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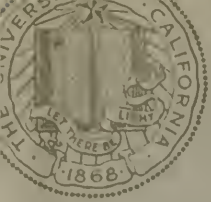
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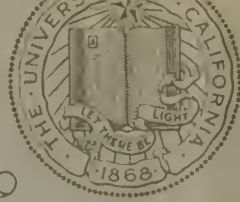
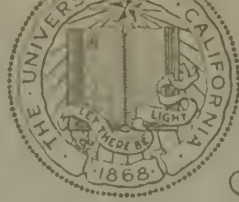


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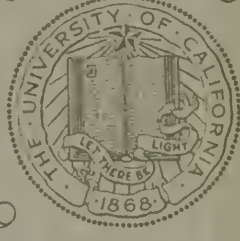
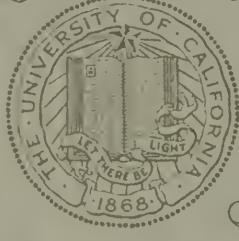
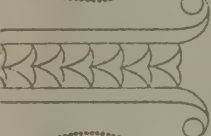
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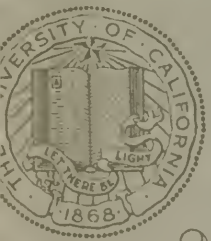
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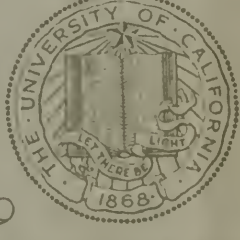
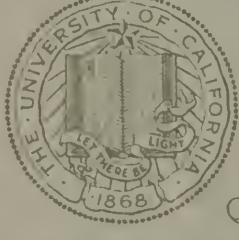
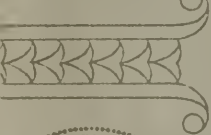
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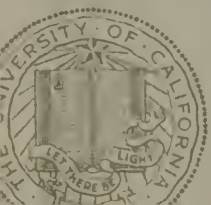
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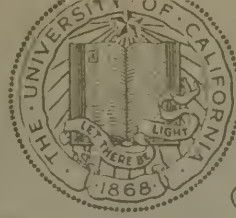


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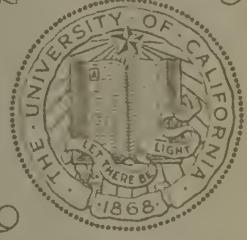
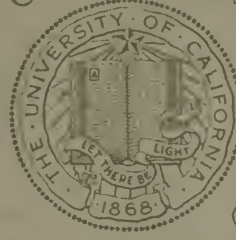
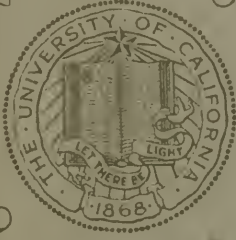
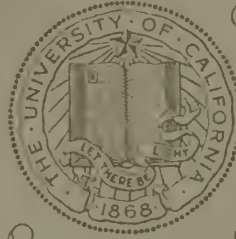
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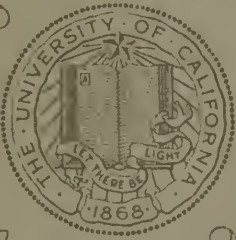


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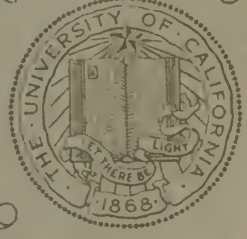
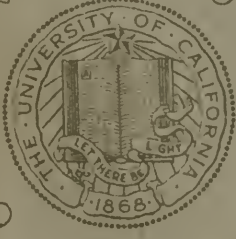


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KATHARINE AND PETRUCHIO,

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A COMEDY ;

TAKEN BY

DAVID GARRICK

FROM

THE TAMING OF A SHREW:

REVISED BY

J. P. KEMBLE;

AND NOW FIRST PUBLISHED AS IT IS ACTED AT

THE THEATRE ROYAL

IN

Cobent Garden.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THE THEATRE.

1810.

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PERSONS REPRESENTED.

PETRUCHIO,	—	—	—	—	—	Mr. KEMBLE.	
BAPTISTA,	—	—	—	—	—	Mr. DAVENPORT.	
HORTENSIO,	—	—	—	—	—	Mr. CLAREMONT.	
<i>Musick-master,</i>	—	—	—	—	—	Mr. TREBY.	
<i>Tailor,</i>	—	—	—	—	—	Mr. LISTON.	
BIONDELLO,	}	<i>Baptista's Servants.</i>				{	Mr. BLANCHARD.
PEDRO,							Mr. JEFFERIES.
GRUMIO,	}	<i>Petruchio's Servants.</i>				{	Mr. SIMMONS.
<i>Cook,</i>							Mr. PLATT.
NATHANIEL,							Mr. GRANT.
GABRIEL,							Mr. GAYWOOD.
GREGORY,							Mr. POWERS.
ADAM,							Mr. HEATH.
WALTER,	—	—	—	—	—	Mr. BROWN.	
RALPH,	—	—	—	—	—	Mr. SARJANT.	
KATHARINE,	—	—	—	—	—	Mrs. C. KEMBLE.	
BIANCA,	—	—	—	—	—	Mrs. HUMPHRIES.	
CURTIS,	—	—	—	—	—	Mrs. EMERY.	

Ladies and Gentlemen.

Scene—Baptista's House in Padua, and Petruchio's Country-house.

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KATHARINE AND PETRUCHIO:

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A C T I.

SCENE,

Baptista's House.

A Hall.

Enter BAPTISTA, PETRUCHIO,—and GRUMIO, who waits behind.

Bap. THUS have I, 'gainst my own self-interest,
Repeated all the worst you 're to expect
From my shrewd daughter, Katharine:—if you 'll
venture,

Maugre my plain and honest declaration,
You have my free consent, win her and wed her.

Pet. Signior Baptista, thus it stands with me.

Antonio, my father, is deceas'd :

You knew him well, and, knowing him, know me,

Left solely heir to all his lands and goods,

Which I have better'd, rather than deceas'd :

And I have thrust myself into the world,

Haply to wive and thrive, as best I may.

My business asketh haste, old signior,

And every day I cannot come to woo :

Let specialties be therefore drawn between us,

That covenants may be kept on either hand.

Bap. Yes, when the special thing is well obtain'd,

My daughter's love ; for that is all in all.

Pet. Why, that is nothing ; for I tell you, father,

I am as peremptory, as she proud-minded ;

And where two raging fires meet together,
 They do consume the thing that feeds their fury.
 Though little fire grows great with little wind,
 Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all;
 So, I to her, and so, she yields to me;
 For I am rough, and woo not like a babe.

Gru. Nay, look you, sir, he tells you flatly
 what his mind is: Why, give him gold enough,
 and marry him to a puppet, or an old trot with
 ne'er a tooth in her head. Though she have as many
 diseases as two and fifty horses,—Why, nothing comes
 amiss, so money comes withall.—You know him not.

Bap. And will you woo her, sir?

Pet. Why came I hither, but to that intent?
 Think you, a little din can daunt my ears?
 Have I not, in my time, heard lions roar?
 Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,
 And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies?
 Have I not, in a pitched battle, heard
 Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets' clang?
 And do you tell me of a woman's tongue;
 That gives not half so great a blow to hear,
 As will a chesnut in a farmer's fire?—
 Tush, tush! fear boys with bugs.

Bap. Then, thou'rt the man,
 The man for Katharine, and her father too:
 That shall she know, and know my mind at once.
 I'll portion her above her gentler sister,
 New-married to Hortensio:
 And, if, with scurril taunt, and squeamish pride,
 She make a mouth, and will not taste her fortune,
 I'll turn her forth to seek it in the world;
 Nor henceforth shall she know her father's doors.

Pet. Say'st thou me so? Then, as your daughter,
 signior,
 Is rich enough to be Petruchio's wife;
 Be she as curst as Socrates' Xantippe,
 She moves me not a whit:—Were she as rough,
 As are the swelling Adriatick seas,—

I come to wive it wealthily in Padua ;
If wealthily, then happily, in Padua.

Bap. Well may'st thou woo, and happy be thy
speed! www.libtool.com.cn

But be thou arm'd for some unhappy words.

Pet. Ay, to the proof; as mountains are for winds,
That shake not, though they blow perpetually.

[KATHARINE and the Musick-master make a Noise
without.]

Mas. Help! help!

Kat. Out of the house, you scraping fool.

Pet. What noise is that?

Bap. O, nothing; this is nothing.—

My daughter, Katharine, and her musick-master;
This is the third I've had within this month:
She is an enemy to harmony.

*Enter Musick-master, with his Forehead bloody, and
a broken Lute in his Hand.*

How now, my friend, why dost thou look so pale?

Mas. For fear, I promise you, if I do look pale.

Bap. What, will my daughter prove a good
musician?

Mas. I think, she'll sooner prove a soldier;
Iron may hold with her, but never lutes.

Bap. Why, then, thou canst not break her to the
lute?

Mas. Why, no; for she hath broke the lute to me.
I did but tell her, she mistook her frets,
And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering,
When, with a most impatient devilish spirit,
Frets call you them?—quoth she,—I'll fret your
fool's cap:
And, with that word, she struck me on the head,
And through the instrument my pate made way;
And there I stood, amazed for awhile,
As on a pillory, looking through the lute:
While she did call me rascal-fidler,

And twangling-Jack, with twenty such vile terms,
As she had studied to misuse me so.

Pet. Now, by the world, it is a lusty wench ;
I love her ~~ten times more~~ than e'er I did.

O, how I long to have a grapple with her !

Mas. I would not have another grapple with her,
To purchase Padua : For what is past,
I'm paid sufficiently : if, at your leisure,
You think my broken fortunes, head, and lute,
Deserve some reparation, you know where
To inquire for me ; and so, good gentlemen,
I am your much
Disorder'd, broken-pated, humble servant.

[*Exit Musick-master.*

Bap. What, are you mov'd, Petruchio ? Do you
flinch ?

Pet. I'm more and more impatient, sir ; and long
To be a partner in these favourite pleasures.

Bap. O, by all means, sir.—Will you go with me,
Or shall I send my daughter Kate to you ?

Pet. I pray you do, I will attend her here.

[*Exit BAPTISTA.*

Grumio,—retire, and wait my call within.

[*Exit GRUMIO.*

Since that her father is so resolute,
I'll woo her with some spirit, when she comes :—
Say, that she rail,—Why then, I'll tell her plain,
She sings as sweetly as a nightingale :—
Say, that she frown,—I'll say, she looks as clear
As morning roses, newly wash'd with dew :—
If she do bid me pack, I'll give her thanks,
As though she bade me stay by her a week :—
If she deny to wed, I'll crave the day
When I shall ask the banns, and when be married.

[*KATHARINE and BAPTISTA without.*]

Kat. Sir,—father,—surely——

Bap. Hence, Kate !—ne'er tell me.

Pet. O, here she comes,—and now, Petruchio,
speak.

Enter KATHARINE.

Kat. How? Turn'd adrift, nor know my father's house?

Reduc'd to this, or none? the maid's last prayer?
Sent to be woo'd, like bear unto the stake?
Trim wooing like to be!—and he the bear;
For I shall bait him.—Yet, the man's a man.

Pet. Kate in a calm?—Maids must not be wooers.—

Good morrow, Kate;—for that's your name, I hear.

Kat. Well have you heard, but impudently said:
They call me Katharine, that do talk of me.

Pet. You lie, in faith; for you are call'd plain Kate,—

And bonny Kate,—and sometimes Kate the curst.
But, Kate,—the prettiest Kate in Christendom,—
Take this of me, Kate of my consolation.—
Hearing thy mildness prais'd in every town,
Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded,
Thy affability, and bashful modesty,
Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs,
Myself am mov'd to woo thee for my wife.

Kat. Mov'd in good time! Let him that mov'd you hither,

Remove you hence: I knew you at the first,
You were a moveable.

Pet. A moveable! Why, what's that?

Kat. A joint-stool.

Pet. Thou hast hit it: come, sit on me.

Kat. Asses are made to bear, and so are you.

Pet. Women are made to bear, and so are you.—

Alas, good Kate, I will not burden thee;
For, knowing thee to be but young and light,—

Kat. Too light, for such a swain as you to catch.

[*Going.*]

Pet. Come, come, you wasp; i' faith, you are too angry.

Kat. If I be waspish, best beware my sting.

Pet. My remedy then is, to pluck it out.

Kat. Ay, if the fool could find it where it lies.

Pet. The fool knows where the honey lies, sweet Kate.

Kat. 'Tis not for drones to taste.

Pet. That will I try.—

[*Offers to kiss her.—She strikes him.*]

I swear, I'll cuff you, if you strike again.—

Nay, come, Kate, come; you must not look so sour.

Kat. How can I help it, when I see that face?
But I'll be shock'd no longer with the sight. [*Going.*]

Pet. Nay, hear you, Kate; in sooth, you 'scape not so.

Kat. I chafe you, if I tarry; let me go.

Pet. No, not a whit; I find you passing gentle:
'T was told me, you were rough, and coy, and sullen;
But now I find report a very liar:

Thou canst not frown, thou canst not look askance,
Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will,
Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross in talk;
But thou with mildness entertain'st thy wooers,
With gentle conference, soft and affable.

Kat. This is beyond all patience:—

[*Walks backwards and forwards.*]

Don't provoke me!

Pet. Why doth the world report that Kate doth limp?

O, slanderous world! Kate, like the hazel-twig,
Is straight, and slender, and as brown in hue
As hazel-nuts, and sweeter than the kernels.—
Thou dost not limp:—So, let me see thee walk:—
Walk, walk, walk.

Kat. [*She stops.*] Go, fool, and whom thou keep'st command.

Pet. Did ever Dian so become a grove,
As Kate this chamber, with her princely gait?
O, be thou Dian, and let her be Kate,
And then let Kate be chaste, and Dian sportful!

Kat. Where did you study all this goodly speech?

Pet. Study!—

It is extempore, from my mother-wit.

Kat. A witty mother, witless else her son.

Pet. Am I not wise ?

Kat. Yes, in your own conceit ;

Keep yourself warm with that, or else you 'll freeze.

Pet. Or rather, warm me in thy arms, my Kate !

And therefore, setting all this chat aside,

Thus, in plain terms,—Your father hath consented

That you shall be my wife ; your dowry 'greed on ;—

And will you, nill you, I will marry you.

Kat. Whether I will, or no ?—O, fortune's spite !

Pet. Nay, Kate, I am a husband, for your turn ;

For, by this light, whereby I see thy beauty,—

Thy beauty that doth make me love thee well,—

Thou must be married to no man but me ;

For I am he, that 's born to tame you, Kate.

Kat. That will admit dispute, my saucy groom.

Pet. Here comes your father : Never make denial ;
I must, and will, have Katharine to my wife.

Enter BAPTISTA.

Bap. Now, signior, now,—how speed you with my
daughter ?

Pet. How should I speed, but well, sir ? How, but
well ?

It were impossible, I should speed amiss.

Bap. Why, how now, daughter Katharine ? in your
dumps ?

Kat. Call you me daughter ? Now, I promise you,
You've show'd a tender fatherly regard,
To wish me wed to one half lunatick ;
A mad-cap ruffian, and a swearing jack,
That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.

Bap. Better this jack than starve ; and that 's your
portion,—

Pet. Father, 't is thus : Yourself, and all the world
That talk'd of her, have talk'd of her amiss ;
If she be curst, it is for policy ;
For she's not froward, but modest as the dove ;
She is not hot, but temperate as the morn ;
For patience, she will prove a second Grissel :

And, to conclude, we 'greed so well together,
We've fix'd to-morrow for the wedding-day.

Kat. I'll see thee hang'd to-morrow, first.—To-morrow!

Bap. Petruchio, hark:—She says, she'll see thee hang'd first.

Pet. What 's that to you?

If she and I be pleas'd, what 's that to you?
'T is bargain'd 'twixt us twain, being alone,
That she shall still be curst in company.

Kat. [*Aside.*] A plague upon his impudence! I'm vex'd—

I'll marry my revenge, but I will tame him.

Pet. I tell you, 't is incredible to believe
How much she loves me. O, the kindest Kate!
She hung about my neck, and kiss on kiss
She vy'd so fast, protesting oath on oath,
That, in a twink, she won me to her love.
O, you are novices! 'T is a world to see
How tame, when men and women are alone.—
Give me thy hand, Kate.—I will now away,
To buy apparel for my gentle bride.
Father, provide the feast, and bid the guests.

Bap. What dost thou say, my Katharine? Give thy hand.

Kat. Never to man shall Katharine give her hand;
Here 't is,—and let him take it, an he dare.

Pet. Were it the fore-foot of an angry bear,
I'd shake it off; but, as it's Kate's, I kiss it.

Kat. You'll kiss it closer, ere our moon be wan'd.

Bap. Heaven send you joy, Petruchio!—'t is a match.

Pet. Father, and wife, adieu! I must away
Unto my country-house, and stir my grooms,
Scower off their country rust, and make 'em fine,
For the reception of my Katharine.
We will have rings, and things, and fine array,—
To-morrow, Kate, shall be our wedding-day.

[*Exit* PETRUCHIO.]

Bap. Well, daughter, though the man be somewhat wild,

And thereto frantick, yet his means are great :
Thou hast done well to seize the first kind offer ;
For, by thy mother's soul, 't will be the last.

Kat. My duty, sir, hath follow'd your command.

Bap. Art thou in earnest ? Hast no trick behind ?
I'll take thee at thy word, and send to invite
My son-in-law, Hortensio, and thy sister,
And all our friends, to grace thy nuptials, Kate.

[*Exit* BAPTISTA.

Kat. Why, yes ; sister Bianca now shall see,
The poor abandon'd Katharine, as she calls me,
Can make her husband stoop unto her lure,
And hold her head as high, and be as proud,
As she, or e'er a wife in Padua.

As double as my portion be my scorn !
Look to your seat, Petruchio, or I throw you :
Katharine shall tame this haggard ; or, if she fails,
Shall tie her tongue up, and pare down her nails,

[*Exit.*

END OF ACT I.

A C T II.

SCENE I.

Baptista's House.

A Hall.

Enter KATHARINE, BIANCA, BAPTISTA, HORTENSIO,
Gentlemen and Ladies.

Bap. SIGNIOR Hortensio, this is the appointed day,
That Katharine and Petruchio should be married ;
And yet we hear not of our son-in-law.
What says Hortensio to this shame of ours ?

Kat. No shame but mine ; I must, forsooth, be
forc'd

To give my hand, oppos'd against my heart,
Unto a mad-brain rudesby, full of spleen,

Who woo'd in haste, and means to wed at leisure.
 Now must the world point at poor Katharine,
 And say, Lo! there is mad Petruchio's wife,
 If it would please him come, and marry her.

Bia. Such hasty matches seldom end in good.

Hor. Patience, good Katharine, and Bianca too!
 Upon my life, Petruchio means but well,
 Whatever fortune stays him from his word:
 Though he be blunt, I know him passing wise;
 Though he be merry, yet withall he's honest.

Kat. 'Would I had never seen his honesty!—
 O! I could tear my flesh for very madness.

[*Exit* KATHARINE.]

Bap. Follow your sister, girl, and comfort her.

[*Exit* BIANCA.]

I cannot blame thee now, to weep and rage;
 For such an injury would vex a saint;
 Much more a shrew of thy impatient humour.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Bio. Master, master, news; and such news as you
 never heard of.

Bap. Is Petruchio come?

Bio. Why, no, sir.

Bap. What then?

Bio. He is coming: But how? Why, in a new hat,
 and an old jerkin; a pair of old breeches, thrice
 turn'd: a pair of boots that have been candle-cases,
 one buckled, another lac'd; an old rusty sword, ta'en
 out of the town-armoury, with a broken hilt, and
 chapeless: His horse hipp'd with an old mothy saddle,
 the stirrups of no kindred; besides, possess'd with the
 glanders, and like to mose in the chine, troubled with
 the lampass, infected with the farcy, full of wind-
 galls, sped with spavins, rai'd with the yellows, past
 cure of the fives, stark spoil'd with the staggers, be-
 gnawn with the bots, sway'd in the back, and shoulder-
 shotten, near-legg'd before; and with a half-check'd
 bit, and a head-stall of sheep-leather, which, being

restrain'd, to keep him from stumbling, hath been often burst, and now repair'd with knots; one girt six times piec'd, and a woman's crupper of velure, which hath two letters for her name, fairly set down in studs, and, here and there, piec'd with pack-thread.

Bap. Who comes with him?

Bio. O, sir, his lacquey, for all the world caparison'd like the horse; with a linen stock on one leg, and a kersey boot-hose on the other, garter'd with a red and blue list; an old hat, and the humour of forty fancies prick'd upon it for a feather:—A monster, a very monster, in apparel; and not like a christian foot-boy, or a gentleman's lacquey.

[*PETRUCHIO without.*]

Pet. Holla! Holla!

[*Exit BIONDELLO.*]

Bap. I am glad he is come, howsoe'er he comes.

Enter PETRUCHIO, and GRUMIO, fantastically habited.

Pet. Hoa!—Where be these gallants? Who is at home?

Bap. You're welcome, sir.

Pet. Well am I come then, sir.

Bap. Not so well 'parell'd, as I wish you were.

Pet. Why, were it better, I should rush in thus.—
But where is Kate? Where is my lovely bride?—
How does my father? Gentles, methinks, you frown:
And wherefore gaze this goodly company,
As if they saw some wonderous monument,
Some comet, or unusual prodigy?

Bap. Why, sir, you know this is your wedding-day:

First, we were sad, fearing you would not come;
Now sadder, that you come so unprovided.

Fy! doff this habit, shame to your estate,
An eye-sore to our solemn festival.

Hor. And tell us, what occasion of import
Hath all so long detain'd you from your wife;
And sent you hither so unlike yourself.

Pet. Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to hear :
 Let it suffice, I'm come to keep my word.
 But where is Kate ? I stay too long from her ;
 The morning wears, 't is time we were at church.

Hor. See not your bride in these unreverend robes ;
 Go to my chamber, put on clothes of mine.

Pet. Not I, believe me ; thus I'll visit her.

Bap. But thus, I trust, you will not marry her.

Pet. Goodsooth, even thus ; therefore ha' done with
 words :

To me she's married, not unto my clothes :
 Could I repair what she will wear in me,
 As I could change these poor accoutrements,
 'T were well for Kate, and better for myself.
 But what a fool am I, to chat with you,
 When I should bid good-morrow to my bride,
 And seal the title with a loving kiss !
 What ho ! my Kate ! my Kate !

[*Exit* PETRUCHIO.]

Gru. What ho ! why Kate ! why Kate !

[*Exit* GRUMIO.]

Hor. He hath some meaning in this mad attire.

Bap. Let's after him, and see the event of this.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter GRUMIO.

Gru. He's gone swearing to church with her. I would sooner have led her to the gallows. If he can but hold it, 'tis well:—And, if I know any thing of myself and my master, no two men were ever born with such qualities to tame women.—When madam goes home, we must look for another-guise master than we have had. We shall see old coil between 'em.—If I can spy into futurity a little, there will be much clatter among the moveables, and some practice for the surgeons.—By this, the parson has given 'em his license to fall together by the ears.

Enter PEDRO hastily.

Ped. Grumio, your master bid me find you out, and speed you to his country-house, to prepare for his reception; and, if he finds not things as he expects 'em, according to the directions that he gave you, you know, he says, what follows: This message he deliver'd before his bride, even in her way to church, and shook his whip in token of his love.

Gru. I understand it, sir; and will convey the same token to my horse immediately, that he may take to his heels, in order to save my bones, and his own ribs.

[*Exit GRUMIO running.*

Ped. So odd a master, and so fit a man,
Were never seen in Padua before.

Enter BIONDELLO hastily.

Now, Biòndello, came you from the church?

Bio. As willingly as e'er I came from school.

Ped. And is the bride, and bridegroom, coming home?

Bio. A bridegroom, say you? 'Tis a groom, indeed, A grumbling groom; and that the girl shall find.

Ped. Curs'der than she? Why, 't is impossible.

Bio. Why, he's a devil:—A devil?—a very fiend.

Ped. Why, she's a devil:—A devil?—the devil's dam.

Bio. Tut! she's a lamb, a dove, a fool, to him. I'll tell you, brother Pedro: When the priest should ask, if Katharine should be his wife, Ay, by gogs-wounds, quoth he; and swore so loud, That, all amaz'd, the priest let fall his book; And, as he stoop'd to take it up again, This mad-brain'd bridegroom took him such a cuff, That down fell priest and book, and book and priest: Now take them up, quoth he, if any list.

Ped. What said the wench, when he rose up again?

Bio. Trembled and shook:—For why?—He stamp'd and swore,

As if the vicar went to cozen him.
 But, after many ceremonies done,
 He calls for wine:—A health, quoth he;—as if
 He'd been aboard carousing to his mates
 After a storm;—quafft off the muscadel,
 And threw the sops all in the sexton's face;
 Having no other cause, but that his beard
 Grew thin and hungerly, and seem'd to ask
 His sops, as he was drinking. This done, he took
 The bride about the neck, and kiss'd her lips
 With such a clamorous smack, that, at the parting,
 All the church echo'd; and I, seeing this,
 Came thence for very shame; and after me
 I know the rout is coming.—

[*Musick without.*]

Hark, hark, I hear the minstrels play.—
 Such a mad marriage never was before.

[*Exeunt PEDRO and BIONDELLO.*

[*Musick.*]

Enter Gentlemen, Ladies, BIANCA, HORTENSIO, BAPTISTA, PETRUCHIO, singing and dancing, KATHARINE, Ladies and Gentlemen.

Pet. Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for your pains:—

I know, you think to dine with me to-day,
 And have prepar'd great store of wedding-cheer;
 But, so it is, my haste doth call me hence;
 And, therefore, here I mean to take my leave.

Bap. Is't possible, you will away to-night?

Pet. I must away to-day, before night come.
 Make it no wonder; if you knew my business,
 You would entreat me rather go, than stay.
 And, honest company, I thank you all,
 That have beheld me give away myself
 To this most patient, sweet, and virtuous wife:
 Dine with my father, drink a health to me,
 For I must hence, and farewell to you all.

Hor. Let me entreat you, stay till after dinner.

Pet. It may not be.

Bio. Let me entreat you, that my sister stay ;
I came on purpose to attend the wedding,
And pass this day in mirth and festival.

Pet. It cannot be.

Kat. Let me entreat you.

Pet. I am content.

Kat. Are you content to stay ?

Pet. I am content, you shall entreat my stay ;
But yet, not stay, entreat me how you can.

Kat. Now, if you love me, stay.

Pet. My horses, there ! What, ho, my horses, there !

Kat. Nay then,

Do what thou canst, I will not go to-day ;
No, nor to-morrow ; nor till I please myself.
The door is open, sir ; there lies your way ;
You may be jogging, while your boots are green :
For me, I'll not go, till I please myself.—
'T is like, you'll prove a jolly surly groom,
To take it on you at the first so roundly.

Bap. Nay, Kate, content thee : ' Pr'ythee, be not
angry.

Kat. I will be angry ;—

Father, be quiet ; he shall stay my leisure.

Hor. Ay, marry, sir, now it begins to work.

Kat. Gentlemen, forward to the bridal dinner.—

I see, a woman may be made a fool,

If she had not a spirit to resist.

Pet. They shall go forward, Kate, at thy com-
mand.

Obey the bride, you that attend on her :

Go to the feast, revel and domineer ;

Be mad and merry, or go hang yourselves ;

But, for my bonny Kate, she must with me.—

Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret,

I will be master of what is mine own ;

She is my goods, my chattels ; she is my house,

My household-stuff, my field, my barn,

My horse, my ox, my ass, my any-thing :

And here she stands, touch her whoever dare.

I'll bring my action on the proudest he
 That stops my way in Padua.—Petruchio,
 Draw forth thy weapon, thou 'rt beset with thieves ;
 Rescue thy wife then, if thou be a man.—
 Fear not, sweet wench ; they shall not touch thee,
 Kate ;

I'll buckler thee against a million, Kate.

[*Exeunt* KATHARINE and PETRUCHIO,
followed by all the Company.]

SCENE II.

Petruchio's Country-house.

A Hall.

Enter GRUMIO.

Gru. What, ho!—Curtis!—Fy, fy on all jades,
 and all mad masters, and all foul ways! Was ever
 man so beaten? Was ever man so ray'd? Was ever
 man so weary? I am sent before, to make a fire; and
 they are coming after, to warm them—Curtis!—Now
 were I not a little pot, and soon hot, my very lips
 might freeze to my teeth, ere I should come by a fire
 to thaw me; but I, with blowing the fire, shall warm
 myself; for, considering the weather, a taller man
 than I will take cold:—Holla, ho, Curtis!

Enter CURTIS.

Cur. Who is it that calls so coldly?

Gru. A piece of ice: if thou doubt it, thou may'st
 slide from my shoulder to my heel, with no greater a
 run but my head and my neck.—A fire, good Curtis.

Cur. Is my master and his wife coming, Grumio?

Gru. O, ay, Curtis, ay; and therefore, fire, fire!
 Cast on no water.

Cur. Is she so hot a shrew as she's reported?

Gru. She was, good Curtis, before the frost; but,
 thou know'st, winter tames man, woman, and beast:
 —Where's the cook? Is supper ready, the house
 trimm'd, the serving-men in their best clothes, and

every officer his wedding-garments on? Be the Jacks fair within? the Jills fair without? Carpets laid, and every thing in order?

Cur. All ready: and therefore, I pray thee, what news?

Gru. First, know, my horse is tir'd; my master and mistress fallen out,—

Cur. How?

Gru. Out of their saddles into the dirt; and thereby hangs a tale.

Cur. Let's ha't, good Grumio.

Gru. Lend thine ear.

Cur. Here.

Gru. There.—[Boxes her ear.]

Cur. This is, to feel a tale, not to hear a tale.

Gru. And therefore, 't is call'd a sensible tale: and this cuff was but to knock at your ear, and beseech listening. Now I begin: Imprimis, we came down a fowl hill, my master riding behind my mistress,—

Cur. Both on one horse?

Gru. What's that to thee? Tell thou the tale. But, hadst thou not crost me, thou should'st have heard how her horse fell, and she under her horse; thou should'st have heard in how miry a place; how she was bemoil'd; how he left her with the horse upon her; how he beat me because her horse stumbled; how she waded through the dirt to pluck him off me; how he swore, how she pray'd,—that never pray'd before!—how I cry'd, how the horses ran away; how her bridle was burst, how I lost my crupper; how my mistress lost her slippers, tore and bemir'd her garments, limp'd to the farm-house, put on Rebecca's old shoes and petticoat; with many things worthy of memory, which now shall die in oblivion, and thou return un-experienc'd to thy grave.

Cur. By this reckoning he is more shrew than she.

Gru. Ay, for the nonce;—and that thou and the proudest of you all shall find, when he come home.—But what talk I of this? Call forth Nathaniel, Gabriel,

Gregory, Adam, Walter, Ralph, and the rest.—Are they all ready?

Cur. They are.—Do you hear, ho!—Nathaniel, Gabriel, Gregory,—Where are you?

Enter NATHANIEL, GABRIEL, GREGORY, ADAM, WALTER, and RALPH.

Nat. Welcome home, Grumio.

Gab. How now, Grumio?

Gre. What, Grumio!

Ada. Fellow Grumio!

Wal. How now, old lad!

Ral. Ha, Grumio!

Gru. Welcome you: How now, you: What you: Fellow you:—and thus much for greeting.—Now, my spruce companions, is all ready, and all things neat?

Nat. All things are ready. How near is our master?

Gru. Even at hand; alighted by this; and therefore be not——

[PETRUCHIO *without.*]

Pet. Holloa!—

Gru. Cock's passion! Silence; I hear my master.

Enter PETRUCHIO and KATHARINE.

Pet. Where are these knaves? What, no man at the door,

To hold my stirrup, nor to take my horse?

Where is Nathaniel, Gregory, Adam?

All the Servants. Here, sir; here, sir; here, sir.

Pet. Here, sir; here, sir; here, sir?

You loggerheaded, and unpolish'd, grooms!

What, no attendance, no regard, no duty?

Where is the foolish knave I sent before?

Gru. Here, sir, as foolish as I was before.

Pet. Thou peasant swain, thou stupid malt-horse drudge,

Did I not bid thee meet me in the park,

And bring along these rascal knaves with thee?

Gru. Nathaniel's coat, sir, was not fully made;

And Gabriel's pumps were all unpink'd i' the heel :
 There was no link to colour Peter's hat,
 And Walter's dagger was not come from sheathing :
 There were none ~~new~~ fine, but Adam, Ralph, and Gregory,
 The rest were ragged, old, and beggarly :
 Yet, as they are, here are they come to meet you.

Pet. Go, rascals, go, and fetch my supper in.

Gru. The supper,—the supper.

[*Exeunt all the Servants, but GRUMIO.*]

Pet. Here,—take my boots off.—Sit down, Kate,
 and welcome.—

*Enter the Cook, NATHANIEL, GABRIEL, WALTER,
 and RALPH, with the Supper, &c.*

Pull off my boots.—Nay, good sweet Kate, be merry.—
 Some water for my hands,—some water, Grumio.

[*Exit GRUMIO.*]

Enter GREGORY, with Slippers, and pulls off his Boot.

Pet. [*Sings.*] “ It was a fryar of order grey
 “ As he walk'd forth upon his way.”

Out, out, you rogue ! You pluck my foot awry ;
 Take that, and mind the plucking off the other.

[*Beats him.*]

Some water here.—Be merry, Kate.—What hoa !
 Shall I have some water ?

Enter GRUMIO, with a Basin of Water, running.

[*GRUMIO falls, and breaks the Basin.*]

You careless villain, will you let it fall ?

[*Beats him.*]

Kat. Patience, I pray you ; 't was a fault unwilling.

Pet. A blundering, beetle-headed, flap-ear'd
 knave !—

What, ho ! my supper.—

Gru. Supper, supper.

Pet. Come, Kate, sit down : I know, you have a
 stomach.

Kat. Indeed I have :

And never was repast so welcome to me.

[*They sit down.*]

Pet. Will you say grace, sweet Kate, or else shall I ?—

What is this ?

Wal. Mutton.

Pet. Who brought it ?

Wal. He. [*Pointing to RALPH.*]

Ral. No ; he did. [*Pointing to WALTER.*]

Pet. 'Tis burnt, and so is all the meat.

Where is the rascal cook ?

Gru. Cook, cook,—

Pet. How durst you, villain, bring it from the dresser,

And serve it thus to me, that love it not ?

There, take it to you, trenchers, cups and all,

[*Throwing the Meat, &c. about.*]

You heedless jolt-heads, and unmanner'd slaves.—

What, do you grumble ? I'll be with you straight.

[*Beats the Servants, till they all run away.*]

Kat. I pray you, husband, be not so disquiet ;
The meat was well, and well I could have eat,
If you were so dispos'd ; I'm sick with fasting.

Pet. I tell thee, Kate, 't was burnt and dry'd away,
And I expressly am forbid to touch it ;
For it engenders choler, planteth anger ;
And better 't were that both of us did fast,
Since, of ourselves, ourselves are cholerick,
Than feed it with such over-roasted flesh.—
Be patient ; to-morrow it shall be mended :
And, for this night, we'll fast for company.—

Kat. Fast ?—Go to-bed without my supper thus ?

Pet. 'Tis the unwholesom'st thing i' the world, sweet
Kate.—

Come, I will show thee to thy bridal chamber.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter GRUMIO, WALTER, RALPH, GABRIEL, NATHANIEL, GREGORY, *and* ADAM.

Nat. Why, Grumio, didst thou ever see the like?

Gru. He kills her in her own humour. I did not think so good and kind a master could have put on so resolute a bearing.—

Enter CURTIS.

Where is he, Curtis?

Cur. In her chamber, making a sermon of patience to her; and all the while he rails, and swears at such a rate, that she, poor soul, knows not which way to stand, to look, to speak; but sits as one new-waking from a dream.—Away, away; for he is coming hither.
[*Exeunt.*]

Enter PETRUCHIO.

Pet. Thus have I, politickly, begun my reign,
And 't is my hope to end successfully:
As with the meat, some undeserved fault
I'll find about the making of the bed:
And here I'll fling the pillow, there the bolster,
This way the coverlet, that way the sheets;
Ay, and, amid this hurly, I'll pretend
That all is done in reverend care of her;
And, in conclusion, she shall watch all night:
And if she chance to nod, I'll rail and brawl,
And with the clamour keep her still awake.
This is a way to kill a wife with kindness,
And thus I'll curb her mad and headstrong humour.
He that knows better how to tame a shrew,
Now let him speak, 't were charity to show.

[*Exit.*]

END OF ACT II.

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ACT III.

SCENE,

Petruchio's Country-house.

A Hall.

Enter GRUMIO and KATHARINE.

Gru. No, no, forsooth; I dare not, for my life.

Kat. The more my wrong, the more his spite appears:

What, did he marry me to famish me?—

But, that which plagues me more than all these wants,
He does it under name of perfect love;

As who would say, if I should sleep or eat,

'T were deadly sickness, or else present death!—

I pr'ythee, go, and get me some repast;

I care not what, so it be wholesome food.

Gru. What say you to a neat's foot?

Kat. 'T is passing good; I pr'ythee, let me have it.

Gru. I fear, it is too phlegmatick a meat:

How say you to a fat tripe, finely boil'd?

Kat. I like it well; good Grumio, fetch it me.

Gru. I cannot tell:—I fear, it's cholerick.—

What say you to a piece of beef and mustard?

Kat. A dish that I do love to feed upon.

Gru. Ay; but the mustard is too hot a little.

Kat. Why then, the beef, and let the mustard rest.

Gru. Nay, that I will not; you shall have the
mustard,

Or else you get no beef of Grumio.

Kat. Then both, or one, or any thing thou wilt.

Gru. Why then, the mustard, dame, without the
beef.

Kat. Go, get thee gone, thou false deluding slave,
[Beats hm.]

That feed'st me only with the name of meat.

Enter PETRUCHIO.

Pet. Holloa!—How fares my Kate?

What, sweeting, all a-mort? Mistress, what cheer?

Kat. 'Faith, as cold as can be.

Pet. Pluck up thy spirits; look cheerfully upon me;
For now, my honey-love, we are refresh'd,—

Kat. Refresh'd! With what?

Pet. We will return unto thy father's house,
And revel it as bravely as the best,
With silken coats, and caps, and golden rings,
With ruffs, and cuffs, and fardingales, and things:—
Look up, my love:—the tailor stays thy leisure,
To deck thy body with his rustling treasure.—
Tailor, come in.—

Enter Tailor.

Where are these ornaments?

Tai. Here is the cap, your worship did bespeak.

Pet. The what?

Tai. The cap.

Pet. Why, this was moulded on a porringer;
A velvet dish: Fy, fy, 'tis lewd and filthy:
Why, 'tis a cockle, or a walnut-shell,
A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap.—
Away with it, and let me have a bigger.

Kat. I'll have no bigger: this doth fit the time;
And gentlewomen wear such caps as these.

Pet. [*Aside.*] When you are gentle, you shall have
one too.—

'Tis a mere bauble:—say no more about it.

Kat. Why, sir, I trust, I may have leave to speak,
And speak I will; I am no child, no babe:
Your betters have endur'd me say my mind;
And, if you cannot, best you stop your ears.

Pet. Thou say'st true, Kate; it is a paltry cap:
I love thee well, in that thou lik'st it not.

Kat. Love me, or love me not, I like the cap,
And I will have it; or I will have none.

Pet. The gown? Why ay:—Come, tailor, let me
see 't.—

O, mercy, heaven! What masking stuff is here?

What's this? a sleeve? 'T is like a demi-cannon.
 All up and down, carv'd like an apple-tart!
 Here's snip and nip, and cut, and slish and slash,
 Like to a censer in a barber's shop.

Why, what, i' the devil's name, tailor, call'st thou
 this?

Gru. [*Aside.*] I see, she's like to 've neither cap
 nor gown.

Tai. You bid me make it orderly and well,
 According to the fashion of the time.

Pet. Marry, and did: but, if you be remember'd,
 I did not bid you mar it to the time.

Go, hop me over every kennel home;
 For you shall hop without my custom, sir:
 Hence, make your best of it; I'll none of it.

Kat. I never saw a better-fashion'd gown,
 More quaint, more pleasing, nor more commendable:
 Belike, you mean to make a puppet of me.

Pet. Why, true; he means to make a puppet of
 thee.

Tai. She says, your worship means to make a
 puppet of her.

Pet. O, most monstrous arrogance!
 Thou liest, thou thread, thou thimble,
 Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter, nail.—
 Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter-cricket, thou!—
 Brav'd in mine own house with a skein of thread!—
 Away, thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant;
 Or I shall so be-mete thee with thy yard,
 As thou shalt think on prating while thou liv'st:—
 I tell thee, I, that thou hast marr'd the gown.

Tai. Your worship is deceiv'd; the gown is made
 Just as my master had direction:

Grumio gave order how it should be done.

Gru. I gave him no order, I gave him the stuff.

Tai. But how did you desire it should be made?

Gru. Marry, sir, with a needle and thread.—

How should it be made?

Tai. But did you not request to have it cut?

Gru. Though thou hast fac'd many things, face not

me : I say unto thee, I bid thy master cut the gown ; but I did not bid him cut it to pieces : Ergo, thou liest.

Tai. Why, here is the note of the fashion to testify.

Pet. Read it. www.libtool.com.cn

Tai. Imprimis, a loose-bodied gown.

Gru. Master, if ever I said a loose-bodied gown, sew me up in the skirts of it, and beat me to death with a bottom of brown thread :—I said, a gown.

Pet. Proceed.

Tai. With a small compass cape.

Gru. I confess the cape.

Tai. With a trunk-sleeve.

Gru. I confess two sleeves.

Tai. The sleeves curiously cut.

Pet. Ay, there 's the villany.

Gru. Error i' the bill, sir ; error i' the bill :—I commanded the sleeves should be cut out, and sew'd up again ; and that I'll prove upon thee, though thy little finger be arm'd in a thimble.

Tai. This is true that I say : an I had thee in a place, thou should'st know it.

Gru. I am for thee, straight : Come on, you parchment shred !—

[*They fight.*]

Pet. What, chickens sparr in presence of the kite ! I'll swoop upon you both : Out, out, ye vermin !

[*PETRUCHIO beats the Tailor off :—GRUMIO retires a little behind, laughing at him.*]

Kat. For heaven's sake, sir, have patience ! How you fright me ! [Crying.]

Pet. Well, come, my Katharine ; we will now away, To feast and sport us at thy father's house.—

Go, call my men, and bring our horses out.

[*Exit GRUMIO.*]

Kat. O, happy hearing ! Let us straight be gone ; I cannot tarry here another day.

Pet. Cannot, my Kate ? O, yes ; indeed you can.

Kat. Indeed, I cannot.

Pet. O, yes, you could, my Katharine ; if I wish'd it.

Kat. I tell you, I'll not stay another moment.

Enter GRUMIO, running.

Gru. The horses, sir, are ready, and——

Pet. Put up!—On second thoughts, 'tis now too late;

For, look, how bright and goodly shines the moon.

Kat. The moon? the sun:—it is not moon-light now.

Pet. I say, it is the moon that shines so bright.

Kat. I say, it is the sun that shines so bright.

Pet. Now, by my mother's son, and that's myself, It shall be moon, or star, or what I list, Or ere I journey to your father's house.—

Go you, and put the horses up again.—

Evermore crost, and crost! nothing but crost!

Gru. [*Aside to KAT.*] Say as he says; or we shall never go.

[*Exit GRUMIO.*]

Kat. I see, 't is vain to struggle with my bonds.— Sir, be it moon, or sun, or what you please; And if you please to call it a rush-candle, Henceforth, I vow, it shall be so for me.

Pet. I say, it is the moon that shines so bright.

Kat. I know, it is the moon.

Pet. Nay then, you lie; it is the blessed sun.

Kat. Just as you please: It is the blessed sun; But, sun it is not, when you say it is not; And the moon changes, even as your mind: What you will have it nam'd, even that it is, And so it shall be for your Katharine.

Pet. Get out the horses.—Thus the bowl shall run, And not unluckily, against the bias.— But soft, some company is coming here, And stops our journey.

Enter BAPTISTA, BIANCA, and HORTENSIO.

Good-morrow, gentle mistress! Where away? Tell me, sweet Kate, and tell me truly too, Hast thou beheld a fresher gentlewoman? What stars do spangle heaven with such beauty, As those two eyes become that heavenly face?

Fair lovely maid, once more good day to thee!—
Sweet Kate, embrace her for her beauty's sake.

Bap. How now?—Embrace me for my beauty's
sake!—

What is all this?

Kat. Young budding virgin, fair, and fresh, and
sweet,

Whither away, or where is thy abode?
Happy the parents of so fair a child!
Happier the man whom favourable stars
Allot thee, for his lovely bedfellow!

Bia. What mummary is this?

Pet. Why, how now, Kate? I hope, thou art not mad.
This is Baptista, our old reverend father;
And not a maiden, as thou say'st he is.

Kat. Pardon, dear father, my mistaken eyes,
That have been so bedazzled with the——

Pet. The sun.

Kat. The sun,
That every thing, I look on, seemeth green:
Now I perceive, thou art my reverend father:
Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad mistaking. [*Kneels.*]

Bap. Rise, rise, my child. What strange vagary's
this?

I came to see thee, with my son and daughter.
How lik'st thou wedlock? Art not alter'd, Kate?

Kat. Indeed I am: almost transform'd to stone.

Pet. Chang'd for the better much; Art not, my
Kate?

Kat. So good a master cannot choose but mend me.

Hor. Here is a wonder, if you talk of wonders.

Bia. And so it is; I wonder what it bodes.

Pet. Marry, peace it bodes, and love, and quiet life,
And awful rule, and right supremacy:—
And, to be short, what not, that's sweet and happy?

Bia. Was ever woman's spirit broke so soon!
What is the matter, Kate? Hold up thy head;
Nor lose our sex's best prerogative,
To wish and have our will.

Pet. Peace, brawler, peace!—
Or I will give the meek Hortensio,

Your husband there, my taming recipe.—
 Katharine,—I charge thee, tell this headstrong woman,
 What duty 't is she owes her lord and husband.

Kat. Such duty as the subject owes the prince,
 E'en such a woman oweth to her husband.
 Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper ;
 One that cares for thee,
 And for thy maintenance : commits his body
 To painful labour, both by sea and land,
 To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,
 While thou ly'st warm at home, secure and safe ;
 And craves no other tribute at thy hands,
 But love, fair looks, and true obedience ;
 Too little payment for so great a debt.

Pet. Well said, my Kate!—You'll learn that
 lesson, lady.

Bap. Now joy betide thee, son Petruchio !
 And fair befall thee, my now gentle Katharine !—
 Go home with me along, and I will add
 Another fortune to another daughter ;
 For thou art chang'd, as thou hadst never been.

Pet. My fortune is sufficient :—Here's my wealth.
 Kiss me, my Kate ; and, since thou art become
 So prudent, kind, and dutiful a wife,
 Petruchio here shall doff the lordly husband ;
 An honest mask, which I throw off with pleasure.
 Far hence all rudeness, wilfulness, and noise,
 And be our future lives one gentle stream
 Of mutual love, compliance, and regard !

Kat. Nay, then I'm all unworthy of thy love,
 And look with blushes on my former self.—
 How shameful 't is, when women are so simple,
 To offer war, where they should kneel for peace ;
 Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,
 Where bound to love, to honour, and obey !

THE END.

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