GLOBE THEATRE VERSIONS

Shakespeare’s
The Taming of the Shrew

As arranged for the stage
of the
GLOBE THEATRE
at the
Century of Progress, Chicago

Edited by Thomas Wood Stevens

A Samuel French Acting Edition

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The Stage at the Globe Theatre

Can this cockpit hold
The vasty fields of France? or may we cram
Within this wooden O the very casques
That did affright the air at Agincourt?—Shakespeare
NOTE

This version of *The Taming of the Shrew* gives both the short form, used at the Century of Progress, playing thirty-six minutes, and the longer version, used at the San Diego and Dallas Expositions and on tour, playing about fifty-five minutes. The end of the short form is indicated in the text. When it is used, Petruchio’s speech ending,

He that knows better how to tame a shrew,  
Now let him speak: ’tis charity to show,

is spoken before the curtain as an epilogue.

The action takes place on all the playing zones of the Elizabethan stage, and should be very rapid and spirited. In the long version, the upper stage is used as a musician’s gallery for the banquet scene. The costumes are strictly Elizabethan. When the Induction is added, it was evidently the intention, according to the First Folio text, to place Sly and his group in the upper stage to watch the comedy. The business of the play, as given at the Globe Theatre, is too intricate to be included; and the present version is published for the use of amateur groups which may not have at hand the facilities for giving the complete text.
THE TAMING OF
THE SHREW

[Enter Lucentio and his man Tranio, from right.]

Luc. Tranio, since for the great desire I had
To see fair Padua, nursery of arts,
I am arrived for fruitful Lombardy,
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.

Tra. 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,
Let's be no stoics nor no stocks, I pray;
No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en:
In brief, sir, study what you most affect.

Luc. Gramercies, Tranio, well dost thou advise.
But stay a while: what company is this?

Tra. Master, some show to welcome us to town.

[Enter Baptista, Katharina, Bianca, Gremio, and Hortensio from centre. Lucentio and Tranio stand by, left.]

Bap. Gentlemen, importune me no farther,
For how I firmly am resolved you know;
That is, not to bestow my youngest daughter

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The Taming of the Shrew

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.

*Gre.* To cart her rather: she's too rough for me.
There, there, Hortensio, will you any wife?

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

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

*Kath.* 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.

*Hor.* From all such devils, good Lord deliver us!

*Gre.* And me too, good Lord!

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

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

*Tra.* Well said, master; mumble and gaze your fill.

*Bap.* 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.

*Kath.* A pretty peat! it is best
Put finger in the eye, an she knew why.
The Taming of the Shrew

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

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

Hor. Signior Baptista,
Sorry am I that our good will effects
Bianca's grief.

Gre. Why will you mew her up,
Signior Baptista, for this fiend of hell?

Bap. Gentlemen, content ye; I am resolved:
Go in, Bianca:
[Exit Bianca, centre.
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;
And so farewell. Katharina, you may stay;
For I have more to commune with Bianca. [Exit, centre.

Kath. 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?

Gre. You may go to the devil's dam: your gifts are so
good, here's none will hold you. Hortensio, our cake's dough
on both sides.

Hor. Signior Gremio: but a word, I pray. It toucheth us
both to labor and effect one thing specially.

Gre. What's that, I pray?

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

Gre. A husband I a devil.

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

_Hor._ 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. How say you, Signior Gremio?

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

_Tra._ I pray, sir, tell me, is it possible
That love should of a sudden take such hold!

_Luc._ 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:
Counsel me, Tranio, for I know thou canst.

_Tra._ Master, you look'd so longly on the maid,
Perhaps you mark'd not what's the pith of all.

_Luc._ O, yes, I saw sweet beauty in her face.

_Tra._ 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?

_Luc._ Tranio, I saw her coral lips to move
And with her breath she did perfume the air.

_Tra._ Nay, then, 'tis time to stir him from his trance.
I pray, awake, sir.
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.
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Luc. But art thou not advised, he took some care
To get her cunning schoolmasters to instruct her?

Tra. Aye, marry, am I sir; and now 'tis plotted. You will
be schoolmaster.

Luc. May it be done?

Tra. Not possible; for who shall bear your part,
And be in Padua here Vincentio's son?

Luc. Basta; content thee, for I have it full.
We have not yet been seen in any house;
Thou shalt be master, Tranio, in my stead,
Keep house and port and servants, as I should:
Tranio, at once
Uncase thee; take my color'd hat and cloak.

Tra. 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.

Luc. 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.

[Exeunt, left, Tranio going first.
[Front curtains close.

[Enter Petruchio and his man Grumio, from right.]

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

Pet. Villain, I say, knock me here soundly.

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

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

[He wrings him by the ears.

Gru. Help, masters, help! my master is mad.

Pet. Now, knock when I bid you, sirrah villain!

[Enter Hortensio.]

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

Pet. Signior Hortensio, come you to part the fray?

Hor. Rise, Grumio, rise: we will compound this quarrel.

Gru. Nay, 'tis no matter, sir. 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.

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

Gru. 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"?

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

Hor. Petruchio, patience; I am Grumio's pledge.
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And tell me now, sweet friend, what happy gale
Blows you to Padua here from old Verona?

Pet. 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.

Hor. Petruchio, shall I then come roundly to thee,
And wish thee to a shrewd ill-favor’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.

Pet. 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 old as Sibyl, and as curt 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.

Gru. 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.

Hor. I can, Petruchio, help thee to a wife
With wealth enough and young and beauteous;
Her only fault, and that is faults enough,
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Is that she is intolerable curst
And shrewd and froward, so beyond all measure,
That, were my state far worser than it is,
I would not wed her for a mine of gold.

Pet. 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.

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

Pet. 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.

Gru. I pray you, sir, let him go while the humor lasts. O' my word, an she knew him as well as I do, she would think scolding would do little good upon him. You know him not, sir.

Hor. Tarry, Petruchio, I must go with thee;
For in Baptista's keep my treasure is:
His youngest daughter, beautiful Bianca.
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.

[Enter Gremio and Lucentio disguised.]

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

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

Gru. A proper stripling and an amorous!
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Gre. O, very well;  
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.

Luc. Whate'er I read to her, I'll plead for you  
As for my patron, stand you so assured,  
Yea, and perhaps with more successful words  
Than you, unless you were a scholar, sir.

Gre. O this learning, what a thing it is!  
Gru. O this woodcock, what an ass it is!  
Pet. Peace, sirrah!

Hor. Grumio, mum! God save you, Signior Gremio.

Gre. And you are well met, Signior Hortensio.  
Trow you whither I am going? To Baptista Minola.  
And by good fortune I have lighted well  
On this young man,  
Well read in poetry  
And other books, good ones, I warrant ye.

Hor. Here is a gentleman whom by chance I met  
Will undertake to woo curst Katharine,  
Yea, and to marry her, if her dowry please.

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

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

Gre. No, say'st me so, friend? What countryman?

Pet. 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.

Gre. But will you woo this wild-cat?
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Pet. Will I live?

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

Pet. 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.

Gru. For he fears none.

Gre. Hortensio, hark:
This gentleman is happily arrived,
For his own good and ours.

Hor. I promised we would be contributors
And bear his charge of wooing, whatsoe'er.

Gre. And so we will, provided that he win her.

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

[Enter from right Tranio brave, and Biondello.]

Tra. Gentlemen, God save you.
Which is the readiest way
To the house of Signior Baptista Minola?

Bion. He that has the two fair daughters: is't he you mean?

Tra. Even he, Biondello.
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Gre. Hark you, sir; you mean not her to——

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

Luc. Well begun, Tranio.

Hor. Sir, a word ere you go;
Are you a suitor to the maid you talk of, yea or no?

Tra. And if I be, sir, is it any offense?

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

Tra. Softly, my masters!
Hear me with patience.
Baptista is a noble gentleman,
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:
Though Paris came in hope to speed alone.

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

Hor. Sir, did you yet ever see Baptista's daughter?

Tra. 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.

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

Gre. Yea, leave that labor to great Hercules;

Hor. Sir, since you do profess to be a suitor,
You must, as we do, gratify this gentleman,
To whom we all rest generally beholding.

Tra. Sir, I shall not be slack.
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.
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Gru. Bion. O excellent motion! Fellows, let's be gone.

Hor. The motion's good indeed and be it so,
Petruchio, I shall be your ben venuto. [Exeunt, left.

[Curtains open. Enter Katharina and Bianca, centre.]

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

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

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

Kath. Minion, thou liest. Is't not Hortensio?

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

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

Bian. 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.

Kath. If that be jest, then all the rest was so. [Strikes her.

[Enter Baptista.]

Bap. 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,
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Why dost thou wrong her that did ne'er wrong thee?
When did she cross thee with a bitter word?

_Kath._ Her silence flouts me, and I'll be revenged.

_[Flies after Bianca._

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

_[Exit Bianca._

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

_[Exit._

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

_[Enter Gremio, Lucentio in the habit of a scholar; Petruchio, with Hortensio as a musician; and Tranio, with Biondello bearing books._

_Gre._ Good morrow, neighbor Baptista.

_Bap._ Good morrow, neighbor Gremio. God save you, gentlemen!

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

_Bap._ I have a daughter, sir, called Katharina.

_Gre._ You are too blunt: go to it orderly.

_Pet._ 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 behavior,
And bold to show myself a forward guest
Within your house, to make mine eye the witness
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Of that report which I so oft have heard,
And, for an entrance to my entertainment,
I do present you with a man of mine, [Presenting Hortensio.
Cunning in music and the mathematics.
His name is Licio, born in Mantua.

Bap. 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.

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

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

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

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

Gre. Saving your tale, Petruchio, I pray,
Let us, that are poor petitioners, speak too.

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

Gre. I doubt it not, sir; but you will curse your wooing.
Neighbor, to express the like kindness, I freely give unto you this young scholar [presenting Lucentio], cunning in Greek, Latin, and other languages: his name is Cambio; pray, accept his service.

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

Tra. Pardon me, sir, the boldness is mine own;
That, being a stranger in this city here,
Do make myself a suitor to your daughter,