

# The Woman's Prize; or The Tamer Tamed

John Fletcher

## Characters

MOROSO, an old rich doating citizen, suitor to LIVIA

SOPHOCLES, } two gentlemen, friends to  
TRANIO, } PETRUCHIO

PETRUCHIO, an Italian gentleman, husband to MARIA

ROWLAND, a young gentleman, in love with LIVIA

PETRONIUS, father to MARIA and LIVIA

JAQUES }  
PEDRO } two witty servants to PETRUCHIO

DOCTOR

APOTHECARY

WATCHMEN

PORTERS

MARIA, a chaste witty lady, }  
LIVIA, mistress to ROWLAND } the two masculine  
} daughters of  
} PETRONIUS

BIANCA, their cousin, and commander-in-chief

CITY WIVES }  
COUNTRY WIVES } who come to the relief of  
} the ladies, of which two  
} were drunk

MAIDS

Scene: LONDON

## Prologue

LADIES, to you, in whose defence and right  
Fletcher's brave muse prepared herself to fight  
A battle without blood, (twas well fought too;  
The victory's yours, though got with much ado,)  
We do present this Comedy; in which  
A rivulet of pure wit flows, strong and rich  
In fancy, language, and all parts that may

Add grace and ornament to a merry play:  
Which this may prove! Yet not to go too far  
In promises from this our female war,  
We do entreat the angry men would not  
Expect the mazes of a subtle plot,  
Set speeches, high expressions, and, what's worse  
In a true Comedy, politic discourse.  
The end we aim at, is to make you sport;  
Yet neither gall the city nor the court.  
Hear, and observe his comic strain, and when  
Ye are sick of melancholy, see't again.  
'Tis no dear physic, since 'twill quit the cost,  
Or his intentions, with our pains, are lost.

## Act I

### Scene 1

A hall in the house of PETRUCHIO.

(Enter MOROSO, SOPHOCLES, and TRANIO, with  
ROSEMARY, as from a wedding.)

MOROSO God give 'em joy!

TRANIO Amen!

SOPHOCLES Amen, say I too!

The pudding's now i' the proof. Alas, poor  
wench,

~~Through what a mine of patience must thou  
work,~~

~~Ere thou know'st good hour more!~~

TRANIO 'Tis too true: Certain,  
Methinks her father has dealt harshly with her,  
~~Exceeding harshly, and not like a father,~~  
To match her to this dragon: I protest  
I pity the poor gentlewoman.

MOROSO ~~Methinks now,~~

He's not so terrible as people think him.

SOPHOCLES (to TRANIO) This old thief flatters,  
out of mere devotion,

To please the father for his second daughter.

TRANIO But shall he have her?

~~SOPHOCLES Yes, when I have Rome;  
And yet the father's for him.~~  
MOROSO I'll assure you,  
I hold him a good man.  
SOPHOCLES Yes, sure, a wealthy;  
But whether a good woman's man is doubtful.  
~~TRANIO 'Would 'twere no worse!~~  
MOROSO What though his other wife,  
Out of her most abundant soberness,  
Out of her daily hue and cries upon him,  
(For sure she was a rebel) turn'd his temper,  
And forced him blow as high as she; does't  
follow  
He must retain that long-since-buried tempest,  
To this soft maid?  
SOPHOCLES I fear it.  
TRANIO So do I too;  
And so far, that if God had made me woman,  
And his wife that must be -  
MOROSO What would you do, sir?  
TRANIO I would learn to eat coals with an angry  
cat,  
And spit fire at him; ~~I would, to prevent him,  
Do all the ramping roaring tricks, a whore  
Being drunk, and tumbling ripe, would tremble  
-at.~~  
There is no safety else, nor moral wisdom,  
To be a wife, and his.  
SOPHOCLES So I should think too.  
TRANIO For yet the bare remembrance of his first  
wife  
(I tell you on my knowledge, and a truth too)  
Will make him start in's sleep, and very often  
Cry out for cudgels, colestaves, any thing;  
Hiding his breeches, out of fear her ghost  
Should walk, and wear 'em yet. ~~Since his first  
marriage,  
He is no more the still Petruccio,  
Than I am Babylon.~~  
SOPHOCLES He's a good fellow,  
And on my word I love him; but to think  
A fit match for this tender soul -  
TRANIO ~~His very frown, if she but say her prayers  
Louder than men talk treason, makes him  
tinder;  
The motion of a dial, when he's testy,  
Is the same trouble to him as a water-work;  
She must do nothing of herself, not eat,  
Drink, say, 'Sir, how do you?' make her ready,  
unready,  
Unless he bid her.~~  
SOPHOCLES He will bury her,  
Ten pounds to twenty shillings, within these  
three weeks.  
TRANIO I'll be your half.

(Enter JAQUES, with a pot of wine.)

MOROSO He loves her most extremely,  
And so long 'twill be honey-moon. - Now,  
Jaques!  
You are a busy man, I am sure.  
JAQUES Yes, certain;  
~~This old sport must have eggs, -~~  
~~SOPHOCLES Not yet this ten days.~~  
JAQUES ~~Sweet gentlemen, with muskadel.~~  
TRANIO That's right, sir.  
MOROSO ~~This fellow broods his master. - Speed  
you, Jaques!~~  
SOPHOCLES ~~We shall be for you presently.~~  
JAQUES ~~Your worships  
Shall have it rich and neat; and, o' my  
conscience,  
As welcome as our Lady-day.~~ Oh, my old sir,  
When shall we see your worship run at  
ring?  
That hour, a standing were worth money.  
MOROSO So, sir!  
JAQUES ~~Upon my little honesty, your mistress,  
If I have any speculation,  
Must think this single thrumming of a fiddle,  
Without a bow, but even peer sport.~~  
MOROSO You're merry.  
JAQUES 'Would I were wise too! So, God bless  
your worship! (Exit.)  
TRANIO The fellow tells you true.  
SOPHOCLES When is the day, man?  
Come, come; you'll steal a marriage.  
MOROSO Nay, believe me:  
But when her father pleases, I am ready,  
And all my friends shall know it.  
TRANIO Why not now?  
One charge had served for both.  
MOROSO There's reason in't.  
SOPHOCLES Call'd Rowland.  
MOROSO Will you walk?  
They'll think we are lost: Come, gentlemen!  
(Exit.)  
TRANIO You have wiped him now.  
SOPHOCLES So will he ne'er the wench, I hope.  
TRANIO I wish it. (Exeunt.)

## Scene 2

An apartment in the same.

(Enter ROWLAND and LIVIA.)

ROWLAND Now, Livia, if you'll go away to-night,  
If your affections be not made of words -  
LIVIA I love you, and you know how dearly,  
Rowland:  
(Is there none near us?) My affections ever

Have been your servants; with what superstition  
I have ever sainted you -

ROWLAND Why, then take this way.

LIVIA 'Twill be a childish, and a less prosperous  
course

Than his that knows not care; why should we do  
Our honest and our hearty love such wrong,  
To over-run our fortunes?

ROWLAND Then you flatter!

LIVIA Alas! you know I cannot.

ROWLAND What hope's left else

But flying, to enjoy ye?

LIVIA None, so far.

For let it be admitted, we have time,  
And all things now in other expectation,  
My father's bent against us; what but ruin,  
Can such a bye-way bring us? If your fears  
Would let you look with my eyes, I would shew  
you,

And certain, how our staying here would win us  
A course, though somewhat longer, yet far  
surer.

ROWLAND And then Moroso has ye.

LIVIA No such matter:

For hold this certain; begging, stealing, ~~whoring,~~  
Selling (~~which is a sin unpardonable~~)  
~~Of counterfeit cods, or musty English crocus,~~  
~~Switches, or stones for th' tooth-ach,~~ sooner  
finds me,

Than that drawn fox Moroso.

ROWLAND But his money;

If wealth may win you -

LIVIA ~~If a hog may be~~

High-priest among the Jews! His money,  
Rowland?

Oh, Love forgive me! What faith hast thou!

Why, can his money kiss me -

ROWLAND Yes.

LIVIA Behind,

~~laced out upon a petticoat. - Or grasp me,~~  
~~While I cry, oh, good thank you! (O my troth,~~  
~~Thou makest me merry with thy fear!) or lie~~  
with me

As you may do? Alas, what fools you men are!  
His mouldy money? Half a dozen riders,  
That cannot sit, but stamp fast to their saddles?  
No, Rowland, no man shall make use of me;  
My beauty was born free, and free I'll give it  
To him that loves, not buys me. You yet doubt  
me?

ROWLAND I cannot say I doubt you.

LIVIA Go thy ways;

Thou art the prettiest puling piece of passion -  
I' faith, I will not fail thee.

ROWLAND I had rather -

~~LIVIA Pr'ythee, believe me! If I do not carry it,~~  
~~For both our goods -~~

ROWLAND But -

~~LIVIA What but?~~

~~ROWLAND I would tell you.~~

LIVIA I know all you can tell me: All's but this;

You would have me, ~~and lie with me:~~ is't not so?

ROWLAND Yes.

LIVIA Why, you shall; will that content you? Go.

ROWLAND I am very loth to go.

(Enter BIANCA and MARIA conversing  
in the back-ground.)

LIVIA Now, o' my conscience,

Thou art an honest fellow! Here's my sister!

Go, pr'ythee go! this kiss, and credit me,

Ere I am three nights older, I am for thee:

You shall hear what I do. Farewell!

ROWLAND Farewell!

(Exit.)

LIVIA Alas, poor fool, how it looks!

It would even hang itself, should I but cross it.

For pure love to the matter, I must hatch it.

BIANCA Nay, never look for merry hour, Maria,

If now you make it not: Let not your blushes,

Your modesty, and tenderness of spirit,

Make you continual anvil to his anger!

Believe me, since his first wife set him going,

Nothing can bind his rage: Take your own

council;

You shall not say that I persuaded you.

But if you suffer him -

MARIA Stay! shall I do it?

BIANCA Have you a stomach to't?

MARIA I never shew'd it.

BIANCA 'Twill shew the rarer and the stronger in  
you.

But do not say I urged you.

MARIA I am perfect.

~~Like Curtius, to redeem my country, have I~~  
~~leap'd~~

Into this gulph of marriage, and I'll do it.

Farewell, all poorer thoughts, but spite and

anger,

Till I have wrought a miracle! - Now, cousin,

I am no more the gentle, tame Maria:

Mistake me not; I have a new soul in me,

Made of a north-wind, nothing but tempest;

And, like a tempest, shall it make all ruins,

Till I have run my will out!

BIANCA This is brave now,

If you continue it: But, your own will lead you!

MARIA Adieu, all tenderness! I dare continue.

Maids that are made of fears, and modest

blushes,

View me, and love example!

BIANCA Here's your sister.

MARIA Here's the brave old man's love -

BIANCA That loves the young man.

MARIA Ay, and hold thee there, wench! ~~What a grief of heart is't,~~

~~When Paphos' revels should up rouse old Night,  
To sweat against a cork, to lie and tell  
The clock o' th' lungs, to rise sport-starved!~~

LIVIA Dear sister,

Where have you been, you talk thus?

MARIA Why at church, wench;

Where I am tied to talk thus: I'm a wife now.

LIVIA It seems so, and a modest!

MARIA ~~You're an ass!~~

When thou art married once, thy modesty

Will never buy thee pins.

LIVIA 'Bless me!

MARIA From what?

BIANCA From such a tame fool as our cousin

Livia!

LIVIA You are not mad?

MARIA Yes, wench, and so must you be,

~~Or none of our acquaintance, (mark me, Livia,)   
Or indeed fit for our sex. 'Tis bed-time:~~

~~Pardon me, yellow Hymen, that I mean~~

~~Thine offerings to protract, or to keep fasting~~

~~My valiant bridegroom!~~

LIVIA Whither will this woman?

BIANCA ~~You may perceive her end.~~

LIVIA ~~Or rather fear it.~~

MARIA ~~Dare you be partner in't?~~

LIVIA Leave it, Maria!

~~(I fear I have mark'd too much) for goodness~~

~~leave it!~~

Devest you with obedient hands; to bed!

MARIA To bed? No, Livia; there are comets hang

Prodigious over that yet; there's a fellow

Must yet, before I know that heat - ~~(ne'er start,~~

~~wench,)~~

Be made a man, for yet he is a monster;

~~Here must his head be, Livia.~~

LIVIA Never hope it:

'Tis as easy with a sieve to scoop the ocean, as

To tame Petruccio.

MARIA Stay! - Lucina, hear me!

~~Never unlock the treasure of my womb,~~

~~For human fruit to make it capable;~~

~~Nor never with thy secret hand make brief~~

~~A mother's labour to me, if I do~~

~~Give way unto my married husband's will,~~

~~Or, be a wife in anything but hopes;~~

~~Till I have made him easy as a child,~~

~~And tame as fear! He shall not win a smile,~~

Or a pleased look, from this austerity,

Though it would pull another jointure from him,

And make him ev'ry day another man.

And when I kiss him, till I have my will,

May I be barren of delights, and know

Only what pleasures are in dreams and guesses!

~~LIVIA A strange exordium!~~

BIANCA All the several wrongs

Done by imperious husbands to their wives

These thousand years and upwards, strengthen

thee!

Thou hast a brave cause.

MARIA And I'll do it bravely,

~~Or may I knit my life out ever after!~~

LIVIA In what part of the world got she this spirit?

Yet pray, Maria, look before you, truly!

Besides the disobedience of a wife,

(Which you will find a heavy imputation,

Which yet I cannot think your own) it shews

So distant from your sweetness -

MARIA 'Tis, I swear.

LIVIA Weigh but the person, and the hopes you

have

To work this desperate cure!

MARIA A weaker subject

Would shame the end I aim at. Disobedience?

You talk too tamely: by the faith I have

In mine own noble will, that childish woman

That lives a prisoner to her husband's pleasure,

Has lost her making, and becomes a beast,

Created for his use, not fellowship!

LIVIA His first wife said as much.

MARIA She was a fool,

And took a scurvy course: ~~Let her be named~~

~~'Mongst those that wish for things, but dare not~~

~~do 'em;~~

I have a new dance for him.

LIVIA Are you of this faith?

BIANCA Yes, truly; and will die in't.

LIVIA Why then, let's all wear breeches!

MARIA Now thou comest near the nature of a

woman:

Hang these tame-hearted eyasses, that no

sooner

See the lure out, and hear their husband's holla,

But cry like kites upon 'em: The free haggard

(Which is that woman that hath wing, and

knows it,

Spirit and plume) will make an hundred checks,

To shew her freedom, sail in every air,

And look out every pleasure, not regarding

Lure nor quarry till her pitch command

What she desires; making her founder'd keeper

Be glad to fling out trains, and golden ones,

To take her down again.

LIVIA You're learned, sister;

Yet I say still, take heed!

MARIA A witty saying!  
 I'll tell thee, Livia; had this fellow tired  
 As many wives as horses under him,  
 With spurring of their patience; had he got  
 A patent, with an office to reclaim us,  
 Confirm'd by parliament; had he all the malice  
 And subtilty of devils, or of us,  
 Or anything that's worse than both -  
 LIVIA Hey, hey, boys! this is excellent!

MARIA Or could he  
 Cast his wives new again, like bells, to make 'em  
 Sound to his will; or had the fearful name  
 Of the first breaker of wild women; yet,  
 I Yet would undertake this man, thus single;  
 And, spite of all the freedom he has reach'd to,  
 Turn him and bend him as I list, and mould him  
 Into a babe again, that aged women,  
 Wanting both teeth and spleen, may master  
 him.

BIANCA Thou wilt be chronicled.

MARIA That's all I aim at.

LIVIA I must confess I do with all my heart  
 Hate an imperious husband, and in time  
 Might be so wrought upon -

BIANCA To make him cuckold?

MARIA If he deserve it.

LIVIA Then I'll leave ye, ladies.

BIANCA Thou hast not so much noble anger in  
 thee.

MARIA Go sleep, go sleep! What we intend to do  
 Lies not for such starved souls as thou hast,  
 Livia.

LIVIA Good night! The bridegroom will be with  
 you presently.

MARIA That's more than you know.

LIVIA If you work upon him  
 As you have promised, you may give example,  
 Which no doubt will be follow'd.

MARIA Set

BIANCA Good night!

(EXIT LIVIA)

We'll trouble you no further.

MARIA If you intend no good, pray do no harm!

LIVIA None, but pray for you! (Exit.)

BIANCA Cheer, wench!

MARIA Now, Bianca,  
 Those wits we have, let's wind them to the  
 height!

My rest is up, wench, and I pull for that  
 Will make me ever famous. They that lay  
 Foundations are half-builders, all men say.

(Enter JAQUES.)

JAQUES My master, forsooth -

MARIA Oh, how does thy master?  
 Pr'ythee commend me to him.

JAQUES How is this? -

My master stays, forsooth -

MARIA Why, let him stay!

Who hinders him, forsooth?

JAQUES The revel's ended now, -  
 To visit you.

MARIA I am not sick.

JAQUES I mean

To see his chamber, forsooth.

MARIA Am I his groom?

Where lay he last night, forsooth?

JAQUES In the low matted parlour.

MARIA There lies his way, by the long gallery.

JAQUES I mean your chamber. You are very  
 merry, mistress.

MARIA 'Tis a good sign I am sound-hearted,  
 Jaques.

But, if you'll know where I lie, follow me;  
 And what thou seest, deliver to thy master.

BIANCA Do, gentle Jaques.

(Exeunt.)

JAQUES Ha! is the wind in that door?

By'r lady, we shall have foul weather then!

I do not like the shuffling of these women;

They are mad beasts, when they knock their  
 heads together:

I have observed them all this day, their whispers

One in another's ear, their signs and pinches,

And breaking often into violent laughters,

As if the end they purposed were their own.

Call you this weddings? Sure this is a knavery,

A very trick, and dainty knavery;

Marvellous finely carried, that's the comfort.

What would these women do in ways of

honour,

That are such masters this way? Well, my sir

Has been as good at finding out these toys,

As any living; if he lose it now,

At his own peril be it! I must follow. (Exit.)

### Scene 3

A court before the house of PETRUCHIO.

(Enter SERVANTS with lights, PETRUCHIO,  
 PETRONIUS, MOROSO, TRANIO,  
 and SOPHOCLES.)

PETRUCHIO You that are married, gentlemen,  
 have at ye,

For a round wager now!

SOPHOCLES Of this night's stage?

PETRUCHIO Yes.

SOPHOCLES I am your first man: A pair of gloves  
 Of twenty shillings.

PETRUCHIO Done! Who takes me up next?

I am for all bets.

MOROSO Well, lusty Lawrence, were but my night now,  
Old as I am, I would make you clap on spurs,  
But I would reach you, and bring you to your trot too;

I would, gallants.

PETRUCHIO ~~Well said, Good-will, but where's the staff, boy, ha?~~

~~Old father Time, your hour-glass is empty.~~

TRANIO ~~A good tough train would break thee all to pieces;~~

~~Thou hast not breath enough to say thy prayers.~~

PETRONIUS ~~See how these boys despise us! Will you to bed, son?~~

~~This pride will have a fall.~~

PETRUCHIO ~~Upon your daughter; But I shall rise again, if there be truth In eggs, and butter'd parsnips.~~

PETRONIUS Will you to bed, son, and leave talking?

~~To-morrow morning we shall have you lock,~~

~~For all your great words, like St. George at Kingston.~~

~~Running a foot-back from the furious dragon, That with her angry tail belabours him For being lazy.~~

TRANIO ~~His courage quench'd, and so far quench'd.~~

PETRUCHIO ~~'Tis well, sir. What then?~~

SOPHOCLES ~~Fly, fly, quoth then the fearful dwarf; Here is no place for living man.~~

PETRUCHIO Well, my masters,  
If I do sink under my business, as I find  
'Tis very possible, I am not the first  
That has miscarried so; that is my comfort;  
What may be done without impeach or waste,  
I can and will do.

(Enter JAQUES.)

How now! Is my fair bride a-bed?

JAQUES No truly, sir.

PETRONIUS Not a-bed yet? Body o' me, we'll up  
And rifle her! Here's a coil with a maidenhead!  
~~'Tis not entailed, is it?~~

PETRUCHIO ~~If it be,~~  
I'll try all the law i' th' land, but I'll cut it off.  
Let's up, let's up; come!

JAQUES That you cannot neither.

PETRUCHIO Why?

JAQUES Unless  
You will drop thro' the chimney like a daw,  
Or force a breach i' th' windows; you may untile  
The house, 'tis possible.

PETRUCHIO What dost thou mean?

JAQUES A moral, sir, the ballad will express it:

~~The wind and the rain  
Has turn'd you back again,  
And you cannot be lodged there.~~

The truth is, all the doors are barricadoed;  
Not a cat-hole, but holds a murderer in't:  
She's victuall'd for this month.

PETRUCHIO ~~Art not thou drunk?~~

SOPHOCLES ~~He's drunk, he's drunk! Come, come; let's up.~~

JAQUES ~~Yes, yes,~~

~~I am drunk! Ye may go up, ye may, gentlemen; But take heed to your heads: I say no more.~~

SOPHOCLES I'll try that. (Exit.)

PETRONIUS How dost thou say? the door fast lock'd, fellow?

JAQUES Yes, truly, sir, 'tis lock'd, and guarded too;  
~~And two as desperate tongues planted behind it, As e'er yet batter'd.~~ They stand upon their honours,

~~And will not give up without strange composition,~~

~~I will assure you, marching away with Their pieces cock'd, and bullets in their mouths, Will not satisfy them.~~

PETRUCHIO How's this? how's this?

~~They are?~~ Is there another with her?

JAQUES Yes, marry is there, and an engineer.

MOROSO Who's that, for Heaven's sake?

JAQUES Colonel Bianca; she commands the works;

~~Spinola's but a ditcher to her. There's a half-moon!~~

I'm but a poor man, but if you'll give me leave,  
I'll venture a year's wages, draw all your force before it,

And mount your ablest piece of battery,  
You shall not enter it these three nights yet.

(Enter SOPHOCLES.)

PETRUCHIO I should laugh at that, good Jaques.

SOPHOCLES Beat back again!

She's fortified for ever.

JAQUES ~~Am I drunk now, sir?~~

SOPHOCLES ~~He that dares most, go up now, and be cool'd.~~

~~I have 'scaped a pretty scouring.~~

PETRUCHIO What, are they mad? have we another bedlam?

They do not talk, I hope?

SOPHOCLES Oh, terribly,  
Extremely fearful; the noise at London Bridge  
Is nothing near her.

PETRUCHIO How got she tongue?

s it:

SOPHOCLES ~~As you got tail~~; she was born to't.

PETRUCHIO Lock'd out a-doors, and on my wedding-night?

~~Nay, an I suffer this, I may go graze.~~

Come, gentlemen, I'll batter. Are these virtues?

SOPHOCLES Do, and be beaten off with shame, as I was:

I went up, came to th' door, knock'd, nobody answer'd;

Knock'd louder, yet heard nothing; would have broke in

By force; when suddenly a water-work Flew from the window with such violence,

That, had I not duck'd quickly like a friar,

~~Cetera quis necesse?~~ *who knows what would have happened*  
The chamber's nothing but a mere Ostend;

In every window pewter cannons mounted, You'll quickly find with what they are charged, sir.

PETRUCHIO Why then, *tantara* for us!

SOPHOCLES ~~And all the lower works lined sure with small shot,~~

~~Long tongues with firelocks, that at twelve-score blank~~

~~Hit to the heart. Now, an ye dare go up -~~

(Enter MARIA and BIANCA above.)

MOROSO The window opens! Beat a parley first.

I am so much amazed, my very hair stands.

PETRONIUS Why, how now, daughter? What, intrench'd?

MARIA A little guarded for my safety, sir.

PETRUCHIO For your safety, sweetheart? Why, who offends you?

~~I come not to use violence.~~

MARIA I think

You cannot, sir, I am better fortified.

~~PETRUCHIO I know your end, you would fain relieve your maidenhead~~  
A night, or two.

MARIA Yes, or ten, or twenty,

~~Or say an hundred, or, indeed, till I list lie with you.~~

SOPHOCLES That's a shrewd saying! From this present hour

I never will believe a silent woman;

When they break out they are bonfires.

PETRONIUS Till you list lie with him? Why, who are you, madam?

BIANCA That trim gentleman's wife, sir.

PETRUCHIO Cry you mercy! do you command too?

~~MARIA Yes, marry does she, and in chief.~~

BIANCA I do command, and you shall go without (I mean your wife,) for this night.

MARIA And for the next too, wench; and so as't follows.

PETRONIUS ~~Thou wilt not, wilt 'a?~~

MARIA Yes, indeed, dear father;

~~And~~ till he seal to what I shall set down,

~~For anything I know,~~ for ever.

SOPHOCLES Indeed these are bugs-words.

TRANIO You hear, sir, she can talk, God be thanked!

PETRUCHIO I would I heard it not, sir!

SOPHOCLES I find that all the pity bestow'd upon this woman

Makes but an anagram of an ill wife,

~~For she was never virtuous.~~

PETRUCHIO You'll let me in, I hope, for all this jesting?

MARIA Hope still, sir.

PETRONIUS You will come down, I am sure.

MARIA I am sure I will not.

PETRONIUS I'll fetch you then.

BIANCA The power of the whole county cannot, sir,

Unless we please to yield; which yet I think

We shall not: Charge when you please, you shall

Hear quickly from us.

MOROSO Heaven bless me from

A chicken of thy hatching! Is this wiving?

PETRUCHIO Pr'ythee, Maria, tell me what's the reason,

And do it freely, you deal thus strangely with me?

You were not forced to marry: your consent

Went equally with mine, if not before it:

~~I hope you do not doubt I want that mettle~~

~~A man should have, to keep a woman waking;~~

~~I would be sorry to be such a saint yet:~~

~~My person, as it is not excellent,~~

~~So 'tis not old, nor lame, nor weak with physis,~~

~~But well enough to please an honest woman,~~

~~That keeps her house, and loves her husband.~~

MARIA 'Tis so.

PETRUCHIO My means and my conditions are no shamers

Of him that owes 'em, (all the world knows that,)

And my friends no reliers on my fortunes.

MARIA

All this I believe, and none of all these parcels

I dare except against; nay more, so far

I am from making these the ends I aim at,

These idle outward things, these women's fears,

That were I yet unmarried, free to chuse

Through all the tribes of man, I would take

Petruchio

In's shirt, with one ten groats to pay the priest,

345

30 min  
+  
3:04 -

Before the best man living, or the ablest  
That e'er leap'd out of Lancashire: and they are  
right ones.

PETRONIUS Why do you play the fool then, and  
stand prating  
Out of the window, like a broken miller?

PETRUCHIO If you will have me credit you,  
Maria,  
Come down, and let your love confirm it

MARIA Stay  
There, sir; that bargain's yet to make.

BIANCA Play sure, wench!  
The pack's in thine own hand.

SOPHOCLES Let me die lousy,  
If these two wenches be not brewing knavery  
To stock a kingdom!

PETRUCHIO Why, this is a riddle;  
'I love you, and I love you not.'

MARIA It is so;  
And till your own experience do untie it,  
This distance I must keep.

~~PETRUCHIO If you talk more,  
I am angry, very angry!~~

MARIA I am glad on't, and I will talk.

PETRUCHIO Pr'ythee, peace!  
Let me not think thou'rt mad. I tell thee,  
woman  
If thou goest forward, I am still Petruchio.

MARIA And I am worse, a woman that can fear  
Neither Petruchio Furius, nor his fame,  
Nor anything that tends to our allegiance:  
There's a short method for you: now you know  
me.

PETRUCHIO If you can carry't so, 'tis very well.

BIANCA No, you shall carry it, sir.

~~PETRUCHIO Peace, gentle low-bell!~~

PETRONIUS Use no more words, but come down  
instantly;  
I charge thee, by the duty of a child!

~~PETRUCHIO Pr'ythee come, Maria: I forgive all.~~

MARIA Stay there! That duty, that you charge me  
by,  
(If you consider truly what you say,  
Is now another man's; you gave't away  
I' th' church, if you remember, to my husband;  
So all you can exact now, is no more  
But only a due reverence to your person,  
Which thus I pay: Your blessing, and I am gone  
To bed for this night.

PETRONIUS This is monstrous!  
That blessing that St. Dunstan gave the devil,  
If I were near thee, I would give thee, where;  
Pull thee down by th' nose!

BIANCA Saints should not rave, sir:  
A little rhubarb now were excellent.

PETRUCHIO Then, by that duty you owe to me,  
Maria,  
Open the door, and be obedient!  
~~I am quiet yet.~~

MARIA I do confess that duty:  
Make your best on't.

PETRUCHIO Why, give me leave, I will.

BIANCA ~~Sir, there's no learning  
An old stiff jade to trot, you know the moral.~~

MARIA Yet, as I take it, sir, I owe no more  
Than you owe back again.

PETRUCHIO You will not article?  
All I owe, presently let me but up - I'll pay.

MARIA You are too hot, and such prove jades at  
length.  
You do confess a duty, or respect to me from  
you again,  
That's very near, or full the same with mine?

PETRUCHIO Yes.

MARIA Then, by that duty, or respect, or what  
You please to have it, go to bed and leave me,  
And trouble me no longer with your fooling;  
For know, I am not for you.

PETRUCHIO Well, what remedy? (To his friends.)

PETRONIUS A fine smart cudgel. - ~~Oh, that I were  
near thee!~~

~~BIANCA If you had teeth now, what a case were  
we in!~~

MOROSO These are the most authentic rebels,  
next  
Tyrone, I ever read of.

MARIA A week hence, or a fortnight, as you bear  
you,  
And as I find my will observed, I may,  
With intercession of some friends, be brought  
May be to kiss you; and so quarterly  
To pay a little rent by composition.  
You understand me?

SOPHOCLES Thou, boy, thou!

PETRUCHIO Well.  
There are more maids than Maudlin; that's my  
comfort.

MARIA Yes; and more men than Michael.

PETRUCHIO I must not  
To bed with this stomach, and no meat, lady.

MARIA Feed where you will, so it be sound and  
wholesome;  
Else, live at livery, for I'll none with you.

BIANCA You had best back one o' th' dairy maids;  
they'll carry.  
But take heed to your girths, you'll get a bruise  
else.

PETRUCHIO Now, if thou wouldst come down,  
and tender me  
All the delights due to a marriage-bed;



Study such kisses as would melt a man;  
 And turn thyself into a thousand figures,  
 To add new flames unto me; I would stand  
 Thus heavy, thus regardless, thus despising  
 Thee, and thy best allurings: All the beauty  
 That's laid upon your bodies, mark me well,  
 (For without doubt your minds are miserable,  
 You have no masks for them,) all this rare  
 beauty,  
 Lay but the painter and the silk-worm by,  
 The doctor with his diets, and the tailor,  
 And you appear like flea'd cats; not so  
 handsome.

MARIA And we appear, like her that sent us  
 hither,  
 That only excellent and beauteous Nature,  
 Truly ourselves, for men to wonder at,  
 But too divine to handle: We are gold,  
 In our own natures pure; but when we suffer  
 The husband's stamp upon us, then allays,  
 And base ones, of you men, are mingled with us,  
 And make us blush like copper!

PETRUCHIO Then, and never  
 Till then, are women to be spoken of;  
 For till that time you have no souls, I take it.  
 Good night! - Come, gentlemen! I'll fast for this  
 night;  
 But, by this hand - Well, I shall come up yet?

MARIA No.

PETRUCHIO There will I watch thee like a  
 wither'd jury;  
 Thou shalt neither have meat, fire, nor candle,  
 Nor anything that's easy. Do you rebel so soon?  
 Yet take mercy.

BIANCA Put up your pipes; to bed, sir! I'll assure  
 you  
 A month's siege will not shake us.

MOROSO Well said, colonel!

MARIA To bed, to bed, Petruchio! Good night,  
 gentlemen!  
 You'll make my father sick with sitting up.  
 Here you shall find us any time these ten days,  
 Unless we may march off with our contentment.

PETRUCHIO I'll hang first!

MARIA And I'll quarter, if I do not!  
 I'll make you know, and fear a wife, Petruchio;  
 There my cause lies.  
 You have been famous for a woman-tamer,  
 And bear the fear'd name of a brave wife-  
 breaker:  
 A woman now shall take those honours off, and  
 tame you.  
 Nay, never look so big! she shall, believe me,  
 And I am she. What think ye? - Good night to  
 all.

Ye shall find sentinels -  
 BIANCA If ye dare sally. *(Exeunt above.)*  
 PETRONIUS The devil's in 'em, even the very  
 devil,  
 The down-right devil!  
 PETRUCHIO I'll devil 'em; by these ten bones, I  
 will!  
~~I'll bring it to th' old proverb, 'No sport, no pie.'~~  
~~Pox! taken down i' th' top of all my speed?~~  
~~This is fine dancing! Gentlemen, stick to me:~~  
~~You see our frechold's touch'd; and, by this light,~~  
 We will beleaguer 'em, and either starve 'em  
 out,  
 Or make 'em recreant. *(EXIT)*  
 PETRONIUS I'll see all passages stopt, but those  
 about 'em.  
 If the good women of the town dare succour  
 'em,  
 We shall have wars indeed.

SOPHOCLES I'll stand perdue upon 'em.

MOROSO My regiment shall lie before.

JAQUES I think so;  
 'Tis grown too old to stand.

PETRUCHIO Let's in, and each provide his tackle!  
 We'll fire 'em out, or make 'em take their  
 pardons  
 (Hear what I say) on their bare knees.  
 Am I Petruchio, fear'd and spoken of,  
 And on my wedding-night am I thus jaded?  
*(Exeunt.)*

Scene 4

A hall in the same.

*(Enter ROWLAND and PEDRO, at several doors.)*

ROWLAND Now, Pedro?

PEDRO Very busy, Master Rowland.

ROWLAND What haste, man?

PEDRO I beseech you pardon me,  
 I am not mine own man.

ROWLAND Thou art not mad?

PEDRO No; but, believe me, as hasty -

ROWLAND The cause, good Pedro?

PEDRO There be a thousand, sir. You are not  
 married?

ROWLAND Not yet.

PEDRO Keep yourself quiet then.

ROWLAND Why?

PEDRO You'll find a fiddle  
 That never will be tuned else: From all women  
*(Exit.)*

ROWLAND What ails the fellow, t're? - Jaques?  
*(Enter JAQUES.)*

JAQUES Your friend, sir;  
But very full of business.

ROWLAND Nothing but business?  
Pr'ythee the reason! is there any dying?

JAQUES I would there were, sir!

ROWLAND But thy business?

JAQUES I'll tell you in a word: I am sent to lay  
An imposition upon souse and puddings,  
Pasties, and penny custards, that the women  
May not relieve yon rebels. Fare you well, sir! *(Exit.)*

ROWLAND How does my mistress?

JAQUES Like a resty jade;  
~~She's spoil'd for riding.~~ *(Exit.)*

ROWLAND What a devil ail they?  
Custards, and penny pasties, fools and fiddles!  
What's this to th' purpose? - Oh, well met.

*(Enter SOPHOCLES.)*

SOPHOCLES Now, Rowland!  
I cannot stay to talk long.

ROWLAND What's the matter?  
Here's stirring, but to what end? Whither go  
you?

SOPHOCLES To view the works.

ROWLAND What works?

SOPHOCLES The women's trenches.

ROWLAND Trenches? ~~Are such to see?~~

SOPHOCLES I do not jest, sir.

ROWLAND I cannot understand you.

SOPHOCLES Do not you hear  
In what a state of quarrel the new bride  
Stands with her husband?

ROWLAND Let him stand with her  
And there's an end.

SOPHOCLES It should be, but, by'r lady,  
She holds him out at pike's end, and defies him,  
And now is fortified. Such a regiment of fufflers  
Never defied men braver: I am sent  
To view their preparation.

ROWLAND This is news,  
Stranger than armies in the air. You saw not  
My gentle mistress?

SOPHOCLES Yes, and meditating  
Upon some secret business; when she had found  
it,  
She leap'd for joy, and laugh'd, and straight  
retired  
To shun Moroso.

ROWLAND This may be for me.

SOPHOCLES Will you along?

ROWLAND No.

SOPHOCLES Farewell. *(Exit.)*

ROWLAND Farewell, sir! -  
What should her musing mean, and what her joy  
in't

If not for my advantage? ~~Stay you! may not~~  
~~That bob-tail jade Moroso, with his gold,~~  
~~His gew-gaudes, and the hope she has to send~~  
~~him~~  
Quickly to dust, excite this?

*(Enter LIVIA at one door, and MOROSO  
at another, hearkening.)*

Here she comes;  
And yonder walks the stallion to discover!  
Yet I'll salute her. - Save you, beauteous  
mistress!

LIVIA The fox is kennell'd for me. - Save you, sir!

ROWLAND Why do you look so strange?

LIVIA I use to look, sir,  
Without examination.

MOROSO Twenty spur-royals for that word!

ROWLAND Belike then  
The object discontents you?

LIVIA Yes, it does.

ROWLAND Is't come to this? You know me, do you  
not?

LIVIA Yes, as I may know many, by repentance.

ROWLAND Why do you break your faith?

LIVIA I'll tell you that too:  
You are under age, and no band holds upon you.

MOROSO Excellent wench!

LIVIA Sue out your understanding,  
And get more hair to cover your bare knuckle!  
(For boys were made for nothing but dry kisses)  
And, if you can, more manners!

~~MOROSO Better still!~~

LIVIA And then, if I want Spanish gloves, or  
stockings,  
A ten-pound waistcoat, or a nag to hunt on,  
It may be I shall grace you to accept 'em.

ROWLAND Farewell! and when I credit women  
more,  
May I to Smithfield, and there buy a jade  
(And know him to be so) that breaks my neck!

LIVIA Because I have known you, I'll be thus kind  
to you:  
Farewell, and be a man! and I'll provide you,  
Because I see you're desperate, some staid  
chambermaid,  
That may relieve your youth with wholesome  
doctrine.

MOROSO She's mine from all the world! - Ha,  
wench!

LIVIA Ha, chicken!  
*(Gives him a box on the ear, and exit.)*

MOROSO How's this? I do not love these favours. -  
Save you!

ROWLAND The devil take thee!  
*(Wrings him by the nose.)*

MOROSO Oh!  
 ROWLAND There's a love-token for you! thank me  
 now!  
 MOROSO I'll think on some of ye; and, if I live,  
 My nose alone shall not be play'd withal.  
 (Exeunt.)

## Act II

## Scene I

A room in the house of PETRONIUS.

(Enter PETRONIUS and MOROSO.)

PETRONIUS A box o' th' ear, do you say?  
 MOROSO Yes, sure, a sound one;  
~~Beside my nose blown to my hand. If Cupid  
 Shoot arrows of that weight, I'll swear devoutly,  
 He has sued his livery, and is no more a boy.~~  
 PETRONIUS You gave her some ill language?  
 MOROSO Not a word.  
 PETRONIUS Or might be you were fumbling!  
 MOROSO 'Would I had, sir!  
~~I had been aforehand then, but, to be baffled,  
 And have no feeling of the cause -~~  
 PETRONIUS Be patient,  
~~I have a medicine clapp'd to her back will cure  
 her.~~  
 MOROSO No, sure 't must be afore, sir.  
 PETRONIUS O' my conscience,  
 When I got these two wenches (who till now  
 Ne'er shew'd their riding) I was drunk with  
 bastard,  
 Whose nature is to form things like itself,  
 Heady and monstrous. Did she slight him too?  
 MOROSO That's all my comfort! A mere hobby-  
 horse  
 She made child Rowland: 'Sfoot, she would not  
 know him,  
 Not give him a free look, not reckon him  
 Among her thoughts; which I held more than  
 wonder,  
 I having seen her within these three days kiss  
 him,  
 With such an appetite as though she would eat  
 him.  
 PETRONIUS There is some trick in this. How did  
 he take it?  
 MOROSO Ready to cry, he ran away.  
 PETRONIUS I fear her:  
~~And yet I tell you, ever to my anger  
 She is as tame as innocency. It may be~~  
 This blow was but a favour.  
 MOROSO I'll be sworn  
 'Twas well tied on then.  
 PETRONIUS Go to! pray forget it:

I have bespoke a priest, and within these two  
 hours  
 I'll have you married; will that please you?  
 MOROSO Yes.  
 PETRONIUS I'll see it done myself, and give the  
 lady  
~~Such a sound exhortation for this knavery,  
 I'll warrant you, shall make her smell this  
 month on't.~~  
 MOROSO Nay, good sir, be not violent.  
 PETRONIUS Neither  
 MOROSO It may be  
 Out of her earnest love there grew a longing  
 (As you know women have such toys) in  
 kindness,  
 To give me a box o' th' ear, or so.  
 PETRONIUS It may be.  
 MOROSO I reckon for the best still. This night  
 then  
 I shall enjoy her?  
 PETRONIUS You shall handsel her.  
 MOROSO Old as I am, I'll give her one blow for't,  
 Shall make her groan this twelvemonth.  
 PETRONIUS Where's your jointure?  
 MOROSO I have a jointure for her.  
 PETRONIUS Have your counsel  
 Perused it yet?  
 MOROSO No counsel but the night, and your  
 sweet daughter,  
 Shall e'er peruse that jointure.  
 PETRONIUS Very well, sir.  
 MOROSO I'll no demurrers on't, nor no rejoinders.  
 The other's ready seal'd.  
 PETRONIUS Come then, let's comfort  
 My son Petruchio: He's like little children  
 That lose their baubles, crying ripe.  
 MOROSO Pray tell me,  
 Is this stern woman still upon the flaunt  
 Of bold defiance?  
 PETRONIUS Still, and still she shall be,  
 Till she be starved out: You shall see such  
 justice,  
 That women shall be glad after this tempest,  
 To tie their husbands' shoes, and walk their  
 horses.  
 MOROSO That were a merry world! - Do you hear  
 the rumour?  
 They say the women are in insurrection,  
 And mean to make a -  
 PETRONIUS They'll sooner  
 Draw upon walls as we do. Let 'em, let 'em!  
 We'll ship 'em out in cuck-stools; there they'll  
 sail  
 As brave Columbus did, till they discover  
 The happy islands of obedience.

We stay too long; come!  
~~MOROSO Now, St. George be with us!~~ (Exeunt.)

## Scene 2

The court before the house of PETRUCHIO.

(Enter LIVIA alone.)

LIVIA Now, if I can but get in handsomely,  
 Father, I shall deceive you; and this night,  
 For all your private plotting, I'll no wedlock:  
 I have shifted sail, and find my sister's safety  
 A sure retirement. Pray to Heaven that Rowland  
 Do not believe too far what I said to him!  
 For yon old foxcase forced me; that's my fear.  
 Stay, let me see! this quarter fierce Petruccio  
 Keeps with his myrmidons: I must be sudden;  
 If he seize on me, I can look for nothing  
 But martial-law; to this place have I 'scaped him.  
 Above there!

(Enter MARIA and BIANCA above.)

MARIA ~~Qui va ta?~~ *who goes there*

LIVIA A friend.

BIANCA ~~Who are you?~~

LIVIA ~~Look out and know!~~

MARIA Alas, poor wench, who sent thee?  
~~What weak fool made thy tongue his orator?~~  
 I know you come to parley.

LIVIA ~~You're deceived.~~  
 Urged by the goodness of your cause, I come  
 To do as you do.

MARIA You're too weak, too foolish,  
 To cheat us with your smoothness: Do not we  
 know

Thou hast been kept up tame?

LIVIA Believe me!

MARIA No, prythee, good Livia,  
 Utter thy eloquence somewhere else.

BIANCA Good cousin,  
 Put up your pipes; we are not for your palate:  
 Alas! we know who sent you.

LIVIA O' my word -

BIANCA Stay there; you must not think your  
 word,  
 Or by your maidenhead, or such Sunday oaths,  
 Sworn after even-song, can inveigle us  
 To loose our hand-fast: Did their wisdoms think  
 That sent you hither, we would be so foolish  
 To entertain our gentle sister Sinon,  
 And give her credit, while the wooden jade  
 Petruccio stole upon us? No, good sister!  
 Go home, and tell the merry Greeks that sent  
 you,  
 Ilium shall burn, and I, as did Aeneas,

Will on my back, 'spite of the myrmidons,  
 Carry this warlike lady, and through seas  
 Unknown, and unbeliev'd, seek out a land,  
 Where, like a race of noble Amazons,  
 We'll root ourselves, and to our endless glory  
 Live, and despise base men!

LIVIA I'll second you.

BIANCA How long have you been thus?

LIVIA That's all one, cousin;

I stand for freedom now.

BIANCA Take heed of lying!

For, by this light, if we do credit you,  
 And find you tripping, his infliction  
 That killed the prince of Orange, will we sport  
 To what we purpose.

LIVIA Let me feel the heaviest!

MARIA Swear by thy sweetheart Rowland, (~~for by~~  
 your maidenhead

I fear 'twill be too late to swear) you mean  
 Nothing but fair and safe, and honourable  
 To us, and to yourself.

LIVIA I swear!

BIANCA Stay yet!

Swear as you hate Moroso, (~~that's the surest~~)  
 And as you have a certain fear to find him  
 Worse than a poor dried Jack; full of more aches  
 Than Autumn has; more knavery, and usury,  
 And foolery, and brokery, than Dog's-Ditch;  
 As you do constantly believe he's nothing  
 But an old empty bag with a grey beard,  
 And that beard such a bob-tail, that it looks  
 Worse than a mare's tail eaten off with flies;  
 As you acknowledge, that young handsome  
 wench

That lies by such a Bilboa blade, that bends  
 With ev'ry pass he makes, to th' hilts, most  
 miserable,

A dry-nurse to his coughs, a fewerer  
 To such a nasty fellow, a robbed thing  
 Of all delights youth looks for; and, to end,  
 One cast away on coarse beef, born to brush  
 That everlasting cassock that has worn  
 As many servants out, as the North-East passage  
 Has consumed sailors: If you swear this, and  
 truly,

Without the reservation of a gown,  
 Or any meritorious petticoat,  
 'Tis like we shall believe you.

LIVIA I do swear it.

MARIA Stay yet a little! Come this wholesome  
 motion

(Deal truly, sister) from your own opinion  
 Or some suggestion of the foe?

LIVIA Ne'er fear me!

For, by that little faith I have in husbands,

And the great zeal I bear your cause, I come  
Full of that liberty you stand for, sister!  
MARIA If we believe, and you prove recreant,  
Livia  
Think what a maim you give the noble cause  
We now stand up for! Think what women shall,  
An hundred years hence, speak thee, when  
examples  
Are look'd for, and so great ones, whose rela-  
tions,  
Spoke, as we do 'em, wench, shall make new  
customs!

BIANCA If you be false, repent, go home, and  
pray,  
And to the serious women of the city  
Confess yourself, bring not a sin so heinous  
To load thy soul to this place. Mark me, Livia;  
If thou be'st double, and betray'st our honours,  
And we fail in our purpose, get thee where  
There is no women living, nor no hope  
There ever shall be!

MARIA If a mother's daughter,  
That ever heard the name of stubborn husband,  
Find thee, and know thy sin -

BIANCA Nay if old age,  
One that has worn away the name of woman,  
And no more left to know her by but railing,  
No teeth, nor eyes, nor legs, but wooden ones,  
Come but i' the windward of thee, for sure she'll  
smell thee,  
Thou'lt be so rank; she'll ride thee like a  
nightmare,  
And say her prayers backward to undo thee;  
She'll curse thy meat and drink, and when thou  
marriest,

Clap a sound spell for ever on thy pleasures.  
MARIA Children of five year old, like little fairies,  
Will pinch thee into motley; all that ever  
Shall live and hear of thee, I mean all women,  
Will (like so many furies) shake their keys,  
And toss their flaming distaffs o'er their heads,  
Crying revenge! Take heed; 'tis hideous,  
Oh, 'tis a fearful office! If thou hadst  
(Though thou be'st perfect now) when thou  
camest hither

A false imagination, get thee gone,  
And, as my learned cousin said, repent!  
This place is sought by soundness.

LIVIA So I seek it,  
Or let me be a most despised example!

MARIA I do believe thee; be thou worthy of it!  
You come not empty?

LIVIA No, here's cakes and cold meat,  
And tripe of proof; behold here's wine and beer!  
Be sudden, I shall be surprised else.

MARIA Meet at the low parlour-door; there lies a  
close way,  
What fond obedience you have living in you,  
Of duty to a man, before you enter  
Fling it away, 'twill but defile our offerings.

BIANCA Be wary as you come.

LIVIA I warrant you. (Exeunt.)

### Scene 3

A street.

(Enter three MAIDS.)

1 MAID How goes your business, girls?  
2 MAID A-foot, and fair.  
3 MAID If fortune favour us. Away to your  
strength!  
The country forces are arrived. Be gone!  
We are discover'd else.  
1 MAID Arm, and be valiant!  
2 MAID Think of our cause!  
3 MAID Our justice!  
1 MAID 'Tis sufficient. (Exeunt.)

### Scene 4

Another street.

(Enter ROWLAND and TRANIO, severally.)

TRANIO Now, Rowland?  
ROWLAND How do you?  
TRANIO How dost thou, man?  
Thou look'st ill.  
ROWLAND Yes. Pray can you tell me, Tranio,  
Who knew the devil first?  
TRANIO A woman.  
ROWLAND So?  
Were they not well acquainted?  
TRANIO May be so,  
For they had certain dialogues together.  
ROWLAND He sold her fruit, I take it?  
TRANIO Yes, and cheese  
That choak'd all mankind after.  
ROWLAND Canst thou tell me  
Whether that woman ever had a faith,  
After she had eaten?  
TRANIO That is a school question.  
ROWLAND No, 'tis no question; for believe me,  
Tranio,  
That cold fruit, after eating, bred nought in her  
But windy promises, and cholic vows,  
That broke out both ways. Thou hast heard, I  
am sure,  
Of Esculapius, a far-famed surgeon,  
One that could set together quarter'd traitors,

And make 'em honest men.  
 TRANIO How dost thou, Rowland?  
 ROWLAND Let him but take (if he dare do a cure  
 Shall get him fame indeed) a faithless woman,  
 (There will be credit for him that will speak him)  
 A broken woman, Tranio, a base woman,  
 And if he can cure such a wreck of honour,  
 Let him come here and practise!  
 TRANIO Now, for honour's sake,  
 Why, what ail'st thou, Rowland?  
 ROWLAND I am ridden, Tranio,  
 And spur-gall'd to the life of patience, -  
 Heaven keep my wits together! - by a thing  
 Our worst thoughts are too noble for, a woman.  
 TRANIO Your mistress has a little frown'd, it may be?  
 ROWLAND She was my mistress.  
 TRANIO Is she not?  
 ROWLAND No, Tranio:  
 She has done me such disgrace, so spitefully,  
 So like a woman bent to my undoing,  
 That henceforth a good horse shall be my mistress,  
 A good sword, or a book. And if you see her,  
 Tell her, I do beseech you, ~~even for love's sake~~ -  
 TRANIO I will, Rowland. *EXIT*  
 ROWLAND She may sooner count the good  
 I have thought her, our old love and our friendship,  
 Shed one true tear, mean one hour constantly,  
 Be old and honest, married and a maid,  
 Than make me see her more, or more believe her:  
 And now I have met a messenger, farewell, sir!  
*(Exit.)*  
 TRANIO Alas, poor Rowland! I will do it for thee.  
 This is that dog Moroso; but I hope  
 To see him cold i' th' mouth first, ere he enjoy her.  
 I'll watch this young man; desperate thoughts  
 may seize him,  
 And, if my purse or counsel can, I'll ease him.  
*(Exit.)*

### Scene 5

A room in the house of PETRUCHIO.

*(Enter PETRUCHIO, PETRONIUS, MOROSO,  
 and SOPHOCLES.)*

PETRUCHIO For, look you, gentlemen, say that I grant her,  
 Out of my free and liberal love, a pardon,

Which you and all men else know, she deserves not,  
*(Teneatis, amici)* can all the world leave laughing?

PETRONIUS I think not.

PETRUCHIO No, by Heaven, they cannot!

For pray consider, have you ever read,  
 Or heard of, or can any man imagine,  
 So stiff a Tom-boy, of so set a malice,  
 And such a brazen resolution,

As this young crab-tree? and then answer me!

And mark but this too, friends, without a cause,

Not a foul word come cross her, not a fear

She justly can take hold on; and d'ye think

I must sleep out my anger, and endure it,

Sow pillows to her ease, and lull her mischief?

Give me a spindle first! No, no, my masters,

Were she as fair as Nell-a-Greece, and housewife

As good as the wise sailor's wife, and young still,

Never above fifteen, and these tricks to it,

She should ride the wild-mare once a-week, she

should,

Believe me, friends, she should! I would tabor

her,

'Till all the legions that are crept into her,

Flew out with fire i' th' tails.

SOPHOCLES Methinks you err now;

For to me seems, a little sufferance

Were a far surer cure.

PETRUCHIO Yes, I can suffer,

Where I see promises of peace and amendment.

MOROSO Give her a few conditions.

PETRUCHIO I'll be hang'd first!

PETRONIUS Give her a crab-tree cudgel!

PETRUCHIO So I will;

And after it a flock-bed for her bones,

And hard eggs, till they brace her like a drum,

She shall be pamper'd with;

She shall not know a stool in ten months,  
 gentlemen.

SOPHOCLES This must not be.

*(Enter JAQUES.)*

JAQUES Arm, arm! out with your weapons!

For all the women in the kingdom's on ye;

They swarm like wasps, and nothing can

destroy 'em,

But stopping of their hive, and smothering of  
 'em.

*(Enter PEDRO.)*

PEDRO Stand to your guard, sir! all the devils  
 extant

Are broke upon us like a cloud of thunder;

There are more women marching hitherward.

In rescue of my mistress, than e'er turn'd tail  
 At Sturbridge-fair, and I believe as fiery.  
 JAQUES The forlorn-hope's led by a tanner's wife,  
 (I know her by her hide) a desp'rate woman;  
 She fled her husband in her youth, and made  
 Reins of his hide to ride the parish. Take 'em all  
 together,  
 They are a genealogy of jennets, gotten  
 And born thus, by the boisterous breath of  
 husbands;

~~They serve sure, and are swift to catch occasion  
 (I mean their foes or husbands) by the forelocks,  
 And there they hang like favours: cry they can,  
 But more for noble spite than fear; and crying  
 Like the old giants that were foes to Heaven,  
 They heave ye stool on stool, and fling main pot-  
 lids  
 Like massy rocks, dart ladles, tossing irons,  
 And tongs like thunderbolts, till overlaid,  
 They fall beneath the weight; yet still aspiring  
 At those imperious codsheads, that would tame  
 'em.~~

~~There's ne'er a one of these, the worst and  
 weakest,  
 (Choose where you will) but dare attempt the  
 raising,  
 Against the sovereign peace of Puritans,  
 A May-pole and a morris, maugre mainly  
 Their zeal, and dudgeon-daggers; and yet more,  
 Dares plant a stand of batt'ring ale against 'em,  
 And drink 'em out o' th' parish.~~

SOPHOCLES Lo you, fierce  
 Petruchio! this comes of your impatience.

~~PEDRO There's one brought in the bears, against  
 the canons  
 Of the town, made it good, and fought 'em.~~

~~JAQUES Another, to her everlasting fame, erected  
 Two ale-houses of ease, the quarter sessions  
 Running against her roundly; in which  
 business~~

~~Two of the disanullers lost their night-caps;  
 A third stood excommunicate by th' cudgel;  
 The constable, to her eternal glory,  
 Drunk hard, and was converted, and she victor.~~

PEDRO Then are they victualled with pies and  
 puddings,  
 (The trappings of good stomachs) noble ale  
 (The true defender,) sausages, and smoked  
 ones,

~~If need be, such as serve for pikes, and pork  
 (Better the Jews ne'er hated) here and there  
 A bottle of metheglin, a stout Briton  
 That will stand to 'em;~~

~~What else they want, they war for.~~  
 PETRUCHIO Come to council!

SOPHOCLES Now you must grant conditions, or  
 the kingdom

Will have no other talk but this.

PETRONIUS Away then,

And let's advise the best!

SOPHOCLES Why do you tremble?

MOROSO Have I lived thus long to be knockt o' th'  
head

With half a washing beetle? Pray be wise, sir.

PETRUCHIO Come; something I'll do; but what it  
is, I know not.

SOPHOCLES To council then, and let's avoid their  
follies!

Guard all the doors, or we shall not have a cloak  
left. *(Exeunt.)*

### Scene 6

*The court before the house.*

*(Enter PETRONIUS, PETRUCHIO, MOROSO,  
SOPHOCLES, and TRANIO.)*

PETRONIUS I am indifferent, though, I must  
confess,

I had rather see her carted.

TRANIO No more of that, sir.

SOPHOCLES Are ye resolved to give her fair  
conditions?

'Twill be the safest way.

PETRUCHIO I am distracted!

'Would I had run my head into a halter

When I first woo'd her! if I offer peace,

She'll urge her own conditions: that's the devil.

SOPHOCLES Why, say she do?

PETRUCHIO Say, I am made an ass then!

I know her aim: May I with reputation,

(Answer me this) with safety of mine honour,

After the mighty manage of my first wife,

Which was indeed a fury to this filly,

After my twelve strong labours to reclaim her,

Which would have made Don Hercules horn-  
mad,

And hid him in his hide, suffer this Cicely,

Ere she have warm'd my sheets, ere grappled

with me,

This pink, this painted foist, this cockle-boat,

To hang her fights out, and defy me, friends,

A well-known man of war? If this be equal,

And I may suffer, say, and I have done.

PETRONIUS I do not think you may.

TRANIO You'll make it worse, sir.

SOPHOCLES Pray hear me, good Petruchio. But  
even now,

You were contented to give all conditions,

To try how far she would carry: 'Tis a folly

(And you will find it so) to clap the curb on,  
 Ere you be sure it proves a natural wildness,  
 And not a forced. Give her conditions;  
 For, on my life, this trick is put into her -  
 PETRONIUS I should believe so too.  
 SOPHOCLES And not her own.  
 TRANIO You'll find it so.  
 SOPHOCLES Then, if she flounder with you,  
 Clap spurs on; and in this you'll deal with  
 temperance,  
 Avoid the hurry of the world -  
 TRANIO And lose -  
 MOROSO No honour on my life, sir.  
 PETRUCHIO I will do it. *(Music above.)*  
 PETRONIUS It seems they are very merry.

*(Enter JAQUES.)*

PETRUCHIO Why, God hold it!  
 MOROSO Now, Jaques?  
 JAQUES They are i' th' flaunt, sir.  
 SOPHOCLES Yes we hear 'em.  
 JAQUES They have got a stick of fiddles, and they  
 firk it  
 In wond'rous ways: The two grand capitanoes  
 (They brought the auxiliary regiments)  
 Dance with their coats tuck'd up to their bare  
 breeches,  
 And bid the kingdom kiss 'em; that's the  
 burden.  
 They have got metheglin, and audacious ale,  
 And talk like tyrants.  
 PETRONIUS How know'st thou?  
 JAQUES I peep'd in  
 At a loose lansket.  
 TRANIO Hark!  
 PETRONIUS A song! Pray silence.

## SONG

A health for all this day,  
 To the woman that bears the sway,  
 And wear the breeches;  
 Let it come, let it come.  
 Let this health be a seal,  
 For the good of the common-weal,  
 The woman shall wear the  
 breeches!  
 Let's drink then and laugh it,  
 And merrily, merrily quaff it,  
 And tittle, and tittle a round:  
 Here's to thy fool,  
 And to my fool;  
 Come, to all fools,  
 Though it cost us, wench, many a pound.

MOROSO They look out.

*(All the WOMEN appear above, CITIZENS,  
 and COUNTRY WOMEN.)*

PETRUCHIO Good even, ladies!  
 MARIA Good you good even, sir!  
 PETRUCHIO How have you slept to-night?  
 MARIA Exceeding well, sir.  
 PETRUCHIO Did you not wish me with you?  
 MARIA No, believe me,  
 I never thought upon you.  
 COUNTRY WOMAN Is that he?  
 BIANCA Yes.  
 COUNTRY WOMAN Sir!  
 SOPHOCLES She has drank hard: Mark her hood.  
 COUNTRY WOMAN You are -  
 SOPHOCLES Learnedly drunk, I'll hang else. Let  
~~her utter~~  
 COUNTRY WOMAN And I must tell you *viva voce*,  
 friend,  
 A very foolish fellow.  
 TRANIO There's an ale-figure.  
 PETRUCHIO I thank you, Susan Brotes.  
 CITIZEN Forward, sister.  
 COUNTRY WOMAN You have espoused here a  
 hearty woman,  
 A comely and courageous -  
 PETRUCHIO Well, I have so.  
 COUNTRY WOMAN And, to the comfort of  
 distressed damsels,  
 Women out-worn in wedlock, and such vessels,  
 This woman has defied you.  
 PETRUCHIO It should seem so.  
 COUNTRY WOMAN And why?  
 PETRUCHIO Yes, can you tell?  
 COUNTRY WOMAN For thirteen causes.  
 PETRUCHIO Pray, by your patience, mistress -  
 CITIZEN Forward, sister!  
 PETRUCHIO Do you mean to treat of all these?  
 CITIZEN Who shall let her?  
 PETRONIUS Do you hear, velvet-hood? we come  
 not now  
 To hear your doctrine.  
 COUNTRY WOMAN For the first, I take it,  
 It doth divide itself into seven branches.  
 PETRUCHIO Hark you, good Maria,  
 Have you got a catechiser here?  
 TRANIO Good zeal!  
 SOPHOCLES Good three-piled predication, will  
 you peace,  
 And hear the cause we come for?  
 COUNTRY WOMAN Yes, bob-tails,  
 We know the cause you come for; here's the  
 cause: - *(Pointing to MARIA.)*  
 But never hope to carry her, never dream  
 Or flatter your opinions with a thought  
 Of base repentance in her.



CITIZEN Give me sack!  
 By this, and next, strong ale -  
 COUNTRY WOMAN Swear forward, sister!  
 CITIZEN By all that's cordial, in this place we'll  
 bury  
 Our bones, fames, tongues, our triumphs, and  
 then all  
 That ever yet was chronicled of woman,  
 But this brave wench, this excellent despiser,  
 This bane of dull obedience, shall inherit  
 Her liberal will, and march off with conditions  
 Noble and worth herself.  
 COUNTRY WOMAN She shall, Tom Tilers,  
 And brave ones too. My hood shall make a  
 hearse-cloth,  
 And I'll lie under it like Joan O'Gaunt,  
 Ere I go less; my distaff stuck up by me,  
 For the eternal trophy of my conquests,  
 And loud fame at my head with two main  
 bottles  
 Shall fill to all the world, the glorious fall  
 Of old Don Gillian.  
 CITIZEN Yet a little further.  
 We have taken arms in rescue of this lady,  
 Most just and noble: If ye beat us off,  
 Without conditions, and we recant,  
 Use us as we deserve; and first degrade us  
 Of all our ancient chambering, next that  
 The symbols of our secrecy, silk stockings  
 Hew off our heels; our petticoats of arms  
 Tear off our bodies, and our bodkins break  
 Over our coward heads.  
 COUNTRY WOMAN And ever after,  
 To make the tainture most notorious,  
 At all our crests (*videlicet*, our plackets)  
 Let laces hang, and we return again  
 Unto our former titles, dairy-maids!  
 PETRUCHIO No more wars! Puissant ladies, shew  
 conditions,  
 And freely I accept 'em.  
 MARIA Call in Livia;  
 She's in the treaty too.  
 MOROSO How! Livia?  
 MARIA Hear you that, sir?  
 There's the conditions for you; pray peruse 'em.  
 (*Throws down a paper.*)  
 PETRONIUS Yes, there she is: It had been no right  
 rebellion,  
 Had she held off. What think you, man?  
 MOROSO Nay, nothing:  
 I have enough o' th' prospect. O' my  
 conscience,  
 The world's end and the goodness of a woman  
 Will come together.  
 PETRONIUS Are you there, sweet lady?

LIVIA 'Cry you mercy, sir! I saw you not: Your  
 blessing!  
 PETRONIUS Yes, when I bless a jade that stumbles  
 with me.  
 How are the articles?  
 LIVIA This is for you, sir;  
 And I shall think upon't.  
 (*Throws a paper to MOROSO.*)  
 MOROSO You have used me finely!  
 LIVIA ~~There is no other use of thee now extant~~  
 But to be hung up, cassock, cap, and all,  
 For some strange monster at Apothecaries.  
 PETRONIUS I hear you, whore!  
 LIVIA I must be his then, sir;  
 For need will then compel me.  
 CITIZEN Blessing on thee!  
 LIVIA He will undo me in mere pans of coals  
 To make him lasty.  
 PETRONIUS There is no talking to 'em. -  
 'How are they, sir?  
 PETRUCHIO As I expected: Liberty and clothes,  
 (*Reads.*)  
 When, and in what way she will; continual  
 monies,  
 Company, and all the house at her dispose;  
 No tongue to say, *why is this:* or, *whither will it?*  
 New coaches, and some buildings, she appoints  
 here;  
 Hangings, and hunting-horses; and for plate  
 And jewels, for her private use, I take it,  
 Two thousand pound in present; then for music  
 And women to read French -  
 PETRONIUS This must not be.  
 PETRUCHIO And at the latter end a clause put in,  
 That Livia shall by no man be importuned,  
 This whole month yet, to marry.  
 PETRONIUS This is monstrous!  
 PETRUCHIO This shall be done; I'll humour her  
 awhile:  
 If nothing but repentance and undoing  
 Can win her love, I'll make a shift for one.  
 SOPHOCLES When you are once a-bed, all these  
 conditions  
 Lie under your own seal.  
 MARIA Do you like 'em?  
 PETRUCHIO Yes;  
 And, by that faith I gave you 'fore the priest,  
 I'll ratify 'em.  
 COUNTRY WOMAN Stay! what pledges?  
 MARIA No, I'll take that oath.  
 But have a care you keep it!  
 CITIZEN ~~'Tis not now~~  
~~As when Andrea lived.~~  
 COUNTRY WOMAN If you do juggle,  
 Or alter but a letter of these articles

We have set down, the self-same persecution -  
 MARIA Mistrust him not.  
 PETRUCHIO By all my honesty -  
 MARIA Enough; I yield.  
 PETRONIUS What's this inserted here?  
 SOPHOCLES That the two valiant women that  
 command here

Shall have a supper made 'em, and a large one,  
 And liberal entertainment without grudging,  
 And pay for all their soldiers.

PETRUCHIO That shall be too;  
 And if a tun of wine will serve to pay 'em,  
 They shall have justice. I ordain ye all  
 Paymasters, gentlemen.

TRANIO Then we shall have sport, boys!

MARIA We'll meet you in the parlour.

PETRUCHIO Ne'er look sad, sir;

For I will do it.

SOPHOCLES There's no danger in't.

PETRUCHIO For Livia's article, you shall observe  
 it;

I have tied myself.

PETRONIUS I will.

PETRUCHIO Along then! - Now

Either I break, or this stiff plant must bow.

(*Exeunt.*)

### Act III

#### Scene 1

A street.

(*Enter TRANIO and ROWLAND.*)

TRANIO Come, you shall take my counsel.

ROWLAND I shall hang first!

I'll no more love, that's certain; 'tis a bane,  
 Next that they poison rats with, ~~the most mortal~~.  
 No, I thank Heaven, I have got my sleep again,  
 And now begin to write sense; I can walk ye  
 A long hour in my chamber like a man,  
 And think of something that may better me,  
 Some serious point of learning or my state:  
 No more *ah-me's*, and *misereri's*, Tranio,  
 Come near my brain. I'll tell thee; had the devil  
 But any essence in him of a man,  
 And could be brought to love, and love a  
 woman,  
 'Twould make his head ache worsen than his  
 horns do,  
 And firk him with a fire he never felt yet,  
 Would make him dance. I tell thee; there is  
 nothing  
 (It may be thy case, Tranio, therefore hear me)  
 Under the sun (reckon the mass of follies

Crept into th' world with man) so desperate,  
 So mad, so senseless, poor and base, so  
 wretched,

Roguy, and scurvy -

TRANIO Whither wilt thou, Rowland?

ROWLAND As 'tis to be in love,

TRANIO And why, for Virtue sake?

ROWLAND And why, for Virtue's sake! Dost thou  
 not conceive me?

TRANIO No, by my troth.

ROWLAND Pray then, and heartily.

For fear thou fall into't. I'll tell thee why too,  
 For I have hope to save thee: When thou lovest,  
 And first beginn'st to worship the gilt calf,  
*Imprimis*, thou hast lost thy gentry,  
 And, like a 'prentice, flung away thy freedom:  
 Forthwith thou art a slave.

TRANIO That's a new doctrine.

ROWLAND Next, thou'rt no more man.

TRANIO What then?

ROWLAND A frippery;

Nothing but braided hair, and penny ribband,  
 Glove, garter, ring, rose, or at best a swabber;  
 If thou canst love so near to keep thy making,  
 Yet thou wilt lose thy language.

TRANIO Why?

ROWLAND Oh, Tranio!

Those things in love ne'er talk as we do.

TRANIO No?

ROWLAND No, without doubt; they sigh, and  
 shake the head,

And sometimes whistle dolefully.

TRANIO No tongue?

ROWLAND Yes, Tranio, but no truth in't, nor no  
 reason:

And when they cant (for 'tis a kind of canting)  
 You shall hear, if you reach to understand 'em,  
 (Which you must be a fool first, or you cannot,)  
 Such gibb'rish; such, *believe me - I protest,*  
*sweet -*

And, *oh, dear Heavens, in which such*  
*constellations*

*Reign at the births of lovers - This is too well!*

And, *deign me, lady, deign me, I beseech you.*

*Your poor unworthy lump - and then she licks*  
 him.

TRANIO A pox on't, this is nothing!

ROWLAND Thou hast hit it.

Then talks she ten times worse, and wries, and  
 wriggles,

As though she had the itch (and so it may be).

TRANIO Why thou art grown a strange discoverer.

ROWLAND Of mine own follies, Tranio.

TRANIO Wilt thou, Rowland,

Certain ne'er love again?

30

3:42

ROWLAND I think so, certain;

And, if I be not dead-drunk, I shall keep it.

~~TRANIO Tell me but this; what dost thou think of women?~~

ROWLAND Why, as I think of fiddles; they delight me,

Till their strings break.

TRANIO What strings?

ROWLAND Their modesties,

Faiths, vows, and maidenheads; for they are like kits,

They have but four strings to 'em.

TRANIO What wilt thou

Give me for ten pounds now, when thou next lovest,

And the same woman still?

ROWLAND Give me the money;

A hundred, and my bond for't.

TRANIO But pray hear me;

I'll work all means I can to reconcile ye?

ROWLAND Do, do; give me the money.

~~TRANIO There!~~

ROWLAND Work, Tranio.

TRANIO You shall go sometimes where she is.

ROWLAND Yes, straight.

This is the first good I e'er got by women.

TRANIO You would think it strange now, if another beauty

As good as hers, say better -

ROWLAND Well?

TRANIO (Conceive me,

This is no point o' th' wager.)

ROWLAND That's all one.

TRANIO Love you as much, or more, than she now hates you.

ROWLAND 'Tis a good hearing! Let 'em love: Ten pound more,

~~I never love that woman.~~

TRANIO There it is;

And so an hundred, if you lose.

ROWLAND 'Tis done!

~~Have you another to put in?~~

TRANIO No, no, sir.

ROWLAND I'm very sorry. Now will I erect

A new game, and go hate for th' bell; I'm sure

I am in excellent case to win.

TRANIO I must have leave

To tell you, and tell truth too, what she is,

And how she suffers for you.

ROWLAND Ten pound more,

I ne'er believe you.

TRANIO No, sir; I am stinted.

ROWLAND Well, take your best way then.

TRANIO Let's walk. I am glad

Your sullen fever's off.

ROWLAND 'Shalt see me, Tranio,

A monstrous merry man now. Let's to the wedding;

And, as we go, tell me the general hurry Of these mad wenches, and their works.

TRANIO I will.

ROWLAND And do thy worst.

~~TRANIO Something I'll do -~~

~~ROWLAND Do, Tranio.~~

(*Exeunt.*)

## Scene 2

A room in the house of PETRUCHIO.

(*Enter PEDRO and JAQUES.*)

PEDRO A pair of stocks bestride 'em! are they gone?

JAQUES Yes, they are gone; and all the pans i' th' town

Beating before 'em. What strange admonitions They gave my master, and how fearfully They threaten'd, if he broke 'em!

PEDRO O' my conscience,

He has found his full match now.

JAQUES That I believe too.

PEDRO How did she entertain him?

JAQUES She look'd on him -

PEDRO But scurvily.

JAQUES With no great affection

That I saw: And I heard some say he kiss'd her,

But 'twas upon a treaty; and some copies

Say, but her cheek.

PEDRO Jaques, what wouldst thou give

For such a wife now?

~~JAQUES Full as many prayers~~

As the most zealous Puritan conceives

Out of the meditation of fat veal,

Or birds of prey, cramm'd capons, against players,

And to as good a tune too; but against her,

'That Heaven would bless me from her!' Mark it, Pedro;

If this house be not turn'd within this fortnight

With the foundation upward, I'll be carted.

My comfort is yet, that those Amorites

That came to back her cause, those heathen

whores,

Had their hoods hallowed with sack.

PEDRO How devilish drunk they were!

JAQUES And how they tumbled, Pedro! Didst thou mark

The country cavaliero?

PEDRO Out upon her

How she turn'd down the bragget!

JAQUES Ay, that sunk her.

PEDRO That drink was well put to her: What a somersalt,  
When the chair fell, she fetch'd with her heels upward!

JAQUES And what a piece of landskip she discover'd!

PEDRO Didst mark her when her hood fell in the posset?

JAQUES Yes, and there rid, like a Dutch hoy. The tumbrel,  
When she had got her ballast -

PEDRO That I saw too.

JAQUES How fain she would have drawn on Sophocles  
To come aboard, and how she simper'd it -

PEDRO I warrant her, she has been a worthy striker.

JAQUES I th' heat of summer, there had been some hope on't.

PEDRO Hang her!

JAQUES She offer'd him a Harry-groat, and belch'd out,  
Her stomach being blown with ale, such courtship,  
Upon my life, has given him twenty stools since. Believe my calculation, these old women,  
When they are tipp'd, and a little heated,  
Are like new wheels; they'll roar you all the town o'er  
Till they be greased.

PEDRO The city cinque-pace,  
Dame Toast-and-Butter, had the bob too.

JAQUES Yes.  
~~But she was sullen drunk, and giv'n to filching;  
I see her offer at a spoon. - My master!  
I do not like his look; I fear he has fasted,  
For all this preparation: Let's steal by him.~~

(Exeunt.)

(Enter PETRUCHIO and SOPHOCLES.)

SOPHOCLES Not let you touch her all this night?

PETRUCHIO Not touch her.

SOPHOCLES Where was your courage?

PETRUCHIO Where was her obedience?  
Never poor man was shamed so; ~~never rascal  
That keeps a stud of whores was used so basely.~~

SOPHOCLES Pray you tell me one thing truly; do you love her?

PETRUCHIO I would I did not; upon that condition  
I pass'd thee half my land.

SOPHOCLES It may be then,  
Her modesty required a little violence:  
Some women love to struggle.

PETRUCHIO She had it,  
And so much that I sweat for't, so I did;

~~But to no end; I was'd an Ethiop.  
She swore my force might weary her, but win her  
I never could, nor should, till she consented;  
And I might take her body prisoner,  
But for her mind or appetite -~~

SOPHOCLES 'Tis strange!  
This woman is the first I ever read of,  
Refused a warranted occasion,  
And standing on so fair terms.

~~PETRUCHIO I shall quit her.  
SOPHOCLES Used you no more art?  
PETRUCHIO Yes; I swore to her,  
And by no little ones, if presently,  
Without more disputation on the matter,  
She grew not nearer to me, and dispatch'd me  
Out of the pain I was, (for I was nettled,)  
And willingly, and eagerly, and sweetly,  
I would to her chamber-maid, and in her  
hearing  
Begin her such a hunts-up -~~

SOPHOCLES Then she started?

PETRUCHIO No more than I do now: Marry, she answer'd,  
If I were so disposed, she could not help it;  
But there was one call'd Jaques, a poor butler,  
One that might well content a single woman.

~~SOPHOCLES And he should tilt her?  
PETRUCHIO To that sense. And last,  
She bade me yet these six nights look for  
nothing  
Nor strive to purchase it, but fair good-night,  
And so good-morrow, and a kiss or two  
(To close my stomach; for her vow had seal'd it,  
And she would keep it constant.)~~

SOPHOCLES Stay you, stay you!  
Was she thus when you woo'd her?

PETRUCHIO Nothing, Sophocles,  
More keenly eager: I was oft afraid  
She had been light and easy, she would shower  
Her kisses so upon me.

~~SOPHOCLES Then I fear  
Another spoke's i' th' wheel.~~

PETRUCHIO Now thou hast found me!  
~~There gnaws my devil, Sophocles. Oh,  
Patience,  
Preserve me! that I make her not example  
By some unworthy way; as flaying her,  
Boiling, or making verjuice, drying her -~~

SOPHOCLES I hear her.

PETRUCHIO Mark her then, and see the heir  
Of spite and prodigality! ~~She has studied  
A way to beggar us both, and by this hand  
She shall be, if I live, a doxy.~~

(MARIA appears at the door, with a SERVANT and WOMAN.)

SOPHOCLES Fy, sir!

MARIA I do not like that dressing; 'tis too poor:  
Let me have six gold laces, broad and massy,  
And betwixt every lace a rich embroidery;  
Line the gown through with plush perfumed,  
and purple

All the sleeves down with pearl!

PETRUCHIO What think you, Sophocles?  
In what point stands my state now?

MARIA For those hangings,  
Let 'em be carried where I gave appointment,  
They are too base for my use; and bespeak  
New pieces, of the civil wars of France:  
Let 'em be large and lively, and all silk-work,  
The borders gold.

SOPHOCLES Ay, marry, sir, this cuts it.

MARIA That fourteen yards of satin give my  
woman;

~~I do not like the colour, 'tis too civil,~~

~~There's too much silk i' th' lace too. Tell the~~  
Dutchman,

That brought the mares, he must with all speed  
send me

Another suit of horses; and, by all means,  
Ten cast of hawks for th' river: I much care not  
What price they bear, so they be sound, and  
flying;

~~For the next winter I am sure for the country,  
And mean to take my pleasure. Where's the  
horseman?~~

PETRUCHIO She means to ride a great-horse.

SOPHOCLES With a side-saddle?

~~PETRUCHIO Yes, and she'll run a tilt within this  
twelvemonth.~~

MARIA To-morrow I'll begin to learn: But pray sir,  
Have a great care he be an easy doer;  
'Twill spoil a scholar else.

SOPHOCLES An easy doer!  
Did you hear that?

PETRUCHIO Yes; I shall meet her morals  
Ere it be long, I fear not.

MARIA (Entering) Oh, good morrow!

SOPHOCLES Good morrow, lady! How is't now?

MARIA 'Faith, sickly;  
This house stands in an ill air -  
PETRUCHIO Yet more charges?

MARIA Subject to rots and rheums; out on't! 'tis  
~~nothing~~  
But a tiled fog.

PETRUCHIO What think you of the Lodge then?

MARIA I like the seat, but 'tis too little. -  
Sophocles,

~~Let me have thy opinion, thou hast judgment.~~

~~PETRUCHIO 'Tis very well!~~

MARIA What if I pluck it down,  
And build a square upon it, with two courts  
Still rising from the entrance?

~~PETRUCHIO And i' th' midst  
A college for young scolds.~~

MARIA And to the southward  
Take in a garden of some twenty acres,  
And cast it of the Italian fashion, hanging?

PETRUCHIO An you could cast yourself so too -  
Pray, lady,  
Will not this cost much money?

MARIA Some five thousand;  
Say six. I'll have it battled too -

PETRUCHIO And gilt? - Maria,  
This is a fearful course you take! Pray think on't:  
You are a woman now, a wife, and his  
That must in honesty and justice look for  
Some due obedience from you.

MARIA That bare word  
Shall cost you many a pound more. Build upon't!  
Tell me of due obedience? What's a husband?  
What are we married for? to carry sumpters?  
Are we not one piece with you, and as worthy  
Our own intentions as you yours?

PETRUCHIO Pray hear me!

MARIA Take two small drops of water, equal  
weigh'd,  
Tell me which is the heaviest, and which ought  
First to descend in duty?

PETRUCHIO You mistake me;  
I urge not service from you, nor obedience  
In way of duty, but of love and credit:

~~All I expect is but a noble care  
Of what I have brought you, and of what I am,  
And what our name may be.~~

MARIA That's in my making.

PETRUCHIO 'Tis true, it is so.

~~MARIA Yes, it is, Petruccio;  
For there was never man without our moulding,  
Without our stamp upon him, and our justice,  
Left anything, three ages after him,  
Good, and his own.~~

SOPHOCLES Good lady, understand him.

MARIA I do too much, sweet Sophocles: He's one  
Of a most spiteful self-condition,  
Never at peace with anything but age,  
That has no teeth left to return his anger:  
A bravery dwells in his blood yet, of abusing  
His first good wife; he's sooner fire than powder,  
And sooner mischief.

PETRUCHIO If I be so sudden,  
Do not you fear me?

MARIA No, nor yet care for you;  
And, if it may be lawful, I defy you!

PETRUCHIO Does this become you now?  
 MARIA It shall become me.  
 PETRUCHIO Thou disobedient, weak, vain-glorious woman,  
 Were I but half so wilful as thou spiteful,  
 I should now drag thee to thy duty.  
 MARIA Drag me?  
 PETRUCHIO But I am friends again; take all your pleasure!  
 MARIA Now you perceive him, Sophocles.  
 PETRUCHIO I love thee

Above thy vanity, thou faithless creature!  
 MARIA (To SOPHOCLES.) 'Would I had been so happy, when I married,  
 But to have met an honest man like thee,  
 (For I am sure thou art good, I know thou art honest)  
 A handsome hurtless man, a loving man,  
 Though never a penny with him, and those eyes,  
 That face, and that true heart! - Wear this for my sake, (Gives him a ring.)  
 And when thou think'st upon me, pity me.  
 I'm cast away! (Exit.)

SOPHOCLES Why, how now, man?  
 PETRUCHIO Pray leave me;  
 And follow your advices.  
 SOPHOCLES The man's jealous.  
 PETRUCHIO I shall find a time, ere it be long, to ask you  
 One or two foolish questions.  
 SOPHOCLES I shall answer  
 As well as I am able, when you call me. -  
 If she mean true, 'tis but a little killing,  
 And if I do not venture, it's -  
 Farewell, sir! (Exit.)

PETRUCHIO Pray, farewell! - Is there no keeping  
 A wife to one man's use? no wintering  
 These cattle without straying? 'Tis hard dealing,  
 Very hard dealing, gentlemen, strange dealing!  
 Now, in the name of madness, what star reign'd,  
 What dog-star, bull, or bear star, when I married  
 This second wife, this whirlwind that takes all  
 Within her compass? Was I not well warn'd,  
 (I thought I had, and I believe I know it,)  
 And beaten to repentance, in the days  
 Of my first dotting? had I not wife enough  
 To turn my love too? did I want vexation,  
 Or any special care to kill my heart?  
 Had I not every morning a rare breakfast,  
 Mix'd with a learned lecture of ill language,  
 Louder than Tom o' Lincoln? and at dinner,  
 A diet of the same dish? Was there evening  
 That e'er past over us, without thou knave,  
 Or thou whore, for digestion? had I ever

~~A pull at this same poor sport men run mad for,  
 But like a cur I was fain to shew my teeth first,  
 And almost worry her? And did Heaven forgive  
 me,  
 And take this serpent from me, and am I  
 Keeping tame devils now again? My heart aches!  
 Something I must do speedily: I'll die,  
 If I can handsomely, for that's the way  
 To make a rascal of her. I am sick,  
 And I'll go very near it, but I'll perish. (Exit.)~~

### Scene 3

A room in the house of PETRONIUS.

(Enter LIVIA, BIANCA, TRANIO, and ROWLAND.)

LIVIA Then I must be content, sir, with my fortune.  
 ROWLAND And I with mine.  
 LIVIA I did not think a look,  
 Or a poor word or two, could have displanted  
 Such a fix'd constancy, and for your end too.  
 ROWLAND Come, come, I know your courses!  
 There's your gewgaws,  
 Your rings, and bracelets, and the purse you gave me:  
 The money's spent in entertaining you  
 At plays, and cherry-gardens.  
 LIVIA There's your chain too.  
 But, if you'll give me leave, I'll wear the hair still;  
 I would yet remember you.  
 BIANCA Give him his love, wench;  
 The young man has employment for't.  
 TRANIO Fy, Rowland!  
 ROWLAND You cannot fy me out a hundred pound  
 With this poor plot. - Yet, let me ne'er see day  
 more,  
 If something do not struggle strangely in me!  
 BIANCA Young man, let me talk with you.  
 ROWLAND Well, young woman?  
 BIANCA This was your mistress once.  
 ROWLAND Yes.  
 BIANCA Are you honest?  
 I see you are young and handsome.  
 ROWLAND I am honest.  
 BIANCA Why, that's well said. And there's no  
 doubt your judgment  
 Is good enough, and strong enough, to tell you  
 Who are your foes, and friends: Why did you  
 leave her?  
 ROWLAND She made a puppy of me.  
 BIANCA Be that granted:  
 She must do so sometimes, and oftentimes;  
 Love were too serious else.

ROWLAND A witty woman!  
 BIANCA Had you loved me -  
 ROWLAND I would I had!  
 BIANCA And dearly,  
 And I had loved you so - You may love worse,  
 sir;  
 But that is not material.  
 ROWLAND I shall lose!  
 BIANCA Some time or other, for variety,  
 I should have call'd you fool, or boy, or bid you  
 Play with the pages; but have loved you still,  
 Out of all question, and extremely too:  
 You are a man made to be loved.

ROWLAND This woman  
 Either abuses me, or loves me deadly.  
 BIANCA I'll tell you one thing, if I were to choose  
 A husband to mine own mind, I should think  
 One of your mother's making would content me;  
 For o' my conscience she makes good ones.  
 ROWLAND Lady,  
 I'll leave you to your commendations -  
 I am in again, the devil take their tongues!  
 BIANCA You shall not go.  
 ROWLAND I will. Yet thus far, Livia;  
 Your sorrow may induce me to forgive you,  
 But never love again. - If I stay longer,  
 I have lost two hundred pound. (Apart.)  
 LIVIA Good sir, but thus much -  
 TRANIO Turn, if thou be'st a man.  
 LIVIA But one kiss of you;  
 One parting kiss, and I am gone too.  
 ROWLAND Come; (Kisses her.)  
 I shall kiss fifty pound away at this clap,  
 We'll have one more, and then farewell.  
 LIVIA Farewell.  
 BIANCA Well, go thy ways! thou bear'st a kind  
 heart with thee.  
 TRANIO He has made a stand.  
 BIANCA A noble, brave young fellow,  
 Worthy a wench indeed!  
 ROWLAND I will - I will not. (Exit.)  
 TRANIO He's gone; but shot again. Play you but  
 your part,  
 And I will keep my promise; forty angels  
 In fair gold, lady (wipe your eyes!) he's yours,  
 If I have any wit.  
 LIVIA I'll pay the forfeit.  
 BIANCA Come then; let's see your sister, how she  
 fares now,  
 After her skirmish; and be sure Moroso  
 Be kept in good hand: Then all's perfect, Livia.  
 (Exeunt.)

## Scene 4

A hall in the house of PETRUCHIO.

(Enter JAQUES and PEDRO.)

PEDRO Oh, Jaques, Jaques, what becomes of us?  
 Oh, my sweet master!  
 JAQUES Run for a physician,  
 And a whole peck of 'pothecaries, Pedro.  
 He will die, didle, didle, die, if they come not  
 Quickly; and bring all people that are skilful  
 In lungs and livers; raise the neighbours,  
 And all the aquavita-bottles extant;  
 And, oh, the parson, Pedro, oh, the parson!  
 A little of his comfort, ne'er so little -  
 Twenty to one you find him at the Bush;  
 There's the best ale.  
 PEDRO I fly! (Exit.)

(Enter MARIA and SERVANTS.)

MARIA Out with the trunks, ho!  
 Why are you idle? Sirrah, up to th' chamber,  
 And take the hangings down, and see the linen  
 Pack'd up, and sent away within this half-hour.  
 What, are the carts come yet? Some honest body  
 Help down the chests of plate, and some the  
 wardrobe;  
 Alas, we are undone else!  
 JAQUES Pray, forsooth,  
 And I beseech you, tell me, is he dead yet?  
 MARIA No, but he's drawing on. Out with the  
 armour!  
 JAQUES Then I'll go see him.  
 MARIA Thou art undone then, fellow;  
 No man that has been near him come near me!

(Enter SOPHOCLES and PETRONIUS.)

SOPHOCLES Why, how now, lady? what means  
 this?  
 PETRONIUS Now, daughter!  
 How does my son?  
 MARIA Save all you can, for Heaven's sake!  
 (Enter LIVIA, BIANCA, and TRANIO.)

LIVIA Be of good comfort, sister.  
 MARIA Oh, my casket!  
 PETRONIUS How does thy husband, woman?  
 MARIA Get you gone,  
 If you mean to save your lives: The sickness -  
 PETRONIUS Stand further off, I pr'ythee!  
 MARIA Is i' th' house, sir. My husband has it now:  
 Alas, he is infected; and raves extremely:  
 Give me some counsel, friends.  
 BIANCA Why, lock the doors up,  
 And send him in a woman to attend him.

MARIA I have bespoke two women, and the city  
Hath sent a watch by this time: Meat nor money  
He shall not want, nor prayers.

PETRONIUS How long is't  
Since it first took him?

MARIA But within this three hours.

(Enter WATCH.)

I am frighted from my wits! - Oh, here's the  
watch.

Pray do your office; lock the doors up, friends:  
And patience be his angel!

TRANIO This comes unlook'd for.

MARIA I'll to the Lodge: Some that are kind, and  
love me,

I know will visit me.

PETRUCHIO (*Within*) Do you hear, my masters?

Ho, you that lock the doors up!

PETRONIUS 'Tis his voice.

TRANIO Hold, and let's hear him.

PETRUCHIO Will ye starve me here?

Am I a traitor, or an heretic?

Or am I grown infectious?

PETRONIUS Pray, sir, pray!

PETRUCHIO I am as well as you are, goodman  
puppy.

MARIA Pray have patience!

You shall want nothing, sir.

PETRUCHIO I want a cudgel,

And thee, thou wickedness!

PETRONIUS He speaks well enough.

MARIA He had ever a strong heart, sir.

PETRUCHIO Will ye hear me? First, be pleased  
To think I know ye all, and can distinguish  
Every man's several voice: You that spoke first,  
I know my father-in-law; the other, Tranio;  
And I heard Sophocles; the last, pray mark me,  
Is my damn'd wife Maria.

If any man misdoubt me for infected,

There is mine arm, let any man look on't!

(*Thrusts his arm out of a window.*)

(Enter DOCTOR and APOTHECARY.)

DOCTOR Save ye, gentlemen!

PETRONIUS Oh, welcome, doctor!

You come in happy time. Pray, your opinion!  
What think you of his pulse?

DOCTOR It beats with busiest, (*Feels his pulse.*)

And shews a general inflammation,  
Which is the symptom of a pestilent fever.  
Take twenty ounces from him.

PETRUCHIO Take a fool!

Take an ounce from mine arm, and doctor

Deuce - ACE

Deuzace,

I'll make a close-stool of your velvet costard! -

Pox, gentlemen, do you make a May-game on  
me?

I tell ye once again, I am as sound,  
As well, as wholesome, and as sensible,  
As any of ye all. Let me out quickly,  
Or, as I am a man, I'll beat the walls down,  
And the first thing I light upon shall pay for't.

(*Exeunt DOCTOR and APOTHECARY.*)

PETRONIUS Nay, we'll go with you, doctor.

MARIA 'Tis the safest.

~~I saw the tokens, sir.~~

PETRONIUS ~~Then there's but one way.~~

PETRUCHIO ~~Will it please you open?~~

TRANIO His fit grows stronger still.

MARIA Let's save ourselves, sir:

He's past all worldly cure.

PETRONIUS Friends, do your office!

~~And what he wants, if money, love, or labour,  
Or any way, may win it, let him have it.~~

Farewell, and pray, my honest friends. (*Exeunt.*)

PETRUCHIO Why, rascals!

Friends! gentlemen! thou beastly wife! Jaques!

None hear me? Who's at the door there?

1 WATCH Think, I pray, sir,

Whither you are going, and prepare yourself.

2 WATCH These idle thoughts disturb you: The

good gentlewoman,

Your wife, has taken care you shall want  
nothing.

PETRUCHIO Shall I come out in quiet? Answer  
me!

Or shall I charge a fowling-piece, and make

Mine own way? two of ye I cannot miss,

If I miss three. Ye come here to assault me!

I am as excellent well, I thank Heaven for't,

And have as good a stomach at this instant -

2 WATCH That's an ill sign!

1 WATCH He draws on; he's a dead man!

PETRUCHIO ~~And sleep as soundly - Will you look  
upon me?~~

1 ~~WATCH~~ Do you want pen and ink? While you  
have sense, sir,

Settle your state.

~~PETRUCHIO~~ ~~Sirs, I am well as you are,~~

~~Or any rascal living.~~

~~2 WATCH~~ ~~Would you were, sir!~~

PETRUCHIO Look to yourselves, and, if you love  
your lives,

Open the door, and fly me! for I shoot else;

By Heaven, I'll shoot, and presently, chain-  
bullets;

And under four I will not kill.

1 WATCH Let's quit him!

It may be 'tis a trick. He's dangerous.



2 WATCH The devil take the hindmost, I cry!  
(*Exeunt WATCH running.*)

PETRUCHIO Have among ye!  
The door shall open too; I'll have a fair shoot.  
(*Bursts the door open, and enters with a fowling-piece.*)

Are ye all gone? - Tricks in my old days!  
crackers

Put now upon me? And by Lady Greensleeves?

Am I grown so tame after all my triumphs?  
But that I should be thought mad, if I rail'd,  
As much as they deserve, against these women,  
I would now rip up, from the primitive cuckold,  
All their arch-villainies, and all their doubles;  
Which are more than a hunted hare e'er thought  
on.

When a man has the fairest and the sweetest  
Of all their sex, and as he thinks the noblest,  
What has he then? and I'll speak modestly;  
He has a quartern-ague, that shall shake  
All his estate to nothing, never cured,  
Nor never dying: he has a ship to venture  
His fame and credit in, which if he man not  
With more continual labour than a galley,  
To make her tith, either she grows a tumbrel,  
Not worth the cloth she wears, or springs more  
leaks

Than all the fame of his posterity  
Can ever stop again. Out on 'em, hedge-hogs!  
He that shall touch 'em has a thousand thorns  
Runs through his fingers: If I were unmarried,  
I would do any thing below repentance,  
Any base dunghill slavery; be a hangman,  
Ere I would be a husband. Oh, the thousand,  
Thousand, ten thousand ways they have to kill  
us!

Some fall with too much stringing of the fiddles,  
And those are fools; some, that they are not  
suffer'd,  
And those are maudlin-lovers; some, like  
scorpions,  
They poison with their tails, and those are  
martyrs;  
Some die with doing good, those benefactors,  
And leave 'em land to leap away; some few,  
For those are rarest, they are said to kill  
With kindness and fair usage; but what they are  
My catalogue discovers not, only 'tis thought  
They're buried in old walls, with their heels  
upward.

I could rail twenty days together now!  
I'll seek 'em out; and if I have not reason,  
And very sensible, why this was done,  
I'll go a-birding yet, and some shall smart for't!  
(*Exit.*)

Act IV

Scene 1

A room in the house of PETRONIUS.

(*Enter MOROSO and PETRONIUS.*)

MOROSO That I do love her is without all  
question,  
And most extremely, dearly, most exactly!  
And that I would even now, this present  
Monday,  
Before all others, maids, wives, women, widows,  
Of what degree, or calling, marry her,  
As certain too; but to be made a whim-wham,  
A jib-crack, and a gentleman o' th' first house,  
For all my kindness to her -

PETRONIUS How you take it!  
Thou get a wench? thou get a dozen night-caps!  
Wouldst have her come and lick thee like a calf,  
And blow thy nose, and buss thee?

MOROSO Not so, neither.

PETRONIUS What wouldst thou have her do?

MOROSO Do as she should do;  
Put on a clean smock, and to church, and marry,  
And then to bed a' God's name! This is fair play,  
And keeps the king's peace. Let her leave her  
bobs

(I have had too many of them) and her quillets,  
She is as nimble that way as an eel;  
But in the way she ought, to me especially,  
A sow of lead is swifter.

PETRONIUS Quote your griefs down.

MOROSO Give fair quarter: I am old and crazy,  
And subject to much fumbling, I confess it;  
Yet something I would have that's warm, to  
hatch me:

But understand me, I would have it so,  
I buy not more repentance in the bargain  
Than the ware's worth I have. If you allow me  
Worthy your son-in-law and your allowance,  
Do it a way of credit, let me shew so;  
And not be troubled in my visitations  
With blows, and bitterness, and downright  
railings,

As if we were to couple like two cats,  
With clawing and loud clamour.

PETRONIUS Thou fond man,  
Hast thou forgot the ballad, 'Crabbed Age?'  
Can May and January match together,  
And never a storm between 'em? Say she abuse  
thee,

Put case she do!

MOROSO Well?

PETRONIUS Nay, believe she does.

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30  
4:10

MOROSO I do believe she does.  
 PETRONIUS And devilishly:  
 Art thou a whit the worse?  
 MOROSO That's not the matter;  
 I know, being old, 'tis fit I am abused;  
 I know 'tis handsome, and I know moreover  
 I am to love her for't.  
 PETRONIUS Now you come to me.  
 MOROSO Nay, more than this; I find too, and find  
 certain,  
 What gold I have, pearl, bracelets, rings, or  
 ouches,  
 Or what she can desire, gowns, petticoats,  
 Waistcoats, embroider'd stockings, scarfs, cawls,  
 feathers,  
 Hats, five-pound garters, muffs, masks, ruffs,  
 and ribbands,  
 I am to give her for't.  
 PETRONIUS 'Tis right, you are so.  
 MOROSO But when I have done all this, and think  
 it duty,  
 Is't requisite another bore my nostrils?  
 Riddle me that!  
 PETRONIUS Go, get you gone, and dream  
 She's thine within these two days, for she is so.  
 The boy's beside the saddle! Get warm broths,  
 And feed apace! think not of worldly business,  
 It cools the blood; leave off your tricks, they are  
 hateful,  
 And mere forerunners of the ancient measures;  
 Contrive your beard o' th' top cut, like  
 Verdugo's,  
 It shews you would be wise; and burn your  
 nightcap,  
 It looks like half a winding sheet, and urges  
 From a young wench nothing but cold  
 repentance;  
 You may eat onions, so you'll not be lavish.  
 MOROSO I am glad of that.  
 PETRONIUS They purge the blood and quicken;  
 But after 'em, conceive me, sweep your mouth,  
 And where there wants a tooth, stick in a clove.  
 MOROSO Shall I hope once again? say it!  
 PETRONIUS You shall, sir;  
 And you shall have your hope.  
 MOROSO Why, there's a match then!  
 (*Enter BIANCA and TRANIO.*)  
 BIANCA You shall not find me wanting; get you  
 gone!  
 Here's the old man; he'll think you are plotting  
 else  
 Something against his new son. (*Exit TRANIO.*)  
 MOROSO Fare you well, sir! (*Exit.*)  
 BIANCA An' ev'ry buck had his doe,

And ev'ry cuckold a bell at his toe;  
 Oh, what sport should we have then, boys, then,  
 Oh, what sport should we have then!  
 PETRONIUS This is the spirit that inspires 'em all.  
 BIANCA Give you good even!  
 PETRONIUS A word with you, sweet lady!  
 BIANCA I am very hasty, sir.  
 PETRONIUS So you were ever.  
 BIANCA Well, what's your will?  
 PETRONIUS Was not your skilful hand  
 In this last stratagem? Were not your mischiefs  
 Eking the matter on?  
 BIANCA In his shutting up?  
 Is that it?  
 PETRONIUS Yes.  
 BIANCA I'll tell you.  
 PETRONIUS Do.  
 BIANCA And truly.  
 Good old man, I do grieve exceeding much  
 I fear too much.  
 PETRONIUS I am sorry for your heaviness.  
 Belike you can repent then?  
 BIANCA There you are wide too:  
 Not that the thing was done (conceive me  
 rightly)  
 Does any way molest me.  
 PETRONIUS What then, lady?  
 BIANCA But that I was not in it, there's my  
 sorrow,  
 There; now you understand me! for I'll tell you,  
 It was so sound a piece, and so well carried,  
 And if you mark the way, so handsomely,  
 Of such a height, and excellence, and art,  
 I have not known a braver; for, conceive me,  
 When the gross fool her husband would be sick -  
 PETRONIUS Pray stay!  
 BIANCA Nay, good, your patience! - And no sense  
 for't,  
 Then stept your daughter in -  
 PETRONIUS By your appointment?  
 BIANCA I would it had, on that condition  
 I had but one half-smock, I like it so well! -  
 And, like an excellent cunning woman, cured  
 me  
 One madness with another; which was rare,  
 And to our weak beliefs, a 'wonder.  
 PETRONIUS Hang you!  
 For surely, if your husband look not to you,  
 I know what will.  
 BIANCA I humbly thank your worship!  
 And so I take my leave.  
 PETRONIUS You have a hand I hear too -  
 BIANCA I have two, sir.  
 PETRONIUS In my young daughter's business.  
 BIANCA You will find there

A fitter hand than mine, to reach her frets,  
And play *down-diddle* to her.

PETRONIUS I shall watch you.

BIANCA Do.

PETRONIUS And I shall have justice.

BIANCA Where?

PETRONIUS That's all one;

I shall be with you at a turn henceforward.

BIANCA Get you a posset too; and so good even,  
sir! (Exeunt.)

## Scene 2

An apartment in the house of PETRUCHIO.

(Enter PETRUCHIO, JAQUES, and PEDRO.)

JAQUES And, as I told your worship, all the  
hangings,

Brass, pewter, plate, even to the very looking-  
glasses.

PEDRO And that, that hung for our defence, the  
armour.

And the March-beer was going too: Oh, Jaques,  
What a sad sight was that!

JAQUES Even the two ruddlets,  
The two that was our hope, of muskadel,  
Better ne'er tongue tript over, these two  
cannons,  
To batter brawn withal at Christmas, sir,  
Even those two lovely twins, the enemy,  
Had almost cut off clean.

PETRUCHIO Go trim the house up.

And put the things in order as they were!

(Exeunt PEDRO and JAQUES.)

I shall find time for all this! - Could I find her  
But constant any way, I had done my business:  
Were she a ~~whore directly, or a scold,~~  
An unthrift, or a woman made to hate me,  
I had my wish, and knew which way to reign  
her;

But while she shews all these, ~~and all their  
lesses,~~

A kind of linsey-wolsey, mingled mischief  
Not to be guess'd at, ~~and whether true or  
borrow'd~~

~~Not certain neither~~ - What a hap had I,  
And what a tidy fortune, when my fate  
Flung me upon this bear-whelp! Here she  
comes.

(Enter MARIA.)

Now, if she have a colour, (for the fault is  
A cleanly one) upon my conscience  
I shall forgive her yet, and find a something  
Certain I married for, her wit: I'll mark her.

MARIA Not let his wife come near him in his  
sickness?

Not come to comfort him? she that all laws  
Of Heaven, and nations, have ordain'd his  
second,

Is she refused? ~~and two old paradoxes,~~

~~Pieces of five and fifty, without faith,  
Clapt in upon him? Has a little pet,  
That all young wives must follow necessary,  
Having their maidenheads -~~

PETRUCHIO This is an axiom  
I never heard before.

MARIA Or say rebellion,

If we durst be so foul, (which two fair words,  
Alas, win us from in an hour, an instant,  
We are so easy) make him so forgetful  
Both of his reason, honesty, and credit,  
As to deny his wife a visitation?  
His wife, that, though she was a little foolish,  
Loved him, oh, Heaven, forgive her for't! nay  
doted,  
Nay, had run mad, had she not married  
him?

PETRUCHIO Though I do know this falser than  
the devil,

I cannot choose but love it.

MARIA What do I know

But those that came to keep him, might have  
kill'd him?

In what a case had I been then! I dare not  
~~Believe him such a base debosh'd companion,  
That one refusal of a tender maid  
Would make him feign this sickness out of need,  
And take a keeper to him of fourscore  
To play at billiards; one that mew'd content  
And all her teeth together. Not come near him?~~

PETRUCHIO This woman would have made a  
most rare Jesuit;

She can prevaricate on any thing;

~~There was not to be thought a way to save her,  
In all imagination, beside this.~~

MARIA His unkind dealing, which was worst of  
all,

In sending, who knows whither, all the plate,  
And all the household-stuff, had I not cross'd it,  
By a great providence, and my friends'  
assistance,

Which he will one day thank me for - Alas,  
I could have watch'd as well as they, have  
served him

In any use, better, and willinger:

The law commands me to do it, Love commands  
me,

And my own duty charges me.

PETRUCHIO Heaven bless me!

And, now I have said my prayers, I'll go to her. -  
Are you a wife for any man?

MARIA For you, sir,  
If I were worse, I were better: That you are well,  
At least that you appear so, I thank Heaven,  
Long may it hold! and that you are here, I am  
glad too:  
But that you have abused me wretchedly,  
And such a way that shames the name of  
husband,  
Such a malicious mangy way, so mingled -  
Never look strangely on me; I dare tell you -  
With breach of honesty, care, kindness,  
manners -

PETRUCHIO Holla! you kick too fast.

MARIA Was I a stranger?  
Or had I vow'd perdition to your person?  
Am I not married to you? Tell me that!

PETRUCHIO I would I could not tell you!

MARIA Is my presence,  
The stock I come of, which is worshipful -  
If I should say right worshipful I lied not,  
My grandsire was a knight -

PETRUCHIO O' the shire?

MARIA A soldier,  
Which none of all thy family e'er heard of,  
But one conductor of thy name, a grazier  
That ran away with pay! - Or am I grown,  
Because I have been a little peevish to you,  
Only to try your temper, such a dog-leech,  
I could not be admitted to your presence?

PETRUCHIO If I endure this, hang me!

MARIA And two death's heads,  
Two Harry-groats that had their faces worn,  
Almost their names away too -

PETRUCHIO Now hear me!

For I will stay no longer.

MARIA This you shall!  
However you shall think to flatter me  
For this offence, (which no submission  
Can ever mediate for, you'll find it so)  
Whatever you shall do by intercession,  
What you can offer, what your land can  
purchase,  
What all your friends or families can win,  
Shall be but this, not to forswear your  
knowledge,

But ever to forbear it. Now your will, sir!

PETRUCHIO Thou art the subtlest woman I think  
living,

I am sure the lewdest! Now be still, and mark  
me!

Were I but any way addicted to the devil,  
I should now think I had met a play-fellow  
To profit by, and that way the most learned

That ever taught to murmur. Tell me, thou,  
Thou most poor, paltry, spiteful whore - Do you  
cry?

I'll make you roar, before I leave.

MARIA Your pleasure!

PETRUCHIO Was it not sin enough, thou fruiterer,  
Full of the fall thou eat'st, thou devil's broker,  
Thou seminary of all sedition,  
Thou sword of vengeance with a thread hung  
o'er us,

Was it not sin enough, and wickedness  
In full abundance, was it not vexation  
At all points, *cap-a-pie* - Nay, I shall pinch you!  
Thus like a rotten rascal to abuse  
The name of Heaven, the tie of marriage,  
The honour of thy friends, the expectation  
Of all that thought thee virtuous, with rebellion,  
Childish and base rebellion? but, continuing  
After forgiveness too, and worse, your mischief?  
And against him, setting the hope of Heaven by,  
And the dear reservation of his honour,  
Nothing above-ground could have won to hate  
thee?

Well, go thy ways!

MARIA Yes.

PETRUCHIO You shall hear me out first:

What punishment mayst thou deserve, thou  
thing,

~~Thou idle thing of nothing, thou pull'd primrose,  
That two hours after art a weed, and wither'd,  
For this last flourish on me? Am I one  
Selected out of all the husbands living,  
To be so ridden by a tit of ten-pence?~~

~~Am I so blind, and bed-ridden? I was mad,  
And had the plague, and no man must come  
near me!~~

I must be shut up, and my substance 'bezzled,  
And an old woman watch me!

MARIA Well, sir, well;

You may well glory in't.

PETRUCHIO And when it comes to opening, 'tis  
my plot,

I must undo myself, forsooth! Doth hear me?  
If I should beat thee now, as much may be,  
Dost thou not well deserve it? O' thy conscience,  
Dost thou not cry, *Come beat me?*

MARIA I defy you?

And, my last loving tears, farewell! The first  
stroke,

The very first you give me, if you dare strike,  
(~~Try me, and you shall find it so~~) for ever,  
Never to be recall'd, (~~I know you love me,  
Mad till you have enjoy'd me.~~) I do turn  
Utterly from you; and what man I meet first,  
That has but spirit to deserve a favour,

Let him bear any shape, the worse the better,  
 Shall kill you, and enjoy me. ~~What I have said~~  
~~About your foolish sickness, ere you have me~~  
~~As you would have me, you shall swear is~~  
 certain,

~~And challenge any man that dares deny it,~~  
~~And in all companies approve my actions.~~

And so, farewell for this time! (Exit.)

PETRUCHIO Grief go with thee!

If there be any witchcrafts, herbs, or potions,  
 Saying my prayers backward, fiends, or fairies,  
 That can again unlove me, I am made. (Exit.)

### Scene 3

A room in the house of BIANCA.

(Enter BIANCA and TRANIO.)

TRANIO Mistress, you must do't.

BIANCA Are the writings ready  
 I told you of?

TRANIO Yes, they are ready;  
 But to what use I know not.

BIANCA ~~You are an ass,~~  
~~You must have all things construed.~~

TRANIO ~~Yes, and pierced too,~~  
~~Or I find little pleasure.~~

BIANCA ~~Now you are knavish;~~  
 Go to! Fetch Rowland hither presently;  
 Your twenty pound lies bleeding else; she's  
 married  
 Within these twelve hours, if we cross it not.  
 And see the papers of one size!

TRANIO I have you,

BIANCA And for disposing of 'em -

TRANIO If I fail you,  
 Now I have found the way, use martial law,  
 And cut my head off with a hand-saw!

BIANCA Well, sir!  
 Petronius and Moroso I'll see sent for.  
 About your business; go!

TRANIO I am gone. (Exit.)

BIANCA Ho, Livia!

(Enter LIVIA.)

LIVIA Who's that?

BIANCA A friend of yours. Lord, how you look  
 now,  
 As if you had lost a carrack!

LIVIA Oh, Bianca!

I am the most undone, unhappy woman -

BIANCA ~~Be quiet, wench! thou shalt be done, and~~  
~~done,~~

And done, and double done, or all shall split  
 for't.

~~No more of these minced passions! they are~~  
~~mangy,~~

And ease thee of nothing but a little wind:

An apple will do more. Thou fear'st Moroso?

LIVIA ~~Even as I fear the gallows.~~

BIANCA Keep thee there still!

And you love Rowland? say.

LIVIA If I say not,

I am sure I lie.

BIANCA What wouldst thou give that woman,  
 In spite of all his anger, and thy fear,  
 And all thy father's policy, that could  
 Clap ye within these two nights quietly  
 Into a bed together.

LIVIA How?

BIANCA ~~Why, fairly,~~  
~~At half sword, man and wife: Now the red~~  
~~blood comes!~~

~~Ay, marry, now the matter's changed.~~

LIVIA Bianca,

Methinks you should not mock me.

BIANCA Mock a pudding!

I speak good honest English, and good meaning.

LIVIA I should not be ungrateful to that woman.

BIANCA I know thou wouldst not: Follow but my  
 counsel,

And if thou hast him not, despite of fortune,  
 Let me never know a good night more! You  
 must

Be very sick o' th' instant.

LIVIA Well, what follows?

BIANCA And in that sickness send for all your  
 friends,

Your father and your fever, old Moroso;  
 And Rowland shall be there too.

LIVIA What of these?

BIANCA Do you not twitter yet? ~~Of this shall~~  
~~follow~~

~~That which shall make thy heart leap, and thy~~  
~~lips~~

~~Venture as many kisses as the merchants~~  
~~Do dollars to the East-Indies: You shall know all;~~

But first walk in and practise; pray be sick.

LIVIA I do believe you, and I am sick.

BIANCA Do.

To bed then; come! - I'll send away your  
 servants

Post for your fool, and father. And, good  
 Fortune,

As we mean honesty, now strike an up-shot!

(Exeunt.)

## Scene 4

A street.

*(Enter TRANIO and ROWLAND.)*

TRANIO Nay, on my conscience, I have lost my money;  
But that's all one: I'll never more persuade you;  
I see you are resolute, and I commend you.  
ROWLAND But did she send for me?  
TRANIO You dare believe me?  
ROWLAND I cannot tell; you have your ways for profit  
Allow'd you, Tranio, as well as I  
Have to avoid 'em fear.  
TRANIO No, on my word, sir,  
I deal directly with you.

*(Enter SERVANT hastily.)*

ROWLAND How now, fellow?  
Whither post you so fast?  
SERVANT Oh, sir, ~~my master!~~  
Pray did you see my master?  
ROWLAND ~~Why your master?~~  
SERVANT ~~Sir, his jewel -~~  
ROWLAND ~~With the gilded button?~~  
SERVANT My pretty mistress Livia -  
ROWLAND What of her?  
SERVANT Is fallen sick o' the sudden -  
ROWLAND How, o' th' sullens?  
SERVANT O' th' sudden, sir, I say; very sick.  
ROWLAND It seems she hath got the tooth-ache  
with raw apples.  
SERVANT It seems you have got the head-ache:  
Fare you well, sir!  
You did not see my master?  
ROWLAND ~~Who told you so?~~  
TRANIO ~~No, no; he did not see him.~~  
ROWLAND Farewell, blue-bottle. - *(Exit SERVANT.)*  
What should her sickness be?  
TRANIO For you, it may be.  
ROWLAND Yes, when my brains are out, I may believe it;  
Never before, I am sure. Yet I may see her;  
'Twill be a point of honesty.  
TRANIO It will so.  
ROWLAND ~~It may be not too; you would fain be fingering~~  
~~This old sin-offering of two hundred, Tranio:~~  
~~How daintily and cunningly you drive me~~  
~~Up like a deer to th' toill; yet I may leap it;~~  
~~And what's the woodman then?~~  
TRANIO A ~~lesser~~ by you.  
Speak, will you go or not? To me 'tis equal.  
~~ROWLAND Come, what goes less?~~

TRANIO ~~Nay, not a penny, Rowland.~~  
ROWLAND Shall I have liberty of conscience,  
Which, by interpretation, is ten kisses?  
Hang me, if I affect her; yet, it may be,  
~~This whoreson manners will~~ require a struggling,  
Of two and twenty, or, by'r Lady, thirty.  
TRANIO By'r Lady, I'll require my wager then.  
~~For if you kiss so often, and no kindness,~~  
~~I have lost my speculation.~~ - I'll allow you -  
ROWLAND Speak like a gamester now.  
TRANIO It may be two.  
ROWLAND Under a dozen, Tranio, there's no setting:  
You shall have forty shillings, wink at small faults.  
Say I take twenty, come, by all that's honest,  
I do it but to vex her.  
TRANIO I'll no by-blows.  
If you can love her, do; if you can hate her,  
Or any else that loves you -  
ROWLAND Pr'ythee, Tranio!  
TRANIO Why, farewell, twenty pound! 'twill not undo me;  
You have my resolution.  
ROWLAND And your money:  
~~Which, since you are so stubborn, if I forfeit,~~  
~~Make me a Jack o' Lent, and break my shins~~  
~~For untagg'd points and counters! I'll go with you;~~  
~~But if thou gett'st a penny by the bargain -~~  
A parting kiss is lawful?  
TRANIO I allow it.  
ROWLAND ~~Knock out my brains with apples. Yet,~~  
~~a bargain?~~  
TRANIO I tell you, I'll no bargains; win and wear it.  
ROWLAND ~~Thou art the strangest fellow!~~  
TRANIO ~~That's all one.~~  
ROWLAND Along then! Twenty pound more, if thou darest,  
I give her not a good word!  
TRANIO Not a penny. *(Exeunt.)*

## Scene 5

A room in the house of PETRUCHIO.

*(Enter PETRUCHIO, JAQUES, and PEDRO.)*

PETRUCHIO Pr'ythee, entreat her come; I will not trouble her  
Above a word or two. *(Exit PEDRO.)*  
Ere I endure  
This life, and with a woman, and a vow'd one  
To all the mischiefs she can lay upon me,

I'll go to plough again, and eat leek-porridge!  
 (~~Begging's a pleasure to t, not to be number'd.~~)  
 No, there be other countries, Jaques, for me,  
~~And other people, yea, and other women:~~  
 If I have need, ~~'here's money,' 'there's your~~  
~~ware,~~  
 Which is fair dealing, and the sun, they say,  
 Shines as warm there as here, ~~and till I have lost~~  
~~Either myself or her - I care not whether,~~  
 Nor which first -

JAQUES Will your worship hear me?

PETRUCHIO ~~And utterly outworn the memory~~  
 Of such a curse as this, ~~none of my nation~~  
 Shall ever know me more.

JAQUES Out, alas, sir,  
 What a strange way do you run!

PETRUCHIO Any way,  
 So I out-run this rascal.

JAQUES Methinks now,  
 If your good worship could but have the  
 patience -

PETRUCHIO The patience? why the patience?

JAQUES Why, I'll tell you;  
 Could you but have the patience -

PETRUCHIO Well, the patience.

JAQUES To laugh at all she does, or, when she  
 rails,

To have a drum beaten o' the top o' th' house,  
 To give the neighbours warning of her larum,  
 As I do when my wife rebels -

PETRUCHIO Thy wife?  
 Thy wife's a pigeon to her, a mere slumber;  
 The dead of night's not stiller -

JAQUES Nor an iron-mill.

PETRUCHIO But thy wife is certain -

JAQUES That's false doctrine;  
 You never read of a certain woman.

PETRUCHIO Thou know'st her way.

JAQUES I should do, I am sure;  
 I have ridden it night and day, this twenty year.

PETRUCHIO But mine is such a drench of  
 balderdash,

Such a strange carded cunningness, the rainbow,  
 When she hangs bent in Heaven, sheds not her  
 colours

Quicker, and more, than this deceitful woman  
 Weaves in her dyes of wickedness.

(Enter PEDRO.)

What says she?

PEDRO Nay, not a word, sir; but she pointed to  
 me,

As though she meant to follow. Pray, sir, bear it  
 Even as you may: I need not teach your worship  
 The best men have their crosses, we are all  
 mortal -

PETRUCHIO What ails the fellow?

PEDRO And no doubt she may, sir -

PETRUCHIO What may she? or what does she? or  
 what is she?

Speak and be hang'd!

PEDRO She's mad, sir.

PETRUCHIO Heaven continue it!

PEDRO Amen, if't be his pleasure.

PETRUCHIO How mad is she?

PEDRO As mad as heart can wish, sir: She has  
 dress'd herself

(Saving your worship's reverence) just i' th' cut

Of one of those that multiply i' th' suburbs

For single money, and as dirtily:

If any speak to her, first she whistles,

And then begins her compass with her fingers,

And points to what she would have.

PETRUCHIO What new way's this?

PEDRO There came in master Sophocles -

PETRUCHIO And what

Did master Sophocles, when he came in?

Get my trunks ready, sirrah! I'll be gone straight.

PEDRO He's here to tell you. -

She's horn mad, Jaques.

(Enter SOPHOCLES.)

SOPHOCLES Call you this a woman?

PETRUCHIO Yes, sir, she is a woman.

SOPHOCLES Sir, I doubt it.

PETRUCHIO I had thought you had made  
 experience.

SOPHOCLES Yes, I did so,  
 And almost with my life.

PETRUCHIO You rid too fast, sir.

SOPHOCLES Pray, be not mistaken: By this  
 hand,

Your wife's as chaste and honest as a virgin,  
 For anything I know! 'Tis true, she gave me  
 A ring -

PETRUCHIO For rutting.

SOPHOCLES You are much deceived still:

Believe me, I ne'er kiss'd her since; and now

Coming in visitation like a friend,

(I think she's mad, sir) suddenly she started,

And snatch'd the ring away, and drew her knife  
 out,

To what intent I know not.

PETRUCHIO Is this certain?

SOPHOCLES As I am here, sir.

PETRUCHIO I believe you honest;

And pray continue so.

(Enter MARIA.)

SOPHOCLES She comes.

PETRUCHIO Now, damsel,

What will your beauty do, if I forsake you?

(*She makes signs.*)

Do you deal by signs and tokens? As I guess  
then,

You'll walk abroad this summer, and catch  
captains;

Or live a piece of holy ground in the suburbs,  
And keep a nest of nuns?

SOPHOCLES Oh, do not stir her!

You see in what a case she is.

PETRUCHIO She's dogged,

And in a beastly case, I am sure. - I'll make her,  
If she have any tongue, yet tattle. - Sophocles,  
Pr'ythee observe this woman seriously,  
And eye her well; and when thou hast done, but  
tell me

(For thou hast understanding) in what case  
My sense was, when I chose this thing.

SOPHOCLES I'll tell you,

I have seen a sweeter -

PETRUCHIO An hundred times, cry oysters.

There's a poor beggar-wench about Black-Friars,  
Runs on her breech, may be an empress to her.

SOPHOCLES Nay, now you are too bitter.

PETRUCHIO Never a whit, sir. -

I'll tell thee, woman, for now I have day to see  
thee,

And all my wits about me, and I speak  
Not out of passion neither (leave your  
mumping;

I know you are well enough.) - Now would  
I give

(*Apart.*)

A million but to vex her! - When I chose thee  
To make a bedfellow, I took more trouble  
Than twenty terms can come to; such a cause,  
Of such a title and so everlasting,  
That Adam's genealogy may be ended  
Ere any law find thee: I took a leprosy,  
Nay worse, the plague, nay worse yet, a  
possession,

And had the devil with thee, if not more;  
And yet worse, was a beast, and like a beast  
Had my reward, a jade to fling my fortunes:  
For who that had but reason to distinguish  
The light from darkness, wine from water,  
hunger

From full satiety, and fox from fern-bush,  
That would have married thee?

SOPHOCLES She's not so ill.

PETRUCHIO She's worse than I dare think of;

~~she's so lewd~~

~~No court is strong enough to bear her cause,~~  
She hath neither manners, honesty, behaviour,  
Wifehood, nor womanhood; nor any mortal  
Can force me think she had a mother: ~~No,~~

~~I do believe her stedfastly, and know her,  
To be a woman-wolf by transmigration:  
Her first form was a ferret's under ground;  
She kills the memories of men. - Not yet?~~

SOPHOCLES Do you think she's sensible of this?

PETRUCHIO I care not!

Be what she will, the pleasure I take in her,  
Thus I blow off; the care I took to love her,  
Like this point, I untie, and thus I loose it;  
The husband I am to her, thus I sever:  
My vanity, farewell! Yet, for you have been  
So near me, as to bear the name of wife,  
My unquench'd charity shall tell you thus  
much,

Though you deserve it well, you shall not beg:  
What I ordain'd your jointure, honestly  
You shall have settled on you, and half my  
house;

The other half shall be employ'd in prayers,  
(That meritorious charge I'll be at also)  
Yet to confirm you christian; your apparel,  
And what belongs to build up such a folly,  
Keep, I beseech you, it infects our uses:  
And now I am for travel.

MARIA Now I love you;

And now I see you are a man, I'll talk to you;  
And I forget your bitterness.

SOPHOCLES How now, man?

PETRUCHIO Oh, Pliny, if thou wilt be ever  
famous,

Make but this woman all thy wonders!

MARIA Sure, sir,

You have hit upon a happy course, a blessed,  
And what will make you virtuous.

PETRUCHIO She'll ship me.

MARIA A way of understanding I long wish'd for;  
And now 'tis come, take heed you fly not back,  
sir!

Methinks you look a new man to me now,  
A man of excellence; and now I see  
Some great design set in you. You may think  
now

(And so may most that know me) 'twere my part  
Weakly to weep your loss, and to resist you;  
Nay, hang about your neck, and, like a dotard,  
Urge my strong tie upon you: But I love you,  
And all the world shall know it, beyond woman;  
And more prefer the honour of your country,  
Which chiefly you are born for, and may perfect  
The uses you may make of other nations,  
The ripening of your knowledge, conversation,  
The full ability and strength of judgment,  
Than any private love, or wanton kisses.

Go, worthy man, and bring home  
understanding.



SOPHOCLES This were an excellent woman to  
breed schoolmen.

MARIA For if the merchant through unknown seas  
plough

To get his wealth, then, dear sir what must you  
To gather wisdom? Go, and go alone,  
Only your noble mind for your companion;  
And if a woman may win credit with you,  
Go far, too far you cannot, still the farther  
The more experience finds you: ~~And go sparing,  
One meal a-week will serve you, and one suit,  
Through all your travels, for you'll find it~~  
certain,

~~The poorer and the baser you appear,  
The more you look through still.~~

PETRUCHIO Dost hear her?

SOPHOCLES Yes.

~~PETRUCHIO What would this woman do, if she  
were suffer'd~~

~~Upon a new religion?~~

SOPHOCLES Make us Pagans.

~~I wonder that she writes not.~~

MARIA Then when time,  
And fulness of occasion, have new-made you,  
~~And squared you from a sot into a signor,  
Or nearer, from a jade into a courser;~~  
Come home an aged man, as did Ulysses,  
And I, your glad Penelope -

~~PETRUCHIO That must have  
As many lovers as I languages;  
And what she does with one i' th' day, i' th' night  
Undo it with another.~~

MARIA Much that way, sir;  
For in your absence it must be my honour,  
That, that must make me spoken of hereafter,  
To have temptations, and not little ones,  
Daily and hourly offer'd me, and strongly,  
Almost believed against me, to set off  
~~The faith and loyalty of her that loves you.~~

PETRUCHIO What should I do?

SOPHOCLES Why, by my soul, I would travel;  
Did not you mean so?

PETRUCHIO Alas, no; nothing less, man;  
I did it but to try, sir. She's the devil!  
And now I find it, ~~(for she drives me)~~ I must go: -  
Are my trunks down there, and my horses  
ready?

MARIA Sir, for your house, and, if you please to  
trust me

With that you leave behind -

PETRUCHIO Bring down the money!

MARIA As I am able, and to my poor fortunes  
I'll govern as a widow. I shall long  
To hear of your well-doing, and your profit;  
And when I hear not from you once a quarter,

I'll wish you in the Indies, or Cataya,  
Those are the climes must make you.

PETRUCHIO How's the wind? -  
She'll wish me out o' th' world anon!

MARIA For France

'Tis very fair: Get you aboard to-night, sir,  
And lose no time; you know the tide stays no  
man.

I have cold meats ready for you.

PETRUCHIO Fare thee well!

~~Thou hast fool'd me out o' th' kingdom with a  
vengeance!~~

~~And thou canst fool me in again.~~

MARIA Not I, sir;

I love you better; take your time, and pleasure.  
I'll see you horsed.

PETRUCHIO I think thou would'st see me hang'd  
too,

Were I but half as willing.

MARIA Anything

~~That you think well of, I dare look upon.~~

PETRUCHIO You'll bear me to the land's end,  
Sophocles?

And other of my friends, I hope.

MARIA Ne'er doubt, sir,

You cannot want companions for your good.

I am sure you'll kiss me ere I go; I have  
business,

And stay long here I must not.

PETRUCHIO Get thee going!

~~For if thou carriest but another dialogue,  
I'll kick thee to thy chamber~~

MARIA Fare you well, sir!

~~And bear yourself, I do beseech you once more,~~

Since you have undertaken doing wisely,

Manly and worthily; 'tis for my credit.

And for those flying fames here of your follies,

Your gambols, and ill-breeding of your youth,

For which I understand you take this travel,

(Nothing should make me leave you else) I'll

deal

So like a wife that loves your reputation,

And the most large addition of your credit,

That those shall die. If you want limon-waters,

Or any thing to take the edge o' th' sea off,

Pray speak, and be provided.

PETRUCHIO Now the devil,

~~That was your first good master, shower his~~

~~blessing -~~

~~Upon ye all into whose custody -~~

MARIA I do commit your reformation;

~~And so I leave you to your stilo novo. (Exit.)~~

PETRUCHIO I will go! - Yet I will not! - Once  
more, Sophocles,  
I'll put her to the test.

SOPHOCLES You had better go.  
 PETRUCHIO I will go then! - Let's seek my father  
 out,  
 And all my friends to see me fair aboard:  
 Then, women, if there be a storm at sea  
 Worse than your tongues can make, and waves  
 more broken  
 Than your dissembling faiths are, let me feel  
 Nothing but tempests till they crack my keel!  
 (Exeunt.)

## Act V

## Scene 1

A room in the house of PETRONIUS. A table set  
 out with ink and paper.

(Enter PETRONIUS and BIANCA.)

BIANCA Now whether I deserve that blame you  
 gave me,  
 Let all the world discern, sir.  
 PETRONIUS If this motion,  
 I mean this fair repentance of my daughter,  
 Spring from your good persuasion, as it seems so,  
 I must confess I have spoke too boldly of you,  
 And I repent.  
 BIANCA ~~The first touch was her own,  
 Taken no doubt from disobeying you;  
 The second I put to her, when I told her  
 How good and gentle yet, with free contrition,  
 Again you might be purchased: Loving woman!  
 She heard me, and, I thank her, thought me  
 worthy  
 Observing in this point. Yet all my counsel  
 And comfort in this case could not so heal her,  
 But that grief got his share too, and she sicken'd.~~  
 PETRONIUS I am sorry she's so ill; yet glad her  
 sickness  
 Has got so good a ground.

(Enter MOROSO.)

BIANCA Here comes Moroso.  
 PETRONIUS Oh, you are very welcome;  
 Now you shall know your happiness.  
 MOROSO I am glad on't.  
 What makes this lady here?  
 BIANCA A dish for you, sir,  
 You'll thank me for hereafter.  
 PETRONIUS True, Moroso:  
 Go, get you in, and see your mistress.  
 BIANCA She is sick, sir;  
 But you may kiss her whole.  
 MOROSO How?  
 BIANCA Comfort her.

MOROSO Why am I sent for, sir?  
 PETRONIUS Will you in and see?  
 BIANCA May be she needs confession.  
 MOROSO By Saint Mary,  
 She shall have absolution then and penance;  
 But not above her carriage.  
 PETRONIUS Get you in, fool! (Exit MOROSO.)  
 BIANCA Here comes the other too.

(Enter ROWLAND and TRANIO.)

PETRONIUS Now, Tranio! -  
 Good even to you too! and you are welcome.  
 ROWLAND Thank you.  
 PETRONIUS I have a certain daughter -  
 ROWLAND 'Would you had, sir!  
 PETRONIUS No doubt you know her well.  
 ROWLAND Nor never shall, sir:  
 She is a woman; and the ways unto her  
 Are like the finding of a certain path  
 After a deep-fall'n snow.  
 PETRONIUS Well, that's by th' bye still.  
 This daughter that I tell you of is fall'n  
 A little crop-sick, with the dangerous surfeit  
 She took of your affection.  
 ROWLAND Mine, sir?  
 PETRONIUS Yes, sir:  
 Or rather, as it seems, repenting. And there  
 She lies within, debating on it.  
 ROWLAND Well, sir?  
 PETRONIUS ~~I think 'twere well you would see her.~~  
 ROWLAND ~~If you please, sir;  
 I am not squeamish of my visitation.~~  
 PETRONIUS But this I'll tell you, she is alter'd  
 much;  
 You'll find her now another Livia.  
 ROWLAND I have enough o' th' old, sir.  
 PETRONIUS ~~No more fool,  
 To look gay babies in your eyes, young  
 Rowland,  
 And hang about your pretty neck -~~  
 ROWLAND ~~I am glad on't,  
 And thank my fates I have 'scaped such  
 execution.~~  
 PETRONIUS ~~And buss you till you blush again.~~  
 ROWLAND ~~That's hard, sir;  
 She must kiss shamefully ere I blush at it,  
 I never was so boyish. Well, what follows?~~  
 PETRONIUS She's mine now, as I please to settle  
 her.  
 At my command, and where I please to plant  
 her:  
 Only she would take a kind farewell of you,  
 And give you back a wand'ring vow or two,  
 You left in pawn; and two or three slight oaths  
 She lent you too, she looks for.

ROWLAND She shall have 'em,  
With all my heart, sir; and, if you like it better,  
A free release in writing.

PETRONIUS That's the matter;  
And you from her shall have another, Rowland,  
And then turn tail to tail, and peace be with you!

ROWLAND So be't. - Your twenty pound sweats,  
Tranio.

TRANIO 'Twill not undo me, Rowland; do your  
worst!

ROWLAND Come, shall we see her, sir?

BIANCA Whate'er she says  
You must bear manly, Rowland; ~~for her sickness  
Has made her somewhat teatish.~~

ROWLAND Let her talk  
'Till her tongue ache, I care not. ~~By this hand,  
Thou hast a handsome face, wench, and a body  
Daintily mounted! - Now do I feel an hundred  
Running directly from me, as I piss'd it.~~

(LIVIA brought in on a bed; MOROSO by her.)

BIANCA Pray draw her softly! the least hurry, sir,  
Puts her to much impatience.

PETRONIUS How is't, daughter?

LIVIA Oh, very sick, very sick; yet somewhat  
Better, I hope, a little lightsomer,  
Because this good man has forgiven me.  
Pray set me higher: Oh, my head!

BIANCA Well done, wench!

LIVIA Father, and all good people that shall hear  
me,  
I have abused this man perniciously;  
Was never old man humbled so: I have scorn'd  
him,  
And call'd him nasty names; I have spit at him,  
Flung candles' ends in his beard, and call'd him  
Harrow,  
~~That must be drawn to all he does, contemn'd~~  
him,  
For methought then he was a beastly fellow, -  
Oh, God, my side! - a very beastly fellow;  
And gave it out his cassock was a barge-cloth,  
Pawn'd to his predecessor by a sculler,  
The man yet living; I gave him purging cornfits  
At a great christening once,  
That spoil'd his camblet breeches; and one night  
I strew'd the stairs with pease, as he pass'd  
down;  
And the good gentleman, (woe worth me for't)  
Even with his reverend head, this head of  
wisdom,  
Told two and twenty stairs, good and true,  
Miss'd not a step, and, as we say, *verbatim*  
Fell to the bottom, broke his casting bottle,  
Lost a fair toad-stone of some eighteen shillings,

~~Jumbled his joints together, had two stools,  
And was translated. All this villainy  
Did I: I, Livia: I alone, untaught.~~

MOROSO And I, unask'd, forgive it.

LIVIA Where's Bianca?

BIANCA Here, cousin.

LIVIA Give me drink.

BIANCA There.

LIVIA Who's that?

MOROSO Rowland.

LIVIA Oh, my dissembler, you and I must part.  
Come nearer, sir.

ROWLAND I am sorry for your sickness.

LIVIA Be sorry for yourself, sir: You have wrong'd  
me;  
But I forgive you. - Are the papers ready?

BIANCA I have 'em here: - Will't please you view  
'em?

PETRONIUS Yes.

LIVIA Shew 'em the young man too; ~~I know he's  
willing.  
To shift his sails too, 'tis for his more advance-  
ment.~~  
~~Alas, we might have beggar'd one another,  
We are young both, and a world of children  
Might have been left behind to curse our follies;  
We had been undone, Bianca, had we married,  
Undone for ever. I confess I loved him  
(I care not who shall know it) most entirely;  
And once, upon my conscience, he loved me:  
But farewell that! we must be wiser, cousin;  
Love must not leave us to the world. Have you  
done?~~

ROWLAND Yes, and am ready to subscribe.

LIVIA Pray stay then.  
Give me the papers, (and let me peruse them,)  
And so much time as may afford a tear  
At our last parting.

BIANCA Pray retire, and leave her;  
I'll call ye presently.

PETRONIUS Come, gentlemen;  
~~The shower must fall.~~

ROWLAND 'Would I had never seen her! (*Exeunt.*)

BIANCA Thou hast done bravely, wench.

LIVIA Pray Heaven, it prove so!

BIANCA There are the other papers: When they  
come,  
Begin you first, and let the rest subscribe  
Hard by your side; give 'em as little light  
As drapers do their wares.

LIVIA Didst mark Moroso,  
~~In what an agony he was? and how he cried  
most  
When I abused him most?~~

BIANCA That was but reason.

~~LIVIA~~ Oh, what a stinking thief is this!  
 Though I was but to counterfeit, he made me  
 Directly sick indeed; Thames-street to him  
 Is a mere pomander.

BIANCA Let him be hang'd!

LIVIA Amen!

~~BIANCA~~ And lie you still;  
 And once more to your business!

LIVIA Call 'em in. -

Now, if there be a power that pities lovers,  
 Help now, and hear my prayers!

(Enter PETRONIUS, ROWLAND, TRANIO,  
 and MOROSO.)

PETRONIUS Is she ready?

BIANCA She has done her lamentations: Pray go  
 to her.

LIVIA Rowland, come near me; and, before you  
 seal,

Give me your hand: Take it again; now kiss me!  
 This is the last acquaintance we must have!  
 I wish you ever happy! There's the paper.

ROWLAND Pray stay a little!

PETRONIUS Let me never live more,  
 But I do begin to pity this young fellow;  
 How heartily he weeps!

BIANCA There's the pen and ink, sir.

LIVIA Even here, I pray you: 'Tis a little emblem  
 How near you have been to me.

ROWLAND (Signs.) There.

BIANCA Your hands too,  
 As witnesses.

~~PETRONIUS~~ By any means; to the book, son.

MOROSO With all my heart. (Signs.)

~~BIANCA~~ You must deliver it.

~~ROWLAND~~ There, Livia, and a better love light on  
 thee!

I can no more.

~~BIANCA~~ To this you must be witness too.

PETRONIUS We will. (They sign.)

BIANCA Do you deliver it now.

LIVIA Pray set me up.

There, Rowland, all thy old love back; and may  
 A new to come exceed mine, and be happy!  
 I must no more.

ROWLAND Farewell!

LIVIA A long farewell! (Exit Rowland.)

BIANCA Leave her by any means, till this wild  
 passion

Be off her head. Draw all the curtains close.  
 A day hence you may see her; 'twill be better:  
 She's now for little company.

PETRONIUS Pray tend her.

~~I must to horse straight; you must needs along  
 too,~~

~~To see my son aboard: Were but his wife  
 As fit for pity as this wench, I were happy.  
 BIANCA Time must do that too. Fare ye well!~~

~~To-morrow~~

~~You shall receive a wife to quit your sorrow,~~

(Exeunt.)

## Scene 2

A room in PETRUCHIO'S house.

(Enter JAQUES, PEDRO, and PORTERS, with  
 a chest and hampers.)

JAQUES Bring 'em away, sirs!

PEDRO Must the great trunks go too?

JAQUES Yes, and the hampers. Nay, be speedy,  
 masters!

He'll be at sea before us else.

PEDRO Oh, Jaques!

What a most blessed turn hast thou -

JAQUES I hope so.

PEDRO To have the sea between thee and this  
 woman!

Nothing can drown her tongue but a storm.

~~JAQUES~~ By your leave

We'll get us up to Paris with all speed;

For, on my soul, as far as Amiens

She'll carry blank. Away to Lyon-key,

And ship 'em presently! we'll follow ye.

PEDRO Now could I wish her in that trunk.

JAQUES God shield, man!

I had rather have a bear in't.

PEDRO Yes, I'll tell you.

For in the passage, if a tempest take you,

As many do, and you lie beating for it,

Then, if it pleased the fates, I would have the  
 master,

Out of a powerful providence, to cry,

'Lighten the ship of all hands, or we perish;'

Then this for one, as best spared, should by all  
 means

Over-board presently.

JAQUES O' that condition,

So we were certain to be rid of her,

I would wish her with us. But, believe me,

Pedro,

She would spoil the fishing on this coast for  
 ever;

For none would keep her company but dog-fish,

As currish as herself, or porpoises

Made to all fatal uses: The two Fish-Streets,

Were she but once arrived among the

whitings,

Would sing a woful *misereri*, Pedro,

And mourn in Poor-John, till her memory

Were cast o' shore again, with a strong sea-  
breach;  
She would make god Neptune, and his fire-fork,  
And all his demi-gods and goddesses,  
As weary of the Flemish channel, Pedro,  
As ever boy was of the school; tis certain,  
If she but meet him fair, and were well  
anger'd  
She would break his god-head.

PEDRO Oh, her tongue, her tongue!

JAQUES Rather her many tongues!

PEDRO Or rather strange tongues!

JAQUES Her lying tongue!

PEDRO Her lisping tongue!

JAQUES Her long tongue!

PEDRO Her lawless tongue!

JAQUES Her loud tongue!

PEDRO And her liquorish -

JAQUES Many other tongues, and many stranger  
tongues

Than ever Babel had to tell his ruins,  
Were women raised withal; but never a true  
one.

(Enter SOPHOCLES.)

SOPHOCLES Home with your stuff again! the  
journey's ended.

JAQUES What does your worship mean?

SOPHOCLES Your master - Oh, Petruccio! Oh,  
poor fellows!

PEDRO Oh, Jaques, Jaques!

SOPHOCLES Oh, your master's dead,  
His body coming back! His wife, his devil,  
The grief of her -

JAQUES Has kill'd him?

SOPHOCLES Kill'd him, kill'd him!

PEDRO Is there no law to hang her?

SOPHOCLES Get ye in,  
And let her know her misery: I dare not,  
For fear impatience seize me, see her more;  
I must away again. Bid her for wife-hood,  
For honesty, if she have any in her,  
~~Even to avoid the shame that follows her,~~  
Cry if she can. ~~Your weeping cannot mend it.~~  
The body will be here within this hour, (so tell  
her,)  
And all his friends to curse her. Farewell,  
fellows!

(Exit.)

PEDRO Oh, Jaques, Jaques!

JAQUES Oh, my worthy master!

PEDRO Oh, my most beastly mistress! Hang her -

JAQUES Split her -

PEDRO Drown her directly -

JAQUES Starve her -

PEDRO Stink upon her -

JAQUES ~~Stone her to death! May all she eat be  
eggs.~~

~~'Till she run kicking-mad for men!~~

PEDRO And he,

That man that gives her remedy, pray Heaven  
~~He may ever ipso facto lose his longings!~~

JAQUES Let's go discharge ourselves; and he that  
serves her,

Or speaks a good word of her from this hour,  
A Sedgly curse light on him; ~~which is, Pedro,~~

~~The fiend ride through him bootcd and spur'd,  
with a scythe at his back!~~ (Exeunt.)

### Scene 3

A street.

(Enter ROWLAND with a deed, and TRANIO  
stealing behind him.)

ROWLAND What a dull ass was I to let her go thus!  
Upon my life, she loves me still. Well, paper,  
Thou only monument of what I have had,  
Thou all the love now left me, and now lost,  
Let me yet kiss her hand, yet take my leave  
Of what I must leave ever. Farewell, Livia!  
Oh, bitter words, I'll read you once again,  
And then for ever study to forget ye. - (Reads.)  
How's this? let me look better on't! A contract?  
By Heaven, a contract, seal'd and ratified,  
Her father's hand set to it, and Moroso's!  
I do not dream sure! Let me read again;  
The same still; 'tis a contract!

TRANIO 'Tis so, Rowland;

And, by the virtue of the same, you pay me  
An hundred pound to-morrow.

ROWLAND Art sure, Tranio,

~~We are both alive now?~~

TRANIO Wonder not; you have lost.

ROWLAND If this be true, I grant it.

TRANIO 'Tis most certain!

There's a ring for you too; you know it?

ROWLAND Yes.

TRANIO When shall I have my money?

ROWLAND Stay you, stay you!

When shall I marry her?

TRANIO To-night.

ROWLAND Take heed now

You do not trifle with me: ~~If you do,  
You'll find more payment than your money  
comes to!~~

~~Come, swear, (I know I am a man, and find  
I may deceive myself.) swear faithfully,~~

Swear me directly, am I Rowland?

TRANIO Yes.

ROWLAND Am I awake?

TRANIO You are.  
 ROWLAND Am I in health?  
 TRANIO As far as I conceive.  
 ROWLAND Was I with Livia?  
 TRANIO You were, and had this contract.  
 ROWLAND And shall I enjoy her?  
 TRANIO Yes, if you dare.  
 ROWLAND Swear to all these.  
 TRANIO I will.  
~~ROWLAND~~ As thou art honest; as thou hast a conscience,  
 As that may wring thee if thou liest; all these  
 To be no vision, but a truth, and serious!  
 TRANIO ~~Then, by my honesty, and faith, and conscience,~~  
 All this is certain.  
 ROWLAND Let's remove our places.  
 Swear it again.  
 TRANIO By Heaven, it is true.  
 ROWLAND I have lost then, and Heaven knows I  
 am glad on't.  
 Let's go; and tell me all, ~~and tell me how,~~  
 For yet I am a pagan in it.  
 TRANIO I have a priest too;  
 And all shall come as even as two testers.  
 (Exeunt.)

#### Scene 4

An apartment in PETRUCHIO'S house.

(Enter PETRONIUS, SOPHOCLES, MOROSO, and  
 PETRUCHIO borne in a coffin.)

PETRONIUS Set down the body, and one call her  
 out!

(Enter MARIA in black, weeping, and JAQUES.)

You are welcome to the last cast of your  
 fortunes!  
 There lies your husband; there, your loving  
 husband;  
 There he that was Petruchio, too good for you!  
 Your stubborn and unworthy way has killed  
 him,  
 Ere he could reach the sea: ~~if you can weep,~~  
 Now you have cause, begin, and after death  
 Do something yet to the world, to think you  
 honest.  
 So many tears had saved him, shed in time;  
 And as they are (so a good mind go with  
 'em)  
 Yet they may move compassion.  
 MARIA Pray ye all hear me.  
 And judge me as I am, ~~not as you covet,~~  
 For that would make me yet more miserable:

'Tis true, I have cause to grieve, and mighty  
 cause;  
 And truly and unfeignedly I weep it.  
 SOPHOCLES I see there's some good nature yet  
 left in her.  
 MARIA But what's the cause? Mistake me not; not  
 this man,  
 As he is dead, I weep for; Heaven defend it!  
 I never was so childish: But his life,  
 His poor, unmanly, wretched, foolish life,  
 Is that my full eyes pity; there's my mourning.  
 PETRONIUS Dost thou not shame?  
 MARIA I do, and even to water,  
 To think what this man was; to think how  
 simple  
 How far below a man, how far from reason,  
 From common understanding, and all gentry,  
 While he was living here, he walked amongst  
 us.  
 He had a happy turn, he died! I'll tell ye,  
 These are the wants I weep for, not his person;  
 The memory of this man, had he lived  
 But two years longer, had begot more follies,  
 Than wealthy Autumn flies. But let him rest,  
 He was a fool, and farewell he! not pitied,  
 I mean in way of life, or action,  
 By any understanding man that's honest,  
 But only in his posterity, which I,  
 Out of the fear his ruins might out-live him  
 In some bad issue, like a careful woman,  
 Like one indeed born only to preserve him,  
 Denied him means to raise.  
 PETRUCHIO (Rising) Unbutton me!  
 By Heaven, I die indeed else! - Oh, Maria,  
 Oh, my unhappiness, my misery!  
 PETRONIUS Go to him, whore! By Heaven, if he  
 perish,  
 I'll see thee hang'd myself!  
 PETRUCHIO Why, why, Maria -  
 MARIA I have done my worst, and have my end:  
 Forgive me!  
 From this hour make me what you please: I  
 have tamed you,  
 And am now vow'd your servant. Look not  
 strangely,  
 Nor fear what I say to you. Dare you kiss me?  
 Thus I begin my new love. (They kiss.)  
 PETRUCHIO Once again!  
 MARIA With all my heart.  
 PETRUCHIO Once again, Maria! -  
 Oh, gentlemen, I know not where I am.  
 SOPHOCLES Get ye to bed then; there you'll  
 quickly know, sir.  
 PETRUCHIO Never no more your old tricks?  
 MARIA Never, sir.

PETRUCHIO You shall not need; for, as I have a  
faith,  
No cause shall give occasion.

MARIA As I am honest,  
And as I am a maid yet, all my life  
From this hour, since you make so free  
profession,

I dedicate in service to your pleasure.

SOPHOCLES Ay, marry, this goes roundly off!

PETRUCHIO Go, Jaques,  
Get all the best meat may be bought for money,  
~~And let the hogsheds bleed.~~ I am born again!  
Well, little England, when I see a husband  
Of any other nation, stern or jealous,  
I'll wish him but a woman of thy breeding;  
~~And if he have not butter to his bread.~~  
~~Till his teeth bleed, I'll never trust my travel.~~

(Enter ROWLAND, LIVIA, BIANCA, and TRANIO.)

PETRONIUS What have we here?

ROWLAND Another morris, sir,  
That you must pipe to.

TRANIO A poor married couple  
Desire an offering, sir.

BIANCA Never frown at it;  
You cannot mend it now: There's your own  
hand,  
And yours, Moroso, to confirm the bargain.

PETRONIUS My hand?

MOROSO Or mine?

BIANCA You'll find it so.

PETRONIUS A trick,  
By Heaven, a trick!

BIANCA Yes, sir, we trick'd you.

~~LIVIA Father -~~

PETRONIUS ~~Hast thou lain with him? Speak!~~

LIVIA ~~Yes, truly, sir.~~

PETRONIUS ~~And hast thou done the deed, boy?~~

ROWLAND ~~I have done, sir,  
That that will serve the turn, I think.~~

PETRUCHIO A match then!

I'll be the maker-up of this. - Moroso,  
There's now no remedy, you see: Be willing;  
For be, or be not, he must have the wench.

MOROSO Since I am over-reach'd, let's in to  
dinner;

And, if I can, I'll drink't away.

TRANIO That's well said!

PETRONIUS Well, sirrah, you have play'd a trick:  
Look to't,

And let me be a grandsire within this twelve-  
month,

Or, by this hand, I'll curtail half your fortunes!

ROWLAND There shall not want my labour, sir.  
Your money

~~Here's one has undertaken.~~

TRANIO Well, I'll trust her;

And glad I have so good a pawn.

ROWLAND I'll watch you.

PETRUCHIO Let's in, and drink of all hands, and  
be jovial!

I have my colt again, and now she carries:

And, gentlemen, whoever marries next,

Let him be sure he keep him to his text.

(Exeunt.)

~~Epilogue~~ MARIA

THE Tamer's Tamed; but so, as nor the men  
Can find one just cause to complain of, when  
They fitly do consider, in their lives  
They should not reign as tyrants o'er their wives:  
Nor can the women, from this precedent,  
Insult, or triumph; it being aptly meant,  
To teach both sexes due equality,  
And, as they stand bound, to love mutually.  
If this effect, arising from a cause  
Well laid and grounded, may deserve applause,  
We something more than hope, our honest ends  
Will keep the men, and women too, our friends.