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THE WOMANS PRIZE:
OR,
The Tamer Tamed.

Actus Primus Scæna Prima.

column: 305-b-1

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

Moroso.

GOd give ’em joy.

Tra. Amen.

Soph. Amen, say I to:
(wench, The Puddings now i’th proof; alas poor
Through what a mine of patience must
thou worke,
Ere thou know’st good houre more?

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

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

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

Tra. But shall he have her?

Soph. Yes, when I have Rome.

And yet the father’s for him.

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

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

Tra. Would ’twere no worse.

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

Soph. I feare it.

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

Mor. What would you doe sir?
Enter Jaques with a pot of Wine.

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

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

Soph. So I should think too.

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

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

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

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

Tra: Ile be your halfe. (weeks.

Enter Jaques with a pot of Wine.

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

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

Soph. Not yet this ten daies.

Jaq. Sweet Gentlemen with Muskadell.

Tra. That’s right sir.

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

Soph. We shall be for you presently.

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

Nnnnn

Mor.
Mor. So sir.

Jaq. Upon my little honesty, your Mistris,
If I have any speculation, must thinke
This single thrumming of a Fiddle,
Without a Bow, but ev’n poore sport.

Mor. Y’are merry.

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

Tra. The fellow tels you true.

Soph. When is the day man?

Come, come, you’l steale a marriage.

Mor. Nay believe me:
But when her father pleases I am ready,
And all my friends shall know it.

Tra. Why not now?

One charge had serv’d for both.

Mor. There’s reason in’t.

Soph. Call’d Rowland.

Mor. Will ye walke?

They’l think we are lost: Come Gentlemen.

Tra. You have wip’t him now.

Soph. So will he never the wench I hope.

Tra. I wish it.

Exit Jaq.

Exeunt.

Scæna secunda.

Enter Rowland, and Livia.

Row. Now Livia, if you’l goe away to night,
If your affections be not made of words.

Liv. I love you, and you know how dearly Rowland,
Is there none neere us? my affections ever
Have been your servants; with what superstition
I have ever Sainted you —

Row. Why then take this way.

Liv. Twill be a childish and a lesse prosperous course,
Then his that knows not care: why should we do
Our honest and our hearty love such wrong,
To over-run our fortunes?

Row. Then you flatter.

Liv. Alas you know I cannot.

Row. What hopes left else
But flying to enjoy ye?

Liv. None so far,
For let it be admitted we have time,
And all things now in other expectation,
My father’s bent against us; what but ruine,
Can such a by-way bring us? if your feares
Would let you look with my eyes, I would shew you,
And certain, how our staying here would win us
A course, though somewhat longer, yet far surer.

Row. And then Moroso h’as ye.
Liv. No such matter:
For hold this certaine, begging, stealing, whoring,
Selling, (which is a sin unpardonable)
Of counterfeit Cods, or musty English Cracas,
Switches, or stones for th’toothache sooner finds me,
Then that drawn Fox and Moroso.

Row. But his money,
If wealth may win you —
Liv. If a Hog may be
High Priest among the Jewes: his money Rowland?
Oh Love forgive me, what faith hast thou?
Why, can his money kisse me?

Row. Yes.
Liv. Behind,
Lasd out upon a Petticote: or graspe me
While I cry, O good thank you? o’ my troth
Thou makst me merry with thy feare: or lie with me,
As you may do? alas, what fooles you men are?

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

Row. I cannot say I doubt ye.
Liv. Goe thy waies,
Thou art the prettiest puling piece of passion:
Yfaith I will not faile thee.

Row. I had rather —
Liv. Prethee believe me, if I do not carry it,
For both our goods —

Row. But —
Liv. What but?
Row. I would tell you.
Liv. I know all you can tell me; all’s but this,
You would have me, and lie with me; is’t not so?

Row. Yes.
Liv. Why you shall; will that content you? Goe.
Row. I am very loth to goe.
Liv. Now o’ my conscience
Thou art an honest fellow: here’s my sister;
Go, prethee goe; this kisse, and credit me,
Ere I am three nights older, I am for thee:
You shall heare what I do.
Farewell.

Enter Byancha, and Maria.
Exit Rowland.

Row. Farewell.
Liv. Alas poore foole, how it looks?
It would ev’n hang it selfe, should I but crosse it.
For pure love to the matter I must hatch it.
Bya. Nay never look for merry houre Maria,
If now you make it not; let not your blushes,
Your modesty, and tendernesse of spirit,
Make you continuall Anvile to his anger:
Believe me, since his first wife set him going,
Nothing can bind his rage: Take your own Councell,
You shall not say that I perswaded you.
But if you suffer him —
Mar. Stay, shall I do it?
Bya. Have you a stomack to’t?
Mar. I never shew’d it.
Bya. Twill shew the rarer, and the stronger in you.
But do not say I urg’d you.
Mar. I am perfect,
Like Curtius to redeeme my Countrey, have I
Leap’d into this gulph of marriage, and Ile do it.
Farewell all poorer thoughts, but spight & anger,
Till I have wrought a miracle. Nowosen,
I am no more the gentle tame Maria;
Mistake me not; I have a new soule in me
Made of a North-wind, nothing but tempest;
And like a tempest shall it make all ruins,
Till I have run my will out.
Bya. This is brave now,
If you continue it; but your own will lead you.
Mar. Adieu all tendernesse, I dare continue;
Maides that are made of feares and modest blushes,
View me, and love example.
Bya. Here is your sister.
Mar. Here is the brave old mans love.
Bya. That loves the young man.
Mar. I and hold thee there wench: what a grief of heart
When Paphos Rebels should up rowse old night, (is’t,
To sweat against a Cork; to lie and tell
The clock o’th longs, to rise sport-starv’d?
Liv. Deere sister,
Where have you been you talke thus?
Mar. Why at Church, wench;
Where I am tide to talke thus: I am a wife now.

    Liv.    It seems so, and a modest.
    Mar.    You are an asse;
When thou art married once, thy modesty
Will never buy thee Pins.
    Liv.    ’Blesse me.
    Mar.    From what?
    Bya.    From such a tame foole as our cozen Livia?
    Liv.    You are not mad.
    Mar.    Yes wench, and so must you be,
Or none of our acquaintance, marke me Livia.
Or indeed fit for our sex: Tis bed time.
Pardon me yellow Hymen, that I meane
Thine offrings to protract, or to keepe fasting
My valiant Bridegroome.
    Liv.    Whether will this woman?
    Bya.    You may perceve her end.
    Liv.    Or rather feare it.
    Mar.    Dare you be partner in’t?
    Liv.    Leave it Maria,
I feare I have mark’d too much, for goodnesse leave it;
Devest you with obedient hands to bed.
    Mar.    To bed? No Livia, there are Comets hang
Prodigious over that yet; there’s a fellow
Must yet before I know that heat (nere start wench)
Be made a man, for yet he is a monster;
Here must his head be Livia.
    Liv.    Never hope it.
Tis as easie with a Sive to scoope the Ocean, as
To tame Petruchio.
    Mar.    Stay: Lucina heare me,
Never unlock the treasure of my womb
For humane fruit, to make it capable;
Nor never with thy secret hand make briefe
A mothers labour to me; if I doe
Give way unto my married husbands will,
Or be a wife, in any thing but hopes,
Till I have made him easie as a child,
And tame as feare, he shall not win a smile,
Or a pleas’d look, from this austerity,
Though it would pull another Joynture from him,
And make him ev’ry day another man;
And when I kisse him, till I have my will,
May I be barren of delights, and know
Onely what pleasures are in dreams, and guesses.
    Liv.    A strange Exordium.
Bya. All the severall wrongs
Done by Emperious husbands to their wives
These thousand yeeres and upwards, strengthen thee:
Thou hast a brave cause.

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

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

Mar. Tis I sweare.

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

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

Liv. His first wife said as much.

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

Liv. Are you of this faith?

Bya. Yes truly, and wil die in’t.

Liv. Why then let’s all weare breeches.

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

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

Mar. A witty saying;
Ile tell thee Livia, had this fellow tired
As many wives as horses under him,
With spurring of their patience; had he got
A Patent, with an Office to reclaime us
Confirm’d by Parliament; had he all the malice
And subtility of Devils, or of us,
Or any thing that’s worse then both.
   Liv.    Hey, hey boyes, this is excellent.
   Mar.    Or could he
Cast his wives new again, like Bels to make ’em
Sound to his will; or had the fearfull name
Of the first breaker of wilde women: yet,
Yet would I undertake this man, thus single,
And spight of all the freedom he has reach’d to,
Turn him and bend him as I list, and mold him
Into a babe again; that aged women,
Wanting both teeth & spleen, may Master him.
   Bya.    Thou wilt be chronicl’d.
   Mar.    That’s all I aime at.
   Liv.    I must confesse, I do with all my heart
Hate an Emperious husband, and in time
Might be so wrought upon.
   Bya.    To make him cuckold?
   Mar.    If he deserve it.
   Liv.    Then Ile leave ye Ladies.
   Bya.    Thou hast not so much Noble anger in thee.
   Mar.    Goe sleep, goe sleep, what we intend to do,
Lies not for such starv’d soules as thou hast Livia.
   Liv.    Good night: the Bridegroom will be with you
   Mar.    That’s more then you know. (presently.
   Liv.    If ye worke upon him,
As you have promised, ye may give example,
Which no doubt will be followed.
   Mar.    So.
   By.    Good night: we’l trouble you no further.
   Mar.    If you intend no good, pray doe no harm.
   Liv.    None, but pray for you.
   Bya.    ’Cheere wench?
   Mar.    Now Byancha,
Those wits we have let’s wind ’em to the height,
My rest is up wench, and I pull for that
Will make me ever famous. They that lay
Foundations, are halfe builders all men say.
   Enter Jaques.
   Jaq.    My Master forsooth.
   Nnnnn2
The Womans prize, or

Exeunt.

Scena tertia.

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

Petru. You that are married, Gentlemen, home at ye

For a round wager now.

Soph. Of this nights Stage?

Petru. Yes. (shillings.

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

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

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

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

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

I would Gallants.

Petru. Well said good Will; but where’s the staffe boy,
Old father time, your houre-glasse is empty. (ces;

Tra. A good tough traine would break thee all to pie-
Thou hast not breath enough to say thy prayers.

Petron. See how these boyes despise us. Will you to bed
This pride will have a fall. (sonne?

Petru. Upon your daughter;
But I shall rise again, if there be truth
In Egges, and butter’d Pasnips.

Petro. Wil you to bed son, & leave talking;
To morrow morning we shall have you looke,
For all your great words, like St. George at Kingston,
Running a foot-back from the furious Dragon,
That with her angry tayle belabours him
For being lazie.

Tra. His courage quench’d, and so far quench’d —

Petru. Tis well sir.

What then?

Soph. Fly, fly, quoth then the fearfull dwarfe;
Here is no place for living man.

Petru. Well my masters, if I doe sinke under my busi-
column: 307-a-2

ness, as I finde tis very possible, I am not the first that has
miscarried; So that’s my comfort, what may be done
without impeach or waste, I can and will doe.

Enter Jaques.

How now is my faire Bride a bed?

Jaq. No truly sir.

Petron. Not a bed yet? body o’ me: we’l up and rifle
her: here’s a coyle with a mayden-head, tis not intayl’d,
is it?

Petru. If it be, ile try all the Law i’th Land, but Ile cut
it off: let’s up, let’s up, come.

Jaq. That you cannot neither.

Petru. Why?

Jaq. Unlesse you’l drop through the Chimney like a
Daw, or force a breach i’th windows: you may untile
the house, tis possible.

Petru. What dost thou meane?

Jaq. A morall sir, the Ballat will expresse it:
The wind and the rain has turnd you back again,
And you cannot be lodged there. The truth is all the doores
Are baracadoed; not a Cathole, but holds a murd’rer in’t.
She’s victual’d for this moneth.

Petru. Art not thou drunk?

Soph. He’s drunk, he’s drunk; come, come, let’s up.

Jaq. Yes, yes, I am drunke: ye may goe up, ye may
Gentlemen, but take heed to your heads: I say no more.
Exit Soph.

Petru.  How dost thou say? the door fast lock’d fellow?

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

Petru.  How’s this? how’s this they are?

Is there another with her?

Jaq.  Yes marry is there, and an Engineir.

Mor.  Who’s that for Heavens sake?

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

Enter Sophocles.

Petru.  I should laugh at that good Jaques.

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

Jaq.  Am I drunk now sir?

Soph.  He that dares most, goe up now, and be cool’d.

I have scap’d a pretty scowring.

Petru.  What are they mad? have we another Bedlam?

They doe not talke I hope?

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

Petru.  How got she tongue?

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

Petru.  Lock’d out a doors, and on my wedding-night?

Nay, and I suffer this, I may goe graze:

Come Gentlemen, Ile batter; are these vertues?

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

column: 307-b-1

*Petru.* Why then tantara for us.

*Soph.* And all the lower works lin’d sure with small shot, long tongues with Fire-locks, that at twelve score blanke hit to the heart: now and ye dare go up

*Enter Maria and Byanca above.*

*Mor.* The window opens, beat a parley first;

I am so much amaz’d my very hair stands.

*Petron.* Why how now daughter: what intrenc’d?

*Mar.* A little guarded for my safety sir.

*Petru.* For your safety Sweet-heart? why who offends

I come not to use violence.  

*Mar.* I thinke you cannot sir, I am better fortified.

*Petru.* I know your end,

You would faine reprieve your Maiden-head

A night, or two.

*Mar.* Yes, or ten, or twenty, or say an hundred;

Or indeed, till I list lie with you.

*Soph.* That’s a shrewd saying; from this present houre,

I never will believe a silent woman.

When they break out they are bonfires.

*Petro.* Till you list lie with him? why who are you

*Bya.* That trim Gentlemans wife, sir.  

(Madam?)

*Petru.* Cry you mercy, do you command too?

*Mar.* Yes marry do’s she, and in chief.

*Bya.* I doe command, and you shall go without:

(I mean your wife, for this night)

*Mar.* And for the next too wench, and so as’t follows.

*Petro.* Thou wilt not, wilt ’a?

*Mar.* Yes indeed deere father,

And till he seale to what I shall set down,

For any thing I know, for ever.

*Soph.* Indeed these are Bugs-words.

*Tra.* You heare sir, she can talke, God be thanked.

*Petru.* I would I heard it not sir.

(Soph.) I finde that all the pity bestowd upon this wo-

Makes but an Anagram of an ill wife,

For she was never vertuous.

*Petru.* Youl let me in I hope, for all this jesting.

*Mar.* Hope still Sir.

*Petron.* You will come down I am sure.

*Mar.* I am sure I will not.

*Petron.* Ile fetch you then.

*Bya.* The power of the whole County cannot sir,

Unlesse we please to yeild, which yet I thinke

We shall not; charge when you please, you shall

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

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

Mar. Tis so.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Mar. It is so:
And till your own experience do untie it,
This distance I must keep.

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

Mar. I am glad on’t, and I wil talke.

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

Mar. And I am worse, a woman that can feare
Neither Petrushio Furius, nor his fame,
Nor any thing that tends to our allegiance;
There’s a short method for you, now you know me.

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

Bya. No you shall carry it, sir.

Petru. Peace gentle Low-bel.

Petron. Use no more words, but come down instantly,

I charge thee by the duty of a child.

Petru. Prethee come Maria, I forgive all.

Mar. Stay there; That duty, that you charge me by

(If you consider truly what you say)
Is now another mans, you gave’t away
I’th Church, if you remember, to my husband:
So all you can exact now, is no more
But onely a due reverence to your person,
Which thus I pay: Your blessing, and I am gone
To bed for this night.

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

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

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

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

Petru. Why give me leave, I will.

Bya. Sir, there’s no learning

An old stiffe Jade to trot: you know the morall.

Mar. Yet as I take it sir, I owe no more

Then you owe back again.

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

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

Petru. Yes.

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

Petru. Well, what remedy?

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

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

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

Mar. A weeke hence, or a fortnight, as you beare you,
And as I finde my will observ’d, I may
With intercession of some friends be brought
May be to kisse you; and so quarterly
To pay a little rent by composition,
You understand me?

Soph. Thou Boy, thou.

Petru. Well there are more Maidens then Maudlin, that’s
my comfort.

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

Petru. I must not to bed with this stomach, and no
Mar. Feed where you will, so it be sound, and whol-
Else live at livery, for i’le none with you. (some,

By. You had best back one of the dairy maids, they’l
carry.
But take heed to your girthes, you’l get a bruise else.

Petru. Now if thou would’st come down, and tender
All the delights due to a marriage bed, (me:
Studdy such kisses as would melt a man,
And turne thy selfe into a thousand figures,
To adde new flames unto me, I would stand
Thus heavy, thus regardlesse, thus despising
Thee, and thy best allurings: all thy beauty
That’s laid upon your bodies, mark me well,
For without doubt your mind’s are miserable,
You have no masks for them: all this rare beauty,
Lay but the Painter, and the silke worme by,
The Doctor with his dyets, and the Taylor,
And you appeare like flead Cats, not so handsome.

Mar. And we appeare like her that sent us hither,
That onely excellent and beauteous nature;
Truly our selves, for men to wonder at,
But too divine to handle; we are Gold,
In our own natures pure; but when we suffer
The husbands stamp upon us then alayes,
And bas ones of you, men are mingled with us,
And make us blush like Copper.

Petru. Then, and never
Till then are women to be spoken of,
For till that time you have no soules I take it:
Good night: come Gentlemen; i’le fast for this night,
But by this hand — well: I shall come up yet?


Petru. There will I watch thee like a wither’d Jewry,
Thou shalt neither have meat, fire, nor Candle,
Nor any thing that’s easie: doe you rebell so soone?
Yet take mercy.

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

_Moro._ Well said Colonell.

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

_Petru._ Ile hang first.

_Mar._ And i’le quarter if I doe not,
Ile make you know, and feare a wife Petruchio,
There my cause lies.

You have been famous for a woman tamer,
And beare the fear’d-name of a brave wife-breaker:
A woman now shall take those honours off, (leewe me,
And tame you; nay, never look so bigge, she shall be-
And I am she: what thinke ye; good night to all,
Ye shall finde Centinels.

_By._ If ye dare sally.  

_Petru._ The devill’s in ‘em, ev’n the very devill, the
downe right devill.

_column: 308-a-2_

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

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

_Soph._ Ile stand perdue upon ’em.

_Mor._ My regiment shall lye before.

_Iaq._ I think so, ’tis grown too old to stand.

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

_Exe. Omnes._

_Scæna quarta._

_Enter Rowland, and Pedro, at severall doores._

_Row._ Now Pedro?

_Ped._ Very busie Master Rowland.

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

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

Row. Farewell, and when I credit women more,
May I to Smith-field, and there buy a Jade,
(And know him to be so) that breaks my neck.

Liv. Because I have knowne you, I’ll be thus kinde to
Farewell, and be a man, and i’le provide you,
Because I see y’are desperate, some stai’d Chamber-maid
That may relieve your youth, with wholesome doctrin.

Mor. She’s mine from all the world: ha wench?
Mor. How’s this? I do not love these favours: save you.
Row. The devill take thee — wrings him byth’ nose.
Mor. Oh!
Row. There’s a love token for you: thank me now.
Mor. Ile thinke on some of ye, and if I live,
My nose alone shall not be plaid withall. Exit

Actus secondus. Scæna prima.

Enter Petronius, and Moroso.

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

Beside my nose blown to my hand; if Cupid
Shoot Arrows of that waight, i’le swear devoutly,
Has sude his liverie, and no more a Boy.

Petro. You gave her some ill language?
Mor. Not a word,
Petro. Or might be you weare fumbling?
Mor. Would I had sir.
I had been a forehand then; but to be baffel’d,
And have no feeling of the cause —

Petro. Be patient,
I have a medicine clapt to her back will cure her.
Mor. No sure it must be afore sir.

Petro. O’ my Conscience,
When I got these two wenches (who till now
Ne’r shew’d their riding) I was drunck with Bastard,
Whose nature is to forme things like it selfe
Heady, and monstrous: did she slight him too?

Mor. That’s all my comfort: a meere Hobby-horse
She made childe Rowland: s’foot she would not know
Not give him a free look, not reckon him (him,
Among her thoughts, which I held more then wonder,
I having seene her within’s three dayes kisse him
With such an appetite as though she would eat him.

Petro. There is some trick in this: how did he take it?
Mor. Ready to cry; he ran away.

Petro. I feare her.
And yet I tell you, ever to my anger,  
She is as tame as Innocency; it may be  
This blow was but a favour.

    Mor.  Ile be sworne

'Twas well tye’d on then.

    Petro.  Goe too, pray forget it,
I have bespoke a Priest: and within’s two hours  
Ile have ye married; will that please you?

    Mor.  Yes.

    Petro.  Ile see it done my selfe, and give the Lady  
Such a sound exhortation for this knavery
Ile warrant you, shall make her smell this Moneth on’t,

    Mor.  Nay good sir, be not violent.

    Petro.  Neither —  
    Mor.  It may be
Out of her earnest love, there grew a longing  
(As you know women have such toyes) in kindnesse,
To give me a box o’th eare or so.

    Petro.  It may be.

    Mor.  I reckon for the best still: this night then  
I shall enjoy her.

    Petro.  You shall hansell her.

    Mor.  Old as I am, i’le give her one blow for’t  
Shall make her groane this twelve-moneth.

    Petro.  Where’s your joynture?

    Mor.  I have a joynture for her.

    Petro.  Have your Councell  
Perus’d it yet?

    Mor.  No Councell, but the night, and your sweet  
Shall ere peruse that Joynture.  

    Petro.  Very well sir.

    Moro.  Ile no demurrers on’t nor no rejoynders.

The other’s ready seal’d.

    Petro.  Come then lets’ comfort
My Son Petruchio, he’s like little Children  
That loose their Bables, crying ripe.

    Mor.  Pray tell me,
Is this stern woman still upon the flaunt  
Of bold defiance?

    Petro.  Still, and still she shall be  
Till she be starv’d out: you shall see such justice,
That women shall be glad after this tempest
To tye their husbands shooes, and walke their horses;  
That were a merry world: doe you heare the rumour,  
They say the women are in Insurrection,  
And meane to make a —
  Petro. They’l sooner  
Draw upon walls as we doe: Let ’em, let ’em,  
We’l ship ’em out in Cuck-stoole, there they’l saile  
As brave *Columbus* did, till they discover  
The happy Islands of obedience.  
We stay too long, Come.  
  Mor. Now Saint *George* be with us.  

*Exeunt.*

**Scæna Secunda.**

*Enter Livia alone*

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

  *Mar.* *Cheval’a.*  
  *Liv.* A Friend.  
  *By.* Who are you?  
  *Liv.* Looke out and know.  
  *Mar.* Alas poore wench who sent thee,  
What weake foole made thy tongue his Orator?  
I know you come to parly.  
  *Liv.* Y’are deceiv’d,  
Urg’d by the goodnes of your cause I come  
To doe as you doe.  
  *Mar.* Y’ar too weake, too foolish,  
To cheat us with your smoothnesse: doe not we know  
Thou hast been kept up tame?  
  *Liv.* Beelieve me.  
  *Mar.* No, prethee good *Livia*  
Utter thy Eloquence somewhere else.  
  *By.* Good Cosen
Put up your Pipes; we are not for your palat,
Alas we know who sent you.

Liv.  O’ my word —

By.  Stay there; you must not thinke your word,
Or by your Maydenhead, or such Sunday oathes
Sworne after Even-Song, can inveigle us
To loose our hand-fast: did their wisdomes thinke
That sent you hither, we would be so foolish,
To entertaine our gentle Sister Sinon,
And give her credit, while the woodden Jade
Petruchio stole upon us: no good Sister,
Goe home, and tell the merry Greekes that sent you,
Ilium shall burn, and I, as did Aeneas,
will on my back, spite of the Myrmidons,
Carry this warlike Lady, and through Seas
Unknown, and unbeleev’d, seek out a Land,
Where like a race of noble Amazons,
We’le root our selves and to our endlesse glory
Live, and despise base men.

Liv.  Ile second ye.

By.  How long have you been thus?

Liv.  That’s all one Cosen.

I stand for freedome now.

By.  Take heed of lying;
For by this light, if we doe credit you,
And finde you tripping, his infiction
That kill’d the Prince of Orenge, will be sport
To what we purpose.

Liv.  Let me feele the heaviest.

Mar.  Swear by thy Sweet-heart Rowland (for by your
I feare ’twill be too late to swear) you meane
Nothing but faire and safe, and honourable
To us, and to your selfe.

Liv.  I sweare.

By.  Stay yet,

Swear as you hate Moroso, that’s the surest,
And as you have a certaine feare to finde him
Worse then a poore dride Jack, full of more Aches
Then Autumnne has; more knavery, and usury,
And foolery, and brokery, then doggs-ditch:
As you doe constantly beleeve he’s nothing
But an old empty bagge with a grey beard,
And that beard such a Bob-taile, that it lookes
Worse then a Mares taile eaten off with Fillyes:
As you acknowledge, that young hansome wench
That Iyes by such a Bilbo blade, that bends
With ev’ry passe he makes to’th hilts, most mis[rable,
A dry nurse to his Coughes, a fewterer
To such a nasty fellow, a rob’d thing
Of all delights youth lookes for: and to end,
One cast away on course beef, born to brush
That everlasting Cassock that has wore
As many Servants out, as the Northeast passage
Has consum’d Saylors: if you sweare this, and truly
Without the reservation of a gowne
Or any meritorious Petticoate,
’Tis like we shall beleev[e]e you.

Liv.  I doe sweare it.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Clap
Clap a sound spell for ever on thy pleasures.
    Mar. Children of five yeares old, like little Fayries
Will pinch thee into motley, all that ever
Shall live, and heare of thee, I meane all women;
Will (like so many furies) shake their Keyes,
And tosse their flaming distaffes o’re their heads,
Crying Revenge: take heed, ’tis hideous:
Oh ’tis a fearefull office, if thou had’st
(Though thou bee’st perfect now) when thou cam’st,
A false Imagination, get thee gone, (hither,
And as my learned Cozen said repent,
This place is sought by soundnesse.
    Liv. So I seeke it,
Or let me be a most despis’d example.
    Mar. I doe beleeve thee, be thou worthy of it.
You come not empty?
    Liv. No, Here’s Cakes, and cold meat,
And tripe of proove: behold here’s wine, and beere,
Be suddaine, I shall be surpriz’d else.
    Mar. Meet at the low Parlor doore, there lyes a close
What fond obedience you have living in you,
Or duty to a man, before you enter,
Fling it away, ’twill but defile our Offrings.
    By. Be wary as you come,

Scæna Tertia.

Enter three Maides.

    1 Mai. How goes your businesse Girles?
    2   A foot, and faire.
    3   If fortune favour us: away to your strength
The Country Forces are ariv’d, be gone.
We are discover’d else.
    1   Arme, and be valiant.
    2   Think of our cause.
    3   Our Justice.
    1   ’Tis sufficient.                Exeunt.

Scæna quarta.

Enter Rowland and Tranio at severall doores.

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

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

Scæna quinta.

Enter Petruchio, Petronius, Moroso, and Sophocles.

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

Petro. I thinke not.

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

Oooo (beleeve
(Believe me friends she should) I would tabor her,  
Till all the Legions that are crept into her,  
Flew out with fire i’th tailed.
  *Soph.* Me thinks you erre now,  
For to me seems, a little sufferance  
Were a far surer cure.
  *Petru.* Yes, I can suffer,  
Where I see promises of peace and amendment.
  *Mor.* Give her a few conditions.
  *Petru.* Ile be hangd first.
  *Petron.* Give her a crab-tree-cudgell.
  *Petru.* So I will;
And after it a flock-bed for her bones.
And hard egges, till they brace her like a Drum,
She shall be pamperd with —
She shall not know a stoole in ten moneths Gentlemen.
  *Soph.* This must not be,  
  *Jaq.* Arme, arme, out with your weapons,
For all the women in the Kingdom’s on ye;  
They swarm like waspes, and nothing can destroy ’em,
But stopping of their hive, and smothering of ’em.
  *Ped.* Stand to your guard sir, all the devils extant
Are broke upon us, like a cloud of thunder;
There are more women, marching hitherward,
In rescue of my Mistris, th[e]n ere turn’d taile
At Sturbridge Faire; and I believe, as fiery.
  *Jaq.* The forlorn-hope’s led by a Tanners wife,
I know her by her hide; a desperate woman:
She flead her husband in her youth, and made (ther,
Raynes of his hide to ride the Parish. Take ’em all toge-
They are a genealogy of Jennets, gotten
And born thus, by the boyesterous breath of husbands;
They serve sure, and are swift to catch occasion,
(I meane their foes, or husbands) by the fore-locks,
And there they hang like favours; cry they can,
But more for Noble spight, then feare: and crying
Like the old Gyants that were foes to Heaven,
They heave ye stoole on stoole, and fling main Potlids
Like massie rocks, dart ladles, tossing Irons,
And tongs like Thunderbolts, till overlayd,
They fall beneath the waight; yet still aspiring
At those Emperious Codsheds, that would tame ’em.
There’s nere a one of these, the worst and weakest,
(Choose where you will) but dare attempt the raysing
Against the soveraine peace of Puritans,
A May-pole, and a Morris, maugre mainly
Enter three mayds, at several doors.

Exeunt

Scena tercia.

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

Petro. I am indifferent, though I must confess,
I had rather see her carted.

Tra. No more of that sir.

Soph. Are ye resolv’d to give her fair conditions?

Twill be the safest way.

Petru. I am distracted,

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

Soph. Why say she do?

Petru. Say, I am made an Asse, then;

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

Petron. I do not think you may.

Tra. You’l make it worse sir.

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

Petron. I should believe so too.

Soph. And not her own.

Tra. You’l finde it so.

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

Tra. And loose

Mor. No honour on my life, sir.

Petru. I wil do it.

Petron. It seems they are very merry.

Petru. Why God hold it.

Mor. Now Jaques?

Jaq. They are i’th flaunt, sir.

Soph.
the Tamer tamed.

column: 310-b-1

Soph. Yes we heare 'em.

Jaq. They have got a stick of Fiddles, and they firke
In wondrous waiues, the two grand Capitanos,
(They brought the Auxiliary Regiments)
Daunce with their coats tuckt up to their bare breeches,
And bid them kisse 'em, that's the burden;
They have got Metheglin, and audacious Ale,
And talke like Tyrants.

Petron. How knowest thou?

Jaq. I peep't in

Petron. A Song, pray silence. All the women above.

Mor. They look out.

Petru. Good ev'n Ladies.

Mar. Good you good ev'n sir.

Petru. How have you slept to night?

Mar. Exceeding well sir.

Petru. Did you not wish me with you?

Mar: No, believe me,

I never thought upon you.

Cun. Is that he?

Bya. Yes.

Cun. Sir?

Soph. She has drunk hard, mark her hood.

Cun. You are —

Soph. Learnedly drunk, Ile hang else: let her utter.

Cun. And I must tell you, viva voce friend,

A very foolish fellow.

Tra. There's an Ale figure.

Petru. I thank you Susan Brotes.

Cit. Forward sister.

Cun. You have espoused here a hearty woman,

A comely, and courageous.

Petru. Wel I have so.

Cun. And to the comfort of distressed damsels,

Weomen out-worn in wedlock, and such vessels,

This woman has defied you.

Petru. It should seem so.

Cun. And why?

Petru. Yes, can you tell?

Cun. For thirteen causes.

Petru. Pray by your patience Mistris.

Cit. Forward sister.

Petru. Do you mean to treat of all these?

Cit. Who shall let her?
Petro.  Doe you heare, Velvet-hood, we come not now
To heare your doctrine.
Cunt.  For the first, I take it,
It doth divide it selfe into seven branches.
Petru.  Harke you good Maria,
Have you got a Catechiser here?
Tra.  Good zeale.
Soph.  Good three pil’d predication, will you peace,
And heare the cause we come for?
Cunt.  Yes Bob-tailes
We know the cause you come for, here’s the cause,
But never hope to carry her, never dream
Or flatter your opinions with a thought
Of base repentance in her.
Cit.  Give me sack,
By this, and next strong Ale.
Cun.  Sweare forward sister.
Cit.  By all that’s cordiall, in this place we’l bury
Our bones, fames, tongues, our triumphs; and then all
That ever yet was chronicl’d of woman;
But this brave wench, this excellent despiser,
This bane of dull obedience, shall inherit
His liberall wil, and march off with conditions
Noble, and worth her selfe.
Cun.  She shall Tom Tilers,
And brave ones too; My hood shal make a hearse-cloth,
And I lie under it, like Jone o Gaunt,
Ere I goe lesse, my Distaffe stucke up by me,
For the eternall Trophee of my conquests;
And loud fame at my head, with two main Bottles,
Shall fill to all the world the glorious fall
Of old Don Gillian.
Cit.  Yet a little further,
We have taken Armes in rescue of this Lady;
Most just and Noble: if ye beat us off
Without conditions, and we recant,
Use us as we deserve; and first degrade us
Of all our ancient chambring: next that
The Symbols of our secrecy, silke Stockings,
Hew of our heelles; our petticotes of Armes
Teare of our bodies, and our Bodkins breake
Over our coward heads.
Cun.  And ever after
To make the tainture most notorious,
At all our Crests, videlicet our Plackets.
Let Laces hang, and we returne againe
Into our former titles, Dayry maids.
Petru.  No more wars: puissant Ladies, shew conditions,
Enter Livia above.

Mar. Call in Livia;

She’s in the treaty too.

Mor. How, Livia?

Mar. Heare you that sir?

There’s the conditions for ye, pray peruse ‘em.

Petron. Yes, there she is: t’had been no right rebellion,

Had she held off; what think you man?

Mor. Nay nothing.

I have enough o’th prospect: o’my conscience,

The worlds end, and the goodnesse of a woman

Will come together.

Petron. Are you there sweet Lady?


Petron. Yes when I blesse a jade, that stumbles with me.

How are the Articles?

Liv. This is for you sir;

And I shal think upon’t.

Mor. You have us’d me finely.

Liv. There’s no other use of thee now extant,

But to be hung up; cassock, cap, and all,

For some strange monster at Apothecaries.

Petron. I heare you whore.

Liv. It must be his then sir,

For need wil then compell me.

Cit. Blessing on thee.

Liv. He wil undoe me in meere pans of Coles

To make him lustie.

Petron. There’s no talking to ’em;

How are they sir?

Petru. As I expected: Liberty and clothes,

When, and in what way she wil: continuall moneys,

Company, and all the house at her dispose;

No tongue to say, why is this? or whether wil it;

New Coaches, and some buildings, she appoints here,

Hangings, and hunting-horses: and for Plate

And Jewels for her private use, I take it,

Two twousand pound in present: then for Musick,

And women to read French;

Petron. This must not be.

Petru. And at the latter end a clause put in,

That Livia shal by no man be importun’d.

Ooooo2
This whole moneth yet, to marry.

**Petron.** This is monstrous.

**Petru.** This shall be done, Ile humor her awhile:
	If nothing but repentance, and undoing
	Can win her love, Ile make a shift for one.

**Soph.** When ye are once a bed, all these conditions
	Lie under your own seale.

**Mar.** Do yo like ’em?

**Petru.** Yes.

And by that faith I gave you fore the Priest
Ile ratifie ’em.

**Cun.** Stay, what pledges?

**Mar.** No, Ile take that oath;

But have a care you keep it.

**Cit.** Tis not now
As when Andrea liv’d.

**Cun.** If you do juggle,

Or alter but a Letter of these Articles
We have set down, the self-same persecution.

**Mar.** Mistrust him not.

**Petru.** By all my honesty —

**Mar.** Enough. I yield.

**Petru.** What’s this
Inserted here?

**Soph.** That the two valiant women that command here
Shall have a Supper made em, and a large one,
And liberall entertainment without grudging,
And pay for all their Souldiers.

**Petru.** That shall be too;

And if a tun of Wine wil serve to pay ’em,
They shall have justice: I ordaine ye all
Pay-masters, Gentlemen.

**Tra.** Then we shall have sport boyes.

**Mar.** We’l meet you in the Parlour.

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

**Soph.** There’s no danger in’t.

**Petru.** For Livia’s Article, you shall observe it,
I have tyde my selfe.

**Petron.** I wil.

**Petru.** Along then: now

Either I break, or this stiffe plant must bow.  

*Exeunt.*

*Actus tertius, Scæna prima.*

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

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So madde, so sencelesse, poor and base, so wretched,
Roguy, and scurvy.
Tra.  Wwhether wilt thou Rowland?
Row.  As tis to be in love.
Tra.  And why for vertue sake?
Row.  And why for vertues sake? do’st thou not con-
Tra.  No by my troth.  (ceeve me?
Row.  Pray then, and hartely
For fear thou fall into ’t: I’le tell thee why too,
(For I have hope to save thee) when thou lovest,
And first beginst to worship the gilt calfe,
Imprimis, thou hast lost thy gentry,
And like a prentice flung away thy freedom.
Forthwith thou art a slave.
Tra.  That’s a new Doctrine.
Row.  Next thou art no more man.
Tra.  VVhat then?
Row.  A Fryppery;
Nothing but brayed haire, and penny riband,
Glove, garter, ring, rose, or at best a swabber,
If thou canst love so neer to keep thy making,
Yet thou wilt loose thy language.
Tra.  VVhy.
Row.  O Tranio,
Those things in love, ne’r talke as we do,
Tra.  No?
Row.  No without doubt, they sigh and shake the head,
And sometimes whistle dolefully.
Tra. No tongue?
Row. Yes Tranio, but no truth in’t, nor no reason,
And when they cant (for tis a kind of canting)
Ye shall hear, if you reach to understand ’em
(Which you must be a foole first, or you cannot)
Such gibbrish; such believe me, I protest Sweet,
And oh deer Heavens, in which such constellations
Raigne at the births of lovers, this is too well,
And daigne me Lady, daigne me I beseech ye
You poor unworthy lump, and then she licks him

Tra. A — on’t, this is nothing.
Row. Thou ha’st hit it:
Then talks she ten times worse, and wryes and wriggles,
As though she had the itch (and so it may be.)

Tra. Why thou art grown a strange discoverer.
Row. Of mine own follies Tranio.

Tra. Wilt thou Rowland,

Certaine ne’r love again?

Row. I think so, certain,
And if I be not dead drunk, I shall keep it.

Fra. Tell me but this; what do’st thou think of women?
Row. WWhy as I think of fiddles, they delight me,
Till their strings break.

Fra. WWhat strings?
Row. Their modesties,

Faithes, vowes and maidenheads, for they are like Kits
They have but foure strings to ’em.

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

Row. Give me the money;
A hundred, and my Bond for’ t.

Tra. But pray hear me.
I’le work all meanes I can to reconcile ye:

Row. Do, do, give me the money.

Tra. There.
Row. WWork Tranio.

Tra. You shall go sometimes where she is.
Row. Yes straight.

This is the first good I ere got by woman.

Tra.
Tra. You would think it strange now, if an other
As good as hers, say better. (beauty
Row. Well.
Tra. Conceive me,
This is no point o’th wager.
Row. That’s all one. (you.
Tra. Love you as much, or more, then she now hates
Row. Tis a good hearing, let ’em love: ten pound more,
I never love that woman.
Tra. There it is;
And so an hundred, if you lose.
Row. Tis done;
Have you an other to put in?
Tra. No, no sir.
Row. I am very sorry: now will I erect
A new Game and go hate for th’ bell; I am sure
I am in excellent case to win.
Tra. I must have leave.
To tell you, and tell truth too, what she is,
And how shee suffers for you.
Row. Ten pound more,
I never believe you.
Tra. No sir, I am stinted.
Row. Well, take your best way then.
Tra. Let’s walk, I am glad
Your sullen feavor’s off.
Row. Shal’t see me Tranio
A monstrous merry man now: let’s to the Wedding,
And as we go, tell me the generall hurry
Of these madde wenches, and their workes.
Tra. I will.
Row. And do thy worst.
Tra Something i’le do.

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Pedro, and Jaques.

Ped. A paire of stocks bestride ’em, are they gone?
Jaq. Yes they are gon; and all the pans i’th Town
Beating before ’em: what strange admonitions
They gave my Master, and how fearfully
They threaten’d, if he brok ’em?
Ped. O’ my conscience
Has found his full match now.
Jaq. That I believe too.
Ped. How did she entertaine him?
Iaq. She lookt on him.
Ped. But scurvely.
Iaq. With no great affection
That I saw: and I heard some say he kiss’d her,
But ’twas upon a treaty, and some coppies
Say but her cheek.
Ped. Iaques, what wouldst thou give
For such a wife now?
Iaq. Full as many prayers
As the most zealous Puritane conceives
Out of the meditation of fat veale,
Or birds of prey, cram’d capons, against Players,
And to as good a tune too, but against her:
That heaven would blesse me from her: mark it Pedro,
If this house be not turn’d within this fortnight
With the foundation upward, i’le be carted.
My comfort is yet that those Amorities,
That came to back her cause, those heathen whores had
their hoods hallowed with sack.
Ped. How div’lish drunk they were?

Jaq. And how they tumbled, Pedro, didst thou marke
The Countrey Cavalierno?
Ped. Out upon her,
How she turn’d down the Bagget?
Jaq. I that sunke her.
Ped. That drink was wel put to her; what a sober salt
When the chaire fel, she fetchd, with her heels upward?
Jaq. And what a piece of Landskip she discoverd?
Ped. Didst mark her, when her hood fel in the Posset?
Jaq. Yes, and there rid, like a Dutch hoy; the Tumbrel,
When she had got her ballasse.
Ped. That I saw too.
Jaq. How faine she would have drawne on Sophocles
To come aboord, and how she simperd it —
Ped. I warrant her, she has been a worthy striker.
Iaq. I’th heat of Summer there had been some hope
Ped. Hang her. (on’t.
Jaq. She offerd him a Harry-groat, and belcht out,
Her stomack being blown with Ale, such Courtship,
Upon my life has givn him twenty stooles since:
Believe my calculation, these old women
When they are tippled, and a little heated
Are like new wheels, theyl roare you all the Town ore
Till they be greasd.
Ped. The City Cinque-pace
Dame tossse and Butter, had he Bob too?
Jaq. Yes,
But she was sullen drunk, and given to filching,
I see her offer at a Spoon; my master
I do not like his looke, I fere has fasted
For all this preparation; lets steale by him. 

Exeunt.

Scena tertia.

Enter Petruichio, and Sophocles.

Soph. Not let you touch her all this night?
Petru. Not touch her.
Soph. Where was your courage?
Petru. Where was her obedience?
Never poore man was sham’d so; never Rascall
That keeps a stud of whores was us’d so basely.
Soph. Pray you tell me one thing truly;
Do you love her?
Petru. I would I did not, upon that condition
I past thee halfe my Land.
Soph. It may be then,
Her modesty requir’d a little violence?
Some women love to struggle.
Petru. She had it,
And so much that I sweat for’t, so I did,
But to no end: I washt an Ethiope;
She swore my force might weary her, but win her
I never could, nor should, till she consented;
And I might take her body prisoner,
But for her mind or appetite —
Soph. Tis strange;
This woman is the first I ever read of,
Refus’d a warranted occasion,
And standing on so faire termes.
Petru. I shall quit her.
Soph. Us’d you no more art?
Petru. Yes, I swore to her,
And by no little ones, if presently
Without more disputation on the matter,
She grew not neerer to me, and dispatcht me
Out of the pain I was, for I was nettl’d,
And willingly, and eagerly, and sweetly,
I would
I would to her Chamber-maid, and in her hearing
Begin her such a huntes-up.

_Soph._ Then she started?

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

_Soph._ And he should tilt her.

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

_Soph._ Stay ye, stay ye,
Was she thus when you woo’d her?

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

_Soph._ Then I fear
An other spoke’s i’th wheele.

_Petr._ Now thou hast found me,
There gnawes my devill, _Sophocles_, O patience
Preserve me; that I make her not example
By some unworthy way; as fleing her,
Boyling, or making verjuce, drying her.

_Soph._ I hear her.

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

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

_Petr._ What think you _Sophocles_.
In what point stands my state now?

_Mar._ For those hangings
Let ’em be carried where I gave appointment,
They are too base for my use, and bespeak
New pieces of the civill wars of France,
Let ’em be large and lively, and all silke work,
The borders gold.
Soph. I marry sir, this cuts it.
Mar. That fourteen yardes of satten give my woman,
    I do not like the colour, tis too civill:
    Ther’s too much silk i’th lace too; tell the Dutchman
    That brought the mares, he must with all speed send me
    An other suit of horses, and by all meanes
    Ten cast of Hawkes for ’th River, I much care not
    What price they beare, so they be sound, and flying,
    For the next winter, I am for the Country;
    And mean to take my pleasure; wher’s the horse man?
    Petru. She meanes to ride a great horse.
    Soph. With a side sadle? (month
    Petru. Yes, and shee’l run a tilt within this twelve-
    Mar. To morrow Ile begin to learne, but pray sir

Have a great care he be an easy doer,
Twill spoyle a Scholler els.
Soph. An easy doer,
Did you hear that?
Petru. Yes, I shal meet her morals
Er it be long I fear not.
Mar. O good morrow.
Soph. Good morrow Lady, how is’t now.

Mar. Faith sickly,
This house stands in an ill ayre.
Petru. Yet more charges?
Mar. Subject to rots, and hewms; out on’t, tis nothing
But a tild fog.
    Petru. What think of the Lodge then?
    Mar. I like the seate, but tis too little, Sophocles
    Let me have thy opinion, thou hast judgement.
    Petru. Tis very well.
    Mar. What if I pluck it down,
    And built a square upon it, with two courts
    Still rising from the entrance?
    Petru. And i’th midst
A Colledge for yong Scolds.
    Mar. And to the Southward
    Take in a garden of some twenty acres,
    And cast it off the Italian fashion, hanging.
    Petru. And you could cast your self so too; pray Lady
    Will not this cost much money?
    Mar. Some five thousand,
    Say six: Ile have it battel’d too.
    Petru. And gilt; Maria,
    This is a fearfull course you take pray think on’t,
    You are a woman now, a wife, and his
    That must in honesty, and justice look for
    Some due obedience from you.
Mar. That bare word
Shall cost you many a pound more, build upon’t;
Tell me of due obedience? what’s a husband?
What are we married for, to carry sumpters?
Are we not one pice with you, and as worthy
Our own intentions, as you yours?

Petru. Pray hear me.

Mar. Take two small drops of water, equall weigh’d,
Tell me which is the heaviest, and which ought
First to discend in duty?

Petru. You mistake me;
I urge not service from you, nor obedience
In way of duty, but of love, and edit;
All I expect is but a noble care
Of what I have brought you, and of what I am,
And what our name may be

Mar. That’s in my making. Petru. Tis true it is so.

Mar. Yes it is Petruchio,
For there was never man without our molding,
Without our stampe upon him, and our justice,
Left any thing three ages after him
Good, and his own.

Soph. Good Lady understand him.

Mar. I do too much, sweet Sophocles, he’s one
Of a most spightfull self condition,
Never at peace with any thing but age,
That has no teeth left to return his anger:
A Bravery dwels in his blood yet, of abusing
His first good wife; he’s sooner fire then powder,
And sooner mischief.

Petru. If I be so sodain
Do not you fear me?

Mar. No nor yet care for you,
And if it may be lawfull, I defie you:

Petru. Do’s this become you now?

Mar. It shall become me.

Petru. Thou disobedient, weak, vain-glorious woman,
Were I but half so wilfull, as thou [*]pightfull,
I should now drag thee to thy duty.

Mar. Drag me?

Petru. But I am friends again: take all your pleasure.

Mar. Now you perceive him Sophocles.

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

Exit.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Livia, Byancha, Tranio, and Rowland.

Liv. Then I must be content sir, with my fortune.
Row. And I with mine.
Liv. I did not think, a look,
Or a poore word or two, could have displanted
Such a fix’d constancy, and for your end too.

(gaws,
Row. Come, come, I know your courses: there’s no gew-
Your Rings, and Bracelets, and the Purse you gave me,
The money’s spent in entertaining you
At Plays, and Cherry-gardens.
Liv. There’s your Chain too.
But if you’ll give me leave, Ile weare the haire still;
I would yet remember you.
Bya. Give him his love wench;
The yong man has imploymet for ’t.

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Tra. Fie Rowland.
Row. You cannot fie me out a hundred pound
With this poore plot: yet, let me nere see day more,
If something do not struggle strangely in me.
Bya. Young man, let me talk with you.
Row. Wel young woman.
Bya. This was your Mistris once.
Row. Yes.
Bya. Are ye honest?
I see you are young, and hansome.
Row. I am honest.  

(judgement
Bya. Why that’s wel said: and there’s no doubt your
Is good enough, and strong enough to tell you
Who are your foes, and friends: why did you leave her?
Row. She made a puppy of me.
Bya. Be that granted:
She must doe so sometimes, and oftentimes;
Love were too serious else.
Row. A witty woman.
Bya. Had you lov’d me —
Row. I would I had.
Bya. And deerly;
And I had lov’d you so: you may love worse sir,
But that is not mateirall.
Row. I shal loose.
Bya. Some time or other for variety
I should have cal’d you foole, or boy, or bid you
Play with the Pages: but have lov’d you stil,
Out of all question, and extreamly too;
You are a man made to be loved:
   Row.   This woman
Either abuses me, or loves me deadly.
   Bya.   Ile tell you one thing, if I were to choose
A husband to mine own mind, I should think
One of your mothers making would content me,
For o’ my conscience she makes good ones.
   Row.   Lady,
Ile leave you to your commendations:
I am in again, The divel take their tongues.
   Bya.   You shall not goe.
   Row.   I wil: yet thus far Livia,
Your sorrow may induc me to forgive you,
But never love again; if I stay longer,
I have lost two hundred pound.
   Liv.   Good sir, but thus much —
   Tra.   Turn if thou beest a man.
   Liv.   But one kisse of you;
One parting kisse, and I am gone too.
   Row.   Come,
I shall kisse fifty pound away at this clap:
We’l have one more, and then farewel.
   Liv.   Farewel.
   Bya.   Wel, go thy waies, thou bearst a kind heart with
   Tra.   H’as made a stand.                  (thee.
   Bya.   A noble, brave young fellow,
Worthy a wench indeed.
   Tra.   He’s gone: but shot alegen; play you but your part,
And I will keep my promise: forty Angels
In fair gold Lady: wipe your eyes: he’s yours
If I have any wit.
   Liv.   Ile pay the forfeit.
   Bya.   Come then, lets see your sister, how she fares now,
After her skirmish: and be sure, Moroso
Be kept in good hand; then all’s perfect, Livia.

Exeunt.

Scæna
The Womans prize, or
Scena quinta.

Enter Jaques and Pedro.

Ped. O Jaques, Jaques, what becomes of us?
Oh my sweet Master.

Jaq. Run for a Physitian,
And a whole peck of Pothecaries, Pedro.
He wil die, didle, didle die: if they come not quickly,
And bring all people that are skilfull
In Lungs and Livers: raise the neighbours,
And all the Aquavite-bottles extant;
And, O the Parson, Pedro; O the Parson,
A little of his comfort, never so little;
Twenty to one you finde him at the Bush,
There’s the best Ale.


Enter Maria, and Servants.

Mar. Out with the Trunks, ho:
Why are you idle? Sirha, up to th’Chamber,
And take the hangings down, and see the Linnen
Packt up, and sent away within this halfe houre.
What are the Carts come yet? some honest body
Help down the chests of Plate, and some the wardrobe,
Alas we are undone else.

Jaq. Pray forsooth,
And I beseech ye, tell me, is he dead yet?

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

Jaq. Then Ile goe see him.

Mar. Thou art undone then fellow: no man that has
Been neere him come neere me.

Enter Sophocles, and Petronius.

Soph. Why how now Lady, what means this?

Petron. Now daughter, how dos my sonne?

Mar. Save all you can for Heaven sake.

Enter Livia, Byancha, and Tranio.

Liv. Be of good comfort sister.

Mar. O my Casket.

Petron. How do’s thy husband woman?

Mar. Get you gon, if you mean to save your lives: the
Enter Watch.
Petruchio within.
Enter Doctor and Pothecary.

Petron. Stand further off, I prethee. (sicknesse.

Mar. Is i’th house sir,
My husband has it now;
Alas he is infected, and raves extremly:
Give me some counsell friends.

Bya. Why lock the doores up,
And send him in a woman to attend him.

Mar. I have bespoke two women; and the City
Hath sent a watch by this time: meat nor money
He shall not want, nor prayers.

Petron. How long is’t
Since it first tooke him?

Mar. But within this three houres.
I am frighted from my wits: — O here’s the watch;
Pray doe your Office, lock the doores up friends,
And patience be his Angel.

Tra. This comes unlook’d for:

Mar. Ile to the lodge; some that are kind and love
I know wil visit me.

Petru. Doe you heare my Masters: ho, you that locke
Petron. Tis his voyce.

Tra. Hold, and let’s heare him.

Petru. Wil ye starve me here: am I a Traytor, or an He-
Or am I grown infectious?

column: 313-a-2

Petron. Pray sir, pray.

Petru. I am as wel as you are, goodman puppy.

Mar. Pray have patience,
You shall want nothing sir.

Petru. I want a cudgell,
And thee, thou wickednesse.

Petron. He speakes wel enough.

Mar. ’Had ever a strong heart sir.

Petru. Wil ye heare me?
First be pleas’d
To think I know ye all, and can distinguish
Ev’ry mans severall voyce: you that spoke first,
I know my father in law; the other Tranio,
And I heard Sophocles; the last, pray marke me,
Is my dam’d wife Maria:
If any man misdoubt me for infected,
There is mine arme, let any man looke on’t.

Enter Doctor and Pothecary.

Doct. Save ye Gentlemen.

Petron. O welcome Doctor,
Ye come in happy time; pray your opinion,
What think you of his pulse?

Doct. It beats with busiest,
And shews a general inflammation,
Which is the symptome of a pestilent feaver,
Take twenty ounces frow him.
   Petru.    Take a foole;
Take an ounce from mine arme, and Doctor Deuz-ace,
Ile make a close-stoole of your Velvet costard.
   — Gentlemen, doe ye make a may-game on me?
I tell ye once againe, I am as sound,
As wel, as wholesome, and as sensible,
As any of ye all: Let me out quickly,
Or as I am a man, Ile beat the wals down,
And the first thing I light upon shall pay for’t.

   Exit Doctor and Pothecary.

   Petro.    Nay we’l go with you Doctor.
   Mar.    Tis the safest;
I saw the tokens sir.
   Petro.    Then there is but one way.
   Petru.    Wil it please you open?
   Tra.    His fit grows stronger still.
   Mar.    Let’s save our selves sir,
He’s past all worldly cure.
   Petro.    Friends do your office.
And what he wants, if money, love, or labour,
Or any way may win it, let him have it.
Farewell, and pray my honest friends —

   Exeunt.

   Petro.    Why Rascals,
Friends, Gentlemen, thou beastly wife, Jaques;
None heare me? who at the doore there?
   1 Watch.   Thinke I pray sir,
Whether you are going, and prepare your selfe.
   2 Watch.   These idle thoughts disturbe you, the good
Gentlewoman
Your wife has taken care you shall want nothing.
   Petru   Shall I come out in quiet? answer me,
Or shall I charge a fowling-piece, and make
Mine own way; two of ye I cannot misse,
If I misse three; ye come here to assault me.
I am as excellent wel, I thank Heav’n for’t,
And have as good a stomacke at this instant —
   2 Watch.   That’s an ill signe.
   1 Watch.   He draws on; he’s a dead man,
   Petru.   And sleep as soundly; wil ye looke upon me?
   1 Watch.   Do you want Pen and Inke? while you have
Settle your state.
   (sence sir,
   Petru.   Sirs, I am wel, as you are;
   Or
Or any Rascall living.

2 Watch. would you were sir.

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

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

2 Watch. The devill take the himmost, I cry.

Enter Petru with a piece.

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

Actus Quartus. Scæna prima.

Enter Moroso and Petronius.

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

column: 313-b-2

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

Mor. Not so neither.

Petron. What wouldst thou have her do?

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

Petron. Quoat your griefes down.

Mor. Give faire quarter, I am old and crasie, And subject to much fumbling, I confesse it; Yet something I would have that’s warme, to hatch me: But understand me I would have it so, I buy not more repentance in the bargaine Then the ware’s worth I have; if you allow me Worthy your Son-in-law, and your allowance, Do it a way of credit; let me show so, And not be troubled in my visitations, With blows, and bitternesse, and down right railings, As if we were to couple like two cats,
With clawing, **add** loud clamour:

*Petron.*  Thou fond man

Hast thou forgot the Ballard, crabbed age,

Can *May* and *January* match together,

And nev’r a storm between ’em? say she abuse thee,

Put case she doe.

*Mor.*  Wel.

*Petron.*  Nay, believe she do’s.

*Mor.*  I doe believe she do’s.

*Petron.*  And div’lishly:

Art thou a whit the worse?

*Mor.*  That’s not the matter,

I know, being old, tis fit I am abus’d;

I know tis hansome, and I know moreover

I am to love her for’t.

*Petron.*  Now you come to me.

*Mor.*  Nay more then this; I find too, and finde certain,

What Gold I have, Pearle, Bracelets, Rings, or Owches,

Or what she can desire, Gowns, Petticotes,

Wastcotes, Embroydered-stockings, Scarffs, Cals, Feathers

Hats, five pound Garters, Muffs, Masks, Ruffs, & Ribands,

I am to give her for’t.

*Petron.*  Tis right, you are so.

*Mor.*  But when I have done all this, and think it duty,

Is’t requisit an other bore my nostrils?

Riddle me that.

*Petron.*  Go get you gone, and dreame

She’s thine within these two daies, for she is so;

The boy’s beside the saddle: get warm broths,

And feed apace; think not of worldly businesse,

It cools the blood; leave off your tricks, they are hateful,

And meere forerunners of the ancient measures;

Contrive your beard o’th top cut like Verdugoes;

It shows you would be wise, and burn your night-cap,

It looks like halfe a winding-sheet, and urges

From a young wench nothing but cold repentance:

You may eate Onyons, so you’l not be lavish.

*Mor.*  I am glad of that.

*Petron.*  They purge the blood, and quicken,

But after ’em, conceive me, sweep your mouth,

And where there wants a tooth, stick in a clove.

Pppppp

*Mor.*
The Womans prize, or

Mar. Shall I hope once againe, say’t,

Petro. You shall sir:

And you shall have your hope.

Moro. Why there’s a match then.

Byan. You shall not finde me wanting, get you gon. Here’s the old man, he’l think you are plotting else

Something against his new Sonne.

Moro. Fare ye well sir.

Byan. And ev’ry Buck had his Doe,

And ev’ry Cuckold a Bell at his Toe:

Oh what should we have then, then Boyes then,

O what sport should we have then?

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

By. Give you good ev’n.

Petro. A word with you Sweet Lady.

By. I am very hasty sir.

Petro. So your were ever.

By. Well what’s your will?

Petro. Was not your skilfull hand

In this last stratagem? were not your mischiefes

Eeking the matter on?

By. In’s shutting up?

Is that it?

Petro. Yes.

By. Ile tell you.

Petro. Doe,

By. And truly.

Good old man, I doe grieve exceeding much,

I feare too much.

Petro. I am sorry for your heavinesse.

Belike you can repent then?

By. There you are wide too.

Not that the thing was done (conceive me rightly)

Do’s any way molest me.

Petro. What then Lady?

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

Now you understand me, for Ile tell you,

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

And if you marke the way, so hansomely,

Of such a heigth, and excellence, and art

I have not known a braver, for conceive me,

When the grosse foole her husband would be sick —

Petro. Pray stay.

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

Enter Petruchio, Iaques; and Pedro.

Then stept your daughter in.

Petro. By your appointment.

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

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

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

Petro. You have a hand I heare too.

By. I have two sir.

Petro. In my yong daughters businesse.

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

Petro. I shall watch ye.

By. Doe.

Petro. And I shall have justice.

By. Where?

Petro. That’s all one;

I shall be with you at a turne hence forward.

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

Exeunt.

Enter Petruchio, Iaques; and Pedro.

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

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

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

Petrue. Goe trim the house up.
And put the things in order as they were.

I shall finde time for all this: could I finde her
But constant any way, I had done my businesse;
Were she a whore directly, or a scold,
An unthrift, or a woman made to hate me,
I had my wish, and knew which way to rayne her:
But while she shewes all these, and all their losses, 
A kinde of linsey woolsey, mingled mischiefe 
Not to be ghest at, and whether true, or borrowed, 
Not certaine neither, what a hap had I, 
And what a tydie fortune, when my fate 
Flung me upon this Beare-whelp? here she comes 
Now if she have a colour, for the fault is 
A cleanly one, upon my conscience 
I shall forgive her yet, and finde a something 
Certaine, I married for: her wit: Ile marke her. 

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

_Petr._ This is an Axiome 
I never heard before. 

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

_Petr._ Though I doe know this falser then the devill, 
I cannot choose but love it. 

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

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

_Mar._
Mar. His unkinde dealing, which was worst of all,
In sending, who knowes whether, all the plate,
And all the household-stuffe, had I not crost it,
By a great providence, and my friends assistance
Which he will thanke me one day for: alas,
I could have watch’d as well as they, have serv’d him
In any use, better, and willinger.
The Law commands me to doe it, love commands me.
And my own duty charges me.

Petru. Heav’n blesse me.
And now I have said my Prayers, Ile goe to her:
Are you a wife for any man?

Mar. For you Sir.
If I were worse, I were better; That you are well,
At least, that you appeare so, I thanke heaven,
Long may it hold and that you are here, I am glad too,
But that you have abus’d me wretchedly,
And such a way that shames the name of husband,
Such a malicious mangy way, so mingled,
(Never looke strangely on me, I dare tell you)
With breach of honesty, care, kindnesse, manners.

Petru. Holla, you kick too fast.

Mar. Was I a stranger?
Or had I vow’d perdiction to your person?
Am I not married to you, tell me that?

Petru. I would I could not tell you.

Mar. Is my presence,
The stock I come of, which is worshipfull,
If I should say right worshipfull, I ly’d not,
My Grandsire was a Knight.

Petru. O’the Shire?

Mar. A Souldier,
Which none of all thy Family e’re heard off,
But one conductor of thy name, a Grasier
That ran away with pay: or am I grown
(Because I have been a little peevish to you,
Onely to try your temper) such a dogge-latch
I could not be admitted to your presence?

Petru. If I endure this, hang me.

Mar. And two deaths heads,
Two Harry Groats, that had their faces womne,
Almost their names away too.

Petru. Now heare me.
For I will stay no longer.

Mar. This you shall:
How ever you shall think to flatter me,
For this offence, which no submission
Can ever mediate for, you’ll finde it so,
What ever you shall doe by intercession,
What you can offer, what your Land can purchase,
What all your friends, or families can win,
Shall be but this, not to forsweare your knowledge,
But ever to forbear it: now your will sir.

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

_Mar._ Your pleasure.

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

column: 314-b-2

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

_Mar._ Yes.

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

_Mar._ Well sir, well,
You may well glory in’t.

_Petr._ And when it comes to opening, ’tis my plot,
Exit Mar.

Exit.

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Byancha, and Tranio.

Tra. Mistresse, you must doe it.

By. Are the writings ready I told you of?

Tra. Yes they are ready, but to what use I know not.

By. Y’are an Asse, you must have all things constru’d,

Tra. Yes, and peirc’d too,

Or I finde little pleasure.

By. Now you are knavish,

Goe too, fetch Rowland hither presently,

Your twenty pound lies bleeding else: she is married

Within these twelve houres, if we crosse it not,

And see the Papers of one size.

Tra. I have ye.

By. And for disposing of ’em.

Ppppp2

Tra.
Tra. If I faile you  
Now I have found the way, use Marshall Law  
And cut my head off with a hand Saw:

By. Wel sir.

Petronius and Moroso I’le see sent for  
About your businesse; goe.

Tra. I am gone.

By. Ho Livia.

Liv. Who’s that?

By. A friend of yours, Lord how you looke now,  
As if you had lost a Carrick.

Liv. O Byancha.

I am the most undone, unhappy woman.

By. Be quiet wench, thou shalt be done, and done,  
And done, and double done, or all shall split for’t,  
No more of these minc’d passions, they are mangy,  
And ease thee of nothing, but a little wind,  
An apple will doe more: thou fear’st Moroso.

Liv. Even as I feare the Gallowes.

By. Keepe thee there still.

And you love Rowland? say.

Liv. If I say not  
I am sure I lye.

By. What would’st thou give that woman,  
In spight of all his anger, and thy feare,  
And all thy Fathers policy, that could  
Clap ye within these two nights quietly  
Into a Bed together?

Liv. How?

By. Why fairely,  
At half sword man and wife: now the red blood comes,  
I marry now the matters chang’d.

Liv. Byancha,  
Me thinks you should not mock me.

By. Mock a pudding.

I speake good honest English, and good meaning.

Liv. I should not be ungratefull to that woman.

By. I know thou would’st not, follow but my Counsell  
And if thou hast him not, despight of fortune  
Let me nev’r know a good night more; you must  
Be very sick o’th instant.

Liv. Well, what follows?

By. And in that sicknesse send for all your friends,  
Your Father, and your feavor old Moroso,  
And Rowland shall be there too.

Liv. What of these?
By. Doe you not twitter yet? of this shall follow
That which shall make thy heart leape, and thy lips
Venture as many kisses, as the Merchants
Doe dollars to the East-Indies: you shall know all,
But first walke in, and practise, pray be sick.

Liv. I doe beleevve you: and I am sick.

By. Doe
To bed then, come, Ile send away your Servants
Post for your Foole, and Father; and good fortune,
As we meane honesty, now strike an up-shot. Exeunt.

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Tranio, and Rowland.

Tra. Nay, on my conscience, I have lost my money,
But that’s all one: Ile never more perswade you,
I see you are resolute, and I commend you.

Row. But did she send for me?

Tra. You daire beleevve me.

Row. I cannot tell, you have your waies for profit

Allow'd you Tranio, as well as I
Have to avoid 'em feare:

Tra. No, on my word sir
I deale directly with you. Enter Servant.

Row. How now fellow,
Whither Post you so fast?

Serv. O sir my Master
Pray did you see my Master?

Row. Why your Master?

Serv. Sir his Jewell.

Row. With the gilded Button?

Serv. My pretty Mistresse Livia.

Row. What of her?

Serv. Is falne sick o’th suddaine.

Row. How o’th sullens?

Serv. O’th suddaine sir, I say, very sick: apples.

Row. It seemes she hath got the toothach with raw

Serv. It seemes you have got the headach, fare you

You did not see my Master?

(Well sir.

Row. Who told you so?

Tra. No, no, he did not see him.


What should her sicknesse be?

Tra. For you it may be.

Row. Yes when my braines are out, I may beleevve it,

Never before I am sure: yet I may see her
'Twill be a point of honesty:
  Tra.  It will so.
  Row.  It may be not too: you would faine be fingring
This old sinne-offring of two hundred, Tranio,
How daintily, and cunningly you drive me
Up like a Deere to'th toyle, yet I may leape it,
And what’s the woodman then?
  Tra.  A looser by you.
Speake will you go or not? to me 'tis equall.
  Row.  Come what goes lesse?
  Tra.  Nay not a penny Rowland.
  Row.  Shall I have liberty of conscience
Which by interpretation, is ten kisses?
Hang me if I affect her: yet it may be,
This whorson manners will require a strugling,
Of two and twenty, or by'r-Lady thirty.
  Tra.  By'r-lady Ile require my wager then,
For if you kisse so often, and no kindnesse,
I have lost my speculation, i’le allow you —
  Row.  Speake like a Gamster now.
  Tra.  It may be two.
  Row.  Under a dozen Tranio ther’s no setting,
You shall have forty shillings, winck at small faults.
Say I take twenty, come, by all that’s honest
I doe it but to vex her.
  Tra.  Ile no by-lowes.
If you can love her doe, if you can hate her,
Or any else that loves you.
  Row.  Prethee Tranio.
  Tra.  Why farewell twenty pound, twill not undoe me;
You have my resolution.
  Row.  And your money,
Which since you are so stubborne, if I forfeit,
Make me a Jack o’ Lent, and breake shins
For untag’d points and Compters: Ile goe with you,
But if thou get’st a penny by the bargaine;
A parting kisse is lawfull?
  Tra.  I allow it.
(bargaine:
  Row.  Knock out my braines with Apples; yet a
  Tra.  I tell you, i’le no bargaines; win, and weare it.
  Row.  Thou art the strangest fellow.
  Tra.  That’s all one.
Row. Along then, twenty pound more if thou dar’st, 
I give her not a good word.

Tra. Not a Penny.

Exeunt.

Scæna quarta.

Enter Petruchio, Jaques, and Pedro.

Petr. Prethee, entreat her come, I will not trouble her
Above a word or two; ere I endure
This life, and with a woman, and a vow’d one
To all the mischieves she can lay upon me,
Ile goe to Plough again, and eat leeke Porridge;
Begging’s a pleasure to ’t not to be numberd:
No there be other Countries jaques for me, and other
people, yea, and other women.
If I have need, here’s money, there’s your ware,
Which is faire dealing, and the Sunne, they say
Shines as warme there, as here, and till I have lost
Either my selfe, or her, I care not whether
Nor which first.

Jaques. Will your worship heare me?

Petr. And utterly outworne the memory
Of such a curse as this, none of my Nation
Shall ever know me more.

Iaq. Out alas sir
What a strange way doe you runne?

Petr. Any way,
So I out-runne this rascall.

Iaq. Me thinkes now,
If your good worship could but have the patience.

Petr. The patience, why the patience?

Iaq. Why i’le tell you,
Could you but have the patience.

Petr. Well the patience.

Iaq. To laugh at all she do’s, or when she railes,
To have a drum beaten o’th top o’th house,
To give the neighbours warning of her Larme,
As I doe when my wife rebels.

Petr. Thy wife?
Thy wife’s a Pigeon to her a meere slumber,
The dead of night’s not stiller.

Iaq. Nor an Iron Mill.

Petr. But thy wife is certaine.

Iaq. That’s false Doctrine,
You never read of a certaine woman.
Petru. Thou know’st her way.
Ja. I should doe, I am sure.

I have ridden it night, and day, this twenty yeare.

Petru. But mine is such a drench of Balderdash,
Such a strange carded cunningnesse, the Rayne-bow
When she hangs bent in heaven, sheds not her colours
Quicker and more then this deceitfull woman

Enter Petru

Weaves in her dyes of wickednesse: what sayes she?

Ped. Nay not a word sir, but she pointed to me,
As though she meant to follow; pray sir bear it
Ev’n as you may, I need not teach your worship,
The best men have their crosses, we are all mortall.

Petru. What ailes the fellow?
Ped. And no doubt she may sir

Petru. What may she, or what do’s she, or what is she?

Speake and be hang’d.

Ped. She’s mad Sir.

Petru. Heaven continue it.

Ped. Amen if’t be his pleasure

Petru. How mad is she?

Ped. As mad as heart can wish sir: she has drest her self
(Saving your worships reverence) iust i’th cut

column: 315-b-2

Of one of those that multiply i’th Suburbs
For single money, and as durtily:
If any speake to her, first she whistles,
And then begins her compasse with her fingers,
And points to what she would have.

Petru. What new waye’s this?

Ped. There came in Master Sophocles,

Petru. And what

Did Master Sophocles when he came in?
Get my Truncks ready sirha, i’le be gone straight.

Ped. He’s here to tell you

She’s horne mad Iaques.

Soph. Call ye this a woman?

Petru. Yes sir, she is a woman,

Soph. Sir, I doubt it.

Petru. I had thought you had make experience,

Soph. Yes I did so.

And almost with my life.

Petru. You rid too fast sir.

Soph. Pray be not mistaken: by this hand
Your wife’s as chaste, and honest as a virgin,
For any thing I know: ’tis true she gave me
A Ring.

Petru. For rutting.

Soph. You are much deceiv’d still,
Believe me, I never kist her since, and now
Coming in visitation, like a friend,
I think she is mad sir, suddainly she started,
And snatch’d the Ring away, and drew her knife out,
To what intent I know not.

   Petru. Is this certaine?
   Soph. As I am here sir.
   Petru. I beleeve you honest.  

And pray continue so.

   Soph. She comes.
   Petru. Now Damsell,

What will your beauty doe, if I forsake you?
Doe you deale by signes, and tokens? as I ghesse then,
You’l walke abroad, this Sommer, and catch Captaines,
Or hire a peece of holy ground i’th Suburbs,
And keepe a neast of Nuns?

   Soph. O doe not stir her!

You see in what a case she is?

   Petru. She is dogged,

And in a beastly case I am sure: Ile make her
If she have any tongue, yet tatle Sophocles
Prethee observe this woman seriously,
And eye her well, and when thou hast done, but tell me
(For thou hast understanding) in what case
My sence was, when I chose this thing.

   Soph. Ile tell you
I have seene a sweeter —

   Petru. An hundred times cry oysters.

Ther’s a poore Begger wench about Black-Fryers
Runs on her breech may be an Empresse to her.

   Soph. Nay, now you are too bitter.

   Petru. Nev’r a whit sir:

Ile tell thee woman; for now I have day to see thee,
And all my wits about me, and I speake
Not out of passion neither (leave your mumping)
I know you’re well enough: Now would I give
A million but to vex her: when I chose thee
To make a Bedfellow, I tooke more trouble,
Then twenty Termes can come too, such a cause
Of such a title, and so everlasting
That Adams Genealogie may be ended
Ere any law find thee: I tooke a Leprosie,
Nay worse, the plague, nay worse yet, a possession

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

Soph. She is not so ill.

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

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

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

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

Soph. How now man?

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

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

Petru. She’l ship me.

Mar. A way of understanding I long wishd for,
And now tis come, take heed you fly not back sir,
Me thinks you look a new man to me now,
A man of excellence, and now I see
Some great design set in you: you may think now
(And so may most that know me) ’twere my part
Weakly to weep your losse, and to resist you,
Nay hang about your neck and like a dotard
Urge my strong tie upon you: but I love you,
And all the world shall know it, beyond woman,
And more prefer the honour of your Country,
Which chiefly you are born for, and may perfect,
The uses you may make of other Nations,
The ripening of your knowledge, conversation,
The full ability, and strength of judgement,
Then any private love, or wanton kisses.
Go worthy man, and bring home understanding.

Soph. This were an excellent woman to breed School-

Mar. For if the Merchant through unknown Seas
To get his wealth, then deer sir, what must you
To gather wisdome? go, and go alone,
Only your noble mind for your companion,
And if a woman may win credit with you,

column: 316-a-2

Go far: too far you cannot: still the farther
The more experience finds you: and go sparing,
One meale a week will serve you, and one sute,
Through all your travels: for you’l find it certaine,
The poorer and the baser you appear,
The more you look through still.

Petru. Do’st hear her?

Soph. Yes.

Petru. What would this woman do if she were suffer’d,

Upon a new adventure?

Soph. Make us nothing,
I wonder that she writes not.

Mar. Then when time,

And fulnesse of occasion have new made you,
And squard you from a sot into a Signour,
Or neerer from a Iade into a courser;
Come home an aged man, as did Ulysses,
And I your glad Penelope.

Petru. That must have

As many lovers as I languages,
And what she do’s with one i’th day, i’th night
Undoe it with an other.

Mar. Much that way sir;

For in your absence, it must be my honour,
That, that must make me spoken of hereafter,
To have temptations, and not little ones
Daily and hourely offerd me, and strongly,
Almost believed against me, to set off
The faith, and loyalty of her that loves you.

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

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

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

  Petru. Bring down the money.

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

  Petru. How’s the wind?
She’l wish me out o’th world anon.

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

  Petru. Far thee well.
Thou ha’st foold me o’th Kingdom with a vengeance,
And thouc canst foole me in againe.

  Mir. Not I sir,
I love you better, take your time, and pleasure.
Ile see you horsd.

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

  Mar. Any thing
That you think well of, I dare look upon.

  Petru. You’l bear me to the lands end Sophocles,
And other of my friends I hope.

  Mar. Nev’r doubt sir,
You cannot want companions for your good:
I am sure you’l kisse me ere I go; I have businesse,
And stay long here I must not.

  Petru. Get thee going.
For if thou tarriest but an other Dialogue
Ile kick thee to thy Chamber.
   Mar. Far you well Sir,
And bear your selfe, I do beseech you once more,
Since you have undertaken doing wisely,
Manly, and worthily, tis for my credit,
And for those flying fames here of your follies,
Your gambols, and ill breeding of your youth,
For which I understand you take this travell,
Nothing should make me leave you els, ile deale
So like a wife, that loves your reputation,
And the most large addition of your credit,
That those shall die: if you want Limon-waters,
Or any thing to take the edge o’th Sea off,
Pray speak, and be provided.
   Petru. Now the Devill,
That was your first good master, shoure his blessing
Upon ye all: into whose custody —
   Mar. I do commit your Reformation,
And so I leave you to your Stilo novo.  
Exit Maria
   Petru. I will go: yet I will not: once more Sophocles
Ile put her to the test.
   Soph. You had better go.
   Petru. I will go then: let’s seek my father out,
And all my friends to see me faire aboard:
Then women, if there be a storme at Sea,
Worse then your tongues can make, and waves more
Then your dissembliing fayths are, let me feel
Nothing but tempests, till they cracke my Keele.

   Exeunt

Actus Quintus, Scæna Prima.

Enter Petronius, and Byancha with
foure papers.

   By. Now whether I deserve that blame you gave me,
Let all the world discern sir.
   Petron. If this motion,
(I mean this fair repentance of my Daughter)
Spring from your good perswasion, as it seems so,
I must confesse I have spoke too boldly of you,
And I repent.
   By. The first touch was her own,
Taken no doubt from disobeying you,
The second I put to her, when I told her
How good, and gentle yet, with free contrition
Again you might be purchas’d: loving woman,
She heard me, and I thank her, thought me worthy
Observing in this point: yet all my councell,
And comfort in this case, could not so heal her
But that grief got his share too, and she sickend.

Petron. I am sorry she’s so ill, yet glad her sickness

Ha’s got so good a ground.

Enter Moroso.

By. Here comes Moroso.

Petron. O you are very welcome,

Now you shall know your happinesse.

Mor. I am glad on’t.

What makes this Lady here?

By. A dish for you sir

You’l thank me for hereafter.

Petron. True Moroso,

Go get you in, and see your Mistris.

By. She is sick sir,

But you may kisse her whole.

Mor. How.

By. Comfort her.

Mor. VVhy am I sent for sir?

Petron. Will you in, and see?

By. May be she needs confession.

Mor. By St. Mary,

She shall have absolution then and pennance,

But not above her carriage.

Petron. Get you in foole.

By. Here comes the other too.

Petron. Now Tranio.

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

Row. Thank you.

Petron. I have a certaine Daughter.

Row. Would you had sir.

Petron. No doubt you know her well.

Row. Nor never shall sir.

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

Petron. Well thats by’th by still.

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

Row. Mine sir?

Petron. Yes sir.

Or rather, as it seemes, repenting.
Enter Livia discovered abed, and Moroso by her.

Petron. I think 'twere well you would see her.
Row. If you please sir;
I am not squeamish of my visitation.

Petron. But, this ile tell you, she is alter’d much,
You’l finde her now an other Livia.
Row. I have enough o’th old sir.

Petron. No more foole,
To look gay babies in your eyes yong Rowland,
And hang about your pretty neck.
Row. I am glad on’t,
And thank my Fates I have scapd such execution,

Petron. And busse you till you blush againe.
Row. Thats hard sir,
She must kisse shamefully ere I blush at it,
I never was so boyish; well, what followes?

Petron. She’s mine now, as I please to settle her,
At my command, and where I please to plant her:
Only she would take a kind of farwell of you,
And give you back a wandring vow or two,
You left in pawn; and two or three slight oaths
She lent you too, she looks for.

Row. She shall have ’em
With all my heart sir, and if you like it better,
A free release in writing.

Petron. Thats the matter,
And you from her, you shall have an other Rowland,
And then turne taile to taile, and peace by with you.

Row. So be it: your twenty pound sweats Tranio.
Tra. ’Twill not undoe me Rowland, do your worst.
Row. Come, shall we see her Sir?
By. What ere she saies
You must beare manly Rowland, for her sicksnesse
Has made her somewhat teatish.

Row. Let her talke
Till her tongue ake I care not: by this hand
Thou hast a handsome face wench, and a body
Daintely mounted; now do I feele an hundred
Runing directly from me, as I pist it.

Enter Livia discovered abed, and Moroso by her.

By. pray draw ’em softly, the least hurry sir

Puts
Puts her to much impatience.

_Petron._ How is’t daughter?

_Liv._ O very sick, very sick, yet somewhat
Better I hope; a little lightsommer,
Because this goodman has forgiven me;
Pray set me higher; Oh my head:

_Bya._ Wel done wench.

_Liv._ Father, and all good people that shal heare me,
I have abus’d this man perniciously; was never old man
humbled so;
I have scornd him, and cal’d him nasty names,
I have spit at him,
Flung Candles ends in’s beard, and cald him harrow,
That must be drawn to all he dos: contemn’d him,
For me thought then he was a beastly fellow.
(Oh God my side) a very beastly fellow:
And gave it out, his cassock was a Barge-cloth,
Pawnd to his _predeceffor_ by a Sculler,
The man yet living: I gave him purging-comfits
At a great christning once,
That spoyl’d his Chamblet breeches; and one night
I strewd the staires with pease, as he past down;
And the good Gentleman (woe worth me for’t)
Ev’n with his reverent head, this head of wisdome,
Told two and twenty staires, good and true;
Mist not a step, and as we say verbatim
Fell to the bottome, broke his casting Bottle,
Lost a fair toad-stone of some eighteen shillings,
Jumbled his joynts together, had two stooles,
And was translated. All this villany
Did I: I _Livia_, I alone, untaught.

_Mor._ And I unask’d, forgive it.

_Liv._ Where’s _Byancha_?

_Bya._ Here Cozen.

_Liv._ Give me drinke,

_Bya._ There.

_Liv._ Who’s that?

_Mor._ _Rowland_.

_Liv._ O my dissembler, you and I must part.

Come neerer sir.

_Row._ I am sorry for your sicknesse.

_Liv._ Be sorry for your selfe sir, you have wrong’d me,
But I forgive you; are the papers ready?

_Bya._ I have ’em here: wilt please you view ’em?

_Petron._ Yes.

_Liv._ Shew ’em the young man too, I know he’s willing
To shift his sailes too: tis for his more advancement;
Alas, we might have beggred one another;
We are young both, and a world of children
Might have been left behind to curse our follies:
We had been undone Byancha, had we married,
Undone for ever: I confesse I lov’d him,
I care not who shall know it, most intirely;
And once, upon my conscience, he lov’d me;
But farewell that, we must be wiser cosen.
Love must not leave us to the world: have you done?
   Row. Yes, and am ready to subscribe.
   Liv. Pray stay then:
Give me the papers, and let me peruse ’em,
And so much time, as may afford a teare
At our last parting.
   Bya. Pray retire, and leave her,
Ile call ye presently.
   Petro. Come Gentlemen, the shoure must fall.
   Row. Would I had never seen her.
   Bya. Thou hast done bravely wench.
   Liv. Pray Heaven it prove so.
   Bya. There are the other papers: when they come
   
Begin you first, and let the rest subscribe
Hard by your side; give ’em as little light
As Drapers doe their wares.
   Liv. Didst mark Moroso,
In what an agony he was, and how he cry’d most
When I abus’d him most?
   Bya. That was but reason.
   Liv. Oh what a stinking thief is this?
Though I was but to counterfeit, he made me
Directly sick indeed. Tames-street to him
Is a meere Pomander.
   Bya. Let him be hang’d.
   Bya. And lie you still.
And once more to your businesse.
   Liv. Call ’em in.
Now if there be a power that pities lovers,
Helpe now, and heare my prayers.
   Enter Petronius, Rowland, Tranio, Moroso.
   Petro. Is she ready?
   Bya. She has done her lamentations: pray go to her.
   Liv. Rowland, come neer me, and before you seale,
Give me your hand: take it again; now kisse me,
This is the last acquaintance we must have;
I wish you ever happy: there’s the paper.
   Row. Pray stay a little.
Exit Rowl.
Exeunt.

Scæna secunda.

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

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

Jaq.
Jaq. Yes, and the Hampers; nay be speedy Masters; He’l be at Sea before us else.

Ped. O Jaques,
What a most blessed turn hast thou?
Jaq. I hope so.
Ped. To have the Sea between thee and this woman, Nothing can drown her tongue, but a storm.
Jaq. By your leave,
We’l get us up to Paris with all speed;
For on my soule, as far as Amyens She’l carry blanke; away to Lyon key And ship ’em presently, we’l follow ye.

Ped. Now could I wish her in that Trunk:
Jaq. God shield man,
I had rather have a Beare in’t.

Ped. Yes, Ile tell ye:
For in the passage if a Tempest take ye,
As many doe, and you lie beating for it,
Then, if it pleas’d the fates, I would have the Master Out of a powerfull providence, to cry,
Lighten the ship of all hands, or we perish;
Then this for one, as best spar’d, should by all means Over-board presently.

Jaq. O’ that condition,
So we were certaine to be rid of her,
I would wish her with us: But believe me Pedro,
She would spoyle the fishing on this coast for ever,
For none would keepe her company, but Dog-fish,
As currish as her selfe; or Porpisces,
Made to all fatall uses: The two Fish-streets Were she but once ariv’d amongst the Whittings,
Would sing a wofull misereri Pedro,
And mourn in poor John, till her memory Were cast o’ shore agen, with a strong Sea-breach:
She would make god Neptune, and his fire-førke,
And all his demi-gods, and goddesses,
As weary of the Flemmish channell Pedro,
As ever boy was of the schoole: tis certain,
If she but meet him faire, and were wel angred,
She would break his god-head.

Ped. Oh her tongue, her tongue.
Jaq. Rather her many tongues.
Ped. Or rather strange tongues.
Jaq. Her lying tongue.
Ped. Her lisping tongue.
Jaq. Her long tongue.
Enter Sophocles.

Scena tertia.

Ped. Her lawlesse tongue.
Jaq. Her loud tongue.
Ped. And her lickrish —
Jaq. Many other tongues, and many stranger tongues
Then ever Babel had to tell his ruines,
Were women rais’d withall; but never a true one.

Enter Sophocles.

Soph. Home with your stuffe agen; the journeys ended.
Jaq. What do’s your worship meane?
Soph. Your Master, O Petruchio, O poore fellows.
Ped. O Jaques, Jaques.
Soph. O your Master’s dead,
His body comming back; his wife, his devil;
The griefe of — her
Jaq. Has kild him?
Soph. Kild him, kild him.
Ped. Is there no law to hang her.
Soph. Get ye in,
And let her know her misery, I dare not
For feare impatience seize me, see her more,
I must away agen: Bid her for wife-hood,
For honesty, if she have any in her,

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

Exit Soph.

Ped. O Jaques, Jaques.
Jaq. O my worthy Maister.
Ped. O my most beastly Mistris, hang her.
Jaq. Split her.
Ped. Drown her directly.
Jaq. Starve her.
Ped. Stinke upon her.
Jaq. Stone her to death: may all she eate be Eggs,
Till she run kicking mad for men.
Ped. And he,
That man, that gives her remedy, pray Heav’n
He may ev’n ipso facto, lose his longings. (her,
Jaq. Let’s goe discharge our selves, and he that serves
Or speaks a good word of her from this houre,
A seagly curse light on him, which is, Pedro;
The feind ride through him booted, and spurd, with a
Sythe at’s back.

Exeunt.

Scena tertia.
Enter Rowland, and Tranio stealing behind him.

Row. What a dull asse was I to let her go thus?
Upon my life she loves me still: wel Paper,
Thou onely monument of what I have had,
Thou all the love now left me, and now lost,
Let me yet kisse her hand, yet take my leave
Of what I must leave ever: Farewell Livia.
Oh bitter words, Ile read ye once again,
And then for ever study to forget ye.
How’s this? let me look better on ’t: A Contract?
— a Contract, seal’d, and ratified,
Her fathers hand set to it, and Moroso’s:
I do not dream sure, let me read again,
The same still: tis a contract.

Tra. Tis so Rowland;
And by the vertue of the same, you pay me
An hundred pound to morrow.

Row. Art sure Tranio,
We are both alive now?

Tra. Wonder not, ye have lost.

Row. If this be true, I grant it.

Tra. Tis most certaine,
There’s a Ring for you to, you know it.

Row. Yes.

Tra. When shall I have my money?

Row. Stay ye, stay ye,
When shall I marry her?

Tra. To night.

Row. Take heed now
You do not trifle me; if you doe,
You’l finde more payment, then your money comes to:
Come sweare; I know I am a man, and finde
I may deceive my selfe: Sweare faithfully,
Sweare me directly, am I Rowland?

Tra. Yes.

Row. Am I awake?

Tra. Ye are.

Row. Am I in health?

Tra. As far as I conceive.

Row. Was I with Livia?

Tra. You were, and had his contract.

Row. And shall I enjoy her?

Qqqqqq

Tra. 
The Womans prize, or
Scæna Quarta.

Enter Petronius, Sophocles, Moroso, and Petruchio born in a Coffin.

Petron. Set down the body, and one call her out.

Enter Maria in blacke, and Jaques.

You are welcome to the last cast of your fortunes;
There lies your husband, there your loving husband,
There he that was Petruchio, too good for ye;
Your stubborn, and unworthy way has kild him
Ere he could reach the Sea; if ye can weep,
Now ye have cause begin, and after death
Do something yet to th’world, to thinke ye honest.
So many teares had sav’d him, shed in time;
And as they are (so a good mind goe with ’em)
Yet they may move compassion.

Mar. Pray ye all heare me,
And judge me as I am, not as you covet,
For that would make me ye more miserable:
Tis true, I have cause to grieve, and mighty cause;
And truely and unfainedly I weep it.

Soph. I see there’s some good nature yet left in her.

Mar. But what’s the cause? mistake me not, not this
As he is dead, I weep for; Heaven defend it,
I never was so childish: but his life,
His poore unmanly wretched foolish life,
Is that my full eyes pity, there’s my mourning.

Petron. Dost thou not shame?
Mar.  I do, and even to water, 
To think what this man was, to think how simple, 
How far below a man, how far from reason, 
From common understanding, and all Gentry, 
While he was living here he walkt amongst us. 
He had a happy turn he dyed; ile tell ye, 
These are the wants I weep for, not his person: 
The memory of this man, had he liv’d 
But two yeers longer, had begot more follies, 
Then wealthy Autumne flyes: But let him rest, 
He was a foole, and farewell he; not pitied, 
I meane in way of life, or action 
By any understanding man that’s honest; 
But onely in’s posterity, which I 
Out of the feare his ruines might out live him 
In some bad issue, like a carefull woman, 
Like one indeed born onely to preserve him, 
Denyd him meanes to raise. 

Petru.  Unbutton me, 
— I die indeed else? O Maria, 
Oh my unhappinesse, my misery. 

Petron.  Go to him whore; — if he perish, 
Ile see thee hang’d my selfe.

column: 318-a-2

Petru.  Why, why Maria.        (give me; 

Mar.  I have done my worst, and have my end, for- 
From this houre make me what you please: I have tam’d 
And now am vowd your servant: Look not stranly, (ye, 
Nor feare what I say to you. Dare you kisse me? 
Thus I begin my new love. 

Petru.  Once againe? 

Mar.  With all my heart. 

Petru.  Once again Maria. 
O Gentlemen, I know not where I am. 

Soph.  Get ye to bed then: there you’l quickly know sir. 

Petru.  Never no more your old tricks? 


Petru.  You shall not need, for as I have a faith 
No cause shall give occasion. 

Mar.  As I am honest, 
And as I am a maid yet, all my life 
From this houre since, since ye make so free profession, 
I dedicate in service to your pleasure. 

Soph.  I marry, this goes roundly off. 

Petru.  Go Jaques, 

Get all the best meat may be bought for money, 
And let the hogsheds blood, I am born again: 
Well little England, when I see a husband 
Of any other Nation stern or jealous,
Ile wish him but a woman of thy breeding,
And if he have not butter to thy bread,
Till thy teeth bleed, ile never trust my travell.

Enter Rowland, Livia, Byancha, and Tranio.

Petro. What have we here?
Row. Another morris, sir.
That you must pipe too.

Tra. A poore married couple
Desire an offering sir.

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

Petron. My hand?
Mor. Or mine?
Bya. You’ll finde it so.

Petron. A trick.
By — a trick.

Bya. Yes sir, we trickt ye.
Liv. Father.

Petro. Hast thou lyen with him? speake?
Liv. Yes truly sir.

Petro. And hast thou done the deed boy?
Row. I have done sir,

That, that will serve the turne, I think.

Petrus. A match then,
Ile be the maker up of this: Moroso,
There’s now no remedy you see, be willing;
For be, or be not, he must have the wench.

Mor. Since I am over-reach’d, let’s in to dinner,

And if I can Ile drink’t away.

Tra. That’s wel said.

Petro. Well sirha, you have playd a tricke, look to’t,
And let me be a grandsire within’s twelvemoneth,

Or by this hand, Ile curtaile halfe your fortunes.

Row. There shall not want my labour sir: your money;

Here’s one has undertaken.

Tra. Well, Ile trust her,

And glad I have so good a pawn.

Row. Ile watch ye.

Petrus. Lets in, and drink of all hands, and be joviall:

I have my colt again, and now she carries;

And Gentlemen, whoever marries next,

Let him be sure he keep him to his Text.

Exeunt.

PROLOGUE
PROLOGUE.

column: 318-b-1

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

column: 318-b-2

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

column: 318-b

EPILOGUE.

column: 318-b-1

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

column: 318-b-2

To teach both Sexes due equality;
And as they stand bound, to love mutually.
If this effect, arising from a cause
Well layd, and grounded, may deserve applause,
We something more then hope, our honest ends
Will keep the men, and women too, our friends.

FINIS.

Qqqqqq2                        LOVES
Textual Notes

1. **151 (306-a)**: The regularized reading *Laid* is amended from the original *Lasd*.
2. **219 (306-a)**: The regularized reading *lungs* is amended from the original *longs*.
3. **560 (307-b)**: The regularized reading *i’d* is amended from the original *i’ld*.
4. **920 (309-a)**: The regularized reading *Qui va la* is amended from the original *Cheval’a*.
5. **980 (309-a)**: The regularized reading *Flilies* comes from the original *Fillyes*, though possible variants include *Flies*.
6. **983 (309-a)**: The regularized reading *miserable* is supplied for the original *mis[*]rable*.
7. **1007 (309-a)**: The regularized reading *’em* is amended from the original *th’em*.
8. **1038 (309-b)**: The regularized reading *This* is amended from the original *Thls*.
9. **1138 (309-b)**: The regularized reading *malice* is supplied for the original *ma[*]ice*.
10. **1052 (309-b)**: This scene is duplicated below. Editions often remove this instance.
11. **1066 (309-b)**: The regularized reading *do* is amended from the original *yoe*.
12. **1072 (309-b)**: This line is duplicated below.
13. **1175 (310-a)**: The regularized reading *than* is supplied for the original *th[*]n*.
14. **1300 (310-b)**: The regularized reading *God* is amended from the original *Good*.
15. **1416 (310-b)**: The regularized reading *thousand* is amended from the original *twousand*.
16. **1531 (311-a)**: The regularized reading *Tranio* is amended from the original *Fra*.
17. **1534 (311-a)**: The regularized reading *Tranio* is amended from the original *Fra*.
18. **1619 (311-b)**: The regularized reading *Bragget* is amended from the original *Bagget*.
19. **1641 (311-b)**: The regularized reading *toss* comes from the original *tosse*, though possible variants include *toast*.
20. **1641 (311-b)**: The regularized reading *her* is amended from the original *he*.
21. **1752 (312-a)**: The regularized reading *rheums* is amended from the original *hewms*.
22. **1777 (312-a)**: The regularized reading *of* is supplied for the original *of[*]*.
23. **1787 (312-a)**: The regularized reading *credit* is amended from the original *credite*.
24. **1812 (312-a)**: The regularized reading *spiteful* is supplied for the original [*]pightful*.
25. **2167 (313-b)**: The regularized reading *and* is amended from the original *add*.
26. **2224 (314-a)**: The regularized reading *you* is amended from the original *your*.
27. **2333 (314-a)**: The regularized reading *sickness* is supplied for the original *s[+]cknesse*.
28. **2377 (314-b)**: The regularized reading *dog-leech* is amended from the original *dogge-latch*.
29. **2588 (315-a)**: The regularized reading *by-blowes* is amended from the original *by-lowes*. 
30. **2842 (316-a)**: The regularized reading *Maria* is amended from the original *Mir*.
31. **2859 (316-a)**: The regularized reading *thou* is amended from the original *thouc*.
32. **2860 (316-a)**: The regularized reading *Maria* is amended from the original *Mir*.
33. **2924 (316-b)**: The regularized reading *Has* is amended from the original *Ha's*.
34. **2991 (316-b)**: The regularized reading *be* is amended from the original *by*.
35. **3022 (317-a)**: The regularized reading *predecessor* is amended from the original *predeceffor*.
36. **3239 (317-b)**: The regularized reading *Contract* is amended from the original *Conrract*.
37. **3304 (318-a)**: The regularized reading *yet* is amended from the original *ye*. 