THE Taming of the Shrew.

A.itus primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Begot and Hoist, Christopher Sly, Fy.

Begot.  
Le pheese you inather.

Hoist. A pair of stokes you rogue.

Begot. Y'are a bagage, the Siles are no rogues. Lookk, in the Chronicles, we come in with Richard Complainer, therefore Pausaefull, let the world fide: Selfs.

Hoist. You will not pay for the glasses you hast hurst?

Begot. No, nor a deytere: goe by S. Jeromus, goe to thy cold bed, and warm thee.

Hoist. I know my remedee, I must go fetch the Headborough.

Begot. Third, or fourth, or fifth Borough, Heaven were him by Law. He not budge an inch boy: Let him come, and kindly.

Then take him vp, and manage well the left:  
Carrie him gently to my fairest Chamber,  
And hang it round with all my statem pictures:  
Balme his foul head in warme distilled waters,  
And turne sweet wood to make the Lodging sweetes:  
Procure me Musicke readie when he wakes,  
To make a dulete and a heavenly sound:  
And if he chance to speake, be readye frett.  
(And with a lowe submissive reverence)

Say, what is it your Honor will command:  
Let one attend him with a Silver Basin  
Full of Rose-water, and betweeth'd with Flowers,  
Another bear the Ewer: the third a Diaper,  
And say vwill please your Lordship coole your hands.  
Some one be readie with a costly fawke,  
And ask him what apparel he will wære:  
Another tell him of his Hounds and Horfe,  
And that his Lade mouneres at his dilefse,  
Peruse him that he hath bin Lustaricke,  
And when she fayes it he is, say that he dreams,  
For is he nothing but a mightie Lord:  
This do, and do it kindly, gentle sire,  
It will be paftime passing excellent,  
If he be husbanded with modettie.

1. Hoist: My Lord I warrant you we will play our part  
As he shall think by our true diligence  
He is not lefe then what we say he is.

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

Wound horns, Enter a Lord from hunting with his traine.

Le. Huntsman I charge thee, send wel my hounds,  
Brach Aterman, the poore Cush is imbot,  
And couple Clowder with the deep-mouth'd brach,  
Sawt thou not boy how Silver made it good  
At the hedge corner, in the coudell fault,  
I would not loo ofe the dogge for twenty pound.

Hunts. Why Beiman is as good as is my Lord,  
He cried vpon it at the mectell lote,  
And twice to day pick'd out the dullest fent,  
Truthe, I take him for the better dogge.

Lord. Thou art a Poolo, if Eecho were as fete:  
I would effuerme him worth a dozen fuch:  
But flup them well, and leoke into them all,  
To morrow I intend to hunt again.

Hunts. I will my Lord.

Lord. What's it seethe? One dead or drunke? See doun  
his breath?

2. Hunt. He breaths my Lord. Were he nor warm'd  
with Ale, this were a bed but cold to sleep, so soundly.

Lord. Oh monstrous beast, how like a swine he lyes.  
Grim death, how foule and losthorne is this image:  
Sirs, I will practise on this drunken man.

What think you, if he were coutry'd to bed,  
Wrap d in finest clathings: Ring's up when his fingers:  
A moist delicious banquer by his bed,  
And brate attendants neere him when he wakes,  
Would not the beggar then forget himself?


2. Hunt. It would seem strange vato him when he wak'd  
Lord. Euen as a flattering dreame, or worthlesse fancie.
The Taming of the Shrew.

Was apsey fittted, and naturally perform'd.

Simpson. I think 'twas Sara that your honor meane.

Lord. 'Tis very true, thou didst it excellent:
Well you are come to me in happy time, the rather for I have some sport in hand, wherein your cunning can afflist me much. There is a Lord will hear you play to night; but I am doubfull of your modesties, Least (over-eying of this odd behaviour) forsey his honor never hear'd a play.

You break into some metrical passion, and so offend him; for I tell you sire, if you should smile, he grows impatient.

Flaut. Fear me not, my Lord, we can contain our scire, we're he the vestvst anticks in the world.

Lord. Go frizz, take them to the Batterie, and give them friendly welcome evertie one, let them want nothing that my house affords.

Exit with the Players.

Sirr. go you to Barcjohnow my Page, and see him dreeft in all suites like a Ladie; that done, conduct him to the drunkards chamber, and call him Madam, don't obfervance: Tell him from me (as he will win my love) to beare himfelfe with honourable action, as he hath obtur'd in noble ladies; Vno their Lords, by them accomplisht, such dutie to the drankard let him do: With low longe tongue, and lowly cutefie, and say: What is your Honor will command, Wherein your Ladie, and your humble wife, May shew her dutie, and make knowne her love. And then with kind embracements, tempting kisfts, and with declining head into his bonforme Bid him fiedt ears, as being outier-savd, To fee her noble Lord restor'd to health, who for this leven yeares hath esteemed him. No better then a poore and loachtome beggar: And if the boy have not a womea guest, To rain a shower of commandes tears, An Onion will do well for such a thief; Which in a Napkin (being close couched) Shall in delight enconcer a watterie eie: See this dispatch'd with all the halft thou canst, Anon ye gie thee more instructions.

Exit a taye man.

I know the boy will well vnta the grace, Voice, gait, and action of a Gentlewoman; I long to hear him call the drunkard husband, and how my men will play themsefles from laughter, When they do hommage to this simple peante, Lie in to counfell them: haply my preffence May well abate the ovet-merie spleene, Which otherwise would grow into extremea.

Enter alft the drunkards with attendants; some with apparel, Baffam and Emer, & other apperencies, & Lord.

Beg. For Gods take a pot of small Ale.

1. Ser. Will please your Lord drink a cup of facke?

2. Ser. Will please your Honor taste of thee Confequens?

Ser. What saiment will your honor oweare to day...

Beg. I am Christopher Stes, call not mee Honor nor Lordsippe: Mee drink facke in my life, and if you give me any Confeuence, give me confeuences of Beefe: here ask me what raiment Ie weare, for I have no more doub-

let them backes: no more stockings then legges: nor no more shooes there feet, ney somtime more feste then shooes, or such shooes as my toes looke through the other leathers.

Lord. Heathen ceffe this idle humor in your Honor.

Beg. What would you make me mad? Am not I Christopher Stes, old Stes Some of Burton-heast, by byrth a Pedler, by education a Cardmaker, by transmutation a Bare-heard, and now by present profession a Tinker. Ask the Marrian Hacket the fat Alewife of Wincote, if she know me not: if she say I am not xiiid. o. the score for thee Ale, score me vp for the lyrigst knave in Christen done. What I am not beftraught: here's—

3. Man. Oh this it is that makes your Ladie moune, or this is it that makes your servants droop.

Lord. Hence comes it, that your kindred suits you As beate hence by your strange Lanasce, (houfe)

Nobale Lord, behincible thee of thy birth,

Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment, and banish hence these abiet lowtie dreams: Look on how thy servantes do attend on thee, Each in his office redolent thy becke.

With whom have made Maids of Haake Apollo plies, Myfick, and twenty caged Nightingales do sing; Or wilt thou sleepe? We'll have thee to a Couch, Sofer and sweeter then the lufflit bed On purpose trim'd vp for Semiramis.

Say thou wilt walke: we'll bestrove the ground, or wilt thou ride? Thy horses shall be trapp'd, Their hameffe fi加倍d all with Gold and Pearle. Doft thou love hawkning? Thou hast hawkes will soare About the morning Lache. Or wilt thou hunt, Thy hounds shall make the Welkin answer them And fetch fritill echoes from the hollow earth.

1. Man. Say thou wilt courst: thy gray houndes are as As breasted Stags: I steeret then the Roe.

2. Man. Doft thou love pictures? we will fetch thee fritail A dens-painttde by a running brooke, And otheres in fidges hid, Which seat thee to move and wanton with her breath, Even as the wauing fidges play with windes.

Lord. We'll shew thee so as she was a Maid, and how she was beguiled and surpriz'd, As huelle painted, as the deede was done.

3. Man. Or Dower running through a thornie wood, Scrathing her legs, that one that those the bleedse, And at this sight that fed Apollo were, So workesmene the blood and teares are drawne.

Lord. Thou art a Lord, and nothing but a Lord: Thou haft a Ladie faire more beautiful, Then any woman in this warming age.

1. Man. And till the teares that the had shed for thee, Like emessious flouds are run on her lovely face, She was the fairest creature in the world, And yet she is inveterate to none.

Beg. Am I a Lord, and haue I such a Ladie? Or do I dream? O, have I dreamt till now? I do not sleepe: I fee, I hear, I speake: I fell sweete souers, and I feel so sweet things: Upon my life I am a Lord indeed, and not a Tinker, nor Christopher Site. Well, bring our Ladie hither to our fight, and once againe against a poore impleaded Ale.
2. Man. Wilt please your mightieesse to waft your hands: 
Oh how we joy to see your wit reflect'd,
Oh that once more you knew but what you are:
The seise fifteen yeeres you have bin in a dreame,
Or when you wak'd, do wak'd as if you leapt.

Beg. These fifteen yeere, by my fay, a goodly nap,
But did I never speake of all that time.

1. Man. Oh yes my Lord, but vere idle words,
For though you lay heere in this goodly chamber,
Yet would you say ye were beaten out of doore,
And raile upon the houseke of the house,
And fay you would present her at the Leete,
Because she brought false -jugs, and no fea'd quarts:
Sometimes you would call out for Cicely Hatchet.

Beg. 1, the woman made of the house,
3. man. Why fyr you know no house, nor no such maid
Nor no fuch men as you have reckoon'd vp,
As Stephen Sil, and old John Naps of Greece,
And Peter Turph, and Henry Tumperwell,
And twenge more such names and men as thiefe,
Which never were, nor no man ever saw.

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

Enter Lady with Attendants.

Beg. I thank thee, thou shalt not loose by it.
Lady. How fares my noble Lord?
Beg. Marrie I fare well, for here is cheere enough.

Where is my wife?

Lady. Heere noble Lord, what is thy will with her?
Beg. Are you my wife, and will not call me husband?
My men shoulde call me Lord, I am your good-man.
My husband and my Lord, my Lord and husband
I am your wife in all obedience.
Beg. I know it well, what manner I call her?
Lady. Madam.
Beg. Aye Madam, or LOve Madam?
Lady. Madam, and nothing else, so Lordes call Ladies.
Beg. Madame wife, they say that I have dream'd,
And slept above some fifteen yeare or more.

Lady. 1, and the time seemes thirty vnto me,
Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.
Beg. 'Tis much, fereuants leave me and her alone.

Madam vndrefe you, and come now to bed.

Lady. Thrice noble Lord, let me intrest of you
To pardon me yet for a night or two:
Or ifnot so, till the Sun be set.
For your Phylistines have expresslie charg'd,
In peril to incurre your former malady,
That I should yet ablent me from your bed:
I hope this reason stands for my excuse.

Beg. I'ts fine, fay I may hardly tarry so long:
But I would be both to fall into my dreams againe:
I wil therefore tarry in despight of the flesh & the blood

Enter a Messenger.

Asf. Your Honors Players bearing your amendment,
Are come to play a pleasant Comedy:
For your doctors hold it very mete,
Seeing too much fadhefe hath congeald your blood,
And melancholy is the Nurse of fadhefe,
Therefore they thought it good you heare a play,
And frame your minde to mirth and merriment,
Which bars a thousand harms, and lengthens life.

Beg. Marrie I will let them play, it is not a Comon-
tie, a Christmas gymbold, or a tumbling tricke:

Lady. No my good Lord, it is more pleasing stuffe.
Beg. What, household stuffe.
Lady. It is a kinde of history.
Beg. Well, well self.

Come Madam wife by my fide,
And let the world flipp, we shall nere be younger.

Florin. Enter Lucantus, and his man Trans. 

Luc. Transtince for the great deffe I had
To see faire Padua, nureterie of Arts,
I am arrit'd for fruitfull Zumburidie,
The pleasant garden of great Italy,
And by my fathers leave and leaue am arm'd
With his good will, and thy good companie.
My truffle fereuants well approvd in all,
Here let vs breath, and haply institue
A course of Learning, and ingenious studies.
Pisfar renowned for graue Citizens
Gave me my being, and my father first
A Merchant of great Traffickke through the world:
Vincenio's come of the Beneventi,
Vincenio's tonne, brough vp in Florence,
It shall become to ferve all hopes concei'd
To decke his fortune with his vettos deeds:
And therefore Trans, for the time I flippie,
Vertue and that part of Philosophie
Will I apply, that treats of happinice,
By vertue specially to be archi'd.
Tell me thy minde, for I have twi left,
And am to Padua come, as he that leaves
A shalow plath, to plunge him in the deepes,
And with fascetie feelers to quench his thirst.

Tran. Me Pardamante, gentle matter mine,
I am in all asect'd as thy felfe,
Glad that you thus continue thy refolue,
To tuck the sweetes of sweete Philosophie,
Ouay (good matter) while we do admire
This vertue, and this moral discipline,
I let's be stoickes, nor no flockes I pray,
Or to devote to Argivies checks.
As Queen, be an out-cast quite abou'd:
Balcio Lodgicke with acquaintance that you have,
And practis Rhetoricke in your common talke,
Muficke and Poeticke vie, to quicken you,
The Mathenickes, and the Metaphysickes
Fall to them as you finde your biomacke iterues you:
No profit growes, whereas no pleasure tane:
In breve, ftriude what you most affe.

Luc. Gramercies Trans, well doft thou advice,
If Eisoneste thou wert come afore,
We could at once put vs in readinesse,
And takes a Lodging fitt to entertaine
Such friends (as time) in Padua shall beget.
But fay a while, what companie is this?

Trans. Matter some flew to welcome vs to Towne.

Enter Baptista with his two daughters, Katherine & Bianca,
Gremio a Ponte-Awolte, Hortensio厨er to Bianca.

Ad. Gentlemen, imporment me no farther,
For how I firmly am resolute you know:
That is, to better my yoongest daughter,
Before I have a husband for the elder:
If neither of you both love Katherine,
Because I know you well, and love you well,
Lease shall you have to court her at your pleasure.

_Gre._ To catch her rather. She's toough for me,
There, there _Hurnetfris_, will you any Wife?

_Kate._ I pray you sir, is it your will
To make a male of me amongst these mates?

_Her._ Mates maid, how mean you that?
No mate for you,
You vile of you of gentler moulder mould.

_Kate._ I'faith sir, you shall never need to fear,
I wis it is not halie way to her heart:
But if they were, doubt nor, her care should be,
To come your noddle with a three-legg'd foole,
And paint your face, and vie you like a foole.

_Her._ From all such duels, God Latel durley vs.

_Gre._ And me too, good Lord.

_Tr._ Huflett matter, heres some good pastime toward;
That wench is flacke mad, or wonderfull froward.

_Luc._ But in the others ilence do I see,
Maidl maidhe behaviour and boistreite,

_Pace Tran._

_Tr._ Well said Mr, mum, and gaze your fill.

_Bap._ Gentlemen, that I may soone make good
What I have said, _Bianca_, and
And let it not displease thee good _Bianca_,
For I will love thee thee the leffe my girl.

_Kate._ A pretty peete, it is but put finger in the eye,
And the knew why.

_Bian._ Siffen content you, in my difficient.
Sir, to your pleasure hardly I fufcrbe:
My books and instruments shall be my company,
On them to looke, and prudite by my selfe.

_Luc._ Harkke _Tran.,_ that maist hear _Menara_ speak.

_Signor Baptista, will you be so strange,
Sorrie am I that our good will effects
_Biancas_ griefe.

_Gre._ Why will you mew her vp
(Signor Baptista) for this friend of hell,
And make her bear the penance of her tongue,

_Bap._ Gentlemen content ye, I am resolu;
In _Bianca_, and

_For_ I know she taketh most delight
In _Muifke_, _Instruments_, and _Poetry_,
Schoolmaster will I keepes within my house,
Fit to instruct her youth. If you _Hurnetfris_,
Or signor _Gremio_ you know any such,
Preferre them luther: for to cunning men,
I will be very kind and liberal,
To mine owne children, in good bringing vp,
And so farewell: _Katherina_ you may say,
For I have more to commune with _Bianca_.

_Kate._ Why, and it must I may go too, may I not?
What shall I be appoinnted houses, as though
(Belike) I know not what to take,
And what to exit: _Hast_.

_Gre._ You may go to the duels dam: your guifets are
So good here's none will holde you: Their love is not
to great _Hurnetfris_, but we may blow our nollas together,
and faft fairely out. Our cakes dought on both fides.
Farewell: yet for the lone I bearre my sweet _Bianca_, if
I can by any means light on a fit man to refer her that
wherein the delights, I will with him to her father.

_Her._ So will I signior _Gremio_; but a word I pray:
Though the nature of our quarreall yet neer brook'd parade,
know now upon advice, it toucheth vs both: that
we may yet againe have accessse to our faire Misdris, and
be happie rituals in _Biancas_ love, to laboure and effect
one thing specially.

_Gre._ What's that I pray?

_Her._ Marrie sir to get a husband for her Sister,

_Gre._ A husband: a duell.

_Her._ I say a husband.

_Gre._ I say a duell: Think't thou _Hurnetfris_, though
her father be so rich, any man is to verte a foole to be
married to hell?

_Her._ _Tusfr Gremio_; though it passe your patience &
mine to endure her lowd alarmes, why man there bee
good fellowes in the world, and a man could light on
them, would take her with all faults, and money enough.

_Gre._ I cannot tell; but I had as lief take her dowrie
with this condition: To be whipt at the hie croffe euerie
orning.

_Her._ Faith (as you say) there's small choice in rotten
apples: but come, since this bar in law makes vs friends,
it shall be faire fofhewise and peaceably, till by helping
_Baptista_ eldest daughter to a husband, wee fet his
youngest free for a husband, and then have too caffreus:
_Young Bianca_, happy man be his sole: hee that runnes
fatter, gets the Ring: What say thee signior _Gremio_?

_Gre._ I am agreed, and would I had given him the
best horie in _Palmas_ to begin his woing that would
roughly woe her, wed her, and bed her, and ride the
houle of her. Come on.

_Exeunt ambo._ _Monte Tran._ and _Lucienio._

_Tr._ I pray sir tell me, is it possible
That love shoulde take a sodaine taketh hold,
Luc. _Tran._, till I found it to be true, I
never thought it possible or likely. But fee, while idely I float looking on,
I found the effect of _Louise_ in idleness,
and now in plainness do confesse to thee
That art to me as secret and as deere
As _August_ to the Queene of Carthage was:_

_Tr._ I burne, I pine, I perish _Tran._,
If I achihe noe this yong modest gyre:
Comsole me _Tran._ for I knew thou camst.
Aislift me _Tran._ for I know thou wilt.

_Tr._ Master, it is no towne to chide you now,
Affection is not rated from the heart:
It house have touch'd you, neath remains but to,
Redeme to caput quam quae minus minimo,

_Luc._ _Gramercy_ L.L.D.; Go forward, this contents,
The red will comfort, for thy counsell found.

_Tr._ Master, you look'd so longly on the maiden,
Perhaps you mark'd not what the pith of all.

_Luc._ Oh yes, I saw sweet beautie in her face,
Such as the daughter of _Aginara_ had,
That made great low to humble her to hand,
When with his knees he knelt the _Cretan_ friend.

_Tr._ Saw you no morer _Mark_d you not how hit fitter
Began to hold, and rais'd vp such a barme,
That mortal cares might hardly induce the dia.

_Luc._ _Tran._ I saw her corral lips to move,
And with her breath she did perfume the ayre,
Sacrific and sweet was all I saw in her.

_Tr._ Nay, then his time to strike him fro his trance:
I pray awake sir: if you love the _Maide_,
Bend thoughtes and wars to achieve her. Thus it stands:
Her elder father is so cufit and threwe,
That till the Father rid his bands of her,
Master, your Love must live a maide at home,
And therefore he is clesely need her vp.

_Because_
Because she will not be annoy’d with forces.

Luc. Ah Tranio, what a cruel Father he is;
But art thou not adus’d, he took some care
To get her cunning Schoolmasters to instruct her.

Tra. I marry am I fitt, and now’tis plotted,
Luc. I have it Tranio.

Tra. Master, for my hand,
Both our intentions meet, and jump in one.

Luc. Tell me thine first.

Tra. You will be school-master,
And undertake the teaching of the maid?
That’s your device.

Luc. It is: May it be done?

Tra. Not possible: for who shall bear your part,
And be in Padua bece Lucentio’s fomme,
Keepe boufe, and ply his books, welcome his friends,
Visit his Countrymen, and banquet them?

Luc. Baffo, consent thee for I hate it full.
We have not yet bin feene in any house;
Nor can we be diffignifh’d by our faces,
For our consider: then it followeth thus;
That that be master, Tranio in my first;
Keepe house, and port, and servants, as I should,
I will some other be, fome Florentines,
Some Neapolitan, or meaner man of Fife.

Tis hatch’d, and shall be so: Tranio as once
Vinsafe thee: take my Conlord hat and cloak,
When Biondella comes, be waits on thee,
Bode me charmes him, to keep his tongue,
Tra. So had you need.
In breafe Sir, fith is your pleasure is,
And I am try’d to be obedientis,
For so your father charg’d me at our parting;
Be servicable to my fomme (quoth he)
Although I thinke twas in another fenc,
I am content to bee Lucentio,
Because to well I love Lucentio.

Luc. Tranio be so, because Lucentio loves,
And let me be a flae, as thee think, that maide,
Whose fading sight hath thel’d my wounded eye.

Enter Biondella.

Here comes the touge, Sirra, where have you bin?

Bion. Where have I beene? Nay how now, where are you? Master, he’s my fellow Tranio holde your cloathes, or you holde his, or both? Pray what’s the newest?

Luc. Sirra come hither, tis no time to left,
And therefore frame your manners to the time
Your fellow Tranio here to fafe my life,
Pelts my apparel, and my countenance on,
And I for an escape have put on his:
For in a quarter since I came a shore,
Yield a man, and I was delivered;
White on you him, I change you, as becomes;
While I make way from hence to save my life:
You vnderstand me?

Bion. If I were a whitt.

Luc. Lest no rot ot Tranio in your mouth,
Tranio is change into Lucentio.

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

Tra. So could I faith boy, to leave the next with after,
That Lucentio indeede had Baptis’d as yonself daught-
er. But firs, nor for my fake, but your matters, I ad-
tithe you vfe your manners different in all kind of comp-
panies: When I am alone, why then I am Tranio: but in
all places else, you mast Lucentio.

Luc. Tranio let’s go:
One thing more reffes, that thy felfe execute,
To make one among thee woemen: if thou ask me why,
Suffesth my reasons are both good and weighty.

Exeunt. The Prefenters alone remain.

1. Man. My Lord you nod, you do not minde the play.

2. Boy. Yes by Saint Anne do I, a good matter surely;
Comes there any more of it?

Lady. My Lord, its but begun.

2. Boy. Its a very excellent piece of worke, Madame
Lady: would ‘twere done. They fitt and mark.

Enter Petruchio, and his man Grumio.

Petr. Verona, for a while I take me leae,
To fee my friends in Padua; but of all
My self belov❜d and approved friend
Hortensio: & I trow this is his houfe:
Here firr Grumio, knocke I fay.

Grum. Knocke fir? whom should I knocke? Is there any man he’s rebud’d your worship?

Petr. Villaine I fay, knocke me here feaundly.


Petr. Villaine I fay, knocke me at this gate,
And rap me well, or Ike knocke your knaves pate.

Grum. My Mr is grovne quarrelsome:
I should knocke you fir,
And then I know after who comes by the worde.

Petr. Will it not be?

Faith firrabb, and you I knocke, I’ll ring it,
Ile trie how you can selrel, &d finge it.

Herrings by the eare.

Grum. Helpes miftis helps, my matter is mad.


Enter Hortensio.

Hor. How now, what’s the matter? My olde friend
Grumio, and my good friend Petruchio? How do you all at Verona?

Petr. Signior Hortensio, come you to part the fray?
Continis le coe bone trobata, may I fay.
Hor. Aha so fras a cafe bone venuto a molto benora signo-
or mi Petruchio.

Rife Grumio rife, we will compound this quarrel;

If this be not a lawfull cause for me to leave his service,
I looke you fir: He bid me knocke him, & rap him soundly.
Well, was it fir for a servant to vfe his master so,
being perhaps (for ought I fee) two and thirty, a peape one?
Whom would to God I had well knockes as frill,
than had not Grumio come by the worde.

Petr. A femeclesse vaine: good Hortensio,
I bad the rafeall knocke vpon your gate,
And could not get him for my heart to do it.

Grum. Knock at the gate: O heavenes: speake you not these words plaine? Sirra, knocke me here: rapp me here: knocke me well, and knocke me foundly. And come you how with knocking at the gate?

Petr. Sirra be gone, or talke not I adufe you.

Petr. Petruchio patience, I am Grumio’s pridg.

Why this a beasie chance twixe him and you,
Your ancient triflle plesant servant Grumio;
And tell me now (sweet friend) what happie gale
Blowes you to Padua here, from old Verona?

Petr. Such wind as scatters youngmen through the world, To
To seek their fortunes farther then at home,
Where small experience grows but in a few.
Signior Hortensio, thus it stands with me,
Antonio my father his deceit,
And I have thrust my fete into this maze,
Happily twowe and thrive, as be may I:
Groves in my purse I have, and goods at home,
And so am come abroad to see the world.

Hor. Petruchio, shall I then come roundly to tisce,
And with thee to a shrew'd ill-faour'd wife?
Thou didst thank me but a little for my counsel:
And yet I promise thee I shall be rich,
And very rich, but that's too much of a friend,
And he not with thee to be.

Per. Signior Hortensio, twist such friends as we,
Few words suffice: and therefore, if thou know
One rich enough to be Petrucho's wife:
(As wealth is burchen of my woing dance)
Be he as foule as was Florence Loe,
As old as Sheel, and as curst and throw'd
As Socrates Centurge, or a worse:
She makes me not, or not remoues at least
Affections edge in me. Were she is as rough
As are the swelling Adriatic tides.
I come to win it wealthily in Padua:
If wealthily, then happily in Padua.

Gru. Nay look ye whether, he tell you flatly what his mother is, why gave him Gold enough, and marrie him to a Puppett or an Agelet babie, or an old troth with nea'tooth in her head, though she have as manie diastes as two and fifty bonies.
Why nothing comes amisse, for monie comes withall.

Hor. Petruchio, since we are kept thus farre in,
I will continue that I broach'd in old, I can Petrucho help thee coze a wife
With wealth enough, and yong and beautious,
Brought vp as becometh a Gentlewoman,
Her onely natuur, and that is faults enough,
Is, that she is intollerable curst,
And throw'd, and froward, fo beyond all measure,
That were my yace farre worser then it is,
I would not wed her for a mine of Gold.

Per. Hortensio peace; thou know not what golds effect,
To take her fathers name, and his enough.
For I will heed her, though the chide be loud
As thunder, when the clouds in Autumn break.

Hor. Her father is Baptista a Mamas,
An affable and courteous Gentleman,
Her name is Katharina Mamas,
Renowned in Padua for her tacit tongue.
There, I know her father, though I know not her,
And he knew my deceased father well:
I will not sleepe Hortensio till I see her,
And therefore let me be thus bold with you,
To give you over at this first encounters.
Wivelle you will accompanie me thither.

Gru. If pray you Shetac go while the honor lasts.
A my word, and she knew him as wel as I do, she would think a golding would doo little good upon him. She may perhaps tell him half a score Knanies, or so: Why that's nothing; and he begins once, he'll raise in his rope trickers. He tell you what fit, and the fand him but a little, he will throws a figure in her face, and so disfigure she with it, that shee shall have no more eyes to see withall.
I see you know him not.

Her. Tatie Petruchio, I must go with thee,
Vpon agreement from vs to his liking,
Will you undertake to woo Right Katherine,
Yea, and to marry her, if her dowrie please.

Grl. So said, so done, it is well?
Hortensio, have you read her all her faults?
Petr. I know she is an irksome braving foal:
If that be all Mafiers, I hear no harme.

Grl. No, say she is, friend? What Countryman?
Petr. Borin in Persew, old Bortusew tonone.
My father dead, my fortune lies for me,
And I do hope, good days and long, to see.

Grl. Oh sir, such a life with such a wife, were stranges:
But if you have a flamrack, too a Gods name, You shall have me affliniting you in it.
But will you woo this Wilde-cat?

Petr. Will I blue?

Grl. Will he woo her? I or he hang her.
Petr. Why came you hither, but to that intent?

Think you, a little dinne can daunt mine ears?
Hau I not in my time heard Lions roar?
Hau I not heard the larr, putt up with wond'rous
Rage like an angry Boar, chaned with fireheat?
Hau I not heard great Oardance in the field?
And heauens Artillerie thunder in the skies?
Hau I not in a pitchet baretell heard
Loud larrums, sighing fleedes, & trumpets clangue?
And do you tell me of a women tongue?
That gues not halfe so great a blast to hear,
As will a Cheefe-nut in a farners fire.
Tuft, myth, feare boys with buggs.

Grl. For he fears none.

Grem. Hortensio hearken:
This Gentleman is happily arriv'd,
My minde pretumes for his owne good, and yours,

How I promisst we would be Contributions,
And bear his charge of wooing what where.

Gremio. And so we will, promisst that he win her.
Grl. I would we were at tyme of a good dinner.

Enter Tranio brasse, and Biondello.

Tran. Gentlemen God save you. If I may be bold
Tell me I beleaf you, which is the readie way
To the house of Sighnior Bapostia Minola?
Bion. He that he's the two faire daughters; if he you mean.

Tran. Euen he Biondello.

Grl. Hearken you, sir, you mean not her to —
Tran. Perhaps him and her, what have you to do?
Petr. Not her that chides first, at any hand I pray.

Tranio. I loue no chiders fir: Biondello,let's away.
Lyz Well begun? Tranio.
Hir. Sir, a word ere you go;
Are you a friend to the Maid you talk of, yes or no?
Tran. Antil if I be fir, is it any offence?

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

Tran. Why fir, I pray are not the streets as free
For me, as for you?

Grl. But is it not the?
Tran. For what reason I beleaf you,

Grl. For threethen reason if you know,
That she's the choosen one of Sighnior Gremio.

Hir. That she's the choosen of signior Hortensio.

Tran. Softly my Mafiers: If you be Gentlemen
Do me this right: hear me with patience.
Bapostia a noble Gentleman,

To whom my father is not all unknowne,
And were his daughter fairer then the is,
She may more futors have, and me for one.
Faire Laday daughter had a thousand wooders,
Then well one more may faire Biondello have;
And so the hall: Lucentio shall make one,
Though Paris came, in hope to speed alone.

Grl. What, this Gentleman will out-take vs all.
Lyz. Sir give him head, I know he'll prove a lade.

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

Hir. Sir, let me be so bold as sake you,
Did you yet euert fee Bapostia daughter?

Tran. No sir, but here I do that he had two:
The one, as famous for a foulding tongue,
As is the other, for beauteseous modestie.

Petr. Sir, sir, the first? for me, let her go by.

Grl. Yes, leave that labour to great Hercules,
And let it be more then Alcides twelve.

Tran. Sir understand you this of me (infiipt)
The yongest daughter whom you hearken for,
Her father keepes from all accefe of futors,
And will not promisst her to any man,
Untill the elder fift frift be wid.

The yonger then is free, and not before.

Tranio. If he be so fair, that you are the man
Mulf fee'd vs all, and me amongst the rest:
And if you break the ice, and do this sexfe,
Achieve the elder: let the yonger free,
For our accife, whoch hap shall be to have her,
Wil not so graceflehe be, to be infrance.

Hir. Sir you fay well, and weel you do conceive,
And since you do arrive to be a futor,
You must as we do, gratifie this Gentleman,
To whom we all rest generally beholding.

Tranio. Sir, I shall not be slacke, in signe whereof,
Pleasse ye we may consinge this afourney,
And quaffe carowies to our Miftrife health,
And do as aduersaries do in law,
'Shure mightigly, but ease and drinke as friends.

Grl. Bion. Oh excellent motion: fellows let's be gen.

Hir. The motions good indeed, and beisso.

Biondello. I shall be your Bees yeowes.

Enter Katherine and Bianca.

Bian. Good fir, wrong me not, nor wrong your self,
To make a boundneath and a flame of mee.

That I disdaine: but for these other goods,
Vnbindie my hands, Ile pull them off my felfe,
Yes all my raintment, to my petticoate,
Or what you will command me, I wil I do,
So well I know my dutie to my elders.

Kate. Of all the fators heere I charge tell
Whom thou loue full best: see thou dismilibe nee.

Bianca. Beleave me fifty, of all the men alive,
I neuer yet beheld that special face,
Which I could fancie, more then any other.

Kate. Minion thou lyest: Is't not Hortensio?
Bian. If you affeft him firer, here I sweare
Ile please for you my selfe, but you hall have him.

Kate. Then be like you fancie riches more,
You shall have Gremio to keepe you faire.

Bian. Is it for him you do esteeme me so?

Nay then you lye, and now I wil perceiue
You have but jestted with me all this while:
I prethee firer Kate, yntie my hands.

Kate. If that be so, then all the rest was so. Strakhe her
Enter Baptista.

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

Bianca bade me do, poore gentle frends desire.
Go pry thy Needle, meddle not with her.

For she is chang'd into a diuell's spirit,
What doth thou wrong her, that did she wrong thee?
Why didst thou cut thee with a bitter word?
Kate. Her silence flouts me, and I here appeal'd.

Flies after Bianca


Bap. What will you not suffer me: Nay now I see
She is your treasur, the most hate a husband,
I must dance here be-loo on her wedding day,
And for your loose to her, leade Apes in hell,
Talk not to me, I will go yet and weep,
Till I can finde occasion of revenge.

Bap. Was ever Gentleman thus green as I?
But who comes here.

Enter Gremio, Lucintius, in the habit of a mean man,
Patricio with Tranio, with his boy,
hearing a Lute and Bookes.

Gre. Good morrow neighbour Baptista.

Bap. Good morrow neighbour Gremio, God save you Gentleman.

Pet. And you good sir, pray have you not a daughter, call'd Katerina, faire and virtuous.

Bap. I have a daughter sir, call'd Katerina.

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

Pet. You wrong me, sir signor Gremio, give me leave.

I am a Gentleman of Verona sir,
That hearing of her beautie, and her wit,
Her affability and baldful modellie,
Her wonderful qualities, and mild behaviour,
Am bold to fly, my felow a forward guest.
Within your house, to make mine eye the witnesse
Of that report, which I do not have heard,
And for an entrance to my entertainment,
I do present you with a man of mine,
Canning in Musick, and the Mathematickes,
To instruct her fully in those sciences,
Whereof I know she is not ignorant,
Accept of him, or else you do me wrong.

Bap. Yate welcome sir, and he for your good sake.
But for my daughter Katerina this I know,
She is not for your taste, the more my greefe.

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

Bap. Militake me not, I speake but as I finde,
Whence are you this, What may I call your name.

Pet. Petruchio is my name, A Peruvian,
A man well knowne through all Italy.

Bap, I know him well, you are welcome for his sake,

Gre. Saving your tale Petruchio, I pray let vs that are poor petitioners, speak some better, you are mercurial

Pet. Oh, pardon me signior Gremio, I would have beene doing.

Gre. I doubt it not sir, But you will corte
You wounded neighbours, this is quift.
Very gratefull, I am sure of it, to express the like kindness to my selfe, that have beene
More kindly beholding to you than any,

Freely giue unto this yong Scholler, that hath
Beenge long studying at Rome, as cunning
In Grecke, Latine, and other Languages,
As he the other in Musick and Mathematickes.
His name is Cynara, pray accept his service.

Bap. A thousand thanks signior Gremio:
Welcome good Cynara, But gentle sir,
Me thinks you walke like a strangre,
May I be bold, to know the cause of your comming?

Tr. Pardon me sir, the boldnesse is mine owne,
That being a strangre in this City heere,
Do make my felow sir to your daughter,
Vnto Bianca faire and serious:
Nor is your name recolose unknowne to me,
In the prefferrment of the eldste sister.
This liberty is all that I requitt,
The voyage to my knowledge of my Parentage,
I may have welcome amongst the rest that woos,
And free access and favour as the rest.
And toward the education of your daughters,
I have receiv'd a simple instrument,
And this small packet of Grecke and Latine bookes
If you accept them, then their worth is great:

Bap. Lucentius is your name, of whence I pray.

Tr. Of Pfifs sir, frome to Pficciento.

Bap. A mightie man of Pfiff by report,
I know him well, you are verie welcome sir,
Take you the Lute, and you the fyt of bookes,
You shall goe see your Pupills prefently.
Holla within.

Enter a Servant.

Sirrah, lead thesfe Gentlemen
To my daughters, and tell them both
These are their Tutors, bid them wishe them wel,
We will goe walk the little in the Orchard,
And then to dinner you are paffing welcome,
And I pray you all to think of your feloes.

Pet. Signior Baptista, my bufiesse asketh hals,
And every day I cannot come to woos,
You know my father well, and in him me,
Lefall unto all his Lands and goods,
Which I have bereed rather than decreat,
Then tell me, if I get your daughters love,
What dovre shall I have with her to wife.

Bap. After my death, the one half of my Lands,
And in pollution twenty thousand Crownes.

Pet, And for that dowrie, Ile suflire her of
Her widow-wood, befor the furriue is made
In all my Lands and Leas fo whatsoever,
Let specialties be therefore drawne between vs,
That covenants may be kept on either hand.

Bap, I, when the specialtis is well obtained,
That is her love, for that is all in all,

Pet. Why that is nothing, for I tell you father,
I am as persumptio as the proud minded
And there two raging fires meete together,
They do consume the thing that feedes their furie,
Though little fire grows great with little wind,
Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and fire.
So I to her, and so the yealds to me,

Fol. Laugues and woo nor.

Bap, Well then I will trye it
But be thou am

Pet. To the
That shaks not

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

No such lade as you, if you meane you.

I will not butch thee, for knowing thee to be but yong and light.

Too light for such a swaine as you to catch, and yet as heauie as my weight should be.

Should he, should he.

Well cane, and like a buzzard.

Oh flow-wing'd Turtle, shal a buzzard take thee?

I for a Turtle, as he takes a buzzard.

Come, come you Waife, ye faith you are too anerie.

If I be waspish, belt beware my stinger.

My remedy is then to plucke it out.

If the foole could finde it where it lies.

Who knows not where a Waife does wear his finge? In his taiile.

In his tongue?

Whole tongue.

Yours if you take of tales, and so farewell.

What with my tongue in your taiile.

Come, come, a good, good Kate, I am a Gentleman, Kate, Kate, Kate.

I saw flies him.

I sware I'll eue you, if you strike again.

So may you loose your armes,

If you strike me, you are no Gentleman,

And if no Gentleman, why then no armes.

A Herald Kate? Oh put me in thy bookes.

What is your Cuff, a Coxcomb?

A comblette Cocke, to Kate will be my Hen.

No Cocke of mine, you crow too like a crowen.

Nay come, Kate, come: you must not look so lowe.

It is my fashion when I see a Crab.

Why here's no crab, and therefore looke not lowe.

There is, there is.

Then shew it me.

Had I a giasfe, I would.

What, you meane my face.

Well sym'd of such a yong one.

Now by S. George I am too yong for you.

Yet you are withier'd.

Tis with cares.

I care not.

Nay heare you Kate. Insooth you speake not so.

I chafe you if I terrie. Let me go.

No, not a whit, I finde you paffing gentle: Was told me you were rough, and coy, and fullen, and now I finde report a very liars:

For thou art pleasent, gamefame, passing courteous,

But flow in speech: yet sweet as spring-time flowers.

Thou canst not frowne, thou canst not looke a scorne,

Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will,

Not haft thou pleasure to crofe in talke:

But thou with mildeffe entertain it thy wooveres,

With gentle conference, soft, and affable.

Why does the world report that Kate doth limpe?

Oh land's rous world: Kate like the hazzle twig

Is thriaght, and slender, and as browne in hue

As hazzle nuts, and sweeter then the kernels:

Oh let me see thee walke: thou dost not hate.

Go spotle, and whom thou keepe'th command.

Rid thee, Dian to become a Grove

As Kate thin chamber with her princely gate.

Oh be thou Zeru, and let hee be Kate,
The Taming of the Shrew.

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And then let Kate be chaste, and Dian sportful.
Kate, What did you study all this godly speech?
Petr. It is extempore, from my mother writ.
Kate, A witty mother, will cause her home.

Petr. Am not I wise?
Kate, Yes, keepe you warme.
Petr. Marry so I meane sweet Katherine in thy bed:
And therefore setting all this chat aside,
Thus in plaine terms: your father hath contented
That you shall be my wife; your dowry greed on,
And will you, fill you, I will marry you.
Now Kate, I am a husband for your turne;
For by this light, whereby I see thy beauty,
Thy beauty that doth make me like thee well,
Thou must be married to no man but me;

Enter Baptista, Grumio, Tranio.

For I am am borne to tame you Kate,
And bring you from a wilde Kate to a Kate
Conformable as others bestfied Kates:
Here comes your father, never make denial
I must, and will have Katherine to my wife. (daughter)

Bap. Now Signior Petruchio, how speed you with my Kate?
How but well and fair, but well I believe
It was impossible I should spede amisse. (dumb)

Bap. Why how now daughter Katherine, in your Kate.
Call you me daughter Kate? now I promise you
You shall haue a tender fatherly regard,
To温和 me to one balsie Lunatike,
A mad-cap ruffian, and a swearing lache,
That thinkes with oathes to face the matter out.

Petr. Father, 'tis thus, your felle and all the world
That talk d'other, have talk d'amisse of her:
If the be curf, it is for policy,
For free's not stoward, but modest as the Doe,
Shee is not hot, but temperate as the morn,
For patience please to prove a second Griffel,
And Romane Lourecs for her chaffitie:
And to conclude, we have greede so well together,
That vpon funday is the wedding day.

Kate. I see thee hang d'onday first. (first)

Gre. Hack Petruchio, the fates shall fee thee hang.

Petr. This is your speed,yours shal not suffice our part.

Petr. Be patient gentlemen, I choose her for my felie,
If she and I be pleas'd, what's that to you?

Tis' that must be curf to be curf, in company.
Til you tell 'tis incredible to believe
How much she loves me: oh the kind Kate,
Shee hang up my necke, and kiffe on kiffe
Sche'll do so fast, proceding ooth on ooth,
That in a twink i see her face to her love.
Oh you are notices, 'tis a world to see
How tame men when women are alone,
A meacock wretch can make the curfuff fly:
Sche'll hang thy hand Kate, I will unto Venice
To buy apparel: gainst the wedding day;
Present the feast fader, and bid the guests,
I will bee my Katherine shall be fine.

Bap. I know no what to say, but give me your hends,
God send you joy, Petruchio, 'tis a match.

Gre. Tra. Amen saie we, we will be witnesse.
Petr. Father, and wife, and gentlemen adieu,
I will to Venice, funday comes space.
We will have rings, and things, and fine arrays,
She is your own, elfe you must pardon me:
If you should die before him, where's her dowry?

**Dva.** That's but a caution; he is old, I young.

**Swa.** And may not young men die as well as old?

**Dva.** Well gentlemen, I am thus resolv’d,
On saturday next, you know

My daughter, Katherine is to be married;
Now on the saturday following, shall Bianca
Be Bridie to you, if you make this assurance:

**Dva.** If not, to Signior Gremio:
And so I take my leave, and thank you both.

**Swa.** A lieu good neighbour! now I base thee not:
Sira, your gamsite, yourself were a foolo.
To giue thee all, and in his wavynge age
Set foot under thy table: tus, a toy,
An olde Italian forse is not to kinde my boy.

**Dva.** A vengeance on thy crafty witheldire hide,
Yet I have fac’t it with a card of ten:
‘Tis in my head to doct my matter good;
I lea no reason but suppos’d Lucentio
Muff get a father, call’d suppos’d’s Dencenio,
And that’s a wonder: fathers commonly
Doe get their children: but in this case of woing,
A childe shall get a fire, if I fail not of my cunning.

**Actus Tertius.**

Enter Lucentio, Hortensio, and Bianca.

**Lmr.** Fulcher to care you grow too forward Sirs,
Haue you so fonie forgot the entertainment
Her father Katherine woul’d you withall.

**Hort.** But wrangling pedant, this is
The patronise of heavenly harmony;
Then giue me leaue to have prerogating,
And when in Malwick we have spent an house,
Your Lecture shall have leisure for as much.

**Lmr.** Preproperrous Affle that never read to farre,
To know the cause why malwick was ordained:
Was it not giue the counts of man
After his studie, or his vishall paine?
Then giue me leaue to read Philosophy,
And while I paite, ferre in your harmony.

**Hort.** Sira, I will not beare these braues of thine.
Bian. Why gentlemen, you doe me double wrong,
To frine for that which refcheth in my choice:
I am no bresting Kholler in the schooles,
Be it not tied to houres, nor pointed times,
But learne my lestions as I please my selfe,
And to cut off all frine, hereof fit we down’d,
Take you your instrumen, play you the whiles,
His Lecture will be done ere you haue don’d.

**Lmr.** You shall leave his Lecture when I am in tune?

**Hort.** That will be never, tune your instrument.

**Lmr.** Where left we last?

**Lmr.** Here Madam: Hee That Simoiz, his elfe Sigilla
tellus, his Steater Prunieres Cisfa fema.

**Bian.** Confest them.

**Lmr.** Hee That, as told you before, Simoiz, I am Lu-
cenio, his elfe, some vnto Vincentio of Pila, Sigeliontel-
tus, diggust thus to get your love, his steater, and that
Lucentio that comes a woing, prunam, is my man Tra-
nie, regis, bearing my post, eisfa fema that we might be-
guile the old Panaulone.

**Hort.** Madam, my Instrument’s in tune.

**Bian.** Let’s hear, oh fie, the treble irrees,

**Lmr.** Spit in the hole man, and tune again.

**Bian.** Now let mee see if I can confest it. Hee that fi-
test me, I know you not, hee Sigilla tellus, I trut you not,
his Steater Prunam, take heed hee haue vs not, regia pro-
sume not, Cisfa fema, deare is not.

**Hort.** Madam, it is now in tune.

**Lmr.** All but the base.

**Hort.** The base is right, ’tis the base knowe that iars.

**Lmr.** How fiery and forward out Peadens is,
Now for my life the knowe doute court my love,
Pedalscule, ile watch you better yet:
In time I may beleue, yet I mistrust.

**Bian.** Mistrust it not, for ite Eucides
Was Anax cald so from his grandfather.

**Hort.** I must beleue my matter, elfe I promise you,
I should be arguing still upon that doubt,
But let it ree, now Latino to you.

Good matter take it not unkindly pray
That I haue beene thus pleastant with you both.

**Hort.** You may goe walk, and giue me leaue a while,
My Leccions make no musick in three parts.

**Lmr.** Are you so formal, sill, well I muil waita
And watch wishall, for I be decei’d,
Our fine Musick groweth amorous.

**Hort.** Madam, before you touch the instrument,
To learn the order of my fingering,
I must begin with rudiments of Art,
To teach you gamothes in a breif fort,
More pleastant, pithy, and effectuall,
Then hath beene taught by any of my trade,
And there it is in writing fairely drawn.

**Bian.** Why, I am paite my gamsith long agoe.

**Hort.** Yet read the gamothes of Hortensio.

**Bian.** Gamosith I am, the ground of all accord:
Are, to plead Hortensio’s passion:

**Bian.** Benee, bianca take him for thy Lord
Clost, that brues with all affection
D’oake, one Clifie, two notes hause I
Elaum, thou pity or I die.

**Lmr.** Call you this gamomouth? but I like it not,
Old fashions please me best, I am not so nice
To charge true rules for old inuenctious.

**Enter a Messenger.**

**Nicks.** Miftrulle, your father prays you leaue your
And help to deelle your sistres chamber vp, (books,
You know to morrow is the wedding day.

**Bian.** Farewell sweet matters both, I must be gone.

**Lmr.** Faith Miftrulle then I haue no excuse to stay.

**Hort.** But I haue cause to proy into this pedant,
Methinks he lookes as though he were in loue:
Yet if thy thoughts Bianca be to humble
To caft thy wandering eye on everie stake:
Seize thee that Laff, if once I finde thee raging,
Hortensio will be quit with thee by changing.

**Enter Baptista, Gremio, Tranio, Katherine, Bianca, and oth-
ers attendant.**

**Bap.** Signior Lucentio, this is the pointed day
That Katherine and Petruchio should be married,
And yet we hesire not of our sorne in Law:
What will be said, what mockery will it be?
To want the Bride-grome when the Prieft attends
To speake the ceremonial rites of marriage?
What sates Lucentio to this blame of ours?
Kate. No shame but mine, I must forsooth be forth
To give my hand oppos'd against my heart
Vnto a mad-braine ridden, full of spleene,
Who wo'd in halfe, and means to wed at leyture:
I told you I, he was a frantick loole,
Hiding his bitter lefts in blust behavour,
And to be note'd for a merry man;
He'lt wore a thousand, point the day of marriage,
Make friends, invite, and proude the the bunces,
Yet never means to wed where he hath wo'd;
Now muft the world point at poore Katherine,
And fay, loe, there is mad Petruchio's wife
It'lt please him come and marry her.
Tra. Patience good Katherine and Raptif:too,
Vpon my life Petruchio means but well,
Whatuer fortune ftayes him from his word,
Though he be blunt, I know him paffing wise,
Though he be merry yet withall he's honeft
Kate. Would Katherine had never seen him though.

Exit weaving.

Bap. Go to girls, I cannot blame thee now to wepe,
For such an inuiure would vexe a very faint,
Much more a fiew of impatient humour.

Enter Bianco.

Bian. Mifler, master, newes, and such newes as you neuer heard of.
Bap. Is't new and olde too? how may that be?
Bian. Why, is't newnesse to heard of Petruchio's
Bap. Is he come? (comming)
Bian. Why no fir.
Bap. What then?
Bian. He is comming.
Bap. When will he be heere?
Bian. When he hands where I am, and fees you there.
Tra. But fay, what to thine olde newes?

Bian. Why Petruchio is comming, in a new hat and an old jerkin, a pair of olde breeches thirce turn'd; a pair of bootes that have bene candle-cakes, one backled, another lac'd; an olde ruffly iword out of the Towne Armoery, with a broken bill, and chapelleff with two broken points: his horfe bip'd with an olde mothy saddle, and stirrups of no kindred; besides poftell with the glander, and like to move in the chine, troubl'd with the Lampaife, infected with the falfions, full of Windgeall, sped with Spavins, raised with the Yelower, past cure of the Fures, flanke spoyl'd with the Steagers, begunnew with the Bors, Wraid in the backe, and shouder-shorron, nerre leg'd before, and with a halfe-chekt Bire, & a headfall of theples leafer, which being refrain'd to keepe him from fumbling, hath been often burn'd, and now repaired with knots: one girth five times peec'd, and a women Crupper of vulture, which hath two letteres for her name, fairely let down in fluds, and heece and there peec'd with pachted.
Bap. Who comes with him?
Bian. Oh fir, his Lackey, for all the world Capari-
fon'd like the horfe; with a limen flock on one leg, and a kerkey boot-hoofe on the other, gartered with a red and blowfian old hat, & the humor of forty fancies prickt in't for a fæther: a monfter, a very monfter in apperell, & not like a Christian foot-boy, or a gentlemen's Lackey.

Tra. Tin fome od humor pricks him to this fashion,
Yet oftentimes he goes but meane apparel'd.
Bap. I am glad he's come, howlleare he comes.
Bian. Why fir, he comes not.
Bap. Diuif thou not say he comes?
The Taming of the Shrew.

And watch your vantage in this businesse,
We'll outer-reach the grey-beard Gremio,
The narrow prying father Mustio,
The quaine Musician, amorous Latius,
All for my Maffers fake Lucentio.

Enter Gremio.

Signior Gremio, came you from the Church?

Gremio: As willingly as ere I came from school.

Enter. And is the Bride & Bridgroom coming home?

Gremio: A bridgroom say you? 'tis a bride first finds,
A grumbling groome, and that the giles shall find.

Enter. Catcher then the, why 'tis impossible.

Gremio: Why he's a deuell, a deuell, a very fiend.

Enter. Why he's a deuell, a deuell, he is damned.

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

He tell you of Lucentio; when the Priest

Gremio: Should ask if Katherine should be his wife,
I by pogges wones quoth he, and swore to loud,
That all amaz'd the Priest let fall the bookes,
And as he stoop'd againe to take it vp,
This mad-brain'd bridgroom tooke him such a coffe,
That downe fell Priest and bookes, and bookes and Priest,
And then take vp quoth he, if any lift.

Enter. What said the wench when he rose againe?

Gremio: Trembled and shooke: for why,his flamp'd and swore, as if the Vicar were to ezen him, but after many ceremonies done, hee calls for wine, a health quoth he, as if he had beene aboord carowing to his Mates after a florne, quaff out the Muscadell, and threw the tops all in the Sexton face: having no other reason, but that his beard grew thanne and hungrily, and feend'd to ask him fops as hee was drinking: This done, hee tooke the Bride about the necke, and kifk her lips with such a clamorous smake, that at the parting all the Church did echo; and I seeing this, came thence for very shame, and after mee I know the rout is comming, such a mad marriage newer was before: harke, harke, I heare the ministers play.

Exit Gremio.

Petr. Gentlemen & friends, I thank you for your pains,
I know you think to dine with me to day,
And haue prepar'd great flore of wedding cheere,
But to it is, my haffe doth call me hence,
And therefore here I mean to take my leave.

Bap. 'Tis possible you will away to night?
Petr. I must away to day before night come,
Make it no wonder: if you knew my business,
You would intreat me rather goe then stay:
And honest company, I thank you all,
That haue beheld me give away my selfe
To this most patient, sweet, and veracious wife,
Dine with my father, drink a health to me,
For I must hence, and farewell to you all.

Enter. Let us intreat you stay till after dinner.
Petr. It may not be.

Gremio. Let me intreat you,

Petr. It cannot be.

Katherine. Are you content to stay?
Petr. I am content you shall entreat me stay,
But yet not stay, entreat me how you can.

Katherine. Now if you loute me stay?


Gremio. I sir, they be ready, the Oates have eaten the hores.

Katherine. Nay then,
Do not what thou canst, I will not goe to day,
No, nor to morrow, not till I please me,
The deore is open sit, there lies your way,
You may be legging whites your bootes are greene:
For me, I be not gone till I please me, my,
Tis like you'll prove a jolly faire groome,
That take it on you at the first so roundly,
Pet. O Kate content thee, prethee be not angry.
Katherine. I will be angry, what hast thou to doe?
Father, be quiet, he shall pay my freind.

Gremio. I marry sir, now it begins to work.

Katherine. Gentleman, forward to the bridgdaill, I see a woman may be made a foole
If she had not a spirit to refust.

Pet. They shall go eastward Katherine at thy command,
Obey the Bride yow attend on her.

Goe to the feast, resell and dominerc,
Carwive full mealure to her maiden-head,
Be maddle and merry, or goe hang your fletus;
But for my bonny Kate, the muff with me:
Nay, looke not big, nor flanke, nor stare, nor fret,
I will be master of what is mine owne.

Shes my good, my bratysters, she's my house,
My howshold-thiffe, my field, my barnes,
My horie, my ox, my aile, my any thing,
And heere the flonds, touch he who euer dare,
I lie bringing mine action on the proudell he
That flops my way in Padua: Gremio

Draw forth thy weapon, we are bett with thecues,
Refute thy Miftrife, thou be a man:
Fear not twice wench, they shall not touch thee Kate,
He buckleth those against a Million,

Exit. Petr. Kate, Bionio, Hertomio, Bapstia.

Enter Petruchio, Kate, Bianio, Hortensio, Bapstia.

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Baptist. Is it possible you will away to night?

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Petr. I am content you shall entreat me stay,
But yet not stay, entreat me how you can.
The Taming of the Shrew.

greater a worm but my head and my necke. Aftre good CURTIS.

Gras. Is my master and his wife coming Gruinio?

Cur. Oft CURTIS, and therefore fire, fire, call on no water.

Gras. Is the fire so hot a shew as his reported.

Gras. She was good CURTIS. Before this blift but thou know'st winter tames man, woman, beast; for it hath tam'd my old master, and my new master, and my selfe fellow CURTIS.

Gras. Away you three inch fool, I am no beast.

Gras. Am I but three inches? Why thy horse is a foot and so long am I the beaft. But wilt thou make a fire, or shall I complain on thee to our mistress, whose whole hand (the being now at hand) shou'd it become feels, to thy cold comfort, for being flo'n in thy hot office.

Cur. I prethee good Gruinio, tell me, how does the world?

Gras. A cold world CURTIS in every office butthine, & therefore fire 'st dothy duty, and hate thy duty, for my Master and mistress are almost frozen to death.

Gras. There's fire ready, and therefore good Gruinio the serves.

Gras. Why Jacke boy, ho boy, and as much news as wilt thou.

Cur. Come, you are so full of contecting.

Gras. Why therefore fire, for I have caught extreme cold. Where's the Cooke, is supper ready, the house trim'd, ruffles drawer, cobwebs swept, the fennings in the winter set, the white stockings, and every officer his wedding garments out? Be the Jackes faire with-in, the Gils faire without, the Carpets laid, and every thing in order.

Cur. All ready: and therefore I praty thee news.

Gras. First know my horse is tired, my master & mistress falne out. Cur. How. Gras. Out of their saddles into the durr, and thereby lost the race.

Cur. Let's he't good Gruinio.

Gras. Lend thee care.

Cur. Hearc.

Gras. There.

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

And therefore tis a cold and fenible time: and this Cooke was but a knuckle at thy ear, and behove hickling, how thou delay'dst 'till the horses were come down to a fowle hill, my Master riding behind his Mistres.

Gras. Both of one horse?

Cur. What's that to thee?

Gras. Why 's horse.

Cur. Tell thou the tale; but hafft thou not craft me, thou shouldst have heard how her horse fell, and the under his horse; thou shouldst have heard in how many a place, how she was bornald, how she left her with the horse upon her, how he beat me because her horse tumbling, how she waded through the durr to plucke him off me: how he favore, how he pratt'd, that never pratt'd before: how I cried, how the horses ran away, how her bridle was burnt: how I left my cropper, with manie things of worthy memorie, which now shall die in oblivion, and thou returnest not experience danger by grace.

Cur. By this withing he is more swear than els.

Gras. I, and that thou and the proudest of you all shall finde when he comes here. But what talkes I of this?

Call forth Nathaniel, Ingey, Nicholas, Philip Walter, Suggerlop and the rest; let their heads bee flickely comb'd, their blew coats brush't, and their garters of an indifferente knit, let them curtile with their left legges, and not presume to touch a hair of my Masters horse tail, till they kifte their hands. Are they all ready?

Cur. They are.

Gras. Call them forth.

Cur. Do you hear? you must meeke my master to countenance my mistress.

Cur. Why she hath a face of her own.

Gras. Who knows not that?

Cur. Thou art fomiers, that calls for company to countenance her.

Cur. I call them forth to credit her.

Enter four or five fermenigne.

Gras. Why she comes to borrow nothing of them.

Nat. Welcome home Gruinio.

Phyl. How now Gruinio.

Inf. What Gruinio.

Nec. Fellow Gruinio.

Nat. How now old lady.

Gras. Welcome you. How now you: what you follow you, and thus much do ye say, my space companions, is all ready, and all things meete.

Nat. All things is ready, how meeke is our master?

Gras. E'en at hand, alighted by this: and therefore be not —COOKES petition, silencce, I heare my master.

Enter Petruchio and Kate.

Pet. Where be the horse knaves? What man at doore To hold my flitcop, nor to take my horse?

Where is Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip,

Alfor. Hearc, hearc, sir, hearc sir.

Pet. Hearc sir, hearc sir, hearc sir, hearc sir.

You lagger-headed and vnpolitesse gromes.

What's no attendance? no regard to na duty?

Where is the foolish knave I sent before?

Gras. Hearc sir, as foolish as I was before.

Pet. You peazent, Iwain, you horon malt-horse drudg Did I not bid thee meece me in the Park, And bring along these rafal knaves with thee?

Gruinio. Nathaniel coste fer was not fully made,

And Gabriel pumpes were all vnpink t'heele:

There was no Linke to colour Peter hat:

And Walter's dagger was not come from sheathing:

There were no fire, but Alos, Eafe, and Gregory,

The selle were ragged, old, and beggery.

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


Where is the lust that I late I fed?

Where are thoes? Sir downe Kate,

And welcome. Sound, loud, loud, loud.

Enter fermanigne with finger.

Why when I say Nay good forre Kate be merrie.

Off with my boots, you rogues: you villaine, when?

It was the Friar of Ordre gray,

As he forth walked on his way.

Out you rogue, you plucke my boote awatre,

Take that, and mend the plucking of the other.

Be merrie Kate: Some water heere: what haue.

Enter one with water.

Where's my spaniel Trouslor? Sirra, get you hence,

And bid my cozen Ferdinando come hither.

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

Where are my Slippers? Shall I hawe some water?

Come Kate and wash. & welcome heartily:

you horon villaine, will you let it fall.

Kate
The Taming of the Shrew.

Kate. Patience I pray you, I was a fault unwilling.
Peter. A horrid beetle-headed flap-eared knave.
Come Kate, sit down, I know you hate a flummox.
Will you give thanks, sweet Kate, or else shall I?
What's this, Mutton?
1. Ser. I.
Peter. Who brought his in?
Peter. I.
Peter. 'Tis burnt, and so is all the meat.
What dogges are these? Where is the faithful Cooke?
How durst you willamme bring it from the dreffer
And serve it thus to me that looke it not?
There, take it to you, trencheres, cups, and all:
You needlesse oile-heds, and vnmanner'd flaues.
What, do you grumble? He be with you straight.
Kate. I pray you husband be not so discounten.
The meat was well, if you were so contented.
Peter. I tell thee Kate, 'twas burnt and did away.
And I expressly am forbid to touch it:
For it engenders chollet, planteceth angry,
And better's worse that both of vs did take,
Since of our feloves, our feloves are cholletice.
Then feede it with such oile-erred fleish:
Be patient, to morrow it shall be mende.
And for this night we eat with compance.
Come I will bring thee the boy, Sir Philip's chamber. Exit.

Enter Serjeant gently.
Nath. Peter didst ever see the like.
Peter. He kills her in her owne humor.
Grimm. Where is he?

Enter Curtis a Serjeant.
Cur. In her chamber, making a sermon of continence to her, and rules, and sweares, and rates, that shee (poore faultie) knowes not which way to stand, to looke, to speake, and sits as one new risen from a dreame.
Away, away, for he is coming hither.

Enter Parolles.
Parolles. Thus have I pollicitycally begun my siege,
And 'tis my hope to end it successfullly:
My Faulcon now is sharpe, and psylling emptie,
And all the floope, the must not be full gorg'd,
For then the fereee lookes upon her court:
Another way I have to man my Haggard,
To make her come, and know her Keepers call:
That is, to watch her, as we watche their Kites,
That baite, and beate, and will not be obedient:
She eateth no meata to day, nor any fowl eat.
Last night the fleete nor, nor to night the hall not:
As with the meste, some vnderfeated fault.
He finde abowt the making of the bed,
And heere I flieing the pillow, there the boulter,
This way the Costerlet, another way the stair:
I, and am midst this burle Intend,
That all is done in surrendered case of her,
And in concluson, the flat watch all night,
And if the chance to nod, hee raile and brawle,
And with the clamor keepe her till awake:
This is a way to kill a Wife with kindnisse,
And thus I ouer her mad and headstrong humor:
He that knowes better how to tame a sheepe,
Now let him speake, 'tis charity to shew.

Exit

Enter Tranio and Hortensio.
Tranio. It is possible friend Lucrece, that mistress Bianca
Doth fancy any other but Lucrece.
Luc. I tel you Sir, she bears me faire in hand.

Stand by, and maske the manner of his teaching.

Enter Bianca.

Bian. Now Mirth, profit you in what you read?
Mirth. What Master reades you suffice, refert me that?
Bian. I reade, that I profess the Art to love.
Mirth. And may you prostrate Master of your Art.
Luc. While you wrote decently prove Mithrefle of my heart.

Tranio. Quicke and foillery marry, now tell me I pray,
you that doth sweare that your mistress Bianca
Loud me in the World so well as Lucrece.

Tranio. Oh delightful Louise, voncifante womankind,
I tel thee Life this is wonderfull.

Bian. Mislike no more, I am not Life,
Nora a Musitian as I seeme to bee,
But one that scorne to live in this dignifique,
For such a one as leautes 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,
Forsoower Bianca, and her loye for euer.

Bian. See how they kiffe and count: Signior Lucrece
Holds her by hand, and in her right hand now.
Never to woo her more, but do forswear eare
As one vnworthie all the former favours
That I have fondly flatter'd them withall.

Tranio. And here I take the like unfaith full oath,
Never to marry with her, though she would intreate,
Pie on her face how beattly doth court her.

Bian. Would all the world but he had quite forsworn
For me, that I may surely keepe mine oaths.
I will be married to a wealthy Widdow,
Ere three dayes paffe, which hath as longe loud me,
As I have loud this proud disdainfull Haggard,
And to forswear Signior Lucrece,
Kindnisse in women, not their beauteous looks
Shal win my love, and so I take my leave,
In resolution, as I spake before.

Bian. Mirth, Bianca, bidle you with such gleeze,
As longe to a Louers blessed cafe:
Nay, I have pate you napping gentle Louce,
And have forsworne you with Hortensio.

Bian. Tranio you left, but have you both forsworne mee?

Tranio. Mirth we have it.
Luc. Then we are rid of Life.

Tranio. Faith hee have a hulfe Widdow now,
That shalbe wood, and wedded in a day.

Bian. God give him joy.
Tranio. I, and hee I tame her.

Bian. He fayes to Tranio.

Tranio. Faith he is gone unto the taming schoole.

Bian. The taming schoole: what is there such a place?
Tranio. I mirth, and Petruchio is the master,
That teacheth triches eleven and twenite long,
To tame a sheewe, and change her chattering tongue.

Exit

Bian. Oh Master, master I haue waisted so long,
That I am dogge-wearie, but at last I spied
An ancient Angel comming downe the hill,
Will ferue the turne.

Tranio. What is he Biondelle?

Bion. Master, a Marcabranter, or a pedanct,
The Taming of the Shrew.

I know not what, but formally in apparell,
In gate and cownenance surely like a Father,
And what of him Tranio?

Thou be credulous, and must tull me,
Ile make him glad to scene your Coacta.
And give suffrance to Bajotia Munda,
As if he were the right Vincentio.

Take thee your lute, and then let me alone.
Enter a Pedant.

God save you, sir.

And you sir, you are welcome,
Trasalle you farte on, or are you at the farthest?

Sir at the farthest for a week or two.
But then vprother, and as farte as Rome,
And so to Tripolice, if God lend me life.

What Countryman I pray I?

Of Mantua.

Of Mantua Sir, marrie God forbid,
And come to Padua careless of thy self.

My life! how I pray! for this goes hard.

Thy death for any one in Mantua.
To come to Padua, know you not the cause?

Thy ships are ffeit at Venice, and the Duke
For private quarrel by wheat thy Duke, and him,
Such publish'd and proclaim'd it openly:
Tis berule, but that you are both newly com,
You might have heard it else proclaim'd about.

Alas sir, it is wonde for me then to,
For I have bills for monie by exchange from Florence, and must here deliver them.

Well sir, do you courteis,
This will I do, and this I will aduise you,
First tell me, have you ever bene at Pisa?

In Pisa I have Isten bin,
This renowned for gracie Cardenas.

Among them know you one Coacta?

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

He is my father sir, and though to say,
A count'nce somewhat doth resemble you.

As much as an apple doth an ofder, &c all one.

To save your life in this extremity,

His favor will I do for your sake, &c, &c,
And think it not the worst of all your fortunes,
That you are like to Sir Vincentio.

His name and credite that you undervakte,
And in my house you shall be friendly lodg'd,
Soke that you take ypon you as you should,
Understand me sir: so, so, do, and do.

Oh sir I do, and will repaire you ever
The patron of my life and libertie.

Then goe with me, to make the matter good,
By the way I let you undervante,
If father is heere look'd for euente days,
A paife assurance of a dowre in marriage,
Wixt me, and one Baptist of daughers heares
This heere circumstances he instruct you,
So with me cloath you as becomes you, Exeunt.
Come Tailor, let's see these his ornaments,
Lay forth the gowne. What newes with you sir?
Pet. Here's the cap your Worship did bespeak.
Pet. Why this was moulded on a porsoner,
A vellut duff: Fie, fie, 'tis lewd and filthy,
Why 'tis a cockle or a shawntl, heath.
A knacke, a toy, a tricke, a babies cap.
Away with it, come let me haue a bigger.
Kate. I see haue no bigger, this doth fit the time,
And Gentlemamen wear such caps as thefe.
Pet. When you are gentle, you shall have one too,
And not till then.
Her. That will not be in hant.
Kate. Why sir I trust I may have leaze to speake,
And speake I will. I am no child, no babe,
You betters haue indu'd me say my minde,
And if you cannot, beft you stop your eares.
My tongue will tell the anger of my heart,
Or els my heart concealing it will breake,
And rather then it shal, I will be free,
Ever to the watermon as I speake in words.
Pet. Why thou talk'st true, it is a patrie cap,
A farth cofto, a babb, a llen pie,
I love thee well in that thou lik'st it not.
Kate. Love me, or love me not, I like the cap,
And I will haue, or I will have no other.
Pet. Thy gowne, why: I come Tailor let's see o'er.
Oh mercie God, what making flufhe is here?
Whats that a flufhe? 'tis like demi cannon.
What, yp and downes card like an apple Tar?
Hearts flip, and nip, and cut, and fliff and flath,
Like to a Center in a babers shoppes.
Why what a deale name Tailor call'th this?
Her. I see flues like to have neither cap nor gowne.
Tal. You bid me make it orderd and well,
According to the fashion, and the time.
Pet. Marrie and dient; but if you be remembred,
I did not bid you marrie it to the time.
Go hop me ouer every kennel home,
For you shal hop without my eftome for:
Be none of it; hence, make your best of it.
Kate. I never saw a better fashion'd gowne,
More queeuet, more pleasaunt, nor more commendable;
Belike you meanes to make a mupper of me.
Pet. Why true, he meanes to make a mupper of thee.
Tal. She says your Worship meanes to make a
Pupper of her.
Bet. Oh monstrous arrogance:
Thou lytell, thou thred, thou thimble,
Thou yard three quarters, half yard, quarter, nayle,
Thou Feale, thou Nit, thou winter cricket thou:
Braid'd in mine owne house with a shene of thread.
Away thou Ragge, thou quantitty, thou remnant,
Or I shal to bee ther with thy yard,
As thou shalt chake on prasting whatl thou liufft:
I tell thee I, that thou haft marre'd her gowne.
Tal. Your worship is decredu, the gowne is made
lust as my matter had direction.
Grum. gaue order it shoule be done.
Grun. I came him no order, I came him the flufhe.
Tal. But how did you define it should be made?
Grun. Marric fit with merdle and thred.
Tal. But did you not request to have it cut?
Grun. Thou hast fac'd many things.
Tal. I haue.
The Taming of the Shrew.

The scene is set in Padua. Petruchio, Kate, and Hortensio are the characters who appear in this scene. Petruchio is addressing Kate, whom he intends to marry. He presents her with a ring and describes the virtues of a good wife.

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

Petruchio, Kate, Hortensio

(Exeunt)
The Taming of the Shrew.

It shall be moone, or starre, or what I lift, Or ere I lourney to your Father's house: Go on, and fetch our horses back againe, Evermore croft and croft, nothing but croft. 

Hort. Say as hee faires, or we shall never goe. 
Kate. Forward I pray, since we have come so farre, And be, my moone, or sunne, or what you please:\nAnd if you please to call it a ruffe Candle, 
Henceforth I wole it shal be fo for me. 

Petr. I say it is the Moone. 
Kate. I know it is the Moone. 

Petr. Nay theu you lye: it is the blest Sunne, 
Kate. Then God be blest, it be in the blest Sunne, But Sunne it is not, when you fay it is not, And the Moone changes euen as your minde: 

What you will have it nam'd, euen that it is, And so it shal be fo for Katherine. 

Hort. Petrachus, goe thy ways, the field is won. 

Petr. Well forward, forward, thus the bawle should And not valyually against the Bastard. (run) But loof, Company is comming here: 

Enter Lucietta. 

Good morrow gentle Misfit, where away? 
Tell me sweete Kate, and tell me truly too, 
Haft thou beheld a fresch Gentlewoman? 
Such warce of white, and red within her cheeks: 
What flars do hang in heaven with so much beautie, 
As thoole two eyes become that heavenly face? 

Kate. None so fair, and good as Kate; 

Petr. Why how now Kate, I hope thou art not mad, 
This is a man old, wrinkled, faded, withered, 
And not a Maiden, as thou fayst he is. 

Kate. Pardon old father my miatking cies, 
That haue bin fo bedazled with the sunne, 
That every thing I looke on seemeth Greene: 
Now I perceiue thou art a reverent Father: 
Pardon I pray thee for my mad miatking. 

Petr. Do good old grandsire, & withall make known 
Which way thou travellest, if along with vs, 
We shal be joyfull of thy companye. 

Vin. Faire Sir, and you my merry Misfit, That with your strange encounter much amaze me: 
My name is call'd Lucietta, my dwelling Piha, 
And bound I am to Padua, there to viure. 
A fomne of mine, which long I have not seen. 

Petr. What is his name? 

Vin. Lucietta gentle fir. 
Petr. Happily met, the happy for thy fomne: 
And now by Law, as well as reverence age, 
I may intitle thee my loving Father, 
The father to my wife, this Gentlewoman, 
Thy Sombe by this hath married: wonder not, 
Nor be not grieved, this is of good cleeeme, 
Her dowrie wealthie, and of worthy birth; 
Fir, so qualified, as may be fentence 
The Spouce of any noble Gentleman: 
Let me imbrace with old Lucietta,

And wander we to see thy honest fomne, 
Who will of thy arriual be full ioyous. 

Vin. But is this true, or is it else your pleasure, 
Like pleasant toys or lourswills to break a leaft 

Upon the company you overtake? 

Hort. I do affirue thee father so it is. 
Petr. Come goe along and see the truth hereof, 
For our first erriment hath made thee jealous. 

Vin. Hort. Well Petrachus, this has put me in heart; 
Hauo to my Widdow, and if the froward, 
Then hauo thou taught Hortensio to be vaultward. 


Enter Bisondo, Lucietta and Biamio, Gremio is out before. 

Bion. Softly and stilly fit, for the Priest is ready, 
Luc. I fite Bisondio; but they may chance to need thee at home, therefore leave vs. 

Bion. Nay faith, I lese the Church a your backe, and then come backe to my mistris as soone as I can. 

Gre. I praise and Cambio comes not all this while. 

Enter Petrachus, Kate, Vincentio, Gremio with Attendants. 

Petr. Sir here thee doore, this is Lucietta house, 
My Fathers beares more to the Market-place, 
Thither must I, and here I leave you fir. 

Vin. You shall not chuse but drinke before you go, 
I think I shall command your welcome here; 
And by all likehood some chere is toward. 

Krem. They're bute within, you were bell knocke lowerd. 

Pedant looks one of the window. 

Ped. What's he that knocks as he would beat downe the gate? 

Vin. Is Signior Lucietta within fir? 

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

Vin. What is a man bring him a hundred pound or two to make merrie withall. 

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

Petr. Nay, I told you your fomne was well beloued in Padua: doe you hear fir, to leue frivolous circumstancies, I pray you tell signior Lucietta that his Father is come from Piha, and is here at the doore to speake with him. 

Ped. Thon leef his Father is come from Padua, and here looking out at the window, 

Vin. Art thou his father? 

Ped. I fir, for his mother faier, if I may beleue her. 

Petr. Why how now gentleman: why this is a s offices to take upon you other mans name. 

Peda. Lay hands on the villaine, I beleue a means to cofen some bodie in this Cittie under my countenance. 

Enter Bisondio. 

Bion. I haue seene them in the Cittie together, God (em'good shipping: but who is here? mine old Ma ster Vincentio: now we are vndone and brough to no thing. 

Vin. Come hither crackempe. 
Biam. I hope I may choose Sir. 

Vin. Come hither you rogue, what have you forgotten me? 

Biondi. Forgot you, no Sir: I could not forget you, for I never saw you before in all my life. 

Vin. What, you notorious villain, didst thou never see thy Mistris father, Vincentio? 

Biam. What
The Taming of the Shrew.

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

Vim. Afio indeeede. He beastes Bionello.

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

Ped. Helpe, fomme, helpe signior Baptista.

 Petr. Precie the Kate let's stand aside and see the end of this controvercie.

Enter Pedant with servants, Baptista, Tranio.

Tran. Sir, what are you that offer to beat my servants?

Vim. What am I sirny what are you sir? oh immortal Goodes: oh fine villaine, a sike doublet, a velvet hole, a scarles cloak, and a capriston hat: oh I am vndone, I am vndone: while I plase the good husband at home, my fomme and my fomme friend all at the vesturie.

Tran. How now, what's the matter?

Bapt. What is the man lussticke?

Tran. Sir, you scene a lober ancient Gentleman by your habit; but your wordz flew you a mad man: why sir, what cernes it if you? I overse Pearl and gold if thank my good Father, I am able to maintaine it.

Vim. Thy father: oh villaine, he is a Sailing maker in Bergamo.

Bap. You mistake sir, you mistake sir, praye what do you think of your name?

Vim. His name, as if I knew not his name: I have brought him vp ever since he was three yeeres old, and his name is Tranio.

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

Vim. Lucentio: oh he hath murderd his Master: late hold on him I charge you in the Dukes name: oh my fomme, my fomme tell me thou villaine, where is my son Lucentio?

Tran. Call forth an officer: Carrie this mad knaute to the late: father Baptista, I charge you see that he be forth comming.

Vim. Carrie me to the faile? Petr. State officer, he shall not go to prison.

Bap. Take this signior Gremio: I shall feale you to vndone.

Vim. Take heede signior Baptista, least you be contriv'd in this busineale: I dare sweare this is the right Vincentio.

Ped. Sweare if thou darest.

Vim. Naie, I dare not sweare it.

Tran. Then thou wast best fayle that I am not Lucentio.

Vim. Yes, I know thee to be signior Lucentio.

Bap. Awaie with the dastard, to the Fale with him.

Enter Bionello, Lucentio and Friar.

Vim. Thus strangers may be hald and abusd: oh monstrous villaine.

Bion. Oh we are spoyl'd, and yonder he is, denc him, or sweare him, or elles we are all vndone.

Exit Tranio, Tranio and Pedant as last may be.

Lucentio. Pardon sweete father.

Vim. Liues my sweete fomme?

Bion. Pardon dearde father.

Vim. How hard thou offended, where is Lucentio?

Luc. Here's Lucentio, right fomme to the right Vincentio.

That hauie by marriage made thy daughter mine, While counterfeit supposes blest'd thine enie.

Vim. Here's a packing with a winnsite to deceive vs all.

Tranio. Where is that damned villaine Tranio?

Bap. That face'd and brained me in this matter?

Vim. Why tell me is this my Cambio?

Bap. Cambio is chang'd into Lucentio.

Luc. Loue wrought these miracles. Bianca loue Made me exchange my faine with Tranio, While he did bear my countenance in the towne, And happilie I have arrived at the left 

Vim. Isett up the villaines note where. That should have sent me to the faile.

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

Vim. Peace not Baptista, we will content you go to: but I will in to be reveng'd for this villaine.

Exeunt.

Tranio. And I to found the depth of this knauerie.

Petr. Loue not pale Bianca, thy father will not frown

Exeunt.

Vim. My cake is done, hauie He in among the reft, Our hope of all, but my thare of the faile.

Kate. Husband he's in follow to set the end of this acoe.

Petr. First kife me Kate, and we will.

Kate. What in the midst of the threate.

Petr. What art thou affh'd of me?

Kate. Mo sir: God forbid, but affh'd to kiffe.

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

Kate. Nay, I will kisse thee a kiffe, now praise thee Loue faire.

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

Better once then ever, for sooner to late.

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus.

Enter Baptista, Vincentio, Gremio, the Pedant, Lucentio, and Bianca. Tranio, Bionello Gremio, and Widow: The Scouring men with Tranio braving in a Baggage.

Luc. At last, though long, our taring notes agree, And time it is when raging warre is come, To smile at scapes and penes ooeblowne: My faire Bianca bid my father welcome, While I with selfe-same kindnese welcome thee; Brother Petruchio, fitter Katerina, And thou Horatio with thy loving Widow: Deaht with the beft, and welcome to my houfe, My Banket is to clove our fomme up.

After our great good cheere: praise you fit downe, For now we fit to chat as well as eate.

Petr. Nothing but fite and fite, and eate and eate.

Bap. Padua offers this kindnese, fomme Petruchio.

Petr. Padua offers nothing but what is kinde.

Hor. For both our laces I would that wordz were true.

Petr. Now for my life Horatio feares his Widow, When then never truff me if I be affraid.

Petr. You are yerie fencible, and yet you mislache my fence:
I mean Horatio is afraid of you.

Exeunt.
The Taming of the Shrew.

Bia, Igoe.  
Bap. Sonne, Ile be your halfe, Biance comes.  
Luc. Ile haue no halues: Ile beare it all my selfe.  
Exit Bianella.  

How now, what news?  
Bia, Sir, my Mifrisy fends you word  
That she is busy, and she cannot.  
Perr. How? she’s busy, and she cannot is it an answer?  
Gre. I, and a kinde one too:  
Praise God, sir, your wife send you not a worse.  
Perr. Thope better.  
Her. Sirra Bianella, goe and intreate my wife to come to me forthwith.  
Exit. Bia.  
Perr. Oh ho, intreate her, nay then shee must needs come.  
Her. I am afraid sir, doe what you can  
Exit Bianella.  

Yours will not be entertained: Now, where’s my wife?  
Bian. She fates you have some goodly left in hand,  
She will not come, she bids you come to her.  
Perr. Wrofe and worfe, she will not come  
Oh wilde, intollerable, not to be indurd:  
Sirra Grumio, goe to your Mifrisy,  
Say I command her come to me.  
Exit.  
Her. I know her answer.  
Perr. What?  
Her. She will not.  
Perr. The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.  

Enter Katerina.  
Bap. Now by my hollidam here comes Katerina.  
Her. What is your will, sir, that you fend for me?  
Perr. Where is your fitter, and Horweshe wife?  
Katerina. They sit conferring by the Parier fire.  
Perr. Goe, fetch them hither, if they deie to come,  
Swinge me them soundly forthe vnto their husbands;  
Away I say, and bring them hither draight.  
Loo. Here is a wonder, if you talke of a wonder.  
Her. And so it is: I wonder what it bodes.  
Perr. Marrie peace it bodes, and lour, and quiet life,  
An awkfull rude, and right suppremice:  
And to be short, what not, that’s sweete and happie.  
Bap. Now faire bessell the good Petrucchio;  
The wager shoule haft won, and I will add  
Vnto their loffesse twentie thousand crownes,  
Another dowrie to another daughter,  
For she is changd as she had neuer bin.  
Perr. Nay, I will win my wager better yet,  
And thow more signe of her obedience,  
Her new built vertue and obedience.  
Exit Katerina, Bianella, and widow.  

See where she comes, and brings your froward Wives  
As prisoners to her womansie persuasione:  
Katerina, that Cap of yours becomes you not,  
Off with that bable, throw it vnderfoote.  
Wide. Lord let me never haue a caule to fighe,  
Till I be brought to such a tiresome paffe.  
Bian. Fie what a foolish dutie call you this?  
Loo. I would your dutie wer, as foolish too:  
The willomne of your dutie faire Biance,  
Hath coft me fite hundred crownes since fupper tyme.  
Bian. The more foole you, for laying on my dutie.  
Perr. Katerina I charge thee tell the head-strong  
What dutie they doe owe their Lords and huf- 

Wid. Come.
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Pet. Come on I say, and first begin with her.

Pet. I say she shall not.

Kate. Pet, sir, with that thcreating vnkinde brow

To offer warre, where they should kneele for peace:

Or look for rule, supremacy, and sway.

Pet. Why are our bodies soft, and weak, and smooth;

When they are bound to issue, loose, and obey.

Vasp't to toyle and trouble in the world,

But that our soft conditions, and our barts,

Kate. Come, come, you froward and vnable warmes,

My minde hath bin as bigge as one of yours,

My heart as great, my reason happlie more,

To bandie word for word, and frowne for frowne;

But now I see our Lantects are but straues:

Our strength as weake, our weakenesse yest compare,

That seeming to be mooff, which we indeed least are.

Then vale your frouches, for it is no boote,

And place your hands below your husbands foot:

In token of dutie, if the pleafe,

My hand is realie, may it do him safe.

Pet. Why ther's a wench: Come on, and kisse me.

Luc. We'll go thy waies, old Lad for thou shalt ha't.

Pet. Tis a good hearing, when children are toward.

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

Pet. Come Kate, we'le be to bed.

We three are married, but you two are fpeed.

'Twas I wonnet the wager, though you hit the white,

And being a winner, God give you good night.

Evel Petruchio

Horst. Now gos thy waies, thou hast tam'd a curt shrow.

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