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*The Taming of
the Shrew*

BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

WITH DETAILED NOTES

FROM THE WORLD'S

LEADING CENTER FOR

SHAKESPEARE STUDIES

EDITED BY BARBARA A. MOWAT
AND PAUL WERSTINE

The Modern Shakespeare

The Taming of the Shrew

**The Original Play
with**

**A Modern Translation Everyone
Can Understand**

The Modern Shakespeare
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Cast of Characters

Christopher Sly – Christopher Sly is a drunken beggar, who begins the play by being thrown out of a tavern. A noble lord passing by decides to play a joke on him and dresses him up in noble clothes. Sly awakes in a lavish room, and the lord and his attendants pretend that Sly is a nobleman who has recently been mad and had forgotten his real identity. Sly accepts his new identity and enjoys a play put on by a group of traveling players, which turns out to be the real play of *The Taming of the Shrew*.

Hostess – The hostess throws the drunken Christopher Sly out of her tavern in the play's opening scene.

A Lord – An unnamed nobleman, the lord finds Christopher Sly drunkenly passed out and decides to play a trick on him, convincing him that he is actually a wealthy nobleman. He arranges for his servants to play along with the elaborate prank and has a group of traveling players (actors) put on for Sly the play that turns out to be *The Taming of the Shrew*.

The Lord's Hunstmen – These attendants of the wealthy lord pretend to be Christopher Sly's servants, helping to convince him of his new identity.

Bartholomew the Page – The lord has this young, male servant dress up as Sly's wife. This disguise is very similar to the practice in Shakespeare's day of having young men play female roles in the theater.

Players – This group of traveling actors is hired by the lord to put on a play for Christopher Sly. *The Taming of the Shrew* is then their play, performed within the framing story established by the Induction.

Baptista Minola – The wealthy father of two daughters, Bianca and Katherine, Baptista establishes a rule that no man may marry Bianca until his older daughter Katherine is married. This is Baptista's way of ensuring that someone will marry the ill-mannered, stubborn Katherine. Throughout the play, Baptista seems more interested in potential son-in-laws' financial matters than their love for Bianca (or Bianca's love for them). He eagerly marries Katherine off to Petruchio against her will and only assents to marrying Bianca to Lucentio because he makes the best offer of a dower (the money Bianca would be entitled to in the case of Lucentio's death).

Katherine – Katherine is the "shrew" of the play's title. Because she is stubborn, is sometimes ill-mannered, and does not allow herself to be ordered around by men, she is constantly insulted, made fun of, and otherwise denigrated by practically all the other characters in the play. After she marries Petruchio, Petruchio tries to "tame" her, and he forces her into obedience by withholding food from her and not letting her sleep. Toward the end of the play, Katherine seems to change completely and become utterly obedient and subservient to Petruchio. Her long, final speech in which she details a wife's duties to her husband is often particularly troubling to modern readers uncomfortable with her sudden acceptance of sexism. However, Katherine's sincerity in this transformation is debatable, and one could argue (as some productions of the play present it) that Katherine is merely pretending to submit to Petruchio and that her final speech is so over the top that it becomes sarcastic and a parody of wifely obedience.

Bianca – Bianca is Katherine's younger, more desirable sister. While she is better liked by most characters than Katherine, she has a slightly smaller role in the play. When she does speak, she shows herself to be clever, as when she flirts and trades witticisms with Lucentio while he is

"teaching" her. At the end of the play, she refuses to come when called by Lucentio, showing by contrast how obedient Katherine has become.

Petruchio – Petruchio is a gentleman who comes to Padua from Verona seeking a wife. He is loud, stubborn, and boisterous—in some ways a male version of Katherine. He accepts the challenge of taming Katherine and is confident in his ability to exercise male dominance over her. He explains that he approaches taming Katherine as a falconer tames a hawk, by depriving her of sleep and food. Petruchio is violent and rude toward his servants, and heavily misogynistic toward Katherine. Nonetheless, he may at least be admirable in his individuality. As demonstrated when he wears bizarre clothes to his wedding and disregards everyone else's jokes and jibes about marrying Katherine, Petruchio generally does not care what other people think of him or his actions.

Gremio – Gremio is a rather old, wealthy suitor of Bianca, competing for her hand in marriage with Lucentio and Hortensio, as well as others. When Baptista decides to marry Bianca to Lucentio, he adds that she will marry Gremio if Lucentio's financial guarantees don't check out. When Lucentio gets the merchant, disguised as Vincentio, to guarantee his dower, Gremio is out of luck with Bianca.

Hortensio – Hortensio is another suitor of Bianca. He disguises himself as the music teacher Litio in order to get closer to her. When he sees Bianca kissing her other teacher Cambio (Lucentio in disguise), he gives up on Bianca and marries a wealthy widow, instead. This quick spousal change suggests that he is more interested in money than love in marriage. Hortensio also accompanies Katherine and Petruchio on their journey to Padua, and remarks upon Petruchio's successful taming of Katherine, seeing Petruchio as an exemplary husband worth imitating. At the end of the play, though, he lacks the control Petruchio has over his

wife, as illustrated when the widow refuses to come after he calls for her.

Lucentio – Lucentio is a young man who arrives in Padua ready to pursue his studies, along with his servant Tranio. Almost immediately, though, he falls in love with Bianca, and devotes all his energy to wooing her. He disguises himself as Cambio, a teacher of languages, so that he can teach Bianca and spend time with her. When he reveals his true identity and intentions to Bianca and she replies favorably, he elopes with her to a church where they are married. Lucentio is young and somewhat irresponsible—it is Tranio who comes up with the ideas for how he can woo Bianca, and Lucentio suffers no real consequences from his deceit. In the end, he is happily married to Bianca, though her disobedience toward him at the end of the play suggests his dreamed-for marriage may not turn out to be exactly what he thought it would be.

Vincentio – Vincentio is Lucentio's wealthy father. Lucentio needs his father's guarantee of his dower before he marries Bianca, but he gets a merchant to pretend to be Vincentio instead. When the real Vincentio arrives in Padua to see Lucentio and encounters the merchant, as well as Tranio in Lucentio's clothes, Lucentio is forced to reveal his deceitful plans and cast off the disguise of Cambio.

Tranio – Tranio is Lucentio's servant and the mastermind behind much of the scheming throughout the play. He encourages Lucentio to disguise himself as a teacher for Bianca and he himself pretends to be Lucentio for much of the play. Tranio uses his clever wit to get Lucentio and himself out of difficult situations, and also to poke fun at the noblemen he serves. He often feigns ignorance and interprets things overly literally, allowing him to annoy and joke with Lucentio and Vincentio.

Biondello – Biondello is one of Lucentio's servants. He helps Tranio and Lucentio carry out their plan to woo Bianca for Lucentio and finds a merchant to dress up as Vincentio.

Merchant – Biondello finds this merchant to dress up as Lucentio's father Vincentio. Tranio tells the merchant, who is from Mantua, that the duke of Padua has ordered for the death of any Mantuans found in Padua, because of a dispute between the two cities. Tranio convinces him to pretend to be Vincentio, supposedly in order to save his life (but really in order to convince Baptista that Lucentio is a suitable husband for Bianca).

Grumio – Grumio is one of Petruchio's servants, and goes with him to Padua. He is the object of much of Petruchio's abuse.

Curtis, Nathaniel, Phillip, Joseph, Nicholas, and Peter – These servants at Petruchio's house prepare hastily for Petruchio and Katherine's arrival, but Petruchio treats them rudely and harshly, as part of his plan to tame Katherine.

Widow – After discovering Bianca's affections for Lucentio (disguised as Cambio), Hortensio stops trying to woo Bianca and instead marries this wealthy (unnamed) widow. At the end of the play, the widow refuses to come when called by Hortensio, showing that he has less control over her than Petruchio has over Katherine.

Tailor – Petruchio hires the tailor to make a custom dress for Katherine to wear to Bianca's wedding banquet. However, he rejects the dress in order to tease Katherine, as part of his ongoing effort to tame her. Petruchio is rude to the tailor, but has Hortensio tell him that he will at least get paid after all his effort.

Haberdasher – Much like the tailor, the haberdasher is ordered by Petruchio to make Katherine a hat for Bianca's wedding banquet. Petruchio rejects the hat just like he

rejects the tailor's dress, even though it is a perfectly fine hat.

Original Play with Modern Translation

Induction, Scene 1

[SLY and the HOSTESS enter.]

SLY

I'll pheeze you, in faith.

I'll get you back, I promise.

HOSTESS

A pair of stocks, you rogue!

I'll have you put in the stocks, you villain! (Editor's note: The stocks were a device to punish and humiliate. They consisted of a wooden frame with holes in which the victim's ankles and/or wrists were locked, so that they couldn't move.)

SLY

Y'are a baggage, the Slys are no rogues. Look in the chronicles—we came in with Richard Conqueror. Therefore *paucas pallabris*: let the world slide. Sessa!

The Slys aren't villains, you whore. Look it up—we came over with Richard the Conqueror (Editor's note: This is Sly's mistake for William the Conqueror, the first Norman king of England.). *So hold your tongue, and forget about it. Enough!*

HOSTESS

You will not pay for the glasses you have burst?

You won't pay for the glasses you've broken?

SLY

No, not a denier. Go by, Saint Jeronimy. Go to thy cold bed and warm thee.

No, not a penny. Forget about it. Run off to bed now.

HOSTESS

I know my remedy. I must go fetch the thirdborough.

I know what to do. I'll go call the constable.

[She exits.]

SLY

Third, or fourth, or fifth borough, I'll answer him by law.

I'll not budge an inch, boy. Let him come, and kindly.

Call every last one, I'll answer them all. I have my rights. I won't budge an inch. Let the constable come—I welcome him!

[He falls asleep.]

[Horns blow. A LORD enters from hunting, with his
huntsmen.]

LORD

Huntsman, I charge thee, tender well my hounds.

Breathe Merriman, the poor cur is embossed,

And couple Clowder with the deep-mouthed brach.

(15) Saw'st thou not, boy, how Silver made it good

At the hedge corner, in the coldest fault?

I would not lose the dog for twenty pound.

Huntsman, take care of my hounds. Let Merriman rest—the poor dog's exhausted. And leash Clowder with the bitch with the deep bark. Didn't you see how Silver picked up the trail at the hedge corner, when the scent was coldest? I wouldn't sell that dog for twenty pounds.

FIRST HUNTSMAN

Why, Belman is as good as he, my lord.
He cried upon it at the merest loss,
(20) And twice today picked out the dulllest scent.
Trust me, I take him for the better dog.

Why, Belman is just as good, my lord. He was the only one to howl when the scent was lost completely, and twice today he picked it up when it was weakest. Trust me, I think he's the better dog.

LORD

Thou art a fool. If Echo were as fleet,
I would esteem him worth a dozen such.
But sup them well and look unto them all.
(25) Tomorrow I intend to hunt again.

You're a fool. If Echo were as fast, he'd be worth a dozen Belmans. But feed them all well and look after them. I intend to go hunting again tomorrow.

FIRST HUNTSMAN

I will, my lord.
I will, my lord.

LORD

What's here? One dead, or drunk? See, doth he breathe?
What's this here? A dead man or a drunk man? Check and see if he's breathing.

SECOND HUNTSMAN

He breathes, my lord. Were he not warmed with ale,
This were a bed but cold to sleep so soundly.
He's breathing, my lord. But he couldn't be sleeping so deeply in such a cold place if beer wasn't keeping him warm.

LORD

(30) O monstrous beast, how like a swine he lies!
Grim death, how foul and loathsome is thine image!
Sirs, I will practice on this drunken man.
What think you: if he were conveyed to bed,
Wrapped in sweet clothes, rings put upon his fingers,
(35) A most delicious banquet by his bed,
And brave attendants near him when he wakes,
Would not the beggar then forget himself?

Oh, what a monstrous beast, lying there like a pig! Grim death, how foul and hateful your twin—sleep—is! Sirs, I will play a trick on this drunken man. What do you think: if he were carried to bed, dressed in perfumed clothes, had rings put on his fingers, a delicious feast laid out by his bed, and had finely dressed servants near him when he woke up—wouldn't the beggar be confused then?

FIRST HUNTSMAN

Believe me, lord, I think he cannot choose.
I don't think he'd have any choice, my lord, believe me.

SECOND HUNTSMAN

It would seem strange unto him when he waked.
Everything would seem strange to him when he woke up.

LORD

(40) Even as a flatt'ring dream or worthless fancy.
Then take him up and manage well the jest.
Carry him gently to my fairest chamber
And hang it round with all my wanton pictures.
Balm his foul head in warm distilled waters
(45) 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
(50) Say, "What is it your Honor will command?"

Let one attend him with a silver basin
Full of rose-water and bestrewed with flowers,
Another bear the ewer, the third a diaper,
And say, "Will 't please your Lordship cool your hands?"

(55) Someone 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,

(60) 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.

Like a nice dream or an empty fantasy. So take him inside and start setting up the prank. Carry him gently to my finest room, and hang all my erotic pictures on the walls. Anoint his filthy head with warm, clean water, and burn sweet wood to make the room smell sweet. Find some musicians to be ready for when he wakes, so they can make sweet and heavenly sounds for him. If he happens to speak, be ready right away—bow low and say, "What does your Honor command us to do?" Let one servant wait on him with a silver bowl full of rosewater and flowers. Have another servant carry the pitcher, and a third carry a towel, and say, "Would it please your Lordship to cool your hands?" Have someone ready with expensive clothing, and ask him what he wants to wear. Have another servant tell him about his dogs and his horse, and explain that his wife has been grieving over his sickness. Persuade him that he has been insane, and when he says that he's insane now, tell him that he's just mistaken, for he is really a mighty lord. Do all this, and do it convincingly, gentle sirs. If this can be managed subtly, it will be some excellent entertainment for us.

FIRST HUNTSMAN

(65) My lord, I warrant you we will play our part
As he shall think by our true diligence
He is no less than what we say he is.

*My lord, I promise you that we'll play our parts so well that
he'll believe he really is what we say he is.*

LORD

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

*Carry him gently off to bed, and have everyone in position
for when he wakes up.*

[Some servants carry SLY out. Trumpets sound.]

(70) Sirrah, go see what trumpet 'tis that sounds.
Go see what that trumpet's for, fellow.

[A SERVANT exits.]

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

*Probably some noble gentleman on a journey, who wants to
stop and rest here.*

[The SERVANT returns.]

How now! who is it?
Hello! Who is it?

SERVANT

An't please your Honor, players
That offer service to your Lordship.

*It's a troupe of actors, your Honor, offering to perform for
your Lordship.*

LORD

(75) Bid them come near.

Tell them to come in.

[The PLAYERS (actors) enter.]

Now, fellows, you are welcome.

Now, fellows, you are welcome here.

PLAYERS

We thank your Honor.

We thank your Honor.

LORD

Do you intend to stay with me tonight?

Do you intend to sleep here tonight?

A PLAYER

So please your Lordship to accept our duty.

If it would please your Lordship to have us.

LORD

With all my heart. This fellow I remember

(80) Since once he played a farmer's eldest son.

'Twas where you wooed the gentlewoman so well.

I have forgot your name, but sure that part

Was aptly fitted and naturally performed.

With all my heart. I remember this fellow here—he once played the part of a farmer's eldest son. That was the play in which you courted the gentlewoman so successfully. I've forgotten your name, but you were well suited for that role, and played it realistically.

A PLAYER

I think 'twas Soto that your Honor means.

I think your Honor means the character "Soto."

LORD

(85) '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 tonight;

(90) 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,

(95) If you should smile, he grows impatient.

Yes, that's right. You played it excellently. Well, you've come at just the right time, especially because I have some special entertainment planned and could use your acting skills. There is a lord who will watch you perform tonight, but I'm worried about your self-control—for his Honor has never seen a play before—and I fear that you might notice his odd behavior and burst out laughing, and offend him. I tell you, sirs, if you even smile, he will notice.

A PLAYER

Fear not, my lord, we can contain ourselves

Were he the veriest antic in the world.

Don't worry, my lord. We can control ourselves even if he's the greatest buffoon in the world.

LORD

Go, sirrah, take them to the buttery

And give them friendly welcome every one.

(100) Let them want nothing that my house affords.

Go, fellow, take them to the pantry and make them all welcome. See that they have whatever they need.

[A servant exits with the PLAYERS.]

Sirrah, go you to Barthol'mew, my page,
And see him dressed in all suits like a lady.
That done, conduct him to the drunkard's chamber
And call him "madam," do him obeisance.

(105) Tell him from me, as he will win my love,
He bear himself with honorable action,
Such as he hath observed in noble ladies
Unto their lords, by them accomplished.
Such duty to the drunkard let him do

(110) With soft low tongue and lowly courtesy,
And say, "What is 't your Honor will command,
Wherein your lady and your humble wife
May show her duty and make known her love?"
And then with kind embracements, tempting kisses,

(115) And with declining head into his bosom,
Bid him shed tears, as being overjoyed
To see her noble lord restored to health,
Who for this seven years hath esteemed him
No better than a poor and loathsome beggar.

(120) 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.

(125) See this dispatched with all the haste thou canst:
Anon I'll give thee more instructions.

And you, fellow, go find my page, Bartholomew, and dress him up like a lady in every detail. When that's done, bring him to the drunkard's room, address him as "madam," and bow to him and treat him as if he were the lady of the house. Tell Bartholomew this from me: if he wants to please me, he will conduct himself properly, acting like he's seen noble ladies act towards their husbands. Let him attend to the drunkard like that: speaking softly, acting humble and polite, and saying things like, "What does your Honor

command your lady and humble wife to do, that she might show her devotion and love?" And then with kind embraces, tempting kisses, and his head resting on the drunkard's breast, Bartholomew should weep as if he's overjoyed to see his noble husband restored to health after believing for the last seven years that he was no better than a poor, disgusting beggar. And if the boy lacks a woman's gift for crying at will, an onion will serve the same purpose. Hide one in a handkerchief and put it close to his face, and that will certainly make his eyes water. Get this taken care of as quickly as you can, and soon I'll give you more instructions.

[A servant exits.]

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,"
(130) 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.

I know the boy will convincingly mimic the grace, voice, walk, and gestures of a gentlewoman. I can't wait to hear him call the drunkard "husband," and to see my men restraining their laughter as they bow to this simple peasant. I'll go in and advise them. Perhaps my presence will restrain their joy and rowdiness, which otherwise might get out of control.

[They all exit.]

Induction, Scene 2

[SLY enters in the gallery above the stage, along with SERVANTS, some carrying clothing, others with a bowl, pitcher, and other accessories, and the LORD (dressed as a servant).]

SLY

For God's sake, a pot of small ale.

For God's sake, someone bring me a mug of cheap ale.

FIRST SERVANT

Will 't please your Lordship drink a cup of sack?

Would your Lordship like to drink a cup of Spanish wine?

SECOND SERVANT

Will 't please your Honor taste of these conserves?

Would your Honor like to try this preserved fruit?

THIRD SERVANT

What raiment will your Honor wear today?

What outfit will your Honor wear today?

SLY

I am Christophero Sly. Call not me "Honor" nor "Lordship." I ne'er drank sack in my life. An 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.

I am Christopher Sly. Don't call me "Honor" or "Lordship." I've never drunk Spanish wine in my life. And if you give me anything "preserved," give me some salted beef. Don't

bother asking what "outfit" I'll wear, for I have no more jackets than I do backs, no more stockings than I have legs, and no more shoes than I have feet. Sometimes I even have more feet than shoes, unless the ones where my toes stick out count as shoes.

LORD

Heaven cease this idle humor in your Honor!

Oh, that a mighty man of such descent,

Of such possessions and so high esteem,

(15) Should be infused with so foul a spirit!

May God end this foolish obsession in your Honor's mind!

Alas, that a mighty man of such noble birth, with so much wealth and such a good reputation, should be infected with such a terrible illness!

SLY

What, would you make me mad? Am not I Christopher Sly, old Sly's son of Burton Heath, by birth a peddler, by education a cardmaker, by transmutation a bearherd, and now by present profession a tinker? Ask Marian Hacket, the fat alewife 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 lying'st knave in Christendom. What! I am not bestraught! Here's—

What, are you trying to make me go crazy? Aren't I Christopher Sly, son of old Sly from Barton-on-the-Heath, a peddler by birth, trained to be a cardmaker (Editor's note: A cardmaker made combs used for preparing wool for spinning.), who then became a bear keeper, and now a pot-mender? Ask Marian Hacket, the fat innkeeper in Wincot, if she knows me! If she doesn't tell you about the tab I've run up—fourteen pence on beer alone—then you can call me the biggest liar in God's kingdom. What! I'm not crazy! Here's—

THIRD SERVANT

O, this it is that makes your lady mourn!

Oh, it's this that makes your wife mourn!

SECOND SERVANT

(25) O, this is it that makes your servants droop!

Oh, it's this that makes your servants grieve!

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,
(30) And banish hence these abject lowly dreams.

Look how thy servants do attend on thee,
Each in his office ready at thy beck.

Wilt thou have music? Hark! Apollo plays,

It's because of this that your relatives avoid your house, as if beaten away by your strange insanity. Oh noble lord, remember your lineage, call back the thoughts of your former state of mind, and banish these worthless, lowly fantasies. Look how your servants attend to you, each one ready to obey your every request. Do you want music? Listen! Apollo, god of music, plays for you.

[Music plays.]

And twenty caged nightingales do sing:

(35) Or wilt thou sleep? We'll have thee to a couch
Softer and sweeter than the lustful bed
On purpose trimmed up for Semiramis.

Say thou wilt walk, we will bestrew the ground.

Or wilt thou ride? Thy horses shall be trapped,

(40) 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.

And twenty caged nightingales sing along. Or do you want to sleep? We'll bring you to a couch that's softer and more fragrant than the lustful bed of Semiramis (Editor's note: Semiramis was a notoriously lustful Assyrian queen.). Say you want to walk, and we'll strew the ground with flowers. Or do you want to ride? Your horses will be made ready, their harnesses studded with gold and pearls. Do you like hawking? You have hawks that can soar higher than the morning lark. Or do you want to hunt? Your hounds will make the heavens and earth echo with their voices.

FIRST SERVANT

(45) Say thou wilt course. Thy greyhounds are as swift
As breathed stags, ay, fleetier than the roe.

Say you want to hunt rabbits. Your greyhounds are as swift as healthy stags, yes, and quicker than young deer.

SECOND SERVANT

Dost thou love pictures? We will fetch thee straight
Adonis painted by a running brook
And Cytherea all in sedges hid,

(50) Which seem to move and wanton with her breath,
Even as the waving sedges play with wind.

Do you like pictures? We'll instantly fetch you one of Adonis (Editor's note: Adonis was a famously beautiful young man loved by Venus, the goddess of love. "Cytherea" is another name for Venus.) next to a running brook, with Venus hidden in the rushes and spying on him. The rushes seem to move seductively with her sighs, just like real grass swaying in the wind.

LORD

We'll show thee Io as she was a maid
And how she was beguileèd and surprised,

As lively painted as the deed was done.

We'll show you one of Io as a maid, just as Jupiter tricks and surprises her (Editor's note: Io was a mortal girl that Jupiter (Zeus) fell in love with. She was later turned into a cow by Jupiter's jealous wife.). *The painting seems alive, it's so realistic.*

THIRD SERVANT

(55) Or Daphne roaming through a thorny wood,
Scratching her legs that one shall swear she bleeds,
And at that sight shall sad Apollo weep,
So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn.

Or one of Daphne running through a thorny wood, her legs scratched up and Apollo weeping at that sad sight (Editor's note: Daphne was a nymph that Apollo fell in love with and pursued. Knowing she couldn't outrun him, she transformed into a tree to avoid being raped by him.). *The blood and tears are drawn so well you'll swear that they're real.*

LORD

Thou art a lord, and nothing but a lord.

(60) Thou hast a lady far more beautiful
Than any woman in this waning age.

You are a lord, and nothing less than a lord. You have a wife who is far more beautiful than any other woman in this fallen age.

FIRST SERVANT

And till the tears that she hath shed for thee
Like envious floods o'errun her lovely face,
She was the fairest creature in the world—

(65) And yet she is inferior to none.

Before the tears she shed for your sake covered her lovely face, she was the fairest creature in the world—and still she has no equal.

SLY

Am I a lord, and have I such a lady?
Or do I dream? Or have I dreamed till now?
I do not sleep: I see, I hear, I speak.
I smell sweet savors and I feel soft things.

(70) 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.

Am I a lord? Do I have such a lady? Or am I dreaming? Or have I been dreaming until now? I'm not asleep: I can see, and hear, and speak. I can smell sweet aromas and feel soft things. I swear, I must be a lord indeed! I'm not a tinker, and I'm not Christopher Sly. Well, bring my lady here before me, and once again, bring me a mug of the cheapest beer.

SECOND SERVANT

Will 't please your Mightiness to wash your hands?

(75) O, how we joy to see your wit restored!

O, that once more you knew but what you are!

These fifteen years you have been in a dream

Or, when you waked, so waked as if you slept.

Would your Mightiness like to wash your hands? Oh, how overjoyed we are to see your sanity restored! Oh, if only you could better remember who you are! These past fifteen years you've been living in a dream. Even when you were awake, it was as if you slept.

SLY

These fifteen years! By my fay, a goodly nap.

(80) But did I never speak of all that time?

Fifteen years! By God, that's quite a nap. But didn't I ever speak that whole time?

FIRST SERVANT

O, yes, my lord, but very idle words.
For though you lay here in this goodly chamber,
Yet would you say ye were beaten out of door;
And rail upon the hostess of the house,
(85) And say you would present her at the leet,
Because she brought stone jugs and no sealed quarts.
Sometimes you would call out for Cicely Hacket.

Oh yes, my lord, but only fanciful nonsense. Even though you were lying here in this nice room, you would talk as if you'd been thrown out of a tavern, and you'd curse at the tavern's hostess, and swear you would take her to court for cheating you out of liquor. Sometimes you would call out for Cicely Hacket.

SLY

Ay, the woman's maid of the house.

Yes, the hostess's maid.

THIRD SERVANT

Why, sir, you know no house nor no such maid,
(90) Nor no such men as you have reckoned up,
As Stephen Sly and old John Naps of Greece,
And Peter Turph and Henry Pimpernell,
And twenty more such names and men as these,
Which never were, nor no man ever saw.

But sir, you don't know any such house or any such maid, or any of the men you dreamed up, like Stephen Sly and Old John Naps of Greet, and Peter Turph and Henry Pimpernell, and twenty more names like this—men who never existed.

SLY

(95) Now Lord be thanked for my good amends!

Thank the Lord for my recovery!

ALL

Amen.

Amen.

SLY

I thank thee. Thou shalt not lose by it.

Thank you all. You won't regret my return.

[The PAGE enters, disguised as a lady, with attendants.]

PAGE

How fares my noble lord?

How is my noble lord doing?

SLY

Marry, I fare well,
For here is cheer enough. Where is my wife?

*Well, I'm doing well. Everything's quite nice around here.
Where is my wife?*

PAGE

(100) Here, noble lord. What is thy will with her?

Here, noble lord. What do you wish of her?

SLY

Are you my wife and will not call me "husband"?
My men should call me "lord." I am your goodman.

*Are you my wife, but you won't call me "husband?" My men
should call me "lord," not you. I am your husband, your
goodman* (Editor's note: Among the nobility, husbands and
wives addressed each other as "lord" and "madam," but in
the lower classes, they used "goodman" or "husband" and
"wife.").

PAGE

My husband and my lord, my lord and husband,
I am your wife in all obedience.

*You are my husband and my lord, my lord and my husband,
and I am your obedient wife.*

SLY

I know it well.—What must I call her?

I know it now.—(to the LORD) What should I call her?

LORD

(105) "Madam."

"Madam"

SLY

"Alice Madam," or "Joan Madam"?

"Alice Madam," or "Joan Madam?" What's her first name?

LORD

"Madam," and nothing else. So lords call ladies.

*Just "madam," and nothing else. That's what lords call
ladies.*

SLY

Madam wife, they say that I have dreamed
And slept above some fifteen year or more.

*Madam wife, they say that I've been dreaming or asleep for
fifteen years or more.*

PAGE

(110) Ay, and the time seems thirty unto me,
Being all this time abandoned from your bed.

*Yes, and it seemed like thirty years to me, as I've been
banished from your bed this whole time.*

SLY

'Tis much.—Servants, leave me and her alone.

Madam, undress you and come now to bed.

That's a lot.—Servants, leave me and her alone.—Madam, undress and come to bed.

PAGE

Thrice noble lord, let me entreat of you
(115) To pardon me yet for a night or two,
Or if not so, until the sun be set.
For your physicians have expressly charged,
In peril to incur your former malady,
That I should yet absent me from your bed.
(120) I hope this reason stands for my excuse.

Noble lord, I ask you to pardon me for another night or two, or at least wait until nightfall. Your doctors have expressly ordered me not to sleep with you, as otherwise you might be in danger of a relapse of your illness. I hope this reason will stand as my excuse.

SLY

Ay, it stands so that I may hardly tarry so long. But I would be loath to fall into my dreams again. I will therefore tarry in despite of the flesh and the blood.

Well, something's standing up and making it so I can hardly wait that long. But I would hate to fall back into my dreams. I'll wait, despite my flesh and blood.

[A MESSENGER enters.]

MESSENGER

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

Your Honor's actors heard about your recovery and have come to perform a pleasant comedy for you. Your doctors approve of this, as too much sadness has made your blood congeal, and melancholy can lead to more insanity. So they think it would be good for you to watch a play and direct your thoughts toward laughter and joy—both of which can prevent a thousand illnesses and lengthen your life.

SLY

Marry, I will. Let them play it. Is not a comonty a Christmas gambold or a tumbling-trick?

Well, I will then. Let them perform it. But what's a "comonty?" Isn't it a Christmas dance, or some acrobatic trick?

PAGE

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

No, my good lord, it is more pleasing stuff than that.

SLY

What, household stuff?

What, stuff from a house?

PAGE

(135) It is a kind of history.

It's a kind of story.

SLY

Well, we'll see 't. Come, madam wife, sit by my side and let the world slip. We shall ne'er be younger.

Well, let's watch it. Come, madam wife, sit by my side. Forget about the world. We aren't getting any younger.

[They sit.]

Act 1, Scene 1

[Trumpets play. LUCENTIO and his servant TRANIO enter.]

LUCENTIO

Tranio, since for the great desire I had
To see fair Padua, nursery of arts,
I am arrived for fruitful Lombardy,
The pleasant garden of great Italy,
(5) And by my father's love and leave am armed
With his goodwill and thy good company.
My trusty servant, well approved in all,
Here let us breathe and haply institute
A course of learning and ingenious studies.

(10) Pisa, renownèd for grave citizens,
Gave me my being and my father first,
A merchant of great traffic through the world,
Vincentio, come of the Bentivolii.
Vincentio's son, brought up in Florence,
(15) It shall become to serve all hopes conceived
To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds.
And therefore, Tranio, for the time I study
Virtue, and that part of philosophy
Will I apply that treats of happiness

(20) By virtue specially to be achieved.
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.

Tranio, because I have always longed to see Padua and its famous university, I wanted to stop here on my way to fertile Lombardy, that pleasant garden of great Italy. And now, thanks to my father's love and approval, and your own

good company—here I am. So, my trusty, dependable servant, let's rest here a while and begin a course of intellectual studies. I was born in Pisa, famous for its serious citizens, along with my father before me: Vincentio of the Bentivoli family. He was a successful merchant and world traveler, and it now seems fitting that I, Vincentio's son, brought up in Florence, should fulfill all my father's hopes for me and decorate his wealth with my own virtuous deeds. And therefore, Tranio, I will study virtue for now, and that part of philosophy that discusses how to achieve happiness through virtue. But tell me what you think of all this, for I have left Pisa and come to Padua, and now I feel like I've left a puddle behind and jumped into an ocean, hoping to quench my thirst.

TRANIO

(25) Mi perdonato, 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

(30) This virtue and this moral discipline,

Let's be no stoics nor no stocks, I pray,

Or so devote to Aristotle's checks

As Ovid be an outcast quite abjured.

Balk logic with acquaintance that you have,

(35) And practice rhetoric in your common talk;

Music and poesy use to quicken you;

The mathematics and the metaphysics—

Fall to them as you find your stomach serves you.

No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en.

(40) In brief, sir, study what you most affect.

Pardon me, my gentle master. I agree with everything

you've said, and I'm glad that you've followed through with

your decision to enjoy all the pleasures of sweet philosophy.

Only, good master, while we're studying all this admirable

virtue and moral discipline, let's not become stoics or stocks, and let's not focus on Aristotle's restraints so much that we forget to read Ovid (Editor's note: The Stoics were a group of ancient Greek philosophers who believed that perfection involved getting rid of all emotion. "Stocks," meaning a post or block of wood, is then a pun on the unfeeling Stoics. Tranio then contrasts Ovid, a Roman poet who often wrote about erotic love, with the formal, ascetic Greek philosopher Aristotle.). *Practice your logic with the friends you have, and use rhetoric in everyday talk. Stimulate yourself with music and poetry. And as for mathematics and metaphysics—follow your appetite, and only study what you can stomach. You'll gain no profit from something you take no pleasure in. In short, sir, study what you enjoy.*

LUCENTIO

Gramercies, Tranio, well dost thou advise.

If, Biondello, thou wert come ashore,

We could at once put us in readiness

And take a lodging fit to entertain

(45) Such friends as time in Padua shall beget.

But stay awhile. What company is this?

Many thanks, Tranio, for the good advice. If Biondello would come ashore, we could get ready at once and find a place to stay. Then we would have a place to entertain the friends we'll make here in Padua. But wait a minute. Who are all these people?

TRANIO

Master, some show to welcome us to town.

Master, maybe it's a gathering to welcome us to town.

[LUCENTIO and TRANIO stand off to one side.]

[BAPTISTA enters with his two daughters, KATHERINE and BIANCA, along with GREMIO (a foolish old man), and HORTENSIO (a younger man)]

BAPTISTA

Gentlemen, importune me no farther,
For how I firmly am resolved you know—
(50) That is, not to bestow my youngest daughter
Before I have a husband for the elder.
If either of you both love Katherina,
Because I know you well and love you well
Leave shall you have to court her at your pleasure.

Gentlemen, stop pestering me about this. You know that my mind is made up. I won't let my younger daughter marry until I've found a husband for the elder one. I know and like both of you, so if either of you loves Katherine, then you have my permission to court her at your pleasure.

GREMIO

(55) To cart her, rather. She's too rough for me.—
There, there, Hortensio, will you any wife?

To cart her, is more likely. (Editor's note: Disobedient women and prostitutes were sometimes punished by being driven through town in a cart.)

KATHERINE

(to BAPTISTA) I pray you, sir, is it your will
To make a stale of me amongst these mates?

(to BAPTISTA) *Please, sir, is it your intention to make a laughingstock of me in front of these mates* (Editor's note: Katherine means "mates" as "rude, boorish fellows," but Hortensio then takes it to mean "husbands.")?

HORTENSIO

"Mates," maid? how mean you that? No mates for you
(60) Unless you were of gentler, milder mold.

"Mates," girl? What do you mean by that? You won't have any mates until you improve your temper.

KATHERINE

I' faith, sir, you shall never need to fear.

I wis it is not halfway to her heart.

But if it were, doubt not her care should be

To comb your noddle with a three-legged stool

(65) And paint your face and use you like a fool.

Don't worry, sir, you don't need to worry about being my husband. Indeed, marriage doesn't appeal to my heart. But even if it did, the only thing I'd want to do with you is knock you on the head with a three-legged stool, scratch up your face, and make you a fool.

HORTENSIO

From all such devils, good Lord, deliver us!

May God preserve us from all devils like her!

GREMIO

And me too, good Lord!

And me too, good Lord!

TRANIO

(70) *(aside to LUCENTIO)*

Husht, master, here's some good pastime toward.

That wench is stark mad or wonderful froward.

(so only LUCENTIO can hear) Keep quiet master, here's some entertainment for us. That girl is either insane or incredibly disobedient.

LUCENTIO

(aside to TRANIO) But in the other's silence do I see

Maid's mild behavior and sobriety.

Peace, Tranio.

(so only TRANIO can hear) But her sister is silent, and seems to have a proper girl's mildness and obedience. Quiet, Tranio.

TRANIO

(aside to LUCENTIO) Well said, master. Mum, and gaze your fill.

(so only LUCENTIO can hear) You're right, master. Let's keep quiet and enjoy the sight.

BAPTISTA

(to GREMIO and HORTENSIO)

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

(to GREMIO and HORTENSIO) Gentlemen, I want to make good on what I've said—so Bianca, go inside. And don't let this make you unhappy, good Bianca, for I'll never love you any less, my girl.

KATHERINE

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

What a spoiled pet! If she knew what she was doing, she would have put on a show of weeping.

BIANCA

(80) Sister, content you in my discontent.—

Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe.

My books and instruments shall be my company,
On them to look and practice by myself.

Sister, let yourself be happy in my unhappiness.—Sir, I will humbly obey your will. My books and musical instruments will be my companions. I will read and practice by myself.

LUCENTIO

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

Listen, Tranio! It sounds like Minerva speaking (Editor's note: Minerva (Athena) was a goddess of wisdom and the arts.) .

HORTENSIO

(85) Signior Baptista, will you be so strange?
Sorry am I that our goodwill effects
Bianca's grief.

Sir Baptista, will you really act so unnaturally? I'm sorry that our good will towards Bianca should cause her grief.

GREMIO

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

Why will you cage her up in place of this fiend from hell, Sir Baptista, and punish her for her sister's tongue?

BAPTISTA

(90) Gentlemen, content ye. I am resolved.—
Go in, Bianca.

Gentleman, calm down. I've made my decision, and I can't be swayed.—Go inside, Bianca.

[BIANCA exits.]

And for I know she taketh most delight
In music, instruments, and poetry,
Schoolmasters will I keep within my house,
(95) Fit to instruct her youth. If you, Hortensio,
Or, Signior Gremio, you know any such,
Prefer them hither, for to cunning men
I will be very kind, and liberal
To mine own children in good bringing up.

(100) And so farewell.—Katherina, you may stay,
For I have more to commune with Bianca.

*And I know that she loves music, playing her instruments,
and poetry, so I'll keep tutors in my house to instruct her. If
either of you, Hortensio and Sir Gremio, know of any good
tutors, then recommend them to me. I'll pay well for good
teachers, and won't spare anything in bringing up my
children with a good education. So farewell.—Katherine, you
may stay. I have more to talk about with Bianca.*

[He exits.]

KATHERINE

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

*Well, I can go too, can't I? What, do I have to start making
appointments now, as if I didn't know when to come and go?*

[She exits.]

GREMIO

(105) You may go to the devil's dam! Your gifts are so good
here's none will hold you.—Their love is not so great,
Hortensio, but we may blow our nails together and fast it
fairly out. Our cake's dough on both sides. Farewell. Yet for
the love I bear my sweet Bianca, if I can by any means light
on a fit man to teach her that wherein she delights, I will
wish him to her father.

*You can go straight to the devil! No one here can stand your
"gifts."—Hortensio, our love for women isn't so great that we
can't twiddle our thumbs and wait this out. We're out of
luck for now. Farewell. But because of my love for sweet
Bianca, I'll try to find a suitable man to teach her in the
subjects she enjoys, and send him to her father.*

HORTENSIO

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.

So will I, Sir Gremio. But wait, let me have a word with you first, please. Though we've always been opponents, never allies, when you think about it, it's now important to us both that we regain access to our fair mistress, so that we can once again be friendly rivals competing for Bianca's love. But first we have to work to achieve one thing.

GREMIO

What's that, I pray?
And what's that?

HORTENSIO

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

GREMIO

A husband? A devil!
A husband? A devil!

HORTENSIO

(120) I say a husband.
I say a husband.

GREMIO

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?
I say a devil. Do you really think, Hortensio, that any man is foolish enough to marry hell itself—even if her father is very rich?

HORTENSIO

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

Hush, Gremio. Even though you and I don't have the patience to put up with her loud battle cries, why, man, there are good fellows in this world, if we could only find them, who would take her with all her faults—and enough money.

GREMIO

I cannot tell. But I had as lief take her dowry with this condition: to be whipped at the high cross every morning.

I'm not sure. I would rather take her dowry (Editor's note: A dowry is a "bride-price," or an inheritance of wealth that goes to a woman's husband from her father when she is married.) *and be whipped in public every morning than have to put up with her.*

HORTENSIO

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

Well, as you say, it's a choice between two evils. But come, since this great obstacle makes us allies, let's be friends until we can find a husband for Baptista's elder daughter. Then we'll set the younger daughter free to be courted, and we can resume our competition. Sweet Bianca! Happy the man who wins you! To the victor go the spoils. What do you say, Sir Gremio?

GREMIO

I am agreed, and would I had given him the best horse in Padua to begin his wooing that would thoroughly woo her, wed her, and bed her, and rid the house of her! Come on.

I agree with this plan. If we can find the right man, I'd give him the best horse in Padua to start wooing Katherine immediately, marry her, take her to bed, and rid the house of her! Come on.

[GREMIO and HORTENSIO exit.]

TRANIO

(140) I pray, sir, tell me, is it possible
That love should of a sudden take such hold?

Please tell me, sir, is it possible that love could overpower a person so suddenly?

LUCENTIO

O Tranio, till I found it to be true,
I never thought it possible or likely.
But see, while idly I stood looking on,
(145) I found the effect of love in idleness
And now in plainness do confess to thee

That art to me as secret and as dear
As Anna to the Queen of Carthage was,
Tranio, I burn, I pine, I perish, Tranio,
(150) If I achieve not this young modest girl.
Counsel me, Tranio, for I know thou canst.
Assist me, Tranio, for I know thou wilt.

Oh Tranio, I never thought it possible or likely until it happened to me. But see, while I stood here watching this unfold, I suddenly found myself feeling the effects of love. You are as trustworthy and dear to me as Anna was to Dido, Queen of Carthage (Editor's note: In Virgil's "Aeneid," Dido, Queen of Carthage, fell madly in love with Aeneas, and confessed her passion to her sister Anna.), so I must plainly

confess to you, Tranio: I'm on fire, I'm burning, I'm filled with longing. Tranio—I'll die if I can't win this modest young girl for myself. Advise me, Tranio, for I know you can. Help me, Tranio, for I know you will.

TRANIO

Master, it is no time to chide you now.

Affection is not rated from the heart.

(155) If love have touched you, naught remains but so:

Redime te captum quam queas minimo.

Master, now's not the time to scold you. Affection can't be driven out of the heart. If love has really touched you, then there's only one thing to be done. As the Latin grammar book says, "Ransom yourself from captivity as cheaply as you can."

LUCENTIO

Gramercies, lad, go forward. This contents.

The rest will comfort, for thy counsel's sound.

Many thanks, lad. Go on. This is helping. Your advice is good, so I know the rest of it will comfort me.

TRANIO

Master, you looked so longly on the maid,

(160) Perhaps you marked not what's the pith of all.

Master, you spent so much time looking at the girl that you might have missed the heart of the matter here.

LUCENTIO

Oh yes, I saw sweet beauty in her face

Such as the daughter of Agenor had,

That made great Jove to humble him to her hand

When with his knees he kissed the Cretan strand.

Oh yes, I saw the sweet beauty in her face, just like that of Europa, the daughter of Agenor —beauty that made even the great god Jove fall in love and humble himself, falling to

his knees and kissing the ground on that beach in Crete.
(Editor's note: Jove (Jupiter, or Zeus) fell in love with the mortal maiden Europa. He transformed himself into a bull and carried her over the seas to Crete.)

TRANIO

(165) Saw you no more? Marked you not how her sister
Began to scold and raise up such a storm
That mortal ears might hardly endure the din?

Is that all you saw? Didn't you notice how her sister began to scold and make such a ruckus that human ears could hardly endure the noise?

LUCENTIO

Tranio, I saw her coral lips to move
And with her breath she did perfume the air.

(170) Sacred and sweet was all I saw in her.

Tranio, I saw her coral-pink lips move, and her breath perfume the air. Everything I saw in her was holy and sweet.

TRANIO

(*aside*) Nay, then, 'tis time to stir him from his trance.—
I pray, awake, sir! If you love the maid,
Bend thoughts and wits to achieve her. Thus it stands:
Her eldest sister is so curst and shrewd

(175) That till the father rid his hands of her,
Master, your love must live a maid at home,
And therefore has he closely mewed her up,
Because she will not be annoyed with suitors.

(*to himself*) Well, then, it's time to wake him up from his trance.—Wake up, sir! If you love this girl, then start using your wits to figure out how to win her. This is how things stand right now: her older sister is such a bad-tempered shrew that her father wants to get rid of her. He's keeping your beloved locked up at home until he does, and not letting any suitors bother her.

LUCENTIO

Ah, Tranio, what a cruel father's he!

(180) But art thou not advised, he took some care
To get her cunning schoolmasters to instruct her?

*Ah, Tranio, what a cruel father he is! But didn't you hear
how he wanted to hire good tutors to instruct her?*

TRANIO

Ay, marry, am I, sir; and now 'tis plotted!

Yes, I did, sir—and now I've got a plan!

LUCENTIO

I have it, Tranio!

I have it, Tranio!

TRANIO

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

Master, I think we both had the same idea at the same time.

LUCENTIO

Tell me thine first.

Tell me your idea first.

TRANIO

(185) You will be schoolmaster
And undertake the teaching of the maid:
That's your device.

*You will be a tutor and offer to teach the girl. Is that your
plan?*

LUCENTIO

It is. May it be done?
It is. Can it be done?

TRANIO

Not possible. For who shall bear your part
And be in Padua here Vincentio's son,
(190) Keep house and ply his book, welcome his friends,
Visit his countrymen and banquet them?

*It's impossible. Who would take your place and be
Vincentio's son here in Padua, living in your house and
studying your books, welcoming your friends, visiting and
dining with your fellow countrymen from Pisa?*

LUCENTIO

Basta, content thee, for I have it full.
We have not yet been seen in any house,
Nor can we be distinguished by our faces
(195) For man or master. Then it follows thus:
Thou shalt be master, Tranio, in my stead,
Keep house and port and servants as I should.

I will some other be, some Florentine,
Some Neapolitan, or meaner man of Pisa.
(200) 'Tis hatched, and shall be so. Tranio, at once
Uncase thee. Take my colored hat and cloak.

*Enough—don't worry, I have it all planned out. No one has
seen us yet, so no one knows which of us is the master and
which is the servant. So this is how it'll go: you'll be the
master, Tranio, and replace me. You'll maintain my rank, live
in my house, and keep servants, just as I would do. I, on the
other hand, will be some other man—some fellow from
Florence or Naples, or a low-ranking man from Pisa. Well,
that's the plan, so let's do it. Tranio, undress yourself at
once, and put on my colored hat and cloak.*

[They exchange clothes.]

When Biondello comes, he waits on thee,
But I will charm him first to keep his tongue.

*When Biondello comes, he must wait on you like you're his
master. But first I'll persuade him to keep all this a secret.*

TRANIO

So had you need.

(205) In brief, sir, sith it your pleasure is,
And I am tied to be obedient--
For so your father charged me at our parting,
"Be serviceable to my son," quoth he,
Although I think 'twas in another sense--

(210) I am content to be Lucentio
Because so well I love Lucentio.

That's very important. Since this is what you want, sir, and I am sworn to obey you—for that's what your father commanded me when we left, saying, "Serve my son," although I don't think he had this in mind—I will pretend to be Lucentio, because I love the real Lucentio so well.

LUCENTIO

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.

Good, Tranio, for the real Lucentio is also in love. I will even become a slave if it will win me that girl, whose appearance has bewitched my lovestruck eyes.

[BIONDELLO enters.]

(215) Here comes the rogue. Sirrah, where have you been?
Here comes that rascal. Boy, where have you been?

BIONDELLO

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

Where have I been? The real question is, where are you? Master, has Tranio stolen your clothes? Or have you stolen his? Or both? Please tell me, what's going on?

LUCENTIO

Sirrah, come hither: 'tis no time to jest,
(220) And therefore frame your manners to the time.
Your fellow Tranio here, to save my life,
Puts my apparel and my countenance on,
And I for my escape have put on his;
For in a quarrel since I came ashore
(225) I killed a man and fear I was descried.
Wait you on him, I charge you, as becomes,
While I make way from hence to save my life.
You understand me?

*Boy, come here. This is no time for jokes, so get serious.
Your fellow Tranio here has taken on my outward
appearance to save my life, and I have put on his
appearance in order to escape. I've been in a fight since we
came ashore, and I killed a man. I'm afraid that someone
saw me. So for now you must wait on Tranio like he's your
master, while I make my escape and save my life. Do you
understand me?*

BIONDELLO

Aye, sir. *(aside)* Ne'er a whit.
Yes, sir. *(to himself)* Not a bit.

LUCENTIO

And not a jot of "Tranio" in your mouth.
(230) Tranio is changed into Lucentio.
*And don't ever let the name "Tranio" slip out. "Tranio" is now
"Lucentio."*

BIONDELLO

The better for him. Would I were so too.
All the better for him. I wish I could be Lucentio too.

TRANIO

So could I, faith, boy, to have the next wish after,
That Lucentio indeed had Baptista's youngest daughter.
But, sirrah, not for my sake, but your master's, I advise
(235) You use your manners discreetly in all kind of
companies.

When I am alone, why then I am Tranio;
But in all places else, your master Lucentio.

*I'd second your wish, boy, if it meant that the next wish
granted Baptista's youngest daughter to Lucentio. But for
your master's sake, boy, not mine, I advise you to be
discreet in the company of others. When we're alone, then
I'm Tranio. But everywhere else, I'm your master Lucentio.*

LUCENTIO

Tranio, let's go. One thing more rests, that thyself execute,
(240) To make one among these wooers. If thou ask me
why,

Sufficeth my reasons are both good and weighty.

*Tranio, let's go. One more thing still has to be done, and it's
up to you to arrange it. You have to become another suitor
to Bianca. Don't ask me why—just trust that I have a good
reason for doing this.*

[They exit.]

[The "audience" in the gallery speak.]

FIRST SERVANT

My lord, you nod. You do not mind the play.

*(to SLY) My lord, you're falling asleep. You're not watching
the play.*

SLY

Yes, by Saint Anne, do I. A good matter, surely. Comes there
any more of it?

I am watching, by God, I am. It's a good play, to be sure. Is there any more?

PAGE

(245) My lord, 'tis but begun.

My lord, it's only just begun.

SLY

'Tis a very excellent piece of work, madam lady. Would 'twere done.

It's a very excellent piece of work, madam lady. I wish it were over.

[They sit and watch.]

Act 1, Scene 2

[PETRUCHIO enters with his servant GRUMIO.]

PETRUCHIO

Verona, for a while I take my leave,
To see my friends in Padua, but of all
My best belovèd and approvèd friend,
Hortensio. And I trow this is his house.

(5) Here, sirrah Grumio. Knock, I say.

Farewell for now, Verona. I have come to see my friends in Padua, but especially my best and most beloved friend Hortensio. And I believe this is his house. Here, Grumio. Knock, I say.

GRUMIO

Knock, sir? Whom should I knock? Is there any man has rebused your Worship?

Knock, sir? Whom should I knock? Has any man rebused
(Editor's note: This is Grumio's mistake for "abused," but as with Grumio's other thickheaded errors, it is possibly deliberate.) *your Worship?*

PETRUCHIO

Villain, I say, knock me here soundly.

Villain, I say, knock for me here.

GRUMIO

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

Knock you here, sir? Why, sir, I don't think it's appropriate for me to knock you here, sir.

PETRUCHIO

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

*Villain, I say, knock for me at this door, and pound it well, or
I'll knock your fool's head!*

GRUMIO

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

*My master is getting angry. If I knock him first, then I know
who's going to end up sorry for it.*

PETRUCHIO

(15) Will it not be?

Faith, sirrah, an you'll not knock, I'll ring it.
I'll try how you can *sol, fa*, and sing it.

*Why is this so hard? Well, man, if you won't knock, I'll ring—
wring your ears and make you sing!*

[He grabs GRUMIO by the ears.]

GRUMIO

Help, mistress, help! My master is mad.

Help, help! My master's gone crazy.

PETRUCHIO

Now knock when I bid you, sirrah villain.

Now knock when I tell you to, you idiot peasant.

[HORTENSIO enters.]

HORTENSIO

(20) How now, what's the matter? My old friend Grumio and
my good friend Petruchio? How do you all at Verona?

*What's going on, what's the matter? Is this my old friend
Grumio and my good friend Petruchio? How are all your
family in Verona?*

PETRUCHIO

Signior Hortensio, come you to part the fray?

Con tutto il cuore, ben trovato, may I say.

Sir Hortensio, have you come to break up the fig? Let me say con tutto il cuore, ben trovato (Editor's note: This is Italian, and means "with all my heart, well met.").

HORTENSIO

(25) *Alla nostra casa ben venuto, molto honorato signor mio Petruchio*.—Rise, Grumio, rise. We will compound this quarrel.

Alla nostra casa ben venuto, molto honorato signor mio Petruchio. (Editor's note: The Italian means "Welcome to our house, my most honored Sir Petruchio.")—*Get up, Grumio, get up. We will settle this argument.*

GRUMIO

Nay, 'tis no matter, sir, what he 'leges in Latin. If this be not a lawful case for me to leave his service—look you, sir: he bid me knock him and rap him soundly, sir. Well, was it fit for a servant to use his master so, being perhaps, for aught I see, two-and-thirty, a pip out?

Whom, would to God, I had well knocked at first,
Then had not Grumio come by the worst.

It doesn't matter what he's accused me of in Latin. If this isn't a lawful justification for me to leave his service, I don't know what is. Listen to this, sir: he tells me to knock him and pound him well, sir. Well, was it proper for a servant to treat his master like that—especially if he might be a little more drunk than drunk? Maybe I ought to have knocked him first, and then all this wouldn't have happened.

PETRUCHIO

A senseless villain, good Hortensio.

(35) I bade the rascal knock upon your gate
And could not get him for my heart to do it.

He's a senseless villain, good Hortensio. I told the rascal to knock on your door and couldn't for the life of me get him to do it.

GRUMIO

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

Knock on the door? Oh God! Didn't you clearly say the words "Man, knock me here, pound here, and knock me well?" And now you're coming out with "knocking on the door?"

PETRUCHIO

Sirrah, begone or talk not, I advise you.

Be quiet or go away, I warn you.

HORTENSIO

Petruchio, patience. I am Grumio's pledge.

Why, this' a heavy chance 'twixt him and you,

Your ancient, trusty, pleasant servant Grumio.

(45) And tell me now, sweet friend, what happy gale

Blows you to Padua here from old Verona?

Calm down, Petruchio. I'll vouch for Grumio. Why, this is sad to see you two fighting—you and Grumio, your trusty, cheerful servant of so long. But tell me now, sweet friend, what lucky wind blew you from old Verona here to Padua.

PETRUCHIO

Such wind as scatters young men through the world

To seek their fortunes farther than at home,

Where small experience grows. But in a few,

(50) Signior Hortensio, thus it stands with me:

Antonio, my father, is deceased,

And I have thrust myself into this maze,

Happily to wive and thrive as best I may.
Crowns in my purse I have and goods at home,
(55) And so am come abroad to see the world.

The wind that scatters young men throughout the world to seek their fortunes away from home, where there are few new experiences to be had. But to be brief, Sir Hortensio, this is how it stands with me: Antonio, my father, is dead, and I have now thrown myself into the wide world to try and marry and thrive as best I can. I have money in my purse and property at home, so I've set off to see the world.

HORTENSIO

Petruchio, shall I then come roundly to thee
And wish thee to a shrewd, ill-favored wife?
Thou'dst thank me but a little for my counsel;
And yet I'll promise thee she shall be rich,
(60) And very rich. But thou'rt too much my friend,
And I'll not wish thee to her.

Petruchio, should I speak plainly then and offer a shrewish, unpleasant wife for you? I don't think you'd thank me for my advice, but I promise you she's rich, and very rich. But you are my friend, so I won't wish her on you.

PETRUCHIO

Signior Hortensio, 'twixt such friends as we
Few words suffice. And therefore, if thou know
One rich enough to be Petruchio's wife,
(65) As wealth is burden of my wooing dance,
Be she as foul as was Florentius' love,
As old as Sibyl and as curst and shrewd
As Socrates' Xanthippe, or a worse,
She moves me not, or not removes at least
(70) Affection's edge in me, were she as rough
As are the swelling Adriatic seas.
I come to wive it wealthily in Padua;
If wealthily, then happily in Padua.

Sir Hortensio, for good friends like us only a few words are needed. So if you know a woman rich enough to be Petruchio's wife—and wealth is the biggest factor for me—it doesn't matter if she's as ugly as Florentius' love, as old as the Sybil, or as shrewish as Socrates' Xanthippe (Editor's note: In a story told by both Chaucer and John Gower, Florentius is forced to marry an old hag when she saves his life. The Sybil of Cumae was a prophetess to whom Apollo granted extremely long life. Xanthippe was the famously bad-tempered wife of the philosopher Socrates.). None of that would bother me, or make me less keen to marry her, even if she were as rough as the Adriatic Sea. I've come to find a wealthy wife in Padua, and if she's wealthy, then I'll live happily in Padua.

GRUMIO

(to HORTENSIO) 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.

(to HORTENSIO) Look at that, sir, he tells you plainly what his intentions are. Why, if you give him enough gold he'll marry a puppet, a doll, or an old prostitute with a dozen diseases and not a tooth in her head. Why, nothing can bother him, as long as money comes with it.

HORTENSIO

Petruchio, since we are stepped thus far in,

(80) I will continue that I broached in jest.

I can, Petruchio, help thee to a wife

With wealth enough, and young and beauteous,

Brought up as best becomes a gentlewoman.

Her only fault, and that is faults enough,

(85) Is that she is intolerable curst,

And shrewd and froward, so beyond all measure
That, were my state far worser than it is,
I would not wed her for a mine of gold.

Petruchio, since the conversation has gone this far already, I'll continue with what I first mentioned as a joke. I can help you find a wife, Petruchio, who's rich, young, beautiful, and brought up as a noble gentlewoman. Her only flaw, and it's certainly a big one, is that she is an unbearable shrew, disagreeable and willful, and so much so that even if I was broke I wouldn't marry her for a goldmine.

PETRUCHIO

Hortensio, peace. Thou know'st not gold's effect.
(90) Tell me her father's name, and 'tis enough;
For I will board her, though she chide as loud
As thunder when the clouds in autumn crack.

Quiet, Hortensio. You don't know gold's power. Tell me her father's name, and that will be enough. I will accost and pursue her even if her scolding is as loud as thunder in an autumn storm.

HORTENSIO

Her father is Baptista Minola,
An affable and courteous gentleman.

(95) Her name is Katherina Minola,
Renowned in Padua for her scolding tongue.

Her father is Baptista Minola, an agreeable and polite gentleman. Her name is Katherina Minola, famous in Padua for her scolding tongue.

PETRUCHIO

I know her father, though I know not her,
And he knew my deceased father well.

I will not sleep, Hortensio, till I see her,

(100) And therefore let me be thus bold with you

To give you over at this first encounter,
Unless you will accompany me thither.

I don't know her, but I know her father, and he knew my father well when he was alive. I won't sleep until I see her, Hortensio, so I hope you'll pardon me for cutting off this first meeting of ours—unless you want to come with me.

GRUMIO

(to HORTENSIO) I pray you, sir, let him go while the humor lasts. O' my word, an she knew him as well as I do, she would think scolding would do little good upon him. She may perhaps call him half a score knaves or so. Why, that's nothing; an he begin once, he'll rail in his rope tricks. I'll tell you what sir: an she stand him but a little, he will throw a figure in her face and so disfigure her with it that she shall have no more eyes to see withal than a cat. You know him not, sir.

(to HORTENSIO) Please, sir, let him go while this mood lasts. I swear, if she knew him as well as I do, she'd know how little scolding affects him. She might call him "fool" ten times or so. Why, that's nothing. Once he gets started, he'll rant and rave and throw his rope tricks (Editor's note: A mistake for "rhetoric," and also a joke on "tricks punishable by hanging.") around, and if she tries to stand up to him, he'll throw a figure of speech in her face that'll disfigure her so she'll have no more eyes to see with than a cat does. You don't know him, sir.

HORTENSIO

Tarry, Petruchio, I must go with thee,
For in Baptista's keep my treasure is.
He hath the jewel of my life in hold,
His youngest daughter, beautiful Bianca,
(115) And her withholds from me and other more,
Suitors to her and rivals in my love,
Supposing it a thing impossible,

For those defects I have before rehearsed,
That ever Katherine will be wooed.

(120) Therefore this order hath Baptista ta'en,
That none shall have access unto Bianca
Till Katherine the curst have got a husband.

Wait, Petruchio. I must go with you, for my own treasure is in Baptista's keeping too. He has the jewel of my life hidden away in his fortress: his youngest daughter, the beautiful Bianca. He keeps her away from me and her other suitors, my rivals in love, as he assumes it will be impossible—because of those character defects I already described—for Katherine to ever find a husband. Baptista has therefore set down this rule: no one will have access to Bianca until Katherine the shrew gets a husband.

GRUMIO

"Katherine the curst!"

A title for a maid of all titles the worst.

"Katherine the shrew!" Of all the titles you could give a girl, that's the worst.

HORTENSIO

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

Now my friend Petruchio will do me a favor, and present me—disguised in somber robes—to Baptista as a teacher, well-versed in music, to instruct Bianca. With this disguise, I'll at least have time and permission to be with Bianca alone, and then I can court her once more.

GRUMIO

Here's no knavery! See, to beguile the old folks, how the young folks lay their heads together!

What a nice trick! See how the young folks put their heads together to deceive the old.

[GREMIO enters with LUCENTIO, disguised as CAMBIO]

Master, master, look about you. Who goes there, ha?

Master, master, look behind you. Who's that, huh?

HORTENSIO

(135) Peace, Grumio. It is the rival of my love.

Petruchio, stand by a while.

Quiet, Grumio. It is my rival in love for Bianca. Petruchio, let's watch a while.

PETRUCHIO, HORTENSIO, and GRUMIO step off to the side.

GRUMIO

(*aside*) A proper stripling, and an amorous.

(*to himself, indicating CAMBIO*) *What a handsome young man! A real heartbreaker.*

GREMIO

(*to LUCENTIO*) O, very well, I have perused the note.

Hark you, sir: I'll have them very fairly bound,

(140) All books of love. See that at any hand,

And see you read no other lectures to her.

You understand me. Over and beside

Signior Baptista's liberality,

I'll mend it with a largess. Take your paper too.

(145) And let me have them very well perfum'd

For she is sweeter than perfume itself

To whom they go to. What will you read to her?

(*to LUCENTIO*) *Oh, very well, I've read the list of books for Bianca. Now listen, sir: I want them very handsomely bound, and I want them to be books of love. No matter what, don't*

be teaching any other lessons to her. Do you understand me? Above and beyond what Sir Baptista pays you, I'll add on a hefty bonus. Take your book list too. And have all the books well perfumed too, for the lady they're going to is sweeter than perfume itself. What will you teach her?

LUCENTIO

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

*(as CAMBIO) Whatever I teach her, I'll plead your case. You
can be sure of that—I'll argue for you as strongly as if you
were there yourself. And maybe I'll be more successful than
you would be too, sir, unless you were a scholar.*

GREMIO

*O this learning, what a thing it is!
Oh, this learning, what an excellent thing it is!*

GRUMIO

*(aside) O this woodcock, what an ass it is!
(to himself) Oh, this moron, what an ass it is!*

PETRUCHIO

*(155) (aside) Peace, sirrah.
(so only GRUMIO can hear) Quiet, man.*

HORTENSIO

*(aside) Grumio, mum! God save you, Signior Gremio.
(so only GRUMIO can hear) Grumio, hush!—God bless you,
Sir Gremio.*

GREMIO

And you are well met, Signior Hortensio.
Trow you whither I am going? To Baptista Minola.

(160) I promised to enquire carefully
About a schoolmaster for the fair Bianca,
And by good fortune I have lighted well
On this young man, for learning and behavior
Fit for her turn, well read in poetry

(165) And other books—good ones, I warrant ye.

Good to see you, Sir Hortensio. Do you know where I'm going? To Baptista Minola. I promised that I would find a teacher for the fair Bianca, and my good luck has led me to this young man. His manners and learning are well-suited for her needs, and he's well-read in poetry and other books—good books, I assure you.

HORTENSIO

'Tis well. And I have met a gentleman
Hath promised me to help me to another,
A fine musician to instruct our mistress.
So shall I no whit be behind in duty

(170) To fair Bianca, so beloved of me.

That's good. And I have met a gentleman who has promised to help find a fine musician to teach our lady. So I won't fall even a step behind in my duty to fair Bianca, my beloved.

GREMIO

Beloved of me, and that my deeds shall prove.

My beloved—as my deeds will prove.

GRUMIO

(aside) And that his bags shall prove.

(to himself) And as his moneybags will prove.

HORTENSIO

Gremio, 'tis now no time to vent our love.
Listen to me, and if you speak me fair,

(175) I'll tell you news indifferent good for either.

(presenting PETRUCHIO)

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

Gremio, now is not the time to express our love. If you're willing to be polite and listen to me, then I'll give you some news that's equally good for both of us. (presenting PETRUCHIO) Here is a gentleman I met by chance. If we meet the terms he wants, he is willing to try and woo the shrewish Katherine—yes, and to marry her too, if her dowry's big enough.

GREMIO

(180) So said, so done, is well.

Hortensio, have you told him all her faults?

If he'll do as he says, then that's good. But Hortensio, have you told him about all her flaws?

PETRUCHIO

I know she is an irksome brawling scold.

If that be all, masters, I hear no harm.

I know she is an annoying, argumentative scolder. If that's all, masters, then I see no problem.

GREMIO

No? Say'st me so, friend? What countryman?

No? Is that what you're telling me, friend? Where are you from?

PETRUCHIO

(185) Born in Verona, old Antonio's son.

My father dead, my fortune lives for me.

And I do hope good days and long to see.

I was born in Verona. I'm old Antonio's son. My father is dead, and his fortune is mine now. I hope to see many long, good days.

GREMIO

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

Oh sir, such a life with such a wife will be strange! But if you have the stomach for it, then godspeed—and you'll have my help in everything you need. But will you really woo this wildcat?

PETRUCHIO

Will I live?
If I'm alive, then I'll woo her.

GRUMIO

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

PETRUCHIO

Why came I hither but to that intent?
Think you a little din can daunt mine ears?
(195) Have I not in my time heard lions roar?
Have I not heard the sea, puffed up with winds,
Rage like an angry boar chafèd with sweat?
Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,
And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies?
(200) Have I not in a pitched battle heard
Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets' clang?
And do you tell me of a woman's tongue
That gives not half so great a blow to hear
As will a chestnut in a farmer's fire?
(205) Tush, tush! Fear boys with bugs.

Why did I come here if not for that? Do you think a little noise can frighten me? Haven't I heard lions roar? Haven't I heard the windy sea rage like an angry boar? Haven't I heard cannons on the battlefield, and thunder—heaven's artillery—in the sky? Haven't I been at war and heard loud calls to arms, neighing horses, and trumpets blasting? And now you'll warn me about some woman's tongue, which isn't even half as loud as a chestnut popping in a farmer's fire? For shame! Save your bogeymen to frighten children.

GRUMIO

For he fears none.

For he fears nothing.

GREMIO

Hortensio, hark.

This gentleman is happily arrived,

My mind presumes, for his own good and ours.

Hortensio, listen. This gentleman has arrived at a fortunate time, I think—for both our good and his.

HORTENSIO

(210) I promised we would be contributors
And bear his charge of wooing, whatsoe'er.

I promised that we would all contribute and pay the expenses for his courtship, whatever they turn out to be.

GREMIO

And so we will, provided that he win her.

And so we will, as long as he wins Katherine.

GRUMIO

I would I were as sure of a good dinner.

I wish I could be as sure of a good dinner.

[TRANIO enters, in disguise as LUCENTIO, along with
BIONDELLO]

TRANIO

(as LUCENTIO) Gentlemen, God save you. If I may be bold,
Tell me, I beseech you, which is the readiest way
To the house of Signior Baptista Minola?

(as LUCENTIO) God bless you, gentlemen. If I may be so
bold, please tell me, which is the best way to the house of
Sir Baptista Minola?

BIONDELLO

He that has the two fair daughters—is 't he you mean?
*The man with the two pretty daughters—is that who you
mean?*

TRANIO

(as LUCENTIO) Even he, Biondello.
(as LUCENTIO) The very man, Biondello.

GREMIO

(220) Hark you, sir, you mean not her to—
Listen, sir, you're not looking for the daughter—

TRANIO

(as LUCENTIO)
Perhaps him and her, sir. What have you to do?
(as LUCENTIO) Maybe I mean the father and the daughter,
sir. What is it to you?

PETRUCHIO

Not her that chides, sir, at any hand, I pray.
Not the daughter who scolds, anyway, I hope.

TRANIO

(as LUCENTIO) I love no chiders, sir. Biondello, let's away.

(as LUCENTIO) I have no love for scolders, sir. Biondello, let's go.

LUCENTIO

(aside) Well begun, Tranio.

(to himself) Well done, Tranio.

HORTENSIO

Sir, a word ere you go.

(225) Are you a suitor to the maid you talk of, yea or no?

(to TRANIO) Sir, a word before you go. Are you a suitor to the girl you asked about—yes or no?

TRANIO

An if I be, sir, is it any offense?

(as LUCENTIO) And if I am, sir, is it a problem?

GREMIO

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

Not if you get out of here without saying another word.

TRANIO

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

*(as LUCENTIO) Why, sir, don't I have just as much a right to
be out on the streets as you do?*

GREMIO

But so is not she.

But she doesn't.

TRANIO

(230) For what reason, I beseech you?

For what reason, I ask you?

GREMIO

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

*For this reason, if you want to know: because she's the
chosen beloved of Sir Gremio.*

HORTENSIO

That she's the chosen of Signior Hortensio.

Because she's the chosen beloved of Sir Hortensio.

TRANIO

Softly, my masters. If you be gentlemen,
(235) Do me this right: hear me with patience.

Baptista is a noble gentleman,
To whom my father is not all unknown,
And were his daughter fairer than she is,
She may more suitors have, and me for one.

(240) Fair Leda's daughter had a thousand wooers;
Then well one more may fair Bianca have.
And so she shall. Lucentio shall make one,
Though Paris came in hope to speed alone.

*Calm down, sirs. If you're gentleman, then be polite and
hear me out. Baptista is a noble gentleman—one who knows
my father—and even if his daughter was more beautiful
than she already is, she would still be entitled to more than
one suitor—and I will be one of them. Helen of Troy had a
thousand suitors, so let fair Bianca have one more. And so
she does. Lucentio will woo her, even if Paris himself should
come to try and win her. (Editor's note: Helen of Troy was
famous for being the most beautiful woman alive. Paris stole
her away from her husband, Menelaus.)*

GREMIO

What! This gentleman will out-talk us all.

What! This gentleman will out-talk us all.

LUCENTIO

(245) *(as CAMBIO)* Sir, give him head; I know he'll prove a jade.

(as CAMBIO) Well, let him sprint ahead for now. He's not likely to finish the race.

PETRUCHIO

Hortensio, to what end are all these words?

Hortensio, what's all this talk about?

HORTENSIO

(to TRANIO) Sir, let me be so bold as ask you,

Did you yet ever see Baptista's daughter?

(to TRANIO) Sir, if I may be so bold as to ask you, have you even seen Baptista's daughter yet?

TRANIO

(as LUCENTIO) No, sir, but hear I do that he hath two,

(250) The one as famous for a scolding tongue

As is the other for beauteous modesty.

(as LUCENTIO) No, sir, but I hear that he has two, the one as famous for her scolding tongue as the other is for her beauty and modesty.

PETRUCHIO

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

Sir, sir, the first one's mine, so let her go by.

GREMIO

Yea, leave that labor to great Hercules,

And let it be more than Alcides' twelve.

Yes, leave that labor to great Hercules—it's worse than all the other Twelve Labors put together.

PETRUCHIO

(255) *(to TRANIO)* Sir, understand you this of me, in sooth:

The youngest daughter, whom you hearken for,

Her father keeps from all access of suitors
And will not promise her to any man
Until the elder sister first be wed.

(260) The younger then is free, and not before.

(to TRANIO) Sir, let me make sure you understand this: the youngest daughter, the one you long for, is kept locked away from all suitors by her father. He won't promise her to any man until the elder sister is married first. Then, and only then, will the younger be free.

TRANIO

(as LUCENTIO) If it be so, sir, that you are the man
Must stead us all, and me amongst the rest,
And if you break the ice and do this feat,
Achieve the elder, set the younger free

(265) For our access, whose hap shall be to have her
Will not so graceless be to be ingrate.

(as LUCENTIO) If that's true, sir, and you are the man who
must help us all—myself included—and you do break the ice
and perform the incredible feat of winning the elder sister,
thereby setting the younger free for us to woo—then I'm
sure whoever happens to win her won't be such a brute as
to be ungrateful to you.

HORTENSIO

Sir, you say well, and well you do conceive.
And since you do profess to be a suitor,
You must, as we do, gratify this gentleman,

(270) To whom we all rest generally beholding.

Sir, you speak well, and you understand well. And since you declare yourself a suitor, you must do as we already have, and pay this gentleman to whom we all owe so much.

TRANIO

(as LUCENTIO) 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,
(275) Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.

*(as LUCENTIO) Sir, I won't be stingy. On that note, let's
spend this afternoon drinking toasts to our beloved's health.
We'll be like opposing lawyers in a case, who fight viciously
in court, but outside of it eat and drink as friends.*

GRUMIO AND BIONDELLO

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

HORTENSIO

The motion's good indeed and be it so.—
Petruchio, I shall be your *ben venuto*.
*It's a good suggestion, so let's do it.—Petruchio, let me buy
you a drink as your host.*

[They all exit.]

Act 2, Scene 1

[KATHERINE enters with BIANCA, whose hands are tied.]

BIANCA

Good sister, wrong me not nor wrong yourself,
To make a bondmaid and a slave of me.
That I disdain. But for these other goods—
Unbind my hands, I'll pull them off myself,
(5) Yea, all my raiment to my petticoat,
Or what you will command me will I do,
So well I know my duty to my elders.

Good sister, don't wrong both me and yourself by turning me into a slave. I won't stand for that. But if it's my jewelry and clothes you want—untie my hands and I'll pull them off myself, yes, everything down to my petticoat. Or I'll do anything else you command me to do, for I know that my duty is to obey my elders.

KATHERINE

Of all thy suitors here I charge thee tell
Whom thou lovest best. See thou dissemble not.
*I order you to tell me which of your suitors you like best.
And make sure you don't lie.*

BIANCA

(10) Believe me, sister, of all the men alive
I never yet beheld that special face
Which I could fancy more than any other.
Believe me, sister, out of all the men alive I've never yet seen that special face that I could love more than any other.

KATHERINE

Minion, thou liest. Is 't not Hortensio?

You're lying, you hussy. It's Hortensio, isn't it?

BIANCA

If you affect him, sister, here I swear

(15) I'll plead for you myself, but you shall have him.

If you love him, sister, you can have him. I swear I'll even plead with him on your behalf.

KATHERINE

Oh, then belike you fancy riches more.

You will have Gremio to keep you fair.

Oh, then you probably prefer money. You'll choose Gremio who will keep you dressed up in fine clothes and jewelry.

BIANCA

Is it for him you do envy me so?

Nay, then you jest, and now I well perceive

(20) You have but jested with me all this while.

I prithee, sister Kate, untie my hands.

Are you really jealous of me because of him? You must be joking—and now I can see that you've been joking with me this whole time. Please, sister Kate, untie my hands.

[KATHARINE strikes her.]

KATHERINE

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

If you consider that a joke, then the rest was too.

[BAPTISTA enters.]

BAPTISTA

Why, how now, dame! whence grows this insolence?—

Bianca, stand aside.—Poor girl, she weeps!

(25) (to BIANCA) Go ply thy needle; meddle not with her.

(to KATHERINE) For shame, thou hilding of a devilish spirit!

Why dost thou wrong her that did ne'er wrong thee?
When did she cross thee with a bitter word?

*What's going on, woman? How dare you!—Bianca, step away from her.—The poor girl, she's weeping! (to BIANCA)
Go do some sewing, and don't talk to her. (to KATHERINE)
For shame, you vicious creature, you devil! Why would you hurt her when she's never done you any harm? When did she ever speak a single bitter word to you?*

KATHERINE

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

Her silence mocks me, and I'll get my revenge on her.

[She rushes at BIANCA.]

BAPTISTA

(30) What, in my sight?—Bianca, get thee in.

What, right in front of me?—Bianca, go inside.

[BIANCA exits.]

KATHERINE

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
And, for your love to her, lead apes in hell.

(35) Talk not to me. I will go sit and weep
Till I can find occasion of revenge.

What, you can't even stand my presence? Now I see that she is your treasure. She must have a husband, while I must dance barefoot on her wedding day and lead apes in hell
(Editor's note: These were both proverbial fates for old maids.), *all because you love her most.*

[She exits.]

BAPTISTA

Was ever gentleman thus grieved as I?
But who comes here?

Was there ever a man who suffered like I do? But who's this coming?

[GREMIO enters with LUCENTIO, dressed as CAMBIO the poor schoolmaster. PETRUCHIO enters with HORTENSIO, disguised as a musician. TRANIO, disguised as LUCENTIO, enters with BIONDELLO, who carries a lute (stringed instrument) and books.]

GREMIO

Good morrow, neighbor Baptista.

Good morning, neighbor Baptista.

BAPTISTA

(40) Good morrow, neighbor Gremio.—God save you, gentlemen!

Good morning, neighbor Gremio.—Hello and God bless you, gentlemen!

PETRUCHIO

And you, good sir. Pray, have you not a daughter
Called Katherina, fair and virtuous?

And you, good sir. Please tell me, don't you have a daughter named Katherina, who is fair and virtuous?

BAPTISTA

I have a daughter, sir, called Katherina.

I do have a daughter named Katherina, sir.

GREMIO

(45) (to PETRUCHIO) You are too blunt. Go to it orderly.

(to PETRUCHIO) You're being too blunt. Go about it with more ceremony.

PETRUCHIO

You wrong me, Signior Gremio. Give me leave.—
I am a gentleman of Verona, sir,
That hearing of her beauty and her wit,
Her affability and bashful modesty,
(50) 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,
(55) I do present you with a man of mine,
(*presenting HORTENSIO, disguised as LITIO*)
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.
(60) His name is Litio, born in Mantua.

You do me wrong, Sir Gremio. Let me continue.—I am a gentleman of Verona, sir, who has heard of your daughter's beauty and wit, her friendliness and bashful modesty, her wondrous talents and mild behavior. I have now boldly come as a guest to your house to try and see for myself all the things I've heard reported. And, to pay the price of my admission to your hospitality, I here present you with a servant of mine. (he presents HORTENSIO, disguised as LITIO) He is skilled in music and mathematics, and can instruct your daughter in these fields of study—in which I know she is not ignorant. Accept him, or else risk offending me. His name is Litio, from Mantua.

BAPTISTA

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

You're welcome here, sir, and he is too, for your sake. But as for my daughter Katherine, this much I know: she won't meet your expectations—and more's the pity for me.

PETRUCHIO

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

I see that you don't intend to part with her, or else you don't like my company.

BAPTISTA

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

*No, don't misunderstand me—I'm just stating the facts.
Where are you from, sir? What name should I call you?*

PETRUCHIO

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

Petruchio is my name. My father was Antonio, a man well known throughout Italy.

BAPTISTA

(70) I know him well. You are welcome for his sake.

He's well known to me. You are welcome for his sake.

GREMIO

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

Bacare, you are marvelous forward.

With all due respect, Petruchio, please let us poor petitioners get a word in too. Stand back—you're too forward.

PETRUCHIO

Oh, pardon me, Signior Gremio, I would fain be doing.

Oh, pardon me, Sir Gremio. I'm just eager to get down to business.

GREMIO

(75) I doubt it not, sir, but you will curse your wooing.—
(*To BAPTISTA*) Neighbor, this is a gift very grateful, I am sure of it. To express the like kindness, myself, that have been more kindly beholding to you than any, freely give unto you this young scholar (*presenting LUCENTIO, disguised as CAMBIO*) that hath been long studying at Rheims, as cunning in Greek, Latin, and other languages as the other in music and mathematics. His name is Cambio. Pray accept his service.

I don't doubt it, sir, but you'll regret your wooing if it's successful. (to BAPTISTA) Neighbor, this is a very gracious gift, I'm sure. To express my own gratitude, I—who am more indebted to you than anyone—offer you the services of this young scholar. (presenting LUCENTIO, disguised as CAMBIO) He has studied at the university in Rheims, and is as skilled in Greek, Latin, and other languages as that man is in music and mathematics. His name is Cambio. Please accept his service.

BAPTISTA

A thousand thanks, Signior Gremio. Welcome, good Cambio. (*to TRANIO as LUCENTIO*) But, gentle sir, methinks you walk like a stranger. May I be so bold to know the cause of your coming?

A thousand thanks, Sir Gremio. Welcome, good Cambio. (to TRANIO, disguised as LUCENTIO) But, gentle sir, you seem to be a foreigner. May I be so bold as to ask about your reason for coming here?

TRANIO

(*as LUCENTIO*) 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.

(90) Nor is your firm resolve unknown to me,
In the preferment of the eldest sister.

This liberty is all that I request,
That, upon knowledge of my parentage,
I may have welcome 'mongst the rest that woo

(95) And free access and favor as the rest.

And toward the education of your daughters,
I here bestow a simple instrument
And this small packet of Greek and Latin books.

(BIONDELLO brings the gifts forward)

If you accept them, then their worth is great.

(as LUCENTIO) Pardon me sir, for the boldness is all my own. I am a foreigner in this city, but I have come to make myself a suitor to your daughter, the fair and virtuous Bianca. I'm also aware of your firm decision that your eldest daughter must marry first. All I ask is that, once you know who my parents are, you make me as welcome as Bianca's other suitors, and give me the same freedom and permission as the rest. And as for the education of your daughters, I here contribute a simple instrument and this small packet of Greek and Latin books. (BIONDELLO brings the gifts forward) If you accept them, then they are valuable indeed.

BAPTISTA

(100) Lucentio is your name. Of whence, I pray?

I see that your name is Lucentio (Editor's note: Baptista probably reads the inscription on one of the books, as the name "Lucentio" hasn't been mentioned yet.). *Where are you from?*

TRANIO

(as LUCENTIO) Of Pisa, sir, son to Vincentio.

(as LUCENTIO) From Pisa, sir. My father is Vincentio.

BAPTISTA

A mighty man of Pisa. By report
I know him well. You are very welcome, sir.
(to HORTENSIO as LITIO) Take you the lute,
(to LUCENTIO as CAMBIO) and you the set of books.
(105) You shall go see your pupils presently.
Holla, within!

A mighty man of Pisa. I know him well by reputation. You are very welcome, sir. (to HORTENSIO as LITIO) You take the lute, (to LUCENTIO as CAMBIO) and you take the set of books. You will go see your pupils right away. Hey there, inside!

[A servant enters.]

Sirrah, lead these gentlemen
To my daughters, and tell them both
These are their tutors. Bid them use them well.

Boy, lead these gentlemen to my daughters, and tell them that these are their tutors, so make sure to treat them well.

[The servant exits with LUCENTIO and HORTENSIO, followed
by BIONDELLO.]

We will go walk a little in the orchard,
(110) And then to dinner. You are passing welcome,
And so I pray you all to think yourselves.
*We'll go for a little walk in the garden, and then to dinner.
Please, know that you are all very welcome here.*

PETRUCHIO

Signior Baptista, my business asketh haste,
And every day I cannot come to woo.
You knew my father well, and in him me,
(115) Left solely heir to all his lands and goods,
Which I have bettered rather than decreased.

Then tell me, if I get your daughter's love,
What dowry shall I have with her to wife?

Sir Baptista, I'm in a bit of a hurry with this business, and I can't come wooing every day. You knew my father well, and through him, me, the only heir to all his lands and wealth, which I have increased rather than depleted. So tell me, if I can win your daughter's love, what dowry will I get when I marry her?

BAPTISTA

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

Twenty thousand crowns right away, and one half of my lands after my death.

PETRUCHIO

And, for that dowry, I'll assure her of
Her widowhood, be it that she survive me,
In all my lands and leases whatsoever.
Let specialties be therefore drawn between us,
(125) That covenants may be kept on either hand.

And on my side, if I die before she does, as her widow's inheritance she'll get all my lands and the rent from my property. Let's have contracts drawn up between us, so both of us will be sure to keep up our end of the agreement.

BAPTISTA

Ay, when the special thing is well obtained,
That is, her love, for that is all in all.

Of course, once the most important thing has been obtained—her love, that is. That is everything.

PETRUCHIO

Why, that is nothing. For I tell you, father,
I am as peremptory as she proud-minded;
(130) 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,

(135) For I am rough and woo not like a babe.

Why, that is nothing. I tell you, father, I am as domineering as she is proud-minded, and when two raging fires come together, they cancel each other out. A little wind will make a little fire great, but a great gust will blow the fire out. I'll be the great gust to her fire, and she will yield to me, for I am rough and don't woo like a child.

BAPTISTA

Well mayst thou woo, and happy be thy speed.

But be thou armed for some unhappy words.

Good luck with your wooing. May you be successful. But be ready for some unpleasant words.

PETRUCHIO

Ay, to the proof, as mountains are for winds,

That shakes not, though they blow perpetually.

I'll be well-armed against them, like a mountain in the wind. Even if it keeps blowing forever, the mountain never shakes.

[HORTENSIO (as LITIO) enters with a cut on his head.]

BAPTISTA

(140) How now, my friend, why dost thou look so pale?

What's going on, my friend? Why do you look so pale?

HORTENSIO

(as LITIO) For fear, I promise you, if I look pale.

(as LITIO) *If I look pale, it must be from fear.*

BAPTISTA

What, will my daughter prove a good musician?

What, will my daughter turn out to be a good musician?

HORTENSIO

I think she'll sooner prove a soldier.

Iron may hold with her, but never lutes.

I think she'd do better as a soldier. Swords might withstand her, but never lutes.

BAPTISTA

(145) Why, then thou canst not break her to the lute?

What, you don't think you can break her to the lute (Editor's note: This means "train her to play the lute," and sets up the pun in the next line.)?

HORTENSIO

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

I did but tell her she mistook her frets,

And bowed her hand to teach her fingering,

When, with a most impatient devilish spirit,

(150) "'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,

(155) While she did call me "rascal fiddler"

And "twangling Jack"; with twenty such vile terms,

As had she studied to misuse me so.

Why no—she's broken the lute on me. All I told her was that she was using the wrong frets, and I bent her hand to teach her the right fingering. Then she jumped up with impatience and said, "'Frets,' is that what you call them? Let me fret you then!" And with that she struck me on the head, so that my head went right through the lute. I stood there confused for a while, looking through the strings of the lute as if they were prison bars, while she called me "rascal fiddler,"

"twangling fool," and twenty other hateful names like that. It was as if she'd been practicing and planning to abuse me like this.

PETRUCHIO

Now, by the world, it is a lusty wench.

I love her ten times more than e'er I did.

(160) O, how I long to have some chat with her!

By God, that's a lively girl! Now I like her ten times more than I did before. Oh, I can't wait to talk to her!

BAPTISTA

(to HORTENSIO as LITIO)

Well, go with me and be not so discomfited.

Proceed in practice with my younger daughter.

She's apt to learn and thankful for good turns.

Signior Petruchio, will you go with us,

(165) Or shall I send my daughter Kate to you?

(to HORTENSIO as LITIO) Well, come with me, and don't be discouraged. Proceed in your lessons with my younger daughter. She's a quick learner and will be grateful for your help. Sir Petruchio, will you come with us, or should I send my daughter Kate to you?

PETRUCHIO

I pray you do.

Please send her in.

[Everyone exits except for PETRUCHIO.]

I'll attend her here

And woo her with some spirit when she comes.

Say that she rail; why then I'll tell her plain

She sings as sweetly as a nightingale.

(170) Say that she frown; I'll say she looks as clear

As morning roses newly washed with dew.

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

*I'll wait for her here and woo her forcefully when she comes.
If she rants and scolds, I'll tell her that she sings as sweetly
as a nightingale. If she frowns, I'll say that she looks as
cheerful as morning roses newly washed with dew. If she is
silent and won't say a word, then I'll praise her for being
talkative, and say that she speaks with piercing eloquence.
If she tells me to get out, then I'll thank her as if she'd asked
me to stay with her for a week. If she refuses to marry me,
then I'll ask about the date for the announcement and the
wedding. But here she comes—and now, Petruchio, speak.*

[KATHERINE enters.]

(180) Good morrow, Kate—for that's your name, I hear.
Hello, Kate—for that's your name, I hear.

KATHERINE

Well have you heard, but something hard of hearing.
They call me Katherine that do talk of me.
*You may have heard that, but you're somewhat hard of
hearing then. Those who talk about me call me Katherine.*

PETRUCHIO

You lie, in faith, for you are called plain Kate,
And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst,
(185) But Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom,
Kate of Kate Hall, my super-dainty Kate—
For dainties are all Kates—and therefore, Kate,

Take this of me, Kate of my consolation:
Hearing thy mildness praised in every town,
(190) Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded—
Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs—
Myself am moved to woo thee for my wife.

You lie, I swear, for you are called Kate, plain Kate, and pretty Kate, and sometimes Kate the shrew, but always Kate, the prettiest Kate in God's kingdom, Kate from Kate Hall, my delicious Kate—for all delicacies are Kates (Editor's note: He puns on "cates," meaning "choice foods.")—and so, Kate, listen to me: having heard your modesty, virtue, and beauty praised in every town, though not as highly as you deserve, I have been moved to court you for my wife.

KATHERINE

"Moved," in good time. Let him that moved you hither
Remove you hence. I knew you at the first
You were a moveable.

"Moved," indeed. Then let whoever moved you here come and remove you. I could tell at once that you were a moveable (Editor's note: A moveable is a piece of furniture.).

PETRUCHIO

(195) Why, what's a moveable?
Why, what do you mean by "moveable?"

KATHERINE

A joint stool.
A stool.

PETRUCHIO

Thou hast hit it. Come, sit on me.
Exactly. Come sit on me.

KATHERINE

Asses are made to bear, and so are you.

Asses are meant for bearing, and so are you.

PETRUCHIO

Women are made to bear, and so are you.

Women are meant for bearing (Editor's note: This is a pun on "bearing children" and "bearing the weight" of a man while having sex.), *and so are you.*

KATHERINE

No such jade as you, if me you mean.

Not for bearing the likes of you, if you're talking about me.

PETRUCHIO

(200) Alas, good Kate, I will not burden thee,
For knowing thee to be but young and light—

Alas, good Kate, I would never burden you, for I know you're young and light (Editor's note: "Light" here has three meanings: "weak," "inconsequential," and "flirtatious.")—

KATHERINE

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

Too light for a bumpkin like you to catch—and yet just as heavy as I should be.

PETRUCHIO

"Should be"—should buzz!

"Should be?" Keep on buzzing, bee!

KATHERINE

Well ta'en, and like a buzzard.

Spoken like a true buzzard (Editor's note: A buzzard was an untrainable kind of hawk, and so synonymous with "fool." In the next lines it is also mocked as being able to catch only "turtles," or turtledoves.).

PETRUCHIO

(205) O slow-winged turtle, shall a buzzard take thee?

Oh slow-winged turtledove, will you let a buzzard catch you?

KATHERINE

Ay, for a turtle, as he takes a buzzard.

No, this turtledove will catch a buzzard (Editor's note: This time a "buzzard" means a buzzing insect, leading to the "wasp" of the next line.).

PETRUCHIO

Come, come, you wasp. I' faith, you are too angry.

Come, come, my little wasp. Really, you're too angry.

KATHERINE

If I be waspish, best beware my sting.

If I'm a wasp, then you'd better beware my stinger.

PETRUCHIO

My remedy is then to pluck it out.

I'll have to pluck it out.

KATHERINE

(210) Ay, if the fool could find it where it lies.

If a fool like you could find it.

PETRUCHIO

Who knows not where a wasp does wear his sting?

In his tail.

Who doesn't know where a wasp wears its stinger? In its tail.

KATHERINE

In his tongue.

No, in its tongue.

PETRUCHIO

Whose tongue?

Whose tongue?

KATHERINE

Yours, if you talk of tales. And so farewell.

Yours, if we're telling tall tales of tails. Farewell then.

PETRUCHIO

What, with my tongue in your tail? Nay, come again,
Good Kate. I am a gentleman.

*What, you'll leave with my tongue in your tail? No, come
back, good Kate. I am a gentleman.*

KATHERINE

(215) That I'll try.

I'll test that out.

[She strikes him.]

PETRUCHIO

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

I swear I'll hit you if you strike me again.

KATHERINE

So may you lose your arms.

If you strike me, you are no gentleman;

And if no gentleman, why then no arms.

*Then you'll lose your arms. If you strike me, then you're no
gentleman, and if you're not a gentleman, then you have no
arms* (Editor's note: Gentlemen would come from noble
families and have a "coat of arms." The "crest" two lines
later is also a reference to the family crest on a coat of
arms.).

PETRUCHIO

(220) A herald, Kate? Oh, put me in thy books!

Are you a register for gentlemen, Kate? Oh, put me in your good books!

KATHERINE

What is your crest? A coxcomb?

What's your family crest? A coxcomb (Editor's note: A coxcomb, or "cock's comb," is the crest of a rooster, but also the name for a fool's cap like jesters would wear.)?

PETRUCHIO

A combless cock, so Kate will be my hen.

I'd be a cock without a comb, if Kate will be my hen.

KATHERINE

No cock of mine. You crow too like a craven.

Then you'd be no cock of mine. You won't fight.

PETRUCHIO

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

Come, Kate, come. Don't look so sour.

KATHERINE

(225) It is my fashion, when I see a crab.

That's just what I do, when I see a crab apple.

PETRUCHIO

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

Why, there's no crab apple here, so don't look sour.

KATHERINE

There is, there is.

But there is, there is.

PETRUCHIO

Then show it me.

Then show it to me.

KATHERINE

Had I a glass, I would.

If I had a mirror, I would.

PETRUCHIO

What, you mean my face?

What, you mean my face?

KATHERINE

(230) Well aimed of such a young one.

What a good guess for such a boy!

PETRUCHIO

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

By Saint George, I probably am too young for you.

KATHERINE

Yet you are withered.

But you're also wrinkled.

PETRUCHIO

'Tis with cares.

That's from worries and cares.

KATHERINE

I care not.

I don't care.

PETRUCHIO

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

Now listen, Kate: you won't escape like that.

KATHERINE

I chafe you, if I tarry. Let me go.

I'll only irritate you if I stay. Let me go.

PETRUCHIO

(235) No, not a whit. I find you passing gentle.

'Twas told me you were rough and coy and sullen,
And now I find report a very liar.

For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous,
But slow in speech, yet sweet as springtime flowers.

(240) 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.

But thou with mildness entertain'st thy wooers,
With gentle conference, soft and affable.

(245) 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.

Oh, let me see thee walk! Thou dost not halt.

No, not a bit. I find you exceedingly gentle. I was told that you were rough, scornful, and sullen, but now I see that those rumors are lies. You are pleasant, amusing, polite, not fierce in your speech, and as sweet as springtime flowers. Even if you tried, you couldn't frown, glare scornfully, or bite your lip as angry women do, and you take no pleasure in arguments. Instead you entertain your suitors with mild and gentle conversation, and are quiet and friendly. So why does the world report that Kate limps along? What a slanderous world! Kate is like a hazel-twigg, straight and slender, her hair is as brown as hazelnuts, and she herself is sweeter than the hazelnut kernels. Oh, let me see you walk, Kate! You don't limp at all!

KATHERINE

(250) Go, fool, and whom thou keep'st command.

Go, fool. Order your servants around—not me.

PETRUCHIO

Did ever Dian so become a grove
As Kate this chamber with her princely gait?
Oh, be thou Dian, and let her be Kate,
And then let Kate be chaste and Dian sportful.

*Did the goddess Diana ever grace a forest like Kate now
graces this room with her queenly walk? Oh, you be Diana,
then, and let Diana be Kate. Then let Kate be the chaste
one, while Diana is my love.*

KATHERINE

(255) Where did you study all this goodly speech?
Where did you memorize all this witty talk?

PETRUCHIO

It is extempore, from my mother wit.
It's off-the-cuff. It comes from my mother wit (Editor's note:
This means "natural-born intelligence.").

KATHERINE

A witty mother! Witless else her son.
What a witty mother! Too bad her son is witless.

PETRUCHIO

Am I not wise?
Am I not wise?

KATHERINE

Yes, keep you warm.
Hardly wise enough to keep yourself warm (Editor's note:
Having "wit enough to keep oneself warm" was a proverbial
expression for "stupid.").

PETRUCHIO

Marry, so I mean, sweet Katherine, in thy bed.
(260) And therefore, setting all this chat aside,
Thus in plain terms: your father hath consented

That you shall be my wife, your dowry 'greed on,
And, will you, nill you, I will marry you.
Now, Kate, I am a husband for your turn,
(265) For, by this light, whereby I see thy beauty,
Thy beauty that doth make me like thee well,
Thou must be married to no man but me.
For I am he am born to tame you, Kate,
And bring you from a wild Kate to a Kate
(270) Conformable as other household Kates.

Indeed, I do mean to keep myself warm, sweet Katherine, in your bed. But enough chatter. Let's speak plainly: your father has consented that you will be my wife. Your dowry is agreed upon, and whether you want it or not, I will marry you. Now, Kate, I'm the only husband for you. I swear by this light, which lets me see your beauty—your beauty that makes me love you—that you must be married to no man but me. I was born to tame you, Kate, and change you from a wildcat Kate into a Kate as obedient as other domesticated Kates.

[BAPTISTA, GREMIO, and TRANIO enter.]

Here comes your father. Never make denial.
I must and will have Katherine to my wife.

Here comes your father. Don't refuse my proposal. I must and will have Katherine for my wife.

BAPTISTA

Now, Signior Petruchio, how speed you with my daughter?
Now, Sir Petruchio, how's it going with my daughter?

PETRUCHIO

How but well, sir? How but well?

(275) It were impossible I should speed amiss.

How but well, sir? How but well? It would be impossible to go any other way.

BAPTISTA

Why, how now, daughter Katherine? In your dumps?
And how are you, daughter Katherine? Are you sad?

KATHERINE

Call you me daughter? Now, I promise you
You have showed a tender fatherly regard
To wish me wed to one half lunatic,
(280) A madcap ruffian and a swearing Jack,
That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.

You'd dare to call me daughter? I swear, you've certainly shown a father's tender care in trying to marry me off to a lunatic, a crazed villain and a swearing fool, who thinks that he can force his way through with enough cursing!

PETRUCHIO

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

Father, it's like this: you and everyone else who've talked about her have all been wrong. If she's a shrew, then it's for some crafty purpose, for she's not naturally willful, but is in fact as modest as dove. She's not fierce, but is as mild as the morning. She has the patience of Griselda and the chastity of Rome's Lucrece (Editor's note: Griselda was a famously obedient and patient wife from Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales." Lucrece was a Roman lady who committed suicide after being raped, and then became a classical example of great chastity.). To conclude, we've

gotten along so well together that Sunday will be our wedding day.

KATHERINE

I'll see thee hanged on Sunday first.

I'll see you hanged on Sunday first!

GREMIO

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

Did you hear that, Petruchio? She says she'll see you hanged first.

TRANIO

Is this your speeding? Nay, then, good night our part.

Is this what you call success? So much for our hopes of freeing Bianca.

PETRUCHIO

Be patient, gentlemen. I choose her for myself.

(295) If she and I be pleased, what's that to you?

'Tis bargained 'twixt us twain, being alone,

That she shall still be curst in company.

I tell you, 'tis incredible to believe

How much she loves me. O, the kindest Kate!

(300) She hung about my neck, and kiss on kiss

She vied so fast, protesting oath on oath,

That in a twink she won me to her love.

O, you are novices! 'Tis a world to see,

How tame, when men and women are alone,

(305) A meacock wretch can make the curstest shrew.—

Give me thy hand, Kate. I will unto Venice

To buy apparel 'gainst the wedding day.

Provide the feast, father, and bid the guests.

I will be sure my Katherine shall be fine.

Be patient, gentlemen. I choose her for myself. If she and I are happy, then what's it to you? When we were alone, we

agreed that she would go on being a shrew in public. I tell you, it's incredible how much she loves me, though. Oh, the kindest Kate! She hung about my neck, giving me kiss after kiss and swearing vows of love, and in an instant she had won my heart. Oh, you are all just beginners! It's amazing to see—even a cowardly wretch can tame the fiercest shrew when a man and a woman are left alone together.—Give me your hand, Kate. I'll now go to Venice to buy clothes for the wedding. You plan the feast, father, and invite the guests. I'll make sure my Katherine will be beautifully dressed.

BAPTISTA

(310) I know not what to say, but give me your hands.
God send you joy, Petruchio. 'Tis a match.

I don't know what to say. Give me your hands. May God give you joy, Petruchio. It's a match.

GREMIO AND TRANIO

Amen, say we. We will be witnesses.

We say Amen to that! We will be witnesses.

PETRUCHIO

Father, and wife, and gentlemen, adieu.

I will to Venice. Sunday comes apace.

(315) We will have rings, and things, and fine array,
And kiss me, Kate. We will be married o' Sunday.

Father, and wife, and gentlemen—farewell. I'm off to Venice. Sunday is coming soon. We will have rings, and things, and fine clothes, and kiss me, Kate. We will be married on Sunday.

[PETRUCHIO and KATE exit at different doors.]

GREMIO

Was ever match clapped up so suddenly?

Was ever a match agreed upon so suddenly?

BAPTISTA

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

*Truly, gentlemen, I'm now playing the part of the merchant,
and I've made a desperate bargain.*

TRANIO

(320) (as LUCENTIO) 'Twas a commodity lay fretting by you.
'Twill bring you gain or perish on the seas.

*(as LUCENTIO) Yes, but your goods were just gathering dust
and annoying you. Now they'll either bring you a profit or be
lost at sea.*

BAPTISTA

The gain I seek is quiet in the match.

The only profit I seek is a quiet, peaceful match.

GREMIO

No doubt but he hath got a quiet catch.

But now, Baptista, to your younger daughter.

(325) Now is the day we long have looked for.

I am your neighbor, and was suitor first.

*And no doubt Petruchio will have a quiet catch—no one's
going to fight him for her. But now, Baptista, let's think
about your younger daughter. This is the day we've been
waiting for. I am your neighbor, and I was her first suitor.*

TRANIO

(as LUCENTIO) And I am one that love Bianca more
Than words can witness or your thoughts can guess.

*(as LUCENTIO) And I am a man that loves Bianca more than
words can express, or your thoughts can guess.*

GREMIO

Youngling, thou canst not love so dear as I.

Boy, you don't know how to love like I do.

TRANIO

(as LUCENTIO)

Graybeard, thy love doth freeze.

(as LUCENTIO) Old graybeard, your love has frozen over.

GREMIO

(330) But thine doth fry.

Skipper, stand back. 'Tis age that nourisheth.

But yours will burn out. Stand back, fickle boy. Age is what nourishes.

TRANIO

(as LUCENTIO) But youth in ladies' eyes that flourisheth.

(as LUCENTIO) But in ladies' eyes, it's youth that flourishes.

BAPTISTA

Content you, gentlemen. I will compound this strife.

'Tis deeds must win the prize, and he of both

(335) That can assure my daughter greatest dower

Shall have my Bianca's love.

Say, Signior Gremio, what can you assure her?

Calm down, gentlemen. I will settle this quarrel. Only deeds

(Editor's note: This is a pun referring to deeds as actions (as opposed to just talking), but also documents of ownership for property.) can determine the winner here. Whoever can offer my daughter the most wealth and property as her widow's inheritance will have Bianca's love. So tell me, Sir Gremio, what can you offer her?

GREMIO

First, as you know, my house within the city

Is richly furnishèd with plate and gold,

(340) Basins and ewers to lave her dainty hands;

My hangings all of Tyrian tapestry,

In ivory coffers I have stuffed my crowns,

In cypress chests my arras counterpoints,

Costly apparel, tents, and canopies,
(345) Fine linen, Turkey cushions bossed with pearl,
Valance of Venice gold in needlework,
Pewter and brass, and all things that belong
To house or housekeeping. Then, at my farm
I have a hundred milch-kine to the pail,
(350) Six score 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 tomorrow this is hers,
If whilst I live she will be only mine.

First, as you know, my house in the city, which is richly furnished with gold and china, and basins and ewers for her to wash her dainty hands. My wall hangings are of purple tapestry, my ivory chests are stuffed with gold, and my cypress-wood chests are filled with quilted bedspreads, expensive clothes, bed curtains and canopies, fine linen, Turkish cushions embossed with pearl, gold Venetian draperies, pewter and brass, and everything else you could want for a house or housekeeping. Then, at my farm I have a hundred milk cows and a hundred and twenty fat oxen in my stables. Everything else I own is similarly valuable to all this. I myself am getting on in years, I must confess, and if I should die tomorrow, all this will belong to Bianca—if while I live she will be only mine.

TRANIO

(as LUCENTIO)

(355) That “only” came well in. (to BAPTISTA) 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
(360) Old Signior Gremio has in Padua,
Besides two thousand ducats by the year

Of fruitful land, all which shall be her jointure.—
What, have I pinched you, Signior Gremio?

(as LUCENTIO) That "only" came just in time. (to BAPTISTA) Sir, listen to me: I am my father's heir and only son. If I may have your daughter for my wife, I will leave her three or four houses in rich Pisa, all of them as good as anything old Sir Gremio has in Padua. Along with this, she'll get two thousand gold coins a year, which is what my land earns me. All of this will be her marriage settlement.—What, have I discouraged you, Sir Gremio?

GREMIO

Two thousand ducats by the year of land!

(365) (aside) My land amounts not to so much in all.—

That she shall have, besides an argosy

That now is lying in Marcellus' road.

(to TRANIO) What, have I choked you with an argosy?

Two thousand gold coins a year from his land! (to himself)

All my land together doesn't add up to that much!—Well,

from me she'll have all that, plus a merchant ship that's now

docked in Marseilles harbor. (to TRANIO) What, have I

silenced you with a ship?

TRANIO

(as LUCENTIO) Gremio, 'tis known my father hath no less

(370) 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.

(as LUCENTIO) Gremio, it's well known that my father has no

fewer than three great merchant ships, along with two large

galleys and twelve smaller ones. I'll offer all these to Bianca,

and I'll double whatever you might offer next.

GREMIO

Nay, I have offered all, I have no more,

And she can have no more than all I have.

(375) (to BAPTISTA) If you like me, she shall have me and mine.

No, I've offered everything I own. I have nothing left. She can't have more than all I have. (to BAPTISTA) If you choose me, she will have me and mine.

TRANIO

(as LUCENTIO)

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

(as LUCENTIO) Why, then she's mine alone, of all the men in the world, by your firm promise. Gremio has been outbid.

BAPTISTA

I must confess your offer is the best,
And, let your father make her the assurance,
(380) She is your own; else, you must pardon me.
If you should die before him, where's her dower?

I must confess that your offer is the best. If your father will second your guarantees, then she's yours. Otherwise, you must pardon me—if you should die before your father does, then what would become of all the wealth Bianca is supposed to inherit from you?

TRANIO

(as LUCENTIO) That's but a cavil: he is old, I young.

(as LUCENTIO) That's a trivial objection: he is old, and I am young.

GREMIO

And may not young men die as well as old?
And can't young men die as well as old men?

BAPTISTA

Well, gentlemen,

(385) I am thus resolved. On Sunday next, you know

My daughter Katherina is to be married.

(to TRANIO as LUCENTIO)

Now, on the Sunday following, shall Bianca
Be bride to you, if you make this assurance.

If not, to Signior Gremio.

(390) And so I take my leave, and thank you both.

Well, gentlemen, I have decided. Next Sunday my daughter Katherina is to be married, you know. (to TRANIO) On the following Sunday, Bianca will marry you—if you can make this guarantee. If you can't, then she'll marry Sir Gremio. And so I bid you farewell, and thank you both.

GREMIO

Adieu, good neighbor.

Farewell, good neighbor.

[BAPTISTA exits.]

Now I fear thee not.

Sirrah young gamester, your father were a fool
To give thee all and in his waning age
Set foot under thy table. Tut, a toy!

(395) An old Italian fox is not so kind, my boy.

Now I'm not afraid of you anymore, boy. You young gambler, your father would be a fool to give you everything and spend his declining years as a dependent in your house. Ha, it's nonsense! An old Italian fox is never that kind, my boy.

[He exits.]

TRANIO

A vengeance on your crafty withered hide!

Yet I have faced it with a card of ten.

'Tis in my head to do my master good.

I see no reason but supposed Lucentio

(400) Must get a father, called “supposed Vincentio”—

And that's a wonder. Fathers commonly
Do get their children. But in this case of wooing,
A child shall get a sire, if I fail not of my cunning.

*A curse on your crafty withered hide! But I've bluffed
successfully without even a face card. I think I'll be able to
do my master good. I see no reason why the pretend
Lucentio shouldn't produce a father, called "pretend
Vincentio"—and that'll be a miracle. Fathers usually father
their children. But in this case of wooing, a child will father a
father, if my wits don't fail me.*

[He exits.]

Act 3, Scene 1

[LUCENTIO (disguised as CAMBIO), HORTENSIO (disguised as LITIO), and BIANCA enter.]

LUCENTIO

(as CAMBIO) Fiddler, forbear. You grow too forward, sir.
Have you so soon forgot the entertainment
Her sister Katherina welcomed you withal?

(as CAMBIO) *Enough, fiddler! You grow too forward, sir. Have you already forgotten how her sister Katherina thanked you for your insistence?*

HORTENSIO

(as LITIO) But, wrangling pedant, this is
(5) The patroness of heavenly harmony.
Then give me leave to have prerogative,
And when in music we have spent an hour,
Your lecture shall have leisure for as much.

(as LITIO) *But this is no Katherine, that quarrelsome know-it-all—this is the goddess of heavenly harmony. So let me go first, and after we've spent an hour on music, you can have the same amount of time for your lesson.*

LUCENTIO

(as CAMBIO) Preposterous ass, that never read so far
(10) To know the cause why music was ordained.
Was it not to refresh the mind of man
After his studies or his usual pain?
Then give me leave to read philosophy
And, while I pause, serve in your harmony.

(as CAMBIO) *Ridiculous ass! You never even learned enough to know why music was instituted in the first place. Wasn't it*

*to refresh the mind of man after his studies and daily labor?
So let me read philosophy with her, and when I take a break,
you can come in with your harmony.*

HORTENSIO

(15) *(as LITIO)* Sirrah, I will not bear these braves of thine.
(as LITIO) Boy, I won't stand for these insults!

BIANCA

Why, gentlemen, you do me double wrong
To strive for that which resteth in my choice.
I am no breeching scholar in the schools.

I'll not be tied to hours nor 'pointed times
(20) But learn my lessons as I please myself.
And, to cut off all strife, here sit we down.
(to HORTENSIO)

Take you your instrument, play you the whiles.
His lecture will be done ere you have tuned.

*Why, gentlemen, you both do me wrong in arguing over
something that is really my decision. I am no schoolboy to
be whipped and disciplined. I won't be ordered about with
hours and appointed schedules—I will learn my lessons as it
pleases me. So to cut off all this arguing, let's sit down and
figure this out. (to HORTENSIO) You take your instrument
and play awhile. His lesson will be done before you've even
tuned it.*

HORTENSIO

(as LITIO) You'll leave his lecture when I am in tune?

(as LITIO) And you'll stop his lesson once I am in tune?

LUCENTIO

(25) *(aside)* That will be never. *(to HORTENSIO)* Tune your instrument.

(to himself) That will be never. *(to HORTENSIO)* Tune your instrument.

BIANCA

Where left we last?

Where did we leave off?

LUCENTIO

Here, madam:

*Hic ibat Simois, hic est Sigeia tellus,
Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis.*

Here, madam:

*Hic ibat Simois, hic est Sigeia tellus,
Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis.* (Editor's note: This is from the Roman poet Ovid. Translated, it means "Here flowed the river Simois; here is the Sigeian land; here stood the lofty palace of old Priam.")

BIANCA

(30) Construe them.

Translate them.

LUCENTIO

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

Hic ibat, as I told you before, *Simois*, I am Lucentio, *hic est*, son of Vincentio of Pisa, *Sigeia tellus*, disguised like this to win your love. *Hic steterat*, and the other "Lucentio" who comes to woo you, *Priami*, is my servant Tranio, *regia*, pretending to be me, *celsa senis*, so we can trick the foolish old Gremio.

HORTENSIO

(as LITIO) Madam, my instrument's in tune.

(as LITIO) Madam, my instrument's in tune.

BIANCA

Let's hear. *(he plays)* O fie! The treble jars.

Let's hear it. (he plays) Oh! The high string's still out of tune.

LUCENTIO

(as CAMBIO) Spit in the hole, man, and tune again.

(as CAMBIO) Start over, man, and tune again.

BIANCA

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

Now let me see if I can translate it. Hic ibat Simois, I don't know you, hic est Sigeia tellus, I don't trust you, Hic steterat Priami, make sure he doesn't hear us, regia, don't presume anything, celsa senis, don't give up.

HORTENSIO

(as LITIO) Madam, 'tis now in tune.

(as LITIO) Madam, now it's in tune.

LUCENTIO

(as CAMBIO) All but the base.

(as CAMBIO) All but the bass string.

HORTENSIO

(45) *(as LITIO)* The base is right; 'tis the base knave that jars.

(aside) How fiery and forward our pedant is!

Now, for my life, the knave doth court my love.

Pedascule, I'll watch you better yet.

(as LITIO) The bass string is fine—it's this base villain that's out of tune. *(to himself)* How touchy and forward this

*teacher is! I swear, the fool must be courting my beloved.
Little know-it-all, I'll keep my eye on you.*

BIANCA

(to LUCENTIO) In time I may believe, yet I mistrust.

*(to LUCENTIO) In time I may believe you, but I'm still
doubtful.*

LUCENTIO

*(50) Mistrust it not, for sure Aeacides
Was Ajax, called so from his grandfather.*

*Don't doubt me, for—(he notices that HORTENSIO is
listening and returns to the Latin lesson)—"Aeacides" is just
another name for the hero Ajax. It comes from his
grandfather Aeacus.*

BIANCA

*I must believe my master; else, I promise you,
I should be arguing still upon that doubt.
But let it rest.—Now, Litio, to you.*

*(55) Good master, take it not unkindly, pray,
That I have been thus pleasant with you both.*

*I must believe you because you're my teacher, or else, I
promise you, I would keep arguing. But let it go.—Now, Litio,
it's your turn. Good teacher, I hope you're not offended that
I've been equally friendly to both of you.*

HORTENSIO

(as LITIO, to LUCENTIO)

*You may go walk, and give me leave awhile.
My lessons make no music in three parts.*

*(as LITIO, to LUCENTIO) You can go take a walk, and leave us
alone for a while. I don't teach music for three parts.*

LUCENTIO

(as CAMBIO) Are you so formal, sir? Well, I must wait.

(60) *(aside)* And watch withal, for, but I be deceived,
Our fine musician groweth amorous.

(as CAMBIO) Are you so strict, sir? Well, I guess I have to wait then. *(to himself)* And watch, too, for unless I'm deceived, our fancy musician grows romantic.

HORTENSIO

(as LITIO) 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,

(65) More pleasant, pithy, and effectual

Than hath been taught by any of my trade.

And there it is in writing, fairly drawn.

(as LITIO) Madam, before you touch the instrument or learn the fingering, I must begin by teaching you the fundamentals of music. To teach you the scales, I have a method that's more pleasant and effective than what any other teachers use. And here it is written out.

BIANCA

Why, I am past my gamut long ago.

Why, I learned my scales long ago.

HORTENSIO

(70) Yet read the gamut of Hortensio.

But still, read the scale of Hortensio.

BIANCA

(reads)

"Gamut I am, the ground of all accord:

A re, to plead Hortensio's passion;

B mi, Bianca, take him for thy lord,

C fa ut, that loves with all affection;

(75) D sol re, one clef, two notes have I;

E la mi, show pity, or I die."

Call you this "gamut"? Tut, I like it not.

Old fashions please me best. I am not so nice

To change true rules for old inventions.

(reading) "I am the scale, the foundation of all harmony:

A re, to declare Hortensio's passion;

B mi, Bianca, take him for your husband,

C fa ut, he loves you with all affection;

D sol re, I have one key but only two notes;

E la mi, show me pity, or I'll die."

You call this a scale? I don't like it. I prefer the old-fashioned way. I'm not so foolish as to want to replace the old, true methods.

[A SERVANT enters.]

SERVANT

(80) Mistress, your father prays you leave your books

And help to dress your sister's chamber up.

You know tomorrow is the wedding day.

Mistress, your father asks that you leave your books and help decorate your sister's room. You know tomorrow is the wedding day.

BIANCA

Farewell, sweet masters both. I must be gone.

Farewell, sweet teachers. I must go.

LUCENTIO

(as CAMBIO) Faith, mistress, then I have no cause to stay.

(as CAMBIO) Well, mistress, then I have no reason to stay longer.

[BIANCA, the SERVANT, and LUCENTIO exit.]

HORTENSIO

(85) 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
To cast thy wand'ring eyes on every stale,
Seize thee that list! If once I find thee ranging,
(90) Hortensio will be quit with thee by changing.

But I have a reason to examine this know-it-all teacher more closely. I think he looks like he's in love. But if Bianca is so vulgar as to fall for every false man she sees, then let him have her! If I ever catch her being unfaithful, I'll get even with her by loving someone else.

[He exits.]

Act 3, Scene 2

[BAPTISTA, GREMIO, TRANIO (disguised as LUCENTIO), KATHERINE, BIANCA, LUCENTIO, and attendants enter.]

BAPTISTA

(to TRANIO) Signior Lucentio, this is the 'pointed day
That Katherine and Petruchio should be married,
And yet we hear not of our son-in-law.

What will be said? What mockery will it be,

(5) To want the bridegroom when the priest attends
To speak the ceremonial rites of marriage?

What says Lucentio to this shame of ours?

*(to TRANIO) Sir Lucentio, this is the day appointed for
Katherine and Petruchio to be married, but I haven't heard
from my son-in-law at all. What will people say? What a
mockery it will be to have the priest here, ready to perform
the marriage ceremony, and be missing the bridegroom!
What does Lucentio have to say about our shame?*

KATHERINE

No shame but mine. I must, forsooth, be forced
To give my hand, opposed against my heart,

(10) Unto a mad-brain rudesby, full of spleen,
Who wooed in haste and means to wed at leisure.

I told you, I, he was a frantic fool,
Hiding his bitter jests in blunt behavior,

And, to be noted for a merry man,

(15) He'll woo a thousand, 'point the day of marriage,
Make friends, invite, and proclaim the banns,
Yet never means to wed where he hath wooed.

Now must the world point at poor Katherine

And say, "Lo, there is mad Petruchio's wife,

(20) If it would please him come and marry her!"

The shame is all mine. I was forced to oppose my own heart and give my hand to that boorish, fickle madman, who wooed in a hurry and means to marry at his leisure. I told you he was a crazy fool, hiding his bitter jokes with his forward behavior. He wants to be known as this cheerful libertine, so he'll woo a thousand women, set the marriage date, invite friends, and make a public announcement—but he has no intention of actually getting married. Now everyone must point at poor Katherine and say, "Look, there is mad Petruchio's wife—if he could be bothered to come and marry her!"

TRANIO

(as LUCENTIO) Patience, good Katherine, and Baptista too. Upon my life, Petruchio means but well, Whatever fortune stays him from his word: Though he be blunt, I know him passing wise; (25) Though he be merry, yet withal he's honest.

(as LUCENTIO) Be patient, good Katherine, and you too, Baptista. I swear Petruchio means well, despite whatever might be keeping him from fulfilling his pledge. Though he's rude, I know he's exceedingly wise, and though he's a joker, he's still an honest man.

KATHERINE

Would Katherine had never seen him, though!
I wish that I had never seen him, though!

[She exits weeping, followed by BIANCA and others.]

BAPTISTA

Go, girl. I cannot blame thee now to weep,
For such an injury would vex a very saint,
Much more a shrew of thy impatient humor.

Go, girl. I can't blame you for weeping now. Such an insult would offend even a saint, let alone an impatient shrew like

you.

[BIONDELLO enters.]

BIONDELLO

(30) Master, master! News, old news, and such news as you never heard of!

Master, master! I have news, old news (Editor's note: "Old" means "great" or "rare" here, but Baptista misunderstands in the next line.), *and such news as you never heard before!*

BAPTISTA

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

You have news that's both new and old? How can that be?

BIONDELLO

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

Why, isn't it news that Petruchio is coming?

BAPTISTA

Is he come?

Is he here?

BIONDELLO

(35) Why, no, sir.

Why, no, sir.

BAPTISTA

What then?

What then?

BIONDELLO

He is coming.

He is coming.

BAPTISTA

When will he be here?

When will he be here?

BIONDELLO

When he stands where I am and sees you there.

When he stands where I am and sees you there.

TRANIO

(40) (as LUCENTIO) But say, what to thine old news?

(as LUCENTIO) But tell us, what is your old news?

BIONDELLO

Why, Petruchio is coming in a new hat and an old jerkin, a pair of old breeches thrice turned, a pair of boots that have been candle cases, one buckled, another laced; an old rusty sword ta'en out of the town armory, with a broken hilt and chapeless; with two broken points; his horse hipped, with an old mothy saddle and stirrups of no kindred, besides possessed with the glanders and like to mose in the chine, troubled with the lampass, infected with the fashions, full of wingdalls, sped with spavins, rayed with yellows, past cure of the fives, stark spoiled with the staggers, begnawn with the bots, swayed in the back and shoulder-shotten, near-legged before and with a half-checked bit and a headstall of sheeps 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 velour, which hath two letters for her name fairly set down in studs, and here and there pieced with packthread.

Well, Petruchio is coming in a new hat and an old jacket, a pair of old pants turned inside out, broken suspenders holding them up, and a pair of boots that have been used as candle holders: one of them buckled, the other laced. He has an old rusty sword from the town armory with a broken hilt and half a scabbard. He's riding on a lame horse with an

old moth-eaten saddle and two different stirrups, and the horse has swollen glands, a mouth infection, tumors, leg boils, diseased feet, jaundice, swollen ears, palsy, worms, a twisted back, a sprained shoulder, and knock-kneed forelegs. His bit is hanging off and his cheap bridle, which is pulled tight, is pieced together with knots; his saddle strap is patched up and his tail strap is velvet, studded with the initials of some woman, and here and there held together with thread.

BAPTISTA

Who comes with him?

Who's with him?

BIONDELLO

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 footboy or a gentleman's lackey.

Oh, sir, just his servant, who's dressed up like the horse, with a linen stocking on one leg and a big woolen sock on the other, a pair of red and blue garters, and an old hat with some crazy decoration on it in place of the feather. He's dressed like a monster, a total monster, and not at all like a proper Christian page or a gentleman's servant.

TRANIO

(as LUCENTIO)

(65) 'Tis some odd humor pricks him to this fashion,
Yet oftentimes he goes but mean-appareled.

(as LUCENTIO) *It's some strange whim of his that inspires this fashion—though he does often dress casually.*

BAPTISTA

I am glad he's come, howsoe'er he comes.
I'm glad he's coming, however he might be dressed.

BIONDELLO

Why, sir, he comes not.
Why, sir, he's not coming.

BAPTISTA

Didst thou not say he comes?
Didn't you say he was coming?

BIONDELLO

(70) Who? That Petruchio came?
Who? Petruchio?

BAPTISTA

Ay, that Petruchio came.
Yes, that Petruchio was coming.

BIONDELLO

No, sir, I say his horse comes, with him on his back.
No, sir, I said that his horse was coming, with him on its back.

BAPTISTA

Why, that's all one.
Why, that's the same thing.

BIONDELLO

Nay, by Saint Jamy,
(75) I hold you a penny,
A horse and a man
Is more than one
And yet not many.
*No, by Saint Jamy,
I'll bet you a penny,*

*A horse and a man
Are not the same—
And yet not too different.*

[PETRUCHIO and GRUMIO enter.]

PETRUCHIO

Come, where be these gallants? Who's at home?
Come now, where are all the gentlemen? Is anyone at home?

BAPTISTA

(80) You are welcome, sir.
You are welcome, sir.

PETRUCHIO

And yet I come not well.
And yet I didn't come well.

BAPTISTA

And yet you halt not.
And yet you aren't limping.

TRANIO

(as LUCENTIO) Not so well appareled as I wish you were.
(as LUCENTIO) *And you're not as well-dressed as I wish you would be.*

PETRUCHIO

Were it better I should rush in thus—
(85) But where is Kate? Where is my love?
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?

*Even if my clothes were better I would still rush in like this—
But where is Kate? Where is my love? How is my father-in-law? Gentlemen, you seem to be frowning. Why is this fine gathering of people all staring, as if at something strange—a comet or some unnatural phenomenon?*

BAPTISTA

(90) 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.

Why, sir, you know this is your wedding day. First we were sad because we feared you wouldn't come, but now we're sadder to see that you've come so unprepared. For God's sake, take off this costume. It's a disgrace to your social rank and an eyesore in the middle of our solemn ceremony.

TRANIO

(95) And tell us what occasion of import
Hath all so long detained you from your wife
And sent you hither so unlike yourself.

And tell us what was so important that it kept you late for your wedding, and sent you here dressed so unlike yourself.

PETRUCHIO

Tedious it were to tell and harsh to hear.
Sufficeth I am come to keep my word,

(100) Though in some part enforcèd to digress,
Which, at more leisure, I will so excuse
As you shall well be satisfied withal.
But where is Kate? I stay too long from her.
The morning wears. 'Tis time we were at church.

It would be a tedious story to tell, and a rough one to hear. Suffice it to say that I've come to keep my promise, though I'll have to deviate from it some. I'll explain all this to your

satisfaction later, when there's more time. But where is Kate? I've been away from her for too long. The morning is passing, and it's time we were at church.

TRANIO

(105) See not your bride in these unreverent robes.
Go to my chamber, put on clothes of mine.

Don't go see your bride in these disrespectful clothes. Go to my room and put on some clothes of mine.

PETRUCHIO

Not I, believe me. Thus I'll visit her.

I won't, believe me. I'll visit her like this.

BAPTISTA

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

But surely you won't marry her like this.

PETRUCHIO

Good sooth, even thus. Therefore, ha' done with words:

(110) 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,

(115) When I should bid good morrow to my bride

And seal the title with a lovely kiss!

I swear, I will. So let's stop talking about it. She's marrying me, not my clothes. If I could fix my bad qualities as easily as I could change out of these ugly clothes, it would be good for Kate and even better for myself. But what a fool I am for standing here chatting with you, when I should say good morning to my bride and seal our bargain with a loving kiss!

[PETRUCHIO and GRUMIO exit.]

TRANIO

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

He has some plan in dressing up like this. If it's possible, I'll try to persuade him to put on something better before he goes to the church.

BAPTISTA

(120) I'll after him, and see the event of this.
I'll follow him too, and see how this turns out.

[BAPTISTA, GREMIO, and attendants exit.]

TRANIO

But sir, to love concerneth us to add
Her father's liking, which to bring to pass,
As I before unparted to your worship,
I am to get a man—whate'er he be
(125) 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
(130) And marry sweet Bianca with consent.

(To LUCENTIO) Sir, to be successful you need to get her father's approval as well as Bianca's love. To make this happen, as I explained to your worship, I will find a man—it doesn't really matter what kind of man; I'll make him suit our purposes—who can pretend to be "Vincentio of Pisa," and he can offer Baptista even greater sums of money than I already promised. And so you can get what you want without any trouble, and marry sweet Bianca with her father's consent.

LUCENTIO

Were it not that my fellow schoolmaster
Doth watch Bianca's steps so narrowly,
'Twere good, methinks, to steal our marriage,
Which, once performed, let all the world say no,
(135) I'll keep mine own despite of all the world.

If it weren't for the fact that my fellow tutor was watching Bianca so closely, I'd think it would be good to just elope in secret. Once the ceremony was performed, it wouldn't matter if the whole world disapproved—I'd keep my own, despite what anyone might say.

TRANIO

That by degrees we mean to look into
And watch our vantage in this business.
We'll overreach the graybeard, Gremio,
The narrow-prying father, Minola,
(140) The quaint musician, amorous Litio,
All for my master's sake, Lucentio.

I mean to look into that, too, and to keep an eye on our opportunities in this business. I'll outwit the old graybeard, Gremio, the overbearing father, Minola, and the crafty musician, Litio the lover—all for the sake of my master Lucentio.

[GREMIO enters.]

Signior Gremio, came you from the church?
Sir Gremio, are you coming from the church?

GREMIO

As willingly as e'er I came from school.
As eagerly as I ever came home from school.

TRANIO

(as LUCENTIO) And is the bride and bridegroom coming home?

(as LUCENTIO) And are the bride and bridegroom coming home?

GREMIO

*(145) A bridegroom, say you? 'Tis a groom indeed,
A grumbling groom, and that the girl shall find.*

*A bridegroom, you say? More like a groom who cleans
stables, a grumbling groom, as that girl will soon discover.*

TRANIO

(as LUCENTIO) Curster than she? Why, 'tis impossible.

*(as LUCENTIO) You mean he's more of a shrew than she is?
Why, it's impossible.*

GREMIO

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

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

TRANIO

(as LUCENTIO) Why, she's a devil, a devil, the devil's dam.

*(as LUCENTIO) No, she's a devil, a devil, the devil's own
mother.*

GREMIO

(150) Tut, she's a lamb, a dove, a fool to him!

I'll tell you, Sir Lucentio: when the priest

Should ask if Katherine should be his wife,

"Ay, by gogs wouns!" quoth he, and swore so loud

That, all amazed, the priest let fall the book,

(155) And as he stooped again to take it up,

The mad-brained 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."

Ha! She's a lamb, a dove, an innocent child compared to

him! I'll tell you what happened, Sir Lucentio: when the

priest asked him if he would take Katherine as his wife, he

answered, "Yes, damn it!" and swore so loudly that everyone was shocked and the priest dropped the prayer book. And when the priest bent down to pick it back up, that lunatic bridegroom gave him such a smack that both priest and book went flying "Now pick them up," he said then, "if anyone dares to."

TRANIO

(as LUCENTIO) What said the wench when he rose again?

(as LUCENTIO) What did the girl say when the priest got back up?

GREMIO

*(160) Trembled and shook, for why he stamped and swore
As if the vicar meant to cozen him.*

*But after many ceremonies done,
He calls for wine. "A health!" quoth he, as if
He had been aboard, carousing to his mates*

*(165) After a storm; quaffed off the muscatel
And threw the sops all in the sexton's face,
Having no other reason*

*But that his beard grew thin and hungerly
And seemed to ask him sops as he was drinking.*

*(170) This done, he took the bride about the neck
And kissed 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.*

(175) Such a mad marriage never was before.

*She trembled and shook, because the bridegroom starting
stamping and swearing, as if the priest was trying to cheat
him out of his marriage. But then when the ceremony was
finally done, he called for wine. "A toast!" he said, as if he
were some drunken sailor partying with his mates after a
storm. He chugged the wine and then threw the dregs in the
sexton's face, just because the man's beard looked "thin*

and hungry" and seemed to be asking for it. After that he threw his arms around the bride's neck and kissed her with such a noisy smack that the whole church echoed when their lips parted. After seeing that, I immediately left the shameful scene. I'm sure the rest of the crowd is following me. There's never been a wedding as crazy as that!

[Music plays.]

Hark, hark! I hear the minstrels play.

Listen, listen! I can hear the musicians playing.

[PETRUCHIO, KATHERINE, BIANCA, BAPTISTA, HORTENSIO, GRUMIO, and the wedding procession enters.]

PETRUCHIO

Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for you
I know you think to dine with me today
And have prepared great store of wedding cheer,
(180) But so it is, my haste doth call me hence,
And therefore here I mean to take my leave.

Gentlemen and friends, I thank you. I know you expected to dine with me today, and you've prepared a feast to celebrate the wedding, but it so happens that I've been called away to urgent business. So I must say goodbye.

BAPTISTA

Is 't possible you will away tonight?
Are you really leaving tonight?

PETRUCHIO

I must away today, before night come.
Make it no wonder. If you knew my business,
(185) 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,
(190) For I must hence, and farewell to you all.

I must leave today, before tonight even comes. Don't be so surprised. If you knew my business, you'd urge me to go rather than stay. And, honest friends, I thank you all for coming to watch me give myself away to this patient, sweet, virtuous wife. Dine with my father-in-law and drink a toast to me, for I must go. Farewell to you all.

TRANIO

(as LUCENTIO) Let us entreat you stay till after dinner.

(as LUCENTIO) *Can you at least stay until after dinner?*

PETRUCHIO

It may not be.

I cannot.

GREMIO

Let me entreat you.

What if I ask you to stay?

PETRUCHIO

It cannot be.

I cannot.

KATHERINE

Let me entreat you.

Can I ask you to stay?

PETRUCHIO

(195) I am content.

I'd be glad to.

KATHERINE

Are you content to stay?

You'd be glad to stay?

PETRUCHIO

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

I'd be glad to hear you ask me to stay. But I cannot stay, no matter how much you plead with me.

KATHERINE

Now, if you love me, stay.

If you love me, stay.

PETRUCHIO

Grumio, my horse.

Grumio, get my horses ready.

GRUMIO

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

They're ready, sir. The oats have all eaten the horses.

KATHERINE

Nay, then,

Do what thou canst, I will not go today,

(200) No, nor tomorrow, 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,

(205) That take it on you at the first so roundly.

All right then, you do what you want. I won't go today, or tomorrow either. I won't go until I feel like it. The door is open, sir. There's the way out. You'd better get an early start. As for me, I'll leave when I want to. If you throw your weight around so rudely at the very start, I'm sure you'll prove to be a surly, overbearing husband.

PETRUCHIO

O Kate, content thee. Prithee, be not angry.

Oh Kate, calm down. Please, don't be angry.

KATHERINE

I will be angry. What hast thou to do?—
Father, be quiet. He shall stay my leisure.

I will be angry. What business is it of yours?—Father, be quiet. He'll stay until I want him to.

GREMIO

Ay, marry, sir, now it begins to work.
Well, sir, now it begins.

KATHERINE

(210) Gentlemen, forward to the bridal dinner.
I see a woman may be made a fool
If she had not a spirit to resist.

Gentlemen, go on to the bridal dinner. I see that a woman will be made into a fool if she doesn't stand up for herself.

PETRUCHIO

They shall go forward, Kate, at thy command.—
Obey the bride, you that attend on her.

(215) Go to the feast, revel and domineer,
Carouse full measure to her maidenhead,
Be mad and merry, or go hang yourselves.
But for my bonny Kate, she must with me.
Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret;

(220) 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.

(225) I'll bring mine action on the proudest he
That stops my way in Padua.—Grumio,
Draw forth thy weapon, we are beset with thieves.
Rescue thy mistress if thou be a man.—

Fear not, sweet wench, they shall not touch thee, Kate.
(230) I'll buckler thee against a million.

They'll go on, Kate, at your command.—Obey the bride, you guests who attend on her. Go to the feast, party and carouse, get drunk toasting to her virginity! Be wild and merry, or else go hang yourselves. But as for my pretty Kate, she must go with me. Now, don't look threatening, or stamp your feet, or glare, or worry. I will be the master of what is mine. She is my possession now, my property—like my house, my household stuff, my field, my barn, my horse, my ox, my donkey, my anything. And here she stands. Touch her if you dare! I'll attack—legally and otherwise—any man in Padua who stands in my way, no matter what his rank.—Grumio, draw your sword, we are surrounded by thieves! Rescue your mistress, if you have any manliness in you!—Don't be afraid, sweet girl, no one will touch you. I'll shield you against a million of them, Kate.

[PETRUCHIO, KATHERINE, and GRUMIO exit.]

BAPTISTA

Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet ones.
No, let them go. What a calm, quiet couple!

GREMIO

Went they not quickly, I should die with laughing.
If they hadn't left so quickly, I would have died of laughing.

TRANIO

(as LUCENTIO) Of all mad matches never was the like.
(as LUCENTIO) Of all the craziest pairings, I've never seen one like this.

LUCENTIO

(as CAMBIO) Mistress, what's your opinion of your sister?
(as CAMBIO) Mistress, what's your opinion of your sister?

BIANCA

(235) That, being mad herself, she's madly mated.

That, being mad herself, she has now married a madman.

GREMIO

I warrant him, Petruchio is Kated.

And I bet Petruchio will be "Kated" soon enough!

BAPTISTA

Neighbors and friends, though bride and bridegroom wants

For to supply the places at the table,

You know there wants no junkets at the feast.

(to TRANIO)

(240) Lucentio, you shall supply the bridegroom's place,

And let Bianca take her sister's room.

Neighbors and friends, though the seats for the bride and bridegroom will be empty at the table, you know there are no delicacies lacking at the feast itself. (to TRANIO)

Lucentio, you will take the bridegroom's place, and let Bianca take her sister's.

TRANIO

(as LUCENTIO) Shall sweet Bianca practice how to bride it?

(as LUCENTIO) Will sweet Bianca practice being a bride?

BAPTISTA

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

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

[They all exit.]

Act 4, Scene 1

[GRUMIO enters.]

GRUMIO

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

A curse, a curse on all tired, worthless horses, on all crazy masters, and on all bad roads! Was ever a man beaten so much as me? Was ever a man so weary? I've been sent ahead to make a fire, and they're coming afterward to warm themselves up. It's a good thing I can keep myself hot with my quick temper, or else my very lips might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the roof of my mouth, and my heart to my belly before I could find a fire to thaw myself out. But I'll keep stoking my anger to stay warm. In weather like this, a better man than I am would catch cold.—Hey, hello! Curtis!

[CURTIS enters.]

CURTIS

(10) Who is that calls so coldly?
Who is it who calls so coldly?

GRUMIO

A piece of ice. If thou doubt it, thou mayst slide from my shoulder to my heel with no greater a run but my head and my neck. A fire, good Curtis.

A piece of ice. If you doubt me, try it out—you could slide from my shoulder to my heel after just a step from my head to my neck. Start a fire, good Curtis.

CURTIS

Is my master and his wife coming, Grumio?

Are my master and his wife coming, Grumio?

GRUMIO

15 O, ay, Curtis, ay, and therefore fire, fire. Cast on no water.

Oh, yes, Curtis, yes, so they need a fire, a fire. And leave out the water.

CURTIS

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

Is she as fiery a shrew as she's reported to be?

GRUMIO

She was, good Curtis, before this frost. But thou knowest winter tames man, woman and beast, for it hath tamed my old master and my new mistress and myself, fellow Curtis.

She was, good Curtis, before this frost. But you know how winter tames man, woman, and beast—and so it's tamed my old master, my new mistress, and myself, good colleague Curtis.

CURTIS

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

So you're a beast, and I'm your colleague! I don't think so. Away with you, you three-inch-tall fool!

GRUMIO

Am I but three inches? Why, thy horn is a foot, and so long am I, at the least. But wilt thou make a fire, or shall I complain on thee to our mistress, whose hand, she being now at hand, thou shalt soon feel, to thy cold comfort, for being slow in thy hot office?

Am I only three inches? Why, your cuckold's horn is a foot long, and I'm at least that tall. But are you going to make a fire, or will I have to complain about you to our mistress? Now that she's at hand, you'll soon feel her hand, and you'll find it cold comfort if you're slow in warming us up.

CURTIS

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

Please, good Grumio, tell me, how are things out in the world?

GRUMIO

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

It's a cold world, Curtis, for every man except fire-starters like you, so start a fire! Do your duty, and take your reward, for my master and mistress are almost frozen to death.

CURTIS

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

There's a fire ready. So tell me the news, good Grumio.

GRUMIO

Why, "Jack, boy! Ho, boy!" and as much news as wilt thou.

Why, "Jack, boy! Ho, boy!" and whatever other news you want.

CURTIS

Come, you are so full of cony-catching!

Well, aren't you full of cony-catching! (Editor's note: "Cony-catching" (or "rabbit-catching") means "trickery" here, but it's also a reference to Grumio's quoting of "catches," or songs sung in rounds. Grumio's earlier answer of "Jack, boy! Ho, boy!" comes from a "catch.")

GRUMIO

Why, therefore fire, for I have caught extreme cold. Where's the cook? Is supper ready, the house trimmed, rushes strewed, cobwebs swept, the servingmen in their new fustian, their white stockings, and every officer his wedding garment on? Be the Jacks fair within, the Jills fair without, the carpets laid, and everything in order?

Why, make a fire then, for I have caught extreme cold. Where's the cook? Is supper ready? Is the house prepared, the floor covered, the cobwebs swept up? Are the servingmen wearing their new clothes and white stockings, and the household servants their wedding suits? Are the Jacks and Jills (Editor's note: "Jacks" means both "fellows" (the male servants) and "leather drinking vessels." "Jills" means "girls," (the female servants) and "metal measuring cups.") *in their places, the tablecloths laid out—is everything in order?*

CURTIS

All ready. And therefore, I pray thee, news.

Everything's ready. So please, give me the news.

GRUMIO

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

First of all, my horse is tired, and my master and mistress have had a falling out.

CURTIS

How?

How?

GRUMIO

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

Out of their saddles and into the dirt. But that's a long story.

CURTIS

Let's ha' 't, good Grumio.

Let's hear it, good Grumio.

GRUMIO

(50) Lend thine ear.

Lean close and I'll tell you.

CURTIS

Here.

Here.

GRUMIO

There!

There!

[GRUMIO strikes CURTIS.]

CURTIS

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

That's to feel a story, not hear it.

GRUMIO

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

That's why it's a "sensitive" story. I was just knocking to see if your ear was listening. But now I'll begin: first of all, we

came down a muddy hill, my master riding behind my mistress.

CURTIS

Both of one horse?

Both on one horse?

GRUMIO

What's that to thee?

What's the difference?

CURTIS

(60) Why, a horse.

Why, a horse.

GRUMIO

Tell thou the tale! But hadst thou not crossed me, thou shouldst have heard how her horse fell, and she under her horse. 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.

Then why don't you tell the story! If you hadn't interrupted me, you would have heard about how her horse fell, with her under it. You would have heard about the swampy place she landed, and how she was covered in mud, and how my master left her with the horse on top of her, and beat me because her horse stumbled, and how she waded through the dirt to pull him off of me, and how he swore, and how she prayed—she who had never prayed before—and how I yelled, and how the horses ran away, and how her bridle

was broken, and how I lost my saddle strap, and many other things worth being remembered, but which will now be forgotten, and you'll go ignorant to your grave.

CURTIS

By this reck'ning he is more shrew than she.

It sounds like he is more of a shrew than she is.

GRUMIO

Ay, and that thou and the proudest of you all shall find when he comes home. But what talk I of this? Call forth Nathaniel, Joseph, Nicholas, Philip, Walter, Sugarsop, and the rest. Let their heads be slickly combed, their blue coats brushed, and their garters of an indifferent knit. Let them curtsy with their left legs, and not presume to touch a hair of my master's horse-tail till they kiss their hands. Are they all ready?

Yes, and you and everyone else will find that out when he comes home. But why am I talking about this? Call in Nathaniel, Joseph, Nicholas, Philip, Walter, Sugarsop, and all the rest. Make sure their hair is slicked down and combed, their blue coats are brushed, and their garters are normal-looking and matching. Have them do an elaborate greeting and not dare to touch a hair of my master's horse's tail until they've kissed their hands. Are they all ready?

CURTIS

(80) They are.

They are.

GRUMIO

Call them forth.

Call them in.

CURTIS

(calling offstage) Do you hear, ho? you must meet my master to countenance my mistress.

(calling offstage) Hey, do you hear that? You must come greet the master and countenance (Editor's note: This means "pay respects to," but "countenance" is also another word for "face," which Grumio jokes about in the next lines.)
the mistress.

GRUMIO

Why, she hath a face of her own.

Why, she already has a face of her own.

CURTIS

(85) Who knows not that?

Who said she didn't?

GRUMIO

Thou, it seems, that calls for company to countenance her.

You did, it seems, since you told them to "countenance" her.

CURTIS

I call them forth to credit her.

I mean they should give her credit.

GRUMIO

Why, she comes to borrow nothing of them.

Why, she's not coming to borrow money from them.

[Four or five servants enter.]

NATHANIEL

(90) Welcome home, Grumio.

Welcome home, Grumio.

PHILIP

How now, Grumio?

How's it going, Grumio?

JOSEPH

What, Grumio!

Hey, Grumio!

NICHOLAS

Fellow Grumio!

Grumio, my friend!

NATHANIEL

How now, old lad?

How's it going, old lad?

GRUMIO

(95) 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?

Welcome to you!—How's it going to you?—Hey to you!—My friend to you!—And that's enough greetings. Now, my dapper companions, is everything neat and ready?

NATHANIEL

All things is ready. How near is our master?

Everything's ready. How far away is our master?

GRUMIO

E'en at hand, alighted by this. And therefore be not—

(100) Cock's passion, silence! I hear my master.

He's probably here already. So don't—by God, quiet! I hear him.

[PETRUCHIO and KATHERINE enter.]

PETRUCHIO

Where be these knaves? What, no man at door

To hold my stirrup nor to take my horse!

Where is Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip?

Where are those villains? What, there's no man at the door to help me off my horse and take him to the stable! Where are Nathaniel, Gregory, and Philip?

ALL SERVINGMEN

Here, here, sir! Here, sir!

Here, here, sir! Here, sir!

PETRUCHIO

(105) "Here, sir! Here, sir! Here, sir! Here, sir!"

You loggerheaded and unpolished grooms!

What, no attendance? No regard? No duty?

Where is the foolish knave I sent before?

"Here, sir! Here, sir! Here, sir! Here, sir!" You blockheaded servants! What, I'll get no service from you? No respect? No duty? Where is the foolish villain I sent ahead of me?

GRUMIO

Here, sir, as foolish as I was before.

Here, sir, and just as foolish as I was before.

PETRUCHIO

(110) You peasant swain! You whoreson malt-horse drudge!

Did I not bid thee meet me in the park

And bring along these rascal knaves with thee?

You stupid bumpkin! You bastard workhorse drudge! Didn't I tell you to meet me outside and bring these idiot rascals along with you?

GRUMIO

Nathaniel's coat, sir, was not fully made,

And Gabriel's pumps were all unpinked i' th' heel.

(115) There was no link to color Peter's hat,

And Walter's dagger was not come from sheathing.

There were none fine but Adam, Rafe, and Gregory.

The rest were ragged, old, and beggarly.
Yet, as they are, here are they come to meet you.

Nathaniel's coat wasn't ready, sir, and Gabriel's shoes didn't have the proper pattern on them. Peter's hat was the wrong color, and Walter's dagger needed a sheathe. The only ones properly dressed were Adam, Rafe, and Gregory. The rest looked like ragged old beggars. But here they are sir, and they've come as they are to greet you.

PETRUCHIO

(120) Go, rascals, go, and fetch my supper in.
Go, idiots, go, and fetch me my supper.

[The servants exit.]

Singing

*Where is the life that late I led—
Where are those—Sit down, Kate, and welcome.—
Soud, soud, soud, soud!*

*(singing) Where is the life I used to lead? Where are those—
Sit down, Kate, and make yourself welcome.—Food, food,
food, food!*

[Servants enter with supper.]

Why, when, I say?—Nay, good sweet Kate, be merry.—
(125) Off with my boots, you rogues! You villains, when?
*Now, I say!—Be happy, good sweet Kate.—Get my boots off,
you rogues! You villains, now!*

Sings

*It was the friar of orders gray,
As he forth walkèd on his way:—
A servant tries to take off PETRUCHIO's boots.
Out, you rogue! You pluck my foot awry.
Take that, and mend the plucking off the other.
Strikes the servant*

(130) Be merry, Kate.—Some water, here, what, ho!
Where's my spaniel Troilus? Sirrah, get you hence
And bid my cousin Ferdinand come hither.

(singing)

*It was the friar in robes of gray,
Who walked along on his way:*

(a servant tries to take off PETRUCHIO's boots)—Damn you,
you rogue! You're twisting my foot off! Take that, and do
better with the other one. *(he strikes the servant)* Be happy,
Kate.—Bring some water here, hey! Where's my spaniel
Troilus? Boy, go tell my cousin Ferdinand to come here.

[A servant exits.]

One, Kate, that you must kiss and be acquainted with.—
Where are my slippers? Shall I have some water?—

*He's someone you must get to know, Kate.—Where are my
slippers? Can I get some water please?*

[A servant enters with water.]

(135) Come, Kate, and wash, and welcome heartily.—
You whoreson villain! Will you let it fall?

Strikes him

*Come, Kate, and wash, and make yourself at home.—You
bastard villain! Are you really going to spill it? (he strikes the
servant)*

KATHERINE

Patience, I pray you! 'Twas a fault unwilling.
Calm down, please! It was an accident.

PETRUCHIO

A whoreson, beetle-headed, flap-eared knave!—
Come, Kate, sit down. I know you have a stomach.
(140) Will you give thanks, sweet Kate, or else shall I?—
What's this? Mutton?

*He's a stupid, blockheaded, flap-eared son of a bitch!—
Come, Kate, sit down. I know you must be hungry. Will you
say grace, sweet Kate, or should I?—What's this? Mutton?*

FIRST SERVANT

Ay.

Yes.

PETRUCHIO

Who brought it?

And who brought it?

PETER

I.

I did.

PETRUCHIO

'Tis burnt, and so is all the meat.

What dogs are these! Where is the rascal cook?

How durst you, villains, bring it from the dresser

(145) And serve it thus to me that love it not?

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

Throws the meat, & c. about the stage

You heedless joltheads and unmannered slaves!

What, do you grumble? I'll be with you straight.

*It's burnt, and so is all the rest of the meat. These servant
dogs! Where is the rascal cook? You villains, how dare you
bring me this meat when you know I don't like it
overcooked? There, take it back, plates, cups, and all! (he
throws the meat and everything else around the stage) You*

careless morons and ignorant slaves! What, are you grumbling? I'll deal with you right now.

[Servants exit.]

KATHERINE

I pray you, husband, be not so disquiet.

(150) The meat was well, if you were so contented.

Please, husband, don't be so upset. The meat was fine, if you would have accepted it.

PETRUCHIO

I tell thee, Kate, 'twas burnt and dried away.

And I expressly am forbid to touch it,

For it engenders choler, planteth anger;

And better 'twere that both of us did fast,

(155) Since of ourselves, ourselves are choleric,

Than feed it with such over-roasted flesh.

Be patient, tomorrow 't shall be mended,

And, for this night, we'll fast for company.

Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber.

I tell you, Kate, it was burnt and dried up. I'm expressly forbidden from eating meat like that, for it creates choler and makes me angry (Editor's note: "Choler" was thought to be a substance in the human body that produced anger. Roast meat supposedly produced choler, so it was to be avoided by temperamental people.). It's probably better that we should go hungry, since we're both hotheaded and temperamental, than that we should eat such overcooked meat. Be patient—it'll get fixed tomorrow. For tonight we'll just go without food. Come, I'll bring you to your bridal bedroom.

[They exit.]

[Several servants enter from different doors.]

NATHANIEL

(160) Peter, didst ever see the like?

Peter, did you ever see the likes of this?

PETER

He kills her in her own humor.

He subdues her by acting like her.

[CURTIS enters.]

GRUMIO

Where is he?

Where is he?

CURTIS

In her chamber,

Making a sermon of continency to her,

(165) 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!

In her room, preaching to her about self-control. He rants and rails and swears so much that she, poor soul, doesn't know which way to stand, look, or speak, so she just sits like someone who's woken up from a dream. But go, go, he's coming!

[They exit.]

[PETRUCHIO enters.]

PETRUCHIO

Thus have I politicly begun my reign,

(170) And 'tis my hope to end successfully.

My falcon now is sharp and passing empty,

And, till she stoop, she must not be full-gorged,

For then she never looks upon her lure.

Another way I have to man my haggard,
(175) To make her come and know her keeper's call.
That is, to watch her, as we watch these kites
That bate and beat and will not be obedient.
She ate no meat today, nor none shall eat.
Last night she slept not, nor tonight she shall not.
(180) As with the meat, some undeservèd fault
I'll find about the making of the bed,
And here I'll fling the pillow, there the bolster,
This way the coverlet, another way the sheets.
Ay, and amid this hurly I intend
(185) That all is done in reverend care of her.
And, in conclusion, she shall watch all night,
And if she chance to nod I'll rail and brawl,
And with the clamor keep her still awake.
This is a way to kill a wife with kindness,
(190) 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 show.

I've begun my reign in this cunning way, and I hope to end up successful. My falcon is now hungry and unfed, and she won't be allowed to eat until she submits to my authority. Otherwise she'll just ignore my bait. And I also have another plan to tame my wild hawk, to make her come and recognize her owner's call—that is, I'll keep her from sleeping, just like trainers do with falcons that flap and flutter and won't be obedient. She ate no food today, and she'll have none. She got no sleep last night, and she'll get none tonight. Just like I did with the meat, I'll make up some problem with the way the bed is made, and throw around the pillow, the cushion, the blanket, and the sheets. Yes, and I'll pretend that I'm making all this fuss for her sake. The conclusion will be that she'll stay awake all night, and if she starts to nod off, I'll scold and argue and keep her awake with my yelling. This is how to kill a wife with kindness, and

in this way I'll curb her wild and headstrong nature. If anyone knows a better way to tame a shrew, let him speak up now. I'd appreciate the help.

[He exits.]

Act 4, Scene 2

[TRANIO (disguised as LUCENTIO) and HORTENSIO (disguised as LITIO) enter.]

TRANIO

(as LUCENTIO)

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

(as LUCENTIO) Is it possible, friend Litio, that Bianca could prefer another man over me? I tell you, sir, she's been very encouraging to me.

HORTENSIO

(as LITIO) Sir, to satisfy you in what I have said,
(5) Stand by and mark the manner of his teaching.
They stand aside

(as LITIO) Sir, to prove to you what I've said, stand by right here and watch how this fellow teaches her. (they stand off to one side)

[BIANCA enters with LUCENTIO (disguised as CAMBIO).]

LUCENTIO

(as CAMBIO) Now, mistress, profit you in what you read?

(as CAMBIO) Now, mistress, have you been making progress in your studies?

BIANCA

What, master, read you? First resolve me that.

What are you studying, teacher? First answer me that.

LUCENTIO

(as CAMBIO) I read that I profess, *The Art to Love*.

(as CAMBIO) *I study what I teach—The Art of Love* (Editor's note: "The Art of Love" (Ars Amandi) was a book of poetic instructions in seduction and relationship advice from the Roman poet Ovid.).

BIANCA

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

And may you prove, sir, to be a master of your art.

LUCENTIO

(10) (as CAMBIO) While you, sweet dear, prove mistress of my heart!

(as CAMBIO) While you, sweet dear, prove to be the mistress of my heart!

HORTENSIO

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

(as LITIO) How quickly he earns his degree! Now tell me, please, what just happened? I thought you swore that your mistress Bianca loved no one in the world better than Lucentio.

TRANIO

(as LUCENTIO) O spiteful love! Unconstant womankind!

(15) I tell thee, Litio, this is wonderful!

(as LUCENTIO) Oh spiteful love! Faithless womankind! I tell you, Litio, it's incredible!

HORTENSIO

Mistake no more. I am not Litio,
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

(20) And makes a god of such a cullion.
Know, sir, that I am called Hortensio.

Let me reveal myself. I am not Litio, and not a musician either. I refuse to continue with this disguise for the sake of a woman who would choose a low-class scoundrel over a gentleman like me. Know, sir, that I am called Hortensio.

TRANIO

(as LUCENTIO) Signior Hortensio, I have often heard
Of your entire affection to Bianca,
And since mine eyes are witness of her lightness,
(25) I will with you, if you be so contented,
Forswear Bianca and her love for ever.

(as LUCENTIO) Sir Hortensio, I've often heard of your sincere affection for Bianca, and now that I've seen with my own eyes that she is unfaithful, I will join you, if you like, in rejecting Bianca and her love forever.

HORTENSIO

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
(30) As one unworthy all the former favors
That I have fondly flattered her withal.

See how they kiss and flirt! Sir Lucentio, take my hand. I firmly vow to stop wooing her forever. I reject her as a woman unworthy of all the time and money I have so foolishly flattered her with.

TRANIO

And here I take the like unfeignèd oath
Never to marry with her, though she would entreat.
Fie on her! See how beastly she doth court him!

And I now make the same oath, never to marry her even if she begs me. Damn her! See how lustfully she flirts with

him!

HORTENSIO

(35) Would all the world but he had quite forsworn!
For me, that I may surely keep mine oath,
I will be married to a wealthy widow,
Ere three days pass, which hath as long loved me
As I have loved this proud disdainful haggard.

(40) 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.

I wish all the world but him would reject her, so she'd have only that poor schoolteacher to accept her as a wife! But as for me, I will surely keep my promise. I plan to marry a wealthy widow before three days have passed. She's been in love with me for as long as I've been pursuing this proud, disdainful vixen. And so farewell, Sir Lucentio. From now on, kindness in women, not their beauty, will win my love. And so I bid you farewell, and am resolved to keep my promise.

[He exits.]

TRANIO

Mistress Bianca, bless you with such grace

(45) As 'longeth to a lover's blessed case!
Nay, I have ta'en you napping, gentle love,
And have forsworn you with Hortensio.

Miss Bianca, may you be blessed with all the good fortune you deserve! No, I've caught you napping, my dear. Both Hortensio and I have rejected you.

BIANCA

Tranio, you jest. But have you both forsworn me?

Surely not, Tranio! But have you both really given me up?

TRANIO

Mistress, we have.

Mistress, we have.

LUCENTIO

Then we are rid of Litio.

Then we've gotten rid of Litio.

TRANIO

(50) I' faith, he'll have a lusty widow now
That shall be wooed and wedded in a day.

*Yes, now he'll have a lively widow for himself. He claims he'll
woo her and marry her in a day.*

BIANCA

God give him joy!

God give him joy!

TRANIO

Ay, and he'll tame her.

Yes, and he'll tame her.

BIANCA

He says so, Tranio?

Did he say that, Tranio?

TRANIO

(55) Faith, he is gone unto the taming school.

Well, he's gone off to the taming school.

BIANCA

The taming school? What, is there such a place?

The taming school? What, is there such a place?

TRANIO

Ay, mistress, and Petruchio is the master,
That teacheth tricks eleven and twenty long
To tame a shrew and charm her chattering tongue.

*Yes, mistress, and Petruchio is the headmaster. He teaches
plenty of tricks to tame a shrew and her chattering tongue.*

[BIONDELLO enters.]

BIONDELLO

(60) O master, master, I have watched so long
That I am dog-weary, but at last I spied
An ancient angel coming down the hill
Will serve the turn.

*Oh master, master, I've been watching for so long that I'm
dog-tired, but at last I spied a good old fellow coming down
the hill. He'll work for our purpose.*

TRANIO

What is he, Biondello?

Who is he, Biondello?

BIONDELLO

Master, a marcantant, or a pedant,
(65) I know not what, but formal in apparel,
In gait and countenance surely like a father.

*Master, I'm not sure if he's a merchant or a schoolmaster,
but he's well-dressed and looks old and respectable enough
to be Lucentio's father.*

LUCENTIO

And what of him, Tranio?

And what will you do with him, Tranio?

TRANIO

If he be credulous and trust my tale,
I'll make him glad to seem Vincentio

(70) And give assurance to Baptista Minola

As if he were the right Vincentio.

Take in your love, and then let me alone.

If he's gullible and believes my story, then I'll make him happy to pretend to be Vincentio and vouch for you to Baptista Minola, just as if he were the real Vincentio. Take your sweetheart and leave this to me.

[LUCENTIO and BIANCA exit.]

[A MERCHANT enters.]

MERCHANT

God save you, sir.

Hello and God bless you, sir.

TRANIO

(as LUCENTIO)

And you, sir. You are welcome.

Travel you far on, or are you at the farthest?

(as LUCENTIO) And you too, sir. Welcome. Are you going farther, or is this your destination?

MERCHANT

(75) Sir, at the farthest for a week or two,

But then up farther, and as far as Rome,

And so to Tripoli, if God lend me life.

Sir, this is my destination for a week or two, but then I'll go on as far as Rome, and then to Tripoli, if God is willing.

TRANIO

(as LUCENTIO) What countryman, I pray?

(as LUCENTIO) Where are you from, if I might ask?

MERCHANT

Of Mantua.

From Mantua.

TRANIO

(as LUCENTIO) Of Mantua, sir? Marry, God forbid!

(80) And come to Padua, careless of your life?

(as LUCENTIO) Mantua, sir? God forbid! And you've come to Padua? Are you so careless with your life?

MERCHANT

My life, sir! how, I pray? For that goes hard.

My life, sir! What do you mean? That sounds serious indeed.

TRANIO

'Tis death for anyone in Mantua

To come to Padua. Know you not the cause?

Your ships are stayed at Venice, and the Duke,

(85) For private quarrel 'twixt your duke and him,

Hath published and proclaimed it openly.

'Tis marvel, but that you are but newly come,

You might have heard it else proclaimed about.

It's death for anyone from Mantua to come to Padua. Don't you know why? The Duke of Padua proclaimed it openly.

There's a private quarrel between him and your duke, and all the ships from Mantua are being impounded in Venice.

It's amazing that you didn't know, but I guess you just arrived. Otherwise you would have heard it proclaimed all around town.

MERCHANT

Alas, sir, it is worse for me than so,

(90) For I have bills for money by exchange

From Florence, and must here deliver them.

Alas, sir, this is bad news for me. I have money orders from Florence, and I must deliver them here.

TRANIO

(as LUCENTIO) Well, sir, to do you courtesy,
This will I do, and this I will advise you.
First tell me, have you ever been at Pisa?

*(as LUCENTIO) Well, sir, I'll do you a favor, and help you out
and give you some advice. But first tell me, have you ever
been to Pisa?*

MERCHANT

(95) Ay, sir, in Pisa have I often been,
Pisa renowned for grave citizens.

*Yes, sir, I've often been to Pisa—Pisa, famous for its serious
citizens.*

TRANIO

(as LUCENTIO) Among them know you one Vincentio?

*(as LUCENTIO) Do you know one of those citizens called
Vincentio?*

MERCHANT

I know him not, but I have heard of him:
A merchant of incomparable wealth.

*I don't know him, but I've heard of him: a merchant of
incomparable wealth.*

TRANIO

(100) (as LUCENTIO) He is my father, sir, and sooth to say,
In count'nance somewhat doth resemble you.

*(as LUCENTIO) He is my father, sir, and to be honest, you
look a little bit like him.*

BIONDELLO

(aside) As much as an apple doth an oyster, and all one.

(to himself) As much as an apple looks like an oyster, but
that's no matter.

TRANIO

(as LUCENTIO) To save your life in this extremity,
(105) This favor will I do you for his sake—
And think it not the worst of all your fortunes
That you are like to Sir Vincentio—
His name and credit shall you undertake,
And in my house you shall be friendly lodged.
(110) Look that you take upon you as you should.
You understand me, sir. So shall you stay
Till you have done your business in the city.
If this be court'sy, sir, accept of it.

(as LUCENTIO) I'll do you this favor for his sake, and to save your life in this dangerous situation—indeed, you should consider yourself lucky that you resemble Sir Vincentio. You'll pretend to be him, assume his name and reputation, and stay at my house as a guest. Just make sure that you play your part well. Do you understand, sir? In this way you can stay until you've done your business in the city. If this is kindness, then accept it.

MERCHANT

O sir, I do, and will repute you ever
(115) The patron of my life and liberty.
Oh sir, I will, and I'll always consider you the savior of my life and liberty.

TRANIO

(as LUCENTIO) Then go with me to make the matter good.
This, by the way, I let you understand:
My father is here looked for every day
To pass assurance of a dower in marriage
(120) 'Twixt me and one Baptista's daughter here.
In all these circumstances I'll instruct you.
Go with me to clothe you as becomes you.
(as LUCENTIO) Then come with me, and we'll get everything ready. By the way, I should also tell you this: my father is

expected here any day now to come vouch for me about a widow's inheritance for my marriage. The marriage contract is between me and the daughter of a man named Baptista, who lives here. I'll instruct you about the rest of the details. Come with me, and I'll get you some new clothes.

[They exit.]

Act 4, Scene 3

[KATHERINE and GRUMIO enter.]

GRUMIO

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

No, no, I swear, I can't. He'd kill me.

KATHERINE

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

(5) 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 starved for meat, giddy for lack of sleep,

(10) 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.

(15) I prithee, go and get me some repast,

I care not what, so it be wholesome food.

The more I suffer, the angrier he seems to get. What, did he marry me to starve me? Even beggars who come to my father's door get money when they ask for it. If not, they find charity elsewhere. But I, who never learned how to beg and never needed to beg, am starved for food and dizzy with lack of sleep, kept awake by curses and fed only with quarreling. And what vexes me more than all these troubles is that he does it all under the pretense of perfect love. He acts as if I would get sick and die right away if I were to

sleep or eat. Please, go and get me some food. I don't care what it is, as long as it's filling.

GRUMIO

What say you to a neat's foot?

What do you say to an ox's foot?

KATHERINE

'Tis passing good. I prithee let me have it.

It sounds excellent. Please let me have it.

GRUMIO

I fear it is too choleric a meat.

(20) How say you to a fat tripe finely broiled?

I'm afraid that meat like that is choleric and will make you angry. What do you say to a fat cow stomach, well-broiled?

KATHERINE

I like it well. Good Grumio, fetch it me.

I'd like that very much. Good Grumio, bring it to me.

GRUMIO

I cannot tell. I fear 'tis choleric. What say you to a piece of beef and mustard?

I'm not sure. I'm afraid it's choleric too. What do you say to a piece of beef with mustard?

KATHERINE

A dish that I do love to feed upon.

It's a dish I love to eat.

GRUMIO

(25) Ay, but the mustard is too hot a little.

Yes, but the mustard's a little too hot.

KATHERINE

Why then, the beef, and let the mustard rest.

Why then, the beef, and leave the mustard off.

GRUMIO

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

*Certainly not, in that case. You'll have the mustard or else
you'll get no beef from Grumio.*

KATHERINE

Then both, or one, or anything thou wilt.

Then both, or one, or anything you want.

GRUMIO

(30) Why then, the mustard without the beef.

Why then, the mustard without the beef.

KATHERINE

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.

(35) Go, get thee gone, I say.

*Go, get out of here, you false, deceitful slave. (she beats
him) You feed me with only the names of meats. A curse on
you and the whole pack of you who rejoice in my misery!
Go, get out of here, I say.*

[PETRUCHIO and HORTENSIO enter with a plate of meat.]

PETRUCHIO

How fares my Kate? What, sweeting, all amot?

How is my Kate doing? What, sweetheart, why so dejected?

HORTENSIO

Mistress, what cheer?
Mistress, how are you?

KATHERINE

Faith, as cold as can be.
Indeed, I'm as bad as can be.

PETRUCHIO

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

*Cheer up. Give me a smile. Here, love, see how diligent I am
—I've prepared your meat myself, and brought it to you. I
am sure, sweet Kate, that this kindness deserves your
thanks. What, not a word? Well, then I guess you don't like
it, and all my work was for nothing. Here, take away this
dish.*

KATHERINE

I pray you, let it stand.
Please, let it stay.

PETRUCHIO

(45) The poorest service is repaid with thanks,
And so shall mine, before you touch the meat.
*Even the poorest service is repaid with thanks, and mine will
be too, before you touch the meat.*

KATHERINE

I thank you, sir.
I thank you, sir.

HORTENSIO

Signior Petruchio, fie, you are to blame.

Come, mistress Kate, I'll bear you company.

Shame on you, Sir Petruchio, this is your fault. Come, mistress Kate, I'll join you.

PETRUCHIO

(aside to HORTENSIO)

(50) Eat it up all, Hortensio, if thou lovest me.—

Much good do it unto thy gentle heart.

Kate, eat apace. And now, my honey love,

Will we return unto thy father's house

And revel it as bravely as the best,

(55) With silken coats and caps and golden rings,

With ruffs and cuffs and farthingales and things,

With scarves and fans and double change of brav'ry,

With amber bracelets, beads, and all this knav'ry.

What, hast thou dined? The tailor stays thy leisure

(60) To deck thy body with his ruffling treasure.

(so only HORTENSIO can hear) Do me a favor and eat it all up yourself, Hortensio.—May it do your gentle heart much good, Kate. Eat quickly. And now, my honey love, we will return to your father's house and party with the best of them, with silken coats and caps and golden rings, with ruffs and cuffs and petticoats and things, with scarves and fans and two sets of fine clothes, with amber bracelets, beads, and all such tricks. What, have you finished? The tailor is waiting to dress you in ruffled finery.

[A TAILOR enters.]

Come, tailor, let us see these ornaments.

Lay forth the gown.

Come, tailor, let's see what you have. Lay out the gown.

[A HATMAKER enters.]

What news with you, sir?

What do you want, sir?

HABERDASHER

Here is the cap your Worship did bespeak.

Here is the cap your Worship asked for.

PETRUCHIO

Why, this was molded on a porringer!

(65) A velvet dish! Fie, fie, 'tis lewd and filthy!

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.

Why, this must have been modeled on a porridge bowl! It's like a velvet dish! For shame, for shame, it's worthless and filthy! Why, it's like a cockleshell or a walnut shell, a knickknack, a trifle, a baby's cap. Take it away! Come, let me see a bigger one.

KATHERINE

I'll have no bigger. This doth fit the time,

(70) And gentlewomen wear such caps as these.

I don't want a bigger one. This one agrees with the present fashion, and all gentlewomen wear caps like this.

PETRUCHIO

When you are gentle, you shall have one too,

And not till then.

Well, when you are gentle you can have one too, and not before.

HORTENSIO

(aside) That will not be in haste.

(to himself) That won't be anytime soon.

KATHERINE

Why, sir, I trust I may have leave to speak,
And speak I will. I am no child, no babe.

(75) Your betters have endured me say my mind,
And if you cannot, best you stop your ears.
My tongue will tell the anger of my heart
Or else my heart, concealing it, will break,
And, rather than it shall, I will be free

(80) Even to the uttermost, as I please, in words.

Why, sir, I trust that I'm allowed to speak, and speak I will. I am not a child or an infant. Better men than you have heard me speak my mind, and if you cannot endure it, then you'd better stop up your ears. My tongue must express the anger of my heart, or else my heart will burst with trying to contain it all. So I will speak as freely as I like, no matter what.

PETRUCHIO

Why, thou say'st true. It is a paltry cap,
A custard-coffin, a bauble, a silken pie.
I love thee well in that thou lik'st it not.

Why, you're right. It is a puny little cap, a tart crust, a plaything, a silken pie. I love you more for not liking it.

KATHERINE

Love me or love me not, I like the cap,
(85) And it I will have, or I will have none.

Whether you love me or love me not, I like the cap, and I will have it, or I'll have nothing.

[The HATMAKER exits.]

PETRUCHIO

Thy gown? Why, ay. Come, tailor, let us see 't.
O mercy, God! What masking stuff is here?
What's this? A sleeve? 'Tis like a demi-cannon.
What, up and down, carved like an apple tart?

(90) Here's snip and nip and cut and slish and slash,
Like to a censer in a barber's shop.

Why, what i' devil's name, tailor, call'st thou this?

Now, your gown? Why, yes. Come, tailor, let us see it. God have mercy! What is this costume? What's this, a sleeve? It's more like a cannon. What, you've carved it like an apple tart all over? A snip here and a nip there, a cut here and a slash there—it's like a sieve! What in the hell do you call this, tailor?

HORTENSIO

(aside) I see she's like to have neither cap nor gown.

(to himself) I see that she's likely to have neither a cap nor a gown.

TAILOR

You bid me make it orderly and well,

(95) According to the fashion and the time.

You told me to make it properly and well, according to the current fashions.

PETRUCHIO

Marry, and did. But if you be remembered,

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.

(100) I'll none of it. Hence, make your best of it.

Indeed I did. But if you remember, I didn't tell you to make it a mockery of the current fashions. Go on, hop on home, for you must hop without my money, sir. I want nothing to do with this. Get out of here, and do whatever you want with it.

KATHERINE

I never saw a better-fashioned gown,

More quaint, more pleasing, nor more commendable.

Belike you mean to make a puppet of me.

I never saw a better-made gown, or one more elegant, pleasing, and praiseworthy. It seems like you're trying to make a plaything out of me.

PETRUCHIO

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

Why, exactly! That tailor intends to make a plaything out of you.

TAILOR

(105) She says your Worship means to make a puppet of her.

She says you, your Worship, intend to make a plaything out of her.

PETRUCHIO

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!

Braved in mine own house with a skein of thread?

(110) 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 marred her gown.

Oh monstrous arrogance! You lie, you thread, you thimble, you puny measurement! You flea, you louse egg, you winter cricket! Defied in my own house by a spool of thread? Away with you, you rag, you fragment, you remnant, or I'll use your own yardstick against you until you'll think twice about talking again for the rest of your life! I tell you that you've ruined her gown.

TAILOR

Your Worship is deceived. The gown is made

(115) Just as my master had direction.

Grumio gave order how it should be done.

Your Worship is deceived. The gown is made just as my master directed me to make it. Grumio gave the order for how it should be done.

GRUMIO

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

I gave him no order. I gave him the material.

TAILOR

But how did you desire it should be made?

But how did you want it to be made?

GRUMIO

Marry, sir, with needle and thread.

Well, sir, with needle and thread.

TAILOR

(120) But did you not request to have it cut?

But didn't you want to have it cut, too?

GRUMIO

Thou hast faced many things.

You've faced (Editor's note: "Faced" means "trimmed.")
many things, haven't you?

TAILOR

I have.

I have.

GRUMIO

Face not me. Thou hast braved many men; brave not me. I will neither be faced nor braved. I say unto thee, I bid thy master cut out the gown, but I did not bid him cut it to pieces. *Ergo*, thou liest.

Well don't try to face off with me. You have braved many men, but don't try to brave me (Editor's note: To "brave" means both to "dress in fine clothes" and to "defy."). *I tell you, I asked your master to cut out the gown, but I didn't ask him to cut it to pieces. Therefore, you're a liar.*

TAILOR

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

Why, here is the order as evidence.

[He holds up a paper.]

PETRUCHIO

Read it.

Read it.

GRUMIO

(130) The note lies in 's throat, if he say I said so.

The note is a low note and a liar, if it says I said so.

TAILOR

(reads) "Imprimis, a loose-bodied gown—"

(reading) "First, a loose-bodied gown—"

GRUMIO

Master, if ever I said "loose-bodied gown," sew me in the skirts of it, and beat me to death with a bottom of brown thread. I said "a gown."

Master, if I ever said "loose-bodied gown (Editor's note: Loose-bodied gowns were fashionable at the time, but were also worn by prostitutes. The point is that there is nothing wrong with the gown, but Grumio makes it seem scandalous.), *"you can sew me into the skirts of it and beat me to death with a ball of brown thread. I said "a gown."*

PETRUCHIO

(135) Proceed.

Go on.

TAILOR

(reads) "With a small-compassed cape—"

(reading) "With a flared half-circle cape—"

GRUMIO

I confess the cape.

I admit to ordering the cape.

TAILOR

(reads) "With a trunk sleeve—"

(reading) "With a large, wide sleeve—"

GRUMIO

I confess two sleeves.

I admit to two sleeves.

TAILOR

(140) *(reads)* "The sleeves curiously cut."

(reading) "The sleeves elaborately cut."

PETRUCHIO

Ay, there's the villany.

Ah, there's the problem.

GRUMIO

Error i' the bill, sir, error i' the bill! I commanded the sleeves should be cut out and sewed up again, and that I'll prove upon thee, though thy little finger be armed in a thimble.

Error in the bill, sir, error in the bill! I said that the sleeves should be cut out and sewed up again, and I'll prove it by defeating you in combat, even if your little finger is armed with a thimble.

TAILOR

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

What I say is the truth: and if I had you in the right place, I'd prove it to you.

GRUMIO

I am for thee straight. Take thou the bill, give me thy meteyard, and spare not me.

I'm ready for you right now. You take the bill (Editor's note: He means the bill ordering the gown, but "bill" was also a word for a weapon called a halberd.), *give me the yardstick, and do your worst!*

HORTENSIO

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

God have mercy, Grumio! Then he'll have no chance.

PETRUCHIO

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

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

GRUMIO

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

You're right, sir. It's for my mistress.

PETRUCHIO

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

Go, take it away and let your master use it however he wants.

GRUMIO

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

Villain, not on your life! Take off my mistress's gown for your master's use!

PETRUCHIO

(155) Why, sir, what's your conceit in that?

Why, sir, what do you mean by that?

GRUMIO

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

Oh, sir, the meaning is deeper than you think. Take off my mistress's gown for his master's use! Oh, shameful, shameful, shameful!

PETRUCHIO

(*aside*) Hortensio, say thou wilt see the tailor paid.

(*to TAILOR*) Go, take it hence. Begone, and say no more.

(*so only HORTENSIO can hear*) Hortensio, tell the tailor that you'll make sure he gets paid. (*to TAILOR*) Go, take it away. Begone, and don't say anything more.

HORTENSIO

(160) (*aside to TAILOR*) Tailor, I'll pay thee for thy gown tomorrow.

Take no unkindness of his hasty words.

Away, I say. Commend me to thy master.

(*so only the TAILOR can hear*) Tailor, I'll pay you for your gown tomorrow. Don't take his rudeness to heart. Go then, I say. Give my regards to your master.

[The TAILOR exits.]

PETRUCHIO

Well, come, my Kate. We will unto your father's
Even in these honest mean habiliments.

(165) 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
(170) Because his feathers are more beautiful?

Or is the adder better than the eel
Because his painted skin contents the eye?
Oh, no, good Kate. Neither art thou the worse
For this poor furniture and mean array.

(175) 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.

(to GRUMIO) Go, call my men, and let us straight to him,
And bring our horses unto Long Lane end.

(180) There will we mount, and thither walk on foot.
Let's see, I think 'tis now some seven o'clock,
And well we may come there by dinnertime.

Well, come on then, my Kate. We'll just go on to your father's house dressed in our plain, respectable clothes. Our purses will be proud and our clothes will be poor. It's the mind that makes the body rich, after all, and just as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds, so honor can be seen through even the lowliest attire. What, is the jay more precious than the lark because his feathers are more beautiful? Or is the poisonous snake better than the eel because his patterned scales please the eye? Certainly not, good Kate. Therefore you aren't any less precious because of your poor clothes and lowly attire. If you consider it shameful, then lay the shame on me. So cheer up! We will go now to feast and party at your father's house. (to GRUMIO) Go, call my men, and let's go right away. And bring our horses to the end of Long Lane. We'll walk there on foot and then mount up. Let's see, I think it's now about seven o'clock, so we might get there by lunchtime.

KATHERINE

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

I dare say, sir, that it's almost two, and it will be dinnertime before we get there.

PETRUCHIO

(185) It shall be seven ere I go to horse.
Look what I speak, or do, or think to do,
You are still crossing it. Sirs, let 't alone.
I will not go today, and ere I do
It shall be what o'clock I say it is.

*It will be seven o'clock before I'll get on any horse.
Whatever I say, or do, or think, you are still contradicting it.
Sirs, never mind. I won't go today. I won't go until it is the
time that I say it is.*

HORTENSIO

(190) *(aside)* Why, so this gallant will command the sun.
(to himself) Why, this gentleman wants to command even
the sun.

[They all exit.]

Act 4, Scene 4

[TRANIO (disguised as LUCENTIO) enters with the
MERCHANT, who is dressed like VINCENTIO.]

TRANIO

(as LUCENTIO) Sir, this is the house. Please it you that I call?

(as LUCENTIO) Sir, this is the house. Do you want me to knock?

MERCHANT

Ay, what else? and but I be deceived,
Signior Baptista may remember me,
Near twenty years ago, in Genoa,
(5) Where we were lodgers at the Pegasus.

Yes, of course. Unless I'm mistaken, Sir Baptista might remember me, Sir Vincentio, from when we both stayed at the Pegasus in Genoa nearly twenty years ago.

TRANIO

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

(as LUCENTIO) Very good. Now keep playing your part, and act as respectable as a father should.

MERCHANT

I warrant you.

I swear I will.

[BIONDELLO enters.]

But, sir, here comes your boy.
'Twere good he were schooled.

But sir, here comes your boy. He needs to learn his lines.

TRANIO

(10) *(as LUCENTIO)* Fear you not him.—Sirrah Biondello,
Now do your duty thoroughly, I advise you.

Imagine 'twere the right Vincentio.

(as LUCENTIO) Don't worry about him.—Biondello, boy, now
play your part well. Imagine this is the real Vincentio.

BIONDELLO

Tut, fear not me.

Ha, don't worry about me.

TRANIO

(as LUCENTIO) But hast thou done thy errand to Baptista?

(as LUCENTIO) But have you delivered the message to
Baptista?

BIONDELLO

(15) I told him that your father was at Venice,
And that you looked for him this day in Padua.

*I told him that your father was in Venice, and that you
expected him in Padua today.*

TRANIO

(as LUCENTIO) Thou'rt a tall fellow. Hold thee that to drink.
Gives money

(as LUCENTIO) You're a fine fellow. Here, have a drink on
me. *(giving BIONDELLO some money)*

[BAPTISTA and LUCENTIO enter.]

Here comes Baptista. Set your countenance, sir.

Here comes Baptista. Look appropriately serious, sir.

[The MERCHANT takes off his cap.]

Signior Baptista, you are happily met.—

(20) *(to the MERCHANT)* Sir, this is the gentleman I told you

of.

I pray you stand good father to me now.

Give me Bianca for my patrimony.

Sir Baptista, it's good to see you.—(to the MERCHANT) Sir, this is the gentleman I told you about. Please, be a good father to me now. Give me Bianca for my inheritance.

MERCHANT

(as VINCENTIO) Soft son.—

Sir, by your leave, having come to Padua

To gather in some debts, my son Lucentio

(25) 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,

(30) I am content, in a good father's care,

To have him matched. 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 bestowed,

(35) For curious I cannot be with you,

Signior Baptista, of whom I hear so well.

(as VINCENTIO) Quiet, son.—*Sir, if I may—Having come to Padua to collect some debts, my son Lucentio made me aware of a serious love between your daughter and himself. Because of the good reports I've heard about you, and for the sake of the love between your daughter and my son, I won't delay—I am glad to have him matched. And if you also approve of the marriage, then you'll find me ready and willing to consent to your daughter's betrothal. I won't be fussy about details with you, Sir Baptista, for I respect you.*

BAPTISTA

Sir, pardon me in what I have to say.

Your plainness and your shortness please me well.

Right true it is your son Lucentio here
(40) 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,
(45) The match is made, and all is done.
Your son shall have my daughter with consent.

Sir, pardon me for what I have to say. I like your plainness and honesty. It is indeed true that your son Lucentio here loves my daughter, and she loves him—unless they're both good at pretending. Therefore, if you have nothing else to say, and agree that you will treat your son as a father should and settle on a sufficient widow's inheritance for my daughter, then the match is made, and all's done. Your son will marry my daughter with my consent.

TRANIO

(as LUCENTIO)

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?

(as LUCENTIO) I thank you, sir. Where would be the best place to get officially betrothed and make the necessary guarantees to settle this business?

BAPTISTA

(50) 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.

Not in my house, Lucentio, for you know that I have many servants who might eavesdrop, and "little pitchers have big ears," as they say. Besides, old Gremio is always hanging around and listening, so we might be interrupted.

TRANIO

(as LUCENTIO) Then at my lodging, an it like you.

(55) There doth my father lie, and there this night

We'll pass the business privately and well.

Send for your daughter by your servant here.

My boy shall fetch the scrivener presently.

The worst is this, that at so slender warning

(60) You are like to have a thin and slender pittance.

(as LUCENTIO) Then let's go to my lodging, if you'd like.

That's where my father is staying, and tonight we can

complete our transactions privately there. Send your

servant for Bianca. My boy will fetch the notary right away.

The only bad thing is that with such short notice, we'll only be able to offer you a small meal.

BAPTISTA

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

And bid Bianca make her ready straight.

And, if you will, tell what hath happenèd:

Lucentio's father is arrived in Padua,

(65) And how she's like to be Lucentio's wife.

That sounds good to me.—Cambio, hurry home and tell

Bianca to get ready right away. And, if you want to, tell her

what has happened: Lucentio's father has come to Padua,

and now she's likely to be Lucentio's wife.

[LUCENTIO exits.]

BIONDELLO

I pray the gods she may, with all my heart!

With all my heart I pray to the gods that she will!

TRANIO

(as LUCENTIO) Dally not with the gods, but get thee gone.—

Signior Baptista, shall I lead the way?

Welcome! One mess is like to be your cheer.

(70) Come, sir, we will better it in Pisa.

(as LUCENTIO) Don't worry about the gods. Go on about your business.—Signor Baptista, should I lead the way?

Welcome! We'll only have one course to feed you, but we'll make up for it in Pisa. Come, sir.

BAPTISTA

I follow you.

I'll follow you.

[TRANIO, the MERCHANT, and BAPTISTA exit.]

BIONDELLO

Cambio.

Cambio.

LUCENTIO

What sayest thou, Biondello?

What is it, Biondello?

BIONDELLO

You saw my master wink and laugh upon you?

Did you see my master winking and laughing at you?

LUCENTIO

Biondello, what of that?

What about it, Biondello?

BIONDELLO

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

Well, nothing. But he left me here behind to explain the meaning of his signs and signals.

LUCENTIO

I pray thee, moralize them.

Please, explain them.

BIONDELLO

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

It's like this: Baptista is safely taken care of. He's talking with the pretend father of the pretend son.

LUCENTIO

(80) And what of him?

And what else?

BIONDELLO

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

You're to bring his daughter to the supper.

LUCENTIO

And then?

And then?

BIONDELLO

The old priest at Saint Luke's Church is at your command at all hours.

The old priest at Saint Luke's Church is at your service at all hours.

LUCENTIO

(85) And what of all this?

And what of all this?

BIONDELLO

I cannot tell, except they are busied about a counterfeit assurance. Take you assurance of her cum privilegio ad imprimendum solum. To th' church take the priest, clerk, and some sufficient honest witnesses.

(90) If this be not that you look for, I have no more to say,
But bid Bianca farewell forever and a day.

I'm not sure, except that they are busy with some pretend betrothal agreement. Go get your exclusive rights to that girl. Go to the church and take a priest, a clerk, and some honest-enough witnesses. If this isn't what you've been waiting for, then I have nothing more to say—but bid Bianca farewell forever.

LUCENTIO

Hear'st thou, Biondello?

Do you hear, Biondello—

BIONDELLO

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

I can't linger. I once knew a girl who was married in an afternoon as she went out to the garden for parsley to stuff a rabbit. It may happen to you too, sir. And so farewell, sir. My master instructed me to go to Saint Luke's and tell the priest to be ready in anticipation of your arrival with your new better half.

[He exits.]

LUCENTIO

I may, and will, if she be so contented.

She will be pleased. Then wherefore should I doubt?

(100) Hap what hap may, I'll roundly go about her.

It shall go hard if "Cambio" go without her.

I may, and I will, if she agrees. She will be pleased. Then why am I doubtful? What will be will be. I'll just be honest

*and straightforward with her. But it will be hard for "Cambio"
if he loses her.*

[He exits.]

Act 4, Scene 5

[PETRUCHIO, KATHERINE, HORTENSIO, and servants enter.]

PETRUCHIO

Come on, i' God's name, once more toward our father's.
Good Lord, how bright and goodly shines the moon!

Come on, in God's name, let's continue on to your father's house. Good Lord, the moon is so bright and beautiful tonight!

KATHERINE

The moon? The sun! It is not moonlight now.

The moon? That's the sun! There's no moonlight now.

PETRUCHIO

I say it is the moon that shines so bright.

I say it's the moon that shines so bright.

KATHERINE

(5) I know it is the sun that shines so bright.

I know it's the sun that shines so bright.

PETRUCHIO

Now, by my mother's son, and that's myself,

It shall be moon, or star, or what I list,

Or e'er I journey to your father's house.

(to servants) Go on, and fetch our horses back again.—

(10) Evermore crossed and crossed, nothing but crossed!

Now, I swear by my mother's son, and that's myself, it will be the moon, or a star, or whatever I want it to be before I'll journey on to your father's house. (to servants) Go on, bring our horses back again.—I'm constantly contradicted and contradicted, nothing but contradicted!

HORTENSIO

(to KATHERINE) Say as he says, or we shall never go.

(to KATHERINE) Say what he wants you to say, or we'll never go.

KATHERINE

Forward, I pray, since we have come so far,
And be it moon, or sun, or what you please.

An if you please to call it a rush candle,

(15) Henceforth I vow it shall be so for me.

*Let's keep going, please, since we've come so far already.
And it can be the moon, or the sun, or whatever you like. If
you want to call it a tea candle, then I swear it will be a tea
candle to me from now on.*

PETRUCHIO

I say it is the moon.

I say it is the moon.

KATHERINE

I know it is the moon.

I know it is the moon.

PETRUCHIO

Nay, then you lie. It is the blessed sun.

No, you're a liar. It's the blessed sun.

KATHERINE

Then God be blessed, it is the blessed sun.

(20) But sun it is not, when you say it is not,

And the moon changes even as your mind.

What you will have it named, even that it is,

And so it shall be so for Katherine.

*Then God be blessed, it's the blessed sun. But it's not the
sun when you say it isn't, and the moon changes with your
mind* (Editor's note: Katherine is submitting to Petruchio and

agreeing with him, but also subtly mocking him. Lunatics were thought to be controlled by the changes of the moon, and here she associates Petruchio's fickle egotism with insanity and the moon.). *Whatever you name it, that's what the thing is, and so it will always be for Katherine.*

HORTENSIO

Petruchio, go thy ways; the field is won.

Petruchio, let's go on. You've won the war.

PETRUCHIO

(25) Well, forward, forward! Thus the bowl should run,
And not unluckily against the bias.

But, soft! Company is coming here.

Well, forward, forward then! This is how things should go, smooth and straight. But wait! Someone's coming.

[VINCENTIO enters.]

(to VINCENTIO)

Good morrow, gentle mistress, where away?—

Tell me, sweet Kate, and tell me truly too,

(30) 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.—

(35) Sweet Kate, embrace her for her beauty's sake.

(to VINCENTIO) Good morning, gentle mistress, where are you off to?—Tell me, sweet Kate, and be honest, have you ever seen a prettier, healthier-looking young lady? See how the shades of white and red do battle with each other in her cheeks! And what stars in heaven sparkle with as much beauty as the two eyes in that heavenly face?—Fair lovely maid, once more I say good day to you.—Sweet Kate, embrace her for her beauty's sake.

HORTENSIO

(aside) He will make the man mad, to make a woman of him.

(to himself) He'll make the man go crazy, pretending that he's a woman.

KATHERINE

Young budding virgin, fair and fresh and sweet,
Whither away, or where is thy abode?

(40) Happy the parents of so fair a child.

Happier the man whom favorable stars
Allot thee for his lovely bedfellow!

Young budding virgin, fair and fresh and sweet, where are you off to, and where is your home? Happy are the parents of such a fair child. And happier the man whose destiny is to share your bed!

PETRUCHIO

Why, how now, Kate! I hope thou art not mad.
This is a man—old, wrinkled, faded, withered—
(45) And not a maiden, as thou say'st he is.

Why, what's going on, Kate! I hope you haven't gone crazy. This is a man—old, wrinkled, faded, and withered—not a girl, as you say he is.

KATHERINE

Pardon, old father, my mistaking eyes
That have been so bedazzled with the sun
That everything I look on seemeth green.
Now I perceive thou art a reverend father.
(50) Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad mistaking.

Pardon me, sir! My eyes were so blinded by the sun that everything I see looks young and fresh. But now I can see that you're a respectable old gentleman. Pardon me, please, for my crazy mistake.

PETRUCHIO

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

Do pardon her, good old grandfather, and also tell us which way you're traveling. If you're going the same way we are, we'd be glad to have your company.

VINCENTIO

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

Well, fair sir, and you, my cheerful mistress, you've surprised me with your strange behavior, but know that my name is Vincentio, my home is Pisa, and I am headed for Padua. I'm going to visit a son of mine whom I haven't seen in a long time.

PETRUCHIO

What is his name?

What is his name?

VINCENTIO

Lucentio, gentle sir.

Lucentio, gentle sir.

PETRUCHIO

(60) Happily met, the happier for thy son.
And now by law as well as reverend age,
I may entitle thee my loving father.

The sister to my wife, this gentlewoman,
Thy son by this hath married. Wonder not
(65) Nor be grieved. She is of good esteem,
Her dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth.

Beside, so qualified as may beseem
The spouse of any noble gentleman.
Let me embrace with old Vincentio,
(70) And wander we to see thy honest son,
Who will of thy arrival be full joyous.

What a happy coincidence, and even happier for your son. I can now call you "father" legally, and not just as a term of respect for your age. This gentlewoman here is my wife, and her sister is now married to your son. Don't be amazed or upset. His wife has a good reputation, a wealthy dowry, and a noble bloodline. She has all the qualities that would make her a worthy spouse for any noble gentleman. Now let me embrace you, Vincentio, and then we'll go out of our way to see your honest son. He'll be overjoyed at your coming.

VINCENTIO

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

But is all this true? Or are you just having fun, like witty travelers, and playing jokes on people you meet on the way?

HORTENSIO

(75) I do assure thee, father, so it is.

I assure you, father, it's true.

PETRUCHIO

Come, go along and see the truth hereof,
For our first merriment hath made thee jealous.

Come along with us and you'll see the truth for yourself, if our initial joke has made you suspicious.

[Everyone exits except for HORTENSIO.]

HORTENSIO

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

Well, Petruchio, this has been encouraging to me. I'll go to my widow now, and if she's stubborn, you've taught me how to tame her—by being even more difficult than she is.

[He exits.]

Act 5, Scene 1

[BIONDELLO, LUCENTIO, and BIANCA enter. GREMIO is already onstage, and doesn't see them.]

BIONDELLO

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

Quietly and quickly, sir. The priest is ready.

LUCENTIO

I fly, Biondello. But they may chance to need thee at home. Therefore leave us.

I'm hurrying, Biondello. But they might need you at home, so you go back.

[LUCENTIO and BIANCA exit.]

BIONDELLO

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

No, I'll see you safely to the church, and then I'll hurry back to my master's.

[He exits.]

GREMIO

I marvel Cambio comes not all this while.

I'm surprised Cambio hasn't come by in all this time.

[PETRUCHIO, KATHERINE, VINCENTIO, and GRUMIO enter, with attendants.]

PETRUCHIO

Sir, here's the door. This is Lucentio's house.

My father's bears more toward the marketplace.

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

Sir, here's the door. This is Lucentio's house. My father-in-law's house lies closer to the marketplace. That's where I'm off to, and here I leave you, sir.

VINCENTIO

(10) 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.

You must have a drink before you go. I think I can welcome you on my son's behalf, and it's likely that some entertainment is being prepared anyway.

[He knocks.]

GREMIO

They're busy within. You were best knock louder.

They're busy inside. You'd better knock louder.

[The MERCHANT looks out the window.]

MERCHANT

(as VINCENTIO) What's he that knocks as he would beat down the gate?

(as VINCENTIO) *Who's that trying to break down the door?*

VINCENTIO

(15) Is Signior Lucentio within, sir?

Is Sir Lucentio inside, sir?

MERCHANT

(as VINCENTIO) He's within, sir, but not to be spoken withal.

(as VINCENTIO) *He's inside, sir, but he can't be bothered right now.*

VINCENTIO

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

What if a man were to bring him a couple hundred pounds to have fun with?

MERCHANT

(as VINCENTIO) Keep your hundred pounds to yourself. He shall need none so long as I live.

(as VINCENTIO) Keep your hundred pounds to yourself. He won't need anything as long as I'm alive.

PETRUCHIO

(to VINCENTIO) Nay, I told you your son was well beloved in Padua.—Do you hear, sir? To leave frivolous circumstances, I pray you tell Signior Lucentio that his father is come from Pisa and is here at the door to speak with him.

(as VINCENTIO) See, I told you your son was well-loved in Padua.—(to MERCHANT) Do you hear me, sir? Jokes aside, please tell Sir Lucentio that his father has come from Pisa and is here at the door to speak with him.

MERCHANT

(as VINCENTIO) Thou liest. His father is come from Padua and here looking out at the window.

(as VINCENTIO) You lie. His father has already come to Padua, and here he is looking out the window.

VINCENTIO

Art thou his father?

Are you his father?

MERCHANT

(as VINCENTIO) Ay, sir, so his mother says, if I may believe her.

(as VINCENTIO) Yes, sir, or so his mother tells me, if I can believe her.

PETRUCHIO

(30) (to VINCENTIO) Why, how now, gentleman! Why, this is flat knavery to take upon you another man's name.

(to VINCENTIO) Why, what's going on? This is downright criminal, to take on another man's name!

MERCHANT

(as VINCENTIO) Lay hands on the villain. I believe he means to cozen somebody in this city under my countenance.

(as VINCENTIO) Arrest the villain. I believe he means to cheat someone in this city while pretending to be me.

[BIONDELLO enters.]

BIONDELLO

(aside) I have seen them in the church together. God send 'em good shipping! But who is here? Mine old master Vincentio! Now we are undone and brought to nothing.

(to himself) Now I've seen them go into the church together. May God give them a good marriage! But who's this here? My old master Vincentio! Now everything's ruined! It was all for nothing.

VINCENTIO

(to BIONDELLO) Come hither, crack-hemp.

(to BIONDELLO) Come here, you villain.

BIONDELLO

Hope I may choose, sir.

I don't have to obey you, sir.

VINCENTIO

Come hither, you rogue! What, have you forgot me?

Come here, you rogue! What, have you forgotten me?

BIONDELLO

(40) Forgot you! No, sir. I could not forget you, for I never saw you before in all my life.

Forgotten you! No, sir. I could not forget you, for I've never seen you before in my life.

VINCENTIO

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

What, you foul villain, did you never see your master's father, Vincentio?

BIONDELLO

What, my old worshipful old master? Yes, marry, sir. See where he looks out of the window.

What, my respectable old master? Yes, of course, sir. There he is, looking out the window.

VINCENTIO

Is 't so, indeed.

Is that so.

[He beats BIONDELLO.]

BIONDELLO

Help, help, help! Here's a madman will murder me.

Help, help, help! There's a madman trying to murder me!

[He exits.]

MERCHANT

(as VINCENTIO) Help, son! Help, Signior Baptista!

(as VINCENTIO) Help, son! Help, Sir Baptista!

[He exits from above.]

PETRUCHIO

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

Come on, Kate, let's stand aside and see how all this controversy turns out.

[They draw back.]

[The MERCHANT enters below, with TRANIO (as LUCENTIO), BAPTISTA, and servants.]

TRANIO

(as LUCENTIO) Sir, what are you that offer to beat my servant?

(as LUCENTIO) Sir, who are you that you would presume to beat my servant?

VINCENTIO

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

Who am I, sir! No, who are you, sir? By the immortal gods! Oh, you complete villain! A silken jacket, velvet hose, a scarlet cloak, and a tall hat! Oh, I'm ruined, I'm ruined! While I played the thrifty father at home, my son and my servant have spent all my money at the university.

TRANIO

(as LUCENTIO) How now, what's the matter?

(as LUCENTIO) What's going on, what's the matter?

BAPTISTA

(60) What, is the man lunatic?

What, is the man a lunatic?

TRANIO

(as LUCENTIO) Sir, you seem a sober ancient gentleman by your habit, but your words show you a madman. Why, sir, what 'cerns it you if I wear pearl and gold? I thank my good father I am able to maintain it.

(as LUCENTIO) Sir, from your clothes you seem to be a wise, respectable old gentleman, but your words show you to be a madman. Why, sir, what is it to you if I should wear pearls and gold? Thanks to my good father, I can afford it.

VINCENTIO

(65) Thy father! O villain! He is a sailmaker in Bergamo. Your father! Oh you villain! Your father is a sailmaker in Bergamo.

BAPTISTA

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

You're mistaken, sir, you're mistaken. Please tell me, what do you think his name is?

VINCENTIO

His name! As if I knew not his name! I have brought him up ever since he was three years old, and his name is Tranio.

His name! As if I didn't know his name! I raised him ever since he was three years old, and his name is Tranio.

MERCHANT

(as VINCENTIO) Away, away, mad ass! His name is Lucentio and he is mine only son, and heir to the lands of me, Signior Vincentio.

(as VINCENTIO) Away with you, mad fool! His name is Lucentio, my only son, and heir to all the lands owned by me, Vincentio.

VINCENTIO

Lucentio! Oh, he hath murdered his master! Lay hold on him, I charge you in the Duke's name. O my son, my son! Tell me, thou villain, where is my son Lucentio?

Lucentio! Oh, he's murdered his master! Arrest him, I charge you in the Duke's name. Oh my son, my son! Tell me, you villain, where is my son Lucentio?

TRANIO

(as LUCENTIO) Call forth an officer.

(as LUCENTIO) Call an officer.

[An officer enters.]

Carry this mad knave to the jail.—Father Baptista, I charge you see that he be forthcoming.

Take this mad fool to the jail.—Father Baptista, make sure that he's ready to appear in court when he's called.

VINCENTIO

Carry me to the jail?

Take me to the jail?

GREMIO

(80) Stay, officer. He shall not go to prison.

Wait, officer. He won't go to prison.

BAPTISTA

Talk not, Signior Gremio. I say he shall go to prison.

Be quiet, Sir Gremio. I say he will go to prison.

GREMIO

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

Be careful, Sir Baptista, or else you'll be tricked by this business. I would dare to swear that this is the real Vincentio.

MERCHANT

(as VINCENTIO) Swear, if thou darest.

(as VINCENTIO) Swear, if you dare.

GREMIO

(85) Nay, I dare not swear it.

No, I won't really dare to swear it.

TRANIO

(as LUCENTIO) Then thou wert best say that I am not Lucentio.

(as LUCENTIO) Then you'd better say that I'm not really Lucentio.

GREMIO

Yes, I know thee to be Signior Lucentio.

No, I know you're Sir Lucentio.

BAPTISTA

Away with the dotard! To the jail with him!

Away with this old fool! Take him to the jail!

VINCENTIO

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

This is how strangers are mistreated and abused!—Oh you monstrous villain!

[BIONDELLO enters with LUCENTIO and BIANCA.]

BIONDELLO

O! We are spoiled and yonder he is! Deny him, forswear him, or else we are all undone.

Oh! There he is, and we're ruined! Deny him, swear that you don't know him, or else we're completely undone.

[BIONDELLO, TRANIO, and the MERCHANT exit as fast as
they can.]

[LUCENTIO and BIANCA kneel.]

LUCENTIO

Pardon, sweet father.

Forgive me, sweet father.

VINCENTIO

Lives my sweet son?

Is my sweet son alive?

BIANCA

(95) Pardon, dear father.

Forgive me, dear father.

BAPTISTA

How hast thou offended? Where is Lucentio?

Why, what have you done wrong? Where is Lucentio?

LUCENTIO

Here's Lucentio, right son to the right Vincentio,
That have by marriage made thy daughter mine
While counterfeit supposes bleared thine eyne.

*Here is Lucentio, the real son of the real Vincentio. I've
made your daughter mine by marriage while you were
hoodwinked by false appearances.*

GREMIO

(100) Here's packing, with a witness, to deceive us all!

A conspiracy, a total conspiracy, that deceived us all!

VINCENTIO

Where is that damnèd villain, Tranio,
That faced and braved me in this matter so?

Where is that damned villain Tranio, who bullied and defied me about this?

BAPTISTA

Why, tell me, is not this my Cambio?

Why, tell me though, isn't this my daughter's tutor Cambio?

BIANCA

Cambio is changed into Lucentio.

Cambio is changed into Lucentio.

LUCENTIO

(105) Love wrought these miracles. Bianca's love
Made me exchange my state with Tranio,
While he did bear my countenance in the town,
And happily I have arrivèd at the last
Unto the wishèd haven of my bliss.

(110) What Tranio did, myself enforced him to.
Then pardon him, sweet father, for my sake.

*Love performed these miracles. Bianca's love made me
trade my identity with Tranio, while he pretended to be me
in the town. And now at last I've arrived happily at the
blissful conclusion of my endeavors. Whatever Tranio did, I
commanded him to do. So pardon him, sweet father, for my
sake.*

VINCENTIO

I'll slit the villain's nose that would have sent me to the jail.

*No, I'll slit the nose of that villain who tried to send me to
jail.*

BAPTISTA

But do you hear, sir, have you married my daughter without
asking my goodwill?

*But is this true, sir, that you've married my daughter
without asking for my consent?*

VINCENTIO

Fear not, Baptista, we will content you. Go to. But I will in to be revenged for this villany.

Don't worry, Baptista, we will satisfy you. You'll see. But I will go inside and get some revenge for this villainy.

[He exits.]

BAPTISTA

And I, to sound the depth of this knavery.

And I will too, to see how deep this villainy goes.

[He exits.]

LUCENTIO

Look not pale, Bianca. Thy father will not frown.

Don't look so pale, Bianca. Your father won't be angry with you.

[LUCENTIO and BIANCA exit.]

GREMIO

(120) My cake is dough, but I'll in among the rest,
Out of hope of all but my share of the feast.

I'm all out of luck, but I'll go in with the rest. The only thing I can hope for now is a share of the feast.

[He exits.]

KATHERINE

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

Husband, let's follow them and see how all this turns out.

PETRUCHIO

First kiss me, Kate, and we will.

First kiss me, Kate, and then we will.

KATHERINE

(125) What, in the midst of the street?

What, in the middle of the street?

PETRUCHIO

What, art thou ashamed of me?

What, are you ashamed of me?

KATHERINE

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

No sir, God forbid, but I am ashamed to kiss.

PETRUCHIO

Why, then let's home again. (to GRUMIO) Come, sirrah, let's away.

Well then, let's go on back home again. (to GRUMIO) Come, fellow, let's go.

KATHERINE

Nay, I will give thee a kiss. (kisses him) Now pray thee, love, stay.

No, I'll give you a kiss. (kisses him) Now please, love, stay.

PETRUCHIO

(130) Is not this well? Come, my sweet Kate.

Better once than never, for never too late.

Isn't this nice? Come, my sweet Kate. Better late than never, for never's too late.

[They exit.]

Act 5, Scene 2

[BAPTISTA, VINCENTIO, GREMIO, the MERCHANT, LUCENTIO, BIANCA, PETRUCHIO, KATHERINE, HORTENSIO, the WIDOW, TRANIO, BIONDELLO, and GRUMIO enter, with servants bringing in desserts.]

LUCENTIO

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

It's taken a long time, but at last we've all been reconciled. Now that the raging war is over, it's time to smile at our past dangers and escapes. My fair Bianca, bid my father welcome, while I with equal kindness welcome yours. Brother Petruchio, Sister Katherine, and you, Hortensio, with your loving widow, feast with the best of them, and welcome to my house. This dessert is to close up our stomachs—and any hard feelings—after our great feast. Please, sit down, for now we sit to chat as well as to eat.

PETRUCHIO

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

BAPTISTA

Padua affords this kindness, son Petruchio.

Padua can afford this pleasant lifestyle, son Petruchio.

PETRUCHIO

Padua affords nothing but what is kind.

Padua contains nothing but what is pleasant.

HORTENSIO

(15) For both our sakes, I would that word were true.

For both our sakes, I hope that's true.

PETRUCHIO

Now, for my life, Hortensio fears his widow.

Now, I swear! Hortensio fears (Editor's note: Here this means both "is frightened of," which is how Petruchio means it, and "frightens," which is how the widow interprets it.) *his widow.*

WIDOW

Then never trust me if I be afeard.

Don't worry, I'm not afraid of him.

PETRUCHIO

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

I mean, Hortensio is afeard of you.

You are very sensible, but you missed my sense: I meant that Hortensio is afraid of you.

WIDOW

(20) He that is giddy thinks the world turns round.

He who is dizzy thinks the world spins round.

PETRUCHIO

Roundly replied.

Well said.

KATHERINE

Mistress, how mean you that?

Mistress, what do you mean by that?

WIDOW

Thus I conceive by him.

That's what I conceive of Petruchio.

PETRUCHIO

Conceives by me? How likes Hortensio that?

She conceives (Editor's note: Petruchio jokes on "conceives" as "becomes pregnant.") *by me? And what does Hortensio think of that?*

HORTENSIO

(25) My widow says, thus she conceives her tale.

My widow means that that's how she understands you.

PETRUCHIO

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

Good job fixing that. Kiss him for that, good widow.

KATHERINE

"He that is giddy thinks the world turns round"—

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

"He who is dizzy thinks the world spins round"—Please, tell me what you meant by that.

WIDOW

Your husband being troubled with a shrew

(30) Measures my husband's sorrow by his woe.

And now you know my meaning.

Your husband, who has to live with a shrew, projects his own troubles onto my husband. And now you know my meaning.

KATHERINE

A very mean meaning.

A very mean meaning.

WIDOW

Right, I mean you.

Right, because I mean you.

KATHERINE

And I am mean indeed, respecting you.

Indeed, but I'm not so mean compared to you.

PETRUCHIO

To her, Kate!

Get her, Kate!

HORTENSIO

(35) To her, widow!

Get her, widow!

PETRUCHIO

A hundred marks, my Kate does put her down.

I'll bet you a hundred marks, my Kate will put her on her back.

HORTENSIO

That's my office.

That's my job.

PETRUCHIO

Spoke like an officer! Ha' to thee, lad!

Spoken like a good worker! Here's to you, lad!

[He drinks to HORTENSIO.]

BAPTISTA

How likes Gremio these quick-witted folks?

How does Gremio like these quick-witted folks?

GREMIO

(40) Believe me, sir, they butt together well.

Believe me, sir, they butt heads well.

BIANCA

Head and butt! An hasty-witted body

Would say your head and butt were head and horn.

Head and butt! A clever person would say your butting head had horns (Editor's note: This is the usual joke about cuckolds having horns, though it's unclear why it's aimed at the unmarried Gremio.).

VINCENTIO

Ay, mistress bride, hath that awakened you?

Ah, mistress bride, has that woken you up?

BIANCA

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

Yes, but it hasn't frightened me. So I'll go back to sleep.

PETRUCHIO

(45) Nay, that you shall not. Since you have begun,
Have at you for a bitter jest or two!

No, you certainly won't. Now that you've gotten started, be ready for a sharp joke or two!

BIANCA

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

Am I the bird you're shooting at now? I'll fly to a different tree, so must follow me with your bow.—You are all welcome here. Ladies, let me lead you out.

[BIANCA, KATHERINE, and the WIDOW exit.]

PETRUCHIO

(50) She hath prevented me. Here, Signior Tranio,
This bird you aimed at, though you hit her not.—
Therefore a health to all that shot and missed.

*Well, she's escaped me. Sir Tranio, you also aimed at that
bird, though you didn't hit her.—So here's a toast to all who
have shot and missed.*

TRANIO

Oh, sir, Lucentio slipped me like his greyhound,
Which runs himself and catches for his master.

*Oh, sir, Lucentio just let me off his leash like a greyhound. I
did the running, but the catch was for my master.*

PETRUCHIO

(55) A good swift simile, but something currish.
A good swift answer, but also an answer for the dogs.

TRANIO

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

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

*It's good, sir, that you hunted for yourself. There's a rumor
that your deer has faced you down and cornered you.*

BAPTISTA

Oh, Oh, Petruchio! Tranio hits you now.

Oh, oh, Petruchio! Now Tranio hits you with a good one.

LUCENTIO

I thank thee for that gird, good Tranio.

I thank you for that taunt, good Tranio.

HORTENSIO

(60) Confess, confess, hath he not hit you here?

Admit it, admit, didn't that one hit close to home?

PETRUCHIO

He has a little galled me, I confess.
And, as the jest did glance away from me,
'Tis ten to one it maimed you two outright.

*He has wounded me a little, I confess. But since the taunt
glanced off of me and kept flying, it's ten to one that it hit
you two straight on.*

BAPTISTA

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

*In all seriousness though, son Petruchio, I think you have
the biggest shrew of all.*

PETRUCHIO

Well, I say no. And therefore, for assurance,
Let's each one send unto his wife;
And he whose wife is most obedient
To come at first when he doth send for her,
(70) Shall win the wager which we will propose.

*Well, I have to disagree. But let's have some proof. Each one
of us should send for his wife, and whoever's wife is most
obedient, and comes immediately when he sends for her,
that man will win the bet we propose.*

HORTENSIO

Content. What's the wager?
Sounds good. What's the bet?

LUCENTIO

Twenty crowns.
Twenty crowns.

PETRUCHIO

Twenty crowns?

I'll venture so much of my hawk or hound,

(75) But twenty times so much upon my wife.

*Twenty crowns? I'd bet that much on my hawk or my hound,
but I'd bet twenty times that on my wife.*

LUCENTIO

A hundred then.

A hundred then.

HORTENSIO

Content.

Agreed.

PETRUCHIO

A match! 'Tis done.

It's a bet! Let's do it.

HORTENSIO

Who shall begin?

Who should begin?

LUCENTIO

(80) That will I.

Go, Biondello, bid your mistress come to me.

I will. Go, Biondello, and tell your mistress to come to me.

BIONDELLO

I go.

I go.

[He exits.]

BAPTISTA

Son, I'll be your half Bianca comes.

Son, I'll take half your bet that Bianca comes.

LUCENTIO

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

I don't want any halves. I'll bear it all myself.

[BIONDELLO enters.]

How now, what news?

Well, what's the news?

BIONDELLO

(85) Sir, my mistress sends you word
That she is busy, and she cannot come.

Sir, my mistress says to tell you that she's busy, and she cannot come.

PETRUCHIO

How! "She's busy, and she cannot come!"
Is that an answer?

What! "She's busy, and she cannot come!" Is that an answer?

GREMIO

Ay, and a kind one too.

Pray God, sir, your wife send you not a worse.

Yes, and a kind one at that. Pray to God, sir, that your wife doesn't send you a worse one.

PETRUCHIO

I hope better.

I expect something better.

HORTENSIO

(90) Sirrah Biondello, go and entreat my wife
To come to me forthwith.

Biondello, boy, go and ask my wife to come to me right away.

[BIONDELLO exits.]

PETRUCHIO

O, ho, entreat her!

Nay, then she must needs come.

Oh ho, ask her! Well, then she has to come.

HORTENSIO

I am afraid, sir,

Do what you can, yours will not be entreated.

I'm afraid that no matter what you do, sir, your wife won't let herself be asked for anything.

[BIONDELLO enters.]

Now, where's my wife?

Now, where's my wife?

>BIONDELLO

(95) She says you have some goodly jest in hand.

She will not come. She bids you come to her.

She says you must be playing some kind of joke. She will not come. She tells you to come to her.

PETRUCHIO

Worse and worse. She will not come!

O vile, intolerable, not to be endured!—

Sirrah Grumio, go to your mistress,

(100) Say I command her to come to me.

Worse and worse. She will not come! Oh, it's vile, intolerable, not to be endured!—Grumio, go to your mistress. Say that I command her to come to me.

[GRUMIO exits.]

HORTENSIO

I know her answer.

I know what her answer will be.

PETRUCHIO

What?

What?

HORTENSIO

She will not.

She will not.

PETRUCHIO

The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.

That'll be the worse for me, and an end to the matter.

[KATHERINE enters.]

BAPTISTA

Now, by my holidam, here comes Katherina!

Now, by all that's holy, here comes Katherina!

KATHERINE

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

What is your will, sir, that you sent for me?

PETRUCHIO

(105) Where is your sister, and Hortensio's wife?

Where are your sister and Hortensio's wife?

KATHERINE

They sit conferring by the parlor fire.

They sit talking by the parlor fire.

PETRUCHIO

Go fetch them hither. If they deny to come,
Swinge me them soundly forth unto their husbands.
Away, I say, and bring them hither straight.

Go bring them here. If they refuse to come, give them a beating on my behalf to get them out here to their husbands. Go on, I say, and bring them here right away.

[KATHERINE exits.]

LUCENTIO

(110) Here is a wonder, if you talk of a wonder.
Here is a miracle, if we're speaking of miracles.

HORTENSIO

And so it is. I wonder what it bodes.
So it is. I wonder what it means.

PETRUCHIO

Marry, peace it bodes, and love, and quiet life,
And awful rule, and right supremacy,
And, to be short, what not that's sweet and happy?
Well, it means peace, and love, and a quiet life, and authority commanding respect, and proper hierarchy, and, in brief, everything sweet and happy.

BAPTISTA

(115) Now, fair befall thee, good Petruchio!
The wager thou hast won, and I will add
Unto their losses twenty thousand crowns,
Another dowry to another daughter,
For she is changed as she had never been.
Well, may you have good fortune, good Petruchio! You've won the bet, and I'll add twenty thousand crowns to these two men's losses. It will be a new dowry for a new daughter, for indeed she is so changed that she's like a whole new woman.

PETRUCHIO

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

Wait, I'll win the bet even more completely, and show more signs of her obedience, her newly-created virtue and obedience.

[KATHERINE enters with BIANCA and the WIDOW.]

See where she comes and brings your froward wives
As prisoners to her womanly persuasion.—

(125) Katherine, that cap of yours becomes you not.
Off with that bauble, throw it underfoot.

See, here she comes, bringing your willful wives with her as prisoners of her womanly duty. Katherine, that cap of yours doesn't look good. Take off the silly thing and throw it on the ground.

WIDOW

Lord, let me never have a cause to sigh,
Till I be brought to such a silly pass!

Lord, don't let me ever be brought to such a silly state of affairs where someone could treat me like that!

BIANCA

Fie! What a foolish duty call you this?

For shame! What kind of foolish "obedience" do you call this?

LUCENTIO

(130) I would your duty were as foolish too.

The wisdom of your duty, fair Bianca,
Hath cost me an hundred crowns since suppertime.

I wish your obedience was just as foolish. The wisdom of your obedience, fair Bianca, has cost me a hundred crowns since suppertime.

BIANCA

The more fool you for laying on my duty.

Then you're the bigger fool for betting money on my obedience.

PETRUCHIO

Katherine, I charge thee, tell these headstrong women
(135) What duty they do owe their lords and husbands.

Katherine, I want you to tell these headstrong women what kind of obedience they owe to their lords and husbands.

WIDOW

Come, come, you're mocking. We will have no telling.

Come on, you're joking. She won't tell us anything.

PETRUCHIO

Come on, I say, and first begin with her.

Do it, I say, and begin with her.

WIDOW

She shall not.

She won't.

PETRUCHIO

I say she shall.—And first begin with her.

I say she will.—And first begin with her.

KATHERINE

(140) Fie, fie! Unknit that threat'ning 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,
(145) And in no sense is meet or amiable.
A woman moved is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty,

And while it is so, none so dry or thirsty
Will deign to sip or touch one drop of it.
(150) 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,
(155) 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.
Such duty as the subject owes the prince,
(160) Even such a woman oweth to her husband.
And when she is froward, peevish, sullen, sour,
And not obedient to his honest will,
What is she but a foul contending rebel
And graceless traitor to her loving lord?
(165) I am ashamed that women are so simple
To offer war where they should kneel for peace;
Or seek for rule, supremacy and sway
When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.
Why are our bodies soft and weak and smooth,
(170) Unapt to toil and trouble in the world,
But that our soft conditions and our hearts
Should well agree with our external parts?
Come, come, you froward and unable worms!
My mind hath been as big as one of yours,
(175) My heart as great, my reason haply more,
To bandy word for word and frown for frown.
But now I see our lances are but straws,
Our strength as weak, our weakness past compare,
That seeming to be most which we indeed least are.
(180) Then vail your stomachs, for it is no boot,
And place your hands below your husband's foot:
In token of which duty, if he please,
My hand is ready, may it do him ease.

For shame, for shame! Don't furrow your brow and glare so scornfully as to try to wound the man who is your lord, your king, and your governor. It tarnishes your beauty like frost blights the meadows, and ruins your reputation like a whirlwind shaking a flower bud. In no sense whatsoever is it appropriate or pleasant. An angry woman is like a stirred-up fountain—muddy, ugly, thick, lacking beauty—and while it's in this condition, no one, not even a dry or thirsty man, will stoop to sip or touch one drop of it. Your husband is your lord, your life, your keeper, your head, your ruler, and one who cares for you. To keep you safe and comfortable he commits his body to painful labor on both sea and land, to staying awake on stormy nights and cold days at sea, while you stay at home, warm and secure. And in exchange all he asks for is love, beauty, and true obedience—too little payment for so great a debt. A woman owes her husband the same obedience that a subject owes to his prince. And when she is stubborn, peevish, sullen, sour, and not obedient to his honest will, then what is she but a foul, vicious rebel, and a cursed traitor to her loving lord? I am ashamed that women are so foolish as to declare war when they should kneel and plead for peace. I'm ashamed that they should seek rulership, supremacy, and power when they are obligated to serve, love and obey. Why else are our bodies so soft and weak and smooth, unfit for labor and trouble in the world, if not so that our soft qualities and our hearts should agree with our external parts? Come, come, you weak, willful worms! My mind was once just as arrogant as yours, my courage just as great, and my wit perhaps even better when it came to bandying words back and forth and exchanging frowns for frowns. But now I see that our swords are only straws, our strength is just as weak, and our weakness is beyond compare, so that we seem to be exactly the thing we are not. So humble your pride, for it's useless. Place your hands beneath your husband's boot as a gesture

of obedience. My hand is always ready to comfort and pleasure my husband, if he wants me to.

PETRUCHIO

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

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

LUCENTIO

(185) Well, go thy ways, old lad, for thou shalt ha 't.

Well, what do you know, old lad, you've done it.

VINCENTIO

'Tis a good hearing when children are toward.

It's good to hear children being obedient.

LUCENTIO

But a harsh hearing when women are froward.

But it's unpleasant to hear women being willful.

PETRUCHIO

(to LUCENTIO)

Come, Kate, we'll to bed.

We three are married, but you two are sped.

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

Come, Kate, we'll go to bed. We three are all married, but you two are done for—your wives are too disobedient. (to LUCENTIO) I won the wager, but you hit the white (Editor's note: He means the white circle at the center of an archery target, or "bullseye," but Petruchio is also punning on Bianca's name, which means "white."). *And as the winner, I now bid you good night!*

[PETRUCHIO and KATHERINE exit.]

HORTENSIO

Now, go thy ways, thou hast tamed a curst shrew.

Well, go on. You've tamed a terrible shrew.

LUCENTIO

'Tis a wonder, by your leave, she will be tamed so.

And it's a miracle, if I may say so, that she could be tamed like that.

[They all exit.]

Just the Modern Translation

Induction, Scene 1

[SLY and the HOSTESS enter.]

SLY

I'll get you back, I promise.

HOSTESS

I'll have you put in the stocks, you villain! *(Editor's note: The stocks were a device to punish and humiliate. They consisted of a wooden frame with holes in which the victim's ankles and/or wrists were locked, so that they couldn't move.)*

SLY

The Slys aren't villains, you whore. Look it up—we came over with Richard the Conqueror *(Editor's note: This is Sly's mistake for William the Conqueror, the first Norman king of England.)*. So hold your tongue, and forget about it. Enough!

HOSTESS

You won't pay for the glasses you've broken?

SLY

No, not a penny. Forget about it. Run off to bed now.

HOSTESS

I know what to do. I'll go call the constable.

[She exits.]

SLY

Call every last one, I'll answer them all. I have my rights. I won't budge an inch. Let the constable come—I welcome him!

[He falls asleep.]

[Horns blow. A LORD enters from hunting, with his
huntsmen.]

LORD

Huntsman, take care of my hounds. Let Merriman rest—the poor dog's exhausted. And leash Clowder with the bitch with the deep bark. Didn't you see how Silver picked up the trail at the hedge corner, when the scent was coldest? I wouldn't sell that dog for twenty pounds.

FIRST HUNTSMAN

Why, Belman is just as good, my lord. He was the only one to howl when the scent was lost completely, and twice today he picked it up when it was weakest. Trust me, I think he's the better dog.

LORD

You're a fool. If Echo were as fast, he'd be worth a dozen Belmans. But feed them all well and look after them. I intend to go hunting again tomorrow.

FIRST HUNTSMAN

I will, my lord.

LORD

What's this here? A dead man or a drunk man? Check and see if he's breathing.

SECOND HUNTSMAN

He's breathing, my lord. But he couldn't be sleeping so deeply in such a cold place if beer wasn't keeping him

warm.

LORD

Oh, what a monstrous beast, lying there like a pig! Grim death, how foul and hateful your twin—sleep—is! Sirs, I will play a trick on this drunken man. What do you think: if he were carried to bed, dressed in perfumed clothes, had rings put on his fingers, a delicious feast laid out by his bed, and had finely dressed servants near him when he woke up—wouldn't the beggar be confused then?

FIRST HUNTSMAN

I don't think he'd have any choice, my lord, believe me.

SECOND HUNTSMAN

Everything would seem strange to him when he woke up.

LORD

Like a nice dream or an empty fantasy. So take him inside and start setting up the prank. Carry him gently to my finest room, and hang all my erotic pictures on the walls. Anoint his filthy head with warm, clean water, and burn sweet wood to make the room smell sweet. Find some musicians to be ready for when he wakes, so they can make sweet and heavenly sounds for him. If he happens to speak, be ready right away—bow low and say, "What does your Honor command us to do?" Let one servant wait on him with a silver bowl full of rosewater and flowers. Have another servant carry the pitcher, and a third carry a towel, and say, "Would it please your Lordship to cool your hands?" Have someone ready with expensive clothing, and ask him what he wants to wear. Have another servant tell him about his dogs and his horse, and explain that his wife has been grieving over his sickness. Persuade him that he has been insane, and when he says that he's insane *now*, tell him that he's just mistaken, for he is really a mighty lord. Do all this,

and do it convincingly, gentle sirs. If this can be managed subtly, it will be some excellent entertainment for us.

FIRST HUNTSMAN

My lord, I promise you that we'll play our parts so well that he'll believe he really is what we say he is.

LORD

Carry him gently off to bed, and have everyone in position for when he wakes up.

[Some servants carry SLY out. Trumpets sound.]

Go see what that trumpet's for, fellow.

[A SERVANT exits.]

Probably some noble gentleman on a journey, who wants to stop and rest here.

[The SERVANT returns.]

Hello! Who is it?

SERVANT

It's a troupe of actors, your Honor, offering to perform for your Lordship.

LORD

Tell them to come in.

[The PLAYERS (actors) enter.]

Now, fellows, you are welcome here.

PLAYERS

We thank your Honor.

LORD

Do you intend to sleep here tonight?

A PLAYER

If it would please your Lordship to have us.

LORD

With all my heart. I remember this fellow here—he once played the part of a farmer's eldest son. That was the play in which you courted the gentlewoman so successfully. I've forgotten your name, but you were well suited for that role, and played it realistically.

A PLAYER

I think your Honor means the character "Soto."

LORD

Yes, that's right. You played it excellently. Well, you've come at just the right time, especially because I have some special entertainment planned and could use your acting skills. There is a lord who will watch you perform tonight, but I'm worried about your self-control—for his Honor has never seen a play before—and I fear that you might notice his odd behavior and burst out laughing, and offend him. I tell you, sirs, if you even smile, he will notice.

A PLAYER

Don't worry, my lord. We can control ourselves even if he's the greatest buffoon in the world.

LORD

Go, fellow, take them to the pantry and make them all welcome. See that they have whatever they need.

[A servant exits with the PLAYERS.]

And you, fellow, go find my page, Bartholomew, and dress him up like a lady in every detail. When that's done, bring him to the drunkard's room, address him as "madam," and bow to him and treat him as if he were the lady of the house. Tell Bartholomew this from me: if he wants to please

me, he will conduct himself properly, acting like he's seen noble ladies act towards their husbands. Let him attend to the drunkard like that: speaking softly, acting humble and polite, and saying things like, "What does your Honor command your lady and humble wife to do, that she might show her devotion and love?" And then with kind embraces, tempting kisses, and his head resting on the drunkard's breast, Bartholomew should weep as if he's overjoyed to see his noble husband restored to health after believing for the last seven years that he was no better than a poor, disgusting beggar. And if the boy lacks a woman's gift for crying at will, an onion will serve the same purpose. Hide one in a handkerchief and put it close to his face, and that will certainly make his eyes water. Get this taken care of as quickly as you can, and soon I'll give you more instructions.

[A servant exits.]

I know the boy will convincingly mimic the grace, voice, walk, and gestures of a gentlewoman. I can't wait to hear him call the drunkard "husband," and to see my men restraining their laughter as they bow to this simple peasant. I'll go in and advise them. Perhaps my presence will restrain their joy and rowdiness, which otherwise might get out of control.

[They all exit.]

Induction, Scene 2

[SLY enters in the gallery above the stage, along with SERVANTS, some carrying clothing, others with a bowl, pitcher, and other accessories, and the LORD (dressed as a servant).]

SLY

For God's sake, someone bring me a mug of cheap ale.

FIRST SERVANT

Would your Lordship like to drink a cup of Spanish wine?

SECOND SERVANT

Would your Honor like to try this preserved fruit?

THIRD SERVANT

What outfit will your Honor wear today?

SLY

I am Christopher Sly. Don't call me "Honor" or "Lordship." I've never drunk Spanish wine in my life. And if you give me anything "preserved," give me some salted beef. Don't bother asking what "outfit" I'll wear, for I have no more jackets than I do backs, no more stockings than I have legs, and no more shoes than I have feet. Sometimes I even have more feet than shoes, unless the ones where my toes stick out count as shoes.

LORD

May God end this foolish obsession in your Honor's mind! Alas, that a mighty man of such noble birth, with so much wealth and such a good reputation, should be infected with such a terrible illness!

SLY

What, are you trying to make me go crazy? Aren't I Christopher Sly, son of old Sly from Barton-on-the-Heath, a peddler by birth, trained to be a cardmaker (*Editor's note: A cardmaker made combs used for preparing wool for spinning.*), who then became a bear keeper, and now a pot-mender? Ask Marian Hacket, the fat innkeeper in Wincot, if she knows me! If she doesn't tell you about the tab I've run up—fourteen pence on beer alone—then you can call me the biggest liar in God's kingdom. What! I'm not crazy! Here's—

THIRD SERVANT

Oh, it's this that makes your wife mourn!

SECOND SERVANT

Oh, it's this that makes your servants grieve!

LORD

It's because of this that your relatives avoid your house, as if beaten away by your strange insanity. Oh noble lord, remember your lineage, call back the thoughts of your former state of mind, and banish these worthless, lowly fantasies. Look how your servants attend to you, each one ready to obey your every request. Do you want music? Listen! Apollo, god of music, plays for you.

[Music plays.]

And twenty caged nightingales sing along. Or do you want to sleep? We'll bring you to a couch that's softer and more fragrant than the lustful bed of Semiramis (*Editor's note: Semiramis was a notoriously lustful Assyrian queen.*). Say you want to walk, and we'll strew the ground with flowers. Or do you want to ride? Your horses will be made ready, their harnesses studded with gold and pearls. Do you like hawking? You have hawks that can soar higher than the

morning lark. Or do you want to hunt? Your hounds will make the heavens and earth echo with their voices.

FIRST SERVANT

Say you want to hunt rabbits. Your greyhounds are as swift as healthy stags, yes, and quicker than young deer.

SECOND SERVANT

Do you like pictures? We'll instantly fetch you one of Adonis (*Editor's note: Adonis was a famously beautiful young man loved by Venus, the goddess of love. "Cytherea" is another name for Venus.*) next to a running brook, with Venus hidden in the rushes and spying on him. The rushes seem to move seductively with her sighs, just like real grass swaying in the wind.

LORD

We'll show you one of Io as a maid, just as Jupiter tricks and surprises her (*Editor's note: Io was a mortal girl that Jupiter (Zeus) fell in love with. She was later turned into a cow by Jupiter's jealous wife.*). The painting seems alive, it's so realistic.

THIRD SERVANT

Or one of Daphne running through a thorny wood, her legs scratched up and Apollo weeping at that sad sight (*Editor's note: Daphne was a nymph that Apollo fell in love with and pursued. Knowing she couldn't outrun him, she transformed into a tree to avoid being raped by him.*). The blood and tears are drawn so well you'll swear that they're real.

LORD

You are a lord, and nothing less than a lord. You have a wife who is far more beautiful than any other woman in this fallen age.

FIRST SERVANT

Before the tears she shed for your sake covered her lovely face, she was the fairest creature in the world—and still she has no equal.

SLY

Am I a lord? Do I have such a lady? Or am I dreaming? Or have I been dreaming until now? I'm not asleep: I can see, and hear, and speak. I can smell sweet aromas and feel soft things. I swear, I must be a lord indeed! I'm not a tinker, and I'm not Christopher Sly. Well, bring my lady here before me, and once again, bring me a mug of the cheapest beer.

SECOND SERVANT

Would your Mightiness like to wash your hands? Oh, how overjoyed we are to see your sanity restored! Oh, if only you could better remember who you are! These past fifteen years you've been living in a dream. Even when you were awake, it was as if you slept.

SLY

Fifteen years! By God, that's quite a nap. But didn't I ever speak that whole time?

FIRST SERVANT

Oh yes, my lord, but only fanciful nonsense. Even though you were lying here in this nice room, you would talk as if you'd been thrown out of a tavern, and you'd curse at the tavern's hostess, and swear you would take her to court for cheating you out of liquor. Sometimes you would call out for Cicely Hacket.

SLY

Yes, the hostess's maid.

THIRD SERVANT

But sir, you don't know any such house or any such maid, or any of the men you dreamed up, like Stephen Sly and Old

John Naps of Greet, and Peter Turph and Henry Pimpernell,
and twenty more names like this—men who never existed.

SLY

Thank the Lord for my recovery!

ALL

Amen.

SLY

Thank you all. You won't regret my return.

[The PAGE enters, disguised as a lady, with attendants.]

PAGE

How is my noble lord doing?

SLY

Well, I'm doing well. Everything's quite nice around here.
Where is my wife?

PAGE

Here, noble lord. What do you wish of her?

SLY

Are you my wife, but you won't call me "husband?" My men
should call me "lord," not you. I am your husband, your
goodman (*Editor's note: Among the nobility, husbands and
wives addressed each other as "lord" and "madam," but in
the lower classes, they used "goodman" or "husband" and
"wife."*).

PAGE

You are my husband and my lord, my lord and my husband,
and I am your obedient wife.

SLY

I know it now.—(*to the LORD*) What should I call her?

LORD

"Madam"

SLY

"Alice Madam," or "Joan Madam?" What's her first name?

LORD

Just "madam," and nothing else. That's what lords call ladies.

SLY

Madam wife, they say that I've been dreaming or asleep for fifteen years or more.

PAGE

Yes, and it seemed like thirty years to me, as I've been banished from your bed this whole time.

SLY

That's a lot.—Servants, leave me and her alone.—Madam, undress and come to bed.

PAGE

Noble lord, I ask you to pardon me for another night or two, or at least wait until nightfall. Your doctors have expressly ordered me not to sleep with you, as otherwise you might be in danger of a relapse of your illness. I hope this reason will stand as my excuse.

SLY

Well, *something's* standing up and making it so I can hardly wait that long. But I would hate to fall back into my dreams. I'll wait, despite my flesh and blood.

[A MESSENGER enters.]

MESSENGER

Your Honor's actors heard about your recovery and have come to perform a pleasant comedy for you. Your doctors approve of this, as too much sadness has made your blood congeal, and melancholy can lead to more insanity. So they think it would be good for you to watch a play and direct your thoughts toward laughter and joy—both of which can prevent a thousand illnesses and lengthen your life.

SLY

Well, I will then. Let them perform it. But what's a "comonty?" Isn't it a Christmas dance, or some acrobatic trick?

PAGE

No, my good lord, it is more pleasing stuff than that.

SLY

What, stuff from a house?

PAGE

It's a kind of story.

SLY

Well, let's watch it. Come, madam wife, sit by my side. Forget about the world. We aren't getting any younger.

[They sit.]

Act 1, Scene 1

[Trumpets play. LUCENTIO and his servant TRANIO enter.]

LUCENTIO

Tranio, because I have always longed to see Padua and its famous university, I wanted to stop here on my way to fertile Lombardy, that pleasant garden of great Italy. And now, thanks to my father's love and approval, and your own good company—here I am. So, my trusty, dependable servant, let's rest here a while and begin a course of intellectual studies. I was born in Pisa, famous for its serious citizens, along with my father before me: Vincentio of the Bentivoli family. He was a successful merchant and world traveler, and it now seems fitting that I, Vincentio's son, brought up in Florence, should fulfill all my father's hopes for me and decorate his wealth with my own virtuous deeds. And therefore, Tranio, I will study virtue for now, and that part of philosophy that discusses how to achieve happiness through virtue. But tell me what you think of all this, for I have left Pisa and come to Padua, and now I feel like I've left a puddle behind and jumped into an ocean, hoping to quench my thirst.

TRANIO

Pardon me, my gentle master. I agree with everything you've said, and I'm glad that you've followed through with your decision to enjoy all the pleasures of sweet philosophy. Only, good master, while we're studying all this admirable virtue and moral discipline, let's not become stoics or stocks, and let's not focus on Aristotle's restraints so much that we forget to read Ovid (*Editor's note: The Stoics were a group of ancient Greek philosophers who believed that perfection involved getting rid of all emotion. "Stocks,"*

meaning a post or block of wood, is then a pun on the unfeeling Stoics. Tranio then contrasts Ovid, a Roman poet who often wrote about erotic love, with the formal, ascetic Greek philosopher Aristotle.). Practice your logic with the friends you have, and use rhetoric in everyday talk. Stimulate yourself with music and poetry. And as for mathematics and metaphysics—follow your appetite, and only study what you can stomach. You'll gain no profit from something you take no pleasure in. In short, sir, study what you enjoy.

LUCENTIO

Many thanks, Tranio, for the good advice. If Biondello would come ashore, we could get ready at once and find a place to stay. Then we would have a place to entertain the friends we'll make here in Padua. But wait a minute. Who are all these people?

TRANIO

Master, maybe it's a gathering to welcome us to town.

[LUCENTIO and TRANIO stand off to one side.]

[BAPTISTA enters with his two daughters, KATHERINE and BIANCA, along with GREMIO (a foolish old man), and HORTENSIO (a younger man)]

BAPTISTA

Gentlemen, stop pestering me about this. You know that my mind is made up. I won't let my younger daughter marry until I've found a husband for the elder one. I know and like both of you, so if either of you loves Katherine, then you have my permission to court her at your pleasure.

GREMIO

To cart her, is more likely. *(Editor's note: Disobedient women and prostitutes were sometimes punished by being driven*

through town in a cart.)

KATHERINE

(to BAPTISTA) Please, sir, is it your intention to make a laughingstock of me in front of these mates *(Editor's note: Katherine means "mates" as "rude, boorish fellows," but Hortensio then takes it to mean "husbands.")*?

HORTENSIO

"Mates," girl? What do you mean by that? You won't have any mates until you improve your temper.

KATHERINE

Don't worry, sir, you don't need to worry about being my husband. Indeed, marriage doesn't appeal to my heart. But even if it did, the only thing I'd want to do with you is knock you on the head with a three-legged stool, scratch up your face, and make you a fool.

HORTENSIO

May God preserve us from all devils like her!

GREMIO

And me too, good Lord!

TRANIO

(so only LUCENTIO can hear) Keep quiet master, here's some entertainment for us. That girl is either insane or incredibly disobedient.

LUCENTIO

(so only TRANIO can hear) But her sister is silent, and seems to have a proper girl's mildness and obedience. Quiet, Tranio.

TRANIO

(so only LUCENTIO can hear) You're right, master. Let's keep quiet and enjoy the sight.

BAPTISTA

(to GREMIO and HORTENSIO) Gentlemen, I want to make good on what I've said—so Bianca, go inside. And don't let this make you unhappy, good Bianca, for I'll never love you any less, my girl.

KATHERINE

What a spoiled pet! If she knew what she was doing, she would have put on a show of weeping.

BIANCA

Sister, let yourself be happy in my unhappiness.—Sir, I will humbly obey your will. My books and musical instruments will be my companions. I will read and practice by myself.

LUCENTIO

Listen, Tranio! It sounds like Minerva speaking (*Editor's note: Minerva (Athena) was a goddess of wisdom and the arts.*) .

HORTENSIO

Sir Baptista, will you really act so unnaturally? I'm sorry that our good will towards Bianca should cause her grief.

GREMIO

Why will you cage her up in place of this fiend from hell, Sir Baptista, and punish her for her sister's tongue?

BAPTISTA

Gentleman, calm down. I've made my decision, and I can't be swayed.—Go inside, Bianca.

[BIANCA exits.]

And I know that she loves music, playing her instruments, and poetry, so I'll keep tutors in my house to instruct her. If either of you, Hortensio and Sir Gremio, know of any good tutors, then recommend them to me. I'll pay well for good teachers, and won't spare anything in bringing up my

children with a good education. So farewell.—Katherine, you may stay. I have more to talk about with Bianca.

[He exits.]

KATHERINE

Well, I can go too, can't I? What, do I have to start making appointments now, as if I didn't know when to come and go?

[She exits.]

GREMIO

You can go straight to the devil! No one here can stand your "gifts."—Hortensio, our love for women isn't so great that we can't twiddle our thumbs and wait this out. We're out of luck for now. Farewell. But because of my love for sweet Bianca, I'll try to find a suitable man to teach her in the subjects she enjoys, and send him to her father.

HORTENSIO

So will I, Sir Gremio. But wait, let me have a word with you first, please. Though we've always been opponents, never allies, when you think about it, it's now important to us both that we regain access to our fair mistress, so that we can once again be friendly rivals competing for Bianca's love. But first we have to work to achieve one thing.

GREMIO

And what's that?

HORTENSIO

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

GREMIO

A husband? A devil!

HORTENSIO

I say a husband.

GREMIO

I say a devil. Do you really think, Hortensio, that any man is foolish enough to marry hell itself—even if her father *is* very rich?

HORTENSIO

Hush, Gremio. Even though you and I don't have the patience to put up with her loud battle cries, why, man, there are good fellows in this world, if we could only find them, who would take her with all her faults—and enough money.

GREMIO

I'm not sure. I would rather take her dowry (*Editor's note: A dowry is a "bride-price," or an inheritance of wealth that goes to a woman's husband from her father when she is married.*) and be whipped in public every morning than have to put up with her.

HORTENSIO

Well, as you say, it's a choice between two evils. But come, since this great obstacle makes us allies, let's be friends until we can find a husband for Baptista's elder daughter. Then we'll set the younger daughter free to be courted, and we can resume our competition. Sweet Bianca! Happy the man who wins you! To the victor go the spoils. What do you say, Sir Gremio?

GREMIO

I agree with this plan. If we can find the right man, I'd give him the best horse in Padua to start wooing Katherine immediately, marry her, take her to bed, and rid the house of her! Come on.

[GREMIO and HORTENSIO exit.]

TRANIO

Please tell me, sir, is it possible that love could overpower a person so suddenly?

LUCENTIO

Oh Tranio, I never thought it possible or likely until it happened to me. But see, while I stood here watching this unfold, I suddenly found myself feeling the effects of love. You are as trustworthy and dear to me as Anna was to Dido, Queen of Carthage (*Editor's note: In Virgil's "Aeneid," Dido, Queen of Carthage, fell madly in love with Aeneas, and confessed her passion to her sister Anna.*), so I must plainly confess to you, Tranio: I'm on fire, I'm burning, I'm filled with longing. Tranio—I'll die if I can't win this modest young girl for myself. Advise me, Tranio, for I know you can. Help me, Tranio, for I know you will.

TRANIO

Master, now's not the time to scold you. Affection can't be driven out of the heart. If love has really touched you, then there's only one thing to be done. As the Latin grammar book says, "Ransom yourself from captivity as cheaply as you can."

LUCENTIO

Many thanks, lad. Go on. This is helping. Your advice is good, so I know the rest of it will comfort me.

TRANIO

Master, you spent so much time looking at the girl that you might have missed the heart of the matter here.

LUCENTIO

Oh yes, I saw the sweet beauty in her face, just like that of Europa, the daughter of Agenor —beauty that made even the great god Jove fall in love and humble himself, falling to his knees and kissing the ground on that beach in Crete. (*Editor's note: Jove (Jupiter, or Zeus) fell in love with the*

mortal maiden Europa. He transformed himself into a bull and carried her over the seas to Crete.)

TRANIO

Is that all you saw? Didn't you notice how her sister began to scold and make such a ruckus that human ears could hardly endure the noise?

LUCENTIO

Tranio, I saw her coral-pink lips move, and her breath perfume the air. Everything I saw in her was holy and sweet.

TRANIO

(to himself) Well, then, it's time to wake him up from his trance.—Wake up, sir! If you love this girl, then start using your wits to figure out how to win her. This is how things stand right now: her older sister is such a bad-tempered shrew that her father wants to get rid of her. He's keeping your beloved locked up at home until he does, and not letting any suitors bother her.

LUCENTIO

Ah, Tranio, what a cruel father he is! But didn't you hear how he wanted to hire good tutors to instruct her?

TRANIO

Yes, I did, sir—and now I've got a plan!

LUCENTIO

I have it, Tranio!

TRANIO

Master, I think we both had the same idea at the same time.

LUCENTIO

Tell me your idea first.

TRANIO

You will be a tutor and offer to teach the girl. Is that your plan?

LUCENTIO

It is. Can it be done?

TRANIO

It's impossible. Who would take your place and be Vincentio's son here in Padua, living in your house and studying your books, welcoming your friends, visiting and dining with your fellow countrymen from Pisa?

LUCENTIO

Enough—don't worry, I have it all planned out. No one has seen us yet, so no one knows which of us is the master and which is the servant. So this is how it'll go: *you*'ll be the master, Tranio, and replace me. You'll maintain my rank, live in my house, and keep servants, just as I would do. I, on the other hand, will be some other man—some fellow from Florence or Naples, or a low-ranking man from Pisa. Well, that's the plan, so let's do it. Tranio, undress yourself at once, and put on my colored hat and cloak.

[They exchange clothes.]

When Biondello comes, he must wait on you like you're his master. But first I'll persuade him to keep all this a secret.

TRANIO

That's very important. Since this is what you want, sir, and I am sworn to obey you—for that's what your father commanded me when we left, saying, "Serve my son," although I don't think he had *this* in mind—I will pretend to be Lucentio, because I love the real Lucentio so well.

LUCENTIO

Good, Tranio, for the real Lucentio is also in love. I will even become a slave if it will win me that girl, whose appearance

has bewitched my lovestruck eyes.

[BIONDELLO enters.]

Here comes that rascal. Boy, where have you been?

BIONDELLO

Where have / been? The real question is, where are *you*? Master, has Tranio stolen your clothes? Or have you stolen his? Or both? Please tell me, what's going on?

LUCENTIO

Boy, come here. This is no time for jokes, so get serious. Your fellow Tranio here has taken on my outward appearance to save my life, and I have put on his appearance in order to escape. I've been in a fight since we came ashore, and I killed a man. I'm afraid that someone saw me. So for now you must wait on Tranio like he's your master, while I make my escape and save my life. Do you understand me?

BIONDELLO

Yes, sir. (*to himself*) Not a bit.

LUCENTIO

And don't ever let the name "Tranio" slip out. "Tranio" is now "Lucentio."

BIONDELLO

All the better for him. I wish I could be Lucentio too.

TRANIO

I'd second your wish, boy, if it meant that the next wish granted Baptista's youngest daughter to Lucentio. But for your master's sake, boy, not mine, I advise you to be discreet in the company of others. When we're alone, then I'm Tranio. But everywhere else, I'm your master Lucentio.

LUCENTIO

Tranio, let's go. One more thing still has to be done, and it's up to you to arrange it. You have to become another suitor to Bianca. Don't ask me why—just trust that I have a good reason for doing this.

[They exit.]

[The "audience" in the gallery speak.]

FIRST SERVANT

(to *SLY*) My lord, you're falling asleep. You're not watching the play.

SLY

I am watching, by God, I am. It's a good play, to be sure. Is there any more?

PAGE

My lord, it's only just begun.

SLY

It's a very excellent piece of work, madam lady. I wish it were over.

[They sit and watch.]

Act 1, Scene 2

[PETRUCHIO enters with his servant GRUMIO.]

PETRUCHIO

Farewell for now, Verona. I have come to see my friends in Padua, but especially my best and most beloved friend Hortensio. And I believe this is his house. Here, Grumio. Knock, I say.

GRUMIO

Knock, sir? Whom should I knock? Has any man rebused
(Editor's note: This is Grumio's mistake for "abused," but as with Grumio's other thickheaded errors, it is possibly deliberate.) your Worship?

PETRUCHIO

Villain, I say, knock for me here.

GRUMIO

Knock you here, sir? Why, sir, I don't think it's appropriate for me to knock you here, sir.

PETRUCHIO

Villain, I say, knock for me at this door, and pound it well, or I'll knock your fool's head!

GRUMIO

My master is getting angry. If I knock him first, then I know who's going to end up sorry for it.

PETRUCHIO

Why is this so hard? Well, man, if you won't knock, I'll ring—wring your ears and make you sing!

[He grabs GRUMIO by the ears.]

GRUMIO

Help, help! My master's gone crazy.

PETRUCHIO

Now knock when I tell you to, you idiot peasant.

[HORTENSIO enters.]

HORTENSIO

What's going on, what's the matter? Is this my old friend Grumio and my good friend Petruchio? How are all your family in Verona?

PETRUCHIO

Sir Hortensio, have you come to break up the fig? Let me say *con tutto il cuore, ben trovato* (Editor's note: *This is Italian, and means "with all my heart, well met."*).

HORTENSIO

Alla nostra casa ben venuto, molto honorato signor mio Petruchio. (Editor's note: *The Italian means "Welcome to our house, my most honored Sir Petruchio."*)—Get up, Grumio, get up. We will settle this argument.

GRUMIO

It doesn't matter what he's accused me of in Latin. If this isn't a lawful justification for me to leave his service, I don't know what is. Listen to this, sir: he tells me to knock him and pound him well, sir. Well, was it proper for a servant to treat his master like that—especially if he might be a little more drunk than drunk? Maybe I ought to have knocked him first, and then all this wouldn't have happened.

PETRUCHIO

He's a senseless villain, good Hortensio. I told the rascal to knock on your door and couldn't for the life of me get him to do it.

GRUMIO

Knock on the door? Oh God! Didn't you clearly say the words "Man, knock me here, pound here, and knock me well?" And now you're coming out with "knocking on the door?"

PETRUCHIO

Be quiet or go away, I warn you.

HORTENSIO

Calm down, Petruchio. I'll vouch for Grumio. Why, this is sad to see you two fighting—you and Grumio, your trusty, cheerful servant of so long. But tell me now, sweet friend, what lucky wind blew you from old Verona here to Padua.

PETRUCHIO

The wind that scatters young men throughout the world to seek their fortunes away from home, where there are few new experiences to be had. But to be brief, Sir Hortensio, this is how it stands with me: Antonio, my father, is dead, and I have now thrown myself into the wide world to try and marry and thrive as best I can. I have money in my purse and property at home, so I've set off to see the world.

HORTENSIO

Petruchio, should I speak plainly then and offer a shrewish, unpleasant wife for you? I don't think you'd thank me for my advice, but I promise you she's rich, and very rich. But you are my friend, so I won't wish her on you.

PETRUCHIO

Sir Hortensio, for good friends like us only a few words are needed. So if you know a woman rich enough to be Petruchio's wife—and wealth is the biggest factor for me—it doesn't matter if she's as ugly as Florentius' love, as old as the Sybil, or as shrewish as Socrates' Xanthippe (*Editor's note: In a story told by both Chaucer and John Gower,*

Florentius is forced to marry an old hag when she saves his life. The Sybil of Cumae was a prophetess to whom Apollo granted extremely long life. Xanthippe was the famously bad-tempered wife of the philosopher Socrates.). None of that would bother me, or make me less keen to marry her, even if she were as rough as the Adriatic Sea. I've come to find a wealthy wife in Padua, and if she's wealthy, then I'll live happily in Padua.

GRUMIO

(to HORTENSIO) Look at that, sir, he tells you plainly what his intentions are. Why, if you give him enough gold he'll marry a puppet, a doll, or an old prostitute with a dozen diseases and not a tooth in her head. Why, nothing can bother him, as long as money comes with it.

HORTENSIO

Petruchio, since the conversation has gone this far already, I'll continue with what I first mentioned as a joke. I *can* help you find a wife, Petruchio, who's rich, young, beautiful, and brought up as a noble gentlewoman. Her only flaw, and it's certainly a big one, is that she is an unbearable shrew, disagreeable and willful, and so much so that even if I was broke I wouldn't marry her for a goldmine.

PETRUCHIO

Quiet, Hortensio. You don't know gold's power. Tell me her father's name, and that will be enough. I will accost and pursue her even if her scolding is as loud as thunder in an autumn storm.

HORTENSIO

Her father is Baptista Minola, an agreeable and polite gentleman. Her name is Katherina Minola, famous in Padua for her scolding tongue.

PETRUCHIO

I don't know her, but I know her father, and he knew my father well when he was alive. I won't sleep until I see her, Hortensio, so I hope you'll pardon me for cutting off this first meeting of ours—unless you want to come with me.

GRUMIO

(to *HORTENSIO*) Please, sir, let him go while this mood lasts. I swear, if she knew him as well as I do, she'd know how little scolding affects him. She might call him "fool" ten times or so. Why, that's nothing. Once he gets started, he'll rant and rave and throw his rope tricks (*Editor's note: A mistake for "rhetoric," and also a joke on "tricks punishable by hanging."*) around, and if she tries to stand up to him, he'll throw a figure of speech in her face that'll disfigure her so she'll have no more eyes to see with than a cat does. You don't know him, sir.

HORTENSIO

Wait, Petruchio. I must go with you, for my own treasure is in Baptista's keeping too. He has the jewel of my life hidden away in his fortress: his youngest daughter, the beautiful Bianca. He keeps her away from me and her other suitors, my rivals in love, as he assumes it will be impossible—because of those character defects I already described—for Katherine to ever find a husband. Baptista has therefore set down this rule: no one will have access to Bianca until Katherine the shrew gets a husband.

GRUMIO

"Katherine the shrew!" Of all the titles you could give a girl, that's the worst.

HORTENSIO

Now my friend Petruchio will do me a favor, and present me—disguised in somber robes—to Baptista as a teacher, well-versed in music, to instruct Bianca. With this disguise, I'll at

least have time and permission to be with Bianca alone, and then I can court her once more.

GRUMIO

What a nice trick! See how the young folks put their heads together to deceive the old.

[GREMIO enters with LUCENTIO, disguised as CAMBIO]

Master, master, look behind you. Who's that, huh?

HORTENSIO

Quiet, Grumio. It is my rival in love for Bianca. Petruchio, let's watch a while.

PETRUCHIO, HORTENSIO, and GRUMIO step off to the side.

GRUMIO

(to himself, indicating CAMBIO) What a handsome young man! A real heartbreaker.

GREMIO

(to LUCENTIO) Oh, very well, I've read the list of books for Bianca. Now listen, sir: I want them very handsomely bound, and I want them to be books of love. No matter what, don't be teaching any other lessons to her. Do you understand me? Above and beyond what Sir Baptista pays you, I'll add on a hefty bonus. Take your book list too. And have all the books well perfumed too, for the lady they're going to is sweeter than perfume itself. What will you teach her?

LUCENTIO

(as CAMBIO) Whatever I teach her, I'll plead your case. You can be sure of that—I'll argue for you as strongly as if you were there yourself. And maybe I'll be more successful than you would be too, sir, unless you were a scholar.

GREMIO

Oh, this learning, what an excellent thing it is!

GRUMIO

(to himself) Oh, this moron, what an ass it is!

PETRUCHIO

(so only GRUMIO can hear) Quiet, man.

HORTENSIO

(so only GRUMIO can hear) Grumio, hush!—God bless you, Sir Gremio.

GREMIO

Good to see you, Sir Hortensio. Do you know where I'm going? To Baptista Minola. I promised that I would find a teacher for the fair Bianca, and my good luck has led me to this young man. His manners and learning are well-suited for her needs, and he's well-read in poetry and other books—good books, I assure you.

HORTENSIO

That's good. And I have met a gentleman who has promised to help find a fine musician to teach our lady. So I won't fall even a step behind in my duty to fair Bianca, my beloved.

GREMIO

My beloved—as my deeds will prove.

GRUMIO

(to himself) And as his moneybags will prove.

HORTENSIO

Gremio, now is not the time to express our love. If you're willing to be polite and listen to me, then I'll give you some news that's equally good for both of us. *(presenting PETRUCHIO)* Here is a gentleman I met by chance. If we meet the terms he wants, he is willing to try and woo the shrewish Katherine—yes, and to marry her too, if her dowry's big enough.

GREMIO

If he'll do as he says, then that's good. But Hortensio, have you told him about all her flaws?

PETRUCHIO

I know she is an annoying, argumentative scolder. If that's all, masters, then I see no problem.

GREMIO

No? Is that what you're telling me, friend? Where are you from?

PETRUCHIO

I was born in Verona. I'm old Antonio's son. My father is dead, and his fortune is mine now. I hope to see many long, good days.

GREMIO

Oh sir, such a life with such a wife will be strange! But if you have the stomach for it, then godspeed—and you'll have my help in everything you need. But will you really woo this wildcat?

PETRUCHIO

If I'm alive, then I'll woo her.

GRUMIO

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

PETRUCHIO

Why did I come here if not for that? Do you think a little noise can frighten me? Haven't I heard lions roar? Haven't I heard the windy sea rage like an angry boar? Haven't I heard cannons on the battlefield, and thunder—heaven's artillery—in the sky? Haven't I been at war and heard loud calls to arms, neighing horses, and trumpets blasting? And now you'll warn me about some woman's tongue, which

isn't even half as loud as a chestnut popping in a farmer's fire? For shame! Save your bogeymen to frighten children.

GRUMIO

For he fears nothing.

GREMIO

Hortensio, listen. This gentleman has arrived at a fortunate time, I think—for both our good and his.

HORTENSIO

I promised that we would all contribute and pay the expenses for his courtship, whatever they turn out to be.

GREMIO

And so we will, as long as he wins Katherine.

GRUMIO

I wish I could be as sure of a good dinner.

[TRANIO enters, in disguise as LUCENTIO, along with
BIONDELLO]

TRANIO

(as LUCENTIO) God bless you, gentlemen. If I may be so bold, please tell me, which is the best way to the house of Sir Baptista Minola?

BIONDELLO

The man with the two pretty daughters—is that who you mean?

TRANIO

(as LUCENTIO) The very man, Biondello.

GREMIO

Listen, sir, you're not looking for the daughter—

TRANIO

(*as LUCENTIO*) Maybe I mean the father *and* the daughter, sir. What is it to you?

PETRUCHIO

Not the daughter who scolds, anyway, I hope.

TRANIO

(*as LUCENTIO*) I have no love for scolders, sir. Biondello, let's go.

LUCENTIO

(*to himself*) Well done, Tranio.

HORTENSIO

(*to TRANIO*) Sir, a word before you go. Are you a suitor to the girl you asked about—yes or no?

TRANIO

(*as LUCENTIO*) And if I am, sir, is it a problem?

GREMIO

Not if you get out of here without saying another word.

TRANIO

(*as LUCENTIO*) Why, sir, don't I have just as much a right to be out on the streets as you do?

GREMIO

But *she* doesn't.

TRANIO

For what reason, I ask you?

GREMIO

For this reason, if you want to know: because she's the chosen beloved of Sir Gremio.

HORTENSIO

Because she's the chosen beloved of Sir Hortensio.

TRANIO

Calm down, sirs. If you're gentleman, then be polite and hear me out. Baptista is a noble gentleman—one who knows my father—and even if his daughter was more beautiful than she already is, she would still be entitled to more than one suitor—and I will be one of them. Helen of Troy had a thousand suitors, so let fair Bianca have one more. And so she does. Lucentio will woo her, even if Paris himself should come to try and win her. *(Editor's note: Helen of Troy was famous for being the most beautiful woman alive. Paris stole her away from her husband, Menelaus.)*

GREMIO

What! This gentleman will out-talk us all.

LUCENTIO

(as CAMBIO) Well, let him sprint ahead for now. He's not likely to finish the race.

PETRUCHIO

Hortensio, what's all this talk about?

HORTENSIO

(to TRANIO) Sir, if I may be so bold as to ask you, have you even seen Baptista's daughter yet?

TRANIO

(as LUCENTIO) No, sir, but I hear that he has two, the one as famous for her scolding tongue as the other is for her beauty and modesty.

PETRUCHIO

Sir, sir, the first one's mine, so let her go by.

GREMIO

Yes, leave that labor to great Hercules—it's worse than all the other Twelve Labors put together.

PETRUCHIO

(*to TRANIO*) Sir, let me make sure you understand this: the youngest daughter, the one you long for, is kept locked away from all suitors by her father. He won't promise her to any man until the elder sister is married first. Then, and only then, will the younger be free.

TRANIO

(*as LUCENTIO*) If that's true, sir, and you are the man who must help us all—myself included—and you *do* break the ice and perform the incredible feat of winning the elder sister, thereby setting the younger free for us to woo—then I'm sure whoever happens to win her won't be such a brute as to be ungrateful to you.

HORTENSIO

Sir, you speak well, and you understand well. And since you declare yourself a suitor, you must do as we already have, and pay this gentleman to whom we all owe so much.

TRANIO

(*as LUCENTIO*) Sir, I won't be stingy. On that note, let's spend this afternoon drinking toasts to our beloved's health. We'll be like opposing lawyers in a case, who fight viciously in court, but outside of it eat and drink as friends.

GRUMIO AND BIONDELLO

An excellent suggestion! Fellows, let's go.

HORTENSIO

It's a good suggestion, so let's do it.—Petruchio, let me buy you a drink as your host.

[They all exit.]

Act 2, Scene 1

[KATHERINE enters with BIANCA, whose hands are tied.]

BIANCA

Good sister, don't wrong both me and yourself by turning me into a slave. I won't stand for that. But if it's my jewelry and clothes you want—untie my hands and I'll pull them off myself, yes, everything down to my petticoat. Or I'll do anything else you command me to do, for I know that my duty is to obey my elders.

KATHERINE

I order you to tell me which of your suitors you like best. And make sure you don't lie.

BIANCA

Believe me, sister, out of all the men alive I've never yet seen that special face that I could love more than any other.

KATHERINE

You're lying, you hussy. It's Hortensio, isn't it?

BIANCA

If you love him, sister, you can have him. I swear I'll even plead with him on your behalf.

KATHERINE

Oh, then you probably prefer money. You'll choose Gremio who will keep you dressed up in fine clothes and jewelry.

BIANCA

Are you really jealous of me because of *him*? You must be joking—and now I can see that you've been joking with me this whole time. Please, sister Kate, untie my hands.

[KATHARINE strikes her.]

KATHERINE

If you consider *that* a joke, then the rest was too.

[BAPTISTA enters.]

BAPTISTA

What's going on, woman? How dare you!—Bianca, step away from her.—The poor girl, she's weeping! (*to BIANCA*) Go do some sewing, and don't talk to her. (*to KATHERINE*) For shame, you vicious creature, you devil! Why would you hurt her when she's never done you any harm? When did she ever speak a single bitter word to you?

KATHERINE

Her silence mocks me, and I'll get my revenge on her.

[She rushes at BIANCA.]

BAPTISTA

What, right in front of me?—Bianca, go inside.

[BIANCA exits.]

KATHERINE

What, you can't even stand my presence? Now I see that she is your treasure. She must have a husband, while I must dance barefoot on her wedding day and lead apes in hell (*Editor's note: These were both proverbial fates for old maids.*), all because you love her most.

[She exits.]

BAPTISTA

Was there ever a man who suffered like I do? But who's this coming?

[GREMIO enters with LUCENTIO, dressed as CAMBIO the poor schoolmaster. PETRUCHIO enters with HORTENSIO, disguised as a musician. TRANIO, disguised as LUCENTIO, enters with BIONDELLO, who carries a lute (stringed instrument) and books.]

GREMIO

Good morning, neighbor Baptista.

BAPTISTA

Good morning, neighbor Gremio.—Hello and God bless you, gentlemen!

PETRUCHIO

And you, good sir. Please tell me, don't you have a daughter named Katherina, who is fair and virtuous?

BAPTISTA

I do have a daughter named Katherina, sir.

GREMIO

(to PETRUCHIO) You're being too blunt. Go about it with more ceremony.

PETRUCHIO

You do me wrong, Sir Gremio. Let me continue.—I am a gentleman of Verona, sir, who has heard of your daughter's beauty and wit, her friendliness and bashful modesty, her wondrous talents and mild behavior. I have now boldly come as a guest to your house to try and see for myself all the things I've heard reported. And, to pay the price of my admission to your hospitality, I here present you with a servant of mine. *(he presents HORTENSIO, disguised as LITIO)* He is skilled in music and mathematics, and can instruct your daughter in these fields of study—in which I know she is not ignorant. Accept him, or else risk offending me. His name is Litio, from Mantua.

BAPTISTA

You're welcome here, sir, and he is too, for your sake. But as for my daughter Katherine, this much I know: she won't meet your expectations—and more's the pity for me.

PETRUCHIO

I see that you don't intend to part with her, or else you don't like my company.

BAPTISTA

No, don't misunderstand me—I'm just stating the facts. Where are you from, sir? What name should I call you?

PETRUCHIO

Petruchio is my name. My father was Antonio, a man well known throughout Italy.

BAPTISTA

He's well known to me. You are welcome for his sake.

GREMIO

With all due respect, Petruchio, please let us poor petitioners get a word in too. Stand back—you're too forward.

PETRUCHIO

Oh, pardon me, Sir Gremio. I'm just eager to get down to business.

GREMIO

I don't doubt it, sir, but you'll regret your wooing if it's successful. *(to BAPTISTA)* Neighbor, this is a very gracious gift, I'm sure. To express my own gratitude, I—who am more indebted to you than anyone—offer you the services of this young scholar. *(presenting LUCENTIO, disguised as CAMBIO)* He has studied at the university in Rheims, and is as skilled in Greek, Latin, and other languages as that man is in music

and mathematics. His name is Cambio. Please accept his service.

BAPTISTA

A thousand thanks, Sir Gremio. Welcome, good Cambio. *(to TRANIO, disguised as LUCENTIO)* But, gentle sir, you seem to be a foreigner. May I be so bold as to ask about your reason for coming here?

TRANIO

(as LUCENTIO) Pardon me sir, for the boldness is all my own. I am a foreigner in this city, but I have come to make myself a suitor to your daughter, the fair and virtuous Bianca. I'm also aware of your firm decision that your eldest daughter must marry first. All I ask is that, once you know who my parents are, you make me as welcome as Bianca's other suitors, and give me the same freedom and permission as the rest. And as for the education of your daughters, I here contribute a simple instrument and this small packet of Greek and Latin books. *(BIONDELLO brings the gifts forward)* If you accept them, then they are valuable indeed.

BAPTISTA

I see that your name is Lucentio *(Editor's note: Baptista probably reads the inscription on one of the books, as the name "Lucentio" hasn't been mentioned yet.)*. Where are you from?

TRANIO

(as LUCENTIO) From Pisa, sir. My father is Vincentio.

BAPTISTA

A mighty man of Pisa. I know him well by reputation. You are very welcome, sir. *(to HORTENSIO as LITIO)* You take the lute, *(to LUCENTIO as CAMBIO)* and you take the set of books. You will go see your pupils right away. Hey there, inside!

[A servant enters.]

Boy, lead these gentlemen to my daughters, and tell them that these are their tutors, so make sure to treat them well.

[The servant exits with LUCENTIO and HORTENSIO, followed
by BIONDELLO.]

We'll go for a little walk in the garden, and then to dinner.
Please, know that you are all very welcome here.

PETRUCHIO

Sir Baptista, I'm in a bit of a hurry with this business, and I can't come wooing every day. You knew my father well, and through him, me, the only heir to all his lands and wealth, which I have increased rather than depleted. So tell me, if I can win your daughter's love, what dowry will I get when I marry her?

BAPTISTA

Twenty thousand crowns right away, and one half of my lands after my death.

PETRUCHIO

And on my side, if I die before she does, as her widow's inheritance she'll get all my lands and the rent from my property. Let's have contracts drawn up between us, so both of us will be sure to keep up our end of the agreement.

BAPTISTA

Of course, once the most important thing has been obtained—her love, that is. That is everything.

PETRUCHIO

Why, that is nothing. I tell you, father, I am as domineering as she is proud-minded, and when two raging fires come together, they cancel each other out. A little wind will make a little fire great, but a great gust will blow the fire out. I'll

be the great gust to her fire, and she will yield to me, for I am rough and don't woo like a child.

BAPTISTA

Good luck with your wooing. May you be successful. But be ready for some unpleasant words.

PETRUCHIO

I'll be well-armed against them, like a mountain in the wind. Even if it keeps blowing forever, the mountain never shakes.

[HORTENSIO (as LITIO) enters with a cut on his head.]

BAPTISTA

What's going on, my friend? Why do you look so pale?

HORTENSIO

(as LITIO) If I look pale, it must be from fear.

BAPTISTA

What, will my daughter turn out to be a good musician?

HORTENSIO

I think she'd do better as a soldier. Swords might withstand her, but never lutes.

BAPTISTA

What, you don't think you can break her to the lute (*Editor's note: This means "train her to play the lute," and sets up the pun in the next line.*)?

HORTENSIO

Why no—she's broken the lute on me. All I told her was that she was using the wrong frets, and I bent her hand to teach her the right fingering. Then she jumped up with impatience and said, "'Frets,' is that what you call them? Let me fret you then!" And with that she struck me on the head, so that my head went right through the lute. I stood there confused for

a while, looking through the strings of the lute as if they were prison bars, while she called me "rascal fiddler," "twangling fool," and twenty other hateful names like that. It was as if she'd been practicing and planning to abuse me like this.

PETRUCHIO

By God, that's a lively girl! Now I like her ten times more than I did before. Oh, I can't wait to talk to her!

BAPTISTA

(to HORTENSIO as LITIO) Well, come with me, and don't be discouraged. Proceed in your lessons with my younger daughter. She's a quick learner and will be grateful for your help. Sir Petruchio, will you come with us, or should I send my daughter Kate to you?

PETRUCHIO

Please send her in.

[Everyone exits except for PETRUCHIO.]

I'll wait for her here and woo her forcefully when she comes. If she rants and scolds, I'll tell her that she sings as sweetly as a nightingale. If she frowns, I'll say that she looks as cheerful as morning roses newly washed with dew. If she is silent and won't say a word, then I'll praise her for being talkative, and say that she speaks with piercing eloquence. If she tells me to get out, then I'll thank her as if she'd asked me to stay with her for a week. If she refuses to marry me, then I'll ask about the date for the announcement and the wedding. But here she comes—and now, Petruchio, speak.

[KATHERINE enters.]

Hello, Kate—for that's your name, I hear.

KATHERINE

You may have heard that, but you're somewhat hard of hearing then. Those who talk about me call me Katherine.

PETRUCHIO

You lie, I swear, for you are called Kate, plain Kate, and pretty Kate, and sometimes Kate the shrew, but always Kate, the prettiest Kate in God's kingdom, Kate from Kate Hall, my delicious Kate—for all delicacies are Kates (*Editor's note: He puns on "cates," meaning "choice foods."*)—and so, Kate, listen to me: having heard your modesty, virtue, and beauty praised in every town, though not as highly as you deserve, I have been moved to court you for my wife.

KATHERINE

"Moved," indeed. Then let whoever moved you here come and remove you. I could tell at once that you were a moveable (*Editor's note: A moveable is a piece of furniture.*).

PETRUCHIO

Why, what do you mean by "moveable?"

KATHERINE

A stool.

PETRUCHIO

Exactly. Come sit on me.

KATHERINE

Asses are meant for bearing, and so are you.

PETRUCHIO

Women are meant for bearing (*Editor's note: This is a pun on "bearing children" and "bearing the weight" of a man while having sex.*), and so are you.

KATHERINE

Not for bearing the likes of you, if you're talking about *me*.

PETRUCHIO

Alas, good Kate, I would never burden you, for I know you're young and light (*Editor's note: "Light" here has three meanings: "weak," "inconsequential," and "flirtatious."*)—

KATHERINE

Too light for a bumpkin like you to catch—and yet just as heavy as I should be.

PETRUCHIO

"Should be?" Keep on buzzing, bee!

KATHERINE

Spoken like a true buzzard (*Editor's note: A buzzard was an untrainable kind of hawk, and so synonymous with "fool." In the next lines it is also mocked as being able to catch only "turtles," or turtledoves.*).

PETRUCHIO

Oh slow-winged turtledove, will you let a buzzard catch you?

KATHERINE

No, *this* turtledove will catch a buzzard (*Editor's note: This time a "buzzard" means a buzzing insect, leading to the "wasp" of the next line.*).

PETRUCHIO

Come, come, my little wasp. Really, you're too angry.

KATHERINE

If I'm a wasp, then you'd better beware my stinger.

PETRUCHIO

I'll have to pluck it out.

KATHERINE

If a fool like you could find it.

PETRUCHIO

Who doesn't know where a wasp wears its stinger? In its tail.

KATHERINE

No, in its tongue.

PETRUCHIO

Whose tongue?

KATHERINE

Yours, if we're telling tall tales of tails. Farewell then.

PETRUCHIO

What, you'll leave with my tongue in your tail? No, come back, good Kate. I am a gentleman.

KATHERINE

I'll test that out.

[She strikes him.]

PETRUCHIO

I swear I'll hit you if you strike me again.

KATHERINE

Then you'll lose your arms. If you strike me, then you're no gentleman, and if you're not a gentleman, then you have no arms *(Editor's note: Gentlemen would come from noble families and have a "coat of arms." The "crest" two lines later is also a reference to the family crest on a coat of arms.)*.

PETRUCHIO

Are you a register for gentlemen, Kate? Oh, put me in your good books!

KATHERINE

What's your family crest? A coxcomb (*Editor's note: A coxcomb, or "cock's comb," is the crest of a rooster, but also the name for a fool's cap like jesters would wear.*)?

PETRUCHIO

I'd be a cock without a comb, if Kate will be my hen.

KATHERINE

Then you'd be no cock of mine. You won't fight.

PETRUCHIO

Come, Kate, come. Don't look so sour.

KATHERINE

That's just what I do, when I see a crab apple.

PETRUCHIO

Why, there's no crab apple here, so don't look sour.

KATHERINE

But there is, there is.

PETRUCHIO

Then show it to me.

KATHERINE

If I had a mirror, I would.

PETRUCHIO

What, you mean my face?

KATHERINE

What a good guess for such a boy!

PETRUCHIO

By Saint George, I probably *am* too young for you.

KATHERINE

But you're also wrinkled.

PETRUCHIO

That's from worries and cares.

KATHERINE

I don't care.

PETRUCHIO

Now listen, Kate: you won't escape like that.

KATHERINE

I'll only irritate you if I stay. Let me go.

PETRUCHIO

No, not a bit. I find you exceedingly gentle. I was told that you were rough, scornful, and sullen, but now I see that those rumors are lies. You are pleasant, amusing, polite, not fierce in your speech, and as sweet as springtime flowers. Even if you tried, you couldn't frown, glare scornfully, or bite your lip as angry women do, and you take no pleasure in arguments. Instead you entertain your suitors with mild and gentle conversation, and are quiet and friendly. So why does the world report that Kate limps along? What a slanderous world! Kate is like a hazel-twigg, straight and slender, her hair is as brown as hazelnuts, and she herself is sweeter than the hazelnut kernels. Oh, let me see you walk, Kate! You don't limp at all!

KATHERINE

Go, fool. Order your servants around—not me.

PETRUCHIO

Did the goddess Diana ever grace a forest like Kate now graces this room with her queenly walk? Oh, you be Diana, then, and let Diana be Kate. Then let Kate be the chaste one, while Diana is my love.

KATHERINE

Where did you memorize all this witty talk?

PETRUCHIO

It's off-the-cuff. It comes from my mother wit (*Editor's note: This means "natural-born intelligence."*).

KATHERINE

What a witty mother! Too bad her son is witless.

PETRUCHIO

Am I not wise?

KATHERINE

Hardly wise enough to keep yourself warm (*Editor's note: Having "wit enough to keep oneself warm" was a proverbial expression for "stupid."*).

PETRUCHIO

Indeed, I do mean to keep myself warm, sweet Katherine, in your bed. But enough chatter. Let's speak plainly: your father has consented that you will be my wife. Your dowry is agreed upon, and whether you want it or not, I *will* marry you. Now, Kate, I'm the only husband for you. I swear by this light, which lets me see your beauty—your beauty that makes me love you—that you must be married to no man but me. I was born to tame you, Kate, and change you from a wildcat Kate into a Kate as obedient as other domesticated Kates.

[BAPTISTA, GREMIO, and TRANIO enter.]

Here comes your father. Don't refuse my proposal. I must and will have Katherine for my wife.

BAPTISTA

Now, Sir Petruchio, how's it going with my daughter?

PETRUCHIO

How but well, sir? How but well? It would be impossible to go any other way.

BAPTISTA

And how are you, daughter Katherine? Are you sad?

KATHERINE

You'd dare to call me daughter? I swear, you've certainly shown a father's tender care in trying to marry me off to a lunatic, a crazed villain and a swearing fool, who thinks that he can force his way through with enough cursing!

PETRUCHIO

Father, it's like this: you and everyone else who've talked about her have all been wrong. If she's a shrew, then it's for some crafty purpose, for she's not naturally willful, but is in fact as modest as a dove. She's not fierce, but is as mild as the morning. She has the patience of Griselda and the chastity of Rome's Lucrece (*Editor's note: Griselda was a famously obedient and patient wife from Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales." Lucrece was a Roman lady who committed suicide after being raped, and then became a classical example of great chastity.*). To conclude, we've gotten along so well together that Sunday will be our wedding day.

KATHERINE

I'll see you hanged on Sunday first!

GREMIO

Did you hear that, Petruchio? She says she'll see you hanged first.

TRANIO

Is this what you call success? So much for our hopes of freeing Bianca.

PETRUCHIO

Be patient, gentlemen. I choose her for myself. If she and I are happy, then what's it to you? When we were alone, we

agreed that she would go on being a shrew in public. I tell you, it's incredible how much she loves me, though. Oh, the kindest Kate! She hung about my neck, giving me kiss after kiss and swearing vows of love, and in an instant she had won my heart. Oh, you are all just beginners! It's amazing to see—even a cowardly wretch can tame the fiercest shrew when a man and a woman are left alone together.—Give me your hand, Kate. I'll now go to Venice to buy clothes for the wedding. You plan the feast, father, and invite the guests. I'll make sure my Katherine will be beautifully dressed.

BAPTISTA

I don't know what to say. Give me your hands. May God give you joy, Petruchio. It's a match.

GREMIO AND TRANIO

We say Amen to that! We will be witnesses.

PETRUCHIO

Father, and wife, and gentlemen—farewell. I'm off to Venice. Sunday is coming soon. We will have rings, and things, and fine clothes, and kiss me, Kate. We will be married on Sunday.

[PETRUCHIO and KATE exit at different doors.]

GREMIO

Was ever a match agreed upon so suddenly?

BAPTISTA

Truly, gentlemen, I'm now playing the part of the merchant, and I've made a desperate bargain.

TRANIO

(*as LUCENTIO*) Yes, but your goods were just gathering dust and annoying you. Now they'll either bring you a profit or be lost at sea.

BAPTISTA

The only profit I seek is a quiet, peaceful match.

GREMIO

And no doubt Petruchio will have a quiet catch—no one's going to fight him for her. But now, Baptista, let's think about your younger daughter. This is the day we've been waiting for. I am your neighbor, and I was her first suitor.

TRANIO

(as *LUCENTIO*) And I am a man that loves Bianca more than words can express, or your thoughts can guess.

GREMIO

Boy, you don't know how to love like I do.

TRANIO

(as *LUCENTIO*) Old graybeard, your love has frozen over.

GREMIO

But yours will burn out. Stand back, fickle boy. Age is what nourishes.

TRANIO

(as *LUCENTIO*) But in ladies' eyes, it's youth that flourishes.

BAPTISTA

Calm down, gentlemen. I will settle this quarrel. Only deeds (*Editor's note: This is a pun referring to deeds as actions (as opposed to just talking), but also documents of ownership for property.*) can determine the winner here. Whoever can offer my daughter the most wealth and property as her widow's inheritance will have Bianca's love. So tell me, Sir Gremio, what can you offer her?

GREMIO

First, as you know, my house in the city, which is richly furnished with gold and china, and basins and ewers for her

to wash her dainty hands. My wall hangings are of purple tapestry, my ivory chests are stuffed with gold, and my cypress-wood chests are filled with quilted bedspreads, expensive clothes, bed curtains and canopies, fine linen, Turkish cushions embossed with pearl, gold Venetian draperies, pewter and brass, and everything else you could want for a house or housekeeping. Then, at my farm I have a hundred milk cows and a hundred and twenty fat oxen in my stables. Everything else I own is similarly valuable to all this. I myself am getting on in years, I must confess, and if I should die tomorrow, all this will belong to Bianca—if while I live she will be only mine.

TRANIO

(as LUCENTIO) That "only" came just in time. *(to BAPTISTA)* Sir, listen to me: I am my father's heir and only son. If I may have your daughter for my wife, I will leave her three or four houses in rich Pisa, all of them as good as anything old Sir Gremio has in Padua. Along with this, she'll get two thousand gold coins a year, which is what my land earns me. All of this will be her marriage settlement.—What, have I discouraged you, Sir Gremio?

GREMIO

Two thousand gold coins a year from his land! *(to himself)* All my land together doesn't add up to that much!—Well, from me she'll have all that, plus a merchant ship that's now docked in Marseilles harbor. *(to TRANIO)* What, have I silenced you with a ship?

TRANIO

(as LUCENTIO) Gremio, it's well known that my father has no fewer than three great merchant ships, along with two large galleys and twelve smaller ones. I'll offer all these to Bianca, and I'll double whatever you might offer next.

GREMIO

No, I've offered everything I own. I have nothing left. She can't have more than all I have. (*to BAPTISTA*) If you choose me, she will have me and mine.

TRANIO

(*as LUCENTIO*) Why, then she's mine alone, of all the men in the world, by your firm promise. Gremio has been outbid.

BAPTISTA

I must confess that your offer is the best. If your father will second your guarantees, then she's yours. Otherwise, you must pardon me—if you should die before your father does, then what would become of all the wealth Bianca is supposed to inherit from you?

TRANIO

(*as LUCENTIO*) That's a trivial objection: he is old, and I am young.

GREMIO

And can't young men die as well as old men?

BAPTISTA

Well, gentlemen, I have decided. Next Sunday my daughter Katherina is to be married, you know. (*to TRANIO*) On the following Sunday, Bianca will marry you—if you can make this guarantee. If you can't, then she'll marry Sir Gremio. And so I bid you farewell, and thank you both.

GREMIO

Farewell, good neighbor.

[BAPTISTA exits.]

Now I'm not afraid of you anymore, boy. You young gambler, your father would be a fool to give you everything and spend his declining years as a dependent in your house. Ha, it's nonsense! An old Italian fox is never that kind, my boy.

[He exits.]

TRANIO

A curse on your crafty withered hide! But I've bluffed successfully without even a face card. I think I'll be able to do my master good. I see no reason why the pretend Lucentio shouldn't produce a father, called "pretend Vincentio"—and that'll be a miracle. Fathers usually father their children. But in this case of wooing, a child will father a father, if my wits don't fail me.

[He exits.]

Act 3, Scene 1

[LUCENTIO (disguised as CAMBIO), HORTENSIO (disguised as LITIO), and BIANCA enter.]

LUCENTIO

(as CAMBIO) Enough, fiddler! You grow too forward, sir. Have you already forgotten how her sister Katherine thanked you for your insistence?

HORTENSIO

(as LITIO) But this is no Katherine, that quarrelsome know-it-all—this is the goddess of heavenly harmony. So let me go first, and after we've spent an hour on music, you can have the same amount of time for your lesson.

LUCENTIO

(as CAMBIO) Ridiculous ass! You never even learned enough to know why music was instituted in the first place. Wasn't it to refresh the mind of man *after* his studies and daily labor? So let me read philosophy with her, and when I take a break, you can come in with your harmony.

HORTENSIO

(as LITIO) Boy, I won't stand for these insults!

BIANCA

Why, gentlemen, you both do me wrong in arguing over something that is really my decision. I am no schoolboy to be whipped and disciplined. I won't be ordered about with hours and appointed schedules—I will learn my lessons as it pleases me. So to cut off all this arguing, let's sit down and figure this out. *(to HORTENSIO)* You take your instrument and play awhile. His lesson will be done before you've even tuned it.

HORTENSIO

(as *LITIO*) And you'll stop his lesson once I am in tune?

LUCENTIO

(to himself) That will be never. (to *HORTENSIO*) Tune your instrument.

BIANCA

Where did we leave off?

LUCENTIO

Here, madam:

*Hic ibat Simois, hic est Sigeia tellus,
Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis.* (Editor's note: This is from the Roman poet Ovid. Translated, it means "Here flowed the river Simois; here is the Sigeian land; here stood the lofty palace of old Priam.")

BIANCA

Translate them.

LUCENTIO

Hic ibat, as I told you before, *Simois*, I am Lucentio, *hic est*, son of Vincentio of Pisa, *Sigeia tellus*, disguised like this to win your love. *Hic steterat*, and the other "Lucentio" who comes to woo you, *Priami*, is my servant Tranio, *regia*, pretending to be me, *celsa senis*, so we can trick the foolish old Gremio.

HORTENSIO

(as *LITIO*) Madam, my instrument's in tune.

BIANCA

Let's hear it. (*he plays*) Oh! The high string's still out of tune.

LUCENTIO

(as *CAMBIO*) Start over, man, and tune again.

BIANCA

Now let me see if I can translate it. *Hic ibat Simois*, I don't know you, *hic est Sigeia tellus*, I don't trust you, *Hic steterat Priami*, make sure he doesn't hear us, *regia*, don't presume anything, *celsa senis*, don't give up.

HORTENSIO

(as *LITIO*) Madam, now it's in tune.

LUCENTIO

(as *CAMBIO*) All but the bass string.

HORTENSIO

(as *LITIO*) The bass string is fine—it's this base villain that's out of tune. (to himself) How touchy and forward this teacher is! I swear, the fool must be courting my beloved. Little know-it-all, I'll keep my eye on you.

BIANCA

(to *LUCENTIO*) In time I may believe you, but I'm still doubtful.

LUCENTIO

Don't doubt me, for—(he notices that *HORTENSIO* is listening and returns to the Latin lesson)—"Aeacides" is just another name for the hero Ajax. It comes from his grandfather Aeacus.

BIANCA

I must believe you because you're my teacher, or else, I promise you, I would keep arguing. But let it go.—Now, Litio, it's your turn. Good teacher, I hope you're not offended that I've been equally friendly to both of you.

HORTENSIO

(as *LITIO*, to *LUCENTIO*) You can go take a walk, and leave us alone for a while. I don't teach music for three parts.

LUCENTIO

(as CAMBIO) Are you so strict, sir? Well, I guess I have to wait then. *(to himself)* And watch, too, for unless I'm deceived, our fancy musician grows romantic.

HORTENSIO

(as LITIO) Madam, before you touch the instrument or learn the fingering, I must begin by teaching you the fundamentals of music. To teach you the scales, I have a method that's more pleasant and effective than what any other teachers use. And here it is written out.

BIANCA

Why, I learned my scales long ago.

HORTENSIO

But still, read the scale of Hortensio.

BIANCA

(reading) "I am the scale, the foundation of all harmony:

A re, to declare Hortensio's passion;

B mi, Bianca, take him for your husband,

C fa ut, he loves you with all affection;

D sol re, I have one key but only two notes;

E la mi, show me pity, or I'll die."

You call this a scale? I don't like it. I prefer the old-fashioned way. I'm not so foolish as to want to replace the old, true methods.

[A SERVANT enters.]

SERVANT

Mistress, your father asks that you leave your books and help decorate your sister's room. You know tomorrow is the wedding day.

BIANCA

Farewell, sweet teachers. I must go.

LUCENTIO

(*as CAMBIO*) Well, mistress, then I have no reason to stay longer.

[BIANCA, the SERVANT, and LUCENTIO exit.]

HORTENSIO

But I have a reason to examine this know-it-all teacher more closely. I think he looks like he's in love. But if Bianca is so vulgar as to fall for every false man she sees, then let him have her! If I ever catch her being unfaithful, I'll get even with her by loving someone else.

[He exits.]

Act 3, Scene 2

[BAPTISTA, GREMIO, TRANIO (disguised as LUCENTIO), KATHERINE, BIANCA, LUCENTIO, and attendants enter.]

BAPTISTA

(to TRANIO) Sir Lucentio, this is the day appointed for Katherine and Petruchio to be married, but I haven't heard from my son-in-law at all. What will people say? What a mockery it will be to have the priest here, ready to perform the marriage ceremony, and be missing the bridegroom! What does Lucentio have to say about our shame?

KATHERINE

The shame is all mine. I was forced to oppose my own heart and give my hand to that boorish, fickle madman, who wooed in a hurry and means to marry at his leisure. I told you he was a crazy fool, hiding his bitter jokes with his forward behavior. He wants to be known as this cheerful libertine, so he'll woo a thousand women, set the marriage date, invite friends, and make a public announcement—but he has no intention of actually getting married. Now everyone must point at poor Katherine and say, "Look, there is mad Petruchio's wife—if he could be bothered to come and marry her!"

TRANIO

(as LUCENTIO) Be patient, good Katherine, and you too, Baptista. I swear Petruchio means well, despite whatever might be keeping him from fulfilling his pledge. Though he's rude, I know he's exceedingly wise, and though he's a joker, he's still an honest man.

KATHERINE

I wish that I had never seen him, though!

[She exits weeping, followed by BIANCA and others.]

BAPTISTA

Go, girl. I can't blame you for weeping now. Such an insult would offend even a saint, let alone an impatient shrew like you.

[BIONDELLO enters.]

BIONDELLO

Master, master! I have news, old news (*Editor's note: "Old" means "great" or "rare" here, but Baptista misunderstands in the next line.*), and such news as you never heard before!

BAPTISTA

You have news that's both new and old? How can that be?

BIONDELLO

Why, isn't it news that Petruchio is coming?

BAPTISTA

Is he here?

BIONDELLO

Why, no, sir.

BAPTISTA

What then?

BIONDELLO

He is coming.

BAPTISTA

When will he be here?

BIONDELLO

When he stands where I am and sees you there.

TRANIO

(as *LUCENTIO*) But tell us, what is your old news?

BIONDELLO

Well, Petruchio is coming in a new hat and an old jacket, a pair of old pants turned inside out, broken suspenders holding them up, and a pair of boots that have been used as candle holders: one of them buckled, the other laced. He has an old rusty sword from the town armory with a broken hilt and half a scabbard. He's riding on a lame horse with an old moth-eaten saddle and two different stirrups, and the horse has swollen glands, a mouth infection, tumors, leg boils, diseased feet, jaundice, swollen ears, palsy, worms, a twisted back, a sprained shoulder, and knock-kneed forelegs. His bit is hanging off and his cheap bridle, which is pulled tight, is pieced together with knots; his saddle strap is patched up and his tail strap is velvet, studded with the initials of some woman, and here and there held together with thread.

BAPTISTA

Who's with him?

BIONDELLO

Oh, sir, just his servant, who's dressed up like the horse, with a linen stocking on one leg and a big woolen sock on the other, a pair of red and blue garters, and an old hat with some crazy decoration on it in place of the feather. He's dressed like a monster, a total monster, and not at all like a proper Christian page or a gentleman's servant.

TRANIO

(as *LUCENTIO*) It's some strange whim of his that inspires this fashion—though he does often dress casually.

BAPTISTA

I'm glad he's coming, however he might be dressed.

BIONDELLO

Why, sir, he's not coming.

BAPTISTA

Didn't you say he was coming?

BIONDELLO

Who? Petruchio?

BAPTISTA

Yes, that Petruchio was coming.

BIONDELLO

No, sir, I said that his horse was coming, with him on its back.

BAPTISTA

Why, that's the same thing.

BIONDELLO

No, by Saint Jamy,
I'll bet you a penny,
A horse and a man
Are not the same—
And yet not too different.

[PETRUCHIO and GRUMIO enter.]

PETRUCHIO

Come now, where are all the gentlemen? Is anyone at home?

BAPTISTA

You are welcome, sir.

PETRUCHIO

And yet I didn't come well.

BAPTISTA

And yet you aren't limping.

TRANIO

(as *LUCENTIO*) And you're not as well-dressed as I wish you would be.

PETRUCHIO

Even if my clothes were better I would still rush in like this—
But where is Kate? Where is my love? How is my father-in-law? Gentlemen, you seem to be frowning. Why is this fine gathering of people all staring, as if at something strange—a comet or some unnatural phenomenon?

BAPTISTA

Why, sir, you know this is your wedding day. First we were sad because we feared you wouldn't come, but now we're sadder to see that you've come so unprepared. For God's sake, take off this costume. It's a disgrace to your social rank and an eyesore in the middle of our solemn ceremony.

TRANIO

And tell us what was so important that it kept you late for your wedding, and sent you here dressed so unlike yourself.

PETRUCHIO

It would be a tedious story to tell, and a rough one to hear. Suffice it to say that I've come to keep my promise, though I'll have to deviate from it some. I'll explain all this to your satisfaction later, when there's more time. But where is Kate? I've been away from her for too long. The morning is passing, and it's time we were at church.

TRANIO

Don't go see your bride in these disrespectful clothes. Go to my room and put on some clothes of mine.

PETRUCHIO

I won't, believe me. I'll visit her like this.

BAPTISTA

But surely you won't *marry* her like this.

PETRUCHIO

I swear, I will. So let's stop talking about it. She's marrying *me*, not my clothes. If I could fix my bad qualities as easily as I could change out of these ugly clothes, it would be good for Kate and even better for myself. But what a fool I am for standing here chatting with you, when I should say good morning to my bride and seal our bargain with a loving kiss!

[PETRUCHIO and GRUMIO exit.]

TRANIO

He has some plan in dressing up like this. If it's possible, I'll try to persuade him to put on something better before he goes to the church.

BAPTISTA

I'll follow him too, and see how this turns out.

[BAPTISTA, GREMIO, and attendants exit.]

TRANIO

(*To LUCENTIO*) Sir, to be successful you need to get her father's approval as well as Bianca's love. To make this happen, as I explained to your worship, I will find a man—it doesn't really matter what kind of man; I'll make him suit our purposes—who can pretend to be "Vincentio of Pisa," and he can offer Baptista even greater sums of money than I already promised. And so you can get what you want without any trouble, and marry sweet Bianca with her father's consent.

LUCENTIO

If it weren't for the fact that my fellow tutor was watching Bianca so closely, I'd think it would be good to just elope in secret. Once the ceremony was performed, it wouldn't

matter if the whole world disapproved—I'd keep my own, despite what anyone might say.

TRANIO

I mean to look into that, too, and to keep an eye on our opportunities in this business. I'll outwit the old graybeard, Gremio, the overbearing father, Minola, and the crafty musician, Litio the lover—all for the sake of my master Lucentio.

[GREMIO enters.]

Sir Gremio, are you coming from the church?

GREMIO

As eagerly as I ever came home from school.

TRANIO

(as LUCENTIO) And are the bride and bridegroom coming home?

GREMIO

A bridegroom, you say? More like a groom who cleans stables, a grumbling groom, as that girl will soon discover.

TRANIO

(as LUCENTIO) You mean he's more of a shrew than she is? Why, it's impossible.

GREMIO

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

TRANIO

(as LUCENTIO) No, *she's* a devil, a devil, the devil's own mother.

GREMIO

Ha! She's a lamb, a dove, an innocent child compared to him! I'll tell you what happened, Sir Lucentio: when the

priest asked him if he would take Katherine as his wife, he answered, "Yes, damn it!" and swore so loudly that everyone was shocked and the priest dropped the prayer book. And when the priest bent down to pick it back up, that lunatic bridegroom gave him such a smack that both priest and book went flying "Now pick them up," he said then, "if anyone dares to."

TRANIO

(*as LUCENTIO*) What did the girl say when the priest got back up?

GREMIO

She trembled and shook, because the bridegroom starting stamping and swearing, as if the priest was trying to cheat him out of his marriage. But then when the ceremony was finally done, he called for wine. "A toast!" he said, as if he were some drunken sailor partying with his mates after a storm. He chugged the wine and then threw the dregs in the sexton's face, just because the man's beard looked "thin and hungry" and seemed to be asking for it. After that he threw his arms around the bride's neck and kissed her with such a noisy smack that the whole church echoed when their lips parted. After seeing that, I immediately left the shameful scene. I'm sure the rest of the crowd is following me. There's never been a wedding as crazy as that!

[Music plays.]

Listen, listen! I can hear the musicians playing.

[PETRUCHIO, KATHERINE, BIANCA, BAPTISTA, HORTENSIO, GRUMIO, and the wedding procession enters.]

PETRUCHIO

Gentlemen and friends, I thank you. I know you expected to dine with me today, and you've prepared a feast to

celebrate the wedding, but it so happens that I've been called away to urgent business. So I must say goodbye.

BAPTISTA

Are you really leaving tonight?

PETRUCHIO

I must leave today, before tonight even comes. Don't be so surprised. If you knew my business, you'd urge me to go rather than stay. And, honest friends, I thank you all for coming to watch me give myself away to this patient, sweet, virtuous wife. Dine with my father-in-law and drink a toast to me, for I must go. Farewell to you all.

TRANIO

(*as LUCENTIO*) Can you at least stay until after dinner?

PETRUCHIO

I cannot.

GREMIO

Whaf if / ask you to stay?

PETRUCHIO

I cannot.

KATHERINE

Can / ask you to stay?

PETRUCHIO

I'd be glad to.

KATHERINE

You'd be glad to stay?

PETRUCHIO

I'd be glad to hear you ask me to stay. But I cannot stay, no matter how much you plead with me.

KATHERINE

If you love me, stay.

PETRUCHIO

Grumio, get my horses ready.

GRUMIO

They're ready, sir. The oats have all eaten the horses.

KATHERINE

All right then, you do what you want. I won't go today, or tomorrow either. I won't go until I feel like it. The door is open, sir. There's the way out. You'd better get an early start. As for me, I'll leave when I want to. If you throw your weight around so rudely at the very start, I'm sure you'll prove to be a surly, overbearing husband.

PETRUCHIO

Oh Kate, calm down. Please, don't be angry.

KATHERINE

I will be angry. What business is it of yours?—Father, be quiet. He'll stay until I want him to.

GREMIO

Well, sir, now it begins.

KATHERINE

Gentlemen, go on to the bridal dinner. I see that a woman will be made into a fool if she doesn't stand up for herself.

PETRUCHIO

They'll go on, Kate, at your command.—Obey the bride, you guests who attend on her. Go to the feast, party and carouse, get drunk toasting to her virginity! Be wild and merry, or else go hang yourselves. But as for my pretty Kate, she must go with me. Now, don't look threatening, or stamp your feet, or glare, or worry. I will be the master of

what is mine. She is my possession now, my property—like my house, my household stuff, my field, my barn, my horse, my ox, my donkey, my anything. And here she stands. Touch her if you dare! I'll attack—legally and otherwise—any man in Padua who stands in my way, no matter what his rank.—Grumio, draw your sword, we are surrounded by thieves! Rescue your mistress, if you have any manliness in you!—Don't be afraid, sweet girl, no one will touch you. I'll shield you against a million of them, Kate.

[PETRUCHIO, KATHERINE, and GRUMIO exit.]

BAPTISTA

No, let them go. What a calm, quiet couple!

GREMIO

If they hadn't left so quickly, I would have died of laughing.

TRANIO

(*as LUCENTIO*) Of all the craziest pairings, I've never seen one like this.

LUCENTIO

(*as CAMBIO*) Mistress, what's your opinion of your sister?

BIANCA

That, being mad herself, she has now married a madman.

GREMIO

And I bet Petruchio will be "Kated" soon enough!

BAPTISTA

Neighbors and friends, though the seats for the bride and bridegroom will be empty at the table, you know there are no delicacies lacking at the feast itself. (*to TRANIO*) Lucentio, you will take the bridegroom's place, and let Bianca take her sister's.

TRANIO

(as LUCENTIO) Will sweet Bianca practice being a bride?

BAPTISTA

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

[They all exit.]

Act 4, Scene 1

[GRUMIO enters.]

GRUMIO

A curse, a curse on all tired, worthless horses, on all crazy masters, and on all bad roads! Was ever a man beaten so much as me? Was ever a man so weary? I've been sent ahead to make a fire, and they're coming afterward to warm themselves up. It's a good thing I can keep myself hot with my quick temper, or else my very lips might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the roof of my mouth, and my heart to my belly before I could find a fire to thaw myself out. But I'll keep stoking my anger to stay warm. In weather like this, a better man than I am would catch cold.—Hey, hello! Curtis!

[CURTIS enters.]

CURTIS

Who is it who calls so coldly?

GRUMIO

A piece of ice. If you doubt me, try it out—you could slide from my shoulder to my heel after just a step from my head to my neck. Start a fire, good Curtis.

CURTIS

Are my master and his wife coming, Grumio?

GRUMIO

Oh, yes, Curtis, yes, so they need a fire, a fire. And leave out the water.

CURTIS

Is she as fiery a shrew as she's reported to be?

GRUMIO

She was, good Curtis, before this frost. But you know how winter tames man, woman, and beast—and so it's tamed my old master, my new mistress, and myself, good colleague Curtis.

CURTIS

So you're a beast, and I'm your colleague! I don't think so. Away with you, you three-inch-tall fool!

GRUMIO

Am I only three inches? Why, your cuckold's horn is a foot long, and I'm at least that tall. But are you going to make a fire, or will I have to complain about you to our mistress? Now that she's at hand, you'll soon feel her hand, and you'll find it cold comfort if you're slow in warming us up.

CURTIS

Please, good Grumio, tell me, how are things out in the world?

GRUMIO

It's a cold world, Curtis, for every man except fire-starters like you, so start a fire! Do your duty, and take your reward, for my master and mistress are almost frozen to death.

CURTIS

There's a fire ready. So tell me the news, good Grumio.

GRUMIO

Why, "Jack, boy! Ho, boy!" and whatever other news you want.

CURTIS

Well, aren't you full of cony-catching! *(Editor's note: "Cony-catching" (or "rabbit-catching") means "trickery" here, but it's also a reference to Grumio's quoting of "catches," or*

songs sung in rounds. Grumio's earlier answer of "Jack, boy! Ho, boy!" comes from a "catch.")

GRUMIO

Why, make a fire then, for I have caught extreme cold. Where's the cook? Is supper ready? Is the house prepared, the floor covered, the cobwebs swept up? Are the servingmen wearing their new clothes and white stockings, and the household servants their wedding suits? Are the Jacks and Jills (*Editor's note: "Jacks" means both "fellows" (the male servants) and "leather drinking vessels." "Jills" means "girls," (the female servants) and "metal measuring cups."*) in their places, the tablecloths laid out—is everything in order?

CURTIS

Everything's ready. So please, give me the news.

GRUMIO

First of all, my horse is tired, and my master and mistress have had a falling out.

CURTIS

How?

GRUMIO

Out of their saddles and into the dirt. But that's a long story.

CURTIS

Let's hear it, good Grumio.

GRUMIO

Lean close and I'll tell you.

CURTIS

Here.

GRUMIO

There!

[GRUMIO strikes CURTIS.]

CURTIS

That's to *feel* a story, not hear it.

GRUMIO

That's why it's a "sensitive" story. I was just knocking to see if your ear was listening. But now I'll begin: first of all, we came down a muddy hill, my master riding behind my mistress.

CURTIS

Both on one horse?

GRUMIO

What's the difference?

CURTIS

Why, a horse.

GRUMIO

Then why don't you tell the story! If you hadn't interrupted me, you would have heard about how her horse fell, with her under it. You would have heard about the swampy place she landed, and how she was covered in mud, and how my master left her with the horse on top of her, and beat *me* because *her* horse stumbled, and how she waded through the dirt to pull him off of me, and how he swore, and how she prayed—she who had never prayed before—and how I yelled, and how the horses ran away, and how her bridle was broken, and how I lost my saddle strap, and many other things worth being remembered, but which will now be forgotten, and you'll go ignorant to your grave.

CURTIS

It sounds like he is more of a shrew than she is.

GRUMIO

Yes, and you and everyone else will find that out when he comes home. But why am I talking about this? Call in Nathaniel, Joseph, Nicholas, Philip, Walter, Sugarsop, and all the rest. Make sure their hair is slicked down and combed, their blue coats are brushed, and their garters are normal-looking and matching. Have them do an elaborate greeting and not dare to touch a hair of my master's horse's tail until they've kissed their hands. Are they all ready?

CURTIS

They are.

GRUMIO

Call them in.

CURTIS

(calling offstage) Hey, do you hear that? You must come greet the master and countenance *(Editor's note: This means "pay respects to," but "countenance" is also another word for "face," which Grumio jokes about in the next lines.)* the mistress.

GRUMIO

Why, she already has a face of her own.

CURTIS

Who said she didn't?

GRUMIO

You did, it seems, since you told them to "countenance" her.

CURTIS

I mean they should give her credit.

GRUMIO

Why, she's not coming to borrow money from them.

[Four or five servants enter.]

NATHANIEL

Welcome home, Grumio.

PHILIP

How's it going, Grumio?

JOSEPH

Hey, Grumio!

NICHOLAS

Grumio, my friend!

NATHANIEL

How's it going, old lad?

GRUMIO

Welcome to you!—How's it going to you?—Hey to you!—My friend to you!—And that's enough greetings. Now, my dapper companions, is everything neat and ready?

NATHANIEL

Everything's ready. How far away is our master?

GRUMIO

He's probably here already. So don't—by God, quiet! I hear him.

[PETRUCHIO and KATHERINE enter.]

PETRUCHIO

Where are those villains? What, there's no man at the door to help me off my horse and take him to the stable! Where are Nathaniel, Gregory, and Philip?

ALL SERVINGMEN

Here, here, sir! Here, sir!

PETRUCHIO

"Here, sir! Here, sir! Here, sir! Here, sir!" You blockheaded servants! What, I'll get no service from you? No respect? No duty? Where is the foolish villain I sent ahead of me?

GRUMIO

Here, sir, and just as foolish as I was before.

PETRUCHIO

You stupid bumpkin! You bastard workhorse drudge! Didn't I tell you to meet me outside and bring these idiot rascals along with you?

GRUMIO

Nathaniel's coat wasn't ready, sir, and Gabriel's shoes didn't have the proper pattern on them. Peter's hat was the wrong color, and Walter's dagger needed a sheathe. The only ones properly dressed were Adam, Rafe, and Gregory. The rest looked like ragged old beggars. But here they are sir, and they've come as they are to greet you.

PETRUCHIO

Go, idiots, go, and fetch me my supper.

[The servants exit.]

*(singing) Where is the life I used to lead? Where are those—
Sit down, Kate, and make yourself welcome.—Food, food,
food, food!*

[Servants enter with supper.]

Now, I say!—Be happy, good sweet Kate.—Get my boots off, you rogues! You villains, *now!*

(singing)

It was the friar in robes of gray,

Who walked along on his way:

(a servant tries to take off PETRUCHIO's boots)—Damn you,

you rogue! You're twisting my foot off! Take that, and do better with the other one. *(he strikes the servant)* Be happy, Kate.—Bring some water here, hey! Where's my spaniel Troilus? Boy, go tell my cousin Ferdinand to come here.

[A servant exits.]

He's someone you must get to know, Kate.—Where are my slippers? Can I get some water please?

[A servant enters with water.]

Come, Kate, and wash, and make yourself at home.—You bastard villain! Are you really going to spill it? *(he strikes the servant)*

KATHERINE

Calm down, please! It was an accident.

PETRUCHIO

He's a stupid, blockheaded, flap-eared son of a bitch!—Come, Kate, sit down. I know you must be hungry. Will you say grace, sweet Kate, or should I?—What's this? Mutton?

FIRST SERVANT

Yes.

PETRUCHIO

And who brought it?

PETER

I did.

PETRUCHIO

It's burnt, and so is all the rest of the meat. These servant dogs! Where is the rascal cook? You villains, how dare you

bring me this meat when you know I don't like it overcooked? There, take it back, plates, cups, and all! *(he throws the meat and everything else around the stage)* You careless morons and ignorant slaves! What, are you grumbling? I'll deal with you right now.

[Servants exit.]

KATHERINE

Please, husband, don't be so upset. The meat was fine, if you would have accepted it.

PETRUCHIO

I tell you, Kate, it was burnt and dried up. I'm expressly forbidden from eating meat like that, for it creates choler and makes me angry *(Editor's note: "Choler" was thought to be a substance in the human body that produced anger. Roast meat supposedly produced choler, so it was to be avoided by temperamental people.)*. It's probably better that we should go hungry, since we're both hotheaded and temperamental, than that we should eat such overcooked meat. Be patient—it'll get fixed tomorrow. For tonight we'll just go without food. Come, I'll bring you to your bridal bedroom.

[They exit.]

[Several servants enter from different doors.]

NATHANIEL

Peter, did you ever see the likes of this?

PETER

He subdues her by acting like her.

[CURTIS enters.]

GRUMIO

Where is he?

CURTIS

In her room, preaching to her about self-control. He rants and rails and swears so much that she, poor soul, doesn't know which way to stand, look, or speak, so she just sits like someone who's woken up from a dream. But go, go, he's coming!

[They exit.]

[PETRUCHIO enters.]

PETRUCHIO

I've begun my reign in this cunning way, and I hope to end up successful. My falcon is now hungry and unfed, and she won't be allowed to eat until she submits to my authority. Otherwise she'll just ignore my bait. And I also have another plan to tame my wild hawk, to make her come and recognize her owner's call—that is, I'll keep her from sleeping, just like trainers do with falcons that flap and flutter and won't be obedient. She ate no food today, and she'll have none. She got no sleep last night, and she'll get none tonight. Just like I did with the meat, I'll make up some problem with the way the bed is made, and throw around the pillow, the cushion, the blanket, and the sheets. Yes, and I'll pretend that I'm making all this fuss for *her* sake. The conclusion will be that she'll stay awake all night, and if she starts to nod off, I'll scold and argue and keep her awake with my yelling. This is how to kill a wife with kindness, and in this way I'll curb her wild and headstrong nature. If anyone knows a better way to tame a shrew, let him speak up now. I'd appreciate the help.

[He exits.]

Act 4, Scene 2

[TRANIO (disguised as LUCENTIO) and HORTENSIO (disguised as LITIO) enter.]

TRANIO

(as *LUCENTIO*) Is it possible, friend Litio, that Bianca could prefer another man over me? I tell you, sir, she's been very encouraging to me.

HORTENSIO

(as *LITIO*) Sir, to prove to you what I've said, stand by right here and watch how this fellow teaches her. (*they stand off to one side*)

[BIANCA enters with LUCENTIO (disguised as CAMBIO).]

LUCENTIO

(as *CAMBIO*) Now, mistress, have you been making progress in your studies?

BIANCA

What are *you* studying, teacher? First answer me that.

LUCENTIO

(as *CAMBIO*) I study what I teach—*The Art of Love* (Editor's note: "*The Art of Love*" (*Ars Amandi*) was a book of poetic instructions in seduction and relationship advice from the Roman poet Ovid.).

BIANCA

And may you prove, sir, to be a master of your art.

LUCENTIO

(as *CAMBIO*) While you, sweet dear, prove to be the mistress of my heart!

HORTENSIO

(as *LITIO*) How quickly he earns his degree! Now tell me, please, what just happened? I thought you swore that your mistress Bianca loved no one in the world better than Lucentio.

TRANIO

(as *LUCENTIO*) Oh spiteful love! Faithless womankind! I tell you, Litio, it's incredible!

HORTENSIO

Let me reveal myself. I am not Litio, and not a musician either. I refuse to continue with this disguise for the sake of a woman who would choose a low-class scoundrel over a gentleman like me. Know, sir, that I am called Hortensio.

TRANIO

(as *LUCENTIO*) Sir Hortensio, I've often heard of your sincere affection for Bianca, and now that I've seen with my own eyes that she is unfaithful, I will join you, if you like, in rejecting Bianca and her love forever.

HORTENSIO

See how they kiss and flirt! Sir Lucentio, take my hand. I firmly vow to stop wooing her forever. I reject her as a woman unworthy of all the time and money I have so foolishly flattered her with.

TRANIO

And I now make the same oath, never to marry her even if she begs me. Damn her! See how lustfully she flirts with him!

HORTENSIO

I wish all the world but him would reject her, so she'd have only that poor schoolteacher to accept her as a wife! But as for me, I will surely keep my promise. I plan to marry a

wealthy widow before three days have passed. She's been in love with me for as long as I've been pursuing this proud, disdainful vixen. And so farewell, Sir Lucentio. From now on, kindness in women, not their beauty, will win my love. And so I bid you farewell, and am resolved to keep my promise.

[He exits.]

TRANIO

Miss Bianca, may you be blessed with all the good fortune you deserve! No, I've caught you napping, my dear. Both Hortensio and I have rejected you.

BIANCA

Surely not, Tranio! But have you both really given me up?

TRANIO

Mistress, we have.

LUCENTIO

Then we've gotten rid of Litio.

TRANIO

Yes, now he'll have a lively widow for himself. He claims he'll woo her and marry her in a day.

BIANCA

God give him joy!

TRANIO

Yes, and he'll tame her.

BIANCA

Did he say that, Tranio?

TRANIO

Well, he's gone off to the taming school.

BIANCA

The taming school? What, is there such a place?

TRANIO

Yes, mistress, and Petruchio is the headmaster. He teaches plenty of tricks to tame a shrew and her chattering tongue.

[BIONDELLO enters.]

BIONDELLO

Oh master, master, I've been watching for so long that I'm dog-tired, but at last I spied a good old fellow coming down the hill. He'll work for our purpose.

TRANIO

Who is he, Biondello?

BIONDELLO

Master, I'm not sure if he's a merchant or a schoolmaster, but he's well-dressed and looks old and respectable enough to be Lucentio's father.

LUCENTIO

And what will you do with him, Tranio?

TRANIO

If he's gullible and believes my story, then I'll make him happy to pretend to be Vincentio and vouch for you to Baptista Minola, just as if he were the real Vincentio. Take your sweetheart and leave this to me.

[LUCENTIO and BIANCA exit.]

[A MERCHANT enters.]

MERCHANT

Hello and God bless you, sir.

TRANIO

(as LUCENTIO) And you too, sir. Welcome. Are you going farther, or is this your destination?

MERCHANT

Sir, this is my destination for a week or two, but then I'll go on as far as Rome, and then to Tripoli, if God is willing.

TRANIO

(as LUCENTIO) Where are you from, if I might ask?

MERCHANT

From Mantua.

TRANIO

(as LUCENTIO) Mantua, sir? God forbid! And you've come to Padua? Are you so careless with your life?

MERCHANT

My life, sir! What do you mean? That sounds serious indeed.

TRANIO

It's death for anyone from Mantua to come to Padua. Don't you know why? The Duke of Padua proclaimed it openly. There's a private quarrel between him and your duke, and all the ships from Mantua are being impounded in Venice. It's amazing that you didn't know, but I guess you just arrived. Otherwise you would have heard it proclaimed all around town.

MERCHANT

Alas, sir, this is bad news for me. I have money orders from Florence, and I must deliver them here.

TRANIO

(as LUCENTIO) Well, sir, I'll do you a favor, and help you out and give you some advice. But first tell me, have you ever been to Pisa?

MERCHANT

Yes, sir, I've often been to Pisa—Pisa, famous for its serious citizens.

TRANIO

(*as LUCENTIO*) Do you know one of those citizens called Vincentio?

MERCHANT

I don't know him, but I've heard of him: a merchant of incomparable wealth.

TRANIO

(*as LUCENTIO*) He is my father, sir, and to be honest, you look a little bit like him.

BIONDELLO

(*to himself*) As much as an apple looks like an oyster, but that's no matter.

TRANIO

(*as LUCENTIO*) I'll do you this favor for his sake, and to save your life in this dangerous situation—indeed, you should consider yourself lucky that you resemble Sir Vincentio. You'll pretend to be him, assume his name and reputation, and stay at my house as a guest. Just make sure that you play your part well. Do you understand, sir? In this way you can stay until you've done your business in the city. If this is kindness, then accept it.

MERCHANT

Oh sir, I will, and I'll always consider you the savior of my life and liberty.

TRANIO

(*as LUCENTIO*) Then come with me, and we'll get everything ready. By the way, I should also tell you this: my father is expected here any day now to come vouch for me about a

widow's inheritance for my marriage. The marriage contract is between me and the daughter of a man named Baptista, who lives here. I'll instruct you about the rest of the details. Come with me, and I'll get you some new clothes.

[They exit.]

Act 4, Scene 3

[KATHERINE and GRUMIO enter.]

GRUMIO

No, no, I swear, I can't. He'd kill me.

KATHERINE

The more I suffer, the angrier he seems to get. What, did he marry me to starve me? Even beggars who come to my father's door get money when they ask for it. If not, they find charity elsewhere. But I, who never learned how to beg and never needed to beg, am starved for food and dizzy with lack of sleep, kept awake by curses and fed only with quarreling. And what vexes me more than all these troubles is that he does it all under the pretense of perfect love. He acts as if I would get sick and die right away if I were to sleep or eat. Please, go and get me some food. I don't care what it is, as long as it's filling.

GRUMIO

What do you say to an ox's foot?

KATHERINE

It sounds excellent. Please let me have it.

GRUMIO

I'm afraid that meat like that is choleric and will make you angry. What do you say to a fat cow stomach, well-broiled?

KATHERINE

I'd like that very much. Good Grumio, bring it to me.

GRUMIO

I'm not sure. I'm afraid it's choleric too. What do you say to a piece of beef with mustard?

KATHERINE

It's a dish I love to eat.

GRUMIO

Yes, but the mustard's a little too hot.

KATHERINE

Why then, the beef, and leave the mustard off.

GRUMIO

Certainly not, in that case. You'll have the mustard or else you'll get no beef from Grumio.

KATHERINE

Then both, or one, or anything you want.

GRUMIO

Why then, the mustard without the beef.

KATHERINE

Go, get out of here, you false, deceitful slave. (*she beats him*) You feed me with only the names of meats. A curse on you and the whole pack of you who rejoice in my misery! Go, get out of here, I say.

[PETRUCHIO and HORTENSIO enter with a plate of meat.]

PETRUCHIO

How is my Kate doing? What, sweetheart, why so dejected?

HORTENSIO

Mistress, how are you?

KATHERINE

Indeed, I'm as bad as can be.

PETRUCHIO

Cheer up. Give me a smile. Here, love, see how diligent I am—I've prepared your meat myself, and brought it to you. I am sure, sweet Kate, that this kindness deserves your thanks. What, not a word? Well, then I guess you don't like it, and all my work was for nothing. Here, take away this dish.

KATHERINE

Please, let it stay.

PETRUCHIO

Even the poorest service is repaid with thanks, and mine will be too, before you touch the meat.

KATHERINE

I thank you, sir.

HORTENSIO

Shame on you, Sir Petruchio, this is your fault. Come, mistress Kate, I'll join you.

PETRUCHIO

(so only HORTENSIO can hear) Do me a favor and eat it all up yourself, Hortensio.—May it do your gentle heart much good, Kate. Eat quickly. And now, my honey love, we will return to your father's house and party with the best of them, with silken coats and caps and golden rings, with ruffs and cuffs and petticoats and things, with scarves and fans and two sets of fine clothes, with amber bracelets, beads, and all such tricks. What, have you finished? The tailor is waiting to dress you in ruffled finery.

[A TAILOR enters.]

Come, tailor, let's see what you have. Lay out the gown.

[A HATMAKER enters.]

What do you want, sir?

HABERDASHER

Here is the cap your Worship asked for.

PETRUCHIO

Why, this must have been modeled on a porridge bowl! It's like a velvet dish! For shame, for shame, it's worthless and filthy! Why, it's like a cockleshell or a walnut shell, a knickknack, a trifle, a baby's cap. Take it away! Come, let me see a bigger one.

KATHERINE

I don't want a bigger one. This one agrees with the present fashion, and all gentlewomen wear caps like this.

PETRUCHIO

Well, when you are gentle you can have one too, and not before.

HORTENSIO

(to himself) That won't be anytime soon.

KATHERINE

Why, sir, I trust that I'm allowed to speak, and speak I will. I am not a child or an infant. Better men than you have heard me speak my mind, and if you cannot endure it, then you'd better stop up your ears. My tongue must express the anger of my heart, or else my heart will burst with trying to contain it all. So I will speak as freely as I like, no matter what.

PETRUCHIO

Why, you're right. It is a puny little cap, a tart crust, a plaything, a silken pie. I love you more for not liking it.

KATHERINE

Whether you love me or love me not, I like the cap, and I will have it, or I'll have nothing.

[The HATMAKER exits.]

PETRUCHIO

Now, your gown? Why, yes. Come, tailor, let us see it. God have mercy! What is this costume? What's this, a sleeve? It's more like a cannon. What, you've carved it like an apple tart all over? A snip here and a nip there, a cut here and a slash there—it's like a sieve! What in the hell do you call this, tailor?

HORTENSIO

(to himself) I see that she's likely to have neither a cap nor a gown.

TAILOR

You told me to make it properly and well, according to the current fashions.

PETRUCHIO

Indeed I did. But if you remember, I didn't tell you to make it a mockery of the current fashions. Go on, hop on home, for you must hop without my money, sir. I want nothing to do with this. Get out of here, and do whatever you want with it.

KATHERINE

I never saw a better-made gown, or one more elegant, pleasing, and praiseworthy. It seems like you're trying to make a plaything out of me.

PETRUCHIO

Why, exactly! That tailor intends to make a plaything out of you.

TAILOR

She says *you*, your Worship, intend to make a plaything out of her.

PETRUCHIO

Oh monstrous arrogance! You lie, you thread, you thimble, you puny measurement! You flea, you louse egg, you winter cricket! Defied in my own house by a spool of thread? Away with you, you rag, you fragment, you remnant, or I'll use your own yardstick against you until you'll think twice about talking again for the rest of your life! I tell you that you've ruined her gown.

TAILOR

Your Worship is deceived. The gown is made just as my master directed me to make it. Grumio gave the order for how it should be done.

GRUMIO

I gave him no order. I gave him the material.

TAILOR

But how did you want it to be made?

GRUMIO

Well, sir, with needle and thread.

TAILOR

But didn't you want to have it cut, too?

GRUMIO

You've faced (*Editor's note: "Faced" means "trimmed."*) many things, haven't you?

TAILOR

I have.

GRUMIO

Well don't try to face off with me. You have braved many men, but don't try to brave me (*Editor's note: To "brave" means both to "dress in fine clothes" and to "defy."*). I tell you, I asked your master to cut out the gown, but I didn't ask him to cut it to pieces. Therefore, you're a liar.

TAILOR

Why, here is the order as evidence.

[He holds up a paper.]

PETRUCHIO

Read it.

GRUMIO

The note is a low note and a liar, if it says I said so.

TAILOR

(*reading*) "First, a loose-bodied gown—"

GRUMIO

Master, if I ever said "loose-bodied gown (*Editor's note: Loose-bodied gowns were fashionable at the time, but were also worn by prostitutes. The point is that there is nothing wrong with the gown, but Grumio makes it seem scandalous.*).," you can sew me into the skirts of it and beat me to death with a ball of brown thread. I said "a gown."

PETRUCHIO

Go on.

TAILOR

(*reading*) "With a flared half-circle cape—"

GRUMIO

I admit to ordering the cape.

TAILOR

(reading) "With a large, wide sleeve—"

GRUMIO

I admit to two sleeves.

TAILOR

(reading) "The sleeves elaborately cut."

PETRUCHIO

Ah, there's the problem.

GRUMIO

Error in the bill, sir, error in the bill! I said that the sleeves should be cut out and sewed up again, and I'll prove it by defeating you in combat, even if your little finger is armed with a thimble.

TAILOR

What I say is the truth: and if I had you in the right place, I'd prove it to you.

GRUMIO

I'm ready for you right now. You take the bill *(Editor's note: He means the bill ordering the gown, but "bill" was also a word for a weapon called a halberd.)*, give me the yardstick, and do your worst!

HORTENSIO

God have mercy, Grumio! Then he'll have no chance.

PETRUCHIO

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

GRUMIO

You're right, sir. It's for my mistress.

PETRUCHIO

Go, take it away and let your master use it however he wants.

GRUMIO

Villain, not on your life! Take off my mistress's gown for your master's use!

PETRUCHIO

Why, sir, what do you mean by that?

GRUMIO

Oh, sir, the meaning is deeper than you think. Take off my mistress's gown for his master's use! Oh, shameful, shameful, shameful!

PETRUCHIO

(so only HORTENSIO can hear) Hortensio, tell the tailor that you'll make sure he gets paid. *(to TAILOR)* Go, take it away. Begone, and don't say anything more.

HORTENSIO

(so only the TAILOR can hear) Tailor, I'll pay you for your gown tomorrow. Don't take his rudeness to heart. Go then, I say. Give my regards to your master.

[The TAILOR exits.]

PETRUCHIO

Well, come on then, my Kate. We'll just go on to your father's house dressed in our plain, respectable clothes. Our purses will be proud and our clothes will be poor. It's the mind that makes the body rich, after all, and just as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds, so honor can be seen through even the lowliest attire. What, is the jay more precious than the lark because his feathers are more beautiful? Or is the poisonous snake better than the eel because his patterned scales please the eye? Certainly not, good Kate. Therefore you aren't any less precious because

of your poor clothes and lowly attire. If you consider it shameful, then lay the shame on me. So cheer up! We will go now to feast and party at your father's house. *(to GRUMIO)* Go, call my men, and let's go right away. And bring our horses to the end of Long Lane. We'll walk there on foot and then mount up. Let's see, I think it's now about seven o'clock, so we might get there by lunchtime.

KATHERINE

I dare say, sir, that it's almost two, and it will be dinnertime before we get there.

PETRUCHIO

It will be seven o'clock before I'll get on any horse. Whatever I say, or do, or think, you are still contradicting it. Sirs, never mind. I won't go today. I won't go until it is the time that I say it is.

HORTENSIO

(to himself) Why, this gentleman wants to command even the sun.

[They all exit.]

Act 4, Scene 4

[TRANIO (disguised as LUCENTIO) enters with the MERCHANT, who is dressed like VINCENTIO.]

TRANIO

(as LUCENTIO) Sir, this is the house. Do you want me to knock?

MERCHANT

Yes, of course. Unless I'm mistaken, Sir Baptista might remember me, Sir Vincentio, from when we both stayed at the Pegasus in Genoa nearly twenty years ago.

TRANIO

(as LUCENTIO) Very good. Now keep playing your part, and act as respectable as a father should.

MERCHANT

I swear I will.

[BIONDELLO enters.]

But sir, here comes your boy. He needs to learn his lines.

TRANIO

(as LUCENTIO) Don't worry about him.—Biondello, boy, now play your part well. Imagine this is the real Vincentio.

BIONDELLO

Ha, don't worry about me.

TRANIO

(as LUCENTIO) But have you delivered the message to Baptista?

BIONDELLO

I told him that your father was in Venice, and that you expected him in Padua today.

TRANIO

(*as LUCENTIO*) You're a fine fellow. Here, have a drink on me. (*giving BIONDELLO some money*)

[BAPTISTA and LUCENTIO enter.]

Here comes Baptista. Look appropriately serious, sir.

[The MERCHANT takes off his cap.]

Sir Baptista, it's good to see you.—(*to the MERCHANT*) Sir, this is the gentleman I told you about. Please, be a good father to me now. Give me Bianca for my inheritance.

MERCHANT

(*as VINCENTIO*) Quiet, son.—Sir, if I may—Having come to Padua to collect some debts, my son Lucentio made me aware of a serious love between your daughter and himself. Because of the good reports I've heard about you, and for the sake of the love between your daughter and my son, I won't delay—I am glad to have him matched. And if you also approve of the marriage, then you'll find me ready and willing to consent to your daughter's betrothal. I won't be fussy about details with you, Sir Baptista, for I respect you.

BAPTISTA

Sir, pardon me for what I have to say. I like your plainness and honesty. It is indeed true that your son Lucentio here loves my daughter, and she loves him—unless they're both good at pretending. Therefore, if you have nothing else to say, and agree that you will treat your son as a father should and settle on a sufficient widow's inheritance for my daughter, then the match is made, and all's done. Your son will marry my daughter with my consent.

TRANIO

(*as LUCENTIO*) I thank you, sir. Where would be the best place to get officially betrothed and make the necessary guarantees to settle this business?

BAPTISTA

Not in my house, Lucentio, for you know that I have many servants who might eavesdrop, and "little pitchers have big ears," as they say. Besides, old Gremio is always hanging around and listening, so we might be interrupted.

TRANIO

(*as LUCENTIO*) Then let's go to my lodging, if you'd like. That's where my father is staying, and tonight we can complete our transactions privately there. Send your servant for Bianca. My boy will fetch the notary right away. The only bad thing is that with such short notice, we'll only be able to offer you a small meal.

BAPTISTA

That sounds good to me.—Cambio, hurry home and tell Bianca to get ready right away. And, if you want to, tell her what has happened: Lucentio's father has come to Padua, and now she's likely to be Lucentio's wife.

[LUCENTIO exits.]

BIONDELLO

With all my heart I pray to the gods that she will!

TRANIO

(*as LUCENTIO*) Don't worry about the gods. Go on about your business.—Signor Baptista, should I lead the way? Welcome! We'll only have one course to feed you, but we'll make up for it in Pisa. Come, sir.

BAPTISTA

I'll follow you.

[TRANIO, the MERCHANT, and BAPTISTA exit.]

BIONDELLO

Cambio.

LUCENTIO

What is it, Biondello?

BIONDELLO

Did you see my master winking and laughing at you?

LUCENTIO

What about it, Biondello?

BIONDELLO

Well, nothing. But he left me here behind to explain the meaning of his signs and signals.

LUCENTIO

Please, explain them.

BIONDELLO

It's like this: Baptista is safely taken care of. He's talking with the pretend father of the pretend son.

LUCENTIO

And what else?

BIONDELLO

You're to bring his daughter to the supper.

LUCENTIO

And then?

BIONDELLO

The old priest at Saint Luke's Church is at your service at all hours.

LUCENTIO

And what of all this?

BIONDELLO

I'm not sure, except that they are busy with some pretend betrothal agreement. Go get your exclusive rights to that girl. Go to the church and take a priest, a clerk, and some honest-enough witnesses. If this isn't what you've been waiting for, then I have nothing more to say—but bid Bianca farewell forever.

LUCENTIO

Do you hear, Biondello—

BIONDELLO

I can't linger. I once knew a girl who was married in an afternoon as she went out to the garden for parsley to stuff a rabbit. It may happen to you too, sir. And so farewell, sir. My master instructed me to go to Saint Luke's and tell the priest to be ready in anticipation of your arrival with your new better half.

[He exits.]

LUCENTIO

I may, and I will, if she agrees. She will be pleased. Then why am I doubtful? What will be will be. I'll just be honest and straightforward with her. But it will be hard for "Cambio" if he loses her.

[He exits.]

Act 4, Scene 5

[PETRUCHIO, KATHERINE, HORTENSIO, and servants enter.]

PETRUCHIO

Come on, in God's name, let's continue on to your father's house. Good Lord, the moon is so bright and beautiful tonight!

KATHERINE

The moon? That's the sun! There's no moonlight now.

PETRUCHIO

I say it's the moon that shines so bright.

KATHERINE

I know it's the sun that shines so bright.

PETRUCHIO

Now, I swear by my mother's son, and that's myself, it will be the moon, or a star, or whatever I want it to be before I'll journey on to your father's house. *(to servants)* Go on, bring our horses back again.—I'm constantly contradicted and contradicted, nothing but contradicted!

HORTENSIO

(to KATHERINE) Say what he wants you to say, or we'll never go.

KATHERINE

Let's keep going, please, since we've come so far already. And it can be the moon, or the sun, or whatever you like. If you want to call it a tea candle, then I swear it will be a tea candle to me from now on.

PETRUCHIO

I say it is the moon.

KATHERINE

I know it is the moon.

PETRUCHIO

No, you're a liar. It's the blessed sun.

KATHERINE

Then God be blessed, it's the blessed sun. But it's not the sun when you say it isn't, and the moon changes with your mind (*Editor's note: Katherine is submitting to Petruchio and agreeing with him, but also subtly mocking him. Lunatics were thought to be controlled by the changes of the moon, and here she associates Petruchio's fickle egotism with insanity and the moon.*). Whatever you name it, that's what the thing is, and so it will always be for Katherine.

HORTENSIO

Petruchio, let's go on. You've won the war.

PETRUCHIO

Well, forward, forward then! This is how things should go, smooth and straight. But wait! Someone's coming.

[VINCENTIO enters.]

(*to VINCENTIO*) Good morning, gentle mistress, where are you off to?—Tell me, sweet Kate, and be honest, have you ever seen a prettier, healthier-looking young lady? See how the shades of white and red do battle with each other in her cheeks! And what stars in heaven sparkle with as much beauty as the two eyes in that heavenly face?—Fair lovely maid, once more I say good day to you.—Sweet Kate, embrace her for her beauty's sake.

HORTENSIO

(to himself) He'll make the man go crazy, pretending that he's a woman.

KATHERINE

Young budding virgin, fair and fresh and sweet, where are you off to, and where is your home? Happy are the parents of such a fair child. And happier the man whose destiny is to share your bed!

PETRUCHIO

Why, what's going on, Kate! I hope you haven't gone crazy. This is a man—old, wrinkled, faded, and withered—not a girl, as you say he is.

KATHERINE

Pardon me, sir! My eyes were so blinded by the sun that everything I see looks young and fresh. But now I can see that you're a respectable old gentleman. Pardon me, please, for my crazy mistake.

PETRUCHIO

Do pardon her, good old grandfather, and also tell us which way you're traveling. If you're going the same way we are, we'd be glad to have your company.

VINCENTIO

Well, fair sir, and you, my cheerful mistress, you've surprised me with your strange behavior, but know that my name is Vincentio, my home is Pisa, and I am headed for Padua. I'm going to visit a son of mine whom I haven't seen in a long time.

PETRUCHIO

What is his name?

VINCENTIO

Lucentio, gentle sir.

PETRUCHIO

What a happy coincidence, and even happier for your son. I can now call you "father" legally, and not just as a term of respect for your age. This gentlewoman here is my wife, and her sister is now married to your son. Don't be amazed or upset. His wife has a good reputation, a wealthy dowry, and a noble bloodline. She has all the qualities that would make her a worthy spouse for any noble gentleman. Now let me embrace you, Vincentio, and then we'll go out of our way to see your honest son. He'll be overjoyed at your coming.

VINCENTIO

But is all this true? Or are you just having fun, like witty travelers, and playing jokes on people you meet on the way?

HORTENSIO

I assure you, father, it's true.

PETRUCHIO

Come along with us and you'll see the truth for yourself, if our initial joke has made you suspicious.

[Everyone exits except for HORTENSIO.]

HORTENSIO

Well, Petruchio, this has been encouraging to me. I'll go to my widow now, and if she's stubborn, you've taught me how to tame her—by being even more difficult than she is.

[He exits.]

Act 5, Scene 1

[BIONDELLO, LUCENTIO, and BIANCA enter. GREMIO is already onstage, and doesn't see them.]

BIONDELLO

Quietly and quickly, sir. The priest is ready.

LUCENTIO

I'm hurrying, Biondello. But they might need you at home, so you go back.

[LUCENTIO and BIANCA exit.]

BIONDELLO

No, I'll see you safely to the church, and then I'll hurry back to my master's.

[He exits.]

GREMIO

I'm surprised Cambio hasn't come by in all this time.

[PETRUCHIO, KATHERINE, VINCENTIO, and GRUMIO enter, with attendants.]

PETRUCHIO

Sir, here's the door. This is Lucentio's house. My father-in-law's house lies closer to the marketplace. That's where I'm off to, and here I leave you, sir.

VINCENTIO

You must have a drink before you go. I think I can welcome you on my son's behalf, and it's likely that some entertainment is being prepared anyway.

[He knocks.]

GREMIO

They're busy inside. You'd better knock louder.

[The MERCHANT looks out the window.]

MERCHANT

(as VINCENTIO) Who's that trying to break down the door?

VINCENTIO

Is Sir Lucentio inside, sir?

MERCHANT

(as VINCENTIO) He's inside, sir, but he can't be bothered right now.

VINCENTIO

What if a man were to bring him a couple hundred pounds to have fun with?

MERCHANT

(as VINCENTIO) Keep your hundred pounds to yourself. He won't need anything as long as I'm alive.

PETRUCHIO

(as VINCENTIO) See, I told you your son was well-loved in Padua.—*(to MERCHANT)* Do you hear me, sir? Jokes aside, please tell Sir Lucentio that his father has come from Pisa and is here at the door to speak with him.

MERCHANT

(as VINCENTIO) You lie. His father has already come to Padua, and here he is looking out the window.

VINCENTIO

Are you his father?

MERCHANT

(as *VINCENTIO*) Yes, sir, or so his mother tells me, if I can believe her.

PETRUCHIO

(to *VINCENTIO*) Why, what's going on? This is downright criminal, to take on another man's name!

MERCHANT

(as *VINCENTIO*) Arrest the villain. I believe he means to cheat someone in this city while pretending to be me.

[*BIONDELLO* enters.]

BIONDELLO

(to *himself*) Now I've seen them go into the church together. May God give them a good marriage! But who's this here? My old master Vincentio! Now everything's ruined! It was all for nothing.

VINCENTIO

(to *BIONDELLO*) Come here, you villain.

BIONDELLO

I don't *have* to obey you, sir.

VINCENTIO

Come here, you rogue! What, have you forgotten me?

BIONDELLO

Forgotten you! No, sir. I could not forget you, for I've never seen you before in my life.

VINCENTIO

What, you foul villain, did you never see your master's father, Vincentio?

BIONDELLO

What, my respectable old master? Yes, of course, sir. There he is, looking out the window.

VINCENTIO

Is that so.

[He beats BIONDELLO.]

BIONDELLO

Help, help, help! There's a madman trying to murder me!

[He exits.]

MERCHANT

(as VINCENTIO) Help, son! Help, Sir Baptista!

[He exits from above.]

PETRUCHIO

Come on, Kate, let's stand aside and see how all this controversy turns out.

[They draw back.]

[The MERCHANT enters below, with TRANIO (as LUCENTIO), BAPTISTA, and servants.]

TRANIO

(as LUCENTIO) Sir, who are you that you would presume to beat my servant?

VINCENTIO

Who am I, sir! No, who are *you*, sir? By the immortal gods! Oh, you complete villain! A silken jacket, velvet hose, a scarlet cloak, and a tall hat! Oh, I'm ruined, I'm ruined! While I played the thrifty father at home, my son and my servant have spent all my money at the university.

TRANIO

(as LUCENTIO) What's going on, what's the matter?

BAPTISTA

What, is the man a lunatic?

TRANIO

(as LUCENTIO) Sir, from your clothes you seem to be a wise, respectable old gentleman, but your words show you to be a madman. Why, sir, what is it to you if I should wear pearls and gold? Thanks to my good father, I can afford it.

VINCENTIO

Your father! Oh you villain! Your father is a sailmaker in Bergamo.

BAPTISTA

You're mistaken, sir, you're mistaken. Please tell me, what do you think his name is?

VINCENTIO

His name! As if I didn't know his name! I raised him ever since he was three years old, and his name is Tranio.

MERCHANT

(as VINCENTIO) Away with you, mad fool! His name is Lucentio, my only son, and heir to all the lands owned by me, Vincentio.

VINCENTIO

Lucentio! Oh, he's murdered his master! Arrest him, I charge you in the Duke's name. Oh my son, my son! Tell me, you villain, where is my son Lucentio?

TRANIO

(as LUCENTIO) Call an officer.

[An officer enters.]

Take this mad fool to the jail.—Father Baptista, make sure that he's ready to appear in court when he's called.

VINCENTIO

Take me to the jail?

GREMIO

Wait, officer. He won't go to prison.

BAPTISTA

Be quiet, Sir Gremio. I say he will go to prison.

GREMIO

Be careful, Sir Baptista, or else you'll be tricked by this business. I would dare to swear that this is the real Vincentio.

MERCHANT

(as VINCENTIO) Swear, if you dare.

GREMIO

No, I won't really dare to swear it.

TRANIO

(as LUCENTIO) Then you'd better say that I'm not really Lucentio.

GREMIO

No, I know you're Sir Lucentio.

BAPTISTA

Away with this old fool! Take him to the jail!

VINCENTIO

This is how strangers are mistreated and abused!—Oh you monstrous villain!

[BIONDELLO enters with LUCENTIO and BIANCA.]

BIONDELLO

Oh! There he is, and we're ruined! Deny him, swear that you don't know him, or else we're completely undone.

[BIONDELLO, TRANIO, and the MERCHANT exit as fast as they can.]

[LUCENTIO and BIANCA kneel.]

LUCENTIO

Forgive me, sweet father.

VINCENTIO

Is my sweet son alive?

BIANCA

Forgive me, dear father.

BAPTISTA

Why, what have you done wrong? Where is Lucentio?

LUCENTIO

Here is Lucentio, the real son of the real Vincentio. I've made your daughter mine by marriage while you were hoodwinked by false appearances.

GREMIO

A conspiracy, a total conspiracy, that deceived us all!

VINCENTIO

Where is that damned villain Tranio, who bullied and defied me about this?

BAPTISTA

Why, tell me though, isn't this my daughter's tutor Cambio?

BIANCA

Cambio is changed into Lucentio.

LUCENTIO

Love performed these miracles. Bianca's love made me trade my identity with Tranio, while he pretended to be me in the town. And now at last I've arrived happily at the blissful conclusion of my endeavors. Whatever Tranio did, I commanded him to do. So pardon him, sweet father, for my sake.

VINCENTIO

No, I'll slit the nose of that villain who tried to send me to jail.

BAPTISTA

But is this true, sir, that you've married my daughter without asking for my consent?

VINCENTIO

Don't worry, Baptista, we will satisfy you. You'll see. But I will go inside and get some revenge for this villainy.

[He exits.]

BAPTISTA

And I will too, to see how deep this villainy goes.

[He exits.]

LUCENTIO

Don't look so pale, Bianca. Your father won't be angry with you.

[LUCENTIO and BIANCA exit.]

GREMIO

I'm all out of luck, but I'll go in with the rest. The only thing I can hope for now is a share of the feast.

[He exits.]

KATHERINE

Husband, let's follow them and see how all this turns out.

PETRUCHIO

First kiss me, Kate, and then we will.

KATHERINE

What, in the middle of the street?

PETRUCHIO

What, are you ashamed of me?

KATHERINE

No sir, God forbid, but I am ashamed to kiss.

PETRUCHIO

Well then, let's go on back home again. *(to GRUMIO)* Come, fellow, let's go.

KATHERINE

No, I'll give you a kiss. *(kisses him)* Now please, love, stay.

PETRUCHIO

Isn't this nice? Come, my sweet Kate. Better late than never, for never's too late.

[They exit.]

Act 5, Scene 2

[BAPTISTA, VINCENTIO, GREMIO, the MERCHANT, LUCENTIO, BIANCA, PETRUCHIO, KATHERINE, HORTENSIO, the WIDOW, TRANIO, BIONDELLO, and GRUMIO enter, with servants bringing in desserts.]

LUCENTIO

It's taken a long time, but at last we've all been reconciled. Now that the raging war is over, it's time to smile at our past dangers and escapes. My fair Bianca, bid my father welcome, while I with equal kindness welcome yours. Brother Petruchio, Sister Katherina, and you, Hortensio, with your loving widow, feast with the best of them, and welcome to my house. This dessert is to close up our stomachs—and any hard feelings—after our great feast. Please, sit down, for now we sit to chat as well as to eat.

PETRUCHIO

Nothing but sit and sit, and eat and eat!

BAPTISTA

Padua can afford this pleasant lifestyle, son Petruchio.

PETRUCHIO

Padua contains nothing but what is pleasant.

HORTENSIO

For both our sakes, I hope that's true.

PETRUCHIO

Now, I swear! Hortensio fears (*Editor's note: Here this means both "is frightened of," which is how Petruchio means it, and "frightens," which is how the widow interprets it.*) his widow.

WIDOW

Don't worry, I'm not afraid of him.

PETRUCHIO

You are very sensible, but you missed my sense: I meant that Hortensio is afraid of you.

WIDOW

He who is dizzy thinks the world spins round.

PETRUCHIO

Well said.

KATHERINE

Mistress, what do you mean by that?

WIDOW

That's what I conceive of Petruchio.

PETRUCHIO

She conceives (*Editor's note: Petruchio jokes on "conceives" as "becomes pregnant."*) by me? And what does Hortensio think of that?

HORTENSIO

My widow means that that's how she understands you.

PETRUCHIO

Good job fixing that. Kiss him for that, good widow.

KATHERINE

"He who is dizzy thinks the world spins round"—Please, tell me what you meant by that.

WIDOW

Your husband, who has to live with a shrew, projects his own troubles onto my husband. And now you know my meaning.

KATHERINE

A very *mean* meaning.

WIDOW

Right, because I mean you.

KATHERINE

Indeed, but I'm not so mean compared to *you*.

PETRUCHIO

Get her, Kate!

HORTENSIO

Get her, widow!

PETRUCHIO

I'll bet you a hundred marks, my Kate will put her on her back.

HORTENSIO

That's my job.

PETRUCHIO

Spoken like a good worker! Here's to you, lad!

[He drinks to HORTENSIO.]

BAPTISTA

How does Gremio like these quick-witted folks?

GREMIO

Believe me, sir, they butt heads well.

BIANCA

Head and butt! A clever person would say your butting head had horns (*Editor's note: This is the usual joke about cuckolds having horns, though it's unclear why it's aimed at the unmarried Gremio.*).

VINCENTIO

Ah, mistress bride, has that woken you up?

BIANCA

Yes, but it hasn't frightened me. So I'll go back to sleep.

PETRUCHIO

No, you certainly won't. Now that you've gotten started, be ready for a sharp joke or two!

BIANCA

Am I the bird you're shooting at now? I'll fly to a different tree, so must follow me with your bow.—You are all welcome here. Ladies, let me lead you out.

[BIANCA, KATHERINE, and the WIDOW exit.]

PETRUCHIO

Well, she's escaped me. Sir Tranio, you also aimed at that bird, though you didn't hit her.—So here's a toast to all who have shot and missed.

TRANIO

Oh, sir, Lucentio just let me off his leash like a greyhound. I did the running, but the catch was for my master.

PETRUCHIO

A good swift answer, but also an answer for the dogs.

TRANIO

It's good, sir, that you hunted for yourself. There's a rumor that your deer has faced you down and cornered you.

BAPTISTA

Oh, oh, Petruchio! Now Tranio hits you with a good one.

LUCENTIO

I thank you for that taunt, good Tranio.

HORTENSIO

Admit it, admit, didn't that one hit close to home?

PETRUCHIO

He has wounded me a little, I confess. But since the taunt glanced off of me and kept flying, it's ten to one that it hit you two straight on.

BAPTISTA

In all seriousness though, son Petruchio, I think you have the biggest shrew of all.

PETRUCHIO

Well, I have to disagree. But let's have some proof. Each one of us should send for his wife, and whoever's wife is most obedient, and comes immediately when he sends for her, that man will win the bet we propose.

HORTENSIO

Sounds good. What's the bet?

LUCENTIO

Twenty crowns.

PETRUCHIO

Twenty crowns? I'd bet that much on my hawk or my hound, but I'd bet twenty times that on my wife.

LUCENTIO

A hundred then.

HORTENSIO

Agreed.

PETRUCHIO

It's a bet! Let's do it.

HORTENSIO

Who should begin?

LUCENTIO

I will. Go, Biondello, and tell your mistress to come to me.

BIONDELLO

I go.

[He exits.]

BAPTISTA

Son, I'll take half your bet that Bianca comes.

LUCENTIO

I don't want any halves. I'll bear it all myself.

[BIONDELLO enters.]

Well, what's the news?

BIONDELLO

Sir, my mistress says to tell you that she's busy, and she cannot come.

PETRUCHIO

What! "She's busy, and she cannot come!" Is that an answer?

GREMIO

Yes, and a kind one at that. Pray to God, sir, that your wife doesn't send you a worse one.

PETRUCHIO

I expect something better.

HORTENSIO

Biondello, boy, go and ask my wife to come to me right away.

[BIONDELLO exits.]

PETRUCHIO

Oh ho, *ask* her! Well, then she has to come.

HORTENSIO

I'm afraid that no matter what you do, sir, your wife won't let herself be *asked* for anything.

[BIONDELLO enters.]

Now, where's my wife?

>BIONDELLO

She says you must be playing some kind of joke. She will not come. She tells you to come to *her*.

PETRUCHIO

Worse and worse. She will not come! Oh, it's vile, intolerable, not to be endured!—Grumio, go to your mistress. Say that I command her to come to me.

[GRUMIO exits.]

HORTENSIO

I know what her answer will be.

PETRUCHIO

What?

HORTENSIO

She will not.

PETRUCHIO

That'll be the worse for me, and an end to the matter.

[KATHERINE enters.]

BAPTISTA

Now, by all that's holy, here comes Katherina!

KATHERINE

What is your will, sir, that you sent for me?

PETRUCHIO

Where are your sister and Hortensio's wife?

KATHERINE

They sit talking by the parlor fire.

PETRUCHIO

Go bring them here. If they refuse to come, give them a beating on my behalf to get them out here to their husbands. Go on, I say, and bring them here right away.

[KATHERINE exits.]

LUCENTIO

Here is a miracle, if we're speaking of miracles.

HORTENSIO

So it is. I wonder what it means.

PETRUCHIO

Well, it means peace, and love, and a quiet life, and authority commanding respect, and proper hierarchy, and, in brief, everything sweet and happy.

BAPTISTA

Well, may you have good fortune, good Petruchio! You've won the bet, and I'll add twenty thousand crowns to these two men's losses. It will be a new dowry for a new daughter, for indeed she is so changed that she's like a whole new woman.

PETRUCHIO

Wait, I'll win the bet even more completely, and show more signs of her obedience, her newly-created virtue and obedience.

[KATHERINE enters with BIANCA and the WIDOW.]

See, here she comes, bringing your willful wives with her as prisoners of her womanly duty. Katherine, that cap of yours doesn't look good. Take off the silly thing and throw it on the ground.

WIDOW

Lord, don't let me ever be brought to such a silly state of affairs where someone could treat me like that!

BIANCA

For shame! What kind of foolish "obedience" do you call this?

LUCENTIO

I wish your obedience was just as foolish. The wisdom of your obedience, fair Bianca, has cost me a hundred crowns since suppertime.

BIANCA

Then you're the bigger fool for betting money on my obedience.

PETRUCHIO

Katherine, I want you to tell these headstrong women what kind of obedience they owe to their lords and husbands.

WIDOW

Come on, you're joking. She won't tell us anything.

PETRUCHIO

Do it, I say, and begin with her.

WIDOW

She won't.

PETRUCHIO

I say she will.—And first begin with her.

KATHERINE

For shame, for shame! Don't furrow your brow and glare so scornfully as to try to wound the man who is your lord, your king, and your governor. It tarnishes your beauty like frost blights the meadows, and ruins your reputation like a whirlwind shaking a flower bud. In no sense whatsoever is it appropriate or pleasant. An angry woman is like a stirred-up fountain—muddy, ugly, thick, lacking beauty—and while it's in this condition, no one, not even a dry or thirsty man, will stoop to sip or touch one drop of it. Your husband is your lord, your life, your keeper, your head, your ruler, and one who cares for you. To keep you safe and comfortable he commits his body to painful labor on both sea and land, to staying awake on stormy nights and cold days at sea, while you stay at home, warm and secure. And in exchange all he asks for is love, beauty, and true obedience—too little payment for so great a debt. A woman owes her husband the same obedience that a subject owes to his prince. And when she is stubborn, peevish, sullen, sour, and not obedient to his honest will, then what is she but a foul, vicious rebel, and a cursed traitor to her loving lord? I am ashamed that women are so foolish as to declare war when they should kneel and plead for peace. I'm ashamed that they should seek rulership, supremacy, and power when they are obligated to serve, love and obey. Why else are our bodies so soft and weak and smooth, unfit for labor and trouble in the world, if not so that our soft qualities and our hearts should agree with our external parts? Come, come, you weak, willful worms! My mind was once just as arrogant as yours, my courage just as great, and my wit perhaps even better when it came to bandying words back and forth and exchanging frowns for frowns. But now I see that our swords are only straws, our strength is just as weak, and our weakness is beyond compare, so that we seem to be exactly the thing we are not. So humble your pride, for it's useless. Place your hands beneath your husband's boot as a gesture

of obedience. My hand is always ready to comfort and pleasure my husband, if he wants me to.

PETRUCHIO

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

LUCENTIO

Well, what do you know, old lad, you've done it.

VINCENTIO

It's good to hear children being obedient.

LUCENTIO

But it's unpleasant to hear women being willful.

PETRUCHIO

Come, Kate, we'll go to bed. We three are all married, but you two are done for—your wives are too disobedient. *(to LUCENTIO)* I won the wager, but you hit the white *(Editor's note: He means the white circle at the center of an archery target, or "bullseye," but Petruchio is also punning on Bianca's name, which means "white.")*. And as the winner, I now bid you good night!

[PETRUCHIO and KATHERINE exit.]

HORTENSIO

Well, go on. You've tamed a terrible shrew.

LUCENTIO

And it's a miracle, if I may say so, that she could be tamed like that.

[They all exit.]

Just the Original Play

Induction, Scene 1

[Enter SLY and HOSTESS]

SLY

I'll pheeze you, in faith.

HOSTESS

A pair of stocks, you rogue!

SLY

Y'are a baggage, the Slys are no rogues. Look in the chronicles—we came in with Richard Conqueror. Therefore *paucas pallabris*: let the world slide. Sessa!

HOSTESS

You will not pay for the glasses you have burst?

SLY

No, not a denier. Go by, Saint Jeronimy. Go to thy cold bed and warm thee.

HOSTESS

I know my remedy. I must go fetch the thirdborough.

[Exit]

SLY

Third, or fourth, or fifth borough, I'll answer him by law. I'll not budge an inch, boy. Let him come, and kindly.

[Falls asleep]

[Wind horns Enter a LORD from hunting, with his train]

LORD

Huntsman, I charge thee, tender well my hounds.
Breathe Merriman, the poor cur is embossed,
And couple Clowder with the deep-mouthed brach.
(15) Saw'st thou not, boy, how Silver made it good
At the hedge corner, in the coldest fault?
I would not lose the dog for twenty pound.

FIRST HUNTSMAN

Why, Belman is as good as he, my lord.
He cried upon it at the merest loss,
(20) And twice today picked out the dullest scent.
Trust me, I take him for the better dog.

LORD

Thou art a fool. If Echo were as fleet,
I would esteem him worth a dozen such.
But sup them well and look unto them all.
(25) Tomorrow I intend to hunt again.

FIRST HUNTSMAN

I will, my lord.

LORD

What's here? One dead, or drunk? See, doth he breathe?

SECOND HUNTSMAN

He breathes, my lord. Were he not warmed with ale,
This were a bed but cold to sleep so soundly.

LORD

(30) O monstrous beast, how like a swine he lies!
Grim death, how foul and loathsome is thine image!
Sirs, I will practice on this drunken man.
What think you: if he were conveyed to bed,
Wrapped in sweet clothes, rings put upon his fingers,
(35) A most delicious banquet by his bed,

And brave attendants near him when he wakes,
Would not the beggar then forget himself?

FIRST HUNTSMAN

Believe me, lord, I think he cannot choose.

SECOND HUNTSMAN

It would seem strange unto him when he waked.

LORD

(40) Even as a flatt'ring dream or worthless fancy.
Then take him up and manage well the jest.

Carry him gently to my fairest chamber
And hang it round with all my wanton pictures.

Balm his foul head in warm distilled waters

(45) 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

(50) Say, "What is it your Honor will command?"

Let one attend him with a silver basin

Full of rose-water and bestrewed with flowers,

Another bear the ewer, the third a diaper,

And say, "Will 't please your Lordship cool your hands?"

(55) Someone 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,

(60) 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.

FIRST HUNTSMAN

(65) My lord, I warrant you we will play our part
As he shall think by our true diligence
He is no less than what we say he is.

LORD

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

[Some servants carry out SLY. Sound trumpets]

(70) Sirrah, go see what trumpet 'tis that sounds.

[Exit Servingman]

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

[Enter SERVANT]

How now! who is it?

SERVANT

An't please your Honor, players
That offer service to your Lordship.

LORD

(75) Bid them come near.

[Enter PLAYERS]

Now, fellows, you are welcome.

PLAYERS

We thank your Honor.

LORD

Do you intend to stay with me tonight?

A PLAYER

So please your Lordship to accept our duty.

LORD

With all my heart. This fellow I remember
(80) Since once he played a farmer's eldest son.
'Twas where you wooed the gentlewoman so well.
I have forgot your name, but sure that part
Was aptly fitted and naturally performed.

A PLAYER

I think 'twas Soto that your Honor means.

LORD

(85) '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 tonight;
(90) 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,
(95) If you should smile, he grows impatient.

A PLAYER

Fear not, my lord, we can contain ourselves
Were he the veriest antic in the world.

LORD

Go, sirrah, take them to the buttery
And give them friendly welcome every one.
(100) Let them want nothing that my house affords.

[Exit one with the PLAYERS]

Sirrah, go you to Barthol'mew, my page,
And see him dressed in all suits like a lady.
That done, conduct him to the drunkard's chamber

And call him "madam," do him obeisance.
(105) Tell him from me, as he will win my love,
He bear himself with honorable action,
Such as he hath observed in noble ladies
Unto their lords, by them accomplished.
Such duty to the drunkard let him do
(110) With soft low tongue and lowly courtesy,
And say, "What is 't your Honor will command,
Wherein your lady and your humble wife
May show her duty and make known her love?"
And then with kind embracements, tempting kisses,
(115) And with declining head into his bosom,
Bid him shed tears, as being overjoyed
To see her noble lord restored to health,
Who for this seven years hath esteemed him
No better than a poor and loathsome beggar.
(120) 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.
(125) See this dispatched with all the haste thou canst:
Anon I'll give thee more instructions.

[Exit a servingman]

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,"
(130) 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]

Induction, Scene 2

[Enter aloft SLY, the drunkard, with Attendants, some with apparel, others with basin and ewer and other appurtenances, and LORD dressed as an attendant.]

SLY

For God's sake, a pot of small ale.

FIRST SERVANT

Will 't please your Lordship drink a cup of sack?

SECOND SERVANT

Will 't please your Honor taste of these conserves?

THIRD SERVANT

What raiment will your Honor wear today?

SLY

I am Christophero Sly. Call not me "Honor" nor "Lordship." I ne'er drank sack in my life. An 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.

LORD

Heaven cease this idle humor in your Honor!
Oh, that a mighty man of such descent,
Of such possessions and so high esteem,
(15) Should be infused with so foul a spirit!

SLY

What, would you make me mad? Am not I Christopher Sly,
old Sly's son of Burton Heath, by birth a peddler, by
education a cardmaker, by transmutation a bearherd, and
now by present profession a tinker? Ask Marian Hacket, the
fat alewife 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 lying'st knave in Christendom. What! I am not
bestraught! Here's—

THIRD SERVANT

O, this it is that makes your lady mourn!

SECOND SERVANT

(25) O, this is it that makes your servants droop!

LORD

Hence comes it that your kindred shuns your house,
As beaten hence by your strange lunacy.
O noble lord, bethink thee of thy birth,
Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment,
(30) And banish hence these abject lowly dreams.
Look how thy servants do attend on thee,
Each in his office ready at thy beck.
Wilt thou have music? Hark! Apollo plays,

[Music]

And twenty caged nightingales do sing:
(35) Or wilt thou sleep? We'll have thee to a couch
Softer and sweeter than the lustful bed
On purpose trimmed up for Semiramis.
Say thou wilt walk, we will bestrew the ground.
Or wilt thou ride? Thy horses shall be trapped,
(40) 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.

FIRST SERVANT

(45) Say thou wilt course. Thy greyhounds are as swift
As breathed stags, ay, fleeter than the roe.

SECOND SERVANT

Dost thou love pictures? We will fetch thee straight
Adonis painted by a running brook
And Cytherea all in sedges hid,
(50) Which seem to move and wanton with her breath,
Even as the waving sedges play with wind.

LORD

We'll show thee Io as she was a maid
And how she was beguileèd and surprised,
As lively painted as the deed was done.

THIRD SERVANT

(55) Or Daphne roaming through a thorny wood,
Scratching her legs that one shall swear she bleeds,
And at that sight shall sad Apollo weep,
So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn.

LORD

Thou art a lord, and nothing but a lord.
(60) Thou hast a lady far more beautiful
Than any woman in this waning age.

FIRST SERVANT

And till the tears that she hath shed for thee
Like envious floods o'errun her lovely face,
She was the fairest creature in the world—
(65) 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 dreamed till now?
I do not sleep: I see, I hear, I speak.
I smell sweet savors and I feel soft things.
(70) 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.

SECOND SERVANT

Will 't please your Mightiness to wash your hands?
(75) O, how we joy to see your wit restored!
O, that once more you knew but what you are!
These fifteen years you have been in a dream
Or, when you waked, so waked as if you slept.

SLY

These fifteen years! By my fay, a goodly nap.
(80) But did I never speak of all that time?

FIRST SERVANT

O, yes, my lord, but very idle words.
For though you lay here in this goodly chamber,
Yet would you say ye were beaten out of door;
And rail upon the hostess of the house,
(85) And say you would present her at the leet,
Because she brought stone jugs and no sealed quarts.
Sometimes you would call out for Cicely Hacket.

SLY

Ay, the woman's maid of the house.

THIRD SERVANT

Why, sir, you know no house nor no such maid,
(90) Nor no such men as you have reckoned up,
As Stephen Sly and old John Naps of Greece,
And Peter Turph and Henry Pimpernell,

And twenty more such names and men as these,
Which never were, nor no man ever saw.

SLY

(95) 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, with attendants]

PAGE

How fares my noble lord?

SLY

Marry, I fare well,
For here is cheer enough. Where is my wife?

PAGE

(100) 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.

SLY

I know it well.—What must I call her?

LORD

(105) "Madam."

SLY

“Alice Madam,” or “Joan Madam”?

LORD

“Madam,” and nothing else. So lords call ladies.

SLY

Madam wife, they say that I have dreamed
And slept above some fifteen year or more.

PAGE

(110) Ay, and the time seems thirty unto me,
Being all this time abandoned from your bed.

SLY

'Tis much.—Servants, leave me and her alone.
Madam, undress you and come now to bed.

PAGE

Thrice noble lord, let me entreat of you
(115) To pardon me yet for a night or two,
Or if not so, until the sun be set.
For your physicians have expressly charged,
In peril to incur your former malady,
That I should yet absent me from your bed.
(120) I hope this reason stands for my excuse.

SLY

Ay, it stands so that I may hardly tarry so long. But I would
be loath to fall into my dreams again. I will therefore tarry in
despite of the flesh and the blood.

[Enter a MESSENGER]

MESSENGER

Your Honor's players, hearing your amendment,
(125) Are come to play a pleasant comedy,
For so your doctors hold it very meet,
Seeing too much sadness hath congealed your blood,

And melancholy is the nurse of frenzy.
Therefore they thought it good you hear a play
(130) And frame your mind to mirth and merriment,
Which bars a thousand harms and lengthens life.

SLY

Marry, I will. Let them play it. Is not a comonty a
Christmas gambold or a tumbling-trick?

PAGE

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

SLY

What, household stuff?

PAGE

(135) It is a kind of history.

SLY

Well, we'll see 't. Come, madam wife, sit by my side and let
the world slip. We shall ne'er be younger.

[They sit]

Act 1, Scene 1

[Flourish. Enter LUCENTIO and his man TRANIO]

LUCENTIO

Tranio, since for the great desire I had
To see fair Padua, nursery of arts,
I am arrived for fruitful Lombardy,
The pleasant garden of great Italy,
(5) And by my father's love and leave am armed
With his goodwill and thy good company.
My trusty servant, well approved in all,
Here let us breathe and haply institute
A course of learning and ingenious studies.
(10) Pisa, renowned for grave citizens,
Gave me my being and my father first,
A merchant of great traffic through the world,
Vincentio, come of the Bentivolii.
Vincentio's son, brought up in Florence,
(15) It shall become to serve all hopes conceived
To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds.
And therefore, Tranio, for the time I study
Virtue, and that part of philosophy
Will I apply that treats of happiness
(20) By virtue specially to be achieved.
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.

TRANIO

(25) *Mi perdonato*, 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
(30) This virtue and this moral discipline,
Let's be no stoics nor no stocks, I pray,
Or so devote to Aristotle's checks
As Ovid be an outcast quite abjured.
Balk logic with acquaintance that you have,
(35) And practice rhetoric in your common talk;
Music and poesy use to quicken you;
The mathematics and the metaphysics—
Fall to them as you find your stomach serves you.
No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en.
(40) In brief, sir, study what you most affect.

LUCENTIO

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

TRANIO

Master, some show to welcome us to town.

[LUCENTIO and TRANIO stand by]

[Enter BAPTISTA, KATHERINE, BIANCA, GREMIO, and
HORTENSIO]

BAPTISTA

Gentlemen, importune me no farther,
For how I firmly am resolved you know—
(50) That is, not to bestow my youngest daughter
Before I have a husband for the elder.
If either of you both love Katherina,

Because I know you well and love you well
Leave shall you have to court her at your pleasure.

GREMIO

(55) To cart her, rather. She's too rough for me.—
There, there, Hortensio, will you any wife?

KATHERINE

(to BAPTISTA) I pray you, sir, is it your will
To make a stale of me amongst these mates?

HORTENSIO

"Mates," maid? how mean you that? No mates for you
(60) Unless you were of gentler, milder mold.

KATHERINE

I' faith, sir, you shall never need to fear.
I wis it is not halfway to her heart.
But if it were, doubt not her care should be
To comb your noddle with a three-legged stool
(65) And paint your face and use you like a fool.

HORTENSIO

From all such devils, good Lord, deliver us!

GREMIO

And me too, good Lord!

TRANIO

(70) (*aside to LUCENTIO*)
Husht, master, here's some good pastime toward.
That wench is stark mad or wonderful froward.

LUCENTIO

(*aside to TRANIO*) But in the other's silence do I see
Maid's mild behavior and sobriety.
Peace, Tranio.

TRANIO

(aside to LUCENTIO) Well said, master. Mum, and gaze your fill.

BAPTISTA

(to GREMIO and HORTENSIO)

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

KATHERINE

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

BIANCA

(80) Sister, content you in my discontent.—
Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe.
My books and instruments shall be my company,
On them to look and practice by myself.

LUCENTIO

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

HORTENSIO

(85) Signior Baptista, will you be so strange?
Sorry am I that our goodwill effects
Bianca's grief.

GREMIO

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

BAPTISTA

(90) Gentlemen, content ye. I am resolved.—
Go in, Bianca.

[Exit BIANCA]

And for I know she taketh most delight
In music, instruments, and poetry,
Schoolmasters will I keep within my house,
(95) Fit to instruct her youth. If you, Hortensio,
Or, Signior Gremio, you know any such,
Prefer them hither, for to cunning men
I will be very kind, and liberal
To mine own children in good bringing up.
(100) And so farewell.—Katherina, you may stay,
For I have more to commune with Bianca.

[Exit]

KATHERINE

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

[Exit]

GREMIO

(105) You may go to the devil's dam! Your gifts are so good
here's none will hold you.—Their love is not so great,
Hortensio, but we may blow our nails together and fast it
fairly out. Our cake's dough on both sides. Farewell. Yet for
the love I bear my sweet Bianca, if I can by any means light
on a fit man to teach her that wherein she delights, I will
wish him to her father.

HORTENSIO

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.

GREMIO

What's that, I pray?

HORTENSIO

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

GREMIO

A husband? A devil!

HORTENSIO

(120) I say a husband.

GREMIO

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?

HORTENSIO

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

GREMIO

I cannot tell. But I had as lief take her dowry with this condition: to be whipped at the high cross every morning.

HORTENSIO

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

GREMIO

I am agreed, and would I had given him the best horse in Padua to begin his wooing that would thoroughly woo her,

wed her, and bed her, and rid the house of her! Come on.

[Exeunt GREMIO and HORTENSIO]

TRANIO

(140) I pray, sir, tell me, is it possible
That love should of a sudden take such hold?

LUCENTIO

O Tranio, till I found it to be true,
I never thought it possible or likely.
But see, while idly I stood looking on,
(145) I found the effect of love in idleness
And now in plainness do confess to thee
That art to me as secret and as dear
As Anna to the Queen of Carthage was,
Tranio, I burn, I pine, I perish, Tranio,
(150) If I achieve not this young modest girl.
Counsel me, Tranio, for I know thou canst.
Assist me, Tranio, for I know thou wilt.

TRANIO

Master, it is no time to chide you now.
Affection is not rated from the heart.
(155) If love have touched you, naught remains but so:
Redime te captum quam queas minimo.

LUCENTIO

Gramercies, lad, go forward. This contents.
The rest will comfort, for thy counsel's sound.

TRANIO

Master, you looked so longly on the maid,
(160) Perhaps you marked not what's the pith of all.

LUCENTIO

Oh yes, I saw sweet beauty in her face
Such as the daughter of Agenor had,

That made great Jove to humble him to her hand
When with his knees he kissed the Cretan strand.

TRANIO

(165) Saw you no more? Marked you not how her sister
Began to scold and raise up such a storm
That mortal ears might hardly endure the din?

LUCENTIO

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

TRANIO

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

LUCENTIO

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

TRANIO

Ay, marry, am I, sir; and now 'tis plotted!

LUCENTIO

I have it, Tranio!

TRANIO

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

LUCENTIO

Tell me thine first.

TRANIO

(185) You will be schoolmaster
And undertake the teaching of the maid:
That's your device.

LUCENTIO

It is. May it be done?

TRANIO

Not possible. For who shall bear your part
And be in Padua here Vincentio's son,
(190) Keep house and ply his book, welcome his friends,
Visit his countrymen and banquet them?

LUCENTIO

Basta, content thee, for I have it full.
We have not yet been seen in any house,
Nor can we be distinguished by our faces
(195) For man or master. Then it follows thus:
Thou shalt be master, Tranio, in my stead,
Keep house and port and servants as I should.
I will some other be, some Florentine,
Some Neapolitan, or meaner man of Pisa.
(200) 'Tis hatched, and shall be so. Tranio, at once
Uncase thee. Take my colored hat and cloak.

[They exchange clothes]

When Biondello comes, he waits on thee,
But I will charm him first to keep his tongue.

TRANIO

So had you need.
(205) In brief, sir, sith it your pleasure is,
And I am tied to be obedient--

For so your father charged me at our parting,
"Be serviceable to my son," quoth he,
Although I think 'twas in another sense--
(210) I am content to be Lucentio
Because so well I love Lucentio.

LUCENTIO

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

[Enter BIONDELLO]

(215) Here comes the rogue. Sirrah, where have you been?

BIONDELLO

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

LUCENTIO

Sirrah, come hither: 'tis no time to jest,
(220) And therefore frame your manners to the time.
Your fellow Tranio here, to save my life,
Puts my apparel and my countenance on,
And I for my escape have put on his;
For in a quarrel since I came ashore
(225) I killed a man and fear I was descried.
Wait you on him, I charge you, as becomes,
While I make way from hence to save my life.
You understand me?

BIONDELLO

Aye, sir. *(aside)* Ne'er a whit.

LUCENTIO

And not a jot of "Tranio" in your mouth.
(230) Tranio is changed into Lucentio.

BIONDELLO

The better for him. Would I were so too.

TRANIO

So could I, faith, boy, to have the next wish after,
That Lucentio indeed had Baptista's youngest daughter.
But, sirrah, not for my sake, but your master's, I advise
(235) You use your manners discreetly in all kind of
companies.

When I am alone, why then I am Tranio;
But in all places else, your master Lucentio.

LUCENTIO

Tranio, let's go. One thing more rests, that thyself execute,
(240) To make one among these wooers. If thou ask me
why,
Sufficeth my reasons are both good and weighty.

[Exeunt]

[The presenters above speak]

FIRST SERVANT

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

(245) My lord, 'tis but begun.

SLY

'Tis a very excellent piece of work, madam lady. Would
'twere done.

[They sit and mark]

Act 1, Scene 2

[Enter PETRUCHIO and his man GRUMIO]

PETRUCHIO

Verona, for a while I take my leave,
To see my friends in Padua, but of all
My best belovèd and approvèd friend,
Hortensio. And I trow this is his house.
(5) Here, sirrah Grumio. Knock, I say.

GRUMIO

Knock, sir? Whom should I knock? Is there any man has
rebused your Worship?

PETRUCHIO

Villain, I say, knock me here soundly.

GRUMIO

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

PETRUCHIO

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

GRUMIO

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

PETRUCHIO

(15) Will it not be?
Faith, sirrah, an you'll not knock, I'll ring it.
I'll try how you can *sol*, *fa*, and sing it.

[He wrings him by the ears]

GRUMIO

Help, mistress, help! My master is mad.

PETRUCHIO

Now knock when I bid you, sirrah villain.

[Enter HORTENSIO]

HORTENSIO

(20) How now, what's the matter? My old friend Grumio and my good friend Petruchio? How do you all at Verona?

PETRUCHIO

Signior Hortensio, come you to part the fray?

Con tutto il cuore, ben trovato, may I say.

HORTENSIO

(25) *Alla nostra casa ben venuto, molto honorato signor mio* Petruchio.—Rise, Grumio, rise. We will compound this quarrel.

GRUMIO

Nay, 'tis no matter, sir, what he 'leges in Latin. If this be not a lawful case for me to leave his service—look you, sir: he bid me knock him and rap him soundly, sir. Well, was it fit for a servant to use his master so, being perhaps, for aught I see, two-and-thirty, a pip out?

Whom, would to God, I had well knocked at first,

Then had not Grumio come by the worst.

PETRUCHIO

A senseless villain, good Hortensio.

(35) I bade the rascal knock upon your gate
And could not get him for my heart to do it.

GRUMIO

Knock at the gate? O heavens! Spake you not these words plain: "Sirrah, knock me here, rap me here, knock me well,

and knock me soundly"? And come you now with "knocking at the gate"?

PETRUCHIO

Sirrah, begone or talk not, I advise you.

HORTENSIO

Petruchio, patience. I am Grumio's pledge.

Why, this' a heavy chance 'twixt him and you,

Your ancient, trusty, pleasant servant Grumio.

(45) And tell me now, sweet friend, what happy gale

Blows you to Padua here from old Verona?

PETRUCHIO

Such wind as scatters young men through the world

To seek their fortunes farther than at home,

Where small experience grows. But in a few,

(50) Signior Hortensio, thus it stands with me:

Antonio, my father, is deceased,

And I have thrust myself into this maze,

Happily to wive and thrive as best I may.

Crowns in my purse I have and goods at home,

(55) And so am come abroad to see the world.

HORTENSIO

Petruchio, shall I then come roundly to thee

And wish thee to a shrewd, ill-favored wife?

Thou'dst thank me but a little for my counsel;

And yet I'll promise thee she shall be rich,

(60) And very rich. But thou'rt too much my friend,

And I'll not wish thee to her.

PETRUCHIO

Signior Hortensio, 'twixt such friends as we

Few words suffice. And therefore, if thou know

One rich enough to be Petruchio's wife,

(65) As wealth is burden of my wooing dance,

Be she as foul as was Florentius' love,
As old as Sibyl and as curst and shrewd
As Socrates' Xanthippe, or a worse,
She moves me not, or not removes at least
(70) Affection's edge in me, were she as rough
As are the swelling Adriatic seas.
I come to wive it wealthily in Padua;
If wealthily, then happily in Padua.

GRUMIO

(to HORTENSIO) Nay, look you, sir, he tells you flatly what his mind is. Why, give him gold enough and marry him to a puppet or an aglet-baby, or an old trot with ne'er a tooth in her head, though she have as many diseases as two-and-fifty horses. Why, nothing comes amiss, so money comes withal.

HORTENSIO

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

PETRUCHIO

Hortensio, peace. Thou know'st not gold's effect.
(90) Tell me her father's name, and 'tis enough;
For I will board her, though she chide as loud
As thunder when the clouds in autumn crack.

HORTENSIO

Her father is Baptista Minola,
An affable and courteous gentleman.
(95) Her name is Katherina Minola,
Renowned in Padua for her scolding tongue.

PETRUCHIO

I know her father, though I know not her,
And he knew my deceased father well.
I will not sleep, Hortensio, till I see her,
(100) And therefore let me be thus bold with you
To give you over at this first encounter,
Unless you will accompany me thither.

GRUMIO

(to HORTENSIO) I pray you, sir, let him go while the humor lasts. O' my word, an she knew him as well as I do, she would think scolding would do little good upon him. She may perhaps call him half a score knaves or so. Why, that's nothing; an he begin once, he'll rail in his rope tricks. I'll tell you what sir: an she stand him but a little, he will throw a figure in her face and so disfigure her with it that she shall have no more eyes to see withal than a cat. You know him not, sir.

HORTENSIO

Tarry, Petruchio, I must go with thee,
For in Baptista's keep my treasure is.
He hath the jewel of my life in hold,
His youngest daughter, beautiful Bianca,
(115) And her withholds from me and other more,
Suitors to her and rivals in my love,
Supposing it a thing impossible,
For those defects I have before rehearsed,
That ever Katherina will be wooed.
(120) Therefore this order hath Baptista ta'en,

That none shall have access unto Bianca
Till Katherine the curst have got a husband.

GRUMIO

“Katherine the curst!”

A title for a maid of all titles the worst.

HORTENSIO

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

GRUMIO

Here’s no knavery! See, to beguile the old folks, how the
young folks lay their heads together!

[Enter GREMIO and LUCENTIO disguised as CAMBIO]

Master, master, look about you. Who goes there, ha?

HORTENSIO

(135) Peace, Grumio. It is the rival of my love.
Petruchio, stand by a while.

[PETRUCHIO, HORTENSIO, and GRUMIO stand aside]

GRUMIO

(*aside*) A proper stripling, and an amorous.

GREMIO

(*to* LUCENTIO) O, very well, I have perused the note.
Hark you, sir: I’ll have them very fairly bound,
(140) All books of love. See that at any hand,
And see you read no other lectures to her.

You understand me. Over and beside
Signior Baptista's liberality,
I'll mend it with a largess. Take your paper too.
(145) And let me have them very well perfum'd
For she is sweeter than perfume itself
To whom they go to. What will you read to her?

LUCENTIO

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

GREMIO

O this learning, what a thing it is!

GRUMIO

(aside) O this woodcock, what an ass it is!

PETRUCHIO

(155) (aside) Peace, sirrah.

HORTENSIO

(aside) Grumio, mum! God save you, Signior Gremio.

GREMIO

And you are well met, Signior Hortensio.
Trow you whither I am going? To Baptista Minola.
(160) I promised to enquire carefully
About a schoolmaster for the fair Bianca,
And by good fortune I have lighted well
On this young man, for learning and behavior
Fit for her turn, well read in poetry
(165) And other books—good ones, I warrant ye.

HORTENSIO

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

GREMIO

Beloved of me, and that my deeds shall prove.

GRUMIO

(aside) And that his bags shall prove.

HORTENSIO

Gremio, 'tis now no time to vent our love.
Listen to me, and if you speak me fair,
(175) I'll tell you news indifferent good for either.
(presenting PETRUCHIO)

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

GREMIO

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

PETRUCHIO

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

GREMIO

No? Say'st me so, friend? What countryman?

PETRUCHIO

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

GREMIO

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

PETRUCHIO

Will I live?

GRUMIO

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

PETRUCHIO

Why came I hither but to that intent?
Think you a little din can daunt mine ears?
(195) Have I not in my time heard lions roar?
Have I not heard the sea, puffed up with winds,
Rage like an angry boar chafèd with sweat?
Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,
And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies?
(200) Have I not in a pitchèd battle heard
Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets' clang?
And do you tell me of a woman's tongue
That gives not half so great a blow to hear
As will a chestnut in a farmer's fire?
(205) Tush, tush! Fear boys with bugs.

GRUMIO

For he fears none.

GREMIO

Hortensio, hark.
This gentleman is happily arrived,
My mind presumes, for his own good and ours.

HORTENSIO

(210) I promised we would be contributors
And bear his charge of wooing, whatsoe'er.

GREMIO

And so we will, provided that he win her.

GRUMIO

I would I were as sure of a good dinner.

[Enter TRANIO brave and BIONDELLO]

TRANIO

(as LUCENTIO) Gentlemen, God save you. If I may be bold,
Tell me, I beseech you, which is the readiest way
To the house of Signior Baptista Minola?

BIONDELLO

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

TRANIO

(as LUCENTIO) Even he, Biondello.

GREMIO

(220) Hark you, sir, you mean not her to—

TRANIO

(as LUCENTIO)
Perhaps him and her, sir. What have you to do?

PETRUCHIO

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

TRANIO

(as LUCENTIO) I love no chiders, sir. Biondello, let's away.

LUCENTIO

(aside) Well begun, Tranio.

HORTENSIO

Sir, a word ere you go.
(225) Are you a suitor to the maid you talk of, yea or no?

TRANIO

An if I be, sir, is it any offense?

GREMIO

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

TRANIO

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

GREMIO

But so is not she.

TRANIO

(230) For what reason, I beseech you?

GREMIO

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

HORTENSIO

That she's the chosen of Signior Hortensio.

TRANIO

Softly, my masters. If you be gentlemen,
(235) Do me this right: hear me with patience.
Baptista is a noble gentleman,
To whom my father is not all unknown,
And were his daughter fairer than she is,
She may more suitors have, and me for one.
(240) Fair Leda's daughter had a thousand wooers;
Then well one more may fair Bianca have.
And so she shall. Lucentio shall make one,
Though Paris came in hope to speed alone.

GREMIO

What! This gentleman will out-talk us all.

LUCENTIO

(245) *(as CAMBIO)* Sir, give him head; I know he'll prove a jade.

PETRUCHIO

Hortensio, to what end are all these words?

HORTENSIO

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

TRANIO

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

PETRUCHIO

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

GREMIO

Yea, leave that labor to great Hercules,
And let it be more than Alcides' twelve.

PETRUCHIO

(255) *(to TRANIO)* Sir, understand you this of me, in sooth:
The youngest daughter, whom you hearken for,
Her father keeps from all access of suitors
And will not promise her to any man
Until the elder sister first be wed.
(260) The younger then is free, and not before.

TRANIO

(as LUCENTIO) If it be so, sir, that you are the man
Must stead us all, and me amongst the rest,
And if you break the ice and do this feat,

Achieve the elder, set the younger free
(265) For our access, whose hap shall be to have her
Will not so graceless be to be ingrate.

HORTENSIO

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

TRANIO

(as LUCENTIO) 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,
(275) Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.

GRUMIO AND BIONDELLO

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

HORTENSIO

The motion's good indeed and be it so.—
Petruchio, I shall be your *ben venuto*.

[Exeunt]

Act 2, Scene 1

[Enter KATHERINE and BIANCA, her hands bound]

BIANCA

Good sister, wrong me not nor wrong yourself,
To make a bondmaid and a slave of me.
That I disdain. But for these other goods—
Unbind my hands, I'll pull them off myself,
(5) Yea, all my raiment to my petticoat,
Or what you will command me will I do,
So well I know my duty to my elders.

KATHERINE

Of all thy suitors here I charge thee tell
Whom thou lovest best. See thou dissemble not.

BIANCA

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

KATHERINE

Minion, thou liest. Is 't not Hortensio?

BIANCA

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

KATHERINE

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

BIANCA

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

[KATHERINE strikes her]

KATHERINE

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

[Enter BAPTISTA]

BAPTISTA

Why, how now, dame! whence grows this insolence?—
Bianca, stand aside.—Poor girl, she weeps!
(25) (to BIANCA) Go ply thy needle; meddle not with her.
(to KATHERINE) For shame, thou hilding of a devilish spirit!
Why dost thou wrong her that did ne'er wrong thee?
When did she cross thee with a bitter word?

KATHERINE

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

[Flies after BIANCA]

BAPTISTA

(30) What, in my sight?—Bianca, get thee in.

[Exit BIANCA]

KATHERINE

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
And, for your love to her, lead apes in hell.
(35) Talk not to me. I will go sit and weep
Till I can find occasion of revenge.

[Exit]

BAPTISTA

Was ever gentleman thus grieved as I?
But who comes here?

[Enter GREMIO, LUCENTIO in the habit of a mean man;
PETRUCHIO, with HORTENSIO as a musician; and TRANIO,
with BIONDELLO bearing a lute and books]

GREMIO

Good morrow, neighbor Baptista.

BAPTISTA

(40) Good morrow, neighbor Gremio.—God save you,
gentlemen!

PETRUCHIO

And you, good sir. Pray, have you not a daughter
Called Katherina, fair and virtuous?

BAPTISTA

I have a daughter, sir, called Katherina.

GREMIO

(45) (to PETRUCHIO) You are too blunt. Go to it orderly.

PETRUCHIO

You wrong me, Signior Gremio. Give me leave.—
I am a gentleman of Verona, sir,
That hearing of her beauty and her wit,
Her affability and bashful modesty,
(50) 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,
(55) I do present you with a man of mine,

(presenting HORTENSIO, disguised as LITIO)

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.
(60) His name is Litio, born in Mantua.

BAPTISTA

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

PETRUCHIO

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

BAPTISTA

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

PETRUCHIO

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

BAPTISTA

(70) I know him well. You are welcome for his sake.

GREMIO

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

PETRUCHIO

Oh, pardon me, Signior Gremio, I would fain be doing.

GREMIO

(75) I doubt it not, sir, but you will curse your wooing.—
(To BAPTISTA) Neighbor, this is a gift very grateful, I am sure

of it. To express the like kindness, myself, that have been more kindly beholding to you than any, freely give unto you this young scholar (*presenting LUCENTIO, disguised as CAMBIO*) that hath been long studying at Rheims, as cunning in Greek, Latin, and other languages as the other in music and mathematics. His name is Cambio. Pray accept his service.

BAPTISTA

A thousand thanks, Signior Gremio. Welcome, good Cambio. (*to TRANIO as LUCENTIO*) But, gentle sir, methinks you walk like a stranger. May I be so bold to know the cause of your coming?

TRANIO

(*as LUCENTIO*) 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.

(90) Nor is your firm resolve unknown to me, In the preferment of the eldest sister.

This liberty is all that I request, That, upon knowledge of my parentage, I may have welcome 'mongst the rest that woo

(95) And free access and favor as the rest.

And toward the education of your daughters,

I here bestow a simple instrument

And this small packet of Greek and Latin books.

(*BIONDELLO brings the gifts forward*)

If you accept them, then their worth is great.

BAPTISTA

(100) Lucentio is your name. Of whence, I pray?

TRANIO

(*as LUCENTIO*) Of Pisa, sir, son to Vincentio.

BAPTISTA

A mighty man of Pisa. By report
I know him well. You are very welcome, sir.
(*to HORTENSIO as LITIO*) Take you the lute,
(*to LUCENTIO as CAMBIO*) and you the set of books.
(105) You shall go see your pupils presently.
Holla, within!

[Enter a Servant]

Sirrah, lead these gentlemen
To my daughters, and tell them both
These are their tutors. Bid them use them well.

[Exit Servant with LUCENTIO and HORTENSIO, BIONDELLO
following]

We will go walk a little in the orchard,
(110) And then to dinner. You are passing welcome,
And so I pray you all to think yourselves.

PETRUCHIO

Signior Baptista, my business asketh haste,
And every day I cannot come to woo.
You knew my father well, and in him me,
(115) Left solely heir to all his lands and goods,
Which I have bettered rather than decreased.
Then tell me, if I get your daughter's love,
What dowry shall I have with her to wife?

BAPTISTA

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

PETRUCHIO

And, for that dowry, I'll assure her of
Her widowhood, be it that she survive me,
In all my lands and leases whatsoever.

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

BAPTISTA

Ay, when the special thing is well obtained,
That is, her love, for that is all in all.

PETRUCHIO

Why, that is nothing. For I tell you, father,
I am as peremptory as she proud-minded;
(130) 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,
(135) For I am rough and woo not like a babe.

BAPTISTA

Well mayst thou woo, and happy be thy speed.
But be thou armed for some unhappy words.

PETRUCHIO

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

[Enter HORTENSIO as LITIO, with his head broke]

BAPTISTA

(140) How now, my friend, why dost thou look so pale?

HORTENSIO

(as LITIO) For fear, I promise you, if I look pale.

BAPTISTA

What, will my daughter prove a good musician?

HORTENSIO

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

BAPTISTA

(145) Why, then thou canst not break her to the lute?

HORTENSIO

Why, no, for she hath broke the lute to me.
I did but tell her she mistook her frets,
And bowed her hand to teach her fingering,
When, with a most impatient devilish spirit,
(150) "'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,
(155) While she did call me "rascal fiddler"
And "twangling Jack"; with twenty such vile terms,
As had she studied to misuse me so.

PETRUCHIO

Now, by the world, it is a lusty wench.
I love her ten times more than e'er I did.
(160) O, how I long to have some chat with her!

BAPTISTA

(to *HORTENSIO* as *LITIO*)

Well, go with me and be not so discomfited.
Proceed in practice with my younger daughter.
She's apt to learn and thankful for good turns.
Signior Petruchio, will you go with us,
(165) Or shall I send my daughter Kate to you?

PETRUCHIO

I pray you do.

[Exeunt all but PETRUCHIO]

I'll attend her here
And woo her with some spirit when she comes.
Say that she rail; why then I'll tell her plain
She sings as sweetly as a nightingale.
(170) Say that she frown; I'll say she looks as clear
As morning roses newly washed with dew.
Say she be mute and will not speak a word;
Then I'll commend her volubility,
And say she uttereth piercing eloquence.
(175) If she do bid me pack, I'll give her thanks,
As though she bid me stay by her a week.
If she deny to wed, I'll crave the day
When I shall ask the banns and when be married.
But here she comes—and now, Petruchio, speak.

[Enter KATHERINE]

(180) Good morrow, Kate—for that's your name, I hear.

KATHERINE

Well have you heard, but something hard of hearing.
They call me Katherine that do talk of me.

PETRUCHIO

You lie, in faith, for you are called plain Kate,
And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst,
(185) But Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom,
Kate of Kate Hall, my super-dainty Kate—
For dainties are all Kates—and therefore, Kate,
Take this of me, Kate of my consolation:
Hearing thy mildness praised in every town,
(190) Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded—
Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs—
Myself am moved to woo thee for my wife.

KATHERINE

“Moved,” in good time. Let him that moved you hither
Remove you hence. I knew you at the first
You were a moveable.

PETRUCHIO

(195) Why, what’s a moveable?

KATHERINE

A joint stool.

PETRUCHIO

Thou hast hit it. Come, sit on me.

KATHERINE

Asses are made to bear, and so are you.

PETRUCHIO

Women are made to bear, and so are you.

KATHERINE

No such jade as you, if me you mean.

PETRUCHIO

(200) Alas, good Kate, I will not burden thee,
For knowing thee to be but young and light—

KATHERINE

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

PETRUCHIO

“Should be”—should buzz!

KATHERINE

Well ta'en, and like a buzzard.

PETRUCHIO

(205) O slow-winged turtle, shall a buzzard take thee?

KATHERINE

Ay, for a turtle, as he takes a buzzard.

PETRUCHIO

Come, come, you wasp. I' faith, you are too angry.

KATHERINE

If I be waspish, best beware my sting.

PETRUCHIO

My remedy is then to pluck it out.

KATHERINE

(210) Ay, if the fool could find it where it lies.

PETRUCHIO

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

KATHERINE

In his tongue.

PETRUCHIO

Whose tongue?

KATHERINE

Yours, if you talk of tales. And so farewell.

PETRUCHIO

What, with my tongue in your tail? Nay, come again,
Good Kate. I am a gentleman.

KATHERINE

(215) That I'll try.

[She strikes him]

PETRUCHIO

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

KATHERINE

So may you lose your arms.
If you strike me, you are no gentleman;
And if no gentleman, why then no arms.

PETRUCHIO

(220) A herald, Kate? Oh, put me in thy books!

KATHERINE

What is your crest? A coxcomb?

PETRUCHIO

A combless cock, so Kate will be my hen.

KATHERINE

No cock of mine. You crow too like a craven.

PETRUCHIO

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

KATHERINE

(225) It is my fashion, when I see a crab.

PETRUCHIO

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

KATHERINE

There is, there is.

PETRUCHIO

Then show it me.

KATHERINE

Had I a glass, I would.

PETRUCHIO

What, you mean my face?

KATHERINE

(230) Well aimed of such a young one.

PETRUCHIO

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

KATHERINE

Yet you are withered.

PETRUCHIO

'Tis with cares.

KATHERINE

I care not.

PETRUCHIO

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

KATHERINE

I chafe you, if I tarry. Let me go.

PETRUCHIO

(235) No, not a whit. I find you passing gentle.

'Twas told me you were rough and coy and sullen,

And now I find report a very liar.

For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous,

But slow in speech, yet sweet as springtime flowers.

(240) 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.

But thou with mildness entertain'st thy wooers,

With gentle conference, soft and affable.

(245) Why does the world report that Kate doth limp?

O slanderous world! Kate like the hazel-bud

Is straight and slender and as brown in hue

As hazel nuts, and sweeter than the kernels.

Oh, let me see thee walk! Thou dost not halt.

KATHERINE

(250) Go, fool, and whom thou keep'st command.

PETRUCHIO

Did ever Dian so become a grove
As Kate this chamber with her princely gait?
Oh, be thou Dian, and let her be Kate,
And then let Kate be chaste and Dian sportful.

KATHERINE

(255) Where did you study all this goodly speech?

PETRUCHIO

It is extempore, from my mother wit.

KATHERINE

A witty mother! Witless else her son.

PETRUCHIO

Am I not wise?

KATHERINE

Yes, keep you warm.

PETRUCHIO

Marry, so I mean, sweet Katherine, in thy bed.
(260) And therefore, setting all this chat aside,
Thus in plain terms: your father hath consented
That you shall be my wife, your dowry 'greed on,
And, will you, nill you, I will marry you.
Now, Kate, I am a husband for your turn,
(265) For, by this light, whereby I see thy beauty,
Thy beauty that doth make me like thee well,
Thou must be married to no man but me.
For I am he am born to tame you, Kate,
And bring you from a wild Kate to a Kate
(270) Conformable as other household Kates.

[Enter BAPTISTA, GREMIO, and TRANIO]

Here comes your father. Never make denial.
I must and will have Katherine to my wife.

BAPTISTA

Now, Signior Petruchio, how speed you with my daughter?

PETRUCHIO

How but well, sir? How but well?

(275) It were impossible I should speed amiss.

BAPTISTA

Why, how now, daughter Katherine? In your dumps?

KATHERINE

Call you me daughter? Now, I promise you

You have showed a tender fatherly regard

To wish me wed to one half lunatic,

(280) A madcup ruffian and a swearing Jack,

That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.

PETRUCHIO

Father, 'tis thus: yourself and all the world

That talked of her have talked amiss of her.

If she be curst, it is for policy,

(285) For she's not froward, but modest as the dove.

She is not hot, but temperate as the morn.

For patience she will prove a second Grissel,

And Roman Lucrece for her chastity.

And to conclude, we have 'greed so well together,

(290) That upon Sunday is the wedding day.

KATHERINE

I'll see thee hanged on Sunday first.

GREMIO

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

TRANIO

Is this your speeding? Nay, then, good night our part.

PETRUCHIO

Be patient, gentlemen. I choose her for myself.

(295) If she and I be pleased, what's that to you?

'Tis bargained 'twixt us twain, being alone,

That she shall still be curst in company.

I tell you, 'tis incredible to believe

How much she loves me. O, the kindest Kate!

(300) She hung about my neck, and kiss on kiss

She vied so fast, protesting oath on oath,

That in a twink she won me to her love.

O, you are novices! 'Tis a world to see,

How tame, when men and women are alone,

(305) A meacock wretch can make the curstest shrew.—

Give me thy hand, Kate. I will unto Venice

To buy apparel 'gainst the wedding day.

Provide the feast, father, and bid the guests.

I will be sure my Katherine shall be fine.

BAPTISTA

(310) I know not what to say, but give me your hands.

God send you joy, Petruchio. 'Tis a match.

GREMIO AND TRANIO

Amen, say we. We will be witnesses.

PETRUCHIO

Father, and wife, and gentlemen, adieu.

I will to Venice. Sunday comes apace.

(315) We will have rings, and things, and fine array,

And kiss me, Kate. We will be married o' Sunday.

[Exeunt PETRUCHIO and KATHERINE severally]

GREMIO

Was ever match clapped up so suddenly?

BAPTISTA

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

TRANIO

(320) *(as LUCENTIO)* 'Twas a commodity lay fretting by you.
'Twill bring you gain or perish on the seas.

BAPTISTA

The gain I seek is quiet in the match.

GREMIO

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

TRANIO

(as LUCENTIO) And I am one that love Bianca more
Than words can witness or your thoughts can guess.

GREMIO

Youngling, thou canst not love so dear as I.

TRANIO

(as LUCENTIO)
Graybeard, thy love doth freeze.

GREMIO

(330) But thine doth fry.
Skipper, stand back. 'Tis age that nourisheth.

TRANIO

(as LUCENTIO) But youth in ladies' eyes that flourisheth.

BAPTISTA

Content you, gentlemen. I will compound this strife.
'Tis deeds must win the prize, and he of both

(335) That can assure my daughter greatest dower
Shall have my Bianca's love.
Say, Signior Gremio, what can you assure her?

GREMIO

First, as you know, my house within the city
Is richly furnishèd with plate and gold,
(340) Basins and ewers to lave her dainty hands;
My hangings all of Tyrian tapestry,
In ivory coffers I have stuffed my crowns,
In cypress chests my arras counterpoints,
Costly apparel, tents, and canopies,
(345) Fine linen, Turkey cushions bossed with pearl,
Valance of Venice gold in needlework,
Pewter and brass, and all things that belong
To house or housekeeping. Then, at my farm
I have a hundred milch-kine to the pail,
(350) Six score 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 tomorrow this is hers,
If whilst I live she will be only mine.

TRANIO

(as LUCENTIO)

(355) That "only" came well in. (to BAPTISTA) 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
(360) Old Signior Gremio has in Padua,
Besides two thousand ducats by the year
Of fruitful land, all which shall be her jointure.—
What, have I pinched you, Signior Gremio?

GREMIO

Two thousand ducats by the year of land!

(365) *(aside)* My land amounts not to so much in all.—

That she shall have, besides an argosy

That now is lying in Marcellus' road.

(to TRANIO) What, have I choked you with an argosy?

TRANIO

(as LUCENTIO) Gremio, 'tis known my father hath no less

(370) 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.

GREMIO

Nay, I have offered all, I have no more,

And she can have no more than all I have.

(375) *(to BAPTISTA)* If you like me, she shall have me and mine.

TRANIO

(as LUCENTIO)

Why, then the maid is mine from all the world,

By your firm promise. Gremio is outvied.

BAPTISTA

I must confess your offer is the best,

And, let your father make her the assurance,

(380) She is your own; else, you must pardon me.

If you should die before him, where's her dower?

TRANIO

(as LUCENTIO) That's but a cavil: he is old, I young.

GREMIO

And may not young men die as well as old?

BAPTISTA

Well, gentlemen,

(385) I am thus resolved. On Sunday next, you know

My daughter Katherina is to be married.

(*to* TRANIO *as* LUCENTIO)

Now, on the Sunday following, shall Bianca
Be bride to you, if you make this assurance.

If not, to Signior Gremio.

(390) And so I take my leave, and thank you both.

GREMIO

Adieu, good neighbor.

[Exit BAPTISTA]

Now I fear thee not.

Sirrah young gamester, your father were a fool
To give thee all and in his waning age
Set foot under thy table. Tut, a toy!

(395) An old Italian fox is not so kind, my boy.

[Exit]

TRANIO

A vengeance on your crafty withered hide!

Yet I have faced it with a card of ten.

'Tis in my head to do my master good.

I see no reason but supposed Lucentio

(400) Must get a father, called “supposed Vincentio”—

And that’s a wonder. Fathers commonly

Do get their children. But in this case of wooing,

A child shall get a sire, if I fail not of my cunning.

[Exit]

Act 3, Scene 1

[Enter LUCENTIO disguised as CAMBIO, HORTENSIO disguised as LITIO, and BIANCA]

LUCENTIO

(as CAMBIO) Fiddler, forbear. You grow too forward, sir.
Have you so soon forgot the entertainment
Her sister Katherina welcomed you withal?

HORTENSIO

(as LITIO) But, wrangling pedant, this is
(5) The patroness of heavenly harmony.
Then give me leave to have prerogative,
And when in music we have spent an hour,
Your lecture shall have leisure for as much.

LUCENTIO

(as CAMBIO) Preposterous ass, that never read so far
(10) To know the cause why music was ordained.
Was it not to refresh the mind of man
After his studies or his usual pain?
Then give me leave to read philosophy
And, while I pause, serve in your harmony.

HORTENSIO

(15) (as LITIO) Sirrah, I will not bear these braves of thine.

BIANCA

Why, gentlemen, you do me double wrong
To strive for that which resteth in my choice.
I am no breeching scholar in the schools.
I'll not be tied to hours nor 'pointed times
(20) But learn my lessons as I please myself.
And, to cut off all strife, here sit we down.

(to HORTENSIO)

Take you your instrument, play you the whiles.
His lecture will be done ere you have tuned.

HORTENSIO

(as LITIO) You'll leave his lecture when I am in tune?

LUCENTIO

(25) (aside) That will be never. (to HORTENSIO) Tune your instrument.

BIANCA

Where left we last?

LUCENTIO

Here, madam:

*Hic ibat Simois, hic est Sigeia tellus,
Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis.*

BIANCA

(30) Construe them.

LUCENTIO

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

HORTENSIO

(as LITIO) Madam, my instrument's in tune.

BIANCA

Let's hear. (he plays) O fie! The treble jars.

LUCENTIO

(as CAMBIO) Spit in the hole, man, and tune again.

BIANCA

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

HORTENSIO

(as LITIO) Madam, 'tis now in tune.

LUCENTIO

(as CAMBIO) All but the base.

HORTENSIO

(45) (as LITIO) The base is right; 'tis the base knave that jars.

(aside) How fiery and forward our pedant is!
Now, for my life, the knave doth court my love.
Pedascule, I'll watch you better yet.

BIANCA

(to LUCENTIO) In time I may believe, yet I mistrust.

LUCENTIO

(50) Mistrust it not, for sure Aeacides
Was Ajax, called so from his grandfather.

BIANCA

I must believe my master; else, I promise you,
I should be arguing still upon that doubt.
But let it rest.—Now, Litio, to you.

(55) Good master, take it not unkindly, pray,
That I have been thus pleasant with you both.

HORTENSIO

(as LITIO, to LUCENTIO)

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

LUCENTIO

(as CAMBIO) Are you so formal, sir? Well, I must wait.
(60) (aside) And watch withal, for, but I be deceived,
Our fine musician groweth amorous.

HORTENSIO

(as LITIO) 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,
(65) More pleasant, pithy, and effectual
Than hath been taught by any of my trade.
And there it is in writing, fairly drawn.

BIANCA

Why, I am past my gamut long ago.

HORTENSIO

(70) Yet read the gamut of Hortensio.

BIANCA

(reads)

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

[Enter a SERVANT]

SERVANT

(80) Mistress, your father prays you leave your books
And help to dress your sister's chamber up.

You know tomorrow is the wedding day.

BIANCA

Farewell, sweet masters both. I must be gone.

LUCENTIO

(as CAMBIO) Faith, mistress, then I have no cause to stay.

[Exeunt BIANCA, the SERVANT, and LUCENTIO]

HORTENSIO

(85) 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
To cast thy wand'ring eyes on every stale,
Seize thee that list! If once I find thee ranging,
(90) Hortensio will be quit with thee by changing.

[Exit]

Act 3, Scene 2

[Enter BAPTISTA, GREMIO, TRANIO as LUCENTIO, KATHERINE, BIANCA, LUCENTIO, and others, attendants]

BAPTISTA

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

KATHERINE

No shame but mine. I must, forsooth, be forced
To give my hand, opposed against my heart,
(10) Unto a mad-brain rudesby, full of spleen,
Who wooed in haste and means to wed at leisure.
I told you, I, he was a frantic fool,
Hiding his bitter jests in blunt behavior,
And, to be noted for a merry man,
(15) He'll woo a thousand, 'point the day of marriage,
Make friends, invite, and proclaim the banns,
Yet never means to wed where he hath wooed.
Now must the world point at poor Katherine
And say, "Lo, there is mad Petruchio's wife,
(20) If it would please him come and marry her!"

TRANIO

(as LUCENTIO) Patience, good Katherine, and Baptista too.
Upon my life, Petruchio means but well,
Whatever fortune stays him from his word:

Though he be blunt, I know him passing wise;
(25) Though he be merry, yet withal he's honest.

KATHERINE

Would Katherine had never seen him, though!

[Exit weeping, followed by BIANCA and others]

BAPTISTA

Go, girl. I cannot blame thee now to weep,
For such an injury would vex a very saint,
Much more a shrew of thy impatient humor.

[Enter BIONDELLO]

BIONDELLO

(30) Master, master! News, old news, and such news as you
never heard of!

BAPTISTA

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

BIONDELLO

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

BAPTISTA

Is he come?

BIONDELLO

(35) Why, no, sir.

BAPTISTA

What then?

BIONDELLO

He is coming.

BAPTISTA

When will he be here?

BIONDELLO

When he stands where I am and sees you there.

TRANIO

(40) (*as* LUCENTIO) But say, what to thine old news?

BIONDELLO

Why, Petruchio is coming in a new hat and an old jerkin, a pair of old breeches thrice turned, a pair of boots that have been candle cases, one buckled, another laced; an old rusty sword ta'en out of the town armory, with a broken hilt and chapeless; with two broken points; his horse hipped, with an old mothy saddle and stirrups of no kindred, besides possessed with the glanders and like to mose in the chine, troubled with the lampass, infected with the fashions, full of wingdalls, sped with spavins, rayed with yellows, past cure of the fives, stark spoiled with the staggers, begnawn with the bots, swayed in the back and shoulder-shotten, near-legged before and with a half-checked bit and a headstall of sheeps 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 velour, which hath two letters for her name fairly set down in studs, and here and there pieced with packthread.

BAPTISTA

Who comes with him?

BIONDELLO

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 footboy or a gentleman's lackey.

TRANIO

(as LUCENTIO)

(65) 'Tis some odd humor pricks him to this fashion,
Yet oftentimes he goes but mean-appareled.

BAPTISTA

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

BIONDELLO

Why, sir, he comes not.

BAPTISTA

Didst thou not say he comes?

BIONDELLO

(70) Who? That Petruchio came?

BAPTISTA

Ay, that Petruchio came.

BIONDELLO

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

BAPTISTA

Why, that's all one.

BIONDELLO

Nay, by Saint Jamy,
(75) I hold you a penny,
A horse and a man
Is more than one
And yet not many.

[Enter PETRUCHIO and GRUMIO]

PETRUCHIO

Come, where be these gallants? Who's at home?

BAPTISTA

(80) You are welcome, sir.

PETRUCHIO

And yet I come not well.

BAPTISTA

And yet you halt not.

TRANIO

(as LUCENTIO) Not so well appareled as I wish you were.

PETRUCHIO

Were it better I should rush in thus—

(85) But where is Kate? Where is my love?

How does my father? Gentles, methinks you frown.

And wherefore gaze this goodly company

As if they saw some wondrous monument,

Some comet or unusual prodigy?

BAPTISTA

(90) 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.

TRANIO

(95) And tell us what occasion of import

Hath all so long detained you from your wife

And sent you hither so unlike yourself.

PETRUCHIO

Tedious it were to tell and harsh to hear.

Sufficeth I am come to keep my word,

(100) Though in some part enforcèd to digress,

Which, at more leisure, I will so excuse

As you shall well be satisfied withal.

But where is Kate? I stay too long from her.

The morning wears. 'Tis time we were at church.

TRANIO

(105) See not your bride in these unreverent robes.
Go to my chamber, put on clothes of mine.

PETRUCHIO

Not I, believe me. Thus I'll visit her.

BAPTISTA

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

PETRUCHIO

Good sooth, even thus. Therefore, ha' done with words:

(110) 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,

(115) When I should bid good morrow to my bride

And seal the title with a lovely kiss!

[Exeunt PETRUCHIO and GRUMIO]

TRANIO

He hath some meaning in his mad attire.

We will persuade him, be it possible,

To put on better ere he go to church.

BAPTISTA

(120) I'll after him, and see the event of this.

[Exeunt BAPTISTA, GREMIO, and attendants]

TRANIO

But sir, to love concerneth us to add

Her father's liking, which to bring to pass,

As I before unparted to your worship,

I am to get a man—whate'er he be

(125) 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
(130) And marry sweet Bianca with consent.

LUCENTIO

Were it not that my fellow schoolmaster
Doth watch Bianca's steps so narrowly,
'Twere good, methinks, to steal our marriage,
Which, once performed, let all the world say no,
(135) I'll keep mine own despite of all the world.

TRANIO

That by degrees we mean to look into
And watch our vantage in this business.
We'll overreach the graybeard, Gremio,
The narrow-prying father, Minola,
(140) The quaint musician, amorous Litio,
All for my master's sake, Lucentio.

[Enter GREMIO]

Signior Gremio, came you from the church?

GREMIO

As willingly as e'er I came from school.

TRANIO

(as LUCENTIO) And is the bride and bridegroom coming home?

GREMIO

(145) A bridegroom, say you? 'Tis a groom indeed,
A grumbling groom, and that the girl shall find.

TRANIO

(as LUCENTIO) Curster than she? Why, 'tis impossible.

GREMIO

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

TRANIO

(as LUCENTIO) Why, she's a devil, a devil, the devil's dam.

GREMIO

(150) Tut, she's a lamb, a dove, a fool to him!
I'll tell you, Sir Lucentio: when the priest
Should ask if Katherine should be his wife,
"Ay, by gogs wouns!" quoth he, and swore so loud
That, all amazed, the priest let fall the book,
(155) And as he stooped again to take it up,
The mad-brained bridegroom took him such a cuff
That down fell priest and book, and book and priest.
"Now take them up," quoth he, "if any list."

TRANIO

(as LUCENTIO) What said the wench when he rose again?

GREMIO

(160) Trembled and shook, for why he stamped and swore
As if the vicar meant to cozen him.
But after many ceremonies done,
He calls for wine. "A health!" quoth he, as if
He had been aboard, carousing to his mates
(165) After a storm; quaffed off the muscatel
And threw the sops all in the sexton's face,
Having no other reason
But that his beard grew thin and hungerly
And seemed to ask him sops as he was drinking.
(170) This done, he took the bride about the neck
And kissed 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.
(175) Such a mad marriage never was before.

[Music]

Hark, hark! I hear the minstrels play.

[Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHERINE, BIANCA, BAPTISTA,
HORTENSIO, GRUMIO, and train]

PETRUCHIO

Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for you
I know you think to dine with me today
And have prepared great store of wedding cheer,
(180) But so it is, my haste doth call me hence,
And therefore here I mean to take my leave.

BAPTISTA

Is 't possible you will away tonight?

PETRUCHIO

I must away today, before night come.
Make it no wonder. If you knew my business,
(185) 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,
(190) For I must hence, and farewell to you all.

TRANIO

(as LUCENTIO) Let us entreat you stay till after dinner.

PETRUCHIO

It may not be.

GREMIO

Let me entreat you.

PETRUCHIO

It cannot be.

KATHERINE

Let me entreat you.

PETRUCHIO

(195) I am content.

KATHERINE

Are you content to stay?

PETRUCHIO

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

KATHERINE

Now, if you love me, stay.

PETRUCHIO

Grumio, my horse.

GRUMIO

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

KATHERINE

Nay, then,
Do what thou canst, I will not go today,
(200) No, nor tomorrow, 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,
(205) That take it on you at the first so roundly.

PETRUCHIO

O Kate, content thee. Prithee, be not angry.

KATHERINE

I will be angry. What hast thou to do?—
Father, be quiet. He shall stay my leisure.

GREMIO

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

KATHERINE

(210) Gentlemen, forward to the bridal dinner.
I see a woman may be made a fool
If she had not a spirit to resist.

PETRUCHIO

They shall go forward, Kate, at thy command.—
Obey the bride, you that attend on her.

(215) Go to the feast, revel and domineer,
Carouse full measure to her maidenhead,
Be mad and merry, or go hang yourselves.
But for my bonny Kate, she must with me.
Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret;

(220) 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.

(225) I'll bring mine action on the proudest he
That stops my way in Padua.—Grumio,
Draw forth thy weapon, we are beset with thieves.
Rescue thy mistress if thou be a man.—
Fear not, sweet wench, they shall not touch thee, Kate.

(230) I'll buckler thee against a million.

[Exeunt PETRUCHIO, KATHERINE, and GRUMIO]

BAPTISTA

Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet ones.

GREMIO

Went they not quickly, I should die with laughing.

TRANIO

(as LUCENTIO) Of all mad matches never was the like.

LUCENTIO

(as CAMBIO) Mistress, what's your opinion of your sister?

BIANCA

(235) That, being mad herself, she's madly mated.

GREMIO

I warrant him, Petruchio is Kated.

BAPTISTA

Neighbors and friends, though bride and bridegroom wants
For to supply the places at the table,
You know there wants no junkets at the feast.

(to TRANIO)

(240) Lucentio, you shall supply the bridegroom's place,
And let Bianca take her sister's room.

TRANIO

(as LUCENTIO) Shall sweet Bianca practice how to bride it?

BAPTISTA

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

[Exeunt]

Act 4, Scene 1

[Enter GRUMIO]

GRUMIO

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

[Enter CURTIS]

CURTIS

(10) Who is that calls so coldly?

GRUMIO

A piece of ice. If thou doubt it, thou mayst slide from my shoulder to my heel with no greater a run but my head and my neck. A fire, good Curtis.

CURTIS

Is my master and his wife coming, Grumio?

GRUMIO

15 O, ay, Curtis, ay, and therefore fire, fire. Cast on no water.

CURTIS

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

GRUMIO

She was, good Curtis, before this frost. But thou knowest winter tames man, woman and beast, for it hath tamed my old master and my new mistress and myself, fellow Curtis.

CURTIS

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

GRUMIO

Am I but three inches? Why, thy horn is a foot, and so long am I, at the least. But wilt thou make a fire, or shall I complain on thee to our mistress, whose hand, she being now at hand, thou shalt soon feel, to thy cold comfort, for being slow in thy hot office?

CURTIS

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

GRUMIO

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

CURTIS

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

GRUMIO

Why, "Jack, boy! Ho, boy!" and as much news as wilt thou.

CURTIS

Come, you are so full of cony-catching!

GRUMIO

Why, therefore fire, for I have caught extreme cold. Where's the cook? Is supper ready, the house trimmed, rushes strewed, cobwebs swept, the servingmen in their new fustian, their white stockings, and every officer his wedding

garment on? Be the Jacks fair within, the Jills fair without,
the carpets laid, and everything in order?

CURTIS

All ready. And therefore, I pray thee, news.

GRUMIO

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

CURTIS

How?

GRUMIO

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

CURTIS

Let's ha' 't, good Grumio.

GRUMIO

(50) Lend thine ear.

CURTIS

Here.

GRUMIO

There!

[Strikes him]

CURTIS

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

GRUMIO

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

CURTIS

Both of one horse?

GRUMIO

What's that to thee?

CURTIS

(60) Why, a horse.

GRUMIO

Tell thou the tale! But hadst thou not crossed me, thou shouldst have heard how her horse fell, and she under her horse. 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.

CURTIS

By this reck'ning he is more shrew than she.

GRUMIO

Ay, and that thou and the proudest of you all shall find when he comes home. But what talk I of this? Call forth Nathaniel, Joseph, Nicholas, Philip, Walter, Sugarsop, and the rest. Let their heads be slickly combed, their blue coats brushed, and their garters of an indifferent knit. Let them curtsy with their left legs, and not presume to touch a hair of my master's horse-tail till they kiss their hands. Are they all ready?

CURTIS

(80) They are.

GRUMIO

Call them forth.

CURTIS

(calling offstage) Do you hear, ho? you must meet my master to countenance my mistress.

GRUMIO

Why, she hath a face of her own.

CURTIS

(85) Who knows not that?

GRUMIO

Thou, it seems, that calls for company to countenance her.

CURTIS

I call them forth to credit her.

GRUMIO

Why, she comes to borrow nothing of them.

[Enter four or five Servingmen]

NATHANIEL

(90) Welcome home, Grumio.

PHILIP

How now, Grumio?

JOSEPH

What, Grumio!

NICHOLAS

Fellow Grumio!

NATHANIEL

How now, old lad?

GRUMIO

(95) Welcome, you!—How now, you?—What, you!—Fellow, you!—And thus much for greeting. Now, my spruce companions, is all ready, and all things neat?

NATHANIEL

All things is ready. How near is our master?

GRUMIO

E'en at hand, alighted by this. And therefore be not—
(100) Cock's passion, silence! I hear my master.

[Enter PETRUCHIO and KATHERINE]

PETRUCHIO

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

ALL SERVINGMEN

Here, here, sir! Here, sir!

PETRUCHIO

(105) "Here, sir! Here, sir! Here, sir! Here, sir!"
You loggerheaded and unpolished grooms!
What, no attendance? No regard? No duty?
Where is the foolish knave I sent before?

GRUMIO

Here, sir, as foolish as I was before.

PETRUCHIO

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

GRUMIO

Nathaniel's coat, sir, was not fully made,
And Gabriel's pumps were all unpinked i' th' heel.

(115) There was no link to color Peter's hat,
And Walter's dagger was not come from sheathing.
There were none fine but Adam, Rafe, and Gregory.
The rest were ragged, old, and beggarly.
Yet, as they are, here are they come to meet you.

PETRUCHIO

(120) Go, rascals, go, and fetch my supper in.

[Exeunt Servants]

Singing

Where is the life that late I led—

*Where are those—*Sit down, Kate, and welcome.—

Soud, soud, soud, soud!

[Enter Servants with supper]

Why, when, I say?—Nay, good sweet Kate, be merry.—

(125) Off with my boots, you rogues! You villains, when?

Sings

It was the friar of orders gray,

As he forth walkèd on his way:—

A servant tries to take off PETRUCHIO's boots.

Out, you rogue! You pluck my foot awry.

Take that, and mend the plucking off the other.

Strikes the servant

(130) Be merry, Kate.—Some water, here, what, ho!

Where's my spaniel Troilus? Sirrah, get you hence

And bid my cousin Ferdinand come hither.

[Exit a servant]

One, Kate, that you must kiss and be acquainted with.—

Where are my slippers? Shall I have some water?—

[Enter one with water]

(135) Come, Kate, and wash, and welcome heartily.—
You whoreson villain! Will you let it fall?
Strikes him

KATHERINE

Patience, I pray you! 'Twas a fault unwilling.

PETRUCHIO

A whoreson, beetle-headed, flap-eared knave!—
Come, Kate, sit down. I know you have a stomach.
(140) Will you give thanks, sweet Kate, or else shall I?—
What's this? Mutton?

FIRST SERVANT

Ay.

PETRUCHIO

Who brought it?

PETER

I.

PETRUCHIO

'Tis burnt, and so is all the meat.
What dogs are these! Where is the rascal cook?
How durst you, villains, bring it from the dresser
(145) And serve it thus to me that love it not?
There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all!
Throws the meat, & c. about the stage
You heedless joltheads and unmannered slaves!
What, do you grumble? I'll be with you straight.

[Exeunt servants]

KATHERINE

I pray you, husband, be not so disquiet.
(150) The meat was well, if you were so contented.

PETRUCHIO

I tell thee, Kate, 'twas burnt and dried away.
And I expressly am forbid to touch it,
For it engenders choler, planteth anger;
And better 'twere that both of us did fast,
(155) Since of ourselves, ourselves are choleric,
Than feed it with such over-roasted flesh.
Be patient, tomorrow 't shall be mended,
And, for this night, we'll fast for company.
Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber.

[Exeunt]

[Enter Servants severally]

NATHANIEL

(160) Peter, didst ever see the like?

PETER

He kills her in her own humor.

[Enter CURTIS]

GRUMIO

Where is he?

CURTIS

In her chamber,
Making a sermon of continency to her,
(165) 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]

[Enter PETRUCHIO]

PETRUCHIO

Thus have I politicly begun my reign,
(170) And 'tis my hope to end successfully.
My falcon now is sharp and passing empty,
And, till she stoop, she must not be full-gorged,
For then she never looks upon her lure.
Another way I have to man my haggard,
(175) To make her come and know her keeper's call.
That is, to watch her, as we watch these kites
That bate and beat and will not be obedient.
She ate no meat today, nor none shall eat.
Last night she slept not, nor tonight she shall not.
(180) As with the meat, some undeservèd fault
I'll find about the making of the bed,
And here I'll fling the pillow, there the bolster,
This way the coverlet, another way the sheets.
Ay, and amid this hurly I intend
(185) That all is done in reverend care of her.
And, in conclusion, she shall watch all night,
And if she chance to nod I'll rail and brawl,
And with the clamor keep her still awake.
This is a way to kill a wife with kindness,
(190) 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 show.

[Exit]

Act 4, Scene 2

[Enter TRANIO as LUCENTIO and HORTENSIO as LITIO]

TRANIO

(as LUCENTIO)

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

HORTENSIO

(as LITIO) Sir, to satisfy you in what I have said,
(5) Stand by and mark the manner of his teaching.
They stand aside

[Enter BIANCA and LUCENTIO as CAMBIO]

LUCENTIO

(as CAMBIO) Now, mistress, profit you in what you read?

BIANCA

What, master, read you? First resolve me that.

LUCENTIO

(as CAMBIO) I read that I profess, *The Art to Love*.

BIANCA

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

LUCENTIO

(10) (as CAMBIO) While you, sweet dear, prove mistress of
my heart!

HORTENSIO

(as LITIO) Quick proceeders, marry! Now, tell me, I pray,
You that durst swear that your mistress Bianca

Loved none in the world so well as Lucentio.

TRANIO

(as LUCENTIO) O despiteful love! Unconstant womankind!

(15) I tell thee, Litio, this is wonderful!

HORTENSIO

Mistake no more. I am not Litio,
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
(20) And makes a god of such a cullion.
Know, sir, that I am called Hortensio.

TRANIO

(as LUCENTIO) Signior Hortensio, I have often heard
Of your entire affection to Bianca,
And since mine eyes are witness of her lightness,
(25) I will with you, if you be so contented,
Forswear Bianca and her love for ever.

HORTENSIO

See how they kiss and court! Signior Lucentio,
Here is my hand, and here I firmly vow
Never to woo her more, but do forswear her
(30) As one unworthy all the former favors
That I have fondly flattered her withal.

TRANIO

And here I take the like unfeignèd oath
Never to marry with her, though she would entreat.
Fie on her! See how beastly she doth court him!

HORTENSIO

(35) Would all the world but he had quite forsworn!
For me, that I may surely keep mine oath,
I will be married to a wealthy widow,

Ere three days pass, which hath as long loved me
As I have loved this proud disdainful haggard.

(40) And so farewell, Signior Lucentio.

Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks,
Shall win my love, and so I take my leave,
In resolution as I swore before.

[Exit]

TRANIO

Mistress Bianca, bless you with such grace

(45) As 'longeth to a lover's blessed case!

Nay, I have ta'en you napping, gentle love,
And have forsworn you with Hortensio.

BIANCA

Tranio, you jest. But have you both forsworn me?

TRANIO

Mistress, we have.

LUCENTIO

Then we are rid of Litio.

TRANIO

(50) I' faith, he'll have a lusty widow now
That shall be wooed and wedded in a day.

BIANCA

God give him joy!

TRANIO

Ay, and he'll tame her.

BIANCA

He says so, Tranio?

TRANIO

(55) Faith, he is gone unto the taming school.

BIANCA

The taming school? What, is there such a place?

TRANIO

Ay, mistress, and Petruchio is the master,
That teacheth tricks eleven and twenty long
To tame a shrew and charm her chattering tongue.

[Enter BIONDELLO]

BIONDELLO

(60) O master, master, I have watched so long
That I am dog-weary, but at last I spied
An ancient angel coming down the hill
Will serve the turn.

TRANIO

What is he, Biondello?

BIONDELLO

Master, a marcantant, or a pedant,
(65) I know not what, but formal in apparel,
In gait and countenance surely like a father.

LUCENTIO

And what of him, Tranio?

TRANIO

If he be credulous and trust my tale,
I'll make him glad to seem Vincentio
(70) 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]

[Enter a MERCHANT]

MERCHANT

God save you, sir.

TRANIO

(as LUCENTIO)

And you, sir. You are welcome.
Travel you far on, or are you at the farthest?

MERCHANT

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

TRANIO

(as LUCENTIO) What countryman, I pray?

MERCHANT

Of Mantua.

TRANIO

(as LUCENTIO) Of Mantua, sir? Marry, God forbid!
(80) And come to Padua, careless of your life?

MERCHANT

My life, sir! how, I pray? For that goes hard.

TRANIO

'Tis death for anyone in Mantua
To come to Padua. Know you not the cause?
Your ships are stayed at Venice, and the Duke,
(85) For private quarrel 'twixt your duke and him,
Hath published and proclaimed it openly.
'Tis marvel, but that you are but newly come,
You might have heard it else proclaimed about.

MERCHANT

Alas, sir, it is worse for me than so,
(90) For I have bills for money by exchange
From Florence, and must here deliver them.

TRANIO

(as LUCENTIO) Well, sir, to do you courtesy,
This will I do, and this I will advise you.
First tell me, have you ever been at Pisa?

MERCHANT

(95) Ay, sir, in Pisa have I often been,
Pisa renowned for grave citizens.

TRANIO

(as LUCENTIO) Among them know you one Vincentio?

MERCHANT

I know him not, but I have heard of him:
A merchant of incomparable wealth.

TRANIO

(100) (as LUCENTIO) He is my father, sir, and sooth to say,
In count'nance somewhat doth resemble you.

BIONDELLO

(aside) As much as an apple doth an oyster, and all one.

TRANIO

(as LUCENTIO) To save your life in this extremity,
(105) This favor will I do you for his sake—
And think it not the worst of all your fortunes
That you are like to Sir Vincentio—
His name and credit shall you undertake,
And in my house you shall be friendly lodged.
(110) Look that you take upon you as you should.
You understand me, sir. So shall you stay
Till you have done your business in the city.
If this be court'sy, sir, accept of it.

MERCHANT

O sir, I do, and will repute you ever
(115) The patron of my life and liberty.

TRANIO

(as LUCENTIO) Then go with me to make the matter good.
This, by the way, I let you understand:
My father is here looked for every day
To pass assurance of a dower in marriage
(120) 'Twixt me and one Baptista's daughter here.
In all these circumstances I'll instruct you.
Go with me to clothe you as becomes you.

[Exeunt]

Act 4, Scene 3

[Enter KATHERINE and GRUMIO]

GRUMIO

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

KATHERINE

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

(5) 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 starved for meat, giddy for lack of sleep,

(10) 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.

(15) I prithee, go and get me some repast,

I care not what, so it be wholesome food.

GRUMIO

What say you to a neat's foot?

KATHERINE

'Tis passing good. I prithee let me have it.

GRUMIO

I fear it is too choleric a meat.

(20) How say you to a fat tripe finely broiled?

KATHERINE

I like it well. Good Grumio, fetch it me.

GRUMIO

I cannot tell. I fear 'tis choleric. What say you to a piece of beef and mustard?

KATHERINE

A dish that I do love to feed upon.

GRUMIO

(25) Ay, but the mustard is too hot a little.

KATHERINE

Why then, the beef, and let the mustard rest.

GRUMIO

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

KATHERINE

Then both, or one, or anything thou wilt.

GRUMIO

(30) Why then, the mustard without the beef.

KATHERINE

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.

(35) Go, get thee gone, I say.

[Enter PETRUCHIO and HORTENSIO with meat]

PETRUCHIO

How fares my Kate? What, sweeting, all amorph?

HORTENSIO

Mistress, what cheer?

KATHERINE

Faith, as cold as can be.

PETRUCHIO

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

KATHERINE

I pray you, let it stand.

PETRUCHIO

(45) The poorest service is repaid with thanks,
And so shall mine, before you touch the meat.

KATHERINE

I thank you, sir.

HORTENSIO

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

PETRUCHIO

(aside to HORTENSIO)

(50) Eat it up all, Hortensio, if thou lovest me.—
Much good do it unto thy gentle heart.
Kate, eat apace. And now, my honey love,
Will we return unto thy father's house
And revel it as bravely as the best,
(55) With silken coats and caps and golden rings,
With ruffs and cuffs and farthingales and things,
With scarves and fans and double change of brav'ry,

With amber bracelets, beads, and all this knav'ry.
What, hast thou dined? The tailor stays thy leisure
(60) To deck thy body with his ruffling treasure.

[Enter TAILOR]

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

[Enter HABERDASHER]

What news with you, sir?

HABERDASHER

Here is the cap your Worship did bespeak.

PETRUCHIO

Why, this was molded on a porringer!
(65) A velvet dish! Fie, fie, 'tis lewd and filthy!
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.

KATHERINE

I'll have no bigger. This doth fit the time,
(70) And gentlewomen wear such caps as these.

PETRUCHIO

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

HORTENSIO

(aside) That will not be in haste.

KATHERINE

Why, sir, I trust I may have leave to speak,
And speak I will. I am no child, no babe.
(75) Your betters have endured me say my mind,
And if you cannot, best you stop your ears.

My tongue will tell the anger of my heart
Or else my heart, concealing it, will break,
And, rather than it shall, I will be free
(80) Even to the uttermost, as I please, in words.

PETRUCHIO

Why, thou say'st true. It is a paltry cap,
A custard-coffin, a bauble, a silken pie.
I love thee well in that thou lik'st it not.

KATHERINE

Love me or love me not, I like the cap,
(85) And it I will have, or I will have none.

[Exit HABERDASHER]

PETRUCHIO

Thy gown? Why, ay. Come, tailor, let us see 't.
O mercy, God! What masking stuff is here?
What's this? A sleeve? 'Tis like a demi-cannon.
What, up and down, carved like an apple tart?
(90) Here's snip and nip and cut and slish and slash,
Like to a censer in a barber's shop.
Why, what i' devil's name, tailor, call'st thou this?

HORTENSIO

(aside) I see she's like to have neither cap nor gown.

TAILOR

You bid me make it orderly and well,
(95) According to the fashion and the time.

PETRUCHIO

Marry, and did. But if you be remembered,
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.
(100) I'll none of it. Hence, make your best of it.

KATHERINE

I never saw a better-fashioned gown,
More quaint, more pleasing, nor more commendable.
Belike you mean to make a puppet of me.

PETRUCHIO

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

TAILOR

(105) She says your Worship means to make a puppet of her.

PETRUCHIO

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!
Braved in mine own house with a skein of thread?
(110) 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 marred her gown.

TAILOR

Your Worship is deceived. The gown is made
(115) Just as my master had direction.
Grumio gave order how it should be done.

GRUMIO

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

TAILOR

But how did you desire it should be made?

GRUMIO

Marry, sir, with needle and thread.

TAILOR

(120) But did you not request to have it cut?

GRUMIO

Thou hast faced many things.

TAILOR

I have.

GRUMIO

Face not me. Thou hast braved many men; brave not me. I will neither be faced nor braved. I say unto thee, I bid thy master cut out the gown, but I did not bid him cut it to pieces. *Ergo*, thou liest.

TAILOR

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

[Holds up a paper]

PETRUCHIO

Read it.

GRUMIO

(130) The note lies in 's throat, if he say I said so.

TAILOR

(*reads*) "*Imprimis*, a loose-bodied gown—"

GRUMIO

Master, if ever I said "loose-bodied gown," sew me in the skirts of it, and beat me to death with a bottom of brown thread. I said "a gown."

PETRUCHIO

(135) Proceed.

TAILOR

(*reads*) "With a small-compassed cape—"

GRUMIO

I confess the cape.

TAILOR

(reads) "With a trunk sleeve—"

GRUMIO

I confess two sleeves.

TAILOR

(140) (reads) "The sleeves curiously cut."

PETRUCHIO

Ay, there's the villany.

GRUMIO

Error i' the bill, sir, error i' the bill! I commanded the sleeves should be cut out and sewed up again, and that I'll prove upon thee, though thy little finger be armed in a thimble.

TAILOR

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

GRUMIO

I am for thee straight. Take thou the bill, give me thy meteyard, and spare not me.

HORTENSIO

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

PETRUCHIO

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

GRUMIO

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

PETRUCHIO

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

GRUMIO

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

PETRUCHIO

(155) Why, sir, what's your conceit in that?

GRUMIO

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

PETRUCHIO

(*aside*) Hortensio, say thou wilt see the tailor paid.

(*to TAILOR*) Go, take it hence. Begone, and say no more.

HORTENSIO

(160) (*aside to TAILOR*) Tailor, I'll pay thee for thy gown tomorrow.

Take no unkindness of his hasty words.

Away, I say. Commend me to thy master.

[Exit TAILOR]

PETRUCHIO

Well, come, my Kate. We will unto your father's
Even in these honest mean habiliments.

(165) 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

(170) Because his feathers are more beautiful?

Or is the adder better than the eel

Because his painted skin contents the eye?

Oh, no, good Kate. Neither art thou the worse
For this poor furniture and mean array.

(175) 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.
(to GRUMIO) Go, call my men, and let us straight to him,
And bring our horses unto Long Lane end.
(180) There will we mount, and thither walk on foot.
Let's see, I think 'tis now some seven o'clock,
And well we may come there by dinnertime.

KATHERINE

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

PETRUCHIO

(185) It shall be seven ere I go to horse.
Look what I speak, or do, or think to do,
You are still crossing it. Sirs, let 't alone.
I will not go today, and ere I do
It shall be what o'clock I say it is.

HORTENSIO

(190) (*aside*) Why, so this gallant will command the sun.

[Exeunt]

Act 4, Scene 4

[Enter TRANIO as LUCENTIOMERCHANT booted and dressed
like VINCENTIO]

TRANIO

(*as LUCENTIO*) Sir, this is the house. Please it you that I call?

MERCHANT

Ay, what else? and but I be deceived,
Signior Baptista may remember me,
Near twenty years ago, in Genoa,
(5) Where we were lodgers at the Pegasus.

TRANIO

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

MERCHANT

I warrant you.

[Enter BIONDELLO]

But, sir, here comes your boy.
'Twere good he were schooled.

TRANIO

(10) (*as LUCENTIO*) Fear you not him.—Sirrah Biondello,
Now do your duty thoroughly, I advise you.
Imagine 'twere the right Vincentio.

BIONDELLO

Tut, fear not me.

TRANIO

(*as LUCENTIO*) But hast thou done thy errand to Baptista?

BIONDELLO

(15) I told him that your father was at Venice,
And that you looked for him this day in Padua.

TRANIO

(as LUCENTIO) Thou'rt a tall fellow. Hold thee that to drink.
Gives money

[Enter BAPTISTA and LUCENTIO]

Here comes Baptista. Set your countenance, sir.

[MERCHANT takes off his cap]

Signior Baptista, you are happily met.—

(20) (to the MERCHANT) Sir, this is the gentleman I told you
of.

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

MERCHANT

(as VINCENTIO) Soft son.—

Sir, by your leave, having come to Padua
To gather in some debts, my son Lucentio

(25) 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,

(30) I am content, in a good father's care,
To have him matched. 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 bestowed,

(35) For curious I cannot be with you,
Signior Baptista, of whom I hear so well.

BAPTISTA

Sir, pardon me in what I have to say.
Your plainness and your shortness please me well.
Right true it is your son Lucentio here
(40) 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,
(45) The match is made, and all is done.
Your son shall have my daughter with consent.

TRANIO

(as LUCENTIO)

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

BAPTISTA

(50) 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.

TRANIO

(as LUCENTIO) Then at my lodging, an it like you.
(55) There doth my father lie, and there this night
We'll pass the business privately and well.
Send for your daughter by your servant here.
My boy shall fetch the scrivener presently.
The worst is this, that at so slender warning
(60) You are like to have a thin and slender pittance.

BAPTISTA

It likes me well.—Cambio, hie you home,
And bid Bianca make her ready straight.
And, if you will, tell what hath happenèd:

Lucentio's father is arrived in Padua,
(65) And how she's like to be Lucentio's wife.

[Exit LUCENTIO]

BIONDELLO

I pray the gods she may, with all my heart!

TRANIO

(as LUCENTIO) Dally not with the gods, but get thee gone.—
Signior Baptista, shall I lead the way?
Welcome! One mess is like to be your cheer.
(70) Come, sir, we will better it in Pisa.

BAPTISTA

I follow you.

[Exeunt TRANIO, MERCHANT, and BAPTISTA]

BIONDELLO

Cambio.

LUCENTIO

What sayest thou, Biondello?

BIONDELLO

You saw my master wink and laugh upon you?

LUCENTIO

Biondello, what of that?

BIONDELLO

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

LUCENTIO

I pray thee, moralize them.

BIONDELLO

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

LUCENTIO

(80) And what of him?

BIONDELLO

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

LUCENTIO

And then?

BIONDELLO

The old priest at Saint Luke's Church is at your command at all hours.

LUCENTIO

(85) And what of all this?

BIONDELLO

I cannot tell, except they are busied about a counterfeit assurance. Take you assurance of her cum privilegio ad imprimendum solum. To th' church take the priest, clerk, and some sufficient honest witnesses.

(90) If this be not that you look for, I have no more to say, But bid Bianca farewell forever and a day.

LUCENTIO

Hear'st thou, Biondello?

BIONDELLO

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

[Exit]

LUCENTIO

I may, and will, if she be so contented.

She will be pleased. Then wherefore should I doubt?

(100) Hap what hap may, I'll roundly go about her.

It shall go hard if "Cambio" go without her.

[Exit]

Act 4, Scene 5

[Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHERINE, HORTENSIO and Servants]

PETRUCHIO

Come on, i' God's name, once more toward our father's.
Good Lord, how bright and goodly shines the moon!

KATHERINE

The moon? The sun! It is not moonlight now.

PETRUCHIO

I say it is the moon that shines so bright.

KATHERINE

(5) I know it is the sun that shines so bright.

PETRUCHIO

Now, by my mother's son, and that's myself,
It shall be moon, or star, or what I list,
Or e'er I journey to your father's house.
(*to servants*) Go on, and fetch our horses back again.—
(10) Evermore crossed and crossed, nothing but crossed!

HORTENSIO

(*to KATHERINE*) Say as he says, or we shall never go.

KATHERINE

Forward, I pray, since we have come so far,
And be it moon, or sun, or what you please.
An if you please to call it a rush candle,
(15) Henceforth I vow it shall be so for me.

PETRUCHIO

I say it is the moon.

KATHERINE

I know it is the moon.

PETRUCHIO

Nay, then you lie. It is the blessèd sun.

KATHERINE

Then God be blessed, it is the blessèd sun.

(20) But sun it is not, when you say it is not,
And the moon changes even as your mind.
What you will have it named, even that it is,
And so it shall be so for Katherine.

HORTENSIO

Petruchio, go thy ways; the field is won.

PETRUCHIO

(25) Well, forward, forward! Thus the bowl should run,
And not unluckily against the bias.
But, soft! Company is coming here.

[Enter VINCENTIO]

(to VINCENTIO)

Good morrow, gentle mistress, where away?—
Tell me, sweet Kate, and tell me truly too,
(30) 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.—
(35) Sweet Kate, embrace her for her beauty's sake.

HORTENSIO

(aside) He will make the man mad, to make a woman of him.

KATHERINE

Young budding virgin, fair and fresh and sweet,
Whither away, or where is thy abode?

(40) Happy the parents of so fair a child.
Happier the man whom favorable stars
Allot thee for his lovely bedfellow!

PETRUCHIO

Why, how now, Kate! I hope thou art not mad.
This is a man—old, wrinkled, faded, withered—
(45) And not a maiden, as thou say'st he is.

KATHERINE

Pardon, old father, my mistaking eyes
That have been so bedazzled with the sun
That everything I look on seemeth green.
Now I perceive thou art a reverend father.
(50) Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad mistaking.

PETRUCHIO

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

VINCENTIO

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

PETRUCHIO

What is his name?

VINCENTIO

Lucentio, gentle sir.

PETRUCHIO

(60) Happily met, the happier for thy son.
And now by law as well as reverend age,
I may entitle thee my loving father.
The sister to my wife, this gentlewoman,
Thy son by this hath married. Wonder not
(65) Nor be grieved. She is of good esteem,
Her dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth.
Beside, so qualified as may beseem
The spouse of any noble gentleman.
Let me embrace with old Vincentio,
(70) And wander we to see thy honest son,
Who will of thy arrival be full joyous.

VINCENTIO

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

HORTENSIO

(75) I do assure thee, father, so it is.

PETRUCHIO

Come, go along and see the truth hereof,
For our first merriment hath made thee jealous.

[Exeunt all but HORTENSIO]

HORTENSIO

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

[Exit]

Act 5, Scene 1

[Enter BIONDELLO, LUCENTIO, and BIANCA. GREMIO is out before]

BIONDELLO

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

LUCENTIO

I fly, Biondello. But they may chance to need thee at home. Therefore leave us.

[Exit LUCENTIO with BIANCA]

BIONDELLO

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

[Exit]

GREMIO

I marvel Cambio comes not all this while.

[Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHERINE, VINCENTIO and GRUMIO with Attendants]

PETRUCHIO

Sir, here's the door. This is Lucentio's house. My father's bears more toward the marketplace. Thither must I, and here I leave you, sir.

VINCENTIO

(10) 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]

GREMIO

They're busy within. You were best knock louder.

[MERCHANT looks out of the window]

MERCHANT

(*as* VINCENTIO) What's he that knocks as he would beat down the gate?

VINCENTIO

(15) Is Signior Lucentio within, sir?

MERCHANT

(*as* VINCENTIO) He's within, sir, but not to be spoken withal.

VINCENTIO

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

MERCHANT

(*as* VINCENTIO) Keep your hundred pounds to yourself. He shall need none so long as I live.

PETRUCHIO

(*to* VINCENTIO) Nay, I told you your son was well beloved in Padua.—Do you hear, sir? To leave frivolous circumstances, I pray you tell Signior Lucentio that his father is come from Pisa and is here at the door to speak with him.

MERCHANT

(*as* VINCENTIO) Thou liest. His father is come from Padua and here looking out at the window.

VINCENTIO

Art thou his father?

MERCHANT

(as VINCENTIO) Ay, sir, so his mother says, if I may believe her.

PETRUCHIO

(30) (to VINCENTIO) Why, how now, gentleman! Why, this is flat knavery to take upon you another man's name.

MERCHANT

(as VINCENTIO) Lay hands on the villain. I believe he means to cozen somebody in this city under my countenance.

[Enter BIONDELLO]

BIONDELLO

(aside) I have seen them in the church together. God send 'em good shipping! But who is here? Mine old master Vincentio! Now we are undone and brought to nothing.

VINCENTIO

(to BIONDELLO) Come hither, crack-hemp.

BIONDELLO

Hope I may choose, sir.

VINCENTIO

Come hither, you rogue! What, have you forgot me?

BIONDELLO

(40) Forgot you! No, sir. I could not forget you, for I never saw you before in all my life.

VINCENTIO

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

BIONDELLO

What, my old worshipful old master? Yes, marry, sir. See where he looks out of the window.

VINCENTIO

Is 't so, indeed.

[Beats BIONDELLO]

BIONDELLO

Help, help, help! Here's a madman will murder me.

[Exit]

MERCHANT

(as VINCENTIO) Help, son! Help, Signior Baptista!

[Exit from above]

PETRUCHIO

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

[They retire]

[Enter MERCHANT below, TRANIO, BAPTISTA and Servants]

TRANIO

(as LUCENTIO) Sir, what are you that offer to beat my servant?

VINCENTIO

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

TRANIO

(as LUCENTIO) How now, what's the matter?

BAPTISTA

(60) What, is the man lunatic?

TRANIO

(as LUCENTIO) Sir, you seem a sober ancient gentleman by your habit, but your words show you a madman. Why, sir, what 'cerns it you if I wear pearl and gold? I thank my good father I am able to maintain it.

VINCENTIO

(65) Thy father! O villain! He is a sailmaker in Bergamo.

BAPTISTA

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

VINCENTIO

His name! As if I knew not his name! I have brought him up ever since he was three years old, and his name is Tranio.

MERCHANT

(as VINCENTIO) Away, away, mad ass! His name is Lucentio and he is mine only son, and heir to the lands of me, Signior Vincentio.

VINCENTIO

Lucentio! Oh, he hath murdered his master! Lay hold on him, I charge you in the Duke's name. O my son, my son! Tell me, thou villain, where is my son Lucentio?

TRANIO

(as LUCENTIO) Call forth an officer.

[Enter an Officer]

Carry this mad knave to the jail.—Father Baptista, I charge you see that he be forthcoming.

VINCENTIO

Carry me to the jail?

GREMIO

(80) Stay, officer. He shall not go to prison.

BAPTISTA

Talk not, Signior Gremio. I say he shall go to prison.

GREMIO

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

MERCHANT

(as VINCENTIO) Swear, if thou darest.

GREMIO

(85) Nay, I dare not swear it.

TRANIO

(as LUCENTIO) Then thou wert best say that I am not Lucentio.

GREMIO

Yes, I know thee to be Signior Lucentio.

BAPTISTA

Away with the dotard! To the jail with him!

VINCENTIO

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

[Enter BIONDELLO with LUCENTIO, BIANCA]

BIONDELLO

O! We are spoiled and yonder he is! Deny him, forswear him, or else we are all undone.

[Exeunt BIONDELLO, TRANIO and MERCHANT as fast as may
be]

[LUCENTIO, and BIANCA kneel]

LUCENTIO

Pardon, sweet father.

VINCENTIO

Lives my sweet son?

BIANCA

(95) Pardon, dear father.

BAPTISTA

How hast thou offended? Where is Lucentio?

LUCENTIO

Here's Lucentio, right son to the right Vincentio,
That have by marriage made thy daughter mine
While counterfeit supposes bleared thine eyne.

GREMIO

(100) Here's packing, with a witness, to deceive us all!

VINCENTIO

Where is that damnèd villain, Tranio,
That faced and braved me in this matter so?

BAPTISTA

Why, tell me, is not this my Cambio?

BIANCA

Cambio is changed into Lucentio.

LUCENTIO

(105) Love wrought these miracles. Bianca's love
Made me exchange my state with Tranio,
While he did bear my countenance in the town,
And happily I have arrivèd at the last
Unto the wishèd haven of my bliss.

(110) What Tranio did, myself enforced him to.
Then pardon him, sweet father, for my sake.

VINCENTIO

I'll slit the villain's nose that would have sent me to the jail.

BAPTISTA

But do you hear, sir, have you married my daughter without asking my goodwill?

VINCENTIO

Fear not, Baptista, we will content you. Go to. But I will in to be revenged for this villany.

[Exit]

BAPTISTA

And I, to sound the depth of this knavery.

[Exit]

LUCENTIO

Look not pale, Bianca. Thy father will not frown.

[Exeunt LUCENTIO and BIANCA]

GREMIO

(120) My cake is dough, but I'll in among the rest,
Out of hope of all but my share of the feast.

[Exit]

KATHERINE

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

PETRUCHIO

First kiss me, Kate, and we will.

KATHERINE

(125) What, in the midst of the street?

PETRUCHIO

What, art thou ashamed of me?

KATHERINE

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

PETRUCHIO

Why, then let's home again. (*to GRUMIO*) Come, sirrah, let's away.

KATHERINE

Nay, I will give thee a kiss. (*kisses him*) Now pray thee, love, stay.

PETRUCHIO

(130) Is not this well? Come, my sweet Kate.
Better once than never, for never too late.

[Exeunt]

Act 5, Scene 2

[Enter BAPTISTA, VINCENTIO, GREMIO, the MERCHANT, LUCENTIO, BIANCA, PETRUCHIO, KATHERINE, HORTENSIO, WIDOW, TRANIO, BIONDELLO, and GRUMIO, with the Servingmen bringing in a banquet]

LUCENTIO

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

PETRUCHIO

Nothing but sit and sit, and eat and eat!

BAPTISTA

Padua affords this kindness, son Petruchio.

PETRUCHIO

Padua affords nothing but what is kind.

HORTENSIO

(15) For both our sakes, I would that word were true.

PETRUCHIO

Now, for my life, Hortensio fears his widow.

WIDOW

Then never trust me if I be afeard.

PETRUCHIO

You are very sensible, and yet you miss my sense:
I mean, Hortensio is afeard of you.

WIDOW

(20) He that is giddy thinks the world turns round.

PETRUCHIO

Roundly replied.

KATHERINE

Mistress, how mean you that?

WIDOW

Thus I conceive by him.

PETRUCHIO

Conceives by me? How likes Hortensio that?

HORTENSIO

(25) My widow says, thus she conceives her tale.

PETRUCHIO

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

KATHERINE

“He that is giddy thinks the world turns round”—
I pray you, tell me what you meant by that.

WIDOW

Your husband being troubled with a shrew
(30) Measures my husband’s sorrow by his woe.
And now you know my meaning.

KATHERINE

A very mean meaning.

WIDOW

Right, I mean you.

KATHERINE

And I am mean indeed, respecting you.

PETRUCHIO

To her, Kate!

HORTENSIO

(35) To her, widow!

PETRUCHIO

A hundred marks, my Kate does put her down.

HORTENSIO

That's my office.

PETRUCHIO

Spoke like an officer! Ha' to thee, lad!

[Drinks to HORTENSIO]

BAPTISTA

How likes Gremio these quick-witted folks?

GREMIO

(40) Believe me, sir, they butt together well.

BIANCA

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

VINCENTIO

Ay, mistress bride, hath that awakened you?

BIANCA

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

PETRUCHIO

(45) Nay, that you shall not. Since you have begun,
Have at you for a bitter jest or two!

BIANCA

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

[Exeunt BIANCA, KATHERINE and WIDOW]

PETRUCHIO

(50) She hath prevented me. Here, Signior Tranio,
This bird you aimed at, though you hit her not.—
Therefore a health to all that shot and missed.

TRANIO

Oh, sir, Lucentio slipped me like his greyhound,
Which runs himself and catches for his master.

PETRUCHIO

(55) A good swift simile, but something currish.

TRANIO

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

BAPTISTA

Oh, Oh, Petruchio! Tranio hits you now.

LUCENTIO

I thank thee for that gird, good Tranio.

HORTENSIO

(60) Confess, confess, hath he not hit you here?

PETRUCHIO

He has a little galled me, I confess.
And, as the jest did glance away from me,
'Tis ten to one it maimed you two outright.

BAPTISTA

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

PETRUCHIO

Well, I say no. And therefore, for assurance,
Let's each one send unto his wife;
And he whose wife is most obedient
To come at first when he doth send for her,
(70) Shall win the wager which we will propose.

HORTENSIO

Content. What's the wager?

LUCENTIO

Twenty crowns.

PETRUCHIO

Twenty crowns?
I'll venture so much of my hawk or hound,
(75) But twenty times so much upon my wife.

LUCENTIO

A hundred then.

HORTENSIO

Content.

PETRUCHIO

A match! 'Tis done.

HORTENSIO

Who shall begin?

LUCENTIO

(80) That will I.

Go, Biondello, bid your mistress come to me.

BIONDELLO

I go.

[Exit]

BAPTISTA

Son, I'll be your half Bianca comes.

LUCENTIO

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

[Enter BIONDELLO]

How now, what news?

BIONDELLO

(85) Sir, my mistress sends you word
That she is busy, and she cannot come.

PETRUCHIO

How! "She's busy, and she cannot come!"
Is that an answer?

GREMIO

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

PETRUCHIO

I hope better.

HORTENSIO

(90) Sirrah Biondello, go and entreat my wife
To come to me forthwith.

[Exit BIONDELLO]

PETRUCHIO

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

HORTENSIO

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

[Enter BIONDELLO]

Now, where's my wife?

>BIONDELLO

(95) She says you have some goodly jest in hand.
She will not come. She bids you come to her.

PETRUCHIO

Worse and worse. She will not come!
O vile, intolerable, not to be endured!—
Sirrah Grumio, go to your mistress,
(100) Say I command her to come to me.

[Exit GRUMIO]

HORTENSIO

I know her answer.

PETRUCHIO

What?

HORTENSIO

She will not.

PETRUCHIO

The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.

[Enter KATHERINE]

BAPTISTA

Now, by my holidam, here comes Katherina!

KATHERINE

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

PETRUCHIO

(105) Where is your sister, and Hortensio's wife?

KATHERINE

They sit conferring by the parlor fire.

PETRUCHIO

Go fetch them hither. If they deny to come,
Swinge me them soundly forth unto their husbands.
Away, I say, and bring them hither straight.

[Exit KATHERINE]

LUCENTIO

(110) Here is a wonder, if you talk of a wonder.

HORTENSIO

And so it is. I wonder what it bodes.

PETRUCHIO

Marry, peace it bodes, and love, and quiet life,
And awful rule, and right supremacy,
And, to be short, what not that's sweet and happy?

BAPTISTA

(115) Now, fair befall thee, good Petruchio!
The wager thou hast won, and I will add
Unto their losses twenty thousand crowns,
Another dowry to another daughter,
For she is changed as she had never been.

PETRUCHIO

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

[Enter KATHERINE with BIANCA and WIDOW]

See where she comes and brings your froward wives
As prisoners to her womanly persuasion.—

(125) Katherine, that cap of yours becomes you not.
Off with that bauble, throw it underfoot.

WIDOW

Lord, let me never have a cause to sigh,
Till I be brought to such a silly pass!

BIANCA

Fie! What a foolish duty call you this?

LUCENTIO

(130) I would your duty were as foolish too.
The wisdom of your duty, fair Bianca,
Hath cost me an hundred crowns since suppertime.

BIANCA

The more fool you for laying on my duty.

PETRUCHIO

Katherine, I charge thee, tell these headstrong women
(135) What duty they do owe their lords and husbands.

WIDOW

Come, come, you're mocking. We will have no telling.

PETRUCHIO

Come on, I say, and first begin with her.

WIDOW

She shall not.

PETRUCHIO

I say she shall.—And first begin with her.

KATHERINE

(140) Fie, fie! Unknit that threat'ning 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,

(145) And in no sense is meet or amiable.

A woman moved is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty,
And while it is so, none so dry or thirsty
Will deign to sip or touch one drop of it.

(150) 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,

(155) 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.

Such duty as the subject owes the prince,

(160) Even such a woman oweth to her husband.

And when she is froward, peevish, sullen, sour,

And not obedient to his honest will,

What is she but a foul contending rebel

And graceless traitor to her loving lord?

(165) I am ashamed that women are so simple
To offer war where they should kneel for peace;
Or seek for rule, supremacy and sway

When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.

Why are our bodies soft and weak and smooth,

(170) Unapt to toil and trouble in the world,

But that our soft conditions and our hearts

Should well agree with our external parts?
Come, come, you froward and unable worms!
My mind hath been as big as one of yours,
(175) My heart as great, my reason haply more,
To bandy word for word and frown for frown.
But now I see our lances are but straws,
Our strength as weak, our weakness past compare,
That seeming to be most which we indeed least are.
(180) Then vail your stomachs, for it is no boot,
And place your hands below your husband's foot:
In token of which duty, if he please,
My hand is ready, may it do him ease.

PETRUCHIO

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

LUCENTIO

(185) Well, go thy ways, old lad, for thou shalt ha 't.

VINCENTIO

'Tis a good hearing when children are toward.

LUCENTIO

But a harsh hearing when women are froward.

PETRUCHIO

(to LUCENTIO)

Come, Kate, we'll to bed.

We three are married, but you two are sped.

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

[Exeunt PETRUCHIO and KATHERINE]

HORTENSIO

Now, go thy ways, thou hast tamed a curst shrew.

LUCENTIO

'Tis a wonder, by your leave, she will be tamed so.

[Exeunt]

