

CHARACTERST

Actor 1: Bianca/Grumio/Servant

Actor 2: Lucentio/Haberdasher/Tailor/Curtis/Servant

Actor 3: Hortensio/Kate

Actor 4: Petruchio

ALL: Baptista

ACT I

SCENE I. Padua. A public place.

Enter LUCENTIO

LUCENTIO

Good sirs, since for the great desire I had
To see fair Padua, nursery of arts,
I am arrived for fruitful Lombardy,
The pleasant garden of great Italy;
And by my father's love and leave am arm'd
With his good will and thy good company,
Here let us breathe and haply institute
A course of learning and ingenious studies.
Pisa renown'd for grave citizens
Gave me my being and my father first,
A merchant of great traffic through the world,
Vincetino come of Bentivolii.
Vincetino's son brought up in Florence
It shall become to serve all hopes conceived,
To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds:
And therefore, Padua, for the time I study,
Virtue and that part of philosophy
Will I apply that treats of happiness
By virtue specially to be achieved.
My aim is true for I have Pisa left

And am to Padua come, as he that leaves
 A shallow plash to plunge him in the deep
 And with satiety seeks to quench his thirst.
 But stay a while, what company is this?

Enter ACTOR 4 as BAPTISTA and HORTENSIO. LUCENTIO stands by.

BAPTISTA

Gentleman, importune me no farther,
 For how I firmly am resolved you know;
 That is, not bestow my youngest daughter
 Before I have a husband for the elder:
 If you confess you do love Katharina,
 Because I know you well and love you well,
 Leave shall you have to court her at your pleasure.

HORTENSIO

Aside To cart her rather: she's too rough for me.
 From all such devils, good Lord deliver us!

BAPTISTA

Gentleman, that I may soon make good
 What I have said, I'll hear of this no more.

HORTENSIO

Signior Baptista, will you be so strange?
 Sorry am I that my good will effects
 Bianca's grief.
 Why will you mew her up,
 Signior Baptista, for this fiend of hell,
 And make her bear the penance of her tongue?

BAPTISTA

Gentleman, content ye; I am resolved:
 And for I know she taketh most delight
 In music, instruments and poetry,
 Schoolmasters will I keep within my house,

Fit to instruct her youth. If you, Hortensio,
 know any such of high and great reknown
 Prefer them hither; for to cunning men
 I will be very kind, and liberal
 To mine own children in good bringing up:
 And so farewell until another day.

HORTENSIO

Farewell: yet for the love I bear my
 sweet Bianca, if I can by any means light on a fit
 man to teach her that wherein she delights, I will
 wish him to her father.

It toucheth me,
 that I may yet again have access to my fair
 mistress,

To labour and effect one thing specially.

To get a husband for her sister.

A husband! a devil.

Thinkest thou, Hortensio, though
 her father be very rich, any man is so very a fool
 to be married to hell?

Why, there be good fellows in the world, an a man could light on them,
 would take her with all faults, and money enough.

by helping Baptista's eldest daughter
 to a husband we set his youngest free for a husband,

Sweet Bianca! Happy man

be his dole! He that runs fastest gets the ring.

Exit HORTENSIO. BIANCA crosses the stage; music plays, LUCENTIO is enraptured. She exits.

LUCENTIO

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

Oh, heaven 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
 Good sirs, I burn, I pine, I perish, good sirs.
 If I achieve not this young modest girl.
 O yes, I saw sweet beauty in her face,
 Good sirs, 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.
 Awake, Lucentio, if you love the maid,
 Bend thoughts and wits to achieve her. Thus it stands:
 Her eldest sister is so curst and shrewd
 That till the father rid his hands of her,
 Alas, my love must live a maid at home;
 My plot is this: I will be schoolmaster
 And undertake the teaching of the maid.

SCENE II. Padua. Before HORTENSIO'S house.
Enter PETRUCHIO and his man GRUMIO

PETRUCHIO

Verona, for a while I take my leave,
 To see my friends in Padua, but of all
 My best beloved and approved friend,
 Hortensio; and I trow this is his house.
 Here, sirrah Grumio; knock, I say.

GRUMIO

Knock, sir! whom should I knock? is there man has
 rebused your worship?

PETRUCHIO

Villain, I say, knock me here soundly.

GRUMIO

Knock you here, sir! why, sir, what am I, sir, that
 I should knock you here, sir?

PETRUCHIO

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

GRUMIO

My master is grown quarrelsome. I should knock
you first,

And then I know after who comes by the worst.

PETRUCHIO

Will it not be?

Faith, sirrah, an you'll not knock, I'll ring it;

I'll try how you can sol, fa, and sing it.

He wrings him by the ears

GRUMIO

Help, masters, help! my master is mad.

PETRUCHIO

Now, knock when I bid you, sirrah villain!

Enter HORTENSIO

HORTENSIO

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

PETRUCHIO

Signior Hortensio, come you to part the fray?

'Con tutto il cuore, ben trovato,' may I say.

HORTENSIO

'Alla nostra casa ben venuto, molto honorato signor
mio Petruchio.' Rise, Grumio, rise: we will compound
this quarrel.

GRUMIO

Nay, 'tis no matter, sir, what he 'leges in Latin.
if this be not a lawful case for me to leave his
service, look you, sir, he bid me knock him and rap
him soundly, sir: well, was it fit for a servant to
use his master so, being perhaps, for aught I see,
two and thirty, a pip out? Whom would to God I had
well knock'd at first, Then had not Grumio come by the worst.

PETRUCHIO

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

GRUMIO

Knock at the gate! O heavens! Spake you not these
words plain, 'Sirrah, knock me here, rap me here,

knock me well, and knock me soundly'? And come you now with, 'knocking at the gate'?

PETRUCHIO

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

HORTENSIO

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

PETRUCHIO

Such wind as scatters young men through the world,
To seek their fortunes farther than at home
Where small experience grows. But in a few,
Signior Hortensio, thus it stands with me:
Antonio, my father, is deceased;
And I have thrust myself into this maze,
Haply to wive and thrive as best I may:
Crowns in my purse I have and goods at home,
And so am come abroad to see the world.

HORTENSIO

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

PETRUCHIO

Signior Hortensio, 'twixt such friends as we
Few words suffice; and therefore, if thou know
One rich enough to be Petruchio's wife,
Be she foul or curst or shrewd or worse,

She moves me not, or not removes, at least,
Affection's edge in me, were she as rough
As are the swelling Adriatic seas:
I come to wive it wealthily in Padua;
If wealthily, then happily in Padua.

GRUMIO

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

HORTENSIO

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

PETRUCHIO

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

HORTENSIO

Her father is Baptista Minola,
An affable and courteous gentleman:
Her name is Katharina Minola,
Renown'd in Padua for her scolding tongue.

PETRUCHIO

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

GRUMIO

I pray you, sir, let him go while the humour lasts.
O' my word, an she knew him as well as I do, she
would think scolding would do little good upon him:
she may perhaps call him half a score knaves or so:

why, that's nothing; an he begin once, he'll rail in
 his rope-tricks. I'll tell you what sir, an she
 stand him but a little, he will throw a figure in
 her face and so disfigure her with it that she
 shall have no more eyes to see withal than a cat.
 You know him not, sir.

HORTENSIO

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

GRUMIO

Katharina the curst!
 A title for a maid of all titles the worst.

PETRUCHIO

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

Why came I hither but to that intent?
 Think you a little din can daunt mine ears?
 Have I not in my time heard lions roar?
 Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,
 And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies?
 Have I not in a pitched battle heard
 Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets' clang?
 And do you tell me of a woman's tongue,
 That gives not half so great a blow to hear
 As will a chestnut in a farmer's fire?
 Tush, tush! fear boys with bugs.

GRUMIO

For he fears none.

HORTENSIO

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

GRUMIO

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

Enter LUCENTIO

LUCENTIO

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

He that has the fair two daughters?

HORTENSIO

Hark you, sir; you mean not her to--

LUCENTIO

Perhaps, him and her, sir: what have you to do?

PETRUCHIO

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

LUCENTIO

I love no chiders sir, I'll away.

HORTENSIO

Sir, a word ere you go;

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

LUCENTIO

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

HORTENSIO

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

LUCENTIO

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

HORTENSIO

But so is not she.

LUCENTIO

For what reason, I beseech you?

HORTENSIO

For this reason, if you'll know,
That she's the chosen of Signior Hortensio.

LUCENTIO

Well, sir; but hear I do that he hath two,
The one as famous for a scolding tongue
As is the other for beauteous modesty.

PETRUCHIO

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

HORTENSIO

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

PETRUCHIO

Sir, understand you this of me in sooth:
The youngest daughter whom you hearken for
Her father keeps from all access of suitors,
And will not promise her to any man
Until the elder sister first be wed:
The younger then is free and not before.

LUCENTIO

If it be so, sir, that you are the man
Must stead us all and me amongst the rest,
And if you break the ice and do this feat,
Achieve the elder, set the younger free
For our access, whose hap shall be to have her
Will not so graceless be to be ingrate.

HORTENSIO

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

LUCENTIO

Sir, I shall not be slack: in sign whereof,
Please ye we may contrive this afternoon,
And quaff carouses to our mistress' health,

And do as adversaries do in law,
Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.

GRUMIO

O excellent motion! Fellows, let's be gone.

HORTENSIO

The motion's good indeed and be it so,
Petruccio, I shall be your ben venuto.

Exeunt

ACT II

SCENE I. Padua. A room in BAPTISTA'S house.

Enter KATHARINA and BIANCA

BIANCA

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

KATHARINA

Of all thy suitors, here I charge thee, tell
Whom thou lovest best: see thou dissemble not.

BIANCA

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

KATHARINA

Minion, thou liest. Is't not Hortensio?

BIANCA

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

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

KATHARINA

If that be jest, then all the rest was so.
Strikes her. BIANCA runs out.
Enter ACTOR 1 as BAPTISTA

BAPTISTA

Why, how now, dame! whence grows this insolence?
 Poor girl! she weeps.
 Go ply thy needle; meddle not with her.
 For shame, thou holding of a devilish spirit,
 Why dost thou wrong her that did ne'er wrong thee?
 When did she cross thee with a bitter word?

KATHARINA

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

BAPTISTA

Was ever gentleman thus grieved as I?
 But who comes here?
Enter LUCENTIO in the habit of a mean man; PETRUCHIO, with HORTENSIO as a musician.

BAPTISTA

God save you, gentlemen!

PETRUCHIO

And you, good sir! Pray, have you not a daughter

Call'd Katharina, fair and virtuous?

BAPTISTA

I have a daughter, sir, called Katharina.

HORTENSIO

Aside You are too blunt: go to it orderly.

PETRUCHIO

You wrong me, my Hortensio, give me leave.

I am a gentleman of Verona, sir,

That, hearing of her beauty and her wit,

Her affability and bashful modesty,

Her wondrous qualities and mild behavior,

Am bold to show myself a forward guest

Within your house, to make mine eye the witness

Of that report which I so oft have heard.

And, for an entrance to my entertainment,

I do present you with a man of mine,

Presenting HORTENSIO

Cunning in music and the mathematics,

To instruct her fully in those sciences,

Whereof I know she is not ignorant:

Accept of him, or else you do me wrong:

His name is Licio, born in Mantua.

BAPTISTA

You're welcome, sir; and he, for your good sake.

But for my daughter Katharina, this I know,

She is not for your turn, the more my grief.

PETRUCHIO

I see you do not mean to part with her,

Or else you like not of my company.

BAPTISTA

Mistake me not; I speak but as I find.

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

PETRUCHIO

Petruchio is my name; Antonio's son,

A man well known throughout all Italy.

BAPTISTA

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

LUCENTIO

I am a young scholar,
 that hath been long studying at Rheims; as cunning
 in Greek, Latin, and other languages, as the other
 in music and mathematics: my name is Cambio; pray,
 accept my service.

BAPTISTA

Welcome, good Cambio.
 Take you the lute, and you the set of books;
 You shall go see your pupils presently.
Exit LUCENTIO and HORTENSIO

We will go walk a little in the orchard,
 And then to dinner. You are passing welcome,

PETRUCHIO

Signior Baptista, my business asketh haste,
 And every day I cannot come to woo.
 You knew my father well, and in him me,
 Left solely heir to all his lands and goods,
 Which I have better'd rather than decreased:
 Then tell me, if I get your daughter's love,
 What dowry shall I have with her to wife?

BAPTISTA

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

PETRUCHIO

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

BAPTISTA

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

PETRUCHIO

Why, that is nothing: for I tell you, father,
 I am as peremptory as she proud-minded;

And where two raging fires meet together
 They do consume the thing that feeds their fury:
 Though little fire grows great with little wind,
 Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all:
 So I to her and so she yields to me;
 For I am rough and woo not like a babe.

BAPTISTA

Well mayst thou woo, and happy be thy speed!
 But be thou arm'd for some unhappy words.

PETRUCHIO

Ay, to the proof; as mountains are for winds,
 That shake not, though they blow perpetually.
Re-enter HORTENSIO, with his head broken through his lute

BAPTISTA

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

HORTENSIO

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

BAPTISTA

What, will my daughter prove a good musician?

HORTENSIO

I think she'll sooner prove a soldier
 Iron may hold with her, but never lutes.

BAPTISTA

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

HORTENSIO

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

PETRUCHIO

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

BAPTISTA

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

PETRUCHIO

I pray you do.

Exeunt all but PETRUCHIO

SCENE II.

PETRUCHIO

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

Enter KATHARINA

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

KATHARINA

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

PETRUCHIO

You lie, in faith; for you are call'd plain Kate,

And bonny Kate and sometimes Kate the curst;
 But Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom
 Kate of Kate Hall, my super-dainty Kate,
 For dainties are all Kates, and therefore, Kate,
 Take this of me, Kate of my consolation;
 Hearing thy mildness praised in every town,
 Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded,
 Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs,
 Myself am moved to woo thee for my wife.

KATHARINA

Moved! in good time: let him that moved you hither
 Remove you hence: I knew you at the first
 You were a moveable.

PETRUCHIO

Why, what's a moveable?

KATHARINA

A join'd-stool.

PETRUCHIO

Thou hast hit it: come, sit on me.

KATHARINA

Asses are made to bear, and so are you.

PETRUCHIO

Women are made to bear, and so are you.

KATHARINA

No such jade as you, if me you mean.

PETRUCHIO

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

KATHARINA

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

PETRUCHIO

Should be! should--buzz!

KATHARINA

Well ta'en, and like a buzzard.

PETRUCHIO

O slow-wing'd turtle! shall a buzzard take thee?

KATHARINA

Ay, for a turtle, as he takes a buzzard.

PETRUCHIO

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

KATHARINA

If I be waspish, best beware my sting.

PETRUCHIO

My remedy is then, to pluck it out.

KATHARINA

Ay, if the fool could find it where it lies,

PETRUCHIO

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

KATHARINA

In his tongue.

PETRUCHIO

Whose tongue?

KATHARINA

Yours, if you talk of tails: and so farewell.

PETRUCHIO

What, with my tongue in your tail? nay, come again,
Good Kate; I am a gentleman.

KATHARINA

That I'll try.

She strikes him

PETRUCHIO

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

KATHARINA

So may you lose your arms:

If you strike me, you are no gentleman;
And if no gentleman, why then no arms.

PETRUCHIO

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

KATHARINA

What is your crest? a coxcomb?

PETRUCHIO

A combless cock, so Kate will be my hen.

KATHARINA

No cock of mine; you crow too like a craven.

PETRUCHIO

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

KATHARINA

It is my fashion, when I see a crab.

PETRUCHIO

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

KATHARINA

There is, there is.

PETRUCHIO

Then show it me.

KATHARINA

Had I a glass, I would.

PETRUCHIO

What, you mean my face?

KATHARINA

Well aim'd of such a young one.

PETRUCHIO

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

KATHARINA

Yet you are wither'd.

PETRUCHIO

'Tis with cares.

KATHARINA

I care not.

PETRUCHIO

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

KATHARINA

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

PETRUCHIO

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

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

And now I find report a very liar;

For thou are pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous,

But slow in speech, yet sweet as spring-time flowers:

Thou canst not frown, thou canst not look askance,

Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will,

Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross in talk,

But thou with mildness entertain'st thy wooers,

With gentle conference, soft and affable.

Why does the world report that Kate doth limp?

O slanderous world! Kate like the hazel-twigg
 Is straight and slender and as brown in hue
 As hazel nuts and sweeter than the kernels.
 O, let me see thee walk: thou dost not halt.

KATHARINA

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

PETRUCHIO

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

KATHARINA

Where did you study all this goodly speech?

PETRUCHIO

It is extempore, from my mother-wit.

KATHARINA

A witty mother! witless else her son.

PETRUCHIO

Am I not wise?

KATHARINA

Yes; keep you warm.

PETRUCHIO

Marry, so I mean, sweet Katharina, in thy bed:
 And therefore, setting all this chat aside,
 Thus in plain terms: your father hath consented
 That you shall be my wife; your dowry 'greed on;
 And, Will you, nill you, I will marry you.
 Now, Kate, I am a husband for your turn;
 For, by this light, whereby I see thy beauty,
 Thy beauty, that doth make me like thee well,
 Thou must be married to no man but me;
 For I am he am born to tame you Kate,
 And bring you from a wild Kate to a Kate
 Conformable as other household Kates.
 Here comes your father: never make denial;
 I must and will have Katharina to my wife.

Re-enter BAPTISTA

BAPTISTA

Now, Signior Petruchio, how speed you with my daughter?

PETRUCHIO

How but well, sir? how but well?
It were impossible I should speed amiss.

BAPTISTA

Why, how now, daughter Katharina! in your dumps?

KATHARINA

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

PETRUCHIO

Father, '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;
For patience she will prove a second Grissel,
And Roman Lucrece for her chastity:
And to conclude, we have 'greed so well together,
That upon Sunday is the wedding-day.

KATHARINA

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

PETRUCHIO

Be patient, Kate; I choose her for myself:
If she and I be pleased, 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, father, and bid the guests;
 I will be sure my Katharina shall be fine.

BAPTISTA

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

PETRUCHIO

Father, and wife, I bid you both, 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 o'Sunday.
Exeunt PETRUCHIO and KATHARINA severally

ACT III

SCENE I. Padua. BAPTISTA'S house.

Enter LUCENTIO, HORTENSIO, and BIANCA

LUCENTIO

Fiddler, forbear; you grow too forward, sir:
 Have you so soon forgot the entertainment
 Her sister Katharina welcomed you withal?

HORTENSIO

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

LUCENTIO

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

And while I pause, serve in your harmony.

HORTENSIO

Sirrah, I will not bear these braves of thine.

BIANCA

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

HORTENSIO

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

LUCENTIO

That will be never: tune your instrument.

BIANCA

Where left we last?

LUCENTIO

Here, madam:
'Hic ibat Simois; hic est Sigeia tellus;
Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis.'

BIANCA

Construe them.

LUCENTIO

'Hic ibat,' as I told you before, 'Simois,' I am
Lucentio, 'hic est,' son unto Vincentio of Pisa,
'Sigeia tellus,' disguised thus to get your love;
'Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis,' that we might
beguile the old pantaloon.

HORTENSIO

Madam, my instrument's in tune.

BIANCA

Let's hear. O fie! the treble jars.

LUCENTIO

Spit in the hole, man, and tune again.

BIANCA

Now let me see if I can construe it: 'Hic ibat
Simois,' I know you not, 'hic est Sigeia tellus,' I

trust you not; 'Hic steterat Priami,' take heed
 he hear us not, 'regia,' presume not, 'celsa senis,'
 despair not.

HORTENSIO

Madam, 'tis now in tune.

LUCENTIO

All but the base.

HORTENSIO

The base is right; 'tis the base knave that jars.

Aside

How fiery and forward our pedant is!
 Now, for my life, the knave doth court my love:
 Pedasculc, I'll watch you better yet.

BIANCA

In time I may believe, yet I mistrust.

LUCENTIO

Mistrust it not: for, sure, AEacides
 Was Ajax, call'd so from his grandfather.

BIANCA

I must believe my master; else, I promise you,
 I should be arguing still upon that doubt:
 But let it rest. Now, Licio, to you:
 Good masters, take it not unkindly, pray,
 That I have been thus pleasant with you both.

HORTENSIO

You may go walk, and give me leave a while:
 My lessons make no music in three parts.

LUCENTIO

Are you so formal, sir? well, I must wait,

Aside

And watch withal; for, but I be deceived,
 Our fine musician groweth amorous.

HORTENSIO

Madam, before you touch the instrument,
 To learn the order of my fingering,
 I must begin with rudiments of art;
 To teach you gamut in a briefer sort,
 More pleasant, pithy and effectual,
 Than hath been taught by any of my trade:

And there it is in writing, fairly drawn.

BIANCA

Why, I am past my gamut long ago.

HORTENSIO

Yet read the gamut of Hortensio.

BIANCA

Reads "Gamut' I am, the ground of all accord,

'A re,' to Plead Hortensio's passion;

'B mi,' Bianca, take him for thy lord,

'C fa ut,' that loves with all affection:

'D sol re,' one clef, two notes have I:

'E la mi,' show pity, or I die.'

Call you this gamut? tut, I like it not:

Old fashions please me best; I am not so nice,

To change true rules for odd inventions.

From off: ACTOR 4 as a SERVANT

SERVANT

Mistress, your father prays you leave your books

And help to dress your sister's chamber up:

You know to-morrow is the wedding-day.

BIANCA

Farewell, sweet masters both; I must be gone.

Exit

LUCENTIO

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

Exit

HORTENSIO

But I have cause to pry into this pedant:

Methinks he looks as though he were in love:

Yet if thy thoughts, Bianca, be so humble

To cast thy wandering eyes on every stale,

Seize thee that list: if once I find thee ranging,

Hortensio will be quit with thee by changing.

Exit

SCENE II. Padua. Before BAPTISTA'S house.
Enter ACTOR 2 as BAPTISTA and KATHARINA,

BAPTISTA

O Heavens' me! This is the 'pointed day.
 That Katharina and Petruchio should be married,
 And yet we hear not of our son-in-law.
 What will be said? what mockery will it be,
 To want the bridegroom when the priest attends
 To speak the ceremonial rites of marriage!

KATHARINA

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

BAPTISTA

Go, girl; I cannot blame thee now to weep;
 For such an injury would vex a very saint,
 Much more a shrew of thy impatient humour.
Enter ACTOR 1 as a SERVANT

SERVANT

Master, master! news, old news, and such news as
 you never heard of!

BAPTISTA

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

SERVANT

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

BAPTISTA

Is he come?

SERVANT

Why, no, sir.

BAPTISTA

What then?

SERVANT

He is coming.

BAPTISTA

When will he be here?

SERVANT

When he stands where I am and sees you there.

BAPTISTA

But say, what to thine old news?

SERVANT

Why, Petruchio is coming in a new hat and an old jerkin, a pair of old breeches thrice turned, a pair of boots that have been candle-cases, one buckled, another laced, an old rusty sword ta'en out of the town-armory, with a broken hilt, and chapeless; with two broken points: his horse hipped with an old mothy saddle and stirrups of no kindred;

BAPTISTA

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

SERVANT

Why, sir, he comes not.

BAPTISTA

Didst thou not say he comes?

SERVANT

Who? that Petruchio came?

BAPTISTA

Ay, that Petruchio came.

SERVANT

No, sir, I say his horse comes, with him on his back.

BAPTISTA

Why, that's all one.

SERVANT

Nay, by Saint Jamy,
I hold you a penny,
A horse and a man
Is more than one,
And yet not many.

Enter PETRUCHIO

PETRUCHIO

Come, where be these gallants? who's at home?

BAPTISTA

You are welcome, sir.

PETRUCHIO

And yet I come not well.

BAPTISTA

And yet you halt not.

Not so well apparell'd

As I wish you were.

PETRUCHIO

Were it better, I should rush in thus.

But where is Kate? where is my lovely bride?

How does my father? Father, methinks you frown:

And wherefore gaze you goodly gentleman,

As if you saw some wondrous monument,

Some comet or unusual prodigy?

BAPTISTA

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

First were we sad, fearing you would not come;

Now sadder, that you come so unprovided.

Fie, doff this habit, shame to your estate,

An eye-sore to our solemn festival!

And tells us, what occasion of import

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

And sent you hither so unlike yourself?

PETRUCHIO

Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to hear:

Sufficeth I am come to keep my word,

Though in some part enforced to digress;

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

BAPTISTA

See not your bride in these unreverent robes:
 Go to my chamber; Put on clothes of mine.

PETRUCHIO

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

BAPTISTA

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

PETRUCHIO

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

BAPTISTA

He hath some meaning in his mad attire:
 We will persuade him, be it possible,
 To put on better ere he go to church.
 I'll after him, and see the event of this.

Exit BAPTISTA. *Enter* ACTOR 2 as SERVANT with GRUMIO

SERVANT

Grumio, came you from the church?

GRUMIO

As willingly as e'er I came from school.

SERVANT

And is the bride and bridegroom coming home?

GRUMIO

A bridegroom say you? 'tis a groom indeed,
 A grumbling groom, and that the girl shall find.

SERVANT

Curster than she? why, 'tis impossible.

GRUMIO

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

SERVANT

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

GRUMIO

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

I'll tell you, Sir when the priest

Should ask, if Katharina should be his wife,

'Ay, by gogs-wouns,' quoth he; and swore so loud,

That, all-amazed, the priest let fall the book;

And, as he stoop'd again to take it up,

The 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.'

SERVANT

What said the wench when he rose again?

GRUMIO

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

But after many ceremonies done,

He calls for wine: 'A health!' quoth he, as if

He had been aboard, carousing to his mates

After a storm; quaff'd off the muscadel

And threw the sops all in the sexton's face;

Having no other reason

But that his beard grew thin and hungerly

And seem'd to ask him sops as he was drinking.

This done, he took the bride about the neck

And kiss'd her lips with such a clamorous smack

That at the parting all the church did echo:

And I seeing this came thence for very shame;

And after me, I know, the rout is coming.

Such a mad marriage never was before:

Hark, hark! I hear them coming now.

Exit SERVANT

Music

Re-enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, and *ACTOR 2 as* BAPTISTA,

PETRUCHIO

Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for your pains:
I know you think to dine with me to-day,
And have prepared 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.
And, honest company, I thank you all,
That have beheld me give away myself
To this most patient, sweet and virtuous wife:
Dine with my father, drink a health to me;
For I must hence; and farewell to you all.

BAPTISTA

Let us entreat you stay till after dinner.

PETRUCHIO

It may not be.

GRUMIO

Let me entreat you.

PETRUCHIO

It cannot be.

KATHARINA

Let me entreat you.

PETRUCHIO

I am content.

KATHARINA

Are you content to stay?

PETRUCHIO

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

KATHARINA

Now, if you love me, stay.

PETRUCHIO

Grumio, my horse.

GRUMIO

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

KATHARINA

Nay, then,

Do what thou canst, I will not go to-day;

No, nor to-morrow, not till I please myself.

The door is open, sir; there lies your way;

You may be jogging whiles your boots are green;

For me, I'll not be gone till I please myself:

'Tis like you'll prove a jolly surly groom,

That take it on you at the first so roundly.

PETRUCHIO

O Kate, content thee; prithee, be not angry.

KATHARINA

I will be angry: what hast thou to do?

Father, be quiet; he shall stay my leisure.

Gentlemen, forward to the bridal dinner:

I see a woman may be made a fool,

If she had not a spirit to resist.

PETRUCHIO

They shall go forward, Kate, at thy command.

Obey the bride, you that attend on her;

Go to the feast, revel and domineer,

Carouse full measure to her maidenhead,

Be mad and merry, or go hang yourselves:

But for my bonny Kate, she must with me.

Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret;

I will be master of what is mine own:

She is my goods, my chattels; she is my house,

My household stuff, my field, my barn,

My horse, my ox, my ass, my any thing;

And here she stands, touch her whoever dare;

I'll bring mine action on the proudest he

That stops my way in Padua. Grumio,

Draw forth thy weapon, we are beset with thieves;

Rescue thy mistress, if thou be a man.
 Fear not, sweet wench, they shall not touch
 thee, Kate:
 I'll buckler thee against a million.
Exeunt

ACT IV

SCENE I. PETRUCHIO'S country house.

Enter GRUMIO

GRUMIO

Fie, fie on all tired jades, on all mad masters, and
 all foul ways! Was ever man so beaten? was ever
 man so rayed? was ever man so weary? I am sent
 before to make a fire, and they are coming after to
 warm them. Now, were not I a little pot and soon
 hot, my very lips might freeze to my teeth, my
 tongue to the roof of my mouth, my heart in my
 belly, ere I should come by a fire to thaw me: but
 I, with blowing the fire, shall warm myself; for,
 considering the weather, a taller man than I will
 take cold. Holla, ho! Curtis.

Enter CURTIS

CURTIS

Who is that calls so coldly?

GRUMIO

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

CURTIS

Is my master and his wife coming, Grumio?

GRUMIO

O, ay, Curtis, ay: and therefore fire, fire; cast
 on no water.

CURTIS

Is she so hot a shrew as she's reported?

GRUMIO

She was, good Curtis, before this frost: but, thou

knowest, winter tames man, woman and beast; for it hath tamed my old master and my new mistress and myself, fellow Curtis.

CURTIS

Away, you three-inch fool! I am no beast.

GRUMIO

Am I but three inches? why, thy horn is a foot; and so long am I at the least. But wilt thou make a fire, or shall I complain on thee to our mistress, whose hand, she being now at hand, thou shalt soon feel, to thy cold comfort, for being slow in thy hot office?

CURTIS

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

GRUMIO

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

CURTIS

There's fire ready; and therefore, good Grumio, the news.

GRUMIO

Why, 'Jack, boy! ho! boy!' and as much news as Wilt thou.

CURTIS

Come, you are so full of cony-catching!

GRUMIO

Why, therefore fire; for I have caught extreme cold. Where's the cook? is supper ready, the house trimmed, rushes strewed, cobwebs swept; the serving-men in their new fustian, their white stockings, and every officer his wedding-garment on? Be the jacks fair within, the jills fair without, the carpets laid, and every thing in order?

CURTIS

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

GRUMIO

First, know, my horse is tired; my master and mistress fallen out.

CURTIS

How?

GRUMIO

Out of their saddles into the dirt; and thereby
hangs a tale.

CURTIS

Let's ha't, good Grumio.

GRUMIO

Lend thine ear.

CURTIS

Here.

GRUMIO

There.

Strikes him

CURTIS

This is to feel a tale, not to hear a tale.

GRUMIO

And therefore 'tis called a sensible tale: and this
cuff was but to knock at your ear, and beseech
listening. Now I begin: Imprimis, we came down a
foul hill, my master riding behind my mistress,--

CURTIS

Both of one horse?

GRUMIO

What's that to thee?

CURTIS

Why, a horse.

GRUMIO

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

CURTIS

By this reckoning he is more shrew than she.

GRUMIO

Ay; and that thou and the proudest of you all shall find when he comes home. But what talk I of this?

let your head be

sleekly combed your blue coat brushed and your garters of an indifferent knit: let you curtsy with your left leg and not presume to touch a hair of my master's horse-tail till you kiss their hands. Are you all ready?

CURTIS

All things is ready. How near is our master?

GRUMIO

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

Enter PETRUCHIO *and* KATHARINA

PETRUCHIO

Where be this knave? What, no man at door
To hold my stirrup nor to take my horse!
Where is Curtis?

CURTIS

Here, here, sir; here, sir.

PETRUCHIO

Here, sir! here, sir! here, sir! here, sir!
You logger-headed and unpolish'd groom!
What, no attendance? no regard? no duty?
Where is the foolish knave I sent before?

GRUMIO

Here, sir; as foolish as I was before.

PETRUCHIO

You peasant swain! you whoreson malt-horse drudge!
Did I not bid thee meet me in the park,
And bring along this rascal knave with thee?

GRUMIO

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

PETRUCHIO

Go, rascal, go, and fetch my supper in.

Exeunt CURTIS *and* GRUMIO

Singing

Where is the life that late I led--
Where are those--Sit down, Kate, and welcome.--
Sound, sound, sound, sound!

Re-enter CURTIS with supper

Why, when, I say? Nay, good sweet Kate, be merry.
Off with my boots, you rogues! you villains, when?

Sings

It was the friar of orders grey,
As he forth walked on his way:--
Out, you rogue! you pluck my foot awry:
Take that, and mend the plucking off the other.

Strikes him

Be merry, Kate. Some water, here; what, ho!
Where's my spaniel Troilus? Sirrah, get you hence,
Where are my slippers? Shall I have some water?
Come, Kate, and welcome heartily.
You whoreson villain! will you let it fall?

Strikes him

KATHARINA

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

PETRUCHIO

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

CURTIS

Ay.

PETRUCHIO

Who brought it?

CURTIS

I.

PETRUCHIO

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

Throws the meat, & c. about the stage

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

KATHARINA

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

PETRUCHIO

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

Exeunt

PETRUCHIO

Thus have I politicly begun my reign,
And 'tis my hope to end successfully.
My falcon now is sharp and passing empty;
And till she stoop she must not be full-gorged,
For then she never looks upon her lure.
Another way I have to man my haggard,
To make her come and know her keeper's call,
That is, to watch her, as we watch these kites

That bate and beat and will not be obedient.

She eat no meat to-day, nor none shall eat;
Last night she slept not, nor to-night 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

SCENE II. Padua. Before BAPTISTA'S house.

Enter BIANCA and LUCENTIO, with HORTENSIO hidden.

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!

HORTENSIO

Quick proceeders, marry!

Mistake no more: I am not Licio,
 Nor a musician, as I seem to be;
 But one that scorn to live in this disguise,
 For such a one as leaves a gentleman,
 And makes a god of such a cullion:
 Know, sir, that I am call'd Hortensio.
 Here is my hand, and here I firmly vow
 Never to woo her no more, but do forswear her,
 As one unworthy all the former favours
 That I have fondly flatter'd her withal.
 For me, that I may surely keep mine oath,
 I will be married to a wealthy widow,
 Ere three days pass, which hath as long loved me

As I have loved this proud disdainful haggard.
 And so farewell, Signior Lucentio.
 Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks,
 Shall win my love: and so I take my leave,
 In resolution as I swore before.

Exit

LUCENTIO

Then we are rid of Licio.
 I' faith, he'll have a lusty widow now,
 That shall be woo'd and wedded in a day.

BIANCA

God give him joy!

LUCENTIO

Ay, and he'll tame her.

BIANCA

He says so.

LUCENTIO

Faith, he is gone unto the taming-school.

BIANCA

The taming-school! what, is there such a place?

LUCENTIO

Ay, mistress, and Petruchio is the master;
 That teacheth tricks eleven and twenty long,
 To tame a shrew and charm her chattering tongue.

SCENE III. A room in PETRUCHIO'S house.

Enter KATHARINA and GRUMIO

GRUMIO

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

KATHARINA

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

Nor never needed that I should entreat,
 Am starved for meat, giddy for lack of sleep,
 With oath kept waking and with brawling fed:
 And that which spites me more than all these wants,
 He does it under name of perfect love;
 As who should say, if I should sleep or eat,
 'Twere deadly sickness or else present death.
 I prithee go and get me some repast;
 I care not what, so it be wholesome food.

GRUMIO

What say you to a neat's foot?

KATHARINA

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

GRUMIO

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

KATHARINA

I like it well: good Grumio, fetch it me.

GRUMIO

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

KATHARINA

A dish that I do love to feed upon.

GRUMIO

Ay, but the mustard is too hot a little.

KATHARINA

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

GRUMIO

Nay then, I will not: you shall have the mustard,
 Or else you get no beef of Grumio.

KATHARINA

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

GRUMIO

Why then, the mustard without the beef.

KATHARINA

Go, get thee gone, thou false deluding slave,
Beats him

That feed'st me with the very name of meat:
 Sorrow on thee and all the pack of you,

That triumph thus upon my misery!

Go, get thee gone, I say.

Enter PETRUCHIO *with meat*

PETRUCHIO

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

KATHARINA

Faith, as cold as can be.

PETRUCHIO

Pluck up thy spirits; look cheerfully upon me.

Here love; thou see'st how diligent I am

To dress thy meat myself and bring it thee:

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

What, not a word? Nay, then thou lovest it not;

And all my pains is sorted to no proof.

Here, take away this dish.

KATHARINA

I pray you, let it stand.

PETRUCHIO

The poorest service is repaid with thanks;

And so shall mine, before you touch the meat.

KATHARINA

I thank you, sir.

PETRUCHIO

Much good do it unto thy gentle heart!

Kate, eat apace: and now, my honey love,

Will we return unto thy father's house

And revel it as bravely as the best,

With silken coats and caps and golden rings,

With ruffs and cuffs and fardingales and things;

With scarfs and fans and double change of bravery,

With amber bracelets, beads and all this knavery.

What, hast thou dined? The tailor stays thy leisure,

To deck thy body with his ruffling treasure.

Enter TAILOR

Come, tailor, let us see these ornaments;

Lay forth the gown.

What news with you, sir?

TAILOR

Here is the cap your worship did bespeak.

PETRUCHIO

Why, this was moulded on a porringer;
A velvet dish: fie, fie! 'tis lewd and filthy:
A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap:
Away with it! come, let me have a bigger.

KATHARINA

I'll have no bigger: this doth fit the time,
And gentlewomen wear such caps as these

PETRUCHIO

When you are gentle, you shall have one too,
And not till then.

KATHARINA

Why, sir, I trust I may have leave to speak;
And speak I will; I am no child, no babe:
Your betters have endured me say my mind,
And if you cannot, best you stop your ears.
My tongue will tell the anger of my heart,
Or else my heart concealing it will break,
And rather than it shall, I will be free
Even to the uttermost, as I please, in words.

PETRUCHIO

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

KATHARINA

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

PETRUCHIO

Thy gown? why, ay: come, tailor, let us see't.
O mercy, God! what masquing stuff is here?
What's this? a sleeve? 'tis like a demi-cannon:
What, up and down, carved like an apple-tart?
Here's snip and nip and cut and slish and slash,
Why, what, i' devil's name, tailor, call'st thou this?

TAILOR

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

PETRUCHIO

Marry, and did; but if you be remember'd,
I did not bid you mar it to the time.
I'll none of it: hence! make your best of it.

KATHARINA

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

PETRUCHIO

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

TAILOR

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

PETRUCHIO

O monstrous arrogance! Thou liest, thou thread,
thou thimble,
Braved in mine own house with a skein of thread?
Away, thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant;
I tell thee, I, that thou hast marr'd her gown.

TAILOR

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

GRUMIO

I gave him no order; I gave him the stuff.

TAILOR

But how did you desire it should be made?

GRUMIO

Marry, sir, with needle and thread.

TAILOR

But did you not request to have it cut?

GRUMIO

Thou hast faced many things.

TAILOR

I have.

GRUMIO

Face not me: thou hast braved many men; brave not
me; I will neither be faced nor braved. I say unto
thee, I bid thy master cut out the gown; but I did

not bid him cut it to pieces: ergo, thou liest.

TAILOR

Why, here is the note of the fashion to testify

PETRUCHIO

Read it.

GRUMIO

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

TAILOR

Reads 'Imprimis, a loose-bodied gown:'

GRUMIO

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

PETRUCHIO

Proceed.

TAILOR

Reads 'With a small compassed cape:'

GRUMIO

I confess the cape.

TAILOR

Reads 'With a trunk sleeve:'

GRUMIO

I confess two sleeves.

TAILOR

Reads 'The sleeves curiously cut.'

PETRUCHIO

Ay, there's the villany.

GRUMIO

Error i' the bill, sir; error i' the bill.

I commanded the sleeves should be cut out and sewed up again; and that I'll prove upon thee, though thy little finger be armed in a thimble.

TAILOR

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

GRUMIO

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

PETRUCHIO

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

GRUMIO

You are i' the right, sir: 'tis for my mistress.

PETRUCHIO

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

Exit TAILOR

PETRUCHIO

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

Even in these honest mean habiliments:

Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor;

For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich;

What is the jay more precious than the lark,

Because his feathers are more beautiful?

O, no, good Kate; neither art thou the worse

For this poor furniture and mean array.

if thou account'st it shame. lay it on me;

And therefore frolic: we will hence forthwith,

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

Go, bring our horses unto Long-lane end;

There will we mount, and thither walk on foot

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

And well we may come there by dinner-time.

KATHARINA

I dare assure you, sir, 'tis almost two;

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

PETRUCHIO

It shall be seven ere I go to horse:

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

You are still crossing it. Sir, let't alone:

I will not go to-day; and ere I do,

It shall be what o'clock I say it is.

Exeunt

SCENE IV. A public road.

Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, *and* GRUMIO

PETRUCHIO

Come on, i' God's name; once more toward our father's.

Good Lord, how bright and goodly shines the moon!

KATHARINA

The moon! the sun: it is not moonlight now.

PETRUCHIO

I say it is the moon that shines so bright.

KATHARINA

I know it is the sun that shines so bright.

PETRUCHIO

Now, by my mother's son, and that's myself,
It shall be moon, or star, or what I list,
Or ere I journey to your father's house.
Go on, and fetch our horses back again.
Evermore cross'd and cross'd; nothing but cross'd!

GRUMIO

Say as he says, or we shall never go.

KATHARINA

Forward, I pray, since we have come so far,
And be it moon, or sun, or what you please:
An 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.

KATHARINA

I know it is the moon.

PETRUCHIO

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

KATHARINA

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 named, even that it is;
And so it shall be so for Katharina.

GRUMIO

Petruchio, go thy ways; the field is won.

PETRUCHIO

First kiss me, Kate, and we will.

KATHARINA

What, in the midst of the street?

PETRUCHIO

What, art thou ashamed of me?

KATHARINA

No, sir, God forbid; but ashamed to kiss.

PETRUCHIO

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

KATHARINA

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

PETRUCHIO

Is not this well? Come, my sweet Kate:

Better once than never, for never too late.

Exeunt

ACT V

SCENE I. Padua. LUCENTIO'S house.

Enter LUCENTIO, BIANCA, PETRUCHIO, *and* KATHARINA

LUCENTIO

Together now, when raging war is done,
To smile at scapes and perils overblown.
Brother Petruchio, sister Katharina,
Feast with the best, and welcome to my house:
My banquet is to close our stomachs up,
After our great good cheer. Pray you, sit down;
For now we sit to chat as well as eat.

PETRUCHIO

Nothing but sit and sit, and eat and eat!
Padua affords nothing but what is kind.
Now, for my life, Lucentio fears his bride.

BIANCA

Then never trust me, if I be afeard.

PETRUCHIO

You are very sensible, and yet you miss my sense:
I mean, Lucentio is afeard of you.

BIANCA

He that is giddy thinks the world turns round.

PETRUCHIO

Roundly replied.

KATHARINA

Mistress, how mean you that?

BIANCA

Thus I conceive by him.

PETRUCHIO

Conceives by me! How likes Lucentio that?

LUCENTIO

My bride says, thus she conceives her tale.

PETRUCHIO

Very well mended. Kiss him for that, good bride.

KATHARINA

'He that is giddy thinks the world turns round.'

I pray you, tell me what you meant by that.

BIANCA

Your husband, being troubled with a shrew,
Measures my husband's sorrow by his woe:
And now you know my meaning,

KATHARINA

A very mean meaning.

BIANCA

Right, I mean you.

KATHARINA

And I am mean indeed, respecting you.

PETRUCHIO

To her, Kate!

LUCENTIO

To her, Bianca!

PETRUCHIO

A hundred marks, my Kate does put her down.

LUCENTIO

That's my office.

PETRUCHIO

Spoke like an officer; ha' to thee, lad!

Drinks to LUCENTIO

Ay, mistress bride, hath that awaken'd you?

BIANCA

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

PETRUCHIO

Nay, that you shall not: since you have begun,
Have at you for a bitter jest or two!

BIANCA

Am I your bird? I mean to shift my bush;
 And then pursue me as you draw your bow.
 You are welcome all.

Exeunt BIANCA and KATHARINA

PETRUCHIO

She hath prevented me.

Enter ACTOR 1 as GRUMIO and ACTOR 3 as BAPTISTA

BAPTISTA

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

PETRUCHIO

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

LUCENTIO

Twenty crowns.

PETRUCHIO

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

LUCENTIO

A hundred then.

PETRUCHIO

Content. A match! 'tis done.
 Who shall begin?

LUCENTIO

That will I.
 Go, Grumio, bid my mistress come to me.

GRUMIO

I go.

BAPTISTA

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

LUCENTIO

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

Exeunt BAPTISTA and GRUMIO

Re-enter GRUMIO

How now! what news?

GRUMIO

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

PETRUCHIO

How! she is busy and she cannot come!
Is that an answer?

LUCENTIO

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

PETRUCHIO

I hope better.
O vile, Intolerable, not to be endured!
Sirrah Grumio, go to your mistress;
Say, I command her to come to me.

Exit GRUMIO

LUCENTIO

I know her answer.

PETRUCHIO

What?

LUCENTIO

She will not.

PETRUCHIO

The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.

LUCENTIO

Now, by my holidame, here comes Katharina!

Re-enter KATHARINA

KATHARINA

What is your will, sir, that you send for me?

PETRUCHIO

Where is your sister?

KATHARINA

By the parlor fire.

PETRUCHIO

Go fetch her hither: if she deny to come.

Swinge me her soundly forth unto her husband:

Away, I say, and bring her hither straight.

Exit KATHARINA, enter BAPTISTA

LUCENTIO

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

BAPTISTA

And so it is: I wonder what it bodes.

PETRUCHIO

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

And awful rule and right supremacy;

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

BAPTISTA

Now, fair befall thee, good Petruchio!

The wager thou hast won; and I will add

Unto their losses twenty thousand crowns;

Another dowry to another daughter,

For she is changed, as she had never been.

PETRUCHIO

Nay, I will win my wager better yet

And show more sign of her obedience,

Her new-built virtue and obedience.

See where she comes and brings your froward wife

As prisoner to her womanly persuasion.

Exit BAPTISTA. Re-enter KATHARINA with BIANCA

Katharina, that cap of yours becomes you not:

Off with that bauble, throw it under-foot.

BIANCA

Lord, let me never have a cause to sigh,

Till I be brought to such a silly pass!

Fie! what a foolish duty call you this?

LUCENTIO

I would your duty were as foolish too:

The wisdom of your duty, fair Bianca,
Hath cost me an hundred crowns since supper-time.

BIANCA

The more fool you, for laying on my duty.

PETRUCHIO

Katharina, I charge thee, tell this headstrong woman
What duty she does owe her lord and husband.

BIANCA

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

PETRUCHIO

Come on, I say.

BIANCA

She shall not.

PETRUCHIO

I say she shall.

KATHARINA

Fie, fie! unknit that threatening unkind brow,
And dart not scornful glances from those eyes,
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor:
It blots thy beauty as frosts do bite the meads,
Confounds thy fame as whirlwinds shake fair buds,
And in no sense is meet or amiable.

A woman moved is like a fountain troubled,

Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty;
And while it is so, none so dry or thirsty
Will deign to sip or touch one drop of it.

Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy sovereign;

one that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance commits his body
To painful labour both by sea and land,
To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,
Whilst thou liest warm at home, secure and safe;

And craves no other tribute at thy hands
But love, fair looks and true obedience;

Too little payment for so great a debt.

Such duty as the subject owes the prince
Even such a woman oweth to her husband;
And when she is froward, peevish, sullen, sour,
And not obedient to his honest will,
What is she but a foul contending rebel
And graceless traitor to her loving lord?

I am ashamed that women are so simple
To offer war where they should kneel for peace;
Or seek for rule, supremacy and sway,
When they are bound to serve, love and obey.

Why are our bodies soft and weak and smooth,
Unapt to toil and trouble in the world,
But that our soft conditions and our hearts
Should well agree with our external parts?

Come, come, you froward and unable worms!
My mind hath been as big as one of yours,
My heart as great, my reason haply more,
To bandy word for word and frown for frown;

But now I see our lances are but straws,

Our strength as weak, our weakness past compare,
That seeming to be most which we indeed least are.

Then vail your stomachs, for it is no boot,
And place your hands below your husband's foot:
In token of which duty, if he please,
My hand is ready; may it do him ease.