

# The Taming of the Shrew



*by William Shakespeare*

*a version by Dominic Power*

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## Director's Note

This play proved difficult, as we expected, but parts of it polished up much better than memories of past productions suggested they might. In particular, the Christopher Sly 'Induction' – or Prologue – which is often cut completely, we found a highly-wrought and almost Pirandellian experiment with a man's sense of identity; cruel to a point, but ultimately redemptive; and profoundly class-based in an extraordinarily modern way.

But at the end of the play there is no follow-up, no Epilogue. For this production Dominic Power provided one, a new scene that would be attributed by one local critic to 'an early quarto'. (There is no extant quarto of this play, it survives only in the Folio.) Sly awoke on the cold ground where he had fallen in a drunken stupor, to be brought slowly to a new reality by encounters with the same characters that had peopled the Induction: the Hostess, the Lord and his huntsmen, and the band of travelling players. In a story in which so many characters are trapped, or hide in, roles (shrew, lover, tutor, senex, husband, put-upon parent) Sly's temporary release into a new persona had brought him to a new sense of his real self, of his own value and dignity.

This innovation could not, of course, disguise the difficulty we have with the central relationship between Kate and Petruchio. Even two hundred years ago, David Garrick altered the story to avoid it causing offence to women. More recently, the 2008 RSC production – which concluded with a semi-naked Petruchio/Sly being ritually humiliated – left the text intact but played it as heavily ironic, as an attack on male supremacy.

That solution denies what seems to me explicit in the text, that Shakespeare has Petruchio and Kate fall in love on their journey back to Padua from Petruchio's country estate. It is hard for us now to accept that a man should successfully woo a woman by means of starvation, sleep deprivation and other forms of bullying. It is hard to accept that a woman, who has been subject to such treatment, should be genuinely attracted to its perpetrator unless she is suffering from the Stockholm syndrome. It is harder still to accept that a speech which is, by our lights, philosophically and politically 'abject', is the very opposite of abject in its tone; for Kate's famous aria on wifely obedience is not forced and miserable, but assured and commanding. A woman who – contrary to tradition – has *not* been a free, untamed spirit, but one profoundly miserable in her life with her father and sister, appallingly parented and the prisoner of a shrewishness which has only deepened her misery by the hour, is released by her bully-husband into confidence and authority. This is completely unacceptable to the modern imagination. But there is no case, on psychological grounds, for arguing that the calm, controlled woman of the play's end is a lesser person than the one we first encountered; a very strong case for arguing the opposite.

Lost amid the continuing furore is what the play has to say about marriage in the wider context. Kate and Petruchio are thrust together in an Elizabethan marriage market in which daughters are sold to the highest bidder, and women compete with each other as to how far they can exploit and rule the husbands they have vowed to 'love, honour and obey'. But it is the other marriages, the one between the outwardly sweet but inwardly shrewish Bianca and the vapid Lucentio, and that between Hortensio and the Widow that most typify this society: deals born of cynical materialism and the incapacity of men and women to relate and speak to each other in an ordinarily human fashion. They unite men and women in romantic hyperbole, but separate them in everyday reality.

Petruchio insists on the biblical relationship between husband and wife, and Kate – willingly in the end, I believe – complies. Leo Wringer's Petruchio went down on his knees to kiss the hand Saskia Portway's Kate proffered him to step on – to me an utterly legitimate visualisation of the text, but not a 'solution' to the play's sexual ethics. Producers and directors should either accept that there isn't one, or leave the play alone.

**Andrew Hilton**

## Production

*This version of The Taming of the Shrew was first produced in Bristol by Shakespeare at the Tobacco Factory on the 7th February 2008.*

### Cast

Christopher Sly	-	Bill Wallis
Hostess <i>and</i> Widow	-	Francesca Ryan
Lord <i>and</i> Nicholas	-	Nicholas Gadd
1 <sup>st</sup> Huntsman <i>and</i> Merchant	-	Jonathan Nibbs
2 <sup>nd</sup> Huntsman, Scrivener, Tailor <i>and</i> Vincentio	-	Alan Coveney
Boy Player <i>and</i> Biondello	-	Oliver Millingham
1 <sup>st</sup> Player, Gremio <i>and</i> Curtis	-	Paul Nicholson
Player <i>and</i> Petruchio	-	Leo Wringer
Player <i>and</i> Lucentio	-	Oliver le Sueur
Player <i>and</i> Grumio	-	Dan Starkey
Player <i>and</i> Baptista	-	Roland Oliver
Player <i>and</i> Hortensio	-	Philip Buck
Player <i>and</i> Tranio	-	Chris Donnelly
Player <i>and</i> Bianca	-	Annabel Scholey
Player <i>and</i> Katherina	-	Saskia Portway

### Production

Director	-	Andrew Hilton
Associate Director	-	Dominic Power
Assistant Director	-	Emma Earle
Designer	-	Chris Gylee
Costume Supervisor	-	Rosalind Marshall
Lighting Designer	-	Tim Streader
Composer & Sound Designer	-	Dan Jones
Production Photographer	-	Graham Burke

### Stage & Technical Management

Production Manager	-	Tim Hughes
Stage Manager	-	Jayne Byrom
Deputy Stage Manager	-	Eleanor Dixon
Assistant Stage Manager	-	Adam Moore



# Part One

## Prologue

Before an alehouse on a heath

*Enter Hostess and Sly*

**Sly** I'll pheeze you, in faith.

**Hostess** A pair of stocks, you rogue!

**Sly** Y'are a baggage, the Slys are no rogues. Look in the chronicles. We came in with Richard Conqueror. Therefore *paucas pallabris*, let the world slide. Sessa!

**Hostess** You will not pay for the glasses you have burst?

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

**Hostess** I know my remedy. I must go fetch the third-borough.

*Exit*

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

*Falls asleep*

*Horns winded. Enter a Lord from hunting, with two Huntsmen*

**Lord** Huntsmen, I charge thee, tender well my hounds.  
Breathe Merriman, the poor cur's foaming still,  
And couple Clowder with the deep-mouth'd brach.  
Didst thou not see how Silver made it good  
At the hedge corner, when all scent was lost?  
I would not lose the dog for twenty pound.

**1<sup>st</sup> Huntsman** Why, Belman is as good as he, my lord.  
He cried upon it at the greatest loss  
And twice today pick'd out the dullest scent.  
Trust me, I take him for the better dog.

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

**1<sup>st</sup> Huntsman** I will, my lord.

**Lord** What's there? One dead, or drunk? See, doth he breathe?

**2<sup>nd</sup> Huntsman** He breathes, my lord. Were he not warm'd with ale

This were a bed but cold to sleep so soundly.

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

**1<sup>st</sup> Huntsman** Believe me, lord, I think he cannot choose.

**2<sup>nd</sup> Huntsman** It would seem strange unto him when he wak'd.

**Lord** Even as a flattering dream or worthless fancy.  
 Then take him up and manage well the jest.  
 Carry him gently to my fairest chamber  
 And hang it round with all my wanton pictures.  
 Balm his foul head in warm distilled waters  
 And burn sweet wood to make the lodging sweet.  
 Procure me music ready when he wakes  
 To make a dulcet and a heavenly sound.  
 And if he chance to speak, be ready straight  
 And with a low submissive reverence  
 Say 'What is it your honour will command?'  
 Some one be ready with a costly suit  
 And ask him what apparel he will wear.  
 Another tell him of his hounds and horse  
 And that his lady mourns at his disease.  
 Persuade him that he hath been lunatic  
 And when he says he is, say that he dreams,  
 For he is nothing but a mighty lord.  
 It will be pastime passing excellent,  
 If it be husbanded with modesty.

*A trumpet sounds*

*Exit 2<sup>nd</sup> Huntsman*

**1<sup>st</sup> Huntsman** My lord, I warrant you we'll play our part,  
 As he shall think by our true diligence  
 He is no less than what we say he is.

**Lord** Let him be taken gently up to bed,  
 And each one to his office when he wakes.

*Re-enter 2<sup>nd</sup> Huntsman with the Players*

How now! Who is it?

- 2<sup>nd</sup> Huntsman** An't please your honour, players  
That offer service to your lordship.
- Lord** Now, fellows, you are welcome.
- 1<sup>st</sup> Player** We thank your honour.
- Lord** Do you intend to stay with me tonight?
- 1<sup>st</sup> Player** So please your lordship to accept our duty.
- Lord** With all my heart. This fellow I remember,  
Since once he play'd a farmer's eldest son.  
'Twas where he woo'd the gentlewoman so well.  
Sure 'twas apt and naturally perform'd.
- 1<sup>st</sup> Player** I think 'twas Soto that your honour means.
- Lord** 'Tis very true. He did'st it excellent.  
And you, boy, you play'd the gentlewoman?
- Boy Player** Ay, sir.
- Lord** Well, you are come to me in happy time,  
The rather for I have some sport in hand  
Wherein your cunning can assist me much.  
I have a guest will hear you play tonight.  
But I am doubtful of your modesties,  
Lest over-eyeing of his odd behaviour -  
For yet his honour never heard a play -  
You break into some merry passion  
And so offend him. For I tell you, sirs,  
If you should smile he grows impatient.
- 1<sup>st</sup> Player** Fear not, my lord, we can contain ourselves  
Were he the veriest antic in the world.
- Lord** Go, fellows, take them to the buttery,  
And give them friendly welcome every one.  
Let them want nothing that my house affords.

*Exit Huntsmen with the Players*

Sirrah – I must borrow you.

- Boy Player** My lord?
- Lord** Fit you as a gentlewoman once more  
And bear yourself with honourable action,  
Such as you have observ'd in noble ladies  
Unto their lords. This night shall you  
Such sweet courtesy to my guest perform  
That he – whose rage makes every lady flee -

Shall fancy you his own, and all that went before  
A dream from which he is awak'd.

**Boy Player** My lord, will such a practice be believ'd?

**Lord** It will, and you shall bring him to himself.  
Anon I'll give thee more instructions.

*Exit Boy Player*

I long to hear him call this drunkard 'husband',  
And how my men will stay themselves from laughter.  
I'll in to counsel them. Haply my presence  
May well abate the over-merry spleen  
Which otherwise would grow into extremes.

*Exit*

*Music and change of light*

*Sly wakes*

**Sly** For God's sake, a pot of small ale!

*Enter Huntsmen and Lord as Servants*

**1<sup>st</sup> Huntsman** Will't please your lordship drink a cup of sack?

**2<sup>nd</sup> Huntsman** Will't please your honour taste of these conserves?

**Lord** What raiment will your honour wear today?

**Sly** I am Christophero Sly. Call not me 'honour' nor 'lordship'. I  
ne'er drank sack in my life. And if you give me any  
conserves, give me conserves of beef. Ne'er ask me what  
raiment I'll wear, for I have no more doublets than backs, no  
more stockings than legs, nor no more shoes than feet. Nay,  
sometimes more feet than shoes, or such shoes as my toes  
look through the over-leather.

**Lord** Heaven cease this idle humour in your honour!  
O, that a mighty man of such descent,  
Of such possessions and so high esteem,  
Should be infused with so foul a spirit!

**Sly** What, would you make me mad? Am not I Christopher Sly,  
old Sly's son of Burton Heath, by birth a pedlar, by  
education a cardmaker, by transmutation a bear-herd, and  
now by present profession a tinker? Ask Marian Hacket, the  
fat ale-wife of Wincot, if she know me not. If she say I am  
not fourteen pence on the score for sheer ale, score me up  
for the lying'st knave in Christendom. What, I am not  
bestraught. A pot of –

**1<sup>st</sup> Huntsman** O, this it is that makes your lady mourn!

**2<sup>nd</sup> Huntsman** O, this is it that makes your servants droop!

**Lord** Hence comes it that your kindred shuns your house,  
 As beaten hence by your strange lunacy.  
 O noble lord, bethink thee of thy birth,  
 Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment  
 And banish hence these abject lowly dreams.  
 Look how thy servants do attend on thee,  
 Each in his office ready at thy beck.  
 Wilt thou have music? Hark, Apollo plays  
 And twenty caged nightingales do sing.  
 Or wilt thou sleep? We'll have thee to a couch  
 Softer and sweeter than the lustful bed  
 On purpose trimm'd up for Semiramis.  
 Say thou wilt walk? We will bestrew the ground.  
 Or wilt thou ride? Thy horses shall be trapp'd,  
 Their harness studded all with gold and pearl.  
 Dost thou love hawking? Thou hast hawks will soar  
 Above the morning lark. Or wilt thou hunt?  
 Thy hounds shall make the welkin answer them  
 And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth.

**1<sup>st</sup> Huntsman** Say thou wilt course? Thy greyhounds are as swift  
 As breathed stags, ay, fleeter than the roe.

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

**Lord** We'll show thee Io as she was a maid,  
 And how she was beguiled and surpris'd,  
 As lively painted as the deed was done.

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

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

**1<sup>st</sup> Huntsman** And till the tears that she hath shed for thee  
 Like envious floods o'erran her lovely face,  
 She was the fairest creature in the world.

And yet she is inferior to none.

**Sly** Am I a lord? And have I such a lady?  
Or do I dream? Or have I dream'd till now?  
I do not sleep. I see, I hear, I speak.  
I smell sweet savours and I feel soft things.  
Upon my life, I am a lord indeed  
And not a tinker nor Christophero Sly.  
Well, bring our lady hither to our sight.  
And once again, a pot o' the smallest ale.

**2<sup>nd</sup> Huntsman** Will't please your mightiness to wash your hands?  
O, how we joy to see your wit restor'd!  
O, that once more you knew but what you are!  
These fifteen years you have been in a dream.  
Or when you wak'd, so wak'd as if you slept.

**Sly** These fifteen years? By my fay, a goodly nap.  
But did I never speak in all that time?

**1<sup>st</sup> Huntsman** O, yes, my lord, but very idle words.  
For though you lay here in this goodly chamber,  
Yet would you say ye were beaten out of door  
And rail upon the hostess of the house  
And say you would present her at th' assize  
Because she brought stone jugs and no seal'd quarts.  
Sometimes you would call out for Cicely Hacket.

**Sly** Ay, the woman's maid of the house.

**2<sup>nd</sup> Huntsman** Why, sir, you know no house nor no such maid,  
Nor no such men as you have reckon'd up,  
As Stephen Sly and old John Naps of Greece  
And Peter Turph and Henry Pimpernell,  
And twenty more such names and men as these  
Which never were nor no man ever saw.

**Sly** Now Lord be thanked for my good amends!

**ALL** Amen.

**Sly** I thank thee. Thou shalt not lose by it.

**Lord** Come, my Lady.

*Enter Boy Player as a lady*

**Boy Player** How fares my noble lord?

**Sly** Marry, I fare well for here is cheer enough.  
Where is my wife?



- Boy Player** Here, noble lord. What is thy will with her?
- Sly** Are you my wife and will not call me husband?  
My men should call me 'lord'. I am your goodman.
- Boy Player** My husband and my lord, my lord and husband.  
I am your wife in all obedience.
- Sly** I know it well. What must I call her?
- Lord** Madam.
- Sly** Alice madam, or Joan madam?
- Lord** 'Madam' and nothing else. So lords call ladies.
- Sly** Madam wife, they say that I have dream'd  
And slept above some fifteen year or more.
- Boy Player** Ay, and the time seems thirty unto me,  
Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.
- Sly** 'Tis much. Servants, leave me and her alone.  
Madam, undress you and come now to bed.
- Boy Player** Thrice noble lord, let me entreat of you  
To pardon me yet for a night or two,  
Or, if not so, until the sun be set.  
For your physicians have expressly charg'd,  
In peril to incur your former malady,  
That I should yet absent me from your bed.  
I hope this reason stands for my excuse.
- Sly** Ay, it stands so that I may hardly tarry so long. But I would  
be loath to fall into my dreams again. I will therefore tarry in  
despite of the flesh and the blood.
- Lord** Your honour's players, hearing your amendment,  
Are come to play a pleasant comedy.  
For so your doctors hold it very meet,  
Seeing too much sadness hath congeal'd your blood,  
And melancholy is the nurse of frenzy,  
Therefore they thought it good you hear a play  
And frame your mind to mirth and merriment  
Which bars a thousand harms and lengthens life.
- Sly** Marry, I will, let them play it. Is not a comonty a Christmas  
gambol or a tumbling-trick?
- Boy Player** No, my good lord. It is more pleasing stuff.
- Sly** What, household stuff?

**Boy Player** It is a kind of history.

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

*Flourish*

### **Scene 1** (Act1 Sc1)

Padua. A public place

*Enter Lucentio and his man, Tranio*

**Lucentio** Tranio, since for the great desire I had  
To see fair Padua, nursery of arts,  
I am arriv'd in fruitful Lombardy,  
And by my father's love and leave am arm'd  
With his goodwill and thy good company,  
Here let us breathe and haply institute  
A course of learning and ingenious studies.  
Pisa, renowned for grave citizens,  
Gave me my being and my father first,  
A merchant of great traffic through the world,  
Vincentio, come of the Bentivolii.  
It shall well become me to serve his hopes  
And deck his fortune with more virtuous deeds.  
And therefore, Tranio, for the time I study  
Virtue, and that part of philosophy  
Will I apply that treats of happiness  
By virtue specially to be achiev'd.  
Tell me thy mind, for I have Pisa left  
And am to Padua come, as he that leaves  
A shallow plash to plunge him in the deep  
And with satiety seeks to quench his thirst.

**Tranio** *Mi perdonato*, gentle master mine,  
I am in all affected as yourself,  
Glad that you thus continue your resolve  
To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy.  
Only, good master, while we do admire  
This virtue and this moral discipline,  
Let's be no stoics nor no stocks, I pray,  
Or so devote to Aristotle's checks  
As Ovid be an outcast quite abjur'd.  
Chop logic with acquaintance that you have  
And practise rhetoric in your common talk.

Music and poesy use to quicken you.  
 The mathematics and the metaphysics,  
 Fall to them as you find your stomach serves you.  
 No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en.  
 In brief, sir, study what you most affect.

**Lucentio** Gramercies, Tranio, well dost thou advise.  
 If, Biondello, thou wert come ashore,

*Boy Player leaves Sly's side and exits*

We could at once put us in readiness,  
 And take a lodging fit to entertain  
 Such friends as time in Padua shall beget.

*Off, an argument heard*

**Lucentio** But stay a while, what company is this?

*Enter Katherina and Bianca, followed by Baptista, Gremio and Hortensio*

**Baptista** Gentlemen, importune me no farther,  
 For how I firmly am resolv'd you know.  
 That is, not to bestow my youngest daughter  
 Before I have a husband for the elder.  
 If either of you both love Katherina,  
 Because I know you well and love you well,  
 Leave shall you have to court her at your pleasure.

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

**Katherina** I pray you, sir, is it your will  
 To make a stale of me amongst these mates?

**Hortensio** Mates, maid, how mean you that? No mates for you  
 Unless you were of gentler, milder mould.

**Katherina** I'faith, sir, you shall never need to fear.  
 For marriage is not half way to her heart.  
 But if it were, doubt not her care should be  
 To comb your noddle with a three-legg'd stool  
 And paint your face and use you like a fool.

**Hortensio** From all such devils, good Lord deliver us!

**Gremio** And me too, good Lord!

**Tranio** Hush, master! Here's some good pastime toward.  
 That wench is stark mad or wonderful froward.

**Lucentio** But in the other's silence do I see

Maid's mild behaviour and sobriety.  
Peace, Tranio!

**Baptista** Gentlemen, that I may soon make good  
What I have said, Bianca, get you in.  
Our house must shield thee from thy sister's fame.  
Till she be wed thou shalt not out of doors.  
And let it not displease thee, good Bianca,  
For I will love thee ne'er the less, my girl.

**Katherina** A pretty pet! She were best  
Put finger in the eye, and make her cry.

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

**Lucentio** Hark, Tranio, thou may'st hear Minerva speak.

**Hortensio** Signor Baptista, will you be so strange?  
Sorry am I that our good will effects  
Bianca's grief.

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

**Baptista** Gentlemen, content ye. I am resolv'd.  
Go in, Bianca.

*Exit Bianca*

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

*Exit*

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

*Exit*

**Gremio** You may go to the devil's dam. Your gifts are so good,

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

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

**Gremio** What's that, I pray?

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

**Gremio** A husband? A devil!

**Hortensio** I say, a husband.

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

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

**Gremio** I cannot tell, but I had as lief take her dowry with this condition, to be whipp'd at the high cross every morning.

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

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

*Exeunt Gremio and Hortensio severally*

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

**Lucentio** O Tranio, till I found it to be true

I never thought it possible or likely,  
 But now in plainness do confess to thee -  
 That art to me as secret and as dear  
 As Anna to the queen of Carthage was -  
 Tranio, I burn, I pine, I perish, Tranio,  
 If I achieve not this young modest girl.  
 Counsel me, Tranio, for I know thou canst.  
 Assist me, Tranio, for I know thou wilt.

**Tranio** Master, you look'd so longly on the maid,  
 Perhaps you mark'd not what's the pith of all.

**Lucentio** O yes, I saw sweet beauty in her face,  
 Such as the daughter of Agenor had  
 That made great Jove to humble him to her hand  
 When with his knees he kiss'd the Cretan strand.

**Tranio** Saw you no more? Mark'd you not how her sister  
 Began to scold and raise up such a storm  
 That mortal ears might hard endure the din?

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

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

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

**Tranio** Ay, marry, am I, sir - and now 'tis plotted.

**Lucentio** I have it, Tranio.

**Tranio** Master, by this hand,  
 Both our inventions meet and jump in one.

**Lucentio** Tell me thine first.

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



**Lucentio** It is. May it be done?

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

**Lucentio** *Basta*, content thee, for I have it full.  
We have not yet been seen in any house,  
Nor can we be distinguish'd by our faces  
For man or master. Then it follows thus:  
Thou shalt be master, Tranio, in my stead,  
Keep house and port and servants as I should.  
I will some other be, some Florentine,  
Some Neapolitan, or meaner man of Pisa.  
'Tis hatch'd and shall be so. Tranio, at once  
Uncase thee, take my colour'd hat and cloak.  
When Biondello comes he waits on thee,  
But I will charm him first to keep his tongue.

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

**Lucentio** Tranio, be so, because Lucentio loves.  
And let me be a slave, to achieve that maid  
Whose sudden sight hath thrall'd my wounded eye.  
Here comes the rogue.

*Enter Biondello*

Sirrah, where have you been?

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

**Lucentio** Sirrah, come hither. 'Tis no time to jest,  
And therefore frame your manners to the time.  
Your fellow Tranio here, to save my life,  
Puts my apparel and my countenance on  
And I for my escape have put on his.  
For in a quarrel since I came ashore  
I kill'd a man and fear I was descried.

Wait you on him, I charge you, as becomes,  
While I make way from hence to save my life.  
You understand me?

**Biondello** I, sir? Ne'er a whit.

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

**Biondello** The better for him. Would I were so too.

**Tranio** And, sirrah, not for my sake, but your master's I advise you  
use your manners discreetly in all kind of companies. When  
I am alone, why then I am Tranio, but in all places else your  
master Lucentio.

**Lucentio** Tranio, let's go.  
One thing more rests: thou must make one thyself  
Amongst these wooers. If thou ask me why  
Sufficeth my reasons are both good and weighty.

*Exeunt Lucentio and Tranio*

**Lord** My lord, you nod, you do not mind the play.

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

**Biondello** *[In 'Lady's' voice]* My lord, 'tis but begun.

*Exit after Lucentio and Tranio*

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

## **Scene 2** (Act1 Sc2)

Padua. Before Hortensio's house  
*Enter Petruchio and his man Grumio*

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

**Grumio** Knock, sir? Whom should I knock? Is there man has rebus'd  
your worship?

**Petruchio** Villain, I say, knock me here soundly.

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

- Petruchio** Villain, I say, knock me at this gate,  
And rap me well, or I'll knock your knave's pate.
- Grumio** My master is grown quarrelsome. I should knock you first,  
And then I know after who comes by the worst.
- Petruchio** Will it not be?  
Faith, sirrah, an you'll not knock, I'll ring it.  
I'll try how you can solfa and sing it.  
*He wrings him by the ears*
- Grumio** Help, masters, help! My master is mad.
- Petruchio** Now, knock when I bid you, sirrah villain!  
*Enter Hortensio*
- Hortensio** How now, what's the matter? My old friend Grumio, and  
my good friend Petruchio? How do you all at Padua?
- Petruchio** Signor Hortensio, come you to part the fray?  
*Con tutto il cuore, ben trovato*, may I say.
- Hortensio** *Alla nostra casa ben venuto,*  
*Molto honorato signor mio Petruchio.*  
Rise, Grumio, rise. We will resolve this quarrel.
- Grumio** Nay, 'tis no matter, sir, what he 'leges in Latin. If this be not  
a lawful case for me to leave his service - look you, sir, he  
bid me knock him and rap him soundly, sir. Well, was it fit  
for a servant to use his master so?
- Petruchio** A senseless villain! Good Hortensio,  
I bade the rascal knock upon your gate  
And could not get him for my heart to do it.
- Grumio** Knock at the gate? O heavens! Spake you not these words  
plain, 'Sirrah, knock me here, rap me here, knock me well,  
and knock me soundly'? And come you now with,  
'knocking at the gate'?
- Petruchio** Sirrah, be gone, or talk not, I advise you.
- Hortensio** Petruchio, patience, I am Grumio's pledge.  
Why, this a heavy chance 'twixt him and you,  
Your ancient, trusty, pleasant servant Grumio.  
And tell me now, sweet friend, what happy gale  
Blows you to Padua here from old Verona?
- Petruchio** Such wind as scatters young men through the world,  
To seek their fortunes farther than at home  
Where small experience grows. But in a few,

Signor Hortensio, thus it stands with me.  
 Antonio, my father, is deceas'd  
 And I have thrust myself into this maze,  
 Haply to wive and thrive as best I may.  
 Crowns in my purse I have and goods at home,  
 And so am come abroad to see the world.

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

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

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

**Hortensio** Petruchio, since we are stepp'd thus far in  
 I will continue that I broach'd in jest.  
 I can, Petruchio, help thee to a wife  
 With wealth enough and young and beauteous,  
 Brought up as best becomes a gentlewoman.  
 Her only fault, and that is faults enough,  
 Is that she is intolerable curst  
 And shrewd and froward - so beyond all measure  
 That were my state far worsen than it is  
 I would not wed her for a mine of gold.

**Petruchio** Hortensio, peace, thou know'st not gold's effect.  
 Tell me her father's name and 'tis enough.  
 For I will board her though she chide as loud

As thunder when the clouds in autumn crack.

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

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

**Grumio** I pray you, sir, let him go while the humour lasts. She may  
perhaps call him half a score knaves or so - why, that's  
nothing. He will throw a figure in her face and so disfigure  
her with it that she shall have no more eyes to see withal  
than a cat. You know him not, sir.

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

**Grumio** 'Katherine the curst'?  
A title for a maid of all titles the worst.

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

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

*Enter Gremio, with Lucentio disguised as a schoolmaster*

- Master, master, look about you. Who goes there, ha?
- Hortensio** Peace, Grumio! It is the rival of my love.  
Petruchio, stand by a while.
- Grumio** A proper stripling and an amorous!
- Gremio** O, very well. I have perus'd the note.  
Hark you, sir, I'll have them very fairly bound -  
All books of love, see that at any hand -  
And see you read no other lectures to her,  
You understand me? Over and beside  
Signor Baptista's liberality,  
I'll mend it with a largess. Take your paper too.  
And let me have them very well perfum'd  
For she is sweeter than perfume itself  
To whom they go to. What will you read to her?
- Lucentio** Whate'er I read to her, I'll plead for you  
As for my patron, stand you so assur'd,  
As firmly as yourself were in my place -  
Yea, and perhaps with more successful words  
Than you, unless you were a scholar, sir.
- Gremio** O this learning, what a thing it is!
- Grumio** O this woodcock, what an ass it is!
- Petruchio** Peace, sirrah!
- Hortensio** Grumio, mum! God save you, Signor Gremio.
- Gremio** And you are well met, Signor Hortensio.  
Trow you whither I am going? To Baptista Minola.  
I promis'd to enquire carefully  
About a schoolmaster for the fair Bianca  
And by good fortune I have lighted well  
On this young man, for learning and behaviour  
Fit for her turn, well read in poetry  
And other books - good ones, I warrant ye.
- Hortensio** 'Tis well. And I have met a gentleman  
Hath promis'd me to help me to another,  
A fine musician to instruct our mistress,  
So shall I no whit be behind in duty  
To fair Bianca, so belov'd of me.
- Gremio** Belov'd of me, and that my deeds shall prove.
- Grumio** And that his bags shall prove.



- Hortensio** Gremio, 'tis now no time to vent our love.  
Listen to me, and if you speak me fair  
I'll tell you news indifferent good for either.  
Here is a gentleman, whom by chance I met,  
Upon agreement from us to his liking  
Will undertake to woo curst Katherine,  
Yea, and marry her, if her dowry please.
- Gremio** So said, so done, is well.  
Hortensio, have you told him all her faults?
- Petruchio** I know she is an irksome brawling scold.  
If that be all, masters, I hear no harm.
- Gremio** No? Say'st me so, friend? What countryman?
- Petruchio** Born in Verona, old Antonio's son.  
My father dead, my fortune lives for me  
And I do hope good days and long to see.
- Gremio** O sir, such a life, with such a wife, were strange!  
But if you have a stomach, to't a God's name.  
You shall have me assisting you in all.  
But will you woo this wildcat?
- Petruchio** Will I live?
- Grumio** Will he woo her? Ay, or I'll hang her.
- Petruchio** Why came I hither but to that intent?  
Think you a little din can daunt mine ears?  
Have I not in my time heard lions roar?  
Have I not heard the sea puff'd up with winds  
Rage like an angry boar chafed with sweat?  
Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,  
And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies?  
Have I not in a pitched battle heard  
Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets' clang?  
And do you tell me of a woman's tongue,  
That gives not half so great a blow to hear  
As will a chestnut in a farmer's fire?  
Tush, tush, fear boys with bugs.
- Grumio** For he fears none.
- Gremio** Hortensio, hark.  
This gentleman is happily arriv'd,  
My mind presumes, for his own good and yours.
- Hortensio** I promis'd we both would be contributors

And bear his charge of wooing, whatsoe'er.

**Gremio** And so we will, provided that he win her.

**Grumio** I would I were as sure of a good dinner.

*Enter Tranio and Biondello*

**Tranio** Gentlemen, God save you. If I may be bold  
Tell me, I beseech you, which is the readiest way  
To the house of Signor Baptista Minola?

**Petruchio** He that has the two fair daughters - is't he you mean?

**Tranio** Even he, sir.

**Hortensio** You stand before his door.

**Gremio** Hark you, sir, your name? And what is't you do?

**Tranio** Lucentio, son to Vincentio of Pisa, new  
Arriv'd to woo Baptista's daughter.

**Petruchio** Not her that chides, sir, by any chance, I pray?

**Tranio** I love no chiders, sir. Biondello, let's away.

**Lucentio** Well begun, Tranio.

**Hortensio** Sir, a word ere you go.  
Are you a suitor to the fair Bianca, yea or no?

**Tranio** And if I be, sir, is it any offence?

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

**Tranio** Why, sir, I pray, are not the streets as free  
For me as for you?

**Gremio** But so is not she.

**Tranio** For what reason, I beseech you?

**Gremio** For this reason, if you'll know,  
That she's the choice love of Signor Gremio.

**Hortensio** That she's the chosen of Signor Hortensio.

**Tranio** Softly, my masters! If you be gentlemen,  
Do me this right, hear me with patience.  
Baptista is a noble gentleman  
To whom my father is not all unknown,  
And were his daughter fairer than she is  
She may more suitors have and me for one.  
Fair Leda's daughter had a thousand wooers.  
Then well one more may fair Bianca have.

- And so she shall. Lucentio shall make one,  
Though Paris came in hope to speed alone.
- Gremio** What, this gentleman will out-talk us all!
- Lucentio** Sir, give him head, I know he'll prove a jade.
- Petruchio** Hortensio, to what end are all these words?
- Hortensio** Sir, let me be so bold as ask you,  
Did you yet ever see Baptista's daughter?
- Tranio** No, sir, but hear I do that he hath two,  
The one as famous for a scolding tongue  
As is the other for beauteous modesty.
- Petruchio** Sir, sir, the first's for me, let her go by.
- Gremio** Yea, leave that labour to great Hercules.
- Petruchio** Sir, understand you this of me in sooth.  
The youngest daughter whom you hearken for  
Her father keeps from all access of suitors  
And will not promise her to any man  
Until the elder sister first be wed.  
The younger then is free and not before.
- Tranio** If it be so, sir, that you are the man  
Must stead us all and me amongst the rest,  
And if you break the ice and do this feat -  
Achieve the elder, set the younger free  
For our access - whose hap shall be to have her  
Will not so graceless be to be ingrate.
- Hortensio** Sir, you say well and well you do conceive.  
And since you do profess to be a suitor,  
You must, as we do, gratify this gentleman,  
To whom we all rest generally beholding.
- Tranio** Sir, I shall not be slack. In sign whereof,  
Please ye we may contrive this afternoon  
And quaff carouses to our mistress' health,  
And do as adversaries do in law,  
Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.
- Grumio** O excellent motion! Fellows, let's be gone.
- Hortensio** The motion's good indeed and be it so.  
Petruchio, I shall be your *ben venuto*.

*Exeunt*

**Scene 3** (Act2 Sc1)

Padua. A room in Baptista's house

*Enter Katherina and Bianca*

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

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

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

**Katherina** Minion, thou liest. Is't not Hortensio?

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

**Katherina** O then, belike, you fancy riches more.  
 You will have Gremio to keep you fair.

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

**Katherina** *[Striking her]* If that be jest, then all the rest was so.

*Enter Baptista*

**Baptista** Why, how now, dame! Whence grows this insolence?  
 Bianca, stand aside. Poor girl, she weeps.  
 Go ply thy needle, meddle not with her.  
 For shame, thou hilding of a devilish spirit,  
 Why dost thou wrong her that did ne'er wrong thee?  
 When did she cross thee with a bitter word?

**Katherina** Her silence flouts me, and I'll be reveng'd.

**Baptista** What, in my sight? Bianca, get thee in.

*Exit Bianca*

**Katherina** What, will you not suffer me? Nay, now I see  
 She is your treasure, she must have a husband.  
 I must dance barefoot on her wedding day

And for your love to her lead apes in hell.  
Talk not to me. I will go sit and weep  
Till I can find occasion of revenge.

*Exit*

**Baptista** Was ever gentleman thus griev'd as I?

*Enter Gremio, Lucentio as Cambio, Petruchio with Hortensio  
as Licio, and Tranio with Biondello bearing a lute and books*

**Gremio** Good morrow, neighbour Baptista.

**Baptista** Good morrow, neighbour Gremio.  
God save you, gentlemen!

**Petruchio** And you, good sir! Pray, have you not a daughter  
Call'd Katherina, fair and virtuous?

**Baptista** I have a daughter, sir, called Katherina.

**Gremio** You are too blunt. Go to it orderly.

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

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

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

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

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

- Baptista** I know him well. You are welcome for his sake.
- Gremio** Saving your tale, Petruchio, I pray,  
Let us, that are poor petitioners, speak too.  
Baccare, you are marvellous forward!
- Petruchio** O, pardon me, Signor Gremio - I would fain be doing.
- Gremio** I doubt it not, sir. But you will curse your wooing.  
Neighbour, this is a gift very grateful, I am sure of it. To  
express the like kindness, myself,  
that have been more kindly beholding to you than any,  
freely give unto you this young scholar that hath been long  
studying at Rheims. As cunning in Greek, Latin and other  
languages, as the other in music and mathematics. His  
name is Cambio. Pray accept his service.
- Baptista** A thousand thanks, Signor Gremio. Welcome, good  
Cambio. *[To Tranio]* But, gentle sir, methinks you walk like  
a stranger. May I be so bold to know the cause of your  
coming?
- Tranio** Pardon me, sir, the boldness is mine own  
That, being a stranger in this city here,  
Do make myself a suitor to your daughter,  
Unto Bianca, fair and virtuous.  
Nor is your firm resolve unknown to me  
In the preferment of the eldest sister.  
This liberty is all that I request  
That, upon knowledge of my parentage,  
I may have welcome 'mongst the rest that woo  
And free access and favour as the rest.  
And, toward the education of your daughters,  
I here bestow a simple instrument  
And this small packet of Greek and Latin books.  
If you accept them, then their worth is great.
- Baptista** Lucentio is your name. Of whence, I pray?
- Tranio** Of Pisa, sir; son to Vincentio.
- Baptista** A mighty man of Pisa. By report  
I know him well. You are very welcome, sir.  
Take you the lute, and you the set of books.  
You shall go see your pupils presently.  
Holla, within!
- Enter a Servant*
- Sirrah, lead these gentlemen



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

*Exit Servant with Lucentio and Hortensio*

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

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

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

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

**Baptista** Ay, when the special thing is well obtain'd,  
That is, her love. For that is all in all.

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

**Baptista** Well mayst thou woo, and happy be thy speed!  
But be thou arm'd for some unhappy words.

**Petruchio** Ay, to the proof, as mountains are for winds,  
That shake not, though they blow perpetually.

*Re-enter Hortensio, with his head broke*

**Baptista** How now, my friend! Why dost thou look so pale?

**Hortensio** For fear, I promise you, if I look pale.

**Baptista** What, will my daughter prove a good musician?

- Hortensio** I think she'll sooner prove a soldier!  
Iron may hold with her, but never lutes.
- Baptista** Why then, thou canst not break her to the lute?
- Hortensio** Why no, for she hath broke the lute to me.  
I did but tell her she mistook her frets  
And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering,  
When, with a most impatient devilish spirit,  
'Frets, call you these?' quoth she, 'I'll fume with them!'  
And with that word she struck me on the head  
And through the instrument my pate made way,  
And there I stood amazed for a while,  
As on a pillory, looking through the lute,  
While she did call me rascal fiddler  
And twangling Jack, with twenty such vile terms,  
As had she studied to misuse me so.
- Petruchio** Now, by the world, it is a lusty wench!  
I love her ten times more than e'er I did.  
O how I long to have some chat with her!
- Baptista** Well, go with me and be not so discomfited.  
Proceed in practice with my younger daughter.  
She's apt to learn and thankful for good turns.  
Signor Petruchio, will you go with us  
Or shall I send my daughter Kate to you?
- Petruchio** I pray you do. I will attend her here,

*Exeunt all but Petruchio*

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

*Enter Katherine*

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

- Katherina** Well have you heard, but something hard of hearing.  
They call me Katherine that do talk of me.
- Petruchio** You lie, in faith. For you are call'd plain Kate,  
And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst.  
But Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom,  
Kate of Kate Hall, my super-dainty Kate -  
For dainties are all Kates - and therefore, Kate,  
Take this of me, Kate of my consolation,  
Hearing thy mildness prais'd in every town,  
Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded -  
Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs -  
Myself am mov'd to woo thee for my wife.
- Katherina** 'Mov'd' - in good time! Let him that mov'd you hither  
Remove you hence. I knew you at the first  
You were a movable.
- Petruchio** Why, what's a moveable?
- Katherina** A joint stool.
- Petruchio** Thou hast hit it. Come, sit on me.
- Katherina** Asses are made to bear, and so are you.
- Petruchio** Women are made to bear, and so are you.
- Katherina** No such jade as you, if me you mean.
- Petruchio** Alas, good Kate, I will not burden thee,  
For knowing thee to be but young and light -
- Katherina** Too light for such a swain as you to catch,  
And yet as heavy as my weight should be.
- Petruchio** 'Should be'! Should - buzz!
- Katherina** Well ta'en, though like a buzzard.
- Petruchio** O slow-wing'd turtle, shall a buzzard take thee?
- Katherina** Ay, for a turtle, as he takes a buzzard.
- Petruchio** Come, come, you wasp! I' faith, you are too angry.
- Katherina** If I be waspish, best beware my sting.
- Petruchio** My remedy is then to pluck it out.
- Katherina** Ay, if the fool could find it where it lies
- Petruchio** Who knows not where a wasp does wear his sting?  
In his tail.

**Katherina** In his tongue.

**Petruchio** Whose tongue?

**Katherina** Yours, if you talk of tails, and so farewell.

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

**Katherina** That I'll try.

*She strikes him*

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

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

**Petruchio** A herald, Kate? O, put me in thy books.

**Katherina** What is your crest - a coxcomb?

**Petruchio** A combless cock, so Kate will be my hen.

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

**Petruchio** Nay, come, Kate, come, you must not look so sour.

**Katherina** It is my fashion when I see a crab.

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

**Katherina** There is, there is.

**Petruchio** Then show it me.

**Katherina** Had I a glass, I would.

**Petruchio** What, you mean my face?

**Katherina** Well aim'd of such a young one.

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

**Katherina** Yet you are wither'd.

**Petruchio** 'Tis with cares.

**Katherina** I care not.

**Petruchio** Nay, hear you, Kate - in sooth you 'scape not so.

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

**Petruchio** No, not a whit. I find you passing gentle.  
'Twas told me you were rough and coy and sullen  
And now I find report a very liar,  
For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous,  
But soft in speech, yet sweet as springtime flowers.

Thou canst not frown, thou canst not look askance,  
 Nor bite the lip as angry wenches will,  
 Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross in talk,  
 But thou with mildness entertain'st thy wooers,  
 With gentle conference, soft and affable.  
 Why does the world report that Kate doth limp?  
 O sland'rous world! Kate like the hazel-twig  
 Is straight and slender and as brown in hue  
 As hazel nuts and sweeter than the kernels.  
 O, let me see thee walk. Thou dost not halt.

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

**Petruchio** Did ever Dian so become a grove  
 As Kate this chamber with her princely gait?  
 O, be thou Dian, and let her be Kate,  
 And then let Kate be chaste and Dian sportful!

**Katherina** Where did you study all this goodly speech?

**Petruchio** It is extempore, from my mother-wit.

**Katherina** A witty mother! Witless else her son.

**Petruchio** Am I not wise?

**Katherina** Yes, keep you warm.

**Petruchio** Marry, so I mean, sweet Katherine, in thy bed.  
 And therefore, setting all this chat aside,  
 Thus in plain terms: your father hath consented  
 That you shall be my wife, your dowry 'greed on  
 And, will you, nill you, I will marry you.  
 Now, Kate, I am a husband for your turn  
 For, by this light whereby I see thy beauty -  
 Thy beauty that doth make me like thee well -  
 Thou must be married to no man but me,  
 For I am he am born to tame you, Kate,  
 And bring you from a wild Kate to a Kate  
 Conformable as other household Kates.  
 Here comes your father. Never make denial -  
 I must and will have Katherine to my wife.

*Enter Baptista, Gremio and Tranio*

**Baptista** Now, Signor Petruchio, how speed you with my daughter?

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

- Baptista** Why, how now, daughter Katherine, in your dumps?
- Katherina** Call you me 'daughter'? Now I promise you  
You have show'd a tender fatherly regard  
To wish me wed to one half lunatic,  
A mad-cup ruffian and a swearing Jack  
That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.
- Petruchio** Father, 'tis thus: yourself and all the world  
That talk'd of her have talk'd amiss of her.  
If she be curst, it is for policy,  
For she's not froward, but modest as the dove.  
She is not hot, but temperate as the morn.  
For patience she Griselda will outshine,  
And Rome's Lucretia for her chastity.  
And to conclude, we have 'greed so well together  
That upon Sunday is the wedding day.
- Katherina** I'll see thee hang'd on Sunday first.
- Gremio** Hark, Petruchio, she says she'll see thee hang'd first.
- Tranio** Is this your speeding? Nay, then, good night our part.
- Petruchio** Be patient, gentlemen. I choose her for myself.  
If she and I be pleas'd, what's that to you?  
'Tis bargain'd 'twixt us twain, being alone,  
That she shall still be curst in company.  
I tell you, 'tis incredible to believe  
How much she loves me - O the kindest Kate!  
She hung about my neck and kiss on kiss  
She vied so fast, protesting oath on oath,  
That in a twink she won me to her love.  
O you are novices! 'Tis a sight to see  
How tame, when men and women are alone,  
A meacock wretch can make the curstest shrew.  
Give me thy hand, Kate. I will unto Venice,  
To buy apparel 'gainst the wedding day.  
Provide the feast, father, and bid the guests.  
I will be sure my Katherine shall be fine.
- Baptista** I know not what to say, but give me your hands.  
God send you joy, Petruchio! 'Tis a match.
- Gremio & Tranio** Amen, say we. We will be witnesses.
- Petruchio** Father, and wife, and gentlemen, adieu.  
I will to Venice - Sunday comes apace.  
We will have rings and things and fine array,

And kiss me, Kate, we will be married a' Sunday.

*Exeunt Petruchio and Katherine severally*

- Gremio** Was ever match clapp'd up so suddenly?
- Baptista** Faith, gentlemen, now I play a merchant's part  
And venture madly on a desperate mart.
- Tranio** 'Twas a commodity lay fretting by you.  
'Twill bring you gain, or perish on the seas.
- Baptista** The gain I seek is quiet in the match.
- Gremio** No doubt but he hath got a quiet catch.  
But now, Baptista, to your younger daughter.  
Now is the day we long have looked for.  
I am your neighbour, and was suitor first.
- Tranio** And I am one that love Bianca more  
Than words can witness, or your thoughts can guess.
- Gremio** Youngling, thou canst not love so dear as I.
- Tranio** Greybeard, thy love doth freeze.
- Gremio** But thine doth fry.  
Skipper, stand back. 'Tis age that nourisheth.
- Tranio** But youth in ladies' eyes that flourisheth.
- Baptista** Content you, gentlemen. I will resolve this strife.  
'Tis deeds must win the prize, and he of all  
That can assure my daughter greatest dower  
Shall have Bianca's love. *[Calling off]* Curio! - I wonder why  
Hortensio be not by to show his hand,  
Or has he quit the field, outshone by son  
Of old Vincentio? Well, let him be.

*Enter a Scrivener with paper and pen*

Say, Signor Gremio, what can you assure her?

- Gremio** First, as you know, my house within the city  
Is richly furnished with plate and gold,  
Basins and ewers to lave her dainty hands.  
My hangings all of Tyrian tapestry.  
In ivory coffers I have stuff'd my crowns,  
In cypress chests my arras counterpoints,  
Costly apparel, tents, and canopies,  
Fine linen, Turkey cushions boss'd with pearl,  
Valance of Venice gold in needlework,

Pewter and brass and all things that belong  
 To house or housekeeping. Then, at my farm  
 I have a hundred milch-kine to the pail,  
 Six score fat oxen standing in my stalls  
 And all things answerable to this portion.  
 Myself am struck in years, I must confess,  
 And if I die tomorrow this is hers,  
 If whilst I live she will be only mine.

**Tranio** That 'only' came well in. Sir, list to me.  
 I am my father's heir and only son.  
 If I may have your daughter to my wife,  
 I'll leave her houses three or four as good,  
 Within rich Pisa walls, as any one  
 Old Signor Gremio has in Padua.  
 Besides two thousand ducats by the year  
 Of fruitful land, all which shall be her jointure.  
 What, have I pinch'd you, Signor Gremio?

**Gremio** *[Aside]* Two thousand ducats by the year of land?  
 My land amounts not to so much in all. -  
 That she shall have, besides an argosy  
 That now is lying in Marsellis' road.  
 What, have I chok'd you with an argosy?

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

**Gremio** Nay, I have offer'd all, I have no more,  
 And she can have no more than all I have.  
 If you like me, she shall have me and mine.

**Tranio** Why, then the maid is mine from all the world  
 By your firm promise. Gremio is outvied.

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

**Tranio** That's but a cavil. He is old, I young.

**Gremio** And may not young men die as well as old?

**Baptista** Well, gentlemen, I am thus resolv'd:  
 On Sunday next you know  
 My daughter Katherine is to be married.



Now, if Vincentio your father make me  
 This assurance, on the Sunday following  
 Shall Bianca be bride to you. If not,  
 To Signor Gremio.  
 And so I take my leave, and thank you both.

**Gremio** Adieu, good neighbour.

*Exit Baptista*

Now I fear thee not.  
 Sirrah young gamester, your father is no fool  
 To give thee all, and in his waning age  
 Set foot under thy table. Tut, a toy!  
 An old Italian fox is not so kind, my boy.

*Exit*

**Tranio** A vengeance on your crafty wither'd hide!  
 Yet this far I've fac'd it with an empty hand  
 I see no reason but suppos'd Lucentio  
 Must get a father, call'd 'suppos'd Vincentio'.  
 And that's a wonder - fathers commonly  
 Do get their children, but in this case of wooing  
 A child shall get a sire, if I fail not of my cunning.

*Exit*

## **Scene 4** (Act3 Sc1)

The same

*Enter Lucentio, Hortensio and Bianca*

**Lucentio** Fiddler, forbear. You grow too forward, sir.  
 Have you so soon forgot the entertainment  
 Her sister Katherine welcom'd you withal?

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

**Lucentio** Preposterous ass, that never read so far  
 To know the cause why music was ordain'd!  
 Was it not to refresh the mind of man  
 After his studies or his usual pain?  
 Then give me leave to read philosophy  
 And, while I pause, serve in your harmony.

- Hortensio** Sirrah, I will not bear these braves of thine!
- Bianca** Why, gentlemen, you do me double wrong  
To strive for that which resteth in my choice.  
I am no breeching scholar in the schools.  
I'll not be tied to hours nor 'pointed times,  
But learn my lessons as I please myself.  
And, to cut off all strife, here sit we down.  
Take you your instrument, play you the whiles.  
His lecture will be done ere you have tun'd.
- Hortensio** You'll leave his lecture when I am in tune?
- Lucentio** That will be never. Tune your instrument.
- Bianca** Where left we last?
- Lucentio** Here, madam:  
*Hic ibat Simois, hic est Sigeia tellus,  
Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis.*
- Bianca** Construe them.
- Lucentio** *Hic ibat*, as I told you before - *Simois*, I am Lucentio - *hic est*, son unto Vincentio of Pisa - *Sigeia tellus*, disguised thus to get your love - *Hic steterat*, and that Lucentio that comes a-wooing - *Priami*, is my man Tranio - *regia*, bearing my part to thy father - *celsa senis*, that we might outmatch Hortensio and the old pantaloon.
- Hortensio** Madam, my instrument's in tune.
- Bianca** Let's hear. O fie, the treble jars!
- Lucentio** Spit in the hole, man, and tune again.
- Bianca** Now let me see if I can construe it: *Hic ibat Simois*, I know you not - *hic est Sigeia tellus*, I trust you not - *Hic steterat Priami*, take heed he hear us not - *Regia*, presume not - *celsa senis*, despair not.
- Hortensio** Madam, 'tis now in tune.
- Lucentio** All but the base.
- Hortensio** [Aside] The base is right. 'Tis the base knave that jars.  
How fiery and forward our Pedant is!  
Now, for my life, the knave doth court my love.  
Pedascule, I'll watch you better yet.
- Bianca** In time I may believe, yet I mistrust.
- Lucentio** Mistrust it not - For, sure, Aeacides

Was Ajax, call'd so from his grandfather.

**Bianca** I must believe my master. Else, I promise you,  
I should be arguing still upon that doubt.  
But let it rest. Now, Licio, to you.  
Good master, take it not unkindly, pray,  
That I have been thus pleasant with you both.

**Hortensio** You may go walk and give me leave a while.  
My lessons make no music in three parts.

**Lucentio** Are you so formal, sir? Well, I must wait,  
[*Aside*] And watch withal, for but I be deceiv'd,  
Our fine musician groweth amorous.

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

**Bianca** Why, I am past my gamut long ago.

**Hortensio** Yet read the gamut of Hortensio.

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

*Enter a Servant*

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

**Bianca** Farewell, sweet masters both, I must be gone.

*Exeunt Bianca and Servant*

**Lucentio** Faith, mistress, then I have no cause to stay.

*Exit*

**Hortensio** But I have cause to pry into this Pedant.  
Methinks he looks as though he were in love.

Yet if thy thoughts, Bianca, be so humble  
 To cast thy wandering eyes on every stale,  
 Seize thee that list! If once I find thee ranging,  
 Hortensio will be quit with thee by changing.

*Exit*

## Scene 5 (Act3 Sc2)

Padua. Before the Church

*Baptista, Gremio, Katherine, Bianca and a Priest*

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

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

**Gremio** Patience, good Katherine, and Baptista, too.  
 Upon my life, Petruchio means but well,  
 Whatever fortune stays him from his word.  
 Though he be blunt, let us believe him wise.  
 Though he be merry, yet I hope he's honest.

**Katherine** Would Katherine had never seen him, though!

*Exit weeping*

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

*Enter Biondello*

- Biondello** Master, master, news! And such old news as you never heard of!
- Baptista** Is it new and old too? How may that be?
- Biondello** Why, is it not news to hear of Petruchio's coming?
- Baptista** Is he come?
- Biondello** Why, no, sir.
- Baptista** What then?
- Biondello** He is coming.
- Baptista** When will he be here?
- Biondello** When he stands where I am and sees you there.
- Gremio** But say, what to thine old news?
- Biondello** Why, Petruchio is coming in a new hat and an old jerkin, a pair of old breeches thrice turn'd, a pair of boots that have been candle-cases - one buckl'd, another lac'd - an old rusty sword ta'en out of the town armory with a broken hilt and chapeless, his horse hipp'd - with an old mothy saddle and stirrups of no kindred - besides, possess'd with the glanders and like to mose in the chine, troubl'd with the lampass, infected with the fashions, full of windgalls, sped with spavins, ray'd with the yellows, past cure of the fives, stark spoil'd with the staggers, begnawn with the bots, sway'd in the back and shoulder-shotten, near-legg'd before and with a half-cheek'd bit and a headstall of sheep's leather which being restrain'd to keep him from stumbling hath been often burst and now repair'd with knots, one girth six times piec'd, and a woman's crupper of velour which hath two letters for her name fairly set down in studs and here and there piec'd with packthread -
- Baptista** Who comes with him?
- Biondello** O, sir, his lackey, for all the world caparison'd like the horse, with a linen stock on one leg and a kersey boot-hose on the other, garter'd with a red and blue list, an old hat and 'the humour of forty fancies' prick'd in't for a feather. A monster, a very monster in apparel, and not like a Christian footboy or a gentleman's lackey.
- Gremio** 'Tis some odd humour pricks him to this fashion.

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

**Biondello** Why, sir, he comes not.

**Baptista** Didst thou not say he comes?

**Biondello** Who? That Petruchio came?

**Baptista** Ay, that Petruchio came.

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

**Baptista** Why, that's all one.

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

*Enter Petruchio and Grumio*

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

**Baptista** You are welcome, sir.

**Petruchio** And yet I come not well?

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

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

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

**Grumio** And tell us, what occasion of import  
Hath all so long detain'd you from your wife  
And sent you hither so unlike yourself?

**Petruchio** Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to hear.  
Sufficeth I am come to keep my word,  
Though in some part enforced to digress,  
Which, at more leisure, I will so excuse  
As you shall well be satisfied withal.  
But where is Kate? I stay too long from her.

The morning wears, 'tis time we were at church.

**Gremio** See not your bride in these unreverent robes.  
Come home with me, and put on clothes of mine.

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

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

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

*Exeunt Petruchio and Gremio*

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

**Baptista** Let's after him and see the event of this.

*Exeunt Baptista, Gremio, and Biondello*

## **Scene 6** (Act3 Sc2)

Outside Baptista's house  
*Enter Tranio and Lucentio*

**Lucentio** Tranio, her love obtain'd, it needs to add  
Assurance from my father of her dower –  
My father that in Pisa lies and nothing  
Knows of what befalls!

**Tranio** Sir, be not afear'd.  
As I before imparted to your worship,  
I am to get a man - whate'er he be  
It skills not much, we'll fit him to our turn -  
And he shall be thy father come from Pisa  
To make assurance he will endow thee  
With greater sums than I have promised.  
So shall you quietly enjoy your hope  
And marry sweet Bianca with consent.

**Lucentio** Were it not that my fellow schoolmaster  
Doth watch Bianca's steps so narrowly,

'Twere good, methinks, to steal our marriage -  
Which once perform'd, let all the world say no,  
I'll keep her mine, despite of all the world.

**Tranio** That by degrees we mean to look into  
And watch our vantage in this business.  
We'll overreach the greybeard, Gremio,  
The narrow-prying father, Minola,  
The quaint musician, amorous Licio,  
All for my master's sake, Lucentio.

*Enter Gremio*

Signor Gremio, came you from the church?

**Gremio** As willingly as e'er I came from school.

**Tranio** And is the bride and bridegroom coming home?

**Gremio** A bridegroom say you? 'Tis a groom indeed,  
A grumbling groom, and that the girl shall find.

**Tranio** Curster than she? Why, 'tis impossible.

**Gremio** Why he's a devil, a devil, a very fiend.

**Tranio** Why, she's a devil, a devil, the devil's dam!

**Gremio** Tut, she's a lamb, a dove, a fool to him!  
I'll tell you, Sir Lucentio, when the priest  
Should ask if Katherine should be his wife,  
'Ay, by gogs-wouns,' quoth he, and swore so loud,  
That, all amaz'd, the priest let fall the book,  
And as he stoop'd again to take it up,  
The mad brain'd bridegroom took him such a cuff  
That down fell priest and book and book and priest.  
'Now take them up,' quoth he, 'if any list.'

**Tranio** What said the wench when he rose again?

**Gremio** Trembl'd and shook, for why he stamp'd and swore  
As if the vicar meant to cozen him.  
But after many ceremonies done  
He calls for wine. 'A health!' quoth he - as if  
He had been aboard, carousing to his mates  
After a storm - quaff'd off the muscadel  
And threw the sops all in the sexton's face,  
Having no other reason  
But that his beard grew thin and hungerly.  
This done, he took the bride about the neck  
And kiss'd her lips with such a clamorous smack



That at the parting all the church did echo.  
 And I, seeing this, came thence for very shame.  
 And after me, I know, the rout is coming.  
 Such a mad marriage never was before.

*Music*

Hark, hark! I hear the minstrels play.

*Enter Petruchio, Katherina, Bianca, Baptista, Grumio, Biondello and the Priest*

**Petruchio**      Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for your pains.  
 I know you think to dine with me today  
 And have prepar'd great store of wedding cheer.  
 But so it is, my haste doth call me hence,  
 And therefore here I mean to take my leave.

**Baptista**      Is't possible you will away tonight?

**Petruchio**      I must away today, before night come.  
 Make it no wonder. If you knew my business  
 You would entreat me rather go than stay.  
 And, honest company, I thank you all  
 That have beheld me give away myself  
 To this most patient, sweet and virtuous wife.  
 Dine with my father, drink a health to me,  
 For I must hence, and farewell to you all.

**Tranio**        Let us entreat you stay till after dinner.

**Petruchio**      It may not be.

**Gremio**        Let me entreat you.

**Petruchio**      It cannot be.

**Katherina**      Let me entreat you.

**Petruchio**      I am content.

**Katherina**      Are you content to stay?

**Petruchio**      I am content you shall entreat me stay -  
 But yet not stay, entreat me how you can.

**Katherina**      Now, if you love me, stay.

**Petruchio**      Grumio, my horse.

**Grumio**        Ay, sir, they be ready. The oats have eaten the horses.

**Katherina**      Nay, then,  
 Do what thou canst, I will not go today,  
 No, nor tomorrow, sir. There lies your way.

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

**Petruchio** O Kate, content thee. Prithee, be not angry.

**Katherina** I will be angry. What hast thou to do?  
Father, be quiet. He shall stay my leisure.

**Gremio** Ay, marry, sir, now it begins to work.

**Katherina** Gentlemen, forward to the bridal dinner.  
I see a woman may be made a fool  
If she had not a spirit to resist.

**Petruchio** They shall go forward, Kate, at thy command.  
Obey the bride, you that attend on her.  
Go to the feast, revel and domineer,  
Carouse full measure to her maidenhead,  
Be mad and merry, or go hang yourselves.  
But for my bonny Kate, she must with me.  
Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret.  
I will be master of what is mine own.  
She is my goods, my chattels. She is my house,  
My household stuff, my field, my barn,  
My horse, my ox, my ass, my anything,  
And here she stands, touch her whoever dare,  
I'll bring mine action on the proudest he  
That stops my way in Padua. Grumio,  
Draw forth thy weapon, we are beset with thieves!  
Rescue thy mistress, if thou be a man.  
Fear not, sweet wench, they shall not touch thee, Kate.  
I'll buckler thee against a million!

*Exeunt Petruchio, Katherina, and Grumio*

**Baptista** Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet ones.

**Gremio** Went they not quickly, I should die with laughing.

**Tranio** Of all mad matches never was the like.

**Lucentio** Mistress, what's your opinion of your sister?

**Bianca** That, being mad herself, she's madly mated.

**Gremio** I warrant him, Petruchio is Kated.

**Baptista** Neighbours and friends, though bride and bridegroom wants  
For to supply the places at the table,  
You know there wants no junkets at the feast.  
Lucentio, you shall supply the bridegroom's place  
And let Bianca take her sister's room.

**Tranio**            Shall sweet Bianca practise how to bride it?

**Baptista**        She shall, Lucentio. Come, gentlemen, let's go.

*Exeunt*

## Part Two

### Scene 7 (Act 4 Sc1)

Petruchio's country house

*Enter Grumio*

**Grumio** Fie, fie on all tir'd jades, on all mad masters and all foul ways! Was ever man so beaten? Was ever man so ray'd? Was ever man so weary? I am sent before to make a fire, and they are coming after to warm them. Now, were not I a little pot and soon hot, my very lips might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the roof of my mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I should come by a fire to thaw me. But I, with blowing the fire, shall warm myself. For, considering the weather, a taller man than I will take cold. Holla, ho, Curtis!

**Curtis** Who is that calls so coldly?

**Grumio** A piece of ice. If thou doubt it, thou mayst slide from my shoulder to my heel with no greater a run but my head and my neck. A fire, good Curtis.

*Enter Curtis*

**Curtis** Grumio! Is my master and his wife coming, Grumio?

**Grumio** O, ay, Curtis, ay, and therefore fire, fire. Cast on no water.

**Curtis** Is she so hot a shrew as she's reported?

**Grumio** She was, good Curtis, before this frost. But, thou know'st winter tames man, woman and beast. But wilt thou make a fire, or shall I complain on thee to our mistress, whose hand, she being now at hand, thou shalt soon feel, to thy cold comfort, for being slow in thy hot office?

**Curtis** There's fire ready. And therefore, good Grumio, the news!

**Grumio** Why, as much news as would thaw, for I have caught extreme cold. Where's the cook? Is supper ready, the house trimm'd, rushes strew'd, cobwebs swept, the servingmen in their new fustian, their white stockings, and every officer his wedding garment on? Be the jacks fair within, the jills fair without, the carpets laid and every thing in order?

**Curtis** All ready, and therefore, I pray thee, news!

**Grumio** First, know, my horse is tir'd, my master and mistress fallen out.

- Curtis** How?
- Grumio** Out of their saddles into the dirt, and thereby hangs a tale.
- Curtis** Let's ha't, good Grumio.
- Grumio** Lend thine ear.
- Curtis** Here.
- Grumio** *[Striking him]* There.
- Curtis** This is to feel a tale, not to hear a tale.
- Grumio** And therefore 'tis called a sensible tale, and this cuff was but to knock at your ear, and beseech listening. Now I begin. *Imprimis*, we came down a foul hill, my master riding behind my mistress -
- Curtis** Both of one horse?
- Grumio** What's that to thee?
- Curtis** Why, a horse.
- Grumio** Tell thou the tale. But hadst thou not cross'd me, thou shouldst have heard how her horse fell and she under her horse, thou shouldst have heard in how miry a place, how she was bemoil'd, how he left her with the horse upon her, how he beat me because her horse stumbl'd, how she waded through the dirt to pluck him off me, how he swore, how she pray'd that never pray'd before, how I cried, how the horses ran away, how her bridle was burst, how I lost my crupper, with many things of worthy memory, which now shall die in oblivion and thou return unexperienc'd to thy grave.
- Curtis** By this reckoning he is more shrew than she.
- Grumio** Ay, and that thou and the proudest of you all shall find when he comes home. But what talk I of this? Call forth Nicholas, Nathaniel, Joseph, Philip, Walter, Sugarsop and the rest. Let their heads be sleekly comb'd, their blue coats brush'd and their garters of an indifferent knit. Let them curtsy with their left legs and not presume to touch a hair of my master's horse tail till they kiss their hands. Are they all ready?
- Curtis** They are.
- Grumio** Call them forth.
- Curtis** Do you hear, ho? You must meet my master to countenance my mistress.

**Grumio** Why, she hath a face of her own.

**Curtis** Who knows not that?

*Enter Nicholas*

Nicholas.

**Nicholas** Welcome home, Grumio!

**Grumio** Philip.

**Nicholas** How now, Grumio?

**Grumio** Joseph.

**Nicholas** What, Grumio?

**Grumio** Nathaniel.

**Nicholas** How now, old lad?

**Grumio** Welcome, all. Now, my spruce companions, is all ready,  
and all things neat?

**Nicholas** All things is ready. How near is our master?

**Grumio** E'en at hand, alighted by this, and therefore be not –

**Petruchio** *[Off]* Where?

**Grumio** Cock's passion, silence! I hear my master.

**Petruchio** *[Off]* Where be these knaves? What, no man at door  
To hold my stirrup nor to take my horse!  
Where is Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip?

**Nicholas** Here, sir, here, sir, here, sir!

*Enter Petruchio and Katherine*

**Petruchio** 'Here, sir, here, sir, here, sir, here, sir'!  
You logger-headed and unpolish'd grooms!  
What, no attendance? No regard? No duty?  
Where is the foolish knave I sent before?

**Grumio** Here, sir. As foolish as I was before.

**Petruchio** You peasant swain! You whoreson malthorse drudge!  
Did I not bid thee meet me in the park  
And bring along these rascal knaves with thee?

**Grumio** Nathaniel's coat, sir, was not fully made,  
And Gabriel's pumps were all unpink'd i' the heel.  
There was no link to colour Peter's hat  
And Walter's dagger was not come from sheathing.  
There were none fine but Adam, Ralph, and Gregory.  
The rest were ragged, old, and beggarly.

Yet, as they are, here are they come to meet you.

**Petruchio** Go, rascals, go, and fetch my supper in.

*Exeunt Nicholas Grumio and Curtis*

*[Singing] Where is the life that late I led?*

*Where are those – ?*

Sit down, Kate, and welcome.

Food, food, food, food!

*Re-enter Servants with supper*

Why, when, I say? Nay, good sweet Kate, be merry.

*[To Nicholas]* Off with my boots, you rogue! You villains, when?

*It was the friar of orders grey,*

*As he forth walked on his way –*

Out, you rogue! you pluck my foot awry.

*[Striking him]* Take that, and mend the plucking off the other.

Be merry, Kate. Some water, here! What, ho!

Where's my spaniel Troilus?

*Nicholas barks*

Sirrah! Get you hence,

And bid my cousin Ferdinand come hither.

*Exit Nicholas*

One, Kate, that you must kiss and be acquainted with.

Where are my slippers? Shall I have some water?

*Enter Grumio with water*

Come, Kate, and wash, and welcome heartily.

*[Striking him]* You whoreson villain! Will you let it fall?

**Katherina** Patience, I pray you. 'Twas a fault unwilling.

**Petruchio** A whoreson beetle-headed, flap-ear'd knave!  
Come, Kate, sit down, I know you have a stomach.  
Will you give thanks, sweet Kate, or else shall I?  
What's this? Mutton?

*Enter Nicholas*

**Nicholas** Here, sir.

**Petruchio** Who brought this?

**Nicholas** I, sir.

**Petruchio** 'Tis burnt, and so is all the meat.  
What dogs are these! Where is the rascal cook?  
How durst you, villains, bring it from the dresser  
And serve it thus to me that love it not?

There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all!

*Throws the meat etc. about the stage*

You heedless joltheads and unmanner'd slaves!  
What, do you grumble? I'll be with you straight.

**Katherina** I pray you, husband, be not so disquiet.  
The meat was well, if you were so contented.

**Petruchio** I tell thee, Kate, 'twas burnt and dried away.  
And I expressly am forbid to touch it  
For it engenders choler, planteth anger,  
And better 'twere that both of us did fast -  
Since, of ourselves, ourselves are choleric -  
Than feed it with such over-roasted flesh.  
Be patient. Tomorrow 't shall be mended  
And, for this night, we'll fast for company.  
Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber.

*Exeunt*

*Enter Nicholas and Grumio*

**Nicholas** Grumio, didst ever see the like?

**Grumio** He kills her in her own humour.

*Enter Curtis*

Where is he?

**Curtis** In her chamber, making a sermon of continency to her,  
And rails and swears and rates, that she, poor soul,  
Knows not which way to stand, to look, to speak,  
And sits as one new-risen from a dream.  
Away, away, for he is coming hither.

*Exeunt Servants*

*Enter Petruchio*

**Petruchio** Thus have I politicly begun my reign  
And 'tis my hope to end successfully.  
My falcon now is sharp and passing empty  
And till she stoop she must not be full-gorg'd,  
For then she never looks upon her lure.  
Another way I have to man my haggard,  
To make her come and know her keeper's call,  
That is, to watch her, as we watch these kites  
That bate and beat and will not be obedient.  
She eat no meat today, nor none shall eat.  
Last night she slept not, nor tonight she shall not.  
As with the meat, some undeserved fault  
I'll find about the making of the bed



And here I'll fling the pillow, there the bolster,  
 This way the coverlet, another way the sheets.  
 Ay, and amid this hurly I intend  
 That all is done in reverend care of her.  
 And in conclusion she shall watch all night,  
 And if she chance to nod I'll rail and brawl  
 And with the clamour keep her still awake.  
 This is a way to kill a wife with kindness  
 And thus I'll curb her mad and headstrong humour.  
 He that knows better how to tame a shrew,  
 Now let him speak - 'tis charity to show.

*Exit*

### **Scene 8** (Act 4 Sc 2)

Padua. Before Baptista's house

*Enter Tranio and Hortensio*

**Tranio** Is't possible, friend Licio, that Mistress Bianca  
 Doth fancy any other but Lucentio?  
 I tell you, sir, she bears me fair in hand.

**Hortensio** Sir, to satisfy you in what I have said,  
 Stand by and mark the manner of his teaching.

*Enter Bianca and Lucentio*

**Lucentio** Now, mistress, profit you in what you read?

**Bianca** What, master, read you? First resolve me that.

**Lucentio** I read that I profess, *The Art of Love*.

**Bianca** And may you prove, sir, master of your art!

**Lucentio** While you, sweet dear, prove mistress of my heart!

**Hortensio** Quick proceeders, marry! Now tell me, I pray,  
 You that durst swear that your mistress Bianca  
 Lov'd none in the world so well as Lucentio.

**Tranio** O spiteful love, unconstant womankind!  
 I tell thee, Licio, this is wonderful.

**Hortensio** Mistake no more, I am not Licio -  
 Nor a musician, as I seem to be -  
 But one that scorn to live in this disguise  
 For such a one as leaves a gentleman  
 And makes a god of such a cullion.

Know, sir, that I am call'd Hortensio.

**Tranio** Signor Hortensio, I have often heard  
Of your entire affection to Bianca,  
And since mine eyes are witness of her lightness  
I will with you, if you be so contented,  
Forswear Bianca and her love for ever.

**Hortensio** See, how they kiss and court! Signor Lucentio,  
Here is my hand, and here I firmly vow  
Never to woo her more, but do forswear her  
As one unworthy all the former favours  
That I have fondly flatter'd her withal.

**Tranio** And here I take the like unfeigned oath,  
Never to marry with her though she would entreat.  
Fie on her! See, how beastly she doth court him!

**Hortensio** Would all the world but he had quite forsworn!  
For me, that I may surely keep mine oath,  
I will be married to a wealthy widow,  
Ere three days pass, which hath as long lov'd me  
As I have lov'd this proud disdainful haggard.  
And so farewell, Signor Lucentio.  
Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks,  
Shall win my love. And so I take my leave,  
In resolution as I swore before.

*Exit*

**Tranio** Mistress Bianca, bless you with such grace  
As 'longeth to a lover's blessed case!  
Nay, I have ta'en you napping, gentle love,  
And have forsworn you with Hortensio.

**Bianca** Tranio, you jest. But have you both forsworn me?

**Tranio** Mistress, we have.

**Lucentio** Then we are rid of Licio.

**Tranio** I' faith, he'll have a lusty widow now,  
That shall be woo'd and wedded in a day.

**Bianca** God give him joy!

*Enter Biondello*

**Biondello** O master, master, I have watch'd so long  
That I am dog weary, but at last I spied  
An ancient angel coming down the hill  
Will serve the turn.

- Tranio** What is he, Biondello?
- Biondello** Master, a mercatante, or a pedant,  
I know not what. But formal in apparel,  
In gait and countenance surely like a father.
- Lucentio** And what of him, Tranio?
- Tranio** If he be credulous and trust my tale  
I'll make him glad to seem my father here  
And give assurance to Baptista Minola  
As if he were the true Vincentio.  
Take in your love, and then let me alone.
- Exeunt Lucentio and Bianca*  
*Enter a Merchant*
- Merchant** God save you, sir!
- Tranio** And you, sir! You are welcome.  
Travel you far on, or are you at the farthest?
- Merchant** Sir, at the farthest for a week or two,  
But then up farther, and as far as Rome.  
And so to Tripoli, if God lend me life.
- Tranio** What countryman, I pray?
- Merchant** Of Mantua.
- Tranio** Of Mantua, sir? Marry, God forbid!  
And come to Padua, careless of your life?
- Merchant** My life, sir? How, I pray? For that goes hard.
- Tranio** 'Tis death for any one in Mantua  
To come to Padua. Know you not the cause?  
Your ships are stay'd at Venice and the Duke -  
For private quarrel 'twixt your Duke and him -  
Hath publish'd and proclaim'd it openly.  
'Tis, marvel, but that you are but newly come,  
You might have heard it else proclaim'd about.
- Merchant** Alas, sir, it is worse for me than so,  
For I have bills for money by exchange  
From Florence and must here deliver them.
- Tranio** Well, sir, to do you courtesy,  
This will I do, and this I will advise you.  
First, tell me, have you ever been at Pisa?
- Merchant** Ay, sir, in Pisa have I often been,  
Pisa renowned for grave citizens.

- Tranio** Among them know you one Vincentio?
- Merchant** I know him not, but I have heard of him.  
A merchant of incomparable wealth.
- Tranio** He is my father, sir. And, sooth to say,  
In countenance somewhat doth resemble you.
- Biondello** *[Aside]* As much as an apple doth an oyster.
- Tranio** To save your life in this extremity,  
This favour will I do you for his sake,  
And think it not the worst of all your fortunes  
That you are like to Sir Vincentio.  
His name and credit shall you undertake  
And in my house you shall be friendly lodg'd.  
Look that you take upon you as you should.  
You understand me, sir. So shall you stay  
Till you have done your business in the city.  
If this be courtesy, sir, accept of it.
- Merchant** O sir, I do, and will repute you ever  
The patron of my life and liberty.
- Tranio** Then go with me to make the matter good.  
This, by the way, I let you understand:  
My father is here look'd for every day  
To pass assurance of a dower in marriage  
'Twixt me and one Baptista's daughter here.  
In all these circumstances I'll instruct you.  
Go with me to clothe you as becomes you.

*Exeunt*

## Scene 9 (Act4 Sc3)

A room in Petruchio's house.

*Enter Katherina and Grumio*

- Grumio** No, no, forsooth, I dare not for my life.
- Katherina** The more my wrong, the more his spite appears.  
What, did he marry me to famish me?  
Beggars that come unto my father's door  
Upon entreaty have a present alms.  
If not, elsewhere they meet with charity.  
But I, who never knew how to entreat,  
Nor never needed that I should entreat,

Am starv'd for meat, giddy for lack of sleep,  
 With oath kept waking and with brawling fed.  
 And that which spites me more than all these wants,  
 He does it under name of perfect love,  
 As who should say, if I should sleep or eat,  
 'Twere deadly sickness or else present death.  
 I prithee go and get me some repast.  
 I care not what, so it be wholesome food.

**Grumio** What say you to a neat's foot?

**Katherina** 'Tis passing good, I prithee let me have it.

**Grumio** I fear it is too choleric a meat.  
 How say you to a fat tripe finely broil'd?

**Katherina** I like it well. Good Grumio, fetch it me.

**Grumio** I cannot tell, I fear 'tis choleric.  
 What say you to a piece of beef and mustard?

**Katherina** A dish that I do love to feed upon.

**Grumio** Ay, but the mustard is too hot a little.

**Katherina** Why then, the beef, and let the mustard rest.

**Grumio** Nay then, I will not. You shall have the mustard  
 Or else you get no beef of Grumio.

**Katherina** Then both, or one, or any thing thou wilt.

**Grumio** Why then, the mustard without the beef.

**Katherina** *[Beating him]* Go, get thee gone, thou false deluding slave,  
 That feed'st me with the very name of meat.  
 Sorrow on thee and all the pack of you  
 That triumph thus upon my misery!  
 Go, get thee gone, I say.

*Enter Petruchio with meat*

**Petruchio** How fares my Kate? What, sweeting, all amort? What cheer?

**Katherina** Faith, as cold as can be.

**Petruchio** Pluck up thy spirits, look cheerfully upon me.  
 Here love, thou see'st how diligent I am  
 To dress thy meat myself and bring it thee.  
 I am sure, sweet Kate, this kindness merits thanks.  
 What, not a word? Nay, then thou lov'st it not  
 And all my pains is sorted to no proof.

Here, take away this dish.

**Katherina** I pray you, let it stand.

**Petruchio** The poorest service is repaid with thanks,  
And so shall mine, before you touch the meat.

**Katherina** I thank you, sir.

**Petruchio** I'll bear you company.  
Kate, eat apace. And now, my honey love,  
Will we return unto thy father's house  
And revel it as bravely as the best,  
With silken coats and caps and golden rings,  
With ruffs and cuffs and farthingales and things,  
With scarves and fans and double change of bravery,  
With amber bracelets, beads and all this knavery.  
What, hast thou din'd? The tailor stays thy leisure,  
To deck thy body with his ruffling treasure.  
Come, tailor, what's the news with you, sir?

*Enter Tailor*

Lay forth the gown.

**Tailor** Here is the cap your worship did bespeak.

**Petruchio** Why, this was moulded on a porringer!  
A velvet dish! Fie, fie, 'tis lewd and filthy.  
Why, 'tis a cockle or a walnut shell,  
A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap.  
Away with it! Come, let me have a bigger.

**Katherina** I'll have no bigger. This doth fit the time  
And gentlewomen wear such caps as these

**Petruchio** When you are gentle, you shall have one too,  
And not till then.

**Grumio** *[Aside]* That will not be in haste.

**Katherina** Why, sir, I trust I may have leave to speak,  
And speak I will. I am no child, no babe.  
Your betters have endur'd me say my mind,  
And if you cannot, best you stop your ears.  
My tongue will tell the anger of my heart  
Or else my heart concealing it will break,  
And rather than it shall, I will be free  
Even to the uttermost, as I please, in words.

**Petruchio** Why, thou say'st true. It is a paltry cap,  
A custard coffin, a bauble, a silken pie.

- I love thee well in that thou lik'st it not.
- Katherina** Love me or love me not, I like the cap,  
And it I will have, or I will have none.
- Petruchio** Thy gown? Why, ay. Come, tailor, let us see't.  
O mercy, God! What masquing stuff is here?  
What's this? A sleeve? 'Tis like a demi-cannon.  
What, up and down, carv'd like an apple tart?  
Here's snip and nip and cut and slish and slash,  
Like to a censer in a barber's shop.  
Why, what i' devil's name, tailor, call'st thou this?
- Tailor** You bid me make it orderly and well,  
According to the fashion and the time.
- Petruchio** Marry, and did. But if you be remember'd,  
I did not bid you mar it to the time.  
Go, hop me over every kennel home,  
For you shall hop without my custom, sir.  
I'll none of it. Hence, make your best of it!
- Katherina** I never saw a better-fashion'd gown,  
More quaint, more pleasing, nor more commendable.  
Belike you mean to make a puppet of me.
- Petruchio** Why, true, he means to make a puppet of thee.
- Tailor** She says your worship means to make a puppet of her.
- Petruchio** O monstrous arrogance! Thou liest, thou thread, thou  
thimble,  
Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter, nail!  
Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter cricket thou!  
Brav'd in mine own house with a skein of thread?  
Away, thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant -  
Or I shall so bemetee thee with thy yard  
As thou shalt think 'fore prating if thou'dst live!  
I tell thee, I, that thou hast marr'd her gown.
- Tailor** Your worship is deceiv'd. The gown is made  
Just as my master had direction.  
Grumio gave order how it should be done.
- Grumio** I gave him no order. I gave him the stuff.
- Tailor** But how did you desire it should be made?
- Grumio** Marry, sir, with needle and thread.
- Tailor** But did you not request to have it cut?

- Grumio** Thou hast fac'd many things.
- Tailor** I have.
- Grumio** Face not me. Thou hast brav'd many men, brave not me. I will neither be fac'd nor brav'd. I say unto thee, I bid thy master cut out the gown but I did not bid him cut it to pieces. Ergo, thou liest.
- Tailor** Why, here is the note of the fashion to testify.
- Petruchio** Read it.
- Grumio** The note lies in's throat, if he say I said so.
- Tailor** *[Reads]* 'Imprimis, a loose-bodied gown.'
- Grumio** Master, if ever I said loose-bodied gown, sew me in the skirts of it and beat me to death with a bottom of brown thread. I said a gown.
- Petruchio** Proceed.
- Tailor** 'With a small compass'd cape.'
- Grumio** I confess the cape.
- Tailor** 'With a trunk sleeve.'
- Grumio** I confess two sleeves.
- Tailor** 'The sleeves curiously cut.'
- Petruchio** Ay, there's the villainy.
- Grumio** Error i' the bill, sir, error i' the bill! I commanded the sleeves should be cut out and sew'd up again, and that I'll prove upon thee, though thy little finger be arm'd in a thimble.
- Tailor** This is true that I say. An I had thee in place where, thou shouldst know it.
- Grumio** I am for thee straight. Take thou the bill, give me thy mete yard and spare not me.
- Petruchio** Well, sir, in brief the gown is not for me.
- Grumio** You are i' the right, sir, 'tis for my mistress.
- Petruchio** Go, take it up unto thy master's use.
- Grumio** Villain, not for thy life! Take up my mistress' gown for thy master's use!
- Petruchio** Why, sir, what's your conceit in that?
- Grumio** O, sir, the conceit is deeper than you think for. Take up my



mistress' gown to his master's use? O, fie, fie, fie!

**Petruchio** *[Giving the Tailor money]* Go take it hence. Be gone, and say no more.

*Exit Tailor*

Well, come, my Kate. We will unto your father's  
Even in these honest mean habiliments.  
Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor,  
For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich  
And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds  
So honour peereth in the meanest habit.  
What, is the jay more precious than the lark  
Because his feathers are more beautiful?  
Or is the adder better than the eel  
Because his painted skin contents the eye?  
O no, good Kate. Neither art thou the worse  
For this poor furniture and mean array.  
If thou account'st it shame, lay it on me,  
And therefore frolic. We will hence forthwith  
To feast and sport us at thy father's house.  
Go, call my men and let us straight to him,  
And bring our horses unto Long Lane end.  
There will we mount, and thither walk on foot.  
Let's see, I think 'tis now some seven o'clock  
And well we may come there by dinner time.

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

**Petruchio** It shall be seven ere I go to horse.  
Look, what I speak, or do, or think to do,  
You are still crossing it. Sirs, let't alone.  
I will not go today, and ere I do,  
It shall be what o'clock I say it is.

*Exeunt*

## Scene 10 (Act4 Sc4)

Padua. Before Baptista's house

*Enter Tranio, and the Merchant dressed like Vincentio*

**Tranio** Sir, this is the house. Please it you that I call?

**Merchant** Ay, what else? And but I be deceiv'd  
Signor Baptista may remember me

Near twenty years ago, in Genoa  
Where we were lodgers at the Pegasus.

**Tranio** 'Tis well, and hold your own, in any case,  
With such austerity as 'longeth to a father.

**Merchant** I warrant you.

*Enter Biondello*

But, sir, here comes your boy.  
'Twere good he were school'd.

**Tranio** Fear you not him. Sirrah Biondello,  
Now do your duty thoroughly, I advise you.  
Imagine this the true Vincentio.

**Biondello** Tut, fear not me.

**Tranio** But hast thou done thy errand to Baptista?

**Biondello** I told him that your father was at Venice,  
But that you look'd for him this day in Padua.

**Tranio** Thou'rt a tall fellow. Hold thee that to drink.  
Here comes Baptista. Set your countenance, sir.

*Enter Baptista and Lucentio*

Signor Baptista, you are happily met.  
Sir, this is the gentleman I told you of.  
I pray you stand good father to me now,  
Give me Bianca for my patrimony.

**Merchant** Soft, son.  
Sir, by your leave, having come to Padua  
To gather in some debts, my son Lucentio  
Made me acquainted with a weighty cause  
Of love between your daughter and himself.  
And, for the good report I hear of you  
And for the love he beareth to your daughter  
And she to him, to stay him not too long,  
I am content, in a good father's care,  
To have him match'd. And if you please to like  
No worse than I, upon some agreement  
Me shall you find ready and willing  
With one consent to have her so bestow'd.  
For curious I cannot be with you,  
Signor Baptista, of whom I hear so well.

**Baptista** Sir, pardon me in what I have to say.  
Your plainness and your shortness please me well.

Right true it is your son Lucentio here  
 Doth love my daughter and she loveth him -  
 Or both dissemble deeply their affections -  
 And therefore, if you say no more than this,  
 That like a father you will deal with him  
 And pass my daughter a sufficient dower,  
 The match is made, and all is done.  
 Your son shall have my daughter with consent.

**Tranio** I thank you, sir. Where then do you know best  
 We be affied and such assurance ta'en  
 As shall with either part's agreement stand?

**Baptista** Not in my house, Lucentio. For, you know,  
 Pitchers have ears, and I have many servants.  
 Besides, old Gremio is heark'ning still  
 And haply we might be interrupted.

**Tranio** Then at my lodging, an it like you.  
 There doth my father lie, and there this night  
 We'll pass the business privately and well.  
 Send for your daughter by your servant here.  
 My boy shall fetch the scrivener presently.  
 The worst is this, that at so slender warning  
 You are like to have but thin and slender cheer.

**Baptista** It likes me well. Cambio, hie you home  
 And bid Bianca make her ready straight.  
 And, if you will, tell her what hath happen'd.  
 Lucentio's father is arriv'd in Padua,  
 And how she's like to be Lucentio's wife.

*Exit Lucentio*

**Biondello** I pray the gods she may with all my heart!

**Tranio** Dally not with the gods, but get thee gone.  
 Signor Baptista, shall I lead the way?  
 Welcome! One mess is like to be your cheer.  
 But come, sir, we will better it in Pisa.

**Baptista** I follow you.

*Exeunt Tranio, Merchant, and Baptista*

**Biondello** Cambio!

*Re-enter Lucentio*

**Lucentio** What sayest thou, Biondello?

**Biondello** You saw my master wink and laugh upon you?

**Lucentio** Biondello, what of that?

- Biondello** Faith, nothing. But 'has left me here behind to expound the meaning or moral of his signs and tokens.
- Lucentio** I pray thee, moralize them.
- Biondello** Then thus. Baptista is safe, talking with the deceiving father of a deceitful son.
- Lucentio** And what of him?
- Biondello** His daughter is to be brought by you to the supper.
- Lucentio** And then?
- Biondello** The old priest of Saint Luke's church is at your command at all hours.
- Lucentio** And what of all this?
- Biondello** I cannot tell, except they are busied about a counterfeit assurance. Take you true assurance of her, 'cum privilegio ad imprimendum solum'. To the church! Take the priest, clerk, and some sufficient honest witnesses. If this be not that you look for, I have no more to say, but bid Bianca farewell for ever and a day.
- Lucentio** Hear'st thou, Biondello - ?
- Biondello** I cannot tarry. I knew a wench married in an afternoon as she went to the garden for parsley to stuff a rabbit. And so may you, sir. *[Aside]* Or another. - And so, adieu, sir. I will to Saint Luke's, to bid the priest be ready against you come with your appendix.
- Lucentio** I may, and will, if she be so contented.  
She will be pleas'd, then wherefore should I doubt?  
Hap what hap may, I'll roundly go about her.  
It shall go hard if Cambio go without her.

*Exit**Exit*

## Scene 11 (Act4 Sc5)

A public road

*Enter Petruchio, Katherina and Grumio*

- Petruchio** Come on, i' God's name, once more toward our father's.  
Good Lord, how bright and goodly shines the moon!
- Katherina** The moon? The sun. It is not moonlight now.

- Petruchio** I say it is the moon that shines so bright.
- Katherina** I know it is the sun that shines so bright.
- Petruchio** Now, by my mother's son, and that's myself,  
It shall be moon, or star, or what I list,  
Or ere I journey to your father's house.  
Go on, and fetch our horses back again.  
Evermore cross'd and cross'd - nothing but cross'd!
- Grumio** Say as he says, or we shall never go.
- Katherina** Forward, I pray, since we have come so far,  
And be it moon, or sun, or what you please.  
An if you please to call it a rush candle,  
Henceforth I vow it shall be so for me.
- Petruchio** I say it is the moon.
- Katherina** I know it is the moon.
- Petruchio** Nay, then you lie. It is the blessed sun.
- Katherina** Then, God be bless'd, it is the blessed sun.  
But sun it is not, when you say it is not,  
And the moon changes even as your mind.  
What you will have it nam'd, e'en that it is,  
And so it shall be so for Katherine.
- Grumio** *[Aside]* Now, Master, go thy ways, the field is won.
- Petruchio** Well, forward, forward! Thus the bowl should run,  
And not unluckily against the bias.  
But, soft! Company is coming here.
- Enter Vincentio*
- Good morrow, gentle mistress, where away?  
Tell me, sweet Kate, and tell me truly too,  
Hast thou beheld a fresher gentlewoman?  
Such war of white and red within her cheeks!  
What stars do spangle heaven with such beauty  
As those two eyes become that heavenly face?  
Fair lovely maid, once more good day to thee.  
Sweet Kate, embrace her for her beauty's sake.
- Katherina** Young budding virgin, fair and fresh and sweet,  
Whither away, or where is thy abode?  
Happy the parents of so fair a child.  
Happier the man, whom favourable stars  
Allots thee for his lovely bedfellow!

- Petruchio** Why, how now, Kate? I hope thou art not mad.  
This is a man, old, wrinkl'd, faded, wither'd,  
And not a maiden, as thou say'st he is.
- Katherina** Pardon, old father, my mistaking eyes,  
That have been so bedazzl'd with the sun  
That everything I look on seemeth green.  
Now I perceive thou art a reverend father.  
Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad mistaking.
- Petruchio** Do, good old grandsire. And withal make known  
Which way thou trav'llest. If along with us  
We shall be joyful of thy company.
- Vincentio** Fair sir, and you my merry mistress,  
That with your strange encounter much amaz'd me,  
My name is call'd Vincentio, my dwelling Pisa,  
And bound I am to Padua, there to visit  
A son of mine which long I have not seen.
- Petruchio** What is his name?
- Vincentio** Lucentio, gentle sir.
- Petruchio** Happily met, the happier for thy son.  
And now by law, as well as reverend age,  
I may entitle thee my loving father.  
The sister to my wife, this gentlewoman,  
Thy son by this hath married. Wonder not,  
Nor be not griev'd. She is of great esteem,  
Her dowry wealthy and of worthy birth.  
Let me embrace with old Vincentio  
And wander we to see thy honest son,  
Who will of thy arrival be full joyous.
- Vincentio** But is it true? Or else is it your pleasure,  
Like pleasant travellers, to break a jest  
Upon the company you overtake?
- Katherina** I do assure thee, father, so it is.
- Petruchio** Come, go along, and see the truth hereof  
For our first merriment hath made thee doubt us.

*Exeunt*

**Scene 12** (Act5 Sc1)

Padua. Before Lucentio's house.

*Gremio out before*

*Enter Biondello, Lucentio, and Bianca*

**Biondello** Softly and swiftly, sir, for the priest is ready.

**Lucentio** I fly, Biondello. But they may chance to need thee at home, therefore leave us.

**Biondello** Nay, faith, I'll see thee married, and then come back to my master's as soon as I can.

*Exeunt Lucentio, Bianca, and Biondello*

*Enter Petruchio, Katherina, Vincentio and Grumio*

**Petruchio** Sir, here's the door, this is Lucentio's house.  
I must to my father's, and so I leave you, sir.

**Vincentio** You shall not choose but drink before you go.  
I think I shall command your welcome here,  
And, by all likelihood, some cheer is toward.

*Knocks*

**Gremio** They're busy within. You were best knock louder.

*Vincentio knocks again*

*Merchant looks out of the window*

**Merchant** What's he that knocks as he would beat down the gate?

**Vincentio** Is Signor Lucentio within, sir?

**Merchant** He's within, sir, but not to be spoken withal.

**Vincentio** What if a man bring him a hundred pound or two, to make merry withal?

**Merchant** Keep your hundred pounds to yourself. He shall need none, so long as I live.

**Petruchio** Nay, I told you your son was well belov'd in Padua. Do you hear, sir? To leave frivolous circumstances, I pray you tell Signor Lucentio that his father is come from Pisa and is here at the door to speak with him.

**Merchant** Thou liest. His father is come from Pisa and here looking out at the window.

**Vincentio** Art thou his father?

**Merchant** Ay, sir. So his mother says, if I may believe her.

**Petruchio** *[To Vincentio]* Why, how now, gentleman? Why, this is flat

knavery, to take upon you another man's name.

**Merchant** Lay hands on the villain! I believe a' means to cozen somebody in this city under my countenance.

*Enter Biondello*

**Biondello** I have seen them in the church together. God send 'em good shipping! But who is here? Mine old master Vincentio? Now we are undone and brought to nothing.

**Vincentio** Come hither, crack-hemp.

**Biondello** Hope I may choose, sir.

**Vincentio** Come hither, you rogue. What, have you forgot me?

**Biondello** Forgot you? No, sir, I could not forget you, for I never saw you before in all my life.

**Vincentio** What, you notorious villain, didst thou never see thy master's father, Vincentio?

**Biondello** What, my old worshipful old master? Yes, marry, sir - see where he looks out of the window.

**Vincentio** *[Beating him]* Is't so, indeed?

**Biondello** Help, help, help! Here's a madman will murder me.

*Exit*

**Merchant** Help, son! Help, Signor Baptista!

*Exit from above*

**Petruchio** Prithee, Kate, let's stand aside and see the end of this controversy.

*They retire*

*Enter Hortensio with the Widow*

**Hortensio** What dreadful riot's this?

**Gremio** A comedy, if I am judge.

*Enter Merchant, Tranio, and Baptista*

**Tranio** Sir, what are you that offer to beat my servant?

**Vincentio** What am I, sir? Nay, what are you, sir? O immortal gods! O fine villain! A silken doublet, a velvet hose, a scarlet cloak and a copatain hat? O, I am undone! I am undone! While I play the good husband at home, my son and my servant spend all at the university.

**Tranio** How now, what's the matter?

**Baptista** What, is the man lunatic?



- Tranio** Sir, you seem a sober ancient gentleman by your habit, but your words show you a madman. Why, sir, what 'cerns it you if I wear pearl and gold? I thank my good father, I am able to maintain it.
- Vincentio** Thy father? O villain! His father is a sailmaker in Bergamo.
- Baptista** You mistake, sir, you mistake, sir. Pray, what do you think is his name?
- Vincentio** His name? As if I knew not his name. I have brought him up ever since he was three years old, and his name is Tranio.
- Merchant** Away, away, mad ass! His name is Lucentio and he is mine only son, and heir to the lands of me, Signor Vincentio.
- Vincentio** Lucentio? O, he hath murder'd his master! Lay hold on him, I charge you, in the Duke's name. O, my son, my son! Tell me, thou villain, where is my son Lucentio?
- Tranio** Call forth an officer. Carry this mad knave to the gaol. Father Baptista, I charge you see that he be forthcoming.
- Vincentio** Carry me to the gaol!
- Gremio** Nay, brother, he shall not go to prison.
- Baptista** Talk not, Signor Gremio. I say he shall go to prison.
- Gremio** Take heed, Signor Baptista, lest you be cony-catch'd in this business. I dare swear this is the true Vincentio.
- Merchant** Swear, if thou darest.
- Gremio** Nay, I dare not swear it.
- Tranio** Then thou wert best say that I am not Lucentio.
- Gremio** Yes, I know thee to be Signor Lucentio.
- Baptista** Away with the dotard, to the gaol with him!
- Vincentio** Thus strangers may be hail'd and abus'd. O monstrous villain!

*Enter Biondello, with Lucentio and Bianca*

- Biondello** O, we are spoil'd, and yonder he is. Deny him, forswear him, or else we are all undone.
- Lucentio** *[Kneeling]* Pardon, sweet father.
- Vincentio** Lives my sweet son?
- Exeunt Biondello, Tranio and Merchant, as fast as may be*
- Bianca** Pardon, dear father.

- Baptista** How hast thou offended?  
Where is Lucentio?
- Lucentio** Here's Lucentio,  
True son to the true Vincentio,  
That have by marriage made thy daughter mine  
While counterfeit supposes blear'd thine eyne.
- Gremio** Here's plotting, with a witness, to deceive us all!
- Vincentio** Where is that damned villain Tranio  
That fac'd and brav'd me in this matter so?
- Baptista** Why, tell me, is not this my Cambio?
- Bianca** Cambio is chang'd into Lucentio.
- Lucentio** Love wrought these miracles. Bianca's love  
Made me exchange my state with Tranio,  
While he did bear my countenance in the town,  
And happily I have arriv'd at the last  
Unto the wished haven of my bliss.  
What Tranio did myself enforc'd him to.  
Then pardon him, sweet father, for my sake.
- Vincentio** I'll slit the villain's nose, that would have sent me to the  
gaol.
- Baptista** But do you hear, sir? Have you married my daughter  
without asking my good will?
- Vincentio** Fear not, Baptista, we will content you, go to. But I will in,  
to be revenged for this villainy.
- Exit*
- Baptista** And I, to sound the depth of this knavery.
- Exit*
- Lucentio** Look not pale, Bianca. Thy father will not frown.
- Exeunt Lucentio and Bianca*
- Gremio** My cake is dough, but I'll in among the rest,  
Out of hope of all, but my share of the feast.
- Exeunt Gremio, Hortensio and Widow*
- Katherina** Husband, let's follow, to see the end of this ado.
- Petruchio** First kiss me, Kate, and we will.
- Katherina** What, in the midst of the street?
- Petruchio** What, art thou asham'd of me?
- Katherina** No, sir, God forbid. But asham'd to kiss.

**Petruchio** Why, then let's home again. Come, sirrah, let's away.

**Katherina** Nay, I will give thee a kiss. Now pray thee, love, stay.

**Petruchio** Is not this well? Come, my sweet Kate.  
Better once than never, for never too late.

*Exit Petruchio, Katherina and Grumio*

**Sly** Now by my fay, I think t'was well perform'd.  
Let them be rewarded, each to his desert,  
But he that tam'd the wench receive the most.  
See to it, sirrah.

**Lord** Stay, my lord, our play is not yet done

**Sly** I say there is no more, the wench is tam'd,  
Did she not kiss where once she was asham'd.

**Lord** There wants but yet the taming to be known  
For she's not tam'd until her taming's shown.

**Sly** Well let them to't. I marvel my lady is not here. *[Dropping to the floor]* I do long to sleep.

**Lord** Anon we'll bear you to your lady's bed.  
But soft awhile, our ending does begin.

### **Scene 13** (Act5 Sc2)

Padua. Lucentio's house

*Enter Lucentio and Bianca from the feast*

**Lucentio** At last, though long, our jarring notes agree  
And time it is, when raging war is done,  
To smile at 'scapes and perils overblown.

*Enter Baptista, Vincentio, Gremio, Lucentio, Bianca, Petruchio, Katherina,  
Hortensio and Widow with Tranio, Biondello, and Grumio  
bringing in wine and conserves*

My fair Bianca, bid my father welcome,  
While I with selfsame kindness welcome thine.  
Brother Petruchio, sister Katherina,  
And thou, Hortensio, with thy loving widow,  
All feasted with the best, and welcom'd to my house.  
This banquet is to close our stomachs up  
After our great good cheer. Pray you, sit down,  
For now we sit to chat as well as eat.

**Petruchio** Nothing but sit and sit, and eat and eat!

**Baptista** Padua affords this kindness, son Petruchio.

**Petruchio** Padua affords nothing but what is kind.

**Hortensio** For both our sakes, I would that word were true.

**Petruchio** Now, for my life, Hortensio fears his widow.

**Widow** Then never trust me, if I be afeard.

**Petruchio** You are very sensible, and yet you miss my sense.  
I mean, Hortensio is afeard of you.

**Widow** He that is giddy thinks the world turns round.

**Petruchio** Roundly replied.

**Katherina** Mistress, how mean you that?

**Widow** Thus I conceive by him.

**Petruchio** Conceives by me! How likes Hortensio that?

**Hortensio** My widow says, thus she conceives her tale.

**Petruchio** Very well mended. Kiss him for that, good widow.

**Katherina** 'He that is giddy thinks the world turns round' -  
I pray you, tell me what you meant by that.

**Widow** Your husband, being troubl'd with a shrew,  
Measures my husband's sorrow by his woe.  
And now you know my meaning,

**Katherina** A very mean meaning.

**Widow** Right, I mean you.

**Katherina** But I am mean indeed, respecting you.

**Petruchio** To her, Kate!

**Hortensio** To her, widow!

**Petruchio** A hundred marks, my Kate does put her down.

**Hortensio** That's my office.

**Petruchio** Spoke like an officer! Ha' to thee, lad!

*Drinks to Hortensio*

**Baptista** How likes Gremio these quick-witted folks?

**Gremio** Believe me, sir, they butt together well.

**Bianca** Head, and butt! An hasty witted body  
Would say your head and butt were head and horn.

- Vincentio** Ay, mistress bride, hath that awaken'd you?
- Bianca** Ay, but not frighted me. Therefore I'll sleep again.
- Petruchio** Nay, that you shall not. Since you have begun,  
Have at you for a bitter jest or two!
- Bianca** Am I your bird? I mean to shift my bush,  
And then pursue me as you draw your bow.  
You are welcome all.
- Exeunt Bianca, Katherina, and Widow*
- Petruchio** She hath prevented me. Here, 'Signor' Tranio,  
This bird you aim'd at, though you hit her not -  
Therefore a health to all that shot and miss'd.
- Tranio** O, sir, Lucentio slipp'd me like his greyhound,  
Which runs himself and catches for his master.
- Petruchio** A good swift simile, but something currish.
- Tranio** 'Tis well, sir, that you hunted for yourself.  
'Tis thought your deer does hold you at a bay.
- Baptista** O ho, Petruchio! Tranio hits you now.
- Lucentio** I thank thee for that gird, good Tranio.
- Hortensio** Confess, confess, hath he not hit you here?
- Petruchio** A has a little gall'd me, I confess,  
But, as the jest did glance away from me,  
'Tis ten to one it maim'd you two outright.
- Baptista** Now, in good sadness, son Petruchio,  
I think thou hast the veriest shrew of all.
- Petruchio** Well, I say no. And therefore for assurance  
Let's each one send unto his wife.  
And he whose wife is most obedient  
To come at first when he doth send for her,  
Shall win the wager which we will propose.
- Hortensio** Content. What is the wager?
- Lucentio** Twenty crowns.
- Petruchio** Twenty crowns!  
I'll venture so much on my hawk or hound,  
But twenty times so much upon my wife.
- Lucentio** A hundred then.
- Hortensio** Content.

- Petruchio** A match! 'Tis done.
- Hortensio** Who shall begin?
- Lucentio** That will I.  
Go, Biondello, bid your mistress come to me.
- Biondello** I go.
- Exit*
- Baptista** Son, I'll be your half Bianca comes.
- Lucentio** I'll have no halves. I'll bear it all myself.
- Re-enter Biondello*
- How now, what news?
- Biondello** Sir, my mistress sends you word  
That she is busy and she cannot come.
- Petruchio** How? 'She's busy and she cannot come'?  
Is that an answer?
- Gremio** Ay, and a kind one too.  
Pray God, sir, your wife send you not a worse.
- Petruchio** I hope better.
- Hortensio** Sirrah Biondello, go and entreat my wife  
To come to me forthwith.
- Exit Biondello*
- Petruchio** O ho, entreat her!  
Nay, then she must needs come.
- Hortensio** I am afraid, sir,  
Do what you can, yours will not be entreated.
- Enter Biondello*
- Now, where's my wife?
- Biondello** She says you have some goodly jest in hand.  
She will not come. She bids you come to her.
- Petruchio** Worse and worse, she will not come! O vile,  
Intolerable, not to be endur'd!  
Sirrah Grumio, go to your mistress.  
Say, I command her come to me.
- Exit Grumio*
- Hortensio** I know her answer.
- Petruchio** What?
- Hortensio** She will not.
- Petruchio** The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.

- Baptista** Now, by my holy dame ... !  
*Enter Katherina*
- Katherina** What is your will, sir, that you send for me?
- Petruchio** Where is your sister, and Hortensio's wife?
- Katherina** They sit conferring by the parlour fire.
- Petruchio** Go fetch them hither. If they deny to come  
Swinge me them soundly forth unto their husbands.  
Away, I say, and bring them hither straight.  
*Exit Katherina*
- Lucentio** Here is a wonder, if you talk of a wonder.
- Hortensio** And so it is. I wonder what it bodes.
- Petruchio** Marry, peace it bodes, and love and quiet life,  
An awful rule and right supremacy.  
And, to be short, what not that's sweet and happy?
- Baptista** Now, fair befall thee, good Petruchio!  
The wager thou hast won, and I will add  
Unto their losses twenty thousand crowns.  
Another dowry to another daughter,  
For she is chang'd, as she had never been.
- Petruchio** Nay, I will win my wager better yet  
And show more sign of her obedience,  
Her new-built virtue and complaisance.  
See where she comes and brings your froward wives  
As prisoners to her womanly persuasion.  
*Enter Katherina, with Bianca and Widow*
- Katherine, that cap of yours becomes you not.  
Off with that bauble, throw it under foot.  
*Katherina obeys*
- Widow** Lord, let me never have a cause to sigh  
Till I be brought to such a silly pass!
- Bianca** Fie, what a foolish duty call you this?
- Lucentio** I would your duty were as foolish too.  
The wisdom of your duty, fair Bianca,  
Hath cost me a hundred crowns since supper time.
- Bianca** The more fool you, for laying on my duty.
- Petruchio** Katherina, I charge thee, tell these headstrong women  
What duty they do owe their lords and husbands.
- Widow** Come, come, you're mocking. We will have no telling.

**Petruchio** Come on, I say. And first begin with her.

**Widow** She shall not.

**Petruchio** I say she shall. And first begin with her.

**Katherina** Fie, fie! Unknit that threatening unkind brow  
 And dart not scornful glances from those eyes  
 To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor.  
 It blots thy beauty as frosts do bite the meads,  
 Confounds thy fame as whirlwinds shake fair buds  
 And in no sense is meet or amiable.  
 A woman mov'd is like a fountain troubl'd,  
 Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty;  
 And while it is so, none so dry or thirsty  
 Will deign to sip or touch one drop of it.  
 Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,  
 Thy head, thy sovereign. One that cares for thee  
 And for thy maintenance commits his body  
 To painful labour both by sea and land,  
 To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,  
 Whilst thou liest warm at home, secure and safe,  
 And craves no other tribute at thy hands  
 But love, fair looks and true obedience -  
 Too little payment for so great a debt.  
 Such duty as the subject owes the prince  
 Even such a woman oweth to her husband.  
 And when she is froward, peevish, sullen, sour,  
 And not obedient to his honest will,  
 What is she but a foul contending rebel  
 And graceless traitor to her loving lord?  
 I am asham'd that women are so simple  
 To offer war where they should kneel for peace,  
 Or seek for rule, supremacy and sway  
 When they are bound to serve, love and obey.  
 Why are our bodies soft and weak and smooth,  
 Unapt to toil and trouble in the world,  
 But that our soft conditions and our hearts  
 Should well agree with our external parts?  
 Come, come, you froward and unable worms,  
 My mind hath been as big as one of yours,  
 My heart as great, my reason haply more,  
 To bandy word for word and frown for frown.  
 But now I see our lances are but straws,  
 Our strength as weak, our weakness past compare,



That seeming to be most which we indeed least are.  
 Then vail your stomachs, for it is no boot,  
 And place your hands below your husband's foot.  
 In token of which duty, if he please,  
 My hand is ready, may it do him ease.

**Petruchio** Why, there's a wench! Come on, and kiss me, Kate.

*Petruchio and Katherine embrace*

**Hortensio** Well, go thy ways, old lad, for thou shalt ha't.

**Vincentio** 'Tis a good hearing when children do obey.

**Lucentio** But a harsh hearing when wives will have their way.

**Petruchio** Come, Kate, we'll to bed.  
 We three are married, but you two are sped.  
 'Twas I won the wager, though you hit the white,  
 And being the winner, God give you good night.

*Exeunt Petruchio and Katherine*

**Hortensio** Now, go thy ways. Thou hast tam'd a curst shrew.

**Lucentio** 'Tis a wonder, by your leave, she will be tamed so.

*Music. The scene dissolves*

## Epilogue

Before an alehouse on a heath  
*Sly asleep on the ground. Enter Hostess*

**Hostess** Was ever such a night? The water is frozen in the pail and here's ice upon the ground. What's this? Old Sly stretched out, stiff as a marble monument. The cold has kill'd him sure. Now I repent me that I did scold him so, for he is gone and's none here will mourn him.

*Sly wakes*

**Sly** Good mistress, fetch my servant hither, and let my wife be call'd for. Here's coin for thy pains.

**Hostess** Not dead, you drunken devil? I'll fetch no servants nor no wives. I'll fetch a broom to you.

*She attacks him with a broom*

**Sly** Hold! Hold! Some villain hath robb'd me.

**Hostess** You robb'd! 'Tis I am robb'd of last night's reckoning.

**Sly** Woman, know you not who I am?

**Hostess** Aye, I know you. Drunken Sly, thieving Sly, false Sly. A swearing, roaring, bragging beggar who has been a cost to the parish since the day he was born.

**Sly** Nay then I am bewitch'd, for last night I lay in a great house upon a great couch, with a coat of finest cloth. And servants did wait on me, and a young wife did dote on me.

**Hostess** Well go thy ways, fool – thou hast dream'd a dream.

**Sly** Then t'was the rarest dream.

*The Players enter, leaving the Lord's house*

**1<sup>st</sup> Player** Nay, "Melchior, The King of Sicily".  
I the Tyrant, and you the Braggart play,  
And you the Eunuch, grim and full of bile.

**Hostess** Good morrow to you.

**1<sup>st</sup> Player** Good morrow, mistress.

**Boy Player** What part is there reserv'd this night for me.

**1<sup>st</sup> Player** Footboy or wench, until thou grow a beard.

**Boy Player** I trow my chin hath more hairs than your head.

**Sly** There! There! You, boy, speak plain, do you know me?

**Boy Player** If I did, 'twere strange, for I never clapp'd eyes on you 'til now.

**1<sup>st</sup> Player** Come away. Farewell, mistress.

*The Players exit*

**Sly** I care not for you, young sir, nor know you neither. I'll ne'er trust ale again.

**Hostess** Nay, the cold hath turn'd the little wit thou hadst. Hold thy tongue, and get thee indoors - there is a fire set.

**Sly** I will anon.

**Hostess** Was your dream so very rare?

**Sly** In truth, I slept through much of it. But there were servants and my wife did vow a thousand times how she did love me.

**Hostess** Did she so, Sly?

**Sly** She hung upon my neck and press'd me to her breast and swore that she would die did I but frown.

**Hostess** Oh, rare lady.

**Sly** And I was one of a party of gallants, brave fellows all. We swore our love each to all, while we did strive to steal each other's sweethearts.

**Hostess** For shame, Sly. What of your wife that lov'd you so?

**Sly** Oh, aye, I had forgot.

*Enter the Lord and the Huntsmen*

**1<sup>st</sup> Huntsman** My lord, your hounds are eager for the chase.

**Lord** Let them fly.  
This morn the pale sun smiles upon our sport,  
The shiv'ring hart doth in the thicket lurk  
And he shall run until his heart doth burst.

**Sly** What, boy? Parade in your master's clothes and lord it o'er the hunt? Get thee to the scullery, else I'll box your ears.

**Lord** What villain's this that dares to flout me thus?  
I'll have him whipp'd unto the Parish line.  
Take hold of him, I say.

**Hostess** Have mercy on him, sir, I pray you do. It is a poor lunatic that hath no wit to speak of.

**Lord** Nay, that's sure. Yet his face displeases me. Let me not look on him again else he shall be whipp'd, then hang'd. Come away.

*Exit Huntsmen and the Lord*

**Hostess** Come in with me and warm you by the fire lest more mischief befall us.

**Sly** I will come in with thee. But I care not a fig for him. For what I know I know. I know him for a creeping jack-in-office. It is a base knave born to crook the knee and fawn on's master. I have seen him do so. And this more I know, that I am Christopher Sly, Old Sly's son of Burton Heath, and by your leaves, I will go indoors.

*Exeunt*