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
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 Zefferelli’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

LORD
What's here? Drunk or dead? 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
What? 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
What an excellent plan!

HUNTSMAN 2
A plan? Of mine?

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.

LORD
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.

LORD
Should we tell him of his hounds and horses?

LORD
Yes!

HUNTSMAN 2
Lady?

LORD
Mourns at his disease!

LORD
Give no hint to him that it's a jest.
The truer you seem, the longer and better the game.

LORD
Then take him gently to bed with him;
And each one to his duty when he wakes.

Sirs, 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 we 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 good man'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 who 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
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 bater, 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!
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.

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 incure 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 gambol, 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  
Is 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!

BIANC A  
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.

GREMIO
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 briddles 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 enthrall’d my wounded eye.
Here comes the rogue.

Enter BIONDELLO
Sirrah, where have you been?

BIONDELLO
Where have I been! Nay, how now! where are you?
Master, has my fellow Tranio stolen your clothes?

Or you stolen his? or both? 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 quarry 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!

LUCENTIO
[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.
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
Petrucho, 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,

Grumio
She cannot dull affection's edge in me.
I come to wive it wealthily in Padua;
If wealthily, then happily in Padua.

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 gentlwoman: 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 worser 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 Baptist 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 Baptist'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
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.
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,
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
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 the 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!

BIANCA
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?  
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 sole 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.'

PETRUCHIO
And through the instrument my pate made way;
And there I stood amazed for a while,
As on a pillow, 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:
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?

KATHARINA
Resist me not, my piece de resistance!

PETRUCHIO
I am no piece for thee!

KATHARINA
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.

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

SLY
Did you get that?

PETRUCHIO
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.

PETRUCHIO
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!

TRANIO
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.

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.

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!

Asi de

Asi de

Asi de

Asi de

Asi de

LUCENTIO
[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.

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, brokenhearted, 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 ceremomial 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 rude sby 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 jestor.
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.

BAPTISTA

Enter BIONDELO

BIONDELO

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

BAPTISTA

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

BIONDELO

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

BAPTISTA

Has he come?

Why, no, sir.

BAPTISTA

What then?

BIONDELO

He’s coming.

BAPTISTA

When will he be here?

BIONDELO

When he stands where I am and sees you there.

TRANIO

But say, what to thine old news?

BIONDELO

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?

BIONDELO

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.

BIONDELO

Why, sir, he comes not.

BAPTISTA

Didst thou not say he comes?

BIONDELO

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

BAPTISTA

Why, that’s all one.

BIONDELO

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
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.

TRANIO
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.

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.

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!

TRANIO
When the priest should ask, if Katharina should be his wife,
'I, 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!

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.

TRANIO
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.

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Grew thin and hungerly, and needed drink.

TRANIO
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:

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.

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

PETRUCHIO
They shall go forward, Kate, at thy command.
Obey the bride, you that attend on her;
Go to the feast, revel and domineer,
Carouse full measure to her maidenhead,
Be mad and merry, or go hang yourselves:
But for my bonny Kate, she must with me.
Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret;
I will be master of what is mine own:
She is my goods, my 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?
CU RTIS
They are.
GRU MIO
Call them forth.
CU RTIS
Do you hear, ho? Come out to face our new mistress.
GRU MIO
Why? She has eyes and nose and mouth enough, I think!
CU RTIS
Who knows not that?
GRU MIO
Thou, it seems, that calls for company to face her.
CU RTIS
I call them forth to meet her.
GRU MIO
Why, is there no room for her at the table?
CU RTIS
A seat of honor, of course!
GRU MIO
Then why will ye meat her out of doors?
CU RTIS
I see you are not well-bread.
GRU MIO
Your wit’s too rye for me.
CU RTIS
Your head’s a pitcher then, because it’s a pour thing!
GRU MIO
Give me a cup and soon I shall be ailing.
CU RTIS
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?
GRU MIO
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?
GRU MIO
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?
GRU MIO
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?
GRU MIO
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 jolheads 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
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
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 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.  
HORTENSIOS
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 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 lov’st 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 Petrucchio, fie! you are to blame.
Come, mistres Kater, I’ll bear you company.

PETRUCHIO
[Aside] Eat it up all, Hortensio, if thou love 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, has thou diined? The tailor stays thy leisure,
To deck thy body with his ruffling treasure.

Enter Tailor

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 slash 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
thy body than I sew in a week!
I am for thee straight: take thou the bill, give me thy measuring stick, and spare not me.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Away! I say; commend me to thy master.

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.

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

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.

Then ... the sky is very bright, for seven. [Aside] Why, so this gallant will command the sun. 

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

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.

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

I promise.

Enter BIONDELLO

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

Sir, this is the gentleman I told you of: I pray you stand good father to me now, Give me Bianca for my patrimony.

Your plainness and your shortness please me well. Right true it is, your 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.

Your plainness and your shortness please me well. Right true it is, your 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.
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 confused, 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?

BIONDELLO
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! —

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 gentlemans?
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 travellst: if along with us,
We shall be joyful of thy company.

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

HORTENSIO
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!

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 kavec 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 counterfeit 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 avenged 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 stratagemes,
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 awakened 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!
Now, in good sadness, son Petruchio,
I think thou hast the veriest shrew of all.

Petruchio

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

Hortensio
Content. What is the wager?

Luciento
Twelve crowns.

Petruchio
Twelve crowns!
I’ll bet so much on my hawk or my hound,
But twenty times so much upon my wife.

Luciento
A hundred then.

Hortensio
Content.

Hortensio
Who shall begin?

Luciento
That will I, Bianca being perfect.
Biondello, bid your mistress come to me.

Biondello
I go.

Baptista
I’ll cover half your bet, Bianca comes.

Luciento
I’ll have no halves; I’ll bear it all myself.

Re-enter Biondello

How now! what news?

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

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

Gremio
Ay, and a kind one too;
Now pray your wife will send you not a worse.

Petruchio
I hope better.

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

Exit Biondello

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

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

Re-enter Biondello

Now, where’s my wife?

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

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

Exit Grumio

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

Luciento
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.

Petruchio
The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.

Baptista
Now, by my holidame, here comes Katharina!

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

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

Katharina
They sit conferring by the parlor fire.

Petruchio
Go fetch them hither: if they deny to come.
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

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

Hortensio
And so it is: I wonder what it bodes.

Petruchio
Peace it bodes, and love and quiet life;
Two lunatics made one, and that one sane;

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

Petruchio
Nay, I will win my wager better yet
And show more sign of her obedience,
Her new-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 supptime.

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,