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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.



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img: 1-a
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ln 0001

ln 0002

ln 0003

ln 0004

ln 0005

ln 0006

ln 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.

ln 0008

ln 0009

ln 0010

ln 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

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
from hunting.

wln 0018

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
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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 accordingle,
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,

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

*Bl*ly.* 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
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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 fourth 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

Come sit downe on my knee, *Sim* drinke to hir *Sim*,
For she and I will go to bed anon.

wln 0156

wln 0157

Lord. May it please you, your honors plaiers be come
To offer your honour a plaie.

wln 0158

wln 0159

Slie. A plaie *Sim*, O braue, be they my plaiers?

wln 0160

Lord. I my Lord.

wln 0161

Slie. Is there not a foole in the plaie?

wln 0162

Lord. Yes my lord.

wln 0163

Slie. When wil they plaie *Sim*?

wln 0164

Lord. Euen when it please your honor, they be readie.

wln 0165

Boy. My lord Ile go bid them begin their plaie.

wln 0166

Slie. Doo, but looke that you come againe.

wln 0167

Boy. I warrant you my lord, I wil not leaue you thus.

wln 0168

Exit boy.

wln 0169

Slie. Come *Sim*, where be the plaiers? *Sim* stand by
Me and wee le flout the plaiers out of their cotes.

wln 0170

wln 0171

Lord. Ile cal them my lord. Hoe where are you there?
Sound Trumpets.

wln 0172

wln 0173

Enter two yong Gentlemen, and a man
and a boie.

wln 0174

wln 0175

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.

wln 0176

wln 0177

wln 0178

wln 0179

wln 0180

wln 0181

wln 0182

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 renowmed seate,
To come to *Athens* thus to find thee out,

wln 0183

wln 0184

wln 0185

wln 0186

Which

The taming of a Shrew.

wln 0187 Which since I haue so happilie attaind,
wln 0188 My fortune now I doo account as great
wln 0189 As earst did *Cæsar* when he conquered most,
wln 0190 But tell me noble friend where shal we lodge,
wln 0191 For I am vnacquainted in this place.

wln 0192 *Poli.* My Lord if you vouchsafe of schollers fare,
wln 0193 My house, my selfe, and all is yours to vse,
wln 0194 You and your men shall staie and lodge with me.

wln 0195 *Aurel.* With all my hart, I will requite thy loue.
wln 0196 Enter *Simon, Alphonsus*, and his
wln 0197 three daughters.

wln 0198 But staie; what dames are these so bright of hew
wln 0199 Whose eies are brighter then the lampes of heauen,
wln 0200 Fairer then rocks of pearle and pretious stone,
wln 0201 More louelie farre then is the morning sunne,
wln 0202 When first she opes hir orientall gates.

wln 0203 *Alfon.* Daughters be gone, and hie you to y^e church,
wln 0204 And I will hie me downe vnto the key,
wln 0205 To see what Marchandise is come a shore.

Ex. Omnes.

wln 0206
wln 0207 *Pol.* Why how now my Lord, what in a dumpe,
wln 0208 To see these damsels passe away so soone?

wln 0209 *Aurel.* Trust me my friend I must confesse to thee,
wln 0210 I tooke so much delight in these faire dames,
wln 0211 As I doo wish they had not gone so soone,
wln 0212 But if thou canst, resolue me what they be,
wln 0213 And what old man it was that went with them,
wln 0214 For I doo long to see them once againe.

wln 0215 *Pol.* I cannot blame your honor good my lord,
wln 0216 For they are both louely, wise, faire and yong,
wln 0217 And one of them the yoongest of the three
wln 0218 I long haue lou'd (sweet friend) and she lou'd me,
wln 0219 But neuer yet we could not find a meanes
wln 0220 How we might compasse our desired ioyes.

B

Aurel.

The taming of a Shrew.

wln 0221

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

wln 0222

Pol. Yes trust me, but he hath solemnlie sworne,

wln 0223

His eldest daughter first shall be espowsde,

wln 0224

Before he grauntes his yoongest leaue to loue,

wln 0225

And therefore he that meanes to get their loues,

wln 0226

Must first prouide for her if he will speed,

wln 0227

And he that hath her shall be fettred so,

wln 0228

As good be wedded to the diuell himselfe,

wln 0229

For such a skould as she did neuer liue,

wln 0230

And till that she be sped none else can speed,

wln 0231

Which makes me thinke that all my labours lost,

wln 0232

And whosoere can get hir firme good will,

wln 0233

A large dowrie he shall be sure to haue,

wln 0234

For her father is a man of mightie wealth,

wln 0235

And an ancient Cittizen of the towne,

wln 0236

And that was he that went along with them.

wln 0237

Aurel. But he shall keepe hir still by my aduise,

wln 0238

And yet I needs must loue his second daughter

wln 0239

The image of honor and Nobilitie,

wln 0240

In whose sweet person is comprisde the somme

wln 0241

Of natures skill and heauenlie maiestie.

wln 0242

Pol. I like your choise, and glad you chose not mine,

wln 0243

Then if you like to follow on your loue,

wln 0244

We must deuise a meanes and find some one

wln 0245

That will attempt to wed this deuilish skould,

wln 0246

And I doo know the man. Come hither boy,

wln 0247

Go your waies sirha to *Ferandoes* house,

wln 0248

Desire him take the paines to come to me,

wln 0249

For I must speake with him immediatlie.

wln 0250

Boy. I will sir, and fetch him presentlie.

wln 0251

Pol. A man I thinke will fit hir humor right,

wln 0252

As blunt in speech as she is sharpe of toong,

wln 0253

And he *I* thinke will match hir euerie waie,

wln 0254

And yet he is a man of wealth sufficient,

And

The taming of a Shrew.

wln 0255

And for his person worth as good as she,

wln 0256

And if he compasse hir to be his wife,

wln 0257

Then may we freelie visite both our loues.

wln 0258

Aurel. O might I see the center of my soule

wln 0259

Whose sacred beautie hath enchanted me,

wln 0260

More faire then was the Grecian *Helena*

wln 0261

For whose sweet sake so many princes dide,

wln 0262

That came with thousand shippes to *Tenedos*,

wln 0263

But when we come vnto hir fathers house,

wln 0264

Tell him I am a Marchants sonne of *Cestus*,

wln 0265

That comes for traffike vnto *Athens* heere,

wln 0266

And heere sirha I will change with you for once,

wln 0267

And now be thou the Duke of *Cestus* sonne,

wln 0268

Reuell and spend as if thou wert my selfe,

wln 0269

For I will court my loue in this disguise.

wln 0270

Val. My lord, how if the Duke your father should

wln 0271

By some meanes come to *Athens* for to see

wln 0272

How you doo profit in these publike schooles,

wln 0273

And find me clothed thus in your attire,

wln 0274

How would he take it then thinke you my lord?

wln 0275

Aurel. Tush feare not *Valeria* let me alone,

wln 0276

But staie, heere comes some other companie.

wln 0277

Enter *Ferando* and his man *Saunders*

wln 0278

with a blew coat.

wln 0279

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

wln 0280

Feran. Good morrow gentlemen to all at once.

wln 0281

How now *Polidor*, what man still in loue?

wln 0282

Euer wooing and canst thou neuer speed,

wln 0283

God send me better luck when I shall woo.

wln 0284

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

wln 0285

Feran. Why sirha, are you so cunning?

wln 0286

San. Who *I*, twere better for you by fiue marke

wln 0287

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
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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.

Exit.

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*.

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
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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 alreadye?
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

And sunday next shall be your wedding day.

wln 0357

Feran. Why so, did I not tell thee I should be the man

wln 0358

Father, I leaue my louelie *Kate* with you,

wln 0359

Prouide your selues against our mariage daie,

wln 0360

For I must hie me to my countrie house

wln 0361

In hast, to see prouision may be made,

wln 0362

To entertaine my *Kate* when she dooth come.

wln 0363

Alfon. Doo so, come *Kate*, why doost thou looke

wln 0364

So sad, be merrie wench thy wedding daies at hand.

wln 0365

Sonne fare you well, and see you keepe your promise.

wln 0366

Exit Alfonso and Kate.

wln 0367

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

wln 0368

Enter *Saunder* laughing.

wln 0369

San. *Sander*, I faith your a beast, *I* crie God hartilie

wln 0370

Mercie, my harts readie to run out of my bellie with

wln 0371

Laughing, I stood behind the doore all this while,

wln 0372

And heard what you said to hir. (wel to hir?)

wln 0373

Feran. Why didst thou think that I did not speake

wln 0374

San. You spoke like an asse to her, Ile tel you what,

wln 0375

And I had been there to haue woode hir, and had this

wln 0376

Cloke on that you haue, chud haue had her before she

wln 0377

Had gone a foot funder, and you talke of Woodcocks

wln 0378

with her, and I cannot tell you what. (for all this.

wln 0379

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

wln 0380

San. I marry twas more by hap then any good cunning

wln 0381

I hope sheele make you one of the head men of the

wln 0382

parish shortly.

wln 0383

Feran. Wel sirha leaue your iesting and go to *Polidors*

wln 0384

The yong gentleman that was here with me, (house,

wln 0385

And tell him the circumstance of all thou knowst,

wln 0386

Tell him on sunday next we must be married,

wln 0387

And if he aske thee whither I am gone,

wln 0388

Tell him into the countrie to my house,

wln 0389

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
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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
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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

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

wln 0493

wln 0494

Aurel. I thanke you sir, and if what I haue got,

wln 0495

By marchandise or trauell on the seas,

wln 0496

Sattins or lawnes or azure colloured silke,

wln 0497

Or pretious firie pointed stones of Indie,

wln 0498

You shall command both them my selfe and all.

wln 0499

Alfon. Thanks gentle sir, *Polidor* take him in,

wln 0500

And bid him welcome to vnto my house,

wln 0501

For thou I thinke must be my second sonne,

wln 0502

Ferando, *Polidor* doost thou not know

wln 0503

Must marry *Kate*, and to morrow is the day.

wln 0504

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

wln 0505

Alfon. *Polidor* tis true, goe let me alone,

wln 0506

For I must see against the bridegroome come,

wln 0507

That all thinges be according to his mind,

wln 0508

And so Ile leaue you for an houre or two.

Exit.

wln 0509

Pol. Come then *Aureleus* come in with me,

wln 0510

And weele go sit a while and chat with them,

wln 0511

And after bring them foorth to take the aire.

Exit.

wln 0512

Then *Slie* speakes.

wln 0513

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

wln 0514

Lord. Heele come againe my Lord anon.

wln 0515

Slie. Gis some more drinke here, souns wheres

wln 0516

The Tapster, here *Sim* eate some of these things.

wln 0517

Lord. So I doo my Lord.

wln 0518

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

wln 0519

Lord. My Lord heere comes the plaiers againe,

wln 0520

Slie. O braue, heers two fine gentlewomen.

wln 0521

Enter *Valeria* with a Lute and *Kate*

wln 0522

with him.

wln 0523

Vale. The sencelesse trees by musick haue bin moou'd

wln 0524

And at the sound of pleasant tuned strings,

Haue

The taming of a Shrew.

wln 0525 Haue sauage beastes hung downe their listning heads,
wln 0526 As though they had beene cast into a trance.
wln 0527 Then it may be that she whom nought can please,
wln 0528 With musickes sound in time may be surprisde,
wln 0529 Come louely mistresse will you take your lute,
wln 0530 And play the lesson that I taught you last?
wln 0531 *Kate.* It is no matter whether I doo or no,
wln 0532 For trust me *I* take no great delight in it.
wln 0533 *Vale.* I would sweet mistresse that it laie in me,
wln 0534 To helpe you to that thing thats your delight.
wln 0535 *Kate.* In you with a pestlence, are you so kind?
wln 0536 Then make a night cap of your fiddles case,
wln 0537 To warme your head, and hide your filthie face.
wln 0538 *Val.* If that sweet mistresse were your harts content,
wln 0539 You should command a greater thing then that,
wln 0540 Although it were ten times to my disgrace.
wln 0541 *Kate.* Your so kind twere pittie you should be
wln 0542 hang'd,
wln 0543 And yet methinkes the foole dooth looke asquint.
wln 0544 *Val.* Why mistresse doo you mocke me?
wln 0545 *Kate.* No, but I meane to moue thee.
wln 0546 *Val.* Well, will you plaie a little?
wln 0547 *Kate.* I, giue me the Lute.
wln 0548 *She plaies.*
wln 0549 *Val.* That stop was false, play it againe.
wln 0550 *Kate.* Then mend it thou, thou filthy asse.
wln 0551 *Val.* What, doo you bid me kisse your arse?
wln 0552 *Kate.* How now iack sause, your a iollie mate,
wln 0553 Your best be still least I crosse your pate,
wln 0554 And make your musicke flie about your eares,
wln 0555 Ile make it and your foolish coxcombe meet.
wln 0556 *She offers to strike him with the lute.*
wln 0557 *Val.* Hold mistresse, souns wil you breake my lute?
wln 0558 *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
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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 enioy thy loue, or die.

Emelia.

The taming of a Shrew.

wln 0593 *Eme.* Fie man, I know you will not die for loue:
wln 0594 Ah *Polidor* thou needst not to complaine,
wln 0595 Eternall heauen sooner be dissolude,
wln 0596 And all that pearseth *Phebus* siluer eie,
wln 0597 Before such hap befall to *Polidor*.

wln 0598 *Pol.* Thanks faire *Emelia* for these sweet words,
wln 0599 But what saith *Phylena* to hir friend?

wln 0600 *Phyle.* Why I am buying marchandise of him.

wln 0601 *Aurel.* Mistresse you shall not need to buie of me,
wln 0602 For when I crost the bubling *Canibey*,
wln 0603 And sailde along the *Cristall Helispont*,
wln 0604 I filde my cofers of the wealthie mines,
wln 0605 Where I did cause Millions of labouring Moores
wln 0606 To vndermine the cauernes of the earth,
wln 0607 To seeke for strange and new found pretious stones,
wln 0608 And diue into the sea to gather pearle,
wln 0609 As faire as *Iuno* offered *Priams* sonne,
wln 0610 And you shall take your liberall choice of all.
wln 0611 *Phyle.* I thanke you sir and would *Phylena* might
wln 0612 In any curtesie requite you so,
wln 0613 As she with willing hart could well bestow.

wln 0614 Enter *Alfonso*.

wln 0615 *Alfon.* How now daughters, is *Ferando* come?

wln 0616 *Eme.* Not yet father, I wonder he staies so long.

wln 0617 *Alfon.* And wheres your sister that she is not heere?

wln 0618 *Phyle.* She is making of hir readie father
wln 0619 To goe to church and if that he were come.

wln 0620 *Pol.* I warrant you heele not be long awaie.

wln 0621 *Alfon.* Go daughters get you in, and bid your
wln 0622 Sister prouide her selfe against that we doo come,
wln 0623 And see you goe to church along with vs.

wln 0624 Exit *Phylena* and *Emelia*.

wln 0625 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

Of twentie sutes that I did neuer were.

wln 0660

Feran. Tush *Polidor* I haue as many sutes

wln 0661

Fantasticke made to fit my humor so

wln 0662

As any in Athens and as richlie wrought

wln 0663

As was the Massie Robe that late adord,

wln 0664

The stately legat of the Persian King,

wln 0665

And this from them haue I made choise to weare.

wln 0666

Alfon. I prethie *Ferando* let me intreat

wln 0667

Before thou goste vnto the church with vs,

wln 0668

To put some other sute vpon thy backe.

wln 0669

Feran. Not for the world if I might gaine it so,

wln 0670

And therefore take me thus or not at all,

wln 0671

Enter *Kate*.

wln 0672

But soft se where my *Kate* doth come,

wln 0673

I must salute hir: how fares my louely *Kate*?

wln 0674

What art thou readie? shall we go to church?

wln 0675

Kate. Not I with one so mad, so basely tirde,

wln 0676

To marrie such a filthie slauish groome,

wln 0677

That as it seemes sometimes is from his wits,

wln 0678

Or else he would not thus haue come to vs.

wln 0679

Feran. Tush *Kate* these words addes greater loue in me

wln 0680

And makes me thinke thee fairrer then before,

wln 0681

Sweete *Kate* the louelier then Dianas purple robe,

wln 0682

Whiter then are the snowie Apenis,

wln 0683

Or icie haire that goes on Boreas chin.

wln 0684

Father I sweare by Ibis golden beake,

wln 0685

More faire and Radiente is my bonie *Kate*,

wln 0686

Then siluer *Zanthus* when he doth imbrace,

wln 0687

The ruddie *Simies* at *Idas* feete,

wln 0688

And care not thou swete *Kate* how I be clad,

wln 0689

Thou shalt haue garments wrought of Median silke,

wln 0690

Enchast with pretious Iewells fecht from far,

wln 0691

By Italian Marchants that with Russian stemes,

wln 0692

Plous vp huge sorrowes in the *Terren Maine*,

And

The taming of a Shrew.

wln 0693

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.

wln 0694

wln 0695

wln 0696

wln 0697

wln 0698

Exeunt omnes.

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

Exit.

wln 0699

Enter *Polidors* boy and *Sander*.

wln 0700

Boy. Come hither sirha boy.

wln 0701

San. Boy; oh disgrace to my person, souns boy

wln 0702

Of your face, you haue many boies with such

wln 0703

Pickadeuantes I am sure, souns would you

wln 0704

Not haue a bloudie nose for this?

wln 0705

Boy. Come, come, I did but iest, where is that

wln 0706

Same peece of pie that I gaue thee to keepe.

wln 0707

San. The pie? I you haue more minde of your bellie

wln 0708

Then to go see what your maister dooes.

wln 0709

Boy. Tush tis no matter man I prethe giue it me,

wln 0710

I am verie hungry I promise thee.

wln 0711

San. Why you may take it and the deuill burst

wln 0712

You with it, one cannot saue a bit after supper,

wln 0713

But you are alwaies readie to munch it vp.

wln 0714

Boy. Why come man, we shall haue good cheere

wln 0715

Anon at the bridehouse, for your maisters gone to

wln 0716

Church to be married alreadie, and thears

wln 0717

Such cheere as passeth.

wln 0718

San. O braue, I would I had eate no meat this week,

wln 0719

For I haue neuer a corner left in my bellie

wln 0720

To put a venson pastie in, I thinke I shall burst my selfe

wln 0721

With eating, for Ile so cram me downe the tarts

wln 0722

And the marchpaines, out of all crie.

wln 0723

Boy. I, but how wilt thou doo now thy maisters

wln 0724

Married, thy mistresse is such a deuill, as sheele make

wln 0725

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
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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 maime 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

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

wln 0764
wln 0765

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

wln 0766
wln 0767

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

wln 0768
wln 0769

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

wln 0770
wln 0771

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

wln 0772
wln 0773

San. Which horse, your curtall?

wln 0774
wln 0775

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

wln 0776
wln 0777

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

wln 0778
wln 0779

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

wln 0780
wln 0781

Feran. Here villaine go pay him straight.

wln 0782
wln 0783

San. Shall I giue them another pecke of lauender.

wln 0784
wln 0785

Feran. Out slaue and bring them presently to the dore

wln 0786
wln 0787

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

wln 0788
wln 0789

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

wln 0790
wln 0791

Feran. Sounes villaine art thou here yet?

Ex. Sander.

wln 0792

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
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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 *Aurel.* I find it so right worthie gentlemen,
wln 0828 And of what worth your frendship I esteme,
wln 0829 I leue censure of your seuerall thoughts,
wln 0830 But for requitall of your faouours past,
wln 0831 Rests yet behind, which when occasion serues
wln 0832 I vow shalbe remembred to the full,
wln 0833 And for my fathers comming to this place,
wln 0834 I do expect within this weeke at most.

wln 0835 *Alfon.* Inough *Aurelieus*? but we forget
wln 0836 Our Marriage dinner now the bride is gon,
wln 0837 Come let vs se what there they left behind.

Exit Omnes

wln 0838 *Enter Sanders with two or three*
wln 0839 *seruing men*

wln 0840 *San.* Come sirs prouide all thinges as fast as you can,
wln 0841 For my Masters hard at hand and my new Mistris
wln 0842 And all, and he sent me before to see all thinges redy.

wln 0843 *Tom.* Welcome home *Sander* sirra how lookes our
wln 0844 New Mistris they say she's a plagie shrew.

wln 0845 *San.* I and that thou shalt find I can tell thee and thou
wln 0846 Dost not please her well, why my Maister
wln 0847 Has such a doo with hir as it passeth and he's euen
wln 0848 like a madman.

wln 0849 *Will.* Why *Sander* what dos he say.

wln 0850 *San.* Why Ile tell you what: when they should
wln 0851 Go to church to be maried he puts on an olde
wln 0852 Ierkin and a paire of canuas breeches downe to the
wln 0853 Small of his legge and a red cap on his head and he
wln 0854 Lookes as thou wilt burst thy selfe with laffing
wln 0855 When thou seest him: he's ene as good as a
wln 0856 Foole for me: and then when they should go to dinner
wln 0857 He made me Saddle the horse and away he came.
wln 0858 And nere tarried for dinner and therefore you had best
wln 0859 Get supper reddy 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 *Alfonsos* 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

Vale. He saies so.

wln 0928

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

wln 0929

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

wln 0930

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

wln 0931

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

wln 0932

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

wln 0933

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

wln 0934

By whome we must comprise our plotted drift,

wln 0935

That I may tell him what we haue to doo.

wln 0936

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

wln 0937

Aurel. Agreed, then lets go.

Exeunt

wln 0938

Enter *Sander* and his *Mistres*.

wln 0939

San. Come Mistris.

wln 0940

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

wln 0941

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.

wln 0942

Kate. Why man thy Maister needs neuer know it.

wln 0943

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

wln 0944

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

wln 0945

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?

wln 0946

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

wln 0947

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?

wln 0948

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

wln 0949

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

wln 0950

wln 0951

wln 0952

wln 0953

wln 0954

wln 0955

wln 0956

wln 0957

wln 0958

wln 0959

wln 0960

Not

The taming of a Shrew.

wln 0961
wln 0962
wln 0963
wln 0964
wln 0965
wln 0966
wln 0967
wln 0968
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wln 0971
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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
Thankefull 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.

wln 1009
wln 1010

Ho, Senior *Alfonso*: a word with you.

wln 1011
wln 1012

Enter *Alfonso.* (matter

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

wln 1013
wln 1014

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 1015
wln 1016

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

wln 1017
wln 1018

Phylo. Thankes *Alfonso*, for thats your name *I* gesse,
I vnderstand my son hath set his mind

wln 1019
wln 1020

And bent his liking to your daughters loue,

wln 1021
wln 1022

And for because he is my only son,

wln 1023
wln 1024

And I would gladly that he should doo well,

wln 1025
wln 1026

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,

The taming of a Shrew.

wln 1027 Three hundred poundes a yeere I will assure
wln 1028 To him and to his heyres, and if they do ioyne,
wln 1029 And knit themselues in holy wedlock bande,
wln 1030 A thousand massie in gots of pure gold,
wln 1031 And twise as many bares of siluer plate,
wln 1032 I freely giue him, and in writing straight,
wln 1033 I will confirme what I haue said in wordes.
wln 1034 *Alfon.* Trust me I must commend your liberall mind,
wln 1035 And louing care you beare vnto your son,
wln 1036 And here I giue him freely my consent,
wln 1037 As for my daughter I thinke he knowes her mind,
wln 1038 And I will enlarge her dowrie for your sake.
wln 1039 And solemnise with ioie your nuptiall rites,
wln 1040 But is this gentleman of *Cestus* too?
wln 1041 *Aurel.* He is the *Duke* of *Cestus* thrise renowned son,
wln 1042 Who for the loue his honour beares to me:
wln 1043 Hath thus accompanied me to this place.
wln 1044 *Alfonso.* You weare to blame you told me not before,
wln 1045 Pardon me my Lord, for if I had knowne
wln 1046 Your honour had bin here in place with me,
wln 1047 I would haue donne my dutie to your honour.
wln 1048 *Val.* Thankes good *Alfonso*: but I did come to see
wln 1049 When as these marriage rites should be performed,
wln 1050 And if in these nuptialls you vouchsafe,
wln 1051 To honour thus the prince of *Cestus* frend,
wln 1052 In celebration of his spousall rites,
wln 1053 He shall remaine a lasting friend to you,
wln 1054 What saies *Aurelius* father.
wln 1055 *Phylo.* I humbly thanke your honour good my Lord,
wln 1056 And ere we parte before your honor here:
wln 1057 Shall articles of such content be drawne,
wln 1058 As twixt our houses and posterities,
wln 1059 Eternallie this league of peace shall last,
wln 1060 Inuiolat and pure on either part:

Alfonso

The taming of a Shrew.

wln 1061 *Alfonso.* With all my heart, and if your honour please,
wln 1062 To walke along with vs vnto my house,
wln 1063 We will confirme these leagues of lasting loue.

wln 1064 *Val.* Come then *Aurelius* I will go with you. *Ex. omnes.*

wln 1065 Enter *Ferando and Kate and Sander.*

wln 1066 *San.* Master the haberdasher has brought my
wln 1067 Mistresse home her cappe here.

wln 1068 *Feran.* Come hither sirra: what haue you there?

wln 1069 *Habar.* A veluet cappe sir and it please you.

wln 1070 *Feran.* Who spoake for it? didst thou *Kate*?

wln 1071 *Kate.* What if I did, come hither sirra, giue me
wln 1072 The cap, Ile see if it will fit me.

wln 1073 She sets it one hir head.

wln 1074 *Feran.* O monstrous: why it becomes thee not,
wln 1075 Let me see it *Kate*: here sirra take it hence,
wln 1076 This cappe is out of fashion quite.

wln 1077 *Kate* The fashion is good inough: belike you,
wln 1078 Meane to make a foole of me.

wln 1079 *Feran.* Why true he meanes to make a foole of thee,
wln 1080 To haue thee put on such a curtald cappe,
wln 1081 sirra begon with it.

wln 1082 Enter the *Taylor* with a gowne.

wln 1083 *San.* Here is the *Taylor* too with my Mistris gowne.

wln 1084 *Feran.* Let me see it *Taylor*: what with cuts and iaggess?
wln 1085 Sounes you villaine, thou hast spoiled the gowne. (tion,

wln 1086 *Taylor.* Why sir I made it as your man gaue me direc-
wln 1087 You may reade the note here.

wln 1088 *Feran.* Come hither sirra: *Taylor* reade the note.

wln 1089 *Taylor.* Item a faire round compast cape.

wln 1090 *San.* I thats true.

wln 1091 *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 *Tailor.* 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 *Tailor.* 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,

To

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* storme: 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,
And at the church your father and the reste,

wln 1212

Do stay to see our marriage rites performde,

wln 1213

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

wln 1214

That teeth of fretting time may nere vntwist,

wln 1215

Then come faire loue and gratulate with me,

wln 1216

This daies content and sweet solemnity.

wln 1217

Slie *Sim* must they be married now?

wln 1218

Lord. *I* my Lord.

wln 1219

Ex. Omnes

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 horsse 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

wln 1226

methinkes.

Kate.

The taming of a Shrew

wln 1227 *Kate.* The moone? why husband you are deceiud
wln 1228 It is the sun.

wln 1229 *Feran.* Yet againe: come backe againe it shall be
wln 1230 The moone ere we come at your fathers.

wln 1231 *Kate.* Why Ile say as you say it is the moone.

wln 1232 *Feran.* Iesus saue the glorious moone.

wln 1233 *Kate.* Iesus saue the glorious moone.

wln 1234 *Feran.* I am glad *Kate* your stomack is come downe,

wln 1235 I know it well thou knowest it is the sun,
wln 1236 But I did trie to see if thou wouldst speake,
wln 1237 And crosse me now as thou hast donne before,
wln 1238 And trust me *kate* hadst thou not named the moone,
wln 1239 We had gon back againe as sure as death,
wln 1240 But soft whose this thats comming here.

wln 1241 Enter the *Duke of Cestus* alone.

wln 1242 *Duke.* Thus all alone from *Cestus* am I come,
wln 1243 And left my princelie courte and noble traine,
wln 1244 To come to *Athens*, and in this disguise,
wln 1245 To see what course my son *Aurelius* takes,
wln 1246 But stay, heres some it may be Trauells thether,
wln 1247 Good sir can you derset me the way to *Athens*?

wln 1248 *Ferando* speakes to the olde man.
wln 1249 Faire louely maide yoong and affable,
wln 1250 More cleere of hew and far more beautifull,
wln 1251 Then pretious *Sardonix* or purple rockes,
wln 1252 Of *Amithests* or glistering *Hiasinthe*,
wln 1253 More amiable farre then is the plain,
wln 1254 Where glistring *Cepherus* in siluer boures,
wln 1255 Gaseth vpon the Giant *Andromede*,
wln 1256 Sweet *Kate* entertaine this louely woman.

wln 1257 *Duke.* I thinke the man is mad he calles me a woman.

Kate

The taming of a Shrew.

wln 1258 *Kate.* Faire louely lady, bright and Christalline,
wln 1259 Bewteous and stately as the eie-traind bird,
wln 1260 As glorious as the morning washt with dew,
wln 1261 Within whose eies she takes her dawning beames,
wln 1262 And golden sommer sleepes vpon thy cheekes,
wln 1263 Wrap vp thy radiations in some cloud,
wln 1264 Least that thy bewty make this stately towne,
wln 1265 Inhabitable like the burning *Zone*,
wln 1266 With sweet reflections of thy louely face.

wln 1267 *Duke.* What is she mad to? or is my shape transformd,
wln 1268 That both of them perswade me I am a woman,
wln 1269 But they are mad sure, and therefore Ile begon,
wln 1270 And leaue their companies for fear of harme,
wln 1271 And vnto *Athens* hast to seeke my son.

Exit Duke.

wln 1273 *Feran.* Why so *Kate* this was friendly done of thee,
wln 1274 And kindly too: why thus must we two liue,
wln 1275 One minde, one heart, and one content for both,
wln 1276 This good old man dos thinke that we are mad,
wln 1277 And glad he is I am sure, that he is gonne,
wln 1278 But come sweet *Kate* for we will after him,
wln 1279 And now perswade him to his shape againe.

Ex. omnes.

wln 1281 Enter *Alfonso and Phylotus and Valeria,*
wln 1282 *Polidor, Emelia, Aurelius and Phylema.*

wln 1283 *Alfon.* Come louely sonnes your marriage rites
wln 1284 performed,
wln 1285 Lets hie vs home to see what cheere we haue,
wln 1286 I wonder that *Ferando* and his wife
wln 1287 Comes not to see this great solemnitie.

wln 1288 *Pol.* No maruell if *Ferando* be away,
wln 1289 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
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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

I pray you sir who am I?

wln 1325

Aurel. Pardon me father: humblie on my knees,

wln 1326

I do intreat your grace to heare me speake.

wln 1327

Duke. Peace villaine: lay handes on them,

wln 1328

And send them to prison straight.

wln 1329

Phylotus and Valeria runnes away.

wln 1330

Then *Slie* speakes.

wln 1331

Slie. I say wele haue no sending to prison.

wln 1332

Lord. My Lord this is but the play, theyr but in iest.

wln 1333

Slie. I tell thee *Sim* wele haue no sending,

wln 1334

To prison thats flat: why *Sim* am not I *Don Christo Vary*?

wln 1335

Therefore *I* say they shall not go to prison.

wln 1336

Lord. No more they shall not my Lord,

wln 1337

They be run away.

wln 1338

Slie. Are they run away *Sim*? thats well,

wln 1339

Then gis some more drinke, and let them play againe.

wln 1340

Lord. Here my Lord.

wln 1341

Slie drinkes and then falls a sleepe.

wln 1342

Duke. Ah trecherous boy that durst presume,

wln 1343

To wed thy selfe without thy fathers leaue,

wln 1344

I sweare by fayre *Cintheas* burning rayes,

wln 1345

By *Merops* head and by seauen mouthed *Nile*,

wln 1346

Had I but knowne ere thou hadst wedded her,

wln 1347

Were in thy brest the worlds immortall soule,

wln 1348

This angrie sword should rip thy hatefull chest,

wln 1349

And hewd thee smaller then the *Libian* sandes,

wln 1350

Turne hence thy face: oh cruell impious boy,

wln 1351

Alfonso I did not thinke you would presume,

wln 1352

To mach your daughter with my princely house,

wln 1353

And nere make me acquainted with the cause.

wln 1354

Alfon. My Lord by heauens I sweare vnto your grace,

wln 1355

I knew none other but *Valeria* your man,

wln 1356

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,

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
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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. Thankes good my Lord and I no longer liue,
Then *I* obey and honour you in all:
Alfon. Let me giue thankes 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.

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

wln 1424
wln 1425

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

wln 1426
wln 1427
wln 1428
wln 1429

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

wln 1430
wln 1431
wln 1432

Pol. Nay then *Ferando* he must needes sit out,
For he may call I thinke till he be weary,
Before his wife will come before she list.

wln 1433
wln 1434
wln 1435

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 1436
wln 1437

Aurel. My wife comes soonest for a hundred pound.

wln 1438
wln 1439

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

wln 1440
wln 1441

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

wln 1442
wln 1443

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 1444
wln 1445

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,
And shewes her selfe most louing vnto him,

wln 1446
wln 1447

Let him inioye the wager I haue laid,
Now what say you? dare you aduenture thus?

wln 1448
wln 1449

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

wln 1450
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

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.

wln 1456

wln 1457

wln 1458

wln 1459

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.

wln 1460

wln 1461

wln 1462

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.

wln 1463

wln 1464

Aurel. Vpon mine honour if I loose Ile pay.

wln 1465

wln 1466

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

wln 1467

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

wln 1468

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

wln 1469

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

wln 1470

wln 1471

Val. I will my Lord.

wln 1472

Exit Valeria.

wln 1473

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

wln 1474

wln 1475

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

wln 1476

wln 1477

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

wln 1478

wln 1479

Enter *Valeria* againe.

wln 1480

Now sirra what saies your mistris?

wln 1481

Val. She is something busie but shele come anon.

wln 1482

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

wln 1483

wln 1484

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

wln 1485

wln 1486

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

Polidor

The taming of a Shrew.

wln 1487 *Pol.* Agreed *Boy* desire your mistress to come hither.
wln 1488 *Boy.* I will sir

Ex. Boy.

wln 1489
wln 1490 *Feran.* I so so he desires 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 Mistress?
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 Mistress 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.

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

Pol. Oh wonderfull metamorphosis.

wln 1521

Aurel. This is a wonder: almost past beleefe.

wln 1522

Feran. This is a token of her true loue to me,

wln 1523

And yet Ile trie her further you shall see,

wln 1524

Come hither *Kate* where are thy sisters.

wln 1525

Kate. They be sitting in the bridall chamber.

wln 1526

Feran. Fetch them hither and if they will not come,

wln 1527

Bring them perforce and make them come with thee.

wln 1528

Kate. I will.

wln 1529

Alfon. I promise thee *Ferando* I would haue sworne,

wln 1530

Thy wife would nere haue donne so much for thee.

wln 1531

Feran. But you shall see she will do more then this,

wln 1532

For see where she brings her sisters forth by force.

wln 1533

Enter *Kate* thrusting *Phylema* and *Emelia* before her,

wln 1534

and makes them come vnto their husbands call.

wln 1535

Kate See husband I haue brought them both.

wln 1536

Feran. Tis well don *Kate*.

wln 1537

Eme. I sure and like a louing peece, your worthy

wln 1538

To haue great praise for this attempt.

wln 1539

Phyle. I for making a foole of her selfe and vs.

wln 1540

Aurel. Beshrew thee *Phylema*, thou hast

wln 1541

Lost me a hundred pound to night.

wln 1542

For I did lay that thou wouldst first haue come.

wln 1543

Pol. But thou *Emelia* hast lost me a great deale more.

wln 1544

Eme. You might haue kept it better then,

wln 1545

Who bad you lay?

wln 1546

Feran. Now louely *Kate* before there husbands here,

wln 1547

I prethe tell vnto these hedstrong women,

wln 1548

What dutie wiues doo owe vnto their husbands.

wln 1549

Kate. Then you that liue thus by your pompered wills,

wln 1550

Now list to me and marke what I shall say,

wln 1551

Theternall power that with his only breath,

wln 1552

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 stuft 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

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

wln 1621

wln 1622

Slie Will she? I know now how to tame a shrew,

wln 1623

I dreamt vpon it all this night till now,

wln 1624

And thou hast wakt me out of the best dreame

wln 1625

That euer I had in my life, but Ile to my

wln 1626

Wife presently and tame her too

wln 1627

And if she anger me.

wln 1628

Tapster. Nay tarry *Slie* for Ile go home with thee,

wln 1629

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*.