

Preshow**7:25pm**

Preset: Bar has chips, pretzels, drinks and other stuff.

Bar cards people for 21 and bands them.

Hostess is running the bar.

7:30pm

Hostess asks for the doors to open. Several players are warming up, some are setting up the house, chairs, tables, screens, etc.

Other players arrive late and begin to help with setup. Warmups should last no more than 5 minutes as players are tasked with setting up the house.

Throughout this time the Hostess is encouraging the audience to come up and get munchies and drinks.

7:45pm

Sly (drunk) enters space and starts (continues) drinking, interacts with Hostess, interacts with players, interacts with audience, tries to help with screens.

7:55pm

By this time all screens, tables, chairs, etc. are set.

7:59:45pm

Sly, who has wandered into the kitchen, accidentally breaks glasses during an argument with the Hostess who then slaps Sly hard across the face. Show begins.

Induction [195 lines /12:11]

[Prenzie players are seated at one table]

[Enter HOSTESS and SLY]

SLY: I'll feeze you, in faith.

HOSTESS: A pair of stocks, you rogue!

SLY: Y'are a baggage; the Slys are no rogues. Look in the chronicles, we came in with Richard Conqueror. Therefore, let the world slide. Sessa!

HOSTESS: You will not pay for the glasses you have burst?

SLY: No, not a denier. Go by, Saint Jeronimy, go to thy cold bed and warm thee.

HOSTESS: I know my remedy; I must go fetch the third-borough. *[Exit]*

SLY: Third, or fourth, or fifth borough, I'll answer him by law. I'll not budge an inch, boy; let him come, and kindly.

[Passes out. Enter Lord on cell phone followed by Victoria and Bartholomew]

LORD: *[to person on cell phone]* Huntsman, I charge thee, tender well my hounds;

Brach Merriman, the poor cur, is emboss'd;

And couple Clowder with the deep-mouth'd brach.

Saw'st thou not, boy, how Silver made it good

At the hedge corner, in the coldest fault?

I would not lose the dog for twenty pound.

[Pause for response]

Thou art a fool. If Echo were as fleet,

I would esteem him worth a dozen such.

But sup them well, and look unto them all.

Tomorrow I intend to hunt again.

[Hangs up and notices Sly]

What's here? One dead, or drunk? See, doth he breathe?

BARTHOLOMEW: He breathes, my lord. Were he not warm'd with ale,

This were a bed but cold to sleep so soundly.

LORD: O monstrous beast, how like a swine he lies!

Grim death, how foul and loathsome is thine image!

Faith, I will practice on this drunken man.

What think you, if he were convey'd away,

Wrapp'd in sweet clothes, rings put upon his fingers,

A most delicious banquet by his head,

And brave attendants near him when he wakes,

Would not the beggar then forget himself?

VICTORIA: Believe me, lord, I think he cannot choose.

BARTHOLOMEW: It would seem strange unto him when he wak'd.

LORD: Even as a flatt'ring dream or worthless fancy.

Then take him up, and manage well the jest.

Balm his foul head in warm distillèd waters,

And if he chance to speak, be ready straight,

And with a low submissive reverence

Say 'What is it your honor will command?'

Some one be ready with a costly suit,

And ask him what apparel he will wear.

Persuade him that he hath been lunatic,
 And, when he says he is, say that he dreams,
 For he is nothing but a mighty lord.
 It will be pastime passing excellent,
 If it be husbanded with modesty.

VICTORIA: My lord, I warrant you we will play our part
 As he shall think by our true diligence
 He is no less than what we say he is.

LORD: Take him up gently, and to bed with him,
 And each one to his office when he wakes.

[BARTHOLOMEW and VICTORIA carry aside. Victoria exits to get clothes. Bartholomew begins to strip Sly. Lord notices PLAYER 1]

LORD: With all my heart! This fellow I remember
 Since once he play'd a farmer's eldest son;
 'Twas where you woo'd the gentlewoman so well.
 I have forgot your name; but, sure, that part
 Was aptly fitted and naturally perform'd.

PLAYER 1: 'Twas Demetrius that your honor means.

LORD: 'Tis very true; thou didst it excellent.

PLAYER 1: I thank your honor.

LORD: Well, you are come to me in happy time,

[Quickly takes out checkbook and begins writing check]

The rather for I have some sport in hand
 Wherein your cunning can assist me much.

[Hands check to Player 1, Player 2 notices the amount and snatches check away]

PLAYER 2: So please your lordship to accept our duty.

LORD: There is a lord will hear you play tonight;

But I am doubtful of your modesties,
 Lest, over-eying of his odd behavior—
 For yet his honor never heard a play—
 You break into some merry passion
 And so may offend him; for I tell you,
 If you should smile, he grows impatient.

PLAYER 2 Fear not, my lord; we can contain ourselves,
 Were he the veriest antic in the world.

[Enter Victoria with clothes, begins assisting Bartholomew]

LORD: This do, and do it kindly, honest players.

Anon I'll give thee more instructions.

[Flourish as players get up from the table, various ad libbing about plans for performance. Lord pulls aside Player 3]

Sirrah, go you to Barthol'mew my page,

[Points to Bartholomew]

And see him dress'd in all suits like a lady.
 That done, conduct him to the drunkard's presence,
 And call him 'madam,' do him obeisance.
 Tell him from me, as he will win my love,
 He bear himself with honorable action,

Such as he hath observ'd in noble ladies
 Unto their lords, by them accomplishèd.
 Such duty to the drunkard let him do,
 With soft low tongue and lowly courtesy,
 And say 'What is't your honor will command,
 Wherein your lady and your humble wife
 May show her duty and make known her love?'
 And then with kind embracements, tempting kisses,
 And with declining head into his bosom,
 Bid him shed tears, as being overjoyed
 To see her noble lord restor'd to health.
 See this dispatch'd with all the haste thou canst,

PLAYER 3: I will my lord

[PLAYER 3 grabs BARTHOLOMEW and EXITS, PLAYER 3 becomes BIANCA]

LORD: (aside) I know the boy will well usurp the grace,
 Voice, gait, and action, of a gentlewoman;
 I long to hear him call the drunkard 'husband';
 And how my men will stay themselves from laughter
 When they do homage to this simple peasant.
 I'll in to counsel them; haply my presence
 May well abate the over-merry spleen,
 Which otherwise would grow into extremes.

[Assists Victoria in cleaning up Sly, Sly begins to wake]

SLY: For God's sake, a pot of small ale.

VICTORIA: Will't please your lordship drink a cup of sack?

LORD: Will't please your honor taste of these conserves?

VICTORIA: What raiment will your honor wear today?

SLY: I am Christophero Sly; call not me 'honor' nor 'lordship.' I ne'er drank sack in my life; and if you
 give me any conserves, give me conserves of beef. Ne'er ask me
 what raiment I'll wear, for I have no more doublets than backs, no more stockings
 than legs, nor no more shoes than feet— nay, sometime more feet than shoes, or such shoes as
 my toes look through the overleather.

LORD: Heaven cease this idle humor in your honor!

O that a mighty man of such descent,
 Of such possessions, and so high esteem,
 Should be infused with so foul a spirit!

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

VICTORIA: O this it is that makes your lady mourn.

LORD: O this is it that makes your servants droop.

VICTORIA: Hence comes it that your kindred shuns your house,
 As beaten hence by your strange lunacy.
 O noble lord, bethink thee of thy birth,
 Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment,

And banish hence these abject lowly dreams.
 Look how thy servants do attend on thee,
 Each in his office ready at thy beck.
 Thou art a lord, and nothing but a lord.
 Thou hast a lady far more beautiful
 Than any woman in this waning age.

LORD: And, till the tears that she hath shed for thee
 Like envious floods o'er-run her lovely face,
 She was the fairest creature in the world;
 And yet she is inferior to none.

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

VICTORIA: O how we joy to see your wit restor'd!
 These fifteen years you have been in a dream,
 Or when you wak'd, so wak'd as if you slept.

SLY: These fifteen years! By my fay, a goodly nap.
 Now, Lord be thanked for my good amends!

LORD and VICTORIA: Amen.

[Enter BARTHOLOMEW as a lady]

BARTHOLOMEW: How fares my noble lord?

SLY: Marry, I fare well; for here is cheer enough.
 Where is my wife?

BARTHOLOMEW: Here, noble lord; what is thy will with her?

SLY: Are you my wife, and will not call me husband?

My men should call me 'lord'; I am your goodman.

BARTHOLOMEW: My husband and my lord, my lord and husband;
 I am your wife in all obedience.

SLY: I know it well. What must I call her?

LORD: Madam.

SLY: Al'ce madam, or Joan madam?

LORD: Madam, and nothing else; so lords call ladies.

SLY: Madam wife, they say that I have dream'd
 And slept above some fifteen year or more.

BARTHOLOMEW: Ay, and the time seems thirty unto me,
 Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.

SLY: 'Tis much. Servants, leave me and her alone.

[Exit LORD and VICTORIA, VICTORIA becomes BIONDELLO]

Madam, undress you, and come now to bed.

BARTHOLOMEW: Thrice noble lord, let me entreat of you
 To pardon me yet for a night or two;
 Or, if not so, until the sun be set.

For your physicians have expressly charg'd,
 In peril to incur your former malady,
 That I should yet absent me from your bed.
 I hope this reason stands for my excuse.

SLY: Ay, it stands so that I may hardly tarry so long. But I would be loath to fall into
 my dreams again. I will therefore tarry in despite of the flesh and the blood.

[Enter PLAYER 4]

PLAYER 4: Your honor's players, hearing your amendment,
 Are come to play a pleasant comedy;
 For so your doctors hold it very meet,
 Seeing too much sadness hath congeal'd your blood,
 And melancholy is the nurse of frenzy.
 Therefore they thought it good you hear a play
 And frame your mind to mirth and merriment,
 Which bars a thousand harms and lengthens life.

[EXIT PLAYER 4, PLAYER 4 becomes KATHERINA]

SLY: Marry, I will; let them play it. Is not a comonty a Christmas gambold or a tumbling-trick?

BARTHOLOMEW: No, my good lord, it is more pleasing stuff.

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

[They sit down]

Act I.

Scene 1. [217 lines /13:33]

[Enter LUCENTIO and TRANIO]

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

TRANIO: *Mi perdonato*, good and gentle sir.
 I am in all affected as yourself;
 Glad that you thus continue your resolve
 To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy.
 Only, good master, while we do admire
 This virtue and this moral discipline,
 Let's be no Stoics nor no stocks, I pray,
 Or so devote to Aristotle's checks
 As Ovid be an outcast quite abjur'd.
 Balk logic with acquaintance that you have,
 And practise rhetoric in your common talk,
 Music and poesy use to quicken you,
 The mathematics and the metaphysics,
 Fall to them as you find your stomach serves you.
 No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en;
 In brief, sir, study what you most affect.

LUCENTIO: Gramercies, Tranio, well dost thou advise.
 If, Biondello, thou wert come ashore,
 We could at once put us in readiness,
 And take a lodging fit to entertain
 Such friends as time in Padua shall beget.

[Enter BAPTISTA, KATHERINA, BIANCA, GREMIO, HORTENSIO,
LUCENTIO and TRANIO stand by]

But stay awhile; what company is this?

TRANIO: In faith, some show to welcome us to town.

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

GREMIO: To cart her rather. She's too rough for me.

There, there, Hortensio, will you any wife?

KATHERINA: [To BAPTISTA] I pray you, madam, is it your will
To make a stale of me amongst these mates?

HORTENSIO: Mates, maid? How mean you that? No mates for you
Unless you were of gentler, milder mould.

KATHERINA: I' faith, sir, you shall never need to fear;
Iwis it is not halfway to her heart;

<p>KATHERINA: But if it were, doubt not her care should be To comb your noddle with a three-legg'd stool, And paint your face, and use you like a fool HORTENSIO: From all such devils, good Lord deliver us! GREMIO: And me, too, good Lord! BAPTISTA: Gentlemen, that I may soon make good What I have said—</p>	<p>TRANIO: Husht, good sir! Here's some good pastime toward; That wench is stark mad or wonderful froward. LUCENTIO: But in the other's silence do I see Maid's mild behavior and sobriety. Peace, Tranio! TRANIO: Well said, sir; mum! and gaze your fill.</p>
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BAPTISTA: Bianca, get you in;
And let it not displease thee, good Bianca,
For I will love thee ne'er the less, my girl.

KATHERINA: A pretty peat! it is best put finger in the eye, an she knew why.

BIANCA: Sister, content you in my discontent.
Ma'am, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe.

<p>BIANCA: My books and instruments shall be my company, On them to look, and practise by myself.</p>	<p>LUCENTIO: Hark, Tranio, thou mayst hear Minerva speak!</p>
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HORTENSIO: Signiora Baptista, will you be so strange?
Sorry am I that our good will effects
Bianca's grief.

GREMIO: Why will you mew her up,
Signiora Baptista, for this fiend of hell,
And make her bear the penance of her tongue?

BAPTISTA: Gentlemen, content ye; I am resolv'd.
Go in, Bianca. [Exit BIANCA]
And for I know she taketh most delight
In music, instruments, and poetry,
Schoolmasters will I keep within my house
Fit to instruct her youth. If you, Hortensio,
Or, Signior Gremio, you, know any such,
Prefer them hither; for to cunning men
I will be very kind, and liberal
To mine own children in good bringing-up;

And so, farewell. Katherina, you may stay;
For I have more to commune with Bianca. *[Exit]*

KATHERINA: Why, and I trust I may go too, may I not? What! shall I be appointed hours, as though, belike, I knew not what to take and what to leave? Ha!

[Exit]

GREMIO: You may go to the devil's dam; your gifts are so good here's none will hold you. Farewell, Hortensio; our cake's dough on both sides. Yet, for the love I bear my sweet Bianca, if I can by any means light on a fit man to teach her that wherein she delights, I will wish him to her father.

HORTENSIO: So Will I, Signior Gremio; but a word, I pray. Though the nature of our quarrel yet never brook'd parle, know now, upon advice, it toucheth us both—that we may yet again have access to our fair mistress, and be happy rivals in Bianca's love—to labor and effect one thing specially.

GREMIO: What's that, I pray?

HORTENSIO: Marry, sir, to get a husband for her sister.

GREMIO: A husband? a devil.

HORTENSIO: I say a husband.

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

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

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

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

GREMIO. I am agreed; and would I had given him the best horse in Padua to begin his wooing that would thoroughly woo her, wed her, and bed her, and rid the house of her! Come on.

[Exit GREMIO and HORTENSIO]

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

LUCENTIO: O Tranio, till I found it to be true,
I never thought it possible or likely.
But see! while idly I stood looking on,
I found the effect of love in idleness;
And now in plainness do confess to thee,
Tranio, I burn, I pine, I perish, Tranio,
If I achieve not this young modest girl.
Counsel me, Tranio, for I know thou canst;
Assist me, Tranio, for I know thou wilt.

TRANIO: Good sir, it is no time to chide you now;
Affection is not rated from the heart;
If love have touch'd you, nought remains but so:
Redime te captum quam—

LUCENTIO: *queas minimo.*
Gramercies, lass. Go forward, this contents;

The rest will comfort, for thy counsel's sound.

TRANIO: Truly, you look'd so longly on the maid.

Perhaps you mark'd not what's the pith of all.

LUCENTIO: O, yes, I saw sweet beauty in her face,

Such as the daughter of Agenor had,

That made great Jove to humble him to her hand,

When with his knees he kiss'd the Cretan strand.

TRANIO: Saw you no more? Mark'd you not how her sister—

LUCENTIO: Tranio, I saw her coral lips to move,

And with her breath she did perfume the air;

Sacred and sweet was all I saw in her.

TRANIO: Nay, then 'tis time to stir him from his trance.

I pray, awake, sir. If you love the maid,

Bend thoughts and wits to achieve her. Thus it stands:

Her elder sister is so curst and shrewd

That, till the mother rid her hands of her,

Good sir, your love must live a maid at home;

And therefore has she closely mew'd her up,

Because she will not be annoy'd with suitors.

LUCENTIO: Ah, Tranio, what a cruel mother's she!

But art thou not advis'd she took some care

To get her cunning schoolmasters to instruct her?

TRANIO: Ay, marry, am I, sir, and now 'tis plotted.	LUCENTIO: I have it, Tranio.
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TRANIO: For my hand,

Both our inventions meet and jump in one.

LUCENTIO: Tell me thine first.

TRANIO: You will be schoolmaster,

And undertake the teaching of the maid.

That's your device.

LUCENTIO: It is. May it be done?

TRANIO: Not possible; for who shall bear your part

And be in Padua here Vincentio's son;

Keep house and ply his book, welcome his friends,

Visit his countrymen, and banquet them?

LUCENTIO: Basta, content thee, for I have it full.

We have not yet been seen in any house,

Nor can we be distinguish'd. It follows thus:

Thou shalt be master, Tranio, in my stead,

Keep house and port and servants, as I should.

'Tis hatch'd, and shall be so. Tranio, at once

Uncase thee; take my color'd shirt and pants.

When Biondello comes, she waits on thee;

But I will charm her first to keep her tongue.

TRANIO: So had you need.

[TRANIO puts on LUCENTIO's clothes, LUCENTIO puts on more less formal clothes from his suitcase]

In brief, sir, sith it your pleasure is,

And I am tied to be obedient—

For so your father charg'd me at our parting:
 'Be serviceable to my son' quoth he,
 Although I think 'twas in another sense—
 I am content to be Lucentio,
 Because so well I love Lucentio.

LUCENTIO: Tranio, be so because Lucentio loves;
 And let me be a slave t' achieve that maid
 Whose sudden sight hath thrall'd my wounded eye.

[Enter BIONDELLO.]

Here comes the rogue. Sirrah, where have you been?

BIONDELLO: Where have I been? Nay, how now, where are you?
 Has my fellow Tranio stol'n your clothes?
 What's the news?

LUCENTIO: Sirrah, 'tis no time to jest,
 And therefore frame your manners to the time.
 Your fellow Tranio here, to save my life,
 Puts my apparel and my count'nance on.
 For in a quarrel since I came ashore
 I kill'd a man, and fear I was descried.
 Wait you on him, I charge you, as becomes,
 While I make way from hence to save my life.
 You understand me?

BIONDELLO: I, sir? Ne'er a whit.

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

BIONDELLO: The better for her; would I were so too!

TRANIO: So could I, faith, girl, to have the next wish after,
 That Lucentio indeed had Baptista's youngest daughter.
 But, sirrah, not for my sake but your master's, I advise
 You use your manners discreetly in all kind of companies.
 When I am alone, why, then I am Tranio,
 But in all places else your master Lucentio.

LUCENTIO: Tranio, let's go. One thing more rests, that thyself execute- to make one among these
 wooers. If thou ask me why— sufficeth, my reasons are Both good and weighty. *[Exit]*

[The Presenters above speak]

LORD: My lord, you nod; you do not mind the play.

SLY: Yes, by Saint Anne, do I. A good matter, surely; comes there any more of it?

BARTHOLOMEW (as Sly's wife): My lord, 'tis but begun.

SLY: 'Tis a very excellent piece of work, madam lady. Would 'twere done.

Scene 2: [220 lines /13:33]

[Enter GRUMIO chased by PETRUCHIO]

GRUMIO: Help, masters, help! My master is mad.

PETRUCHIO: Now knock when I bid you, sirrah villain!

GRUMIO: Knock, sir? Whom should I knock? Is there any
man has rebused your worship?

PETRUCHIO: Villain, I say, knock me here soundly.

GRUMIO: Knock you here, sir? Why, sir, what am I, sir, that I should knock you here, sir?

PETRUCHIO: Villain, I say, knock me at this gate, And rap me well, or I'll knock your knave's pate.

<p>GRUMIO: My master is grown quarrelsome. I should knock you first, And then I know after who comes by the worst.</p>	<p>PETRUCHIO: Will it not be? Faith, sirrah, and you'll not knock, I'll ring it. I'll try how you can solfa and sing it.</p>
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[Enter HORTENSIO]

HORTENSIO: How now! what's the matter? My old friend Grumio and my good friend Petruchio! How do you all at Verona?

PETRUCHIO: Signior Hortensio, come you to part the fray?
Con tutto il cuore ben trovato, may I say.

HORTENSIO: *Alla nostra casa ben venuto, moto honorato signor mio Petrucio.*
Rise, Grumio, rise; we will compound this quarrel.

GRUMIO: Nay, 'tis no matter, sir, what he 'leges in Latin. If this be not a lawful cause for me to leave his service— look you, sir: he bid me knock him and rap him soundly, sir. Well, was it fit for a servant to use his master so, being perhaps, for aught I see, two and thirty, a pip out?

PETRUCHIO: A senseless villain! Good Hortensio,
I bade the rascal knock upon your gate,
And could not get him for my heart to do it.

GRUMIO: Knock at the gate? O heavens! Spake you not these words plain: 'Sirrah knock me here, rap me here, knock me well, and knock me soundly'? And come you now with 'knocking at the gate'?

PETRUCHIO: Sirrah, be gone, or talk not, I advise you.

HORTENSIO: Petruchio, patience, I am Grumio's pledge;
Why, this's a heavy chance 'twixt him and you,
Your ancient, trusty, pleasant servant Grumio.
And tell me now, sweet friend, what happy gale
Blows you to Padua here from old Verona?

PETRUCHIO: Such wind as scatters young men through the world
To seek their fortunes farther than at home,
Where small experience grows. But in a few,

My best belovèd and approvèd friend,
 Antonio, my father, is deceas'd,
 And I have thrust myself into this maze,
 Haply to wive and thrive as best I may.
 Crowns in my purse I have, and goods at home,
 And so am come abroad to see the world.

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

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

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

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

PETRUCHIO: Hortensio, peace! thou know'st not gold's effect.
 Tell me her father's name, and 'tis enough;
 For I will board her though she chide as loud
 As thunder when the clouds in autumn crack.

HORTENSIO: Her mother is Baptista Minola,
 An affable and court'ous gentlewoman;
 Her name is Katherina Minola,
 Renown'd in Padua for her scolding tongue.

PETRUCHIO: I know her mother, though I know not her;

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

GRUMIO: I pray you, sir, let him go while the humor lasts. O my word, and she knew him as well as I do, she would think scolding would do little good upon him. She may perhaps call him half a score knaves or so. Why, that's nothing; and he begin once, he'll rail in his rope-tricks. I'll tell you what, sir: an she stand him but a little, he will throw a figure in her face, and so disfigure her with it that she shall have no more eyes to see withal than a cat. You know him not, sir.

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

GRUMIO: Katherine the curst!
 A title for a maid of all titles the worst.

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

GRUMIO: Here's no knavery! See, to beguile the old folks, how the young folks lay their heads together!

[Enter GREMIO with LUCENTIO disguised as CAMBIO]

Master, master, look about you! Who goes there, Ha!

HORTENSIO. Peace, Grumio! It is the rival of my love.
 Petruchio, stand by awhile.

GRUMIO. A proper stripling, and an amorous!	GREMIO: O, very well; I have perus'd the note.
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[PETRUCHIO and GRUMIO stand aside]

GREMIO: Hark you, sir; I'll have them very fairly bound—
 All books of love, see that at any hand—
 And see you read no other lectures to her.
 And let me have them very well perfum'd,
 For she is sweeter than perfume itself
 To whom they go to. What will you read to her?

LUCENTIO. Whate'er I read to her, I'll plead for you
 As for my patron, stand you so assur'd,

As firmly as yourself were still in place;
 Yea, and perhaps with more successful words
 Than you, unless you were a scholar, sir.

GREMIO: O this learning, what a thing it is!

GRUMIO: O this woodcock, what an ass it is!

PETRUCHIO: Peace, sirrah!

HORTENSIO: Grumio, mum!

HORTENSIO: God save you, Signior Gremio!

GREMIO: And you are well met, Signior Hortensio.

Trow you whither I am going? To Baptista Minola.

I promis'd to enquire carefully

About a schoolmaster for the fair Bianca;

And by good fortune I have lighted well

On this young man, well read in poetry.

HORTENSIO: 'Tis well. And I have met a gentleman

Hath promis'd me to help me to another,

A fine musician to instruct our mistress.

So shall I no whit be behind in duty

To fair Bianca, so belov'd of me.

GREMIO: Belov'd of me, and that my deeds shall prove.

GRUMIO: And that his bags shall prove.

HORTENSIO: Gremio, 'tis now no time to vent our love.

I'll tell you news indifferent good for either.

Here is a gentleman whom by chance I met,

Upon agreement from us to his liking,

Will undertake to woo curst Katherine,

Yea, and to marry her, if her dowry please.

GREMIO: So said, so done, is well.

Hortensio, have you told him all her faults?

PETRUCHIO: I know she is an irksome brawling scold;

If that be all, masters, I hear no harm.

GREMIO: O Sir, such a life with such a wife were strange.

But if you have a stomach, to't a God's name,

You shall have me assisting you in all.

But will you woo this wild-cat?

PETRUCHIO: Will I live?

GRUMIO: Will he woo her? Ay, or I'll hang her.

PETRUCHIO: Why came I hither but to that intent?

Think you a little din can daunt mine ears?

Have I not in my time heard lions roar?

Have I not heard the sea, puff'd up with winds,

Rage like an angry boar chafed with sweat?

Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,

And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies?

Have I not in a pitched battle heard

Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets' clang?

And do you tell me of a woman's tongue,

That gives not half so great a blow to hear
 As will a chestnut in a farmer's fire?
 Tush, tush, fear boys with bugs!

GRUMIO: For he fears none.

GREMIO: Hortensio, hark:

This gentleman is happily arriv'd,
 My mind presumes, provided that he win her.

GRUMIO: I would I were as sure of a good dinner.

[Enter TRANIO, bravely apparelled as LUCENTIO, and BIONDELLO]

TRANIO: Gentlemen, God save you! If I may be bold,
 Tell me, I beseech you, which is the readiest way
 To the house of Signiora Baptista Minola?

BIONDELLO: She that has the two fair daughters; is't she you mean?

TRANIO: Even she, Biondello.

GREMIO: Hark you sir, you mean not her too—

TRANIO: Perhaps him and her, sir. What have you to do?

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

TRANIO: I love no chiders, sir. Biondello, let's away.

HORTENSIO: Are you a suitor to the maid you talk of, yea or no?

TRANIO: And if I be, sir, is it any offence?

GREMIO: No; if without more words you will get you hence.

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

GREMIO: But so is not she.

TRANIO: For what reason, I beseech you?

GREMIO: For this reason, if you'll know,
 That she's the choice love of Signior Gremio.

HORTENSIO: That she's the chosen of Signior Hortensio.

TRANIO: Softly, my masters! If you be gentlemen,
 Do me this right- hear me with patience.
 Baptista is a noble gentlewoman,
 And, were her daughter fairer than she is,
 She may more suitors have, and me for one.
 Fair Leda's daughter had a thousand wooers;
 Then well one more may fair Bianca have;
 And so she shall. Lucentio shall make one,
 Though Paris came in hope to speed alone.

GREMIO: What, this gentleman will out-talk us all!

HORTENSIO: Sir, let me be so bold as ask you,
 Did you yet ever see Baptista's daughter?

TRANIO: No, sir, but hear I do that he hath two:
 The one as famous for a scolding tongue
 As is the other for beauteous modesty.

PETRUCHIO: Sir, sir, the first's for me; let her go by.

GREMIO: Yea, leave that labor to great Hercules,

PETRUCHIO: Sir, understand you this of me, in sooth:
 The youngest daughter, whom you hearken for,

Her mother keeps from all access of suitors,
And will not promise her to any man
Until the elder sister first be wed.

The younger then is free, and not before.

HORTENSIO: Sir, you say well, and well you do conceive;
And since you do profess to be a suitor,
You must, as we do, gratify this gentleman,
To whom we all rest generally beholding.

TRANIO: Sir, I shall not be slack; in sign whereof,
Please ye we may contrive this afternoon,
And quaff carouses to our mistress' health;
And do as adversaries do in law,
Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.

BIONDELLO/GRUMIO: O excellent motion!

GRUMIO: Fellows, let's be gone.

HORTENSIO: The motion's good indeed, and be it so.

Petruchio, I shall be your *ben venuto*. [Exit]

Act II.

Scene 1. [328 lines /20:30]

[Enter KATHERINA and BIANCA]

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

KATHERINA: Of all thy suitors here I charge thee tell
Whom thou lov'st best. See thou dissemble not.

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

KATHERINA: Minion, thou liest. Is't not Hortensio?

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

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

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

KATHERINA: *[Strikes her]* If that be jest, then all the rest was so.

[Enter BAPTISTA]

BAPTISTA: Why, how now, dame! Whence grows this insolence?
Bianca, stand aside. Poor girl! She weeps.

[She unbinds her]

Go ply thy needle; meddle not with her.
For shame, thou hilding of a devilish spirit,
Why dost thou wrong her that did ne'er wrong thee?
When did she cross thee with a bitter word?

KATHERINA: Her silence flouts me, and I'll be reveng'd.

[Flies after BIANCA]

BAPTISTA: What, in my sight? Bianca, get thee in.

[Exit BIANCA]

KATHERINA: What, will you not suffer me? Nay, now I see
She is your treasure, she must have a husband,
I must dance bare-foot on her wedding-day,
And for your love to her lead apes in hell.
Talk not to me, I will go sit and weep,
Till I can find occasion of revenge. *[Exit KATHERINA]*

BAPTISTA: Was ever a mother thus griev'd as I?

But who comes here?

[Enter GREMIO, with LUCENTIO in the habit of a teacher; PETRUCHIO, with HORTENSIO as a musician; and TRANIO, as LUCENTIO, with BIONDELLO]

GREMIO: Good morrow, neighbor Baptista.

BAPTISTA: Good morrow, neighbor Gremio. God save you, gentlemen!

PETRUCHIO: Good madam! Pray, have you not a daughter
Call'd Katherina, fair and virtuous?

BAPTISTA: I have a daughter, sir, call'd Katherina.

GREMIO: You are too blunt, go to it orderly.

PETRUCHIO: You wrong me, Signior Gremio; give me leave.

I am a gentleman of Verona, madam,
That, hearing of her beauty and her wit,
Her affability and bashful modesty,
Her wondrous qualities and mild behavior,
Am bold to show myself a forward guest
Within your house, to make mine eye the witness
Of that report which I so oft have heard.
And, for an entrance to my entertainment,
I do present you with a man of mine,

[Presenting HORTENSIO]

Cunning in music and the mathematics,
To instruct her fully in those sciences.
His name is Licio, born in Mantua.

BAPTISTA: Y'are welcome, sir, and he for your good sake.

But for my daughter Katherine, this I know,
She is not for your turn, the more my grief.

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

BAPTISTA: Mistake me not; I speak but as I find.

Whence are you, sir? What may I call your name?

PETRUCHIO: Petruchio is my name, Antonio's son.

BAPTISTA: I know him well. You are welcome for his sake.

GREMIO: Saving your tale, Petruchio, I pray,

Let us that are poor petitioners speak too.

Neighbor, this is a gift very grateful, I freely give unto you this young scholar as cunning in
Greek, Latin, and other languages, as the other in music and mathematics. His name is Cambio.
Pray accept his service.

BAPTISTA: A thousand thanks, Signior Gremio. Welcome, good Cambio.

[To TRANIO] But, gentle sir, methinks you walk like a stranger. May I be so bold to know the
cause of your coming?

TRANIO: Pard'n me, madam, the boldness is mine own

That, being a stranger in this city here,
Do make myself a suitor to your daughter,
Unto Bianca, fair and virtuous.

This liberty is all that I request,

That, upon knowledge of my parentage,

I may have welcome 'mongst the rest that woo,

And free access and favour as the rest.

BAPTISTA: Lucentio is your name? Of whence, I pray?

TRANIO: Pisa, madam; son to Vincentio.

BAPTISTA: A mighty man of Pisa. By report

I know him well. You are very welcome, sir.

[To Hortensio and Lucentio] You shall go see your pupils presently.

[Guestures for them to enter HORTENSIO and LUCENTIO exit]

PETRUCHIO: Signiora Baptista, my business asketh haste.

You knew my father well, and in him me,

Left solely heir to all his lands and goods,

Which I have bettered rather than decreas'd.

Then tell me, if I get your daughter's love,

What dowry shall I have with her to wife?

BAPTISTA: After my death, the one half of my lands

And, in possession, twenty thousand crowns.

PETRUCHIO: And for that dowry, I'll assure her of

Her widowhood, be it that she survive me,

In all my lands and leases whatsoever.

BAPTISTA: Ay, when the special thing is well obtain'd,

That is, her love; for that is all in all.

PETRUCHIO: Why, that is nothing; for I tell you, mother,

I am as peremptory as she proud-minded;

And where two raging fires meet together,

They do consume the thing that feeds their fury.

Though little fire grows great with little wind,

Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all.

So I to her, and so she yields to me.

BAPTISTA: Well mayst thou woo, and happy be thy speed

But be thou arm'd for some unhappy words.

PETRUCHIO: Ay, to the proof, as mountains are for winds,

That shake not though they blow perpetually.

[Enter HORTENSIO, with his head broke]

BAPTISTA: How now, my friend, why dost thou look so pale?

HORTENSIO: For fear, I promise you, if I look pale.

BAPTISTA: What, will my daughter prove a good musician?

HORTENSIO: I think she'll sooner prove a soldier:

Iron may hold with her, but never lutes.

BAPTISTA: Why, then thou canst not break her to the lute?

HORTENSIO: Why, no; for she hath broke the lute to me.

I did but tell her she mistook her frets,

And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering,

When, with a most impatient devilish spirit,

'Frets, call you these?' quoth she 'I'll fume with them.'

And with that word she struck me on the head,

And through the instrument my pate made way,

And there I stood amazèd for a while,

As on a pillory, looking through the lute,

While she did call me rascal fiddler
 And twangling Jack, with twenty such vile terms,
 As she had studied to misuse me so.

PETRUCHIO: Now, by the world, it is a lusty wench;
 I love her ten times more than e'er I did.
 O, how I long to have some chat with her!

BAPTISTA: Well, go with me, and be not so discomfited;
 Proceed in practice with my younger daughter;
 She's apt to learn, and thankful for good turns.
 Signior Petruchio, will you go with us,
 Or shall I send my daughter Kate to you?

PETRUCHIO: I pray you do. *[Exit all but PETRUCHIO]*

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

[Enter KATHERINA]

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

KATHERINA: Well have you heard, but something hard of hearing;
 They call me Katherine that do talk of me.

PETRUCHIO: You lie, in faith, for you are call'd plain Kate,
 And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst;
 But Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom,
 Kate of Kate Hall, my super-dainty Kate,
 For dainties are all Kates, and therefore, Kate,
 Take this of me, Kate of my consolation,
 Hearing thy mildness prais'd in every town,
 Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded,
 Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs,
 Myself am mov'd to woo thee for my wife.

KATHERINA: Mov'd, in good time! Let him that mov'd you hither
 Remove you hence. I knew you at the first
 You were a moveable.

PETRUCHIO: Why, what's a moveable?

KATHERINA: A join'd-stool.

PETRUCHIO: Thou hast hit it. Come, sit on me.

KATHERINA: Asses are made to bear, and so are you.

PETRUCHIO: Women are made to bear, and so are you.

KATHERINA: No such jade as you, if me you mean.

PETRUCHIO: Alas, good Kate, I will not burden thee!

For, knowing thee to be but young and light—

KATHERINA: Too light for such a swain as you to catch,

And yet as heavy as my weight should be.

PETRUCHIO: Should be! Should— buzz!

KATHERINA: Well ta'en, and like a buzzard.

PETRUCHIO: Come, come, you wasp; i' faith, you are too angry.

KATHERINA: If I be waspish, best beware my sting.

PETRUCHIO: My remedy is then to pluck it out.

KATHERINA: Ay, if the fool could find it where it lies.

PETRUCHIO: Who knows not where a wasp does wear his sting?

In his tail.

KATHERINA: In his tongue.

PETRUCHIO: Whose tongue?

KATHERINA: Yours, if you talk of tales; and so farewell.

PETRUCHIO: What, with my tongue in your tail? Nay, come again,

Good Kate; I am a gentleman.

KATHERINA: That I'll try. *[She strikes him]*

PETRUCHIO: I swear I'll cuff you, if you strike again.

KATHERINA: So may you lose your arms.

If you strike me, you are no gentleman;

And if no gentleman, why then no arms.

PETRUCHIO: A herald, Kate? O put me in thy books!

KATHERINA: What is your crest, a coxcomb?

PETRUCHIO: A combless cock, so Kate will be my hen.

KATHERINA: No cock of mine, you crow too like a craven.

PETRUCHIO: Nay, come, Kate, come; you must not look so sour.

KATHERINA: It is my fashion, when I see a crab.

PETRUCHIO: Why, here's no crab; and therefore look not sour.

KATHERINA: There is, there is.

PETRUCHIO: Then show it me.

KATHERINA: Had I a glass I would.

PETRUCHIO: What, you mean my face?

KATHERINA: Well aim'd of such a young one.

PETRUCHIO: Now, by Saint George, I am too young for you.

KATHERINA: Yet you are wither'd.

PETRUCHIO: 'Tis with cares.

KATHERINA: I care not.

PETRUCHIO: Nay, hear you, Kate— in sooth, you scape not so.

KATHERINA: I chafe you, if I tarry. let me go.

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

'Twas told me you were rough, and coy, and sullen,

And now I find report a very liar;

For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous,

But slow in speech, yet sweet as springtime flowers.

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

KATHERINA: Go, fool, and whom thou keep'st command.

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

KATHERINA: Where did you study all this goodly speech?

PETRUCHIO: It is extempore, from my mother-wit.

KATHERINA: A witty mother, witless else her son.

PETRUCHIO: Am I not wise?

KATHERINA: Yes, keep you warm.

PETRUCHIO: Marry, so I mean, sweet Katherine, in thy bed.

And therefore, setting all this chat aside,
 Thus in plain terms: your mother hath consented
 That you shall be my wife; your dowry greed on;
 And will you, nill you, I will marry you.
 Now, Kate, I am a husband for your turn;
 For, by this light, whereby I see thy beauty,
 Thy beauty that doth make me like thee well,
 Thou must be married to no man but me.
 For I am he am born to tame you, Kate,
 And bring you from a wild Kate to a Kate
 Conformable as other household Kates.

[Enter BAPTISTA, GREMIO, and TRANIO]

<p>PETRUCHIO: Here comes your mother. Never make denial; I must and will have Katherine to my wife.</p>	<p>GREMIO: That she shall have, besides an argosy. What, have I chok'd you with an argosy? TRANIO: Gremio, 'tis known my father hath no less Than three great argosies. These I will assure her, And twice as much whate'er thou off'rest next.</p>
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BAPTISTA: Now, Signior Petruchio, how speed you with my daughter?

PETRUCHIO: How but well, sir? How but well?

It were impossible I should speed amiss.

BAPTISTA: Why, how now, daughter Katherine? In your dumps?

KATHERINA: Call you me daughter? Now I promise you

You have show'd a tender motherly regard
 To wish me wed to one half lunatic,
 A mad-cap ruffian and a swearing Jack,
 That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.

PETRUCHIO: Mother, 'tis thus: yourself and all the world

That talk'd of her have talk'd amiss of her.
 If she be curst it is for policy,
 For she's not froward, but modest as the dove.
 She is not hot, but temperate as the morn;
 And, to conclude, we have 'greed so well together
 That upon Sunday is the wedding-day.

KATHERINA: I'll see thee hang'd on Sunday first.

GREMIO: Hark, Petruchio, she says she'll see thee hang'd first.

TRANIO: Is this your speeding? Nay, then good night our part!

PETRUCHIO: Be patient, gentlemen. I choose her for myself.

If she and I be pleas'd, what's that to you?
 'Tis bargain'd 'twixt us twain, being alone,
 That she shall still be curst in company.
 I tell you 'tis incredible to believe.
 How much she loves me. O the kindest Kate!
 She hung about my neck, and kiss on kiss
 She vied so fast, protesting oath on oath,
 That in a twink she won me to her love.
 O you are novices! 'Tis a world to see,
 How tame, when men and women are alone,
 A meacock wretch can make the curstest shrew.
 Give me thy hand, Kate, I will unto Venice,
 To buy apparel 'gainst the wedding-day.
 Provide the feast, mother, and bid the guests;
 I will be sure my Katherine shall be fine.

BAPTISTA: I know not what to say, but give me your hands.

God send you joy, Petruchio, 'Tis a match.

GREMIO: Amen, say we!

TRANIO: We will be witnesses!

PETRUCHIO: Father, and wife, and gentlemen, adieu.

I will to Venice; Sunday comes apace;
 We will have rings, and things, and fine array,
 And kiss me, Kate; we will be married a Sunday.

[Exit PETRUCHIO and KATHERINA]

GREMIO: Was ever match clapp'd up so suddenly?

BAPTISTA: Faith, gentlemen, now I play a merchant's part,
 And venture madly on a desperate mart.

TRANIO: 'Twas a commodity lay fretting by you;
 'Twill bring you gain, or perish on the seas.

BAPTISTA: The gain I seek is quiet in the match.

GREMIO: No doubt but he hath got a quiet catch.
 But now, Baptista, to your younger daughter;
 Now is the day we long have looked for.

I am your neighbor, and was suitor first.

TRANIO: And I am one that love Bianca more

Than words can witness or your thoughts can guess.

GREMIO: Youngling, thou canst not love so dear as I.

TRANIO: Greybeard, thy love doth freeze.

GREMIO: But thine doth fry.

BAPTISTA: Content you, gentlemen, I will compound this strife.

[to TRANIO] I must confess your offer is the best;

And let your father make her the assurance,

She is your own. Else, you must pardon me;

If you should die before him, where's her dower?

TRANIO: That's but a cavil. He is old, I young.

GREMIO: And may not young men die as well as old?

BAPTISTA: Well, gentlemen,

I am thus resolv'd: on Sunday next you know

My daughter Katherine is to be married;

Now, on the Sunday following shall Bianca

Be bride to you, if you make this assurance;

If not, to Signior Gremio.

And so I take my leave, and thank you both.

GREMIO: Adieu, good neighbor. *[Exit BAPTISTA]*

Now, I fear thee not.

Sirrah young gamester, your father were a fool

To give thee all, and in his waning age

Set foot under thy table. Tut, a toy!

An old Italian fox is not so kind, my boy. *[Exit]*

TRANIO: A vengeance on your crafty withered hide!

Yet I have fac'd it with a card of ten.

'Tis in my head to do my master good:

I see no reason but suppos'd Lucentio

Must get a father, call'd suppos'd Vincentio;

And that's a wonder. Fathers commonly

Do get their children; but in this case of wooing

A child shall get a sire, if I fail not of my cunning. *[Exit]*

SLY: Sirrah, when will the fool come again?

BARTHOLOMEW: He'll come again my Lord anon.

SLY: Gi's some more drink here. Souns, where's the hostess?

LORD: Here's some sack, my Lord.

SLY: Here wife, I drink to thee! *[Kisses BARTHOLOMEW]*

BARTHOLOMEW: My Lord, here come the players again.

SLY: O brave--

Act III.

Scene 1. [77 lines /4:48]

[Enter LUCENTIO as CAMBIO, HORTENSIO as LICIO, and BIANCA]

LUCENTIO: Fiddler, forbear. You grow too forward, sir.

Have you so soon forgot the entertainment
Her sister Katherine welcome'd you withal?

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

LUCENTIO: Preposterous ass, that never read so far
To know the cause why music was ordain'd!
Was it not to refresh the mind of man
After his studies or his usual pain?

BIANCA: Why, gentlemen, you do me double wrong
To strive for that which resteth in my choice.
I am no breeching scholar in the schools,
I'll not be tied to hours nor 'pointed times,
But learn my lessons as I please myself.
And to cut off all strife: here sit we down;
Take you your instrument, play you the whiles!
His lecture will be done ere you have tun'd.

HORTENSIO: You'll leave his lecture when I am in tune?

LUCENTIO: That will be never. Tune your instrument.

BIANCA: Where left we last?

LUCENTIO: Here, madam:

*Hic ibat Simois, hic est Sigeia tellus,
Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis.*

BIANCA: Construe them.

LUCENTIO: *Hic ibat*, as I told you before— *Simois*, I am Lucentio— *hic est*, son unto Vincentio of Pisa— *Sigeia tellus*, disguised thus to get your love— *Hic steterat*, and that Lucentio that comes a-wooing— *Priami*, is my servant Tranio— *regia*, bearing my port— *celsa senis*, that we might beguile the old pantaloon.

HORTENSIO: Madam, my instrument's in tune.

BIANCA: Let's hear. O fie! The treble jars.

LUCENTIO: Spit in the hole, man, and tune again.

BIANCA: Now let me see if I can construe it: *Hic ibat Simois*, I know you not— *hic est Sigeia tellus*, I trust you not— *Hic steterat Priami*, take heed he hear us not— *regia*, presume not— *celsa senis*, despair not.

HORTENSIO: Madam, 'tis now in tune.

LUCENTIO: All but the bass.

HORTENSIO: The bass is right, 'tis the base knave that jars.

HORTENSIO: <i>[Aside]</i> How fiery and forward our pedant is. Now, for my life, the knave doth court my love. Pedasculc, I'll watch you better yet.	BIANCA: In time I may believe, yet I mistrust. LUCENTIO: Mistrust it not- for sure, AEacides Was Ajax, call'd so from his grandfather.
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BIANCA: I must believe my master; else, I promise you,
I should be arguing still upon that doubt;
But let it rest. Now, Licio, to you.
Good master, take it not unkindly, pray,
That I have been thus pleasant with you both.

HORTENSIO: *[To LUCENTIO]* You may go walk and give me leave awhile.
My lessons make no music in three Parts.

LUCENTIO: Are you so formal, sir? Well, I must wait,

LUCENTIO: And watch, withal, for, but I be deceiv'd, Our fine musician groweth amorous.	HORTENSIO: Madam, before you touch the instrument To learn the order of my fingering,
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HORTENSIO: I must begin with rudiments of art,
To teach you gamut in a briefer sort,
And there it is in writing fairly drawn.

BIANCA: Why, I am past my gamut long ago.

HORTENSIO: Yet read the gamut of Hortensio.

BIANCA. *[Reads]* *Gamut* I am, the ground of all accord—

A re, to plead Hortensio's passion—
B mi, Bianca, take him for thy lord—
C fa ut, that loves with all affection—
D sol re, one clef, two notes have I—
E la mi, show pity or I die.'

Call you this gamut? Tut, I like it not!
Old fashions please me best. I am not so nice
To change true rules for odd inventions.

[Enter a BAPTISTA]

BAPTISTA: Bianca, I pray you leave your studies
And help to dress your sister's chamber up.
You know tomorrow is the wedding-day.

BIANCA: Farewell, sweet masters, both, I must be gone.

[Exit BIANCA and BAPTISTA]

LUCENTIO: Faith, mistress, then I have no cause to stay. *[Exit]*

HORTENSIO: But I have cause to pry into this pedant;
Methinks he looks as though he were in love.
Yet if thy thoughts, Bianca, be so humble
To cast thy wand'ring eyes on every stale,
Seize thee that list. If once I find thee ranging,
Hortensio will be quit with thee by changing.

[Exit]

Scene 2. [212 lines /13:15]

[Enter BAPTISTA, GREMIO, HORTENSIO, TRANIO as LUCENTIO, KATHERINA, BIANCA, LUCENTIO as CAMBIO]

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

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

HORTENSIO: Patience, good Katherine, and Baptista too.
Upon my life, Petruchio means but well,
Whatever fortune stays him from his word.
Though he be blunt, I know him passing wise;
Though he be merry, yet withal he's honest.

KATHERINA: Would Katherine had never seen him though.

[Exit, weeping, followed by BIANCA]

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

[Enter BIONDELLO]

BIONDELLO: Madam, madam, News! And such old news as you never heard of.

BAPTISTA: Is it new and old too? How may that be?

BIONDELLO: Why, is it not news to hear of Petruchio's coming?

BAPTISTA: Is he come?

BIONDELLO: Why, no, madam.

BAPTISTA: What then?

BIONDELLO: He is coming.

BAPTISTA: When will he be here?

BIONDELLO: When he stands where I am and sees you there.

TRANIO: But, say, what to thine old news?

BIONDELLO: Why, Petruchio is coming in a new hat and an old jerkin; a pair of old breeches thrice
turn'd; a pair of boots that have been candle-cases, one buckled, another lac'd; an old rusty sword

ta'en out of the town armory, with a broken hilt, and chapeless; with two broken points; his horse hipp'd— with an old motley saddle and stirrups of no kindred— besides, possess'd with the glanders and like to mose in the chine, troubled with the lampass, infected with the fashions, full of windgalls, sped with spavins, rayed with the yellows, past cure of the fives, stark spoil'd with the staggers, begnawn with the bots, sway'd in the back and shoulder-shotten, near-legg'd before, and with a half-cheek'd bit, and a head-stall of sheep's leather which, being restrained to keep him from stumbling, hath been often burst, and now repaired with knots; one girth six times piec'd, and a woman's crupper of velure, which hath two letters for her name fairly set down in studs, and here and there piec'd with pack-thread.

BAPTISTA: Who comes with him?

BIONDELLO: O madam, his lackey, for all the world caparison'd like the horse; with a linen stock on one leg and a kersey boot-hose on the other, gart'ed with a red and blue list; an old hat, and the humor of forty fancies prick'd in't for a feather; a monster, a very monster in apparel, and not like a Christian footboy or a gentleman's lackey.

TRANIO: 'Tis some odd humor pricks him to this fashion;
Yet oftentimes he goes but mean-apparell'd.

BAPTISTA: I am glad he's come, howsoe'er he comes.

BIONDELLO: Why, madam, he comes not.

BAPTISTA: Didst thou not say he comes?

BIONDELLO: Who? That Petruchio came?

BAPTISTA: Ay, that Petruchio came.

BIONDELLO: No, madam; I say his horse comes with him on his back.

[Enter PETRUCHIO and GRUMIO]

PETRUCHIO: Come, where be these gallants? Who's at home?

BAPTISTA: You are welcome, sir.

PETRUCHIO: And yet I come not well.

BAPTISTA: And yet you halt not.

TRANIO: Not so well apparell'd
As I wish you were.

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

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

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

PETRUCHIO: Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to hear.
Sufficeth I am come to keep my word,
Though in some part enforced to digress,
Which at more leisure I will so excuse

As you shall well be satisfied withal.
 But where is Kate? I stay too long from her.
 The morning wears, 'tis time we were at church.

TRANIO: See not your bride in these unreverent robes,
 Go to my chamber, put on clothes of mine.

PETRUCHIO: Not I, believe me. Thus I'll visit her.

BAPTISTA: But thus, I trust, you will not marry her.

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

[Exit PETRUCHIO and GRUMIO]

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

BAPTISTA: I'll after him and see the event of this.

[Exit BAPTISTA, HORTENSIO, GREMIO, BIONDELLO]

TRANIO: But, sir, to love concerneth us to add
 Her mother's liking, which to bring to pass,
 As I before imparted to your worship,
 I am to get a man— whate'er he be
 It skills not much; we'll fit him to our turn—
 And he shall be Vincentio of Pisa,
 And make assurance here in Padua
 Of greater sums than I have promised.
 So shall you quietly enjoy your hope
 And marry sweet Bianca with consent.

LUCENTIO: Were it not that my fellow schoolmaster
 Doth watch Bianca's steps so narrowly,
 'Twere good, methinks, to steal our marriage,
 Which once perform'd, let all the world say no,
 I'll keep mine own despite of all the world.

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

[Enter GREMIO]

Signior Gremio, came you from the church?

GREMIO: As willingly as e'er I came from school.

TRANIO: And is the bride and bridegroom coming home?

GREMIO: A bridegroom, say you? 'Tis a groom indeed,

A grumbling groom, and that the girl shall find.

TRANIO: Curster than she? Why, 'tis impossible.

GREMIO: Why, he's a devil, a devil, a very fiend.

TRANIO: Why, she's a devil, a devil, the devil's dam.

GREMIO: Tut, she's a lamb, a dove, a fool, to him.

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

TRANIO: What said the wench, when he rose again?

GREMIO: Trembled and shook, for why he stamp'd and swore

As if the vicar meant to cozen him.
But after many ceremonies done
He calls for wine. 'A health!' quoth he, as if
He had been abroad, carousing to his mates
After a storm; quaff'd off the muscadel,
And threw the sops all in the sexton's face,
This done, he took the bride about the neck,
And kiss'd her lips with such a clamorous smack
That at the parting all the church did echo.
And I, seeing this, came thence for very shame,
And after me, I know, the rout is coming.
Such a mad marriage never was before. [*Wedding music plays*]
Hark, hark! I hear the minstrels play.

[*Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHERINA, BIANCA, BAPTISTA, HORTENSIO,
GRUMIO, and BIONDELLO*]

PETRUCHIO: Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for your pains.

I know you think to dine with me today,
And have prepar'd great store of wedding cheer,
But so it is, my haste doth call me hence,
And therefore here I mean to take my leave.

BAPTISTA: Is't possible you will away tonight?

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

TRANIO: Let us entreat you stay till after dinner.

PETRUCHIO: It may not be.

GREMIO: Let me entreat you.

PETRUCHIO: It cannot be.

KATHERINA: Let me entreat you.

PETRUCHIO: I am content.

KATHERINA: Are you content to stay?

PETRUCHIO: I am content you shall entreat me stay;

But yet not stay, entreat me how you can.

KATHERINA: Now, if you love me, stay.

PETRUCHIO: Grumio, my horse.

GRUMIO: Ay, sir, they be ready; the oats have eaten the horses.

KATHERINA: Nay then,

Do what thou canst, I will not go today,
 No, nor tomorrow, not till I please myself.
 The door is open, sir; there lies your way;
 For me, I'll not be gone till I please myself.
 'Tis like you'll prove a jolly surly groom
 That take it on you at the first so roundly.

PETRUCHIO: O Kate, content thee, prithee be not angry.

KATHERINA: I will be angry!

KATHERINA: What hast thou to do? Mother, be quiet; he shall stay my leisure.	GREMIO: Ay, marry, sir, now it begins to work.
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KATHERINA: Gentlemen, forward to the bridal dinner.

I see a woman may be made a fool
 If she had not a spirit to resist.

PETRUCHIO: They shall go forward, Kate, at thy command.

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

*[Exit PETRUCHIO, KATHERINA, and GRUMIO in an uproar followed by the exit of the wedding party.
 Intermission Begins. LUCENTIO becomes PHILLIP, GREMIO becomes CURTIS, BIANCA becomes
 NICHOLAS, BIONDELLO becomes PETER, BAPTISTA becomes NATHANIEL, HORTENSIO becomes
 Gregory, and Tranio becomes Joseph]*

Act IV.

Scene 1. [149 lines /9:18]

[Enter GRUMIO]

GRUMIO: Fie, fie on all tired jades, on all mad masters, and all foul ways! Was ever man so beaten? Was ever man so ray'd? Was ever man so weary? I am sent before to make a fire, and they are coming after to warm them. Now were not I a little pot and soon hot, my very lips might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the roof of my mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I should come by a fire to thaw me. Holla, ho! Curtis!

[Enter CURTIS]

CURTIS: Who is that calls so coldly?

GRUMIO: A piece of ice. If thou doubt it, thou mayst slide from my shoulder to my heel with no greater a run but my head and my neck.

CURTIS: Is my master and his wife coming, Grumio? Is she so hot a shrew as she's reported?

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

CURTIS: I prithee, good Grumio, tell me how goes the world?

GRUMIO: A cold world, Curtis, in every office but thine; and therefore fire. Do thy duty, and have thy duty, for my master and mistress are almost frozen to death.

CURTIS: There's fire ready; [*Guestures to other room*] and therefore, good Grumio, the news?

GRUMIO: Where's the cook? Is supper ready, the house trimm'd, rushes strew'd, cobwebs swept, the servingmen in their new fustian, their white stockings, and every officer his wedding-garment on? Be the Jacks fair within, the Jills fair without, the carpets laid, and everything in order?

CURTIS: All ready; and therefore, I pray thee, news.

GRUMIO: First know my horse is tired, my master and mistress fall'n out.

CURTIS: How?

GRUMIO: Out of their saddles into the dirt, and thereby hangs a tale. We came down a foul hill, my master riding behind my mistress—

CURTIS: Both of one horse?

GRUMIO: What's that to thee?

CURTIS: Why, a horse.

GRUMIO: Tell thou the tale. But hadst thou not cross'd me, thou shouldst have heard how her horse fell, and she under her horse; thou shouldst have heard in how miry a place, how she was bemoil'd, how he left her with the horse upon her, how he beat me because her horse stumbled, how she waded through the dirt to pluck him off me, how he swore, how she pray'd that never pray'd before, how I cried, how the horses ran away, how her bridle was burst, how I lost my crupper, with many things of worthy memory, which now shall die in oblivion, and thou return unexperienc'd to thy grave.

CURTIS: By this reck'ning he is more shrew than she.

GRUMIO: Ay, and that thou and the proudest of you all shall find when he comes home. But what talk I of this? Call forth Nathaniel, Joseph, Nicholas, Philip, Sugarsop, and the rest. Let their heads be sleekly comb'd, their blue coat brush'd and let them curtsy with their left legs. Are they all ready?

CURTIS: They are.

GRUMIO: Call them forth.

CURTIS: Do you hear, ho? You must meet my master to countenance my mistress.

GRUMIO: Why, she hath a face of her own.

CURTIS: Who knows not that?

GRUMIO: Thou, it seems, that calls for company to countenance her.

CURTIS: I call them forth to credit her.

GRUMIO: Why, she comes to borrow nothing of them.

[NATHANIEL, PHILLIP, JOSEPH, NICHOLAS, PETER and GREGORY]

NATHANIEL: Welcome home, Grumio.

GRUMIO: Welcome, you.

PHILIP: How now, Grumio.

GRUMIO: How now, you.

JOSEPH: What, Grumio.

GRUMIO: What, you.

NICHOLAS: Fellow Grumio.

GRUMIO: Fellow, you.

NATHANIEL: How now, old lad.

GRUMIO: And thus much for greeting. Now, my spruce companions, is all ready, and all things neat?

NATHANIEL: All things is ready. How near is our master?

GRUMIO: E'en at hand, alighted by this; and therefore be not— Cock's passion, silence! I hear my master.

[Enter PETRUCHIO and KATHERINA]

PETRUCHIO. Where be these knaves? What, no man at door

To hold my stirrup nor to take my horse!

Where is Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip?

ALL SERVANTS: Here, here sir, here sir.

PETRUCHIO: Here sir, here sir, here sir, here sir!

You logger-headed and unpolish'd grooms!

What, no attendance? No regard? No duty?

Where is the foolish knave I sent before?

GRUMIO: Here sir, as foolish as I was before.

PETRUCHIO: You peasant swain! you whoreson malt-horse drudge!

Did I not bid thee meet me in the park,

And bring along these rascal knaves with thee?

GRUMIO: Nathaniel's coat, sir, was not fully made,

There was no link to color Peter's hat,

And Phillip's dagger was not come from sheathing;

There were none fine but Curtis, Nick, and Gregory;

The rest were ragged, old, and beggarly;

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

PETRUCHIO: Go, rascals, go and fetch my supper in.

[Exit some of the SERVINGMEN]

[Sings] Where is the life that late I led?

Where are those—

Sit down, Kate, and welcome. Food, food, food, food!

[Re-enter SERVANTS with supper]

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

Off with my boots, you rogues! You villains, when?

[Sings] It was the friar of orders grey,

As he forth walked on his way—

Out, you rogue! You pluck my foot awry;
Take that, and mend the plucking off the other.

[Strikes him]

Be merry, Kate. Some water, here, what, ho!
Where are my slippers? Shall I have some water?

[Enter one with water]

Come, Kate, and wash, and welcome heartily.
You whoreson villain, will you let it fall? *[Strikes him]*

KATHERINA: Patience, I pray you; 'twas a fault unwilling.

PETRUCHIO: A whoreson, beetle-headed, flap-ear'd knave!

Come, Kate, sit down; I know you have a stomach.
Will you give thanks, sweet Kate, or else shall I?
What's this? Mutton?

GREGORY: Ay.

PETRUCHIO: Who brought it?

PETER: I.

PETRUCHIO: 'Tis burnt; and so is all the meat.

What dogs are these? Where is the rascal cook?
How durst you villains bring it from the dresser
And serve it thus to me that love it not?
There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all.

[Throws food and dishes at them]

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

[Exit SERVANTS. PHILLIP becomes LUCENTIO, NICHOLAS becomes BIANCA, GREGORY becomes HORTENSIO, JOSEPH becomes TRANIO.]

KATHERINA: I pray you, husband, be not so disquiet.

The meat was well, if you were so contented.

PETRUCHIO: I tell thee, Kate, 'twas burnt and dried away,

And I expressly am forbid to touch it,
For it engenders choler, planteth anger;
And better 'twere that both of us did fast,
Since, of ourselves, ourselves are choleric,
Than feed it with such over-roasted flesh.
Be patient, tomorrow 't shall be mended.
And for this night we'll fast for company.

Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber. *[Exit]*

[Enter NATHANIAL, PETER, and GRUMIO]

NATHANIEL: Peter, didst ever see the like?

PETER: He kills her in her own humor.

[Enter CURTIS]

GRUMIO: Where is he?

CURTIS: In her chamber. Making a sermon of continency to her,

And rails, and swears, and rates, that she, poor soul,
Knows not which way to stand, to look, to speak.
And sits as one new risen from a dream.

Away, away, for he is coming hither. *[Exit.]*

*[PETER becomes BIONDELLO, NATHANIEL becomes BAPTISTA,
CURTIS becomes TAILOR]*

[Enter PETRUCHIO]

PETRUCHIO: Thus have I politicly begun my reign,
 And 'tis my hope to end successfully.
 My falcon now is sharp and passing empty,
 And till she stoop she must not be full-gorg'd,
 For then she never looks upon her lure.
 Another way I have to man my haggard,
 To make her come, and know her keeper's call,
 That is, to watch her, as we watch these kites
 That bate and beat, and will not be obedient.
 She eat no meat today, nor none shall eat;
 Last night she slept not, nor tonight she shall not;
 As with the meat, some undeserved fault
 I'll find about the making of the bed,
 And here I'll fling the pillow, there the bolster,
 This way the coverlet, another way the sheets.
 Ay, and amid this hurly I intend
 That all is done in reverend care of her.
 And, in conclusion, she shall watch all night,
 And if she chance to nod I'll rail and brawl,
 And with the clamor keep her still awake.
 This is a way to kill a wife with kindness,
 And thus I'll curb her mad and headstrong humor.
 He that knows better how to tame a shrew,
 Now let him speak: 'tis charity to show. *[Exit]*

Scene 2. [90 lines /5:37]

[Enter TRANIO as LUCENTIO, and HORTENSIO as LICIO]

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

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

[They stand aside]

[Enter BIANCA, and LUCENTIO as CAMBIO]

LUCENTIO: Now, mistress, profit you in what you read?

BIANCA: What, master, read you? First resolve me that.

LUCENTIO: I read that I profess, *The Art to Love*.

BIANCA: And may you prove, sir, master of your art.

LUCENTIO: While you, sweet dear, prove mistress of my heart.

[They retire]

HORTENSIO: Quick proceeders, marry! Now tell me, I pray,
 You that durst swear that your Mistress Blanca
 Lov'd none in the world so well as Lucentio.

TRANIO: O despiteful love, unconstant womankind!

HORTENSIO: Mistake no more, I am not Licio,
 Nor a musician as I seem to be,
 But one that scorn to live in this disguise,
 For such a one as leaves a gentleman
 And makes a god of such a cullion.
 Know, sir, that I am call'd Hortensio.

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

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

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

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

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

BIANCA: Tranio, you jest; but have you both forsworn me?

TRANIO: Mistress, we have.

LUCENTIO: Then we are rid of Licio.

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

BIANCA: God give him joy!

TRANIO: Ay, and he'll tame her.

BIANCA: He says so, Tranio.

[Enter BIONDELLO]

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

TRANIO: What is he, Biondello?

BIONDELLO: Master, a mercatante or a pedant,
I know not what; but formal in apparel,
In gait and countenance surely like a father.

LUCENTIO: And what of him, Tranio?

TRANIO: If he be credulous and trust my tale,
I'll make him glad to seem Vincentio,
And give assurance to Baptista Minola
As if he were the right Vincentio.
Take in your love, and then let me alone.

[Exit LUCENTIO and BIANCA]

[TRANIO and BIONDELLO move to SLY who is once again asleep. They put a few costume pieces on SLY, transforming him into a PEDANT. Sly wakes with a snort]

PEDANT: God save you, sir!

TRANIO: And you, sir; you are welcome.
Travel you far on, or are you at the farthest?

PEDANT: Sir, at the farthest for a week or two,
But then up farther, and as far as Rome;
And so to Tripoli, if God lend me life.

TRANIO: What countryman, I pray?

PEDANT. Of Mantua.

TRANIO. Of Mantua, sir? Marry, God forbid,
And come to Padua, careless of your life!

PEDANT. My life, sir? How, I pray? For that goes hard.

TRANIO. 'Tis death for any one in Mantua
To come to Padua. Know you not the cause?
Your ships are stay'd at Venice, and the Duke,
For private quarrel 'twixt your Duke and him,
Hath publish'd and proclaim'd it openly.
'Tis marvel, but that you are but newly come,
You might have heard it else proclaim'd about.

PEDANT: Alas, sir, it is worse for me than so!

TRANIO: Well, sir, to do you courtesy,
This will I do, and this I will advise you:
First, tell me, have you ever been at Pisa?

[TRANIO and BIONDELLO exit escorting SLY dressed as PEDANT and giving him instructions. SLY breaks away, removes his costume, and moves instead to the bar for a drink]

[Enter KATHERINA and GRUMIO]

GRUMIO: No, no, forsooth, I dare not for my life.

KATHERINA: The more my wrong, the more his spite appears.

What, did he marry me to famish me?
 Beggars that come unto my mother's door
 Upon entreaty have a present alms,
 If not, elsewhere they meet with charity.
 But I, who never knew how to entreat,
 Nor never needed that I should entreat,
 Am starv'd for meat, giddy for lack of sleep,
 With oaths kept waking, and with brawling fed.
 And that which spites me more than all these wants,
 He does it under name of perfect love,
 As who should say, if I should sleep or eat,
 'Twere deadly sickness or else present death.
 I prithee go and get me some repast.
 I care not what, so it be wholesome food.

GRUMIO: What say you to a neat's foot?

KATHERINA: 'Tis passing good, I prithee let me have it.

GRUMIO: I fear it is too choleric a meat.

How say you to a fat tripe finely broil'd?

KATHERINA: I like it well. Good Grumio, fetch it me.

GRUMIO: I cannot tell, I fear 'tis choleric.

What say you to a piece of beef and mustard?

KATHERINA: A dish that I do love to feed upon.

GRUMIO: Ay, but the mustard is too hot a little.

KATHERINA: Why then, the beef, and let the mustard rest.

GRUMIO: Nay then, I will not. You shall have the mustard,

Or else you get no beef of Grumio.

KATHERINA: Then both, or one, or anything thou wilt.

GRUMIO: Why then, the mustard without the beef.

KATHERINA: Go, get thee gone, thou false deluding slave, [Beats him]

That feed'st me with the very name of meat.

Sorrow on thee and all the pack of you

That triumph thus upon my misery!

Go, get thee gone, I say.

[Enter PETRUCHIO with meat]

PETRUCHIO: How fares my Kate? What, sweeting, all amort?

Pluck up thy spirits, look cheerfully upon me.

Here, love, thou seest how diligent I am,

To dress thy meat myself, and bring it thee.

I am sure, sweet Kate, this kindness merits thanks.

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

And all my pains is sorted to no proof.

Here, take away this dish.

KATHERINA: I pray you, let it stand.

PETRUCHIO: The poorest service is repaid with thanks,

And so shall mine, before you touch the meat.

KATHERINA: I thank you, sir.

SLY: Signior Petruchio, fie! You are to blame.

[Takes plate of meat from Petruchio and turns to Kate]

Come, Mistress Kate, I'll bear you company.

PETRUCHIO: *[Ushering SLY back to a seat]* Eat it up all, Christopher, if thou lovest me.—

Much good do it unto thy gentle heart!

Kate, eat apace. And now, my honey love,

Will we return unto thy mother's house

And revel it as bravely as the best,

With silken coats. The tailor stays thy leisure,

To deck thy body with his ruffling treasure.

[Enter TAILOR]

Come, tailor, let us see these ornaments;

Lay forth the gown. What news with you, sir?

TAILOR: Here is the cap your worship did bespeak.

PETRUCHIO: Why, this was moulded on a porringer!

A velvet dish! Fie, fie! 'Tis lewd and filthy.

Why, 'tis a cockle or a walnut-shell,

A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap.

Away with it. Come, let me have a bigger.

KATHERINA: I'll have no bigger. This doth fit the time,

And gentlewomen wear such caps as these.

PETRUCHIO: When you are gentle, you shall have one too,

And not till then.

SLY: *[Aside]* That will not be in haste.

KATHERINA: Why, sir, I trust I may have leave to speak,

And speak I will. I am no child, no babe.

Your betters have endur'd me say my mind,

And if you cannot, best you stop your ears.

My tongue will tell the anger of my heart,

Or else my heart, concealing it, will break,

And rather than it shall, I will be free

Even to the uttermost, as I please, in words.

PETRUCHIO: Why, thou say'st true; it is a paltry cap,

A custard-coffin, a bauble, a silken pie;

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

KATHERINA: Love me or love me not, I like the cap;

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

PETRUCHIO: Thy gown? Why, ay. Come, tailor, let us see't.

O mercy, God! what masquing stuff is here?

What's this? A sleeve? 'Tis like a demi-cannon.

What, up and down, carv'd like an appletart?

Here's snip and nip and cut and slish and slash,

Like to a censer in a barber's shop.

PETRUCHIO: Why, what a devil's name, tailor, call'st thou this?	GRUMIO: I see she's like to have neither cap nor gown.
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TAILOR: You bid me make it orderly and well,
According to the fashion and the time.

PETRUCHIO: Marry, and did. But if you be rememb'ed,
I did not bid you mar it to the time.
Go, hop me over every kennel home,
For you shall hop without my custom, sir.
I'll none of it; hence! make your best of it.

KATHERINA: I never saw a better fashion'd gown,
More quaint, more pleasing, nor more commendable.
Belike you mean to make a puppet of me.

PETRUCHIO: Why, true; he means to make a puppet of thee.

TAILOR: She says your worship means to make a puppet of her.

PETRUCHIO: O monstrous arrogance! Thou liest, thou thread, thou thimble,
Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter, nail,
Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter-cricket thou,
Brav'd in mine own house with a skein of thread?
Away, thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant,
Or I shall so bemetee thee with thy yard
As thou shalt think on prating whilst thou liv'st.
I tell thee, I, that thou hast marr'd her gown.

TAILOR: Your worship is deceiv'd; the gown is made
Just as my master had direction.
Grumio gave order how it should be done.

GRUMIO: I gave him no order, I gave him the stuff.

TAILOR: But how did you desire it should be made?

GRUMIO: Marry, sir, with needle and thread.

TAILOR: But did you not request to have it cut?

GRUMIO: Thou hast fac'd many things.

TAILOR: I have.

GRUMIO: Face not me. Thou hast brav'd many men, brave not me. I will neither be fac'd nor brav'd. I
say unto thee, I bid thy master cut out the gown; but I did not bid him cut it to pieces. Ergo, thou
liest.

TAILOR: Why, here is the note of the fashion to testify.

PETRUCHIO: Read it.

GRUMIO: The note lies in's throat if he say I said so.

TAILOR: *[Reads]* 'Imprimis, a loose-bodied gown.'

GRUMIO: Master, if ever I said loose-bodied gown, sew me in the skirts of it and beat me to death with
a bottom of brown bread; I said a gown.

PETRUCHIO: Proceed.

TAILOR: 'With a small compass'd cape.'

GRUMIO: I confess the cape.

TAILOR: 'With a trunk sleeve.'

GRUMIO: I confess two sleeves.

TAILOR: 'The sleeves curiously cut.'

PETRUCHIO: Ay, there's the villainy.

GRUMIO: Error i' th' bill, sir; error i' th' bill! I commanded the sleeves should be cut out, and sew'd up
again; and that I'll prove upon thee, though thy little finger be armed in a thimble.

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

GRUMIO: I am for thee straight. Take thou the bill, give me thy mete-yard, and spare not me.

PETRUCHIO: God-a-mercy, Grumio, then he shall have no odds.

Well sir, in brief, the gown is not for me.

GRUMIO: You are I' th' right, sir, 'tis for my mistress.

PETRUCHIO: Go, take it up unto thy master's use.

GRUMIO: Villain, not for they life! Take up my mistress' gown
for thy master's use!

PETRUCHIO: Why sir, what's your conceit in that?

GRUMIO: O sir, the conceit is deeper than you think for. Take
up my mistress' gown to his master's use! O fie, fie,
fie!

PETRUCHIO: Tailor, I'll pay thee for thy gown tomorrow.

Take no unkindness of my hasty words.

Away, I say, commend me to thy master.

[Exit TAILOR, TAILOR becomes GREMIO]

Well, come, my Kate; we will unto your mother's

Even in these honest mean habiliments;

Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor,

For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich,

And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,

So honour peereth in the meanest habit.

What, is the jay more precious than the lark

Because his feathers are more beautiful?

Or is the adder better than the eel

Because his painted skin contents the eye?

O no, good Kate; neither art thou the worse

For this poor furniture and mean array.

If thou account'st it shame, lay it on me;

And therefore frolic. We will hence forthwith

To feast and sport us at thy mother's house.

[To Grumio] Go call my men, and let us straight to her;

Let's see; I think 'tis now some seven o'clock,

And well we may come there by dinner-time.

KATHERINA: I dare assure you, sir, 'tis almost two,

And 'twill be supper-time ere you come there.

PETRUCHIO: It shall be seven ere I go to horse.

Look what I speak, or do, or think to do,

You are still crossing it. Sirs, let 't alone,

I will not go today; and ere I do,

It shall be what o'clock I say it is. *[Exit]*

SLY: Why, so this gallant will command the sun.

Scene 4. [72 lines /4:30]

[Enter TRANIO as LUCENTIO handing SLY a costume piece to change SLY back into the PEDANT who is to be dressed like VINCENTIO]

TRANIO: Sir, this is the house. Please it you that I call?

PEDANT: Ay, what else?

TRANIO: Hold your own, in any case,
With such austerity as longeth to a father.

PEDANT: I warrant you. [*Enter BIONDELLO*]

But, sir, here comes your girl;
'Twere good she were school'd.

TRANIO: Fear you not her. Sirrah Biondello,
Now do your duty throughly, I advise you.
Imagine 'twere the right Vincentio.

BIONDELLO: Tut, fear not me.

TRANIO: But hast thou done thy errand to Baptista?

BIONDELLO: I told him that your father was at Venice,
And that you look'd for him this day in Padua.

TRANIO: Th'art a tall fellow. Hold thee that to drink.
Here comes Baptista. Set your countenance, sir.

[*Enter BAPTISTA, and LUCENTIO as CAMBIO*]

Signiora Baptista, you are happily met.
[*To the PEDANT*] This is the gentlewoman I told you of.
I pray you stand good father to me now,
Give me Bianca for my patrimony.

PEDANT: Soft, son.

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

BAPTISTA: Sir, pardon me in what I have to say.
Your plainness and your shortness please me well.
Right true it is your son Lucentio here
Doth love my daughter, and she loveth him,
Or both dissemble deeply their affections.
And therefore if you say no more than this,
That like a father you will deal with him,
And pass my daughter a sufficient dower,
The match is made, and all is done,
Your son shall have my daughter with consent.

TRANIO: I thank you, madam. Then at my lodging,

There doth my father lie; and there this night
 We'll pass the business privately and well.
 My girl shall fetch the scrivener presently.

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

TRANIO: Signiora Baptista, shall I lead the way?

BAPTISTA: I follow you. *[Exit TRANIO, BAPTISTA. PEDANT changes back into SLY
 and sits once more by BARTHOLOMEW]*

BIONDELLO: Cambio.

LUCENTIO: What say'st thou, Biondello?

BIONDELLO: You saw my master wink and laugh upon you?

LUCENTIO: Biondello, what of that?

BIONDELLO: Faith, nothing. Then thus: Baptista is safe, talking with the deceiving father of a
 deceitful son. The old priest at Saint Luke's church is at your command at all hours. Take your
 assurance of her, to th' church take the priest, clerk, and some sufficient honest witnesses.
 If this be not that you look for, I have more to say,
 But bid Bianca farewell for ever and a day.

LUCENTIO: Hear'st thou, Biondello—

BIONDELLO: I cannot tarry. I knew a wench married in an afternoon as she went to the garden for
 parsley to stuff a rabbit. And so may you, sir; and so adieu, sir. My master hath appointed me to
 go to Saint Luke's to bid the priest be ready to come against you come with your appendix.
[Exit]

LUCENTIO: I may and will, if she be so contented.
 She will be pleas'd; then wherefore should I doubt?
 Hap what hap may, I'll roundly go about her:
 It shall go hard if Cambio go without her. *[Exit]*

Scene 5. [76 lines /4:45]

[Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHERINA, and GRUMIO]

PETRUCHIO: Come on, a God's name, once more toward our mother's.

Good Lord, how bright and goodly shines the moon!

KATHERINA: The moon? The sun! It is not moonlight now.

PETRUCHIO: I say it is the moon that shines so bright.

KATHERINA: I know it is the sun that shines so bright.

PETRUCHIO: Now by my mother's son, and that's myself,

It shall be moon, or star, or what I list,

Or ere I journey to your father's house.—

[To GRUMIO] Go on and fetch our horses back again.

PETRUCHIO: Evermore cross'd and cross'd; nothing but cross'd!	GRU: <i>[To KATE]</i> Say as he says, or we shall never go.
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KATHERINA: Forward, I pray, since we have come so far,

And be it moon, or sun, or what you please;
 And if you please to call it a rush-candle,
 Henceforth I vow it shall be so for me.

PETRUCHIO: I say it is the moon.

KATHERINA: I know it is the moon.

PETRUCHIO: Nay, then you lie. It is the blessed sun.

KATHERINA: Then, God be bless'd, it is the blessèd sun;

But sun it is not, when you say it is not;
 And the moon changes even as your mind.
 What you will have it nam'd, even that it is,
 And so it shall be so for Katherine.

PETRUCHIO: Well, forward, forward. Thus the bowl should run,
 And not unluckily against the bias.

[Enter VINCENTIO]

But, soft! Company is coming here.

[To VINCENTIO] Good-morrow, gentle mistress, where away?—

Tell me, sweet Kate, and tell me truly too,
 Hast thou beheld a fresher gentlewoman?
 Such war of white and red within her cheeks!
 What stars do spangle heaven with such beauty
 As those two eyes become that heavenly face?
 Fair lovely maid, once more good day to thee.
 Sweet Kate, embrace her for her beauty's sake.

SLY: *[Aside to Bartholomew]* 'A will make the man mad, to make a woman of him.

KATHERINA: Young budding virgin, fair, and fresh, and sweet,
 Whither away, or where is thy abode?
 Happy the parents of so fair a child,
 Happier the man whom favorable stars
 Allots thee for his lovely bedfellow.

PETRUCHIO: Why, how now, Kate, I hope thou art not mad.
 This is a man, old, wrinkled, faded, withered,
 And not a maiden, as thou sayst he is.

KATHERINA: Pardon, old father, my mistaking eyes,
 That have been so bedazzled with the sun
 That everything I look on seemeth green.
 Now I perceive thou art a reverend father.
 Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad mistaking.

PETRUCHIO: Do, good old grandsire, and withal make known
 Which way thou travellest: if along with us,
 We shall be joyful of thy company.

VINCENTIO: Fair sir, and you my merry mistress,
 That with your strange encounter much amaz'd me,
 My name is call'd Vincentio, my dwelling Pisa,
 And bound I am to Padua, there to visit
 A son of mine, which long I have not seen.

PETRUCHIO: What is his name?

VINCENTIO: Lucentio, gentle sir.

PETRUCHIO: Happily met; the happier for thy son.

And now by law, as well as reverend age,

I may entitle thee my loving father:

The sister to my wife, this gentlewoman,

Thy son is to be married. Wonder not,

Nor be not grieved, she is of good esteem,

Her dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth;

Beside, so qualified as may beseem

The spouse of any noble gentleman.

Let me embrace with old Vincentio,

And wander we to see thy honest son,

Who will of thy arrival be full joyous.

VINCENTIO: But is this true; or is it else your pleasure,

Like pleasant travellers, to break a jest

Upon the company you overtake?

KATHERINA: I do assure thee, father, so it is.

PETRUCHIO: Come, go along, and see the truth hereof;

For our first merriment hath made thee jealous.

[Exit, GRUMIO becomes office. SLY follows]

Act V.

Scene 1. [112 lines /7:00]

[Enter BIONDELLO, LUCENTIO, and BIANCA; GREMIO is out before]

BIONDELLO: Softly and swiftly, sir, for the priest is ready.

LUCENTIO: I fly, Biondello. But they may chance to need the at home, therefore leave us.

BIONDELLO: Nay, faith, I'll see the church a your back, and then come back to my master's as soon as I can.

[Exit LUCENTIO, BIANCA, and BIONDELLO]

GREMIO: I marvel Cambio comes not all this while.

[Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHERINA, VINCENTIO]

PETRUCHIO: Sir, here's the door; this is Lucentio's house.

My mother's bears more toward the market-place;

Thither must I, and here I leave you, sir.

VINCENTIO: You shall not choose but drink before you go.

I think I shall command your welcome here,

And by all likelihood some cheer is toward. *[Knocks]*

GREMIO: They're busy within; you were best knock louder.

[SLY as PEDANT looks out of the window]

PEDANT: What's he that knocks as he would beat down the gate?

VINCENTIO: Is Signior Lucentio within, sir?

PEDANT: He's within, sir, but not to be spoken withal.

VINCENTIO: What if a man bring him a hundred pound or two to make merry withal?

PEDANT: Keep your hundred pounds to yourself. He shall need none so long as I live.

PETRUCHIO: Nay, I told you your son was well beloved in Padua. Do you hear, sir? To leave frivolous circumstances, I pray you tell Signior Lucentio that his father is come from Pisa, and is here at the door to speak with him.

PEDANT: Thou liest. His father is come from Mantua, and here looking out at the window.

VINCENTIO: Art thou his father?

PEDANT: Ay, sir, so his mother says, if I may believe her.

PETRUCHIO: *[To VINCENTIO]* Why, how now, gentleman! *[Enter BIONDELLO]*

PETRUCHIO: Why, this is flat knavery to take upon you another man's name.

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

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

VINCENTIO: *[Seeing BIONDELLO]* Come hither, crack-hemp.

BIONDELLO: I hope I may choose, sir.

VINCENTIO: Come hither, you rogue. What, have you forgot me?

BIONDELLO: Forgot you! No, sir. I could not forget you, for I never saw you before in all my life.

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

BIONDELLO: What, my old worshipful old master? Yes, marry, sir. See where he looks out of the window.

VINCENTIO: Is't so, indeed? *[He beats BIONDELLO]*

BIONDELLO: Help, help, help! Here's a madman will murder me. *[Exit]*

PEDANT: Help, son! Help, Signiora Baptista! *[Exit from above]*

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

[They stand aside]

[Enter PEDANT below; BAPTISTA, TRANIO, and SERVANTS]

TRANIO: Sir, what are you that offer to beat my servant?

VINCENTIO: What am I, sir? Nay, what are you, sir? O immortal gods! O fine villain! O, I am undone! I am undone! While I play the good husband at home, my son and my servant spend all at the university.

TRANIO: How now, what's the matter?

BAPTISTA: What, is the man lunatic?

TRANIO: Sir, you seem a sober ancient gentleman by your habit, but your words show you a madman. Why, sir, what 'cerns it you if I wear pearl and gold? I thank my good father, I am able to maintain it.

VINCENTIO: Thy father! He is a sailmaker in Bergamo.

BAPTISTA: You mistake, sir, you mistake, sir. Pray, what do you think is his name?

VINCENTIO: His name? As if I knew not her name! I have brought her up ever since she was three years old, and her name is Tranio.

PEDANT: Away, away, mad ass! His name is Lucentio, and he is mine only son, and heir to the lands of me, Signior Vicentio.

VINCENTIO: Lucentio! O, she hath murd' red her master! Lay hold on her, I charge you, in the Duke's name. O, my son, my son! Tell me, thou villainess, where is my son, Lucentio?

TRANIO. Call forth an officer.

[Enter an OFFICER]

Carry this mad knave to the gaol.

TRANIO: Signiora Baptista, I charge you see that he be forthcoming.	VINCENTIO: Carry me to the gaol?
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GREMIO: Stay, Officer. He shall not go to prison.

BAPTISTA: Talk not, Signior Gremio. I say he shall go to prison.

GREMIO: Take heed, Signiora Baptista, lest you be cony-catch'd in this business. I dare swear this is the right Vincentio.

PEDANT: Swear if thou dar'st.

GREMIO: Nay, I dare not swear it.

TRANIO: Then thou wert best say that I am not Lucentio.

GREMIO: Yes, I know thee to be Signior Lucentio.

BAPTISTA: Away with the dotard, to the gaol with him!

VINCENTIO: Thus strangers may be hal'd and abus'd. O monstrous villainy!

[Enter BIONDELLO, with LUCENTIO and BIANCA]

BIONDELLO: O we are spoil'd; and yonder he is! Deny him, forswear him, or else we are all undone.

[Exit BIONDELLO, TRANIO, and PEDANT]

LUCENTIO: *[Kneeling]* Pardon, sweet father.

VINCENTIO: Lives my sweet son?

BIANCA: Pardon, dear mother.

BAPTISTA: How hast thou offended?
Where is Lucentio?

LUCENTIO: Here's Lucentio,
Right son to the right Vincentio,
That have by marriage made thy daughter mine,
While counterfeit supposes blear'd thine eyne.

GREMIO: Here's packing, with a witness, to deceive us all.

VINCENTIO: Where is that damnèd scoundrel, Tranio,
That fac'd and brav'd me in this matter so?

BAPTISTA: Why, tell me, is not this my Cambio?

BIANCA: Cambio is chang'd into Lucentio.

LUCENTIO: Love wrought these miracles. Bianca's love
 Made me exchange my state with Tranio,
 While she did bear my countenance in the town,
 And happily I have arrived at the last
 Unto the wishèd haven of my bliss.
 What Tranio did, myself enforc'd her to;
 Then pardon her, sweet father, for my sake.

BAPTISTA: *[To LUCENTIO]* But do you hear, sir? Have you married my daughter without asking my good will?

VINCENTIO: Fear not, Baptista, we will content you, go to; but I will, in to be revenged for this villainy. *[Exit]*

BAPTISTA: And I, to sound the depth of this knavery. *[Exit]*

LUCENTIO: Look not pale, Bianca; thy mother will not frown.
[Exit LUCENTIO and BIANCA]

GREMIO: My cake is dough, but I'll in among the rest,
 Out of hope of all but my share of the feast. *[Exit]*

KATHERINA: Husband, let's follow to see the end of this ado.

PETRUCHIO: First kiss me, Kate, and we will.

KATHERINA: What, in the midst of the street?

PETRUCHIO: What, art thou asham'd of me?

KATHERINA: No, sir; God forbid; but asham'd to kiss.

PETRUCHIO: Why, then, let's home again. Come, sirrah, let's away.

KATHERINA: Nay, I will give thee a kiss. Now pray thee, love, stay.

PETRUCHIO: Is not this well? Come, my sweet Kate:
 Better once than never, for never too late. *[Exit]*

Scene 2. [187 lines/ 11:41]

[Enter BAPTISTA, VINCENTIO, GREMIO, the PEDANT, LUCENTIO, BIANCA, PETRUCHIO, KATHERINA, HORTENSIO, the WIDOW, TRANIO, BIONDELLO, and GRUMIO]

LUCENTIO: At last, though long, our jarring notes agree,
 And time it is, when raging war is done,
 To smile at 'scapes and perils overblown.
 My fair Bianca, bid my father welcome,
 While I with kindness welcome thy mother.
 Brother Petruccio, sister Katherina,
 And thou, Hortensio, with thy loving widow,
 Feast with the best, and welcome to my house.
 My banquet is to close our stomachs up
 After our great good cheer. Pray you, sit down;
 For now we sit to chat as well as eat. *[They sit]*

PETRUCHIO: Nothing but sit and sit, and eat and eat!

BAPTISTA: Padua affords this kindness, son Petruccio.

PETRUCHIO: Padua affords nothing but what is kind.

HORTENSIO: For both our sakes I would that word were true.

PETRUCHIO: Now, for my life, Hortensio fears his widow.

WIDOW: Then never trust me if I be afeard.

PETRUCHIO: You are very sensible, and yet you miss my sense:

I mean Hortensio is afeard of you.

WIDOW: He that is giddy thinks the world turns round.

PETRUCHIO: Roundly replied.

KATHERINA: Mistress, how mean you that?

WIDOW: Thus I conceive by him.

PETRUCHIO: Conceives by me! How likes Hortensio that?

HORTENSIO: My widow says thus she conceives her tale.

PETRUCHIO: Very well mended. Kiss him for that, good widow.

KATHERINA: 'He that is giddy thinks the world turns round.'—

I pray you tell me what you meant by that.

WIDOW: Your husband, being troubled with a shrew,

Measures my husband's sorrow by his woe.

And now you know my meaning.

KATHERINA: A very mean meaning.

WIDOW: Right, I mean you.

KATHERINA: And I am mean, indeed, respecting you.

PETRUCHIO: To her, Kate!

HORTENSIO: To her, widow!

PETRUCHIO: A hundred marks, my Kate does put her down.

HORTENSIO: That's my office.

PETRUCHIO: Spoke like an officer. Ha' to thee, lad. [*Drinks to HORTENSIO*]

BAPTISTA. How likes Gremio these quick-witted folks?

GREMIO: Faith, madam, they butt together well.

BIANCA: Head and butt! An hasty-witted body

Would say your head and butt were head and horn.

VINCENTIO: Ay, mistress bride, hath that awakened you?

BIANCA: Ay, but not frighted me; therefore I'll sleep again.

PETRUCHIO: Nay, that you shall not. Since you have begun,

Have at you for a bitter jest or two.

BIANCA: Am I your bird? I mean to shift my bush,

And then pursue me as you draw your bow.—

You are welcome all.

[*Exit BIANCA, KATHERINA, and WIDOW*]

PETRUCHIO: She hath prevented me. Here, Signiora Tranio,

This bird you aim'd at, though you hit her not.

Therefore a health to all that shot and miss'd.

TRANIO: O sir, Lucentio slipp'd me like his greyhound,

Which runs himself, and catches for his master.

PETRUCHIO: A good swift simile, but something currish.

TRANIO: 'Tis well, sir, that you hunted for yourself;

'Tis thought your deer does hold you at a bay.

BAPTISTA: O, O, Petruchio! Tranio hits you now.

LUCENTIO: I thank thee for that gird, good Tranio.

HORTENSIO: Confess, confess; hath he not hit you here?

PETRUCHIO: 'A has a little gall'd me, I confess;
 And, as the jest did glance away from me,
 'Tis ten to one it maim'd you two outright.

BAPTISTA: Now, in good sadness, son Petruchio,
 I think thou hast the veriest shrew of all.

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

HORTENSIO: Content. What's the wager?

LUCENTIO: Twenty crowns.

PETRUCHIO: Twenty crowns?
 I'll venture so much of my hawk or hound,
 But twenty times so much upon my wife.

LUCENTIO: A hundred then.

HORTENSIO: Content.

PETRUCHIO: A match! 'Tis done.

HORTENSIO: Who shall begin?

LUCENTIO: That will I.
 Go, Biondello, bid your mistress come to me.

BIONDELLO: I go. [Exit]

BAPTISTA: Son, I'll be your half Bianca comes.

LUCENTIO: I'll have no halves; I'll bear it all myself.
 [Enter BIONDELLO]

How now! what news?

BIONDELLO: Sir, my mistress sends you word
 That she is busy and she cannot come.

PETRUCHIO: How? She's busy, and she cannot come?
 Is that an answer?

GREMIO: Ay, and a kind one too.
 Pray God, sir, your wife send you not a worse.

PETRUCHIO: I hope better.

HORTENSIO: Sirrah Biondello, go and entreat my wife
 To come to me forthwith. [Exit BIONDELLO]

PETRUCHIO: O ho! entreat her!
 Nay, then she must needs come.

HORTENSIO: I am afraid, sir,
 Do what you can, yours will not be entreated.
 [Enter BIONDELLO]

Now, where's my wife?

BIONDELLO: She says you have some goodly jest in hand.
 She will not come. She bids you come to her.

PETRUCHIO: Worse and worse, she will not come! O vile,
 Intolerable, not to be endur'd!
 Sirrah Grumio, go to your mistress,
 Say I command her come to me. [Exit GRUMIO]

HORTENSIO: I know her answer.

PETRUCHIO: What?

HORTENSIO: She will not.

PETRUCHIO: The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.

[Enter KATHERINA]

BAPTISTA: Now, by my holidame, here comes Katherina!

KATHERINA: What is your sir, that you send for me?

PETRUCHIO: Where is your sister, and Hortensio's wife?

KATHERINA: They sit conferring by the parlour fire.

PETRUCHIO: Go fetch them hither. If they deny to come.

Swinge me them soundly forth unto their husbands.

Away, I say, and bring them hither straight.

[Exit KATHERINA]

LUCENTIO: Here is a wonder, if you talk of a wonder.

HORTENSIO: And so it is. I wonder what it bodes.

PETRUCHIO: Marry, peace it bodes, and love, and quiet life,

An awful rule, and right supremacy,

And, to be short, what not that's sweet and happy.

BAPTISTA: Now fair befall thee, good Petruchio!

The wager thou hast won, and I will ad

Unto their losses twenty thousand crowns;

Another dowry to another daughter,

For she is chang'd, as she had never been.

PETRUCHIO: Nay, I will win my wager better yet,

And show more sign of her obedience,

Her new-built virtue and obedience.

[Enter KATHERINA with BIANCA and WIDOW]

See where she comes, and brings your froward wives

As prisoners to her womanly persuasion.

Katherine, that cap of yours becomes you not.

Off with that bauble, throw it underfoot. *[KATHERINA complies]*

WIDOW: Lord, let me never have a cause to sigh

Till I be brought to such a silly pass!

BIANCA: Fie! what a foolish duty call you this?

LUCENTIO: I would your duty were as foolish too.

The wisdom of your duty, fair Bianca,

Hath cost me a hundred crowns since supper-time!

BIANCA: The more fool you for laying on my duty.

PETRUCHIO: Katherine, I charge thee, tell these headstrong women

What duty they do owe their lords and husbands.

WIDOW: Come, come, you're mocking; we will have no telling.

PETRUCHIO: Come on, I say, and first begin with her.

WIDOW: She shall not.

PETRUCHIO: I say she shall. And first begin with her.

KATHERINA: Fie, fie! Unknit that threat'ning unkind brow,

And dart not scornful glances from those eyes

To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor.

It blots thy beauty as frosts do bite the meads,
 Confounds thy fame as whirlwinds shake fair buds,
 And in no sense is meet or amiable.

A woman mov'd is like a fountain troubled,
 Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty,
 And while it is so, none so dry or thirsty
 Will deign to sip or touch one drop of it.
 Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
 Thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares for thee,
 And for thy maintenance commits his body
 To painful labor both by sea and land,
 To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,
 Whilst thou liest warm at home, secure and safe;
 And craves no other tribute at thy hands
 But love, fair looks, and true obedience;
 Too little payment for so great a debt.
 Such duty as the subject owes the prince
 Even such a woman oweth to her husband.

And when she is froward, peevish, sullen, sour,
 And not obedient to his honest will,
 What is she but a foul contending rebel
 And graceless traitor to her loving lord?
 I am asham'd that women are so simple
 To offer war where they should kneel for peace,
 Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,
 When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.
 Why are our bodies soft and weak and smooth,
 Unapt to toll and trouble in the world,
 But that our soft conditions and our hearts
 Should well agree with our external parts?
 Come, come, you froward and unable worms!
 My mind hath been as big as one of yours,
 My heart as great, my reason haply more,
 To bandy word for word and frown for frown.
 But now I see our lances are but straws,
 Our strength as weak, our weakness past compare,
 That seeming to be most which we indeed least are.
 Then vail your stomachs, for it is no boot,
 And place your hands below your husband's foot.
 In token of which duty, if he please,
 My hand is ready, may it do him ease.

PETRUCHIO: Why, there's a wench! Come on, and kiss me, Kate.

LUCENTIO: Well, go thy ways, old lad, for thou shalt ha't.

VINCENTIO: 'Tis a good hearing when children are toward.

LUCENTIO: But a harsh hearing when women are froward.

PETRUCHIO: Come, Kate, we'll to bed.

We three are married, but you two are sped.

[To LUCENTIO] 'Twas I won the wager, though you hit the white;
And being a winner, God give you good night!

[Exit PETRUCHIO and KATHERINA followed by the rest of the cast]

[Curtain call Lord congratulates actors he exits with Bartholomew and Victoria, actors gather their things and leave. Sly who has fallen asleep in the last scene is left on stage.]

Epilogue [21 lines /1:18]

[Enter Hostess]

HOSTESS: But Soft, who is this?

What, Sly? O Wonderous hath he lain here all night?
I'll wake him. I think he's starved by this,
But that his belly was so stuffed with ale.
What ho, Sly? Awake for shame.

SLY: Ssss, gi's some more wine. What's all the players gone?
Am I not a lord?

HOSTESS: A lord with a pox! Come art thou drunken still?

SLY: Who's this? Hostess? O Lord, sirrah,
I have had the bravest dream tonight
That ever thou heardest in all thy life.

HOSTESS: Ay marry, but you had best get you home,
For your wife will curse you for dreaming here tonight.

SLY: Will she? I know now how to tame a shrew.
I dreamt upon it all this night till now,
And thou hast waked me out of the best dream
That ever I had in my life.
But I'll to my wife presently,
And tame her too, and if she anger me—

HOSTESS: Nay tarry, Sly, for I'll walk home with thee
And hear the rest of what thou hast dreamt tonight. *[Exit]*