The Taming of the Shrew

by William Shakespeare

a version by Dominic Power
**Director's Note**

This play proved difficult, as we expected, but parts of it polished up much better than memories of past productions suggested they might. In particular, the Christopher Sly ‘Induction’ – or Prologue – which is often cut completely, we found a highly-wrought and almost Pirandellian experiment with a man’s sense of identity; cruel to a point, but ultimately redemptive; and profoundly class-based in an extraordinarily modern way.

But at the end of the play there is no follow-up, no Epilogue. For this production Dominic Power provided one, a new scene that would be attributed by one local critic to ‘an early quarto’. (There is no extant quarto of this play, it survives only in the Folio.) Sly awoke on the cold ground where he had fallen in a drunken stupor, to be brought slowly to a new reality by encounters with the same characters that had peopled the Induction: the Hostess, the Lord and his huntsmen, and the band of travelling players. In a story in which so many characters are trapped, or hide in, roles (shrew, lover, tutor, senex, husband, put-upon parent) Sly’s temporary release into a new persona had brought him to a new sense of his real self, of his own value and dignity.

This innovation could not, of course, disguise the difficulty we have with the central relationship between Kate and Petruchio. Even two hundred years ago, David Garrick altered the story to avoid it causing offence to women. More recently, the 2008 RSC production – which concluded with a semi-naked Petruchio/Sly being ritually humiliated – left the text intact but played it as heavily ironic, as an attack on male supremacy.

That solution denies what seems to me explicit in the text, that Shakespeare has Petruchio and Kate fall in love on their journey back to Padua from Petruchio’s country estate. It is hard for us now to accept that a man should successfully woo a woman by means of starvation, sleep deprivation and other forms of bullying. It is hard to accept that a woman, who has been subject to such treatment, should be genuinely attracted to its perpetrator unless she is suffering from the Stockholm syndrome. It is harder still to accept that a speech which is, by our lights, philosophically and politically abject, is the very opposite of abject in its tone; for Kate’s famous aria on wifely obedience is not forced and miserable, but assured and commanding. A woman who – contrary to tradition – has not been a free, untamed spirit, but one profoundly miserable in her life with her father and sister, appallingly parented and the prisoner of a shrewishness which has only deepened her misery by the hour, is released by her bully-husband into confidence and authority. This is completely unacceptable to the modern imagination. But there is no case, on psychological grounds, for arguing that the calm, controlled woman of the play’s end is a lesser person than the one we first encountered; a very strong case for arguing the opposite.

Lost amid the continuing furore is what the play has to say about marriage in the wider context. Kate and Petruchio are thrust together in an Elizabethan marriage market in which daughters are sold to the highest bidder, and women compete with each other as to how far they can exploit and rule the husbands they have vowed to ‘love, honour and obey’. But it is the other marriages, the one between the outwardly sweet but inwardly shrewish Bianca and the vapid Lucentio, and that between Hortensio and the Widow that most typify this society: deals born of cynical materialism and the incapacity of men and women to relate and speak to each other in an ordinarily human fashion. They unite men and women in romantic hyperbole, but separate them in everyday reality.

Petruchio insists on the biblical relationship between husband and wife, and Kate – willingly in the end, I believe – complies. Leo Wringer’s Petruchio went down on his knees to kiss the hand Saskia Portway’s Kate proffered him to step on – to me an utterly legitimate visualisation of the text, but not a ‘solution’ to the play’s sexual ethics. Producers and directors should either accept that there isn’t one, or leave the play alone.

Andrew Hilton
Production

This version of The Taming of the Shrew was first produced in Bristol by Shakespeare at the Tobacco Factory on the 7th February 2008.

Cast

Christopher Sly - Bill Wallis
Hostess and Widow - Francesca Ryan
Lord and Nicholas - Nicholas Gadd
1st Huntsman and Merchant - Jonathan Nibbs
2nd Huntsman, Scrivener, Tailor and Vincentio

Boy Player and Biondello - Oliver Millingham
1st Player, Gremio and Curtis - Paul Nicholson
Player and Petruchio - Leo Wringer
Player and Lucentio - Oliver le Sueur
Player and Grumio - Dan Starkey
Player and Baptista - Roland Oliver
Player and Hortensio - Philip Buck
Player and Tranio - Chris Donnelly
Player and Bianca - Annabel Scholey
Player and Katherina - Saskia Portway

Production

Director - Andrew Hilton
Associate Director - Dominic Power
Assistant Director - Emma Earle
Designer - Chris Gylee
Costume Supervisor - Rosalind Marshall
Lighting Designer - Tim Streader
Composer & Sound Designer - Dan Jones
Production Photographer - Graham Burke

Stage & Technical Management

Production Manager - Tim Hughes
Stage Manager - Jayne Byrom
Deputy Stage Manager - Eleanor Dixon
Assistant Stage Manager - Adam Moore
Part One

Prologue

Before an alehouse on a heath

Enter Hostess and Sly

Sly

I’ll pheeze you, in faith.

Hostess

A pair of stocks, you rogue!

Sly

Y’are a baggage, the Slys are no rogues. Look in the chronicles. We came in with Richard Conqueror. Therefore paucas pallabris, let the world slide. Sessa!

Hostess

You will not pay for the glasses you have burst?

Sly

No, not a denier. Go, by Saint 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 two Huntsmen

Lord

Huntsmen, I charge thee, tender well my hounds.
Breathe Merriman, the poor cur’s foaming still,
And couple Clowder with the deep-mouth’d brach.
Didst thou not see how Silver made it good
At the hedge corner, when all scent was lost?
I would not lose the dog for twenty pound.

1st Huntsman

Why, Belman is as good as he, my lord.
He cried upon it at the greatest loss
And twice today pick’d out the dullest scent.
Trust me, I take him for the better dog.

Lord

Thou art a fool. If Echo were as fleet
I would esteem him worth a dozen such.
But sup them well and look unto them all.
Tomorrow I intend to hunt again.

1st Huntsman

I will, my lord.

Lord

What’s there? One dead, or drunk? See, doth he breathe?

2nd 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?

1st Huntsman
Believe me, lord, I think he cannot choose.

2nd Huntsman
It would seem strange unto him when he wak’d.

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?’
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.
It will be pastime passing excellent,
If it be husbanded with modesty.

A trumpet sounds
Exit 2nd Huntsman

1st Huntsman
My lord, I warrant you we’ll play our part,
As he shall think by our true diligence
He is no less than what we say he is.

Lord
Let him be taken gently up to bed,
And each one to his office when he wakes.

Re-enter 2nd Huntsman with the Players

How now! Who is it?
2nd Huntsman  An’t please your honour, players
That offer service to your lordship.

Lord       Now, fellows, you are welcome.

1st Player  We thank your honour.

Lord       Do you intend to stay with me tonight?

1st 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 he woo’d the gentlewoman so well.
Sure ’twas apt and naturally perform’d.

1st Player  I think ’twas Soto that your honour means.

Lord       ’Tis very true. He did’st it excellent.
And you, boy, you play’d the gentlewoman?

Boy Player  Ay, sir.

Lord       Well, you are come to me in happy time,
The rather for I have some sport in hand
Wherein your cunning can assist me much.
I have a guest will hear you play tonight.
But I am doubtful of your modesties,
Lest over-eyeing of his odd behaviour -
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.

1st Player  Fear not, my lord, we can contain ourselves
Were he the veriest antic in the world.

Lord       Go, fellows, take them to the buttery,
And give them friendly welcome every one.
Let them want nothing that my house affords.

Exit Huntsmen with the Players

SIRRah – I must borrow you.

Boy Player  My lord?

Lord       Fit you as a gentlewoman once more
And bear yourself with honourable action,
Such as you have observ’d in noble ladies
Unto their lords. This night shall you
Such sweet courtesy to my guest perform
That he – whose rage makes every lady flee -
Shall fancy you his own, and all that went before
A dream from which he is awak’ed.

Boy Player  My lord, will such a practice be believ’d?

Lord    It will, and you shall bring him to himself.
         Anon I’ll give thee more instructions.
         
         Exit Boy Player

I long to hear him call this drunkard ‘husband’,
And how my men will stay themselves from laughter.
I’ll in to counsel them. Haply my presence
May well abate the over-merry spleen
Which otherwise would grow into extremes.

Exit

Music and change of light
Sly wakes

Sly    For God’s sake, a pot of small ale!

Enter Huntsmen and Lord as Servants

1st Huntsman  Will’t please your lordship drink a cup of sack?

2nd Huntsman  Will’t please your honour taste of these conserve?

Lord    What raiment will your honour wear today?

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 Burton Heath, 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 lying’st knave in Christendom. What, I am not
       bestraught. A pot of –

1st Huntsman  O, this it is that makes your lady mourn!
2nd Huntsman  O, this is it that makes your servants droop!

Lord    Hence comes it that your kindred shuns your house,
As beaten hence by your strange lunacy.
O noble lord, bethink thee of thy birth,
Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment
And banish hence these abject lowly dreams.
Look how thy servants do attend on thee,
Each in his office ready at thy beck.
Wilt thou have music?  Hark, Apollo plays
And twenty caged nightingales do sing.
Or wilt thou sleep?  We’ll have thee to a couch
Softer and sweeter than the lustful bed
On purpose trimm’d up for Semiramis.
Say thou wilt walk?  We will bestrew the ground.
Or wilt thou ride?  Thy horses shall be trapp’d,
Their harness studded all with gold and pearl.
Dost thou love hawking?  Thou hast hawks will soar
Above the morning lark.  Or wilt thou hunt?
Thy hounds shall make the welkin answer them
And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth.

1st Huntsman  Say thou wilt course?  Thy greyhounds are as swift
As breathed stags, ay, fleeter than the roe.

2nd Huntsman  Dost thou love pictures?  We will fetch thee straight
Adonis painted by a running brook,
And Cytherea all in sedges hid,
Which seem to move and wanton with her breath,
Even as the waving sedges play with wind.

Lord    We’ll show thee Io as she was a maid,
And how she was beguiled and surpris’d,
As lively painted as the deed was done.

2nd Huntsman  Or Daphne roaming through a thorny wood,
Scratching her legs that one shall swear she bleeds,
And at that sight shall sad Apollo weep,
So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn.

Lord    Thou art a lord, and nothing but a lord.
Thou hast a lady far more beautiful
Than any woman in this waning age.

1st Huntsman  And till the tears that she hath shed for thee
Like envious floods o’erran her lovely face,
She was the fairest creature in the world.
And yet she is inferior to none.

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 Christoproho Sly.
Well, bring our lady hither to our sight.
And once again, a pot o’ the smallest ale.

2nd Huntsman

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

Sly

These fifteen years? By my fay, a goodly nap.
But did I never speak in all that time?

1st Huntsman

O, yes, my lord, but very idle words.
For though you lay here in this goodly chamber,
Yet would you say ye were beaten out of door
And rail upon the hostess of the house
And say you would present her at th’ assize
Because she brought stone jugs and no seal’d quarts.
Sometimes you would call out for Cicely Hacket.

Sly

Ay, the woman’s maid of the house.

2nd Huntsman

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

Sly

Now Lord be thanked for my good amends!

ALL

Amen.

Sly

I thank thee. Thou shalt not lose by it.

Lord

Come, my Lady.

Enter Boy Player as a lady

Boy Player

How fares my noble lord?

Sly

Marry, I fare well for here is cheer enough.
Where is my wife?
Boy Player  Here, noble lord. What is thy will with her?
Sly  Are you my wife and will not call me husband?
    My men should call me ‘lord’. I am your goodman.
Boy Player  My husband and my lord, my lord and husband.
    I am your wife in all obedience.
Sly  I know it well. What must I call her?
Lord  Madam.
Sly  Alice madam, or Joan madam?
Lord  ‘Madam’ and nothing else. So lords call ladies.
Sly  Madam wife, they say that I have dream’d
    And slept above some fifteen year or more.
Boy Player  Ay, and the time seems thirty unto me,
    Being all this time abandon’d from your bed.
Sly  ’Tis much. Servants, leave me and her alone.
    Madam, undress you and come now to bed.
Boy Player  Thrice noble lord, let me entreat of you
    To pardon me yet for a night or two,
    Or, if not so, until the sun be set.
    For your physicians have expressly charg’d,
    In peril to incur your former malady,
    That I should yet absent me from your bed.
    I hope this reason stands for my excuse.
Sly  Ay, it stands so that I may hardly tarry so long. But I would
    be loath to fall into my dreams again. I will therefore tarry in
    despite of the flesh and the blood.
Lord  Your honour’s players, hearing 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 comonty a Christmas
    gambol or a tumbling-trick?
Boy Player  No, my good lord. It is more pleasing stuff.
Sly  What, household stuff?
Boy Player

It is a kind of history.

Sly

Well, we’ll see’t. Come, madam wife, sit by my side
And let the world slip. We shall ne’er be younger.

Flourish

Scene 1 (Act1 Sc1)

Padua. A public place

Enter Lucentio and his man, Tranio

Lucentio

Tranio, since for the great desire I had
To see fair Padua, nursery of arts,
I am arriv’d in fruitful Lombardy,
And by my father’s love and leave am arm’d
With his goodwill and thy good company,
Here let us breathe and haply institute
A course of learning and ingenious studies.
Pisa, renowned for grave citizens,
Gave me my being and my father first,
A merchant of great traffic through the world,
Vincentio, come of the Bentivolii.
It shall well become me to serve his hopes
And deck his fortune with more 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 achiev’d.
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 checks
As Ovid be an outcast quite abjur’d.
Chop 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,

Boy Player leaves Sly’s side and exits

We could at once put us in readiness,
And take a lodging fit to entertain
Such friends as time in Padua shall beget.

Off, an argument heard

Lucentio
But stay a while, what company is this?

Enter Katherina and Bianca, followed by Baptista, Gremio and Hortensio

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

Gremio
To cart her rather. She’s too rough for me.
There, there, Hortensio, will you any wife?

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

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

Katherina
I’faith, sir, you shall never need to fear.
For marriage 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.

Hortensio
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 froward.

Lucentio
But in the other’s silence do I see
Maid’s mild behaviour and sobriety.
Peace, Tranio!

**Baptista**
Gentlemen, that I may soon make good
What I have said, Bianca, get you in.
Our house must shield thee from thy sister’s fame.
Till she be wed thou shalt not out of doors.
And let it not displease thee, good Bianca,
For I will love thee ne’er the less, my girl.

**Katherina**
A pretty pet! She were best
Put finger in the eye, and make her cry.

**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 look and practise by myself.

**Lucentio**
Hark, Tranio, thou may’st hear Minerva speak.

**Hortensio**
Signor Baptista, will you be so strange?
Sorry am I that our good will effects
Bianca’s grief.

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

**Baptista**
Gentlemen, content ye. I am resolv’d.
Go in, Bianca.

*Exit Bianca*

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 Signor 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. Katherina, you may stay,
For I have more to commune with Bianca.

*Exit*

**Katherina**
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?

*Exit*

**Gremio**
You may go to the devil’s dam. Your gifts are so good,
here’s none will hold you. There! Love is not so great, Hortensio, but we may blow our nails together and fast it fairly out. Our cake’s 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, Signor Gremio. But a word, I pray. Though the nature of our quarrel never yet brook’d 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 Bianca’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. Think’st 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 whipp’d at the high cross every morning.

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 maintain’d till 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, Signor 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! Farewell.

Exeunt Gremio and Hortensio severally

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 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, you look’d so longly on the maid,
Perhaps you mark’d not what’s the pith of all.

Lucentio
O yes, I saw sweet beauty in her face,
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 hard 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 elder 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,
So that she will not be annoy’d with suitors.

Lucentio
Ah, Tranio, what a cruel father’s he!
But art thou not advis’d 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, by this 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 be 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

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 chang’d into Lucentio.

**Biondello**  
The better for him. Would I were so too.

**Tranio**  
And, 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: thou must make one thyself  
Amongst these wooers. If thou ask me why  
Sufficeth my reasons are both good and weighty.

*Exeunt Lucentio and Tranio*

**Lord**  
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?

**Biondello**  
[In ‘Lady’s’ voice] My lord, ’tis but begun.

*Exit after Lucentio and Tranio*

**Sly**  
’Tis a very excellent piece of work, madam lady. Would  
’twere done!

**Scene 2** (Act1 Sc2)

Padua. Before Hortensio’s house  
*Enter Petruchio and his man Grumio*

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

**Grumio**  
Knock, sir? Whom should I knock? Is there man has rebus’d  
your worship?

**Petruchio**  
Villain, I say, knock me here soundly.

**Grumio**  
Knock you here, sir? Why, sir, what am I, sir, that I should  
knock you here, sir?
Petruchio Villain, I say, knock me at this gate, And rap me well, or I’ll knock your knave’s pate.  

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

Petruchio Will it not be? Faith, sirrah, an you’ll not knock, I’ll ring it. I’ll try how you can solfa and sing it.

He wrings him by the ears

Grumio Help, masters, help! My master is mad.

Petruchio Now, knock when I bid you, sirrah villain!

Enter Hortensio

Hortensio How now, what’s the matter? My old friend Grumio, and my good friend Petruchio? How do you all at Padua?

Petruchio Signor Hortensio, come you to part the fray? Con tutto il cuore, ben trovato, may I say.

Hortensio Alla nostra casa ben venuto, Molto honorato signor mio Petruchio. Rise, Grumio, rise. We will resolve this quarrel.

Grumio Nay, ’tis no matter, sir, what he ’leges in Latin. If this be not a lawful case for me to leave his service - look you, sir, he bid me knock him and rap him soundly, sir. Well, was it fit for a servant to use his master so?

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

Grumio Knock at the gate? O heavens! Spake you not these words plain, ‘Sirrah, knock me here, rap me here, knock me well, and knock me soundly’? And come you now with, ‘knocking at the gate’?

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

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

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

Hortensio Petruchio, shall I then come roundly to thee
And wish thee to a shrewd ill-favour’d wife?
Thou’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 Signor Hortensio, ’twixt such friends as we
Few words suffice. And therefore, if thou know
One rich enough to be Petruchio’s wife -
As wealth is burden of my wooing dance -
Be she 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 Nay, look you, sir, he tells you flatly what his mind is. Why,
give him gold enough and marry him to an old trot with
ne’er a tooth in her head, though she have as many diseases
as two and fifty horses. Why, nothing comes amiss, so
money comes withal.

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

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

**Hortensio**
Her father is Baptista Minola,
An affable and courteous gentleman.
Her name is Katherina Minola,
Renown’d in Padua for her scolding tongue.

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

**Grumio**
I pray you, sir, let him go while the humour lasts. She may perhaps call him half a score knaves or so - why, that’s nothing. He will throw a figure in her face and so disfigure her with it that she shall have no more eyes to see withal than a cat. You know him not, sir.

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

**Grumio**
‘Katherine the curst’?
A title for a maid of all titles the worst.

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

**Grumio**
Here’s no knavery. See, to beguile the old folks, how the young folks lay their heads together!

*Enter Gremio, with Lucentio disguised as a schoolmaster*
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    A proper stripling and an amorous!

Gremio    O, very well. I have perus’d 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
           Signor Baptista’s liberality,
           I’ll mend it with a largess. Take your paper too.
           And let me have them very well perfum’d
           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, stand you so assur’d,
           As firmly as yourself were in my place -
           Yea, and perhaps with more successful words
           Than you, unless you were a scholar, sir.

Gremio    O this learning, what a thing it is!
Gremio    O this woodcock, what an ass it is!

Lucentio  Grumio, mum! God save you, Signor Gremio.

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

Hortensio  ’Tis well. And I have met a gentleman
           Hath promis’ed me to help me to another,
           A fine musician to instruct our mistress,
           So shall I no whit be behind in duty
           To fair Bianca, so belov’d of me.

Gremio    Belov’d of me, and that my deeds shall prove.

Grumio    And that his bags shall prove.
Hortensio

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

Gremio

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

Petruchio

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

Gremio

No? Say'st me so, friend? What countryman?

Petruchio

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

Gremio

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

Petruchio

Will I live?

Grumio

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

For he fears none.

Gremio

Hortensio, hark.
This gentleman is happily arriv'd,
My mind presumes, for his own good and yours.

Hortensio

I promis'd we both would be contributors
And bear his charge of wooing, whatsoe'er.

**Gremio**
And so we will, provided that he win her.

**Grumio**
I would I were as sure of a good dinner.

*Enter Tranio and Biondello*

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

**Petruchio**
He that has the two fair daughters - is’t he you mean?

**Tranio**
Even he, sir.

**Hortensio**
You stand before his door.

**Gremio**
Hark you, sir, your name? And what is’t you do?

**Tranio**
Lucentio, son to Vincentio of Pisa, new
Arriv’d to woo Baptista’s daughter.

**Petruchio**
Not her that chides, sir, by any chance, I pray?

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

**Lucentio**
Well begun, Tranio.

**Hortensio**
Sir, a word ere you go.
Are you a suitor to the fair Bianca, yea or no?

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

**Gremio**
No. If without more words you will get you hence.

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

**Gremio**
But so is not she.

**Tranio**
For what reason, I beseech you?

**Gremio**
For this reason, if you’ll know,
That she’s the choice love of Signor Gremio.

**Hortensio**
That she’s the chosen of Signor Hortensio.

**Tranio**
Softly, my masters! If you be gentlemen,
Do me this right, hear me with patience.
Baptista is a noble gentleman
To whom my father is not all unknown,
And were his daughter fairer than she is
She may more suitors have and me for one.
Fair Leda’s daughter had a thousand wooers.
Then well one more may fair Bianca have.
And so she shall. Lucentio shall make one,
Though Paris came in hope to speed alone.

Gremio What, this gentleman will out-talk us all!

Lucentio Sir, give him head, I know he’ll prove a jade.

Petruchio Hortensio, to what end are all these words?

Hortensio Sir, let me be so bold as ask you,
Did you yet ever see Baptista’s daughter?

Tranio No, sir, but hear I do that he hath two,
The one as famous for a scolding tongue
As is the other for beauteous modesty.

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

Gremio Yea, leave that labour to great Hercules.

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

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

Hortensio The motion’s good indeed and be it so.
Petruchio, I shall be your *ben venuto*.

*Exeunt*
Scene 3 (Act2 Sc1)

Padua. A room in Baptista’s house

Enter Katherina and Bianca

Bianca

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

Katherina

Of all thy suitors here I charge thee tell
Whom thou loveth 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.

Katherina

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.

Katherina

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.

Katherina  [Striking her] If that be jest, then all the rest was so.

Enter Baptista

Baptista

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

Katherina

Her silence flouts me, and I’ll be reveng’d.

Baptista

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

Exit Bianca

Katherina

What, will you not suffer me? Nay, now I see
She is your treasure, she must have a husband.
I must dance barefoot 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 griev’d as I?

Enter Gremio, Lucentio as Cambio, Petruchio with Hortensio as Licio, and Tranio with Biondello bearing a lute 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 Katherina, fair and virtuous?

Baptista  I have a daughter, sir, called Katherina.

Gremio  You are too blunt. Go to it orderly.

Petruchio  You wrong me, Signor Gremio, give me leave.
I am a gentleman of Verona, sir,
That, hearing of her beauty and her wit,
Her affability and bashful modesty,
Her wondrous qualities and mild behaviour,
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,
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 Katherina, this I know,
She is not for your turn, the more my grief.

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

Baptista  Mistake me not, I speak but as I find.
Whence are you, sir? What may I call your name?

Petruchio  Petruchio is my name, Antonio’s son,
A man well known throughout all Italy.
Baptista  I know him well. You are welcome for his sake.

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

Petruchio  O, pardon me, Signor Gremio - I would fain be doing.

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 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, Signor 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

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
Signor 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 decreas’d.
Then tell me, if I get your daughter’s love
What dowry shall I have with her to wife?

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

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

Baptista
Ay, when the special thing is well obtain’d,
That is, her love. For that is all in all.

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

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

Petruchio
Ay, to the proof, as mountains are for winds,
That shake not, though they blow perpetually.

Re-enter Hortensio, with his head broke

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 practice with my younger daughter.
   She’s apt to learn and thankful for good turns.
   Signor Petruchio, will you go with us
   Or shall I send my daughter Kate to you?

Petruchio  I pray you do. I will attend her here,

   Exeunt all but Petruchio

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

   Enter Katherina

   Good morrow, Kate, for that’s your name, I hear.
Katherina

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

Petruchio

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

Katherina

‘Mov’d’ - in good time! Let him that mov’d you hither
Remove you hence. I knew you at the first
You were a movable.

Petruchio

Why, what’s a moveable?

Katherina

A joint stool.

Petruchio

Thou hast hit it. Come, sit on me.

Katherina

Asses are made to bear, and so are you.

Petruchio

Women are made to bear, and so are you.

Katherina

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 -

Katherina

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

Petruchio

‘Should be’! Should - buzz!

Katherina

Well ta’en, though like a buzzard.

Petruchio

O slow-wing’d turtle, shall a buzzard take thee?

Katherina

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

Petruchio

Come, come, you wasp! I’ faith, you are too angry.

Katherina

If I be waspish, best beware my sting.

Petruchio

My remedy is then to pluck it out.

Katherina

Ay, if the fool could find it where it lies

Petruchio

Who knows not where a wasp does wear his sting?
In his tail.
Katherina In his tongue.
Petruchio Whose tongue?
Katherina 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 -
Katherina That I'll try. She strikes him

Petruchio I swear I'll cuff you if you strike again.
Katherina 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.
Katherina What is your crest - a coxcomb?
Petruchio A combless cock, so Kate will be my hen.
Katherina No cock of mine. You crow too like a craven.
Petruchio Nay, come, Kate, come, you must not look so sour.
Katherina It is my fashion when I see a crab.
Petruchio Why, here's no crab and therefore look not sour.
Katherina There is, there is.
Petruchio Then show it me.
Katherina Had I a glass, I would.
Petruchio What, you mean my face?
Katherina Well aim'd of such a young one.
Petruchio Now, by Saint George, I am too young for you.
Katherina Yet you are wither'd.
Petruchio 'Tis with cares.
Katherina I care not.
Petruchio Nay, hear you, Kate - in sooth you 'scape not so.
Katherina I chafe you, if I tarry. Let me go.
Petruchio No, not a whit. I find you passing gentle.
'Twas told me you were rough and coy and sullen
And now I find report a very liar,
For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous,
But soft in speech, yet sweet as springtime 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 sland’rous 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.

Katherina  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!

Katherina  Where did you study all this goodly speech?

Petruchio  It is extempore, from my mother-wit.

Katherina  A witty mother! Witless else her son.

Petruchio  Am I not wise?

Katherina  Yes, keep you warm.

Petruchio  Marry, so I mean, sweet Katherine, 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, nil 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 Katherine to my wife.

Enter Baptista, Gremio and Tranio

Baptista  Now, Signor 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 Katherine, in your dumps?
Katherina  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 Griselda will outshine,
           And Rome’s Lucretia for her chastity.
           And to conclude, we have ‘greed so well together
           That upon Sunday is the wedding day.

Katherina  I’ll see thee hang’d on Sunday first.
Gremio    Hark, Petruchio, she says she’ll see thee hang’d first.
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 pleas’d, what’s that to you?
           ‘Tis bargain’d ‘twixt us twain, being alone,
           That she shall still be curst in company.
           I tell you, ‘tis incredible to believe
           How much she loves me - O the kindest Kate!
           She hung about my neck and kiss on kiss
           She vied so fast, protesting oath on oath,
           That in a twink she won me to her love.
           O you are novices!  ‘Tis a sight 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 Katherine shall be fine.

Baptista  I know not what to say, but give me your hands.
           God send you joy, Petruchio!  ‘Tis a match.
Gremio & 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 a’ Sunday.

Exeunt Petruchio and Katherina 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.

Tranio
’Twas a commodity lay fretting by you.
’Twill bring you gain, or perish on the seas.

Baptista
The gain I seek is quiet in the match.

Gremio
No doubt but he hath got a quiet catch.
But now, Baptista, to your younger daughter.
Now is the day we long have looked for.
I am your neighbour, and was suitor first.

Tranio
And I am one that love Bianca more
Than words can witness, or your thoughts can guess.

Gremio
Youngling, thou canst not love so dear as I.

Tranio
Greybeard, thy love doth freeze.

Gremio
But thine doth fry.
Skipper, stand back. ‘Tis age that nourisheth.

Tranio
But youth in ladies’ eyes that flourisheth.

Baptista
Content you, gentlemen. I will resolve this strife.
’Tis deeds must win the prize, and he of all
That can assure my daughter greatest dower
Shall have Bianca’s love. [Calling off] Curio! - I wonder why Hortensio be not by to show his hand,
Or has he quit the field, outshone by son
Of old Vincentio? Well, let him be.

Enter a Scrivener with paper and pen

Say, Signor 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,
Six score 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 tomorrow 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 Signor Gremio has in Padua.
Besides two thousand ducats by the year
Of fruitful land, all which shall be her jointure.
What, have I pinch’d you, Signor Gremio?

Gremio [Aside] 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 Marsellis’ road.
What, have I chok’d you with an argosy?

Tranio Gremio, ’tis known my father hath no less
Than three great argosies, besides two galliasses
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 outvied.

Baptista I must confess your offer is the best
And, let your father make her the assurance,
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 resolv’d:
On Sunday next you know
My daughter Katherine is to be married.
Now, if Vincentio your father make me
This assurance, on the Sunday following
Shall Bianca be bride to you. If not,
To Signor Gremio.
And so I take my leave, and thank you both.

**Gremio**

Adieu, good neighbour.

Now I fear thee not.
Sirrah young gamester, your father is no 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.

**Tranio**

A vengeance on your crafty wither'd hide!
Yet this far I’ve fac’d it with an empty hand
I see no reason but suppos’d Lucentio
Must get a father, call’d ‘suppos’d 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.

**Scene 4** (Act3 Sc1)

The same

**Enter Lucentio, Hortensio and Bianca**

**Lucentio**

Fiddler, forbear. You grow too forward, sir.
Have you so soon forgot the entertainment
Her sister Katherine welcom’d you withal?

**Hortensio**

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

**Lucentio**

Preposterous ass, that never read so far
To know the cause why music was ordain’d!
Was it not to refresh the mind of man
After his studies or his usual pain?
Then give me leave to read philosophy
And, while I pause, serve in your harmony.
Hortensio  Sirrah, I will not bear these braves of thine!

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

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:

\[ \text{Hic ibat Simois, hic est Sigeia tellus,} \\
\text{Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis.} \]

Bianca  Construe them.

Lucentio  \text{Hic ibat}, as I told you before - \text{Simois}, I am Lucentio - \text{hic est},
son unto Vincentio of Pisa - \text{Sigeia tellus}, disguised thus to
get your love - \text{Hic steterat}, and that Lucentio that comes a-
wooing - \text{Priami}, is my man Tranio - \text{regia}, bearing my part
to thy father - \text{celsa senis}, that we might outmatch Hortensio
and the old pantaloon.

Hortensio  Madam, my instrument’s in tune.

Bianca  Let’s hear. O fie, the treble jars!

Lucentio  Spit in the hole, man, and tune again.

Bianca  Now let me see if I can construe it: \text{Hic ibat Simois}, I know
you not - \text{hic est Sigeia tellus}, I trust you not - \text{Hic steterat}
\text{Priami}, take heed he hear us not - \text{Regia}, presume not - \text{celsa senis}, despair not.

Hortensio  Madam, ’tis now in tune.

Lucentio  All but the base.

Hortensio  [Aside] The base is right. ’Tis the base knave that jars.
How fiery and forward our Pedant is!
Now, for my life, the knave doth court my love.
Pedascule, I’ll watch you better yet.

Bianca  In time I may believe, yet I mistrust.

Lucentio  Mistrust it not - For, sure, Aeacides
Was Ajax, call’d so from his grandfather.

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

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

Lucentio Are you so formal, sir? Well, I must wait,
[Aside] And watch withal, for but I be deceiv’d,
Our fine musician groweth amorous.

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

Bianca Why, I am past my gamut long ago.

Hortensio Yet read the gamut of Hortensio.

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

Enter a Servant

Servant Mistress, your father prays you leave your books
And help to dress your sister’s chamber up.
You know tomorrow 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 5 (Act3 Sc2)

Padua. Before the Church

Baptista, Gremio, Katherina, Bianca and a Priest

Baptista Signor Gremio, this is the ‘pointed day
That Katherine 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 Gremio to this shame of ours?

Katherina No shame but mine. I must, forsooth, be forc’d
To give my hand oppos’d against my heart
Unto a mad-brain rudesby full of spleen
Who woo’d in haste and means to wed at leisure.
I told you, I, he was a frantic fool,
Hiding his bitter jests in blunt behaviour,
And to be noted for a merry man
He’ll woo a thousand, ‘point the day of marriage,
Make feast, invite friends and proclaim the banns,
Yet never means to wed where he hath woo’d.
Now must the world point at poor Katherine
And say, ‘Lo, there is mad Petruchio’s wife,
If it would please him come and marry her!’

Gremio Patience, good Katherine, and Baptista, too.
Upon my life, Petruchio means but well,
Whatever fortune stays him from his word.
Though he be blunt, let us believe him wise.
Though he be merry, yet I hope he’s honest.

Katherina Would Katherine had never seen him, though!

Exit weeping

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

Biondello  Master, master, news! And such old 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.

Gremio  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 turn’d, a pair of boots that have been candle-cases - one buckl’d, another lac’d - an old rusty sword ta’en out of the town armory with a broken hilt and shapeless, his horse hipp’d - with an old mothy saddle and stirrups of no kindred - besides, possess’d with the glanders and like to mose in the chine, troubl’d with the lampass, infected with the fashions, full of windgalls, sped with spavins, ray’d with the yellows, past cure of the fives, stark spoil’d with the staggers, begnawn with the bots, sway’d in the back and shoulder-shotten, near-legg’d before and with a half-cheek’d bit and a headstall of sheep’s leather which being restrain’d to keep him from stumbling hath been often burst and now repair’d with knots, one girth six times piec’d, and a woman’s crupper of velour which hath two letters for her name fairly set down in studs and here and there piec’d with packthread -

Baptista  Who comes with him?

Biondello  O, sir, his lackey, for all the world caparison’d like the horse, with a linen stock on one leg and a kersey boot-hose on the other, garter’d with a red and blue list, an old hat and ‘the humour of forty fancies’ prick’d in’t for a feather. A monster, a very monster in apparel, and not like a Christian footboy or a gentleman’s lackey.

Gremio  ‘Tis some odd humour pricks him to this fashion.
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

Petruchio: Come, where be these gallants? Who’s at home?
Baptista: You are welcome, sir.
Petruchio: And yet I come not well?
Baptista: 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. Fie, doff this habit, shame to your estate, An eyesore to our solemn festival!

Gremio: And tell us, what occasion of import Hath all so long detain’d you from your wife And sent you hither so unlike yourself?
Petruchio: Tedium it were to tell, and harsh to hear. Sufficeth I am come to keep my word, Though in some part enforced to digress, Which, at more leisure, I will so excuse As you shall well be satisfied withal. But where is Kate? I stay too long from her.
The morning wears, ‘tis time we were at church.

**Gremio**

See not your bride in these unreverent robes.
Come home with me, and 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*

**Gremio**

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**

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

*Exeunt Baptista, Gremio, and Biondello*

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**Scene 6** *(Act3 Sc2)*

Outside Baptista’s house

*Enter Tranio and Lucentio*

**Lucentio**

Tranio, her love obtain’d, it needs to add
Assurance from my father of her dower –
My father that in Pisa lies and nothing
Knows of what befalls!

**Tranio**

Sir, be not afear’d.
As I before imparted to your worship,
I am to get a man - whate’er he be
It skills not much, we’ll fit him to our turn -
And he shall be thy father come from Pisa
To make assurance he will endow thee
With greater sums than I have promised.
So shall you quietly enjoy your hope
And marry sweet Bianca with consent.

**Lucentio**

Were it not that my fellow schoolmaster
Doth watch Bianca’s steps so narrowly,
'Twere good, methinks, to steal our marriage -
Which once perform'd, let all the world say no,
I'll keep her mine, despite of all the world.

Tranio That by degrees we mean to look into
And watch our vantage in this business.
We’ll overreach the greybeard, Gremio,
The narrow-prying father, Minola,
The quaint musician, amorous Licio,
All for my master’s sake, Lucentio.

Enter Gremio

Signor Gremio, came you from the church?

Gremio As willingly as e’er I came from school.

Tranio And is the bride and bridegroom coming home?

Gremio A bridegroom say you? ’Tis a groom indeed,
A grumbling groom, and that the girl shall find.

Tranio Curster than she? Why, ’tis impossible.

Gremio Why he’s a devil, a devil, a very fiend.

Tranio Why, she’s a devil, a devil, the devil’s dam!

Gremio Tut, she’s a lamb, a dove, a fool to him!
I’ll tell you, Sir Lucentio, when the priest
Should ask if Katherine should be his wife,
‘Ay, by gogs-wouns,’ quoth he, and swore so loud,
That, all amaz’d, the priest let fall the book,
And as he stoop’d again to take it up,
The mad brain’d bridegroom took him such a cuff
That down fell priest and book and book and priest.
‘Now take them up,’ quoth he, ‘if any list.’

Tranio What said the wench when he rose again?

Gremio Trembl’d and shook, for why he stamp’d and swore
As if the vicar meant to cozen him.
But after many ceremonies done
He calls for wine. ‘A health!’ quoth he - as if
He had been aboard, carousing to his mates
After a storm - quaff’d off the muscadel
And threw the sops all in the sexton’s face,
Having no other reason
But that his beard grew thin and hungerly.
This done, he took the bride about the neck
And kiss’d her lips with such a clamorous smack
That at the parting all the church did echo.
And I, seeing this, came thence for very shame.
And after me, I know, the rout is coming.
Such a mad marriage never was before.

Hark, hark! I hear the minstrels play.

Enter Petruchio, Katherina, Bianca, Baptista, Grumio, Biondello and the Priest

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

Baptista  Is’t possible you will away tonight?

Petruchio  I must away today, 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.

Petruchio  It cannot be.

Katherina  Let me entreat you.

Petruchio  I am content.

Katherina  Are you content to stay?

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

Katherina  Now, if you love me, stay.

Petruchio  Grumio, my horse.

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

Katherina  Nay, then,
            Do what thou canst, I will not go today,
            No, nor tomorrow, sir. There lies your way.
For me, I’ll not be gone till I please myself.

**Petruchio**

O Kate, content thee. Prithee, be not angry.

**Katherina**

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.

**Katherina**

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 anything,

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, Katherina, and Grumio*

**Baptista**

Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet ones.

**Gremio**

Went they not quickly, I should die with laughing.

**Tranio**

Of all mad matches never was the like.

**Lucentio**

Mistress, what’s your opinion of your sister?

**Bianca**

That, being mad herself, she’s madly mated.

**Gremio**

I warrant him, Petruchio is Kated.

**Baptista**

Neighbours and friends, though bride and bridegroom wants
For to supply the places at the table,

You know there wants no junkets at the feast.

Lucentio, you shall supply the bridegroom’s place
And let Bianca take her sister’s room.
Tranio: Shall sweet Bianca practise how to bride it?
Baptista: She shall, Lucentio. Come, gentlemen, let’s go.

Exeunt
Part Two

Scene 7 (Act 4 Sc1)

Petruchio’s country house

Enter Grumio

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

Curtis  Who is that calls so coldly?

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

Enter Curtis

Curtis  Grumio! Is my master and his wife coming, Grumio?

Grumio  O, ay, Curtis, ay, and therefore fire, fire. Cast on no water.

Curtis  Is she so hot a shrew as she’s reported?

Grumio  She was, good Curtis, before this frost. But, thou know’st winter tames man, woman and beast. But wilt thou make a fire, or shall I complain on thee to our mistress, whose hand, she being now at hand, thou shalt soon feel, to thy cold comfort, for being slow in thy hot office?

Curtis  There’s fire ready. And therefore, good Grumio, the news!

Grumio  Why, as much news as would thaw, for I have caught extreme cold. Where’s the cook? Is supper ready, the house trimm’d, rushes strew’d, cobwebs swept, the servingmen in their new fustian, their white stockings, and every officer his wedding garment on? Be the jacks fair within, the jills fair without, the carpets laid and every thing in order?

Curtis  All ready, and therefore, I pray thee, news!

Grumio  First, know, my horse is tir’d, my master and mistress fallen out.
Curtis How?

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

Curtis Let's ha't, good Grumio.

Grumio Lend thine ear.

Curtis Here.


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

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

Curtis Both of one horse?

Grumio What's that to thee?

Curtis Why, a horse.

Grumio Tell thou the tale. But hadst thou not cross'd me, thou shouldst have heard how her horse fell and she under her horse, thou shouldst have heard in how miry a place, how she was bemoil'd, how he left her with the horse upon her, how he beat me because her horse stumbl'd, how she waded through the dirt to pluck him off me, how he swore, how she pray'd that never pray'd before, how I cried, how the horses ran away, how her bridle was burst, how I lost my crupper, with many things of worthy memory, which now shall die in oblivion and thou return unexperienc'd to thy grave.

Curtis By this reckoning he is more shrew than she.

Grumio Ay, and that thou and the proudest of you all shall find when he comes home. But what talk I of this? Call forth Nicholas, Nathaniel, Joseph, Philip, Walter, Sugarsop and the rest. Let their heads be sleekly comb'd, their blue coats brush'd 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 Call them forth.

Curtis Do you hear, ho? You must meet my master to countenance my mistress.
Grumio Why, she hath a face of her own.
Curtis Who knows not that?

Enter Nicholas

Nicholas Welcome home, Grumio!
Grumio Philip.
Nicholas How now, Grumio?
Grumio Joseph.
Nicholas What, Grumio?
Grumio Nathaniel.
Nicholas How now, old lad?
Grumio Welcome, all. Now, my spruce companions, is all ready, and all things neat?
Nicholas All things is ready. How near is our master?
Grumio E’en at hand, alighted by this, and therefore be not –

Petruchio [Off] Where?
Grumio Cock’s passion, silence! I hear my master.

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

Nicholas Here, sir, here, sir, here, sir!

Enter Petruchio and Katherina

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 Here, sir. As foolish as I was before.

Petruchio You peasant swain! You whoreson malthorse drudge! Did I not bid thee meet me in the park And bring along these rascal knaves with thee?

Grumio 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 Nicholas Grumio and Curtis

[Singing] Where is the life that late I led?  
Where are those – ?

Sit down, Kate, and welcome.  
Food, food, food, food!

Re-enter Servants with supper

Why, when, I say?  Nay, good sweet Kate, be merry.  
[To Nicholas] Off with my boots, you rogue!  You villains, when?

It was the friar of orders grey,  
As he forth walked on his way –

Out, you rogue! you pluck my foot awry.  
[Striking him] Take that, and mend the plucking off the other.  
Be merry, Kate.  Some water, here!  What, ho!  
Where’s my spaniel Troilus?

Nicholas barks

Sirrah!  Get you hence,  
And bid my cousin Ferdinand come hither.

Exit Nicholas

One, Kate, that you must kiss and be acquainted with.  
Where are my slippers?  Shall I have some water?

Enter Grumio with water

Come, Kate, and wash, and welcome heartily.  
[Striking him] You whoreson villain!  Will you let it fall?

Katherina  
Patience, I pray you.  ’Twas a fault unwilling.

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

Enter Nicholas

Nicholas  
Here, sir.

Petruchio  
Who brought this?

Nicholas  
I, sir.

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?
There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all!

Throws the meat etc. about the stage

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

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

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

Exeunt

Enter Nicholas and Grumio

Nicholas
Grumio, didst ever see the like?

Grumio
He kills her in her own humour.

Enter Curtis

Curtis
In her chamber, making a sermon of continency 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 Servants

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-gorg’d,
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 today, nor none shall eat.
Last night she slept not, nor tonight 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 8** (Act 4 Sc 2)

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.

*Enter Bianca and Lucentio*

**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 of Love*.

**Bianca**

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

**Lucentio**

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

**Hortensio**

Quick proceeders, marry!  Now tell me, I pray,
You that durst swear that your mistress Bianca
Lov’d none in the world so well as Lucentio.

**Tranio**

O despiteful 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.
Know, sir, that I am call’d Hortensio.

**Tranio**  
Signor 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! Signor Lucentio,  
Here is my hand, and here I firmly vow  
Never to woo her 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 like 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 lov’d me  
As I have lov’d this proud disdainful haggard.  
And so farewell, Signor 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 woo’d and wedded in a day.

**Bianca**  
God give him joy!

**Enter Biondello**

**Biondello**  
O master, master, I have watch’d so long  
That I am dog weary, but at last I spied  
An ancient angel coming down the hill  
Will serve the turn.
Tranio What is he, Biondello?

Biondello Master, a mercatante, or a pedant,  
I know not what. But formal 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 my father here  
And give assurance to Baptista Minola  
As if he were the true Vincentio.  
Take in your love, and then let me alone.

_Exeunt Lucentio and Bianca_

Enter a Merchant

Merchant God save you, sir!

Tranio And you, sir! You are welcome.  
Travel you far on, or are you at the farthest?

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

Tranio What countryman, I pray?

Merchant Of Mantua.

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

Merchant 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.

Merchant 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 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?

Merchant Ay, sir, in Pisa have I often been,  
Pisa renowned for grave citizens.
Tranio Among them know you one Vincentio?

Merchant 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.

Tranio To save your life in this extremity,
This favour will I do you for his sake,
And think it not the worst of all your fortunes
That you are like to Sir Vincentio.
His name and credit shall you undertake
And in my house you shall be friendly lodg’d.
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.

Merchant 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 9 (Act4 Sc3)

A room in Petruchio’s house.
Enter Katherina and Grumio

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

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

Grumio  What say you to a neat’s foot?
Katherina  'Tis passing good, I prithee let me have it.
Grumio  I fear it is too choleric a meat.
How say you to a fat tripe finely broil’d?
Katherina  I like it well. Good Grumio, fetch it me.
Grumio  I cannot tell, I fear ’tis choleric.
What say you to a piece of beef and mustard?
Katherina  A dish that I do love to feed upon.
Grumio  Ay, but the mustard is too hot a little.
Katherina  Why then, the beef, and let the mustard rest.
Grumio  Nay then, I will not. You shall have the mustard
Or else you get no beef of Grumio.
Katherina  Then both, or one, or any thing thou wilt.
Grumio  Why then, the mustard without the beef.
Katherina  [Beating him] Go, get thee gone, thou false deluding slave,
That feed’st me with the very name of meat.
Sorrow on thee and all the pack of you
That triumph thus upon my misery!
Go, get thee gone, I say.

Enter Petruchio with meat

Petruchio  How fares my Kate? What, sweeting, all amort? What cheer?
Katherina  Faith, as cold as can be.
Petruchio  Pluck up thy spirits, look cheerfully upon me.
Here love, thou see’st how diligent I am
To dress thy meat myself and bring it thee.
I am sure, sweet Kate, this kindness merits thanks.
What, not a word? Nay, then thou lov’st it not
And all my pains is sorted to no proof.
Here, take away this dish.

**Katherina**
I pray you, let it stand.

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

**Katherina**
I thank you, sir.

**Petruchio**
I’ll bear you company.
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 farthingales and things,
With scarves and fans and double change of bravery,
With amber bracelets, beads and all this knavery.
What, hast thou din’d? The tailor stays thy leisure,
To deck thy body with his ruffling treasure.
Come, tailor, what’s the news with you, sir?

*Enter Tailor*

Lay forth the gown.

**Tailor**
Here is the cap your worship did bespeak.

**Petruchio**
Why, this was moulded on a porringer!
A velvet dish! Fie, fie, ’tis lewd and filthy.
Why, ’tis a cockle or a walnut shell,
A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby’s cap.
Away with it! Come, let me have a bigger.

**Katherina**
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.

**Grumio**
[Aside] That will not be in haste.

**Katherina**
Why, sir, I trust I may have leave to speak,
And speak I will. I am no child, no babe.
Your betters have endur’d 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 lik’st it not.

**Katherina**

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

**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, carv’d 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?

**Tailor**

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

**Petruchio**

Marry, and did. But if you be remember’d,
I did not bid you mar it to the time.
Go, hop me over every kennel home,
For you shall hop without my custom, sir.
I’ll none of it. Hence, make your best of it!

**Katherina**

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

**Petruchio**

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

**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!
Brav’d in mine own house with a skein of thread?
Away, thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant -
Or I shall so bemete thee with thy yard
As thou shalt think ‘fore prating if thou’dst live!
I tell thee, I, that thou hast marr’d her gown.

**Tailor**

Your worship is deceiv’d. The gown is made
Just as my master had direction.
Grumio gave order how it should be done.

**Grumio**

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

**Tailor**

But how did you desire it should be made?

**Grumio**

Marry, sir, with needle and thread.

**Tailor**

But did you not request to have it cut?
Grumio    Thou hast fac’d many things.
Tailor    I have.
Grumio    Face not me. Thou hast brav’d many men, brave not me. I will neither be fac’d nor brav’d. I say unto thee, I bid thy master cut out the gown but I did not bid him cut it to pieces. Ergo, thou liest.
Tailor    Why, here is the note of the fashion to testify.
Petruchio  Read it.
Grumio    The note lies in’s throat, if he say I said so.
Tailor    [Reads] ‘Imprimis, a loose-bodied gown.’
Grumio    Master, if ever I said loose-bodied gown, sew me in the skirts of it and beat me to death with a bottom of brown thread. I said a gown.
Petruchio  Proceed.
Tailor    ‘With a small compass’d cape.’
Grumio    I confess the cape.
Tailor    ‘With a trunk sleeve.’
Grumio    I confess two sleeves.
Tailor    ‘The sleeves curiously cut.’
Petruchio  Ay, there’s the villainy.
Grumio    Error i’ the bill, sir, error i’ the bill! I commanded the sleeves should be cut out and sew’d up again, and that I’ll prove upon thee, though thy little finger be arm’d in a thimble.
Tailor    This is true that I say. An I had thee in place where, thou shouldst know it.
Grumio    I am for thee straight. Take thou the bill, give me thy mete yard and spare not me.
Petruchio  Well, sir, in brief the gown is not for me.
Grumio    You are i’ the right, sir, ‘tis for my mistress.
Petruchio  Go, take it 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 in that?
Grumio    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

[Giving the Tailor money] Go take it hence. Be gone, and say no more.

Exit Tailor

Well, come, my Kate. We will unto your father’s
Even in these honest mean habiliments.
Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor,
For ’tis the mind that makes the body rich
And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds
So honour peereth in the meanest habit.
What, is the jay more precious than the lark
Because his feathers are more beautiful?
Or is the adder 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.
If thou account’st it shame, lay it on me,
And therefore frolic. We will henceforth
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.

Katherina

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

Petruchio

It shall be seven ere I go to horse.
Look, what I speak, or do, or think to do,
You are still crossing it. Sirs, let’t alone.
I will not go today, and ere I do,
It shall be what o’clock I say it is.

Exeunt

Scene 10 (Act4 Sc4)

Padua. Before Baptista’s house

Enter Tranio, and the Merchant dressed like Vincentio

Tranio

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

Merchant

Ay, what else? And but I be deceiv’d
Signor Baptista may remember me
Near twenty years ago, in Genoa
Where we were lodgers at the Pegasus.

Tranio  ‘Tis well, and hold your own, in any case,
With such austerity as ‘longeth to a father.

Merchant  I warrant you.

Enter Biondello

But, sir, here comes your boy.
’Twere good he were school’d.

Tranio  Fear you not him. Sirrah Biondello,
Now do your duty throughly, I advise you.
Imagine this the true Vincentio.

Biondello  Tut, fear not me.

Tranio  But hast thou done thy errand to Baptista?

Biondello  I told him that your father was at Venice,
But that you look’d for him this day in Padua.

Tranio  Thou’rt a tall fellow. Hold thee that to drink.
Here comes Baptista. Set your countenance, sir.

Enter Baptista and Lucentio

Signor Baptista, you are happily met.
Sir, this is the gentleman I told you of.
I pray you stand good father to me now,
Give me Bianca for my patrimony.

Merchant  Soft, son.
Sir, by your leave, having come to Padua
To gather in some debts, my son Lucentio
Made me acquainted with a weighty cause
Of love between your daughter and himself.
And, for the good report I hear of you
And for the love he beareth to your daughter
And she to him, to stay him not too long,
I am content, in a good father’s care,
To have him match’d. And if you please to like
No worse than I, upon some agreement
Me shall you find ready and willing
With one consent to have her so bestow’d.
For curious I cannot be with you,
Signor Baptista, of whom I hear so well.

Baptista  Sir, pardon me in what I have to say.
Your plainness and your shortness please me well.
Right true it is your son Lucentio here
Doth love my daughter and she loveth him -
Or both dissemble deeply their affections -
And therefore, if you say no more than this,
That like a father you will deal with him
And pass my daughter a sufficient dower,
The match is made, and all is done.
Your son shall have my daughter with consent.

Tranio I thank you, sir. Where then do you know best
We be affied and such assurance ta'en
As shall with either part’s agreement stand?

Baptista Not in my house, Lucentio. For, you know,
Pitchers have ears, and I have many servants.
Besides, old Gremio is heark’ning still
And haply we might be interrupted.

Tranio Then at my lodging, an it like you.
There doth my father lie, and there this night
We’ll pass the business privately and well.
Send for your daughter by your servant here.
My boy shall fetch the scrivener presently.
The worst is this, that at so slender warning
You are like to have but thin and slender cheer.

Baptista It likes me well. Cambio, hie you home
And bid Bianca make her ready straight.
And, if you will, tell her what hath happen’d.
Lucentio’s father is arriv’d in Padua,
And how she’s like to be Lucentio’s wife.

Exit Lucentio

Biondello I pray the gods she may with all my heart!
Tranio Dally not with the gods, but get thee gone.
Signor Baptista, shall I lead the way?
Welcome! One mess is like to be your cheer.
But come, sir, we will better it in Pisa.

Baptista I follow you.

Exeunt Tranio, Merchant, and Baptista

Biondello Cambio!

Re-enter Lucentio

Lucentio What sayest thou, Biondello?
Biondello You saw my master wink and laugh upon you?
Lucentio Biondello, what of that?
Biondello  Faith, nothing. But ’has left me here behind to expound the meaning or moral of his signs and tokens.

Lucentio  I pray thee, moralize them.

Biondello  Then thus. Baptista is safe, talking with the deceiving father of a deceitful son.

Lucentio  And what of him?

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

Lucentio  And then?

Biondello  The old priest of Saint Luke’s church is at your command at all hours.

Lucentio  And what of all this?

Biondello  I cannot tell, except they are busied about a counterfeit assurance. Take you true assurance of her, ‘cum privilegio ad imprindendum solum’. To the church! Take the priest, clerk, and some sufficient honest witnesses. If this be not that you look for, I have no more to say, but bid Bianca farewell for ever and a day.

Lucentio  Hear’st thou, Biondello -?

Biondello  I cannot tarry. I knew a wench married in an afternoon as she went to the garden for parsley to stuff a rabbit. And so may you, sir. [Aside] Or another. - And so, adieu, sir. I will to Saint Luke’s, to bid the priest be ready against you come with your appendix.

Exit

Lucentio  I may, and will, if she be so contented. She will be pleas’d, then wherefore should I doubt? Hap what hap may, I’ll roundly go about her. It shall go hard if Cambio go without her.

Exit

Scene 11  (Act4 Sc5)

A public road

Enter Petruchio, Katherina and Grumio

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

Katherina  The moon? The sun. It is not moonlight now.
Petruchio  I say it is the moon that shines so bright.
Katherina  I know it is the sun that shines so bright.
Petruchio  Now, by my mother’s son, and that’s myself,
          It shall be moon, or star, or what I list,
          Or ere I journey to your father’s house.
          Go on, and fetch our horses back again.
          Evermore cross’d and cross’d - nothing but cross’d!

Grumio  Say as he says, or we shall never go.
Katherina  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.
Katherina  I know it is the moon.
Petruchio  Nay, then you lie.  It is the blessed sun.
Katherina  Then, God be bless’d, it is the blessed sun.
          But sun it is not, when you say it is not,
          And the moon changes even as your mind.
          What you will have it nam’d, e’en that it is,
          And so it shall be so for Katherine.

Grumio  [Aside] Now, Master, go thy ways, the field is won.
Petruchio  Well, forward, forward!  Thus the bowl should run,
          And not unluckily against the bias.
          But, soft!  Company is coming here.

              Enter 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.

Katherina  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
            Allots thee for his lovely bedfellow!
Petruchio  Why, how now, Kate? I hope thou art not mad.
          This is a man, old, wrinkl’d, faded, wither’d,
          And not a maiden, as thou say’st he is.

Katherina Pardon, old father, my mistaking eyes,
          That have been so bedazzl’d 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 trav’lest. 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 amaz’d 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 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 not griev’d. She is of great esteem,
          Her dowry wealthy and of worthy birth.
          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?

Katherina  I do assure thee, father, so it is.

Petruchio  Come, go along, and see the truth hereof
          For our first merriment hath made thee doubt us.

    Exeunt
Scene 12 (Act5 Sc1)

Padua. Before Lucentio’s house.

Gremio out before

Enter 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 thee married, and then come back to my master’s as soon as I can.

Exeunt Lucentio, Bianca, and Biondello

Enter Petruchio, Katherina, Vincentio and Grumio

Petruchio Sir, here’s the door, this is Lucentio’s house.
I must to my father’s, and so 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

Merchant looks out of the window

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

Vincentio Is Signor Lucentio within, sir?

Merchant 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?

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

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

Merchant Thou liest. His father is come from Pisa and here looking out at the window.

Vincentio Art thou his father?

Merchant Ay, sir. So his mother says, if I may believe her.

Petruchio [To Vincentio] Why, how now, gentleman? Why, this is flat
knavery, to take upon you another man’s name.

**Merchant**

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

*Enter Biondello*

**Biondello**

I have seen them in the church together. God send ’em good shipping! But who is here? Mine old master Vincentio? Now we are undone and brought to nothing.

**Vincentio**

Come hither, crack-hemp.

**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**

*[Beating him]* Is’t so, indeed?

**Biondello**

Help, help, help! Here’s a madman will murder me.

*Exit*

**Merchant**

Help, son! Help, Signor Baptista!

*Exit from above*

**Petruchio**

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

*They retire*

*Enter Hortensio with the Widow*

**Hortensio**

What dreadful riot’s this?

**Gremio**

A comedy, if I am judge.

*Enter Merchant, Tranio, and Baptista*

**Tranio**

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**

How now, what’s the matter?

**Baptista**

What, is the man lunatic?
Tranio: 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! His father 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.

Merchant: Away, away, mad ass! His name is Lucentio and he is mine only son, and heir to the lands of me, Signor Vincentio.

Vincentio: Lucentio? O, he hath murder’d 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: Call forth an officer. Carry this mad knave to the gaol. Father Baptista, I charge you see that he be forthcoming.

Vincentio: Carry me to the gaol!

Gremio: Nay, brother, he shall not go to prison.

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

Gremio: Take heed, Signor Baptista, lest you be cony-catch’d in this business. I dare swear this is the true Vincentio.

Merchant: 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 Signor Lucentio.

Baptista: Away with the dotard, to the gaol with him!

Vincentio: Thus strangers may be hail’d and abus’d. O monstrous villain!

Enter Biondello, with Lucentio and Bianca

Biondello: O, we are spoil’d, 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 Merchant, as fast as may be

Bianca: Pardon, dear father.
Baptista  How hast thou offended?
Where is Lucentio?

Lucentio  Here’s Lucentio,
True son to the true Vincentio,
That have by marriage made thy daughter mine
While counterfeit supposes blear’d thine eyne.

Gremio  Here’s plotting, with a witness, to deceive us all!

Vincentio  Where is that damned villain Tranio
That fac’d and brav’d me in this matter so?

Baptista  Why, tell me, is not this my Cambio?

Bianca  Cambio is chang’d into Lucentio.

Lucentio  Love wrought these miracles. Bianca’s love
Made me exchange my state with Tranio,
While he did bear my countenance in the town,
And happily I have arriv’d at the last
Unto the wished haven of my bliss.
What Tranio did myself enforc’d 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.

Baptista  And I, to sound the depth of this knavery.

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.

Exeunt Gremio, Hortensio and Widow

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

Petruchio  First kiss me, Kate, and we will.

Katherina  What, in the midst of the street?

Petruchio  What, art thou asham’d of me?

Katherina  No, sir, God forbid. But asham’d to kiss.
Petruchio Why, then let’s home again. Come, sirrah, let’s away.
Katherina 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.

Exit Petruchio, Katherina and Grumio

Sly Now by my fay, I think t’was well perform’d.
Let them be rewarded, each to his desert,
But he that tam’d the wench receive the most.
See to it, sirrah.

Lord Stay, my lord, our play is not yet done

Sly I say there is no more, the wench is tam’d,
Did she not kiss where once she was asham’d.

Lord There wants but yet the taming to be known
For she’s not tam’d until her taming’s shown.

Sly Well let them to’t. I marvel my lady is not here. [Dropping to the floor] I do long to sleep.

Lord Anon we’ll bear you to your lady’s bed.
But soft awhile, our ending does begin.

Scene 13 (Act5 Sc2)

Padua. Lucentio’s house

Enter Lucentio and Bianca from the feast

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.

Enter Baptista, Vincentio, Gremio, Lucentio, Bianca, Petruchio, Katherina,
Hortensio and Widow with Tranio, Biondello, and Grumio

bringing in wine and conserves

My fair Bianca, bid my father welcome,
While I with selfsame kindness welcome thine.
Brother Petruchio, sister Katherina,
And thou, Hortensio, with thy loving widow,
All feasted with the best, and welcom’d to my house.
This 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.
Katherina 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.
Katherina ‘He that is giddy thinks the world turns round’ -
           I pray you, tell me what you meant by that.
Widow    Your husband, being troubl’d with a shrew, 
           Measures my husband’s sorrow by his woe. 
           And now you know my meaning.
Katherina A very mean meaning.
Widow    Right, I mean you.
Katherina But 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 frighted me. Therefore I’ll sleep again.

Petruchio  Nay, that you shall not. Since you have begun, Have at you for a bitter jest or two!

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

Exeunt Bianca, Katherina, and Widow

Petruchio  She hath prevented me. Here, ‘Signor’ 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, But, 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 on my hawk or hound, But twenty times so much upon my wife.

Lucentio  A hundred then.

Hortensio  Content.
'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's busy and she cannot come'?
Is that an answer?

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

Petruchio
I hope better.

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.

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 endur'd!
Sirrah Grumio, go to your mistress.
Say, I command her come to me.

Exit Grumio

Hortensio
I know her answer.

Petruchio
What?

Hortensio
She will not.

Petruchio
The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.
Baptista  Now, by my holy dame ... !  

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

Petruchio  Where is your sister, and Hortensio’s wife?  

Katherina  They sit conferring by the parlour fire.  

Petruchio  Go fetch them hither. If they deny to come  
Swinge me them soundly forth unto their husbands.  
Away, I say, and bring them hither straight.  

Exit Katherina  

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,  
An 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 chang’d, 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 complaisance.  
See where she comes and brings your froward wives  
As prisoners to her womanly persuasion.  

Enter Katherina, with Bianca and Widow  

Katherina, 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 a hundred crowns since supper time.  

Bianca  The more fool you, for laying on my duty.  

Petruchio  Katherina, 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.  

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Petruchio: Come on, I say. And first begin with her.

Widow: She shall not.

Petruchio: I say she shall. And first begin with her.

Katherina: 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 mov’d is like a fountain troubl’d,
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 asham’d 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.

Petruchio and Katherina embrace

Hortensio

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

Vincentio

’Tis a good hearing when children do obey.

Lucentio

But a harsh hearing when wives will have their way.

Petruchio

Come, Kate, we’ll to bed.
We three are married, but you two are sped.
’Twas I won the wager, though you hit the white,
And being the winner, God give you good night.

Exeunt Petruchio and Katherina

Hortensio

Now, go thy ways. Thou hast tam’d a curst shrew.

Lucentio

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

Music. The scene dissolves

Epilogue

Before an alehouse on a heath

Sly asleep on the ground. Enter Hostess

Hostess

Was ever such a night? The water is frozen in the pail and here’s ice upon the ground. What’s this? Old Sly stretched out, stiff as a marble monument. The cold has kill’d him sure. Now I repent me that I did scold him so, for he is gone and’s none here will mourn him.

Sly wakes

Sly

Good mistress, fetch my servant hither, and let my wife be call’d for. Here’s coin for thy pains.

Hostess

Not dead, you drunken devil? I’ll fetch no servants nor no wives. I’ll fetch a broom to you.

She attacks him with a broom

Sly

Hold! Hold! Some villain hath robb’d me.

Hostess

You robb’d! ’Tis I am robb’d of last night’s reckoning.
Sly  Woman, know you not who I am?

Hostess  Aye, I know you. Drunken Sly, thieving Sly, false Sly. A swearing, roaring, bragging beggar who has been a cost to the parish since the day he was born.

Sly  Nay then I am bewitch’d, for last night I lay in a great house upon a great couch, with a coat of finest cloth. And servants did wait on me, and a young wife did dote on me.

Hostess  Well go thy ways, fool – thou hast dream’d a dream.

Sly  Then t’was the rarest dream.

The Players enter, leaving the Lord’s house

1st Player  Nay, “Melchior, The King of Sicily”.
I the Tyrant, and you the Braggart play,
And you the Eunuch, grim and full of bile.

Hostess  Good morrow to you.

1st Player  Good morrow, mistress.

Boy Player  What part is there reserv’d this night for me.

1st Player  Footboy or wench, until thou grow a beard.

Boy Player  I trow my chin hath more hairs than your head.

Sly  There! There! You, boy, speak plain, do you know me?

Boy Player  If I did, ’twere strange, for I never clapp’d eyes on you ’til now.

1st Player  Come away. Farewell, mistress.

The Players exit

Sly  I care not for you, young sir, nor know you neither. I’ll ne’er trust ale again.

Hostess  Nay, the cold hath turn’d the little wit thou hadst. Hold thy tongue, and get thee indoors - there is a fire set.

Sly  I will anon.

Hostess  Was your dream so very rare?

Sly  In truth, I slept through much of it. But there were servants and my wife did vow a thousand times how she did love me.

Hostess  Did she so, Sly?

Sly  She hung upon my neck and press’d me to her breast and swore that she would die did I but frown.

Hostess  Oh, rare lady.
Sly      And I was one of a party of gallants, brave fellows all. We swore our love each to all, while we did strive to steal each other’s sweethearts.

Hostess For shame, Sly. What of your wife that lov’d you so?

Sly Oh, aye, I had forgot.

Enter the Lord and the Huntsmen

1st Huntsman My lord, your hounds are eager for the chase.

Lord Let them fly.
This morn the pale sun smiles upon our sport,
The shiv’ring hart doth in the thicket lurk
And he shall run until his heart doth burst.

Sly What, boy? Parade in your master’s clothes and lord it o’er the hunt? Get thee to the scullery, else I’ll box your ears.

Lord What villain’s this that dares to flout me thus?
I’ll have him whipp’d unto the Parish line.
Take hold of him, I say.

Hostess Have mercy on him, sir, I pray you do. It is a poor lunatic that hath no wit to speak of.

Lord Nay, that’s sure. Yet his face displeases me. Let me not look on him again else he shall be whipp’d, then hang’d. Come away.

Exit Huntsmen and the Lord

Hostess Come in with me and warm you by the fire lest more mischief befall us.

Sly I will come in with thee. But I care not a fig for him. For what I know I know. I know him for a creeping jack-in-office. It is a base knave born to crook the knee and fawn on’s master. I have seen him do so. And this more I know, that I am Christopher Sly, Old Sly’s son of Burton Heath, and by your leaves, I will go indoors.

Exeunt