

The Taming of the Shrew

By William Shakespeare

As Translated and Updated by Orson Scott Card

Introduction

Shakespeare's great comedy about the relationship of man and woman in marriage has in recent years fallen into disuse, primarily because it asserts a subservience of women that is unpalatable to the modern audience. What may have been viewed, in Elizabethan times, as a comically outrageous exaggeration of the natural rights of the husband, appears in our times to be oppressive if not abusive.

Yet, for fear of being accused of bowdlerization, we seem to prefer to leave the play unseen rather than change what offends the modern eye. It seems to me that we might rather lose our contempt for Bowdler's attempt to make Shakespeare watchable to the audience of his time, and realize that the standards of taste and decorum change from age to age, and it is not at all unreasonable to make such temporary changes in the script as will allow a play to continue to find an audience — as long as the original remains available, so it can be restored to public view when tastes change again.

However, one danger in altering a play to fit a modern taste is that the characters can be moved so far out of their time that all seems false. In altering the final resolution of the play, I did not fully modernize it. Rather I tried to keep it within its period; that is, the husband is still called lord of the wife, as the law of the age had it. Instead I changed the nature of the relationship within that legal frame, so that one could still conceive of this version of the play as taking place within Elizabethan times.

Even if the original resolution of the relationship between Petruchio and Kate had been perfectly acceptable to modern audiences, I would still have altered the script, for reasons very well explained by John McWhorter in *Doing Our Own Thing: The Degradation Of Language And Music And Why We Should, Like, Care*. When Shakespeare's plays are translated into other languages, they are made fully comprehensible; but English has changed so much since Shakespeare's time that most English speakers cannot understand a

significant number of the words on first hearing. Because purists insist that the words of Shakespeare cannot be altered, English speakers are the only people in the world who never get to hear Shakespeare in their native tongue.

Yet it would not do to translate Shakespeare's plays into fully modern English. Much of the pleasure of the plays comes from the Elizabethan flavor. This is precisely the thing that is lost in translation into other languages; only English speakers can appreciate it.

Also, there's the matter of iambic pentameter — blank verse, with the occasional heroic couplet, usually to clinch a scene. While blank verse is still perfectly writable in modern English, it makes the translation artificial enough that one might as well keep Shakespeare's original as much as possible, for then the artifice will be (a) his and (b) pleasantly archaic.

What the language of the plays cries out for, then, is a selective translation and adaptation. Where the changes in vocabulary most hurt the ability of the plays to work well with a modern audience is in the humor, from intricate wordplay and punning to bawdy humor, which are only amusing when the audience can discover the joke on their own. It solves nothing for the actors to use gestures to "explain" the jokes, because that very act transforms light banter to crude pantomime, which is a worse deformation of the original intent.

Thus it is Shakespeare's comedic passages more than the dramatic ones that need translation. And in most cases a mere replacement of a lost word or meaning with a clearer "synonym" accomplishes next to nothing — the translated word probably isn't funny in the original context.

What is needed, then, are new jokes and wordplays that accomplish the same purpose as the original. And when the joke is partly that the jokes themselves are lame — when the jokes were originally meant to be "groaners" — then the translator must risk humiliation by deliberately writing new jokes that are just as

bad as the originals.

Thus I cannot imagine a more thankless task than the one I undertook, first with *Romeo and Juliet* (where I restored the lightness and comedy of the first three acts, which is essential to understanding and appreciating the tragedy of the last two), and now with *Taming of the Shrew*. Few will be the scholars and critics who approve of what I'm doing. The purists will be outraged at the very undertaking. Others will mourn the jokes and jests that are "lost" and dislike the new ones I replaced them with. And many will find fault with the imperfections of my use of blank verse (though I ask that they remember that Shakespeare's numbers did not always turn out exactly by the book, either).

Still others will imagine that my translation shows I didn't understand the original — which, to my view, would be irrelevant, if true, for that which is not easily understood on first hearing does not work on the stage anyway.

For you must keep in mind that my adaptation is not intended for publication, but rather for production. This script is to be heard, not read; to be experienced as actors gallop through a fast-moving live production on a stage, in a room with imperfect acoustics and with all the ordinary distractions of a play.

And those who decry my audacity in fiddling with the words of the greatest writer of dramatic literature in any age or language (for they will cruelly point out what I already admit, that I am not the equal of the Bard) might remember that we already do far greater violence to Shakespeare's original in almost every production. For few directors choose to produce Shakespeare's scripts in their entirety. Instead of translating passages of Shakespearean language in order to preserve them, they simply cut them out.

(Not that I am above cutting. When Shakespeare's characters use florid references to then-well-known classical myths, which are almost completely unknown to modern audiences, I cannot replace them with allusions that modern audiences will understand — since such allusions would inevitably be anachronistic. So from time to time, I have cut out short classical references or replaced them with language that serves the same dramatic or comic purpose without being the same type of figure.)

Not all the cutting that directors do is because of frustration with incomprehensible language; they also cut because the play is "too long." This, I think, is the saddest thing of all,

for Shakespeare's plays are *never* too long. They only *seem* long because there are such long stretches that cannot be understood, or which are performed slowly by actors who are hoping to make difficult language comprehensible.

There is also a tendency, because we no longer understand Shakespeare's jokes, to play comedic passages lugubriously — as in the miserably botched Queen Mab speech in Zeffirelli's *Romeo and Juliet* or the same director's interminable and tedious wooing scene in his *Taming of the Shrew*. Thus what should have been briskly performed becomes ponderous. My production of *Romeo and Juliet*, virtually uncut from the original, took only a little more than two hours from beginning to end; many productions, heavily trimmed, take half again as long.

(Sometimes this is because of elaborate set changes, which Shakespeare never allowed for; usually, though, it's because actors don't know when they're playing light comedy. Hamlet begs the players to speak trippingly — which means, not "stumblingly," but "dancingly" — but most modern actors insert endless pauses and pointless histrionics, bad enough in the tragedies, but unbearable in the comic passages.)

The result is that my adaptations can be played, in full, using less stage time than productions which have cut the script heavily. Who, then, is presenting a more accurate version of what Shakespeare intended?

Ay, there's the rub — what did Shakespeare intend? We do not know; we cannot tell. The scripts we have, where they exist in multiple editions, offer many differences — and even more theories to explain them. Even the act and scene divisions are probably not Shakespeare's originals. So in a way, it is absurd to criticize my adaptations for not being "faithful" to the holy writ; we don't even know what the writer wrote, or which variant is closest to what Shakespeare meant to create.

We have also lost much of the Shakespearean theatre experience because our theatrical customs are now so different. Our audiences arrive at a Shakespearean play, not usually to have fun or be entertained, but rather to pay homage to a cultural icon.

Modern audiences have lost some of the fun of part-doubling. Shakespeare's audience would know that the same actor played, say, Cordelia and the Fool in *King Lear*, so that all the Fool's words can be heard ironically, and when

Cordelia dies, after not having been seen onstage through most of the play, the audience grieves because they *have* experienced the same *actor* in a part where he (the Fool) shows the same devotion mingled with harsh truth-telling that Cordelia intended for her father.

Likewise, since the female parts are now played by women, we lose the ironic humor that comes from the audience's awareness that boys played all the girl parts — and thus their ready acceptance of the believability of girls dressing up as men and vice versa.

In *Taming of the Shrew* in particular, we have completely lost the point of the Christopher Sly sections of the play, which is why they are usually omitted entirely from modern productions. What a loss! Because Christopher Sly makes *Taming of the Shrew* the most ironic of Shakespeare's plays, as Sly becomes a parody of audience bad behavior.

Elizabethan playwrights apparently had trouble with the clowns in their acting companies. The clown achieved stardom by constantly interacting with the audience, ad libbing in order to get whatever laughs he thought were there to be had. The result was that scripts could be made mincemeat by the clowns who had to "out-herod Herod."

So when Christopher Sly seems to be pointless (two elaborate scenes at the beginning, one brief interlude soon after, and then Sly is never seen again) it is because we have forgotten who plays the part: The clown.

Even if we allow for the clown changing costumes and then portraying Grumio throughout the rest of the play, there are many times when Grumio is not on stage and the clown could change costumes, run to Sly's position, and then *ad lib* in a merciless parody of the bad behavior of audience members. Because Sly is a lowclass drunk who is persuaded that he is a lord, the clown can parody both groundlings and lordly audience members, making fun of the audience in a way that the audience will enjoy. Sly is thus part of the fun throughout the entire production.

Where Shakespeare's company would have doubled Sly with Grumio, I have made Grumio younger and offered the option of doubling the part with Bartholomew, the page who plays Sly's wife. I have provided the option of ignoring that doubling in order to double Sly with Grumio, as I believe Shakespeare intended. My reason is simply that I wanted to have more opportunities to keep Sly visible as himself, heckling the play from onstage. Instead of doubling with Grumio, I

have Sly, as Sly, insist on coming onstage to play the Widow at the end (a doubling — or should we say tripling? — that was quite likely the original intention, when you consider that it is Biondello and not Grumio that is sent to test the wives in the last scene).

By writing additional speeches for Sly throughout the play, I do not mean to imply that these are the *only* interruptions Sly can make. In Shakespeare's day, the clown would have taken many an opportunity to comment on the proceedings, like a rude audience member; while a director (and the other actors!) will want to temper the improvisations of the clown to allow the play to proceed without being reduced to a shambles, there is still room for a talented comic actor to improvise and delight an audience. And it is perfectly all right for the actors playing the *Shrew* play in front of Sly to occasionally break character to show, with a facial expression, a gesture, or a pointed movement (or stillness) their fury at the "audience's" (Sly's) heckling. Wherever the crude Sly would be entertained — the wooing scene, the taming scenes, the scenes of suspense or fury — he watches, silent; only where the play is in transition between scenes or relaxing after a particularly intense scene, would Sly make his comments. So as long as the clown is true to the character, his ad libs are unlikely to disrupt the play, but will rather enhance it.

Whatever the flaws you find in this script (or in the undertaking of it), remember that it is not intended to replace Shakespeare's original — the existence of this script does not erase any of the published versions dating from Elizabethan or Stuart England.

The purpose is to present *Taming of the Shrew* in a way that recovers, not the original text of Shakespeare's play, but the original *experience* of it — a fast-moving, instantly comprehensible, pun- and bawdy-filled, ironic, self-parodying comedy with a legitimate moral lesson about the relationship between man and woman in marriage.

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Cast of Characters

Christopher Sly section

Sir Christopher Sly (clown — *same actor as Widow*)

Marian Hacket (hostess)

Lord

1st huntsman

2nd huntsman

Player

players (members of cast of Shrew play)

servingman (no lines; any of 3 servants below)

1st servant [may double as Nicholas/Nora]

2nd servant [may double as Joseph/Mary]

3rd servant [may double as Philip/Peggy]

Bartholomew (**page** or **apprentice** who pretends to be Sly's wife — *same actor as Grumio*)

messenger

Baptista's House

Katherina Minola

Bianca Minola

Baptista Minola

Hortensio/Licio (suitor; Licio when pretending to be music teacher)

Gremio (elderly suitor)

Servant (no lines; servant 3 from Sly section)

Officer (no lines; called in to arrest everyone; *played by Lord*)

Lucentio's House

Lucentio/Cambio (handsome young man of wealth; Cambio when tutoring Bianca)

Vincentio (Lucentio's ancient father)

Tranio/False Lucentio (Lucentio's servant; masquerades as Lucentio)

Biondello (Lucentio's servant; helps Tranio with the impersonation)

Pedant/False Vincentio (an old teacher hired to act as Vincentio)

Widow (marries Hortensio — *played by Christopher Sly*)

Petruchio's House

Petruchio

Grumio (his servant — *same actor as Bartholomew*)

Curtis (servant in Petruchio's house)

Nathaniel (servant in Petruchio's house)

Ellie [Peter] (servant in Petruchio's house)

Nora [Nicholas] (servant in Petruchio's house)

Mary [Joseph] (servant in Petruchio's house)

Peggy [Philip] (servant in Petruchio's House)

Bonnetmaker (played by Hostess)

Tailor (*played by Lord*)

Act I

SCENE I. Before an alehouse on a heath.

Enter Hostess and SLY

SLY

I'll sue you for this! I'm a customer!

HOSTESS

If you don't pay for your drinks, you're a thief!

SLY

That's a slander! The Slys are no thieves!

Look in the histories! We came with Richard the Conqueror!

I drink on credit and you must call me sir.

HOSTESS

Well, *sir*, who's paying for the glasses you broke?

SLY

Not a penny from me! It's not my fault!

Buy sturdier glasses or a softer floor!

Not only that, but your inn is too cold.

Send up something to warm my bed.

HOSTESS

That's as close to a bed as you'll get in this house!

I know my remedy; I'll fetch an officer.

Exit

SLY

Get a captain, an admiral, a sergeant for all I care.

I'll get a lawyer! I'll disturb his peace!

Let him come, I'll not budge an inch.

Falls asleep. Horns. Enter a Lord from hunting, with his retinue

LORD

Huntsman, I charge thee, tender well my hounds:

Bold Merriman has a nasty gash to tend,

And don't put Clowder with Whiskey, lest they fight.

Saw'st thou not, boy, how Silver made it good

At the hedge-corner, when the trail was cold?

I would not lose that dog for twenty pounds.

HUNTSMAN 1

Why, Belman is as good as he, my lord;

He 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 fast,

I'd value him as worth a dozen such.

But feed them well and look unto them all:

To-morrow I intend to hunt again.

HUNTSMAN 1

I will, my lord.

Exit

LORD

What's here? Dead or drunk? Is he breathing?

HUNTSMAN 2

Breathing, my lord. Were he not warm'd with ale,

This bed would be too cold to sleep so sound.

LORD

O monstrous beast! how like a swine he lies!

I've seen dead men prettier than this.

HUNTSMAN 2

And three days dead before they smell so bad.

LORD

No, no, I think the smell was on him sober.

A putrid imposition on the public.

How can a man so far forget himself?

HUNTSMAN 2

I fear remembering would make him worse.

LORD

What an excellent plan!

HUNTSMAN 2

A plan? Of mine?

Huntsman 1 returns

LORD

What if we carry him away and wash him?

Dress him in sweet clothing? Ring his fingers?

Bed him softly, servants to attend,

With a most delicious banquet when he wakes?

Wouldn't the beggar *then* forget himself?

HUNTSMAN 2

He would deny he was ever such a lump.

HUNTSMAN 1

He'd believe whatever we said he was.

LORD

We'd tell him his life before was but a dream.

So take him up and manage well the jest:

Carry him gently to my fairest chamber

And hang it round with all my wanton pictures:

Wash his vomity head in warm water

And burn sweet wood to make the lodging sweet:

Procure me music ready when he wakes,

And speak to him subserviently, as:

'What is it your honor will command?'

Let one attend him with a silver basin

Full of rose-water and bestrewn with flowers,

And say 'Will't please your lordship cool your hands?'

Be ready with a costly suit of clothes —

My wife's father had a few this size.

HUNTSMAN 1

Should we tell him of his hounds and horses?

LORD

Yes!

And his lady —

HUNTSMAN 2

Lady?

LORD

Mourns at his disease!

HUNTSMAN 1

We'll tell him that he lost his mind awhile,

And forgot that he's a mighty lord.

LORD

Give no hint to him that it's a jest.

The truer you seem, the longer and better the game.

HUNTSMAN 1

My lord, he'll think, by our solemn diligence,

He is no less than what we say he is.

LORD

Then take him gently and to bed with him;

And each one to his duty when he wakes.

Some bear out SLY. A trumpet sounds

Sirrah, go see what trumpet 'tis that sounds:

Exit Servingman

Perhaps some traveling gentleman, who means

To sup and sleep at this public house tonight.

Re-enter Servingman

How now! who is it?

SERVANT

Actors, if it please your honor, offering
Entertainment, if your lordship like.

LORD

Bid them come near.

Enter Players

Now, fellows, you are welcome.

PLAYERS

We thank your honor.

LORD

Will you stay the night with me? Or at this inn?

PLAYER 1

With your lordship, if you want a play.

LORD

With all my heart. This fellow I remember,

I saw you play a farmer's eldest son:

The play where you woo'd the gentlewoman so well:

I've forgot your name, and the name of the play, but,
sure,

That goodman's part was splendidly perform'd.

PLAYER 1

The play, I think, was 'Farmer Goes a Wooing,'
And it does me good to know I was remembered.

LORD

Well, you are come to me in a happy time;

I have some sport in hand that you can help me with.

There is a lord would hear you play to-night.

Don't be distracted by his odd behavior,

For his lordship never saw a play before.

PLAYER 1

Fear not, my lord: we can contain ourselves,

Though he were lunatic, and drunk besides.

*[Use the following if the production uses the
same actor to play Grumio and Bartholomew.]*

LORD

And have you a boy who plays the women's part?

I have a role for him within our jest.

PLAYER 1

None to spare. Unless he plays two parts,

Two costumes, changing back and forth.

Bartholomew, apprentice of mine own,

But skilled at women and at comic parts;

He'll play your jest between his scenes with us.]

LORD

Agreed! *(to Servant 2)* Now take them to the buttery,

And give them friendly welcome every one:

Let 'em want for nothing that my house affords.

Exit Servant 2 with the Players

*[Use the following speech if the production uses
different actors for Grumio and Bartholomew:]*

Sirrah, go to Bartholomew my page,

And get him dress'd up like the finest lady:

Then lead her — him, I mean — to the drunkard's
chamber;

And call him 'madam,' the drunkard's lady wife.

He'll have my thanks and more, if he does it well,

With soft low tongue and lowly courtesy,

Like the sweetest ladies to their noble lords,

And say 'What is it your honor will command,
Wherein your lady and your humble wife
May show her duty and make known her love?'

And have Bartholomew shed tears of joy
To see his — *her* lord restored to health,
Who for seven years has believed himself a beggar.
And if the lad can't show a woman's tears,
Then bid him hide an onion in a napkin.

Exit a Servingman

My page Bartholomew as a gentlewoman —
Calling the drunkard husband, weeping for joy —
How long can my men restrain themselves from
laughter?]

Enter Hostess with Officer

HOSTESS

Where did the rascal go that drank my ale,

Broke my glasses, and insulted me?

LORD

Good woman, instead of whipping or the stocks,

Come see the sport we make of him tonight!

Good officer, come join our revels, too!

Exeunt

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

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

SLY

Have mercy. A pot of ale will save my life.

SERVANT 1

Will it please your lordship drink a cup of wine?

SERVANT 2

Will it please your honor taste of these preserves?

SERVANT 3

What clothing will your honor wear to-day?

SLY

I am Christophero Sly; call not me 'honor' nor
'lordship': I ne'er drank wine in my life; and if you
give me any preserves, give me preserves of beef:
never ask me what clothing 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 shoes where the toes creep
out the ends.

LORD

Alas, that his lordship has forgot that he's

A man of noble family, high esteem,

And great estate! — and for lo these seven years

Insists that he's a stinking drunken beggar.

SLY

What, am I not Christopher Sly, son of old Sly of
Burtonheath, by birth a pedlar, by education a
finger-counter, by bad luck for one terrifying day a
bear baiter, and now by present trade a tinker? Ask
Marian Hacket, the fat obnoxious hag of an ale-wife
of Wincot, if she know me not: if she say I am not
fourteen pence on the score for ale alone, not to
mention a matter of some broken glasses, chalk me
up as the lyingest knave in Christendom.

SERVANT 3

No wonder his loving lady weeps for him!

SERVANT 2
This is the madness that makes his servants sad.
LORD
It's because of lunacy like this, my Lord,
That your kin refuse to visit anymore.
O noble one, remember thy proud birth!
Call home thy wandering wit from banishment!
Look how thy servants do attend on thee,
Each in his office ready at thy call.
SERVANT 1
Dost thou want music? Apollo tunes his lyre.
Music
SERVANT 2
Or wilt thou sleep? Then here's the softest bed.
SERVANT 3
Say thou wilt walk; we cover the ground with roses.
SERVANT 1
Wilt thou ride? thy saddle is gold and pearl.
SERVANT 2
Dost thou love hawking? thou hast hawks will soar
Above the morning lark, or wilt thou hunt?
Thy hounds shall make the heavens answer them
And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth.
SERVANT 3
Say thou wilt course; thy greyhounds are as swift
As mighty stags, ay, fleeter than the roe.
SERVANT 2
Dost thou love pictures? we will fetch thee straight
Adonis painted by a running brook,
So natural that thou wilt wipe his brow.
LORD
Thou art a lord, and nothing but a lord:
Thou hast a lady far more beautiful
Than any woman in this waning age.
SERVANT 1
She was the fairest creature in the world,
Until her face was marred by tears for thee.
SERVANT 2
Just now, she practiced weeping as she dress'd.
SERVANT 3
And still, no other lady matches her.
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 savors and I feel soft things:
Upon my life, I *am* a lord indeed
And not a tinker nor Christophero Sly.
Well, bring our lady hither to our sight;
And what I asked before — a pot of ale.
SERVANT 2
O, how we joy to see your wit restored!
SERVANT 1
Once more remembering what you really are!
SERVANT 3
These fifteen years you have been in a dream.
SERVANT 2
Will it please your mightiness to wash your hands?
SLY
These fifteen years! by my fay, a goodly nap.

But did I never speak in all that time?
SERVANT 1
You spoke, but madly. Here in this goodly chamber
You spoke as if you'd been thrown out of a pub!
SERVANT 2
You'd rail upon the hostess of the house,
And swear that you would sue her in the courts
Because she wouldn't sell you ale on credit.
SERVANT 3
And you broke your lady's heart, for when she came
You called her Cicely Hacket, a kitchen slut!
SLY
Ay, the woman's maid of the public house.
SERVANT 1
Why, sir, there's no such house nor no such maid,
Nor no such men as you have reckon'd up,
As Stephen Sly, and 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 that I am healed!
ALL
Amen.
Enter Bartholomew as a lady, with attendants
BARTHOLOMEW
How fares my noble lord?
SLY
Better than I have in fifteen years.
Where is my wife?
BARTHOLOMEW
Here, noble lord: what is thy will with me?
SLY
Are you my wife and will not call me husband?
My men can call me 'lord,' but I am your goodman.
BARTHOLOMEW
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.
BARTHOLOMEW
Ay, and the time seems thirty unto me,
Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.
SLY
Poor thing! Servants, leave me and her alone.
Madam, undress you and come now to bed.
BARTHOLOMEW
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

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.

Enter Messenger

MESSENGER

Your honor's players, hearing you are well,
Have come to play a pleasant comedy;
For so your doctors hold it very meet.
They say 'twas sadness that congeal'd your blood,
And melancholy was 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 it a comondy, a
Christmas gambold, or a tumbling-trick?

BARTHOLOMEW

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

SLY

What, household stuff?

BARTHOLOMEW

It is a kind of history.

SLY

Well, let's see it. Come, madam wife, sit by my side
and let the world slip: we shall ne'er be younger.

Flourish

ACT I

SCENE I. Padua. A public place.

Enter LUCENTIO and his man TRANIO

LUCENTIO

All my life I dreamed of Padua, and now
I'm here in the garden of Italy, nursery of art.
Ah, Tranio, wasn't my father good to me,
Giving me leave to come and means to stay?
And sending with me the trustiest of men,
No mere servant, Tranio — my friend.

TRANIO

You came to learn — what will your study be?

LUCENTIO

No tedious quadrivium, be sure!
I'll study virtue and philosophy.

TRANIO

Your father, born in Pisa, brought you up
In Florence, where you studied everything.

LUCENTIO

Indoors, Tranio, with books and pedants.
Florence was a puddle: here's the sea!

TRANIO

I'm glad that you continue your resolve
To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy.
Only, good master, while we do admire
This virtue, let us not be stoics.
Test your logic with acquaintances,
And practice rhetoric in lively talk.
Quicken life with poetry and music;
Take mathematics and metaphysics as relief

From indigestion caused by too much sweets.

LUCENTIO

Tranio, thou art wise. Let's start at once,
By taking lodgings fit to entertain
The wise and witty friends I mean to make!

TRANIO

But Biondello is to meet us here.

LUCENTIO

And if we lose him now he'll never be found.
Tedious boy, the slowest ever born.
But stay a while: what company is this?

TRANIO

Master, some show to welcome us to town.

*Enter BAPTISTA, KATHARINA, BIANCA,
GREMIO, and HORTENSIO. LUCENTIO and
TRANIO stand by*

BAPTISTA

Gentlemen, plead with me no more!
You know how firmly I'm resolved:
I'll not bestow my younger daughter
Before I have a husband for the elder.
If Katharina you desire to wed,
Because I know you well, and love you well,
I give you leave to court her at your pleasure.

GREMIO

[*Aside*] My peril, rather — she's too rough for me.
Hortensio, isn't this the wife you seek?

KATHARINA

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

HORTENSIO

No mates for you, unless you learn to show
A friendly smile and speak a gentle word.

KATHARINA

Fear not, I won't enchant you with my smile.
I'll 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

Master, look! A play that's worth the penny.
That wench is stark mad or wonderfully rude.

LUCENTIO

But in the sister's silence do I see
Womanly virtue and sobriety.

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 out of sight. Don't pout, now, good Bianca,
For I will love thee never the less, my girl.

KATHARINA

A pretty pout! But where's your tears? I'll put
A finger in your eye, that brings 'em out!

BIANCA

Isn't it enough my life must wait
For you to wed? Must you torment me too?

Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe:
My books and instruments shall be my company,
On them to look and practice by myself.

LUCENTIO

Ah, do you hear? The lark of virtue sings.

HORTENSIO

Sorry am I that our desire to woo
Should cause Bianca grief.

GREMIO

Why mew her up,
Signior Baptista, for this fiend of hell,
And make her bear the penance of her tongue?

BAPTISTA

Gentlemen, I am resolved: Go in, Bianca:

Exit BIANCA

Confinement will not punish such as she.
She takes delight in music and in poetry,
So she'll have tutors for companions,
Fit to teach these arts. Hortensio
And Gremio, if you would be kind to her,
Then find and recommend me men of skill.
I'll pay them well, for I am liberal
To those who help me raise my daughters well.
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?
Shall I be appointed hours? "Today she's on
Display from noon to three; watch out, she spits
Whenever she is gazed upon by twits."

Exit

GREMIO

No man is worthy of a wit so fine!
Look at the queue of suitors at your gate!
I fear, Hortensio, that we've a while to wait.
Yet for the love I bear my sweet Bianca,
I'll find a man to teach what she delights in,
And I'll recommend him to her father.

HORTENSIO

We may again be rivals, when her hand
Is wooable. Till then, shall we be allies?

GREMIO

In what endeavor?

HORTENSIO

To get a husband for her sister.

GREMIO

A husband! a devil.

HORTENSIO

I say, a husband.

GREMIO

I say, a devil. Her father may be rich,
Her dowry huge, her face well shaped, and yet
What man is fool enough to marry hell?

HORTENSIO

Tush, Gremio. Though we're too sensitive
To bear the lashing of the sister's tongue,
Why, man, there be good fellows in the world,
If we could only find one, who would take her
With all her faults, and money enough.

GREMIO

I'd as soon take her dowry with this condition,
To be whipped at the high cross every morning.

HORTENSIO

Ay, there's small choice in rotten apples.
But since this prohibition makes us friends,
Then let's together help Baptista find
A merry husband for his eldest daughter.

GREMIO

A deaf one, you mean.

HORTENSIO

Setting the younger free.

Then we'll be at each other's throats again!
Sweet Bianca! Happy the man who wins thee!
He that runs fastest gets the ring.
How say you, Signior Gremio?

GREMIO

I agree.

I would I had given the best horse in Padua
To the man who'll thoroughly woo her, wed her, bed
her,
And rid the house of her! Come on.

Exeunt GREMIO and HORTENSIO

TRANIO

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

LUCENTIO

O Tranio, till I found it to be true,
I never thought it possible or likely;
But now in plainness I confess to thee,
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

Affection is not chided from the heart,
So I will chide you not, Lucentio.
There is no choice: When love enslaves a man,
He buys his freedom cheaply as he can.

LUCENTIO

Your counsel is sound, but it's not much of a plan.

TRANIO

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

LUCENTIO

O yes, I saw sweet beauty in her face,

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 Bianca's 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.

LUCENTIO

Ah, Tranio, what a cruel father's he!

TRANIO

But art thou not advised, he took some care
To get her cunning schoolmasters to instruct her?

LUCENTIO

Lucky tutors, with her hours a day.

TRANIO

And now 'tis plotted.

LUCENTIO

I have it, Tranio.

TRANIO

Both our inventions meet and jump in one.

LUCENTIO

Tell me thine first.

TRANIO

You will be a tutor

And undertake the teaching of the maid:

That's your device.

LUCENTIO

It is: can 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;
And solely by our faces, who would know
The servant from the master?

TRANIO

Do you think?

LUCENTIO

Thou shalt be master, Tranio, in my stead,
Keep house and port and servants as I should:
I'll be a sonnetizing Florentine.

'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

You must — he bridles it for no one else.
Your father charged me at our parting to obey,
'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 enthralled 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? 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 that I was seen.
Be servant to him, so others are convinced,
While I make way from hence to save my life:
You understand me?

BIONDELLO

I, sir! Not a whit.

LUCENTIO

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

BIONDELLO

The better for him: would I were so too!

TRANIO

[*Aside*] So could I, boy, to have the next wish after,
That Lucentio indeed had Baptista's youngest
daughter.

Not for my sake, but your master's, I advise:
Use your manners discreetly in all companies:
When we're alone, why, then I'm Tranio;
But in all places else, your master Lucentio.

LUCENTIO

And one thing more: When you're Lucentio,
Make one among these wooers. Don't ask me why.
Trust that my reasons are both good and weighty.

Exeunt. Lights up on the company with Sly

SERVANT 1

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

SLY

Yes, by Saint Anne, I do. A good story! Comes there any more of it?

SERVANT 2

My lord, 'tis but begun.

SLY

'Tis a very excellent piece of work. I'm eager for it to be done.

They sit and watch

SCENE II. 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 this must be his house.
Here, sirrah Grumio; knock, I say.

GRUMIO

Knock, sir! whom should I knock? Is there man has
rebused you?

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

I want no fight with you! If I knock first,
You'll knock me second, and by far the worst!

PETRUCHIO

If you'll not knock, I'll try my hand at ringing —
I'll soon have you dancing here, and singing!

*He stomps on Grumio's foot and 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
Verona?

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 honorato signor
mio Petruchio.' Rise, Grumio, rise: we will compound
this quarrel.

GRUMIO

Don't believe a word of what he says 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! Spoke 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

So he defends his disobedience
By claiming to be stupid. Both offenses
Merit a beating, or tight trousers.

HORTENSIO

He's always been this way, Petruchio.
So tell me now, sweet friend, what happy gale
Blows you to Padua here from old Verona?

PETRUCHIO

The wind that scatters young men through the world,
To test our luck on unfamiliar ground.
Antonio, my father, is deceased;
And I have thrust myself into this maze,
Hoping to wive and thrive as best I may.

HORTENSIO

Petruchio, what kind of friend am I,
To offer thee a shrewish, quarrelsome wife?
And yet she's rich. But I'm too good a friend.

PETRUCHIO

Hortensio, such friends as we may speak
With perfect candor. Therefore, if thou know
One rich enough to be Petruchio's wife,
Be she old or harsh or ugly as a stump,

She cannot dull affection's edge in me.

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 a
puppet or a button, or an old nag with never 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 what 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 shrewish and froward, so beyond all measure
That, were my state far worsen 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 Katharina Minola,
Renown'd in Padua for her scolding tongue.

PETRUCHIO

I've met 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 mood lasts. On
my word, if 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. Once he begins railing, he'll rail a
fence around her. I'll tell you what sir, if she rag him
but a little, he'll soon have her all in rags. From
raging to raggedy, from shrew to shreds, all in a half-
dozen snipping sentences, till she's unseamed and
unseemly, naked for lack of answers. You know him
not, sir.

HORTENSIO

Well then, Petruchio, I must go with thee,
For in Baptista's keep my treasure is:
He has the jewel of my life in hold,
His youngest daughter, beautiful Bianca.
Supposing it a thing impossible
That ever Katharina will be woo'd;
Baptista has sworn that none shall see Bianca
Till Katharina the curst have got a husband.

GRUMIO

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

HORTENSIO

But what Baptista does allow is tutors.
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;
By this device I'll see her every day,
And unsuspected court her by herself.

GRUMIO

If they made such plots to get a man's money, they'd be hanged for thieves. But to get his daughter, honest young gentlemen defraud a man — so they can call him father!

Enter GREMIO, and LUCENTIO disguised

HORTENSIO

Peace, Grumio! There is the rival of my love.

GRUMIO

Which? The rich old man or the poor but young?

GREMIO

I've armed you now with books of love in rhymes.
See you read no other lectures to her —
Except to speak the name of Gremio.

Besides Signior Baptista's generous wage,
I'll pay you well. Oh, take your paper too,
And let me have it very well perfumed,
For she is sweeter than perfume itself
To whom they go to. What will you read to her?

LUCENTIO

Whatever I read to her, I'll plead for you.
I'll let the finest poets speak your love
For they have art that melts a lady's heart.

GREMIO

O this learning, what a thing it is!

GRUMIO

O this woodcock, what an ass it is!

PETRUCHIO

Peace, sirrah!

HORTENSIO

God save you, Signior Gremio.

GREMIO

And you are well met, Signior Hortensio.
By good fortune I have lighted well
On this young man, for learning and behavior
Fit for her turn, well read in poetry
And other books — good ones, I promise you.

HORTENSIO

Good for you! And you'll be glad to know
I've found a fine musician for our mistress.
So shall I be no whit behind in duty
To fair Bianca, so beloved of me.

GREMIO

Beloved of me; and that my deeds shall prove.

GRUMIO

Only in his dreams will he find love.

HORTENSIO

Gremio, 'tis now no time for rivalry.
I have news that's good for both of us.
This gentleman, with our encouragement,

Will undertake to woo curst Katharina —
Yea, and to marry her, if her dowry please.

GREMIO

A man can say much and do little.
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

I've met my dearest friend. Where are you from?

PETRUCHIO

Born in Verona, old Antonio's son:
My father dead, his fortune lives for me;
I mean to marry it up, so when I'm done,
I'll live my span of years most prosperously.

GREMIO

The shortest life, with such a wife, seems long.
But if you have the stomach for it, man,
I'll stand behind you. *Will you woo this wild-cat?*

PETRUCHIO

Will I live?

GRUMIO

Woo her? ay, or I'll hang her.

PETRUCHIO

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 cannons in the field,
And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies?
Have I not in a pitched battle heard
Harsh screams, 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

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, whatsoever.

GREMIO

And so we will, provided that he win her.

GRUMIO

I would I were as sure of a good dinner.

*Enter TRANIO in gentleman's dress, 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 Signior Baptista Minola?

BIONDELLO

He that has the two fair daughters: is that the one
you mean, master?

TRANIO

Even he, Biondello.

GREMIO
Hark you, sir; you have not come to woo!
TRANIO
Perhaps I have, or not. What's it to you?
PETRUCHIO
Not her that chides, sir, at any hand, I pray.
TRANIO
I love no chiders, sir. Biondello, let's away.
LUCENTIO
[*Aside to Tranio*] Well begun, Tranio.
HORTENSIO
 Sir, before you go;
Are you a suitor to the maid you talk of, yes 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 love of Signior Gremio.
HORTENSIO
That she's the chosen of Hortensio.
TRANIO
Fair Helen of Troy had a thousand wooers;
Sweet Bianca surely merits three,
And I, Lucentio, shall make the third.
Or do you claim she has not beauty enough
To win three hearts? Is that your word?
GREMIO
What! this gentleman will out-talk us all.
LUCENTIO
Sir, let him talk. Fear not his empty boast.
PETRUCHIO
Bianca's stable has too many mounts.
My Katharina's has but one to ride.
HORTENSIO
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

Then you're the benefactor of us all.
HORTENSIO
So will you join with us, and pay your share
Of the cost of Petruchio's wooing?
TRANIO
You'll see my gratitude, Petruchio.
And let the three of you, this afternoon,
Come visit me and drink to our mistress's health,
And do as adversaries do in law:
Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.
GRUMIO
O excellent motion!
BIONDELLO
What are we waiting for!
HORTENSIO
The motion's good indeed and be it so.
But first, Petruchio, come with me,
And with Baptista I will sponsor you.
Exeunt

ACT II

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

Enter KATHARINA and BIANCA.
BIANCA
Good sister, wrong me not, nor wrong yourself,
To make a bondmaid and a slave of me;
If you dislike the baubles that I wear,
Unbind my hands, I'll pull them off myself,
Yea, all my raiment, to my petticoat;
Or what you will command me will I do,
So well I know my duty to my elders.
KATHARINA
Of all thy suitors, here I charge thee, tell
Whom thou lovest best: see thou dissemble not.
BIANCA
Believe me, sister, of all the men alive
I never yet beheld that special face
Which I could fancy more than any other.
KATHARINA
Minion, thou liest. Is it not Hortensio?
BIANCA
If *you* wish for him, sister, here I swear
I'll plead for you myself, for you should have him.
KATHARINA
Oh, now I see, you fancy riches more:
You will have Gremio to keep you fair.
BIANCA
Is it for him that you resent 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
They pine for love of her who mocks at them.
They're all a jest to thee, but know it not
Because thy smiles are liars, while I, who show
The feelings thou concealest, bear their scorn!
Strikes her. 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 spawn of a devilish spirit,
Why harm a child who does no harm to thee?
When did she cross thee with a bitter word?

KATHARINA

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

Flies after BIANCA

BAPTISTA

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

Exit BIANCA

KATHARINA

You bear me, Father, but you never hear me.
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.

BAPTISTA

I have decreed that you shall marry first!

What more can a father do —

KATHARINA

Talk not to me:

I'll shed my tears alone, since no one hears,
Nor tells the world of any good in me.

Exit

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*

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 behavior,

Am bold to show myself a forward guest

Within your house, to make mine eye the witness

Of that report which I so oft have heard.

And, for an entrance to my entertainment,

I do present you with a man of mine,

Presenting HORTENSIO

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. [LEE-chee-oh]

BAPTISTA

You're welcome, sir; and he, for your good sake.

But for my daughter Katharina, this I know,
She's not the one you want, 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.

Where are you from, sir? what may I call you?

PETRUCHIO

Petruchio of Verona, 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

I believe in getting to the point.

GREMIO

I doubt it not, but you will curse your wooing.

Neighbour, this is a fine gift, I'm sure,

Which you must pay for with a daily wage.

I, on the other hand, freely give you

This young scholar,

Presenting LUCENTIO

cunning in Latin, Greek,

Music and mathematics: his name is Cambio.

BAPTISTA

A thousand thanks, Signior Gremio.

Welcome, good Cambio.

To TRANIO

But, gentle sir, I believe I know you not.

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 amongst the rest that woo.

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; where from I pray?

TRANIO

Of Pisa, sir; son to Vincentio.

BAPTISTA

A mighty man of Pisa; by report

I know him well: you are very welcome, sir,

Take you the lute, and you the set of books;

You shall go see your pupils presently.

Holla, within!

Enter a Servant

Sirrah, lead these gentlemen

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

*Exit Servant, with LUCENTIO and HORTENSIO,
BIONDELLO after*

We will go walk a little in the orchard,
And then to dinner. You all are welcome.

PETRUCHIO

Signior Baptista, business presses me,
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 I die, one half; and at the wedding,
Cash in hand, some twenty thousand crowns.

PETRUCHIO

And, for that dowry, I'll secure her wealth
In widowhood, if she survive me.
Let papers 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's 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

Then canst thou 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 if she'd studied to misuse me so.

PETRUCHIO

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

BAPTISTA

Proceed in practise with my younger daughter;
She's apt to learn and thankful for good turns.
Signior Petruchio, will you go with us,
Or shall I send my daughter Kate to you?

PETRUCHIO

I pray you send her.

Exeunt all but PETRUCHIO

PETRUCHIO

I'll 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 utters piercing eloquence:
If she should 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.

Enter KATHARINA

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

KATHARINA

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

PETRUCHIO

You lie, in faith; for you are call'd plain Kate,
And bonny Kate and sometimes Kate the curst;
But Cake, the prettiest Cake in Christendom
Cake of Cake Hall, my super-dainty Cake,
For dainties are all Cakes, and therefore, Cake,
Take this of me, Cake of my consolation;
Hearing thy mildness praised in every town,
Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded,
My heart was stirred to woo thee for my wife.

KATHARINA

Stirred! Let the cook that stirred this gruel
Serve it to beggars, or pour it on the floor.

PETRUCHIO

You'd pour me out untasted? And let my love be
wasted?

Resist me not, my *piece de resistance*!

KATHARINA

I am no piece for *thee*!

PETRUCHIO

And without thee I have no peace!
I seethe, I boil, I bake for love of thee!

KATHARINA

What cook would roast me up a dish so foul?
 PETRUCHIO
 What, I, a fowl? You call me a goose?
 KATHARINA
 A turkey, rather!
She swings at him; he ducks.
 PETRUCHIO
 Better yet, a duck.
 I am thy feast, a table spread for thee!
 KATHARINA
 More like a one-legged milking stool.
 PETRUCHIO
 Thou hast hit it: come, sit on me.
 KATHARINA
 Asses are made to bear, and so are you.
 PETRUCHIO
 Women are made to bear, and so are you.
 KATHARINA
 I'll bear no burden given me by *you*.
 PETRUCHIO
 I'll carry every burden for my love,
 And thus your days with me will all be light.
 KATHARINA
 Any day with you is dark as night.
 PETRUCHIO
 I'll make my love light-hearted in the dark.
 KATHARINA
 In faith, my heart's too light for *you* to catch.
 PETRUCHIO
 I'll have the *whole* of you as my *holy* match.
 KATHARINA
 Whole or part, I'll make no match with thee.
 PETRUCHIO
 Thou art the match that lit a fire in me.
 KATHARINA
 That light in you is madness, not from me!
 Though I'm as heavy as my weight should be.
 PETRUCHIO
 Should be! should — buzz!
 KATHARINA
 Well taken, and like a buzzard.
 PETRUCHIO
 Come, come, you wasp; in faith, you are too angry.
 KATHARINA
 If I be waspish, best beware my sting.
 PETRUCHIO
 My remedy is, then, to pluck it out.
 KATHARINA
 Ay, if the fool could find it where it lies,
 PETRUCHIO
 Who knows not where a wasp must
 Wear his sting? In his tail.
 KATHARINA
 In his tongue.
 PETRUCHIO
 Whose tongue?
 KATHARINA
 Yours, if you talk of tails: and so farewell.
 PETRUCHIO
 What, with my tongue in your tail? nay, come again,

Good Kate; I am a gentleman.
 KATHARINA
 That I'll test!
She strikes him
 PETRUCHIO
 I swear I'll cuff you, if you strike again.
 KATHARINA
 A cuff of lace, and a lacy ruff —
 Are you a man or an old maid's curtain?
 PETRUCHIO
 I'd gladly be the lacy dressing gown
 That covers you prettily after your bath.
 KATHARINA
 You'll tat no lace that touches *me*.
 PETRUCHIO
 That's fair.
 KATHARINA
 What's fair?
 PETRUCHIO
 Why, tit for tat, as everyone knows.
 Nay, come, Kate, come; you must not look so sour.
 KATHARINA
 It is my fashion, when I see a slug.
 PETRUCHIO
 I make no fist, and therefore there's no slug.
 KATHARINA
 A slug that leaves a trail of slime.
 PETRUCHIO
 Show it to me.
 KATHARINA
 Had I a glass, I would.
 PETRUCHIO
 I'll be a snail, to share a house with thee.
 KATHARINA
 A louse's house is not for me.
 PETRUCHIO
 Your blouse, sweet mouse, is my treasure house.
 KATHARINA
 Nothing in this house belongs to you.
 PETRUCHIO
 Until you sweetly whisper me, "I do."
 KATHARINA
 I'd rather a knacker melt me down for glue.
 PETRUCHIO
 The words I hoped to hear! She melts for me!
 KATHARINA
 I'd better go before you get too sticky.
 PETRUCHIO
 My sticky bun, you won't escape me so!
 KATHARINA
 I'll stick you in the eye! So let me go!
 PETRUCHIO
 I'll never let you go, my sweetmeat.
 '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 slow in speech, yet sweet as spring-time flowers:
 Thou canst not frown, thou canst not look askance,
 Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will,
 Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross in talk,

But thou with mildness entertain'st thy wooers,
With gentle conference, soft and affable.

Why does the world report that Kate doth limp?
O slanderous world! Kate like the hazel-twig
Is straight and slender and as brown in hue
As hazel nuts and sweeter than the kernels.
O, let me see thee walk: thou dost not halt.

KATHARINA

Where did you study all this goodly speech?

PETRUCHIO

It is extempore, from my mother-wit.

KATHARINA

A witty mother! witless else her son.

PETRUCHIO

Am I not wise?

KATHARINA

Yes; keep you warm.

PETRUCHIO

Marry, so I mean, sweet Katharina, in thy bed:
And therefore, setting all this chat aside,
Thus in plain terms: your father has consented
That you shall be my wife; your dowry agreed on;
And, will you, nil you, I will marry you.
You see, Kate, I'm a husband for your turn;
For, by this light, whereby I see thy beauty,
Thou must be married to no man but me;
For I am he that's born to tame you, Cat,
And bring you from a wild cat to a Cat
Conformable as other household Cats.
Here comes your father: never make denial;
I must and will have Katharina to my wife.

SLY

Did you hear him talk of cats? That's a pun on her name! Kate and cat!
Did you get that?

Petruchio starts menacingly toward Sly

Re-enter BAPTISTA, GREMIO, and TRANIO

BAPTISTA

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

PETRUCHIO

With one so fair, how could I fare but fairly?

BAPTISTA

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

KATHARINA

How dare you call me daughter!
You have shown a tender fatherly regard,
To wish me wed to this half-lunatic!
I thought my sister's suitors were buffoons,
But they were Solomons compared to this!

PETRUCHIO

Father, 'tis thus: yourself and all the world,
That talk'd of her, have talk'd amiss of her:
If she seems shrewish, it's by clever plan,
To test the faithfulness of men's desire.
For she's not quarrelsome, but modest as the dove.
She is not hot, but temperate as the morn.
And, to conclude, we've agreed so well together,
That upon Sunday is the wedding-day.

KATHARINA

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

GREMIO

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

TRANIO

Is this your fair faring? Good night our part!

PETRUCHIO

Be patient, gentlemen; I choose her for myself:
If she and I be pleased, what's that to you?
We bargain'd between us, being alone,
That she'll be rude to me 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.
You're novices, to be so taken in
By a fair maid's pantomime of fishwifery.
Give me thy hand, Kate: I will unto Venice,
To buy apparel for the wedding-day.
Provide the feast, father, and bid the guests;
Katharina is the wife that I have longed for,
And she has saved her lovely self for me.

BAPTISTA

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

GREMIO

They are betrothed!

TRANIO

We are the witnesses.

GREMIO

With honor pledged, these oaths cannot be broken.

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 on Sunday.

SLY

That's a kiss! That's love! That's mastery! How do you like that, you
scolding wench!

Exeunt PETRUCHIO and KATHARINA severally

GREMIO

Was ever match clapp'd up so suddenly?

BAPTISTA

I'm like a merchant who has suddenly sold
An item that he'd thought to own for life.

TRANIO

It was a perishable commodity.
You found a buyer while it still was fresh.

BAPTISTA

She disbelieves it, but I love her dearly;
If he can teach her how to be content,
Then she, and I, and he will all be blessed.

GREMIO

Blessings enough for everyone, my friend!
So now, Baptista, to your younger daughter:
Now is the day we long have looked for:
I am your neighbour, and was suitor first.

BAPTISTA

Where is your longtime rival, Hortensio?

GREMIO

I am here for love, and he is not.

TRANIO

And I am one that loves Bianca more

Than words can witness, or your thoughts can guess.

GREMIO

Youngling, thou canst not love so dear as I.

TRANIO

Graybeard, thy love doth freeze.

GREMIO

But thine doth fry.

'Tis wisdom born of age that nourisheth.

TRANIO

But youth in ladies' eyes that flourisheth.

BAPTISTA

I'll settle this! Who can provide for her?

What lands, what house, what raiment will she have?

It's deeds, not boasts, that win my daughter's love.

GREMIO

First, as you know, my house within the city

Is richly furnished with plate and gold;

Basins and ewers to wash her dainty hands;

My hangings all of Tyrian tapestry;

In ivory coffers I have stuff'd my coins;

In cypress chests are delicate apparel,

Fine linen, Turkish cushions boss'd with pearl,

Drapes 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 milk-cows to the pail,

Two hundred oxen standing in my stalls,

And enough of pigs and geese to raise a din.

SLY

To raise a stink, you mean! Pigs and geese! A din *and* a stink!

GREMIO

I am struck in years, I must confess;

And if I die to-morrow, this is hers,

If, while I live, she will be only mine.

TRANIO

That 'only' came well in. Sir, list to me:

I am my father's heir and only son:

If I may have your daughter to my wife,

I'll leave her houses three or four as good,

Within rich Pisa walls, as any one

Old Signior Gremio has in Padua;

Besides two thousand ducats by the year

Of fruitful land, all which shall be her jointure.

What, have I pinch'd you, Signior Gremio?

GREMIO

Two thousand ducats by the year of land!

My land amounts not to so much in all:

That she shall have; besides a merchant ship

With trusty crew that harbors in Marseilles.

What, have I choked you with a merchant ship?

TRANIO

Gremio, 'tis known my father has no less

Than three great galleons, besides two galliases,

And twelve tight galleys: these I will assure her —

And twice as much as whatever thou offerest next.

GREMIO

Nay, I have offer'd all, I have no more;

And she can have no more than all I have:

If you like me, she shall have me and mine.

TRANIO

Why, then the maid is mine from all the world,

By your firm promise: Gremio is out-vied.

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

I am thus resolved: on Sunday next you know

My daughter Katharina's to be married:

On the Sunday following, Bianca shall

Be bride to you, with your father's assurance;

If not, to Signior Gremio:

And so, I take my leave, and thank you both.

GREMIO

Adieu, good neighbour.

Exit BAPTISTA

Now I fear thee not:

Sirrah young gamester, your father were a fool

To give thee all, and in his waning age

Become dependent on a flighty boy.

An old Italian fox is not so kind, my lad.

Exit

TRANIO

A vengeance on your crafty wither'd hide!

Lucentio's father will make good on all!

Except for the fact that I am not his son.

How can I serve my master's purpose best?

I see no reason but supposed Lucentio

Must get a father, call'd 'supposed Vincentio;'

And that's a wonder: fathers commonly

Beget their children; but in this case of wooing,

A child shall get a sire, if I fail not of my cunning.

Exit

SLY

Rich old men, watch out for the young ones! And watch out for the

servants pretending to be rich young men! And watch out for young

men pretending to be women! They're all boys, you know. All the

women in these plays, it's boys acting their parts. You can always tell.

BARTHOLOMEW

Oh, my lord husband, you're so clever!

SLY

More wine!

ACT III

SCENE I. Padua. BAPTISTA'S house.

Enter LUCENTIO, HORTENSIO, and BIANCA

LUCENTIO

Fiddler, forbear; you grow too forward, sir:

Have you so soon forgot the twanging lute

Her sister gently strummed across your head?

HORTENSIO

That was the shrew. The sister that delights

In harmony must love to hear my tune.

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, who never read so far

To know the cause why music was ordain'd!
Was it not to refresh the mind of man?
Your music causes pain, so give me leave
To read her first from this philosophy,
To help her find the stoic strength to bear it.

HORTENSIO

Sirrah, I will not bear these slurs from thee!
BIANCA

Why, gentlemen, you do me double wrong,
To fight each other, when it's up to *me*.
I'm not a child in school, to have my hours
Declared by others. I will please myself.
And, to cut off all strife, here sit we down:
Take you your instrument, play you the whiles;
His lecture will be done ere you have tuned.

HORTENSIO

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

That will be never: tune your instrument.
SLY

Did you hear him? He'll never be in tune! Ha ha, he hit him fair and square!

BIANCA

Where left we last?

LUCENTIO

Here, madam:

'Hic ibat Simois; hic est Sigeia tellus;
Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis.'

BIANCA

Construe them.

LUCENTIO

'Hic ibat,' as I told you before,
'Simois,' I am Lucentio,
'hic est,' son unto Vincentio of Pisa,
'Sigeia tellus,' disguised thus to get your love;
'Hic steterat,' and that Lucentio that comes a-wooing,
'Priami,' is my man Tranio,
'regia,' bearing my name,
'celsa senis,' that we might beguile the old pantaloon.

HORTENSIO

Madam, my instrument's in tune.

BIANCA

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

LUCENTIO

Spit in the hole, man, and tune again.

BIANCA

Now let me see if I can construe it:

'Hic ibat Simois,' I know you not,
'hic est Sigeia tellus,' I trust you not;
'Hic steterat Priami,' take heed he hear us not,
'regia,' presume not,
'celsa senis,' despair not.

HORTENSIO

Madam, 'tis now in tune.

LUCENTIO

All but the bass.

HORTENSIO

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

[*Aside*] How fiery and forward our pedant is!

Now, for my life, the knave doth court my love:

SLY

But what will you do about it, hey? Buffoon! Knock him a good one in the head, if you dare, that's what a man does!

BARTHOLOMEW

Patience, my lord husband, and see how it all comes out.

BIANCA

In time I may believe, yet I mistrust.

LUCENTIO

Mistrust it not. My words follow my heart,
And my deeds follow faithful on my words.

BIANCA

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

HORTENSIO

You may go walk, 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 him close, in case he grows confused
What instrument his fingers ought to play.

HORTENSIO

Madam, before you touch the instrument,
To learn the order of my fingering,
I must begin with rudiments of art;
To teach you octaves in a clearer way
Than hath been taught by any of my trade:
And there it is in writing, fairly drawn.

BIANCA

Why, I am past my octaves long ago.

HORTENSIO

Yet read the octaves of Hortensio.

BIANCA

[*Reads*] 'Do' I am, the root of bread and chord,
'Re,' to plead Hortensio's passion;
'Mi,' Bianca, take him for thy lord,
'Fa,' that loves with all affection:
'Sol la,' one clef, two notes have I:
'Si do,' show pity, or I die.'

This is your octave? Tut, I like it not:

Old fashions please me best; I'm not a child,
To drop what's true to chase some novelty.

SLY

A good doctrine for women, eh? Though inconvenient for a man.

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:
I think he looks as though he were in love:
Yet if thy love, Bianca, be so cheap

That thou canst sell it for a tutor's price,
Then thou art not as worthy as I thought.
If such a clown as that can win thy heart,
Hortensio, heartbroken, will depart.

Exit

SCENE II. Padua. Before BAPTISTA'S house.

*Enter BAPTISTA, GREMIO, TRANIO,
KATHARINA, BIANCA, LUCENTIO, and others,
attendants*

BAPTISTA

[*To Tranio*] Signior Lucentio, this is the day we said
For Katharina and Petruchio to wed.

And yet we hear not of our son-in-law.
What will be said? what mockery will it be,
To lack a bridegroom when the priest attends
To speak the ceremonial rites of marriage!
What says Lucentio to this shame of ours?

KATHARINA

No shame but mine: for first, I must be forced
To give my hand opposed against my heart
Unto a mad-brain rudesby full of spleen;
And then we see that he who wooed in haste
Intends to wed at leisure. I told you, I,
He was a frantic fool, a bitter jester.
And, to be noted for a merry man,
He'll woo a thousand, mark the day of marriage,
Make feasts, invite friends, proclaim the banns;
Yet never means to wed where he hath wooed.
Now must the world point at poor Katharina,
And say, 'Lo, there is mad Petruchio's wife,
If it would please him come and marry her!'

GREMIO

Who'd rush to marry you? A moment slow,
And you're already chiding like a crow!

TRANIO

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

KATHARINA

I thought I saw a glint of honor there.
But now I wish I'd never looked at him.

Exit weeping, followed by BIANCA and others

BAPTISTA

Go, girl; I cannot blame thee now to weep;
For such an injury would vex a very saint.

GREMIO

Much more a shrew of thy impatient humour.

Enter BIONDELLO

BIONDELLO

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

BAPTISTA

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

BIONDELLO

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

BAPTISTA

Has he come?

BIONDELLO

Why, no, sir.

BAPTISTA

What then?

BIONDELLO

He's coming.

BAPTISTA

When will he be here?

BIONDELLO

When he stands where I am and sees you there.

TRANIO

But say, what to thine old news?

BIONDELLO

Petruchio is coming, dressed in such
A mix of ancient styles and foreign fashions,
Beggars' rags and women's jewelry,
With feathers, flowers, cravats, kerchiefs, swords
And swashes of every color yet invented —
And some the human eye has never seen —
That one could think he swapped a bit
Of clothes with every man and woman, child,
Horse, cat, statue, rat, and corpse
He met upon the road to Padua.

BAPTISTA

Who comes with him?

BIONDELLO

His servant Grumio, as madly dressed,
With linen stocking on a single leg,
A hip-boot on the other; and a hat
That wears a feather each from every bird
That lives in Italy, or visited this year.
A very monster in his livery, not
A Christian footboy or a gentleman's lackey!

GREMIO

I fear we know his character from his clothes.

TRANIO

Don't hypocrites finely dress to hide their sins?
So he, a man of honor, dresses meanly.

SLY

That's right! Fine clothes hide many a knave, and rags conceal many a
noble heart!

BAPTISTA

I am glad he's come, howsoever he comes.

BIONDELLO

Why, sir, he comes not.

BAPTISTA

Didst thou not say he comes?

BIONDELLO

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

BAPTISTA

Why, that's all one.

BIONDELLO

Nay, by Saint Jemmy,

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
I'm come indeed, but I'm not well.

BAPTISTA
Nay, are you ill?

PETRUCHIO
Healthy, but highway-weary.

TRANIO
Not so well apparel'd as I wish you were.

PETRUCHIO
I saw that I was late, and dressed in haste.

GREMIO
And in the dark, it seems.

PETRUCHIO
Where is my 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 comet, or a 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 eye-sore to our solemn festival!

TRANIO
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
Tedious it were to tell, and it would break
Your hearts — not fitting for a festival.
Suffice it I am come to keep my word.
Now where is Kate? I stay too long from her:
The morning wears, 'tis time we were at church.

TRANIO
See not your bride in these unreverent robes:
Go to my chamber; put on clothes of mine.

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

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

PETRUCHIO
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

BAPTISTA
Has he some meaning in his mad attire?

GREMIO
When Katharina sees him, then he'll change,
Or wear some bruises underneath his clothes.

Exeunt BAPTISTA, GREMIO, and attendants

TRANIO
I'll find a man to act the part of your father —
Whatever he be, it takes but little skill,
For one old man is very like another —
Thus shall he be Vincentio of Pisa,

And make assurance here in Padua
Of greater sums than I have promised.
So shall you quietly enjoy your hope,
And marry sweet Bianca with consent.

LUCENTIO
Were it not for that mar-music Licio,
Who watches sweet Bianca's every step,
I swear I'd carry her away and marry
Secretly, for once her heart is mine,
I'll keep what's mine, despite of all the world!

TRANIO
Fortunately, all the world cares not,
Except for greybeard Gremio; and Licio,
Famous ruiner of love songs;
And her father, old Baptista: Only three
Who stand between thy hoped-for love and thee.

Re-enter GREMIO
Signior Gremio, come you from the church?

GREMIO
As gladly as I ever came from school.

TRANIO
And are the bride and bridegroom coming home?

GREMIO
A bridegroom say you? One to make a bride to weep!

TRANIO
Worse than the bride? why, 'tis impossible.

GREMIO
Why he's a devil, a devil, a very fiend.

TRANIO
Then she's well-suited as the devil's dam!

GREMIO
Tut, she's a lamb, a dove, compared to him!
I'll tell you, Sir Lucentio: when the priest
Should ask, if Katharina should be his wife,
'Ay, by Jupiter,' quoth he; and swore so loud,
That, all-amazed, 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!
"The wedding isn't on the floor!" he cries,
And drags the trembling vicar to his feet.

TRANIO
What said the wench when he rose again?

GREMIO
Trembled and shook; for why, he stamp'd and swore,
As if the vicar meant to swindle him.
And when the wedding's done, he calls for wine,
Proposes such a rude and bawdy toast
That sailors new ashore would blush to hear,
Drinks off the muscatel and throws the sops
In the sexton's face, because, he says, his beard
Grew thin and hungerly, and needed drink.
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:
Such a mad marriage never was before.

*Music; Re-enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA,
BIANCA, BAPTISTA, HORTENSIO, GRUMIO, and
Train*

SLY

There's no shortage of mad marriages in the world, let the weddings be however dignified!

PETRUCHIO

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

BAPTISTA

Is't possible you will away to-night?

PETRUCHIO

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

TRANIO

Let us entreat you stay till after dinner.

PETRUCHIO

It may not be.

GREMIO

Let me entreat you.

PETRUCHIO

It cannot be.

KATHARINA

Let me entreat you.

PETRUCHIO

I am content.

KATHARINA

You are content to stay?

PETRUCHIO

I am content you shall entreat me stay;

But yet not stay, entreat me how you can.

KATHARINA

Now, if you love me, stay.

PETRUCHIO

Grumio, my horses.

GRUMIO

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

KATHARINA

Nay, then, I will not go to-day;

Nor tomorrow, do or say what you like.

The door is open, sir; there lies your way;

You may be jogging while your boots are green;

For me, I'll not be gone till I please myself.

You take too much authority, and show

Too little sense for me to go with you.

PETRUCHIO

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

KATHARINA

I will be angry: what hast thou to do?

Father, be quiet; he shall stay my leisure.

GREMIO

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

KATHARINA

Gentlemen, forward to the bridal dinner:

I see a woman may be made a fool,

If she had not a spirit to resist.

PETRUCHIO

They shall go forward, Kate, at thy command.

Obeys 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 chattel; she is my house,

My household stuff, my field, my barn,

My horse, my ox, my ass, my any thing;

And here she stands, touch her whoever dare;

I'll bring mine action on the proudest man

That stops my way in Padua. Grumio,

Draw forth thy weapon, we are beset with thieves;

Rescue thy mistress, if thou be a man.

Fear not, sweet wench, they shall not touch thee,

Kate:

I'll buckler thee against a million.

Exeunt PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, and GRUMIO

BAPTISTA

Nay, let them go, a couple of peaceful souls.

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

Hark ye! Petruchio is Kathetered,

And Katharina's Peruked. Do you wig me?

SLY

That was funny! To have Katharina means you've got a catheter, and to

have Petruchio means you have a peruke! Do you wig it?

SERVANT 1

Will you have another cup of ale, my lord?

SLY

Peruke is wig! To wig is to understand! Petruchio, peruke, wig,

understand! Wig me now?

SERVANT 1

Ha ha, my lord.

SLY

Oh, why was I not the playwright!

BAPTISTA

Neighbours and friends, though bride and

bridegroom left,

We'll have no leavings at the bridal 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

ACT IV

SCENE I. PETRUCHIO'S country house.

Enter GRUMIO

GRUMIO

Fie, fie on all tired horses, on all mad masters, and all foul ways! Was ever man so beaten? Was ever man so underfed? 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. Ho! Curtis!

Enter 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!

CURTIS

Is my master and his wife coming, Grumio?

GRUMIO

O, ay, Curtis, ay: and therefore fire, fire!

CURTIS

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

GRUMIO

She *was*, good Curtis, before this frost: but, thou knowest, winter tames man, woman, servant, and beast; for it hath tamed my old master, my new mistress, my shivering self, and thou.

CURTIS

Away, you babbling fool! I am no beast.

GRUMIO

Babbling keeps my jaw in motion. What part of *thee* is moving, Curtis? 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

First, good Grumio, tell me, what will this house be like, with our new mistress in it?

GRUMIO

It will be a cold house, Curtis, because our mistress is a block of ice, and if thou layest not a fire her chill will freeze us all! and therefore fire: do thy duty and leave gossip till I thaw!

CURTIS

There's fire already. Do you think we didn't notice the weather till you came to tell us? and therefore, good Grumio, the news.

GRUMIO

May I not stand here and melt a little before you squeeze me like a sponge?

CURTIS

It's your rump that's in the fire. Let the top of you speak while the bottom burns!

GRUMIO

Here's my news: Where's the cook? is supper ready, the house trimmed, rushes strewed, cobwebs swept; the serving-men 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 tired; my master and mistress fallen out.

CURTIS

Quarreling already?

GRUMIO

No, I said fallen out! Of their saddles, into the dirt; and thereby hangs a tale.

CURTIS

Let's have it, good Grumio.

GRUMIO

Lend thine ear.

CURTIS

Here.

GRUMIO

There.

Wrings his ear

CURTIS

This is to feel a tale, not to hear it!

GRUMIO

I meant to tell it to your ear, while the rest of you went about your duty. But since you refuse to lend it to me after all, I will tell the tale to the whole useless corpse of you. Imprimis, we came down a foul hill, my master riding behind my mistress —

CURTIS

Both on one horse?

GRUMIO

What's that to thee?

CURTIS

Why, a horse.

GRUMIO

Tell thou the tale: but hadst thou not crossed me, thou shouldst have heard how her horse fell and she under her horse; thou shouldst have heard in how miry a place, how she was mudded and filthed, how he left her with the horse upon her, how he beat me because her horse stumbled, how she waded through the dirt to pluck him off me, how he swore, how she prayed, that never prayed before, how I cried, how the horses ran away, how her bridle was burst, how I broke my fingernail, and many other things of worthy memory, which now shall die in oblivion without your ever knowing of them.

CURTIS

By this reckoning he is more shrew than she.

GRUMIO

Ay; which you all shall find when he comes home.

But why talk I of this? Call forth Nathaniel, Mary [Joseph], Nora [Nicholas], Peggy [Philip], Ellie [Peter], Sugarsop and the rest: let their heads be bonneted or sleekly combed, their skirts clean-hemmed or blue coats brushed, each holding a feather: 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? Come out to face our new mistress.
GRUMIO
Why? She has eyes and nose and mouth enough, I think!
CURTIS
Who knows not that?
GRUMIO
Thou, it seems, that calls for company to face her.
CURTIS
I call them forth to meet her.
GRUMIO
Why, is there no room for her at the table?
CURTIS
A seat of honor, of course!
GRUMIO
Then why will ye *meat* her out of doors?
CURTIS
I see you are not well-*bread*.
GRUMIO
Your wit's too *rye* for me.
CURTIS
Your head's a pitcher then, because it's a *pour* thing!
GRUMIO
Give me a cup and soon I shall be *aling*.
CURTIS
And when you ail, you *wine*.
Enter NATHANIEL, PEGGY [Philip], MARY [Joseph], NORA [Nicholas], ELLIE [Peter]
NATHANIEL
Welcome home, Grumio!
PEGGY
How now, Grumio!
MARY
What, Grumio!
NORA
Fellow Grumio!
NATHANIEL
How now, old lad?
GRUMIO
Welcome, you — how now, you — what, you — fellow, you — and that's it for greeting. Now, my spruce companions, is all ready, and all things neat?
NATHANIEL
All things is ready.
PEGGY
How near is our master?
GRUMIO
Right behind me. At hand. Dismounted by now. Silence! I hear my master.
Enter PETRUCHIO and KATHARINA
PETRUCHIO
Where be these knackers? What, no man at door To hold my stirrup nor to take my horse? No wench to greet my love and lady wife? Where's Nathaniel, Mary, Ellie, Peg!

ALL SERVANTS
Here, here, sir; here, sir.
PETRUCHIO
Here, sir! here, sir! here, sir! here, sir!
You logger-headed and unpolish'd twits!
I did not want you here, but out of doors!
Where is the foolish knave I sent before?
GRUMIO
Here, sir; as foolish as I was before.
PETRUCHIO
You peasant swain! you whoreson malt-horse drudge!
Did I not bid thee meet me in the park,
And bring along these rascal knaves with thee?
GRUMIO
Nathaniel's coat, sir, was not fully made,
And Mary's pumps were all unpink'd in the heel;
And Peggy's ugly bonnet was on backward;
Nora's neck has a boil in need of lancing,
Curtis was up to his elbows in ashes and soot,
And the rest were ragged, old, and beggarly;
Yet, as they are, here are they come to meet you.
PETRUCHIO
Go, rascals, go, and fetch my supper in.
Exeunt Servants; Petruchio sings
"Where is the life that late I led —
Where are those" — Sit down, Kate, and welcome —
"Tra-la, tra-lee, Ba-dee, Ba-dum."
Re-enter Servants with supper
Why, when, I say? Nay, good sweet Kate, be merry.
Off with my boots, you rogues! you villains, when?
Sings
"It was the friar of orders grey,
As he forth walked on his way:" —
Out, you rogue! you pluck my foot awry:
Take that, and mend the plucking off the other.
Pushes Nathaniel, who sprawls
Be merry, Kate. Some water, here; what, ho!
Where's my spaniel Troilus? Missy, get you hence,
And bid my cousin Ferdinand come hither:
One, Kate, that you must kiss, and be acquainted
with.
Where are my slippers? Shall I have some water?
Enter Ellie with water
Come, Kate, and wash, and welcome heartily.
You clumsy slattern, will you let it fall?
Slaps her; she exits weeping
KATHARINA
Patience, I pray you; 'twas a fault unwilling.
PETRUCHIO
A fatherless, beetle-headed, flap-ear'd slut!
Come, Kate, sit down; I know you have a stomach.
Will you give thanks, sweet Kate; or else shall I?
What's this? mutton?
MARY
Ay.
PETRUCHIO
Who brought it?
Ellie re-enters, sniveling
ELLIE
I.

PETRUCHIO

'Tis burnt; and so is all the meat.
What dogs are these! Where is the rascal cook?
How durst you, villains, bring it from the dresser,
And serve it thus to me that like it not?
There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all;
Throws the food and tableware about the stage

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

KATHARINA

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

PETRUCHIO

I tell thee, Kate, 'twas burnt and dried away;
My constitution rules against it thus,
For it puts me in a foul and angry mood,
And better it were that both of us did fast,
Since both of us are tempered hot enough
Without over-roasted food to boil our blood.
Be patient; to-morrow it shall be mended,
And, for this night, we'll fast for company:
Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber.

Exeunt; re-enter servants separately

NATHANIEL

Didst thou ever see the like?

ELLIE

She has no chance to be a shrew — he shrews her first!

Re-enter CURTIS

GRUMIO

Where is he now?

CURTIS

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

Exeunt; re-enter PETRUCHIO

PETRUCHIO

Thus have I politicly begun my reign,
And 'tis my hope to end successfully.
Like a falconer I keep my falcon hungry,
Until she soars and stoops at my command.
How she used to make the household hop
And hearken to her whim, but here
She'll learn to hop to mine, and ride my arm
In love and peace, until I say to fly.
She ate no food to-day, nor none shall eat;
Last night she slept not, nor to-night she shall not;
As with the food, 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 clamor keep her still awake.
This is a way to kill a wife with kindness;

And thus I'll curb her mad and headstrong humour.
It's hard on her, and hard on me as well.
He that knows better how to tame a shrew,
Now let him speak: 'tis charity to show.

Loud snore from Sly, asleep. Petruchio exits

SCENE II. Padua. Before BAPTISTA'S house.

Enter TRANIO and HORTENSIO

TRANIO

Is it possible, Licio, that Mistress Bianca
Fancy any other man but me?
I tell you, sir, she bears me fair in hand.

HORTENSIO

Your eyes will prove to you 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 read you, master? first resolve me that.

LUCENTIO

I read what 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

What now, Lucentio? You swore that she
Loved no one in the world so well as thee.

TRANIO

O spiteful love! unconstant womankind!
I tell thee, Licio, I am ... irate.

HORTENSIO

And I tell *thee*: I am not Licio,
Nor a musician — doubt me not, it's true!
For I refuse to linger in disguise
For the sake of a maid who scorns a gentleman
And gives her love to such a vulgar knave.
Know, sir, that I am call'd Hortensio.

TRANIO

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

HORTENSIO

See, how they kiss and court! Signior Lucentio,
Here is my hand, and here I firmly vow
Never to woo her more, but do forswear her.
She deserves no love of men like us!

TRANIO

And here I take the self-same honest oath,
Never to wed her even if she begs!
Fie on her! See, how shamelessly she courts him!

HORTENSIO

If only *he* would take the oath instead.
No more of sighs! To help me keep my oath
Three days from now I'll take to wife
A wealthy widow who has yearned for me
As once I pined for this unworthy girl.

TRANIO

Bianca's face conceals her faithless heart,
At least her sister spoke her honest mind.

HORTENSIO

A pretty face will age, and quickly, too,
But good heart always will be true.
To find a wife, I haven't far to go.
And so farewell, Signior Lucentio.

Exit; Sly wakes up with a start

SLY

What's happening! Where's he going! How long was I asleep?

BARTHOLOMEW

My lord husband, not much has happened. The play goes tediously.

SLY

No wonder that I slept!

TRANIO

Mistress Bianca, the two of you are caught!
Hortensio and I discovered you
And in my outrage at your faithlessness,
I 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

He says he'll have a lusty widow now,
That shall be wooed and wedded in a day.

BIANCA

I know the lady— oh, she'll run him ragged!
God give him joy!

TRANIO

Oh, but he'll tame her.

BIANCA

He *says* so, Tranio.

TRANIO

He's been to taming-school.

BIANCA

Taming-school! what, is there such a place?

TRANIO

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

Enter BIONDELLO

BIONDELLO

O master, master, I have watch'd so long
That I'm dog-weary: but at last I spied
An ancient fellow coming down the hill,
Will serve the turn.

TRANIO

What is he, Biondello?

BIONDELLO

A merchant or a pedant he may be,
I know not which; but here's what counts for us:
In attitude and face he seems a *father*.

LUCENTIO

What do we need a fatherish fellow for?

TRANIO

If he be credulous and trust my tale,
I'll make him glad to seem Vincentio,
And give assurance to Baptista Minola

That your promises will be fulfilled.
Take in your love, and then let me alone.

Exeunt LUCENTIO and BIANCA; enter a Pedant

PEDANT

God save you, sir!

TRANIO

And you, sir! you are welcome.

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

PEDANT

I mean to stay here for a week or two:
But then I mean to go as far as Rome,
And on to Tripoli, God lend me life.

TRANIO

What city are you from, I pray?

PEDANT

From Mantua.

TRANIO

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

PEDANT

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

TRANIO

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

PEDANT

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

TRANIO

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

PEDANT

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

TRANIO

Among them know you one Vincentio?

PEDANT

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

TRANIO

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

BIONDELLO

[Aside] As much as an apple looks to be an oyster.

TRANIO

To save your life in this extremity,
This favor 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 lodged:
In every way you must do as my father would —
You understand me, sir. So shall you stay

Till you have done your business in the city:
If this be courtesy, sir, accept of it.

PEDANT

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

TRANIO

Then go with me to make the matter good.
This, by the way, I let you understand;
My father is here look'd for every day,
To pass assurance of a dower in marriage
'Twixt me and one Baptista's daughter here:
In all these circumstances I'll instruct you:
Go with me to clothe you as becomes you.

Exeunt

SLY

Making a fool of an old man! That's not nice! I'm not sure I like this
play! Naughty people should not be upon the stage!

SCENE III. A room in PETRUCHIO'S house.

Enter KATHARINA and GRUMIO

GRUMIO

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

KATHARINA

The more my wrong, the more his spite appears:
What, did he marry me to famish me?
Beggars that come unto my father's door
Entreat, and they are given food and alms.
But I, who never knew how to entreat,
Nor never needed that I should entreat,
Am starved for food, giddy for lack of sleep,
With oaths kept waking and with brawling fed:
And that which spites me more than all these wants,
He does it in the name of perfect love,
Because, he says, if I should sleep or eat,
'Twere deadly sickness or else present death.
So go, I beg you, get me some repast;
I care not what, so it be wholesome food.

GRUMIO

What say you to a neat's foot?

KATHARINA

'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?

KATHARINA

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?

KATHARINA

A dish that I do love to feed upon.

GRUMIO

Ay, but the mustard is too hot a little.

KATHARINA

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.

KATHARINA

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

GRUMIO

Why then, the mustard without the beef.

KATHARINA

Go, get thee gone, thou false deluding slave,

Beats him

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

Go, get thee gone, I say.

Enter PETRUCHIO and HORTENSIO with meat

PETRUCHIO

How fares my Kate? What, sweetheart? Bright with
love?

HORTENSIO

Mistress, what cheer?

KATHARINA

Faith, as cold as can be.

PETRUCHIO

Pluck up thy spirits; look cheerfully upon me.

Here love; thou seest how diligent I am

To dress thy meat myself and bring it thee:

I am sure, sweet Kate, this kindness merits thanks.

What, not a word? Nay, then thou lovest it not;

And all my pains is sorted to no proof.

Here, take away this dish.

KATHARINA

I pray you, let it stand.

PETRUCHIO

The poorest service is repaid with thanks;

And so shall mine, before you touch the meat.

KATHARINA

I thank you, sir.

HORTENSIO

Signior Petruchio, fie! you are to blame.

Come, mistress Kate, I'll bear you company.

PETRUCHIO

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

Much good do it unto thy gentle heart!

Kate, eat apace: and now, my honey love,

Will we return unto thy father's house

And revel it as bravely as the best,

With silken coats and caps and golden rings,

With ruffs and cuffs and farthingales and things;

With scarfs and fans and double change of bravery,

With amber bracelets, beads and all this knavery.

What, hast thou dined? The tailor stays thy leisure,

To deck thy body with his ruffling treasure.

Enter Tailor

Come, tailor, let us see these ornaments;

Lay forth the gown.

Enter BONNETMAKER

What news with you, Madam?

BONNETMAKER *[HOSTESS]*

Here is the cap your worship did bespeak.

PETRUCHIO

Why, this was molded 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.

KATHARINA

I'll have no bigger: this doth fit the time,

And gentlewomen wear such caps as these
PETRUCHIO

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

HORTENSIO

[Aside] That will not be in haste.

KATHARINA

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

PETRUCHIO

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

KATHARINA

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

PETRUCHIO

None it is! Her beauty needs no hats!

Exit Bonnetmaker.

KATHARINA

If I go hatless it's a shame to me!

PETRUCHIO

The gown? Why, yes! Come, tailor, let us see!
O mercy, mercy, what masquing stuff is here?
What's this? a sleeve? 'tis like a little cannon:
What, up and down, carved like an apple-tart?
Here's snip and nip and cut and slish and slash,
As if it had been shaved by a drunken barber!
What, in the devil's name, dost thou call this?

SLY

I see she's like to have neither cap nor gown!

TAILOR [LORD]

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.
This is more artillery than gown!
Find a regiment that needs it! We do not!
I'll never pay to dress my wife in trash!

KATHARINA

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

PETRUCHIO

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

TAILOR

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

PETRUCHIO

O monstrous arrogance! Thou liest, thou thread,
thou thimble,

Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter, nail!
Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter-cricket thou!

Braved in mine own house with a skein of thread?

Away, thou rag, thou bolt, thou hem, thou remnant;
Or I shall measure thy neck with thine own tape;
To stop thy prating I will stop thy breath!
I tell thee, I, that thou hast marr'd her gown.

TAILOR

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

GRUMIO

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 faced many things.

TAILOR

I have.

GRUMIO

Face not me: thou hast dressed many men; address
not me; I will neither be faced nor bear a dress! I say
unto thee, I bade 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 his 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 bobbin of
brown thread: I said a gown.

PETRUCHIO

Proceed.

TAILOR

[Reads] 'With a small compassed cape:'

GRUMIO

I confess the cape.

TAILOR

[Reads] 'With a trunk sleeve:'

GRUMIO

I confess two sleeves.

TAILOR

[Reads] 'The sleeves curiously cut.'

PETRUCHIO

Ay, there's the villany.

GRUMIO

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

TAILOR

Thou knowest I speak the truth, and if I get a chance
at thee alone, thou'lt have need of more stitches on
your body than I sew in a week!

GRUMIO
I am for thee straight: take thou the bill, give me thy
measuring stick, and spare not me.

HORTENSIO
Be fair, Grumio! Wilt thou fight an unarmed man?
GRUMIO

'Tis the only kind that's worth fighting. Do you take
me for a fool?

SLY
Coward! He's a coward! But I like him all the more for it!

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

GRUMIO
You are in 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's gown
for thy master's use?

PETRUCHIO
Why, sirrah, what's your problem with that?

GRUMIO
Oh, sir, the problem is thine, not mine! Take up my
mistress' gown for his master's use! Oh, fie, fie, fie!

PETRUCHIO
[*Aside*] Hortensio, see the tailor and hatmaker paid.

Go take it hence; be gone, and say no more.

HORTENSIO
Tailor, I'll pay thee for thy gown tomorrow:
Take no unkindness of his hasty words.

TAILOR
If he talks this way abroad, he'll ruin my business!

HORTENSIO
Away! I say; commend me to thy master.

Exit Tailor
PETRUCHIO

Come, my Kate; we'll go to your father's house,
Adorned in these honest, coarse, and common
clothes.

Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor;
For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich;
What, is the jay more precious than the lark,
Because his feathers are more beautiful?
O, no, good Kate; neither art thou the worse
For this poor vestiture and mean array.
If any account it shame, the shame is mine.
And therefore frolic: we will go at once
To feast and sport us at thy father's house.
Go, bring our horses out, and saddle them.
Let's see; I think 'tis now some seven o'clock,
And well may we reach your father's house by noon.

KATHARINA
I dare assure you, sir, 'tis almost two;
It will be supertime when we reach the house.

PETRUCHIO
It shall be seven ere I mount a horse:
Look, what I speak, or do, or think to do,
You are still crossing it. Sirs, let it alone:
I will not go to-day; before I do,
It shall be what o'clock I say it is.

KATHARINA

Then ... then ... the sky is very bright, for seven.

HORTENSIO
[*Aside*] Why, so this gallant will command the sun.
Exeunt

SCENE IV. Padua. Before BAPTISTA'S house.
Enter TRANIO, and the Pedant dressed like

VINCENTIO
TRANIO
Sir, this is the house: should I call, or you?

PEDANT
Go ahead and call. But I'm afraid
Signior Baptista may remember me,
Near twenty years ago, in Genoa,
Where we were lodgers at the Pegasus.

TRANIO
Don't worry; calm yourself and wear your face
With such austerity as a father should display.

PEDANT
I promise.
Enter BIONDELLO

Oh, but sir, here comes your boy;
Can we trust a lad so young to play his part?

TRANIO
Have no fear, my friend. Sirrah Biondello,
Do your duty thoroughly, I advise you:
Imagine it were the right Vincentio.

BIONDELLO
The right Vincentio would whip me bloody.
I'll pretend a kind Vincentio.

TRANIO
But hast thou done thy errand to Baptista?

BIONDELLO
I said your father was lately in Venice,
And he'd arrive today in Padua.

TRANIO
Here comes Baptista: set your countenance, sir.
Enter BAPTISTA and LUCENTIO

Signior Baptista, you are happily met.
[*To Pedant*] Sir, this is the gentleman I told you of:
I pray you stand good father to me now,
Give me Bianca for my patrimony.

PEDANT
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 feels for your daughter
I am content, in a good father's care,
To have him match'd; and if this please you, sir,
No less than I, upon some agreement
Me shall you find ready and willing
With one consent to have her so bestow'd.

BAPTISTA
Your plainness and your shortness please me well.
Right true it is, your son Lucentio here
Doth love my daughter and she loveth him.
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 should we affirm
Our bond in writing and with witnesses?

BAPTISTA

Not in my house, Lucentio; you know
That pitchers have ears, and I have many servants:
Besides, old Gremio is hearkening still,
And I would not that we be interrupted.

TRANIO

Then at my lodging, if it please you:
Tonight we'll pass the business privately.
Send for your daughter by this tutor here:
My boy shall fetch the scrivener presently.

BAPTISTA

I'm very pleased. Biondello, get you home,
And bid Bianca make her ready straight;
She'll ask, of course, so tell what happened: that
Lucentio's father has arrived in town,
And how she's like to be Lucentio's wife.

BIONDELLO

I pray the gods she may with all my heart!

TRANIO

Dally not with the gods, but get thee gone.

Exit BIONDELLO

Signior Baptista, shall I lead the way?

BAPTISTA

I follow you.

Exeunt TRANIO, Pedant, and BAPTISTA;

re-enter BIONDELLO

BIONDELLO

Cambio!

LUCENTIO

What sayest thou, Biondello?

BIONDELLO

I am confuzzled, for I find myself
About to tell my master Lucentio about
The deeds and plans of my master Lucentio.
Why am I even necessary here?

LUCENTIO

I think I see your problem, Biondello.

You're an idiot. Now tell me all!

BIONDELLO

Then thus. Baptista is happily talking with
The deceiving father of a deceitful son.

LUCENTIO

While the honest son's a lying tutor, Cambio —
Truly teaching poetry and love.

BIONDELLO

Baptista and Lucentio will dine.
Bianca will be brought in stealth to wed.
The bringer of Bianca is yourself.

LUCENTIO

Beloved Tranio! Well arranged, my friend!

BIONDELLO

The priest of Saint Luke's church has promised to
Be at your service any hour today.

LUCENTIO

The church is on the way to Tranio's rooms.

Beloved Tranio! —

BIONDELLO

The priest and church were mine!

LUCENTIO

Beloved Biondello, then. Well done!

BIONDELLO

Be sure to take the scribe, and witnesses
Enough to make a wedding by the law.

LUCENTIO

Be sure I will. All's well. Why do you frown?

BIONDELLO

Baptista trusts Lucentio enough
To make him husband of his dearest child.
He trusts the tutor Cambio enough
To put the self-same daughter in his care.
In both these trusts he's monstrously deceived.

LUCENTIO

But she will end up married to Lucentio,
And so his trust is fully satisfied!

Be happy, then; stay and rejoice with me!

BIONDELLO

I cannot tarry to chat with my master, because
My master has commanded me to go.

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:

And so, adieu, sir.

Exit

LUCENTIO

I may, and will, if she be so contented:
She will be pleased; then wherefore should I doubt?

But what will I do if the maid refuse to wed?

Will she then be given to Tranio?

Never. First I would confess the fraud:

For, losing her, no penalty is worse.

It shall go hard if Cambio go without her.

Exit

SCENE V. A public road.

*Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, HORTENSIO,
and Servants*

PETRUCHIO

Come on, make haste! Once more toward our
father's.

Behold how bright and goodly shines the moon!

KATHARINA

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

PETRUCHIO

I say it is the moon that shines so bright.

KATHARINA

I know it is the sun that shines so bright.

PETRUCHIO

Now, by my mother's son, and that's myself,

It shall be moon, or star, or what I say,

Before 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!

HORTENSIO

Say as he says, or we shall never go.

KATHARINA

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

PETRUCHIO

I say it is the moon.

KATHARINA

I know it is the moon.

PETRUCHIO

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

KATHARINA

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

HORTENSIO

Petruchio, go thy ways; the field is won.

PETRUCHIO

Forward, now, ye happy travelers!

But, wait — what company is coming here?

Enter VINCENTIO; to VINCENTIO

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

HORTENSIO

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

KATHARINA

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

PETRUCHIO

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

KATHARINA

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

PETRUCHIO

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

VINCENTIO

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

PETRUCHIO

What is his name?

VINCENTIO

Lucentio, gentle sir.

PETRUCHIO

Happily we met; the happier for thy son.
And now by law, as well as reverend age,
I may entitle thee my loving father:
I know thy son, and by this hour he should
Be married to the sister of my wife.

VINCENTIO

Married! This is how I learn of it?

PETRUCHIO

Grieve not, for she is held in high esteem,
Her dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth;
For grace and beauty she will match, at least,
The spouse of any noble gentleman.
Let me embrace with old Vincentio,
And travel now to see thy honest son,
Who will of thy arrival be full joyous.

VINCENTIO

But is it true? You must forgive my doubt,
Remembering the way you greeted me.

Is it not your way to jest with whomever you meet?

HORTENSIO

I do assure thee, sir, thy son is wed.

PETRUCHIO

Come along with us, and see the truth yourself!

Exeunt all but HORTENSIO

HORTENSIO

Well, Petruchio, this has put me in heart.
If my new wife should flout me, never doubt:
I'll not be shamed, nor moan, nor blame her,
For, like Petruchio, I'll tame her.

Exit

ACT V

SCENE I. Padua. Before LUCENTIO'S house.

Enter BIONDELLO, LUCENTIO, and BIANCA.

GREMIO is present but does not see them.

BIONDELLO

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

LUCENTIO

I fly, Biondello. But you must leave us now.
Your face is known too well as Lucentio's man.

BIONDELLO

Nay, faith, I'll see you safely to the church,
And only then come back to my master's lodging.

Exeunt LUCENTIO, BIANCA, and BIONDELLO

GREMIO

I marvel Cambio comes not all this while.
He should report how fares his courting of
Bianca, and if he's won for Gremio her love.

Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, VINCENTIO,

GRUMIO, with Attendants

PETRUCHIO

Sir, here's the door, this is Lucentio's house:
Baptista's house is more toward the market-place;
There must I go, so here I leave you, sir.

VINCENTIO

You shall not choose but drink before you go:
I think I shall command your welcome here,
And if there's been a wedding, celebrate!

Knocks
 GREMIO
 They're busy within; you were best knock louder.
Pedant looks out of the window
 PEDANT
 Who knocks as if to batter down the gate?
 VINCENTIO
 Is Signior Lucentio within, sir?
 PEDANT
 He's within, sir, but not to be spoken withal.
 VINCENTIO
 What if a man bring him a hundred pounds or two, to
 make merry withal?
 PEDANT
 Keep your hundred pounds to yourself: he shall need
 none, so long as I live.
 PETRUCHIO
 Nay, I told you your son was well beloved in Padua.
[to Pedant] I pray you, tell Signior Lucentio that his
 father is come from Pisa, and is here at the door to
 speak with him.
 PEDANT
 Thou liest: his father came yesterday to Padua and is
 here looking out the window.
 VINCENTIO
 Art *thou* his father?
 PEDANT
 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.
 PEDANT
 Lay hands on the villain: I believe he means to
 swindle somebody in this city under my name!
Re-enter BIONDELLO

VINCENTIO *[seeing BIONDELLO]*
 Come hither, boy! Be quick about it!
 BIONDELLO
 I hope I may choose to come or go myself!
 VINCENTIO
 When does a servant dare to speak like this?
 BIONDELLO
 Servant I am, but not to every stranger in the street!
 VINCENTIO
 Come here, you rogue. 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, sir. See
 where he looks out of the window.
 VINCENTIO
 Is it so, indeed!
Beats BIONDELLO
 BIONDELLO
 Help, help, help! here's a madman will murder me.

Exit
 PEDANT
 Help, son! help, Signior Baptista!
Exit from above
 PETRUCHIO
 Prithee, Kate, let's stand aside and see the end of this
 affray.
*They retire; re-enter Pedant below; TRANIO,
 BAPTISTA, and Servants*
 TRANIO
 Who are you, that dares to beat my servant?
 VINCENTIO
 Who am I, sir! nay, who are you, sir? 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 concern is it of yours if I wear pearl and gold? I
 thank my good father, I am able to maintain it.
 VINCENTIO
 Thy father! O villain! he is a sailmaker in Bergamo.
 BAPTISTA
 You mistake, sir, you mistake. Pray, who do you
 think he is?
 VINCENTIO
 I have brought him up ever since he was three years
 old, and his name is Tranio.
 PEDANT
 Away, away, mad ass! his name is Lucentio and he is
 mine only son, and heir to the lands of me, Signior
 Vincentio.
 VINCENTIO
 Lucentio! O, he has murdered his master! Lay hold
 on him, I charge you, in the duke's name. O, my son,
 my son! Tell me, thou villain, where is my son
 Lucentio?
 TRANIO
 Call forth an officer.
Enter one with an Officer
 Carry this mad knave to the gaol. Father Baptista,
 back me on this.
 VINCENTIO
 Carry me to the gaol!
 GREMIO
 Stay, officer: he shall not go to prison.
 BAPTISTA
 Talk not, Signior Gremio: I say he shall go to prison.
 GREMIO
 Take heed, Signior Baptista, lest you be swindled in
 this business: I dare swear this is the right Vincentio.
 PEDANT
 Swear, if thou darest.
 GREMIO

Nay, I dare not swear it.

TRANIO

Then thou wert best say that I am not Lucentio.

GREMIO

Yes, I know thee to be Signior Lucentio.

BAPTISTA

Away with the dotard! to the gaol with him!

VINCENTIO

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

*Re-enter BIONDELLO, with LUCENTIO and
BIANCA*

BIONDELLO

O, master! The plan is spoiled, we are unmasked —
There he is! Deny him, or we're all undone.

LUCENTIO

[Kneeling] Pardon, sweet father.

VINCENTIO

Lives my sweet son?

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

SLY

That's an honest boy! Have done with all deceptions!

BIANCA

Pardon, dear father.

BAPTISTA

How hast thou offended?

Where is Lucentio?

LUCENTIO

Here's Lucentio,

Right son to the right Vincentio;

That have by marriage made thy daughter mine,

While counterfeits deceived thine eyes.

GREMIO

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

VINCENTIO

Where is that damned villain Tranio,

That faced and braved me in this matter so?

BAPTISTA

Why, isn't this the tutor Cambio?

BIANCA

Cambio is changed into Lucentio.

LUCENTIO

Love wrought these miracles. Bianca's love

Made me exchange my state with Tranio,

While he did bear my countenance in the town;

And happily I have arrived at the last

Unto the yearned-for haven of my bliss.

What Tranio did, myself enforced him to;

Then pardon him, sweet father, for my sake.

VINCENTIO

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

BAPTISTA

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

LUCENTIO

You gave consent for her to wed Lucentio,

And I am he, your rightful son-in-law.

VINCENTIO

Fear not, Baptista; I'll content you, come inside.
But I will be revenged for Tranio's villainy.

Exit

BAPTISTA

And I will sound the depth of this knavery.

Exit

LUCENTIO

Fear not, my love. Thy father will not frown.
For I am all that Tranio pretended.

BIANCA

I care not if my father frowns or smiles —
I'm married to the man I chose to love.

Exeunt LUCENTIO and BIANCA

GREMIO

My bread is burned, but I'll go join the feast.
No bride, but I'll have roasted beef at least!

Exit

KATHARINA

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

PETRUCHIO

First kiss me, Kate, and we will.

KATHARINA

What, in the midst of the street?

PETRUCHIO

Art thou ashamed of me?

KATHARINA

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

PETRUCHIO

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

KATHARINA

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

PETRUCHIO

Now will I do thy will, as thou didst mine.

Happy marriage comes by happy chance:

When both call the tune, and both dance.

Exeunt

SLY

I'm going in, too!

BARTHOLOMEW

But my lord husband, the feast is only in the play!

SLY

Why is everybody in the play but me? Give me a part! I can do as well
as any of these!

PLAYER 1

Think you so, my lord? Then take my part in the final scene.

SLY

What part is that?

PLAYER 1

The widow who married Hortensio.

SLY

Will you make a woman of me?

PLAYER 1

Play the part or not, it's all one to me.

SLY

Well, if a lad like you can play the woman, so can I! Get me a dress!
Make a lady of me! Write me out my part!

*[If Bartholomew is also Grumio, he changes costume at the
same time as Sly.]*

BARTHOLOMEW

But can you read, my lord?

SLY

As well as any man! I went to school! I have my letters!
HOSTESS
Your letters, and nine pints of my ale!
SLY
Oh, look! Marian Hackett, the angry alewife from my dream!
BARTHOLOMEW
Come, my lord — now my lady — and take your place among the company.

SCENE II. Padua. LUCENTIO'S house.

Enter BAPTISTA, VINCENTIO, GREMIO, the Pedant, LUCENTIO, BIANCA, PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, HORTENSIO, and Widow, TRANIO, BIONDELLO, and GRUMIO; also the servants with Tranio bringing in a banquet

LUCENTIO

When wars are done, the victors have the field:
Let neither spite nor gloating mar the peace.
We smile at near escapes, at strategems,
And recognize them all for what they were:
True love, endeavoring to find its home.
My fair Bianca, bid my father welcome,
While I with self-same gladness welcome thine.
Brother Petruchio, sister Katharina,
And thou, Hortensio, with thy new-wed widow,
Welcome to my house, at table sit;
Let's fill ourselves with food and tales of love.

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

Hortensio, unless I am mistaken,
Thou hast taken sick with fear of thy widow!

WIDOW

I'm not afraid, so he can't catch fear from me!

PETRUCHIO

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

WIDOW

He that is dizzy thinks the world turns round.

PETRUCHIO

Roundly replied.

KATHARINA

Mistress, how mean you that?

WIDOW

He's got it backward, thus I conceive of him.

PETRUCHIO

Conceives of me! How likes Hortensio that?

HORTENSIO

My widow says, thus she conceives her tale.

PETRUCHIO

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

KATHARINA

'He that is giddy thinks the world turns round:'

I pray you, tell me what you meant by that.

WIDOW

Your husband, being troubled with a shrew,

Measures my husband's sorrow by his woe:
And now you know my meaning,

KATHARINA

A very mean meaning.

WIDOW

Right, I mean you.

KATHARINA

A two-edged meaning that demeans us both.

PETRUCHIO

To her, Kate!

HORTENSIO

To her, widow!

PETRUCHIO

A hundred marks, my Kate will put her down.

HORTENSIO

Put her down? That's my office.

PETRUCHIO

Spoke like an officer; hail to thee, lad!

Drinks to HORTENSIO

BAPTISTA

How likes Gremio these quick-witted folks?

GREMIO

Believe me, sir, they butt together well.

BIANCA

When heads are set to butting, then it's time

To buttress wit by retiring from the wine.

VINCENTIO

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

BIANCA

Let those who dip too freely in the butt

Butt heads; I'll butter bread with my two sisters.

PETRUCHIO

My sister fears our darts might come too near!

BIANCA

Call you those darts? I saw only noodles.

Come with me, ladies; let us hide

From men whose arrows fly so limp and wide.

Exeunt BIANCA, KATHARINA, and Widow

PETRUCHIO

How can I battle a foe who leaves the field?

Therefore a health to all that shot and miss'd.

TRANIO

I missed not anything I aimed at, sir.

Lucentio sent me as his messenger;

The master, not the greyhound, picks the prey.

PETRUCHIO

But what if the prey should pick the greyhound?

TRANIO

'Tis well, sir, that you hunted for yourself:

'Tis thought by some your deer holds *you* at bay.

BAPTISTA

O ho, Petruchio! Tranio hits you now.

LUCENTIO

Thou hast bitten him for me, good bulldog!

HORTENSIO

Confess, confess, hath he not hit you here?

PETRUCHIO

The jaws have snapped, but look, I do not bleed!

Your hound has bitten no one but yourselves!

BAPTISTA

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

PETRUCCIO

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.

PETRUCCIO

Twenty crowns!

I'll bet so much on my hawk or my hound,
But twenty times so much upon my wife.

LUCENTIO

A hundred then.

HORTENSIO

Content.

PETRUCCIO

A match! 'tis done.

HORTENSIO

Who shall begin?

LUCENTIO

That will I, Bianca being perfect.

Biondello, bid your mistress come to me.

BIONDELLO

I go.

Exit

BAPTISTA

I'll cover half your bet, 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.

PETRUCCIO

How! she is busy and she cannot come!

Is that an answer?

GREMIO

Ay, and a kind one too:

Now pray your wife will send you not a worse.

PETRUCCIO

I hope better.

HORTENSIO

Sirrah Biondello, go and *entreat* my wife

To come to me forthwith.

Exit BIONDELLO

PETRUCCIO

O, ho! *entreat* her!

Nay, then she must needs come.

HORTENSIO

I am afraid, sir,

Do what you can, yours will not be *entreated*.

Re-enter BIONDELLO

Now, where's my wife?

BIONDELLO

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

PETRUCCIO

Worse and worse; she will not come! O vile,
Intolerable, not to be endured!

Sirrah Grumio, go to your mistress;

Say, I command her to come to me.

Exit GRUMIO

HORTENSIO

I know his plot now! He expects she'll come
To knock him with a crock upon his crown!

LUCENTIO

We won't count it as a victory,

If when she comes, she leaves you bleeding!

HORTENSIO

She will not come, no use to send.

PETRUCCIO

The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.

BAPTISTA

Now, by my holidame, here comes Katharina!

Re-enter KATHARINA

KATHARINA

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

PETRUCCIO

Where is your sister, and Hortensio's wife?

KATHARINA

They sit conferring by the parlor fire.

PETRUCCIO

Go fetch them hither: if they deny to come.

Drag me them soundly forth unto their husbands:

Away, I say, and bring them hither straight.

KATHARINA

Whatever my husband asks becomes my will.

Exit KATHARINA

LUCENTIO

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

HORTENSIO

And so it is: I wonder what it bodes.

PETRUCCIO

Peace it bodes, and love and quiet life;

Two lunatics made one, and that one sane;

BAPTISTA

Now, fair befall thee, good Petruccio!

The wager thou hast won; and I will add

Unto their losses twenty thousand crowns;

Another dowry to another daughter,

For she is changed, as she had never been.

PETRUCCIO

Nay, I will win my wager better yet

And show more sign of her obedience,

Her new-found virtue and obedience.

See where she brings your disobedient wives

As prisoners to her womanly persuasion.

Re-enter KATHARINA, with BIANCA and Widow

Katharina, that cap of yours becomes you not:

Off with that bauble, throw it under-foot.

WIDOW

Lord, let me never have a cause to sigh,

Till I be brought to such a silly pass!
 BIANCA
 Fie! what a foolish duty call you this?
 LUCENTIO
 I would your duty were as foolish too:
 The wisdom of your duty, fair Bianca,
 Hath cost me a hundred crowns since supertime.
 BIANCA
 The more fool you, for betting on my duty.
 PETRUCHIO
 Katharina, I charge thee, tell these headstrong
 women
 What duty wives and husbands owe each other.
 WIDOW
 Come, come, you're mocking: we will have no telling.
 PETRUCHIO
 Come on, I say; and first begin with her.
 WIDOW
 She shall not.
 PETRUCHIO
 I say she shall: and first begin with her.
 KATHARINA
 Fie, fie! unknit that threatening unkind brow,
 And dart not scornful glances from those eyes.
 It kills thy beauty as the winter kills the flowers.
 A woman is a fountain; when it's calm,
 The water's smooth and clear and sweet to drink,
 But roil it, and it's muddy and befouled.
 While it's so, there's none so dry or thirsty
 Will deign to sip or touch one drop of it.
 Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper:
 Be he rich or poor, meek or mighty,
 Thy husband's life and everything is thine.
 Thy husband cares for thee, commits his body
 To painful labor both by sea and land,
 To watch the night in storms, the day in cold;
 While thou liest warm at home, secure and safe.
 He learns thy need, discovers thy desire,
 And then devotes his life to pleasing thee.
 Why then wilt thou disdain him *his* desire,
 And fail to honor him the way he asks?
 A simple thing, to walk from room to room,
 But that's too much for thee, because he asked it!
 I am glad to know of his desire,
 So I can freely grant his honest wish.
 I'm ashamed when women are so simple
 To offer war where they should reach for peace;
 Or seek for rule, supremacy and sway,
 When love and duty ask her to obey.
 Our bodies have been made to draw his eye,
 So he'll protect us when we're soft and weak,
 And should not toil and trouble in the world.
 To make him seem the stronger to his foes,
 And thus to make us safer, we obey.
 When at his softest word we gladly bow,
 Then when he roars, the world will hear and heed.
 To grow ourselves in state, we build him up,
 And he in turn will show respect to us.
 He'll match us, wit for wit and jest for jest,
 But in delight, in sport, in joy, in love,

Not in contention for a single throne;
 Enlarge him, for his greatness is your own.
 In love, a man and wife one flesh will be,
 To share that throne in sweet felicity.
 There is no crown of leaves upon the tree
 Unless the tree is strongest at the root.
 So 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.
*She kneels, but so does he, and kisses her
 offered hand.*
 PETRUCHIO
 Why, there's a wench! Come on, and kiss me, Kate.
 LUCENTIO
 Petruchio, I pay thee for the bet,
 But for your tutoring I'm still in debt,
 For all of us have learned from Kate and thee.
 VINCENTIO
 Wisdom in children is sweet poetry.
 LUCENTIO
 So let our children learn that tune from me.
 PETRUCHIO
 Well, Kate, hast thou had thy fill of food?
 KATHARINA
 I have.
 PETRUCHIO
 Then all thou lackest now is sleep.
 KATHARINA
 I was asleep until I met thee; now I wake.
 To make me whole, this medicine I take.
She kisses him
 PETRUCHIO
 Come, Kate, we'll to bed.
To all
 In wager and weddings I came out the best.
 So, being a winner, I wish you good rest!
Exeunt PETRUCHIO and KATHARINA
 HORTENSIO
 Now, go thy ways; thou hast tamed a curst shrew.
 WIDOW
 I hope you got no mad ideas from them!
 LUCENTIO
 No idea so mad as this: That man and maid
 Should both give up their freedom for a kiss.
Exeunt

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