till I found it to be true,
I never thought it possible or likely.
But see, while idely I stood looking on,
I found the effect of Love in idlenesse,
And now in plainnesse do confesse to thee
That art to mee as secret and as deere
As *Anna* to the Queene of Carthage was:
Tranio I burne, I pine, I perish *Tranio,*
If I atchieve 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 love have 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 *Jove* 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 up such a storme,
That mortal eares might hardly indure the din.
Luc. *Tranio*, I saw her corrall lips to move,
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 [from] his trance:
I pray awake sir: if you love the Maide,
Bend thoughts and wits to atcheeve her. Thus it stands:
Her elder sister is so curst and shrew'd.
That til the Father rid his hands of her,
Master, your Love must live a maide at home,
And therefore has he closely mew'd her up
Because

Because she will not be annoy'd with suters.
Luc. Ah *Tranio,* what a cruell Fathers he:
But art thou not advis'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 have it *Tranio.*
Tra. Master, for my hand
Both our inventions meet and jumpe in one.
Luc. Tell me thine first.
Tra. You will be schoole-master,
And undertake the teaching of the maid:
That's your device.
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 have it full.
We have 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 servants, as I should,
I will some other be, some *Florentine,*
Some *Neapolitan,* or meaner man of *Pisa.*
'Tis hatch'd, and shall be so: *Tranio* at once
Uncase thee: take my [Conlord] hat and cloake,
When *Biondello* comes, he waites on thee,
But I will charme him first to keepe his tongue.
Tra. So had you neede:
In breefe Sir, sith it your pleasure is,
And I am tyed to be obedient,
For so your father charg'd me at our parting:
Be serviceable to my sonne (quoth he)
Although I thinke 'twas in another sence,
I am content to bee *Lucentio,*
Because so well I love *Lucentio.*
Luc. Tranio be so, because *Lucentio* loves,
And let me be a slave, t'atchieve that maide,
Whose sodaine sight hath thral'd my wounded eye..

Enter Biondello.

Heere comes the rogue. Sirra, where have you bin?
Bion. Where haave 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 jest,
And therefore, frame your manners to the time
Your fellow *Tranio* heere to save my life,
Puts my apparrell, and my count'nance on,
And I for my escape have 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 save my life:
You understand me?
Bion. I sir, ne're a whit.
Luc. And not a jot 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 have the next wish after, that *Lucentio* indeed had *Baptistas* yongest daughter. But sirra, not for my sake, but your masters, I advise you use your manners discreetly in all kind of companies: When I am alone, why then I am *Tranio:* but in

all places else, your master *Lucentio.*
Luc. Tranio let's go:
One thing more rests, that thy selfe execute,
To make one among these wooers: if thou aske me why,
Sufficeth my reasons are both good and waighty.
Exeunt. The Presenters above 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 very 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 leave,
To see my friends in *Padua;* but of all
My best beloved and approved friend
Hortensio: & I trow this is his house:
Heere sirra *Grumio,* knocke I say.
Gru. Knocke sir? whome 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 knaves 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 signi-
or 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 leave his service,
looke you sir: He bid me knocke him, & rap him sound-
ly sir. Well, was it fit for a servant to use 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 upon your gate,
And could not get him for my heart to do it.
Gru. Knocke at the gate? O heavens: 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 advise you.
Hor.Petruchio patience, I am *Grumio's* pledge:
Why this is a heavie chance twixt him and you,
Your ancient trustie pleasant servant *Grumio:*
And tell me now (sweet friend) what happie gale
Blowes you to *Padua* heere, from old *Verona?*
Petr. Such wind as scatters yong men throgh [ye] world,
To

To seeke their fortunes farther then at home,
Where small experience growes but in a few.
Signior *Hortensio,* thus it stands with me,
Antonio my father is deceast,
And I have thrust my selfe into this maze,
Happily to wive and thrive, as best I may:
Crownes in my purse I have, and goods at home,
Ans 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-favour'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* Love,
As old a *Sibell,* and as curst and shrow'd
As *Socrates Zentippe,* or a worse:
She moves me not, nor not removes at least
Affections edge in me. Were she is as rough
As are the swelling *Adriaticke* seas,
I come to wive it wealthily in *Padua:*
If wealthily, then happily in *Padua.*
Gru. Nay looke you sir, hee tels you flatly what his minde is: why give 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 have 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 jest,
I can *Petruchio* helpe thee to a wife
With wealth enough, and yong and beautiouos,
Brought up 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. He father is *Baptista* Minola.
An affable and courteous Gentleman,
Her name is *Katherine 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 give you over at this first encounter,
Unlesse 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 upon him. Shee may perhaps call him halfe a score Knaves, or so: Why that's nothing; and he begin once, hee'l raile in his rope trickes. Ile tell you what sir, and she stand him but a little, he wil throw a figure in her face, and so disfigure hir with it, that shee shal have 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 Jewel of my life in hold,
His yongest daughter, beautiful *Bianca,*
And her with-holds from me. Other more
Suters to her, and rivals in my Love:
Supposing it a thing impossible,
For those defects I have before rehearst,
That ever *Katharina* wil be woo'd:
Therefore this order hath *Baptista* tane,
That none shal have accesse unto *Bianca,*
Til *Katherine* the Curst, have 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 device at least
Have leave and leisure to make love to her,
And unsuspected court her by her selfe.

Enter Gremio and Lucentio disguised.

Gru. Heere's no knaverie. 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 rivall of my Love. *Petruchio* stand by a while.
Grumio. A proper stripling, and an amorous.
Gremio. O very well, I have perus'd the note:
Hearke you sir, Ile lave them verie fairely bound,
All bookes of Love, see that at any hand,
And see you reade no other Lectures to her:
You understand me. Over and beside
Signior *Baptistas* liberalitie,
Ile mend it with a Largesse. Take your paper too,
And let me have them verie wel perfum'd;
For she is sweeter then perfume it selfe
To whom they go to: what will 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; unlesse 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 save 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 have lighted well
On this yong man: For learning and behaviour
Fit for her turne, well read in Poetrie
And other bookes, good ones, I warrant ye.
Hor. 'Tis well: and I have 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 beloved of me.
Gre. Beloved of me, and that my deeds shal prove.
Gru, And that his bags shal prove.
Hor. Gremio, 'tis now no time to vent our love,
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

Upon

Upon agreement from us to his liking,
Will undertake to woo curst *Katherine,*
Yea, and to marrie her, if her dowrie please.
Gru. So said, so done, is well:
Hortensio, have 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 lives 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 have a stomacke, too't a Gods name,
You shal have me assisting you in all.
But will you woo this Wilde-cat?
Petr. Will I live?
Gru. Will 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?
Have I not in my time heard Lions rore?
Have I not heard the sea, puft up with windes,
Rage like an angry Boare, chafed with sweat?
Have I not heard great Ordnance in the field?
And heavens Artillerie thunder in the skies?
Have I not in a pitched battell heard
Loud larums, neighing steeds, & trumpets clangue?
And do you tell me of a womans tongue?
That gives 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 arriv'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, provided that he win her.
Gru. I would I were as sure of a good dinner.

Enter Tranio brave, and Biondello.

Tra. Gentlemen God save you. If I may be bold
Tell me I beseech you, which is the readiest way
To the house of Signior *Baptista Minola?*
Bion. He that ha's the two faire daughters: ist he you meane?
Tra. Even he *Biondello.*
Gre. Hearke you sir, you mean not her to -----
Tra. Perhaps him and her sir, what have you to do?
Petr. Not her that chides sir, at any hand I pray.
Tranio. I love 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.
Tral 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 love 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 unknowne,
And were his daughter fairer then she is,
She may more sutors have, and me for one.
Faire *Ledaes* daughter had a thousand wooers,
Then well one more may faire *Bianca* have;
And so she shall: *Lucentio* shal make one,
Though *Paris* came, in hope to speed alone.
Gre. What, this Gentleman will out-talke us all.
Luc. Sir give him head, I know hee'l prove a Jade.
Petr. Hortensio, to what end are all these words?
Hor. Sir, let me be so bold as aske you,
Did you yet ever see *Baptistas* daughter?
Ttra. 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, leave that labour to great *Hercules,*
And let it be more then *Alcides* twelve.
Petr. Sir understand 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,
Untill 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 us all, and me amongst the rest:
And if you breake the ice, and do this seeke,
Atchieve the elder: set the yonger free,
For our accesse, whose hap shall be to have her,
Wil not so gracelesse be, to be ingrate.
Hor. Sir you say wel, and wel you do conceive,
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 mey contrive this afternoone,
And quaffe carowses to our Mistresse health,
And do as adversaries do in law,
Strive 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 Katharina and Bianca.

Bian. Good sister wrong me not, nor wrong your self,
To make a bondmaide and a slave of mee,
That I disdaine: but for these other goods,
Unbinde 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 lov'st best: see thou dissemble not.
Bianca. Beleeve me sister, of all the men alive,
I never 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 have him.
Kate. Oh then belike you fancie riches more,
You wil have *Gremio* to keepe you faire.
Bian. Is it for him you do envie me so?
Nay then you jest, and now I wel perceive
You have but jested with me all this while:
I prethee sister Kate, untie my hands.
Ka. If that be jest, then all the rest was so. *Strikes her*

Enter

Enter Baptista.

Bap. Why how now Dame, whence growes this insolence
Bianca stand aside, poore gyrle she weepes:
Go ply thy Needle, meddle not with her.
For shame thou Hilding of a divellish 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 reveng'd.
Flies after Bianca.
Bap. What in my sight? *Bianca* get thee in. Exit.
Kate. What will you not suffer me: Nay now I see
She is your treasure, she must have a husband,
I must dance bare-foot on her wedding day,
And for your love to her, leade Apes in hell.
Talke not to me, I will go sit and weepe,
Till I can finde occasion of revenge.
Bap. Was ever Gentleman thus greev'd as I?
But who comes heere.

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

Gre. Good morrow neighbour *Baptista.*
Bap. Good morrow neighbour *Gremio:* God save you Gentlemen.
Pet. And you good sir: pray have you not a daughter,cal'd *Katerina,* faire and vertuous.
Bap. I have a daughter sir, cal'd *Katerina.*
Gre. You are too blunt, go to it orderly.
Pet. You wrong me signior *Gremio,* give me leave.
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 behaviour,
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 have 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. Saving your tale *Petruchio,* I pray let us that are poore petitioners speake too? *Bacare,* you are mervaylous forward.
Pet. Oh, Pardon me signior *Gremio,* I would faine be doing.
Gre. I doubt it not sir. But you will curse
Your wooing neighbours: this is a guift
Very gratefull, I am sure of it, to expresse
The like kindnesse my selfe, that have beene
More kindely beholding to you then any:

Freely give unto 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 service.
Bap. A thousand thankes signiour *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,
Unto *Bianca,* faire and vertuous:
Nor is your firme resolve unknowne to me,
In the preferment of the eldest sister.
This liberty is all that I request,
That upon knowledge of my Parentage,
I may have welcome 'mongst the rest that woo,
And free access and favour 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 Servant.

Sirrah, leade these Gentlemen
To my daughters, and tell them both
These are their Tutors, bid them use 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 selves.
Pet. Signior *Baptista,* my businesse asketh haste,
And everie 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 have bettered rather then decreast,
Then tell me, if I get your daughters love,
What dowrie shall I have 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 survive me
In all my Lands and Leases whatsoever,
Let specialties be therefore drawne betweene us,
That covenants may be kept on either hand.
Bap. I, when the speciall thing is well obtain'd,
That is her love: 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 there 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 unhappie 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 prove a good Musitian?
Hor. I thinke she'l sooner prove a souldier,
Iron may hold with her, but never Lutes.
Bap. Whe 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 divellish 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 Jacke, with twentie such vilde tearmes,
As had she studied to misuse me so.
Pet. Now by the world, it is a lustie Wench,
I love her ten times more then ere I did,
O how I long to have 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 us,
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 cleare
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 uttereth piercing eloquence:
If she do bid me packe, Ile give her thankes,
As though she bid me stay by her a weeke:
If she denie to wed, Ile crave 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 have 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 every Towne,
Thy vertues spoke of, and thy beautie sounded,
Yet not so deepely as to thee belongs,
My selfe am moov'd to woo thee for my wife.
Kate. Mov'd, in good time, let him that mov'd you hether
Remove you hence: I knew you at the first
You were a movable.
Pet. Why, what's a movable?
Kat. A joyn'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 Jade 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 heavie as my weight 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, for *Kate* will be my Hen.
Kate. No Cocke of mine, you crow too like a craven.
Pet. Nay come *Kate,* come: you must not looke so
sowre.
Kate. It is my fashion when I see a Crab.
Pet. Why heere's no crab, and therefore looke not
sowre.
Kate. There is, there is.
Pet. Then shew it me.
Kate. Had I a glasse, I would.
Pet. What, you meane my face.
Kate. Well aym'd of such a yong one.
Pet. Now by S. George I am too yong for you.
Kate. Yet you are wither'd.
Pet. 'Tis with cares.
Kate. I care not.
Pet. Nay heare you *Kate.* Insooth you scape not so.
Kate. I chase 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?
O 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 ever *Dian* so become a Grove
As *Kate* this chamber with her princely gate;
O be thou *Dian,* and let her be *Kate,*

And

And then let *Kate* be chaste, and *Dian* sportfull.
Kate. Where did you study all this goodly speech?
Petr. It is *extempore,* from my mother wit.
Kate. A witty mother, witlesse else her sonne.
Pet. Am I not wise?
Ket. 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 household *Kates:*
Heere comes your father, never make deniall,
I must, and will have *Katherine* to my wife. (daughter?
Bap. Now Signior *Petruchio,* how speed you with my
Pet. How but well sir? how but well?
It were impossible I should speed amisse. (dumps?
Bap. Why how now daughter *Katherine,* in your
Kat. Call you me daughter? now I promise you
You have shewd a tender fatherly regard,
To wish me wed to one halfe Lunaticke,
A mad-cap ruffian, and a swearing Jacke,
That thinkes with oathes to face the matter out.
Pet. Father, ‘tis thus, your selfe and all the world
That talk’d of her, have talk’d amisse of her:
If she be curst, it is for pollicie,
For shee’s not froward, but modest as the Dove,
Shee is not hot, but temperate as the morne,
For patience she will prove a second *Grissell*,
And Romane *Lucrece* for her chastitie:
And to conclude, we have greed so well together,
That upon sonday is the wedding day.
Kate. Ile see the hang’d on sonday first. (first..
Gre. Hark *Petruchio,* she saies shee’ll see thee hang’d
Tra. Is this your speeding?nay [then] 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 us twaine being alone,
That she shall still be curst in company.
I tell you ‘tis incredible to beleeve
How much she loves me: oh the kindest *Kate,*
Shee hung about my necke, and kisse on kisse
She vi’d so fast, protesting oath on oath,
That in a twinke she won me to her love.
Oh you are novices, ‘tis a world to see
How tame when men and women are alone,
A meacocke wretch can make the curstest shrew:
Give me thy hand *Kate.* I will unto *Venice*
To buy apparell ‘gainst the wedding day:
Provide the feast father, and bid the guests,
I will be sure my *Kathering* shall be fine.
Bap. I know not what to say, but give me your [hands],
God sent you joy, *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 have rings, and things, and fine array,

And kisse me Kate, we will be married a sonday.

Exit Petruchio and Katherine.

Gre. Was ever match clapt up 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 have looked for,
I am your neighbour, and was suter first.

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

Gre. Yongling thou canst not love so deare as I.

Tra Gray-beard thy love 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 will [compound] this strife
'Tis deeds must win the prize, and he of both
That can assure my daughter greatest dower,
Shall have my *Biancas* love.
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 lave her dainty hands:
My hangings all of *tirian* tapestry:
In Ivory cofers I have 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 have 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 live 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 have your daughter to my wife,
Ile leave 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 joynter.
What, have I pincht you Signior *Gremio?*

Gre. Two thousand Duckets by the yeere of land,
My Land amounts not to so much in all:
That shee shall have, besides an Argosie
That now is lying in Marcellus roade:
What, have I choakt you with an Argosie?

Tra. Gremio, 'tis knowne my father hath no lesse
Then three great Argosies, besides two Galliasses
And twelve tite Gallies, these I will assure her,
And twice as much what ere thou offrest next.

Gre. Nay, I have offred all, I have no more,
And she can have no more then all I have,
If you like me, she shall have 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 cavill: he is olde, I young.
Gre. And may not yong men die as well as old?
Bap. Well gentlemen, I am thus resolv'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 leave, and thanke you both. *Exit.*
Gre. Adieu good neighbour: now I feare thee not:
Sirra, yong gamester, your father were a foole
To give thee all, and in his wayning age
Set foot under thy table: tut, a toy,
An olde Italian foxe is not so kinde my boy. *Exit.*
Tra. A vengeance on your crafty withered hide,
Yet I have fac'd it with a card of ten:
'Tis in my head to doe my master good:
I see no reason but suppos'd *Lucentio*
Must get a father, call'd suppos'd *Vincentio,*
And that's a wonder: fathers commonly
Doe get their children: but in this case of woing,
A childe shall get a sire, if I faile not of my cunning. *Exit.*

Actus Tertia.

Enter Lucentio, Hortentio, and Bianca.

Luc. Fidler forbeare you grow too forward Sir,
Have you so soone forgot the entertainment
Her sister *Katherine* welcom'd you withall.
Hor. But wrangling pedant, this is
The patronesse of heavenly harmony:
Then give me leave to have prerogative,
And when in Musicke we have spent an houre,
Your Lecture shall have leisure for as much.
Luc. Preposterous Asse that never 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 usuall paine?
Then give me leave to read Philosophy,
And while I pause, serve in your harmony.
Hort. Sirra, I will not beare these braves of thine.
Bianc. Why gentlemen, you doe me double wrong,
To strive 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 have tun'd.
Hort. You'll leave his lecture when I am in tune?
Luc. That will be never, 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 unto Vincentio of Pisa, *Sigeria tellus,* disguised thus to get your love, *hic steterat,* and that *Lucentio* that comes a wooing, *priami,* is my man Tranio, *regia*, bearing my port, *celsa senis* that we might beguile the old Pantalowne.

Hort. Madam, my Instrument's in tune.
Bianca. Let's heare, oh fie, the treble jarres.
Luc. Spit in the hole man, and tune againe.
Bian. Now let me see if I can conster it. *Hic ibat si-*
mois, I know you not, *hic est sigeriatellus,* I trust you not,
hic staterat priami, take heed he heare us not, *regia* pre-
sume not. *Celsa senis,* despaire not.
Hort. Madam, tis now in tune.
Luc. All but the base.
Hort. The base is right, 'tis the base knave that jars.
Luc. How fiery and forward our Pedant is,
Now for my life the knave doth court my love,
Pedascule, Ile watch you better yet:
In time I may beleeve, yet I mistrust.
Bian. Mistrust it not, for sure *AEacides*
Was Ajax cald so from his grandfather.
Hort. I must beleeve my master, else I promise you,
I should be arguing still upon that doubt.
But let it rest, now *Litio* to you:
Good master take it not unkindly pray
That I have been thus pleasant with you both.
[*Hort*]. You may go walk, and give me leave 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 deceiv'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 loves with all affection:
D solre, one Cliffe, two notes have 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 inventions.
Enter a Messenger.
Nicke. Mistresse, your father prayes you leave your
And helpe to dresse your sisters chamber up, (books,
You know to morrow is the wedding day.
Bian. Farewell sweet masters both, I must be gone.
Luc. Faith Mistresse then I have no cause to stay.
Hor. But I have cause to pry into this pedant,
Methinkes he lookes as though he were in love:
Yet if thy thoughts *Bianca* be so humble
To cast thy wandring eyes on every stale:
Seize thee that List, if once I finde thee ranging,
Hortensio will be quit with thee by changing. *Exit.*

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

No

Kate. No shame but mine, I must forsooth be forst
To give my hand oppos'd against my heart
Unto 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 jests in blunt behaviour,
And to be noted for a merry man;
Hee'll wooe a thousand, point the day of marriage,
Make friends, invite, and proclaime the banes,
Yet never meanes to wed where he hath woo'd:
Now must the world point at poor *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,
Upon my life *Petruchio* meanes but well,
Whatever 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 never seen him though.
Exit weeping.
Bap. Goe girle, I cannot blame thee now to weepe,
For such an injurie would vexe a very saint,
Much more a shrew of thy impatient humour.
Enter Biondello.
Bion. Master, master, newes, and such newes as you never heard of.
Bap. Is it new and olde too? how may that be?
Bion, Why, is it not newes to heard of *Petruchio's*
Bap. Is he come? (comming?
*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 jerkin, a paire of olde breeches thrice turn'd; a paire of bootes that have 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 Spavins, raied with the Yellowes, past cure of the Fives, 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 Cropper 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, and old hat, & the humor of forty fancies prickt in't for a feather: a monster, a very monster in apparell, & not like a Christian foot-boy or a gentlemans Lacky.
Tra. 'Tis some od humor pricks him to this fashion,
Yet oftentimes he goes but meane apparel'd.
Bap. I am glad he's come, howsoere he comes.
Bion. Why sir, he comes not.
Bap. Didst thou not say hee comes?

Bion. Who, that *Petruchio* came?
Bap. I, that *Petruchio* came. (backe.
Bion. No sir, I say his horse comes whith him on his
Bap. Why that's all one.
Bion. Nay by S. *Jamy*, I hold you a penny, a horse and a man is more then one, and yet not many.

Enter Petruchio and Gremio.

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 youhalt 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 lovely 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 unusuall 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 unprovided:
Fie, doff this habit, shame to your estate,
An eye-sore to our solemne festivall.
Tra. And tell us what occasion of import
Hath all so long detain'd you from your wife,
And sent you hither so unlike 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 unreverent robes,
Goe to my chamber, put on clothes of mine.
Pet. Not I, beleeve me, thus I'le visit her.
Bap. But thus I trust you will not marry her. (words,
Pet. Good sooth even thus: therefore ha done with
To me she's married, not unto 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 lovely kisse. *Exit.*
Tra. He hath some meaning in his mad attire,
We will perswade him be it possible,
To put on better ere he goe to Church.
Bap. Ile after him, and see the event of this. *Exit.*
Tra. But sir, Love concerneth us 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 have promised,
So shall you quietly enjoy your hope,
And marry sweet *Bianca* with consent.
Luc. Were it not that my fellow schoolmaster
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 over-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 comming 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 devill, a devill, a very fiend.
Tra. Why she's a devill, a devill, the devils damme.
Gre. Tut, she's a Lambe, a Dove, 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 up,
This mad-brain'd bridegroome tooke him such a cuffe,
That downe fell Priest and booke, and booke and Priest,
Now take them up 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 ma-ny ceremonies done, hee calls for wine, a health quoth he, as if he had been aboord carowsing to his Mates after a storme, quaft off the Muscadell, and threw the sops all in the Sextons face: having 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 never 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 have 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 leave.
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 have beheld me give 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 us intreat you stay till after dinner.
Pet. It may not be.
Gra. Let me intreat you.
Petl 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 love me stay.
Pet. Grumio, my horse.
Gru. I sir, they be ready, the Oates have 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 jogging whiles your bootes are greene:
For me, Ile not be gone till I please my selfe,
'Tis like you'll prove a jolly 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, revell and domineere,
Carowse full measure to her maiden-head,
Be madde and merry, or goe hang your selves:
But for my bonny *Kate,* she must with me:
Nay, looke not big, nor stampe, nor stare, nor fret,
I will be master of what is mine owne,
Shee is my goods, my chattels, she is my house,
My houshold-stuffe, my field, my barne,
My horse, my oxe, my asse, my any thing,
And heere she stands, touch her who ever dare,
Ile bring mine action on the proudest he
That stops my way in *Padua: Grumio*
Draw forth thy weapon, we are beset with theeves,
Rescue thy Mistresse if thou be a man:
Feare not sweet wench, they chall not touch thee *Kate,*
Ile buckler thee against a Million. *Exeunt. P.Ka.*
Bap. Nay, let them goe, a couple of quiet ones. (ing.
Gre. Went they not quickly, I should die with laugh-
Tra. Of all mad matches never was the like.
Luc. Mistresse, what's your opinion of your sister?
Bian. That being mad her selfe, she's madly mated.
Gre. I warrant him *Petruchio* is Kated.
Bap. Neighbours and friends, though Bride & Bride-
For to supply the places at the table, (groom wants
You know there wants no junkets at the feast:
Lucentio, you shall supply the Bridegroomes place,
And let *Bianca* take her sisters roome.
Tra. Shall sweet *Bianca* practice how to bride it?
Bap. She shall *Lucentio:* come gentlemen lets goe.
Enter Grumio. *Exeunt.*
Gru. Fye, fie on all tired Jades, on all mad Masters, and all foule wayes: was ever man so beaten? was ever man so raide? was ever 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 lips might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the roofe of my mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I should come by a fire to thaw me, but I with blowing the fire shall warme my selfe: for considering the weather, a taller man then I will take cold: Holla, hoa *Curtis.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Gru. A cold world *Curtis* in every office but thine, & therefore fire: do thy duty, and have 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 Jacke boy, ho boy, and as much newes as wilt thou.

Cur. Come, you are so full of conicatching.

Gru. Why therefore fire, for I have caught extreme cold. Where's the Cooke, is supper ready, the house trim'd, rushes strew'd, cobwebs swept, the servingmen in their new fustian, the white stockings, and every officer his wedding garment on? Be the Jackes faire within, the Gils faire without, the Carpets laide, and everie 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 feel 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 have heard how her horse fel, and she under her horse: thou shouldst have heard in how miery a place, how she was bemoil'd, how hee left her with the horse upon 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 never prai'd before: how I cried, how the horses ranne away, how her bridle was burst: how I lost my crupper, with manie things of worthy memorie, which now shall die in oblivion, and thou returne unexperienc'd to thy grave.

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, Joseph, Nicholas, Phillip, Walter, Sugersop* and the rest: let their heads bee slickely comb'd,

their blew coats brush'd, and their garters of an indiffe-
rent 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.
Car. 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 coun-
tenance her.
Cur. I call them forth to credit her.
Enter foure or five servingmen.
Gru. Why she comes to borrow nothing of them.
Nat. Welcome home *Grumio.*
Phil. How now *Grumio.*
Jos. What *Grumio.*
Nick. Fellow *Grumio.*
Nat. How now old lad.
Gru. Welcome you: how now you: what you: fel-
low 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 knaves? 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 unpollisht groomes:
What? no attendance" no regard? no dutie?
Where is the foolish knave I sent before?
Gru. Heere sir, as foolish as I was before.
Pet. You pezant, swain, your horson malt-horse drudg
Did I not bid thee meete me in the Parke,
And bring along these rascal knaves with thee?
Grumio. Nathaniels coate sir was not fully made,
And *Gabrels* pumpes were all unpinkt i'th heele:
There was no Linke*[linxe?]* 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 meet you.
Pet. Go rascals,go, and fetch my supper in. *Ex. Ser.*
Where is the life that late I led?
Where are those? Sit down *Kate.*
And welcome. Soud. soud, soud. soud.
Enter servants with supper.
Why when I say? Nay good 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 foot 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 have some water?
Come *Kate* and wash, & welcome heartily:
you horson villaine, will you let it fall?

Kate. Patience I pray you, 'twas a fault unwilling.
Pet. A horson beetle-headed flap-ear'd knave:
Come *Kate* sit downe, I know you have a stomacke,
Will you give 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 serve it thus to me that love it not?
There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all:
You heedlesse jolt-heads, and unmanner'd slaves.
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 us did fast,
Since of our selves, our selfes are chollericke,
Then feede it with such over-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 Servants severally.

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

Enter Curtis a Servant.

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 have I politickely begun my reigne,
And 'tis my hope to end successefully:
My Faulcon now is sharpe, and passing emptie,
And till she stoope, she must not be full gorg'd,
For then she never lookes upon her lure.
Another way I have 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 undeserved fault
Ile finde about the making of the bed,
And heere Ile fling the pillow, there the boulster,
This way the Coverlet, another way the sheets:
I, and amid this hurlie I intend,
That all is done in reverend 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 have 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, resolve me that?
Hor. I reade, that I professe the Art to love.
Bian. And may you prove sir Master of your Art.
Luc. While you sweet deere [ptove] Mistresse of my heart.
Hor. Quicke proceeders marry, now tel me I pray,
you that durst sweare that your mistris *Bianca*
Lov'd me in the World so well as *Lucentio.*
Tra. Oh despightful Love, unconstant womankind,
I tel thee *Lisio* this is wonderfull.
Hor. Mistake no more, I am not *Lisio,*
Nor a Musician as I seeme to bee,
But one that scorne to live in this disguise,
For such a one as leaves a Gentleman,
And makes a God of such a Cullion;
Know sir, that I am cal'd *Hortensio,*
Tra. Signior *Hortensio,* I have 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 love for ever.
Hor. See how they kisse and court: Signior *Lucentio,*
Heere is my hand, and heere I firmly vow
Never to woo her more, but do forsweare her
As one unworthie all the former favours
That I have fondly flatter'd them withall.
Tra. And heere I take the like unfained oath,
Never 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 lov'd me,
As I have lov'd this proud disdainful Haggard,
And so farewel signior *Lucentio,*
Kindnesse in women, not their beauteous lookes
Shal win my love, and so I take my leave,
In resolution, as I swore before.
Tra. Mistris *Bianca,* blesse you with such grace,
As longeth to a Lovers blessed case:
Nay, I have tane you napping gentle Love,
And have forsworne you with *Hortensio.*
Bian. Tranio you jest, but have you both forsworne mee?
Tra. Mistris we have.
Luc. Then we are rid of *Lisio.*
Tra. I'faith hee'l have a lustie Widdow now,
That shalbe woo'd, and wedded in a day.
Bian. God give him joy.
Tra. I and hee'l tame her.
Bianca. He sayes so *Tranio.*
Tra. Faith he is gone unto the taming schoole.
Bian. The taming schoole: what is there such a place?
Tra. I mistris, and *Petruchio* is the master,
That teacheth trickes eleven and twentie long,
To tame a shrew, and charme her chattering tongue.

Enter Biondello.

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

I know not what, but formall in apparell,
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 give assurance to *Baptista Minola.*
As if he were the right *Vincentio.*
[*Par.*] Take me your love, and then let me alone.
Enter a Pedant.
Ped. God save you sir.
Tra. And you sir, you are welcome,
Travaile you farre on, or are you at the farthest?
Ped. Sir at the farthest for a weeke or two,
But then up 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 private quarrel 'twixt your Duke and him,
Hath publish'd and proclaim'd it openly:
'Tis mervaile, but that you are but newly come,
you might have heard it else proclaim'd about.
Ped. Alas sir, it is worse for me then so,
For I have bils for monie by exchange
From Florence, and must heere deliver them.
Tra. Wel sir, to do you courtesie,
This wil I do, and this I wil advise you.
First tell me, have you ever beene at Pisa?
Ped. I sir, in Pisa have I often bin,
Pisa renowned for grave Citizens.
Tra. Among them know you one *Vincentio?*
Ped. I know him not, but I have 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 save your life in this extremitie,
This favor 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 undertake,
And in my house you shall be friendly lodg'd.
Looke that you take upon you as you should,
you understand me sir: so shal you stay
Til you have done your businesse in the Citie:
If this be court'sie sir, accept of it.
Ped. O sir I do, and wil repute you ever
The patron of my life and libertie.
Tra. Then go with me, to make the matter good,
This by the way I let you undertand,
My father is heere look'd for everie day,
To passe assurance of a dowrie 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 unto my fathers doore,
Upon intreatie have a present almes,
If not, elsewhere they meete with charitie:
But I, who never knew how to in treat,
Nor never needed that I should intreate,
Am starv'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 under name of perfect love:
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 have 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 love to feede upon.
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 have 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 the gone, thou false deluding slave,
Beats him.
That feed'st me with the verie name of meate.
Sorrow on thee, and all the packe of you
That triumph thus upon my misery:
Go get thee gone, I say.

Enter Petruchio, and Hortesio with meate.
Petr. How fares my Kate, what sweeting all a-mort?
Hor. Mistris, what cheere?
Kat. Faith as cold as can be.
Pet. Plucke up thy spirits, looke cheerfully upon me.
Heere Love, 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 lov'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 service 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 up all *Hortensio,* if thou lovest mee:
Much good do it unto thy gentle heart:
Kate eate apace; and now my hony Love,
Will we returne unto thy Fathers house,
And revell it as bravely as the best,
With silken coats and caps, and golden Rings,
With Ruffes and Cuffes, and Farthingales, and things:
With Scarfes, and Fannes, & double change of brav'ry,
With Amber Bracelets, Beades, and all this knav'ry.
What hast thou din'd? The Tailor staies thy leasure,
To decke thy bodie with his ruffling treasure.
Enter Tailor.

Come Tailor, let us 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 Velvet 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 have a bigger.
Kate. Ile have no bigger, this doth fit the time,
And Gentlewomen weare such caps as these.
Pet. When you are gentle, you shall have one too,
And not till then.
Hor. That will not be in hast.
Kate. Why sir I trust I may have leave to speake,
And speake I will. I am no childe, no babe,
Your betters have 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,
Even to the uttermost as I please in words.
Pet. Why thou saist true, it is paltrie cap
A custard coffen, a bauble, a silken pie,
I love thee well in that thou lik'st it not.
Kate. Love me, or love me not, I like the cap,
And it I will have, or I will have none.
Pet. Thy gowne, why I: come Taylor let us see't.
Oh mercie God, what masking stuffe is heere?
Whats this? a sleeve? 'tis like demi cannon,
What, up and downe carv'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 devils name Tailor cal'st thou this?
Hor. I see shees like to have 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 over every kennell home,
For you shall hop without my custome sir:
Ile none of it; hence, make your best of it.
Kate. I never 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. O monstrous arrogance:
Thou lyest, thou thred, thou thimble,
Thou yard three quarters, halfe yard, quarter, naile,
Thou Flea, thou Nit, thou winter cricket thou:
Brav'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 liv'st:
I tell thee I, that thou hast marr'd her gowne.
Tail. Your worship is deceiv'd, the gown is made
Just as my master had direction:
Grumio gave order how it should be done.
Gru. I gave him no order, I gave him the stuff.
Tail. But how did you desire it should be made?
Gru. Marry sir with needle and thred.
Tail. But did you not request to have it Cut?
Gru. Thou hast fac'd many things.
Tail. I have.

Gru. Face not mee: thou hast brav'd manie men; brave not me; I will neither bee fac'd nor brav'd. I say unto 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 ever I said loose-bodied gowne, sow me in the skirts of it, and beat 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 sleeve.

Gru. I confesse two sleeves.

Tai. The sleeves curiously cut.

Pet. I there's the villanie.

Gru. Error i'th bill sir, error i'th bill? I commanded the sleeves should be cut out, and sow'd up againe, and that Ile prove upon 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, give me thy meat-yard, and spare not me.

Hor. God-a-mercie *Grumio,* then hee shall nave 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 up unto thy masters use.

Gru. Villaine, not for thy life: Take up my Mistrisse gowne for thy masters use.

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

Gru. Oh sir, the conceit is deeper then you think for:
Take up my Mistris gowne to his masters use.
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 unkindnesse of his hastie words:
Away I say, commend me to thy master *Exit Tail.*

Pet. Well, come my *Kate,* we will unto your fathers,
Even 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 Jay 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 us at thy fathers house,
Go call my men, and let us straight to him,
And bring our horses unto Long-lane end,
There wil we mount, and thither walke on foote,
Let's see, I thinke 'tis now some seven 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 seven ere I go to horse:
Look what I speake, or do, or thinke to doe,

You

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

Enter Tranio, and the Pedant drest like Vincentio.
Tra. Sirs. this is the house, please it you that I call.
Ped. I what else, and but I be deceived,
Signior *Baptista* may remember me
Neere twentie yeeres 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 advise 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,
Give me *Bianca* for my patrimony.
Ped. Soft son: sir by your leave, having com to *Padua*
To gather in some debts, my son *Lucentio*
Made me acquainted with a waighty cause
Of love betweene your daughter and himselfe:
And for the good report I heare of you,
And for the love he beareth to your daughter,
And she to him: to stay him not too long,
I am content in a good fathers care
to have him matcht, and if you please to like
No worse then I, upon some agreement
Me shall you finde readie and willing
With one consent to have 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 have to say,
Your plainnesse and your shortnesse please me well:
Right true it is your sonne *Lucentio* here
Doth love my daughter, and she loveth 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 have 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 have eares, and I have manie servants,
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 privately and well:
Send for your daughter by your servant here,
My Boy shall fetch the Scrivener presentlie,
The worst is this that at so slender warning,
You are like to have 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 had hapned,
Lucentios Father is arrived in *Padua,*
And how she's like to be *Lucentios* wife.
Biond. I praie the gods she may with all my heart. *Exit.*
Tran. Dallie not with the gods, but get the gone.
Enter Peter.
Signior *Baptista,* shall I leade the way,
We come, 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 upon 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 deceiving 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 previlegio ad Impremendum solem,* to th' Church take the Priest, Clarke, and some sufficient honest witnesses:
If this be not that you looke for, I have no more to say,
But bid *Bianca* farewell for ever and a day.
Luc. Hear'st thou *Biondello.*
Biond. I cannot tarry: I knew a wench maried in an afternoone as shee went to the Garden for Parseley to stuffe a Rabit, and so may you sir: and so adew sir, my Master hath appointed me to goe to Saint *Lukes* to bid the Priest be readie to come against you come with your appendix. *Exit.*
Luc. I may and will, if she be so contented:
She will be pleas'd, then wherefore should I doubt:
Hap what hap may, Ile roundly goe about her:
It shall go hard if *Cambio* goe without her. *Exit.*

Enter Petruchio, Kate Hortentio

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

It shall be moone, or starre, or what I list,
Or ere I journey to your Fathers house:
Goe on, and fetch our horses backe againe,
Evermore crost and crost, nothing but crost.
Hort. Say as he saies, or we shall never goe.
Kate. Forward I pray, since we have come so farre,
And be it moone, or sunne, or what you please:
And if you please to call it a rush Candle,
Henceforth I vowe it shall be so for me.
Petr. I say it is the Moone.
Kate. I know it is the Moone.
Petr. Nay then you lye: it is the blessed Sunne.
Kate. Then God be blest, it [in] the blessed sun,
But sunne it is not, when you say it is not.
And the Moone changes even as your minde:
What you will have it nam'd, even that it is,
And so it shall be for *Katherine.*
Hort. Petruchio, goe thy waies, the field is won.
Petr. Well, forward, forward, thus the bowle should (run,
And not unluckily 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 heaven with such beautie,
As those two eyes become that heavenly face?
Faire lovely 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 favourable stars
Alots thee for his lovely 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 have bin so bedazled with the sunne,
That every thing I looke on seemeth greene:
Now I perceive thou art a reverent Father:
Pardon I pray thee for my mad mistaking.
Petr. Do good ole grandsire, & withall make known
Which way thou travellest, if along with us,
We shall be joyfull 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 have 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 reverent age,
I may intitle thee my loving Father,
The sister to my wife, this Gentlewoman,
Thy Sonne by this hath married: wonder not,
Nor be not grieved, she is of good esteeme,
Her dowrie is 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 arrivall be full joyous.
Vinc. But is this true, or is it else your pleasure,
Like pleasant travailors to breake a Jest
Upon the companie you overtake?
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 jealous. *Exeunt.*
Hor. Well *Petruchio,* this has put me in heart;
Have to my Widdow, and if she froward,
Then hast thou taught *Hortensio* to be untoward. *Exit.*

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

Biond. Softly and swiftly sir, for the Priest is ready.
Luc. I flie *Biondello;* but they may chance to neede thee at home, therefore leave us. *Exit.*
Biond. Nay faith, Ile see the Church a your backe, and then come backe to my mistris as soone as I can.
Gre. I marvaile *Cambio* comes not all this while.

Enter Petruchio. Kate, Vincentio, Grumio with Attendants.

Petr. Sirs heres the doore, this is *Lucentios* house,
My Fathers beares more toward the Market-place,
Thither must I, and here I leave 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 merry withall.
Ped. Keepe your hundred pounds to your selfe, hee shall neede none so long as I live.
Pet. Nay, I told you your sonne was well beloved in *Padua:* doe you heare sir, to leave frivolous 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 frome *Padua*, and here looking out at the window.
Vin. Art thou his father?
Ped. I sir, so his mother saies, if I may beleeve her.
Petr. Why how now gentleman: why this is flat knaverie to take upon you another mans name.
Peda. Lay hands on the villaine, I beleeve a meanes to cosen some bodie in this Citie under my countenance.

Enter Biondello.

Bio. I have seen them in the Church together, God send'em good shipping: but who is here? mine old Master *Vincentio*: now wee are undone and brought to nothing.
Vin. Come hither crackhempe.
Bion. I hope I may choose Sir.
Vin. Come hither you rogue, what have you forgot mee?
Biond. Forgot you, no sir: I could not forget you, for I never saw you before in all my life.
Vinc. What, you notorious villaine, didst thou never see thy Mistris father, *Vincentio?*

Bion. What

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

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

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

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

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

Enter Pedant with servants, Baptista, Tranio.

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

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

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 have brought him up ever since he was three yeeres old, and his name is *Tranio.*

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

Vin. 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 knave to the Jaile: father *Baptista,* I charge you see that hee be forth comming.

Vinc. Carrie me to the Jaile?

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

Bap. Talke not signior *Gremio:* I sae he shall go 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 Jaile with him.

Enter Biondello, Lucentio and Bianca.

*Vin.*Thus strangers may be haild and abus'd: oh monstrous villaine.

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

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

Luc. Pardon sweete father. *Kneele.*

Vin. Lives my sweete sonne?

Bion Pardon deere father.

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

Luc. Here's *Lucentio*, right sonne to the right *Vincentio,*

That have by marriage made thy daughter mine,
While counterfeit suppose bleer'd thine eine.
Gre. Here's packing with a witnesse to deceive us all.
Vin. Where is that damned villaine *Tranio,*
That fac'd and braved me in this matter so?
Bap. Why, tell me is not this my Cambio?
Bian. Cambio is chang'd into *Lucentio.*
Luc. Love wrought these miracles. *Biancas* love
Made me exchange my state with *Tranio,*
While he did beare my countenance in the towne,
And happilie I have arrived at the last
Unto the wished haven 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 have sent
me to the Jaile.
Bap. But doe you heare sir, have you married my
daughter without asking my good will?
Vin. Feare not *Baptista,* we will content you, goe to:
but I will in to be reveng'd for this villanie. *Exit.*
Bap. And I to sound the depth of this knaverie. *Exit.*
Luc. Looke not pale *Bianca,* thy father will not frown
Exeunt.
Gre. My cake is [doug, hbut] Ile in among the rest,
Out of hope of all, but my share of the feast.
Kate. Husband let's follow, to see the end of this adoe.
Petr. First kiss me *Kate,* and we will.
Kate. What in the midst of the streete?
Petr. What art thou asham'd of me?
Kate.[Mo] sir, God forbid, but asham'd to kisse.
Petr. Why then let's home againe: Come Sirra let's
awaie.
Kate. Nay, I will give thee a kisse, now praie thee
Love staie.
Petr. Is not this well? come my sweete *Kate.*
Better once then never, for never to late. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus.

Enter Baptista,Vincentio,Gremio, the Pedant, Lucentio, and
Bianca, Tranio, Biondello Grumio, and Widdow:
The Servingmen with Tranio bringing
in a Banquet.
Luc. At last, though long, our jarring notes agree,
And time it is when raging warre is come,
To smile at scapes and perils overblowne:
My faire *Bianca* bid my father welcome,
While I with selfesame kindnesse welcome thine:
Brother *Petruchio,* sister *Katerina,*
And thou *Hortentio* with thy loving *Widdow:*
Feast with the best, and welcome to my house,
My Banket is to close our stomakes up
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 eat and eate.
Bap. Padua affords this kindenesse, sonne *Petruchio.*
Pet. 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 never trust me if I be affeard.
Petr. You are verie sencible, and yet you misse my
sence:
I meane *Hortentio* is afeard of you.
Wid. He

Wid. He that is giddie thinks the world turns round.
Petr. Roundlie replied.
Kate. Mistris, how meane you that?
Wid. Thus I conceive by him.
Petr. Conceives by me, how likes *Hortentio* that?
Hor. My Widdow saies, thus she conceives 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.
Pet. 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. Beleeve 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 a-gaine.
Petr. Nay that you shall not since you have begun:
Have at you for a better jest or too.
Bian. I am 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 prevented 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 Jest did glaunce awaie from me,
'Tis ten to one it maim'd you too out right.
Bap. Now in good sadnesse fonne *Petruchio,*
I thinke thou hast the veriest shrew of all.
Pet. Well, I say no: and therefore sir assurance,
Let's each one send unto his wife,
And he whose wife is most obedient,
To come at first when he doth send for her,
Shall win the wager which we will propose.
Hort. Content, what's the wager?
Luc. Twentie crownes.
Petr. Twentie crownes,
Ile venture so much of my Hawk or Hound,
But twentie times so much upon 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. *Exit.*
Bap. Sonne, Ile be your halfe, *Bianca* comes.
Luc. Ile have no halves: 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 see 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 have some goodly Jest in hand,
She will not come: she bids you come to her.
Petr. Worse and worse, she will not come:
O vilde, intollerable, not to be indur'd:
Sirra *Grumio,* goe to your Mistris,
Say I command her come to me. *Exit.*
Hor. I know her answere.
Pet. What?
Hor. She will not.
Petr. The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.

Enter Katerina.
Bap. Now by my hollidam here comes *Katrina.*
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 unto 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 love, 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
Unto their losses twentie thousand crownes,
Another dowrie to another daughter,
For she is chang'd as she had never 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 Wives
As prisoners to her womanlie perswasion:
Katerine, that Cap of yours becomes you not,
Off with that bable, throw it underfoote.
Wid. Lord let me never have 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 five 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 duties they doe owe their Lords and husbands.
Wid. Come,

Wid. Come, come, your mocking: we will have 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, unknit that thretaning unkinde brow,
And dart not scornefull glances from those eies,
To wound thy Lord, thy King, thy Governour.
It blots thy beautie, as frosts do bite the Meads,
Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds shake faire budds,
And in no sence is meete or amiable.
A woman mov'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 soveraigne: 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 craves no other tribute at thy hands,
But love, faire lookes, and true obedience;
Too little payent for so great a debt.
Such dutie as the subject owes the Prince,
Even such a woman oweth to her husband:
And when she is froward, peevish, sullen sowre,
And not obedient to his honest will,
What is she but a foule contending Rebell,
And gracelesse Traitor to her loving 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 serve, love, and obay.
Why are our bodies soft, and weake, and smooth,
Unapt to toyle and trouble in the world,
But that our soft conditions, and our harts,
Should well agree with our externall parts?
Come, come, your froward and unable 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 strengh as weake, our weakenesse past compare,
That seeming to be most, which we indeed least are.
Then vale your stomackes, for it is no boote,
And place your hands below your husbands foote:
In token of which dutie, if he please,
My hand is readie, may it do him ease.
Pet. Why there's a wench: Come on, and kisse mee *Kate.*
Luc. Well go thy waies olde Lad for thou shalt ha't.
Vin. Tis a good hearing, when children are toward.
Luc, But a harsh hearing, when women are froward.
Pet. Come *Kate,* [weee'le] to bed,
We three are married, but you two are sped.
'Twas I wonne the wager, though you hit the white,
And being a winner, God give you good night.
Exit Petruchio.
Horten. Now goe thy wayes, thou hast tam'd a curst Shrow.
Luc. Tis a wonder, by your leave, she wil be tam'd so.

F I N I S.