The Taming of the Shrew

14 + Characters

Baptista - a wealthy gentleman of Padua, the father of two daughters.

Vincentio - Lucentio’s father.

Lucentio - a young man of Pisa.

Petruchio - a gentleman in search of a rich wife.

Gremio - an old man.

Hortensio - a suitor to Bianca’s hand.

Tranio - Lucentio’s servant and very close friend.

Biondello - one of Lucentio’s servants.

Grumio - Petruchio’s servant.

Curtis - Petruchio’s servants.

Pedant - a schoolmaster.

Katherina - a sharp-tongued lady of Padua.

Bianca - Baptista’s younger daughter.

A Widow - daughter to Baptista.

Officers, Messengers, Lords and Servants
ACT I

SCENE I. Padua. A public place.

Enter LUCENTIO and his man TRANIO

LUCENTIO
Tranio, since for the great desire I had
To see fair Padua, nursery of arts,
And by my father's love and leave am arm'd
With his good will and thy good company,
My trusty servant, well approved in all,
Here let us breathe and haply institute
A course of learning and ingenious studies.
And therefore, Tranio, for the time, I study Virtue
Tell me thy mind;

TRANIO
Gentle master mine,
I am in all affected as yourself;
Glad that you thus continue your resolve
To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy.
Only, good master, while we do admire
This virtue and this moral discipline,
Let's be no stoics nor no stocks, I pray;
In brief, sir, study what you most affect.

LUCENTIO
Tranio, well dost thou advise.
If, Biondello, thou wert come,
We could at once put us in readiness,
And take a lodging.
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, importune me no farther,
For how I firmly am resolved you know;
That is, not to bestow my youngest daughter
Before I have a husband for the elder:
If either of you both love Katharina,
Because I know you well and love you well,
Leave shall you have to court her at your pleasure.

GREMIO
[Aside] To cart her rather: she's too rough for me.
There, There, Hortensio, will you any wife?

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

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

KATHARINA
I'faith, sir, you shall never need to fear:
I wis it is not half way to her heart;
But if it were, doubt not her care should be
To comb your noodle with a three-legg'd stool
And paint your face and use you like a fool.

HORTENSIA
From all such devils, good Lord deliver us!

GREMIO
And me too, good Lord!

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

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

TRANIO
Well said, master; mum! and gaze your fill.
BAPTISTA
Gentlemen, that I may soon make good
What I have said, Bianca, get you in:
And let it not displease thee, good Bianca,
For I will love thee ne'er the less, my girl.

KATHARINA
A pretty peat! it is best
Put finger in the eye, an she knew why.

BIANCA
Sister, content you in my discontent.
Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe:
My books and instruments shall be my company,
On them to took and practise by myself.

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

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

BAPTISTA
Gentlemen, content ye; I am resolved:
Go in, Bianca:
Exit BIANCA

And for I know she taketh most delight
In music, instruments and poetry,
Schoolmasters will I keep within my house,
Fit to instruct her youth. If you, Hortensio,
Or Signior Gremio, you, know any such,
Prefer them hither; for to cunning men
I will be very kind.
Exit

KATHARINA
Why, and I trust I may go too, may I not?
Exit
HORTENSIO
Signior Gremio: but a word, I pray.
Though the nature of our quarrel yet never brooked
parle, know now, upon advice, it toucheth us both,
that we may yet again have access to our fair
mistress and be happy rivals in Bianco's love, to
labour and effect one thing specially.

GREMIO
What's that, I pray?
HORTENSIO
Marry, sir, to get a husband for her sister.
GREMIO
A husband! a devil.
HORTENSIO
I say, a husband.
GREMIO
I say, a devil. Thinkest thou, Hortensio, though
her father be very rich, any man is so very a fool
to be married to hell?
HORTENSIO
Tush, Gremio, though it pass your patience and mine
to endure her loud alarums, why, man, there be good
fellows in the world, an a man could light on them,
would take her with all faults, and money enough.
GREMIO
I cannot tell.
HORTENSIO
But come; since this bar in law makes us
friends, by helping Baptista's eldest daughter
to a husband we set his youngest free for a husband,
(TOGETHER) Sweet Bianca!
How say you, Signior Gremio?
GREMIO
I am agreed!
Exeunt GREMIO and HORTENSIO

TRANIO
I pray, sir, tell me, is it possible
That love should of a sudden take such hold?
LUCENTIO
Tranio, I burn, I pine, I perish, Tranio,
If I achieve not this young modest girl.

TRANIO
Mark'd you not how her sister
Began to scold and raise up such a storm
That mortal ears might hardly endure the din?
LUCENTIO
Tranio, I saw her coral lips to move
And with her breath she did perfume the air:
Sacred and sweet was all I saw in her.
TRANIO
Nay, then, 'tis time to stir him from his trance.
I pray, awake, sir: if you love the maid,
Bend thoughts and wits to achieve her. Thus it stands:
Her eldest sister is so curst and shrewd
That till the father rid his hands of her,
Master, your love must live a maid at home;
LUCENTIO
Ah, Tranio, what a cruel father's he!
But art thou not advised, he took some care
To get her cunning schoolmasters to instruct her?
TRANIO
Ay, marry, am I, sir; and now 'tis plotted.
You will be schoolmaster
And undertake the teaching of the maid:
That's your device.
LUCENTIO
We have not yet been seen in any house,
Nor can we be distinguish'd by our faces
For man or master; then it follows thus;
Thou shalt be master, Tranio, in my stead,
I will some other be;:
When Biondello comes, he waits on thee;
But I will charm him first to keep his tongue.
TRANIO
I am content to be Lucentio,
Because so well I love Lucentio.
LUCENTIO
And let me be a slave, to achieve that maid
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?

LUCENTIO
Sirrah, come hither: 'tis no time to jest,
Your fellow Tranio here, to save my life,
Puts my apparel and my countenance on,
And I for my escape have put on his;
For in a quarrel since I came ashore
I kill'd a man and fear I was descried:
Wait you on him, I charge you,

BIONDELLO
I, sir! ne'er 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!

Exeunt
SCENE II. Padua. Before HORTENSIO'S house.

Enter PETRUCHIO and his man GRUMIO

PETRUCHIO
Here, sirrah Grumio; knock, I say.

GRUMIO
Knock, sir! whom should I knock? is there man has rebused your worship?

PETRUCHIO
Villain, I say, knock me here soundly.

GRUMIO
Knock you here, sir?!

PETRUCHIO
Villain, I say, knock me at this gate
And rap me well, or I'll knock your knave's pate.

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

PETRUCHIO
Will it not be?
Faith, sirrah, an you'll not knock, I'll ring it;
*He wrings him by the ears*

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

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

Enter HORTENSIO

HORTENSIO
How now! what's the matter? My old friend Grumio!
and my good friend Petruchio!
PETRUCHIO  
Signior Hortensio

GRUMIO
Look you, sir, he bid me knock him and rap
him soundly, sir:

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

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

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

HORTENSIO
Your ancient, trusty, pleasant servant Grumio.
And tell me now, sweet friend, what happy gale
Blows you to Padua here from old Verona?

PETRUCHIO
Signior Hortensio, thus it stands with me:
Antonio, my father, is deceased;
And I have thrust myself into this maze,
Haply to wive and thrive as best I may:

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

PETRUCHIO
Signior Hortensio, 'twixt such friends as we
Few words suffice;
I come to wive it wealthily in Padua;
If wealthily, then happily in Padua.
GRUMIO
Nay, look you, sir, he tells you flatly what his mind is: Why give him gold enough and marry him to a puppet; or an old trot with ne'er a tooth in her head,

HORTENSIO
I can, Petruchio, help thee to a wife
With wealth enough
Her only fault, and that is faults enough,
Is that she is intolerable curst

PETRUCHIO
Hortensio, peace! thou know'st not gold's effect:
Tell me her father's name and 'tis enough;

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

PETRUCHIO
I know her father, though I know not her;
And he knew my deceased father well.
I will not sleep, Hortensio, till I see her;

HORTENSIO
Tarry, Petruchio, I must go with thee,
For in Baptista's keep my treasure is:
He hath the jewel of my life in hold,
His youngest daughter, beautiful Binaca,
Therefore this order hath Baptista ta'en,
That none shall have access unto Bianca
Till Katharina the curst have got a husband.

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

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

**GREMIO**
O this learning, what a thing it is!

**HORTENSIO**
God save you, Signior Gremio.

**GREMIO**
And you are well met, Signior Hortensio.
Trow you whither I am going? To Baptista Minola.
I promised to inquire carefully
About a schoolmaster for the fair Bianca:
And by good fortune I have lighted well
On this young man

**HORTENSIO**
Gremio,
Here is a gentleman whom by chance I met,
Upon agreement from us to his liking,
Will undertake to woo curst Katharina,
Yea, and to marry her, if her dowry please.

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

**PETRUCHIO**
Why came I hither but to that intent?
Think you a little din can daunt mine ears?
Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,
And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies?
Have I not in a pitched battle heard
Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets' clang?
And do you tell me of a woman's tongue,
Tush, tush! fear boys with bugs.

**GRUMIO**
For he fears none.

**GREMIO**
Hortensio, hark:
This gentleman is happily arrived,

*Enter TRANIO brave, and BIONDELLO*
TRANIO
Gentlemen, God save you. If I may be bold,
Tell me, I beseech you, which is the readiest way
To the house of Signior Baptista Minola?

BIONDELLO
He that has the two fair daughters: .

HORTENSIO
Sir, a word;
Are you a suitor to the maid you talk of, yea or no?

TRANIO
And if I be, sir, is it any offence?

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

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

GREMIO
But so is not she.

TRANIO
For what reason, I beseech you?

GREMIO
For this reason, if you'll know,
That she's the choice love of Signior Gremio.

HORTENSIO
That she's the chosen of Signior Hortensio.

TRANIO
Softly, my masters! if you be gentlemen,
She may more suitors have and me for one.

GRUMIO BIONDELLO
O excellent motion! Fellows, let's be gone.

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;
Unbind my hands, I know my duty to my elders.

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

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

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

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

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

BIANCA
Is it for him you do envy me so?
Nay then you jest,
I prithee, sister Kate, untie my hands.

Enter BAPTISTA

BAPTISTA
Why, how now, dame! whence grows this insolence?
Why dost thou wrong her that did ne'er wrong thee?
When did she cross thee with a bitter word?

**KATHARINA**
Her silence flouts me, and I'll be revenged.
*Flies after BIANCA*

**BAPTISTA**
What, in my sight? Bianca, get thee in.
*Exit BIANCA*

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

**BAPTISTA**
Was ever gentleman thus grieved as I?
But who comes here?
*Enter GREMIO, LUCENTIO in the habit of a mean man;
PETRUCHIO, with HORTENSIO as a musician; and TRANIO,
with BIONDELLO bearing a lute and books*

**GREMIO**
Good morrow, neighbour Baptista.

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

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

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

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

**PETRUCHIO**
You wrong me, Signior Gremio: give me leave.
I am a gentleman of Verona, sir,  
That, hearing of her beauty and her wit,  
Her affability and bashful modesty,  
Her wondrous qualities and mild behavior,  
Am bold to show myself a forward guest  
Within your house.  
And, for an entrance to my entertainment,  
I do present you with a man of mine,  
*Presenting HORTENSIO*  

Cunning in music and the mathematics,  
To instruct her fully in those sciences,  

His name is Licio, born in Mantua.  

**BAPTISTA**  
You're welcome, sir;  
Whence are you, sir? what may I call your name?  
**PETRUCHIO**  
Petruchio is my name; Antonio's son,  
A man well known.  
**BAPTISTA**  
I know him well: you are welcome for his sake.  
**GREMIO**  
To express the like kindness, myself,  
that have been more kindly beholding to you than  
any, freely give unto you this young scholar; as cunning  
in Greek, Latin, and other languages, as the other  
in music and mathematics: his name is Cambio; pray,  
accept his service.  

**BAPTISTA**  
A thousand thanks, Signior Gremio.  
Welcome, good Cambio.  
*To TRANIO*  

But, gentle sir, methinks you walk like a stranger:  
may I be so bold to know the cause of your coming?
TRANIO
Pardon me, sir, the boldness is mine own,
That, being a stranger in this city here,
Do make myself a suitor to your daughter,
Unto Bianca, fair and virtuous.
And, toward the education of your daughters,
I here bestow a simple instrument,
And this small packet of Greek and Latin books:
If you accept them, then their worth is great.

BAPTISTA
Lucentio is your name; of whence, I pray?

TRANIO
Of Pisa, sir; son to Vincentio.

BAPTISTA
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 following

PETRUCHIO
Signior Baptista, my business asketh haste,
And every day I cannot come to woo:.
Then tell me, if I get your daughter's love,
What dowry shall I have with her to wife?

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

PETRUCHIO
Let specialties be therefore drawn between us,
That covenants may be kept on either hand.

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

**PETRUCHIO**
Why, that is nothing: for I tell you, father,  
I am as peremptory as she proud-minded;  
And where two raging fires meet together  
They do consume the thing that feeds their fury:

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

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

*Re-enter HORTENSIO, with his head broke*

**BAPTISTA**
How now, my friend! why dost thou look so pale?

**HORTENSIO**
For fear, I promise you, if I look pale.

**BAPTISTA**
What, will my daughter prove a good musician?

**HORTENSIO**
I think she'll sooner prove a soldier  
Iron may hold with her, but never lutes.

**BAPTISTA**
Why, then thou canst not break her to the lute?

**HORTENSIO**
Why, no; for she hath broke the lute to me.

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

**BAPTISTA**
Well, go with me and be not so discomfited:  
Proceed in practise with my younger daughter;  
Signior Petruchio, will you go with us,  
Or shall I send my daughter Kate to you?

**PETRUCHIO**
I pray you do.
Exeunt all but PETRUCHIO

I will attend her here,
And woo her with some spirit when she comes.
Say that she rail; why then I'll tell her plain
She sings as sweetly as a nightingale:
Say that she frown, I'll say she looks as clear
As morning roses newly wash'd with dew:
If she deny to wed, I'll crave the day
When I shall ask the banns and when be married.
But here she comes; and now, Petruchio, speak.

Enter KATHARINA

Good morrow, Kate; 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 Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom
Kate of Kate Hall, my super-dainty Kate,
For dainties are all Kates, and therefore, Kate,
Take this of me, Kate of my consolation;
Hearing thy mildness praised in every town,
Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded,
Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs,
Myself am moved to woo thee for my wife.

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

PETRUCHIO
Why, what's a moveable?

KATHARINA
A join'd-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
No such jade as you, if me you mean.
PETRUCHIO
Alas! good Kate, I will not burden thee;
For, knowing thee to be but young and light--
KATHARINA
Too light for such a swain as you to catch;
And yet as heavy as my weight should be.
PETRUCHIO
Should be! should--buzz!
KATHARINA
Well ta'en, and like a buzzard.
PETRUCHIO
Come, come, you wasp; i' 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 does
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 try.

She strikes him
PETRUCHIO
I swear I'll cuff you, if you strike again.
KATHARINA
If you strike me, you are no gentleman;
PETRUCHIO
Nay, come, Kate, come; you must not look so sour.
KATHARINA
It is my fashion, when I see a crab.
PETRUCHIO
Why, here's no crab; and therefore look not sour.
KATHARINA
I chafe you, if I tarry: let me go.
PETRUCHIO
'Twas told me you were rough and coy and sullen,
And now I find report a very liar;
For thou are pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous,
But slow in speech, yet sweet as spring-time flowers:
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 hath consented
That you shall be my wife; your dowry 'greed on;
And, Will you, nill you, I will marry you.
Now, Kate, I am a husband for your turn; 
For, by this light, whereby I see thy beauty, 
Thy beauty, that doth make me like thee well, 
Thou must be married to no man but me; 
Here comes your father: never make denial; 
I must and will have Katharina to my wife. 

Re-enter BAPTISTA, GREMIO, and TRANIO

BAPTISTA
Now, Signior Petruchio, how speed you with my daughter?
PETRUCHIO
How but well, sir? how but well? 
It were impossible I should speed amiss. 

BAPTISTA
Why, how now, daughter Katharina! in your dumps? 

KATHARINA
Call you me daughter? now, I promise you 
You have show'd a tender fatherly regard, 
To wish me wed to one half lunatic; 

PETRUCHIO
Father, 'tis thus: yourself and all the world, 
That talk'd of her, have talk'd amiss of her: 
And to conclude, we have 'greed so well together, 
That upon Sunday is the wedding-day. 

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

PETRUCHIO
'Tis bargain'd 'twixt us twain, being alone, 
That she shall still be curst in company. 
I tell you, 'tis incredible to believe 
How much she loves me: O, the kindest Kate! 
Give me thy hand, Kate: I will unto Venice, 
To buy apparel 'gainst the wedding-day. 
Provide the feast, father, and bid the guests; 
I will be sure my Katharina shall be fine. 

BAPTISTA
I know not what to say: but give me your hands; 
God send you joy, Petruchio! 'tis a match.
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 o'Sunday.
Exeunt PETRUCHIO and KATHARINA severally

GREMIO
Was ever match clapp'd up so suddenly?
But now, Baptists, to your younger daughter:
BAPTISTA
Content you, gentlemen: I will compound this strife:
'Tis deeds must win the prize; and he of both
That can assure my daughter greatest dower
Shall have my Bianca's love.
Say, Signior Gremio, What can you assure her?
GREMIO
At my farm
I have a hundred milch-kine to the pail,
Sixscore fat oxen standing in my stalls,
And all things answerable to this portion.
Myself am struck in years, I must confess;
And if I die to-morrow, this is hers,
If whilst I live she will be only mine.
TRANIO
Sir, list to me:
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. 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:
Nay, I have offer'd all, I have no more;
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;
Well, gentlemen,
I am thus resolved: on Sunday next you know
My daughter Katharina is to be married:
Now, on the Sunday following, shall Bianca
Be bride to you, if you this assurance;
If not, Signior Gremio:
And so, I take my leave, and thank you both.
Exit BAPTISTA
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 entertainment
Her sister Katharina welcomed you withal?

HORTENSIO
But, wrangling pedant, this is
The patroness of heavenly harmony:

LUCENTIO
Preposterous ass.

BIANCA
Why, gentlemen, you do me double wrong,
I'll not be tied to hours nor 'pointed times,
But learn my lessons as I please myself.
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.

BIANCA
Where left we last?

LUCENTIO
Here, madam:

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

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

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

BIANCA  
Now let me see if I can construe it: 'Hic ibat Simois,' I know you not, 'hic est Sigeia tellus,' I trust you not; 'Hic steterat Priami,' take heed he hear us not, 'regia,' presume not, 'celsa senis,' despair not.

HORTENSIO  
Madam, 'tis now in tune.

LUCENTIO  
All but the base.

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

BIANCA  
Now, Licio, to you:  
Good masters, take it not unkindly, pray,  
That I have been thus pleasant with you both.  

Enter a Servant

Servant  
Mistress, your father prays you leave your books  
And help to dress your sister's chamber up:  
You know to-morrow is the wedding-day.

BIANCA  
Farewell, sweet masters both; I must be gone.  

Exeunt BIANCA and Servant

LUCENTIO  
Faith, mistress, then I have no cause to stay.  

Exit

HORTENSIO  
But I have cause to pry into this pedant:  
Methinks he looks as though he were in love:  

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 'pointed day.
That Katharina and Petruchio should be married,
And yet we hear not of our son-in-law.
What will be said? what mockery will it be,
To want the bridegroom when the priest attends
To speak the ceremonial rites of marriage!
What says Lucentio to this shame of ours?

KATHARINA
No shame but mine: I must, forsooth, be forced
To give my hand opposed against my heart
Unto a mad-brain rudesby full of spleen;
Who woo'd in haste and means to wed at leisure.
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!'

TRANIO
Patience, good Katharina, and Baptista too.
Upon my life, Petruchio means but well,

Enter BIONDELLO

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

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

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

BAPTISTA
Is he come?

BIONDELLO
Why, no, sir.

BAPTISTA
What then?
BIONDELLO
He is coming.
BAPTISTA
When will he be here?
BIONDELLO
When he stands where I am and sees you there.
TRANIO
But say, what to thine old news?
BIONDELLO
Why, Petruchio is coming in a new hat and an old
jerkin, a pair of old breeches thrice turned, a pair
of boots that have been candle-cases, one buckled,
another laced, an old rusty sword ta'en out of the
town-armory, with a broken hilt, and chapeless;
his horse hipped with an old mothy saddle and stirrups of no
kindred;
BAPTISTA
Who comes with him?
BIONDELLO
O, sir, his lackey, for all the world caparisoned
like the horse and not like a Christian
footboy or a gentleman's lackey.
TRANIO
'Tis some odd humour pricks him to this fashion;
Yet oftentimes he goes but mean-apparel'd.
BAPTISTA
I am glad he's come, howsoe'er he comes.

Enter PETRUCHIO and GRUMIO

PETRUCHIO
Come, where be these gallants? who's at home?
BAPTISTA
You are welcome, sir.
PETRUCHIO
But where is Kate? where is my lovely bride?
How does my father? Gentles, methinks you frown:
And wherefore gaze this goodly company,
As if they saw some wondrous monument,
Some comet or unusual prodigy?
BAPTISTA
Why, sir, you know this is your wedding-day:
First were we sad, fearing you would not come;
Now sadder, that you come so unprovided.

PETRUCHIO
Sufficeth I am come to keep my word,
But where is Kate? I stay too long from her:
The morning wears, 'tis time we were at church.

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

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

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

PETRUCHIO
Good sooth, even thus; therefore ha' done with words:
To me she's married, not unto my clothes:
But what a fool am I to chat with you,
When I should bid good morrow to my bride,
And seal the title with a lovely kiss!
Exeunt PETRUCHIO and GRUMIO

TRANIO
He hath some meaning in his mad attire:
We will persuade him, be it possible,
To put on better ere he go to church.

BAPTISTA
I'll after him, and see the event of this.
Exeunt BAPTISTA, GREMIO, and attendants

Music

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

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:  
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**
Are you 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 horse.

**GRUMIO**
Ay, sir, they be ready.

**KATHARINA**
Nay, then,  
Do what thou canst, I will not go to-day;
No, nor to-morrow, not till I please myself.
The door is open, sir; there lies your way;
For me, I'll not be gone till I please myself:

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

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.

KATARINA
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.
I will be master of what is mine own:
And here she stands, touch her whoever dare;
I'll bring mine action on the proudest he
That stops my way. 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 quiet ones.

GREMIO
Went they not quickly, I should die with laughing.

TRANIO
Of all mad matches never was the like.

LUCENTIO
Mistress, what's your opinion of your sister?
BIANCA
That, being mad herself, she's madly mated.

GREMIO
I warrant him, Petruchio is Kated.

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 jades, on all mad masters, and all foul ways! Was ever man so beaten? was ever man so rayed? was ever man so weary? I am sent before to make a fire, and they are coming after to warm them. Holla, ho! Curtis.

Enter CURTIS

CURTIS
Who is that calls so coldly?

GRUMIO
A fire good Curtis.

CURTIS
Is my master and his wife coming, Grumio?

GRUMIO
O, ay, Curtis, ay

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

GRUMIO
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
How?

GRUMIO
Out of their saddles into the dirt; 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 bemoiled, 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 lost my crupper,

CURTIS
By this reckoning he is more shrew than she.

GRUMIO
Ay; and that thou and the proudest of you all shall find when he comes home. But what talk I of this? Call forth Nathalie, Petra Sugarsop and the rest. Are they all ready?

CURTIS
They are.

GRUMIO
Call them forth.

CURTIS
Do you hear, ho?

Enter four Servants

NATHALIE
Welcome home, Grumio!

PETRA
How now, Grumio!

SUGARSOP
What, Grumio!

NATHANIEL
How now, old lad?
GRUMIO
Welcome, you;--how now, you;-- fellow, you;--and thus much for greeting. Now, my spruce companions, is all ready, and all things neat?
NATHALIE
All things is ready. How near is our master?
GRUMIO
E'en at hand, alighted by this; and therefore be not--Cock's passion, silence! I hear my master.

Enter PETRUCHIO and KATHARINA

PETRUCHIO
Where be these knaves? What, no man at door
To hold my stirrup nor to take my horse!
Where is Nathalie, Petra, Sugarsop?

ALL SERVANTS: Here, here, sir; here, sir.

PETRUCHIO
You logger-headed and unpolish'd grooms!
What, no attendance? no regard? no duty?
Where is the foolish knave I sent before?
GRUMIO
Here, sir; as foolish as I was before.

PETRUCHIO
You peasant swain! you whoreson malt-horse drudge!
Did I not bid thee meet me in the park,
And bring along these rascal knaves with thee?
GRUMIO
Yet, as they are, here are they come to meet you.

PETRUCHIO
Go, rascals, go, and fetch my supper in.

Exeunt Servants

Singing

Where is the life that late I led--
Where are those--Sit down, Kate, and welcome—
Why, when, I say?
Re-enter Servants with supper

Be merry, Kate. Some water, here; what, ho!
Where's my spaniel Troilus?.
Where are my slippers? Shall I have some water?

Enter one with water

Come, Kate, and wash, and welcome heartily.
You whoreson villain! will you let it fall?

Strikes him

KATHARINA
Patience, I pray you; 'twas a fault unwilling.

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

SUGARSOP
Ay.

PETRUCHIO
Who brought it?

PETRA
I.

PETRUCHIO
'Tis burnt; and so is all the meat.
What dogs are these! (Troilus?!) Where is the rascal cook?
How durst you, villains, bring it from the dresser,
And serve it thus to me that love it not?
Theretake it to you, trenchers, cups, and all;

*Throws the meat, & c. about the stage.*

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;
And I expressly am forbid to touch it,
For it engenders choler, planteth anger;
And better 'twere that both of us did fast,  
Since, of ourselves, ourselves are choleric,  
Than feed it with such over-roasted flesh.  
Be patient; to-morrow 't 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 severally*

**NATHANIEL**  
Peter, didst ever see the like?  
**PETRA**  
He kills her in her own humour.  
*Re-enter CURTIS*

*Exeunt*

*Re-enter PETRUCHIO*

**PETRUCHIO**  
Thus have I politicly begun my reign,  
And 'tis my hope to end successfully.  
My falcon now is sharp and passing empty;  
And till she stoop she must not be full-gorged,  
She eat no meat to-day, nor none shall eat;  
Last night she slept not, nor to-night she shall not;  
As with the meat, some undeserved fault  
I'll find about the making of the bed;  
And here I'll fling the pillow, there the bolster,  
This way the coverlet, another way the sheets:  
Ay, and amid this hurly I intend  
That all is done in reverend care of her;  
And in conclusion she shall watch all night:  
This is a way to kill a wife with kindness;  
And thus I'll curb her mad and headstrong humour.  
He that knows better how to tame a shrew,  
Now let him speak: 'tis charity to show.  
*Exit*
SCENE II. Padua. Before BAPTISTA'S house.

Enter TRANIO and HORTENSIO

Enter BIANCA and LUCENTIO

LUCENTIO
Now, mistress, profit you in what you read?

BIANCA
What, master, read you? first resolve me that.

LUCENTIO
I read that I profess, the Art to Love.

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

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

HORTENSIO
Mistake no more: I am not Licio,
Nor a musician, as I seem to be;
But one that scorn to live in this disguise,
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 no more.
TRANIO:
Fie on her! see, how beastly she doth court him!
HORTENSIO
For me, that I may surely keep mine oath,
I will be married to a wealthy widow,
Ere three days pass, which hath as long loved me
As I have loved this proud disdainful haggard.
And so farewell, Signior Lucentio.
Exit

TRANIO
Mistress Bianca, bless you with such grace
As 'longeth to a lover's blessed case!
Nay, I have ta'en you napping, gentle love,
And have forsworn you with Hortensio.
BIANCA
Tranio, you jest: but have you both forsworn me?
TRANIO
Mistress, we have.
LUCENTIO
Then we are rid of Licio.
TRANIO
I' faith, he'll have a lusty widow now,
That shall be woo'd and wedded in a day.
BIANCA
God give him joy!
TRANIO
Ay, and he'll tame her.
BIANCA
He says so, Tranio.
TRANIO
Faith, he is gone unto the taming-school.
BIANCA
The taming-school! what, is there such a place?
TRANIO
Ay, mistress, and Petruchio is the master;
Enter BIONDELLO

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

TRANIO
What is he, Biondello?

BIONDELLO
Master, a pedant,
I know not what; but format in apparel,
In gait and countenance surely like a father.

Pedant
God save you, sir!

TRANIO
And you, sir! you are welcome.
What countryman, I pray?

Pedant
Of 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,
Hath publish'd and proclaim'd it openly:

Pedant
Alas! sir.

TRANIO
Well, sir, to do you courtesy,
This will I do, and this I will advise you:
First, tell me,
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 doth an oyster, and all one.

TRANIO
To save your life in this extremity, This favour will I do you for his sake; And think it not the worst of an your fortunes That you are like to Sir Vincentio. His name and credit shall you undertake, 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.

Exeunt
Enter KATHARINA and GRUMIO

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

KATHARINA
What, did he marry me to famish me?
I am starved for meat, giddy for lack of sleep,
With oath kept waking and with brawling fed:
And that which spites me more than all these wants,
He does it under name of perfect love;
I prithee go and get me some repast;
I care not what, so it be wholesome food.

Enter PETRUCHIO and HORTENSIO with meat

PETRUCHIO
How fares my Kate? What, sweeting, all amort?

HORTENSIO
Mistress, what cheer?

KATHARINA
Faith, as cold as can be.

PETRUCHIO
Pluck up thy spirits; look cheerfully upon me.
Here love; thou see'st how diligent I am
To dress thy meat myself and bring it thee:
I am sure, sweet Kate, this kindness merits thanks.
What, not a word? Nay, then thou lovest it not;
And all my pains is sorted to no proof.
Here, take away this dish.

KATHARINA
I pray you, let it stand.

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

KATHARINA
I thank you, sir.
HORTENSIO
Signior Petruchio, fie! you are to blame.
Come, mistress Kate, I'll bear you company.
PETRUCHIO
[Aside] Eat it up all, Hortensio, if thou lovest me.
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 fardingales and things;
What, hast thou dined? The tailor stays thy leisure,
To deck thy body with his ruffling treasure.
Enter Tailor

Come, tailor, let us see these ornaments;
Lay forth the gown.
Enter Haberdasher

What news with you, sir?
Haberdasher
Here is the cap your worship did bespeak.
PETRUCHIO
Why, this was moulded on a porringer;
A velvet dish: fie, fie! 'tis lewd and filthy:
Away with it! come, let me have a bigger.
KATHARINA
I'll have no bigger: this doth fit the time,
And gentlewomen wear such caps as these
PETRUCHIO
When you are gentle, you shall have one too,
And not till then.
HORTENSIO
[Aside] That will not be in haste.
KATHARINA
Why, sir, I trust I may have leave to speak;
My tongue will tell the anger of my heart,
Or else my heart concealing it will break,
PETRUCHIO
Why, thou say'st true; it is a paltry cap,
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.
Exit Haberdasher

PETRUCHIO
Thy gown? why, ay: come, tailor, let us see't.
O mercy, God! what masquing stuff is here?
What's this? a sleeve? 'tis like a demi-cannon:
Why, what, i' devil's name, tailor, call'st thou this?

HORTENSIO
[Aside] I see she's like to have neither cap nor gown.
Tailor
You bid me make it orderly and well,
According to the fashion and the time.
KATHARINA
I never saw a better-fashion'd gown,

PETRUCHIO
O monstrous arrogance! Thou liest, thou thread,
thou thimble,
Away, thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant;
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.

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

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

PETRUCHIO
[Aside] Hortensio, say thou wilt see the tailor paid.
Go take it hence; be gone, and say no more.
HORTENSIO
Tailor, I'll pay thee for thy gown tomorrow:
Away! I say; commend me to thy master.
Exit Tailor

PETRUCHIO
Well, come, my Kate; we will unto your father's
Even in these honest mean habiliments:
Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor;
For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich;
Let's see; I think 'tis now some seven o'clock,
And well we may come there by dinner-time.

KATHARINA
I dare assure you, sir, 'tis almost two;
And 'twill be supper-time ere you come there.

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

HORTENSIO
[Aside] Why, so this gallant will command the sun.
Exeunt
SCENE IV. Padua. Before BAPTISTA'S house.

Enter TRANIO, and the Pedant dressed like VINCENTIO

TRANIO
Sir, this is the house: please it you that I call?

Pedant
Ay, what else?

Enter BIONDELLO

But, sir, here comes your Servant;
'Twere good he were school'd.

TRANIO
Fear you not ban swinc for OST. Sirrah Biondello,
Now do your duty throughly, I advise you:
Imagine 'twere the right Vincentio.

BIONDELLO
Tut, fear not me.

TRANIO
But hast thou done thy errand to Baptista?

BIONDELLO
I told him that your father was at Venice,
And that you look'd for him this day in Padua.

TRANIO
Thou'rt a tall fellow: hold thee that to drink.
Here comes Baptista: set your countenance, sir.

Enter BAPTISTA and LUCENTIO

Signior Baptista, you are happily met.
Sir, this is the gentleman I told you of:

I pray you stand good father to me now,
Give me Bianca for my patrimony.
PEDANT
Soft son!
Sir, by your leave: having come to Padua
To gather in some debts, my son Lucentio
Made me acquainted with a weighty cause
Of love between your daughter and himself:
And, for the good report I hear of you
I am content, in a good father's care,
To have him match'd;

BAPTISTA
Your plainness and your shortness please me well.
Right true it is, your son Lucentio here
Doth love my daughter and she loveth him,
And therefore, if you say no more than this,
The match is made, and all is done:
Your son shall have my daughter with consent.

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

BAPTISTA
Not in my house, Lucentio; for, you know,
Pitchers have ears, and I have many servants:

TRANIO
Then at my lodging
Send for your daughter by your servant here:
My boy shall fetch the scrivener presently.
Biondello, hie you home,
And bid Bianca make her ready straight;
And, if you will, tell what hath happened,
Lucentio's father is arrived in Padua,
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
Thus. Baptista is safe, talking with the deceiving father of a deceitful son.

LUCENTIO
And what of him?

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

LUCENTIO
And then?

BIONDELLO
The old priest of Saint Luke's church is at your command at all hours.
If this be not that you look for,
I have no more to say, But bid Bianca farewell for ever and a day.

_Exit_

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

_Exit_
SCENE V. A public road.

Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, HORTENSIO, and Servants

PETRUCHIO
Come on, i' God's name; once more toward our father's.
Good Lord, 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 list,
Or ere I journey to your father's house.
Go on, and fetch our horses back again.
Evermore cross'd and cross'd; nothing but cross'd!

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:
An if you please to call it a rush-candle,
Henceforth I vow it shall be so for me.

PETRUCHIO
I say it is the moon.

KATHARINA
I know it is the moon.

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

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

HORTENSIO
Petruchio, go thy ways; the field is won.

PETRUCHIO
Well, forward, forward! thus the bowl should run,
And not unluckily against the bias.
But, soft! company is coming here.
Enter VINCENTIO

To VINCENTIO

Good morrow, gentle mistress: where away?
Tell me, sweet Kate, and tell me truly too,
Hast thou beheld a fresher gentlewoman?
Sweet Kate, embrace her for her beauty's sake.

HORTENSIO
A' 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?

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 say'st he is.

KATHARINA
Pardon, old father, my mistaking eyes,
That have been so bedazzled with the sun
That everything I look on seemeth green:
Now I perceive thou art a reverend father;

VINCENTIO
Fair sir, and you my merry mistress,
That with your strange encounter much amazed me,
My name is call'd Vincentio; my dwelling Pisa;
And bound I am to Padua; there to visit
A son of mine, which long I have not seen.
PETRUCHIO
What is his name?
VINCENTIO
Lucentio, gentle sir.
PETRUCHIO
Happily we met;
The sister to my wife, this gentlewoman,
Thy son by this hath married
Let me embrace with old Vincentio,
And wander we to see thy honest son,
Who will of thy arrival be full joyous.

Exeunt all but HORTENSIO

HORTENSIO
Well, Petruchio, this has put me in heart.
To my widow!.
Exit
ACT V


GREMIO discovered. Enter behind BIONDELLO, LUCENTIO, and BIANCA

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

LUCENTIO
I fly, Biondello

Exeunt LUCENTIO, BIANCA, and BIONDELLO

GREMIO
I marvel Cambio comes not all this while.

Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, VINCENTIO, GRUMIO, with Attendants

PETRUCHIO
Sir, here's the door, this is Lucentio's house:
My father's bears more toward the market-place;
Thither must I, and here I leave you, sir.

Knocks

GREMIO
They're busy within; you were best knock louder.

Pedant looks out of the window

Pedant
What's he that knocks as he would beat down the gate?
VINCENTIO
Is Signiora Lucentio within, sir?

Pedant
He's within, sir, but not to be spoken withal.

PETRUCHIO
I pray you, tell Signior Lucentio that his Mother is come from Pisa, and is here at the door to speak with him.

Pedant
Thou liest: his father is come from Padua and here looking out at 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 a' means to cozen somebody in this city under my countenance.

Re-enter BIONDELLO

BIONDELLO
I have seen them in the church together: God send 'em good shipping! But who is here? mine old master Vincentio! now we are undone and brought to nothing.

VINCENTIO
[Seeing BIONDELLO]
Come hither, crack-hemp.
Come hither, you rogue. What, have you forgot me?

BIONDELLO
Forgot you! no, sir: I could not forget you, for I never saw you before in all my life.

VINCENTIO
What, you notorious villain, didst thou never see thy master's father, Vincentio?
BIONDELLO
What, my old worshipful old master? yes, marry, sir: see where he looks out of the window.
VINCENTIO
Is't so, indeed.
Beats BIONDELLO

BIONDELLO
Help, help, help! here's a madman will murder me.
Exit

PETRUCHIO

Re-enter Pedant below; TRANIO, BAPTISTA, and Servants

TRANIO
Sir, what are you that offer to beat my servant?
VINCENTIO
What am I, sir! nay, what are you, sir? O immortal gods! O fine villain! A silken doublet! a velvet hose! a scarlet cloak! and a copatain hat! O, I am undone! I am undone! while I play the good husband at home, my son and my servant spend all!
TRANIO
How now! what's the matter?
BAPTISTA
What, is the man lunatic?
TRANIO
Why, sir, what 'cerns it you if I wear pearl and gold? I thank my good father, I am able to maintain it.
VINCENTIO
Thy father! O villain! he is a sailmaker in Bergamo.
BAPTISTA
You mistake, sir, you mistake, sir. Pray, what do you think is his name?
VINCENTIO
His name! as if I knew not his name: I have brought him up ever since he was three years old, and his name is Tranio.
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 hath murdered his master! Lay hold
on him, I charge you, in the duke's name. O, my
son, my son! Tell me, thou villain, where is my son Lucentio?
TRANIO
Call forth an officer.
Enter one with an Officer

Carry this mad knave to the gaol. Father Baptista,
I charge you see that he be forthcoming.
Re-enter BIONDELLO, with LUCENTIO and BIANCA

BIONDELLO
O! we are spoiled and--yonder he is: deny him,
forswear him, or else we are all undone.
LUCENTIO
[Kneeling] Pardon, sweet father.
VINCENTIO
Lives my sweet son?
Exeunt BIONDELLO, TRANIO, and PEDANT, as fast as may be
done.

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 supposes bleared thine eyne.
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 wished 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?

**VINCENTIO**
Fear not, Baptista; we will content you, go to: but I will in, to be revenged for this villany.

*Exit*

**BAPTISTA**
And I, to sound the depth of this knavery.

*Exit*

**LUCENTIO**
Look not pale, Bianca; thy father will not frown.

*Exeunt LUCENTIO and BIANCA*

**GREMIO**
My cake is dough; but I'll in among the rest. Out of hope of all, but my share of the feast.

*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**
What, 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
Is not this well? Come, my sweet Kate:
Better once than never, for never too late.

Exeunt
AN

SCENE II. Padua. LUCENTIO'S house.

Enter BAPTISTA, VINCENTIO, GREMIO, the Pedant, LUCENTIO, BIANCA, PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, HORTENSIO, and Widow, TRANIO, BIONDELLO, and GRUMIO the Serving-men with Tranio bringing in a banquet

LUCENTIO
At last, though long, our jarring notes agree:
And time it is, when raging war is done,
To smile at scapes and perils overblown.
My fair Bianca, bid my father welcome,
While I with self-same kindness welcome thine.
Brother Petruchio, sister Katharina,
And thou, Hortensio, with thy loving widow,
Feast with the best, and welcome to my house:
My banquet is to close our stomachs up,
After our great good cheer. Pray you, sit down;
For now we sit to chat as well as eat.

PETRUCHIO
Nothing but sit and sit, and eat and eat!

BAPTISTA
Padua affords this kindness, son Petruchio.

PETRUCHIO
Padua affords nothing but what is kind.

HORTENSIO
For both our sakes, I would that word were true.

PETRUCHIO
Now, for my life, Hortensio fears his widow.

Widow
Then never trust me, if I be afeard.

PETRUCHIO
I mean, Hortensio is afeard of you.

Widow
He that is giddy thinks the world turns round.
PETRUCHIO
Roundly replied.
KATHARINA
Mistress, how mean you 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
And I am mean indeed, respecting you.
PETRUCHIO
To her, Kate!
HORTENSIO
To her, widow!
PETRUCHIO
A hundred marks, my Kate does put her down.
HORTENSIO
That's my office.
Exeunt BIANCA, KATHARINA, and Widow

BAPTISTA
Now, in good sadness, son Petruchio,
I think thou hast the veriest shrew of all.
PETRUCHIO
Well, I say no: and therefore for assurance
Let's each one send unto his wife;
And he whose wife is most obedient
To come at first when he doth send for her,
Shall win the wager which we will propose.
HORTENSIO
Content. What is the wager?
LUCENTIO
Twenty crowns.
PETRUCHIO
Twenty crowns!
I'll venture so much of my hawk or hound,
But twenty times so much upon my wife.

**LUCENTIO**
A hundred then.

**HORTENSIO**
Content.

**PETRUCHIO**
A match! 'tis done.

**HORTENSIO**
Who shall begin?

**LUCENTIO**
That will I.
Go, Biondello, bid your mistress come to me.

**BIONDELLO**
I go.
*Exit*

**BAPTISTA**
Son, I'll be your half, Bianca comes.

**LUCENTIO**
I'll have no halves; I'll bear it all myself.

*Re-enter BIONDELLO*

How now! what news?

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

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

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

**PETRUCHIO**
I hope better.

**HORTENSIO**
Sirrah Biondello, go and entreat my wife
To come to me forthwith.
Exit BIONDELLO

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

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

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 her answer.

PETRUCHIO
What?

HORTENSIO
She will not.

PETRUCHIO
The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.

BAPTISTA
Now, by my holidame, here comes Katharina!

Re-enter KATARINA

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.
Swinge me them soundly forth unto their husbands:
Away, I say, and bring them hither straight.
Exit KATHARINA

LUCENTIO
Here is a wonder, if you talk of a wonder.
HORTENSIO
And so it is: I wonder what it bodes.
PETRUCHIO
Marry, peace it bodes, and love and quiet life,
Nay, I will win my wager better yet
And show more sign of
Her new-built virtue and obedience.
See where she comes and brings your froward 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?
PETRUCHIO
Katharina, I charge thee, tell these headstrong women
What duty they do owe their lords and husbands.
Widow
Come, come, you're mocking: we will have no telling.
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,
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor:
It blots thy beauty as frosts do bite the meads,
Confounds thy fame as whirlwinds shake fair buds,
And in no sense is meet or amiable.
A woman moved is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty;
And while it is so, none so dry or thirsty
Will deign to sip or touch one drop of it.
Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance commits his body
To painful labour both by sea and land,
To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,
Whilst thou liest warm at home, secure and safe;
And craves no other tribute at thy hands
But love, fair looks and true obedience;
Too little payment for so great a debt.

Then vail your stomachs, for it is no boot,
And place your hands below your husband's foot:
In token of which duty, if he please,
My hand is ready; may it do him ease.

Such duty as the subject owes the prince
Even such a woman oweth to her husband;
And when she is froward, peevish, sullen, sour,
And not obedient to his honest will,
What is she but a foul contending rebel
And graceless traitor to her loving lord?
I am ashamed that women are so simple
To offer war where they should kneel for peace;
Or seek for rule, supremacy and sway,
When they are bound to serve, love and obey.
Why are our bodies soft and weak and smooth,
Unapt to toil and trouble in the world,
But that our soft conditions and our hearts
Should well agree with our external parts?

Then vail your stomachs, for it is no boot,
And place your hands below your husband's foot:
In token of which duty, if he please,
My hand is ready; may it do him ease.

Come, come, you froward and unable worms!
My mind hath been as big as one of yours,
My heart as great, my reason haply more,
To bandy word for word and frown for frown;
But now I see our lances are but straws,
Our strength as weak, our weakness past compare,
That seeming to be most which we indeed least are.

Then vail your stomachs, for it is no boot,
And place your hands below your husband's foot:
In token of which duty, if he please,
My hand is ready; may it do him ease.

PETRUCHIO
Why, there's a wench!
'Twas I won the wager, though you hit the white;
And, being a winner, God give you good night!
Exeunt PETRUCHIO and KATHARINA