

## 1. Tranio / Lucentio

### 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:  
Tranio, I burn, I pine, I perish, Tranio,  
If I achieve not this young modest girl.  
Counsel me, Tranio, for I know thou canst.  
Assist me, Tranio, for I know thou wilt.

### TRANIO

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

### LUCENTIO

O yes, I saw sweet beauty in her face.

### TRANIO

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 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.

**LUCENTIO**            I have it, Tranio.

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

**LUCENTIO**            Tell me thine first.

**TRANIO**  
You will be schoolmaster  
And undertake the teaching of the maid:  
That's your device.

**LUCENTIO**            It is: may it be done?

**TRANIO**  
Not possible; for who shall bear your part,  
And be in Padua here Vincentio's son,  
Keep house and ply his book, welcome his friends,  
Visit his countrymen and banquet them?

**LUCENTIO**  
Basta; content thee, for I have it full.  
We have not yet been seen in any house,  
Nor can we lie distinguish'd by our faces  
For man or master; then it follows thus;  
Thou shalt be master, Tranio, in my stead,  
Keep house and port and servants as I should:  
I will some other be, some Florentine,  
Some Neapolitan, or meaner man of Pisa.  
'Tis hatch'd and shall be so: Tranio, at once  
Uncase thee; take my colour'd hat and cloak:  
When Biondello comes, he waits on thee;  
But I will charm him first to keep his tongue.

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

2. KATHERINE, BIANCA and BAPTISTA

**BIANCA**

Good sister, wrong me not, nor wrong yourself,  
To make a bondmaid and a slave of me;  
Unbind my hands, I'll pull them off myself,  
Yea, all my raiment, to my petticoat—  
Or what you will command me will I do,  
So well I know my duty to my elders.

**KATHERINE**

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

**BIANCA**

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**

If that be jest, then all the rest was so.      *Strikes her*      *Enter BAPTISTA*

**BAPTISTA**

Why, how now, dame! whence grows this insolence?  
Bianca, stand aside. Poor girl! she weeps.  
For shame, thou hilding of a devilish spirit,  
Why dost thou wrong her that did ne'er wrong thee?  
When did she cross thee with a bitter word?

**KATHERINE**

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

*Flies after BIANCA*

**BAPTISTA**

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

*Exit BIANCA*

**KATHERINE**

What, will you not suffer me? Nay, now I see  
She is your treasure, she must have a husband;  
I must dance bare-foot on her wedding day  
And for your love to her lead apes in hell.  
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?

### 3. Gremio / Baptista / Tranio

#### GREMIO

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

#### TRANIO

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

#### BAPTISTA

'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?

[suggestions of money]

#### GREMIO

First, as you know, my house within the city  
Is richly furnished with plate and gold;  
Myself am struck in years, I must confess;  
And if I die to-morrow, this is hers.

#### TRANIO

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

#### GREMIO

Two thousand ducats by the year of land!

#### TRANIO

And twice as much, whate'er thou offer'st next.

#### GREMIO

Nay, I have offer'd all, I have no more;

#### TRANIO

Why, then the maid is mine from all the world.

**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 Katherine is to be married:  
Now, on the Sunday following, shall Bianca  
Be bride to you, if you make this assurance;  
If not, Signior Gremio.  
And so, I take my leave, and thank you both.

[yelp of excitement]

**GREMIO**

Adieu, good neighbour.

*Exit BAPTISTA*

Now I fear thee not:  
Sirrah young gamester, your father were a fool  
To give thee all, and in his waning age  
Set foot under thy table: tut, a toy!  
An old Italian fox is not so kind, my boy.

*Exit*

**TRANIO**

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

*Exit*

#### 4. Lucentio / Hortensio / Bianca

##### **LUCENTIO**

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

##### **HORTENSIO**

But, wrangling pedant, this is  
The patroness of heavenly harmony:  
And when in music we have spent an hour,  
Your lecture shall have leisure for as much.

##### **LUCENTIO**

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

##### **HORTENSIO**

Sirrah, I will not bear these braves of thine.

##### **BIANCA**

Why, gentlemen, you do me double wrong,  
To strive for that which resteth in my choice:  
I am no breeching scholar in the schools;  
I'll not be tied to hours nor 'pointed times,  
But learn my lessons as I please myself.  
And, to cut off all strife, here sit we down:  
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:  
'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;v'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.

*Aside*

How fiery and forward our pedant is!

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

Pedascule, I'll watch you better yet.

## 5. Baptista / Petruchio / Hortensio

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

**BAPTISTA** You are welcome, sir.

**PETRUCHIO** And yet I come not well.

**HORTENSIO** Not so well appareled as I wish you were.

**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.

**HORTENSIO**

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*

**HORTENSIO**

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.

## 6. Petruchio / Katherine / Vincentio

### **PETRUCHIO**

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

### **KATHERINE**

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

### **PETRUCHIO**

I say it is the moon that shines so bright.

### **KATHERINE**

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

### **KATHERINE**

Forward, I pray, since we have come so far,  
And be it moon, or sun, or what you please:  
An if you please to call it a rush-candle,  
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 blessed sun.

### **KATHERINE**

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 Katharine.

### **PETRUCHIO**

Well, forward, forward! thus the bowl should run,  
And not unluckily against the bias.  
But, soft! What company is coming here.

*Enter VINCENTIO*

Good morrow, gentle mistress: where away?  
Tell me, sweet Kate, and tell me truly too,  
Hast thou beheld a fresher gentlewoman?  
Such war of white and red within her cheeks!  
What stars do spangle heaven with such beauty,  
As those two eyes become that heavenly face?  
Fair lovely maid, once more good day to thee.  
Sweet Kate, embrace her for her beauty's sake.

**KATHERINE**

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

**PETRUCHIO**

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

**KATHERINE**

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

**PETRUCHIO**

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

**VINCENTIO**

Fair sir, and you my merry mistress,  
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.

## 7. Petruchio / Pedant / Vincentio

**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.

**VINCENTIO**

What if a man bring him a hundred pound or two, to make merry withal? [sign of money]

**Pedant**

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

**PETRUCHIO**

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

**Pedant**

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

**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.

## 8. KATHERINE

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,  
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.  
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?  
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.

## 9. 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.  
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 married.  
But here she comes, and now, Petruchio, speak.

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Thus have I politicly begun my reign,  
And 'tis my hope to end successfully.  
She ate 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:  
And if she chance to nod I'll rail and brawl  
And with the clamour keep her still awake.  
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.