

*ElizabethanDrama.org*

presents

a Theatre Script of

# THE TAMING OF A SHREW

ANONYMOUS

Earliest Extant Edition: 1594

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# THE TAMING OF A SHREW

ANONYMOUS

Earliest Extant Edition: 1594

## DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

### IN THE INDUCTION:

*Sly*, A Drunkard.

*A Tapster*.

*A Lord* (who calls himself in jest "Simon").

*Tom*, a Serving Man to the Lord.

*Will*, a Serving Man to the Lord.

*Sander*, a Player.

*Tom*, a Player.

*A Boy*, a Player.

A Messenger.

Serving-men, Huntsmen.

### IN THE PLAY:

*Jerobel*, Duke of Sestos.

*Aurelius*, His Son.

*Valeria*, Servant to Aurelius.

*Polidor*, a Gentleman of Athens.

*A Boy*, Servant to Polidor.

*Ferando*, a Gentleman of Athens.

*Sander*, Servant to Ferando.

*Tom*, Servant to Ferando.

*Alfonso*, a Rich Citizen of Athens.

*Kate*, Eldest Daughter to Alfonso.

*Philema*, Middle Daughter to Alfonso.

*Emelia*, Youngest Daughter to Alfonso.

*Phylotus*, a Merchant of Athens.

*A Tailor*.

*A Haberdasher*.

### **A. Scene Breaks, Settings, and Stage Directions.**

*The Taming of a Shrew* was originally published in a 1594 quarto, with further editions printed in 1596 and 1607. As usual, we lean towards adhering to the wording of the earliest volume as much as possible.

Words or syllables which have been added to the original text to clarify the sense or repair the meter are surrounded by hard brackets [ ]; these additions are often adopted from the play's later editions. A director who wishes to remain truer to the original text may of course choose to omit any of the supplementary wording.

The 1594 quarto does not divide *A Shrew* into Acts and Scenes, or provide settings. We separate the play into Acts and Scenes based on the suggestions of Boas, and adopt his suggestions for scene locations as well.

Finally, as is our normal practice, a good number of the quarto's stage directions have been modified, and others added, usually without comment, to give clarity to the action. Most of these changes are adopted from Boas.

### **B. Optional Textual Changes.**

A list of optional emendations to the text can be found at the end of this play.

# THE TAMING OF A SHREW

## ANONYMOUS

Earliest Extant Edition: 1594

### INDUCTION.

#### SCENE I.

*Before an alehouse in the country.*

*Enter a Tapster, beating out of his doors Sly drunk.*

1 **Tap.** You whoreson drunken slave! you had best be gone,  
2 And empty your drunken paunch somewhere else,  
3 For in this house thou shalt not rest to-night.

4

*[Exit Tapster.]*

6

**Sly.** Tilly vally, by crisee, Tapster, I'll feeze you anon!  
8 Fill's the tother pot, and all's paid for! look you,  
9 I do drink it of mine own instigation. – *Omne bene:*  
10 here I'll lie awhile: – why, Tapster, I say, fill's a fresh  
11 cushion here! – Heigh ho, here's good warm lying.

12

*[He falls asleep.]*

14

*Enter a Nobleman and his men from hunting.*

16

**Lord.** Now that the gloomy shadow of the night,  
18 Longing to view Orion's drizzling looks,  
19 Leaps from th' Antarctic world unto the sky,  
20 And dims the welkin with her pitchy breath,  
21 And darksome night o'ershades the crystal heavens,  
22 Here break we off our hunting for to-night:  
23 Couple up the hounds and let us hie us home,  
24 And bid the huntsmen see them meated well,  
25 For they have all deserved it well to-day. –  
26 But soft, what sleepy fellow is this lies here?  
27 Or is he dead? – See one what he doth lack.

28

*[One of the men examines Sly.]*

30  
 32 **Serving-man.** My lord, 'tis nothing but a drunken  
 sleep; his head is too heavy for his body, and he hath  
 drunk so much that he can go no further.

34  
 36 **Lord.** Fie, how the slavish villain stinks of drink! –  
 Ho, sirrah, arise! What, so sound asleep? –  
 Go, take him up and bear him to my house,  
 38 And bear him easily for fear he wake,  
 And in my fairest chamber make a fire,  
 40 And set a sumptuous banquet on the board,  
 And put my richest garments on his back;  
 42 Then set him at the table in a chair.  
 When this is done, against he shall awake,  
 44 Let heavenly music play about him still:  
 Go two of you away and bear him hence,  
 46 And then I'll tell you what I have devised;  
 But see in any case you wake him not.

48  
 [Exeunt two Servants with Sly.]

50  
 Now take my cloak and give me one of yours;  
 52 All fellows now, and see you take me so,  
 For we will wait upon this drunken man,  
 54 To see his countenance when he doth awake  
 And find himself clothéd in such attire,  
 56 With heavenly music sounding in his ears,  
 And such a banquet set before his eyes,  
 58 The fellow sure will think he is in Heaven;  
 But we will be about him when he wakes,  
 60 And see you call him 'lord' at every word,  
 [To Will] And offer thou him his horse to ride abroad,  
 62 [To Tom] And thou his hawks and hounds to hunt the deer,  
 And I will ask what suits he means to wear,  
 64 And whatso'er he saith, see you do not laugh,  
 But still persuade him that he is a lord.

66  
 Enter Messenger.

68  
 70 **Mess.** And it please your honour, your players be come,  
 And do attend your honour's pleasure here.

72 **Lord.** The fittest time they could have chosen out;  
 Bid one or two of them come hither straight.  
 74 Now will I fit myself accordingly,  
 For they shall play to him when he awakes.

76

78 *Enter Sander and Tom (two of the players),  
with packs at their backs, and a Boy.*

80 Now, sirs, what store of plays have you?

82 **Sand.** Marry, my lord, you may have a tragical, or a  
comodity, or what you will.

84 **Tom.** A comedy, thou should'st say; souns, thou't  
86 shame us all.

88 **Lord.** And what's the name of your comedy?

90 **Sand.** Marry, my lord, 'tis called *The Taming of a  
Shrew*; 'tis a good lesson for us, my lord, for us that  
92 are married men.

94 **Lord.** *The Taming of a Shrew*, that's excellent, sure;  
Go see that you make you ready straight,  
96 For you must play before a lord to-night:  
Say you are his men and I your fellow;  
98 He's something foolish, but whatsoe'er he says,  
See that you be not dashed out of countenance. –  
100 [To Boy] And, sirrah, go you make you ready straight,  
And dress yourself like some lovely lady,  
102 And when I call, see that you come to me;  
For I will say to him thou art his wife.  
104 Dally with him and hug him in thine arms;  
An if he desire to go to bed with thee,  
106 Then feign some 'scuse, and say thou wilt anon.  
Be gone, I say, and see thou dost it well!

108 **Boy.** Fear not, my lord, I'll dandle him well enough,  
110 And make him think I love him mightily.

112 *[Exit Boy.]*

114 **Lord.** Now, sirs, go you and make you ready too,  
For you must play as soon as he doth wake,

116 **Sand.** O brave, – sirrah Tom, we must play before  
118 A foolish lord, come, let's go make us ready;  
Go get a dishclout to make clean your shoes,  
120 And I'll speak for the properties. – My lord, we must  
Have a shoulder of mutton for a property,  
122 And a little vinegar to make our devil roar.

124 **Lord.** Very well; – sirrah, see that they want nothing.

*[Exeunt.]*

INDUCTION, SCENE II.

*A room in the Lord's house.*

*Enter two Servants with a table and a banquet on it,  
and two others with Sly, asleep in a chair,  
richly apparelled, and the music playing.*

1 **1<sup>st</sup> Serv.** So: sirrah, now go call my lord, and tell him  
2 that all things is ready as he willed it.

4 **2<sup>nd</sup> Serv.** Set thou some wine upon the board, and  
then I'll go fetch my lord presently.

6

[Exit 2nd Servant.]

8

*Enter the Lord and his men.*

10

**Lord.** How now! What, is all things ready?

12

**1<sup>st</sup> Serv.** Ay, my Lord.

14

**Lord.** Then sound the music, and I'll wake him straight;  
16 And see you do as erst I gave in charge. –  
My lord, my lord! – He sleeps soundly. – My lord!

18

**Sly.** Tapster, gi's a little small ale. Heigh ho!

20

**Lord.** Here's wine, my lord, the purest of the grape.

22

**Sly.** For which lord?

24

**Lord.** For your honour, my Lord.

26

**Sly.** Who, I? Am I a lord? Jesus!  
28 What fine apparel have I got!

30

**Lord.** More richer far your honour hath to wear,  
And if it please you I will fetch them straight.

32

**Will.** And if your honour please to ride abroad,  
34 I'll fetch you lusty steeds more swift of pace  
Than wingèd Pegasus in all his pride,  
36 That ran so swiftly o'er the Persian plains.

38

**Tom.** And if your honour please to hunt the deer,  
Your hounds stands ready coupled at the door;  
40 Who in running will o'ertake the roe,

42 And make the long-breathed tiger broken-winded.  
43  
44 **Sly.** By the mass, I think I am a lord indeed. –  
45 What's thy name?  
46 **Lord.** Simon, and it please your honour.  
47  
48 **Sly.** Simon, that's as much to say 'Simion' or ' Simon,'  
49 put forth thy hand and fill the pot.  
50 Give me thy hand, Sim, am I a lord indeed?  
51  
52 **Lord.** Ay, my gracious lord, and your lovely lady  
53 Long time hath mournèd for your absence here,  
54 And now with joy behold where she doth come,  
55 To gratulate your honour's safe return.  
56  
57 *Enter the Boy in woman's attire.*  
58  
59 **Sly.** Sim, is this she?  
60  
61 **Lord.** Ay, my Lord.  
62  
63 **Sly.** Mass! 'tis a pretty wench; what's her name?  
64  
65 **Boy.** Oh, that my lovely lord would once vouchsafe  
66 To look on me, and leave these frantic fits;  
67 Or were I now but half so eloquent,  
68 To paint in words what I'll perform in deeds,  
69 I know your honour then would pity me.  
70  
71 **Sly.** Hark you, mistress, will you eat a piece of bread?  
72 Come sit down on my knee. – Sim, drink to her, Sim,  
73 For she and I will go to bed anon.  
74  
75 **Lord.** May it please you, your honour's players be  
76 come to offer your honour a play.  
77  
78 **Sly.** A play, Sim: O brave, be they my players?  
79  
80 **Lord.** Ay, my Lord.  
81  
82 **Sly.** Is there not a fool in the play?  
83  
84 **Lord.** Yes, my Lord.  
85  
86 **Sly.** When will they play, Sim?  
87  
88 **Lord.** Even when it please your honour, they be ready.  
89  
90 **Boy.** My lord, I'll go bid them begin their play.



92 | **Sly.** Do, but look that you come again.

94 | **Boy.** I warrant you, my lord, I will not leave you thus.

96 | *[Exit Boy.]*

98 | **Sly.** Come, Sim, where be the players? Sim, stand by  
me, and we'll flout the players out of their coats.

100 | **Lord.** I'll call them, my Lord. – Ho! where are you there?

ACT I.

SCENE I.

*Athens: a public place in front of Alfonso's house.*

*Sound trumpets.*

*Enter two young gentlemen, Aurelius and Polidor,  
and their servants Valeria and a Boy.*

1 **Pol.** Welcome to Athens, my belovèd friend,  
2 To Plato's schools and Aristotle's walks;  
Welcome from Sestos, famous for the love  
4 Of good Leander and his tragedy,  
For whom the Hellespont weeps brinish tears:  
6 The greatest grief is I cannot as I would  
Give entertainment to my dearest friend.

8 **Aurel.** Thanks, noble Polidor, my second self:  
10 The faithful love which I have found in thee  
Hath made me leave my father's princely court,  
12 The Duke of Sestos' thrice-renowmèd seat,  
To come to Athens thus to find thee out;  
14 Which since I have so happily attained,  
My fortune now I do account as great  
16 As erst did Caesar when he conquered most.  
But tell me, noble friend, where shall we lodge,  
18 For I am unacquainted in this place.

20 **Pol.** My lord, if you vouchsafe of scholar's fare,  
My house, my self, and all is yours to use.  
22 You and your men shall stay and lodge with me.

24 **Aurel.** With all my heart I will requite thy love.

26 *Enter Alfonso and his three daughters.*

28 But stay; what dames are these so bright of hue,  
Whose eyes are brighter than the lamps of heaven,  
30 Fairer than rocks of pearl and precious stone,  
More lovely far than is the morning sun  
32 When first she opes her oriental gates?

34 **Alfon.** Daughters, be gone, and hie you to the church,  
And I will hie me down unto the key,  
36 To see what merchandise is come ashore.

38 *[Exeunt Alfonso and his three daughters.]*

40 **Pol.** Why, how now, my lord? What, in a dump  
To see these damsels pass away so soon?

42 **Aurel.** Trust me, my friend, I must confess to thee,  
44 I took so much delight in these fair dames,  
As I do wish they had not gone so soon;  
46 But, if thou canst, resolve me what they be,  
And what old man it was that went with them,  
48 For I do long to see them once again.

50 **Pol.** I cannot blame your honour, good my lord,  
For they are both lovely, wise, fair and young,  
52 And one of them, the youngest of the three,  
I long have loved (sweet friend) and she loved me;  
54 But never yet we could not find a means  
How we might compass our desired joys.

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

58 **Pol.** Yes, trust me, but he hath solemnly sworn  
60 His eldest daughter first shall be espoused,  
Before he grants his youngest leave to love;  
62 And, therefore, he that means to get their loves.  
Must first provide for her if he will speed;  
64 And he that hath her shall be fettered so  
As good be wedded to the devil himself,  
66 For such a scold as she did never live;  
And till that she be sped none else can speed,  
68 Which makes me think that all my labour's lost:  
And whosoe'er can get her firm good will,  
70 A large dowry he shall be sure to have,  
For her father is a man of mighty wealth,  
72 And an ancient citizen of the town,  
And that was he that went along with them.

74 **Aurel.** But he shall keep her still by my advice;  
76 And yet I needs must love his second daughter,  
The image of honour and nobility,  
78 In whose sweet person is comprised the sum  
Of nature's skill and heavenly majesty.

80 **Pol.** I like your choice, and glad you chose not mine.  
82 Then if you like to follow on your love,  
We must devise a means and find some one  
84 That will attempt to wed this devilish scold,  
And I do know the man. – Come hither, boy;  
86 Go your ways, sirrah, to Ferando's house,

88 Desire him take the pains to come to me,  
For I must speak with him immediately.

90 **Boy.** I will, sir, and fetch him presently.

92 [Exit Boy.]

94 **Pol.** A man, I think, will fit her humour right,  
As blunt in speech as she is sharp of tongue,  
96 And he, I think, will match her every way:  
And yet he is a man of wealth sufficient,  
98 And for his person worth as good as she;  
And if he compass her to be his wife,  
100 Then may we freely visit both our loves.

102 **Aurel.** Oh, might I see the centre of my soul,  
Whose sacred beauty hath enchanted me,  
104 More fair than was the Grecian Helena  
For whose sweet sake so many princes died,  
106 That came with thousand ships to Tenedos!  
But when we come unto her father's house,  
108 Tell him I am a merchant's son of Sestos,  
That comes for traffic unto Athens here, –  
110 [To Valeria]

And here, sirrah, I will change with you for once.  
112 And now be thou the Duke of Sestos' son;  
Revel and spend as if thou wert myself,  
114 For I will court my love in this disguise.

116 **Val.** My lord, how if the duke, your father, should  
By some means come to Athens for to see  
118 How you do profit in these public schools,  
And find me clothèd thus in your attire,  
120 How would he take it then, think you, my lord?

122 **Aurel.** Tush, fear not, Valeria, let me alone; –  
But stay, here comes some other company.

124 *Enter Ferando, and his man Sander with a blue coat.*

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

128 **Feran.** Good morrow, gentlemen, to all at once! –  
130 How now, Polidor; what, man, still in love?  
Ever wooing and canst thou never speed?  
132 God send me better luck when I shall woo.

134 **Sand.** I warrant you, master, and you take my counsel.

136 **Feran.** Why, sirrah, are you so cunning?

138 **Sand.** Who, I? 'Twere better for you by five mark,  
and you could tell how to do it as well as I.

140 **Pol.** I would thy master once were in the vein  
142 To try himself how he could woo a wench.

144 **Feran.** Faith, I am even now a-going.

146 **Sand.** I'faith, sir, my master's going to this gear now.

148 **Pol.** Whither, in faith, Ferando? Tell me true.

150 **Feran.** To bonny Kate, the patientest wench alive –  
The devil himself dares scarce venture to woo her –  
152 Signor Alfonso's eldest daughter:  
And he hath promised me six thousand crowns  
154 If I can win her once to be my wife.  
And she and I must woo with scolding sure,  
156 And I will hold her to 't till she be weary,  
Or else I'll make her yield to grant me love.

158 **Pol.** How like you this, Aurelius? I think he knew  
160 Our minds before we sent to him. –  
But tell me, when do you mean to speak with her?

162 **Feran.** Faith, presently. Do you but stand aside,  
164 And I will make her father bring her hither,  
And she, and I, and he, will talk alone.

166 **Pol.** With all our hearts! – Come, Aurelius,  
168 Let us be gone, and leave him here alone.

170 [Exeunt Aurelius and Polonius.]

172 **Feran.** Ho! Signer Alfonso, who's within there?

174 *Enter Alfonso.*

176 **Alfon.** Signer Ferando, you're welcome heartily;  
You are a stranger, sir, unto my house.  
178 Hark you, sir, look, what I did promise you  
I'll perform, if you get my daughter's love.

180 **Feran.** Then when I have talked a word or two with her,  
182 Do you step in and give her hand to me,  
And tell her when the marriage day shall be;  
184 For I do know she would be married fain:  
And when our nuptial rites be once performed,

186 | Let me alone to tame her well enough.  
Now call her forth that I may speak with her.

188

*Enter Kate.*

190

**Alfon.** Ha, Kate! Come hither, wench, and list to me.  
Use this gentleman friendly as thou canst.

192

194

[*Exit Alfonso; Sander retires.*]

196

**Feran.** Twenty good morrows to my lovely Kate!

198

**Kate.** You jest, I am sure; is she yours already?

200

**Feran.** I tell thee, Kate, I know thou lov'st me well.

202

**Kate.** The devil you do! Who told you so?

204

**Feran.** My mind, sweet Kate, doth say I am the man  
Must wed and bed and marry bonny Kate.

206

**Kate.** Was ever seen so gross an ass as this?

208

**Feran.** Ay, to stand so long and never get a kiss.

210

[*Ferando offers to kiss Kate.*]

212

**Kate.** Hands off, I say, and get you from this place;  
Or I will set my ten commandments in your face.

214

216

**Feran.** I prithee, do, Kate; they say thou art a shrew,  
And I like thee the better, for I would have thee so.

218

**Kate.** Let go my hand for fear it reach your ear.

220

**Feran.** No, Kate, this hand is mine, and I thy love.

222

**Kate.** In faith, sir, no; the woodcock wants his tail.

224

**Feran.** But yet his bill will serve, if the other fail.

226

*Re-enter Alfonso.*

228

**Alfon.** How now, Ferando, what says my daughter?

230

**Feran.** She's willing, sir, and loves me as her life.

232

**Kate.** 'Tis for your skin then, but not to be your wife.

234

**Alfon.** Come hither, Kate, and let me give thy hand

236 To him that I have chosen for thy love,  
And thou to-morrow shalt be wed to him.

238 **Kate.** Why, father, what do you mean to do with me,  
240 To give me thus unto this brain-sick man,  
That in his mood cares not to murder me?  
242 [*Aside*] But yet I will consent and marry him,  
For I methinks have lived too long a maid,  
244 And match him too, or else his manhood's good.

246 **Alfon.** Give me thy hand. Ferando loves thee well,  
And will with wealth and ease maintain thy state. –  
248 Here, Ferando, take her for thy wife,  
And Sunday next shall be your wedding day.

250 **Feran.** Why so, did I not tell thee I should be the man? –  
252 Father, I leave my lovely Kate with you:  
Provide yourselves against our marriage day;  
254 For I must hie me to my country house  
In haste, to see provision may be made  
256 To entertain my Kate when she doth come.

258 **Alfon.** Do so. – Come, Kate, why dost thou look so sad?  
Be merry, wench, thy wedding day's at hand, –  
260 Son, fare you well, and see you keep your promise.

262 *[Exeunt Alfonso and Kate.]*

264 **Feran.** So: all, thus far, goes well. – Ho, Sander!

266 *Enter Sander, laughing.*

268 **Sand.** Sander, i' faith, you're a beast, I cry God  
heartily mercy; my heart's ready to run out of my  
270 belly with laughing. – I stood behind the door all  
this while and heard what you said to her.

272 **Feran.** Why, did'st thou think that I did not speak well  
274 to her?

276 **Sand.** You spoke like an ass to her; I'll tell you what,  
and I had been there to have wooed her, and had this  
278 cloak on that you have, chud have had her before she  
had gone a step funder; and you talk of woodcocks  
280 with her, and I cannot tell you what.

282 **Feran.** Well, sirrah, and yet thou seest I have got her  
for all this.

284

286 **Sand.** Ay, marry, 'twas more by hap than any good  
cunning: I hope she'll make you one of the head-men  
of the parish shortly.

288  
290 **Feran.** Well, sirrah, leave your jesting and go to Polidor's house,  
The young gentleman that was here with me,  
And tell him the circumstance of all thou know'st,  
292 Tell him on Sunday next we must be married;  
And if he ask thee whither I am gone,  
294 Tell him into the country, to my house,  
And upon Sunday I'll be here again.

296  
[Exit Ferando.]

298  
300 **Sand.** I warrant you, master, fear not me for doing  
of my business. Now hang him that has not a livery  
coat to slash it out and swash it out amongst the  
302 proudest on them. Why look you now, I'll scarce put  
up plain 'Sander' now at any of their hands, for and  
304 anybody have anything to do with my master, straight  
they come crouching upon me, "I beseech you, good  
306 Master Sander, speak a good word for me," and then  
am I so stout and takes it upon me, and stands upon  
308 my pantofles to them out of all cry; why, I have a life  
like a giant now, but that my master hath such a  
310 pestilent mind to a woman now a late, and I have a  
pretty wench to my sister, and I had thought to have  
312 preferred my master to her, and that would have been a  
good deal in my way, but that he's sped already.

314  
Enter Polidor's Boy.

316  
318 **Boy.** Friend, well met!

320 **Sand.** Souns, "Friend, well met!" I hold my life he  
sees not my master's livery coat. – Plain friend hop-  
of-my-thumb, know you who we are?

322  
324 **Boy.** Trust me, sir, it is the use where I was born to  
salute men after this manner; yet, notwithstanding, if  
you be angry with me for calling of you "friend," I am  
326 the more sorry for it, hoping the style of a fool will  
make you amends for all.

328  
330 **Sand.** The slave is sorry for his fault, now we  
cannot be angry. – Well, what's the matter that you  
would do with us.



332 **Boy.** Marry, sir, I hear you pertain to Signor Ferando.

334 **Sand.** Ay, and thou beest not blind, thou mayest  
336 see; *Ecce signum*, here.

338 **Boy.** Shall I entreat you to do me a message to your  
master?

340 **Sand.** Ay, it may be, and you tell us from whence  
342 you come.

344 **Boy.** Marry, sir, I serve young Polidor, your master's  
friend.

346 **Sand.** Do you serve him, and what's your name?

348 **Boy.** My name, sirrah, I tell thee, sirrah, is called  
350 Catapie.

352 **Sand.** Cake and pie? Oh, my teeth waters to have a  
piece of thee.

354 **Boy.** Why, slave, would'st thou eat me?

356 **Sand.** Eat thee, who would not eat cake and pie?

358 **Boy.** Why, villain, my name is Catapie. But wilt thou  
360 tell me where thy master is?

362 **Sand.** Nay, thou must first tell me where thy master  
is, for I have good news for him, I can tell thee.

364 **Boy.** Why, see where he comes.

366 *Enter Polidor, Aurelius, and Valeria.*

368 **Pol.** Come, sweet Aurelius, my faithful friend,  
370 Now will we go to see those lovely dames,  
Richer in beauty than the orient pearl,  
372 Whiter than is the Alpine crystal mould,  
And far more lovely than the Terean plant,  
374 That blushing in the air turns to a stone. —  
What, Sander, what news with you?

376 **Sand.** Marry, sir, my master sends you word that  
378 you must come to his wedding to-morrow.

380 **Pol.** What, shall he be married then?

382 **Sand.** Faith, ay: you think he stands as long about it  
as you do?

384  
386 **Pol.** Whither is thy master gone now?

**Sand.** Marry, he's gone to our house in the country,  
388 to make all things in a readiness against my new  
mistress comes thither, but he'll come again tomorrow.

390 **Pol.** This is suddenly dispatched belike. –  
392 Well, sirrah, boy, take Sander in with you,  
And have him to the buttery presently.

394 **Boy.** I will, sir: – come, Sander.

396  
[Exeunt Sander and the Boy.]

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

402 **Pol.** Ay, Valeria, for he spoke to me,  
404 To help him to some cunning musician  
To teach his eldest daughter on the lute;  
406 And thou, I know, will fit his turn so well,  
As thou shalt get great favour at his hands: –  
408 Begone, Valeria, and say I sent thee to him.

410 **Val.** I will, sir, and stay your coming at Alfonso's house.

412 [Exit Valeria.]

414 **Pol.** Now, sweet Aurelius, by this device  
Shall we have leisure for to court our loves;  
416 For whilst that she is learning on the lute,  
Her sisters may take time to steal abroad;  
418 For otherwise she'll keep them both within,  
And make them work whilst she herself doth play.  
420 But come, let's go unto Alfonso's house,  
And see how Valeria and Kate agrees;  
422 I doubt his music scarce will please his scholar. –  
But stay, here comes Alfonso.

424  
Enter Alfonso.

426 **Alfon.** What, Master Polidor, you are well met;  
428 I thank you for the man you sent to me,  
A good musician, I think he is,

430 | I have set my daughter and him together.  
431 | But is this gentleman a friend of yours?

432 | **Pol.** He is; I pray you, sir, bid him welcome.  
433 | He's a wealthy merchant's son of Sestos.

436 | **Alfon.** You're welcome, sir, and if my house afford  
437 | You anything that may content your mind,  
438 | I pray you, sir, make bold with me.

440 | **Aurel.** I thank you, sir, and if what I have got,  
441 | By merchandise or travel on the seas,  
442 | Satins, or lawns, or azure-coloured silk,  
443 | Or precious fiery pointed stones of Indie,  
444 | You shall command both them, myself, and all.

446 | **Alfon.** Thanks, gentle sir; – Polidor, take him in,  
447 | And bid him welcome, too, unto my house,  
448 | For thou, I think, must be my second son.  
449 | Ferando – Polidor, dost thou not know? –  
450 | Must marry Kate; and to-morrow is the day.

452 | **Pol.** Such news I heard, and I came now to know.

454 | **Alfon.** Polidor, 'tis true; go, let me alone,  
455 | For I must see against the bridegroom come,  
456 | That all things be according to his mind,  
457 | And so I'll leave you for an hour or two.

458 |

[Exit Alfonso.]

460 |

**Pol.** Come then, Aurelius, come in with me,  
462 | And we'll go sit awhile and chat with them,  
463 | And after bring them forth to take the air.

464 |

[Exeunt.]

466 |

*Then Sly speaks.*

468 |

**Sly.** Sim, when will the fool come again?

470 |

**Lord.** He'll come again, my Lord, anon.

472 |

**Sly.** Gi's some more drink here; souns, where's the Tapster?  
474 | Here, Sim, eat some of these things.

476 |

**Lord.** So I do, my Lord.

478 |

**Sly.** Here, Sim, I drink to thee.

480 | **Lord.** My Lord, here comes the players again.

482 | **Sly.** O brave, here's two fine gentlewomen!

ACT II.

SCENE I.

*A room in Alfonso's house.*

*Enter Valeria with a lute, and Kate with him.*

1 **Val.** [*Aside*] The senseless trees by music have been moved,  
2 And at the sound of pleasant tunèd strings,  
Have savage beasts hung down their listening heads,  
4 As though they had been cast into a trance:  
Then it may be that she whom nought can please,  
6 With music's sound in time may be surprised. –  
Come, lovely mistress, will you take your lute,  
8 And play the lesson that I taught you last?

10 **Kate.** It is no matter whether I do or no,  
For, trust me, I take no great delight in it.

12  
14 **Val.** I would, sweet mistress, that it lay in me  
To help you to that thing that's your delight.

16 **Kate.** In you? with a pestilence, are you so kind?  
Then make a night-cap of your fiddle's case,  
18 To warm your head, and hide your filthy face.

20 **Val.** If that, sweet mistress, were your heart's content,  
You should command a greater thing than that,  
22 Although it were ten times to my disgrace.

24 **Kate.** You're so kind, 'twere pity you should be hanged; –  
And yet methinks the fool doth look asquint.

26  
28 **Val.** Why, mistress, do you mock me?

**Kate.** No, but I mean to move thee.

30  
32 **Val.** Well, will you play a little?

**Kate.** Ay, give me the lute.

34  
36 [She plays.]

**Val.** That stop was false, play it again.

38  
40 **Kate.** Then mend it thou, thou filthy ass!

42 **Val.** What, do you bid me kiss your arse?

44 **Kate.** How now, Jack Sauce, you're a jolly mate;  
You're best be still, lest I cross your pate,  
And make your music fly about your ears;  
46 I'll make it and your foolish coxcomb meet.

48 *[She offers to strike him with the lute.]*

50 **Val.** Hold, mistress; souns, will you break my lute?

52 **Kate.** Ay, on thy head, and if thou speak to me:

54 *[She throws it down.]*

56 There, take it up, and fiddle somewhere else.  
And see you come no more into this place,  
58 Lest that I clap your fiddle on your face.

60 *[Exit Kate.]*

62 **Val.** Souns, teach her to play upon the lute?  
The devil shall teach her first; I am glad she's gone,  
64 For I was ne'er so 'fraid in all my life,  
But that my lute should fly about mine ears.  
66 My master shall teach her his self for me,  
For I'll keep me far enough without her reach:  
68 For he and Polidor sent me before,  
To be with her and teach her on the lute,  
70 Whilst they did court the other gentlewomen,  
And here methinks they come together.

72 *Enter Aurelius, Polidor, Emelia, and Philema.*

74 **Pol.** How now, Valeria, where's your mistress?

76 **Val.** At the vengeance, I think, and nowhere else.

78 **Aurel.** Why, Valeria, will she not learn apace?

80 **Val.** Yes, berlady, she has learnt too much already;  
82 And that I had felt, had I not spoke her fair:  
But she shall ne'er be learnt for me again.

84 **Aurel.** Well, Valeria, go to my chamber,  
86 And bear him company that came to-day  
From Sestos, where our agèd father dwells.

88 *[Exit Valeria.]*

90 | **Pol.** Come, fair Emelia, my lovely love,  
92 | Brighter than the burnished palace of the sun,  
The eyesight of the glorious firmament,  
94 | In whose bright looks sparkles the radiant fire  
Wily Prometheus slyly stole from Jove,  
96 | Infusing breath, life, motion, soul,  
To every object stricken by thine eyes!  
98 | O fair Emelia, I pine for thee,  
And either must enjoy thy love, or die.

100 | **Emel.** Fie, man, I know you will not die for love.  
102 | Ah, Polidor, thou needst not to complain;  
Eternal Heaven sooner be dissolved,  
104 | And all that pierceth Phoebe's silver eye,  
Before such hap befall to Polidor.

106 | **Pol.** Thanks, fair Emelia, for these sweet words; –  
108 | But what saith Philema to her friend?

110 | **Phil.** Why, I am buying merchandise of him.

112 | **Aurel.** Mistress, you shall not need to buy of me,  
For when I crossed the bubbling Canibey,  
114 | And sailed along the crystal Hellespont,  
I filled my coffers of the wealthy mines,  
116 | Where I did cause millions of labouring Moors  
To undermine the caverns of the earth,  
118 | To seek for strange and new-found precious stones,  
And dive into the sea to gather pearl,  
120 | As fair as Juno offered Priam's son;  
And you shall take your liberal choice of all.

122 | **Phil.** I thank you, sir, and would Philema might  
124 | In any curtesy requite you so,  
As she with willing heart could well bestow!

126 | *Enter Alfonso.*

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

130 | **Emel.** Not yet, father. I wonder he stays so long.

132 | **Alfon.** And where's your sister, that she is not here?

134 | **Phil.** She is making of her ready, father,  
136 | To go to church, and if that he were come.

138 **Pol.** I warrant you, he'll not be long away.

140 **Alfon.** Go, daughters, get you in, and bid your sister  
Provide herself against that we do come,  
142 And see you go to church along with us.

144 *[Exeunt Philema and Emelia.]*

146 I marvel that Ferando comes not away.

148 **Pol.** His tailor, it may be, hath been too slack  
In his apparel which he means to wear;  
150 For no question but some fantastic suits  
He is determinèd to wear to-day,  
152 And richly powderèd with precious stones,  
Spotted with liquid gold, thick set with pearl,  
154 And such he means shall be his wedding suits.

156 **Alfon.** I cared not, I, what cost he did bestow,  
In gold or silk, so he himself were here,  
158 For I had rather lose a thousand crowns,  
Than that he should deceive us here to-day: —  
160 But soft, I think I see him come.

162 *Enter Ferando, basely attired,  
and a red cap on his head.*

164 **Feran.** Good morrow, father; — Polidor, well met;  
166 You wonder, I know, that I have stayed so long.

168 **Alfon.** Ay, marry, son, we were almost persuaded,  
That we should scarce have had our bridegroom here.  
170 But say, why art thou thus basely attired?

172 **Feran.** Thus richly, father, you should have said;  
For when my wife and I am married once,  
174 She's such a shrew, if we should once fall out  
She'll pull my costly suits over mine ears,  
176 And therefore am I thus attired awhile;  
For many things I tell you's in my head,  
178 And none must know thereof but Kate and I;  
For we shall live like lambs and lions, sure;  
180 Nor lambs to lions never was so tame,  
If once they lie within the lion's paws,  
182 As Kate to me if we were married once,  
And therefore come, let us to church presently.

184 **Pol.** Fie, Ferando; not thus attired, for shame!  
186 Come to my chamber and there suit thyself



188 Of twenty suits that I did never wear.  
 189 **Feran.** Tush, Polidor, I have as many suits  
 190 Fantastic made to fit my humour so  
 191 As any in Athens and as richly wrought  
 192 As was the massy robe that late adorned  
 193 The stately legate of the Persian King;  
 194 And this from them have I made choice to wear.

196 **Alfon.** I prithee, Ferando, let me entreat,  
 197 Before thou go'st unto the church with us,  
 198 To put some other suit upon thy back.

200 **Feran.** Not for the world, if I might gain it so:  
 201 And therefore take me thus, or not at all.

202  
 203 *Enter Kate.*

204 But soft, see where my Kate doth come!  
 205 I must salute her: – how fares my lovely Kate?  
 206 What, art thou ready? shall we go to church?

208 **Kate.** Not I, with one so mad, so basely 'tired,  
 209 To marry such a filthy, slavish groom,  
 210 That, as it seems, sometimes is from his wits,  
 211 Or else he would not thus have come to us.

214 **Feran.** Tush, Kate, these words adds greater love in me,  
 215 And makes me think thee fairer than before:  
 216 Sweet Kate, thee lovelier than Diana's purple robe,  
 217 Whiter than are the snowy Apennines,  
 218 Or icy hair that grows on Boreas' chin! –  
 219 Father, I swear by Ibis' golden beak,  
 220 More fair and radiant is my bonny Kate,  
 221 Than silver Xanthus, when he doth embrace  
 222 The ruddy Simois at Ida's feet.  
 223 And care not thou, sweet Kate, how I be clad;  
 224 Thou shalt have garments wrought of Median silk,  
 225 Enchased with precious jewëls fetched from far,  
 226 By Italian merchants that with Russian stems  
 227 Ploughs up huge furrows in the Terrene Maine,  
 228 And better far my lovely Kate shall wear.  
 229 Then come, sweet love, and let us to the church,  
 230 For this I swear shall be my wedding suit.

231  
 232 *[Exit Kate.]*

234 **Alfon.** Come, gentlemen, go along with us;

236

For thus, do what we can, he will be wed.

*[Exeunt Omnes.]*

ACT II, SCENE II.

*A room in Alfonso's house.*

*Enter Polidor's Boy and Sander.*

1 **Boy.** Come hither, sirrah boy.

2

3 **Sand.** Boy, oh, disgrace to my person! Souns! "boy",  
4 of your face! You have many boys with such  
5 pickadevants, I am sure! Souns, would you not have a  
6 bloody nose for this?

7 **Boy.** Come, come, I did but jest; where is that same  
8 piece of pie that I gave thee to keep?

9

10 **Sand.** The pie? Ay, you have more mind of your  
11 belly than to go see what your master does.

12

13 **Boy.** Tush, 'tis no matter, man, I prithe give it me; I  
14 am very hungry, I promise thee.

15

16 **Sand.** Why, you may take it, and the devil burst you  
17 with it! One cannot save a bit after supper but you are  
18 always ready to munch it up.

19

20 **Boy.** Why come, man, we shall have good cheer anon  
21 at the bride-house, for your master's gone to church to  
22 be married already, and there's such cheer as passeth.

23

24 **Sand.** O brave, I would I had eat no meat this week,  
25 for I have never a corner left in my belly to put a  
26 venison pasty in; I think I shall burst myself with  
27 eating, for I'll so cram me down the tarts and the  
28 marchpanes, out of all cry.

29

30 **Boy.** Ay, but how wilt thou do, now, thy master's  
31 married? Thy mistress is such a devil as she'll make  
32 thee forget thy eating quickly, she'll beat thee so.

33

34 **Sand.** Let my master alone with her for that, for  
35 he'll make her tame well enough ere long, I warrant  
36 thee; for he's such a churl waxen now of late, that, and  
37 he be never so little angry, he thums me out of all cry.  
38 But in my mind, sirrah, the youngest is a very pretty  
39 wench, and if I thought thy master would not have her,  
40 I'd have a fling at her myself. I'll see soon whether  
41 'twill be a match or no; and it will not, I'll set the  
42

44 matter hard for myself, I warrant thee.

44

46 **Boy.** Souns, you slave, will you be a rival with my  
46 master in his love? Speak but such another word and  
I'll cut off one of thy legs.

48

50 **Sand.** Oh, cruel judgment! nay then, sirrah, my  
50 tongue shall talk no more to you: marry, my timber  
52 shall tell the trusty message of his master even on the  
52 very forehead on thee, thou abusious villain: therefore  
prepare thyself.

54

56 **Boy.** Come hither, thou imperfectious slave; in regard  
56 of thy beggary, hold thee, there's two shillings for  
thee, to pay for the healing of thy left leg, which I  
58 mean furiously to invade, or to maim at the least.

60

60 **Sand.** Oh, supernodical fool! Well, I'll take your  
two shillings; but I'll bar striking at legs.

62

64 **Boy.** Not I, for I'll strike anywhere.

64

66 **Sand.** Here, here, take your two shillings again. I'll  
66 see thee hanged ere I'll fight with thee; I gat a broken  
shin the other day, 'tis not whole yet, and therefore I'll  
68 not fight; come, come, why should we fall out?

70

70 **Boy.** Well, sirray, your fair words hath something  
allayed my choler: I am content for this once to put it  
72 up and be friends with thee. But soft, see where they  
come all from church, belike they be married already.

74

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

78

78 **Feran.** Father, farewell! my Kate and I must home. —  
Sirrah, go make ready my horse presently.

80

82 **Alfon.** Your horse? What, son, I hope you do but jest!  
I am sure you will not go so suddenly.

84

84 **Kate.** Let him go or tarry, I am resolved to stay,  
And not to travel on my wedding-day.

86

88 **Feran.** Tut, Kate, I tell thee we must needs go home. —  
Villain, hast thou saddled my horse?

90

90 **Sand.** Which horse? your curtal?

92 **Feran.** Souns, you slave, stand you prating here?  
Saddle the bay gelding for your mistress.

94  
96 **Kate.** Not for me: for I'll not go.

98 **Sand.** The ostler will not let me have him. You owe  
ten-pence for his meat, and sixpence for stuffing my  
mistress' saddle.

100 **Feran.** Here, villain, go pay him straight.

102 [Gives money.]

104 **Sand.** Shall I give them another peck of lavender?

106 **Feran.** Out, slave, and bring them presently to the door!

108 **Alfon.** Why, son, I hope at least you'll dine with us!

110 **Sand.** I pray you, master, let's stay till dinner be done.

112 **Feran.** Souns, villain, art thou here yet?

114 [Exit Sander.]

116 Come, Kate, our dinner is provided at home.

118 **Kate.** But not for me; for here I mean to dine.  
120 I'll have my will in this as well as you:  
Though you in madding mood would leave your friends,  
122 Despite of you, I'll tarry with them still.

124 **Feran.** Ay, Kate, so thou shalt, but at some other time.  
Whenas thy sisters here shall be espoused,  
126 Then thou and I will keep our wedding-day  
In better sort than now we can provide;  
128 For here I promise thee before them all,  
We will ere long return to them again.  
130 Come, Kate, stand not on terms, we will away;  
This is my day; to-morrow thou shalt rule,  
132 And I will do whatever thou commands. –  
Gentlemen, farewell; we'll take our leaves:  
134 It will be late before that we come home.

136 [Exeunt Ferando and Kate.]

138 **Pol.** Farewell, Ferando, since you will be gone!

140 **Alfon.** So mad a couple did I never see.

142 **Emel.** They're even as well-matched as I would wish.

144 **Phil.** And yet I hardly think that he can tame her;  
For when he has done she will do what she list.

146

**Aurel.** Her manhood then is good, I do believe.

148

**Pol.** Aurelius, or else I miss my mark,  
Her tongue will walk if she doth hold her hands.  
I am in doubt ere half a month be passed  
150 He'll curse the priest that married him so soon.  
152 And yet it may be she will be reclaimed,  
154 For she is very patient grown of late.

156 **Alfon.** God hold it that it may continue still!  
I would be loath that they should disagree;  
158 But he, I hope, will hold her in a while.

160 **Pol.** Within this two days I will ride to him,  
And see how lovingly they do agree.

162

**Alfon.** Now, Aurelius, what say you to this?  
164 What, have you sent to Sestos, as you said,  
To certify your father of your love?  
166 For I would gladly he would like of it;  
And if he be the man you tell to me,  
168 I guess he is a merchant of great wealth;  
And I have seen him oft at Athens here,  
170 And for his sake assure thee thou art welcome.

172 **Pol.** And so to me, whilst Polidor doth live.

174 **Aurel.** I find it so, right worthy gentlemen,  
And of what worth your friendship I esteem,  
176 I leave [to] censure of your several thoughts.  
But for requital of your favours past,  
178 Rests yet behind, which, when occasion serves,  
I vow shall be remembered to the full;  
180 And for my father's coming to this place,  
I do expect within this week at most.

182

**Alfon.** Enough, Aurelius! but we forget  
184 Our marriage dinner, now the bride is gone;  
Come let us see what there they left behind.

186

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

ACT III.SCENE I.

*A room in Ferando's country house.*

*Enter Sander with two or three Serving men.*

1 **Sand.** Come, sirs, provide all things as fast as you  
2 can, for my master's hard at hand and my new mistress  
and all, and he sent me before to see all things ready.

4 **Tom.** Welcome home, Sander! Sirrah, how looks our  
6 new mistress? they say she's a plaguey shrew.

8 **Sand.** Ay, and that thou shalt find, I can tell thee,  
and thou dost not please her well; why, my master has  
10 such ado with her as it passeth, and he's even like a  
madman.

12 **Will.** Why, Sander, what does he say?  
14

**Sand.** Why, I'll tell you what: when they should go  
16 to church to be married, he puts on an old jerkin and  
a pair of canvas breeches down to the small of his leg  
18 and a red cap on his head, and he looks as thou wilt  
burst thyself with laughing when thou seest him: he's  
20 e'en as good as a fool for me: and then, when they  
should go to dinner, he made me saddle the horse,  
22 and away he came, and ne'er tarried for dinner: and  
therefore you had best get supper ready against they  
24 come, for they be hard at hand, I am sure, by this time.

26 **Tom.** Souns, see where they be all ready.

28 *Enter Ferando and Kate.*

30 **Feran.** Now welcome, Kate! – where 's these villains?  
Here, what, not supper yet upon the board;  
32 Nor table spread, nor nothing done at all?  
Where's that villain that I sent before?

34 **Sand.** Now, *adsum*, sir.  
36

**Feran.** Come hither, you villain, I'll cut your nose,  
38 you rogue! help me off with my boots: – will't please  
you to lay the cloth? – Souns, the villain hurts my foot!  
40 – Pull easily, I say; yet again!

42 [He beats them all.

44 *They cover the board and fetch in the meat.]*

46 Souns! Burnt and scorched! Who dressed this meat?

48 **Will.** Forsooth, John cook.

50 [He throws down the table and meat and all,  
and beats them.]

52 **Feran.** Go, you villains, bring you me such meat?

54 Out of my sight, I say, and bear it hence! –  
Come, Kate, we'll have other meat provided. –  
56 Is there a fire in my chamber, sir?

58 **Sand.** Ay, forsooth.

60 [Exeunt Ferando and Kate.]

62 [Manent Serving-men and eat up all the meat.]

64 **Tom.** Souns! I think, of my conscience, my master's  
mad since he was married.

66 **Will.** I laughed what a box he gave Sander for pulling  
68 off his boots.

70 *Enter Ferando again.*

72 **Sand.** I hurt his foot for the nonce, man.

74 **Feran.** Did you so, you damned villain?

76 [He beats them all out again.]

78 This humour must I hold me to awhile,  
To bridle and hold back my headstrong wife,  
80 With curbs of hunger, ease, and want of sleep.  
Nor sleep nor meat shall she enjoy to-night,  
82 I'll mew her up as men do mew their hawks,  
And make her gently come unto the lure.  
84 Were she as stubborn or as full of strength  
As were the Thracian horse Alcides tamed,  
86 That King Egeus fed with flesh of men,  
Yet would I pull her down and make her come  
88 As hungry hawks do fly unto their lure.

90 [Exit.]



ACT III, SCENE II.

*Athens: a street.*

*Enter Aurelius and Valeria.*

- 1 **Aurel.** Valeria, attend: I have a lovely love,  
2 As bright as is the heaven crystalline,  
3 As fair as is the milk-white way of Jove,  
4 As chaste as Phoebe in her summer sports,  
5 As soft and tender as the azure down  
6 That circles Cythereä's silver doves.  
7 Her do I mean to make my lovely bride,  
8 And in her bed to breathe the sweet content,  
9 That I, thou know'st, long time have aimèd at.  
10 Now, Valeria, it rests in thee to help  
11 To compass this, that I might gain my love,  
12 Which easily thou may'st perform at will,  
13 If that the merchant which thou told'st me of,  
14 Will, as he said, go to Alfonso's house,  
15 And say he is my father, and therewithal  
16 Pass over certain deeds of land to me,  
17 That I thereby may gain my heart's desire;  
18 And he is promisèd reward of me.
- 20 **Val.** Fear not, my lord, I'll fetch him straight to you,  
21 For he'll do anything that you command:  
22 But tell me, my lord, is Ferando married then?
- 24 **Aurel.** He is: and Polidor shortly shall be wed,  
25 And he means to tame his wife ere long.
- 26 **Val.** He says so.
- 28 **Aurel.** Faith, he's gone unto the taming school.
- 30 **Val.** The taming school; why, is there such a place?
- 32 **Aurel.** Ay, and Ferando is the master of the school.
- 34 **Val.** That's rare: but what decorum does he use?
- 36 **Aurel.** Faith, I know not, but by some odd device or other.  
37 But come, Valeria, I long to see the man,  
38 By whom we must comprise our plotted drift,  
39 That I may tell him what we have to do.
- 42 **Val.** Then come, my lord, and I will bring you to him straight.

44 | *Aurel.* Agreed, then let's go.

46 |

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III, SCENE III.

*A room In Ferando's country house.*

*Enter Sander and his mistress (Kate).*

1 **Sand.** Come, mistress.

2

4 **Kate.** Sander, I prithee, help me to some meat,  
I am so faint that I can scarcely stand.

6 **Sand.** Ay, marry, mistress, but you know my master  
has given me a charge that you must eat nothing but  
8 that which he himself giveth you.

10 **Kate.** Why, man, thy master needs never know it!

12 **Sand.** You say true, indeed: why, look you, mistress,  
what say you to a piece of beef and mustard now?

14

16 **Kate.** Why, I say 'tis excellent meat; can'st thou help  
me to some?

18 **Sand.** Aye, I could help you to some, but that I doubt  
the mustard is too choleric for you. But what say  
20 you to a sheep's head and garlic?

22 **Kate.** Why, anything; I care not what it be.

24 **Sand.** Ay, but the garlic, I doubt, will make your  
breath stink, and then my master will course me for  
26 letting you eat it. But what say you to a fat capon?

28 **Kate.** That's meat for a king; sweet Sander, help me to  
some of it.

30

32 **Sand.** Nay, berlady, then 'tis too dear for us; we  
must not meddle with the king's meat.

34 **Kate.** Out, villain, dost thou mock me? Take that for  
thy sauciness.

36

*[She beats him.]*

38

40 **Sand.** Souns, are you so light-fingered, with a  
murrain? I'll keep you fasting for it this two days!

42 **Kate.** I tell thee, villain, I'll tear the flesh off thy face  
and eat it, and thou prates to me thus.

44

46 **Sand.** Here comes my master: now he'll course you.

48 *Enter Ferando with a piece of meat  
upon his dagger's point,  
and Polidor with him.*

50 **Feran.** See here, Kate, I have provided meat for thee;  
52 Here, take it; what, is't not worthy thanks? –

54 *[Kate refuses meat.]*

56 Go, sirrah, take it away again. –  
You shall be thankful for the next you have.

58 **Kate.** Why, I thank you for it.

60 **Feran.** Nay, now 'tis not worth a pin. – Go, sirray, and  
62 take it hence, I say.

64 **Sand.** Yes, sir, I'll carry it hence. Master, let her  
have none, for she can fight, as hungry as she is.

66 **Pol.** I pray you, sir, let it stand, for I'll eat some with  
68 her myself.

70 **Feran.** Well, sirrah, set it down again.

72 **Kate.** Nay, nay, I pray you let him take it hence,  
And keep it for your own diet, for I'll none;  
74 I'll ne'er be beholding to you for your meat;  
I tell thee flatly here unto thy teeth,  
76 Thou shalt not keep me nor feed me as thou list,  
For I will home again unto my father's house.

78 **Feran.** Ay, when you're meek and gentle, but not before;  
80 I know your stomach is not yet come down;  
Therefore no marvel thou can'st not eat,  
82 And I will go unto your father's house; –  
Come, Polidor, let us go in again; –  
84 And, Kate, come in with us! I know ere long  
That thou and I shall lovingly agree.

86 *[Exeunt Omnes.]*

ACT III, SCENE IV.

*Athens: a public place in front of Alfonso's house.*

*Enter Aurelius, Valeria and Phylotus, the merchant.*

1 **Aurel.** Now, Signior Phylotus, we will go  
2 Unto Alfonso's house, and be sure you say  
As I did tell you concerning the man  
4 That dwells in Sestos, whose son I said I was,  
For you do very much resemble him:  
6 And fear not; you may be bold to speak your mind.

8 **Phylo.** I warrant you, sir, take you no care;  
I'll use myself so cunning in the cause,  
10 As you shall soon enjoy your heart's delight.

12 **Aurel.** Thanks, sweet Phylotus, then stay you here,  
And I will go and fetch him hither straight. –  
14 Ho, Signior Alfonso, a word with you.

16 *Enter Alfonso.*

18 **Alfon.** Who's there? What, Aurelius, what's the matter,  
That you stand so like a stranger at the door?

20 **Aurel.** My father, sir, is newly come to town,  
22 And I have brought him here to speak with you,  
Concerning those matters that I told you of,  
24 And he can certify you of the truth.

26 **Alfon.** Is this your father? – You are welcome, sir.

28 **Phylo.** Thanks, Alfonso, for that's your name, I guess.  
I understand my son hath set his mind  
30 And bent his liking to your daughter's love;  
And for because he is my only son,  
32 And I would gladly that he should do well,  
I tell you, sir, I not mislike his choice.  
34 If you agree to give him your consent,  
He shall have living to maintain his state;  
36 Three hundred pounds a year I will assure  
To him and to his heirs: and if they do join,  
38 And knit themselves in holy wedlock band,  
A thousand massy ingots of pure gold,  
40 And twice as many bars of silver plate,  
I freely give him, and in writing straight  
42 I will confirm what I have said in words.

44 **Alfon.** Trust me, I must commend your liberal mind,  
And loving care you bear unto your son;  
46 And here I give him freely my consent.  
As for my daughter, I think he knows her mind:  
48 And I will enlarge her dowry for your sake;  
And solemnise with joy your nuptial rites. –  
50 But is this gentleman of Sestos, too?

52 **Aurel.** He is the Duke of Sestos' thrice-renownèd son,  
Who for the love his honour bears to me  
54 Hath thus accompanied me to this place.

56 **Alfon.** You were to blame you told me not before: –  
Pardon me, my lord, for if I had known  
58 Your honour had been here in place with me,  
I would have done my duty to your honour.

60 **Val.** Thanks, good Alfonso: but I did come to see  
62 Whenas these marriage rites should be performed;  
And if in these nuptials you vouchsafe  
64 To honour thus the prince of Sestos' friend,  
In celebration of his spousal rites,  
66 He shall remain a lasting friend to you.  
What says Aurelius' father?

68 **Phylo.** I humbly thank your honour, good my lord;  
70 And ere we part, before your honour here,  
Shall articles of such content be drawn,  
72 As 'twixt our houses and posterities,  
Eternally this league of peace shall last,  
74 Inviolate and pure on either part.

76 **Alfon.** With all my heart, and if your honour please,  
To walk along with us unto my house,  
78 We will confirm these leagues of lasting love.

80 **Val.** Come then, Aurelius, I will go with you.

82 [*Exeunt Omnes.*]

ACT III, SCENE V.

*A room in Ferando's country house.*

*Enter Ferando, Kate, and Sander.*

1 **Sand.** Master, the haberdasher has brought my mistress  
2 home her cap here.

4 *Enter the Haberdasher.*

6 **Feran.** Come hither, sirrah! What have you there?

8 **Haber.** A velvet cap, sir, and it please you.

10 **Feran.** Who spoke for it? Didst thou, Kate?

12 **Kate.** What if I did? – Come hither, sirrah, give me  
the cap! I'll see if it will fit me.

14 *[She sets it on her head.]*

16 **Feran.** O monstrous, why, it becomes thee not;  
18 Let me see it, Kate! – Here, sirrah, take it hence!  
This cap is out of fashion quite!

20 **Kate.** The fashion is good enough. Belike you mean  
22 To make a fool of me.

24 **Feran.** Why, true, he means to make a fool of thee,  
To have thee put on such a curtalled cap! –  
26 Sirrah, begone with it!

28 *[Exit Haberdasher.]*

30 *Enter the Tailor with a gown.*

32 **Sand.** Here is the tailor too with my mistress' gown.

34 **Feran.** Let me see it, Tailor! What, with cuts and jags,  
Souns, you villain, thou hast spoilt the gown!

36 **Tailor.** Why, sir, I made it as your man gave me  
38 direction. You may read the note here.

40 **Feran.** Come hither, sirrah Tailor! Read the note.

42 **Tailor.** Item, a fair round-compassed cape.

44 **Sand.** Ay, that's true.

46 **Tailor.** And a large trunk sleeve.  
48 **Sand.** That's a lie, master! I said two trunk sleeves.  
50 **Feran.** Well, sir, go forward!  
52 **Tailor.** Item, a loose-bodied gown.  
54 **Sand.** Master, if ever I said loose body's gown, sew  
56 me in a seam and beat me to death with [a] bottom of  
brown thread!  
58 **Tailor.** I made it as the note bade me.  
60 **Sand.** I say the note lies in his throat, and thou too,  
and thou say'st it.  
62 **Tailor.** Nay, nay, n'er be so hot, sirrah; for I fear you  
64 not.  
66 **Sand.** Dost thou hear, Tailor? Thou hast braved  
many men: brave not me. Thou'st faced many men –  
68 **Tailor.** Well, sir.  
70 **Sand.** Face not me: I'll neither be faced nor braved  
72 at thy hands, I can tell thee!  
74 **Kate.** Come, come, I like the fashion of it well enough:  
Here's more ado than needs; I'll have it, I; –  
76 And if you do not like it, hide your eyes.  
I think I shall have nothing by your will.  
78 **Feran.** [To the Tailor]  
80 Go, I say, and take it up for your master's use.  
82 **Sand.** Souns, villain, not for thy life; touch it not!  
Souns, take up my mistress' gown to his master's use!  
84 **Feran.** Well, sir, what's your conceit of it?  
86 **Sand.** I have a deeper conceit in it than you think for.  
88 Take up my mistress' gown to his master's use!  
90 **Feran.** Tailor, come hither; for this time take it  
Hence again, and I'll content thee for thy pains.  
92 **Tailor.** I thank you, sir.  
94

[Exit Tailor.]



96 |  
98 | **Feran.** Come, Kate, we now will go see thy father's house,  
100 | Even in these honest mean habiliments;  
102 | Our purses shall be rich, our garments plain,  
104 | To shroud our bodies from the winter rage,  
106 | And that's enough; what should we care for more?  
108 | Thy sisters, Kate, to-morrow must be wed,  
110 | And I have promised them thou should'st be there:  
112 | The morning is well up; let's haste away:  
114 | It will be nine a-clock ere we come there.

116 | **Kate.** Nine a-clock? why, 'tis already past two  
118 | In the afternoon by all the clocks in the town!

120 | **Feran.** I say 'tis but nine a-clock in the morning.

122 | **Kate.** I say 'tis two a-clock in the afternoon.

124 | **Feran.** It shall be nine then ere we go to your father's:  
126 | Come back again, we will not go to-day.  
128 | Nothing but crossing of me still!  
130 | I'll have you say as I do ere you go.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

132

ACT III, SCENE VI.

*A room in Alfonso's house.*

*Enter Polidor, Emelia, Aurelius and Philema.*

1 **Pol.** Fair Emelia, summer's sun-bright queen,  
2 Brighter of hue than is the burning clime,  
3 Where Phoebus in his bright equator sits,  
4 Creating gold and precious minerals.  
5 What would Emelia do, if I were forced  
6 To leave fair Athens and to range the world?

8 **Emel.** Should thou assay to scale the seat of Jove,  
9 Mounting the subtle airy regions,  
10 Or be snatched up as erst was Ganymede,  
11 Love should give wings unto my swift desires,  
12 And prune my thoughts that I would follow thee,  
13 Or fall and perish as did Icarus.

14 **Aurel.** Sweetly resolvèd, fair Emelia! –  
15 But would Philema say as much to me,  
16 If I should ask a question now of thee;  
17 What if the Duke of Sestos' only son,  
18 Which came with me unto your father's house,  
19 Should seek to get Philema's love from me,  
20 And make thee duchess of that stately town,  
21 Wouldst thou not then forsake me for his love?

24 **Phil.** Not for great Neptune, no, nor Jove himself,  
25 Will Philema leave Aurelius' love;  
26 Could he install me empress of the world,  
27 Or make me queen and guidress of the heavens,  
28 Yet would I not exchange thy love for his;  
29 Thy company is poor Philema's Heaven,  
30 And without thee Heaven were hell to me.

32 **Emel.** And should my love, as erst did Hercules,  
33 Attempt to pass the burning vaults of hell,  
34 I would with piteous looks and pleasing words,  
35 As once did Orpheus with his harmony,  
36 And ravishing sound of his melodious harp,  
37 Entreat grim Pluto and of him obtain,  
38 That thou mightest go and safe return again.

40 **Phil.** And should my love, as erst Leander did,  
41 Attempt to swim the boiling Hellespont  
42 For Hero's love, no towers of brass should hold

44 But I would follow thee thorough those raging floods  
 With locks dishevered and my breast all bare;  
 46 With bended knees upon Abydos' shore  
 I would with smoky sighs and brinish tears,  
 48 Importune Neptune and the watery gods  
 To send a guard of silver-scalèd dolphins  
 With sounding Tritons to be our convoy,  
 50 And to transport us safe unto the shore;  
 Whilst I would hang about thy lovely neck,  
 52 Redoubling kiss on kiss upon thy cheeks,  
 And with our pastime still the swelling waves.

54 **Emel.** Should Polidor, as great Achilles did,  
 56 Only employ himself to follow arms,  
 Like to the warlike Amazonian queen  
 58 Penthesilea, Hector's paramour,  
 Who foiled the bloody Pyrrhus, murderous Greek,  
 60 I'll thrust myself amongst the thickest throngs,  
 And with my utmost force assist my love.

62 **Phil.** Let Aeole storm, be mild and quiet thou;  
 64 Let Neptune swell, be Aurelius calm and pleased:  
 I care not, I, betide what may betide,  
 66 Let Fates and Fortune do the worst they can,  
 I reckon them not; they not discord with me,  
 68 Whilst that my love and I do well agree.

70 **Aurel.** Sweet Philema, beauty's mineral,  
 From whence the sun exhales his glorious shine,  
 72 And clad the heaven in thy reflected rays!  
 And now, my liefest love, the time draws nigh,  
 74 That Hymen mounted in his saffron robe,  
 Must with his torches wait upon thy train,  
 76 As Helen's brothers on the hornèd moon. —  
 Now, Juno, to thy number shall I add  
 78 The fairest bride that ever merchant had.

80 **Pol.** Come, fair Emelia, the priest is gone,  
 And at the church your father and the rest  
 82 Do stay to see our marriage rites performed,  
 And knit in sight of Heaven this Gordian knot,  
 84 That teeth of fretting time may ne'er untwist:  
 Then come, fair love, and gratulate with me  
 86 This day's content and sweet solemnity.

88 [Exeunt Omnes.]

90 **Sly.** Sim, must they be married now?

92 | **Lord.** Ay, my lord.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

*Initially Ferando's country house, then a country road.*

*Enter Ferando, Kate, and Sander.*

1 **Sly.** Look, Sim, the fool is come again now.

2

**Feran.** Sirrah, go fetch our horses forth and bring them  
4 to the back gate presently.

6 **Sand.** I will, sir, I warrant you.

8

*[Exit Sander.]*

10 **Feran.** Come, Kate, the moon shines clear to-night, methinks.

12 **Kate.** The moon? why, husband, you are deceived;  
It is the sun!

14

**Feran.** Yet again? Come back again.  
16 It shall be the moon ere we come at your father's.

18 **Kate.** Why, I'll say as you say: it is the moon.

20 **Feran.** Jesus save the glorious moon!

22 **Kate.** Jesus save the glorious moon!

24 **Feran.** I am glad, Kate, your stomach is come down.

I know it well thou knowest it is the sun;

26 But I did try to see if thou would'st speak,

And cross me now, as thou hast done before:

28 And trust me, Kate, hadst thou not named the moon,

We had gone back again as sure as death.

30 But soft, who's this that's coming here?

32

*Enter the Duke of Sestos alone.*

34 **Duke.** Thus all alone from Sestos am I come,

And left my princely court and noble train,

36 To come to Athens, and in this disguise,

To see what course my son Aurelius takes.

38 But stay, here's some, it may be, travels thither. —

Good sir, can you direct me the way to Athens?

40

**Feran.** *[to the Duke]* Fair lovely maid, young and affable,

42 More clear of hue and far more beautiful

44 Than precious sardonyx or purple rocks  
Of amethysts, or glistening hyacinth!  
More amiable far than is the plain  
46 Where glistening Cepherus in silver bowers,  
Gazeth upon the giant Andromede!  
48 Sweet Kate, entertain this lovely woman.

50 **Duke.** I think the man is mad; he calls me a woman.

52 **Kate.** Fair lovely lady, bright and crystalline,  
Beauteous and stately as the eye-trained bird,  
54 As glorious as the morning washed with dew,  
Within whose eyes she takes her dawning beams,  
56 And golden summer sleeps upon thy cheeks;  
Wrap up thy radiations in some cloud,  
58 Lest that thy beauty make this stately town  
Inhabitable like the burning zone  
60 With sweet reflections of thy lovely face!

62 **Duke.** What, is she mad too? or is my shape transformed,  
That both of them persuade me I am a woman;  
64 But they are mad, sure, and therefore I'll be gone,  
And leave their companies for fear of harm,  
66 And unto Athens haste, to seek my son.

68 [Exit Duke.]

70 **Feran.** Why, so, Kate; this was friendly done of thee,  
And kindly, too; why, thus must we two live,  
72 One mind, one heart, and one content for both!  
This good old man does think that we are mad,  
74 And glad he is, I am sure, that he is gone,  
But come, sweet Kate, for we will after him,  
76 And now persuade him to his shape again.

78 [Exeunt Omnes.]

ACT IV, SCENE II.

*Athens: a public place.*

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

1 **Alfon.** Come, lovely sons, your marriage rites performed,  
2 Let's hie us home to see what cheer we have;  
I wonder that Ferando and his wife  
4 Come not to see this great solemnity.

6 **Pol.** No marvel if Ferando be away;  
His wife, I think, hath troubled so his wits,  
8 That he remains at home to keep them warm;  
For forward wedlock, as the proverb says,  
10 Hath brought him to his nightcap long ago.

12 **Phylo.** But, Polidor, let my son and you take heed,  
That Ferando say not ere long as much to you. –  
14 And now, Alfonso, more to show my love,  
If unto Sestos you do send your ships,  
16 Myself will fraught them with Arabian silks,  
Rich Afric spices, arras, counter-points,  
18 Musk, cassia, sweet-smelling ambergris,  
Pearl, coral, crystal, jet, and ivory,  
20 To gratulate the favours of my son,  
And friendly love that you have shown to him.

*Enter the Duke of Sestos.*

24  
26 **Val.** And for to honour him, and this fair bride,  
I'll yearly send you from my father's court,  
Chests of refinèd sugar severally,  
28 Ten tun of Tunis wine, sucket, sweet drugs,  
To celebrate and solemnise this day;  
30 And custom-free your merchants shall converse  
And interchange the profits of your land,  
32 Sending you gold for brass, silver for lead,  
Cases of silk for packs of wool and cloth,  
34 To bind this friendship and confirm this league.

36 **Duke.** I am glad, sir, that you would be so frank.  
Are you become the Duke of Sestos' son,  
38 And revel with my treasure in this town?  
Base villain, that thus dishonourest me!

40 **Val.** [*Aside*] Souns, it is the Duke; what shall I do? –

42 Dishonour thee, why, know'st thou what thou say'st?

44 **Duke.** Here's no villain! He will not know me now! –  
 [To Aurelius] But what say you? have you forgot me, too?

46

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

48 **Duke.** With thy son? No, trust me, if he be thine; –  
 50 I pray you, sir, who am I?

52 **Aurel.** [*Kneeling*] Pardon me, father! Humbly on my knees,  
 I do entreat your grace to hear me speak.

54

56 **Duke.** Peace, villain! – Lay hands on them,  
 And send them to prison straight.

58 *[Phylotus and Valeria run away.]*

60 *[Then Sly speaks.]*

62 **Sly.** I say, we'll have no sending to prison.

64 **Lord.** My lord, this is but the play; they're but in jest.

66 **Sly.** I tell thee, Sim, we'll have no sending to prison,  
 that's flat. Why, Sim, am not I Don Christo Vary?  
 68 Therefore, I say, they shall not go to prison.

70 **Lord.** No more they shall not, my lord: they be run  
 away.

72

74 **Sly.** Are they run away, Sim? That's well; then gi's  
 some more drink, and let them play again.

76 **Lord.** Here, my lord!

78 *[Sly drinks and then falls asleep.]*

80 **Duke.** Ah, treacherous boy, that durst presume  
 To wed thyself without thy father's leave!  
 82 I swear by fair Cynthia's burning rays,  
 By Merops' head, and by seven-mouthèd Nile,  
 84 Had I but known, ere thou hadst wedded her,  
 Were in thy breast the world's immortal soul,  
 86 This angry sword should rip thy hateful chest,  
 And hewed thee smaller than the Lybian sands,  
 88 Turn hence thy face, oh, cruël, ímpious boy! –  
 Alfonso, I did not think you would presume  
 90 To match your daughter with my princely house,  
 And ne'er make me acquainted with the cause.



92 |  
 94 | **Alfon.** My lord, by heavens I swear unto your grace,  
 96 | I knew none other but Valeria, your man,  
 98 | Had been the Duke of Sestos' noble son;  
 100 | Nor did my daughter, I dare swear for her.

102 | **Duke.** That damned villain that hath deluded me,  
 104 | Whom I did send [for] guide unto my son!  
 106 | Oh that my furious force could cleave the earth,  
 108 | That I might muster bands of hellish fiends,  
 110 | To rack his heart and tear his impious soul;  
 112 | The ceaseless turning of celestial orbs  
 114 | Kindles not greater flames in flitting air,  
 116 | Than passionate anguish of my raging breast.

118 | **Aurel.** Then let my death, sweet father, end your grief;  
 120 | For I it is that thus have wrought your woes:  
 122 | Then be revenged on me, for here I swear  
 124 | That they are innocent of what I did.  
 126 | Oh, had I charge to cut off Hydra's head,  
 128 | To make the topless Alps a champion field,  
 130 | To kill untamed monsters with my sword,  
 132 | To travail daily in the hottest sun,  
 134 | And watch in winter when the nights be cold,  
 136 | I would with gladness undertake them all  
 138 | And think the pain but pleasure that I felt,  
 140 | So that my noble father at my return  
 142 | Would but forget and pardon my offence!

144 | **Phil.** [*Kneeling*] Let me entreat your grace upon my knees,  
 146 | To pardon him and let my death discharge  
 148 | The heavy wrath your grace hath vowed 'gainst him.

150 | **Pol.** [*Kneeling*] And, good my lord, let us entreat your grace  
 152 | To purge your stomach of this melancholy:  
 154 | Taint not your princely mind with grief, my lord,  
 156 | But pardon and forgive these lovers' faults,  
 158 | That kneeling crave your gracious favour here.

160 | **Emel.** Great prince of Sestos, let a woman's words  
 162 | Entreat a pardon in your lordly breast,  
 164 | Both for your princely son, and us, my lord.

166 | **Duke.** Aurelius, stand up; I pardon thee;  
 168 | I see that virtue will have enemies,  
 170 | And Fortune will be thwarting honour still. –  
 172 | And you, fair virgin, too, I am content

140 T' accept you for my daughter, since 'tis done,  
And see you princely used in Sestos' court.

142 **Phil.** Thanks, good my lord, and I no longer live  
Than I obey and honour you in all.

144 **Alfon.** Let me give thanks unto your royal grace  
146 For this great honour done to me and mine;  
And if your grace will walk unto my house,  
148 I will, in humblest manner I can, show  
Th' eternal service I do owe your grace.

150 **Duke.** Thanks, good Alfonso, but I came alone,  
152 And not as did beseem the Sestian Duke;  
Nor would I have it known within the town,  
154 That I was here and thus without my train:  
But as I came alone, so will I go,  
156 And leave my son to solemnise his feast;  
And ere't be long I'll come again to you,  
158 And do him honour as beseems the son  
Of mighty Jerobel, the Sestian Duke,  
160 Till when I'll leave you. – Farewell, Aurelius!

162 **Aurel.** Not yet, my lord; I'll bring you to your ship.

164 [Exeunt Omnes.]

166 [Sly sleeps.]

168 **Lord.** Who's within there? Come hither, sirs, my lord's  
Asleep again: go, take him easily up,  
170 And put him in his own apparel again,  
And lay him in the place where we did find him,  
172 Just underneath the alehouse side below:  
But see you wake him not in any case.

174 **Boy.** It shall be done, my lord. – Come, help to bear him hence.

176 [Exeunt with Sty.]

ACT V.

SCENE I.

*A Room in Alfonso's House.*

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

1 **Feran.** Come, gentlemen, now that supper's done,  
2 How shall we spend the time till we go to bed?

4 **Aurel.** Faith, if you will, in trial of our wives,  
Who will come soonest at their husband's call.

6 **Pol.** Nay, then Ferando he must needs sit out;  
8 For he may call, I think, till he be weary,  
Before his wife will come before she list.

10 **Feran.** 'Tis well for you that have such gentle wives,  
12 Yet in this trial will I not sit out;  
It may be Kate will come as soon as yours.

14 **Aurel.** My wife comes soonest, for a hundred pound.

16 **Pol.** I take it. I'll lay as much to yours,  
18 That my wife comes as soon as I do send.

20 **Aurel.** How now, Ferando; you dare not lay, belike?

22 **Feran.** Why, true, I dare not lay indeed – but how? –  
So little money on so sure a thing.  
24 A hundred pound! why, I have laid as much  
Upon my dog, in running at a deer.  
26 She shall not come so far for such a trifle.  
But will you lay five hundred marks with me,  
28 And whose wife soonest comes when he doth call,  
And shews herself most loving unto him,  
30 Let him enjoy the wager I have laid?  
Now, what say you? dare you adventure thus?

32 **Pol.** Ay, were it a thousand pounds, I durst presume  
34 On my wife's love, and I will lay with thee.

36 *Enter Alfonso.*

38 **Alfon.** How now, sons? What, in conference so hard?  
May I, without offence, know whereabouts?

40

42 **Aurel.** Faith, father, a weighty cause about our wives,  
And he whose wife doth show most love to him,  
44 He must enjoy the wager to himself.

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

50 **Feran.** Tush, father, were it ten times more,  
I durst adventure on my lovely Kate;  
52 But if I lose, I'll pay; and so shall you.

54 **Aurel.** Upon mine honour, if I lose, I'll pay.

56 **Pol.** And so will I; upon my faith, I vow.

58 **Feran.** Then sit we down and let us send for them.

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

62 **Aurel.** I'll send for my wife first. – Valeria,  
Go bid your mistress come to me.

64 **Val.** I will, my lord.

66 [Exit Valeria.]

68 **Aurel.** Now for my hundred pound!  
70 Would any lay ten hundred more with me,  
I know I should obtain it by her love.

72 **Feran.** I pray God you have not laid too much already.

74 **Aurel.** Trust me, Ferando, I am sure you have;  
76 For you, I dare presume, have lost it all.

78 *Re-enter Valeria.*

80 Now, sirrah, what says your mistress?

82 **Val.** She is something busy, but she'll come anon.

84 **Feran.** Why, so. Did I not tell thee this before?  
She is busy and cannot come.

86 **Aurel.** I pray God your wife send you so good an answer!  
88 She may be busy, yet she says she'll come.

90 **Feran.** Well, well! Polidor, send you for your wife.

92 **Pol.** Agreed! – Boy, desire your mistress to come hither.

94 **Boy.** I will, sir.

96 [Exit Boy.]

98 **Feran.** Ay, so, so, he "desires" her to come.

100 **Alfon.** Polidor, I dare presume for thee,  
I think thy wife will not deny to come:  
102 And I do marvel much, Aurelius,  
That your wife came not when you sent for her.

104 [Re-enter the Boy.]

106 **Pol.** Now where 's your mistress?

108 **Boy.** She bad me tell you that she will not come:  
110 And you have any business, you must come to her.

112 **Feran.** Oh, monstrous, intolerable presumption,  
Worse than a blazing star, or snow at midsummer,  
114 Earthquakes or anything unseasonable!  
She will not come; but he must come to her.

116 **Pol.** Well, sir, I pray you, let's hear what answer  
118 Your wife will make.

120 **Feran.** [To Sander] Sirrah,  
Command your mistress to come to me presently.

122 [Exit Sander.]

124 **Aurel.** I think my wife, for all she did not come,  
126 Will prove most kind, for now I have no fear;  
For I am sure Ferando's wife she will not come.

128 **Feran.** The more's the pity; then I must lose.

130 [Enter Kate and Sander.]

132 But I have won, for see where Kate doth come!

134 **Kate.** Sweet husband, did you send for me?

136 **Feran.** I did, my love, I sent for thee to come:  
138 Come hither, Kate, what's that upon thy head?

140 **Kate.** Nothing, husband, but my cap, I think.

142 **Feran.** Pull it off, and tread it under thy feet:  
'Tis foolish; I will not have thee wear it.

144

[*She takes off her cap and treads on it.*]

146

**Pol.** Oh, wonderful metamorphosis!

148

**Aurel.** This is a wonder almost past belief!

150

**Feran.** This is a token of her true love to me; –  
152 And yet I'll try her further; you shall see; –  
Come hither, Kate, where are thy sisters?

154

**Kate.** They be sitting in the bridal chamber.

156

**Feran.** Fetch them hither; and if they will not come,  
158 Bring them perforce and make them come with thee.

160

**Kate.** I will.

162

[*Exit Kate.*]

164

**Alfon.** I promise thee, Ferando, I would have sworn  
Thy wife would ne'er have done so much for thee.

166

**Feran.** But you shall see she will do more than this;  
168 For see where she brings her sisters forth by force!

170

*Enter Kate thrusting Philema and Emelia before her,  
and makes them come unto their husbands' call.*

172

**Kate.** See, husband, I have brought them both.

174

**Feran.** 'Tis well done, Kate.

176

**Emel.** Ay, sure, and like a loving piece; you're worthy  
178 To have great praise for this attempt.

180

**Phil.** Ay, for making a fool of herself and us.

182

**Aurel.** Beshrew thee, Philema, thou hast lost me  
A hundred pound to-night;  
184 For I did lay that thou wouldst first have come.

186

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

188

**Emel.** You might have kept it better then;  
Who bad you lay?

190

**Feran.** Now, lovely Kate, before their husbands here,

192 | I prithee tell unto these headstrong women  
 What duty wives do owe unto their husbands.  
 194 |  
**Kate.** Then you that live thus by your pampered wills,  
 196 | Now list to me and mark what I shall say:  
 Th' eternal power that with his only breath,  
 198 | Shall cause this end and this beginning frame,  
 Not in time, nor before time, but with time, confused; –  
 200 | For all the course of years, of ages, months,  
 Of seasons temperate, of days and hours,  
 202 | Are tuned and stopped by measure of his hand; –  
 The first world was a form without a form,  
 204 | A heap confused, a mixture all deformed,  
 A gulf of gulfs, a body bodiless,  
 206 | Where all the elements were orderless,  
 Before the great Commander of the world,  
 208 | The King of Kings, the glorious God of Heaven,  
 Who in six days did frame His heavenly work  
 210 | And made all things to stand in perfect course:  
 Then to His image did He make a man,  
 212 | Old Adam, and from his side asleep  
 A rib was taken, of which the Lord did make  
 214 | The woe of man, so termed by Adam then  
 Wo-man, for that by her came sin to us;  
 216 | And for her sin was Adam doomed to die.  
 As Sarah to her husband, so should we  
 218 | Obey them, love them, keep, and nourish them,  
 If they by any means do want our helps;  
 220 | Laying our hands under their feet to tread,  
 If that by that we might procure their ease;  
 222 | And for a president I'll first begin  
 And lay my hand under my husband's feet.

224 |  
 [She lays her hand under her husband's feet.]

226 |  
**Feran.** Enough, sweet, the wager thou hast won;  
 228 | And they, I am sure, cannot deny the same.

230 | **Alfon.** Ay, Fernando, the wager thou hast won:  
 And for to shew thee how I am pleased in this,  
 232 | A hundred pounds I freely give thee more,  
 Another dowry for another daughter,  
 234 | For she is not the same she was before.

236 | **Feran.** Thanks, sweet father; gentlemen, god-night;  
 For Kate and I will leave you for to-night:  
 238 | 'Tis Kate and I am wed, and you are sped:

240 And so, farewell, for we will to our beds.

[*Exeunt Ferando, Kate, and Sander.*]

242

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

244

**Aurel.** Believe me, father, I rejoice to see  
246 Ferando and his wife so lovingly agree.

248

[*Exeunt Aurelius, Philema, Alfonso, and Valeria.*]

250

**Emel.** How now, Polidor, in a dump? What say'st thou, man?

252

**Pol.** I say thou art a shrew.

254

**Emel.** That's better than a sheep.

256

**Pol.** Well, since 'tis done, let it go. Come, let's in.

258

[*Exeunt Polidor and Emelia.*]



**EPILOGUE.**

*Before the alehouse.*

*Enter two bearing of Sly in his own apparel again,  
and leave him where they found him,  
and then go out.*

*Then enter the Tapster.*

1 **Tap.** Now that the darksome night is overpassed,  
2 And dawning day appears in crystal sky,  
Now must I haste abroad. – But soft, who's this?  
4 What, Sly? oh wondrous, hath he lain here all night?  
I'll wake him; I think he's starved by this,  
6 But that his belly was so stuffed with ale. –  
What, how, Sly! Awake for shame!

8  
9 **Sly.** Gi's some more wine! What's all the players gone?  
10 am not I a lord?

12 **Tap.** A lord, with a murrain! Come, art thou drunken still?

14 **Sly.** Who's this? Tapster? Oh, lord, sirrah, I have had  
the bravest dream to-night, that ever thou hearest in  
16 all thy life!

18 **Tap.** Ay, marry, but you had best get you home, for  
your wife will course you for dreaming here to-night.

20  
21 **Sly.** Will she? I know now how to tame a shrew!  
22 I dreamt upon it all this night till now,  
And thou hast waked me out of the best dream  
24 That ever I had in my life.  
But I'll to my wife presently  
26 And tame her too, and if she anger me.

28 **Tap.** Nay, tarry, Sly, for I'll go home with thee,  
And hear the rest that thou hast dreamt to-night.

30

*[Exeunt Omnes.]*

FINIS.

### **Optional Textual Changes.**

The texts of the Scripts prepared for our website, ElizabethanDrama.org, generally lean towards keeping the language of the plays' earliest editions. Where obvious errors in typography have occurred, the emendations suggested by early and modern editors are usually accepted without comment.

Words and syllables have in some cases been added to the original text; such additions appear within hard brackets [ ], and may be omitted at a director's discretion. Such additions may be made for one of two reasons: (1) where words or syllables have clearly been omitted from the original text by accident, and are needed for a line to make sense; and (2) where words or syllables are added to repair a line's meter.

The text of this Script may be confidently adopted by a theatre group without further revision; however, we present below a list of changes a director may wish to consider, if he or she feels any of them would make the language more sensible, etc. Most of these emendations represent suggestions of later editors of the play, and a few represent restoring original language from the quartos.

Explanations for all these possible emendations can be found in the annotated edition of this play found on our website.

Induction, Scene i:

1. line 33: modernize *furder* to *further*.

Induction, Scene ii:

1. line 48: emend the second *Simon* to *Sim*.

Act I, Scene i.

1. line 12: modernize *renowmed* to *renowned*.
2. line 35: modernize *key* to *quay*.
3. line 64: emend *fettered* to *fretted*.

Act II, Scene i.

1. line 216: omit *thee*.

Act III, Scene v.

1. lines 105, 107, 110 and 112: modernize *a-clock* to *o'clock*.

Act III, Scene vi.

1. line 44: emend *dishevered* to *disheveled*.

Act IV, Scene i.

1. line 46: emend *Cepherus* to *Cepheus*.

Act V, Scene i.

1. line 29: modernize *shews* to *shows*.
2. line 222: modernize *president* to *precedent*.
2. line 231: modernize *shew* to *show*.
3. line 236: modernize *god-night* to *good night*.