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

Moroso.

GOd give 'em joy.
   Tranio  Amen.
   Sophocles  Amen, say I too:
The Puddings now i' th' proof; alas poor wench,
Through what a mine of patience must
thou work,
Ere thou know'st good hour more?
   Tranio  'Tis too true: Certain,
Methinks her father has dealt harshly with her,
Exceeding harshly, and not like a Father,
To match her to this Dragon; I protest
I pity the poor Gentlewoman.
   Moroso  Methinks now,
He's not so terrible as people think him.
   Sophocles  This old thief flatters, out of mere devotion,
To please the father for his second daughter.
   Tranio  But shall he have her?
   Sophocles  Yes, when I have Rome.
And yet the father's for him.
   Moroso  I'll assure ye,
I hold him a good man.
   Sophocles  Yes sure a wealthy,
But whether a good woman's man, is doubtful.
   Tranio  Would 'twere no worse.
   Moroso  What though his other wife,
Out of her most abundant soberness,
Out of her daily hue and cries upon him,
(For sure she was a Rebel) turned his temper,
And forced him blow as high as she? dost follow
He must retain that long since buried Tempest,
To this soft maid?
   Sophocles  I fear it.
   Tranio  So do I too:
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

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
Moroso  So sir.
Jaques  Upon my little honesty, your Mistress,
If I have any speculation, must think
This single thrumming of a Fiddle,
Without a Bow, but even poor sport.
Moroso  Y’ are merry.
Jaques  Would I were wise too: so God bless your worship.
Tranio  The fellow tells you true.  Exeunt Jaques
Sophocles  When is the day man?
Moroso  Nay believe me:
But when her father pleases I am ready,
And all my friends shall know it.
Tranio  Why not now?
One charge had served for both.
Moroso  There’s reason in ’t.
Sophocles  Called Rowland.
Moroso  Will ye walk?
They’ll think we are lost: Come Gentlemen.
Tranio  You have whipped him now.
Sophocles  So will he never the wench I hope.
Tranio  I wish it.  Exeunt.

Scaena secunda.

Enter Rowland, and Livia.
Rowland  Now Livia, if you’ll go away tonight,
If your affections be not made of words.
Livia  I love you, and you know how dearly Rowland,
Is there none near us? my affections ever
Have been your servants; with what superstition
I have ever Sainted you —
Rowland  Why then take this way.
Livia  ’Twill be a childish and a less prosperous course,
Than his that knows not care: why should we do
Our honest and our hearty love such wrong,
To overrun our fortunes?
Rowland  Then you flatter.
Livia  Alas you know I cannot.
Rowland  What hope’s left else
But flying to enjoy ye?
Livia  None so far,
For let it be admitted we have time,
And all things now in other expectation,
My father’s bent against us; what but ruin,
Can such a by-way bring us? if your fears
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?

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 Prithée 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, prithée go; this kiss, and credit me,
Ere I am three nights older, I am for thee:
You shall hear what I do.

Farewell.
Rowland  Farewell.
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;

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
Will never buy thee Pins.

_Livia_ Bless me.

_Maria_ From what?

_Bianca_ From such a tame fool as our cousin _Livia_?

_Livia_ You are not mad.

_Maria_ Yes wench, and so must you be,

Or none of our acquaintance, mark me _Livia_.

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

Pardon me yellow _Hymen_, that I mean

Thine off’rings to protract, or to keep fasting

My valiant Bridegroom.

_Livia_ Whether will this woman?

_Bianca_ You may perceive her end.

_Livia_ Or rather fear it.

_Maria_ Dare you be partner in ’t?

_Livia_ Leave it _Maria_,

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

Divest you with obedient hands to bed.

_Maria_ To bed? No _Livia_, there are Comets hang

Prodigious over that yet; there’s a fellow

Must yet before I know that heat (ne’er start wench)

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

Here must his head be _Livia_.

_Livia_ Never hope it.

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

To tame _Petruchio_.

_Maria_ Stay: _Lucina_ hear me,

Never unlock the treasure of my womb

For human fruit, to make it capable;

Nor never with thy secret hand make brief

A mother’s labor to me; if I do

Give way unto my married husband’s will,

Or be a wife, in any thing but hopes,

Till I have made him easy as a child,

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

Or a pleased look, from this austerity,

Though it would pull another Jointure from him,

And make him ev’ry day another man;

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

May I be barren of delights, and know

Only what pleasures are in dreams, and guesses.

_Livia_ A strange Exordium.

_Bianca_ All the several wrongs

Done by Imperious husbands to their wives

These thousand years and upwards, strengthen thee:

Thou hast a brave cause.

_Maria_ And I’ll do it bravely

Or may I knit my life out ever after.

_Livia_ In what part of the world got she this spirit?

Yet pray _Maria_, look before you truly,

Besides the obedience of a wife,
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

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,
Exit Livia. 
Enter Jaques. 

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, 
Lives 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 wencho? 
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. 

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;
And what thou seest, deliver to thy Master.

    Bianca  Do gentle Jaques.

    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 laughers:
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.

    Exeunt.

    Exit.

Scaena tertia.

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

    Petruchio  You that are married, Gentlemen, home at ye
For a round wager now.

    Sophocles  Of this night’s Stage?

    Petruchio  Yes.

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

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

    Moroso  Well lusty Laurence, were but my night now,
Old as I am, I would make you clap on Spurs,
But I would reach you, and bring you to your trot too:
I would Gallants.

    Petruchio  Well said good Will; but where’s the staff boy, ha?
Old father time, your hourglass is empty.

    Tranio  A good tough train would break thee all to pieces;
Thou hast not breath enough to say thy prayers.

    Petronius  See how these boys despise us. Will you to bed son?
This pride will have a fall.

    Petruchio  Upon your daughter;
But I shall rise again, if there be truth
In Eggs, and buttered Parsnips.

    Petronius  Will you to bed son, and leave talking;
Tomorrow morning we shall have you look,
For all your great words, like St. George at Kingston,
Running a-foottaback from the furious Dragon,
That with her angry tail belabors him
For being lazy.

    Tranio  His courage quenched, and so far quenched —

    Petruchio  ’Tis well sir.
Enter Jaques.

Exit Sophocles

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

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.

Petruchio  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.
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’l 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

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 reprieve 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.
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.
Petrucho  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

Through all the Tribes of man, I’d take Petruchio
In ’s shirt, with one ten Groats to pay the Priest,
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.
Yet as I take it sir, I owe no more
Than you owe back again.

Petrucho 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?

Petrucho 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.

Petrucho 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?

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.

Petrucho Well there are more Maids than Maudlin, that’s
my comfort.

Maria Yes, and more men than Michael.

Petrucho 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.

Petrucho 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.
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:

Petruchio  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.

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

Exeunt above.

column: 308-a-2

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:

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

Exeunt Omnes.

Scaena quarta.

Enter Rowland, and Pedro, at several doors.

Rowland  Now Pedro?
Pedro    Very busy Master Rowland.
Rowland  What haste man?
Pedro    I beseech you pardon me,
       I am not mine own man.
Rowland  Thou art not mad?
Pedro    No; but believe me, as hasty —
Rowland  The cause good Pedro?
Pedro    There be a thousand sir; you are not married?
Rowland  Not yet.
Pedro    Keep yourself quiet then.
Rowland  Why?
Pedro    You’ll find a Fiddle
       That never will be tuned else: from all women —
       Exit.
Rowland  What ails the fellow trow? Jaques?
Jaques  Your friend sir.
Rowland  What ails the fellow trow? Jaques?
Jaques  Your friend sir.
       Enter Sophocles.

But very full of business.
Rowland  Nothing but business?
Prithee the reason, is there any dying?
Jaques  I would there were sir.
Rowland  But thy business?
Jaques  I’ll tell you in a word,
       I am sent to lay
       An imposition upon Souse and Puddings,
       Pasties, and Penny Custards, that the women
       May not relieve yon Rebels: Fare ye well sir.
Rowland  How does my Mistress?
Jaques  Like a resty jade.
       Exit Jaques.
Rowland  What a devil ail they?
       Enter Sophocles.

Custards, and penny Pasties, Fools and Fiddles,
What’s this to th’ purpose? O well met.
Sophocles  Now Rowland.
Rowland  I cannot stay to talk long.
       What’s the matter?
Rowland  Here’s stirring, but to what end? whether go you?
Sophocles  To view the works.
Rowland  What works?
Sophocles  The women’s Trenches.
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?

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. Exit Sophocles.
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 ’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,
gives him a box o’ th’ ear and Exit
wrings him by th’ nose.

Exit.

Actus secundus. Scaena prima.

Enter Petronius, and Moroso.

Petronius  A Box o’ th’ ear do you say?
Moroso  Yes sure a sound one,

And get more hair, to cover your bare knuckle
(For Boys were made for nothing, but dry kisses,)
And if you can, more manners.

Moroso  Better still.
Livia  And then if I want Spanish gloves, or stockings,
A ten pound waistcoat, or a Nag to hunt on,
It may be I shall grace you to accept ’em.

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

Livia  Because I have known you, I’ll be thus kind to you;
Farewell, and be a man, and i’ll provide you,
Because I see y’ are desperate, some staid Chambermaid
That may relieve your youth, with wholesome doctrine.

Moroso  She’s mine from all the world: ha wench?
Livia  Ha Chicken? — gives him a box o’ th’ ear and Exit
Moroso  How’s this? I do not love these favors: save you.

Rowland  The devil take thee — wrings him by th’ nose.
Moroso  Oh!

Rowland  There’s a love token for you: thank me now.
Moroso  I’ll think on some of ye, and if I live,
My nose alone shall not be played withal.  Exit.

Actus secundus. Scaena prima.

Enter Petronius, and Moroso.

Petronius  A Box o’ th’ ear do you say?
Moroso  Yes sure a sound one,

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

Petronius  You gave her some ill language?
Moroso  Not a word,
Petronius  Or might be you were fumbling?
Moroso  Would I had sir.

I had been aforehand then; but to be baffled,
And have no feeling of the cause —

Petronius  Be patient,
I have a medicine clapped to her back will cure her.
Moroso  No sure it must be afore sir.
Petronius  O’ my Conscience,
When I got these two wenches (who till now
Ne’er showed their riding) I was drunk with Bastard,
Whose nature is to form things like itself
Heady, and monstrous: did she slight him too?
Moroso  That’s all my comfort: a mere Hobby-horse
She made child Rowland: ’sfoot she would not know him,
Not give him a free look, not reckon him
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
To tie their husband’s shoes, and walk their horses;
That were a merry world: do you hear the rumor,
They say the women are in Insurrection,
And mean to make a —

   Petronius  They’ll sooner
Draw upon walls as we do: Let ’em, let ’em,
We’ll ship ’em out in Cuck-stools, there they’ll sail
As brave Columbus did, till they discover
The happy Islands of obedience.
We stay too long, Come.

   Moroso  Now Saint George be with us.        Exeunt.

Scaena Secunda.

Enter Livia alone

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

   Maria  Qui va là.
   Livia  A Friend.
   Bianca  Who are you?
   Livia  Look out and know.
   Maria  Alas poor wench who sent thee,
What weak fool made thy tongue his Orator?
I know you come to parley.
   Livia  Y’ are deceived,
Urged by the goodness of your cause I come
To do as you do.
   Maria  Y’ are too weak, too foolish,
To cheat us with your smoothness: do not we know
Thou hast been kept up tame?
   Livia  Believe me.
   Maria  No, prithee good Livia
Utter thy Eloquence somewhere else.
   Bianca  Good Cousin
Put up your Pipes; we are not for your palate,
Alas we know who sent you.
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 Æneas,
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.

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’ hilt, most miserable,
A dry nurse to his Coughs, a fewterer
To such a nasty fellow, a robbed thing
Of all delights youth looks for: and to end,
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,

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,
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.

Scaena Tertia.

Enter three Maids.

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.

Scaena quarta.

Enter Rowland and Tranio at several doors.

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?
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.

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.
Scaena quinta.

Enter Petruchio, Petronius, Moroso, and Sophocles.

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.

(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,
Enter Jaques.

Enter Pedro.

Sophocles  This must not be.

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.

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 defender, 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
That will stand to ’em; what else they want, they war for.

\textit{Petruchio} Come to council,
\textit{Sophocles} Now you must grant conditions or the Kingdom

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Will have no other talk but this.

\textit{Petronius} Away then, and let’s advise the best.
\textit{Sophocles} Why do you tremble?
\textit{Moroso} Have I lived thus long to be knocked o’ th’ head,
With half a washing beetle? pray be wise sir.
\textit{Petruchio} Come, something I’ll do; but what it is I know not.
\textit{Sophocles} To council then, and let’s avoid their follies.
Guard all the doors, or we shall not have a cloak left.\textit{Exeunt}

\textit{Enter three maids, at several doors.}

1. Maid How goes the business, girls?
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.
1. Maid ’Tis sufficient.\textit{Exeunt}

\textit{Scaena tertia.}

\textit{Enter Petronius, Petruchio, Moroso, Sophocles, and Tranio.}

\textit{Petronius} I am indifferent, though I must confess,
I had rather see her carted.
\textit{Tranio} No more of that sir.
\textit{Sophocles} Are ye resolved to give her fair conditions?
’Twill be the safest way.
\textit{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.
\textit{Sophocles} Why say she do?
\textit{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 \textit{Don Hercules} horn-mad,
And hid him in his hide) suffer this \textit{Cicely},
Ere she have warmed my sheets, ere grappled with me,
This Pink, this painted Foist, this Cockle-boat,
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 Petrucho: 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.

---

*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.
Country wife Is that he?
Bianca Yes.

Country wife Sir?
Sophocles She has drunk hard, mark her hood.
Country wife You are —
Sophocles Learnedly drunk, I’ll hang else: let her utter.
Country wife And I must tell you, viva voce friend,
A very foolish fellow.

Tranio There’s an Ale figure.
Petruchio I thank you Susan Brotes.
City wife Forward sister.
Country wife You have espoused here a hearty woman,
A comely, and courageous.
Petruchio Well I have so.
Country wife And to the comfort of distressed damsels,
Women outworn in wedlock, and such vessels,
This woman has defied you.
Petruchio It should seem so.
Country wife And why?
Petruchio Yes, can you tell?
Country wife For thirteen causes.
Petruchio Pray by your patience Mistress.
City wife Forward sister.
Petruchio Do you mean to treat of all these?
City wife Who shall let her?
Petronius Do you hear, Velvet-hood, we come not now
To hear your doctrine.

Country wife For the first, I take it,
It doth divide itself into seven branches.
Petruchio Hark you good Maria,
Have you got a Catechizer here?

Tranio Good zeal.
Sophocles Good three-piled predication, will you peace,
And hear the cause we come for?

Country wife Yes Bobtails
We know the cause you come for, here’s the cause,
But never hope to carry her, never dream
Or flatter your opinions with a thought
Of base repentance in her.

City wife Give me sack,
By this, and next strong Ale.

Country wife Swear forward sister.
City wife By all that’s cordial, in this place we’ll bury
Our bones, flames, tongues, our triumphs; and then all
That ever yet was chronicled of woman;
But this brave wench, this excellent despiser,
This bane of dull obedience, shall inherit

 His liberal will, and march off with conditions
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.

Petrucho 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.
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;  

*Petronius*  This must not be.  

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

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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,
They shall have justice: I ordain ye all
Paymasters, Gentlemen.

Tranio  Then we shall have sport boys.
Maria  We’l 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.

Actus tertius, Scaena prima.

Enter Tranio, and Rowland.

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 firk 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,

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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,
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 follias 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:
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.

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?


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?

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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 groat, and belched out,
Her stomach being blown with Ale, such Courtship,
Upon my life has given him twenty stools since:
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,
I would to her Chambermaid, and in her hearing
Begin her such a hunt’s up.

Sophocles Then she started?
Petruchio No more than I do now; marry she answered
If I were so disposed, she could not help it;
But there was one called Jaques, a poor Butler
One that might well content a single woman.

Sophocles And he should tilt her.
Petruchio To that sense, and last
She bade me yet these six nights look for nothing,
Nor strive to purchase it, but fair good night,
And so good morrow, and a kiss or two
To close my stomach, for her vow had sealed it,
And she would keep it constant.

Sophocles Stay ye, stay ye,
Was she thus when you wooed her?
Petruchio Nothing,
Sophocles More keenly eager, I was oft afraid
She had been light, and easy, she would shower
Her kisses so upon me.

Sophocles Then I fear
Another spoke’s i’ th’ wheel.
Petruchio Now thou hast found me,
There gnaws my devil, Sophocles, O patience
Preserve me; that I make her not example
By some unworthy way; as flaying her,
Boiling, or making verjuice, drying her.

Sophocles I hear her.
Petruchio Mark her then, and see the heir
Of spite and prodigality, she has studied
A way to beggar’s both, and by this hand
She shall be if I live a Doxy.

Sophocles Fie Sir.

Maria I do not like that dressing, ’tis too poor,
Let me have six gold laces, broad and massy.
And betwixt ev’ry lace a rich embroidery,
Line the gown through with plush, perfumed, and purfle
All the sleeves down with pearl.

Petruchio What think you Sophocles.
In what point stands my state now?

Maria For those hangings
Let ’em be carried where I gave appointment,
They are too base for my use, and bespeak
New pieces of the civil wars of France,
Let ’em be large and lively, and all silk work,
The borders gold.

Sophocles Ay marry sir, this cuts it.

Maria That fourteen yards of satin give my woman,
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.

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;
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    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.

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,
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,

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.

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,
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.

    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,
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,

   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.

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Scaena quinta.

Enter Jaques and Pedro.

   Pedro    O Jaques, Jaques, what becomes of us?
Oh my sweet Master.
   Jaques   Run for a Physician,
And a whole peck of Pothecaries, Pedro.
He will die, diddle, diddle die: if they come not quickly,
And bring all people that are skilful
In Lungs and Livers: raise the neighbors,
And all the Aqua-vitae bottles extant;
And, O the Parson, Pedro; O the Parson,
A little of his comfort, never so little;
Twenty to one you find him at the Bush,
There’s the best Ale.
Pedro  I fly.  

Enter Maria, and Servants.

Maria  Out with the Trunks, ho:  
Why are you idle? Sirrah, up to th’ Chamber,  
And take the hangings down, and see the Linen  
Packed up, and sent away within this half hour.  
What are the Carts come yet? some honest body  
Help down the chests of Plate, and some the wardrobe,  
Alas we are undone else.  

Jaques  Pray forsooth,  
And I beseech ye, tell me, is he dead yet?  
Maria  No, but is drawing on: out with the Armor.  
Jaques  Then I’ll go see him.  
Maria  Thou art undone then fellow: no man that has  
Been near him come near me.

Enter Sophocles, and Petronius.

Sophocles  Why how now Lady, what means this?  
Petronius  Now daughter, how does my son?  
Maria  Save all you can for Heaven sake.

Enter Livia, Bianca, and Tranio.

Livia  Be of good comfort sister.  
Maria  O my Casket.  
Petronius  How does thy husband woman?  
Maria  Get you gone, if you mean to save your lives: the sickness.  
Petronius  Stand further off, I prithee.  
Maria  Is i’ th’ house sir,  
My husband has it now;  
Alas he is infected, and raves extremely:  
Give me some counsel friends.  
Bianca  Why lock the doors up,  
And send him in a woman to attend him.  
Maria  I have bespoke two women; and the City  
Hath sent a watch by this time: meat nor money  
He shall not want, nor prayers.  
Petronius  How long is ’t  
Since it first took him?  
Maria  But within this three hours.  

Enter Watch.

I am frightened from my wits: — O here’s the watch;  
Pray do your Office, lock the doors up friends,  
And patience be his Angel.  
Tranio  This comes unlocked for:  
Maria  I’ll to the lodge; some that are kind and love me,  
I know will visit me.  
Petruchio within.  
Petruchio  Do you hear my Masters: ho, you that lock the doors up.  
Petronius  ’Tis his voice.
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?

Doctor and Pothecary.

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 Pothecary.

Doctor  Save ye Gentlemen.

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

Doctor  ‘Tis 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 Pothecary.

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.
Exeunt.

Enter Petruchio with a piece.

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 —

    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;

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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.
    Enter Petruchio with a piece.
    Exit watch 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,
Actus Quartus. Scaena prima.

Enter Moroso and Petronius.

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

Petronius How you take it?
Thou get a wench, thou get dozen nightcaps;
Wouldst have her come, and lick thee like a calf,
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, crabb’d 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;
Exit Tranio.
Exit Moroso.

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.

    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.

    Bianca    And ev’ry Buck had his Doe,
    Petronius  And ev’ry Cuckold a Bell at his Toe:

    Petronius  Oh what should we have then, than Boys then,
    Bianca    O what sport should we have then?

    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?
Exeunt.

Enter Petruchio, Jaques; and Pedro.

Bianca There you are wide too.
Not that the thing was done (conceive me rightly)
Does any way molest me.

Petronioi 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 —

Petronioi Pray stay.

Bianca Nay, good, your patience: and no sense for 't,
Then stepped your daughter in.

Petronioi 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.

Petronioi 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.

Petronioi You have a hand I hear too.

Bianca I have two sir.

Petronioi 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.

Petronioi I shall watch ye.

Bianca Do.

Petronioi And I shall have justice.

Bianca Where?

Petronioi That’s all one;

I shall be with you at a turn hence forward.

Bianca Get you a posset too; and so good even sir. Exeunt.

Enter Petruchio, Jaques; and Pedro.

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?
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.

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
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.

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 Grazer
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,
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

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

Maria    Well sir, well,
You may well glory in ’t.

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

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

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

Scaena Secunda.

Enter Bianca, and Tranio.

Tranio    Mistress, you must do it.
Bianca    Are the writings ready I told you of?
Tranio    Yes they are ready, but to what use I know not.
Bianca    Y’ are an Ass, you must have all things construed,
Tranio    Yes, and pierced too,
Or I find little pleasure.

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

Tranio    I have ye.
Bianca    And for disposing of ’em.
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.
    Bianca  Ho 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'est 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?
Exeunt.

Scaena Tertia.

Enter Tranio, and Rowland.

Tranio  Nay, on my conscience, I have lost my money,
But that’s all one: I’ll nevermore persuade you,
I see you are resolute, and I commend you.

Rowland  But did she send for me?

Tranio  You dare believe me.

Rowland  I cannot tell, you have your ways for profit

Allowed you Tranio, as well as I
Have to avoid ’em fear:

Tranio  No, on my word sir
I deal directly with you.

Enter Servant.

Rowland  How now fellow,
Whither Post you so fast?

Servant  O sir my Master
Pray did you see my Master?

Rowland  Why your Master?

Servant  Sir his Jewel.

Rowland  With the gilded Button?

Servant  My pretty Mistress Livia.

Rowland  What of her?

Servant  Is fall’n sick o’ th’ sudden.

Rowland  How o’ th’ sullens?

Servant  O’ th’ sudden sir, I say, very sick:

Rowland  It seems she hath got the toothache with raw apples.

Servant  It seems you have got the headache, fare you well sir.

You did not see my Master?

Rowland  Who told you so?

Tranio  No, no, he did not see him.

Rowland  Farewell bluebottle.

Exit Servant.

What should her sickness be?

Tranio  For you it may be.

Rowland  Yes when my brains are out, I may believe it,

Never before I am sure; yet I may see her
'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
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;

Rowland  And your money,

You have my resolution.

Rowland  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.

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?

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

Enter Maria.

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

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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

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.
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
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
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
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,

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,
Those are the climes must make you.

Petruchio  How’s the wind?
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.

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 names 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.
Actus Quintus, Scaena Prima.

Enter Petronius, and Bianca with four papers.

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

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

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.

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.

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

Bianca Here comes Moroso.

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

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

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

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

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

Moroso How.

Bianca Comfort her.

Moroso Why am I sent for sir?
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.

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’l 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,
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

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’n’ing 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 Lívia, I alone, untaught.
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

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.
Enter Petronius, Rowland, Tranio, Moroso.

Exit Rowland.

Exeunt.

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

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

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 Whitings, 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.
Enter Sophocles.

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,

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;
The fiend ride through him booted, and spurred, with a Scythe at ’s back.  

_Exeunt._

_Scaena tertia._

_Enter Rowland, and Tranio stealing behind him._

_Rowland_ What a dull ass was I to let her go thus?
Upon my life she loves me still: well Paper,
Thou only monument of what I have had,
Thou all the love now left me, and now lost,
Let me yet kiss her hand, yet take my leave
Of what I must leave ever: Farewell _Livia._
Oh bitter words, I’ll read ye once again,
And then forever study to forget ye.
How’s this? let me look better on ’t: A Contract?
— a **Contract**, sealed, and ratified,
Her father’s hand set to it, and _Moroso’s:_
I do not dream sure, let me read again,
The same still: ’tis a contract.
_Tranio_ ’Tis so _Rowland;_
And by the virtue of the same, you pay me
An hundred pound tomorrow.
_Rowland_ Art sure _Tranio,_
We are both alive now?
_Tranio_ Wonder not, ye have lost.
_Rowland_ If this be true, I grant it.
_Tranio_ ’Tis most certain,
There’s a Ring for you to, you know it.
_Rowland_ Yes.
_Tranio_ When shall I have my money?
_Rowland_ Stay ye, stay ye,
When shall I marry her?
_Tranio_ Tonight.
_Rowland_ Take heed now
You do not trifle me; if you do,
You’ll find more payment, than your money comes to:
Come swear; I know I am a man, and find
I may deceive myself: Swear faithfully,
Swear me directly, am I _Rowland?_
_Tranio_ Yes.
_Rowland_ Am I awake?
_Tranio_ Ye are.
_Rowland_ Am I in health?
_Tranio_ As far as I conceive.
_Rowland_ Was I with _Livia?_
_Tranio_ You were, and had his contract.
_Rowland_ And shall I enjoy her?
Exeunt.

Scaena Quarta.

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

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

Enter Maria in black, and Jaques.

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

Maria Pray ye all hear me,
And judge me as I am, not as you covet,
For that would make me yet more miserable:
’Tis true, I have cause to grieve, and mighty cause;
And truly and unfeignedly I weep it.

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

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

Petronius Dost thou not shame?

Maria I do, and even to water,
To think what this man was, to think how simple,
How far below a man, how far from reason,
From common understanding, and all Gentry,
While he was living here he walked amongst us.
He had a happy turn he died; i’ll tell ye,
These are the wants I weep for, not his person:
The memory of this man, had he lived
But two years longer, had begot more follies,
Than wealthy Autumn flies: But let him rest,
He was a fool, and farewell he; not pitied,
I mean in way of life, or action
By any understanding man that’s honest;
But only in ’s posterity, which I
Out of the fear his ruins might outlive him
In some bad issue, like a careful woman,
Like one indeed born only to preserve him,
Denied him means to raise.

Petruchio Unbutton me,
— I die indeed else? O Maria,
Oh my unhappiness, my misery.

Petronius Go to him whore; — if he perish,
I’ll see thee hanged myself.

column: 318-a-2

Petruchio Why, why Maria.

Maria I have done my worst, and have my end, forgive me;
From this hour make me what you please: I have tamed ye,
And now am vowed your servant: Look not strangely,
Nor fear what I say to you. Dare you kiss me?
Thus I begin my new love.

Petruchio Once again?

Maria With all my heart.

Petruchio Once again Maria.

O Gentlemen, I know not where I am.

Sophocles Get ye to bed then: there you’ll quickly know sir.

Petruchio Never no more your old tricks?

Maria Never sir.

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

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

Sophocles Ay marry, this goes roundly off.

Petruchio Go Jaques,
Get all the best meat may be bought for money,
And let the hogshead’s blood, I am born again:
Well little England, when I see a husband
Of any other Nation stern or jealous,
I’ll wish him but a woman of thy breeding,
And if he have not butter to thy bread,
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.

PROLOGUE.

column: 318-b-1

LAdies to you, in whose defense and right,

Fletcher’s brave Muse prepared herself to fight
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

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 'will quit the cost:
Or his intentions, with our pains, are lost.

column: 318-b

EPILOGUE.

column: 318-b-1

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

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

FINIS.
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 *m[a]lice*.
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 *cred*.
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 Contracct.
37. 3304 (318-a): The regularized reading yet is amended from the original ye.