

William Shakespeare

The Taming of the Shrew

Dramatis Personæ

Persons in the Induction

A Lord

Christopher Sly, a tinker

Hostess

Page

Players

Huntsmen

Servants

Baptista Minola, a rich gentleman of Padua

Vincentio, an old gentleman of Pisa

Lucentio, son to Vincentio; in love with Bianca

Petruchio, a gentleman of Verona; suitor to

Katherina

Suitors to Bianca

Gremio

Hortensio

Servants to Lucentio

Tranio

Biondello

Servants to Petruchio

Grumio

Curtis

Pedant, set up to personate Vincentio

Daughters to Baptista

Katherina, the shrew

Bianca

Widow

Tailor, Haberdasher, and Servants attending on
Baptista and Petruchio

Scene: Sometimes in Padua, and sometimes
in Petruchio's house in the country.

Induction

Scene I.

Before an alehouse on a heath.

Enter Hostess and Sly

Sly. I'll pheeze you, in faith.

Hostess. A pair of stocks, you rogue!

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

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

Sly. No, not a denier. Go by, Saint Jeronimy, go to

thy cold bed and warm thee.

Hostess. I know my remedy; I must go fetch the third-borough.

[Exit]

Sly. Third, or fourth, or fifth borough, I'll answer him by law. I'll not budge an inch, boy: let him come, and kindly.

[Lies down on the ground, and falls asleep.]

Horns winded. Enter a Lord from hunting, with Huntsmen and Servants.

Lord.

Huntsman, I charge thee, tender well my
hounds;

Brach Merriman, the poor cur is emboss'd,
And couple Clowder with the deep-mouth'd
brach.

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

At the hedge-corner, in the coldest fault?
I would not lose the dog for twenty pound.

First huntsman.

Why, Bellman is as good as he, my lord;
He cried upon it at the merest loss,

And twice today pick'd out the dullest scent;
Trust me, I take him for the better dog.

Lord.

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

First huntsman.

I will, my lord.

Lord [*Sees Sly.*].

What's here? One dead, or drunk?
See, doth he breathe?

Second huntsman.

He breathes, my lord. Were he not warm'd
with ale,
This were a bed but cold to sleep so soundly.

Lord.

O monstrous beast! how like a swine he lies!
Grim death, how foul and loathsome is thine
image!

Sirs, I will practise on this drunken man.
What think you, if he were convey'd to bed,
Wrapp'd in sweet clothes, rings put upon his

fingers,
A most delicious banquet by his bed,
And brave attendants near him when he
wakes,
Would not the beggar then forget himself?

First huntsman.

Believe me, lord, I think he cannot choose.

Second huntsman.

It would seem strange unto him when he
wak'd.

Lord.

Even as a flattering dream or worthless
fancy.

Then take him up, and manage well the jest.
Carry him gently to my fairest chamber,
And hang it round with all my wanton
pictures;

Balm his foul head in warm distilled waters,
And burn sweet wood to make the lodging
sweet.

Procure me music ready when he wakes,
To make a dulcet and a heavenly sound;
And if he chance to speak, be ready straight,
And with a low submissive reverence
Say 'What is it your honour will command?'

Sirrah, go see what trumpet 'tis that sounds:

[Exit Servant.]

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

Re-enter Servant.

How now! who is it?

Servant.

An it please your honour, players
That offer service to your lordship.

Lord.

Bid them come near.

Enter Players.

Now, fellows, you are welcome.

Players.

We thank your honour.

Lord.

Do you intend to stay with me tonight?

Player.

So please your lordship to accept our duty.

Lord.

With all my heart. This fellow I remember
Since once he play'd a farmer's eldest son;
'Twas where you woo'd the gentlewoman so
well.

I have forgot your name; but, sure, that part
Was aptly fitted and naturally perform'd.

Player.

I think 'twas Soto that your honour means.

Lord.

'Tis very true; thou didst it excellent.
Well, you are come to me in happy time,
The rather for I have some sport in hand
Wherein your cunning can assist me much.
There is a lord will hear you play tonight;
But I am doubtful of your modesties,
Lest, over-eying of his odd behaviour,-
For yet his honour never heard a play,-
You break into some merry passion
And so offend him; for I tell you, sirs,
If you should smile, he grows impatient.

kisses,
And with declining head into his bosom,
Bid him shed tears, as being overjoy'd
To see her noble lord restor'd to health,
Who for this seven years hath esteemed him
No better than a poor and loathsome beggar.
And if the boy have not a woman's gift
To rain a shower of commanded tears,
An onion will do well for such a shift,
Which, in a napkin being close convey'd,
Shall in despite enforce a watery eye.
See this dispatch'd with all the haste thou
canst;
Anon I'll give thee more instructions.

[Exit Servant.]

I know the boy will well usurp the grace,
Voice, gait, and action of a gentlewoman;
I long to hear him call the drunkard husband;
And how my men will stay themselves from
laughter
When they do homage to this simple peasant.
I'll in to counsel them; haply my presence
May well abate the over-merry spleen,
Which otherwise would grow into extremes.

[Exeunt.]

Scene II.

A bedchamber in the Lord's house.

Sly is discovered in a rich nightgown, with Attendants: some with apparel, basin, ewer, and other appurtenances; and Lord, dressed like a servant.

Sly.

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

First servant.

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

Second servant.

Will't please your honour taste of these
conserves?

Third servant.

What raiment will your honour wear today?

Sly. I am Christophero Sly; call not me honour nor lordship. I ne'er drank sack in my life; and if you give me any conserves, give me conserves of beef. Ne'er ask me what raiment I'll wear, for I have no more doublets than backs, no more stockings than legs, nor no more shoes than feet: nay, sometime more feet than shoes, or

such shoes as my toes look through the over-leather.

Lord.

Heaven cease this idle humour in your
honour!

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

Sly. What! would you make me mad? Am not I Christopher Sly, old Sly's son of Burton-heath; by birth a pedlar, by education a cardmaker, by transmutation a bear-herd, and now by present profession a tinker? Ask Marian Hacket, the fat ale-wife of Wincot, if she know me not: if she say I am not fourteen pence on the score for sheer ale, score me up for the lyingest knave in Christendom. What! I am not bestraught. Here's-

Third servant.

O! this it is that makes your lady mourn.

Second servant.

O! this is it that makes your servants droop.

Lord.

Hence comes it that your kindred shuns your
house,

As beaten hence by your strange lunacy.

O noble lord, bethink thee of thy birth,
Call home thy ancient thoughts from

banishment,
And banish hence these abject lowly dreams.
Look how thy servants do attend on thee,
Each in his office ready at thy beck:
Wilt thou have music? Hark! Apollo plays,

[Music.]

And twenty caged nightingales do sing:
Or wilt thou sleep? We'll have thee to a
couch
Softer and sweeter than the lustful bed
On purpose trimm'd up for Semiramis.
Say thou wilt walk: we will bestrew the
ground:
Or wilt thou ride? Thy horses shall be
trapp'd,
Their harness studded all with gold and pearl.
Dost thou love hawking? Thou hast hawks
will soar
Above the morning lark: or wilt thou hunt?
Thy hounds shall make the welkin answer
them
And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow
earth.

First servant.

Say thou wilt course; thy greyhounds are as

swift
As breathed stags; ay, fleeter than the roe.

Second servant.

Dost thou love pictures? We will fetch thee
straight
Adonis painted by a running brook,
And Cytherea all in sedges hid,
Which seem to move and wanton with her
breath
Even as the waving sedges play with wind.

Lord.

We'll show thee Io as she was a maid
And how she was beguiled and surpris'd,
As lively painted as the deed was done.

Third servant.

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

Lord.

Thou art a lord, and nothing but a lord:
Thou hast a lady far more beautiful
Than any woman in this waning age.

First servant.

And, till the tears that she hath shed for thee
Like envious floods o'er-run her lovely face,
She was the fairest creature in the world;
And yet she is inferior to none.

Sly.

Am I a lord? and have I such a lady?
Or do I dream? Or have I dream'd till now?
I do not sleep: I see, I hear, I speak;
I smell sweet savours, and I feel soft things:
Upon my life, I am a lord indeed;
And not a tinker, nor Christophero Sly.
Well, bring our lady hither to our sight;
And once again, a pot o' the smallest ale.

Second servant.

Will't please your mightiness to wash your
hands?

[Servants present a ewer, basin and napkin.]

O, how we joy to see your wit restor'd!
O, that once more you knew but what you
are!
These fifteen years you have been in a dream,
Or, when you wak'd, so wak'd as if you
slept.

Sly. Marry, I will; let them play it. Is not a commony a Christmas gambold or a tumbling-trick?

Page.

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

Sly.

What! household stuff?

Page.

It is a kind of history.

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

Act I

Scene I.

Padua. A public place.

Flourish. Enter Lucentio and Tranio.

Lucentio.

Tranio, since for the great desire I had
To see fair Padua, nursery of arts,
I am arriv'd for fruitful Lombardy,
The pleasant garden of great Italy,
And by my father's love and leave am arm'd

With his good will and thy good company,
My trusty servant well approv'd in all,
Here let us breathe, and haply institute
A course of learning and ingenious studies.
Pisa, renowned for grave citizens,
Gave me my being and my father first,
A merchant of great traffic through the
world,

Vincentio, come of the Bentivolii.
Vincentio's son, brought up in Florence,
It shall become to serve all hopes conceiv'd,
To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds:
And therefore, Tranio, for the time I study,
Virtue and that part of philosophy
Will I apply that treats of happiness
By virtue specially to be achiev'd.
Tell me thy mind; for I have Pisa left
And am to Padua come as he that leaves
A shallow plash to plunge him in the deep,
And with satiety seeks to quench his thirst.

Tranio.

Mi perdonato, gentle master mine;
I am in all affected as yourself;
Glad that you thus continue your resolve
To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy.
Only, good master, while we do admire
This virtue and this moral discipline,

Let's be no stoics nor no stocks, I pray;
Or so devote to Aristotle's checks
As Ovid be an outcast quite abjur'd.
Balk logic with acquaintance that you have,
And practise rhetoric in your common talk;
Music and poesy use to quicken you;
The mathematics and the metaphysics,
Fall to them as you find your stomach serves
you:
No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en;
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.
But stay awhile; what company is this?

Tranio.

Master, some show to welcome us to town.

[Lucentio and Tranio stand aside.]

*Enter Baptista, Katherina, Bianca, Gremio
and Hortensio.*

Baptista.

Gentlemen, importune me no farther,
For how I firmly am resolv'd you know;
That is, not to bestow my youngest daughter
Before I have a husband for the elder.
If either of you both love Katherina,
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?

Katherina. [*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 mould.

Katherina.

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.

Hortensio.

From all such devils, good Lord deliver us!

Gremio.

And me, too, good Lord!

Tranio.

Husht, 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 behaviour 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.

Katherina.

A pretty peat! it is best put finger in the eye,
and 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 look, and practise by myself.

Lucentio.

Hark, Tranio! thou mayst hear Minerva
speak.

Hortensio.

Signior Baptista, will you be so strange?
Sorry am I that our good will 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 ye; I am resolv'd.

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, and liberal
To mine own children in good bringing up;
And so, farewell. Katherina, you may stay;
For I have more to commune with Bianca.

[Exit.]

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

[Exit.]

Gremio. You may go to the devil's dam: your gifts are so good here's none will hold you. Their love is not so great, Hortensio, but we may blow our nails together, and fast it fairly out; our cake's dough on both sides. Farewell: yet, for the love I bear my sweet

Bianca, if I can by any means light on a fit man to teach her that wherein she delights, I will wish him to her father.

Hortensio. So will I, Signior Gremio: but a word, I pray. Though the nature of our quarrel yet never brooked parle, know now, upon advice, it toucheth us both,-that we may yet again have access to our fair mistress, and be happy rivals in Bianca's love,-to 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 alarms, why, man, there be good fellows in the world, and a man could light on them, would take her with all faults, and money enough.

Gremio. I cannot tell; but I had as lief take her dowry with this condition: to be whipp'd at the high cross every morning.

Hortensio. Faith, as you say, there's small choice in rotten apples. But come; since this bar in law makes us friends, it shall be so far forth friendly maintained, till

by helping Baptista's eldest daughter to a husband, we set his youngest free for a husband, and then have to't afresh. Sweet Bianca! Happy man be his dole! He that runs fastest gets the ring. How say you, Signior Gremio?

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

[Exeunt Gremio and Hortensio.]

Tranio.

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

Lucentio.

O Tranio! till I found it to be true,
I never thought it possible or likely;
But see, while idly I stood looking on,
I found the effect of love in idleness;
And now in plainness do confess to thee,
That art to me as secret and as dear
As Anna to the Queen of Carthage was,
Tranio, I burn, I pine, I perish, Tranio,
If I achieve not this young modest girl.
Counsel me, Tranio, for I know thou canst:
Assist me, Tranio, for I know thou wilt.

Tranio.

Master, it is no time to chide you now;
Affection is not rated from the heart:
If love have touch'd you, nought remains but
so:
Redime te captum quam queas minimo.

Lucentio.

Gramercies, lad; go forward; this contents;
The rest will comfort, for thy counsel's
sound.

Tranio.

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

Lucentio.

O, yes, I saw sweet beauty in her face,
Such as the daughter of Agenor had,
That made great Jove to humble him to her
hand,
When with his knees he kiss'd the Cretan
strand.

Tranio.

Saw you no more? 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 elder sister is so curst and shrewd,
That till the father rid his hands of her,
Master, your love must live a maid at home;
And therefore has he closely mew'd her up,
Because she will not be annoy'd with suitors.

Lucentio.

Ah, Tranio, what a cruel father's he!
But art thou not advis'd he took some care
To get her cunning schoolmasters to instruct
her?

Lucentio.

Tranio, be so, because Lucentio loves;
And let me be a slave, to achieve that maid
Whose sudden sight hath thrall'd my
wounded eye.

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 stol'n your
clothes?
Or you stol'n 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,
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.

Lucentio.

Tranio, let's go.

One thing more rests, that thyself execute,
To make one among these wooers: if thou
ask me why,
Sufficeth my reasons are both good and
weighty.

[Exeunt.]

[The Presenters above speak.]

First servant.

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

Sly.

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

Page.

My lord, 'tis but begun.

Sly.

'Tis a very excellent piece of work, madam
lady: would 'twere
done!

[They sit and mark.]

Scene II.

Padua. Before Hortensio's house.

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 beloved and approved 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.