

# THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

## By William Shakespeare

Specially adapted for The Courtyard Training Company  
by Phil Willmott  
(All rights reserved P.W 1998)

### Characters:

KATHERINA (The shrew) - Kily  
 BIANCA (Her sister) - Caron  
 BAPTISTA (Her mother, a cafe owner) - Charlie  
 LUCIANA (Her grandmother) - Ruth  
 PETER (Their servant) - Jonnie  
 LAVINIA (A widow, their neighbour) - Karin

VINCENTIA (A business woman) - Mandy  
 LUCENTIO (Her son) - Edz  
 TRANIA - (Her eldest daughter) Helena  
 BIONDELLA - (Her younger daughter) Kate

GREMIO (A rich suitor to Bianca) - Aidan  
 HORTENSIO (His rival) - Eric

PETRUCHIO (A fortune hunter) - Dean  
 PISANIO (His companion) - Eriche

ADRIANA (A beggar) - Gemma  
 SLENDER (A dress maker) - Michael  
 LUCETTA (A milliner) - Amanda

SETTING: Rural Italy at the beginning of this century. The entire piece takes place in a naturalistic whitewashed, sun drenched village square. To one side of the square there are tables in front of Baptista's cafe. There is also an entrance to a church and a way out to the street.

## Scene 1

1  
2  
3 LUCENTIO AND SISTER TRANIA ENTER THE SQUARE. THEY HAVE  
4 BEEN TRAVELLING AND SIT AT A TABLE.  
5

6 LUCENTIO.

7 Sister, long was the great desire we had  
8 To visit Padua, this nursery of arts,  
9 Here let us breathe, and haply institute  
10 A course of learning and ingenious studies.  
11 Tell me thy mind; for we have Pisa left  
12 And here are come as they that leave  
13 A shallow splash to plunge into the deep,  
14 And with satiety seeks to quench a thirst.  
15

16 TRANIA.

17 Mi perdonato, gentle brother mine;  
18 I am in all affected as yourself;  
19 Glad that you thus continue your resolve  
20 To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy.  
21 Only, good brother, while I do admire  
22 This virtue and this moral discipline,  
23 Let's be no Stoics nor no stocks, I pray,  
24 No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en.  
25

26 LUCENTIO.

27  
28 Gramercies, Trania, well dost thou advise.  
29 When our younger sister too are come ashore,  
30 We will at once put us in readiness,  
31 And take a lodging fit to entertain  
32 Such friends as time in Padua shall beget.  
33

34 ON THE OPPOSITE SIDE OF THE SQUARE BAPTISTA ENTERS  
35 FROM HER CAFE WITH HER TWO DAUGHTERS - KATHERINA AND  
36 BIANCA, THEIR GRANDMOTHER - LUCIANA AND BIANCA'S  
37 SUITORS - GREMIO AND HORTENSIO  
38

39 LUCENTIO AND TRANIA OBSERVE THEM  
40

41 But stay awhile; what company is this?  
42

43 TRANIA.

44 Perhaps, some show to welcome us to town.  
45

46 BAPTISTA.

47 Gentlemen, importune me no further,  
48 For how I firmly am resolv'd you know;  
49 That is, not to bestow my youngest daughter  
50 Before I have a husband for the elder.  
51 If either of you both love Katherina,  
52 Because I know you well and love you well,  
53 Leave shall you have to court her at your pleasure.  
54

55 GREMIO.

56 To cart her rather. She's too rough for me.  
57 There, there, Hortensio, will you any wife?  
58

59 KATHERINA.

60 [To BAPTISTA]

61 I pray you, mother, is it your will  
62 To make a stale of me amongst these mates?

1  
2  
3  
4  
5  
6  
7  
8  
9  
10  
11  
12  
13  
14  
15  
16  
17  
18  
19  
20  
21  
22  
23  
24  
25  
26  
27  
28  
29  
30  
31  
32  
33  
34  
35  
36  
37  
38  
39  
40  
41  
42  
43  
44  
45  
46  
47  
48  
49  
50  
51  
52  
53  
54  
55  
56  
57  
58  
59  
60  
61  
62

LUCIANA.

Katherina child! How mean you that? No mates for you, Unless you  
were of gentler, milder mould.

KATHERINA.

I' faith, Grandmother, these gulls shall never mate with me.

HORTONSIO.

From all such devils, good Lord deliver me!

GREMIO.

And me, too, good Lord!

TRANIA.

Hush, brother! Here's some good pastime toward; That wench is  
stark mad or wonderful froward.

LUCENTIO.

But in the other's silence do I see  
Maid's mild behaviour and sobriety.  
Peace, Trania!

TRANIA.

Well said, brother; mum! and gaze your fill.

BAPTISTA.

Gentlemen, that I may soon make good  
What I have said- Bianca, get you in;  
And let it not displease thee, good Bianca,  
For I will love thee ne'er the less, my girl.

KATHERINA.

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

BIANCA.

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

LUCENTIO.

Hark, Trania, thou mayst hear Minerva speak!

HORTONSIO.

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

GREMIO.

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

BAPTISTA.

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

EXIT BIANCA

LUCIANA.

1 My Grand daughters taketh most delight  
 2 In music, instruments, and poetry,  
 3 Schoolmasters will we keep within our house  
 4 Fit to instruct their youth.

5  
 6 BAPTISTA.  
 7 If you, Hortensio,  
 8 Or, Seignior Gremio, you, know any such,  
 9 Prefer them hither; I would meet with them  
 10 And so, farewell. Katherina, you may stay;  
 11 For I have more to commune with Bianca.

12  
 13 EXIT BAPTISTA.

14  
 15 KATHERINA.  
 16 Why, and I trust I may go too, may I not?  
 17 What! shall I be appointed hours, as though, belike,  
 18 I knew not what to take and what to leave? Ha!

19  
 20 EXIT KATHERINA.

21  
 22 LUCIANA.  
 23 You may go to the devil's dam; your gifts are so good there's none  
 24 will hold you.

25  
 26 FOLLOWS KATHERINA OUT.

27  
 28 GREMIO.  
 29 Hortensio, for the love I bear my sweet Bianca, if I can by any  
 30 means light on a fit man to teach her that wherein she delights, I  
 31 will wish him to her Mother.

32  
 33 HORTONSIO.  
 34 So will I, Seignior Gremio; but a word, I pray. That we may yet  
 35 again have access to our fair mistress, and be happy rivals in  
 36 Bianca's love- we must labour and effect one thing specially.

37  
 38 GREMIO.  
 39 What's that, I pray?

40  
 41 HORTONSIO.  
 42 Marry, sir, to get a husband for her sister.

43  
 44 GREMIO.  
 45 A husband? a devil.

46  
 47 HORTONSIO.  
 48 I say a husband.

49  
 50 GREMIO.  
 51 I say a devil. Think'st thou, Hortensio, though her family be very  
 52 rich, any man is so very a fool to be married to hell?

53  
 54 HORTONSIO.  
 55 Tush, Gremio! Though it pass your patience and mine to endure  
 56 her loud alarms, why, man, there be good fellows in the world,  
 57 an a man could light on them, would take her with all  
 58 faults, and money enough.

59  
 60 GREMIO.  
 61 I cannot tell; but I had as lief take her dowry and be whipp'd at the  
 62 high cross every morning.

1  
2  
3  
4  
5  
6  
7  
8  
9  
10  
11  
12  
13  
14  
15  
16  
17  
18  
19  
20  
21  
22  
23  
24  
25  
26  
27  
28  
29  
30  
31  
32  
33  
34  
35  
36  
37  
38  
39  
40  
41  
42  
43  
44  
45  
46  
47  
48  
49  
50  
51  
52  
53  
54  
55  
56  
57  
58  
59  
60  
61  
62

HORTONSIO.

Faith, as you say, there's small choice in rotten  
apples. But, come; since this problem makes us friends until by  
helping the eldest sister to a husband we set her youngest free for  
a husband, and then we'll to't afresh. Sweet Bianca! He that runs  
fastest gets the ring. How say you, Seignior Gremio?

GREMIO.

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

EXIT GREMIO AND HORTENSIO

TRANIA.

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

LUCENTIO.

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

TRANIA.

Brother, it is no time to chide you now;  
If love have touch'd you, nought remains but so:  
See how, you look'd so longly on the maid.  
Perhaps you mark'd not what's the pith of all.

LUCENTIO.

O, yes, I saw sweet beauty in her face,  
That made great Jove to humble him to her hand,  
When with his knees he kiss'd the Cretan strand.

TRANIA.

Saw you no more? Mark'd you not the sister.

LUCENTIO.

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

TRANIA.

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

LUCENTIO.

Ah, Trania, what a cruel mother she!  
But art thou not advis'd the grandmother



1                   And I for my escape will put on hers;  
 2                   For in a quarrel since I came ashore  
 3                   I kill'd a man, and fear I was descried.  
 4                   Will you be her, I charge you, as becomes,  
 5                   While I make way from hence to save my life.  
 6                   You understand me?

7  
 8                   BIONDELLA.  
 9                   I, sir? Ne'er a whit.

10                   LUCENTIO.  
 11                   And not a jot of Trania in your mouth:  
 12                   Trania is chang'd into Lucentio.

13                   BIONDELLA.  
 14                   The better for her; would I were so too!

15                   TRANIA.  
 16                   But, sister, not for my sake but our brothers, I advise  
 17                   You use your manners discreetly in all kind of companies.  
 18                   When I am alone, why, then I am Trania;  
 19                   But in all places else your brother Lucentio.

20                   HORTENSIO ENTERS.

21                   LUCENTIO.  
 22                   Trania, let's go.  
 23                   One thing more rests, that thyself execute-  
 24                   To make one among these wooers. If thou ask me why-  
 25                   Sufficeth, my reasons are both good and weighty.

26                   EXIT TRANIA, LUCENTIO AND BIONDELLA

27                   ENTER PETRUCHIO AND PISANIO.

28                   PETRUCHIO.  
 29                   Where be these knaves? What, no man abroad  
 30                   To hold my stirrup nor to take my horse!

31                   HORTENSIO SEES THEM.

32                   HORTONSIO.  
 33                   How now! My old friend Pisanio and my good friend Petruchio!  
 34                   Tell me now, sweet friends, what happy gale blows you to here  
 35                   from old Verona?

36                   PETRUCHIO.  
 37                   Such wind as scatters young men through the world  
 38                   To seek their fortunes farther than at home,  
 39                   Where small experience grows. But in a few,  
 40                   Seignior Hortensio, thus it stands with me:  
 41                   Antonio, my father, is deceas'd,  
 42                   And I have thrust myself into this maze,  
 43                   Haply to wive and thrive as best I may;  
 44                   Crowns in my purse I have, and goods at home,  
 45                   And so we come abroad to see the world.

46                   HORTONSIO.  
 47                   Petruchio, shall I then come roundly to thee  
 48                   And wish thee to a shrewd ill-favour'd wife?  
 49                   Thou'dst thank me but a little for my counsel,  
 50                   And yet I'll promise thee she shall be rich,

1                   And very rich; but th'art too much my friend,  
2                   And I'll not wish thee to her.

3  
4                   PISANIO.

5                   Seignior Hortensio, 'twixt such friends as we  
6                   Few words suffice; and therefore, if thou know  
7                   One rich enough to be Petruchio's wife,  
8                   Be she as foul as was Florentius' love,  
9                   As old as Sibyl, or as curst and shrewd,  
10                  She'll move him well, or not removes, at least,

11  
12                  PETRUCHIO.

13                  I come to wive it wealthily in Padua;  
14                  If wealthily, then happily in Padua.

15  
16                  PISANIO.

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

21  
22                  HORTONSIO.

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

33  
34                  PISANIO.

35                  Hortensio, peace! thou know'st not gold's effect.

36  
37                  PETRUCHIO.

38                  Tell me her father's name, and 'tis enough;  
39                  For I will board her though she chide as loud  
40                  As thunder when the clouds in autumn crack.

41  
42                  HORTONSIO.

43                  Her mother is the widow Baptista,  
44                  An affable and courteous gentlewoman;  
45                  Her name is Katherina Minola,  
46                  Renown'd in Padua for her scolding tongue.

47  
48                  PETRUCHIO.

49                  I knew her father, though I know not her;  
50                  And he knew my deceased father well.  
51                  I will not rest, Hortensio, till I see her;

52  
53                  PISANIO.

54                  I pray you, sir, let him at her while the humour lasts. O' my word,  
55                  and she knew him as well as I do, she would think scolding would  
56                  do little good upon him. She may perhaps call him half a score  
57                  knaves or so. Why, that's nothing. You know him not, sir.

58  
59                  HORTONSIO.

60                  Tarry, Petruchio, I must go with thee,  
61                  For in Baptista's keep my treasure is.  
62                  She hath the jewel of my life in hold,

1 Her youngest daughter, beautiful Bianca;  
 2 And her withholds from me, and other more,  
 3 Suitors to her and rivals in my love;  
 4 Supposing it a thing impossible-  
 5 For those defects I have before rehears'd-  
 6 That ever Katherine will be woo'd.  
 7 Therefore this order hath her mother ta'en,  
 8 That none shall have access unto Bianca  
 9 Till Katherine the curst have got a husband.

10 PISANIO.

11 Katherine the curst!  
 12 A title for a maid of all titles the worst.

13 HORTONSIO.

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

21 PISANIO.

22 Here's some knavery! Set to beguile the old folks, how the  
 23 young folks lay their heads together!

24 ENTER GREMIO WITH LUCENTIO DISGUISED AS A TEACHER -  
 25 CAMBIO

26 GREMIO.

27 Hark you, see you teach no other lectures to her-  
 28 You understand me- over and beside  
 29 Seignior Gremio's liberality.

30 PISANIO.

31 look about you. Who goes there, ha?

32 HORTONSIO.

33 Peace, Pisanio! It is the rival of my love. Petruchio,  
 34 stand by awhile.

35 THEY STAND ASIDE

36 GREMIO.

37 Write it too,  
 38 And have the paper very well perfum'd;  
 39 For she is sweeter than perfume itself  
 40 To whom they go to. What will you read to her?

41 LUCENTIO.

42 What'er I read to her, I'll plead for you  
 43 As for my patron, stand you so assur'd,  
 44 As firmly as yourself were still in place;  
 45 Yea, and perhaps with more successful words  
 46 Than you, unless you were a scholar, sir.

47 GREMIO.

48 O this learning, what a thing it is!

49 PISANIO.

50 O this peacock, what an ass it is!

1  
2  
3  
4  
5  
6  
7  
8  
9  
10  
11  
12  
13  
14  
15  
16  
17  
18  
19  
20  
21  
22  
23  
24  
25  
26  
27  
28  
29  
30  
31  
32  
33  
34  
35  
36  
37  
38  
39  
40  
41  
42  
43  
44  
45  
46  
47  
48  
49  
50  
51  
52  
53  
54  
55  
56  
57  
58  
59  
60  
61  
62

PETRUCHIO.  
Peace, sirrah!

HORTONSIO.  
Pisanio, mum! [Coming forward]  
God save you, Seignior Gremio!

GREMIO.  
And you are well met, Seignior Hortensio.  
Trow you whither I am here? For Signora Baptista.  
I promis'd to enquire carefully  
About a schoolmaster for the fair Bianca;  
And by good fortune I have lighted well  
On this young man; for learning and behaviour  
Fit for her turn, well read in poetry  
And other books- good ones, I warrant ye.

HORTONSIO.  
'Tis well; and I have met a gentleman  
Hath promis'd me to help me to another,  
A fine musician to instruct our mistress;  
So shall I no whit be behind in duty  
To fair Bianca, so beloved of me.

GREMIO.  
Beloved of me- and that my deeds shall prove.

PISANIO.  
And that his wealth may prove.

HORTONSIO.  
Gremio, 'tis now no time to vent our love.  
Listen to me, and if you speak me fair  
I'll tell you news indifferent good for either.  
Here is a gentleman whom by chance I met,  
Upon agreement from us to his liking,  
Will undertake to woo curst Katherine;  
Yea, and to marry her, if her dowry please.

GREMIO.  
So said, so done, is well.  
Hortensio, have you told him all her faults?

PETRUCHIO.  
I know she is an irksome brawling scold;  
If that be all, masters, I hear no harm.

GREMIO.  
No, say'st me so, friend? What countryman?

PETRUCHIO.  
Born in Verona, old Antonio's son.  
My father dead, my fortune lives for me;  
And I do hope good days and long to see.

GREMIO.  
O Sir, such a life with such a wife were strange!  
But if you have a stomach, to't a God's name;  
You shall have me assisting you in all.  
But will you woo this wild-cat?

1                                   PETRUCHIO.  
2                                   Will I live?  
3  
4                                   PISANIO.  
5                                   Will he woo her? Ay, or he'll hang her.  
6  
7                                   PETRUCHIO.  
8                                   Why came I hither but to that intent?  
9                                   Think you a little din can daunt mine ears?  
10                                   Tush! tush! fear boys with bugs.  
11  
12                                   PISANIO.  
13                                   For he fears none.  
14  
15                                   GREMIO.  
16                                   Hortensio, hark:  
17                                   This gentleman is happily arriv'd,  
18                                   My mind presumes, for his own good and ours.  
19  
20                                   HORTONSIO.  
21                                   I promis'd we would be contributors  
22                                   And bear his charge of wooing, whatsoe'er.  
23  
24                                   GREMIO.  
25                                   And so we will- provided that he win her.  
26  
27                                   PISANIO.  
28                                   I would I were as sure of a good dinner.  
29  
30                                   ENTER TRANIA, DISGUISED AS HER BROTHER LUCENTIO, AND  
31                                   BIONDELLA  
32  
33                                   TRANIA. Gentlemen, God save you! If I may be bold,  
34                                   Tell me, I beseech you, which is the readiest way  
35                                   To the house of Widow Baptista Minola?  
36  
37                                   BIONDELLA.  
38                                   She that has the two fair daughters, brother; is't she you mean?  
39  
40                                   TRANIA.  
41                                   Even so sister.  
42  
43                                   GREMIO.  
44                                   Hark you, sir, you mean not her to woo.  
45  
46                                   TRANIA.  
47                                   Perhaps, sir; what have you to do?  
48  
49                                   PETRUCHIO.  
50                                   Not her that chides, sir, at any hand, I pray.  
51  
52                                   TRANIA.  
53                                   I love no chiders, sir. Biondella, let's away.  
54  
55                                   LUCENTIO.  
56                                   [Aside] Well begun, Trania.  
57  
58                                   HORTONSIO.  
59                                   Sir, a word ere you go.  
60                                   Are you a suitor to the maid you talk of, yea or no?  
61  
62                                   TRANIA.



1 Will not so graceless be to be ingrate.

2

3

HORTONSIO.

4

Sir, you say well, and well you do conceive;

5

And since you do profess to be a suitor,

6

You must, as we do, gratify this gentleman,

7

To whom we all rest generally beholding.

8

9

TRANIA.

10

Sir, I shall not be slack; in sign whereof,

11

Please ye we meet again this afternoon,

12

And quaff carouses to our mistress' health;

13

And do as adversaries do in law-

14

Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.

15

16

PISANIO, O excellent notion!

17

18

BIONDELLA.

19

Till then we'll to our separate ways.

20

21

HORTONSIO.

22

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

23

24

EXIT EVERYONE.

25

Enter KATHERINA and BIANCA

26

27

BIANCA.

28

Good sister, wrong me not, nor wrong yourself,

29

To make a bondmaid and a slave of me-

30

I beg of you; What ere thou'll have me do

31

Unbind my hands, I'll pull them off myself,

32

Yea, all my raiment, to my petticoat;

33

What you will command me will I gladly,

34

So well I know my duty to my elders.

35

36

KATHERINA.

37

Of all thy suitors here I charge thee tell

38

Whom thou lov'st best. See thou dissemble not.

39

40

BIANCA.

41

Believe me, sister, of all the men alive

42

I never yet beheld that special face

43

Which I could fancy more than any other.

44

45

KATHERINA.

46

Minion, thou liest. Is't not Hortensio?

47

48

BIANCA.

49

If you affect him, sister, here I swear

50

I'll plead for you myself but you shall have him.

51

52

KATHERINA.

53

O then, belike, you fancy riches more:

54

You will have Gremio to keep you fair.

55

56

BIANCA.

57

Is it for him you do envy me so?

58

Nay, then you jest; and now I well perceive

59

You have but jested with me all this while.

60

I prithee, sister Kate, untie my hands.

61

62

KATHERINA.

1 [Strikes her] If that be jest, then all the rest was so.  
2  
3 Enter BAPTISTA  
4  
5 BAPTISTA. Why, how now, dame! Whence grows this insolence?  
6 Bianca, stand aside- poor girl! she weeps.  
7 [She unbinds her]  
8 Go ply thy needle; meddle not with her.  
9 For shame, thou hilding of a devilish spirit,  
10 Why dost thou wrong her that did ne'er wrong thee?  
11 When did she cross thee with a bitter word?  
12  
13 KATHERINA.  
14 Her silence flouts me, and I'll be reveng'd.  
15 [Flies after BIANCA]  
16  
17 BAPTISTA.  
18 What, in my sight? Bianca, get thee in.  
19 EXIT BIANCA  
20  
21 KATHERINA.  
22 What, will you not suffer me? Nay, now I see  
23 She is your treasure, she must have a husband;  
24 I must dance bare-foot on her wedding-day,  
25 And for your love to her lead apes in hell.  
26 Talk not to me; I will go sit and weep,  
27 Till I can find occasion of revenge. EXIT KATHERINA  
28  
29 BAPTISTA.  
30 Was ever Mother thus griev'd as I?  
31 But who comes here?  
32  
33 Enter GREMIO, with LUCENTIO disguised as a teacher;  
34 PETRUCHIO, with HORTENSIO as a music teacher;  
35 and TRANIA as LUCENTIO, with BIONDELLA,  
36 bearing a guitar and books  
37  
38 GREMIO.  
39 Good morrow, Signora Baptista.  
40  
41 BAPTISTA.  
42 Good morrow, neighbour Gremio.  
43 God save you, gentlemen!  
44  
45 PETRUCHIO.  
46 And you, good sir! Pray, have you not a daughter  
47 Call'd Katherina, fair and virtuous?  
48  
49 BAPTISTA.  
50 I have a daughter, sir, call'd Katherina.  
51  
52 GREMIO.  
53 You are too blunt; go to it orderly.  
54  
55 PETRUCHIO.  
56 You wrong me, Seignior Gremio; give me leave.  
57 I am a gentleman of Verona, sir,  
58 That, hearing of her beauty and her wit,  
59 Her affability and bashful modesty,  
60 Her wondrous qualities and mild behaviour,  
61 Am bold to show myself a forward guest  
62 Within your house, to make mine eye the witness

1                   Of that report which I so oft have heard.  
 2                   And, for an entrance to my entertainment,  
 3                   I do present you with a man of mine,  
 4   [Presenting HORTENSIO]  
 5                   Cunning in music and the mathematics,  
 6                   To instruct her fully in those sciences,  
 7                   Whereof I know she is not ignorant.  
 8                   Accept of him, or else you do me wrong-  
 9                   His name is Licio, born in Mantua.

10   BAPTISTA.  
 11                   Y'are welcome, sir, and he for your good sake;  
 12                   But for my daughter Katherine, this I know,  
 13                   She is not for your turn, the more my grief.

14   PETRUCHIO.  
 15                   I see you do not mean to part with her;  
 16                   Or else you like not of my company.

17   BAPTISTA.  
 18                   Mistake me not; I speak but as I find.  
 19                   Whence are you, sir? What may I call your name?

20   PETRUCHIO.  
 21                   Petruccio is my name, Antonio's son,  
 22                   A man well known throughout all Italy.

23   BAPTISTA.  
 24                   My husband knew him well; you are welcome for his sake.

25   GREMIO.  
 26                   Saving your tale, Petruccio, I pray,  
 27                   Let us that are poor petitioners speak too.  
 28                   Beware! you are marvellous forward.

29   PETRUCHIO.  
 30                   O, pardon me, Seignior Gremio! I would fain be doing.

31   GREMIO.  
 32                   I doubt it not, sir; but you will curse your wooing.  
 33                   Signora Baptista, I bring a gift of great value, I am sure of it. To  
 34                   express the like kindness, myself, that have been more kindly  
 35                   beholding to you than any, freely give unto you this young scholar  
 36                   [Presenting LUCENTIO] that hath been long studying at Rheims;  
 37                   as cunning in Greek, Latin, and other languages, as the other in  
 38                   music and mathematics. His name is Cambio. Pray accept his  
 39                   service.

40   BAPTISTA.  
 41                   A thousand thanks, Seignior Gremio. Welcome, good Cambio.  
 42                   [To TRANIA] But, gentle sir, methinks you walk like a stranger.  
 43                   May I be so bold to know the cause of your coming?

44   TRANIA.  
 45                   Pardon me, sir, the boldness is mine own  
 46                   That, being a stranger in this city here,  
 47                   Do make myself a suitor to your daughter,  
 48                   Unto Bianca, fair and virtuous.  
 49                   Nor is your firm resolve unknown to me  
 50                   In the preferment of the eldest sister.  
 51                   This liberty is all that I request-  
 52                   That, upon knowledge of my parentage,

1 I may have welcome 'mongst the rest that woo,  
 2 And free access and favour as the rest.  
 3 And toward the education of your daughters  
 4 I here bestow a simple instrument,  
 5 And this small packet of Greek and Latin books.  
 6 If you accept them, then their worth is great.

7  
 8 BAPTISTA.

9 Lucentio is your name? Of whence, I pray?

10  
 11 TRANIA.

12 Of Pisa, sir; son of the widow Vincentia.

13  
 14 BAPTISTA.

15 A worthy dame of Pisa. By report  
 16 I know her well. You are very welcome, sir.  
 17 Take you the guitar, and you the set of books;  
 18 You shall go see your pupils presently.

19  
 20 PETER IS SUMMONED.

21  
 22 Peter!, lead these gentlemen  
 23 To my daughters; and tell them both  
 24 These are their tutors. Bid them use them well.

25  
 26 EXIT PETER LEADING HORTENSIO CARRYING THE  
 27 GUITAR  
 28 AND LUCENTIO WITH THE BOOKS.

29  
 30 We will go walk a little 'bout the town,  
 31 And then to dinner. You are passing welcome,  
 32 And so I pray you all to think yourselves.

33  
 34 PETRUCHIO.

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

42  
 43 BAPTISTA.

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

46  
 47 PETRUCHIO.

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

53  
 54 BAPTISTA.

55 Ay, when the special thing is well obtain'd,  
 56 That is, her love; for that is all in all.

57  
 58 PETRUCHIO.

59 Why, that is nothing; for I tell you, Mother,  
 60 I am as peremptory as she proud-minded;  
 61 And where two raging fires meet together,  
 62 They do consume the thing that feeds their fury.

1                    Though little fire grows great with little wind,  
2                    Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all.  
3                    So I to her, and so she yields to me;  
4                    For I am rough, and woo not like a babe.

5  
6                    BAPTISTA.  
7                    Well mayst thou woo, and happy be thy speed  
8                    But be thou arm'd for some unhappy words.

9  
10                   PETRUCHIO.  
11                   Ay, to the proof, as mountains are for winds,  
12                   That shake not though they blow perpetually.

13  
14                   RE-ENTER HORTENSIO, HOLDING HIS HEAD

15  
16                   BAPTISTA.  
17                   How now, my friend! Why dost thou look so pale?

18  
19                   HORTONSIO.  
20                   For fear, I promise you, if I look pale.

21  
22                   BAPTISTA.  
23                   What, will my Katherine prove a good musician?

24  
25                   HORTONSIO.  
26                   I think she'll sooner prove a soldier:  
27                   Iron may hold with her, but ne'r guitar.

28  
29                   BAPTISTA.  
30                   Why, then thou canst not break her to guitar?

31  
32                   HORTONSIO.  
33                   Why, no; for she broke the guitar on me.  
34                   I did but tell her she mistook her frets,  
35                   And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering,  
36                   When, with a most impatient devilish spirit,  
37                   'Frets, call you these?' quoth she 'I'll fume with them.'  
38                   And with that word she struck me on the head,  
39                   And through the instrument my pate made way;  
40                   And there I stood amazed for a while,  
41                   As on a pillory, looking through the instrument,  
42                   While she did call me rascal fiddler  
43                   And twangling Jack, with twenty such vile terms,  
44                   As she had studied to misuse me so.

45  
46                   PETRUCHIO.  
47                   Now, by the world, it is a lusty wench;  
48                   I love her ten times more than e'er I did.  
49                   O, how I long to have some chat with her!

50  
51                   BAPTISTA.  
52                   Well, wait thou here, (TO HORTENSIO) and be not so discomfited;  
53                   Proceed in practice with my younger daughter;  
54                   She's apt to learn, and thankful for good turns. Seignior Petruchio,  
55                   I shall send my daughter Kate out here to you?

56  
57                   EXIT all but PETRUCHIO

58  
59                   PETRUCHIO.  
60                   I pray you do. I'll attend her here,  
61                   And woo her with some spirit when she comes.  
62                   Say that she rail; why, then I'll tell her plain

1                   She sings as sweetly as a nightingale.  
 2           Say that she frown; I'll say she looks as clear  
 3           As morning roses newly wash'd with dew.  
 4           Say she be mute, and will not speak a word;  
 5           Then I'll commend her volubility,  
 6           And say she uttereth piercing eloquence.  
 7           If she do bid me pack, I'll give her thanks,  
 8           As though she bid me stay by her a week;  
 9           If she deny to wed, I'll crave the day  
 10          When I shall ask the banns, and when be married.  
 11          But here she comes; So now, Petruccio, speak.

12   Enter KATHERINA

13  
14  
15           Good morrow, Kate- for that's your name, I hear.

16   KATHERINA.

17  
18          Well have you heard, but something hard of hearing:  
19           They call me Katherine that do talk of me.

20   PETRUCHIO.

21  
22          You lie, in faith, for you are call'd plain Kate,  
23          And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst;  
24          But, Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom,  
25          Kate of Kate Hall, my super-dainty Kate,  
26          For dainties are all Kates, and therefore, Kate,  
27          Take this of me, Kate of my consolation-  
28          Hearing thy mildness prais'd in every town,  
29          Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded,  
30          Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs,  
31          Myself am mov'd to woo thee for my wife.

32   KATHERINA.

33  
34          Mov'd! in good time! Let him that mov'd you hither  
35           Remove you hence.

36   PETRUCHIO.

37  
38          Alas, good Kate, I will not burden thee!  
39          For, knowing thee to be but young and light-

40   KATHERINA.

41  
42          Too light for such a swain as you to catch;  
43          And yet as heavy as my weight should be.

44   PETRUCHIO.

45  
46          Come, come, you wasp; i' faith, you are too angry.

47   KATHERINA.

48  
49          If I be waspish, best beware my sting.

50   PETRUCHIO.

51  
52          My remedy is then to pluck it out.

53   KATHERINA.

54  
55          Ay, if a fool could find it where it lies.

56   PETRUCHIO.

57  
58          Who knows not where a wasp does wear his sting?  
59           In his tail.

60   KATHERINA.

61  
62          In his tongue.

1  
2                   PETRUCHIO.  
3                   Whose tongue?  
4  
5                   KATHERINA.  
6                   Yours, if you talk of tales; and so farewell.  
7  
8                   PETRUCHIO.  
9                   What, with my tongue in your tail? Nay, come again,  
10                  Good Kate; I am a gentleman.  
11  
12                  KATHERINA.  
13                  That I'll try.                   [She strikes him]  
14  
15                  PETRUCHIO.  
16                  I swear I'll cuff you, if you strike again.  
17  
18                  KATHERINA.  
19                  So may you lose your arms.  
20  
21                  PETRUCHIO.  
22                  Nay, come, Kate, come; you must not look so sour.  
23  
24                  KATHERINA.  
25                  It is my fashion, when I see a crab.  
26  
27                  PETRUCHIO.  
28                  Why, here's no crab; and therefore look not sour.  
29  
30                  KATHERINA.  
31                  There is, there is.  
32  
33                  PETRUCHIO.  
34                  Then show it me.  
35  
36                  KATHERINA.  
37                  Had I a glass I would.  
38  
39                  PETRUCHIO.  
40                  What, you mean my face?  
41  
42                  KATHERINA.  
43                  Well aim'd of such a young one.  
44  
45                  PETRUCHIO.  
46                  Now, by Saint George, I am too young for you.  
47  
48                  KATHERINA.  
49                  Yet you are wither'd.  
50  
51                  PETRUCHIO.  
52                  'Tis with cares.  
53  
54                  KATHERINA.  
55                  I care not.  
56  
57                  PETRUCHIO.  
58                  Nay, hear you, Kate- in sooth, you scape not so.  
59  
60                  KATHERINA.  
61                  I chafe you, if I tarry; let me go.  
62

1                                   PETRUCHIO.  
 2                   No, not a whit; I find you passing gentle.  
 3           'Twas told me you were rough, and coy, and sullen,  
 4                   And now I find report a very liar;  
 5           For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous,  
 6           But slow in speech, yet sweet as springtime flowers.  
 7           Why does the world report that Kate doth limp?  
 8           O sland'rous world! Kate like the hazel-twig  
 9           Is straight and slender, and as brown in hue  
 10           As hazel-nuts, and sweeter than the kernels.  
 11           O, let me see thee walk. Thou dost not halt.

12  
 13                                   KATHERINA.  
 14           Go, fool, and whom thou keep'st command.

15  
 16                                   PETRUCHIO.  
 17           Did ever Dian so become a grove  
 18           As Kate this place here with her princely gait?  
 19           O, be thou Dian, and let her be Kate;  
 20           And then let Kate be chaste, and Dian sportful!

21  
 22                                   KATHERINA.  
 23           Where did you study all this goodly speech?

24  
 25                                   PETRUCHIO.  
 26           It is extempore, from my mother wit.

27  
 28                                   KATHERINA.  
 29           A witty mother! witless else her son.

30  
 31                                   PETRUCHIO.  
 32           Am I not wise?

33  
 34                                   KATHERINA.  
 35           Yes, keep you warm.

36  
 37                                   PETRUCHIO.  
 38           Marry, so I mean, sweet Katherine, in thy bed.  
 39           And therefore, setting all this chat aside,  
 40           Thus in plain terms: your mother hath consented  
 41           That you shall be my wife your dowry greed on;  
 42           And will you, nill you, I will marry you.  
 43           Now, Kate, I am a husband for your turn;  
 44           For, by this light, whereby I see thy beauty,  
 45           Thy beauty that doth make me like thee well,  
 46           Thou must be married to no man but me;  
 47           For I am he am born to tame you, Kate,  
 48           And bring you from a wild Kate to a Kate  
 49           Conformable as other household Kates.

50  
 51                                   Re-enter BAPTISTA, GREMIO, and TRANIA  
 52  
 53           Here comes your mother. Never make denial;  
 54           I must and will have Katherine to my wife.

55  
 56                                   BAPTISTA.  
 57           Now, Seignior Petruchio, how speed you with my daughter?

58  
 59                                   PETRUCHIO.  
 60           How but well, m'am? how but well?  
 61           It were impossible I should speed amiss.  
 62

1  
2  
3  
4  
5  
6  
7  
8  
9  
10  
11  
12  
13  
14  
15  
16  
17  
18  
19  
20  
21  
22  
23  
24  
25  
26  
27  
28  
29  
30  
31  
32  
33  
34  
35  
36  
37  
38  
39  
40  
41  
42  
43  
44  
45  
46  
47  
48  
49  
50  
51  
52  
53  
54  
55  
56  
57  
58  
59  
60  
61  
62

BAPTISTA.

Why, how now, daughter Katherine, in your dumps?

KATHERINA.

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

PETRUCHIO.

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

KATHERINA.

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

GREMIO.

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

TRANIA.

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

PETRUCHIO.

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

BAPTISTA.

I know not what to say; but give me your hands.  
God send you joy, Petruchio! 'Tis a match.

GREMIO.

Amen, say we; we will be witnesses.

PETRUCHIO.

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

PETRUCHIO AND KATHERINA LEAVE SEPARATELY

GREMIO.

1                   Was ever match clapp'd up so suddenly?  
 2                   But now, Signora, to your younger daughter:  
 3                   Now is the day we long have looked for;  
 4                   I am your neighbour, and was suitor first.

5  
 6                   TRANIA.  
 7                   And I am one that love Bianca more.  
 8                   No words can witness nor no thoughts can guess.

9  
 10                  GREMIO.  
 11                  So new arrived, thou canst not love so dear as I.

12  
 13                  TRANIA.  
 14                  They that love grows frozen with delay

15  
 16                  GREMIO.  
 17                  But thine doth fry.  
 18                  Skipper, stand back; 'tis time that nourisheth.

19  
 20                  TRANIA.  
 21                  But passion in maid's eyes that flourisheth.

22  
 23                  BAPTISTA.  
 24                  Content you, gentlemen; I will compound this strife.  
 25                  'Tis deeds must win the prize, and he of both  
 26                  That can assure my daughter greatest dower  
 27                  Shall have my Bianca's love.  
 28                  Say, Seignior Gremio, what can you assure her?

29  
 30                  GREMIO.  
 31                  First, as you know, my house within the city  
 32                  Is richly furnished with plate and gold,  
 33                  Basins and ewers to lave her dainty hands;  
 34                  My hangings all of Tyrian tapestry;  
 35                  In ivory coffer I have stuff'd my crowns;  
 36                  In cypress chests my arras counterpoints,  
 37                  Fine linen, Turkey cushions boss'd with pearl,  
 38                  Valance of Venice gold in needle-work;  
 39                  Pewter and brass, and all things that belongs  
 40                  To house or housekeeping. Then at my farm  
 41                  I have a hundred milch-kine to the pail,  
 42                  Six score fat oxen standing in my stalls,  
 43                  And all things answerable to this portion.  
 44                  All this in revenue and bond is hers,  
 45                  If whilst I live she will be only mine.

46  
 47                  TRANIA.  
 48                  That 'only' came well in. Sir, list to me:  
 49                  I am my mother's heir and only son;  
 50                  If I may have your daughter to my wife,  
 51                  I'll leave her houses three or four as good  
 52                  Within rich Pisa's walls as any one  
 53                  That Seignior Gremio has in Padua;  
 54                  Besides two thousand ducats by the year  
 55                  Of fruitful land, all which shall be her jointure.  
 56                  What, have I pinch'd you, Seignior Gremio?

57  
 58                  GREMIO.  
 59                  Two thousand ducats by the year of land!  
 60                  [Aside] My land amounts not to so much in all.-

61  
 62                  GREMIO.

1 Nay, I have off'red all; I have no more;  
 2 And she can have no more than all I have;  
 3 If you like me, she shall have me and mine.  
 4

5 TRANIA.

6 Why, then the maid is mine from all the world  
 7 By your firm promise; Gremio is out-vied.  
 8

9 BAPTISTA.

10 I must confess your offer is the best;  
 11 So if your Mother give her blessing on't  
 12 Bianca's yours. Well, gentlemen,  
 13 I am thus resolv'd: on Sunday next you know  
 14 My daughter Katherine is to be married;  
 15 Now, on the Sunday following shall Bianca  
 16 Be bride to you if parent's give assent;  
 17 If not, to Seignior Gremio.  
 18 And so I take my leave, and thank you both.  
 19

20 GREMIO.

21 Adieu, good neighbour. EXIT BAPTISTA  
 22 Mark well, I fear thee not, thou gamester,  
 23 This fine Italian fox is not so kind, my boy.  
 24 EXIT GREMIO  
 25

26 TRANIA.

27 Yet I have fac'd it with a card of ten.  
 28 'Tis in my head to do my brother good:  
 29 Now, here's a wonder - mothers commonly  
 30 Do get their children; but in this case of wooing  
 31 A child shall get a dam, if I fail not of my cunning.  
 32 EXIT  
 33

34 ENTER LUCENTIO AS THE TEACHER CAMBIO, HORTENSIO AS  
 35 THE MUSIC TEACHER LICIO, AND BIANCA  
 36

37 LUCENTIO. Musician, forbear; you grow too forward, sir.  
 38 Have you so soon forgot the entertainment  
 39 Her sister Katherine welcome'd you withal?  
 40

41 HORTENSIO. But, wrangling pedant, this is  
 42 The patroness of heavenly harmony.  
 43 Then give me leave to have prerogative;  
 44 And when in music we have spent an hour,  
 45 Your lecture shall have leisure for as much.  
 46

47 LUCENTIO. Preposterous ass, that never read so far  
 48 To know the cause why music was ordain'd!  
 49 Was it not to refresh the mind of man  
 50 After his studies or his usual pain?  
 51 Then give me leave to read philosophy,  
 52 And while I pause serve in your harmony.  
 53

54 HORTONSIO.

55 Sirrah, I will not bear these braves of thine.  
 56

57 BIANCA.

58 Why, gentlemen, you do me double wrong  
 59 To strive for that which resteth in my choice.  
 60 I am no breeching scholar in the schools,  
 61 I'll not be tied to hours nor 'pointed times,  
 62 But learn my lessons as I please myself.

1                   And to cut off all strife: here sit we down;  
2                   Take you your instrument, play you the whiles!  
3                   His lecture will be done ere you have tun'd.  
4  
5                   HORTONSIO.  
6                   You'll leave his lecture when I am in tune?  
7  
8                   LUCENTIO.  
9                   That will be never- tune your instrument.  
10  
11                  BIANCA.  
12                  Where left we last?  
13  
14                  LUCENTIO.  
15                  Here, madam:  
16                  'Hic ibat Simois, hic est Sigeia tellus,  
17                  Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis.'  
18  
19                  BIANCA.  
20                  Construe them.  
21  
22                  LUCENTIO.  
23                  'Hic ibat' as I told you before- 'Simois' I am Lucentio- 'hic est' son  
24                  unto Vincenia of Pisa- 'Sigeia tellus' disguised thus to get your  
25                  love- 'Hic steterat' and that Lucentio that comes a-wooing- 'Priami'  
26                  is my sister Trania- 'regia' bearing my port- 'celsa senis' that we  
27                  might beguile my rivals.  
28  
29                  HORTONSIO.  
30                  Madam, my instrument's in tune.  
31  
32                  BIANCA.  
33                  Let's hear. O fie! the treble jars.  
34  
35                  LUCENTIO.  
36                  Spit in the hole, man, and tune again.  
37  
38                  BIANCA.  
39                  Now let me see if I can construe it: 'Hic ibat Simois' I know you  
40                  not- 'hic est Sigeia tellus' I trust you not- 'Hic  
41                  steterat Priami' take heed he hear us not- 'regia' presume not-  
42                  'celsa senis' despair not.  
43  
44                  HORTONSIO.  
45                  Madam, 'tis now in tune.  
46  
47                  LUCENTIO.  
48                  All but the bass.  
49  
50                  HORTONSIO.  
51                  The bass is right; 'tis the base knave that jars.  
52                  [Aside] How fiery and forward our scholar is!  
53                  Now, for my life, the knave doth court Bianca.  
54                  Pedascule, I'll watch you better yet.  
55  
56                  HORTONSIO.  
57                  [To LUCENTIO] You may go walk and give me leave  
58                  awhile; My lessons make no music in three Parts.  
59  
60                  LUCENTIO.  
61                  Are you so formal, sir? Well, I must wait,  
62                  [Aside] And watch withal; for, but I be deceiv'd,

1 Our fine musician groweth amorous.

2

3

HORTONSIO.

4

Madam, before you touch the instrument

5

To learn the order of my fingering,

6

And there it is in writing fairly drawn.

7

8

BIANCA.

9

Why, I am past this lesson long ago.

10

11

HORTONSIO.

12

Yet read the lesson of Hortensio.

13

14

BIANCA.

15

[Reads]

16

"do" I am, the ground of all accord-

17

"re" to plead Hortensio's passion-

18

"mi" Bianca, take him for thy lord-

19

"fa" that loves with all affection-

20

"so" one clef, two notes have I-

21

"la" show pity or I die.'

22

23

PETER ENTERS

24

25

26

PETER.

27

Mistress, your father prays you leave your books

28

And help to dress your sister's chamber up.

29

You know to-morrow is the wedding-day.

30

31

BIANCA.

32

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

33

34

EXIT BIANCA AND PETER

35

36

LUCENTIO.

37

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

38

EXIT

39

HORTONSIO.

40

But I have cause to pry into this rogue;

41

Methinks he looks as though he were in love.

42

Yet if thy thoughts, Bianca, be so humble

43

To cast thy wand'ring eyes as low as he -

44

Good luck to you. If thus I find thee ranging,

45

My love, you'll find, inconstant too in changing.

46

EXIT

47

48

END OF SCENE 1

49

50

SCENE 2.

51

52

THE WEDDING DAY.

53

54

IN THE DARKNESS.

55

56

PETER.

57

Where's the cook? Is supper ready, the house trimm'd, rushes

58

strew'd, cobwebs swept, the serving-men in their new fustian,

59

their white stockings, and every officer his wedding-garment on?

60

Be the jacks fair within, the jills fair without, the carpets laid, and

61

everything in order?

62

1 WEDDING GUESTS. All ready;  
2

3 LIGHTS UP ON THE WEDDING GUESTS WAITING FOR  
4 PETRUCHIO: BAPTISTA, GREMIO, TRANIA as LUCENTIO,  
5 KATHERINA, BIANCA, LUCENTIO as CAMBIO, and ATTENDANTS  
6

7 SILENCE. AFTER A WHILE:  
8

9 LUCIANA.

10 [To TRANIA] Seignior Lucentio, this is the 'pointed day My grand  
11 daughter and Petruchio should be married,  
12

13 BAPTISTA.

14 And yet we hear not of our son-in-law.  
15

16 LAVINIA.

17 What will be said? What mockery will it be  
18 To want the bridegroom when the priest attends  
19 To speak the ceremonial rites of marriage!  
20

21 LUCIANA.

22 What says Lucentio to this shame of ours?  
23

24 KATHERINA.

25 No shame but mine; I must, forsooth, be forc'd  
26 To give my hand, oppos'd against my heart,  
27 Unto a mad-brain rudesby, full of spleen,  
28 Who woo'd in haste and means to wed at leisure.  
29

30 LAVINIA.

31 I told you, I, he was a frantic fool,  
32 Hiding his bitter jests in blunt behaviour;  
33

34 SLENDER.

35 And, to be noted for a merry man,  
36 He'll woo a thousand, 'point the day of marriage,  
37 Make friends invited, and proclaim the banns;  
38

39 LAVINIA.

40 Yet never means to wed where he hath woo'd.  
41

42 LUCETTA.

43 Now must the world point at poor Katherine,  
44 And say 'Lo, there is mad Petruchio's wife,  
45

46 LAVINIA.

47 If it would please him come and marry her!  
48

49 TRANIA.

50 Patience, good Katherine, and mother too.  
51 Upon my life, Petruchio means but well,  
52 Wait thou for him in the chappel here  
53 Whatever fortune stays him from his word.  
54 Though he be blunt, I know him passing wise;  
55 Though he be merry, yet withal he's honest.  
56

57 KATHERINA.

58 Would Katherine had never seen him though!  
59

60 KATHERINA IN TEARS AND BIANCA ENTER THE CHURCH  
61

62 BAPTISTA.

1                   Go, girl, I cannot blame thee now to weep,  
2                   For such an injury would vex a very saint;

3  
4                   LAVINIA.  
5                   Much more a shrew of thy impatient humour.

6  
7                   Enter BIONDELLA  
8  
9                   Masters, masters! News, and such news as you never heard of!

10  
11                   SLENDER.  
12                   How may that be?

13  
14                   BIONDELLA.  
15                   Why, is it not news to hear of Petruchio's coming?

16  
17                   SLENDER.  
18                   Is he come?

19  
20                   BIONDELLA.  
21                   Why, no, sir.

22  
23                   SLENDER.  
24                   What then?

25  
26                   BIONDELLA.  
27                   He is coming.

28  
29                   LAVINIA.  
30                   When will he be here?

31  
32                   BIONDELLA.  
33                   When he stands where I am and sees you there.

34  
35                   LUCETTA.  
36                   But, say, what is his news to keep him from us thus?

37  
38                   BIONDELLA.  
39                   Why, Petruchio is coming - but unlike any bride groom that e'er I  
40                   saw.

41  
42                   BAPTISTA.  
43                   Who comes with him?

44  
45                   BIONDELLA.  
46                   None but seignior Pisanio,

47  
48                   BAPTISTA.  
49                   I am glad our Groom has come, howsoe'er he comes.

50  
51                   ENTER PETRUCHIO AND PISANIO RIDICULOUSLY DRESSED

52  
53                   PETRUCHIO.  
54                   Come, where be these gallants? Who's at home?

55  
56                   BAPTISTA.  
57                   You are welcome, sir.

58  
59                   PETRUCHIO.  
60                   And yet I come not well.

61  
62                   TRANIA.

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

2

3

PETRUCHIO.

4

It is it better, I should wed in thus.

5

But where is Kate? Where is my lovely bride?

6

How does my mother? Neighbours, methinks you frown;

7

And wherefore gaze this goodly company

8

As if they saw some wondrous monument,

9

Some comet or unusual prodigy?

10

11

LAVINIA.

12

Why, sir, you know this is your wedding-day.

13

14

LUCETTA.

15

First were we sad, fearing you would not come;

16

Now sadder, that you come so unprovided.

17

18

SLENDER.

19

Fie, doff this habit, shame to your estate,

20

An eye-sore to our solemn festival!

21

22

LAVINIA.

23

And tell us what occasion of import

24

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

25

And sent you hither so unlike yourself?

26

27

PETRUCHIO.

28

Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to hear;

29

Sufficeth I am come to keep my word,

30

Though in some part enforced to digress,

31

Which at more leisure I will so excuse

32

As you shall well be satisfied withal.

33

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

34

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

35

36

SLENDER.

37

See not your bride in these unreverent robes;

38

39

GREMIO.

40

Go to my lodgings, put on clothes of mine.

41

42

PETRUCHIO.

43

Not I, believe me; thus I'll visit her.

44

45

BAPTISTA.

46

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

47

48

PETRUCHIO.

49

Good sooth, even thus; therefore ha' done with words;

50

To me she's married, not unto my clothes.

51

But what a fool am I to chat with you,

52

When I should bid good-morrow to my bride

53

54

BAPTISTA.

55

She waits upon you sir within the Church

56

57

PETRUCHIO.

58

Then let us make fair Kate a wife

59

And seal the title with a lovely kiss!

60

61

EXIT PETRUCHIO

62

1  
2  
3  
4  
5  
6  
7  
8  
9  
10  
11  
12  
13  
14  
15  
16  
17  
18  
19  
20  
21  
22  
23  
24  
25  
26  
27  
28  
29  
30  
31  
32  
33  
34  
35  
36  
37  
38  
39  
40  
41  
42  
43  
44  
45  
46  
47  
48  
49  
50  
51  
52  
53  
54  
55  
56  
57  
58  
59  
60  
61  
62

PISANIO.

He hath some meaning in his mad attire.

LAVINIA.

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

EVERYONE EXITS INTO THE CHURCH EXCEPT TRANIA AND  
LUCENTIO

TRANIA.

(TO LUCENTIO) But to Bianca. 'Tis her love concerneth us and how  
to win her mother's blessing; which to bring to pass,  
as I before imparted to you brother, I am to get a dame- whate'er  
she be - it skills not much; we'll fit her to our turn-  
And she shall act our mother come from Pisa, And make assurance  
here in Padua of greater sums than I have promised. So shall you  
quietly enjoy your hope and marry sweet Bianca with consent.

LUCENTIO.

Were it not that my fellow schoolmaster  
Doth watch Bianca's steps so narrowly.  
'Twere good, methinks, to steal our marriage;

TRANIA.

That by degrees we mean to look into  
And watch our vantage in this business;  
We'll over-reach the cock sure, Gremio,  
The narrow-prying avaricious mother,  
The quaint musician, amorous Hortensio -  
All for my brother's sake, Lucentio.

Re-enter NEIGHBOURS

Good neighbours, came you from the church?

LAVINIA.

As willingly as e'er I came from school.

TRANIA.

And is the bride and bridegroom coming home?

SLENDER.

A bridegroom, say you?

LUCETTA.

'Tis a groom indeed,

LAVINIA.

A grumbling groom, and that the girl shall find.

TRANIA.

Curster than she? Why, 'tis impossible.

SLENDER.

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

TRANIA.

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

GREMIO.

Tut, she's a lamb, a dove, a fool, to him!

1  
2  
3  
4  
5  
6  
7  
8  
9  
10  
11  
12  
13  
14  
15  
16  
17  
18  
19  
20  
21  
22  
23  
24  
25  
26  
27  
28  
29  
30  
31  
32  
33  
34  
35  
36  
37  
38  
39  
40  
41  
42  
43  
44  
45  
46  
47  
48  
49  
50  
51  
52  
53  
54  
55  
56  
57  
58  
59  
60  
61  
62

    SLENDER.

    I'll tell you, Sir Lucentio: when the priest  
Should ask if Katherine should be his wife,  
    'Ay, by gogs-wouns' quoth he.

    LUCETTA.

    And swore so loud  
That, all amaz'd, the priest let fall the book;

    LAVINIA.

    And as he stoop'd again to take it up,  
This mad-brain'd bridegroom took him such a cuff  
That down fell priest and book, and book and priest.  
    'Now take them up,' quoth he 'if any list.'

    TRANIA.

    What said the wench, when he rose again?

    SLENDER.

    Trembled and shook, for why he stamp'd and swore  
As if the vicar meant to cozen him.

    LAVINIA.

    But after many ceremonies done  
He calls for wine: 'A health!' quoth he, as if  
He had been abroad, carousing to his mates  
    After a storm; quaff'd off the muscadel,  
And threw the sops all in the sexton's face,

    SLENDER.

    Having no other reason But that his beard grew thin and hungerly  
and seem'd to ask him sops as he was drinking.

    LUCETTA.

    This done, he took the bride about the neck,  
And kiss'd her lips with such a clamorous smack  
That at the parting all the church did echo.

    LAVINIA.

    And I, seeing this, came thence for very shame;  
And after me, I know, the rout is coming.

    SLENDER.

    Such a mad marriage never was before.

ENTER PETRUCHIO, KATHERINA, BIANCA, BAPTISTA,  
HORTENSIO, AND PISANIO

    PETRUCHIO.

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

    BAPTISTA.

    Is't possible you will away to-night?

    PETRUCHIO.

    I must away to-day before night come.  
Make it no wonder; if you knew my business,  
You would entreat me rather go than stay.

1                   And, honest company, I thank you all  
 2                   That have beheld me give away myself  
 3                   To this most patient, sweet, and virtuous wife.  
 4                   Dine with our family, drink a health to us  
 5                   But we must hence; and farewell to you all.

6  
 7                   TRANIA.

8                   Let us entreat you stay till after dinner.

9  
 10                  PETRUCHIO.

11                 It may not be.

12  
 13                  GREMIO.

14                 Let me entreat you.

15  
 16                  PETRUCHIO.

17                 It cannot be.

18  
 19                  KATHERINA.

20                 Let me entreat you.

21  
 22                  PETRUCHIO.

23                 I am content.

24  
 25                  KATHERINA.

26                 Are you content to stay?

27  
 28                  PETRUCHIO.

29                 I am content you shall entreat me stay;  
 30                 But yet not stay, entreat me how you can.

31  
 32                  KATHERINA.

33                 Now, if you love me, stay.

34  
 35                  PETRUCHIO.

36                 My friends, farewell.

37  
 38                  KATHERINA.

39                 Nay, then,

40                 Do what thou canst, I will not go to-day;  
 41                 No, nor to-morrow, not till I please myself.  
 42                 The road is that way, sir; we wish you well;  
 43                 For me, I'll not be gone till I please myself.

44  
 45                  PETRUCHIO.

46                 O Kate, content thee; prithe be not angry.

47  
 48                  KATHERINA.

49                 I will be angry; what hast thou to do?  
 50                 Mother, be quiet; he shall stay my leisure.

51  
 52                  GREMIO.

53                 Ay, marry, sir, now it begins to work.

54  
 55                  KATHERINA.

56                 Gentlemen, bring forth the bridal dinner.

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

59  
 60                  PETRUCHIO.

61                 forgive my bonny Kate, she must with me.  
 62                 Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret;

1 I will be master of what is mine own-  
 2 She is my goods, my chattels, she is my house,  
 3 My household stuff, my field, my barn,  
 4 My horse, my ox, my ass, my any thing,  
 5 And here she stands; touch her whoever dare;  
 6 I'll bring mine action on the proudest he  
 7 That stops my way in Padua. Pisanio,  
 8 Draw forth thy blade; we are beset with thieves;  
 9 Fear not, sweet wench; they shall not touch thee, Kate;  
 10 I'll fight for thee against a million.  
 11 But they shall go forward, Kate, at thy command.  
 12 Obey the bride, you that attend on her;  
 13 bring out the feast, revel and domineer,  
 14 Carouse full measure to her maidenhead;  
 15 Be mad and merry, or go hang yourselves.

16  
17 THE FOOD IS BROUGHT AND EVERYONE SITS DOWN TO EAT

18  
19 Be merry, Kate. Some water, here, what, ho!

20  
21 PETER BRINGS WATER.

22  
23 Where's my spaniel Troilus? My cousin Ferdinand?  
 24 Where are my slippers? Shall I have some water?  
 25 Come, Kate, and drink, and welcome heartily.

26  
27 PETER DROPS THE WATER.

28  
29 You whoreson villain! will you let it fall? [STRIKES HIM]

30  
31 KATHERINA.

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

33  
34 PETRUCHIO.

35 A whoreson, beetle-headed, flap-ear'd knave!  
 36 Come, Kate, sit down; I know you have a stomach.  
 37 Will you give thanks, sweet Kate, or else shall I?  
 38 What's this? Supper?

39  
40 PETER.

41 Ay.

42  
43 PETRUCHIO.

44 Who brought it?

45  
46 PETER.

47 I.

48  
49 PETRUCHIO.

50 'Tis burnt; and so is all the meat.  
 51 What dogs are these? Where is the rascal cook?  
 52 How durst you villain bring it from the dresser  
 53 And serve it thus to me that love it not?  
 54 There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all;

55  
56 [PETRUCHIO THROWS THE MEAT, ETC.,]

57  
58 You heedless jolthead and unmanner'd slave!

59  
60 TO THE GUESTS.

61  
62 What, do you grumble? I'll be with you straight.

1  
2  
3  
4  
5  
6  
7  
8  
9  
10  
11  
12  
13  
14  
15  
16  
17  
18  
19  
20  
21  
22  
23  
24  
25  
26  
27  
28  
29  
30  
31  
32  
33  
34  
35  
36  
37  
38  
39  
40  
41  
42  
43  
44  
45  
46  
47  
48  
49  
50  
51  
52  
53  
54  
55  
56  
57  
58  
59  
60  
61  
62

GUESTS EXIT.

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

PETRUCHIO.

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

EXIT KATE AND PETRUCHIO

THE GUESTS NERVOUSLY RETURN.

BAPTISTA.

Didst ever see the like?

GREMIO.

He'll kill her in her own humour.

SLENDER.

He is the very devil?

TRANIA.

Where is he?

LAVINIA.

(LOOKING AFTER THEM.) Almost to his lodgings. Making a  
sermon of continency to her, and rails, and swears, and rates, that  
she, poor soul, knows not what to do and stares as one new risen  
from a dream.

BLACKOUT.

SCENE 3.

PETRUCHIO ALONE

PETRUCHIO. Thus have I politicly begun my reign,  
And 'tis my hope to end successfully.  
She eat no meat to-day, nor none shall eat;  
Tonight she sleepeth not, nor tomorrow she shall not;  
As with the meat, some undeserved fault  
I'll find about the making of the bed;  
And here I'll fling the pillow, there the bolster,  
This way the coverlet, another way the sheets;  
Ay, and amid this hurly I intend  
That all is done in reverend care of her-  
And, in conclusion, she shall watch all night;  
And if she chance to nod I'll rail and brawl  
And with the clamour keep her still awake.  
This is a way to kill a wife with kindness,  
And thus I'll curb her mad and headstrong humour.  
He that knows better how to tame a shrew,  
Now let him speak; 'tis charity to show.                   EXIT

1  
2  
3  
4  
5  
6  
7  
8  
9  
10  
11  
12  
13  
14  
15  
16  
17  
18  
19  
20  
21  
22  
23  
24  
25  
26  
27  
28  
29  
30  
31  
32  
33  
34  
35  
36  
37  
38  
39  
40  
41  
42  
43  
44  
45  
46  
47  
48  
49  
50  
51  
52  
53  
54  
55  
56  
57  
58  
59  
60  
61  
62

BLACKOUT.

SCENE 4.

THE NEXT DAY.

TRANIA AS LUCENTIO, AND HORTENSIO AS MUSIC TEACHER,  
LICIO

TRANIA. Is 't possible, friend Licio, that Mistress Bianca  
Doth fancy any other then myself?  
I tell you, sir, she bears me fair in hand.

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

[THEY STAND ASIDE]

(ENTER BIANCA, AND LUCENTIO DISGUISED AS HER  
TEACHER)

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

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

LUCENTIO.  
I read that I profess, 'The Art to Love.'

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

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

[THEY KISS]

HORTONSIO.  
Quick proceeders, marry! Now tell me, I pray,  
You that durst swear that your Mistress Bianca  
Lov'd none in the world so well as yourself.

TRANIA.  
O despiteful love! unconstant womankind!  
I tell thee, music teacher this is ill.

HORTONSIO.  
Mistake no more; I am not the  
Music teacher that I seem to be;  
But one that scorn to live in this disguise  
Know, sir, that I am call'd Hortensio.

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



1  
2  
3  
4  
5  
6  
7  
8  
9  
10  
11  
12  
13  
14  
15  
16  
17  
18  
19  
20  
21  
22  
23  
24  
25  
26  
27  
28  
29  
30  
31  
32  
33  
34  
35  
36  
37  
38  
39  
40  
41  
42  
43  
44  
45  
46  
47  
48  
49  
50  
51  
52  
53  
54  
55  
56  
57  
58  
59  
60  
61  
62

BIANCA MOVES OUT OF HEARING.

ENTER BIONDELLA

BIONDELLA. Sister, sister, I have watch'd so long  
That I am dog-weary; but at last I spied  
A beggar woman coming down the hill  
Will serve our counterfeit I think.  
In gait and countenance she is surely like our mother.

LUCENTIO.

And what of her, Trania?

TRANIA.

If she be credulous and trust my tale,  
I'll make her glad to play our mother,  
And give assurance to Signora Baptista  
As if she were the real Vincentia.  
Take in your love, and then let me alone.

EXIT LUCENTIO and BIANCA

Enter ADRIANA, A BEGGAR

ADRIANA.

Alms, alms for a poor beggar woman, I prey you.

TRANIA.

Here and willingly. (GIVES MONEY)

ADRIANA.

God save you, sir!

TRANIA.

And you, mistress; you are welcome.  
Travel you far on, or are you at the farthest?

ADRIANA.

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

TRANIA.

Of what country are you, I pray?

ADRIANA.

Of Mantua.

TRANIA.

Of Mantua, say you? Marry, God forbid,  
And come to Padua, careless of your life!

ADRIANA.

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

TRANIA.

'Tis death for any one in Mantua  
To beg here on the streets of Padua.  
'Tis marvel- but that you are but newly come,  
You might have heard it else proclaimed about.

ADRIANA.

1 Alas, sir, it is worse for me than so!  
 2 For I am poor and friendless in this city.

3  
 4 TRANIA.

5 Well, then, to do you courtesy,  
 6 This will I do, and this I will advise you-  
 7 First, tell me, have you ever been at Pisa?

8  
 9 ADRIANA.

10 Ay, sir, in Pisa have I often been,  
 11 Pisa renowned for grave citizens.

12  
 13 TRANIA.

14 Know you there the widow Vincentia?

15  
 16 ADRIANA.

17 I know her not, but I have heard of her,  
 18 A merchant of incomparable wealth.

19  
 20 TRANIA.

21 She is my mother sir; and, sooth to say,  
 22 In count'nance somewhat doth resemble you.

23  
 24 BIONDELLA.

25 [Aside] As much as an apple doth an oyster, and all  
 26 one.

27  
 28 TRANIA.

29 To save your life in this extremity,  
 30 This favour will I do you for his sake;  
 31 And think it not the worst of all your fortunes  
 32 That you are like my mother Vincentia.  
 33 Her name and credit shall you undertake,  
 34 And in my house you shall be friendly lodg'd;  
 35 If this be court'sy, prey accept of it.

36  
 37 ADRIANA.

38 O, sir, I do; and will repute you ever  
 39 The patron of my life and liberty.

40  
 41 TRANIA.

42 Then go with me to make the matter good.  
 43 This, by the way, I let you understand:  
 44 My mother is here look'd for every day  
 45 To pass assurance of a dow'r in marriage  
 46 'Twixt me and one Baptista's daughter here.  
 47 In all these circumstances I'll instruct you.  
 48 Go with me to clothe you as becomes you. EXIT

49  
 50  
 51 ENTER KATHERINA AND PETER.

52  
 53 PETER.

54 No, no, forsooth; I dare not for my life.

55  
 56 KATHERINA.

57 The more my wrong, the more his spite appears.  
 58 What, did he marry me to famish me?  
 59 Beggars that come unto my mother's door  
 60 Upon entreaty have a present alms;  
 61 If not, elsewhere they meet with charity;  
 62 But I, who never knew how to entreat,

1 Nor never needed that I should entreat,  
 2 Am starv'd for food, giddy for lack of sleep;  
 3 With oaths kept waking, and with brawling fed;  
 4 And that which spites me more than all these wants-  
 5 He does it under name of perfect love;  
 6 I prithee go and get me some repast;  
 7 I care not what, so it be wholesome food.

8  
 9 PETER.

10 What say you to a lamb chop?

11  
 12 KATHERINA.

13 'Tis passing good; I prithee let me have it.

14  
 15 PETER.

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

18  
 19 KATHERINA.

20 I like it well enough go fetch it me.

21  
 22 PETER.

23 I cannot tell; I fear 'tis choleric.  
 24 What say you to a piece of beef and mustard?

25  
 26 KATHERINA.

27 A dish that I do love to feed upon.

28  
 29 PETER.

30 Ay, but the mustard is too hot a little.

31  
 32 KATHERINA.

33 Why then the beef, and let the mustard rest.

34  
 35 PETER.

36 Nay, then I will not; you shall have the mustard,  
 37 Or else you get no beef today.

38  
 39 KATHERINA.

40 Then both, or one, or anything thou wilt.

41  
 42 PETER.

43 Why then the mustard without the beef.

44  
 45 KATHERINA.

46 Go, get thee gone, thou false deluding slave,  
 47 That feed'st me with the very name of meat.  
 48 Sorrow on thee and all the pack of you  
 49 That triumph thus upon my misery!  
 50 Go, get thee gone, I say.

51  
 52 ENTER PETRUCHIO, AND HORTENSIO WITH FOOD

53  
 54 PETRUCHIO.

55 How fares my Kate? What, sweeting, all amorst?

56  
 57 HORTONSIO.

58 Mistress, what cheer?

59  
 60 KATHERINA.

61 Faith, as cold as can be.  
 62

1                                   PETRUCHIO.  
 2           Pluck up thy spirits, look cheerfully upon me.  
 3                   Here, love, thou seest how diligent I am,  
 4           To cook your dish myself, and bring it thee.  
 5           I am sure, sweet Kate, this kindness merits thanks.  
 6                   What, not a word? Nay, then thou lov'st it not,  
 7                   And all my pains is sorted to no proof.  
 8                   Here, take away this dish.

9  
 10                                  KATHERINA.  
 11                   I pray you, let it stand.

12  
 13                                  PETRUCHIO.  
 14           The poorest service is repaid with thanks;  
 15           And so shall mine, before you touch this plate.

16  
 17                                  KATHERINA.  
 18           I thank you, sir. (SITS AT A TABLE)

19  
 20                                  HORTONSIO.  
 21           Seignior Petruchio, fie! you are to blame.  
 22           Come, Mistress Kate, I'll bear you company (SITS WITH HER).

23  
 24                                  PETRUCHIO.  
 25           [Aside] Eat it up all, Hortensio, if thou lovest me.-  
 26                   Much good do it unto thy gentle heart!  
 27                   Kate, eat apace.

28  
 29  
 30                                  SHE GETS NO CHANCE.

31  
 32                   SLENDER THE TAYLOR ENTERS WITH A DRESS FOR KATE.

33  
 34                                  And now, my honey love,  
 35                                  Will we visit unto thy mother's house  
 36                                  Let's cloth thee first in silken finery.  
 37           What, hast thou din'd? Monsieur Slender stays thy leisure,  
 38                   To deck thy body with his ruffling treasure.  
 39                   Come, tailor, let us see these ornaments;  
 40                   Lay forth the gown.

41  
 42                   LUCETTA THE MILLINER ENTERS WITH A NEW HAT.

43  
 44                                  What news with you, ma'm?

45  
 46           HABERDASHER. Here is the hat your worship did bespeak.

47  
 48                                  PETRUCHIO.  
 49                   Why, this was moulded on a porringer;  
 50                   A velvet dish. Fie, fie! 'tis lewd and filthy;  
 51                                  Why, 'tis a cockle or a walnut-shell,  
 52                                  A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap.  
 53                   Away with it. Come, let me have a bigger.

54  
 55                                  KATHERINA.  
 56                   I'll have no bigger; this doth fit the time,  
 57                   And gentlewomen wear such hats as these.

58  
 59                                  PETRUCHIO.  
 60                   When you are gentle, you shall have one too,  
 61                   And not till then.  
 62

1  
2  
3  
4  
5  
6  
7  
8  
9  
10  
11  
12  
13  
14  
15  
16  
17  
18  
19  
20  
21  
22  
23  
24  
25  
26  
27  
28  
29  
30  
31  
32  
33  
34  
35  
36  
37  
38  
39  
40  
41  
42  
43  
44  
45  
46  
47  
48  
49  
50  
51  
52  
53  
54  
55  
56  
57  
58  
59  
60  
61  
62

HORTONSIO.

[Aside] That will not be in haste.

KATHERINA.

Why, sir, I trust I may have leave to speak;  
And speak I will. I am no child, no babe.  
My tongue will tell the anger of my heart,

PETRUCHIO.

Why, thou say'st true; it is a paltry cap,  
A custard-coffin, a bauble, a silken pie;  
I love thee well in that thou lik'st it not.

KATHERINA.

Love me or love me not, I like the cap;  
And it I will have, or I will have none.

EXIT LUCETTA.

PETRUCHIO.

Thy gown? Why, ay. Come, Slender, let us see't.  
O mercy, God! what masquing stuff is here?

HORTONSIO.

[Aside] I see she's like to have neither cap nor gown.

SLENDER.

You bid me make it orderly and well,  
According to the fashion and the time.

KATHERINA.

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

PETRUCHIO.

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

SLENDER.

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

PETRUCHIO.

O monstrous arrogance! Thou liest, thou thread, thou  
thimble,  
I tell thee, I, that thou hast marr'd her gown.

SLENDER.

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

PETRUCHIO.

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

SLENDER.

You are i' th' right, sir; 'tis for thy wife.

PETRUCHIO.

[Aside] Hortensio, say thou wilt see the tailor paid.-  
Go take it hence; be gone, and say no more.

HORTONSIO.

1 Tailor, I'll pay thee for thy gown to-morrow;  
 2 Take no unkindness of his hasty words.  
 3 Away, I say; commend me to thy master.  
 4

5 EXIT TAILOR

6  
 7 PETRUCHIO.

8 Well, come, my Kate; we will unto your mother's  
 9 Even in these honest mean habiliments;  
 10 Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor;  
 11 For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich;  
 12 And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,  
 13 So honour peereth in the meanest habit.  
 14 What, is the jay more precious than the lark  
 15 Because his feathers are more beautiful?  
 16 Or is the adder better than the eel  
 17 Because his painted skin contents the eye?  
 18 O no, good Kate; neither art thou the worse  
 19 For this poor clothing and mean array.  
 20 If thou account'st it shame, lay it on me;  
 21 To learn our lesson let us ride to other  
 22 Merchants who'll not need our custom neither.  
 23 Let's see; I think 'tis now some four o'clock,  
 24 And well we may go there by dinner-time.  
 25

26 KATHERINA.

27 I dare assure you, sir, 'tis past that time,  
 28

29 PETRUCHIO.

30 It shall be seven if I'll have it so.  
 31 Look what I speak, or do, or think to do,  
 32 You are still crossing it. Best let 't alone;  
 33 It shall be what o'clock I say it is.  
 34

35 KATHERINA.

36 Why, so this gallant will command the sun.  
 37

38 THEY LEAVE.

39  
 40 TRANIA RETURNS WITH ADRIANA IN DISGUISE.

41  
 42 TRANIA.

43 Close by Bianca dwells; please it you that I call?  
 44

45 ADRIANA.

46 Ay, what else? And, but I be deceived,  
 47 Her mother may remember me  
 48 Near twenty years ago in Genoa,  
 49 Where we were lodgers at the Pegasus.  
 50

51 TRANIA.

52 'Tis well you hold your own, in any case,  
 53 With such austerity as longeth to a lady.  
 54

55 BIONDELLA ENTERS FROM BAPTISTA'S

56  
 57 TRANIA.

58 Sister, hast thou done thy errand to Baptista?  
 59

60 BIONDELLA.

61 I told her that our mother comes from Venice,  
 62 And that you look'd for her this day in Padua.

1  
2  
3  
4  
5  
6  
7  
8  
9  
10  
11  
12  
13  
14  
15  
16  
17  
18  
19  
20  
21  
22  
23  
24  
25  
26  
27  
28  
29  
30  
31  
32  
33  
34  
35  
36  
37  
38  
39  
40  
41  
42  
43  
44  
45  
46  
47  
48  
49  
50  
51  
52  
53  
54  
55  
56  
57  
58  
59  
60  
61  
62

TRANIA.

Here she comes. Set your countenance firm.

Enter BAPTISTA, LUCIANA and LUCENTIO as CAMBIO

Signora Baptista, you are happily met.

[To the BEGGAR WOMAN]

Mother, this is the woman I told you of;  
I pray you stand good parent to me now;  
Give me Bianca for my patrimony.

ADRIANA.

Signora, by your leave: having come to Padua  
To gather in some debts, my son Lucentio  
Made me acquainted with a weighty cause  
Of love between your daughter and himself;  
And- for the good report I hear of you,  
And for the love he beareth to your daughter,  
And she to him- to stay him not too long,  
I am content, in a good mother's care,  
To have him match'd and so bestow'd.

BAPTISTA.

Madame, pardon me in what I have to say.  
Your plainness and your shortness are all well  
Right true it is your son Lucentio here  
Doth love my daughter -

LUCIANA.

And she loveth him,  
Or both dissemble deeply their affections;

BAPTISTA.

So if with your blessing she will marry him,  
You'll grant my daughter a sufficient dower,  
Then match is made, and all is done-  
Your son shall have my daughter with consent.

TRANIA.

I thank you both.

BAPTISTA.

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

EXIT LUCENTIO

BIONDELLA.

I pray the gods she may, with all my heart.

TRANIA.

Dally not with the gods, but get thee gone.

EXIT BIONDELLA

Signora Baptista, shall I lead the way?

1                   There are papers we may look o'er ere supper

2

3

BAPTISTA.

4

I follow you.

5

6

THEY EXIT INTO BAPTISTA'S HOUSE.

7

8

RE-ENTER LUCENTIO AND BIONDELLA.

9

10

BIONDELLA.

11

List brother!

12

13

LUCENTIO.

14

What say'st thou, Biondella?

15

16

BIONDELLA.

17

You saw our sister wink upon you?

18

19

LUCENTIO.

20

I did and what of that?

21

22

BIONDELLA.

23

Faith, nothing; but has left me here behind to expound  
the meaning or moral of her signs and tokens.

24

25

26

LUCENTIO.

27

I pray thee moralize them.

28

29

BIONDELLA.

30

Then thus: Baptista is safe, talking with the deceiving mother of a  
deceitful son.

31

32

33

LUCENTIO.

34

And what of him?

35

36

BIONDELLA.

37

Her daughter is to be brought by you to the supper.

38

39

LUCENTIO.

40

And then?

41

42

BIONDELLA.

43

Saint Luke's church is at your command at all hours. To th' church  
take your love, and some sufficient honest witnesses. Our sister  
hath appointed me to bid the priest be ready there to marry you.

44

45

EXIT

46

47

LUCENTIO.

48

I may and will, if she be so contented.

49

She will be pleas'd; then wherefore should I doubt?

50

Hap what hap may, I'll roundly go about her;

51

It shall go hard if tonight I go without her.       EXIT

52

53

LAVINIA AND PETER MEET.

54

55

LAVINIA.

56

Good morrow Peter. I prithee what's the news with Katherine and  
Petruccio?

57

58

59

PETER.

60

I saw then just and first know you his horse is tired; The master  
and mistress fall'n out again.

61

62

1                                   LAVINIA.  
2                                   How?  
3  
4                                   PETER.  
5                   Out of their saddles into the dirt; and thereby starts the.  
6  
7                                   LAVINIA.  
8                   Let's ha't then without delay.  
9  
10                                  PETER.  
11                   Lend thine ear.  
12  
13                                  LAVINIA.  
14                   Here.  
15  
16                                  PETER.  
17                   Now I begin: they came down a foul hill, the master riding behind  
18                   the mistress-  
19  
20                                  LAVINIA.  
21                   Both of one horse?  
22  
23                                  PETER.  
24                   What's that to thee?  
25  
26                                  LAVINIA.  
27                   Why, a horse.  
28  
29                                  PETER.  
30                   Tell thou the tale. But hadst thou not cross'd me, thou  
31                   shouldst have heard how the horse fell and she under the horse;  
32                   thou shouldst have heard in how miry a place, how she was  
33                   bemoil'd, how he left her with the horse upon her, how he railed at  
34                   her because the horse stumbled, how she waded through the dirt,  
35                   how he swore, how she pray'd that never pray'd  
36                   before, how cried, how her bridle was burst, and how the horses  
37                   ran away.  
38  
39                                  LAVINIA.  
40                   By this reck'ning he is more shrew than she.  
41  
42                   ENTER PETRUCHIO, KATHERINA COVERED IN MUD, WITH  
43                   HORTENSIO  
44  
45                                  PETRUCHIO.  
46                   Good Lord, how bright and goodly shines the moon!  
47  
48                                  KATHERINA.  
49                   The moon? The sun! It is not moonlight now.  
50  
51                                  PETER.  
52                   Ay, and that the proudest of them all as you would find for here  
53                   they come.  
54  
55                                  LAVINIA.  
56                   I'll not stand by to feel the lash of viperous tongues.  
57  
58                                  PETER.  
59                   Nor I I'll warrant thee, for all the gold in christendom.  
60  
61                                  THEY EXIT.  
62

1  
2  
3  
4  
5  
6  
7  
8  
9  
10  
11  
12  
13  
14  
15  
16  
17  
18  
19  
20  
21  
22  
23  
24  
25  
26  
27  
28  
29  
30  
31  
32  
33  
34  
35  
36  
37  
38  
39  
40  
41  
42  
43  
44  
45  
46  
47  
48  
49  
50  
51  
52  
53  
54  
55  
56  
57  
58  
59  
60  
61

PETRUCHIO.

I say it is the moon that shines so bright.

KATHERINA.

I know it is the sun that shines so bright.

PETRUCHIO.

Now by my mother's son, and that's myself,  
It shall be moon, or star, or what I list,  
Evermore cross'd and cross'd; nothing but cross'd!

HORTONSIO.

Say as he says, or he'll n'er let go.

VINCENTIA ENTERS AND STANDS WATCHING. SHE IS TRANIA,  
LUCENTIO AND BIONDELLA'S REAL MOTHER ARRIVED FROM  
PISA.

KATHERINA.

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

PETRUCHIO.

I say it is the moon.

KATHERINA.

I know it is the moon.

PETRUCHIO.

Nay, then you lie; it is the blessed sun.

KATHERINA.

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

HORTONSIO.

Petruchio, go thy ways, the field is won.

PETRUCHIO.

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

HORTONSIO.

You do make me mad, to make a woman of me.

KATHERINA.

Young budding virgin, fair and fresh and sweet,  
Happy the parents of so fair a child;  
Happier the man whom favourable stars  
Allots thee for his lovely bed-fellow.



1  
2  
3  
4  
5  
6  
7  
8  
9  
10  
11  
12  
13  
14  
15  
16  
17  
18  
19  
20  
21  
22  
23  
24  
25  
26  
27  
28  
29  
30  
31  
32  
33  
34  
35  
36  
37  
38  
39  
40  
41  
42  
43  
44  
45  
46  
47  
48  
49  
50  
51  
52  
53

HORTONSIO.

I do assure thee, madame, so it is.

(BIONDELLA, LUCENTIO, AND BIANCA CREEP INTO  
THE CHURCH UNSEEN)

BIONDELLA.

Softly and swiftly, brother, for the priest is ready.  
I'll see the church a your back, and then come back to our sister  
as soon as I can.

EXIT LUCENTIO, BIANCA, AND BIONDELLA

PETRUCHIO.

Sir, here's the door; this is Baptista's place;  
They're busy within; you were best knock loud.

VINCENTIA KNOCKS. THE BEGGAR WOMAN  
ANSWERS DRESSED AS VINCENTIA.

ADRIANA.

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

VINCENTIA.

Is Seignior Lucentio within door?

ADRIANA.

He's within here, but not to be spoken withal.

VINCENTIA.

What if I bring him a hundred pound or two to make  
merry withal?

ADRIANA.

Keep your hundred pounds to yourself; he shall need none so  
long as I live.

PETRUCHIO.

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

ADRIANA.

Thou liest: his mother is come from Padua, and here she  
stands.

VINCENTIA.

Art thou his mother?

ADRIANA.

I am or so the midwife said, if I may believe her.

1  
2  
3  
4  
5  
6  
7  
8  
9  
10  
11  
12  
13  
14  
15  
16  
17  
18  
19  
20  
21  
22  
23  
24  
25  
26  
27  
28  
29  
30  
31  
32  
33  
34  
35  
36  
37  
38  
39  
40  
41  
42  
43  
44  
45  
46  
47  
48  
49  
50  
51  
52  
53

PETRUCHIO.

[To VINCENTIA] Why, how now, madame! Why, this is flat knavery to take upon you another woman's name.

ADRIANA.

Lay hands on the villain; I believe she means to cozen somebody in this city under my countenance.

BIONDELLA LOOKS OUT OF THE CHURCH.

BIONDELLA.

What noise is this? Our real mother, Vincentia! and the wedding service only half done. I must disemble till our plan has run it's course.

VINCENTIA.

[Seeing BIONDELLA] Come hither, daughter.

BIONDELLA.

I hope I may choose, nay.

VINCENTIA.

Come hither, girl. What, have you forgot me?

BIONDELLA.

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

VINCENTIA.

What, you chattering Jay, didst thou never see Vincentia?

BIONDELLA.

What, my worshipful mother? Yes, marry, and see where she stands (INDICATING ADRIANA)

VINCENTIA.

Is't so, indeed? [SHE BEATS BIONDELLA]

BIONDELLA.

Help, help, help! Here's a mad woman will murder me.

EXIT BIONDELLA INTO THE HOUSE.

ADRIANA.

Help, son! help, Signora Baptista!

PETRUCHIO.

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

BIONDELLA FETCHES TRANIA AND BAPTISTA FROM THE HOUSE.

1  
2  
3  
4  
5  
6  
7  
8  
9  
10  
11  
12  
13  
14  
15  
16  
17  
18  
19  
20  
21  
22  
23  
24  
25  
26  
27  
28  
29  
30  
31  
32  
33  
34  
35  
36  
37  
38  
39  
40  
41  
42  
43  
44  
45  
46  
47  
48  
49  
50  
51  
52  
53

GREMIO ARRIVES FROM THE STREET.

TRANIA.

Madame, what are you that offer to beat this innocent?

BIONDELLA RUNS INTO THE CHURCH.

VINCENTIA.

What am I, sir? Nay, what are you, sir?

BAPTISTA.

What, is the woman lunatic?

TRANIA.

Madame you seem respectable by your habit, but your words show you deranged.

BAPTISTA.

For sure you are short of wits. Pray, what do you think is his name?

VINCENTIA.

His name! I know not his name!

ADRIANA.

His name is Lucentio; and he is mine only son, and heir to the lands of me, the widow Vincentia.

VINCENTIA.

Lucentio! O, he hath murd'ered my son and took his name! Lay hold on him, I charge you, in the Duke's name. O, my son, my son! Tell me, thou villain, where is my son, Lucentio?

TRANIA.

Call forth your man.

BAPTISTA.

Peter!

PETER ENTERS

TRANIA.

Carry this mad woman to the gaol. Mother Baptista, I charge you see that she is dispatched.

VINCENTIA.

Carry me to the gaol!

GREMIO.

Stay, there; she shall not go to prison.

BAPTISTA.

1 Talk not, Seignior Gremio; I say she shall go to prison.

2

3

GREMIO.

4

Take heed, Signora Baptista, lest you be cony-catch'd in this  
5 business; I dare swear this is the right Vincentia.

6

7

ADRIANA.

8

Swear if thou dar'st.

9

10

GREMIO.

11

Nay, I dare not swear it.

12

13

TRANIA.

14

Then thou wert best say that I am not Lucentio.

15

16

GREMIO.

17

Yes, I know thee to be Seignior Lucentio.

18

19

BAPTISTA.

20

Away with the imposter; to the gaol with her!

21

22

VINCENTIA.

23

Thus strangers may be hal'd and abus'd. O monstrous  
24 villain!

25

26 RE-ENTER BIONDELLA FROM THE CHURCH WITH THE

27

NOW MARRIED LUCENTIO AND BIANCA

28

29

LUCENTIO.

30

Pardon, sweet mother.

31

32

VINCENTIA.

33

Lives my sweet son?

34

35

ADRIANA.

36

Now I see I am undone and forsworn.

37

38

EXIT ADRIANA.

39

40

BIONDELLA.

41

Pardon dear mother.

42

43

BIANCA.

44

Pardon, dear mother.

45

46

BAPTISTA.

47

How hast thou offended?

48

49

LUCENTIO.

50

I am Lucentio,

51

Right son to the right Vincentia,

52

That have by marriage made thy daughter mine,

53

While counterfeit supposes blear'd thine eyne.

1  
2  
3  
4  
5  
6  
7  
8  
9  
10  
11  
12  
13  
14  
15  
16  
17  
18  
19  
20  
21  
22  
23  
24  
25  
26  
27  
28  
29  
30  
31  
32  
33  
34  
35  
36  
37  
38  
39  
40  
41  
42  
43  
44  
45  
46  
47  
48  
49  
50  
51  
52  
53

BAPTISTA.

Why, tell me, are you not the music master?

BIANCA.

Cambio is chang'd into Lucentio.

VINCENTIA.

Where is thy sister, Trania?

TRANIA.

Pardon dear mother.

VINCENTIA.

My daughter, can this be you?

LUCENTIO.

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

VINCENTIA.

I'd slit the vixens noses had they sent me to the gaol.

BAPTISTA.

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

VINCENTIA.

Fear not, Baptista; we will content you still.

BAPTISTA: Then let us in to sound the depth of this knavery.

EXIT THE MOTHERS WITH TRANIA.

LUCENTIO.

Look not pale, Bianca; thy mother will not frown.

EXIT LUCENTIO BIANCA

GREMIO.

My cake is dough, but I'll in among the rest;  
Out of hope of all but my share of the feast.

EXIT GREMIO WITH BIONDELLA

KATHERINA.

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

1                               PETRUCHIO.  
2                               First kiss me, Kate, and we will.

3  
4                               KATHERINA.  
5                               What, in the midst of the street?

6  
7                               PETRUCHIO.  
8                               What, art thou asham'd of me?

9  
10                              KATHERINA.  
11                             No, sir; God forbid; but asham'd to kiss.

12  
13                             PETRUCHIO.  
14                             Why, then, let's home again. Come, sirrah, let's away.

15  
16                             KATHERINA.  
17                             Nay, I will give thee a kiss; now pray thee, love, stay.

18  
19                             PETRUCHIO.  
20                             Is not this well? Come, my sweet Kate: Better once than never,  
21                             for never too late.

22  
23                             BLACKOUT END OF SCENE

24  
25                             SCENE 5.

26  
27                             THE COMPANY JOIN IN MUSIC AND DANCING.

28  
29                             THE MEN DRINK TOGETHER.

30  
31                             LUCENTIO.  
32                             At last, though long, our jarring notes agree;  
33                             And time it is when raging war is done  
34                             To smile at scapes and perils overblown.  
35                             My fair Bianca, brother Petruchio, sister Katherina,  
36                             And thou, Hortensio, with thy loving widow.  
37                             Padua affords nothing but what is kind.

38  
39                             HORTONSIO.  
40                             For all our sakes I would that word were true.

41  
42                             PETRUCHIO.  
43                             Now, for my life, Hortensio fears his widow.

44  
45                             HORTONSIO.  
46                             Then never trust me if I be afeared.

47  
48                             GREMIO.  
49                             He that is giddy thinks the world turns round.

50  
51                             PETRUCHIO.  
52                             I pray you tell me what you meant by that.

53

1  
2  
3  
4  
5  
6  
7  
8  
9  
10  
11  
12  
13  
14  
15  
16  
17  
18  
19  
20  
21  
22  
23  
24  
25  
26  
27  
28  
29  
30  
31  
32  
33  
34  
35  
36  
37  
38  
39  
40  
41  
42  
43  
44  
45  
46  
47  
48  
49  
50  
51  
52  
53

GREMIO.

You, being troubled with a shrew,  
Measures every mans sorrow by his woe;

LUCENTIO.

Indeed, in good sadness, Petruchio,  
I think thou hast the veriest shrew of all.

PETRUCHIO.

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

HORTONSIO.

Content. What's the wager?

LUCENTIO.

Twenty crowns.

PETRUCHIO.

Twenty crowns?  
I'll venture twenty times upon my wife.

LUCENTIO.

A hundred then.

HORTONSIO.

Content.

PETRUCHIO.

A match! 'tis done.

HORTONSIO.

Who shall begin?

LUCENTIO.

That will I.  
Go, Peter, bid Bianca come to me.

PETER.

I go.

EXIT

SLENDER.

Sir, I'll be your half Bianca comes.

LUCENTIO.

I'll have no halves; I'll bear it all myself.

Re-enter PETER

1  
2  
3  
4  
5  
6  
7  
8  
9  
10  
11  
12  
13  
14  
15  
16  
17  
18  
19  
20  
21  
22  
23  
24  
25  
26  
27  
28  
29  
30  
31  
32  
33  
34  
35  
36  
37  
38  
39  
40  
41  
42  
43  
44  
45  
46  
47  
48  
49  
50  
51  
52  
53

How now! what news?

PETER.

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

PETRUCHIO.

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

GREMIO.

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

PETRUCHIO.

I hope better.

HORTONSIO.

Peter, go and entreat my wife  
To come to me forthwith.

EXIT PETER

PETRUCHIO.

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

HORTENSIO. I am afraid, sir,  
Do what you can, yours will not be entreated.

RE-ENTER PETER

Now, where's my wife?

PETER.

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

PETRUCHIO.

Worse and worse; she will not come! O vile,  
Intolerable, not to be endur'd!  
Friend Pisanio, go to my wife;  
Say I command her come to me.

EXIT PISANIO

PETER.

I know her answer.

PETRUCHIO.

What?

1 PETER.  
2 She will not.

3  
4 PETRUCHIO.  
5 The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.

6  
7 RE-ENTER KATHERINA

8  
9 HORTONSIO.  
10 Now, by my holidame, here comes Katherina!

11  
12 KATHERINA.  
13 What is your sir, that you send for me?

14  
15 PETRUCHIO.  
16 Where is your sister, and Hortensio's wife?

17  
18 KATHERINA.  
19 They sit conferring in the parlour.

20  
21 PETRUCHIO.  
22 Go, fetch them hither; if they deny to come.  
23 Swinge me them soundly forth unto their husbands.  
24 Away, I say, and bring them hither straight.

25  
26 EXIT KATHERINA

27  
28 LUCENTIO.  
29 Here is a wonder, if you talk of a wonder.

30  
31 HORTONSIO.  
32 And so it is. I wonder what it bodes.

33  
34 PETRUCHIO.  
35 Marry, peace it bodes, and love, and quiet life,  
36 An awful rule, and right supremacy;  
37 And, to be short, what not that's sweet and happy.

38  
39 GREMIO.  
40 Now fair befall thee, good Petruchio!  
41 The wager thou hast won; and I will ad  
42 Unto their losses twenty thousand crowns;  
43 For she is chang'd, as she had never been.

44  
45 PETRUCHIO.  
46 Nay, I will win my wager better yet,  
47 And show more sign of her obedience,  
48 Her new-built virtue and obedience.

49  
50 RE-ENTER KATHERINA WITH BIANCA AND LAVINIA  
51 FOLLOWED BY THE REST OF THE WOMEN.

52  
53 See where she comes, and brings your froward wives

1 As prisoners to her womanly persuasion.  
 2 Katherine, that hat of yours becomes you not:  
 3 Off with that bauble, throw it underfoot.  
 4

5 [KATHERINA COMPLIES]  
 6

7 LAVINIA.  
 8 Lord, let me never have a cause to sigh  
 9 Till I be brought to such a silly pass!  
 10

11 BIANCA.  
 12 Fie! what a foolish duty call you this?  
 13

14 LUCENTIO.  
 15 I would your duty were as foolish too;  
 16 The wisdom of your duty, fair Bianca,  
 17 Hath cost me a hundred crowns since supper-time!  
 18

19 BIANCA.  
 20 The more fool you for laying on my duty.  
 21

22 PETRUCHIO.  
 23  
 24 Katherine, I charge thee, tell these headstrong women  
 25 What duty they do owe their lords and husbands.  
 26

27 LAVINIA.  
 28 Come, come, you're mocking; we will have no telling.  
 29

30 PETRUCHIO.  
 31 Come on, I say; and first begin with her.  
 32

33 LAVINIA.  
 34 She shall not.  
 35

36 PETRUCHIO.  
 37 I say she shall. And first begin with her.  
 38

39 KATHERINA.  
 40 Fie, fie! unknit that threatening unkind brow,  
 41 And dart not scornful glances from those eyes  
 42 To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor.  
 43 It blots thy beauty as frosts do bite the meads,  
 44 And in no sense is meet or amiable.  
 45 Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,  
 46 Thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares for thee.  
 47 I am asham'd that women are so simple  
 48 To offer war where they should kneel for peace;  
 49 Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,  
 50 When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.  
 51 Come, come, you froward and unable women!  
 52 My mind hath been as big as one of yours,  
 53 My heart as great, my reason haply more,

1           To bandy word for word and frown for frown;  
2           But now I see our lances are but straws,  
3       Our strength as weak, our weakness past compare,  
4       That seeming to be most which we indeed least are.  
5       Then place your hands below your husband's foot;  
6           In token of which duty, if he please,  
7           My hand is ready, may it do him ease.

8  
9                           PETRUCHIO.

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

11  
12                           LUCENTIO.

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

14  
15                           GREMIO.

16       'Tis a good hearing when wives are toward.

17  
18                           LUCENTIO.

19       But a harsh hearing when women are froward.

20  
21                           PETRUCHIO.

22       Come, Kate, we'll to bed.

23       We three are married, but you two are sped.

24       [To LUCENTIO] 'Twas I won the wager,  
25           though you hit the white;

26       And being a winner, God give you good night!

27  
28                           EXIT PETRUCHIO and KATHERINA

29  
30                           HORTONSIO.

31       Now go thy ways; thou hast tam'd a curst shrew.

32  
33                           LUCENTIO.

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

35  
36                           -THE END-