The Taming of the Shrew from Mr. William Shakespeares comedies, histories, & tragedies. Published according to the true originall copies.

Mr. VVilliam Shakespeares comedies, histories, & tragedies

Bodleian First Folio, Arch. G c.7

Shakespeare, William, 1564-1616.

Heminge, John, approximately 1556-1630
Condell, Henry, -1627

Droeshout, Martin, 1601

Jaggard, Isaac, -1627

Blount, Edward, fl. 1594-1632

Jaggard, William, 1569-1623

Smethwicke, John, -1641

Aspley, William, -1640

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Source Description:

Author: Shakespeare, William, 1564-1616.

Title: Mr. William Shakespeares comedies, histories, & tragedies.: Published according to the true originall copies.

Publisher: William Jaggard, Edward Blount, John Smethwicke.

Date: 1623

LCCN: LCCNn78095332
ESTC: S111228
STC: 22273

Note: Greg, III, p. 1109-12
Note: Pforzheimer, 905
Note: STC (2nd ed.), 22273
<note type="citation">Rasmussen, E. &amp; West, A.J. "The Shakespeare First Folios a descriptive catalogue", Palgrave Macmillan, 2012.</note>

Hinman, C. The printing and proof-reading of the First Folio of Shakespeare, Oxford, 1963, p.30</note>


</bibl>

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The signatures varies between sources, with the most commonly cited being Hinman's and West's: 1. Hinman: $\pi A^6 (\pi A1+1)\pi A^6$ Gg, $2C^2 a-g^6 h-v^6 x^4 \chi 1.2 [\text{para.}]-2[\text{para.}]^6 3[\text{para.}]^l$ aa-ff$^6$

hh$^6$ kk-bbb$^6$; 2. West: $\pi A^6 (\pi A1+1, \pi A5+1.2)\pi A-2B^6 2C^2 a-'
gg3.4' (\pm gg3') [\text{para.}]-2[\text{para.}]^6 3[\text{para.}]^l$ 2a-2f$^6$ 2g$^2 2G^6 2h^6

2k-2v$^6$

x$^6 2y-3b^6$. Mis-signed leaves: a3 mis-signed Aa3; 3gg1 mis-signed Gg; nn1-nn2

mis-signed Nn and Nn2 and oo1 mis-signed Oo.

"The life and death of King Iohn" begins new pagination on leaf a1 recto; "The tragedy of Coriolanus" begins new pagination on leaf aa1 recto.

Lacks A1, the letterpress frontispiece entitled "To the
The title page is trimmed and mounted, with a section of the mount towards the foot of the leaf mutilated resulting in the loss of some the Droechout imprint at the bottom left hand corner of the portrait and the central section of an early MS note. For a full condition report, including a full survey of damage and repairs, please contact Rare Books.

 blasphemy</condition>

</supportDesc>
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<p>Predominantly printed in double columns.</p>
<p>Text within simple lined frame.</p>
<p>Editors' dedication signed: Iohn Heminge. Henry Condell.</p>
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<decoNote>Head- and tail- pieces; initials.</decoNote>
<decoNote>With an engraved title-page portrait of the author signed: "Martin- Droeshout: sculpsit· London.". The plate exists in 2 states: 1. The earlier shading, with the plate in the second state which has led some scholars to conclude that state was a proof. The portrait in this copy is the second state.
</decoNote>
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<additions>
<p>Two MS verses on first endpaper verso: 1. 9 lines of verse by an unknown author, first line reads "An active swain to make a leap was seen". 2. A copy of Ben Jonson’s printed "To the Reader"; MS note on t.p. (mutilated) appears to read "Honest [Shakes]peare". Minor
annotations on leaf 2n4 (Macbeth). All in an early English hand, presumably added after leaving the Library.</p>


<p>For further details on the printing of this item see Hinman, Charleton. The printing and proof-reading of the First Folio of Shakespeare: Oxford, 1963.</p>

<p>Acquired by the Bodleian in 1623, presumably in sheets. It was sent out to <persName>William Wildgoose</persName> on 17 February 1624 for binding (see: Library Records e.258, fol. 48r) and upon its return chained in Duke Humfrey at shelfmark S 2.17 Art. It is listed in the Bodleian’s catalogue of printed books but was gone by the publication of the next catalogue in 1674, replaced by the newer <bibl>
<title>Third Folio</title> (<date when="1664">1664</date>)</bibl>. There is no explicit reference in Library Records to the disposal of this copy, but there is a record of a sale of
"superfluous library books" to <persName>Richard Davis</persName>, a bookseller in Oxford, in <date when="1664">1664</date> for the sum of <num value="24">£24</num>.<p>
After leaving the Bodleian this copy entered the collection of <persName>Richard Turbutt</persName> of Ogston Hall, Derbyshire at some point in the early 18th century. It stayed in the family’s possession until <date when="1906">1906</date>, when it was reacquired by the Bodleian for the sum of <num value="3000">£3000</num>, raised by public subscription. For a full discussion of the rediscovery and purchase of this copy see: F. Madan, G. M. R. Turbutt and S. Gibson, The Original Bodleian Copy of the First Folio of Shakespeare (the Turbutt Shakespeare) (Oxford, 1905)<p>
For a full discussion of this copy and the digital version see http://shakespeare.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/ and West and Rasmussen (2011), 31.</p>
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Lady</persName>
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<text type="play" xml:id="F-shr">
  <body>
Prima.

Actus primus. Scœna Prima.

[Prologue, Scene 1]

Enter Begger and Hostes, Christophero Sly.

Begger. I Le pheez e you infaith.

Host. A paire of stockes you rogue.

Begger. Y'are a baggage, the Slies are no Rogues. Looke in the Chronicles, we came in with Richard Conqueror: therefore Pauca cas pallabris, let the world slide: Sessa.

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

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

Falles
asleepe.</stage>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Winde hornes. Enter a Lord from hunting, with his traine.</stage>
<sp who="#F-shr-lor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Lo.</speaker>
</sp>
<l>Huntsman I charge thee, tender wel my hounds,</l>
<l>Brach <hi rend="italic">Meriman</hi>, the poore Curre is imbost,</l>
<l>And couple <hi rend="italic">Clowder</hi> with the deepe</l>
<l>it good</l>
<l>At the hedge corner, in the couldest fault,</l>
<l>I would not loose the dogge for twentie pound.</l></sp>
<sp who="#F-shr-hun">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hunts.</speaker>
</sp>
<l>Why <hi rend="italic">Belman</hi> is as good as he my Lord,</l>
<l>He cried vpon it at the meerest losse,</l>
<l>And twice to day pick'd out the dullest sent,</l>
<l>Trust me, I take him for the better dogge.</l></sp>
<sp who="#F-shr-lor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Lord.</speaker>
</sp>
<l>Thou art a Foole, if <hi rend="italic">Eccho</hi> were as fleete,</l>
<l>I would esteeme him worth a dozen such:</l>
<l>But sup them well, and looke vnto them all,</l>
<l>To morrow I intend to hunt againe.</l></sp>
<sp who="#F-shr-hun">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hunts.</speaker>
</sp>
<l>I will my Lord.</l></sp>
<sp who="#F-shr-lor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Lord.</speaker>
</sp>
<l>What's heere? One dead, or drunke? See doth he breath?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-shr-hun.2">
 <speaker rend="italic">2. Hun.</speaker>
</sp>
<p>He breath's my Lord. Were he not warm'd with Ale, this were a bed but cold to sleep so soundly.</p></sp>
<sp who="#F-shr-lor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Lord.</speaker>
</sp>
<l>Oh monstrous beast, how like a swine he lyes.</l>
<l>Grim death, how foule and loathsome is thine image:</l>
Sirs, I will practise on this drunken man.

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

Beleeue me Lord, I thinke he cannot choose.
It would seem strange vnto him when he wak'd
Euen as a flatt'ring dreame, or worthles fancie.
Then take him vp, and manage well the iest:
Carrie him gently to my fairest Chamber,
And hang it round with all my vvanton pictures:
Balme his foule head in warme distilled waters,
And burne sweet Wood to make the Lodging sweete:
Procure me Musicke readie when he vvakes,
To make a dulcet and a heauenly sound:
And if he chance to speake, be readie straight
(And with a lowe submissiue reuerence)
Say, what is it your Honor vvil command:
Let one attend him vwith a siluer Bason
Full of Rose&<x2011;water, and bestrew'd with Flowers,
Another beare the Ewer: the third a Diaper,
And say wilt please your Lordship coole your hands.
Some one be readie with a costly suite,
And aske him what apparrel he will weare:
Another tell him of his Hounds and Horse,
And that his Ladie mournes at his disease,
Perswade him that he hath bin Lunaticke,
And when he sayes he is, say that he dreames,
For he is nothing but a mightie Lord:
This do, and do it kindly, gentle sirs,
It wil be pastime passing excellent,
If it be husbanded with modestie.

My Lord I warrant you we wil play our part
As he shall thinke by our true diligence
He is no lesse then what we say he is.
<sp who="#F-shr-lor">
  <speaker rend="italic">Lord.</speaker>
  <l>Take him vp gently, and to bed with him.</l>
  <l>And each one to his office when he wakes.</l>
  <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Sound trumpets.</stage>
  <l>Sirrah, go see what Trumpet 'tis that sounds.</l>
  <l>Belike some Noble Gentleman that meanes (Trauelling some journey) to repose him heere.</l>
  <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Seruingman.</stage>
  <l>How now? who is it?</l>
  <sp who="#F-shr-ser">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ser.</speaker>
    <l>An't please your Honor, Players</l>
    <l>That offer seruice to your Lordship.</l>
  </sp>
  <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Players.</stage>
  <sp who="#F-shr-lor">
    <speaker rend="italic">Lord</speaker>
    <l>Bid them come neere:</l>
    <l>Now fellowes, you are welcome.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-shr-pls">
    <speaker rend="italic">Players.</speaker>
    <l>We thank e your Honor.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-shr-lor">
    <speaker rend="italic">Lord</speaker>
    <l>Do you intend to stay with me to night?</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-shr-pla.2">
    <speaker rend="italic">2. Player.</speaker>
    <l>So please your Lordshippe to accept our</l>
    <lb>dutie.</lb>
  </sp>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-shr-lor">
  <speaker rend="italic">Lord.</speaker>
  <l>With all my heart. This fellow I remember,</l>
  <l>Since once he plaide a Farmers eldest sonne,</l>
  <l>Twas where you woo'd the Gentlewoman so well:</l>
  <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">Was</fw>
  <pb facs="FFimg:axc0229-0.jpg" n="209"/>
  <fw type="rh">The Taming of the Shrew.</fw>
  <cb n="1"/>
  <l>Was aptly fitted, and naturally perform'd.</l>
</sp>

Sinclo.

I thinke 'twas Soto that your honor meanes.

Lord.

'Tis verie true, thou didst it excellent:

Well you are come to me in happie time,

Wherein your cunning can assist me much,

There ia a Lord will heare you play to night;

But I am doubtfull of your modesties,

Least (over eying of his odde behauiour,

For yet his honor neuer heard a play)

You breake into some merrie passion,

And so offend him: for I tell you sirs,

If you should smile, he growes impatient.

Plai.

Feare not my Lord, we can contain our selues,

Were he the veriest anticke in the world.

Go sirra, take them to the Butterie,

And giue them friendly welcome euery one,

Let them want nothing that my house affoords.

Exit one with the Players.

Sirra go you to Bartholmew my Page,

And see him drest in all suits like a Ladie:

That done, conduct him to the drunkards chamber,

And call him Madam, do him obeisance:

Tell him from me (as he will win my loue)

He beare himselfe with honourable action,

Such as he hath obseru'd in noble Ladies

Vnto their Lords, by them accomplished,

Such dutie to the drunkard let him do:

With soft lowe tongue, and lowly curtesie,

Wherein your Ladie, and your humble wife,

May shew her dutie, and make knowne her loue.

And then with kinde embracements, tempting kisses,

And with declining head into his bosome

Bid him shed teares, as being ouer joyed

To see her noble Lord restor'd to health,

Who for this seuen yeares hath esteemed him

No better then a poore and loathsome begger:

And if the boy haue not a womans guift

To raine a shower of commanded teares,
An Onion will do well for such a shift, Which in a Napkin (being close conuei'd) Shall in despiught enforce a waterie eie: See this dispatch'd with all the hast thou canst, Anon Ile giue thee more instructions. Exit a servingman. I know the boy will wel vsurpe the grace, Voice, gate, and action of a Gentlewoman: I long to heare him call the drunkard husband, And how my men will stay themselves from laughter, When they do homage to this simple peasant, Ile in to counsell them: haply my presence May well abate the ouer-merrie spleene, Which otherwise would grow into extreames. 

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

Beg. For Gods sake a pot of small Ale. 

1. Ser. Wilt please your Lord drink a cup of sacke? 

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

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

Beg. I am Christophero Sly, call not mee Honour nor Lordship: I ne're drank sacke in my life: and if you giue me any Conserves, giue me conserves of Beeffe: nere ask me what raiment Ile weare, for I haue no more doubt; lets then backes: no more stockings then legges: nor
no more shooes then feet, nay sometime more feete then shooes, or such shooes as my toes looke through the

overleather.

Who="#F-shr-lor">

Lord.</speaker>

Heauen cease this idle humor in your Honor.</l>

Oh that a mightie man of such discent,

Of such possessions, and so high esteeme</l>

Should be infused with so foule a spirit.</l>

What would you make me mad? Am not I <hi rend="italic">Christopher Slie</hi>, old Sies sonne of Burton&#x2011;heath, by byrth a Pedler, by education a Cardmaker, by transmutation a Beare&#x2011;heard, and now by present profession a Tinker.

Aske <hi rend="italic">Marrian Hacket</hi> the fat Alewife of Wincot, if shee know me not: if she say I am not xiiii.d. on the score for sheere Ale, score me vp for the lyingst knaue in Christen dome. What I am not bestraught: here's ⸺

3. Man."

Oh this it is that makes your Ladie mourne.</l>

Oh this is it that makes your seruants droop.

Hence comes it, that your kindred shuns your

As beaten hence by your strange Lunacie.

Oh Noble Lord, bethinke thee of thy birth,

Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment,

And banish hence these abiect lowlie dreames:

Looke how thy seruants do attend on thee,

Each in his office readie at thy becke.

Wilt thou haue Musicke? Harke Apollo plaies,

And twentie caged Nightingales do sing.

Or wilt thou sleepe? Wee'l haue thee to a Couch,
Softer and sweeter then the lustfull bed
On purpose trim'd vp for Semiramis.
Say thou wilt walke: we wil bestrow the ground.
Or wilt thou ride? Thy horses shal be trap'd,
Their harness studded all with Gold and Pearle.
Dost thou loue hawking? Thou hast hawkes will soare
Aboue the morning Larke. Or wilt thou hunt.
Thy hounds shall make the Welkin answer them
And fetch shrill ecchoes from the hollow earth.

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

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

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

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

Thou art a Lord, and nothing but a Lord:
Thou hast a Ladie farre more Beautifull,
Then any woman in this waining age.
And til the teares that she hath shed for thee,
Like envious floods ore run her louely face,
She was the fairest creature in the world,
And yet she is inferiour to none.

Beg. Am I a Lord, and haue I such a Ladie?
Or do I dreame? Or haue I dream'd till now?
I do not sleepe: I see, I heare, I speake:
I smel sweet sauours, and I feele soft things:
Vpon my life I am a Lord indeede,
And not a Tinker, nor Christopher Slie.
Well, bring our Ladie hither to our sight,
And once againe a pot o'th smallest Ale.

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

These fifteene yeeres, by my fay, a goodly nap,
But did I neuer speake of all that time.
These fifteene yeeres, by my fay, a goodly nap,
But did I neuer speake of all that time.
Oh yes my Lord, but verie idle words,
For though you lay heere in this goodlie chamber,
Yet would you say, ye were beaten out of doore,
And raile vpon the Hostesse of the house,
And say you would present her at the Leete,
Because she brought stone & jugs, and no seal'd quarts:
Sometimes you would call out for Cicely Hacket.
I, the womans maide of the house.
3. man.3

Why sir you know no house, nor no such maid
Nor no such men as you haue reckon'd vp.
As Stephen Slie, and old John Naps of Greece,
And twenty more such names and men as these,
Which neuer were, nor no man euer saw.

Now Lord be thanked for my good amends.
Amen.

Enter Lady with Attendants.

I thanke thee, thou shalt not loose by it.
Where is my wife?
Heere noble Lord, what is thy will with her?
Are you my wife, and will not cal me husband?
My men should call me Lord, I am your good man.

My husband and my Lord, my Lord and husband
I am your wife in all obedience.
<speaker rend="italic">Beg.</speaker>
<l>I know it well, what must I call her?</l>
</sp>

<l>Who</l>
<sp rend="italic">Lord.</sp>
<p>Madam.</p>
</sp>

<l>Who</l>
<sp rend="italic">Beg.</sp>
<p>Alce</p>
<hi rend="italic">Madam, or</hi>
<l>Ione</l>
<sp rend="italic">Madam?</sp>
</p>
</sp>

<l>Who</l>
<sp rend="italic">Lady.</sp>
<l>1, and the time seeme's thirty vnnto me,</l>
<l>Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.</l>
</sp>

<l>Who</l>
<sp rend="italic">La.</sp>
<l>Thrice noble Lord, let me intreat of you</l>
<l>To pardon me yet for a night or two</l>
<l>Or if not so, vntill the Sun be set.</l>
<l>For your Physitians haue expressly charg'd</l>
<l>In perill to incurre your former malady.</l>
<l>That I should yet absent me from your bed:</l>
<l>I hope this reason stands for my excuse.</l>
</sp>

<l>Who</l>
<sp rend="italic">Beg.</sp>
<p>I, it stands so that I may hardly tarry so long:</p>
<p>But I would be loth to fall into my dreames againe: I</p>
<p>wil therefore tarrie in despight of the flesh & the</p>
<p>blood</p>
</sp>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter a Messenger.</stage>
Mes.

Your Honors Players hearing your amendment,

Are come to play a pleasant Comedie,

For so your doctors hold it very meete,

Seeing too much sadnesse hath congeal'd your blood,

And melancholly is the Nurse of frenzie,

Therefore they thought it good you heare a play,

And frame your minde to mirth and merriment,

Which barres a thousand harmes, and lengthens life.

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

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

Beg. What, houshold stuffe.

Lady. It is a kinde of history.

Beg. Well, we'l see't:

Come Madam wife sit by my side,

And let the world slip, we shall nere be yonger.

Flourish. Enter Lucentio, and his man Triano.

Luc. Tranio, since for the great desire I had

To see faire Padua, nurserie of Arts,

I am arriu'd for fruitfull Lumbardie,
The pleasant garden of great Italy, And by my fathers love and leave am arm'd With his good will, and thy good company. My trustie seruant well approu'd in all, Here let vs breath, and haply institute A course of Learning, and ingenious studies. Pisa renowned for grave Citizens, Gaue me my being, and my father first, A Merchant of great Trafficke through the world: Vincentio's come of the Vincentio's sonne, brought vp in Florence, It shall become to serve all hopes conceiu'd To decke his fortune with his vertuous deedes: And therefore Tranio, for the time I studie, Vertue and that part of Philosophie Will I applie, that treats of happinesse, By vertue specially to be atchieu'd. Tell me thy minde, for I have Pisa left, And am to Padua come, as he that leaues, A shallow plash, to plunge him in the deepe, And with sacietie seekes to quench his thirst. Tra. Me Pardonato, gentle master mine: I am in all affected as your selfe, Glad that you thus continue your resolue, To sucke the sweets of sweete Philosophie. Onely (good master) while we do admire This vertue, and this morall discipline, Let's be no Stoickes, nor no stockes I pray, Or so devote to Aristotles checkes As Ouid; be an outcast quite abiur'd: Balk Lodgicke with acquaintance that you haue, And practise Rhetoricke in your common talke, Musicke and Poesie vse, to quicken you, The Mathematickes, and the Metaphysickes, Fall to them as you finde your stomacke serues you: No profit growes, where is no pleasure tane: In briefe sir, studie what you most affect.

Luc.
Gramercies Tranio, well dost thou aduise,:

If Biondello thou wert come ashpore,:

We could at once put vs in readinesse,:

And take a Lodging fit to entertaine:
Such friends (as time) in Padua shall beget.

But stay a while, what companie is this?:

Master some shew to welcome vs to Towne.

Enter Baptista with his two daughters, Katerina & Bianca,

Because I know you well, and loue you well,
Leaue shall you haue to court her at your pleasure.

Because I know you well, and loue you well,
Leaue shall you haue to court her at your pleasure.

To cart her rather. She's to rough for mee,
There, there Hortensio, will you any Wife?

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

Mates maid, how meane you that?
No mates for you,
Vnlesse you were of gentler milder mou.
Kate.

I'faith sir, you shall never need to fear,

It is not half way to her heart:

But if it were, doubt not, her care should be,

To comb your noodle with a three legged stool,

And paint your face, and use you like a fool.

From all such devils, good Lord deliver us.

And me too, good Lord.

Hush! master, here's some good pastime toward;

That wench is stark mad, or wonderfull forward.

But in the others silence do I see,

Maids milde behauiour and sobrietie.

Peace Tranio.

Well said Master, mum, and gaze your fill.

Gentlemen, that I may soone make good what I have said,

Bianca get you in,

And let it not displease thee good Bianca.

For I will love thee nere the lesse my girle.

A pretty peate, it is best put finger in the eye,

and she knew why.
Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe:
My bookes and instruments shall be my companie,
On them to looke, and practise by my selfe.

Harke Tranio, thou maist heare Minerua speak.

Signior Baptista, will you be so strange,
Sorrie am I that our good will effects Bianca's greefe.

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

Or signior Gremio you know any such,
Preferre them hither: for to cunning men,
Fit to instruct her youth. If you Hortensio
Or signior Gremio you know any such,

For I haue more to commune with Bianca,

Why, and I trust I may go too, may I not?
What shall I be appointed hours, as though
And what to leaue? Ha.
<sp who="#F-shr-gre">
  <speaker rend="italic">Gre.</speaker>
  <p>You may go to the diuels dam: your guifts are so good heere's none will holde you: Their loue is not so great Hortensio</p>, but we may blow our nails together, and fast it fairely out. Our cakes dough on both sides. Farewell: yet for the loue I beare my sweet Bianca</sp>, 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.</sp>

<sp who="#F-shr-hor">
  <speaker rend="italic">Hor.</speaker>
  <p>So will I signiour Gremio: but a word I pray: Though the nature of our quarrell yet neuer brook'd parle, know now vpon aduice, it toucheth vs both: that we may yet againe haue accesse to our faire Mistris, and be happie riuals in Bianca's loue, to labour and effect one thing specially.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-shr-gre">
  <speaker rend="italic">Gre.</speaker>
  <p>What's that I pray?</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-shr-hor">
  <speaker rend="italic">Hor.</speaker>
  <p>Marrie sir to get a husband for her Sister.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-shr-gre">
  <speaker rend="italic">Gre.</speaker>
  <p>A husband: a diuell.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-shr-hor">
  <speaker rend="italic">Hor.</speaker>
  <p>I say a husband.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-shr-gre">
  <speaker rend="italic">Gre.</speaker>
  <p>I say, a diuell: Think'st thou Hortensio</p>, though her father be verie rich, any man is so verie a foole to be married to hell?</sp>

<sp who="#F-shr-hor">
  <speaker rend="italic">Hor.</speaker>
</sp>
Tush Gremio: though it passe your patience & mine to endure her lowd alarums, why man there bee good fellowes in the world, and a man could light on them, would take her with all faults, and mony enough.

I cannot tell: but I had as lief take her dowrie with this condition; To be whipt at the hie crosse everie morning.

Faith (as you say) there's small choise in rotten apples: but come, since this bar in law makes vs friends, it shall be so farre forth friendly maintain'd, till by hel&

Baptistas eldest daughter to a husband, wee set his yongest free for a husband, and then haue too t afresh: Sweet Bianca, happy man be his dole: hee that runnes fastest, gets the Ring: How say you signior Gremio?

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

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

Oh Tranio, till I found it to be true, I never thought it possible or likely.

But see, while idely I stood looking on, I found the effect of Loue in idlenesse, And now in plainnesse do confess to thee That art to me as secret and as deere.
As Anna to the Queene of Carthage was:

Tranio I burne, I pine, I perish

If I atchieue not this yong modest gyrle:

Counsaile me, for I know thou canst:

Assist me, for I know thou wilt.

Master, it is no time to chide you now,

Affection is not rated from the heart:

If loue haue touch'd you, naught re maines but so,

Redime te captam quam queas minimo.

Gramercies Lad: Go forward, this contents,

The rest wil comfort, for thy counsels sound.

Master, you look'd so longly on the maide,

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

Oh yes, I saw sweet beautie in her face,

Such as the daughter of Agenor had,

That made great Ioue to humble him to her hand,

When with his knees he kist the Cretan strond.

Saw you no more? Mark'd you not how hir sister

Began to scold, and raise vp such a storme,

That mortal eares might hardly indure the din.

I saw her corrall lips to moue,

And with her breath she did perfume the ayre,

Sacred and sweet was all I saw in her.

And with her breath she did perfume the ayre,
Nay, then 'tis time to stirre him:
Bend thoughts and wits to atcheeu her. Thus it stands:
Her elder sister is so curst and shrew'd,
That til the Father rid his hands of her,
Master, your Loue must liue a maide at home,
And therefore has he closely meu'd her vp,
Because she will not be annoy'd with suters.

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

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

Tell me thine first.

You will be schoole-master, and vndertake the teaching of the maid:
That's your deuice.

It is: May it be done?
Not possible: for who shall beare your part,
And be in Padua heere Vincentio's sonne,
Visit his Countrimen, and banquet them?

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

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

So had you neede: for who shall beare your part,
And be in Padua heere Vincentio's sonne,
Visit his Countrimen, and banquet them?

We haue not yet bin seene in any house,
Nor can we be distinguish'd by our faces,
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Keepe house, and port, and seruants, as I should,
I will some other be, some Florentine,
Some Neapolitan, or meaner man of Pisa.
'Tis hatch'd, and shall be so: Tranio at once:
Vncase thee: take my Conlord hat and cloake,
When Biondello comes, he waites on thee,
But I will charme him first to keepe his tongue.
Where have I been? Nay how now, where are you? Master, ha's my fellow Tranio stolne your cloathes, or you stolne his, or both? Pray what's the newes?

Sirra come hither, 'tis no time to iest, And therefore frame your manners to the time. Your fellow Tranio heere to saue my life, Puts my apparrell, and my count'nance on. For in a quarrell since I came a shore, I kil'd a man, and feare I was descried: Waite you on him, I charge you, as becomes: While I make way from hence to saue my life: You vnderstand me? Tranio is chang'd into Lucentio. The better for him, would I were so too. So could I 'faith boy, to haue the next wish after, that indeede had Lucentio indeede had Baptista's yongest daughter. But sirra, not for my sake, but your masters, I adn'd yourage you use your manners discreetly in all kind of company: When I am alone, why then I am Tranio: but in all places else, your master Lucentio.
Tranio let's go:

One thing more rests, that thy selfe execute,

To make one among these wooers: if thou ask me why,

Sufficeth my reasons are both good and weighty.

Exeunt. The Presenters aboue speakes.

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

Comes there any more of it?

'Tis a verie excellent peece of worke, Madame Ladie: would 'twere done.

They sit and marke.

Enter Petruchio, and his man Grumio.

To see my friends in Padua; but of all

My best beloued and approued friend

Hortensio: & I trow this is his house:

Heere sirra Grumio, knocke I say.
any man ha's rebus'd your worship?

Villaine I say, knocke me heere soundly.

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

My Master is growne quarrelsome:

I should knocke you first.

And then I know after who comes by the worst.

Will it not be?

'Faith sirrah, and you'l not knocke, Ile ring it, Ile trie how you can <hi rend="italic">Sol, Fa</hi> and sing it.

He rings him by the eares

Helpe mistris helpe, my master is mad.

Help mistris helpe, my master is mad.

Now knocke when I bid you: sirrah villaine.

Enter Hortensio.

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? Contutti le core bene trobatto, may I say.

Alla nostra casa bene venuto multo honorata signior mio Petruchio.

Rise Grumio rise, we will compound this quarrel.

Nay 'tis no matter sir, what he leges in Latine. If this be not a lawfull cause for me to leaue his service, looke you sir: He bid me knocke him, & rap him soundly sir. Well, was it fit for a seruant to vse his master so, being perhaps (for ought I see) two and thirty, a pepe out? Whom would to God I had well knockt at first, then had not Grumio come by the worst.

A sencelesse villaine: good Hortensio, I bad the rascall knocke vpon your gate, and could not get him for my heart to do it.

Sirra be gone, or talke not I advise you.

Sirra be gone, or talke not I advise you.

A sencelesse villaine: good Hortensio, I bad the rascall knocke vpon your gate, and could not get him for my heart to do it.
Your ancient trustie pleasant seruant Grumio: And tell me now (sweet friend) what happie gale Blowes you to Padua heere, from old Verona?

Who Petr. Such wind as scatters yongmen throgh y world, To The Taming of the Shrew. Petruchio, shall I then come roundly to thee, And wish thee to a shrew'd ill favou'r'd wife? Thou'dst thanke me but a little for my counsell: And yet Ile promise thee she shall be rich, And verie rich: but th'art too much my friend, And Ile not wish thee to her.

Petruchio, my father is deceast, And I haue thrust my selfe into this maze, Happily to wiuwe and thriue, as best I may: Crownes in my purse I haue, and goods at home, And so am come abroad to see the world.

Antonio my father is deceast, And I haue thrust my selfe into this maze, Happily to wiuwe and thriue, as best I may: Crownes in my purse I haue, and goods at home, And so am come abroad to see the world.

Sibell, and as curst and shrow'd As old as Sibell, and as curst and shrow'd, and as curst and shrow'd, or a worse: She moues me not, or not remoues at least And affections edge in me. Were she is as rough

As are the swelling Adriaticke
I come to wiue it wealthily in Padua: If wealthily, then happily in Padua.

Gru. Nay loooke you sir, hee tels you flatly what his minde is: why giue him Gold enough, and marrie him to a Puppet or an Aglet babie, or an old trot with ne're a tooth in her head, though she haue as manie diseases as two and fiftie horses. Why nothing comes amisse, so monie comes withall.

Hor. Petruchio, since we are stept thus farre in, I will continue that I broach'd in iest, I can Petruchio helpe thee to a wife With wealth enough, and yong and beautious, Brought yp as best becomes a Gentlewoman, Her onely fault, and that is faults enough, Is, that she is intollerable curst, And shrow'd, and froward, so beyond all measure, That were my state farre worser then it is, I would not wed her for a mine of Gold.

Petr. I know her father, though I know not her, And he knew my deceased father well: I wil not sleepe Hortensio till I see

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

Petr. I know her father, though I know not her, And he knew my deceased father well: I wil not sleepe Hortensio til I see
her,

And therefore let me be thus bold with you,
To give you over at this first encounter,
Vnlesse you wil accompanie me thither.

Gru.

I pray you Sir let him go while the humor lasts.
A my word, and she knew him as wel as I do, she would
thynke scolding would doe little good vpon him. Shee
may perhaps call him halfe a score Knaues, or so: Why
that's nothing; and he begin once, hee'l raile in his rope
trickes. Ile tell you what sir, and she stand him but a

li&<sp who="#F-shr-hor">
Hor. I must go with thee,
For in Baptistas keepe my treasure is:
Hath the Iewel of my life in hold,
His yongest daughter, beautiful Bianca,
And her with & holds from me. Other more
Suters to her, and riuals in my Loue:
Supposing it a thing impossible,
For those defects I haue before rehearst,
That euer Katherina wil be woo'd:
Therefore this order hath Baptista.

That none shal haue access vnto <hi rend="italic">Bianca</hi>,
Til Katherine the Curst, haue got a husband.

Gru.

A title for a maide, of all titles the worst.

Hor. Now shal my friend Petruchio do me grace,
And offer me disguis'd in sober robes,
<l>To old <hi rend="italic">Baptista</hi> as a schoole master</l>
<l>Well scene in Musicke, to instruct <hi rend="italic">Bianca</hi>, </l>
<l>That so I may by this deuice at least </l>
<l>Haue leaue and leisure to make loue to her, </l>
<l>And unsuspected court her by her selfe.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Gremio and Lucentio disuged.</stage>
<sp who="#F-shr-gru"> <speaker rend="italic">Gru.</speaker> 
<p>Heere's no knauerie. See, to beguile the olde - folkes, how the young folkes lay their heads together. 
<lb>/</lb>Master, master, looke about you: Who goes there? ha.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-shr-hor"> <speaker rend="italic">Hor.</speaker> 
<l>Peace <hi rend="italic">Grumio</hi>, it is the riuall of my Loue.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-shr-gru"> <speaker rend="italic">Grumio.</speaker> 
<l>A proper stripling, and an amorous.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-shr-gre"> <speaker rend="italic">Gremio.</speaker> 
<l>O very well, I haue perus'd the note:</l>
<l>Hearke you sir, Ile haue them verie fairely bound,</l>
<l>All bookes of Loue, see that at any hand,</l>
<l>And see you reade no other Lectures to her:</l>
<l>You understand me. Ouer and beside</l>
<l>Signior <hi rend="italic">Baptista</hi> liberalitie,</l>
<l>Ile mend it with a Largesse. Take your paper too,</l>
<l>And let me haue them verie wel perfum'd;</l>
<l>For she is sweeter than perfume it selfe</l>
<l>To whom they go to: what wil you reade to her.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-shr-luc"> <speaker rend="italic">Luc.</speaker> 
<l>What ere I reade to her, Ile pleade for you,</l>
<l>As for my patron, stand you so assur'd,</l>
<l>As firmely as your selfe were still in place,</l>
<l>Yea and perhaps with more successefull words</l>
<l>Then you; vnlesse you were a scholler sir.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-shr-gre"> <speaker rend="italic">Gre.</speaker>
Oh this learning, what a thing it is.

Gru.

Oh this Woodcocke, what an Asse it is.

Petru.

Peace sirra.

Grumio mum: God saue you signior

Gre.

And you are wel met, Signior Hortensio.

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

Beloued of me, and that my deeds shal proue.

And that his bags shal proue.

'Tis now no time to vent our loue,

Listen to me, and if you speake me faire,
Ile tel you newes indifferent good for either. 

Heere is a Gentleman whom by chance I met

Vpon

Vpon agreement from vs to his liking,

Will vndertake to woo curst Katherine,

Yea, and to marrie her, if her dowrie please.

So said, so done, is well:

Hortensio, haue you told him all her faults?

No, sayst me so, friend?

Borne in Verona, old Butonios sonne:

My father dead, my fortune liues for me,

And I do hope, good dayes and long, to see.

Oh sir, such a life with such a wife, were strange:

But if you haue a stomacke, too't a Gods name,

You shal haue me assisting you in all.

But will you woo this Wilde cat?

Will I liue?

Wil he woo her? I: or Ile hang her.
Why came I hither, but to that intent?

Thinke you, a little dinne can daunt mine eares?

Haue I not in my time heard Lions rore?

Haue I not heard the sea, puft vp with windes?

Rage like an angry Boare, chafed with sweat?

Haue I not heard great Ordnance in the field?

And heauens Artillerie thunder in the skies?

Haue I not in a pitched battell heard?

Loud larums, neighing steeds, & trumpets clangue?

And do you tell me of a womans tongue?

That giues not halfe so great a blow to heare,

As wil a Chesse-nut in a Farmers fire.

Tush, tush, feare boyes with bugs.

For he feares none.

This Gentleman is happily arriu'd,

My minde presumes for his owne good, and yours.

I promist we would be Contributors,

And beare his charge of wooing what oere.

I would I were as sure of a good dinner.

Enter Tranio braue, and

Biondello.

Gentlemen God saue you. If I may be bold

Tell me I beseech you, which is the readiest way

To the house of Signior Baptista Minola?
He that ha's the two faire daughters: ist he you meane?

Euen he Biondello.

Hearke you sir, you meane not her to &lt;x2E3A; &gt;

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

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

I loue no chiders sir: Tranio.

Well begun Tranio.

Sir, a word ere you go:

Why sir, I pray are not the streets as free

For me, as for you?
<speaker rend="italic">Gre.</speaker> But so is not she.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-shr-tra">
<speaker rend="italic">Tra.</speaker> For what reason I beseech you.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-shr-gre">
<speaker rend="italic">Gre.</speaker> For this reason if you'll kno.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-shr-tra">
<speaker rend="italic">Tra.</speaker> That she's the choise loue of Signior <hi rend="italic">Gremio</hi>.<l></l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-shr-hor">
<speaker rend="italic">Hor.</speaker> That she's the chosen of signior <hi rend="italic">Hortensio</hi>.<l></l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-shr-tra">
<speaker rend="italic">Tra.</speaker> Softly my Masters: If you be Gentlemen</l>
</sp>

<sp n="2">
<cb>
To whom my Father is not all vnknowne,</cb>
</sp>

<sp>
And were his daughter fairer then she is,</sp>

<sp>
She may more sutors haue, and me for one.</sp>

<sp>
Faire <hi rend="italic">Bianca</hi> daughter had a thousand wooers,</l>
</sp>

<sp>
Then well one more may faire <hi rend="italic">Lucentio</hi> shal make one,</sp>

<sp>
And so she shall: <hi rend="italic">Paris</hi> came, in hope to speed alone.</sp>

<sp who="#F-shr-gre">
<speaker rend="italic">Gre.</speaker> What, this Gentleman will out</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-shr-luc">
<speaker rend="italic">Luc.</speaker> Sir giue him head, I know hee'l proue a lade.</sp>

<sp who="#F-shr-ptr">
<speaker rend="italic">Petr.</speaker> <hi rend="italic">Hortensio</hi>, to what end are all these words?</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-shr-hor">
Sir, let me be so bold as to ask you, Did you yet ever see Baptista's daughter? 

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.

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

Yea, leave that labour to great Hercules, and let it be more than Alcides twelve.

Sir, you say well, and well you do conceive, and since you do profess to be a sutor, you must as we do, gratifie this Gentleman, to whom we all rest generally beholding.

Sir, I shall not be slack, in signe whereof,
Please ye we may contrive this afternoone,
And quaffe carowses to our Mistresse health,
And do as aduersaries do in law,
Striue mightily, but eate and drinke as friends.

Oh excellent motion: fellowes let's be gon.

The motions good indeed, and be it so,
Petruchio, I shal be your
Exeunt.

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

Beleeue me sister, of all the men aliue,
I neuer yet beheld that speciall face,
Which I could fancie, more then any other.
<speaker rend="italic">Bian.</speaker>  
If you affect him sister, heere I sweare  
Ile pleade for you my selfe, but you shal haue him.</sp>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-shr-kat">  
<Kate rend="italic">Oh then belike you fancie riches more,  
You wil haue <hi rend="italic">Gremio</hi> to keepe you  
faire.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-shr-bia">  
<Bian rend="italic">Is it for him you do enuie me so?  
Nay then you iest, and now I wel perceiue  
You haue but iested with me all this while:  
I prethee sister <hi rend="italic">Kate</hi>, vntie my  
hands.</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-shr-kat">  
<Ka rend="italic">If that be iest, then all the rest was so.</l>  
</sp>  
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business"><i>Strikes</i>  
her</stage>  
<fw type="catchword" place="footRight" rend="italic">Enter</fw>  
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0235-0.jpg" n="215"/>  
<fw type="rh">The Taming of the Shrew.</fw>  
<cb n="1"/>  
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter  
Baptista.</stage>  
<sp who="#F-shr-bap">  
<Bap rend="italic">Why how now Dame, whence growes this in"&#x00AD;  
<lb/>solence?  
<hi rend="italic">Bianca</hi> stand aside, poore gyrle she  
weepes:</l>  
</sp>  
<sp who="#F-shr-kat">  
<Kate rend="italic">Go ply thy Needle, meddle not with her.  
For shame thou Hilding of a duellish spirit,  
Why dost thou wrong her, that did nere wrong thee?  
When did she crosse thee with a bitter word?</l>  
</sp>  
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Flies after  
Bianca</stage>  
<sp who="#F-shr-bap">  
<Bap rend="italic">What in my sight? <hi rend="italic">Bianca</hi> get thee
in.

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>

<sp who="#F-shr-kat">
  <speaker rend="italic">Kate.</speaker>
  <l>What will you not suffer me: Nay now I see</l>
  <l>She is your treasure, she must haue a husband.</l>
  <l>I must dance barefoot on her wedding day,</l>
  <l>And for your loue to her, leade Apes in hell.</l>
  <l>Talke not to me, I will go sit and wepe,</l>
  <l>Till I can finde occasion of reuenge.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-shr-bap">
  <speaker rend="italic">Bap.</speaker>
  <l>Was euer Gentleman thus greeu'd as I?</l>
  <l>But who comes heere.</l>
</sp>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Gremio, Lucentio, in the habit of a meane man,
  <lb/><p>Petruchio with Tranio, with his boy
  <lb/> bearing a Lute and Bookes.</p></stage>

<sp who="#F-shr-gre">
  <speaker rend="italic">Gre.</speaker>
  <l>Good morrow neighbour <hi rend="italic">Baptista</hi>.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-shr-bap">
  <speaker rend="italic">Bap.</speaker>
  <p>Good morrow neighbour <hi rend="italic">Gremio:</hi></p>
</sp>

God saue

<lb/>you Gentlemen.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-shr-ptr">
  <speaker rend="italic">Pet.</speaker>
  <p>And you good sir: pray haue you not a daughtercadet, cal'd <hi rend="italic">Katerina</hi>, faire and vertuous.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-shr-bap">
  <speaker rend="italic">Bap.</speaker>
  <l>I haue a daughter sir, cal'd <hi rend="italic">Katerina</hi>.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-shr-gre">
  <speaker rend="italic">Gre.</speaker>
  <l>You are too blunt, go to it orderly.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-shr-ptr">
  <speaker rend="italic">Pet.</speaker>
  <l>You wrong me signior <hi rend="italic">Gremio</hi>, giue me leaue.</l>
</sp>
I am a Gentleman of Verona sir,

That hearing of her beautie, and her wit,

Her affability and bashfull modestie:

Her wondrous qualities, and milde behauiour,

Am bold to shew my selfe a forward guest Within your house, to make mine eye the witnesse

Of that report, which I so oft haue heard,

And for an entrance to my entertainment,

I do present you with a man of mine

Cunning in Musicke, and the Mathematickes,

To instruct her fully in those sciences,

Whereof I know she is not ignorant,

Accept of him, or else you do me wrong.

His name is Litio, borne in Mantua.

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

But for my daughter Katerine, this I know,

She is not for your turne, the more my greefe.

Mistake me not, I speake but as I finde,

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

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

Sauing your tale Petruchio is my name, Antonio's sonne,

A man well knowne throughout all Italy.

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

I see you do not meane to part with her,

Or else you like not of my companie.

I see you do not meane to part with her,

Or else you like not of my companie.

Mistake me not, I speake but as I finde,

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

Mistake me not, I speake but as I finde,

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

A man well knowne throughout all Italy.

A man well knowne throughout all Italy.

A man well knowne throughout all Italy.

A man well knowne throughout all Italy.

Sauing your tale Petruchio, I pray let

poore petitioners speake too.

You are meruay forward.
Pet.

Oh, Pardon me signior Gremio, I would faine be doing.

Gre.

I doubt it not sir. But you will curse Your wooing neighbors: this is a gift Very gratefull, I am sure of it, to express The like kindness my selfe, that have been More kindely beholding to you then any:

Freely giue vn to this yong Scholler, that hath Beene long studying at Rhemes, as cunning

In Greeke, Latine, and other Languages, As the other in Musicke and Mathematickes: His name is Cambio: pray accept his service.

Bap.

A thousand thankes signior: Welcome good Cambio. But gentle sir,

Me thinkes you walke like a stranger; May I be so bold, to know the cause of your coming?

Tra.

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

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

Of Pisa sir, sonne to Vincentio.

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

Holla, within.

Enter a Seruant.

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

Signior Baptist, my businesse asketh haste, You knew my father well, and in him me, Left soleire to all his Lands and goods, Which I haue bettered rather then decreast, Then tell me, if I get your daughters loue, What dowrie shall I haue with her to wife.

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

And for that dowrie, Ile assure her of, Her widdow shood, be it that she suruie me In all my Lands and Leases whatsoever, Let specialties be therefore drawne betweene vs, That couenants may be kept on either hand.
Bap.

I, when the speciall thing is well obtain'd,

That is her loue: for that is all in all.

Pet.

Why that is nothing: for I tell you father,

I am as peremptorie as she proud minded:

And where two raging fires meete together,

They do consume the thing that feedes their furie.

Though little fire growes great with little winde,

Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire an

So I to her, and so she yeelds to me

For I am rough, and woo not li

But be thou arm'

I to the

That shakes not

But be thou arm'

I to the

That shakes not

Enter

How now my friend, why dost thou looke so pale?

For feare I promise you, if I looke pale.

How now my friend, why dost thou looke so pale?
What, will my daughter prove a good Musitian?

I thinke she'l sooner prove a souldier, but neuer Lutes.

Why then thou canst not break her to the Lute?

Why no, for she hath broke the Lute to me: I did but tell her she mistooke her frets,

When (with a most impatient diuellish spirit)

Frets call you these? (quoth she) Ile fume with them:

And with that word she stroke me on the head,

And through the instrument my pate made way,

As on a Pillorie, looking through the Lute,

While she did call me Rascall, Fidler,

And twangling lacke, with twentie such wilde tearmes,

As had she studied to misvse me so.

Now by the world, it is a lustie Wench,

I loue her ten times more then ere I did,

Oh how I long to haue some chat with her.

Wel go with me, and be not so discomfited.

Proceed in practise with my yonger daughter,

She's apt to learne, and thankefull for good turnes:

Signior Petrucho, will you go with vs,

Or shall I send my daughter Kate to you.

I pray you do. Ile attend her heere,

And woo her with some spirit when she comes.
Say that she raile, why then Ile tell her plaine,
Say that she frowne, Ile say she lookes as cleere
As morning Roses newly washt with dew:
Say she be mute, and will not speake a word.
Then Ile commend her volubility,
And say she vtttereth piercing eloquence:
If she do bid me packe, Ile giue her thankes,
As though she bid me stay by her a weeke:
If she denie to wed, Ile craue the day
When I shall aske the banes, and when be married.

But heere she comes, and now

Petruchio speake.

Enter Katerina.

Good morrow Kate, for thats your name I heare.
You lye infaith, for you are call'd plaine Kate,
And bony Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst:
But Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendome,
For dainties are all Kates, and therefore Kate,
Take this of me, Kate of my consolation,
Hearing thy mildnesse prais'd in euery Towne,
Thy vertues spoke of, and thy beautie sounded,
Yet not so deepely as to thee belongs,
My selfe am moou'd to woo thee for my wife.

in good time, let him that mou'd you
new you at the first
are you.

**Pet.**

Women are made to beare, and so are you.

**Kate.**

No such Iade as you, if me you meane.

**Pet.**

Alas good **Kate**, I will not burthen the thee,

For knowing thee to be but yong and light.

**Kate.**

Too light for such a swaine as you to catch,

And yet as heauie as my waight should be.

**Pet.**

Shold be, should: buzze.

**Kate.**

Well tane, and like a buzzard.

**Pet.**

Oh slow wing'd Turtle, shal a buzard take thee?

**Kat.**

I for a Turtle, as he takes a buzzard.

**Pet.**

Come, come you Waspe, y'faith you are too angrie.
Kate.  
If I be waspish, best beware my sting.

Pet.  
My remedy is then to plucke it out.

Kate.  
I, if the foole could finde it where it lies.

Pet.  
Who knowes not where a Waspe does weare his sting? In his taile.

Kate.  
In his tongue?

Pet.  
Whose tongue.

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

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

She strikes him

Pet.  
I sweare Ile cuffe you, if you strike againe.

Kate.  
So may you loose your armes,  
If you strike me, you are no Gentleman,  
And if no Gentleman, why then no armes.
A Herald <hi rend="italic">Kate</hi>? Oh put me in thy bookes.</l>

Kate. What is your Crest, a Coxcombe?</l>

A comblesse Cocke, so <hi rend="italic">Kate</hi> will be my Hen.</l>

No Cocke of mine, you crow too like a crauen</l>

Nay come <hi rend="italic">Kate</hi>, come: you must not looke so <lb/>sowre.</l>

It is my fashion when I see a Crab.</l>

Why heere's no crab, and therefore looke not <lb/>sowre.</l>

There is, there is.</l>

Then shew it me.</l>

Had I a glasse, I would.</l>

What, you meane my face.</l>
Kate.

Well aym'd of such a yong one.

Pet.

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

Kate. Yet you are wither'd.

Pet. 'Tis with cares.

Kate. I care not.

Pet. Nay heare you Kate. Insooth you scape not so.

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

Pet. No, not a whit, I finde you passing gentle: 'Twas told me you were rough, and coy, and sullen, And now I finde report a very liar: For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous, But slow in speech: yet sweet as spring flowers. Thou canst not frowne, thou canst not looke a sconce, Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will, Nor hast thou pleasure to be crosse in talke: But thou with mildnesse entertain'st thy wooers, With gentle conference, soft, and affable. Why does the world report that Kate like the hazle twig? Oh sland'rous world: Kate like the
Oh let me see thee walke: thou dost not halt.

Go foole, and whom thou keep'st command.

Did euer Dian so become a Groue

As Kate this chamber with her princely gate:

O be thou Dian, and let her be Kate,

Where did you study all this goodly speech?

It is extempore, from my mother wit.

A witty mother, witlesse else her sonne.

Am I not wise?

Yes, keepe you warme.

Marry so I meane sweet Katherine in thy bed:

And therefore setting all this chat aside,

Thus in plaine termes: your father hath consented

That you shall be my wife; your dowry greed on,

And will you, nill you, I will marry you.

Now Kate, I am a husband for your turne,
For by this light, whereby I see thy beauty,
Thy beauty that doth make me like thee well,
Thou must be married to no man but me,

Enter Baptista, Gremio, Trayno.

For I am he am borne to tame you
And bring you from a wilde
Conformable as other household

Heere comes your father, neuer make deniall,
I must, and will haue Katherine to my wife.

Now Signior Petruchio, how speed you with my daughter?
How but well sir?
It were impossible I should speed amisse.

How but well?

You haue shewd a tender fatherly regard,
To wish me wed to one halfe Lunaticke,
A mad cap ruffian, and a swearing Iacke,
That thinkes with oaths to face the matter out.

Why how now daughter Katherine, in your

Call you me daughter? now I promise you
You haue shewd a tender fatherly regard,
To wish me wed to one halfe Lunaticke,
A mad cap ruffian, and a swearing Iacke,
That thinkes with oaths to face the matter out.

Father, 'tis thus, your selfe and all the world
That talk'd of her, haue talk'd amisse of her:
If she be curst, it is for pollicie,
For shee's not froward, but modest as the Doue,
Shee is not hot, but temperate as the morne,
For patience shee will proue a second
Grisell, And Romane Lucrece for her chastitie:

And to conclude, we haue greed so well together, That vpon sonday is the wedding day.

Ile see thee hang'd on sonday first.

Hark, she saies shee'll see thee hang'd first.

Is this your speeding? nay godnight our part.

Be patient gentlemen, I choose her for my selfe, If she and I be pleas'd, what's that to you? 'Tis bargain'twixt vs twaine being alone, That she shall still be curst in company. I tell you 'tis incredible to beleeue How much she loues me: oh the kindest Kate, Shee hung about my necke, and kisse on kisse Shee vi'd so fast, protesting oath on oath, That in a twinke she won me to her loue. Oh you are nouices, 'tis a world to see A meacocke wretch can make the curstest shrew: Give me thy hand Kate, I will vnto Venice To buy apparell 'gainst the wedding day: Prouide the feast father, and bid the guests, I will be sure my Katherine shall be fine.

I know not what to say, but giue me your hands God send you ioy, 'tis a match.
Amen say we, we will be witnesses.

Father, and wife, and gentlemen adieu,
I will to Venice, sonday comes apace,
We will haue rings, and things, and fine array,
And kisse me Kate, we will be married a sonday.

Exit Petruchio and Katherine.

Was euer match clapt vp so sodainly?
Faith Gentlemen now I play a marchants part,
'Twill bring you gaine, or perish on the seas.
The gaine I seeke, is quiet me the match.
No doubt but he hath got a quiet catch:
Now is the day we long haue looked for,
I am your neighbour, and was suter first.
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Now is the day we long haue looked for,
I am your neighbour, and was suter first.
Then words can witnesse, or your thoughts can guesse.
Gre. <i>Yongling thou canst not louse so dear as I.</i>

Tra. <i>Gray\textsuperscript{2011};beard thy louse doth freeze.</i>

Gre. <i>But thine doth frie,</i>

But in Ladies eyes that flourisheth.

Tra. <i>But youth in Ladies eyes that flourisheth.</i>

Bap. <i>Content you gentlemen, I will this strife</i>

<i>Tis deeds must win the prize, and he of both</i>

<i>That can assure my daughter greatest dower,</i>

<i>Shall have my Biancas louse.</i>

<i>Say signior Gremio, what can you assure her?</i>

Gre. <i>First, as you know, my house within the City</i>

<i>Is richly furnished with plate and gold,</i>

<i>Basons and ewers to louse her dainty hands:</i>

<i>My hangings all of tirian tapestry:</i>

<i>In ivory coffers I have stuffed my crowns:</i>

<i>In Cypres chests my arras counterpoints,</i>

<i>Costly apparel, tents, and Canopies,</i>

<i>Fine Linnen, Turky cushions bost with pearle,</i>

<i>Vallens of Venice gold, in needle worke:</i>

<i>Pewter and brasse, and all things that belongs</i>

<i>To house or house-keeping: then at my farme</i>

<i>I have a hundred milch\textsuperscript{2011};kine to the pale,</i>

<i>Sixe\textsuperscript{2011};score fat Oxen standing in my stalls,</i>

<i>And all things answerable to this portion.</i>

<i>My selfe am stroke in yeeres I must confess,</i>

<i>And if I die to morrow this is hers,</i>

<i>If whil'st I liue she will be onely mine.</i>
I am my father's heir and only sonne,
If I may have your daughter to my wife,
I will leave her houses three or four as good within rich walls, as any one
Old Signior Gremio has in Pisa walls, as any one
Besides, two thousand Duckets by the yeere
Of fruitful land, all which shall be her ioynter.

What, have I not you Signior Gremio?

Two thousand Duckets by the yeere of land,
My land amounts not to so much in all:
That she shall have, besides an Argosie that now is lying in Marcellus roade:
What, have I choakt you with an Argosie?

Then three great Argosies, besides two Galliasses
And twelue tite Gallies, these I will assure her,
And twice as much what ere thou offrest next.

Then three great Argosies, besides two Galliasses
And twelue tite Gallies, these I will assure her,
And twice as much what ere thou offrest next.

Nay, I have offered all, I have no more,
And she can have no more then all I have,
If you like me, she shall have me and mine.

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

She is your owne, else you must pardon me:
If you should die before him, where's her dower?
That's but a cauill: he is olde, I young.

And may not yong men die as well as old?

Well gentlemen, I am thus resolu'd,

On sonday next, you know

My daughter Katherine is to be married:

Now on the sonday following, shall Bianca

Be Bride to you, if you make this assurance:

Sirra, yong gamester, your father were a foole

To giue thee all, and in his wayning age

Set foot vnder thy table: tut, a toy,

An olde Italian foxe is not so kinde my boy.

A vengeance on your crafty withered hide,

Yet I haue fac'd it with a card of ten:

'Tis in my head to doe my master good:

I see no reason but suppos'd Lucentio

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

And that's a wonder: fathers commonly

Doe get their children: but in this case of woing,

A childe shall get a sire, if I faile not of my cunning.
Enter Lucentio, Hortentio, and Bianca.<p>

Luc.<p>

Fidler forbeare, you grow too forward Sir,<p>

Haue you so soone forgot the entertainment<p>

Her sister Katherine welcom'd you withall.<p>

Hort.<p>

But wrangling pedant, this is<p>

The patronesse of heauenly harmony;<p>

Then giue me leaue to haue prerogatiue,<p>

And when in Musicke we haue spent an houre,<p>

Your Lecture shall haue leisure for as much.<p>

Luc.<p>

Preposterous Asse that neuer read so farre,<p>

To know the cause why musicke was ordain'd:<p>

Was it not to refresh the minde of man<p>

I am no breeching scholler in the schooles,<p>

Ile not be tied to howres, nor pointed times,<p>

But learne my Lessons as I please my selfe,<p>

And to cut off all strife: heere sit we downe,<p>

Take you your instrument, play you the whiles,<p>

His Lecture will be done ere you haue tun'd.<p>

Hort.<p>

You'll leaue his Lecture when I am in tune?<p>

Hort.<p>

That will be neuer, tune your instrument.
Bian. Where left we last?

Luc. Hic Ibat Simois, hic est sigeria
tellus, hic steterat Priami regia Celsa senis.

Bian. Conster them.

Luc. Hic Ibat, as I told you before, hic steterat, and that Lucentio that comes a wooing, priami, is my man Traonio, bearing my port, celsa senis that we might be guile the old Pantalowne.

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

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

Bian. Now let mee see if I can conster it. Hic ibat mois, I know you not, hic staterat priami, take heede he heare vs not, regia, pre sume not, Celsa senis, despaire
Madam, tis now in tune.

All but the base.

The base is right, 'tis the base knaue that iars.

How fiery and forward our Pedant is, Now for my life the knaue doth court my loue, Pedascule, Ile watch you better yet:

In time I may beleue, yet I mistrust.

Mistrust it not, for sure <hi rend="italic">Æacides</hi> Was <hi rend="italic">Aiax</hi> cald so from his grandfather.

I must beleue my master, else I promise you,

I should be arguing still vpon that doubt,

But let it rest, now <hi rend="italic">Litio</hi> to you:

Good master take it not vnkindly pray

That I haue beene thus pleasant with you both.

You may go walk, and giue me leaue a while,

My Lessons make no musicke in three parts.

Are you so formall sir, well I must waite

And watch withall, for but I be deceiu'd.

Our fine Musitian groweth amorous.
Hor. Madam, before you touch the instrument,
To learne the order of my fingering,
I must begin with rudiments of Art,
To teach you gamoth in a briefer sort,
More pleasant, pithy, and effectuall,
Then hath beene taught by any of my trade,
And there it is in writing fairely drawne.

Bian. Why, I am past my gamouth long agoe.
Yet read the gamouth of Hortentio.
Gamouth I am, the ground of all accord:
Are, to plead Hortensio's passion:
Beeme, to plead Bianca
Cfavt, that loues with all affection:
Beeme, one Cliffè, two notes haue I,
Elami, show pitty or I die.
Call you this gamouth? tut I like it not,
Old fashions please me best, I am not so nice
To charge true rules for old inuentions.

Enter a Messenger.
Mistresse, your father prayes you leaue your books,
And helpe to dresse your sisters chamber vp,
You know to morrow is the wedding day.

Nicke. Mistresse, your father prays you leaue your books,
And helpe to dresse your sisters chamber vp.
You know to morrow is the wedding day.

Bian. Farewell sweet masters both, I must be gone.

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

But I haue cause to pry into this pedant,

Methinke he lookes as though he were in loue:

Yet if thy thoughts Bianca be so humble

To cast thy wandering eyes on every stale:

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

Hortensio will be quit with thee by changing.

Exit.

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

Signior Lucentio, this is the pointed day

That Katherine and Petruchio should be married.

And yet we heare not of our sonne in Law:

What will be said, what mockery will it be?

To want the Bride-groome when the Priest attends

To speake the ceremoniall rites of marriage?

What saies Lucentio to this shame of ours?

No

The Taming of the Shrew.

No shame but mine, I must forsooth be forst

To giue my hand oppos'd against my heart

Vnto a mad, braine rudesby, full of spleene,

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

I told you I, he was a franticke foole,

Hiding his bitter iests in blunt behauiour,

And to be noted for a merry man;

Hee'll wooe a thousand, point the day of marriage,

Make friends, inuite, and proclaime the banes,

Yet neuer meanes to wed where he hath woo'd:
Now must the world point at poore Katherine, And say, loe, there is mad Petruchio's wife's wife.

If it would please him come and marry her.

Patience good Katherine and Baptista too, Vpon my life Petruchio means but well,

What euer fortune stayes him from his word, Though he be blunt, I know him passing wise, Though he be merry, yet withall he's honest.

Would Katherine had neuer seen him though.

Exit weeping.

Is it new and olde too? how may that be?

Why, is it not newes to heard of Petruchio's coming?

Is he come?
Why no sir.

What then?

He is coming.

When will he be here?

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

But say, what to thine old newes?

Why Petruchio is coming, in a new hat and buckles; an old ierkin, a pair of old breeches thrice turned; a pair of boots that have been candle-cases, one buckled, another lac'd: an old rusty sword taken out of the Towne Armory, with a broken hilt, and chapeleisse: with two broken points: his horse hip'd with an old mothy saddle, and stirrupps of no kindred: besides possest with the glanders, and like to mose in the chine, troubled with the Lampasse, infected with the fashions, full of Windegalls, sped with Spauins, raid with the Yel with a half chek Bitte, a headstall of sheepes leather, which being restrain'd to keepe him from stumbling, hath been often burst, and now repaired with knots: one girth sixe
times peec'd, and a womans Crupper of velure, which hath two letters for her name, fairly set down in studs, and heere and there peec'd with packthred.

Who comes with him?

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

'Tis some od humor pricks him to this fashion, Yet oftentimes he goes but meane apparel'd.

I am glad he's come, howsoere he comes.

No sir, I say his horse comes with him on his backe.
<sp who="#F-shr-bap">
  <speaker rend="italic">Bap.</speaker>
  <l>Why that's all one.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-shr-bio">
  <speaker rend="italic">Bion.</speaker>
  <p>Nay by</p>
</sp>

<choice><abbr>S.</abbr><expan>Saint</expan></choice> <hi rend="italic">Iamy</hi>, I hold you a penny, a horse and
  <lb>a man is more then one, and yet not many.</lb></p>

<sp who="#F-shr-ptr">
  <speaker rend="italic">Petr.</speaker>
  <l>Come, where be these gallants? who's at home?</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-shr-bap">
  <speaker rend="italic">Bap.</speaker>
  <l>You are welcome sir.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-shr-ptr">
  <speaker rend="italic">Petr.</speaker>
  <l>And yet I come not well.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-shr-bap">
  <speaker rend="italic">Bap.</speaker>
  <l>And yet you halt not.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-shr-tra">
  <speaker rend="italic">Tra.</speaker>
  <l>Not so well apparell'd as I wish you were.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-shr-ptr">
  <speaker rend="italic">Petr.</speaker>
  <l>Were it better I should rush in thus:</l>
  <l>But where is <hi rend="italic">Kate</hi>? where is my louely</l>
  <l>Bride?</l>
  <l>How does my father? gentles methinkes you frowne,</l>
  <l>And wherefore gaze this goodly company,</l>
  <l>As if they saw some wondrous monument,</l>
  <l>Some Commet, or vnusuall prodigie?</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-shr-bap">
  <speaker rend="italic">Bap.</speaker>
  <l>Why sir, you know this is your wedding day:</l>
  <l>First were we sad, fearing you would not come,</l>
  <l>Now sadder that you come so vnprouided:</l>
  <l>Fie, doff this habit, shame to your estate,</l>
</sp>
An eye to our solemn festival.

And tell us what occasion of import

Hath all so long detain'd you from your wife,

And sent you hither so unlike yourself?

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 with all.

But where is Kate? I stay too long from her,

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

See not your bride in these unseemly robes,

Goe to my chamber, put on clothes of mine.

Not I, believe me, thus I will visit her.

But thus I trust you will not marry her.

Good sooth even thus: therefore have done with

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.

He hath some meaning in his mad attire,

We will persuade him be it possible,
To put on better ere he goe to Church.<l>
</l><sp who="#F-shr-bap">
  <speaker rend="italic">Bap.</speaker>
  <l>Ile after him, and see the euent of this. </l>
</sp><l>
</l><stage rend="italic rightJustified">Exit.</stage><l>
</l><sp who="#F-shr-tra">
  <speaker rend="italic">Tra.</speaker>
  <l>But sir, Loue concerneth vs to adde</l>
</sp><l>
</l><l>Ile after him, and see the euent of this. </l>

Ile after him, and see the euent of this.<l>
</l><stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">
Enter Gremio.</stage>

Signior <hi rend="italic">Gremio</hi>, came you from the
Church?

As willingly as ere I came from schoole.

And is the Bride &amp; Bridegroom coming home?

A bridegroome say you? 'Tis a groome indeed, A grumlling groome, and that the girle shall finde.

Curster then she, why 'tis impossible.

Why hee's a deuill, a deuill, a very fiend.

Why she's a deuill, a deuill, the deu ls damme.

Tut, she's a Lambe, a Doue, a foole to him: Ile tell you sir Lucentio; when the Priest

Should aske if Katherine should be his wife.

I, by goggs woones quoth he, and swore so loud.

That all amaz'd the Priest let fall the booke.

And as he stoop'd againe to take it vp.

This mad brain'd bridegroome tooke him such a cuffe.

That downe fell Priest and booke, and booke and Priest.

Now take them vp quoth he, if any list.

What said the wench when he rose againe?

That downe fell Priest and booke, and booke and Priest.
Trembled and shooke: for why, he stamp'd and swore, as if the Vicar meant to cozen him: but after many ceremonies done, hee calls for wine, a health quoth he, as if he had beene aboard carousing to his Mates after a storme, quaft off the Muscadell, and threw the sops all in the Sextons face: hauing no other reason, but that his beard grew thinne and hungerly, and seem'd to aske him sops as hee was drinking: This done, hee tooke the Bride about the necke, and kist her lips with such a morous smackle, that at the parting all the Church did eccho: and I seeing this, came thence for very shame, and after mee I know the rout is comming, such a madmarriage neuer was before: harke, harke, I heare the minstrels play.

Enter Petruchio, Kate, Bianca, Hortensio, Baptist.<sp who="#F-shr-bap">

<speaker rend="italic">Bap.</speaker>

Is't possible you will away to night?
</sp>

<speaker rend="italic">Pet.</speaker>

I must away to day before night come, Make it no wonder: if you knew my businesse,

You would intreat me rather goe then stay:

And honest company, I thanke you all,

That haue beheld me giue away my selfe

To this most patient, sweet, and vertuous wife,

Dine with my father, drinke a health to me,

For I must hence, and farewell to you all.

<speaker rend="italic">Tra.</speaker>

Let vs intreat you stay till after dinner.
<sp who="#F-shr-ptr">
    <speaker rend="italic">Pet.</speaker>
    <l>It may not be.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-shr-gre">
    <speaker rend="italic">Gra.</speaker>
    <l>Let me intreat you.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-shr-ptr">
    <speaker rend="italic">Pet.</speaker>
    <l>It cannot be.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-shr-kat">
    <speaker rend="italic">Kat.</speaker>
    <l>Let me intreat you.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-shr-ptr">
    <speaker rend="italic">Pet.</speaker>
    <l>I am content.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-shr-kat">
    <speaker rend="italic">Kat.</speaker>
    <l>Are you content to stay?</l>
</sp>

<cb n="2"/>

<sp who="#F-shr-kat">
    <speaker rend="italic">Kat.</speaker>
    <l>Now if you loue me stay.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-shr-ptr">
    <speaker rend="italic">Pet.</speaker>
    <l>I am content you shall entreat me stay,.</l>
    <l>But yet not stay, entreat me how you can.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-shr-kat">
    <speaker rend="italic">Kat.</speaker>
    <l>Grumio</l>, my horse.
</sp>

<p>I sir, they be ready, the Oates haue eaten the horses.</p>

<sp who="#F-shr-kat">
    <speaker rend="italic">Kate.</speaker>
    <l>Nay then,</l>
    <l>Doe what thou canst, I will not goe to day,</l>
    <l>No, nor to morrow, not till I please my selfe,</l>
    <l>The dore is open sir, there lies your way,</l>
</sp>
You may be jogging whiles your bootes are greene:
For me, Ile not be gone till I please my selfe,
'Tis like you'll prove a jolly surly groome,
That take it on you at the first so roundly.

You may be jogging whiles your bootes are greene:
For me, Ile not be gone till I please my selfe,
'Tis like you'll prove a jolly surly groome,
That take it on you at the first so roundly.

Pet. Kate content thee, prethee be not angry.

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

I marry sir, now it begins to worke.

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

They shall goe forward Kate at thy command,
Obey the Bride you that attend on her.
Goe to the feast, reuell and domineere,
Carowse full measure to her maiden-head,
Be madde and merry, or goe hang your selues:
But for my bonny Kate, she must with me:
Nay, looke not big, nor stampe, not stare, nor fret,
I will be master of what is mine owne,
Shee is my goods, my chattels, she is my house,
My household, my stuffe, my field, my barne,
My horse, my oxe, my asse, my any thing,
Ile bring mine action on the proudest he
That stops my way in Padua:

Draw forth thy weapon, we are beset with theeues,
Rescue thy Mistresse if thou be a man:
Feare not sweet wench, they shall not touch thee
Ile buckler thee against a Million.
Exeunt. P.

Ka.

<sp who="#F-shr-bap">
  <speaker rend="italic">Bap.</speaker>
  <l>Nay, let them goe, a couple of quiet ones.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-shr-gre">
  <speaker rend="italic">Gre.</speaker>
  <l>Went they not quickly, I should die with laugh­ing.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-shr-tra">
  <speaker rend="italic">Tra.</speaker>
  <l>Of all mad matches never was the like.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-shr-luc">
  <speaker rend="italic">Luc.</speaker>
  <l>Mistresse, what's your opinion of your sister?</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-shr-bia">
  <speaker rend="italic">Bian.</speaker>
  <l>That being mad herself, she's madly mated.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-shr-gre">
  <speaker rend="italic">Gre.</speaker>
  <l>I warrant him <hi rend="italic">Petruchio</hi> is Kated.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-shr-bap">
  <speaker rend="italic">Bap.</speaker>
  <l>Neighbours and friends, though Bride &amp; Bride—
   <lb rend="turnover"/><pc rend="turnover">groom wants</pc>
   <l>You know there wants no iunkets at the feast:</l>
   <l><hi rend="italic">Lucentio</hi>, you shall supply the
    Bridegroomes place, </l><l>&lt;l>And let <hi rend="italic">Bianca</hi> take her sisters
    roome.</l>&lt;/l>
   <sp>
     <sp who="#F-shr-tra">
       <speaker rend="italic">Tra.</speaker>
       <l>Shall sweet <hi rend="italic">Bianca</hi> practise how to
        bride it?</l>
     </sp>
     <sp who="#F-shr-bap">
       <speaker rend="italic">Bap.</speaker>
       <l>She shall <hi rend="italic">Lucentio</hi>: come gentlemen
        lets goe.</l>
     </sp>
   </sp>
</l>

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
Enter Grumio.

Gru. Fie, fie on all tired Iades, on all mad Masters, all foule waies: was euer man so beaten? was euer man so raide? was euer man so weary? I am sent before to make a fire, and they are comming after to warme them: now were not I a little pot, soone hot; my very lippes might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the rooфе of my mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I should come by a fire to thaw me, but I with blowing the fire shall warme my selfe: for considering the weather, a taller man then I will take cold: Holla, hoa Curtis.

Enter Curtis.

Curt. Who is that calls so coldly?

Gru. A piece of Ice: if thou doubt it, thou maist slide from my shoulder to my heele, with no greater than my head and my necke. A fire good, cast on no water.

Curt. Is my master and his wife comming? I, and therefore fire, fire, fire.
<speaker rend="italic">Cur.</speaker>
<p>Is she so hot a shrew as she's reported.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-shr-gru">
  <speaker rend="italic">Gru.</speaker>
  <p>She was good <hi rend="italic">Curtis</hi> before this frost: but thou
  <lb>know'est winter tames man, woman, and beast: for it
  <lb>hath tam'd my old master, and my new mistris, and my
  <lb>selfe fellow <hi rend="italic">Curtis</hi> before this frost: but thou</lb>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-shr-gru">
  <speaker rend="italic">Gru.</speaker>
  <note type="editorial" resp="#ES">This speech is conventionally attributed to Curtis.</note>
  <p>Away you three inch foole, I am no beast.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-shr-gru">
  <speaker rend="italic">Gru.</speaker>
  <p>Am I but three inches? Why thy horne is a foot
  <lb>and so long am I at the least. But wilt thou make a fire,
  <lb>or shall I complaine on thee to our mistris, whose hand
  <lb>(she being now at hand) thou shalt soone feele, to thy
  <lb>cold comfort, for being slow in thy hot office.</lb>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-shr-cur">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cur.</speaker>
  <p>I prethee good <hi rend="italic">Grumio</hi>, tell me, how
  <lb>goves the</lb>
  <lb>world?&lt;/p&gt;</lb>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-shr-gru">
  <speaker rend="italic">Gru.</speaker>
  <p>A cold world <hi rend="italic">Curtis</hi> in euery office
  <lb>but thine, &amp;
  <lb>therefore fire: do thy duty, and haue thy dutie, for my
  <lb>Master and mistris are almost frozen to death.&lt;/p&gt;</lb>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-shr-cur">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cur.</speaker>
  <p>There's fire readie, and therefore good <hi rend="italic">Grumio</hi>
  <lb>the newes.&lt;/p&gt;
</lb>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-shr-gru">
  <speaker rend="italic">Gru.</speaker>
  <p>Why lacke boy, ho boy, and as much newes as
  <lb>will thou.&lt;/p&gt;
</lb>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-shr-cur">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cur.</speaker>
</sp>
<p>Come, you are so full of conicatching.</p>

<sp who="#F-shr-gru">
  <speaker rend="italic">Gru.</speaker>
</sp>

<p>Why therefore fire, for I haue caught extreme cold. Where's the Cooke, is supper ready, the house trim'd, rushes strew'd, cobwebs swept, the seruingmen in their new fustian, the white stockings, and euery offi&<x00AD;owt&<x00AD;>
</sp>

<lb/>cer his wedding garment on? Be the Iackes faire with&

<lb/>in, the Gils faire without, the Carpets laide, and euery thing in order?</p>

<sp who="#F-shr-cur">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cur.</speaker>
</sp>

<p>All readie: and therefore I pray thee newes.</p>

<sp who="#F-shr-gru">
  <speaker rend="italic">Gru.</speaker>
</sp>

<p>First know my horse is tired, my master &amp; mi&
</p>

<lb/>stris falne out.</p>

<sp who="#F-shr-cur">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cur.</speaker>
</sp>

<p>How?</p>

<sp who="#F-shr-gru">
  <speaker rend="italic">Gru.</speaker>
</sp>

<p>Out of their saddles into the durt, and thereby hangs a tale.</p>

<sp who="#F-shr-cur">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cur.</speaker>
</sp>

<p>Let's ha't good <hi rend="italic">Grumio</hi>.</p>

<sp who="#F-shr-gru">
  <speaker rend="italic">Gru.</speaker>
</sp>

<p>Lend thine eare.</p>

<sp who="#F-shr-cur">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cur.</speaker>
</sp>

<p>Heere.</p>

<sp who="#F-shr-gru">
  <speaker rend="italic">Gru.</speaker>
</sp>

<p>There.</p>

<sp who="#F-shr-cur">
  <speaker rend="italic">Cur.</speaker>
</sp>
This 'tis to feele a tale, not to heare a tale.

And therefore 'Tis cal'd a sensible tale: and this Cuffe was but to knocke at your eare, and beseech ning: now I begin, Inprimis wee came downe a fowle hill, my Master riding behinde my Mistris.

Both of one horse?

What's that to thee?

Why a horse.

Tell thou the tale: but hadst thou not crost me, thou shouldst haue heard how her horse fel, and she vn-der her horse: thou shouldst haue heard in how miery a place, how she was bemoil'd, how hee left her with the horse vpon her, how he beat me because her horse stum-bled, how she waded through the durt to plucke him off me: how he swore, how she prai'd, that neuer prai'd be-fore: how I cried, how the horses ranne away, how her bridle was burst: how I lost my crupper, with manie things of worthy memorie, which now shall die in obli-union, and thou returne vnexperienc'd to thy graue.

By this reckning he is more shrew than she.

I, and that thou and the proudest of you all shall finde when he comes home. But what talke I of this? Call forth Nathaniel, Ioseph, Nicholas, Phillip, Walter, Su...
gersop and the rest: let their heads be slickely comb'd,

their blew coats brush'd, and their garters of an indifferent knit, let them curtsie with their left legges, and not presume to touch a haire of my Masters horse-taile, till they kisse their hands. Are they all readie?

Cur. They are.

Gru. Why she hath a face of her owne.

Cur. Who knowes not that?

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

Cur. I call them forth to credit her.

Enter foure or fiue seruingmen.
Phil.

How now Grumio.

Ios.

What Grumio.

Nick.

Fellow Grumio.

Nat.

How now old lad.

All things is readie, how neere is our master?

Gre.

E'ne at hand, alighted by this: and therefore be not Cockes passion, silence, I heare my master.

Enter Petruchio and Kate.

Where be these knaues? What no man at doore?

To hold my stirrop, nor to take my horse?

Where is Nathaniel, Gregory, Phillip.

Heere, heere sir, heere sir.

All ser.

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

What? no attendance? no regard? no dutie?

Where is the foolish knaue I sent before?

You pezant, swain, you horson malt-horse drudg.

Did I not bid thee meete me in the Parke,

And bring along these rascal knaues with thee?

Nathaniels coate sir was not fully made,

And Gabrels pumps were all vpinkt i'th heele:

There was no Linke to colour Peters hat,

And Walters dagger was not come from sheathing:

There were none fine, but Adam, Rafe, and Gregory,

The rest were ragged, old, and beggerly,

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

Go rascals, go, and fetch my supper in.

Where is the life that late I led?

Where are those? Sit downe Kate, and welcome. Soud, soud, soud, soud.

Why when I say? Nay good sweete Kate:

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

It was the Friar of Orders gray,

As he forth walked on his way.

Out you rogue, you plucke my foote awrie,

Take that, and mend the plucking of the other.

Be merrie Kate: Some water heere:

Where's my Spaniel Troilus? Sirra, get
you hence,"<l>

And bid my cozen <hi rend="italic">Ferdinand</hi> come hither:<l>

One <hi rend="italic">Kate</hi> that you must kisse, and be acquainted with.<l>

Where are my Slippers? Shall I haue some water?<l>

Come <hi rend="italic">Kate</hi> and wash, & welcome heartily:<l>

You horson villaine, will you let it fall?<c

Patience I pray you, 'twas a fault vnwilling.<l>

A horson beetleheaded flap-eard knaue:<l>

Come <hi rend="italic">Kate</hi> sit downe, I know you haue a stomacke,<l>

Will you giue thankes, sweete <hi rend="italic">Kate</hi>, or else shall I?<l>

What's this, Mutton?<l>

I. Ser.<l>

I.<l>

Who brought it?<l>

Who brought it?<l>

Who brought it?<l>

Peter.<l>

I.<l>

I.<l>

I.<l>

'Tis burnt, and so is all the meate:

What dogges are these? Where is the rascall Cooke?

How durst you villaines bring it from the dresser And serue it thus to me that loue it not?

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

You heedlesse iolt&heads, and vmanner'd
What, do you grumble? I'le be with you straight.

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

I tell thee Kate, 'twas burnt and dried away,
For it engenders choller, planteth anger,
And better 'twere that both of us did fast,
Since of our selves, our selves are chollericke,
Then feede it with such over-rosted flesh:
Be patient, to morrow't shalbe mended,
And for this night we'll fast for companie.

Come I'le bring thee to thy Bridall chamber.

And I expressly am forbid to touch it:
For it engenders choller, planteth anger,
And better 'twere that both of us did fast,
Since of our selves, our selves are chollericke,
Then feede it with such over-rosted flesh:
Be patient, to morrow't shalbe mended,
And for this night we'll fast for companie.

Come I'le bring thee to thy Bridall chamber.

Enter Seruants seuerally.

He kills her in her owne humor.
Where is he?

In her chamber, making a sermon of continence to her, and railes, and sweares, and rates, that she (poore soule) knowes not which way to stand, to looke, to speake, and sits as one new risen from a dreame.

way, away, for he is comming hither.

Enter Curtis a Seruant.

In her chamber, making a sermon of continence to her, and railes, and sweares, and rates, that she (poore soule) knowes not which way to stand, to looke, to speake, and sits as one new risen from a dreame.

way, away, for he is comming hither.
Thus haue I politickely begun my reigne,
And 'tis my hope to end successfully:
My Faulcon now is sharpe, and passing emptie,
And til she stoope, she must not be full gorg'd,
For then she neuer lookes vpon her lure.
Another way I haue to man my Haggard,
To make her come, and know her Keepers call:
That is, to watch her, as we watch these Kites,
That baite, and beate, and will not be obedient:
She eate no meate to day, nor none shall eate.
Last night she slept not, nor to night she shall not:
As with the meate, some undeserued fault
Ile finde about the making of the bed,
And heere Ile fling the pillow, there the boulster,
This way the Courlet, another way the sheets:
I, and amid this hurlie I intend,
That all is done in reuerend care of her,
And in conclusion, she shal watch all night,
And if she chance to nod, Ile raile and brawle,
This is a way to kil a Wife with kindnesse,
He that knowes better how to tame a shrew,
Now let him speake, 'tis charity to shew.

Exit.

Enter Tranio and Hortensio.

Is't possible friend Lisio, that mistris Bianca, that mistris Lucentio,
Doth fancie any other but Bianca.
I tel you sir, she beares me faire in hand.
Sir, to satisfie you in what I haue said,
Stand by, and marke the manner of his teaching.
Sir, to satisfie you in what I haue said,
Stand by, and marke the manner of his teaching.

This speech is conventionally attributed to Hortensio.
Sir, to satisfie you in what I haue said,
Stand by, and marke the manner of his teaching.

Now Mistris, profit you in what you reade?
What Master reade you first, resolue me that?

I reade, that I professe the Art to loue.

And may you proue sir Master of your Art.

While you sweet deere proue Mistresse of my heart.

Quicke proceeders marry, now tel me I pray,

you that durst sweare that your Mistris Lou'd me in the World so wel as Lucentio.

this is wonderfull.

Mistake no more, I am not Lisio,

Nor a Musitian as I seeme to bee,

But one that scorne to liue in this disguise,

And makes a God of such a Cullion;

Know sir, that I am cal'd Hortensio.

Signior Hortensio, I haue often heard

Of your entire affection to Bianca, And since mine eyes are witnesse of her lightnesse,

I wil with you, if you be so contented,

Forsweare Bianca, and her loue for euer.
See how they kiss and court: Signior Lucentio, Here is my hand, and here I firmly vow neuer to woo her more, but do forswear her as one vnworthie all the former fauours. That I haue fondly flatter'd them withall. 

And heere I take the like vnfained oath, neuer to marrie with her, though she would intreate, Fie on her, see how beastly she doth court him. 

Would all the world but he had quite forsworn for me, that I may surely keepe mine oath. Ere three dayes passe, which hath as long lou'd me, As I haue lou'd this proud disdainful Haggard, And so farewell signior Lucentio, Kindnesse in women, not their beauteous lookes Shal win my loue, and so I take my leaue, In resolution, as I swore before. 

Mistris Bianca, blesse you with such grace, As longeth to a Louers blessed case: Nay, I haue tane you napping gentle Loue, And haue forsworne you with Hortensio. Then we are rid of Lisio. 

Mistris we haue. 

Mistris we haue? 

Mistris we haue. 

Then we are rid of Lisio.
I'faith hee'l haue a lustie Widdow now,
That shalbe woo'd, and wedded in a day.

I, and hee'l tame her.

He sayes so Tranio.

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

Enter Biondello.

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

What is he Biondello?

Master, a Marcantant, or a pedant,
I, and Biondello.
The Taming of the Shrew.

I know not what, but formall in apparrell, in gate and countenance surely like a Father.

Luc. And what of him Tranio?

If he be credulous, and trust my tale, Ile make him glad to seeme Vincentio, and giue assurance to Baptista Minola.

As if he were the right Vincentio. And give assurance to Baptista Minola.

Take me your loue, and then let me alone.

Enter a Pedant.

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

What Countrieyan I pray?

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

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

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

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

Wel sir, to do you courtesie,
This wil I do, and this I wil aduise you,
First tell me, haue you euer beene at Pisa?

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

Among them know you one Vincentio?

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

He is my father sir, and sooth to say,
In count'nance somewhat doth resemble you.
As much as an apple doth an oyster, all one.

To saue your life in this extremitie, this fauor wil I do you for his sake, and thinke it not the worst of all your fortunes. His name and credite shal you undertake, and in my house you shal be friendly lodg'd. Looke that you take vpon you as you should. You understane me sir: so shal you stay. If this be court'sie sir, accept of it.

Oh sir I do, and wil repute you euer the patron of my life and libertie. Then go with me, to make the matter good. My father is heere look'd for euery day, to passe assurance of a dowre in marriage 'tween me, and one Baptistas daughter heere: In all these circumstances Ile instruct you. Go with me to cloath you as becomes you.

Enter Katherina and Grumio.

No, no forsooth I dare not for my life. No, no forsooth I dare not for my life. The more my wrong, the more his spite appears. What, did he marrie me to famish me? Beggars that come vnto my fathers doore,
Vpon intreatie haue a present almes,
If not, elsewhere they meete with charitie:
But I, who neuer knew how to intreat,
Nor neuer needed that I should intreate,
Am staru'd for meate, giddie for lacke of sleepe:
With oathes kept waking, and with brawling fed,
And that which spights me more then all these wants,
He does it vnder name of perfect loue:
As who should say. if I should sleepe or eate
'twere deadly sicknesse, or else present death.
I prethee go, and get me some repast,
I care not what, so it be holsome foode.

What say you to a Neats foote?
'Tis passing good, I prethee let me haue it.
I feare it is too chollericke a meate.
How say you to a fat Tripe finely broyl'd?
'I like it well, good <hi rend="italic">Grumio</hi> fetch it me.
I cannot tell, I feare 'tis chollericke a meate.
What say you to a peece of Beefe and Mustard?
A dish that I do loue to feede vpon.
I, but the Mustard is too hot a little.
I, but the Mustard is too hot a little.
Why then the Beefe, and let the Mustard rest.
Gru. Nay then I wil not, you shal haue the Mustard. Or else you get no beefe of Grumio.

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

Gru. Why then the Mustard without the beefe.

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

Enter Petruchio, and Hortensio with meate.

Kate. As cold as can be.

Pet. Plucke vp thy spirits, looke cheerfully vpon me. Heere Loue, thou seest how diligent I am, To dresse thy meate my selfe, and bring it thee. I am sure sweet Kate, this kindnesse merites thankes.

Kate. What, not a word? Nay then, thou lou'st it not: And all my paines is sorted to no proofe. Heere take away this dish.
<speaker rend="italic">Kate.</speaker>
<I>I pray you let it stand.</I>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-shr-ptr">
   <speaker rend="italic">Pet.</speaker>
   <I>The poorest service is repaid with thankes,</I>
   <I>And so shall mine before you touch the meate.</I>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-shr-kat">
   <speaker rend="italic">Kate.</speaker>
   <I>I thanke you sir.</I>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-shr-hor">
   <speaker rend="italic">Hor.</speaker>
   <I>Signior <hi rend="italic">Petruchio</hi>, fie you are too</I>
   <I>blame:</I>
   <I>Come Mistris <hi rend="italic">Kate</hi>, Ile beare you</I>
   <I>companie.</I>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-shr-ptr">
   <speaker rend="italic">Petr.</speaker>
   <I>Eate it vp all <hi rend="italic">Hortensio</hi>, if thou louest</I>
   <I>mee:</I>
   <I>Much good do it vnto thy gentle heart:</I>
   <I><hi rend="italic">Kate</hi> eate apace; and now my honie</I>
   <I>Loue,</I>
   <I>Will we returne vnto thy Fathers house,</I>
   <I>And reuell it as brauely as the best,</I>
   <I>With silken coats and caps, and golden Rings,</I>
   <I>With Ruffes and Cuffes, and Fardingales, and things:</I>
   <I>With Scarfes, and Fannes, &amp; double change of</I>
   <I>brau'ry,</I>
   <I>With Amber Bracelets, Beades, and all this knau'ry,</I>
   <I>What hast thou din'd? The Tailor staies thy leasure,</I>
   <I>To decke thy bodie with his ruffling treasure.</I>
</sp>

<Tailor.</stage>
   <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">Come</fw>
   <pb facs="FFimg:axc0244-0.jpg" n="224" />
   <fw type="rh">The Taming of the Shrew.</fw>
   <cb n="1" />
   <I>Enter</I>
</Tailor.>

<Haberdasher.</stage>
   <I>Lay forth the gowne. What newes with you sir?</I>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-shr-hab">
   <speaker rend="italic">Fel.</speaker>
   <I>Heere is the cap your Worship did bespeake.</I>
</sp>
"Why this was moulded on a porrenger,\textit{A Veluet dish: Fie, fie, 'tis lewd and filthy,}\\ Why 'tis a cockle or a walnut\textit{A knacke, a toy, a tricke, a babies cap;}\\ Away with it, come let me haue a bigger."

\textit{Pet.}\\Ile haue no bigger, this doth fit the time, \textit{And Gentlewomen weare such caps as these.}

\textit{Hor.}\\That will not be in hast.

\textit{Kate.}\\Why sir I trust I may haue leaue to speake, \textit{And speake I will. I am no childe, no babe,}\\Your betters haue indur'd me say my minde, \\
And if you cannot, best you stop your eares.\\My tongue will tell the anger of my heart,\\Or els my heart concealing it wil breake,\\And rather then it shall, I will be free,\\Euen to the yttermost as I please in words.

\textit{Pet.}\\Why thou saist true, it is paltrie cap, \\
A custard coffen, a bauble, a silken pie, I loue thee well in that thou lik'st it not.

\textit{Kate.}\\Loue me, or loue me not, I like the cap,\\And it I will haue, or I will haue none.

\textit{Pet.}\\Thy gowne, why I: come Tailor let vs see't.\textit{Oh mercie God, what masking stuffe is heere?}\\Whats this? a sleeue? 'tis like demi cannon,\\What, vp and downe caru'd like an apple Tart?
Heers snip, and nip, and cut, and slish and slash,
Like to a Censor in a barbers shoppe:
Why what a deuils name Tailor cal'st thou this?

I see shees like to haue neither cap nor gowne.
You bid me make it orderlie and well,
According to the fashion, and the time.
Marrie and did: but if you be remembred,
I did not bid you marre it to the time.
Go hop me ouer euery kennell home,
For you shall hop without my custome sir:
Ile none of it; hence, make your best of it.
I neuer saw a better fashion'd gowne,
More queint, more pleasing, nor more commendable:
Belike you meane to make a puppet of me.
Why true, he meanes to make a puppet of thee.
She saies your Worship meanes to make a
puppet of her.
Oh monstrous arrogance:
Thou lyest, thou thred, thou thimble,
Thou yard three quarters, halfe yard, quarter, naile,
Thou Flea, thou Nit, thou winter cricket thou:
Brau'd in mine owne house with a skeine of thred:
Away thou Ragge, thou quantitie, thou remnant,
Or I shall so be mete thee with thy yard,
As thou shalt thinke on prating whil'st thou liu'st:
I tell thee I, that thou hast marr'd her gowne.
Your worship is deceiu'd, the gowne is made
Iust as my master had direction:
Grumio gaue order how it should be done.

I gaue him no order, I gaue him the stuffe.

Marrie sir with needle and thred.

Thou hast fac'd many things.

Ergo thou liest.

Why heere is the note of the fashion to testify.

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

Inprimis, a loose bodied gowne.

Gru.

Master, if euer I said loose-bodied gowne, sow me in the skirts of it, and beate me to death with a bot.

I confesse the cape.

I confesse two sleeues.

The sleeues curiously cut.

I there's the villanie.

Error i'th bill sir, error i'th bill? I commanded the sleeues should be cut out, and sow'd vp againe, and that Ile proue vpon thee, though thy little finger be med in a thimble.

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

I am for thee straight: take thou the bill, give me thy meat-yard, and spare not me.

God-a-mercie Grumio, then hee shall haue no oddes.

Well sir in breefe the gowne is not for me.

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

Why sir, what's your conceit in that?

Oh sir, the conceit is deeper then you think for:

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

Why sir, what's your conceit in that?

Oh sir, the conceit is deeper then you think for:

Oh fie, fie, fie.

Go take it hence, be gone, and say no more.

Tailor, Ile pay thee for thy gowne to morrow,
Take no unkindness of his hasty words:
Away I say, commend me to thy master.

Well, come my Kate, we will unto your fathers,
Euen in these honest meane habiliments:
Our purses shall be proud, our garments poore:
For 'Tis the minde that makes the bodie rich.
And as the Sunne breakes through the darkest clouds,
So honor peereth in the meanest habit.
What is the Lay more precious then the Larke?
Because his feathers are more beautifull.
Or is the Adder better then the Eele,
Because his painted skin contents the eye.
Oh no good Kate: neither art thou the worse
For this poore furniture, and meane array.
If thou accountedst it shame, lay it on me,
To feast and sport vs at thy fathers house,
Go call my men, and let vs straight to him,
Let's see, I thinke 'tis now some seuen a clocke,
And well we may come there by dinner time.

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

Why so this gallant will command the sunne.
Pedant drest like Vincentio.

Enter Tranio, and the Pedant drest like Vincentio.

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

I what else, and but I be deceived,

Signior may remember me

Neere twenty yeares a goe in Genoa

Where we were lodgers, at the Pegasus,

Tis well, and hold your owne in any case

With such austeritie as longeth to a father.

I warrant you; but sir here comes your boy,

'Twere good he were school'd

Feare you not him: sirra

But hast thou done thy errand to

I told him that your father was at
Venice,

And that you look't for him this day in Padua.

Th'art a tall fellow, hold thee that to drinke,

Here comes Baptista: set your countenance sir.

Enter Baptista and Lucentio: Pedant booted

and bare headed.

Signior Baptista you are happilie met:

Sir, this is the gentleman I told you of,

I pray you stand good father to me now,

Giue me Bianca for my patrimony.

Soft son: sir by your leaue, hauing com to Padua

to gather in some debts, my son

Made me acquainted with a waighty cause

Of loue betweene your daughter and himselfe:

And for the good report I heare of you,

And for the loue he bareth to your daughter,

And she to him: to stay him not too long,

I am content in a good fathers care

To haue him matcht, and if you please to like

No worse then I, vpon some agreement

Me shall you finde readie and willing

With one consent to haue her so bestowed:

For curious I cannot be with you

Signior Baptista, of whom I heare so well.

Sir, pardon me in what I haue to say,

Your plainnesse and your shortnesse please me well:

Right true it is your sonne Lucentio

Doth loue my daughter, and she loueth him,

Or both dissemble deepely their affections:

And therefore if you say no more then this,
That like a Father you will deal with him,
And passe my daughter a sufficient dower,
The match is made, and all is done,
Your son shall have my daughter with consent.

I thank you sir, where then do you know best
We be affied and such assurance tane,
As shall with either parts agreement stand.
Not in my house Lucentio, for you know
Pitchers have ears, and I have many seruants,
Besides old Gremio is harkning still,
And happily we might be interrupted.
It likes me well:
Cambio hie you home, and bid Bianca make her ready
And if you will tell what hath hapned,
Father is arrriued in Padua,
And how she’s like to be Lucentios’ wife.

I praise the gods she may with all my heart.
Dallie not with the gods, but get thee gone.

Welcome, one messe is like to be your cheere.

Come sir, we will better it in Pisa.

I follow you.

Exeunt.

Enter Lucentio and Biondello.

You saw my Master winke and laugh vpon you?

What saist thou Biondello.

You Jade nothing: but has left mee here behinde to expound the meaning or morrall of his signes and kens.

I pray thee moralize them.

Then thus: Baptista is safe talking with the deceiuing Father of a deceitfull sonne.
And what of him?

Biond. His daughter is to be brought by you to the supper.

Luc. And then.

Bio. The old Priest at Saint Lukes Church is at your command at all hours.

Luc. And what of all this.

Bion. I cannot tell, expect they are busied about a counterfeit assurance: take you assurance of her, Cum preuilegio ad Impremendum solem, to th'Church take the Priest, Clarke, and some sufficient honest witnesses: If this be not that you looke for, I haue no more to say.

But bid Bianca farewell for euer and a day.

If this be not that you looke for, I haue no more to say.

But bid Bianca farewell for euer and a day.

Exit.
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 goe about her:

It shall goe hard if Cambio goe without her.

Exit.

Enter Petruchio, Kate, Hortentio.

Come on a God's name, once more toward our fathers:

Good Lord how bright and goodly shines the Moone.

The Moone, the Sunne: it is not Moonelight now.

I say it is the Moone that shines so bright.

I know it is the Sunne that shines so bright.

Now by my mother's sonne, and that's myself,

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

Or ere I journey to your Fathers house:

Goe on, and fetch our horses back again:

Euermore crost and crost, nothing but crost.

Say as he saies, or we shall never goe.

Forward I pray, since we haue come so farre,
And be it moon, or sun, or what you please:
 Henceforth I vowe it shall be so for me.

Petr. I say it is the Moon.
Kate. I know it is the Moon.
Petr. Nay then you lie: it is the blessed Sun.
Kate. Then God be blest, it is the blessed sun,
But sun is not, when you say it is not.
And the Moon changes even as your mind:
What you will have it named, even that it is,
And so it shall be so for Katherine.

Petruchio, go your ways, the field is won.

Good morrow gentle Mistress, where away:
Tell me sweet Kate, and tell me truly too,
Hast thou beheld a fresher Gentlewoman:
Such warre of white and red within her cheekes:
What stars do spangle heaven with such beautie,
As those two eyes become that heavenly face?
Faire lovely Maid, once more good day to thee:
Sweete Kate embrace her for her beauties sake.

Vincentio. Enter

Good morrow gentle Mistress, where away:
Tell me sweete Kate, and tell me truly too,
Hast thou beheld a fresher Gentlewoman:
Such warre of white and red within her cheekes:
What stars do spangle heaven with such beautie,
As those two eyes become that heavenly face?
Faire lovely Maid, once more good day to thee:
Sweete Kate embrace her for her beauties sake.
A will make the man mad to make the woman
of him.

Kate. Yong budding Virgin, faire, and fresh, 
& sweet,

Whether away, or whether is thy aboade?

Happy the Parents of so faire a childe;

Happier the man whom fauourable stars

A lots thee for his louely bedfellow.

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

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

And not a Maiden, as thou saist he is.

Pardon old father my mistaking eies,

That haue bin so bedazled with the sunne,

That euery thing I looke on seemeth greene:

Now I perceiue thou art a reuerent Father:

Pardon I pray thee for my mad mistaking.

Do good old grandsire, 

Which way thou trauellest, if along with vs,

We shall be ioyfull of thy companie.

Faire Sir, and you my merry Mistris,

That with your strange encounter much amasde me:

My name is call'd Vincentio, my
dwelling Pisa,

And bound I am to Padua, there to
visite

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

What is his name?

Lucentio gentle sir.
Happily met, the happier for thy sonne: \\
And now by Law, as well as reuerent age, \\
I may intitle thee my louing Father, \\
The sister to my wife, this Gentlewoman, \\
Thy Sonne by this hath married: wonder not, \\
Nor be not grieued, she is of good esteeme, \\
Her dowrie wealthie, and of worthie birth, \\
Beside, so qualified, as may beseeme \\
The Spouse of any noble Gentleman: \\
Let me imbrace with old Vincentio, \\
And wander we to see thy honest sonne, \\
Who will of thy arriuall be full ioyous. \\
But is this true, or is it else your pleasure, \\
Like pleasant trauailors to breake a Iest \\
Vpon the companie you ouertake? \\
I doe assure thee father so it is. \\
Come goe along and see the truth hereof, \\
For our first merriment hath made thee iealous.

Well <hi rend="italic">Petruchio</hi>, this has put me in heart; \\
Haue to my Widdow, and if she froward \\
Then hast thou taught <hi rend="italic">Hortentio</hi> to be vntoward. \\

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

Luc. Nay faith, Ile see the Church at your backe, and then come backe to my mistris as soone as I can.

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

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

Knock.

Pedant lookes out of the window.
<sp who="#F-shr-vin">
    <speaker rend="italic">Vin.</speaker>
    <p>Is Signior <hi rend="italic">Lucentio</hi> within sir?</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-shr-ped">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ped.</speaker>
    <p>He's within sir, but not to be spoken withall.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-shr-vin">
    <speaker rend="italic">Vinc.</speaker>
    <p>What if a man bring him a hundred pound or two to make merrie withall.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-shr-ped">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ped.</speaker>
    <p>Keepe your hundred pounds to your selfe, hee shall neede none so long as I liue.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-shr-ptr">
    <speaker rend="italic">Petr.</speaker>
    <p>Nay, I told you your sonne was well beloued in Padua&lt;/hi&gt;: doe you heare sir, to leaue frioulos circumstan&:#x00AD;&lt;lb/&gt;ces, I pray you tell signior &lt;hi rend="italic"&gt;Lucentio&lt;/hi&gt; that his Father is &lt;lb/&gt;come from &lt;hi rend="italic"&gt;Pisa&lt;/hi&gt;, and is here at the doore to speake with &lt;lb/&gt;him.&lt;/p&gt;
</sp>

<sp who="#F-shr-ped">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ped.</speaker>
    <p>Thou liest his Father is come from &lt;hi rend="italic"&gt;Padua&lt;/hi&gt;, and &lt;lb/&gt;here looking out at the window.&lt;/p&gt;
</sp>

<sp who="#F-shr-vin">
    <speaker rend="italic">Vin.</speaker>
    <p>Art thou his father?</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-shr-ped">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ped.</speaker>
    <p>I sir, so his mother saies, if I may beleue her.&lt;/p&gt;
</sp>

<sp who="#F-shr-ptr">
    <speaker rend="italic">Petr.</speaker>
    <p>Why how now gentleman: why this is flat kna&amp:#x00AD;&lt;lb/&gt;erie to take vpon you another mans name.&lt;/p&gt;
</sp>

<sp who="#F-shr-ped"/>
Peda.<p>Lay hands on the villaine, I beleue a meanes to cosen some bodie in this Citie vnder my countenance.</p>

Biondello.</div>

Enter Biondello.

Bio.<p>I haue seene them in the Church together, God send'em good shipping: but who is here? mine old Ma&ndash;ster Vincentio: now wee are undone and brough to no thing.</p>

Vin.<p>Come hither crackhempe.</p>

Bion.<p>I hope I may choose Sir.</p>

Vin.<p>What, you notorious villaine, didst thou neuer see thy Mistris father, Vincentio? </p>

Bion.<p>Forgot you, no sir: I could not forget you, for I neuer saw you before in all my life.</p>

Vin.<p>What, you notorious villaine, didst thou neuer see thy Mistris father, </p>

Bion.<p>What my old worshipfull old master? yes marie sir see where he lookes out of the window.</p>
<speaker rend="italic">Vin.</speaker>
<p>Ist so indeede.</p>
</sp>

Biondello.</stage>

<sp who="#F-shr-bio">
  <speaker rend="italic">Bion.</speaker>
  <p>Helpe, helpe, helpe, here's a mad man will murder me.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-shr-ped">
  <speaker rend="italic">Pedan.</speaker>
  <p>Helpe, sonne, helpe signior</p>
</sp>

Baptista</hi>.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-shr-ptr">
  <speaker rend="italic">Petr.</speaker>
  <p>Pree the</p>
</sp>

Pedant with

seruants, Baptista, Tranio.</stage>

<tr> <td> </td>
</tr>

<sp who="#F-shr-tra">
  <speaker rend="italic">Tra.</speaker>
  <p>Sir, what are you that offer to beate my seruant?</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-shr-vin">
  <speaker rend="italic">Vinc.</speaker>
  <p>What am I sir: nay what are you sir: oh immoral: oh fine villain: a silken doublet, a velvet hose, a scarlet cloake, and a copataine hat: oh I am undone, I am undone: while I plaie the good husband at home, my sonne and my seruant spend all at the vniuersitie.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-shr-tra">
  <speaker rend="italic">Tra.</speaker>
  <p>How now, what's the matter?</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-shr-bap">
  <speaker rend="italic">Bapt.</speaker>
  <p>What is the man lunaticke?</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-shr-tra">
  <speaker rend="italic">Tra.</speaker>
  <p>Sir, you seeme a sober ancient Gentleman by
your habit: but your words shew you a mad man: why
sir, what cernes it you, if I weare Pearle and gold: I thank
my good Father, I am able to maintaine it.

Thy father: oh villaine, he is a Saile-maker in
Bergamo.<p>

You mistake sir, you mistake sir, praie what do
you thinke is his name?<p>

His name, as if I knew not his name: I haue
brought him vp euer since he was three yeeres old, and
his name is Tronio.<p>

Awaie, awaie mad asse, his name is Lucentio, and
he is mine onelie sonne and heire to the Lands of me
Master, laie hold on him I charge you in the Dukes name: oh my
sonne, my sonne: tell me thou villaine, where is my son
Lucentio: oh he hath murdred his</p>

Call forth an officer: Carrie this mad knaue to
the Iaile: father Carrie this mad knaue to
the Iaile: father Baptista, I charge
you see that hee be
forth comming.<p>

Carrie me to the Iaile?<p>

Staie officer, he shall not go to prison.<p>
Talke not signior Gremio: I saie he shall goe to prison.

Take heede signior Baptista, least you be catcht in this businesse: I dare sweare this is the right Vincentio.

Then thou wert best saie that I am not Lucentio.

Thus strangers may be haidl andabusd: oh mon strouss villaine.

Thus strangres may be haidl andabusd: oh mon strouss villaine.

Exit Biondello,
Tranio and Pedant as fast as may be.</stage>

<p><sp who="#F-shr-luc">
   <speaker rend="italic">Luc.</speaker>
</sp>
   Pardon sweete father.</p>

<p><stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Kneele.</stage>
   <sp who="#F-shr-vin"
      <speaker rend="italic">Vin.</speaker>
   </sp>
   Liues my sweete sonne?</p>

<p><sp who="#F-shr-bia"
      <speaker rend="italic">Bian.</speaker>
   </sp>
   Pardon deere father.</p>

<p><sp who="#F-shr-bap"
   <speaker rend="italic">Bap.</speaker>
   </sp>
   How hast thou offended, where is <hi rend="italic">Lucentio</hi>?</p>

<p><sp who="#F-shr-luc"
   <speaker rend="italic">Luc.</speaker>
   </sp>
   Here's <hi rend="italic">Lucentio</hi>, right sonne to the right <hi rend="italic">Vin</hi>.

<l>That haue by marriage made thy daughter mine.</l>
   While counterfeit supposes bleer'd thine eino.

<p><sp who="#F-shr-gre"
   <speaker rend="italic">Gre.</speaker>
   </sp>
   Here's packing with a witnesse to deceiue vs all.</p>

<p><sp who="#F-shr-vin"
   <speaker rend="italic">Vin.</speaker>
   </sp>
   Where is that damned villaine <hi rend="italic">Tranio</hi>?</p>

<p><sp who="#F-shr-bia"
   <speaker rend="italic">Bian.</speaker>
   </sp>
   <hi rend="italic">Cambio</hi> is chang'd into <hi rend="italic">Lucentio</hi>.</p>

<p><sp who="#F-shr-luc"
   <speaker rend="italic">Luc.</speaker>
   </sp>
   That fac'd and braued me in this matter so?</p>

<p><sp who="#F-shr-bap"
   <speaker rend="italic">Bap.</speaker>
   </sp>
   Why, tell me is not this my <hi rend="italic">Cambio</hi>?</p>

<p><sp who="#F-shr-bia"
   <speaker rend="italic">Bian.</speaker>
   </sp>
   <hi rend="italic">Cambio</hi> is chang'd into <hi rend="italic">Lucentio</hi>.</p>

<p><sp who="#F-shr-luc"
   <speaker rend="italic">Luc.</speaker>
   </sp>

</p>
Loue wrought these miracles. <hi rend="italic">Biancas</hi>

Made me exchange my state with <hi rend="italic">Tranio</hi>.

While he did beare my countenance in the towne,

And happlie I haue arriued at the last

Vnto the wished hauen of my blisse:

What <hi rend="italic">Tranio</hi> did, my selfe enforst him to;

Then pardon him sweete Father for my sake.

Ile slit the villaines nose that would haue sent me to the Iaile.

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

Feare not <hi rend="italic">Baptista</hi>, we will conte

you, goe to:

but I will in to be reueng'd for this villanie.

Exit.

And I to sound the depth of this knauerie.

Exit.

Looke not pale <hi rend="italic">Bianca</hi>, thy father will not frown.

Exeunt.

My cake is <choice><orig>doug,hbut</orig><corr>dough,</corr>

Ile in among the rest,

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

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

First kisse me Kate, and we will.

Kate.

What in the midst of the streete?

Petr.

What art thou asham'd of me?

Kate.

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

Why then let's home againe: Come Sirra let's awaie.

Nay, I will giue thee a kisse, now praie thee Loue staie.

Is not this well? come my sweete Kate.

Better once then ever, for never to late.

Exeunt. 

Actus Quintus.

[Act 5, Scene 2] Conventional scene numbering does not accord with the Folio at this point.

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

Luc.

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

Nothing but sit and sit, and eate and eate.
Padua afford this kindnesse, sonne Petruchio.
Padua afford nothing but what is kinde.
For both our sakes I would that word were true.
Now for my life Hortentio feares his Widow.
Then neuer trust me if I be afffeard.
I meane Hortentio is afeard of you.
I meane Hortentio is afeard of you.
He that is giddie thinks the world turns round.

Roundlie replied.

Mistris, how meane you that?

Thus I conceiue by him.

Conceiues by me, how likes Hortentio that?

My Widdow says, thus she conceiues her tale.

Verie well mended: kisse him for that good Widdow.

He that is giddie thinkes the world turnes round,

I praine you tell me what you meant by that.

Your housband being troubled with a shrew,

Measures my husbands sorrow by his woe:

And now you know my meaning.

Your widdow saies, thus she conceiues her tale.

Your husband being troubled with a shrew.

Measures my husbands sorrow by his woe:

And now you know my meaning.
Kat. And I am meane indeede, respecting you.

Petr. To her Kate.

Hor. To her Widdow.

Petr. A hundred marks, my Kate does put her down.

Hor. That's my office.

Petr. Spoke like an Officer: ha to the lad.

Drinkes to Hortentio.

Bap. How likes Gremio these quicke witted folkes?

Gre. Beleue me sir, they But together well.

Bian. Head, and but an hastie witted bodie,

Would say your Head and But were head and horne.

Vin. I Mistris Bride, hath that awakened you?

Bian. I, but not frightened me, therefore Ile sleepe a&endash;gaine.
Petr. Nay that you shall not since you haue begun: Haue at you for a better iest or too.

Bian. Am I your Bird, I meane to shift my bush, And then pursue me as you draw your Bow. You are welcome all.

Exit Bianca.

She hath preuented me, here signior Tranio, This bird you aim'd at, though you hit her not, Therefore a health to all that shot and mist.

Oh sir, Lucentio slipt me like his Gray-hound, Which runs himselfe, and catches for his Master.

A good swift simile, but something currish.

'Tis well sir that you hunted for your selfe: 'Tis thought your Deere does hold you at a bai. Which runs himselfe, and catches for his Master.

A good swift simile, but something currish.

Oh, oh Petruchio, Petruchio hits you now.

I thanke thee for that gird good
Petr. A has a little gald me I confesse:
And as the Iest did glaunce awaie from me,
'Tis ten to one it maim'd you too out right.

Bap. Now in good sadnesse sonne
Petruchio, I thinke thou hast the veriest shrew of all.

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

Hort. Content, what's the wager?
Luc. Twentie crownes.

Petr. Twentie crownes,
Ile venture so much of my Hawke or Hound,
But twentie times so much vpon my Wife.

Luc. A hundred then.
Hort. Content.

Petr. A match, 'tis done.
Hort. Who shall begin?
<speaker rend="italic">Luc.</speaker>
<l>That will I.</l>
<l>Goe <hi rend="italic">Biondello</hi>, bid your Mistris come to me.</l>
</sp>
<cb n="2"/>
<sp who="#F-shr-bio">
  <speaker rend="italic">Bio.</speaker>
  <l>Igoe.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
<sp who="#F-shr-bap">
  <speaker rend="italic">Bap.</speaker>
  <l>Sonne, Ile be your halfe, <hi rend="italic">Bianca</hi> comes.</l>
</sp>
<br who="#F-shr-luc">
  <speaker rend="italic">Luc.</speaker>
  <l>Ile haue no halues: Ile beare it all my selfe.</l>
  <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Biondello.</stage>
  <l>How now, what newes?</l>
</sp>
<br who="#F-shr-bio">
  <speaker rend="italic">Bio.</speaker>
  <l>Sir, my Mistris sends you word That she is busie, and she cannot come.</l>
</sp>
<br who="#F-shr- ptr">
  <speaker rend="italic">Petr.</speaker>
  <l>How? she's busie, and she cannot come: is that an answere?</l>
</sp>
<br who="#F-shr-gre">
  <speaker rend="italic">Gre.</speaker>
  <l>I, and a kinde one too:</l>
  <l>Praie God sir your wife send you not a worse.</l>
</sp>
<br who="#F-shr- ptr">
  <speaker rend="italic">Petr.</speaker>
  <l>I hope better.</l>
</sp>
<br who="#F-shr-hor">
  <speaker rend="italic">Hor.</speaker>
  <p>Sirra <hi rend="italic">Biondello</hi>, goe and intreate my wife to come to me forthwith.</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit. Bion.</stage>
<br who="#F-shr- ptr">
Pet. Oh ho, intreate her, nay then shee must needes come.

Hor. I am affraid sir, doe what you can.

Enter Biondello.

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

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

Worse and worse, she will not come: Oh vilde, intollerable, not to be indur'd:

Sirra Grumio, goe to your Mistris,

Say I command her come to me.

I know her answere.

She will not.

The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.

Enter Katerina.

Now by my hollidam here comes Katerina.

What is your will sir, that you send for me?
Who = #F-shr-ptr

<speaker rend="italic">Petr.</speaker>

Where is your sister, and <hi rend="italic">Hortensios</hi> wife?

</sp>

<sp who="#F-shr-kat">
  <speaker rend="italic">Kate.</speaker>
  They sit conferring by the Parler fire.
</sp>

<sp who="#F-shr-ptr">
  <speaker rend="italic">Petr.</speaker>
  Goe fetch them hither, if they deny to come,
  Swinge me them soundly forth vnto their husbands:
  Away I say, and bring them hither striaight.
</sp>

<sp who="#F-shr-luc">
  <speaker rend="italic">Luc.</speaker>
  Here is a wonder, if you talke of a wonder.
</sp>

<sp who="#F-shr-hor">
  <speaker rend="italic">Hor.</speaker>
  And so it is: I wonder what it boads.
</sp>

<sp who="#F-shr-ptr">
  <speaker rend="italic">Petr.</speaker>
  Marrie peace it boads, and loue, and quiet life,
  An awfull rule, and right supremicie:
  And to be short, what not, that's sweete and happie.
</sp>

<sp who="#F-shr-bap">
  <speaker rend="italic">Bap.</speaker>
  Now faire befall thee good <hi rend="italic">Petruchio</hi>:
  The wager thou hast won, and I will adde
  Vnto their losses twentie thousand crownes,
  Another dowrie to another daughter,
  For she is chang'd as she had neuer bin.
</sp>

<sp who="#F-shr-ptr">
  <speaker rend="italic">Petr.</speaker>
  Nay, I will win my wager better yet,
  And show more signe of her obedience,
  Her new built vertue and obedience.
</sp>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Kate, Bianca, and Widdow.</stage>

See where she comes, and brings your froward Wikes
As prisoners to her womanlie perswasion:
Katerine, that Cap of yours becomes you not.
Off with that bable, throw it vnderfoote.

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

Fie what a foolish dutie call you this?
The wisdome of your dutie faire
The more foole you for laying on my dutie.
I charge thee tell these women, what dutie they doe owe their Lords and husbands.

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

Come on I say, and first begin with her.
She shall not.

Come on I say, and first begin with her.
I say she shall, and first begin with her.

Kate.

Fie, fie, vnknit that threatning vnkinde brow,
And dart not scornefull glances from those eies,
To wound thy Lord, thy King, thy Gouernour.
It blots thy beautie, as frosts doe bite the Meads,
Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds shake faire budds,
And in no sence is meete or amiable.
A woman mou'd, is like a fountaine troubled,
Muddie, ill seeming, thicke, bereft of beautie,
And while it is so, none so dry or thirstie
Will daigne to sip, or touch one drop of it.
Thy husband is thy Lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy soueraigne: One that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance. Commits his body
To painfull labour, both by sea and land:
To watch the night in stormes, the day in cold,
Whil'st thou ly'st warme at home, secure and safe,
And craues no other tribute at thy hands,
But loue, faire lookes, and true obedience;
Too little payment for so great a debt.
Such dutie as the subiect owes the Prince,
Even such a woman oweth to her husband:
And when she is froward, peeuish, sullen, sourre,
And not obedient to his honest will,
What is she but a foule contending Rebell,
And gracelesse Traitor to her louing Lord?
I am asham'd that women are so simple,
To offer warre, where they should kneele for peace:
Or seeke for rule, supremacie, and sway,
When they are bound to serue, loue, and obay.
Why are our bodies soft, and weake, and smooth,
Vnapt to toyle and trouble in the world,
But that our soft conditions, and our harts,
Should well agree with our externall parts?

Come, come, you froward and vnable wormes,
My minde hath bin as bigge as one of yours,
My heart as great, my reason haplie more,
To bandie word for word, and frowne for frowne;
But now I see our Launces are but strawes:
Our strength as weake, our weakenesse past compare,
That seeming to be most, which we indeed least are,
Then vale your stomackes, for it is no boote,
And place your hands below your husbands foote:
In token of which dutie, if he please,
My hand is readie, may it do him ease.
Why there's a wench: Come on, and kisse mee Kate.

Well go thy waies olde Lad for thou shalt ha't.

Tis a good hearing, when children are toward.

But a harsh hearing, when women are froward.

Come <hi rend="italic">Kate</hi>, wee'le to bed,

We three are married, but you two are sped.

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

And being a winner, God giue you good night.

Now goe thy wayes, thou hast tam'd a curst Shrow.

Tis a wonder, by your leaue, she wil be tam'd so.

Exit Petruchio.

Now goe thy wayes, thou hast tam'd a curst Shrow.

Tis a wonder, by your leaue, she wil be tam'd so.

FINIS.