

## *The Taming of the Shrew*

### **14 + Characters**

Baptista - a wealthy gentleman of Padua, the father of two daughters.

Vincentio - Lucentio's father.

Lucentio - a young man of Pisa.

Petruchio - a gentleman in search of a rich wife.

Gremio - an old man.

Hortensio - a suitor to Bianca's hand.

Tranio - Lucentio's servant and very close friend.

Biondello - one of Lucentio's servants.

Grumio - Petruchio's servant.

Curtis - Petruchio's servants.

Pedant - a schoolmaster.

Katherina - a sharp-tongued lady of Padua.

Bianca - Baptista's younger daughter.

A Widow - daughter to Baptista.

Officers, Messengers, Lords and Servants

## ACT I

### SCENE I. Padua. A public place.

*Enter LUCENTIO and his man TRANIO*

**LUCENTIO**

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

**TRANIO**

Gentle master mine,  
I am in all affected as yourself;  
Glad that you thus continue your resolve  
To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy.  
Only, good master, while we do admire  
This virtue and this moral discipline,  
Let's be no stoics nor no stocks, I pray;  
In brief, sir, study what you most affect.

**LUCENTIO**

Tranio, well dost thou advise.  
If, Biondello, thou wert come,  
We could at once put us in readiness,  
And take a lodging.  
But stay a while: what company is this?

**TRANIO**

Master, some show to welcome us to town.

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

**BAPTISTA**

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

**GREMIO**

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

**KATHARINA**

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,  
 Unless you were of gentler, milder mould.

**KATHARINA**

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

**HORTENSIA**

From all such devils, good Lord deliver us!

**GREMIO**

And me too, good Lord!

**TRANIO**

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

**LUCENTIO**

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

**TRANIO**

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

**BAPTISTA**

Gentlemen, 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.

**KATHARINA**

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

**BIANCA**

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

**LUCENTIO**

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

**GREMIO**

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

**BAPTISTA**

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,  
 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.  
*Exit*

**KATHARINA**

Why, and I trust I may go too, may I not?  
*Exit*

**HORTENSIO**

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 Bianco's love, to  
 labour 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**

I say, a husband.

**GREMIO**

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

**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.

**HORTENSIO**

But come; since this bar in law makes us  
 friends, by helping Baptista's eldest daughter  
 to a husband we set his youngest free for a husband,

**(TOGETHER)** Sweet Bianca!

How say you, Signior Gremio?

**GREMIO**

I am agreed!

*Exeunt GREMIO and HORTENSIO*

**TRANIO**

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

**LUCENTIO**

Tranio, I burn, I pine, I perish, Tranio,  
If I achieve not this young modest girl.

**TRANIO**

Mark'd 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:  
Sacred and sweet was all I saw in her.

**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 eldest sister is so curst and shrewd  
That till the father rid his hands of her,  
Master, your love must live a maid at home;

**LUCENTIO**

Ah, Tranio, what a cruel father's he!  
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.  
You will be schoolmaster  
And undertake the teaching of the maid:  
That's your device.

**LUCENTIO**

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

**TRANIO**

I am content to be Lucentio,  
Because so well I love Lucentio.

**LUCENTIO**

And let me be a slave, to achieve that maid  
Here comes the rogue.

*Enter BIONDELLO*

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?

**LUCENTIO**

Sirrah, come hither: 'tis no time to jest,  
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  
I kill'd a man and fear I was descried:  
Wait you on him, I charge you,

**BIONDELLO**

I, sir! ne'er a whit.

**LUCENTIO**

And not a jot of Tranio in your mouth:  
Tranio is changed into Lucentio.

**BIONDELLO**

The better for him: would I were so too!

*Exeunt*

**SCENE II. Padua. Before HORTENSIO'S house.**

*Enter PETRUCHIO and his man GRUMIO*

**PETRUCHIO**

Here, sirrah Grumio; knock, I say.

**GRUMIO**

Knock, sir! whom should I knock? is there man has rebused your worship?

**PETRUCHIO**

Villain, I say, knock me here soundly.

**GRUMIO**

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;

*He wrings him by the ears*

**GRUMIO**

Help, masters, help! my master is mad.

**PETRUCHIO**

Now, knock when I bid you, sirrah villain!

*Enter HORTENSIO*

**HORTENSIO**

How now! what's the matter? My old friend Grumio!  
and my good friend Petruchio!



**PETRUCHIO**

Signior Hortensio

**GRUMIO**

Look you, sir, he bid me knock him and rap  
him soundly, sir:

**PETRUCHIO**

A senseless villain! Good Hortensio,  
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.

**HORTENSIO**

Your ancient, trusty, pleasant servant Grumio.  
And tell me now, sweet friend, what happy gale  
Blows you to Padua here from old Verona?

**PETRUCHIO**

Signior Hortensio, thus it stands with me:  
Antonio, my father, is deceased;  
And I have thrust myself into this maze,  
Haply to wive and thrive as best I may:

**HORTENSIO**

Petruchio, shall I then come roundly to thee  
And wish thee to a shrewd ill-favour'd wife?  
Thou'ldst thank me but a little for my counsel:  
And yet I'll promise thee she shall be rich  
And very rich: but thou'rt too much my friend,  
And I'll not wish thee to her.

**PETRUCHIO**

Signior Hortensio, 'twixt such friends as we  
Few words suffice;  
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 old trot with ne'er  
a tooth in her head,

**HORTENSIO**

I can, Petruchio, help thee to a wife  
With wealth enough  
Her only fault, and that is faults enough,  
Is that she is intolerable curst

**PETRUCHIO**

Hortensio, peace! thou know'st not gold's effect:  
Tell me her father's name and 'tis enough;

**HORTENSIO**

Her father is Baptista Minola,  
An affable and courteous gentleman:  
Her name is Katharina Minola,  
Renown'd 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;

**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,  
Therefore this order hath Baptista ta'en,  
That none shall have access unto Bianca  
Till Katharina the curst have got a husband.

**GRUMIO**

Katharina the curst!  
A title for a maid of all titles the worst.

**HORTENSIO**

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

Have leave and leisure to make love to her  
And unsuspected court her by herself.

**GREMIO**

O this learning, what a thing it is!

**HORTENSIO**

God save you, Signior Gremio.

**GREMIO**

And you are well met, Signior Hortensio.  
Trow you whither I am going? To Baptista Minola.  
I promised to inquire carefully  
About a schoolmaster for the fair Bianca:  
And by good fortune I have lighted well  
On this young man

**HORTENSIO**

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

**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**

Why came I hither but to that intent?  
Think you a little din can daunt mine ears?  
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.

**GREMIO**

Hortensio, hark:  
This gentleman is happily arrived,  
*Enter TRANIO brave, and BIONDELLO*

**TRANIO**

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: .

**HORTENSIO**

Sir, a word;

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

**TRANIO**

And if I be, sir, is it any offence?

**GREMIO**

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

**TRANIO**

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

**GREMIO**

But so is not she.

**TRANIO**

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,  
She may more suitors have and me for one.

**GRUMIO BIONDELLO**

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

*Exeunt*

## ACT II

### SCENE I. Padua. A room in BAPTISTA'S house.

*Enter KATHARINA and BIANCA*

**BIANCA**

Good sister, wrong me not, nor wrong yourself,  
To make a bondmaid and a slave of me;  
Unbind my hands, I know my duty to my elders.

**KATHARINA**

Of all thy suitors, here I charge thee, tell  
Whom thou lovest best: see thou dissemble not.

**BIANCA**

Believe me, sister, of all the men alive  
I never yet beheld that special face  
Which I could fancy more than any other.

**KATHARINA**

Minion, thou liest. Is't not Hortensio?

**BIANCA**

If you affect him, sister, here I swear  
I'll plead for you myself, but you shall have  
him.

**KATHARINA**

O 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,  
I prithee, sister Kate, untie my hands.

*Enter BAPTISTA*

**BAPTISTA**

Why, how now, dame! whence grows this insolence?  
 Why dost thou wrong her that did ne'er wrong thee?  
 When did she cross thee with a bitter word?

**KATHARINA**

Her silence flouts me, and I'll be revenged.  
*Flies after BIANCA*

**BAPTISTA**

What, in my sight? Bianca, get thee in.  
*Exit BIANCA*

**KATHARINA**

What, will you not suffer me? Nay, now I see  
 She is your treasure, she must have a husband;  
 I must dance bare-foot on her wedding day  
 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, neighbour Baptista.

**BAPTISTA**

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

**PETRUCHIO**

And you, good sir! Pray, have you not a daughter  
 Call'd Katharina, fair and virtuous?

**BAPTISTA**

I have a daughter, sir, called 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 behavior,  
 Am bold to show myself a forward guest  
 Within your house.  
 And, for an entrance to my entertainment,  
 I do present you with a man of mine,  
*Presenting HORTENSIO*

Cunning in music and the mathematics,  
 To instruct her fully in those sciences,  
 His name is Licio, born in Mantua.

**BAPTISTA**

You're welcome, sir;  
 Whence are you, sir? what may I call your name?

**PETRUCHIO**

Petruchio is my name; Antonio's son,  
 A man well known.

**BAPTISTA**

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

**GREMIO**

To express the like kindness, myself,  
 that have been more kindly beholding to you than  
 any, freely give unto you this young scholar,; 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*

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.  
 And, toward the education of your daughters,  
 I here bestow a simple instrument,  
 And this small packet of Greek and Latin books:  
 If you accept them, then their worth is great.

**BAPTISTA**

Lucentio is your name; of whence, I pray?

**TRANIO**

Of Pisa, sir; son to Vincentio.

**BAPTISTA**

You are very welcome, sir,  
 Take you the lute, and you the set of books;  
 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*

**PETRUCHIO**

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

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:

**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 HORTENSIO, with his head broke*

**BAPTISTA**

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

**HORTENSIO**

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**

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

**HORTENSIO**

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

**PETRUCHIO**

Now, by the world, it is a lusty wench;  
I love her ten times more than e'er I did:  
O, how I long to have some chat with her!

**BAPTISTA**

Well, go with me and be not so discomfited:  
Proceed in practise with my younger daughter;  
Signior Petruchio, will you go with us,  
Or shall I send my daughter Kate to you?

**PETRUCHIO**

I pray you do.

*Exeunt all but PETRUCHIO*

I will 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:  
 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 Katharina 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 Kates, and therefore, Kate,  
 Take this of me, Kate of my consolation;  
 Hearing thy mildness praised in every town,  
 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.

**KATHARINA**

Moved! in good time: let him that moved you hither  
 Remove you hence: I knew you at the first  
 You were a moveable.

**PETRUCHIO**

Why, what's a moveable?

**KATHARINA**

A join'd-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 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--buzz!

**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.

*She strikes him*

**PETRUCHIO**

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

**KATHARINA**

If you strike me, you are no gentleman;

**PETRUCHIO**

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

**KATHARINA**

It is my fashion, when I see a crab.

**PETRUCHIO**

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

**KATHARINA**

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

**PETRUCHIO**

'Twas told me you were rough and coy and sullen,

And now I find report a very liar;

For thou are pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous,

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

Why does the world report that Kate doth limp?

O slanderous world! Kate like the hazel-twig

Is straight and slender and as brown in hue

As hazel nuts and sweeter than the kernels.

O, let me see thee walk: thou dost not halt.

**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 Katharina, 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;  
 Here comes your father: never make denial;  
 I must and will have Katharina to my wife.  
*Re-enter BAPTISTA, GREMIO, and TRANIO*

**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 Katharina! 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;

**PETRUCHIO**

Father, 'tis thus: yourself and all the world,

That talk'd of her, have talk'd amiss of her:

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.

**PETRUCHIO**

'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!

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 Katharina 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*

**GREMIO**

Was ever match clapp'd up so suddenly?  
 But now, Baptists, to your younger daughter:

**BAPTISTA**

Content you, gentlemen: I will compound this strife:  
 'Tis deeds must win the prize; and he of both  
 That can assure my daughter greatest dower  
 Shall have my Bianca's love.  
 Say, Signior Gremio, What can you assure her?

**GREMIO**

At my farm  
 I have a hundred milch-kine to the pail,  
 Sixscore fat oxen standing in my stalls,  
 And all things answerable to this portion.  
 Myself am struck in years, I must confess;  
 And if I die to-morrow, this is hers,  
 If whilst I live she will be only mine.

**TRANIO**

Sir, list to me:  
 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. 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:  
 Nay, I have offer'd all, I have no more;

**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;  
Well, gentlemen,  
I am thus resolved: on Sunday next you know  
My daughter Katharina is to be married:  
Now, on the Sunday following, shall Bianca  
Be bride to you, if you this assurance;  
If not, Signior Gremio:  
And so, I take my leave, and thank you both.  
*Exit BAPTISTA*

## ACT III

### SCENE I. Padua. BAPTISTA'S house.

*Enter LUCENTIO, HORTENSIO, and BIANCA*

**LUCENTIO**

Fiddler, forbear; you grow too forward, sir:  
Have you so soon forgot the entertainment  
Her sister Katharina welcomed you withal?

**HORTENSIO**

But, wrangling pedant, this is  
The patroness of heavenly harmony:

**LUCENTIO**

Preposterous ass.

**BIANCA**

Why, gentlemen, you do me double wrong,  
I'll not be tied to hours nor 'pointed times,  
But learn my lessons as I please myself.  
Take you your instrument, play you the whiles;  
His lecture will be done ere you have tuned.

**HORTENSIO**

You'll leave his lecture when I am in tune?

**LUCENTIO**

That will be never: tune your instrument.

**BIANCA**

Where left we last?

**LUCENTIO**

Here, madam:

**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**

Madam, my instrument's in tune.

**BIANCA**

Let's hear. O fie! the treble jars.

**LUCENTIO**

Spit in the hole, man, and tune again.

**BIANCA**

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**

Madam, 'tis now in tune.

**LUCENTIO**

All but the base.

**HORTENSIO**

The base is right; 'tis the base knave that jars.

**BIANCA**

Now, Licio, to you:

Good masters, take it not unkindly, pray,  
That I have been thus pleasant with you both.

*Enter a Servant*

**Servant**

Mistress, your father prays you leave your books  
And help to dress your sister's chamber up:  
You know to-morrow is the wedding-day.

**BIANCA**

Farewell, sweet masters both; I must be gone.

*Exeunt BIANCA and Servant*

**LUCENTIO**

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

*Exit*

**HORTENSIO**

But I have cause to pry into this pedant:  
Methinks he looks as though he were in love:

*Exit*

**SCENE II. Padua. Before BAPTISTA'S house.**

*Enter BAPTISTA, GREMIO, TRANIO, KATHARINA, BIANCA, LUCENTIO, and others, attendants*

**BAPTISTA** [To TRANIO]

Signior Lucentio, this is the 'pointed day.  
That Katharina 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 Lucentio to this shame of ours?

**KATHARINA**

No shame but mine: I must, forsooth, be forced  
To give my hand opposed against my heart  
Unto a mad-brain rudesby full of spleen;  
Who woo'd in haste and means to wed at leisure.  
Now must the world point at poor Katharina,  
And say, 'Lo, there is mad Petruchio's wife,  
If it would please him come and marry her!'

**TRANIO**

Patience, good Katharina, and Baptista too.  
Upon my life, Petruchio means but well,  
*Enter BIONDELLO*

**BIONDELLO**

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**

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**

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; his horse hipped with an old mothy saddle and stirrups of no kindred;

**BAPTISTA**

Who comes with him?

**BIONDELLO**

O, sir, his lackey, for all the world caparisoned like the horse and not like a Christian footboy or a gentleman's lackey.

**TRANIO**

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

**BAPTISTA**

I am glad he's come, howsoe'er he comes.

*Enter PETRUCHIO and GRUMIO*

**PETRUCHIO**

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

**BAPTISTA**

You are welcome, sir.

**PETRUCHIO**

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

**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.

**PETRUCHIO**

Sufficeth I am come to keep my word,  
 But where is Kate? I stay too long from her:  
 The morning wears, 'tis time we were at church.

**TRANIO**

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!  
*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**

I'll after him, and see the event of this.  
*Exeunt BAPTISTA, GREMIO, and attendants*

*Music*

*Re-enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, BIANCA, BAPTISTA,  
 HORTENSIO, GRUMIO, and Train*

**PETRUCHIO**

Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for your pains:  
 I know you think to dine with me to-day,  
 And have prepared 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:  
 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.

**TRANIO**

Let us entreat you stay till after dinner.

**PETRUCHIO**

It may not be.

**GREMIO**

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**

Now, if you love me, stay.

**PETRUCHIO**

Grumio, my horse.

**GRUMIO**

Ay, sir, they be ready.

**KATHARINA**

Nay, then,

Do what thou canst, I will not go to-day;

No, nor to-morrow, not till I please myself.  
 The door is open, sir; there lies your way;  
 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.  
 Obey the bride, you that attend on her;  
 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.  
 I will be master of what is mine own:  
 And here she stands, touch her whoever dare;  
 I'll bring mine action on the proudest he  
 That stops my way. 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:  
 I'll buckler thee against a million.

*Exeunt PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, and GRUMIO*

**BAPTISTA**

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

**GREMIO**

Went they not quickly, I should die with laughing.

**TRANIO**

Of all mad matches never was the like.

**LUCENTIO**

Mistress, what's your opinion of your sister?

**BIANCA**

That, being mad herself, she's madly mated.

**GREMIO**

I warrant him, Petruchio is Kated.

**TRANIO**

Shall sweet Bianca practise how to bride it?

**BAPTISTA**

She shall, Lucentio. Come, gentlemen, let's go.

*Exeunt*

## ACT IV

### SCENE I. 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? I am sent before to make a fire, and they are coming after to warm them. Holla, ho! Curtis.

*Enter CURTIS*

**CURTIS**

Who is that calls so coldly?

**GRUMIO**

A fire good Curtis.

**CURTIS**

Is my master and his wife coming, Grumio?

**GRUMIO**

O, ay, Curtis, ay

**CURTIS**

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

**GRUMIO**

Where's the cook? is supper ready, the house trimmed, rushes strewed, cobwebs swept; the serving-men 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 every thing 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;  
 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,

**CURTIS**

By this reckoning 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 Nathalie, Petra

Sugarsop and the rest. Are they all ready?

**CURTIS**

They are.

**GRUMIO**

Call them forth.

**CURTIS**

Do you hear, ho?

*Enter four Servants*

**NATHALIE**

Welcome home, Grumio!

**PETRA**

How now, Grumio!

**SUGARSOP**

What, Grumio!

**NATHANIEL**

How now, old lad?

**GRUMIO**

Welcome, you;--how now, you;-- fellow,  
you;--and thus much for greeting. Now, my spruce  
companions, is all ready, and all things neat?

**NATHALIE**

All things is ready. How near is our master?

**GRUMIO**

E'en at hand, alighted by this; and therefore be  
not--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!  
Where is Nathalie, Petra, Sugarsop?

ALL SERVANTS: Here, here, sir; here, sir.

**PETRUCHIO**

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**

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**

Yet, as they are, here are they come to meet you.

**PETRUCHIO**

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--  
Why, when, I say?

*Re-enter Servants with supper*

Be merry, Kate. Some water, here; what, ho!  
 Where's my spaniel Troilus?  
 Where are my slippers? Shall I have some water?  
*Enter one with water*

Come, Kate, and wash, and welcome heartily.  
 You whoreson villain! will you let it fall?  
*Strikes him*

**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?

**SUGARSOP**

Ay.

**PETRUCHIO**

Who brought it?

**PETRA**

I.

**PETRUCHIO**

'Tis burnt; and so is all the meat.  
 What dogs are these! (Troilus?!) Where is the rascal cook?  
 How durst you, villains, bring it from the dresser,  
 And serve it thus to me that love it not?  
 Theretake it to you, trenchers, cups, and all;  
*Throws the meat, & c. about the stage.*

**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*

*Re-enter Servants severally*

**NATHANIEL**

Peter, didst ever see the like?

**PETRA**

He kills her in her own humour.

*Re-enter CURTIS*

*Exeunt*

*Re-enter PETRUCHIO*

**PETRUCHIO**

Thus have I politicly begun my reign,  
 And 'tis my hope to end successfully.  
 My falcon now is sharp and passing empty;  
 And till she stoop she must not be full-gorged,  
 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;  
 And in conclusion she shall watch all night:  
 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*

**SCENE II. Padua. Before BAPTISTA'S house.**

*Enter TRANIO and HORTENSIO*

*Enter BIANCA and LUCENTIO*

**LUCENTIO**

Now, mistress, profit you in what you read?

**BIANCA**

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

**LUCENTIO**

I read that I profess, the Art to Love.

**BIANCA**

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

**LUCENTIO**

While you, sweet dear, prove mistress of my heart!

**HORTENSIO**

Mistake no more: I am not Licio,

Nor a musician, as I seem to be;

But one that scorn to live in this disguise,

Know, sir, that I am call'd Hortensio.

**TRANIO**

Signior Hortensio, I have often heard

Of your entire affection to Bianca;

And since mine eyes are witness of her lightness,

I will with you, if you be so contented,

Forswear Bianca and her love for ever.

**HORTENSIO**

See, how they kiss and court! Signior Lucentio,

Here is my hand, and here I firmly vow

Never to woo her no more.

**TRANIO:**

Fie on her! see, how beastly she doth court him!

**HORTENSIO**

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.  
And so farewell, Signior Lucentio.

*Exit*

**TRANIO**

Mistress Bianca, bless you with such grace  
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 Licio.

**TRANIO**

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

**BIANCA**

God give him joy!

**TRANIO**

Ay, and he'll tame her.

**BIANCA**

He says so, Tranio.

**TRANIO**

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;

*Enter BIONDELLO*

**BIONDELLO**

O master, master, I have watch'd 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 pedant,  
 I know not what; but format in apparel,  
 In gait and countenance surely like a father.

**Pedant**

God save you, sir!

**TRANIO**

And you, sir! you are welcome.

What countryman, I pray?

**Pedant**

Of Mantua.

**TRANIO**

Of Mantua, sir? marry, God forbid!  
 And come to Padua, careless of your life?

**Pedant**

My life, sir! how, I pray? for that goes hard.

**TRANIO**

'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.

**TRANIO**

Well, sir, to do you courtesy,  
 This will I do, and this I will advise you:  
 First, tell me,  
 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.

**BIONDELLO**

[Aside] As much as an apple doth an oyster,  
and all one.

**TRANIO**

To save your life in this extremity,  
This favour will I do you for his sake;  
And think it not the worst of an your fortunes  
That you are like to Sir Vincentio.  
His name and credit shall you undertake,  
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.

*Exeunt*



**SCENE III. A room in PETRUCHIO'S house.**

*Enter KATHARINA and GRUMIO*

**GRUMIO**

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

**KATHARINA**

What, did he marry me to famish me?

I am starved for meat, giddy for lack of sleep,

With oath 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.

*Enter PETRUCHIO and HORTENSIO with meat*

**PETRUCHIO**

How fares my Kate? What, sweeting, all amorst?

**HORTENSIO**

Mistress, what cheer?

**KATHARINA**

Faith, as cold as can be.

**PETRUCHIO**

Pluck up thy spirits; look cheerfully upon me.

Here love; thou see'st how diligent I am

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 lovest 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.

**HORTENSIO**

Signior Petruchio, fie! you are to blame.  
Come, mistress Kate, I'll bear you company.

**PETRUCHIO**

[Aside] Eat it up all, Hortensio, if thou lovest me.  
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 fardingales and things;  
What, hast thou dined? The tailor stays thy leisure,  
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 moulded on a porringer;  
A velvet dish: fie, fie! 'tis lewd and filthy:  
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.

**HORTENSIO**

[Aside] That will not be in haste.

**KATHARINA**

Why, sir, I trust I may have leave to speak;  
My tongue will tell the anger of my heart,  
Or else my heart concealing it will break,

**PETRUCHIO**

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

**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?  
What's this? a sleeve? 'tis like a demi-cannon:  
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,  
According to the fashion and the time.

**KATHARINA**

I never saw a better-fashion'd gown,

**PETRUCHIO**

O monstrous arrogance! Thou liest, thou thread,  
thou thimble,

Away, thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant;  
I tell thee, I, that thou hast marr'd her gown.

**Tailor**

Your worship is deceived; 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 how did you desire it should be made?

**GRUMIO**

Marry, sir, with needle and thread.

**PETRUCHIO**

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

**GRUMIO**

You are i' the right, sir: 'tis for my mistress.

**PETRUCHIO**

[Aside] Hortensio, say thou wilt see the tailor paid.  
Go take it hence; be gone, and say no more.

**HORTENSIO**

Tailor, I'll pay thee for thy gown tomorrow:  
 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:

Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor;  
 For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich;  
 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. Sirs, let't alone:  
 I will not go to-day; and ere I do,  
 It shall be what o'clock I say it is.

**HORTENSIO**

[Aside] Why, so this gallant will command the sun.

*Exeunt*

**SCENE IV. Padua. Before BAPTISTA'S house.**

*Enter TRANIO, and the Pedant dressed like VINCENTIO*

**TRANIO**

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

**Pedant**

Ay, what else?

*Enter BIONDELLO*

But, sir, here comes your Servant;

'Twere good he were school'd.

**TRANIO**

Fear you not ban swinc for OST. Sirrah Biondello,

Now do your duty throughly, I advise you:

Imagine 'twere the right Vincentio.

**BIONDELLO**

Tut, fear not me.

**TRANIO**

But hast thou done thy errand to Baptista?

**BIONDELLO**

I told him that your father was at Venice,

And that you look'd for him this day in Padua.

**TRANIO**

Thou'rt a tall fellow: hold thee that to drink.

Here comes Baptista: set your countenance, sir.

*Enter BAPTISTA and LUCENTIO*

Signior Baptista, you are happily met.

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:  
 And, for the good report I hear of you  
 I am content, in a good father's care,  
 To have him match'd;

**BAPTISTA**

Your plainness and your shortness please me well.  
 Right true it is, your son Lucentio here  
 Doth love my daughter and she loveth him,  
 And therefore, if you say no more than this,  
 The match is made, and all is done:  
 Your son shall have my daughter with consent.

**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:

**TRANIO**

Then at my lodging  
 Send for your daughter by your servant here:  
 My boy shall fetch the scrivener presently.  
 Biondello, hie you home,  
 And bid Bianca make her ready straight;  
 And, if you will, tell what hath happened,  
 Lucentio's father is arrived in Padua,  
 And how she's like to be Lucentio's wife.

**BIONDELLO**

I pray the gods she may with all my heart!

**TRANIO**

Dally not with the gods, but get thee gone.  
*Exit BIONDELLO*

Signior Baptista, shall I lead the way?

**BAPTISTA**

I follow you.

*Exeunt TRANIO, Pedant, and BAPTISTA*

*Re-enter BIONDELLO*

**BIONDELLO**

Cambio!

**LUCENTIO**

What sayest thou, Biondello?

**BIONDELLO**

Thus. Baptista is safe, talking with the  
deceiving father of a deceitful son.

**LUCENTIO**

And what of him?

**BIONDELLO**

His daughter is to be brought by you to the supper.

**LUCENTIO**

And then?

**BIONDELLO**

The old priest of Saint Luke's church is at your  
command at all hours.

If this be not that you look for,

I have no more to say, But bid Bianca farewell for  
ever and a day.

*Exit*

**LUCENTIO**

I may, and will, if she be so contented:

She will be pleased; then wherefore should I doubt?

*Exit*

**SCENE V. A public road.**

*Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, 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!

**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 on, and fetch our horses back again.  
Evermore cross'd and cross'd; nothing but cross'd!

**HORTENSIO**

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 named, even that it is;  
 And so it shall be so for Katharina.

**HORTENSIO**

Petruchio, go thy ways; the field is won.

**PETRUCHIO**

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,  
 Hast thou beheld a fresher gentlewoman?  
 Sweet Kate, embrace her for her beauty's sake.

**HORTENSIO**

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

**KATHARINA**

Young budding virgin, fair and fresh and sweet,  
 Whither away, or where is thy abode?

**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 say'st 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;

**VINCENTIO**

Fair sir, and you my merry mistress,  
 That with your strange encounter much amazed me,  
 My name is call'd Vincentio; my dwelling Pisa;  
 And bound I am to Padua; there to visit  
 A son of mine, which long I have not seen.

**PETRUCHIO**

What is his name?

**VINCENTIO**

Lucentio, gentle sir.

**PETRUCHIO**

Happily we met;

The sister to my wife, this gentlewoman,

Thy son by this hath married

Let me embrace with old Vincentio,

And wander we to see thy honest son,

Who will of thy arrival be full joyous.

*Exeunt all but HORTENSIO*

**HORTENSIO**

Well, Petruchio, this has put me in heart.

To my widow!.

*Exit*

## ACT V

### SCENE I. Padua. Before LUCENTIO'S house.

*GREMIO discovered. Enter behind BIONDELLO, LUCENTIO, and BIANCA*

**BIONDELLO**

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

**LUCENTIO**

I fly, Biondello

*Exeunt LUCENTIO, BIANCA, and BIONDELLO*

**GREMIO**

I marvel Cambio comes not all this while.

*Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, VINCENTIO, GRUMIO, with Attendants*

**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.

*Knocks*

**GREMIO**

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

*Pedant looks out of the window*

**Pedant**

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

**VINCENTIO**

Is Signior Lucentio within, sir?

**Pedant**

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

**PETRUCHIO**

I pray you, tell Signior Lucentio that his Mother 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.

**VINCENTIO**

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.

*Re-enter BIONDELLO*

**BIONDELLO**

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**

[Seeing BIONDELLO]

Come hither, crack-hemp.

Come hither, you rogue. What, have you forgot me?

**BIONDELLO**

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*

**PETRUCHIO**

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

**TRANIO**

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! O, I  
am undone! I am undone! while I play the good  
husband at home, my son and my servant spend all!

**TRANIO**

How now! what's the matter?

**BAPTISTA**

What, is the man lunatic?

**TRANIO**

Why, sir,  
what 'cerns it you if I wear pearl and gold? I  
thank my good father, I am able to maintain it.

**VINCENTIO**

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.

**Pedant**

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! 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.

*Enter one with an Officer*

Carry this mad knave to the gaol. Father Baptista, I charge you see that he be forthcoming.

*Re-enter BIONDELLO, with LUCENTIO and BIANCA*

**BIONDELLO**

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

**LUCENTIO**

[Kneeling] Pardon, sweet father.

**VINCENTIO**

Lives my sweet son?

*Exeunt BIONDELLO, TRANIO, and PEDANT, as fast as may be done.*

**BIANCA**

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.

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 arrived at the last

Unto the wished haven of my bliss.

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 gaol.

**BAPTISTA**

But do you hear, sir? have you married my daughter  
without asking my good will?

**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**

My cake is dough; but I'll in among the rest,  
Out of hope of all, but my share of the feast.

*Exit*

**KATHARINA**

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

**PETRUCHIO**

First kiss me, Kate, and we will.

**KATHARINA**

What, in the midst of the street?

**PETRUCHIO**

What, art thou ashamed of me?

**KATHARINA**

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

**PETRUCHIO**

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

**KATHARINA**

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

**PETRUCHIO**

Is not this well? Come, my sweet Kate:

Better once than never, for never too late.

*Exeunt*



**AN**

**SCENE II. Padua. LUCENTIO'S house.**

*Enter BAPTISTA, VINCENTIO, GREMIO, the Pedant, LUCENTIO, BIANCA, PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, HORTENSIO, and Widow, TRANIO, BIONDELLO, and GRUMIO the Serving-men with Tranio 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,  
 While I with self-same kindness welcome thine.  
 Brother Petruchio, sister Katharina,  
 And thou, Hortensio, with thy loving widow,  
 Feast with the best, and welcome to my house:  
 My banquet is to close our stomachs up,  
 After our great good cheer. Pray you, sit down;  
 For now we sit to chat as well as eat.

**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**

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**

I mean, Hortensio is afeard of you.

**Widow**

He that is giddy thinks the world turns round.

**PETRUCHIO**

Roundly replied.

**KATHARINA**

Mistress, how mean you that?

**Widow**

Your husband, being troubled with a shrew,  
Measures my husband's sorrow by his woe:  
And now you know my meaning,

**KATHARINA**

A very mean meaning.

**Widow**

Right, I mean you.

**KATHARINA**

And I am mean indeed, respecting you.

**PETRUCHIO**

To her, Kate!

**HORTENSIO**

To her, widow!

**PETRUCHIO**

A hundred marks, my Kate does put her down.

**HORTENSIO**

That's my office.

*Exeunt BIANCA, KATHARINA, and Widow*

**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.

**HORTENSIO**

Content. What is the wager?

**LUCENTIO**

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.

**HORTENSIO**

Content.

**PETRUCHIO**

A match! 'tis done.

**HORTENSIO**

Who shall begin?

**LUCENTIO**

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.

*Re-enter BIONDELLO*

How now! what news?

**BIONDELLO**

Sir, my 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?

**GREMIO**

Ay, and a kind one too:

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

**PETRUCHIO**

I hope better.

**HORTENSIO**

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.  
*Re-enter BIONDELLO*

Now, where's my wife?

**BIONDELLO**

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;  
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.

**BAPTISTA**

Now, by my holidame, here comes Katharina!  
*Re-enter KATARINA*

**KATHARINA**

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

**PETRUCHIO**

Where is your sister, and Hortensio's wife?

**KATHARINA**

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 KATHARINA*

**LUCENTIO**

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

Katharina, that cap of yours becomes you not:  
Off with that bauble, throw it under-foot.

**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?

**PETRUCHIO**

Katharina, I charge thee, tell these headstrong women  
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.

**KATHARINA**

Fie, fie! unknit that threatening unkind brow,  
And dart not scornful glances from those eyes,

To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor:  
 It blots thy beauty as frosts do bite the meads,  
 Confounds thy fame as whirlwinds shake fair buds,  
 And in no sense is meet or amiable.

A woman 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.  
 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.

*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.*

Such duty as the subject owes the prince  
 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?  
 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,  
 Unapt to toil and trouble in the world,  
 But that our soft conditions and our hearts  
 Should well agree with our external parts?

*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.*

Come, come, you froward and unable worms!  
 My mind hath been as big as one of yours,  
 My heart as great, my reason haply more,  
 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 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!  
 'Twas I won the wager, though you hit the white;  
 And, being a winner, God give you good night!  
*Exeunt PETRUCHIO and KATHARINA*