

# The Taming of the Shrew

## ACT III

### SCENE I. Padua. BAPTISTA'S house.

*Enter LUCENTIO, HORTENSIO, and BIANCA*

#### LUCENTIO

Fiddler, forbear; you grow too forward, sir:  
Have you so soon forgot the entertainment  
Her sister Katharina welcomed you withal?

#### HORTENSIO

But, wrangling pedant, this is  
The patroness of heavenly harmony:  
Then give me leave to have prerogative;  
And when in music we have spent an hour,  
Your lecture shall have leisure for as much.

#### LUCENTIO

Preposterous ass, that never read so far  
To know the cause why music was ordain'd!  
Was it not to refresh the mind of man  
After his studies or his usual pain?  
Then give me leave to read philosophy,  
And while I pause, serve in your harmony.

#### HORTENSIO

Sirrah, I will not bear these braves of thine.

#### BIANCA

Why, gentlemen, you do me double wrong,  
To strive for that which resteth in my choice:  
I am no breeching scholar in the schools;  
I'll not be tied to hours nor 'pointed times,

But learn my lessons as I please myself.  
And, to cut off all strife, here sit we down:  
Take you your instrument, play you the whiles;  
His lecture will be done ere you have tuned.

**HORTENSIO**

You'll leave his lecture when I am in tune?

**LUCENTIO**

That will be never: tune your instrument.

**BIANCA**

Where left we last?

**LUCENTIO**

Here, madam:  
'Hic ibat Simois; hic est Sigeia tellus;  
Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis.'

**BIANCA**

Construe them.

**LUCENTIO**

'Hic ibat,' as I told you before, 'Simois,' I am  
Lucentio, 'hic est,' son unto Vincentio of Pisa,  
'Sigeia tellus,' disguised thus to get your love;  
'Hic steterat,' and that Lucentio that comes  
a-wooing, 'Priami,' is my man Tranio, 'regia,'  
bearing my port, 'celsa senis,' that we might  
beguile the old pantaloon.

**HORTENSIO**

Madam, my instrument's in tune.

**BIANCA**

Let's hear. O fie! the treble jars.

**LUCENTIO**

Spit in the hole, man, and tune again.

**BIANCA**

Now let me see if I can construe it: 'Hic ibat  
Simois,' I know you not, 'hic est Sigeia tellus,' I  
trust you not; 'Hic steterat Priami,' take heed  
he hear us not, 'regia,' presume not, 'celsa senis,'  
despair not.

**HORTENSIO**

Madam, 'tis now in tune.

**LUCENTIO**

All but the base.

**HORTENSIO**

The base is right; 'tis the base knave that jars.

*Aside*

How fiery and forward our pedant is!  
Now, for my life, the knave doth court my love:  
Pedasculc, I'll watch you better yet.

**BIANCA**

In time I may believe, yet I mistrust.

**LUCENTIO**

Mistrust it not: for, sure, AEacides  
Was Ajax, call'd so from his grandfather.

**BIANCA**

I must believe my master; else, I promise you,  
I should be arguing still upon that doubt:  
But let it rest. Now, Licio, to you:  
Good masters, take it not unkindly, pray,  
That I have been thus pleasant with you both.

**HORTENSIO**

You may go walk, and give me leave a while:  
My lessons make no music in three parts.

**LUCENTIO**

Are you so formal, sir? well, I must wait,

*Aside*

And watch withal; for, but I be deceived,  
Our fine musician groweth amorous.

**HORTENSIO**

Madam, before you touch the instrument,  
To learn the order of my fingering,  
I must begin with rudiments of art;  
To teach you gamut in a briefer sort,  
More pleasant, pithy and effectual,  
Than hath been taught by any of my trade:  
And there it is in writing, fairly drawn.

**BIANCA**

Why, I am past my gamut long ago.

**HORTENSIO**

Yet read the gamut of Hortensio.

**BIANCA**

*Reads* "Gamut' I am, the ground of all accord,  
'A re,' to Plead Hortensio's passion;  
'B mi,' Bianca, take him for thy lord,  
'C fa ut,' that loves with all affection:  
'D sol re,' one clef, two notes have I:  
'E la mi,' show pity, or I die.'  
Call you this gamut? tut, I like it not:  
Old fashions please me best; I am not so nice,  
To change true rules for old inventions.

*Enter a Servant*

**Servant**

Mistress, your father prays you leave your books  
And help to dress your sister's chamber up:  
You know to-morrow is the wedding-day.

**BIANCA**

Farewell, sweet masters both; I must be gone.

*Exeunt BIANCA and Servant*

**LUCENTIO**

Faith, mistress, then I have no cause to stay.

*Exit*

**HORTENSIO**

But I have cause to pry into this pedant:  
Methinks he looks as though he were in love:  
Yet if thy thoughts, Bianca, be so humble  
To cast thy wandering eyes on every stale,  
Seize thee that list: if once I find thee ranging,  
Hortensio will be quit with thee by changing.

*Exit*

## SCENE II. Padua. Before BAPTISTA'S house.

*Enter BAPTISTA, GREMIO, TRANIO, KATHARINA, BIANCA, LUCENTIO, and others, attendants*

### **BAPTISTA**

*To TRANIO* Signior Lucentio, this is the  
'pointed day.  
That Katharina and Petruchio should be married,  
And yet we hear not of our son-in-law.  
What will be said? what mockery will it be,  
To want the bridegroom when the priest attends  
To speak the ceremonial rites of marriage!  
What says Lucentio to this shame of ours?

### **KATHARINA**

No shame but mine: I must, forsooth, be forced  
To give my hand opposed against my heart  
Unto a mad-brain rudesby full of spleen;  
Who woo'd in haste and means to wed at leisure.  
I told you, I, he was a frantic fool,  
Hiding his bitter jests in blunt behavior:  
And, to be noted for a merry man,  
He'll woo a thousand, 'point the day of marriage,  
Make feasts, invite friends, and proclaim the banns;  
Yet never means to wed where he hath woo'd.  
Now must the world point at poor Katharina,  
And say, 'Lo, there is mad Petruchio's wife,  
If it would please him come and marry her!'

### **TRANIO**

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

**KATHARINA**

Would Katharina had never seen him though!

*Exit weeping, followed by BIANCA and others*

**BAPTISTA**

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

*Enter BIONDELLO*

**BIONDELLO**

Master, master! news, old news, and such news as  
you never heard of!

**BAPTISTA**

Is it new and old too? how may that be?

**BIONDELLO**

Why, is it not news, to hear of Petruchio's coming?

**BAPTISTA**

Is he come?

**BIONDELLO**

Why, no, sir.

**BAPTISTA**

What then?

**BIONDELLO**

He is coming.

**BAPTISTA**

When will he be here?

**BIONDELLO**

When he stands where I am and sees you there.

**TRANIO**

But say, what to thine old news?

**BIONDELLO**

Why, Petruccio is coming in a new hat and an old jerkin, a pair of old breeches thrice turned, a pair of boots that have been candle-cases, one buckled, another laced, an old rusty sword ta'en out of the town-armory, with a broken hilt, and chapeless; with two broken points: his horse hipped with an old mothy saddle and stirrups of no kindred; besides, possessed with the glanders and like to mose in the chine; troubled with the lampass, infected with the fashions, full of wingdalls, sped with spavins, rayed with yellows, past cure of the fives, stark spoiled with the staggers, begnawn with the bots, swayed in the back and shoulder-shotten; near-legged before and with, a half-chequed bit and a head-stall of sheeps leather which, being

restrained to keep him from stumbling, hath been often burst and now repaired with knots; one girth six time pieced and a woman's crupper of velure, which hath two letters for her name fairly set down in studs, and here and there pieced with packthread.

**BAPTISTA**

Who comes with him?

**BIONDELLO**

O, sir, his lackey, for all the world caparisoned like the horse; with a linen stock on one leg and a kersey boot-hose on the other, gartered with a red and blue list; an old hat and 'the humour of forty fancies' pricked in't for a feather: a monster, a very monster in apparel, and not like a Christian footboy or a gentleman's lackey.

**TRANIO**

'Tis some odd humour pricks him to this fashion; Yet oftentimes he goes but mean-apparell'd.

**BAPTISTA**

I am glad he's come, howsoe'er he comes.

**BIONDELLO**

Why, sir, he comes not.

**BAPTISTA**

Didst thou not say he comes?

**BIONDELLO**

Who? that Petruchio came?

**BAPTISTA**

Ay, that Petruchio came.

**BIONDELLO**

No, sir, I say his horse comes, with him on his back.

**BAPTISTA**

Why, that's all one.

**BIONDELLO**

Nay, by Saint Jamy,  
I hold you a penny,  
A horse and a man  
Is more than one,  
And yet not many.

*Enter PETRUCHIO and GRUMIO*

**PETRUCHIO**

Come, where be these gallants? who's at home?

**BAPTISTA**

You are welcome, sir.

**PETRUCHIO**

And yet I come not well.

**BAPTISTA**

And yet you halt not.

**TRANIO**

Not so well apparell'd  
As I wish you were.

**PETRUCHIO**

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

**BAPTISTA**

Why, sir, you know this is your wedding-day:  
First were we sad, fearing you would not come;  
Now sadder, that you come so unprovided.  
Fie, doff this habit, shame to your estate,  
An eye-sore to our solemn festival!

**TRANIO**

And tells us, what occasion of import  
Hath all so long detain'd you from your wife,  
And sent you hither so unlike yourself?

**PETRUCHIO**

Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to hear:  
Sufficeth I am come to keep my word,  
Though in some part enforced to digress;  
Which, at more leisure, I will so excuse  
As you shall well be satisfied withal.  
But where is Kate? I stay too long from her:  
The morning wears, 'tis time we were at church.

**TRANIO**

See not your bride in these unreverent robes:  
Go to my chamber; Put on clothes of mine.

**PETRUCHIO**

Not I, believe me: thus I'll visit her.

**BAPTISTA**

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

**PETRUCHIO**

Good sooth, even thus; therefore ha' done with words:  
To me she's married, not unto my clothes:  
Could I repair what she will wear in me,  
As I can change these poor accoutrements,  
'Twere well for Kate and better for myself.  
But what a fool am I to chat with you,  
When I should bid good morrow to my bride,  
And seal the title with a lovely kiss!

*Exeunt PETRUCHIO and GRUMIO*

**TRANIO**

He hath some meaning in his mad attire:  
We will persuade him, be it possible,  
To put on better ere he go to church.

**BAPTISTA**

I'll after him, and see the event of this.

*Exeunt BAPTISTA, GREMIO, and attendants*

**TRANIO**

But to her love concerneth us to add  
Her father's liking: which to bring to pass,  
As I before unparted to your worship,  
I am to get a man,--whate'er he be,  
It skills not much. we'll fit him to our turn,--  
And he shall be Vincentio of Pisa;  
And make assurance here in Padua  
Of greater sums than I have promised.  
So shall you quietly enjoy your hope,  
And marry sweet Bianca with consent.

### **LUCENTIO**

Were it not that my fellow-school-master  
Doth watch Bianca's steps so narrowly,  
'Twere good, methinks, to steal our marriage;  
Which once perform'd, let all the world say no,  
I'll keep mine own, despite of all the world.

### **TRANIO**

That by degrees we mean to look into,  
And watch our vantage in this business:  
We'll over-reach the greybeard, Gremio,  
The narrow-prying father, Minola,  
The quaint musician, amorous Licio;  
All for my master's sake, Lucentio.

*Re-enter GREMIO*

Signior Gremio, came you from the church?

### **GREMIO**

As willingly as e'er I came from school.

### **TRANIO**

And is the bride and bridegroom coming home?

### **GREMIO**

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

**TRANIO**

Curster than she? why, 'tis impossible.

**GREMIO**

Why he's a devil, a devil, a very fiend.

**TRANIO**

Why, she's a devil, a devil, the devil's dam.

**GREMIO**

Tut, she's a lamb, a dove, a fool to him!  
I'll tell you, Sir Lucentio: when the priest  
Should ask, if Katharina should be his wife,  
'Ay, by gogs-wouns,' quoth he; and swore so loud,  
That, all-amazed, the priest let fall the book;  
And, as he stoop'd again to take it up,  
The mad-brain'd bridegroom took him such a cuff  
That down fell priest and book and book and priest:  
'Now take them up,' quoth he, 'if any list.'

**TRANIO**

What said the wench when he rose again?

**GREMIO**

Trembled and shook; for why, he stamp'd and swore,  
As if the vicar meant to cozen him.  
But after many ceremonies done,  
He calls for wine: 'A health!' quoth he, as if  
He had been aboard, carousing to his mates  
After a storm; quaff'd off the muscadel

And threw the sops all in the sexton's face;  
Having no other reason  
But that his beard grew thin and hungerly  
And seem'd to ask him sops as he was drinking.  
This done, he took the bride about the neck  
And kiss'd her lips with such a clamorous smack  
That at the parting all the church did echo:  
And I seeing this came thence for very shame;  
And after me, I know, the rout is coming.  
Such a mad marriage never was before:  
Hark, hark! I hear the minstrels play.

*Music*

*Re-enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, BIANCA, BAPTISTA, HORTENSIO, GRUMIO, and Train*

**PETRUCHIO**

Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for your pains:  
I know you think to dine with me to-day,  
And have prepared great store of wedding cheer;  
But so it is, my haste doth call me hence,  
And therefore here I mean to take my leave.

**BAPTISTA**

Is't possible you will away to-night?

**PETRUCHIO**

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

**TRANIO**

Let us entreat you stay till after dinner.

**PETRUCHIO**

It may not be.

**GREMIO**

Let me entreat you.

**PETRUCHIO**

It cannot be.

**KATHARINA**

Let me entreat you.

**PETRUCHIO**

I am content.

**KATHARINA**

Are you content to stay?

**PETRUCHIO**

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

**KATHARINA**

Now, if you love me, stay.

**PETRUCHIO**

Grumio, my horse.

**GRUMIO**

Ay, sir, they be ready: the oats have eaten the horses.

**KATHARINA**

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

**PETRUCHIO**

O Kate, content thee; prithee, be not angry.

**KATHARINA**

I will be angry: what hast thou to do?  
Father, be quiet; he shall stay my leisure.

**GREMIO**

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

**KATHARINA**

Gentlemen, forward to the bridal dinner:  
I see a woman may be made a fool,  
If she had not a spirit to resist.

**PETRUCHIO**

They shall go forward, Kate, at thy command.  
Obey the bride, you that attend on her;

Go to the feast, revel and domineer,  
Carouse full measure to her maidenhead,  
Be mad and merry, or go hang yourselves:  
But for my bonny Kate, she must with me.  
Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret;  
I will be master of what is mine own:  
She is my goods, my chattels; she is my house,  
My household stuff, my field, my barn,  
My horse, my ox, my ass, my any thing;  
And here she stands, touch her whoever dare;  
I'll bring mine action on the proudest he  
That stops my way in Padua. Grumio,  
Draw forth thy weapon, we are beset with thieves;  
Rescue thy mistress, if thou be a man.  
Fear not, sweet wench, they shall not touch  
thee, Kate:  
I'll buckler thee against a million.

*Exeunt PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, and GRUMIO*

**BAPTISTA**

Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet ones.

**GREMIO**

Went they not quickly, I should die with laughing.

**TRANIO**

Of all mad matches never was the like.

**LUCENTIO**

Mistress, what's your opinion of your sister?

**BIANCA**

That, being mad herself, she's madly mated.

**GREMIO**

I warrant him, Petruchio is Kated.

**BAPTISTA**

Neighbours and friends, though bride and  
bridegroom wants  
For to supply the places at the table,  
You know there wants no junkets at the feast.  
Lucentio, you shall supply the bridegroom's place:  
And let Bianca take her sister's room.

**TRANIO**

Shall sweet Bianca practise how to bride it?

**BAPTISTA**

She shall, Lucentio. Come, gentlemen, let's go.

*Exeunt*