

The Taming of the Shrew

ACT V

SCENE I. Padua. Before LUCENTIO'S house.

GREMIO discovered. Enter behind BIONDELLO, LUCENTIO, and BIANCA

BIONDELLO

Softly and swiftly, sir; for the priest is ready.

LUCENTIO

I fly, Biondello: but they may chance to need thee at home; therefore leave us.

BIONDELLO

Nay, faith, I'll see the church o' your back; and then come back to my master's as soon as I can.

Exeunt LUCENTIO, BIANCA, and BIONDELLO

GREMIO

I marvel Cambio comes not all this while.

Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, VINCENTIO, GRUMIO, with Attendants

PETRUCHIO

Sir, here's the door, this is Lucentio's house:
My father's bears more toward the market-place;
Thither must I, and here I leave you, sir.

VINCENTIO

You shall not choose but drink before you go:
I think I shall command your welcome here,

And, by all likelihood, some cheer is toward.

Knocks

GREMIO

They're busy within; you were best knock louder.

Pedant looks out of the window

Pedant

What's he that knocks as he would beat down the gate?

VINCENTIO

Is Signior Lucentio within, sir?

Pedant

He's within, sir, but not to be spoken withal.

VINCENTIO

What if a man bring him a hundred pound or two, to make merry withal?

Pedant

Keep your hundred pounds to yourself: he shall need none, so long as I live.

PETRUCHIO

Nay, I told you your son was well beloved in Padua. Do you hear, sir? To leave frivolous circumstances, I pray you, tell Signior Lucentio that his father is come from Pisa, and is here at the door to speak with him.

Pedant

Thou liest: his father is come from Padua and here looking out at the window.

VINCENTIO

Art thou his father?

Pedant

Ay, sir; so his mother says, if I may believe her.

PETRUCHIO

To VINCENTIO Why, how now, gentleman! why, this is flat knavery, to take upon you another man's name.

Pedant

Lay hands on the villain: I believe a' means to cozen somebody in this city under my countenance.

Re-enter BIONDELLO

BIONDELLO

I have seen them in the church together: God send 'em good shipping! But who is here? mine old master Vincentio! now we are undone and brought to nothing.

VINCENTIO

Seeing BIONDELLO
Come hither, crack-hemp.

BIONDELLO

Hope I may choose, sir.

VINCENTIO

Come hither, you rogue. What, have you forgot me?

BIONDELLO

Forgot you! no, sir: I could not forget you, for I never saw you before in all my life.

VINCENTIO

What, you notorious villain, didst thou never see thy master's father, Vincentio?

BIONDELLO

What, my old worshipful old master? yes, marry, sir: see where he looks out of the window.

VINCENTIO

Is't so, indeed.

Beats BIONDELLO

BIONDELLO

Help, help, help! here's a madman will murder me.

Exit

Pedant

Help, son! help, Signior Baptista!

Exit from above

PETRUCHIO

Prithee, Kate, let's stand aside and see the end of this controversy.

They retire

Re-enter Pedant below; TRANIO, BAPTISTA, and Servants

TRANIO

Sir, what are you that offer to beat my servant?

VINCENTIO

What am I, sir! nay, what are you, sir? O immortal gods! O fine villain! A silken doublet! a velvet hose! a scarlet cloak! and a copatain hat! O, I am undone! I am undone! while I play the good husband at home, my son and my servant spend all at the university.

TRANIO

How now! what's the matter?

BAPTISTA

What, is the man lunatic?

TRANIO

Sir, you seem a sober ancient gentleman by your habit, but your words show you a madman. Why, sir, what 'cerns it you if I wear pearl and gold? I thank my good father, I am able to maintain it.

VINCENTIO

Thy father! O villain! he is a sailmaker in Bergamo.

BAPTISTA

You mistake, sir, you mistake, sir. Pray, what do you think is his name?

VINCENTIO

His name! as if I knew not his name: I have brought him up ever since he was three years old, and his name is Tranio.

Pedant

Away, away, mad ass! his name is Lucentio and he is mine only son, and heir to the lands of me, Signior Vincentio.

VINCENTIO

Lucentio! O, he hath murdered his master! Lay hold on him, I charge you, in the duke's name. O, my son, my son! Tell me, thou villain, where is my son Lucentio?

TRANIO

Call forth an officer.

Enter one with an Officer

Carry this mad knave to the gaol. Father Baptista, I charge you see that he be forthcoming.

VINCENTIO

Carry me to the gaol!

GREMIO

Stay, officer: he shall not go to prison.

BAPTISTA

Talk not, Signior Gremio: I say he shall go to prison.

GREMIO

Take heed, Signior Baptista, lest you be
cony-catched in this business: I dare swear this
is the right Vincentio.

Pedant

Swear, if thou darest.

GREMIO

Nay, I dare not swear it.

TRANIO

Then thou wert best say that I am not Lucentio.

GREMIO

Yes, I know thee to be Signior Lucentio.

BAPTISTA

Away with the dotard! to the gaol with him!

VINCENTIO

Thus strangers may be hailed and abused: O

monstrous villain!

Re-enter BIONDELLO, with LUCENTIO and BIANCA

BIONDELLO

O! we are spoiled and--yonder he is: deny him,
forswear him, or else we are all undone.

LUCENTIO

Kneeling Pardon, sweet father.

VINCENTIO

Lives my sweet son?

Exeunt BIONDELLO, TRANIO, and Pedant, as fast as may be

BIANCA

Pardon, dear father.

BAPTISTA

How hast thou offended?
Where is Lucentio?

LUCENTIO

Here's Lucentio,
Right son to the right Vincentio;
That have by marriage made thy daughter mine,
While counterfeit supposes bleared thine eyne.

GREMIO

Here's packing, with a witness to deceive us all!

VINCENTIO

Where is that damned villain Tranio,
That faced and braved me in this matter so?

BAPTISTA

Why, tell me, is not this my Cambio?

BIANCA

Cambio is changed into Lucentio.

LUCENTIO

Love wrought these miracles. Bianca's love
Made me exchange my state with Tranio,
While he did bear my countenance in the town;
And happily I have arrived at the last
Unto the wished haven of my bliss.
What Tranio did, myself enforced him to;
Then pardon him, sweet father, for my sake.

VINCENTIO

I'll slit the villain's nose, that would have sent
me to the gaol.

BAPTISTA

But do you hear, sir? have you married my daughter
without asking my good will?

VINCENTIO

Fear not, Baptista; we will content you, go to: but

I will in, to be revenged for this villany.

Exit

BAPTISTA

And I, to sound the depth of this knavery.

Exit

LUCENTIO

Look not pale, Bianca; thy father will not frown.

Exeunt LUCENTIO and BIANCA

GREMIO

My cake is dough; but I'll in among the rest,
Out of hope of all, but my share of the feast.

Exit

KATHARINA

Husband, let's follow, to see the end of this ado.

PETRUCHIO

First kiss me, Kate, and we will.

KATHARINA

What, in the midst of the street?

PETRUCHIO

What, art thou ashamed of me?

KATHARINA

No, sir, God forbid; but ashamed to kiss.

PETRUCHIO

Why, then let's home again. Come, sirrah, let's away.

KATHARINA

Nay, I will give thee a kiss: now pray thee, love, stay.

PETRUCHIO

Is not this well? Come, my sweet Kate:
Better once than never, for never too late.

Exeunt

SCENE II. Padua. LUCENTIO'S house.

Enter BAPTISTA, VINCENTIO, GREMIO, the Pedant, LUCENTIO, BIANCA, PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, HORTENSIO, and Widow, TRANIO, BIONDELLO, and GRUMIO the Serving-men with Tranio bringing in a banquet

LUCENTIO

At last, though long, our jarring notes agree:
And time it is, when raging war is done,
To smile at scapes and perils overblown.
My fair Bianca, bid my father welcome,
While I with self-same kindness welcome thine.
Brother Petruchio, sister Katharina,
And thou, Hortensio, with thy loving widow,
Feast with the best, and welcome to my house:
My banquet is to close our stomachs up,
After our great good cheer. Pray you, sit down;
For now we sit to chat as well as eat.

PETRUCHIO

Nothing but sit and sit, and eat and eat!

BAPTISTA

Padua affords this kindness, son Petruchio.

PETRUCHIO

Padua affords nothing but what is kind.

HORTENSIO

For both our sakes, I would that word were true.

PETRUCHIO

Now, for my life, Hortensio fears his widow.

Widow

Then never trust me, if I be afeard.

PETRUCHIO

You are very sensible, and yet you miss my sense:
I mean, Hortensio is afeard of you.

Widow

He that is giddy thinks the world turns round.

PETRUCHIO

Roundly replied.

KATHARINA

Mistress, how mean you that?

Widow

Thus I conceive by him.

PETRUCHIO

Conceives by me! How likes Hortensio that?

HORTENSIO

My widow says, thus she conceives her tale.

PETRUCHIO

Very well mended. Kiss him for that, good widow.

KATHARINA

'He that is giddy thinks the world turns round:'
I pray you, tell me what you meant by that.

Widow

Your husband, being troubled with a shrew,
Measures my husband's sorrow by his woe:
And now you know my meaning,

KATHARINA

A very mean meaning.

Widow

Right, I mean you.

KATHARINA

And I am mean indeed, respecting you.

PETRUCHIO

To her, Kate!

HORTENSIO

To her, widow!

PETRUCHIO

A hundred marks, my Kate does put her down.

HORTENSIO

That's my office.

PETRUCHIO

Spoke like an officer; ha' to thee, lad!

Drinks to HORTENSIO

BAPTISTA

How likes Gremio these quick-witted folks?

GREMIO

Believe me, sir, they butt together well.

BIANCA

Head, and butt! an hasty-witted body
Would say your head and butt were head and horn.

VINCENTIO

Ay, mistress bride, hath that awaken'd you?

BIANCA

Ay, but not frighted me; therefore I'll sleep again.

PETRUCHIO

Nay, that you shall not: since you have begun,
Have at you for a bitter jest or two!

BIANCA

Am I your bird? I mean to shift my bush;
And then pursue me as you draw your bow.
You are welcome all.

Exeunt BIANCA, KATHARINA, and Widow

PETRUCHIO

She hath prevented me. Here, Signior Tranio.
This bird you aim'd at, though you hit her not;
Therefore a health to all that shot and miss'd.

TRANIO

O, sir, Lucentio slipp'd me like his greyhound,
Which runs himself and catches for his master.

PETRUCHIO

A good swift simile, but something currish.

TRANIO

'Tis well, sir, that you hunted for yourself:
'Tis thought your deer does hold you at a bay.

BAPTISTA

O ho, Petruchio! Tranio hits you now.

LUCENTIO

I thank thee for that gird, good Tranio.

HORTENSIO

Confess, confess, hath he not hit you here?

PETRUCHIO

A' has a little gall'd me, I confess;
And, as the jest did glance away from me,
'Tis ten to one it maim'd you two outright.

BAPTISTA

Now, in good sadness, son Petruchio,
I think thou hast the veriest shrew of all.

PETRUCHIO

Well, I say no: and therefore for assurance
Let's each one send unto his wife;
And he whose wife is most obedient
To come at first when he doth send for her,
Shall win the wager which we will propose.

HORTENSIO

Content. What is the wager?

LUCENTIO

Twenty crowns.

PETRUCHIO

Twenty crowns!
I'll venture so much of my hawk or hound,
But twenty times so much upon my wife.

LUCENTIO

A hundred then.

HORTENSIO

Content.

PETRUCHIO

A match! 'tis done.

HORTENSIO

Who shall begin?

LUCENTIO

That will I.
Go, Biondello, bid your mistress come to me.

BIONDELLO

I go.

Exit

BAPTISTA

Son, I'll be your half, Bianca comes.

LUCENTIO

I'll have no halves; I'll bear it all myself.

Re-enter BIONDELLO

How now! what news?

BIONDELLO

Sir, my mistress sends you word
That she is busy and she cannot come.

PETRUCHIO

How! she is busy and she cannot come!
Is that an answer?

GREMIO

Ay, and a kind one too:
Pray God, sir, your wife send you not a worse.

PETRUCHIO

I hope better.

HORTENSIO

Sirrah Biondello, go and entreat my wife
To come to me forthwith.

Exit BIONDELLO

PETRUCHIO

O, ho! entreat her!
Nay, then she must needs come.

HORTENSIO

I am afraid, sir,
Do what you can, yours will not be entreated.

Re-enter BIONDELLO
Now, where's my wife?

BIONDELLO

She says you have some goodly jest in hand:
She will not come: she bids you come to her.

PETRUCHIO

Worse and worse; she will not come! O vile,
Intolerable, not to be endured!
Sirrah Grumio, go to your mistress;
Say, I command her to come to me.

Exit GRUMIO

HORTENSIO

I know her answer.

PETRUCHIO

What?

HORTENSIO

She will not.

PETRUCHIO

The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.

BAPTISTA

Now, by my holidame, here comes Katharina!

Re-enter KATHARINA

KATHARINA

What is your will, sir, that you send for me?

PETRUCHIO

Where is your sister, and Hortensio's wife?

KATHARINA

They sit conferring by the parlor fire.

PETRUCHIO

Go fetch them hither: if they deny to come.
Swinge me them soundly forth unto their husbands:
Away, I say, and bring them hither straight.

Exit KATHARINA

LUCENTIO

Here is a wonder, if you talk of a wonder.

HORTENSIO

And so it is: I wonder what it bodes.

PETRUCHIO

Marry, peace it bodes, and love and quiet life,
And awful rule and right supremacy;
And, to be short, what not, that's sweet and happy?

BAPTISTA

Now, fair befall thee, good Petruchio!
The wager thou hast won; and I will add
Unto their losses twenty thousand crowns;
Another dowry to another daughter,
For she is changed, as she had never been.

PETRUCHIO

Nay, I will win my wager better yet
And show more sign of her obedience,
Her new-built virtue and obedience.
See where she comes and brings your froward wives
As prisoners to her womanly persuasion.

Re-enter KATHARINA, with BIANCA and Widow
Katharina, that cap of yours becomes you not:
Off with that bauble, throw it under-foot.

Widow

Lord, let me never have a cause to sigh,
Till I be brought to such a silly pass!

BIANCA

Fie! what a foolish duty call you this?

LUCENTIO

I would your duty were as foolish too:
The wisdom of your duty, fair Bianca,
Hath cost me an hundred crowns since supper-time.

BIANCA

The more fool you, for laying on my duty.

PETRUCHIO

Katharina, I charge thee, tell these headstrong women
What duty they do owe their lords and husbands.

Widow

Come, come, you're mocking: we will have no telling.

PETRUCHIO

Come on, I say; and first begin with her.

Widow

She shall not.

PETRUCHIO

I say she shall: and first begin with her.

KATHARINA

Fie, fie! unknit that threatening unkind brow,
And dart not scornful glances from those eyes,
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor:
It blots thy beauty as frosts do bite the meads,
Confounds thy fame as whirlwinds shake fair buds,
And in no sense is meet or amiable.
A woman moved is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty;
And while it is so, none so dry or thirsty
Will deign to sip or touch one drop of it.
Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance commits his body

To painful labour both by sea and land,
To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,
Whilst thou liest warm at home, secure and safe;
And craves no other tribute at thy hands
But love, fair looks and true obedience;
Too little payment for so great a debt.
Such duty as the subject owes the prince
Even such a woman oweth to her husband;
And when she is froward, peevish, sullen, sour,
And not obedient to his honest will,
What is she but a foul contending rebel
And graceless traitor to her loving lord?
I am ashamed that women are so simple
To offer war where they should kneel for peace;
Or seek for rule, supremacy and sway,
When they are bound to serve, love and obey.
Why are our bodies soft and weak and smooth,
Unapt to toil and trouble in the world,
But that our soft conditions and our hearts
Should well agree with our external parts?
Come, come, you froward and unable worms!
My mind hath been as big as one of yours,
My heart as great, my reason haply more,
To bandy word for word and frown for frown;
But now I see our lances are but straws,
Our strength as weak, our weakness past compare,
That seeming to be most which we indeed least are.
Then vail your stomachs, for it is no boot,
And place your hands below your husband's foot:
In token of which duty, if he please,
My hand is ready; may it do him ease.

PETRUCHIO

Why, there's a wench! Come on, and kiss me, Kate.

LUCENTIO

Well, go thy ways, old lad; for thou shalt ha't.

VINCENTIO

'Tis a good hearing when children are toward.

LUCENTIO

But a harsh hearing when women are froward.

PETRUCHIO

Come, Kate, we'll to bed.
We three are married, but you two are sped.

To LUCENTIO

'Twas I won the wager, though you hit the white;
And, being a winner, God give you good night!

Exeunt PETRUCHIO and KATHARINA

HORTENSIO

Now, go thy ways; thou hast tamed a curst shrew.

LUCENTIO

'Tis a wonder, by your leave, she will be tamed so.

Exeunt