That bring these tidings to this fair assembly.
Duke Frederick, hearing how that every day 161
Men of great worth resorted to this forest,
Address'd a mighty power, which were on foot
In his own conduct, purposely to take 164
His brother here and put him to the sword:
And to the skirts of this wild wood he came,
Where, meeting with an old religious man,
After some question with him, was converted 168
Both from his enterprise and from the world;
His crown bequeathing to his banish'd brother,
And all their lands restor'd to them again
That were with him exil'd. This to be true, 172
I do engage my life.
Duke S. Welcome, young man;
Thou offer'st fairly to thy brothers' wedding:
To one, his lands withheld; and to the other
A land itself at large, a potent dukedom. 176
First, in this forest, let us do those ends
That here were well begun and well begot;
And after, every of this happy number
That have endur'd shrewd days and nights with us, 180
Shall share the good of our returned fortune,
According to the measure of their states.
Meantime, forget this new-fall'n dignity,
And fall into our rustic revelry. 184
Play, music! and you, brides and bridegrooms all,
With measure heap'd in joy, to the measures fall.
Jaq. Sir, by your patience. If I heard you rightly,
The duke hath put on a religious life, 188
And thrown into neglect the pompous court?
Jaq. de B. He hath.
Jaq. To him will I: out of these convertites
There is much matter to be heard and learn'd.
[*To* DUKE S.] You to your former honour I bequeath; 193
Your patience and your virtue well deserve it:
[*To* ORLANDO.] You to a love that your true faith doth merit:
[*To* OLIVER.] You to your land, and love, and great allies: 196
[*To* SILVIUS.] You to a long and well-deserved bed:
[*To* TOUCHSTONE.] And you to wrangling; for thy loving voyage
Is but for two months victual'd. So, to your pleasures:
I am for other than for dancing measures. 200
Duke S. Stay, Jaques, stay.
Jaq. To see no pastime, I: what you would have
I'll stay to know at your abandon'd cave. [*Exit.*
Duke S. Proceed, proceed: we will begin these rites, 204
As we do trust they'll end, in true delights.
[*A dance. Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE

SPOKEN BY ROSALIND.

It is not the fashion to see the lady the epilogue; but it is no more unhandsome than to see the lord the prologue. If it be true that good wine needs no bush, 'tis true that a good play needs no epilogue; yet to good wine they do use good bushes, and good plays prove the better by the help of good epilogues. What a case am I in then, that am neither a good epilogue, nor cannot insinuate with you in the behalf of a good play! I am not furnished like a beggar, therefore to beg will not become me: my way is, to conjure you; and I'll begin with the women. I charge you, O women! for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as please you: and I charge you, O men! for the love you bear to women,—as I perceive by your simpering none of you hate them,—that between you and the women, the play may please. If I were a woman I would kiss as many of you as had beards that pleased me, complexions that liked me, and breaths that I defied not; and, I am sure, as many as have good beards, or good faces, or sweet breaths, will, for my kind offer, when I make curtsy, bid me farewell.
[*Exeunt.*

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

A Lord.
CHRISTOPHER SLY, a Tinker. } Persons in the Induction.
Hostess, Page, Players, Huntsmen, and Servants. } Persons in the Induction.
BAPTISTA, a rich Gentleman of Padua.
VINCENTIO, an old Gentleman of Pisa.
LUCENTIO, son to Vincentio; in love with Bianca.
PETRUCHIO, a Gentleman of Verona; Suitor to Katharina.
GREMIO, HORTENSIO, } Suitors to Bianca.
TRANIO, BIONDELLO, } Servants to Lucentio.
GRUMIO, CURTIS, } Servants to Petruchio.
Pedant, set up to personate Vincentio.
KATHARINA, the Shrew, BIANCA, } Daughters to Baptista.
Widow.
Tailor, Haberdasher, and Servants attending on Baptista and Petruchio.

SCENE.—*Sometimes in Padua; and sometimes in* PETRUCHIO'S *House in the Country.*

INDUCTION

SCENE I.—*Before an Alehouse on a Heath.*

Enter Hostess *and* SLY.

Sly. I'll pheeze you, in faith.
Host. A pair of stocks, you rogue!
Sly. Y'are a baggage: the Slys are no rogues; look in the chronicles; we came in with Richard Conqueror. Therefore, *paucas pallabris;* let the world slide. Sessa!
Host. You will not pay for the glasses you have burst? 8
Sly. No, not a denier. Go by, Jeronimy, go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.
Host. I know my remedy: I must go fetch the third-borough. [*Exit.*
Sly. Third, or fourth, or fifth borough, I'll answer him by law. I'll not budge an inch, boy: let him come, and kindly.
[*Lies down on the ground, and falls asleep.*

Horns winded. Enter a Lord *from hunting, with* Huntsmen *and* Servants.

Lord. Huntsman, I charge thee, tender well my hounds: 16
Brach Merriman, the poor cur is emboss'd,
And couple Clowder with the deep-mouth'd brach.
Saw'st thou not, boy, how Silver made it good
At the hedge-corner, in the coldest fault? 20
I would not lose the dog for twenty pound.
First Hunt. Why, Bellman is as good as he, my lord;
He cried upon it at the merest loss,
And twice to-day pick'd out the dullest scent:
Trust me, I take him for the better dog. 25
Lord. Thou art a fool: if Echo were as fleet,
I would esteem him worth a dozen such.
But sup them well, and look unto them all: 28
To-morrow I intend to hunt again.
First Hunt. I will, my lord.
Lord. [*Sees* SLY.] What's here? one dead, or drunk? See, doth he breathe?
Sec. Hunt. He breathes, my lord. Were he not warm'd with ale, 32
This were a bed but cold to sleep so soundly.
Lord. O monstrous beast! how like a swine he lies!
Grim death, how foul and loathsome is thine image!
Sirs, I will practise on this drunken man. 36
What think you, if he were convey'd to bed,
Wrapp'd in sweet clothes, rings put upon his fingers,
A most delicious banquet by his bed,
And brave attendants near him when he wakes,
Would not the beggar then forget himself? 41
First Hunt. Believe me, lord, I think he cannot choose.
Sec. Hunt. It would seem strange unto him when he wak'd.
Lord. Even as a flattering dream or worthless fancy. 44
Then take him up and manage well the jest.
Carry him gently to my fairest chamber,
And hang it round with all my wanton pictures;
Balm his foul head in warm distilled waters, 48
And burn sweet wood to make the lodging sweet.
Procure me music ready when he wakes,
To make a dulcet and a heavenly sound;
And if he chance to speak, be ready straight, 52
And with a low submissive reverence
Say, 'What is it your honour will command?'
Let one attend him with a silver basin
Full of rose-water, and bestrew'd with flowers;
Another bear the ewer, the third a diaper, 57
And say, 'Will't please your lordship cool your hands?'
Some one be ready with a costly suit,
And ask him what apparel he will wear; 60
Another tell him of his hounds and horse,
And that his lady mourns at his disease.
Persuade him that he hath been lunatic;
And, when he says he is——say that he dreams, 64
For he is nothing but a mighty lord.
This do, and do it kindly, gentle sirs:
It will be pastime passing excellent,
If it be husbanded with modesty. 68

First Hunt. My lord, I warrant you we will play our part,
As he shall think, by our true diligence,
He is no less than what we say he is.
Lord. Take him up gently, and to bed with him, 72
And each one to his office when he wakes.
[SLY *is borne out. A trumpet sounds.*
Sirrah, go see what trumpet 'tis that sounds:
[*Exit* Servant.
Belike, some noble gentleman that means,
Travelling some journey, to repose him here. 76

Re-enter Servant.

How now! who is it?
Serv. An it please your honour,
Players that offer service to your lordship.
Lord. Bid them come near.

Enter Players.

Now, fellows, you are welcome.
Players. We thank your honour. 80
Lord. Do you intend to stay with me to-night?
A Player. So please your lordship to accept our duty.
Lord. With all my heart. This fellow I remember,
Since once he play'd a farmer's eldest son: 84
'Twas where you woo'd the gentlewoman so well.
I have forgot your name; but, sure, that part
Was aptly fitted and naturally perform'd.
A Player. I think 'twas Soto that your honour means. 88
Lord. 'Tis very true: thou didst it excellent.
Well, you are come to me in happy time,
The rather for I have some sport in hand
Wherein your cunning can assist me much. 92
There is a lord will hear you play to-night;
But I am doubtful of your modesties,
Lest, over-eyeing of his odd behaviour,—
For yet his honour never heard a play,— 96
You break into some merry passion
And so offend him; for I tell you, sirs,
If you should smile he grows impatient.
A Player. Fear not, my lord: we can contain ourselves 100
Were he the veriest antick in the world.
Lord. Go, sirrah, take them to the buttery,
And give them friendly welcome every one:
Let them want nothing that my house affords.
[*Exeunt one with the Players.*
Sirrah, go you to Barthol'mew my page, 105
And see him dress'd in all suits like a lady:
That done, conduct him to the drunkard's chamber;
And call him 'madam,' do him obeisance. 108
Tell him from me,—as he will win my love,—
He bear himself with honourable action,
Such as he hath observ'd in noble ladies
Unto their lords, by them accomplished: 112
Such duty to the drunkard let him do
With soft low tongue and lowly courtesy;
And say, 'What is't your honour will command,
Wherein your lady and your humble wife 116
May show her duty, and make known her love?'
And then, with kind embracements, tempting kisses,
And with declining head into his bosom,
Bid him shed tears, as being overjoy'd 120
To see her noble lord restor'd to health,
Who for this seven years hath esteemed him
No better than a poor and loathsome beggar.
And if the boy have not a woman's gift 124
To rain a shower of commanded tears,
An onion will do well for such a shift,
Which in a napkin being close convey'd,
Shall in despite enforce a watery eye. 128
See this dispatch'd with all the haste thou canst:
Anon I'll give thee more instructions.
[*Exit* Servant.
I know the boy will well usurp the grace,
Voice, gait, and action of a gentlewoman: 132
I long to hear him call the drunkard husband,
And how my men will stay themselves from laughter
When they do homage to this simple peasant.
I'll in to counsel them: haply, my presence 136
May well abate the over merry spleen
Which otherwise would grow into extremes.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Bedchamber in the* Lord's *House.*

SLY *is discovered in a rich nightgown, with* Attendants: *some with apparel, others with basin, ewer, and other appurtenances; and* Lord, *dressed like a servant.*

Sly. For God's sake! a pot of small ale.
First Serv. Will't please your lordship drink a cup of sack?
Sec. Serv. Will't please your honour taste of these conserves?
Third Serv. What raiment will your honour wear to-day? 4
Sly. I am Christophero Sly; call not me honour, nor lordship: I ne'er drank sack in my life; and if you give me any conserves, give me conserves of beef. Ne'er ask me what raiment I'll wear, for I have no more doublets than backs, no more stockings than legs, nor no more shoes than feet: nay, sometime more feet than shoes, or such shoes as my toes look through the overleather. 13
Lord. Heaven cease this idle humour in your honour!
O, that a mighty man, of such descent,
Of such possessions, and so high esteem, 16
Should be infused with so foul a spirit!
Sly. What! would you make me mad? Am not I Christopher Sly, old Sly's son, of Burton-heath; by birth a pedlar, by education a card-maker, by transmutation a bear-herd, and now by present profession a tinker? Ask Marian Hacket, the fat ale-wife of Wincot, if she know me not: if she say I am not fourteen pence on the score for sheer ale, score me up for the lyingest knave in Christendom. What! I am not bestraught: here's—

First Serv. O! this it is that makes your lady mourn. 28
Sec. Serv. O! this it is that makes your servants droop.
Lord. Hence comes it that your kindred shuns your house,
As beaten hence by your strange lunacy.
O noble lord, bethink thee of thy birth, 32
Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment,
And banish hence these abject lowly dreams.
Look how thy servants do attend on thee,
Each in his office ready at thy beck: 36
Wilt thou have music? hark! Apollo plays,
[*Music.*
And twenty caged nightingales do sing:
Or wilt thou sleep? we'll have thee to a couch
Softer and sweeter than the lustful bed 40
On purpose trimm'd up for Semiramis.
Say thou wilt walk, we will bestrew the ground:
Or wilt thou ride? thy horses shall be trapp'd,
Their harness studded all with gold and pearl.
Dost thou love hawking? thou hast hawks will soar 45
Above the morning lark: or wilt thou hunt?
Thy hounds shall make the welkin answer them,
And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth. 48
First Serv. Say thou wilt course; thy greyhounds are as swift
As breathed stags, ay, fleeter than the roe.
Sec. Serv. Dost thou love pictures? we will fetch thee straight
Adonis painted by a running brook, 52
And Cytherea all in sedges hid,
Which seem to move and wanton with her breath,
Even as the waving sedges play with wind.
Lord. We'll show thee Io as she was a maid,
And how she was beguiled and surpris'd, 57
As lively painted as the deed was done.
Third Serv. Or Daphne roaming through a thorny wood,
Scratching her legs that one shall swear she bleeds; 60
And at that sight shall sad Apollo weep,
So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn.
Lord. Thou art a lord and nothing but a lord:
Thou hast a lady far more beautiful 64
Than any woman in this waning age.
First Serv. And till the tears that she hath shed for thee
Like envious floods o'er-run her lovely face,
She was the fairest creature in the world; 68
And yet she is inferior to none.
Sly. Am I a lord? and have I such a lady?
Or do I dream? or have I dream'd till now?
I do not sleep; I see, I hear, I speak; 72
I smell sweet savours, and I feel soft things:
Upon my life, I am a lord indeed;
And not a tinker, nor Christophero Sly.
Well, bring our lady hither to our sight; 76
And once again, a pot o' the smallest ale.
Sec. Serv. Will't please your mightiness to wash your hands?
[Servants *present a ewer, basin, and napkin.*
O, how we joy to see your wit restor'd!
O, that once more you knew but what you are!
These fifteen years you have been in a dream, 81
Or, when you wak'd, so wak'd as if you slept.
Sly. These fifteen years! by my fay, a goodly nap.
But did I never speak of all that time? 84
First Serv. O! yes, my lord, but very idle words;
For though you lay here in this goodly chamber,
Yet would you say ye were beaten out of door,
And rail upon the hostess of the house, 88
And say you would present her at the leet,
Because she brought stone jugs and no seal'd quarts.
Sometimes you would call out for Cicely Hacket.
Sly. Ay, the woman's maid of the house. 92
Third Serv. Why, sir, you know no house, nor no such maid,
Nor no such men as you have reckon'd up,
As Stephen Sly, and old John Naps of Greece,
And Peter Turf, and Henry Pimpernell, 96
And twenty more such names and men as these,
Which never were nor no man ever saw.
Sly. Now, Lord be thanked for my good amends!
All. Amen. 100
Sly. I thank thee; thou shalt not lose by it.

Enter the Page, *as a lady, with* Attendants.

Page. How fares my noble lord?
Sly. Marry, I fare well, for here is cheer enough.
Where is my wife? 104
Page. Here, noble lord: what is thy will with her?
Sly. Are you my wife, and will not call me husband?
My men should call me lord: I am your goodman.
Page. My husband and my lord, my lord and husband; 108
I am your wife in all obedience.
Sly. I know it well. What must I call her?
Lord. Madam.
Sly. Al'ce madam, or Joan madam? 112
Lord. Madam, and nothing else: so lords call ladies.
Sly. Madam wife, they say that I have dream'd
And slept above some fifteen year or more.
Page. Ay, and the time seems thirty unto me,
Being all this time abandon'd from your bed. 117
Sly. 'Tis much. Servants, leave me and her alone.
Madam, undress you, and come now to bed.
Page. Thrice noble lord, let me entreat of you
To pardon me yet for a night or two, 121
Or, if not so, until the sun be set:
For your physicians have expressly charg'd,
In peril to incur your former malady, 124
That I should yet absent me from your bed:
I hope this reason stands for my excuse.
Sly. Ay, it stands so, that I may hardly tarry so long; but I would be loath to fall into my dreams again: I will therefore tarry, in spite of the flesh and the blood.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Your honour's players, hearing your amendment,
Are come to play a pleasant comedy; 132
For so your doctors hold it very meet,
Seeing too much sadness hath congeal'd your blood,
And melancholy is the nurse of frenzy:
Therefore they thought it good you hear a play,
And frame your mind to mirth and merriment,
Which bars a thousand harms and lengthens life.

Sly. Marry, I will; let them play it. Is not a commonty a Christmas gambold or a tumbling-trick? 141

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

Sly. What! household stuff?

Page. It is a kind of history. 144

Sly. Well, we'll see't. Come, madam wife, sit by my side,
And let the world slip: we shall ne'er be younger.
[*Flourish.*

ACT I

SCENE I.—*Padua. A public Place.*

Enter LUCENTIO *and* TRANIO.

Luc. Tranio, since for the great desire I had
To see fair Padua, nursery of arts,
I am arriv'd for fruitful Lombardy,
The pleasant garden of great Italy; 4
And by my father's love and leave am arm'd
With his good will and thy good company,
My trusty servant well approv'd in all,
Here let us breathe, and haply institute 8
A course of learning and ingenious studies.
Pisa, renowned for grave citizens,
Gave me my being and my father first,
A merchant of great traffic through the world,
Vincentio, come of the Bentivolii. 13
Vincentio's son, brought up in Florence,
It shall become to serve all hopes conceiv'd,
To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds: 16
And therefore, Tranio, for the time I study,
Virtue and that part of philosophy
Will I apply that treats of happiness
By virtue specially to be achiev'd. 20
Tell me thy mind; for I have Pisa left
And am to Padua come, as he that leaves
A shallow plash to plunge him in the deep,
And with satiety seeks to quench his thirst. 24

Tra. Mi perdonate, gentle master mine,
I am in all affected as yourself,
Glad that you thus continue your resolve
To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy. 28
Only, good master, while we do admire
This virtue and this moral discipline,
Let's be no stoics nor no stocks, I pray;
Or so devote to Aristotle's checks 32
As Ovid be an outcast quite abjur'd.
Balk logic with acquaintance that you have,
And practise rhetoric in your common talk;
Music and poesy use to quicken you; 36
The mathematics and the metaphysics,
Fall to them as you find your stomach serves you;
No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en;
In brief, sir, study what you most affect. 40

Luc. Gramercies, Tranio, well dost thou advise.
If, Biondello, thou wert come ashore,
We could at once put us in readiness,
And take a lodging fit to entertain 44
Such friends as time in Padua shall beget.
But stay awhile: what company is this?

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

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

Bap. Gentlemen, importune me no further,
For how I firmly am resolv'd you know; 49
That is, not to bestow my youngest daughter
Before I have a husband for the elder.
If either of you both love Katharina, 52
Because I know you well and love you well,
Leave shall you have to court her at your pleasure.

Gre. To cart her rather: she's too rough for me.
There, there, Hortensio, will you any wife? 56

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

Hor. Mates, maid! how mean you that? no mates for you,
Unless you were of gentler, milder mould. 60

Kath. I' faith, sir, you shall never need to fear:
I wis it is not half way to her heart;
But if it were, doubt not her care should be
To comb your noddle with a three-legg'd stool,
And paint your face, and use you like a fool. 65

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

Gre. And me too, good Lord!

Tra. Hush, master! here is some good pastime toward: 68
That wench is stark mad or wonderful froward.

Luc. But in the other's silence do I see
Maid's mild behaviour and sobriety.
Peace, Tranio! 72

Tra. Well said, master; mum! and gaze your fill.

Bap. Gentlemen, that I may soon make good
What I have said,—Bianca, get you in:
And let it not displease thee, good Bianca, 76
For I will love thee ne'er the less, my girl.

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

Bian. Sister, content you in my discontent.
Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe: 81
My books and instruments shall be my company,
On them to look and practise by myself.

Luc. Hark, Tranio! thou mayst hear Minerva speak. 84

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

Gre. Why will you mew her up,
Signior Baptista, for this fiend of hell, 88
And make her bear the penance of her tongue?

Bap. Gentlemen, content ye; I am resolv'd.
Go in, Bianca. [*Exit* BIANCA.
And for I know she taketh most delight 92
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, 96
Prefer them hither; for to cunning men
I will be very kind, and liberal
To mine own children in good bringing up;
And so, farewell. Katharina, you may stay; 100
For I have more to commune with Bianca.
[*Exit.*

Kath. Why, and I trust I may go too; may I not?
What! shall I be appointed hours, as though, belike, 103
I knew not what to take, and what to leave? Ha! [*Exit.*

Gre. You may go to the devil's dam: your gifts are so good, here's none will hold you. Their love is not so great, Hortensio, but we may blow our nails together, and fast it fairly out: our cake's dough on both sides. 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. 113

Hor. So will I, Signior Gremio: but a word, I pray. Though the nature of our quarrel yet never brooked parle, know now, upon advice, it toucheth us both,—that we may yet again have access to our fair mistress and be happy rivals in Bianca's love,—to labour and effect one thing specially. 120

Gre. What's that, I pray?

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

Gre. A husband! a devil. 124

Hor. I say, a husband.

Gre. I say, a devil. Thinkest thou, Hortensio, though her father be very rich, any man is so very a fool to be married to hell? 128

Hor. Tush, Gremio! though it pass your patience and mine to endure her loud alarums, why, man, there be good fellows in the world, an a man could light on them, would take her with all faults, and money enough. 133

Gre. I cannot tell; but I had as lief take her dowry with this condition, to be whipped at the high-cross every morning. 136

Hor. 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, till by helping Baptista's eldest daughter to a husband, we set his youngest free for a husband, and then have to't afresh. Sweet Bianca! Happy man be his dole! He that runs fastest gets the ring. How say you, Signior Gremio? 145

Gre. I am agreed: and would I had given him the best horse in Padua to begin his wooing, that would thoroughly woo her, wed her, and bed her, and rid the house of her. Come on. 149
[*Exeunt* GREMIO *and* HORTENSIO.

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

Luc. O Tranio! till I found it to be true, 152
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, 156
That art to me as secret and as dear
As Anna to the Queen of Carthage was,
Tranio, I burn, I pine, I perish, Tranio,
If I achieve not this young modest girl. 160
Counsel me, Tranio, for I know thou canst:
Assist me, Tranio, for I know thou wilt.

Tra. Master, it is no time to chide you now;
Affection is not rated from the heart: 164
If love have touch'd you, nought remains but so,
Redime te captum, quam queas minimo.

Luc. Gramercies, lad; go forward: this contents: 167
The rest will comfort, for thy counsel's sound.

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

Luc. O yes, I saw sweet beauty in her face,
Such as the daughter of Agenor had, 172
That made great Jove to humble him to her hand,
When with his knees he kiss'd the Cretan strand.

Tra. Saw you no more? mark'd you not how her sister
Began to scold and raise up such a storm 176
That mortal ears might hardly endure the din?

Luc. Tranio, I saw her coral lips to move,
And with her breath she did perfume the air;
Sacred and sweet was all I saw in her. 180

Tra. Nay, then, 'tis time to stir him from his trance.
I pray, awake, sir: if you love the maid,
Bend thoughts and wits to achieve her. Thus it stands:
Her elder sister is so curst and shrewd, 184
That till the father rids his hands of her,
Master, your love must live a maid at home;
And therefore has he closely mew'd her up, 187
Because she will not be annoy'd with suitors.

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

Tra. Ay, marry, am I, sir; and now 'tis plotted. 192

Luc. I have it, Tranio.

Tra. Master, for my hand,
Both our inventions meet and jump in one.

Luc. Tell me thine first.

Tra. You will be schoolmaster,
And undertake the teaching of the maid: 196
That's your device.

Luc. It is: may it be done?

Tra. Not possible; for who shall bear your part,

And be in Padua here Vincentio's son?
Keep house and ply his book, welcome his friends; 200
Visit his countrymen, and banquet them?
Luc. Basta; content thee; for I have it full.
We have not yet been seen in any house,
Nor can we be distinguish'd by our faces 204
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, 208
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; 212
But I will charm him first to keep his tongue.
[*They exchange habits.*
Tra. So had you need.
In brief then, sir, sith it your pleasure is,
And I am tied to be obedient; 216
For so your father charg'd me at our parting,
'Be serviceable to my son,' quoth he,
Although I think 'twas in another sense:
I am content to be Lucentio, 220
Because so well I love Lucentio.
Luc. Tranio, be so, because Lucentio loves;
And let me be a slave, to achieve that maid
Whose sudden sight hath thrall'd my wounded eye. 224
Here comes the rogue.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Sirrah, where have you been?
Bion. Where have I been! Nay, how now! where are you?
Master, has my fellow Tranio stol'n your clothes,
Or you stol'n his? or both? pray, what's the news? 228
Luc. 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, 232
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, as becomes, 236
While I make way from hence to save my life:
You understand me?
Bion. I, sir! ne'er a whit.
Luc. And not a jot of Tranio in your mouth:
Tranio is changed to Lucentio. 240
Bion. The better for him: would I were so too!
Tra. So would 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 244
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.
Luc. 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.*

The Presenters above speak.

First Serv. My lord, you nod; you do not mind the play. 252
Sly. Yes, by Saint Anne, I do. A good matter, surely: comes there any more of it?
Page. My lord, 'tis but begun.
Sly. 'Tis a very excellent piece of work, madam lady: would 'twere done! 257
[*They sit and mark.*

SCENE II.—*The Same. Before* HORTENSIO'S *House.*

Enter PETRUCHIO *and* GRUMIO.

Pet. Verona, for awhile 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. 4
Here, sirrah Grumio; knock, I say.
Gru. Knock, sir! whom should I knock? is there any man has rebused your worship?
Pet. Villain, I say, knock me here soundly. 8
Gru. Knock you here, sir! why, sir, what am I, sir, that I should knock you here, sir?
Pet. Villain, I say, knock me at this gate;
And rap me well, or I'll knock your knave's pate. 12
Gru. My master is grown quarrelsome. I should knock you first,
And then I know after who comes by the worst.
Pet. 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. 17
[*He wrings* GRUMIO *by the ears.*
Gru. Help, masters, help! my master is mad.
Pet. Now, knock when I bid you, sirrah villain!

Enter HORTENSIO.

Hor. How now! what's the matter? My old friend Grumio! and my good friend Petruchio!
How do you all at Verona?
Pet. Signior Hortensio, come you to part the fray?
Con tutto il cuore ben trovato, may I say. 24
Hor. Alla nostra casa ben venuto; molto honorato signior mio Petruchio.
Rise, Grumio, rise: we will compound this quarrel.
Gru. Nay, 'tis no matter, sir, what he 'leges in Latin. If this be not a lawful cause for me to leave his service, look you, sir, he bid me knock him and rap him soundly, sir: well, was it fit for a servant to use his master so; being, perhaps, for aught I see, two-and-thirty, a pip out? 33
Whom would to God, I had well knock'd at first,
Then had not Grumio come by the worst.
Pet. A senseless villain! Good Hortensio,
I bade the rascal knock upon your gate, 37
And could not get him for my heart to do it.
Gru. Knock at the gate! O heavens! Spake

you not these words plain, 'Sirrah, knock me here, rap me here, knock me well, and knock me soundly?' And come you now with 'knocking at the gate?' 43
Pet. Sirrah, be gone, or talk not, I advise you.
Hor. Petruchio, patience; I am Grumio's pledge. 45
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? 49
Pet. Such wind as scatters young men through the world
To seek their fortunes further than at home,
Where small experience grows. But in a few, 52
Signior Hortensio, thus it stands with me:
Antonio, my father, is deceas'd,
And I have thrust myself into this maze,
Haply to wive and thrive as best I may. 56
Crowns in my purse I have and goods at home,
And so am come abroad to see the world.
Hor. Petruchio, shall I then come roundly to thee,
And wish thee to a shrewd ill-favour'd wife? 60
Thou 'dst 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. 64
Pet. Signior Hortensio, 'twixt such friends as we,
Few words suffice; and therefore, if thou know
One rich enough to be Petruchio's wife,
As wealth is burden of my wooing dance, 68
Be she as foul as was Florentius' love,
As old as Sibyl, and as curst and shrewd
As Socrates' Xanthippe, or a worse,
She moves me not, or not removes, at least, 72
Affection's edge in me, were she as rough
As are the swelling Adriatic seas:
I come to wive it wealthily in Padua;
If wealthily, then happily in Padua. 76
Gru. 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.
Hor. Petruchio, since we are stepp'd thus far in, 84
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: 88
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 worser than it is, 92
I would not wed her for a mine of gold.
Pet. Hortensio, peace! thou know'st not gold's effect:
Tell me her father's name, and 'tis enough;
For I will board her, though she chide as loud
As thunder when the clouds in autumn crack.
Hor. Her father is Baptista Minola, 98
An affable and courteous gentleman;
Her name is Katharina Minola, 100
Renown'd in Padua for her scolding tongue.
Pet. I know her father, though I know not her;
And he knew my deceased father well.
I will not sleep, Hortensio, till I see her; 104
And therefore let me be thus bold with you,
To give you over at this first encounter,
Unless you will accompany me thither.
Gru. I pray you, sir, let him go while the humour lasts. O' my word, an she knew him as well as I do, she would think scolding would do little good upon him. She may, perhaps, call him half a score knaves or so: why, that's nothing: an he begin once, he'll rail in his rope-tricks. I'll tell you what, sir, an she stand him but a little, he will throw a figure in her face, and so disfigure her with it that she shall have no more eyes to see withal than a cat. You know him not, sir.
Hor. Tarry, Petruchio, I must go with thee,
For in Baptista's keep my treasure is: 120
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; 124
Supposing it a thing impossible,
For those defects I have before rehears'd,
That ever Katharina will be woo'd:
Therefore this order hath Baptista ta'en, 128
That none shall have access unto Bianca,
Till Katharine the curst have got a husband.
Gru. Katharine the curst!
A title for a maid of all titles the worst. 132
Hor. Now shall my friend Petruchio do me grace,
And offer me, disguis'd in sober robes,
To old Baptista as a schoolmaster
Well seen in music, to instruct Bianca; 136
That so I may, by this device, at least
Have leave and leisure to make love to her,
And unsuspected court her by herself.
Gru. Here's no knavery! See, to beguile the old folks, how the young folks lay their heads together!

Enter GREMIO, *and* LUCENTIO *disguised, with books under his arm.*

Master, master, look about you: who goes there, ha? 144
Hor. Peace, Grumio! 'tis the rival of my love.
Petruchio, stand by awhile.
Gru. A proper stripling, and an amorous!
Gre. O! very well; I have perus'd 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 152
Signior Baptista's liberality,
I'll mend it with a largess. Take your papers too,
And let me have them very well perfum'd;
For she is sweeter than perfume itself 156
To whom they go to. What will you read to her?

Luc. Whate'er I read to her, I'll plead for you,
As for my patron, stand you so assur'd,
As firmly as yourself were still in place; 160
Yea, and perhaps with more successful words
Than you, unless you were a scholar, sir.
Gre. O! this learning, what a thing it is.
Gru. O! this woodcock, what an ass it is. 164
Pet. Peace, sirrah!
Hor. Grumio, mum! God save you, Signior Gremio!
Gre. And you're well met, Signior Hortensio.
Trow you whither I am going? To Baptista Minola. 168
I promis'd 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 behaviour
Fit for her turn; well read in poetry 173
And other books, good ones, I warrant ye.
Hor. 'Tis well: and I have met a gentleman
Hath promis'd me to help me to another, 176
A fine musician to instruct our mistress:
So shall I no whit be behind in duty
To fair Bianca, so belov'd of me.
Gre. Belov'd of me, and that my deeds shall prove. 180
Gru. [*Aside.*] And that his bags shall prove.
Hor. 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. 184
Here is a gentleman whom by chance I met,
Upon agreement from us to his liking,
Will undertake to woo curst Katharine;
Yea, and to marry her, if her dowry please. 188
Gre. So said, so done, is well.
Hortensio, have you told him all her faults?
Pet. I know she is an irksome, brawling scold:
If that be all, masters, I hear no harm. 192
Gre. No, sayst me so, friend? What country-man?
Pet. Born in Verona, old Antonio's son:
My father dead, my fortune lives for me;
And I do hope good days and long to see. 196
Gre. O, sir, such a life, with such a wife, were strange!
But if you have a stomach, to't i' God's name:
You shall have me assisting you in all.
But will you woo this wild-cat?
Pet. Will I live? 200
Gru. Will he woo her? ay, or I'll hang her.
Pet. Why came I hither but to that intent?
Think you a little din can daunt mine ears?
Have I not in my time heard lions roar? 204
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? 208
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 212
As will a chestnut in a farmer's fire?
Tush, tush! fear boys with bugs.
Gru. [*Aside.*] For he fears none.
Gre. Hortensio, hark:
This gentleman is happily arriv'd, 216
My mind presumes, for his own good and ours.
Hor. I promis'd we would be contributors,
And bear his charge of wooing, whatsoe'er.
Gre. And so we will, provided that he win her. 220
Gru. [*Aside.*] I would I were as sure of a good dinner.

Enter TRANIO, *bravely apparelled; and* BIONDELLO.

Tra. 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? 224
Bion. He that has the two fair daughters: is't he you mean?
Tra. Even he, Biondello!
Gre. Hark you, sir; you mean not her to—
Tra. Perhaps, him and her, sir: what have you to do? 228
Pet. Not her that chides, sir, at any hand, I pray.
Tra. I love no chiders, sir. Biondello, let's away.
Luc. [*Aside.*] Well begun, Tranio.
Hor. Sir, a word ere you go:
Are you a suitor to the maid you talk of, yea or no? 232
Tra. And if I be, sir, is it any offence?
Gre. No; if without more words you will get you hence.
Tra. Why, sir, I pray, are not the streets as free
For me as for you?
Gre. But so is not she. 236
Tra. For what reason, I beseech you?
Gre. For this reason, if you'll know,
That she's the choice love of Signior Gremio.
Hor. That she's the chosen of Signior Hortensio. 240
Tra. 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; 244
And were his daughter fairer than she is,
She may more suitors have, and me for one.
Fair Leda's daughter had a thousand wooers;
Then well one more may fair Bianca have, 248
And so she shall; Lucentio shall make one,
Though Paris came in hope to speed alone.
Gre. What! this gentleman will out-talk us all.
Luc. Sir, give him head: I know he'll prove a jade. 252
Pet. Hortensio, to what end are all these words?
Hor. Sir, let me be so bold as ask you,
Did you yet ever see Baptista's daughter?
Tra. No, sir; but hear I do that he hath two,
The one as famous for a scolding tongue 257
As is the other for beauteous modesty.

Pet. Sir, sir, the first's for me; let her go by.
Gre. Yea, leave that labour to great Hercules,
And let it be more than Alcides' twelve. 261
Pet. Sir, understand you this of me in sooth:
The youngest daughter, whom you hearken for,
Her father keeps from all access of suitors, 264
And will not promise her to any man
Until the elder sister first be wed;
The younger then is free, and not before.
Tra. If it be so, sir, that you are the man 268
Must stead us all, and me among the rest;
And if you break the ice, and do this feat,
Achieve the elder, set the younger free
For our access, whose hap shall be to have her
Will not so graceless be to be ingrate. 273
Hor. 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, 276
To whom we all rest generally beholding.
Tra. Sir, I shall not be slack: in sign whereof,
Please ye we may contrive this afternoon,
And quaff carouses to our mistress' health, 280
And do as adversaries do in law,
Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.
Gru. } O excellent motion! Fellows, let's be
Bion. } gone.
Hor. The motion's good indeed, and be it so:— 284
Petruchio, I shall be your *ben venuto.* [*Exeunt.*

ACT II

SCENE I.—*Padua. A Room in* BAPTISTA'S *House.*

Enter KATHARINA *and* BIANCA.

Bian. Good sister, wrong me not, nor wrong yourself,
To make a bondmaid and a slave of me;
That I disdain: but for these other gawds,
Unbind my hands, I'll pull them off myself, 4
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. 7
Kath. Of all thy suitors, here I charge thee, tell
Whom thou lov'st best: see thou dissemble not.
Bian. Believe me, sister, of all the men alive
I never yet beheld that special face
Which I could fancy more than any other. 12
Kath. Minion, thou liest. Is't not Hortensio?
Bian. If you affect him, sister, here I swear
I'll plead for you myself, but you shall have him.
Kath. O! then, belike, you fancy riches more:
You will have Gremio to keep you fair. 17
Bian. Is it for him you do envy me so?
Nay, then you jest; and now I well perceive
You have but jested with me all this while: 20
I prithee, sister Kate, untie my hands.
Kath. If that be jest, then all the rest was so.
[*Strikes her.*

Enter BAPTISTA.

Bap. Why, how now, dame! whence grows this insolence?
Bianca, stand aside. Poor girl! she weeps. 24
Go ply thy needle; meddle not with her.
For shame, thou hilding of a devilish spirit,
Why dost thou wrong her that did ne'er wrong thee?
When did she cross thee with a bitter word? 28
Kath. Her silence flouts me, and I'll be reveng'd. [*Flies after* BIANCA.
Bap. What! in my sight? Bianca, get thee in.
[*Exit* BIANCA.
Kath. What! will you not suffer me? Nay, now I see
She is your treasure, she must have a husband;
I must dance bare-foot on her wedding-day, 33
And, for your love to her, lead apes in hell.
Talk not to me: I will go sit and weep
Till I can find occasion of revenge. [*Exit.*
Bap. Was ever gentleman thus griev'd as I?
But who comes here?

Enter GREMIO, *with* LUCENTIO *in the habit of a mean man;* PETRUCHIO, *with* HORTENSIO *as a Musician; and* TRANIO, *with* BIONDELLO *bearing a lute and books.*

Gre. Good morrow, neighbour Baptista.
Bap. Good morrow, neighbour Gremio. God save you, gentlemen! 41
Pet. And you, good sir. Pray, have you not a daughter
Call'd Katharina, fair and virtuous?
Bap. I have a daughter, sir, call'd Katharina.
Gre. You are too blunt: go to it orderly. 45
Pet. You wrong me, Signior Gremio: give me leave.
I am a gentleman of Verona, sir,
That, hearing of her beauty and her wit, 48
Her affability and bashful modesty,
Her wondrous qualities and mild behaviour,
Am bold to show myself a forward guest
Within your house, to make mine eye the witness 52
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, 56
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. 60
Bap. You're welcome, sir; and he, for your good sake.
But for my daughter Katharine, this I know,
She is not for your turn, the more my grief.
Pet. I see you do not mean to part with her,
Or else you like not of my company. 65
Bap. Mistake me not; I speak but as I find.
Whence are you, sir? what may I call your name?
Pet. Petruchio is my name; Antonio's son;
A man well known throughout all Italy. 69
Bap. I know him well: you are welcome for his sake.
Gre. Saving your tale, Petruchio, I pray,
Let us, that are poor petitioners, speak too. 72
Backare! you are marvellous forward.
Pet. O, pardon me, Signior Gremio; I would fain be doing.

Gre. I doubt it not, sir; but you will curse your wooing.
Neighbour, 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 has 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. 84
Bap. 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? 88
Tra. Pardon me, sir, the boldness is mine own,
That, being a stranger in this city here,
Do make myself a suitor to your daughter,
Unto Bianca, fair and virtuous. 92
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, 96
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, 100
And this small packet of Greek and Latin books:
If you accept them, then their worth is great.
Bap. Lucentio is your name, of whence, I pray?
Tra. Of Pisa, sir; son to Vincentio. 104
Bap. A mighty man of Pisa; by report
I know him well: you are very welcome, sir.
[*To* HORTENSIO.] Take you the lute, [*To* LUCENTIO.] and you the set of books;
You shall go see your pupils presently. 108
Holla, within!

Enter a Servant.

Sirrah, lead these gentlemen
To my two daughters, and then tell them both
These are their tutors: bid them use them well.
[*Exit* Servant, *with* HORTENSIO, LUCENTIO, *and* BIONDELLO.
We will go walk a little in the orchard, 112
And then to dinner. You are passing welcome,
And so I pray you all to think yourselves.
Pet. Signior Baptista, my business asketh haste,
And every day I cannot come to woo. 116
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 decreas'd:
Then tell me, if I get your daughter's love, 120
What dowry shall I have with her to wife?
Bap. After my death the one half of my lands,
And in possession twenty thousand crowns.
Pet. And, for that dowry, I'll assure her of
Her widowhood, be it that she survive me, 125
In all my lands and leases whatsoever.
Let specialties be therefore drawn between us,
That covenants may be kept on either hand. 128
Bap. Ay, when the special thing is well obtain'd,
That is, her love; for that is all in all.
Pet. Why, that is nothing; for I tell you, father,
I am as peremptory as she proud-minded; 132
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; 136
So I to her, and so she yields to me;
For I am rough and woo not like a babe.
Bap. Well mayst thou woo, and happy be thy speed!
But be thou arm'd for some unhappy words. 140
Pet. Ay, to the proof; as mountains are for winds,
That shake not, though they blow perpetually.

Re-enter HORTENSIO, *with his head broke.*

Bap. How now, my friend! why dost thou look so pale?
Hor. For fear, I promise you, if I look pale.
Bap. What, will my daughter prove a good musician? 145
Hor. I think she'll sooner prove a soldier:
Iron may hold with her, but never lutes.
Bap. Why, then thou canst not break her to the lute? 148
Hor. 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, 152
'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, 156
As on a pillory, looking through the lute;
While she did call me rascal fiddler,
And twangling Jack; with twenty such vile terms
As she had studied to misuse me so. 160
Pet. 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!
Bap. [*To* HORTENSIO.] Well, go with me, and be not so discomfited: 164
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? 168
Pet. I pray you do; I will attend her here,
[*Exeunt* BAPTISTA, GREMIO, TRANIO, *and* HORTENSIO.
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: 172
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, 176
And say she uttereth piercing eloquence:
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 180
When I shall ask the banns, and when be married.
But here she comes; and now, Petruchio, speak.

Enter KATHARINA.

Good morrow, Kate; for that's your name, I hear.
Kath. Well have you heard, but something hard of hearing: 184
They call me Katharine that do talk of me.
Pet. 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, 189
For dainties are all cates: and therefore, Kate,
Take this of me, Kate of my consolation;
Hearing thy mildness prais'd in every town, 192
Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded,—
Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs,—
Myself am mov'd to woo thee for my wife.
Kath. Mov'd! in good time: let him that mov'd you hither 196
Remove you hence. I knew you at the first,
You were a moveable.
Pet. Why, what's a moveable?
Kath. A joint-stool.
Pet. Thou hast hit it: come, sit on me.
Kath. Asses are made to bear, and so are you.
Pet. Women are made to bear, and so are you. 201
Kath. No such jade as bear you, if me you mean.
Pet. Alas! good Kate, I will not burden thee;
For, knowing thee to be but young and light,—
Kath. Too light for such a swain as you to catch, 205
And yet as heavy as my weight should be.
Pet. Should be! should buz!
Kath. Well ta'en, and like a buzzard.
Pet. O slow-wing'd turtle! shall a buzzard take thee? 208
Kath. Ay, for a turtle, as he takes a buzzard.
Pet. Come, come, you wasp; i' faith you are too angry.
Kath. If I be waspish, best beware my sting.
Pet. My remedy is, then, to pluck it out. 212
Kath. Ay, if the fool could find it where it lies.
Pet. Who knows not where a wasp does wear his sting?
In his tail.
Kath. In his tongue.
Pet. Whose tongue?
Kath. Yours, if you talk of tails; and so farewell. 216
Pet. What! with my tongue in your tail? nay, come again.
Good Kate, I am a gentleman.
Kath. That I'll try. [*Striking him.*
Pet. I swear I'll cuff you if you strike again.
Kath. So may you lose your arms: 220
If you strike me, you are no gentleman;
And if no gentleman, why then no arms.
Pet. A herald, Kate? O! put me in thy books.
Kath. What is your crest? a coxcomb? 224
Pet. A combless cock, so Kate will be my hen.
Kath. No cock of mine; you crow too like a craven.
Pet. Nay, come, Kate, come; you must not look so sour.
Kath. It is my fashion when I see a crab. 228
Pet. Why, here's no crab, and therefore look not sour.
Kath. There is, there is.
Pet. Then show it me.
Kath. Had I a glass, I would.
Pet. What, you mean my face?
Kath. Well aim'd of such a young one.
Pet. Now, by Saint George, I am too young for you. 233
Kath. Yet you are wither'd.
Pet. 'Tis with cares.
Kath. I care not.
Pet. Nay, hear you, Kate: in sooth, you 'scape not so.
Kath. I chafe you, if I tarry: let me go. 236
Pet. 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 art pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous, 240
But slow in speech, yet sweet as spring-time flowers:
Thou canst not frown, thou canst not look askance,
Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will;
Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross in talk; 244
But thou with mildness entertain'st thy wooers,
With gentle conference, soft and affable.
Why does the world report that Kate doth limp?
O slanderous world! Kate, like the hazel-twig,
Is straight and slender, and as brown in hue 249
As hazel nuts, and sweeter than the kernels.
O! let me see thee walk: thou dost not halt.
Kath. Go, fool, and whom thou keep'st command. 252
Pet. Did ever Dian so become a grove
As Kate this chamber with her princely gait?
O! be thou Dian, and let her be Kate,
And then let Kate be chaste, and Dian sportful!
Kath. Where did you study all this goodly speech? 257
Pet. It is extempore, from my mother-wit.
Kath. A witty mother! witless else her son.
Pet. Am I not wise?
Kath. Yes; keep you warm. 260
Pet. Marry, so I mean, sweet Katharine, 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; 264
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: 269
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. 272
Here comes your father: never make denial;
I must and will have Katharine to my wife.