Taming of the Shrew

By William Shakespeare

**Cast of Characters**

Katherina Minola

Bianca Minola

Baptista Minola

Hortensio/Licio (suitor; Licio when pretending to be music teacher)

Gremio (elderly suitor)

Lucentio/Cambio (handsome young man of wealth; Cambio when tutoring Bianca)

Vincentio (Lucentio’s ancient father)

Tranio/False Lucentio (Lucentio’s servant; masquerades as Lucentio)

Biondello (Lucentio’s servant; helps Tranio with the impersonation)

Peasant/False Vincentio (hired to act as Vincentio)

Petruchio

Grumio (Petruchio’s servant)

**Act 1. Scene 1. Padua. A public square**

Enter BAPTISTA, KATHARINA, BIANCA, GREMIO, and HORTENSIO. LUCENTIO and TRANIO

**BAPTISTA** Gentlemen, plead with me no more! You know how firmly I’m resolved: I’ll not bestow my younger daughter Before I have a husband for the elder. If Katharina you desire to wed, Because I know you well, and love you well, I give you leave to court her at your pleasure.

**GREMIO** [Aside] My peril, rather — she's too rough for me. Hortensio, isn’t this the wife you seek?

**KATHARINA** I pray you, sir, is it your will To make a joke of me amongst these mates?

**HORTENSIO** No mates for you, unless you learn to show A friendly smile and speak a gentle word.

**KATHARINA** Fear not, I won’t enchant you with my smile. I’ll 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** Master, look! A play that’s worth the penny. That wench is stark mad or wonderfully rude.

**LUCENTIO** But in the sister’s silence do I see Womanly virtue and sobriety.

**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 out of sight. Don’t pout, now, good Bianca, For I will love thee never the less, my girl.

**KATHARINA** A pretty pout! But where’s your tears? I’ll put a finger in your eye, that brings ’em out!

**BIANCA** Isn’t it enough my life must wait for you to wed? Must you torment me too?

**LUCENTIO** Ah, do you hear? Virtue sings.

**HORTENSIO** Sorry am I that our desire to woo should cause Bianca grief.

**GREMIO** Why make her cry, Signior Baptista, for this monster of hell, And make her bear the self-punishment of her tongue?

**BAPTISTA** Gentlemen, I am resolved: Go in, Bianca:

Exit BIANCA

**BAPTISTA** Confinement will not punish such as she. She takes delight in music and in poetry, So she’ll have tutors for companions, Fit to teach these arts. Hortensio

And Gremio, if you would be kind to her, Then find and recommend me men of skill. I’ll pay them well, for I am liberal To those who help me raise my daughters well. And so farewell. Katharina, you may stay; For I have more to commune with Bianca.

Exit

**KATHARINA** Why, and I trust I may go too, may I not? Shall I be appointed hours? “Today she’s on Display from noon to three; watch out, she spits Whenever she is gazed upon by twits.”

Exit

**GREMIO** No man is worthy of a wit so fine! Look at the queue of suitors at your gate! I fear, Hortensio, that we’ve a while to wait. Yet for the love I bear my sweet Bianca, I’ll find a man to teach what she delights in, And I’ll recommend him to her father.

**HORTENSIO** We may again be rivals, when her hand Is wooable. Till then, shall we be allies?

**GREMIO** In what endeavor?

**HORTENSIO** To get a husband for her sister.

**GREMIO** A husband! I say, a devil. Her father may be rich, Her dowry huge, her face well shaped, and yet What man is fool enough to marry hell?

**HORTENSIO** Shush, Gremio. Though we’re too sensitive To bear the lashing of the sister’s tongue, Why, man, there be good fellows in the world, If we could only find one, who would take her With all her faults, and money enough. Ay, there's small choice in rotten apples. But since this prohibition makes us friends, Then let’s together help Baptista find A merry husband for his eldest daughter.

**GREMIO** A deaf one, you mean.

**HORTENSIO** Setting the younger free. Then we’ll be at each other’s throats again! Sweet Bianca! Happy the man who wins thee!

**GREMIO** I agree.

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 now in plainness I confess to thee, Tranio: I burn, I pine, I perish, Tranio, If I achieve not this young modest girl.

**TRANIO** Affection is not chided from the heart, So I will chide you not, Lucentio. There is no choice: When love enslaves a man, He buys his freedom cheaply as he can.

**LUCENTIO** Your counsel is sound, but it’s not much of a plan.

**TRANIO** Master, you look'd so longingly 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 Bianca’s 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.

**LUCENTIO** Ah, Tranio, what a cruel father's he!

**TRANIO** But art thou not advised, he took some care To get her cunning schoolmasters to instruct her?

**LUCENTIO** Lucky tutors, with her hours a day.

**TRANIO** And now 'tis plotted.  You will be a tutor And undertake the teaching of the maid: That's your device.

**LUCENTIO** It is: can it be done?

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

**LUCENTIO**  We have not yet been seen in any house; And solely by our faces, who would know The servant from the master?

**TRANIO** Do you think?

**LUCENTIO** Thou shalt be master, Tranio, in my place, Keep house and port and servants as I should: I’ll be a tutor. 'Tis hatch'd and shall be so: Tranio, at once take my colour'd hat and cloak: When Biondello comes, he waits on thee.

**TRANIO**  Your father charged me at our parting to obey, 'Be serviceable to my son,' quoth he, Although I think 'twas in another sense; I am content to be Lucentio, Because so well I love Lucentio.

**LUCENTIO** Tranio, be so, because Lucentio loves Bianca: And let me be a slave, to achieve that maid Whose sudden sight enthralled my wounded eye.

**Act 1. Scene 2. Padua. Before Hortensio’s house.**

Enter PETRUCHIO and his servant GRUMIO. Enter HORTENSIO

**PETRUCHIO** Verona, for a while I take my leave, To see my friends in Padua, but of all My best beloved friend, Hortensio; and this must be his house. Here, sirrah Grumio; knock, I say.

**HORTENSIO** My old friend Grumio! and my good friend Petruchio! So tell me now, sweet friend, what happy gale Blows you to Padua here from old Verona?

**PETRUCHIO** The wind that scatters young men through the world, To test our luck on unfamiliar ground. Antonio, my father, is deceased; And I have thrust myself into this maze, Hoping to wive and thrive as best I may.

**HORTENSIO** Petruchio, what kind of friend am I, To offer thee a shrewish, quarrelsome wife? And yet she’s rich. But I’m too good a friend.

**PETRUCHIO** Hortensio, such friends as we may speak With perfect candor. Therefore, if thou know One rich enough to be Petruchio's wife, Be she old or harsh or ugly as a stump, She cannot dull affection’s edge in me. 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 a button, or an old nag with never a tooth in her head, though she have as many diseases as two and fifty horses: why, nothing comes unsuitable, if money is involved.

**HORTENSIO** Petruchio, since we are stepp'd thus far in, I will continue what I broach'd 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 shrewish and forward, 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; For I will board her, though she chide as loud As thunder when the clouds in autumn crack.

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

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

**HORTENSIO** Well then, Petruchio, I must go with thee, For in Baptista's keep my treasure is: He has the jewel of my life in hold, His youngest daughter, beautiful Bianca. Supposing it a thing impossible That ever Katharina will be woo'd; Baptista has sworn that none shall see Bianca Till Katharina the curst have got a husband.

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

**HORTENSIO** But what Baptista does allow is tutors. Now shall my friend Petruchio do me a favor, And disguise me in robes To old Baptista as a schoolmaster, skilled in music, to instruct Bianca; By this device I’ll see her every day, And unsuspected court her by herself.

**GRUMIO** If they made such plots to get a man’s money, they’d be hanged for thieves. But to get his daughter, honest young gentlemen defraud a man — so they can call him father!

Enter GREMIO, and LUCENTIO disguised

**HORTENSIO** Peace, Grumio! There is the rival of my love.

**GRUMIO** Which? The rich old man or the poor, young man?

**GREMIO** I’ve armed you now with books of love in rhymes. See you read no other lectures to her — Except to speak the name of Gremio. Besides Signior Baptista’s generous wage, I'll pay you well.

**LUCENTIO** Whatever I read to her, I'll plead for you. I’ll let the finest poets speak your love For they have art that melts a lady’s heart.

**GREMIO** Hello, Hortensio. By good fortune I have found this man to tutor Bianca.

**HORTENSIO** Good for you! And you’ll be glad to know I’ve found a fine musician for our mistress. So shall I be no whit behind in duty To fair Bianca, so beloved of me.

**GREMIO** Beloved of me; and that my deeds shall prove.

**HORTENSIO** Gremio, 'tis now no time for rivalry. I have news that’s good for both of us. This gentleman, with our encouragement, Will undertake to woo curst Katharina — Yea, and to marry her, if her dowry please.

**GREMIO** A man can say much and do little. 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** I’ve met my dearest friend. Where are you from?

**PETRUCHIO** Born in Verona, old Antonio's son: My father dead, his fortune lives for me; I mean to marry it up, so I’ll live my span of years most prosperously.

**GREMIO** The shortest life, with such a wife, seems long. But if you have the stomach for it, man, I’ll stand behind you. Will you woo this wild-cat?

**PETRUCHIO** Think you a little din can daunt mine ears? Have I not in my time heard lions roar? Have I not heard the sea puff'd up with winds Rage like an angry boar chafed with sweat? Have I not heard great cannons in the field, And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies? Have I not in a pitched battle heard Harsh screams, neighing steeds, and trumpets' clang? And do you tell me of a woman's tongue, That gives not half so great a blow to hear As will a chestnut in a farmer's fire? Tush, tush!

**GRUMIO** He fears none.

Enter TRANIO, dressed as Lucentio in gentleman’s dress, and BIONDELLO, his servant

**TRANIO** Gentlemen Tell me, I beseech you, which is the readiest way To the house of Signior Baptista Minola?

**GREMIO** Sir; you have not come to woo!

**TRANIO** Perhaps I have, or not. What’s it to you?

**LUCENTIO** [Aside to Tranio] Well begun, Tranio.

**HORTENSIO** Sir, before you go; Are you a suitor to the maid you talk of, yes or no?

**TRANIO** And if I be, sir, is it any offence? Why, sir, I pray, are not the streets as free For me as for you?

**GREMIO** But she is not free.

**TRANIO** For what reason?

**GREMIO** For this reason, if you'll know, That she's the love of Signior Gremio.

**HORTENSIO** That she's the chosen of Hortensio.

**TRANIO** Fair Helen of Troy had a thousand wooers; Sweet Bianca surely merits three, And I, Lucentio, shall make the third. Or do you claim she has not beauty enough To win three hearts? Is that your word?

**HORTENSIO** Did you yet ever see Baptista's daughter?

**TRANIO**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.

**GREMIO** Yea, leave that labor to great Hercules.

**TRANIO** You’ll see my gratitude, Petruchio. And the three of you, this afternoon, Come visit me and drink to our mistress’s health, And do as adversaries do in law: Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.

**HORTENSIO** The idea is good. But first, Petruchio, come with me, And let me introduce you to Baptista.

**Act 2. Scene 1. 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; If you dislike the baubles that I wear, Unbind my hands!

**KATHARINA** Of all thy suitors, here I charge thee, tell Whom thou lovest 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.

**KATHARINA** Minion, thou liest. Is it not Hortensio?

**BIANCA** If you wish for him, sister, here I swear I'll plead for you myself, for you should have him.

**KATHARINA** Oh, now I see, you fancy riches more: You will have Gremio to keep you fair.

**BIANCA** Is it for him that you resent me so? Nay then you jest, and now I well perceive You have but jested with me all this while: I beg you, sister Kate, untie my hands.

**KATHARINA** They pine for love of her who mocks at them. They’re all a joke to you!

Strikes her. Enter BAPTISTA

**BAPTISTA** Why, how now, dame! whence grows this insolence? Bianca, stand aside. Poor girl! she weeps. Meddle not with her. For shame, thou spawn of a devilish spirit, Why harm a child who does no harm to thee? When did she cross thee with a bitter word?

**KATHARINA** Her silence mocks me, and I'll be revenged.

Flies after BIANCA

**BAPTISTA** What am I seeing? Bianca, go to the next room.

Exit BIANCA

**KATHARINA** You bear me, Father, but you never hear me. She is your treasure, she must have a husband; I must dance barefoot on her wedding day.

**BAPTISTA** I have decreed that you shall marry first! What more can a father do —

**KATHARINA** Talk not to me: I’ll shed my tears alone, since no one hears, Nor tells the world of any good in me.

Exit

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

Enter GREMIO, LUCENTIO dressed as a tutor; PETRUCHIO, with HORTENSIO as a musician; and TRANIO dressed as Luciento

**GREMIO** Good morrow, neighbour Baptista.

**BAPTISTA** Good morrow, neighbour Gremio. Hello, gentlemen!

**PETRUCHIO** And you, good sir! Have you a daughter Call'd Katharina, fair and virtuous?

**BAPTISTA** I have a daughter, sir, called Katharina.

**PETRUCHIO**  I am a gentleman of Verona, sir, That, hearing of her beauty and her wit, Her wondrous qualities and mild behavior, Am here to present myself a guest Within your house, to make mine eye the witness Of that report. And, for an entrance to my entertainment, I do present you with a man of mine,

Presenting HORTENSIO

Cunning in music, To instruct her fully in those sciences. Accept of him, or else you do me wrong: His name is Licio, born in Mantua. [LEE-chee-oh]

**GREMIO** Neighbour, this is a fine gift, I’m sure, Which you must pay for with a daily wage. I, on the other hand, freely give you This young scholar,

Presenting LUCENTIO

cunning in Latin, Greek, Music and mathematics: his name is Cambio.

**BAPTISTA** A thousand thanks, gentlement. Welcome, tutors.

To TRANIO

But, gentle sir, I believe I know you not. 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, Bianca, fair and virtuous.

**BAPTISTA** Lucentio is your name; where from I pray?

**TRANIO** Of Pisa, sir; son to Vincentio.

**BAPTISTA** A mighty man of Pisa; by report I know him well: you are very welcome, sir, Tutors, You shall go see your pupils presently.

Exit LUCENTIO and HORTENSIO

**PETRUCHIO** Signior Baptista, business presses me, 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** At the wedding, Cash in hand, some twenty thousand crowns.

**PETRUCHIO**And, for that dowry, Let papers be therefore drawn between us, That promises 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 commanding as she’s proud-minded; And where two raging fires meet together They do consume the thing that feeds their fury: Though little fire grows great with little wind, Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all: So I to her and so she yields to me.

**BAPTISTA**  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 instrument 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 Katharina prove a good musician?

**HORTENSIO** I think she'll sooner prove a soldier. Iron may hold with her, but never flutes.

**BAPTISTA** Then canst thou not break her into the flute?

**HORTENSIO** Why, no; for she hath broke the flute to me. I did but tell her she mistook her notes, And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering; When, with a most impatient devilish spirit, struck me on the head, And there I stood amazed for a while, While she did call me rascal fiddler And twangling Jack; with twenty such vile terms.

**PETRUCHIO** Now I love her ten times more than I did before: O, how I long to have some chat with her!

**BAPTISTA** Proceed in practice with my younger daughter Bianca; She's apt to learn and thankful for learning. Signior Petruchio, will you go with us, Or shall I send my daughter Kate to you?

**PETRUCHIO** I pray you send her.

Exeunt all but PETRUCHIO

**PETRUCHIO**  [to the audience] *I’ll 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 utters piercing eloquence:*

*If she should 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.*

Enter KATHARINA

**PETRUCHIO** Good morrow, Cake; for that's your name, I hear.

**KATHARINA** Are you 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 Cake, the prettiest Cake in Christendom, Cake of Cake Hall, my super-dainty Cake. Hearing thy mildness praised in every town, Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded, My heart was stirred to woo thee for my wife.

**KATHARINA** Stirred! Let the cook that stirred this meal Serve it to beggars, or pour it on the floor.

**PETRUCHIO**You’d pour me out untasted? And let my love be wasted? Resist me not, my *piece de resistance!*

**KATHARINA** I am no piece for *thee*!

**PETRUCHIO** And without thee I have no peace! I seethe, I boil, I bake for love of thee!

**KATHARINA** What cook would roast me up a dish so *foul*?

**PETRUCHIO** What, I, a *fowl*? You call me a goose?

**KATHARINA** A turkey, rather! *She swings at him; he ducks.*

**PETRUCHIO**Better yet, I’m a *duck*. I’ll carry every burden for my love, And thus your days with me will all be light.

**KATHARINA** Any day with you is dark as night.

**PETRUCHIO** I’ll make my love light-hearted in the dark.

**KATHARINA** In faith, my heart’s too light for you to catch.

**PETRUCHIO** I’ll have the *whole* of you as my *holy* match.

**KATHARINA** *Whole* or part, I’ll make no *match* with thee.

**PETRUCHIO** Thou art the *match* that lit a fire in me.

**KATHARINA** That light in you is madness, not from me!

**PETRUCHIO** Come, come, you wasp; in faith, you are too angry.

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

**PETRUCHIO** My remedy is, then, to pluck it out. Who knows where a wasp must Wear his sting? In his tail.

**KATHARINA** In his tongue. Farewell.

**PETRUCHIO** Why, tit for tat, as everyone knows. Nay, come, Kate, come; you must not look so sour.

**KATHARINA** It is my fashion, when I see a *slug.*

**PETRUCHIO** I make no fist, and therefore there’s no *slug.*

**KATHARINA**A *slug* that leaves a trail of slime.

**PETRUCHIO** Show it to me.

**KATHARINA** Had I a glass, I would.

**PETRUCHIO** I’ll be a snail, to share a house with thee.

**KATHARINA** A louse’s house is not for me.

**PETRUCHIO** Until you sweetly whisper me, “I do.”

**KATHARINA**I’d rather a knacker melt me down for glue.

**PETRUCHIO** The words I hoped to hear! She melts for me!

**KATHARINA** I’d better go before you get too sticky.

**PETRUCHIO**My sticky bun, you won’t escape me so!

**KATHARINA** I’ll stick you in the eye! So let me go!

**PETRUCHIO** I’ll never let you go, my sweetmeat. 'Twas told me you were rough and coy and sullen, And now I find report a very liar; For thou art pleasant, courteous, AND sweet as spring-time flowers: Thou canst not frown, 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.

**KATHARINA** Where did you study all this goodly speech?

**PETRUCHIO** And therefore, setting all this chat aside, Thus in plain terms: your father has consented That you shall be my wife; your dowry agreed on; And, will you, nil you, I will marry you. You see, Kate, I’m a husband for your turn; For, by this light, whereby I see thy beauty, Thou must be married to no man but me; For I am he that’s born to tame you, Cat, And bring you from a wild cat to a Cat Conformable as other household Cats. Here comes your father: never make denial; I must and will have Katharina to my wife.

Re-enter BAPTISTA, GREMIO, and TRANIO

**BAPTISTA** Now, Petruchio, how fare you with my daughter?

**PETRUCHIO** With one so fair, how could I fare but fairly?

**KATHARINA** How dare you call me daughter! You have shown a tender fatherly regard, To wish me wed to this half-lunatic! I thought my sister’s suitors were buffoons, But they were saints compared to this!

**PETRUCHIO** Father, yourself and all the world, That talk'd of her, have talk'd amiss of her: If she seems shrewish, it’s by clever plan, To test the faithfulness of men’s desire. For she's not quarrelsome, but modest as the dove. She is not hot, but temperate as the morn. And, to conclude, we’ve agreed so well together, That upon Sunday is the wedding-day.

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

**GREMIO** Hark, Petruchio; she says she'll see thee hang'd first.

**PETRUCHIO** We bargain'd between us, being alone, That she’ll be rude to me 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. Give me thy hand, Kate: I will unto Venice, To buy apparel for the wedding-day. Provide the feast, father, and bid the guests; Katharina is the wife that I have longed for, And she has saved her lovely self for me.

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

**GREMIO** With honor pledged, these oaths cannot be broken.

**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 on Sunday.

Exeunt PETRUCHIO and KATHARINA

**GREMIO** Blessings enough for everyone, my friend! So now, Baptista, to your younger daughter: Now is the day we long have looked for: I am your neighbour, and was suitor first.

**BAPTISTA** Where is your longtime rival, Hortensio?

**GREMIO** I am here for love, and he is not.

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

**BAPTISTA** I’ll settle this! Who can provide for her? What lands, what house will she have? It’s deeds that win my daughter’s love.

**GREMIO** First, as you know, my house within the city Is richly furnished with plate and gold; In cypress chests are delicate apparel, Fine linen, Turkish cushions with pearl, Drapes of Venice gold in needlework: then, at my farm I have a hundred milk-cows to the pail, Two hundred oxen standing in my stalls, And enough of pigs and geese.

**TRANIO**  Sir, listen to me: I am my father's heir and only son: If I may have your daughter to my wife, I'll leave her houses three or four as good, Within rich Pisa walls, as any one Old Signior Gremio has in Padua; Also two thousand gold coins.

**GREMIO**  My land amounts not to so much in all: But I also have a merchant ship With trusty crew that harbors in Marseilles.

**TRANIO** Gremio, 'tis known my father has no less Than three great ships, these I will assure her — And twice as much as whatever thou offers next.

**GREMIO** Nay, I have offer'd all, I have no more; And she can have no more than all I have: If you like me, she shall have me and mine.

**TRANIO** Why, then the maid is mine from all the world, Gremio is out-vied.

**BAPTISTA** I must confess your offer is the best; And, let your father agrees, She is your own.  I am thus resolved: on Sunday next you know My daughter Katharina’s to be married: On the Sunday following, Bianca shall Be bride to you, with your father’s approval; If not, to Signior Gremio: And so, I take my leave, and thank you both.

GREMIO Adieu, good neighbour.

Exit BAPTISTA and GREMIO

**TRANIO** Lucentio’s father will make good on all! Except for the fact that I am not his son. How can I serve my master’s purpose best? I see no reason but supposed Lucentio Must get a father, call'd 'supposed Vincentio;' I cannot fail.

**Act 3. Scene 2. Padua. Baptista’s house.**

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

**BAPTISTA** [To Tranio] Signior Lucentio, this is the day we said For Katharina and Petruchio to wed. And yet we hear not of our son-in-law. What will be said? what mockery will it be, To lack a groom when the priest attends To speak the ceremonial rites of marriage!

**KATHARINA** No shame but mine: for first, I must be forced To give my hand opposed against my heart Unto a mad-brain;  I told you He was a frantic fool, a bitter jester. 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!' I wish I’d never looked at him.

Exit weeping, followed by BIANCA and others

**BAPTISTA** Go, girl; I cannot blame thee now to weep; For such an injury would vex a very saint.

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** Petruchio is coming, dressed in such A mix Of ancient styles and foreign fashions, Beggars’ rags and women’s jewelry, With feathers, flowers, kerchiefs, swords And swashes of every color yet invented — And some the human eye has never seen — That one could think he swapped a bit Of clothes with every man and woman, child, Horse, cat, statue, rat, and corpse He met upon the road to Padua.

**BAPTISTA** Who comes with him?

**BIONDELLO** His servant Grumio, as madly dressed, With linen stocking on a single leg, A hip-boot on the other; and a hat That wears a feather each from every bird That lives in Italy!

Enter PETRUCHIO and GRUMIO

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

**BAPTISTA** You are welcome, sir.

**PETRUCHIO** I’m come indeed, but I’m not well.

**BAPTISTA** Nay, are you ill?

**PETRUCHIO** Healthy, but highway-weary.

**TRANIO** Not so well apparel'd as I wish you were.

**PETRUCHIO** I saw that I was late, and dressed in haste.

**GREMIO** And in the dark, it seems.

**PETRUCHIO** Where is my Kate? where is my lovely bride? How is my father? Gentlemen, methinks you all 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 strange. You are an eye-sore!

**PETRUCHIO** 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

**BAPTISTA** Has he some meaning in his mad attire?

**GREMIO**When Katharina sees him, then he’ll change, Or wear some bruises underneath his clothes.

Exeunt BAPTISTA, GREMIO, and attendants

**TRANIO** [on the side, to Lucentio] I’ll find a man to act the part of your father — Whatever he be, it takes but little skill, For one old man is very like another — Thus shall he be Vincentio of Pisa, And make assurance here in Padua Of greater sums than I have promised. So shall you quietly enjoy your hope, And marry sweet Bianca with consent.

**LUCENTIO**Were it not for that mar-music Licio, Who watches sweet Bianca’s every step, I swear I’d carry her away and marry Secretly, for once her heart is mine, I’ll keep what’s mine, despite of all the world!

Re-enter GREMIO

Signior Gremio, are the bride and groom coming home?

**GREMIO** A groom say you? One to make a bride weep!

**TRANIO** Worse than the bride? why, 'tis impossible.

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

**TRANIO** Then she’s well-suited to him!

**GREMIO** Tut, she's a lamb, a dove, compared to him! I'll tell you, Sir Lucentio: when the priest Should ask, if Katharina should be his wife, he swore so loud, That, all-amazed, the priest let fall the book; And, as he stoop'd again to take it up, The mad-brain'd groom hit him, and down fell priest! “The wedding isn’t on the floor!” he cries, And drags the trembling man to his feet. And when the wedding’s done, he calls for wine, Proposes such a rude and bawdy toast That sailors new ashore would blush to hear. This done, he took the bride about the neck And kiss'd her lips with such a clamorous smack That all the church did echo: Such a mad marriage never was before.

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, I must take my leave.

**BAPTISTA** Is it possible you can stay to-night?

**PETRUCHIO** I must away to-day, before night come: 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 go; and farewell to you all.

**KATHARINA**Nay, then, I will not go to-day; Nor tomorrow, do or say what you like. The door is open, sir; there lies your way; For me, I'll not be gone till I please myself. You take too much authority, and show Too little sense for me to go with you.

**PETRUCHIO** O Kate, be not angry.

**KATARINA** 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. But for my bonny Kate, she must with me. I will be master of what is mine own: She is my goods, my chattel; she is my house,  And here she stands, stop her whoever dare. Kate, I’ll protect you against a million.

Exeunt PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, and GRUMIO

**Act 4. Scene 1. Padua. Petruchio’s house.**

Enter KATHARINA, PETRUCHIO, servants

**PETRUCHIO** Come, Kate, sit down; I know you have a stomach. Will you give thanks, sweet Kate; or else shall I? What’s this? mutton?

**MARY** Ay.

**PETRUCHIO** Who brought it?

Ellie enters, nervous

**ELLIE** I.

**PETRUCHIO** 'Tis burnt; and so is all the meat. What dogs are these! Where is the rascal cook? How dare you, villains, bring it from the dresser, And serve it to us.

Throws the food and tableware about the stage

You heedless joltheads and unmanner'd slaves! What, do you grumble? I'll set you straight.

**KATHARINA** I pray you, husband, be not so disquiet: The meat was well.

**PETRUCHIO**  I tell thee, Kate, ’twas burnt and dried away; My constitution rules against it thus, For it puts me in a foul and angry mood, And better it were that both of us did fast, Since both of us are tempered hot enough Without over-roasted food to boil our blood. Be patient; to-morrow it 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 separately

**NATHANIEL** Didst thou ever see the like?

**ELLIE** She has no chance to be a shrew — he shrews her first!

Re-enter CURTIS

**GRUMIO** Where is he now?

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

Exeunt; re-enter PETRUCHIO

**PETRUCHIO [to the audience]** Thus have I politically begun my reign,

And 'tis my hope to end successfully.

Like a falconer I keep my falcon hungry,

Until she soars and stoops at my command.

How she used to make the household hop

And hearken to her whim, but here

She’ll learn to hop to mine, and ride my arm

In love and peace, until I say to fly.

She ate no food to-day, nor none shall eat;

Last night she slept not, nor to-night she shall not;

And in conclusion she shall watch all night:

And if she chance to nod to sleep

I'll rail and brawl

And with the clamor keep her still awake.

This is a way to kill a wife with kindness.

He that knows better how to tame a shrew, Now let him speak.

Petruchio exits

**Act 4. Scene 3. Padua. Petruchio’s house.**

Enter KATHARINA and GRUMIO

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

**KATHARINA** The more my wrong, the more his spite appears: What, did he marry me to famish me? Beggars that come unto my father's door, and they are given food. But I, am starved for food, giddy for lack of sleep. And that which spites me more than all these wants, He does it in the name of perfect love. So go, I beg you, get me some meal; I care not what, so it be wholesome food.

**GRUMIO**  What say you to a piece of beef and mustard?

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

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

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

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

**KATHARINA** Go, get thee gone, thou false slave,

*Beats him*

Sorrow on thee and all the pack of you, That triumph upon my misery! Go, get thee gone, I say.

Enter PETRUCHIO with meat

**PETRUCHIO** How fares my Kate? What, sweetheart? Bright with love? Pluck up thy spirits; look cheerfully upon me. Here love; thou see how diligent I am To dress thy meat myself and bring it here: I am sure, sweet Kate, this kindness merits thanks. What, not a word? Nay, then thou loves it not;  Here, take away this dish.

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

**PETRUCHIO**  Service is repaid with thanks; And so shall mine, before you touch the meat.

**KATHARINA** *I thank you, sir.*

**PETRUCHIO** Come, my Kate; we’ll go to your father's house, Adorned in these honest, coarse, and common clothes. Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor; For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich; And therefore frolic: we will go at once To feast and sport us at thy father's house. Go, bring our horses out, and saddle them. Let's see; I think 'tis now seven o'clock, And well may we reach your father’s house by noon.

**KATHARINA** I dare assure you, sir, 'tis almost two; It will be suppertime when we reach the house.

**PETRUCHIO** It shall be seven when I mount a horse: Look, what I speak, or do, or think to do, You are crossing it. It shall be what o'clock I say it is.

**KATHARINA** Then ... then ... it is seven.

Exeunt

**Act 4. Scene 4. Padua. Baptista’s house.**

Enter TRANIO, and a peasant dressed like VINCENTIO, Luciento’s father

**TRANIO** Sir, this is the house: should I call, or you?

**PEASANT** Go ahead and call. But I’m afraid Signior Baptista may remember me, Near twenty years ago, in Genoa, Where we were lodgers at the Pegasus.

**TRANIO** Don’t worry; calm yourself and wear your face With such strictness as a father should display.

**PEASANT** I promise.

**TRANIO** Here comes Baptista: set your expression, sir.

Enter BAPTISTA and LUCENTIO

**PEASANT**  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 And for the love he feels for your daughter I am content, in a good father's care, To have him match'd; and if this please you, sir, I am ready and willing  to have her married to my son.

**BAPTISTA** This pleases me well. Right true it is, your son Lucentio here that loves my daughter and she loves him. And therefore, if you say no more than this, That like a father you will deal with him, The match is made, and all is done: Your son shall have my daughter with consent.

Exit.

**Act 5. A public road.**

Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, HORTENSIO, and Servants, and VICENTIO

**PETRUCHIO** Do, good old grandsire; Which way are you travelling? if along with us, We shall be joyful of thy company.

**VINCENTIO** Fair sir, and you my merry mistress, 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 happier for thy son: I know thy son, and by this hour he should Be married to the sister of my wife.

**VINCENTIO** Married! This is how I learn of it?

**PETRUCHIO** Grieve not, for she is held in high esteem, Her dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth; For grace and beauty she will match, at least, The spouse of any noble gentleman. Let me embrace with you old Vincentio, And travel now to see thy honest son, Who will of thy arrival be fully joyous.

**VINCENTIO** But is it true?

**HORTENSIO** I do assure thee, sir, thy son is wed.

**PETRUCHIO** Come along with us, and see the truth yourself!

Exeunt all

**Act 5. Scene 1. Padua. Before Luciento’s house.**

**PETRUCHIO** Sir, here's the door, this is Lucentio's house: Baptista’s house is more toward the market-place; There must I go, so here I leave you, sir.

**VINCENTIO**  I think I shall command your welcome here, And if there’s been a wedding, celebrate!

*Knocks*

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

*Peasant looks out of the window*

**PEASANT** Who knocks as if to batter down the gate?

**VINCENTIO** Is Signior Lucentio within, sir?

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

**VINCENTIO** What if a man bring him a hundred pounds or two, to make merry?

**PEASANT** 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. [to Peasant] I pray you, tell Signior Lucentio that his father is come from Pisa, and is here at the door to speak with him.

**PEASANT**Thou lie: his father came yesterday to Padua and is here looking out the window.

**VINCENTIO** Art *thou* his father?

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

**PETRUCHIO** [To Vincentio] Why, how now, gentleman! why, this is flat deception, to take upon another man's name.

**PEASANT**Lay hands on the villain: I believe he means to swindle somebody in this city under my name!

**PEASANT**Help, son! help, Signior Baptista!

**PETRUCHIO** Wait, Kate, let's stand aside and see the end of this commotion.

**TRANIO** Who are you, that dares to harass us?

**VINCENTIO** Who am I, sir! nay, who are you, sir? O fine villain! A silken doublet! a velvet hose! a scarlet cloak! and a captain hat!

**TRANIO** How now! what's the matter?

**BAPTISTA** What, is the man lunatic?

**TRANIO** Sir, you seem a sober ancient gentleman by your habit, but your words show you a madman. Why, sir, what concern is it of yours 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. Pray, who do you think he is?

**VINCENTIO** I have brought him up ever since he was three years old, and his name is Tranio.

**PEASANT** Away, away, mad man! his name is Lucentio and he is mine only son, and heir to the lands of me, Signior Vincentio.

**VINCENTIO** Lucentio! O, he has 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 an Officer

Carry this mad knave to the prison. Father Baptista, back me on this.

**BAPTISTA** I say he shall go to prison.

**VINCENTIO** Thus strangers may be hailed and abused: O monstrous villains!

Enter BIONDELLO, with LUCENTIO and BIANCA

**BIONDELLO** O, master! The plan is spoiled, we are unmasked — There he is! Deny him, or we’re all undone.

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

**VINCENTIO** Lives my sweet son?

Exeunt BIONDELLO, TRANIO, and Peasant, as fast as may be

**BIANCA** Pardon, dear father.

**BAPTISTA** How has thou offended? Where is Lucentio?

**LUCENTIO** I am Lucentio, Right son to the right Vincentio; That have by marriage made thy daughter mine, While counterfeits deceived your eyes.

**VINCENTIO** Where is that darned villain Tranio, That faced and braved me in this matter so?

**BAPTISTA** Why, isn’t this the tutor Cambio?

**BIANCA** Cambio is changed into Lucentio.

**LUCENTIO** Love made these miracles. Bianca's love Made me exchange my state with Tranio, While he did bear my face in the town; And happily I have arrived at the the yearned-for 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 prison.

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

**LUCENTIO** You gave consent for her to wed Lucentio, And I am he, your rightful son-in-law.

**VINCENTIO** Fear not, Baptista; I’ll content you, come inside. But I will be revenged for Tranio’s villainy.

Exit

**BAPTISTA** And I will sound the depth of this deception.

Exit

**LUCENTIO** Fear not, my love. Thy father will not frown. For I am all that Tranio pretended.

**BIANCA** I care not if my father frowns or smiles — I’m married to the man I chose to love.

Exeunt LUCENTIO and BIANCA

**Act 5. Scene 2. Padua. Luciento’s house.**

Enter ALL

**LUCENTIO**When wars are done, the victors have the field: Let neither spite nor gloating mar the peace. We smile at near escapes, And recognize them all for what they were: True love, endeavoring to find its home. My fair Bianca, bid my father welcome, While I with self-same gladness welcome thine. Brother Petruchio, sister Katharina, And thou, Hortensio, with thy new-wed widow, Welcome to my house, at table sit; Let’s fill ourselves with food and tales of love.

**PETRUCHIO** Nothing but sit and sit, and eat and eat!

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

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

**LUCENTIO** A hundred crowns.

**HORTENSIO** Content. Who shall begin?

**LUCENTIO** That will I, Bianca being perfect. Biondello, ask Bianca to come to me.

**BIONDELLO** I go.

Exit

Re-enter BIONDELLO

**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:

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

Exit BIONDELLO. Re-enter BIONDELLO

**HORTENSIO** 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! Sirrah Grumio, go to Katharina; Say, I command her to come to me.

Exit GRUMIO

**LUCENTIO** We won’t count it as a victory, If when she comes, she leaves you bleeding!

**HORTENSIO** She will not come, no use to send.

**BAPTISTA** Now, by my shock, 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 fire. Whatever my husband asks becomes my will.

Exit KATHARINA

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

**BAPTISTA** Now, good Petruchio! The wager thou hast won; and I will add Unto their losses twenty thousand crowns; Another dowry to another daughter, For she is changed, as she had never been.

**PETRUCHIO** Nay, I will win my wager better yet And show more sign of her obedience, Her new-found virtue and obedience. See where she brings your disobedient wives As prisoners to her womanly persuasion.

Re-enter KATHARINA, with BIANCA and Widow

**BIANCA** Fie! what a foolish duty call you this?

**LUCENTIO** The wisdom of your duty, fair Bianca, Hath cost me a hundred crowns since suppertime.

**BIANCA** The more fool you, for betting on my duty.

**PETRUCHIO** Katharina, I charge thee, tell these headstrong women What duty wives and husbands owe each other.

**WIDOW** Come, come, you're mocking: we will have no telling.

**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.

It kills thy beauty as the winter kills the flowers.

Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper:

Be he rich or poor, meek or mighty,

Thy husband’s life and everything is thine.

Thy husband cares for thee, commits his body

To painful labor both by sea and land,

And then devotes his life to pleasing thee.

Why then will thou disdain him his desire,

And fail to honor him the way he asks?

A simple thing, to walk from room to room,

But that’s too much for thee, because he asked it!

In love, a man and wife one flesh will be,

To share that throne in sweet felicity.

There is no crown of leaves upon the tree

Unless the tree is strongest at the root.

So 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.

*She kneels, but so does he, and kisses her*

**LUCENTIO** Petruchio all of us have learned from Kate and thee.

**PETRUCHIO** Well, Kate, hast thou had thy fill of food?

**KATHARINA** I have.

**PETRUCHIO** Then all thou lackest now is sleep.

**KATHARINA** I was asleep until I met thee; now I wake. To make me whole, this medicine I take.

*She kisses him*

**PETRUCHIO** Come, Kate, we'll go to bed. To all In wager and weddings I came out the best. So, being a winner, I wish you good rest!

*The End*