

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,—to stay him not too long,
I am content, in a good father's care,
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.

Bap. 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.

Tra. Sir, 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?

Bap. 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.

Tra. 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.
The worst is this, that, at so slender warning,
You're like to have a thin and slender pittance.

Bap. It likes me well. Cambio, hie you
home,

And bid Bianca make her ready straight;
And, if you will, tell what hath happened:
Lucentio's father is arriv'd in Padua,
And how she's like to be Lucentio's wife.

Luc. I pray the gods she may with all my
heart!

Tra. Dally not with the gods, but get thee
gone.

Signior Baptista, shall I lead the way?
Welcome! one mess is like to be your cheer.
Come, sir; we will better it in Pisa.

Bap. I follow you.
[*Exeunt TRANIO, Pedant, and BAPTISTA.*]

Bion. Cambio!

Luc. What sayst thou, Biondello?

Bion. You saw my master wink and laugh
upon you?

Luc. Biondello, what of that?

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

Luc. I pray thee, moralize them.
Bion. Then thus. Baptista is safe, talking
with the deceiving father of a deceitful son.

Luc. And what of him?
Bion. His daughter is to be brought by you
to the supper.

Luc. And then?
Bion. The old priest at Saint Luke's church
is at your command at all hours.

Luc. And what of all this?
Bion. I cannot tell, expect they are busied
about a counterfeit assurance: take you assur-
ance of her, *cum privilegio ad imprimendum*
solum. 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.
[*Going.*]

Luc. Hearest thou, Biondello?

Bion. I cannot tarry: I knew a wench mar-
ried in an afternoon as she went to the garden
for parsley to stuff a rabbit; and so may you,
sir; and so, adieu, sir. My master hath ap-
pointed me to go to Saint Luke's, to bid the
priest be ready to come against you come with
your appendix.

Luc. I may, and will, if she be so contented:
She will be pleas'd; 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.*]

SCENE V.—A public Road.

Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, HORTENSIO,
and Servants.

Pet. Come on, i' God's name; once more to-
ward our father's.

Good Lord, how bright and goodly shines the
moon!

Kath. The moon! the sun: it is not moon-
light now.

Pet. I say it is the moon that shines so bright.

Kath. I know it is the sun that shines so
bright.

Pet. 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 one and fetch our horses back again.
Evermore cross'd and cross'd; nothing but
cross'd!

Hor. Say as he says, or we shall never go.

Kath. 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.

Pet. I say it is the moon.

Kath. I know it is the moon.

Pet. Nay, then you lie; it is the blessed
sun.

Kath. 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 nam'd, even that it is;
And so, it shall be so for Katharine.

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

Pet. Well, forward, forward! thus the bowl
should run,

And not unluckily against the bias.
But soft! what company is coming here?

Enter VINCENTIO, in a travelling dress.

[*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.

Hor. A' will make the man mad, to make a
woman of him.

Kath. 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!

Pet. Why, how now, Kate! I hope thou art
not mad:

This is a man, old, wrinkled, faded, wither'd,
And not a maiden, as thou sayst he is.

Kath. 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.

Pet. Do, good old grandsire; and withal
make known

Which way thou travellest: if along with us,
We shall be joyful of thy company.

Vin. Fair sir, and you my merry mistress,
That with your strange encounter much amaz'd
me,

My name is called Vincentio; my dwelling,
Pisa;

And bound I am to Padua, there to visit
A son of mine, which long I have not seen.

Pet. What is his name?

Vin. Lucentio, gentle sir.

Pet. Happily 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 not griev'd: she is of good esteem,

Her dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth;
Beside, so qualified as may beseech
The spouse of any noble gentleman.

Let me embrace with old Vincentio;
And wander we to see thy honest son,
Who will of thy arrival be full joyous.

Vin. But is this true? or is it else your plea-
sure,

Like pleasant travellers, to break a jest
Upon the company you overtake?

Hor. I do assure thee, father, so it is.

Pet. Come, go along, and see the truth
hereof;

For our first merriment hath made thee jealous.
[*Exeunt all but HORTENSIO.*]

Hor. Well, Petruchio, this has put me in
heart.

Have to my widow! and if she be froward,
Then hast thou taught Hortensio to be unto-
ward.

ACT V

SCENE I.—Padua. Before LUCENTIO'S House.

Enter on one side BIONDELLO, LUCENTIO, and
BIANCA; GREMIO walking on the other side.

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

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

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

[*Exeunt LUCENTIO, BIANCA, and BIONDELLO.*]

Gre. I marvel Cambio comes not all this
while.

Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, VINCENTIO,
and Attendants.

Pet. Sir, here's the door, this is Lucentio's
house:

My father's bears more toward the market-
place;

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

Vin. You shall not choose but drink before
you go.

I think I shall command your welcome here,
And, by all likelihood, some cheer is toward.

[*Knocks.*]

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

Enter Pedant above, at a window.

Ped. What's he that knocks as he would beat
down the gate?

Vin. Is Signior Lucentio within, sir?

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

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

Ped. Keep your hundred pounds to yourself:
he shall need none so long as I live.

Pet. 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.

Ped. Thou liest: his father is come from
Padua, and here looking out at the window.

Vin. Art thou his father?

Ped. Ay, sir; so his mother says, if I may
believe her.

Pet. [*To VINCENTIO.*] Why, how now, gentle-
man! why, this is flat knavery, to take upon
you another man's name.

Ped. Lay hands on the villain: I believe, a'

means to cozen somebody in this city under my countenance.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

Bion. 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.

Vin. [Seeing BIONDELLO.] Come hither, crack-hemp.

Bion. I hope I may choose, sir.
Vin. Come hither, you rogue. What, have you forgot me?

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

Vin. What, you notorious villain! didst thou never see thy master's father, Vincentio?

Bion. What, my old, worshipful old master? yes, marry, sir: see where he looks out of the window.

Vin. Is't so, indeed? [Beats BIONDELLO.
Bion. Help, help, help! here's a madman will murder me. [Exit.

Ped. Help, son! help, Signior Baptista!
Pet. Prithee, Kate, let's stand aside, and see the end of this controversy. [They retire.

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

Tra. Sir, what are you that offer to beat my servant?

Vin. What am I, sir! nay, what are you, sir? O immortal gods! O fine villain! A silken doublet! a velvet hose! a scarlet cloak! and a copatain hat! O, I am undone! I am undone! while I play the good husband at home, my son and my servant spend all at the university.

Tra. How now! what's the matter?
Bap. What, is the man lunatic?

Tra. 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.

Vin. Thy father! O villain! he is a sail-maker in Bergamo.

Bap. You mistake, sir, you mistake, sir. Pray, what do you think is his name?

Vin. 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.

Ped. Away, away, mad ass! his name is Lucentio; and he is mine only son, and heir to the lands of me, Signior Vincentio.

Vin. 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?

Tra. 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.

Vin. Carry me to the gaol!

Gre. Stay, officer: he shall not go to prison.
Bap. Talk not, Signior Gremio: I say he shall go to prison.

Gre. Take heed, Signior Baptista, lest you be cony-catched in this business: I dare swear this is the right Vincentio.

Ped. Swear, if thou darest.

Gre. Nay, I dare not swear it.

Tra. Then thou wert best say, that I am not Lucentio.

Gre. Yes, I know thee to be Signior Lucentio.

Bap. Away with the dotard! to the gaol with him!

Vin. Thus strangers may be haled and abused: O monstrous villain!

Re-enter BIONDELLO, with LUCENTIO and BIANCA.

Bion. O! we are spoiled; and yonder he is: deny him, forswear him, or else we are all undone.

Luc. [Kneeling.] Pardon, sweet father.
Vin. Lives my sweetest son?

[BIONDELLO, TRANIO, and Pedant run out.

Bian. [Kneeling.] Pardon, dear father.

Bap. How hast thou offended?

Where is Lucentio?

Luc. Here's Lucentio,

Right son to the right Vincentio;

That have by marriage made thy daughter mine,

While counterfeit supposes blear'd thine eyne.

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

Vin. Where is that damned villain Tranio, That fac'd and brav'd me in this matter so?

Bap. Why, tell me, is not this my Cambio?

Bian. Cambio is chang'd into Lucentio.

Luc. 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 arriv'd at last

Unto the wished haven of my bliss.

What Tranio did, myself enforc'd him to;

Then pardon him, sweet father, for my sake.

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

Bap. [To LUCENTIO.] But do you hear, sir? Have you married my daughter without asking my good will?

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

Bap. And I, to sound the depth of this knavery.

Luc. Look not pale, Bianca; thy father will not frown. [Exeunt LUCENTIO and BIANCA.

Gre. My cake is dough; but I'll in among the rest,

Out of hope of all, but my share of the feast.

PETRUCHIO and KATHARINA advance.

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

Pet. First kiss me, Kate, and we will.

Kath. What! in the midst of the street?

Pet. What! art thou ashamed of me?

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

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

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

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

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—A Room in LUCENTIO'S House.

A Banquet set out. Enter BAPTISTA, VINCENTIO, GREMIO, the Pedant, LUCENTIO, BIANCA, PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, HORTENSIO, and Widow. TRANIO, BIONDELLO, GRUMIO, and Others, attending.

Luc. At last, though long, our jarring notes agree:

And time it is, when raging war is done, To smile at 'scapes and perils overblown.

My fair Bianca, bid my father welcome, While I with self-same kindness welcome thine.

Brother Petruchio, sister Katharina, And thou, Hortensio, with thy loving widow,

Feast with the best, and welcome to my house: My banquet is to close our stomachs up,

After our great good cheer. Pray you, sit down; For now we sit to chat as well as eat.

[They sit at table.]

Pet. Nothing but sit and sit, and eat and eat!

Bap. Padua affords this kindness, son Petruchio.

Pet. Padua affords nothing but what is kind.

Hor. For both our sakes I would that word were true.

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

Wid. Then never trust me, if I be afraid.

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

I mean, Hortensio is afraid of you.

Wid. He that is giddy thinks the world turns round.

Pet. Roundly replied.

Kath. Mistress, how mean you that?

Wid. Thus I conceive by him.

Pet. Conceives by me! How likes Hortensio that?

Hor. My widow says, thus she conceives her tale.

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

Kath. 'He that is giddy thinks the world turns round.'

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

Wid. Your husband, being troubled with a shrew,

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

Kath. A very mean meaning.

Wid. Right, I mean you.

Kath. And I am mean, indeed, respecting you.

Pet. To her, Kate.

Hor. To her, widow!

Pet. A hundred marks, my Kate does put her down.

Hor. That's my office.

Pet. Spoke like an officer; ha' to thee, lad.

[Drinks to HORTENSIO.

Bap. How likes Gremio these quick-witted folks?

Gre. Believe me, sir, they butt together well.

Bian. Head and butt! a hasty-witted body Would say your head and butt were head and horn.

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

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

Pet. Nay, that you shall not; since you have begun,

Have at you for a bitter jest or two.

Bian. 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.

Pet. 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.

Tra. O sir! Lucentio slipp'd me, like his greyhound,

Which runs himself, and catches for his master.

Pet. A good swift simile, but something curish.

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

'Tis thought your deer does hold you at a bay.

Bap. O ho, Petruchio! Tranio hits you now.

Luc. I thank thee for that gird, good Tranio.

Hor. Confess, confess, hath he not hit you here?

Pet. A' has a little gall'd me, I confess; 60 And, as the jest did glance away from me, 'Tis ten to one it maim'd you two outright.

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

Pet. 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, 68 Shall win the wager which we will propose.

Hor. Content. What is the wager?

Luc. Twenty crowns.

Pet. Twenty crowns!

I'll venture so much of my hawk or hound, 72 But twenty times so much upon my wife.

Luc. A hundred then.

Hor. Content.

Pet. A match! 'tis done.

Hor. Who shall begin?

Luc. That will I.

Go, Biondello, bid your mistress come to me, 76

Bion. I go. [Exit.]

TAMING OF THE SHREW

268

[ACT V

Bap. Son, I will be your half, Bianca comes.
 Luc. I'll have no halves; I'll bear it all myself.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

How now! what news?

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

Pet. How! she is busy, and she cannot come!
 Is that an answer?

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

Pet. I hope, better.
 Hor. Sirrah Biondello, go and entreat my wife

To come to me forthwith. [Exit BIONDELLO.]
 Pet. O ho! entreat her!

Nay, then she must needs come.
 Hor. I am afraid, sir, 88

Do what you can, yours will not be entreated.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

Now, where's my wife?

Bion. She says you have some goodly jest in hand:

She will not come: she bids you come to her. 92
 Pet. Worse and worse; she will not come! O vile,

Intolerable, not to be endur'd!
 Sirrah Grumio, go to your mistress; say,

I command her come to me. [Exit GRUMIO.]
 Hor. I know her answer. 96

Pet. What?
 Hor. She will not.

Pet. The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.

Re-enter KATHARINA.

Bap. Now, by my holidame, here comes
 Katharina! 100

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

Pet. Where is your sister, and Hortensio's
 wife?

Kath. They sit conferring by the parlour fire.
 Pet. Go, fetch them hither: if they deny to
 come, 104

Swinge me them soundly forth unto their husbands.

Away, I say, and bring them hither straight.
 [Exit KATHARINA.]

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

Hor. And so it is. I wonder what it bodes.
 Pet. Marry, peace it bodes, and love, and
 quiet life, 109

An awful rule and right supremacy;
 And, to be short, what not that's sweet and
 happy.

Bap. Now fair befall thee, good Petruchio!
 The wager thou hast won; and I will add 113

Unto their losses twenty thousand crowns;
 Another dowry to another daughter,

For she is chang'd, as she had never been. 116
 Pet. 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 120

As prisoners to her womanly persuasion.

Re-enter KATHARINA, with BIANCA and Widow.
 Katharine, that cap of yours becomes you not:

Off with that bauble, throw it under foot.
 [KATHARINA pulls off her cap, and throws
 it down.]

Wid. Lord! let me never have a cause to
 sigh, 124

Till I be brought to such a silly pass!
 Bion. Fie! what a foolish duty call you this?

Luc. I would your duty were as foolish too:
 The wisdom of your duty, fair Bianca, 128

Hath cost me an hundred crowns since supper-
 time.

Bion. The more fool you for laying on my
 duty.

Pet. Katharine, I charge thee, tell these head-
 strong women

What duty they do owe their lords and hus-
 bands. 132

Wid. Come, come, you're mocking: we will
 have no telling.

Pet. Come on, I say; and first begin with her.
 Wid. She shall not.

Pet. I say she shall: and first begin with
 her. 136

Kath. Fie, fie! unknit that threatening un-
 kind 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, 141

And in no sense is meet or amiable.
 A woman mov'd is like a fountain troubled,

Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty; 144
 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, 148

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; 152

And craves no other tribute at thy hands
 But love, fair looks, and true obedience;

Too little payment for so great a debt.
 Such duty as the subject owes the prince, 156

Even such a woman oweth to her husband;
 And when she's froward, peevish, sullen, sour,

And not obedient to his honest will,
 What is she but a foul contending rebel, 160

And graceless traitor to her loving lord?—
 I am asham'd that women are so simple

To offer war where they should kneel for peace,
 Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway, 164

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 168

SCENE II]

269

TAMING OF THE SHREW

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, 172
 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 com-
 pare,

That seeming to be most which we indeed least
 are. 176

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. 180

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

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

Vin. 'Tis a good hearing when children are
 toward.

Luc. But a harsh hearing when women are
 froward. 184

Pet. Come, Kate, we'll to bed.
 We three are married, but you two are sped.

'Twas I won the wager, [To LUCENTIO.] though
 you hit the white;

And, being a winner, God give you good
 night! 188

[Exeunt PETRUCHIO and KATHARINA.]
 Hor. Now, go thy ways; thou hast tam'd a
 curst shrew.

Luc. 'Tis a wonder, by your leave, she will
 be tam'd so. [Exeunt.]