

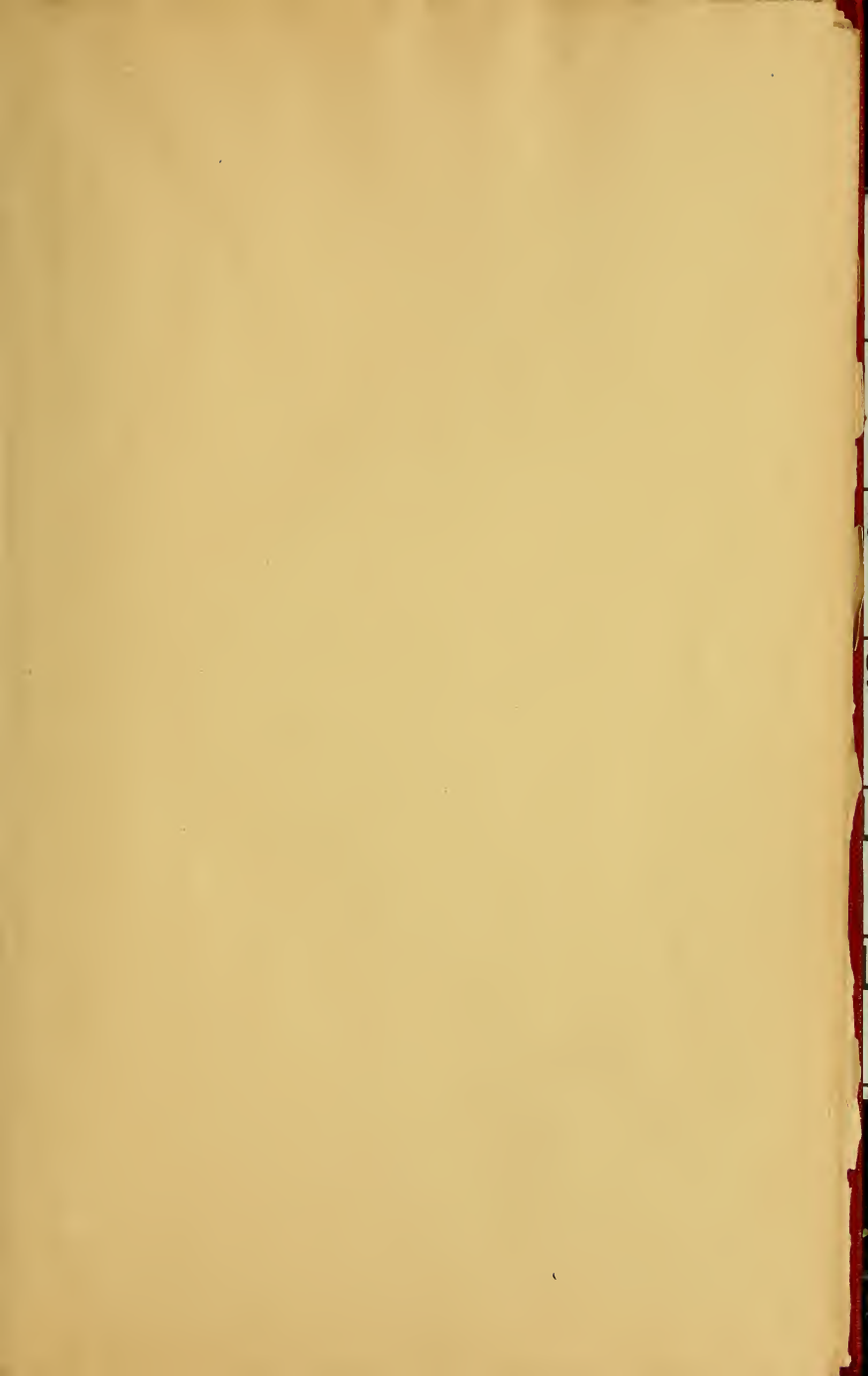


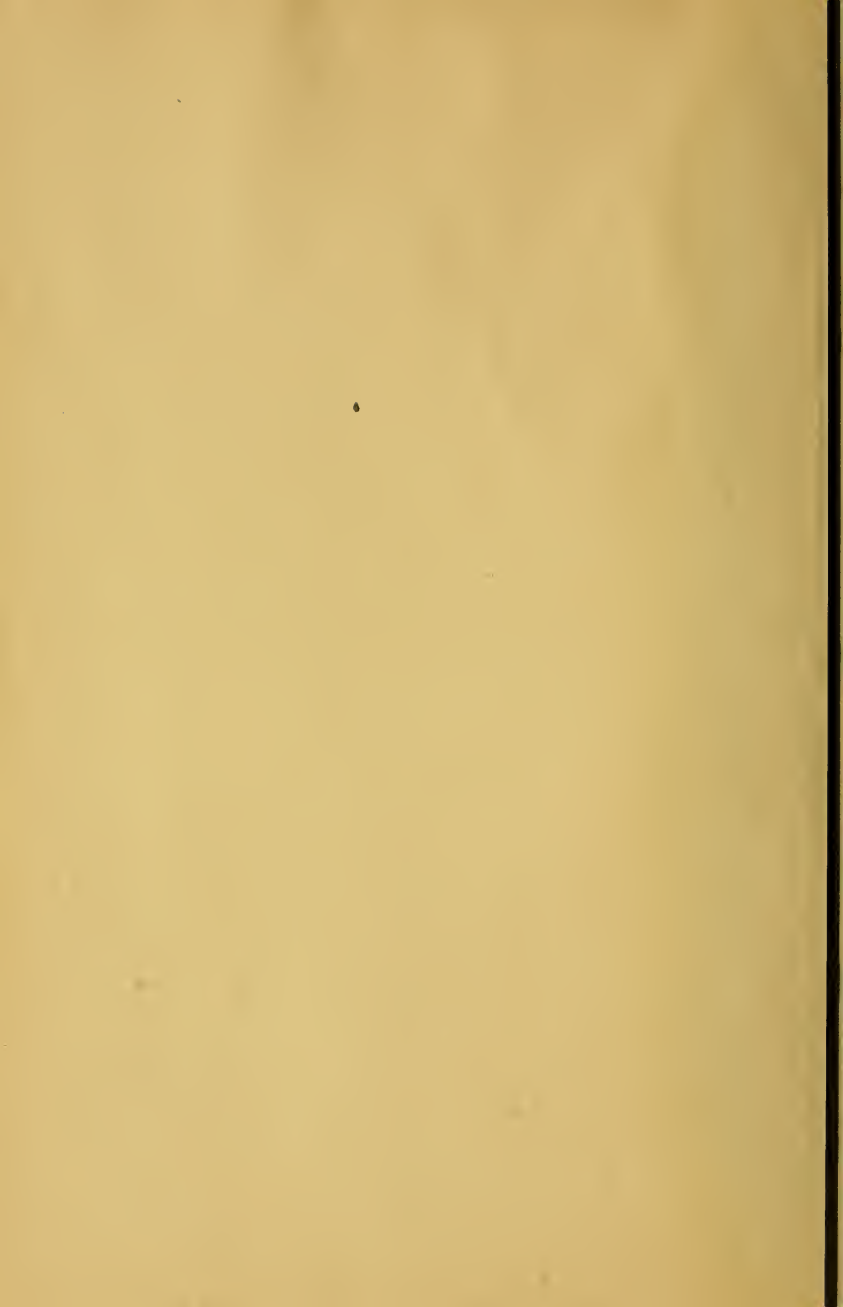
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*Miss Reham, as Katherine
"Give to man, shall Katherine, give her hand"
"Taming of the Shrew act II."*

TAMING OF THE SHREW

————— ✓
A COMEDY BY WILLIAM SHAKSPERE
—————

360
1476

AS ARRANGED BY AUGUSTIN DALY

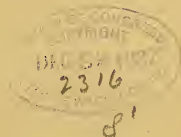
*First Produced at Daly's Theatre January 18 1887 receiving
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WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY WILLIAM WINTER

Centenary Edition

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By AUGUSTIN DALY.

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INTRODUCTION

TO

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

A PLAY entitled "The Taming of *a* Shrew" was published in London in 1594. It had been for some time extant and had been "sundry times" acted by the players who were in the service of the Earl of Pembroke. The authorship of it is unknown; but Charles Knight ascribes it to Robert Greene (1561-1592)—that dissolute genius, who is now chiefly remembered as the detractor of Shakespeare, and as the first English poet that ever wrote for bread. The German commentator Tieck supposes it to be a juvenile production by Shakespeare himself; but this is a dubious theory. It is certain, however, that Shakespeare was acquainted with this piece, and it is believed that in writing "The Taming of *the* Shrew" he either co-labored with another dramatist to make a new version of the older play, or else that he augmented and embellished a new version of it which had already been made by another hand. This is a kind of work to which, beyond doubt, he condescended in the earlier part of his career. In 1594 he was thirty years old, and he had been about eight years in London theatrical life. Edward Dowden thinks that Shakespeare's portion of this task was performed in 1597. "The Taming of the Shrew" was acted, by his own company, at the Blackfriars Theatre, at the theatre at Newington Butts—which Shakespeare's players occupied while the Globe Theatre was being built—and finally at the Globe itself. He never claimed it, however, as one of his works, and it was not published until after his death. It first appeared in the Folio of 1623.

Keightley describes "The Taming of the Shrew" as "a rifacimento of an anonymous play," and expresses the opinion that its style "proves it to belong to Shakespeare's early period." Collier maintains that "Shakespeare had little to do with any of the scenes in which *Katherine*

INTRODUCTION.

and *Petruchio* are not engaged." Dr. Johnson, in comparing the Shakespearean play with its predecessor, remarks that "the quarrel in the choice of dresses is precisely the same; many of the ideas are preserved without alteration; the faults found with the *cap*, the *gown*, the *compassed cape*, the *trunk sleeves*, and the balderdash about *taking up the gown*, have been copied, as well as the scene in which *Petruchio* makes *Katherine* call the sun the moon. The joke of addressing an elderly gentleman as a 'young budding virgin, fair and fresh and sweet,' belongs also to the old drama; but in this instance it is remarkable that, while the leading idea is adopted, the mode of expressing it is quite different."

Richard Grant White says: "The plot, the personages, and the scheme of the Induction are taken from the old play, which, however, is as dull as this is in most points spirited and interesting. In [this play] three hands at least are traceable; that of the author of the old play, that of Shakespeare himself, and that of a co-laborer. The first appears in the structure of the plot and in the incidents and the dialogue of most of the minor scenes: to the last must be assigned the greater part of the love business between *Bianca* and her two suitors; while to Shakespeare himself belong the strong, clear characterization, the delicious humor, and the rich verbal coloring of the recast Induction, and all the scenes in which *Katherine*, *Petruchio*, and *Grumio* are prominent figures, together with the general effect produced by scattering lines and words and phrases here and there, and removing others elsewhere, throughout the play."

It is evident from these testimonies that, whether Shakespeare recast and rewrote his own work—as Tieck supposes, and as undoubtedly he did in the case of "Hamlet"—or whether he furbished up the work of somebody else, the comedy of "The Taming of the Shrew" that stands in his name is largely indebted, for structure, to its predecessor on the same subject. Both plays, it should be added, owe their plot to an ancient source. The scheme of the "Induction"—a feature common to both—is found as an old historic fact in "The Arabian Nights," in the tale of "The Sleeper Awakened." Shakespeare did not know that work; but this tale of imposture—said to have been practised upon Abu-l-Hassan, "the wag," by the Khaleefeh Er-Rasheed—originating in remote oriental literature, and repeated in various forms, may have been current long before his time. In that narrative Abu-l-Hassan is deluded into the idea that he is the Prince of the Faithful, and, as that potentate, he commands that much gold shall be sent to Hassan's mother, and that punishment shall be inflicted upon certain persons by whom Hassan has been persecuted.

A variation of this theme occurs in Goulart's "Admirable and Memorable Histories," translated into English by E. Grimestone, in 1607. In this it is related that Philip, Duke of Burgundy, called "the Good," found a drunken man asleep in the street, at Brussels, caused him to be conveyed to the palace, bathed and dressed, entertained by the perform-

INTRODUCTION.

ance of "a pleasant comedy," and at last, once more stupefied with wine, arrayed in ragged garments, and deposited where he had been discovered, there to awake, and to believe himself the sport of a dream. Malone, by whom the narrative was quoted from Goulart, thinks that it had appeared in English prior to the old play of "The Taming of a Shrew," and consequently was known to Shakespeare.

Another source of his material is Ariosto. In 1587 were published the collected works of George Gascoigne. Among these is a prose comedy called "The Supposes"—a translation of Ariosto's "I suppositi," in which occur the names of *Petrucio* and *Licio*, and from which, doubtless, Shakespeare borrowed the amusing incident of *The Pedant* personating *Vincenzio*. Gascoigne, it will be remembered, is the old poet to whom Sir Walter Scott was indebted, when he wrote his magnificent novel of "Kenilworth"—so superb in pageantry, so strong and various in character, so deep and rich in passion, and so fluent in style and narrative power—for description of the revels with which Leicester entertained Queen Elizabeth in 1575.

In versification the acknowledged Shakespearean comedy is much superior to the older piece. "The Induction" contains passages of felicitous fluency, phrases of delightful aptness, that crystalline lucidity of statement which is characteristic of Shakespeare, and a rich vein of humor. The adverse opinion of Payne Collier is entitled to all respect; but, surely, those speeches uttered by the *Lord* have the unmistakable Shakespearean ring! The character of *Christopher Sly* likewise is conceived and drawn in precisely the vein of Shakespeare's usual English peasants. Hazlitt justly likens him to Sancho Panza. The Warwickshire allusions are also significant—though Greene as well as Shakespeare was a Warwickshire man; but some of the references are peculiar to the second comedy, and they inevitably suggest the same hand that wrote "The Merry Wives of Windsor." "Burton Heath" is, doubtless, Barton-on-the-Heath, a village situated about two miles from Long Compton, on the great main road from Oxford to Stratford. Knight, citing Dugdale, points out that in Domesday-Book the name of this village is written "Bertone." Shakespeare's own beautiful native shire—as his works abundantly show—was constantly in his mind when he wrote. It is from the region round about Stratford-upon-Avon that he habitually derives his climate, his foliage, his flowers, his sylvan atmosphere, and his romantic and always effective correspondence between nature's environment and the characters and deeds of humanity. Only Sir Walter Scott, Wilkie Collins, and Thomas Hardy, since his time, have rivalled him in this latter felicity of literature; and only George Eliot and Thomas Hardy have drawn such English peasants as his. "Ask Marian Hackett, the fat alewife of Wincot," is another of the Warwickshire allusions; Wincot doubtless meaning Wilmecote—which Malone says was called Wyncote—where

INTRODUCTION.

lived Mary Arden, the mother of Shakespeare, in a house still standing, a venerable, weather-beaten, gabled structure, in the parish of Aston Cantlow, about four miles from Stratford.

The version of "The Taming of the Shrew," which for many years has been used on the stage, in one form or another, is the version, in three acts, that was made by Garrick, produced at Drury Lane, and published in 1756, under the name of "Katherine and Petruchio." That version omits several scenes, transposes other parts of the original, and converts the comedy into an efficient farce. An alteration of Garrick's piece, made and long used by Edwin Booth, who still frequently acts *Petruchio*, was published in 1878, with a Preface and Notes by the writer of this sketch. Booth's version is in two acts, and it has been adopted by several other actors, of late years. Neither the Garrick nor the Booth book of this play includes "The Induction" or the under-plot relative to the love of *Hortensio* and *Bianca*. It seems strange that such wealth of dramatic substance and opportunity should have been neglected. But so it is: and from the beginning of American stage history until the time of Mr. Daly's present revival of it, the comedy of "The Taming of the Shrew" has never been presented here as Shakespeare wrote it. That exquisite actress, Marie Seebach, when she visited America, in 1870, produced it here, in the German language, under the name of "Die Widerspenstige," in a four-act version, a little cut and changed; but this did not include the Induction.

On the English stage this comedy has been the parent of several popular plays. Aside from its rattling fun the subject itself seems to possess a particular interest for the average Briton—one of whose chief articles of faith is the subordination of woman to man. Long ago it became a settled principle of the common law of England that a man may beat his wife with a stick not thicker than his thumb, which, as the English thumb goes, would be a stick of considerable thickness. The "Ducking Stool"—a chair affixed to the end of a beam which rested on a pivot, and so arranged that the culprit, bound into it, could be repeatedly soured in a pond or river—was used in that country, to punish a scolding woman, as late as 1809. John Taylor, the water-poet, counted sixty whipping-posts within one mile of London, prior to 1630, and it was not till 1791 that the whipping of female vagrants was forbidden by statute. The "Brank," a peculiar and cruel kind of gag, formerly in common use, has been employed to punish a certain sort of women within the memory of persons still alive. Thackeray's well-known caustic ballad of "Damages Two Hundred Pounds" affords an instructive glimpse of the view that is taken now, by British law, of British masculine severity toward women. It is not meant that the gentlemen of England are tyrannical and cruel in their treatment of the women; far from it; but that the predominance of John Bull, in any question between himself and Mrs. Bull, is a cardinal doctrine of the English social constitution, and that plays illustrative of the application of discipline

INTRODUCTION.

to rebellious women have continually found favor with the English audience.

"Sawney the Scot," by John Lacy, acted at Drury Lane and published in 1698, is an alteration of "The Taming of the Shrew," and is not so good a play; yet it had success. Another play derived from this original is "The Cobler of Preston," by Charles Johnson, a two-act farce, acted at Drury Lane and published in 1716. A piece, by Christopher Bullock, having the same title, was acted at the same time at Lincoln's Inn Fields Theatre. Both these seem to have been well received. John Fletcher's "Rule a Wife and have a Wife" (1640) is perhaps the most notable type of the popular plays of this class. In this piece *Leon* pretends meekness and docility, in order to win *Margarita*, and presently becomes imperative for the control of her. Garrick used to personate *Leon*, in an alteration of the comedy attributed to his own hand. It is worthy of note that Fletcher, whose views of women are always somewhat stern and severe [he was the son of that Fletcher, Dean of Peterborough, who embittered the last moments of Mary Stuart Queen of Scots, by his importunate religious exhortations to her upon the scaffold at Fotheringay Castle], nevertheless wrote a sequel to "The Taming of the Shrew," in which *Petruchio* reappears, *Katherine* being dead, with a new wife, by whom he is henpecked and subdued. This is entitled "The Woman's Prize, or the Tamer Tamed," and it was printed in 1647. John Tobin's comedy of "The Honeymoon" (1805), based on ideas derived from Shakespeare, Fletcher, and Shirley, portrays a husband's conquest of his wife's affections by personal charm, irradiating manliness and firmness of character; and this piece is deservedly held in high esteem. *Petruchio's* method is to meet turbulence with still greater turbulence, remaining, however, entirely good-natured throughout the stormiest paroxysms of violence, till at last his boisterous, kindly, rough, sinewy vigor and clamorous tumult overwhelm *Katherine* and disgust her with the exaggerated image of her own faults.

The scene of the Induction is Warwickshire; that of the main action of the comedy at Padua, and at the country-house of *Petruchio*—who comes to Padua from Verona. The period indicated is the sixteenth century, about the year 1535. The time supposed to be occupied by the action is four days. The correct spelling of the hero's name is *Petrucio*; the *h* was probably introduced in order to suggest the correct pronunciation. The name of Shakespeare's shrew is *Katharina Minola*. The Induction presents the only opportunity that Shakespeare's works afford for showing English costume of his own time. The Italian dresses required for the piece are of styles such as were contemporaneous with the poet. An actor named Sincklo, who is mentioned in the quarto edition of "Henry IV.," Part Second, and also in "Henry VI.," Part Third, is supposed to have acted in "The Taming of the Shrew," as well as in those two histories—for the inconclusive reason that a reference to him occurs in the old play:

INTRODUCTION.

the line " I think 'twas Soto that your honor means " was originally given to Sincklo. It has long been customary, in acting this piece, to present *Curtis*, a serving-man in the original, as an old woman ; and to allot two or three words of speech to the servants who are named by *Grumio*, in his deprecatory speech to his master, in the arrival scene. It is neither necessary, desirable, nor usual to speak upon the stage every line of a Shakespearean play : but this book will serve to show that in Mr. Daly's present revival of " The Taming of the Shrew " a careful and thoughtful effort is made to do absolute justice to the original piece.

WILLIAM WINTER.

AN ADDITIONAL WORD.

BUT few of Shakspeare's comedies have attained an hundredth consecutive representation. Such pieces as have done so were rather helped to that end by an unusual spectacular display in massing throngs and scenic tableaux, than merely through the inherent life and strength of the play itself and the completeness of its acted parts. They were produced, in short, "for a run;" and, as in such instances as "The Tempest," "Much Ado About Nothing," and the *faerie* "Midsummer Night's Dream," the proper outlay has frequently produced the desired result. But it has seldom happened that a comedy pure and simple, produced as such, and decorated by only those accessories of scenery and costume which a conscientious manager would give to any worthy new or standard play, has reached so easily and so surely its hundredth successive representation as "The Taming of the Shrew" upon the present occasion.

I am inclined to attribute this remarkable success to the contemporaneous spirit of the play. It seems to have been written (as with a predictive pen) for our own time. In its varied and contrastive plots and characters, and its short, crisp dialogue, and in the absence of long philosophical monologues or soliloquies, it might have been constructed by a Shakspeare of this century who had studied the methods and requirements of the modern comedy stage. The audiences which have witnessed the representation seemed wrapt in interest throughout each performance; and no modern piece of the past quarter of a century has so thoroughly captured the fancy of the public as this restored version of "The Shrew." People have come again and again to enjoy it, and in many instances a dozen visits have been made by the same parties.

As far as I have been able to ascertain, "The Taming of the Shrew" had never until now been acted in this country in its entirety, or with its very quaint "Induction."

In the year 1754, when Garrick was adapting, refitting, and rearranging many of Shakspeare's works to suit the demands of his audiences or the needs of the stage of his own time, he reduced "The Taming of the Shrew" from its original form to the proportions of a three-act farce. He also renamed the comedy "Katherine and Petruchio." The date of the original production of this emasculated play was March 18, 1754,

AN ADDITIONAL WORD.

and in that shape the piece has been kept alive ever since by tragic stars who desired to show their versatility—or it has been played at the farce end of benefit entertainments, and when “double bills” were necessary to attract an otherwise reluctant public.

Under its original title I can find no mention of the production of this piece on our stage. Mr. Ireland, in his very comprehensive “Records of the New York Theatres,” notes several productions of “Catharine and Petruchio,” but not one of “The Taming of the Shrew;” and, that we may be certain that it was not the perfect play thus acted, we have the casts of its original production in New York City, April 14, 1768, in which neither *Christopher Sly* nor any of the other characters of the induction are given; and again at the John Street Theatre, October 4, 1785, when Hal-lam played *Petruchio* and a Mrs. Allen *Catharine*, but still no *Sly*, no *Lu-centio*, no *Lord*, no *Hostess* appear in the cast, which is otherwise given quite complete. The next date of the production of “Catharine and Petruchio” is November 29, 1832, when Fanny Kemble was the “Shrew” and Charles Kemble her tamer. This was at the Old Park Theatre; and since then, and as “Catharine and Petruchio,” Shakspeare’s play has been acted, hundreds of times probably, but never in its complete form, I believe, until this year of grace, 1887, when the company of Daly’s Theatre made effort to give life and body to Shakspeare’s long disused characters.

Some writers have expressed regret that Shakspeare permitted his characters in the “Induction” to slip out of sight entirely after the first act of the comedy which is acted before them. In the earlier piece *Sly* is introduced frequently throughout the play within the play, to utter his half-drunken, half-sleepy, but thoroughly intelligent comments. And finally, at the end of the whole work (in the earlier play), the *Lord* orders *Sly* to be carried in his sleep back to the ale-house door, where he is discovered by the *Tapster*, who wakens him, and the dialogue goes on between them to finish the play—as the following extract from the edition of 1594 will show :

Then enter TWO, bearing SLIE in his own apparel againe, and leaves him where they found him, and then goes out, then enters the TAPSTER.

Tapster. Now that the darksome night is overpast
And dawning day appears in crystall skie,
Now must I haste abroad; but soft! who’s this?
What, Slie? Oh! wondrous! hath he laine heere all night?
I’ll wake him; I think he’s starved by this,
But that his belly was stufft with ale:
What now, Slie? awake for shame.

Slie. [*Awaking.*] Sim, give’s more wine. What, all the players gone? Am I not a lord?

Tap. A lord, with a murrain? Come, art thou drunk still?

Slie. Who’s this? *Tapster?* Oh, I have had the bravest dream that ever thou heard’st in all thy life.

AN ADDITIONAL WORD.

Tap. Yea, marry, but thou hadst best get thee home, for your wife will curse you for dreaming heere all night.

She. Will she? I know how to *tame a shrew*; I dreamt upon it all this night, and thou hast wak'd me out of the best dream that ever I had: but I'll to my wife and tame her too, if she anger me.

In the theatres of Shakspeare's day, when a play was played within a play, the characters who were presented as witnessing the mimic piece were brought on in the gallery which was at the back of the stage, at some height above the actors' platform; thus, while carrying out the dramatist's idea, the mimic audience could not interrupt the view or the enjoyment of the real audience, as their presence was only obtruded when their comments upon the passing performance were to be uttered. In our day, when the two sets of characters have to mingle on the same level, it would be very confusing, and almost destructive of the pleasure of the real audience in the real play, to continue the actual presence of a set of unnecessary characters on the scene. Hence *Sly* and his companions are very properly dropped before they become tiresome.

In the Garrick condensation of Shakspeare's play nearly every actor and actress of note within the past century has appeared—from Woodward, who was the original of the GARRICK version, supported by Mrs. Pritchard as *Katharine*, and later by Kitty Clive; and Kemble and Elliston, mating with Mrs. Siddons and Mrs. C. Kemble—to more recent days when Macready and Irving, and Helen Faucet and Ellen Terry have played the two parts, and later upon our own stage, when Fanny Davenport and Clara Morris have been seen as "*Kate the Curst*;" the former once playing *Katherine* to the *Petruchio* of Edwin Booth. In the present production of this comedy Miss Rehan and Mr. Drew and the other members of the company of Daly's Theatre may be said to be the creators on the American stage of every part in the restored comedy. The performers in the induction are undoubtedly entitled to the credit of first representing their characters in this country.

I need not point out nor excuse the few excisions and transpositions of text which I have considered necessary, in order to bring Shakspeare's work within the playing requirements of our day. I believe they have been found justified in every instance, by the result.

AUGUSTIN DALY.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

IN THE INDUCTION.	Cast as acted, March, 1754, at Drury Lane.	Cast as acted first time in New York, April 14, 1768.	Cast as acted at Daly's Theatre, from January 18 to April 12, 1887.
A LORD.....			Mr. George Clarke.
CHRISTOPHER SLY, a tinker.....			Mr. William Gilbert.
A PAGE, representing a lady.....		The induction was not played on this occasion.	Master Will Collier.
A HUNTSMAN.....			Mr. Thomas Patten.
PLAYERS.....	These characters were eliminated from this version.		Mr. Bond.
TWO SERVANTS.....			Mr. Wood.
THE HOSTESS.....			{ Messrs. Ireton and Murphy.
IN THE PLAY PERFORMED.			Miss Sylvie.
BAPTISTA, a rich gentleman of Padua.....		Mr. Tomlinson.....	Mr. Charles Fisher.
VINCENTIO, an old gentleman of Pisa.....		Mr. John Moore.
A PEDANT, misrepresenting Vincentio.....		Mr. John Wood.
LUCENTIO, son to Vincentio, in love with Bianca.....		Mr. Otis Skinner.
PETRUCHIO, a gentleman of Verona, suitor to Katharine.....		Mr. Hallam.....	Mr. John Drew.
GREMIO, an old gentleman, } suitors to Bianca.....		Mr. Douglas.....	Mr. Charles LeClerq.
HORTENSIO, a young gentleman, }		Mr. Wall.....	Mr. Joseph Holland.
TRANIO, } servants to Lucentio.....		Mr. Morris.....	Mr. Frederick Bond.
BONDELLO, }		Mr. E. P. Wilks.
GRUMIO, Petruccio's serving-man.....		Mr. James Lewis.
NATHANIEL, } servants to Petruccio.....		Mr. Ireton.
PHILIP, }		Mr. Hamilton.
A TAILOR.....		Miss Cheer.....	Mr. George Parkes.
KATHARINE, daughter to Baptista.....	{ Mrs. Pritchard, also later by Kitty Clive. }	Miss Storer.....	Miss Ada Rehan.
BIANCA, daughter to Baptista.....		Mrs. Harman.....	Miss Virginia Dreher.
CURTIS, servant to Petruccio.....		Mrs. G. H. Gilbert.
A WIDOW, who marries Hortensio.....		Miss Jean Gordon.

CAST.

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

THE INDUCTION.

SCENE I.—*Before an ale-house on a heath. The HOSTESS pushes SLY forth from the door, R. C. Horns are heard in the distance.*

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.

Host. You will not pay for the glasses you have burst ?

Sly. No, not a denier :—go to thy cold bed and warm thee.

Host. I know my remedy, I must go fetch the third-borough. *[Exit into house.*

Sly. Third, or fourth, or fifth borough, I'll answer him by law. I'll not budge an inch.

[Lies down on the ground and falls asleep.

Horns are heard nearer. Enter a LORD from hunting, with his Train.

Lord. Huntsman, I charge thee, tender well my hounds :
Brach Merriman,—the poor cur is emboss'd ;
I would not lose the dog for twenty pound.
But sup them well, and look unto them all ;
To-morrow I intend to hunt again.

Hun. I will, my lord.

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Lord. What's here? one dead, or drunk? see, doth he breathe? [SLY snores loudly.]

Hun. He breathes, my lord: were he not warm'd with ale,

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;
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?

1 *Hun.* Believe me, lord, it would seem strange unto him when he wak'd.

Lord. Even as a flattering dream, or worthless fancy.
Then take him up, and manage well the jest:—
Carry him gently to my fairest chamber,
Balm his foul head in warm distilled waters,
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,
And, with a low submissive reverence,
Say,—What is it your honor will command?
Some one be ready with a costly suit,
And ask him what apparel he will wear;
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,
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.

1 *Hun.* My lord, I warrant you, we'll play our part,
As he shall think, by our true diligence,
He is no less than what we say he is.

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Lord. Take him up gently and to bed with him ;
And each one to his office, when he wakes.

[*Some bear out SLY. A trumpet sounds.*

Sirrah, go see what trumpet 'tis that sounds :

[*Exit the HUNTSMAN, L.*

Belike, some noble gentleman, that means,
Travelling some journey, to repose him here.

Re-enter the HUNTSMAN.

How now ? who is it ?

Hun. An 't please your honor, players,
That offer service to your lordship.

Lord. Bid them come near.

[*HUNTSMAN beckons off, and then crosses to R.*

Enter the PLAYERS.

Now, fellows, you are welcome.

1 Play. We thank your honor.

Lord. Do you intend to stay with me to-night ?

2 Play. So please your lordship to accept our duty.

Lord. With all my heart. This fellow I remember,

[*Crosses to the PLAYER.*

Since once he play'd a farmer's eldest son ;—
'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.

1 Play. I think, 'twas Soto that your honor means.

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.
There is a lord will hear you play to-night :
But I am doubtful of your modesties ;
Lest, over-eyeing of his odd behavior,
(For yet his honor never heard a play,)
You break into some merry passion,
And so offend him ; for I tell you, sirs,
If you should smile, he grows impatient.

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

I *Play*. Fear not, my lord ; we can contain ourselves,
Were he the veriest antic in the world. [*All bow in assent.*]

Lord. Go, sirrah, take them to the buttery,
And give them friendly welcome every one :
Let them want nothing that my house affords.—

[*Exeunt* HUNTSMAN and PLAYERS, R.
Sirrah, go you to Bartholomew, my page.

[*To another, L.*]

And see him dress'd in all suits like a lady :
That done, conduct him to the drunkard's chamber,
And tell him from me, as he will win my love,
He bear himself with honorable action,
Such as he hath observ'd in noble ladies
Unto their lords, by them accomplished :
Such duty to the drunkard let him do,
With soft low tongue, and lowly courtesy ;
Bid him shed tears, as being overjoy'd,
To see her noble lord restor'd to health,
And if the boy have not a woman's gift,
To rain a shower of commanded tears,
An onion will do well for such a shift ;
Which in a napkin being close conveyed,
Shall in despite enforce a watery eye.
See this despatch'd with all the haste thou canst ;
Anon I'll give thee more instructions.

[*Exit* HUNTSMAN, L.

I know the boy will well usurp the grace,
Voice, gait, and action of a gentlewoman :
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
May well abate the over-merry spleen,
Which otherwise would grow into extremes.

[*Exeunt, R.*]

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

SCENE 2.—*A bedchamber in the LORD'S house.*

SLY is discovered in a rich gown with ATTENDANTS; some with apparel, one with basin, ewer, and other appurtenances, all bowing lowly.

Sly. [*Awaking.*] For Love's sake, a pot of small ale.

1 Serv. Will 't please your lordship drink a cup of sack?

2 Serv. Will 't please your honor taste of these conserves?

Serv. What raiment will your honor wear to-day?

Sly. I am Christophero Sly; call not me *honor*, 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 over-leather.

Hun. Heaven cease this idle humor in your honor! [*Approaching bed.*]

O, that a mighty man of such descent,
Of such possessions, and so high esteem,
Should be infused with so foul a spirit!

Sly. What! would you make me mad? [*The LORD enters, disguised as a servant.*] Am not I Christopher Sly, old Sly's son, of Burton-heath; by birth a pedlar, by education a cardmaker, 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—

Hun. O, this it is that makes your lady mourn.

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,
Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment,
And banish hence these abject lowly dreams.

[*Servants approach bed.*]

Look how thy servants do attend on thee,

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Each in his office ready at thy beck.
Wilt thou have music ? hark ! Apollo plays,
And twenty caged nightingales do sing :

[*The music of lutes is heard outside and several voices sing* :

Say that he frown,
We will his care beguile :
Say he be mute—

We'll answer with our lute ! *etc.*]

Lord. 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
Above the morning lark : or wilt thou hunt ?
Thy hounds shall make the welkin answer them,
And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth,
Thou art a lord, and nothing but a lord : [*All bow to SLY.*]
Thou hast a lady far more beautiful
Than any woman in this waning age.

Hun. 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 ;
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 ;
I smell sweet savours, and I feel soft things :—
Upon my life, I am a lord, indeed ;
And not a tinker, nor Christopher Sly.—
Well, bring our lady hither to our sight ;
And, once again, a pot o' the smallest ale.

Hun. Will 't please your mightiness to wash your hands ?

[*SERVANTS present an ewer, basin, and napkin.*

Lord. 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 ;
Or, when you wak'd, so wak'd as if you slept.

Sly. [*Drinking from the flagon which one of the men bring*

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

to him, while others close the draperies at the back concealing the bed.] These fifteen years? by my fay, a goodly nap. But did I never speak of all that time?

Lord. O yes, my lord; but very idle words:—

Sly. Now, Lord be thanked for my good amends!

All. Amen.

Sly. I thank thee; thou shalt not lose by it.

Enter the PAGE, as a lady.

Page. How fares my noble lord?

Sly. Marry, I fare well: for here is cheer enough. [*To the LORD.*] Where is my wife?

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.

I am your wife in all obedience. [*Courtesies.*]

Sly. I know it well. What must I call her? [*To LORD.*

Lord. Madam.

Sly. Al'ce madam, or Joan madam?

Lord. Madam, and nothing else; so lords call ladies.

Sly. Madam wife, they say that I have dream'd,

And slept above some fifteen year or more.

Page. Ay, and the time seems thirty unto me. [*Falling on his neck.*]

Enter a SERVANT, who whispers to the LORD.

Lord. Your honor's players, hearing your amendment,
Are come to play a pleasant comedy,
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. Is it a commony,
a Christmas gambol, or a tumbling-trick?

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

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

Sly. What, household stuff?

Lord. It is a kind of history.

Sly. Well, we'll see't : [*Servants bring forward two chairs and place them at the extreme L.*]

Come, madam wife, sit by my side,

And let the world slip ; we shall ne'er be younger.

[*He leads the PAGE to a seat at the L. He sits beside her : and the LORD and others range at his side and behind him. A flourish of trumpets is heard and the curtains part, showing a public place or square.*]

ACT I.

SCENE.—PADUA: *A public place.*

Enter LUCENTIO *and* TRANIO *from the* L. U. E.

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

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.
Only, good master, while we do admire
This virtue, and this moral discipline,
Let's be no stoics, nor no stocks, I pray.
No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en ;—
In brief, sir, study what you most affect.

Luc. Gramercies, Tranio, well dost thou advise.
If Biondello were now but come ashore,
We could at once put us in readiness ;
But stay awhile ; what company is this ?

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

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Enter BAPTISTA, BIANCA, GREMIO, and HORTENSIO, *from the house*, L. LUCENTIO and TRANIO *stand aside, above at R.*

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

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

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

Gre. And me too, good Lord !

Tra. Hush, master ! here is some good pastime toward.

Luc. Peace, Tranio.

Bap. Gentlemen, that I may soon make good
What I have said, Bianca, get you in : [BIANCA *crosses*.
And let it not displeas thee, good Bianca ;
For I will love thee ne'er the less, my girl.

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

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

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

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

Bap. Gentlemen, content ye ; I am resolv'd :
Go in, Bianca. [Crosses to her. *Exit* BIANCA, *house*, L.
And, for I know she taketh most delight
In music, instruments, and poetry,
Schoolmasters will I keep within my house,
Fit to instruct her youth.—If you, Hortensio,
Or signior Gremio, you,—know any such,
Prefer them hither ; for to cunning men

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

I will be very kind, and liberal
To mine own children in good bringing-up ;
And so farewell.

[Exit, house, L.

Gre. [R.] Hortensio, 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.

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 labor and effect one thing specially.

[LUCENTIO gazes enraptured toward BIANCA'S window.

Gre. What's that, I pray ?

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

Gre. A husband ! a devil !

Hor. I say, a husband.

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

Hor. 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.

Gre. I had as lief take her dowry with this condition,—to be whipped at the high-cross every morning.

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 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.—He that runs fastest gets the ring : how say you, signior Gremio ?

Gre. [Taking his hand.] 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 rid the house of her. Come on.

[Exeunt GREMIO and HORTENSIO, severally.

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

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Luc. O Tranio, till I found it to be true,
I never thought it possible, or likely ;
O ! 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.

Tra. Master, it is no time to chide you now ;
Affection is not rated from the heart ;
If love have touch'd you, nought remains but so,—and yet
You look'd so longly on the maid,
Perhaps you mark'd not what's the pith of all.

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.

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.

Luc. Ah, Tranio, what a cruel father has she !
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.

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 :
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 ?

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,
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,

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Some Neapolitan, or meaner man of Pisa.
'Tis hatch'd, and shall be so :—Tranio, at once
Uncase thee ; take my color'd hat and cloak :
When Biondello comes, he waits on thee ;
But I will charm him first to keep his tongue.

[*They exchange habits.*]

Tra. Sir, sith it your pleasure is
And I am tied to be obedient,—
I am content to be Lucentio,
Because so well I love Lucentio.

Luc. Tranio, be so, because Lucentio loves :
And let me be a slave, t' achieve that maid
Whose sudden sight hath thrall'd my wounded eye.

Enter BIONDELLO, from L. U. E.

Here comes the rogue—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 ?

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,
And I for my escape have put on his ;
Wait you on him, I charge you, as becomes,
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.
Use your manners discreetly in all kind of companies :
When he's alone, why, then he's Tranio ;
But in all places else, your master Lucentio.
Tranio, let's go :—
One thing more rests, that thyself
Make one among these wooers : if thou ask me why,—
Sufficeth, my reasons are both good and weighty.

[*Exeunt, L. U. E.*]

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

PAGE. *My lord, you nod; you do not mind the play.*

SLY. *Yes, by Saint Anne, do I, 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!*

Enter PETRUCHIO, R., *from above.*

Pet. 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: [*Pointing* R.
Here, sirrah Grumio; [*Enter* GRUMIO.] knock, I say.

Gru. Knock, sir! whom should I knock? [*Looking around.*

Pet. Villain, I say, knock me here soundly.

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.

[*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, *from house,* R.

Hor. How now? what's the matter?—my old friend Grumio!
and my good friend Petruchio!—how do you all at Verona?

Pet. A senseless villain!—good Hortensio,
I bade the rascal knock upon your gate,
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?

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

Hor. [L.] Petruchio, patience; I am Grumio's pledge:
Your ancient, trusty, pleasant servant, Grumio!
And tell me now, sweet friend,—what happy gale
Blows you to Padua here, from old Verona?

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Pet. 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 deceas'd ;
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.
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, and as curst and shrew'd
As Socrates' Xantippe, or a worse,
She moves me not ; or not removes, at least,
Affection's edge in me.
I come to wive it wealthily in Padua ;
If wealthily, then happily in Padua.

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. 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 shrew'd, and froward, so beyond all measure,
That, were my state far worsè than it is,
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 woo her, though she chide as loud
As thunder, when the clouds in autumn crack.
I will not sleep, Hortensio, till I see her.

Gru. [L.] I pray you, sir, let him go while the humor lasts.

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

O' my word, an she knew him as well as I do, she would think scolding would do little good upon him.

Hor. Tarry, Petruchio, and I will 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, for none may 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.

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 :
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 knavery ! see ; to beguile the old folks, how
the young folks lay their heads together ! Master, master, look
about you. *[Pointing off L.*

Hor. Peace, Grumio ; it is the rival of my love :—Petruchio,
stand by a while. *[They retire.*

Enter GREMIO ; *with him* LUCENTIO *disguised, with books*
under his arm, L. U. E.

Gre. O, very well : I have perus'd the note.
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 :
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. *[Aside.]* O this woodcock ! what an ass it is !

Pet. *[Aside.]* Peace, sirrah.

Hor. *[Aside.]* Grumio, mum ! *[He advances.]* God save
you, signior Gremio !

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Gre. And you're well met, signior Hortensio ; trow you,
Whither I am going ?—to Baptista Minola.
I promis'd to inquire carefully
About a schoolmaster for his daughters fair,
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.

Hor. 'Tis well : and I have met a gentleman
Hath promis'd 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 belov'd of me.

Gre. Belov'd of me,—and that my deeds 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.
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.

Gre. So said, so done, is well :—

Have you told him all her faults ?

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

Gre. O sir, if you have a stomach, to't o' Heaven's name ;
But, will you woo this wild cat ?

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 ?
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,

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

As will a chestnut in a farmer's fire ?

Tush ! tush ! fear boys with bugs.

Gre. Hortensio, hark !

This gentleman is happily arriv'd.

Hor. I promis'd, we would be contributors,
And bear his charge of wooing, whatsoever.

Gre. And so we will, provided that he win her.

Gru. [*Aside.*] I would I were as sure of a good dinner.

Pet. 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.

[*SLY falls from his seat in a drunken sleep, as exeunt
actors into HORTENSIO'S house at R.*]

CURTAIN.

ACT II.

SCENE.—*A room in BAPTISTA'S house.*]

*Enter KATHARINE in a rage, sweeping round the stage, and
BIANCA following her from R.*

Bian. Good sister, wrong me not, nor wrong yourself,
To make a bondmaid and a slave of me ;
Or, what you will command me, will I do,
So well I know my duty to my elders.

Kath. [*Coming to her in a rage.*] 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.

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.

Bian. Is it for him you do envy me so ? [*Laughs.*
Nay, then, I see you do but jest. [*KATH. seizes her wrist.*
I prithee, sister Kate, untie my hands.

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

[*KATH. about to strike her.*

Enter BAPTISTA from R.

Bap. Why, how now, dame !
Bianca, stand aside ; poor girl ! she weeps :—
Go ply thy needle ; meddle not with her.
For shame, thou devilish spirit,
Why dost thou wrong her that did ne'er wrong thee ?
When did she cross thee with a bitter word ?

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

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

[*Flies at* BIANCA.

Bap. [*Seizes her.*] What, in my sight?—Bianca, get thee
in. [*Exit* BIANCA, R.

Kath. What, will you not suffer me? nay, now I see
She is your treasure, she must have a husband;
I must dance barefoot on her wedding-day.
Talk not to me. I will go sit and weep. [*Clinches her hands.*
Till I can find occasion of revenge. [*Exit* KATHARINE, R.

Bap. Was ever gentleman thus griev'd as I?
But who come here?

Enter, C., GREMIO with LUCENTIO *meanly habited; PETRU-*
CHIO, with HORTENSIO *as a musician; and* TRANIO, *with*
BIONDELLO bearing a lute and books, from C.

Gre. Good morrow, neighbor Baptista.

Bap. Good morrow, neighbor Gremio; Heaven save you,
gentlemen. [*All salute.*

Pet. And you, good sir; pray, have you not a daughter
Call'd Katharine, fair and virtuous?

Bap. I have a daughter, sir, call'd Katharine.

Gre. You are too blunt, go to it orderly.

Pet. 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.

Bap. Whence are you, sir? what may I call your name?

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

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

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.

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

Gre. I doubt it not, sir ; but you will curse your wooing.
Neighbor, I freely bring to you this young scholar, [*pre-
sented* LUCENTIO] that hath been long studying at Rheims ;
as cunning in languages, as the other in music and mathematics :
his name is Cambio ; pray accept his service.

Bap. A thousand thanks, signior Gremio : welcome, good
Cambio.—But, gentle sir, [*to* TRANIO] methinks, you walk like
a stranger : may I be so bold to know the cause of your
coming ?

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.
This liberty is all that I request,—
That, upon knowledge of my parentage,
I may have welcome 'mongst the rest that woo,
And, toward the education of your daughters,
I here bestow a simple instrument,
And this small packet of Greek and Latin books :
If you accept them, then their worth is great.

Bap. Lucentio is your name ? of whence, I pray ?

Tra. Of Pisa, sir ; son to Vincentio.

Bap. A mighty man of Pisa ; by report
I know him well : you are very welcome, sir.
Holla, within !

Enter a SERVANT, R.

Sirrah, lead
These gentlemen to my daughters ; and tell them both,
These are their tutors ; bid them use them well.

[*Exit* SERVANT, *with* HORTENSIO, LUCENTIO, and BI-
ONDELLO.

We will go walk a little in the orchard,

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

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.
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 :
Therefore, let specialties be drawn between us,
That covenants may be kept on either hand.

Bap. Ay, when the special thing is well obtain'd,
This 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 ;
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.

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

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

[*HORTENSIO cries aloud outside.*] “ Help ! Help ! ”

Kath. [*Outside.*] Out of the house, you scraping fool.

Pet. What noise is that !

Bap. O, nothing ; this is nothing—
My daughter, Katharine, and her music-master ;
This is the third I've had within this month :
She is an enemy to harmony.

*Enter HORTENSIO, with his forehead bloody, and a broken lute
in his hand.*

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 ?

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

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Bap. Why, then thou canst not break her to the lute ?

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,
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 amazèd 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 she had studied to misuse me so.

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 a grapple with her !

Hor. I would not have another grapple with her,
To purchase Padua : for what is past,
I'm paid sufficiently : if, at your leisure,
You think my broken fortunes, head and lute,
Deserve some reparation, you know where
To inquire for me ; and so, good gentlemen,
I am your much
Disorder'd, broken-pated, humble servant. [*Exit, C.*

Bap. Signior Petruchio, will you go with us :
Or shall I send my daughter Kate to you.

Pet. I pray you do ; I will attend her here,—

[*Exeunt* BAPTISTA, GREMIO, TRANIO.]

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 comment her volubility,
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 ;

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

If she deny to wed, I'll crave the day
When I shall ask the banns, and when be married.

Kath. [*Outside.*] Sir,—father,—surely——

Bap. [*Outside.*] Hence, Kate!—ne'er tell me.

Pet. O, here she comes,—and now, Petruccio, speak.

Enter KATHARINE, R., crossing to L.

Pet. Kate in a calm?—Maids must not be wooers,
Good morrow, Kate!—for that's your name, I hear.

Kath. Well have you heard, but something hard of hearing;
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,
For dainties are all cates; and therefore, Kate,
Take this of me, Kate of my consolation;—
Hearing thy mildness prais'd in every town,
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
Remove you hence: I knew you at the first,
You were a movable.

Pet. Why, what's a movable?

Kath. A joint-stool.

Pet. Thou hast hit it: come, sit on me.

Kath. Asses are made to bear, and so are you.

Pet. Alas, good Kate! I will not burthen thee:
For, knowing thee to be but young and light,—

Kath. Too light for such a swain as you to catch.

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.

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

Pet. The fool knows where the honey lies, sweet Kate.

Kath. 'Tis not for drones to taste.

Pet. That will I try. [*Offers to kiss her; she strikes him.*]

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

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

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

Kath. I chafe you, if I tarry ; let me go. [*Crosses to go.*]

Pet. Nay, Kate ; in sooth, you 'scape not so. [*Holds her.*]

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 ; [*She breaks from him.*]

For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous,

But slow in speech, yet sweet as spring-time flowers.

Thou canst not frown, thou canst not look askance,

Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will ;

Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross in talk ;

[*She walks up and down.*]

But thou with mildness entertain'st thy wooers,

With gentle conference, soft and affable.

Kath. This is beyond all patience ;—don't provoke me.

Pet. 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. [*She stops.*] Walk, walk, walk.

Kath. Go, fool, and whom thou keep'st command.

[*Crosses, R.*]

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 ?

Pet. It is *extempore*, from my mother-wit.

Kath. A witty mother ! witless else her son.

Pet. Am I not wise ?

Kath. Yes ; in your own conceit,

Keep yourself warm with that, or else you'll freeze.

Pet. Marry, warm me in thy arms, sweet Kate.

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.

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Kath. Whether I will or no ?

Pet. Nay, 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 that's born to tame you, Kate.

Kath. Indeed ! we'll see, my saucy groom.

Pet. Here comes your father ; never make denial,
I must and will have Katharine to my wife.

Re-enter BAPTISTA, GREMIO, and TRANIO.

Bap. Now, signior Petruchio, how speed you with my
daughter ?

Pet. How but well, sir ? how but well ?
It were impossible I should speed amiss.

Bap. Why, how now, daughter Katharine ? in your dumps ?

Kath. 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-cap ruffian, and a swearing Jack,
That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.

Pet. 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 :

[KATHARINE throws herself in seat.

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 to conclude,—we have 'greed so well together,
That we have fixed on Sunday for the wedding-day.

Kath. I'll see thee hanged on Sunday first.

Gre. Hark, Petruchio ! she says she'll see thee hanged
first.

Pet. If she and I be pleas'd, what's that to you ?
'Tis bargain'd 'twixt us twain, being alone,
That she shall still be curst in company.

Kath. [Seated.] A plague upon such impudence ! O, for
revenge ! I'll marry him—but I will tame him !

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Pet. I tell you, 'tis incredible to believe
How much she loves me : O, the kindest Kate !
She hung about my neck ; [KATHERINE *very much enraged.*]
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.
Give me thy hand, Kate : I will unto Venice,
To buy apparel 'gainst the wedding-day :
Provide the feast, father, and bid the guests.

Bap. What dost thou say, my Katharine ? Give thy hand.

[KATHARINE *folds her arms and rises.*]

Kath. Never to man shall Katharine give her hand ;
Here 'tis—and let him take it, an he dare.

Pet. Were it the fore-foot of an angry bear,
I'd shake it off ; but, as it's Kate's I kiss it.

Kath. [Giving his ear a sound box.] You'll kiss it
closer, ere our moon be wan'd. [Exit.]

Bap. I know not what to say : but
Heaven send you joy, Petruchio ! 'tis a match.

Gre. Tra. Amen, say we ; we will be witnesses.

Pet. Father, adieu ! I must away, [Crosses to L.
Unto my country-house, and stir my grooms,
Scour off their country rust, and make 'em fine,
For the reception of my Katharine.
We will have rings, and things, and fine array,
To-morrow, Kate, shall be our wedding-day. [Exit, c.

Gre. Was ever match clapp'd up so suddenly ?

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

Gre. But now, Baptista, to your younger daughter ;
Now is the day we long have looked for ;
I am your neighbor, and was suitor first.

Tra. And I am one that loves Bianca more
Than words can witness, or your thoughts can guess.

Gre. Youngling ! thou canst not love so dear as I.

Tra. Graybeard ! thy love doth freeze.

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Gre. But thine doth fry.
Skipper, stand back ; 'tis age that nourisheth.

Tra. But youth, in ladies' eyes that flourisheth.

Bap. [C.] 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 Bianca's love.

Say, signior Gremio, what can you assure her ?

Gre. First, as you know, my house within the city
Is richly furnished with plate and gold ;
In ivory coffers I have stuff'd my crowns ;
In cypress chests my arras counterpoints,
Costly apparel, tents, and canopies,
Valance of Venice gold in needlework,
Pewter and brass, and all things that belong
To house, or housekeeping : then, at my farm,
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.

Tra. 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.
What ! have I pinch'd you, signior Gremio ?

Gre. She shall have, besides, an argosy
That now is lying in Marseilles' road.
What ! have I chok'd you with an argosy ?

Tra. My father hath no less
Than three great argosies ; besides two galliasses,
And twelve tight galleys : these I will assure her,
And twice as much, whate'er thou offer'st next.

Gre. Nay, I have offer'd all ; I have no more

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

And she can have no more than all I have.
If you like me, she shall have me and mine.

Tra. Why, then the maid is mine from all the world,
By your firm promise ; Gremio is outvied.

Bap. I must confess your offer is the best ;
But should you die before your father, where's her dower ?

Tra. That's but a cavil ; he is old, I young.

Gre. And may not young men die, as well as old ?

Bap. Well, gentlemen, I am thus resolv'd :—
On Sunday next you know
My daughter Katharine is to be married :
Now, on the Sunday following, shall Bianca
Be bride to you, if your father assure for you ;
If not, to signior Gremio :
And so I take my leave, and thank you both. [Exit, R.

Gre. Adieu, good neighbor.
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, C.

Tra. A vengeance on your crafty wither'd hide !
Lucentio now must get a father call'd—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, C.

Enter KATHARINE, R. *Crosses to L., followed by* BAPTISTA.

Kath. How ? Turn'd adrift, nor know my father's house !
Reduc'd to this, or none ? the maid's last prayer ?
Sent to be woo'd, like bear unto the stake ?
Trim wooing like to be !—and he the bear ;
For I shall bait him.

Bap. Well, daughter, though the man be somewhat wild,
And thereto frantic, yet his means are great :
Thou hast done well to seize the first kind offer ;
For, by thy mother's soul, 'twill be the last. [Exit, L.

Kath. Is't so ? Then watch me well and see.

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

The scorned Katharine make her husband stoop unto her
lure,

And hold her head as high, and be as proud, as e'er a wife in
Padua.

Or double as my portion be my scorn !

Look to your seat, Petruchio, or I throw you :

Katharine shall tame this haggard ; or, if she fails,

Shall tie her tongue up, and pare down her nails.

CURTAIN.



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Mr. Drew as Petruccio:
"I will be master of what is mine own"
"Taming of the Shrew" act III.

ACT III.

SCENE.—*The same salon in BAPTISTA'S house.*

BIANCA *discovered seated*, LUCENTIO *beside her with an open book*; and HORTENSIO *with a lute, which he plays jarringly to interrupt LUCENTIO.*

Bian. Where left we last ?

Luc. Here, madam.

Hac ibat Simois ; hic est Sigeia tellus ;

Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis. [*HORTENSIO plays louder.*]

Fiddler, forbear !

Hor. Wrangling pedant, give me leave ! And when in music we have spent an hour, your lecture shall have leisure for as much.

Luc. Preposterous ass, give me leave, and when I pause, thou shalt serve in thy harmony.

Hor. Sirrah—

Bian. Gentlemen ! gentlemen !

You do me double wrong,

To strive for that which resteth in my choice :

I'll learn my lessons as I please myself.

Tune you your instrument,

His lecture will be done ere you have tun'd. [*As HORTENSIO retires, she turns to LUCENTIO.*] Construe thou thy Latin.

I listen.

Luc. *Hac 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*,

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

bearing my port,—*celsa senis*, that we might beguile the old pantaloon.

Bian. Now let me see if I can construe it : *Hac 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.

Hor. Madam, 'tis now in tune.

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

Hor. [To LUC.] You may go walk. [To BIAN.]
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 [*Gives paper*],
And there it is in writing, fairly drawn.

Bian. Why, I am past my gamut long ago.

Hor. Yet read the gamut of Hortensio.

Luc. [*Aside.*] Our fine musician groweth amorous.

Bian. [*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 cliff, 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 odd inventions.

Farewell, sweet masters both : I must be gone ! [Exit, R.]

Luc. 'Faith, mistress, then I have no cause to stay.

[Exit, C.]

Hor. But I have cause to pry into this pedant ;
Methinks, he looks as though he were in love :
Yet if thy thoughts, Bianca, be so humble,
Seize thee that list : if once I find thee ranging,
Hortensio will be quit with thee by changing.

[Exit, C.]

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Re-enter, from R., BAPTISTA and TRANIO (dressed as LUCENTIO).

Bap. Signior Lucentio [*to TRANIO*], this is the 'pointed day,
That Katharine 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 ?

Tra. Patience, good Baptista ;
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.

Enter BIONDELLO, C.

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

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

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

Bap. Is he come ?

Bion. Why, no, sir.

Bap. What then ?

Bion. He is coming.

Bap. When will he be here ?

Bion. When he stands where I am, and sees you there.

Tra. But, say, what :—to thine old news.

Bion. 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 : and with a half-checked bit, and a head-stall of sheep's leather, which, being restrained to keep him from stumbling, hath been often burst, and now repaired with knots ; one girth six times pieced, and a woman's crupper of velure, which hath

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

two letters for her name, fairly set down in studs, and here and there pieced with packthread.

Bap. Who comes with him ?

Bion. O, sir, his lackey, for all the world caparisoned like the horse ; with a linen stock on one leg, and a kersey boot-hose on the other, gartered with a red and blue list ; an old hat, and *The humor of forty fancies* pricked in't for a feather ; a monster, a very monster in apparel ; and not like a Christian foot-boy, or a gentleman's lackey.

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

Bap. I am glad he is come, howsoe'er he comes.

Enter PETRUCHIO and GRUMIO, *having been first heard very noisy outside.* LUCENTIO *follows at a distance, laughing, and stands aloof.*

Pet. Come, where be these gallants ? who's at home ?

Bap. You are welcome, sir.

Pet. But where is Kate ? where is my lovely bride ?
How does my father ?—Gentles, methinks you frown :
And wherefore gaze this goodly company ;
As if they saw some wondrous monument,
Some comet, or unusual prodigy ?

Bap. 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 eyesore to our solemn festival.

Tra. And tell us, what occasion of import
Hath all so long detain'd you from your wife,
And sent you hither so unlike yourself ?

Pet. 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.

Tra. See not your bride in these unreverent robes ;
Go to my chamber, and put on clothes of mine.

Pet. Not I, believe me ; thus I'll visit her.

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

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

Pet. Good sooth, even thus ; therefore ha' done with words ;
To me she's married, not unto my clothes :
Could I repair what she will wear in me,
As I can change these poor accoutrements,
'Twere well for Kate, and better for myself.
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 loving kiss !
What, ho ! my Kate—my Kate ! what, ho !

[*Exit, followed by* BIONDELLO, C.

Gru. What, ho ! why, Kate ! what, ho !

[*Exit after them,* C.

Bap. Let's after him, and see the event of this.

[*Exit, following,* C.

Tra. Now, sir,

As I before imparted 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.

Luc. Were it not that my fellow-schoolmaster
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.

Enter GREMIO, C.

Signior Gremio ! came you from the church ?

Gre. As willingly as e'er I came from school.

Tra. And is the bride and bridegroom coming home ?

Gre. A bridegroom, say you ? 'tis a groom, indeed,
A grumbling groom, and that the girl shall find.
Why he's a devil, a devil, a very fiend.

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

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Gre. Tut ! she's a lamb, a dove, a fool to him.
I'll tell you, sir Lucentio ; when the priest
Should ask—if Katharine should be his wife,
Ay, by gogs-wouns, quoth he ; and swore so loud
That, all amaz'd, the priest let fall the book :
And, as he stoop'd again to take it up,
This 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*.

Tra. What said the wench, when he rose up again ?

Gre. 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 abroad, carousing to his mates
After a storm :—quaff'd off the muscadel,
And threw the sops all in the sexton's face ;
Having no other reason,—
But that his beard grew thin and hungerly,
And seem'd to ask him sops as he was drinking.
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. [*Music.*
Hark, hark ! I hear the minstrels play.

Enter wedding-guests, dancing ; then BIANCA, BAPTISTA, HORTENSIO ; then PETRUCHIO with KATHARINE, followed by GRUMIO, etc. All from C.

Pet. Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for your pains :
I know, you think to dine with me to-day,
And have prepar'd great store of wedding-cheer ;
But so it is, my haste doth call me hence,
And therefore here I mean to take my leave.

Bap. Is't possible you will away to-night ?

Pet. I must away to-day, before night come :

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

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.

Tra. Let us entreat you stay till after dinner.

Pet. It may not be.

Gre. Let me entreat you.

Pet. It cannot be.

Kath. Let me entreat you.

Pet. I am content.

Kath. Are you content to stay ?

Pet. I am content you shall entreat me stay ;

But yet not stay, entreat me how you can.

Kath. Now, if you love me, stay.

Pet. Grumio, my horse.

Gru. Ay, sir, they be ready ; the oats have eaten the horses.

Kath. 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 :
'Tis like, you'll prove a jolly surly groom,
That take it on you at the first so roundly.

Pet. O Kate, content thee ; pritheee be not angry.

Kath. I will be angry : what hast thou to do ?

Father, be quiet ; he shall stay my leisure.

Gre. Ay, marry, sir ; now it begins to work.

Kath. Gentlemen, forward to the bridal dinner :

I see, a woman may be made a fool,

If she had not a spirit to resist.

Pet. They shall go forward, Kate, to thy command :

Obeys the bride, you that attend on her :

Go to the feast, revel and domineer,

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

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 anything ;
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, [*Cracking his whip, and GRUMIO
does the same.*] 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.

[*Exit PETRUCHIO carrying KATHARINE in his arms, followed by GRUMIO ; the rest grouped, amazed, on either side.*]

CURTAIN.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Before BAPTISTA'S house.*

Enter TRANIO and HORTENSIO from the gateway.

Tra. Of all mad matches never was the like,
For Katharine, being mad herself, is madly mated.

Hor. I warrant him—Petruccio's Kated.

And now shall fair Bianca practise how to bride it.

Tra. Is't possible, friend Licio, that mistress Bianca
Doth fancy any other but Lucentio ?

I tell you, sir, she bears me fair in hand.

Hor. Sir, to satisfy you in what I have said,
Stand by, and mark the manner of his teaching. [*They go
aside at the L.*]

Enter BIANCA and LUCENTIO from gateway.

Luc. Now, mistress, profit you in what you read ?

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

Luc. I read that I profess, the art to love.

Bian. And may you prove, sir, master of your art !

Luc. While you, sweet dear, prove mistress of my heart.

[*Exeunt off, R.*]

HORTENSIO and TRANIO come forward.

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

Hor. 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,

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

And makes a god of such a cullion :
Know, sir, that I am call'd Hortensio.

Tra. 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 forever.

Hor. [*Looking off.*] See, how they kiss and court ! signior
Lucentio,

Here is my hand, and here I firmly vow
Never to woo her more ; but do forswear her,
As one unworthy all the former favors
That I have fondly flatter'd her withal.

Tra. And here I take the like unfeigned oath,
Never to marry with her, though she would entreat.

Hor. 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 lov'd me,
As I have lov'd 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* HORTENSIO, C.

Re-enter LUCENTIO and BIANCA *from R.*

Tra. Mistress Bianca, bless you,
I have forsworn you with Hortensio.

Bian. Tranio, you jest : but have you both forsworn me ?

Tra. Mistress, we have.

Luc. Then we are rid of Licio.

Tra. I' faith, he'll have a lusty widow now,
That shall be woo'd and wedded in a day.
Ay, and he'll tame her.

Bian. He says so, Tranio.

Tra. 'Faith, he's gone unto the taming-school.

Bian. The taming-school ! what, is there such a place ?

Tra. Ay, mistress, and Petruchio is the master ;

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

That teacheth tricks eleven and twenty long,
To tame a shrew, and charm her chattering tongue.

Enter BIONDELLO running, from L.

Bion. O master, master, I have watch'd so long
That I'm dog-weary ; but at last I spied
Your ancient angel coming down the hill,
Who'll serve the turn.

Tra. What is he, Biondello ?

Bion. Master, a mercatante, or a pedant,
I know not what ; but formal in apparel,
In gait and countenance surely like a father.

Luc. And what of him, Tranio ?

Tra. One I found most credulous to my tale ;
I've made 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 through the gateway.]

Enter a PEDANT from L.

Ped. God save you, sir !

Tra. And you, sir ! you are welcome.

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

Ped. Ay, what else ? and, but I be deceiv'd,
Signior Baptista may remember me ;
Near twenty years ago, in Genoa,
We were fellow-lodgers at the Pegasus.

Tra. Nay ! hold your own, in any case,
With such austerity as 'longeth to a father. Sirrah, Biondello,
Now do your duty thoroughly, I advise you ;
Imagine 'twere the right Vincentio. *[Knocks at the gate.]*

Bion. Tut ! fear not me.

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

Enter BAPTISTA and LUCENTIO—from the gate.

Signior Baptista, you are happily met :—*[Crosses to him.]*
Sir, *[To the PEDANT.]* this is the gentleman I told you of :

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

I pray you, stand good father to me now,
Give me Bianca for my patrimony.

Ped. Soft, son! [*To BAPTISTA.*]

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,—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. 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?

Bap. Not in my house, Lucentio; for, you know,
Pitchers have ears, and I have many servants:
Besides, old Gremio is heark'ning still;
And, happily, we might be interrupted.

Tra. Then at my lodging, an it like you, sir;
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,

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

My boy shall fetch the scrivener presently.
The worst is this, that, at so slender warning,
You are like to have a thin and slender pittance.

Bap. It likes me well : Cambio, hie you in,
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.

[LUCENTIO exits.]

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, off R.]

Bion. Cambio.

Luc. [Reappearing.] What say'st thou, Biondello ?

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

Luc. Biondello, what of that ?

Bion. 'Faith, nothing ; but 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. Whiles they are busied about a counterfeit assurance, take you assurance of her ; take her to the church ;—take the priest, clerk, and some sufficient honest witness :

If this be not that you look for, I have no more to say,

But bid Bianca farewell for ever and a day. [Going, L.]

Luc. Biondello ?

Bion. I cannot tarry : I knew a wench married in an after-

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

noon as she went to the garden for parsley to stuff a rabbit ; and so may you, sir ; 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* BIONDELLO, L., LUCENTIO *into house*.

SCENE 2.—PETRUCHIO'S *house in the country*.

Enter GRUMIO, *calling* CURTIS, L. C.

Gru. What, ho! Curtis! Curtis! what, ho! 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: now, were not I a little pot, and soon hot, my very lips might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the roof of my mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I should come by a fire to thaw me; but I, with blowing the fire, shall warm myself: for, considering the weather, a taller man than I will take cold. Holloa, ho! Curtis!

Enter CURTIS, R.

Curt. Who is that calls so coldly?

Gru. 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.

Curt. Is my master and his wife coming, Grumio?

Gru. O, ay, Curtis, ay: and therefore fire, fire; cast on no water.

Curt. Is she so hot a shrew as she's reported?

Gru. She was, good Curtis, before this frost: but thou know'st, winter tames man, woman, and beast; for it hath tamed my old master and my new mistress, and myself, fellow Curtis.

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

Gru. 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.

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

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

Gru. Why, *Jack, boy ! ho, boy !* and as much news as thou wilt. Where's the cook ? is supper ready, the house trimmed, rushes strewed, cobwebs swept ; the serving-men in their new fustian, the white stockings, and every officer his wedding-garment on ? Be the jacks fair within, the jills fair without, the carpets laid, and everything in order ?

Curt. All ready : and, therefore, I pray thee, news ?

Gru. First, know, my horse is tired ; my master and mistress fallen out.

Curt. How ?

Gru. Out of their saddles into the dirt : and thereby hangs a tale.

Curt. Let's ha't, good Grumio.

Gru. Lend thine ear.

Curt. Here.

Gru. There.

[*Striking her.*]

Curt. This 'tis to feel a tale, not to hear a tale.

Gru. 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.—

Curt. Both of one horse ?

Gru. What's that to thee ? Tell thou the tale :—but hadst thou not crossed me, thou shouldst have heard how her horse fell, and she under her horse ; thou shouldst have heard, in how miry a place : how she was bemoiled ; how he left her with the horse upon her ; how he beat me because her horse stumbled ; how she waded through the dirt to pluck him off me ; how he swore ; how she prayed, that never prayed before ; how I cried ; how the horses ran away ; how her bridle was burst ; how I lost my crupper ; with many things of worthy memory, which now shall die in oblivion, and thou return unexperienced to thy grave.

Curt. By this reckoning, he is more shrew than she.

Gru. Ay ; and that thou and the proudest of you all shall find when he comes home. But what talk I of this ?—call forth

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

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

Curt. They are.

Gru. Call them forth.

Curt. Do you hear, ho! Nathaniel, Joseph, Nicholas—ho! where are you!

Enter four or five SERVING-MEN, L. C.

Nath. Welcome home, Grumio.

Phil. How now, Grumio?

Jos. What, Grumio!

Nich. Fellow Grumio!

Nath. How now, old lad?

Gru. 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?

Nath. All things is ready: how near is our master?

Gru. E'en at hand, alighted by this: [PETRUCHIO *calls without.*] silence!—I hear my master.

Enter PETRUCHIO and KATHARINE, L. C.

Pet. Where be these knaves? what, no man at door, To hold my stirrup, nor to take my horse? Where is Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip? [CURTIS *helps* KATHARINE *off with her cloak and exits, off L.*]

All serv. Here, here, sir; here, sir.

Pet. *Here, sir! here, sir! here, sir! here, sir!*
You loggerheaded and unpolish'd grooms!
What? no attendance? no regard? no duty?
Where is the foolish knave I sent before?

Gru. Here, sir; as foolish as I was before.

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

Gru. Nathaniel's coat, sir, was not fully made,
And Gabriel's pumps were all unpink'd i' the heel;
There was no link to color Peter's hat,
And Walter's dagger was not come from sheathing:

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

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.

Pet. Go, rascals, go, and fetch my supper in.—

[*Exeunt some of the SERVANTS.*

Where is the life that late I led— [Sings.

Where are those—sit down, Kate, and welcome.

Re-enter SERVANTS, with supper.

Why, when, I say ?—nay, good sweet Kate, be merry.
Off with my boots, you rogues, you villains ; when ?

It was the friar of orders gray, [Sings.
As he forth walked on his way :

Out, you rogue ! you pluck my foot awry :
Take that, and mend the plucking of the other.—

[*Strikes him.*

Be merry, Kate :—some water here ; what, ho !
Where are my slippers ?—shall I have some water ?

[*A basin is presented to him.*

Come, Kate, and wash, and welcome heartily :—

[*SERVANT lets the ewer fall.*

You villain ! will you let it fall ? [Sings him.

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

Pet. A-beetle-headed, flap-ear'd knave !

Come, Kate, sit down ; I know you have a stomach.

[*They sit at table.*

Will you give thanks, sweet Kate, or else shall I ?

What's this ?

Nath. Mutton.

Pet. Who brought it ?

Nath. He. [Points to another.

Pet. 'Tis burnt ; and so is all the meat :

What dogs are these !—where is the rascal cook ?

[*CURTIS is pushed forward.*

Gru. Cook ! cook !

Pet. How durst you, villain, bring it from the dresser,
And serve it thus to me that love it not ?

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all :

[*Throws the meat, etc., about the stage.*]

You heedless joltheads, and unmanner'd slaves !

What, do you grumble ? [*Beats them about and out R.*] I'll
be with you straight.

Kath. I pray you, husband, be not so disquiet ;
The meat was well, if you were so contented.

Pet. 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 it shall be mended,
And, for this night, we'll fast for company.

Kath. Fast ?—Go to bed without my supper thus ?

Pet. 'Tis the unwholesom'st thing i' the world, sweet
Kate.—

Come, I will show thee to thy bridal chamber.

[*They exeunt, L.*]

[GRUMIO and the SERVANTS steal in again.]

Nath. [*Advancing.*] Peter, didst ever see the like ?

Gru. He kills her in her own humor.

Re-enter CURTIS, from L.

Gru. Where is he ?

Curt. In her chamber,

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, L.

Pet. Thus have I politicly begun my reign,
And 'tis my hope to end successfully ;
My falcon now is sharp, and passing empty,
And, till she stoop, she must not be full-gorg'd,
She eat no meat to-day, nor none shall eat ;

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Last night she slept not, nor to-night she shall not ;
And, if she chance to nod, I'll rail and brawl,
And with the clamor keep her still awake.
This is a way to kill a wife with kindness ;
And thus I'll curb her mad and headstrong humor ;
He that knows better how to tame a shrew,
Now let him speak ; 'tis charity to shew. [Exit, C.

Enter KATHARINE, L.

Kath. Oh ! oh ! oh ! 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 alms ;
If not, elsewhere they meet with charity :
But I, who never knew how to entreat,
Nor never needed that I should entreat,
Am starv'd for meat, giddy for lack of sleep ;
With oaths kept waking, and with brawling fed :
And that which spites me more than all these wants,
He does it under name of perfect love ;
As who should say, if I should sleep, or eat,
'Twere deadly sickness, or else present death.

Enter GRUMIO, R.

Kath. I prithee go, and get me some repast ;
I care not what, so it be wholesome food.
Gru. No, no—I dare not for my life.
Yet stay—what say you to a neat's foot ?
Kath. 'Tis passing good ; I prithee let me have it.
Gru. I fear, it is too choleric a meat :
How say you to a fat tripe, finely broiled ?
Kath. I like it well ; good Grumio, fetch it me.
Gru. I cannot tell ; I fear, 'tis choleric.
What say you to a piece of beef, and mustard ?
Kath. A dish that I do love to feed upon.
Gru. Ay, but the mustard is too hot a little.
Kath. Why, then the beef, and let the mustard rest.

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Gru. Nay, then I will not ; you shall have the mustard,
Or else you get no beef of Grumio.

Kath. Then both, or one, or anything thou wilt.

Gru. Why, then the mustard without the beef.

Kath. 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 *at* C.

Pet. How fares my Kate ? what, sweeting, all amorst ?

Hor. Mistress, what cheer ?

Kath. 'Faith, as cold as can be.

Pet. Pluck up thy spirits, look cheerfully upon me.

My honey love, we'll now return unto thy father's house ;
And revel it as bravely as the best,
With silken coats, and caps, and golden rings,
With ruffs, and cuffs, and farthingales, and things ;
With scarfs, and fans, and double change of bravery,
With amber bracelets, beads, and all this knavery.
The tailor stays thy leisure,
To deck thy body with his ruffling treasure.

Enter TAILOR, C.

Come, tailor, let us see these ornaments.

Tai. Here is the cap your worship did bespeak.

Pet. The what ?

Tai. The c-cap !

Pet. Why, this was moulded on a porringer ;

A velvet dish ;—fie, fie !

Why, 'tis a cockle, or a walnut-shell,

A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap ;

Away with it, come, let me have a bigger.

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

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Pet. When you are gentle, you shall have one too,
And not till then. [Throws the cap aside.]

Kath. [Rises.] Why, sir, I trust, I may have leave to speak;
And speak I will. I am no child, no babe;
Your betters have endur'd 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.

Pet. Why, thou say'st true; it is a paltry cap,
I love thee well, in that thou lik'st it not.

Kath. Love me or love me not, I like the cap;
And it I will have, or I will have none.

Pet. Thy gown? why, ay:—come, tailor, let us see't.
O mercy, God! what masking stuff is here!
What's this?

Tai. A sleeve.

Pet. A sleeve? 'tis like a demi-cannon:
What up and down, carv'd like an apple-tart?
Here's snip, and nip, and cut, and slish, and slash,
Like to a censer in a barber's shop:
Why, what, o' devil's name, tailor, call'st thou this!

Hor. I see, she's like to have neither cap nor gown.

[Aside.]

Tai. You bid me make it orderly and well,
According to the fashion and the time.

Pet. Marry, and did; but if you be remember'd,
I did not bid you mar it to the time.
Go, hop me over every kennel home,
For you shall hop without my custom, sir:
I'll none of it; hence, make your best of it.

Kath. I never saw a better-fashion'd gown,
More quaint, more pleasing, nor more commendable:
Belike, you mean to make a puppet of me.

Pet. Why, true; he means to make a puppet of thee.

Tai. She says, your worship means to make a puppet of
her.

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Pet. O monstrous arrogance ; thou liest, thou thread, thou thimble,

Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter, nail,
Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter cricket thou :
Brav'd 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 liv'st !
I tell thee, I, that thou hast marr'd her gown.

Tai. Your worship is deceiv'd ; the gown is made
Just as my master had direction :
Grumio gave order how it should be done.

Gru. I gave him no order : I gave him the stuff.

Tai. But how did you desire it should be made ?

Gru. Marry, sir, with needle and thread.

Tai. But did you not request to have it cut ?

Gru. Thou hast faced many things.

Tai. I have.

Gru. Face not me : thou hast braved many men ; brave not me. 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.

Tai. Why, here is the note of the fashion to testify.

Pet. Read it.

Tai. *Imprimis, a loose-bodied gown :*

Gru. 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.

Pet. Proceed.

Tai. *With a small compassed cape ;*

Gru. I confess the cape.

Tai. *With a trunk sleeve ;*

Gru. I confess two sleeves.

Tai. *The sleeves curiously cut.*

Pet. Ay, there's the villainy.

Gru. 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.

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

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

Gru. I am for thee straight ; come on, thou parchment thread !
[Fights with TAILOR.]

Pet. What, cocks spar in presence of the kite. Out with ye ! [Whips them off, c., then to HORTENSIO.] Hortensio, say thou wilt see the tailor paid :— [Aside.]

Pet. 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 honor peereth in the meanest habit. What, is the jay more precious than the lark, Because his feathers are more beautiful ? O, no, good Kate ; neither art thou the worse For this poor furniture and mean array. 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. Let's see ; I think 'tis now some seven o'clock, And well we may come there by dinner-time.

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

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

Hor. Why, so ! this gallant will command the sun.

Kath. Why, then 'tis as thou say'st, or two, or seven, or any hour thou wish'st.

Pet. Come, then, o' heaven's name—once more toward our father's.

Good Lord, how bright and goodly shines the moon !

Kath. The moon ! the sun ; it is not moonlight now.

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

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

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

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 on, 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 'greed so far,
And be it moon, or sun, or what you please :
And if you please to call it a rush-candle,
Henceforth I vow it shall be so for me.

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, Heaven 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 ! Company is coming here !

VINCENTIO *appears in doorway in travelling dress, as if inquiring his way.*

Good morrow, gentle mistress : where away ?

[To VINCENTIO.]

Vin. Fair sir, and you my merry mistress,
That with your strange encounter much amaze 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.

Pet. What is his name ?

Vin. Lucentio, gentle sir,

Pet. Happily met ; the happier for thy son.
And now by law, as well as reverent age,
I may entitle thee my loving father ;
The sister to my wife, this gentlewoman—

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Thy son by this hath married.

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.

Vin. Embrace me for my beauty's sake !

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 favorable stars
Allots thee for his lovely wedded wife !

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 say'st he is.

Kath. Pardon, old father, my mistaking eyes,
That have been so bedazzled with the—

Pet. Sun !

Kath. 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 wander with us now to see thy honest son :
Who will of thy arrival be full joyous :
Come go along and see the truth hereof— [To HORTENSIO.
Is not this well ?—Come, my sweet Kate,
Better once than never—and never once too late !

[CURTIS enters and assists KATHARINE to her robe and hat.

CURTAIN.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Before LUCENTIO'S house. Gateway below; window above at R.*

BIONDELLO *runs on from L., looks round to see all clear, then goes to door, R. C., and beckons LUCENTIO and BIANCA, who enter softly.*

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, off L.*

Enter GREMIO from R.

Gre. I marvel Cambio comes not all this while.

Enter VINCENTIO and HORTENSIO from L.

Hor. Sir, here's the door, this is Lucentio's house;
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.

[VINCENTIO *knocks again.*

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.

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

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, as long as I live.

Hor. 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 Pisa, and here looking out at the window.

Vin. Art thou his father?

Ped. Ay, sir. So his mother says.

Re-enter BIONDELLO from L.

Bion. I have seen them in the church together; but who is here? mine old master, Vincentio? now we are undone, and brought to nothing.

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

Bion. Sir! sir! sir!

Vin. Come hither, you rogue; what, have you forgotten 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, R.*

Ped. Help, son! help, signior Baptista!

[*Exit from the window.*

Re-enter PEDANT below; BAPTISTA, TRANIO, R. C.

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.

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

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 concerns 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.

Tra. Call forth 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. Take heed, signior Baptista, lest you be coney-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.

Re-enter LUCENTIO and BIANCA from L.

Luc. Pardon, sweet father. [*Kneeling.*]

Vin. Lives my sweet son?

[*TRANIO and PEDANT run out, R.*]

Bian. Pardon, dear father. [*Kneeling.*]

Bap. How hast thou offended?

Where is Lucentio?

Luc. Here's Lucentio,
Right son unto the right Vincentio;
That have by marriage made thy daughter mine,
While counterfeit supposes blear'd thine eyne.

Bap. [*To LUCENTIO.*] 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 all this villainy. [*Exit, R. C.*]

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

[*Exit, R. C.*]

Luc. Look not pale, Bianca; thy father will not frown.

[*Exeunt LUCENTIO and BIANCA, R. C.*]

Gre. My cake is dough. [*Exit, R. C.*]

TAMING OF THE SHREW .

LAST SCENE.—*A hall in LUCENTIO'S house. A banquet set out.*

The company is seated about a table, which is plentifully lighted and handsomely set. BAPTISTA, R. ; PETRUCHIO and KATHARINE at his L., LUCENTIO and BIANCA at their L. HORTENSIO and WIDOW at the L. GREMIO and VINCENTIO at the R. Others in places. GRUMIO, BIONDELLO, and servants in attendance. In the gallery beyond, a choir is singing as the scene is disclosed.

SOLO AND CHORUS.

Should he upbraid, I'll own that he prevail,
And sing as sweetly as the nightingale ;
Say that he frown, I'll say his looks I view
As morning roses newly washed with dew ;
Say he be mute, I'll answer with a smile,
I'll dance and play and will his care beguile.

[*After the song LUCENTIO rises.*

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 banquet was to close our stomachs up,
After our great good cheer ;
For now we sit to chat, as well as eat.

[*They rise from 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.

Bian. You are welcome all !

[*The ladies withdraw and exeunt, R. The WIDOW shakes her finger warningly at HORTENSIO.*

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

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

Luc. How mean you that ?

Hor. Petruchio, being troubled with a shrew,

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

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

Gre. [To PETRUCHIO.] 'Tis thought, your deer does hold
you at a bay.

Bap. O ho, Petruchio, Lucentio hits you now.

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

Pet. '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.

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,
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,
But twenty times so much upon my wife.

Luc. A hundred, then.

Hor. Content.

Pet. A match ; 'tis done.

Hor. Who will begin ?

Luc. That will I.

Go, Biondello, bid your mistress come to me.

Bion. I go.

[Exit, R.

Bap. Son, I will be your half, Bianca comes.

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

Re-enter BIONDELLO, R.

How now ! what news ?

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

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

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

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

Pet. I hope, better.

Hor. Sirrah Grumio, go, and entreat my wife,
To come to me forthwith. [*Exit* GRUMIO, R.]

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

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

Re-enter GRUMIO, R.

Now where's my wife ?

Gru. She says, you have some goodly jest in hand ;
She will not come ; she bids you come to her.

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, R.]

Hor. I know her answer.

Pet. What ?

Hor. She will not.

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

Enter KATHARINE and GRUMIO.

Bap. Now, by my holidam, here comes Katharine !

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 parlor fire.

Pet. 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* KATHARINE, R.]

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

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Bap. Fow 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 chang'd, as she had never been.

Pet. Nay, I will win my wager better yet ;
And show more sign of her obedience,
Her new-built virtue and obedience.

*Re-enter KATHARINE, with BIANCA and WIDOW, who go to
their husbands showing resentment*

See, where she comes ; and brings your froward wives,
As prisoners to her womanly persuasion.
Katharine, that cap of yours becomes you not ;
Off with that bauble, throw it under foot.

Wid. Lord, let me ever have a cause to sigh,
Till I be brought to such a silly pass ?

Bian. Fie ! what a foolish duty call you this ?

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

Bian. The more fool you, for laying on my duty.

Pet. Katharine, I charge thee, tell these headstrong women,
What duty 'tis they owe their lords and husbands.

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.

Kath. [*Going to WIDOW.*] Fie ! fie ! unknit that threat'n-
ing 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 mov'd is like a fountain troubled.
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty ;

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

And, while it is so, none so dry or thirsty
Will deign to sip, or touch one drop of it.

[Turning to BIANCA.

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 labor, 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.

[Addressing PETRUCHIO.

Such duty as the subject owes the prince,
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,
And graceless traitor to her loving lord ?

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

We three are married, but you two are sped.

Kiss me, my Kate ; and, since thou art become

So prudent, kind and dutiful a wife,

Petruchio here shall doff the lordly husband ;

An honest mask, which I throw off with pleasure. [*He kneels
and kisses her hand.*]

And be our future lives one gentle stream

Of mutual love, compliance, and regard !

Kath. Nay, truly then, I am ashamed,

And look with blushes on my former self ! [*Makes him rise.*

Why is it women will so simple be,

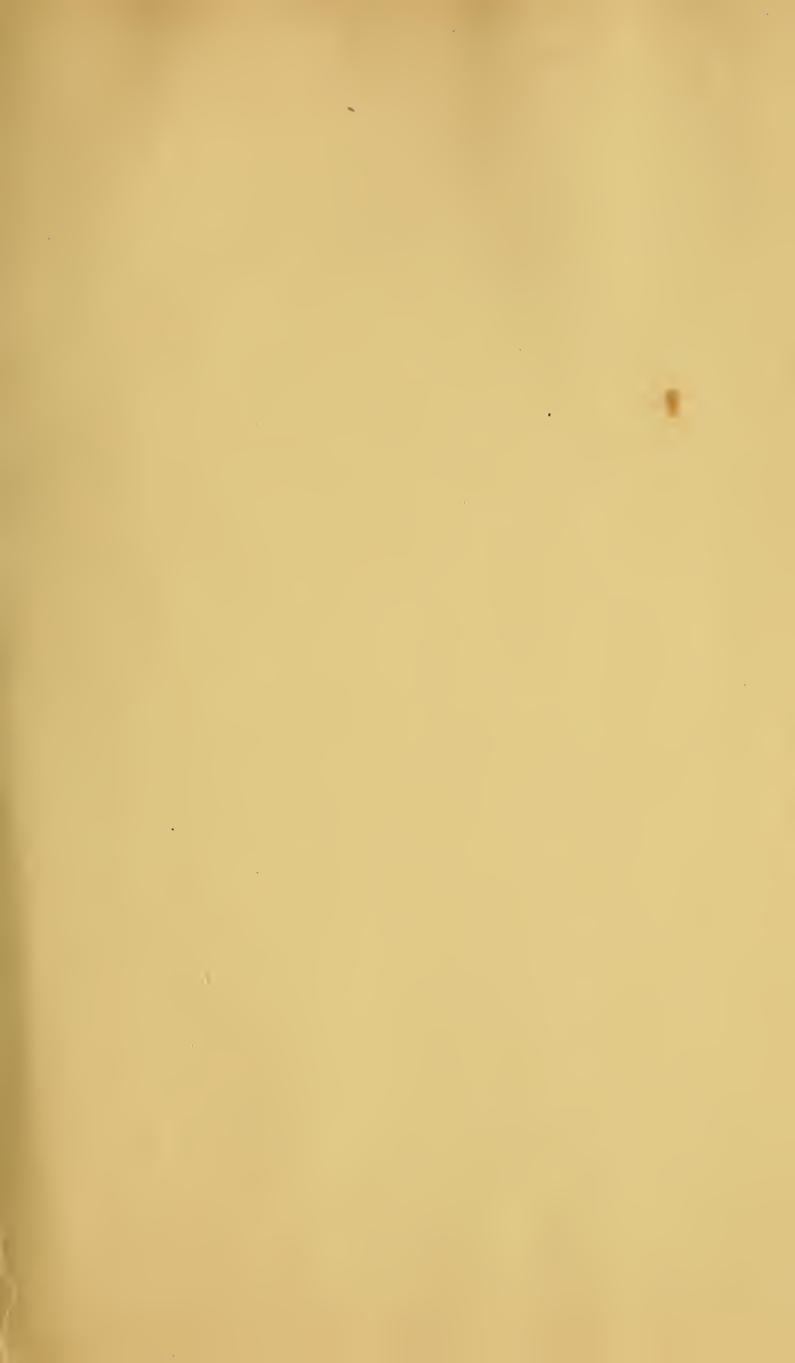
As offer war, where they should kneel for peace ;

Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,

When they are bound to honor, love, obey ?

CURTAIN.

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