

# The Taming of the Shrew

ABRIDGED



William Shakespeare  
(1564-1616)

Written by  
**William Shakespeare**  
Edited by  
**Vonda Schuster**



**PETRUCHIO**

Why, there's a wench! Come on, and kiss me, Kate.

**LUCENTIO**

Well, go thy ways, old lad; for thou shalt ha't.

**VINCENTIO**

'Tis a good hearing when children are toward.

**LUCENTIO**

But a harsh hearing when women are froward.

**PETRUCHIO**

Come, Kate, we'll to bed.

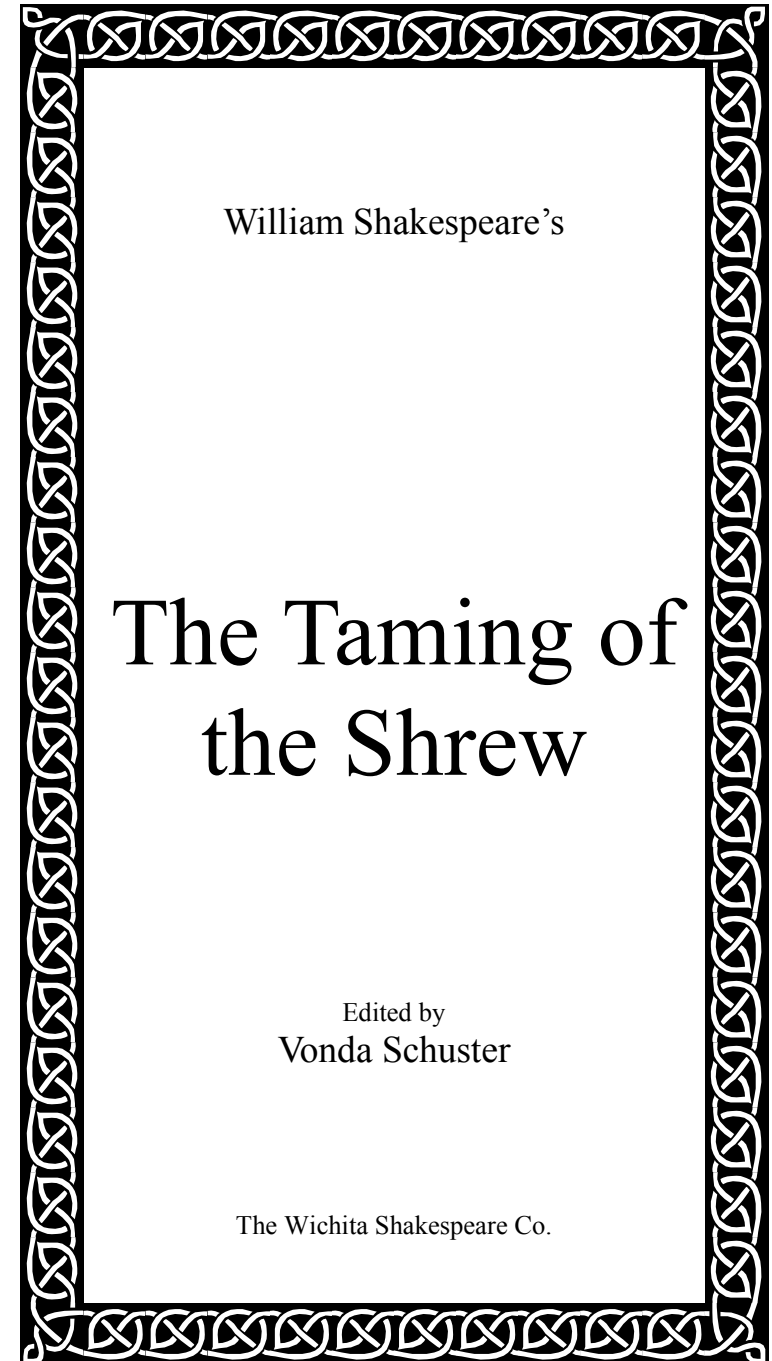
We three are married, but you two are sped.

*To LUCENTI*

'Twas I won the wager, though you hit the white;  
And, being a winner, God give you good night!

*Exeunt PETRUCHIO and KATHARINA*

*Exeunt*



## THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

### Dramatis Personae

BAPTISTA, a rich Gentleman of Padua.

KATHARINA, the Shrew, Daughters to Baptista.

BIANCA, Daughters to Baptista.

VINCENTIO, an old Gentleman of Pisa .

LUCENTIO, son to Vincentio; in love with Bianca.

PETRUCHIO, a Gentleman of Verona; Suitor to Katharina.

GREMIO, Suitor to Bianca.

HORTENSIO, Suitor to Bianca.

TRANIO, Servant to Lucentio.

BIONDELLO, Servant to Lucentio.

GRUMIO, Servant to Petruchio.

CURTIS, Servants to Petruchio.

A Pedant

A Widow.

Tailor, Haberdasher, and Servants attending on Baptista and Petruchio.

### 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.  
 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?  
 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**

Nay, I will win my wager better yet  
 And show more sign of her obedience,  
 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?

**LUCENTIO**

I would your duty were as foolish too:  
 The wisdom of your duty, fair Bianca,  
 Hath cost me an hundred crowns since supper-time.

**BIANCA**

The more fool you, for laying on my duty.

**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.

**THE TAMING OF THE SHREW**

## List of scenes

		<b>Page</b>
<b>ACT I</b>		
Scene 1	Padua. A public place.	7
Scene 2	A bedchamber in the Lord's house.	11
<b>ACT II</b>		
Scene 1	Padua. A room in BAPTISTA'S house.	25
<b>ACT III</b>		
Scene 1	Padua. BAPTISTA'S house.	41
Scene 2	Padua. Before BAPTISTA'S house.	45
<b>ACT IV</b>		
Scene 1	PETRUCHIO'S country house.	55
Scene 2	Padua. Before BAPTISTA'S house.	62
Scene 3	A room in PETRUCHIO'S house.	67
Scene 4	Padua. Before BAPTISTA'S house.	74
Scene 5	A public road.	78
<b>ACT V</b>		
Scene 1	Padua. Before LUCENTIO'S house.	83
Scene 2	Padua. LUCENTIO'S house.	90



# ACT I

**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 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.  
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,  
And, to be short, what not, that's sweet and happy?

**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.

**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*

**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,  
I am arrived for fruitful Lombardy,  
The pleasant garden of great Italy;  
And by my father's love and leave am arm'd  
With his good will I have Pisa left and have to  
Padua come. Here let us breathe and haply institute  
A course of learning and ingenious studies.

**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,  
No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en:  
In brief, sir, study what you most affect.

**LUCENTIO**

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

*Enter BAPTISTA, KATARINA, 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 bestow my youngest daughter  
Before I have a husband for the elder:  
If either of you both love Katerina,  
Because I know you well and love you well,  
Leave shall you have to court her at your pleasure.

**GREMIO**

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

**KATHARINA***to BAPTISTA*

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

**HORTENSIO**

Mates, maid! How mean you that? No mates for you,  
Unless you were of gentler, milder mold.

**KATHARINA**

In faith, sir, you shall never need to fear:  
Surely it is not halfway to my heart;  
But if it were, doubt not my 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 forward.

**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 pet! 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 look and practice by myself.

**PETRUCHIO**

A' has a little gall'd me, I confess;  
And, as the jest did glance away from me,  
'Tis ten to one it maim'd you two outright.

**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.



**GREMIO**

Believe me, sir, they butt together well.

**BIANCA**

Head, and butt! an hasty-witted body  
Would say your head and butt were head and horn.

**VINCENTIO**

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

**BIANCA**

Ay, but not frightened me; therefore I'll sleep again.

**PETRUCHIO**

Nay, that you shall not: since you have begun,  
Have at you for a bitter jest or two!

**BIANCA**

Am I your bird? I mean to shift my bush;  
And then pursue me as you draw your bow.  
You are welcome all.

*Exeunt BIANCA, KATHARINA, and Widow*

**PETRUCHIO**

She hath prevented me. Here, Signior Tranio.  
This bird you aim'd at, though you hit her not;  
Therefore a health to all that shot and miss'd.

**TRANIO**

O, sir, Lucentio slipp'd me like his greyhound,  
Which runs himself and catches for his master.

**PETRUCHIO**

A good swift simile, but something currish.

**TRANIO**

'Tis well, sir, that you hunted for yourself:  
'Tis thought your deer does hold you at a bay.

**BAPTISTA**

O ho, Petruchio! Tranio hits you now.

**LUCENTIO**

I thank thee for that gird, good Tranio.

**HORTENSIO**

Confess, confess, hath he not hit you here?

**LUCENTIO**

Hark, Tranio! Thou may'st hear Minerva speak.

**HORTENSIO**

Signior Baptista, will you be so cruel?  
Sorry am I that our good will effects  
Bianca's grief.

**GREMIO**

Why will you lock 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,  
Refer them hither; for to cunning men  
I will be very kind, and liberal  
To mine own children in good bringing up:  
And so farewell. Katerina, you may stay;  
For I have more to commune with Bianca.

*Exit*

**KATHARINA**

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

*Exit*

**GREMIO**

You may go to the devil's dam: your gifts are so  
good, here's none will have you. Farewell:  
yet for the love I bear my sweet Bianca,  
if I can by any means light on a fit  
man to teach her that wherein she delights, I will  
wish him to her father.

**HORTENSIO**

So will I, Signior Gremio: but a word, I pray.  
 Though the nature of our quarrel yet never brooked  
 parlez, know now, upon advice, it toucheth us both,  
 that we may yet again have access to our fair  
 mistress and be happy rivals in Bianca's love, to  
 labour and effect one thing specially.

**GREMIO**

What's that, I pray?

**HORTENSIO**

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

**GREMIO**

A husband! a devil.

**HORTENSIO**

I say, a husband.

**GREMIO**

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

**HORTENSIO**

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

**GREMIO**

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

**HORTENSIO**

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

**Widow**

Thus I conceive by him.

**PETRUCHIO**

Conceives by 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**

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.

**PETRUCHIO**

Spoke like an officer; ha' to thee, lad!

*Drinks to HORTENSIO*

**BAPTISTA**

How likes Gremio these quick-witted folks?

**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:  
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:  
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**

You are very sensible, and yet you miss my sense:  
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?

**GREMIO**

I am agreed; and would I had given him the best horse in Padua to begin his wooing that would thoroughly woo her, wed her and bed her and rid the house of her! 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 see, while idly I stood looking on,  
I found the effect of love in idleness:  
And now in plainness do 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**

Master, you look'd so longly on the maid,  
Perhaps you mark'd not what's the pith of all.  
mark'd you not how her sister  
Began to scold and raise up such a storm  
That mortal ears might hardly endure the din?

**LUCENTIO**

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

**TRANIO**

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

**LUCENTIO**

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

**TRANIO**

Ay, marry, am I, sir; and now 'tis plotted.  
**LUCENTIO**  
 I have it, Tranio.

**TRANIO**

Both our inventions meet and jump in one.  
 You will be schoolmaster  
 And undertake the teaching of the maid:  
 That's your device.

**LUCENTIO**

It is:  
 Basta; content thee, for I have it full.  
 We have not yet been seen in any house,  
 Nor can we lie distinguish'd by our faces  
 For man or master; then it follows thus;  
 Thou shalt be master, Tranio, in my stead,  
 Keep house and port and servants as I should:  
 I will some other be, some Florentine,  
 Some Neapolitan, or meaner man of Pisa.  
 'Tis hatch'd and shall be so: Tranio, at once  
 Uncase thee; take my colour'd hat and cloak:  
 When Biondello comes, he waits on thee;  
 But I will charm him first to keep his tongue.

**TRANIO**

So had you need.  
 And I am tied to be obedient;  
 For so your father charged me at our parting,  
 'Be serviceable to my son,' quoth he,  
 Although I think 'twas in another sense;  
 I am content to be Lucentio,  
 Because so well I love Lucentio.

**LUCENTIO**

Tranio, be so, because Lucentio loves:  
 And let me be a slave, to achieve that maid  
 Whose sudden sight hath thrall'd my wounded eye.  
 Here comes the rogue.

*Enter BIONDELLO*

Sirrah, where have you been?

**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*

**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 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?

**BIONDELLO**

Where have I been! Nay, how now! where are you?  
 Master, has my fellow Tranio stolen your clothes? Or  
 you stolen his? or both? pray, what's the news?

**LUCENTIO**

Sirrah, come hither: 'tis no time to jest,  
 And therefore frame your manners to the time.  
 Your fellow Tranio here, to save my life,  
 Puts my apparel and my countenance on,  
 And I for my escape have put on his;  
 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,  
 While I make way from hence to save my life:  
 You understand me?

**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!

**TRANIO**

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

**LUCENTIO**

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

*Exeunt*

**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 I trow this is his house.  
 Here, sirrah Grumio; knock, I say.

**GRUMIO**

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

**PETRUCHIO**

Villain, I say, knock me here soundly.

**GRUMIO**

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

**PETRUCHIO**

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

**GRUMIO**

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

**PETRUCHIO**

Will it not be?  
 Faith, sirrah, an you'll not knock, I'll ring it;  
 I'll try how you can sol, fa, and sing 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! How do you all at Verona?

**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! 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***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.

**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, tell me, is not this my Cambio?

**BIANCA**

Cambio is changed into Lucentio.

**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.

**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: 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.

**PETRUCHIO**

Signior Hortensio, come you to part the fray?

**HORTENSIO**

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

**GRUMIO**

Nay, 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? Whom would to God I had well knock'd at first, Then had not Grumio come by the worst.

**PETRUCHIO**

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

**GRUMIO**

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

**PETRUCHIO**

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

**HORTENSIO**

Petruchio, patience; I am Grumio's pledge: Why, this's a heavy chance 'twixt him and you, Your ancient, trusty, pleasant servant Grumio. And tell me now, sweet friend, what happy gale Blows you to Padua here from old Verona?

**PETRUCHIO**

Such wind as scatters young men through the world, To seek their fortunes farther than at home Where small experience grows. But in a few, Signior Hortensio, thus it stands with me: Antonio, my father, is deceased; And I have thrust myself into this maze, Haply to wive and thrive as best I may: Crowns in my purse I have and goods at home, And so am come abroad to see the world.

**HORTENSIO**

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

**PETRUCHIO**

Signior Hortensio, 'twixt such friends as we  
 Few words suffice; and therefore, if thou know  
 One rich enough to be Petruchio's wife,  
 As wealth is burden of my wooing dance,  
 Be she as foul as was Florentius' love,  
 As old as Sibyl, were she as rough  
 As are the swelling Adriatic seas:  
 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 aglet-baby; or an old trot with ne'er  
 a tooth in her head, though she have as many diseases  
 as two and fifty horses: why, nothing comes amiss,  
 so money comes withal.

**HORTENSIO**

Petruchio, since we are stepp'd thus far in,  
 I will continue that I broach'd in jest.  
 I can, Petruchio, help thee to a wife  
 With wealth enough and young and beauteous,  
 Brought up as best becomes a gentlewoman:  
 Her only fault, and that is faults enough,  
 Is that she is intolerable curst  
 And shrewd and froward, so beyond all measure  
 That, were my state far worse than it is,  
 I would not wed her for a mine of gold.

**PETRUCHIO**

Hortensio, peace! 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.

**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*

**Pedant**

Help, son! help, Signior Baptista!

*Exit from above*

**PETRUCHIO**

Prithee, Kate, let's stand aside and see the end of  
 this controversy.

*They retire*

*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! O, I am undone! I am undone!

**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 'cerns it you if I wear pearl and gold? I  
 thank my good father, I am able to maintain it.



**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. Do you hear, sir? To leave frivolous circumstances, 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 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.

**BIONDELLO**

Hope I may choose, sir.

**VINCENTIO**

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.

**HORTENSIO**

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

**PETRUCHIO**

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

**GRUMIO**

I pray you, sir, let him go while the humour lasts.

**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 Bianca,  
And her withholds from me and other more,  
Suitors to her and rivals in my love,  
Supposing it a thing impossible,  
For those defects I have before rehearsed,  
That ever Katarina will be woo'd;  
Therefore this order hath Baptista ta'en,  
That none shall have access unto Bianca  
Till Katarina the curst have got a husband.

**GRUMIO**

Katarina 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.

*Enter GREMIO, and LUCENTIO disguised*

**HORTENSIO**

Peace! It is the rival of my love.  
Petruchio, stand by a while.

**GRUMIO**

A proper stripling and an amorous!

**GREMIO**

O, very well; I have perused the note.  
Hark you, sir: I'll have them very fairly bound:  
All books of love, see that at any hand;  
And see you read no other lectures to her:  
You understand me: over and beside  
Signior Baptista's liberality,  
I'll mend it with a largess. Take your paper too,  
And let me have them very well perfumed  
For she is sweeter than perfume itself  
To whom they go to. What will you read to her?

**LUCENTIO**

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

**GREMIO**

O this learning, what a thing it is!

**GRUMIO**

O this woodcock, what an ass it is!

**PETRUCHIO**

Peace, sirrah!

**HORTENSIO**

Grumio, mum! God save you, Signior 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, for learning and behavior  
Fit for her turn, well read in poetry  
And other books, good ones, I warrant ye.

## SCENE I.

**Padua. Before LUCENTIO'S house.**

*GREMIO discovered. Enter behind BIONDELLO, LUCENTIO,  
and BIANCA*

**BIONDELLO**

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

**LUCENTIO**

I fly, Biondello: but they may chance to need thee  
at home; therefore leave us.

**BIONDELLO**

Nay, faith, I'll see the church o' your back; and  
then come back to my master's as soon as I can.

*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:  
Thither must I, and here I leave you, sir.

**VINCENTIO**

You shall not choose but drink before you go.

*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 Signior Lucentio within, sir?

Pedant

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

**VINCENTIO**

What if a man bring him a hundred pound or two, to  
make merry withal?



# ACT V

**HORTENSIO**

'Tis well; and I have met a gentleman  
Hath promised me to help me to another,  
A fine musician to instruct our mistress;  
So shall I no whit be behind in duty  
To fair Bianca, so beloved of me.

**GREMIO**

Beloved of me; and that my deeds shall prove.

**GRUMIO**

And that his bags shall prove.

**HORTENSIO**

Gremio, 'tis now no time to vent our love:  
Listen to me, and if you speak me fair,  
I'll tell you news indifferent good for either.  
Here is a gentleman whom by chance I met,  
Upon agreement from us to his liking,  
Will undertake to woo curst Katarina,  
Yea, and to marry her, if her dowry please.

**GREMIO**

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

**PETRUCHIO**

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

**GREMIO**

No, friend? What country man?

**PETRUCHIO**

Born in Verona, old Antonio's son:  
My father dead, my fortune lives for me;  
And I do hope good days and long to see.

**GREMIO**

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

**PETRUCHIO**

Will I live?

**GRUMIO**

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

**PETRUCHIO**

Why came I hither but to that intent?

Think you a little din can daunt mine ears?

Have I not in my time heard lions roar?

Have I not heard the sea puff'd up with winds

Rage like an angry boar chafed with sweat?

Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,

And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies?

Have I not in a pitched battle heard

Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets' clang?

And do you tell me of a woman's tongue,

That gives not half so great a blow to hear

As will a chestnut in a farmer's fire?

Tush, tush! fear boys with bugs.

**GRUMIO**

For he fears none.

**GREMIO**

Hortensio, hark:

This gentleman is happily arrived,

My mind presumes, for his own good and ours.

**HORTENSIO**

I promised we would be contributors

And bear his charging of wooing, whatsoe'er.

**GREMIO**

And so we will, provided that he win her.

**GRUMIO**

I would I were as sure of a good dinner.

*Enter TRANIO, and BIONDELLO*

**TRANIO**

Gentlemen, God save you. If I may be bold,

Tell me, I beseech you, which is the readiest way

To the house of Signior Baptista Minola?

**BIONDELLO**

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

**TRANIO**

Even he, Biondello.

**VINCENTIO**

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

**PETRUCHIO**

What is his name?

**VINCENTIO**

Lucentio, gentle sir.

**PETRUCHIO**

Happily we met; the happier for thy son.  
And now by law, as well as reverend age,  
I may entitle thee my loving father:  
The sister to my wife, this gentlewoman,  
Thy son by this hath married. Wonder not,  
Nor be grieved: she is of good esteem.  
Let me embrace with old Vincentio,  
And wander we to see thy honest son,  
Who will of thy arrival be full joyous.

**VINCENTIO**

But is it true? or else is it your pleasure,  
Like pleasant travellers, to break a jest  
Upon the company you overtake?

**HORTENSIO**

I do assure thee, father, so it is.

**PETRUCHIO**

Come, go along, and see the truth hereof.

*Exeunt all but HORTENSIO*

**HORTENSIO**

Well, Petruchio, this has put me in heart.  
Have to my widow! and if she be froward,  
Then hast thou taught Hortensio to be untoward.

*Exit*

**GREMIO**

Hark you, sir; you mean not her to--

**TRANIO**

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

**PETRUCHIO**

Not her that chides, sir, at any hand, I pray.

**TRANIO**

I love no chiders, sir. Biondello, let's away.

**LUCENTIO**

Well begun, Tranio.

**HORTENSIO**

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

**TRANIO**

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

**GREMIO**

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

**TRANIO**

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

**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,  
Do me this right; hear me with patience.  
Baptista is a noble gentleman,  
To whom my father is not all unknown;  
And were his daughter fairer than she is,  
She may more suitors have and me for one.

**GREMIO**

What! This gentleman will out-talk us all.

**LUCENTIO**

Sir: I know he'll prove a jade.

**HORTENSIO**

Sir, let me be so bold as ask you,  
Did you yet ever see Baptista's daughter?

**TRANIO**

No, sir; but hear I do that he hath two,  
The one as famous for a scolding tongue  
As is the other for beauteous modesty.

**PETRUCHIO**

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

**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**

If it be so, sir, that you are the man  
Must stead us all and me amongst the rest.

**HORTENSIO**

Sir, you say well and well you do conceive;  
And since you do profess to be a suitor,  
You must, as we do, gratify this gentleman,  
To whom we all rest generally beholding.

**TRANIO**

Sir, I shall not be slack: in sign whereof,  
Please ye we may contrive this afternoon,  
And quaff carouses to our mistress' health,  
And do as adversaries do in law,  
Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.

**GRUMIO BIONDELLO**

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

**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?  
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**

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?  
Happy the parents of so fair a child;  
Happier the man, whom favourable 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 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;  
Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad mistaking.

**PETRUCHIO**

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

**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**

The motion's good indeed and be it so, Petruchio, I shall be your benvenuto.

*Exeunt*



## ACT II

**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.

**LUCENTIO**

And what of all this?

**BIONDELLO**

I cannot tell; expect they are busied about a counterfeit assurance: take you assurance of her: to the church; take the priest, clerk, and some sufficient honest witnesses: If this be not that you look for, I have no more to say, But bid Bianca farewell for ever and a day.

**LUCENTIO**

Hearst thou, Biondello?

**BIONDELLO**

I cannot tarry: and so, adieu, sir.  
My master hath appointed me to go to Saint Luke's, to bid the priest be ready to come against you come with your appendix.

*Exit*

**LUCENTIO**

I may, and will, if she be so contented:  
She will be pleased; then wherefore should I doubt?  
Hap what hap may, I'll roundly go about her:  
It shall go hard if Cambio go without her.

*Exit*



**BAPTISTA**

It likes me well. 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?

Welcome! one mess is like to be your cheer:  
Come, sir; we will better it in Pisa.

**BAPTISTA**

I follow you.

*Exeunt TRANIO, Pedant, and BAPTISTA*

*Re-enter BIONDELLO*

**BIONDELLO**

Cambio!

**LUCENTIO**

What sayest thou, Biondello?

**BIONDELLO**

You saw my master wink and laugh upon you?

**LUCENTIO**

Biondello, what of that?

**BIONDELLO**

Faith, nothing; but has left me here behind, to  
expound the meaning or moral of his signs and tokens.

**LUCENTIO**

I pray thee, moralize them.

**BIONDELLO**

Then thus. Baptista is safe, talking with the  
deceiving father of a deceitful son.

**LUCENTIO**

And what of him?

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

*Enter KATARINA and BIANCA*

**BIANCA**

Good sister, wrong me not, nor wrong yourself,  
To make a bondmaid and a slave of me;  
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.

**KATARINA**

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.

**KATARINA**

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.

**KATARINA**

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

**BIANCA**

Is it for him you do envy me so?  
Nay then you jest, and now I well perceive  
You have but jested with me all this while:  
I prithee, sister Kate, untie my hands.

**KATARINA**

If that be jest, then all the rest was so.

*Enter BAPTISTA*

**BAPTISTA**

Why, how now, dame! Whence grows this insolence?  
 Bianca, stand aside. Poor girl! She weeps.  
 Go ply thy needle; meddle not with her.  
 For shame, thou holding of a devilish spirit,  
 Why dost thou wrong her that did ne'er wrong thee?  
 When did she cross thee with a bitter word?

**KATARINA**

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

*Flies after BIANCA*

**BAPTISTA**

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

*Exit BIANCA*

**KATARINA**

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, neighbor Baptista.

**BAPTISTA**

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

**PETRUCHIO**

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

**BAPTISTA**

I have a daughter, sir, called Katarina.

**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  
 And for the love he beareth to your daughter  
 And she to him, I am content,  
 To have him match'd; and if you please to like  
 No worse than I, upon some agreement  
 Me shall you find ready and willing  
 With one consent to have her so bestow'd;  
 For curious I cannot be with you,  
 Signior Baptista, of whom I hear so well.

**BAPTISTA**

Sir, pardon me in what I have to say:  
 Your plainness and your shortness please me well.  
 Right true it is, your son Lucentio here  
 Doth love my daughter and she loveth him,  
 Or both dissemble deeply their affections:  
 And therefore, if you say no more than this,  
 That like a father you will deal with him  
 And pass my daughter a sufficient dower,  
 The match is made, and all is done:  
 Your son shall have my daughter with consent.

**TRANIO**

I thank you, sir. Where then 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:  
 Besides, old Gremio is hearkening still;  
 And happily we might be interrupted.

**TRANIO**

Then at my lodging, an it like you:  
 There doth my father lie; and there, this night,  
 We'll pass the business privately and well.  
 Send for your daughter by your servant here:  
 My boy shall fetch the scrivener presently.

**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? and but I be deceived  
Signior Baptista may remember me,  
Near twenty years ago, in Genoa,  
Where we were lodgers at the Pegasus.

**TRANIO**

'Tis well; and hold your own, in any case,  
With such austerity as 'longeth to a father.

**Pedant**

I warrant you.

*Enter BIONDELLO*

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

**TRANIO**

Fear you not him. Sirrah Biondello,  
Now do your duty thoroughly, 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.

*To the Pedant*

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

**GREMIO**

You are too blunt: go to it orderly.

**PETRUCHIO**

You wrong me, Signior Gremio: give me leave.  
I am a gentleman of Verona, sir,  
That, hearing of her beauty and her wit,  
Her affability and bashful modesty,  
Her wondrous qualities and mild behavior,  
Am bold to show myself a forward guest  
Within your house, to make mine eye the witness  
Of that report which I so oft have heard.  
And, for an entrance to my entertainment,  
I do present you with a man of mine,

*Presenting HORTENSIO*

Cunning in music and the mathematics,  
To instruct her fully in those sciences,  
Whereof I know she is not ignorant:  
Accept of him, or else you do me wrong:  
His name is Licio, born in Mantua.

**BAPTISTA**

You're welcome, sir; and he, for your good sake.  
But for my daughter Katarina, this I know,  
She is not for your turn, the more my grief.

**PETRUCHIO**

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

**BAPTISTA**

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

**PETRUCHIO**

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

**BAPTISTA**

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

**GREMIO**

Saving your tale, Petruchio, I pray,  
Let us, that are poor petitioners, speak too:  
You are marvelous forward.

**PETRUCHIO**

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

**GREMIO**

I doubt it not, sir; but you will curse your wooing. Neighbor, this is a gift very grateful, I am sure of it. To express the like kindness, myself, that have been more kindly beholding to you than any, freely give unto you this young scholar,

*Presenting LUCENTIO*

that hath been long studying at Rheims; as cunning in Greek, Latin, and other languages, as the other in music and mathematics: his name is Cambio; pray, accept his service.

**BAPTISTA**

A thousand thanks, Signior Gremio.  
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.  
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 'mongst the rest that woo  
And free access and favour as the rest:  
And, toward the education of your daughters,  
I here bestow a simple instrument,  
And this small packet of Greek and Latin books:  
If you accept them, then their worth is great.

**BAPTISTA**

Lucentio is your name; of whence, I pray?

**TRANIO**

Of Pisa, sir; son to Vincentio.

**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:  
Take no unkindness of his hasty words:  
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;  
And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,  
So honour peereth in the meanest habit.  
What is the jay more precious than the lark,  
Because his fathers are more beautiful?  
Or is the adder better than the eel,  
Because his painted skin contents the eye?  
O, no, good Kate.  
if thou account'st it shame. lay it on me;  
And therefore frolic: we will hence forthwith,  
To feast and sport us at thy father's house.  
Go, call my men, and let us straight to him;  
And bring our horses unto Long-lane end;  
There will we mount, and thither walk on foot  
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*

**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 i' the bill, sir; error i' 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**

This is true that I say: an I had thee in place where, thou shouldst know it.

**GRUMIO**

I am for thee straight: take thou the bill, give me thy mete-yard, and spare not me.

**HORTENSIO**

God-a-mercy, Grumio! then he shall have no odds.

**PETRUCHIO**

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

**GRUMIO**

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

**PETRUCHIO**

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

**GRUMIO**

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

**PETRUCHIO**

Why, sir, what's your conceit in that?

**GRUMIO**

O, sir, the conceit is deeper than you think for: Take up my mistress' gown to his master's use! O, fie, fie, fie!

**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 following*

We will go walk a little in the orchard,

And then to dinner. You are passing welcome,

And so I pray you all to think yourselves.

**PETRUCHIO**

Signior Baptista, my business asketh haste,

And every day I cannot come to woo.

You knew my father well, and in him me,

Left solely heir to all his lands and goods,

Which I have better'd rather than decreased:

Then tell me, if I get your daughter's love,

What dowry shall I have with her to wife?

**BAPTISTA**

After my death the one half of my lands,

And in possession twenty thousand crowns.

**PETRUCHIO**

And, for that dowry, I'll assure her of

Her widowhood, be it that she survive me,

In all my lands and leases whatsoever:

Let specialties be therefore drawn between us,

That covenants may be kept on either hand.

**BAPTISTA**

Ay, when the special thing is well obtain'd,

That is, her love; for that is all in all.

**PETRUCHIO**

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

**BAPTISTA**

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

**PETRUCHIO**

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

*Re-enter HORTENSIO, with his head 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.  
I did but tell her she mistook her frets,  
And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering;  
When, with a most impatient devilish spirit,  
'Frets, call you these?' quoth she; 'I'll fume  
with them.'  
And, with that word, she struck me on the head,  
And through the instrument my pate made way;  
And there I stood amazed for a while,  
As on a pillory, looking through the lute;  
While she did call me rascal fiddler  
And twangling Jack; with twenty such vile terms,  
As had she studied to misuse me so.

**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 braved many men; brave not  
me; I will neither be faced nor braved. I say unto  
thee, I bid 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's 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 bottom  
of brown thread: I said a gown.

**PETRUCHIO**

Proceed.

**Tailor**

*[Reads]* 'With a small compassed cape:

**PETRUCHIO**

Why, thou say'st 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.

*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.

**PETRUCHIO**

Marry, and did; but if you be remember'd,  
I did not bid you mar it to the time.  
I'll none of it: hence! make your best of it.

**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 flea, thou nit, thou winter-cricket thou!  
Braved in mine own house with a skein of thread?  
Away, thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant;  
Or I shall so be-mete thee with thy yard  
As thou shalt think on prating whilst thou livest!  
I tell thee, I, that thou hast marr'd her gown.

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

**PETRUCHIO**

I pray you do.

*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:  
Say she be mute and will not speak a word;  
Then I'll commend her volubility,  
If she do bid me pack, I'll give her thanks,  
As though she bid me stay by her a week:  
If she deny to wed, I'll crave the day  
When I shall ask the banns and when be married.  
But here she comes; and now, Petruchio, speak.

*Enter KATARINA*

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

**KATARINA**

Well have you heard, but something hard of hearing:  
They call me Katarina 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.

**KATARINA**

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?

**KATARINA**

A join'd-stool.

**PETRUCHIO**

Thou hast hit it: come, sit on me.

**KATARINA**

Asses are made to bear, and so are you.

**PETRUCHIO**

Women are made to bear, and so are you.

**KATARINA**

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--

**KATARINA**

Too light for such a swain as you to catch;  
And yet as heavy as my weight should be.

**PETRUCHIO**

Should be! should--buzz!

**KATARINA**

Well ta'en, and like a buzzard.

**PETRUCHIO**

Come, come, you wasp; i' faith, you are too angry.

**KATARINA**

If I be waspish, best beware my sting.

**PETRUCHIO**

My remedy is then, to pluck it out.

**KATARINA**

Ay, if the fool could find it where it lies,

**PETRUCHIO**

Who knows not where a wasp does  
wear his sting? In his tail.

**HORTENSIO**

Signior Petruccio, fie! you are to blame.  
Come, mistress Kate, I'll bear you company.

**PETRUCHIO**

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.  
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:  
A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap:  
Away with it! come, let me have a bigger.

**KATHARINA**

I'll have no bigger: this doth fit the time,  
And gentlewomen wear such caps as these

**PETRUCHIO**

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

**HORTENSIO**

*[Aside]* That will not be in haste.

**KATHARINA**

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



**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, sweeting, all amot?

**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.

**KATARINA**

In his tongue.

**PETRUCHIO**

Whose tongue?

**KATARINA**

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.

**KATARINA**

That I'll try.

*She strikes him*

**PETRUCHIO**

I swear I'll cuff you, if you strike again.

**KATARINA**

So may you lose your arms:

If you strike me, you are no gentleman;

And if no gentleman, why then no arms.

**PETRUCHIO**

A herald, Kate? O, put me in thy books!

**KATARINA**

What is your crest? a coxcomb?

**PETRUCHIO**

A combless cock, so Kate will be my hen.

**KATARINA**

No cock of mine; you crow too like a craven.

**PETRUCHIO**

Nay, come, Kate, come; you must not look so sour.

**KATARINA**

**It is my fashion, when I see a crab.**

**PETRUCHIO**

Why, here's no crab; and therefore look not sour.

**KATARINA**

There is, there is.

**PETRUCHIO**

Then show it me.

**KATARINA**

Had I a glass, I would.

**PETRUCHIO**

What, you mean my face?\

**KATARINA**

Well aim'd of such a young one.

**PETRUCHIO**

Now, by Saint George, I am too young for you.

**KATARINA**

Yet you are wither'd.

**PETRUCHIO**

'Tis with cares.

**KATARINA**

I care not.

**PETRUCHIO**

Nay, hear you, Kate: in sooth you scape not so.

**KATARINA**

I chafe you, if I tarry: let me go.

**PETRUCHIO**

No, not a whit: I find you passing gentle.

'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-twigg

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.

**KATARINA**

Where did you study all this goodly speech?

**PETRUCHIO**

It is extempore, from my mother-wit.

**KATARINA**

A witty mother! witless else her son.

**PETRUCHIO**

Am I not wise?

### 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,

Upon entreaty have a present aims;

If not, elsewhere they meet with charity:

But I, who never knew how to entreat,

Nor never needed that I should entreat,

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.

**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.

**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.  
His name and credit shall you undertake,  
And in my house you shall be friendly lodged:  
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*

**KATARINA**

Yes; keep you warm.

**PETRUCHIO**

Marry, so I mean, sweet Katarina, 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;  
For I am he am born to tame you Kate,  
And bring you from a wild Kate to a Kate  
Conformable as other household Kates.  
Here comes your father: never make denial;  
I must and will have Katarina 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 Katarina! in your dumps?

**KATARINA**

Call you me daughter? now, I promise you  
You have show'd a tender fatherly regard,  
To wish me wed to one half lunatic;  
A mad-cup ruffian and a swearing Jack,  
That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.

**PETRUCHIO**

Father, 'tis thus: yourself and all the world,  
That talk'd of her, have talk'd amiss of her:  
If she be curst, it is for policy,  
For she's not froward, but modest as the dove;  
She is not hot, but temperate as the morn;  
For patience she will prove a second Grissel,  
And Roman Lucrece for her chastity:  
And to conclude, we have 'greed so well together,  
That upon Sunday is the wedding-day.

**KATARINA**

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

**GREMIO**

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

**TRANIO**

Is this your speeding? nay, then, good night our part!

**PETRUCHIO**

Be patient, gentlemen; I choose her for myself:  
If she and I be pleased, what's that to you?  
'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!  
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.  
O, you are novices! 'tis a world to see,  
How tame, when men and women are alone,  
A meacock wretch can make the cursest shrew.  
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 Katarina shall be fine.

**BAPTISTA**

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

**GREMIO TRANIO**

Amen, say we: we will be witnesses.

**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 KATARINA severally*

**GREMIO**

Was ever match clapp'd up so suddenly?

**BAPTISTA**

Faith, gentlemen, now I play a merchant's part,  
And venture madly on a desperate mart.

*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**

Sir, at the farthest for a week or two:  
But then up farther, and as far as Rome;  
And so to Tripoli, if God lend me life.

**TRANIO**

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?  
'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?

**TRANIO**

I' faith, he'll have a lusty widow now,  
That shall be wood 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;  
That teacheth 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 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, I know not what; but,  
In gait and countenance surely like a father.

**LUCENTIO**

And what of him, Tranio?

**TRANIO**

If he be credulous and trust my tale,  
I'll make him glad to seem Vincentio,  
And give assurance to Baptista Minola,  
As if he were the right Vincentio  
Take in your love, and then let me alone.

*Exeunt LUCENTIO and BIANCA*

**TRANIO**

'Twas a commodity lay fretting by you:  
'Twill bring you gain, or perish on the seas.

**BAPTISTA**

The gain I seek is, quiet in the match.

**GREMIO**

No doubt but he hath got a quiet catch.  
But now, Baptists, to your younger daughter:  
Now is the day we long have looked for:  
I am your neighbor, and was suitor first.

**TRANIO**

And I am one that love 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.  
Skipper, stand back: 'tis age that nourisheth.

**TRANIO**

But youth in ladies' eyes that flourisheth.

**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**

First, as you know, my house within the city  
Is richly furnished with plate and gold;  
Basins and ewers to lave her dainty hands;  
My hangings all of Tyrian tapestry;  
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**

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 an argosy  
 That now is lying in Marseilles' road.  
 What, have I choked you with an argosy?

**TRANIO**

Gremio, 'tis known my father hath no less  
 Than three great argosies; besides two galliases,  
 And twelve tight galleys: these I will assure her,  
 And twice as much, whate'er thou offer'st 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?

**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, but do forswear her,  
 As one unworthy all the former favours  
 That I have fondly flatter'd her withal.

**TRANIO**

And here I take the unfeigned oath,  
 Never to marry with her though she would entreat:  
 Fie on her! see, how beastly she doth court him!

**HORTENSIO**

Would all the world but he had quite forsworn!  
 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.  
 Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks,  
 Shall win my love: and so I take my leave,  
 In resolution as I swore before.

*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.

**SCENE II.****Padua. Before BAPTISTA'S house.***Enter TRANIO and HORTENSIO***TRANIO**

Is't possible, friend Licio, that Mistress Bianca  
Doth fancy any other but Lucentio?  
I tell you, sir, she bears me fair in hand.

**HORTENSIO**

Sir, to satisfy you in what I have said,  
Stand by and mark the manner of his teaching.

*Enter BIANCA and LUCENTIO***LUCENTIO**

Now, mistress, profit you in what you read?

**BIANCA**

What, 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**

Quick proceeders, marry! Now, tell me, I pray,  
You that durst swear at your mistress Bianca  
Loved none in the world so well as Lucentio.

**TRANIO**

O despiteful love! unconstant womankind!  
I tell thee, Licio, this is wonderful.

**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,  
For such a one as leaves a gentleman,  
And makes a god of such a cullion:  
Know, sir, that I am call'd Hortensio.

**BAPTISTA**

Well, gentlemen,  
I am thus resolved: on Sunday next you know  
My daughter Katarina 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.

**GREMIO**

Adieu, good neighbor.

*Exit BAPTISTA*

Now I fear thee not:  
Sirrah young gamester, your father were a fool  
To give thee all, and in his waning age  
Set foot under thy table: tut, a toy!  
An old Italian fox is not so kind, my boy.

*Exit***TRANIO**

A vengeance on your crafty wither'd hide!  
Yet I have faced it with a card of ten.  
'Tis in my head to do my master good:  
I see no reason but supposed Lucentio  
Must get a father, call'd 'supposed Vincentio;'  
And that's a wonder: fathers commonly  
Do get their children; but in this case of wooing,  
A child shall get a sire, if I fail not of my cunning.

*Exit*



# ACT III

**PETER**

He kills her in her own humour.

*Re-enter CURTIS*

**GRUMIO**

Where is he?

**CURTIS**

In her chamber, making a sermon of continency to her;  
And rails, and swears, and rates, that 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 politically 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,  
For then she never looks upon her lure.  
Another way I have to man my haggard,  
To make her come and know her keeper's call,  
That is, to watch her, as we watch these kites  
That bate and beat and will not be obedient.  
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:  
And if she chance to nod I'll rail and brawl  
And with the clamour keep her still awake.  
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*



**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?

**First Servant**

Ay.

**PETRUCHIO**

Who brought it?

**PETER**

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 love it not?  
 There take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all;

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

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

**KATARINA**

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?

**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 Katarina welcomed you withal?

**HORTENSIO**

But, wrangling pedant, this is  
 The patroness of heavenly harmony:  
 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, that never read so far  
 To know the cause why music was ordain'd!  
 Was it not to refresh the mind of man  
 After his studies or his usual pain?  
 Then give me leave to read philosophy,  
 And while I pause, serve in your harmony.

**HORTENSIO**

Sirrah, I will not bear these braves of thine.

**BIANCA**

Why, gentlemen, you do me double wrong,  
 To strive for that which resteth in my choice:  
 I am no breeching scholar in the schools;  
 I'll not be tied to hours nor 'pointed times,  
 But learn my lessons as I 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.

**BIANCA**

Where left we last?

**LUCENTIO**

Here, madam:

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

**BIANCA**

Construe them.

**LUCENTIO**

'Hic ibat,' as I told you before, 'Simois,' I am  
Lucentio, 'hic est,' son unto Vincentio of Pisa,  
'Sigeia tellus,' disguised thus to get your love;  
'Hic steterat,' and that Lucentio that comes  
a-wooing, 'Priami,' is my man Tranio, 'regia,'  
bearing my 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**

In time I may believe, yet I mistrust.

**LUCENTIO**

Mistrust it not: for, sure, AEacides  
Was Ajax, call'd so from his grandfather.

**GRUMIO**

Here, sir; as foolish as I was before.

**PETRUCHIO**

You peasant swain! you whoreson malt-horse drudge!  
Did I not bid thee meet me in the park,  
And bring along these rascal knaves with thee?

**GRUMIO**

Nathaniel's coat, sir, was not fully made,  
And Gabriel's pumps were all unpink'd i' the heel;  
There was no link to colour Peter's hat,  
And Walter's dagger was not come from sheathing:  
There were none fine but Adam, Ralph, and Gregory;  
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*

*Singing*

Where is the life that late I led--  
Where are those--Sit down, Kate, and welcome.--  
Sound, sound, sound, sound!

*Re-enter Servants with supper*

Why, when, I say? Nay, good sweet Kate, be merry.  
Off with my boots, you rogues! you villains, when?  
Out, you rogue! you pluck my foot awry:  
Take that, and mend the plucking off the other.

*Strikes him*

Be merry, Kate. Some water, here; what, ho!  
Where's my spaniel Troilus? Sirrah, 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 one with water*

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

*Strikes him*

**KATARINA**

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

**GRUMIO**

Call them forth.

**CURTIS**

Do you hear, ho?

*Enter four or five Serving-men*

**NATHANIEL**

Welcome home, Grumio!

**PHILIP**

How now, Grumio!

**JOSEPH**

What, Grumio!

**NICHOLAS**

Fellow Grumio!

**NATHANIEL**

How now, old lad?

**GRUMIO**

Welcome, you;--how now, you;-- what, you;--fellow, you;--and thus much for greeting. Now, my spruce companions, is all ready, and all things neat?

**NATHANIEL**

All things is ready. How near is our master?

**GRUMIO**

E'en at hand, alighted by this; and therefore be not-- silence! I hear my master.

*Enter PETRUCHIO and KATARINA*

**PETRUCHIO**

Where be these knaves? What, no man at door  
To hold my stirrup nor to take my horse!  
Where is Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip?

**ALL SERVING-MEN**

Here, here, sir; here, sir.

**PETRUCHIO**

Here, sir! here, sir! here, sir! here, sir!  
You logger-headed and unpolish'd grooms!  
What, no attendance? no regard? no duty?  
Where is the foolish knave I sent before?

**BIANCA**

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

**HORTENSIO**

You may go walk, and give me leave a while:  
My lessons make no music in three parts.

**LUCENTIO**

Are you so formal, sir? well, I must wait,

*Aside*

And watch withal; for, but I be deceived,  
Our fine musician groweth amorous.

**HORTENSIO**

Madam, before you touch the instrument,  
To learn the order of my fingering,  
I must begin with rudiments of art;  
To teach you gamut in a briefer sort,  
More pleasant, pithy and effectual,  
Than hath been taught by any of my trade:  
And there it is in writing, fairly drawn.

**BIANCA**

Why, I am past my gamut long ago.

**HORTENSIO**

Yet read the gamut of Hortensio.

**BIANCA**

*[Reads]* "Gamut' I am, the ground of all accord,  
'A re,' to Plead Hortensio's passion;  
'B mi,' Bianca, take him for thy lord,  
'C fa ut,' that loves with all affection:  
'D sol re,' one clef, two notes have I:  
'E la mi,' show pity, or I die.'  
Call you this gamut? tut, I like it not:  
Old fashions please me best; I am not so nice,  
To change true rules for old inventions.

*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*

**GRUMIO**

There.

*Strikes him*

**CURTIS**

This is to feel a tale, not to hear a tale.

**GRUMIO**

And therefore 'tis called a sensible tale: and this  
 cuff was but to knock at your ear, and beseech  
 listening. Now I begin: Imprimis, we came down a  
 foul hill, my master riding behind my mistress,--

**CURTIS**

Both of 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; 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, with many things of worthy memory,  
 which now shall die in oblivion and thou return  
 unexperienced to thy grave.

**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 Nathaniel, Joseph, Nicholas, Philip,  
 Walter, Sugarsop and the rest:  
 Are they all ready?

**CURTIS**

They are.

**CURTIS**

I prithee, good Grumio, tell me, how goes the world?

**GRUMIO**

A cold world, Curtis, in every office but thine; and therefore fire: do thy duty, and have thy duty; for my master and mistress are almost frozen to death.

**CURTIS**

There's fire ready; and therefore, good Grumio, the news.

**GRUMIO**

Why, 'Jack, boy! ho! boy!' and as much news as will thaw.

**CURTIS**

Come, you are so full of cony-catching!

**GRUMIO**

Why, therefore fire; for I have caught extreme cold. 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; and thereby hangs a tale.

**CURTIS**

Let's ha't, good Grumio.

**GRUMIO**

Lend thine ear.

**CURTIS**

Here.

**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 Katarina 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. I told you, I, he was a frantic fool, Hiding his bitter jests in blunt behavior: And, to be noted for a merry man, He'll woo a thousand, 'point the day of marriage, Make feasts, invite friends, and proclaim the banns; Yet never means to wed where he hath woo'd. Now must the world point at poor Katarina, And say, 'Lo, there is mad Petruchio's wife, If it would please him come and marry her!'

**TRANIO**

Patience, good Katarina, 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**

Would Katharina had never seen him though!

*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, Much more a shrew of thy impatient humour.

*Enter BIONDELLO*

**BIONDELLO**

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

**BAPTISTA**

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

**BIONDELLO**

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

**BAPTISTA**

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; with two broken points: his horse hipped with an old mothy saddle and stirrups of no kindred.

**BAPTISTA**

Who comes with him?

**BIONDELLO**

O, sir, his lackey: a monster, a very monster in apparel, and not like a Christian footboy or a gentleman's lackey.

**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 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; cast on no water.

**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 and beast; for it hath tamed my old master and my new mistress and myself, fellow Curtis.

**CURTIS**

Away, you three-inch fool! I am no beast.

**GRUMIO**

Am I but three inches? But 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?



# ACT IV

**TRANIO**

'Tis some odd humour pricks him to this fashion;  
Yet oftentimes he goes but mean-apparell'd.

**BAPTISTA**

I am glad he's come, howsoe'er he comes.

**BIONDELLO**

Why, sir, he comes not.

**BAPTISTA**

Didst thou not say he comes?

**BIONDELLO**

Who? that Petruchio came?

**BAPTISTA**

Ay, that Petruchio came.

**BIONDELLO**

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

**BAPTISTA**

Why, that's all one.

**BIONDELLO**

Nay, by Saint Jamy,  
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**

And yet I come not well.

**BAPTISTA**

And yet you halt not.

**TRANIO**

Not so well apparell'd  
As I wish you were.

**PETRUCHIO**

Were it better, I should rush in thus.  
But where is Kate? where is my lovely bride?

**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 tells 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 harsh to hear:  
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:  
'Twere well for Kate and better for myself.  
But what a fool am I to chat with you,  
When I should bid good morrow to my bride,  
And seal the title with a lovely kiss!

*Exeunt PETRUCHIO and GRUMIO*

**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.

**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.

**BAPTISTA**

Neighbours and friends, though bride and  
bridegroom wants  
For to supply the places at the table,  
You know there wants no junkets at the feast.  
Lucentio, you shall supply the bridegroom's place:  
And let Bianca take her sister's room.

**TRANIO**

Shall sweet Bianca practice how to bride it?

**BAPTISTA**

She shall, Lucentio. Come, gentlemen, let's go.

*Exeunt*



**KATARINA**

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;  
 You may be jogging whiles your boots are green;  
 For me, I'll not be gone till I please myself.

**PETRUCHIO**

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

**KATARINA**

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.  
 Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret;  
 I will be master of what is mine own:  
 She is my goods, my chattels; 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 he  
 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, KATARINA, and GRUMIO*

*Exeunt BAPTISTA, GREMIO, and attendants*

**TRANIO**

But to her love concerneth us to add  
 Her father's liking: which to bring to pass,  
 As I before unparted to your worship,  
 I am to get a man,--whate'er he be,  
 It skills not much. we'll fit him to our turn,--  
 And he shall 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 that my fellow-school-master  
 Doth watch Bianca's steps so narrowly,  
 'Twere good, methinks, to steal our marriage;  
 Which once perform'd, let all the world say no,  
 I'll keep mine own, despite of all the world.

**TRANIO**

That by degrees we mean to look into,  
 And watch our vantage in this business:  
 We'll over-reach the greybeard, Gremio,  
 The narrow-prying father, Minola,  
 The quaint musician, amorous Licio;  
 All for my master's sake, Lucentio.

*Re-enter GREMIO*

Signior Gremio, came you from the church?

**GREMIO**

As willingly as e'er I came from school.

**TRANIO**

And is the bride and bridegroom coming home?

**GREMIO**

A bridegroom say you? 'tis a groom indeed,  
 A grumbling groom, and that the girl shall find.

**TRANIO**

Curster than she? why, 'tis impossible.

**GREMIO**

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

**TRANIO**

Why, she's a devil, a devil, the devil's dam.

**GREMIO**

Tut, she's a lamb, a dove, a fool to him!  
I'll tell you, Sir Lucentio: when the priest  
Should ask, if Katarina should be his wife,  
'Ay, by gogs-wouns,' 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:  
'Now take them up,' quoth he, 'if any list.'

**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 cozen him.  
But after many ceremonies done,  
He calls for wine: 'A health!' quoth he, as if  
He had been aboard, carousing to his mates  
After a storm; quaff'd off the muscadel  
And threw the sops all in the sexton's face;  
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:  
And I seeing this came thence for very shame;  
And after me, I know, the rout is coming.  
Such a mad marriage never was before:  
Hark, hark! I hear the minstrels play.

*Music*

*Re-enter PETRUCHIO, KATARINA, 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:  
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.

**KATARINA**

Let me entreat you.

**PETRUCHIO**

I am content.

**KATARINA**

Are you content to stay?

**PETRUCHIO**

I am content you shall entreat me stay;  
But yet not stay, entreat me how you can.

**KATARINA**

Now, if you love me, stay.

**PETRUCHIO**

Grumio, my horse.

**GRUMIO**

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