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

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A Pleasant Conceited History, called The taming of a Shrew.
As it was sundry times acted by the Right honorable the Earl of Pembroke his servants.

Printed at London by Peter Short and are to be sold by Cuthbert Burby, at his shop at the Royal Exchange. 1594.

A Pleasant conceited History, called The Taming of a Shrew.
Enter a Tapster, beating out of his doors Sly Drunken.

Tapster.

You whoreson drunken slave, you had best be gone,
And empty your drunken paunch somewhere else
For in this house thou shalt not rest tonight.

Sly. Tilly-vally, by crisee Tapster I’ll feeze you anon.
Fills the t’other pot and all’s paid for, look you
I do drink it of mine own Instigation, Omne bene
Here I’ll lie a while, why Tapster I say,
Fills a fresh cushion here.
Hey ho, here’s good warm lying.

Exit Tapster.

He falls asleep.

Enter a Noble man and his men from hunting.

Lord. Now that the gloomy shadow of the night,
Longing to view Orion’s drizzling looks,
Leaps from th’ antarctic World unto the sky
And dims the Welkin with her pitchy breath,
And darksome night o’ershades the crystal heavens,
Here break we off our hunting for tonight,
Couple up the hounds and let us hie us home,
And bid the huntsman see them meated well,
For they have all deserved it well today,
But soft, what sleepy fellow is this lies here?
Or is he dead, see one what he doth lack?

_Servingman._ 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.

_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,
And bear him easily for fear he wake,
And in my fairest chamber make a fire,
And set a sumptuous banquet on the board,
And put my richest garments on his back,
Then set him at the Table in a chair:
When that is done against he shall awake,
Let heavenly music play about him still,
Go two of you away and bear him hence,
And then I’ll tell you what I have devised,
But see in any case you wake him not.

_Exeunt_ two with _Sly._
Now take my cloak and give me one of yours,
All fellows now, and see you take me so,
For we will wait upon this drunken man,
To see his countenance when he doth awake
And find himself clothed in such attire,
With heavenly music sounding in his ears,
And such a banquet set before his eyes,
The fellow sure will think he is in heaven,
But we will be about him when he wakes,
And see you call him Lord, at every word,
And offer thou him his horse to ride abroad,
And thou his hawks and hounds to hunt the deer,
And I will ask what suits he means to wear,
And whatso’er he saith, see you do not laugh,
But still persuade him that he is a Lord.

_Enter one._

_Messenger_ And it please your honor your players be come
And do attend your honor’s pleasure here.

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

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

_Now sirs, what store of plays have you?_”

_Sander_ Marry my lord you may have a Tragical
Enter two with a table and a banquet on it, and two other, with Sly asleep in a chair, richly apparelled, and the music playing.

One. So: sirrah now go call my Lord,
And tell him that all things is ready as he willed it.

Another. Set thou some wine upon the board
And then I’ll go fetch my Lord presently.

Exit.

Enter the Lord and his men.

Lord. How now, what is all things ready?

One. Ay my Lord.

Lord. Then sound the music, and I’ll wake him straight,
And see you do as erst I gave in charge.

My lord, My lord, he sleeps soundly: My lord.

Sly. Tapster, gi’s a little small ale. Hey ho,
Lord. Here’s wine my lord, the purest of the grape.
Sly. For which Lord?
Lord. For your honor my Lord.

Sly. Who I, am I a Lord? Jesus what fine apparel have I got.
Lord. More richer far your honor hath to wear, And if it please you I will fetch them straight.
Will. And if your honor please to ride abroad, I’ll fetch you lusty steeds more swift of pace Than winged Pegasus in all his pride, That ran so swiftly over the Persian plains.
Tom. And if your honor please to hunt the deer, Your hounds stands ready coupled at the door, Who in running will o’ertake the Row, And make the long breathed Tiger broken wined.
Sly. By the mass I think I am a Lord indeed, What’s thy name?
Lord. Simon and it please your honor.
Sly. Simon, that’s as much to say Simion or Simon
Put forth thy hand and fill the pot.
Give me thy hand, Sim. am I a lord indeed?
Lord. Ay my gracious Lord, and your lovely lady Long time hath mourned for your absence here, And now with joy behold where she doth come To gratulate your honor’s safe return.

Enter the boy in Woman’s attire.

Sly. Sim. Is this she?
Lord. Ay my Lord.
Sly. Mass ’tis a pretty wench, what’s her name?
Boy. Oh that my lovely Lord would once vouchsafe To look on me, and leave these frantic fits, Or were I now but half so eloquent, To paint in words what i’ll perform in deeds, I know your honor then would pity me.
Sly. Hark you mistress, will you eat a piece of bread,

Come sit down on my knee, Sim drink to her Sim,
For she and I will go to bed anon.
Lord. May it please you, your honor’s players be come To offer your honor a play.
Sly. A play Sim, O brave, be they my players?
Lord. Ay my Lord.
Sly. Is there not a fool in the play?
Lord. Yes my lord.
Sly. When will they play Sim?
Exit boy.

Sly. Come Sim, where be the players? Sim stand by Me and we’ll flout the players out of their coats.

Lord. I’ll call them my lord. Ho where are you there? Sound Trumpets.

Enter two young Gentlemen, and a man and a boy.

Polidor Welcome to Athens my beloved friend, To Plato’s schools and Aristotle’s walks, Welcome from Sestos famous for the love Of good Leander and his Tragedy, For whom the Hellespont weeps brinish tears, The greatest grief is I cannot as I would Give entertainment to my dearest friend.

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

Polidor My Lord if you vouchsafe of scholars’ fare, My house, myself, and all is yours to use, You and your men shall stay and lodge with me.

Aurelius With all my heart, I will requite thy love. Enter Simon, Alphonsus, and his three daughters.

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

Alfonso Daughters be gone, and hie you to the church, And I will hie me down unto the quay, To see what Merchandise is come ashore.

Exeunt Omnes.

Polidor Why how now my Lord, what in a dump, To see these damsels pass away so soon?

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

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

    Aurelius   Why, is not her father willing to the match?
    Polidor    Yes trust me, but he hath solemnly sworn,
His eldest daughter first shall be espoused,
Before he grants his youngest leave to love,
And therefore he that means to get their loves,
Must first provide for her if he will speed,
And he that hath her shall be fettered so,
As good be wedded to the devil himself,
For such a scold as she did never live,
And till that she be sped none else can speed,
Which makes me think that all my labors lost,
And whoso’er can get her firm good will,
A large dowry he shall be sure to have,
For her father is a man of mighty wealth,
And an ancient Citizen of the town,
And that was he that went along with them.

    Aurelius   But he shall keep her still by my advice,
And yet I needs must love his second daughter
The image of honor and Nobility,
In whose sweet person is comprised the sum
Of nature’s skill and heavenly majesty.

    Polidor    I like your choice, and glad you chose not mine,
Then if you like to follow on your love,
We must devise a means and find some one
That will attempt to wed this devilish scold,
And I do know the man. Come hither boy,
Go your ways sirrah to Ferando’s house,
Desire him take the pains to come to me,
For I must speak with him immediately.

    Boy:       I will sir, and fetch him presently.

    Polidor    A man I think will fit her humor right,
As blunt in speech as she is sharp of tongue,
And he I think will match her every way,
And yet he is a man of wealth sufficient,

And for his person worth as good as she,
And if he compass her to be his wife,
Then may we freely visit both our loves.

_Aurelius_ O might I see the center of my soul
Whose sacred beauty hath enchanted me,
More fair than was the Grecian _Helena_
For whose sweet sake so many princes died,
That came with thousand ships to _Tenedos_,
But when we come unto her father’s house,
Tell him I am a Merchant’s son of _Sestos_,
That comes for traffic unto _Athens_ here,
And here sirrah I will change with you for once,
And now be thou the Duke of _Sestos’_ son,
Revel and spend as if thou wert myself,
For I will court my love in this disguise.

_Valeria_ My lord, how if the Duke your father should
By some means come to _Athens_ for to see
How you do profit in these public schools,
And find me clothed thus in your attire,
How would he take it then think you my lord?

_Aurelius_ Tush fear not _Valeria_ let me alone,
But stay, here comes some other company.

_Enter Ferando and his man Sander_ with a blue coat.

_Polidor_ Here comes the man that I did tell you of.

_Ferando_ Good morrow gentlemen to all at once.

_How now Polidor, what man still in love?_ 
Ever wooing and canst thou never speed,
God send me better luck when I shall woo.

_Sander_ I warrant you master and you take my council.

_Ferando_ Why sirrah, are you so cunning?

_Sander_ Who I, ’twere better for you by five mark
And you could tell how to do it as well as I.

_Polidor_ I would thy master once were in the vain,
To try himself how he could woo a wench.

_Ferando_ Faith I am even now a going.

_Sander_ I’ faith sir, my master’s going to this gear now.

_Polidor_ Whither in faith _Ferando_, tell me true.

_Ferando_ To bonny _Kate_, the patientest wench alive
The devil himself dares scarce venture to woo her,
Signior _Alfonso’_s eldest daughter,
And he hath promised me six thousand crowns
If I can win her once to be my wife,
And she and I must woo with scolding sure,
And I will hold her to ’till she be weary,
Or else I’ll make her yield to grant me love.

_Polidor_ How like you this _Aurelius_, I think he knew
Our minds before we sent to him,
But tell me, when do you mean to speak with her?

_**Ferando**_  
Faith presently, do you but stand aside,
And I will make her father bring her hither,
And she, and I, and he, will talk alone.

_**Polidor**_  
With all our hearts, Come _Aurelius_.

Let us be gone and leave him here alone.

_**Ferando**_  
Ho Signior _Alfonso_, who’s within there?

_**Alfonso**_  
Signior _Ferando_, your welcome heartily,
You are a stranger sir unto my house.
Hark you sir, look what I did promise you
I’ll perform, if you get my daughter’s love.

_**Ferando**_  
Then when I have talked a word or two with her,
Do you step in and give her hand to me,
And tell her when the marriage day shall be,
For I do know she would be married fain,
And when our nuptial rites be once performed
Let me alone to tame her well enough,
Now call her forth that I may speak with her.

Enter _Kate_.

_Alfonso_  
Ha _Kate_, Come hither wench and list to me,
Use this gentleman friendly as thou canst.

_**Ferando**_  
Twenty good morrows to my lovely _Kate_.

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

_**Ferando**_  
I tell thee _Kate_ I know thou lov’st me well.

_**Kate**_.  
The devil you do, who told you so?

_**Ferando**_  
My mind sweet _Kate_ doth say I am the man,
Must wed, and bed, and marry bonny _Kate_.

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

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

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

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

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

_**Ferando**_  
No kate, this hand is mine and I thy love.

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

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

_**Alfonso**_  
How now _Ferando_, what says my daughter?

_**Ferando**_  
She’s willing sir and loves me as her life.

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

_**Alfonso**_  
Come hither _Kate_ and let me give thy hand
To him that I have chosen for thy love,
And thou tomorrow shalt be wed to him.

_**Kate**_.  
Why father, what do you mean to do with me,
To give me thus unto this brainsick man,
That in his mood cares not to murder me?

_**Kate**_.  
She turns aside and speaks.
But yet I will consent and marry him,
For I methinks have lived too long a maid,
And match him too, or else his manhood’s good.

    Alfonso   Give me thy hand Ferando loves thee well,
And will with wealth and ease maintain thy state.
Here Ferando take her for thy wife,

And sunday next shall be your wedding day.

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

    Alfonso   Do so, come Kate, why dost thou look
So sad, be merry wench thy wedding day’s at hand.
Son fare you well, and see you keep your promise.

Exit Alfonso and Kate.

    Ferando   So, all thus far goes well. Ho Sander.
Enter Sander laughing.

    Sander   Sander, I’ faith you’re a beast, I cry God heartily
Mercy, my heart’s ready to run out of my belly with
Laughing, I stood behind the door all this while,
And heard what you said to her.

    Ferando   Why didst thou think that I did not speak well to her?
    Sander   You spoke like an ass to her, I’ll tell you what,
And I had been there to have wooed her, and had this
Cloak on that you have, chud have had her before she
Had gone a foot further, and you talk of Woodcocks
with her, and I cannot tell you what.

    Ferando   Well sirrah, and yet thou seest I have got her for all this.
    Sander   Ay marry ’twas more by hap then any good cunning
I hope she’ll make you one of the head men of the
parish shortly.

    Ferando   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 knowest,
Tell him on sunday next we must be married,
And if he ask thee whither I am gone,
Tell him into the country to my house,
And upon sunday I’ll be here again.          Exit Ferando,

    Sander   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 proudest
On them. Why look you now I’ll scarce put up
Plain Sander now at any of their hands, for and anybody
Enter Polidor's boy.

Enter Polidor, Aurelius and Valeria.

They come crouching upon me, I beseech you good Master
Sander speak a good word for me, and then am I so
Stout and takes it upon me, and stands upon my pantofles
To them out of all cry, why I have a life like a giant
Now, but that my master hath such a pestilent mind
To a woman now a late, and I have a pretty wench
To my sister, and I had thought to have preferred my Master to her, and that would have been a good
Deal in my way but that he's sped already.

Enter Polidor's boy.

Boy. Friend, well met.

Sander 'Zounds, 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.

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 the more sorry for it, hoping the style
Of a fool will make you amends for all.

Sander The slave is sorry for his fault, now we cannot be
Angry, well what's the matter that you would do with us.

Boy. Marry sir, I hear you pertain to signior

Ferando.

Sander Ay and thou beest not blind thou mayst see,
Ecce signum, here.

Boy. Shall I entreat you to do me a message to your Master?

Sander Ay, it may be, and you tell us from whence you come.
Boy. Marry sir I serve young Polidor your master's friend.

Sander Do you serve him, and what's your name?

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

Sander Cake and pie, O my teeth waters to have a piece
of thee.

Boy. Why slave wouldst thou eat me?

Sander Eat thee, who would not eat Cake and pie?

Boy. Why villain my name is Catapie,

But wilt thou tell me where thy master is.

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

Boy. Why see where he comes.

Enter Polidor, Aurelius and Valeria.

Polidor Come sweet Aurelius my faithful friend,
Now will we go to see those lovely dames
Richer in beauty than the orient pearl,
Whiter than is the Alpine Crystal mold,
And far more lovely than the terrean plant,
That blushing in the air turns to a stone.
What Sander, what news with you?
   Sander  Marry sir my master sends you word
That you must come to his wedding tomorrow.
   Polidor  What, shall he be married then?
   Sander  Faith Ay, you think he stands as long about it as
you do.
   Polidor  Whither is thy master gone now?
   Sander  Marry he’s gone to our house in the Country,
To make all things in a readiness against my new
Mistress comes thither, but he’ll come again
tomorrow.
   Polidor  This is suddenly dispatched belike,
Well, sirrah boy, take Sander in with you
And have him to the buttery presently.
   Boy.  I will sir: come Sander.
   Sander and the Boy.
   Aurelius  Valeria as erst we did devise,
Take thou thy lute and go to Alfonso’s house,
And say that Polidor sent thee thither.
   Polidor  Ay Valeria for he spoke to me,
To help him to some cunning Musician,
To teach his eldest daughter on the lute,
And thou I know will fit his turn so well
As thou shalt get great favor at his hands,
Begone Valeria and say I sent thee to him.
   Valeria  I will sir and stay your coming at Alfonso’s
house.
   Valeria.
   Polidor  Now sweet Aurelius by this device
Shall we have leisure for to court our loves,
For whilst that she is learning on the lute,
Her sisters may take time to steal abroad,
For otherwise she’ll keep them both within,
And make them work whilst she herself doth play,
But come let’s go unto Alfonso’s house,
And see how Valeria and Kate agrees,
I doubt his Music scarce will please his scholar,
But stay here comes Alfonso.
   Alfonso.  What Master Polidor you are well met,
I thank you for the man you sent to me,
A good Musician I think he is,
I have set my daughter and him together,
But is this gentleman a friend of yours?
   Polidor  He is, I pray you sir bid him welcome,
He’s a wealthy Merchant’s son of Sestos.
   Alfonso.  You’re welcome sir and if my house afford
You any thing that may content your mind,
I pray you sir make bold with me.

   Aurelius   I thank you sir, and if what I have got,
By merchandise or travel on the seas,
Satins or lawns or azure colored silk,
Or precious fiery pointed stones of Indy,
You shall command both them myself and all.

   Alfonso   Thanks gentle sir, Polidor take him in,
And bid him welcome to unto my house,
For thou I think must be my second son,

   Ferando, Polidor dost thou not know
Must marry Kate, and tomorrow is the day.

   Polidor   Such news I heard, and I came now to know.

   Alfonso   Polidor ’tis true, go let me alone,
For I must see against the bridegroom come,
That all things be according to his mind,
And so I’ll leave you for an hour or two.

   Polidor   Come then Aurelius come in with me,
And we’ll go sit a while and chat with them,
And after bring them forth to take the air.

Then Sly speaks.

   Sly.   Sim, when will the fool come again?

   Lord.   He’ll come again my Lord anon.

   Sly.   Gi’s some more drink here, ’zounds where’s
The Tapster, here Sim eat some of these things.

   Lord.   So I do my Lord.

   Sly.   Here Sim, I drink to thee.

   Lord.   My Lord here comes the players again,
   Sly.   O brave, here’s two fine gentlewomen.

Enter Valeria with a Lute and Kate
with him.

   Valeria   The senseless trees by music have been moved
And at the sound of pleasant tuned strings,

Have savage beasts hung down their list’ning heads,
As though they had been cast into a trance.
Then it may be that she whom naught can please,
With music’s sound in time may be surprised,
Come lovely mistress will you take your lute,
And play the lesson that I taught you last?

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

   Valeria   I would sweet mistress that it lay in me,
To help you to that thing that’s your delight.

   Kate.   In you with a pestilence, are you so kind?
She plays.
She offers to strike him with the lute.
She throws it down.
Exit Kate.

Enter Aurelius, Polidor, Emelia, and Philena.

Then make a night cap of your fiddle’s case,
To warm your head, and hide your filthy face.

Valeria  If that sweet mistress were your heart’s content,
You should command a greater thing than that,
Although it were ten times to my disgrace.
Kate. You’re so kind ’twere pity you should be hanged,
And yet methinks the fool doth look asquint.

Valeria  Why mistress do you mock me?
Kate. No, but I mean to move thee.
Valeria  Well, will you play a little?
Kate. Ay, give me the Lute.

She plays.

Valeria  That stop was false, play it again.
Kate. Then mend it thou, thou filthy ass.
Valeria  What, do you bid me kiss your arse?
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,
I’ll make it and your foolish coxcomb meet.

She offers to strike him with the lute.

Valeria  Hold mistress, ’zounds will you break my lute?
Kate. Ay on thy head, and if thou speak to me,

There take it up and fiddle somewhere else,

She throws it down.
And see you come no more into this place,
Lest that I clap your fiddle on your face.  

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

Enter Aurelius, Polidor, Emelia, and Philena.

Polidor  How now Valeria, where’s your mistress?
Valeria  At the vengeance I think and nowhere else.
Aurelius  Why Valeria, will she not learn apace?
Valeria  Yes by ’r lady she has learnt too much already,
And that I had felt had I not spoke her fair,
But she shall ne’er be learnt for me again.
Aurelius  Well Valeria go to my chamber,
And bear him company that came today
From Sestos, where our aged father dwells.

Exit Valeria.
Polidor Come fair Emelia my lovely love, 
Brighter than the burnished palace of the sun, 
The eyesight of the glorious firmament, 
In whose bright looks sparkles the radiant fire, 
Wily Prometheus sily stole from Jove, 
Infusing breath, life, motion, soul, 
To every object stricken by thine eyes. 
Oh fair Emelia I pine for thee, 
And either must enjoy thy love, or die.

Emelia Fie man, I know you will not die for love: 
Ah Polidor thou needst not to complain, 
Eternal heaven sooner be dissolved, 
And all that pierceth Phoebus’ silver eye, 
Before such hap befall to Polidor. 

Polidor Thanks fair Emelia for these sweet words, 
But what saith Philena to her friend? 

Philena Why I am buying merchandise of him. 

Aurelius Mistress you shall not need to buy of me, 
For when I crossed the bubbling Canibey, 
And sailed along the Crystal Hellespont, 
I filled my coffers of the wealthy mines, 
Where I did cause Millions of laboring Moors 
To undermine the caverns of the earth, 
To seek for strange and new found precious stones, 
And dive into the sea to gather pearl, 
As fair as Juno offered Priam’s son, 
And you shall take your liberal choice of all. 

Philena I thank you sir and would Philena might 
In any courtesy requite you so, 
As she with willing heart could well bestow.

Enter Alfonso. 

Alfonso How now daughters, is Ferando come? 
Emelia Not yet father, I wonder he stays so long. 
Alfonso And where’s your sister that she is not here? 
Philena She is making of her ready father 
To go to church and if that he were come. 

Polidor I warrant you he’ll not be long away. 
Alfonso Go daughters get you in, and bid your 
Sister provide herself against that we do come, 
And see you go to church along with us. 

Exit Philena and Emelia.

I marvel that Ferando comes not away.

Polidor His Tailor it may be hath been too slack, 
In his apparel which he means to wear,
Enter Ferando basely attired, and a red cap on his head.

Ferando Good-morrow father, Polidor well met,
You wonder I know that I have stayed so long.

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

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

Polidor Fie Ferando not thus attired for shame,
Come to my Chamber and there suit thyself,

Of twenty suits that I did never wear.

Ferando Tush Polidor I have as many suits
Fantastic made to fit my humor so
As any in Athens and as richly wrought
As was the Massy Robe that late adorned,
The stately legate of the Persian King,
And this from them have I made choice to wear.

Alfonso I prithee Ferando let me entreat
Before thou goest unto the church with us,
To put some other suit upon thy back.

Ferando Not for the world if I might gain it so,
And therefore take me thus or not at all,

Enter Kate.

But soft see where my Kate doth come,
I must salute her: how fares my lovely Kate?
What art thou ready? shall we go to church?
Kate. Not I with one so mad, so basely tired,
To marry such a filthy slavish groom,
That as it seems sometimes is from his wits,
Or else he would not thus have come to us.

Ferando Tush Kate these words adds greater love in me
And makes me think thee fairer than before,
Sweet Kate the lovelier than Diana’s purple robe,
Whiter than are the snowy Apennines,
Or icy hair that grows on Boreas’ chin.
Father I swear by Ibis’ golden beak,
More fair and Radiant is my bonny Kate,
Than silver Xanthus when he doth embrace,
The ruddy Simois at Ida’s feet,
And care not thou sweet Kate how I be clad,
Thou shalt have garments wrought of Median silk,
Enchased with precious Jewels fetched from far,
By Italian Merchants that with Russian stems,
Plows up huge sorrows in the Terrene Main,

And better far my lovely Kate shall wear,
Then come sweet love and let us to the church,
For this I swear shall be my wedding suit.

Alfonso Come gentlemen go along with us,
For thus do what we can he will be wed.

Enter Polidor’s boy and Sander.

Boy. Come hither sirrah boy.

Sander Boy; oh disgrace to my person, ’zounds boy
Of your face, you have many boys with such
Pickadevantes I am sure, ’zounds would you
Not have a bloody nose for this?

Boy. Come, come, I did but jest, where is that
Same piece of pie that I gave thee to keep.

Sander The pie? Ay you have more mind of your belly
Than to go see what your master does.

Boy. Tush ’tis no matter man I prithee give it me,
I am very hungry I promise thee.

Sander Why you may take it and the devil burst
You with it, one cannot save a bit after supper,
But you are always ready to munch it up.

Boy. Why come man, we shall have good cheer
Anon at the bridehouse, for your master’s gone to
Church to be married already, and there’s
Such cheer as passeth.

Sander O brave, I would I had eat no meat this week,
For I have never a corner left in my belly
To put a venison pasty in, I think I shall burst myself
With eating, for I’ll so cram me down the tarts
And the marchpanes, out of all cry.

Boy. Ay, but how wilt thou do now thy master’s Married, thy mistress is such a devil, as she’ll make Thee forget thy eating quickly, she’ll beat thee so.

Sander Let my master alone with her for that, for He’ll make her tame well enough ere long I warrant thee For he’s such a churl waxen now of late that he be Never so little angry he thums me out of all cry, But in my mind sirrah the youngest is a very Pretty wench, and if I thought thy master would Not have her I’d have a fling at her Myself, I’ll see soon whither ’twill be a match Or no: and it will not I’ll set the matter Hard for myself I warrant thee.

Boy. ’Zounds you slave will you be a Rival with My master in his love, speak but such Another word and I’ll cut off one of thy legs.

Sander Oh, cruel judgement, nay then sirrah, My tongue shall talk no more to you, marry my Timber shall tell the trusty message of his master, Even on the very forehead on thee, thou abusious Villain, therefore prepare thyself.

Boy. Come hither thou Imperfectious slave in Regard of thy beggary, hold thee there’s Two shillings for thee? to pay for the Healing of thy left leg which I mean Furiously to invade or to maim at the least.

Sander O supernodical foul? well I’ll take your two shillings but I’ll bar striking at legs.

Boy. Not I, for I’ll strike anywhere.

Sander Here here take your two shillings again I’ll see thee hanged ere I’ll fight with thee, I got a broken shin the other day, ’Tis not, whole yet and therefore I’ll not fight Come come why should we fall out?

Boy. Well sirrah your fair words hath something Allayed my Choler: I am content for this once To put it up and be friends with thee,
Alfonso Your horse! what son I hope you do but jest,
I am sure you will not go so suddenly.
Kate. Let him go or tarry I am resolved to stay,
And not to travel on my wedding day.
Ferando Tut Kate I tell thee we must needs go home, 
Villain hast thou saddled my horse?
Sander Which horse, your curtal?
Ferando 'Zounds you slave stand you prating here?
Saddle the bay gelding for your Mistress.
Kate Not for me: for I'll not go.
Sander The ostler will not let me have him, you owe ten pence
For his meat, and six pence for stuffing my mistress’ saddle.
Ferando Here villain go pay him straight.
Sander Shall I give them another peck of lavender.
Ferando Out slave and bring them presently to the door
Alfonso Why son I hope at least you’ll dine with us.
Sander I pray you master let’s stay till dinner be done.
Ferando 'Zounds villain art thou here yet? Exit Sander.

Come Kate our dinner is provided at home.
Kate. But not for me, for here I mean to dine.
I’ll have my will in this as well as you,
Though you in madding mood would leave your friends
Despite of you I’ll tarry with them still.
Ferando Ay Kate so thou shalt but at some other time,
Whenas thy sisters here shall be espoused,
Then thou and I will keep our wedding day,
In better sort than now we can provide,

For here I promise thee before them all,
We will ere long return to them again,
Come Kate stand not on terms we will away,
This is my day, tomorrow thou shalt rule,
And I will do whatever thou commands.
Gentlemen farewell, we’ll take our leaves,
It will be late before that we come home.

Exit Ferando and Kate.
Polidor Farewell Ferando since you will be gone.
Alfonso So mad a couple did I never see.
Emelia. They’re even as well matched as I would wish.
Philena And yet I hardly think that he can tame her.
For when he has done she will do what she list.
Aurelius Her manhood then is good I do believe.
Polidor 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 past
He’ll curse the priest that married him so soon,
And yet it may be she will be reclaimed,
For she is very patient grown of late.
Alfonso God hold it that it may continue still,
Exit Omnes
Enter Sander with two or three serving men

I would be loath that they should disagree,
But he I hope will hold her in a while.

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

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

   Polidor  And so to me whilst Polidor doth live.

   Aurelius  I find it so right worthy gentlemen,
And of what worth your friendship I esteem,
I leave censure of your several thoughts,
But for requital of your favors past,
Rests yet behind, which when occasion serves
I vow shall be remembered to the full,
And for my father’s coming to this place,
I do expect within this week at most.

   Alfonso  Enough Aurelius? but we forget
Our Marriage dinner now the bride is gone,
Come let us see what there they left behind.

Exit Omnes

Enter Sander with two or three serving men

   Sander  Come sirs provide all things as fast as you can,
For my Master’s hard at hand and my new Mistress
And all, and he sent me before to see all things ready.

   Tom.  Welcome home Sander sirrah how looks our New Mistress they say she’s a plaguy shrew.

   Sander  Ay and that thou shalt find I can tell thee and thou Dost not please her well, why my Master Has such ado with her as it passeth and he’s even like a madman.

   Will.  Why Sander what does he say.

   Sander  Why I’ll tell you what: when they should Go to church to be married he puts on an old Jerkin and a pair of canvas breeches down to the Small of his leg and a red cap on his head and he Looks as thou wilt burst thyself with laughing When thou seest him: he’s e’en as good as a Fool for me: and then when they should go to dinner He made me Saddle the horse and away he came. And ne’er tarried for dinner and therefore you had best Get supper ready against they come, for
Enter Ferando and Kate.

Ferando  Now welcome Kate: where’s these villains

Here, what? not supper yet upon the board:
Nor table spread nor nothing done at all,
Where’s that villain that I sent before.

Sander    Now, adsum, sir.

Ferando  Come hither you villain I’ll cut your nose,
You Rogue: help me off with my boots: wilt please
You to lay the cloth? ’zounds the villain
Hurts my foot? pull easily I say; yet again.

He beats them all.

They cover the board and fetch in the meat.

’Zounds? burnt and scorched who dressed this meat?

Will.   Forsooth John cook.

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

Ferando  Go you villains bring you me such meat,
Out of my sight I say and bear it hence,
Come Kate we’ll have other meat provided,
Is there a fire in my chamber sir?

Sander  Ay forsooth.            Exit Ferando and Kate.

Manent serving-men and eat up all the meat.

Tom.    ’Zounds? I think of my conscience my Master’s

Mad since he was married.

Will.   I laughed what a box he gave Sander
For pulling off his boots.

Enter Ferando again.

Sander    I hurt his foot for the nonce man.

Ferando  Did you so you damned villain.

He beats them all out again.

This humor must I hold me to a while,

To bridle and hold back my headstrong wife,
With curbs of hunger: ease: and want of sleep,
Nor sleep nor meat shall she enjoy tonight,
I’ll mew her up as men do mew their hawks,
And make her gently come unto the lure,
Were she as stubborn or as full of strength
As were the Thracian horse Alcides tamed,
That King Aegeus fed with flesh of men,
Yet would I pull her down and make her come
As hungry hawks do fly unto their lure.

Exit.

Enter Aurelius and Valeria.

Aurelius  Valeria attend: I have a lovely love,
Exeunt
Enter Sander and his Mistress.

As bright as is the heaven crystalline,
As fair as is the milk white way of Jove,
As chaste as Phoebe in her summer sports,
As soft and tender as the azure down,
That circles Citherea's silver doves.
Her do I mean to make my lovely bride,
And in her bed to breathe the sweet content,
That I thou knowest long time have aimed at.
Now Valeria it rests in thee to help
To compass this, that I might gain my love,
Which easily thou mayst perform at will,
If that the merchant which thou toldst me of,
Will as he said go to Alfonso's house,
And say he is my father, and there with all
Pass over certain deeds of land to me,
That I thereby may gain my heart's desire,
And he is promised reward of me.

   Valeria  Fear not my Lord I'll fetch him straight to you,
For he'll do any thing that you command,
But tell me my Lord, is Ferando married then?
   Aurelius  He is: and Polidor shortly shall be wed,
And he means to tame his wife erelong.

   Valeria  He says so.
   Aurelius  Faith he's gone unto the taming school.
   Valeria  The taming school; why is there such a place?
   Aurelius  Ay: and Ferando is the Master of the school.
   Valeria  That's rare: but what decorum does he use?
   Aurelius  Faith I know not: but by some odd device
Or other, but come Valeria I long to see the man,
By whom we must comprise our plotted drift,
That I may tell him what we have to do.

   Valeria  Then come my Lord and I will bring you to him straight.
   Aurelius  Agreed, then let's go.

Exeunt
   Enter Sander and his Mistress.

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

   Sander  Ay marry mistress but you know my master
Has given me a charge that you must eat nothing,
But that which he himself giveth you.
   Kate.  Why man thy Master needs never know it.
   Sander  You say true indeed: why look you Mistress,
What say you to a piece of beef and mustard now?
   Kate.  Why I say 'tis excellent meat, canst thou
help me to some?
   Sander  Ay, I could help you to some but that
I doubt the mustard is too choleric for you,
But what say you to a sheep’s head and garlic?

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

Sander Ay but the garlic I doubt will make your breath stink, and then my Master will curse me for letting You eat it: But what say you to a fat Capon?

Kate. That’s meat for a King sweet Sander help Me to some of it.

Sander Nay by ‘r lady then ’tis too dear for us, we must Not meddle with the King’s meat.

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

She beats him.

Sander ’Zounds are you so light fingered with a murrain,
I’ll keep you fasting for it this two days.
Kate. I tell thee villain I’ll tear the flesh of
Thy face and eat it and thou prates to me thus.

Sander Here comes my Master now he’ll course you.

Enter Ferando with a piece of meat upon his
dagger’s point and Polidor with him.

Ferando See here Kate I have provided meat for thee,
Here take it: what is ’t not worthy thanks,
Go sirrah? take it away again you shall be
Thankful for the next you have.

Kate Why I thank you for it.

Ferando Nay now ’tis not worth a pin go sirrah and take
It hence I say.

Sander Yes sir I’ll Carry it hence: Master let her
Have none for she can fight as hungry as she is.

Polidor I pray you sir let it stand, for I’ll eat
Some with her myself.

Ferando Well sirrah set it down again.

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

Ferando Ay, when you’re meek and gentle but not
Before, I know your stomach is not yet come down,
Therefore no marvel thou canst not eat,
And I will go unto your Father’s house,
Come Polidor let us go in again,

And Kate come in with us I know ere long,
That thou and I shall lovingly agree.  

Exeunt Omnes
Enter Aurelius Valeria and Philotus the Merchant.

Aurelius Now Senior Philotus, we will go Unto Alfonso’s house, and be sure you say As I did tell you, concerning the man That dwells in Sestos, whose son I said I was, For you do very much resemble him, And fear not: you may be bold to speak your mind.

Philotus I warrant you sir take you no care, I’ll use myself so cunning in the cause, As you shall soon enjoy your heart’s delight.

Aurelius Thanks sweet Philotus, then stay you here, And I will go and fetch him hither straight. Ho, Signior Alfonso: a word with you.

Enter Alfonso.

Alfonso Who’s there? what Aurelius what’s the matter That you stand so like a stranger at the door? Aurelius My father sir is newly come to town, And I have brought him here to speak with you, Concerning those matters that I told you of, And he can certify you of the truth.

Alfonso Is this your father? you are welcome sir. Philotus Thanks Alfonso, for that’s your name I guess, I understand my son hath set his mind And bent his liking to your daughter’s love, And for because he is my only son, And I would gladly that he should do well, I tell you sir, I not mislike his choice, If you agree to give him your consent, He shall have living to maintain his state,

Three hundred pounds a year I will assure To him and to his heirs, and if they do join, And knit themselves in holy wedlock band, A thousand massy ingots of pure gold, And twice as many bars of silver plate, I freely give him, and in writing straight, I will confirm what I have said in words.

Alfonso Trust me I must commend your liberal mind, And loving care you bear unto your son, And here I give him freely my consent, As for my daughter I think he knows her mind, And I will enlarge her dowry for your sake. And solemnize with joy your nuptial rites, But is this gentleman of Sestos too?

Aurelius He is the Duke of Sestos’ thrice renowned son, Who for the love his honor bears to me: Hath thus accompanied me to this place.
Alfonso. You were to blame you told me not before,
Pardon me my Lord, for if I had known
Your honor had been here in place with me,
I would have done my duty to your honor.

Valeria Thanks good Alfonso: but I did come to see
Whenas these marriage rites should be performed,
And if in these nuptials you vouchsafe,
To honor thus the prince of Sestos’ friend,
In celebration of his spousal rites,
He shall remain a lasting friend to you,
What says Aurelius father.

Philotus I humbly thank your honor good my Lord,
And ere we part before your honor here:
Shall articles of such content be drawn,
As twixt our houses and posterities,
Eternally this league of peace shall last,
Inviolate and pure on either part:

Alfonso. With all my heart, and if your honor please,
To walk along with us unto my house,
We will confirm these leagues of lasting love.

Valeria Come then Aurelius I will go with you. Exeunt omnes.

Enter Ferando and Kate and Sander.

Sander Master the haberdasher has brought my
Mistress home her cap here.

Ferando Come hither sirrah: what have you there?
Haberdasher A velvet cap sir and it please you.
Ferando Who spoke for it? didst thou Kate?
Kate What if I did, come hither sirrah, give me
The cap, I’ll see if it will fit me.

She sets it on her head.

Ferando O monstrous: why it becomes thee not,
Let me see it Kate: here sirrah take it hence,
This cap is out of fashion quite.
Kate The fashion is good enough: belike you,
Mean to make a fool of me.

Ferando Why true he means to make a fool of thee,
To have thee put on such a curtailed cap,
sirrah begone with it.

Enter the Tailor with a gown.

Sander Here is the Tailor too with my Mistress’ gown.
Ferando Let me see it Tailor: what with cuts and jags?
’Zounds you villain, thou hast spoiled the gown.
Tailor Why sir I made it as your man gave me direction,
You may read the note here.
Ferando Come hither sirrah: Tailor read the note.
Tailor. Item a fair round compassed cape.

Sander Ay that’s true.

Tailor. And a large trunk sleeve.

Sander That’s a lie master, I said two trunk sleeves.

Ferando Well sir go forward.

Tailor. Item a loose-bodied gown.

Sander Master if ever I said loose body’s gown, Sew me in a seam and beat me to death, With a bottom of brown thread.

Tailor. I made it as the note bade me.

Sander I say the note lies in his throat and thou too, And thou sayst it.

Tailor. Nay nay ne’er be so hot sirrah, for I fear you not.

Sander Dost thou hear Tailor, thou hast braved Many men: brave not me.

Thou ’st faced many men.

Tailor. Well sir.

Sander Face not me I’ll neither be faced nor braved At thy hands I can tell thee.

Kate. Come come I like the fashion of it well enough, Here’s more ado than needs I’ll have it, And if you do not like it hide your eyes, I think I shall have nothing by your will.

Ferando Go I say and take it up for your master’s use.

Sander ’Zounds: villain not for thy life touch it not, ’Zounds, take up my mistress’ gown to his Master’s use?

Ferando Well sir: what’s your conceit of it.

Sander I have a deeper conceit in it than you think for, take up my Mistress’ gown To his master’s use?

Ferando Tailor come hither: for this time take it Hence again, and I’ll content thee for thy pains.

Exit Tailor.

Ferando Come Kate we now will go see thy father’s house Even in these honest mean abiliments, Our purses shall be rich, our garments plain,

To shroud our bodies from the winter rage,
And that’s enough, what should we care for more.
Thy sisters Kate tomorrow must be wed,
And I have promised them thou shouldst be there
The morning is well up let’s haste away,
It will be nine o’clock ere we come there.

Kate. Nine o’clock, why ’tis already past two
In the afternoon by all the clocks in the town.
Exeunt omnes.

Ferando. I say 'tis but nine o'clock in the morning.
Kate. I say 'tis two o'clock in the afternoon.
Ferando. It shall be nine then ere we go to your father's,
Come back again, we will not go today.
Nothing but crossing of me still,
I'll have you say as I do ere you go. Exeunt omnes.

Enter Polidor, Emelia, Aurelius and Philena.

Polidor. Fair Emelia summer's sun-bright Queen,
Brighter of hue then is the burning clime,
Where Phoebus in his bright equator sits,
Creating gold and precious minerals,
What would Emelia do? if I were forced
To leave fair Athens and to range the world.

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

Aurelius. Sweetly resolved fair Emelia,
But would Philena say as much to me,
If I should ask a question now of thee,
What if the duke of Sestos only son,
Which came with me unto your father's house,
Should seek to get Philena's love from me,

And make thee Duchess of that stately town,
Wouldst thou not then forsake me for his love?

Philena. Not for great Neptune, no nor Jove himself,
Will Philena leave Aurelius' love,
Could he install me Empress of the world,
Or make me Queen and guidress of the heavens,
Yet would I not exchange thy love for his,
Thy company is poor Philena's heaven,
And without thee, heaven were hell to me.

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

Philena. And should my love as erst Leander did,
Attempt to swim the boiling hellespont
For Hero's love: no towers of brass should hold
But I would follow thee through those raging floods,
With locks dishevered and my breast all bare,
With bended knees upon Abydos shore,
Enter Ferando and Kate and Sander.

Sly. Look Sim the fool is come again now.

Ferando Sirrah go fetch our horses forth, and bring

Them to the back gate presently.

Sander I will sir I warrant you,

Ferando Come Kate the Moon shines clear tonight methinks.

Exeunt Omnes

I would with smoky sighs and brinish tears,
Importune Neptune and the wat’ry Gods,
To send a guard of silver scaled Dolphins,
With sounding Tritons to be our convoy,
And to transport us safe unto the shore,
Whilst I would hang about thy lovely neck,
Redoubling kiss on kiss upon thy cheeks,
And with our pastime still the swelling waves.

Emelia Should Polidor as great Achilles did,
Only employ himself to follow arms,
Like to the warlike Amazonian Queen,
Pentheselea Hector’s paramour,

Who foiled the bloody Pyrrhus murderous greek,
I’ll thrust myself amongst the thickest throngs,
And with my utmost force assist my love.

Philena Let Aeole storm: be mild and quiet thou,
Let Neptune swell, be Aurelius calm and pleased,
I care not I, betide what may betide,
Let fates and fortune do the worst they can,
I reck them not: they not discord with me,
Whilst that my love and I do well agree.

Aurelius Sweet Philena beauties mineral,
From whence the sun exhales his glorious shine,
And clad the heaven in thy reflected rays,
And now my liefest love, the time draws nigh,
That Hymen mounted in his saffron robe,
Must with his torches wait upon thy train,
As Helen’s brothers on the horned Moon,
Now Juno to thy number shall I add,
The fairest bride that ever Merchant had.

Polidor Come fair Emelia the priest is gone,
And at the church your father and the rest,
Do stay to see our marriage rites performed,
And knit in sight of heaven this Gordian knot.
That teeth of fretting time may ne’er untwist,
Then come fair love and gratulate with me,
This days content and sweet solemnity.

Sly Sim must they be married now?

Lord. Ay my Lord.
Kate. The moon? why husband you are deceived
It is the sun.

Ferando Yet again: come back again it shall be
The moon ere we come at your fathers.

Kate. Why I’ll say as you say it is the moon.

Ferando Jesus save the glorious moon.

Kate. Jesus save the glorious moon.

Ferando I am glad Kate your stomach is come down,
I know it well thou knowest it is the sun,
But I did try to see if thou wouldst speak,
And cross me now as thou hast done before,
And trust me kate hadst thou not named the moon,
We had gone back again as sure as death,
But soft who’s this that’s coming here.

Enter the Duke of Sestos alone.

Duke. Thus all alone from Sestos am I come,
And left my princely court and noble train,
To come to Athens, and in this disguise,
To see what course my son Aurelius takes,
But stay, here’s some it may be Travels thither,
Good sir can you direct me the way to Athens?

Ferando speaks to the old man.
Fair lovely maid young and affable,
More clear of hue and far more beautiful,
Than precious Sardonix or purple rocks,
Of Amethysts or glistening Hyacinth,
More amiable far than is the plain,
Where glistening Cepherus in silver bowers,
Gazeth upon the Giant Andromede,
Sweet Kate entertain this lovely woman.

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

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

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

_Exit Duke._

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

_Exeunt omnes._

_Enter Alfonso and Philotus and Valeria,  
Polidor, Emelia, Aurelius and Philena._

_T__Alfonso_ Come lovely sons your marriage rites performed,  
Let’s hie us home to see what cheer we have,  
I wonder that _Ferando_ and his wife  
Comes not to see this great solemnity.  

_T__Polidor_ No marvel if _Ferando_ be away,  
His wife I think hath troubled so his wits,  

That he remains at home to keep them warm,  
For forward wedlock as the proverb says,  
Hath brought him to his night cap long ago.  

_T__Pilor_ But _Polidor_ let my son and you take heed,  
That _Ferando_ say not ere long as much to you,  
And now _Alfonso_ more to show my love,  
If unto _Sestos_ you do send your ships,  
Myself will fraught them with _Arabian_ silks,  
Rich afric spices _Arras_ counterpoints,  
Musk _Cassia_: sweet smelling _Ambergris_,  
Pearl, coral, crystal, jet, and ivory,  
To gratulate the favors of my son,  
And friendly love that you have shown to him.  

_T__Valeria_ And for to honor him and this fair bride,  
_Enter the _Duke of Sestos._

I’ll yearly send you from my father’s court,  
Chests of refined sugar severally,  
Ten ton of tunis wine, sucket sweet drugs,  
To celebrate and solemnize this day,  
And custom free your merchants shall converse:  
And interchange the profits of your land,  
Sending you gold for brass, silver for lead,  
Casses of silk for packs of wool and cloth,  
To bind this friendship and confirm this league.  

_T__Duke_ I am glad sir that you would be so frank,  
Are you become the _Duke of Sestos_’ son,
And revels with my treasure in the town,
Base villain that thus dishonorest me.

*Valeria* 'Zounds it is the *Duke* what shall I do,
Dishonor thee why, knowest thou what thou sayest?

*Duke.* Here’s no villain: he will not know me now,
But what say you? have you forgot me too?

*Philotus* Why, are you acquainted with my son?

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

I pray you sir who am I?

*Aurelius* Pardon me father: humbly on my knees,
I do entreat your grace to hear me speak.

*Duke.* Peace villain: lay hands on them,
And send them to prison straight.

*Philotus and Valeria* runs away.

Then *Sly* speaks.

*Sly.* I say we’ll have no sending to prison.

*Lord.* My Lord this is but the play, they’re but in jest.

*Sly.* I tell thee *Sim* we’ll have no sending,

To prison that’s flat: why *Sim* am not I *Don Christo Vary*?

Therefore I say they shall not go to prison.

*Lord.* No more they shall not my Lord,

They be run away.

*Sly.* Are they run away *Sim*? that’s well,

Then gis some more drink, and let them play again.

*Lord.* Here my Lord.

*Sly* drinks and then falls asleep.

*Duke.* Ah treacherous boy that durst presume,

To wed thyself without thy father’s leave,
I swear by fair *Cinthia’s* burning rays,

*Merops*’ head and by seven mouthed *Nile*,

Had I but known ere thou hadst wedded her,

Were in thy breast the world’s immortal soul,

This angry sword should rip thy hateful chest,

And hewed thee smaller than the *Libyan* sands,

Turn hence thy face: o cruel impious boy,

*Alfonso* I did not think you would presume,

To match your daughter with my princely house,

And ne’er make me acquainted with the cause.

*Alfonso* My Lord by heavens I swear unto your grace,

*I knew none other but Valeria* your man,

Had been the *Duke of Sestos*’ noble son,

Nor did my daughter I dare swear for her.

*Duke.* That damned villain that hath deluded me,

Whom I did send guide unto my son,
Oh that my furious force could cleave the earth,
That I might muster bands of hellish fiends,
To rack his heart and tear his impious soul.
The ceaseless turning of celestial orbs,
Kindles not greater flames in flitting air,
Than passionate anguish of my raging breast,

_Aurelius_ Then let my death sweet father end your grief,
For I it is that thus have wrought your woes,
Then be revenged on me for here I swear,
That they are innocent of what I did,
Oh had I charge to cut off Hydra’s head,
To make the topless _Alps_ a champion field,
To kill untamed monsters with my sword,
To travel daily in the hottest sun,
And watch in winter when the nights be cold,
_I_ would with gladness undertake them all,
And think the pain but pleasure that I felt,
So that my noble father at my return,
Would but forget and pardon my offense,

_Philena_ Let me entreat your grace upon my knees,
To pardon him and let my death discharge
The heavy wrath your grace hath vowed ’gainst him.

_Polidor_ And good my Lord let us entreat your grace,
To purge your stomach of this Melancholy,
Taint not your princely mind with grief my Lord,
But pardon and forgive these lovers’ faults,
That kneeling crave your gracious favor here.

_Emelia._ Great prince of _Sestos_, let a woman’s words,
Entreat a pardon in your lordly breast,
Both for your princely son, and us my Lord.

_Duke._ _Aurelius_ stand up I pardon thee,

I see that virtue will have enemies,
And fortune will be thwarting honor still,
And you fair virgin too I am content,
To accept you for my daughter since ’tis done,
And see you princely used in _Sestos_ court.

_Philena_ Thanks good my Lord and I no longer live,
Than _I_ obey and honor you in all:

_Alfonso_ Let me give thanks unto your royal grace,
For this great honor done to me and mine,
And if your grace will walk unto my house,
_I_ will in humblest manner I can, show
The eternal service I do owe your grace.

_Duke_ Thanks good _Alfonso_: but I came alone,
And not as did beseech the _Sestian Duke_,
Nor would I have it known within the town,
That _I_ was here and thus without my train,
But as _I_ came alone so will _I_ go,
Enter Ferando, Aurelius and Polidor
and his boy and Valeria and Sander.

Ferando  Come gentlemen now that supper’s done,
How shall we spend the time till we go to bed?
Aurelius  Faith if you will in trial of our wives,
Who will come soonest at their husband’s call.
Polidor  Nay then Ferando he must needs sit out,
For he may call I think till he be weary,
Before his wife will come before she list.
Ferando  ’Tis well for you that have such gentle wives,
Yet in this trial will I not sit out,
It may be Kate will come as soon as yours.
Aurelius  My wife comes soonest for a hundred pound.
Polidor  I take it: I’ll lay as much to yours,
That my wife comes as soon as I do send.
Aurelius  How now Ferando you dare not lay belike.
Ferando  Why true I dare not lay indeed;
But how, so little money on so sure a thing,
A hundred pound: why I have laid as much
Upon my dog, in running at a Deer,
She shall not come so far for such a trifle,
But will you lay five hundred marks with me,
And whose wife soonest comes when he doth call,
And shows herself most loving unto him,
Let him enjoy the wager I have laid,
Now what say you? dare you adventure thus?
Polidor  Ay were it a thousand pounds I durst presume
On my wife’s love: and I will lay with thee.

Enter Alfonso.
Alfonso  How now sons what in conference so hard,  
May I without offense, know where abouts.

Aurelius  Faith father a weighty cause about our wives  
Five hundred marks already we have laid,  
And he whose wife doth show most love to him,  
He must enjoy the wager to himself.  
Alfonso  Why then Ferando he is sure to lose,  
I promise thee son thy wife will hardly come,  
And therefore I would not wish thee lay so much.  
Ferando  Tush father were it ten times more,  
I durst adventure on my lovely Kate,  
But if I lose I’ll pay, and so shall you.  
Aurelius  Upon mine honor if I lose I’ll pay.  
Polidor  And so will I upon my faith I vow.  
Ferando  Then sit we down and let us send for them.  
Alfonso  I promise thee Ferando I am afraid thou wilt lose  
Aurelius  I’ll send for my wife first, Valeria  
Go bid your Mistress come to me.  
Valeria  I will my Lord.  

Exit Valeria.

Aurelius  Now for my hundred pound.  
Would any lay ten hundred more with me,  
I know I should obtain it by her love.  
Ferando  I pray God you have not laid too much already.  
Aurelius  Trust me Ferando I am sure you have,  
For you I dare presume have lost it all.  

Enter Valeria again.

Now sirrah what says your mistress?  
Valeria  She is something busy but she’ll come anon.  
Ferando  Why so, did not I tell you this before,  
She is busy and cannot come.  
Aurelius  I pray God your wife send you so good an answer  
She may be busy yet she says she’ll come.  
Ferando  Well well: Polidor send you for your wife.

Polidor  Agreed Boy desire your mistress to come hither.  
Boy.  I will sir  
Exit Boy.

Ferando  Ay so so he desires her to come.  
Alfonso  Polidor I dare presume for thee,  
I think thy wife will not deny to come.  
And I do marvel much Aurelius,  
That your wife came not when you sent for her.
Enter the Boy again.

Polidor  Now where’s your Mistress?
Boy.  She bade me tell you that she will not come,
And you have any business, you must come to her.
Ferando  Oh monstrous intolerable presumption,
Worse than a blazing star, or snow at midsummer,
Earthquakes or any thing unseasonable,
She will not come: but he must come to her.
Polidor  Well sir I pray you let’s hear what
Answer your wife will make.
Ferando  Sirrah, command your Mistress to come
To me presently.
Aurelius  I think my wife for all she did not come,
Will prove most kind for now I have no fear,
For I am sure Ferando’s wife, she will not come.
Ferando  The more’s the pity: than I must lose.
Enter Kate and Sander.

But I have won for see where Kate doth come.
Kate.  Sweet husband did you send for me?
Ferando  I did my love I sent for thee to come,
Come hither Kate, what’s that upon thy head
Kate.  Nothing husband but my cap I think.
Ferando  Pull it off and tread it under thy feet,
’Tis foolish I will not have thee wear it.
She takes off her cap and treads on it.

Polidor  Oh wonderful metamorphosis.
Aurelius  This is a wonder: almost past belief.
Ferando  This is a token of her true love to me,
And yet I’ll try her further you shall see,
Come hither Kate where are thy sisters.
Kate.  They be sitting in the bridal chamber.
Ferando  Fetch them hither and if they will not come,
Bring them perforce and make them come with thee.
Kate.  I will.
Alfonso  I promise thee Ferando I would have sworn,
Thy wife would ne’er have done so much for thee.
Ferando  But you shall see she will do more than this,
For see where she brings her sisters forth by force.

Enter Kate thrusting Philena and Emelia before her,
and makes them come unto their husbands’ call.

Kate  See husband I have brought them both.
Ferando  ’Tis well done Kate.
Emelia  Ay sure and like a loving piece, your worthy
To have great praise for this attempt.
Philena  Ay for making a fool of herself and us.
Aurelius  Beshrew thee Philena, thou hast
Lost me a hundred pound tonight.
For I did lay that thou wouldst first have come.
Polidor  But thou Emelia hast lost me a great deal more.
Emelia  You might have kept it better then,
Who bade you lay?
Ferando  Now lovely Kate before their husbands here,
I prithee tell unto these headstrong women,
What duty wives do owe unto their husbands.
Kate.  Then you that live thus by your pampered wills,
Now list to me and mark what I shall say,
Th’ eternal power that with his only breath,
Shall cause this end and this beginning frame,

Not in time, nor before time, but with time, confused,
For all the course of years, of ages, months,
Of seasons temperate, of days and hours,
Are tuned and stopped, by measure of his hand,
The first world was, a form, without a form,
A heap confused a mixture all deformed,
A gulf of gulfs, a body bodiless,
Where all the elements were orderless,
Before the great commander of the world,
The King of Kings the glorious God of heaven,
Who in six days did frame his heavenly work,
And made all things to stand in perfect course.
Then to his image he did make a man.
Old Adam and from his side asleep,
A rib was taken, of which the Lord did make,
The woe of man so termed by Adam then,
Woman for that, by her came sin to us,
And for her sin was Adam doomed to die,
As Sara to her husband, so should we,
Obey them, love them, keep, and nourish them,
If they by any means do want our helps,
Laying our hands under their feet to tread,
If that by that we, might procure their ease,
And for a precedent I’ll first begin,
And lay my hand under my husband’s feet
   She lays her hand under her husband’s feet.
Ferando  Enough sweet, the wager thou hast won,
And they I am sure cannot deny the same.
Alfonso  Ay Ferando the wager thou hast won,
And for to show thee how I am pleased in this,
A hundred pounds I freely give thee more,
Another dowry for another daughter,
For she is not the same she was before.
Ferando  Thanks sweet father, gentlemen goodnight
For Kate and I will leave you for to night,
’Tis Kate and I am wed, and you are sped.
And so farewell for we will to our beds.

   Exit Ferando and Kate and Sander.

Alfonso  Now Aurelius what say you to this?
Aurelius  Believe me father I rejoice to see,
Ferando and his wife so lovingly agree.

   Exit Aurelius and Philena and
   Alfonso and Valeria.

Emelia  How now Polidor in a dump, what sayst thou man?

   I say thou art a shrew.

Emelia  That’s better than a sheep.
Polidor  Well since ’tis done let it go, come let’s in.

   Exit Polidor and Emelia.

Then enter two bearing of Sly in his
   Own apparel again, and leaves him
Where they found him, and then goes out.
Then enter the Tapster.

   Tapster.   Now that the darksome night is overpast,
   And dawning day appears in crystal sky,
   Now must I haste abroad: but soft who’s this?
What Sly o wondrous hath he lain here all night,
I’ll wake him, I think he’s starved by this,
But that his belly was so stuffed with ale,
What how Sly, Awake for shame.

   Sly.    Sim gis some more wine: what’s all the
   Players gone: am not I a Lord?
   Tapster. A Lord with a murrain: come art thou
   drunken still?
   Sly.    Who’s this? Tapster, oh Lord sirrah, I have had
   The bravest dream tonight, that ever thou
   Heardest in all thy life.

   Tapster.   Ay marry but you had best get you home,
For your wife will course you for dreaming here tonight,

   Sly    Will she? I know now how to tame a shrew,
I dreamt upon it all this night till now,
And thou hast waked me out of the best dream
That ever I had in my life, but I’ll to my
Wife presently and tame her too
And if she anger me.

   Tapster.   Nay tarry Sly for I’ll go home with thee,
And hear the rest that thou hast dreamt tonight.

   Exeunt Omnes.
Textual Notes

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