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



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img: 305-a

img: 305-b

sig: 5N1r

wln 0001

wln 0002

wln 0003

wln 0004

wln 0005

THE
WOMAN'S PRIZE:
OR,
The Tamer Tamed.

Actus Primus Scaena Prima.

column: 305-b-1

wln 0006

wln 0007

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

wln 0008

Moroso.

wln 0009

GOd give 'em joy.

wln 0010

Tranio Amen.

wln 0011

Sophocles Amen, say I too:

wln 0012

The Puddings now i' th' proof; alas poor wench,

wln 0013

Through what a mine of patience must

wln 0014

thou work,

wln 0015

Ere thou know'st good hour more?

wln 0016

Tranio 'Tis too true: Certain,

wln 0017

Methinks her father has dealt harshly with her,

wln 0018

Exceeding harshly, and not like a Father,

wln 0019

To match her to this Dragon; I protest

wln 0020

I pity the poor Gentlewoman.

wln 0021

Moroso Methinks now,

wln 0022

He's not so terrible as people think him.

wln 0023

Sophocles This old thief flatters, out of mere devotion,

wln 0024

To please the father for his second daughter.

wln 0025

Tranio But shall he have her?

wln 0026

Sophocles Yes, when I have Rome.

wln 0027

And yet the father's for him.

wln 0028

Moroso I'll assure ye,

wln 0029

I hold him a good man.

wln 0030

Sophocles Yes sure a wealthy,

wln 0031

But whether a good woman's man, is doubtful.

wln 0032

Tranio Would 'twere no worse.

wln 0033

Moroso What though his other wife,

wln 0034

Out of her most abundant soberness,

wln 0035

Out of her daily hue and cries upon him,

wln 0036

(For sure she was a Rebel) turned his temper,

wln 0037

And forced him blow as high as she? dost follow

wln 0038

He must retain that long since buried Tempest,

wln 0039

To this soft maid?

wln 0040

Sophocles I fear it.

wln 0041

Tranio So do I too:

wln 0042

wln 0043
wln 0044
wln 0045
wln 0046

And so far, that if God had made me woman,
And his wife that must be —
 Moroso What would you do sir?
 Tranio I would learn to eat Coals with an angry Cat,
And spit fire at him: I would (to prevent him)

column: 305-b-2

wln 0047
wln 0048
wln 0049
wln 0050
wln 0051
wln 0052
wln 0053
wln 0054
wln 0055
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wln 0084
wln 0085
wln 0086
wln 0087
wln 0088

Do all the ramping, roaring tricks, a whore
Being drunk, and tumbling ripe, would tremble at:
There is no safety else, nor moral wisdom,
To be a wife, and his.
 Sophocles So I should think too.
 Tranio 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, Cowl-staves, any thing;
Hiding his Breeches, out of fear her Ghost
Should walk, and wear 'em yet. Since his first marriage,
He is no more the still *Petruchio*,
Than I am *Babylon*.
 Sophocles He's a good fellow,
And on my word I love him: but to think
A fit match for this tender soul —
 Tranio His very frown, if she but say her prayers
Louder than men talk treason, makes him tinder;
The motion of a Dial, when he's testy,
Is the same trouble to him as a waterwork;
She must do nothing of herself; not eat,
Drink, say sir how do ye, make her ready, unready,
Unless he bid her.
 Sophocles He will bury her
Ten pound to twenty shillings, within these three weeks.
 Tranio: I'll be your half.
 Enter Jaques with a pot of Wine.
 Moroso He loves her most extremely,
And so long 'twill be honeymoon. Now *Jaques*
You are a busy man I am sure.
 Jaques Yes certain,
This old sport must have eggs,
 Sophocles Not yet this ten days.
 Jaques Sweet Gentlemen with Muscadel.
 Tranio That's right sir.
 Moroso This fellow broods his Master: speed ye *Jaques*.
 Sophocles We shall be for you presently.
 Jaques Your worships
Shall have it rich and neat: and o' my conscience
As welcome as our Lady day: O my old sir,
When shall we see your worship run at Ring?
That hour a standing were worth money

wln 0133
wln 0134
wln 0135
wln 0136
wln 0137
wln 0138
wln 0139
wln 0140
wln 0141
wln 0142
wln 0143
wln 0144
wln 0145
wln 0146
wln 0147
wln 0148
wln 0149
wln 0150
wln 0151
wln 0152
wln 0153
wln 0154

Would let you look with my eyes, I would show you,
And certain, how our staying here would win us
A course, though somewhat longer, yet far surer.
Rowland And then *Moroso* has ye.
Livia No such matter:
For hold this certain, 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,
Than that drawn Fox and *Moroso*.
Rowland But his money,
If wealth may win you —
Livia If a Hog may be
High Priest among the Jews: his money *Rowland*?
Oh Love forgive me, what faith hast thou?
Why, can his money kiss me?
Rowland Yes.
Livia Behind,
Laid out upon a Petticoat: or grasp me
While I cry, O good thank you? o' my troth
Thou mak'st me merry with thy fear: or lie with me,
As you may do? alas, what fools you men are?

column: 306-a-2

wln 0155
wln 0156
wln 0157
wln 0158
wln 0159
wln 0160
wln 0161
wln 0162
wln 0163
wln 0164
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wln 0176
wln 0177
wln 0178
wln 0179
wln 0180

His moldy money? half a dozen Riders,
That cannot sit but stamped fast to their Saddles?
No *Rowland*, no man shall make use of me;
My beauty was born free, and free I'll give it
To him that loves, not buys me. You yet doubt me.
Rowland I cannot say I doubt ye.
Livia Go thy ways,
Thou art the prettiest puling piece of passion:
I' faith I will not fail thee.
Rowland I had rather —
Livia Prithee believe me, if I do not carry it,
For both our goods —
Rowland But —
Livia What but?
Rowland I would tell you.
Livia I know all you can tell me; all's but this,
You would have me, and lie with me; is't not so?
Rowland Yes.
Livia Why you shall; will that content you? Go.
Rowland I am very loath to go.
Livia Now o' my conscience
Thou art an honest fellow: here's my sister;
Go, prithee go; this kiss, and credit me,
Ere I am three nights older, I am for thee:
You shall hear what I do.
Farewell.

*Enter Bianca,
and Maria.*

wln 0181
wln 0182
wln 0183
wln 0184
wln 0185
wln 0186
wln 0187
wln 0188
wln 0189
wln 0190
wln 0191
wln 0192
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wln 0216
wln 0217
wln 0218
wln 0219
wln 0220
wln 0221
wln 0222

img: 306-b
sig: 5N2r

Rowland Farewell.

Exit Rowland.

Livia Alas poor fool, how it looks?
It would even hang itself, should I but cross it.
For pure love to the matter I must hatch it.

Bianca Nay never look for merry hour *Maria*,
If now you make it not; let not your blushes,
Your modesty, and tenderness of spirit,
Make you continual Anvil to his anger:
Believe me, since his first wife set him going,
Nothing can bind his rage: Take your own Counsel,
You shall not say that I persuaded you.
But if you suffer him —

Maria Stay, shall I do it?

Bianca Have you a stomach to 't?

Maria I never showed it.

Bianca 'Twill show the rarer, and the stronger in you.
But do not say I urged you.

Maria I am perfect,
Like *Curtius* to redeem my Country, have I
Leaped into this gulf of marriage, and I'll do it.
Farewell all poorer thoughts, but spite and anger,
Till I have wrought a miracle. Now cousin,
I am no more the gentle tame *Maria*;
Mistake me not; I have a new soul 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.

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

Maria Adieu all tenderness, I dare continue;
Maids that are made of fears and modest blushes,
View me, and love example.

Bianca Here is your sister.

Maria Here is the brave old man's love.

Bianca That loves the young man.

Maria Ay and hold thee there wench: what a grief of heart is't,
When *Paphos*' Rebels should up-rouse old night,
To sweat against a Cork; to lie and tell
The clock o' th' **lungs**, to rise sport-starved?

Livia Dear sister,
Where have you been you talk thus?

Maria Why at Church, wench;

column: 306-b-1

wln 0223
wln 0224
wln 0225
wln 0226

Where I am tied to talk thus: I am a wife now.

Livia It seems so, and a modest.

Maria You are an ass;
When thou art married once, thy modesty

wln 0227 Will never buy thee Pins.

wln 0228 *Livia* Bless me.

wln 0229 *Maria* From what?

wln 0230 *Bianca* From such a tame fool as our cousin *Livia*?

wln 0231 *Livia* You are not mad.

wln 0232 *Maria* Yes wench, and so must you be,

wln 0233 Or none of our acquaintance, mark me *Livia*.

wln 0234 Or indeed fit for our sex: 'Tis bed time.

wln 0235 Pardon me yellow *Hymen*, that I mean

wln 0236 Thine off'rings to protract, or to keep fasting

wln 0237 My valiant Bridegroom.

wln 0238 *Livia* Whether will this woman?

wln 0239 *Bianca* You may perceive her end.

wln 0240 *Livia* Or rather fear it.

wln 0241 *Maria* Dare you be partner in 't?

wln 0242 *Livia* Leave it *Maria*,

wln 0243 I fear I have marked too much, for goodness leave it;

wln 0244 Divest you with obedient hands to bed.

wln 0245 *Maria* To bed? No *Livia*, there are Comets hang

wln 0246 Prodigious over that yet; there's a fellow

wln 0247 Must yet before I know that heat (ne'er start wench)

wln 0248 Be made a man, for yet he is a monster;

wln 0249 Here must his head be *Livia*.

wln 0250 *Livia* Never hope it.

wln 0251 'Tis as easy with a Sieve to scoop the Ocean, as

wln 0252 To tame *Petruchio*.

wln 0253 *Maria* Stay: *Lucina* hear me,

wln 0254 Never unlock the treasure of my womb

wln 0255 For human fruit, to make it capable;

wln 0256 Nor never with thy secret hand make brief

wln 0257 A mother's labor to me; if I do

wln 0258 Give way unto my married husband's will,

wln 0259 Or be a wife, in any thing but hopes,

wln 0260 Till I have made him easy as a child,

wln 0261 And tame as fear, he shall not win a smile,

wln 0262 Or a pleased look, from this austerity,

wln 0263 Though it would pull another Jointure from him,

wln 0264 And make him ev'ry day another man;

wln 0265 And when I kiss him, till I have my will,

wln 0266 May I be barren of delights, and know

wln 0267 Only what pleasures are in dreams, and guesses.

wln 0268 *Livia* A strange Exordium.

wln 0269 *Bianca* All the several wrongs

wln 0270 Done by Imperious husbands to their wives

wln 0271 These thousand years and upwards, strengthen thee:

wln 0272 Thou hast a brave cause.

wln 0273 *Maria* And I'll do it bravely

wln 0274 Or may I knit my life out ever after.

wln 0275 *Livia* In what part of the world got she this spirit?

wln 0276 Yet pray *Maria*, look before you truly,

wln 0277 Besides the obedience of a wife,

wln 0278
wln 0279
wln 0280
wln 0281
wln 0282
wln 0283
wln 0284
wln 0285
wln 0286
wln 0287
wln 0288
wln 0289
wln 0290

Which you will find a heavy imputation,
Which yet I cannot think your own, it shows
So distant from your sweetness.
Maria 'Tis I swear.
Livia Weigh but the person, and the hopes you have,
To work this desperate cure.
Maria A weaker subject
Would shame the end I aim 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 husband's pleasure,
Has lost her making, and becomes a beast,
Created for his use, not fellowship.

column: 306-b-2

wln 0291
wln 0292
wln 0293
wln 0294
wln 0295
wln 0296
wln 0297
wln 0298
wln 0299
wln 0300
wln 0301
wln 0302
wln 0303
wln 0304
wln 0305
wln 0306
wln 0307
wln 0308
wln 0309
wln 0310
wln 0311
wln 0312
wln 0313
wln 0314
wln 0315
wln 0316
wln 0317
wln 0318
wln 0319
wln 0320
wln 0321
wln 0322
wln 0323
wln 0324
wln 0325

Livia His first wife said as much.
Maria She was a fool,
And took a scurvy course; let her be named
'Mongst those that wish for things, but dare not do 'em:
I have a new dance for him.
Livia Are you of this faith?
Bianca Yes truly, and will die in 't.
Livia Why then let's all wear breeches.
Maria Now thou com'st near the nature of a woman;
Hang these tame-hearted Eyases, that no sooner
See the Lure out, and hear their husbands halla,
But cry like Kites upon 'em: The free Haggard
(Which is that woman, that hath wing, and knows it,
Spirit, and plume) will make an hundred checks,
To show her freedom, sail in ev'ry air,
And look out ev'ry pleasure; not regarding
Lure, nor quarry, till her pitch command
What she desires, making her foundered keeper
Be glad to fling out trains, and golden ones,
To take her down again.
Livia You are learned sister;
Yet *I* say still take heed.
Maria A witty saying;
I'll 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 reclaim us
Confirmed by Parliament; had he all the malice
And subtlety of Devils, or of us,
Or any thing that's worse than both.
Livia Hey, hey boys, this is excellent.
Maria Or could he
Cast his wives new again, like Bells to make 'em
Sound to his will; or had the fearful name
Of the first breaker of wild women: yet,

wln 0326
wln 0327
wln 0328
wln 0329
wln 0330
wln 0331
wln 0332
wln 0333
wln 0334
wln 0335
wln 0336
wln 0337
wln 0338
wln 0339
wln 0340
wln 0341
wln 0342
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wln 0356
wln 0357
wln 0358

img: 307-a
sig: 5N2v

Yet would I undertake this man, thus single,
And spite of all the freedom he has reached to,
Turn him and bend him as I list, and mold him
Into a babe again; that aged women,
Wanting both teeth and spleen, may Master him.

Bianca Thou wilt be chronicled.

Maria That's all I aim at.

Livia I must confess, I do with all my heart
Hate an Imperious husband, and in time
Might be so wrought upon.

Bianca To make him cuckold?

Maria If he deserve it.

Livia Then I'll leave ye Ladies.

Bianca Thou hast not so much Noble anger in thee.

Maria Go sleep, go sleep, what we intend to do,
Lies not for such starved souls as thou hast *Livia*.

Livia Good night: the Bridegroom will be with you presently.

Maria That's more than you know.

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

Maria So.

Bianca Good night: we'll trouble you no further.

Maria If you intend no good, pray do no harm.

Livia None, but pray for you.

Exit Livia.

Bianca Cheer wench?

Maria Now *Bianca*,
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 half-builders all men say.

Enter Jaques.

Jaques My Master forsooth.

column: 307-a-1

wln 0359
wln 0360
wln 0361
wln 0362
wln 0363
wln 0364
wln 0365
wln 0366
wln 0367
wln 0368
wln 0369
wln 0370
wln 0371

Maria Oh how does thy Master? prithee commend me to him.

Jaques How's this? my Master stays forsooth.

Maria Why let him stay, who hinders him forsooth?

Jaques The Revel's ended now,
To visit you.

Maria I am not sick.

Jaques I mean to see his chamber, forsooth.

Maria Am I his Groom? where lay he last night, forsooth?

Jaques In the low-matted Parlor.

Maria There lies his way by the long Gallery.

Jaques I mean your chamber: y' are very merry Mistress.

Maria 'Tis a good sign I am sound-hearted *Jaques*:
But if you'll know where I lie, follow me;

wln 0372
wln 0373
wln 0374
wln 0375
wln 0376
wln 0377
wln 0378
wln 0379
wln 0380
wln 0381
wln 0382
wln 0383
wln 0384
wln 0385
wln 0386
wln 0387
wln 0388
wln 0389

And what thou seest, deliver to thy Master.

Bianca Do gentle *Jaques*.

Exeunt.

Jaques Ha, is the wind in that door?

By 'r Lady we shall have foul weather then:

I do not like the shuffling of these women,

They are mad beasts when they knock their heads together:

I have observed them all this day; their whispers,

One in another's ear, their signs, and pinches,

And breaking often into violent laughters:

As if the end they purposed were their own.

Call you this weddings? Sure this is a knavery,

A very trick, and dainty knavery,

Marvellous finely carried, that's the comfort:

What would these women do in ways of honor,

That are such Masters this way. Well, my Sir

Has been as good at finding out these toys,

As any living; if he lose it now,

At his own peril be it. I must follow.

Exit.

wln 0390

Scaena tertia.

wln 0391

Enter Servants with lights, Petruchio, Petronius, Moroso,

wln 0392

Tranio, and Sophocles.

wln 0393

Petruchio You that are married, Gentlemen, home at ye

wln 0394

For a round wager now.

wln 0395

Sophocles Of this night's Stage?

wln 0396

Petruchio Yes.

wln 0397

Sophocles I am your first man: a pair of Gloves of twenty shillings.

wln 0398

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

wln 0399

Moroso Well lusty *Laurence*, were but my night now,

wln 0400

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

wln 0401

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

wln 0402

I would Gallants.

wln 0403

Petruchio Well said good Will; but where's the staff boy, ha?

wln 0404

Old father time, your hourglass is empty.

wln 0405

Tranio A good tough train would break thee all to pieces;

wln 0406

Thou hast not breath enough to say thy prayers.

wln 0407

Petronius See how these boys despise us. Will you to bed son?

wln 0408

This pride will have a fall.

wln 0409

Petruchio Upon your daughter;

wln 0410

But I shall rise again, if there be truth

wln 0411

In Eggs, and buttered Parsnips.

wln 0412

Petronius Will you to bed son, and leave talking;

wln 0413

Tomorrow morning we shall have you look,

wln 0414

For all your great words, like *St. George* at Kingston,

wln 0415

Running a-footback from the furious Dragon,

wln 0416

That with her angry tail belabors him

wln 0417

For being lazy.

wln 0418

Tranio His courage quenched, and so far quenched —

wln 0419

Petruchio 'Tis well sir.

wln 0420
wln 0421
wln 0422
wln 0423

What then?

Sophocles Fly, fly, quoth then the fearful dwarf;
Here is no place for living man.

Petruchio Well my masters, if I do sink under my

column: 307-a-2

wln 0424
wln 0425
wln 0426
wln 0427
wln 0428
wln 0429
wln 0430
wln 0431
wln 0432
wln 0433
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wln 0459
wln 0460
wln 0461
wln 0462
wln 0463
wln 0464
wln 0465
wln 0466
wln 0467

business, as I find '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 do.

Enter Jaques.

How now is my fair Bride a-bed?

Jaques No truly sir.

Petronius Not a-bed yet? body o' me: we'll up and rifle
her: here's a coil with a maidenhead, 'tis not entailed,
is it?

Petruchio If it be, i'll try all the Law i' th' Land, but I'll cut
it off: let's up, let's up, come.

Jaques That you cannot neither.

Petruchio Why?

Jaques Unless you'll drop through the Chimney like a
Daw, or force a breach i' th' windows: you may untile
the house, 'tis possible.

Petruchio What dost thou mean?

Jaques A moral sir, the Ballad will express it:
The wind and the rain has turned you back again,
And you cannot be lodged there. The truth is all the doors
Are barricadoed; not a Cat-hole, but holds a murd'rer in 't.
She's victualled for this month.

Petruchio Art not thou drunk?

Sophocles He's drunk, he's drunk; come, come, let's up.

Jaques Yes, yes, I am drunk: ye may go up, ye may
Gentlemen, but take heed to your heads: I say no more.

Sophocles I'll try that.

Exit Sophocles

Petronius How dost thou say? the door fast locked fellow?

Jaques Yes truly sir, 'tis locked, and guarded too; and
two as desperate tongues planted behind it, as ere yet
battered: they stand upon their honors, and will not
give up without strange composition, I'll assure you;
marching away with their Pieces cocked, and Bullets in
their mouths will not satisfy them.

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

Jaques Yes marry is there, and an Engineer.

Moroso Who's that for Heaven's sake?

Jaques Colonel *Bianca*, she commands the works:
Spinola's but a ditcher to her, there's a half-moon; I am
but a poor man, but if you'll give me leave, I'll venture a
year's wages, draw all your force before it, and mount
your ablest piece of battery, you shall not enter it these
three nights yet.

wln 0468
wln 0469
wln 0470
wln 0471
wln 0472
wln 0473
wln 0474
wln 0475
wln 0476
wln 0477
wln 0478
wln 0479
wln 0480
wln 0481
wln 0482
wln 0483
wln 0484
wln 0485
wln 0486
wln 0487
wln 0488
wln 0489
wln 0490
wln 0491

img: 307-b
sig: 5N3r

Enter Sophocles.

Petruchio I should laugh at that good *Jaques*.

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

Jaques Am I drunk now sir?

Sophocles He that dares most, go up now, and be cooled.
I have scaped a pretty scouring.

Petruchio What are they mad? have we another Bedlam?
They do not talk I hope?

Sophocles Oh terribly, extremely fearful, the noise at London bridge
is nothing near her.

Petruchio How got she tongue?

Sophocles As you got tail, she was born to 't.

Petruchio Locked out o' doors, and on my wedding night?
Nay, and I suffer this, I may go graze:

Come Gentlemen, I'll batter; are these virtues?

Sophocles Do, and be beaten off with shame, as I was: I went
up, came to th' door, knocked, nobody answered;
knocked louder, yet heard nothing: would have broke
in by force; when suddenly a waterwork flew from
the window with such violence, that had I not ducked
quickly like a Friar, *cætera quis nescit?* The chamber's
nothing but a mere Ostend, in every window Pewter
cannons mounted, you'll quickly find with what they
are charged, sir.

column: 307-b-1

wln 0492
wln 0493
wln 0494
wln 0495
wln 0496
wln 0497
wln 0498
wln 0499
wln 0500
wln 0501
wln 0502
wln 0503
wln 0504
wln 0505
wln 0506
wln 0507
wln 0508
wln 0509
wln 0510
wln 0511
wln 0512
wln 0513

Petruchio Why then *tantara* for us.

Sophocles And all the lower works lined sure with small
shot, long tongues with Firelocks, that at twelve score
blank hit to the heart: now and ye dare go up

Enter Maria and Bianca above.

Moroso The window opens, beat a parley first;
I am so much amazed my very hair stands.

Petronius Why how now daughter: what entrenched?

Maria A little guarded for my safety sir.

Petruchio For your safety Sweetheart? why who offends you?
I come not to use violence.

Maria I think you cannot sir, I am better fortified.

Petruchio I know your end,
You would fain reprove your Maidenhead
A night, or two.

Maria Yes, or ten, or twenty, or say an hundred;
Or indeed, till I list lie with you.

Sophocles That's a shrewd saying; from this present hour,
I never will believe a silent woman.

When they break out they are bonfires.

Petronius Till you list lie with him? why who are you Madam?

Bianca That trim Gentleman's wife, sir.

wln 0514
wln 0515
wln 0516
wln 0517
wln 0518
wln 0519
wln 0520
wln 0521
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wln 0523
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wln 0556
wln 0557
wln 0558
wln 0559

Petruchio Cry you mercy, do you command too?
Maria Yes marry does she, and in chief.
Bianca I do command, and you shall go without:
(I mean your wife, for this night)
Maria And for the next too wench, and so as't follows.
Petronius Thou wilt not, wilt 'a?
Maria Yes indeed dear father,
And till he seal to what I shall set down,
For any thing I know, for ever.
Sophocles Indeed these are Bug's words.
Tranio You hear sir, she can talk, God be thanked.
Petruchio I would I heard it not sir.
Sophocles I find that all the pity bestowed upon this woman,
Makes but an Anagram of an ill wife,
For she was never virtuous.
Petruchio You'll let me in I hope, for all this jesting.
Maria Hope still Sir.
Petronius You will come down I am sure.
Maria I am sure I will not.
Petronius I'll fetch you then.
Bianca The power of the whole County cannot sir,
Unless we please to yield, which yet I think
We shall not; charge when you please, you shall
Hear quickly from us.
Moroso Bless me from a Chicken of thy hatching,
Is this wiving?
Petruchio Prithee *Maria* tell me what's the reason,
And do it freely, you deal thus strangely with me?
You were not forced 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 keep 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 Physic,
But well enough to please an honest woman,
That keeps her house, and loves her husband.
Maria 'Tis so.
Petruchio 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.
Maria 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 aim at,
These idle outward things, these women's fears,
That were I yet unmarried, free to choose

column: 307-b-2

wln 0560
wln 0561

Through all the Tribes of man, **i'd** take *Petruchio*
In 's shirt, with one ten Groats to pay the Priest,

wln 0562
wln 0563
wln 0564
wln 0565
wln 0566
wln 0567
wln 0568
wln 0569
wln 0570
wln 0571
wln 0572
wln 0573
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wln 0607
wln 0608
wln 0609
wln 0610
wln 0611
wln 0612

Before the best man living, or the ablest
That e'er leaped out of Lancashire, and they are right ones.
Petronius Why do you play the fool then, and stand prating
Out of the window like a broken Miller!
Petruchio If you will have me credit you *Maria*,
Come down, and let your love confirm it.
Maria Stay there sir, that bargain's yet to make.
Bianca Play sure wench, the pack's in thine own hand.
Sophocles Let me die lousy, if these two wenches
Be not brewing knavery to stock a Kingdom.
Petruchio Why this is a Riddle:
I love you, and I love you not.
Maria It is so:
And till your own experience do untie it,
This distance I must keep.
Petruchio If you talk more,
I am angry, very angry.
Maria I am glad on 't, and I will talk.
Petruchio Prithee peace,
Let me not think thou art mad. I tell thee woman,
If thou goest forward, I am still *Petruchio*.
Maria And I am worse, a woman that can fear
Neither *Petruchio Furius*, nor his fame,
Nor any thing that tends to our allegiance;
There's a short method for you, now you know me.
Petruchio If you can carry 't so, 'tis very well.
Bianca No you shall carry it, sir.
Petruchio Peace gentle Low-bell.
Petronius Use no more words, but come down instantly,
I charge thee by the duty of a child.
Petruchio Prithee come *Maria*, I forgive all.
Maria Stay there; That duty, that you charge me by
(If you consider truly what you say)
Is now another man's, you gave 't away
I' th' Church, if you remember, to my husband:
So all you can exact now, is no more
But only a due reverence to your person,
Which thus I pay: Your blessing, and I am gone
To bed for this night.
Petronius This is monstrous:
That blessing that Saint *Dunstan* gave the Devil,
If I were near thee, I would give thee —
Pull thee down by th' nose.
Bianca Saints should not rave, sir;
A little Rhubarb now were excellent.
Petruchio Then by that duty you owe to me *Maria*,
Open the door, and be obedient: I am quiet yet.
Maria I do confess that duty; make your best on 't.
Petruchio Why give me leave, *I* will.
Bianca Sir, there's no learning
An old stiff Jade to trot: you know the moral.

wln 0613
wln 0614
wln 0615
wln 0616
wln 0617
wln 0618
wln 0619
wln 0620
wln 0621
wln 0622
wln 0623
wln 0624
wln 0625
wln 0626
wln 0627

img: 308-a
sig: 5N3v

Maria Yet as *I* take it sir, *I* owe no more
Than you owe back again.

Petruchio You will not Article?
All *I* owe, presently, let me but up, i'll pay.

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

Petruchio Yes.

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

Petruchio Well, what remedy?

Petronius A fine smart Cudgel. Oh that *I* were near thee.

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

column: 308-a-1

wln 0628
wln 0629
wln 0630
wln 0631
wln 0632
wln 0633
wln 0634
wln 0635
wln 0636
wln 0637
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wln 0655
wln 0656
wln 0657
wln 0658

Moroso These are the most authentic Rebels, next
Tyrone, I ever read of.

Maria A week hence, or a fortnight, as you bear you,
And as I find my will observed, I may
With intercession of some friends be brought
Maybe to kiss you; and so quarterly
To pay a little rent by composition,
You understand me?

Sophocles Thou Boy, thou.

Petruchio Well there are more Maids than *Maudlin*, that's
my comfort.

Maria Yes, and more men than *Michael*.

Petruchio I must not to bed with this stomach, and no meat Lady.

Maria Feed where you will, so it be sound, and wholesome,
Else live at livery, for i'll none with you.

Bianca You had best back one of the dairy maids, they'll
carry.

But take heed to your girths, you'll get a bruise else.

Petruchio Now if thou wouldst come down, and tender me:
All the delights due to a marriage bed,
Study such kisses as would melt a man,
And turn thyself into a thousand figures,
To add new flames unto me, I would stand
Thus heavy, thus regardless, thus despising
Thee, and thy best allurings: all thy beauty
That's laid upon your bodies, mark me well,
For without doubt your minds are miserable,
You have no masks for them: all this rare beauty,
Lay but the Painter, and the silkworm by,
The Doctor with his diets, and the Tailor,
And you appear like flayed Cats, not so handsome.

wln 0659
wln 0660
wln 0661
wln 0662
wln 0663
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wln 0694
wln 0695
wln 0696

Maria And we appear like her that sent us hither,
That only excellent and beauteous nature;
Truly ourselves, for men to wonder at,
But too divine to handle; we are Gold,
In our own natures pure; but when we suffer
The husband's stamp upon us then allays,
And base ones of you, men are mingled with us,
And make us blush like Copper.

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

Maria No.

Petruchio There will I watch thee like a withered Jewry,
Thou shalt neither have meat, fire, nor Candle,
Nor any thing that's easy: do you rebel so soon?
Yet take mercy.

Bianca Put up your Pipes: to bed sir; i'll assure you
A month's siege will not shake us.

Moroso Well said Colonel.

Maria To bed to bed *Petruchio*: good night Gentlemen,
You'll make my Father sick with sitting up:
Here you shall find us any time these ten days,
Unless we may march off with our contentment.

Petruchio I'll hang first.

Maria And i'll quarter if I do not,
I'll make you know, and fear a wife *Petruchio*,
There my cause lies.
You have been famous for a woman tamer,
And bear the feared name of a brave wife-breaker:
A woman now shall take those honors off,
And tame you; nay, never look so big, she shall believe me,
And *I* am she: what think ye; good night to all,
Ye shall find Sentinels.

Bianca If ye dare sally. *Exeunt above.*

Petronius The devil's in 'em, even the very devil, the
downright devil.

column: 308-a-2

wln 0697
wln 0698
wln 0699
wln 0700
wln 0701
wln 0702
wln 0703
wln 0704
wln 0705
wln 0706

Petruchio I'll devil 'em: by these ten bones I will: i'll
bring it to the old Proverb no sport no pie: —
taken down i' th' top of all my speed; this is fine dancing:
Gentlemen, stick to me. You see our Freehold's
touched, and by this light, we will beleaguer 'em, and
either starve 'em out, or make 'em recreant.

Petronius I'll see all passages stopped, but those about 'em:
If the good women of the Town dare succor 'em,
We shall have wars indeed.

Sophocles I'll stand perdu upon 'em.

wln 0707 *Moroso* My regiment shall lie before.
wln 0708 *Jaques* I think so, 'tis grown too old to stand.
wln 0709 *Petruchio* Let's in, and each provide his tackle,
wln 0710 We'll fire 'em out, or make 'em take their pardons,
wln 0711 Hear what I say, on their bare knees —
wln 0712 Am I *Petruchio*, feared, and spoken of,
wln 0713 And on my wedding night am I thus jaded? *Exeunt Omnes.*

wln 0714 *Scaena quarta.*

wln 0715 *Enter Rowland, and Pedro, at several doors.*

wln 0716 *Rowland* Now *Pedro*?
wln 0717 *Pedro* Very busy Master *Rowland*.
wln 0718 *Rowland* What haste man?
wln 0719 *Pedro* I beseech you pardon me,
wln 0720 I am not mine own man.
wln 0721 *Rowland* Thou art not mad?
wln 0722 *Pedro* No; but believe me, as hasty —
wln 0723 *Rowland* The cause good *Pedro*?
wln 0724 *Pedro* There be a thousand sir; you are not married?
wln 0725 *Rowland* Not yet.
wln 0726 *Pedro* Keep yourself quiet then.
wln 0727 *Rowland* Why?
wln 0728 *Pedro* You'll find a Fiddle
wln 0729 That never will be tuned else: from all women — *Exit.*
wln 0730 *Rowland* What ails the fellow trow? *Jaques*? *Enter*
wln 0731 *Jaques* Your friend sir. *Jaques,*
wln 0732 But very full of business.
wln 0733 *Rowland* Nothing but business?
wln 0734 Prithee the reason, is there any dying?
wln 0735 *Jaques* I would there were sir.
wln 0736 *Rowland* But thy business?
wln 0737 *Jaques* I'll tell you in a word,
wln 0738 I am sent to lay
wln 0739 An imposition upon Souse and Puddings,
wln 0740 Pasties, and Penny Custards, that the women
wln 0741 May not relieve yon Rebels: Fare ye well sir.
wln 0742 *Rowland* How does my Mistress?
wln 0743 *Jaques* Like a resty jade.
wln 0744 She's spoiled for riding. *Exit Jaques.*
wln 0745 *Rowland* What a devil ail they? *Enter Sophocles.*
wln 0746 Custards, and penny Pasties, Fools and Fiddles,
wln 0747 What's this to th' purpose? O well met.
wln 0748 *Sophocles* Now *Rowland*.
wln 0749 I cannot stay to talk long.
wln 0750 *Rowland* What's the matter?
wln 0751 Here's stirring, but to what end? whether go you?
wln 0752 *Sophocles* To view the works.
wln 0753 *Rowland* What works?
wln 0754 *Sophocles* The women's Trenches.

wln 0755
wln 0756
wln 0757
wln 0758
wln 0759
wln 0760

img: 308-b
sig: 5N4r

Rowland Trenches? are such to see?
Sophocles I do not jest sir.
Rowland I cannot understand you.
Sophocles Do not you hear
In what a state of quarrel the new Bride
Stands with her husband?

column: 308-b-1

wln 0761
wln 0762
wln 0763
wln 0764
wln 0765
wln 0766
wln 0767
wln 0768
wln 0769
wln 0770
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wln 0798
wln 0799
wln 0800

Rowland Let him stand with her, and there's an end.
Sophocles It should be, but by 'r Lady
She holds him out at Pike's end, and defies him,
And now is fortified; such a Regiment of Rutters
Never defied men braver: I am sent
To view their preparation.
Rowland This is news
Stranger than Arms in the air, you saw not
My gentle Mistress?
Sophocles Yes, and meditating
Upon some secret business, when she had found it
She leapt for joy, and laughed, and straight retired
To shun *Moroso*.
Rowland This may be for me.
Sophocles Will you along?
Rowland No.
Sophocles Farewell.
Rowland Farewell sir.
What should her musing mean, and what her joy in 't,
If not for my advantage? stay ye; may not
That Bobtail Jade *Moroso*, with his Gold,
His gew-gaws, and the hope she has to send him
Quickly to dust, excite this? here she comes,
And yonder walks the Stallion to discover:
Yet i'll salute her: save you beauteous mistress.
Livia The Fox is kenneled for me: save you sir.
Rowland Why do you look so strange?
Livia I use to look sir
Without examination.
Moroso Twenty Spur-Royals for that word.
Rowland Belike then
The object discontents you?
Livia Yes it does.
Rowland Is't come to this? you know me, do you not?
Livia Yes as I may know many by repentance.
Rowland Why do you break your faith?
Livia I'll tell you that too,
You are under age, and no band holds upon you.
Moroso Excellent wench.
Livia Sue out your understanding,

Exit Sophocles.

Enter
Livia at
one door, and
Moroso at
another
harkening.

wln 0801 And get more hair, to cover your bare knuckle
wln 0802 (For Boys were made for nothing, but dry kisses,)
wln 0803 And if you can, more manners.
wln 0804 *Moroso* Better still.
wln 0805 *Livia* And then if I want Spanish gloves, or stockings,
wln 0806 A ten pound waistcoat, or a Nag to hunt on,
wln 0807 It may be I shall grace you to accept 'em.
wln 0808 *Rowland* Farewell, and when I credit women more,
wln 0809 May I to Smithfield, and there buy a Jade,
wln 0810 (And know him to be so) that breaks my neck.
wln 0811 *Livia* Because I have known you, I'll be thus kind to you;
wln 0812 Farewell, and be a man, and i'll provide you,
wln 0813 Because I see y' are desperate, some staid Chambermaid
wln 0814 That may relieve your youth, with wholesome doctrine.
wln 0815 *Moroso* She's mine from all the world: ha wench?
wln 0816 *Livia* Ha Chicken? — *gives him a box o' th' ear and Exit*
wln 0817 *Moroso* How's this? I do not love these favors: save you.
wln 0818 *Rowland* The devil take thee — *wrings him by th' nose.*
wln 0819 *Moroso* Oh!
wln 0820 *Rowland* There's a love token for you: thank me now.
wln 0821 *Moroso* I'll think on some of ye, and if I live,
wln 0822 My nose alone shall not be played withal. *Exit.*

wln 0823 *Actus secundus. Scaena prima.*

wln 0824 *Enter Petronius, and Moroso.*

wln 0825 *Petronius* A Box o' th' ear do you say?

wln 0826 *Moroso* Yes sure a sound one,

column: 308-b-2

wln 0827 Beside my nose blown to my hand; if *Cupid*
wln 0828 Shoot Arrows of that weight, i'll swear devoutly,
wln 0829 H'as sued his livery, and no more a Boy.

wln 0830 *Petronius* You gave her some ill language?

wln 0831 *Moroso* Not a word,

wln 0832 *Petronius* Or might be you were fumbling?

wln 0833 *Moroso* Would I had sir.

wln 0834 I had been aforehand then; but to be baffled,

wln 0835 And have no feeling of the cause —

wln 0836 *Petronius* Be patient,

wln 0837 I have a medicine clapped to her back will cure her.

wln 0838 *Moroso* No sure it must be afore sir.

wln 0839 *Petronius* O' my Conscience,

wln 0840 When I got these two wenches (who till now

wln 0841 Ne'er showed their riding) *I* was drunk with Bastard,

wln 0842 Whose nature is to form things like itself

wln 0843 Heady, and monstrous: did she slight him too?

wln 0844 *Moroso* That's all my comfort: a mere Hobby-horse

wln 0845 She made child *Rowland*: 'sfoot she would not know him,

wln 0846 Not give him a free look, not reckon him

wln 0847
wln 0848
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wln 0893
wln 0894

Among her thoughts, which I held more than wonder,
I having seen her within's three days kiss him
With such an appetite as though she would eat him.
Petronius There is some trick in this: how did he take it?
Moroso Ready to cry; he ran away.
Petronius I fear her.
And yet I tell you, ever to my anger,
She is as tame as Innocency; it may be
This blow was but a favor.
Moroso I'll be sworn
'Twas well tied on then.
Petronius Go to, pray forget it,
I have bespoke a Priest: and within's two hours
I'll have ye married; will that please you?
Moroso Yes.
Petronius I'll see it done myself, and give the Lady
Such a sound exhortation for this knavery
I'll warrant you, shall make her smell this Month on 't,
Moroso Nay good sir, be not violent.
Petronius Neither —
Moroso It may be
Out of her earnest love, there grew a longing
(As you know women have such toys) in kindness,
To give me a box o' th' ear or so.
Petronius It may be.
Moroso I reckon for the best still: this night then
I shall enjoy her.
Petronius You shall handsel her.
Moroso Old as I am, i'll give her one blow for 't
Shall make her groan this twelvemonth.
Petronius Where's your jointure?
Moroso I have a jointure for her.
Petronius Have your Council
Perused it yet?
Moroso No Council, but the night, and your sweet daughter
Shall e'er peruse that Jointure.
Petronius Very well sir.
Moroso I'll no demurrers on 't nor no rejoinders.
The other's ready sealed.
Petronius Come then let's comfort
My Son *Petruchio*, he's like little Children
That lose their Baubles, crying ripe.
Moroso Pray tell me,
Is this stern woman still upon the flaunt
Of bold defiance?
Petronius Still, and still she shall be
Till she be starved out: you shall see such justice,
That women shall be glad after this tempest

wln 0895 To tie their husband's shoes, and walk their horses;
wln 0896 That were a merry world: do you hear the rumor,
wln 0897 They say the women are in Insurrection,
wln 0898 And mean to make a —
wln 0899 *Petronius* They'll sooner
wln 0900 Draw upon walls as we do: Let 'em, let 'em,
wln 0901 We'll ship 'em out in Cuck-stools, there they'll sail
wln 0902 As brave *Columbus* did, till they discover
wln 0903 The happy Islands of obedience.
wln 0904 We stay too long, Come.
wln 0905 *Moroso* Now Saint *George* be with us. *Exeunt.*

wln 0906 *Scaena Secunda.*

wln 0907 *Enter Livia alone*

wln 0908 *Livia* Now if I can but get in handsomely,
wln 0909 Father I shall deceive you, and this night
wln 0910 For all your private plotting, i'll no wedlock;
wln 0911 I have shifted sail, and find my Sister's safety
wln 0912 A sure retirement; pray to heaven that *Rowland*
wln 0913 Do not believe too far, what I said to him,
wln 0914 For yon old Foxcase forced me, that's my fear.
wln 0915 Stay, let me see, this quarter fierce *Petruchio*
wln 0916 Keeps with his Myrmidons: I must be sudden,
wln 0917 If he seize on me, I can look for nothing
wln 0918 But Martial Law; to this place have I scaped him;
wln 0919 Above there. *Enter Maria, and Bianca above.*

wln 0920 *Maria* *Qui va la.*

wln 0921 *Livia* A Friend.

wln 0922 *Bianca* Who are you?

wln 0923 *Livia* Look out and know.

wln 0924 *Maria* Alas poor wench who sent thee,
wln 0925 What weak fool made thy tongue his Orator?
wln 0926 I know you come to parley.

wln 0927 *Livia* Y' are deceived,
wln 0928 Urged by the goodness of your cause I come
wln 0929 To do as you do.

wln 0930 *Maria* Y' are too weak, too foolish,
wln 0931 To cheat us with your smoothness: do not we know
wln 0932 Thou hast been kept up tame?

wln 0933 *Livia* Believe me.

wln 0934 *Maria* No, prithee good *Livia*
wln 0935 Utter thy Eloquence somewhere else.

wln 0936 *Bianca* Good Cousin
wln 0937 Put up your Pipes; we are not for your palate,
wln 0938 Alas we know who sent you.

wln 0939
wln 0940
wln 0941
wln 0942
wln 0943
wln 0944
wln 0945
wln 0946
wln 0947
wln 0948
wln 0949
wln 0950
wln 0951
wln 0952
wln 0953
wln 0954
wln 0955
wln 0956
wln 0957
wln 0958

Livia O' my word —
Bianca Stay there; you must not think your word,
Or by your Maidenhead, or such Sunday oaths
Sworn after Evensong, can inveigle us
To loose our handfast: did their wisdoms think
That sent you hither, we would be so foolish,
To entertain our gentle Sister *Sinon*,
And give her credit, while the wooden Jade
Petruchio stole upon us: no good Sister,
Go home, and tell the merry Greeks 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 unbelieved, seek out a Land,
Where like a race of noble *Amazons*,
We'll root ourselves and to our endless glory
Live, and despise base men.
Livia I'll second ye.
Bianca How long have you been thus?
Livia That's all one Cousin.

column: 309-a-2

wln 0959
wln 0960
wln 0961
wln 0962
wln 0963
wln 0964
wln 0965
wln 0966
wln 0967
wln 0968
wln 0969
wln 0970
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wln 0976
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wln 0978
wln 0979
wln 0980
wln 0981
wln 0982
wln 0983
wln 0984
wln 0985
wln 0986

I stand for freedom now.
Bianca Take heed of lying;
For by this light, if we do credit you,
And find you tripping, his infliction
That killed the Prince of *Orange*, will be sport
To what we purpose.
Livia Let me feel the heaviest.
Maria Swear by thy Sweetheart *Rowland* (for by your maidenhead,
I fear 'twill be too late to swear) you mean
Nothing but fair and safe, and honorable
To us, and to yourself.
Livia I swear.
Bianca Stay yet,
Swear as you hate *Moroso*, that's the surest,
And as you have a certain fear to find him
Worse than a poor dried Jack, full of more Aches
Than *Autumn* has; more knavery, and usury,
And foolery, and brokery, than dogs-ditch:
As you do constantly believe he's nothing
But an old empty bag with a gray beard,
And that beard such a Bobtail, that it looks
Worse than a Mare's tail eaten off with **Fillies**:
As you acknowledge, that young handsome wench
That lies by such a Bilbo blade, that bends
With ev'ry pass he makes to th' hilts, most **miserable**,
A dry nurse to his Coughs, a fewerer
To such a nasty fellow, a robbed thing
Of all delights youth looks for: and to end,

wln 0987
wln 0988
wln 0989
wln 0990
wln 0991
wln 0992
wln 0993
wln 0994
wln 0995
wln 0996
wln 0997
wln 0998
wln 0999
wln 1000
wln 1001
wln 1002
wln 1003
wln 1004
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wln 1019
wln 1020
wln 1021
wln 1022
wln 1023
wln 1024
wln 1025
wln 1026

One cast away on coarse beef, born to brush
That everlasting Cassock that has worn
As many Servants out, as the Northeast passage
Has consumed Sailors: if you swear this, and truly
Without the reservation of a gown
Or any meritorious Petticoat,
'Tis like we shall believe you.

Livia I do swear it.

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

Livia Ne'er fear me,
For by that little faith I have in husbands,
And the great zeal I bear your cause, I come
Full of that liberty, you stand for, Sister.

Maria If we believe, and you prove recreant *Livia*,
Think what a maim you give the noble Cause
We now stand up for: Think what women shall
An hundred year hence speak thee, when examples
Are looked for, and so great ones, whose relations
Spoke as we do 'em wench, shall make new customs.

Bianca If you be false, repent, go home, and pray,
And to the serious women of the City
Confess yourself; bring not a sin so heinous
To load thy soul, to this place: mark me *Livia*,
If thou be'st double, and betray'st our honors,
And we fail in our purpose: get thee where
There is no women living, nor no hope
There ever shall be.

Maria If a Mother's daughter,
That ever heard the name of stubborn husband
Found thee, and know thy sin.

Bianca Nay, if old age,
One that has worn away the name of woman,
And no more left to know her by, but railing,
No teeth, nor eyes nor legs, but wooden ones
Come but i' th' windward of thee, for sure she'll smell thee
Thou 'lt be so rank, she'll ride thee like a nightmare,
And say her Prayers backward to undo thee,
She'll curse thy meat and drink, and when thou marriest,

img: 309-b
sig: 501r

column: 309-b-1

wln 1027
wln 1028
wln 1029
wln 1030
wln 1031
wln 1032

Clap a sound spell for ever on thy pleasures.
Maria Children of five year old, like little Fairies
Will pinch thee into motley, all that ever
Shall live, and hear of thee, I mean all women;
Will (like so many furies) shake their Keys,
And toss their flaming distaffs o'er their heads,

wln 1033
wln 1034
wln 1035
wln 1036
wln 1037
wln 1038
wln 1039
wln 1040
wln 1041
wln 1042
wln 1043
wln 1044
wln 1045
wln 1046
wln 1047
wln 1048
wln 1049
wln 1050
wln 1051

Crying Revenge: take heed, 'tis hideous:
Oh 'tis a fearful office, if thou hadst
(Though thou be'st perfect now) when thou cam'st, hither,
A false Imagination, get thee gone,
And as my learned Cousin said repent,
This place is sought by soundness.

Livia So I seek it,

Or let me be a most despised example.

Maria I do believe thee, be thou worthy of it.

You come not empty?

Livia No, Here's Cakes, and cold meat,

And tripe of proof: behold here's wine, and beer,

Be sudden, I shall be surprised else.

Maria Meet at the low Parlor door, there lies a close way:

What fond obedience you have living in you,

Or duty to a man, before you enter,

Fling it away, 'twill but defile our Off'rings.

Bianca Be wary as you come,

Livia I warrant ye.

Exeunt.

wln 1052

Scaena Tertia.

wln 1053

Enter three Maids.

wln 1054
wln 1055
wln 1056
wln 1057
wln 1058
wln 1059
wln 1060
wln 1061
wln 1062

1 Maid How goes your business Girls?

2 Maid Afoot, and fair.

3 Maid If fortune favor us: away to your strength

The Country Forces are arrived, be gone.

We are discovered else.

1 Maid Arm, and be valiant.

2 Maid Think of our cause.

3 Maid Our Justice.

1 Maid 'Tis sufficient.

Exeunt.

wln 1063

Scaena quarta.

wln 1064

Enter Rowland and Tranio at several doors.

wln 1065
wln 1066
wln 1067
wln 1068
wln 1069
wln 1070
wln 1071
wln 1072
wln 1073
wln 1074
wln 1075
wln 1076

Tranio Now *Rowland*?

Rowland How **do** you?

Tranio How dost thou man,

Thou look'st ill:

Rowland Yes, pray can you tell me *Tranio*,

Who knew the devil first?

Tranio A woman.

Rowland **Thou** hast heard I am sure of *Aesculapius*.

So were they not well acquainted?

Tranio May be so,

For they had certain Dialogues together.

Rowland He sold her fruit, I take it?

wln 1077
wln 1078
wln 1079
wln 1080
wln 1081
wln 1082
wln 1083
wln 1084
wln 1085
wln 1086
wln 1087

Tranio Yes, and Cheese
That choked all mankind after.
Rowland Canst thou tell me
Whether that woman ever had a faith
After she had eaten?
Tranio That's a School question
Rowland No
'Tis no question, for believe me *Tranio*,
That cold fruit after eating bread naught in her
But windy promises, and colic vows
That broke out both ways.

column: 309-b-2

wln 1088
wln 1089
wln 1090
wln 1091
wln 1092
wln 1093
wln 1094
wln 1095
wln 1096
wln 1097
wln 1098
wln 1099
wln 1100
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wln 1107
wln 1108
wln 1109
wln 1110
wln 1111
wln 1112
wln 1113
wln 1114
wln 1115
wln 1116
wln 1117
wln 1118
wln 1119
wln 1120
wln 1121
wln 1122
wln 1123
wln 1124

Rowland Thou hast heard I am sure
Of *Esculapius*, a far famed Surgeon,
One that could set together quartered Traitors,
And make 'em honest men.
Tranio How dost thou *Rowland*?
Rowland Let him but take, (if he dare do a cure
Shall get him fame indeed) a faithless woman,
There will be credit for him, that will speak him,
A broken woman *Tranio*, a base woman,
And if he can cure such a rack of honor
Let him come here, and practice.
Tranio Now for honor's sake
Why what ail'st thou *Rowland*?
Rowland I am ridden *Tranio*.
And Spur-galled to the life of patience
(Heaven keep my wits together) by a thing
Our worst thoughts are too noble for, a woman.
Tranio Your Mistress has a little frowned it may be?
Rowland She was my Mistress.
Tranio Is she not?
Rowland 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 Mistress,
A good Sword, or a Book: and if you see her,
Tell her I do beseech you, even for love sake. —
Tranio I will *Rowland*.
Rowland She may sooner
Count the good I have thought her,
Our old love and our friendship,
Shed one true tear, mean one hour constantly,
Be old, and honest, married, and a maid,
Than make me see her more, or more believe her:
And now I have met a Messenger, farewell sir.
Tranio Alas poor *Rowland*, I will do it for thee:
This is that dog *Moroso*, but I hope
To see him cold i' th' mouth first ere he enjoy her:

Exit.

wln 1125
wln 1126

I'll watch this young man, desperate thoughts may seize him,
And if my purse, or counsel can, i'll ease him.

Exit

wln 1127

Scaena quinta.

wln 1128
wln 1129

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

wln 1130
wln 1131
wln 1132
wln 1133
wln 1134
wln 1135
wln 1136
wln 1137
wln 1138
wln 1139
wln 1140
wln 1141
wln 1142
wln 1143
wln 1144
wln 1145
wln 1146
wln 1147
wln 1148
wln 1149
wln 1150

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

Petronius I think not.

Petruchio No by — they cannot;
For pray consider, have you ever read,
Or heard of, or can any man imagine.
So stiff a Tomboy, of so set a **malice**,
And such a brazen resolution,
As this young Crab-tree? and then answer me,
And mark but this too friends, without a cause,
Not a foul word comes 'cross her, not a fear,
She justly can take hold on, and do you think
I must sleep out my anger, and endure it,
Sew pillows to her ease, and lull her mischief?
Give me a Spindle first: no, no my Masters,
Were she as fair as *Nell o' Greece*, and housewife,
As good as the wise Sailor's wife, and young still,
Never above fifteen; and these tricks to it,
She should ride the wild Mare once a week, she should.

img: 310-a
sig: 501v

column: 310-a-1

wln 1151
wln 1152
wln 1153
wln 1154
wln 1155
wln 1156
wln 1157
wln 1158
wln 1159
wln 1160
wln 1161
wln 1162
wln 1163
wln 1164

(Believe me friends she should) I would tabor her,
Till all the Legions that are crept into her,
Flew out with fire i' th' tails.

Sophocles Methinks you err now,
For to me seems, a little sufferance
Were a far surer cure.

Petruchio Yes, I can suffer,
Where I see promises of peace and amendment.

Moroso Give her a few conditions.

Petruchio I'll be hanged first.

Petronius Give her a crab-tree cudgel.

Petruchio So I will;
And after it a flock-bed for her bones.
And hard eggs, till they brace her like a Drum,

wln 1165
wln 1166
wln 1167
wln 1168
wln 1169
wln 1170
wln 1171
wln 1172
wln 1173
wln 1174
wln 1175
wln 1176
wln 1177
wln 1178
wln 1179
wln 1180
wln 1181
wln 1182
wln 1183
wln 1184
wln 1185
wln 1186
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wln 1189
wln 1190
wln 1191
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wln 1194
wln 1195
wln 1196
wln 1197
wln 1198
wln 1199
wln 1200
wln 1201
wln 1202
wln 1203
wln 1204
wln 1205
wln 1206
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wln 1208
wln 1209
wln 1210
wln 1211
wln 1212
wln 1213
wln 1214
wln 1215

She shall be pampered with —
She shall not know a stool in ten months Gentlemen.

Sophocles This must not be.

Enter Jaques.

Jaques Arm, arm, out with your weapons,
For all the women in the Kingdom's on ye;
They swarm like wasps, and nothing can destroy 'em,
But stopping of their hive, and smothering of 'em.

Enter Pedro.

Pedro 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 Mistress, **than** e'er turned tail
At Sturbridge Fair; and I believe, as fiery.

Jaques The forlorn hope's led by a Tanner's wife,
I know her by her hide; a desperate woman:
She flayed her husband in her youth, and made
Reins of his hide to ride the Parish. Take 'em all together,
They are a genealogy of Jennets, gotten
And born thus, by the boisterous breath of husbands;
They serve sure, and are swift to catch occasion,
(I mean their foes, or husbands) by the forelocks,
And there they hang like favors; cry they can,
But more for Noble spite, than fear: and crying
Like the old Giants that were foes to Heaven,
They heave ye stool on stool, and fling main Pot-lids
Like massy rocks, dart ladles, tossing Irons,
And tongs like Thunderbolts, till overlaid,
They fall beneath the weight; yet still aspiring
At those Imperious Cod's-heads, that would tame 'em.
There's ne'er a one of these, the worst and weakest,
(Choose where you will) but dare attempt the raising
Against the sovereign peace of Puritans,
A Maypole, and a Morris, maugre mainly
Their zeal, and Dudgeon daggers: and yet more,
Dares plant a stand of batt'ring Ale against 'em,
And drink 'em out o' th' Parish

Sophocles Lo you fierce *Petruchio*, this comes of your impatience.

Pedro There's one brought in the Bears against the Canons
Of the Town, made it good, and fought 'em.

Jaques Another, to her everlasting fame, erected
Two Alehouses of ease: the quarter-sessions
Running against her roundly; in which business
Two of the disannullers lost their nightcaps:
A third stood excommunicate by the cudgel.
The Constable, to her eternal glory,
Drunk hard, and was converted, and she victor.

Pedro Then are they victualled with pies and puddings,
(The trappings of good stomachs) noble Ale
the true defendor, Sausages, and smoked ones,
If need be, such as serve for Pikes; and Pork,
(Better the Jews never hated:) here and there
A bottle of Metheglin, a stout Briton

wln 1216
wln 1217
wln 1218

That will stand to 'em; what else they want, they war for.
Petruchio Come to council,
Sophocles Now you must grant conditions or the Kingdom

column: 310-a-2

wln 1219
wln 1220
wln 1221
wln 1222
wln 1223
wln 1224
wln 1225
wln 1226
wln 1227
wln 1228
wln 1229
wln 1230
wln 1231
wln 1232
wln 1233
wln 1234
wln 1235
wln 1236
wln 1237

Will have no other talk but this.
Petronius Away then, and let's advise the best.
Sophocles Why do you tremble?
Moroso Have I lived thus long to be knocked o' th' head,
With half a washing beetle? pray be wise sir.
Petruchio Come, something I'll do; but what it is I know
not.
Sophocles To council then, and let's avoid their follies.
Guard all the doors, or we shall not have a cloak left. *Exeunt*
Enter three maids, at several doors.
1. *Maid* How goes the business, girls?
2. *Maid* Afoot, and fair.
3. *Maid* If fortune favor us: away to your strength,
The Country forces are arrived; be gone we are discovered
else.
1. *Maid* Arm, and be valiant.
2. *Maid* Think of our cause.
3. *Maid* Our justice.
1. *Maid* 'Tis sufficient. *Exeunt*

wln 1238

Scaena tertia.

wln 1239

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

wln 1240
wln 1241
wln 1242
wln 1243
wln 1244
wln 1245
wln 1246
wln 1247
wln 1248
wln 1249
wln 1250
wln 1251
wln 1252
wln 1253
wln 1254
wln 1255
wln 1256
wln 1257
wln 1258
wln 1259

Petronius I am indifferent, though I must confess,
I had rather see her carted.
Tranio No more of that sir.
Sophocles Are ye resolved to give her fair conditions?
'Twill be the safest way.
Petruchio I am distracted,
Would I had run my head into a halter
When I first wooed her: if I offer peace,
She'll urge her own conditions, that's the devil.
Sophocles Why say she do?
Petruchio: Say, I am made an Ass, then;
I know her aim: may I with reputation
(Answer me this) with safety of mine honor,
(After the mighty manage of my first wife,
Which was indeed a fury to this Filly,
After my twelve strong labors to reclaim her,
Which would have made *Don Hercules* horn-mad,
And hid him in his hide) suffer this *Cicely*,
Ere she have warmed my sheets, ere grappled with me,
This Pink, this painted Foist, this Cockle-boat,

wln 1260
wln 1261
wln 1262
wln 1263
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wln 1281
wln 1282
wln 1283
wln 1284

To hang her Fights out, and defy me friends,
A well-known man-of-war? if this be equal,
And I may suffer, say, and I have done?
Petronius I do not think you may.
Tranio You'll make it worse sir.
Sophocles Pray hear me good *Petruchio*: but even now,
You were contented to give all conditions,
To try how far she would carry: 'Tis a folly,
(And you will find it so) to clap the curb on,
Ere you be sure it proves a natural wildness,
And not a forced. Give her conditions,
For on my life this trick is put into her.
Petronius I should believe so too.
Sophocles And not her own.
Tranio You'll find it so.
Sophocles Then if she flounder with you,
Clap spurs on, and in this you'll deal with temperance,
Avoid the hurry of the world.
Tranio And lose
Moroso No honor on my life, sir.
Petruchio I will do it.
Petronius It seems they are very merry.
Petruchio Why God hold it.
Moroso Now *Jaques*?
Jaques They are i' th' flaunt, sir.

Music above.

Enter Jaques.

img: 310-b
sig: 502r

column: 310-b-1

wln 1285
wln 1286
wln 1287
wln 1288
wln 1289
wln 1290
wln 1291
wln 1292
wln 1293
wln 1294
wln 1295
wln 1296
wln 1297
wln 1298
wln 1299
wln 1300
wln 1301
wln 1302
wln 1303
wln 1304
wln 1305

Sophocles Yes we hear 'em.
Jaques They have got a stick of Fiddles, and they firk it
In wondrous ways, the two grand Capitanos,
(They brought the Auxiliary Regiments)
Dance with their coats tucked up to their bare breeches,
And bid them kiss 'em, that's the burden;
They have got Metheglin, and audacious Ale,
And talk like Tyrants.
Petronius How knowest thou?
Jaques I peeped in
At a loose Lansket.
Tranio Hark.
Petronius A Song, pray silence.
Moroso They look out.
Petruchio Good even Ladies.
Maria **God** you good even sir.
Petruchio How have you slept tonight?
Maria Exceeding well sir.
Petruchio Did you not wish me with you?
Maria: No, believe me,
I never thought upon you.

Song!

All the women above.

wln 1306 *Country wife* Is that he?
wln 1307 *Bianca* Yes.
wln 1308 *Country wife* Sir?
wln 1309 *Sophocles* She has drunk hard, mark her hood.
wln 1310 *Country wife* You are —
wln 1311 *Sophocles* Learnedly drunk, I'll hang else: let her utter.
wln 1312 *Country wife* And I must tell you, *viva voce* friend,
wln 1313 A very foolish fellow.
wln 1314 *Tranio* There's an Ale figure.
wln 1315 *Petruchio* I thank you *Susan Brotes*.
wln 1316 *City wife* Forward sister.
wln 1317 *Country wife* You have espoused here a hearty woman,
wln 1318 A comely, and courageous.
wln 1319 *Petruchio* Well I have so.
wln 1320 *Country wife* And to the comfort of distressed damsels,
wln 1321 Women outworn in wedlock, and such vessels,
wln 1322 This woman has defied you.
wln 1323 *Petruchio* It should seem so.
wln 1324 *Country wife* And why?
wln 1325 *Petruchio* Yes, can you tell?
wln 1326 *Country wife* For thirteen causes.
wln 1327 *Petruchio* Pray by your patience Mistress.
wln 1328 *City wife* Forward sister.
wln 1329 *Petruchio* Do you mean to treat of all these?
wln 1330 *City wife* Who shall let her?
wln 1331 *Petronius* Do you hear, Velvet-hood, we come not now
wln 1332 To hear your doctrine.
wln 1333 *Country wife* For the first, I take it,
wln 1334 It doth divide itself into seven branches.
wln 1335 *Petruchio* Hark you good *Maria*,
wln 1336 Have you got a Catechizer here?
wln 1337 *Tranio* Good zeal.
wln 1338 *Sophocles* Good three-piled predication, will you peace,
wln 1339 And hear the cause we come for?
wln 1340 *Country wife* Yes Bobtails
wln 1341 We know the cause you come for, here's the cause,
wln 1342 But never hope to carry her, never dream
wln 1343 Or flatter your opinions with a thought
wln 1344 Of base repentance in her.
wln 1345 *City wife* Give me sack,
wln 1346 By this, and next strong Ale.
wln 1347 *Country wife* Swear forward sister.
wln 1348 *City wife* By all that's cordial, in this place we'll bury
wln 1349 Our bones, fames, tongues, our triumphs; and then all
wln 1350 That ever yet was chronicled of woman;
wln 1351 But this brave wench, this excellent despiser,
wln 1352 This bane of dull obedience, shall inherit

column: 310-b-2

wln 1353

His liberal will, and march off with conditions

wln 1354
wln 1355
wln 1356
wln 1357
wln 1358
wln 1359
wln 1360
wln 1361
wln 1362
wln 1363
wln 1364
wln 1365
wln 1366
wln 1367
wln 1368
wln 1369
wln 1370
wln 1371
wln 1372
wln 1373
wln 1374
wln 1375
wln 1376
wln 1377
wln 1378
wln 1379
wln 1380
wln 1381
wln 1382
wln 1383
wln 1384
wln 1385
wln 1386
wln 1387
wln 1388
wln 1389
wln 1390
wln 1391
wln 1392
wln 1393
wln 1394
wln 1395
wln 1396
wln 1397
wln 1398
wln 1399
wln 1400
wln 1401
wln 1402
wln 1403
wln 1404

Noble, and worth herself.

Country wife She shall *Tom Tylers*,
And brave ones too; My hood shall make a hearse-cloth,
And I lie under it, like *Joan o' Gaunt*,
Ere I go less, my Distaff stuck up by me,
For the eternal Trophy 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*.

City wife Yet a little further,
We have taken Arms 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 chambering: next that
The Symbols of our secrecy, silk Stockings,
Hew off our heels; our petticoats of Arms
Tear off our bodies, and our Bodkins break
Over our coward heads.

Country wife And ever after
To make the tainture most notorious,
At all our Crests, *videlicet* our Plackets.
Let Laces hang, and we return again
Into our former titles, Dairy maids.

Petruchio No more wars: puissant Ladies, show conditions,
And freely I accept 'em.

Maria Call in *Livia*;
She's in the treaty too.

Enter Livia above.

Moroso How, *Livia*?

Maria Hear you that sir?
There's the conditions for ye, pray peruse 'em.

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

Moroso Nay nothing.
I have enough o' th' prospect: o' my conscience,
The world's end, and the goodness of a woman
Will come together.

Petronius Are you there sweet Lady?

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

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

Livia This is for you sir;
And I shall think upon 't.

Moroso You have used me finely.

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

Petronius I hear you whore.

Livia It must be his then sir,
For need will then compel me.

City wife Blessing on thee.

wln 1405
wln 1406
wln 1407
wln 1408
wln 1409
wln 1410
wln 1411
wln 1412
wln 1413
wln 1414
wln 1415
wln 1416
wln 1417
wln 1418
wln 1419
wln 1420

img: 311-a
sig: 502v

Livia He will undo me in mere pans of Coals
To make him lusty.

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

Petruchio As I expected: Liberty and clothes,
When, and in what way she will: continual monies,
Company, and all the house at her dispose;
No tongue to say, why is this? or whether will 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 **thousand** pound in present: then for Music,
And women to read French;

Reads.

Petronius This must not be.

Petruchio And at the latter end a clause put in,
That *Livia* shall by no man be importuned.

column: 311-a-1

wln 1421
wln 1422
wln 1423
wln 1424
wln 1425
wln 1426
wln 1427
wln 1428
wln 1429
wln 1430
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wln 1443
wln 1444
wln 1445
wln 1446
wln 1447
wln 1448
wln 1449
wln 1450

This whole month yet, to marry.

Petronius This is monstrous.

Petruchio This shall be done, I'll humor her awhile:
If nothing but repentance, and undoing
Can win her love, I'll make a shift for one.

Sophocles When ye are once a-bed, all these conditions
Lie under your own seal.

Maria Do you like 'em?

Petruchio Yes.

And by that faith I gave you fore the Priest
I'll ratify 'em.

Country wife Stay, what pledges?

Maria No, I'll take that oath;
But have a care you keep it.

City wife 'Tis not now
As when *Andrea* lived.

Country wife If you do juggle,
Or alter but a Letter of these Articles
We have set down, the selfsame persecution.

Maria Mistrust him not.

Petruchio By all my honesty —

Maria Enough. I yield.

Petronius What's this

Inserted here?

Sophocles That the two valiant women that command here
Shall have a Supper made 'em, and a large one,
And liberal entertainment without grudging,
And pay for all their Soldiers.

Petruchio That shall be too;
And if a tun of Wine will serve to pay 'em,

wln 1451
wln 1452
wln 1453
wln 1454
wln 1455
wln 1456
wln 1457
wln 1458
wln 1459
wln 1460
wln 1461

They shall have justice: I ordain ye all
Paymasters, Gentlemen.
Tranio Then we shall have sport boys.
Maria We'll meet you in the Parlor.
Petruchio Ne'er look sad sir, for I will do it.
Sophocles There's no danger in 't.
Petruchio For *Livia's* Article, you shall observe it,
I have tied myself.
Petronius I will.
Petruchio Along then: now
Either I break, or this stiff plant must bow.

Exeunt.

wln 1462

Actus tertius, Scaena prima.

wln 1463

Enter Tranio, and Rowland.

wln 1464
wln 1465
wln 1466
wln 1467
wln 1468
wln 1469
wln 1470
wln 1471
wln 1472
wln 1473
wln 1474
wln 1475
wln 1476
wln 1477
wln 1478
wln 1479
wln 1480
wln 1481
wln 1482

Tranio Come, you shall take my counsel.
Rowland I shall hang first.
I'll no more love, that's certain, 'tis a bane,
(Next that they poison Rats with) the most mortal:
No, I thank Heaven, I have got my sleep again,
And now begin to write sense; I can walk ye
A long hour in my chamber like a man,
And think of something that may better me;
Some serious point of Learning, or my state;
No more ay-me's, and miseries *Tranio*
Come near my brain. I'll 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 ache worser than his horns do;
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 hear me:)
Under the Sun (reckon the mass of follies
Crept into th' world with man) so desperate,

column: 311-a-2

wln 1483
wln 1484
wln 1485
wln 1486
wln 1487
wln 1488
wln 1488
wln 1489
wln 1490
wln 1491
wln 1492
wln 1493

So mad, so senseless, poor and base, so wretched,
Roguey, and scurvy.
Tranio Whether wilt thou *Rowland*?
Rowland As 'tis to be in love.
Tranio And why for virtue sake?
Rowland And why for virtue's sake? dost thou not conceive
me?
Tranio No by my troth.
Rowland Pray then, and heartily
For fear thou fall into 't: I'll tell thee why too,
(For I have hope to save thee) when thou lovest,
And first begin'st to worship the gilt calf,

wln 1494
wln 1495
wln 1496
wln 1497
wln 1498
wln 1499
wln 1500
wln 1501
wln 1502
wln 1503
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wln 1541
wln 1542
wln 1543
wln 1544

Imprimis, thou hast lost thy gentry,
And like a prentice flung away thy freedom.
Forthwith thou art a slave.

Tranio That's a new Doctrine.

Rowland Next thou art no more man.

Tranio What then?

Rowland A Frippery;

Nothing but braided hair, and penny ribbon,
Glove, garter, ring, rose, or at best a swabber,
If thou canst love so near to keep thy making,
Yet thou wilt lose thy language.

Tranio Why.

Rowland O *Tranio*,

Those things in love, ne'er talk as we do,

Tranio No?

Rowland No without doubt, they sigh and shake the head,
And sometimes whistle dolefully.

Tranio No tongue?

Rowland 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 fool first, or you cannot)
Such gibberish; such believe me, I protest Sweet,
And o dear Heavens, in which such constellations
Reign at the births of lovers, this is too well,
And deign me Lady, deign me I beseech ye
You poor unworthy lump, and then she licks him

Tranio A — on 't, this is nothing.

Rowland Thou hast hit it:

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

Tranio Why thou art grown a strange discoverer.

Rowland Of mine own follies *Tranio*.

Tranio Wilt thou *Rowland*,

Certain ne'er love again?

Rowland I think so, certain,

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

Tranio Tell me but this; what dost thou think of women?

Rowland Why as I think of fiddles, they delight me,
Till their strings break.

Tranio What strings?

Rowland Their modesties,
Faiths, vows and maidenheads, for they are like Kits
They have but four strings to 'em.

Tranio What wilt thou

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

Rowland Give me the money;

A hundred, and my Bond for 't.

Tranio But pray hear me.

I'll work all means I can to reconcile ye:

wln 1545
wln 1546
wln 1547
wln 1548
wln 1549
wln 1550

img: 311-b
sig: 503r

Rowland Do, do, give me the money.
Tranio There.
Rowland Work *Tranio*.
Tranio You shall go sometimes where she is.
Rowland Yes straight.
This is the first good I e'er got by woman.

column: 311-b-1

wln 1551
wln 1552
wln 1553
wln 1554
wln 1555
wln 1556
wln 1557
wln 1558
wln 1559
wln 1560
wln 1561
wln 1562
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wln 1582
wln 1583
wln 1584

wln 1585

wln 1586

wln 1587

Tranio You would think it strange now, if another beauty
As good as hers, say better.
Rowland Well.
Tranio Conceive me,
This is no point o' th' wager.
Rowland That's all one.
Tranio Love you as much, or more, than she now hates you.
Rowland 'Tis a good hearing, let 'em love: ten pound more,
I never love that woman.
Tranio There it is;
And so an hundred, if you lose.
Rowland 'Tis done;
Have you another to put in?
Tranio No, no sir.
Rowland 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.
Tranio I must have leave.
To tell you, and tell truth too, what she is,
And how she suffers for you.
Rowland Ten pound more,
I never believe you.
Tranio No sir, I am stinted.
Rowland Well, take your best way then.
Tranio Let's walk, I am glad
Your sullen fever's off.
Rowland Shalt see me *Tranio*
A monstrous merry man now: let's to the Wedding,
And as we go, tell me the general hurry
Of these mad wenches, and their works.
Tranio I will.
Rowland And do thy worst.
Tranio Something i'll do.
Rowland Do *Tranio*. *Exeunt.*

Scaena Secunda.

Enter Pedro, and Jaques.

Pedro A pair of stocks bestride 'em, are they gone?

wln 1588
wln 1589
wln 1590
wln 1591
wln 1592
wln 1593
wln 1594
wln 1595
wln 1596
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wln 1613
wln 1614
wln 1615

Jaques Yes they are gone; and all the pans i' th' Town
Beating before 'em: what strange admonitions
They gave my Master, and how fearfully
They threatened, if he broke 'em?

Pedro O' my conscience
Has found his full match now.

Jaques That I believe too.

Pedro How did she entertain him?

Jaques She looked on him.

Pedro But scurvily.

Jaques With no great affection
That I saw: and I heard some say he kissed her,
But 'twas upon a treaty, and some copies
Say but her cheek.

Pedro *Jaques*, what wouldst thou give
For such a wife now?

Jaques Full as many prayers
As the most zealous Puritan conceives
Out of the meditation of fat veal,
Or birds of prey, crammed capons, against Players,
And to as good a tune too, but against her:
That heaven would bless me from her: mark it *Pedro*,
If this house be not turned within this fortnight
With the foundation upward, i'll be carted.
My comfort is yet that those Amorites,
That came to back her cause, those heathen whores had
their hoods hallowed with sack.

Pedro How dev'lish drunk they were?

column: 311-b-2

wln 1616
wln 1617
wln 1618
wln 1619
wln 1620
wln 1621
wln 1622
wln 1623
wln 1624
wln 1625
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wln 1630
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wln 1632
wln 1633
wln 1634
wln 1635

Jaques And how they tumbled, *Pedro*, didst thou mark
The Country Cavaliero?

Pedro Out upon her,
How she turned down the **Bragget**?

Jaques Ay that sunk her.

Pedro That drink was well put to her; what a somersault
When the chair fell, she fetched, with her heels upward?

Jaques And what a piece of Landscape she discovered?

Pedro Didst mark her, when her hood fell in the Posset?

Jaques Yes, and there rid, like a Dutch hoy; the Tumbril,
When she had got her ballast.

Pedro That I saw too.

Jaques How fain she would have drawn on *Sophocles*
To come aboard, and how she simpered it —

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

Jaques I' th' heat of Summer there had been some hope on 't.

Pedro Hang her.

Jaques She offered him a Harry goat, and belched out,
Her stomach being blown with Ale, such Courtship,
Upon my life has given him twenty stools since:

wln 1636
wln 1637
wln 1638
wln 1639
wln 1640
wln 1641
wln 1642
wln 1643
wln 1644
wln 1645
wln 1646

wln 1647

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wln 1649
wln 1650
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wln 1678
wln 1679
wln 1680

Believe my calculation, these old women
When they are tipped, and a little heated
Are like new wheels, they'll roar you all the Town o'er
Till they be greased.

Pedro The City Cinquepace

Dame **toss** and Butter, had **her** Bob too?

Jaques Yes,

But she was sullen drunk, and given to filching,
I see her offer at a Spoon; my master
I do not like his look, I fear h'as fasted
For all this preparation; let's steal by him.

Exeunt.

Scaena tertia.

Enter Petruchio, and Sophocles.

Sophocles Not let you touch her all this night?

Petruchio Not touch her.

Sophocles Where was your courage?

Petruchio Where was her obedience?

Never poor man was shamed so; never Rascal
That keeps a stud of whores was used so basely.

Sophocles Pray you tell me one thing truly;
Do you love her?

Petruchio I would I did not, upon that condition
I passed thee half my Land.

Sophocles It may be then,
Her modesty required a little violence?
Some women love to struggle.

Petruchio She had it,
And so much that I sweat for 't, so I did,
But to no end: I washed an Ethiop;
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 —

Sophocles 'Tis strange;
This woman is the first I ever read of,
Refused a warranted occasion,
And standing on so fair terms.

Petruchio I shall 'quite her.

Sophocles Used you no more art?

Petruchio Yes, I swore to her,
And by no little ones, if presently
Without more disputation on the matter,
She grew not nearer to me, and dispatched me
Out of the pain I was, for I was nettled,
And willingly, and eagerly, and sweetly,

wln 1681 I would to her Chambermaid, and in her hearing
wln 1682 Begin her such a hunt's up.
wln 1683 *Sophocles* Then she started?
wln 1684 *Petruchio* No more than I do now; marry she answered
wln 1685 If I were so disposed, she could not help it;
wln 1686 But there was one called *Jaques*, a poor Butler
wln 1687 One that might well content a single woman.
wln 1688 *Sophocles* And he should tilt her.
wln 1689 *Petruchio* To that sense, and last
wln 1690 She bade me yet these six nights look for nothing,
wln 1691 Nor strive to purchase it, but fair good night,
wln 1692 And so good morrow, and a kiss or two
wln 1693 To close my stomach, for her vow had sealed it,
wln 1694 And she would keep it constant.
wln 1695 *Sophocles* Stay ye, stay ye,
wln 1696 Was she thus when you wooed her?
wln 1697 *Petruchio* Nothing *Sophocles*,
wln 1698 More keenly eager, I was oft afraid
wln 1699 She had been light, and easy, she would shower
wln 1700 Her kisses so upon me.
wln 1701 *Sophocles* Then I fear
wln 1702 Another spoke's i' th' wheel.
wln 1703 *Petruchio* Now thou hast found me,
wln 1704 There gnaws my devil, *Sophocles*, O patience
wln 1705 Preserve me; that I make her not example
wln 1706 By some unworthy way; as flaying her,
wln 1707 Boiling, or making verjuice, drying her.
wln 1708 *Sophocles* I hear her.
wln 1709 *Petruchio* Mark her then, and see the heir
wln 1710 Of spite and prodigality, she has studied
wln 1711 A way to beggar's both, and by this hand
wln 1712 She shall be if I live a Doxy. *Maria at the*
wln 1713 *Sophocles* Fie Sir. *door, and Servant*
wln 1714 *Maria* I do not like that dressing, 'tis too poor, *and woman.*
wln 1715 Let me have six gold laces, broad and massy.
wln 1716 And betwixt ev'ry lace a rich embroidery,
wln 1717 Line the gown through with plush, perfumed, and purple
wln 1718 All the sleeves down with pearl.
wln 1719 *Petruchio* What think you *Sophocles*.
wln 1720 In what point stands my state now?
wln 1721 *Maria* For those hangings
wln 1722 Let 'em be carried where I gave appointment,
wln 1723 They are too base for my use, and bespeak
wln 1724 New pieces of the civil wars of France,
wln 1725 Let 'em be large and lively, and all silk work,
wln 1726 The borders gold.
wln 1727 *Sophocles* Ay marry sir, this cuts it.
wln 1728 *Maria* That fourteen yards of satin give my woman,

wln 1729
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wln 1745
wln 1746
wln 1747
wln 1748

I do not like the color, 'tis too civil:
There's too much silk i' th' lace too; tell the Dutchman
That brought the mares, he must with all speed send me
Another suit of horses, and by all means
Ten cast of Hawks for th' River, I much care not
What price they bear, so they be sound, and flying,
For the next winter, I am for the Country;
And mean to take my pleasure; where's the horseman?
Petruchio She means to ride a great horse.
Sophocles With a side saddle?
Petruchio Yes, and she'll run a-tilt within this twelvemonth
Maria Tomorrow I'll begin to learn, but pray sir
Have a great care he be an easy doer,
'Twill spoil a Scholar else.
Sophocles An easy doer,
Did you hear that?
Petruchio Yes, I shall meet her morals
Ere it be long I fear not.
Maria O good morrow.
Sophocles Good morrow Lady, how is't now.

column: 312-a-2

wln 1749
wln 1750
wln 1751
wln 1752
wln 1753
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wln 1756
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wln 1773
wln 1774
wln 1775
wln 1776

Maria Faith sickly,
This house stands in an ill air.
Petruchio Yet more charges?
Maria Subject to rots, and **rheums**; out on 't, 'tis nothing
But a tiled fog.
Petruchio What think of the Lodge then?
Maria I like the seat, but 'tis too little, *Sophocles*
Let me have thy opinion, thou hast judgement.
Petruchio 'Tis very well.
Maria What if I pluck it down,
And built a square upon it, with two courts
Still rising from the entrance?
Petruchio And i' th' midst
A College for young Scolds.
Maria And to the Southward
Take in a garden of some twenty acres,
And cast it off the Italian fashion, hanging.
Petruchio And you could cast yourself so too; pray Lady
Will not this cost much money?
Maria Some five thousand,
Say six: I'll have it battled too.
Petruchio And gilt; *Maria*,
This is a fearful 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.
Maria That bare word
Shall cost you many a pound more, build upon 't;

wln 1777
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wln 1809
wln 1810
wln 1811
wln 1812
wln 1813
wln 1814
wln 1815
wln 1816

Tell me **of** due obedience? what's a husband?
What are we married for, to carry sumpters?
Are we not one piece with you, and as worthy
Our own intentions, as you yours?

Petruchio Pray hear me.

Maria Take two small drops of water, equal weighed,
Tell me which is the heaviest, and which ought
First to descend in duty?

Petruchio You mistake me;
I urge not service from you, nor obedience
In way of duty, but of love, and **credit**;
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

Maria That's in my making. *Petruchio* 'Tis true it is so.

Maria Yes it is *Petruchio*,
For there was never man without our molding,
Without our stamp upon him, and our justice,
Left anything three ages after him
Good, and his own.

Sophocles Good Lady understand him.

Maria I do too much, sweet *Sophocles*, he's one
Of a most spiteful self condition,
Never at peace with anything but age,
That has no teeth left to return his anger:
A Bravery dwells in his blood yet, of abusing
His first good wife; he's sooner fire than powder,
And sooner mischief.

Petruchio If I be so sudden
Do not you fear me?

Maria No nor yet care for you,
And if it may be lawful, I defy you:

Petruchio Does this become you now?

Maria It shall become me.

Petruchio Thou disobedient, weak, vainglorious woman,
Were I but half so wilful, as thou **spiteful**,
I should now drag thee to thy duty.

Maria Drag me?

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

Maria Now you perceive him *Sophocles*.

img: 312-b
sig: 504r

column: 312-b-1

wln 1817
wln 1818
wln 1819
wln 1820
wln 1821
wln 1822

Petruchio I love thee
Above thy vanity, thou faithless creature.
Maria Would I had been so happy when I married,
But to have met an honest man like thee,
For I am sure thou art good, I know thou art honest,
A handsome hurtless man, a loving man,

wln 1823
wln 1824
wln 1825
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wln 1863
wln 1864
wln 1865

wln 1866

wln 1867

wln 1868
wln 1869
wln 1870

Though never a penny with him; and those eyes,
That face, and that true heart; wear this for my sake,
And when thou think'st upon me pity me:

I am cast away,

Exit Maria

Sophocles Why how now man?

Petruchio Pray leave me,

And follow your advices.

Sophocles The man's jealous:

Petruchio I shall find a time ere it be long, to ask you
One or two foolish questions.

Sophocles I shall answer

As well as I am able, when you call me:

If she mean true, 'tis but a little killing,

And if I do not venture its —

Farewell sir.

Exit Sophocles

Petruchio Pray farewell. Is there no keeping

A wife to one man's use? no wintering

These cattle without straying? 'tis hard dealing,

Very hard dealing, Gentlemen, strange dealing:

Now in the name of madness, what star reigned,

What dog star, bull, or bear star, when I married

This second wife, this whirlwind, that takes all

Within her compass? was I not well warned,

(I thought I had, and I believe I know it,)

And beaten to repentance in the days

Of my first doting? had I not wife enough

To turn my love too? did I want vexation,

Or any special care to kill my heart?

Had I not ev'ry morning a rare breakfast,

Mixed with a learned Lecture of ill language,

Louder than *Tom o' Lincoln*; and at dinner,

A diet of the same dish? was there evening

That e'er passed 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 fain to show 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 aches;

Something I must do speedily: I'll die,

If I can handsomely, for that's the way

To make a Rascal of her; I am sick,

And I'll go very near it, but I'll perish.

Exit.

Scaena Quarta.

Enter Livia, Bianca, Tranio, and Rowland.

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

Rowland And I with mine.

Livia I did not think, a look,

wln 1871
wln 1872
wln 1873
wln 1874
wln 1875
wln 1876
wln 1877
wln 1878
wln 1879
wln 1880
wln 1881

Or a poor word or two, could have displanted
Such a fixed constancy, and for your end too.

Rowland Come, come, I know your courses: there's no gewgaws,
Your Rings, and Bracelets, and the Purse you gave me,
The money's spent in entertaining you
At Plays, and Cherry gardens.

Livia There's your Chain too.
But if you'll give me leave, I'll wear the hair still;
I would yet remember you.

Bianca Give him his love wench;
The young man has employment for 't.

column: 312-b-2

wln 1882
wln 1883
wln 1884
wln 1885
wln 1886
wln 1887
wln 1888
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wln 1913
wln 1914
wln 1915
wln 1916
wln 1917
wln 1918

Tranio Fie *Rowland*.

Rowland You cannot fie me out a hundred pound
With this poor plot: yet, let me ne'er see day more,
If something do not struggle strangely in me.

Bianca Young man, let me talk with you.

Rowland Well young woman.

Bianca This was your Mistress once.

Rowland Yes.

Bianca Are ye honest?

I see you are young, and handsome.

Rowland I am honest.

Bianca Why that's well said: and there's no doubt your judgement
Is good enough, and strong enough to tell you
Who are your foes, and friends: why did you leave her?

Rowland She made a puppy of me.

Bianca Be that granted:

She must do so sometimes, and oftentimes;
Love were too serious else.

Rowland A witty woman.

Bianca Had you loved me —

Rowland I would I had.

Bianca And dearly;

And I had loved you so: you may love worse sir,
But that is not material.

Rowland I shall lose.

Bianca Some time or other for variety
I should have called you fool, or boy, or bid you
Play with the Pages: but have loved you still,
Out of all question, and extremely too;
You are a man made to be loved:

Rowland This woman

Either abuses me, or loves me deadly.

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

Rowland Lady,

wln 1919
wln 1920
wln 1921
wln 1922
wln 1923
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wln 1931
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wln 1941
wln 1942
wln 1943
wln 1944
wln 1945
wln 1946
wln 1947

I'll leave you to your commendations:
I am in again, The devil take their tongues.
Bianca You shall not go.
Rowland I will: yet thus far *Livia*,
Your sorrow may induce me to forgive you,
But never love again; if I stay longer,
I have lost two hundred pound.
Livia Good sir, but thus much —
Tranio Turn if thou be'st a man.
Livia But one kiss of you;
One parting kiss, and I am gone too.
Rowland Come,
I shall kiss fifty pound away at this clap:
We'll have one more, and then farewell.
Livia Farewell.
Bianca Well, go thy ways, thou bear'st a kind heart with thee.
Tranio H'as made a stand.
Bianca A noble, brave young fellow,
Worthy a wench indeed.
Rowland I will: I will not. *Exit Rowland.*
Tranio He's gone: but shot again; 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.
Livia I'll pay the forfeit.
Bianca Come then, let's 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.

img: 313-a
sig: 504v

column: 313-a-1

wln 1948

Scaena quinta.

wln 1949

Enter Jaques and Pedro.

wln 1950

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

wln 1951

Jaques Run for a Physician,

wln 1952

And a whole peck of Pothecaries, *Pedro.*

wln 1953

wln 1954

He will die, diddle, diddle die: if they come not quickly,

wln 1955

And bring all people that are skilful

wln 1956

In Lungs and Livers: raise the neighbors,

wln 1957

And all the Aqua-vitae bottles extant;

wln 1958

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

wln 1959

A little of his comfort, never so little;

wln 1960

Twenty to one you find him at the Bush,

wln 1961

There's the best Ale.

wln 1962

Pedro I fly.

Exit Pedro.

wln 1963

Enter Maria, and Servants.

wln 1964

Maria Out with the Trunks, ho:

wln 1965

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

wln 1966

And take the hangings down, and see the Linen

wln 1967

Packed up, and sent away within this half hour.

wln 1968

What are the Carts come yet? some honest body

wln 1969

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

wln 1970

Alas we are undone else.

wln 1971

Jaques Pray forsooth,

wln 1972

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

wln 1973

Maria No, but is drawing on: out with the Armor.

wln 1974

Jaques Then I'll go see him.

wln 1975

Maria Thou art undone then fellow: no man that has

wln 1976

Been near him come near me.

wln 1977

Enter Sophocles, and Petronius.

wln 1978

Sophocles Why how now Lady, what means this?

wln 1979

Petronius Now daughter, how does my son?

wln 1980

Maria Save all you can for Heaven sake.

wln 1981

Enter Livia, Bianca, and Tranio.

wln 1982

Livia Be of good comfort sister.

wln 1983

Maria O my Casket.

wln 1984

Petronius How does thy husband woman?

wln 1985

Maria Get you gone, if you mean to save your lives: the sickness.

wln 1986

Petronius Stand further off, I prithee.

wln 1987

Maria Is i' th' house sir,

wln 1988

My husband has it now;

wln 1989

Alas he is infected, and raves extremely:

wln 1990

Give me some counsel friends.

wln 1991

Bianca Why lock the doors up,

wln 1992

And send him in a woman to attend him.

wln 1993

Maria I have bespoke two women; and the City

wln 1994

Hath sent a watch by this time: meat nor money

wln 1995

He shall not want, nor prayers.

wln 1996

Petronius How long is't

wln 1997

Since it first took him?

wln 1998

Maria But within this three hours.

Enter Watch.

wln 1999

I am frighted from my wits: — O here's the watch;

wln 2000

Pray do your Office, lock the doors up friends,

wln 2001

And patience be his Angel.

wln 2002

Tranio This comes unlooked for:

wln 2003

Maria I'll to the lodge; some that are kind and love me,

wln 2004

I know will visit me.

Petruchio within.

wln 2005

Petruchio Do you hear my Masters: ho, you that lock the doors up.

wln 2006

Petronius 'Tis his voice.

wln 2007
wln 2008
wln 2009

Tranio Hold, and let's hear him.
Petruchio Will ye starve me here: am I a Traitor, or an Heretic.
Or am I grown infectious?

column: 313-a-2

wln 2010
wln 2011
wln 2012
wln 2013
wln 2014
wln 2015
wln 2016
wln 2017
wln 2018
wln 2019
wln 2020
wln 2021
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wln 2051
wln 2052
wln 2053
wln 2054

Petronius Pray sir, pray.
Petruchio I am as well as you are, goodman puppy.
Maria Pray have patience,
You shall want nothing sir.
Petruchio I want a cudgel,
And thee, thou wickedness.
Petronius He speaks well enough.
Maria H'ad ever a strong heart sir.
Petruchio Will ye hear me?
First be pleased
To think I know ye all, and can distinguish
Ev'ry man's several voice: you that spoke first,
I know my father-in-law; the other *Tranio*,
And I heard *Sophocles*; the last, pray mark me,
Is my damned wife *Maria*:
If any man misdoubt me for infected,
There is mine arm, let any man look on 't.
Enter Doctor and Potheary.
Doctor Save ye Gentlemen.
Petronius: O welcome Doctor,
Ye come in happy time; pray your opinion,
What think you of his pulse?
Doctor It beats with busiest,
And shows a general inflammation,
Which is the symptom of a pestilent fever,
Take twenty ounces from him.
Petruchio Take a fool;
Take an ounce from mine arm, and Doctor Deuce-ace,
I'll make a close-stool of your Velvet costard.
— Gentlemen, do ye make a may-game on me?
I tell ye once again, I am as sound,
As well, as wholesome, and as sensible,
As any of ye all: Let me out quickly,
Or as I am a man, I'll beat the walls down,
And the first thing I light upon shall pay for 't.
Exit Doctor and Potheary.
Petronius Nay we'll go with you Doctor.
Maria 'Tis the safest;
I saw the tokens sir.
Petronius Then there is but one way.
Petruchio Will it please you open?
Tranio His fit grows stronger still.
Maria Let's save ourselves sir,
He's past all worldly cure.
Petronius. Friends do your office.

wln 2055
wln 2056
wln 2057
wln 2058
wln 2059
wln 2060
wln 2061
wln 2062
wln 2063
wln 2064
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wln 2069
wln 2070
wln 2071
wln 2072
wln 2073
wln 2074
wln 2075
wln 2076
wln 2077

img: 313-b
sig: 5P1r

And what he wants, if money, love, or labor,
Or any way may win it, let him have it.
Farewell, and pray my honest friends — *Exeunt.*
Petruchio Why Rascals,
Friends, Gentlemen, thou beastly wife, *Jaques*;
None hear me? who at the door there?
1 Watchman Think I pray sir,
Whether you are going, and prepare yourself.
2 Watchman These idle thoughts disturb you, the good
Gentlewoman
Your wife has taken care you shall want nothing.
Petruchio 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 miss,
If I miss three; ye come here to assault me.
I am as excellent well, I thank Heaven for 't,
And have as good a stomach at this instant —
2 Watchman That's an ill sign.
1 Watchman He draws on; he's a dead man,
Petruchio And sleep as soundly; will ye look upon me?
1 Watchman Do you want Pen and Ink? while you have sense sir,
Settle your state.
Petruchio Sirs, I am well, as you are;

column: 313-b-1

wln 2078
wln 2079
wln 2080
wln 2081
wln 2082
wln 2083
wln 2084
wln 2085
wln 2086
wln 2087
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wln 2094
wln 2095
wln 2096
wln 2097
wln 2098
wln 2099
wln 2100

Or any Rascal living.
2 Watchman would you were sir.
Petruchio Look to yourselves, and if you love your lives,
Open the door, and fly me, for I shoot else;
— I'll shoot, and presently, chain-bullets;
And under four I will not kill.
1 Watchman Let's quit him,
It may be it is trick: he's dangerous.
2 Watchman The devil take the hindmost, I cry. *Exit watch*
Enter Petruchio with a piece. *running.*
Petruchio Have among ye;
The door shall open too, I'll have a fair shoot;
Are ye all gone? tricks in my old days, crackers
Put now upon me? and by Lady *Greensleeves*?
Am I grown so tame after all my triumphs?
But that I should be thought mad, if I railed
As much as they deserve against these women,
I would now rip up from the primitive cuckold,
All their arch-villainies, and all their doubles,
Which are more than a hunted Hare e'er 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 I'll speak modestly,

wln 2101 He has a Quartern-ague, that shall shake
wln 2102 All his estate to nothing; never cured,
wln 2103 Nor never dying; H'as a ship to venture
wln 2104 His fame, and credit in, which if he man not
wln 2105 With more continual labor than a Galley
wln 2106 To make her tith, either she grows a Tumbril
wln 2107 Not worth the cloth she wears; or springs more leaks
wln 2108 Than all the fame of his posterity
wln 2109 Can ever stop again: I could rail twenty days;
wln 2110 Out on 'em hedgehogs,
wln 2111 He that shall touch 'em, has a thousand thorns
wln 2112 Runs through his fingers: If I were unmarried,
wln 2113 I would do anything below repentance,
wln 2114 Any base dunhill slavery; be a hangman,
wln 2115 Ere I would be a husband: O the thousand,
wln 2116 Thousand, ten thousand ways they have to kill us!
wln 2117 Some fall with too much stringing of the Fiddles,
wln 2118 And those are fools; some, that they are not suffered,
wln 2119 And those are Maudlin lovers: some, like Scorpions,
wln 2120 They poison with their tails, and those are Martyrs;
wln 2121 Some die with doing good, those Benefactors,
wln 2122 And leave 'em land to leap away: some few,
wln 2123 For those are rarest, they are said to kill
wln 2124 With kindness, and fair usage; but what they are
wln 2125 My Catalog discovers not: only 'tis thought
wln 2126 They are buried in old walls with their heels upward.
wln 2127 I could rail twenty days together now.
wln 2128 I'll seek 'em out, and if I have not reason,
wln 2129 And very sensible, why this was done,
wln 2130 I'll go a-birding yet, and some shall smart for 't.

Exit.

wln 2131 *Actus Quartus. Scaena prima.*

wln 2132 *Enter Moroso and Petronius.*

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

column: 313-b-2

wln 2141 *Petronius* How you take it?
wln 2142 Thou get a wench, thou get dozen nightcaps;
wln 2143 Wouldst have her come, and lick thee like a calf,

wln 2144
wln 2145
wln 2146
wln 2147
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wln 2191
wln 2192
wln 2193
wln 2194

And blow thy nose, and buss thee?

Moroso Not so neither.

Petronius What wouldst thou have her do?

Moroso Do as she should do;

Put on a clean smock, and to Church, and marry,
And then to bed o' God's name, this is fair play,
And keeps the King's peace; let her leave her bobs,
I have had too many of them, and her quillets,
She is as nimble that way as an Eel;
But in the way she ought to me especially,
A sow of Lead is swifter.

Petronius Quote your griefs down.

Moroso Give fair quarter, I am old and crazy,
And subject to much fumbling, I confess it;
Yet something I would have that's warm, to hatch me:
But understand me I would have it so,
I buy not more repentance in the bargain
Than 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 bitterness, and downright railings,
As if we were to couple like two cats,
With clawing, **and** loud clamor:

Petronius Thou fond man

Hast thou forgot the Ballad, crabbed age,
Can *May* and *January* match together,
And never a storm between 'em? say she abuse thee,
Put case she do.

Moroso Well.

Petronius Nay, believe she does.

Moroso I do believe she does.

Petronius And dev'lishly:

Art thou a whit the worse?

Moroso That's not the matter,
I know, being old, 'tis fit I am abused;
I know 'tis handsome, and I know moreover
I am to love her for 't.

Petronius Now you come to me.

Moroso Nay more than this; I find too, and find certain,
What Gold I have, Pearl, Bracelets, Rings, or Ouches,
Or what she can desire, Gowns, Petticoats,
Waistcoats, Embroidered stockings, Scarfs, Cawls, Feathers
Hats, five-pound Garters, Muffs, Masks, Ruffs, and Ribbons,
I am to give her for 't.

Petronius 'Tis right, you are so.

Moroso But when I have done all this, and think it duty,
Is't requisite another bore my nostrils?
Riddle me that.

Petronius Go get you gone, and dream
She's thine within these two days, for she is so;

wln 2195
wln 2196
wln 2197
wln 2198
wln 2199
wln 2200
wln 2201
wln 2202
wln 2203
wln 2204
wln 2205
wln 2206
wln 2207

img: 314-a
sig: 5P1v

The boy's beside the saddle: get warm broths,
And feed apace; think not of worldly business,
It cools the blood; leave off your tricks, they are hateful,
And mere forerunners of the ancient measures;
Contrive your beard o' th' top cut like Verdugoes;
It shows you would be wise, and burn your nightcap,
It looks like half a winding-sheet, and urges
From a young wench nothing but cold repentance:
You may eat Onions, so you'll not be lavish.

Moroso I am glad of that.

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

column: 314-a-1

wln 2208
wln 2209
wln 2210
wln 2211
wln 2212
wln 2213
wln 2214
wln 2215

Maria Shall I hope once again, say 't,

Petronius You shall sir:

And you shall have your hope.

Moroso Why there's a match then.

Bianca You shall not find me wanting, get you gone.

Here's the old man, he'll think you are plotting else
Something against his new Son.

Moroso Fare ye well sir.

*Enter Bianca
and Tranio.*

*Exit Tranio.
Exit Moroso.*

wln 2216
wln 2217
wln 2218
wln 2219

Bianca *And ev'ry Buck had his Doe,
And ev'ry Cuckold a Bell at his Toe:
Oh what should we have then, than Boys then,
O what sport should we have then?*

wln 2220
wln 2221
wln 2222
wln 2223
wln 2224
wln 2225
wln 2226
wln 2227
wln 2228
wln 2229
wln 2230
wln 2231
wln 2232
wln 2233
wln 2234
wln 2235
wln 2236
wln 2237
wln 2238

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

Bianca Give you good even.

Petronius A word with you Sweet Lady.

Bianca I am very hasty sir.

Petronius So **you** were ever.

Bianca Well what's your will?

Petronius Was not your skilful hand

In this last stratagem? were not your mischiefs
Eking the matter on?

Bianca In 's shutting up?

Is that it?

Petronius Yes.

Bianca I'll tell you.

Petronius Do,

Bianca And truly.

Good old man, I do grieve exceeding much,
I fear too much.

Petronius I am sorry for your heaviness.
Belike you can repent then?

wln 2239
wln 2240
wln 2241
wln 2242
wln 2243
wln 2244
wln 2245
wln 2246
wln 2247
wln 2248
wln 2249
wln 2250
wln 2251
wln 2252
wln 2253
wln 2254
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wln 2256
wln 2257
wln 2258
wln 2259
wln 2260
wln 2261
wln 2262
wln 2263
wln 2264
wln 2265
wln 2266
wln 2267
wln 2268
wln 2269
wln 2270
wln 2271
wln 2272
wln 2273
wln 2274

Bianca There you are wide too.
Not that the thing was done (conceive me rightly)
Does any way molest me.
Petronius What then Lady?
Bianca But that I was not in 't, there's my sorrow, there
Now you understand me, for I'll tell you,
It was so sound a piece, and so well carried,
And if you mark the way, so handsomely,
Of such a height, and excellence, and art
I have not known a braver, for conceive me,
When the gross fool her husband would be sick —
Petronius Pray stay.
Bianca Nay, good, your patience: and no sense for 't,
Then stepped your daughter in.
Petronius By your appointment.
Bianca I would it had, on that condition
I had but one half smock, I like it so well;
And like an excellent cunning woman, cured me
One madness with another, which was rare,
And to our weak beliefs, a wonder.
Petronius Hang ye,
For surely, if your husband look not to ye,
I know what will.
Bianca I humbly thank your worship.
And so I take my leave.
Petronius You have a hand I hear too.
Bianca I have two sir.
Petronius In my young daughter's business.
Bianca You will find there
A fitter hand than mine, to reach her frets,
And play down-diddle to her.
Petronius I shall watch ye.
Bianca Do.
Petronius And I shall have justice.
Bianca Where?
Petronius That's all one;

column: 314-a-2

wln 2275
wln 2276
wln 2277

I shall be with you at a turn hence forward.
Bianca Get you a posset too; and so good even sir.

Exeunt.

wln 2278

Enter Petruchio, Jaques; and Pedro.

wln 2279
wln 2280
wln 2281
wln 2282
wln 2283

Jaques And as I told your worship, all the hangings,
Brass, Pewter, Plate, even to the very looking-glasses.
Pedro And that that hung for our defense, the Armor,
And the march Beer was going too: Oh *Jaques*
What a sad sight was that?

wln 2284
wln 2285
wln 2286
wln 2287
wln 2288
wln 2289
wln 2290
wln 2291
wln 2292
wln 2293
wln 2294
wln 2295
wln 2296
wln 2297
wln 2298
wln 2299
wln 2300
wln 2301
wln 2302
wln 2303
wln 2304
wln 2305
wln 2306
wln 2307
wln 2308
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wln 2327
wln 2328
wln 2329
wln 2330
wln 2331
wln 2332
wln 2333
wln 2334

Jaques Even the two Rundlets,
The two that was our hope, of Muskadel,
(Better never tongue tripped over) these two Cannons,
To batter brawn withal at Christmas, sir
Even those two lovely twins, the enemy
Had almost cut off clean.

Petruchio Go trim the house up.
And put the things in order as they were.
I shall find time for all this: could I find her
But constant any way, I had done my business;
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 reign her:
But while she shows all these, and all their losses,
A kind of linsey-woolsey, mingled mischief
Not to be guessed at, and whether true, or borrowed,
Not certain neither, what a hap had I,
And what a tidy fortune, when my fate
Flung me upon this Bear-whelp? here she comes
Now if she have a color, for the fault is
A cleanly one, upon my conscience
I shall forgive her yet, and find a something
Certain, I married for: her wit: I'll mark her.

*Exit Pedro and
Jaques*

*Enter
Maria.*

Maria Not let his wife come near him in his sickness,
Not come to comfort him? she that all laws
Of heaven, and Nations have ordained his second,
Is she refused? and two old Paradoxes,
Pieces of five and fifty, without faith
Clapped in upon him? has a little pet,
That all young wives must follow necessary
Having their Maidenheads —

Petruchio This is an Axiom
I never heard before.

Maria Or say rebellion
If we durst be so foul, which two fair words
Alas win us from, in an hour, an instant,
We are so easy, make him so forgetful
Both of his reason, honesty, and credit,
As to deny his wife a visitation?
His wife, that (though she was a little foolish,)
Loved him, Oh heaven forgive her for 't! nay doted,
Nay had run mad, had she not married him,

Petruchio Though I do know this falser than the devil,
I cannot choose but love it.

Maria What do I know
But those that came to keep him, might have killed him,
In what a case had I been then? I dare not
Believe him such a base, debauched companion,
That one refusal of a tender maid
Would make him feign this sickness out of need,
And take a Keeper to him of fourscore

wln 2335
wln 2336
wln 2337
wln 2338
wln 2339
wln 2340

img: 314-b
sig: 5P2r

To play at Billiards; one that mewed content
And all her teeth together; not come near him?
Petruchio This woman would have made a most rare Jesuit
She can prevaricate on any thing:
There was not to be thought a way to save her
In all imagination, beside this.

column: 314-b-1

wln 2341
wln 2342
wln 2343
wln 2344
wln 2345
wln 2346
wln 2347
wln 2348
wln 2349
wln 2350
wln 2351
wln 2352
wln 2353
wln 2354
wln 2355
wln 2356
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wln 2360
wln 2361
wln 2362
wln 2363
wln 2364
wln 2365
wln 2366
wln 2367
wln 2368
wln 2369
wln 2370
wln 2371
wln 2372
wln 2373
wln 2374
wln 2375
wln 2376
wln 2377
wln 2378
wln 2379
wln 2380

Maria His unkind dealing, which was worst of all,
In sending, who knows whither, all the plate,
And all the household stuff, had I not crossed it,
By a great providence, and my friends' assistance
Which he will thank me one day for: alas,
I could have watched as well as they, have served him
In any use, better, and willinger.
The Law commands me to do it, love commands me.
And my own duty charges me.
Petruchio Heaven bless me.
And now I have said my Prayers, I'll go to her:
Are you a wife for any man?
Maria For you Sir.
If I were worse, I were better; That you are well,
At least, that you appear so, I thank heaven,
Long may it hold and that you are here, I am glad too,
But that you have abused me wretchedly,
And such a way that shames the name of husband,
Such a malicious mangy way, so mingled,
(Never look strangely on me, I dare tell you)
With breach of honesty, care, kindness, manners.
Petruchio Holla, you kick too fast.
Maria Was I a stranger?
Or had I vowed perdition to your person?
Am I not married to you, tell me that?
Petruchio I would I could not tell you.
Maria Is my presence,
The stock I come of, which is worshipful,
If I should say right worshipful, I lied not,
My Grandsire was a Knight.
Petruchio O' the Shire?
Maria A Soldier,
Which none of all thy Family e'er heard off,
But one conductor of thy name, a Grazier
That ran away with pay: or am I grown
(Because I have been a little peevish to you,
Only to try your temper) such a **dog-leech**
I could not be admitted to your presence?
Petruchio If I endure this, hang me.
Maria And two death's heads,

wln 2381
wln 2382
wln 2383
wln 2384
wln 2385
wln 2386
wln 2387
wln 2388
wln 2389
wln 2390
wln 2391
wln 2392
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wln 2399
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wln 2403
wln 2404
wln 2405
wln 2406
wln 2407
wln 2408

Two *Harry* Groats, that had their faces worn,
Almost their names away too.

Petruchio Now hear me.

For I will stay no longer.

Maria This you shall:

However you shall think to flatter me,
For this offense, which no submission
Can ever mediate for, you'll find it so,
Whatever you shall do by intercession,
What you can offer, what your Land can purchase,
What all your friends, or families can win,
Shall be but this, not to forswear your knowledge,
But ever to forbear it: now your will sir.

Petruchio Thou art the subtlest woman I think living,
I am sure the lewdest; now be still, and mark me;
Were I but any way addicted to the devil,
I should now think I had met a playfellow
To profit by, and that way the most learned
That ever taught to murmur. Tell me thou,
Thou most poor, paltry spiteful whore: do you cry?
I'll make you roar, before I leave.

Maria Your pleasure.

Petruchio Was it not sin enough, thou Fruiterer
Full of the fall thou eat'st: thou devil's broker,
Thou Seminary of all sedition,
Thou sword of vengeance, with a thread hung o'er us,
Was it not sin enough, and wickedness
In full abundance? was it not vexation

column: 314-b-2

wln 2409
wln 2410
wln 2411
wln 2412
wln 2413
wln 2414
wln 2415
wln 2416
wln 2417
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wln 2427
wln 2428

At all points, cap-à-pie? nay, I shall pinch you,
Thus like a rotten rascal to abuse.
The name of heaven, the tie of marriage,
The honor of thy friends; the expectation
Of all that thought thee virtuous, with rebellion,
Childish and base rebellion, but continuing.
After forgiveness too, and worse, your mischief,
And against him setting the hope of heaven by,
And the dear reservation of his honor
Nothing above ground could have won to hate thee:
Well go thy ways.

Maria Yes.

Petruchio You shall hear me out first:

What punishment mayst thou deserve, thou thing,
Thou Idle thing of nothing, thou pulled Primrose,
That two hours after, art a weed, and withered,
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 Bedrid? I was mad,

wln 2429 And had the Plague, and no man must come near me,
wln 2430 I must be shut up, and my substance 'bezzled,
wln 2431 And an old woman watch me.

wln 2432 *Maria* Well sir, well,
wln 2433 You may well glory in 't.

wln 2434 *Petruchio* And when it comes to opening, 'tis my plot,
wln 2435 I must undo myself forsooth: dost hear me?
wln 2436 If I should beat thee now, as much may be,
wln 2437 Dost thou not well deserve it, o' thy conscience,
wln 2438 Dost thou not cry, come beat me?

wln 2439 *Maria* I defy you.
wln 2440 And my last loving tears farewell: the first stroke,
wln 2441 The very first you give me if you dare strike,
wln 2442 Try me, and you shall find it so, for ever
wln 2443 Never to be recalled: I know you love me,
wln 2444 Mad till you have enjoyed me; I do turn
wln 2445 Utterly from you, and what man I meet first
wln 2446 That has but spirit to deserve a favor,
wln 2447 Let him bear any shape, the worse the better,
wln 2448 Shall kill you, and enjoy me; what I have said
wln 2449 About your foolish sickness, ere you have me
wln 2450 As you would have me, you shall swear, is certain,
wln 2451 And challenge any man, that dares deny it;
wln 2452 And in all companies approve my actions,
wln 2453 And so farewell for this time.

Exit Maria

wln 2454 *Petruchio* Grief go with thee,
wln 2455 If there be any witchcrafts, herbs, or potions,
wln 2456 Saying my Prayers backward, Fiends, or Fairies
wln 2457 That can again unlove me, I am made.

Exit.

wln 2458 *Scaena Secunda.*

wln 2459 *Enter Bianca, and Tranio.*

wln 2460 *Tranio* Mistress, you must do it.

wln 2461 *Bianca* Are the writings ready I told you of?

wln 2462 *Tranio* Yes they are ready, but to what use I know not.

wln 2463 *Bianca* Y' are an Ass, you must have all things construed,

wln 2464 *Tranio* Yes, and pierced too,

wln 2465 Or I find little pleasure.

wln 2466 *Bianca* Now you are knavish,
wln 2467 Go to, fetch *Rowland* hither presently,
wln 2468 Your twenty pound lies bleeding else: she is married
wln 2469 Within these twelve hours, if we cross it not,
wln 2470 And see the Papers of one size.

wln 2471 *Tranio* I have ye.

wln 2472 *Bianca* And for disposing of 'em.

wln 2473
wln 2474
wln 2475
wln 2476
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wln 2516
wln 2517
wln 2518

Tranio If I fail you
Now I have found the way, use Martial Law
And cut my head off with a hand-Saw:

Bianca Well sir.

Petronius and *Moroso* I'll see sent for
About your business; go.

Tranio I am gone.

Exit Tranio

Bianca Ho *Livia*.

Enter Livia.

Livia Who's that?

Bianca A friend of yours, Lord how you look now,
As if you had lost a Carrack.

Livia O *Bianca*.

I am the most undone, unhappy woman.

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

Livia Even as I fear the Gallows.

Bianca Keep thee there still.
And you love *Rowland*? say.

Livia If I say not

I am sure I lie.

Bianca What wouldst thou give that woman,
In spite of all his anger, and thy fear,
And all thy Father's policy, that could
Clap ye within these two nights quietly
Into a Bed together?

Livia How?

Bianca Why fairly,
At half-sword man and wife: now the red blood comes,
Ay marry now the matter's changed.

Livia *Bianca*,
Methinks you should not mock me.

Bianca Mock a pudding.

I speak good honest English, and good meaning.

Livia I should not be ungrateful to that woman.

Bianca I know thou wouldst not, follow but my Counsel
And if thou hast him not, despite of fortune
Let me never know a good night more; you must
Be very sick o' th' instant.

Livia Well, what follows?

Bianca And in that sickness send for all your friends,
Your Father, and your fever old *Moroso*,
And *Rowland* shall be there too.

Livia What of these?

wln 2563
wln 2564
wln 2565
wln 2566
wln 2567
wln 2568
wln 2569
wln 2570
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wln 2601
wln 2602
wln 2603
wln 2604

img: 315-b
sig: 5P3r

'Twill be a point of honesty:

Tranio It will so.

Rowland It may be not too: you would fain be fing'ring
This old sin-off'ring of two hundred, *Tranio*,
How daintily, and cunningly you drive me
Up like a Deer to th' toil, yet *I* may leap it,
And what's the woodman then?

Tranio A loser by you.

Speak will you go or not? to me 'tis equal.

Rowland Come what goes less?

Tranio Nay not a penny *Rowland*.

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

Tranio By 'r lady I'll require my wager then,
For if you kiss so often, and no kindness,
I have lost my speculation, i'll allow you —

Rowland Speak like a Gamester now.

Tranio It may be two.

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

Tranio I'll no by-blowes.

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

Rowland Prithee *Tranio*.

Tranio Why farewell twenty pound, 'twill not undo me;
You have my resolution.

Rowland And your money,
Which since you are so stubborn, if I forfeit,
Make me a Jack o' Lent, and break shins
For untagged points and Compters: I'll go with you,
But if thou get'st a penny by the bargain;
A parting kiss is lawful?

Tranio I allow it.

Rowland Knock out my brains with Apples; yet a bargain:

Tranio I tell you, i'll no bargains; win, and wear it.

Rowland Thou art the strangest fellow.

Tranio That's all one.

column: 315-b-1

wln 2605
wln 2606
wln 2607

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

Tranio Not a Penny.

Exeunt.

*Enter Petruchio, Jaques, and Pedro.**Petruchio* Prithee, entreat her come, I will not trouble her *Exit Pedro.*

Above a word or two; ere I endure

This life, and with a woman, and a vowed one

To all the mischiefs she can lay upon me,

I'll go to Plow again, and eat leek Porridge;

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

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 fair dealing, and the Sun, they say

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

Either myself, or her, I care not whether

Nor which first.

Jaques Will your worship hear me?*Petruchio* And utterly outworn the memory

Of such a curse as this, none of my Nation

Shall ever know me more.

Jaques Out alas sir

What a strange way do you run?

Petruchio Any way,

So I outrun this rascal.

Jaques Methinks now,

If your good worship could but have the patience.

Petruchio The patience, why the patience?*Jaques* Why i'll tell you,

Could you but have the patience.

Petruchio Well the patience.*Jaques* To laugh at all she does, or when she rails,

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

To give the neighbors warning of her 'Larm,

As I do when my wife rebels.

Petruchio Thy wife?

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

The dead of night's not stiller.

Jaques Nor an Iron Mill.*Petruchio* But thy wife is certain.*Jaques* That's false Doctrine,

You never read of a certain woman.

Petruchio Thou know'st her way.*Jaques* I should do, I am sure.

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

Petruchio But mine is such a drench of Balderdash,

Such a strange-carded cunningness, the Rainbow

When she hangs bent in heaven, sheds not her colors

Quicker and more than this deceitful woman

Weaves in her dyes of wickedness: what says she?

*Enter
Pedro**Pedro* Nay not a word sir, but she pointed to me,

wln 2657
wln 2658
wln 2659
wln 2660
wln 2661
wln 2662
wln 2663
wln 2664
wln 2665
wln 2666
wln 2667
wln 2668
wln 2669

As though she meant to follow; pray sir bear it
Even as you may, I need not teach your worship,
The best men have their crosses, we are all mortal.

Petruchio What ails the fellow?

Pedro And no doubt she may sir

Petruchio What may she, or what does she, or what is she?
Speak and be hanged.

Pedro She's mad Sir.

Petruchio Heaven continue it.

Pedro Amen if 't be his pleasure

Petruchio How mad is she?

Pedro As mad as heart can wish sir: she has dressed herself
(Saving your worship's reverence) just i' th' cut

column: 315-b-2

wln 2670
wln 2671
wln 2672
wln 2673
wln 2674
wln 2675
wln 2676
wln 2677
wln 2678
wln 2679
wln 2680
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wln 2702
wln 2703
wln 2704

Of one of those that multiply i' th' Suburbs
For single money, and as dirtily:

If any speak to her, first she whistles,
And then begins her compass with her fingers,
And points to what she would have.

Petruchio What new way's this?

Pedro There came in Master *Sophocles*,

Petruchio And what

Did Master *Sophocles* when he came in?

Get my Trunks ready sirrah, i'll be gone straight.

Pedro He's here to tell you

Enter Sophocles.

She's horn-mad *Jaques*.

Sophocles Call ye this a woman?

Petruchio Yes sir, she is a woman,

Sophocles Sir, I doubt it.

Petruchio I had thought you had make experience,

Sophocles Yes I did so.

And almost with my life.

Petruchio You rid too fast sir.

Sophocles 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.

Petruchio For rutting.

Sophocles You are much deceived still,

Believe me, I never kissed her since, and now

Coming in visitation, like a friend,

I think she is mad sir, suddenly she started,

And snatched the Ring away, and drew her knife out,

To what intent I know not.

Petruchio Is this certain?

Sophocles As I am here sir.

Petruchio I believe you honest.

Enter Maria.

And pray continue so.

Sophocles She comes.

wln 2705
wln 2706
wln 2707
wln 2708
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img: 316-a
sig: 5P3v

Petruchio Now Damsel,
What will your beauty do, if I forsake you?
Do you deal by signs, and tokens? as I guess then,
You'll walk abroad, this Summer, and catch Captains,
Or hire a piece of holy ground i' th' Suburbs,
And keep a nest of Nuns?
Sophocles O do not stir her!
You see in what a case she is?
Petruchio She is dogged,
And in a beastly case I am sure: I'll make her
If she have any tongue, yet tattle *Sophocles*
Prithee observe this woman seriously,
And eye her well, and when thou hast done, but tell me
(For thou hast understanding) in what case
My sense was, when I chose this thing.
Sophocles I'll tell you
I have seen a sweeter —
Petruchio An hundred times cry oysters.
There's a poor Beggar wench about Blackfriars
Runs on her breech may be an Empress to her.
Sophocles Nay, now you are too bitter.
Petruchio Never a whit sir:
I'll tell thee woman; for now I have day to see thee,
And all my wits about me, and I speak
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 took more trouble,
Than twenty Terms can come too, such a cause
Of such a title, and so everlasting
That *Adam's* Genealogy may be ended
Ere any law find thee: I took a Leprosy,
Nay worse, the plague, nay worse yet, a possession

column: 316-a-1

wln 2738
wln 2739
wln 2740
wln 2741
wln 2742
wln 2743
wln 2744
wln 2745
wln 2746
wln 2747
wln 2748
wln 2749
wln 2750

And had the devil 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 darkness, wine from water, hunger
From full satiety, and Fox from fern bush
That would have married thee?
Sophocles She is not so ill.
Petruchio She's worse than I dare think of: she's so lewd,
No Court is strong enough to bear her cause,
She hath neither manners, honesty, behavior,
Wifehood, nor womanhood, nor any moral
Can force me think she had a mother, no

wln 2751
wln 2752
wln 2753
wln 2754
wln 2755
wln 2756
wln 2757
wln 2758
wln 2759
wln 2760
wln 2761
wln 2762
wln 2763
wln 2764
wln 2765
wln 2766
wln 2767
wln 2768
wln 2769
wln 2770
wln 2771
wln 2772
wln 2773
wln 2774
wln 2775
wln 2776
wln 2777
wln 2778
wln 2779
wln 2780
wln 2781
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wln 2790
wln 2791
wln 2792
wln 2793
wln 2794
wln 2795
wln 2796
wln 2797
wln 2798
wln 2799
wln 2800
wln 2801

I do believe her steadfastly, and know her
To be a woman-Wolf by transmigration,
Her first form was a Ferret's underground,
She kills the memories of men: not yet?

Sophocles Do you think she's sensible of this?

Petruchio 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 untie, and thus I lose it,
The husband I am to her, thus I sever:
My vanity farewell: yet, for you have been
So near me as to bear the name of wife,
My unquenched charity shall tell you thus much
(Though you deserve it well) you shall not beg,
What I ordained your Jointure, honestly
You shall have settled on you: and half my house,
The other half shall be employed in prayers,
(That meritorious charge I'll be at also
Yet to confirm you christian) your apparel,
And what belongs to build up such a folly,
Keep I beseech you, it infects our uses,
And now I am for travel.

Maria Now I love you,

And now I see you are a man i'll talk to you,
And I forget your bitterness.

Sophocles How now man?

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

Maria Sure sir

You have hit upon a happy course, a blessed,
And what will make you virtuous?

Petruchio She'll ship me.

Maria A way of understanding I long wished for,
And now 'tis come, take heed you fly not back sir,
Methinks 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 loss, 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 honor 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,
Than any private love, or wanton kisses.
Go worthy man, and bring home understanding.

Sophocles This were an excellent woman to breed Schoolmen.

Maria For if the Merchant through unknown Seas plow

wln 2802
wln 2803
wln 2804
wln 2805

To get his wealth, then dear sir, what must you
To gather wisdom? go, and go alone,
Only your noble mind for your companion,
And if a woman may win credit with you,

column: 316-a-2

wln 2806
wln 2807
wln 2808
wln 2809
wln 2810
wln 2811
wln 2812
wln 2813
wln 2814
wln 2815
wln 2816
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wln 2837
wln 2838
wln 2839
wln 2840
wln 2841
wln 2842
wln 2843
wln 2844
wln 2845
wln 2846
wln 2847
wln 2848
wln 2849

Go far: too far you cannot: still the farther
The more experience finds you: and go sparing,
One meal a week will serve you, and one suit,
Through all your travels: for you'll find it certain,
The poorer and the baser you appear,
The more you look through still.

Petruchio Dost hear her?

Sophocles Yes.

Petruchio What would this woman do if she were suffered,
Upon a new adventure?

Sophocles Make us nothing,

I wonder that she writes not.

Maria Then when time,

And fullness of occasion have new made you,
And squared you from a sot into a Signor,
Or nearer from a Jade into a courser;
Come home an aged man, as did *Ulysses*,
And I your glad *Penelope*.

Petruchio That must have

As many lovers as I languages,
And what she does with one i' th' day, i' th' night
Undo it with another.

Maria Much that way sir;

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

Petruchio What should I do?

Sophocles Why by my — I would travel,
Did not you mean so?

Petruchio Alas no, nothing less man:

I did it but to try sir, she's the devil,
And now I find it, for she drives me, I must go:
Are my trunks down there, and my horses ready?

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

Petruchio Bring down the money.

Maria As I am able, and to my poor fortunes,
I'll govern as a widow: I shall long
To hear of your well-doing, and your profit:
And when I hear not from you once a quarter,
I'll wish you in the Indies, or Cataya,

wln 2850
wln 2851
wln 2852
wln 2853
wln 2854
wln 2855
wln 2856
wln 2857
wln 2858
wln 2859
wln 2860
wln 2861
wln 2862
wln 2863
wln 2864
wln 2865
wln 2866
wln 2867
wln 2868
wln 2869
wln 2870
wln 2871
wln 2872
wln 2873

Those are the climes must make you.
Petruchio How's the wind?
She'll wish me out o' th' world anon.
Maria For France.
'Tis very fair; get you aboard tonight sir,
And lose no time, you know the tide stays no man,
I have cold meats ready for you.
Petruchio Fare thee well.
Thou hast fooled me o' th' Kingdom with a vengeance,
And **thou** canst fool me in again.
Maria Not I sir,
I love you better, take your time, and pleasure.
I'll see you horsed.
Petruchio I think thou wouldst see me hanged too,
Were I but half as willing.
Maria Any thing
That you think well of, I dare look upon.
Petruchio You'll bear me to the land's end *Sophocles*,
And other of my friends I hope.
Maria Never doubt sir,
You cannot want companions for your good:
I am sure you'll kiss me ere I go; I have business,
And stay long here I must not.
Petruchio Get thee going.

img: 316-b
sig: 5P4r

column: 316-b-1

wln 2874
wln 2875
wln 2876
wln 2877
wln 2878
wln 2879
wln 2880
wln 2881
wln 2882
wln 2883
wln 2884
wln 2885
wln 2886
wln 2887
wln 2888
wln 2889
wln 2890
wln 2891
wln 2892
wln 2893
wln 2894
wln 2895

For if thou tarriest but another Dialogue
I'll kick thee to thy Chamber.
Maria Fare you well Sir,
And bear yourself, 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 travel,
Nothing should make me leave you else, i'll deal
So like a wife, that loves your reputation,
And the most large addition of your credit,
That those shall die: if you want Lemon-waters,
Or any thing to take the edge o' th' Sea off,
Pray speak, and be provided.
Petruchio Now the Devil,
That was your first good master, shower his blessing
Upon ye all: into whose custody —
Maria I do commit your Reformation,
And so I leave you to your *Stilo novo*. *Exit Maria*
Petruchio I will go: yet I will not: once more *Sophocles*
I'll put her to the test.

wln 2896
wln 2897
wln 2898
wln 2899
wln 2900
wln 2901
wln 2902
wln 2903

Sophocles You had better go.
Petruchio I will go then: let's seek my father out,
And all my friends to see me fair aboard:
Then women, if there be a storm at Sea,
Worse than your tongues can make, and waves more broken
Than your dissembling faiths are, let me feel
Nothing but tempests, till they crack my Keel.

Exeunt

wln 2904

Actus Quintus, Scaena Prima.

wln 2905
wln 2906

*Enter Petronius, and Bianca with
four papers.*

wln 2907

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

wln 2908

wln 2909

Petronius If this motion,
(I mean this fair repentance of my Daughter)
Spring from your good persuasion, as it seems so,
I must confess I have spoke too boldly of you,
And I repent.

wln 2910

wln 2911

wln 2912

wln 2913

wln 2914

wln 2915

wln 2916

wln 2917

wln 2918

wln 2919

wln 2920

wln 2921

wln 2922

wln 2923

Bianca 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 purchased: loving woman,
She heard me, and I thank her, thought me worthy
Observing in this point: yet all my council,
And comfort in this case, could not so heal her
But that grief got his share too, and she sickened.

wln 2924

Petronius I am sorry she's so ill, yet glad her sickness
Has got so good a ground.

Enter Moroso.

wln 2925

Bianca Here comes *Moroso*.

wln 2926

wln 2927

Petronius O you are very welcome,
Now you shall know your happiness.

wln 2928

wln 2929

Moroso I am glad on 't.
What makes this Lady here?

wln 2930

wln 2931

Bianca A dish for you sir
You'll thank me for hereafter.

wln 2932

wln 2933

Petronius True *Moroso*,
Go get you in, and see your Mistress.

wln 2934

wln 2935

Bianca She is sick sir,
But you may kiss her whole.

wln 2936

Moroso How.

column: 316-b-2

wln 2937

Bianca Comfort her.

wln 2938

Moroso Why am I sent for sir?

wln 2939
wln 2940
wln 2941
wln 2942
wln 2943
wln 2944
wln 2945
wln 2946
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wln 2987
wln 2988
wln 2989

Petronius Will you in, and see?
Bianca May be she needs confession.
Moroso By *St. Mary*,
She shall have absolution then and penance,
But not above her carriage.
Petronius Get you in fool.
Bianca Here comes the other two.
Petronius Now *Tranio*.
Good even to you too, and you are welcome.
Rowland Thank you.
Petronius I have a certain Daughter.
Rowland Would you had sir.
Petronius No doubt you know her well.
Rowland Nor never shall sir.
She is a woman, and the ways unto her
Are like the finding of a certain path
After a deep fall'n Snow.
Petronius Well that's by th' by still.
This Daughter that I tell you of is fall'n
A little crop sick, with the dangerous surfeit
She took of your affection.
Rowland Mine sir?
Petronius Yes sir.
Or rather, as it seems, repenting.
And there she lies within, debating on 't,
Rowland Well sir.
Petronius I think 'twere well you would see her.
Rowland If you please sir;
I am not squeamish of my visitation.
Petronius But, this i'll tell you, she is altered much,
You'll find her now another *Livia*.
Rowland I have enough o' th' old sir.
Petronius No more fool,
To look gay babies in your eyes young *Rowland*,
And hang about your pretty neck.
Rowland I am glad on 't,
And thank my Fates I have scaped such execution,
Petronius And buss you till you blush again.
Rowland That's hard sir,
She must kiss shamefully ere I blush at it,
I never was so boyish; well, what follows?
Petronius 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 farewell of you,
And give you back a wand'ring vow or two,
You left in pawn; and two or three slight oaths
She lent you too, she looks for.
Rowland She shall have 'em
With all my heart sir, and if you like it better,
A free release in writing.
Petronius That's the matter,

Exit. Moroso
Enter Rowland and
Tranio.

wln 2990
wln 2991
wln 2992
wln 2993
wln 2994
wln 2995
wln 2996
wln 2997
wln 2998
wln 2999
wln 3000
wln 3001
wln 3002
wln 3003
wln 3004

img: 317-a
sig: 5P4v

And you from her, you shall have another *Rowland*,
And then turn tail to tail, and peace **be** with you.
Rowland So be it: your twenty pound sweats *Tranio*.
Tranio 'Twill not undo me *Rowland*, do your worst.
Rowland Come, shall we see her Sir?
Bianca Whate'er she says
You must bear manly *Rowland*, for her sickness
Has made her somewhat teatish.
Rowland Let her talk
Till her tongue ache I care not: by this hand
Thou hast a handsome face wench, and a body
Daintily mounted; now do I feel an hundred
Running directly from me, as I pissed it.
Enter Livia discovered a-bed, and Moroso by her.
Bianca pray draw 'em softly, the least hurry sir

column: 317-a-1

wln 3005
wln 3006
wln 3007
wln 3008
wln 3009
wln 3010
wln 3011
wln 3012
wln 3013
wln 3014
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wln 3032
wln 3033
wln 3034
wln 3035

Puts her to much impatience.
Petronius How is't daughter?
Livia O very sick, very sick, yet somewhat
Better I hope; a little lightsomer,
Because this goodman has forgiven me;
Pray set me higher; Oh my head:
Bianca Well done wench.
Livia Father, and all good people that shall hear me,
I have abused this man perniciously; was never old man
humbled so;
I have scorned him, and called him nasty names,
I have spit at him,
Flung Candles' ends in 's beard, and called him harrow,
That must be drawn to all he does: contemned him,
For methought then he was a beastly fellow.
(Oh God my side) a very beastly fellow:
And gave it out, his cassock was a Barge-cloth,
Pawned to his **predecessor** by a Sculler,
The man yet living: I gave him purging comfits
At a great christ'ning once,
That spoiled his Camlet breeches; and one night
I strewed the stairs with peas, as he passed down;
And the good Gentleman (woe worth me for 't)
Even with his reverent head, this head of wisdom,
Told two and twenty stairs, good and true;
Missed not a step, and as we say verbatim
Fell to the bottom, broke his casting Bottle,
Lost a fair toadstone of some eighteen shillings,
Jumbled his joints together, had two stools,
And was translated. All this villainy
Did I: I *Livia*, I alone, untaught.

wln 3036
wln 3037
wln 3038
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wln 3070
wln 3071
wln 3072

Moroso And I unasked, forgive it.
Livia Where's *Bianca*?
Bianca Here Cousin.
Livia Give me drink,
Bianca There.
Livia Who's that?
Moroso *Rowland*.
Livia O my dissembler, you and I must part.
Come nearer sir.
Rowland I am sorry for your sickness.
Livia Be sorry for yourself sir, you have wronged me,
But I forgive you; are the papers ready?
Bianca I have 'em here: wilt please you view 'em?
Petronius Yes.
Livia Show 'em the young man too, I know he's willing
To shift his sails too: 'tis for his more advancement;
Alas, we might have beggared one another;
We are young both, and a world of children
Might have been left behind to curse our follies:
We had been undone *Bianca*, had we married,
Undone for ever: I confess I loved him,
I care not who shall know it, most entirely;
And once, upon my conscience, he loved me;
But farewell that, we must be wiser cousin.
Love must not leave us to the world: have you done?
Rowland Yes, and am ready to subscribe.
Livia Pray stay then:
Give me the papers, and let me peruse 'em,
And so much time, as may afford a tear
At our last parting.
Bianca Pray retire, and leave her,
I'll call ye presently.
Petronius Come Gentlemen, the shower must fall.
Rowland Would I had never seen her.
Bianca Thou hast done bravely wench.
Livia Pray Heaven it prove so.
Bianca There are the other papers: when they come

column: 317-a-2

wln 3073
wln 3074
wln 3075
wln 3076
wln 3077
wln 3078
wln 3079
wln 3080
wln 3081
wln 3082
wln 3083

Begin you first, and let the rest subscribe
Hard by your side; give 'em as little light
As Drapers do their wares.
Livia Didst mark *Moroso*,
In what an agony he was, and how he cried most
When I abused him most?
Bianca That was but reason.
Livia Oh what a stinking thief is this?
Though I was but to counterfeit, he made me
Directly sick indeed. Thames street to him
Is a mere Pomander.

wln 3084
wln 3085
wln 3086
wln 3087
wln 3088
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wln 3130
wln 3131
wln 3132
wln 3133

Bianca Let him be hanged.
Livia Amen.
Bianca And lie you still.
And once more to your business.
Livia Call 'em in.
Now if there be a power that pities lovers,
Help now, and hear my prayers.
Enter Petronius, Rowland, Tranio, Moroso.
Petronius Is she ready?
Bianca She has done her lamentations: pray go to her.
Livia *Rowland*, come near me, and before you seal,
Give me your hand: take it again; now kiss me,
This is the last acquaintance we must have;
I wish you ever happy: there's the paper.
Rowland Pray stay a little.
Petronius Let me never live more
But I do begin to pity this young fellow;
How heartily he weeps!
Bianca There's Pen and Ink sir.
Livia Even here I pray you. 'Tis a little Emblem
How near you have been to me.
Rowland There.
Bianca Your hands too,
As witnesses.
Petronius By any means
To th' book son.
Moroso With all my heart.
Bianca You must deliver it.
Rowland There *Livia*, and a better love light on thee,
I can no more.
Bianca To this you must be witness too.
Petronius We will.
Bianca Do you deliver it now.
Livia Pray set me up;
There *Rowland*, all thy old love back: and may
A new to come exceed mine, and be happy.
I must no more.
Rowland Farewell:
Livia A long farewell. *Exit Rowland.*
Bianca Leave her by any means, till this wild passion
Be off her head; draw all the Curtains close,
A day hence you may see her, 'twill be better,
She is now for little company.
Petronius Pray tend her.
I must to horse straight: you must needs along too,
To see my son aboard; were but his wife
As fit for pity, as this wench, I were happy.
Bianca Time must do that too: fare ye well; tomorrow
You shall receive a wife to quit your sorrow. *Exeunt.*

Scaena secunda.

wln 3134
wln 3135

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

wln 3136
wln 3137

Jaques Bring 'em away sirs.
Pedro Must the great Trunks go too

img: 317-b
sig: 5Q1r

column: 317-b-1

wln 3138
wln 3139
wln 3140
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wln 3175
wln 3176
wln 3177

Jaques Yes, and the Hampers; nay be speedy Masters;
He'll be at Sea before us else.

Pedro O *Jaques*,
What a most blessed turn hast thou?

Jaques I hope so.

Pedro To have the Sea between thee and this woman,
Nothing can drown her tongue, but a storm.

Jaques By your leave,
We'll get us up to *Paris* with all speed;
For on my soul, as far as *Amiens*
She'll carry blank; away to Lyon quay
And ship 'em presently, we'll follow ye.

Pedro Now could I wish her in that Trunk:

Jaques God shield man,
I had rather have a Bear in 't.

Pedro Yes, I'll tell ye:
For in the passage if a Tempest take ye,
As many do, and you lie beating for it,
Then, if it pleased the fates, I would have the Master
Out of a powerful providence, to cry,
Lighten the ship of all hands, or we perish;
Then this for one, as best spared, should by all means
Overboard presently.

Jaques O' that condition,
So we were certain to be rid of her,
I would wish her with us: But believe me *Pedro*,
She would spoil the fishing on this coast for ever,
For none would keep her company, but Dogfish,
As currish as herself; or Porpoises,
Made to all fatal uses: The two Fish streets
Were she but once arrived amongst the Whittings,
Would sing a woeful *misereri Pedro*,
And mourn in poor *John*, till her memory
Were cast o' shore again, with a strong Sea-breach:
She would make god *Neptune*, and his fire-fork,
And all his demigods, and goddesses,
As weary of the Flemish channel *Pedro*,
As ever boy was of the school: 'tis certain,
If she but meet him fair, and were well angered,
She would break his godhead.

wln 3178
wln 3179
wln 3180
wln 3181
wln 3182
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wln 3202
wln 3203
wln 3204
wln 3205

Pedro Oh her tongue, her tongue.
Jaques Rather her many tongues.
Pedro Or rather strange tongues.
Jaques Her lying tongue.
Pedro Her lisping tongue.
Jaques Her long tongue.
Pedro Her lawless tongue.
Jaques Her loud tongue.
Pedro And her liquorish —
Jaques Many other tongues, and many stranger tongues
Than ever Babel had to tell his ruins,
Were women raised withal; but never a true one.

Enter Sophocles.

Sophocles Home with your stuff again; the journey's ended.
Jaques What does your worship mean?
Sophocles Your Master, O *Petruchio*, O poor fellows.
Pedro O *Jaques*, *Jaques*.
Sophocles O your Master's dead,
His body coming back; his wife, his devil;
The grief of — her
Jaques Has killed him?
Sophocles Killed him, killed him.
Pedro Is there no law to hang her.
Sophocles Get ye in,
And let her know her misery, I dare not
For fear impatience seize me, see her more,
I must away again: Bid her for wifehood,
For honesty, if she have any in her,

column: 317-b-2

wln 3206
wln 3207
wln 3208
wln 3209
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wln 3224
wln 3225

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

Exit Sophocles

Pedro O *Jaques*, *Jaques*.
Jaques O my worthy Master.
Pedro O my most beastly Mistress, hang her.
Jaques Split her.
Pedro Drown her directly.
Jaques Starve her.
Pedro Stink upon her.
Jaques Stone her to death: may all she eat be Eggs,
Till she run kicking mad for men.
Pedro And he,
That man, that gives her remedy, pray Heaven
He may even *ipso facto*, lose his longings.
Jaques Let's go discharge ourselves, and he that serves her,
Or speaks a good word of her from this hour,
A sedgeley curse light on him, which is, *Pedro*;

wln 3226
wln 3227

The fiend ride through him bootied, and spurred, with a
Scythe at 's back.

Exeunt.

wln 3228

Scaena tertia.

wln 3229

Enter Rowland, and Tranio stealing behind him.

wln 3230

Rowland What a dull ass was I to let her go thus?

wln 3231

Upon my life she loves me still: well Paper,

wln 3232

Thou only monument of what I have had,

wln 3233

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

wln 3234

Let me yet kiss her hand, yet take my leave

wln 3235

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

wln 3236

Oh bitter words, I'll read ye once again,

wln 3237

And then forever study to forget ye.

wln 3238

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

wln 3239

— a **Contract**, sealed, and ratified,

wln 3240

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

wln 3241

I do not dream sure, let me read again,

wln 3242

The same still: 'tis a contract.

wln 3243

Tranio 'Tis so *Rowland*;

wln 3244

And by the virtue of the same, you pay me

wln 3245

An hundred pound tomorrow.

wln 3246

Rowland Art sure *Tranio*,

wln 3247

We are both alive now?

wln 3248

Tranio Wonder not, ye have lost.

wln 3249

Rowland If this be true, I grant it.

wln 3250

Tranio 'Tis most certain,

wln 3251

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

wln 3252

Rowland Yes.

wln 3253

Tranio When shall I have my money?

wln 3254

Rowland Stay ye, stay ye,

wln 3255

When shall I marry her?

wln 3256

Tranio Tonight.

wln 3257

Rowland Take heed now

wln 3258

You do not trifle me; if you do,

wln 3259

You'll find more payment, than your money comes to:

wln 3260

Come swear; I know I am a man, and find

wln 3261

I may deceive myself: Swear faithfully,

wln 3262

Swear me directly, am I *Rowland*?

wln 3263

Tranio Yes.

wln 3264

Rowland Am I awake?

wln 3265

Tranio Ye are.

wln 3266

Rowland Am I in health?

wln 3267

Tranio As far as I conceive.

wln 3268

Rowland Was I with *Livia*?

wln 3269

Tranio You were, and had his contract.

wln 3270

Rowland And shall I enjoy her?

wln 3271 *Tranio* Yes, if ye dare.
wln 3272 *Rowland* Swear to all these.
wln 3273 *Tranio* I will.
wln 3274 *Rowland* As thou art honest, as thou hast a conscience,
wln 3275 As that may wring thee if thou liest; all these
wln 3276 To be no vision, but a truth, and serious.
wln 3277 *Tranio* Then by my honesty, and faith, and conscience;
wln 3278 All this is certain.
wln 3279 *Rowland* Let's remove our places.
wln 3280 Swear it again.
wln 3281 *Tranio* By — 'tis true.
wln 3282 *Rowland* I have lost then, and Heaven knows I am glad on 't.
wln 3283 Let's go, and tell me all, and tell me how,
wln 3284 For yet I am a Pagan in it.
wln 3285 *Tranio* I have a Priest too,
wln 3286 And all shall come as even as two Testers. *Exeunt.*

wln 3287

Scaena Quarta.

wln 3288 *Enter Petronius, Sophocles, Moroso, and Petruchio borne*
wln 3289 *in a Coffin.*
wln 3290 *Petronius* Set down the body, and one call her out.
wln 3291 *Enter Maria in black, and Jaques.*
wln 3292 You are welcome to the last cast of your fortunes;
wln 3293 There lies your husband, there your loving husband,
wln 3294 There he that was *Petruchio*, too good for ye;
wln 3295 Your stubborn, and unworthy way has killed him
wln 3296 Ere he could reach the Sea; if ye can weep,
wln 3297 Now ye have cause begin, and after death
wln 3298 Do something yet to th' world, to think ye honest.
wln 3299 So many tears had saved him, shed in time;
wln 3300 And as they are (so a good mind go with 'em)
wln 3301 Yet they may move compassion.
wln 3302 *Maria* Pray ye all hear me,
wln 3303 And judge me as I am, not as you covet,
wln 3304 For that would make me **yet** more miserable:
wln 3305 'Tis true, I have cause to grieve, and mighty cause;
wln 3306 And truly and unfeignedly I weep it.
wln 3307 *Sophocles* I see there's some good nature yet left in her.
wln 3308 *Maria* But what's the cause? mistake me not, not this man,
wln 3309 As he is dead, I weep for; Heaven defend it,
wln 3310 I never was so childish: but his life,
wln 3311 His poor unmanly wretched foolish life,
wln 3312 Is that my full eyes pity, there's my mourning.
wln 3313 *Petronius* Dost thou not shame?
wln 3314 *Maria* I do, and even to water,
wln 3315 To think what this man was, to think how simple,

wln 3316 How far below a man, how far from reason,
wln 3317 From common understanding, and all Gentry,
wln 3318 While he was living here he walked amongst us.
wln 3319 He had a happy turn he died; i'll tell ye,
wln 3320 These are the wants I weep for, not his person:
wln 3321 The memory of this man, had he lived
wln 3322 But two years longer, had begot more follies,
wln 3323 Than wealthy Autumn flies: But let him rest,
wln 3324 He was a fool, and farewell he; not pitied,
wln 3325 I mean in way of life, or action
wln 3326 By any understanding man that's honest;
wln 3327 But only in 's posterity, which I
wln 3328 Out of the fear his ruins might outlive him
wln 3329 In some bad issue, like a careful woman,
wln 3330 Like one indeed born only to preserve him,
wln 3331 Denied him means to raise.
wln 3332 *Petruchio* Unbutton me,
wln 3333 — I die indeed else? O *Maria*,
wln 3334 Oh my unhappiness, my misery.
wln 3335 *Petronius* Go to him whore; — if he perish,
wln 3336 I'll see thee hanged myself.

column: 318-a-2

wln 3337 *Petruchio* Why, why *Maria*.
wln 3338 *Maria* I have done my worst, and have my end, forgive me;
wln 3339 From this hour make me what you please: I have tamed ye,
wln 3340 And now am vowed your servant: Look not strangely,
wln 3341 Nor fear what I say to you. Dare you kiss me?
wln 3342 Thus I begin my new love.
wln 3343 *Petruchio* Once again?
wln 3344 *Maria* With all my heart.
wln 3345 *Petruchio* Once again *Maria*.
wln 3346 O Gentlemen, I know not where I am.
wln 3347 *Sophocles* Get ye to bed then: there you'll quickly know sir.
wln 3348 *Petruchio* Never no more your old tricks?
wln 3349 *Maria* Never sir.
wln 3350 *Petruchio* You shall not need, for as I have a faith
wln 3351 No cause shall give occasion.
wln 3352 *Maria* As I am honest,
wln 3353 And as I am a maid yet, all my life
wln 3354 From this hour since, since ye make so free profession,
wln 3355 I dedicate in service to your pleasure.
wln 3356 *Sophocles* Ay marry, this goes roundly off.
wln 3357 *Petruchio* Go *Jaques*,
wln 3358 Get all the best meat may be bought for money,
wln 3359 And let the hogshead's blood, I am born again:
wln 3360 Well little *England*, when I see a husband
wln 3361 Of any other Nation stern or jealous,
wln 3362 I'll wish him but a woman of thy breeding,
wln 3363 And if he have not butter to thy bread,

wln 3364
wln 3365
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wln 3403
wln 3404

img: 318-b
sig: 5Q2r

Till thy teeth bleed, i'll never trust my travel.
Enter Rowland, Livia, Bianca, and Tranio.
Petronius What have we here?
Rowland Another morris, sir.
That you must pipe to.
Tranio A poor married couple
Desire an offering sir.
Bianca Never frown at it,
You cannot mend it now: there's your own hand;
And yours *Moroso*, to confirm the bargain.
Petronius My hand?
Moroso Or mine?
Bianca You'll find it so.
Petronius A trick.
By — a trick.
Bianca Yes sir, we tricked ye.
Livia Father.
Petronius Hast thou lain with him? speak?
Livia Yes truly sir.
Petronius And hast thou done the deed boy?
Rowland I have done sir,
That, that will serve the turn, I think.
Petruchio A match then,
I'll 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.
Moroso Since I am overreached, let's in to dinner,
And if I can I'll drink 't away.
Tranio That's well said.
Petronius Well sirrah, you have played a trick, look to 't,
And let me be a grandsire within's twelvemonth,
Or by this hand, I'll curtail half your fortunes.
Rowland There shall not want my labor sir: your money;
Here's one has undertaken.
Tranio Well, I'll trust her,
And glad I have so good a pawn.
Rowland I'll watch ye.
Petruchio Let's in, and drink of all hands, and be jovial:
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.*

wln 3405

PROLOGUE.

column: 318-b-1

wln 3406
wln 3407

*LAdies to you, in whose defense and right,
Fletcher's brave Muse prepared herself to fight*

wln 3408
wln 3409
wln 3410
wln 3411
wln 3412
wln 3413
wln 3414
wln 3415

*A battle 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 flows, strong and rich
In Fancy, Language, and all parts that may
Add 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

wln 3416
wln 3417
wln 3418
wln 3419
wln 3420
wln 3421
wln 3422
wln 3423
wln 3424
wln 3425

*We do entreat the angry men would not
Expect the mazes of a subtle plot,
Set Speeches, high expressions; and what's worse,
in a true Comedy, politic discourse.
The end we aim at, is to make you sport;
Yet neither gall the City, nor the Court.
Hear, and observe his Comic strain and when
Y' are sick of melancholy, see 't again.
'Tis no dear Physic, since 'twill quit the cost:
Or his intentions, with our pains, are lost.*

column: 318-b

wln 3426

EPILOGUE.

column: 318-b-1

wln 3427
wln 3428
wln 3429
wln 3430
wln 3431
wln 3432

*The Tamer's tamed, but so, as nor the men
Can find one just cause to complain of, when
They fitly do consider in their lives,
They should not reign as Tyrants o'er their wives.
Nor can the women from this precedent
Insult, or triumph: it being aptly meant,*

column: 318-b-2

wln 3433
wln 3434
wln 3435
wln 3436
wln 3437
wln 3438

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

column: 318-b

wln 3439

FINIS.

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Vertical line on the right side of the page.

Textual Notes

1. **151 (306-a)**: The regularized reading *Laid* is amended from the original *Lasd*.
2. **219 (306-a)**: The regularized reading *lungs* is amended from the original *longs*.
3. **560 (307-b)**: The regularized reading *i'd* is amended from the original *i'ld*.
4. **920 (309-a)**: The regularized reading *Qui va la* is amended from the original *Cheval'a*.
5. **980 (309-a)**: The regularized reading *Fillies* comes from the original *Fillyes*, though possible variants include *Flies*.
6. **983 (309-a)**: The regularized reading *miserable* is supplied for the original *mis[*]rable*.
7. **1007 (309-a)**: The regularized reading *'em* is amended from the original *th'em*.
8. **1038 (309-b)**: The regularized reading *This* is amended from the original *Thls*.
9. **1138 (309-b)**: The regularized reading *malice* is supplied for the original *ma[*]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 *o[·]*.
23. **1787 (312-a)**: The regularized reading *credit* is amended from the original *oredit*.
24. **1812 (312-a)**: The regularized reading *spiteful* is supplied for the original *[*]pightfull*.
25. **2167 (313-b)**: The regularized reading *and* is amended from the original *add*.
26. **2224 (314-a)**: The regularized reading *you* is amended from the original *your*.
27. **2333 (314-a)**: The regularized reading *sickness* is supplied for the original *s[*]cknesse*.
28. **2377 (314-b)**: The regularized reading *dog-leech* is amended from the original *dogge-latch*.
29. **2588 (315-a)**: The regularized reading *by-blowes* is amended from the original *by-lowes*.

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