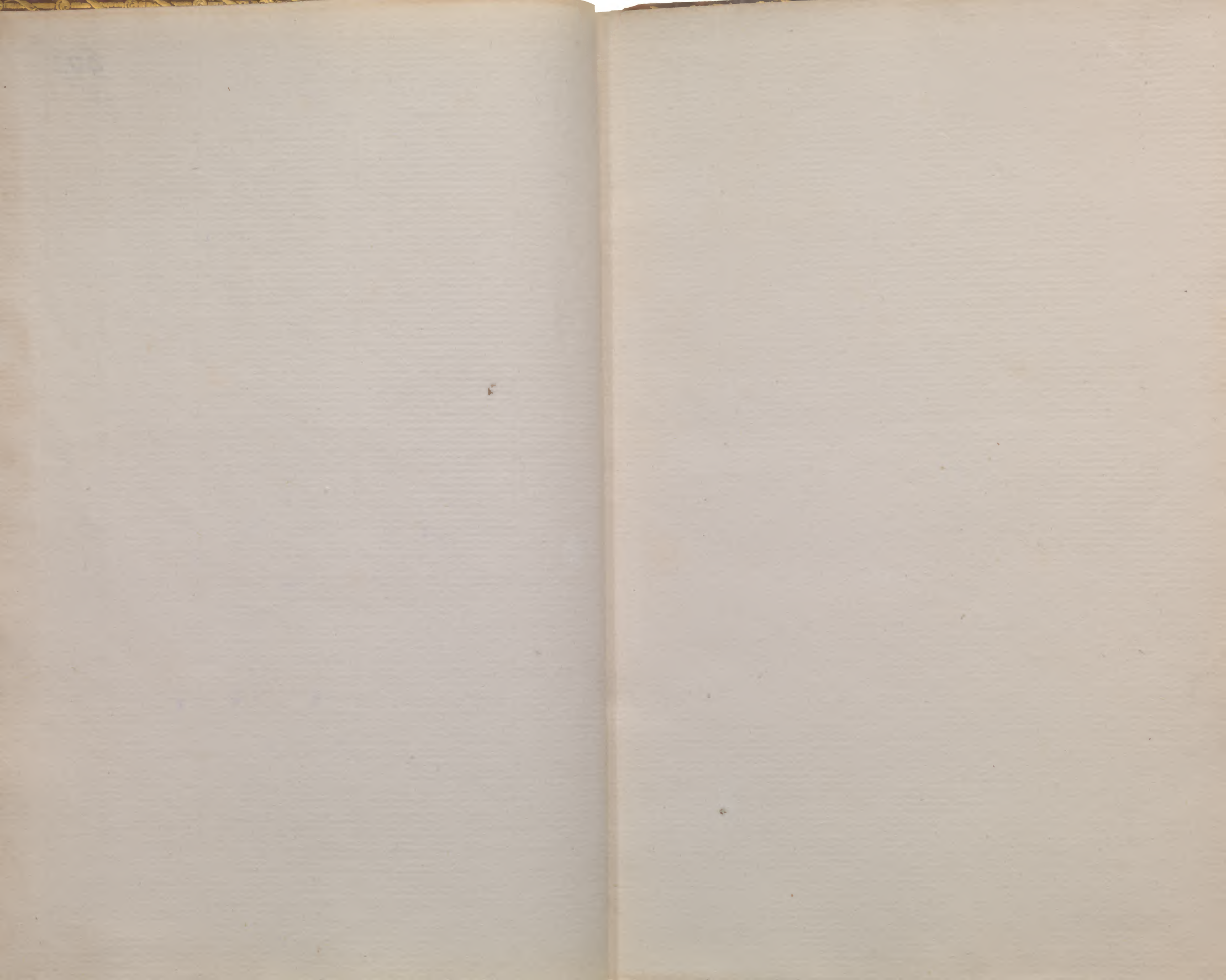


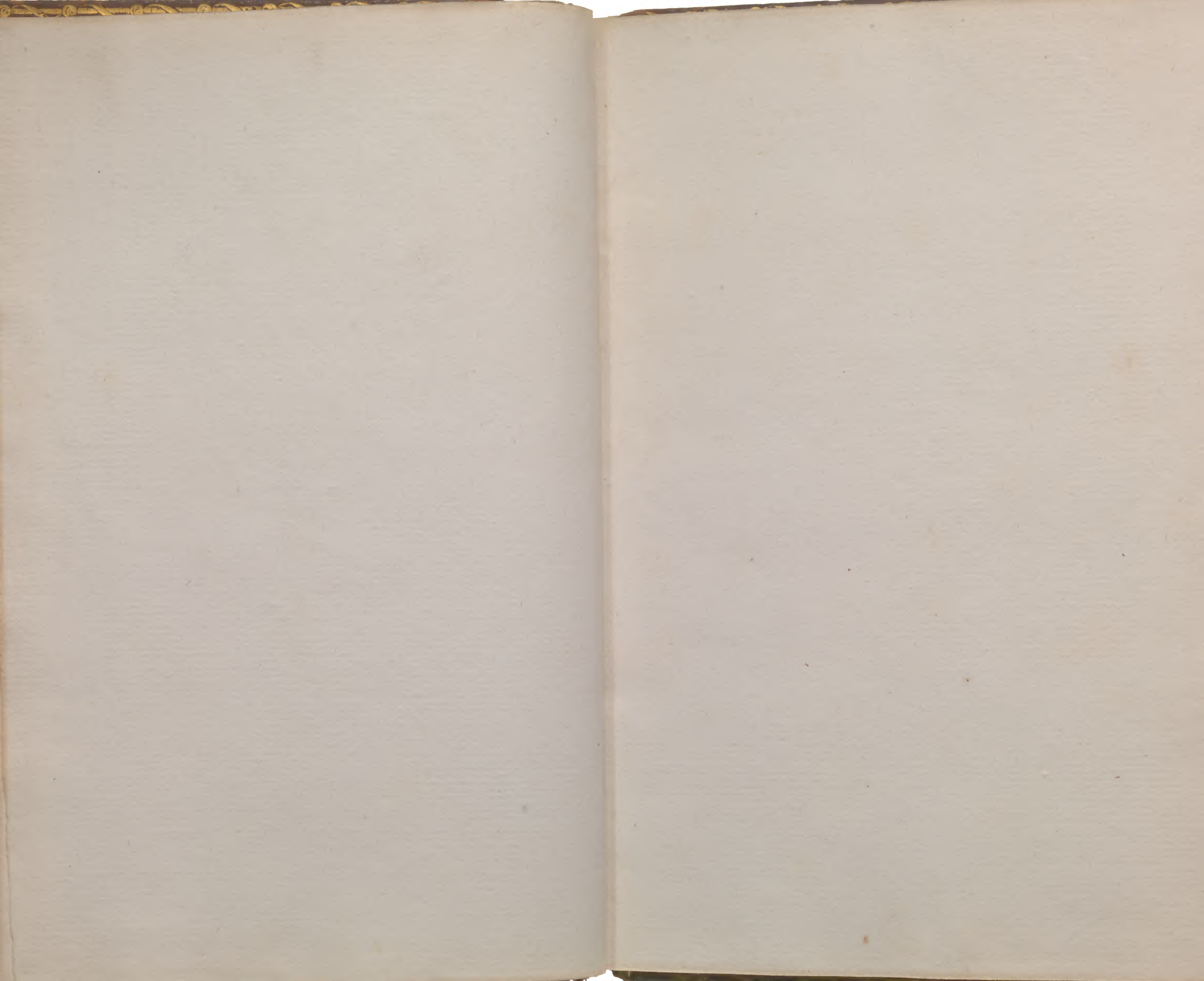


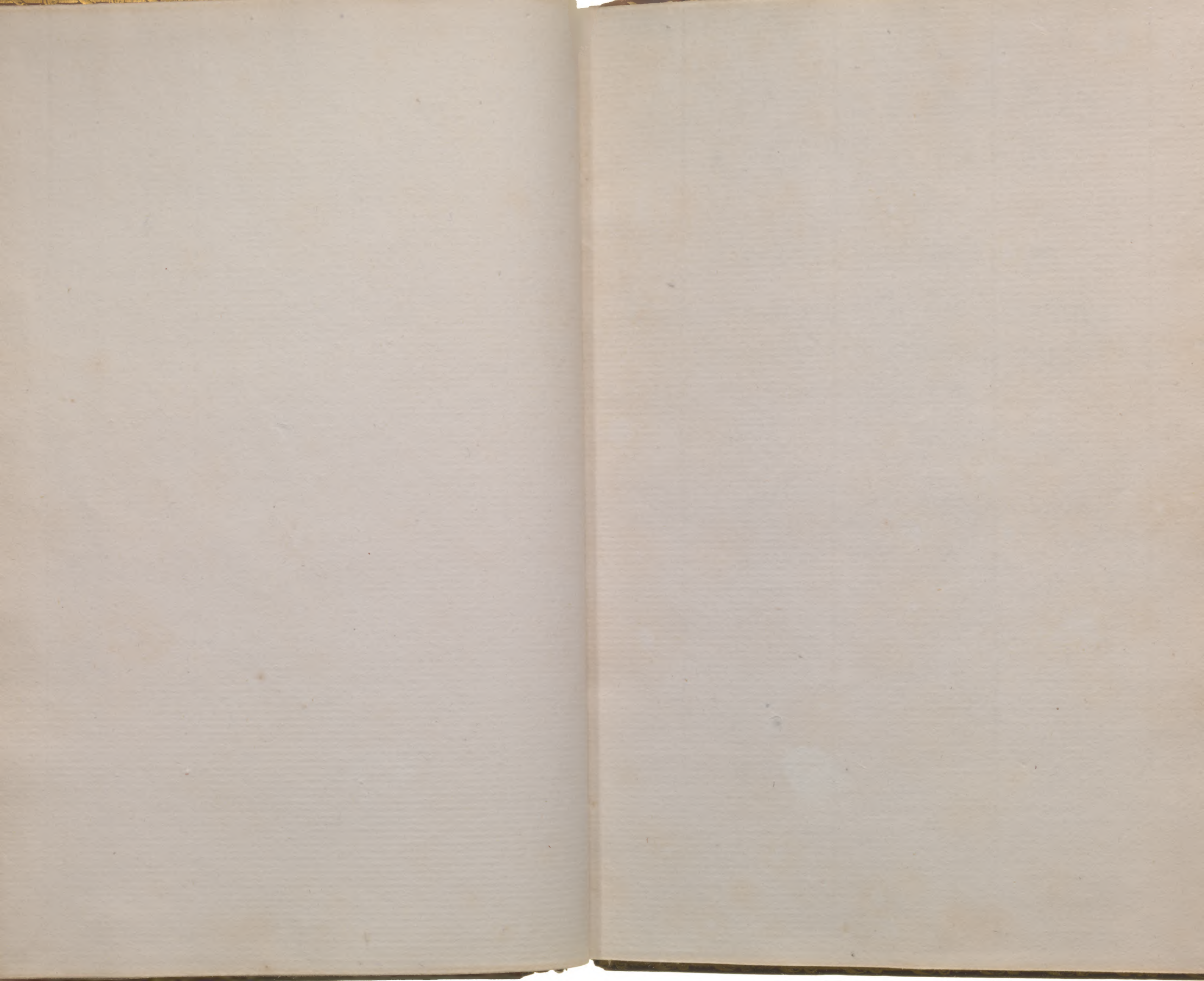
J ohannes	P atricius
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House of Falkland.

517
507







6.

A WITTIE
AND PLEASANT
COMEDIE

Called

The Taming of the Shrew.

As it was acted by his Maiesties
*Seruants at the Blacke Friers
and the Globe.*

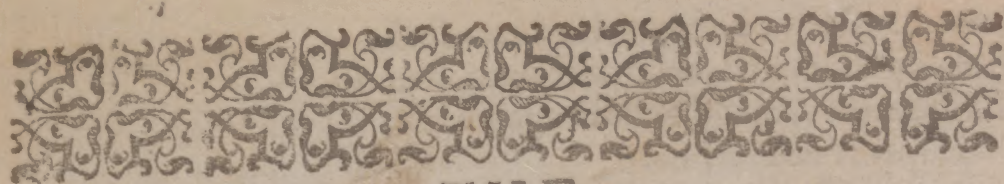
Written by Will. Shakespeare.



*Ex dono Christoph.
Gwen. 1631*

LONDON,
Printed by W. S. for Iohn Smethwicke,
sold at his Shop in Saint Dunstones
yard vnder the Diall.

1631



THE
Taming of the Shrew

Actus primus. Scœna Prima.

Enter Begger and Hostes, Christophero Sly.

Begger.

BLe pheeze you infaith.

Host. A paire of stockes you rogue.

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

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

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

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

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

Falles asleepe.

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

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

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

Lord. Thou art a foole, if *Eccho* were as fleet;

I would esteeme him worth a dozen such;
But sup them well, and looke vnto them all.
To morrow I intend to hunt againe.

Hunts. I will my Lord.

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

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

Lord. Oh mounstrous beast, how like a swine he lyes.
Grimme death how foule and loathsome is thine image:

Sirs, I will practise on this drunken man,
What thinke you, if he were conuey'd to bed,
Wrap'd in sweet cloathes: Rings put vpon his fingers:
A most delicious banquet by his bed,
And braue attendants neere him when he wakes,
Would not the begger then forget himselfe?

1. Hunts. Beleeue me Lord, I thinke hee cannot choose.

2. H. It would seeme strange vnto him when he wak'd,

Lord. Euen as a flat'ring dreame, or worthles fancie.

Then take him vp, and manage well the iest:
Carrie him gently to my fairest Chamber,
And hang it round with all my wanton pictures.
Balme his foule head in warme distilled waters,
And burne sweet Wood to make the lodging sweete:
Procure me musicke readie when he wakes,
To make a dulcet and a heavenly sound:
And if he chance to speake, be ready straight
(And with a low submissiue reuerence)
Say, what is it your honor will command:
Let one attend him with a siluer Bason
Full of rose-water, And bestrew'd with flowers,
Another beare the Ewer: the third a Diaper,
And say wilt please your Lordship coole your hands.
Some one be readie with a costly suite,
And aske him what apparell he will weare:
Another tell him of his Hounds and Horse,
And that his Lady 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 doe it kindly, gentle sirs,
It will be pastime passing excellent,
If it be husbanded with modestie.

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

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

Sound Trumpets.

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

Enter Seruingman.

How now? who is it?

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

Enter players.

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

Players. We thanke your Honor.

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

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

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

Sincklo. I thinke 'twas Soto that your Honor meanes.

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

And so offend him: for I tell you sirs,
If you should smile, he growes impatient.

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

Lord. Go sirra, Take them to the Butterie,
And giue them friendly welcome euery one,
Let them want nothing that my house affoord.

Exit one with the Players.

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

Exit a seruingman.

I know the boy will wel vsurpe the grace,
Voice, gate, and action of a Gentlewoman:

I long to heare him call the drunkard husband,
And how my men will stay themselves from laughter,
When they do homage to this simple peasant,
Ile in to counsell them: haply my presence
May well abate the ouer-merrie spleene,
Which otherwise would grow into extreames.

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

Beg. For Gods sake a pot of small Ale.

1 Ser. Wilt please your Lordship drinke a cup of sacke?

2 Ser. Wilt please your Honor taste of these Conserues?

3. Ser. What raiment will your honor weare to day.

Beg. I am *Christophero Sly*, call not mee Honor nor Lord-
ship: I ne're dranke sacke in my life: and if you giue me any Con-
serues, giue mee conserues of Beefe: nere ask me what raiment Ile
weare, for I haue no more doublets then Backes: no more stock-
ings then legges: nor no more shooes then feet, nay sometime more
feet then shooes, or such shooes as my toes looke through the o-
uer leather.

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

Beg. What would you make me mad? Am not I *Christopher Sly*,
old *Slys* 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 mee vp for the lyingst knaue in
Christendome. What I am not bestraught: here's

3. Man. Oh this it is that makes your Ladie mourne.

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

Lord. Hence comes it, that your kindred shuns your house.
As beat en hence by your strange Lunacie.
Oh Noble Lord, bethinke thee of thy birth,
Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment,
And banish hence these abied lowlie dreames:
Looke how thy seruants do attend on thee,

Each in his office readie at thy becke.
Wilt thou haue musicke? Harke Apollo playes, *Musicke*
And twentie caged Nightingales do sing,
Or wilt thou sleepe? Wee'l haue thee to a Couch,
Softer and sweeter then the lustfull bed
On purpose trim'd vp for Semiramis.
Say thou wilt walke: we will bestrow the ground.
Or wilt thou ride? thy horses shall be trap'd,
Their harnessse studded all with Gold and Pearle.
Dost thou loue hawking? Thou hast hawkes will soare
Abooue the Morning Larke. Or wilt thou hunt,
Thy bounds shall make the Welkin answer them
And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Beg. Am I a Lord and haue I such a Ladie?
Or do I dreame? Or haue I dream'd till now?
I do not sleepe: I see, I heare, I speake:
I smel sweet fauors, and I feele soft things:
Vpon my life I am a Lord indeede,

The Taming of the Shrew.

And not a Tinker, nor Christopher Slie.
Well, bring our ladie hither to our sight,
And once againe a pot o'th smallest Ale.

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

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

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

Beg. I, the womans maid of the house.

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

Beg. Now Lord be thanked for my good amends. *All.* Amen.

Enter Ladie 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 call mee husband?
My men should call mee Lord, I am your good-man.

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

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

Lord. Madam.

Beg. Alce Madam, or *Ione* Madam?

The Taming of the Shrew.

Lord. Madam, and nothing else, so Lords call Ladies

Beg. Madame wife, they say that I haue dream'd,
And slept about some fiftene yeare or more.

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

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

La. Thrice noble Lord, Let me intreate of you
To pardon me yet for a night or two;

Or if not so, vntill the Sun be set.
For your Physitions haue expressely charg'd,

In perill to incurre you 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 will there-
fore tarric in despite of the flesh and the blood.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Your Honors Players hearing your amendment,
Are come to play a pleasant Comedie,
For so your Doctors hold it verie meete,
Secing 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 Commonie, a
Christmas gambold, or a tumbling tricke?

Lady. No my good Lord, it is more pleasing stufte.

Beg. What household stufte.

Lady. It is a kind of history.

Beg. Well, we'll see't:

Com Madam wife sit by my side,
And let the world slip, wee shall nere be yonger.

Flourish. Enter Lucentio, and his man Tranio.

Luc. Tranio, since for the great desire I had
To see faire Padua, nurserie of Arts,

The Taming of the Shrew.

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

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

Luc. Gramercies *Tranio*, well dost thou aduise,

The Taming of the shrew.

If *Biondello* thou wert come ashore,
We could at once put vs in readinesse,
And take a Lodging fit to entertaine
Such friends (as time) in *Padua* shall beget.
But stay a while, what companie is this?

Tra. Master some shew to welcome vs to Towne,

Enter *Baptista* with and his two daughters, *Katherina Bianca*,
Gremio a *Pantelowne*, *Hortensio* sister to *Bianca*.
Lucen *Tranio*, stand by.

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

Gre. To cart her rather. She's too 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. Matesmaid, how meane you that?
No mates for you,
Vnlesse you were of Gentler milder mould.

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

Hor. From all such diuels, good Lord deliuer vs.

Gre. And me too, good Lord.

Tra. Hush! 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

The Taming of the Shrew.

What I haue said *Bianca* get you in,
And let it not displease thee good *Bianca*,
For I will loue thee nere the lesse my girle.

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

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

Luc. Harke *Tranio*, thou maist heare *Minerua* speak.

Hor. Signior *Baptista*, will you be so strange,
Sorrise am I that our good will effects
Bianca's grieffe.

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

Bap. Gentlemen content ye: I am resolud:
Go in *Bianca*.

And for I know she taketh most delight
In Musicke, Instrumens, and Poetry,
Schoolmasters 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 kind and liberall,
To mine owne children, in good bringing vp,
And so farewell: *Katherina* you may stay,
For I haue more to commune with *Bianca*.

Exit.

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

Exit

Gre. You may go to the diuels dam: your gifts are so good
heere's none will holde you: There loue is not so great *Horten-*
sio, but we may blow our nailes together, and fast it fairely out.
Our cake's dough on both sides. Farewell: yet for the loue I beare
my sweete *Bianca*, if I can by any meanes light on a fitt man to
teach her that wherein shee delights, I will wish him to her
father.

What

The Taming of the Shrew.

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

Gre. What's that I pray?

Hor. Marrie sir to get a husband for her Sister.

Gre. A husband: a diuell.

Hor. I say a husband.

Gre. I say, a diuell: Thin k'it thou *Horenfio*, 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 be 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 high crosse euerie morning.

Hor. Faith (as you say) there's small choice in rotten apples: but come, since this bar in law makes vs friends, it shall be so far forth friendly maintain'd, till by helping *Baptistas* eldest daughter to a husband, wee set his yongest free for a husband, and then haue too t'afresh; Sweete *Bianca*, happy man be his dole: he that runnes fastest, gets the Ring: How say you signiour *Gremio*?

Grem. I am agreed, and would I had giuen him the best horse in *Padua* to begin his woing that would thoroughly woe her, wed her, and bed her, and ridde the house of her. Come on.

Exeunt ambo. Manet Tranio and Lucentio.

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

Luc. Oh *Tranio* till I found it to be true,
I neuer thought it possible or likely.
But see, while idely I stood looking on,
I found the effect of loue in idlenesse,
And now in plainesse 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 Iatchueieue not this yong modest gyrl:

Counsaile

The Taming of the Shrew.

Counsaile me *Tranio*, for I know thou canst:
Assist me *Tranio*, for I know thou wilt.

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

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

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 sweete beautie in her face,
Such as the daughter of *Agenor* had,
That made great *Ioue* to humble him to her hand,
When with his knees he kist the Cretan strand.

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

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

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

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

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

Luc. I haue it *Tranio*.

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

Luc. Tell me thine first.

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

Luc.

The Taming of the Shrew.

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 Countrymen, and banquet them?

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

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

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

Enter Biondello.

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

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

Luc. Sirra come hither, 'tis no time to iest,
And therefore frame your manners to the time
Your fellow *Tranio* heere to saue my life,
Puts my apparell, and my countenance on,
And I for my escape haue put on his:

The Taming of the Shrew.

For in a quarrell since I came ashore,
I kil'd a man, and feare I was descried:
Waite you on him, I charge you, as becomes:
While I make way from hence to saue my life:
You vnderstand me?

Bion. I sir ne're a whit.

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

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

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

Luc. *Tranio* let's go:

One thing more rests, that thy selfe execute,
To make one among these wooers: if thou aske mee why, Suffi-
ceth: 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 verie excellent peece of worke, Madame Ladie:
would'twere done.

They sit and marke.

Enter Petrucio, and his man Grumio.

Petr. *Verona*, for a while I take my leaue,
To see my friends in *Padua*; but of all
My best beloued and approued friend
Hortensio: and 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 so undly.

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

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

Gr. My M^r is growne quarrellsome:
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.

Gr. Helpe mistris helpe, my master is mad.
Herings him by the eares

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

Enter Hortensio

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

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

Hor. *Alla nostra casa bene venuto multo honorata signior m.
Petruchio.*

Rise *Grumio* rise, we will compound this quarrell.

Gr. Nay 'tis no matter sir, what he leges in Latine. If this be
not a lawfull cause for me to leaue his seruice, looke you sir: He
bid me knocke him, and & rap him soundly sir, Well, was it fit
for a seruant to vse his master so, being perhaps (for ought I see)
two and thirty, a peepe out? Whome 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 rascal knocke vpon your gate,

And could not get him for my heart to do it.

Gr. Knocke at the gate? Oh 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 knock-
ing at the gate?

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

Hor. *Petruchio* patience, I am *Grumio*'s pledge:

Why this a heauie chance twixt him and you,

Your ancient trustie pleasant seruant *Grumio*:

And tell me now (sweete friend) what happie gale

Blowes you to *Padua* heere, from old *Verona*?

Petr. Such winde as scatters yong men through the world
To seeke their fortunes farther then at home,
Where small experience growes but in a few.

Signior *Hortensio*, thus it stands with me,
Antonio my father is deceast,
And I haue thrust my selfe into this maze,
Happily to wiue and thriue, as best I may:
Crownes in my purse I haue, and goods at home,
And so am come abroad to see the world.

Hor. *Petruchio*, shall I then come roundly to thee,

And wish thee to a shrew'd ill-fauor'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. *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 *Florentins Loue*,

As old as *Sibell*, and as curst and shrow'd

As *Socrates Zentippe*, or a worse:

She moues me not, or not remoues at least

Affections edge in me. Were she as rough

As are the swelling *Adriaticke* seas.

I come to wiue it wealthily in *Padua*:

If wealthily, then happily in *Padua*.

Gr. Nay looke you sir, he tels you flatly what his minde is:

Why giue him gold enough, and marrie him to a Puppet or an

Aglet babie, or an old trot with ne're a tooth in her head, though

she haue as many diseases as two and fiftie horses. Why nothing

comes amisse, so monie comes withall.

Hor. *Petruchio*, since we are stept thus farr in,

I will continue that I broach'd in iest,

I can *Petruchio* helpe thee to a wife

With wealth enough, and yong and beautious,

Brought vp as best becomes a Gentlewoman.

Her only 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 amine of Gold.

The Taming of the Shrew.

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

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

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

Gr. I pray you Sir let him go while the humor lasts. A may word, and she knew him as well as I do, she would thinke scolding would do little good vpon him. Shee may perhaps call him halfe a score Knaues, or so: Why that's nothing; and he begins once, hee'll raise in his rope trickes, He tell you what sir, and she stand him but a litle, he will throw a figure in her face, and so disfigure hir with it, that she shall haue no more eies to see withall then a Cat: you know him not sir.

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

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

Hor. Now shall my friend *Petruchio* do me grace,
And offer me disguis'd in sober robes,
To old *Baptista* as a schoole-master.

The Taming of the shrew.

Well scene in musicke, to instruct *Bianca*,
That so I may by this deuice at least
Haue leaue and leisure to make loue to her,
And vn suspected court her by her selfe.

Enter Gremio and Lucentio disguis'd.

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

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

Gremio. A proper stripling, and an amorous.
Gremio. Oh very well, I haue perus'd the note:
Hearke you sir, He haue them verie fairely bound,
All bookes of Loue, see that at any hand,
And see you reade no other Lectures to her:
You vnderstand me. Ouer and beside
Signior *Baptistas* liberalitie,
He mend it with a largesse. Take your paper too,
And let me haue them verie well 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, He pleade for you,
As for my patron, stand you so assur'd,
As firmly as your selfe were still in place,
Yea and perhaps with more successfull words
Then you; vnlesse you were a scholler sir,

Gr. Oh this learning, what a thing it is,
Gr. Oh this Woodcocke, what an Ass it is.
Petr. Peace sirra.

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

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

The Taming of the Shrew.

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

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

Grn. And that his bags shall proue.

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

Gre. So said, so done, is well:

Hortensio, haue you told him all her faults?

Petr. I know she is an irkesome brawling scold:
If that be all Masters, I heare no harme.

Gre. No, sayst me so, friend? what Countreyman?

Petr. Berne in *Verona*, old *Butonios* sonne:
My father dead, my fortune liues for me,
And I do hope good dayes and long, to see.

Gre. Oh sir, such a life with such a wife, were strange:
But if you haue stomacke, too't a Gods name,
You shall haue me assisting you in all.
But will you woo this wild-cat?

Petr. Will I lue?

Grn. Wil he woo her? I: or Ile hang her.

Petr. Why came I hither, but to that intent?
Thinke you, a litle dinne can daunt mine eares?
Haue I not in my time heard Lyons rore?
Haue I not heard the sea, puff vp with windes,
Rage like an angry Boare, chafed with sweat?
Haue I not heard great Ordnance in the field?
And heauens Artillerie thunder in the Skies?
Haue I not in a pitched battell heard
Loud larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets clangue?
And do you tell me of a womans tongue?
That giues not halfe so great a blow to heare,

The Taming of the Shrew.

As wil a Chesse-nut in a Farmers fire.

Tush, tu sh, feare boyes with bugs.

Grn. For he feares none.

Gre. *Hortensio* hearke:

This Gentleman is happily arriu'd;
My minde presumes for his owne good, and yours.

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

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

Grn. I would I were as sure of a good dinner.

Enter Tranio braue, and Biondello.

Tra. Gentlemen Godsauce you. If I may be bold
Tell me I beseech you which is the readiest way
To the house of Signior *Baptista Minola*?

Bion. He that ha's the two faire daughters: ist he you meane?

Tra. Euen he *Biondello*.

Gre. Hearke you sir, you meane not her to——

Tra. Perhaps him and her sir, what haue you to do?

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

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

Luc. Well begun *Tanio*.

Hor. Sir a word ere you go:

Are you a sutor to the Maid you talke of, yea or no?

Tra. And I be sir, is it any offence?

Gremio. No: If without more words you will get you hence.

Tra. Why sir, I Pray you 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 choice loue of Signior *Gremio*.

Hor. That she is the chosen of Signior *Hortensio*.

Tra. Softly my Masters: If you be Gentlemen
Do me this right: heare me patience,
Baptista is a noble Gentleman,
To whom my Father is not all vnknowne,
And were his daughter fairer then she is,
She may more sutors haue, and me for one.

The Taming of the Shrew.

Faire *Ledaes* daughter had a thousand wooers,
Then well one more may faire *Bianca* haue ;
And so she shall : *Lucentio* shall make one,
Though *Paris* came, in hope to speede alone.

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

Luc. Giue him head, I know hee'l proue a lade.

Petr. *Hortensio*, to what end are all these words ?

Hor. Sir, let me be so bold as aske you,
Did you yet euer see *Baptistas* daughter ?

Tra. No sir, but heere I do that he hath two :
The one, as famous for a scolding tongue,
As is the other, for beautilous modestie.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Gr. *Bion.* Oh excellent motion : fellowes lets be gon.

Hor. The motions good indeed, and be it so,

Petruchio, I shall be your *Bees venuto*. *Exeunt.*

Exit

The Taming of the Shrew.

Enter *Katherina* and *Bianca*.

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

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

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

Kate. Minion thou lye'st : It's not *Hortensio* ?

Bian. If thou affect him sister, heere I swear
Ile plead for you my selfe, but you shall haue him.

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

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

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

Strikes her

Enter *Baptista*.

Bap. Why how now Dame, whence growes this insolence ?

Bianca. Stand aside, poore *Gyrl* she weepes :
Go ply the needle, meddle not with her.
For shame thou hilding of a diuellish spirit,
Why dost thou wrong her, that did nere wrong thee ?
When did shee crosse thee with a bitter word ?

Kate. Her silence flouts me, and Ile be reueng'd.

Flies after *Bianca*.

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

Exit.

Kate. What will you not suffer me : Nay now I see
She is your treasure, she must haue a husband,
I must dance bare-foot on her wedding day,
And for your loue to her, lead a pees in hell.

D

Talks

The Taming of the Shrew.

Talke not to me, I will go sit and weepe,
Till I can finde occasion of reuenge.

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

*Enter Gremio, Lucentio, in the habit of a meane man,
Petruccio with Tranio, with his boy
bearing a Lute and bookes.*

Gre. Good morrow neighbour *Baptista*.

Bap. Good morrow neighbour *Gremio*: God saue you Gen-
tlemen.

Petr. And you good sir: pray haue you not a daughter cal'd *Ka-
terina*, and vertuous.

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

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

Petr. You wrong me signior *Gremio*, giue me leaue?
I am a Gentleman of *Verona* sir,

That hearing of her beautie, and her wit,
Her affabilitie and bashfull modestie:
Her wondrous qualities, and mild behauiour,
Am bold to shew my selfe a forward guest
Within your house, to make mine eie the witnessse
Of that report, Which I so oft haue heard,
And for an entrance to my entertainment,
I do present you with a man of mine
Cunning in musicke, and the Mathematickes,
To instruct her fully in those sciences,
Whereof I know she is not ignorant,
Accept of him, or else you do me wrong,
His name is *Litio*, borne in *Mantua*.

Bap. Yare 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 greife.

Petr. I see you doe 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.

Petr. *Petruccio* is my name *Antonio's* sonne:
A man well knowne throughout all Italy.

The Taming of the Shrew.

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

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

Petr. Oh, pardon me signior *Gremio*, I would faine be doinge

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Taming of the Shrew.

Enter a Seruant.

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

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

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

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

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

Pet. Why that is nothing: for I tell you father,
I am as peremptorie as she proud minded:
And wheretwo raging fires meete together,
They do consume the thing that feedes their furie.
Though litle fire growes great with litle 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 happie be thy speed;
But be thou arm'd for some vnhappie words.

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

Enter Hortensio with his head broke.

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

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

The Taming of the Shrew.

Bap. What will my daughter proue a good Musitian?

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

Bap. Why then thou canst not breake herto 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 moist impatient diuellish spirit)
Frets call you these? (quoth she) Ile fume with them:
And with that word she stroke me on the head,
And through the instrument my pate made way,
And there I stood amazed for a while,
As on a Pillorie, looking through the Lute,
While she did call me Rascall, Fidler,
And twangling Iacke, with twentie such vilde tearmes,
As had she studied to misuse me so.

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

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

Exit. Manet Petruchio.

Pet. I pray you do. Ile attend her heere,
And woo her with some spirit when she comes,
Say that she raile, why then Ile tell her plaine,
She sings as sweetly as a Nightingale:
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 vttereth piercing eloquence:
If she do bid me packe, Ile giue her thanks,
As though she bid me stay by her a weeke:
If she denie to wed, Ile craue the day
When I shall aske the banes, and when be married:
But heere she comes, and now *Petruchio* speake.

The Taming of the Shrew.

Enter Katerina.

Good morrow *Kate*, for that's your name I heare.

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

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

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

Pet. Why, what's a moueable?

Kat. A ioy'n'd stoole.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Pet. Shold be, should: buzze.

Kate. Well tane, and like a buzzard.

Pet. Oh slow-wing'd Turtle shall a buzzard take thee?

Kate. I for a Turtle as he takes a buzzard.

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 'oolc 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.

The Taming of the Shrew.

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

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

Kate. That Ile trie.

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 combelesse Cocke, so *Kate* will be my Hen.

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

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

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

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

Kate. There is, there is.

Pet. Then shew it mee.

Kate. Had I a glaife, 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 wicher'd.

Pet. 'Tis with cares.

Kate. I care not.

Pet. Nay heare you *Kate*. In sooth you scape not so.

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

Pet. No, not a whit, I find you passing gentle:

'Twas told me you were rough, and coy, and sullen,
And now I finde report a very lyar:

For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous,
But slow in speech: yet sweete as spring-time flowers.

Thou canst not frowne, thou canst not looke a sconce,
Nor bite the lip, as angrie wenches will,

Nor hast thou pleasure to be crosse in talke:

But thou with mildnesse entertain'st thy wooers,
With gentle conference, soft, and affable.

Why does the world report that *Kate* doth limpe?

Oh stand'rous world: *Kate* like the hazle twig
Is straight, and slender, and as browne in hue

The Taming of the Shrew.

As hazle nuts, and sweeter then the kernels:
Oh let me see thee walke, thou dost not halt.

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

Pet. Did euer *Dian* so become a Groue

As *Kate* this chamber with her princely gate:

Oh be thou *Dian*, and let her be *Kate*,

And then let *Kate* be chaste, and *Dian* sportfull.

Kate. Where did you studie all this goodly speech?

Pet. It is extempore, from my mother wit.

Kate. A wittie mother, witlesse else her sonne.

Pet. Am I not wise?

Kate. Yes, keepe you warme.

Pet. Marry so I meane to sweete *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 dowrie 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, Tranio.

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, neuer make deniall,

I must, and will haue *Katherine* to my wife.

Bap. Now Signior *Petruchio*, how speed you with my daughter?

Pet. How but well sir? how but well?

It were impossible I should speed amisse.

Bap. Why how now daughter *Katherine*, in your dumps?

Kat. Call you me daughter? now I promise you

You haue shewd a tender fatherly regard,

To wish me wed to one halfe Lunaticke,

A mad-cap ruffian, and a swearing lacke,

That thinkes with oathes to face the matter out.

Pet. Father 'tis thus, your selfe and all the world

That talk'd of her, haue talk'd amisse of her:

The Taming of the Shrew.

If she be curst, it is for policie,

For shee's not sroward, but modest as the Doue

Shee is not hot, but temperate as the morne,

For patience, she will proue a second *Grissell*,

And Roman *Lucrece* for her chasti tie:

And to conclude, we haue greed sowell together,

That vpon sonday is the wedding day,

Kate. Ile see thee hang'd on sonday first,

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

Tra. Is this your speeding? nay then god night our part.

Pet. Be patient Gentlemen, I choose her for my selfe,

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

'Tis bargain'd twixt vs twain e being alone,

That she shall still be curst in companie.

Tell you 'tis incredible to belieue

How much she loues me: oh the kindest *Kate*,

Shee hung about my necke, and kisse on kisse

Shee vi'd so fast, protesting oath on oath,

That in a twinke she won me to her loue.

Oh you are nouices, 'tis a world to see

How tame when men and women are alone,

A meacocke wretch can make the curstest shrew:

Giue me thy hand *Kate*, I will vnto *Venice*

To buy apparell 'gainst the wedding day;

Provide the feast father, and bid the guests,

I will be sure my *Katherine* shall be fine.

Bap. I know not what to say, but giue me your hands,

God send you icy *Petruchio*, 'tis a match.

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

Pet. Father, and wife, and Gentlemen adieu,

I will to *Venice*, sonday comes apace,

We will haue rings, and things and fine arrayr

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

Exit Petruchio and Katherine.

Gre. Was euer match clapt vp so sodainly?

Bap. Faith Gentlemen now I play a merchants part,
And venture madly on a desperate Mart.

Tra. I was a commodity lay fretting by you,

'Twill bring you gaine, or perish on the seas.

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

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

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

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

Tra. Gray-beard thy loue doth freeze.

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

Tra. But youth in Ladies eyes that flourisheth.

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 haue my *Biancas* loue.

Say signior *Gremio*, what can you assure her?

Gre. First, as you know, my house within the City
Is richly furnished with plate and gold,
Basons and ewers to laue her dainty hands:
My hangings all of *tirian* tapestrie:
In *Iuory* coffers I haue stuf't my Crownes:
In *Cipres* chests my arras counterpoints,
Costly apparell, tents, and Canopies,
Fine linnen, *Turky* cushions boist with pearle,
Vallens of *Venice* gold, in needle worke:
Pewter and brasse, and all things that belongs
To house or house-keeping: then at my farme
I haue a hundred milch-kine to the pale,
Sixe. score fat Oxen standing in my stalls,
And all things answerable to this portion.
My selfe am strooke in yeeres I must confesse,
And if I die to morrow this is hers
If whilst I liue she will be only mine:

Tra. That only came well in: sir, list to me,
I am my fathers heyre and onely sonne,
If I may haue your daughter to my wife,
We leaue her houses three or foure as good.

Within rich *Pisa* walls, as any one
Old Signior *Gremio* has in *Padua*,
Besides two thousand, Duckets by the yeere
Of fruitfull Land, all which shall be her ioynter.
What, haue I pincht you Signior *Gremio*?

Gre. Two thousand Duckets by the yeere of land,
My Land amounts not to so much in all:
That she shall haue, besides an *Argosie*
That now is lying in *Marcellus* roade:

What, haue I choakt you with an *Argosie*
Tra. *Gremio*, 'tis knowne my father hath no lesse
Then three great *Argosies*, besides two *Galliases*
And twelue tite *Gallies*, these I will assure her,
And twice as much what ere thou offrest next.

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

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

Bap. I must confesse your offer is the best,
And let your father make her the assurance,
She is your owne, else you must pardon me:
If you should die before him where 's her dower?

Tra. That's but a cauill: hee is olde, I yong.

Gre. And may not yong men die as well as old?

Bap. Well Gentlemen, I am thus resolu'd,
On sonday next, you know,
My daughter *Katherine* is to be married:
Now on the sonday following shall *Bianca*
Be Bride to you, if you make this assurance:
If not to Signior *Gremio*:

And so I take my leaue, and thanke you both.

Exit,

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

Exit.

Tra. A vengeance on your crafty withered hide,
Yet I haue fac'd it with a card of ten:

'Tis in my head to doe my master good:
I see no reason but suppos'd *Lucentio*
Must get a father, call'd suppos'd *Vincentio*,
And that's a wonders: 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,

Actus Tertius.

Enter *Lucentio*, *Hortentio*, and *Bianca*.

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

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

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

Hor. Sirra, I will beare these braues of thine.

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

Hort. You'll leaue his Lecture when I am in tune?

Luc. That will be neuer, tune your instrument,

Bian. Where left we last?

Luc. Heere Madam: *Hic Ibat Simois, hic est figeria tellus, hic steterat Priami regia Celsa senis.*

Bian. Conster them.

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

Hort. Madam my instrument's in tune.

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

Luc. Spit in the hole man, and tune againe.

Bian. Now let mee see if I can conster it. *hic ibat simois*, I know
you not, *hic est figeria tellus*, I trust you not, *hic steterat Priami*
take heede he heare vs not, *regia* presume not, *Celsa senis* dis-
paire not.

Hort. Madam, 'tis now in tune.

Luc. All but the base.

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

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

Bian. Mistrust it not, for sure *Aeacides*.

Was *Ajax* call'd so from his grandfather.

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

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

Luc. Are you so formall sir, well I must wait
And watch withall, for but I be deceiu'd,
Our fine Musition 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 effectually.

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 a ccord:

Are, to plead *Hortensio's* passion:

Beeme, *Bianca* take him for thy Lord

Cfaur, that loues with all affection:

Dsol re, one Cliffe, two notes haue I,

Elami, show pittie or I die.

Call you this gamouth? tut I like it not,

Oldfashions please me best, I am not so nice

To charge true rules for old inuentions.

Enter a Messenger.

Nicke. Mistresse your father prayes you leaue your bookes,

And helpe to dresse your sisters chamber vp,

You know to morrow is the wedding day.

Bian. Farewell sweete masters both, I must be gon.

Luc. Faith Mistresse then I haue no cause to stay.

Hor. But I haue cause to pry into this pedant,

Me thinkes he lookes as though he was in loue:

Yet if thy thoughts *Bianca* be so humble

To cast thy wandring eies on euery stale:

Seize thee that List, if once I finde thee ranging,

Hortensio will be quit with thee by changing.

Exit.

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

Bap. Signior *Lucentio*, this is the pointed day

That *Katherine* and *Petruchio* should be married,

And yet we heare not of our sonne in Law:

What will be said, what mockery will it be?

To want the Bride-groome when the Priest attends

To speake the ceremoniall rites of marriage?

What saies *Lucentio* to this shame of ours?

Kate. No shame but mine: I must forsooth be forst

To giue my hand oppos'd against my heart

Vnto a mad-braine rudesby full of spleene,

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

I told you I, he was a franticke foole,
Hiding his bitter iests in blunt behaiour,
And to be noted for a merry man;
Hee'll wooe a thousand, point the day of marriage,
Make friends, inuite, and proclaime the banes,
Yet neuer meanes to wed where he hath woo'd:
Now must the world point at poore *Katherine*,
And say, loe, there is mad *Petruchio's* wife
If it would please him come and marrie her.

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

Kate. Would *Katherine* had neuer seen though.

Exit weeping.

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

Enter Biondello.

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

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

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

Bap. Is he come?

Bion. Why no sir?

Bap. What then?

Bion. He is comming.

Bap. When will he be heere?

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

Tra. But say, what to thine olde newes?

Bion. Why *Petruchio* is comming, in a new hat and an olde
ierkin, a paire of old breeches thrice turn'd; a paire of bootes that
haue beene candle-cases, one buckled, another lac'd: an old rusty
sword tane out of the Towne Armory, with a broken hilt, and
chapeleffe: with two broken points: his horse hip'd with an olde
mothy saddle, and stirrops of no kindred: besides posselt with the
glanders, and like to mose in the chine, troubled with the Lam-
passe, infected with the fashions, full of Windegalls, sped with

Spauins

Spauins, raied with the Yellowes, past cure of the Fiues, starke spoyl'd with the Staggers, begnawne with the Bots, Waid in the backe, and shoulder-shotten, neere leg'd before, and with a halter-checkt Bitte, and a headstall of sheepes leather, which being restrained to keepe him from stumbling, hath been often burst, and now repaired with knots: one girth fixe times peec'd, and a womans Crupper of velure, which hath two letters for her name, fairely set down in studs, and heere and there peec'd with packthreed.

Bap. Who comes with him?

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

Tra. 'Tis some old 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 he comes?

Bion. Who, that *Petruchio* came?

Bap. I, that *Petruchio* came.

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

Bap. Why that's all one.

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

Enter Petruchio and Grumio.

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

Bap. You are welcome sir.

Petr. And yet I come not well.

Bap. And yet you halt not.

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

Petr. Were it better I should rush in thus:

But where is *Kate*? where is my louely bride?
How does my father? gentles me thinkes you frowne,
And wherefore gaze this goodly company,
As if they saw some wondrous monument,
Some Commet, or vnusuall prodigie?

Bap.

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

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

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 leisure I will so excuse,
As you shall well be satisfied withall.

But where is *Kate*? I stay too long from her,
The morning weares, 'tis time we were at Church.

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

Petr. Not, I belieue me, thus Ile visit her.

Bap. But thus I trust you will not marrie her.

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

Exit.

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

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

Exit.

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

So shall you quietly enjoy your hope,
And marrie sweete *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,
He keepe mine owne despite of all the world.

Tra. That by degrees wee meane to looke into,
And watch our vantage in this businesse,
Wee'l ouer-reach the graybeard *Gremio*,
The narrow prying father *Minola*,
The quaint Musitian, 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 and Bridegroom comming home?

Gre. A Bridegroome say you? 'tis a groome indeed,
A grumling groome, and that the girle shall finde.

Tra. Curster then she, why 'tis impossible.

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

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

Gre. Tut, she's a Lambe, a Doue, a foole to him:

He tell you sir *Lucentio*; when the Priest
Should aske if *Katherine* should be his wife,

I, by goggs woones quoth he, and swore so loud,
That all amaz'd, the Priest let fall the booke,

And as he stoop'd againe to take it vp,
This mad-brain'd Bridegroome tooke him such a cuffe,
That down fell Priest and booke, and booke and Priest,
Now take them vp quoth he if any list.

Tra. What said the wench when he rose againe?

Gre. Trembled and shooke for why he stamp'd and swore, as if
the Vicar ment to cozen him; but after many ceremonies done, he
calls for wine, a health quoth he as if he had been aboard carow-
sing to his mates after a storme, quast off the Muscadell, and threw
the sops all in the Sextons face: hauing no other reason but that
his beard grew thinne and hungerly, and seem'd to aske him sops

as he was drinking This done, heooke the Bride about the
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
marriage neuer was before: harke harke I heare the minstrels, play.

Musicke playes.

Enter *Petruchio*, *Kate*, *Bianca*, *Hortensio*, *Baptista*.

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

Bap. Is't possible you will away to night?

Petr. I must away to day before night come,
Make it no wonder: If you kaeu my businelle,
You would intreate me rather goe then stay:

And honest company, I thanke you all,
That haue beheld me giue away my selfe
To this most patient, sweete, and vertuous wife,
Dine with my father, drinke a health to mee,
For I must hence, and farewell to you all.

Tra. Let vs intreate you stay till a fter dinner.

Petr. It may not be.

Gra. Let me intreate you.

Petr. It cannot be.

Kate. Let me intreate you.

Petr. I am content.

Kat. Are you content to stay?

Petr. I am content you shall intreate me stay,
But yet not stay, entreate me how you can.

Kat. Now if you loue me stay,

Petr. *Gremio*, my horse,

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

Kate. Nay then,

Doe what thou canst, I will not goe to day,
No, nor to morrow, not till I please my selfe,
The dore is open sir, there lies your way,
You may be iogging whiles your bootes are greene:

or mee, He not be gone till I please my selfe,
Tis like you'll proue a iolly surly groom,
That take it on you at the first so roundly.

Pet. O *Kate* content thee prethee be not angry,

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

Gre. I marrie sir, now it begins to worke.

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

Pet. They shall go forward *Kate* at thy command,
Obey the Bride you that attend on her.

Goe to the feast, reuell and domineere,

Carowse full measure to her maiden-head,

Be madde and merry, or goe hang your selues:

But for my bonny *Kate*, she must with me:

Nay, looke not big, nor stampe, nor stare, nor fret,

I will be master of what is mine owne,

Shee is my goods, my chattels, she is my house,

My household-stuffe, my field my burne,

My horse, my oxe, my asse, my any thing,

And heere shee stands, touch her who euer dare,

He bring mine action on the proudest he

That stops my way in *Padua*: *Grumio*

Draw forth thy weapon, wee are beset with theeues,

Rescue thy mistresse if thou be a man:

Feare not sweete wench, they shall not touch thee *Kate*,

He Buckler thee against a Million. *Exeunt. P. K.*

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

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

Tra. Of all mad matches neuer was the like.

Luc. Mistresse, what's your opinion of your sister?

Bian. That being mad her selfe, she's madly mated.

Gre. I warrant him *Petruchio* is Kated.

Bap. Neighbours and friends, though Bride and Bridegroom
For to supply the places at the table, *(want)*

You know there wants no iunckets at the feast:

Lucentio you shall supply the Bridegroomes place,

And let *Bianca* take her sisters roome.

Tra. Shall sweete *Bianca* practise how to brideie?

Bap. She shall *Lucentio*: come Gentlemen let's goe.

Enter Grumio.

Exeunt.

Gru. Fie fie on all tired lades, on all mad Masters, and all foule
waies: was euer man so beaten? was euer man so raied? was euer
man so weary? I am sent before to make a fire, and they are com-
ming after to warme them: now were not I a litle pot, and loone
hot, my very lippes might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the
rooffe of my mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I should come by
a fire to thaw mee, but I with blowing the fire shall warme my
selfe: for considering the weather, a taller man then I will take
cold: Holla, hea *Curtis*.

Enter Curtis.

Curt. Who is that calls so coldly?

Gru. A peece of Ice; if thou doubt it, thou maist slide from
my shoulder to my heele, with no greater a run but my head and
my necke. A fire good *Curtis*.

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

Gru. Oh I *Burtis* 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 olde
master, and my new mistris, and my selfe fellow *Curtis*.

Cur. 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 com-
plaine on thee to our mistris, whose hand (she being now at
nand) thou shalt loone feele, to thy cold comfort, for being slow
in thy hot office.

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

Gru. A cold world *Curtis* in euery office but thine, and there-
fore fire: doe thy dutie, and haue thy dutie, for my Master and
mistris are almost frozen to death.

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

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

Cur. Come, you are so full of conicatching.

Gru. Why therefore fire, for I haue caught extreme cold.
Where's the Cooke, is supper readie, the house trim'd, rushes

Shrew'd, cobwebs swept, the servingmen in their new fustion, the white stockings, and euery officer his wedding garment on? Be the lackes faire within, the Gills faire without, the Carpets laide, and euery thing in order?

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

Gru. First know my horse is tired, my master and mistress false out.

Cur. How?

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

Cur. Let's ha't good Grumio.

Gru. Lend thine care.

Cur. Heere.

Gru. There.

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

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

Cur. Both of one horse?

Gru. What's that to thee?

Cur. Why a horse.

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

Cur. By this reckning he 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 Nathaniell, Ioseph, Nicholas, Phillip, Walter, Sugerfop and the rest: let their heads bee slickely comb'd, their blew coats brush'd, and their garters of an indifferent knit, let them curtsie with their left legges, and not presume to touch a haire of my Masters horse-taile till they kisse their hands. Are they all readie?

Cur. They are.

Gru. Call them forth.

Cur. Doe you heare ho? you must meete my maister to countenance my mistress.

Gru. Why she hath a face of her owne.

Cur. Who knowes not that?

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

Cur. I call them forth to credit her.

Enter foare or fiue seruingmen.

Gru. Why she comes to borrow nothing of them.

Nat. Welcome home Grumio.

Phil. How now Grumio.

Ios. What Grumio.

Nick. Fellow Grumio.

Nat. How now old lad.

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

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

Gre. E'ne at hand, alighted by this: and therefore be not Cokes passion, silence, I heere my maister.

Enter Petruchio and Kate.

Pet. Where be these knaues? what no man at doore To hold my stirrop, nor to take my horse?

Where is Nathaniell, Gregory, Phillip.

All ser. Heere, heere sir, heere sir.

Pet. Heere sir, heere, sir, heere sir, heere sir. You logger-headed and vnpollight groomes:

What? no attendants? no regard? no dutie?

Where is the foolish knaue I sent before?

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

Pet. You pezant, swaine, you horson malt-horse drudg

Did I not bid thee meete me in the Parke,

And bring along these rascall knaues with thee?

Grumio. Nathaniels coat sir was not fully made,

And Gabriels pumpes, were all vnpinkt i'th heele:

There was no Linke to colour Peters hat,

The Taming of the Shrew.

And *Walters* dagger was not come from sheathing :
There were none fine, but *Adam*, *Rafe*, and *Gregorie*,
The rest were ragged, old, and beggerly,
Yet as they are, heere are they come to meete you.

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

Enter seruants with supper.
Why when I lay ? 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 walk'd 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 kille, and be acquainted with.
Where are my Slippers ? shall I haue some water ?
Come *Kate* and wash, and welcome heartily :
You horson villaine, will you let it fall ?

Kate. Patience I pray you, 'twas a fault vnwilling.

Pet. A horson beetle-headed flap-ear'd knaue :

Come *Kate* sit downe, I know you haue a stomach,
Will you giue thanks, 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 meat
What dogges are these ? Where is the rascall *Cooke* ?
How durst you villaines bring it from the dresser
And serue it thusto me that loue it not ?
There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all :
You heedlesse iolt-heads and vnmaner'd slaues.
What, do you grumble ? He be with you straight.

Kate. I pray you husband be not so disquiet,

The Taming of the Shrew.

The meat was well, if you were so contented.

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

Exeunt

Enter Seruants severally.

Nat. Peter didst euer see the like.

Peter. He kills her in her owne humor.

Grumio. Where is he ?

Enter Curtis a Seruant.

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

Enter Petruchio.

Pet. Thus haue I politicely begun my reigne,
And 'tis my hope to end successfully :
My Faulcon now is sharpe, and passing emptie,
And till shee stoope, she must not be full gorg'd,
For then she neuer lookes vpon her lure,
Another way I haue to man my Haggard,
To make her come, and know her keepers call :
That is, to watch her, as we watch these Kites,
That baite, and beate, and will not be obedient :
Shee eate no meate to day, nor none shall eate.
Last night she slept not, nor to night she shall not :
As with the meat, some vnderuied fault
He finde about the making of the bed,
And heere He sling the pillow, there the bouldster,
This way the Couerlet, another way the sheetes :
I, and amid this hurly I intend,
That all is done in reuerend care of her,
And in conclusion, she shall watch all night,
And if she chance to nod, He raile and brawle,

G

And

And with the clamour keepe her still awake:
This is a way to kill 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 charitie to shew.

Enter Tranio and Hortensio:

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

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

Enter Bianca.

Hor. Now Mistris profit you in what you read?

Bian. What Master reade you first, resolue me that?

Hor. I read, that I professe the Art to loue.

Bian. And may you proue sir Master of your Art.

Luc. While you sweete decre proue Mistresse of my heart.

Hor. Quicke proceders marry, now tell me I pray,
You that durst sweare that your mistris Bianca
Lou'd me in the world so well as Lucentio.

Tra. Oh despightfull Loue vnconstant womankind,
I tell thee Lisco this is wonderfull.

Hor. Mistake no more, I am not Lisco,
Nor a Musitian as I seeme to bee,
But one that scorne to lue in this disguise,
For such a one as leaues a Gentleman,
And makes a God of such a Cullion;
Know sir, that I am call'd Hortensio.

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

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

Tra. And heere I take the like vnfaired path,

Exit.

Neuer to marrie with her, though she would intreate,
Eie on her, see how beastly she doth court him.

Hor. Would all the world but he had quite forsworne
For me, that I may surely keepe mine oath.

I will be married to a wealthy Widdow,
Ere three dayes passe, which hath as long lon'd me,
As I haue lou'd this proud disdainfull Haggard,
And so farewell signior Lucentio,
Kindnesse in women, not their beaucous lookes
Shall win my loue, and so I take my leaue,
In resolution, as I swore before.

Tra. Mistris Bianca, blesse you with such grace,
As longeth to a Louers blessed case:

Nay I haue tane you napping gentle Loue,
And haue forsworne you with Hortensio.

Bian. Tranio you iest, but haue you both forsworne me?

Tra. Mistris we haue.

Luc. Then we are rid of Lisco.

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

Bian. God giue him ioy.

Tra. I, and hee'l tame her.

Bianca. He sayes so Tranio

Tra. Faith he is gon vnto the taming schoole.

Bian. The taming schoole: what is there such a place?

Tra. I mistris, and Petruchio is the master,
That teacheth trickes eleuen and twentie long,
To tame a shrew, and charme her chattering tongue.

Enter Biondello.

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

Tra. What is he Biondello?

Bion. Master, a Mercantant, 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,

The Taming of the Shrew.

Ile make him glad to seeme *Vincentio*,
And giue assurance to *Baptista Minola*,
As if he were the right *Vincentio*.

Par. Take me your loue, and then let me alone.

Enter a Pedant.

Ped. God saue you sir.

Tra. And you sir, you are welcome,
Trauaile you farre on or are you at the farthest?

Ped. Sir at the farthest for a weeke or two,
But then vp farther, and as farre as Rome,
And so to Tripolie, if God lend me life.

Tra. What Countreyman I pray?

Ped. Of *Mantua*.

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

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

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

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

Tra. Well sir, to doe you courtesie,
This will I doe, and this I will aduise you.
First tell me, haue you euer beene at *Pisa*?

Ped. I sir, in *Pisa* haue I often bin,
Pisa renowned for graue Citizens.

Tra. Among them know you one *Vincentio*?

Ped. I know him not, but I haue heard of him:
A Merchant of incomparable wealth.

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

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

Tra. To saue your life in this extremitie,
This fauor will I doe you for his sake,

The Taming of the Shrew.

And thinke it not the worst of all your fortunes,
That you are like to Sir *Vincentio*,
His name and credit shall you vnderake;
And in my house you shall be friendly lodg'd,
Looke that you take vpon you as you should,
You vnderstand me sir: so shall you stay
Till you haue done your businesse in the Citie:
If this be court'sie sir, accept of it.

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

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

Kat. The more my wrong, the more his spite appears.
What, did he marrie me to famish me?

Beggars that come vnto my fathers doore,
Vpon intreatie haue a present almes,

If not, elsewhere they meete with charitie:
But I, who neuer knew how to intreate,

Nor neuer needed that I should intreate,
Am staru'd for meate, giddie for lacke of sleepe:

With oathes kept waking, and with brawling fed,
And that which spights me more then all these wants,

He does it vnder name of perfect loue:

As who should say if I should sleepe or eate,
'Twere deadly sicknesse, or else present death.

I prethee goe, and get me some repast,

And

The Taming of the Shrew.

I care not what, so it be wholesome foode.

Gru. What say you to a Neats foote?

Kate. 'Tis passing good; I prethee let me haue it.

Gru. I feare it is too chollericke a meate,
How say you to a fat Tripe finely broyl'd?

Kate. I like it well, good *Grumio* fetch it me.

Gru. I cannot tell, I feare 'tis chollericke.

What say you to a peece of Beefe and Mustard?

Kate. A dish that I do loue to feede vpon.

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

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

Gru. Nay then I will not, you shall haue the Mustard
Or else you get no Beefe of *Grumio*.

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

Gru. Why then the Mustard without the beefe.

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

Beats him.

That feed'st me with the verie name of meate.

Sorrow on thee, and all the packe of you

That triumph thus vpon my miserie:

Go get thee gone I say.

Enter Petruchio, and Hortensio with meate.

Petr. How fares my Kate, what sweeting all a-mort?

Hor. Mistris, what cheere?

Kate. Faith as cold as can be.

Petr. Plucke vp thy spirits, looke cheerfully vpon me.

Heere Loue, thou seest how diligent I am,

To dresse thy meate my selfe, and bring it thee.

I am sure sweet Kate, this kindnesse merits thankes.

What, not a word? Nay then thou lou'st it not:

And all my paines is sorted to no prooffe.

Heere take away this dish.

Kate. I pray you let it stand.

Petr. The poorest seruice is repaide with thankes,

And so shall mine before you touch the meate.

Kate. I thanke you sir.

Hor. Signior Petruchio, fie you are to blame:

Come Mistris Kate, Ile beare you companie.

Petr. Eat it vp all *Hortensio*, if thou louest mee:

Much

The Taming of the Shrew.

Much good do it vnto thy gentle heart:

Kate eat apace; and now my honie Loue,

Will we returne vnto thy Fathers house,

And reuell it as brauely as the best,

With silken coats and caps, and golden Rings,

With ruffes and Cuffes, and Fardingales, and thinges:

With Scarfes, and fannes, and double change of brau'ry,

With Amber Bracelets, Beads, and all this knau'ry.

What hast thou din'd? The Tailor stayes thy leasure?

To decke thy bodie with his ruffling treasure,

Enter Tailor.

Come Tailor, let vs see these ornaments

Enter Haberdasher

Lay forth the Gowne. What newes with you sir?

Fel. Heere is the cap your Worship did bespeake.

Pet. Why this was moulded on a porrenger,

A Veluet dish: Fie, fie, 'tis lewd and filthy,

Why 'tis a cockle or a wallnut-shell,

A knack, a toy, a tricke, a babies cap:

Away with it come let me haue a bigger?

Kate. Ile haue no bigger, this doth fit the time;

And Gentlewomen weare such caps as these.

Pet. When you are gentle, you shall haue one too,

And not till then.

Hor. That will not be in hast.

Kate. Why sir I trust I may haue leaue to speake,

And speake I will. I am no childe, no babe,

Your be ters haue indur'd me sly my minde

And if you cannot, best you stop your eares,

My tongue will tell the anger of my heart,

Or else my heart concealing it will breake,

And rather then it shall. I will be free,

Euen to the vntermost as I please in words.

Pet. Wh thou saiest true, it is a paltrie cap,

A custard coffen a bauble, a silken pie,

I loue thee well in that thou lik'st it not.

Kate. Loue me, or loue me not, I like the cap,

And it I will haue, or I will haue none.

Pet. Thy gowne way I: come Tailor let vs see't.

Oh

Oh mercie God, what masking stufte is heere?
Whats this? a flecue? 'tis like a demi-cannon,
What, vp and downe caru'd like an apple Tart?
Heers snip, and nip, and cut, and flish and flash,
Like to a Censor in a barbers shoppe:

Why what a devils name a Tailor call'st thou this?

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

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

Pet. Marrie and did: but if you be remembered,
I did not bid you marre it to the time.

Goe hop me ouer euery kennell home,
For you shall hop without my custome sir:
He none of it; hence, make your best of it.

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

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

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

Pet. Oh monstrous arrogance:

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

Tail. Your worship is deceiu'd, the gowne is made
Iust as my master had direction:

Grumio gaue order how it should be done.

Grn. I gaue him no order, I gaue him the stufte.

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

Grn. Marrie sir with needle and thred.

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

Grn. Thou hast fac'd many things.

Tail. I haue.

Grn. Face not mee: thou hast brau'd many men, braue me
me; I will neither bee fac'd nor brau'd. I say vnto thee, I bid thee

Master cut out the gowne, but I did not bid him cut it to pceces;
Ergo thou liest.

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

Pet. Read it.

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

Tail. Inprimis a loose bodied gowne.

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

Pet. Preceede.

Tail. With a small compast cape.

Grn. I confesse the cape.

Tail. With a trunked flecue.

Grn. I confesse two flecues.

Tail. The flecues curiously cut.

Pet. I there's the villainie.

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

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

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

Hor. God-a-mercy Grumio, then he shall haue no oddes.

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

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

Pet. Go take it vp vnto thy masters vse.

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

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

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

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

Hor. Tailor, He pay thee for thy gowne to morrow,
Taken vnkindnesse of his halthe words:
Away I say, commend me to thy master.

Pet. Well come my Kate, we will vnto your fathers,

Exit Tail.

Buen 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 darke clouds,
 So honor peereth in the meanest habit.
 What is the lay more precious then the Lark?
 Because his feathers are more beautifull
 Or is the Adder better then the Esle,
 Because his painted skin contents the eye.
 Oh no *Kate*: neither art thou the worse
 For this poore furniture, and meane array.
 If thou accountedst it shame, lay it on me,
 And therefore frolike, we will hence forthwith,
 To feast and sport vs at thy fathers house,
 Go call my men, and let vs straight to him,
 And bring our horses vnto Long lane end,
 There will we mount, and thither walke on foote;
 Let's see, I thinke, 'tis now some seuen a clocke,
 And well we may come there by dinner time.

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

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

Hor. Why so this Gallant will command the sunne.

Enter *Tranio*, and the *Pedant* dressed like *Vincentio*.

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

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

Tra. Where wee 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 weere school'd.

Tra. Feare you not him: sirra *Biondello*,
 Now doe your dutie throughlie I aduise you:
 Imagine 'twere the righ *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,
 Heere comes *Baptista*: set your countenance sir.

Enter *Baptista* and *Lucentio*: *Pedant* booted
 and bare headed.

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

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

Bap. Sir, pardon me in what I haue to say,
 Your plainnesse and your shortnesse please me well
 Right true it is your son *Lucentio* here
 Doth loue my daughter, and she loueth him
 Or both dissemble deeply 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 take,
As shall with either parts agreement stand.

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

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

Bap. It likes me well:
Cambio bid her come home and bid *Bianca* make her readie straight:
And if you will tell what hath hapned,
Lucentio's father is arriv'd in *Padua*,
And how she's like to be *Lucentio*'s wife.

Biond. I pray the Gods she may with all my heart.

Tran. Dallie not with the Gods, but get thee gone.

Enter Petr.
Signior *Baptista* shall bleado the way,
Welcome one melle is like to be your cheere,
Come sir we will bette it in *Pisa*.

Bap. I follow you. *Exit.*

Enter Lucentio and Biondello.

Bion. Cambio.

Luc. What's ill thou *Biondello*?

Biond. You saw my Master winke and laugh vpon you?

Luc. *Biondello*, what of that?

Biond. Faith nothing: but has lett me here behinde to expound
the meaning or morall of his signes and tokens.

Luc. I pray thee morahze them: or vs!

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

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

Luc. And then?
Bion. The old Priest at Saint *Lukes* Church is at your com-
mand at all houres.

Luc. And what of all this?
Bion. I cannot tell, expect they are busied about a counter-
feit assurance: take you assurance of her. *Cum privilegio ad Impre-
mendum solem.* to th' Church take the Priest, Clarke, and some
sufficient honest witnesses:

If this bee not that you looke for, I haue no more to say,
But bid *Bianca* farewell for euer and a day.

Luc. Hear'st thou *Biondello*?

Biond. I cannot tarric: I knew a wench married in an after-
noone as she went to the Garden for Parsley to stuffe a Rabbit, 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:

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 go about her:
It shall go hard if *Cambio* go without her. *Exit.*

Enter Petruchio Kate Hortensio.

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

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

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

Kate. I know it is the Sunne that shine, so bright.

Petr. Now by my mothers sonne, and that's my selfe,
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
Euer more crost and crost, nothing but crost,

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

Kate. Forward I pray, since we haue come so farr,
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.

The Taming of the Shrew.

Petr. I say it is the Moone,

Kate. I know it is the Moone.

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

Kate. Then God be blest, it is the blessed sun,

But sunne it is not, when you say it is not,

And the Moone changes euen as your minde:

What you will haue it nam'd, euen that it is,

And so it shall be so for *Katherinc.*

Hort. *Petruchio*, goe thy wayes, 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 mee sweete *Kate*, and tell me truely too,

Hast thou beheld a fresher Gentlewoman:

Such warre of white and red within her checkes:

What starrs do spangle heauen with such beautie,

As those two eyes become that heauenly face?

Faire louely Maide, once more good day to thee:

Sweete *Kate* embrace her for her beauties sake.

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

Kate. Yong budding Virgin, faire, and fresh, and sweete,
Whether away, or whether is thy aboade?

Happy the parents of so faire a childe;

Happier the man whom fauourable starrs

Alots thee for his louely bedfellow.

Petr. Why how now *Kate*, I hope thou art not mad,

This is a man old, wrinckled, faded, withered,

And not a Maiden, as thou saist he is.

Kate. Pardon old father my mistaking eyes,

That haue bin so bedazled with the sunne,

That euery thing I look on seemeth greene:

Now I perceiue thou art a reuerent Father:

Pardon I pray thee for my mad mistaking.

Petr. Do good old grandsire, and with all make known

Which way thou trauellest if along with vs,

Wee shall be ioyfull of thy company:

The Taming of the Shrew.

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 uisite
A sonne of mine, which long I haue not seene.

Petr. What is his name?

Vinc. *Lucentio* Gentle sir.

Petr. Happily met, the happier for thy sonne:

And now by Law, as well as reuerent age;

I may intitule thee my louing Father,

The sister to my wife, this Gentlewoman,

Thy Sonne by this hath married: wonder not,

Nor be not grieued; she is of good esteeme;

Her dowrie wealthie, and of worthie birth;

Beside, so qualified, as may be seeme

The Spouse of any noble Gentlewoman:

Let me imbrace with old *Vincentio*,

And wander we to see thy honest sonne,

Who will of thy arriual be full ioyous.

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

Hort. I do assure thee father so it is.

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

Exeunt.

Hor. Well *Petruchio*, this has put me in heart;

Haue to my Widdow, and if she froward,

Then hast thou taught *Hortensio* to be vntoward.

Exit.

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

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

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

Exit.

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

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

*Enter Petruchio, Kate, Vincentio, Gremio
With attendants,*

Petr.

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

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

Grem. They're busie within, you were best knocke lowder. *Knock.*
Pedant lookes out of the window.

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

Vin. Is Signior *Lucentio* within sir?

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

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

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

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

Ped. Thou liest his Father is come from *Padua*, and here look-
ing out of the window.

Vin. Art thou his Father?

Ped. I sir, so his mother sayes if I may belecue her.

Petr. Why how now Gentleman: why this is flat knauerie
to take vpon you an other mans name.

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

Enter Biondello.

Bion. I haue seene them in the Church together, God send
them good shipping; but who is heere mine old Master *Vincentio*
now we are vndone and brought to nothing.

Vin. Come hither crackhem, e.

Bion. I hope I may choose Sir.

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

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

Vinc. What you notorious villaine, didst thou neuer see euer
Mistris father, *Vincentio*;

Bion.

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

Vin. Istso indeede. *He beates Biondello.*

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

Pedan. Help, sonne, helpe Signior *Baptista*.

Pet. Prethee *Kate* let's stand aside and see the end of this
conrouersie.

Enter Pedant with seruants, Baptista, Tranio.

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

Vinc. What am I sir: nay what are you sir: oh immortall Gods:
oh fine villaine, a silken doublet, a veluet hose, a scarlet cloak
and a captaine hat: oh I am vndone, I am vndone: while I plaie
the good husband at home, my sonne and my seruant spend all
at the vniuersitie.

Tra. How now what's the matter?

Bapt. What is the man lunaticke?

Tra. Sir, you seeme a sober ancient Gentleman by your habit
but your words shew you a mad man: why sir, what cernes it you,
if I weare Pearle and gold: I thanke 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, praic what do you think
is his name?

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

Ped. Awaie, away mad asse, his name is *Lucentio*, and he is
mine onelic sonne and heire to the lands of me signior *Vincentio*.

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

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

Vinc. Carrie mee to the Iaile?

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

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

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

Ped. Swear if thou dar'st,

I

Gre.

Gre. Naie, I dare not sweare it.

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

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

Bap. Away with the dotard, to the laile with him.

Enter *Biondello, Lucentio and Bianca*

Vin. Thus strangers may be haild and abusd: oh monstrous vil-
laine.

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

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

Luc. Pardon sweete father. Kneele.

Vin. LIVES my sweete sonne?

Bian. Pardon deere father.

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

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

Gre. Heere's packing with a witnessse to deceiue vs all.

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

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

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

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

Vin. Hee shut the villaines nose that would haue sent me to the
laile.

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

Vin. Feare not *Baptista*, wee will content you, go to:
but I will in to be reueng'd for this villanie. Exit.

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

Luc. Looke not pale *Bianca*, thy father will not frowne.

Exit

Gre. My cake is dough, but Ile in among the rest,

Out of hope of all, but my share of the feast.

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

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

Kate. What in the midst of the streete?

Petr. What art thou asham'd of me?

Kate. No sir, God forbid, but asham'd to kisse.

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

Kate. Nay, I will giue thee a kisse, now pray *Lone* stay.

Petr. Is not this well? come my sweete *Kate*.

Better once then neuer, for neuer too late. Exit.

Actus Quintus.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Wid. Then neuer trust me if I be asseard.

Petr. You are very sensible, and yet you misse my sence:

I meane *Hortensio* is afeard of you.
Wid. He that is giddie thinkes the world turns round.
Petr. Roundly replied.
Kate. Mistris how meane you that?
Wid. Thus I conceiue by him.
Petr. Conceiues by me, how likes *Hortensio* that?
Hor. My Widdow sayes, thus she conceiues her tale.
Petr. Verie well mended: kilse him for that good Widdow.
Kate. He that is giddie thinkes the world turnes round,
 I pray you tell me what you meant by that.
Wid. Your husband being troubled with a shrew,
 Measures my husbands sorrow, by his woe:
 And now you know my meaning.
Kate. A verie meane meaning.
Wid. Right. I meane you.
Kat. And I am meane indeed, respecting you.
Petr. To her *Kate*.
Hor. To her Widdow.
Petr. A hundred marks, my *Kate* does put her down.
Hor. That's my office
Petr. Spoke like an Officer: ha to thee Lad.
 Drinkest to *Hortensio*.
Bap. How likes *Gremio* these quicke witted folkes?
Gre. Belecue me sir, they But together well.
Bian. Head, and But an hastie witted bodie,
 Would say your Head and But were head and horne.
Vin. I Mistris Bride, hath that awakened you?
Bian. I, but not frighted me, therefore, Ile sleepe againe,
Petr. Nay that you shall not since you haue begun:
 Haue at you for a better lest or too.
Bian. Am I your Bird, I meane to kist my bush,
 And then pursue me as you draw my Bow.
 You are welcome all. *Exit Bianca.*
Petr. She hath preuented me, here signior *Tranio*,
 This bird you aim'd at, though you hit her not,
 Therefore a health to all that shot and mist.
Tri. Oh sir, *Lucentio* slipt me like his Gray-hound,
 Which runs himselfe and catches for his Master.
Petr. A good swift simile, but something curriish.

Tri. Tis well sir that you hunted for your selfe:
 Tis thought your Deere does hold you at a bayc.
Bap. Oh, oh *Petruchio*, *Tranio* hits you now.
Luc. I thanke thee for that gi d good *Tranio*.
Hor. Confesse, confesse, hath he not hit you here?
Petr. A has a little gald me I confesse:
 And as the lest did glaunce away from me,
 Tisten to one it main'd you too out right.
Bap. Now in good sadnelle sonne *Petruchio*,
 I thinke thou hast the veriest shrew of all.
Petr. Well I say no: and therefore sir, assurance,
 Let's each one send vnto his wife,
 And he whose wife is most obedient,
 To come at first when he doth send for her,
 Shall win the wager which we will propose.
Hort. Content what's the wager?
Luc. Twentie crownes.
Petr. Twentie crownes.
 Ile venture so much of my Hawke or Hound,
 But twentie times so much vpon my Wife.
Luc. A hundred then.
Hor. Content.
Petr. A match 'tis done.
Hor. Who shall begin?
Luc. That will I.
 Goe *Biondello*, bid your Mistris come to me. *Exit.*
Bio. I goe.
Bap. Sonne. He be you halfe, *Bianca* comes.
Luc. He haue no halues: He beare it all my selfe.
 Enter *Biondello*.
 How now, what newes?
Bion. Sir, my Mistris sends you word:
 That she is busie, and shee cannot come.
Petr. How? she's busie and shee cannot come: is that an answer?
Gre. I, and a kinde one too:
 Praie God sir your wife send you not a worse.
Petr. I hope better.
Hor. Sir ra *Biondello*, goe and intreate my wife to come to mee
 forthwith. *Exit. Bion.*
Petr.

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Petr. Oh ho intreate her, nay then she must needes come.

Hor. I am affraid sir, doe what you can

Enter Biondello.

Yours will not be intreated: Now where's my wife?

Bion. She sayes you haue some goodly Iest in hand,
She will not come: she bids you come to her.

Petr. Worse and worse, she will not come:
Oh vild, 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.

Petr. What?

Hor. She will not.

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

Enter Katerina.

Bap. Now by my hollidam here comes *Katerina.*

Kat. What is your will sir, that you send for me?

Petr. Where is your sister, and *Hortensio's* wife?

Kate. They sit conferring by the Parler fire.

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

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

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

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

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

Petr. Nay, I will win my wager better yet,
And shew 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 prisoner to her womanlie perswasion:

Katerina

The Taming of the Shrew.

Katerine, that Cap of yours becomes you not,
Off with that bable, throw it vnder foote.

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

Bian. Fie what a foolish dutie call you this?

Luc. I would your dutie were as foolish too:
The wisdome of your dutie faire *Bianca*,
Hath cost me five hundred crownes since supper time,

Bian. The more foole you for laying on my dutie.

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

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

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

Wid. She shall not.

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

Kate. Fie, fie, vnknit that threatening vnkind brow,
And dart not scornfull glances from those eies,
To wound thy Lord, thy King, thy Gouvernour.
It blots thy beautie, as frosts doe bite the Meades,
Confounds thy fame, as whirlwindes shake faire budds,
And in no sence is meete or amiable.

A woman mou'd, is like a fountaine troubled,
Muddie, ill seeming thicke, bereft of beautie,
And while it is so, none so drie or thirstie
Will daigne to sip, or touch one drop of it.

Thy husband is thy Lord, thy life, thy Keeper,
Thy head, thy soueraigne: one that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance. Commits his bodie
To painfull labour, both by sea and land:

To watch the night in stormes, the day in cold,
Whilst thou ly'st warme at home, secure and safe,
And craues no other tribute at thy hands,
But loue, fare lookes, and true obedience;

Too litle payment for so great a debt.
Such dutie as the subiect owes the Prince,
Euen such a woman oweth to her husband:

And when she is froward, peeuish, fullen, sower,
And not obedient to his honest will:
What is she but a foule contending Rebel,

And

The Taming of the Shrew

And gracelesse Traitor to her louing Lord?
I am a sham'd that women are so simple,
To offer warre, where they should kneele for peace:
Or seeke for rule, supremacie, and sway,
When they are bound to serue, loue, and obey.
Why are our bodies soft, and weake, and smooth,
Vnapt to toyle, and trouble in the world,
But that our soft conditions, and our harts,
Should well agree with our externall parts?
Come, come, you froward and vnable wormes
My minde hath bin as bigge as one of yours,
My heart as great, my reason haplie more,
To bandie word for word, and frowne for frowne;
But now I see our Launces are but strawes:
Our strength as weake, our weakenesse past compare,
That seeming to be most, which we indeed least are.
Then vale your stomackes, for it is no boote,
And place your hands below your husbands foote:
In token of which dutie, if he please,
My hand is readie may it do him ease.

Pet. Why ther's a wench: come on, and kisse me *Kate.*

Luc. Well go thy wayes old Lad for thou shalt ha't.

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

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

Pet. Come *Kate*, wee'l to bed,

We three are married, but you two are sped.

'Twas I won the wager though you hit the white.

And being a winner, God giue you good night,

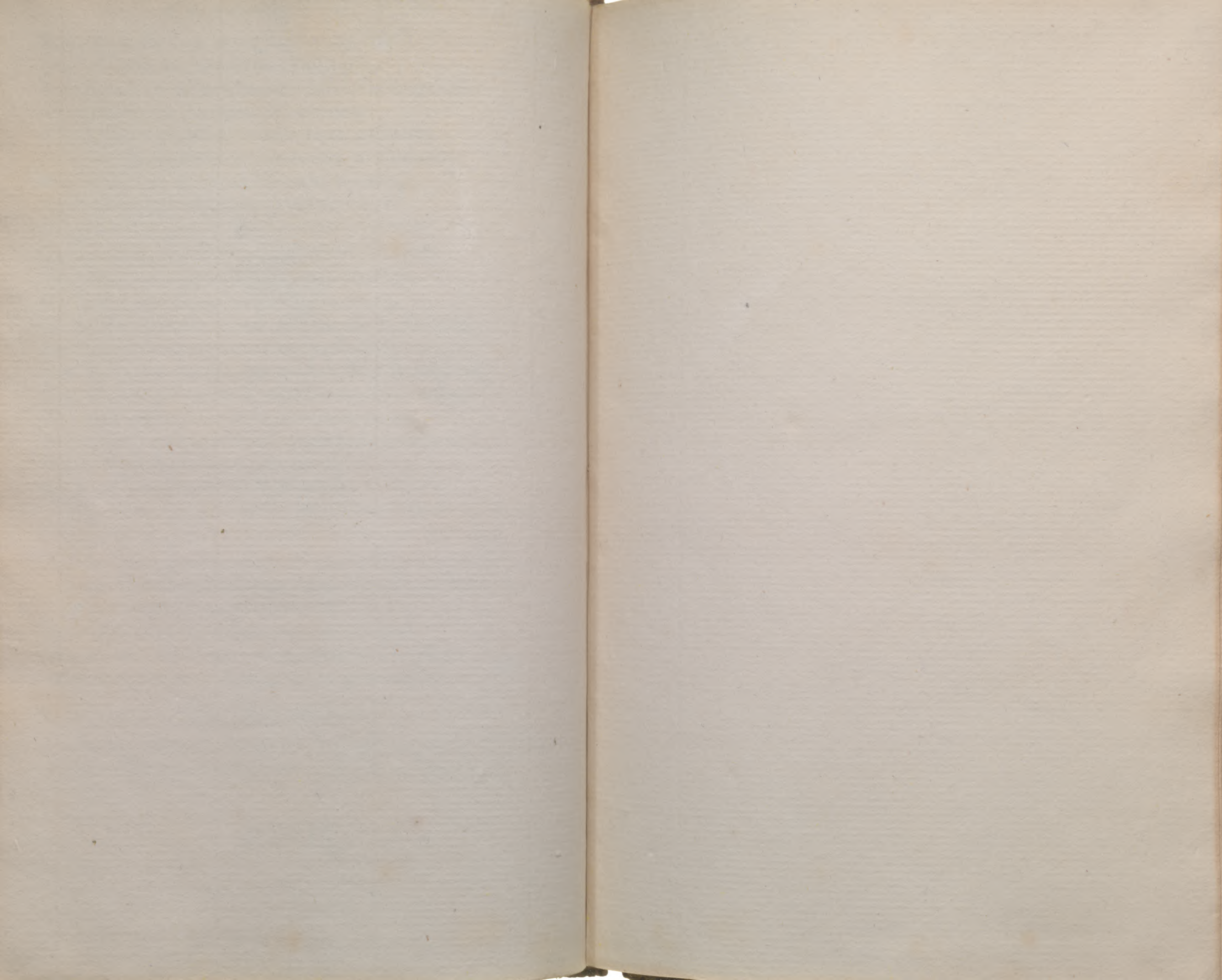
Exit Petruchio.

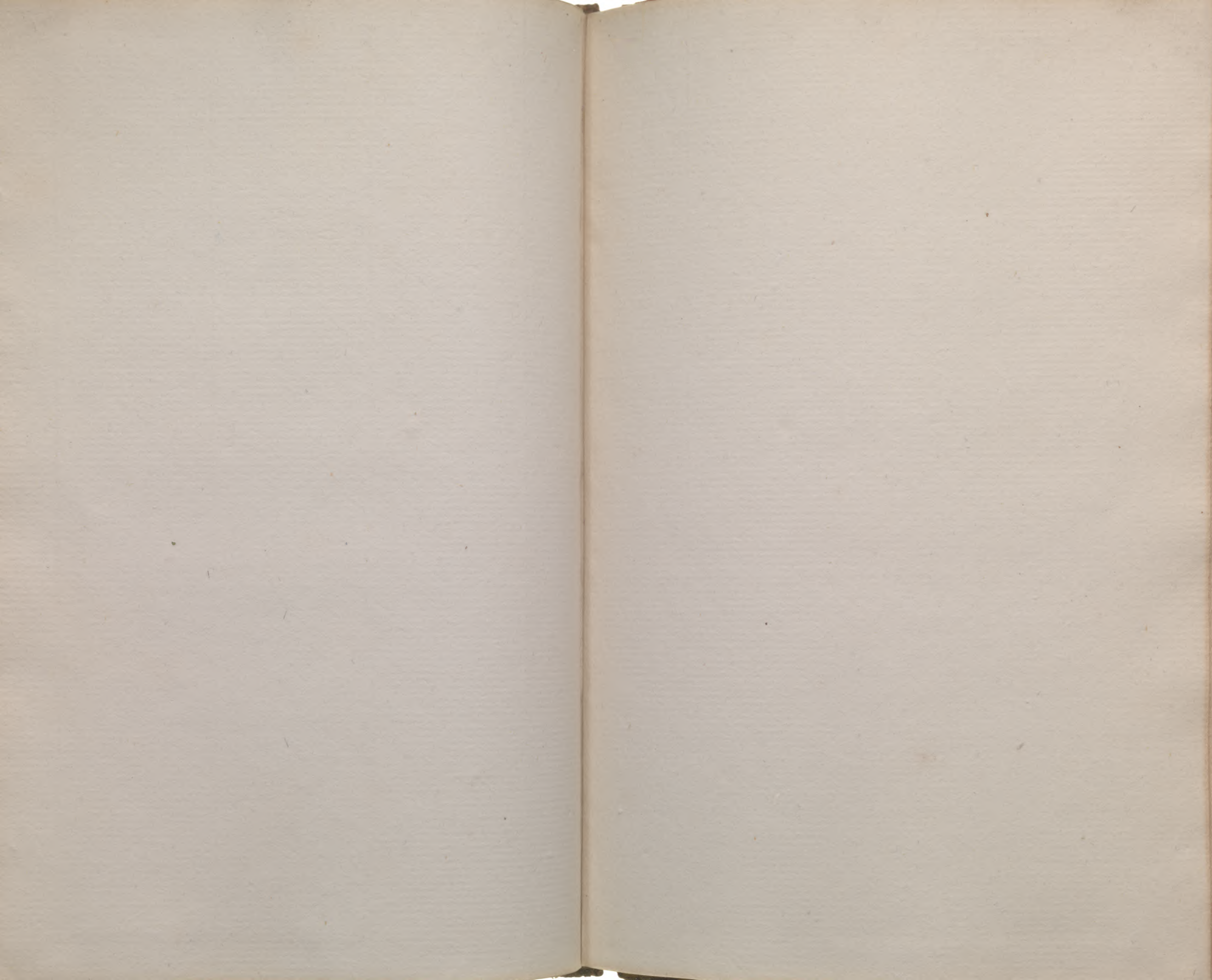
Horten. Now go thy wayes thou hast tam'd a curst Shrow.

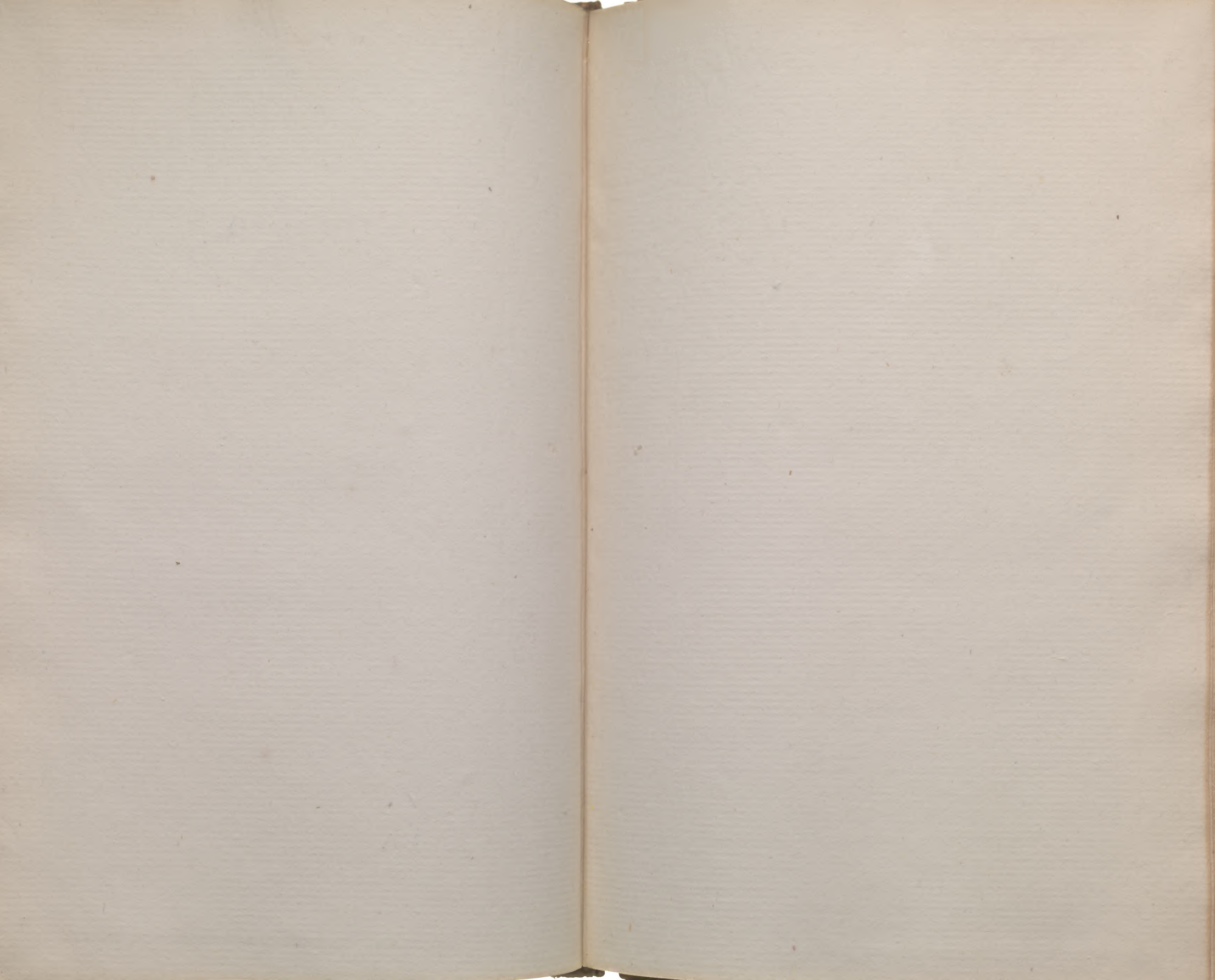
Luc. 'Tis a wonder by your leaue, she will tam'd so.

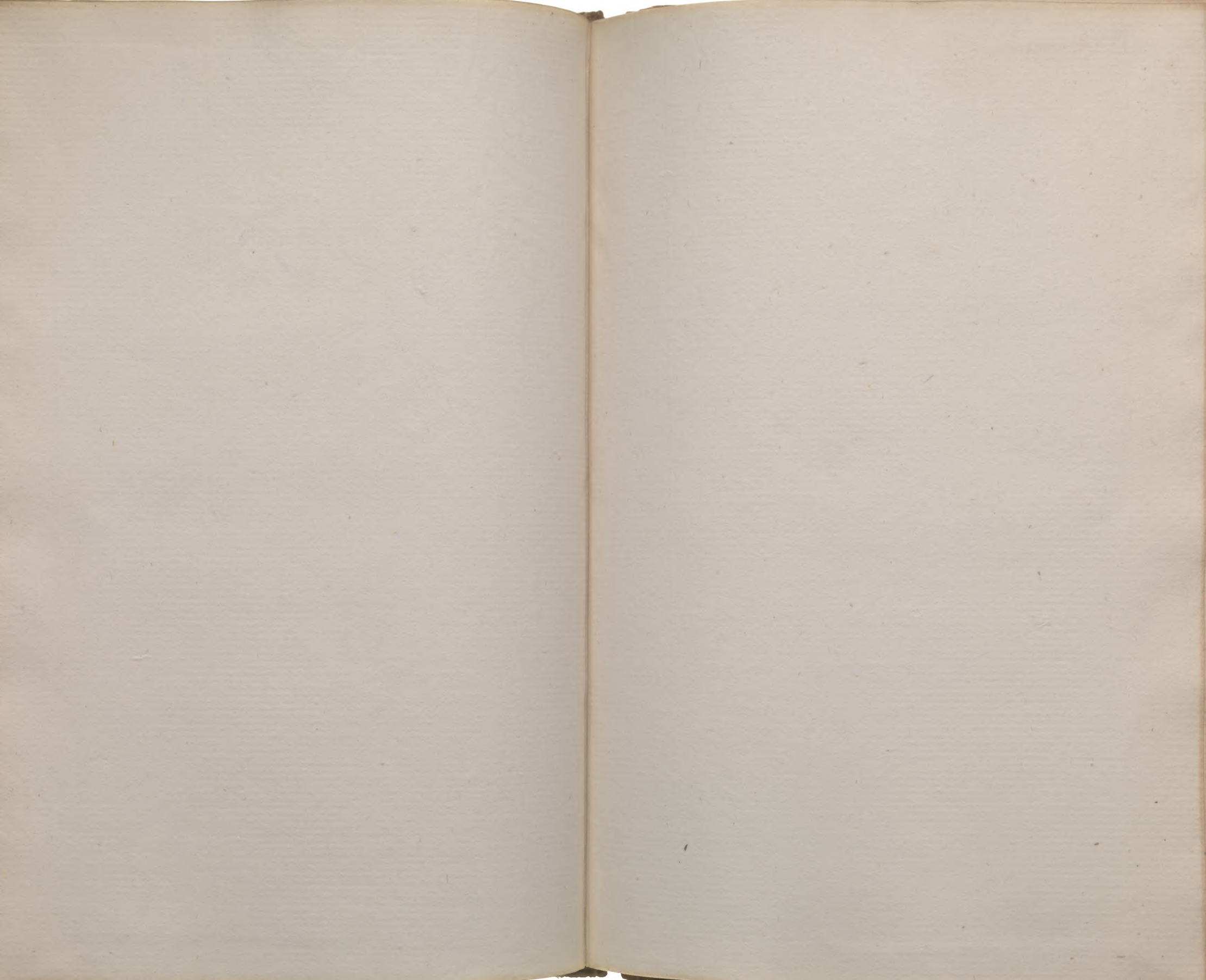
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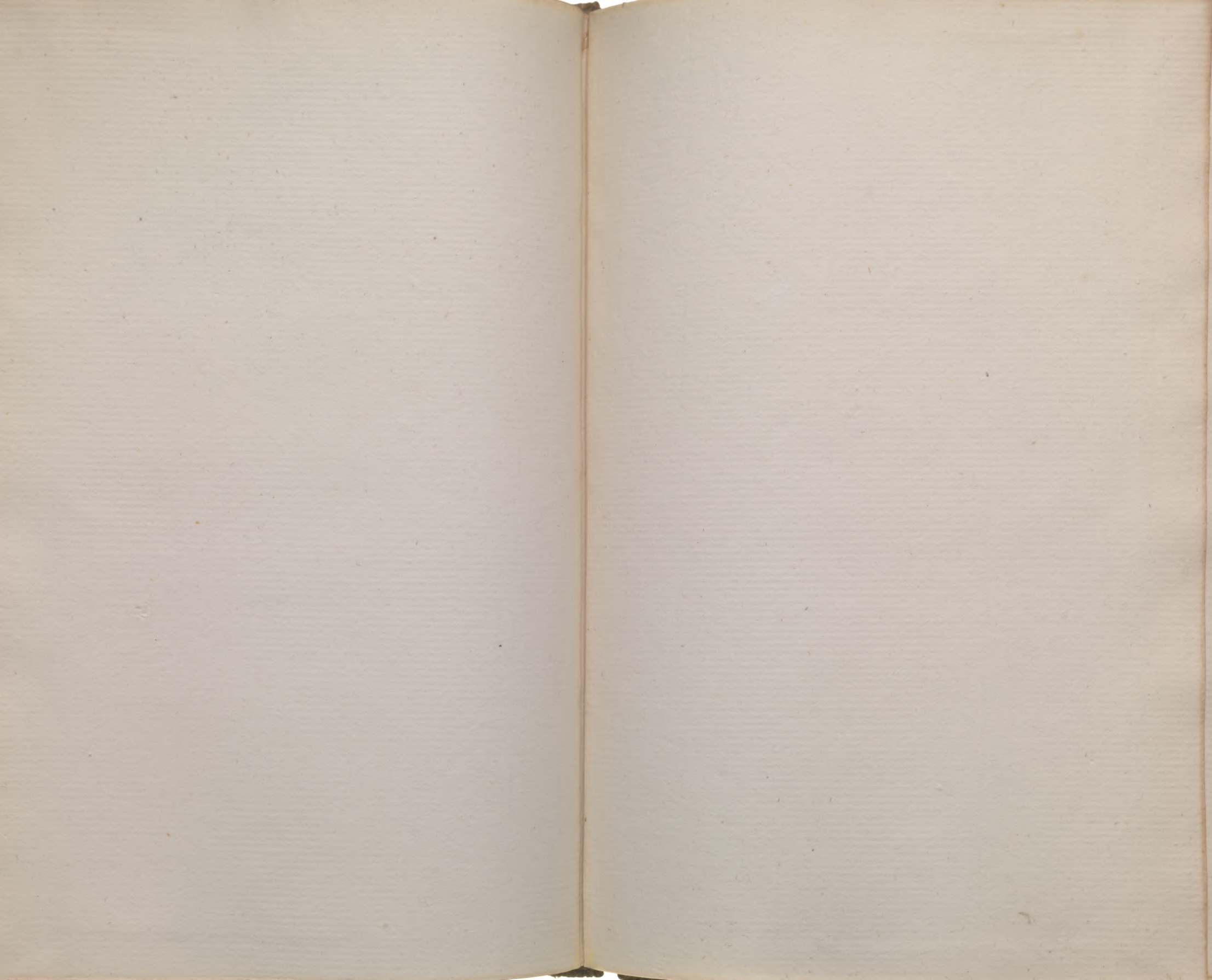


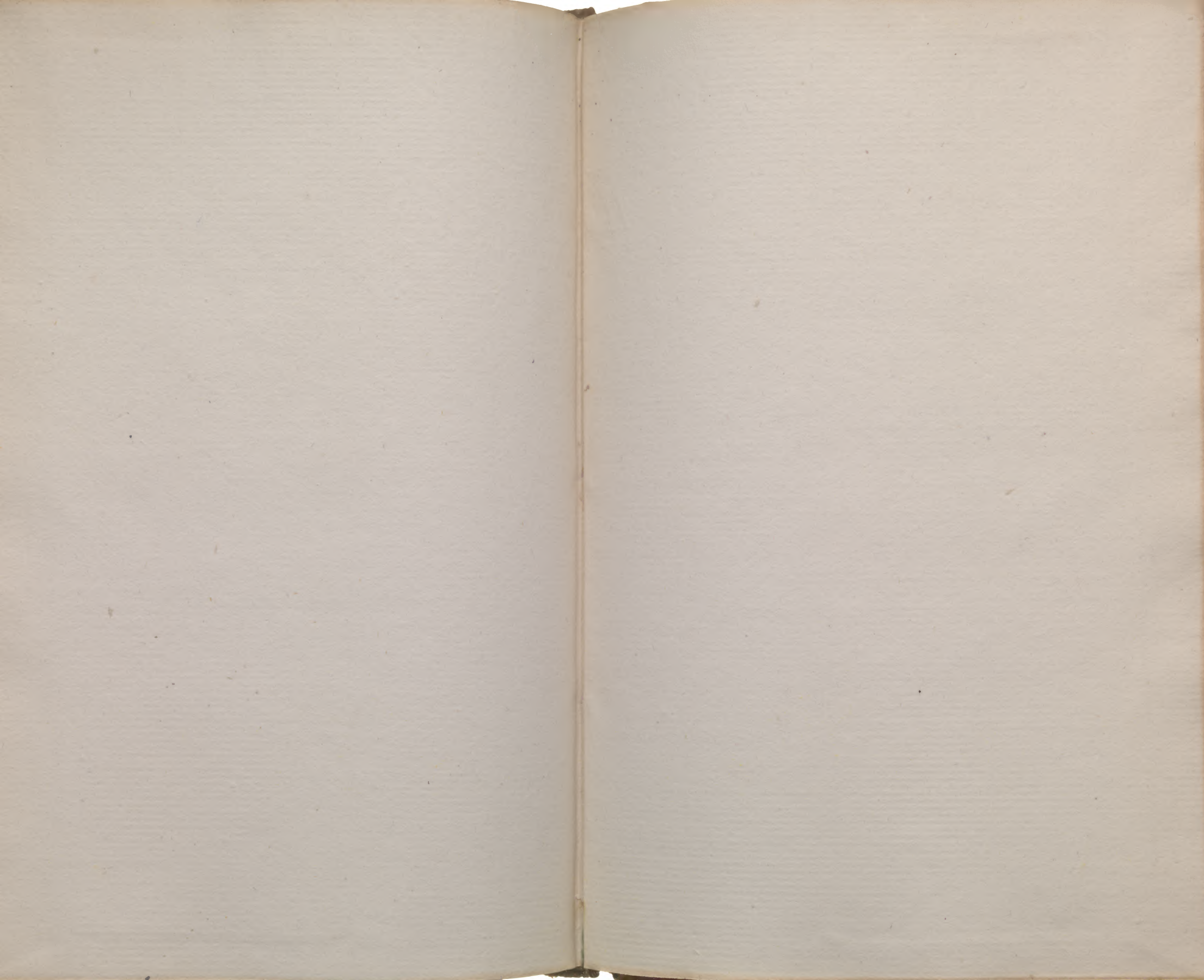


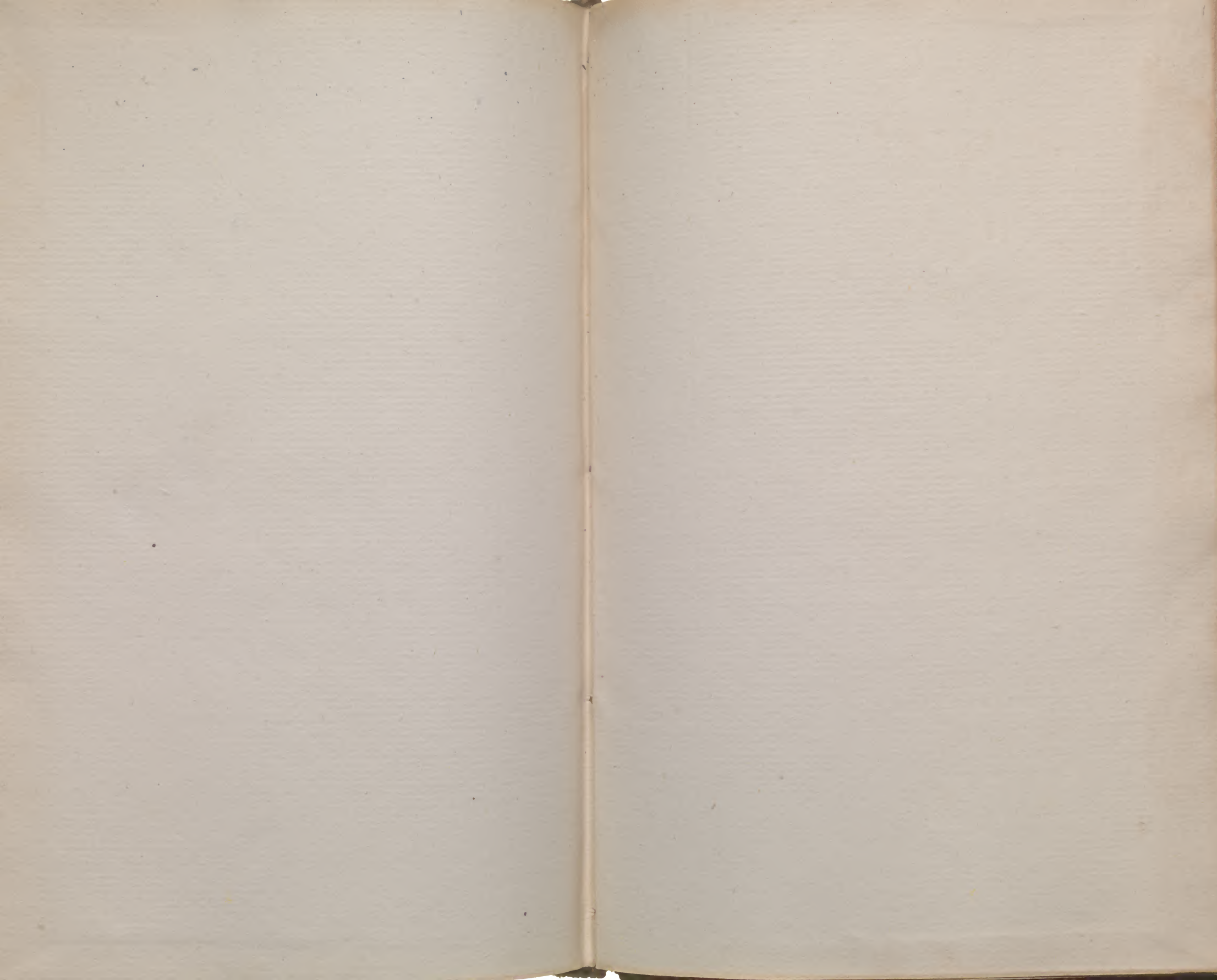


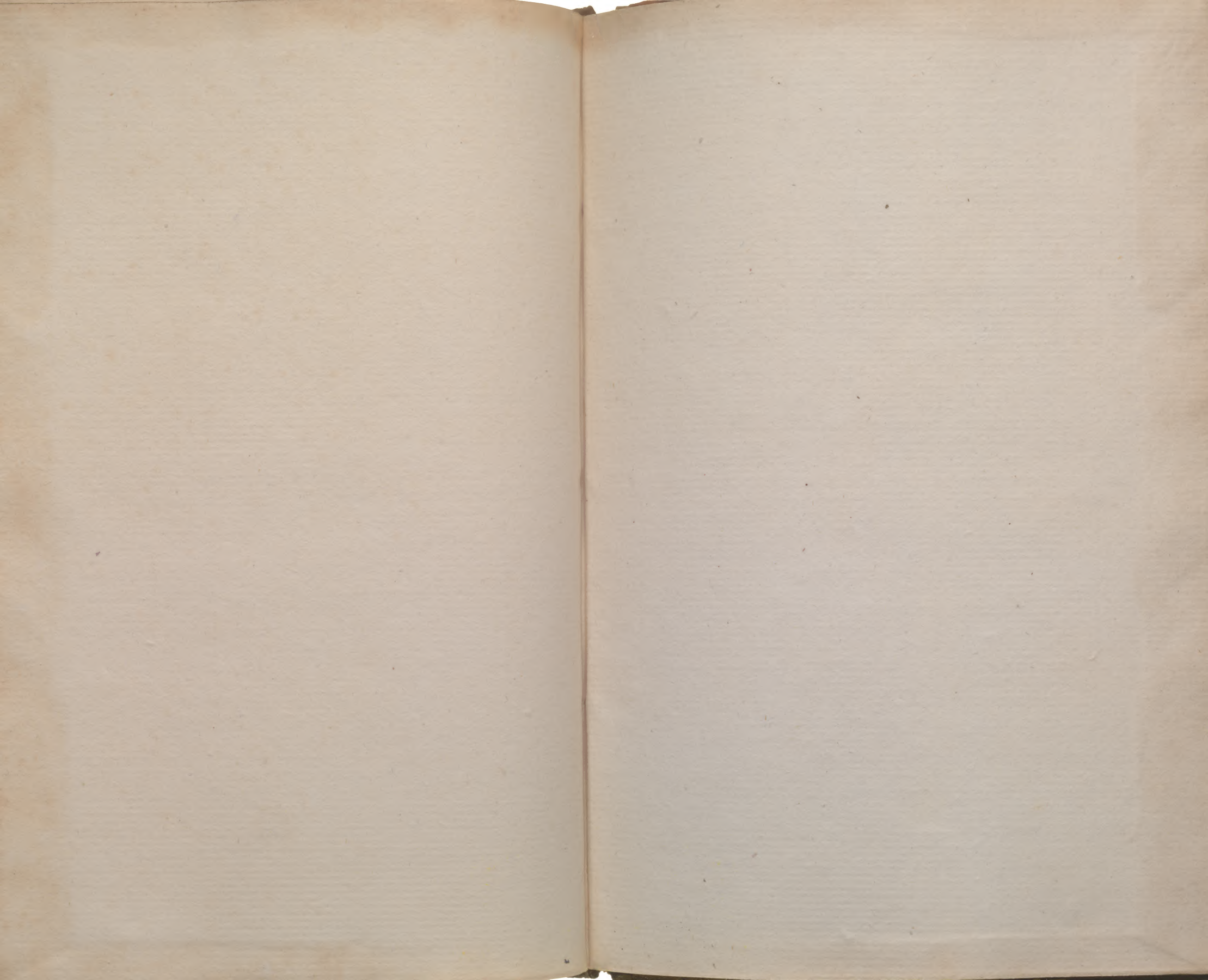


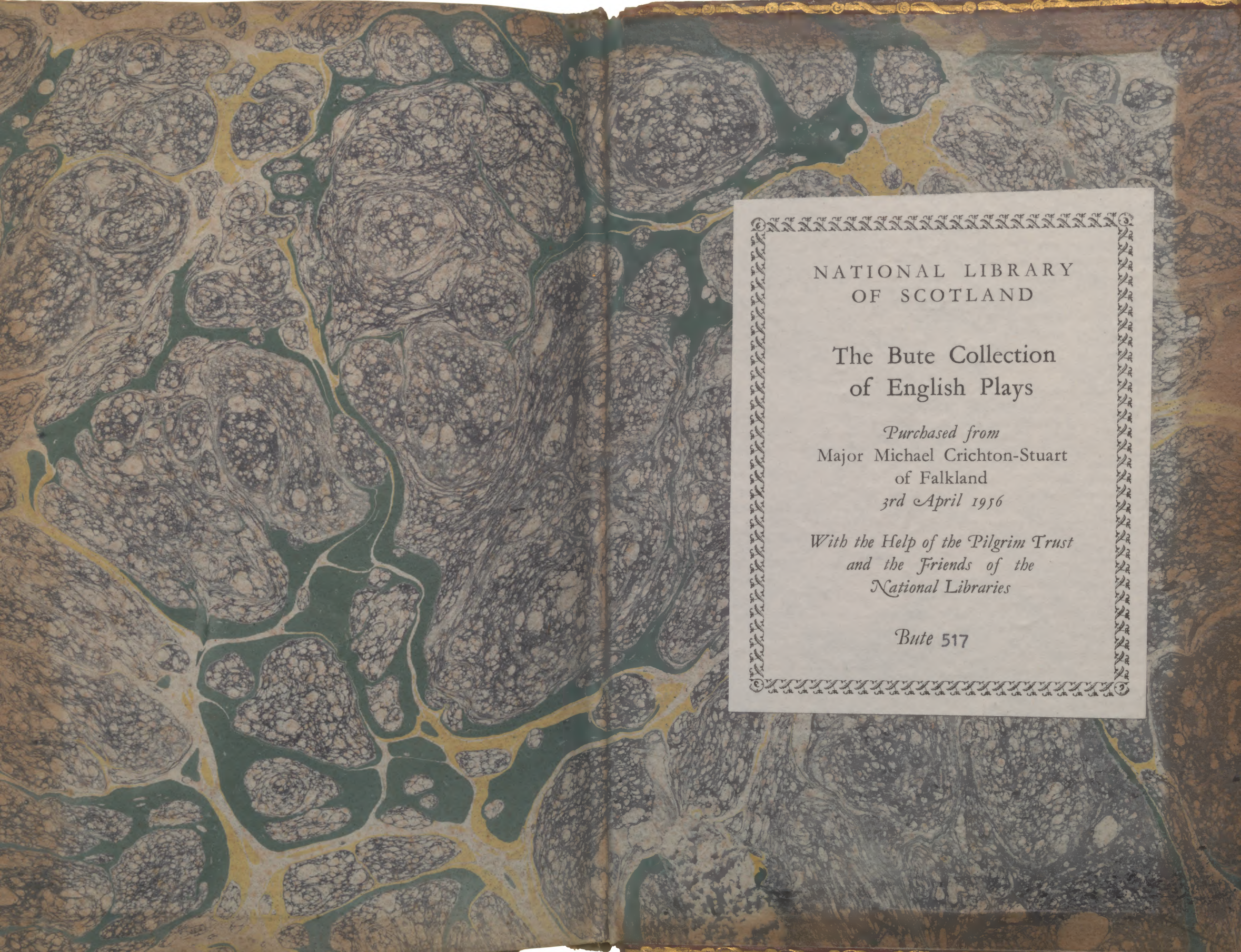












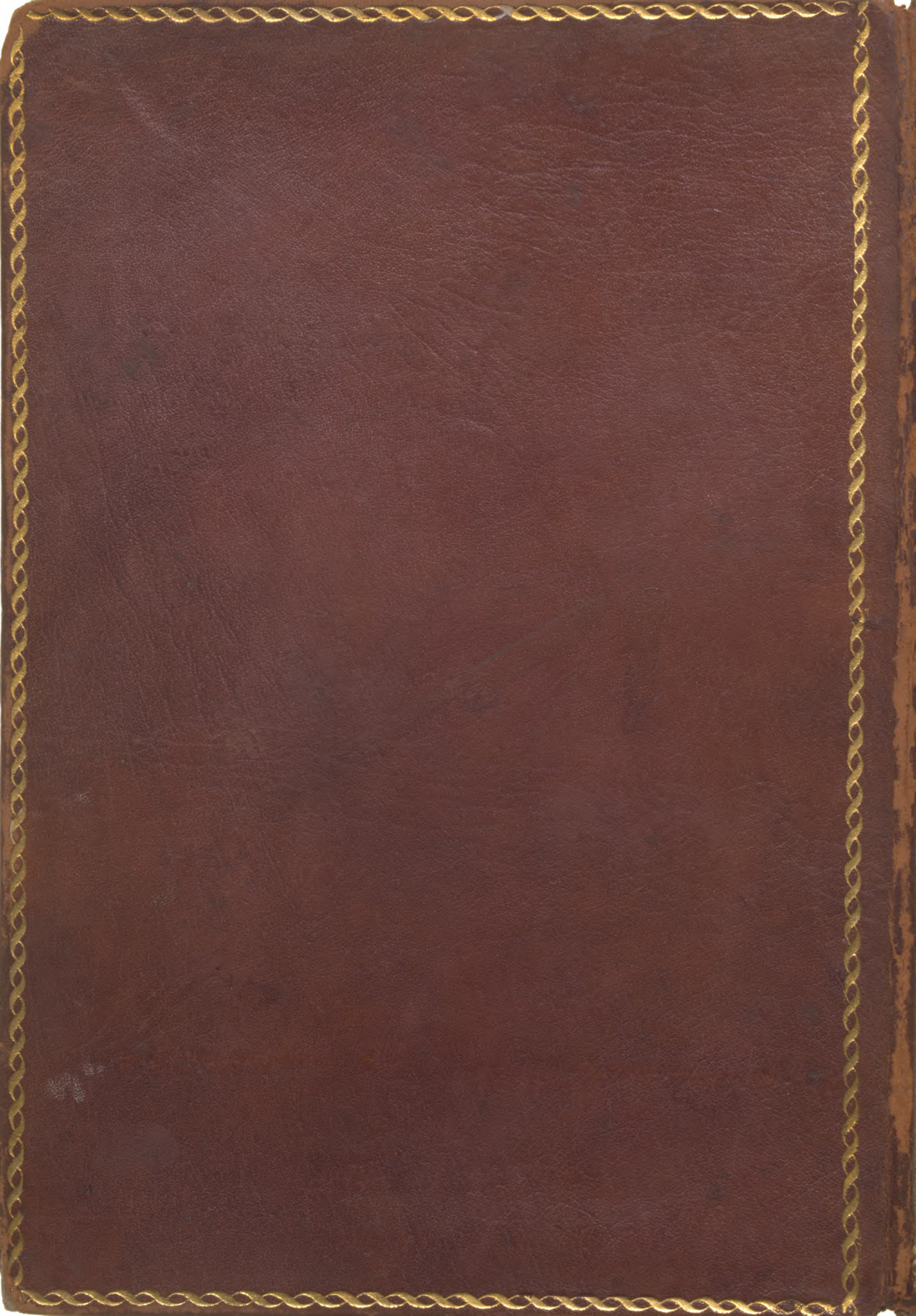
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