

THE Taming of the Shrew.

XXX

by

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Based on the Folio Text of 1623



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Shakespeare: First Folio

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The Taming of the Shrew

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Actus primus. Scaena Prima.

2 *Enter Begger and Hostes, Christophero Sly.*

3 *Begger.*

4 Ile pheeze you infaith.

5 *Host.* A paire of stockes you rogue.

6 *Beg.* Y' are a baggage, the *Slies* are no

7 Rogues. Looke in the Chronicles, we came

8 in with *Richard Conqueror*: therefore *Pau-cas*

9 *pallabris*, let the world slide: Sessa.

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

11 *Beg.* No, not a deniere: go by S[aint]. *Ieronimie*, goe to thy
12 cold bed, and warme thee.

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

15 *Beg.* Third, or fourth, or fift Borough, Ile answeare
16 him by Law. Ile not budge an inch boy: Let him come,
17 and kindly. *Falles asleepe.*

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

19 *Lo.* Huntsman I charge thee, tender wel my hounds,
20 Brach *Meriman*, the poore Curre is imbost,
21 And couple *Clowder* with the deepe- mouth'd brach,
22 Saw'st thou not boy how *Siluer* made it good
23 At the hedge corner, in the couldest fault,
24 I would not loose the dogge for twentie pound.

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

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

33 *Hunts.* I will my Lord.

34 *Lord.* What's heere? One dead, or drunke? See doth
35 he breath?

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

38 *Lord.* Oh monstrous beast, how like a swine he lyes.
39 Grim death, how foule and loathsome is thine image:
40 Sirs, I will practise on this drunken man.

41 What thinke you, if he were conuey'd to bed,
 42 Wrap'd in sweet cloathes: Rings put vpon his fingers:
 43 A most delicious banquet by his bed,
 44 And braue attendants neere him when he wakes,
 45 Would not the begger then forget himselfe?
 46 *1.Hun.* Beleeue me Lord, I thinke he cannot choose.
 47 *2.H.* It would seem strange vnto him when he wak'd
 48 *Lord.* Euen as a flatt'ring dreame, or worthles fancie.
 49 Then take him vp, and manage well the iest:
 50 Carrie him gently to my fairest Chamber,
 51 And hang it round with all my wanton pictures:
 52 Balme his foule head in warme distilled waters,
 53 And burne sweet Wood to make the Lodging sweete:
 54 Procure me Musicke readie when he wakes,
 55 To make a dulcet and a heauenly sound:
 56 And if he chance to speake, be readie straight
 57 (And with a lowe submissiue reuerence)
 58 Say, what is it your Honor wil command:
 59 Let one attend him with a siluer Bason
 60 Full of Rose- water, and bestrew'd with Flowers,
 61 Another beare the Ewer: the third a Diaper,
 62 And say wilt please your Lordship coole your hands.
 63 Some one be readie with a costly suite,
 64 And aske him what apparel he will weare:
 65 Another tell him of his Hounds and Horse,
 66 And that his Ladie mournes at his disease,
 67 Perswade him that he hath bin Lunaticke,
 68 And when he sayes he is, say that he dreames,
 69 For he is nothing but a mightie Lord:
 70 This do, and do it kindly, gentle sirs,
 71 It wil be pastime passing excellent,
 72 If it be husbanded with modestie.
 73 *1.Hunts.* My Lord I warrant you we wil play our part
 74 As he shall thinke by our true diligence
 75 He is no lesse then what we say he is.
 76 *Lord.* Take him vp gently, and to bed with him,
 77 And each one to his office when he wakes.
 78 *Sound trumpets.*
 79 Sirrah, go see what Trumpet 'tis that sounds,
 80 Belike some Noble Gentleman that meanes
 81 (Trauelling some iourney) to repose him heere.
 82 *Enter Seruingman.*
 83 How now? who is it?
 84 *Ser.* An't please your Honor, Players
 85 That offer seruice to your Lordship.
 86 *Enter Players.*

87 *Lord.* Bid them come neere:
 88 Now fellowes, you are welcome.
 89 *Players.* We thanke your Honor.
 90 *Lord.* Do you intend to stay with me to night?
 91 2.*Player.* So please your Lordshippe to accept our
 92 dutie.
 93 *Lord.* With all my heart. This fellow I remember,
 94 Since once he plaide a Farmers eldest sonne,
 95 'Twas where you woo'd the Gentlewoman so well:
 96 I haue forgot your name: but sure that part [S3
 97 Was aptly fitted, and naturally perform'd.
 98 *Sincklo.* I thinke 'twas *Soto* that your honor meanes.
 99 *Lord.* 'Tis verie true, thou didst it excellent:
 100 Well you are come to me in happie time,
 101 The rather for I haue some sport in hand,
 102 Wherein your cunning can assist me much.
 103 There is a Lord will heare you play to night;
 104 But I am doubtfull of your modesties,
 105 Least (ouer- eying of his odde behaiour,
 106 For yet his honor neuer heard a play)
 107 You breake into some merrie passion,
 108 And so offend him: for I tell you sirs,
 109 If you should smile, he growes impatient.
 110 *Plai.* Feare not my Lord, we can contain our selues,
 111 Were he the veriest anticke in the world.
 112 *Lord.* Go sirra, take them to the Butterie,
 113 And giue them friendly welcome euerie one,
 114 Let them want nothing that my house affoord.
 115 *Exit one with the Players.*
 116 Sirra go you to Bartholmew my Page,
 117 And see him drest in all suites like a Ladie:
 118 That done, conduct him to the drunkards chamber,
 119 And call him Madam, do him obeisance:
 120 Tell him from me (as he will win my loue)
 121 He beare himselfe with honourable action,
 122 Such as he hath obseru'd in noble Ladies
 123 Vnto their Lords, by them accomplished,
 124 Such dutie to the drunkard let him do:
 125 With soft lowe tongue, and lowly curtesie,
 126 And say: What is't your Honor will command,
 127 Wherein your Ladie, and your humble wife,
 128 May shew her dutie, and make knowne her loue.
 129 And then with kinde embracements, tempting kisses,
 130 And with declining head into his bosome
 131 Bid him shed teares, as being ouer- ioyed
 132 To see her noble Lord restor'd to health,

133 Who for this seuen yeares hath esteemed him
 134 No better then a poore and loathsome begger:
 135 And if the boy haue not a womans guift
 136 To raine a shower of commanded teares,
 137 An Onion wil do well for such a shift,
 138 Which in a Napkin (being close conuei'd)
 139 Shall in despight enforce a waterie eie:
 140 See this dispatch'd with all the hast thou canst,
 141 Anon Ile giue thee more instructions.
 142 *Exit a seruingman.*
 143 I know the boy will wel vsurpe the grace,
 144 Voice, gate, and action of a Gentlewoman:
 145 I long to heare him call the drunkard husband,
 146 And how my men will stay themselues from laughter,
 147 When they do homage to this simple peasant,
 148 Ile in to counsell them: haply my presence
 149 May well abate the ouer- merrie spleene,
 150 Which otherwise would grow into extreames.
 151 *Enter aloft the drunkard with attendants, some with apparel,*
 152 *Bason and Ewer, & other appurtenances, & Lord.*
 153 *Beg.* For Gods sake a pot of small Ale.
 154 1.*Ser.* Wilt please your Lord drink a cup of sacke?
 155 2.*Ser.* Wilt please your Honor taste of these Con-serues?
 157 3.*Ser.* What raiment wil your honor weare to day.
 158 *Beg.* I am *Christophero Sly*, call not mee Honour nor
 159 Lordship: I ne're drank sacke in my life: and if you giue
 160 me any Conserues, giue me conserues of Beefe: nere ask
 161 me what raiment Ile weare, for I haue no more doub-lets
 162 then backes: no more stockings then legges: nor
 163 no more shooes then feet, nay sometime more feete then
 164 shooes, or such shooes as my toes looke through the o-uer- leather.
 166 *Lord.* Heauen cease this idle humor in your Honor.
 167 Oh that a mightie man of such discent,
 168 Of such possessions, and so high esteeme
 169 Should be infused with so foule a spirit.
 170 *Beg.* What would you make me mad? Am not I *Chri-stopher*
 171 *Slie*, old Slies sonne of Burton- heath, by byrth a
 172 Pedler, by education a Cardmaker, by transmutation a
 173 Beare- heard, and now by present profession a Tinker.
 174 Aske *Marrian Hacket* the fat Alewife of Wincot, if shee
 175 know me not: if she say I am not xiiii.d. on the score for
 176 sheere Ale, score me vp for the lyingst knaue in Christen
 177 dome. What I am not bestraught: here's—
 178 3.*Man.* Oh this it is that makes your Ladie mourne.
 179 2.*Man.* Oh this is it that makes your seruants droop.
 180 *Lord.* Hence comes it, that your kindred shuns your |(house

181 As beaten hence by your strange Lunacie.
 182 Oh Noble Lord, bethinke thee of thy birth,
 183 Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment,
 184 And banish hence these abiect lowlie dreames:
 185 Looke how thy seruants do attend on thee,
 186 Each in his office readie at thy becke.
 187 Wilt thou haue Musicke? Harke Apollo plaies, *Musick*
 188 And twentie caged Nightingales do sing.
 189 Or wilt thou sleepe? Wee'l haue thee to a Couch,
 190 Softer and sweeter then the lustfull bed
 191 On purpose trim'd vp for Semiramis.
 192 Say thou wilt walke: we wil bestrow the ground.
 193 Or wilt thou ride? Thy horses shal be trap'd,
 194 Their harnessse studded all with Gold and Pearle.
 195 Dost thou loue hawking? Thou hast hawkes will soare
 196 About the morning Larke. Or wilt thou hunt,
 197 Thy hounds shall make the Welkin answer them
 198 And fetch shrill ecchoes from the hollow earth.
 199 1.*Man.* Say thou wilt course, thy gray- hounds are as |(swift
 200 As breathed Stags: I fleeter then the Roe.
 201 2.*M.* Dost thou loue pictures? we wil fetch thee strait
 202 Adonis painted by a running brooke,
 203 And Citherea all in sedges hid,
 204 Which seeme to moue and wanton with her breath,
 205 Euen as the wauing sedges play with winde.
 206 *Lord.* Wee'l shew thee *Io*, as she was a Maid,
 207 And how she was beguiled and surpriz'd,
 208 As liuelie painted, as the deede was done.
 209 3.*Man.* Or *Daphne* roming through a thornie wood,
 210 Scratching her legs, that one shal swears she bleeds,
 211 And at that sight shal sad Apollo weepe,
 212 So workmanlie the blood and teares are drawne.
 213 *Lord.* Thou art a Lord, and nothing but a Lord:
 214 Thou hast a Ladie farre more Beautifull,
 215 Then any woman in this waining age.
 216 1.*Man.* And til the teares that she hath shed for thee,
 217 Like enuious flouds ore- run her louely face,
 218 She was the fairest creature in the world,
 219 And yet shee is inferiour to none.
 220 *Beg.* Am I a Lord, and haue I such a Ladie?
 221 Or do I dreame? Or haue I dream'd till now?
 222 I do not sleepe: I see, I heare, I speake:
 223 I smel sweet sauours, and I feele soft things:
 224 Vpon my life I am a Lord indeede,
 225 And not a Tinker, nor Christopher Slie.
 226 Well, bring our Ladie hither to our sight,

227 And once againe a pot o'th smallest Ale. [S3v
 228 2.*Man.* Wilt please your mightinesse to wash your
 229 hands:
 230 Oh how we ioy to see your wit restor'd,
 231 Oh that once more you knew but what you are:
 232 These fifteene yeeres you haue bin in a dreame,
 233 Or when you wak'd, so wak'd as if you slept.
 234 *Beg.* These fifteene yeeres, by my fay, a goodly nap,
 235 But did I neuer speake of all that time.
 236 1.*Man.* Oh yes my Lord, but verie idle words,
 237 For though you lay heere in this goodlie chamber,
 238 Yet would you say, ye were beaten out of doore,
 239 And raile vpon the Hostesse of the house,
 240 And say you would present her at the Leete,
 241 Because she brought stone- Iugs, and no seal'd quarts:
 242 Sometimes you would call out for Cicely Hacket.
 243 *Beg.* I, the womans maide of the house.
 244 3.*Man.* Why sir you know no house, nor no such maid
 245 Nor no such men as you haue reckon'd vp,
 246 As *Stephen Slie*, and old *Iohn Naps* of Greece,
 247 And *Peter Turph*, and *Henry Pimpernell*,
 248 And twentie more such names and men as these,
 249 Which neuer were, nor no man euer saw.
 250 *Beg.* Now Lord be thanked for my good amends.
 251 *All.* Amen.
 252 *Enter Lady with Attendants.*
 253 *Beg.* I thanke thee, thou shalt not loose by it.
 254 *Lady.* How fares my noble Lord?
 255 *Beg.* Marrie I fare well, for heere is cheere enough.
 256 Where is my wife?
 257 *La.* Heere noble Lord, what is thy will with her?
 258 *Beg.* Are you my wife, and will not cal me husband?
 259 My men should call me Lord, I am your good- man.
 260 *La.* My husband and my Lord, my Lord and husband
 261 I am your wife in all obedience.
 262 *Beg.* I know it well, what must I call her?
 263 *Lord.* Madam.
 264 *Beg.* *Alce* Madam, or *Ione* Madam?
 265 *Lord.* Madam, and nothing else, so Lords cal Ladies
 266 *Beg.* Madame wife, they say that I haue dream'd,
 267 And slept about some fifteene yeare or more.
 268 *Lady.* I, and the time seeme's thirty vnto me,
 269 Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.
 270 *Beg.* 'Tis much, seruants leaue me and her alone:
 271 Madam vndresse you, and come now to bed.
 272 *La.* Thrice noble Lord, let me intreat of you

273 To pardon me yet for a night or two:
 274 Or if not so, vntill the Sun be set.
 275 For your Physitians haue expressely charg'd,
 276 In perill to incurre your former malady,
 277 That I should yet absent me from your bed:
 278 I hope this reason stands for my excuse.
 279 *Beg.* I, it stands so that I may hardly tarry so long:
 280 But I would be loth to fall into my dreames againe: I
 281 wil therefore tarrie in despite of the flesh & the blood
 282 *Enter a Messenger.*
 283 *Mes.* Your Honors Players hearing your amendment,
 284 Are come to play a pleasant Comedie,
 285 For so your doctors hold it very meete,
 286 Seeing too much sadnesse hath congeal'd your blood,
 287 And melancholly is the Nurse of frenzie,
 288 Therefore they thought it good you heare a play,
 289 And frame your minde to mirth and merriment,
 290 Which barres a thousand harmes, and lengthens life.
 291 *Beg.* Marrie I will let them play, it is not a Comon-tie,
 292 a Christmas gambold, or a tumbling tricke?
 293 *Lady.* No my good Lord, it is more pleasing stuffe.
 294 *Beg.* What, houshold stuffe.
 295 *Lady.* It is a kinde of history.
 296 *Beg.* Well, we'l see't:
 297 Come Madam wife sit by my side,
 298 And let the world slip, we shall nere be yonger.
 299 *Flourish. Enter Lucentio, and his man Triano.*
 300 *Luc.* *Tranio*, since for the great desire I had
 301 To see faire *Padua*, nurserie of Arts,
 302 I am arriu'd for fruitfull *Lumbardie*,
 303 The pleasant garden of great *Italy*,
 304 And by my fathers loue and leaue am arm'd
 305 With his good will, and thy good companie.
 306 My trustie seruant well approu'd in all,
 307 Heere let vs breath, and haply institute
 308 A course of Learning, and ingenious studies.
 309 *Pisa* renowned for graue Citizens
 310 Gae me my being, and my father first
 311 A Merchant of great Trafficke through the world:
 312 *Vincentio's* come of the *Bentiuolij*,
 313 *Vincentio's* sonne, brought vp in *Florence*,
 314 It shall become to serue all hopes conceiu'd
 315 To decke his fortune with his vertuous deedes:
 316 And therefore *Tranio*, for the time I studie,
 317 Vertue and that part of Philosophie
 318 Will I applie, that treats of happinesse,

319 By vertue specially to be atchieu'd.
 320 Tell me thy minde, for I haue *Pisa* left,
 321 And am to *Padua* come, as he that leaues
 322 A shallow plash, to plunge him in the deepe,
 323 And with sacietie seekes to quench his thirst.
 324 *Tra. Me Pardonato*, gentle master mine:
 325 I am in all affected as your selfe,
 326 Glad that you thus continue your resolute,
 327 To sucke the sweets of sweete Philosophie.
 328 Onely (good master) while we do admire
 329 This vertue, and this morall discipline,
 330 Let's be no Stoickes, nor no stockes I pray,
 331 Or so deuote to *Aristotles* checkes
 332 As *Ouid*; be an out- cast quite abiur'd:
 333 Balke Lodgicke with acquaintance that you haue,
 334 And practise Rhetoricke in your common talke,
 335 Musicke and Poesie vse, to quicken you,
 336 The Mathematickes, and the Metaphysickes
 337 Fall to them as you finde your stomacke serues you:
 338 No profit growes, where is no pleasure tane:
 339 In briefe sir, studie what you most affect.
 340 *Luc. Gramercies Tranio*, well dost thou aduise,
 341 If *Biondello* thou wert come ashore,
 342 We could at once put vs in readinesse,
 343 And take a Lodging fit to entertaine
 344 Such friends (as time) in *Padua* shall beget.
 345 But stay a while, what companie is this?
 346 *Tra. Master* some shew to welcome vs to Towne.
 347 *Enter Baptista with his two daughters, Katerina & Bianca,*
 348 *Gremio a Pantelowne, Hortensio sister to Bianca.*
 349 *Lucen. Tranio, stand by.*
 350 *Bap. Gentlemen*, importune me no farther,
 351 For how I firmly am resolu'd you know:
 352 That is, not to bestow my yongest daughter,
 353 Before I haue a husband for the elder:
 354 If either of you both loue *Katherina*, [S4
 355 Because I know you well, and loue you well,
 356 Leaue shall you haue to court her at your pleasure.
 357 *Gre. To cart her rather. She's to rough for mee,*
 358 There, there *Hortensio*, will you any Wife?
 359 *Kate. I pray you sir*, is it your will
 360 To make a stale of me amongst these mates?
 361 *Hor. Mates maid*, how meane you that?
 362 No mates for you,
 363 Vnlesse you were of gentler milder mould.
 364 *Kate. I'faith sir*, you shall neuer neede to feare,

365 I-wis it is not halfe way to her heart:
 366 But if it were, doubt not, her care should be,
 367 To combe your noddle with a three- legg'd stoole,
 368 And paint your face, and vse you like a foole.
 369 *Hor.* From all such diuels, good Lord deliuer vs.
 370 *Gre.* And me too, good Lord.
 371 *Tra.* Husht master, heres some good pastime toward;
 372 That wench is starke mad, or wonderfull froward.
 373 *Lucen.* But in the others silence do I see,
 374 Maids milde behaiour and sobrietie.
 375 Peace *Tranio.*
 376 *Tra.* Well said Mr, mum, and gaze your fill.
 377 *Bap.* Gentlemen, that I may soone make good
 378 What I haue said, *Bianca* get you in,
 379 And let it not displease thee good *Bianca*,
 380 For I will loue thee nere the lesse my girle.
 381 *Kate.* A pretty peate, it is best put finger in the eye,
 382 and she knew why.
 383 *Bian.* Sister content you, in my discontent.
 384 Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe:
 385 My bookes and instruments shall be my companie,
 386 On them to looke, and practise by my selfe.
 387 *Luc.* Harke *Tranio*, thou maist heare *Minerua* speak.
 388 *Hor.* Signior *Baptista*, will you be so strange,
 389 Sorrie am I that our good will effects
 390 *Bianca's* greefe.
 391 *Gre.* Why will you mew her vp
 392 (*Signior Baptista*) for this fiend of hell,
 393 And make her beare the pennance of her tongue.
 394 *Bap.* Gentlemen content ye: I am resolud:
 395 Go in *Bianca.*
 396 And for I know she taketh most delight
 397 In Musicke, Instruments, and Poetry,
 398 Schoolemasters will I keepe within my house,
 399 Fit to instruct her youth. If you *Hortensio*,
 400 Or signior *Gremio* you know any such,
 401 Preferre them hither: for to cunning men,
 402 I will be very kinde and liberall,
 403 To mine owne children, in good bringing vp,
 404 And so farewell: *Katherina* you may stay,
 405 For I haue more to commune with *Bianca.* *Exit.*
 406 *Kate.* Why, and I trust I may go too, may I not?
 407 What shall I be appointed houres, as though
 408 (*Belike*) I knew not what to take,
 409 And what to leaue? Ha. *Exit*
 410 *Gre.* You may go to the diuels dam: your guifts are

411 so good heere's none will holde you: Their loue is not
 412 so great *Hortensio*, but we may blow our nails together,
 413 and fast it fairely out. Our cakes dough on both sides.
 414 Farewell: yet for the loue I beare my sweet *Bianca*, if
 415 I can by any meanes light on a fit man to teach her that
 416 wherein she delights, I will wish him to her father.
 417 *Hor.* So will I signiour *Gremio*: but a word I pray:
 418 Though the nature of our quarrell yet neuer brook'd
 419 parle, know now vpon aduice, it toucheth vs both: that
 420 we may yet againe haue accesse to our faire Mistris, and
 421 be happie riualls in *Bianca's* loue, to labour and effect
 422 one thing specially.
 423 *Gre.* What's that I pray?
 424 *Hor.* Marrie sir to get a husband for her Sister.
 425 *Gre.* A husband: a diuell.
 426 *Hor.* I say a husband.
 427 *Gre.* I say, a diuell: Think'st thou *Hortensio*, though
 428 her father be verie rich, any man is so verie a foole to be
 429 married to hell?
 430 *Hor.* Tush *Gremio*: though it passe your patience &
 431 mine to endure her lowd alarums, why man there bee
 432 good fellowes in the world, and a man could light on
 433 them, would take her with all faults, and mony enough.
 434 *Gre.* I cannot tell: but I had as lief take her dowrie
 435 with this condition; To be whipt at the hie crosse euerie
 436 morning.
 437 *Hor.* Faith (as you say) there's small choise in rotten
 438 apples: but come, since this bar in law makes vs friends,
 439 it shall be so farre forth friendly maintain'd, till by hel-ping
 440 *Baptistas* eldest daughter to a husband, wee set his
 441 yongest free for a husband, and then haue too't afresh:
 442 Sweet *Bianca*, happy man be his dole: hee that runnes
 443 fastest, gets the Ring: How say you signior *Gremio*?
 444 *Grem.* I am agreed, and would I had giuen him the
 445 best horse in *Padua* to begin his woing that would tho-roughly
 446 woe her, wed her, and bed her, and ridde the
 447 house of her. Come on.
 448 *Exeunt ambo. Manet Tranio and Lucentio*
 449 *Tra.* I pray sir tel me, is it possible
 450 That loue should of a sodaine take such hold.
 451 *Luc.* Oh *Tranio*, till I found it to be true,
 452 I neuer thought it possible or likely.
 453 But see, while idely I stood looking on,
 454 I found the effect of Loue in idlennesse,
 455 And now in plainnesse do confesse to thee
 456 That art to me as secret and as deere

457 As *Anna* to the Queene of Carthage was:
 458 *Tranio* I burne, I pine, I perish *Tranio*,
 459 If I atchieue not this yong modest gyrl:
 460 Counsaile me *Tranio*, for I know thou canst:
 461 Assist me *Tranio*, for I know thou wilt.
 462 *Tra.* Master, it is not time to chide you now,
 463 Affection is not rated from the heart:
 464 If loue haue touch'd you, naught remaines but so,
 465 *Redime te captam quam queas minimo.*
 466 *Luc.* Gramercies Lad: Go forward, this contents,
 467 The rest wil comfort, for thy counsels sound.
 468 *Tra.* Master, you look'd so longly on the maide,
 469 Perhaps you mark'd not what's the pith of all.
 470 *Luc.* Oh yes, I saw sweet beautie in her face,
 471 Such as the daughter of *Agenor* had,
 472 That made great *Ioue* to humble him to her hand,
 473 When with his knees he kist the Cretan strond.
 474 *Tra.* Saw you no more? Mark'd you not how hir sister
 475 Began to scold, and raise vp such a storme,
 476 That mortal eares might hardly indure the din.
 477 *Luc.* *Tranio*, I saw her corral lips to moue,
 478 And with her breath she did perfume the ayre,
 479 Sacred and sweet was all I saw in her.
 480 *Tra.* Nay, then 'tis time to stirre him fro[m] his trance:
 481 I pray awake sir: if you loue the Maide,
 482 Bend thoughts and wits to atcheeue her. Thus it stands:
 483 Her elder sister is so curst and shrew'd,
 484 That til the Father rid his hands of her,
 485 Master, your Loue must liue a maide at home,
 486 And therefore has he closely meu'd her vp, [S4v
 487 Because she will not be annoy'd with suters.
 488 *Luc.* Ah *Tranio*, what a cruell Fathers he:
 489 But art thou not aduis'd, he tooke some care
 490 To get her cunning Schoolemasters to instruct her.
 491 *Tra.* I marry am I sir, and now 'tis plotted.
 492 *Luc.* I haue it *Tranio*.
 493 *Tra.* Master, for my hand,
 494 Both our inuentions meet and iumpe in one.
 495 *Luc.* Tell me thine first.
 496 *Tra.* You will be schoole- master,
 497 And vndertake the teaching of the maid:
 498 That's your deuce.
 499 *Luc.* It is: May it be done?
 500 *Tra.* Not possible: for who shall beare your part,
 501 And be in *Padua* heere *Vincentio's* sonne,
 502 Keepe house, and ply his booke, welcome his friends,

503 Visit his Countrimen, and banquet them?
 504 *Luc. Basta*, content thee: for I haue it full.
 505 We haue not yet bin seene in any house,
 506 Nor can we be distinguish'd by our faces,
 507 For man or master: then it followes thus;
 508 Thou shalt be master, *Tranio* in my sted:
 509 Keepe house, and port, and seruants, as I should,
 510 I will some other be, some *Florentine*,
 511 Some *Neapolitan*, or meaner man of *Pisa*.
 512 'Tis hatch'd, and shall be so: *Tranio* at once
 513 Vncase thee: take my Coulord hat and cloake,
 514 When *Biondello* comes, he waites on thee,
 515 But I will charme him first to keepe his tongue.
 516 *Tra.* So had you neede:
 517 In breefe Sir, sith it your pleasure is,
 518 And I am tyed to be obedient,
 519 For so your father charg'd me at our parting:
 520 Be seruiceable to my sonne (quoth he)
 521 Although I thinke 'twas in another sense,
 522 I am content to bee *Lucentio*,
 523 Because so well I loue *Lucentio*.
 524 *Luc. Tranio* be so, because *Lucentio* loues,
 525 And let me be a slaue, t' atchieue that maide,
 526 Whose sodaine sight hath thral'd my wounded eye.
 527 *Enter Biondello.*
 528 Heere comes the rogue. Sirra, where haue you bin?
 529 *Bion.* Where haue I beene? Nay how now, where
 530 are you? Maister, ha's my fellow *Tranio* stolne your
 531 cloathes, or you stolne his, or both? Pray what's the
 532 newes?
 533 *Luc.* Sirra come hither, 'tis no time to iest,
 534 And therefore frame your manners to the time
 535 Your fellow *Tranio* heere to saue my life,
 536 Puts my apparrell, and my count'nance on,
 537 And I for my escape haue put on his:
 538 For in a quarrell since I came a- shore,
 539 I kil'd a man, and feare I was descried:
 540 Waite you on him, I charge you, as becomes:
 541 While I make way from hence to saue my life:
 542 You vnderstand me?
 543 *Bion.* I sir, ne're a whit.
 544 *Luc.* And not a iot of *Tranio* in your mouth,
 545 *Tranio* is chang'd into *Lucentio*.
 546 *Bion.* The better for him, would I were so too.
 547 *Tra.* So could I 'faith boy, to haue the next wish af-ter,
 548 that *Lucentio* indeede had *Baptistas* yongest daugh-ter.

549 But sirra, not for my sake, but your masters, I ad-uisse
 550 you vse your manners discreetly in all kind of com-panies:
 551 When I am alone, why then I am *Tranio*: but in
 552 all places else, your master *Lucentio*.
 553 *Luc. Tranio* let's go:
 554 One thing more rests, that thy selfe execute,
 555 To make one among these wooers: if thou ask me why,
 556 Sufficeth my reasons are both good and waighty.
 557 *Exeunt. The Presenters aboue speakes.*
 558 1.*Man.* My Lord you nod, you do not minde the
 559 play.
 560 *Beg.* Yes by Saint Anne do I, a good matter surely:
 561 Comes there any more of it?
 562 *Lady.* My Lord, 'tis but begun.
 563 *Beg.* 'Tis a verie excellent peece of worke, Madame
 564 Ladie: would 'twere done. *They sit and marke.*
 565 *Enter Petruchio, and his man Grumio.*
 566 *Petr. Verona,* for a while I take my leaue,
 567 To see my friends in *Padua*; but of all
 568 My best beloued and approued friend
 569 *Hortensio*: & I trow this is his house:
 570 Heere sirra *Grumio*, knocke I say.
 571 *Gru.* Knocke sir? whom should I knocke? Is there
 572 any man ha's rebus'd your worship?
 573 *Petr.* Villaine I say, knocke me heere soundly.
 574 *Gru.* Knocke you heere sir? Why sir, what am I sir,
 575 that I should knocke you heere sir.
 576 *Petr.* Villaine I say, knocke me at this gate,
 577 And rap me well, or Ile knocke your knaues pate.
 578 *Gru.* My Mr is growne quarrelsome:
 579 I should knocke you first,
 580 And then I know after who comes by the worst.
 581 *Petr.* Will it not be?
 582 'Faith sirrah, and you'l not knocke, Ile ring it,
 583 Ile trie how you can *Sol, Fa,* and sing it.
 584 *He rings him by the eares*
 585 *Gru.* Helpe mistris helpe, my master is mad.
 586 *Petr.* Now knocke when I bid you: sirrah villaine.
 587 *Enter Hortensio.*
 588 *Hor.* How now, what's the matter? My olde friend
 589 *Grumio*, and my good friend *Petruchio*? How do you all
 590 at *Verona*?
 591 *Petr.* Signior *Hortensio*, come you to part the fray?
 592 *Contutti le core bene trobatto,* may I say.
 593 *Hor. Alla nostra casa bene venuto multo honorata signi-or*
 594 *mio Petruchio.*

595 Rise *Grumio* rise, we will compound this quarrell.
 596 *Gru.* Nay 'tis no matter sir, what he leges in Latine.
 597 If this be not a lawfull cause for me to leaue his seruice,
 598 looke you sir: He bid me knocke him, & rap him sound-ly
 599 sir. Well, was it fit for a seruant to vse his master so,
 600 being perhaps (for ought I see) two and thirty, a peepe
 601 out? Whom would to God I had well knockt at first,
 602 then had not *Grumio* come by the worst.
 603 *Petr.* A sencelesse villaine: good *Hortensio*,
 604 I bad the rascall knocke vpon your gate,
 605 And could not get him for my heart to do it.
 606 *Gru.* Knocke at the gate? O heauens: spake you not
 607 these words plaine? Sirra, Knocke me heere: rappe me
 608 heere: knocke me well, and knocke me soundly? And
 609 come you now with knocking at the gate?
 610 *Petr.* Sirra be gone, or talke not I aduise you.
 611 *Hor.* *Petruchio* patience, I am *Grumio*'s pledge:
 612 Why this a heaue chance twixt him and you,
 613 Your ancient trustie pleasant seruant *Grumio*:
 614 And tell me now (sweet friend) what happie gale
 615 Blowes you to *Padua* heere, from old *Verona*?
 616 *Petr.* Such wind as scatters yongmen through y world, [S5
 617 To seeke their fortunes farther then at home,
 618 Where small experience growes but in a few.
 619 Signior *Hortensio*, thus it stands with me,
 620 *Antonio* my father is deceast,
 621 And I haue thrust my selfe into this maze,
 622 Happily to wiue and thriue, as best I may:
 623 Crownes in my purse I haue, and goods at home,
 624 And so am come abroad to see the world.
 625 *Hor.* *Petruchio*, shall I then come roundly to thee,
 626 And wish thee to a shrew'd ill- fauour'd wife?
 627 Thou'dst thanke me but a little for my counsell:
 628 And yet Ile promise thee she shall be rich,
 629 And verie rich: but th'art too much my friend,
 630 And Ile not wish thee to her.
 631 *Petr.* Signior *Hortensio*, 'twixt such friends as wee,
 632 Few words suffice: and therefore, if thou know
 633 One rich enough to be *Petruchio*'s wife:
 634 (As wealth is burthen of my woing dance)
 635 Be she as foule as was *Florentius* Loue,
 636 As old as *Sibell*, and as curst and shrow'd
 637 As *Socrates Zentippe*, or a worse:
 638 She moues me not, or not remoues at least
 639 Affections edge in me. Were she is as rough
 640 As are the swelling *Adriaticke* seas.

641 I come to wive it wealthily in *Padua*:
 642 If wealthily, then happily in *Padua*.
 643 *Gru.* Nay looke you sir, hee tels you flatly what his
 644 minde is: why giue him Gold enough, and marrie him
 645 to a Puppet or an Aglet babie, or an old trot with ne're a
 646 tooth in her head, though she haue as manie diseases as
 647 two and fiftie horses. Why nothing comes amisse, so
 648 monie comes withall.
 649 *Hor. Petruchio*, since we are stept thus farre in,
 650 I will continue that I broach'd in iest,
 651 I can *Petruchio* helpe thee to a wife
 652 With wealth enough, and yong and beautifulous,
 653 Brought vp as best becomes a Gentlewoman.
 654 Her onely fault, and that is faults enough,
 655 Is, that she is intollerable curst,
 656 And shrow'd, and froward, so beyond all measure,
 657 That were my state farre worser then it is,
 658 I would not wed her for a mine of Gold.
 659 *Petr. Hortensio* peace: thou knowst not golds effect,
 660 Tell me her fathers name, and 'tis enough:
 661 For I will boord her, though she chide as loud
 662 As thunder, when the clouds in Autumne cracke.
 663 *Hor.* Her father is *Baptista Minola*,
 664 An affable and courteous Gentleman,
 665 Her name is *Katherina Minola*,
 666 Renown'd in *Padua* for her scolding tongue.
 667 *Petr.* I know her father, though I know not her,
 668 And he knew my deceased father well:
 669 I wil not sleepe *Hortensio* til I see her,
 670 And therefore let me be thus bold with you,
 671 To giue you ouer at this first encounter,
 672 Vnlesse you wil accompanie me thither.
 673 *Gru.* I pray you Sir let him go while the humor lasts.
 674 A my word, and she knew him as wel as I do, she would
 675 thinke scolding would doe little good vpon him. Shee
 676 may perhaps call him halfe a score Knaues, or so: Why
 677 that's nothing; and he begin once, hee'l raile in his rope
 678 trickes. Ile tell you what sir, and she stand him but a li-tle,
 679 he wil throw a figure in her face, and so disfigure hir
 680 with it, that shee shal haue no more eies to see withall
 681 then a Cat: you know him not sir.
 682 *Hor.* Tarrie *Petruchio*, I must go with thee,
 683 For in *Baptistas* keepe my treasure is:
 684 He hath the Iewel of my life in hold,
 685 His yongest daughter, beautiful *Bianca*,
 686 And her with- holds from me. Other more

687 Suters to her, and riuals in my Loue:
 688 Supposing it a thing impossible,
 689 For those defects I haue before rehearst,
 690 That euer *Katherina* will be woo'd:
 691 Therefore this order hath *Baptista* tane,
 692 That none shal haue accesse vnto *Bianca*,
 693 Til *Katherine* the Curst, haue got a husband.
 694 *Gru.* *Katherine* the curst,
 695 A title for a maide, of all titles the worst.
 696 *Hor.* Now shal my friend *Petruchio* do me grace,
 697 And offer me disguis'd in sober robes,
 698 To old *Baptista* as a schoole- master
 699 Well seene in Musicke, to instruct *Bianca*,
 700 That so I may by this deuce at least
 701 Haue leaue and leisure to make loue to her,
 702 And vnsuspected court her by her selfe.
 703 *Enter Gremio and Lucentio disguised.*
 704 *Gru.* Heere's no knauerie. See, to beguile the olde- folkes,
 705 how the young folkes lay their heads together.
 706 Master, master, looke about you: Who goes there? ha.
 707 *Hor.* Peace *Grumio*, it is the riual of my Loue.
 708 *Petruchio* stand by a while.
 709 *Grumio.* A proper stripling, and an amorous.
 710 *Gremio.* O very well, I haue perus'd the note:
 711 Hearke you sir, Ile haue them verie fairely bound,
 712 All bookes of Loue, see that at any hand,
 713 And see you reade no other Lectures to her:
 714 You vnderstand me. Ouer and beside
 715 Signior *Baptistas* liberalitie,
 716 Ile mend it with a Largesse. Take your paper too,
 717 And let me haue them verie wel perfum'd;
 718 For she is sweeter then perfume it selfe
 719 To whom they go to: what wil you reade to her.
 720 *Luc.* What ere I reade to her, Ile pleade for you,
 721 As for my patron, stand you so assur'd,
 722 As firmly as your selfe were still in place,
 723 Yea and perhaps with more successefull words
 724 Then you; vnlesse you were a scholler sir.
 725 *Gre.* Oh this learning, what a thing it is.
 726 *Gru.* Oh this Woodcocke, what an Asse it is.
 727 *Petru.* Peace sirra.
 728 *Hor.* *Grumio* mum: God saue you signior *Gremio*.
 729 *Gre.* And you are wel met, Signior *Hortensio*.
 730 Trow you whither I am going? To *Baptista Minola*,
 731 I promist to enquire carefully
 732 About a schoolemaster for the faire *Bianca*,

733 And by good fortune I haue lighted well
 734 On this yong man: For learning and behaiour
 735 Fit for her turne, well read in Poetrie
 736 And other bookes, good ones, I warrant ye.
 737 *Hor.* 'Tis well: and I haue met a Gentleman
 738 Hath promist me to helpe one to another,
 739 A fine Musitian to instruct our Mistris,
 740 So shal I no whit be behinde in dutie
 741 To faire *Bianca*, so beloued of me.
 742 *Gre.* Beloued of me, and that my deeds shal proue.
 743 *Gru.* And that his bags shal proue.
 744 *Hor. Gremio,* 'tis now no time to vent our loue,
 745 Listen to me, and if you speake me faire,
 746 Ile tel you newes indifferent good for either.
 747 Heere is a Gentleman whom by chance I met [S5v
 748 Vpon agreement from vs to his liking,
 749 Will vndertake to woo curst *Katherine*,
 750 Yea, and to marrie her, if her dowrie please.
 751 *Gre.* So said, so done, is well:
 752 *Hortensio*, haue you told him all her faults?
 753 *Petr.* I know she is an irkesome brawling scold:
 754 If that be all Masters, I heare no harme.
 755 *Gre.* No, sayst me so, friend? What Countreyman?
 756 *Petr.* Borne in *Verona*, old *Butonios* sonne:
 757 My father dead, my fortune liues for me,
 758 And I do hope, good dayes and long, to see.
 759 *Gre.* Oh sir, such a life with such a wife, were strange:
 760 But if you haue a stomacke, too't a Gods name,
 761 You shal haue me assisting you in all.
 762 But will you woo this Wilde- cat?
 763 *Petr.* Will I liue?
 764 *Gru.* Wil he woo her? I: or Ile hang her.
 765 *Petr.* Why came I hither, but to that intent?
 766 Thinke you, a little dinne can daunt mine eares?
 767 Haue I not in my time heard Lions rore?
 768 Haue I not heard the sea, puft vp with windes,
 769 Rage like an angry Boare, chafed with sweat?
 770 Haue I not heard great Ordnance in the field?
 771 And heauens Artillerie thunder in the skies?
 772 Haue I not in a pitched battell heard
 773 Loud larums, neighing steeds, & trumpets clangue?
 774 And do you tell me of a womans tongue?
 775 That giues not halfe so great a blow to heare,
 776 As wil a Chesse- nut in a Farmers fire.
 777 Tush, tush, feare boyes with bugs.
 778 *Gru.* For he feares none.

779 *Grem. Hortensio* hearke:
 780 This Gentleman is happily arriu'd,
 781 My minde presumes for his owne good, and yours.
 782 *Hor.* I promist we would be Contributors,
 783 And beare his charge of wooing whatsoere.
 784 *Gremio.* And so we wil, prouided that he win her.
 785 *Gru.* I would I were as sure of a good dinner.
 786 *Enter Tranio braue, and Biondello.*
 787 *Tra.* Gentlemen God saue you. If I may be bold
 788 Tell me I beseech you, which is the readiest way
 789 To the house of Signior *Baptista Minola*?
 790 *Bion.* He that ha's the two faire daughters: ist he you
 791 meane?
 792 *Tra.* Euen he *Biondello*.
 793 *Gre.* Hearke you sir, you meane not her to—
 794 *Tra.* Perhaps him and her sir, what haue you to do?
 795 *Petr.* Not her that chides sir, at any hand I pray.
 796 *Tranio.* I loue no chiders sir: *Biondello*, let's away.
 797 *Luc.* Well begun *Tranio*.
 798 *Hor.* Sir, a word ere you go:
 799 Are you a sutor to the Maid you talke of, yea or no?
 800 *Tra.* And if I be sir, is it any offence?
 801 *Gremio.* No: if without more words you will get you
 802 hence.
 803 *Tra.* Why sir, I pray are not the streets as free
 804 For me, as for you?
 805 *Gre.* But so is not she.
 806 *Tra.* For what reason I beseech you.
 807 *Gre.* For this reason if you'l kno,
 808 That she's the choise loue of Signior *Gremio*.
 809 *Hor.* That she's the chosen of signior *Hortensio*.
 810 *Tra.* Softly my Masters: If you be Gentlemen
 811 Do me this right: heare me with patience.
 812 *Baptista* is a noble Gentleman,
 813 To whom my Father is not all vnknowne,
 814 And were his daughter fairer then she is,
 815 She may more sutors haue, and me for one.
 816 Faire *Laedaes* daughter had a thousand woers,
 817 Then well one more may faire *Bianca* haue;
 818 And so she shall: *Lucentio* shal make one,
 819 Though *Paris* came, in hope to speed alone.
 820 *Gre.* What, this Gentleman will out- talke vs all.
 821 *Luc.* Sir giue him head, I know hee'l proue a Iade.
 822 *Petr. Hortensio,* to what end are all these words?
 823 *Hor.* Sir, let me be so bold as aske you,
 824 Did you yet euer see *Baptistas* daughter?

825 *Tra.* No sir, but heere I do that he hath two:
 826 The one, as famous for a scolding tongue,
 827 As is the other, for beauteous modestie.
 828 *Petr.* Sir, sir, the first's for me, let her go by.
 829 *Gre.* Yea, leaue that labour to great *Hercules*,
 830 And let it be more then *Alcides* twelue.
 831 *Petr.* Sir vnderstand you this of me (insooth)
 832 The yongest daughter whom you hearken for,
 833 Her father keepes from all accesse of sutors,
 834 And will not promise her to any man,
 835 Vntill the elder sister first be wed.
 836 The yonger then is free, and not before.
 837 *Tranio.* If it be so sir, that you are the man
 838 Must steed vs all, and me amongst the rest:
 839 And if you breake the ice, and do this seeke,
 840 Atchieue the elder: set the yonger free,
 841 For our accesse, whose hap shall be to haue her,
 842 Wil not so gracelesse be, to be ingrate.
 843 *Hor.* Sir you say wel, and wel you do conceiue,
 844 And since you do professe to be a sutor,
 845 You must as we do, gratifie this Gentleman,
 846 To whom we all rest generally beholding.
 847 *Tranio.* Sir, I shal not be slacke, in signe whereof,
 848 Please ye we may contriue this afternoone,
 849 And quaffe carowes to our Mistresse health,
 850 And do as aduersaries do in law,
 851 Striue mightily, but eate and drinke as friends.
 852 *Gru. Bion.* Oh excellent motion: fellowes let's be gon.
 853 *Hor.* The motions good indeed, and be it so,
 854 *Petruchio*, I shal be your *Been venuto. Exeunt.*
 855 *Enter Katherina and Bianca.*
 856 *Bian.* Good sister wrong me not, nor wrong your self,
 857 To make a bondmaide and a slaue of mee,
 858 That I disdaine: but for these other goods,
 859 Vnbinde my hands, Ile pull them off my selfe,
 860 Yea all my raiment, to my petticoate,
 861 Or what you will command me, wil I do,
 862 So well I know my dutie to my elders.
 863 *Kate.* Of all thy sutors heere I charge tel
 864 Whom thou lou'st best: see thou dissemble not.
 865 *Bianca.* Beleeue me sister, of all the men aliue,
 866 I neuer yet beheld that speciall face,
 867 Which I could fancie, more then any other.
 868 *Kate.* Minion thou lye: Is't not *Hortensio*?
 869 *Bian.* If you affect him sister, heere I sweare
 870 Ile pleade for you my selfe, but you shal haue him.

871 *Kate.* Oh then belike you fancie riches more,
 872 You wil haue *Gremio* to keepe you faire.
 873 *Bian.* Is it for him you do enuie me so?
 874 Nay then you iest, and now I wel perceiue
 875 You haue but iested with me all this while:
 876 I prethee sister *Kate*, vntie my hands.
 877 *Ka.* If that be iest, then all the rest was so. *Strikes her* [S6
 878 *Enter Baptista.*
 879 *Bap.* Why how now Dame, whence growes this in-solence?
 881 *Bianca* stand aside, poore gyrl she weepes:
 882 Go ply thy Needle, meddle not with her.
 883 For shame thou Hilding of a diuellish spirit,
 884 Why dost thou wrong her, that did nere wrong thee?
 885 When did she crosse thee with a bitter word?
 886 *Kate.* Her silence flouts me, and Ile be reueng'd.
 887 *Flies after Bianca*
 888 *Bap.* What in my sight? *Bianca* get thee in. *Exit.*
 889 *Kate.* What will you not suffer me: Nay now I see
 890 She is your treasure, she must haue a husband,
 891 I must dance bare- foot on her wedding day,
 892 And for your loue to her, leade Apes in hell.
 893 Talke not to me, I will go sit and weepe,
 894 Till I can finde occasion of reuenge.
 895 *Bap.* Was euer Gentleman thus greu'd as I?
 896 But who comes heere.
 897 *Enter Gremio, Lucentio, in the habit of a meane man,*
 898 *Petruchio with Tranio, with his boy*
 899 *bearing a Lute and Bookes.*
 900 *Gre.* Good morrow neighbour *Baptista.*
 901 *Bap.* Good morrow neighbour *Gremio*: God saue
 902 you Gentlemen.
 903 *Pet.* And you good sir: pray haue you not a daugh-ter,
 904 cal'd *Katerina*, faire and vertuous.
 905 *Bap.* I haue a daughter sir, cal'd *Katerina.*
 906 *Gre.* You are too blunt, go to it orderly.
 907 *Pet.* You wrong me signior *Gremio*, giue me leaue.
 908 I am a Gentleman of *Verona* sir,
 909 That hearing of her beautie, and her wit,
 910 Her affability and bashfull modestie:
 911 Her wondrous qualities, and milde behaiour,
 912 Am bold to shew my selfe a forward guest
 913 Within your house, to make mine eye the witnesse
 914 Of that report, which I so oft haue heard,
 915 And for an entrance to my entertainment,
 916 I do present you with a man of mine
 917 Cunning in Musicke, and the Mathematickes,

918 To instruct her fully in those sciences,
 919 Whereof I know she is not ignorant,
 920 Accept of him, or else you do me wrong.
 921 His name is *Litio*, borne in *Mantua*.
 922 *Bap.* Y'are welcome sir, and he for your good sake.
 923 But for my daughter *Katerine*, this I know,
 924 She is not for your turne, the more my greefe.
 925 *Pet.* I see you do not meane to part with her,
 926 Or else you like not of my companie.
 927 *Bap.* Mistake me not, I speake but as I finde,
 928 Whence are you sir? What may I call your name.
 929 *Pet.* *Petruchio* is my name, *Antonio's* sonne,
 930 A man well knowne throughout all Italy.
 931 *Bap.* I know him well: you are welcome for his sake.
 932 *Gre.* Sauing your tale *Petruchio*, I pray let vs that are
 933 poore petitioners speake too? *Bacare*, you are meruay-lous
 934 forward.
 935 *Pet.* Oh, Pardon me signior *Gremio*, I would faine be
 936 doing.
 937 *Gre.* I doubt it not sir. But you will curse
 938 Your wooing neighbors: this is a guift
 939 Very gratefull, I am sure of it, to expresse
 940 The like kindnesse my selfe, that haue beene
 941 More kindly beholding to you then any:
 942 Freely giue vnto this yong Scholler, that hath
 943 Beene long studying at *Rhemes*, as cunning
 944 In Greeke, Latine, and other Languages,
 945 As the other in Musicke and Mathematickes:
 946 His name is *Cambio*: pray accept his seruice.
 947 *Bap.* A thousand thanks signior *Gremio*:
 948 Welcome good *Cambio*. But gentle sir,
 949 Me thinkes you walke like a stranger,
 950 May I be so bold, to know the cause of your comming?
 951 *Tra.* Pardon me sir, the boldnesse is mine owne,
 952 That being a stranger in this Cittie heere,
 953 Do make my selfe a sutor to your daughter,
 954 Vnto *Bianca*, faire and vertuous:
 955 Nor is your firme resolue vnknowne to me,
 956 In the preferment of the eldest sister.
 957 This liberty is all that I request,
 958 That vpon knowledge of my Parentage,
 959 I may haue welcome 'mongst the rest that woo,
 960 And free accesse and fauour as the rest.
 961 And toward the education of your daughters:
 962 I heere bestow a simple instrument,
 963 And this small packet of Greeke and Latine bookes:

964 If you accept them, then their worth is great:
 965 *Bap.* *Lucentio* is your name, of whence I pray.
 966 *Tra.* Of *Pisa* sir, sonne to *Vincentio*.
 967 *Bap.* A mightie man of *Pisa* by report,
 968 I know him well: you are verie welcome sir:
 969 Take you the Lute, and you the set of bookes,
 970 You shall go see your Pupils presently.
 971 Holla, within.
 972 *Enter a Seruant.*
 973 Sirrah, leade these Gentlemen
 974 To my daughters, and tell them both
 975 These are their Tutors, bid them vse them well,
 976 We will go walke a little in the Orchard,
 977 And then to dinner: you are passing welcome,
 978 And so I pray you all to thinke your selues.
 979 *Pet.* Signior *Baptista*, my businesse asketh haste,
 980 And euerie day I cannot come to woo,
 981 You knew my father well, and in him me,
 982 Left solie heire to all his Lands and goods,
 983 Which I haue bettered rather then decreast,
 984 Then tell me, if I get your daughters loue,
 985 What dowrie shall I haue with her to wife.
 986 *Bap.* After my death, the one halfe of my Lands,
 987 And in possession twentie thousand Crownes.
 988 *Pet.* And for that dowrie, Ile assure her of
 989 Her widdow- hood, be it that she suruiue me
 990 In all my Lands and Leases whatsoever,
 991 Let specialties be therefore drawne betweene vs,
 992 That couenants may be kept on either hand.
 993 *Bap.* I, when the speciall thing is well obtain'd,
 994 That is her loue: for that is all in all.
 995 *Pet.* Why that is nothing: for I tell you father,
 996 I am as peremptorie as she proud minded:
 997 And where two raging fires meete together,
 998 They do consume the thing that feedes their furie.
 999 Though little fire growes great with little winde,
 1000 Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all:
 1001 So I to her, and so she yeelds to me,
 1002 For I am rough, and woo not like a babe.
 1003 *Bap.* Well maist thou woo, and happy be thy speed:
 1004 But be thou arm'd for some vnhappie words.
 1005 *Pet.* I to the prooffe, as Mountaines are for windes,
 1006 That shakes not, though they blow perpetually.
 1007 *Enter Hortensio with his head broke.* [S6v
 1008 *Bap.* How now my friend, why dost thou looke so
 1009 pale?

1010 *Hor.* For feare I promise you, if I looke pale.
1011 *Bap.* What, will my daughter proue a good Musiti-an?
1013 *Hor.* I thinke she'l sooner proue a souldier,
1014 Iron may hold with her, but neuer Lutes.
1015 *Bap.* Why then thou canst not break her to the Lute?
1016 *Hor.* Why no, for she hath broke the Lute to me:
1017 I did but tell her she mistooke her frets,
1018 And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering,
1019 When (with a most impatient diuellish spirit)
1020 Frets call you these? (quoth she) Ile fume with them:
1021 And with that word she stroke me on the head,
1022 And through the instrument my pate made way,
1023 And there I stood amazed for a while,
1024 As on a Pillorie, looking through the Lute,
1025 While she did call me Rascall, Fidler,
1026 And twangling Iacke, with twentie such vilde tearmes,
1027 As had she studied to misvse me so.
1028 *Pet.* Now by the world, it is a lustie Wench,
1029 I loue her ten times more then ere I did,
1030 Oh how I long to haue some chat with her.
1031 *Bap.* Wel go with me, and be not so discomfited.
1032 Proceed in practise with my yonger daughter,
1033 She's apt to learne, and thankefull for good turnes:
1034 Signior *Petruchio*, will you go with vs,
1035 Or shall I send my daughter *Kate* to you.
1036 *Exit. Manet Petruchio.*
1037 *Pet.* I pray you do. Ile attend her heere,
1038 And woo her with some spirit when she comes,
1039 Say that she raile, why then Ile tell her plaine,
1040 She sings as sweetly as a Nightinghale:
1041 Say that she frowne, Ile say she lookes as cleere
1042 As morning Roses newly washt with dew:
1043 Say she be mute, and will not speake a word,
1044 Then Ile commend her volubility,
1045 And say she vttereth piercing eloquence:
1046 If she do bid me packe, Ile giue her thanks,
1047 As though she bid me stay by her a weeke:
1048 If she denie to wed, Ile craue the day
1049 When I shall aske the banes, and when be married.
1050 But heere she comes, and now *Petruchio* speake.
1051 *Enter Katerina.*
1052 Good morrow *Kate*, for thats your name I heare.
1053 *Kate.* Well haue you heard, but something hard of
1054 hearing:
1055 They call me *Katerine*, that do talke of me.
1056 *Pet.* You lye infaith, for you are call'd plaine *Kate*,

1057 And bony *Kate*, and sometimes *Kate* the curst:
 1058 But *Kate*, the prettiest *Kate* in Christendome,
 1059 *Kate* of *Kate*- hall, my super- daintie *Kate*,
 1060 For dainties are all *Kates*, and therefore *Kate*
 1061 Take this of me, *Kate* of my consolation,
 1062 Hearing thy mildnesse prais'd in euery Towne,
 1063 Thy vertues spoke of, and thy beautie sounded,
 1064 Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs,
 1065 My selfe am moou'd to woo thee for my wife.
 1066 *Kate*. Mou'd, in good time, let him that mou'd you
 1067 hether
 1068 Remoue you hence: I knew you at the first
 1069 You were a mouable.
 1070 *Pet*. Why, what's a mouable?
 1071 *Kat*. A ioyn'd stoole.
 1072 *Pet*. Thou hast hit it: come sit on me.
 1073 *Kate*. Asses are made to beare, and so are you.
 1074 *Pet*. Women are made to beare, and so are you.
 1075 *Kate*. No such Iade as you, if me you meane.
 1076 *Pet*. Alas good *Kate*, I will not burthen thee,
 1077 For knowing thee to be but yong and light.
 1078 *Kate*. Too light for such a swaine as you to catch,
 1079 And yet as heaue as my waight should be.
 1080 *Pet*. Shold be, should: buzze.
 1081 *Kate*. Well tane, and like a buzzard.
 1082 *Pet*. Oh slow- wing'd Turtle, shal a buzard take thee?
 1083 *Kat*. I for a Turtle, as he takes a buzard.
 1084 *Pet*. Come, come you Waspe, y'faith you are too
 1085 angrie.
 1086 *Kate*. If I be waspish, best beware my sting.
 1087 *Pet*. My remedy is then to plucke it out.
 1088 *Kate*. I, if the foole could finde it where it lies.
 1089 *Pet*. Who knowes not where a Waspe does weare
 1090 his sting? In his taile.
 1091 *Kate*. In his tongue?
 1092 *Pet*. Whose tongue.
 1093 *Kate*. Yours if you talke of tales, and so farewell.
 1094 *Pet*. What with my tongue in your taile.
 1095 Nay, come againe, good *Kate*, I am a Gentleman,
 1096 *Kate*. That Ile trie. *she strikes him*
 1097 *Pet*. I sweare Ile cuffe you, if you strike againe.
 1098 *Kate*. So may you loose your armes,
 1099 If you strike me, you are no Gentleman,
 1100 And if no Gentleman, why then no armes.
 1101 *Pet*. A Herald *Kate*? Oh put me in thy bookes.
 1102 *Kate*. What is your Crest, a Coxcombe?

1103 *Pet.* A comblesse Cocke, so *Kate* will be my Hen.
 1104 *Kate.* No Cocke of mine, you crow too like a crauen
 1105 *Pet.* Nay come *Kate*, come: you must not looke so
 1106 sowre.
 1107 *Kate.* It is my fashion when I see a Crab.
 1108 *Pet.* Why heere's no crab, and therefore looke not
 1109 sowre.
 1110 *Kate.* There is, there is.
 1111 *Pet.* Then shew it me.
 1112 *Kate.* Had I a glasse, I would.
 1113 *Pet.* What, you meane my face.
 1114 *Kate.* Well aym'd of such a yong one.
 1115 *Pet.* Now by S[aint]. George I am too yong for you.
 1116 *Kate.* Yet you are wither'd.
 1117 *Pet.* 'Tis with cares.
 1118 *Kate.* I care not.
 1119 *Pet.* Nay heare you *Kate*. Insooth you scape not so.
 1120 *Kate.* I chafe you if I tarrie. Let me go.
 1121 *Pet.* No, not a whit, I finde you passing gentle:
 1122 'Twas told me you were rough, and coy, and sullen,
 1123 And now I finde report a very liar:
 1124 For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous,
 1125 But slow in speech: yet sweet as spring- time flowers.
 1126 Thou canst not frowne, thou canst not looke a sconce,
 1127 Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will,
 1128 Nor hast thou pleasure to be crosse in talke:
 1129 But thou with mildnesse entertain'st thy wooers,
 1130 With gentle conference, soft, and affable.
 1131 Why does the world report that *Kate* doth limpe?
 1132 Oh sland'rous world: *Kate* like the hazle twig
 1133 Is straight, and slender, and as browne in hue
 1134 As hazle nuts, and sweeter then the kernels:
 1135 Oh let me see thee walke: thou dost not halt.
 1136 *Kate.* Go foole, and whom thou keep'st command.
 1137 *Pet.* Did euer *Dian* so become a Groue
 1138 As *Kate* this chamber with her princely gate:
 1139 O be thou *Dian*, and let her be *Kate*, [T1
 1140 And then let *Kate* be chaste, and *Dian* sportfull.
 1141 *Kate.* Where did you study all this goodly speech?
 1142 *Petr.* It is *extempore*, from my mother wit.
 1143 *Kate.* A witty mother, witlesse else her sonne.
 1144 *Pet.* Am I not wise?
 1145 *Kat.* Yes, keepe you warme.
 1146 *Pet.* Marry so I meane sweet *Katherine* in thy bed:
 1147 And therefore setting all this chat aside,
 1148 Thus in plaine termes: your father hath consented

1149 That you shall be my wife; your dowry greed on,
 1150 And will you, nill you, I will marry you.
 1151 Now *Kate*, I am a husband for your turne,
 1152 For by this light, whereby I see thy beauty,
 1153 Thy beauty that doth make me like thee well,
 1154 Thou must be married to no man but me,
 1155 *Enter Baptista, Gremio, Trayno.*
 1156 For I am he am borne to tame you *Kate*,
 1157 And bring you from a wilde *Kate* to a *Kate*
 1158 Conformable as other houshold *Kates*:
 1159 Heere comes your father, neuer make deniall,
 1160 I must, and will haue *Katherine* to my wife.
 1161 *Bap.* Now Signior *Petruchio*, how speed you with my |(daughter?
 1162 *Pet.* How but well sir? how but well?
 1163 It were impossible I should speed amisse.
 1164 *Bap.* Why how now daughter *Katherine*, in your |(dumps?
 1165 *Kat.* Call you me daughter? now I promise you
 1166 You haue shewd a tender fatherly regard,
 1167 To wish me wed to one halfe Lunaticke,
 1168 A mad- cap ruffian, and a swearing Iacke,
 1169 That thinkes with oathes to face the matter out.
 1170 *Pet.* Father, 'tis thus, your selfe and all the world
 1171 That talk'd of her, haue talk'd amisse of her:
 1172 If she be curst, it is for pollicie,
 1173 For shee's not froward, but modest as the Doue,
 1174 Shee is not hot, but temperate as the morne,
 1175 For patience shee will proue a second *Grissell*,
 1176 And Romane *Lucrece* for her chastitie:
 1177 And to conclude, we haue greed so well together,
 1178 That vpon sonday is the wedding day.
 1179 *Kate.* Ile see thee hang'd on sonday first.
 1180 *Gre.* Hark *Petruchio*, she saies shee'll see thee hang'd |(first.
 1181 *Tra.* Is this your speeding? nay the[n] godnight our part.
 1182 *Pet.* Be patient gentlemen, I choose her for my selfe,
 1183 If she and I be pleas'd, what's that to you?
 1184 'Tis bargain'd twixt vs twaine being alone,
 1185 That she shall still be curst in company.
 1186 I tell you 'tis incredible to beleeeue
 1187 How much she loues me: oh the kindest *Kate*,
 1188 Shee hung about my necke, and kisse on kisse
 1189 Shee vi'd so fast, protesting oath on oath,
 1190 That in a twinke she won me to her loue.
 1191 Oh you are nouices, 'tis a world to see
 1192 How tame when men and women are alone,
 1193 A meacocke wretch can make the curstest shrew:
 1194 Giue me thy hand *Kate*, I will vnto *Venice*

1195 To buy apparell 'gainst the wedding day;
 1196 Prouide the feast father, and bid the guests,
 1197 I will be sure my *Katherine* shall be fine.
 1198 *Bap.* I know not what to say, but giue me your ha[n]ds,
 1199 God send you ioy, *Petruchio*, 'tis a match.
 1200 *Gre. Tra.* Amen say we, we will be witnesses.
 1201 *Pet.* Father, and wife, and gentlemen adieu,
 1202 I will to *Venice*, sonday comes apace,
 1203 We will haue rings, and things, and fine array,
 1204 And kisse me *Kate*, we will be married a sonday.
 1205 *Exit Petruchio and Katherine.*
 1206 *Gre.* Was euer match clapt vp so sodainly?
 1207 *Bap.* Faith Gentlemen now I play a marchants part,
 1208 And venture madly on a desperate Mart.
 1209 *Tra.* Twas a commodity lay fretting by you,
 1210 'Twill bring you gaine, or perish on the seas.
 1211 *Bap.* The gaine I seeke, is quiet me the match.
 1212 *Gre.* No doubt but he hath got a quiet catch:
 1213 But now *Baptista*, to your yonger daughter,
 1214 Now is the day we long haue looked for,
 1215 I am your neighbour, and was suter first.
 1216 *Tra.* And I am one that loue *Bianca* more
 1217 Then words can wnesse, or your thoughts can guesse.
 1218 *Gre.* Yongling thou canst not loue so deare as I.
 1219 *Tra.* Gray- beard thy loue doth freeze.
 1220 *Gre.* But thine doth frie,
 1221 Skipper stand backe, 'tis age that nourisheth.
 1222 *Tra.* But youth in Ladies eyes that florisheth.
 1223 *Bap.* Content you gentlemen, I wil co[m]pound this strife
 1224 'Tis deeds must win the prize, and he of both
 1225 That can assure my daughter greatest dower,
 1226 Shall haue my *Biancas* loue.
 1227 Say signior *Gremio*, what can you assure her?
 1228 *Gre.* First, as you know, my house within the City
 1229 Is richly furnished with plate and gold,
 1230 Basons and ewers to laue her dainty hands:
 1231 My hangings all of *tirian* tapestry:
 1232 In Iuory cofers I haue stuft my crownes:
 1233 In Cypres chests my arras counterpoints,
 1234 Costly apparell, tents, and Canopies,
 1235 Fine Linnen, Turky cushions bost with pearle,
 1236 Vallens of Venice gold, in needle worke:
 1237 Pewter and brasse, and all things that belongs
 1238 To house or house- keeping: then at my farme
 1239 I haue a hundred milch- kine to the pale,
 1240 Sixe- score fat Oxen standing in my stalls,

1241 And all things answerable to this portion.
 1242 My selfe am strooke in yeeres I must confesse,
 1243 And if I die to morrow this is hers,
 1244 If whil'st I liue she will be onely mine.
 1245 *Tra.* That only came well in: sir, list to me,
 1246 I am my fathers heyre and onely sonne,
 1247 If I may haue your daughter to my wife,
 1248 Ile leaue her houses three or foure as good
 1249 Within rich *Pisa* walls, as any one
 1250 Old Signior *Gremio* has in *Padua*,
 1251 Besides, two thousand Duckets by the yeere
 1252 Of fruitfull land, all which shall be her ioynter.
 1253 What, haue I pincht you Signior *Gremio*?
 1254 *Gre.* Two thousand Duckets by the yeere of land,
 1255 My Land amounts not to so much in all:
 1256 That she shall haue, besides an Argosie
 1257 That now is lying in Marcellus roade:
 1258 What, haue I choakt you with an Argosie?
 1259 *Tra.* *Gremio*, 'tis knowne my father hath no lesse
 1260 Then three great Argosies, besides two Galliasse
 1261 And twelue tite Gallies, these I will assure her,
 1262 And twice as much what ere thou offrest next.
 1263 *Gre.* Nay, I haue offred all, I haue no more,
 1264 And she can haue no more then all I haue,
 1265 If you like me, she shall haue me and mine.
 1266 *Tra.* Why then the maid is mine from all the world
 1267 By your firme promise, *Gremio* is out- vied.
 1268 *Bap.* I must confesse your offer is the best,
 1269 And let your father make her the assurance, [T1v
 1270 Shee is your owne, else you must pardon me:
 1271 If you should die before him, where's her dower?
 1272 *Tra.* That's but a cauill: he is olde, I young.
 1273 *Gre.* And may not yong men die as well as old?
 1274 *Bap.* Well gentlemen, I am thus resolu'd,
 1275 On sonday next, you know
 1276 My daughter *Katherine* is to be married:
 1277 Now on the sonday following, shall *Bianca*
 1278 Be Bride to you, if you make this assurance:
 1279 If not, to Signior *Gremio*:
 1280 And so I take my leaue, and thanke you both. *Exit.*
 1281 *Gre.* Adieu good neighbour: now I feare thee not:
 1282 Sirra, yong gamester, your father were a foole
 1283 To giue thee all, and in his wayning age
 1284 Set foot vnder thy table: tut, a toy,
 1285 An olde Italian foxe is not so kinde my boy. *Exit.*
 1286 *Tra.* A vengeance on your crafty withered hide,

1287 Yet I haue fac'd it with a card of ten:
 1288 'Tis in my head to doe my master good:
 1289 I see no reason but suppos'd *Lucentio*
 1290 Must get a father, call'd suppos'd *Vincentio*,
 1291 And that's a wonder: fathers commonly
 1292 Doe get their children: but in this case of woing,
 1293 A childe shall get a sire, if I faile not of my cunning. *Exit.*

Actus Tertia.

1295 *Enter Lucentio, Hortentio, and Bianca.*
 1296 *Luc.* Fidler forbear, you grow too forward Sir,
 1297 Haue you so soone forgot the entertainment
 1298 Her sister *Katherine* welcom'd you withall.
 1299 *Hort.* But wrangling pedant, this is
 1300 The patronesse of heauenly harmony:
 1301 Then giue me leaue to haue prerogatiue,
 1302 And when in Musicke we haue spent an houre,
 1303 Your Lecture shall haue leisure for as much.
 1304 *Luc.* Preposterous Asse that neuer read so farre,
 1305 To know the cause why musicke was ordain'd:
 1306 Was it not to refresh the minde of man
 1307 After his studies, or his vsuall paine?
 1308 Then giue me leaue to read Philosophy,
 1309 And while I pause, serue in your harmony.
 1310 *Hort.* Sirra, I will not beare these braues of thine.
 1311 *Bianc.* Why gentlemen, you doe me double wrong,
 1312 To striue for that which resteth in my choice:
 1313 I am no breeching scholler in the schooles,
 1314 Ile not be tied to howres, nor pointed times,
 1315 But learne my Lessons as I please my selfe,
 1316 And to cut off all strife: heere sit we downe,
 1317 Take you your instrument, play you the whites,
 1318 His Lecture will be done ere you haue tun'd.
 1319 *Hort.* You'll leaue his Lecture when I am in tune?
 1320 *Luc.* That will be neuer, tune your instrument.
 1321 *Bian.* Where left we last?
 1322 *Luc.* Heere Madam: *Hic Ibat Simois, hic est sigeria*
 1323 *tellus, hic steterat Priami regia Celsa senis.*
 1324 *Bian.* Conster them.
 1325 *Luc.* *Hic Ibat*, as I told you before, *Simois*, I am *Lu-centio*,
 1326 *hic est*, sonne vnto *Vincentio* of *Pisa*, *Sigeria tel-lus*,
 1327 disguised thus to get your loue, *hic steterat*, and that
 1328 *Lucentio* that comes a wooing, *priami*, is my man *Tra-nio*,

1329 *regia*, bearing my port, *celsa senis* that we might be-guile
 1330 the old Pantalowne.
 1331 *Hort.* Madam, my Instrument's in tune.
 1332 *Bian.* Let's heare, oh fie, the treble iarres.
 1333 *Luc.* Spit in the hole man, and tune againe.
 1334 *Bian.* Now let mee see if I can conster it. *Hic ibat si-mois*,
 1335 I know you not, *hic est sigeria tellus*, I trust you not,
 1336 *hic staterat priami*, take heede he heare vs not, *regia* pre-sume
 1337 not, *Celsa senis*, despaire not.
 1338 *Hort.* Madam, tis now in tune.
 1339 *Luc.* All but the base.
 1340 *Hort.* The base is right, 'tis the base knaue that iars.
 1341 *Luc.* How fiery and forward our Pedant is,
 1342 Now for my life the knaue doth court my loue,
 1343 *Pedascule*, Ile watch you better yet:
 1344 In time I may beleeeue, yet I mistrust.
 1345 *Bian.* Mistrust it not, for sure *Aeacides*
 1346 Was *Ajax* cald so from his grandfather.
 1347 *Hort.* I must beleeeue my master, else I promise you,
 1348 I should be arguing still vpon that doubt,
 1349 But let it rest, now *Litio* to you:
 1350 Good master take it not vnkindly pray
 1351 That I haue beene thus pleasant with you both.
 1352 *Hort.* You may go walk, and giue me leaue a while,
 1353 My Lessons make no musicke in three parts.
 1354 *Luc.* Are you so formall sir, well I must waite
 1355 And watch withall, for but I be deceiu'd,
 1356 Our fine Musitian groweth amorous.
 1357 *Hor.* Madam, before you touch the instrument,
 1358 To learne the order of my fingering,
 1359 I must begin with rudiments of Art,
 1360 To teach you gamoth in a briefer sort,
 1361 More pleasant, pithy, and effectuall,
 1362 Then hath beene taught by any of my trade,
 1363 And there it is in writing fairely drawne.
 1364 *Bian.* Why, I am past my gamouth long agoe.
 1365 *Hor.* Yet read the gamouth of *Hortentio*.
 1366 *Bian.* *Gamouth* I am, the ground of all accord:
 1367 *Are*, to plead *Hortensio*'s passion:
 1368 *Beeme*, *Bianca* take him for thy Lord
 1369 *Cfavt*, that loues with all affection:
 1370 *D sol re*, one Cliffe, two notes haue I,
 1371 *Ela mi*, show pittie or I die,
 1372 Call you this gamouth? tut I like it not,
 1373 Old fashions please me best, I am not so nice
 1374 To charge true rules for old inuentions.

1375 *Enter a Messenger.*
 1376 *Nicke.* Mistresse, your father prayes you leaue your |(books,
 1377 And helpe to dresse your sisters chamber vp,
 1378 You know to morrow is the wedding day.
 1379 *Bian.* Farewell sweet masters both, I must be gone.
 1380 *Luc.* Faith Mistresse then I haue no cause to stay.
 1381 *Hor.* But I haue cause to pry into this pedant,
 1382 Methinkes he lookes as though he were in loue:
 1383 Yet if thy thoughts *Bianca* be so humble
 1384 To cast thy wandring eyes on euery stale:
 1385 Seize thee that List, if once I finde thee ranging,
 1386 *Hortensio* will be quit with thee by changing. *Exit.*
 1387 *Enter Baptista, Gremio, Tranio, Katherine, Bianca, and o-thers,*
 1388 *attendants.*
 1389 *Bap.* Signior *Lucentio*, this is the pointed day
 1390 That *Katherine* and *Petruchio* should be married,
 1391 And yet we heare not of our sonne in Law:
 1392 What will be said, what mockery will it be?
 1393 To want the Bride- groome when the Priest attends
 1394 To speake the ceremoniall rites of marriage?
 1395 What saies *Lucentio* to this shame of ours? [T2
 1396 *Kate.* No shame but mine, I must forsooth be forst
 1397 To giue my hand oppos'd against my heart
 1398 Vnto a mad- braine rudesby, full of spleene,
 1399 Who woo'd in haste, and meanes to wed at leysure:
 1400 I told you I, he was a franticke foole,
 1401 Hiding his bitter iests in blunt behaiour,
 1402 And to be noted for a merry man;
 1403 Hee'll wooe a thousand, point the day of marriage,
 1404 Make friends, inuite, and proclaime the banes,
 1405 Yet neuer meanes to wed where he hath woo'd:
 1406 Now must the world point at poore *Katherine*,
 1407 And say, loe, there is mad *Petruchio*'s wife
 1408 If it would please him come and marry her.
 1409 *Tra.* Patience good *Katherine* and *Baptista* too,
 1410 Vpon my life *Petruchio* meanes but well,
 1411 What euer fortune stayes him from his word,
 1412 Though he be blunt, I know him passing wise,
 1413 Though he be merry, yet withall he's honest.
 1414 *Kate.* Would *Katherine* had neuer seen him though.
 1415 *Exit weeping.*
 1416 *Bap.* Goe girle, I cannot blame thee now to weepe,
 1417 For such an iniurie would vexe a very saint,
 1418 Much more a shrew of impatient humour.
 1419 *Enter Biondello.*
 1420 *Bion.* Master, master, newes, and such newes as you

1421 neuer heard of,
 1422 *Bap.* Is it new and olde too? how may that be?
 1423 *Bion.* Why, is it not newes to heard of *Petruchio*'s |(comming?
 1424 *Bap.* Is he come?
 1425 *Bion.* Why no sir.
 1426 *Bap.* What then?
 1427 *Bion.* He is comming.
 1428 *Bap.* When will he be heere?
 1429 *Bion.* When he stands where I am, and sees you there.
 1430 *Tra.* But say, what to thine olde newes?
 1431 *Bion.* Why *Petruchio* is comming, in a new hat and
 1432 an old ierkin, a paire of old breeches thrice turn'd; a
 1433 paire of bootes that haue beene candle- cases, one buck-led,
 1434 another lac'd: an olde rusty sword tane out of the
 1435 Towne Armory, with a broken hilt, and chapelesse: with
 1436 two broken points: his horse hip'd with an olde mo-thy
 1437 saddle, and stirrops of no kindred: besides possest
 1438 with the glanders, and like to mose in the chine, trou-bled
 1439 with the Lampasse, infected with the fashions, full
 1440 of Windegalls, sped with Spauins, raied with the Yel-lowes,
 1441 past cure of the Fiues, starke spoyl'd with the
 1442 Staggers, begnawne with the Bots, Waid in the backe,
 1443 and shoulder- shotten, neere leg'd before, and with a
 1444 halfe- chekt Bitte, & a headstall of sheepes leather, which
 1445 being restrain'd to keepe him from stumbling, hath been
 1446 often burst, and now repaired with knots: one girth sixe
 1447 times peec'd, and a womans Crupper of velure, which
 1448 hath two letters for her name, fairely set down in studs,
 1449 and heere and there peec'd with packthred.
 1450 *Bap.* Who comes with him?
 1451 *Bion.* Oh sir, his Lackey, for all the world Capari-son'd
 1452 like the horse: with a linnen stock on one leg, and
 1453 a kersey boot- hose on the other, gartred with a red and
 1454 blew list; an old hat, & the humor of forty fancies prickt
 1455 in't for a feather: a monster, a very monster in apparell,
 1456 & not like a Christian foot- boy, or a gentlemans Lacky.
 1457 *Tra.* 'Tis some od humor pricks him to this fashion,
 1458 Yet oftentimes he goes but meane apparel'd.
 1459 *Bap.* I am glad he's come, howsoere he comes.
 1460 *Bion.* Why sir, he comes not.
 1461 *Bap.* Didst thou not say hee comes?
 1462 *Bion.* Who, that *Petruchio* came?
 1463 *Bap.* I, that *Petruchio* came.
 1464 *Bion.* No sir, I say his horse comes with him on his |(backe.
 1465 *Bap.* Why that's all one.
 1466 *Bion.* Nay by S[aint]. *Iamy*, I hold you a penny, a horse and

1467 a man is more then one, and yet not many.
 1468 *Enter Petruchio and Grumio.*
 1469 *Pet.* Come, where be these gallants? who's at home?
 1470 *Bap.* You are welcome sir.
 1471 *Petr.* And yet I come not well.
 1472 *Bap.* And yet you halt not.
 1473 *Tra.* Not so well apparell'd as I wish you were.
 1474 *Petr.* Were it better I should rush in thus:
 1475 But where is *Kate*? where is my louely Bride?
 1476 How does my father? gentles methinkes you frowne,
 1477 And wherefore gaze this goodly company,
 1478 As if they saw some wondrous monument,
 1479 Some Commet, or vnusuall prodigie?
 1480 *Bap.* Why sir, you know this is your wedding day:
 1481 First were we sad, fearing you would not come,
 1482 Now sadder that you come so vnprouided:
 1483 Fie, doff this habit, shame to your estate,
 1484 An eye- sore to our solemne festiuall.
 1485 *Tra.* And tell vs what occasion of import
 1486 Hath all so long detain'd you from your wife,
 1487 And sent you hither so vnlike your selfe?
 1488 *Petr.* Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to heare,
 1489 Sufficeth I am come to keepe my word,
 1490 Though in some part inforced to digresse,
 1491 Which at more leysure I will so excuse,
 1492 As you shall well be satisfied with all.
 1493 But where is *Kate*? I stay too long from her,
 1494 The morning weares, 'tis time we were at Church.
 1495 *Tra.* See not your Bride in these vnreuerent robes,
 1496 Goe to my chamber, put on clothes of mine.
 1497 *Pet.* Not I, beleeeue me, thus Ile visit her.
 1498 *Bap.* But thus I trust you will not marry her.
 1499 *Pet.* Good sooth euen thus: therefore ha done with |(words,
 1500 To me she's married, not vnto my cloathes:
 1501 Could I repaire what she will weare in me,
 1502 As I can change these poore accoutrements,
 1503 'Twere well for *Kate*, and better for my selfe.
 1504 But what a foole am I to chat with you,
 1505 When I should bid good morrow to my Bride?
 1506 And seale the title with a louely kisse. *Exit.*
 1507 *Tra.* He hath some meaning in his mad attire,
 1508 We will perswade him be it possible,
 1509 To put on better ere he goe to Church.
 1510 *Bap.* Ile after him, and see the euent of this. *Exit.*
 1511 *Tra.* But sir, Loue concerneth vs to adde
 1512 Her fathers liking, which to bring to passe

1513 As before imparted to your worship,
 1514 I am to get a man what ere he be,
 1515 It skills not much, weele fit him to our turne,
 1516 And he shall be *Vincentio of Pisa*,
 1517 And make assurance heere in *Padua*
 1518 Of greater summes then I haue promised,
 1519 So shall you quietly enioy your hope,
 1520 And marry sweet *Bianca* with consent.
 1521 *Luc.* Were it not that my fellow schoolemaster
 1522 Doth watch *Bianca's* steps so narrowly:
 1523 'Twere good me- thinkes to steale our marriage,
 1524 Which once perform'd, let all the world say no,
 1525 Ile keepe mine owne despite of all the world.
 1526 *Tra.* That by degrees we meane to looke into, [T2v
 1527 And watch our vantage in this businesse,
 1528 Wee'll ouer- reach the grey- beard *Gremio*,
 1529 The narrow prying father *Minola*,
 1530 The quaint Musician, amorous *Litio*,
 1531 All for my Masters sake *Lucentio*.
 1532 *Enter Gremio.*
 1533 Signior *Gremio*, came you from the Church?
 1534 *Gre.* As willingly as ere I came from schoole.
 1535 *Tra.* And is the Bride & Bridegroom coming home?
 1536 *Gre.* A bridegroome say you? 'tis a groome indeed,
 1537 A grumling groome, and that the girle shall finde.
 1538 *Tra.* Curster then she, why 'tis impossible.
 1539 *Gre.* Why hee's a deuill, a deuill, a very fiend.
 1540 *Tra.* Why she's a deuill, a deuill, the deuils damme.
 1541 *Gre.* Tut, she's a Lambe, a Doue, a foole to him:
 1542 Ile tell you sir *Lucentio*; when the Priest
 1543 Should aske if *Katherine* should be his wife,
 1544 I, by goggs woones quoth he, and swore so loud,
 1545 That all amaz'd the Priest let fall the booke,
 1546 And as he stoop'd againe to take it vp,
 1547 This mad- brain'd bridegroome tooke him such a cuffe,
 1548 That downe fell Priest and booke, and booke and Priest,
 1549 Now take them vp quoth he, if any list.
 1550 *Tra.* What said the wench when he rose againe?
 1551 *Gre.* Trembled and shooke: for why, he stamp'd and
 1552 swore, as if the Vicar meant to cozen him: but after ma-ny
 1553 ceremonies done, hee calls for wine, a health quoth
 1554 he, as if he had beene aboard carousing to his Mates af-ter
 1555 a storme, quaft off the Muscadell, and threw the sops
 1556 all in the Sextons face: hauing no other reason, but that
 1557 his beard grew thinne and hungerly, and seem'd to aske
 1558 him sops as hee was drinking: This done, hee tooke the

1559 Bride about the necke, and kist her lips with such a cla-morous
 1560 smacke, that at the parting all the Church did
 1561 eccho: and I seeing this, came thence for very shame, and
 1562 after mee I know the rout is comming, such a mad mar-ryage
 1563 neuer was before: harke, harke, I heare the min-strels
 1564 play. *Musicke playes.*
 1565 *Enter Petruchio, Kate, Bianca, Hortensio, Baptista.*
 1566 *Petr.* Gentlemen & friends, I thank you for your pains,
 1567 I know you thinke to dine with me to day,
 1568 And haue prepar'd great store of wedding cheere,
 1569 But so it is, my haste doth call me hence,
 1570 And therefore heere I meane to take my leaue.
 1571 *Bap.* Is't possible you will away to night?
 1572 *Pet.* I must away to day before night come,
 1573 Make it no wonder: if you knew my businesse,
 1574 You would intreat me rather goe then stay:
 1575 And honest company, I thanke you all,
 1576 That haue beheld me giue away my selfe
 1577 To this most patient, sweet, and vertuous wife,
 1578 Dine with my father, drinke a health to me,
 1579 For I must hence, and farewell to you all.
 1580 *Tra.* Let vs intreat you stay till after dinner.
 1581 *Pet.* It may not be.
 1582 *Gra.* Let me intreat you.
 1583 *Pet.* It cannot be.
 1584 *Kat.* Let me intreat you.
 1585 *Pet.* I am content.
 1586 *Kat.* Are you content to stay?
 1587 *Pet.* I am content you shall entreat me stay,
 1588 But yet not stay, entreat me how you can.
 1589 *Kat.* Now if you loue me stay.
 1590 *Pet.* *Grumio*, my horse.
 1591 *Gru.* I sir, they be ready, the Oates haue eaten the
 1592 horses.
 1593 *Kate.* Nay then,
 1594 Doe what thou canst, I will not goe to day,
 1595 No, nor to morrow, not till I please my selfe,
 1596 The dore is open sir, there lies your way,
 1597 You may be iogging whiles your bootes are greene:
 1598 For me, Ile not be gone till I please my selfe,
 1599 'Tis like you'll proue a iolly surly groome,
 1600 That take it on you at the first so roundly.
 1601 *Pet.* O *Kate* content thee, prethee be not angry.
 1602 *Kat.* I will be angry, what hast thou to doe?
 1603 Father, be quiet, he shall stay my leisure.
 1604 *Gre.* I marry sir, now it begins to worke.

1605 *Kat.* Gentlemen, forward to the bridall dinner,
 1606 I see a woman may be made a foole
 1607 If she had not a spirit to resist.
 1608 *Pet.* They shall goe forward *Kate* at thy command,
 1609 Obey the Bride you that attend on her.
 1610 Goe to the feast, reuell and domineere,
 1611 Carowse full measure to her maiden- head,
 1612 Be madde and merry, or goe hang your selues:
 1613 But for my bonny *Kate*, she must with me:
 1614 Nay, looke not big, nor stampe, not stare, nor fret,
 1615 I will be master of what is mine owne,
 1616 Shee is my goods, my chattels, she is my house,
 1617 My houshold- stufte, my field, my barne,
 1618 My horse, my oxe, my asse, my any thing,
 1619 And heere she stands, touch her who euer dare,
 1620 Ile bring mine action on the proudest he
 1621 That stops my way in *Padua*: *Grumio*
 1622 Draw forth thy weapon, we are beset with theeues,
 1623 Rescue thy Mistresse if thou be a man:
 1624 Feare not sweet wench, they shall not touch thee *Kate*,
 1625 Ile buckler thee against a Million. *Exeunt. P. Ka.*
 1626 *Bap.* Nay, let them goe, a couple of quiet ones.
 1627 *Gre.* Went they not quickly, I should die with laugh-|(ing.
 1628 *Tra.* Of all mad matches neuer was the like.
 1629 *Luc.* Mistresse, what's your opinion of your sister?
 1630 *Bian.* That being mad her selfe, she's madly mated.
 1631 *Gre.* I warrant him *Petruchio* is Kated.
 1632 *Bap.* Neighbours and friends, though Bride & Bride-|(groom wants
 1633 For to supply the places at the table,
 1634 You know there wants no iunkets at the feast:
 1635 *Lucentio*, you shall supply the Bridegroomes place,
 1636 And let *Bianca* take her sisters roome.
 1637 *Tra.* Shall sweet *Bianca* practise how to bride it?
 1638 *Bap.* She shall *Lucentio*: come gentlemen lets goe.
 1639 *Enter Grumio. Exeunt.*
 1640 *Gru.* Fie, fie on all tired Iades, on all mad Masters, &
 1641 all foule waies: was euer man so beaten? was euer man
 1642 so raide? was euer man so weary? I am sent before to
 1643 make a fire, and they are comming after to warme them:
 1644 now were not I a little pot, & soone hot; my very lippes
 1645 might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the roofe of my
 1646 mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I should come by a fire
 1647 to thaw me, but I with blowing the fire shall warme my
 1648 selfe: for considering the weather, a taller man then I
 1649 will take cold: Holla, hoa *Curtis*.
 1650 *Enter Curtis.*

1651 *Curt.* Who is that calls so coldly?
 1652 *Gru.* A piece of Ice: if thou doubt it, thou maist
 1653 slide from my shoulder to my heele, with no [T3
 1654 greater a run but my head and my necke. A fire good
 1655 *Curtis.*
 1656 *Cur.* Is my master and his wife comming *Grumio*?
 1657 *Gru.* Oh I *Curtis* I, and therefore fire, fire, cast on no
 1658 water.
 1659 *Cur.* Is she so hot a shrew as she's reported.
 1660 *Gru.* She was good *Curtis* before this frost: but thou
 1661 know'st winter tames man, woman, and beast: for it
 1662 hath tam'd my old master, and my new mistris, and my
 1663 selfe fellow *Curtis.*
 1664 *Gru.* Away you three inch foole, I am no beast.
 1665 *Gru.* Am I but three inches? Why thy horne is a foot
 1666 and so long am I at the least. But wilt thou make a fire,
 1667 or shall I complaine on thee to our mistris, whose hand
 1668 (she being now at hand) thou shalt soone feele, to thy
 1669 cold comfort, for being slow in thy hot office.
 1670 *Cur.* I prethee good *Grumio*, tell me, how goes the
 1671 world?
 1672 *Gru.* A cold world *Curtis* in euery office but thine, &
 1673 therefore fire: do thy duty, and haue thy dutie, for my
 1674 Master and mistris are almost frozen to death.
 1675 *Cur.* There's fire readie, and therefore good *Grumio*
 1676 the newes.
 1677 *Gru.* Why Iacke boy, ho boy, and as much newes as
 1678 wilt thou.
 1679 *Cur.* Come, you are so full of conicatching.
 1680 *Gru.* Why therefore fire, for I haue caught extreme
 1681 cold. Where's the Cooke, is supper ready, the house
 1682 trim'd, rushes strew'd, cobwebs swept, the seruingmen
 1683 in their new fustian, the white stockings, and euery offi-cer
 1684 his wedding garment on? Be the Iackes faire with-in,
 1685 the Gils faire without, the Carpets laide, and euerie
 1686 thing in order?
 1687 *Cur.* All readie: and therefore I pray thee newes.
 1688 *Gru.* First know my horse is tired, my master & mi-stris
 1689 falne out. *Cur.* How?
 1690 *Gru.* Out of their saddles into the durt, and thereby
 1691 hangs a tale.
 1692 *Cur.* Let's ha't good *Grumio.*
 1693 *Gru.* Lend thine eare.
 1694 *Cur.* Heere.
 1695 *Gru.* There.
 1696 *Cur.* This 'tis to feele a tale, not to heare a tale.

1697 *Gru.* And therefore 'tis cal'd a sensible tale: and this
 1698 Cuffe was but to knocke at your eare, and beseech list-ning:
 1699 now I begin, Inprimis wee came downe a fowle
 1700 hill, my Master riding behinde my Mistris.
 1701 *Cur.* Both of one horse?
 1702 *Gru.* What's that to thee?
 1703 *Cur.* Why a horse.
 1704 *Gru.* Tell thou the tale: but hadst thou not crost me,
 1705 thou shouldst haue heard how her horse fel, and she vn-der
 1706 her horse: thou shouldst haue heard in how miery a
 1707 place, how she was bemoil'd, how hee left her with the
 1708 horse vpon her, how he beat me because her horse stum-bled,
 1709 how she waded through the durt to plucke him off
 1710 me: how he swore, how she prai'd, that neuer prai'd be-fore:
 1711 how I cried, how the horses ranne away, how her
 1712 bridle was burst: how I lost my crupper, with manie
 1713 things of worthy memorie, which now shall die in obli-uion,
 1714 and thou returne vnexperienc'd to thy graue.
 1715 *Cur.* By this reckning he is more shrew than she.
 1716 *Gru.* I, and that thou and the proudest of you all shall
 1717 finde when he comes home. But what talke I of this?
 1718 Call forth *Nathaniel, Ioseph, Nicholas, Phillip, Walter, Su-gersop*
 1719 and the rest: let their heads bee slickely comb'd,
 1720 their blew coats brush'd, and their garters of an indiffe-rent
 1721 knit, let them curtsie with their left legges, and not
 1722 presume to touch a haire of my Masters horse- taile, till
 1723 they kisse their hands. Are they all readie?
 1724 *Cur.* They are.
 1725 *Gru.* Call them forth.
 1726 *Cur.* Do you heare ho? you must meete my maister
 1727 to countenance my mistris.
 1728 *Gru.* Why she hath a face of her owne.
 1729 *Cur.* Who knowes not that?
 1730 *Gru.* Thou it seemes, that cals for company to coun-tenance
 1731 her.
 1732 *Cur.* I call them forth to credit her.
 1733 *Enter foure or fiue seruimgmen.*
 1734 *Gru.* Why she comes to borrow nothing of them.
 1735 *Nat.* Welcome home *Grumio.*
 1736 *Phil.* How now *Grumio.*
 1737 *Ios.* What *Grumio.*
 1738 *Nick.* Fellow *Grumio.*
 1739 *Nat.* How now old lad.
 1740 *Gru.* Welcome you: how now you: what you: fel-low
 1741 you: and thus much for greeting. Now my spruce
 1742 companions, is all readie, and all things neate?

1743 *Nat.* All things is readie, how neere is our master?
 1744 *Gre.* E'ne at hand, alighted by this: and therefore be
 1745 not— Cockes passion, silence, I heare my master.
 1746 *Enter Petruchio and Kate.*
 1747 *Pet.* Where be these knaues? What no man at doore
 1748 To hold my stirrop, nor to take my horse?
 1749 Where is *Nathaniel, Gregory, Phillip.*
 1750 *All ser.* Heere, heere sir, heere sir.
 1751 *Pet.* Heere sir, heere sir, heere sir, heere sir.
 1752 You logger- headed and vnpollisht groomes:
 1753 What? no attendance? no regard? no dutie?
 1754 Where is the foolish knaue I sent before?
 1755 *Gru.* Heere sir, as foolish as I was before.
 1756 *Pet.* You pezant, swain, you horson malt- horse drudg
 1757 Did I not bid thee meete me in the Parke,
 1758 And bring along these rascal knaues with thee?
 1759 *Grumio.* *Nathaniels* coate sir was not fully made,
 1760 And *Gabrels* pumpes were all vnpinkt i'th heele:
 1761 There was no Linke to colour *Peters* hat,
 1762 And *Walters* dagger was not come from sheathing:
 1763 There were none fine, but *Adam, Rafe,* and *Gregory,*
 1764 The rest were ragged, old, and beggerly,
 1765 Yet as they are, heere are they come to meete you.
 1766 *Pet.* Go rascals, go, and fetch my supper in. *Ex. Ser.*
 1767 Where is the life that late I led?
 1768 Where are those? Sit downe *Kate,*
 1769 And welcome. Soud, soud, soud, soud.
 1770 *Enter seruants with supper.*
 1771 Why when I say? Nay good sweete *Kate* be merrie.
 1772 Off with my boots, you rogues: you villaines, when?
 1773 *It was the Friar of Orders gray,*
 1774 *As he forth walked on his way.*
 1775 Out you rogue, you plucke my foote awrie,
 1776 Take that, and mend the plucking of the other.
 1777 Be merrie *Kate:* Some water heere: what hoa.
 1778 *Enter one with water.*
 1779 Where's my Spaniel *Troilus?* Sirra, get you hence,
 1780 And bid my cozen *Ferdinand* come hither:
 1781 One *Kate* that you must kisse, and be acquainted with.
 1782 Where are my Slippers? Shall I haue some water?
 1783 Come *Kate* and wash, & welcome heartily:
 1784 You horson villaine, will you let it fall? [T3v
 1785 *Kate.* Patience I pray you, 'twas a fault vnwilling.
 1786 *Pet.* A horson beetle- headed flap- ear'd knaue:
 1787 Come *Kate* sit downe, I know you haue a stomacke,
 1788 Will you giue thanks, sweete *Kate,* or else shall I?

1789 What's this, Mutton?
 1790 1.*Ser.* I.
 1791 *Pet.* Who brought it?
 1792 *Peter.* I.
 1793 *Pet.* 'Tis burnt, and so is all the meate:
 1794 What dogges are these? Where is the rascall Cooke?
 1795 How durst you villaines bring it from the dresser
 1796 And serue it thus to me that loue it not?
 1797 There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all:
 1798 You heedlesse iolt- heads, and vnmanner'd slaues.
 1799 What, do you grumble? Ile be with you straight.
 1800 *Kate.* I pray you husband be not so disquiet,
 1801 The meate was well, if you were so contented.
 1802 *Pet.* I tell thee *Kate*, 'twas burnt and dried away,
 1803 And I expressely am forbid to touch it:
 1804 For it engenders choller, planteth anger,
 1805 And better 'twere that both of vs did fast,
 1806 Since of our selues, our selues are chollericke,
 1807 Then feede it with such ouer- rosted flesh:
 1808 Be patient, to morrow't shalbe mended,
 1809 And for this night we'l fast for companie.
 1810 Come I wil bring thee to thy Bridall chamber. *Exeunt.*
 1811 *Enter Seruants seuerally.*
 1812 *Nath.* *Peter* didst euer see the like.
 1813 *Peter.* He kills her in her owne humor.
 1814 *Grumio.* Where is he?
 1815 *Enter Curtis a Seruant.*
 1816 *Cur.* In her chamber, making a sermon of continen-cie
 1817 to her, and railles, and swears, and rates, that shee
 1818 (poore soule) knowes not which way to stand, to looke,
 1819 to speake, and sits as one new risen from a dreame. A-way,
 1820 away, for he is comming hither.
 1821 *Enter Petruchio.*
 1822 *Pet.* Thus haue I politickely begun my reigne,
 1823 And 'tis my hope to end successfully:
 1824 My Faulcon now is sharpe, and passing emptie,
 1825 And til she stoope, she must not be full gorg'd,
 1826 For then she neuer lookes vpon her lure.
 1827 Another way I haue to man my Haggard,
 1828 To make her come, and know her Keepers call:
 1829 That is, to watch her, as we watch these Kites,
 1830 That baite, and beate, and will not be obedient:
 1831 She eate no meate to day, nor none shall eate.
 1832 Last night she slept not, nor to night she shall not:
 1833 As with the meate, some vnderued fault
 1834 Ile finde about the making of the bed,

1835 And heere Ile fling the pillow, there the boulder,
 1836 This way the Couerlet, another way the sheets:
 1837 I, and amid this hurleie I intend,
 1838 That all is done in reuerend care of her,
 1839 And in conclusion, she shal watch all night,
 1840 And if she chance to nod, Ile raile and brawle,
 1841 And with the clamor keepe her stil awake:
 1842 This is a way to kil a Wife with kindnesse,
 1843 And thus Ile curbe her mad and headstrong humor:
 1844 He that knowes better how to tame a shrew,
 1845 Now let him speake, 'tis charity to shew. *Exit*
 1846 *Enter Tranio and Hortensio.*
 1847 *Tra.* Is't possible friend *Lisio*, that mistris *Bianca*
 1848 Doth fancie any other but *Lucentio*,
 1849 I tel you sir, she beares me faire in hand.
 1850 *Luc.* Sir, to satisfie you in what I haue said,
 1851 Stand by, and marke the manner of his teaching.
 1852 *Enter Bianca.*
 1853 *Hor.* Now Mistris, profit you in what you reade?
 1854 *Bian.* What Master reade you first, resolute me that?
 1855 *Hor.* I reade, that I professe the Art to loue.
 1856 *Bian.* And may you proue sir Master of your Art.
 1857 *Luc.* While you sweet deere proue Mistresse of my
 1858 heart.
 1859 *Hor.* Quicke proceeders marry, now tel me I pray,
 1860 you that durst sweare that your Mistris *Bianca*
 1861 Lou'd me in the World so wel as *Lucentio*.
 1862 *Tra.* Oh despightful Loue, vnconstant womankind,
 1863 I tel thee *Lisio* this is wonderfull.
 1864 *Hor.* Mistake no more, I am not *Lisio*,
 1865 Nor a Musitian as I seeme to bee,
 1866 But one that scorne to liue in this disguise,
 1867 For such a one as leaues a Gentleman,
 1868 And makes a God of such a Cullion;
 1869 Know sir, that I am cal'd *Hortensio*.
 1870 *Tra.* Signior *Hortensio*, I haue often heard
 1871 Of your entire affection to *Bianca*,
 1872 And since mine eyes are witnessse of her lightnesse,
 1873 I wil with you, if you be so contented,
 1874 Forsweare *Bianca*, and her loue for euer.
 1875 *Hor.* See how they kisse and court: Signior *Lucentio*,
 1876 Heere is my hand, and heere I firmly vow
 1877 Neuer to woo her more, but do forswear her
 1878 As one vnworthie all the former fauours
 1879 That I haue fondly flatter'd them withall.
 1880 *Tra.* And heere I take the like vnfaigned oath,

1881 Neuer to marrie with her, though she would intreate,
 1882 Fie on her, see how beastly she doth court him.
 1883 *Hor.* Would all the world but he had quite forsworn
 1884 For me, that I may surely keepe mine oath.
 1885 I wil be married to a wealthy Widdow,
 1886 Ere three dayes passe, which hath as long lou'd me,
 1887 As I haue lou'd this proud disdainful Haggard,
 1888 And so farewell signior *Lucentio*,
 1889 Kindnesse in women, not their beauteous lookes
 1890 Shal win my loue, and so I take my leaue,
 1891 In resolution, as I swore before.
 1892 *Tra.* Mistris *Bianca*, blesse you with such grace,
 1893 As longeth to a Louers blessed case:
 1894 Nay, I haue tane you napping gentle Loue,
 1895 And haue forsworne you with *Hortensio*.
 1896 *Bian.* *Tranio* you iest, but haue you both forsworne
 1897 mee?
 1898 *Tra.* Mistris we haue.
 1899 *Luc.* Then we are rid of *Lisio*.
 1900 *Tra.* I' faith hee'l haue a lustie Widdow now,
 1901 That shalbe woo'd, and wedded in a day.
 1902 *Bian.* God giue him ioy.
 1903 *Tra.* I, and hee'l tame her.
 1904 *Bianca.* He sayes so *Tranio*.
 1905 *Tra.* Faith he is gone vnto the taming schoole.
 1906 *Bian.* The taming schoole: what is there such a place?
 1907 *Tra.* I mistris, and *Petruchio* is the master,
 1908 That teacheth trickes eleuen and twentie long,
 1909 To tame a shrew, and charme her chattering tongue.
 1910 *Enter Biondello.*
 1911 *Bion.* Oh Master, master I haue watcht so long,
 1912 That I am dogge- wearie, but at last I spied
 1913 An ancient Angel comming downe the hill,
 1914 Wil serue the turne.
 1915 *Tra.* What is he *Biondello*?
 1916 *Bio.* Master, a Marcantant, or a pedant, [T4
 1917 I know not what, but formall in apparrell,
 1918 In gate and countenance surely like a Father.
 1919 *Luc.* And what of him *Tranio*?
 1920 *Tra.* If he be credulous, and trust my tale,
 1921 Ile make him glad to seeme *Vincentio*,
 1922 And giue assurance to *Baptista Minola*.
 1923 As if he were the right *Vincentio*.
 1924 *Par.* Take me your loue, and then let me alone.
 1925 *Enter a Pedant.*
 1926 *Ped.* God saue you sir.

1927 *Tra.* And you sir, you are welcome,
 1928 Trauaile you farre on, or are you at the farthest?
 1929 *Ped.* Sir at the farthest for a weeke or two,
 1930 But then vp farther, and as farre as Rome,
 1931 And so to Tripolie, if God lend me life.
 1932 *Tra.* What Countreyman I pray?
 1933 *Ped.* Of *Mantua*.
 1934 *Tra.* Of *Mantua* Sir, marrie God forbid,
 1935 And come to Padua carelesse of your life.
 1936 *Ped.* My life sir? how I pray? for that goes hard.
 1937 *Tra.* 'Tis death for any one in *Mantua*
 1938 To come to Padua, know you not the cause?
 1939 Your ships are staid at Venice, and the Duke
 1940 For priuate quarrel 'twixt your Duke and him,
 1941 Hath publish'd and proclaim'd it openly:
 1942 'Tis meruaile, but that you are but newly come,
 1943 You might haue heard it else proclaim'd about.
 1944 *Ped.* Alas sir, it is worse for me then so,
 1945 For I haue bills for monie by exchange
 1946 From Florence, and must heere deliuer them.
 1947 *Tra.* Wel sir, to do you courtesie,
 1948 This wil I do, and this I wil aduise you.
 1949 First tell me, haue you euer beene at *Pisa*?
 1950 *Ped.* I sir, in *Pisa* haue I often bin,
 1951 *Pisa* renowned for graue Citizens.
 1952 *Tra.* Among them know you one *Vincentio*?
 1953 *Ped.* I know him not, but I haue heard of him:
 1954 A Merchant of incomparable wealth.
 1955 *Tra.* He is my father sir, and sooth to say,
 1956 In count'nance somewhat doth resemble you.
 1957 *Bion.* As much as an apple doth an oyster, & all one.
 1958 *Tra.* To saue your life in this extremitie,
 1959 This fauor wil I do you for his sake,
 1960 And thinke it not the worst of all your fortunes,
 1961 That you are like to Sir *Vincentio*.
 1962 His name and credite shal you vndertake,
 1963 And in my house you shal be friendly lodg'd,
 1964 Looke that you take vpon you as you should,
 1965 You vnderstand me sir: so shal you stay
 1966 Til you haue done your businesse in the Citie:
 1967 If this be court'sie sir, accept of it.
 1968 *Ped.* Oh sir I do, and wil repute you euer
 1969 The patron of my life and libertie.
 1970 *Tra.* Then go with me, to make the matter good,
 1971 This by the way I let you vnderstand,
 1972 My father is heere look'd for euerie day,

1973 To passe assurance of a dowre in marriage
 1974 'Twixt me, and one *Baptistas* daughter heere:
 1975 In all these circumstances Ile instruct you,
 1976 Go with me to cloath you as becomes you. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

1978 *Enter Katherina and Grumio.*
 1979 *Gru.* No, no forsooth I dare not for my life.
 1980 *Ka.* The more my wrong, the more his spite appears.
 1981 What, did he marrie me to famish me?
 1982 Beggars that come vnto my fathers doore,
 1983 Vpon intreatie haue a present almes,
 1984 If not, elsewhere they meete with charitie:
 1985 But I, who neuer knew how to intreat,
 1986 Nor neuer needed that I should intreate,
 1987 Am staru'd for meate, giddie for lacke of sleepe:
 1988 With oathes kept waking, and with brawling fed,
 1989 And that which spights me more then all these wants,
 1990 He does it vnder name of perfect loue:
 1991 As who should say, if I should sleepe or eate
 1992 'Twere deadly sicknesse, or else present death.
 1993 I prethee go, and get me some repast,
 1994 I care not what, so it be holsome foode.
 1995 *Gru.* What say you to a Neats foote?
 1996 *Kate.* 'Tis passing good, I prethee let me haue it.
 1997 *Gru.* I feare it is too chollericke a meate.
 1998 How say you to a fat Tripe finely broyl'd?
 1999 *Kate.* I like it well, good Grumio fetch it me.
 2000 *Gru.* I cannot tell, I feare 'tis chollericke.
 2001 What say you to a peece of Beefe and Mustard?
 2002 *Kate.* A dish that I do loue to feede vpon.
 2003 *Gru.* I, but the Mustard is too hot a little.
 2004 *Kate.* Why then the Beefe, and let the Mustard rest.
 2005 *Gru.* Nay then I wil not, you shal haue the Mustard
 2006 Or else you get no beefe of Grumio.
 2007 *Kate.* Then both or one, or any thing thou wilt.
 2008 *Gru.* Why then the Mustard without the beefe.
 2009 *Kate.* Go get thee gone, thou false deluding slaue,
 2010 *Beats him.*
 2011 That feed'st me with the verie name of meate.
 2012 Sorrow on thee, and all the packe of you
 2013 That triumph thus vpon my misery:
 2014 Go get thee gone, I say.

2015 *Enter Petruchio, and Hortensio with meate.*
 2016 *Petr.* How fares my Kate, what sweeting all a-mort?
 2017 *Hor.* Mistris, what cheere?
 2018 *Kate.* Faith as cold as can be.
 2019 *Pet.* Plucke vp thy spirits, looke cheerfully vpon me.
 2020 Heere Loue, thou seest how diligent I am,
 2021 To dresse thy meate my selfe, and bring it thee.
 2022 I am sure sweet Kate, this kindnesse merites thankes.
 2023 What, not a word? Nay then, thou lou'st it not:
 2024 And all my paines is sorted to no prooffe.
 2025 Heere take away this dish.
 2026 *Kate.* I pray you let it stand.
 2027 *Pet.* The poorest seruice is repaide with thankes,
 2028 And so shall mine before you touch the meate.
 2029 *Kate.* I thanke you sir.
 2030 *Hor.* Signior *Petruchio*, fie you are too blame:
 2031 Come Mistris Kate, Ile beare you companie.
 2032 *Petr.* Eate it vp all *Hortensio*, if thou louest mee:
 2033 Much good do it vnto thy gentle heart:
 2034 *Kate* eate apace; and now my honie Loue,
 2035 Will we returne vnto thy Fathers house,
 2036 And reuell it as brauely as the best,
 2037 With silken coats and caps, and golden Rings,
 2038 With Ruffes and Cuffes, and Fardingales, and things:
 2039 With Scarfes, and Fannes, & double change of brau'ry,
 2040 With Amber Bracelets, Beades, and all this knau'ry.
 2041 What hast thou din'd? The Tailor staies thy leasure,
 2042 To decke thy bodie with his ruffling treasure.
 2043 *Enter Tailor.* [T4v
 2044 Come Tailor, let vs see these ornaments.
 2045 *Enter Haberdasher.*
 2046 Lay forth the gowne. What newes with you sir?
 2047 *Fel.* Heere is the cap your Worship did bespeake.
 2048 *Pet.* Why this was moulded on a porrenger,
 2049 A Veluet dish: Fie, fie, 'tis lewd and filthy,
 2050 Why 'tis a cockle or a walnut- shell,
 2051 A knacke, a toy, a tricke, a babies cap:
 2052 Away with it, come let me haue a bigger.
 2053 *Kate.* Ile haue no bigger, this doth fit the time,
 2054 And Gentlewomen weare such caps as these.
 2055 *Pet.* When you are gentle, you shall haue one too,
 2056 And not till then.
 2057 *Hor.* That will not be in hast.
 2058 *Kate.* Why sir I trust I may haue leaue to speake,
 2059 And speake I will. I am no childe, no babe,
 2060 Your betters haue indur'd me say my minde,

2061 And if you cannot, best you stop your eares.
 2062 My tongue will tell the anger of my heart,
 2063 Or els my heart concealing it wil breake,
 2064 And rather then it shall, I will be free,
 2065 Euen to the vttermost as I please in words.
 2066 *Pet.* Why thou saist true, it is paltrie cap,
 2067 A custard coffen, a bauble, a silken pie,
 2068 I loue thee well in that thou lik'st it not.
 2069 *Kate.* Loue me, or loue me not, I like the cap,
 2070 And it I will haue, or I will haue none.
 2071 *Pet.* Thy gowne, why I: come Tailor let vs see't.
 2072 Oh mercie God, what masking stuffe is heere?
 2073 Whats this? a sleeue? 'tis like demi cannon,
 2074 What, vp and downe caru'd like an apple Tart?
 2075 Heers snip, and nip, and cut, and slish and slash,
 2076 Like to a Censor in a barbers shoppe:
 2077 Why what a deuils name Tailor cal'st thou this?
 2078 *Hor.* I see shees like to haue neither cap nor gowne.
 2079 *Tai.* You bid me make it orderlie and well,
 2080 According to the fashion, and the time.
 2081 *Pet.* Marrie and did: but if you be remembred,
 2082 I did not bid you marre it to the time.
 2083 Go hop me ouer euery kennell home,
 2084 For you shall hop without my custome sir:
 2085 Ile none of it; hence, make your best of it.
 2086 *Kate.* I neuer saw a better fashion'd gowne,
 2087 More queint, more pleasing, nor more commendable:
 2088 Belike you meane to make a puppet of me.
 2089 *Pet.* Why true, he meanes to make a puppet of thee.
 2090 *Tail.* She saies your Worship meanes to make a
 2091 puppet of her.
 2092 *Pet.* Oh monstrous arrogance:
 2093 Thou lvest, thou thred, thou thimble,
 2094 Thou yard three quarters, halfe yard, quarter, naile,
 2095 Thou Flea, thou Nit, thou winter cricket thou:
 2096 Brau'd in mine owne house with a skeine of thred:
 2097 Away thou Ragge, thou quantitie, thou remnant,
 2098 Or I shall so be- mete thee with thy yard,
 2099 As thou shalt thinke on prating whil'st thou liu'st:
 2100 I tell thee I, that thou hast marr'd her gowne.
 2101 *Tail.* Your worship is deceiu'd, the gowne is made
 2102 Iust as my master had direction:
 2103 *Grumio* gaue order how it should be done.
 2104 *Gru.* I gaue him no order, I gaue him the stuffe.
 2105 *Tail.* But how did you desire it should be made?
 2106 *Gru.* Marrie sir with needle and thred.

2107 *Tail.* But did you not request to haue it cut?
 2108 *Gru.* Thou hast fac'd many things.
 2109 *Tail.* I haue.
 2110 *Gru.* Face not mee: thou hast brau'd manie men,
 2111 braue not me; I will neither bee fac'd nor brau'd. I say
 2112 vnto thee, I bid thy Master cut out the gowne, but I did
 2113 not bid him cut it to peeces. Ergo thou liest.
 2114 *Tail.* Why heere is the note of the fashion to testify.
 2115 *Pet.* Reade it.
 2116 *Gru.* The note lies in's throate if he say I said so.
 2117 *Tail.* Inprimis, a loose bodied gowne.
 2118 *Gru.* Master, if euer I said loose- bodied gowne, sow
 2119 me in the skirts of it, and beate me to death with a bot-tome
 2120 of browne thred: I said a gowne.
 2121 *Pet.* Proceede.
 2122 *Tai.* With a small compast cape.
 2123 *Gru.* I confesse the cape.
 2124 *Tai.* With a trunke sleeue.
 2125 *Gru.* I confesse two sleeues.
 2126 *Tai.* The sleeues curiously cut.
 2127 *Pet.* I there's the villanie.
 2128 *Gru.* Error i'th bill sir, error i'th bill? I commanded
 2129 the sleeues should be cut out, and sow'd vp againe, and
 2130 that Ile proue vpon thee, though thy little finger be ar-med
 2131 in a thimble.
 2132 *Tail.* This is true that I say, and I had thee in place
 2133 where thou shouldst know it.
 2134 *Gru.* I am for thee straight: take thou the bill, giue
 2135 me thy meat- yard, and spare not me.
 2136 *Hor.* God- a- mercie *Grumio*, then hee shall haue no
 2137 oddes.
 2138 *Pet.* Well sir in breefe the gowne is not for me.
 2139 *Gru.* You are i'th right sir, 'tis for my mistris.
 2140 *Pet.* Go take it vp vnto thy masters vse.
 2141 *Gru.* Villaine, not for thy life: Take vp my Mistresse
 2142 gowne for thy masters vse.
 2143 *Pet.* Why sir, what's your conceit in that?
 2144 *Gru.* Oh sir, the conceit is deeper then you think for:
 2145 Take vp my Mistris gowne to his masters vse.
 2146 Oh fie, fie, fie.
 2147 *Pet.* *Hortensio*, say thou wilt see the Tailor paide:
 2148 Go take it hence, be gone, and say no more.
 2149 *Hor.* Tailor, Ile pay thee for thy gowne to morrow,
 2150 Take no vnkindnesse of his hastie words:
 2151 Away I say, commend me to thy master. *Exit Tail.*
 2152 *Pet.* Well, come my *Kate*, we will vnto your fathers,

2153 Euen in these honest meane habiliments:
 2154 Our purses shall be proud, our garments poore:
 2155 For 'tis the minde that makes the bodie rich.
 2156 And as the Sunne breakes through the darkest clouds,
 2157 So honor peereth in the meanest habit.
 2158 What is the Iay more precious then the Larke?
 2159 Because his feathers are more beautifull.
 2160 Or is the Adder better then the Eele,
 2161 Because his painted skin contents the eye.
 2162 Oh no good *Kate*: neither art thou the worse
 2163 For this poore furniture, and meane array.
 2164 If thou accountedst it shame, lay it on me,
 2165 And therefore frolicke, we will hence forthwith,
 2166 To feast and sport vs at thy fathers house,
 2167 Go call my men, and let vs straight to him,
 2168 And bring our horses vnto Long- lane end,
 2169 There wil we mount, and thither walke on foote,
 2170 Let's see, I thinke 'tis now some seuen a clocke,
 2171 And well we may come there by dinner time.
 2172 *Kate*. I dare assure you sir, 'tis almost two,
 2173 And 'twill be supper time ere you come there.
 2174 *Pet*. It shall be seuen ere I go to horse:
 2175 Looke what I speake, or do, or thinke to doe, [T5
 2176 You are still crossing it, sirs let't alone,
 2177 I will not goe to day, and ere I doe,
 2178 It shall be what a clock I say it is.
 2179 *Hor*. Why so this gallant will command the sunne.
 2180 *Enter Tranio, and the Pedant drest like Vincentio.*
 2181 *Tra*. Sirs, this is the house, please it you that I call.
 2182 *Ped*. I what else, and but I be deceiued,
 2183 Signior *Baptista* may remember me
 2184 Neere twentie yeares a goe in *Genoa*.
 2185 *Tra*. Where we were lodgers, at the *Pegasus*,
 2186 Tis well, and hold your owne in any case
 2187 With such austeritie as longeth to a father.
 2188 *Enter Biondello.*
 2189 *Ped*. I warrant you: but sir here comes your boy,
 2190 'Twere good he were school'd.
 2191 *Tra*. Feare you not him: sirra *Biondello*,
 2192 Now doe your dutie throughlie I aduise you:
 2193 Imagine 'twere the right *Vincentio*.
 2194 *Bion*. Tut, feare not me.
 2195 *Tra*. But hast thou done thy errand to *Baptista*.
 2196 *Bion*. I told him that your father was at *Venice*,
 2197 And that you look't for him this day in *Padua*,
 2198 *Tra*. Th'art a tall fellow, hold thee that to drinke,

2199 Here comes *Baptista*: set your countenance sir.
 2200 Enter *Baptista* and *Lucentio*: *Pedant* booted
 2201 and bare headed.
 2202 *Tra*. Signior *Baptista* you are happilie met:
 2203 Sir, this is the gentleman I told you of,
 2204 I pray you stand good father to me now,
 2205 Giue me *Bianca* for my patrimony.
 2206 *Ped*. Soft son: sir by your leaue, hauing com to *Padua*
 2207 To gather in some debts, my son *Lucentio*
 2208 Made me acquainted with a waighty cause
 2209 Of loue betweene your daughter and himselfe:
 2210 And for the good report I heare of you,
 2211 And for the loue he beareth to your daughter,
 2212 And she to him: to stay him not too long,
 2213 I am content in a good fathers care
 2214 To haue him matcht, and if you please to like
 2215 No worse then I, vpon some agreement
 2216 Me shall you finde readie and willing
 2217 With one consent to haue her so bestowed:
 2218 For curious I cannot be with you
 2219 Signior *Baptista*, of whom I heare so well.
 2220 *Bap*. Sir, pardon me in what I haue to say,
 2221 Your plainnesse and your shortnesse please me well:
 2222 Right true it is your sonne *Lucentio* here
 2223 Doth loue my daughter, and she loueth him,
 2224 Or both dissemble deeply their affections:
 2225 And therefore if you say no more then this,
 2226 That like a Father you will deale with him,
 2227 And passe my daughter a sufficient dower,
 2228 The match is made, and all is done,
 2229 Your sonne shall haue my daughter with consent.
 2230 *Tra*. I thanke you sir, where then doe you know best
 2231 We be affied and such assurance tane,
 2232 As shall with either parts agreement stand.
 2233 *Bap*. Not in my house *Lucentio*, for you know
 2234 Pitchers haue eares, and I haue manie seruants,
 2235 Besides old *Gremio* is harkning still,
 2236 And happilie we might be interrupted.
 2237 *Tra*. Then at my lodging, and it like you,
 2238 There doth my father lie: and there this night
 2239 Wee passe the businesse priuately and well:
 2240 Send for your daughter by your seruant here,
 2241 My Boy shall fetch the Scriuener presentlie,
 2242 The worst is this that at so slender warning,
 2243 You are like to haue a thin and slender pittance.
 2244 *Bap*. It likes me well:

2245 *Cambio* hie you home, and bid *Bianca* make her readie
 2246 straight:
 2247 And if you will tell what hath hapned,
 2248 *Lucentios* Father is arriued in *Padua*,
 2249 And how she's like to be *Lucentios* wife.
 2250 *Biond.* I praie the gods she may withall my heart.
 2251 *Exit.*
 2252 *Tran.* Dallie not with the gods, but get thee gone.
 2253 *Enter Peter.*
 2254 Signior *Baptista*, shall I leade the way,
 2255 Welcome, one messe is like to be your cheere,
 2256 Come sir, we will better it in *Pisa*.
 2257 *Bap.* I follow you. *Exeunt.*
 2258 *Enter Lucentio and Biondello.*
 2259 *Bion.* *Cambio.*
 2260 *Luc.* What saist thou *Biondello*.
 2261 *Biond.* You saw my Master winke and laugh vpon
 2262 you?
 2263 *Luc.* *Biondello*, what of that?
 2264 *Biond.* Faith nothing: but has left mee here behinde
 2265 to expound the meaning or morrall of his signes and to-kens.
 2266 *Luc.* I pray thee moralize them.
 2267 *Biond.* Then thus: *Baptista* is safe talking with the
 2268 deceiuing Father of a deceitfull sonne.
 2269 *Luc.* And what of him?
 2270 *Biond.* His daughter is to be brought by you to the
 2271 supper.
 2272 *Luc.* And then.
 2273 *Bio.* The old Priest at Saint *Lukes* Church is at your
 2274 command at all houres.
 2275 *Luc.* And what of all this.
 2276 *Bion.* I cannot tell, expect they are busied about a
 2277 counterfeit assurance: take you assurance of her, *Cum*
 2278 *preuilegio ad Impremendum solem*, to th' Church take the
 2279 Priest, Clarke, and some sufficient honest witnesses:
 2280 If this be not that you looke for, I haue no more to say,
 2281 But bid *Bianca* farewell for euer and a day.
 2282 *Luc.* Hear'st thou *Biondello*.
 2283 *Biond.* I cannot tarry: I knew a wench maried in an
 2284 afternoone as shee went to the Garden for Parseley to
 2285 stufte a Rabit, and so may you sir: and so adew sir, my
 2286 Master hath appointed me to goe to Saint *Lukes* to bid
 2287 the Priest be readie to come against you come with your
 2288 appendix. *Exit.*
 2289 *Luc.* I may and will, if she be so contented:
 2290 She will be pleas'd, then wherefore should I doubt:
 2291

2292 Hap what hap may, Ile roundly goe about her:
 2293 It shall goe hard if *Cambio* goe without her. *Exit.*
 2294 *Enter Petruchio, Kate, Hortentio*
 2295 *Petr.* Come on a Gods name, once more toward our
 2296 fathers:
 2297 Good Lord how bright and goodly shines the Moone.
 2298 *Kate.* The Moone, the Sunne: it is not Moonelight
 2299 now.
 2300 *Pet.* I say it is the Moone that shines so bright.
 2301 *Kate.* I know it is the Sunne that shines so bright.
 2302 *Pet.* Now by my mothers sonne, and that's my selfe, [T5v
 2303 It shall be moone, or starre, or what I list,
 2304 Or ere I iourney to your Fathers house:
 2305 Goe on, and fetch our horses backe againe,
 2306 Euermore crost and crost, nothing but crost.
 2307 *Hort.* Say as he saies, or we shall neuer goe.
 2308 *Kate.* Forward I pray, since we haue come so farre,
 2309 And be it moone, or sunne, or what you please:
 2310 And if you please to call it a rush Candle,
 2311 Henceforth I vowe it shall be so for me.
 2312 *Petr.* I say it is the Moone.
 2313 *Kate.* I know it is the Moone.
 2314 *Petr.* Nay then you lye: it is the blessed Sunne.
 2315 *Kate.* Then God be blest, it is the blessed sun,
 2316 But sunne it is not, when you say it is not,
 2317 And the Moone changes euen as your minde:
 2318 What you will haue it nam'd, euen that it is,
 2319 And so it shall be so for *Katherine.*
 2320 *Hort. Petruchio,* goe thy waies, the field is won.
 2321 *Petr.* Well, forward, forward, thus the bowle should |(run,
 2322 And not vnluckily against the Bias:
 2323 But soft, Company is comming here.
 2324 *Enter Vincentio.*
 2325 Good morrow gentle Mistris, where away:
 2326 Tell me sweete *Kate,* and tell me truely too,
 2327 Hast thou beheld a fresher Gentlewoman:
 2328 Such warre of white and red within her cheekes:
 2329 What stars do spangle heauen with such beautie,
 2330 As those two eyes become that heauenly face?
 2331 Faire louely Maide, once more good day to thee:
 2332 Sweete *Kate* embrace her for her beauties sake.
 2333 *Hort.* A will make the man mad to make the woman
 2334 of him.
 2335 *Kate.* Yong budding Virgin, faire, and fresh, & sweet,
 2336 Whether away, or whether is thy aboade?
 2337 Happy the Parents of so faire a childe;

2338 Happier the man whom fauourable stars
 2339 A lots thee for his louely bedfellow.
 2340 *Petr.* Why how now *Kate*, I hope thou art not mad,
 2341 This is a man old, wrinckled, faded, withered,
 2342 And not a Maiden, as thou saist he is.
 2343 *Kate.* Pardon old father my mistaking eies,
 2344 That haue bin so bedazled with the sunne,
 2345 That euery thing I looke on seemeth greene:
 2346 Now I perceiue thou art a reuerent Father:
 2347 Pardon I pray thee for my mad mistaking.
 2348 *Petr.* Do good old grandsire, & withall make known
 2349 Which way thou trauellest, if along with vs,
 2350 We shall be ioyfull of thy companie.
 2351 *Vin.* Faire Sir, and you my merry Mistris,
 2352 That with your strange encounter much amasde me:
 2353 My name is call'd *Vincentio*, my dwelling *Pisa*,
 2354 And bound I am to *Padua*, there to visite
 2355 A sonne of mine, which long I haue not seene.
 2356 *Petr.* What is his name?
 2357 *Vinc.* *Lucentio* gentle sir.
 2358 *Petr.* Happily met, the happier for thy sonne:
 2359 And now by Law, as well as reuerent age,
 2360 I may intitle thee my louing Father,
 2361 The sister to my wife, this Gentlewoman,
 2362 Thy Sonne by this hath married: wonder not,
 2363 Nor be not griued, she is of good esteeme,
 2364 Her dowrie wealthie, and of worthie birth;
 2365 Beside, so qualified, as may beseeme
 2366 The Spouse of any noble Gentleman:
 2367 Let me imbrace with old *Vincentio*,
 2368 And wander we to see thy honest sonne,
 2369 Who will of thy arriual be full ioyous.
 2370 *Vinc.* But is this true, or is it else your pleasure,
 2371 Like pleasant trauiors to breake a lest
 2372 Vpon the companie you ouertake?
 2373 *Hort.* I doe assure thee father so it is.
 2374 *Petr.* Come goe along and see the truth hereof,
 2375 For our first merriment hath made thee ieaalous. *Exeunt.*
 2376 *Hor.* Well *Petruchio*, this has put me in heart;
 2377 Haue to my Widdow, and if she froward,
 2378 Then hast thou taught *Hortentio* to be vntoward. *Exit.*
 2379 *Enter Biondello, Lucentio and Bianca, Gremio*
 2380 *is out before.*
 2381 *Biond.* Softly and swiftly sir, for the Priest is ready.
 2382 *Luc.* I flie *Biondello*; but they may chance to neede
 2383 thee at home, therefore leaue vs. *Exit.*

2384 *Biond.* Nay faith, Ile see the Church a your backe,
 2385 and then come backe to my mistris as soone as I can.
 2386 *Gre.* I maruaile *Cambio* comes not all this while.
 2387 *Enter Petruchio, Kate, Vincentio, Grumio*
 2388 *with Attendants.*
 2389 *Petr.* Sir heres the doore, this is *Lucentios* house,
 2390 My Fathers beares more toward the Market- place,
 2391 Thither must I, and here I leaue you sir.
 2392 *Vin.* You shall not choose but drinke before you go,
 2393 I thinke I shall command your welcome here;
 2394 And by all likelihood some cheere is toward. *Knock.*
 2395 *Grem.* They're busie within, you were best knocke
 2396 lowder.
 2397 *Pedant lookes out of the window.*
 2398 *Ped.* What's he that knockes as he would beat downe
 2399 the gate?
 2400 *Vin.* Is Signior *Lucentio* within sir?
 2401 *Ped.* He's within sir, but not to be spoken withall.
 2402 *Vinc.* What if a man bring him a hundred pound or
 2403 two to make merrie withall.
 2404 *Ped.* Keepe your hundred pounds to your selfe, hee
 2405 shall neede none so long as I liue.
 2406 *Petr.* Nay, I told you your sonne was well beloued in
 2407 *Padua*: doe you heare sir, to leaue friuolous circumstan-ces,
 2408 I pray you tell signior *Lucentio* that his Father is
 2409 come from *Pisa*, and is here at the doore to speake with
 2410 him.
 2411 *Ped.* Thou liest his Father is come from *Padua*, and
 2412 here looking out at the window.
 2413 *Vin.* Art thou his father?
 2414 *Ped.* I sir, so his mother saies, if I may beleeeue her.
 2415 *Petr.* Why how now gentleman: why this is flat kna-uerie
 2416 to take vpon you another mans name.
 2417 *Peda.* Lay hands on the villaine, I beleeeue a meanes
 2418 to cosen some bodie in this Citie vnder my countenance.
 2419 *Enter Biondello.*
 2420 *Bio.* I haue seene them in the Church together, God
 2421 send 'em good shipping: but who is here? mine old Ma-ster
 2422 *Vincentio*: now wee are vndone and brought to no-thing.
 2424 *Vin.* Come hither crackhempe.
 2425 *Bion.* I hope I may choose Sir.
 2426 *Vin.* Come hither you rogue, what haue you forgot
 2427 mee?
 2428 *Biond.* Forgot you, no sir: I could not forget you, for
 2429 I neuer saw you before in all my life.
 2430 *Vinc.* What, you notorious villaine, didst thou neuer

2431 see thy Mistris father, *Vincentio*? [T6
 2432 *Bion*. What my old worshipfull old master? yes
 2433 marie sir see where he lookes out of the window.
 2434 *Vin*. Ist so indeede. *He beates Biondello*.
 2435 *Bion*. Helpe, helpe, helpe, here's a mad man will mur-der
 2436 me.
 2437 *Pedan*. Helpe, sonne, helpe signior *Baptista*.
 2438 *Petr*. Preethe *Kate* let's stand aside and see the end of
 2439 this controuersie.
 2440 *Enter Pedant with seruants, Baptista, Tranio*.
 2441 *Tra*. Sir, what are you that offer to beate my ser-uant?
 2442 *Vinc*. What am I sir: nay what are you sir: oh immor-tall
 2443 Goddes: oh fine villaine, a silken doublet, a vel-uet
 2444 hose, a scarlet cloake, and a copataine hat: oh I am
 2445 vndone, I am vndone: while I plaie the good husband
 2446 at home, my sonne and my seruant spend all at the vni-uersitie.
 2447 *Tra*. How now, what's the matter?
 2448 *Bapt*. What is the man lunaticke?
 2449 *Tra*. Sir, you seeme a sober ancient Gentleman by
 2450 your habit: but your words shew you a mad man: why
 2451 sir, what cernes it you, if I weare Pearle and gold: I thank
 2452 my good Father, I am able to maintaine it.
 2453 *Vin*. Thy father: oh villaine, he is a Saile- maker in
 2454 *Bergamo*.
 2455 *Bap*. You mistake sir, you mistake sir, praie what do
 2456 you thinke is his name?
 2457 *Vin*. His name, as if I knew not his name: I haue
 2458 brought him vp euer since he was three yeeres old, and
 2459 his name is *Tranio*.
 2460 *Ped*. Awaie, awaie mad asse, his name is *Lucentio*, and
 2461 he is mine onelie sonne and heire to the Lands of me sig-nior
 2462 *Vincentio*.
 2463 *Ven*. *Lucentio*: oh he hath murdred his Master; laie
 2464 hold on him I charge you in the Dukes name: oh my
 2465 sonne, my sonne: tell me thou villaine, where is my son
 2466 *Lucentio*?
 2467 *Tra*. Call forth an officer: Carrie this mad knaue to
 2468 the Iaile: father *Baptista*, I charge you see that hee be
 2469 forth comming.
 2470 *Vinc*. Carrie me to the Iaile?
 2471 *Gre*. Staie officer, he shall not go to prison.
 2472 *Bap*. Talke not signior *Gremio*: I saie he shall goe to
 2473 prison.
 2474 *Gre*. Take heede signior *Baptista*, least you be coni-catcht
 2475 in this businesse: I dare sweare this is the right
 2476 *Vincentio*.

2479 *Ped.* Swear if thou dar'st.
 2480 *Gre.* Naie, I dare not swear it.
 2481 *Tran.* Then thou wert best saie that I am not *Lu-centio*.
 2483 *Gre.* Yes, I know thee to be signior *Lucentio*.
 2484 *Bap.* Awaie with the dotard, to the Iaile with him.
 2485 *Enter Biondello, Lucentio and Bianeu.*
 2486 *Vin.* Thus strangers may be haild and abusd: oh mon-strous
 2487 villaine.
 2488 *Bion.* Oh we are spoil'd, and yonder he is, denie him,
 2489 forswear him, or else we are all vndone.
 2490 *Exit Biondello, Tranio and Pedant as fast as may be.*
 2491 *Luc.* Pardon sweete father. *Kneele.*
 2492 *Vin.* Liues my sweete sonne?
 2493 *Bian.* Pardon deere father.
 2494 *Bap.* How hast thou offended, where is *Lucentio*?
 2495 *Luc.* Here's *Lucentio*, right sonne to the right *Vin-centio*,
 2497 That haue by marriage made thy daughter mine,
 2498 While counterfeit supposes bleer'd thine eine.
 2499 *Gre.* Here's packing with a wisse to deceiue vs all.
 2500 *Vin.* Where is that damned villaine *Tranio*,
 2501 That fac'd and braued me in this matter so?
 2502 *Bap.* Why, tell me is not this my *Cambio*?
 2503 *Bian.* *Cambio* is chang'd into *Lucentio*.
 2504 *Luc.* Loue wrought these miracles. *Biancas* loue
 2505 Made me exchange my state with *Tranio*,
 2506 While he did beare my countenance in the towne,
 2507 And happilie I haue arriued at the last
 2508 Vnto the wished hauen of my blisse:
 2509 What *Tranio* did, my selfe enforst him to;
 2510 Then pardon him sweete Father for my sake.
 2511 *Vin.* Ile slit the villaines nose that would haue sent
 2512 me to the Iaile.
 2513 *Bap.* But doe you heare sir, haue you married my
 2514 daughter without asking my good will?
 2515 *Vin.* Feare not *Baptista*, we will content you, goe to:
 2516 but I will in to be reueng'd for this villanie. *Exit.*
 2517 *Bap.* And I to sound the depth of this knauerie. *Exit.*
 2518 *Luc.* Looke not pale *Bianca*, thy father will not frown.
 2519 *Exeunt.*
 2520 *Gre.* My cake is dough, but Ile in among the rest,
 2521 Out of hope of all, but my share of the feast.
 2522 *Kate.* Husband let's follow, to see the end of this adoe.
 2523 *Petr.* First kisse me *Kate*, and we will.
 2524 *Kate.* What in the midst of the streete?
 2525 *Petr.* What art thou asham'd of me?
 2526 *Kate.* No sir, God forbid, but asham'd to kisse.

2527 *Petr.* Why then let's home againe: Come Sirra let's
 2528 awaie.
 2529 *Kate.* Nay, I will giue thee a kisse, now praie thee
 2530 Loue staie.
 2531 *Petr.* Is not this well? come my sweete *Kate.*
 2532 Better once then neuer, for neuer to late. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus.

2534 *Enter Baptista, Vincentio, Gremio, the Pedant, Lucentio, and*
 2535 *Bianca. Tranio, Biondello Grumio, and Widdow:*
 2536 *The Seruingmen with Tranio bringing*
 2537 *in a Banquet.*
 2538 *Luc.* At last, though long, our iarring notes agree,
 2539 And time it is when raging warre is come,
 2540 To smile at scapes and perils ouerblowne:
 2541 My faire *Bianca* bid my father welcome,
 2542 While I with selfesame kindnesse welcome thine:
 2543 Brother *Petruchio*, sister *Katerina*,
 2544 And thou *Hortentio* with thy louing *Widdow:*
 2545 Feast with the best, and welcome to my house,
 2546 My Banket is to close our stomakes vp
 2547 After our great good cheere: praie you sit downe,
 2548 For now we sit to chat as well as eate.
 2549 *Petr.* Nothing but sit and sit, and eate and eate.
 2550 *Bap. Padua* affords this kindnesse, sonne *Petruchio.*
 2551 *Petr. Padua* affords nothing but what is kinde.
 2552 *Hor.* For both our sakes I would that word were true.
 2553 *Pet.* Now for my life *Hortentio* feares his *Widow.*
 2554 *Wid.* Then neuer trust me if I be affeard.
 2555 *Petr.* You are verie sencible, and yet you misse my
 2556 sence:
 2557 I meane *Hortentio* is afeard of you. [T6v
 2558 *Wid.* He that is giddie thinks the world turns round.
 2559 *Petr.* Roundlie replied.
 2560 *Kat.* Mistris, how meane you that?
 2561 *Wid.* Thus I conceiue by him.
 2562 *Petr.* Conceiues by me, how likes *Hortentio* that?
 2563 *Hor.* My *Widdow* saies, thus she conceiues her tale.
 2564 *Petr.* Verie well mended: kisse him for that good
 2565 *Widdow.*
 2566 *Kat.* He that is giddie thinkes the world turnes round,
 2567 I praie you tell me what you meant by that.
 2568 *Wid.* Your housband being troubled with a shrew,

2569 Measures my husbands sorrow by his woe:
 2570 And now you know my meaning.
 2571 *Kate.* A verie meane meaning.
 2572 *Wid.* Right, I meane you.
 2573 *Kat.* And I am meane indeede, respecting you.
 2574 *Petr.* To her *Kate*.
 2575 *Hor.* To her *Widdow*.
 2576 *Petr.* A hundred marks, my *Kate* does put her down.
 2577 *Hor.* That's my office
 2578 *Petr.* Spoke like an Officer: ha to the lad.
 2579 *Drinkes to Hortentio.*
 2580 *Bap.* How likes *Gremio* these quicke witted folkes?
 2581 *Gre.* Beleeue me sir, they But together well.
 2582 *Bian.* Head, and but an hastie witted bodie,
 2583 Would say your Head and But were head and horne.
 2584 *Vin.* I Mistris Bride, hath that awakened you?
 2585 *Bian.* I, but not frighted me, therefore Ile sleepe a-gaine.
 2587 *Petr.* Nay that you shall not since you haue begun:
 2588 Haue at you for a better iest or too.
 2589 *Bian.* Am I your Bird, I meane to shift my bush,
 2590 And then pursue me as you draw your Bow.
 2591 You are welcome all. *Exit Bianca.*
 2592 *Petr.* She hath preuented me, here signior *Tranio*,
 2593 This bird you aim'd at, though you hit her not,
 2594 Therefore a health to all that shot and mist.
 2595 *Tri.* Oh sir, *Lucentio* slipt me like his Gray- hound,
 2596 Which runs himselfe, and catches for his Master.
 2597 *Petr.* A good swift simile, but something currish.
 2598 *Tra.* 'Tis well sir that you hunted for your selfe:
 2599 'Tis thought your Deere does hold you at a baie.
 2600 *Bap.* Oh, oh *Petruchio*, *Tranio* hits you now.
 2601 *Luc.* I thanke thee for that gird good *Tranio*.
 2602 *Hor.* Confesse, confesse, hath he not hit you here?
 2603 *Petr.* A has a little gald me I confesse:
 2604 And as the Iest did glaunce awaie from me,
 2605 'Tis ten to one it maim'd you too out right.
 2606 *Bap.* Now in good sadnesse sonne *Petruchio*,
 2607 I thinke thou hast the veriest shrew of all.
 2608 *Petr.* Well, I say no: and therefore sir assurance,
 2609 Let's each one send vnto his wife,
 2610 And he whose wife is most obedient,
 2611 To come at first when he doth send for her,
 2612 Shall win the wager which we will propose.
 2613 *Hort.* Content, what's the wager?
 2614 *Luc.* Twentie crownes.
 2615 *Petr.* Twentie crownes,

2616 Ile venture so much of my Hawke or Hound,
 2617 But twentie times so much vpon my Wife.
 2618 *Luc.* A hundred then.
 2619 *Hor.* Content.
 2620 *Petr.* A match, 'tis done.
 2621 *Hor.* Who shall begin?
 2622 *Luc.* That will I.
 2623 Goe *Biondello*, bid your Mistris come to me.
 2624 *Bio.* I goe. *Exit.*
 2625 *Bap.* Sonne, Ile be your halfe, *Bianca* comes.
 2626 *Luc.* Ile haue no halues: Ile beare it all my selfe.
 2627 *Enter Biondello.*
 2628 How now, what newes?
 2629 *Bio.* Sir, my Mistris sends you word
 2630 That she is busie, and she cannot come.
 2631 *Petr.* How? she's busie, and she cannot come: is that
 2632 an answere?
 2633 *Gre.* I, and a kinde one too:
 2634 Praie God sir your wife send you not a worse.
 2635 *Petr.* I hope better.
 2636 *Hor.* Sirra *Biondello*, goe and intreate my wife to
 2637 come to me forthwith. *Exit. Bion.*
 2638 *Pet.* Oh ho, intreate her, nay then shee must needes
 2639 come.
 2640 *Hor.* I am affraid sir, doe what you can
 2641 *Enter Biondello.*
 2642 Yours will not be entreated: Now, where's my wife?
 2643 *Bion.* She saies you haue some goodly Iest in hand,
 2644 She will not come: she bids you come to her.
 2645 *Petr.* Worse and worse, she will not come:
 2646 Oh vilde, intollerable, not to be indur'd:
 2647 Sirra *Grumio*, goe to your Mistris,
 2648 Say I command her come to me. *Exit.*
 2649 *Hor.* I know her answere.
 2650 *Pet.* What?
 2651 *Hor.* She will not.
 2652 *Petr.* The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.
 2653 *Enter Katerina.*
 2654 *Bap.* Now by my hollidam here comes *Katerina.*
 2655 *Kat.* What is your will sir, that you send for me?
 2656 *Petr.* Where is your sister, and *Hortensios* wife?
 2657 *Kate.* They sit conferring by the Parler fire.
 2658 *Petr.* Goe fetch them hither, if they denie to come,
 2659 Swinge me them soundly forth vnto their husbands:
 2660 Away I say, and bring them hither straight.
 2661 *Luc.* Here is a wonder, if you talke of a wonder.

2662 *Hor.* And so it is: I wonder what it boads.
 2663 *Petr.* Marrie peace it boads, and loue, and quiet life,
 2664 An awfull rule, and right supremicie:
 2665 And to be short, what not, that's sweete and happie.
 2666 *Bap.* Now faire befall thee good *Petruchio*;
 2667 The wager thou hast won, and I will adde
 2668 Vnto their losses twentie thousand crownes,
 2669 Another dowrie to another daughter,
 2670 For she is chang'd as she had neuer bin.
 2671 *Petr.* Nay, I will win my wager better yet,
 2672 And show more signe of her obedience,
 2673 Her new built vertue and obedience.
 2674 *Enter Kate, Bianca, and Widdow.*
 2675 See where she comes, and brings your froward Wiues
 2676 As prisoners to her womanlie perswasion:
 2677 *Katerine*, that Cap of yours becomes you not,
 2678 Off with that bable, throw it vnderfoote.
 2679 *Wid.* Lord let me neuer haue a cause to sigh,
 2680 Till I be brought to such a sillie passe.
 2681 *Bian.* Fie what a foolish dutie call you this?
 2682 *Luc.* I would your dutie were as foolish too:
 2683 The wisdom of your dutie faire *Bianca*,
 2684 Hath cost me fiue hundred crownes since supper time.
 2685 *Bian.* The more foole you for laying on my dutie.
 2686 *Pet. Katherine* I charge thee tell these head- strong
 2687 women, what dutie they doe owe their Lords and hus-bands. [V1
 2689 *Wid.* Come, come, your mocking: we will haue no
 2690 telling.
 2691 *Pet.* Come on I say, and first begin with her.
 2692 *Wid.* She shall not.
 2693 *Pet.* I say she shall, and first begin with her.
 2694 *Kate.* Fie, fie, vnknit that threatning vnkinde brow,
 2695 And dart not scornefull glances from those eies,
 2696 To wound thy Lord, thy King, thy Gouvernour.
 2697 It blots thy beautie, as frosts doe bite the Meads,
 2698 Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds shake faire budds,
 2699 And in no sence is meete or amiable.
 2700 A woman mou'd, is like a fountaine troubled,
 2701 Muddie, ill seeming, thicke, bereft of beautie,
 2702 And while it is so, none so dry or thirstie
 2703 Will daigne to sip, or touch one drop of it.
 2704 Thy husband is thy Lord, thy life, thy keeper,
 2705 Thy head, thy soueraigne: One that cares for thee,
 2706 And for thy maintenance. Commits his body
 2707 To painfull labour, both by sea and land:
 2708 To watch the night in stormes, the day in cold,

2709 Whil'st thou ly'st warme at home, secure and safe,
 2710 And craues no other tribute at thy hands,
 2711 But loue, faire lookes, and true obedience;
 2712 Too little payment for so great a debt.
 2713 Such dutie as the subiect owes the Prince,
 2714 Euen such a woman oweth to her husband:
 2715 And when she is froward, peeuish, sullen, sowre,
 2716 And not obedient to his honest will,
 2717 What is she but a foule contending Rebell,
 2718 And gracelesse Traitor to her louing Lord?
 2719 I am asham'd that women are so simple,
 2720 To offer warre, where they should kneele for peace:
 2721 Or seeke for rule, supremacie, and sway,
 2722 When they are bound to serue, loue, and obay.
 2723 Why are our bodies soft, and weake, and smooth,
 2724 Vnapt to toyle and trouble in the world,
 2725 But that our soft conditions, and our harts,
 2726 Should well agree with our externall parts?
 2727 Come, come, you froward and vnable wormes,
 2728 My minde hath bin as bigge as one of yours,
 2729 My heart as great, my reason haplie more,
 2730 To bandie word for word, and frowne for frowne;
 2731 But now I see our Launces are but strawes:
 2732 Our strength as weake, our weakenesse past compare,
 2733 That seeming to be most, which we indeed least are.
 2734 Then vale your stomackes, for it is no boote,
 2735 And place your hands below your husbands foote:
 2736 In token of which dutie, if he please,
 2737 My hand is readie, may it do him ease.
 2738 *Pet.* Why there's a wench: Come on, and kisse mee
 2739 *Kate.*
 2740 *Luc.* Well go thy waies olde Lad for thou shalt ha't.
 2741 *Vin.* Tis a good hearing, when children are toward.
 2742 *Luc.* But a harsh hearing, when women are froward,
 2743 *Pet.* Come *Kate*, wee'le to bed,
 2744 We three are married, but you two are sped.
 2745 'Twas I wonne the wager, though you hit the white,
 2746 And being a winner, God giue you good night.
 2747 *Exit Petruchio*
 2748 *Horten.* Now goe thy wayes, thou hast tam'd a curst
 2749 Shrow.
 2750 *Luc.* Tis a wonder, by your leaue, she wil be tam'd so.

FINIS.

2752 THE

Taming of the Shrew.
