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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: 305-a
sig: 5M4v

THE
WOMANS PRIZE:
OR,
The Tamer Tamed.

Actus Primus Scæna Prima.

column: 305-b-1

*Enter Moroso, Sophocles, and Tranio, with Rosemary,
as from a wedding.*

Moroso.

GOd give 'em joy.

Tra. Amen.

Soph. Amen, say I to: (wench,
The Puddings now i'th proof; alas poor
Through what a mine of patience must
thou worke,

Ere thou know'st good houre more?

Tra. Tis too true: Certaine,
Me thinks her father has dealt harshly with her,
Exceeding harshly, and not like a Father,
To match her to this Dragon; I protest
I pity the poore Gentlewoman.

Mor. Me thinks now,
He's not so terrible as people think him.

Soph. This old thiefe flatters, out of meere devotion,
To please the father for his second daughter.

Tra. But shall he have her?

Soph. Yes, when I have Rome.
And yet the father's for him.

Mor. Ile assure ye,
I hold him a good man.

Soph. Yes sure a wealthy,
But whether a good womans man, is doubtfull.

Tra. Would 'twere no worse.

Mor. What though his other wife,
Out of her most abundant sobernesse,
Out of her daily huy and cries upon him,
(For sure she was a Rebell) turn'd his temper,
And forc'd him blow as high as she? do'st follow
He must retain that long since buried Tempest,
To this soft maid?

Soph. I feare it.

Tra. So do I too:
And so far, that if God had made me woman,
And his wife that must be —

Mor. What would you doe sir?

wln 0001

wln 0002

wln 0003

wln 0004

wln 0005

wln 0006

wln 0007

wln 0008

wln 0009

wln 0010

wln 0011

wln 0012

wln 0013

wln 0014

wln 0015

wln 0016

wln 0017

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wln 0035

wln 0036

wln 0037

wln 0038

wln 0039

wln 0040

wln 0041

wln 0042

wln 0043

wln 0044

wln 0045
wln 0046

Tra. I would learn to eate Coales with an angry Cat,
And spit fire at him: I would (to prevent him)

column: 305-b-2

wln 0047
wln 0048
wln 0049
wln 0050
wln 0051
wln 0052
wln 0053
wln 0054
wln 0055
wln 0056
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wln 0085
wln 0086
wln 0087
wln 0088

Do all the ramping, roaring tricks, a whore
Being drunke, and tumbling ripe, would tremble at:
There is no safety else, nor morall wisdome,
To be a wife, and his.

Soph. So I should think too.

Tra. For yet the bare remembrance of his first wife
(I tell ye on my knowledge, and a truth too)
Will make him start in's sleep, and very often
Cry out for Cudgels, Colstaves, any thing;
Hiding his Breeches, out of feare her Ghost
Should walk, and weare 'em yet. Since his first marriage,
He is no more the still *Petruchio*,
Then I am *Babylon*.

Soph. He's a good fellow,
And on my word I love him: but to think
A fit match for this tender soule —

Tra. His very frowne, if she but say her prayers
Louder then men talk treason, makes him tindar;
The motion of a Diall, when he's testy,
Is the same trouble to him as a water-worke;
She must do nothing of her selfe; not eate,
Drink, say sir how do ye, make her ready, unready,
Unlesse he bid her.

Soph. He will bury her
Ten pound to twenty shillings, within these three

Tra: Ile be your halfe. (weeks.

Enter Jaques with a pot of Wine.

Mor. He loves her most extreamly,
And so long 'twil be honey-moon. Now *Jaques*
You are a busie man I am sure.

Jaq. Yes certaine,
This old sport must have egges,

Soph. Not yet this ten daies.

Jaq. Sweet Gentlemen with Muskadell.

Tra. That's right sir.

Mor. This fellow broods his Master: speed ye *Jaques*.

Soph. We shall be for you presently.

Jaq. Your worships
Shal have it rich and neat: and o' my conscience
As welcom as our Lady day: O my old sir,
When shall we see your worship run at Ring?
That houre a standing were worth money

Nnnnn

Mor.

wln 0089

Mor. So sir.

wln 0090

Jaq. Upon my little honesty, your Mistris,

wln 0091

If I have any speculation, must thinke

wln 0092

This single thrumming of a Fiddle,

wln 0093

Without a Bow, but ev'n poore sport.

wln 0094

Mor. Y'are merry.

wln 0095

Ja. Would I were wise too: so God bless your worship.

wln 0096

Tra. The fellow tels you true.

Exit Jaq.

wln 0097

Soph. When is the day man?

wln 0098

Come, come, you'l steale a marriage.

wln 0099

Mor. Nay believe me:

wln 0100

But when her father pleases I am ready,

wln 0101

And all my friends shall know it.

wln 0102

Tra. Why not now?

wln 0103

One charge had serv'd for both.

wln 0104

Mor. There's reason in't.

wln 0105

Soph. Call'd *Rowland*.

wln 0106

Mor. Will ye walke?

wln 0107

They'l think we are lost: Come Gentlemen.

wln 0108

Tra. You have wip't him now.

wln 0109

Soph. So will he never the wench I hope.

wln 0110

Tra. I wish it.

Exeunt.

wln 0111

Scæna secunda.

wln 0112

Enter Rowland, and Livia.

wln 0113

Row. Now *Livia*, if you'l goe away to night,

wln 0114

If your affections be not made of words.

wln 0115

Liv. I love you, and you know how dearly *Rowland*,

wln 0116

Is there none neere us? my affections ever

wln 0117

Have been your servants; with what superstition

wln 0118

I have ever Sainted you —

wln 0119

Row. Why then take this way.

wln 0120

Liv. Twill be a childish and a lesse prosperous course,

wln 0121

Then his that knows not care: why should we do

wln 0122

Our honest and our hearty love such wrong,

wln 0123

To over-run our fortunes?

wln 0124

Row. Then you flatter.

wln 0125

Liv. Alas you know I cannot.

wln 0126

Row. What hopes left else

wln 0127

But flying to enjoy ye?

wln 0128

Liv. None so far,

wln 0129

For let it be admitted we have time,

wln 0130

And all things now in other expectation,

wln 0131

My father's bent against us; what but ruine,

wln 0132

Can such a by-way bring us? if your feares

wln 0133
wln 0134
wln 0135
wln 0136
wln 0137
wln 0138
wln 0139
wln 0140
wln 0141
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wln 0152
wln 0153
wln 0154

Would let you look with my eyes, I would shew you,
And certain, how our staying here would win us
A course, though somewhat longer, yet far surer.

Row. And then *Moroso* h'as ye.

Liv. No such matter:

For hold this certaine, begging, stealing, whoring,
Selling, (which is a sin unpardonable)
Of counterfeit Cods, or musty English Cracas,
Switches, or stones for th'toothache sooner finds me,
Then that drawn Fox and *Moroso*.

Row. But his money,

If wealth may win you —

Liv. If a Hog may be

High Priest among the Jewes: his money *Rowland*?

Oh Love forgive me, what faith hast thou?

Why, can his money kisse me?

Row. Yes.

Liv. Behind,

Lasd out upon a Petticote: or graspe me

While I cry, O good thank you? o' my troth

Thou makst me merry with thy feare: or lie with me,

As you may do? alas, what fooles you men are?

column: 306-a-2

wln 0155
wln 0156
wln 0157
wln 0158
wln 0159
wln 0160
wln 0161
wln 0162
wln 0163
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wln 0176
wln 0177
wln 0178
wln 0179
wln 0180

His mouldy money? half a dozen Riders,
That cannot sit but stamp fast to their Saddles?
No *Rowland*, no man shall make use of me;
My beauty was born free, and free Ile give it
To him that loves, not buys me. You yet doubt me.

Row. I cannot say I doubt ye.

Liv. Goe thy waies,

Thou art the prettiest puling piece of passion:

Yfaith I will not faile thee.

Row. I had rather —

Liv. Prethee believe me, if I do not carry it,

For both our goods —

Row. But —

Liv. What but?

Row. I would tell you.

Liv. I know all you can tell me; all's but this,

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

Row. Yes.

Liv. Why you shall; will that content you? Goe.

Row. I am very loth to goe.

Liv. Now o' my conscience

Thou art an honest fellow: here's my sister;

Go, prethee goe; this kisse, and credit me,

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

You shall heare what I do.

Farewell.

*Enter Byancha,
and Maria.*

wln 0181
wln 0182
wln 0183
wln 0184
wln 0185
wln 0186
wln 0187
wln 0188
wln 0189
wln 0190
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wln 0217
wln 0218
wln 0219
wln 0220
wln 0221
wln 0222

Row. Farewell.

Exit Rowland.

Liv. Alas poore foole, how it looks?
It would ev'n hang it selfe, should I but crosse it.
For pure love to the matter I must hatch it.

Bya. Nay never look for merry houre *Maria*,
If now you make it not; let not your blushes,
Your modesty, and tendernesse of spirit,
Make you continuall Anvile to his anger:
Believe me, since his first wife set him going,
Nothing can bind his rage: Take your own Councell,
You shall not say that I perswaded you.
But if you suffer him —

Mar. Stay, shall I do it?

Bya. Have you a stomack to't?

Mar. I never shew'd it.

Bya. Twill shew the rarer, and the stronger in you.
But do not say I urg'd you.

Mar. I am perfect,
Like *Curtius* to redeeme my Countrey, have I
Leap'd into this gulph of marriage, and Ile do it.
Farewell all poorer thoughts, but spight & anger,
Till I have wrought a miracle. Now cosen,
I am no more the gentle tame *Maria*;
Mistake me not; I have a new soule in me
Made of a North-wind, nothing but tempest;
And like a tempest shall it make all ruins,
Till I have run my will out.

Bya. This is brave now,
If you continue it; but your own will lead you.

Mar. Adieu all tendernesse, I dare continue;
Maides that are made of feares and modest blushes,
View me, and love example.

Bya. Here is your sister.

Mar. Here is the brave old mans love.

Bya. That loves the young man.

Mar. I and hold thee there wench: what a grief of heart
When *Paphos* Rebels should up rowse old night, (is't,
To sweat against a Cork; to lie and tell
The clock o'th **longs**, to rise sport-starv'd?

Liv. Deere sister,
Where have you been you talke thus?

Mar. Why at Church, wench;

Where

wln 0223

Where I am tide to talke thus: I am a wife now.

wln 0224

Liv. It seems so, and a modest.

wln 0225

Mar. You are an asse;

wln 0226

When thou art married once, thy modesty

wln 0227

Will never buy thee Pins.

wln 0228

Liv. 'Blesse me.

wln 0229

Mar. From what?

wln 0230

Bya. From such a tame foole as our cozen *Livia*?

wln 0231

Liv. You are not mad.

wln 0232

Mar. Yes wench, and so must you be,

wln 0233

Or none of our acquaintance, marke me *Livia*.

wln 0234

Or indeed fit for our sex: Tis bed time.

wln 0235

Pardon me yellow *Hymen*, that I meane

wln 0236

Thine offrings to protract, or to keepe fasting

wln 0237

My valiant Bridegroom.

wln 0238

Liv. Whether will this woman?

wln 0239

Bya. You may perceiue her end.

wln 0240

Liv. Or rather feare it.

wln 0241

Mar. Dare you be partner in't?

wln 0242

Liv. Leave it *Maria*,

wln 0243

I feare I have mark'd too much, for goodnesse leave it;

wln 0244

Devest you with obedient hands to bed.

wln 0245

Mar. To bed? No *Livia*, there are Comets hang

wln 0246

Prodigious over that yet; there's a fellow

wln 0247

Must yet before I know that heat (nere start wench)

wln 0248

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

wln 0249

Here must his head be *Livia*.

wln 0250

Liv. Never hope it.

wln 0251

Tis as easie with a Sive to scoope the Ocean, as

wln 0252

To tame *Petruchio*.

wln 0253

Mar. Stay: *Lucina* heare me,

wln 0254

Never unlock the treasure of my womb

wln 0255

For humane fruit, to make it capable;

wln 0256

Nor never with thy secret hand make briefe

wln 0257

A mothers labour to me; if I doe

wln 0258

Give way unto my married husbands will,

wln 0259

Or be a wife, in any thing but hopes,

wln 0260

Till I have made him easie as a child,

wln 0261

And tame as feare, he shall not win a smile,

wln 0262

Or a pleas'd look, from this austerity,

wln 0263

Though it would pull another Joynture from him,

wln 0264

And make him ev'ry day another man;

wln 0265

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

wln 0266

May I be barren of delights, and know

wln 0267

Onely what pleasures are in dreams, and guesses.

wln 0268

Liv. A strange Exordium.

wln 0269
wln 0270
wln 0271
wln 0272
wln 0273
wln 0274
wln 0275
wln 0276
wln 0277
wln 0278
wln 0279
wln 0280
wln 0281
wln 0282
wln 0283
wln 0284
wln 0285
wln 0286
wln 0287
wln 0288
wln 0289
wln 0290

Bya. All the severall wrongs
Done by Emperious husbands to their wives
These thousand yeeres and upwards, strengthen thee:
Thou hast a brave cause.

Mar. And Ile doe it bravely
Or may I knit my life out ever after.

Liv. In what part of the world got she this spirit?
Yet pray *Maria*, looke before you truly,
Besides the obedience of a wife,
Which you will finde a heavy imputation,
Which yet I cannot thinke your own, it shews
So distant from your sweetnesse.

Mar. Tis I sweare.

Liv. Weigh but the person, and the hopes you have,
To worke this disperate cure.

Mar. A weaker subject
Would shame the end I aime at, disobedience.
You talk too tamely: By the faith I have
In mine own Noble will, that childish woman
That lives a prisoner to her husbands pleasure,
Has lost her making, and becomes a beast,
Created for his use, not fellowship.

column: 306-b-2

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

Liv. His first wife said as much.

Mar. She was a foole,
And took a scurvy course; let her be nam'd
'Mongst those that wish for things, but dare not do 'em:
I have a new daunce for him.

Liv. Are you of this faith?

Bya. Yes truly, and wil die in't.

Liv. Why then let's all weare breeches.

Mar. Now thou comst neere the nature of a woman;
Hang these tame hearted Eyasses, that no sooner
See the Lure out, and heare their husbands halla,
But cry like Kites upon 'em: The free Haggard
(Which is that woman, that hath wing, and knowes it,
Spirit, and plume) wil make an hundred checks,
To shew her freedome, saile in ev'ry ayre,
And look out ev'ry pleasure; not regarding
Lure, nor quarry, till her pitch command
What she desires, making her foundred keeper
Be glad to fling out traines, and golden ones,
To take her down again.

Liv. You are learned sister;
Yet *I* say still take heed.

Mar. A witty saying;
Ile tell thee *Livia*, had this fellow tired
As many wives as horses under him,
With spurring of their patience; had he got

wln 0317
wln 0318
wln 0319
wln 0320
wln 0321
wln 0322
wln 0323
wln 0324
wln 0325
wln 0326
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wln 0358

A Patent, with an Office to reclaime us
Confirm'd by Parliament; had he all the malice
And subtilty of Devils, or of us,
Or any thing that's worse then both.

Liv. Hey, hey boyes, this is excellent.

Mar. Or could he

Cast his wives new again, like Bels to make 'em
Sound to his will; or had the fearfull name
Of the first breaker of wilde women: yet,
Yet would I undertake this man, thus single,
And spight of all the freedom he has reach'd to,
Turn him and bend him as I list, and mold him
Into a babe again; that aged women,
Wanting both teeth & spleen, may Master him.

Bya. Thou wilt be chronicl'd.

Mar. That's all I aime at.

Liv. I must confesse, I do with all my heart
Hate an Emperious husband, and in time
Might be so wrought upon.

Bya. To make him cuckold?

Mar. If he deserve it.

Liv. Then Ile leave ye Ladies.

Bya. Thou hast not so much Noble anger in thee.

Mar. Goe sleep, goe sleep, what we intend to do,
Lies not for such starv'd soules as thou hast *Livia*.

Liv. Good night: the Bridegroom will be with you

Mar. That's more then you know. (presently.)

Liv. If ye worke upon him,
As you have promised, ye may give example,
Which no doubt will be followed.

Mar. So.

By. Good night: we'l trouble you no further.

Mar. If you intend no good, pray doe no harm.

Liv. None, but pray for you.

Exit Livia.

Bya. 'Cheere wench?

Mar. Now *Byan*cha,

Those wits we have let's wind 'em to the height,
My rest is up wench, and I pull for that
Will make me ever famous. They that lay
Foundations, are halfe builders all men say.

Enter Jaques.

Jaq. My Master forsooth.

Nnnnn2

Mar.

wln 0359

Mar. Oh how do's thy Master? prethee commend me

wln 0360

Jaq. How's this? my Master staies forsooth. (to him.

wln 0361

Mar. Why let him stay, who hinders him forsooth?

wln 0362

Jaq. The Revel's ended now,

wln 0363

To visit you.

wln 0364

Mar. I am not sick.

wln 0365

Jaq. I mean to see his chamber, forsooth. (sooth?

wln 0366

Mar. Am I his Groom? where lay he last night, for-

wln 0367

Jaq. In the low matted Parlour.

wln 0368

Mar. There lies his way by the long Gallery.

wln 0369

Jaq. I mean your chamber: y'ar very merry Mistris.

wln 0370

Mar. Tis a good signe I am sound hearted *Jaques*:

wln 0371

But if you'l know where I lie, follow me;

wln 0372

And what thou seest, deliver to thy Master.

wln 0373

Bya. Do gentle *Jaques*.

Exeunt.

wln 0374

Ja. Ha, is the wind in that dore?

wln 0375

By'r Lady we shall have foule weather then:

wln 0376

I doe not like the shuffling of these women, (ther:

wln 0377

They are mad beasts when they knock their heads toge-

wln 0378

I have observ'd them all this day; their whispers,

wln 0379

One in anothers eare, their signes, and pinches,

wln 0380

And breaking often into violent laughters:

wln 0381

As if the end they purpos'd were their own.

wln 0382

Call you this weddings? Sure this is a knavery,

wln 0383

A very trick, and dainty knavery,

wln 0384

Marvellous finely carried, that's the comfort:

wln 0385

What would these women doe in waies of honour,

wln 0386

That are such Masters this way. Well, my Sir

wln 0387

Has been as good at finding out these toys,

wln 0388

As any living; if he lose it now,

wln 0389

At his own perill be it. I must follow. *Exit.*

wln 0390

Scena tertia.

wln 0391

Enter Servants with lights, Petruchio, Petronius, Moroso,
Tranio, and Sophocles.

wln 0392

wln 0393

Petru. You that are married, Gentlemen, home at ye
For a round wager now.

wln 0394

Soph. Of this nights Stage?

wln 0395

Petru. Yes. (shillings.

wln 0396

Soph. I am your first man: a paire of Gloves of twenty

wln 0397

Petru. Done: who takes me up next? I am for all bets.

wln 0398

Mor. Well lusty *Laurence*, were but my night now,

wln 0399

Old as I am, I would make you clap on Spurs,

wln 0400

But I would reach you, and bring you to your trot too:

wln 0401

wln 0402
wln 0403
wln 0404
wln 0405
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wln 0408
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wln 0410
wln 0411
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wln 0422
wln 0423

I would Gallants. ha?
Petru. Well said good Will; but where's the staffe boy,
Old father time, your houre-glasse is empty. (ces;
Tra. A good tough traine would break thee all to pie-
Thou hast not breath enough to say thy prayers.
Petron. See how these boyes despise us. Will you to bed
This pride will have a fall. (sonne?
Petru. Upon your daughter;
But I shall rise again, if there be truth
In Egges, and butter'd Pasnips.
Petro. Wil you to bed son, & leave talking;
To morrow morning we shall have you looke,
For all your great words, like St. *George* at Kingston,
Running a foot-back from the furious Dragon,
That with her angry tayle belabours him
For being lazie.
Tra. His courage quench'd, and so far quench'd —
Petru. Tis well sir.
What then?
Soph. Fly, fly, quoth then the fearfull dwarfe;
Here is no place for living man.
Petru. Well my masters, if I doe sinke under my busi-

column: 307-a-2

wln 0424
wln 0425
wln 0426
wln 0427
wln 0428
wln 0429
wln 0430
wln 0431
wln 0432
wln 0433
wln 0434
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wln 0440
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wln 0442
wln 0443
wln 0444
wln 0445
wln 0446
wln 0447
wln 0448
wln 0449

ness, as I finde tis very possible, I am not the first that has
miscarried; So that's my comfort, what may be done
without impeach or waste, I can and will doe.
Enter Jaques.
How now is my faire Bride a bed?
Jaq. No truly sir.
Petron. Not a bed yet? body o' me: we'l up and rifle
her: here's a coyle with a mayden-head, tis not intayl'd,
is it?
Petru. If it be, ile try all the Law i'th Land, but Ile cut
it off: let's up, let's up, come.
Jaq. That you cannot neither.
Petru. Why?
Jaq. Unlesse you'll drop through the Chimney like a
Daw, or force a breach i'th windows: you may untile
the house, tis possible.
Petru. What dost thou meane?
Jaq. A morall sir, the Ballat will expresse it:
The wind and the rain has turnd you back again,
And you cannot be lodged there. The truth is all the doores
Are baracadoed; not a Cathole, but holds a murd'rer in't.
She's victual'd for this moneth.
Petru. Art not thou drunk?
Soph. He's drunk, he's drunk; come, come, let's up.
Jaq. Yes, yes, I am drunke: ye may goe up, ye may
Gentlemen, but take heed to your heads: I say no more.

wln 0450
wln 0451
wln 0452
wln 0453
wln 0454
wln 0455
wln 0456
wln 0457
wln 0458
wln 0459
wln 0460
wln 0461
wln 0462
wln 0463
wln 0464
wln 0465
wln 0466
wln 0467
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wln 0475
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wln 0480
wln 0481
wln 0482
wln 0483
wln 0484
wln 0485
wln 0486
wln 0487
wln 0488
wln 0489
wln 0490
wln 0491

Soph. Ile try that.

Exit Soph.

Petron. How dost thou say? the door fast lock'd fellow?

Jaq. Yes truly sir, tis lock'd, and guarded too; and two as desperate tongues planted behind it, as ere yet batterd: they stand upon their honours, and will not give up without strange composition, Ile assure you; marching away with their Pieces cockt, and Bullets in their mouthes will not satisfie them.

Petru. How's this? how's this they are?
Is there another with her?

Jaq. Yes marry is there, and an Engineir.

Mor. Who's that for Heavens sake?

Jaq. Colonell *Byancha*, she commands the workes: *Spinala's* but a ditcher to her, there's a halfe-moon; I am but a poore man, but if you'l give me leave, Ile venture a yeeres wages, draw all your force before it, and mount your ablest piece of battery, you shall not enter it these three nights yet.

Enter Sophocles.

Petru. I should laugh at that good *Jaques*.

Soph. Beat back again, she's fortified for ever.

Jaq. Am I drunk now sir?

Soph. He that dares most, goe up now, and be cool'd.
I have scap'd a pretty scowring.

Petru. What are they mad? have we another Bedlam?
They doe not talke I hope?

Soph. Oh terribly, extreamly fearfull, the noise at London-bridge is nothing neere her.

Petru. How got she tongue?

Soph. As you got taile, she was born to't.

Petru. Lock'd out a doors, and on my wedding-night?
Nay, and I suffer this, I may goe graze:
Come Gentlemen, Ile batter; are these vertues?

Soph. Do, and be beaten off with shame, as I was: I went up, came to th' doore, knockd, no body answered; knock'd lowder, yet heard nothing: would have broke in by force; when suddenly a water-worke flew from the window with such violence, that had I not duck'd quickly like a Fryer, *cætera quis nescit?* The chamber's nothing but a meere Ostend, in every window Pewter cannons mounted, you'l quickly finde with what they are charg'd, sir.

Petru.

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
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wln 0531
wln 0532
wln 0533
wln 0534
wln 0535
wln 0536
wln 0537

Petru. Why then *tantara* for us.
Soph. And all the lower works lin'd sure with small
shot, long tongues with Fire-locks, that at twelve score
blanke hit to the heart: now and ye dare go up
Enter Maria and Byanca above.
Mor. The window opens, beat a parley first;
I am so much amaz'd my very haire stands.
Petron. Why how now daughter: what intrenc'd?
Mar. A little guarded for my safety sir.
Petru. For your safety Sweet-heart? why who offends
I come not to use violence. (you?
Mar. I thinke you cannot sir, I am better fortified.
Petru. I know your end,
You would faine reprive your Maiden-head
A night, or two.
Mar. Yes, or ten, or twenty, or say an hundred;
Or indeed, till I list lie with you.
Soph. That's a shrewd saying; from this present houre,
I never will believe a silent woman.
When they break out they are bonfires.
Petro. Till you list lie with him? why who are you
Bya. That trim Gentlemans wife, sir. (Madam?
Petru. Cry you mercy, do you command too?
Mar. Yes marry do's she, and in chiefe.
Bya. I doe command, and you shall go without:
(I mean your wife, for this night)
Mar. And for the next too wench, and so as't follows.
Petro. Thou wilt not, wilt 'a?
Mar. Yes indeed deere father,
And till he seale to what I shall set down,
For any thing I know, for ever.
Soph. Indeed these are Bugs-words.
Tra. You heare sir, she can talke, God be thanked.
Petru. I would I heard it not sir. (man,
Soph. I finde that all the pity bestowd upon this wo-
Makes but an Anagram of an ill wife,
For she was never vertuous.
Petru. Youl let me in I hope, for all this jesting.
Mar. Hope still Sir.
Petron. You will come down I am sure.
Mar. I am sure I will not.
Petron. Ile fetch you then.
Bya. The power of the whole County cannot sir,
Unlesse we please to yeild, which yet I thinke
We shal not; charge when you please, you shall
Heare quickly from us.

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
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wln 0554
wln 0555
wln 0556
wln 0557
wln 0558
wln 0559

Mor. Blesse me from a Chicken of thy hatching,
Is this wiving?

Petru. Prethee *Maria* tell me what's the reason,
And do it freely, you deale thus strangely with me?
You were not forc'd to marry, your consent
Went equally with mine, if not before it:
I hope you do not doubt I want that mettle
A man should have to keepe a woman waking;
I would be sorry to be such a Saint yet:
My person, as it is not excellent,
So tis not old, nor lame, nor weak with Physick,
But wel enough to please an honest woman,
That keeps her house, and loves her husband.

Mar. Tis so.

Petru. My means and my conditions are no shamers
Of him that owes 'em, all the world knows that,
And my friends no reliers on my fortunes.

Mar. All this I believe, and none of all these parcels
I dare except against; nay more, so far
I am from making these the ends I aime at,
These idle outward things, these womens feares,
That were I yet unmarried, free to choose

column: 307-b-2

wln 0560
wln 0561
wln 0562
wln 0563
wln 0564
wln 0565
wln 0566
wln 0567
wln 0568
wln 0569
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wln 0571
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wln 0579
wln 0580
wln 0581
wln 0582
wln 0583
wln 0584
wln 0585

Through all the Tribes of man, **i'ld** take *Petruchio*
In's shirt, with one ten Groats to pay the Priest,
Before the best man living, or the ablest (ones.
That ev'r leap'd out of Lancashire, and they are right

Petron. Why do you play the foole then, and stand pra-
Out of the window like a broken Miller! (ting

Petru. If you wil have me credit you *Maria*,
Come down, and let your love confirme it.

Mar. Stay there sir, that bargain's yet to make.

Bya. Play sure wench, the packs in thine own hand.

Soph. Let me die lowsie, if these two wenches
Be not brewing knavery to stock a Kingdome.

Petru. Why this is a Riddle:
I love you, and I love you not.

Mar. It is so:

And till your own experience do untie it,
This distance I must keep.

Petru. If you talk more,
I am angry, very angry.

Mar. I am glad on't, and I wil talke.

Petru. Prethee peace,
Let me not think thou art mad. I tell thee woman,
If thou goest forward, I am still *Petruchio*.

Mar. And I am worse, a woman that can feare
Neither *Petruchio Furius*, nor his fame,
Nor any thing that tends to our allegiance;

wln 0586
wln 0587
wln 0588
wln 0589
wln 0590
wln 0591
wln 0592
wln 0593
wln 0594
wln 0595
wln 0596
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wln 0625
wln 0626
wln 0627

There's a short method for you, now you know me.

Petru. If you can carry't so, tis very wel.

Bya. No you shall carry it, sir.

Petru. Peace gentle Low-bel.

Petron. Use no more words, but come down instantly,
I charge thee by the duty of a child.

Petru. Prethee come *Maria*, I forgive all.

Mar. Stay there; That duty, that you charge me by
(If you consider truly what you say)

Is now another mans, you gave't away
I'th Church, if you remember, to my husband:

So all you can exact now, is no more
But onely a due reverence to your person,
Which thus I pay: Your blessing, and I am gone
To bed for this night.

Petron. This is monstrous:
That blessing that St. *Dunstan* gave the Devil,
If I were neere thee, I would give thee —
Pull thee down by th' nose.

Bya. Saints should not rave, sir;
A little Rubarb now were excellent.

Petru. Then by that duty you owe to me *Maria*,
Open the doore, and be obedient: I am quiet yet.

Mar. I do confesse that duty; make your best on't.

Petru. Why give me leave, *I* will.

Bya. Sir, there's no learning
An old stiffe Jade to trot: you know the morall.

Mar. Yet as *I* take it sir, *I* owe no more
Then you owe back again.

Petru. You wil not Article?
All *I* owe, presently, let me but up, ile pay.

Mar. Y'are too hot, and such prove Jades at length;
You do confesse a duty or respect to me from you again:
That's very neere, or full the same with mine?

Petru. Yes.

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

Petru. Well, what remedy?

Petron. A fine smart Cudgell. Oh that *I* were neer thee.

Bya. If you had teeth now, what a case were we in?

Mor.

wln 0628

Mor. These are the most authentique Rebels, next
Tyrone, I ever read of.

wln 0629

wln 0630

Mar. A weeke hence, or a fortnight, as you beare you,

wln 0631

And as I finde my will observ'd, I may

wln 0632

With intercession of some friends be brought

wln 0633

May be to kisse you; and so quarterly

wln 0634

To pay a little rent by composition,

wln 0635

You understand me?

wln 0636

Soph. Thou Boy, thou.

wln 0637

Petru. Well there are more Maides then *Maudlin*, that's
my comfort.

wln 0638

Mar. Yes, and more men then *Michael*. (meat Lady.

wln 0639

Petru. I must not to bed with this stomach, and no

wln 0640

Mar. Feed where you will, so it be sound, and whol-

wln 0641

Else live at livery, for i'le none with you. (some,

wln 0642

By. You had best back one of the dairy maids, they'l
carry.

wln 0643

But take heed to your girthes, you'l get a bruise else.

wln 0644

wln 0645

Petru. Now if thou would'st come down, and tender

wln 0646

All the delights due to a marriage bed, (me:

wln 0647

Studdy such kisses as would melt a man,

wln 0648

And turne thy selfe into a thousand figures,

wln 0649

To adde new flames unto me, I would stand

wln 0650

Thus heavy, thus regardlesse, thus despising

wln 0651

Thee, and thy best allurings: all thy beauty

wln 0652

That's laid upon your bodies, mark me well,

wln 0653

For without doubt your mind's are miserable,

wln 0654

You have no maskes for them: all this rare beauty,

wln 0655

Lay but the Painter, and the silke worme by,

wln 0656

The Doctor with his dyets, and the Taylor,

wln 0657

And you appeare like flead Cats, not so handsome.

wln 0658

Mar. And we appeare like her that sent us hither,

wln 0659

That onely excellent and beauteous nature;

wln 0660

Truly our selves, for men to wonder at,

wln 0661

But too divine to handle; we are Gold,

wln 0662

In our own natures pure; but when we suffer

wln 0663

The husbands stamp upon us then alayes,

wln 0664

And bas ones of you, men are mingled with us,

wln 0665

And make us blush like Copper.

wln 0666

Petru. Then, and never

wln 0667

Till then are women to be spoken of,

wln 0668

For till that time you have no soules I take it:

wln 0669

Good night: come Gentlemen; i'le fast for this night,

wln 0670

But by this hand — well: I shall come up yet?

wln 0671

Mar. Noe.

wln 0672

Petru. There will I watch thee like a wither'd Jewry,

wln 0673

wln 0674
wln 0675
wln 0676
wln 0677
wln 0678
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wln 0680
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wln 0693
wln 0694
wln 0695
wln 0696

Thou shalt neither have meat, fire, nor Candle,
Nor any thing that's easie: doe you rebell so soone?
Yet take mercy.

By. Put up your Pipes: to bed sir; i'le assure you
A moneths seige will not shake us.

Moro. Well said Colonell.

Mar. To bed to bed *Petruchio*: good night Gentlemen,
You'l make my Father sicke with sitting up:
Here you shall finde us any time these ten dayes,
Unlesse we may march off with our contentment.

Petru. Ile hang first.

Mar. And i'le quarter if I doe not,
Ile make you know, and feare a wife *Petruchio*,
There my cause lies.
You have been famous for a woman tamer,
And beare the fear'd-name of a brave wife-breaker:
A woman now shall take those honours off, (leeve me,
And tame you; nay, never look so bigge, she shall be-
And *I* am she: what thinke ye; good night to all,
Ye shall finde Centinels.

By. If ye dare sally.

Exeunt above.

Petro. The devill's in 'em, ev'n the very devill, the
downe right devill.

column: 308-a-2

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

Petru. Ile devill 'em: by these ten bones I will: i'le
bring it to the old Proverb no sport no pie: —
taken down i'th top of all my speed; this is fine danc-
ing: Gentlemen, stick to me. You see our Freehold's
touch'd, and by this light, we will beleaguer 'em, and
either starve 'em out, or make 'em recreant.

Petro. Ile see all passages stopt, but those about 'em:
If the good women of the Towne dare succour 'em,
We shall have warres indeed.

Soph. Ile stand perdue upon 'em.

Mor. My regiment shall lye before.

Iaq. I think so, 'tis grown too old to stand.

Petru. Let's in, and each provide his tackle,
We'l fire'em out, or make'em take their pardons,
Heare what I say, on their bare knees —
Am I *Petruchio*, fear'd, and spoken of,
And on my wedding night am I thus jaded?

Exe. Omnes.

wln 0714

Scæna quarta.

wln 0715

Enter Rowland, and Pedro, at severall doores.

wln 0716
wln 0717
wln 0718

Row. Now *Pedro*?

Ped. Very busie Master *Rowland*.

Row. What haste man?

wln 0719
wln 0720
wln 0721
wln 0722
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wln 0757
wln 0758
wln 0759
wln 0760

Ped. I beseech you pardon me,
I am not mine own man.
Row. Thou art not mad?
Ped. No; but beleeve me, as hasty —
Row. The cause good *Pedro*?
Ped. There be a thousand sir; you are not married?
Row. Not yet.
Ped. Keepe your selfe quiet then.
Row. Why?
Ped. You'l finde a Fiddle
That never will be tun'd else: from all women —
Row. What ailes the fellow tro? *Iaques*?
Iaq. Your friend sir.
But very full of businesse.
Row. Nothing but businesse?
Prethee the reason, is there any dying?
Iaq. I would there were sir.
Row. But thy businesse?
Iaq. Ile tell you in a word,
I am sent to lay
An imposition upon Sowse and Puddings,
Pasties, and Penny Custards, that the women
May not releeve yon Rebels: Fare ye well sir.
Row. How does my Mistresse?
Iaq. Like a resty jade.
She's spoil'd for riding.
Row. What a devill ayle they?
Custards, and penney Pasties, Fooles and Fiddles,
What's this to'th purpose? O well met.
Soph. Now *Rowland*.
I cannot stay to talk long.
Row. What's the matter?
Here's stirring, but to what end? whether goe you?
Soph. To view the works.
Row. What workes?
Soph. The womens Trenches.
Row. Trenches? are such to see?
Soph. I doe not jest sir.
Row. I cannot understand you.
Soph. Doe not you heare
In what a state of quarrell the new Bride
Stands with her husband?

Exit.
Enter
Iaques,

Exit Iaques.
Enter Sophocles.

Row.

wln 0761
wln 0762
wln 0763
wln 0764
wln 0765
wln 0766
wln 0767
wln 0768
wln 0769
wln 0770
wln 0771
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wln 0801
wln 0802
wln 0803
wln 0804
wln 0805
wln 0806

Row. Let him stand with her, and there's an end.
Soph. It should be, but by'r Lady
She holds him out at Pikes end, and defies him,
And now is fortifide; such a Regiment of Rutters
Never defied men braver: I am sent
To view their preparation.
Row. This is newes
Stranger then Armes in the ayre, you saw not
My gentle Mistresse?
Soph. Yes, and meditating
Upon some secret businesse, when she had found it
She leapt for joy, and laugh'd, and straight retir'd
To shun *Moroso*.
Row. This may be for me.
Soph. Will you along?
Row. No.
Soph. Farewell.
Row. Farewell sir.
What should her musing meane, and what her joy in't,
If not for my advantage? stay ye; may not
That Bob-taile Jade *Moroso*, with his Gold,
His gew-gaudes, and the hope she has to send him
Quickly to dust, excite this? here she comes,
And yonder walkes the Stallion to discover:
Yet i'le salute her: save you beauteous mistresse.
Livi. The Fox is kennell'd for me: save you sir.
Row. Why doe you looke so strange?
Liv. I use to looke sir
Without examination.
Moro. Twenty Spur-Royals for that word.
Row. Belike then
The object discontents you?
Liv. Yes it does.
Row. Is't come to this? you know me, doe you not?
Liv. Yes as I may know many by repentance.
Row. Why doe you breake your faith?
Liv. Ile tell you that too,
You are under age, and no band holds upon you.
Moro. Excellent wench.
Liv. Sue out your understanding,
And get more haire, to cover your bare knuckle
(For Boyes were made for nothing, but dry kisses,)
And if you can, more manners.
Moro. Better still.
Liv. And then if I want Spanish gloves, or stockings,
A ten-pound waste-coate, or a Nag to hunt on,

Exit Sophocles.

*Enter
Livia at
one doore, and
Moroso at
another
hark-
ning.*

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

It may be I shall grace you to accept 'em.
Row. Farewell, and when I credit women more,
May I to Smith-field, and there buy a Jade,
(And know him to be so) that breakes my neck.
Liv. Because I have knowne you, Ile be thus kinde to
Farewell, and be a man, and i'le provide you, (you;
Because I see y'are desperate, some stai'd Chamber-maid
That may relieve your youth, with wholesome doctrin.
Mor. She's mine from all the world: ha wench?
Liv. Ha Chicken? — *gives him a box o'th eare and Ex.*
Mor. How's this? I do not love these favours: save you.
Row. The devill take thee — *wrings him byth' nose.*
Mor. Oh!
Row. There's a love token for you: thank me now.
Mor. Ile thinke on some of ye, and if I live,
My nose alone shall not be plaid withall. *Exit.*

wln 0823

wln 0824
wln 0825
wln 0826

Actus secundus. Scæna prima.

Enter Petronius, and Moroso.

Petro. A Box o'th eare doe you say?
Mor. Yes sure a sound one,

column: 308-b-2

wln 0827
wln 0828
wln 0829
wln 0830
wln 0831
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wln 0851
wln 0852

Beside my nose blown to my hand; if *Cupid*
Shoot Arrows of that waight, i'le sweare devoutly,
Has sude his liverie, and no more a Boy.
Petro. You gave her some ill language?
Mor. Not a word,
Petro. Or might be you weare fumbling?
Mor. Would I had sir.
I had been a forehand then; but to be baffel'd,
And have no feeling of the cause —
Petro. Be patient,
I have a medicine clapt to her back will cure her.
Mor. No sure it must be afore sir.
Petro. O' my Conscience,
When I got these two wenches (who till now
Ne'r shew'd their riding) *I* was drunck with Bastard,
Whose nature is to forme things like it selfe
Heady, and monstrous: did she slight him too?
Mor. That's all my comfort: a meere Hobby-horse
She made childe *Rowland*: s'foot she would not know
Not give him a free look, not reckon him (him,
Among her thoughts, which I held more then wonder,
I having seene her within's three dayes kisse him
With such an appetite as though she would eat him.
Petro. There is some trick in this: how did he take it?
Mor. Ready to cry; he ran away.
Petro. I feare her.

wln 0853
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wln 0855
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wln 0892
wln 0893
wln 0894

And yet I tell you, ever to my anger,
She is as tame as Innocency; it may be
This blow was but a favour.
Mor. Ile be sworne
'Twas well tye'd on then.
Petro. Goe too, pray forget it,
I have bespoke a Priest: and within's two houres
Ile have ye married; will that please you?
Mor. Yes.
Petro. Ile see it done my selfe, and give the Lady
Such a sound exhortation for this knavery
Ile warrant you, shall make her smell this Moneth on't,
Mor. Nay good sir, be not violent.
Petro. Neither —
Mor. It may be
Out of her earnest love, there grew a longing
(As you know women have such toyes) in kindnesse,
To give me a box o'th eare or so.
Petro. It may be.
Mor. I reckon for the best still: this night then
I shall enjoy her.
Petro. You shall hansell her.
Mor. Old as I am, i'le give her one blow for't
Shall make her groane this twelve-moneth.
Petro. Where's your joynture?
Mor. I have a joynture for her.
Petro. Have your Councill
Perus'd it yet?
Mor. No Councill, but the night, and your sweet
Shall ere peruse that Joynture. (daughter
Petro. Very well sir.
Moro. Ile no demurrers on't nor no rejoynders.
The other's ready seal'd.
Petro. Come then lets' comfort
My Son *Petruchio*, he's like little Children
That loose their Bables, crying ripe.
Mor. Pray tell me,
Is this stern woman still upon the flaunt
Of bold defiance?
Petro. Still, and still she shall be
Till she be starv'd out: you shall see such justice,
That women shall be glad after this tempest

To

wln 0895 To tie their husbands shooes, and walke their horses;
wln 0896 That were a merry world: doe you heare the rumour,
wln 0897 They say the women are in Insurrection,
wln 0898 And meane to make a —

wln 0899 *Petro.* They'l sooner
wln 0900 Draw upon walls as we doe: Let 'em, let 'em,
wln 0901 We'l ship 'em out in Cuck-stooles, there they'l saile
wln 0902 As brave *Columbus* did, till they discover
wln 0903 The happy Islands of obedience.

wln 0904 We stay too long, Come.

wln 0905 *Mor.* Now Saint *George* be with us.

Exeunt.

wln 0906

Scæna Secunda.

wln 0907

Enter Livia alone

wln 0908 *Liv.* Now if I can but get in hansomely,
wln 0909 Father I shall deceive you, and this night
wln 0910 For all your private plotting, i'le no wedlock;
wln 0911 I have shifted saile, and finde my Sisters safety
wln 0912 A sure retirement; pray to heaven that *Rowland*
wln 0913 Do not beleeve too farre, what I said to him,
wln 0914 For y'on old Foxcase forc'd me, that's my feare.
wln 0915 Stay, let me see, this quarter fierce *Petruchio*
wln 0916 Keeps with his Myrmidons: I must be suddaine,
wln 0917 If he seize on me, I can looke for nothing
wln 0918 But Marshall Law; to this place have I scap'd him;
wln 0919 Above there.

Enter Maria, and Byancha above.

wln 0920 *Mar.* *Cheval'a.*

wln 0921 *Liv.* A Friend.

wln 0922 *By.* Who are you?

wln 0923 *Liv.* Looke out and know.

wln 0924 *Mar.* Alas poore wench who sent thee,
wln 0925 What weake foole made thy tongue his Orator?
wln 0926 I know you come to parly.

wln 0927 *Liv.* Y'are deceiv'd,
wln 0928 Urg'd by the goodnes of your cause I come
wln 0929 To doe as you doe.

wln 0930 *Mar.* Y'ar too weake, too foolish,
wln 0931 To cheat us with your smoothnesse: doe not we know
wln 0932 Thou hast been kept up tame?

wln 0933 *Liv.* Beleeve me.

wln 0934 *Mar.* No, prethee good *Livia*
wln 0935 Utter thy Eloquence somewhere else.

wln 0936 *By.* Good Cosen

wln 0937
wln 0938
wln 0939
wln 0940
wln 0941
wln 0942
wln 0943
wln 0944
wln 0945
wln 0946
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wln 0954
wln 0955
wln 0956
wln 0957
wln 0958

Put up your Pipes; we are not for your palat,
Alas we know who sent you.
Liv. O' my word —
By. Stay there; you must not thinke your word,
Or by your Maydenhead, or such Sunday oathes
Sworne after Even-Song, can inveigle us
To loose our hand-fast: did their wisdomes thinke
That sent you hither, we would be so foolish,
To entertaine our gentle Sister *Sinon*,
And give her credit, while the woodden Jade
Petruchio stole upon us: no good Sister,
Goe home, and tell the merry Greekes that sent you,
Ilium shall burn, and I, as did *Aeneas*,
will on my back, spite of the Myrmidons,
Carry this warlike Lady, and through Seas
Unknown, and unbeleev'd, seek out a Land,
Where like a race of noble *Amazons*,
We'le root our selves and to our endlesse glory
Live, and despise base men.
Liv. Ile second ye.
By. How long have you been thus?
Liv. That's all one Cosen.

column: 309-a-2

wln 0959
wln 0960
wln 0961
wln 0962
wln 0963
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wln 0983
wln 0984

I stand for freedome now.
By. Take heed of lying;
For by this light, if we doe credit you,
And finde you tripping, his infliction
That kill'd the Prince of *Orenge*, will be sport
To what we purpose.
Liv. Let me feele the heaviest. (mayden-head,
Mar. Swear by thy Sweet-heart *Rowland* (for by your
I feare 'twill be too late to swear) you meane
Nothing but faire and safe, and honourable
To us, and to your selfe.
Liv. I sweare.
By. Stay yet,
Sweare as you hate *Moroso*, that's the surest,
And as you have a certaine feare to finde him
Worse then a poore dride Jack, full of more Aches
Then *Autumne* has; more knavery, and usury,
And foolery, and brokery, then doggs-ditch:
As you doe constantly beleeeve he's nothing
But an old empty bagge with a grey beard,
And that beard such a Bob-taile, that it lookes
Worse then a Mares taile eaten off with **Fillyes**:
As you acknowledge, that young handsome wench
That lyes by such a Bilbo blade, that bends
With ev'ry passe he makes to'th hilts, most **mis[*]rable**,
A dry nurse to his Coughes, a fewterer

wln 0985
wln 0986
wln 0987
wln 0988
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wln 1021
wln 1022
wln 1023
wln 1024
wln 1025
wln 1026

To such a nasty fellow, a rob'd thing
Of all delights youth lookes for: and to end,
One cast away on course beef, born to brush
That everlasting Cassock that has worne
As many Servants out, as the Northeast passage
Has consum'd Saylor: if you swear this, and truly
Without the reservation of a gowne
Or any meritorious Petticoate,
'Tis like we shall beleeve you.

Liv. I doe swear it.

Mar. Stay yet a little; came this wholesome motion
(Deale truly Sister) from your own opinion,
Or some suggestion of the Foe?

Liv. Nev'r feare me,
For by that little faith I have in husbands,
And the great zeale I beare your cause, I come
Full of that liberty, you stand for, Sister.

Mar. If we beleeve, and you prove recreant *Livia*,
Think what a maym you give the noble Cause
We now stand up for: Thinke what women shall
An hundred yeare hence speak thee, when examples
Are look'd for, and so great ones, whose relations
Spoke as we doe **th'em** wench, shall make new customs.

By. If you be false, repent, goe home, and pray,
And to the serious women of the City
Confesse your selfe; bring not a sinne so heynous
To load thy soule, to this place: mark me *Livia*,
If thou bee'st double, and betray'st our honours,
And we fail in our purpose: get thee where
There is no women living, nor no hope
There ever shall be.

Mar. If a Mothers daughter,
That ever heard the name of stubborn husband
Found thee, and know thy sinne.

By. Nay, if old age,
One that has worne away the name of woman,
And no more left to know her by, but railing,
No teeth, nor eyes nor legges, but wooden ones (thee
Come but i'th wind-ward of thee, for sure she'l smell
Thou'lt be so ranck, she'l ride thee like a night-mare,
And say her Prayers back-ward to undoe thee,
She'l curse thy meat and drink, and when thou marriest,

Clap

wln 1027

Clap a sound spell for ever on thy pleasures.

wln 1028

Mar. Children of five yeare old, like little Fayries

wln 1029

Will pinch thee into motley, all that ever

wln 1030

Shall live, and heare of thee, I meane all women;

wln 1031

Will (like so many furies) shake their Keyes,

wln 1032

And tosse their flaming distaffes o're their heads,

wln 1033

Crying Revenge: take heed, 'tis hideous:

wln 1034

Oh 'tis a fearefull office, if thou had'st

wln 1035

(Though thou bee'st perfect now) when thou cam'st,

wln 1036

A false Imagination, get thee gone, (hither,

wln 1037

And as my learned Cozen said repent,

wln 1038

This place is sought by soundnesse.

wln 1039

Liv. So I seeke it,

wln 1040

Or let me be a most despis'd example.

wln 1041

Mar. I doe beleeeve thee, be thou worthy of it.

wln 1042

You come not empty?

wln 1043

Liv. No, Here's Cakes, and cold meat,

wln 1044

And tripe of prooffe: behold here's wine, and beere,

wln 1045

Be suddaine, I shall be surpriz'd else. (way:

wln 1046

Mar. Meet at the low Parlor doore, there lyes a close

wln 1047

What fond obedience you have living in you,

wln 1048

Or duty to a man, before you enter,

wln 1049

Fling it away, 'twill but defile our Offrings.

wln 1050

By. Be wary as you come,

wln 1051

Liv. I warrant ye.

Exeunt.

wln 1052

Scæna Tertia.

wln 1053

Enter three Maides.

wln 1054

1 Mai. How goes your businesse Girles?

wln 1055

2 A foot, and faire.

wln 1056

3 If fortune favour us: away to your strength

wln 1057

The Country Forces are ariv'd, be gone.

wln 1058

We are discover'd else.

wln 1059

1 Arme, and be valiant.

wln 1060

2 Think of our cause.

wln 1061

3 Our Justice.

wln 1062

1 'Tis sufficient.

Exeunt.

wln 1063

Scæna quarta.

wln 1064

Enter Rowland and Tranio at severall doores.

wln 1065

Tra. Now Rowland?

wln 1066
wln 1067
wln 1068
wln 1069
wln 1070
wln 1071
wln 1072
wln 1073
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wln 1085
wln 1086
wln 1087

Row. How yoe you?
Tra. How do'st thou man,
Thou look'st ill:
Row. Yes, pray can you tell me *Tranio*,
Who knew the devill first?
Tra. A woman.
Row. **Thou** hast heard I am sure of *Esculapius*.
So were they not well acquainted?
Tra. May be so,
For they had certaine Dialogues together.
Row. He sold her fruit, I take it?
Tra. Yes, and Cheese
That choak'd all mankinde after.
Row. Canst thou tell me
Whether that woman ever had a faith
After she had eaten?
Tra. That's a Schoole question
Row. No
'Tis no question, for beleeeve me *Tranio*,
That cold fruit after eating bread naught in her
But windy promises, and chollick vowes
That broke out both wayes.

column: 309-b-2

wln 1088
wln 1089
wln 1090
wln 1091
wln 1092
wln 1093
wln 1094
wln 1095
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wln 1100
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wln 1106
wln 1107
wln 1108
wln 1109
wln 1110
wln 1111
wln 1112
wln 1113

Row. Thou ha'st heard I am sure
Of *Esculapius*, a farre famed Surgeon,
One that could set together quarter'd Traytors,
And make 'em honest men.
Tra. How do'st thou *Rowland*?
Row. Let him but take, (if he dare doe a cure
Shall get him fame indeed) a faithlesse woman,
There will be credit for him, that will speake him,
A broken woman *Tranio*, a base woman,
And if he can cure such a rack of honour
Let him come here, and practise.
Tra. Now for honours sake
Why what ayl'st thou *Rowland*?
Row. I am ridden *Tranio*.
And Spur-gald to the life of patience
(Heaven keepe my wits together) by a thing
Our worst thoughts are too noble for, a woman.
Tra. Your Mistresse has a little frown'd it may be?
Row. She was my Mistresse.
Tra. Is she not?
Row. No *Tranio*.
She has done me such disgrace, so spitefully,
So like a woman bent to my undoing,
That henceforth a good horse shall be my Mistresse,
A good Sword, or a Booke: and if you see her,
Tell her I doe beseech you, even for love sake. —

wln 1114
wln 1115
wln 1116
wln 1117
wln 1118
wln 1119
wln 1120
wln 1121
wln 1122
wln 1123
wln 1124
wln 1125
wln 1126

Tra. I will *Rowland*.

Row. She may sooner

Count the good I have thought her,
Our old love and our friend-ship,
Shed one true teare, meane one houre constantly,
Be old, and honest, married, and a maide,
Then make me see her more, or more beleeve her:
And now I have met a Messenger, farewell sir.

Exit.

Tra. Alas poore *Rowland*, I will doe it for thee:
This is that dogge *Moroso*, but I hope
To see him cold i'th mouth first 'er he enjoy her: (him,
Ile watch this young man, desperate thoughts may seize
And if my purse, or councell can, i'le ease him.

Exit

wln 1127

Scæna quinta.

wln 1128
wln 1129

*Enter Petruchio, Petronius, Moroso, and
Sophocles.*

wln 1130
wln 1131
wln 1132
wln 1133
wln 1134
wln 1135
wln 1136
wln 1137
wln 1138
wln 1139
wln 1140
wln 1141
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wln 1144
wln 1145
wln 1146
wln 1147
wln 1148
wln 1149
wln 1150

Petru. For looke you Gentlemen, say that I grant her
Out of my free and liberall love, a pardon,
Which you and all men else know she deserves not,
(*Teneatis amici*) can all the world leave laughing?

Petro. I thinke not.

Petru. No by — they cannot;
For pray consider, have you ever read,
Or heard of, or can any man imagine.
So stiffe a Tomb boy, of so set a mal*lice,
And such a brazen resolution,
As this young Crab-tree? and then answer me,
And marke but this too friends, without a cause,
Not a foule word comes crosse her, not a feare,
She justly can take hold on, and doe you thinke
I must sleepe out my anger, and endure it,
Sow pillows to her ease, and lull her mischiefe?
Give me a Spindle first: no, no my Masters,
Were she as faire as *Nell a Greece*, and house-wife,
As good as the wise Saylor's wife, and young still,
Never above fifteene; and these tricks to it,
She should ride the wild Mare once a week, she should.

Ooooo

(beleeve

wln 1151 (Believe me friends she should) I would tabor her,
wln 1152 Till all the Legions that are crept into her,
wln 1153 Flew out with fire i'th tailes.
wln 1154 *Soph.* Me thinks you erre now,
wln 1155 For to me seems, a little sufferance
wln 1156 Were a far surer cure.
wln 1157 *Petru.* Yes, I can suffer,
wln 1158 Where I see promises of peace and amendment.
wln 1159 *Mor.* Give her a few conditions.
wln 1160 *Petru.* Ile be hangd first.
wln 1161 *Petron.* Give her a crab-tree-cudgell.
wln 1162 *Petru.* So I will;
wln 1163 And after it a flock-bed for her bones.
wln 1164 And hard egges, till they brace her like a Drum,
wln 1165 She shall be pamperd with —
wln 1166 She shall not know a stoole in ten moneths Gentlemen.
wln 1167 *Soph.* This must not be.
wln 1168 *Jaq* Arme, arme, out with your weapons,
wln 1169 For all the women in the Kingdom's on ye;
wln 1170 They swarm like waspes, and nothing can destroy 'em,
wln 1171 But stopping of their hive, and smothering of 'em.
wln 1172 *Ped.* Stand to your guard sir, all the devils extant
wln 1173 Are broke upon us, like a cloud of thunder;
wln 1174 There are more women, marching hitherward,
wln 1175 In rescue of my Mistris, **th[.]n** ere turn'd taile
wln 1176 At Sturbridge Faire; and I believe, as fiery.
wln 1177 *Jaq.* The forlorn-hope's led by a Tanners wife,
wln 1178 I know her by her hide; a desperate woman:
wln 1179 She flead her husband in her youth, and made (ther,
wln 1180 Raynes of his hide to ride the Parish. Take 'em all toge-
wln 1181 They are a genealogy of Jennets, gotten
wln 1182 And born thus, by the boysterous breath of husbands;
wln 1183 They serve sure, and are swift to catch occasion,
wln 1184 (I meane their foes, or husbands) by the fore-locks,
wln 1185 And there they hang like favours; cry they can,
wln 1186 But more for Noble spight, then feare: and crying
wln 1187 Like the old Gyants that were foes to Heaven,
wln 1188 They heave ye stoole on stoole, and fling main Potlids
wln 1189 Like massie rocks, dart ladles, tossing Irons,
wln 1190 And tongs like Thunderbolts, till overlayd,
wln 1191 They fall beneath the waight; yet still aspiring
wln 1192 At those Emperious Codsheads, that would tame 'em.
wln 1193 There's nere a one of these, the worst and weakest,
wln 1194 (Choose where you will) but dare attempt the raysing
wln 1195 Against the soveraigne peace of Puritans,
wln 1196 A May-pole, and a Morris, maugre mainly

Enter Jaques.

Enter Pedro.

wln 1197 Their zeale, and Dudgeon-daggers: and yet more,
wln 1198 Dares plant a stand of battring Ale against 'em,
wln 1199 And drinke 'em out o'th Parish (tience.
wln 1200 *Soph.* Lo you fierce *Petruchio*, this comes of your impa-
wln 1201 *Ped.* There's one brought in the Beares against the Ca-
wln 1202 Of the Town, made it good, and fought 'em. (nons
wln 1203 *Jaq.* Another, to her everlasting fame, erected
wln 1204 Two Ale-houses of ease: the quarter-sessions
wln 1205 Running against her roundly; in which businesse
wln 1206 Two of the disannullers lost their night-caps:
wln 1207 A third stood excommunicate by the cudgell.
wln 1208 The Cunstable, to her eternall glory,
wln 1209 Drunke hard, and was converted, and she victor.
wln 1210 *Ped.* Then are they victualed with pies and puddings,
wln 1211 (The trappings of good stomacks) noble Ale
wln 1212 the true defendor, Sawsages, and smoak'd ones,
wln 1213 If need be, such as serve for Pikes; and Porke,
wln 1214 (Better the Jewes never hated:) here and there
wln 1215 A bottle of Metheglin, a stout Britaine
wln 1216 That wil stand to 'em; what else they want, they war for.
wln 1217 *Petru.* Come to councill,
wln 1218 *Soph.* Now you must grant conditions or the Kingdom

column: 310-a-2

wln 1219 Will have no other talke but this.
wln 1220 *Petron.* Away then, and let's advise the best.
wln 1221 *Soph:* Why doe you tremble?
wln 1222 *Mor.* Have I liv'd thus long to be knockt o'th head,
wln 1223 With halfe a washing beetle? pray be wise sir.
wln 1224 *Petru.* Come, something Ile doe; but what it is I know
wln 1225 not.
wln 1226 *Soph.* To councel then, and let's avoyd their follies.
wln 1227 Guard all the doors, or we shal not have a cloke left. *Exe*
wln 1228 *Enter three mayds, at severall doors.*
wln 1229 1. How goes the businesse, girles?
wln 1230 2. A foot, and faire.
wln 1231 3. If fortune favour us: away to your strength,
wln 1232 The Country forces are ariv'd; be gon we are discove-
wln 1233 red else.
wln 1234 1. Arme, and be valiant.
wln 1235 2. Think of our cause.
wln 1236 3. Our iustice.
wln 1237 1. Tis sufficient. *Exeunt*

wln 1238 *Scena tertia.*

wln 1239 *Enter Petronius, Petruchio, Moroso, Sophocles, and Tranio.*

wln 1240 *Petro.* I am indifferent, though I must confesse,

wln 1241
wln 1242
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wln 1282
wln 1283
wln 1284

I had rather see her carted.

Tra. No more of that sir.

Soph. Are ye resolv'd to give her fair conditions?
Twill be the safest way.

Petru. I am distracted,
Would I had run my head into a halter
When I first woo'd her: if I offer peace,
She'l urge her own conditions, that's the devil.

Soph. Why say she do?

Petru: Say, I am made an Asse, then;
I know her aime: may I with reputation
(Answer me this) with safety of mine honour,
(After the mighty mannage of my first wife,
Which was indeed a fury to this Filly,
After my twelve strong labours to reclaime her,
Which would have made *Don Hercules* horn mad,
And hid him in his hide) suffer this *Sicely*,
Ere she have warm'd my sheets, ere grappel'd with me,
This Pinck, this painted Foyst, this Cockle-boat,
To hang her Fights out, and defie me friends,
A wel known man of war? if this be equal,
And I may suffer, say, and I have done?

Petron. I do not think you may.

Tra. You'l make it worse sir.

Soph. Pray heare me good *Petruchio*: but ev'n now,
You were contented to give all conditions,
To try how far she would carry: Tis a folly,
(And you wil find it so) to clap the curb on,
Er you be sure it proves a naturall wildnesse,
And not a forc'd. Give her conditions,
For on my life this tricke is put into her.

Petron. I should believe so too.

Soph. And not her own.

Tra. You'l finde it so.

Soph. Then if she flownder with you,
Clap spurs on, and in this you'l deale with temperance,
Avoyd the hurry of the world.

Tra. And loose

Musick above.

Mor. No honour on my life, sir.

Petru. I wil do it.

Petron. It seems they are very merry.

Enter Jaques.

Petru. Why God hold it.

Mor. Now *Jaques*?

Jaq. They are i'th flaunt, sir.

Soph.

wln 1285
wln 1286
wln 1287
wln 1288
wln 1289
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wln 1324
wln 1325
wln 1326
wln 1327
wln 1328
wln 1329
wln 1330

Soph. Yes we heare 'em.
Jaq. They have got a stick of Fiddles, and they firke
In wondrous waies, the two grand Capitanos, (it
(They brought the Auxiliary Regiments)
Daunce with their coats tuckt up to their bare breeches,
And bid them kisse 'em, that's the burden;
They have got Metheglin, and audacious Ale,
And talke like Tyrants.
Petron. How knowest thou?
Jaq. I peep't in *Song!*
At a loose Lansket.
Tra. Harke.
Petron. A Song, pray silence. *All the women above.*
Mor. They look out.
Petru. Good ev'n Ladies.
Mar. **Good** you good ev'n sir.
Petru. How have you slept to night?
Mar. Exceeding well sir.
Petru. Did you not wish me with you?
Mar. No, believe me,
I never thought upon you.
Cun. Is that he?
Bya. Yes.
Cun. Sir?
Soph. She has drunk hard, mark her hood.
Cun. You are —
Soph. Learnedly drunk, Ile hang else: let her utter.
Cun. And I must tell you, *viva voce* friend,
A very foolish fellow.
Tra. There's an Ale figure.
Petru. I thank you *Susan Brotes.*
Cit. Forward sister.
Cun. You have espoused here a hearty woman,
A comely, and couragious.
Petru. Wel I have so.
Cun. And to the comfort of distressed damsels,
Weomen out-worn in wedlock, and such vessels,
This woman has defied you.
Petru. It should seem so.
Cun. And why?
Petru. Yes, can you tell?
Cun. For thirteen causes.
Petru. Pray by your patience Mistris.
Cit. Forward sister.
Petru. Do you mean to treat of all these?
Cit. Who shall let her?

wln 1331 *Petro.* Doe you heare, Velvet-hood, we come not now
wln 1332 To heare your doctrine.
wln 1333 *Cunt.* For the first, I take it,
wln 1334 It doth divide it selfe into seven branches.
wln 1335 *Petru.* Harke you good *Maria*,
wln 1336 Have you got a Catechiser here?
wln 1337 *Tra.* Good zeale.
wln 1338 *Soph.* Good three pil'd predication, will you peace,
wln 1339 And heare the cause we come for?
wln 1340 *Cunt.* Yes Bob-tailes
wln 1341 We know the cause you come for, here's the cause,
wln 1342 But never hope to carry her, never dream
wln 1343 Or flatter your opinions with a thought
wln 1344 Of base repentance in her.
wln 1345 *Cit.* Give me sack,
wln 1346 By this, and next strong Ale.
wln 1347 *Cun.* Swear forward sister.
wln 1348 *Cit.* By all that's cordiall, in this place we'l bury
wln 1349 Our bones, fames, tongues, our triumphs; and then all
wln 1350 That ever yet was chronicl'd of woman;
wln 1351 But this brave wench, this excellent despiser,
wln 1352 This bane of dull obedience, shall inherit

column: 310-b-2

wln 1353 His liberall wil, and march off with conditions
wln 1354 Noble, and worth her selfe.
wln 1355 *Cun.* She shall *Tom Tilers*,
wln 1356 And brave ones too; My hood shal make a hearse-cloth,
wln 1357 And I lie under it, like *Jone o Gaunt*,
wln 1358 Ere I goe lesse, my Distaffe stucke up by me,
wln 1359 For the eternall Trophee of my conquests;
wln 1360 And loud fame at my head, with two main Bottles,
wln 1361 Shall fill to all the world the glorious fall
wln 1362 Of old *Don Gillian*.
wln 1363 *Cit.* Yet a little further,
wln 1364 We have taken Armes in rescue of this Lady;
wln 1365 Most just and Noble: if ye beat us off
wln 1366 Without conditions, and we recant,
wln 1367 Use us as we deserve; and first degrade us
wln 1368 Of all our ancient chambring: next that
wln 1369 The Symbols of our secrecy, silke Stockings,
wln 1370 Hew of our heeles; our petticotes of Armes
wln 1371 Teare of our bodies, and our Bodkins breake
wln 1372 Over our coward heads.
wln 1373 *Cun.* And ever after
wln 1374 To make the tainture most notorious,
wln 1375 At all our Crests, *videlicet* our Plackets.
wln 1376 Let Laces hang, and we returne againe
wln 1377 Into our former titles, Dayry maids.
wln 1378 *Petru.* No more wars: puissant Ladies, shew conditions,

wln 1379
wln 1380
wln 1381
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wln 1386
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wln 1419
wln 1420

And freely I accept 'em.

Mar. Call in *Livia*;

She's in the treaty too.

Enter Livia above.

Mor. How, *Livia*?

Mar. Heare you that sir?

There's the conditions for ye, pray peruse 'em.

Petron. Yes, there she is: t'had been no right rebellion,
Had she held off; what think you man?

Mor. Nay nothing.

I have enough o'th prospect: o' my conscience,
The worlds end, and the goodnesse of a woman
Will come together.

Petron. Are you there sweet Lady?

Liv. Cry you mercy sir, I saw you not: your blessing.

Petron. Yes when I blesse a jade, that stumbles with me.
How are the Articles?

Liv. This is for you sir;

And I shal think upon't.

Mor. You have us'd me finely.

Liv. There's no other use of thee now extant,
But to be hung up; cassock, cap, and all,
For some strange monster at Apothecaries.

Petron. I heare you whore.

Liv. It must be his then sir,
For need wil then compell me.

Cit. Blessing on thee.

Liv. He wil undoe me in meere pans of Coles
To make him lustie.

Petron. There's no talking to 'em;
How are they sir?

Petru. As I expected: Liberty and clothes,
When, and in what way she wil: continuall moneys,
Company, and all the house at her dispose;
No tongue to say, why is this? or whether wil it;
New Coaches, and some buildings, she appoints here,
Hangings, and hunting-horses: and for Plate
And Jewels for her private use, I take it,
Two **twousand** pound in present: then for Musick,
And women to read French;

Reads.

Petron. This must not be.

Petru. And at the latter end a clause put in,
That *Livia* shal by no man be importun'd.

Ooooo2

This

wln 1421

This whole moneth yet, to marry.

wln 1422

Petron. This is monstrous.

wln 1423

Petru. This shall be done, Ile humor her awhile:

wln 1424

If nothing but repentance, and undoing

wln 1425

Can win her love, Ile make a shift for one.

wln 1426

Soph. When ye are once a bed, all these conditions

wln 1427

Lie under your own seale.

wln 1428

Mar. Do yo like 'em?

wln 1429

Petru. Yes.

wln 1430

And by that faith I gave you fore the Priest

wln 1431

Ile ratifie 'em.

wln 1432

Cun. Stay, what pledges?

wln 1433

Mar. No, Ile take that oath;

wln 1434

But have a care you keep it.

wln 1435

Cit. Tis not now

wln 1436

As when *Andrea* liv'd.

wln 1437

Cun. If you do juggle,

wln 1438

Or alter but a Letter of these Articles

wln 1439

We have set down, the self-same persecution.

wln 1440

Mar. Mistrust him not.

wln 1441

Petru. By all my honesty —

wln 1442

Mar. Enough. I yield.

wln 1443

Petron. What's this

wln 1444

Inserted here?

wln 1445

Soph. That the two valiant women that command here

wln 1446

Shall have a Supper made em, and a large one,

wln 1447

And liberall entertainment without grudging,

wln 1448

And pay for all their Souldiers.

wln 1449

Petru. That shall be too;

wln 1450

And if a tun of Wine wil serve to pay 'em,

wln 1451

They shall have justice: I ordaine ye all

wln 1452

Pay-masters, Gentlemen.

wln 1453

Tra. Then we shall have sport boyes.

wln 1454

Mar. We'l meet you in the Parlour.

wln 1455

Petru. Ne'r looke sad sir, for I will doe it.

wln 1456

Soph. There's no danger in't.

wln 1457

Petru. For *Livia*'s Article, you shall observe it,

wln 1458

I have tyde my selfe.

wln 1459

Petron. I wil.

wln 1460

Petru. Along then: now

wln 1461

Either I break, or this stiffe plant must bow.

Exeunt.

wln 1462

Actus tertius, Scæna prima.

wln 1463

Enter Tranio, and Rowland.

wln 1464
wln 1465
wln 1466
wln 1467
wln 1468
wln 1469
wln 1470
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wln 1480
wln 1481
wln 1482

Tra. Come, you shall take my counsell.
Row. I shall hang first.
Ile no more love, that's certaine, tis a bane,
(Next that they poyson Rats with) the most mortall:
No, I thank Heaven, I have got my sleep again,
And now begin to write sence; I can walk ye
A long howre in my chamber like a man,
And think of something that may better me;
Some serious point of Learning, or my state;
No more ay-mees, and miseries *Tranio*
Come neer my brain. Ile tell thee, had the devil
But any essence in him of a man,
And could be brought to love, and love a woman,
Twould make his head ake worsen then his hornes doe;
And firke him with a fire he never felt yet,
Would make him dance. I tell thee there is nothing
(It may be thy case *Tranio*, therefore heare me:)
Under the Sun (reckon the masse of follies
Crept into th' world with man) so desperate,

column: 311-a-2

wln 1483
wln 1484
wln 1485
wln 1486
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wln 1510

So madde, so sencelesse, poor and base, so wretched,
Roguy, and scurvy.
Tra. VWhether wilt thou *Rowland*?
Row. As tis to be in love.
Tra. And why for vertue sake?
Row. And why for vertues sake? do'st thou not con-
Tra. No by my troth. (ceive me?)
Row. Pray then, and hartely
For fear thou fall into 't: I'le tell thee why too,
(For I have hope to save thee) when thou lovest,
And first beginst to worship the gilt calfe,
Imprimis, thou hast lost thy gentry,
And like a prentice flung away thy freedom.
Forthwith thou art a slave.
Tra. That's a new Doctrine.
Row. Next thou art no more man.
Tra. VWhat then?
Row. A Fryppery;
Nothing but brayded haire, and penny riband,
Glove, garter, ring, rose, or at best a swabber,
If thou canst love so neer to keep thy making,
Yet thou wilt loose thy language.
Tra. VWhy.
Row. O *Tranio*,
Those things in love, ne'r talke as we do,
Tra. No?
Row. No without doubt, they sigh and shake the head,
And sometimes whistle dolefully.

wln 1511
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wln 1548
wln 1549
wln 1550

Tra. No tongue?

Row. Yes *Tranio*, but no truth in't, nor no reason,
And when they cant (for tis a kind of canting)
Ye shall hear, if you reach to understand 'em
(Which you must be a foole first, or you cannot)
Such gibbrish; such believe me, I protest Sweet,
And oh deer Heavens, in which such constellations
Raigne at the births of lovers, this is too well,
And daigne me Lady, daigne me I beseech ye
You poor unworthy lump, and then she licks him

Tra A — on't, this is nothing.

Row. Thou ha'st hit it:

Then talks she ten times worse, and wryes and wriggles,
As though she had the itch (and so it may be.)

Tra. Why thou art grown a strange discoverer.

Row Of mine own follies *Tranio*.

Tra. VVilt thou *Rowland*,
Certaine ne'r love again?

Row. I think so, certain,

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

Fra. Tell me but this; what do'st thou think of women?

Row VVhy as I think of fiddles, they delight me,
Till their strings break.

Fra. VVhat strings?

Row. Their modesties,
Faithes, vowes and maidenheads, for they are like Kits
They have but foure strings to 'em.

Tra. VVhat wilt thou

Give me for ten pound now, when thou next lovest,
And the same woman still?

Row. Give me the money;

A hundred, and my Bond for't.

Tra. But pray hear me.

I'le work all meanes I can to reconcile ye:

Row. Do, do, give me the money.

Tra. There.

Row. VVork *Tranio*.

Tra. You shall go sometimes where she is.

Row. Yes straight.

This is the first good I ere got by woman.

Tra.

column: 311-b-1

wln 1551 *Tra.* You would think it strange now, if an other
wln 1552 As good as hers, say better. (beauty
wln 1553 *Row.* Well.
wln 1554 *Tra.* Conceive me,
wln 1555 This is no point o'th wager.
wln 1556 *Row.* That's all one. (you.
wln 1557 *Tra.* Love you as much, or more, then she now hates
wln 1558 *Row.* 'Tis a good hearing, let 'em love: ten pound more,
wln 1559 I never love that woman.
wln 1560 *Tra.* There it is;
wln 1561 And so an hundred, if you lose.
wln 1562 *Row.* 'Tis done;
wln 1563 Have you an other to put in?
wln 1564 *Tra.* No, no sir.
wln 1565 *Row.* I am very sorry: now will I erect
wln 1566 A new Game and go hate for th' bell; I am sure
wln 1567 I am in excellent case to win.
wln 1568 *Tra.* I must have leave.
wln 1569 To tell you, and tell truth too, what she is,
wln 1570 And how shee suffers for you.
wln 1571 *Row.* Ten pound more,
wln 1572 I never believe you.
wln 1573 *Tra.* No sir, I am stinted.
wln 1574 *Row.* Well, take your best way then.
wln 1575 *Tra.* Let's walk, I am glad
wln 1576 Your sullen feavor's off.
wln 1577 *Row.* Shal't see me *Tranio*
wln 1578 A monstrous merry man now: let's to the Wedding,
wln 1579 And as we go, tell me the generall hurry
wln 1580 Of these madde wenches, and their workes.
wln 1581 *Tra.* I will.
wln 1582 *Row.* And do thy worst.
wln 1583 *Tra.* Something i'le do.
wln 1584 *Row.* Do *Tranio*. *Exeunt.*

wln 1585 *Scœna Secunda.*

wln 1586 *Enter Pedro, and Jaques.*

wln 1587 *Ped.* A paire of stocks bestride 'em, are they gone?
wln 1588 *Jaq.* Yes they are gon; and all the pans i'th Town
wln 1589 Beating before 'em: what strange admonitions
wln 1590 They gave my Master, and how fearfully
wln 1591 They threaten'd, if he brok 'em?
wln 1592 *Ped.* O' my conscience
wln 1593 Has found his full match now.

wln 1594
wln 1595
wln 1596
wln 1597
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wln 1599
wln 1600
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wln 1613
wln 1614
wln 1615

Jaq. That I believe too.

Ped. How did she entertaine him?

Iaq. She lookt on him.

Ped. But scurvely.

Iaq. With no great affection

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

But 'twas upon a treaty, and some coppies

Say but her cheek.

Ped. *Iaques*, what wouldst thou give
For such a wife now?

Iaq. Full as many prayers

As the most zealous Puritane conceives

Out of the meditation of fat veale,

Or birds of prey, cram'd capons, against Players,

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

That heaven would blesse me from her: mark it *Pedro*,

If this house be not turn'd within this fortnight

With the foundation upward, i'le be carted.

My comfort is yet that those Amoritities,

That came to back her cause, those heathen whores had
their hoods hallowed with sack.

Ped. How div'lish drunk they were?

column: 311-b-2

wln 1616
wln 1617
wln 1618
wln 1619
wln 1620
wln 1621
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wln 1623
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wln 1638
wln 1639
wln 1640
wln 1641

Jaq. And how they tumbled, *Pedro*, didst thou marke
The Countrey Cavaliero?

Ped. Out upon her,
How she turn'd down the **Bagget**?

Jaq. I that sunke her.

Ped. That drink was wel put to her; what a sober salt
When the chaire fel, she fetchd, with her heels upward?

Jaq. And what a piece of Landskip she discoverd?

Ped. Didst mark her, when her hood fel in the Posset?

Jaq. Yes, and there rid, like a Dutch hoy; the Tumbrel,
When she had got her ballasse.

Ped. That I saw too.

Jaq. How faine she would have drawn on *Sophocles*
To come aboard, and how she simperd it —

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

Iaq. I'th heat of Summer there had been some hope

Ped. Hang her. (on't.

Jaq. She offerd him a Harry-groat, and belcht out,
Her stomack being blown with Ale, such Courtship,
Upon my life has givn him twenty stooles since:
Believe my calculation, these old women
When they are tippled, and a little heated
Are like new wheels, theyl roare you all the Town ore
Till they be greasd.

Ped. The City Cinque-pace
Dame **tosse** and Butter, had **he** Bob too?

wln 1642
wln 1643
wln 1644
wln 1645
wln 1646

Jaq. Yes,
But she was sullen drunk, and given to filching,
I see her offer at a Spoon; my master
I do not like his looke, I feare has fasted
For all this preparation; lets steale by him.

Exeunt.

wln 1647

Scena tertia.

wln 1648

Enter Petruchio, and Sophocles.

wln 1649

Soph. Not let you touch her all this night?

wln 1650

Petru. Not touch her.

wln 1651

Soph. Where was your courage?

wln 1652

Petru. Where was her obedience?

wln 1653

Never poore man was sham'd so; never Rascall
That keeps a stud of whores was us'd so basely.

wln 1654

wln 1655

Soph. Pray you tell me one thing truly;

wln 1656

Do you love her?

wln 1657

Petru. I would I did not, upon that condition

wln 1658

I past thee halfe my Land.

wln 1659

Soph. It may be then,

wln 1660

Her modesty requir'd a little violence?

wln 1661

Some women love to struggle.

wln 1662

Petru. She had it,

wln 1663

And so much that I sweat for't, so I did,

wln 1664

But to no end: I washt an Ethiope;

wln 1665

She swore my force might weary her, but win her

wln 1666

I never could, nor should, till she consented;

wln 1667

And I might take her body prisoner,

wln 1668

But for her mind or appetite —

wln 1669

Soph. Tis strange;

wln 1670

This woman is the first I ever read of,

wln 1671

Refus'd a warranted occasion,

wln 1672

And standing on so faire termes.

wln 1673

Petru. I shall quit her.

wln 1674

Soph. Us'd you no more art?

wln 1675

Petru. Yes, I swore to her,

wln 1676

And by no little ones, if presently

wln 1677

Without more disputation on the matter,

wln 1678

She grew not neerer to me, and dispatcht me

wln 1679

Out of the pain I was, for I was nettl'd,

wln 1680

And willingly, and eagerly, and sweetly,

I would

wln 1681
wln 1682
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wln 1726

I would to her Chamber-maid, and in her hearing
Begin her such a hunt-up.

Soph. Then she started?

Petru. No more then I do now; marry she answered
If I were so dispos'd, she could not help it;
But there was one cal'd *Iaques*, a poor Butler
One that might well content a single woman.

Soph. And he should tilt her.

Petru. To that sence, and last
She bad me yet these six nights look for nothing,
Nor strive to purchase it, but faire good night,
And so good morrow, and a kisse or two
To close my stomach, for her vow had seald it,
And she would keep it constant.

Soph. Stay ye, stay ye,
Was she thus when you woo'd her?

Petru. Nothing *Sophocles*,
More keenely eager, I was oft afraid
She had bin light, and easy, she would showre
Her kisses so upon me.

Soph. Then I fear
An other spoke's i'th wheele.

Petru. Now thou hast found me,
There gnawes my devill, *Sophocles*, O patience
Preserve me; that I make her not example
By some unworthy way; as fleaing her,
Boyling, or making verjuice, drying her.

Soph. I hear her.

Petru. Mark her then, and see the heire
Of spight and prodigality, she has studied
A way to begger's both, and by this hand
She shall be if I live a Doxy.

Soph. Fy Sir.

Mar. I do not like that dressing, tis too poor,
Let me have six gold laces, broad and massy.
And betwixt ev'ry lace a rich embroydry,
Line the gown through with plush, perfum'd, and
All the sleeves down with pearle. (purffle

Petru. What think you *Sophocles*.
In what point stands my state now?

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

*Maria at the
dore, and Servant
and woman.*

wln 1727
wln 1728
wln 1729
wln 1730
wln 1731
wln 1732
wln 1733
wln 1734
wln 1735
wln 1736
wln 1737
wln 1738
wln 1739
wln 1740
wln 1741
wln 1742
wln 1743
wln 1744
wln 1745
wln 1746
wln 1747
wln 1748

Soph. I marry sir, this cuts it.

Mar. That fourteen yarden of satten give my woman,
I do not like the colour, tis too civill:
Ther's too much silk i'th lace too; tell the Dutchman
That brought the mares, he must with all speed send me
An other suit of horses, and by all meanes
Ten cast of Hawkes for 'th River, I much care not
What price they beare, so they be sound, and flying,
For the next winter, I am for the Country;
And mean to take my pleasure; wher's the horse man?

Petru. She meanes to ride a great horse.

Soph. With a side saddle? (month

Petru. Yes, and shee'l run a tilt within this twelve-

Mar. To morrow Ile begin to learne, but pray sir
Have a great care he be an easy doer,
Twill spoyle a Scholler els.

Soph. An easy doer,
Did you hear that?

Petru. Yes, I shal meet her morals
Er it be long I fear not.

Mar. O good morrow.

Soph. Good morrow Lady, how is't now.

column: 312-a-2

wln 1749
wln 1750
wln 1751
wln 1752
wln 1753
wln 1754
wln 1755
wln 1756
wln 1757
wln 1758
wln 1759
wln 1760
wln 1761
wln 1762
wln 1763
wln 1764
wln 1765
wln 1766
wln 1767
wln 1768
wln 1769
wln 1770
wln 1771
wln 1772
wln 1773
wln 1774

Mar. Faith sickly,
This house stands in an ill ayre.

Petru. Yet more charges?

Mar. Subject to rots, and hewms; out on't, tis nothing
But a tild fog.

Petru. What think of the Lodge then?

Mar. I like the seate, but tis too little, *Sophocles*
Let me have thy opinion, thou hast judgement.

Petru. Tis very well.

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

Petru. And i'th midst
A Colledge for yong Scolds.

Mar. And to the Southward
Take in a garden of some twenty acres,
And cast it off the Italian fashion, hanging.

Petru. And you could cast your self so too; pray Lady
Will not this cost much money?

Mar. Some five thousand,
Say six: Ile have it battel'd too.

Petru. And gilt; *Maria*,
This is a fearfull course you take pray think on't,
You are a woman now, a wife, and his
That must in honesty, and justice look for
Some due obedience from you.

wln 1775
wln 1776
wln 1777
wln 1778
wln 1779
wln 1780
wln 1781
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wln 1813
wln 1814
wln 1815
wln 1816

Mar. That bare word
Shall cost you many a pound more, build upon't;
Tell me o[.] due obedience? what's a husband?
What are we married for, to carry sumpters?
Are we not one peece with you, and as worthy
Our own intentions, as you yours?
Petru Pray hear me.
Mar. Take two small drops of water, equall weigh'd,
Tell me which is the heaviest, and which ought
First to discend in duty?
Petru. You mistake me;
I urge not service from you, nor obedience
In way of duty, but of love, and oredit;
All I expect is but a noble care
Of what I have brought you, and of what I am,
And what our name may be
Mar. That's in my making. *Petru.* Tis true it is so.
Mar Yes it is *Petruchio*,
For there was never man without our molding,
Without our stampe upon him, and our justice,
Left any thing three ages after him
Good, and his own.
Soph. Good Lady understand him.
Mar. I do too much, sweet *Sophocles*, he's one
Of a most spightfull self condition,
Never at peace with any thing but age,
That has no teeth left to return his anger:
A Bravery dwels in his blood yet, of abusing
His first good wife; he's sooner fire then powder,
And sooner mischief.
Petru. If I be so sodain
Do not you fear me?
Mar. No nor yet care for you,
And if it may be lawfull, I defie you:
Petru. Do's this become you now?
Mar. It shall become me.
Petru. Thou disobedient, weak, vain-glorious woman,
Were I but half so wilfull, as thou [*]pightfull,
I should now drag thee to thy duty.
Mar. Drag me?
Petru. But I am friends again: take all your pleasure.
Mar. Now you perceive him *Sophocles*.

Petru.

wln 1817
wln 1818
wln 1819
wln 1820
wln 1821
wln 1822
wln 1823
wln 1824
wln 1825
wln 1826
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wln 1857
wln 1858
wln 1859
wln 1860
wln 1861
wln 1862

Petru. I love thee
Above thy vanity, thou faithlesse creature.
Mar. Would I had been so happy when I married,
But to have met an honest man like thee,
For I am sure thou art good, I know thou art honest,
A handsome hurtlesse man, a loving man,
Though never a penny with him; and those eyes,
That face, and that true heart; weare this for my sake,
And when thou thinkst upon me pity me:
I am cast away,
Soph. Why how now man?
Petru. Pray leave me,
And follow your advices.
Soph. The man's jealous:
Petru. I shall find a time ere it be long, to aske you
One or two foolish questions.
Soph. I shall answer
As wel as I am able, when you call me:
If she mean true, tis but a little killing,
And if I do not venture its —
Farewel sir.
Petru. Pray farewell. Is there no keeping
A wife to one mans use? no wintering
These cattell without straying? tis hard dealing,
Very hard dealing, Gentlemen, strange dealing:
Now in the name of madnesse, what star raing'd,
What dog-star, bull, or bear-star, when I married
This second wife, this whirlwind, that takes all
Within her compasse? was I not wel warnd,
(I thought I had, and I believe I know it,)
And beaten to repentance in the daies
Of my first doting? had I not wife enough
To turn my love too? did I want vexation,
Or any speciall care to kill my heart?
Had I not ev'ry morning a rare breakfast,
Mixt with a learned Lecture of ill language,
Louder then *Tom* o' Lincoln; and at dinner,
A dyet of the same dish? was there evening
That ere past over us, without thou knave,
Or thou whore, for digestion? had I ever
A pull at this same poor sport men run mad for,
But like a cur I was faine to shew my teeth first,
And almost worry her? and did Heaven forgive me,
And take this Serpent from me? and am I
Keeping tame devils now again? my heart akes;
Something I must do speedily: Ile die,

Exit Mar.

Exit Soph.

wln 1863
wln 1864
wln 1865

If I can handsomely, for that's the way
To make a Rascall of her; I am sick,
And Ile go very neer it, but Ile perish.

Exit.

wln 1866

Scæna Quarta.

wln 1867

Enter Livia, Byancha, Tranio, and Rowland.

wln 1868

Liv. Then I must be content sir, with my fortune.

wln 1869

Row. And I with mine.

wln 1870

Liv. I did not think, a look,

wln 1871

Or a poore word or two, could have displanted

wln 1872

Such a fix'd constancy, and for your end too. (gaws,

wln 1873

Row. Come, come, I know your courses: there's no gew-

wln 1874

Your Rings, and Bracelets, and the Purse you gave me,

wln 1875

The money's spent in entertaining you

wln 1876

At Plays, and Cherry-gardens.

wln 1877

Liv. There's your Chain too.

wln 1878

But if you'l give me leave, Ile weare the haire still;

wln 1879

I would yet remember you.

wln 1880

Bya. Give him his love wench;

wln 1881

The yong man has imployment for 't.

column: 312-b-2

wln 1882

Tra. Fie Rowland.

wln 1883

Row. You cannot fie me out a hundred pound

wln 1884

With this poore plot: yet, let me nere see day more,

wln 1885

If something do not struggle strangely in me.

wln 1886

Bya. Young man, let me talk with you.

wln 1887

Row. Wel young woman.

wln 1888

Bya. This was your Mistris once.

wln 1889

Row. Yes.

wln 1890

Bya. Are ye honest?

wln 1891

I see you are young, and handsome.

wln 1892

Row. I am honest. (judgement

wln 1893

Bya. Why that's wel said: and there's no doubt your

wln 1894

Is good enough, and strong enough to tell you

wln 1895

Who are your foes, and friends: why did you leave her?

wln 1896

Row. She made a puppy of me.

wln 1897

Bya. Be that granted:

wln 1898

She must doe so sometimes, and oftentimes;

wln 1899

Love were too serious else.

wln 1900

Row. A witty woman.

wln 1901

Bya. Had you lov'd me —

wln 1902

Row. I would I had.

wln 1903

Bya. And deerly;

wln 1904

And I had lov'd you so: you may love worse sir,

wln 1905

But that is not materiall.

wln 1906

Row. I shal loose.

wln 1907

Bya. Some time or other for variety

wln 1908
wln 1909
wln 1910
wln 1911
wln 1912
wln 1913
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wln 1915
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wln 1917
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wln 1943
wln 1944
wln 1945
wln 1946
wln 1947

I should have cal'd you foole, or boy, or bid you
Play with the Pages: but have lov'd you stil,
Out of all question, and extreamly too;
You are a man made to be loved:

Row. This woman
Either abuses me, or loves me deadly.

Bya. Ile tell you one thing, if I were to choose
A husband to mine own mind, I should think
One of your mothers making would content me,
For o' my conscience she makes good ones.

Row. Lady,
Ile leave you to your commendations:
I am in again, The divel take their tongues.

Bya. You shall not goe.

Row. I wil: yet thus far *Livia*,
Your sorrow may induce me to forgive you,
But never love again; if I stay longer,
I have lost two hundred pound.

Liv. Good sir, but thus much —

Tra. Turn if thou beest a man.

Liv. But one kisse of you;
One parting kisse, and I am gone too.

Row. Come,
I shall kisse fifty pound away at this clap:
We'l have one more, and then farewel.

Liv. Farewel.

Bya. Wel, go thy waies, thou bearest a kind heart with

Tra. H'as made a stand. (thee.)

Bya. A noble, brave young fellow,
Worthy a wench indeed.

Row. I wil: I wil not.

Exit Rowland.

Tra. He's gone: but shot agen; play you but your part,
And I will keep my promise: forty Angels
In fair gold Lady: wipe your eyes: he's yours
If I have any wit.

Liv. Ile pay the forfeit.

Bya. Come then, lets see your sister, how she fares now,
After her skirmish: and be sure, *Moroso*
Be kept in good hand; then all's perfect, *Livia*.

Exeunt.

Scæna

wln 1948

Scena quinta.

wln 1949

Enter Jaques and Pedro.

wln 1950

Ped. O Jaques, Jaques, what becomes of us?

wln 1951

Oh my sweet Master.

wln 1952

Jaq. Run for a Physitian,

wln 1953

And a whole peck of Pothecaries, *Pedro.*

wln 1954

He wil die, didle, didle die: if they come not quickly,

wln 1955

And bring all people that are skilfull

wln 1956

In Lungs and Livers: raise the neighbours,

wln 1957

And all the Aquavite-bottles extant;

wln 1958

And, O the Parson, *Pedro*; O the Parson,

wln 1959

A little of his comfort, never so little;

wln 1960

Twenty to one you finde him at the Bush,

wln 1961

There's the best Ale.

wln 1962

Ped. I fly.

Exit Pedro.

wln 1963

Enter Maria, and Servants.

wln 1964

Mar. Out with the Trunks, ho:

wln 1965

Why are you idle? Sirha, up to th'Chamber,

wln 1966

And take the hangings down, and see the Linnen

wln 1967

Packt up, and sent away within this halfe houre.

wln 1968

What are the Carts come yet? some honest body

wln 1969

Help down the chests of Plate, and some the wardrobe,

wln 1970

Alas we are undone else.

wln 1971

Jaq. Pray forsooth,

wln 1972

And I beseech ye, tell me, is he dead yet?

wln 1973

Mar. No, but is drawing on: out with the Armour.

wln 1974

Jaq. Then Ile goe see him.

wln 1975

Mar. Thou art undone then fellow: no man that has

wln 1976

Been neere him come neere me.

wln 1977

Enter Sophocles, and Petronius.

wln 1978

Soph. Why how now Lady, what means this?

wln 1979

Petron. Now daughter, how dos my sonne?

wln 1980

Mar. Save all you can for Heaven sake.

wln 1981

Enter Livia, Byancha, and Tranio.

wln 1982

Liv. Be of good comfort sister.

wln 1983

Mar. O my Casket.

wln 1984

Petron. How do's thy husband woman?

wln 1985

Mar. Get you gon, if you mean to save your lives: the

wln 1986 *Petron.* Stand further off, I prethee. (sickness.)
 wln 1987 *Mar.* Is i'th house sir,
 wln 1988 My husband has it now;
 wln 1989 Alas he is infected, and raves extreamly:
 wln 1990 Give me some counsell friends.
 wln 1991 *Bya.* Why lock the doores up,
 wln 1992 And send him in a woman to attend him.
 wln 1993 *Mar.* I have bespoke two women; and the City
 wln 1994 Hath sent a watch by this time: meat nor money
 wln 1995 He shall not want, nor prayers.
 wln 1996 *Petron.* How long is't
 wln 1997 Since it first tooke him?
 wln 1998 *Mar.* But within this three houres. *Enter Watch.*
 wln 1999 I am frighted from my wits: — O here's the watch;
 wln 2000 Pray doe your Office, lock the doores up friends,
 wln 2001 And patience be his Angel.
 wln 2002 *Tra.* This comes unlook'd for: (me,
 wln 2003 *Mar.* Ile to the lodge; some that are kind and love
 wln 2004 I know wil visit me. *Petruchio within.*
 wln 2005 *Petru.* Doe you heare my Masters: ho, you that locke
 wln 2006 *Petron.* Tis his voyce. (the doores up.
 wln 2007 *Tra.* Hold, and let's heare him. (retick.
 wln 2008 *Petru.* Wil ye starve me here: am I a Traytor, or an He-
 wln 2009 Or am I grown infectious?

column: 313-a-2

wln 2010 *Petron.* Pray sir, pray.
 wln 2011 *Petru.* I am as wel as you are, goodman puppy.
 wln 2012 *Mar.* Pray have patience,
 wln 2013 You shall want nothing sir.
 wln 2014 *Petru.* I want a cudgell,
 wln 2015 And thee, thou wickednesse.
 wln 2016 *Petron.* He speakes wel enough.
 wln 2017 *Mar.* 'Had ever a strong heart sir.
 wln 2018 *Petru.* Wil ye heare me?
 wln 2019 First be pleas'd
 wln 2020 To think I know ye all, and can distinguish
 wln 2021 Ev'ry mans severall voyce: you that spoke first,
 wln 2022 I know my father in law; the other *Tranio*,
 wln 2023 And I heard *Sophocles*; the last, pray marke me,
 wln 2024 Is my dam'd wife *Maria*:
 wln 2025 If any man misdoubt me for infected,
 wln 2026 There is mine arme, let any man looke on't.
 wln 2027 *Enter Doctor and Potheccary.*
 wln 2028 *Doct.* Save ye Gentlemen.
 wln 2029 *Petron:* O welcome Doctor,
 wln 2030 Ye come in happy time; pray your opinion,
 wln 2031 What think you of his pulse?
 wln 2032 *Doct.* It beats with busiest,
 wln 2033 And shews a general inflammation,

wln 2034
wln 2035
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wln 2076
wln 2077

Which is the symptome of a pestilent feaver,
Take twenty ounces frow him.

Petru. Take a foole;

Take an ounce from mine arme, and Doctor Deuz-ace,
Ile make a close-stoole of your Velvet costard.

— Gentlemen, doe ye make a may-game on me?

I tell ye once againe, I am as sound,

As wel, as wholsome, and as sensible,

As any of ye all: Let me out quickly,

Or as I am a man, Ile beat the wals down,

And the first thing I light upon shall pay for't.

Exit Doctor and Pothe Cary.

Petro. Nay we'l go with you Doctor.

Mar. Tis the safest;

I saw the tokens sir.

Petro. Then there is but one way.

Petru. Wil it please you open?

Tra. His fit grows stronger still.

Mar. Let's save our selves sir,

He's past all worldly cure.

Petro. Friends do your office.

And what he wants, if money, love, or labour,

Or any way may win it, let him have it.

Farewell, and pray my honest friends —

Exeunt.

Petru. Why Rascals,

Friends, Gentlemen, thou beastly wife, *Jaques*;

None heare me? who at the doore there?

1 Watch. Thinke I pray sir,

Whether you are going, and prepare your selfe.

2 Watch. These idle thoughts disturbe you, the good

Gentlewoman

Your wife has taken care you shall want nothing.

Petru Shall I come out in quiet? answer me,

Or shall I charge a fowling-piece, and make

Mine own way; two of ye I cannot misse,

If I misse three; ye come here to assault me.

I am as excellent wel, I thank Heav'n for't,

And have as good a stomacke at this instant —

2 Watch. That's an ill signe.

1 Watch. He draws on; he's a dead man,

Petru. And sleep as soundly; wil ye looke upon me?

1 Watch. Do you want Pen and Inke? while you have

Settle your state.

(sence sir,

Petru. Sirs, I am wel, as you are;

Or

column: 313-b-1

wln 2078
wln 2079
wln 2080
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wln 2119
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wln 2121
wln 2122
wln 2123

Or any Rascall living.

2 *Watch.* would you were sir.

Petru. Look to your selves, and if you love your lives,
Open the doore, and fly me, for I shoot else;
— Ile shoot, and presently, chain-bullets;
And under foure I will not kill.

1 *Watch.* Let's quit him,
It may be it is trick: he's dangerous.

2 *Watch.* The devill take the hinmost, I cry.

Enter Petruchio with a piece.

*Exit watch
running.*

Petru. Have among ye;
The doore shall open too, Ile have a faire shoot;
Are ye all gone? tricks in my old daies, crackers
Put now upon me? and by Lady *Green-sleeves*?
Am I grown so tame after all my triumphs?
But that I should be thought mad, if I rail'd
As much as they deserve against these women,
I would now rip up from the primitive cuckold,
All their arch-villanies, and all their dobles,
Which are more then a hunted Hare ere thought on:
When a man has the fairest, and the sweetest
Of all their sex, and as he thinks the noblest,
What has he then? and Ile speake modestly,
He has a Quartern-ague, that shall shake
All his estate to nothing; never cur'd,
Nor never dying; H'as a ship to venture
His fame, and credit in, which if he man not
With more continuall labour then a Gally
To make her tith, either she grows a Tumbrell
Not worth the cloth she weares; or springs more leakes
Then all the fame of his posterity
Can ever stop againe: I could raile twenty daies;
Out on 'em hedge-hogs,
He that shal touch 'em, has a thousand thorns
Runs through his fingers: If I were unmarried,
I would do any thing below repentance,
Any base dunhill slavery; be a hang-man,
Ere I would be a husband: O the thousand,
Thousand, ten thousand waies they have to kil us!
Some fall with too much stringing of the Fiddles,
And those are fooles; some, that they are not suffer'd,
And those are Maudlin-lovers: some, like Scorpions,
They poyson with their tailes, and those are Martyrs;
Some die with doing good, those Benefactors,
And leave 'em land to leap away: some few,
For those are rarest, they are said to kill

wln 2124 With kindnesse, and faire usage; but what they are
wln 2125 My Catalogue discovers not: onely tis thought
wln 2126 They are buried in old wals with their heeles upward.
wln 2127 I could raile twenty daies together now.
wln 2128 Ile seek 'em out, and if I have not reason,
wln 2129 And very sensible, why this was done,
wln 2130 Ile go a birding yet, and some shall smart for't.

Exit.

wln 2131 *Actus Quartus. Scœna prima.*

wln 2132 *Enter Moroso and Petronius.*

wln 2133 *Mor.* That I do love her, is without all question,
wln 2134 And most extreemly, deerly, most exactly;
wln 2135 And that I would ev'n now, this present Monday,
wln 2136 Before all others, maids, wives, women, widdows,
wln 2137 Of what degree or calling, marry her,
wln 2138 As certaine too; but to be made a whim-wham,
wln 2139 A Jib-crack, and a Gentleman o'th first house
wln 2140 For all my kindnesse to her.

column: 313-b-2

wln 2141 *Petron.* How you take it?
wln 2142 Thou get a wench, thou get dozen night-caps;
wln 2143 Wouldst have her come, and lick thee like a calfe,
wln 2144 And blow thy nose, and busse thee?

wln 2145 *Mor.* Not so neither.

wln 2146 *Petron.* What wouldst thou have her do?

wln 2147 *Mor.* Do as she should do;
wln 2148 Put on a clean smock, and to Church, and marry,
wln 2149 And then to bed a Gods name, this is faire play,
wln 2150 And keeps the Kings peace; let her leave her bobs,
wln 2151 I have had too many of them, and her quillets,
wln 2152 She is as nimble that way as an Eele;
wln 2153 But in the way she ought to me especially,
wln 2154 A sow of Lead is swifter.

wln 2155 *Petron* Quoaat your griefes down.

wln 2156 *Mor.* Give faire quarter, I am old and crasie,
wln 2157 And subject to much fumbling, I confesse it;
wln 2158 Yet something I would have that's warme, to hatch me:
wln 2159 But understand me I would have it so,
wln 2160 I buy not more repentance in the bargaine
wln 2161 Then the ware's worth I have; if you allow me
wln 2162 Worthy your Son-in-law, and your allowance,
wln 2163 Do it a way of credit; let me show so,
wln 2164 And not be troubled in my visitations,
wln 2165 With blows, and bitterness, and down right railings,
wln 2166 As if we were to couple like two cats,

wln 2167
wln 2168
wln 2169
wln 2170
wln 2171
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wln 2201
wln 2202
wln 2203
wln 2204
wln 2205
wln 2206
wln 2207

With clawing, **add** loud clamour:

Petron. Thou fond man

Hast thou forgot the Ballard, crabbed age,
Can *May* and *Ianuary* match together,
And nev'r a storm between 'em? say she abuse thee,
Put case she doe.

Mor. Wel.

Petron. Nay, believe she do's.

Mor. I doe believe she do's.

Petron. And div'lishly:

Art thou a whit the worse?

Mor. That's not the matter,

I know, being old, tis fit I am abus'd;
I know tis handsome, and I know moreover
I am to love her for't.

Petron. Now you come to me.

Mor. Nay more then this; I find too, and finde certain,
What Gold I have, Pearle, Bracelets, Rings, or Owches,
Or what she can desire, Gowns, Petticotes,
Wastcotes, Embroydered-stockings, Scarffs, Cals, Feathers
Hats, five pound Garters, Muffs, Masks, Ruffs, & Ribands,
I am to give her for't.

Petron. Tis right, you are so.

Mor. But when I have done all this, and think it duty,
Is't requisit an other bore my nostrils?
Riddle me that.

Petron. Go get you gone, and dreame

She's thine within these two daies, for she is so;
The boy's beside the saddle: get warm broths,
And feed apace; think not of worldly businesse,
It cools the blood; leave off your tricks, they are hateful,
And meere forerunners of the ancient measures;
Contrive your beard o'th top cut like Verdugoes;
It shows you would be wise, and burn your night-cap,
It looks like halfe a winding-sheet, and urges
From a young wench nothing but cold repentance:
You may eat Onyons, so you'l not be lavish.

Mor. I am glad of that.

Petron. They purge the blood, and quicken,
But after 'em, conceive me, sweep your mouth,
And where there wants a tooth, stick in a clove.

Ppppp

Mor.

wln 2208

Mar. Shall I hope once againe, say't,

wln 2209

Petro. You shall sir:

wln 2210

And you shall have your hope.

*Enter Byancha
and Tranio.*

wln 2211

Moro. Why there's a match then.

wln 2212

Byan. You shall not finde me wanting, get you gon.

wln 2213

Here's the old man, he'l think you are plotting else

wln 2214

Something against his new Sonne.

*Exit Tranio.
Exit Moroso.*

wln 2215

Moro. Fare ye well sir.

wln 2216

Byan. *And ev'ry Buck had his Doe,*

wln 2217

And ev'ry Cuckold a Bell at his Toe:

wln 2218

Oh what should we have then, then Boyes then,

wln 2219

O what sport should we have then?

wln 2220

Petro. This is the spirit, that inspires 'em all.

wln 2221

By. Give you good ev'n.

wln 2222

Petro. A word with you Sweet Lady.

wln 2223

By. I am very hasty sir.

wln 2224

Petro. So **your** were ever.

wln 2225

By. Well what's your will?

wln 2226

Petro. Was not your skilfull hand

wln 2227

In this last stratagem? were not your mischiefes

wln 2228

Eeking the matter on?

wln 2229

By. In's shutting up?

wln 2230

Is that it?

wln 2231

Petro. Yes.

wln 2232

By. Ile tell you.

wln 2233

Petro. Doe,

wln 2234

By. And truly.

wln 2235

Good old man, I doe grieve exceeding much,

wln 2236

I feare too much.

wln 2237

Petro. I am sorry for your heavinesse.

wln 2238

Belike you can repent then?

wln 2239

By. There you are wide too.

wln 2240

Not that the thing was done (conceive me rightly)

wln 2241

Do's any way molest me.

wln 2242

Petro. What then Lady?

wln 2243

By. But that I was not in't, there's my sorrow, there

wln 2244

Now you understand me, for Ile tell you,

wln 2245

It was so sound a peece, and so well carried,

wln 2246

And if you marke the way, so hansomely,

wln 2247

Of such a heighth, and excellence, and art

wln 2248

I have not known a braver, for conceive me,

wln 2249

When the grosse foole her husband would be sick —

wln 2250

Petro. Pray stay.

wln 2251

By. Nay, good, your patience: and no sence for't,

wln 2252
wln 2253
wln 2254
wln 2255
wln 2256
wln 2257
wln 2258
wln 2259
wln 2260
wln 2261
wln 2262
wln 2263
wln 2264
wln 2265
wln 2266
wln 2267
wln 2268
wln 2269
wln 2270
wln 2271
wln 2272
wln 2273
wln 2274

Then stept your daughter in.

Petro. By your appointment.

By. I would it had, on that condition
I had but one halfe smock, I like it so well;
And like an excellent cunning woman, cur'd me
One madnesse with an other, which was rare,
And to our weake beleifes, a wonder.

Petro. Hang ye,
For surely, if your husband looke not to ye,
I know what will.

By. I humbly thank your worship.
And so I take my leave.

Petro. You have a hand I heare too.

By. I have two sir.

Petro. In my yong daughters businesse.

By. You will finde there
A fitter hand then mine, to reach her frets,
And play down diddle to her.

Petro. I shall watch ye.

By. Doe.

Petro. And I shall have justice.

By. Where?

Petro. That's all one;

column: 314-a-2

wln 2275
wln 2276
wln 2277

I shall be with you at a turne hence forward.

By. Get you a posset too; and so good ev'n sir.

Exeunt.

wln 2278

Enter Petruchio, Iaques; and Pedro.

wln 2279
wln 2280
wln 2281
wln 2282
wln 2283
wln 2284
wln 2285
wln 2286
wln 2287
wln 2288
wln 2289
wln 2290
wln 2291
wln 2292
wln 2293
wln 2294
wln 2295
wln 2296

Iaq. And as I told your worship, all the hangings,
Brasse, Pewter, Plate, ev'n to the very looking-glasses.

Ped. And that that hung for our defence, the Armor,
And the march Beere was going too: Oh *Iaques*
What a sad sight was that?

Iaq. Even the two Rundlets,
The two that was our hope, of Muskadell,
(Better nev'r tongue tript over) these two Cannons,
To batter brawne withall at Christmas, sir
Ev'n those two lovely twyns, the enemy
Had almost cut off cleane.

Petru. Goe trim the house up.
And put the things in order as they were.
I shall finde time for all this: could I finde her
But constant any way, I had done my businesse;
Were she a whore directly, or a scold,
An unthrift, or a woman made to hate me,
I had my wish, and knew which way to rayne her:

*Exit Ped. and
Iaq.*

wln 2297
wln 2298
wln 2299
wln 2300
wln 2301
wln 2302
wln 2303
wln 2304
wln 2305
wln 2306
wln 2307
wln 2308
wln 2309
wln 2310
wln 2311
wln 2312
wln 2313
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wln 2327
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wln 2329
wln 2330
wln 2331
wln 2332
wln 2333
wln 2334
wln 2335
wln 2336
wln 2337
wln 2338
wln 2339
wln 2340

But while she shewes all these, and all their losses,
A kinde of linsey woolsey, mingled mischiefe
Not to be ghest at, and whether true, or borrowed,
Not certaine neither, what a hap had I,
And what a tydie fortune, when my fate
Flung me upon this Beare-whelp? here she comes
Now if she have a colour, for the fault is
A cleanly one, upon my conscience
I shall forgive her yet, and finde a something
Certaine, I married for: her wit: Ile marke her.

*Enter
Maria.*

Mar. Not let his wife come neere him in his sicknes,
Not come to comfort him? she that all lawes
Of heaven, and Nations have ordain'd his second,
Is she refus'd? and two old Paradoxes,
Peeces of five and fifty, without faith
Clapt in upon him? h'as a little pet,
That all young wives must follow necessary
Having their Mayden-heads —

Petru. This is an Axiome
I never heard before.

Mar. Or say rebellion
If we durst be so foule, which two faire words
Alas win us from, in an houre, an instant,
We are so easie, make him so forgetfull
Both of his reason, honesty, and credit,
As to deny his wife a visitation?
His wife, that (though she was a little foolish,)
Lov'd him, Oh heaven forgive her for't! nay doted,
Nay had run mad, had she not married him,

Petru. Though I doe know this falsder then the devill,
I cannot choose but love it.

Mar. What doe I know
But those that came to keepe him, might have kill'd him,
In what a case had I been then? I dare not
Beleeve him such a base, debosh'd companion,
That one refusall of a tender maide
Would make him faigne this s[*]cknesse out of need,
And take a Keeper to him of fourescore
To play at Billiards; one that mew'd content
And all her teeth together; not come neere him?

Petru. This woman would have made a most rare Je-
She can prevaricate on any thing: (suite
There was not to be thought a way to save her
In all imagination, beside this.

Mar.

wln 2387
wln 2388
wln 2389
wln 2390
wln 2391
wln 2392
wln 2393
wln 2394
wln 2395
wln 2396
wln 2397
wln 2398
wln 2399
wln 2400
wln 2401
wln 2402
wln 2403
wln 2404
wln 2405
wln 2406
wln 2407
wln 2408

For this offence, which no submission
Can ever mediate for, you'l finde it so,
What ever you shall doe by intercession,
What you can offer, what your Land can purchase,
What all your friends, or families can win,
Shall be but this, not to forswear your knowledge,
But ever to forbear it: now your will sir.

Petru. Thou art the subtlest woman I think living,
I am sure the lewdest; now be still, and marke me;
Were I but any way addicted to the devill,
I should now think I had met a play-fellow
To profit by, and that way the most learned
That ever taught to murmur. Tell me thou,
Thou most poor, paltry spitefull whore: doe you cry?
Ile make you roare, before I leave.

Mar. Your pleasure.

Petru. Was it not sinne enough, thou Fruiterer
Full of the fall thou eat'st: thou devils broker,
Thou Seminary of all sedition,
Thou sword of veng'ance, with a thred hung o're us,
Was it not sinne enough, and wickednes
In full abundance? was it not vexation

column: 314-b-2

wln 2409
wln 2410
wln 2411
wln 2412
wln 2413
wln 2414
wln 2415
wln 2416
wln 2417
wln 2418
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wln 2420
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wln 2427
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wln 2429
wln 2430
wln 2431
wln 2432
wln 2433
wln 2434

At all points, cap a pe? nay, I shall pinch you,
Thus like a rotten rascall to abuse.
The name of heaven, the tye of marriage,
The honour of thy friends; the expectation
Of all that thought thee vertuous, with rebellion,
Childish and base rebellion, but continuing.
After forgiveness too, and worse, your mischief,
And against him setting the hope of heaven by,
And the deere reservation of his honour
Nothing above ground could have won to hate thee:
Well goe thy wayes.

Mar. Yes.

Petru. You shall heare me out first:
What punishment mai'st thou deserve, thou thing,
Thou Idle thing of nothing, thou pull'd Primrose,
That two houres after, art a weed, and wither'd,
For this last flourish on me? am I one
Selected out of all the husbands living,
To be so ridden by a Tit of ten pence,
Am I so blind and Bed-rid? I was mad,
And had the Plague, and no man must come neere me,
I must be shut up, and my substance bezel'd,
And an old woman watch me.

Mar. Well sir, well,
You may well glory in't.

Petru. And when it comes to opening, 'tis my plot,

wln 2435 I must undoe my selfe forsooth: do'st heare me?
wln 2436 If I should beat thee now, as much may be,
wln 2437 Do'st thou not well deserve it, o' thy conscience,
wln 2438 Do'st thou not cry, come beat me?
wln 2439 *Mar.* I defie you.
wln 2440 And my last loving teares farwell: the first stroke,
wln 2441 The very first you give me if you dare strike,
wln 2442 Try me, and you shall finde it so, for ever
wln 2443 Never to be recall'd: I know you love me,
wln 2444 Mad till you have enjoy'd me; I doe turne
wln 2445 Utterly from you, and what man I meet first
wln 2446 That has but spirit to deserve a favour,
wln 2447 Let him beare any shape, the worse the better,
wln 2448 Shall kill you, and enjoy me; what I have said
wln 2449 About your foolish sicknesse, e're you have me
wln 2450 As you would have me, you shall sweare, is certaine,
wln 2451 And challenge any man, that dares deny it;
wln 2452 And in all companies approve my actions,
wln 2453 And so farwell for this time.

Exit Mar.

wln 2454 *Petru.* Grief goe with thee,
wln 2455 If there be any witchcrafts, herbes, or potions,
wln 2456 Saying my Prayers back-ward, Fiends, or Fayries
wln 2457 That can againe unlove me, I am made.

Exit.

wln 2458 *Scæna Secunda.*

wln 2459 *Enter Byanacha, and Tranio.*

wln 2460 *Tra.* Mistresse, you must doe it.
wln 2461 *By.* Are the writings ready I told you of?
wln 2462 *Tra.* Yes they are ready, but to what use I know not.
wln 2463 *By.* Y'are an Asse, you must have all things constru'd,
wln 2464 *Tra.* Yes, and peirc'd too,
wln 2465 Or I finde little pleasure.
wln 2466 *By.* Now you are knavish,
wln 2467 Goe too, fetch *Rowland* hither presently,
wln 2468 Your twenty pound lies bleeding else: she is married
wln 2469 Within these twelve houres, if we crosse it not,
wln 2470 And see the Papers of one size.
wln 2471 *Tra.* I have ye.
wln 2472 *By.* And for disposing of 'em.

Ppppp2

Tra.

wln 2473

Tra. If I faile you

wln 2474

Now I have found the way, use Marshall Law

wln 2475

And cut my head off with a hand Saw:

wln 2476

By. Wel sir.

wln 2477

Petronius and *Moroso* I'le see sent for

wln 2478

About your businesse; goe.

wln 2479

Tra. I am gone.

Exit Tra.

wln 2480

By. Ho *Livia*.

Enter Livia.

wln 2481

Liv. Who's that?

wln 2482

By. A friend of yours, Lord how you looke now,

wln 2483

As if you had lost a Carrick.

wln 2484

Liv. O *Byancha*.

wln 2485

I am the most undone, unhappy woman.

wln 2486

By. Be quiet wench, thou shalt be done, and done,

wln 2487

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

wln 2488

No more of these minc'd passions, they are mangy,

wln 2489

And ease thee of nothing, but a little wind,

wln 2490

An apple will doe more: thou fear'st *Moroso*.

wln 2491

Liv. Even as I feare the Gallowes.

wln 2492

By. Keepe thee there still.

wln 2493

And you love *Rowland*? say.

wln 2494

Liv. If I say not

wln 2495

I am sure I lye.

wln 2496

By. What would'st thou give that woman,

wln 2497

In spite of all his anger, and thy feare,

wln 2498

And all thy Fathers policy, that could

wln 2499

Clap ye within these two nights quietly

wln 2500

Into a Bed together?

wln 2501

Liv. How?

wln 2502

By. Why fairely,

wln 2503

At half sword man and wife: now the red blood comes,

wln 2504

I marry now the matters chang'd.

wln 2505

Liv. *Byancha*,

wln 2506

Me thinks you should not mock me.

wln 2507

By. Mock a pudding.

wln 2508

I speake good honest English, and good meaning.

wln 2509

Liv. I should not be ungratefull to that woman.

wln 2510

By. I know thou would'st not, follow but my Counsell

wln 2511

And if thou hast him not, despight of fortune

wln 2512

Let me nev'r know a good night more; you must

wln 2513

Be very sick o'th instant.

wln 2514

Liv. Well, what follows?

wln 2515

By. And in that sicknesse send for all your friends,

wln 2516

Your Father, and your feavor old *Moroso*,

wln 2517

And *Rowland* shall be there too.

wln 2518

Liv. What of these?

wln 2563
wln 2564
wln 2565
wln 2566
wln 2567
wln 2568
wln 2569
wln 2570
wln 2571
wln 2572
wln 2573
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wln 2600
wln 2601
wln 2602
wln 2603
wln 2604

'Twill be a point of honesty:

Tra. It will so.

Row. It may be not too: you would faine be fingring
This old sinne-offring of two hundred, *Tranio*,
How daintily, and cunningly you drive me
Up like a Deere to'th toyle, yet *I* may leape it,
And what's the woodman then?

Tra. A looser by you.

Speake will you go or not? to me 'tis equall.

Row. Come what goes lesse?

Tra. Nay not a penny *Rowland*.

Row. Shall I have liberty of conscience
Which by interpretation, is ten kisses?
Hang me if I affect her: yet it may be,
This whorson manners will require a struggling,
Of two and twenty, or by'r-Lady thirty.

Tra. By'r-lady Ile require my wager then,
For if you kisse so often, and no kindnesse,
I have lost my speculation, i'le allow you —

Row. Speake like a Gamster now.

Tra. It may be two.

Row. Under a dozen *Tranio* ther's no setting,
You shall have forty shillings, winck at small faults.
Say I take twenty, come, by all that's honest
I doe it but to vex her.

Tra. Ile no **by-lowes**.

If you can love her doe, if you can hate her,
Or any else that loves you.

Row. Prethee *Tranio*.

Tra. Why farewell twenty pound, twill not undoe me;
You have my resolution.

Row. And your money,
Which since you are so stubborne, if I forfeit,
Make me a Jack o' Lent, and breake shins
For untag'd points and Compters: Ile goe with you,
But if thou gett'st a penny by the bargaine;
A parting kisse is lawfull?

Tra. I allow it. (bargaine:

Row. Knock out my braines with Apples; yet a

Tra. I tell you, i'le no bargaines; win, and weare it.

Row. Thou art the strangest fellow.

Tra. That's all one.

Row.

column: 315-b-1

wln 2605

Row. Along then, twenty pound more if thou dar'st,
I give her not a good word.

wln 2606

wln 2607

Tra. Not a Penny.

Exeunt.

wln 2608

Scœna quarta.

wln 2609

Enter Petruchio, Jaques, and Pedro.

wln 2610

Petru. Prethee, entreat her come, I will not trouble her

wln 2611

Above a word or two; ere I endure

(Exit Pedro.)

wln 2612

This life, and with a woman, and a vow'd one

wln 2613

To all the mischiefes she can lay upon me,

wln 2614

Ile goe to Plough again, and eat leeke Porridge;

wln 2615

Begging's a pleasure to 't not to be numberd:

wln 2616

No there be other Countries *Iaques* for me, and other
people, yea, and other women.

wln 2617

wln 2618

If I have need, here's money, there's your ware,

wln 2619

Which is faire dealing, and the Sunne, they say

wln 2620

Shines as warme there, as here, and till I have lost

wln 2621

Either my selfe, or her, I care not whether

wln 2622

Nor which first.

wln 2623

Iaq. Will your worship heare me?

wln 2624

Petru. And utterly outworne the memory

wln 2625

Of such a curse as this, none of my Nation

wln 2626

Shall ever know me more.

wln 2627

Iaq. Out alas sir

wln 2628

What a strange way doe you runne?

wln 2629

Petru. Any way,

wln 2630

So I out-runne this rascall.

wln 2631

Iaq. Me thinkes now,

wln 2632

If your good worship could but have the patience.

wln 2633

Petru. The patience, why the patience?

wln 2634

Iaq. Why i'le tell you,

wln 2635

Could you but have the patience.

wln 2636

Petru. Well the patience.

wln 2637

Iaq. To laugh at all she do's, or when she railles,

wln 2638

To have a drum beaten o'th top o'th house,

wln 2639

To give the neighbours warning of her Larme,

wln 2640

As I doe when my wife rebels.

wln 2641

Petru. Thy wife?

wln 2642

Thy wife's a Pigeon to her a meere slumber,

wln 2643

The dead of night's not stiller.

wln 2644

Iaq. Nor an Iron Mill.

wln 2645

Petru. But thy wife is certaine.

wln 2646

Iaq. That's false Doctrine,

wln 2647

You never read of a certaine woman.

wln 2648
wln 2649
wln 2650
wln 2651
wln 2652
wln 2653
wln 2654
wln 2655
wln 2656
wln 2657
wln 2658
wln 2659
wln 2660
wln 2661
wln 2662
wln 2663
wln 2664
wln 2665
wln 2666
wln 2667
wln 2668
wln 2669

Petru. Thou know'st her way.
Ja. I should doe, I am sure.
I have ridden it night, and day, this twenty yeare.
Petru. But mine is such a drench of Balderdash,
Such a strange carded cunningnesse, the Rayne-bow
When she hangs bent in heaven, sheds not her colours
Quicker and more then this deceitfull woman
Weaves in her dyes of wickednesse: what sayes she?
Ped. Nay not a word sir, but she pointed to me,
As though she meant to follow; pray sir bear it
Ev'n as you may, I need not teach your worship,
The best men have their crosses, we are all mortall.
Petru. What ailes the fellow?
Ped. And no doubt she may sir
Petru. What may she, or what do's she, or what is she?
Speake and be hang'd.
Ped. She's mad Sir.
Petru. Heaven continue it.
Ped. Amen if't be his pleasure
Petru. How mad is she?
Ped. As mad as heart can wish sir: she has drest her self
(Saving your worships reverence) iust i'th cut

Enter
Ped.

column: 315-b-2

wln 2670
wln 2671
wln 2672
wln 2673
wln 2674
wln 2675
wln 2676
wln 2677
wln 2678
wln 2679
wln 2680
wln 2681
wln 2682
wln 2683
wln 2684
wln 2685
wln 2686
wln 2687
wln 2688
wln 2689
wln 2690
wln 2691
wln 2692
wln 2693
wln 2694
wln 2695

Of one of those that multiply i'th Suburbs
For single money, and as durtily:
If any speake to her, first she whistles,
And then begins her compasse with her fingers,
And points to what she would have.
Petru. What new waye's this?
Ped. There came in Master *Sophocles*,
Petru. And what
Did Master *Sophocles* when he came in?
Get my Truncks ready sirha, i'le be gone straight.
Ped. He's here to tell you
She's horne mad *Iaques*.
Soph. Call ye this a woman?
Petru. Yes sir, she is a woman,
Soph. Sir, I doubt it.
Petru. I had thought you had make experience,
Soph. Yes I did so.
And almost with my life.
Petru. You rid too fast sir.
Soph. Pray be not mistaken: by this hand
Your wife's as chaste, and honest as a virgin,
For any thing I know: 'tis true she gave me
A Ring.
Petru. For rutting.
Soph. You are much deceiv'd still,
Beleeve me, I never kist her since, and now

Enter Sophocles.

wln 2696
wln 2697
wln 2698
wln 2699
wln 2700
wln 2701
wln 2702
wln 2703
wln 2704
wln 2705
wln 2706
wln 2707
wln 2708
wln 2709
wln 2710
wln 2711
wln 2712
wln 2713
wln 2714
wln 2715
wln 2716
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wln 2729
wln 2730
wln 2731
wln 2732
wln 2733
wln 2734
wln 2735
wln 2736
wln 2737

Coming in visitation, like a friend,
I thinke she is mad sir, suddainly she started,
And snatch'd the Ring away, and drew her knife out,
To what intent I know not.

Petru. Is this certaine?

Soph. As I am here sir.

Petru. I beleeve you honest.

Enter Maria.

And pray continue so.

Soph. She comes.

Petru. Now Damsell,

What will your beauty doe, if I forsake you?

Doe you deale by signes, and tokens? as I ghesse then,

You'l walke abroad, this Sommer, and catch Captaines,

Or hire a peece of holy ground i'th Suburbs,

And keepe a neast of Nuns?

Soph. O doe not stir her!

You see in what a case she is?

Petru. She is dogged,

And in a beastly case I am sure: Ile make her

If she have any tongue, yet tattle *Sophocles*

Prethee observe this woman seriously,

And eye her well, and when thou hast done, but tell me

(For thou hast understanding) in what case

My sence was, when I chose this thing.

Soph. Ile tell you

I have seene a sweeter —

Petru. An hundred times cry oysters.

Ther's a poore Begger wench about Black-Fryers

Runs on her breech may be an Empresse to her.

Soph. Nay, now you are too bitter.

Petru. Nev'r a whit sir:

Ile tell thee woman; for now I have day to see thee,

And all my wits about me, and I speake

Not out of passion neither (leave your mumping)

I know you're well enough: Now would I give

A million but to vex her: when I chose thee

To make a Bedfellow, I tooke more trouble,

Then twenty Termes can come too, such a cause

Of such a title, and so everlasting

That *Adams* Genealogie may be ended

Ere any law find thee: I tooke a Leprosie,

Nay worse, the plague, nay worse yet, a possession

and

wln 2738
wln 2739
wln 2740
wln 2741
wln 2742
wln 2743
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wln 2749
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wln 2759
wln 2760
wln 2761
wln 2762
wln 2763
wln 2764
wln 2765
wln 2766
wln 2767
wln 2768
wln 2769
wln 2770
wln 2771
wln 2772
wln 2773
wln 2774
wln 2775
wln 2776
wln 2777
wln 2778
wln 2779
wln 2780
wln 2781
wln 2782
wln 2783

And had the devill with thee, if not more:
And yet worse, was a beast, and like a beast
Had my reward, a Jade to fling my fortunes;
For who that had but reason to distinguish
The light from darknesse, wine from water, hunger
From full sacity, and Fox from ferne bush
That would have married thee?

Soph. She is not so ill.

Petru. She's worse then I dare think of: she's so lewd,
No Court is strong enough to bear her cause,
She hath neither manners, honesty, behaviour,
Wife-hood, nor woman-hood, nor any morall
Can force me think she had a mother, no
I do believe her stedfastly, and know her
To be a woman-Woolfe by transmigration,
Her first forme was a Ferrets undergrounde,
She kils the memories of men: not yet?

Soph. Do you think she's sensible of this?

Petru. I care not,
Be what she will: the pleasure I take in her,
Thus I blow off, the care I took to love her,
Like this point I unty, and thus I loose it,
The husband I am to her, thus I sever:
My vanity farwell: yet, for you have bin
So neer me as to bear the name of wife,
My unquench'd charity shall tell you thus much
(Though you deserve it well) you shall not beg,
What I ordan'd your Jointure, honestly
You shall have settled on you: and half my house,
The other half shall be imploy'd in prayers,
(That meritorious charge Ile be at also
Yet to confirm you christian) your apparrell,
And what belongs to build up such a folly,
Keep I beseech you, it infects our uses,
And now I am for travell.

Mar. Now I love you,
And now I see you are a man ile talk to you,
And I forget your bitternesse.

Soph. How now man?

Petru. O *Pliny*, if thou wilt be ever famous
Make but this woman all thy wonders.

Mar. Sure sir
You have hit upon a happy course, a blessed,
And what will make you vertuous?

Petru. She'l ship me.

Mar. A way of understanding I long wishd for,

wln 2784 And now tis come, take heed you fly not back sir,
 wln 2785 Me thinks you look a new man to me now,
 wln 2786 A man of excellence, and now I see
 wln 2787 Some great design set in you: you may think now
 wln 2788 (And so may most that know me) 'twere my part
 wln 2789 Weakly to weep your losse, and to resist you,
 wln 2790 Nay hang about your neck and like a dotard
 wln 2791 Urge my strong tie upon you: but I love you,
 wln 2792 And all the world shall know it, beyond woman,
 wln 2793 And more prefer the honour of your Country,
 wln 2794 Which chiefly you are born for, and may perfect,
 wln 2795 The uses you may make of other Nations,
 wln 2796 The ripening of your knowledge, conversation,
 wln 2797 The full ability, and strength of judgement,
 wln 2798 Then any private love, or wanton kisses.
 wln 2799 Go worthy man, and bring home understanding. (men.
 wln 2800 *Soph.* This were an excellent woman to breed School-
 wln 2801 *Mar.* For if the Merchant through unknown Seas
 wln 2802 To get his wealth, then deer sir, what must you (plough
 wln 2803 To gather wisdom? go, and go alone,
 wln 2804 Only your noble mind for your companion,
 wln 2805 And if a woman may win credit with you,

column: 316-a-2

wln 2806 Go far: too far you cannot: still the farther
 wln 2807 The more experience finds you: and go sparing,
 wln 2808 One meale a week will serve you, and one sute,
 wln 2809 Through all your travels: for you'l find it certaine,
 wln 2810 The poorer and the baser you appear,
 wln 2811 The more you look through still.
 wln 2812 *Petru.* Do'st hear her?
 wln 2813 *Soph.* Yes.
 wln 2814 *Petru.* What would this woman do if she were suffer'd,
 wln 2815 Upon a new adventure?
 wln 2816 *Soph.* Make us nothing,
 wln 2817 I wonder that she writes not.
 wln 2818 *Mar.* Then when time,
 wln 2819 And fulnesse of occasion have new made you,
 wln 2820 And squard you from a sot into a Signour,
 wln 2821 Or neerer from a Iade into a courser;
 wln 2822 Come home an aged man, as did *Ulysses*,
 wln 2823 And I your glad *Penelope*.
 wln 2824 *Petru.* That must have
 wln 2825 As many lovers as I languages,
 wln 2826 And what she do's with one i'th day, i'th night
 wln 2827 Undoe it with an other.
 wln 2828 *Mar.* Much that way sir;
 wln 2829 For in your absence, it must be my honour,
 wln 2830 That, that must make me spoken of hereafter,
 wln 2831 To have temptations, and not little ones

wln 2832
wln 2833
wln 2834
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wln 2859
wln 2860
wln 2861
wln 2862
wln 2863
wln 2864
wln 2865
wln 2866
wln 2867
wln 2868
wln 2869
wln 2870
wln 2871
wln 2872
wln 2873

Daily and hourelly offerd me, and strongly,
Almost believed against me, to set off
The faith, and loyalty of her that loves you.

Petru. What should I do?

Soph. Why by my — I would travell,
Did not you mean so?

Petru. Alas no, nothing lesse man:
I did it but to try sir, shee's the devill,
And now I find it, for she drives me, I must go:
Are my trunks down there, and my horses ready?

Mir. Sir, for your house, and if you please to trust me
With that you leave behinde.

Petru. Bring down the money.

Mar. As I am able, and to my poor fortunes,
I'll govern as a widow: I shall long
To hear of your wel-doing, and your profit:
And when I hear not from you once a quarter,
I'll wish you in the Indies, or Cataya,
Those are the climes must make you.

Petru. How's the wind?

She'll wish me out o'th world anon.

Mar. For France.

Tis very faire; get you aboard to night sir,
And loose no time, you know the tide staies no man,
I have cold meats ready for you.

Petru. Far thee well.

Thou ha'st foold me o'th Kingdom with a vengeance,
And **thouc** canst foole me in againe.

Mir. Not I sir,

I love you better, take your time, and pleasure.
Ile see you horsd.

Petru. I think thou wouldst see me hangd too,
Were I but halfe as willing.

Mar. Any thing

That you think well of, I dare look upon.

Petru. You'll bear me to the lands end *Sophocles*,
And other of my friends I hope.

Mar. Nev'r doubt sir,

You cannot want companions for your good:
I am sure you'll kisse me ere I go; I have businesse,
And stay long here I must not.

Petru. Get thee going.

Fro

column: 316-b-1

wln 2874

For if thou tarriest but an other Dialogue
Ile kick thee to thy Chamber.

wln 2875

wln 2876

Mar. Far you well Sir,

wln 2877

And bear your selfe, I do beseech you once more,

wln 2878

Since you have undertaken doing wisely,

wln 2879

Manly, and worthily, tis for my credit,

wln 2880

And for those flying fames here of your follies,

wln 2881

Your gambols, and ill breeding of your youth,

wln 2882

For which I understand you take this travell,

wln 2883

Nothing should make me leave you els, ile deale

wln 2884

So like a wife, that loves your reputation,

wln 2885

And the most large addition of your credit,

wln 2886

That those shall die: if you want Limon-waters,

wln 2887

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

wln 2888

Pray speak, and be provided.

wln 2889

Petru. Now the Devill,

wln 2890

That was your first good master, shoure his blessing

wln 2891

Upon ye all: into whose custody —

wln 2892

Mar. I do commit your Reformation,

wln 2893

And so I leave you to your *Stilo novo*.

Exit Maria

wln 2894

Petru. I will go: yet I will not: once more *Sophocles*

wln 2895

Ile put her to the test.

wln 2896

Soph. You had better go.

wln 2897

Petru. I will go then: let's seek my father out,

wln 2898

And all my friends to see me faire aboard:

wln 2899

Then women, if there be a storme at Sea,

wln 2900

Worse then your tongues can make, and waves more

wln 2901

Then your dissembling fayths are, let me feele (broken

wln 2902

Nothing but tempests, till they cracke my Keele.

wln 2903

Exeunt

wln 2904

Actus Quintus, Scœna Prima.

wln 2905

*Enter Petronius, and Byancha with
foure papers.*

wln 2906

wln 2907

By. Now whether I deserve that blame you gave me,
Let all the world discern sir.

wln 2908

Petron. If this motion,

wln 2909

(I mean this fair repentance of my Daughter)

wln 2910

Spring from your good perswasion, as it sems so,

wln 2911

I must confesse I have spoke too boldly of you,

wln 2912

And I repent.

wln 2913

By. The first touch was her own,

wln 2914

wln 2915
wln 2916
wln 2917
wln 2918
wln 2919
wln 2920
wln 2921
wln 2922
wln 2923
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wln 2932
wln 2933
wln 2934
wln 2935
wln 2936

Taken no doubt from disobeying you,
The second I put to her, when I told her
How good, and gentle yet, with free contrition
Again you might be purchas'd: loving woman,
She heard me, and I thank her, thought me worthy
Observing in this point: yet all my councell,
And comfort in this case, could not so heal her
But that grief got his share too, and she sickend.

Petron. I am sorry she's so ill, yet glad her sicknesse

Ha's got so good a ground.

Enter Moroso.

By. Here comes *Moroso*.

Petron. O you are very welcome,
Now you shall know your happinesse.

Mor. I am glad on't.

What makes this Lady here?

By. A dish for you sir

You'l thank me for hereafter.

Petron. True *Moroso*,

Go get you in, and see your Mistris.

By. She is sick sir,

But you may kisse her whole.

Mor. How.

column: 316-b-2

wln 2937
wln 2938
wln 2939
wln 2940
wln 2941
wln 2942
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wln 2944
wln 2945
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wln 2956
wln 2957
wln 2958
wln 2959
wln 2960
wln 2961
wln 2962

By. Comfort her.

Mor. Why am I sent for sir?

Petron. Will you in, and see?

By. May be she needs confession.

Mor. By St. *Mary*,

She shall have absolution then and pennance,
But not above her carriage.

Petron. Get you in foole.

By. Here comes the other too.

Petron. Now *Tranio*.

Good ev'n to you too, and you are welcome.

Row. Thank you.

Petron. I have a certaine Daughter.

Row. Would you had sir.

Petron. No doubt you know her well.

Row. Nor never shall sir.

She is a woman, and the waies unto her
Are like the finding of a certaine path
After a deep falne Snow.

Petron. Well thats by'th by still.

This Daughter that I tell you of is falne
A little crop sick, with the dangerous surfeit
She took of your affection.

Row. Mine sir?

Petron. Yes sir.

Or rather, as it seemes, repenting.

Exit. Mor.
En. Rowland and
Tranio.

wln 2963
wln 2964
wln 2965
wln 2966
wln 2967
wln 2968
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wln 2995
wln 2996
wln 2997
wln 2998
wln 2999
wln 3000
wln 3001
wln 3002
wln 3003
wln 3004

And there she lies within, debating on't,
Row. Well sir.
Petron. I think 'twere well you would see her.
Row. If you please sir;
I am not squeamish of my visitation.
Petron. But, this ile tell you, she is alter'd much,
You'l finde her now an other *Livia*.
Row. I have enough o'th old sir.
Petron. No more foole,
To look gay babies in your eyes yong *Rowland*,
And hang about your prety neck.
Row. I am glad on't,
And thank my Fates I have scapd such execution,
Petron. And busse you till you blush againe.
Row. Thats hard sir,
She must kisse shamefully ere I blush at it,
I never was so boyish; well, what followes?
Petron. She's mine now, as I please to settle her,
At my command, and where I please to plant her:
Only she would take a kind of farwell of you,
And give you back a wandring vow or two,
You left in pawn; and two or three slight oaths
She lent you too, she looks for.
Row. She shall have 'em
With all my heart sir, and if you like it better,
A free release in writing.
Petron. Thats the matter,
And you from her, you shall have an other *Rowland*,
And then turne taile to taile, and peace **by** with you.
Row. So be it: your twenty pound sweats *Tranio*.
Tra. 'Twill not undoe me *Rowland*, do your worst.
Row. Come, shall we see her Sir?
By. What ere she saies
You must beare manly *Rowland*, for her sicknesse
Has made her somewhat teatish.
Row. Let her talke
Till her tongue ake I care not: by this hand
Thou hast a handsome face wench, and a body
Daintely mounted; now do I feele an hundred
Runing directly from me, as I pist it.
Enter Livia discovered abed, and Moroso by her.
By. pray draw 'em softly, the least hurry sir

Puts

wln 3005

Puts her to much impatience.

wln 3006

Petron. How is't daughter?

wln 3007

Liv. O very sick, very sick, yet somewhat

wln 3008

Better I hope; a little lightsommer,

wln 3009

Because this goodman has forgiven me;

wln 3010

Pray set me higher; Oh my head:

wln 3011

Bya. Wel done wench.

wln 3012

Liv. Father, and all good people that shal heare me,

wln 3013

I have abus'd this man perniciously; was never old man

wln 3014

humbled so;

wln 3015

I have scornd him, and cal'd him nasty names,

wln 3016

I have spit at him,

wln 3017

Flung Candles ends in's beard, and cald him harrow,

wln 3018

That must be drawn to all he dos: contemn'd him,

wln 3019

For me thought then he was a beastly fellow.

wln 3020

(Oh God my side) a very beastly fellow:

wln 3021

And gave it out, his cassock was a Barge-cloth,

wln 3022

Pawnd to his **predeceffor** by a Sculler,

wln 3023

The man yet living: I gave him purging-comfits

wln 3024

At a great christning once,

wln 3025

That spoyl'd his Chamblet breeches; and one night

wln 3026

I strewd the staires with pease, as he past down;

wln 3027

And the good Gentleman (woe worth me for't)

wln 3028

Ev'n with his reverent head, this head of wisdom,

wln 3029

Told two and twenty staires, good and true;

wln 3030

Mist not a step, and as we say verbatim

wln 3031

Fell to the bottome, broke his casting Bottle,

wln 3032

Lost a fair toad-stone of some eighteen shillings,

wln 3033

Jumbled his joynts together, had two stooles,

wln 3034

And was translated. All this villany

wln 3035

Did I: I *Livia*, I alone, untaught.

wln 3036

Mor. And I unask'd, forgive it.

wln 3037

Liv. Where's *Byan*cha?

wln 3038

Bya. Here Cozen.

wln 3039

Liv. Give me drinke,

wln 3040

Bya. There.

wln 3041

Liv. Who's that?

wln 3042

Mor. *Rowland*.

wln 3043

Liv. O my dissembler, you and I must part.

wln 3044

Come neerer sir.

wln 3045

Row. I am sorry for your sicknesse.

wln 3046

Liv. Be sorry for your selfe sir, you have wrong'd me,

wln 3047

But I forgive you; are the papers ready?

wln 3048

Bya. I have 'em here: wilt please you view 'em?

wln 3049

Petron. Yes.

wln 3050

Liv. Shew 'em the young man too, I know he's willing

wln 3051 To shift his sailes too: tis for his more advancement;
wln 3052 Alas, we might have beggerd one another;
wln 3053 We are young both, and a world of children
wln 3054 Might have been left behind to curse our follies:
wln 3055 We had been undone *Byancho*, had we married,
wln 3056 Undone for ever: I confesse I lov'd him,
wln 3057 I care not who shall know it, most intirely;
wln 3058 And once, upon my conscience, he lov'd me;
wln 3059 But farewell that, we must be wiser cosen.
wln 3060 Love must not leave us to the world: have you done?
wln 3061 *Row.* Yes, and am ready to subscribe.
wln 3062 *Liv.* Pray stay then:
wln 3063 Give me the papers, and let me peruse 'em,
wln 3064 And so much time, as may afford a teare
wln 3065 At our last parting.
wln 3066 *Bya.* Pray retire, and leave her,
wln 3067 Ile call ye presently.
wln 3068 *Petro.* Come Gentlemen, the showre must fall.
wln 3069 *Row.* Would I had never seen her.
wln 3070 *Bya.* Thou hast done bravely wench.
wln 3071 *Liv.* Pray Heaven it prove so.
wln 3072 *Bya.* There are the other papers: when they come

column: 317-a-2

wln 3073 Begin you first, and let the rest subscribe
wln 3074 Hard by your side; give 'em as little light
wln 3075 As Drapers doe their wares.
wln 3076 *Liv.* Didst mark *Moroso*,
wln 3077 In what an agony he was, and how he cry'd most
wln 3078 When I abus'd him most?
wln 3079 *Bya.* That was but reason.
wln 3080 *Liv.* Oh what a stinking thief is this?
wln 3081 Though I was but to counterfeit, he made me
wln 3082 Directly sick indeed. Tames-street to him
wln 3083 Is a meere Pomander.
wln 3084 *Bya.* Let him be hang'd.
wln 3085 *Liv.* Amen.
wln 3086 *Bya.* And lie you still.
wln 3087 And once more to your businesse.
wln 3088 *Liv.* Call 'em in.
wln 3089 Now if there be a power that pities lovers,
wln 3090 Helpe now, and heare my prayers.
wln 3091 *Enter Petronius, Rowland, Tranio, Moroso.*
wln 3092 *Petro.* Is she ready?
wln 3093 *Bya.* She has done her lamentations: pray go to her.
wln 3094 *Liv.* *Rowland*, come neer me, and before you seale,
wln 3095 Give me your hand: take it again; now kisse me,
wln 3096 This is the last acquaintance we must have;
wln 3097 I wish you ever happy: there's the paper.
wln 3098 *Row.* Pray stay a little.

wln 3099
wln 3100
wln 3101
wln 3102
wln 3103
wln 3104
wln 3105
wln 3106
wln 3107
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wln 3127
wln 3128
wln 3129
wln 3130
wln 3131
wln 3132

Petro. Let me never live more
But I do begin to pity this young fellow;
How heartily he weeps!
Bya. There's Pen and Inke sir.
Liv. Ev'n here I pray you. Tis a little Emblem
How neere you have been to me.
Row. There.
Bya. Your hands too,
As witnesses.
Petro. By any means
To th' booke sonne.
Mor. With all my heart.
Bya. You must deliver it.
Row. There *Livia*, and a better love light on thee,
I can no more.
Bya. To this you must be witness too.
Petro. We wil.
Bya. Doe you deliver it now.
Lyv. Pray set me up;
There *Rowland*, all thy old love back: and may
A new to come exceed mine, and be happy.
I must no more.
Row. Farewell:
Liv. A long farewell. *Exit Rowl.*
Bya. Leave her by any means, till this wild passion
Be off her head; draw all the Curtaines close,
A day hence you may see her, twil be better,
She is now for little company.
Petro. Pray tend her.
I must to horse straight: you must needs along too,
To see my sonne aboard; were but his wife
As fit for pity, as this wench, I were happy.
Bya. Time must do that too: fare ye wel; to morrow
You shall receive a wife to quit your sorrow. *Exeunt.*

wln 3133

Scæna secunda.

wln 3134
wln 3135

*Enter Jaques, Pedro, and Porters, with Chest
and Hampers.*

wln 3136
wln 3137

Jaq. Bring 'em away sirs.
Ped. Must the great Trunks go too

Jaq.

wln 3138 *Jaq.* Yes, and the Hampers; nay be speedy Masters;
wln 3139 He'l be at Sea before us else.
wln 3140 *Ped.* O *Jaques*,
wln 3141 What a most blessed turn hast thou?
wln 3142 *Jaq.* I hope so.
wln 3143 *Ped.* To have the Sea between thee and this woman,
wln 3144 Nothing can drown her tongue, but a storm.
wln 3145 *Jaq.* By your leave,
wln 3146 We'l get us up to *Paris* with all speed;
wln 3147 For on my soule, as far as *Amyens*
wln 3148 She'l carry blanke; away to Lyon key
wln 3149 And ship 'em presently, we'l follow ye.
wln 3150 *Ped.* Now could I wish her in that Trunk:
wln 3151 *Jaq.* God shield man,
wln 3152 I had rather have a Beare in't.
wln 3153 *Ped.* Yes, Ile tell ye:
wln 3154 For in the passage if a Tempest take ye,
wln 3155 As many doe, and you lie beating for it,
wln 3156 Then, if it pleas'd the fates, I would have the Master
wln 3157 Out of a powerfull providence, to cry,
wln 3158 Lighten the ship of all hands, or we perish;
wln 3159 Then this for one, as best spar'd, should by all means
wln 3160 Over-board presently.
wln 3161 *Jaq.* O' that condition,
wln 3162 So we were certaine to be rid of her,
wln 3163 I would wish her with us: But believe me *Pedro*,
wln 3164 She would spoyle the fishing on this coast for ever,
wln 3165 For none would keepe her company, but Dog-fish,
wln 3166 As currish as her selfe; or Porpisces,
wln 3167 Made to all fatall uses: The two Fish-streets
wln 3168 Were she but once ariv'd amongst the Whitings,
wln 3169 Would sing a wofull *misereri Pedro*,
wln 3170 And mourn in poor *John*, till her memory
wln 3171 Were cast o' shore agen, with a strong Sea-breach:
wln 3172 She would make god *Neptune*, and his fire-forke,
wln 3173 And all his demi-gods, and goddesses,
wln 3174 As weary of the Flemmish channell *Pedro*,
wln 3175 As ever boy was of the schoole: tis certain,
wln 3176 If she but meet him faire, and were wel angred,
wln 3177 She would break his god-head.
wln 3178 *Ped.* Oh her tongue, her tongue.
wln 3179 *Jaq.* Rather her many tongues.
wln 3180 *Ped.* Or rather strange tongues.
wln 3181 *Jaq.* Her lying tongue.
wln 3182 *Ped.* Her lisping tongue.
wln 3183 *Jaq.* Her long tongue.

wln 3184
wln 3185
wln 3186
wln 3187
wln 3188
wln 3189
wln 3190
wln 3191
wln 3192
wln 3193
wln 3194
wln 3195
wln 3196
wln 3197
wln 3198
wln 3199
wln 3200
wln 3201
wln 3202
wln 3203
wln 3204
wln 3205

Ped. Her lawlesse tongue.

Jaq. Her loud tongue.

Ped. And her lickrish —

Jaq. Many other tongues, and many stranger tongues
Then ever Babel had to tell his ruines,
Were women rais'd withall; but never a true one.

Enter Sophocles.

Soph. Home with your stuffe agen; the journeyes ended.

Jaq. What do's your worship meane?

Soph. Your Master, O *Petruchio*, O poore fellows.

Ped. O *Jaques*, *Jaques*.

Soph. O your Master's dead,
His body comming back; his wife, his devil;
The grieffe of — her

Jaq. Has kild him?

Soph. Kild him, kild him.

Ped. Is there no law to hang her.

Soph. Get ye in,
And let her know her misery, I dare not
For feare impatience seize me, see her more,
I must away agen: Bid her for wife-hood,
For honesty, if she have any in her,

column: 317-b-2

wln 3206
wln 3207
wln 3208
wln 3209
wln 3210
wln 3211
wln 3212
wln 3213
wln 3214
wln 3215
wln 3216
wln 3217
wln 3218
wln 3219
wln 3220
wln 3221
wln 3222
wln 3223
wln 3224
wln 3225
wln 3226
wln 3227

Even to avoyd the shame that follows her.
Cry if she can: your weeping cannot mend it.
The body wil be here within this houre, so tell her;
And all his friends to curse her. Farewell fellowes.

Exit Soph.

Ped. O *Jaques*, *Jaques*.

Jaq. O my worthy Maister.

Ped. O my most beastly Mistris, hang her.

Jaq. Split her.

Ped. Drown her directly.

Jaq. Starve her.

Ped. Stinke upon her.

Jaq. Stone her to death: may all she eate be Eggs,
Till she run kicking mad for men.

Ped. And he,

That man, that gives her remedy, pray Heav'n
He may ev'n *ipso facto*, lose his longings. (her,

Jaq. Let's goe discharge our selves, and he that serves
Or speaks a good word of her from this houre,
A seagly curse light on him, which is, *Pedro*;
The feind ride through him booted, and spurd, with a
Sythe at's back.

Exeunt.

wln 3228

Scena tertia.

wln 3229

Enter Rowland, and Tranio stealing behind him.

wln 3230

Row. What a dull asse was I to let her go thus?

wln 3231

Upon my life she loves me still: wel Paper,

wln 3232

Thou onely monument of what I have had,

wln 3233

Thou all the love now left me, and now lost,

wln 3234

Let me yet kisse her hand, yet take my leave

wln 3235

Of what I must leave ever: Farewell *Livia*.

wln 3236

Oh bitter words, Ile read ye once again,

wln 3237

And then for ever study to forget ye.

wln 3238

How's this? let me look better on 't: A Contract?

wln 3239

— a **Contract**, seal'd, and ratified,

wln 3240

Her fathers hand set to it, and *Moroso's*:

wln 3241

I do not dream sure, let me read again,

wln 3242

The same still: tis a contract.

wln 3243

Tra. Tis so *Rowland*;

wln 3244

And by the vertue of the same, you pay me

wln 3245

An hundred pound to morrow.

wln 3246

Row. Art sure *Tranio*,

wln 3247

We are both alive now?

wln 3248

Tra. Wonder not, ye have lost.

wln 3249

Row. If this be true, I grant it.

wln 3250

Tra. Tis most certaine,

wln 3251

There's a Ring for you to, you know it.

wln 3252

Row. Yes.

wln 3253

Tra. When shall I have my money?

wln 3254

Row. Stay ye, stay ye,

wln 3255

When shall I marry her?

wln 3256

Tra. To night.

wln 3257

Row. Take heed now

wln 3258

You do not trifle me; if you doe,

wln 3259

You'l finde more payment, then your money comes to:

wln 3260

Come sweare; I know I am a man, and finde

wln 3261

I may deceive my selfe: Sweare faithfully,

wln 3262

Sweare me directly, am I *Rowland*?

wln 3263

Tra. Yes.

wln 3264

Row. Am I awake?

wln 3265

Tra. Ye are.

wln 3266

Row. Am I in health?

wln 3267

Tra. As far as I conceive.

wln 3268

Row. Was I with *Livia*?

wln 3269

Tra. You were, and had his contract.

wln 3270

Row. And shall I enjoy her?

Qqqqq

Tra.

wln 3271
wln 3272
wln 3273
wln 3274
wln 3275
wln 3276
wln 3277
wln 3278
wln 3279
wln 3280
wln 3281
wln 3282
wln 3283
wln 3284
wln 3285
wln 3286

Tra. Yes, if ye dare.
Row. Swear to all these.
Tra. I will.
Row. As thou art honest, as thou hast a conscience,
As that may wring thee if thou lye; all these
To be no vision, but a truth, and serious.
Tra. Then by my honesty, and faith, and conscience;
All this is certaine.
Row. Let's remove our places.
Swear it again.
Tra. By — tis true.
Row. I have lost then, and Heaven knows I am glad ont.
Let's goe, and tell me all, and tell me how,
For yet I am a Pagan in it.
Tra. I have a Priest too,
And all shall come as even as two Testers.

Exeunt.

wln 3287

Scæna Quarta.

wln 3288
wln 3289
wln 3290
wln 3291
wln 3292
wln 3293
wln 3294
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wln 3312
wln 3313

*Enter Petronius, Sophocles, Moroso, and Petruchio born
in a Coffin.*
Petron. Set down the body, and one call her out.
Enter Maria in blacke, and Jaques.
You are welcome to the last cast of your fortunes;
There lies your husband, there your loving husband,
There he that was *Petruchio*, too good for ye;
Your stubborn, and unworthy way has kild him
Ere he could reach the Sea; if ye can weep,
Now ye have cause begin, and after death
Do something yet to th' world, to thinke ye honest.
So many teares had sav'd him, shed in time;
And as they are (so a good mind goe with 'em)
Yet they may move compassion.
Mar. Pray ye all heare me,
And judge me as I am, not as you covet,
For that would make me ye more miserable:
Tis true, I have cause to grieve, and mighty cause;
And truely and unfainedly I weep it.
Soph. I see there's some good nature yet left in her.
Mar. But what's the cause? mistake me not, not this
As he is dead, I weep for; Heaven defend it, (man,
I never was so childish: but his life,
His poore unmanly wretched foolish life,
Is that my full eyes pity, there's my mourning.
Petron. Dost thou not shame?

wln 3314 *Mar.* I do, and even to water,
 wln 3315 To think what this man was, to think how simple,
 wln 3316 How far below a man, how far from reason,
 wln 3317 From common understanding, and all Gentry,
 wln 3318 While he was living here he walkt amongst us.
 wln 3319 He had a happy turn he dyed; ile tell ye,
 wln 3320 These are the wants I weep for, not his person:
 wln 3321 The memory of this man, had he liv'd
 wln 3322 But two yeers longer, had begot more follies,
 wln 3323 Then wealthy Autumne flyes: But let him rest,
 wln 3324 He was a foole, and farewell he; not pitied,
 wln 3325 I meane in way of life, or action
 wln 3326 By any understanding man that's honest;
 wln 3327 But onely in's posterity, which I
 wln 3328 Out of the feare his ruines might out live him
 wln 3329 In some bad issue, like a carefull woman,
 wln 3330 Like one indeed born onely to preserve him,
 wln 3331 Denyd him meanes to raise.
 wln 3332 *Petru.* Unbutton me,
 wln 3333 — I die indeed else? O *Maria*,
 wln 3334 Oh my unhappinesse, my misery.
 wln 3335 *Petron.* Go to him whore; — if he perish,
 wln 3336 Ile see thee hang'd my selfe.

column: 318-a-2

wln 3337 *Petru.* Why, why *Maria*. (give me;
 wln 3338 *Mar.* I have done my worst, and have my end, for-
 wln 3339 From this houre make me what you please: I have tam'd
 wln 3340 And now am vowd your servant: Look not strangly, (ye,
 wln 3341 Nor feare what I say to you. Dare you kisse me?
 wln 3342 Thus I begin my new love.
 wln 3343 *Petru.* Once againe?
 wln 3344 *Mar.* With all my heart.
 wln 3345 *Petru.* Once again *Maria*.
 wln 3346 O Gentlemen, I know not where I am.
 wln 3347 *Soph.* Get ye to bed then: there you'l quickly know sir.
 wln 3348 *Petru.* Never no more your old tricks?
 wln 3349 *Mar.* Never sir.
 wln 3350 *Petru.* You shall not need, for as I have a faith
 wln 3351 No cause shall give occasion.
 wln 3352 *Mar.* As I am honest,
 wln 3353 And as I am a maid yet, all my life
 wln 3354 From this houre since, since ye make so free profession,
 wln 3355 I dedicate in service to your pleasure.
 wln 3356 *Soph.* I marry, this goes roundly off.
 wln 3357 *Petru.* Go *Jaques*,
 wln 3358 Get all the best meat may be bought for money,
 wln 3359 And let the hogsheds blood, I am born again:
 wln 3360 Well little *England*, when I see a husband
 wln 3361 Of any other Nation stern or jealous,

wln 3362
wln 3363
wln 3364
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wln 3401
wln 3402
wln 3403
wln 3404

Ile wish him but a woman of thy breeding,
And if he have not butter to thy bread,
Till thy teeth bleed, ile never trust my travell.

Enter Rowland, Livia, Byanacha, and Tranio.

Petro. What have we here?

Row. Another morris, sir.

That you must pipe too.

Tra. A poore married couple
Desire an offering sir.

Bya. Never frown at it,
You cannot mend it now: there's your own hand;
And yours *Moroso*, to confirme the bargaine.

Petron. My hand?

Mor. Or mine?

Bya. You'l finde it so.

Petron. A trick.

By — a trick.

Bya. Yes sir, we trickt ye.

Liv. Father.

Petro. Hast thou lyen with him? speake?

Liv. Yes truly sir.

Petro. And hast thou done the deed boy?

Row. I have done sir,

That, that will serve the turne, I think.

Petru. A match then,

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

Mor. Since I am over-reach'd, let's in to dinner,
And if I can Ile drink't away.

Tra. That's wel said.

Petro. Well sirha, you have playd a tricke, look to't,
And let me be a grandsire within's twelvemoneth,
Or by this hand, Ile curtaile halfe your fortunes.

Row. There shall not want my labour sir: your money;
Here's one has undertaken.

Tra. Well, Ile trust her,
And glad I have so good a pawn.

Row. Ile watch ye.

Petru. Lets in, and drink of all hands, and be joviall:
I have my colt again, and now she carries;
And Gentlemen, whoever marries next,
Let him be sure he keep him to his Text.

Exeunt.

PROLOGUE

wln 3405

PROLOGUE.

column: 318-b-1

wln 3406

*LAdies to you, in whose defence and right,
Fletchers brave Muse prepar 'd her self to fight
A battaile without blood, 'twas well fought too,
(The victory's yours, though got with much ado.)
We do present this Comedy, in which
A rivulet of pure wit flowes, strong and rich
In Fancy, Language, and all parts that may
Adde grace and ornament to a merry Play.
Which this may prove. Yet not to go too far
In promises from this our female war,*

wln 3407

wln 3408

wln 3409

wln 3410

wln 3411

wln 3412

wln 3413

wln 3414

wln 3415

column: 318-b-2

wln 3416

*We do intreat the angry men would not
Expect the mazes of a subtle plot,
Set Speeches, high expressions; and what's worse,
in a true Comedy, politique discourse.
The end we ayme at, is to make you sport;
Yet neither gall the City, nor the Court.
Heare, and observe his Comique straine and when
Y'are sick of melancholy, see't agen.
'Tis no deere Physick, since 'twill quit the cost:
Or his intentions, with our pains, are lost.*

wln 3417

wln 3418

wln 3419

wln 3420

wln 3421

wln 3422

wln 3423

wln 3424

wln 3425

column: 318-b

wln 3426

EPILOGUE.

column: 318-b-1

wln 3427

*THE Tamer's tam'd, but so, as nor the men
Can finde one just cause to complaine of, when
They fitly do consider in their lives,
They should not raign as Tyrants o'r their wives.
Nor can the women from this president
Insult, or triumph: it being aptly meant,*

wln 3428

wln 3429

wln 3430

wln 3431

wln 3432

column: 318-b-2

wln 3433

*To teach both Sexes due equality;
And as they stand bound, to love mutually.
If this effect, arising from a cause*

wln 3434

wln 3435

wln 3436
wln 3437
wln 3438

*Well layd, and grounded, may deserve applause,
We something more then hope, our honest ends
Will keep the men, and women too, our friends.*

column: 318-b

wln 3439

FINIS.

Qqqqq2

LOVES

Textual Notes

1. **151 (306-a)**: The regularized reading *Laid* is amended from the original *Lasd*.
2. **219 (306-a)**: The regularized reading *lungs* is amended from the original *longs*.
3. **560 (307-b)**: The regularized reading *i'd* is amended from the original *i'ld*.
4. **920 (309-a)**: The regularized reading *Qui va la* is amended from the original *Cheval'a*.
5. **980 (309-a)**: The regularized reading *Fillies* comes from the original *Fillyes*, though possible variants include *Flies*.
6. **983 (309-a)**: The regularized reading *miserable* is supplied for the original *mis[*]rable*.
7. **1007 (309-a)**: The regularized reading *'em* is amended from the original *th'em*.
8. **1038 (309-b)**: The regularized reading *This* is amended from the original *Thls*.
9. **1138 (309-b)**: The regularized reading *malice* is supplied for the original *ma[*]jice*.
10. **1052 (309-b)**: This scene is duplicated below. Editions often remove this instance.
11. **1066 (309-b)**: The regularized reading *do* is amended from the original *yoe*.
12. **1072 (309-b)**: This line is duplicated below.
13. **1175 (310-a)**: The regularized reading *than* is supplied for the original *th[·]n*.
14. **1300 (310-b)**: The regularized reading *God* is amended from the original *Good*.
15. **1416 (310-b)**: The regularized reading *thousand* is amended from the original *twousand*.
16. **1531 (311-a)**: The regularized reading *Tranio* is amended from the original *Fra.*
17. **1534 (311-a)**: The regularized reading *Tranio* is amended from the original *Fra.*
18. **1619 (311-b)**: The regularized reading *Bragget* is amended from the original *Bagget*.
19. **1641 (311-b)**: The regularized reading *toss* comes from the original *tosse*, though possible variants include *toast*.
20. **1641 (311-b)**: The regularized reading *her* is amended from the original *he*.
21. **1752 (312-a)**: The regularized reading *rheums* is amended from the original *hewms*.
22. **1777 (312-a)**: The regularized reading *of* is supplied for the original *o[·]*.
23. **1787 (312-a)**: The regularized reading *credit* is amended from the original *oredit*.
24. **1812 (312-a)**: The regularized reading *spiteful* is supplied for the original *[*]pightfull*.
25. **2167 (313-b)**: The regularized reading *and* is amended from the original *add*.
26. **2224 (314-a)**: The regularized reading *you* is amended from the original *your*.
27. **2333 (314-a)**: The regularized reading *sickness* is supplied for the original *s[*]cknesse*.
28. **2377 (314-b)**: The regularized reading *dog-leech* is amended from the original *dogge-latch*.
29. **2588 (315-a)**: The regularized reading *by-blowes* is amended from the original *by-lowes*.

30. **2842 (316-a)**: The regularized reading *Maria* is amended from the original *Mir.*
31. **2859 (316-a)**: The regularized reading *thou* is amended from the original *thouc.*
32. **2860 (316-a)**: The regularized reading *Maria* is amended from the original *Mir.*
33. **2924 (316-b)**: The regularized reading *Has* is amended from the original *Ha's.*
34. **2991 (316-b)**: The regularized reading *be* is amended from the original *by.*
35. **3022 (317-a)**: The regularized reading *predecessor* is amended from the original *predeceffor.*
36. **3239 (317-b)**: The regularized reading *Contract* is amended from the original *Conrract.*
37. **3304 (318-a)**: The regularized reading *yet* is amended from the original *ye.*