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THE TAMING OF
THE SHREW

EDITED BY
W. G. BOSWELL-STONE

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The Taming of the Shrew

FOREWORDS.

The Shakesperian part of The Taming of the Shrew was probably written about 1596-7. The play was first published in F1, 1623. There is a Qo. (1631), which is a reprint, with a few slight corrections, of F1.

In olden days men wrote the books, and naturally gave women a rough time of it, and attributed all the mischief of the world to them; but they fairly urge now that if a woman had written the legends of Genesis, we should have a different version of what went on in Paradise from the one generally accepted. As we know, however, that Shrews' Bridles existed in Early England, and that we have at least one sample of 'em still, and as Heywood's Four P's testifies that the prize liar of his time, c. 1540, was the man who said he'd never seen a woman in a temper, we must admit that Shakspeare, ever on the look-out for a popular subject, was justified in adopting and strengthening an old play, The Taming of a Shrew, published in 1594, which followed one of the popular poems in Captain Cox's Library, 1575, mentioned below, p. xiv.

When a girl who should be a lady, forgets that she is one, and turns shrew, she has to get the nonsense shaken out of her, and Petruchio's handling of Kate is done in masterly fashion. His trials of her may seem somewhat harsh, but as soon as she understands his humour, she enters into it, and wins happiness for herself and him.

The Shrew is popular still on the London stage, for, besides Petruchio and Kate, it gives us the wit and humour of Grumio, akin to Falstaff, and the comicalities of Sly. The story of the Induction is from the Arabian Nights, and the trick played by Philip, Duke of Burgundy, on a drunken man in Brussels,
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told in Goulard's *Admirable and Memorable Histories*, 1607, engrailed by Grimestone, and taken from Heuterus *De Rebus Burgundicis*: see Hazlitt's Shakespeare's Library, Pt. I. vol. iv. p. 163; Warton's *Hist. of English Poetry*, Sec. LII., and Bond's Arden edition of *The Shrew*, pp. xlvi-xlvi. In my Leopold Shakspere Introduction, p. xlvi. I noted that "the comical sham translation of the Latin lesson (in *The Shrew*) may have been suggested by a like bit in *The 3 Lords and 3 Ladies of London*, A.D. 1588, pr. 1590 (Hazlitt's *Dodley*, vi. 500), 'O, singulariter, nominativo,wise Lord Pleasure; genitivo, bind him to the post; dativo, give me my torch; accusativo, for I say he's a cosener; vocativo, O, give me room to run at him; ablativo, take and blind me.'"

What follows here—on the 3 authors of *The Shrew*, and the comparison of it with *A Shrew* and Gascoigne's *Supposes,*—is from the pen of my dead friend Walter G. Boswell-Stone, who also edited the play and wrote the Notes to it.—F. J. F.

The Taming of the Shrew presents a twofold plot, combining (1) Petruchio's taming of the shrew Katherine with (2) Lucentio's clandestine wooing of Bianca. The former plot-component is derived from an anonymous play entitled *A Pleasant Conceited Historie, called The taming of a Shrew* (1st ed. 1594); the original source of the latter is *I Suppositi*, a play written by Ariosto, where a master and his servant, for the sake of prosecuting a love-intrigue, exchange characters and engage a stranger to personate the master's father; an under-plot which is also interwoven with *The Taming of a Shrew*. The scene of *The Taming of a Shrew* is laid partly at Athens; partly at Ferando's (Petruchio's) country-house. The action

1 Bond (p. xlvi) gives Herford the credit of this, but I was the first to point it out, in the Leopold Shakspere Introduction.
2 Reprinted in Nicholas's *Six Old Plays*, 1779, and in Hazlitt's *Shakespeare's Library*, Pt. II. vol. II. pp. 493-543; facsimiled by Ashbee, 1876, and edited by Prof. Boas in the 'Shakespeare Classics.'
of I Suppositi is confined to Ferrara. In the former play the
unities of time and place are disregarded; in the latter they are
strictly observed.

Mr. Grant White—to whose guidance we are mainly in-
debted for the following analysis—attributed the composition of
this play to the successive labours of three writers, whose
several shares therein he moreover defined. (1) The author of
A Shrew.1 (2) A reviser—called by us, for distinction’s
sake, X—who re-wrote most of the play, developing, with
particular care, the sham-wooer and sham-father plota, both
which—especially the first—have a much cruder form in A
Shrew. (3) An amender who re-wrote and touched up
portions of the play, and whose style and power warrant the
belief that the editors of F1 had partial justification for assigning
The Shrew to Shakspere.

We print in larger type all which we either hold to be
undoubtedly Shakspere’s, or presume to be his.

The Induction was written by Shakspere. The chief
variations from A Shrew are to be found in the speeches of
Sly, which are enlarged and quite altered in detail. Character-
istic Shaksperean touches are observable in (1) the hunting talk
in Sc. i. ll. 13-26, p. 6, expanded from three lines spoken by
the Lord in A Shrew, ‘Cupple vppe the hounds’, &c.; (2) the
addition, in Sc. ii. ll. 6-11, 16-22, p. 12, 81-94, p. 14,
of the personal and local particulars connected with Sly;
especially his mention of Burton Heath and Wincot, both
Warwickshire places; and (3) the descriptions of the pictures,
suggested by stories in the Metamorphoses of Ovid,2 Shakspere’s
favourite Latin poet. Here it should be noted that the por-
trayal of ‘Citherea all in sedges hid’,—and therefore concealed
from Adonis—infers the same general non-Ovidian view of the
amorous goddess pursuing the reluctant mortal, which had been

1 Mr. S. Hickson pointed out (Notes and Queries, 1st S. i. 226, 227)
ten parallelisms, some verbally exact, borrowed by the author of
A Shrew from Marlowe’s Tamburlaine and Doctor Faustus. For example,
four of the five opening lines of the Lord’s speech—preceding those
we print at p. 6—are taken nearly verbatim from Doctor Faustus.

2 The details are Shakspere’s. He found Daphne’s flight from
Apollo, and the rape of Io in Metamorphoses, i, 525-542, and 588-600.
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given in Venus and Adonis, 1593; while this special conception occurs, more fully developed, in the (possibly Shaksperian) 6th sonnet of the Passionate Pilgrim, 1599, as ll. 3-5 show:

‘When Cytherea (all in Loue forlorne)
A longing tensiance for Adonis made,
Vnder an Osier growing by a brooke,’ &c.

It may be fanciful to compare the Lord’s hounds (Sc. ii. 43, 44, p. 13) with those of Sparta whose ‘gallant chiding’ was such that

‘The skyes, the fountaines, euerie region neare
Seemd all one mutuall cry,’ &c.

but there is a close resemblance between the medical opinion delivered by the Messenger in Sc. ii. ll. 128-133, p. 16, and Emilia’s argument, in The Comedie of Errors, V. i. 71-86, upon the probable cause of Antipholus of Ephesus’s madness.

Act I. sc. 1. we ascribe to X. A difference of style is at once perceptible. As to treatment of subject, note that Lucentio is introduced to the audience, announcing his birthplace and parentage to Tranio, who had been brought up from infancy in Vincentio’s household. By the same inartistic method Petruchio makes known (I. ii. 1-4, p. 24) his abode and reason for visiting Padua. In none of Shaksper’s plays can first entries like these be paralleled. A link between this part of X.’s work and a line in another scene, which also we assign to him, is I. 10, p. 12, ‘Pisa renown’d for graue Citizens’; repeated at IV. ii. 95, p. 66.

The Interlude (II. 238-243, p. 24) affords the last glimpse of Sly as Shaksper depicted him.

Act I. sc. ii. Mr. Grant White says that no part of this scene was written by Shaksper. The style of the opening speech (I. 1-4), and, as has already been pointed out, the non-Shaksperian method of introducing Petruchio to the audience, are paralleled by Lucentio’s first speech in I. i.

\footnote{Cp. with these entries the first mention made of Blondello, I. i. 42-45, p. 18.}
Forewords.

The four specimens of Grumio's humour—including the knocking-conceit, with which compare Errors, III. i. 58,—are certainly not equal to what we find in IV. i.; there is nothing, for example, like 'thou maist slide from my shoulder to my heele, with no greater a run but my head and my neck.' Yet the same bent of knavery is discernible in the Grumio who beguiles Kate with pretended readiness to serve her (IV. iii. 17-30, pp. 67, 68), and in him who wilfully misunderstands Petruchio, and affects astonishment and indignation at such perverse orders. The fantastic paradox, 'shee shal haue no more eies to see withall then a Cat,' is akin to 'the Oates haue eaten the horses'; and bears a still closer resemblance to Fabian's 'Sowter will cry vpon't for all this, though it bee as ranke as a Fox (Twelfth Night, II. v. 116, 117). Hortensio's speeches we judge to be in X.'s manner, as well as some spoken by Petruchio. Petruchio's share of the altercation about knocking at the door is indivisible from Grumio's. His explanation of his matrimonial designs (II. 48-56) contains an enlarged version of Valentine's maxim: 'Home-keeping youth haue euer homely wits' (Two Gentlemen, I. i. 2). The next speech (II. 63-74) has a thoroughly Shaksperian simile: that 'Affections edge'; which even Kate's roughness will not remove. These speeches, and II. 195-207, which we also claim for Shaksper, are in a like vein of boisterous self-confidence, expressed with much vigour of phrase and illustration: note in regard to the latter specially, II. 197-203. Petruchio's other speeches in this scene are unimportant and characterless; excepting perhaps II. 93, 94. We believe X. to have written the parts played here by Gremio, Lucentio, Tranio, and Biondello.

Act II. sc. i. The clever light comedy of II. 1-38, and the preliminary speeches of Bianca's suitors, we attribute to X. We are doubtful about the authorship of II. 47-70. Ll. 111-117 preface a very Shaksperean display of legal knowledge; and we believe that all, from this point to the departure of Petruchio and Katherine (I. 316), was written by Shakspere. From thence to the end of the scene the hand of X. is visible in marked and unbroken contrast.

Act III. sc. i. This scene is wholly the work of X.
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Act III. sc. ii. All that relates to Petruchio's wooing, from the opening of the scene to l. 116, where the other plot supervenes, we assign to Shakspere. In Katherine's first speech, observe the neologism 'rudesby,' which occurs again in Twelfth Night, IV. i. 48.

The full details of Petruchio's and Grumio's array, and the list of equine diseases, are in Shakspere's manner. Compare, for example, with the former, As you like it, III. ii. 348-357, with the latter Troilus and Cressida, V. i. 16-22. Concerning this veterinary surgeon's catalogue of a horse's defects, Lord Tennyson said: it 'has such a rollicking, Rabelaisian comic swing about it, that I cannot but suspect it to be genuine Shakspere.'

On Gremio's re-entry Shakspere again takes "o the pen, and lays it aside with the exit of Petruchio, X.'s conclusion to the scene being left untouched. Shakspere's well-known fondness for Biblical quotations or allusions crops out in Petruchio's application of the tenth commandment (III. ii. 222-224).

Throughout the remainder of the play the respective shares of Shakspere and X. are, in our judgment, so clearly to be discriminated as to need little comment from us. Another trace of Shakspere's study of Ovid occurs at IV. v. 38-40.

In the Shaksperean scene V. ii., Kate's creed on the relation of husband and wife is the same as Luciana's (Errors, II. i. 15-25). We conjecture that Shakspere inserted the humorous scrap at IV. iv. 95-97, p. 78. Its omission does not at all disturb the sequence of Biondello's speech.

The broad result of this analysis may be thus briefly stated: Shakspere re-wrote the whole of Sly's adventure, by far the

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1 New Sh. Soc. Trans., 1874, p. 105.
2 These lines however may be taken from A knacks to know a house, 1594, Hazlitt's Dedale, vi. 549. Another Poor Man thus answers A Farmer, who would force him to sell his house: 'My house? why, 'tis my goods, My wife, my land, my horse, my ass, or anything That is his? The words italicized are also in The Shrew, loc. cit.
3 Said by the nymph Nais of Salmacis in Mat., IV. 322-326; and by Ulysses of Nausicaa, in the original source of the lines, Od., VI. 154-159. We do not press the inference which this paraphrase of Ovid suggests, remembering that in The Shrew, III. i., X. quotes Heroides, I. 33, 34.
larger part of Petruchio's and Katherine's speeches, and nearly all that Grumio says. The love-intrigue of Lucentio and Bianca, and all that relates to the personation of Vincentio, is the work of X.

Kate, as she was before meeting Petruchio, is the creation of X. In A Shrew her cursedness is matter of hearsay only until she appears in the wooing scene with Ferando which Shakspere recast. X., who introduced her early in I. i. and again in II. i., depicts her as a high-spirited girl, soured by the hatred of Bianca's suitors and the partiality of Baptista for his younger daughter. The humility¹ and obedience of Bianca—whether feigned for the sake of contrast, or springing from cowardice—exasperated Kate beyond endurance. Bianca was, no doubt, the special model of feminine perfection that Kate was constantly invited to study. Shakspere added one more touch. Petruchio's words:

"Though little fire growes great with little winde
Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all:"

convey an indirect censure upon Baptista for his weakness in fretting at, but not checking, Kate's shrewish temper.

In IV. iii. Shakspere imitated closely the Sander of A Shrew. The 'sweet Bianca' of X., demure and dutiful, yet so apt for intrigue, is exhibited in a changed aspect by Shakspere, who had his eye on the old drama. On the wedding-day she flung a naughty quip at old Gremio, and made a rude response to her husband when he mildly blamed her disobedience. Lucentio, amorous and quick-brained, and Tranio, who though but a Bergamese sail-maker's son, slips as easily into his master's character as into his clothes, are X.'s presentations of Erostrato and Dulippo, the master and servant in I Suppositi.

Shakspere and X. conspire to cover Hortensio with ridicule. Beruffed after a new guise by Shakspere's Kate, snubbed and jilted by X.'s Bianca, and henpecked by Shakspere's 'lusty widow' of Padua, he paid dearly for the treacherous advantage he hoped to gain over Gremio by his clandestine wooing of the

¹. . . 'affected humility (over-acted. See II. i. 5, p. 52), and the exasperating allusion to Kate's age (I. 7).'—Teena Rochfort Smith.
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girl he had agreed to compete for fairly. Gremio, "the old Pantelowne," possessed worldly acuteness,—with what contempt he pointed out the worthlessness of Tranio's offers,—but his ignorant admiration of the unknown made him the facile dupe of a pretender to letters. X. endowed him with dry, cynical humour, which became genial when, through Shakspere's inspiration, he described Petruchio's marriage.

Baptista, the sordid matchmaker, who invited his pet Bianca's suitors to bid for her, is X.'s conception. Damanio and Alfonso, like prudent fathers, merely require to be assured that they are not giving their daughters to penniless men.

In the present age the humour with which the shrew-taming plot is worked out seems hardly to atone for the brutality of the method adopted by Petruchio. There is however in The Shrew a reference to a more humane doctrine than had formerly prevailed in such matters. Petruchio did not return Kate's blow, and she answers his half-jesting threat of retaliation with the modern maxim: "If you strike me, you are no gentleman." Less than fifty years before the date of A Shrew, a story presumably popular, set forth how a man flogged his shrewish wife till she swooned, and then wrapped her, bleeding, in the salted hide of his old horse Morell. 1 To Fletcher's credit be it said that before 1622 he produced The Woman's Prize, or the Tamer Tamed, showing Petruchio as a remarried widower completely vanquished by his new second wife.

The parallel extracts will show the reader that the author of A Shrew was gifted with considerable farcical power. 2 He was not so successful when he turned from the main plot to the comedy of intrigue. His dialogue then became disfigured by bombast and strained metaphors. It was in this underplot of intrigue that X. displayed his ability.


2 The delightful nonsense of 'Why, Tapster, I say, 's a fresh cushion here! ' spoken by the Sile of A Shrew (p. 6 l. 1) is worthy of Shakspere.
Forewords.

COMPARISON OF THE PLOTS IN


The Induction to The Shrew is an enlarged version of that which precedes A Shrew. A Shrew has four short Interludes, between which the action of the external play is resumed. In the last Interlude Sly falls asleep again, whereupon the Lord bids his men:

... 'go take him easily up,

[Cp. The Shrew, I. 42, p. 7.]

And put him in his own [own] apparel againe,
And lay him in the place where we did find him,
Iust vnderneath the alehouse side below,
But see you wake him not in any case.'

Day is dawning when the tapster re-enters, awakes Sly, and advises him to go home, for fear of his wife's anger. Sly answers that he has dreamed how to tame a shrew, if need be. Wishing to hear the dream, the tapster proposes to accompany him to his home, and they leave the stage together. In The Shrew there is only one brief interlude (I. i. 238-243, p. 24), unlike its source both in phrase and matter, and Sly's adventure is then allowed to drop away entirely.

1 Act I. sc. i. The first scene of A Shrew is laid before Alfonso's house at Athens. Aurelius (Lucentio), Polydore (Hortensio), and their servants Valeria (Tranio) and Catapie, enter. Polydore, a student at Athens, welcomes his friend Aurelius, son of Jerobell (Vincentio), Duke of Cestus. Aurelius has left Jerobell's court, to visit Polydore. Alfonso (Baptista), an Athenian merchant, enters with his three daughters, Kate (the Shrew), Philena, and Emelia. Polydore and Aurelius stand apart, regarding them. Alfonso sends his daughters to the church, and goes himself to the quay. On their departure, Polydore tells Aurelius that he loves Emelia, but cannot become

1 The comparison with the two source-plays follows the order of Act and scene in The Shrew.
2 See the Comparative List of the Characters in the three plays, facing p. xxx.

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b
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a suitor for her because Alfonso has sworn that Kate 'first shall be espowsde.' Aurelius says that he has fallen in love with Philema. Polydore then sends his boy Catapie to fetch Ferando (Petruchio), who is Kate's equal in wealth and person, and, being also 'as blunt in speech as she is sharpe of toong,' may, he hopes, venture to marry her. Aurelius determines to woo Philema in the character of a 'Marchants sonne of Cestus'; his servant Valeria assuming, in the meanwhile, the name and dress of 'the Duke of Cestus sonne.' I Suppositi\(^1\) opens with a dialogue between Polinesta (Bianca), daughter of Damonio (Baptista), a merchant of Ferrara, and her nurse. Polinesta says that Erostrato (Lucentio), son of Filogono (Vincentio), a merchant of Catania, came to Ferrara to study law. On his arrival he met her in the high street, fell in love with her at once, and abandoning all thought of study, exchanged both clothes and name with his servant Dulippo, who had accompanied him from Catania. Thus disguised, Erostrato managed to enter Damonio's service. Dulippo, in the mean while, studied diligently (cp. The Shrew, I. i. 187, p. 22). The similarity between the three plays is here close; the only difference being that in I Suppositi the master takes the servant's name. Cleandro (Gremio), a rich old doctor of laws, is a suitor for Polinesta's hand, and in order to mar his wooing, the sham Erostrato plays the part of a rival.

Act I. sc. ii. In A Shrew the action proceeds. Catapie's errand is anticipated by the entrance of Ferando and Sander (Grumio), immediately after Aurelius has expressed his intention of exchanging characters with Valeria. Ferando announces to Polydore an already-formed resolve to woo Kate, her father having promised him 6000 crowns if he should succeed. He desires the two friends to 'stand aside,' whereupon he will make Alfonso bring Kate out of the house and leave her with him. Polydore and Aurelius then quit the stage, and Sander retires from view.

Act II. sc. i. In A Shrew Ferando's wooing of Kate precedes her music-lesson. Left alone, Ferando summons Alfonso

\(^1\) Our quotations are taken from the text published in Teatro Italiano Antico, Milano, vol. II. pp. 209-318.
and desires him to bring forth Kate, and, after a brief absence, return in order to join their hands and fix the wedding-day. Alfonso calls Kate forth and departs, exhorting her to treat her wooer 'as friendlie' as she can. Then follows a dialogue between Ferando and Kate, which is the original of The Shrew, II. i. 179-272, pp. 36-39. Alfonso, returning, appoints the wedding-day, and retires with Kate. Ferando departs, after bidding Sander remain to inform Polydore of the approaching marriage, and of his temporary absence in the country. Catapie enters and asks Sander where Ferando is to be found. Before the question is answered, Polydore, Aurelius, and Valeria re-enter. Sander delivers his master's message, and goes out with Catapie. Valeria—'as erst we did deuise,' says Aurelius—taking his lute, goes to Alfonso's house, Alfonso having, as Polydore remarks,

"... spoke to me,
To helpe him to some cunning Musition,
To teach his eldest daughter on the lute."

In The Shrew, I. i. 95-97, p. 20, Baptista makes a similar application to Hortensio and Gremio. Polydore proposes that, whilst Kate is having her music-lesson, he and Aurelius should seize the opportunity of courting her sisters, who will then be able 'to stele abrode' unhindered by her. Alfonso re-enters, and thanks Polydore for sending such a skilful musician, who, he adds, is now about to give Kate a lesson. So, in The Shrew, II. i., Hortensio, after being presented to Baptista, is at once despatched to his pupil. Tranio makes himself known to Baptista. Polydore introduces Aurelius to Alfonso as 'a wealthie Marchants sonne of Cestus.' The first scene of A Shrew now ends, all entering Alfonso's house. No appreciable interval of time elapses, however, before Valeria enters with Kate. The

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1 The reader will remark that Hortensio's disappearance causes no surprise to Gremio and Tranio. Hortensio's purpose was to court Bianca, without Gremio's knowledge. See I. ii. 132, 133. But some excuse for his apparent absence should have been devised. In A Shrew Valeria is the musician, and Polydore (Hortensio) does not efface himself by a disguise.

2 Filogono's servant was called Lizio (Lilio Gasc. trans. I Suppositi), a name assumed by Hortensio, spelt Litio, or Lisio in F1.
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music-lesson, of which Hortensio delivers a report, was witnessed by the spectators of A Shrew. Valeria wishes a false stop to be played over again, whereupon his pupil waxes wroth, offers to strike him with the lute, and then flinging it down, sweeps away. She had bidden Valeria beware

. . . 'least I cross your pate,
   And make your musicke fly about your eares;
   Ile make it and your foolish coxcombe meet';

and warned him to

. . . 'come no more into this place,
   Least that I clap your fiddle on your face.'

The latter threat, and the advice she had previously offered him,—

' Then make a night cap of your fiddles case,
   To warme your head, and hide your filthy face!'

—perhaps suggested the ludicrous picture of Hortensio pilloried in his own lute. Gremio's taunt (The Shrew, II. i. 392-395, p. 43) may be an echo of Cleandro's reply to a parasite named Pasinило, on learning that Dulippo-Erostrato has undertaken to endow Polinesta with a marriage portion of 2000 ducats, the sum already promised by her aged suitor. Cleandro says (p. 222):

' Può Erostrato
   Far dunque tale offerta, e entrare in obbligo
   Alcuno, cum sit filius families?' 1

Act. III. sc. i. bears no resemblance to any scene either in A Shrew or I Suppositi.

Act III. sc. ii. The action of A Shrew continues. To Valeria soliloquizing on Kate's shrewishness, enter Aurelius, Polydore, Emelia, and Philema. On hearing the untoward

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1 Can Erostrato make such an offer, and give a bond, seeing that he is a minor?
Forewords.

result of the music-lesson, Aurelius orders Valeria to go to his chamber, and entertain one who has come from Cestus 'to dine.' This person is doubtless the merchant Philotus, who is hereinafter to play the same part which belongs to the Pedant in The Shrew and to the Sanose in I Suppositi. Alfonso enters, marvelling at Ferando's absence. Such is the rapidity of the action that the wedding day has already arrived. Philema and Emelia are sent to Kate, who is engaged with her toilet. Like Baptista, Alfonso fears that the bridegroom may have changed his mind. Like Tranio, Polydore endeavours to reassure the anxious father. Then enters Ferando, 'baselie attired,' and we have the dialogue which forms the parallel of The Shrew, III. ii. 80-116, pp. 49, 50. As he says, 'And therefore take me thus or not at all,' Kate appears, and answers his question—'shall we go to church'—by flatly refusing to marry 'such a filthie slauish groome.' Ferando addresses her in a strain of extravagant flattery which, presumably, appeases her wrath, for she says no more, and they set out for church, Alfonso and the rest following. Sander and Catapie now enter, and their talk fills the time during which the wedding is celebrated. The description of the marriage ceremony in The Shrew, III. ii. 142-176, pp. 51, 52, has no parallel in A Shrew. The wedding-party return, and Ferando insists on carrying off the bride, as Petruchio does in The Shrew, III, ii. 177-231, pp. 52-54. After Emelia's speech, 'They're even as well macht as I would wish,' some speculation ensues. Philema doubts Ferando's ability to tame Kate. Aurelius questions the efficiency of Kate's 'manhood.' Polydore hesitatingly agrees with Philema. He proposes to visit the new-married pair within 'this two daies.' Alfonso then questions Aurelius:

1 'In the old Play of the Taming of a Shrew the whole story is knit up in the course of two days. In the first, Ferando = Petruchio woos Kate and fixes his marriage for "next Sunday"; "next Sunday" then becomes to-morrow, to-morrow becomes to-day, and to-day ends with the wedding night in Ferando's country house. All the rest of the Play is included in the second day.'—P. A. Daniel's Time-Analysis of The Shrew in New Sh. Soc. Trans., 1877-79, p. 169.

2 The result of Hortensio's effacement is that Tranio answers for the honesty of Petruchio, with whom he has, at most, only two days' acquaintance. In A Shrew, Polydore (Hortensio) vouches for his old friend Ferando. Cp. note i, p. 6.

xix
The Taming of the Shrew.

'What have you sent to Cestus as you said,
To certify your father of your love?
For I would gladly he would like of it;
And if he be the man you tell to me,
I guess he is a Marchant of great wealth.'

Aurelius replies that he expects his father to visit Athens 'within this week at most.' This preparation for the sham-father part of the plot—of which we have already had a hint—should be compared with the colloquy between Lucentio and Tranio, in The Shrew, III. ii. 121-141, pp. 50, 51. The scene now closes, all, as in The Shrew, leaving the stage to partake of the wedding dinner.

IV. i. The corresponding scene in A Shrew is laid at Ferrando's house.

IV. ii. About half of this scene in The Shrew (ll. 1-52) is original. Next comes the jesting about Petruchio's shrew-taming school, which is taken almost verbatim from A Shrew. For the rest of the scene I Suppositi is the chief source, A Shrew having here but slight resemblance to the Shaksperian play. On the opening of the Second Act of I Suppositi, Dulippo relates to Erostrato how Damonio had been persuaded to wait fifteen days before giving his daughter in marriage; within which time Filogono—whom Damonio required to subscribe Erostrato's bond—was expected at Ferrara.

As Dulippo was issuing from Ferrara, he saw (p. 234)

\[ \ldots \ \text{un gentil uom scender da l'argine,} \\
\text{Uomo attempato, il quale ha assai buon' aria.}^{1} \\
\]

[Cp. The Shrew, IV. ii. 60-62, p. 65.]

Dulippo asked him whence he came and whither he was going. The traveller replied that he came from Padua, having previously visited Venice, and was now returning to his native city, Siena. Hereupon Dulippo affected great surprise; and, when asked the reason, answered that some ambassadors to the King of Naples, sent by Ercole [II.] Duke of Ferrara, and returning with costly

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1 A gentleman coming down from the embankment, an elderly man, of passably good mien. (The Po is embanked at Ferrara.)

xx
Forewords.

presents from the King to the Duke, had been stayed by the
custom-house officers of Siena, and obliged to pay duty on the
royal gifts as though they had been merchants' wares. To
Ercole's complaint of this discourtesy the Republic of Siena
made such an insolent response that the Duke, in great wrath,
swore upon the host that all the Sanesi found in his dominions
should be driven away with disgrace; further, that innkeepers,
who received them and did not give immediate notice of their
arrival, should incur a heavy penalty. Upon hearing this, the
traveller was about to ride off, but, by Dulippo's advice, con-
cluded instead to pass for the merchant (mercator, cp. The Shrew,
IV. ii. 63, p. 65) Filogono of Catania, and lodge in his reputed
son's house. Dulippo trusted, ere the Sanese discovered how he
had been duped, to win his good will by politeness and hospitality,
and thus engage him to join in the plot by giving security, in
Filogono's name, for two or three thousand ducats, or more.
At the close of this explanation the Sanese, whom Dulippo has
left at an inn until Erostrato should sanction the scheme, enters
with a servant. After some talk, Dulippo, the Sanese, and the
servant enter the sham-Erostrato's house. In the corresponding
scene of A Shrew, Aurelius and Valeria enter, and the former,
after telling Valeria—apparently for the first time—of his love
for Philotus, says that he hopes to marry her

'If that the merchant which thou toldst me of
Will (as he sayd) go to Alfonso's house,
And say he is my father, and there with all
Pass o'er certain deeds of land to me.'

Aurelius, wishing to see Philotus, goes out to meet him conducted
by Valeria.

Act IV. sc. iii. In A Shrew—the sole source of this scene
—the shrew-taming action is interrupted, and a parallel scene to
The Shrew, IV. iv. precedes that in which Ferando undertakes
to regulate Kate's wardrobe, and insists on her accepting his
reckoning of time.

Act IV. sc. iv. The resemblance to A Shrew in this scene
does not extend beyond l. 73. Aurelius, Valeria and Philotus
enter, on their way to Alphonso's house. Having cautioned
The Taming of the Shrew.

Philotus to remember his lesson,¹ Aurelius summons Alphonso. Alphonso comes to his door, and is introduced by Aurelius to Philotus. Philotus, responding to Alphonso’s welcome, says that he is aware of Aurelius’s choice, which he does not ‘mislike.’ He offers to settle £300 a-year on his son, and pay down 1000 ingots of pure gold, and 2000 bars of silver plate, confirming these promises ‘in writing straight.’ Alphonso commends Philotus’s fatherly liberality, consents to the match, and engages to enlarge his daughter’s dowry. Alphonso is then presented by Aurelius to Valeria, who personates, as before arranged, the Duke of Cestus’s son. Philotus wishes the marriage settlements to be drawn up in Valeria’s presence, and, at Alphonso’s invitation, Valeria accompanies them to Alphonso’s house, where the business is to be transacted. The scene of A Shrew, which is the source of The Shrew, IV. iii. 59-191, pp. 70-75, ends with Ferando’s declaration to Kate: ‘I he have you say as I doo ere you go.’ To this succeeds a scene which has no parallel in The Shrew. The wedding day of Kate’s sisters has come. Polydore, Emelia, Aurelius and Philema enter, and, after an interchange of high-flown compliments, depart for the church, where Alfonso and ‘the reste’ are awaiting them.

Act IV. sc. v. While Kate’s sisters are being married, she and Ferando are somewhere on the road to Athens. Kate’s speech—ending with a hope that Athens may not be exposed to the unveiled lustre of his ‘lovely face’—convinces the Duke of Cestus that she is as mad as her husband; and, ‘for feare of harme,’ he rides on ahead. Ferando praises Kate for her obedience, and they follow the Duke, intending to ‘perswade him to his shape again.’

Act V. sc. i. I Supposit has furnished the chief material for this scene of The Shrew. Dulippo, having obtained a sham-father for his master Erostrato, was very anxious to find the parasite Pasifilo whom he proposed sending to Damiano, to announce Filogono’s arrival and willingness to guarantee the requisite marriage portion. Hearing that Pasifilo had been seen outside the gate of S. Paolo, Dulippo went to seek him. At

¹ ‘For you doo very much resemble him,’ says Aurelius. Cp. The Shrew, IV. ii. 100, p. 66.
Forewords.

the place where ships were unloaded, a boat came ashore in which he saw Lizio his fellow-servant, and Filogono. He immediately fled in order to warn Erostrato, whom he expects to find in Damanio's house. Waiting outside the house for Erostrato he espies Filogono and Lizio approaching, and is obliged to take to his heels. Filogono and Lizio are accompanied by a Ferrarese, their host, who has offered to show them the sham Erostrato's house. At this point the parallel with The Shrew, V. i. 7-69, begins. On reaching the house the Ferrarese knocks without result, whereupon Lizio hammers at the door. Dalio, the sham Erostrato's cook, looks out from a window. Filogono asks for Erostrato, and, being told that he is not at home, demands to be admitted. Dalio answers that Filogono cannot be received in the house; another stranger has taken all the spare room. On further enquiry Filogono learns that this stranger is Filogono of Catania, Erostrato's father. Asked when the stranger arrived Dalio replies that he alighted at the Angel ('all' Angelo')\(^1\) two hours or more ago, and was brought to the house by Erostrato. Filogono wishes to see the stranger, and Dalio retires from the window to summon him. The Sanese comes to the door. In answer to Filogono's enquiries he asserts himself to be Filogono, a merchant of Catania, and Erostrato's father. Filogono rates the Sanese. Dalio threatens Filogono, and invites the Sanese to re-enter the house. The Ferrarese describes the sham Erostrato, and brings him face to face with Filogono. Both Filogono and Lizio recognize Dulippo. Dulippo denies having ever seen Filogono. He says that every one in Ferrara knows him as Erostrato, and appeals to the Ferrarese, who confirms the statement. Lizio suspects that the Ferrarese and Dulippo are leagued to cheat Filogono. Declining to listen any longer to such nonsense, Dulippo moves to enter his house. Filogono reviles Dulippo, and says (p. 287):

\[\ldots\ 'ch'\ hai tu di Erostrato\]

\[\text{Fatto, assassino, poiché 'l suo nome occupi?'}\]\(^2\)

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\(^1\) See Notes on The Shrew, p. 96.
\(^2\) What have you done with Erostrato, murderer, since you usurp his name?
The Taming of the Shrew.

Cp. The Shrew, V. i. 69, p. 84. Dulippo restrains Dilio's violence, and withdraws with him into the house. Guided by the Ferrarese, Filogono deports to obtain legal advice from an advocate. Thus in I Suppositi the impostors are able to hold their own, but in A Shrew, as in The Shrew, the unwinding of the plot is quickly brought about. With The Shrew, V. i. 87-113, pp. 84, 85, A Shrew must be compared, i. 94 excepted, where Lucentio confesses to Baptista that he has married Bianca.

'While counterfeit supposes bleer'd thine eine.'

Here 'supposes' is evidently applied to those who assume the character and appearance of other persons, whom they are supposed to be; i.e. supposita, or 'supposes' according to Gascoigne's title. His daughters' marriage being over, Alfonso invites the wedding-party to his house 'to see what cheere we haue.' He wonders at the absence of Ferando and Kate. Philotus promises Alfonso shiploads of costly gifts,—amongst which he enumerates 'Arras counter poines,' cp. The Shrew, II. i. 343, p. 42,—and Valeria undertakes, in still more generous sort, to enrich his friend Polydore's father-in-law. The Duke of Cestus, entering unobserved, overhears Valeria. A few speeches in The Shrew bear some resemblance to what follows.

Says the Duke to Valeria:

'Are you become the Duke of Cestus son, And renew with my treasure in the towne?"

[ Cp. V. i. 54, 55, p. 83.] . . .

Val. Sounds! it is the Duke, what shall I doo?

[ Cp. V. i. 34, 35, p. 83.] . . .

Duke. Her's no villaine! he will not know me now.

[To Phei.] But what say you? have you forgot me too?

[ Cp. V. i. 38, p. 83.] . . .

Aur. Pardon me, father! humble on my knees,

[ Cp. V. i. 89, p. 84, and stage-direction in F.]

I do intreat your grace to heare me speake!' 

---

1 Filogono is introduced to Cleandro (Gremio). The dénouement of I Suppositi is delayed in order that Dulippo-Erostrato may prove to be Cleandro's son, who had been lost when a child.
Forewords.

The Duke, however, orders that Philotus and Valeria be sent to prison. They, like Tranio and the Pedant, run away. Cp. the second F. stage-direction at V. 18, 89, p. 84. The Duke storms at Aurelius and Valeria, in 'Ercles vein.' Aurelius and Philema offer their lives to appease his wrath. Their submission, and the entreaties of Polydore and Emelia, prevail, and he acknowledges the marriage. Refusing Alfonso’s invitation to the wedding banquet, and promising to revisit him in state 'ere’t be long,' Jerobell departs, attended to his ship by Aurelius. Alfonso and the rest then leave the stage.

Act V. sc. ii. This scene is wholly derived from A Shrew. Some time after Jerobell’s exit, Ferando and Kate reached Athens. Supper is now over, and Ferando proves himself to be a complete Shrew-tamer.
LIST OF CORRECTIONS AND ADDITIONS MADE IN THE TEXT OF THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

1. Words added by us.  2. Words omitted by us.  3. Transpositions and transferences.  4. Altered words.  5. Altered spellings.  6. Errors corrected by the addition, omission, or alteration of letters.  7. Turned letters.

1. Words added. and, I. ii. 118, p. 27; ther, II. i. 8, p. 32; you, 78, p. 33; Biam., III. i. 48, p. 45; 'em, II. i. 16, p. 47; thy, 29, p. 47; old, 30, p. 47; to her, 121, p. 50; I, 123, p. 51; her, IV. ii. 35, p. 64; sir, 130, p. 66; a, III. i. 81, p. 71; a, 88, p. 71; be, v. 77, p. 81.

2. Words omitted. a in a, In., II. i. 138, p. 17; as in is as, I. ii. 72, p. 26; om. Luc., III. i. 45, p. 45; om. Far., IV. ii. 72, p. 65.

3. Transpositions. Thou wilt for will thou; IV. i. 37, p. 56; Tra. (from l. 5), iv. 6, p. 75.

4. Words altered. Lordship from Lord, In., ii. 2, p. 11; counsel's (s = is) from counsel's, I. i. 155, p. 22; you from you, 134, p. 24; masters from mistres, II. i. 15, p. 24; ours from yours, 210, p. 29; feet from fecke, 262, p. 31; grounds from good, II. i. 3, p. 31; Neighbor from neighbors, 76, p. 33; Luc. from Biam., III. i. 49, p. 45; Biam. from Hort., 51, p. 45; masters from master, 54, p. 45; change from charge, 78, p. 46; hear from saird, II. i. 33, p. 47; seined from Waid, 51, p. 48; Curt. from Curt., IV. i. 23, p. 56; their from the, 42, p. 56; Hor. from Luc., II. i. 63; Luc. from Hor., 6, 8, p. 63; none from me; 13, p. 63; her from them, 31, p. 64; in from me, 76, p. 65; accounted from accounted, II. i. 77, p. 75; Sire from Sire, iv. 1, p. 75; Luc. from Biond., 67, p. 77; except from expect, 83, p. 78; is from in, v. 18, p. 79; a from the, 35, p. 80; whereas from whether, 37, p. 80; masters from mistres, V. i. 5, p. 82; Masters from Mistres, 43, p. 83; neuer's (s = is) from neuer, 124, p. 85; done from come, V. ii. 2, p. 85; thee from the, 37, p. 82; two from too, 45, 62, p. 87.

5. Spellings altered. breathes for breath's, In., i. 29, p. 6; Christopher for Christopher (m. c.1), II. 71, p. 14; season for season's, 112, p. 15; to for too's, I. i. 131, p. 21; II. i. 191, p. 29; Baccare for Bacare, II. i. 73, p. 33; bonny for bunny, 183, p. 36; ascence for a sense, 240, p. 38; pale for pale, 349, p. 42; untill for till (m. c.), III. i. 204, p. 53; to for too, IV. iii. 48, p. 69; lowst for lowest (m. c.), 50, p. 69; happened for hapned (m. c.), v. 64, p. 77; hailed for haid (m. c.), V. i. 84, p. 84; too for to, 124, p. 85.

¹ m.c. = metri causa.
List of Corrections and Additions.

6. Slips set straight. Slies for Sies, In., ii. 17, p. 12; Messenger for Massenger, 125, p. 16; meete for meste, 128, p. 16; resoul'd for resould, I. l. 90, p. 20; 'twaint for twain, ii. 44, p. 25; Antonius for Automus, 187, p. 29; streets for streers, 228, p. 30; for for sor, II. l. 34, p. 32; then for them, 248, p. 39; Traino for Trayno, 272, p. 39; left for lest, III. l. 26, p. 44; meanes for meanees, II. l. 17, p. 47; Gra. for Gra., 192, p. 53; Gra. for Gra., IV. l. 102, p. 58; prove for ploue, II. l. 20, p. 63; to for ro, 29, p. 64; countenance for countenance, II. l. 65, p. 65; of for or, ill. 33, p. 68; for for set, iv. 92, p. 78; brought for brough, V. l. 35, p. 83; doubles for doublet, 52, p. 83; Traino for Tranio, 66, p. 83; Ven. for Ven., 69, p. 84; Tales for Talle, 77, p. 84; No for Mo, 120, p. 85; Tra. for Tri., II. l. 52, p. 87; weele for weetle, 183, p. 94.

7. Turnd letters. Conlar'd for Conlord, I. l. 198, p. 23; and for awd, IV. III. 15, p. 67; 186, p. 75; then for then, V. 17, p. 79; never for never, V. l. 124, p. 85.

We have added 15 words, omitted 4, shifted 2, and corrected evident misprints. Corrections of foreign words are not included in this list.
THE DIVISION OF THE PARTS.¹

(The References are to the first Speeches of the Characters in their Scenes.)

A Lord, i.12, p. 6; ii.12, p. 12.

BARTHOLOMEW, his Page, who plays a Lady, ii.58, p. 15, and Interlude, i.i.241, p. 24.

SINOKLO, a Player, i.85, p. 9.

Player I, i.79, p. 9.

Players (all together), i.77, p. 9.

1st Huntsman, i.19, p. 6.

2nd Huntsman, i.59, p. 6.

1st Servant, ii.11, and Interlude, i.i.258, p. 24.

2nd Servant, ii.11, p. 12.

3rd Servant, ii.4, p. 12.

A Serenading, ii.74, p. 8.

A Messenger, ii.126, p. 16.

CHRISTOPHER ELY, a Beggar, i.i, p. 5; ii.1, p. 11, and Interlude, i.i.290, p. 24.

MARKIAN HACKET, a Hostess, i.2, p. 5.

BAPTISTA MINOLA, a rich gentleman of Padua, i.i.48, p. 19; ii.93, p. 31; III.i.1, p. 47; IV.iv.30, p. 76; V.i.57, p. 83; ii.13, p. 86.

VINCENTIO, an old gentleman of Pisa, IV.v.32, p. 82; V.i.10, p. 82; ii.42, p. 87.

LUCENTIO, son to Vincentio, in love with Bianca, i.i.7, p. 18; ii.151, p. 28; III.i.3, p. 44; ii.137, p. 21; IV.ii.6, p. 63; iv.67, p. 77; V.i.9, o. 82; ii.1, p. 85; as a Mute, ii.1. p. 32.

PETRUCHIO, a gentleman of Verona, a suitor to Katherine, ii.1, p. 24; II.i.46, p. 33; III.ii.50, p. 49; IV.i.xo, p. 58; iii.36, p. 68; v.1, p. 78; V.i.7, p. 82; ii.72, p. 86.

G REMIO, a Pantaloon, I.i.25, p. 19; ii.143, p. 28; II.i.93, p. 31; III.ii.143, p. 31; V.i.8, p. 82; ii.39, p. 87.

HESSIO, i.i.59, p. 19; ii.29, p. 29; III.i.4, p. 44; IV.ii.4, p. 63; iii.37, p. 69; v.11, p. 79; VIII.15, p. 86; as a Mute, III.i. p. 32; III.ii. p. 46.

TRAMIO, I.i.58, p. 18; ii.115, p. 30; III.ii.5, p. 47; IV.ii.1, p. 63; iv.7, p. 75; V.i.95, p. 83; ii.59, p. 87.

BIONDELLO, I.i.213, p. 23; ii.218, p. 30; III.ii.30, p. 47; IV.ii. 50, p. 65; iv.13, p. 76; V.i.7, p. 82; ii.78, p. 89; as a Mute, II.i. p. 32.

GROUNIO, i.ii.6, p. 24; III.ii.198, p. 53; IV.i.6, p. 55; iii.11, p. 67; as a Mute, V.ii. p. 85.

CURTIS, IV.i.11, p. 55.

The Division of the Parts.

NATHANIEL, IV.i.93, p. 38.
PHELIP, IV.i.94, p. 52.
ISOKEF, IV.95, p. 38.
NICHOLAS, IV.96, p. 52.
PETER, IV.i.165, p. 61.
    Other Servants to Petruhio.
One called 1 Ser., IV.i.145, p. 60.
Servants to Petruhio (all together), IV.i.148, p. 59.
NIUK, a Messenger from Baptista, III.i.79, p. 46.
A Haberdasher, IV.iii.63, p. 70.
A Tailor, IV.iii.94, p. 71.
A Pedant, IV.ii.72, p. 65; (for Vincentio, iv.ii. p. 75; V.i.14, p. 82;) as a Mute,
    V.ii. p. 85.
KATHERINE, the Shrew, I.i.57, p. 19; II.i.8, p. 31; III.i.8,
    p. 47; IV.i.141, p. 60; III.ii. p. 67; V.iii. p. 78; V.i.116, p. 85;
    Daughters to Baptista.
IIANNA, I.ii.60, p. 19; II.i.3, p. 31; III.i.16, p. 44; IV.i.7,
    p. 63; V.i.90, p. 84; V.ii.49, p. 87.
Mute. A Servant to Baptista, II.i. p. 34. An Officer, V.i. p. 84. Attendants.

Scene of Induction. Winoo. Before an alehouse, Se. i. pp. 5—11. The Lords
    house, Se. ii. pp. 11—17; where also the Interlude of The Shrew, I.i. p. 24, is
    played.

    46—55; IV.ii. pp. 53—66; IV. pp. 75—78; Baptista's house, II.i. pp. 31—44;
    III.i. pp. 44—46; Before Hortensio's house, I.i. pp. 24—31; Before Lucentio's
    house, V.i. pp. 82—85; Lucentio's house, V.ii. p. 85—94; Petruhias country
    house, IV.ii. pp. 55—63; III. pp. 67—75. Near Long-lane end, between Petruhias
    house and Padua, IV.v. pp. 78—81.

1 The Time of the Play does not exceed a fortnight. Five Days are represented on
the Stage, which, with the three Interludes, we thus arrange: Day I, I.i.i.;
II. pp. 8—44. Interim of a few days. Day 2, Saturday, eve of the wedding,
III.i. pp. 44—46. Day 3, Sunday, the wedding day, III.i.; IV.ii. pp. 46—56.
Interim (?) of a few days. Day 4, IV.ii. pp. 63—66. Interim (?) of a day or
two. Day 5, (1) the 2nd Sunday, IV.iii.iv.v.; V.ii. pp. 67—94.

2 Mr. P. A. Daniel's Time-Analysis (New Shakespeare Society's Transactions, 1877—79, pp. 160—169) has been followed, but he preferred making the action = 6 Days,
    assigning a Day to Acts I and II. respectively.

THE TAMING OF A SHREW.

ALPHONSO, a merchant of Athens.  
GEROBELLI, Duke of Cestua.

AURELIUS, son to Jerobell, and suitor to Philema.

FERANO, the Shrew-tamer.

POLYDORE, a student at Athens, friend to Aurelius, and suitor to Emilia.

VALELLIA, servant to Aurelius, whom he personates.

GATAPIE, Polidore's Boy.

RANDER, servant to Ferando.

PHILOTUS, a merchant who personates Jerobell, a Tailer, and Haberdasher.

KATE, the Shrew, Alphonso's eldest daughter.

PHILEMA, Alphonso's second daughter.

EMELIA, Alphonso's third daughter.

SOEKE: Athens, and Ferando's country-house.

TIME: Two days.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

BAPTISTA, a gentleman of Padua.  
VINCENTIO, a gentleman of Pisa.

LUCENTIO, son to Vincentio, and suitor to Bianca.

PETRUCHIO, the Shrew-tamer.

HORTENSIO, a gentleman of Padua, friend to Petruchio, and suitor to Bianca.

GRIMIO, an 'old Pantaloons,' suitor to Bianca.

TRANIO, servant to Lucentio, whom he personates.

BIONDELLO, Lucentio's Boy.

GRUMIO, servant to Petruchio.

A Pedant who personates Vincentio.

A Tailer.

A Haberdasher.

Servingmen to Petruchio.

KATHERINE, the Shrew, Baptista's elder daughter.

BIANCA, Baptista's younger daughter.

A Widow who marries Hortensio.

SOEKE: Padua, and Petruchio's country-house.

TIME: Five days.

I SUPPOSITI.

DAMONIO, a merchant of Ferrara.

FILOGONO, a merchant of Catania.

EROSTRAICO, son to Filogene, and suitor to Polinesta.

CLEANDEO, an old Doctor of Laws, suitor to Polinesta.

DULIFO, servant to Erostrat, whom he personates.

CAPPINO, Erostrato's Boy. ³

A Sanso who personates Filogene.

SOEKE: Ferrara.

TIME: One day.

¹ For an account of the plot-likeness of I Suppositi and The Taming of the Shrew see the Introduction to the latter play, above.
² See The Shrew, III. i. 35, p. 45.
³ Ragazzo.
⁴ Represented on the stage.
NOTICE

In the Text, black type (Clarendon or Sans-serif) is used for all emendations and insertions.

In the Notes 'F' means the First Folio of 1623. F2, the Second Folio of 1632 (whose emendations are not treated as Shakspere's). 'Q' means the Quarto of The Taming of a Shrew, 1594.

'F' in the Text, means that the speaker turns and speaks to a fresh person.

Words having now a different stress to the Elizabethan, are generally accented, for the reader's convenience, as 'exile,' &c. When -ed final is pronounced as a separate syllable, the e is printed ē.

Portions of the text considered by the editor not to be Shakspere's are printed in smaller type, see p. ix.
The Taming of the Shrew

[From the First Folio of 1623.]
THE
Taming of the Shrew.

Inductio. Scena Prima.

Before an Alehouse.

Enter Begger, (Christophoro Sly,) and Hostes.¹

Begger.

I le pheeze you, infaith!  
Hoft. A pare of stockes, you rogue!  
Beg. Y're a baggage; the Slies are no Rogues. Looke in the Chronicles! we came in with Richard Conqueror: therefore, Paucas pallabras; let the world slide! Seffa!  
Hoft. You will not pay for the glasses you haue burft?  
Beg. No, not a deniere! 'Go by, S. Ieronimie!' goe to thy cold bed, and warme thee!  
Hoft. I know my remedie; I must go fetch the Headborough. [Exit.

Beg. Third, or fourth, or fift Borough, Ile anfwere him by

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¹ [The following extracts from The Taming of a Shrew, Q. 1594, are edited in the same manner as is the F (the Shaksperean play), save that italic type in the Q marks its conformity with the F.]

Enter a Tapster, beating out of his doores Slie droonnen.

Tapster. You whorson, droonken slave! you [2, 7] had best be gone, and empty your droonken pance some where else, for in this house thou shalt not rest to night. [Exit Tapster.

Sle. Tilly vally! by Crisee, Tapser, Ilse fese you [1] anon! Fil's the tother pot, and alls paid for! Looke you, I doo drinke it of mine owne Instagation. 'Omne bene.' Heere Ilse [12, p. 6] lie a while. [In L 1-11.
The Taming of the Shrew.

Law! Ile not budge an inch, boy! Let him come, and kindly!

[Fallas asleep.

Wnde hornes. Enter a Lord from hunting, with his traine.

Lo. Huntsman, I charge thee, tender wel my hounds,
(Brach Meriman, the poore Curre, is imboft.)
And couple Clowder with the deepe-mouth'd brach!
Saw'ft thou not, boy, how Siluer made it good
At the hedge corner, in the coudlest fault?
I would not loohe the dogge for twentie pound!

1. Hunt'. Why, Belman is as good as he, my Lord;
He cried vpon it at the meereft losse,
And twice to day pick'd out the dullesf sent:
Truft me, I take him for the better dogge.

Lord. Thou art a Foole! if Eccho were as fleete,
I would esteeme him worth a dozen fuch.

But sup them well, and looke vnto them all!
To morrow I intend to hunt againe.

2. Hunt'. I will, my Lord.

Lord. [8888 SLY.] What's heere? One dead, or drunke?

See, doth he breath?

2. Hun. He breathes, my Lord. Were he not warm'd with

Ale,
This were a bed but cold to sleep so soundly.


Why, Tapster, I say, fil's a fresh cushion heere! Heigh ho! heers good warme lying.

[He falls asleep.

Enter a Nobleman and his Men from hunting.

Lord. . . . Here breake we off our hunting for to night!
Cupple [15] vppe the hounds [13], and let vs hie vs home;
And bid the huntsman [13] see them [25] meated well [13, 25],
For they have all [25] deseru'd it well to daie!

[BLIE.] But, soft! what sleepe fellow is this lies heere?
Or is he dead? See one what he dooth [28] lacke!

Servingman. My lord, tis nothing but a drunken sleepe: his head is
too heauie for his bodie, and he hath drunke so [29, 30] much that he

Can go no furder.

In. i. 12-30.]
The Taming of the Shrew.

Lord. Oh monstrous beast! how like a swine he lyes!
Grim death, how foule and loathsome is thine image!
Sirs, I will pratiçe on this drunken man.
What thinke you, if he were conuey'd to bed,
Wrap'd in sweet cloaths, Rings put upon his fingers,
A most delicious banquet by his bed,
And braue attendants neere him when he wakes,
Would not the begger then forget himselfe?

2. H. It would seem strange vnto him when he wak'd.

Lord. Euen as a flatt'ring dreame, or worthles fancie.
Then take him vp, and manage well the iest:
Carrie him gently to my fairest Chamber,
And hang it round with all my vvanton pictures:
Balme his foule head in warme distill'd waters,
And burne sweet Wood to make the Lodging sweete:
Procure me Musicke readie when he vvak's,
To make a dulceet and a heauenly found;
And if he chance to speake, be readie straight,
And (with a lowe submißive reverence)
Say, 'what is it your Honor vvil command?'
Let one attend him vvith a filuer Bafon,
Full of Rosse-water, and bestrew'd with Flowers;
Another beare the Ewer, the third a Diaper,
And say, 'wilt please your Lordship coole your hands?'
Some one be readie with a costly suite,
And aske him what apparel he will weare;

Lord. Fie! how [31] the slauish villaine stinkes of drinke!
[To Sllle.] Ho, sir, arise! What! so sound asleepe?
† Go take him vppe [42; 69, p. 8], and beare him to my [42, 43] house;
(And beare him easilie, for feare he wake ;)
And in my fairest chamber [43] make a fire;
And set a sumptuous banquet [36] on the board;
And put my richest garments on his [35] backe;
Then set him, at the Table, in a chaire:
When that is done, (against he shall awake [37, 40, 47; 70, p. 8],)
Let heauentie musique [47, 48] play about him still!
Go two of you awaie, and beare him hence!
And then I'll tell you what I have deuised,
But see in any case you wake him not! [Exeunt two with Sllle.
† Now take my cloake, and give me one of yours!
† Al fellows now, and see you take me so!

[Ex. 1. 31-57.]
The Taming of the Shrew.

Another tell him of his Hounds and Horse,
And that his Ladie mournes at his disease:
Perfwade him that he hath bin Lunaticke,
And, when he fayes he is . . . , fay, that he dreames,
For he is nothing but a mightie Lord.
This do, and do it kindly, gentle sir!
It will be pastime passing excellent,
If it be husbanded with modestie.

1. Hunt. My Lord, I warrant you, we wil play our part,
As he shall thinke, by our true diligence,
He is no leffe then what we say he is.

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

[Some bear out SLY. Sound trumpets.

Sirrah! go see what Trumpet 'tis that sounds!

[Exit Serv Ingman.

Belike, some Noble Gentleman that means
(Travelling some journey) to repose him here.

Re-enter Serv Ingman.

How now! who is it?

Ser. An't please your Honor, Players

That offer seruice to your Lordship.

Lord. Bid them come neere!

70. Some ... ] Theobald.

For we will waite vpon this dronken man,
To see his countenance when he dooth awake [37, 40, 47, p. 7; 70],
And finde himselfe clothed in such attire,
With heavenly musicke [47, 48, p. 7] sounding in his eares,
And such a banquet [36, p. 7] set before his eies;
(The fellow, sure, will thinke he is in heauen ;)
But we will be about him when he wakes [37, 40, 47, p. 7; 70];
And see you call him 'Lord' [62], at euerie word;
[70 WIL.] And offer thou him his horse, to ride abroad;
[76 TOM.] And thou his hawkes; and houndses [58] to hunt the deere:
And I will ask what suetes he meanes to weare [56, 57, p. 7]:
And, what so ere he saith, see you doo not laugh!
But still perswade him that he is a Lord [62].

Enter one, (a Serv Ingman.)

Mes. And it please your honour, your players be com;
And doo attend your [74, 75] honours pleasure here.

Lord. The fittest time [97, p. 9] they could haue chosen out,
Bid one or two of them come [76] hither straight! [Exit Serv Ingman.

In. i. 53-75.]
The Taming of the Shrew.

Enter Players.

Now, fellowes, you are welcome!

Players. We thanke your Honor!

Lord. Do you intend to stay with me to night?

2. Player. So please your Lordshippe to accept our dutie.

Lord. With all my heart! This fellow I remember, 80

Since once he plaide a Farmers eldset fonne:

'Twas where you woo'd the Gentlewoman so well;

I have forgot your name; but, sure, that part

Was aptly fittet, and naturally perform'd.

Sincklo.¹ I thinke 'twas Soto that your honor meanes.

Lord. Tis verie true: thou didst it excellent.

Well, you are come to me in happie time;

The rather for I haue some sport in hand,

Wherein your cunning can affist me much.

There is a Lord will heare you play to night:

But I am doubtfull of your modeffies;

Leaf, ouer-eyeing of his odde behauior,

(For yet his honor neuer heard a play.)

Enter Players.] F (after l. 75). §

¹ Sincklo (spelt also Sinklo and Sincler) acted in the Induction to Marston's Malcontent, 1604, and in the 2nd Part of The Seven Deadlie Sinns. See the Platt of the latter piece in the Var. S. 1821, iii. 348.

His name occurs in the Entries of 2 Hen. IV., V. iv. (Q. 1600), and 3 Hen. VI., III. i.

Now will I fit my selfe accordinglie,

For they shall play [90] to him, when he awakes.

Enter SANDER and TOM, two of the Players, with packs at their backs; and a Boy.

Now, sirs, what store of plaies haue you?

Sander. Marrie, my Lord, you maie haue a Tragical, or a Comoditie

[T. 34, p. 17], or what you will.

TOM, the other Player. 'A Comedie,' thou shouldest say! souls, thou shalt

shame vs all!

Lord. And what is the name of your Comedie?

San. Marrie, my lorde, tis calde, 'The Taming of a Shrew': tis a

good lesson for vs, my lord; for vs that are maried men.

Lord. 'The Taming of a Shrew'! thats excellent [86], sure:

Goe see that you make you reade straight;

For you must play before a lord to night [90]:

¹ yt Q.

[In. l. 76-93.]
You breake into some merrie passiön,
And so offend him; for I tell you, sirs,
If you should smile, he growes impatient.

A Plaie. Fear not, my Lord! we can contain our selues,
Were he the veriest anticke in the world.

Lord. [to a Servant] Go, sirra! take them to the Butterie,
And give them friendly welcome, euery one:
Let them want nothing that my house affords!

[Exit one with the Players.

Sirra! go you to Bartholomeu, my Page,
And see him dreft in all fuites like a Ladie:
That done, conduct him to the drunkards chamber;
And call him 'Madam,' do him obeisance!
Tell him from me, (as he will win my loue,)
He beare himselfe with honourable action,
Such as he hath obferu'd in noble Ladies
Vnto their Lords, by them accomplished:
Such dutie to the drunkard let him do,
With soft loue tongue, and lowly curtefe,
And say: 'What is't your Honor will command,
Wherein your Ladie, and your humble Wife,
May shew her dutie, and make knowne her loue?'
And then (with kinde embracements, tempting kisses,
And with declining head into his bosome)
Bid him shed teares, as being ouer-joyed
To see her noble Lord restor'd to health,
Who, for this seven yeares, hath esteem'd him
No better then a poore and loathsome begger:
And if the boy haue not a womans guift,
To raine a shower of commanded teares,
An Onion wil do well for such a shift;
Which (in a Napkin being close conuinc'd)
Shall, in despight, enforce a waterie eie.

Say, you are his men, and I, your fellow!
Hee's something foolish; but, what so ere he saies,
See that you be not dash out of countenance!

[To the Boy.] And, sirka! go you, make you readie straight,
And dresse your selue like some louelie ladie [102, 103],
And, when I call, see that you come to me;
For I will say to him, thou art his wife [113]:
Dallie with him, and hug him in thine armes;

In. i. 94-125.]
The Taming of the Shrew.

See this dispatch’d with all the haste thou canst!
Anon Ile gie thee more instructions. [Exit a Serungman.

‖ I know the boy will wel vsurpe the grace,
Voice, gate, and action of a Gentlewoman:
I long to heare him call the drunkard ‘husband’;
And how my men will stye themselves from laughter,
When they do homage to this simple peasant!

Ile in to counsell them: haply, my presence
May well abate the ouer-merrie spleene,
Which otherwise would grow into extreames. [Exeunt.

Inductio. Scena Secunda.

A Bedchamber in the Lords House.

Enter aloft, the Drunkard, with Attendants; some with Apparel,
others with Basin, and Ewer, & other appurtenances; &
Lord.

Beg. For Gods sake, a pot of small Ale!
1. Ser. Wilt pleaze your Lordship drink a cup of facke?

And, if he desire to goe to bed with thee,
Then faine some scuse, and say, thou wilt anon.
Be gone! I say; and see thou doost it well!

Boy. Fear not, my Lord! [97, p. 10] Ile dandell him well enough;
And make him thinke I love him mightilie. [Ex. Boy.

Lord. Now, sirs, go you, and make you ready too!
For you must play [90, p. 9] as soone as he dooth wake [37, 40, 47, p.
7; 70, p. 5].

San. [to TOM the Player.] O braue! Sirha Tom, we must play before
a foolish Lord: come! let’s goe make vs ready; go get a dishclout to
make cleane your shooes, and Ile speake for the properties! [Exit TOM.

My Lord, we must haue a shoulder of mutton for a properti, and
a little vinegre to make our Diuell rore.

Lord. Very well. [To Ser.] Sirha! see that they want nothing!

[99, 101, p. 10]

[Exeunt omnes.

Enter two with a table and a banquet on it; and two other with Sla
asleepe in a chaire, and richlie apparellad; & the Musick plaing.

One. So! Sirha, now goe call my Lord, and tel him that all things is
ready as he will it!

[Ln. l. 126-135; ii. 1-2.]
The Taming of the Shrew.

2. Ser. Wilt plese your Honor taste of these Confereus?

3. Ser. What raiment wilt your honor weare to day?  4

Beg. I am Christpher Sly; call not mee 'Honour' nor
'Lordship'! I ne're drank sackle in my life; and if you giue
me any Confereus, giue me confereus of Beefe! nere ask me
what raiment Ile weare; for I have no more doublets then
backes, no more flockings then legges, nor no more shooes
then feet; nay, sometyme, more feete then shooes, or such
shooses as my toes looke through the ouer-leather.

Lord. Heauen cease this idle humor in your Honor!  12

Oh, that a mightie man of such discent,
Of such possession, and so high aesteme,
Should be infused with so foule a spirit!  15

Beg. What! would you make me mad? Am not I
Christopher Sly, old Slie sonne of Burton-heath; by byrth
a Pedler, by education a Cardmaker, by transmutation a Beare-
heard, and now, by present profession, a Tinker? Aske Marrian Hacket, the fat Alewife of Wincot, if thee know me not:
if she say I am not xiii.d. on the score for sheere Ale,
score me vp for the lyingft knaue in Christen dome! What!
I am not befraught! here's... [Looks about him.

3. Man. Oh, this it is that makes your Ladie mourne!  24

2. Man. Oh, this is it that makes your seruants droop!

Lord. Hence comes it, that your kindred shuns your house,

17. Slies] Q. Sies F.

Another. Set thou some wine vpon the boord, and then Ile go fetch
my Lord presentlie. [Exit.

Enter the Lord and his Men.

Lord. How now! What, is all thinges readie?

One. I, my Lord.

Lord. Then sound the musick [33, p. 13], and Ile wake him straight;
[To his Men.] And see you doo as earst I gaue in charge!
[To SLY.] My Lord! My Lord! The sleepe of soundlie. My Lord!
Slie. Tapster, gi's a little ale! [1, p. 11] Heigh ho!
Lord. Heers wine, my Lord, the purest of the grape.
Slie. For which 'Lord'?
haue I got!
Lord. More richer farre your honour hath to weare;
And if it please you, I will fetch them straight.

In. ii. 3-26.] 12
The Taming of the Shrew.

As beaten hence by your strange Lunicie.  
Oh, Noble Lord! bethanke thee of thy birth,  
Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment,  
And banish hence these abject lowlie dreames!  
Looke how thy seruants do attend on thee,  
Each in his office readie at thy becke!  
Wilt thou haue Musick? Harke! Apollo plaies,  
And twentie caged Nightingales do sing:  
Or wilt thou sleepe? Wee'l haue thee to a Couch,  
Softer and sweeter then the lufffull bed  
On purpofe trim'd vp for Semiramis.  
Say thou wilt walke; we wil bestrow the ground:  
Or wilt thou ride? Thy horfes shal be trap'd,  
Their harneffe stuffed all with Gold and Pearle.  
Doft thou loue hawking? Thou haft hawkes will soare  
Aboue the morning Larke: Or wilt thou hunt?  
Thy hounds shall make the Welkin answer them,  
And fetch shrill ecchoes from the hollow earth.  
1. Man. Say thou wilt course; thy gray-hounds are as swift  
As breathèd Stags, I, fleeter then the Roe.  
2. M. Doft thou loue pictures? we wil fetch thee strait  
Adonis, painted by a running brooke,  
And Citherea all in fedges hid,  
Which seeme to moue and wanton with her breath,  
Euen as the waiving fedges play with winde.  
Lord. Wee'l shew thee fo, as she was a Maid;  
And how she was beguilèd and surpriz'd,  
As liucli painted as the deedes was done.

Wil. And if your honour please to ride [39] abroad,  
He fetch you lustie steedes, more swift of pace  
Then wingèd Pegasus in all his pride;  
That ran so swiftlie over the Persian plaines.  
Tom. And if your honour please to hunt the deere,  
Your hounds [42, 43] stands readie cupped at the doore;  
Who, in running, will oretake the Roa,  
And make the long breathèd [46] Tygre broken winded.  
Slie. By the masse! I thinke I am a Lord indeed [70, p. 14].  
What's thy name?  
Lord. Simon, and it please your honour.  
Slie. 'Simon'; thats as much to say, Si-mi-on, or Simon. Put forth thy hand, and fill the pot! Give me thy hand, Sim! Am I a lord indeed? [66, 70, p. 14]
The Taming of the Shrew.

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

Lord. Thou art a Lord, and nothing but a Lord:
Thou haft a Ladie farre more Beautifull
Then any woman in this waining age.

1. Man. And, til the teares that she hath shed for thee,
Like envious flouds ore-run her louely face,
She was the fairest creature in the world;
And yet shee is inferior to none.

Beg. [aside] Am I a Lord? and haue I such a Ladie?
Or do I dreame? Or haue I dream'd till now?
I do not sleepe: I see, I heare, I speake;
I smel sweet savours, and I seele soft things:
Vpon my life, I am a Lord indeede;
And not a Tinker, nor Christopher Slie!

[Aloud] Well, bring our Ladie hither to our fight;
And, once againe, a pot o' th smalllest Ale!

2. Man. Wilt plesse your mightinesse to wash your hands?
Oh, how we ioy to see your wit restor'd!
Oh, that once more you knew but what you are!
These fiftene yeeres you haue bin in a dreame;
Or, when you wak'd, so wak'd as if you slept.

Beg. These fiftene yeeres! by my fay, a goodly nap!
But did I neuer speake of all that time?

1. Man. Oh, yes, my Lord; but verie idle words:
For though you lay heere in this goodlie chamber,
Yet would you say, ye were beaten out of doore;
And raile vpon the Hoffeffe of the housse,
And say, you would present her at the Leete,
Because she brought Stone-Iugs, and no seal'd quarts:
Sometimes you would call out for Cicely Hacket.

Beg. I, the womans maide of the housse.

71. Christopher] F2. Christopher F.

Lord. I, my gratious Lord; and your louelie Ladie
Long time hath moorned [24, p. 12] for your absence heere.
And now, with ioy, behold where she dooth come,
To gratulate your honours safe returne!

In. ii. 55-88,]
The Taming of the Shrew.

3. Man. Why, sir, you know no house, nor no such maid,
Nor no such men as you have reckon'd vp,
As Stephen Slie, and old John Naps of Greece,
And Peter Turph, and Henry Pimpernell;
And twenty more such names and men as these,
Which never were, nor no man ever saw.

Beg. Now Lord be thank'd for my good amends!
All. Amen!

Beg. I thanke thee! thou shalt not loose by it.

Enter Bartholomew the Page as a Lady, with Attendants.

Lady. How fares my noble Lord?

Beg. Marrie, I fare well; for heere is cheere enough.

Where is my wife?

La. Heere, noble Lord! what is thy will with her?

Beg. Are you my wife, and will not cal me 'husband'?

My men should call me 'Lord': I am your good-man.

La. My husband and my Lord, my Lord and husband; I am your wife in all obedience.

Beg. I know it well. [To Lord.] What must I call her?

Lord. Madam.

Beg. Alice 'Madam', or Ione 'Madam'?

Lord. 'Madam', and nothing else: so Lords call Ladies.

Beg. Madam wife, they say that I have dream'd,
And slept about some fifteen yeare or more.

Lady. I, and the time seemes thirty vnto me,
Being all this time abandon'd from your bed!

97. Enter...Attendants.] Capell. | tended Capell). F (after l. 96).
Enter Lady with Attendants [at- | 112. seemer] seeme's F.

Enter the Boy in Womans attire.

Slie. Is this she?

Lord. I, my Lord.

Slie. Masse! tis a prettie wench! What's her [106] name?

Boy. Oh that my louelle Lord [98, 104] would once vouchsafe
To looke on me, and leaue these frantike fits!

Or were I now but halfe so eloquent,
To paint in words what I performe in deeds,
I know your honour then would pittie me!

15 [In. ii. 89-113.]
The Taming of the Shrew.

Beg. 'Tis much. Servants, leave me and her alone!
Madam, undress you, and come now to bed!
La. Thrice noble Lord, let me intreat of you
To pardon me yet for a night or two;
Or, if not so, untill the Sun be set!
For your Physhitians haue expressly charg'd,
(In perill to incure your former malady,)
That I should yet absente me from your bed:
I hope this reason stands for my excuse.

Beg. I, it stands so that I may hardly tarry so long. But I
would be loth to fall into my dreams againe: I wil therefore
tarrie, in despit of the fleth & the blood.

Enter a Messenger.

Mef. Your Honors Players, hearing your amendment,
Are come to play a pleasant Comedie;
For so your Doctors hold it very meete,
Seeing too much sadness hath conceald your blood,
And melancholly is the Nurse of frenzie:
Therefore they thought it good you heare a play,
And frame your minde to mirth and merriment,
Which barres a thousand harms, and lengthens life.

125... Messenger. Messenger. F. 128. meete) mete F.

Slie. Harke you, mistresse, wil you eat a peecce of bread? Come!
sit downe on my knee! 'Sim! Drinke to hir, Sim! for she and I
will go to bed [115] anon.
Lord. May it please you, your honors plaiers be come to offer your
honour a plaie [126, 127].
Slie. 'A plaie, Sim? O braue! be they my plaiers?
Lord. I, my Lord.
Slie. Is there not a foole in the plaie?
Lord. Yes, my Lord.
Slie. When wil they plaie, Sim?
Lord. Euen when it please your honor, they be readie.
Boy. My Lord, Ile go bid them begin their plaie.
Slie. Doo, but looke that you come againe!
Boy. I warrant you, my Lord, I wil not leaue you thus. [Exit Boy.
Slie. Come, Sim! where be the plaiers? Sim, stand by me, and
weele flout the plaiers out of their cotes.
Lord. Ile call them, my Lord. 'Hoe! where are you there?
[Sound Trumpets.

In. II. 114-133.] 16
The Taming of the Shrew.

Beg. Marrie, I will let them play it. Is not a Comontie Christmas gambold, or a tumbling tricke?
Lady. No, my good Lord; it is more pleasing stuffe. 136
Beg. What, houshold stuffe?
Lady. It is a kinde of history.
Beg. Well, we'l see't. Come, Madam wife! sit by my side, and let the world slip! we shall nere be yonger. 140

[They sit down.]

138. a kinde] a a kinde F. 140. They sit down.] Malone.
The Taming of the Shrew

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.


Flourish. Enter Lucentio, and his man Tranio.

Luc. Tranio, since for the great desire I had
To see faire Padua, nurserie of Arts,
I am arriv'd for fruitfull Lumbardie,
The pleasent garden of great Italy;
And, by my fathers love and leave, am arm'd
With his good will, and thy good companie,
My trustie seruant, well approv'd in all,
Here let vs breathe, and haply institute
A course of Learning, and ingenious Studies.
Pisa, renouned for graue Citizens,
Gaue me my being, and my father first,
A Merchant of great Traffick through the world:
Vincentio's come of the Bentuolij;
Vincentio's sonne, brought vp in Florence,
It shall become, to sereue all hopes conceiu'd,
To decke his fortune with his vertuous deedes:
And therefore, Tranio, for the time I studie
Vertue; and that part of Philosopphie,
Will I applie, that treats of happinesse,
By vertue specially to be attchieu'd.
Tell me thy minde! for I haue Pisa left,
And am to Padua come, as he that leaues
A shalow plash, to plunge him in the deede,
And with facietie seakes to quench his thirst!

Tra. Mi perdonate, gentle master mine!
I am, in all, affected as your selfe;
Glad that you thus continue your resolue,
To sucke the sweets of sweete Philosophie,
Onely, (good master,) while we do admire
This vertue, and this morall discipline,
Let's be no Stoickes, nor no flockes, I pray;

Padua.] Pope.

Tranio] F3. Triano F.

1 'Vincentio's come' = Vincentio is come, is derived.

L. i. 1-31.]
The Taming of the Shrew.

Or so devote to Aristotle's checkes,
As Ovid be an out-cast quite abjur'd!
Balke Lodgicke with acquaintance that you haue,
And practice Rhetoricke in your common talke;
Musicke and Poesie, vfe, to quicken you;
The Mathematickes, and the Metaphysicke,
Fall to them, as you finde your stomacke serves you!
No profit growes, where is no pleasure tane:
In brieve, sir, studie what you most affect!

Luc. Gramercies, Tranio, well dofst thou aduise!
If, Biondello, thou wert come ahoire,
We could at once put vs in readiness,
And take a Lodging, fit to entertaine
Such friends (as time) in Padua shall beget.
But stay a while! what companie is this?

Tra. Mason, some shew, to welcome vs to Towne.

Enter Baptista with his two daughters, Katerina & Bianca;
Gremio, a Pantelewne, and Hortentio, suitors to Bianca.
Lucentio and Tranio stand by.

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

Gre. To cart her, rather! She's too rough for mee.

[To Hor.] There, there, Hortenho, will you any Wife?

Kate. [to Bap.] I pray you, sir, is it your will
To make a stake of me amongst these mates?

Hor. 'Mates,' said! how meane you that? no mates for you,
Unlee you were of gentler, milder mould.

Kate. I'faith, sir, you shall never neede to feare:
I-wis it is not halfe way to her heart;
But, if it were, doubt not, her care should be,
To combe your noddle with a three-legg'd stoole,
And paint your face, and vs ye like a foole!

Hor. From all such duels, good Lord deliver us!

Gre. And me too, good Lord!

[Tra. aside to Luc.] Huht, master! here's some good pastime
That wench is stark mad, or wonderfull froward.

Lucen. [aside to Tra.] But, in the others silence, do I see

47. suitors] a Suit or F3. sister F. 55. too] to F.
19 [L. i. 32-70.
The Taming of the Shrew.

Maids milde behauior and sobrietie. 71
Peace, Tranio!

Tra. Well said, Master; mum! and gaze your fill!) 71
Bap. Gentleman, that I may soone make good
What I haue saide, . . . Q. Bianca, get you in!
And let it not displease thee, good Bianca;
For I will loue thee ner the leffe, my girle.
Kate. A pretty peate! it is best
Put finger in the eye, and she knew why.

Bian. Siter, content you in my discontent!
Q Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe:
My bookes and instruements shall be my companie;
On them to looke, and practive by my selfe.
(Luc. Harke, Tranio! thou maist heare Minerua speake!)
Hor. Signior Baptista, will you be so strange?
Sorrie am I that our good will effect
Bianca's greefe.

Gre. Why will you mew her vp
(Signior Baptista) for this fiend of hell,
And make her bear the pennaunce of her tongue?
Bap. Gentleman, content ye! I am resolu'd:

Q. Go in, Bianca! [Exit Bianca.]
Q. And, for I know the taketh most delight,
In Musicke, Instrumentes, and Poetry,
Schoolemasters will I keepe within my house,
Fit to instruct her youth. Q. If you, Hortenio,
Q. (Or, signior Gremio, you,) know any such,
Preferre them hither! for, to cunning men,
I will be very kinde, and liberall
To mine owne children, in good bringing vp:
And so farewell! Q. Katherine, you may stay;
For I haue more to commune with Bianca. [Exit.]
Kate. Why, and I truft I may go too, may I not? What I shall
I be appointed howres; as though (belike) I knew not what to take,
and what to leaue, Ha? [Exit. 104
Gre. You may go to the duels dam! your guifts are so good, heere's
none will holde you! Q. Their loue is not so great, Hortenio, but
we may blow our nails together, and fast it fairly out: 'Our cake's
dough' on both sides. Farewell! yet, for the loue I beare my sweet
Bianca, if I can by any means light on a fit man to teach her that
wherein she delights, I will with him to her father.
Hor. So will I, signiour Gremio: but a word, I pray! Though
the nature of our quarrell yet neuer brook'd parle, know now, vpon

L. L. 71-112.] 20
The Taming of the Shrew.

aduice, it toucheth vs both, that we may yet againe haue accessse to
to our faire Mistres, and be happie riuals in Bianca's loue, to labour and
effect one thing specially.

Gre. What's that, I pray?
Hor. Marrie, sir, to get a husband for her Sifter
Gre. 'A husband!' a diuell!
Hor. I say, a husband.
Gre. I say, a diuell! Think'st thou, Hortensio, thought her father
be verie rich, any man is so verie a foole to be married to hell?
Hor. Trust, Greemo, though it passe your patience & mine to
endure her lowd alarums, why, man, there bee good fellows in the
world (and a man could light on them) would take her with all
faults, and mony enough.
Gre. I cannot tell; but I had as lye take her dowrie with this
condition: To be whipt at the Hie Croffe euerie morning.

Hor. Faith, (as you say,) there's small choice in rotten apples. But,
come! since this bar in law makes vs friends, it shall be so farre forth
friendly maintain'd, till, by helping Baptifias eldest daughter to a
husband, wee set his yongest free for a husband, and then haue to't
afresh! (Sweet Bianca! 'Happy man be his dole!' Hee that
runnes faaste, gets the Ring.) How say you, signior Greemo?  

Gre. I am agreed: and would I had given him the best horfe in
Padua to begin his woings, that would thoroughly woe her, wed
her, and ridde the house of her! Come on!

[Exeunt ambo. Manent Tranio and Lucentio.

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

Luc. Oh Tranio, till I found it to be true,
I never thought it possible or likely;
But see, while idely I stood looking on,
I found the effect of 'Lowe in idlenesse!'
And now in plainnesse do confesse to thee,
(That art to me as secrect, and as deere,
As Anna to the Queene of Carthage was,)
Tranio, I burne, I pine! I perish, Tranio,
If I atchieue not this yong modest gyrl,
Counfaile me, Tranio, for I know thou canst;
Affiit me, Tranio, for I know thou wilt!

Tra. Master, it is no time to chide you now;
Affection is not rated from the heart:
If loue haue touch'd you, naught remaines but so
'Redime te captum quam queas minimis.'

131. 'trow t F.  1 wooing = wooing.
153. captam] F. captam F.

[1. L. 113-153.]
The Taming of the Shrew.

Luc. Gramercies, Lad! Go forward! this contents:
The rest will comfort, for thy counsel's found,

Tra. Master, you look'd so longly on the maide,
Perhaps you mark'd not what's the pith of all.

Luc. Oh yes, I saw sweet beautie in her face,
Such as the daughter of Agenor had,
That made great love to humble him to her hand,
When with his knees he kist the Cretan frond!

Tra. Saw you no more? Mark'd you not, how hir sister
Began to scold; and raise vp such a storme,
That mortal eares might hardly indure the din?

Luc. Tranio, I saw her corrall lips to moue,
And with her breath she did perfume the ayre:
Sacred and sweet was all I saw in her!

Tra. [aside] Nay, then; 'tis time to stirre him from his trance.
I pray, awake, sir! if you love the Maide,
Bend thoughts and wits to atcheeue her! Thus it stands:
Her elder sister is so curst and shrew'd,
That, till the Father rid his hands of her,
Master, your Loue must liue a maide at home;
And therefore has he closely meued her vp,
Because she will not be annoy'd with suiters.

Luc. Ah, Tranio, what a cruel Father's he!
But art thou not advis'd, he tooke some care
To get her cunning Schoolemasters to instruct her?

Tra. I, marry, am I, sir; and now 'tis plotted.

Luc. I have it, Tranio!

Tra. Master, for my hand!
Both our inuention meet and tumpe in one!

Luc. Tell me thine first!

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

Luc. It is: May it be done?

Tra. Not possible; for who shall bear your part,
And be in Padua here, Vincentio's sonee;
Keep heouse, and ply his booke, welcome his friends,
Visit his Countrimen, and banquet them?

Luc. Basta! content thee; for I have it full!

We have not yet bin scene in any house;
Nor can we be distinguishe'd by our faces,
For man or matter; then it followes thus;
Thou shalt be master, Tranio, in my stead,

155. [counsel's] F2. counsels F.

I. i. 154-193.] 22
The Taming of the Shrew.

Keepe house, and port, and servants, as I shou'd:
I will some other be; some Florentine,
Some Neapolitan, or meaner man of Pisa.
'Tis hatch'd, and shall be so! Tranio, at once
Wncafe thee; take my Coulor'd hat and cloake!
When Biondello comes, he waits on thee;
But I will charme him first to keepe his tongue.

Tra. So had you neede.

In brese, Sir, fith it your pleasure is,
And I am tyed to be obedient,—
For so your father charg'd me at our parting:
'Be servicable to my fonne!' (quoth he,)
Although, I thinke, twas in another fence,—
I am content to bee Lucentio,
Because so well I loue Lucentio.

Luc. Tranio, be so, because Lucentio loues;
And let me be a flawe, t'atchieue that maide,
Whose sodaine fight hath thrall'd my wounded eye!
Heere comes the rogue!

Enter Biondello.

Sirra, where haue you bin?

Bion. 'Where haue I beene'! Nay, how now! where are you?
Maister, ha's my fellow Tranio folne your cloathes?
Or you folne his? or both? Pray, what's the newes?

Luc. Sirra, come hither! 'tis no time to iest,
And therefore frame your manners to the time!
Your fellow Tranio heere, to saue my life,
Puts my apperrell, and my count'nance on,
And I, for my escape, haue put on his;
For, in a quarrell, since I came a shore,
I kil'd a man, and feare I was descried:
Waite you on him, I charge you, as becomes,
While I make way from hence to saue my life:
You vnderstand me?

Bion. I, sir! [Aside] Ne're a whit!

Luc. And not a lot of 'Tranio' in your mouth!
Tranio is chang'd into Lucentio.

Bion. The better for him: would I were so too!

Tra. So could I, 'faith, boy, to haue the next wish after,
That Lucentio indeede had Baptifias yongest daughter.
But, Sirra! not for my sake, but your masters, I aduise
The Taming of the Shrew.

You vse your manners discreetly in all kind of companies: 232
When I am alone, why, then I am Tranio;
But, in all places else, your master Lucentio. 234

Luc. Tranio, let's go! one thing more reft's, that thy selve execute,
to make one among these wooers; if thou ask me why, sufficeth, my
reasons are both good and waighty. 237

(The Presenters above speakes.)

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

Beg. Yes, by Saint Anne, do I! A good matter, surely:

Comes there any more of it? 240

Lady. My Lord, 'tis but begun.

Beg. 'Tis a verie excellent piece of worke, Madame Ladie:

would 'twere done! 243 [They fit and marke.

Actus Primus. Scena Secunda.


Enter Petruchio, and his man Grumio.

Petr. Verona, for a while I take my leave,

To see my friends in Padua; but, of all,

My best beloued and approved friend,

Hortensio; & I trow this is his house.

If Heere, firra Grumio! knocke, I say! 4

Grum. 'Knocke,' fir! whom should I knocke? Is there any

man ha's rebus'd your worship?

Petr. Villaine! I say, knocke me heere fouinly! 8

Grum. 'Knocke you heere,' fir! Why, fir, what am I, fir,

that I should knocke you heere,' fir?

Petr. Villaine! I say, knocke me at this gate!

And rap me well, or Ile knocke your knaues pate!

Grum. My Master is growne quarrelsome: I should knocke

you firft,

And then I know after, who comes by the worst. 14

Petr. Will it not be?

'Faith, firrah! and you'll not knocke, Ile ring it;

Ile trie how you can Sol, Fa, and sing it! 17

[He rings him by the eares. Grum. kneels.

Grum. Helpe, masters, helpe! my master is mad!

Petr. Now, knocke when I bid you! firrah villaine! 19

The Taming of the Shrew.

Enter Hortensio.

*Hor.* How now! what's the matter?—My olde friend Grumio! and my good friend Petruchio! How do you all at Verona?

*Petr.* Signior Hortensio, come you to part the fray?

*Con tutto il core ben trouato*, may I say.

*Hor.* Alla nostra casa ben venuto, molto honorato signior mio Petruchio!

"Rife, Grumio, rife! we will compound this quarrel."

*Gru.* [frowning] Nay, 'tis no matter, sir, what he 'leges in Latine. If this be not a lawfull cause for me to leaue his seruice, (looke you, sir,) He bid me 'knocke him, & rap him foundly,' sir: well, was it fit for a servaunt to vse his matter so, being, perhaps, (for ought I see,) 'two and thirty, a peep e out?"

Whom, would to God, I had well knockt at first,
Then had not Grumio come by the worst!

*Petr.* A fencelesse villaine! "Good Hortensio,
I bad the rascall knocke vpon your gate,
And could not get him for my heart to do it!"

"Gru.* Knocke at the gate! O heauens! Spake you not these words plaine? 'Sirra! Knocke me heere, rappe me heere, knocke me well!' and 'knocke me foundly'! And come you now with, 'knocking at the gate'?

*Petr.* Sirra, be gone! or talke not, I aduise you!

*Hor.* Petruchio, patience! I am Grumio's pledge:
Why, this' a heauie chance 'twixt him and you,
Your ancient, truistie, pleasaunt servaunt Grumio!
And tell me now (sweet friend) what happie gale
Blowe you to Padua heere, from old Verona?"

*Petr.* Such wind as scatters yongmen throughe ye world, To seeke their fortunes farther then at home,
Where smale experience growes. But, in a few,
Signior Hortensio, thus it stands with me:

Antonio, my father, is deceaft;
And I haue thru the selfe into this maze,
Happily to wine and thrue, as beft I may:
Crownes in my purfe I haue, and goods at home,

23. *Cor... trovat* Theobald.
24. *ben... honorato* Theobald.
25. *leges* Capell. leges F.
26. *Petr.* Dr.
27. "*leges* Theobald.
28. *Cor... trovat* Theobald.
29. *Petr.* Dr.
30. *Petr.* Dr.
31. *Petr.* Dr.
32. *Petr.* Dr.
33. *Petr.* Dr.
34. *Petr.* Dr.
35. *Petr.* Dr.
36. *Petr.* Dr.
37. *Petr.* Dr.
38. *Petr.* Dr.
39. *Petr.* Dr.
40. *Petr.* Dr.
41. *Petr.* Dr.
42. *Petr.* Dr.
43. *Petr.* Dr.
44. *Petr.* Dr.
45. *Petr.* Dr.
46. *Petr.* Dr.
47. *Petr.* Dr.
48. *Petr.* Dr.
49. *Petr.* Dr.
50. *Petr.* Dr.
51. *Petr.* Dr.
52. *Petr.* Dr.
53. *Petr.* Dr.
54. *Petr.* Dr.
55. *Petr.* Dr.
The Taming of the Shrew.

And so am come abroad to see the world.

Hor. Petruchio, shall I then come roundly to thee,
And with thee to a shrew'd ill-favoured wife?
Thou'dst thanke me but a little for my counsell;
And yet Ile promisse thee she shall be rich,
And verie rich; but th'art too much my friend,
And Ile not with thee to her.

Petr. Signior Hortensio, 'twixt such friends as wee,
Few words suffice; and, therefore, if thou know
One rich enough to be Petruchio's wife,
(As wealth is burthen of my woing 1 dance;)
Be she as foule as was Florentius Loue,
As old as Sibell, and as curfit and throw'd
As Socrates Zentippe, or a worfe:
She moues me not, or not remoues, at least,
Affections edge in me, were she as rough
As are the swelling Adriaticke seas:
I come to wiuie it wealthily in Padua;
If wealthily, then happily in Padua.

Grum. Nay, looke you, sir, hee tells you flatly what his
mind is: why, giue him Gold enough, and marrie him [76
to a Puppet or an Aglet babie; or an old trot with ne're a
tooth in her head, though she haue as manie diseases as two
and fiftie horfes. Why, nothing comes amisse, so monie
comes withall.

Hor. Petruchio, since we are stept thus farre in,
I will continue that I broach'd in eft.
I can, Petruchio, helpe thee to a wise
With wealth enough, and yong, and beautious,
Brought vp as beft becomes a Gentlewoman:
Her onely fault (and that is faults enough)
Is, that she is intollerable curfit,
And throw'd, and froward; so beyond all measure,
That, were my state farre worser then it is,
I would not wed her for a mine of Gold.

Petr. Hortensio, peace! thou knowst not golds effect:
Tell me her fathers name, and 'tis enough;
For I will boord her, though she chide as loud
As thunder, when the clouds in Autumne cracke!

Hor. Her father is Baptista Minola,
An affable and courteous Gentleman;

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1 wooing = woong. 71. as] F2. is as F.

[1 ii. 56-96] 26
The Taming of the Shrew.

Her name is Katherina Minola,
Renown'd in Padua for her scolding tongue.

Petr. I know her father, though I know not her;
And he knew my deceased father well.
I wil not sleepe, Hortensio, til I see her;
And therefore let me be thus bold with you,
To gue you ouer at this first encounter,
Unlesse you wil accompanie me thither.

Gru. I pray you, Sir, let him go while the humor lasts!
A my word, and she knew him as wel as I do, she would
thinke scolding would doe little good vpon him. Shee may,
perhaps, call him halfe a score 'Knaues,'or so: Why, [108]
that's nothing; and he begin once, hee'l raile in his rope
trickes. He tell you what, sir, and she fland him but a little,
he wil throw a figure in her face, and so disfigure hir with it,
that thee shal haue no more eies to see withall then a Cat!
You know him not, sir. [Petruchio turns to go. 113

Hor. Tarrie, Petruchio! I must go with thee;
For in Baptista keep my treaure is:
He hath the jewell of my life in hold,
His yongest daughter, beautiful Bianca;
And her with-holds from me, and other more
Sutors to her, and riuels in my Loue;
Supposing it a thing impossible,
(For those defects I haue before rehearsed,
That euer Katherina wil be woo'd;
Therefore this order hath Baptista tane,
That none shal haue accesse vnto Bianca,
Til Katherine the Curte haue got a husband.

Gru. 'Katherine the Curte'!
A title for a maide, of all titles, the worst!

Hor. Now shal my friend Petruchio do me grace;
And offer me, disguis'd in sober robes,
To old Baptista, as a schoole-master
Well seene in Musick, to instruct Bianca;
That so I may, by this deuice, at least
Harue leaue and leisur to make loue to her,
And, vnuspected, court her by her selfe.

Gru. Heere's no knauerie! See, to beguile the olde-folkes, how
the young folkes lay their heads together!

118. with-holds from me, and | with-holds from me. Other more
other more] Capell (Thirlby conj.). F.

[1. ii. 97-136.]
The Taming of the Shrew.

Enter Gremio, and Lucentio disguised.

Master, master, looke about you! Who goes there, ha?

Hor. Peace, Grumio! it is the riuall of my Loue.

Grumio. A proper stripling, and an amorous! [They retire.

Gremio. O, very well; I haue perus'd the note.

Hearke you, sir! Ie haue them vere fairely bound:
All bookes of Loue: see that at any hand;
And see you reade no other Lectures to her!
(You unterstand me: Ouer and bedefe
Signior Baptista liberalitie,
Ile mend it with a Largeff.) Take your paper too,
And let me haue them vere wel perfum'd!
For she is sweeter then perfume it selfe,
To whom they go to. What wil you reade to her?

Luc. What ere I reade to her, Ile pleade for you,
As for my patron, (stand you so assur'd !)
As firmely as your selfe were still in place:
Yea, and, perhaps, with more successefull words
Then you, vnslefe ye were a scholler, sir.

Grs. Oh, this learning, what a thing it is!
(Gru. Oh, this Woodcocke, what an Asse it is!

Petru. Peace, sirra!

Hor. Grumio, mum!) [Coming forward] ¶ God saue you, Signior

Gremio!

Grs. And you are wel met, Signior Hortensio!

Trow you whither I am going? To Baptista Minola.

I promis to enquire carefully
About a schoolemaster for the faire Bianca;
And, by good fortune, I haue lighted well
On this yong man, for learning and behauior,
Fit for her turne, well read in Poetrie
And other bookes, good ones, I warrant ye!

Hor. 'Tis well: and I haue met a Gentleman,

Hath promis me to helpe one to another,

A fine Mufitian to instruct our Miltris;
So shal I no whit be behinde in dutie
To faire Bianca, so beloved of me.

Grs. Beloued of me!; and that my deeds shal prove.

Gru. And that his bags shal prove.

Hor. Gremio, 'tis now no time to vent our loue:

Litten to me! and if you speake me faire,
The Taming of the Shrew.

Ile tel you newes indifferent good for either. 177
Heere is a Gentleman, whom by chance I met, (Upon agreement from vs to his liking,)
Will vndertake to woo curft Katherine, 180
Yea, and to marrie her, if her dowrie please.

Gre. So said, so done, is well.

Hortenzio, haue you told him all her faults?
Petr. I know she is an irkesome, bawling scold: 184
If that be all, Masters, I heare no harme.

Gre. No, sayst me so, friend? What Countreyman?
Petr. Borne in Verona, old Antonios sonne:
My father dead, my fortune liues for me;
And I do hope good dayes, and long, to see. 189

Gre. Oh sir, such a life, with such a wife, were strange!
But, if you haue a stomacke, to't a Gods name!
You shall haue me assisting you in all.
But will you woo this Wilde-cat?
Petr. Will I liue?

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

Thinke you, a little dinne can daunt mine eares?
Haue I not in my time heard Lions rore?

Haue I not heard the sea, puft vp with windes,
Rage like an angry Boare, chafed with fweet?
Haue I not heard great Ordnance in the field,
And heavens Artillerie thunder in the skies?

Haue I not in a pitchèd battle heard
Loud larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets clangue?
And do you tell me of a womens tongue,
That gies not halfe so great a blow to heare,
As wil a Cheffe-nut in a Farmers fire?

Tufh, tufh! feare boyes with bugs!

Gru. For he feares none.

Gre. Hortenzio, hearke!
This Gentleman is happily arriu'd,
My minde presumes, for his owne good, and ours.

Hor. I promis we would be Contributors,
And beare his charge of wooing, whatsoeare.

Gremio. And so we wil, prouided that he win her.

Gru. I would I were as sure of a good dinner!

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191. to't] F4. too't F. conj.). yours F.
29 [I. ii. 177-214.
The Taming of the Shrew.

Enter Tranio braue, and Biondello.

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

Bion. He that ha’s the two faire daughters: [to TRA.] if he you
meane?

Tr. Even he, Biondello.

Gre. Harke ye, sir! ye meane not her to . . .

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

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

Tranio. I love no chiders, sir. If Biondello, let’s away!

Luc. [aside] Well begun, Tranio!

Hor. Sir, a word ere you go!

Are you a futor to the Maid you talke of, yea or no?

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

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

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

Gre. But so is not she.

Tr. For what reason, I beseech you?

Gre. For this reason, if you’ll kno,

That she’s the choise loue of Signior Gremio!

Hor. That she’s the chosen of Signior Hortensio!

Tr. Softly, my Masters! If you be Gentlemen,

Do me this right: heare me with patience!

Baptista is a noble Gentleman,

To whom my Father is not all unknowe;

And, were his daughter fairer then she is,

She may more futors haue, and me for one.

Fair Ledaer daughter had a thousand wooers;

Then well one more may faire Bianca haue:

And so she shall; Lucentio that make one,

Though Paris came, in hope to speed alone!

Gre. What, this Gentleman will out-talke vs all!

Luc. Sir, giue him head! I know he’el proue a Iade.

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

Hor. [to TRA.] Sir, let me be so bold as aske you,

Did you yet euer see Baptistas daughter?

Tr. No, sir; but heare I do, that he hath two;

The one, as famous for a scolding tongue,

As is the other, for beauteous modestie.

Petr. Sir, sir, the first’s for me; let her go by!

218. to TRA. aside to Tranio. Malone.

228. streets] Q. streers F.

I. ii. 215-251.] 30
The Taming of the Shrew.

Greek, Yea, leave that labour to great Hercules; And let it be more then Alcides twelve!

Petr. [to Tranio] Sir, understand you this of me, (insooth!) The youngest daughter, whom you hearken for, Her father keepes 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.

Tranio. If it be so, sir, that you are the man Must need vs all, and me amongst the rest; And if you break the ice, and do this feast, Atchieue the elders, let the younger free For our access, whose hap shall be to have her, Will not so gracelessly be, to be ingrate.

Hor. Sir, you say well, and twel you do conceive; And since you do profess to be a suitors, You must, as we do, gratifie this Gentleman, To whom we all rest generally beholdings.

Tranio. Sir, I shal not be slacke: in signe whereof, Please ye we may continue this afternoone, And quaff carouses to our Mirthsse health, And do as aduersaries do in law, Strive mightily, but eate and drinke as friends.

Gru. Bian. Oh excellent motion! Fellowes, let's be gon! Hor. The motion's good indeed, and be it so!

Fell. Petrucho, I shal be your Ben venuto! [Exeunt.]

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Padua. Baptista's House.

Enter Katharina, and Bianca with her hands bound.

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

Kate. Of all thy suitors, here I charge thee, tel Whom thou lou'st best! I see thou dissemble not!

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31 [I. ii. 252-277; II. i. 1-9.]
The Taming of the Shrew.

Bianca. Beleeue me, sifter, of all the men alius
I neuer yet beheld that speeial face,
Which I could fancie more then any other.
Kate. Minion, thou lyest! Is't not Hortensia?
Bian. If you affeect him, sifter, heere I sweare,
Ile pleade for you my selfe, but you shal haue him.
Kate. Oh, then, belike you fancie riches more:
You wil haue Gremio to kepe you faire.
Bian. Is it for him you do enuiue me so?
Nay, then, you left; and now I wel perceue
You haue but iefted with me all this while:
I prethee, sifter Kate, vntie my hands!
Ka. If that be ieft, then all the rest was so. [Strikes her.

Enter Baptista.

Bap. [to Kate.] Why, how now, Dame! whence growes this
insolence?

[To Bianca, stand aside! (Poore gyre! she weepes.)
Go ply thy Needle; meddle not with her!
For shame! thou Hilding of a diuellish spirit,
Why doft thou wrong her, that did nere wrong thee?
When did she croffe thee with a bitter word?

Kate. Her silence flouts me, and Ile be reueng'd.
[Flies after Bianca.

Bap. [holding her back] What, in my sight? [To Bianca, get thee
in! [Exit Bianca.

Kate. What, will you not suffer me? Nay, now I see
She is your treaure, she must haue a husband;
I must dance bare-foot on her wedding day,
And, for your loue to her, leade Apes in hell!
Talke not to me! I will go fit and weep,
Till I can finde occasion of reuenge.

[Exit. 36

Bap. Was euer Gentleman thus greeud as I?
But who comes heere?

Enter Gremio, with Lucentio in the habit of a meane man;

Fruarchio, with Hortensio as a Musician; and Tranio,
with his Boy (Biondello) bearing a Lute and Bookes.

Gremio. Good morrow, neighbour Baptista!
Bap. Good morrow, neighbour Gremio! [God saue you,
Gentlemen!

Fruarchio. And you, good sir! Pray, haue you not a daughter
Cal'd Katerina, faire and vertuous?
Bap. I haue a daughter, sir, cal'd Katerina.

34: for] sor F.

II. 1. 10-44.] 32
The Taming of the Shrew.

Gra. You are too blunt: go to it orderly!
Pet. You wrong me, Signior Gremio: give me leave!

If I am a Gentleman of Verona, sir,
That (hearing of her beautie, and her wit,
Her affability, and baflifull modeftie,
Her wondrous qualities, and milde behauour)
Am bold to shew my selfe a forward guest
Within your house, to make mine eye the witneffe
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 Musick, and the Mathematickes,
To instruct her fully in those sciences,
Whereof, I know, she is not ignorant:
Accept of him! or else you do me wrong,
His name is Litio; born in Mantua.

Bap. Y'are welcome, sir; and he, for your good sake.
But, for my daughter Katerine, this I know,
She is not for your turne, the more my greefe.

Pet. I see you do not meane to part with her,
Or else you like not of my companie.

Bap. Mistake me not! I speake but as I finde.
Whence are you, sir? What may I call your name?

Pet. Petruchio is my name; Antonio's sonne,
A man well knowne throughout all Italy.

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

Gra. Sparing your tale, Petruchio, I pray,
Let vs, that are poore petitioners, speake too!

Baccaire! you are meruauylous forward!

Pet. Oh, pardon me, Signior Gremio! I would faine be doing.

Gra. I doubt it not, sir; but you will curse your wooing.
[To Bap.] Neighbor, this is a guift very gratefull, I am sure of it.
To express the like kindnesse, my selfe, that haue beeene more kindely
behoulding to you then any, freely give vnto you this yong Scholler
[presenting Luc.], that hath beeone long studying at Rheemes; as [79]
cunning in Greeke, Latine, and other Languages, as the other in Musick
e and Mathematices: his name is Cambio; pray, accept his seruice!

Bap. A thousand thanks, Signior Gremio! Welcome, good

1 Litio F2.
73. Baccaire F2. Bacare F.
76. To Bap.] Capell (after Neighbor).
76. Neighbor] Theobald. neighbors F.
78. you] Capell (Tyrwhitt conj.).
79. presenting Luc.] Rowe.

33 D

[II. i. 45-82.]
The Taming of the Shrew.

Cambio; [To Tra.] But, gentle sir, me thinkes you walke like a stranger; may I be so bold to know the cause of your comming? 84
Tra. Pardon me, sir! the boldness is mine owne;
That, being a stranger in this Cittie heere,
Do make my selfe a tutor to your daughter,
Vnto Bianca, faire and vertuous.
Nor is your firme resolue vnknowne to me,
In the preferment of the eldste sister.
This liberty is all that I request,
That, vpon knowledge of my Parentage,
I may haue welcome amongst the rest that woo,
And free access and faavour as the rest.
And, toward the education of your daughters,
I heere beftow a simple instrument,
And this small packet of Greeke and Latine bookes:
If you accept them, then their worth is great.

Bap. Lucentio is your name? of whence, I pray?
Tra. Of Pisa, sir; Ionne to Vincentio.
Bap. A mightie man of Pisa; by report
I know him well: you are verie welcome, sir.

[To Hor.] Take you the Lute! [To Lu.] and you the set of bookes!
You shall go see your Pupils prefentely.

¶ Holla, within!

Enter a Servant.

Sirrah, leade these Gentlemen
To my daughters! and tell them both,
These are their Tutors: bid them vse them well!

[Exit Servant, with Lu. and Hor.

¶ We will go walke a little in the Orchard,
And then to dinner. You are passing welcome,
And so I prays you all to thinke your felues.

Pet. Signior Baptista, my businesse asketh haste,
And euerie day I cannot come to woo.
You knew my father well, and in him, me,
Left sole heire to all his Lands and goods,
Which I haue bettered rather then decreest:
Then tell me, if I get your daughters loue,
What dowrie shall I haue with her to wife?

Bap. After my death, the one halfe of my Lands;
And, in possession, twentieth thousand Crownes.

Pet. And, for that dowrie, Ile assure her of

107. Exit ... Hor.] Theobald.

II. i. 83-120.]
The Taming of the Shrew.

Her widdow-hood, (be it that she furuiue me,) 124
In all my Lands and Leafes whatsoever:
Let specialties be therefore drawne betweene vs,
That covenants may be kept on either hand.

_Bap._ I, when the speciall thing is well obtain’d,
That is, her loue; for that is all in all.

_Pet._ Why, that is nothing; for I tell you, father,
I am as peremptorie as the proud-minded;
And where two raging fires meete together,
They do confume the thing that feedes their furie:
Though little fire growes great with little winde,
Yet extreme gufts will blow out fire and all:
132
So I to her, and so she yeelds to me;
For I am rough, and woo not like a babe.

_Bap._ Well maist thou woo, and happy be thy speed!
But be thou arm’d for some unhappie words!

_Pet._ I, to the proufe; as Mountaines are for windes,
That shakes not, though they blow perpetually!

_Re-enter Hortensio with his head broke._

_Bap._ How now, my friend! why dost thou looke so pale?
_Hor._ For feare, I promise you, if I looke pale. 140
_Bap._ What, will my daughter proue a good Mustian?
_Hor._ I thinkke she’ll sooner proue a souldeir:
Iron may hold with her, but neuer Lutes.

_Bap._ Why, then thou canst not break her to the Lute? 144
_Hor._ Why, no; for she hath broke the Lute to me
I did but tell her she mistooke her frets,
And bow’d her hand to teach her fingering;
When, (with a most impatient duellish spirit,) 148
"Frets," call you thefe?" (quoth she;) "Ile fume with them!"
And, with that word, she stroke me on the head,
And through the instrument my pate made way;
And there I stood amaz’d for a while,
As on a Pillorie, looking through the Lute;
While she did call me ‘ Rafcall Fidler,’
And ‘twangling Jacke’; with twentie such vilde tearmes,
As had she studied to misvfe me so!

_Pet._ Now, by the world, it is a lustie Wench;
I loue her ten times more then ere I did:

[II. i. 121-158.]
The Taming of the Shrew.

Oh, how I long to haue some chat with her! [fited: 160
Bap. [to HOR.] Wel, go with me, and be not so discom-
Proceed in prædite with my yonger daughter;
She's apt to learne, and thankefull for good turnes.
¶ Signior Petrucho, will you go with vs,
Or shall I send my daughter Kate to you? 164
I wil attend her heere,
And woo her with some spirit when she comes.
Say, that she raile; why, then Ile tell her plaine,
She sings as sweetly as a Nightinghale: 168
Say, that the frowne; Ile say she looks as cleere
As morning Roses newly waft with dew: ¹
Say, she be mute, and will not speake a word;
Then Ile commend her volubility,
And say she uttereth piercing eloquence:
If she do bid me packe, Ile give her thanks,
As though she bid me stay by her a weeke:
If she deny to wed, Ile crave the day 172
When I shall aske the banes, and when be married.
But heere she comes; and now, Petrucho, speake!

Enter Katerina.

Good morrow, Kate! for that's your name, I heare. 179
Kate. Well haue you heard, but something hard of hearing:
They call me Katerne, that do talke of me.
Pet. You lye, infaith; for you are call'd plaine 'Kate,'
And 'bonny Kate,' and, sometimes, 'Kate the curft':
But, Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendome,
Kate of Kate-hall; my super-daintie Kate,
(For dainties are all Kates,) and therefore, Kate,

¹As glorious as the morning | 183. bonny] F4. bony F.

Feran. Twentie good morrowes to my louely Kate! [179]
Kate. You lye, I am sure: is she yours alreadie?
Feran. I tell thee, Kate, I know thou lou'st me well.
Kate. The devill you doo! who told you so?
Feran. My mind, sweet Kate, doth say I am the man
Must wed, and bed, and marrie [259-267, p. 39] bonnie Kate [183].
II 1. 159-186.]
The Taming of the Shrew.

Take this of me, Kate of my consolation:
Hearing thy mildnesse prais'd in every Towne,
Thy vertues spoke of, and thy beautie founded,
(Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs,)
My selue am mou'd to woo thee for my wife.

Kate. 'Mou'd'! in good time! let him that 'mou'd' you
hether,

Remoue you hence! I knew you at the first,
You were a mouable.

Pet. Why, what's a 'mouable'?
Kate. 'A ioyn'd stooele.'
Pet. Thou haft hit it: come, fit on me!
Kate. Asses are made to beare, and so are you!
Pet. Women 'are made to beare, and so are you!' 197
Kate. No such lade as you, if me you meane.
Pet. Alas, good Kate, I will not burthen thee!

For, knowing thee to be but yong and light, . . .

Kate. Too 'light' for such a swaine as you to catch!

And yet as heauie as my waight should be.

Pet. 'Shold be'! 'should' . . . buzzel
Kate. Well tane, and like a buzzard!
Pet. Oh slow-wing'd Turtle! shal a buzzard take thee? 204
Kate. I, for a Turtle, as he takes a buzzard.
Pet. Come, come, you Wafe! y'faith you are too anerie.
Kate. If I be waspifh, best beware my fling.
Pet. My remedy is then, to plucke it out.

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

Pet. Who knowes not where a Wafe does weare his fling?

In his taile.

Kate. In his tongue!

Pet. Whose tongue?
Kate. Yours, if you talke of tales; and so, farewell!

Pet. What, with my tongue in your taile? Nay, come againe!

Kate. Was euer seene so grose an asse as this? [196]
Feran. I, to stand so long, and neuer get a kisse.
Kate. Hands off, I say, and get you from this place!
Or I will set my ten commandments in your face.

Feran. I prethe, doo, Kate! they say thou art a shrew;
And I like thee the better, for I would haue thee so.
Kate. Let go my hand, for feare it reach your eare!
Feran. No, Kate; this hand is mine, and I thy loue.

[II. i. 187-215.]
The Taming of the Shrew.

Good Kate! [Staying her] I am a Gentleman, . . .
Kate. That Ile trie. [She strikes him. 216
Pet. I sweare Ile cuffe you, if you strike againe!
Kate. So may you loose your armes:
If you strike me, you are no Gentleman; And, if no Gentleman, why, then no armes. 220
Pet. A Herald, Kate? Oh, put me in thy bookes
Kate. What is your Crest? a Coxcombe?
Pet. A comblesse Cocke, so Kate will be my Hen.
Kate. No Cocke of mine! you crow too like a crauene. 224
Pet. Nay, come, Kate, come! you must not looke so fowre.
Kate. It is my faashion, when I see a Crab.
Pet. Why, heere's no crab; and therefore looke not fowre!
Kate. There is! there is! 228
Pet. Then shew it me!
Kate. Had I a glasse, I would.
Pet. What, you meane my face?
Kate. Well aym'd of such a yong one.
Pet. Now, by S. George, I am too 'yong' for you!
Kate. Yet you are wither'd.
Pet. 'Tis with cares.
Kate. I 'care' not. 232
Pet. Nay, heare you, Kate! [Staying her.] Insooth you scape not so.
Kate. I chafe you if I tarrie. Let me go! 234
Pet. No, not a whit! I finde you passinge gentle.
'Twas told me you were rough, and coy, and fullen, And now I finde report a very liar;
For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passinge courtoise, 238
But slow in speech; yet sweet as spring-time flowers:
Thou canst not frowne, thou canst not looke ascance,
Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will;
Nor haft thou pleasure to be croffe in talke,
But thou with mildnesse entertain'ft thy wooers,

216. Staying her.] Detaining her. Dyce (after Gentleman).
240. ascance] Rowe (ed. 2.) a sconce F.

Kate. In faith, sir, no; the woodcock wants his taile [211, p. 37].
Feran. But yet his bil wil serue, if the other faile.
II. i. 216-243 ]
The Taming of the Shrew.

With gentle conference, soft, and affable.  
Why does the world report that Kate doth limpe?  
Oh fland'rous world! Kate, like the hazle twig,  
Is straignt, and flender; and as browne in hue  
As hazle nuts, and sweeter then the kernels.  
Oh, let me see thee walke! thou dost not halt?  
Kate. Go, foole, and whom thou keep'st command!  

[She paeth the Chamber.  

Pet. Did euer Diana so become a Groue,  
As Kate this chamber with her princely gate?  
O, be thou Diana, and let her be Kate;  
And then let Kate be chast, and Diana sportfull!  
Kate. Where did you study all this goodly speech?  
Petr. It is extempore, from my mother wit.  
Kate. A witty mother! witlesse else her sone.  
Pet. Am I not wife?  
Kate. Yes; 'keepe you warme.'  
Pet. Marry, so I mean, sweet Katherine, in thy bed:  
And therefore, setting all this chat aside,  
Thus in plaine termes: your father hath consented  
That you shall be my wife; your dowry 'greed on;  
And, will you, nill you, I will marry you!  
Now, Kate, I am a husband for your turne;  
For, by this light, whereby I see thy beauty,  
(Thy beauty, that doth make me like thee well,)  
Thou must be married to no man but me!  
For I am he am borne to tame you, Kate,  
And bring you from a wilde Kate to a Kate  
Conformable, as other household Kates.  
Here comes your father: neuer make deniall!  
I must, and will, haue Katherine to my wife!  

Re-enter BAPTISTA, GREMIO, and TRANDO.  

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

248. then] rhen F.  
272. Re-enter . . . ] Enter . . .  
272. Tranio.] Trayno F.  

Re-enter ALFONSO.  

Alfon. How now, Ferando! what saies my daughter?  

39  

[II. i. 244-273.]
The Taming of the Shrew.

**Pet.** How but well, sir? how but well? 274
It were impossible I should speed amisse. [dumps?

**Bap.** Why, how now, daughter Katherine! in your
**Kat.** Call you me 'daughter'? now, I promise you,
You haue shewed a tender fatherly regard,
To with me wed to one halfe Lunaticke;
A Mad-cap Ruffian, and a f'wearing Iacke,
That thinkes with oathes to face the matter out.

**Pet.** Father, ’tis thus: your selfe and all the world,
That talk’d of her, haue talk’d amisse of her:
If she be curft, it is for pollicie,
For shee’s not froward, but moderate as the Doue;
Shee is not hot, but temperate as the morne;
For patience, shee will prove a second Griffell,
And Romane Lucrece, for her chaftite:
And to conclude: we haue 'greed so well together,
That vpon Sunday is the wedding day.

**Kate.** Hee see thee hang’d on Sunday first!
**Gre.** Hark, Petruchio! hee saies shee’l see thee hang’d
first.’

**Tra.** Is this your speeding? nay, then, godnight1 our part!

**Pet.** Be patient, gentlemen! I choose her for my selfe:
If she and I be pleas’d, what’s that to you?
'Tis bargain’d 'twixt vs twaine, being alone,
That she shall still be curft in company.
I tell you, 'tis incredible to beleue
How much she loues me: oh, the kindest Kate!
Shee hung about my necke; and kisse on kisse
Shee vi’d so fast, protestting oath on oath,

---

1 godnight = good night.

---

**Feran.** Shees willing, sir, and loues me as hir life [274; 299].

**Kate.** Tis for your skin then, but not to be your wife.

**Alfon.** Come hither, Kate, and let me giue thy hand [310, p. 41]
To him that I have chosen for thy loue!
And thou to morrow shalt be wed to him.

**Kate.** Why, father, what do you mean to do with me,
To giue me thus vsnto this brainsick man,
That, in his mood, cares not to murder me?

[She turnes aside and speakes.

But yet I will consent and marrie him,
II. I. 274-301.] 40
The Taming of the Shrew.

That in a twinke she won me to her loue.
Oh, you are nonices! 'tis a world to see,
How tame, when men and women are alone,
A meacoacke wretch can make the curstefth shrew.
¶ Guie me thy hand, Kate! I will vnto Venice,
To buy apparell 'gainst the wedding day.
¶ Prouide the feast, Father, and bid the guesfts!
I will be sure my Katherine shall be fine.

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

Gre. Tra. Amen, say we! we will be witnessees.
Pet. Father, and wife, and gentilemen, adieu!
I will to Venice; Sunday comes apace:
We will haue rings, and things, and fine array;
¶ And, kisse me, Kate, we will ' be married a Sunday.'

[Exeunt Petruchio and Katherine.

Gre. Was euery match clapt vp so sodainly?.
Bap. Faith, Gentlemen, now I play a marchants part,
And venture madly on a desperate Mart.
Tra. Twas a commodity lay fretting by you:
'Twill bring you gaine, or perfish on the seas.
Bap. The gaine I seeke is, quiet in the match.

1 'I mun be married a Sunday,' Arber, p. 87.
sings Royster Doyster.—Udall's 316. Exeunt ...] Exit ... F.
Roister Doister (before 1553), ed. 322. in] Rowe (ed. 2). me F.

(For I, methinkes, haue liude too long a maid.,)
And match him too,² or else his manhoods good.
Alfon. Guie me thy hand! [310] Ferando, loues thee wel;
And will with wealth and ease maintaine thy state.
¶ Here, Ferando, take her for thy wife !
And Sunday next shall be your wedding day [290, p. 40; 307, 316].
Feran. Why so! did I not tell thee I should be the man?
¶ Father, I leue my lovelie Kate with you :
Provide your selues against our marriage date!
For I must hie me to my countrey house
In hast, to see prouision may be made,
To entertaine my Kate [306-9] when she dooth come.
Alfon. Doo so! ¶ Come, Kate! why doost thou looke so sad?
Be merrie, wench! thy wedding daies at hand.
¶ Sonne, fare you well, and see you keepe your promise !

[Exeunt Alfonso and Kate. Manet FERANDO.
The Taming of the Shrew.

Gre. No doubt but he hath got a quiet catch.
But now, Baptista, to your younger daughter;
Now is the day we long have looked for:
I am your neighbour, and was fitter first.
Tra. And I am one that love Bianca more
Then words can witness, or your thoughts can guess.
Gre. Yongling! thou canst not love so deare as I!
Tra. Gray-beard! thy love doth freeze!
Gre.

But thine doth retire!

Skipper, stand back! this age that nourisheth.
Tra. But youth, in Ladies eyes, that florisheth!
Bap. Content you, gentlemen! I wil compound this strife:
'Tis deeds must win the prize; and he, of both,
That can assure my daughter greatest dower,
Shall have my Biancas love.

Say, signior Gremio, what can you assure her?
Gre. First, as you know, my house within the City
Is richly furnished with plate and gold;
Basons and ewers to laue her dainty hands;
My hangings all of Tiran tapestry;
In ivory coers I have st Youth my crownes;
In Cypres chefts my Arras counterpoints,
Costly apparell, Tents, and Canopies,
Fine Linnen, Turkey cushions bolt with pearle,
Vallens of Venice gold in needle worke;
Pewter and braffe, and all things that belongs
To house or house-keeping: then, at my farme,
I have a hundred milch-kine to the palle,
Sixe-score fat Oxen standing in my stalls;
And all things answerable to this portion.

My selfe am struck in yeeres, I must confesse;
And, if I die to morrow, this is hers,
If, whilst I live, she will be onely mine.

Tra. That 'only' came well in. Sir, lift to me!
I am my fathers heyre, and onely foner:
If I may haue your daughter to my wife,
Ile leave her houses three or foure as good,
Within rich Pisa walls, as any one
Old Signior Gremio has in Padua;

349. pale F.


2 These were gifts promised by Phylotus (Pedant), the sham father of Aurelius (Lucentia), to Alfonso (Baptista).

II. I. 323-360.] 42
The Taming of the Shrew.

Besides, two thousand Duckets by the yeere,
Of fruitfull land; all which shall be her jonyter.
¶ What I haue I pinch't you, Signior Gremio? 364

GI. 'Two thousand Duckets by the yeere, of land'
My Land amounts not to so much in all;
That she shall haue; besides an Argosie
That now is lying in Marcellus' road.
¶ What I haue I choak't you with an Argosie? 368

TRA. Gremio, 'tis knowne my father hath no leffe
Then three great Argosies; besides two Galliasses,
And twelve tite Gallies: these I will affure her,
And twice as much, what ere thou offrest next.

GI. Nay, I haue offred all, I haue no more;
And she can haue no more then all I haue:
¶ If you like me, she shall haue me and mine.
TRA. Why, then the maid is mine from all the world
By your firme promise: Gremio is out-vied.

BAP. I must confesse your offer is the beft;
And let your father make her the assurance,
Shee is your owne; else, (you must pardon me,)
If you should die before him, where's her dower?

TRA. That's but a caull: he is olde, I young.
GI. And may not yong men die, as well as old?

BAP. Well, gentlemen,
I am thus resolu'd: On Sunday next, you know,
My daughter Katherine is to be married:
¶ Now, on the Sunday following, shall Bianca
Be Bride to you, if you make this assurance;
¶ If not, to Signior Gremio:
¶ And so I take my leave, and thanke you both.

GI. Adieu, good neighbour!
¶ Now I feare thee not!

Sirra yong gamester, your father were a foole
To give thee all, and, in his wayning age,
Set foot vnder thy table: tut, a toy!
An olde Italian foxe is not fo kinde, my boy!

TRA. A vengeance on your crafty withered hide!
Yet I haue 'fac'd it with a card of ten.'
'Tis in my head to doe my matter good:
I see no reason but suppos'd Lucentio
Must get a father, call'd (suppos'd) Vincentio;
And that's a wonder: fathers, commonly,

1 Marseilles. 'Marcellus,' All's 391. Exit Baptista.] Exit. F
Weil, IV. v. 74; 'Marcellis,' IV. 400 (after l. 390).
iv. 9.

43 [II. l. 361-401.
The Taming of the Shrew.

Doe get their children; but, in this case of woing,¹
A childe shall get a fire, if I faile not of my cunning. ⁴⁰³

[Exit, followed by BIONDILLO.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Padua. BAPTISTAS House.

Enter Lucentio with books, Hortentio with a lute, and Bianca.

Luc. Fidler, forbear! you grow too forward, Sir! ¹
Haue you so soone forgot the entertainment
Her sister Katherine welcom’d you withall?
Hort. But, wrangling pedant, this is
The patronesse of heauenly harmony:
Then giue me leaue to haue prerogatiue;
And when in Musicke we haue spent an houre
Your Lecture shall haue leasure for as much.
Luc. Preposterous Ass, that never read so farre,
To know the cause why musicke was ordain’d!
Was it not, to refresh the minde of man,
After his studies, or his visuall paine?
Then giue me leaue to read Philosophy,
And, while I pause, serue in your harmony!
Hort. Sirra, I will not beare these braues of thine!
Bianc. Why, gentlemen, you doe me double wrong,
To strive for that which refteth in my choice:
I am no breeching scholler in the schooles;
Ile not bee tied to howres, nor pointed times,
But leaue my Lessons as I please my selfe.
And, to cut off all strife, here sit we downe:
[To Hort.] Take you your instrument, play you the whiles;
His Lecture will be done ere you haue tun’d.
Hort. You’ll leaue his Lecture when I am in tune?
Luc. That will be newer: tune your instrument!

[Bian. and Luc. seat themselves. Hort. retire & tune.

Bian. Where left we laft?
Luc. Heere, Madam: ¹²

‘Hic ibat Simois; hie ejus Siganus tellus;
Hic siterat Priami regia cella jennis.’
Bian. Confer them!
Luc. ‘Hic ibat,’ as I told you before; ‘Simois,’ I am Lucentio ¹⁸

¹ woing = wooing

To Luc. Actus Tertius. Τ Actus Tertia. F. ⁴⁰³. Aic.] Q. hie F.
J. Q. § ⁴⁰³. Sigcia] F2. sigeria F.
28. left] lest F.

II. 1. 402, 403; III. 1. 1-31.] ⁴⁴
The Taming of the Shrew.

hic est, sonne vnto Vincetio of Pisa; 'Sigeia tellus,' disguised thus to get your louse: 'Hic steterat,' and that Lucentio that comes a wooing; 'Priami,' is my man Tranio; 'regia,' bearing my port; 'celsa senis,' that we might beguile the old Pantaloune.


Bian. Let's heare! [Hort. plays.] Oh fie! the treble iarres.

Luc. Spit in the hole, man, and tune againe! [Hort. retires & tunes

Bian. Now let mee see if I can confere it;

'Hic ibat Simois,' I know you not; 'hic est Sigeia tellus,' I trust you not: 'Hic steterat Priami,' take heed he heare vs not; 'regia,' preume not; 'celsa senis,' despare not!

Hort. Madam, tis now in tune.

Luc. All but the base.

Hort. The 'base' is right; 'tis the 'base' knaue that iar.

[Aside] How fiery and forward our Pedant is!

Now, for my life, the knaue doth court my loue!

Pedascula. Ie watch you better yet!

Bian. [aloud to Luc.] In time I may beleue, yet I mistrust.

Luc. Mistrust it not! for, sure, Eucides

Was Ajax, cale to from his grandfather.

Bian. I must beleue my maste; else, I promise you,

I should be arguing fill upon that doubt:

But let it rest. {Now, Liito, to you:

If Good matters, take it not vnkindly, pray,

That I haue beene thus pleafant with you both!

Hort. [to Luc.] You may go walk, and give me leaue a while!

My Leffion make no Musicke in three parts,

Luc. Are you so formall, or? well, I must waite,

[Aside] And watch withall; for, but I be deceiu'd,

Our fine Mistian growth amorous.

Hort. Madam, before you touch the instrument,

To learne the order of my fingering,

I must begin with rudiments of Art;

To teach you gamothon in a brieuer sort,

More pleafant, pithy, and effectuall,

Then hath beene taught by any of my trade:

And there it is in writing, fairly drawne.

37. Hort. plays.] Capell. of Luc.'s speech, in F.
40. Sigeia] sigeria F.
41. steterat] F. staterat F.
43. Hort. plays.] Camb. Edd. F.
45-47. How... yet.] Luc. How
45... yet; F.
49. Luc.] Pope (ed. 2). Bian. F.
54. master] Rowe (ed. 2). master F.
The Taming of the Shrew.

Bian. Why, I am past my gamouth long agoe.
Hor. Yet reade the gamouth of Hortensio!
Bian. [reads] 'Gamouth I am, the ground of all accord;
A re, to plead Hortensio's passion;
B mi, Bianca, take him for thy Lord,
C fa vi, that loues with all affecion;
D fol re, one Cliffe, two notes haue I;
E la mi, shew pitty, or I die.'
Call you this 'gamouth'? tut, I like it not!
Old fashions plese me best; I am not so nice
To change true rules for old inuentions.

Enter a Messenger.

Mons. Nicke. Mistresse, your father prays you leue your books,
And helpe to dreffe your lifters chamber vp:
You know, to morrow is the wedding day.
Bian. Farewell, sweet matters, both! I must be gone.
[Exeunt BIANCA & Messenger.

Luc. Faith, Mistresse, then I haue no cause to stay.
[Exit. Hor. But I haue caufe to pry into this Pedant:
Methinks he lookes as though he were in loue:
Yet if thy thoughts, Bianca, be so humble,
To caft thy wandring eyes on ev'ry male,
Seize thee that lift! if once I finde thee ranging,
Hortensio will be quit with thee by changing.

Actus Tertius. Scena Secunda.


Enter BAPTISTA, GREMIO, TRANIO, KATHERINE, BIANCA,
Lucentio, Hortensio, and others, Attendants.

Bap. [to Tra.] Signior Lucentio, this is the 'pointed day,
That Katherine and Petruchio should be married,
And yet we heare not of our fonne in Law.
What will be said? what mockery will it be,
To want the Bride-groome, when the Prieff attends
To speake the ceremoniall rites of marriage!

73. C fa vi] Q. Cfvat F.
75. E la mi] Ela mi F.
78. change] F. charge F.
1 'Nicke' was, perhaps, Nicholas 83. Exit.] Rowe.
81. [Exit. Malone.
1. to Tra.] Capell.

III. i. 68-89; ii. 1-6.] 46
The Taming of the Shrew.

What faies Lucentio to this shame of ours?

Kate. No 'shame' but mine! I must, forsooth, be forst.
To give my hand, oppos'd against my heart,
Unto a mad-braine rudesby, full of spleene;
Who woo'd in haste, and meanes to wed at leysure.
I told you, I, he was a frantick foole,
Hiding his bitter iews in blunt behavour:
And, to be noted for a merry man,
Hee'll wooe a thousand, 'point the day of marriage,
Make friends, inveite, and o'en proclaime the banes;
Yet neuer meanes to wed where he hath woo'd.
Now muft the world point at poore Katherine,
And say, 'Looe, there is mad Petruchio's wife,
If it would please him come and marry her!'

Tra. Patience, good Katherine, and Baptifla too!

Vpon my life, Petruchio meanes but well,
What iewr fortune stayes him from his word:
Though he be blunt, I know him passing wise;
Though he be merry, yet withall he's honest.

Kate. Would Katherine had neuer seen him though!

[Exit weeping.

Bap. Goe, girle! I cannot blame thee now to weepe;
For such an injurie would vexe a very fiant,
Much more a shrew of thy impatient humour.

Enter Biondello.

Bion. Master, master! newes, and such olde newes as you
never heard of!

Bap. Is it new and olde too? how may that be?
Bion. Why, is it not newes, to heart of Petruchio's comming?
Bap. Is he come?
Bion. Why, no, sir.
Bap. What then?
Bion. He is comming.
Bap. When will he be heere?
Bion. When he stands where I am, and sees you there.

Tra. But, say, what to thine 'olde newes'?

17. meanes] Q. meanes F. (Collier M.S.) such newes F.
29. thy] F2. 33. heart] Q. heard F.
30. such olde newes] Collier

[III. ii. 7-40.]
The Taming of the Shrew.

Bion. Why, Petruchio is comming, in a new hat and an old ierkin; a paire of olde breeches thrice turn'd; a paire of bootes that haue beene candle-cafes, one buckled, another lac'd; an olde rufty sword tane out of the Towne Armory, [44 with a broken hilt, and chapeleffe; with two broken points: his horfe hip'd; (with an olde mothy faddle, and stirrops of no kindred,) besides, posseth with the Glanders, and like to mofe in the chine; troubled with the Lampaffe, infected with [48 the Fashions, full of Windegalls, sped with Spauins, raised with the Yellowes, past cure of the Fues, starke spoyl'd with the Staggers, begnawne with the Bots, swaid in the backe, and shoulder-shotten, neere leg'd before: and with a halfe-chekt [52 Bitte, & a Headstall of sheepe leather, which, being restrain'd to keepe him from stumbling, hath beene often burft, and now repaired with knots; one Girth five times pec'd; and a Womans Crupper of velure, which hath two letters for [56 her name, fairely set down in ftuds, and heere and there pec'd with packthred.

Bap. Who comes with him?

Bion. Oh, sir, his Lackey, for all the world Caparison'd [60 like the horfe; with a linnen stock on one leg, and a kerfey boot-hose on the other, gartred with a red and blew lift; an old hat, & 'the humor of forty fancies' prick in't for a feather: a monfter, a very monfter in apparell, & not like [64 a Christian foot-boy, or a gentlemen's Lacky!

Tra. 'Tis some od humor pricks him to this fashion;

Yet oftentimes he goes but meane-apparel'd.

Bap. I am glad he's come, howsoeere he comes. 68

Bion. Why, sir, he comes not.

Bap. Didst thou not say hee comes?

Bion. Who? that Petruchio came?

Bap. I, 'that Petruchio came.' 72

Bion. No, sir; I say his horfe comes, with him on his backe.

Bap. Why, that's all one.

Bion. Nay, by S. Iamy,
I hold you a penny,
A horfe and a man
Is more then 'one',
And yet not many.

51. swaid] swayed Hanmer. Waid F.
The Taming of the Shrew.

Enter Petruchio baselle attired, and Grumio.

Pet. Come, where be these gallants? who's at home? 80
Bap. You are welcome, sir.
Pet. And yet I 'come' not 'well.'
Bap. And yet you halt not.
Tra. Not so 'well' apparell'd
As I wish you were.
Pet. Were it better, I should rush in thus.
But where is Kate? where is my louely Bride?
¶ How does my father? ¶ Gentles, methinkes you frowne;
And wherefore gaze this goodly company,
As if they faw some wondrous monument,
Some Commet, or vnufull prodigie?
Bap. Why, sir, you know this is your wedding day.
First were we sad, fearing you would not come;
Now sadder, that you come so vnprovided.
Fie, doff this habit, shame to your estate,
An eye-fore to our solemne feestiual!
Tra. And tell vs, what occasion of import
Hath all so long detain'd you from your wife,
And sent you hither so vnlike your selfe?
Pet. Tidious it were to tell, and harsh to heare:
Sufficeth, I am come to keepe my word,
Though in some part inforced to digresse;
Which, at more leyfure, I will so excuse,

Enter Ferando baselle attired, and a red cap on his head.

Feran. [to ALFONSO] Godmorow, father! [85] ¶ Polidor, well met!
You wonder, I know, that I haue staied so long.
Alfon. I, marrie, son; we were almost perswaded
That we should scarce haue had our bridegrome here:
But say, why art thou thus basely attired?
Feran. Thus richlie, father, you should haue said;
For when my wife and I am married once,
Shees such a shrew, (if we should once fall out,)
Sheele pul my costlie sutes ouer mine eares;
And therefore am I thus attired awhile:
For manie things, I tell you, 's in my head,
And none must know thereof but Kate and I;
For we shall liue like lammes and Lions, sure,
Nor lammes to Lions neuer was so tame,
The Taming of the Shrew.

As you shall well be satisfied withall.
But where is Kate? I stay too long from her:
The morning weares, 'tis time we were at Church.

Tra. See not your Bride in these vnererable robes!
Goe to my chamber! put on clothes of mine!

Pet. Not I, beleue me! thus Ile visit her.

Bap. But thus, I truist, you will not marry her.

Pet. Good sooth, euens thus; therefore ha' done with words!
To me she's married, not vnsto my cloathes:
Could I repair what she will weare in me,
As I can change these poore accoutrements,
'Twere well for Kate, and better for my selfe.
But what a foole am I to chat with you,
When I should bid good morrow to my Bride,
And seale the title with a lonely kisse!

[Exeunt Petruchio and Grumio.

Tra. He hath some meaning in his mad attire:
We will perswade him (be it possible)
To put on better ere he goe to Church.

Bap. Ile after him, and see the event of this.

[Exeunt all but Luc. & Tra.

Tra. But, sir, to her Loue concerneth vs to add

If once they lie within the Lions pawes,
As Kate to me if we were married once.

And therefore, come; let vs to church presently! [104]

Pol. [— Hortensio] Fie, Ferando! not thus stired for shame!

[93, P. 49]

Come to my Chamber, and there sute thy selfe [106]
Of twentie suetes that I did never were!

Feran. Tush, Polidor! I haue as many suetes
Fantastickes (made to fit my humor so)
As any in Athens, and as richlie wrought
As was the Massie Robe that late adorn'd
The stately legate of the Persian King;
And this, from them, haue I made choise to weare.

Alfon. I prethee, Ferando, let me intreat,
Before thou geste vnto the church with vs, [119]
To put some other sute vpon thy backe!

Feran. Not for the world, if I might gaine it so!
And therefore take me thus, or not at all!

III. ii. 102-121.]
The Taming of the Shrew.

Her fathers liking, which to bring to passe,
As I before imparted to your worship,
I am to get a man, (what ere he be,
It skills not much, weele fit him to our turne,) And he shall be Vincentio of Pisa;
And make assurance, here in Padua,
Of greater summes then I haue promised.
So shall you quietly enjoy your hope,
And marry sweet Bianca with content.

Luc. Were it not that my fellow schoolemaster
Doth watch Bianca's steps so narrowly,
'Twere good, me-thinkes, to steale our marriage,
Which once perform'd, let all the world say 'no,'
Ile keepe mine owne, despite of all the world.

Tra. That by degrees we meane to looke into,
And watch our vantage in this businesse:
We'll ouer-reach the grey-beard, Gremio,
The narrow-pryning father, Minola,
The quaint Musician, amorous Lutio;
All for my Maisters sake, Lucentio!

Re-enter Gremio.

Signior Gremio, came you from the Church?

Gre. As willingly as ere I came from schoole!

Tra. And is the Bride & Bridegroom coming home?

Gre. A 'bridegrome,' say you? 'tis a groome indeed,

A grumling groome, and that the girlie shall finde.


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

Tra. Why, she's a deuill, a deuill, the deuils damme!

Gre. Tut, she's a Lambe, a Doue, a Foole to him!

Ile tell you, sir Lucentio: when the Priest
Should aske, if Katherine should be his wife,
'I, by goggs woones!' quoth he; and swore so loud,

That, all amaz'd, the Priest let fall the booke;
And, as he stoop'd againe to take it vp,
This mad-brain'd bridegrome tooke him such a cuffe,
That downe fell Priest and booke, and booke and Priest:

'Now take them vp,' quoth he, 'if any lift.'

Tra. What said the wench when he rote againe?

Gre. Trembled and shooke; for why he stpam'd, and swore,

123. I] Pope.

51 [III. ii. 122-160.
The Taming of the Shrew.

As if the Vicar meant to cozen him.
But after many ceremonies done,
Hee calls for wine: 'A health!' quoth he; as if
He had beene aboord, carowing to his Mates
After a storme: quaff off the Muscadell,
And threw the fops all in the Sextons face;
Hauing no other reason,
But that his beard grew thinne and hungerly,
And seem'd to ask him fops as hee was drinking.
This done, hee tooke the Bride about the necke,
And kist her lips with such a clamorous smacke,
That, at the parting, all the Church did echo:
And I, seeing this, came thence for very shame;
And after mee, I know, the rout is comming.
Such a mad marriaage never was before!
Harke, harke! I heare the minstrels play. [Mysicke playes.

Re-enter Petruchio, Kate, Bianca, Hortensio, Baptista,
Tranio, Grumio, and Traine.

Petr. Gentlemen & friends, I thank you for your pains!
I know you thinke to dine with me to day,
And haue prepar'd great store of wedding cheere;
But so it is, my haffe doth call me hence,
And therefore heere I meane to take my leaue.

Bap. Is't possible you will away to night?

Petr. I must away to day, before night come:
Make it no wonder! if you knew my businesse,
You would intreat me rather goe then stay.

And, honest company, I thanke you all,
That haue beheld me giue away my selfe
To this most patient, sweet, and vertuous wife:
Dine with my father, drinke a health to me;
For I must hence; and farewell to you all!

Tra. Let vs intreat you stay till after dinner.

Sander (Grumio) discovered. Enter Ferando and Kate, and Alfonso,
and Polidor and Emelia, and Aurelius (Lucetio) and Philema.

Feran. Father, farwell! my Kate and I must home.

[To Sander] Sirra, goe make ready my horse presentlie! [197, p. 53]

Alfon. Your 'horse'? What, son, I hope you doo but jest,
I am sure you will not go so suddainly! [182]

III. ii. 161-191.]
The Taming of the Shrew.

Pet. It may not be.
Gro. Let me intreat you!
Pet. It cannot be!
Kat. Let me intreat you!
Pet. I am content.
Kat. Are you content to stay?
P.et. I am 'content' you shall entreat me stay;
But yet not stay, entreat me how you can.
Kat. Now, if you love me, stay!
Pet. Grumio, my horse!
Gru. I, sir, they be ready: the Oates have eaten the horses.
Kate. Nay, then,
Doe what thou canst, I will not go to day;
No, nor to morrow; not till I please my selfe.
The door is open, sir! there lies your way!
You may be jogging whiles your bootes are green;
For me, Ile not be gone untill I please my selfe:
'Tis like you'll prove a jolly furly groome,
That take it on you at the first so roundly!
Pet. O Kate, content thee! prethee, be not angry!
Kat. I will be angry! what hast thou to doe?

† Father, be quiet! he shall stay my leisure!
Gre. I, marry, sir, now it begins to worke!
Kat. Gentlemen, forward to the bridall dinner!
I see a woman may be made a foole,

192. Gre.] Gra. F. 204. untill] till F.

Kate. Let him go or tarry, I am resolued to stay,
And not to trauell on my wedding day! [200]
Feran. Tut, Kate! I tell thee we must needs go home. [207]
† Villaine, hast thou saddled my horse?
San. Which horse? your curtell?
Feran. Sounes, you slae! stand you prating here?
Saddell the bay gelding for your Mistris!
Kat. Not for me; for Ile not go! [200]
San. The ostler will not let me haue him: you owe ten pence for his
meate, and 6 pence for stuffing my mistris saddle.
Feran. Here, villaine, go pay him straight!
San. Shall I give them another pecke of lauender?
Feran. Out, slae, and bring them presently to the dore!
Alfon. Why, son, I hope, at least, youe dine with vs?
San. I pray you, maister, lets stay till dinner be don!

53 [III. ii. 192-312.]
The Taming of the Shrew.

If she had not a spirit to resist.

*Pet.* They shall goe forward, *Kate*, at thy command.

*¶* Obey the Bride, you that attend on her;
Goe to the seaste, reuse and domineere,
Carowe full measure to her maiden-head!
Be made and merry, or goe hang your selues!
But for my bonny *Kate*, she must with me!
Nay, looke not big, nor flampe, nor flare, nor fret!
I will be master of what is mine owne:
Shee is my goods, my chattels; she is my house,
My houthold-stuffe, my field, my barne,
My horue, my oxe, my ass, my any thing;
And heere she stands; touch her who euer dare,
Ile bring mine action on the proudest he
That stopps my way in Padua! [*Draws his sword.*] ¶ *Grumio*,
Draw forth thy weapon, we are beset with theeues;
Rescue thy Mistresse, if thou be a man!

[*Throws his arm round Kate.*]

¶ Feare not, sweet wench! they shall not touch thee, *Kate*:
Ile buckler thee against a Million!

[Exeunt *Petruchio*, *dragging out Katherine*; & *Grumio*.

*Bat.* Nay, let them goe, a couple of quiet ones!

---

*Feran.* Sounes, villain! art thou here yet? [*Ex. Sander.*] ¶ *Come, Kate!* our dinner is provided at home. [*214*

*Kate.* But not for me, for here I meane to dine.
Ile haue my will in this as well as you;
Though you in madding mood would leave your frends,
Despite of you, Ile tarry with them still.

*Feran.* I, *Kate*, so thou shalt, but at some other time: [*219*

When as thy sisters here shall be espousd,
Then thou and I will kepe our wedding day,
In better sort then now we can prouide;
For here I promise thee before them all,
We will ere long returne to them againe.

Come, *Kate*, stand not on terms! we will awaie: [*230*

This is my day; to morrow thou shalt rule,
And I will doe what euer thou commandes.

¶ Gentlemen, farwell! wele take our leues;
It will be late before that we come home. [*Exeunt* 1 *Ferando and Kate*.

*Pol.* Farwell, Ferando! since you will be gone.

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1 Exit Q.

III. ii. 213-232.] 54
The Taming of the Shrew.

Greg. Went they not quickly, I should die with laughing!
Tra. Of all mad matches neuer was the like!
Luc. Mistresse, what's your opinion of your sister?
Bian. That, being mad her selfe, she's madly mated.
Greg. I warrant him, Petruchio is Kated! 237
Bap. Neighbours and friends, though Bride & Bridegroom
wants,
For to supply the places at the table,
You know there wants no junkets at the feast.
† Lucentio, you shall supply the Bridgroomes place; 241
And let Bianca take her sisters roome!
Tra. Shall sweet Bianca pra'fife how to bride it?
Bap. She shall, Lucentio. † Come, gentlemen, lets goe! [Exeunt.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

PETRUCHIOS Country House.

Enter GRUMIO.

Greg. Fie, fie on all tired Iades, on all mad Masters, & all
toule Wains! Was euer man so beaten? was euer man so
raide?¹ was euer man so weary? I am sent before to make a
fire, and they are comming after to warme them. Now, [4
were not I 'a little pot, & foone hot,' my very lippes might
freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the roose of my mouth, my
heart in my belly, ere I should come by a fire to thaw me:
but I, with blowing the fire, shall warme my selfe; for, [8
considering the weather, a taller man then I will take cold.
—Holla, hoa! Curtis! 10

Enter CURTIS.

Curt. Who is that calls so coldly?
Greg. A piece of Ice: if thou doubt it, thou maist slide
from my shoulde to my heele, with no greater a run but my
head and my necke. A fire, good Curtis! 14

Petruchios Country House.] Pope. ¹ 'raide', berayed, diriied.

Alfon. So mad a cupple did I neuer see! 232, p. 54; 234
Emel. They're even as well macht as I would wish.

55 [II. ii. 233-244; IV. i. 1-14.]
The Taming of the Shrew.

Cur. Is my master and his wife coming, Grumio?

Gru. Oh, I, Curtis, I: and therefore fire, fire! cast on no water!

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

Gru. She was, good Curtis, before this frost: but, thou knowst, winter takes man, woman, and beast; for it hath tam'd my old master, and my new mistress, and my selfe, fellow Curtis!

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

Gru. Am I but three inches? Why, thy horse 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 (the being now at hand) thou shalt soon feel, to thy cold comfort, for being slow in thy hot office?

Cur. I prethee, good Grumio! tell me, how goes the world?

Gru. A cold world, Curtis, in every office but thine; & therefore, fire! do thy duty, and have thy dutie; for my Master and mistress are almost frozen to death.

Cur. There's fire readie; and therefore, good Grumio, the newes!

Gru. Why, 'Jacke, boy! ho, boy!' and as much newes as thou wilt.

Cur. Come, you are so full of comicking!

Gru. Why, therefore, fire! for I have caught extreme cold. Where's the Cooke? Is supper ready, the house trim'd, rushes strewn'd, cobwebs swept; the servingmen in their new fustian, their white stockings, and every officer his wedding garment on? Be the Jacks faire within, the Gils faire without, the Carpets laide, and every thing in order?

Cur. All readie; and therefore, I pray thee, newes!

Gru. First, know, my horse is tired; my master & mistress fail out.

Cur. How?

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

Cur. Let's ha't, good Grumio!


42. their] F3. the F.

IV. i. 15-51.]
The Taming of the Shrew.

Gru. Lend thine eare!
Cur. Heere!
Gru. There! [Strikes him.]
Cur. This 'tis to seele a tale, not to heare a tale.
Gru. And therefore 'tis cal'd a sensible tale: and this Cuflle was but to knocke at your eare, and befeech liftning. Now I begin: Inprimis, wee came downe a fowle hill, my Master riding behinde my Misfris, ... 
Cur. Both of one horfe?
Gru. What's that to thee?
Cur. Why, a horfe.
Gru. Tell thou the tale! but hadst thou not crost me, thou shouldest have heard how her horfe fel, and the ynder her horfe; thou shouldest have heard, in how mery a place; how she was bemoll'd; how hee left her with the horfe vpon [66 her; how he beat me because her horfe stumbled; how she waded through the durt to plucke him off me; how he swore; how she prai'd, that neuer prai'd before; how I cried; how the horfes ranne away; how her bridle was hurst; how I [70 loft my crupper; with manie things of worthy memorie, which now shall die in obliuion, and thou returne vnexperienc'd to thy graue!
Cur. By this reckoning, he is more shrew than she. 
Gru. I; and that thou and the proudest of you all shall finde when he comes home! But what talke I of this? Call forth Nathaniel, Joseph, Nicholas, Philp, Walter, Sugarfop, and the rest: let their heads bee flrickely comb'd, their [78 blew coats bruth'd, and their gartres of an indifferent knit: let them curtie with their left legges; and not presume to touch a haire of my Masters horfe-taile, till they kisse their hands! Are they all readie?
Cur. They are.
Gru. Call them forth!
Cur. [calls] Do you heare? ho! you must meeete my maister to countenance my misfris!
Gru. Why, she hath a face of her owne.
Cur. Who knowes not that?
Gru. Thou, it seemes, that calls for company to ' countenance her.

54. Strikes him.] Rowe.
57 [IV. i. 52-90.
The Taming of the Shrew.

Cur. I call them forth to credit her.
Gru. Why, she comes to borrow nothing of them.

Enter four or five Servingmen.

Nat. Welcome home, Grumio! 
Phil. How now, Grumio!
Iof. What, Grumio!
Nick. Fellow Grumio!
Nat. How now, old lad!
Gru. Welcome, you! How now, you! What, you! Fellow, you! And thus much for greeting. Now, my spruce companions, is all ready, and all things neate?
Nat. All things is readie. How neere is our master? 101
Gru. E'me at hand, alighted by this; and therefore be not... [Noise without] Cockes passion, silience! I heare my master. 104

Enter Petruchio and Kate.

Pet. Where be these knaues? What! no man at doore,

92. Enter... servingmen.] F (after l. 91).
102. Gru]. Gre. F.

Enter Sanders with two or three serving men (TOM, WILL, & others).

San. Come, sirs, propose all things as fast as you can! for my Master's hard at hand, and my new Mistris and all; and he sent me before to see all things ready [100, 101].
Tom. Welcome home, Sander! [93] Sirra, how looks our new Mistris? they say she's a plagie shrew [18, p. 56].
San. I; and that thou shalt find [75, 76, p. 57], I can tell thee, and thou dost not please her well: why, my Maister has such a doo with hir as it passeth, and he's even like a madman.
Will. Why, Sander, what doe he say?
San. Why, Ile tell you what: when they should go to church to be married, he puts on an olde jerkin and a pair of canas breeches [III. ii. 41, 42] downe to the small of his legge, and a red cap on his head: (and he looke as thou wilt burst thy selfe with laffing when thou seest him; he's ene as good as a coole for me :) and then when they should go to dinner he made me saddle the horse, and away he came, and nere tarried for dinner. And therefore you had best get supper Reddy [40, p. 56] against they come, for they be hard at hand, I am sure, by this time.
Tom. Sounes, see where they be allredy!

Enter Ferando and Kate.

Feran. Now, welcome, Kate! [126, p. 59; 139, p. 60] Where's these villains? [105]

IV l. 91-105.]
The Taming of the Shrew.

To hold my stirrup, nor to take my horse!
Where is Nathaniel, Gregory, Phillip?

All ster. Heere, heere, fir! heere, fir!

Pet. 'Heere, fir! heere, fir! heere, fir! heere, fir!'

You logger-headed and vnpollisht groomes!
What! no attendance? no regard? no dutie?

¶ Where is the foolish knave I sent before?

Gru. Heere, fir; as foolish as I was before!

Pet. You pezant-fwain! you horfon malt-horse drudg!

Did I not bid thee meete me in the Parke,
And bring along these rafcal knaues with thee?

Grumio. Nathaniels coate, fir, was not fully made,

And Gabrels pumps were all vpink t'he heele;

There was no Linke to colour Peters hat,

And Walters dagger was not come from sheathing:

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

The rest were ragged, old, and beggerly,

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

Pet. Go, rafcal, go, and fetch my supper in!

[Ex. Ser. Singing] "Where is the life that late I led?"

Where are those? . . . ¶ Sit downe, Kate, and welcome!

[They sit.]

Soud, foud! foud, foud!

Re-enter Servants with supper.

¶ Why, when, I say? ¶ Nay, good sweete Kate, be merrie!
¶ Off with my boots, you rogues! you villains, when? [Sings.

"It was the Friar of Orders gray,
As he forth walked on his way."

¶ Out, you rogue! you plucke my foote awrie:

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Here! What [105, p. 58; 111], not supper [124] yet vpon the borde?
Nor table spred, nor nothing don at all?

Where that villaine that I sent before? [112]

San. Now, adsum, sir! [113]

Feran. Come hether, you villaine! Ie cut your nose! You Rogue, helpe me oft with my boots! [129] To Seruing-men.] Wilt please you to lay the cloth? ¶ Sounes! the villaine hurts my foote! pull easely, I say: yet again! [132]

1 of Q.

59

[IV. i. 106-132.
The Taming of the Shrew.

Take that [Strikes him], and mend the plucking of the other! ¶ Be merrie, Kate! ¶ Some water heere: what hoa! ¶ Where's my Spaniel Troilus? ¶ Sirra, get you hence, 135 And bid my cozen Ferdinand come hither! ¶ One, Kate, that you must kisse, and be acquainted with. ¶ Where are my Slippers? ¶ Shall I haue some water?

Enter one with water.

¶ Come, Kate, and wash, & welcome heartily! 139 ¶ You horfion villaine! will you let it fall? [Strikes him.] Kate. Patience, I pray you! 'twas a fault vnwilling. Pet. A horfion beetle-headed, flap-ear'd knaue! ¶ Come, Kate, sit downe! I know you haue a stomache. 143 Will you giue thankes, sweete Kate; or else shall I? [She sits down.

¶ What's this? Mutton?

1. Ser. I.

Pet. Who brought it?

Peter. I.

Pet. 'Tis burnt; and so is all the meate.

What dogges are these! Where is the rascall Cooke? 47 How durft you, villaines, bring it from the dressrer, And serve it thus to me that love it not? There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all!

[Throws the meat, &c. at them.

You needlesse iolt-heads, and vnmaner'd flaues! 151 What! do you grumble? Ile be with you straight! Kate. I pray you, husband, be not so disquiet!

The meate was well, if you were so contented.

Pet. I tell thee, Kate, 'twas burnt and dried away; 155 And I expressly am forbid to touch it,

For it engenders choller, planteth anger;


[He beats them all. They couer the bord, and fetch in the meate.] Soune! burnt and [146] skorcht! Who [145] drest this meate? [146]

Will. (a Seruing-man.) Forsouth, John cooke [147].

[He throws downe the table and meate and all, and beats them.] Ferar. Go, you villaines! bringe you me such meate? [148, 149]

Out of my sight, I say, and beare it hence!

¶ Come, Kate! wele haue other meate proived [139, 143, 163].

IV. l. 133-157.]
The Taming of the Shrew.

And better 'twere that both of vs did fast,
(Since, of our selues, our selues are chollericke,)
Then feede it with such ouer-rosted flesh.
Be patient! to morr w't shalbe mended,
And, for this night, we'll fast for companie.
Come! I wil bring thee to thy Bridall chamber. [Exeunt. 163

Re-enter Servants severally.

Nath. Peter, didst euer see the like?
Peter. He kills her in her owne humor.

Re-enter CURTIS a Servant.

Grumio. Where is he?
Cur. In her chamber,
Making a sermon of continencie to her; 167
And raiues, and sweares, and rates, that shee, poore soule,
Knowes not which way to stond, to looke, to speake,
And fits as one new risen from a dreame.
Away, away! for he is comming hither.
[Exeunt, as fast as may be.

Enter PETRUCHIO.

Pet. Thus haue I politickely begun my regne,
And 'tis my hope to end succeffully.
My Faulcon now is sharpe, and passing emptie;
And, til she stoope, she must not be full gorg'd,
For then she neuer lookes vpon her lure.


[to SAN.] Is there a fire in my chamber, sir? [163]
San. I, forsooth.

[Exeunt1 Ferando and Kate. Manent seruinghamen,
and eate vp all the meate.
Tom. Sounes, I thinkes, of my conscience, my Masters mad since he
was maried!
Will. I laft,2 what a boxe he gaue Sander for pulling off3 his bootes!

Enter Ferando againe.

San. I hurt his foote for the nonce, man.
Feran. Did you so, you damned villaine?

[He beates them all out againe.

1 Exit Q. 2 laft = laughed. 3 of Q.

61 [IV. i. 158-176.
The Taming of the Shrew.

Another way I have to man my Haggard,
To make her come, and know her Keepers call,
That is, to watch her, as we watch these Kites,
That baite, and beare, and will not be obedient.
She eat no meat to day, nor none shall eate;
Last night she slept not, nor to night she shall not;
As with the meat, some undeserved fault
Ile finde about the making of the bed;
And heere Ile fling the Pillow, there the Boulster,
This way the Courlet, another way the Sheets:
I, and amid this hurlie, I intend
That all is done in reverence care of her:
And, in conclusion, she shall watch all night;
And if the chance to nod, Ile raile and brawl,
And with the clamor keepe her stil awake.
This is a way to kill a Wife with kindness;
And thus Ile curbe her mad and headstrong humor.
He that knowes better how to tame a Shrew,
Now let him speake! 'tis charity to shew. [Exit. 195

Feran. This humor must I holde me to a while,
To bridle and hold backe my headstrong wife
With curbes of hunger, ease,1 and want of sleepe [193];
Nor sleepe nor meat shall she have to night [182, 183];
Ile mew her vp as men do mew their hawkes,
And make her gentle come vnto the lure [176, p. 61].
Were she as stubborne, or as full of strength,
As were the Thracian horse Alcides tamde,
(That King Egens fed with flesh of men.)
Yet would I pull her doone, and make her come
As hungry hawkes do flye vnto their2 lure [176, p. 61]. [Exit.

1 curbes (by means) of hunger, curbes of ease. 2 there Q.
The Taming of the Shrew.

Actus Quartus. Scena Secunda.


Enter Tranio and Hortensio.

Tra. Is't possible, friend Libio, that mistress Bianca
Doth fancy any other but Luciento?
I tel you, sir, she bears me faire in hand.
Hor. Sir, to satisfy you in what I have said,
Stand by, and marque the manner of his teaching!

Enter Bianca and Luciento.

Luc. Now, mistress, profit you in what you read?
Bian. What, Master, read you? first, resolve me that!
Luc. I read that I profess, the 'Art to Loue.'
Bian. And may you prove, sir, Master of your Art!
Luc. While you, sweet deceive, prove Mistress of my heart!

[They retire.

Hor. Quicke proceedes, marry! Now, tel me, I pray,
You that durst sware that your mistress Bianca
Lou'd none in the World so well as Luciento.
Tra. Oh despightful Loue! vnconstant womankind!
I tel thee, Libio, this is wonderfull.
Hor. Mistake no more! I am not Libio,
Nor a Mussian as I feeme to bee;
But one that scorn to liue in this disguife,
For such a one as leaues a Gentleman,
And makes a God of such a Cullion:
Know, sir, that I am call'd Hortensio.
Tra. Signior Hortensio, I have often heard
Of your entire affection to Bianca;
And since mine eyes are witnesse of her lightnesse,
I wil, with you, (if you be so contented,) Forliware Bianca, and her loue for euer.
Hor. See, how they kisse and court! Signior Luciento,
The Taming of the Shrew.

Heere is my hand, and heere I firmly vow
Neuer to woo her more; but do forswear her,
As one vnwortheie all the former favours
That I haue fondly flatter'd her withall.

Tra. And heere I take the like vnframed oath,
Neuer to marrie with her, though the would intreate.
Fie on her! fee how beastly she doth court him!

Hor. 'Would all the world, but he, had quite forsworn her!
For me, that I may surely keepe mine oath,
I will be married to a wealthy Widdow,
(Ere three dayes passe,) which hath as long lou'd me,
As I haue lou'd this proud disdainful Haggard.
And so farewell, Signior Lucentio!
Kindnesse in women, not their beauteous lookes,
Shal win my lave: and so I take my leave,
In resolution as I sware before. [Exit Hor. Luc. & BIAN. advance.

Tra. Miftris Bianca, bleeve you with such grace
As longeth to a Louers blest cafe!
Nay, I haue tane you napping, gentle Loue,
And haue forsworne you with Hortensio.

Bian. Tranio, you left! but haue you both forsworne mee?

Tra. Miftris, we haue.

Luc. Then we are rid of Liso!

Tra. I'faith, he'll haue a lustie Widdow now,
That halfe woo'd, and wedded in a day.

Bian. 'God give him joy!'

Tra. I, and hee'l tame her.

Bianca. He sayes so, Tranio.

Tra. Faith, he is gone vnto the taming schoole.

Bian. 'The taming schoole!' what, is there such a place?

Tra. I, miftris, and Petruchio is the master;
That teacheth trickes eleven and twentie long,
To tame a shrew, and charme her chattering tongue.

Valerius [AURELIUS'S Servant]. But tell me, my Lord, is Ferando
married, then?
Aurelius [== LUCENTIO]. He is: and Polidor [== HORTENSIO] shortly
shall be wed [51];
And he meanes to tame his wife ere long.

Vale. He saies so.

Aurel. Faith, he's gon unto the taming schoole.

Val. 'The taming schoole!' why, is there such a place?

Aurel. I; and Ferando is the Master of the schoole [53-56].

IV. ii. 28-58.]
The Taming of the Shrew.

Enter Biondello.

Bion. Oh, Master, master, I have watcht so long,
That I am dogge-wearie! but at last I spied
An ancient Angel comming downe the hill,
Wil sereue the turne,

Tra. What is he, Biondello?

Bio. Master, a Marcantant, or a pedant,
I know not what; but formall in apparell,
In gate and countenance surely like a Father.

Luc. And what of him, Tranio?

Tra. If he be credulous, and trust my tale,
He make him glad to seeeme Vincentio,
And giue assurance to Baptista Minola,
As if he were the right Vincentio.
Take in your loue, and then let me alone!

[Exeunt Lucentio and Bianca.

Enter a Pedant.

Ped. God saue you, sir!

Tra. And you, sir! you are welcome.

Trauaile you farre on, or are you at the farthest?

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

Tra. What Countreyman, I pray?

Ped. Of Mantua.

Tra. Of Mantua, Sir? marry, God forbid!
And come to Padua, carelesse of your life?


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

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

Tra. Wel, sir, to do you courtesie,
The Taming of the Shrew.

This wil I do, and this I wil aduifie you:
First, tell me, haue you euer bee at Pisa?
    Ped. I, sir, in Pisa haue I often bin:
Pisa renowned for graue Citizens,
    Tra. Among them, know you one Vincentio?
    Ped. I know him not, but I haue heard of him:
A Merchant of incomparable wealth,
    Tra. He is my father, sir; and, tooth to say,
In count'rance somewhat doth resembe you.
    Bion. [aside] As much as an apple doth an oyster, & all one.
    Tra. To faue your life in this extremitie,
This favor wil I do you for his sake;
And thinke it not the wort of all your fortunes,
That you are like to Sir Vincentio.
His name and credite shal you vndertake,
And, in my house, you shal be friendly lodg'd:
Looke that you take vpon you as you shoulde;
    (You vnderstand me, sir;) so shal you stay
Til you haue done your businesse in the Citie:
If this be court'ise, sir, accept of it.
    Ped. Oh, sir, I do; and wil repute you euer
The patron of my life and libertie!
    Tra. Then go with me, to make the matter good!
This, by the way, I let you vnderstand;
My father is here look'd for euerie day,
To passe assurance of a dowre in marriage
'Twixt me, and one Baptista daughter heere:
In all these circumstances Ile instruct you:
Go with me, sir, to cloath you as becomes you!

[Exeunt. 120]
The Taming of the Shrew.

Actus Quartus. Scena Tertia.

PETRUCHIO'S House.

Enter KATHERINA and GRUMIO.

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

Ka. The more my wrong, the more his spite appears:
What! did he marrie me to famith me?
Beggers, that come vnto my fathers doore,
Vpon intreatie, haue a preuent almes;
If not, elswhere they meete with charitie:
But I (who never knew how to intreat,
Nor never needed that I shoulde intreate)
Am staru'd for meate, giddie for lacke of sleepe;
With othes kept waking, and with brawling fed:
And, that which spights me more then all these wants,
He does it vnder name of perfect loue;
As who shoulde say, if I shoulde sleepe or eate,
'Twere deadly sicknesse, or else present death.
I prethee, go and get me some repaft!
I care not what, so it be holisme foode.

Gru. What say you to a Neats foote?

Ka. 'Tis passing good: I prethee let me haue it!

Gru. I feare it is too chollericke a meate.
How say you to a fat Tripe, finely broyl'd?

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

Scena Tertia.] Scena Prima. F.
15. and] and (turned n) F.

Enter Sander andKate, his Mistres.

San. Come, Mistris!

Kate. Sander, I prethe, helpe me to some meate! [15]

I am so faint that I can scarcely stande [7, 9].

San. I, marry, Mistris, but you know my Maister has given me a charge, that you must eate nothing but that which he himselfe giueth you.

Kate. Why, man, thy Maister needs never know it.

San. You say true, indee. Why, looke you, Mistris, what say you to a piece of beffe and mustard, now? [23, p. 68]

Kate. Why, I say tis excellent meate; canst thou helpe me to some? [18]

[IV. iii. 1-21.]
The Taming of the Shrew. [IV. iii.

Gru. I cannot tell; I feare 'tis chollerick.
What say you to a pece of Beefe, and Mustard?
Kate. A dish that I do loute to seeede ypon.
24
Gru. I, but the Mustard is too hot a little.
Kate. Why, then, the Beefe, and let the Mustard rest!
Gru. Nay, then, I wil not: you shall haue the Mustard,
Or else you get no beewe of Grumio.
Kate. Then both, or one, or any thing thou wilt!
Gru. Why, then . . . the Mustard without the beewe.
Kate. Go get thee gone, thou false deluding flaeue,
[Beats him.
That feed'ft me with the verie name of meate!
Sorrow on thee, and all the packe of you,
That triumph thus vpon my misery!
Go get thee gone, I say!
32

Enter Petruchio with meat; and Hortensio.

Petr. How fares my Kate? What, sweeting! all a-mort?

San. If, I could helpe you to some, but that I doubt the mustard is too
collerick for you [19, p. 67; 22, 25]. But what say you to a sheepes head
and garlick?
Kate. Why [26], any thing; I care not what it be [29].
San. I, but the garlike (I doubt) will make your breath stinke, and
then my Maister will course me for letting you eate it. But what say
you to a fat Capon?
Kate. Thats meate for a king; sweet Sandar, helpe me to some of it!
San. Nay, berlady! then tis too deere for vs; we must not meddle
with the kings meate.
Kate. Out, villain! dost thou mocke me? [31, 32] Take that for
thy sawsinesse!
[She beats him.
San. Soones! are you so light fingerd? with a murrin! Ile keepe
you fasting for it this two daies.
Kate. I tell thee, villain, Ile tear the flesh off thy face and eate it,
and thou prates to me thus!
San. Here comes my Maister! now hele course you.

Enter Ferando with a peece of meat vppon his daggers point; and
Polidor with him.

Feran. Se here, Kate! I haue prouided meat for thee [39, 40, p. 69].

IV. iii. 22-36.]
The Taming of the Shrew.

Hor. Misfrius, what cheere? Kate. Faith, as cold as can be.

Pet. Plucke vp thy spiritts! looke cheerfully vpon me!

Heere, Lonne; thou seest how diligent I am,
To dreffe thy meate my selfe, and bring it thee:

[Sets the dish on a table.

I am sere, sweet Kate, this kindnesse merites thankes.
What! not a word? Nay, then, thou lou'lt it not;
And all my paines is forcto no profe.

[To Gru.] Heere, take away this dish!

Kate. I pray you, let it stand!

Pet. The poorest seruice is repaid with thankes;
And so shall mine, before you touch the meate.

Kate. I thanke you, sir.

Hor. Signior Petruchio, fie! you are to blame.

¶ Come, Misfrius Kate! Ile beare you companie.

Pet. [aside to Hor.] Eate it vp all, Hortensio, if thou
lou'lt mee!

[To Kath.] Much good do it vnto thy gentle heart!

---

Here take it! What! ist not worthie thankes? [41, 42]
¶ Goe, sirre, take it awaie againe! [44]
¶ You shallbe thanfulfull for the next you haue.

Kate. Why, I thanke you for it [47].

Feran. Nay, now tis not worth a pin. ¶ Go, sirray, and take it
hence, I say!

San. Yes, sir, Ile carrie it hence. Maister, let her haue none! for
she can fight, as hungrie as she is.

Pol. I pray you, sir, let it stand! for Ile eate some with her my
selfe [49].

Feran. Well, sirra, set it downe againe!

Kate. Nay, nay, I pray you, let him take it hence;

And keepe it for your owne diete, for Ile none!

Ile nere be beholdong to you for your Meate!

I tell thee flatte here vnto thy teethe,

Thou shalt not keepe me, nor feede me as thou list;

For I will home againe vnto my fathers house!

Feran. I, when you'r meeke and gentell, but not before [71, 72, p. 70].

I know your stomack is not yet come downe;

* the tyt teethes Q

69 [IV. iii. 37-51]
The Taming of the Shrew.

Kate, eate apace! and now, my honie Loue,
Will we retourne vnto thy Fathers house;
And reuell it as brauely as the best,
With filken Coats and Caps, and golden Rings,
With Ruffes and Cuffes, and Fardingales, and things,
With Scarfes, and Fannes, & double change of brau'ry
With Amber Bracelets, Beades, and all this knau'ry.
What, haft thou din'd?  The Tailor stais thy leasure,
To decke thy bodie with his ruffling treasure.

Enter Tailor.
¶ Come, Tailor, let vs see thesee ornaments!
Lay forth the gowne!

Enter Haberdasher.
¶ What newes with you, fir?

Pet. (Hab.) Heere is the cap, your Worship did bespeake.
Pet. Why, this was moulded on a porrenger!
A Velvet dify! fie, fie! 'tis lewd and filthy!
Why, 'tis a cockle or a walnut-fell,
A knacke, a toy, a tricke, a babies cap!
Away with it! come, let me haue a bigger!
Kate. Ile haue no bigger: this doth fit the time,
And Gentlewomen weare such caps as these.
Pet. When you are 'gentle,' you shall haue one too,
And not till then.

62. Enter Haberdasher.] F (after l. 61).
63. Hab.] Rowe.

Therefore no maruell that thou canste not eate.
—And I will goe vnto your Fathers house [53; 166, 179, 180, pp. 74, 75]—
¶ Come, Poldor, let vs goe in againe!
¶ And, Kate, come in with vs! I know, ere longe,
That thou and I shall louingly agree.

[Ex. Omnes.

(Here, In Q, a scene interwoven which resembles IV. 1o. In F.)

Enter Ferando, and Kate, and Sander.

San. Master, the haberdasher has brought my Mistresse home her cappe here.

Feran. [to Haberdasher.] Come hither, sirre! what have you there? [62]
Habar. A velvet cappe, sir, and it please you [63].
Feran. Who spoake for it? ¶Didst thou, Kate?
IV. iii. 52-71.]
The Taming of the Shrew.

Hor. [aside] That will not be in haft.
Kate. Why, sir, I trust I may have leave to speake;
And speake I will! I am no childe, no babe:
Your betters haue indur’d me say my minde,
And, if you cannot, best you stop your eares!
My tongue will tell the anger of my heart,
Or els my heart, concealing it, wil breake;
And, rather then it shall, I will be free,
Euen to the uttermoft, as I please, in words!
Pet. Why, thou faift true; it is a palprie cap,
A cutiard-coffen, a bauble, a filken pie:
I loue thee well, in that thou lik’st it not.
Kate. Looke me, or loue me not, I like the cap;
And it I will haue, or I will haue none! [Exit Haberdasher.
Pet. Thy gowne? why, I: ¶ come, Tailor, let vs see’t!
Oh mercie, God! what masking stuffe is heere?
What’s this? a sleeue? ’tis like a demi cannon:
What! vp and downe, caru’d like an apple Tart?
Heer’s snip, and nip, and cut, and flish, and flash,
Like to a Cenfor in a barbers shoppe:
Why, what, a deuils name, Tailor, cal’st thou this?
Hor. [aside] I see thee’s like to haue neither cap nor gowne.
Tai. You bid me make it orderlie and well.


Kate. What if I did? ¶ Come hither, sirra! give me the cap! Ile see if it will fit me.
[She sets it one hir head.
Feran. O monstrous! why, it becomes thee not: let me see it, Kate!
[66, p. 70] ¶ Here, sirra, take it hence [68, p. 70]. This cappe is out of fashion, quite.
Kate. The fashion is good enough: belike you meane to make a foole of me.
Feran. Why, true; he meanes to make a foole of thee [103, 104, p. 72],
To haue thee put on such a curtald cappe.
¶ Sirra, begun with it! [Exit Haberdasher.

Enter the Taylor with a gowne.
San. Here is the Taylor too, with my Mistris gowe.
Feran. Let me see it, Taylor! [86] What, with cuts [89, 90] and

1 one = on.

71 [IV. iii. 72-94.}
The Taming of the Shrew.

According to the fashion, and the time.

*Pet.* Marrie, and did; but, if you be remembred, I did not bid you marre it to the time.

Go hop me over every kennell home,
For you shall hop without my custome, sir!
Ile none of it; hence! make your best of it!

*Kate.* I neuer saw a better fashion'd gowne!

More quaint, more pleasing, nor more commendable:

Belike you meane to make a puppet of me.

*Pet.* Why, true; he meane to 'make a puppet' of thee. 104

*Tail.* She saies your Worship meane to 'make a puppet' of her.

*Pet.* Oh monstrous arrogance! Thou lyest, thou thead, thou thimble,

Thou yard, three quarters, halfe yard, quarter, naile! 108

Thou Flea, thou Nit, thou Winter Cricket, thou!

Brau'd in mine owne house with a skeine of thead?

Away, thou Ragge, thou Quantitie, thou Remnant;

Or I shall so be-mete thee with thy yard,

As thou shalt thinke on prating whil'st thou liu'st!

I tell thee, I, that thou haft marr'd her gowne!

*Tail.* Your worship is deceiu'd; the gowne is made luft as my matter had direction:

*Grumio* gaue order how it should be done.

*Gru.* I gaue him no order; I gaue him the stuffe.

*Tail.* But how did you defiere it should be made?

*Gru.* Marrie, sir, with needle and thead.

*Tail.* But did you not requeste to haue it cut?

*Gru.* Thou haft fac'd many things.

*Tail.* I haue.

*Gru.* Face not mee! Thou haft brau'd many men; braue not me! I will neither bee fac'd nor brau'd! I say vnto thee,

I bid thy Master cut out the gowne; but I did not bid him cut it to peeces: Ergo, thou liest.

*Tail.* Why, heere is the note of the fashion to testify. 128

*Pet.* Read it!
The Taming of the Shrew.

Gru. The note lies in's throate, if he say I said so.
Tail. [reads] Inprimis, a loose bodied gowne: . . .
Gru. Master, if euer I said 'loose-bodied gowne,' saw me in the skirts of it, and beate me to death with a bottome of browne thread! I said 'a gowne.'
Pet. Proceede!
Gru. I confesse the cape.
Gru. I confesse two sleues.
Tail. [reads] The sleeues curiously cut.
Pet. I, there's the villanie.
Gru. Error i'th bill, sir; error i'th bill! If I commanded the sleues should be cut out, and sow'd vp againe; and that Ile prowe vpon thee, though thy little finger be armed in a thimbale.
Tail. This is true that I say: and I had thee in place where, thou shouldest know it!
Gru. I am for thee straight: take thou the bill, give me thy meat-yard, and spare not me!
Hor. God-a-mercie, Grumio! then hee shall have no oddes.

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Taylor. [reads] 'Item, a faire round compas cape' [136].
San. I, thats true.
Taylor. [reads] 'And a large truncke sleeue' [138].
San. Thats a lie, Maister; I said, two truncke sleeues [139].
Feran. Well, sir, goe forward!
Taylor. [reads] 'Item, a loose bodied gowne.'
San. Maister, if euer I sayd, 'loose bodies gowne'; sew me in a seame, and beate me to death with a bottome of browne thread! [132-134]
Tailor. I made it as the note bad me [128, p. 72].
San. I say, the note lies in his throate, and thou too, and thou sayst it! [130].
Taylor. Nay, nay, nere be so hot, sirra; for I feare you not!
San. Doost thou heare, Taylor? thou hast braused many men; brause not me! [124, 125, p. 72] thou'st faste many men [122, p. 72]; . . .
Taylor. Well, sir.
San. Face not me! [124, p. 72] Ile rather be faste nor braused at thy handes, I can tell thee [125, p. 72].
Kate. Come, come! I like the [84, p. 71] fashion of it well enough; here's more a do than needs; Ile have it [85, p. 71].
*And if you do not like it, hide your eies [76, p. 71];

[IV. iii. 130-150.]
The Taming of the Shrew.

Pet. Well, sir, in breefe, the gowne is not for me.

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

Pet. Go take it vp vnto thy masters vse! 153

Gru. Villaine, not for thy life! Take vp my Mistresse
gowne for 'thy masters vse'!

Pet. Why, sir, what's your conceit in that?

Gru. Oh, sir, the conceit is deeper then you think for: 157
'Take vp my Mistrie gowne to his masters vse'!

Oh, fie, fie, fie!  
[paide.

Pet. [aside to Hor.] Hortensio, say thou wilt see the Tailor
[To Tal.] Go take it hence! be gone, and say no more! 161
Hor. [aside] Tailor, Ile pay thee for thy gowne to morrow:
Take no vnkindnesse of his haftie words!

Away! I say; commend me to thy master!  
[Exit Tail.

Pet. Well, come, my Kate! we will vnto your fathers,
Euen in thefe honest, meane habiliments: 166
Our purses shall be proud, our garments poore;
For 'tis the minde that makes the bodie rich;
And as the Sunne breakes through the darkeft clouds,
So honor peereth in the meanest habit! 170
What! is the lay more precious then the Larke,
Because his feathers are more beautifull?
Or is the Adder better then the Eeale,
Because his painted skin contents the eye? 174
Oh, no, good Kate; neither art thou the worfe
For this poore furniture, and meane array.

I think I shall hane nothing by your will.

Feran. Go, I say, and take it vp for your Masters use [153].

San. Sonns, villaine! not for thy life! touch it not! Sonns! 'take
up my Mistrie gowne to his Masters use!' [154, 155]

Feran. Well, sir, what's your conceit of it? [156]
San. I have a deeper conceite in it then you thinke for: 'take vp my
Mistrie gowne to his Masters use!' [157, 158]

Feran. Tailor, come bether [162]. [Aside to Tailor.] For this time
take it hence againe [161], and Ile content thee for thy paines [162].
Taylor. I thank you, sir.  
[Exit Taylor.

Feran. Come, Kate! we now will go see thy fathers house,
Euen in these honest, meane habiliments:
Our purses shall be rich, our garments plaine [165-167],

The morning is well up: let's hast away!

IV. iii. 151-176.] 74
The Taming of the Shrew.

If thou account'st it shame, lay it on me;
And therefore frolick! we will hence forthwith,
To feast and sport vs at thy fathers house.

[To GBU.] Go call my men, and let vs fraight to him;
And bring our horse vnto Long-lane end!

There will we mount, and thither walke on foot.

¶ Let's see; I thynke 'tis now some feuen a clocke,
And well we may come there by dinner time.

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

Pet. It shall be feuen ere I go to horse!
Looke, what I speake, or do, or thinke to doe,
You are still crosting it! ¶ Sirs, let 't alone!
I will not goe to day; and ere I doe,
It shall be what a clocke I say it is.

Hor. [aside] Why, so! this gallant will command the
funne.

[Exeunt. 192

Actus Quartus. Scena Quarta.


Enter Tranio; and the Pedant drest like Vincentio.

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

Pet. I, what else? and, but I be deceived,
Signior Baptista may remember me,
Neere twentie yeares agoe, in Genoa,
Where we were lodgers at the Pegafus.

Tra. Tis well; and hold your owne, in any case,
With such austerite as 'longeth to a father.

---

It will be nine a clocke ere we come there [183, 184].

Kate. 'Nine a clocke'? why, 'tis allreadie past two in the afternoone,
by all the clocks in the towne! [185]

Ferran. I say tis but nine a clock in the morning!

Kate. I say tis tow a clock in the after noone!

Ferran. It shall be nine, then, ere we go to your fathers [187].

Come backe againe! we will not goe to day [190].

Nothing but crossing of me still! [189]

He haue you say as I doo ere you go [191].

[Exeunt omnes.

[IV. iii. 177-192; iv. 1-7.]
The Taming of the Shrew.

Enter Biondello.

Ped. I warrant you! But, sir, here comes your boy; Twere good he were school'd.

Tra. Fear ye not him! Sirra Biondello!
Now doe your dutie throughlie, I aduise you:
Imagine twere the right Vincentio!

Bion. Tut, fear not me!

Tra. But haft thou done thy errand to Baptista?
Bion. I told him that your father was at Venice;
And that you look't for him this day at Padua.

Tra. Th'art a tall fellow; hold thee that to drinke!
[To Ped.] Here comes Baptista: let your countenance, sir!

Enter Baptista and Lucentio. (Pedant booted and bare headed.)

Tra. Signior Baptista, you are happilie met!
[To Ped.] Sir, this is the gentleman I told you of:
I pray you, stand good father to me now,
Gue me Bianca for my patrimony!

Ped. Soft, son!

Sir, by your leue! having com to Padua
To gather in some debts, my son Lucentio
Made me acquainted with a weighty cause
Of loue betweene your daughter and himselfe:
And, (for the good report I heare of you;
And for the loue he beareth to your daughter,
And she to him,) to stay him not too long,
I am content, in a good fathers care,
To have him matcht; and, (if you please to like
No worse then I,) vpon some agreement,
Me shall you finde readie and willing,
With one contenst to haue her so beffowed;
For curious I cannot be with you,
Signior Baptista, of whom I heare so well.

Bap. Sir, pardon me in what I haue to say!
Your plainesse, and your shortnesse, please me well.
Right true it is, your sonne Lucentio here
Doth loue my daughter, and she loueth him,
Or both dissemble deeply their affections:
And therefore, if you say no more then this,
That, like a Father, you will deal with him,
And passe my daughter a sufficient dower,
The Taming of the Shrew.

The match is made, and all is done:
Your sonne shall haue my daughter with consent.

Tra. I thanke you, sir. Where then do you know best

We be affied, and such assurance take,
As shall, with either parts agreement, stand?

Bap. Not in my house, Lucentio; for, you know,

‘Pitchers haue ears,’ and I haue manie seruants:

Besides, old Gremio is harkning still;

And, happilie, we might be harkning.

Tra. Then at my lodging, and it like you:

There doth my father lie; and there, this night,

Wrest passe the businesse privately and well,

Send for your daughter by your seruant here!

My Boy shall fetch the Scrivener presently.

The worke is this, that, at so slender warning,

You are like to haue a thin and slender pittance.

Bap. It likes me well. ¶ Cambio, hie you home!

And bid Bianca make her readie straight;

And, if you will, tell what hath happened,

Lucentios Father is arrived in Padua,

And how she's like to be Lucentios wife.

Luc. I praise the gods she may, with all my heart!

Tra. Dallie not with 'the gods,' but get thee gone!

[Exit Luc.

¶ Signior Baptista, shall I leade the way?

Welcome! one meate is like to be your cheere:

Come, sir! we will better it in Pisa.

Bap. I follow you.

[Exeunt. Manet Biondello. 72

Re-enter Lucentio.

Bion. Cambio!

Luc. What saith thou, Biondello?

Biond. You saw my Master winke and laugh upon you?

Luc. Biondello, what of that?

Biond. Faith, nothing; but has left mee here behinde, to expound

the meaning or morall of his signes and tokens.

Luc. I pray thee, moralize them!

Biond. Then thus: Baptista is safe, talking with the deceiving

Father of a deceitfull sonne.


77 68. F adds ‘Enter Peter,’ Pos-

71 sibly Petruchio's servant (see IV. i.

119, 145, 165), sent on to announce —In a line afterwards cut out—his

master's approach.

72. Re-enter Lucentio.] Enter Lucentio and Biondello. F.
The Taming of the Shrew.

Luc. And what of him?
Biond. His daughter is to be brought by you to the supper.
Luc. And then?
Bio. The old Priest at St. Lukes Church is at your command at all hours.
Luc. And what of all this?
Bion. I cannot tell, except they are busied about a counterfeit assurance: take you assurance of her, 'Cum privilegio ad Impreemendum solum!' to th' Church! take the Priest, Clarke, and some sufficient, honest witnesses!
If this be not that you look for, I have no more to say,
But bid Bianca farewell for ever and a day.

Luc. Hearst thou, Biondello?
Biond. I cannot tarry: I knew a wench married in an afternoone as thee went to the Garden for Parsley to stuffe a Rabbit; and so may you, sir: and so, adiw, sir! My Master hath appointed me to goe to Saint Lukes, to bid the Priest be ready to come, against you come with your appendix.

Luc. I may, and will, if she be so contented:
She will be pleas'd; then wherefore should I doubt?
Hap what hap may, Ile roundly goe about her:
It shall goe hard if Cambio goe without her.

Actus Quartus. Scena Quinta.

Long-lane.

Enter Petruchio, Kate, Hortentio, and Servants.

Petr. Come on, a Gods name! once more toward our fathers!

Good Lord, how bright and goodly shines the Moone!
Kate. 'The Moone'! the Sunne! it is not Moonelight now.
Pet. I say it is the Moone that shines so bright.
Kate. I know it is the Sunne that shines so bright.

88. except[ F2. expect F.
89. Cum...solum] F2. Cum
90. preuilegio ad Impreemendum solem
92. for] for F.

Fer. Come, Kate! the Moone shines cleere to night, methinkes.
Kate. 'The Moone'! [3] why, husband, you are deceiued; it is the Sun [5].

IV. iv. 82-103; v. 1-5.}

78
The Taming of the Shrew.

Petr. Now, by my mothers sonne, and that's my selfe, 8
It shall be moone, or starre, or what I lift,
Or ere I journey to your Fathers house!  [To a Servant.] Go on, and fetch our horses backe againe!
Hort. [to Kath.] Say as he saies, or we shall never goe!
Kate. Forward, I pray, since we haue come so farre! 12
And be it moone, or sunne, or what you please:
And if you please to call it a Rush Candle,
Henceforth I vow it shall be so for me!
Petr. I say it is the Moone.
Kate. I know it is the Moone. 16
Petr. Nay, then you lye: it is the blessed Sunne.
Kate. Then, God be blest, it is the blessed sun!
But sunne it is not, when you say it is not;
And the Moone changes euen as your minde: 20
What you will haue it nam'd, euen that it is,
And so, it shall be so, for Katherine.
Hort. Petruchio, goe thy waies; the field is won! 23
Petr. Well, forward, forward! thus the bowl should run,
And not unluckily against the Bias.
But soft! Company is comming here.

Enter Vincentio.

[To Vincentio.] Good morrow, gentle Mistris! where away?

Feran. Yet againe! Come backe againe [9], it shall be the Moone ere
we come at your fathers! [7, 8]
Kate. Why, I say as [11] you say, it is the Moone [16].
Feran. Jesus save the glorious Moone!
Kate. 'Jesus save the glorious Moone'!
Feran. I am glad, Kate, your stomach is come downe.
I know it well thou knowest it is the sun;
But I did trie to see if thou wouldst speake,
And crosse me now, as thou hast done before:
And trust me, Kate, hadst thou not named the moone,
We had gon back againe, as sure as death!
But, soft! whose this that's comming here? [26]

Enter the Duke of Cestus [= Vincentio] alone.
Duke. Thus all alone from Cestus am I come; 79

[IV. v. 6-27.]
The Taming of the Shrew.

Tell me, sweete Kate, and tell me truely too,
Haist thou beheld a frether Gentlewoman?
Such warre of white and red within her cheekes!
What stars do spangle heauen with such beautie,
As these two eyes become that heauenly face?

Tell Faire louely Maide, once more, good day to thee!
Tell Sweete Kate, embrace her for her beauties fake!

Hort. A will make the man mad to make a woman of him.
Kate. Yong budding Virgin, faire, and freth, & sweet,
Whether away, or where is thy aboade?
Happy the Parents of so faire a childe;
Happler the man, whom fauourable stars
Alots thee for his louely bedfellow!

Petr. Why, how now, Kate! I hope thou art not mad:
This is a Man, old, wrinckled, faded, withered;
And not a Maiden, as thou faifth he is.
Kate. Pardon, old father, my mistaking eies,
And left my princelie courte, and noble traine,
To come to Athens; and, in this disguise,
To see what course my son Aurelius takes.
But, stay! heres some, it may be, trauells thether.
Good sir, can you direct me the way to Athens?

[Ferando speaks to the olde man.

Fer. Faire, louely maide! yoong, and affable! [33]
More cleere of hew, and far more beautifull,
Then pretious Sardonix, or purple rockes
Of Amithests or glistering Hiasinthe!
More amiable farre then is the plaine
Where glistring Cepherus, in siluer bourses,
Gaseth vpon the Giant Andromede!

Sweet Kate, entertaine this louely woman! [34]

Duke. I thinke the man is mad: he calles me a woman! [35]
Kate. Faire, louely lady! bright and Christalline! [36]
Bewteous and stately as the eie-traind bird!
As glorious as the morning washt with dew [II. i. 173],
Within whose eies she takes her dawning beames,
(And golden sommer sleepeps vpon thy cheekes !)
Wrap vp thy radiations in some cloud,
Least that thy bewty make this stately towne
Inhabitable \(1\) like the burning Zone,
With sweet reflections of thy louely face! [40]

\(^1\) Inhabitable = uninhabitable. (In = not.)
IV. v.] The Taming of the Shrew.

That haue bin so bedazled with the sunne,
That enery thing I looke on seemeth greene!
Now I perceiue thou art a reuerent Father;
Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad mistaking!

Petr. Do, good old Grandfire; & withall, make known
Which way thou trauellest! If along with vs,
We shall be joyfull of thy companie.

Vin. Faire Sir, (¶ and you, my merry Miftris,
That with your strange encounter much amase me,)
My name is call'd Vincentio; my dwelling, Pifà;
And bound I am to Padua; there to viste
A sonne of mine, which long I haue not seene.

Petr. What is his name?

Vin. Vincentio, gentle sir.

Petr. Happily met! the happier for thy sonne!
And now by Law, as well as reuerent age,
I may intitle thee my louing 'Father':
The sister to my wife, this Gentlewoman,
Thy Sonne by this hath married. Wonder not,
Nor be not grieued! she is of good esteeme,
Her Dowrie wealthie, and of worthie birth;
Beside, so qualified as may beseeeme
The Spouse of any noble Gentleman.
Let me imbrace with old Vincentio!
And wander we to see thy honest Sonne,
Who will, of thy arrivall, be full joyous.

Vin. But is this true? or is it else your pleasure
(like pleasant trauailors) to breake a left
Vpon the companie you ouertake?

Hort. I doe assure thee, father, so it is.

Petr. Come, goe along, and see the truth hereof!
For our first merriment hath made thee jealous.

[Exeunt. Manet Hort.

Hor. Well, Petruchio, this has put me in heart.
Haue to my Widdow! and if she be froward,
Then haft thou taught Hortentio to be vntoward. [Exit. 78
The Taming of the Shrew.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.


Enter behind BIONDELLO, LUCENTIO, and BIANCA.

(GREMIO is out before.)

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

Luc. I file, Biondello: but they may chance to need thee at home; therefore leave vs.

Biond. Nay, faith, I'll see the Church a your backe, and then come backe to my masters as soon as I can.

[Exeunt LUCENTIO, BIANCA, and BIONDELLO.

Gre. I maruaile Cambio comes not all this while.

Enter PETRUCHIO, KATE, VINCENTIO, GRUMIO, with Attendants.

Petr. [to VIN.] Sir, here's the doore, this is Lucentio's house:

My Fathers beares more toward the Market-place;

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

Vin. You shall not choose but drinke before you go:

I think I shall command your welcome here;

And, by all likelihood, some cheere is toward.

Grem. They're busie within; you were best knocke lowder.

[VIN. knocks again.

Pedant looks out of the window.

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

Vin. Is Signior Lucentio within, sir?

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

Vinc. What if a man bring him a hundred pound or two, to make merry withall.

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

Petr. Nay, I told you your sonne was well beloued in Padua.

[To Ped.] Do you heare, sir? (to leauel vrioluous circumstances,) I pray you, tell signior Lucentio, that his Father is come from Pisa, and is here at the doore to speake with him.

Ped. Thou liest! his Father is come from Padua, and here looking out at the window.

Vin. Art thou his father?

Ped. I, sir; to his mother saies, if I may beleeue her.

Before ...] Pope.
Blanca] Q. Blanca F.
5. masters] Capell. mistris F.
5. Exeunt ... Biondello] Rowe.

V. l. 1-28.
The Taming of the Shrew.

Petr. [to Vincentio] Why, how now, gentleman! why, this is flat knaue, to take upon you another man's name.

Peda. Lay hands on the villain! I beleue a meanes to cozen some bodie in this Citie vnder my countenance.

Re-enter Biondello.

Bion. I have scene them in the Church together: God send'em good shipping! But who is here? mine old Mafter Vincentio! now wee are vndone and brought to nothing!

Vin. [seeing Biondello] Come hither, crackhempse!

Bion. I hope I may choose, Sir.

Vin. Come hither, you rogue! What, haue you forgot mee?

Bion. ‘Forgot’ you! no, sir: I could not forget you, for I neuer saw you before in all my life.

Vin. What, you notorious villain, didst thou neuer see thy Maffers father, Vincentio?

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

Vin. Is it so, indeede?

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

Pedan. Helpe, sonne! helpe, signior Baptista! [Exit from above.

Petr. Prethee, Kate, let's stand by, and see the end of this controuersie!

[They retire.

Enter below, Pedan with servants: Baptista, and Tranio.

Tra. Sir, what are you, that offer to beate my seruant?

Vin. What am I, sir! nay, what are you, sir? Oh immortal Goddes! Oh fine villain! A silken doublet! a velvet hose! a scarlet cloake! and a copataine hat! Oh, I am vndone! I am vndone! while I plaie the good husband at home, my sonne and my seruant spend all at the vniuertie.

Tra. How now! what's the matter?

Bapt. What is the man lunaticke?

Tra. Sir, you feeme a sober ancient Gentleman by your habit, but your words shew you a mad man. Why, sir, what cernes it you, if I weare Pearle and gold? I thank my good Father, I am able to maintaine it.

Vin. Thy 'father'! Oh villain! he is a Saile-maker in Bergamo

Bapt. You mistake, sir, you mistake, sir: praiie what do you thinke is his name?

Vin. 'His name'! as if I knew not his name! I haue brought him vp euer since he was three yeeres old, and his name is Tranio.
The Taming of the Shrew.

Ped. Awaie, awaie, madasse! his name is Lucentio; and he is mine one of sonne, and heire to the Lands of me, signior Vincentio. 68
Vin. 'Lucentio'! Oh, he hath murdred his master! If I had hold on him, I charge you, in the Duke's name! (Oh, my sonne, my sonne!)
[To Tra.] Tell me, thou vilaine, where is my son Lucentio?
Tra. Call forth an officer!

Enter one with an Officer.

[Carrie this mad knave to the Iaile! 'Father Baptista, I charge you see that he be forth coming!]

Vin. Carrie me to the Iaile.'!

Gre. Staie, officer! he shall not go to prison.
Bap. Talk not, signior Gremio! I faie he shall goe to prison.
Gre. Take heed, signior Baptista, lest ye be conicatcht in this businesse! I dare swear this is the right Vincentio.

Ped. Swear, if thou dar'st!
Gre. Naie, I dare not swear it.

[Enter one with an Officer.]

Then thou wert best faie that I am not Lucentio.

Gre. Yes, I know thee to be signior Lucentio.
Bap. Awaie with the dotard! to the Iaile with him!
Vin. Thus strangers may be haided and abused:
Oh monstrous vilaine!

Re-enter Biondello, Lucentio, and BIANCA.

Bion. Oh, we are spoil'd! and ... yonder he is: deny him, forswear him, or else we are all undone!

Luc. Pardon, sweet father!

[Exeunt Biondello, Tranio, and Pedant, as fast as may be.]

Luc. Lieves my sweet sonne?

Bian. Pardon, dear father!

Bap. [to Bian.] How hast thou offended?

[Where is Lucentio?]

Luc. Here's Lucentio,
Right sonne to the right Vincentio;
That haue by marriage made thy daughter mine,
While counterfeit supposest beer'd thine eire.

Vin. Here's packing, with a witnesse, to deceiue vs all!

Where is that damned vilaine Tranio,
That fac'd and braued me in this matter so?

Bap. Why, tell me, is not this my Cambio?
Bian. Cambio is chang'd into Lucentio.

Luc. Loue wrought these miracles. Bioncas loue

72. Enter. . . . ] Capell. ... Biancam. F (after l. 84).
77. Talke] Talke F. 89. Exeunt . . . ] Exit ... F
85. hailed] haid F. (after l. 86).

V. l. 67-100.] 84
The Taming of the Shrew.

Made me exchange my state with Tranio,
While he did bear my countenance in the towne,
And happtie I have arriv'd at the last
Into the wished hauen of my blisse:
What Tranio did, my selfe enforce him to;
Then pardon him, sweete Father, for my fake!

Fin. Ile flit the villaines nose, that would have sent me to the Iaile!
Bap. But does ye heare, sir? haue you married my daughter
without asking my good will?

Fin. Feare not, Baptista! we will content you, goe to! but I will
in to be reueng'd for this villanie. [Exit.
Bap. And I, to found the depth of this knauerie. [Exit. 112
Luc. Looke not pale, Bianca! thy father will not frown.

[Exeunt Lucentio and Bianca.

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

[Exit. 115

Petruchio and Katherine advance.

Kate. Husband, let's follow, to see the end of this adoe.
Petr. First kiss me, Kate, and we will.
Kate. What, in the midst of the streete?
Petr. What! art thou ashamed of me?
Kate. No, sir, God forbid! but ashamed to kiss.
Petr. Why, then, let's home againe! Come, Sirra, let's awaie!
Kate. Nay, I will give thee a kiss: now, praise thee, Loue, stafe!
Petr. Is not this well? Come, my sweete Kate!
Better once then neuer, for neuer's too late. [Exeunt. 114

Actus Quintus. Scena Secunda.

Padua. Lucentio's House.

Enter Baptista, Vincentio, Gremio, the Pedant, Lu-
centio, and Bianca, Petruchio, Katherine, Hort-
tensio, and Widdow, Tranio, Biondello, and Grumio:
The Servingmen with Tranio bringing in a Banquet.

Luc. At last, though long, our iarring notes agree:
And time it is, when raging warre is done,
To smile at scapes and perils ouerblowne.

113. Exeunt... Bianca.] Cap-
pell. Exeunt F.
115. Exit.] Rowe.
120. Ne] Q. Mo F.
124. neuer] neuer (turned n) F.
124. neuer] Anon. conj. neuer F.
124. too] to F.

85 [V. i. 101-124; ii. 1-3.
The Taming of the Shrew.

¶ My faire Bianca, bid my father welcome!
While I, with selfsame kindnesse, welcome thine.
¶ Brother Petruchio, ¶ sister Katerina,
¶ And thou, Hortentio, ¶ with thy louing Widdow,
Feast with the best, and welcome to my house!
My Banket is to close our fumakes vp,
After our great good cheere. Praie you, sit downe!
For now we sit to chat, as well as eate.

Petr. Nothing but sit and sit, and eate and eate!
Bap. Padua affords this kindnesse, sone Petruchio.
Petr. Padua affords nothing but what is kinde.
Hor. For both our fakes, I would that word were true.
Pet. Now, for my life, Hortentio feares his Widow!
Wid. Then neuter trust me, if I be affeard.
Pet. You are verie fencible, and yet you misse my fence:
I meane, Hortentio is afeard of you.
Wid. He that is giddie, thinks the world turns round.
Petr. Roundlie replied!
Kat. Misriss, how meane you that?
Wid. Thus I conceive by him.
Petr. Conceives’ by me! How likes Hortentio that?
Hor. My Widdow faies, thus she conceives’ her tale.
Petr. Verie well mended! ¶ Kisse him for that, good Widdow!
Kat. ‘He that is giddie, thinkes the world turnes round.’
I praye you, tell me what you meant by that!
Wid. Your housband, being troubled with a shrew,
Measures my husbands sorrow by his woe:
And now you know my meaning.

Kate. A verie meane ‘meaning.’
Wid. Right! I ‘meane’ you.
Kat. And I am ‘meane;’ indeede, respecting you.
Petr. To her, Kate!
Hor. To her, Widdow!
Petr. A hundred marks, my Kate does put her down!
Hor. That’s my office.
Petr. Spoke like an Officer: ha’ to thee, lad!

[Drinke to Hortentio.]
The Taming of the Shrew.

Bap. How likes Gremio these quickie witted folkes?
Grem. Beleeue me, sir, they But together well.
Bian. Head, and 'But'! an hastie witted bodie
Would say, your Head and 'But' were head and borne.
Vin. I, Mistris Bride, hath that awakened you?
Bian. I, but not frighted me; therefore Ile sleepe againe.
Petr. Nay, that you shall not: since you haue begun,

Haue at you for a better 1 ieft or two!

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

[Exit Bianca with Katherine, and Widdow.

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

Drink.

Tra. Oh, sir, Lucentio slipt me like his Gray-hound,

Which runs himselfe, and catches for his Mafter.

Petr. A good swift famile, but something currish.

Tra. 'Tis well, sir, that you hunted for your selfe:
'Tis thought your Deere does hold you at a baie.

Bap. Oh, oh, Petruchio! Tranio hits you now!
Luc. I thanke thee for that gird, good Tranio!

Hor. Confesse, confesse! hath he not hit you here?

Petr. A has a little gaid me, I confesse;
And, as the left did glaunce awaie from me,
'Tis ten to one it maim'd you two outright.

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

Petr. Well, I say, no! and therefore, sir, assurance!

Feran. Come, gentlemen, now that suppvers done, how shall we spend the time till we go to bed?

Aurel. Faith, if you will, in triall of our wines,
Who will come somnest at their husbands call [68, p. 88].

Pol. Nay, then, Ferando he must needes sit out;
For he may call (I thinke) till he be weary,
Before his wife will come before she list.

Feran. Tis well for you that haue such gentle wines;
Yet, in this triall, will I not sit out;

[F. ii. 38-65.]}
The Taming of the Shrew.

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.

_Hort._ Content! what's the wager?

_Luc._ Twentie crownes?

_Petr._ 'Twentie crownes'!

He venture so much of my Hawke or Hound,
But twentie times so much upon my Wife!

_Luc._ A hundred, then!

_Hor._ Content!

_Petr._ A match! 'tis done!

It may be, Kate will come as soone as yours [68].

_Aurel._ My wife comes soonest, for a hundred pound! [74]

_Pol._ I take it! Faith, _Ie lay as much_ to yourse [72],

That my wife comes as soone as I do send!

_Aurel._ How now, Ferando! you dare not lay, belike?

_Feran._ Why, true, I dare not lay, indeede; but how?

So little money on so sure a thing:

'A hundred pound!' why, I haue layd as much

_Vpon my dogge, in running at a Deere [72, 73].

She shall not come so farre, for such a trifle!

But will you lay five hundred markes with me?

_And whose wife soonest comes when he doth call [67],

And shewes her selfe most louing vnto him,

_Let him inioye the wager I haue laid? [69]

Now, what say you? dare you _adventyre_ thus? [72]

_Pol._ I, weare it a thousand pounds, I durst presume

On my wifes love! and I will lay with thee.

Enter Alfonso.

_Alfon._ How now, sons! What, in conference so hard!

_May I, without offence, know where abouts?_ [68]

_Aurel._ Faith, father, a waughty cause about our wifes.

Five _hundred_ markes already we haue layd [74];

_And he, whose wife doth shew most love to him [67],

He must inioye the wager to himselfe [69].

_Afon._ Why, then, Ferando he is sure to lose!

'I promise thee, son, thy wife will hardly come,

And therefore I would not wish thee lay so much.

_Feran._ Tush, father, were it ten _times_ more [73],

I durst _adventyre_ on my lovely Kate! [72, 73]

_But, if I lose, Ile pay;_ and so shall you.

_Aurel._ Vpon mine honour, if I loose, Ile pay!

_Pol._ And so will I; vpon my faith I vow!

_Feran._ Then sit we downe, and let vs send for them!
The Taming of the Shrew.

Hor. Who shall begin?
Luc. That will I.

¶ Go, Biondello, bid your Mistris come to me!
Bio. I goe.
Bap. Sonne, Ile be your halfe, Bianca comes.
Luc. Ile haue no halues; Ile beare it all my selue.

Re-enter Biondello.

How now! what newes?
Bio. Sir, my Mistris sends you word
That she is busie, and she cannot come.
Petr. How! 'she's busie, and she cannot come'!
Is that an answere?
Gre. I, and a kinde one too:
Praie God, sir, your wife send you not a worse!
Petr. I hope, better.
Hor. Sirra Biondello, goe and intreate my wife
To come to me forthwith!

Pet. Oh, ho! 'intreate' her!

Nay, then shee must needes come.
Hor. I am afraid, sir,
Doe what you can, yours will not be entreated.

Alfon. I promise thee, Ferando, I am afraid thou wilt lose.
Aurel. Ile send for my wife first. ¶ Valeria!

Go bid your Mistris come to me [77].
Val. I will, my Lord. [Exit Valeria.

Aurel. Now for my hundred pound!
Would any lay ten hundred more with me,
I know I should obtaine it by her loue!
Feran. I pray God you have not layd too much already! [85]
Aurel. Trust me, Ferando, I am sure you haue,
For you, I dare presume, haue lost it all!

Enter Valeria againe.

Now, sirra, what saies your Mistris?
Val. She is something busie, but shee come anon [82, 83].
Feran. Why so! I did not I tell you this before?
'She is busie, and cannot come!' [83]
Aurel. I pray God your wife send you so good an answere! [85]

She may be busie, yet she says he come.
Feran. Well, well. ¶ Polidor, send you for your wife!
Pol. Agreed! ¶ Boy! desire your Mistris to come hither! [88]
Boy. I will, sir.
Feran. I, so so; he 'desiers' her to come [88, 89].

[¶. ii. 75-90.]
The Taming of the Shrew.

Re-enter Biondello.

¶ Now, where's my wife?
Bion. She fares, you have some goodly left in hand: 92
She will not come; she bids you come to her.
Petr. Worse and worse! 'She will not come!' Oh vilde,
Intollerable, not to be indur'd!
¶ Sirra Grumio, goe to your Mistris!
Say, I command her come to me! 96
[Exit GRUMIO.
Hor. I know her answere.
Pet. What?
Hor. She will not!
Petr. The fouler fortune mine, and there an end!
Bap. Now, by my Hollidam, here comes Katerina! 100

Re-enter Katerina.

Kat. What is your will, sir, that you send for me?
Petr. Where is your sister, and Hortensios wife?
Kate. They sit conferring by the Parler fire.
Petr. Goe fetch them hither! if they deny to come, 104

100. Re-enter . . .] Enter . . . F (after l. 99).

Enter the Boy againe.

Pol. Now, wheres your Mistris? [91]
Boy. She bad me tell you that she will not come;
And you have any business, you must come to her [93].
Feran. O monstrous, intollerable presumption! [95]
Worse than a blazing starr, or snow at Midsomer,
Earthquakes, or anything vnseasonable!
'She will not come [94], but he must come to her' [93]
Pol. Well, sir, I pray you let's here what answer your wife will make.
Feran. [to SANDER.] Sirra! command your Mistris to come [96, 97]
to me presentlie!
Aurel. I thine my wife, for all she did not come,
Will prove most kinde; for now I have no feare,
For I am sure Ferandos wife, she will not come.
Feran. The more's the pittie! then I must lose!

Enter Kate and Sander.

But I haue won, for see where Kate doth come [100].
Kate. Sweet husband, did you send for me? [101]
Feran. I did, my loue; I sent for thee to come.
Come hither, Kate! what's that upon thy head?
V. ii. 91-104.] 90
The Taming of the Shrew.

Swinge me them soundly forth vnto their husbands!
Away, I say, and bring them hither strait!

[Exit Katherine.

Luc. Here is a wonder, if you talke of a wonder.
Hor. And so it is: I wonder what it boads.
Petr. Marrie, peace 'tis boads,' and loue, and quiet life,
An awfull rule, and right supremicie;
And, to be short, what not, that's sweete and happie.

Bap. Now faire befall thee, good Petruchio!
The wager, thou haft won! and I will adde
Vnto their lostes twentie thousand crownes;
Another dowrie to another daughter,
For she is chang'd, as she had neuer bin.
Petr. Nay, I will win my wager better yet;
And shew more signe of her obedience,
Her new built vertue and obedience.
See, where she comes; and brings your froward Wines
As prisoners to her womanlie perfwasion!

Re-enter Kate, Bianca, and Widdow.

Katherine, that Cap of yours becomes you not:
Off with that bable! throw it vnderfoote!

[She takes off her cap, and treads on it.

Kate. Nothing, husband, but my cap, I thinke [122].
Feran. Pull it off, and treads it vnder thy feete! [123] Tis foolish:
I will not haue thee weare it! [She takes off her cap, and treads on it.
Pol. O wonderfull metamorphosis!
Aurel. This is a wonder, almost past beleefe! [107]
Feran. This is a token of her true loue to me [109];
And yet Ilie trie her further: you shall see.
Come hither, Kate! where are thy sisters?
Kate. They be sittin in the bridall chamber.
Feran. Fetch them hither! and if they will not come [102-104, p. 90],
Bring them perforce, and make them come with thee! [105, 106]
Kate, I will.
Alfon. I promise thee, Ferando, I would haue sworne,
Thy wife would neere haue donne so much for thee.
Feran. But you shall see, she will do more then this;
For see where she brings her sisters forth by force! [120, 121]

1 of Q. 91 2 of Q. [V. ii. 105-123.]
The Taming of the Shrew.

Wid. Lord, let me newer haue a cause to sigh, 124
Till I be brought to such a sillie passe!
Bian. Fie! what a foolish dutie call you this?
Luc. I would your 'dutie' were as 'foolish' too!
The wisdome of your dutie, faire Bianca, 128
Hath cost me five hundred crownes since supper time.
Bian. The more foole you, for laying on my dutie!
Pen. Katherine, I charge thee, tell these head-strong women,
What dutie they doe owe their Lords and husbands! 132
Wid. Come, come! you're mocking: we will haue no
telling.
Pen. Come on, I say! and first begin with her!
Wid. She shall not!
Pen. I say the shall! and first begin with her! 136
Kate. Fie, fie! vnknit that thretaining, vnkinde brow;
And dart not scornfull glances from those eies,
To wound thy Lord, thy King, thy Gouernour:
It blots thy beautie, as froths doe bite the Meads; 140
Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds shake faire buds;
And in no fence is meete or amiable!
A woman mou'd, is like a fountaine troubled,
Muddie, ill seeming, thicke, bereft of beautie; 144
And, while it is so, none fo dry or thirstie

1 A hundred crowns Capell. See V. ii. 74. Cp. A Shrew, p. 88, ll. 11, 21, and p. 92, l. 7.

Enter Kate, thrusting Phylema and Emelia before her; and makes
them come vnto their husbands call.
Kate. See, husband, I haue brought them both!
Feran. Tis well don, Kate!
Eme. I, sure, and like a louing peece! You're worthy
To haue great praise for this attempt!
Phyle. I, for making a foole of herselue and vs!
Aurel. Beshrew thee, Phylema! thou hast lost me
A hundred pound to night [129];
For I did lay that thou wouldst first haue come.
Pol. But thou, Emelia, hast lost me a great deale more.
Eme. You might haue kept it better, then: who bad you lay?
Feran. Now, louely Kate, before there husbands here,
I prethee tell vnto these headstrong women,
What dutie wiuces doe owe vnto their husbands! [131, 132]

V. ii. 124-145.]

2 there - their.
The Taming of the Shrew.

Will daigne to sip, or touch one drop of it.
Thy husband is thy Lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy soueraigne; One that cares for thee,
And, for thy maintenance, commits his body
To painful labour, both by sea and land,
To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,
Whil’s thou ly’st warme at home, secure and safe;
And cranes no other tribute at thy hands,
But loue, faire lookes, and true obedience;
Too little payment for so great a debt.
Such dutie as the subieft owes the Prince,
Euen such a woman oweth to her husband;
And when she is froward, peeuish, fullenn, sower,
And not obedient to his honest will,
What is she but a foule contending Rebell,
And gracelesse Traitor to her louing Lord?
I am ashamed, that women are so fimple,
To offer warre, where they should kneele for peace;
Or seeke for rule, supremacie, and swayne,
When they are bound to serue, loue, and obey.
Why are our bodies soft, and weake, and smooth,
Vnapt to toyle and trouble in the world,
But that our soft conditions, and our harts,
Should well agree with our externall parts?
Come, come, you froward and vnable wormes!
My minde hath bin as bigge as one of yours,
My heart as great, my reafon, haplie, more,
To bandie word for word, and frowne for frowne;
But now I see our Launces are but strawes,
Our strength as weake, our weakenesse past compare,
That seeming to be most, which we indeed least are.
Then vale your stomackes, for it is no boote,
And place your hands below your husbands foote:
In token of which dutie, if he please,

Kate. As Sara to her husband, so should we
Obey them, loue them, keepe, and nourish them [165],
If they, by any meanes, doo want our helps;
Laying our handes vnder their feete to tread [178],
If that, by that, we might procure there 1 ass:

1 there = their

93
The Taming of the Shrew.

My hand is readie, may it do him ease! 180

Pet. Why, there's a wench! Come on, and kisse mee, Kate!

Luc. Well, go thy waies, olde Lad; for thou shalt ha't. 182

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

Luc. But a harsh hearing, when women are froward. 184

Pet. Come, Kate, wee le to bed!

¶ We three are married, but you two are sped! 186

[To Lucentio.] 'Twas I wonne the wager, though you hit the white;

And, being a winner, God giue you good night! 188

[Exit Petruchio with Katerina.

Horten. Now, goe thy waies; thou hast tam'd a curt Shrow!

Luc. Tis a wonder, by your leave, she wil be tam'd so! 190

[Exeunt.


And, for a president, Ile first begin;
And lay my hand vnder my husbands feete! [180]

She laies her hand vnder her husbands feete.

Feran. Inough, sweet, the wager thou hast won!

And they, I am sure, cannot denie the same.

Alfon. I, Ferando, 'the wager, thou hast won'!

And, for to shew how I am pleas'd in this,
A hundred poundes I freely giue thee more;
Another dowry for another daughter,
For she is not the same she was before [113-116, p. 91].

Feran. Thankes, sweet father! ¶ Gentlemen, godnight! [188]

For Kate and I will leave you for to night.
Tis Kate and I am wed, and you are sped! [186]
And so farewell! for we will to our beds [185].

FINIS.