Taming of the Shrew

By

William Shakespeare

Act 1 Scene 1

(In the street)

Flourish. Enter Lucentio and his man Tranio.

LUCENTIO

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

TRANIO

Pardon me, gentle master mine.
I am in all affected as yourself,
Glad that you thus continue your resolve
To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy, but
No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en.
In brief, sir, study what you most affect.

LUCENTIO

Gramercies, Tranio, well dost thou advise.
If, Biondello, thou wert come ashore,
We could at once put us in readiness
And take a lodging fit to entertain

Such friends as time
in Padua shall beget.

Enter Baptista with his two daughters, Katherine and Bianca; Gremio, a pantaloon, ⌜*and*⌝ *Hortensio,* ⌜*suitors*⌝ *to Bianca.*

But stay awhile! What company is this?

TRANIO
Master, some show to welcome us to town.

Lucentio ⌜*and*⌝ *Tranio stand by.*

BAPTISTA
,⌜*to Gremio and Hortensio*⌝
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 Katherine,
Because I know you well and love you well,
Leave shall you have to court her at your pleasure.

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

KATHERINE
,⌜*to Baptista*⌝
I pray you, sir, is it your will
To make a stale of me amongst these mates?

HORTENSIO
"Mates," maid? How mean you that? No mates for you, Unless you were of gentler, milder mold.

KATHERINE
I' faith, sir, you shall never need to fear.
Iwis it is not halfway to her heart.
But if it were, doubt not her care should be
To comb your noddle with a three-legged stool
And paint your face and use you like a fool.

HORTENSIO
From all such devils, good Lord, deliver us!

GREMIO
And me too, good Lord.

TRANIO
,「aside to Lucentio」
Husht, master, here's some good pastime toward;
That wench is stark mad or wonderful froward.

LUCENTIO
,「aside to Tranio」
But in the other's silence do I see
Maid's mild behavior and sobriety.
Peace, Tranio.

BAPTISTA
,「to Gremio and Hortensio」
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.

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 look and practice by myself.

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

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

BAPTISTA
Gentlemen, content you. I am resolved.—
Go in, Bianca.

Bianca exits.

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, and liberal
To mine own children in good bringing up.
And so, farewell.

GREMIO
Hortensio, our cake's dough on
both sides. Farewell. Yet for the love I bear my
sweet Bianca, if I can by any means light on a fit
man to teach her that wherein she delights, I will
wish him to her father.

HORTENSIO
So will I, Signior Gremio. But a word, I
pray. Though the nature of our quarrel yet never
brooked parle, know now upon advice, it toucheth
us both (that we may yet again have access to our
fair mistress and be happy rivals in Bianca's love) to
labor and effect one thing specially.

GREMIO
What's that, I pray?

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

GREMIO
A husband? A devil!
I say "a devil." Think'st thou, Hortensio,
though her father be very rich, any man is so very a
fool to be married to hell?

HORTENSIO
Tush, Gremio. Though it pass your patience
and mine to endure her loud alarums, why,
man, there be good fellows in the world, an a man

could light on them, would take her with all faults,
and money enough.
But come, since this bar in law
makes us friends, it shall be so far forth friendly
maintained till by helping Baptista's eldest daughter
to a husband we set his youngest free for a
husband, and then have to 't afresh. Sweet Bianca!
How say you, Signior Gremio?

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

⌜Gremio and Hortensio⌝ exit.
Tranio and Lucentio remain onstage.

LUCENTIO
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 looked so longly on the maid,
Perhaps you marked not what's the pith of all.

LUCENTIO
O yes, I saw sweet beauty in her face.

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

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

TRANIO
,⌜*aside*⌝
Nay, then 'tis time to stir him from his trance.—
I pray, awake, sir! If you love the maid,
Bend thoughts and wits to achieve her. Thus it
stands:
Her 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 mewed her up,
Because she will not be annoyed with suitors.

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!

LUCENTIO
I have it, Tranio!
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?

LUCENTIO
We have not yet been seen in any house,
Nor can we be distinguished by our faces
For man or master. Then it follows thus:
Thou shalt be master, Tranio, in my stead,
Take my colored hat and cloak.

They exchange clothes.

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

Enter Biondello.

Here comes the rogue.—Sirrah, where have you
been?

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

LUCENTIO
Sirrah, come hither. ’Tis no time to jest,
And therefore frame your manners to the time.
Your fellow, Tranio here, to save my life,
Puts my apparel and my count’nance on,
Wait you on him, I charge you, as becomes,
While I make way from hence to save my life.
You understand me?

BIONDELLO
Ay, sir. ⌜*Aside.*⌝ 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.

LUCENTIO
Tranio, let’s go. One thing more rests, that
thyself execute, to make one among these wooers.

They exit.

Act 1 Scene 2
(the street)
Enter Petruchio and his man Grumio.

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

PETRUCHIO
Will it not be?

He wrings him by the ears. ⌜ *Grumio falls.* ⌝

GRUMIO
Help, mistress, 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, come you to part the fray?

HORTENSIO
Rise, Grumio,
rise. We will compound this quarrel.

⌜Grumio rises.⌝

GRUMIO
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.

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, begone, or talk not, I advise you.

HORTENSIO
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 farther than at home,
Where small experience grows. But in a few,
Signior Hortensio, thus it stands with me:
I have thrust myself into this maze,
Happily to wive and thrive, as best I may.

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

PETRUCHIO
If thou know
One rich enough to be Petruchio’s wife
I come to wive it wealthily in Padua;
If wealthily, then happily in Padua.

HORTENSIO
Petruchio, since we are stepped thus far in,
I will continue that I broached in jest.
I can, Petruchio, help thee to a wife
With wealth enough, and young and beauteous,
Brought up as best becomes a gentlewoman.
Her only fault, and that is faults enough,
Is that she is intolerable curst,
And shrewd, and froward, so beyond all measure
That, were my state far worser than it is,
I would not wed her for a mine of gold.

PETRUCHIO
Hortensio, peace. Thou know'st not gold's effect.
Tell me her father's name, and 'tis enough;

HORTENSIO
Her father is Baptista Minola,
An affable and courteous gentleman.
Her name is Katherina Minola,
Renowned in Padua for her scolding tongue.

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

GRUMIO
,「to Hortensio」
I pray you, sir, let him go while
the humor lasts. You know him not, sir.

HORTENSIO
Tarry, Petruchio. I must go with thee,
For in Baptista's keep my treasure is.
He hath the jewel of my life in hold,
His youngest daughter, beautiful Bianca,
And her withholds from me and other more,
That ever Katherina will be wooed.
Therefore this order hath Baptista ta'en,
That none shall have access unto Bianca
Till Katherine the curst have got a husband.

GRUMIO
"Katherine the curst,"
A title for a maid, of all titles the worst.

HORTENSIO
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.

GRUMIO
Who goes there, ha?

Enter Gremio and Lucentio, disguised ⌜as Cambio, a schoolmaster.⌝

HORTENSIO
Peace, Grumio, it is the rival of my love.
Petruchio, stand by awhile.

⌜*Petruchio, Hortensio, and Grumio stand aside.*⌝

GREMIO
(to Lucentio)
Hark you, sir, I'll have them very fairly bound,
All books of love. What will you read to her?

LUCENTIO
⌜as Cambio⌝
Whate'er I read to her, I'll plead for you
As for my patron, stand you so assured,
As firmly as yourself were still in place,
Yea, and perhaps with more successful words
Than you—unless you were a scholar, sir.

GREMIO
O this learning, what a thing it is!

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 enquire carefully
About a schoolmaster for the fair Bianca,
And by good fortune I have lighted well
On this young man, for learning and behavior
Fit for her turn, well read in poetry
And other books—good ones, I warrant you.

HORTENSIO
'Tis well. And I have met a gentleman

Hath promised me to help me to another,
A fine musician to instruct our mistress.
So shall I no whit be behind in duty
To fair Bianca, so beloved of me.
Gremio, 'tis now no time to vent our love.

⌜Presenting Petruchio.⌝

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

GREMIO
So said, so done, is well.
Hortensio, have you told him all her faults?

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

GREMIO
Oh, 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 wildcat?

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

GRUMIO
For he fears none.

GREMIO
Hortensio, hark.
This gentleman is happily arrived.

HORTENSIO
I promised we would be contributors
And bear his charge of wooing whatsoe'er.

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

Enter Tranio,⌜ disguised as Lucentio,⌝ and Biondello.

TRANIO
,⌜ as Lucentio⌝
Gentlemen, God save you. If I may be bold,
Tell me, I beseech you, which is the readiest way
To the house of Signior Baptista Minola?

HORTENSIO
Are you a suitor to the maid?

TRANIO
,⌜ as Lucentio⌝
An if I be, sir, is it any offense?
Why sir, I pray, are not the streets as free
For me, as for you?

GREMIO
But so is not she.

TRANIO
,⌜as Lucentio⌝
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.
⌜to Tranio⌝
Sir, let me be so bold as ask you,
Did you yet ever see Baptista's daughter?

TRANIO
⌜as Lucentio⌝
No, sir, but hear I do that he hath two,
The one as famous for a scolding tongue
As is the other for beauteous modesty.

PETRUCHIO
Sir, sir, the first's for me; let her go by.
The youngest daughter, whom you hearken for,
Her father keeps from all access of suitors
And will not promise her to any man
Until the elder sister first be wed.
The younger then is free, and not before.

TRANIO
,⌜as Lucentio⌝
If it be so, sir, that you are the man
Must stead us all, and me amongst the rest,

And if you break the ice and do this feat,
Achieve the elder, set the younger free
For our access, whose hap shall be to have her
Will not so graceless be to be ingrate.

HORTENSIO
Sir, you say well, and well you do conceive.
And since you do profess to be a suitor,
You must, as we do, gratify this gentleman,
To whom we all rest generally beholding.

TRANIO
As Lucentio
Sir, I shall not be slack; but eat and drink as friends.

GRUMIO ⌜AND⌝ BIONDELLO
O excellent motion! Fellows, let's be gone.

They exit.

Act 2 scene 1

Enter Katherine and Bianca ⌜with her hands tied.⌝

BIANCA
Good sister, wrong me not, nor wrong yourself,
To make a bondmaid and a slave of me.
Unbind my hands!

KATHERINE
Of all thy suitors here I charge thee tell
Whom thou lov'st best.

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

KATHERINE
Minion, thou liest. Is ’t not Hortensio?

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

KATHERINE
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, and now I well perceive

You have but jested with me all this while.

I prithee, sister Kate, untie my hands.

⌜Katherine⌝ strikes her.

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

Enter Baptista.

BAPTISTA
Why, how now, dame, whence grows this
insolence?—
Bianca, stand aside.—Poor girl, she weeps!

⌜*He unties her hands.*⌝

⌜*To Bianca.*⌝ Go ply thy needle; meddle not with her.
⌜*To Katherine.*⌝ For shame, thou hilding of a devilish
spirit!
Why dost thou wrong her that did ne'er wrong
thee?
When did she cross thee with a bitter word?

KATHERINE
Her silence flouts me, and I'll be revenged!

⌜*She*⌝ *flies after Bianca.*

BAPTISTA
What, in my sight?—Bianca, get thee in.

⌜*Bianca*⌝ *exits.*

KATHERINE
What, will you not suffer me? Nay, now I see
She is your treasure, she must have a husband,
I must dance barefoot on her wedding day
Talk not to me. I will go sit and weep
Till I can find occasion of revenge.

⌜*She exits.*⌝

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

Enter Gremio; Lucentio ⌜disguised as Cambio⌝ in the habit of a mean man; Petruchio with ⌜Hortensio disguised as Litio; and⌝ Tranio ⌜disguised as Lucentio,⌝ with his boy, ⌜Biondello⌝ bearing a lute and books.

GREMIO
Good morrow, neighbor Baptista.

BAPTISTA
Good morrow, neighbor Gremio.—God save you, gentlemen.

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

BAPTISTA
I have a daughter, sir, called Katherina.

PETRUCHIO
I am a gentleman of Verona, sir,
That hearing of her beauty and her wit,
Her affability and bashful modesty,
Her wondrous qualities and mild behavior,
Am bold to show myself a forward guest
Within your house, to make mine eye the witness
Of that report which I so oft have heard,

And, for an entrance to my entertainment,
I do present you with a man of mine,
⌜*Presenting Hortensio, disguised as Litio*⌝

Cunning in music and the mathematics,
Accept of him, or else you do me wrong.
His name is Litio.

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

PETRUCHIO
I see you do not mean to part with her,
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.

BAPTISTA
You are welcome.

GREMIO
⌜*To Baptista.* Neighbor,⌝ this is a gift very grateful,
I am sure of it. To express the like kindness, myself,
that have been more kindly beholding to you than
any, freely give unto⌜ you⌝ this young scholar⌜ *presenting*

Lucentio, disguised as Cambio
that hath been long studying at Rheims, as cunning in Greek,
Latin, and other languages as the other in music and
mathematics. His name is Cambio. Pray accept his
service.

BAPTISTA
A thousand thanks, Signior Gremio.—Welcome,
good Cambio. *To Tranio as Lucentio.* But,
gentle sir, methinks you walk like a stranger. May I
be so bold to know the cause of your coming?

TRANIO
as Lucentio
Pardon me, sir, the boldness is mine own,
That being a stranger in this city here
Do make myself a suitor to your daughter,
Unto Bianca, fair and virtuous.
I may have welcome 'mongst the rest that woo
And free access and favor as the rest.
And toward the education of your daughters
I here bestow a simple instrument
And this small packet of Greek and Latin books.
Biondello comes forward with the gifts.
If you accept them, then their worth is great.

BAPTISTA
Lucentio is your name.
You are very welcome, sir.
To Hortensio as Litio. Take you the lute,
To Lucentio as Cambio. 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.
⌜*Servant exits with Hortensio and Lucentio.*⌝

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
And, for that dowry, I'll assure her of
Her widowhood, be it that she survive me,
In all my lands and leases whatsoever.

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

PETRUCHIO
Why, that is nothing. For I tell you, father,
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 armed for some unhappy words.

Enter Hortensio ⌜as Litio⌝ with his head broke.

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

HORTENSIO
⌜*as Litio*⌝
For fear, I promise you, if I look pale.

BAPTISTA
What, will my daughter prove a good musician?

HORTENSIO
⌜*as Litio*⌝
I think she'll sooner prove a soldier!

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

HORTENSIO
⌜*as Litio*⌝
Why, no, for she hath broke the lute to me.
I did but tell her she mistook her frets,
And bowed her hand to teach her fingering,

When, with a most impatient devilish spirit,
"'Frets' call you these?" quoth she. "I'll fume with them!"
And with that word she struck me on the head,
And through the instrument my pate made way,
And there I stood amazèd for a while,
While she did call me "rascal fiddler,"
And "twangling Jack," with twenty such vile terms,
As had she studied to misuse me so.

PETRUCHIO
Now, by the world, it is a lusty wench.
I love her ten times more than ere I did.
O, how I long to have some chat with her!

BAPTISTA
,⌜to Hortensio as Litio⌝
Well, go with me, and be not so discomfited.
Proceed in practice with my younger daughter.
She's apt to learn, and thankful for good turns.—
Signior Petruchio, will you go with us,
Or shall I send my daughter Kate to you?

PETRUCHIO
I pray you do. I'll attend her here—

All but Petruchio exit.

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

Enter Katherine.

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

KATHERINE
Well have you heard, but something hard of hearing.
They call me Katherine that do talk of me.

PETRUCHIO
You lie, in faith, for you are called plain Kate,
And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst.
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.

KATHERINE
"Moved," in good time! Let him that moved you

hither
Remove you hence. I knew you at the first
You were a movable.

PETRUCHIO
Why, what's a movable?

KATHERINE
A joint stool.

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

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

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

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

KATHERINE
If I be waspish, best beware my sting.

PETRUCHIO
My remedy is then to pluck it out.

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

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

KATHERINE
In his tongue.

PETRUCHIO
Whose tongue?

KATHERINE
Yours, if you talk of tales, and so farewell.

PETRUCHIO
Nay, come again, good Kate. I am a gentleman—

KATHERINE
That I'll try.

She strikes him.

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

KATHERINE
So may you lose your arms.
If you strike me, you are no gentleman,
And if no gentleman, why then no arms.

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

KATHERINE
It is my fashion when I see a crab.

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

KATHERINE
There is, there is.

PETRUCHIO
Then show it me.

KATHERINE
Had I a glass, I would.

PETRUCHIO
What, you mean my face?

KATHERINE
Well aimed of such a young one.

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

KATHERINE

Yet you are withered.

PETRUCHIO
'Tis with cares.

KATHERINE
I care not.

PETRUCHIO
Nay, hear you, Kate—in sooth, you ’scape not so.

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

PETRUCHIO
No, not a whit. I find you passing gentle.
’Twas told me you were rough, and coy, and sullen,
And now I find report a very liar.
For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing
courteous,
But slow in speech, yet sweet as springtime flowers.
Why does the world report that Kate doth limp?
O sland’rous world! O, let me see thee walk! Thou dost not halt.

KATHERINE
Go, fool, and whom thou keep’st command.
Where did you study all this goodly speech?

PETRUCHIO
It is extempore, from my mother wit.

KATHERINE
A witty mother, witless else her son.

PETRUCHIO
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.

Enter Baptista, Gremio, ⌜ *and* ⌝ *Tranio as Lucentio.*

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

BAPTISTA
Now, Signior Petruchio, how speed you with my daughter?

PETRUCHIO
How but well, sir? How but well?

BAPTISTA
Why, how now, daughter Katherine? In your dumps?

KATHERINE
Call you me daughter? Now I promise you
You have showed a tender fatherly regard,
To wish me wed to one half lunatic.

PETRUCHIO

Father, ’tis thus: yourself and all the world

And to conclude, we have ’greed so well together

That upon Sunday is the wedding day.

KATHERINE
I’ll see thee hanged on Sunday first.

GREMIO
Hark, Petruchio, she says she’ll see thee
hanged first.

PETRUCHIO
Be patient, gentlemen. I choose her for myself.
If she and I be pleased, what’s that to you?
’Tis bargained ’twixt us twain, being alone,
That she shall still be curst in company.
I tell you, ’tis incredible to believe
How much she loves me. O, the kindest Kate!
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.
Give me thy hand, Kate. Provide the feast, father, and bid the guests.
I will be sure my Katherine 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.

Petruchio and Katherine exit ⌜through different doors.⌝

GREMIO
Was ever match clapped up so suddenly?
Baptista, to your younger daughter.
Now is the day we long have lookèd for.
I am your neighbor and was suitor first.

TRANIO
⌜*as Lucentio*⌝
And I am one that love Bianca more
Than words can witness or your thoughts can guess.

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
I have offered all. I have no more,
And she can have no more than all I have.
⌜*To Baptista.*⌝ If you like me, she shall have me and mine.

TRANIO
,⌜*as Lucentio*⌝
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
Why, then, the maid is mine from all the world,
By your firm promise. Gremio is outvied.

BAPTISTA
I must confess your offer is the best.
Well, gentlemen, I am thus resolved:
On Sunday next, you know
My daughter Katherine is to be married.
⌜*To Tranio as Lucentio.*⌝ Now, on the Sunday
following, shall Bianca
Be bride to you.
And so I take my leave, and thank you both.

GREMIO
Adieu, good neighbor.

All exit

Act 2 scene 2

LUCENTIO
⌜*as Cambio*⌝
Fiddler, forbear. You grow too forward, sir.
Have you so soon forgot the entertainment
Her sister Katherine welcomed you withal?

HORTENSIO
⌜*as Litio*⌝
But, wrangling pedant, this is
The patroness of heavenly harmony.
Then give me leave to have prerogative,
And when in music we have spent an hour,
Your lecture shall have leisure for as much.

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

BIANCA
⌜*To Hortensio.*⌝ Take you your instrument, play you
the whiles;
His lecture will be done ere you have tuned.

HORTENSIO
,⌜*as Litio*⌝
You'll leave his lecture when I am in tune?

LUCENTIO
,⌜*aside*⌝
That will be never.⌜*To Hortensio.*⌝ Tune your
instrument.

⌜*Hortensio steps aside to tune his lute.*⌝

BIANCA
Where left we last?

LUCENTIO
⌜*as Cambio*⌝
Here, madam:
Hic ibat, as I told you before, *Simois*, I am
Lucentio,
Sigeia tellus, disguised thus to get your love, *Hic*
steterat, and that "Lucentio" that comes a-wooing,
Priami, is my man Tranio, *regia*, bearing my port,
celsa senis, that we might beguile the old pantaloon.

HORTENSIO
⌜*as Litio*⌝
Madam, my instrument's in
tune.

BIANCA
Let's hear. ⌜*He plays.*⌝ Oh fie, the treble jars!

LUCENTIO
,⌜*as Cambio*⌝
Spit in the hole, man, and tune
again.

⌜*Hortensio tunes his lute again.*⌝

BIANCA
Now let me see if I can conster it.
Hic steterat Priami, take heed he hear us
not; *regia*, presume not; *celsa senis*, despair not.

HORTENSIO
⌜*as Litio*⌝
Madam, ’tis now in tune.

⌜*He plays again.*⌝

LUCENTIO
⌜*as Cambio*⌝
All but the bass.

HORTENSIO
as ⌜*Litio*⌝
The bass is right. ’Tis the base knave that jars.
⌜*Aside.*⌝ How fiery and forward our pedant is.
Now for my life the knave doth court my love!

BIANCA
But let it rest.—Now, Litio, to you.
Good master, take it not unkindly, pray,
That I have been thus pleasant with you both.

HORTENSIO
⌜*as Litio, to Lucentio*⌝
You may go walk, and give me leave awhile.
My lessons make no music in three parts.

LUCENTIO
⌜*as Cambio*⌝
Are you so formal, sir? Well, I must wait
⌜*Aside.*⌝ And watch withal, for, but I be deceived,
Our fine musician groweth amorous.

⌜*He steps aside.*⌝

HORTENSIO
, ⌜*as Litio*⌝
Madam, before you touch the instrument,
To learn the order of my fingering
I must begin To teach you gamut in a briefer sort,
And there it is in writing fairly drawn.

BIANCA
Why, I am past my gamut long ago.

HORTENSIO
Yet read the gamut of Hortensio.

⌜*Giving her a paper.*⌝

BIANCA
⌜*reads*⌝
"Gamut I am, the ground of all accord:
⌜*A re*,⌝ to plead Hortensio's passion;
⌜*B mi*,⌝ Bianca, take him for thy lord,
⌜*C fa ut*,⌝ that loves with all affection;
Call you this "gamut"? Tut, I like it not.

Enter a ⌜*Servant.*⌝

⌜SERVANT⌝
Mistress, your father prays you leave your books
And help to dress your sister's chamber up.
You know tomorrow is the wedding day.

BIANCA
Farewell, sweet masters both. I must be gone.

LUCENTIO
Faith, mistress, then I have no cause to stay.
⌜Bianca, the Servant, and Lucentio exit.⌝

HORTENSIO
But I have cause to pry into this pedant.
Methinks he looks as though he were in love.
Yet if thy thoughts, Bianca, be so humble
To cast thy wand'ring eyes on every stale,
Seize thee that list! If once I find thee ranging,
Hortensio will be quit with thee by changing.
He exits.

Act 3 Scene 2

Enter Baptista, Gremio, Tranio⌜as Lucentio,⌝Katherine, Bianca,⌜Lucentio as Cambio,⌝and others, Attendants.

BAPTISTA
,⌜to Tranio⌝
Signior Lucentio, this is the 'pointed day
That Katherine and Petruchio should be married,
And yet we hear not of our son-in-law.
What says Lucentio to this shame of ours?

KATHERINE
No shame but mine. I must, forsooth, be forced
To give my hand, opposed against my heart,
Unto a mad-brain rudesby
I told you, I, he was a frantic fool.

TRANIO
,「as Lucentio」
Patience, good Katherine, and Baptista too.
Upon my life, Petruchio means but well

KATHERINE
Would Katherine had never seen him, though!

She exits weeping.

Enter Biondello.

BIONDELLO
Master, master, news!
Why, Petruchio is coming

BAPTISTA
Who comes with him?

BIONDELLO
Oh, sir, his lackey. They are monsters,
very monsters in apparel.

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.

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 eyesore to our solemn festival.

TRANIO
,⌜*as Lucentio*⌝
And tell us what occasion of import
Hath all so long detained you from your wife
And sent you hither so unlike yourself.

PETRUCHIO
Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to hear.
But where is Kate? I stay too long from her.
The morning wears. 'Tis time we were at church.

TRANIO
⌜*as Lucentio*⌝
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
To me she's married, not unto my clothes.
'Twere well for Kate and better for myself.
But what a fool am I to chat with you
When I should bid good morrow to my bride
And seal the title with a lovely kiss!

Petruchio exits, ⌜*with Grumio.*⌝

TRANIO
,⌜*as Lucentio*⌝
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.

⌜*All except Tranio and Lucentio*⌝ *exit.*

Enter Gremio.

TRANIO
,⌜*as Lucentio*⌝
Signior Gremio, came you from the church?

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

TRANIO
,⌜*as Lucentio*⌝
And is the bride and bridegroom coming home?

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

TRANIO
⌜*as Lucentio*⌝
Curster than she? Why, 'tis impossible.

GREMIO
I'll tell you, Sir Lucentio: when the priest
Should ask if Katherine should be his wife,
"Ay, by gog's wouns!" quoth he, and swore so loud
That, all amazed, the priest let fall the book,
And as he stooped again to take it up,
This mad-brained bridegroom took him such a cuff
That down fell priest and book, and book and priest.

TRANIO
,⌜*as Lucentio*⌝
What said the wench when he rose again?

GREMIO
He took the bride about the neck
And kissed her lips with such a clamorous smack
That at the parting all the church did echo.
Such a mad marriage never was before!

Music plays.

Hark, hark, I hear the minstrels play.

Enter Petruchio, Katherine, Bianca, Hortensio, Baptista,

⌜*Grumio, and Attendants.*⌝

PETRUCHIO
Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for your pains.
I know you think to dine with me today
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 tonight?

PETRUCHIO
I must away today, 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.

TRANIO
⌜*as Lucentio*⌝
Let us entreat you stay till after dinner.

PETRUCHIO
It may not be.

GREMIO
Let me entreat you.

PETRUCHIO
It cannot be.

KATHERINE

Now, if you love me, stay.

PETRUCHIO
Grumio, my horse.

KATHERINE
Nay, then,
Do what thou canst, I will not go today,
No, nor tomorrow, not till I please myself.
The door is open, sir. There lies your way.

PETRUCHIO
O Kate, content thee. Prithee, be not angry.

KATHERINE
I will be angry. What hast thou to do?—
Father, be quiet. He shall stay my leisure.
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.
But for my bonny Kate, she must with me.
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.

Petruchio and Katherine exit, ⌜*with Grumio.*⌝

BAPTISTA
Nay, let them go. A couple of quiet ones!

GREMIO
Went they not quickly, I should die with laughing.

TRANIO
,⌜*as Lucentio*⌝
Of all mad matches never was the like.

LUCENTIO
⌜*as Cambio*⌝
Mistress, what's your opinion of your sister?

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

GREMIO
I warrant him, Petruchio is Kated.

BAPTISTA
Neighbors and friends, though bride and
bridegroom wants
For to supply the places at the table,
You know there wants no junkets at the feast.
⌜*To Tranio.*⌝ Lucentio, you shall supply the

bridegroom's place,
And let Bianca take her sister's room.

They exit.

INTERMISSION

Act 4 Scene 1

Enter Petruchio and Katherine.

PETRUCHIO
Where be these knaves? What, no man at door
To hold my stirrup nor to take my horse?
Go, rascals, go, and fetch my supper in!

The Servants exit.

Sit down, Kate, and welcome.

⌜They sit at a table.⌝
Enter Servants with supper.

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

⌜Servant begins to remove Petruchio's boots.⌝

Out, you rogue! You pluck my foot awry.
Take that!

⌜He hits the Servant.⌝

Be merry, Kate.—Some water here!

Enter one with water.

Come, Kate, sit down. I know you have a stomach.
Will you give thanks, sweet Kate, or else shall I?—
What's this? Mutton?
'Tis burnt, and so is all the meat.
What dogs are these? Where is the rascal cook?
How durst you, villains, bring it from the dresser
And serve it thus to me that love it not?
There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all!

⌜He throws the food and dishes at them.⌝

⌜The Servants exit.⌝

KATHERINE
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,
Be patient. Tomorrow 't shall be mended,
And for this night we'll fast for company.
Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber.

They exit.

PETRUCHIO
Thus have I politicly begun my reign,
And 'tis my hope to end successfully.
She ate no meat today, nor none shall eat.
Last night she slept not, nor tonight she shall not.
As with the meat, some undeservèd fault
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 humor.

He exits

Act 4 Scene 2

Enter Tranio ⌜as Lucentio⌝ and Hortensio ⌜as Litio.⌝

TRANIO
⌜*as Lucentio*⌝
Is ’t possible, friend Litio, that mistress Bianca
Doth fancy any other but Lucentio?

⌜HORTENSIO
, as Litio⌝
Sir, to satisfy you in what I have said,
Stand by, and mark the manner of his teaching.

⌜*They stand aside.*⌝

⌜*Bianca and Lucentio kiss and talk.*⌝

HORTENSIO
⌜*as Litio*⌝
Quick proceeders, marry! Now tell me, I pray,
You that durst swear that your mistress Bianca
Loved ⌜none⌝ in the world so well as Lucentio.

TRANIO
, ⌜*as Lucentio*⌝
O despiteful love!
I tell thee, Litio, this is wonderful!

HORTENSIO
Mistake no more. I am not Litio,
Know, sir, that I am called Hortensio.

TRANIO
⌜*as Lucentio*⌝
Signior Hortensio, I have often heard
Of your entire affection to Bianca,
And since mine eyes are witness of her lightness,
I will with you, if you be so contented,
Forswear Bianca and her love forever.

HORTENSIO
See how they kiss and court! Signior Lucentio,
Here is my hand, and here I firmly vow
Never to woo her more.
I will be married to a wealthy widow
Ere three days pass.
And so farewell, Signior Lucentio.

⌜*Hortensio exits;*

Bianca and Lucentio come forward.⌝

TRANIO
Mistress Bianca, I have forsworn you with Hortensio.

BIANCA
Tranio, you jest. But have you both forsworn me?

TRANIO
Mistress, we have.

LUCENTIO
Then we are rid of Litio.

All exit

Act 4 Scene 3

Enter Katherine and Grumio.

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

KATHERINE
The more my wrong, the more his spite appears.
What, did he marry me to famish me?
But I, who never knew how to entreat,
Nor never needed that I should entreat,
Am starved for meat, giddy for lack of sleep,
And that which spites me more than all these wants,
He does it under name of perfect love,
As who should say, if I should sleep or eat
Go, get thee gone, I say.

Enter Petruchio and Hortensio with meat.

PETRUCHIO
How fares my Kate?

KATHERINE
Faith, as cold as can be.

PETRUCHIO
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.
I am sure, sweet Kate, this kindness merits thanks.

What, not a word? Nay then, thou lov'st it not,
And all my pains is sorted to no proof.
Here, take away this dish.

KATHERINE
I pray you, let it stand.

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

KATHERINE
I thank you, sir.

PETRUCHIO
Kate, eat apace.

⌜Katherine and Hortensio prepare to eat.⌝

And now, my honey love,
Will we return unto thy father's house
And revel it as bravely as the best.
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.
O mercy God, what masking-stuff is here?
What's this? A sleeve?
Why, what a devil's name, tailor, call'st thou this?

TAILOR
You bid me make it orderly and well,

According to the fashion and the time.

PETRUCHIO

Marry, and did. But if you be remembered,
I did not bid you mar it to the time.
I'll none of it. Hence, make your best of it.

KATHERINE

I never saw a better-fashioned gown,
More quaint, more pleasing, nor more
commendable.
Belike you mean to make a puppet of me.

PETRUCHIO

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

TAILOR

She says your Worship means to make a puppet of
her.

PETRUCHIO

O monstrous arrogance!
I tell thee, I, that thou hast marred 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
Why, here is the note of the fashion to testify.

⌜He shows a paper.⌝

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

GRUMIO
You are i' th' right, sir, 'tis for my mistress.

Tailor exits.

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,
We will hence forthwith
To feast and sport us at thy father's house.
⌜To Grumio.⌝ Go, call my men, and let us straight to him,
Let's see, I think 'tis now some seven o'clock,
And well we may come there by dinner time.

KATHERINE
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.
It shall be what o'clock I say it is.

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

KATHERINE
The moon? The sun! It is not moonlight now.

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

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

PETRUCHIO
Now, by my mother's son, and that's myself,
It shall be moon, or star, or what I list,
Or e'er I journey to your father's house.
⌜*To Servants.*⌝ Go on, and fetch our horses back
again.—
Evermore crossed and crossed, nothing but crossed!

HORTENSIO
⌜*to Katherine*⌝
Say as he says, or we shall never go.

KATHERINE
Forward, I pray, since we have come so far,
And be it moon, or sun, or what you please.
And 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.

KATHERINE
I know it is the moon.

PETRUCHIO
Nay, then you lie. It is the blessèd sun.

KATHERINE
Then God be blest, it is the blessèd 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 Katherine.

HORTENSIO
Petruchio, go thy ways, the field is won.

PETRUCHIO
Well, forward, forward.

All Exeunt

Act 5 Scene 1

Bianca and Lucentio enter in wedded bliss.

Enter Baptista and Gremio.

BAPTISTA
Where is Lucentio?

LUCENTIO

Here's Lucentio,
That have by marriage made thy daughter mine
While counterfeit supposes bleared thine eyne.

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

BAPTISTA
Why, tell me, is not this my Cambio?

BIANCA
Cambio is changed into Lucentio.

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 arrivèd at the last
Unto the wishèd haven of my bliss.
What Tranio did, myself enforced him to.
Then pardon him, sweet father, for my sake.

BAPTISTA
But do you hear, sir, have you married my
daughter without asking my goodwill?

LUCENTIO

Fear not, Baptista, we will content you.

Look not pale, Bianca. Thy father will not frown.

Bianca, Lucentio, and Baptista exit.

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

⌜He exits.⌝

Act 5 Scene 2

Enter Baptista, Gremio,
Lucentio, and Bianca;⌜Hortensio⌝and⌜the⌝Widow,
⌜Petruchio and Katherine;⌝Tranio, Biondello,⌜and⌝
Grumio,⌜with⌝Servingmen bringing in a banquet.

LUCENTIO
At last, though long, our jarring notes agree,
And time it is when raging war is done.
My fair Bianca,
Brother Petruchio, sister Katherina,
And thou, Hortensio, with thy loving widow,
Feast with the best, and welcome.
Pray you, sit down,
For now we sit to chat as well as eat.

⌜They sit.⌝

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
You are very sensible, and yet you miss my sense:
I mean Hortensio is afeard of you.

WIDOW
He that is giddy thinks the world turns round.

KATHERINE
"He that is giddy thinks the world turns round"—
I pray you tell me what you meant by that.

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

KATHERINE
A very mean meaning.

WIDOW
Right, I mean you.

KATHERINE
And I am mean indeed, respecting you.

PETRUCHIO
To her, Kate!

HORTENSIO
To her, widow!

BIANCA
Ladies, let's withdraw within.

Bianca, ⌜Katherine, and the Widow⌝ exit.

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's the wager?

LUCENTIO
Twenty dinero.

PETRUCHIO

Twenty dinero?
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 exits.

BAPTISTA
Son, I'll be your half Bianca comes.

LUCENTIO
I'll have no halves. I'll bear it all myself.

Enter Biondello.

How now, what news?

BIONDELLO
Sir, my mistress sends you

word
That she is busy, and she cannot come.

PETRUCHIO
How? “She’s busy, and she cannot come”?
Is that an answer?

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

PETRUCHIO
I hope better.

HORTENSIO
Sirrah Biondello, go and entreat my wife
To come to me forthwith.

Biondello exits.

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

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

Enter Biondello.

Now, where’s my wife?

BIONDELLO

She will not come. She bids you come to her.

PETRUCHIO
Worse and worse. She will not come!
Sirrah Grumio, go to your mistress,
Say I command her come to me.

⌜Grumio⌝ exits.

HORTENSIO
I know her answer.

PETRUCHIO
What?

HORTENSIO
She will not.

Enter Katherine.

BAPTISTA
Here comes Katherina!

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

PETRUCHIO
Where is your sister, and Hortensio's wife?

KATHERINE
They sit conferring by the parlor fire.

PETRUCHIO

Go fetch them hither.

⌜Katherine exits.⌝

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

HORTENSIO
And so it is. I wonder what it bodes.

PETRUCHIO

See where she comes, and brings your froward wives.

Enter Katherine, Bianca, and Widow.

BIANCA
Fie, what a foolish duty call you this?

LUCENTIO
I would your duty were as foolish too.
The wisdom of your duty, fair Bianca,
Hath cost me a hundred dinero since suppertime.

BIANCA
The more fool you for laying on my duty.

PETRUCHIO
Katherine, 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.

KATHERINE
Fie, fie! Unknit that threat'ning unkind brow,
And dart not scornful glances from those eyes
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor.
And for thy maintenance commits his body
To painful labor both by sea and land,
To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,
Whilst thou liest warm at home, secure and safe,
And craves no other tribute at thy hands
But love, fair looks, and true obedience—
Too little payment for so great a debt.
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,
My hand is ready, may it do him ease.

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

They kiss.

Come, Kate, we'll to bed.
We three are married, but you two are sped.
And being a winner, God give you good night.

Petruchio and Katherine exit.