

**Act I. Scene 1.**

*Padua. A public Place. Enter LUCENTIO and TRANIO.*

*Lucentio* Tranio, since for the great desire I had  
To see fair Padua, nursery of arts,  
I am arriv'd for fruitful Lombardy,  
The pleasant garden of great Italy;  
And by my father's love and leave am arm'd  
With his good will and thy good company,  
My trusty servant well approv'd in all,  
But stay a while: what company is this?

*Lucentio pulls Tranio aside. Enter BAPTISTA carrying Bianca doll and GREMIO.*

*Baptista.* Gremio, importune me no further,  
For how I firmly am resolv'd you know;  
That is, not to bestow my youngest daughter  
Before I have a husband for the elder.  
Gremio, that I may soon make good  
What I have said,—Bianca, get you in:  
And let it not displease thee, good Bianca,  
For I will love thee ne'er the less, my girl.

*Gremio.* Signior Baptista, will you be so strange?  
Sorry am I that my good will effects  
Bianca's grief. Why will you mew her up,  
Signior Baptista, for this fiend of hell,  
And make her bear the penance of her tongue?

*Baptista.* Gremio, content ye; I am resolv'd.  
And for I know she taketh most delight  
In music, instruments, and poetry,  
Schoolmasters will I keep within my house,  
Fit to instruct her youth. If you, know any such,  
Prefer them hither; for to cunning men  
I will be very kind, and liberal.

And so farewell. [*Exits with Bianca doll*]

*Gremio.* 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.  
[*Exit*]

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

*Lucentio* O Tranio! till I found it to be true,

I never thought it possible or likely;  
 But see, while idly I stood looking on,  
 I found the effect of love in idleness;  
 Tranio, I burn, I pine, I perish, Tranio,  
 If I achieve not this young modest girl.  
 Counsel me, Tranio, for I know thou canst:  
 Assist me, Tranio, for I know thou wilt.

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

*Lucentio* O yes, I saw sweet beauty in her face-

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

*Lucentio* Ah, Tranio, what a cruel father's he!  
 But art thou not advis'd 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.* 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?  
 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 distinguish'd by our faces  
 For man, or master: then, it follows thus:

Thou shalt be master, Tranio, in my stead,  
 Keep house, and port, and servants, as I should:  
 I will some other be; some Florentine,  
 Some Neapolitan, or meaner man of Pisa.  
 'Tis hatch'd and shall be so: Tranio, at once  
 Uncase thee, take my colour'd hat and cloak:

*Tranio.* In brief then, sir, sith it your pleasure is,  
 And I am tied to be obedient;  
 For so your father charg'd me at our parting,  
 'Be serviceable to my son,' quoth he,  
 Although I think 'twas in another sense:  
 I am content to be Lucentio,  
 Because so well I love Lucentio.

*Lucentio* Tranio, be so, because Lucentio loves;  
 And let me be a slave, to achieve that maid  
 Whose sudden sight hath thrall'd my wounded eye.  
 Tranio, let's go. One thing more rests, that thyself execute, to make one among these  
 wooers: if thou ask me why, sufficeth my reasons are both good and  
 weighty. [*Exeunt.*]

Cross with Bianca and Baptista

### Act I. Scene II.

*The Same. Before GREMIO'S House. Enter PETRUCHIO and GRUMIO.*

*Petruchio.* Verona, for a while I take my leave,  
 To see my friends in Padua; but, of all  
 My best beloved and approved friend,  
 Old Gremio; and I trow this is his house.  
 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.* 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 GRUMIO by the ears.*]

*Grumio.* Help, masters, help! my master is mad.

*Petruchio.* Now, knock when I bid you, sirrah villain!

*Enter Gremio.*

*Gremio.* How now! what's the matter? My old friend Grumio! and my good friend Petruchio! How do you all at Verona?

*Petruchio.* Good Signior Gremio, come you to part the fray?

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

*Grumio.* Nay, 'tis no matter, sir, if this be not a lawful cause for me to leave his service, look you, sir, he bid me knock him and rap him soundly, sir: well, was it fit for a servant to use his master so?

*Petruchio.* A senseless villain! My good Gremio,  
I bade the rascal knock upon your gate,  
And could not get him for my heart to do it.

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

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

*Gremio.* Petruchio, patience; I am Grumio's pledge.  
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 further than at home,  
Where small experience grows. But in a few,  
Good Signior Gremio, thus it stands with me:  
Antonio, my father, is deceas'd,  
And I have thrust myself into this maze,  
Haply to wive and thrive as best I may.  
Crowns in my purse I have and goods at home,  
And so am come abroad to see the world.

*Gremio.* Petruchio, shall I then come roundly to thee,  
And wish thee to a shrewd ill-favour'd wife?  
Thou'dst thank me but a little for my counsel;  
And yet I'll promise thee she shall be rich.

*Petruchio.* -- Signior Gremio, 'twixt such friends as we,  
Few words suffice; and therefore, if thou know  
One rich enough to be Petruchio's wife,  
Be she as foul as was Florentius' love,

She moves me not, or not removes, at least,  
 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.* 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.

*Gremio.* I can, Petruchio, help thee to a wife  
 With wealth enough, and young and beauteous,  
 Her only fault,—and that is faults enough,—  
 Is, that she is intolerable curst  
 And shrewd and froward, so beyond all measure,  
 That, were my state far worser than it is,  
 I would not wed her for a mine of gold.

*Petruchio.* Peace, Gremio, peace! thou know'st not gold's effect:  
 Tell me her father's name, and 'tis enough;  
 For I will board her, though she chide as loud  
 As thunder when the clouds in autumn crack.

*Gremio.* Her father is Baptista Minola,  
 An affable and courteous gentleman;  
 Her name is Katharina Minola,  
 Renown'd in Padua for her scolding tongue.

*Petruchio.* I know her father, though I know not her;  
 And he knew my deceased father well.  
 I will not sleep, good Gremio, till I see her;  
 And therefore let me be thus bold with you,  
 To give you over at this first encounter,  
 Unless you will accompany me thither.

*Gremio.* Tarry, Petruchio, I must go with thee,  
 For in Baptista's keep my treasure is:  
 His youngest daughter, beautiful Bianca,  
 And her withholds from me and other more,  
 Suitors to her and rivals in my love;  
 Supposing it a thing impossible,  
 That ever Katharina will be woo'd:  
 Therefore this order hath Baptista ta'en,

That none shall have access unto Bianca,  
Till Katharine the curst have got a husband.

*Grumio.* Katharine the curst!

A title for a maid of all titles the worst.

*Gremio.* O, sir, such a life, with such a wife, were strange!

But if you have a stomach, to 't i' God's name:

You shall have me assisting you in all.

But will you woo this wild-cat?

*Petruchio.* Will I live?

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

*Petruchio.* Why came I hither but to that intent?

Think you a little din can daunt mine ears?

Have I not in my time heard lions roar?

Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,

And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies?

Have I not in a pitched battle heard

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

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

Tush, tush! fear boys with bugs.

*Grumio.* For he fears none.

Lucentio prepares to be a tutor.

## Act II. Scene I.

*Padua. A Room in BAPTISTA'S House.*

*Enter BAPTISTA, TRANIO, and LUCENTIO in the habit of a mean man.*

*Tranio.* Good morrow, Signior Baptista.

*Baptista.* Good morrow, but gentle sir, methinks you walk like a stranger: may I be so bold to know the cause of your coming?

*Tranio.* Pardon me, sir, the boldness is mine own,

That, being a stranger in this city here,

Do make myself a suitor to your daughter,

Unto Bianca, fair and virtuous.

Nor is your firm resolve unknown to me,

In the preferment of the eldest sister.

This liberty is all that I request,

That, upon knowledge of my parentage,

I may have welcome 'mongst the rest that woo,

And free access and favour as the rest:

And, for an entrance to my entertainment,  
 I do present you with a man of mine, [*Presenting LUCENTIO*.  
 Cunning in music and the mathematics,  
 To instruct her fully in those sciences,  
 Whereof I know she is not ignorant.  
 Accept of him, or else you do me wrong:  
 His name is Cambio, born in Mantua.

*Baptista*. You're welcome, sir; and he, for your good sake.  
 You shall go see your pupils presently. [*Baptista leads Lucentio and Tranio out*,  
*GREMIO and PETRUCHIO enter*

*Gremio*. Good morrow, neighbour Baptista.

*Baptista*. Good morrow, neighbour Gremio. God save you, gentlemen!

*Petruchio*. Pray you, good sir, have you not a daughter  
 Call'd Katharina, fair and virtuous?

*Baptista*. I have a daughter, sir, call'd Katharina.

*Gremio*. You are too blunt: go to it orderly.

*Petruchio*. You wrong me, Signior Gremio: give me leave.

I am a gentleman of Verona, sir,  
 That, hearing of her beauty and her wit,  
 Her affability and bashful modesty,  
 Her wondrous qualities and mild behaviour,  
 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.

*Baptista*. Alas my daughter Katharine, this I know,  
 She is not for your turn, the more my grief.

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

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

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

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

*Gremio*. Saving your tale, Petruchio, I pray,  
 Let us, that are poor petitioners, speak too.  
 Backare! you are marvellous forward.

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

*Gremio*. I doubt it not, sir; but you will curse your wooing.

*Petruchio.* Signior Baptista, my business asketh haste,  
And every day I cannot come to woo.

You knew my father well, and in him me,  
Left solely heir to all his lands and goods,  
Which I have better'd rather than decreas'd:  
Then tell me, if I get your daughter's love,  
What dowry shall I have with her to wife?

*Baptista.* After my death the one half of my lands,  
And in possession twenty thousand crowns.

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

*Baptista.* Ay, when the special thing is well obtain'd,  
That is, her love; for that is all in all.

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

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

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

*Re-enter LUCENTIO with a lute around his head.*

*Baptista.* How now, my friend! why dost thou look so pale?

*Lucentio.* For fear, I promise you, if I look pale.

*Baptista.* What, will my daughter prove a good musician?

*Lucentio.* I think she'll sooner prove a soldier:  
Iron may hold with her, but never lutes.

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

*Lucentio.* Why, no; for she hath broke the lute to me.  
I did but tell her she mistook her frets,  
When, with a most impatient devilish spirit,

‘Frets, call you these?’ quoth she; ‘I’ll fume with them;’  
 And, with that word, she struck me on the head,  
 And through the instrument my pate made way;  
 And there I stood amazed for a while,  
 While she did call me rascal fiddler,  
 And twangling Jack; with twenty such vile terms  
 As she had studied to misuse me so.

*Baptista.* [To LUCENTIO.] Well, go with me, and be not so discomfited:  
 Proceed in practice with my younger daughter; [*Sends Lucentio offstage*]  
 She’s apt to learn, and thankful for good turns.  
 Signior Petruchio, will you go with us,  
 Or shall I send my daughter Kate to you?

*Petruchio.* I pray you do; I will attend her here, [*Exeunt BAPTISTA and GREMIO*]  
 And woo her with some spirit when she comes.  
 Say that she rail; why then I’ll tell her plain  
 She sings as sweetly as a nightingale:  
 Say that she frown; I’ll say she looks as clear  
 As morning roses newly wash’d with dew:  
 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 KATHARINA.*

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

*Katharina.* Well have you heard, but something hard of hearing:  
 They call me Katharine that do talk of me.

*Petruchio.* You lie, in faith; for you are call’d plain Kate,  
 And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst;  
 But, Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom;  
 Kate of Kate-Hall, my super-dainty Kate,  
 For dainties are all cates: and therefore, Kate,  
 Take this of me, Kate of my consolation;  
 Hearing thy mildness prais’d in every town,  
 Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded,—  
 Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs,—  
 Myself am mov’d to woo thee for my wife.

*Katharina.* Mov’d! in good time: let him that mov’d you hither  
 Remove you hence. I knew you at the first,  
 You were a moveable.

*Petruchio.* Why, what's a moveable?

*Katharina.* A joint-stool.

*Petruchio.* Thou hast hit it: come, sit on me.

*Katharina.* Asses are made to bear, and so are you.

*Petruchio.* Women are made to bear, and so are you.

*Katharina.* No such jade as bear you, if me you mean.

*Petruchio.* Alas! good Kate, I will not burden thee;  
For, knowing thee to be but young and light,—

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

*Petruchio.* Should be! should buz!

*Katharina.* Well ta'en, and like a buzzard.

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

*Katharina.* If I be waspish, best beware my sting.

*Petruchio.* My remedy is, then, to pluck it out.

*Katharina.* Ay, if the fool could find it where it lies.

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

*Katharina.* In his tongue.

*Petruchio.* Whose tongue?

*Katharina.* Yours, if you talk of tails; and so farewell.

*Petruchio.* What! with my tongue in your tail? nay, come again.  
Good Kate, I am a gentleman.

*Katharina.* That I'll try. [*Striking him.*]

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

*Katharina.* So may you lose your arms:  
If you strike me, you are no gentleman;  
And if no gentleman, why then no arms.

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

*Katharina.* What is your crest? a coxcomb?

*Petruchio.* A combless cock, so Kate will be my hen.

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

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

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

*Petruchio.* No, not a whit: I find you passing gentle.  
'Twas told me you were rough and coy and sullen,  
And now I find report a very liar;  
For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous,

But slow in speech, yet sweet as spring-time flowers:  
 Thou canst not frown, thou canst not look askance,  
 Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will;  
 Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross in talk;  
 But thou with mildness entertain'st thy wooers,  
 With gentle conference, soft and affable.

*Katharina.* Where did you study all this goodly speech?

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

*Katharina.* A witty mother! witless else her son.

*Petruchio.* Am I not wise?

*Katharina.* Yes; keep you warm.

*Petruchio.* Marry, so I mean, sweet Katharine, in thy bed:  
 And therefore, setting all this chat aside,  
 Thus in plain terms: your father hath consented  
 That you shall be my wife; your dowry 'greed on;  
 And will you, nill you, I will marry you.  
 Now, Kate, I am a husband for your turn;  
 For, by this light, whereby I see thy beauty,—  
 Thy beauty that doth make me like thee well,—  
 Thou must be married to no man but me:  
 For I am he am born to tame you, Kate;  
 And bring you from a wild Kate to a Kate  
 Conformable as other household Kates.  
 Here comes your father: never make denial;  
 I must and will have Katharine to my wife.

*Re-enter BAPTISTA and GREMIO.*

*Baptista.* Now, Signior Petruchio, how speed you with my daughter?

*Petruchio.* How but well, sir? how but well?

It were impossible I should speed amiss.

*Baptista.* Why, how now, daughter Katharine! in your dumps?

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

*Petruchio.* Father, 'tis thus: yourself and all the world,  
 That talk'd of her, have talk'd amiss of her:  
 If she be curst, it is for policy,

For she's not froward, but modest as the dove;  
 She is not hot, but temperate as the morn;  
 And to conclude, we have 'greed so well together,  
 That upon Sunday is the wedding-day.

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

*Gremio.* Hark, Petruchio: she says she'll see thee hang'd first.

*Petruchio.* Be patient, gentlemen; I choose her for myself:  
 If she and I be pleas'd, what's that to you?  
 'Tis bargain'd 'twixt us twain, being alone,  
 That she shall still be curst in company.  
 I tell you, 'tis incredible to believe  
 How much she loves me: O! the kindest Kate.  
 She hung about my neck, and kiss on kiss  
 She vied so fast, protesting oath on oath,  
 That in a twink she won me to her love.  
 O! you are novices: 'tis a world to see,  
 How tame, when men and women are alone,  
 A meacock wretch can make the 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 Katharine shall be fine.

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

*Petruchio.* Father, and wife, and gentlemen, adieu.  
 I will to Venice; Sunday comes apace:  
 We will have rings, and things, and fine array;  
 And, kiss me, Kate, we will be married o' Sunday. [*Exeunt PETRUCHIO and  
 KATHARINA, severally.*]

*Baptista.* Was ever match clapp'd up so suddenly?

*Gremio.* No doubt but he hath got a quiet catch.  
 But now, Baptista, to your younger daughter:  
 Now is the day I long have looked for:  
 I am your neighbour, and was suitor first. [*TRANIO appears, surprising Gremio*]

*Tranio.* And I am one that love Bianca more  
 Than words can witness, or your thoughts can guess.

*Gremio.* Youngling, thou canst not love so dear as I.

*Tranio.* Greybeard, thy love doth freeze.

*Gremio.* But thine doth fry.

*Baptista.* Content you, gentlemen; I'll compound this strife:  
'Tis deeds must win the prize; and he, of both,  
That can assure my daughter greatest dower  
Shall have my Bianca's love.

Say, Signior Gremio, what can you assure her?

*Gremio.* First, as you know, my house within the city  
Is richly furnished with plate and gold:  
In ivory coffers I have stuff'd my crowns;  
In cypress chests my arras counterpoints,  
Costly apparel, tents, and canopies,  
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,  
And if I die to-morrow, this is hers,  
If whilst I live she will be only mine.

*Tranio.* That 'only' came well in. Sir, list to me:  
I am my father's heir and only son:  
If I may have your daughter to my wife,  
I'll leave her houses three or four as good,  
Within rich Pisa walls, as any one  
Old Signior Gremio has in Padua;  
Besides two thousand ducats by the year  
Of fruitful land, all of which shall be her jointure.  
What, have I pinch'd you, Signior Gremio?

*Gremio.* Two thousand ducats by the year of land!  
My land amounts not to so much in all:  
That she shall have; besides an argosy  
That now is lying in Marseilles' road.  
What, have I chok'd you with an argosy?

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

*Gremio.* Nay, I have offer'd all, I have no more;  
And she can have no more than all I have:

*Tranio.* Why, then the maid is mine from all the world,  
By your firm promise. Gremio is out-vied.

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

*Tranio.* That's but a cavil: he is old, I young.

*Gremio.* And may not young men die as well as old?

*Baptista.* Well, gentlemen,  
I am thus resolv'd. On Sunday next, you know,  
My daughter Katharine is to be married:  
Now, on the Sunday following, shall Bianca  
Be bride to you, if you make this assurance;  
If not, to Signior Gremio:  
And so, I take my leave, and thank you both.

*Gremio.* Adieu, good neighbour. [*Exit BAPTISTA.*] Now I fear thee not:  
Sirrah young gamester, your father were a fool  
To give thee all, and in his waning age  
Set foot under thy table. Tut! a toy!

An old Italian fox is not so kind, my boy. [*Exit.*

*Tranio.* A vengeance on your crafty wither'd hide!  
'Tis in my head to do my master good:  
I see no reason, but suppos'd Lucentio  
Must get a father, called 'suppos'd Vincentio;'  
And that's a wonder: fathers, commonly  
Do get their children; but in this case of wooing,  
A child shall get a sire, if I fail not of my cunning. [*Exit.*

*In a transition dumb show we see Lucentio, book open in front of him, make a move on the Bianca doll. She, of course, is unresponsive. Lucentio is bewildered, but intrigued.*

### **Act III. Scene I.**

*The Same. Before BAPTISTA'S House. Enter BAPTISTA, GREMIO, KATHARINA.*

*Katherine is in a wedding veil. Bianca has on something bridesmaid-y.*

*Baptista.* Good neighbor Gremio, this is the 'pointed day  
That Katharine and Petruchio should be married,  
And yet we hear not of our son-in-law.  
What will be said? what mockery will it be  
To want the bridegroom when the priest attends  
To speak the ceremonial rites of marriage!  
What says old Gremio to this shame of ours?

*Katharina.* No shame but mine: I must, forsooth, be forc'd  
 To give my hand oppos'd against my heart  
 Unto a mad-brain rudesby, full of spleen;  
 Who woo'd in haste and means to wed at leisure.  
 I told you, I, he was a frantic fool,  
 Hiding his bitter jests in blunt behaviour;  
 Now must the world point at poor Katharine,  
 And say, 'Lo! there is mad Petruchio's wife,  
 If it would please him come and marry her.'

*Gremio.* Patience, good Katharine, and Baptista too.  
 Upon my life, Petruchio means but well.

*Katharina.* Would Katharine had never seen him though! [*Exit weeping*]

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

*Enter PETRUCHIO in ridiculous clothing*

*Petruchio.* Come, where be these gallants? who is at home?

*Baptista.* You are welcome, sir.

*Petruchio.* And yet I come not well.

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

*Petruchio.* Were it better, I should rush in thus.  
 But where is Kate? where is my lovely bride?  
 How does my father? Gentles, methinks you frown:

*Baptista.* Why, sir, you know this is your wedding-day:  
 First were we sad, fearing you would not come;  
 Now sadder, that you come so unprovided.  
 Fie! doff this habit, shame to your estate,  
 An eye-sore to our solemn festival.

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

*Petruchio.* Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to hear:  
 Sufficeth, I am come to keep my word,  
 Though in some part enforced 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.

*Baptista.* See not your bride in these unreverent robes:  
Go to my chamber; put on clothes of mine.

*Petruchio.* Not I, believe me: thus I'll visit her.

*Baptista.* But thus, I trust, you will not marry her.

*Petruchio.* Good sooth, even thus; therefore ha' done with words:  
To me she's married, not unto my clothes.

But what a fool am I to chat with you  
When I should bid good morrow to my bride,  
And seal the title with a lovely kiss! [*Exit* PETRUCHIO.]

*Gremio.* (*as he exits*) We will persuade him, be it possible,  
To put on better ere he go to church.

*Baptista.* I'll after him, and see the event of this. [*Exit* BAPTISTA. *LUCENTIO and*  
*TRANIO enter with Bianca doll.*

*Tranio.* But to her love concerneth us to add  
Her father's liking: which to bring to pass,  
As I before imparted to your worship,  
I am to get a man,—whate'er he be  
It skills not much, we'll fit him to our turn,—  
And he shall be Vincentio of Pisa,  
And make assurance here in Padua,  
Of greater sums than I have promised.  
So shall you quietly enjoy your hope,  
And marry sweet Bianca with consent.

*Enter* GREMIO. *Lucentio and Bianca slip out*

Signior Gremio, came you from the church?

*Gremio.* As willingly as e'er I came from school.

*Tranio.* And is the bride and bridegroom coming home?

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

*Tranio.* Curster than she? why, 'tis impossible.

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

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

*Gremio.* Tut! she's a lamb, a dove, a fool to him.

I'll tell you, Sir Lucentio: when the priest  
Should ask, if Katharine should be his wife,  
'Ay, by gogs-wouns!' quoth he; and swore so loud,  
That, all amaz'd, the priest let fall the book;

And, as he stoop'd again to take it up,  
 The mad-brain'd bridegroom took him such a cuff  
 That down fell priest and book and book and priest:  
 'Now take them up,' quoth he, 'if any list.'

*Tranio.* What said the wench when he arose again?

*Gremio.* Trembled and shook; for why he stamp'd and swore,  
 As if the vicar meant to cozen him.

But after many ceremonies done,  
 He calls for wine: 'A health!' quoth he; as if  
 He had been aboard, carousing to his mates  
 After a storm; quaff'd off the muscadel,  
 And threw the sops all in the sexton's face;  
 This done, he took the bride about the neck,  
 And kiss'd her lips with such a clamorous smack  
 That at the parting all the church did echo:  
 And I, seeing this, came thence for very shame;  
 And after me, I know, the rout is coming. *{Tranio sneaks out}*  
 Such a mad marriage never was before.

**Hark, hark! I hear the minstrels play. [Music.**

*Re-enter BAPTISTA, then PETRUCHIO leading KATHARINA.*

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

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

*Petruchio.* I must away to-day, before night come.  
 Make it no wonder: if you knew my business,  
 You would entreat me rather go than stay.  
 And, honest company, I thank you all,  
 That have beheld me give away myself  
 To this most patient, sweet, and virtuous wife.  
 Dine with my father, drink a health to me,  
 For I must hence; and farewell to you all.

*Gremio.* Let us entreat you stay till after dinner.

*Petruchio.* It may not be.

*Baptista.* Let me entreat you.

*Petruchio.* It cannot be.

*Katharina.* Let me entreat you.

*Petruchio.* I am content.

*Katharina.* Are you content to stay?

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

*Katharina.* Nay, then,  
Do what thou canst, I will not go to-day;  
No, nor to-morrow, nor till I please myself.  
The door is open, sir, there lies your way;  
You may be jogging whiles your boots are green;  
For me, I'll not be gone till I please myself.

*Petruchio.* O Kate! content thee: prithee, be not angry.

*Katharina.* 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.

*Katharina.* 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.  
Go to the feast, revel and domineer,  
Carouse full measure to her maidenhead,  
Be mad and merry, or go hang yourselves:  
But for my bonny Kate, she must with me.  
Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret;  
I will be master of what is mine own.  
She is my goods, my chattels; she is my house,  
My household stuff, my field, my barn,  
My horse, my ox, my ass, my anything;  
And here she stands, touch her whoever dare;  
I'll bring mine action on the proudest he  
That stops my way in Padua.  
Fear not, sweet wench; they shall not touch thee, Kate:  
I'll buckler thee against a million. [*Exeunt* PETRUCHIO and KATHARINA.]

*Baptista.* Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet ones.

*Gremio.* I warrant him, Petruchio is Kated.

*Baptista and Gremio exit quickly. There is a cross of Petruchio and Kate,  
Petruchio guarding Kate, but getting in the way of her every step.*

### Act III. Scene II.

*A Hall in PETRUCHIO'S Country House. Enter GRUMIO.*

*Grumio.* Fie, fie, on all tired jades, on all mad masters, and all foul ways! Was ever man so beaten? was ever man so rayed? was ever man so weary? Holla, ho! Curtis.

*Enter CURTIS.*

*Curtis.* Is my master and his wife coming, Grumio?

*Grumio.* O! ay, Curtis, ay; and therefore fire, fire; cast on no water.

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

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

*Curtis.* How?

*Grumio.* Out of their saddles into the dirt; and thereby hangs a tale.

*Curtis.* Let's ha't, good Grumio.

*Grumio.* Lend thine ear.

*Curtis.* Here.

*Grumio.* [*Striking him.*] There.

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

*Grumio.* And therefore it is called a sensible tale; and this cuff was but to knock at your ear and beseech listening. Now I begin: *Imprimis*, we came down a fowl hill, my master riding behind my mistress,—

*Curtis.* Both of one horse?

*Grumio.* What's that to thee?

*Curtis.* Why, a horse.

*Grumio.* Tell thou the tale: but hadst thou not crossed me thou shouldst have heard how her horse fell, and she under her horse; 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. Cock's passion! Silence, I hear my master!

*Enter PETRUCHIO and KATHARINA.*

*Petruchio.* Where be these knaves? What! no man at door

To hold my stirrup nor to take my horse?

You logger-headed and unpolish'd 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.* Go, rascals, go, and fetch my supper in. [*Exeunt CURTIS and GRUMIO*

*Where is the life that late I led?*

Where are those—? Sit down, Kate, and welcome.  
Soud, soud, soud, soud!

*Re-enter CURTIS and GRUMIO*

Why, when, I say?—Nay, good sweet Kate, be merry.—

Off with my boots, you rogues! you villains! When?

Out, you rogue! you pluck my foot awry: [*Strikes him.*

Take that, and mend the plucking off the other.

Be merry, Kate. Some water, here; what, ho!

Where are my slippers? Shall I have some water?

Come, Kate, and wash, and welcome heartily.— [*Curtis lets the ewer fall. PETRUCHIO strikes him.*

You whoreson villain! will you let it fall?

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

*Petruchio.* A whoreson, beetle-headed, flap-ear'd knave!

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

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

What's this? mutton?

*Curtis.* Ay.

*Petruchio.* Who brought it?

*Curtis.* I.

*Petruchio.* 'Tis burnt; and so is all the meat.

How durst you, villains, bring it from the dresser,

And serve it thus to me that love it not? [*Throws the meat, &c. at them.*

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

You heedless joltheads and unmanner'd slaves!

What! do you grumble! I'll be with you straight.

*Katharina.* I pray you, husband, be not so disquiet:

The meat was well if you were so contented.

*Petruchio.* I tell thee, Kate, 'twas burnt and dried away;

And I expressly am forbid to touch it,

For it engenders choler, planteth anger;

And better 'twere that both of us did fast,

Since, of ourselves, ourselves are choleric,

Than feed it with such over-roasted flesh.

Be patient; to-morrow't shall be mended,

And for this night we'll fast for company:

Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber. [*Exeunt PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, and GRUMIO.*

*Curtis.* He kills her in her own humour.

*Re-enter GRUMIO.*

*Curtis.* Where is he?

*Grumio.* In her chamber, making a sermon of continency to her;  
And rails, and swears, and rates, that she, poor soul,  
Knows not which way to stand, to look, to speak,  
And sits as one new-risen from a dream.  
Away, away! for he is coming hither. [*Exeunt.*

*Re-enter PETRUCHIO.*

*Petruchio.* Thus have I politicly begun my reign,  
And 'tis my hope to end successfully.  
She eat no meat to-day, nor none shall eat;  
Last night she slept not, nor to-night she shall not:  
As with the meat, some undeserved fault  
I'll find about the making of the bed;  
And here I'll fling the pillow, there the bolster,  
This way the coverlet, another way the sheets:  
Ay, and amid this hurly I intend  
That all is done in reverend care of her;  
This is a way to kill a wife with kindness;  
And thus I'll curb her mad and headstrong humour.  
He that knows better how to tame a shrew,  
Now let him speak: 'tis charity to show. [*Exit.*

### Act III. Scene III.

*Enter a Pedant and Tranio.*

*Pedant.* God save you, sir!

*Tranio.* And you, sir! you are welcome.  
Travel you far on, or are you at the furthest?

*Pedant.* Sir, at the furthest for a week or two;  
But then up further, and as far as Rome;

*Tranio.* What countryman, I pray?

*Pedant.* Of Mantua.

*Tranio.* Of Mantua, sir! marry, God forbid!  
Tis death for any one in Mantua  
To come to Padua. Know you not the cause?  
Your ships are stay'd at Venice; and the duke,—  
For private quarrel 'twixt your duke and him,—

Hath publish'd and proclaim'd it openly.

*Pedant.* Alas, sir! it is worse for me than so;  
For I have bills for money by exchange  
From Florence, and must here deliver them.

*Tranio.* Well, sir, to do you courtesy,  
This will I do, and this I will advise you:  
First, tell me, have you ever been at Pisa?

*Pedant.* Ay, sir, in Pisa have I often been;  
Pisa, renowned for grave citizens.

*Tranio.* Among them, know you one Vincentio?

*Pedant.* I know him not, but I have heard of him;  
A merchant of incomparable wealth.

*Tranio.* He is my father, sir; and, sooth to say,  
In countenance somewhat doth resemble you.  
To save your life in this extremity,  
This favour will I do you for his sake;  
His name and credit shall you undertake,  
And in my house you shall be friendly lodg'd,  
You understand me, sir; so shall you stay  
Till you have done your business in the city.  
If this be courtesy, sir, accept of it.

*Pedant.* O sir, I do; and will repute you ever  
The patron of my life and liberty.

*Tranio.* This, by the way, I let you understand:  
My father is here look'd for every day,  
To pass assurance of a dower in marriage  
'Twixt me and one Baptista's daughter here:  
In all these circumstances I'll instruct you.

### **Act IV. Scene I.**

*A Room in PETRUCHIO'S House. Enter KATHARINA and GRUMIO.*

*Grumio.* No, no, forsooth; I dare not, for my life.

*Katharina.* The more my wrong the more his spite appears.  
What, did he marry me to famish me?  
Beggars, that come unto my father's door,  
Upon entreaty have a present alms;  
If not, elsewhere they meet with charity:  
But I, who never knew how to entreat,

Nor never needed that I should entreat,  
 Am starv'd for meat, giddy for lack of sleep;  
 With oaths kept waking, and with brawling fed.  
 And that which spites me more than all these wants,  
 He does it under name of perfect love;  
 I prithee go and get me some repast;  
 I care not what, so it be wholesome food.

*Grumio.* What say you to a neat's foot?

*Katharina.* 'Tis passing good: I prithee let me have it.

*Grumio.* I fear it is too choleric a meat.

How say you to a fat tripe finely broil'd?

*Katharina.* I like it well: good Grumio, fetch it me.

*Grumio.* I cannot tell; I fear 'tis choleric.

What say you to a piece of beef and mustard?

*Katharina.* A dish that I do love to feed upon.

*Grumio.* Ay, but the mustard is too hot a little.

*Katharina.* Why, then the beef, and let the mustard rest.

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

*Katharina.* Then both, or one, or anything thou wilt.

*Grumio.* Why then, the mustard without the beef.

*Katharina.* Go, get thee gone, thou false deluding slave, [*Beats him.*]

*Enter PETRUCHIO with a dish of meat.*

*Petruchio.* How fares my Kate? What, sweeting, all amort?

Pluck up thy spirits; look cheerfully upon me.

Here, love; thou seest how diligent I am,

To dress thy meat myself and bring it thee: [*Sets the dish on a table.*]

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.

*Katharina.* I pray you, let it stand.

*Petruchio.* The poorest service is repaid with thanks,  
 And so shall mine, before you touch the meat.

*Katharina.* I thank you, sir.

*Petruchio.* Kate, eat apace: and now, my honey love,  
 Will we return unto thy father's house,  
 And revel it as bravely as the best,

With silken coats and caps and golden rings,  
 With ruffs and cuffs and farthingales and things;  
 What! hast thou din'd? The tailor stays thy leisure,  
 To deck thy body with his ruffling treasure.

*Enter Haberdasher.*

What news with you, sir?

*Haberdasher.* Here is the cap your worship did bespeak.

*Petruchio.* 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.

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

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

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

*Katharina.* Why, sir, I trust I may have leave to speak,  
 Your betters have endur'd me say my mind,  
 And if you cannot, best you stop your ears.

*Petruchio.* Why, thou sayst 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. [*Dismisses Haberdasher*

*Katharina.* Love me or love me not, I like the cap,  
 And it I will have, or I will have none. [*Exit Haberdasher.*

*Petruchio.* Thy gown? why, ay: come, tailor, let us see't.  
 O mercy, God! what masquing stuff is here?  
 Here's snip and nip and cut and slish and slash,  
 Why, what, i' devil's name, tailor, call'st thou this?

*Grumio.* [*Aside.*] I see, she's like to have neither cap nor gown.

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

*Petruchio.* Marry, and did: but if you be remember'd,  
 I did not bid you mar it to the time.

*Katharina.* I never saw a better-fashion'd gown,  
 Belike you mean to make a puppet of me.

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

*Tailor.* She says your worship means to make a puppet of her.

*Petruchio.* O monstrous arrogance! Thou liest, thou thread,  
 Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter-cricket thou!

Brav'd in mine own house with a skein of thread!  
I tell thee, I, that thou hast marr'd her gown.

*Tailor.* Your worship is deceiv'd: the gown is made  
Just as my master had direction.

Grumio gave order how it should be done.

*Grumio.* I gave him no order; I gave him the stuff.

*Tailor.* But did you not request to have it cut?

*Grumio.* I say unto thee, I bid thy master cut out the gown; but I did not bid him cut it to pieces: *ergo*, thou liest.

*Tailor.* Why, here is the note of the fashion to testify.

*Petruchio.* Read it.

*Tailor.* *Imprimis. A loose-bodied gown.*

*Grumio.* Master, if ever I said loose-bodied gown, sew me in the skirts of it, and beat me to death with a bottom of brown thread. I said, a gown.

*Petruchio.* Proceed.

*Tailor.* *With a small compassed cape.*

*Grumio.* I confess the cape.

*Tailor.* *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.

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

*Grumio.* You are i' the right, sir; 'tis for my mistress.

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

*Grumio.* Villain, not for thy life! Take up my mistress' gown for thy master's use!  
O, fie, fie, fie!

*Petruchio.* Away! I say; commend me to thy master. [*Exit Tailor.*

Well, come, my Kate; we will unto your father's,  
Even in these honest mean habiliments.

Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor:

For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich;

What is the jay more precious than the lark

Because his feathers are more beautiful?

O, no, good Kate; neither art thou the worse

For this poor furniture and mean array.

If thou account'st it shame, lay it on me;

Let's see; I think 'tis now some seven o'clock,

And well we may come there by dinner-time.

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

*Petruchio.* It shall be seven ere I go to horse.  
Look, what I speak, or do, or think to do,  
You are still crossing it. *Sirrah*, let't alone:  
I will not go to-day; and ere I do,  
It shall be what o'clock I say it is.

*Grumio.* Why, so this gallant will command the sun. [*Exeunt.*]

### Act IV. Scene II.

*Before BAPTISTA'S House. Enter TRANIO, and the Pedant dressed like VINCENTIO.*

*Tranio.* Sir, this is the house: please it you that I call?  
Here comes Baptista. Set your countenance, sir.

*Enter BAPTISTA*

Signior Baptista, you are happily met.  
[*To the Pedant.*] Sir, this is the gentleman I told you of:  
I pray you, stand good father to me now,  
Give me Bianca for my patrimony.

*Pedant.* Soft, son!  
Sir, by your leave: having come to Padua  
To gather in some debts, my son Lucentio  
Made me acquainted with a weighty cause  
Of love between your daughter and himself:  
I am content, in a good father's care,  
To have him match'd; and, if you please to like  
No worse than I, upon some agreement  
Me shall you find ready and willing  
With one consent to have her so bestow'd;  
For curious I cannot be with you,  
Signior Baptista, of whom I hear so well.

*Baptista.* Right true it is, your son Lucentio here  
Doth love my daughter and she loveth him,  
Or both dissemble deeply their affections:  
And therefore, if you say no more than this,  
That like a father you will deal with him  
And pass my daughter a sufficient dower,  
The match is made, and all is done:

*Tranio.* I thank you, sir. Where, then, do you know best

We be affied and such assurance ta'en  
As shall with either part's agreement stand?

*Baptista.* Not in my house, Lucentio; for, you know,  
Pitchers have ears, and I have many servants.

Besides, old Gremio is hearkening still,

*Tranio.* Then at my lodging an it like you:  
There doth my father lie, and there this night  
We'll pass the business privately and well.

*Baptista.* It likes me well. [Exeunt]

### Act IV. Scene III.

*A public Road. Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, GRUMIO.*

*Petruchio.* Come on, i' God's name; once more toward our father's.  
Good Lord, how bright and goodly shines the moon!

*Katharina.* The moon! the sun: it is not moonlight now.

*Petruchio.* I say it is the moon that shines so bright.

*Katharina.* I know it is the sun that shines so bright.

*Petruchio.* Now, by my mother's son, and that's myself,  
It shall be moon, or star, or what I list,  
Or ere I journey to your father's house.  
Go one and fetch our horses back again.

Evermore cross'd and cross'd; nothing but cross'd!

*Grumio.* Say as he says, or we shall never go.

*Katharina.* Forward, I pray, since we have come so far,  
And be it moon, or sun, or what you please.  
An if you please to call it a rush-candle,  
Henceforth I vow it shall be so for me.

*Petruchio.* I say it is the moon.

*Katharina.* I know it is the moon.

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

*Katharina.* Then God be bless'd, it is the blessed sun:  
But sun it is not when you say it is not,  
And the moon changes even as your mind.  
What you will have it nam'd, even that it is;  
And so, it shall be so for Katharine.

*Enter VINCENTIO, in a travelling dress, looking old.*

*Petruchio.* [To VINCENTIO.] Good morrow, gentle mistress: where away?  
Tell me, sweet Kate, and tell me truly too,

Hast thou beheld a fresher gentlewoman?  
 Such war of white and red within her cheeks!  
 Fair lovely maid, once more good day to thee.  
 Sweet Kate, embrace her for her beauty's sake.

*Katharina.* Young budding virgin, fair and fresh and sweet,  
 Whither away, or where is thy abode?  
 Happy the parents of so fair a child;  
 Happier the man, whom favourable stars  
 Allot thee for his lovely bed-fellow!

*Petruchio.* Why, how now, Kate! I hope thou art not mad:  
 This is a man, old, wrinkled, faded, wither'd,  
 And not a maiden, as thou sayst he is.

*Katharina.* Pardon, old father, my mistaking eyes,  
 That have been so bedazzled with the sun  
 That everything I look on seemeth green:  
 Now I perceive thou art a reverend father;  
 Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad mistaking.

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

*Vincentio.* Fair sir, and you my merry mistress,  
 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.* Happily met; the happier for thy son.  
 And now by law, as well as reverend age,  
 I may entitle thee my loving father:  
 The sister to my wife, this gentlewoman,  
 Thy son by this hath married. Wonder not,  
 Nor be not griev'd: she is of good esteem,  
 Her dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth;  
 Let me embrace with old Vincentio;  
 And wander we to see thy honest son,  
 Who will of thy arrival be full joyous.

*Vincentio.* But is this true? or is it else your pleasure,  
 Like pleasant travellers, to break a jest

Upon the company you overtake?

*Petruchio.* I do assure thee, father, so it is.

Come, go along, and see the truth hereof;

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

#### Act IV. Scene IV.

*Padua. Before LUCENTIO'S House. Enter PETRUCHIO and VINCENTIO*

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

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

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

*Vincenzio.* 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.*]

*Enter Pedant above, at a window.*

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

*Vincenzio.* Is Signior Lucentio within, sir?

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

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

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

*Petruchio.* Nay, I told you your son was well beloved in Padua. Do you hear, sir? To leave frivolous circumstances, I pray you, tell Signior Lucentio that his father is come from Pisa, and is here at the door to speak with him.

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

*Vincenzio.* Art thou his father?

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

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

*Pedant.* Lay hands on the villain: I believe, a' means to cozen somebody in this city under my countenance.

*Vincenzio attempts to get at Pedant. Tranio and Baptista enter.*

*Tranio.* Sir, what are you that offer to beat my **father**?

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

*Tranio.* How now! what's the matter?

*Baptista.* What, is the man lunatic?

*Tranio.* Sir, you seem a sober ancient gentleman by your habit, but your words show you a mad-man. Why, sir, what 'cerns it you if I wear pearl and gold? I thank my good father, I am able to maintain it.

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

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

*Vincenzio.* His name! as if I knew not his name: I have brought him up ever since he was three years old, and his name is Tranio.

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

*Vincenzio.* Lucentio! O! he hath murdered his master. Lay hold on him, I charge you in the duke's name. O my son, my son! tell me, thou villain, where is my son Lucentio?

*Tranio.* Call forth an officer. Carry this mad knave to the gaol. Father Baptista, I charge you see that he be forthcoming. [*Pedant sneaks out*]

*Vincenzio.* Carry me to the gaol!

*Baptista.* Away with the dotard! to the gaol with him!

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

*Enter LUCENTIO with BIANCA. Tranio runs away.*

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

*Vincenzio.* Lives my sweetest son?

[*BIANCA kneels for pardon like Lucentio.*]

*Baptista.* How hast thou offended?

Where is Lucentio?

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

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

*Baptista.* Why, tell me, is not this my Cambio?

*Lucentio* Cambio is chang'd into Lucentio.  
Love wrought these miracles. Bianca's love  
Made me exchange my state with Tranio,  
While he did bear my countenance in the town;  
And happily I have arriv'd at last  
Unto the wished haven of my bliss.  
What Tranio did, myself enforc'd him to;  
Then pardon him, sweet father, for my sake.

*Baptista.* But do you hear, sir? Have you married my daughter without asking my good will?

*Vincenzio.* 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.*]

### Act V. Scene I.

*A banquet in LUCENTIO'S house for BAPTISTA, LUCENTIO, PETRUCHIO, TRANIO, GREMIO, GRUMIO. Katherine and Bianca are offstage.*

*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 banquet is to close our stomachs up,  
After our great good cheer. Pray you, sit down;  
For now we sit to chat as well as eat. [*They sit at table.*]

*Petruchio.* Nothing but sit and sit, and eat and eat!

*Baptista.* Padua affords this kindness, son Petruchio.

*Vincenzio.* Padua affords nothing but what is kind.

*Petruchio.* Here, Signior Tranio;

This bird you aim'd at, though you hit her not:

Therefore a health to all that shot and miss'd.

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

*Petruchio.* A good swift simile, but something currish.

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

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

*Baptista.* O ho, Petruchio! Tranio hits you now.

*Lucentio.* I thank thee for that gird, good Tranio.

*Gremio.* Confess, confess, hath he not hit you here?

*Petruchio.* A' has a little gall'd me, I confess;

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

*Petruchio.* Well, I say no: and therefore, for assurance,  
Let's each one send unto his wife;  
And he whose wife is most obedient  
To come at first when he doth send for her,  
Shall win the wager which we will propose.

*Lucentio* Content. What is the wager? Twenty crowns?

*Petruchio.* Twenty crowns!

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

*Lucentio* A hundred then.

*Petruchio.* A match! 'tis done.

*Gremio.* Who shall begin?

*Lucentio* That will I.

Go, good *Gremio*, bid my mistress come to me.

*Gremio.* I go. [*Exit.*

*Baptista.* Son, I will be your half, Bianca comes.

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

*Re-enter Gremio.*

How now! what news?

*Grem.* Sir, your mistress sends you word

That she is busy and she cannot come.

*Petruchio.* How! she is busy, and she cannot come!

Is that an answer?

*Lucentio* Ay, and a kind one too:

Pray God, sir, your wife send you not a worse.

*Petruchio.* I hope, better.

Sirrah *Grumio*, go to my mistress; say,

I command her come to me. [*Exit GRUMIO.*

*Gremio.* I know her answer.

*Petruchio.* What?

*Gremio.* She will not.

*Petruchio.* The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.

*Re-enter KATHARINA.*

*Baptista.* Now, by my holidame, here comes *Katharina*!

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

*Petruchio.* Where is your sister, good *Lucentio*'s wife?

*Katharina.* She sits in comfort by the parlour fire.

*Petruchio.* Go, fetch her hither: if she denies to come,  
Swinge me her soundly forth unto her husband.

Away, I say, and bring her hither straight. [*Exit KATHARINA.*

*Lucentio.* Here is a wonder, if you talk of a wonder.

*Gremio.* And so it is. I wonder what it bodes.

*Petruchio.* Marry, peace it bodes, and love, and quiet life,  
And, to be short, what not that's sweet and happy.

*Baptista.* Now fair befall thee, good *Petruchio*!  
The wager thou hast won; and I will add  
Unto their losses twenty thousand crowns;  
Another dowry to another daughter,

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

*Petruchio.* Nay, I will win my wager better yet,  
And show more sign of her obedience,  
Her new-built virtue and obedience.  
See where she comes, and brings your froward wife  
As prisoners to her womanly persuasion.

*Re-enter KATHARINA with BIANCA.*

*Petruchio.* Katharine, I charge thee, tell this headstrong woman  
What duty she does owe her lord and husband.

*Katharina.* Fie, fie! unknit that threatening unkind brow,  
And dart not scornful glances from those eyes,  
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor:  
A woman mov'd is like a fountain troubled,  
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty;  
And while it is so, none so dry or thirsty  
Will deign to sip or touch one drop of it.  
Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,  
Thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares for thee,  
And for thy maintenance commits his body  
To painful labour both by sea and land,  
To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,  
Whilst thou liest warm at home, secure and safe;  
And craves no other tribute at thy hands  
But love, fair looks, and true obedience;  
Too little payment for so great a debt.  
Such duty as the subject owes the prince,  
Even such a woman oweth to her husband;  
And when she's froward, peevish, sullen, sour,  
And not obedient to his honest will,  
What is she but a foul contending rebel,  
And graceless traitor to her loving lord?—  
Come, come, you froward and unable worm!  
My mind hath been as big as one of yours,  
My heart as great, my reason haply more,  
To bandy word for word and frown for frown;  
But now I see our lances are but straws,  
Our strength as weak, our weakness past compare,  
That seeming to be most which we indeed least are.

Then vail your stomach, 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.

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

*Petruchio.* Come, Kate, we'll to bed.

We four are married, but you two are sped  
Twas I won the wager, though you hit the white;  
And, being a winner, God give you good night! [*Exeunt*