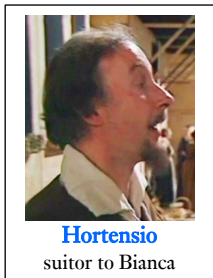


The Taming of the Shrew, Act I, sc. 1



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

Bianca's Suitors #1 and #2:
Rich But Old



Bapt., 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.

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

Kath., to Baptista

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

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

Kath.

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.

Hort. From all such devils, good Lord, deliver us!

Grem. And me too, good Lord.

Tran., aside to Lucentio

Husht, master, here's some good pastime toward;
That wench is stark mad or wonderful froward.

Luc., aside to Tranio

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

Tran., aside to Lucentio

Well said, master. Mum, and gaze your fill.

Bapt., 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.

Kath. A pretty peat! It is best

Put finger in the eye, an she knew why.

Bianca. Sister, content you in my discontent.—

Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe.
My books and instruments shall be my company,
On them to look and practice by myself.

Luc., aside to Tranio

Hark, Tranio, thou mayst hear Minerva speak!

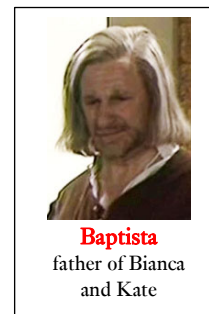
Hort. Signior Baptista, will you be so strange?

Sorry am I that our goodwill effects
Bianca's grief.

Grem. Why will you mew her up,

Signior Baptista, for this fiend of hell,
And make her bear the penance of her tongue?

50



Baptista and his two
daughters

55



stale *n*³ 4. A prostitute
of the lowest class; used
gen. as a term of
contempt for an
unchaste woman.

60

65

Bianca's Suitor #3:
Lucentio, a student



70

75

80

85

90

Bapt. Gentlemen, content you. I am resolved.—
Go in, Bianca. *Bianca exits.*
And for I know she taketh most delight
In music, instruments, and poetry, 95
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 100
To mine own children in good bringing up.
And so, farewell.—Katherine, you may stay,
For I have more to commune with Bianca. *He exits.*

Kath.
Why, and I trust I may go too, may I not?
What, shall I be appointed hours as though, belike, 105
I knew not what to take and what to leave? Ha!

She exits.

Grem. 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. 110

Hort. So will I, Signior Gremio. But a word, I
pray. Though the nature of our quarrel yet never
brook'd 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. 120

Grem. What's that, I pray?

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

Grem. A husband? A devil!

Hort. I say "a husband."

Grem. 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? 125

Hort. 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. 130

Grem. I cannot tell. But I had as lief take her dowry
with this condition: to be whipped at the high cross
every morning. 135

Hort. Faith, as you say, there's small choice in
rotten apples. But come, since this bar in law
makes us

Grem. I cannot tell. But I had as lief take her dowry
with this condition: to be whipped at the high cross
every morning. 135

Hort. 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? 140

Grem. 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. 145

Gremio and Hortensio exit.

Tranio and Lucentio remain onstage.

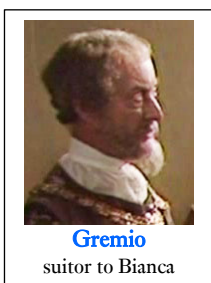
Tran. I pray, sir, tell me, is it possible
That love should of a sudden take such hold?

Luc. O Tranio, till I found it to be true, 150
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. 160

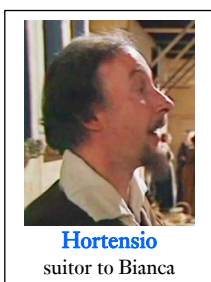
Tran.
Master, it is no time to chide you now.
Affection is not rated from the heart.
If love have touched you, naught remains but so:
Redime te captum quam queas minimo.

Luc. Gramercies, lad. Go forward. This contents; 165
The rest will comfort, for thy counsel's sound.

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



Gremio
suitor to Bianca



Hortensio
suitor to Bianca



Lucentio
Bianca's suitor #3



Tranio
Lucentio's servant

Luc. O yes, I saw sweet beauty in her face,
Such as the daughter of Agenor had, 170
That made great Jove to humble him to her hand
When with his knees he kissed the Cretan strand.

Tran.
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? 175

Luc. 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.

Tran., aside
Nay, then 'tis time to stir him from his trance.—
I pray, awake, sir! If you love the maid, 180
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, 185
And therefore has he closely mewed her up,
Because she will not be annoyed with suitors.

Luc. 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? 190

Tran.
Ay, marry, am I, sir—and now 'tis plotted!

Luc. I have it, Tranio!

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

Luc. Tell me thine first. 195

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

Luc. It is. May it be done?

Tran.
Not possible. For who shall bear your part 200
And be in Padua here Vincentio's son,
Keep house, and ply his book, welcome his friends,
Visit his countrymen and banquet them?

Luc. *Basta*, content thee, for I have it full.
We have not yet been seen in any house, 205
Nor can we be distinguished 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, 210
Some Neapolitan, or meaner man of Pisa.
'Tis hatched, and shall be so. Tranio, at once
Uncase thee. 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. 215

Tran. 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, 220
Although I think 'twas in another sense),
I am content to be Lucentio,
Because so well I love Lucentio.

Luc. Tranio, be so, because Lucentio loves,
And let me be a slave, t' achieve that maid 225
Whose sudden sight hath thrall'd my wounded eye.

Act II, sc. 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.
That I disdain. But for these other goods—
Unbind my hands, I'll pull them off myself, 5
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.

Kath.
Of all thy suitors here I charge thee tell
Whom thou lov'st best. See thou dissemble not.

Bianca. Believe me, sister, of all the men alive 10
I never yet beheld that special face
Which I could fancy more than any other.

Kath.
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. 15

Kath.
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. 20
I prithee, sister Kate, untie my hands.

Katherine strikes her.

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

Enter Baptista.

Bapt. Why, how now, dame, whence grows this insolence?—
Bianca, stand aside.—Poor girl, she weeps! 25

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? 30
When did she cross thee with a bitter word?

Kath.
Her silence flouts me, and I'll be revenged! *She flies after Bianca.*

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

Bianca exits.

Kath.
What, will you not suffer me? Nay, now I see
She is your treasure, she must have a husband, 35
I must dance barefoot 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. *She exits.*

Bapt. Was ever gentleman thus grieved as I?
But who comes here? 40

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

Grem. Good morrow, neighbor Baptista.

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

Petr. And you, good sir. Pray, have you not a daughter
Called Katherine, fair and virtuous? 45

Bapt. I have a daughter, sir, called Katherine.

Gremio, to Petruchio

You are too blunt. Go to it orderly.

Petr. You wrong me, Signior Gremio. Give me leave.—
I am a gentleman of Verona, sir, 50
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 55
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,
Cunning in music and the mathematics,
To instruct her fully in those sciences,
Whereof I know she is not ignorant.

Presenting Hortensio, disguised as Litorio

Accept of him, or else you do me wrong.
His name is Litorio, born in Mantua. 60

Bapt. You're welcome, sir, and he for your good sake.
But for my daughter Katherine, this I know, 65
She is not for your turn, the more my grief.

Petr. I see you do not mean to part with her,
Or else you like not of my company.

Bapt. Mistake me not. I speak but as I find.
Whence are you, sir? What may I call your name? 70

Petr. Petruchio is my name, Antonio's son,
A man well known throughout all Italy.

Bapt. I know him well. You are welcome for his sake.

Grem. Saving your tale, Petruchio, I pray
Let us that are poor petitioners speak too! 75

Bacare, you are marvelous forward.

Petr. O, pardon me, Signior Gremio, I would fain be
doing.

Grem. I doubt it not, sir. But you will curse your wooing.
To Baptista. Neighbor, this is a gift very grateful, 80
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, 85
Latin, and other languages as the other in music and
mathematics. His name is Cambio. Pray accept his
service.

Bapt. A thousand thanks, Signior Gremio.—Welcome,
good Cambio.



Baptista
father of Bianca
and Kate



Petruchio
suitor, then
husband of Kate



Cambio
Lucentio disguised
as Latin tutor



Litorio
Hortensio disguised
as music tutor

hilding *n.* A vicious or worthless beast, esp. a horse; a contemptible, worthless person of either sex (OED).