

Folger SHAKESPEARE LIBRARY

Advancing knowledge & the arts

A Digital Anthology of Early Modern English Drama

emed.folger.edu

Discover over four hundred early modern English plays that were professionally performed in London between 1576 and 1642. Browse plays written by Shakespeare's contemporaries; explore the repertoires of London's professional companies; and download plays for reading and research.

This documentary edition has been edited to provide an accurate and transparent transcription of a single copy of the earliest surviving print edition of this play. Further material, including editorial policy and XML files of the play, is available on the EMED website. EMED texts are edited and encoded by Meaghan Brown, Michael Poston, and Elizabeth Williamson, and build on work done by the EEBO-TCP and the Shakespeare His Contemporaries project. This project is funded by a Humanities Collections and Reference Resources grant from the NEH's Division of Preservation and Access.



Plays distributed under a Creative Commons Attribution-ShareAlike 4.0 International License.

img: 1-a
sig: [N/A]

img: 1-b
sig: A1r

In 0001

In 0002

In 0003

In 0004

In 0005

In 0006

In 0007

A
Pleasant Conceited
Historie, called The taming
of a Shrew.
As it was sundry times acted by the
Right honorable the Earle of
Pembrook his seruants.

In 0008

In 0009

In 0010

In 0011

Printed at London by Peter Short and
are to be sold by Cutbert Burbie, at his
shop at the Royall Exchange.
1594.

img: 2-a
sig: A1v

img: 2-b
sig: A2r

wln 0001

wln 0002

A Pleasant conceited Historie, called
The Taming of a Shrew.

wln 0003

wln 0004

Enter a Tapster, beating out of his doores
Slie Droonken.

wln 0005

Tapster.

wln 0006

YOu whorson droonken slaue, you had best be gone,
And empty your droonken panch some where else
For in this house thou shalt not rest to night.

wln 0007

wln 0008

wln 0009

Exit Tapster.

wln 0010

Slie. Tilly vally, by crisee Tapster Ile fese you anon.

wln 0011

Fils the tother pot and alls paid for, looke you

wln 0012

I doo drinke it of mine owne Instegation, *Omne bene*

wln 0013

Heere Ile lie a while, why Tapster I say,

wln 0014

Fils a fresh cushen heere.

wln 0015

Heigh ho, heers good warme lying.

wln 0016

He fals asleepe.

wln 0017

Enter a Noble man and his men

wln 0018

from hunting.

wln 0019

Lord. Now that the gloomie shaddow of the night,

wln 0020

Longing to view Orions drisling lookes,

wln 0021

Leapes from th'antarticke World vnto the skie

wln 0022

And dims the Welkin with her pitchie breath,

wln 0023

And darkesome night oreshades the christall heauens,

wln 0024

Here breake we off our hunting for to night,

A2

Cuppel

The taming of a Shrew.

wln 0025 Cupple vppe the hounds and let vs hie vs home,
wln 0026 And bid the huntsman see them meated well,
wln 0027 For they haue all deseru'd it well to daie,
wln 0028 But soft, what sleepe fellow is this lies heere?
wln 0029 Or is he dead, see one what he dooth lacke? (sleepe,
wln 0030 *Seruingman.* My lord, tis nothing but a drunken
wln 0031 His head is too heauie for his bodie,
wln 0032 And he hath drunke so much that he can go no furder.
wln 0033 *Lord.* Fie, how the slauish villaine stinkes of drinke.
wln 0034 Ho, sirha arise. What so sound asleepe?
wln 0035 Go take him vppe and beare him to my house,
wln 0036 And beare him easilie for feare he wake,
wln 0037 And in my fairest chamber make a fire,
wln 0038 And set a sumptuous banquet on the boord,
wln 0039 And put my richest garmentes on his backe,
wln 0040 Then set him at the Table in a chaire:
wln 0041 When that is doone against he shall awake,
wln 0042 Let heauenlie musicke play about him still,
wln 0043 Go two of you awaie and beare him hence,
wln 0044 And then Ile tell you what I haue deuisde,
wln 0045 But see in any case you wake him not.
wln 0046 *Exeunt two with Slie.*
wln 0047 Now take my cloake and giue me one of yours,
wln 0048 Al fellowes now, and see you take me so,
wln 0049 For we will waite vpon this droonken man,
wln 0050 To see his countnance when he dooth awake
wln 0051 And finde himselfe clothed in such attire,
wln 0052 With heauenlie musicke sounding in his eares,
wln 0053 And such a banquet set before his eies,
wln 0054 The fellow sure will thinke he is in heauen,
wln 0055 But we will be about him when he wakes,
wln 0056 And see you call him Lord, at euerie word,
wln 0057 And offer thou him his horse to ride abroad,

And

The taming of a Shrew.

wln 0058
wln 0059
wln 0060
wln 0061
wln 0062
wln 0063
wln 0064
wln 0065
wln 0066
wln 0067
wln 0068
wln 0069
wln 0070
wln 0071
wln 0072
wln 0073
wln 0074
wln 0075
wln 0076
wln 0077
wln 0078
wln 0079
wln 0080
wln 0081
wln 0082
wln 0083
wln 0084
wln 0085
wln 0086
wln 0087
wln 0088
wln 0089
wln 0090

And thou his hawkes and houndes to hunt the deere,
And I will aske what sutes he meanes to weare,
And what so ere he saith, see you doo not laugh,
But still perswade him that he is a Lord.

Enter one.

Mes. And it please your honour your plaiers be com
And doo attend your honours pleasure here.

Lord. The fittest time they could haue chosen out,
Bid one or two of them come hither straight,
Now will I fit my selfe accordinglie,
For they shall play to him when he awakes.

Enter two of the players with packs at their
backs, and a boy.

Now sirs, what store of plaies haue you?

San. Marrie my lord you maie haue a Tragicall
Or a comoditie, or what you will.

The other. A Comedie thou shouldst say, souns
thout shame vs all.

Lord. And whats the name of your Comedie?

San. Marrie my lord tis calde The taming of a shrew:
Tis a good lesson for vs my lord, for vs y^t are married men

Lord. The taming of a shrew, thats excellent sure,
Go see that you make you readie straight,
For you must play before a lord to night,
Say you are his men and I your fellow,
Hees something foolish, but what so ere he saies,
See that you be not dasht out of countenance.
And sirha go you make you ready straight,
And dresse your selfe like some louelie ladie,
And when I call see that you come to me,
For I will say to him thou art his wife,
Dallie with him and hug him in thine armes,
And if he desire to goe to bed with thee,

A3

Then

The taming of a Shrew.

wln 0091

Then faine some scuse and say thou wilt anon.

wln 0092

Be gone I say, and see thou doost it well.

wln 0093

B/*Jy. Feare not my Lord, Ile dandell him well enough

wln 0094

And make him thinke I loue him mightilie.

Ex. boy.

wln 0095

Lord. Now sirs go you and make you ready to,

wln 0096

For you must play assoone as he dooth wake.

wln 0097

San. O braue, sirha Tom, we must play before

wln 0098

A foolish Lord, come lets go make vs ready,

wln 0099

Go get a dishclout to make cleane your shooes,

wln 0100

And Ile speake for the properties, My Lord, we must

wln 0101

Haue a shoulder of mutton for a propertie,

wln 0102

And a little vinegre to make our Diuell rore.

wln 0103

Lord. Very well: sirha see that they want nothing.

wln 0104

Exeunt omnes.

wln 0105

Enter two with a table and a banquet on it, and two

wln 0106

other, with *Slie* asleepe in a chaire, richlie

wln 0107

apparelled, & the musick plaieng.

wln 0108

One. So: sirha now go call my Lord,

wln 0109

And tel him that all things is ready as he wild it.

wln 0110

Another. Set thou some wine vpon the boord

wln 0111

And then Ile go fetch my Lord presentlie.

Exit.

wln 0112

Enter the Lord and his men.

wln 0113

Lord. How now, what is all thinges readie?

wln 0114

One. I my Lord.

(straight,

wln 0115

Lord. Then sound the musick, and Ile wake him

wln 0116

And see you doo as earst I gaue in charge.

wln 0117

My lord, My lord, he sleepes soundlie: My lord.

wln 0118

Slie. Tapster, gis a little small ale. Heigh ho,

wln 0119

Lord. Heers wine my lord, the purest of the grape.

wln 0120

Slie. For which Lord?

wln 0121

Lord. For your honour my Lord.

Slie.

The taming of a Shrew.

wln 0122
wln 0123
wln 0124
wln 0125
wln 0126
wln 0127
wln 0128
wln 0129
wln 0130
wln 0131
wln 0132
wln 0133
wln 0134
wln 0135
wln 0136
wln 0137
wln 0138
wln 0139
wln 0140
wln 0141
wln 0142
wln 0143
wln 0144
wln 0145
wln 0146
wln 0147
wln 0148
wln 0149
wln 0150
wln 0151
wln 0152
wln 0153
wln 0154

Slie. Who I, am I a Lord? Iesus what fine apparell
haue *I* got.

Lord. More richer farre your honour hath to weare,
And if it please you I will fetch them straight.

Wil. And if your honour please to ride abroad,
Ile fetch you lustie steedes more swift of pace
Then winged *Pegasus* in all his pride,
That ran so swiftlie ouer the *Persian* plaines.

Tom. And if your honour please to hunt the deere,
Your hounds stands readie cuppeld at the doore,
Who in running will oretake the Row,
And make the long breathde Tygre broken winded.

Slie. By the masse I thinke I am a Lord indeed,
Whats thy name?

Lord. *Simon* and it please your honour.

Slie. *Simon*, thats as much to say *Simion* or *Simon*
Put forth thy hand and fill the pot.
Giue me thy hand, *Sim.* am I a lord indeed?

Lord. I my gracious Lord, and your louelie ladie
Long time hath moorned for your absence heere,
And now with ioy behold where she dooth come
To gratulate your honours safe returne.

Enter the boy in Womans attire.

Slie. *Sim.* Is this she?

Lord. I my Lord.

Slie. Masse tis a prettie wench, whats her name?

Boy. Oh that my louelie Lord would once vouchsafe
To looke on me, and leaue these frantike fits,
Or were I now but halfe so eloquent,
To paint in words what ile performe in deedes,
I know your honour then would pittie me.

Slie. Harke you mistresse, wil you eat a peece of
bread,

Come

The taming of a Shrew.

wln 0155
wln 0156
wln 0157
wln 0158
wln 0159
wln 0160
wln 0161
wln 0162
wln 0163
wln 0164
wln 0165
wln 0166
wln 0167
wln 0168
wln 0169
wln 0170
wln 0171
wln 0172

Come sit downe on my knee, *Sim* drinke to hir *Sim*,
For she and I will go to bed anon.
Lord. May it please you, your honors plaiers be come
To offer your honour a plaie.
Slie. A plaie *Sim*, O braue, be they my plaiers?
Lord. I my Lord.
Slie. Is there not a foole in the plaie?
Lord. Yes my lord.
Slie. When wil they plaie *Sim*?
Lord. Euen when it please your honor, they be readie.
Boy. My lord Ile go bid them begin their plaie.
Slie. Doo, but looke that you come againe.
Boy. I warrant you my lord, I wil not leaue you thus.

Slie. Come *Sim*, where be the plaiers? *Sim* stand by
Me and weele flout the plaiers out of their cotes.
Lord. Ile cal them my lord. Hoe where are you there?
Sound Trumpets.

Exit boy.

wln 0173
wln 0174
wln 0175
wln 0176
wln 0177
wln 0178
wln 0179
wln 0180
wln 0181
wln 0182
wln 0183
wln 0184
wln 0185
wln 0186

Enter two yong Gentlemen, and a man
and a boie.
Pol. Welcome to *Athens* my beloued friend,
To *Platoes* schooles and *Aristotles* walkes,
Welcome from *Cestus* famous for the loue
Of good *Leander* and his Tragedie,
For whom the *Helespont* weepes brinish teares,
The greatest grieffe is I cannot as I would
Giue entertainment to my deerest friend.
Aurel. Thankes noble *Polidor* my second selfe,
The faithfull loue which I haue found in thee
Hath made me leaue my fathers princelie court,
The Duke of *Cestus* thrise renowned seate,
To come to *Athens* thus to find thee out,

Which

The taming of a Shrew.

wln 0187
wln 0188
wln 0189
wln 0190
wln 0191
wln 0192
wln 0193
wln 0194
wln 0195
wln 0196
wln 0197
wln 0198
wln 0199
wln 0200
wln 0201
wln 0202
wln 0203
wln 0204
wln 0205
wln 0206
wln 0207
wln 0208
wln 0209
wln 0210
wln 0211
wln 0212
wln 0213
wln 0214
wln 0215
wln 0216
wln 0217
wln 0218
wln 0219
wln 0220

Which since I haue so happilie attaind,
My fortune now I doo account as great
As earst did *Cæsar* when he conquered most,
But tell me noble friend where shal we lodge,
For I am vnacquainted in this place.

Poli. My Lord if you vouchsafe of schollers fare,
My house, my selfe, and all is yours to vse,
You and your men shall staie and lodge with me.

Aurel. With all my hart, I will requite thy loue.

Enter *Simon, Alphonsus*, and his
three daughters.

But staie; what dames are these so bright of hew
Whose eies are brighter then the lampes of heauen,
Fairer then rocks of pearle and pretious stone,
More louelie farre then is the morning sunne,
When first she opes hir orientall gates.

Alfon. Daughters be gone, and hie you to y^e church,
And I will hie me downe vnto the key,
To see what Marchandise is come a shore.

Ex. Omnes.

Pol. Why how now my Lord, what in a dumpe,
To see these damsels passe away so soone?

Aurel. Trust me my friend I must confesse to thee,
I tooke so much delight in these faire dames,
As I doo wish they had not gone so soone,
But if thou canst, resolue me what they be,
And what old man it was that went with them,
For I doo long to see them once againe.

Pol. I cannot blame your honor good my lord,
For they are both louely, wise, faire and yong,
And one of them the yoongest of the three
I long haue lou'd (sweet friend) and she lou'd me,
But neuer yet we could not find a meanes
How we might compasse our desired ioyes.

B

Aurel.

The taming of a Shrew.

wln 0221
wln 0222
wln 0223
wln 0224
wln 0225
wln 0226
wln 0227
wln 0228
wln 0229
wln 0230
wln 0231
wln 0232
wln 0233
wln 0234
wln 0235
wln 0236
wln 0237
wln 0238
wln 0239
wln 0240
wln 0241
wln 0242
wln 0243
wln 0244
wln 0245
wln 0246
wln 0247
wln 0248
wln 0249
wln 0250
wln 0251
wln 0252
wln 0253
wln 0254

Aurel. Why, is not her father willing to the match?

Pol. Yes trust me, but he hath solemnlie sworne,
His eldest daughter first shall be espowsde,
Before he grauntes his yoongest leaue to loue,
And therefore he that meanes to get their loues,
Must first prouide for her if he will speed,
And he that hath her shall be fettred so,
As good be wedded to the diuell himselfe,
For such a skould as she did neuer liue,
And till that she be sped none else can speed,
Which makes me thinke that all my labours lost,
And whosoere can get hir firme good will,
A large dowrie he shall be sure to haue,
For her father is a man of mightie wealth,
And an ancient Cittizen of the towne,
And that was he that went along with them.

Aurel. But he shall keepe hir still by my aduise,
And yet I needs must loue his second daughter
The image of honor and Nobilitie,
In whose sweet person is comprisde the somme
Of natures skill and heauenlie maiestie.

Pol. I like your choise, and glad you chose not mine,
Then if you like to follow on your loue,
We must deuise a meanes and find some one
That will attempt to wed this deuilish skould,
And I doo know the man. Come hither boy,
Go your waies sirha to *Ferandoes* house,
Desire him take the paines to come to me,
For I must speake with him immediatlie.

Boy. I will sir, and fetch him presentlie.

Pol. A man I thinke will fit hir humor right,
As blunt in speech as she is sharpe of toong,
And he *I* thinke will match hir euerie waie,
And yet he is a man of wealth sufficient,

And

The taming of a Shrew.

wln 0255
wln 0256
wln 0257
wln 0258
wln 0259
wln 0260
wln 0261
wln 0262
wln 0263
wln 0264
wln 0265
wln 0266
wln 0267
wln 0268
wln 0269
wln 0270
wln 0271
wln 0272
wln 0273
wln 0274
wln 0275
wln 0276

And for his person worth as good as she,
And if he compasse hir to be his wife,
Then may we free lie visite both our loues.

Aurel. O might I see the center of my soule
Whose sacred beautie hath enchanted me,
More faire then was the Grecian *Helena*
For whose sweet sake so many princes dide,
That came with thousand shippes to *Tenedos*,
But when we come vnto hir fathers house,
Tell him I am a Marchants sonne of *Cestus*,
That comes for traffike vnto *Athens* heere,
And heere sirha I will change with you for once,
And now be thou the Duke of *Cestus* sonne,
Reuell and spend as if thou wert my selfe,
For I will court my loue in this disguise.

Val. My lord, how if the Duke your father should
By some meanes come to *Athens* for to see
How you doo profit in these publike schooles,
And find me clothed thus in your attire,
How would he take it then thinke you my lord?

Aurel. Tush feare not *Valeria* let me alone,
But staie, heere comes some other companie.

wln 0277
wln 0278
wln 0279
wln 0280
wln 0281
wln 0282
wln 0283
wln 0284
wln 0285
wln 0286
wln 0287

Enter *Ferando* and his man *Saunders*
with a blew coat.

Pol. Here comes the man that *I* did tel you of.

Feran. Good morrow gentlemen to all at once.
How now *Polidor*, what man still in loue?
Euer wooing and canst thou neuer speed,
God send me better luck when I shall woo.

San. I warrant you maister and you take my councill.

Feran. Why sirha, are you so cunning?

San. Who I, twere better for you by fiue marke
And you could tel how to doo it as well as I.

The taming of a Shrew.

wln 0288
wln 0289
wln 0290
wln 0291
wln 0292
wln 0293
wln 0294
wln 0295
wln 0296
wln 0297
wln 0298
wln 0299
wln 0300
wln 0301
wln 0302
wln 0303
wln 0304
wln 0305
wln 0306
wln 0307
wln 0308
wln 0309
wln 0310
wln 0311
wln 0312
wln 0313
wln 0314
wln 0315
wln 0316
wln 0317
wln 0318
wln 0319
wln 0320
wln 0321

Pol. I would thy maister once were in the vaine,
To trie himselfe how he could woe a wench.
Feran. Faith I am euen now a going.
San. I faith sir, my maisters going to this geere now.
Pol. Whither in faith *Ferando*, tell me true.
Feran. To bonie *Kate*, the patientst wench aliue
The diuel himselfe dares scarce venter to woo her,
Signior *Alfonso*s eldest daughter,
And he hath promisde me six thousand crownes
If I can win her once to be my wife,
And she and I must woo with skoulding sure,
And *I* will hold hir toot till she be wearie,
Or else Ile make her yeeld to graunt me loue.
Pol. How like you this *Aurelius*, I thinke he knew
Our mindes before we sent to him,
But tell me, when doo you meane to speake with her?
Feran. Faith presentlie, doo you but stand aside,
And I will make her father bring hir hither,
And she, and I, and he, will talke alone.
Pol. With al our heartes, Come *Aurelius*
Let vs be gone and leaue him heere alone.
Feran. Ho Signiour *Alfonso*, whose within there?
Alfon. Signiour *Ferando* your welcome hartilie,
You are a stranger sir vnto my house.
Harke you sir, looke what I did promise you
Ile performe, if you get my daughters loue.
Feran. Then when I haue talkt a word or two with hir,
Doo you step in and giue her hand to me,
And tell her when the marriage daie shal be,
For I doo know she would be married faine,
And when our nuptiall rites be once performde
Let me alone to tame hir well enough,
Now call her foorth that I may speake with hir.
Enter *Kate*.

Exit.

Alfon.

The taming of a Shrew.

wln 0322
wln 0323
wln 0324
wln 0325
wln 0326
wln 0327
wln 0328
wln 0329
wln 0330
wln 0331
wln 0332
wln 0333
wln 0334
wln 0335
wln 0336
wln 0337
wln 0338
wln 0339
wln 0340
wln 0341
wln 0342
wln 0343
wln 0344
wln 0345
wln 0346
wln 0347
wln 0348
wln 0349
wln 0350
wln 0351
wln 0352
wln 0353
wln 0354
wln 0355

Alfon. Ha *Kate*, Come hither wench & list to me,
Vse this gentleman friendlie as thou canst.
Feran. Twentie good morrowes to my louely *Kate*.
Kate. You iest I am sure, is she yours alreadie?
Feran. I tell thee *Kate* I know thou lou'st me well.
Kate. The deuill you doo, who told you so?
Feran. My mind sweet *Kate* doth say I am the man,
Must wed, and bed, and marrie bonnie *Kate*.
Kate. Was euer seene so grose an asse as this?
Feran. I, to stand so long and neuer get a kisse.
Kate. Hands off I say, and get you from this place;
Or I wil set my ten commandments in your face.
Feran. I prethe doo kate; they say thou art a shrew,
And I like thee the better for I would haue thee so.
Kate. Let go my hand, for feare it reach your eare.
Feran. No kate, this hand is mine and I thy loue.
Kate. In faith sir no the woodcock wants his taile.
Feran. But yet his bil wil serue, if the other faile.
Alfon. How now *Ferando*, what saies my daughter?
Feran. Shees willing sir and loues me as hir life.
Kate. Tis for your skin then, but not to be your wife.
Alfon. Come hither *Kate* and let me giue thy hand
To him that I haue chosen for thy loue,
And thou to morrow shalt be wed to him.
Kate. Why father, what do you meane to do with me,
To giue me thus vnto this brainsick man,
That in his mood cares not to murder me?
She turnes aside and speakes.
But yet I will consent and marrie him,
For I methinkes haue liude too long a maid,
And match him to, or else his manhoods good.
Alfon. Giue me thy hand *Ferando* loues thee wel,
And will with wealth and ease maintaine thy state.
Here *Ferando* take her for thy wife,

The taming of a Shrew.

wln 0356
wln 0357
wln 0358
wln 0359
wln 0360
wln 0361
wln 0362
wln 0363
wln 0364
wln 0365
wln 0366
wln 0367
wln 0368
wln 0369
wln 0370
wln 0371
wln 0372
wln 0373
wln 0374
wln 0375
wln 0376
wln 0377
wln 0378
wln 0379
wln 0380
wln 0381
wln 0382
wln 0383
wln 0384
wln 0385
wln 0386
wln 0387
wln 0388
wln 0389

And sunday next shall be your wedding day.

Feran. Why so, did I not tell thee I should be the man
Father, I leaue my louelie *Kate* with you,
Prouide your selues against our mariage daie,
For I must hie me to my countrie house
In hast, to see prouision may be made,
To entertaine my *Kate* when she dooth come.

Alfon. Doo so, come *Kate*, why doost thou looke
So sad, be merrie wench thy wedding daies at hand.
Sonne fare you well, and see you keepe your promise.

Exit Alfonso and Kate.

Feran. So, all thus farre goes well. Ho *Saunder*.

Enter *Saunder* laughing.

San. *Sander*, I faith your a beast, *I* crie God hartilie
Mercie, my harts readie to run out of my bellie with
Laughing, I stood behind the doore all this while,
And heard what you said to hir. (wel to hir?)

Feran. Why didst thou think that I did not speake

San. You spoke like an asse to her, Ile tel you what,
And I had been there to haue woode hir, and had this
Cloke on that you haue, chud haue had her before she
Had gone a foot funder, and you talke of Woodcocks
with her, and I cannot tell you what. (for all this.)

Feran. Wel sirha, & yet thou seest I haue got her

San. I marry twas more by hap then any good cunning
I hope sheele make you one of the head men of the
parish shortly.

Feran. Wel sirha leaue your iesting and go to *Polidors*
The yong gentleman that was here with me, (house,
And tell him the circumstance of all thou knowst,
Tell him on sunday next we must be married,
And if he aske thee whither I am gone,
Tell him into the countrie to my house,
And vpon sundaie Ile be heere againe.

Ex. Ferando,

San.

The taming of a Shrew.

wln 0390
wln 0391
wln 0392
wln 0393
wln 0394
wln 0395
wln 0396
wln 0397
wln 0398
wln 0399
wln 0400
wln 0401
wln 0402
wln 0403
wln 0404
wln 0405
wln 0406
wln 0407
wln 0408
wln 0409
wln 0410
wln 0411
wln 0412
wln 0413
wln 0414
wln 0415
wln 0416
wln 0417
wln 0418
wln 0419
wln 0420
wln 0421
wln 0422
wln 0423

San. I warrant you Maister feare not me
For dooing of my businesse.
Now hang him that has not a liuerie cote
To slash it out and swash it out amongst the proudest
On them. Why looke you now Ile scarce put vp
Plaine *Saunder* now at any of their handes, for and any
Bodie haue any thing to doo with my maister, straight
They come crouching vpon me, I beseech you good M.
Saunder speake a good word for me, and then am I so
Stout and takes it vpon me, & stands vpon my pantoffles
To them out of all crie, why I haue a life like a giant
Now, but that my maister hath such a pestilent mind
To a woman now a late, and I haue a prettie wench
To my sister, and I had thought to haue preferd my
Maister to her, and that would haue beene a good
Deale in my waie but that hees sped alreadie.

Enter *Polidors* boie.

Boy. Friend, well met.

San. Souns, friend well met. I hold my life he sees
Not my maisters liuerie coat,
Plaine friend hop of my thum, kno you who we are.

Boy. Trust me sir it is the vse where I was borne,
To salute men after this manner, yet notwithstanding
If you be angrie with me for calling of you friend,
I am the more sorie for it, hoping the stile
Of a foole will make you amends for all.

San. The slaue is sorie for his fault, now we cannot be
Angrie, wel whats the matter that you would do with vs.

Boy. Marry sir, I heare you pertain to signior

Ferando.

San. I and thou beest not blind thou maist see,
Ecce signum, heere.

Boy. Shall I intreat you to doo me a message to your
Maister?

San.

The taming of a Shrew.

wln 0424 *San.* I, it may be, & you tel vs from whence you com.
wln 0425 *Boy.* Marrie sir I serue yong *Polidor* your maisters
wln 0426 friend.
wln 0427 *San.* Do you serue him, and whats your name?
wln 0428 *Boy.* My name sirha, I tell thee sirha is cald *Catapie*.
wln 0429 *San.* Cake and pie, O my teeth waters to haue a peece
wln 0430 of thee.
wln 0431 *Boy.* Why slaue wouldst thou eate me?
wln 0432 *San.* Eate thee, who would not eate *Cake* and pie?
wln 0433 *Boy.* Why villaine my name is *Catapie*,
wln 0434 But wilt thou tell me where thy maister is.
wln 0435 *San.* Nay thou must first tell me where thy maister is,
wln 0436 For I haue good newes for him, I can tell thee.
wln 0437 *Boy.* Why see where he comes.
wln 0438 Enter *Polidor, Aurelius* and *Valeria*.
wln 0439 *Pol.* Come sweet *Aurelius* my faithfull friend,
wln 0440 Now will we go to see those louelie dames
wln 0441 Richer in beawtie then the orient pearle,
wln 0442 Whiter then is the Alpine Christall mould,
wln 0443 And farre more louelie then the terean plant,
wln 0444 That blushing in the aire turnes to a stone.
wln 0445 What *Sander*, what newes with you?
wln 0446 *San.* Marry sir my maister sends you word
wln 0447 That you must come to his wedding to morrow.
wln 0448 *Pol.* What, shall he be married then?
wln 0449 *San.* Faith *I*, you thinke he standes as long about it as
wln 0450 you doo.
wln 0451 *Pol.* Whither is thy maister gone now?
wln 0452 *San.* Marrie hees gone to our house in the Countrie,
wln 0453 To make all thinges in a readinesse against my new
wln 0454 Mistresse comes thither, but heele come againe to
wln 0455 morrowe.
wln 0456 *Pol.* This is suddainlie dispatcht belike,
wln 0457 Well, sirha boy, take *Saunder* in with you

And

The taming of a Shrew.

wln 0458
wln 0459
wln 0460
wln 0461
wln 0462
wln 0463
wln 0464
wln 0465
wln 0466
wln 0467
wln 0468
wln 0469
wln 0470
wln 0471
wln 0472
wln 0473
wln 0474
wln 0475
wln 0476
wln 0477
wln 0478
wln 0479
wln 0480
wln 0481
wln 0482
wln 0483
wln 0484
wln 0485
wln 0486
wln 0487
wln 0488
wln 0489
wln 0490
wln 0491

And haue him to the buttrie presentlie.

Boy. I will sir: come *Saunder*.

Exit Saunder and the Boy.

Aurel. *Valeria* as erste we did deuise,
Take thou thy lute and go to *Alfonso's* house,
And say that *Polidor* sent thee thither.

Pol. I *Valeria* for he spoke to me,
To helpe him to some cunning Musition,
To teach his eldest daughter on the lute,
And thou I know will fit his turne so well
As thou shalt get great fauour at his handes,
Begon *Valeria* and say I sent thee to him.

Valer I will sir and stay your comming at *Alfonso's*
house.

Exit Valeria

Pol. Now sweete *Aurelius* by this deuise
Shall we haue leisure for to courte our loues,
For whilst that she is learning on the lute,
Hir sisters may take time to steele abroad,
For otherwise shele keep them both within,
And make them worke whilst she hir selfe doth play,
But come lets go vnto *Alfonso's* house,
And see how *Valeria* and *Kate* agreee,
I doute his Musick skarse will please his skoller,
But stay here comes *Alfonso*.

Enter *Alfonso*

Alfonso. What M. *Polidor* you are well mett,
I thanke you for the man you sent to me,
A good Musition I thinke he is,
I haue set my daughter and him together,
But is this gentellman a frend of youres?

Pol. He is, I praie you sir bid him welcome,
He's a wealthie Marchants sonne of *Cestus*.

Alfonso. Your welcom sir and if my house aforde

The taming of a Shrew.

wln 0492
wln 0493
wln 0494
wln 0495
wln 0496
wln 0497
wln 0498
wln 0499
wln 0500
wln 0501
wln 0502
wln 0503
wln 0504
wln 0505
wln 0506
wln 0507
wln 0508
wln 0509
wln 0510
wln 0511
wln 0512
wln 0513
wln 0514
wln 0515
wln 0516
wln 0517
wln 0518
wln 0519
wln 0520

You any thing that may content your mind,
I pray you sir make bold with me.

Aurel. I thanke you sir, and if what I haue got,
By marchandise or trauell on the seas,
Sattins or lawnes or azure colloured silke,
Or pretious firie pointed stones of Indie,
You shall command both them my selfe and all.

Alfon. Thanks gentle sir, *Polidor* take him in,
And bid him welcome to vnto my house,
For thou I thinke must be my second sonne,
Ferando, *Polidor* doost thou not know
Must marry *Kate*, and to morrow is the day.

Pol. Such newes I heard, and *I* came now to know.

Alfon. *Polidor* tis true, goe let me alone,
For I must see against the bridegroome come,
That all thinges be according to his mind,
And so Ile leaue you for an houre or two.

Exit.

Pol. Come then *Aureleus* come in with me,
And wee le go sit a while and chat with them,
And after bring them foorth to take the aire.

Exit.

Then *Slie* speakes.

Slie. *Sim*, when will the foole come againe?

Lord. Heele come againe my Lord anon.

Slie. Gis some more drinke here, souns wheres
The Tapster, here *Sim* eate some of these things.

Lord. So I doo my Lord.

Slie. Here *Sim*, I drinke to thee.

Lord. My Lord heere comes the plaiers againe,

Slie. O braue, heers two fine gentlewomen.

Enter *Valeria* with a Lute and *Kate*
with him.

Vale. The sencelesse trees by musick haue bin moou'd
And at the sound of pleasant tuned strings,

Haue

wln 0521
wln 0522
wln 0523
wln 0524

The taming of a Shrew.

wln 0525
wln 0526
wln 0527
wln 0528
wln 0529
wln 0530
wln 0531
wln 0532
wln 0533
wln 0534
wln 0535
wln 0536
wln 0537
wln 0538
wln 0539
wln 0540
wln 0541
wln 0542
wln 0543
wln 0544
wln 0545
wln 0546
wln 0547
wln 0548
wln 0549
wln 0550
wln 0551
wln 0552
wln 0553
wln 0554
wln 0555
wln 0556
wln 0557
wln 0558

Haue sauage beastes hung downe their listning heads,
As though they had beene cast into a trance.
Then it may be that she whom nought can please,
With musickes sound in time may be surprisde,
Come louely mistresse will you take your lute,
And play the lesson that I taught you last?
Kate. It is no matter whether I doo or no,
For trust me *I* take no great delight in it.
Vale. I would sweet mistresse that it laie in me,
To helpe you to that thing thats your delight.
Kate. In you with a pestlence, are you so kind?
Then make a night cap of your fiddles case,
To warme your head, and hide your filthie face.
Val. If that sweet mistresse were your harts content,
You should command a greater thing then that,
Although it were ten times to my disgrace.
Kate. Your so kind twere pittie you should be
hang'd,
And yet methinkes the foole dooth looke asquint.
Val. Why mistresse doo you mocke me?
Kate. No, but I meane to moue thee.
Val. Well, will you plaie a little?
Kate. I, giue me the Lute.
She plaies.
Val. That stop was false, play it againe.
Kate. Then mend it thou, thou filthy asse.
Val. What, doo you bid me kisse your arse?
Kate. How now iack sause, your a iollie mate,
Your best be still least I crosse your pate,
And make your musicke flie about your eares,
Ile make it and your foolish coxcombe meet.
She offers to strike him with the lute.
Val. Hold mistresse, souns wil you breake my lute?
Kate. *I* on thy head, and if thou speake to me,

The taming of a Shrew.

wln 0559
wln 0560
wln 0561
wln 0562
wln 0563
wln 0564
wln 0565
wln 0566
wln 0567
wln 0568
wln 0569
wln 0570
wln 0571
wln 0572
wln 0573
wln 0574
wln 0575
wln 0576
wln 0577
wln 0578
wln 0579
wln 0580
wln 0581
wln 0582
wln 0583
wln 0584
wln 0585
wln 0586
wln 0587
wln 0588
wln 0589
wln 0590
wln 0591
wln 0592

There take it vp and fiddle somewhere else,
She throwes it downe.

And see you come no more into this place,
Least that I clap your fiddle on your face.

Ex. Kate.

Val. Souns, teach hir to play vpon the lute?
The deuill shal teach her first, I am glad shees gone,
For I was neare so fraid in all my life,
But that my lute should flie about mine eares,
My maister shall teach her his selfe for me,
For Ile keepe me far enough without hir reach,
For he and *Polydor* sent me before
To be with her and teach her on the lute,
Whilst they did court the other gentlewomen,
And heere methinkes they come together.

Enter *Aurelius*, *Polidor*, *Emelia*,
and *Philena*.

Pol. How now *Valeria*, whears your mistresse?

Val. At the vengeance I thinke and no where else.

Aurel. Why *Valeria*, will she not learne apace?

Val. Yes berlady she has learnt too much already,
And that I had felt had I not spoke hir faire,
But she shall neare be learnt for me againe.

Aurel. Well *Valeria* go to my chamber,
And beare him companie that came to daie
From *Cestus*, where our aged father dwels.

Ex. Valeria.

Pol. Come faire *Emelia* my louelie loue,
Brighter then the burnisht pallace of the sunne,
The eie-sight of the glorious firmament,
In whose bright lookes sparkles the radiant fire,
Wilie *Prometheus* slilie stole from *Ioue*,
Infusing breath, life, motion, soule,
To euerie obiect striken by thine eies.
Oh faire *Emelia* I pine for thee,
And either must enjoy thy loue, or die.

Emelia.

The taming of a Shrew.

wln 0593
wln 0594
wln 0595
wln 0596
wln 0597
wln 0598
wln 0599
wln 0600
wln 0601
wln 0602
wln 0603
wln 0604
wln 0605
wln 0606
wln 0607
wln 0608
wln 0609
wln 0610
wln 0611
wln 0612
wln 0613

Eme. Fie man, I know you will not die for loue:
Ah *Polidor* thou needst not to complaine,
Eternall heauen sooner be dissolude,
And all that pearseth *Phebus* siluer eie,
Before such hap befall to *Polidor*.

Pol. Thanks faire *Emelia* for these sweet words,
But what saith *Phylena* to hir friend?

Phyle. Why I am buying marchandise of him.

Aurel. Mistresse you shall not need to buie of me,
For when I crost the bubling *Canibey*,
And sailde along the *Cristall Helispont*,
I filde my cofers of the wealthie mines,
Where I did cause Millions of labouring *Moores*
To vndermine the cauernes of the earth,
To seeke for strange and new found pretious stones,
And diue into the sea to gather pearle,
As faire as *Iuno* offered *Priams* sonne,
And you shall take your liberall choice of all.

Phyle. I thanke you sir and would *Phylena* might
In any curtesie requite you so,
As she with willing hart could well bestow.

wln 0614
wln 0615
wln 0616
wln 0617
wln 0618
wln 0619
wln 0620
wln 0621
wln 0622
wln 0623
wln 0624
wln 0625

Enter *Alfonso*.

Alfon. How now daughters, is *Ferando* come?

Eme. Not yet father, I wonder he staies so long.

Alfon. And wheres your sister that she is not heere?

Phyle. She is making of hir readie father
To goe to church and if that he were come.

Pol. I warrant you heele not be long awaie.

Alfon. Go daughters get you in, and bid your
Sister prouide her selfe against that we doo come,
And see you goe to church along with vs.

Exit Phylena and Emelia.

I maruell that *Ferando* comes not away.

The taming of a Shrew.

wln 0626 *Pol.* His Tailor it may be hath bin too slacke,
wln 0627 In his apparrell which he meanes to weare,
wln 0628 For no question but some fantasticke sutes
wln 0629 He is determined to weare to day,
wln 0630 And richly powdered with pretious stones,
wln 0631 Spotted with liquid gold, thick set with pearle,
wln 0632 And such he meanes shall be his wedding sutes.

wln 0633 *Alfon.* I carde not I what cost he did bestow,
wln 0634 In gold or silke, so he himselfe were heere,
wln 0635 For I had rather lose a thousand crownes,
wln 0636 Then that he should deceiue vs heere to daie,
wln 0637 But soft I thinke I see him come.

wln 0638 Enter *Ferando* baselie attired, and a
wln 0639 red cap on his head.

wln 0640 *Feran.* Godmorow father, *Polidor* well met,
wln 0641 You wonder I know that I haue staid so long.

wln 0642 *Alfon.* I marrie son, we were almost perswaded,
wln 0643 That we should scarce haue had our bridegroome heere,
wln 0644 But say, why art thou thus basely attired?

wln 0645 *Feran.* Thus richlie father you should haue said,
wln 0646 For when my wife and I am married once,
wln 0647 Shees such a shrew, if we should once fal out,
wln 0648 Sheele pul my costlie sutes ouer mine eares,
wln 0649 And therefore am I thus attired awhile,
wln 0650 For manie thinges I tell you's in my head,
wln 0651 And none must know thereof but *Kate* and *I*,
wln 0652 For we shall liue like lammes and Lions sure,
wln 0653 Nor lammes to Lions neuer was so tame,
wln 0654 If once they lie within the Lions pawes
wln 0655 As *Kate* to me if we were married once,
wln 0656 And therefore come let vs to church presently.

wln 0657 *Pol.* Fie *Ferando* not thus atired for shame,
wln 0658 Come to my Chamber and there sute thy selfe,

The taming of a Shrew.

wln 0659
wln 0660
wln 0661
wln 0662
wln 0663
wln 0664
wln 0665
wln 0666
wln 0667
wln 0668
wln 0669
wln 0670
wln 0671
wln 0672
wln 0673
wln 0674
wln 0675
wln 0676
wln 0677
wln 0678
wln 0679
wln 0680
wln 0681
wln 0682
wln 0683
wln 0684
wln 0685
wln 0686
wln 0687
wln 0688
wln 0689
wln 0690
wln 0691
wln 0692

Of twentie sutes that I did neuer were.
Feran. Tush *Polidor* I haue as many sutes
Fantasticke made to fit my humor so
As any in Athens and as richlie wrought
As was the Massie Robe that late adord,
The stately legate of the Persian King,
And this from them haue I made choise to weare.
Alfon. I prethie *Ferando* let me intreat
Before thou goste vnto the church with vs,
To put some other sute vpon thy backe.
Feran. Not for the world if I might gaine it so,
And therefore take me thus or not at all,
Enter *Kate*.
But soft se where my *Kate* doth come,
I must salute hir: how fares my louely *Kate*?
What art thou readie? shall we go to church?
Kate. Not I with one so mad, so basely tirde,
To marrie such a filthie slauish groome,
That as it seemes sometimes is from his wits,
Or else he would not thus haue come to vs.
Feran. Tush *Kate* these words addes greater loue in me
And makes me thinke thee fairrer then before,
Sweete *Kate* the louelier then Dianas purple robe,
Whiter then are the snowie Apenis,
Or icie haire that goes on Boreas chin.
Father I sweare by Ibis golden beake,
More faire and Radiante is my bonie *Kate*,
Then siluer *Zanthus* when he doth imbrace,
The ruddie *Simies* at *Idas* feete,
And care not thou swete *Kate* how I be clad,
Thou shalt haue garments wrought of Median silke,
Enchast with pretious Iewells fecht from far,
By Italian Marchants that with Russian stemes,
Plous vp huge sorrowes in the *Terren Maine*,

And

The taming of a Shrew.

wln 0693
wln 0694
wln 0695
wln 0696
wln 0697
wln 0698

wln 0699
wln 0700
wln 0701
wln 0702
wln 0703
wln 0704
wln 0705
wln 0706
wln 0707
wln 0708
wln 0709
wln 0710
wln 0711
wln 0712
wln 0713
wln 0714
wln 0715
wln 0716
wln 0717
wln 0718
wln 0719
wln 0720
wln 0721
wln 0722
wln 0723
wln 0724
wln 0725

And better farre my louely *Kate* shall weare,
Then come sweet loue and let vs to the church,
For this I sweare shall be my wedding sute.

Exeunt omnes.

Alfon. Come gentlemen go along with vs,
For thus doo what we can he will be wed.

Exit.

Enter *Polidors* boy and *Sander*.

Boy. Come hither sirha boy.

San. Boy; oh disgrace to my person, souns boy
Of your face, you haue many boies with such
Pickadeuantes I am sure, souns would you
Not haue a bloudie nose for this?

Boy. Come, come, I did but iest, where is that
Same peece of pie that I gaue thee to keepe.

San. The pie? I you haue more minde of your bellie
Then to go see what your maister dooes.

Boy. Tush tis no matter man I prethe giue it me,
I am verie hungry I promise thee.

San. Why you may take it and the deuill burst
You with it, one cannot saue a bit after supper,
But you are alwaies readie to munch it vp.

Boy. Why come man, we shall haue good cheere
Anon at the bridehouse, for your maisters gone to
Church to be married already, and thears
Such cheere as passeth.

San. O braue, I would I had eate no meat this week,
For I haue neuer a corner left in my bellie
To put a venson pastie in, I thinke I shall burst my selfe
With eating, for Ile so cram me downe the tarts
And the marchpaines, out of all crie.

Boy. I, but how wilt thou doo now thy maisters
Married, thy mistresse is such a deuill, as sheele make
Thee forget thy eating quickly, sheele beat thee so.

San.

The taming of a Shrew.

wln 0726
wln 0727
wln 0728
wln 0729
wln 0730
wln 0731
wln 0732
wln 0733
wln 0734
wln 0735
wln 0736
wln 0737
wln 0738
wln 0739
wln 0740
wln 0741
wln 0742
wln 0743
wln 0744
wln 0745
wln 0746
wln 0747
wln 0748
wln 0749
wln 0750
wln 0751
wln 0752
wln 0753
wln 0754
wln 0755
wln 0756
wln 0757
wln 0758
wln 0759

San. Let my maister alone with hir for that, for
Heele make hir tame wel inough ere longe I warent thee
For he's such a churle waxen now of late that and he be
Neuer so little angry he thums me out of all crie,
But in my minde sirra the yongest is a verie
Prettie wench, and if I thought thy maister would
Not haue hir Ide haue a flinge at hir
My selfe, Ile see soone whether twill be a match
Or no: and it will not Ile set the matter
Hard for my selfe I warrant thee.

Boy. Sounes you slaue will you be a Riual with
My maister in his loue, speake but such
Another worde and Ile cut off one of thy legges.

San. Oh, cruell iudgement, nay then sirra,
My tongue shall talke no more to you, marry my
Timber shall tell the trustie message of his maister,
Euen on the very forehead on thee, thou abusious
Villaine, therefore prepare thy selfe.

Boy. Come hither thou Imperfecksious slaue in
Regard of thy beggery, holde thee theres
Two shillings for thee? to pay for the
Healing of thy left legge which I meane
Furiously to inuade or to maim at the least.

San. O supernodicall foule? well Ile take your
two shillings but Ile barre striking at legges.

Boy. Not I, for Ile strike any where.

San. Here here take your two shillings again
Ile see thee hangd ere Ile fight with thee,
I gat a broken shin the other day,
Tis not, whole yet and therefore Ile not fight
Come come why should we fall out?

Boy. Well **sirray** your faire words hath something
Alaied my Coller: I am content for this once
To put it vp and be frends with thee,

The taming of a Shrew.

wln 0760

wln 0761

But soft see where they come all from church,
Belike they be Married allredy.

wln 0762

wln 0763

wln 0764

wln 0765

wln 0766

wln 0767

wln 0768

wln 0769

wln 0770

wln 0771

wln 0772

wln 0773

wln 0774

wln 0775

wln 0776

wln 0777

wln 0778

wln 0779

wln 0780

wln 0781

wln 0782

wln 0783

wln 0784

wln 0785

wln 0786

wln 0787

wln 0788

wln 0789

wln 0790

wln 0791

wln 0792

Enter *Ferando and Kate and Alfonso and Polidor
and Emelia and Aurelius and Philema.*

Feran. Father farwell, my *Kate* and I must home,
Sirra go make ready my horse presentlie.

Alfon. Your horse! what son I hope you doo but iest,
I am sure you will not go so suddainly.

Kate. Let him go or tarry I am resolu'de to stay,
And not to trauell on my wedding day.

Feran. Tut *Kate* I tell thee we must needes go home,
Villaine hast thou saddled my horse?

San. Which horse, your curtall?

Feran. Sounes you slaue stand you prating here?
Saddell the bay gelding for your Mistris.

Kate Not for me: for Ile not go. (pence

San. The ostler will not let me haue him, you owe ten
For his meate, and 6 pence for stuffing my mistris saddle.

Feran. Here villaine go pay him straight.

San. Shall I giue them another pecke of lauender.

Feran. Out slaue and bring them presently to the dore

Alfon. Why son I hope at least youle dine with vs.

San. I pray you maister lets stay till dinner be don.

Feran. Sounes villaine art thou here yet? *Ex. Sander.*

Come *Kate* our dinner is prouided at home.

Kate. But not for me, for here I meane to dine.

Ile haue my will in this as well as you,
Though you in madding mood would leaue your frends
Despite of you Ile tarry with them still.

Feran. I *Kate* so thou shalt but at some other time,
When as thy sisters here shall be espousd,
Then thou and I will keepe our wedding day,
In better sort then now we can prouide,

For

The taming of a Shrew.

wln 0793
wln 0794
wln 0795
wln 0796
wln 0797
wln 0798
wln 0799
wln 0800
wln 0801
wln 0802
wln 0803
wln 0804
wln 0805
wln 0806
wln 0807
wln 0808
wln 0809
wln 0810
wln 0811
wln 0812
wln 0813
wln 0814
wln 0815
wln 0816
wln 0817
wln 0818
wln 0819
wln 0820
wln 0821
wln 0822
wln 0823
wln 0824
wln 0825
wln 0826

For here *I* promise thee before them all,
We will ere long returne to them againe,
Come *Kate* stand not on termes we will awaie,
This is my day, to morrow thou shalt rule,
And I will doo what euer thou commandes.
Gentlemen farwell, wele take our leues,
It will be late before that we come home.

Exit Ferando and Kate.

Pol. Farwell *Ferando* since you will be gone.

Alfon. So mad a cupple did I neuer see.

Emel. They're euen as well macht as I would wish.

Phile. And yet I hardly thinke that he can tame her.

For when he has don she will do what she list.

Aurel. Her manhood then is good I do beleeeue.

Pol. *Aurelius* or else I misse my marke,

Her toung will walke if she doth hold her handes,

I am in dout ere halfe a month be past

Hele curse the priest that married him so soone,

And yet it may be she will be reclaimde,

For she is verie patient grone of late.

Alfon. God hold it that it may continue still,

I would be loth that they should disagree,

But he *I* hope will holde her in a while.

Pol. Within this two daies I will ride to him,

And see how louingly they do agree.

Alfon. Now *Aurelius* what say you to this,

What haue you sent to *Cestus* as you said,

To certifie your father of your loue,

For *I* would gladlie he would like of it,

And if he be the man you tell to me,

I gesse he is a Marchant of great wealth.

And *I* haue seene him oft at *Athens* here,

And for his sake assure thee thou art welcome.

Pol. And so to me whilest *Polidor* doth liue.

The taming of a Shrew.

wln 0827
wln 0828
wln 0829
wln 0830
wln 0831
wln 0832
wln 0833
wln 0834
wln 0835
wln 0836
wln 0837

Aurel. I find it so right worthie gentlemen,
And of what worth your frendship I esteme,
I leue censure of your seuerall thoughts,
But for requitall of your faouours past,
Rests yet behind, which when occasion serues
I vow shalbe remembred to the full,
And for my fathers comming to this place,
I do expect within this weeke at most.

Alfon. Inough *Aurelieus*? but we forget
Our Marriage dinner now the bride is gon,
Come let vs se what there they left behind.

Exit Omnes

wln 0838
wln 0839
wln 0840
wln 0841
wln 0842
wln 0843
wln 0844
wln 0845
wln 0846
wln 0847
wln 0848
wln 0849
wln 0850
wln 0851
wln 0852
wln 0853
wln 0854
wln 0855
wln 0856
wln 0857
wln 0858
wln 0859

*Enter Sanders with two or three
seruing men*

San. Come sirs prouide all thinges as fast as you can,
For my Masters hard at hand and my new Mistris
And all, and he sent me before to see all thinges redy.

Tom. Welcome home *Sander* sirra how lookes our
New Mistris they say she's a plagie shrew.

San. I and that thou shalt find I can tell thee and thou
Dost not please her well, why my Maister
Has such a doo with hir as it passeth and he's euen
like a madman.

Will. Why *Sander* what dos he say.

San. Why Ile tell you what: when they should
Go to church to be maried he puts on an olde
Ierkin and a paire of canuas breeches downe to the
Small of his legge and a red cap on his head and he
Lookes as thou wilt burst thy selfe with laffing
When thou seest him: he's ene as good as a
Foole for me: and then when they should go to dinner
He made me Saddle the horse and away he came.
And nere tarried for dinner and therefore you had best
Get supper redy against they come, for

They

The taming of a Shrew

wln 0860

They be hard at hand *I* am sure by this time.

wln 0861

Tom. Sounes see where they be all redy.

wln 0862

Enter Ferando and Kate.

wln 0863

Feran. Now welcome *Kate*: wher'es these villains

wln 0864

Here, what? not supper yet vppon the borde:

wln 0865

Nor table spred nor nothing don at all,

wln 0866

Wheres that villaine that I sent before.

wln 0867

San. Now, *adsum*, sir.

wln 0868

Feran. Come hether you villaine Ile cut your nose,

wln 0869

You Rogue: helpe me of with my bootes: wilt please

wln 0870

You to lay the cloth? sounes the villaine

wln 0871

Hurts my foote? pull easely I say; yet againe.

wln 0872

He beates them all.

wln 0873

They couer the bord and fetch in the meate.

wln 0874

Sounes? burnt and skorcht who drest this meate?

wln 0875

Will. Forsouth Iohn cooke.

wln 0876

He throwes downe the table and meate

wln 0877

and all, and beates them.

wln 0878

Feran. Go you villaines bringe you me such meate,

wln 0879

Out of my sight I say and beare it hence,

wln 0880

Come *Kate* wele haue other meate prouided,

wln 0881

Is there a fire in my chamber sir?

wln 0882

San. *I* forsooth.

Exit Ferando and Kate.

wln 0883

Manent seruingmen and eate vp all the meate.

wln 0884

Tom. Sounes? I thinke of my conscience my Masters

wln 0885

Mad since he was maried.

wln 0886

Will. I laft what a boxe he gaue *Sander*

wln 0887

For pulling of his bootes.

wln 0888

Enter Ferando againe.

wln 0889

San. I hurt his foote for the nonce man.

wln 0890

Feran. Did you so you damned villaine.

wln 0891

He beates them all out againe.

wln 0892

This humor must I holde me to a while,

The taming of a Shrew

wln 0893 To bridle and hold backe my headstrong wife,
wln 0894 With curbes of hunger: ease: and want of sleepe,
wln 0895 Nor sleepe nor meate shall she inioie to night,
wln 0896 Ile mew her vp as men do mew their hawkes,
wln 0897 And make her gentlie come vnto the lure,
wln 0898 Were she as stuborne or as full of strength
wln 0899 As were the *Thracian* horse *Alcides* tamde,
wln 0900 That King *Egeus* fed with flesh of men,
wln 0901 Yet would I pull her downe and make her come
wln 0902 As hungry hawkes do flie vnto there lure.

Exit.

Enter *Aurelius* and *Valeria*.

wln 0904 *Aurel.* *Valeria* attend: I haue a louely loue,
wln 0905 As bright as is the heauen cristalline,
wln 0906 As faire as is the milke white way of Ioue,
wln 0907 As chaste as *Phæbe* in her sommer sportes,
wln 0908 As softe and tender as the asure downe,
wln 0909 That circles *Cithereas* siluer doues.
wln 0910 Her do *I* meane to make my louely bride,
wln 0911 And in her bed to breath the sweete content,
wln 0912 That *I* thou knowst long time haue aimed at.
wln 0913 Now *Valeria* it rests in thee to helpe
wln 0914 To compasse this, that *I* might gaine my loue,
wln 0915 Which easilie thou maist performe at will,
wln 0916 If that the marchant which thou toldst me of,
wln 0917 Will as he sayd go to *Alfonso's* house,
wln 0918 And say he is my father, and there with all
wln 0919 Pas ouer certaine deedes of land to me,
wln 0920 That *I* thereby may gaine my hearts desire,
wln 0921 And he is promised reward of me.

wln 0922 *Val.* Feare not my Lord Ile fetch him straight to you,
wln 0923 For hele do any thing that you command,
wln 0924 But tell me my Lord, is *Ferando* married then?

wln 0925 *Aurel.* He is: and *Polidor* shortly shall be wed,
wln 0926 And he meanes to tame his wife erelong.

Valeria

The taming of a Shrew.

wln 0927
wln 0928
wln 0929
wln 0930
wln 0931
wln 0932
wln 0933
wln 0934
wln 0935
wln 0936
wln 0937
wln 0938
wln 0939
wln 0940
wln 0941
wln 0942
wln 0943
wln 0944
wln 0945
wln 0946
wln 0947
wln 0948
wln 0949
wln 0950
wln 0951
wln 0952
wln 0953
wln 0954
wln 0955
wln 0956
wln 0957
wln 0958
wln 0959
wln 0960

Vale. He saies so.

Aurel. Faith he's gon vnto the taming schoole.

Val. The taming schoole; why is there such a place?

Aurel. I: and *Ferando* is the Maister of the schoole.

Val. Thats rare: but what *decorum* dos he vse?

Aurel. Faith I know not: but by som odde deuise

Or other, but come *Valeria* I long to see the man,

By whome we must comprise our plotted drift,

That I may tell him what we haue to doo.

Val. Then come my Lord and I will bring you to him
straight.

Aurel. Agreed, then lets go.

Exeunt

Enter *Sander* and his *Mistres*.

San. Come Mistris.

Kate. *Sander* I prethe helpe me to some meate,
I am so faint that I can scarsely stande.

San. I marry mistris but you know my maister
Has giuen me a charge that you must eate nothing,
But that which he himselfe giueth you.

Kate. Why man thy Maister needs neuer know it.

San. You say true indede: why looke you Mistris,
What say you to a peese of beeffe and mustard now?

Kate. Why I say tis excellent meate, canst thou
helpe me to some?

San. I, I could helpe you to some but that
I doubt the mustard is too collerick for you,
But what say you to a sheepes head and garlick?

Kate. Why any thing, I care not what it be.

San. I but the garlike I doubt will make your breath
stincke, and then my Maister will course me for letting
You eate it: But what say you to a fat Capon?

Kate. Thats meate for a King sweet *Sander* helpe
Me to some of it.

San. Nay berlady then tis too deere for vs, we must

Not

The taming of a Shrew.

wln 0961
wln 0962
wln 0963
wln 0964
wln 0965
wln 0966
wln 0967
wln 0968
wln 0969
wln 0970
wln 0971
wln 0972
wln 0973
wln 0974
wln 0975
wln 0976
wln 0977
wln 0978
wln 0979
wln 0980
wln 0981
wln 0982
wln 0983
wln 0984
wln 0985
wln 0986
wln 0987
wln 0988
wln 0989
wln 0990
wln 0991
wln 0992
wln 0993
wln 0994

Not meddle with the Kings meate.

Kate Out villaine dost thou mocke me,
Take that for thy sawsinesse.

She beates him.

San. Sounes are you so light fingerd with a murrin,
Ile keepe you fasting for it this two daies.

Kate. I tell thee villaine Ile tear the flesh of
Thy face and eate it and thou prates to me thus.

San. Here comes my Maister now hele course you.

Enter *Ferando* with a peece of meate vppon his
daggers point and *Polidor* with him.

Feran. Se here *Kate* I haue prouided meate for thee,
Here take it: what ist not worthie thankes,
Goe sirra? take it awaie againe you shallbe
Thankfull for the next you haue.

Kate Why I thanke you for it.

Feran. Nay now tis not worth a pin go sirray and take
It hence I say.

San. Yes sir Ile Carrie it hence: Maister let her
Haue none for she can fight as hungrie as she is.

Pol. I pray you sir let it stand, for Ile eate
Some with her my selfe.

Feran. Well sirra set it downe againe.

Kate. Nay nay I pray you let him take it hence,
And keepe it for your owne diete for Ile none,
Ile nere be beholding to you for your Meate,
I tell thee flatlie here vnto the thy teethe
Thou shalt not keepe me nor feede me as thou list,
For I will home againe vnto my fathers house.

Feran. I, when you'r meeke and gentell but not
Before, I know your stomack is not yet come downe,
Therefore no maruell thou canste not eate,
And I will goe vnto your Fathers house,
Come *Polidor* let vs goe in againe,

And

The taming of a Shrew.

wln 0995
wln 0996

And *Kate* come in with vs I know ere longe,
That thou and I shall louingly agree.

Ex. Omnes

wln 0997
wln 0998

Enter *Aurelius Valeria and Phylotus*
the Marchant.

wln 0999
wln 1000

Aurel. Now Senior *Phylotus*, we will go
Vnto *Alfonso's* house, and be sure you say
As I did tell you, concerning the man
That dwells in *Cestus*, whose son I said I was,
For you doo very much resemble him,
And feare not: you may be bold to speake your mind.

wln 1001
wln 1002

wln 1003
wln 1004

wln 1005
wln 1006

Phylo. I warrant you sir take you no care,
Ile vse my selfe so cunning in the cause,
As you shall soone inioie your harts delight.

wln 1007
wln 1008

Aurel. Thankes sweet *Phylotus*, then stay you here,
And I will go and fetch him hither straight.
Ho, Senior *Alfonso*: a word with you.

wln 1009
wln 1010

wln 1011

Enter *Alfonso.* (matter

wln 1012
wln 1013

Alfon. Whose there? what *Aurelius* whats the
That you stand so like a stranger at the doore?

wln 1014
wln 1015

Aurel. My father sir is newly come to towne,
And I haue brought him here to speake with you,
Concerning those matters that *I* tolde you of,
And he can certefie you of the truth.

wln 1016
wln 1017

Alfon. Is this your father? you are welcome sir.

wln 1018
wln 1019

Phylo. Thankes *Alfonso*, for thats your name *I* gesse,
I vnderstand my son hath set his mind
And bent his liking to your daughters loue,
And for because he is my only son,
And I would gladly that he should doo well,
I tell you sir, I not mislike his choise,
If you agree to giue him your consent,
He shall haue liuing to maintaine his state,

wln 1020
wln 1021

wln 1022
wln 1023

wln 1024
wln 1025

wln 1026

The taming of a Shrew.

wln 1027
wln 1028
wln 1029
wln 1030
wln 1031
wln 1032
wln 1033
wln 1034
wln 1035
wln 1036
wln 1037
wln 1038
wln 1039
wln 1040
wln 1041
wln 1042
wln 1043
wln 1044
wln 1045
wln 1046
wln 1047
wln 1048
wln 1049
wln 1050
wln 1051
wln 1052
wln 1053
wln 1054
wln 1055
wln 1056
wln 1057
wln 1058
wln 1059
wln 1060

Three hundred poundes a yeere I will assure
To him and to his heyres, and if they do ioyne,
And knit themselues in holy wedlock bande,
A thousand massie in gots of pure gold,
And twise as many bares of siluer plate,
I freely giue him, and in writing straight,
I will confirme what I haue said in wordes.

Alfon. Trust me I must commend your liberall mind,
And louing care you beare vnto your son,
And here I giue him freely my consent,
As for my daughter I thinke he knowes her mind,
And I will enlarge her dowrie for your sake.
And solemnise with ioie your nuptiall rites,
But is this gentleman of *Cestus* too?

Aurel. He is the *Duke* of *Cestus* thrise renowned son,
Who for the loue his honour beares to me:
Hath thus accompanied me to this place.

Alfonso. You weare to blame you told me not before,
Pardon me my Lord, for if I had knowne
Your honour had bin here in place with me,
I would haue donne my dutie to your honour.

Val. Thankes good *Alfonso*: but I did come to see
When as these marriage rites should be performed,
And if in these nuptialls you vouchsafe,
To honour thus the prince of *Cestus* frend,
In celebration of his spousall rites,
He shall remaine a lasting friend to you,
What saies *Aurelius* father.

Phylo. I humbly thanke your honour good my Lord,
And ere we parte before your honor here:
Shall articles of such content be drawne,
As twixt our houses and posterities,
Eternallie this league of peace shall last,
Inuiolat and pure on either part:

Alfonso

The taming of a Shrew.

wln 1061
wln 1062
wln 1063
wln 1064

Alfonso. With all my heart, and if your honour please,
To walke along with vs vnto my house,
We will confirme these leagues of lasting loue.
Val. Come then *Aurelius* I will go with you. *Ex. omnes.*

wln 1065
wln 1066
wln 1067
wln 1068
wln 1069
wln 1070
wln 1071
wln 1072

Enter *Ferando and Kate and Sander.*
San. Master the haberdasher has brought my
Mistresse home her cappe here.
Feran. Come hither sirra: what haue you there?
Habar. A veluet cappe sir and it please you.
Feran. Who spoake for it? didst thou *Kate*?
Kate. What if I did, come hither sirra, giue me
The cap, Ile see if it will fit me.

wln 1073
wln 1074
wln 1075
wln 1076
wln 1077
wln 1078
wln 1079
wln 1080
wln 1081

She sets it one hir head.
Feran. O monstrous: why it becomes thee not,
Let me see it *Kate*: here sirra take it hence,
This cappe is out of fashion quite.
Kate The fashion is good inough: belike you,
Meane to make a foole of me.
Feran. Why true he meanes to make a foole of thee,
To haue thee put on such a curtald cappe,
sirra begon with it.

wln 1082
wln 1083
wln 1084
wln 1085
wln 1086
wln 1087
wln 1088
wln 1089
wln 1090
wln 1091

Enter the *Taylor* with a gowne.
San. Here is the *Taylor* too with my Mistris gowne.
Feran. Let me see it *Taylor*: what with cuts and iaggess?
Sounes you villaine, thou hast spoiled the gowne. (tion,
Taylor. Why sir I made it as your man gaue me direc-
You may reade the note here.
Feran. Come hither sirra: *Taylor* reade the note.
Taylor. Item a faire round compast cape.
San. I thats true.
Taylor. And a large truncke sleeue.

The taming of a Shrew.

wln 1092

San. Thats a lie maister, I sayd two truncke sleeues.

wln 1093

Feran. Well sir goe forward.

wln 1094

Taylor. Item a loose bodied gowne.

wln 1095

San. Maister if euer I sayd loose bodies gowne,

wln 1096

Sew me in a seame and beate me to death,

wln 1097

With a bottome of browne thred.

wln 1098

Taylor. I made it as the note bad me.

wln 1099

San. I say the note lies in his throate and thou too,

wln 1100

And thou sayst it.

wln 1101

Taylor. Nay nay nere be so hot sirra, for I feare you not.

wln 1102

San. Doost thou heare *Taylor*, thou hast braued

wln 1103

Many men: braue not me.

wln 1104

Thou'st faste many men.

wln 1105

Taylor. Well sir.

wln 1106

San. Face not me Ile nether be faste nor braued

wln 1107

At thy handes I can tell thee.

wln 1108

Kate. Come come I like the fashion of it well enough,

wln 1109

Heres more a do then needs Ile haue it,

wln 1110

And if you do not like it hide your eies,

wln 1111

I thinke I shall haue nothing by your will.

wln 1112

Feran. Go I say and take it vp for your maisters vse.

wln 1113

San. Souns: villaine not for thy life touch it not,

wln 1114

Souns, take vp my mistris gowne to his

wln 1115

Maisters vse?

wln 1116

Feran. Well sir: whats your conceit of it.

wln 1117

San. I haue a deeper conceite in it then you

wln 1118

thinke for, take vp my Mistris gowne

wln 1119

To his maisters vse?

wln 1120

Feran. *Taylor* come hether: for this time take it

wln 1121

Hence againe, and Ile content thee for thy paines.

wln 1122

Taylor. I thanke you sir. *Exit Taylor.*

wln 1123

Feran. Come *Kate* we now will go see thy fathers house

wln 1124

Euen in these honest meane abilliments,

wln 1125

Our purses shallbe rich, our garments plaine,

The taming of a Shrew.

wln 1126
wln 1127
wln 1128
wln 1129
wln 1130
wln 1131
wln 1132
wln 1133
wln 1134
wln 1135
wln 1136
wln 1137
wln 1138
wln 1139

To shrowd our bodies from the winter rage,
And thats inough, what should we care for more.
Thy sisters *Kate* to morrow must be wed,
And I haue promised them thou shouldst be there
The morning is well vp lets hast away,
It will be nine a clocke ere we come there.

Kate. Nine a clock, why tis allreadie past two
In the after noone by all the clocks in the towne.

Feran. I say tis but nine a clock in the morning.

Kate. I say tis tow a clock in the after noone.

Feran. It shall be nine then ere we go to your fathers,
Come backe againe, we will not go to day.
Nothing but crossing of me still,
Ile haue you say as I doo ere you go.

Exeunt omnes.

wln 1140
wln 1141
wln 1142
wln 1143
wln 1144
wln 1145
wln 1146
wln 1147
wln 1148
wln 1149
wln 1150
wln 1151
wln 1152
wln 1153
wln 1154
wln 1155
wln 1156
wln 1157
wln 1158

Enter *Polidor, Emelia, Aurelius and Philema.*

Pol. Faire *Emelia* sommers sun bright Queene,
Brighter of hew then is the burning clime,
Where *Phæbus* in his bright æquator sits,
Creating gold and pressious minneralls,
What would *Emelia* doo? if I were forst
To leaue faire *Athens* and to range the world.

Eme. Should thou assay to scale the seate of Ioue,
Mounting the suttile ayrie regions
Or be snacht vp as erste was *Ganimed*,
Loue should giue winges vnto my swift desires,
And prune my thoughts that I would follow thee,
Or fall and perish as did *Icarus*.

Aurel. Sweetly resolved faire *Emelia*,
But would *Phylema* say as much to me,
If I should aske a question now of thee,
What if the duke of *Cestus* only son,
Which came with me vnto your fathers house,
Should seeke to git *Phylemas* loue from me,

And

The taming of a Shrew.

wln 1159
wln 1160
wln 1161
wln 1162
wln 1163
wln 1164
wln 1165
wln 1166
wln 1167
wln 1168
wln 1169
wln 1170
wln 1171
wln 1172
wln 1173
wln 1174
wln 1175
wln 1176
wln 1177
wln 1178
wln 1179
wln 1180
wln 1181
wln 1182
wln 1183
wln 1184
wln 1185
wln 1186
wln 1187
wln 1188
wln 1189
wln 1190
wln 1191
wln 1192

And make thee Duches of that stately towne,
Wouldst thou not then forsake me for his loue?
Phyle. Not for great *Neptune*, no nor *Ioue* himselfe,
Will *Phylema* leaue *Aurelius* loue,
Could he install me *Empres* of the world,
Or make me Queene and guidres of the heauens,
Yet would *I* not exchange thy loue for his,
Thy company is poore *Philemas* heauen,
And without thee, heauen were hell to me.
Eme. And should my loue as erste did *Hercules*
Attempt to passe the burning valtes of hell,
I would with piteous lookes and pleasing wordes,
As once did *Orpheus* with his harmony,
And rauishing sound of his melodious harpe,
Intreate grim *Pluto* and of him obtaine,
That thou mightest go and safe retourne againe.
Phyle. And should my loue as earst *Leander* did,
Attempte to swimme the boyling helispont
For *Heros* loue: no towers of brasse should hold
But I would follow thee through those raging flouds,
With lockes disheuered and my brest all bare,
With bended knees vpon *Abidas* shoore,
I would with smokie sighes and brinish teares,
Importune *Neptune* and the watry Gods,
To send a guard of siluer scaled *Dolphyns*,
With sounding *Tritons* to be our conuoy,
And to transport vs safe vnto the shore,
Whilst I would hang about thy louely necke,
Redoubling kisse on kisse vpon thy cheekes,
And with our pastime still the swelling waues.
Eme. Should *Polidor* as great *Achilles* did,
Onely imploy himselfe to follow armes,
Like to the warlike *Amazonian* Queene,
Penthesilea *Hectors* paramore,

Who

The taming of a Shrew

wln 1193

Who foyld the bloudie *Pirrhus* murderous greeke,
Ile thrust my selfe amongst the thickest throngs,
And with my vtmost force assist my loue.

wln 1194

wln 1195

wln 1196

Phyle. Let *Eole* storne: be mild and quiet thou,

wln 1197

Let *Neptune* swell, be *Aurelius* calme and pleased,

wln 1198

I care not I, betide what may betide,

wln 1199

Let fates and fortune doo the worst they can,

wln 1200

I recke them not: they not discord with me,

wln 1201

Whilst that my loue and *I* do well agree.

wln 1202

Aurel. Sweet *Phylema* bewties mynerall,

wln 1203

From whence the sun exhales his glorious shine,

wln 1204

And clad the heauen in thy reflected raies,

wln 1205

And now my liefest loue, the time drawes nie,

wln 1206

That *Himen* mounted in his saffron robe,

wln 1207

Must with his torches waight vpon thy traine,

wln 1208

As *Hellens* brothers on the horned Moone,

wln 1209

Now *Iuno* to thy number shall I adde,

wln 1210

The fairest bride that euer Marchant had.

wln 1211

Pol. Come faire *Emelia* the preeste is gon,

wln 1212

And at the church your father and the reste,

wln 1213

Do stay to see our marriage rites performde,

wln 1214

And knit in sight of heauen this *Gordian* knot.

wln 1215

That teeth of fretting time may nere vntwist,

wln 1216

Then come faire loue and gratulate with me,

wln 1217

This daies content and sweet solemnity.

Ex. Omnes

wln 1218

Slie *Sim* must they be married now?

wln 1219

Lord. *I* my Lord.

wln 1220

Enter *Ferando* and *Kate* and *Sander*.

wln 1221

Slie. Looke *Sim* the foole is come againe now.

wln 1222

Feran. Sirra go fetch our horsses forth, and bring

wln 1223

Them to the backe gate presentile.

wln 1224

San. I will sir *I* warrant you,

Exit Sander.

wln 1225

Feran. Come *Kate* the Moone shines cleere to night
methinkes.

wln 1226

Kate.

The taming of a Shrew

wln 1227
wln 1228
wln 1229
wln 1230
wln 1231
wln 1232
wln 1233
wln 1234
wln 1235
wln 1236
wln 1237
wln 1238
wln 1239
wln 1240

Kate. The moone? why husband you are deceiud
It is the sun.

Feran. Yet againe: come backe againe it shall be
The moone ere we come at your fathers.

Kate. Why Ile say as you say it is the moone.

Feran. Iesus saue the glorious moone.

Kate. Iesus saue the glorious moone.

Feran. I am glad *Kate* your stomack is come downe,
I know it well thou knowest it is the sun,
But I did trie to see if thou wouldst speake,
And crosse me now as thou hast donne before,
And trust me *kate* hadst thou not named the moone,
We had gon back againe as sure as death,
But soft whose this thats comming here.

wln 1241

Enter the *Duke of Cestus* alone.

wln 1242
wln 1243
wln 1244
wln 1245
wln 1246
wln 1247

Duke. Thus all alone from *Cestus* am I come,
And left my princelie courte and noble traine,
To come to *Athens*, and in this disguise,
To see what course my son *Aurelius* takes,
But stay, heres some it may be Trauells thether,
Good sir can you derset me the way to *Athens*?

wln 1248
wln 1249
wln 1250
wln 1251
wln 1252
wln 1253
wln 1254
wln 1255
wln 1256
wln 1257

Ferando speakes to the olde man.
Faire louely maide yoong and affable,
More cleere of hew and far more beautifull,
Then pretious *Sardonix* or purple rockes,
Of *Amithests* or glistering *Hiasinthe*,
More amiable farre then is the plain,
Where glistring *Cepherus* in siluer boures,
Gaseth vpon the Giant *Andromede*,
Sweet *Kate* entertaine this louely woman.

Duke. I thinke the man is mad he calles me a woman.

Kate

The taming of a Shrew.

wln 1258
wln 1259
wln 1260
wln 1261
wln 1262
wln 1263
wln 1264
wln 1265
wln 1266
wln 1267
wln 1268
wln 1269
wln 1270
wln 1271
wln 1272

Kate. Faire louely lady, bright and Christalline,
Bewteous and stately as the eie-trained bird,
As glorious as the morning washt with dew,
Within whose eies she takes her dawning beames,
And golden sommer sleepes vpon thy cheekes,
Wrap vp thy radiations in some cloud,
Least that thy bewty make this stately towne,
Inhabitable like the burning *Zone*,
With sweet reflections of thy louely face.
Duke. What is she mad to? or is my shape transformd,
That both of them perswade me I am a woman,
But they are mad sure, and therefore Ile begon,
And leaue their companies for fear of harme,
And vnto *Athens* hast to seeke my son.

Exit Duke.

wln 1273
wln 1274
wln 1275
wln 1276
wln 1277
wln 1278
wln 1279
wln 1280
wln 1281
wln 1282

Feran. Why so *Kate* this was friendly done of thee,
And kindly too: why thus must we two liue,
One minde, one heart, and one content for both,
This good old man dos thinke that we are mad,
And glad he is I am sure, that he is gonne,
But come sweet *Kate* for we will after him,
And now perswade him to his shape againe.

Ex. omnes.

Enter *Alfonso and Phylotus and Valeria,*
Polidor, Emelia, Aurelius and Phylema.

wln 1283
wln 1284
wln 1285
wln 1286
wln 1287
wln 1288
wln 1289

Alfon. Come louely sonnes your marriage rites
performed,
Lets hie vs home to see what cheere we haue,
I wonder that *Ferando* and his wife
Comes not to see this great solemnitie.

Pol. No maruell if *Ferando* be away,
His wife I think hath troubled so his wits,

F

That

The taming of a Shrew.

wln 1290
wln 1291
wln 1292
wln 1293
wln 1294
wln 1295
wln 1296
wln 1297
wln 1298
wln 1299
wln 1300
wln 1301
wln 1302
wln 1303
wln 1304
wln 1305
wln 1306
wln 1307
wln 1308
wln 1309
wln 1310
wln 1311
wln 1312
wln 1313
wln 1314
wln 1315
wln 1316
wln 1317
wln 1318
wln 1319
wln 1320
wln 1321
wln 1322
wln 1323

That he remaines at home to keepe them warme,
For forward wedlocke as the prouerbe sayes,
Hath brought him to his night cappe long agoe.

Phylo. But *Polidor* let my son and you take heede,
That *Ferando* say not ere long as much to you,
And now *Alfonso* more to shew my loue,
If vnto *Cestus* you do send your ships,
My selfe will fraught them with *Arabian* silkes,
Rich affrick spices *Arras* counter poines,
Muske *Cassia*: sweet smelling *Ambergreece*,
Pearle, curroll, christall, iett, and iuorie,
To gratulate the fauors of my son,
And friendly loue that you haue shone to him.

Vale. And for to honour him and this faire bride,
Enter the *Duke of Cestus*.

Ile yerly send you from my fathers courte,
Chests of refind suger seuerally,
Ten tunne of tunis wine, sucket sweet druges,
To celibrate and solemnise this day,
And custome free your marchants shall conuerse:
And interchange the profits of your land,
Sending you gold for brasse, siluer for leade,
Casses of silke for packes of woll and cloth,
To binde this friendship and confirme this league.

Duke. I am glad sir that you would be so franke,
Are you become the *Duke of Cestus* son,
And reuels with my treasure in the towne,
Base villaine that thus dishonorest me.

Val. Sounes it is the *Duke* what shall I doo,
Dishonour thee why, knowst thou what thou saist?

Duke. Her's no villaine: he will not know me now,
But what say you? haue you forgot me too?

Phylo. Why sir, are you acquainted with my son?

Duke. With thy son? no trust me if he be thine,

The taming of a Shrew.

wln 1324
wln 1325
wln 1326
wln 1327
wln 1328
wln 1329
wln 1330
wln 1331
wln 1332
wln 1333
wln 1334
wln 1335
wln 1336
wln 1337
wln 1338
wln 1339
wln 1340

I pray you sir who am I?
Aurel. Pardon me father: humblie on my knees,
I do intreat your grace to heare me speake.
Duke. Peace villaine: lay handes on them,
And send them to prison straight.
Phylotus and Valeria runnes away.
Then *Slie* speakes.
Slie. I say wele haue no sending to prison.
Lord. My Lord this is but the play, theyr but in iest.
Slie. I tell thee *Sim* wele haue no sending,
To prison thats flat: why *Sim* am not I *Don Christo Vary*?
Therefore *I* say they shall not go to prison.
Lord. No more they shall not my Lord,
They be run away.
Slie. Are they run away *Sim*? thats well,
Then gis some more drinke, and let them play againe.
Lord. Here my Lord.

wln 1341
wln 1342
wln 1343
wln 1344
wln 1345
wln 1346
wln 1347
wln 1348
wln 1349
wln 1350
wln 1351
wln 1352
wln 1353
wln 1354
wln 1355
wln 1356

Slie drinkes and then falls a sleepe.
Duke. Ah trecherous boy that durst presume,
To wed thy selfe without thy fathers leaue,
I sweare by fayre *Cintheas* burning rayes,
By *Merops* head and by seauen mouthed *Nile*,
Had I but knowne ere thou hadst wedded her,
Were in thy brest the worlds immortall soule,
This angrie sword should rip thy hatefull chest,
And hewd thee smaller then the *Libian* sandes,
Turne hence thy face: oh cruell impious boy,
Alfonso I did not thinke you would presume,
To mach your daughter with my princely house,
And nere make me acquainted with the cause.
Alfon. My Lord by heauens I sweare vnto your grace,
I knew none other but *Valeria* your man,
Had bin the *Duke* of *Cestus* noble son,

The taming of a Shrew.

wln 1357
wln 1358
wln 1359
wln 1360
wln 1361
wln 1362
wln 1363
wln 1364
wln 1365
wln 1366
wln 1367
wln 1368
wln 1369
wln 1370
wln 1371
wln 1372
wln 1373
wln 1374
wln 1375
wln 1376
wln 1377
wln 1378
wln 1379
wln 1380
wln 1381
wln 1382
wln 1383
wln 1384
wln 1385
wln 1386
wln 1387
wln 1388
wln 1389
wln 1390

Nor did my daughter I dare sweare for her.
Duke. That damned villaine that hath deluded me,
Whome I did send guide vnto my son,
Oh that my furious force could cleaue the earth,
That I might muster bands of hellish feendes,
To rack his heart and teare his impious soule.
The ceaselesse turning of celestiall orbes,
Kindles not greater flames in flitting aire,
Then passionate anguish of my raging brest,
Aurel. Then let my death sweet father end your grieffe,
For I it is that thus haue wrought your woes,
Then be reuengd on me for here I sweare,
That they are innocent of what I did,
Oh had *I* charge to cut of *Hydraes* hed,
To make the toplesse *Alpes* a champion field,
To kill vntamed monsters with my sword,
To trauell dayly in the hottest sun,
And watch in winter when the nightes be colde,
I would with gladnesse vndertake them all,
And thinke the paine but pleasure that I felt,
So that my noble father at my returne,
Would but forget and pardon my offence,
Phile. Let me intreat your grace vpon my knees,
To pardon him and let my death discharge
The heauy wrath your grace hath vowd gainst him.
Pol. And good my Lord let vs intreat your grace,
To purge your stomack of this Melancholy,
Taynt not your princely minde with grieffe my Lord,
But pardon and forgiue these louers faults,
That kneeling craue your gracious fauor here.
Emel. Great prince of *Cestus*, let a womans wordes,
Intreat a pardon in your lordly brest,
Both for your princely son, and vs my Lord.
Duke. *Aurelius* stand vp I pardon thee,

img: 23-b
sig: F3r

The taming of a Shrew

wln 1391
wln 1392
wln 1393
wln 1394
wln 1395
wln 1396
wln 1397
wln 1398
wln 1399
wln 1400
wln 1401
wln 1402
wln 1403
wln 1404
wln 1405
wln 1406
wln 1407
wln 1408
wln 1409
wln 1410
wln 1411
wln 1412
wln 1413
wln 1414
wln 1415
wln 1416
wln 1417
wln 1418
wln 1419
wln 1420
wln 1421
wln 1422
wln 1423

I see that vertue will haue enemies,
And fortune willbe thwarting honour still,
And you faire virgin too I am content,
To accept you for my daughter since tis don,
And see you princely vsde in *Cestus* courte.
Phyle. Thanks good my Lord and I no longer liue,
Then *I* obey and honour you in all:
Alfon. Let me giue thanks vnto your royall grace,
For this great honor don to me and mine,
And if your grace will walke vnto my house,
I will in humblest maner I can, show
The eternall seruice I doo owe your grace.
Duke Thanks good *Alfonso*: but I came alone,
And not as did beseeme the *Cestian Duke*,
Nor would I haue it knowne within the towne,
That I was here and thus without my traine,
But as I came alone so will I go,
And leaue my son to solemnise his feast,
And ere't be long Ile come againe to you,
And do him honour as beseemes the son
Of mightie *Ierobell* the *Cestian Duke*,
Till when Ile leaue you, Farwell *Aurelius*.
Aurel. Not yet my Lord, Ile bring you to your ship.
Exeunt Omnes.
Slie sleepes.
Lord. Whose within there? come hither sirs my Lords
A sleepe againe: go take him easily vp,
And put him in his one apparell againe,
And lay him in the place where we did find him,
Iust vnderneath the alehouse side below,
But see you wake him not in any case.
Boy. It shall be don my Lord come helpe to beare him
hence,

Exit.

Enter

The taming of a Shrew.

wln 1424
wln 1425

Enter *Ferando, Aurelius and Polidor*
and his boy and *Valeria and Sander.*

wln 1426

Feran. Come gentlemen now that suppers donne,
How shall we spend the time till we go to bed?

wln 1427

wln 1428

Aurel. Faith if you will in triall of our wiues,
Who will come sownest at their husbands call.

wln 1429

wln 1430

Pol. Nay then *Ferando* he must needes sit out,
For he may call I thinke till he be weary,

wln 1431

wln 1432

Before his wife will come before she list.

wln 1433

wln 1434

Feran. Tis well for you that haue such gentle wiues,
Yet in this triall will I not sit out,
It may be *Kate* will come as soone as yours.

wln 1435

wln 1436

Aurel. My wife comes soonest for a hundred pound.

wln 1437

wln 1438

Pol. I take it: Ile lay as much to youres,
That my wife comes as soone as I do send.

wln 1439

wln 1440

Aurel. How now *Ferando* you dare not lay belike.

wln 1441

wln 1442

Feran. Why true I dare not lay indeede;
But how, so little mony on so sure a thing,
A hundred pound: why I haue layd as much

wln 1443

wln 1444

Vpon my dogge, in running at a Deere,
She shall not come so farre for such a trifle,
But will you lay fiue hundred markes with me,
And whose wife soonest comes when he doth call,

wln 1445

wln 1446

And shewes her selfe most louing vnto him,
Let him inioue the wager I haue laid,

wln 1447

wln 1448

Now what say you? dare you aduenture thus?

wln 1449

wln 1450

Pol. I weare it a thousand pounds I durst presume
On my wiues loue: and *I* will lay with thee.

wln 1451

wln 1452

Enter *Alfonso.*

wln 1453

wln 1454

Alfon. How now sons what in conference so hard,
May I without offence, know where abouts.

Aurelius

The taming of a Shrew

wln 1455
wln 1456
wln 1457
wln 1458
wln 1459
wln 1460
wln 1461
wln 1462
wln 1463
wln 1464
wln 1465
wln 1466
wln 1467
wln 1468
wln 1469
wln 1470
wln 1471
wln 1472
wln 1473
wln 1474
wln 1475
wln 1476
wln 1477
wln 1478

Aurel. Faith father a waighty cause about our wiues
Fiue hundred markes already we haue layd,
And he whose wife doth shew most loue to him,
He must inioie the wager to himselfe.

Alfon. Why then *Ferando* he is sure to lose,
I promise thee son thy wife will hardly come,
And therefore I would not wish thee lay so much.

Feran. Tush father were it ten times more,
I durst aduenture on my louely *Kate*,
But if I lose Ile pay, and so shall you.

Aurel. Vpon mine honour if I loose Ile pay.

Pol. And so will I vpon my faith I vow.

Feran. Then sit we downe and let vs send for them.

Alfon. I promise thee *Ferando* I am afraid thou wilt lose

Aurel. Ile send for my wife first, *Valeria*
Go bid your Mistris come to me.

Val. I will my Lord.

Exit Valeria.

Aurel. Now for my hundred pound.
Would any lay ten hundred more with me,
I know I should obtaine it by her loue.

Feran. I pray God you haue not laid too much already.

Aurel. Trust me *Ferando* I am sure you haue,
For you I dare presume haue lost it all.

wln 1479

Enter *Valeria* againe.

wln 1480
wln 1481
wln 1482
wln 1483
wln 1484
wln 1485
wln 1486

Now sirra what saies your mistris?

Val. She is something busie but shele come anon.

Feran. Why so, did not I tell you this before,
She is busie and cannot come. (swere

Aurel. I pray God your wife send you so good an an-
She may be busie yet she sayes shele come.

Feran. Well well: *Polidor* send you for your wife.

Polidor

The taming of a Shrew.

wln 1487

Pol. Agreed *Boy* desire your mistris to come hither.

wln 1488

Boy. I will sir

wln 1489

Ex. Boy.

wln 1490

Feran. I so so he desiers her to come.

wln 1491

Alfon. *Polidor* I dare presume for thee,

wln 1492

I thinke thy wife will not deny to come.

wln 1493

And I do maruell much *Aurelius*,

wln 1494

That your wife came not when you sent for her.

wln 1495

Enter the *Boy* againe.

wln 1496

Pol. Now wheres your Mistris?

wln 1497

Boy. She bad me tell you that she will not come,

wln 1498

And you haue any businesse, you must come to her.

wln 1499

Feran. Oh monstrous intollerable presumption,

wln 1500

Worse then a blasing starre, or snow at midsommer,

wln 1501

Earthquakes or any thing vnseasonable,

wln 1502

She will not come: but he must come to her.

wln 1503

Pol. Well sir *I* pray you lets here what

wln 1504

Answere your wife will make.

wln 1505

Feran. Sirra, command your Mistris to come

wln 1506

To me presentlie.

Exit Sander.

wln 1507

Aurel. I thinke my wife for all she did not come,

wln 1508

Will proue most kinde for now I haue no feare,

wln 1509

For I am sure *Ferandos* wife, she will not come.

wln 1510

Feran. The mores the pittie: then I must lose.

wln 1511

Enter *Kate* and *Sander*.

wln 1512

But I haue won for see where *Kate* doth come.

wln 1513

Kate. Sweet husband did you send for me?

wln 1514

Feran. I did my loue I sent for thee to come,

wln 1515

Come hither *Kate*, whats that vpon thy head

wln 1516

Kate. Nothing husband but my cap I thinke.

wln 1517

Feran. Pull it of and treade it vnder thy feete,

wln 1518

Tis foolish I will not haue thee weare it.

wln 1519

She takes of her cap and treads on it.

Polidor

The taming of a Shrew.

wln 1520
wln 1521
wln 1522
wln 1523
wln 1524
wln 1525
wln 1526
wln 1527
wln 1528
wln 1529
wln 1530
wln 1531
wln 1532

Pol. Oh wonderfull metamorphosis.
Aurel. This is a wonder: almost past beleefe.
Feran. This is a token of her true loue to me,
And yet Ile trie her further you shall see,
Come hither *Kate* where are thy sisters.
Kate. They be sitting in the bridall chamber.
Feran. Fetch them hither and if they will not come,
Bring them perforce and make them come with thee.
Kate. I will.
Alfon. I promise thee *Ferando* I would haue sworne,
Thy wife would nere haue donne so much for thee.
Feran. But you shall see she will do more then this,
For see where she brings her sisters forth by force.

wln 1533
wln 1534

Enter *Kate* thrusting *Phylema* and *Emelia* before her,
and makes them come vnto their husbands call.

wln 1535
wln 1536
wln 1537
wln 1538
wln 1539
wln 1540
wln 1541
wln 1542
wln 1543
wln 1544
wln 1545
wln 1546
wln 1547
wln 1548
wln 1549
wln 1550
wln 1551
wln 1552

Kate See husband I haue brought them both.
Feran. Tis well don *Kate*.
Eme. I sure and like a louing peece, your worthy
To haue great praise for this attempt.
Phyle. I for making a foole of her selfe and vs.
Aurel. Beshrew thee *Phylema*, thou hast
Lost me a hundred pound to night.
For I did lay that thou wouldst first haue come.
Pol. But thou *Emelia* hast lost me a great deale more.
Eme. You might haue kept it better then,
Who bad you lay?
Feran. Now louely *Kate* before there husbands here,
I prethe tell vnto these hedstrong women,
What dutie wiues doo owe vnto their husbands.
Kate. Then you that liue thus by your pompered wills,
Now list to me and marke what I shall say,
Theternall power that with his only breath,
Shall cause this end and this beginning frame,

The taming of a Shrew.

wln 1553 Not in time, nor before time, but with time, confusd,
wln 1554 For all the course of yeares, of ages, moneths,
wln 1555 Of seasons temperate, of dayes and houres,
wln 1556 Are tund and stopt, by measure of his hand,
wln 1557 The first world was, a forme, without a forme,
wln 1558 A heape confusd a mixture all deformd,
wln 1559 A gulfe of gulfes, a body bodiles,
wln 1560 Where all the elements were orderles,
wln 1561 Before the great commander of the world,
wln 1562 The King of Kings the glorious God of heauen,
wln 1563 Who in six daies did frame his heauenly worke,
wln 1564 And made all things to stand in perfit course.
wln 1565 Then to his image he did make a man.
wln 1566 Olde *Adam* and from his side a sleepe,
wln 1567 A rib was taken, of which the Lord did make,
wln 1568 The woe of man so termd by *Adam* then,
wln 1569 Woman for that, by her came sinne to vs,
wln 1570 And for her sin was *Adam* doomd to die,
wln 1571 As *Sara* to her husband, so should we,
wln 1572 Obey them, loue them, keepe, and nourish them,
wln 1573 If they by any meanes doo want our helpes,
wln 1574 Laying our handes vnder their feete to tread,
wln 1575 If that by that we, might procure there ease,
wln 1576 And for a president Ile first begin,
wln 1577 And lay my hand vnder my husbands feete
wln 1578 She laies her hand vnder her husbands feete.
wln 1579 *Feran.* Inough sweet, the wager thou hast won,
wln 1580 And they I am sure cannot denie the same.
wln 1581 *Alfon.* *I* Ferando the wager thou hast won,
wln 1582 And for to shew thee how *I* am pleasd in this,
wln 1583 A hundred poundes I freely giue thee more,
wln 1584 Another dowry for another daughter,
wln 1585 For she is not the same she was before.
wln 1586 *Feran.* Thankes sweet father, gentlemen godnight

For

The taming of a Shrew.

wln 1587
wln 1588
wln 1589
wln 1590
wln 1591
wln 1592
wln 1593
wln 1594
wln 1595
wln 1596
wln 1597
wln 1598
wln 1599
wln 1600
wln 1601

For *Kate* and *I* will leaue you for to night,
Tis *Kate* and I am wed, and you are sped.
And so farwell for we will to our beds.

Exit Ferando and Kate and Sander.

Alfon. Now *Aurelius* what say you to this?

Aurel. Beleeue me father I reioice to see,
Ferando and his wife so louingly agree.

*Exit Aurelius and Phylema and
Alfonso and Valeria.*

Eme. How now *Polidor* in a dump, what sayst thou
man?

Pol. I say thou art a shrew.

Eme. Thats better then a sheepe.

Pol. Well since tis don let it go, come lets in.

Exit Polidor and Emelia.

wln 1602
wln 1603
wln 1604
wln 1605
wln 1606
wln 1607
wln 1608
wln 1609
wln 1610
wln 1611
wln 1612
wln 1613
wln 1614
wln 1615
wln 1616
wln 1617
wln 1618
wln 1619

Then enter two bearing of *Slie* in his
Owne apparrell againe, and leaues him
Where they found him, and then goes out.

Then enter the *Tapster*.

Tapster. Now that the darkesome night is ouerpast,
And dawning day apeares in cristall sky,
Now must I hast abroad: but soft whose this?
What *Slie* oh wondrous hath he laine here all night,
Ile wake him, I thinke he's starued by this,
But that his belly was so stuf with ale,
What how *Slie*, Awake for shame.

Slie. *Sim* gis some more wine: whats all the
Plaiers gon: am not I a Lord?

Tapster. A Lord with a murrin: come art thou
dronken still?

Slie. Whose this? *Tapster*, oh Lord sirra, I haue had
The brauest dreame to night, that euer thou
Hardest in all thy life.

Tapster

img: 27-a
sig: G2v

The taming of a Shrew.

wln 1620

wln 1621

wln 1622

wln 1623

wln 1624

wln 1625

wln 1626

wln 1627

wln 1628

wln 1629

Tapster. I marry but you had best get you home,
For your wife will course you for dreeming here to night,

Slie Will she? I know now how to tame a shrew,
I dreamt vpon it all this night till now,
And thou hast wakt me out of the best dreame
That euer I had in my life, but Ile to my
Wife presently and tame her too
And if she anger me.

Tapster. Nay tarry *Slie* for Ile go home with thee,
And heare the rest that thou hast dreamt to night.

wln 1630

Exeunt Omnes.

wln 1631

FINIS.

img: 27-b
sig: [N/A]

Textual Notes

1. **93 (4-a)**: The regularized reading *boy* is supplied for the original *b[*]y*.
2. **757 (13-b)**: The regularized reading *sirrah* is amended from the original *sirray*.