

For help on vocabulary in Shakespeare's plays, go to: <http://www.william-shakespeare.info/william-shakespeare-dictionary.htm>

Text in *italics* and parenthesis () is paraphrased information.

Text that is underlined is translated by the words following it in parenthesis ().

Introduction SCENE I. Before an alehouse on a heath.

Enter Hostess and SLY (a drunken patron of the pub)

SLY

I'll phleeze (*fleece/fix*) you, in faith.

Hostess

A pair of stocks, you rogue!

SLY

Ye are a baggage: the Slys are no rogues; look in the chronicles; we came in with Richard Conqueror. Therefore paucas pallabris (*the heck with it*); let the world slide: sessa (*Shut up*)!

Hostess

You will not pay for the glasses you have burst?

SLY

No, not a denier. Go by, Jeronimy: go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.

Hostess

I know my remedy; I must go fetch the third--borough.

Exit

SLY

Third, or fourth, or fifth borough, I'll answer him by law: I'll not budge an inch, boy: let him come, and kindly.

Falls asleep

Horns winded. Enter a Lord from hunting, with his train

(The Lord and the Huntsman debate back and forth about the care of their hunting dogs and which dog performed better in the hunt.)

Lord

What's here? one dead, or drunk? See, doth he breathe?

Second Huntsman

He breathes, my lord. Were he not warm'd with ale, This were a bed but cold to sleep so soundly.

Lord

O monstrous beast! how like a swine he lies!
Grim death, how foul and loathsome is thine image!
Sirs, I will practise on this drunken man.
What think you, if he were convey'd to bed,
Wrapp'd in sweet clothes, rings put upon his fingers,
A most delicious banquet by his bed,
And brave attendants near him when he wakes,
Would not the beggar then forget himself?

First Huntsman

Believe me, lord, I think he cannot choose.

Second Huntsman

It would seem strange unto him when he waked.

Lord

Even as a flattering dream or worthless fancy.
Then take him up and manage well the jest:
Carry him gently to my fairest chamber
And hang it round with all my wanton pictures:
Balm his foul head in warm distilled waters
And burn sweet wood to make the lodging sweet:
Procure me music ready when he wakes,
To make a dulcet and a heavenly sound;
And if he chance to speak, be ready straight
And with a low submissive reverence

Say 'What is it your honour will command?'
Let one attend him with a silver basin
Full of rose-water and bestrew'd with flowers,
Another bear the ewer, the third a diaper (cloth),
And say 'Will't please your lordship cool your
hands?'

Some one be ready with a costly suit
And ask him what apparel he will wear;
Another tell him of his hounds and horse,
And that his lady mourns at his disease:
Persuade him that he hath been lunatic;
And when he says he is, say that he dreams,
For he is nothing but a mighty lord.
This do and do it kindly, gentle sirs:
It will be pastime passing excellent,
If it be husbanded with modesty.

First Huntsman

My lord, I warrant you we will play our part,
As he shall think by our true diligence
He is no less than what we say he is.

Lord

Take him up gently and to bed with him;
And each one to his office when he wakes.

Some bear out SLY. A trumpet sounds

Sirrah, go see what trumpet 'tis that sounds:

Exit Servingman

Belike, some noble gentleman that means,
Travelling some journey, to repose him here.

Re-enter Servingman

How now! who is it?

Servant

An't please your honour, players (actors)
That offer service to your lordship.

Lord

Bid them come near.

Enter Players

Now, fellows, you are welcome.

Players

We thank your honour.

Lord

Do you intend to stay with me tonight?

A Player

So please your lordship to accept our duty.

Lord

With all my heart. This fellow I remember,
Since once he play'd a farmer's eldest son:
'Twas where you woo'd the gentlewoman so well:
I have forgot your name; but, sure, that part
Was aptly fitted and naturally perform'd.

A Player

I think 'twas Soto that your honour means.

Lord

'Tis very true: thou didst it excellent.
Well, you are come to me in a happy time;
The rather for I have some sport in hand
Wherein your cunning can assist me much.
There is a lord will hear you play to-night:
But I am doubtful of your modesties;
Lest over-eyeing of his odd behavior,--
For yet his honour never heard a play--
You break into some merry passion
And so offend him; for I tell you, sirs,
If you should smile he grows impatient.

A Player

Fear not, my lord: we can contain ourselves,
Were he the veriest antic in the world.

Lord

Go, sirrah, take them to the buttry,
And give them friendly welcome every one:
Let them want nothing that my house affords.

Exit one with the Players

Sirrah, go you to Barthol'mew my page,
And see him dress'd in all suits like a lady:
That done, conduct him to the drunkard's chamber;
And call him 'madam,' do him obeisance.
Tell him from me, as he will win my love,
He bear himself with honourable action,
Such as he hath observed in noble ladies
Unto their lords, by them accomplished:
Such duty to the drunkard let him do
With soft low tongue and lowly courtesy,
And say 'What is't your honour will command,
Wherein your lady and your humble wife
May show her duty and make known her love?'
And then with kind embracements, tempting kisses,
And with declining head into his bosom,
Bid him shed tears, as being overjoy'd
To see her noble lord restored to health,
Who for this seven years hath esteem'd him
No better than a poor and loathsome beggar:
And if the boy have not a woman's gift
To rain a shower of commanded tears,
An onion will do well for such a shift,
Which in a napkin being close convey'd
Shall in despite enforce a watery eye.
See this dispatch'd with all the haste thou canst:
Anon I'll give thee more instructions.

Exit a Servingman

I know the boy will well usurp the grace,
Voice, gait and action of a gentlewoman:
I long to hear him call the drunkard husband,
And how my men will stay themselves from
laughter
When they do homage to this simple peasant.
I'll in to counsel them; haply my presence
May well abate the over-merry spleen
Which otherwise would grow into extremes.

Exeunt

Introduction SCENE II. A bedchamber in the Lord's house.

Enter aloft SLY, with Attendants; some with apparel, others with basin and ewer and appurtenances; and Lord

SLY

For God's sake, a pot of small ale.

First Servant

Will't please your lordship drink a cup of sack (wine)?

Second Servant

Will't please your honour taste of these conserves?

Third Servant

What raiment will your honour wear to-day?

SLY

I am Christophero Sly; call not me 'honour' nor 'lordship:' I ne'er drank sack in my life; and if you give me any conserves, give me conserves of beef: ne'er ask me what raiment I'll wear; for I have no more doublets than backs, no more stockings than legs, nor no more shoes than feet; nay, sometimes more feet than shoes, or such shoes as my toes look through the over-leather.

Lord

Heaven cease this idle humour in your honour!
O, that a mighty man of such descent,
Of such possessions and so high esteem,
Should be infused with so foul a spirit!

SLY

What, would you make me mad? Am not I Christopher
Sly, old Sly's son of Burtonheath, by birth a pedlar, by education a cardmaker, by transmutation a bear-herd, and now by present profession a tinker?
Ask Marian Hacket, the fat ale-wife of Wincot, if

she know me not: if she say I am not fourteen pence
on the score for sheer ale, score me up for the
lyingest knave in Christendom. What! I am not
bestraught: here's—

Third Servant

O, this it is that makes your lady mourn!

Second Servant

O, this is it that makes your servants droo

(The Lord continues to try and convince Sly that he is the master of a lovely house with servants and a wife. The Lord points at portraits of the Roman gods which hang all over the house, explaining that his "lunacy" or mental instability is why no one has come to visit him in a long time. He also tells Sly that Sly has many servants and a wife.)

SLY

Am I a lord? and have I such a lady?
Or do I dream? or have I dream'd till now?
I do not sleep: I see, I hear, I speak;
I smell sweet savours and I feel soft things:
Upon my life, I am a lord indeed
And not a tinker nor Christophero Sly.
Well, bring our lady hither to our sight;
And once again, a pot o' the smallest ale.

Second Servant

Will't please your mightiness to wash your hands?
O, how we joy to see your wit restored!
O, that once more you knew but what you are!
These fifteen years you have been in a dream;
Or when you waked, so waked as if you slept.

(SLY cannot believe he has been insane for 15 years. The Lord tells him he has called out the name of the barmaid who threw him out of the tavern—"his last memory." Sly then asks to see his "wife.")

Enter the Page as a lady, with attendants

(The "wife" asks for 1 or 2 more days before joining Sly in the bedroom. She gives the excuse that if she does so too early, his illness might come back. Sly relents and is forced to wait.)

Enter a Messenger

Messenger

Your honour's players, heating your amendment,
Are come to play a pleasant comedy;
For so your doctors hold it very meet,
Seeing too much sadness hath congeal'd your blood,
And melancholy is the nurse of frenzy:
Therefore they thought it good you hear a play
And frame your mind to mirth and merriment,
Which bars a thousand harms and lengthens life.

SLY

Marry, I will, let them play it. Is not a
comondy a Christmas gambold or a tumbling-trick?

Page/"Wife"

No, my good lord; it is more pleasing stuff.

SLY

What, household stuff?

Page /"Wife"

It is a kind of history.

SLY

Well, well see't. Come, madam wife, sit by my side
and let the world slip: we shall ne'er be younger.

Flourish

ACT I

SCENE I. Padua. A public place.

Enter LUCENTIO and his man-servant TRANIO

LUCENTIO

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

TRANIO

Mi perdonato, gentle master mine,
I am in all affected as yourself;
Glad that you thus continue your resolve
To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy.
Only, good master, while we do admire
This virtue and this moral discipline,
Let's be no stoics nor no stocks, I pray;
Or so devote to Aristotle's cheques
As Ovid be an outcast quite abjured:
Balk logic with acquaintance that you have
And practise rhetoric in your common talk;

Music and poesy use to quicken you;
The mathematics and the metaphysics,
Fall to them as you find your stomach serves you;
No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en:
In brief, sir, study what you most affect.

LUCENTIO

Gramercies, Tranio, well dost thou advise.
If Biondello, thou wert come ashore,
We could at once put us in readiness,
And take a lodging fit to entertain
Such friends as time in Padua shall beget.
But stay a while: what company is this?

TRANIO

Master, some show to welcome us to town.

Enter BAPTISTA (the father), KATHARINA (the eldest daughter), BIANCA (the youngest daughter), GREMIO, and HORTENSIO (suitsors for Bianca). LUCENTIO and TRANIO stand by

BAPTISTA

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

GREMIO

[Aside] To cart her rather: she's too rough for me.
There, There, Hortensio, will you any wife?

KATHARINA

I pray you, sir, is it your will
To make a stale (embarrass/humiliate) of me
amongst these mates?

HORTENSIO

Mates, maid! how mean you that? no mates for you,
Unless you were of gentler, milder mould.

KATHARINA

I'faith, sir, you shall never need to fear:
I wish it is not half way to her heart;
But if it were, doubt not her care should be
To comb your noddle with a three-legg'd stool
And paint your face and use you like a fool.*(Don't worry. The only possible interest I could take in you would be to hit you on the head with a stool, paint your face with blood, and make a fool out of you.)*

HORTENSIA

From all such devils, good Lord deliver us!

GREMIO

And me too, good Lord!

TRANIO

Hush, master! here's some good pastime toward:
That wench is stark mad or wonderful forward.

LUCENTIO

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

TRANIO

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

BAPTISTA

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

KATHARINA

A pretty peat! it is best
Put finger in the eye, an she knew why. *(What a spoiled little brat. She'd make herself cry now, if she could think of a reason.)*

BIANCA

Sister, content you in my discontent.
Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe:

My books and instruments shall be my company,
On them to took and practise by myself.

LUCENTIO

Hark, Tranio! thou may'st hear Minerva speak.

HORTENSIO

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

GREMIO

Why will you mew her up (locking Bianca away/punishing Bianca),
Signior Baptista, for this fiend of hell,
And make her bear the penance of her tongue *(Why punish one daughter at the expense of the other)?*

BAPTISTA

Gentlemen, content ye; I am resolved:
Go in, Bianca:

Exit BIANCA

And for I know she taketh most delight
In music, instruments and poetry,
Schoolmasters will I keep within my house,
Fit to instruct her youth. If you, Hortensio,
Or Signior Gremio, you, know any such,
Prefer them hither; for to cunning men
I will be very kind, and liberal
To mine own children in good bringing up:
And so farewell. Katharina, you may stay;
For I have more to commune with Bianca.

Exit

KATHARINA

Why, and I trust I may go too, may I not? What,
shall I be appointed hours; as though, belike, I
knew not what to take and what to leave, ha? *(Stay out here? I don't think so! Am I to be dictated to, like a child? Told when to come and where to go? No.)*
Exit

GREMIO

You may go to the devil's dam: your gifts are so good, here's none will hold you. Their love is not so great, Hortensio, but we may blow our nails together, and fast it fairly out: our cakes dough on both sides. Farewell: yet for the love I bear my sweet Bianca, if I can by any means light on a fit man to teach her that wherein she delights, I will wish him to her father.

HORTENSIO

So will I, Signior Gremio: but a word, I pray. Though the nature of our quarrel yet never brooked parle, know now, upon advice, it toucheth us both, that we may yet again have access to our fair mistress and be happy rivals in Bianco's love, to labour and effect one thing specially.

GREMIO

What's that, I pray?

HORTENSIO

Marry, sir, to get a husband for her sister.

GREMIO

A husband! a devil.

HORTENSIO

I say, a husband.

GREMIO

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

HORTENSIO

Tush, Gremio, though it pass your patience and mine to endure her loud alarums, why, man, there be good fellows in the world, an a man could light on them, would take her with all faults, and money enough.

GREMIO

I cannot tell; but I had as lief take her dowry with this condition, to be whipped at the high cross every morning. (I'd rather endure a public whipping every morning than put up with her—even with a big dowry.)

HORTENSIO

Faith, as you say, there's small choice in rotten apples. But come; since this bar in law makes us friends, it shall be so far forth friendly maintained all by helping Baptista's eldest daughter to a husband we set his youngest free for a husband, and then have to't a fresh. Sweet Bianca! Happy man be his dole! He that runs fastest gets the ring. How say you, Signior Gremio?

GREMIO

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

Exeunt GREMIO and HORTENSIO

TRANIO

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

LUCENTIO

O Tranio, till I found it to be true,
I never thought it possible or likely;
But see, while idly I stood looking on,
I found the effect of love in idleness:
And now in plainness do confess to thee,
That art to me as secret and as dear
As Anna to the queen of Carthage was,
Tranio, I burn, I pine, I perish, Tranio,
If I achieve not this young modest girl.
Counsel me, Tranio, for I know thou canst;
Assist me, Tranio, for I know thou wilt.

TRANIO

Master, it is no time to chide (lecture) you now;
Affection is not rated from the heart:
If love have touch'd you, nought remains but so,
'Redime te captum quam queas minimo.' (But, as
the Roman Terence advises, now that you're a
captive, it's time to buy back your freedom at the
lowest possible cost.)

LUCENTIO

Gramercies, lad, go forward; this contents:
The rest will comfort, for thy counsel's sound.

TRANIO

Master, you look'd so longly on the maid,
Perhaps you mark'd not what's the pith (main point)
of all.

LUCENTIO

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

TRANIO

Saw you no more? mark'd you not how her sister
Began to scold and raise up such a storm
That mortal ears might hardly endure the din?

LUCENTIO

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

TRANIO

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

LUCENTIO

Ah, Tranio, what a cruel father's he!
But art thou not advised, he took some care
To get her cunning schoolmasters to instruct her?

TRANIO

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

LUCENTIO

I have it, Tranio.

TRANIO

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

LUCENTIO

Tell me thine first.

TRANIO

You will be schoolmaster
And undertake the teaching of the maid:
That's your device.

LUCENTIO

It is: may it be done?

TRANIO

Not possible; for who shall bear your part,
And be in Padua here Vincentio's son,
Keep house and ply his book, welcome his friends,
Visit his countrymen and banquet them?

LUCENTIO

Basta; content thee, for I have it full.
We have not yet been seen in any house,
Nor can we lie distinguish'd by our faces
For man or master; then it follows thus;
Thou shalt be master, Tranio, in my stead,
Keep house and port and servants as I should:
I will some other be, some Florentine,
Some Neapolitan, or meaner man of Pisa.
'Tis hatch'd and shall be so: Tranio, at once
Uncase thee; take my colour'd hat and cloak:
When Biondello comes, he waits on thee;
But I will charm him first to keep his tongue.

TRANIO

So had you need.
In brief, sir, sith it your pleasure is,
And I am tied to be obedient;
For so your father charged me at our parting,
'Be serviceable to my son,' quoth he,
Although I think 'twas in another sense;
I am content to be Lucentio,
Because so well I love Lucentio.

LUCENTIO

Tranio, be so, because Lucentio loves:
And let me be a slave, to achieve that maid
Whose sudden sight hath thrall'd my wounded eye.
Here comes the rogue.

Enter BIONDELLO (Lucentio's second servant)

Sirrah, where have you been?

BIONDELLO

Where have I been! Nay, how now! where are you?
Master, has my fellow Tranio stolen your clothes?
Or
you stolen his? or both? pray, what's the news?

LUCENTIO

Sirrah, come hither: 'tis no time to jest,
And therefore frame your manners to the time.
Your fellow Tranio here, to save my life,
Puts my apparel and my countenance on,
And I for my escape have put on his;
For in a quarrel since I came ashore
I kill'd a man and fear I was descried:
Wait you on him, I charge you, as becomes,
While I make way from hence to save my life:
You understand me?

BIONDELLO

I, sir! ne'er a whit.

LUCENTIO

And not a jot of Tranio in your mouth:
Tranio is changed into Lucentio.

BIONDELLO

The better for him: would I were so too!

TRANIO

So could I, faith, boy, to have the next wish after,
That Lucentio indeed had Baptista's youngest
daughter.
But, sirrah, not for my sake, but your master's, I
advise
You use your manners discreetly in all kind of
companies:
When I am alone, why, then I am Tranio;
But in all places else your master Lucentio.

LUCENTIO

Tranio, let's go: one thing more rests, that
thysself execute, to make one among these wooers: if
thou ask me why, sufficeth, my reasons are both
good
and weighty.

Exeunt

The presenters above speak

First Servant

My lord, you nod; you do not mind the play.

SLY

Yes, by Saint Anne, do I. A good matter, surely:
comes there any more of it?

Page

My lord, 'tis but begun.

SLY

'Tis a very excellent piece of work, madam lady:
would 'twere done! (I wish it were over.)

They sit and mark (watch)

SCENE II. Padua. Before HORTENSIO'S house.

(Petruccio and Hortensio banter back and forth about the stupidity of Petruccio's servant)

Enter PETRUCHIO (a suitor from Verona) and his man-servant GRUMIO (SHAKESPEARE'S CLOWN/JESTER)

HORTENSIO

And tell me now, sweet friend, what happy gale
Blows you to Padua here from old Verona?

PETRUCHIO

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

PETRUCHIO

Antonio, my father, is deceased;
And I have thrust myself into this maze,
Haply to wive and thrive as best I may:
Crowns in my purse I have and goods at home,
And so am come abroad to see the world.

GRUMIO (SHAKESPEARE'S CLOWN/JESTER)

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

HORTENSIO

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

PETRUCHIO

Villain, I say, knock me here soundly.

PETRUCHIO

Signior Hortensio, 'twixt such friends as we
Few words suffice; and therefore, if thou know
One rich enough to be Petruccio's wife,
As wealth is burden of my wooing dance,
Be she as foul as was Florentius' love,
As old as Sibyl and as curst and shrewd
As Socrates' Xanthippe, or a worse,
She moves me not, or not removes, at least,
Affection's edge in me, were she as rough
As are the swelling Adriatic seas:
I come to wive it wealthily in Padua;
If wealthily, then happily in Padua.

GRUMIO

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

PETRUCHIO

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

GRUMIO (SHAKESPEARE'S CLOWN/JESTER)

My master is grown quarrelsome. I should knock
you first,
And then I know after who comes by the worst.

GRUMIO (SHAKESPEARE'S CLOWN/JESTER)

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

PETRUCHIO

Will it not be?
Faith, sirrah, an you'll not knock, I'll ring it;
I'll try how you can sol, fa, and sing it.

He wrings him by the ears

Enter HORTENSIO

so money comes withal. (Give him enough money and he'll be happy with a puppet, a paper doll, or a diseased old hag without a tooth in her head. If she's got money, what does it matter?)

HORTENSIO

Petruchio, since we are stepp'd thus far in,
I will continue that I broach'd in jest.
I can, Petruchio, help thee to a wife
With wealth enough and young and beautiful,
Brought up as best becomes a gentlewoman:
Her only fault, and that is faults enough.
Is that she is intolerable curst
And shrewd and froward, so beyond all measure
That, were my state far worse than it is,
I would not wed her for a mine of gold. (Her only
flaw—and it's a big one—is that she's unbearable, a
total witch, so much so that I wouldn't think of
marrying her myself, not even if I were in a worse
fix than I am, not for a whole goldmine.)

PETRUCHIO

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

HORTENSIO

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

PETRUCHIO

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

(The 3 men leave to go see Katherine. GRUMIO (Shakespeare's clown/jester) can't wait to hear Katherine swear and scold is master Petruchio.)

Hortensio also wants to go with to catch a glimpse of the beautiful Bianca.)

GRUMIO (SHAKESPEARE'S CLOWN/JESTER)

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

HORTENSIO

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

Enter GREMIO (Bianca's suitor), and LUCENTIO (Bianca's other suitor) disguised

Master, master, look about you: who goes there, ha?

HORTENSIO

Peace, Grumio! it is the rival of my love.
Petruchio, stand by a while.

GRUMIO (SHAKESPEARE'S CLOWN/JESTER)

A proper stripling (good looking guy) and an
amorous (heartthrob)!

(Hortensio, Petruchio, and his servant Grumio see the other suitor enter. Gremio (the suitor) has hired Lucentio to teach Bianca about literature. The 3 men stand aside and watch Lucentio and Gremio strategize how teaching Bianca love stories will help her to love Gremio.)

GREMIO (Suitor)

O, very well; I have perused the note.
Hark you, sir: I'll have them very fairly bound:
All books of love, see that at any hand;
And see you read no other lectures to her:
You understand me: over and beside
Signior Baptista's liberality,

I'll mend it with a largess. Take your paper too,
And let me have them very well perfumed
For she is sweeter than perfume itself
To whom they go to. What will you read to her?

LUCENTIO

Whate'er I read to her, I'll plead for you
As for my patron (the man who pays him to teach),
stand you so assured,
As firmly as yourself were still in place:
Yea, and perhaps with more successful words
Than you, unless you were a scholar, sir.

GREMIO (Suitor)

O this learning, what a thing it is!

**GRUMIO (SHAKESPEARE'S
CLOWN/JESTER)**

O this woodcock (moron), what an ass it is!

PETRUCHIO

Peace, sirrah!

(Hortensio and Gremio agree to get Katherine married before they compete for Bianca's affection. Hortensio introduces Gremio to Petruchio as the man who will marry Katherine.)

PETRUCHIO

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

GREMIO

No, say'st me so, friend?
But will you woo this wild-cat?

PETRUCHIO

Will I live?

**GRUMIO (SHAKESPEARE'S
CLOWN/JESTER)**

Will he woo her? ay, or I'll hang her.

PETRUCHIO

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

**GRUMIO (SHAKESPEARE'S
CLOWN/JESTER)**

For he fears none.

(The two suitors agree to pay for all of Petruchio's expenses to woo Katherine.)

Enter TRANIO and BIONDELLO, who are looking for Bianca and Katherine's house. Hortensio and Gremio ask Tranio (really Lucentio) if he is a suitor, too. When he answers that he is, the other 2 get defensive and tell him she is already spoken for—by them. Tranio (Lucentio) is unmoved by their claim to Bianca.)

PETRUCHIO

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

GREMIO

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

PETRUCHIO

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

TRANIO

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

HORTENSIO

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

TRANIO

Sir, I shall not be slack: in sign whereof,
Please ye we may contrive this afternoon,
And quaff carouses to our mistress' health,
And do as adversaries do in law,
Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.

**GRUMIO (SHAKESPEARE'S
CLOWN/JESTER) BIONDELLO**

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

HORTENSIO

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

Exeunt

ACT II

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

*Enter KATHARINA and BIANCA, whose hands are
bound and tied.*

BIANCA

Good sister, wrong me not, nor wrong yourself,
To make a bondmaid and a slave of me;
That I disdain: but for these other gawds,
Unbind my hands, I'll pull them off myself,
Yea, all my raiment, to my petticoat;

Or what you will command me will I do,
So well I know my duty to my elders.

KATHARINA

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

BIANCA

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

KATHARINA

Minion, thou liest. Is't not Hortensio?

BIANCA

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

KATHARINA

O then, belike, you fancy riches more:
You will have Gremio to keep you fair.

BIANCA

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

KATHARINA

If that be jest, then all the rest was so.

Strikes her

Enter BAPTISTA

BAPTISTA

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

KATHARINA

Her silence flouts (mocks) me, and I'll be revenged.

Flies after BIANCA

BAPTISTA

What, in my sight? Bianca, get thee in.

Exit BIANCA

KATHARINA

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

Exit

BAPTISTA

Was ever gentleman thus grieved as I?
But who comes here?

*Enter GREMIO, LUCENTIO in the habit (dressed)
of a mean (poor) man; PETRUCHIO, with
HORTENSIO as a musician; and TRANIO, with
BIONDELLO bearing a lute (a small, stringed
musical instrument) and books*

GREMIO

Good morrow, neighbour Baptista.

BAPTISTA

Good morrow, neighbour Gremio.
God save you, gentlemen!

PETRUCHIO

And you, good sir! Pray, have you not a daughter
Call'd Katharina, fair and virtuous?

BAPTISTA

I have a daughter, sir, called Katharina.

GREMIO

You are too blunt: go to it orderly.

PETRUCHIO

You wrong me, Signior Gremio: give me leave.
I am a gentleman of Verona, sir,
That, hearing of her beauty and her wit,
Her affability (friendliness) and bashful modesty,
Her wondrous qualities and mild behavior,
Am bold to show myself a forward guest
Within your house, to make mine eye the witness
Of that report which I so oft have heard.
And, for an entrance to my entertainment,
I do present you with a man of mine,

*Presenting HORTENSIO (disguised as a music
teacher)*

Cunning in music and the mathematics,
To instruct her fully in those sciences,
Whereof I know she is not ignorant:
Accept of him, or else you do me wrong:
His name is Licio, born in Mantua.

BAPTISTA

You're welcome, sir; and he, for your good sake.
But for my daughter Katharina, this I know,
She is not for your turn, the more my grief.

PETRUCHIO

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

BAPTISTA

Mistake me not; I speak but as I find (I speak the
facts).
Whence are you, sir? what may I call your name?

PETRUCHIO

Petruchio is my name; Antonio's son,
A man well known throughout all Italy.

BAPTISTA

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

GREMIO

Saving your tale, Petruchio, I pray,
Let us, that are poor petitioners, speak too:
Baccare! you are marvellous forward.

PETRUCHIO

O, pardon me, Signior Gremio; I would fain be doing (I am anxious to move things forward).

GREMIO

I doubt it not, sir; but you will curse your wooing. Neighbour, this is a gift very grateful, I am sure of it. To express the like kindness, myself, that have been more kindly beholding to you than any, freely give unto you this young scholar,

Presenting LUCENTIO (disguised as a tutor)

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

BAPTISTA

A thousand thanks, Signior Gremio.
Welcome, good Cambio.

To TRANIO

But, gentle sir, methinks you walk like a stranger: may I be so bold to know the cause of your coming?

TRANIO

Pardon me, sir, the boldness is mine own, That, being a stranger in this city here, Do make myself a suitor to your daughter, Unto Bianca, fair and virtuous.
Nor is your firm resolve unknown to me, In the preferment of the eldest sister.
This liberty is all that I request,
That, upon knowledge of my parentage, I may have welcome 'mongst the rest that woo
And free access and favour as the rest:
And, toward the education of your daughters, I here bestow a simple instrument,

And this small packet of Greek and Latin books:
If you accept them, then their worth is great.

BAPTISTA

Lucentio is your name; of whence, I pray?

TRANIO

Of Pisa, sir; son to Vincentio.

BAPTISTA

A mighty man of Pisa; by report
I know him well: you are very welcome, sir,
Take you the lute, and you the set of books;
You shall go see your pupils presently.
Holla, within!

Enter a Servant

Sirrah, lead these gentlemen
To my daughters; and tell them both,
These are their tutors: bid them use them well.

Exit Servant, with LUCENTIO and HORTENSIO, BIONDELLO following

We will go walk a little in the orchard,
And then to dinner. You are passing welcome,
And so I pray you all to think yourselves.

PETRUCHIO

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

BAPTISTA

After my death the one half of my lands,
And in possession twenty thousand crowns (British money. In 2011, 1 crown is worth approximately \$.35).

PETRUCHIO

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

BAPTISTA

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

PETRUCHIO

Why, that is nothing: for I tell you, father,
I am as peremptory as she proud-minded;
And where two raging fires meet together
They do consume the thing that feeds their fury:
Though little fire grows great with little wind,
Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all:
So I to her and so she yields to me;
For I am rough and woo not like a babe.

BAPTISTA

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

PETRUCHIO

Ay, to the proof; as mountains are for winds,
That shake not, though they blow perpetually.
(Mountains don't blow over no matter how hard the
wind blows)

*Re-enter HORTENSIO, with his head broke (cut and
bleeding)*

BAPTISTA

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

HORTENSIO

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

BAPTISTA

What, will my daughter prove a good musician?

HORTENSIO

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

BAPTISTA

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

HORTENSIO

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

PETRUCHIO

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

BAPTISTA

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

PETRUCHIO

I pray you do.

Exeunt all but PETRUCHIO

I will attend her here,
And woo her with some spirit when she comes.
Say that she rail (rants); why then I'll tell her plain
She sings as sweetly as a nightingale:
Say that she frown, I'll say she looks as clear
As morning roses newly wash'd with dew:
Say she be mute and will not speak a word;

Then I'll commend her volubility (chattiness),
And say she uttereth piercing eloquence (speaks eloquently):

If she do bid me pack, I'll give her thanks,
As though she bid me stay by her a week:
If she deny to wed, I'll crave the day
When I shall ask the banns and when be married.
But here she comes; and now, Petruchio, speak.

Enter KATHARINA

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

KATHARINA

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

PETRUCHIO

You lie, in faith; for you are call'd plain Kate,
And bonny (pretty) Kate and sometimes Kate the curst;
But Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom
Kate of Kate Hall, my super-dainty Kate,
For dainties are all Kates, and therefore, Kate,
Take this of me, Kate of my consolation;
Hearing thy mildness praised in every town,
Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded,
Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs,
Myself am moved (determined/driven) to woo thee
for my wife.

KATHARINA

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

PETRUCHIO

Why, what's a moveable?

KATHARINA

A join'd-stool.

PETRUCHIO

Thou hast hit it: come, sit on me.

KATHARINA

Asses are made to bear, and so are you.

PETRUCHIO

Women are made to bear, and so are you.

KATHARINA

No such jade as you, if me you mean.

PETRUCHIO

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

KATHARINA

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

PETRUCHIO

Should be! should--buzz!

KATHARINA

Well ta'en, and like a buzzard.

PETRUCHIO

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

KATHARINA

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

PETRUCHIO

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

KATHARINA

If I be waspish, best beware my sting.

PETRUCHIO

My remedy is then, to pluck it out.

KATHARINA

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

PETRUCHIO

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

KATHARINA

In his tongue.

PETRUCHIO

Whose tongue?

KATHARINA

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

PETRUCHIO

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

KATHARINA

That I'll try. (We'll see about that)

She strikes him

PETRUCHIO

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

KATHARINA

So may you lose your arms:
If you strike me, you are no gentleman;
And if no gentleman, why then no arms.

PETRUCHIO

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

KATHARINA

What is your crest? a coxcomb?

PETRUCHIO

A combless cock, so Kate will be my hen.

KATHARINA

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

PETRUCHIO

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

KATHARINA

It is my fashion, when I see a crab.

PETRUCHIO

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

KATHARINA

There is, there is.

PETRUCHIO

Then show it me.

KATHARINA

Had I a glass (mirror), I would.

PETRUCHIO

What, you mean my face?

KATHARINA

Well aim'd of such a young one.

PETRUCHIO

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

KATHARINA

Yet you are wither'd.

PETRUCHIO

'Tis with cares.

KATHARINA

I care not.

PETRUCHIO

Nay, hear you, Kate: in sooth you scape not so.
(You won't get away like that)

KATHARINA

I chafe (annoy) you, if I tarry (stay): let me go.

PETRUCHIO

No, not a whit: I find you passing gentle.
'Twas told me you were rough and coy and sullen,
And now I find report a very liar;

For thou are pleasant, gamesome, passing
courteous,
But slow in speech, yet sweet as spring-time
flowers:
Thou canst not frown, thou canst not look askance,
Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will,
Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross in talk,
But thou with mildness entertain'st thy wooers,
With gentle conference, soft and affable.
Why does the world report that Kate doth limp?
O slanderous world! Kate like the hazel-twig
Is straight and slender and as brown in hue
As hazel nuts and sweeter than the kernels.
O, let me see thee walk: thou dost not halt.

KATHARINA

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

PETRUCHIO

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

KATHARINA

Where did you study all this goodly speech?

PETRUCHIO

It is extempore, from my mother-wit.

KATHARINA

A witty mother! witless else her son.

PETRUCHIO

Am I not wise?

KATHARINA

Yes; keep you warm (you're stupid).

PETRUCHIO

Marry, so I mean, sweet Katharina, in thy bed:
And therefore, setting all this chat aside,
Thus in plain terms: your father hath consented
That you shall be my wife; your dowry 'greed on;
And, Will you, nill you, I will marry you.

Now, Kate, I am a husband for your turn;
For, by this light, whereby I see thy beauty,
Thy beauty, that doth make me like thee well,
Thou must be married to no man but me;
For I am he am born to tame you Kate,
And bring you from a wild Kate to a Kate
Conformable as other household Kates.
Here comes your father: never make denial;
I must and will have Katharina to my wife.

Re-enter BAPTISTA, GREMIO, and TRANIO

BAPTISTA

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

PETRUCHIO

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

BAPTISTA

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

KATHARINA

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

PETRUCHIO

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

KATHARINA

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

GREMIO

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

TRANIO

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

PETRUCHIO

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

BAPTISTA

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

GREMIO TRANIO

Amen, say we: we will be witnesses.

PETRUCHIO

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

Exeunt PETRUCHIO and KATHARINA severally

GREMIO

Was ever match clapp'd up so suddenly?

BAPTISTA

Faith, gentlemen, now I play a merchant's part,
And venture madly on a desperate mart (risky investment).

Content you, gentlemen: I will compound this strife
regarding Bianca's hand:

'Tis deeds (actions and land) must win the prize;
and he of both

That can assure my daughter greatest dower
(dowery)

Shall have my Bianca's love.

Say, Signior Gremio, What can you assure her?

GREMIO

First, as you know, my house within the city
Is richly furnished with plate and gold;
Basins and ewers to lave her dainty hands;
My hangings all of Tyrian tapestry;
In ivory coffers I have stuff'd my crowns;
In cypress chests my arras counterpoints,
Costly apparel, tents, and canopies,
Fine linen, Turkey cushions boss'd with pearl,
Valance of Venice gold in needlework,
Pewter and brass and all things that belong
To house or housekeeping: then, at my farm
I have a hundred milch-kine to the pail,
Sixscore fat oxen standing in my stalls,
And all things answerable to this portion.
Myself am struck in years, I must confess;
And if I die to-morrow, this is hers,
If whilst I live she will be only mine.

TRANIO

That 'only' came well in. Sir, list to me:
I am my father's heir and only son:
If I may have your daughter to my wife,
I'll leave her houses three or four as good,
Within rich Pisa walls, as any one
Old Signior Gremio has in Padua;
Besides two thousand ducats (Italian form of
currency) by the year
Of fruitful land, all which shall be her jointure.
What, have I pinch'd you, Signior Gremio?

GREMIO

Two thousand ducats by the year of land!
My land amounts not to so much in all:
That she shall have; besides an argosy
That now is lying in Marseilles' road.
What, have I choked you with an argosy?

TRANIO

Gremio, 'tis known my father hath no less
Than three great argosies; besides two galliases,
And twelve tight galleys: these I will assure her,
And twice as much, whate'er thou offer'st next.

GREMIO

Nay, I have offer'd all, I have no more;
And she can have no more than all I have:
If you like me, she shall have me and mine.

TRANIO

Why, then the maid is mine from all the world,
By your firm promise: Gremio is out-vied (out bid).

BAPTISTA

I must confess your offer is the best;
And, let your father make her the assurance (proof),
She is your own; else, you must pardon me,
if you should die before him, where's her dower?

TRANIO

That's but a cavil: he is old, I young.

GREMIO

And may not young men die, as well as old?

BAPTISTA

Well, gentlemen,
I am thus resolved: on Sunday next you know
My daughter Katharina is to be married:
Now, on the Sunday following, shall Bianca
Be bride to you, if you this assurance;
If not, Signior Gremio:
And so, I take my leave, and thank you both.

GREMIO

Adieu, good neighbour.

Exit BAPTISTA

Now I fear thee not:
Sirrah young gamester, your father were a fool
To give thee all, and in his waning age
Set foot under thy table: tut, a toy!
An old Italian fox is not so kind, my boy.

Exit

TRANIO

A vengeance on your crafty wither'd hide!
Yet I have faced it with a card of ten.
'Tis in my head to do my master good:
I see no reason but supposed Lucentio
Must get a father, call'd 'supposed Vincentio;'
And that's a wonder: fathers commonly
Do get their children; but in this case of wooing,
A child shall get a sire, if I fail not of my cunning.

Exit

ACT III

SCENE I. Padua. BAPTISTA'S house.

*Enter LUCENTIO (disguised as the tutor),
HORTENSIO (disguised as another tutor), and
BIANCA*

*(Hortensio and Lucentio argue back in forth about
who will study with Bianca first that day. Bianca
reminds them what happened with the lute when the
tutor tried to push Katherine around)*

BIANCA

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

HORTENSIO

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

LUCENTIO

That will be never: tune your instrument.

BIANCA

Where left we last?

LUCENTIO

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

BIANCA

Construe them. (translate that)

LUCENTIO

'Hic ibat,' as I told you before, 'Simois,' I am
Lucentio, 'hic est,' son unto Vincentio of Pisa,
'Sigeia tellus,' disguised thus to get your love;
'Hic steterat,' and that Lucentio that comes
a-wooing, 'Priami,' is my man Tranio, 'regia,'

bearing my port, 'celsa senis,' that we might
beguile the old pantaloon.

HORTENSIO

Madam, my instrument's in tune.

BIANCA

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

LUCENTIO

Spit in the hole (tuning peg), man, and tune again.

BIANCA

Now let me see if I can construe it: 'Hic ibat
Simois,' I know you not, 'hic est Sigeia tellus,' I
trust you not; 'Hic steterat Priami,' take heed
he hear us not, 'regia,' presume not, 'celsa senis,'
despair not.

HORTENSIO

Madam, 'tis now in tune.

LUCENTIO

All but the base.

HORTENSIO

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

Aside

How fiery and forward our pedant (this fellow) is!
Now, for my life, the knave doth court my love:
Pedascule (Professor), I'll watch you better yet.

BIANCA

In time I may believe, yet I mistrust.

LUCENTIO

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

*He breaks off, seeing that HORTENSIO is
listening, and pretends to go back to the Latin
lesson*

BIANCA

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

HORTENSIO

You may go walk (take a break), and give me leave
(let me teach her) a while:
My lessons make no music in three parts.

LUCENTIO

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

Aside

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

HORTENSIO

Madam, before you touch the instrument,
To learn the order of my fingering,
I must begin with rudiments of art;
To teach you gamut (scales) in a briefer sort,
More pleasant, pithy and effectual,
Than hath been taught by any of my trade:
And there it is in writing, fairly drawn.

BIANCA

Why, I am past my gamut long ago.

HORTENSIO

Yet read the gamut of Hortensio.

BIANCA

[Reads] "Gamut' I am, the ground of all accord,
'A re,' to Plead Hortensio's passion;
'B mi,' Bianca, take him for thy lord,
'C fa ut,' that loves with all affection:
'D sol re,' one clef, two notes have I:
'E la mi,' show pity, or I die.'
Call you this gamut? tut, I like it not:
Old fashions please me best; I am not so nice,
To change true rules for old inventions.

Enter a Servant

Servant

Mistress, your father prays you leave your books
And help to dress your sister's chamber up:
You know to-morrow is the wedding-day.

BIANCA

Farewell, sweet masters both; I must be gone.

Exeunt BIANCA and Servant

LUCENTIO

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

Exit

HORTENSIO

But I have cause to pry into this pedant:
Methinks he looks as though he were in love:
Yet if thy thoughts, Bianca, be so humble
To cast thy wandering eyes on every stale,
Seize thee that list: if once I find thee ranging,
Hortensio will be quit with thee by changing.

Exit

SCENE II. Padua. Before BAPTISTA'S house.

Enter BAPTISTA, GREMIO, TRANIO, KATHARINA, BIANCA, LUCENTIO, and others, attendants for the wedding. The bridegroom is missing.

BAPTISTA

[To TRANIO] Signior Lucentio, this is the
'pointed day.
That Katharina and Petruchio should be married,
And yet we hear not of our son-in-law.
What will be said? what mockery will it be,
To want the bridegroom when the priest attends
To speak the ceremonial rites of marriage!
What says Lucentio to this shame of ours?

KATHARINA

No shame but mine: I must, forsooth, be forced
To give my hand opposed against my heart
Unto a mad-brain rudesby (con artist) full of spleen
(nerve/guts):

Who wo'd in haste and means to wed at leisure.
I told you, I, he was a frantic fool,
Hiding his bitter jests in blunt behavior:
And, to be noted for a merry man,
He'll woo a thousand, 'point the day of marriage,
Make feasts, invite friends, and proclaim the banns;
Yet never means to wed where he hath woo'd.
Now must the world point at poor Katharina,
And say, 'Lo, there is mad Petruchio's wife,
If it would please him come and marry her!'

TRANIO

Patience, good Katharina, and Baptista too.
Upon my life, Petruchio means but well,
Whatever fortune stays him from his word:
Though he be blunt, I know him passing wise;
Though he be merry, yet withal he's honest.

KATHARINA

Would Katharina had never seen him though!
(Maybe, but I wish I'd never laid eyes on him)

*KATHARINA exits weeping, followed by BIANCA
and others*

BAPTISTA

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

Enter BIONDELLO

BIONDELLO

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

BAPTISTA

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

BIONDELLO

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

BAPTISTA

Is he come?

BIONDELLO

Why, no, sir.

BAPTISTA

What then?

BIONDELLO

He is coming.

BAPTISTA

When will he be here?

BIONDELLO

When he stands where I am and sees you there.

TRANIO

But say, what to thine old news?

BIONDELLO

Why, Petruchio is coming in a new hat and an old
jerkin, a pair of old breeches thrice turned, a pair
of boots that have been candle-cases, one buckled,
another laced, an old rusty sword ta'en out of the
town-armory, with a broken hilt, and chapeless;
with two broken points: his horse hipped with an
old mothy saddle and stirrups of no kindred;
besides, possessed with the glanders and like to
mose
in the chine; troubled with the lampass, infected
with the fashions, full of wingdalls, sped with
spavins, rayed with yellows, past cure of the fives,
stark spoiled with the staggers, begnawn with the
bots, swayed in the back and shoulder-shotten;
near-legged before and with, a half-chequed bit
and a head-stall of sheeps leather which, being
restrained to keep him from stumbling, hath been
often burst and now repaired with knots; one girth
six time pieced and a woman's crupper of velure,
which hath two letters for her name fairly set down
in studs, and here and there pieced with packthread.

(These would all be ways NOT to dress for a wedding)

BAPTISTA

Who comes with him?

BIONDELLO

O, sir, his lackey, for all the world caparisoned like the horse; with a linen stock on one leg and a kersey boot-hose on the other, gartered with a red and blue list; an old hat and 'the humour of forty fancies' pricked in't for a feather: a monster, a very monster in apparel, and not like a Christian footboy or a gentleman's lackey.

TRANIO

'Tis some odd humour pricks him to this fashion; Yet oftentimes he goes but mean-apparell'd.

BAPTISTA

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

BIONDELLO

Why, sir, he comes not.

BAPTISTA

Didst thou not say he comes?

BIONDELLO

Who? that Petruchio came?

BAPTISTA

Ay, that Petruchio came.

BIONDELLO

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

BAPTISTA

Why, that's all one.

BIONDELLO

Nay, by Saint Jamy,
I hold you a penny,
A horse and a man

Is more than one,
And yet not many.

*Enter PETRUCHIO and GRUMIO
(SHAKESPEARE'S CLOWN/JESTER)*

PETRUCHIO

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

BAPTISTA

You are welcome, sir.

PETRUCHIO

And yet I come not well.

BAPTISTA

And yet you halt not.

TRANIO

Not so well apparell'd

As I wish you were.

PETRUCHIO

Were it better, I should rush in thus.

But where is Kate? where is my lovely bride?

How does my father? Gentles, methinks you frown:

And wherefore gaze this goodly company,

As if they saw some wondrous monument,

Some comet or unusual prodigy?

BAPTISTA

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

First were we sad, fearing you would not come;

Now sadder, that you come so unprovided

(unprepared).

Fie, doff this habit (take off those clothes), shame to your estate (quit embarrassing yourself),

An eye-sore(insult) to our solemn festival!

TRANIO

And tells us, what occasion of import

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

And sent you hither so unlike yourself?

PETRUCHIO

Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to hear:
Sufficeth I am come to keep my word,
Though in some part enforced to digress;
Which, at more leisure, I will so excuse
As you shall well be satisfied withal. (for reasons
which, when I explain them later, you'll
understand)
But where is Kate? I stay too long from her:
The morning wears, 'tis time we were at church.

TRANIO

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

PETRUCHIO

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

BAPTISTA

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

PETRUCHIO

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

Exeunt PETRUCHIO and GRUMIO
(SHAKESPEARE'S CLOWN/JESTER)

TRANIO

He hath some meaning in his mad attire:
We will persuade him, be it possible,
To put on better ere he go to church.

BAPTISTA

I'll after him, and see the event of this.

*Exeunt BAPTISTA and attendants to the wedding at
the church*

*(The audience doesn't witness the wedding; instead,
GREMIO arrives from the church and tells the
others about the wedding. Petruchio, the
bridegroom, did not change his clothes for the
ceremony. Instead, he cursed all through the vows,
gave Katherine a loud, sloppy kiss, and ended it by
smacking the vicar (clergyman) in the head when he
asked if anyone protested. Gremio continues to tell
the audience that Katherine looked like a gentle and
demur turtle dove compared to her new husband.)*

*(Tranio and Lucentio continue to strategize for
Bianca's hand now that Katharine is married. They
discuss still needing someone to pretend to be
Lucentio's father, so he can assure Baptista of his
fortunes.)*

*Re-enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, BIANCA,
BAPTISTA, HORTENSIO, GRUMIO*
(SHAKESPEARE'S CLOWN/JESTER), and
attendants after the wedding, just in time for the
celebratory dinner.

PETRUCHIO

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

BAPTISTA

Is't possible you will away to-night?

PETRUCHIO

I must away to-day, before night come:
Make it no wonder; if you knew my business,
You would entreat me rather go than stay.
And, honest company, I thank you all,
That have beheld me give away myself
To this most patient, sweet and virtuous wife:

Dine with my father, drink a health to me;
For I must hence; and farewell to you all.

TRANIO

Let us entreat you stay till after dinner.

PETRUCHIO

It may not be.

GREMIO

Let me entreat you.(As a favor to me?)

PETRUCHIO

It cannot be.

KATHARINA

Let me entreat you.

PETRUCHIO

I am content (delighted).

KATHARINA

Are you content to stay?

PETRUCHIO

I am content you shall entreat me stay;
But yet not stay, entreat me how you can.
(Delighted to hear you ask so nicely, but I won't
stay in any case.)

KATHARINA

Now, if you love me, stay.

PETRUCHIO

Grumio, my horse.

**GRUMIO (SHAKESPEARE'S
CLOWN/JESTER)**

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

KATHARINA

Nay, then,
Do what thou canst, I will not go to-day;
No, nor to-morrow, not till I please myself.

The door is open, sir; there lies your way;
You may be jogging whiles your boots are green;
For me, I'll not be gone till I please myself:
'Tis like you'll prove a jolly surly groom,
That take it on you at the first so roundly.

PETRUCHIO

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

KATHARINA

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

GREMIO

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

KATHARINA

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

PETRUCHIO

They shall go forward, Kate, at thy command.
Obey the bride, you that attend on her;
Go to the feast, revel and domineer,
Carouse full measure to her maidenhead,
Be mad and merry, or go hang yourselves:
But for my bonny Kate, she must with me.
Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret;
I will be master of what is mine own:
She is my goods, my chattels; she is my house,
My household stuff, my field, my barn,
My horse, my ox, my ass, my any thing;
And here she stands, touch her whoever dare;
I'll bring mine action on the proudest he
That stops my way in Padua. Grumio,
Draw forth thy weapon, we are beset with thieves;
Rescue thy mistress, if thou be a man.
Fear not, sweet wench, they shall not touch
thee, Kate:
I'll buckler thee against a million.

*Exeunt PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, and GRUMIO
(SHAKESPEARE'S CLOWN/JESTER)*

(The rest of the group watch the newly married couple leave. They all comment how Petruchio must be a madman to marry Kate. Baptista tells Bianca to practice being a bride and sit at Kate's place at the table.)

Exeunt

ACT IV

SCENE I. PETRUCHIO'S country house.

Enter GRUMIO (SHAKESPEARE'S CLOWN/JESTER) and Curtis, another servant

(GRUMIO has accompanied the new couple on their way home from the wedding. He has been sent ahead to get the house ready—a fire, cleaned, and stocked with food. When he arrives, he meets Curtis, another servant, and relays how cold it is outside, including how he is a block of ice. There is much word play and use of puns.)

(Grumio offers to tell Curtis a story about his travels back to the house with the new bride and groom).

GRUMIO (SHAKESPEARE'S CLOWN/JESTER)

Lend thine ear.

CURTIS

Here.

GRUMIO (SHAKESPEARE'S CLOWN/JESTER)

There.

Strikes him

CURTIS

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

GRUMIO (SHAKESPEARE'S CLOWN/JESTER)

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

CURTIS

Both of one horse?

GRUMIO (SHAKESPEARE'S CLOWN/JESTER)

What's that to thee?

CURTIS

Why, a horse.

GRUMIO (SHAKESPEARE'S CLOWN/JESTER)

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

CURTIS

By this reckoning he is more shrew than she.

GRUMIO (SHAKESPEARE'S CLOWN/JESTER)

Ay; and that thou and the proudest of you all shall find when he comes home. But what talk I of this? Call forth Nathaniel, Joseph, Nicholas, Philip, Walter, Sugarsop and the rest: let their heads be sleekly combed their blue coats brushed and their garters of an indifferent knit: let them curtsy

with their left legs and not presume to touch a hair
of my master's horse-tail till they kiss their
hands. Are they all ready?

CURTIS

They are.

**GRUMIO (SHAKESPEARE'S
CLOWN/JESTER)**

Call them forth.

CURTIS

Do you hear, ho? you must meet my master to
countenance (face) my mistress.

**GRUMIO (SHAKESPEARE'S
CLOWN/JESTER)**

Why, she hath a face of her own.

CURTIS

Who knows not that?

**GRUMIO (SHAKESPEARE'S
CLOWN/JESTER)**

Thou, it seems, that calls for company to
countenance her.

CURTIS

I call them forth to credit her.

**GRUMIO (SHAKESPEARE'S
CLOWN/JESTER)**

Why, she comes to borrow nothing of them.

Enter four or five Serving-men

NATHANIEL

Welcome home, Grumio!

PHILIP

How now, Grumio!

JOSEPH

What, Grumio!

NICHOLAS

Fellow Grumio!

NATHANIEL

How now, old lad?

**GRUMIO (SHAKESPEARE'S
CLOWN/JESTER)**

Welcome, you;--how now, you;-- what, you;--
fellow,
you;--and thus much for greeting. Now, my spruce
companions, is all ready, and all things neat?

NATHANIEL

All things is ready. How near is our master?

**GRUMIO (SHAKESPEARE'S
CLOWN/JESTER)**

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

Enter PETRUCHIO and KATHARINA

PETRUCHIO

Where be these knaves? What, no man at door
To hold my stirrup nor to take my horse!
Where is Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip?

ALL SERVING-MEN Here, here, sir; here, sir.

PETRUCHIO

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

**GRUMIO (SHAKESPEARE'S
CLOWN/JESTER)**

Here, sir; as foolish as I was before.

PETRUCHIO

You peasant swain! you whoreson malt-horse
drudge!
Did I not bid thee meet me in the park (outside),
And bring along these rascal knaves with thee?

**GRUMIO (SHAKESPEARE'S
CLOWN/JESTER)**

Nathaniel's coat, sir, was not fully made,
And Gabriel's pumps were all unpink'd i' the heel;
There was no link to colour Peter's hat,
And Walter's dagger was not come from sheathing:
There were none fine but Adam, Ralph, and
Gregory;
The rest were ragged, old, and beggarly;
Yet, as they are, here are they come to meet you.

PETRUCHIO

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

Exeunt Servants

Singing

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

Re-enter Servants with supper

To servants Why, when, I say?

To Kate: Nay, good sweet Kate, be merry.

To servants Off with my boots, you rogues! you
villains, when?

Sings

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

Strikes him

To Kate: Be merry, Kate. Some water, here; what,
ho!

To servants Where's my spaniel Troilus? Sirrah, get
you hence,

And bid my cousin Ferdinand come hither:

To Kate: One, Kate, that you must kiss, and be

acquainted with.

To servants Where are my slippers? Shall I have
some water?

Enter one with water

To Kate: Come, Kate, and wash, and welcome
heartily.

To servants You whoreson villain! will you let it
fall?

Strikes him

KATHARINA

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

PETRUCHIO

To servants A whoreson beetle-headed, flap-ear'd
knave!

To Kate: Come, Kate, sit down; I know you have a
stomach.

Will you give thanks, sweet Kate; or else shall I?

To servants What's this? mutton?

First Servant

Ay.

PETRUCHIO

Who brought it?

PETER

I.

PETRUCHIO

'Tis burnt; and so is all the meat.

What dogs are these! Where is the rascal cook?
How durst you, villains, bring it from the dresser,
And serve it thus to me that love it not?

Theretake it to you, trenchers, cups, and all;

Throws the meat, & c. about the stage

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

KATHARINA

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

PETRUCHIO

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

Exeunt

Re-enter Servants severally

NATHANIEL

Peter, didst ever see the like?

PETER

He kills her in her own humour. (He's acting just like her.)

Re-enter CURTIS

**GRUMIO (SHAKESPEARE'S
CLOWN/JESTER)**

Where is he?

CURTIS

In her chamber, making a sermon of continency
(lecturing on self-control) to her;
And rails, and swears, and rates, that she, poor soul,
Knows not which way to stand, to look, to speak,
And sits as one new-risen from a dream.
Away, away! for he is coming hither.

Exeunt

Re-enter PETRUCHIO

PETRUCHIO

Thus have I politicly begun my reign,
And 'tis my hope to end successfully.
My falcon now is sharp and passing empty;
And till she stoop she must not be full-gorged,
For then she never looks upon her lure.
Another way I have to man my haggard,
To make her come and know her keeper's call,
That is, to watch her, as we watch these kites
That bate and beat and will not be obedient.
She eat no meat to-day, nor none shall eat;
Last night she slept not, nor to-night she shall not;
As with the meat, some undeserved fault
I'll find about the making of the bed;
And here I'll fling the pillow, there the bolster,
This way the coverlet, another way the sheets:
Ay, and amid this hurly I intend
That all is done in reverend care of her;
And in conclusion she shall watch all night:
And if she chance to nod I'll rail and brawl
And with the clamour keep her still awake.
This is a way to kill a wife with kindness;
And thus I'll curb her mad and headstrong humour.
He that knows better how to tame a shrew,
Now let him speak: 'tis charity to show.

Exit

**SCENE II. Padua. Before BAPTISTA'S
house.**

Enter TRANIO and HORTENSIO

TRANIO

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

HORTENSIO

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

They stand off to one side and eavesdrop

Enter BIANCA and LUCENTIO, disguised as Cambio, her tutor

LUCENTIO

Now, mistress, profit you in what you read?

BIANCA

What, master, read you? first resolve me that.

LUCENTIO

I read that I profess, the *Art to Love*.

BIANCA

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

LUCENTIO

While you, sweet dear, prove mistress of my heart!

HORTENSIO

Quick proceeders (work), marry! Now, tell me, I pray,
You that durst swear at your mistress Bianca
Loved none in the world so well as Lucentio.

TRANIO

O spiteful love! unconstant womankind!
I tell thee, Licio, this is wonderful.

HORTENSIO

Mistake no more: I am not Licio,
Nor a musician, as I seem to be;
But one that scorn to live in this disguise,
For such a one as leaves a gentleman,
And makes a god of such a cullion (lower class guy):
Know, sir, that I am call'd Hortensio.

TRANIO

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

HORTENSIO

See, how they kiss and court! Signior Lucentio,
Here is my hand, and here I firmly vow
Never to woo her no more, but do forswear her,
As one unworthy all the former favours
That I have fondly flatter'd her withal.

TRANIO

And here I take the unfeigned oath,
Never to marry with her though she would entreat:
Fie on her! see, how beastly she doth court him!

HORTENSIO

Would all the world but he had quite forsworn!
For me, that I may surely keep mine oath,
I will be married to a wealthy widow,
Ere three days pass, which hath as long loved me
As I have loved this proud disdainful haggard.
And so farewell, Signior Lucentio.
Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks,
Shall win my love: and so I take my leave,
In resolution as I swore before.

Exit

TRANIO

Mistress Bianca, bless you with such grace
As 'longeth to a lover's blessed case!
Nay, I have ta'en you napping, gentle love,
And have forsworn you with Hortensio.

BIANCA

Tranio, you jest: but have you both forsworn me?

TRANIO

Mistress, we have.

LUCENTIO

Then we are rid of Licio.

TRANIO

I' faith, he'll have a lusty widow now,
That shall be wood and wedded in a day.

BIANCA

God give him joy!

Exeunt LUCENTIO and BIANCA

Enter a Pedant (Merchant)

Pedant (*a merchant, who probably arrived on a ship*)

God save you, sir!

TRANIO

And you, sir! you are welcome.

Travel you far on, or are you at the farthest?

Pedant

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

TRANIO

What countryman, I pray?

Pedant

Of Mantua.

TRANIO

Of Mantua, sir? marry, God forbid!
And come to Padua, careless of your life?

Pedant

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

TRANIO

'Tis death for any one in Mantua
To come to Padua. Know you not the cause?
Your ships are stay'd at Venice, and the duke,
For private quarrel 'twixt your duke and him,
Hath publish'd and proclaim'd it openly:
'Tis, marvel, but that you are but newly come,
You might have heard it else proclaim'd about.

Pedant

Alas! sir, it is worse for me than so;
For I have bills for money by exchange
From Florence and must here deliver them.

TRANIO

Ay, and he'll tame her.

BIANCA

He says so, Tranio.

TRANIO

Faith, he is gone unto the taming-school.

BIANCA

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

TRANIO

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

Enter BIONDELLO

BIONDELLO

O master, master, I have watch'd (been one the
lookout for) so long
That I am dog-weary: but at last I spied
An ancient angel coming down the hill,
Will serve the turn (do the job).

TRANIO

What is he, Biondello?

BIONDELLO

Master, a mercatante, or a pedant,
I know not what; but format in apparel,
In gait and countenance surely like a father.

LUCENTIO

And what of him, Tranio?

TRANIO

If he be credulous and trust my tale,
I'll make him glad to seem Vincentio,
And give assurance to Baptista Minola,
As if he were the right Vincentio
Take in your love, and then let me alone.

TRANIO

Well, sir, to do you courtesy,
This will I do, and this I will advise you:
First, tell me, have you ever been at Pisa?

Pedant

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

TRANIO

Among them know you one Vincentio?

Pedant

I know him not, but I have heard of him;
A merchant of incomparable wealth.

TRANIO

He is my father, sir; and, sooth to say,
In countenance somewhat doth resemble you.

BIONDELLO

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

TRANIO

To save your life in this extremity,
This favour will I do you for his sake;
And think it not the worst of an your fortunes
That you are like to Sir Vincentio.
His name and credit shall you undertake,
And in my house you shall be friendly lodged:
Look that you take upon you as you should;
You understand me, sir: so shall you stay
Till you have done your business in the city:
If this be courtesy, sir, accept of it.

Pedant

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

TRANIO

Then go with me to make the matter good.
This, by the way, I let you understand;
my father is here look'd for every day,
To pass assurance of a dower in marriage

'Twixt me and one Baptista's daughter here:
In all these circumstances I'll instruct you:
Go with me to clothe you as becomes you.

Exeunt

SCENE III. A room in PETRUCHIO'S house.

*Enter KATHARINA and GRUMIO
(SHAKESPEARE'S CLOWN/JESTER)*

GRUMIO (SHAKESPEARE'S CLOWN/JESTER)

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

KATHARINA

The more my wrong, the more his spite appears:
What, did he marry me to famish me?
Beggars, that come unto my father's door,
Upon entreaty have a present aims;
If not, elsewhere they meet with charity:
But I, who never knew how to entreat,
Nor never needed that I should entreat,
Am starved for meat, giddy for lack of sleep,
With oath kept waking and with brawling fed:
And that which spites me more than all these wants,
He does it under name of perfect love;
As who should say, if I should sleep or eat,
'Twere deadly sickness or else present death.
I prithee go and get me some repast (something to eat);
I care not what, so it be wholesome food.

GRUMIO (SHAKESPEARE'S CLOWN/JESTER)

What say you to a neat's (calf's) foot?

KATHARINA

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

GRUMIO (SHAKESPEARE'S CLOWN/JESTER)

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

KATHARINA

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

**GRUMIO (SHAKESPEARE'S
CLOWN/JESTER)**

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

KATHARINA

A dish that I do love to feed upon.

**GRUMIO (SHAKESPEARE'S
CLOWN/JESTER)**

Ay, but the mustard is too hot a little.

KATHARINA

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

**GRUMIO (SHAKESPEARE'S
CLOWN/JESTER)**

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

KATHARINA

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

**GRUMIO (SHAKESPEARE'S
CLOWN/JESTER)**

Why then, the mustard without the beef.

KATHARINA

Go, get thee gone, thou false deluding slave,

Beats him

That feed'st me with the very name of meat:
Sorrow on thee and all the pack of you,
That triumph thus upon my misery!
Go, get thee gone, I say.

Enter PETRUCHIO and HORTENSIO with meat

PETRUCHIO

How fares my Kate? What, sweeting, all amort
(bummed out)?

HORTENSIO

Mistress, what cheer?

KATHARINA

Faith, as cold as can be. (I've been better)

PETRUCHIO

Pluck up thy spirits; look cheerfully upon me.
Here love; thou see'st how diligent I am
To dress thy meat myself and bring it thee:
I am sure, sweet Kate, this kindness merits thanks.
What, not a word? Nay, then thou lovest it not;
And all my pains is sorted to no proof.
Here, take away this dish.

KATHARINA

I pray you, let it stand.

PETRUCHIO

The poorest service is repaid with thanks;
And so shall mine, before you touch the meat.

KATHARINA

I thank you, sir.

HORTENSIO

Signior Petruchio, fie! you are to blame.
Come, mistress Kate, I'll bear you company.

PETRUCHIO

[Aside to Hortensio] Eat it up all, Hortensio, if thou lovest me.

Much good do it unto thy gentle heart!
Kate, eat apace: and now, my honey love,
Will we return unto thy father's house
And revel it as bravely as the best,
With silken coats and caps and golden rings,
With ruffs and cuffs and fardingales and things;
With scarfs and fans and double change of bravery,
With amber bracelets, beads and all this knavery.
What, hast thou dined? The tailor stays thy leisure,
To deck thy body with his ruffling treasure.

Enter Tailor

Come, tailor, let us see these ornaments;
Lay forth the gown.

Enter Haberdasher(a hat maker)

What news with you, sir?

Haberdasher

Here is the cap your worship did bespeak.

PETRUCHIO

Why, this was moulded on a porringer (porridge bowl):

A velvet dish: fie, fie! 'tis lewd (cheap) and filthy:

Why, 'tis a cockle or a walnut-shell,

A knack (joke), a toy, a trick, a baby's cap:

Away with it! come, let me have a bigger.

KATHARINA

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

PETRUCHIO

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

HORTENSIO

[Aside] That will not be in haste.

KATHARINA

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

PETRUCHIO

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

KATHARINA

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

Exit Haberdasher

PETRUCHIO

Thy gown? why, ay: come, tailor, let us see't.

O mercy, God! what masquing stuff is here?

What's this? a sleeve? 'tis like a demi-cannon:

What, up and down, carved like an apple-tart?

Here's snip and nip and cut and slish and slash,

Like to a censer in a barber's shop:

Why, what, i' devil's name, tailor, call'st thou this?

HORTENSIO

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

Tailor

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

PETRUCHIO

Marry, and did; but if you be remember'd,

I did not bid you mar (parody) it to the time.

Go, hop (leave) me over every kennel home,

For you shall hop without my custom, sir:

I'll none of it: hence! make your best of it.

KATHARINA

I never saw a better-fashion'd gown,

More quaint, more pleasing, nor more

commendable:

Belike you mean to make a puppet of me.

PETRUCHIO

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

Tailor

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

PETRUCHIO

O monstrous arrogance! Thou liest, thou thread,
thou thimble,
Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter, nail!
Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter-cricket thou!
Braved (disrespected) in mine own house with a
skein of thread?
Away, thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant;
Or I shall so be-mete thee with thy yard
As thou shalt think on prating whilst thou livest!
I tell thee, I, that thou hast marr'd (ruined) her
gown.

Tailor

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

**GRUMIO (SHAKESPEARE'S
CLOWN/JESTER)**

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

Tailor

But how did you desire it should be made?

**GRUMIO (SHAKESPEARE'S
CLOWN/JESTER)**

Marry, sir, with needle and thread.

Tailor

But did you not request to have it cut?

**GRUMIO (SHAKESPEARE'S
CLOWN/JESTER)**

Thou hast faced (decorated and trimmed it with)
many things.

Tailor

I have.

**GRUMIO (SHAKESPEARE'S
CLOWN/JESTER)**

Face not me (don't face-off with me): thou hast
braved many men; brave not
me; I will neither be faced nor braved. I say unto

thee, I bid thy master cut out the gown; but I did
not bid him cut it to pieces: ergo, thou liest.

Tailor

Why, here is the note of the fashion (order/receipt)
to testify

PETRUCHIO

Read it.

**GRUMIO (SHAKESPEARE'S
CLOWN/JESTER)**

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

Tailor

[Reads] 'Imprimis (item #1), a loose-bodied gown:'

**GRUMIO (SHAKESPEARE'S
CLOWN/JESTER)**

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

PETRUCHIO

Proceed.

Tailor

[Reads] 'With a small compassed cape:'

GRUMIO

I confess the cape.

Tailor

[Reads] 'With a trunk sleeve:'

**GRUMIO (SHAKESPEARE'S
CLOWN/JESTER)**

I confess two sleeves.

Tailor

[Reads] 'The sleeves curiously cut.'

PETRUCHIO

Ay, there's the villany.

**GRUMIO (SHAKESPEARE'S
CLOWN/JESTER)**

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

Tailor

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

**GRUMIO (SHAKESPEARE'S
CLOWN/JESTER)**

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

HORTENSIO

God-a-mercy, Grumio! then he shall have no odds.

PETRUCHIO

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

GRUMIO

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

PETRUCHIO

Go, take it up unto thy master's use.

GRUMIO

Villain, not for thy life: take up my mistress'
gown for thy master's use!

PETRUCHIO

Why, sir, what's your conceit (problem) in that?

**GRUMIO (SHAKESPEARE'S
CLOWN/JESTER)**

O, sir, the conceit is deeper than you think for:
Take up my mistress' gown to his master's use!
O, fie, fie, fie!

PETRUCHIO

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

HORTENSIO

Tailor, I'll pay thee for thy gown tomorrow:
Take no unkindness of his hasty words:
Away! I say; commend me to thy master.

Exit Tailor

PETRUCHIO

Well, come, my Kate; we will unto your father's
Even in these honest mean habiliments (modest
clothes):

Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor;
For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich;
And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
So honour peereth (shows) in the meanest habit
(humblest clothing).

What is the jay more precious than the lark,
Because his fathers are more beautiful?

Or is the adder (snake) better than the eel,
Because his painted skin contents the eye?

O, no, good Kate; neither art thou the worse
For this poor furniture and mean array (simple
clothes and lack of fine things).

if thou account'st (regard) it shame. lay it on me;
And therefore frolic: we will hence forthwith,
To feast and sport us at thy father's house.

Go, call my men, and let us straight to him;
And bring our horses unto Long-lane end;

There will we mount, and thither walk on foot
Let's see; I think 'tis now some seven o'clock,
And well we may come there by dinner-time.

KATHARINA

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

PETRUCHIO

It shall be seven ere I go to horse:
Look, what I speak, or do, or think to do,
You are still crossing (contradicting) it. Sirs, let't
alone:

I will not go to-day; and ere I do,
It shall be what o'clock I say it is.

HORTENSIO

[Aside] Why, so this gallant will command the sun.
(I see this fellow intends to command the sun.)

Exeunt

SCENE IV. Padua. Before BAPTISTA'S house.

(In Padua, Tranio has disguised the pedant as Vincentio, Lucentio's fake father, and rehearses his act with him to ensure that their stories match. When Baptista and Lucentio (still disguised as Cambio the tutor) enter, the Pedant convinces Baptista that he is indeed Lucentio's father, and that he fully approves of the marriage between Bianca and his son. Baptista, the pedant, and Tranio (still disguised as Lucentio) then leave to find a private place where they can discuss the financial details of the marriage. Vincentio must sign away his fortune to his son. Lucentio (disguised as Cambio the tutor) returns to the stage with Biondello, his servant, who informs him that Baptista has requested that Cambio bring Bianca to dinner. Biondello explains that he has personally arranged for a priest and witnesses to perform a hasty marriage in St. Luke's Church, just in case Cambio and Bianca want to elope—since Bianca won't want to marry the fake Lucentio, who has been promised by her father Baptista. Lucentio agrees to elope, and they quickly leave to perform their respective tasks.)

SCENE V. A public road.

Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, HORTENSIO, and Servants

PETRUCHIO

Come on, i' God's name; once more toward our father's.
Good Lord, how bright and goodly shines the moon!

KATHARINA

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

PETRUCHIO

I say it is the moon that shines so bright.

KATHARINA

I know it is the sun that shines so bright.

PETRUCHIO

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

HORTENSIO

Say as he says, or we shall never go.

KATHARINA

Forward, I pray, since we have come so far,
And be it moon, or sun, or what you please:
An if you please to call it a rush-candle,
Henceforth I vow it shall be so for me.

PETRUCHIO

I say it is the moon.

KATHARINA

I know it is the moon.

PETRUCHIO

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

KATHARINA

Then, God be bless'd, it is the blessed sun:
But sun it is not, when you say it is not;
And the moon changes even as your mind.
What you will have it named, even that it is;
(Whatever you say it is, it shall be)
And so it shall be so for Katharina. (And that's the way it will be for me)

HORTENSIO

Petruchio, go thy ways; the field is won.

PETRUCHIO

Well, forward, forward! thus the bowl should run,
And not unluckily against the bias. (That's how
things should be—straight and smooth)

But, soft! company is coming here.

Enter (the real) VINCENTIO, father of Lucentio

To VINCENTIO

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

HORTENSIO

A' will make the man mad, to make a woman of
him.

KATHARINA

Young budding virgin, fair and fresh and sweet,
Whither away, or where is thy abode?
Happy the parents of so fair a child;
Happier the man, whom favourable stars
Allot thee for his lovely bed-fellow!

PETRUCHIO

Why, how now, Kate! I hope thou art not mad
(crazy):
This is a man, old, wrinkled, faded, wither'd,
And not a maiden, as thou say'st he is.

KATHARINA

Pardon, old father, my mistaking eyes,
That have been so bedazzled with the sun
That everything I look on seemeth green:
Now I perceive thou art a reverend father;
Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad mistaking.

PETRUCHIO

Do, good old grandsire; and withal make known
Which way thou travellest: if along with us,
We shall be joyful of thy company.

VINCENTIO

Fair sir, and you my merry mistress,
That with your strange encounter much amazed me,
My name is call'd Vincentio; my dwelling Pisa;
And bound I am to Padua; there to visit
A son of mine, which long I have not seen.

PETRUCHIO

What is his name?

VINCENTIO

Lucentio, gentle sir.

PETRUCHIO

Happily we met; the happier for thy son.
And now by law, as well as reverend age,
I may entitle thee my loving father:
The sister to my wife, this gentlewoman,
Thy son by this hath married. Wonder not,
Nor be grieved: she is of good esteem,
Her dowery wealthy, and of worthy birth;
Beside, so qualified as may beseem
The spouse of any noble gentleman.
Let me embrace with old Vincentio,
And wander we to see thy honest son,
Who will of thy arrival be full joyous.

VINCENTIO

But is it true? or else is it your pleasure,
Like pleasant travellers, to break a jest
Upon the company you overtake?

HORTENSIO

I do assure thee, father, so it is.

PETRUCHIO

Come, go along, and see the truth hereof;
For our first merriment (joke) hath made thee
jealous (suspicious).

Exeunt all but HORTENSIO

HORTENSIO

Well, Petruchio, this has put me in heart.
Have to my widow! and if she be forward (difficult to manage),
Then hast thou taught Hortensio to be untoward (impossible).

Exit

ACT V

SCENE I. Padua. Before LUCENTIO'S house.

GREMIO discovered. Enter behind BIONDELLO, LUCENTIO, and BIANCA

BIONDELLO

Softly and swiftly, sir; for the priest is ready.

LUCENTIO

I fly, Biondello: but they may chance to need thee at home; therefore leave us.

BIONDELLO

Nay, faith, I'll see the church o' your back; and then come back to my master's as soon as I can.

Exeunt LUCENTIO, BIANCA, and BIONDELLO

GREMIO

I marvel Cambio comes not all this while.

Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, (the real) VINCENTIO, GRUMIO (SHAKESPEARE'S CLOWN/JESTER), with Attendants

PETRUCHIO

Sir, here's the door, this is Lucentio's house:
My father's bears more toward the market-place;
Thither must I, and here I leave you, sir.

VINCENTIO

You shall not choose but drink before you go:
I think I shall command your welcome here,
And, by all likelihood, some cheer is toward.

Knocks

GREMIO

They're busy within; you were best knock louder.

Pedant looks out of the window

Pedant (the fake Vicentio)

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

VINCENTIO

Is Signior Lucentio within, sir?

Pedant (the fake Vicentio)

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

VINCENTIO

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

Pedant (the fake Vicentio)

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

PETRUCHIO

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

Pedant (the fake Vicentio)

Thou liest: his father is come from Padua and here looking out at the window.

VINCENTIO

Art thou his father?

Pedant (the fake Vicentio)

Ay, sir; so his mother says, if I may believe her.

Beats BIONDELLO

PETRUCHIO

[To VINCENTIO] Why, how now, gentleman!
why, this
is flat knavery, to take upon you another man's
name.

Pedant (the fake Vicentio)

Lay hands on the villain: I believe a' means to
cozen somebody in this city under my countenance.

Re-enter BIONDELLO

BIONDELLO

I have seen them in the church together: God send
'em good shipping (luck)! But who is here? mine
old
master Vincentio! now we are undone and brought
to nothing.

VINCENTIO

[Seeing BIONDELLO]
Come hither, crack-hemp (scoundrel).

BIONDELLO

Hope I may choose, sir.

VINCENTIO

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

BIONDELLO

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

VINCENTIO

What, you notorious villain, didst thou never see
thy master's father, Vincentio?

BIONDELLO

What, my old worshipful old master? yes, marry,
sir:
see where he looks out of the window.

VINCENTIO

Is't so, indeed.

BIONDELLO

Help, help, help! here's a madman will murder me.

Exit

Pedant (the fake Vicentio)

Help, son! help, Signior Baptista!

Exit from above

PETRUCHIO

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

They retire

*Re-enter Pedant below; TRANIO, BAPTISTA, and
Servants*

TRANIO, (still disguised as Lucentio)

Sir, what are you that offer to beat my servant?

VINCENTIO

What am I, sir! nay, what are you, sir? O immortal
gods! O fine villain! A silken doublet! a velvet
hose! a scarlet cloak! and a copatain hat! O, I
am undone! I am undone! while I play the good
husband at home, my son and my servant spend all
at
the university.

TRANIO (still disguised as Lucentio)

How now! what's the matter?

BAPTISTA

What, is the man lunatic?

TRANIO (still disguised as Lucentio)

Sir, you seem a sober ancient gentleman by your
habit, but your words show you a madman. Why,
sir,
what 'cerns it you if I wear pearl and gold? I
thank my good father, I am able to maintain it.

VINCENTIO

Thy father! O villain! he is a sailmaker in Bergamo.

BAPTISTA

You mistake, sir, you mistake, sir. Pray, what do you think is his name?

VINCENTIO

His name! as if I knew not his name: I have brought him up ever since he was three years old, and his name is Tranio.

Pedant (still disguised as Vincentio)

Away, away, mad ass! his name is Lucentio and he is mine only son, and heir to the lands of me, Signior Vincentio.

VINCENTIO

Lucentio! O, he hath murdered his master! Lay hold on him, I charge you, in the duke's name. O, my son, my son! Tell me, thou villain, where is my son Lucentio?

TRANIO (still disguised as Lucentio)

Call forth an officer.

Enter one with an Officer

Carry this mad knave to the gaol (jail). Father Baptista, I charge you see that he be forthcoming.

VINCENTIO

Carry me to the gaol!

GREMIO

Stay, officer: he shall not go to prison.

BAPTISTA

Talk not, Signior Gremio: I say he shall go to prison.

GREMIO

Take heed, Signior Baptista, lest you be cony-catched (idiot) in this business: I dare swear this is the right Vincentio.

Pedant

Swear, if thou darest.

GREMIO

Nay, I dare not swear it.

TRANIO

Then thou wert best say that I am not Lucentio.

GREMIO

Yes, I know thee to be Signior Lucentio.

BAPTISTA

Away with the dotard (fool)! to the gaol with him!

VINCENTIO

Thus strangers may be hailed and abused: O monstrous villain!

Re-enter BIONDELLO, with the real LUCENTIO and BIANCA

BIONDELLO

O! we are spoiled and--yonder he is: deny him, forswear him, or else we are all undone.

LUCENTIO

[Kneeling] Pardon, sweet father.

VINCENTIO

Lives my sweet son?

Exeunt BIONDELLO, TRANIO, and Pedant, as fast as may be

BIANCA

Pardon, dear father.

BAPTISTA

How hast thou offended?
Where is Lucentio?

LUCENTIO

Here's Lucentio, (*points at self*)
Right son to the right Vincentio;
That have by marriage made thy daughter mine,
While counterfeit supposes bleared thine eyne.

GREMIO

Here's packing, with a witness to deceive us all!

VINCENTIO

Where is that damned villain Tranio,
That faced and braved me in this matter so?

BAPTISTA

Why, tell me, is not this my Cambio?

BIANCA

Cambio is changed into Lucentio.

LUCENTIO

Love wrought these miracles. Bianca's love
Made me exchange my state with Tranio,
While he did bear my countenance (identity) in the
town;
And happily I have arrived at the last
Unto the wished haven of my bliss.
What Tranio did, myself enforced him to;
Then pardon him, sweet father, for my sake.

VINCENTIO

I'll slit the villain's nose, that would have sent
me to the gaol.

BAPTISTA

But do you hear, sir? have you married my daughter
without asking my good will?

VINCENTIO

Fear not, Baptista; we will content you, go to: but
I will in, to be revenged for this villainy (mischief).

Exit

BAPTISTA

And I, to sound the depth of this knavery.

Exit

LUCENTIO

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

Exeunt LUCENTIO and BIANCA

GREMIO

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

Exit

KATHARINA

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

PETRUCHIO

First kiss me, Kate, and we will.

KATHARINA

What, in the midst of the street?

PETRUCHIO

What, art thou ashamed of me?

KATHARINA

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

PETRUCHIO

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

KATHARINA

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

PETRUCHIO

Is not this well? Come, my sweet Kate:
Better once than never, for never too late. *Exeunt*

SCENE II. Padua. LUCENTIO'S house.

Enter BAPTISTA, VINCENTIO, GREMIO, the Pedant, LUCENTIO, BIANCA, PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, HORTENSIO, and Widow, TRANIO, BIONDELLO, and GRUMIO (SHAKESPEARE'S CLOWN/JESTER) the Serving-men with Tranio bringing in a banquet

LUCENTIO

At last, though long, our jarring notes agree:
And time it is, when raging war is done,
To smile at scapes and perils overblown.
My fair Bianca, bid my father welcome,
While I with self-same kindness welcome thine.
Brother Petruchio, sister Katharina,
And thou, Hortensio, with thy loving widow,
Feast with the best, and welcome to my house:
My banquet is to close our stomachs up,
After our great good cheer. Pray you, sit down;
For now we sit to chat as well as eat.

PETRUCHIO

Nothing but sit and sit, and eat and eat!

BAPTISTA

Padua affords this kindness, son Petruchio.

PETRUCHIO

Padua affords nothing but what is kind.

HORTENSIO

For both our sakes, I would that word were true.

PETRUCHIO

Now, for my life, Hortensio fears his widow.

Widow

Then never trust me, if I be afeard.

PETRUCHIO

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

Widow

He that is giddy thinks the world turns round.

PETRUCHIO

Roundly replied.

KATHARINA

Mistress, how mean you that?

Widow

Thus I conceive by him.

PETRUCHIO

Conceives by me! How likes Hortensio that?

HORTENSIO

My widow says, thus she conceives her tale.

PETRUCHIO

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

KATHARINA

'He that is giddy thinks the world turns round.'
I pray you, tell me what you meant by that.

Widow

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

KATHARINA

A very mean meaning.

Widow

Right, I mean you.

KATHARINA

And I am mean indeed, respecting you.

PETRUCHIO

To her, Kate!

HORTENSIO

To her, widow!

PETRUCHIO

A hundred marks, my Kate does put her down.

HORTENSIO

That's my office.

PETRUCHIO

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

Drinks to HORTENSIO

BAPTISTA

How likes Gremio these quick-witted folks?

GREMIO

Believe me, sir, they butt together well.

BIANCA

Head, and butt! an hasty-witted body
Would say your head and butt were head and horn.

VINCENTIO

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

BIANCA

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

PETRUCHIO

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

BIANCA

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

Exeunt BIANCA, KATHARINA, and Widow

PETRUCHIO

She hath prevented me. Here, Signior Tranio.
This bird you aim'd at, though you hit her not;
Therefore a health to all that shot and miss'd.

TRANIO

O, sir, Lucentio slipp'd me like his greyhound,
Which runs himself and catches for his master.

PETRUCHIO

A good swift simile, but something currish.

TRANIO

'Tis well, sir, that you hunted for yourself:
'Tis thought your deer does hold you at a bay.

BAPTISTA

O ho, Petruchio! Tranio hits you now.

LUCENTIO

I thank thee for that gird, good Tranio.

HORTENSIO

Confess, confess, hath he not hit you here?

PETRUCHIO

A' has a little gall'd me, I confess;
And, as the jest did glance away from me,
'Tis ten to one it maim'd you two outright.

BAPTISTA

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

PETRUCHIO

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

HORTENSIO

Content. What is the wager?

LUCENTIO

Twenty crowns.

PETRUCHIO

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

LUCENTIO
A hundred then.

HORTENSIO
Content.

PETRUCHIO
A match! 'tis done.

HORTENSIO
Who shall begin?

LUCENTIO
That will I.
Go, Biondello, bid your mistress come to me.

BIONDELLO
I go.

Exit

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

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

Re-enter BIONDELLO

How now! what news?

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

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

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

PETRUCHIO

I hope better.

HORTENSIO
Sirrah Biondello, go and entreat my wife
To come to me forthwith.

Exit BIONDELLO

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

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

Re-enter BIONDELLO

Now, where's my wife?

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

PETRUCHIO
Worse and worse; she will not come! O vile,
Intolerable, not to be endured!
Sirrah Grumio, go to your mistress;
Say, I command her to come to me.

*Exit GRUMIO (SHAKESPEARE'S
CLOWN/JESTER)*

HORTENSIO
I know her answer.

PETRUCHIO
What?

HORTENSIO
She will not.

PETRUCHIO
The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.

BAPTISTA

Now, by my holidame, here comes Katharina!

Re-enter KATHARINA

KATHARINA

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

PETRUCHIO

Where is your sister, and Hortensio's wife?

KATHARINA

They sit conferring by the parlor fire.

PETRUCHIO

Go fetch them hither: if they deny to come.
Swinge me(whip) them soundly forth unto their
husbands:
Away, I say, and bring them hither straight.

Exit KATHARINA

LUCENTIO

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

HORTENSIO

And so it is: I wonder what it bodes.

PETRUCHIO

Marry, peace it bodes, and love and quiet life,
And awful rule and right supremacy;
And, to be short, what not, that's sweet and happy?

BAPTISTA

Now, fair befall thee, good Petruchio!
The wager thou hast won; and I will add
Unto their losses twenty thousand crowns;
Another dowry to another daughter,
For she is changed, as she had never been.

PETRUCHIO

Nay, I will win my wager better yet
And show more sign of her obedience,
Her new-built virtue and obedience.
See where she comes and brings your froward

wives

As prisoners to her womanly persuasion.

Re-enter KATHARINA, with BIANCA and Widow

Katharina, that cap of yours becomes you not:
Off with that bauble, throw it under-foot.

Widow

Lord, let me never have a cause to sigh,
Till I be brought to such a silly pass!

BIANCA

Fie! what a foolish duty call you this?

LUCENTIO

I would your duty were as foolish too:
The wisdom of your duty, fair Bianca,
Hath cost me an hundred crowns since supper-time.

BIANCA

The more fool you, for laying on my duty.

PETRUCHIO

Katharina, I charge thee, tell these headstrong
women
What duty they do owe their lords and husbands.

Widow

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

PETRUCHIO

Come on, I say; and first begin with her.

Widow

She shall not.

PETRUCHIO

I say she shall: and first begin with her.

KATHARINA

Fie, fie! unknit that threatening unkind brow,
And dart not scornful glances from those eyes,
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor:

It blots thy beauty as frosts do bite the meads,
Confounds thy fame as whirlwinds shake fair buds,
And in no sense is meet or amiable.
A woman moved is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty;
And while it is so, none so dry or thirsty
Will deign to sip or touch one drop of it.
Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance commits his body
To painful labour both by sea and land,
To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,
Whilst thou liest warm at home, secure and safe;
And craves no other tribute at thy hands
But love, fair looks and true obedience;
Too little payment for so great a debt.
Such duty as the subject owes the prince
Even such a woman oweth to her husband;
And when she is froward, peevish, sullen, sour,
And not obedient to his honest will,
What is she but a foul contending rebel
And graceless traitor to her loving lord?
I am ashamed that women are so simple
To offer war where they should kneel for peace;
Or seek for rule, supremacy and sway,
When they are bound to serve, love and obey.
Why are our bodies soft and weak and smooth,
Unapt to toil and trouble in the world,
But that our soft conditions and our hearts
Should well agree with our external parts?
Come, come, you froward and unable worms!
My mind hath been as big as one of yours,
My heart as great, my reason haply more,
To bandy word for word and frown for frown;
But now I see our lances are but straws,
Our strength as weak, our weakness past compare,
That seeming to be most which we indeed least are.
Then vail your stomachs, for it is no boot,
And place your hands below your husband's foot:
In token of which duty, if he please,
My hand is ready; may it do him ease.

PETRUCHIO

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

LUCENTIO

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

VINCENTIO

'Tis a good hearing when children are toward.

LUCENTIO

But a harsh hearing when women are froward.

PETRUCHIO

Come, Kate, we'll to bed.

We three are married, but you two are sped.

To LUCENTIO

'Twas I won the wager, though you hit the white;
And, being a winner, God give you good night!

Exeunt PETRUCHIO and KATHARINA

HORTENSIO

Now, go thy ways; thou hast tamed a curst shrew.

LUCENTIO

'Tis a wonder, by your leave, she will be tamed so.

Exeunt