



The Taming of the Shrew

William Shakespeare

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DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Persons in the Induction:

A LORD

CHRISTOPHER SLY, a tinker

HOSTESS

PAGE

PLAYERS

HUNTSMEN

SERVANTS

BAPTISTA MINOLA, a rich man of Padua

VINCENTIO, an old gentleman of Pisa

LUCENTIO, son to Vincentio; in love with Bianca

PETRUCHIO, a gentleman of Verona; suitor to Katherina

Suitors to Bianca:

GREMIO

HORTENSIO

Servants to Lucentio

TRANIO

BIONDELLO

Servants to Petruchio

GRUMIO

CURTIS

PEDANT, set up to personate Vincentio

Daughters to Baptista

KATHERINA, the shrew

BIANCA

WIDOW

Tailor, Haberdasher, and Servants attending on Baptista and Petruchio

SCENE: Sometimes in Padua, and sometimes in PETRUCHIO'S house in the country.

INDUCTION

SCENE 1

Before an alehouse on a heath.

Enter Hostess and SLY

SLY

I'll pheeze you, in faith.

Hostess

A pair of stocks, you rogue!

SLY

Ye are a baggage: the Slys are no rogues; look in the chronicles; we came in with Richard Conqueror. Therefore paucas pallabris; let the world slide: sessa!

Hostess

You will not pay for the glasses you have burst?

SLY

No, not a denier. Go by, Jeronimy: go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.

Hostess

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

Exit

SLY

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

Falls asleep

Horns winded. Enter a Lord from hunting, with his train

Lord

Huntsman, I charge thee, tender well my hounds:

Brach Merriman, the poor cur is emboss'd; And couple Clowder with the deep--mouth'd brach. Saw'st thou not, boy, how Silver made it good At the hedge-corner, in the coldest fault? I would not lose the dog for twenty pound.

First Huntsman

Why, Belman is as good as he, my lord;

He cried upon it at the merest loss And twice to-day pick'd out the dullest scent: Trust me, I take him for the better dog.

Lord

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

First Huntsman

I will, my lord.

Lord

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

Second Huntsman

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

Lord

O monstrous beast! how like a swine he lies!
Grim death, how foul and loathsome is thine image! Sirs, I will practise
on this drunken man. What think you, if he were convey'd to
bed, Wrapp'd in sweet clothes, rings put upon his fingers, A most
delicious banquet by his bed, And brave attendants near him when he
wakes, Would not the beggar then forget himself?

First Huntsman

Believe me, lord, I think he cannot choose.

Second Huntsman

It would seem strange unto him when he waked.

Lord

Even as a flattering dream or worthless fancy.
Then take him up and manage well the jest: Carry him gently to my
fairest chamber And hang it round with all my wanton pictures: Balm his
foul head in warm distilled waters And burn sweet wood to make the
lodging sweet: Procure me music ready when he wakes, To make a dulcet
and a heavenly sound; And if he chance to speak, be ready straight And
with a low submissive reverence Say 'What is it your honour will
command?' Let one attend him with a silver basin Full of rose-water and
bestrew'd with flowers, Another bear the ewer, the third a diaper, And
say 'Will't please your lordship cool your hands?' Some one be ready
with a costly suit And ask him what apparel he will wear; Another tell
him of his hounds and horse, And that his lady mourns at his

disease:Persuade him that he hath been lunatic;And when he says he is,
say that he dreams,For he is nothing but a mighty lord.This do and do it
kindly, gentle sirs:It will be pastime passing excellent,If it be husbanded
with modesty.

First Huntsman

My lord, I warrant you we will play our part,
As he shall think by our true diligenceHe is no less than what we say he
is.

Lord

Take him up gently and to bed with him;
And each one to his office when he wakes.

Some bear out SLY. A trumpet sounds

Sirrah, go see what trumpet 'tis that sounds:

Exit Servingman

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

Re-enter Servingman

How now! who is it?

Servant

An't please your honour, players
That offer service to your lordship.

Lord

Bid them come near.

Enter Players

Now, fellows, you are welcome.

Players

We thank your honour.

Lord

Do you intend to stay with me tonight?

A Player

So please your lordship to accept our duty.

Lord

With all my heart. This fellow I remember,
Since once he play'd a farmer's eldest son:'Twas where you woo'd the
gentlewoman so well:I have forgot your name; but, sure, that partWas
aptly fitted and naturally perform'd.

A Player

I think 'twas Soto that your honour means.

Lord

'Tis very true: thou didst it excellent.

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

A Player

Fear not, my lord: we can contain ourselves, Were he the veriest antic in the world.

Lord

Go, sirrah, take them to the buttery, And give them friendly welcome every one: Let them want nothing that my house affords.

Exit one with the Players

Sirrah, go you to Barthol'mew my page, And see him dress'd in all suits like a lady: That done, conduct him to the drunkard's chamber; And call him 'madam,' do him obeisance. Tell him from me, as he will win my love, He bear himself with honourable action, Such as he hath observed in noble ladies Unto their lords, by them accomplished: Such duty to the drunkard let him do With soft low tongue and lowly courtesy, And say 'What is't your honour will command, Wherein your lady and your humble wife May show her duty and make known her love?' And then with kind embracements, tempting kisses, And with declining head into his bosom, Bid him shed tears, as being overjoy'd To see her noble lord restored to health, Who for this seven years hath esteem'd him No better than a poor and loathsome beggar: And if the boy have not a woman's gift To rain a shower of commanded tears, An onion will do well for such a shift, Which in a napkin being close convey'd Shall in despite enforce a watery eye. See

this dispatch'd with all the haste thou canst: Anon I'll give thee more instructions.

Exit a Servingman

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

Exeunt