The Taming of the Shrew

by William Shakespeare

With commentaries and glossaries by George Skillan

A Samuel French Acting Edition
A NOTE

The intention of this edition of The Taming of the Shrew is to catch something of the spirit of an Elizabethan presentation of the play.

Whilst not strictly conforming to a presentation in an Elizabethan Playhouse it is possibly something akin to the Strolling Players’ method when performing in a patron’s mansion.

The audience is intended to view the play through the bemused eyes of Sly, and producers should keep this in mind and, according to their individual ideas, can introduce by-play between Sly and the actors of the play proper that will keep the spectators in touch with this idea. The play should be spoken rapidly and lightly. The actors should not take it seriously. Much of the rough and vulgar business so long associated with the play can be omitted with advantage to the comedy.

Costumes of the Elizabethan period should be used.
FOREWORD

The Taming of the Shrew is one of the happiest of Shakespeare’s comedies. It has romance, frolic and studied dramatic development in the main theme which, though so delightfully seasoned with buoyant comedy, has a clear and disciplined career in the conflict of two real people.

In all his work Shakespeare could never cease from being an artist. There was always principle, self-government in whatever he wrote. It came from his inner being whether as a throes of tragedy, a throes of love, or a whim of humour. Fundamentally, in each different manifestation the pattern is the same, the issue fine with balance, contrast in technical construction, and a temperance which gives the spasms of most powerful passion or the exuberance of leaping delight a conviction of reality.

It is sometimes difficult to realize the processes that hide in the natures of simple things and preside in their operation. A wavelet twinkling on the easy bosom of the sea has infinite origin with the moon as sponsor and the sun as priest in its baptism of light. The bitter strength of winter’s severities smile in the first snowdrop, and the spritely and light harmonies of the morning bird chorus are the colloquial transpositions of nature’s first giant music in the assembling and blending of her elements. These are not poetical fallacies but organic facts: and the true artist repeats the process in his work: he cannot help it; he is a part of creation. There is a great difference between a deeply wise man in what he says and does, and the straining contortions of egotistical cleverness; between one of nature’s gentlemen and the sycophant; between the easy humour of a man happy in realities and the tricky wit of smart sophistication.

This may seem quite inapposite to an introduction to a Shakespearean comedy, but its growth is from the same source and is of the same substance as his grand emotions and disasters of life; and, like them, it shows the same beauty of movement in its slighter way.

It is, unfortunately, a not infrequent custom in these days to exchange delicacy of character, situation and event for slapstick and farce. Comedy of life becomes absurdity of burlesque and the richness of real amusement is squandered in unrighteous nonsense. Shakespeare has bigger resources than that, and it is a low ambition to discredit him in such a trivial way. The people are unreal and so are the circumstances the moment the style violates nature. Shakespeare is always an artist of life bringing bold minds into contact and even conflict, without clumsiness. This is the basic design of his work; and when a coarse distortion is imposed by insensitive production and acting, the intruder quarrels with the master of the house and there is a friction. To the judicious, the operation aches, whilst the unskilful laugh. Let the necessary question of the finer considerations of the Poet possess the imagination and have its way.

In the appended commentaries an effort has been made to guide the reader to see the more prominent points of direction towards the proper realization of the true nature of the play. It is not easy to summarize a scene in all its particular essentials without confusing the reader with too much detail, but it is hoped that such necessities as are required to keep the refined principles in operation have been sufficiently indicated, to prompt the reader into more extensive application of them throughout the scenes. Given a fair artistic treatment, this play can always be young and fresh with its own unique life and entertaining qualities, a thing of natural poise and behaviour and charm, graces which vanish beneath the galvanic shocks of trick and sophistication.

SHAKESPEARE’S USE OF LANGUAGE

To the Elizabethan, language had a greater significance than it has to the modern man; for in that remarkable social change which took place as the result of Richmond’s victory at the battle of Bosworth, a change which was great and deep enough to give birth to Modern England, men found not only domestic liberty but spiritual freedom as well; and language, more than any other gift, is the greatest means both
of intercourse and expression of mental and spiritual assertiveness. The life of men is in their souls, and true life does not grow by accretion from without, but by change of condition from within; and by exercising character from within outwards, their works become creative and are revelations of their own great and fundamental nature: and what human faculty can be more creative or revealing or expressive of man's infinite capacity than language? Words determine more than anything else in the traffic of human progress, or, unfortunately, human disaster.

The two great manifestations of these facts at this period of rebirth were the translation of the Bible into English, and Shakespeare. In the one we had the re-presentation of the language in its most powerful literal and factual form, and in the other the manifestation of its full dramatic capabilities, that is, the ability to awaken the imagination into the experience of things, by emotional-enactment in sound. Language being a wider acquisition under the evolutionary process of spiritual-cultural emancipation, the fact that Shakespeare's English is the colloquial, not the academic or precise literary English of his day, shows its elevation as a public commodity of the time, for he, like all sons of greatness, spoke in a language that all men could understand. He was the product of circumstances which reveal that the colloquial English of the period was an object of great concern and care, and not the reduced medium of convenience of the present day. It came from a depth of the profound liveliness of a new condition of being; and producers and actors who try to treat Shakespeare's words with the triviality of modern usage fail to realize that they are victimizing them under a vice of the present times and not accommodating them with a virtue; and that the Elizabethan, as natural a man as any today, did not throw his words away: they were too precious as the redeeming elements of his new liberty.

As insufficient as the above comments may be, they will enable attention to be focussed upon the need for respecting the words of Shakespeare before any ripe action is possible; for his words are developed only by their union with their fellows, in the same way that colour develops colour, or one note of music is given its secret value by another. Four notes played singly reveal very little in combination they create music. The words that make up the celebrated 'Mercy Speech' in The Merchant of Venice are such as, dispersedly, we use a hundred times or more in the course of our day's speaking, without realizing any remarkable eloquence. Yet, in one particular composition they are presented in indelible worth. But the actor has to do his share in the achievement of this metamorphosis; 'it is not enough to speak, but to speak true'. He must exercise his words with artistic discretion before the process of connotation (that is the combining of elementary word sounds, in order to develop a mutual, additional quality) can have its perfect work.

A further advantage gained by this emancipation of words is that it enables them clearly to indicate the kind of treatment that is required for specific passages. They announce the necessary style to be adopted and the various changes of that style, without which monotony will corrupt even the best conscientious 'feeling' of the drama or poetry. These changes vary into the rhetorical, colloquial or purely declamatory methods of treatment, in matter of pace or other distinctions that enable the pitch to be relaxed without losing the grip, and climaxes to be avoided before their proper time. Once the active nature of words are liberated, they will dictate these essential elements of flexibility and variety without which no work of art in any form can respond to its parent inspiration: for the action must never become 'weary, stale, flat and unprofitable'; if it does it will soon die.

Among the many things that must otherwise be left unsaid, one negative instruction is of the greatest importance; and that is that pace and sheer noise alone are of no value. Here again, if the words are properly and fully developed, and if they are governed by the rise and fall of proper modulation, their own active nature—and they will always be found very true to their dramatic purpose—will provide both animation and power without either undue hurry or over-strain of voice. Never rush the words so that they become mere sounds signifying nothing; never blast them beyond their instrumental capacity. It is their articulate performance that enables them to be fruitful; and if this is not guarded by strict discipline, the actor will rob himself of the very effect at which he is aiming.

After the proper attention to the words, study to vary the treatment in the different sections of the scenes, and even in speeches, yes, and sometimes in different sections of single lines, so as to preserve the values by variation either of pace, intensity or mood.
DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

INDUCTION

A L ORD.
CHRISTOPHER SLY . . . . . A Tinker.
TWO HUNTSMEN.
FOUR SERVANTS.
BARTHOLOMEW . . . . . (Page as a Lady.)
PAGES.
HOSTESS.

PLAYERS

BAPTISTA . . . . . A gentleman of Padua.
VINCENTIO . . . . . A merchant of Pisa.
LUCENTIO . . . . . Son to Vincentio.
PETRUCHIO . . . . . A gentleman of Verona.
GREMIO . . . . . Suitors to Bianca.
HORTENSIO . . . . . 
TRANIO . . . . . Servants to Lucentio.
BIONDELLO . . . . . Servants to Petruchio.
GRUMIO . . . . . 
CURTIS . . . . . 
A PEDANT,
OTHER SERVANTS TO PETRUCHIO,
FOUR PLAYER BOYS,
BOY FOR LOCATION CARD,
GUESTS (MALE AND FEMALE).
KATHARINA . . . . . Daughters to Baptista
BIANCA . . . . . 
A WIDOW

GUIDE TO SCENES

PART I

PLAYED IN SCENE

Traverse No. 1. I Near the Lord's House
Full Scene II The Lord's House
Traverse No. 2. *III Before Baptista's House.
Traverse No. 2. *IV Before Hortensio's House.
Full Scene * V Baptista's House.
Traverse No. 2. *VI Baptista's Garden.
Full Scene VII Baptista's House.
Traverse No. 2. VIII Baptista's Garden.
Full Scene IX Baptista's House.
Traverse No. 2. X Baptista's Garden.

INTERVAL

* Denotes where Location Cards are used.

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GUIDE TO SCENES (continued)

PART II

Full Scene. *I Petrucho's House.
Traverse No. 1 or 2 *II Near Baptista's House.
Full Scene. III Petrucho's House.
Traverse No. 2. *IV Before Baptista's House.
Traverse No. 2. *V A Public Place.
Traverse No. 2. *VI Before Lucentio's Lodging.
Full Scene. VII Lucentio's House.
Traverse No. 1. VIII Epilogue.

* Denotes where Location Cards are used.

FURNITURE AND PROPERTIES

PART I

FURNITURE.
Divan or bed for Sly.
Table by bed. (That used in last scene.)
Chair by bed.
Chairs for Lord, Sly, and others according to numbers.
Arbour.

PROPERTIES.
Goblets.
Flagons.
Dish with conserves.
Washing basin.
Napkin.
Musical Instruments.
Bundle of books.
Whip (Petrucho.)
Whip (Grumio.)
(1 Katharina.
Bouquets (Bridesmaids.
Bundles for Players.
Boys to carry in Induction entrance.
Cap for haberdasher.
Gown (For Tailor.
Yard.

LOCATION CARDS.
Before Hortensio’s House.
Before Baptista’s House.
Baptista’s House.
Baptista’s Garden.
Petrucho’s House.
Near Baptista’s House.
A Public Place.
Before Lucentio’s Lodging.

PART II

FURNITURE.
Large oak table.
Small do. (as used for Sly).
6 oak chairs.
4 stools or meaner chairs.
Fire represented by logs on a stone slab.
Bench.
Tables and chairs used in Petrucho’s house can be used again in last scene.

PROPS OFF STAGE.
2 knives.
2 forks.
Carving knife and fork.
2 platters.
Dish with meat on it.
Cover for same.
2 goblets.
Flagon.
Washing bowl.
Goblets, flagons, etc., as in Part I.
COSTUME PLOT

PERIOD ELIZABETHAN

SLY


THE LORD

Rich hunting attire.

HUNTSMEN

Hunting attire (uniform).

FOUR SERVANTS

Uniform

PLAYERS

(For Induction entrance the players can be top-booted, rough-hatted, with large rough cloaks covering their "play" costumes.

BARThOLoMEW (PAGE)

Seen only in rich ladies' attire.

LORD'S PAGES

Uniform.

BAPTISTA

Middle-aged rich attire. Breeches, surcoat. Can have change of surcoat and collar for marriage scenes.

VINCENTIO

Middle-aged rich attire. Dressed for travelling.

1st. Rich travelling attire.

LUCENTIO

2nd. Long disguise gown, cap.

3rd. Rich suit

PETRUCHIO

1st. Rich, but strong travelling attire.

2nd. Fantastic ragged attire. (Text will guide.)


GREMIO

Old dandy of the period.

1st. Plain but good attire.

HORTENSIO

2nd. Long disguise gown, cap.


TRANIO

1st. Well-dressed servant.

2nd. Rich attire.

BIONDELLO

Servant's attire.

GRUMIO

1st. Servant's attire.

2nd. Fantastic ragged attire. (See text.)

CURFIS

Servant's attire.

PEDANT

1st. Rather threadbare elderly attire. Surcoat.

2nd. Dressed as Lucentio's father.

PETRUCHIO'S SERVANTS

Varied servant's attire.

PLAYERS' BOYS

Simple but bright attire.

1st. Rich young lady.

2nd. Wedding dress.

3rd. Torn and dirty double of wedding dress.


KATHARINA

Rich young lady.

BIANCA

Rich attire.

WIDOW

Varied.

LADY GUESTS

NOTE. Elizabethan gentlemen always wore—or carried in hand or belt—gloves.
Make collars and ruffs as varied as possible.
When travelling, Elizabethan ladies and gentlemen covered up their fine clothes with large cloaks. Vary the hats. Pots and flats.
L.L. Oak flats.
K.K. Oak flat with large opening.
M.M. Rostrums with steps.
G.G. Small oak flats with return pieces. ("Book" wings can be used.)
F.F. Practical door pieces with balconies and window above. Return pieces above and below.
H.H. Traverse No. 2, i.e. curtains to draw across stage opening and meeting C.
E.E. Traverse No. 1. Ditto.
D. Act drop or main curtain.
C.C. Proscenium wings with entrances.
B.B. Proscenium.
A.A. Apron—or forestage.

Note. If there is no forestage the space between Act drop and Traverse 1 may be used. Traverse 1 should be so arranged as not to shut out Sly, Lord and characters viewing the play. The producer must use Traverse 2 instead of 1 if space will not permit the use of the latter.

The scene should represent a Hall in an Elizabethan Mansion. Traverse should work R. and L. from C. The whole setting may be devised with curtains. All directions to be read as from the stage; the actors right and left, etc.
THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

THE INDUCTION

SCENE I

Near the Lord's house.

Enter L. SLY and HOSTESS arguing.

SLY. I'll pledge you, in faith.
HOSTESS. A pair of stocks, you rogue!
SLY. Ye are a baggage: the Slys are no rogues; look in the chronicles; we came in with Richard Conqueror. Therefore pauca pallasbris; let the world slide.  
HOSTESS. You will not pay for the glasses you have burst?
SLY. No, not a denier. Go by, Jeronimy: go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.
HOSTESS. I know my remedy; I must go fetch the third-borough.  

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.  

Horns wound. Enter R. a LORD from hunting, with his train.

LORD. Huntsman, I charge thee, tender well my hounds:
Brach Merriman, the poor cur is embossed; And couple Clowder with the deep-mouth'd brach.
Saw'st thou not, boy, how Silver made it good At the hedge-corner, in the coldest fault? I would not lose the dog for twenty pound.
FIRST HUNTSMAN. Why, Belman is as good as he, my lord; He cried upon it at the merest loss And twice to-day 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; To-morrow I intend to hunt again.
FIRST HUNTSMAN. I will, my lord.
LORD. What's here? one dead, or drunk? See, doth he breathe?
SECOND HUNTSMAN. He breathes, my lord. Were he not warm'd with ale,
A most delicious banquet by his bed,
And brave attendants near him when he wakes,
Would not the beggar then forget himself?

FIRST HUNTSMAN. Believe me, lord, I think he cannot choose.
SECOND HUNTSMAN. It would seem strange unto him when he waked.

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

Let one attend him with a silver basin
Full of rose-water and bestrew'd with flowers;
Another bear the ewer, the third a diaper,
And say Will't please your lordship cool your hands?
Some one be ready with a costly suit
And ask him what apparel he will wear;
Another tell him of his hounds and horse,
And that his lady mourns at his disease:
Persuade him that he hath been lunatic;
And when he says he is, say that he dreams,
For he is nothing but a mighty lord.
This do and do it kindly, gentle sirs:
It will be pastime passing excellent,
If it be husbands with modesty.

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

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

[TWO HUNTSMEN BEAR OUT SLY. A trumpet sounds R.]

Sirrah, go see what trumpet 'tis that sounds:

[Exit SERVINGMAN R.]

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

Re-enter SERVINGMAN R.

How now! who is it?
SERVINGMAN. An't please your honour, players
That offer service to your lordship.

LORD. Bid them come near.

[Enter players.]

Now, fellows, you are welcome.

PLAYERS. We thank your honour.

LORD. Do you intend to stay with me to-night?

A PLAYER. So please your lordship to accept our duty.

LORD. With all my heart. This fellow I remember.

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

A PLAYER. I think 'twas Soto that your honour means.
LORD. 'Tis very true: thou didst it excellent.

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

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

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

[Exit an attendant with the players.]

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

[Exit a SERVINGMAN L.

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

[Exeunt L., followed by attendants.]
SCENE II

The Lord's house.

Business of Sly waking.

Main curtain rises, if last scene is played on forestage, or traverse opens if not, discovering Sly in bed (or on a couch).
The Lord is standing L.C., watching Sly.

First servant standing R. of bed.

Second servant standing below him.

Third servant standing L. top.

Page masquerading as wife is being dressed by two pages L.C. at back.

A table stands r. of bed on which are dishes, drinking cups, washing bowl, etc.

Apparel for Sly on chair L. of bed.

Musicians in balcony r. If no balcony, grouped conveniently.

Seats ready in balcony L. for Sly and party. If no balcony, arrange seats L. down stage.

SLY.1 For God's sake, a pot of small ale.

First servant.2 Will you please your lordship drink a cup of sack?

Second servant.3 Will you please your honour taste of these conserves?

Third servant. What raiment will your honour wear to-day?

SLY.4 I am Christopher 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.5 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, sometime more feet than shoes, or such shoes as my toes look through the overleather.

LORD.6 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.7 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 card-maker, by transmutation a bear-herd, and now by present profession a tinker? Ask Marian Hacket, the fat ale-wife of Wincox, if she know me not: if she say I am not fourteen pence on the score for sheer ale, score me up for the lyingest knave in Christendom.

What! I am not bestraught: here's—

Third servant.8 O, this it is that makes your lady mourn!

Second servant.8 O, this it is 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.9

Look how thy servants do attend on thee, Each in his office ready at thy beck.10

Wilt thou have music? hark! 11 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 trim'd up for Semiramis.12

Say thou wilt walk; we will bestrew the ground.

Or wilt thou ride? thy horses shall be trapp'd,
Scene II

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.

First servant.1 Say thou wilt course; thy greyhounds are as swift

As breathed stags, ay, fleeter than the <omitted>

Second servant.1 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 surprised,
As lively painted as the deed was done.

Third servant.2 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.

First servant. And till the tears that she hath shed for thee
Like envious floods o'er-run her lovely face,
She was the fairest creature in the world;
And yet she is inferior to none.

Sly. Am I a lord,4 and have I such a lady?4
Or do I dream?5 or have I dream'd till now?5
I do not sleep:6 I see, I hear, I speak;7
I smell sweet savour and I feel soft things:
Upon my life, I am a lord indeed
And not a tinker nor Christopher Sly.
Well, bring our lady hither to our sight;8
And once again, a pot o' the smallest ale.

Second servant.7 Will't please your mightiness to wash your hands?
O, how we joy to see your wit restored!8
O, that once more you knew but what you are!8
These fifteen years you have been in a dream;8
Or when you waked, so waked as if you slept.8

Sly. These fifteen years! by my fay, a goodly nap.
But did I never speak of all that time?

First servant. 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 the feet,
Because she brought stone jugs and no seal'd quarts:
Sometimes you would call out for Cicely Hacket.

Sly.10 Ay, the woman's maid of the house.

Third servant. 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 Pimprenell
And twenty more such names and men as these
Which never were nor man ever saw.
SLY. Now Lord be thanked for my good amends!
ALL. Amen.
SLY. I thank thee: thou shalt not lose by it.

PAGE impersonating wife, who has been enjoying scene, advances.
As he does so SERVANTS retire a little apart from bed.

PAGE. How fares my noble lord?
SLY. Marry, I fare well; for here is cheer enough.
Where is my wife?
PAGE. 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.
PAGE. 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. Al'ce 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.
PAGE. 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.
PAGE. 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 charged,
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. I would be loath to fall into my dreams again: I will therefore
Tarry in spite of the flesh and blood.

Enter a MESSENGER C.

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 lengths life.
SLY. Marry, I will, let them play it. Is not a comonty a Christmas
gambold or a tumbling-trick?
PAGE. No, my good lord; it is more pleasing stuff.
SLY. What, household stuff?
PAGE. 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.

[Musicians flourish for state business.]
SCENE III
The Play.


Enter LUCENTIO and his man TRANIO.¹

LUCENTIO. Tranio, since for the great desire I had
To see fair Padua, nursery of arts,
I am arrived for fruitful Lombardy,
The pleasant garden of great Italy;
And by my father’s love and leave am arm’d
With his good will and thy good company,
My trusty servant, well approved in all,
Here let us breathe and haply institute
A course of learning and ingenious studies.²
Pisa renown’d for grave citizens
Gave me my being and my father first.
A merchant of great traffic through the world,
Vincentio, come of the Bentivoli.
Vincentio’s son brought up in Florence
It shall become to serve all hopes conceived,
To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds:³
And therefore, Tranio, for the time I study,
Virtue and that part of philosophy
Will I apply that treats of happiness
By virtue specially to be achieved.
Tell me thy mind; for I have Pisa left
And am to Padua come, as he that leaves
A shallow plash to plunge him in the deep.⁴
And with satiety seeks to quench his thirst.

TRANIO. Mì perdonaio, 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 abjured:
Balk logic with acquaintance that you have
And practise rhetoric in your common talk;
Music and poesy use to quicken you;
The mathematics and the metaphysics,
Fall to them as you find your stomach serves you;
No profit grows where is no pleasure ta’en:
In brief, sir, study what you most affect.

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

TRANIO. Master, some show to welcome us to town.⁵

Enter BAPTISTA, KATHARINA, BIANCA, GREMIO, and HORTENSIO.⁶

LUCENTIO and TRANIO stand aside R.

BAPTISTA. Gentlemen, importune me no farther,
For how I firmly am resolved you know;
That is, not to bestow my youngest daughter
Before I have a husband for the elder:
If either of you both love Katharina,
Because I know you well and love you well,
Leave shall you have to court her at your pleasure.
GREMIO (aside). To cart her rather: she's too rough for me.

There, there, Hortensio, will you any wife?
KATHARINA. I pray you, sir, is it your will
To make a stale of me amongst these mates?
HORTENSIO. Mates, maid! how mean you that? no mates for you,
Unless you were of gentler, milder mould.
KATHARINA. I' faith, sir, you shall never need to fear:
I wis it is not half way to her heart;
But if it were, doubt not her care should be
To comb your noodle 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!

TRANIO. Well said, master; mum! and gaze your fill.
BAPTISTA. Gentlemen, that I may soon make good
What I have said, Bianca, get you in:
And let it not displease thee, good Bianca,
For I will love thee ne'er the less, my girl.
KATHARINA. A pretty peat! it is best
Put finger in the eye, as she knew why.
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. Signior Baptista, will you be so strange?
Sorry am I that our good will effects
Bianca's grief.
GREMIO. Why will you mew her up,
Signior Baptista, for this fiend of hell,
And make her bear the penance of her tongue?
BAPTISTA. Gentlemen, content ye; I am resolved:
Go in, Bianca: [Exit BIANCA.
And for I know she taketh most delight
In music, instruments and poetry,
Schoolmasters will I keep within my house,
Fit to instruct her youth. If you, Hortensio,
Or Signior Gremio, you, know any such,
Prefer them hither; for to cunning men
I will be very kind, and liberal
To mine own children in good bringing up:
And so farewell. Katharina, you may stay;
For I have more to commune with Bianca. [Exit.

KATHARINA. Why, and I trust I may go too, may I not? What,
shall I be appointed hours; as though, belike, I knew not what to
take, and what to leave, ha? [Exit.

GREMIO. You may go to the devil's dam: your gifts are so good,
here's none will hold you. Their love is not so great, Hortensio, but we may blow our nails together, and fast it fairly out: our cake's dough on both sides.\(^1\) Farewell: yet, for the love I bear my sweet Bianca, if I can by any means light on a fit man to teach her that wherein she delights, I will wish him to her father.

**Hortensio.** So will I, Signior Gremio: \(^2\) but a word, I pray. Though the nature of our quarrel yet never brooked parle, know now, upon advice, it toucheth us both, that we may yet again have access to our fair mistress and be happy rivals in 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.\(^3\) Thinkest thou, Hortensio, though her father be very rich, any man is so very a fool to be married to hell?

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

**Gremio.** I cannot tell; but I had as lief take her dowry with this condition, to be whipped at the high cross every morning.

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

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

[Exit Gremio and Hortensio L.]

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

**Lucentio.** O Tranio, till I found it to be true, I never thought it possible or likely;

But see, while idly I stood looking on,

I found the effect of love in idleness:

And now in plainness do confess to thee,

That art to me as secret and as dear

As Anna to the queen of Carthage was,

Tranio, I burn, I pine, I perish, Tranio,

If I achieve not this young modest girl.

Counsel me, Tranio, for I know thou canst;

Assist me, Tranio, for I know thou wilt.

**Tranio.** Master, it is no time to chide you now;

Affection is not rated from the heart:

If love have touch'd you, nought remains but so,

*Redeime te captivum quam queas minimo.*

**Lucentio.** Gramercies, lad, go forward; this contents:

The rest will comfort; for thy counsel's sound.

**Tranio.** Master, you look'd so longly on the maid,

Perhaps you mark'd not what's the pith of all.

**Lucentio.** O yes, I saw sweet beauty in her face,

Such as the daughter of Agenor had,

That made great Jove to humble him to her hand,

When with his knees he kiss'd the Cretan strand.
TRANIO. Saw you no more? mark'd you not how her sister
Began to scold and raise up such a storm
That mortal ears might hardly endure the din?

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

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

LUCENTIO. Ah, Tranio, what a cruel father's he! 3
But art thou not advised, he took some care
To get her cunning schoolmasters to instruct her?

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

LUCENTIO. I have it, Tranio.

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

LUCENTIO. Tell me thine first.

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

LUCENTIO. It is: 4 may it be done?

TRANIO. 5 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: 6
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? 7

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. 8

Enter Biondello L. with a bundle over his shoulder when C. Lucentio
speaks.

Sirrah, where have you been?
**Scene IV**

**The Taming of the Shrew**

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;²
For in a quarrel since I came ashore
I kill'd a man and fear I was descried:³
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.⁴

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

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

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

LUCENTIO. Tranio, let's go;⁵ one thing more rests, that thyself execute, to make one among these wooers: if thou ask me why, sufficest, my reasons are both good and weighty.

[Exeunt TRANIO and LUCENTIO together, followed by BIONDELLO.

R. above door piece.

As the players exeunt, the presenters forming the audience speak.

FIRST SERVANT. My lord, you nod; you do not mind the play.
SLY. Yes, by Saint Anne, do I. A good matter, surely: comes there any more of it?
PAGE. My lord, 'tis but begun.
SLY. 'Tis a very excellent piece of work, madam lady; would it were done!

[They sit and mark.

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**Scene IV**

Padua. Before Hortensio's house.

Enter L. 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;⁶ and I trow this is his house.⁷
Here, sirrah Grumio; knock, I say.

GRUMIO. Knock, sir! whom should I knock? is there any man has rebushed 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?
Grumio, sirrah, an you'll not knock, I'll ring it;
I'll try how your soul can sol, fa, and sing it.
[He wrings him by the ears. 1

GRUMIO. Help, masters, help! my master is mad.
PETRUCHIO. Now, knock when I bid you, sirrah villain!

Enter Hortensio. From door L

HORTENSIO. How now! what's the matter? My old friend Grumio! and my good friend Petruchio! How do you all at Verona? 2

PETRUCHIO. Signior Hortensio, come you to part the fray?
Con tutto il cuore, ben trovato, may I say.
HORTENSIO. Alla nostra casa ben venuto, molto onorato signor mio Petruchio.
Rise, Grumio, rise: 3 we will compound this quarrel.

GRUMIO. Nay, 'tis no matter, sir, what he 'leges in Latin. If this be not a lawful cause for me to leave his service, look you, sir, he bid me knock him and rap him soundly, sir: well, was it fit for a servant to use his master so, being perhaps, for aught I see, two and thirty, a pip out?
Whom would to God I had well knock'd at first,
Then had not Grumio come by the worst.
PETRUCHIO. A senseless villain! Good Hortensio,
I bade the rascal knock upon your gate
And could not get him for my heart to do it.

GRUMIO. Knock at the gate! O heavens! Spake you not these words plain, Sirrah, knock me here, rap me here, knock me well, and knock me soundly? And come you now with, knocking at the gate?
PETRUCHIO. Sirrah, be gone, or talk not, I advise you. 4

HORTENSIO. Petruchio, patience; I am Grumio's pledge:
Why, this's a heavy chance 'twixt him and you,
Your ancient, trusty, pleasant servant Grumio.
And tell me now, sweet friend, what happy gale
Blows you to Padua here from old Verona?
PETRUCHIO. Such wind as scatters young men through the world
To seek their fortunes farther than at home
Where small experience grows. But in a few,
Signior Hortensio, thus it stands with me:
Antonio, my father, is deceased;
And I have thrust myself into this maze,
Haply to wife and thrive as best I may:
Crowns in my purse I have and goods at home,
And so am come abroad to see the world.

HORTENSIO. Petruchio, shall I then come roundly to thee
And wish thee to a shrewd ill-favour'd wife?
Thou 'ldst thank me but a little for my counsel:
And yet I'll promise thee she shall be rich
And very rich: but thou'rt too much my friend,
And I'll not wish thee to her. 5

PETRUCHIO. Signior 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 foul as was Florentius’ love,
As old as Sibyl and as curst and shrewd
As Socrates’ Xanthippe, or a worse,
She moves me not, or not removes, at least,
Affection’s edge in me, were she as rough
As are the swelling Adriatic seas:
I come to wive it wealthily in Padua;
If wealthily, then happily in Padua.¹

GRUMIO.² Nay, look you, sir, he tells you flatly what his mind is:
why, give him gold enough and marry him to a puppet or an aglet-baby;
or an old trot with ne’er a tooth in her head, though she have
as many diseases as two and fifty horses: why, nothing comes amiss,
so money comes withal.

HORTENSIO.³ 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 I thou know’st not gold’s effect:
Tell me her father’s name and ‘tis enough;
For I will board her, though she chide as loud
As thunder when the clouds in autumn crack.

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

PETRUCHIO. I know her father, though I know not her;
And he knew my deceased father well.
I will not sleep, Hortensio, till I see her;⁴
And therefore let me be thus bold with you
To give you over at this first encounter,
Unless you will accompany me thither.

GRUMIO.⁵ I pray you, sir, let him go while the humour lasts. O’
my word, an she knew him as well as I do, she would think scolding
would do little good upon him: she may perhaps call him half a score
knaves or so: why, that’s nothing; an he begin once, he’ll rail in
his rope-tricks. I’ll tell you what, sir, an she stand him but a little,
he will throw a figure in her face and so disfigure her with it that she
shall have no more eyes to see withal than a cat. You know him not,
sir.

HORTENSIO.⁶ Tarry, Petruchio, I must go with thee,
For in Baptista’s keep my treasure is:
He hath the jewel of my life in hold,
His youngest daughter, beautiful Bianca,
And her withholds from me and other more,
Suitors to her and rivals in my love,
Supposing it a thing impossible,
For those defects I have before rehearsed,
That ever Katharina will be woo’d;
Therefore this order hath Baptist ta’en,
That none shall have access unto Bianca
Till Katharine the curst have got a husband.
GRUMIO. Katharine the curst!
A title for a maid of all titles the worst.
HORTENSIO. Now shall my friend Petruchio do me grace,
And offer me disguised in sober robes
To old Baptista as a schoolmaster
Well seen in music, to instruct Bianca;
That so I may, by this device, at least
Have leave and leisure to make love to her
And unsuspected court her by herself.
GRUMIO. Here’s no knavery! See, to beguile the old folks how
the young folks lay their heads together!

Enter GREMIO, and LUCENTIO disguised L.

Master, master, look about you: who goes there, ha?¹
HORTENSIO. Peace, Grumio! it is the rival of my love.
Petruchio, stand by a while.
GRUMIO. A proper stripling and an amorous!²
GREMIO. O, very well; I have perused the note.
Hark you, sir: I’ll have them very fairly bound:
All books of love, see that at any hand;
And see you read no other lectures to her:
You understand me: over and beside
Signior Baptista’s liberality,
I’ll mend it with a largess. Take your papers too.
And let me have them very well perfumed:
For she is sweeter than perfume itself
To whom they go to. What will you read to her?
LUCENTIO. Whate’er I read to her, I’ll plead for you
As for my patron, stand you so assured,
As firmly as yourself were still in place:
Yea, and perhaps with more successful words
Than you, unless you were a scholar, sir.
GREMIO. O this learning, what a thing it is!
GRUMIO. O this woodcock, what an ass it is!
PETRUCHIO. Peace, sirrah!
HORTENSIO. Grumio, mum! God save you, Signior Greemio.³
GREMIO. And you are well met, Signior Hortensio.
Trow you whither I am going? To Baptista Minola.
I promised to inquire 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.⁴ ’Tis well; and I have met a gentleman
Hath promised me to help me to another,
A fine musician to instruct our mistress
So shall I no whit be behind in duty
To fair Bianca, so beloved of me.
GREMIO. Beloved of me; and that my deeds shall prove.
GRUMIO. And that his bags shall prove.
HORTENSIO. Greemio, ’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,
SCENE IV  
THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

Will undertake to woo curst Katharine,
Yea, and to marry her, if her dowry please.
Gremio. So said, so done, is well.
Hortensio, have you told him all her faults?
Petrucho. 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?
Petrucho. 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 i’ God’s name:
You shall have me assisting you in all.
But will you woo this wild-cat?
Petrucho. Will I live?
Grimio. If he woo her? ay, or I’ll hang her.
Petrucho. Why came I hither but to that intent?²
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.³
Grimio. For he fears none.
Grimio. Hortensio, hark:
This gentleman is happily arrived
My mind presumes, for his own good and ours.
Hortensio. I promised we would be contributors
And bear his charge of wooing, whatso’er.
Gremio. And so we will, provided that he win her.
Grimio. I would I were as sure of a good dinner.

Enter Tranio bravely apparelled, and Biondello L.⁴

Tranio. Gentlemen, God save you. If I may be bold,
Tell me, I beseech you, which is the readiest way
To the house of Signior Baptista Minola?
Gremio. He that has the two fair daughters: is’t he you mean?⁵
Tranio. Even he.⁶
Gremio. Hark you, sir; you mean not her to—
Tranio. Perhaps, him and her, sir: what have you to do?
Petrucho. Not her that chides, sir, at any hand, 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 maid you talk of, 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?¹¹
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 Signior Grevio.
HORTENSIO. That she's the chosen of Signior Hortensio.¹
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.²
LUCENTIO. Sir, give him head: I know he'll prove a jade.
PETRUCHIO. Hortensio, to what end are all these words?³
HORTENSIO. 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.⁴
GREMIO. Yes, leave that labour to great Hercules;
And let it be more than Alcides' twelve.
PETRUCHIO. Sir, understand you this of me in sooth:
The youngest daughter whom you hearken for
Her father keeps from all access of suitors,
And will not promise her to any man
Until the elder sister first be wed:
The younger then is free and not before.
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 lap 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 suitors,
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.⁵
GRUMIO and BIONDELLO. O excellent motion! Fellows, let's
be gone.
HORTENSIO. The motion's good indeed and be it so,
Petruochio, I shall be your ben venuto.⁶

[Exeunt r.⁶]
SCENE V
Padua. BAPTISTA’S house.

Enter KATHARINA and BIANCA, C.¹

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.²

KATHARINA. Of all thy suitors, here I charge thee, tell
Whom thou lovest best: see thou dissemble not.
BIANCA. Believe me, sister, of all the men alive
I never yet beheld that special face
Which I could fancy more than any other.
KATHARINA. Minion, thou liest. Is’t not Hortensio?
BIANCA. If you affect him, sister, here I swear
I’ll plead for you myself, but you shall have him.
KATHARINA. O then, belike, you fancy riches more:
You will have Gremio to keep you fair.
BIANCA. Is it for him you do envy me so?
Nay then you jest, and now I well perceive
You have but jested with me all this while:
I prithee, sister Kate, untie my hands.
KATHARINA. If that be jest, then all the rest was so.

[Strikes her.

Enter BAPTISTA, C.

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?
KATHARINA. Her silence flouts me, and I’ll be revenged.³

BAPTISTA. What, in my sight? Bianca, get thee in.⁴

[Exit BIANCA.

KATHARINA. What, will you not suffer me? Nay, now I see
She is your treasure, she must have a husband;
I must dance bare-foot on her wedding day
And for your love to her lead apes in hell.⁵
Talk not to me: I will go sit and weep
Till I can find occasion of revenge.

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

Enter Gremio, Lucentio in the habit of a mean man; Petruchio,
with Hortensio as a musician; and Tranio, with Biondello
bearing a lute and books.⁶

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

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

BAPTISTA. I have a daughter, sir, called Katharina.

GREMIO. You are too blunt: go to it orderly.

PETRUCHIO. You wrong me, Signior Gremio: give me leave.

I am a gentleman of Verona, sir, That, hearing of her beauty and her wit, Her affability 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 entertainement, I 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 Katharine, 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.4

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: Beccare! you are marvellous forward.

PETRUCHIO. O, pardon me, Signior Gremio; I would fain be doing.5

GREMIO. I doubt it not, sir; but you will curse your wooing.6 Neighbour, this is a gift very grateful, I am sure of it. To express the like kindness, myself, that have been more kindly beholding to you than any, freely give unto you this young scholar [presenting LUCENTIO], that hath been long studying at Rheims; as cunning in Greek, Latin, and other languages, as the other in music and mathematics: his name is Cambio; pray, accept his service.

BAPTISTA. A thousand thanks, Signior Gremio.9 Welcome, good Cambio.10 [To Tranio] But, gentle sir, methinks you walk like a stranger: may I be so bold to know the cause of your coming?

TRANIO.11 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.12

Nor is your farm resolve unknown to me, In the preference 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.¹
Holla, within!²

_Enter a SERVANT._³

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

[Exit SERVANT, with LUCENTIO and HORTENSIO, BIONDELLO
following c.

We will go walk a little in the orchard,
And then to dinner.⁴ You are passing welcome,
And so I pray you all to think yourselves.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

_Re-enter HORTENSIO, with his head broken c._

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

HORTENSIO.⁵ For fear, I promise you, if I look pale.
BAPTISTA. What, will my daughter prove a good musician? 1
HORTENSIO. I think she'll sooner prove a soldier:
    Iron may hold with her, but never lutes.
BAPTISTA. Why, then thee 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. 5
PETRUCHIO. Now, by the world, it is a lusty wenche;  
    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.
Signior Petruchio, will you go with us,
Or shall I send my daughter Kate to you? 
PETRUCHIO. I pray you do. [Exit all but PETRUCHIO c. 6]
    I will attend her here,
And woo her with some spirit when she comes.
    Say that she rail; why then I'll tell her plain
She sings as sweetly as a nightingale:
    Say that she frown; I'll say she looks as clear
As morning roses newly wash'd with dew:
Say she be mute and will not speak a word;
    Then I'll commend her volubility,
And say she uttereth piercing eloquence:
If she do bid me pack, I'll give her thanks,
    As though she bid me stay by her a week:
If she deny to wed, I'll crave the day
When I shall ask the banns and when be married.
    But here she comes; and now, Petruchio, speak. 6


Enter KATHARINA c. 6

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

KATHARINA. Well, have you heard, but something hard of hearing:
    They call me Katharine that do talk of me. 8
PETRUCHIO. You lie, in faith; for you are call'd plain Kate,
    And bonny Kate and sometimes Kate the curst;
But Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom,
    Kate of Kate Hall, my super-dainty Kate,
For dainties are all Kates, and therefore, Kate,
    Take this of me. Kate of my consolation;
Hearing thy mildness praised in every town,
    Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded,
Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs,
    Myself am moved to woo thee for my wife. 10

KATHARINA. Moved! in good time: let him that moved you hither
Remove you hence: I knew you at the first
    You were a moveable. 11