

J. FRANCIS PHILLIPS, DIRECTOR OF S.F.S./SCOTTI D'ARCY, PRODUCER/FOLKWAYS RECORDS FL 9621

William Shakespeare

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

Recorded in performance by the Shakespeare For Students Company

Arranged and Directed by Robert E. Fleshman

"BUT FOR MY BONNY KATE, SHE MUST BE WITH ME", ACT III, SCENE II/PLATE FROM BOVDALL'S "SHAKESPEARE PRINTS" PUBLISHED IN 1805/DESIGN BY RONALD CLYNE



CAST:	Christopher Lloyd
Rosamond D. Pratt	David Prass
Michael Holmes	Milt Commons
Judith Booth	Kenneth Porter
Robert Paclucci	D. Keith Mano
Karl Tuider	Byron Whiting

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SHAKESPEARE: THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

TRANIO, SINCE FOR THE GREAT DESIRE I HAD
VERONA, FOR AWHILE I TAKE MY LEAVE
GOOD SISTER, WRONG ME NOT, NOR WRONG YOURSELF,
BUT HERE SHE COMES, AND NOW, PETRUCHIO, SPEAK,
FIDDLER, FORBEAR, YOU GROW TOO FORWARD, SIR,
SIGNIOR LUCENTIO, THIS IS THE 'POINTED DAY
FIE, FIE, ON ALL TIRED JADES, ON ALL MAD MASTERS, AND ALL
IS'T POSSIBLE, FRIEND LITIO, THAT MISTRESS BIANCA
NO, NO, FORSOOTH, I DARE NOT FOR MY LIFE
SIR, THIS IS THE HOUSE. HOLD YOUR OWN IN ANY CASE

FOLKWAYS FL 9621

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THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

By WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Recorded in performance by
The SHAKESPEARE FOR STUDENTS Company

Arranged and directed by ROBERT E. FLESHMAN
Produced by SCOTTI D'ARCY

J. FRANCIS PHILLIPS, Producing Director of S.F.S.
Production assistant, ADDISON M. METCALF

Dramatis Personae

KATHERINA (The Shrew).....Rosamond D. Pratt
PETRUCHIO.....Michael Holmes
BIANCA, sister to Katherine.....Judith Booth
BAPTISTA, father to Kate and Bianca.....Robert Paolucci
GREMIO, suitor to Bianca.....Karl Tuider
HORTENSIO, suitor to Bianca.....Christopher Lloyd
LUCENTIO, suitor to Bianca.....David Prass
VINCENTIO, father to Lucentio.....Milt Commons
GRUMIO, servant to Petruchio.....Karl Tuider
TRANIO, servant to Lucentio.....Kenneth Porter
BIONDELLO, servant to Lucentio.....D. Keith Mano
AN OLD PEDANT.....Byron Whiting
A TAILOR.....Robert Paolucci
A HABERDASHER.....David Prass
The Widow, Curtis, servants, townspeople, etc...by
members of The SHAKESPEARE FOR STUDENTS Company

The Shakespeare for Students Company

The Shakespeare for Students Company was founded to assist the school and the student in the introduction to and interest in Shakespeare — with the hope of deepening the appreciation of good theatre and good literature. The first concern is the words of the play — their value as poetry and the effect they can create when spoken aloud. The actors work to present the words of the poetry for the beauty of their sounds and for their value in creating mental imagery. This is the basis for bringing life to the written word. The Shakespeare for Students' production key is, 'the living words of Shakespeare'.

The Shakespeare for Students Company, under the direction of J. Francis Phillips, was founded in 1960 and has toured New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Connecticut for the past eleven successful seasons. S.F.S. Productions is the oldest non-subsidized Shakespeare company touring these areas.

This album is produced for the purpose of listening. The poetry and the voice are the stimuli in creating an exciting audio performance of "The Taming of the Shrew".



J. Francis Phillips

- Scotti D'Arcy
February, 1966

SIDE A BAND I

Enter Lucentio and his man Tranio.

Luc. Tranio, since for the great desire I had
To see fair Padua, nursery of arts,
I am arrived for fruitful Lombardy,
The pleasant garden of great Italy,
And by my father's love and leave am armed
With his good will and thy good company,
My trusty servant, well approved in all,
Here let us breathe and haply institute
A course of learning and ingenious studies.
And therefore, Tranio, for the time I study,
Virtue and that part of philosophy
Will I apply that treats of happiness
By virtue specially to be achieved.
Tell me thy mind, for I have Pisa left
And am to Padua come, as he that leaves
A shallow plash to plunge him in the deep,
And with satiety seeks to quench his thirst.

Tra. I am in all affected as yourself,
Glad that you thus continue your resolve
To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy.
Only, good master, while we do admire
This virtue and this moral discipline,
Let's be no stoics nor no stocks, I pray;
Or so devote to Aristotle's checks
As Ovid be an outcast quite abjured.
Balk logic with acquaintance that you have,
And practice rhetoric in your common talk;
Music and poesy use to quicken you;
The mathematics and the metaphysics,
Fall to them as you find your stomach serves you.
No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en;
In brief, sir, study what you most affect.

Luc. Gramercies, Tranio, well dost thou advise.
If, Biondello, thou wert come ashore,
We could at once put us in readiness
And take a lodging fit to entertain
Such friends as time in Padua shall beget.

*Enter Baptista with his two daughters, Katherina
and Bianca; Gremio, a Pantaloon; [and] Hortensio,
suitor to Bianca. Lucentio [and] Tranio stand by.*

But stay awhile: what company is this?

Bap. Gentlemen, importune me no farther,
For how I firmly am resolved you know;
That is, not to bestow my youngest daughter
Before I have a husband for the elder.
If either of you both love Katherina,
Because I know you well and love you well,
Leave shall you have to court her at your pleasure.

Gre. To cart her rather; she's too rough for me.
There, there, Hortensio, will you any wife?

Kat. I pray you, sir, is it your will
To make a stale of me amongst these mates?

Hor. Mates, maid! How mean you that? No mates
for you,

Unless you were of gentler, milder mold.

Kat. I' faith, sir, you shall never need to fear;
Iwis it is not halfway to her heart;
But if it were, doubt not her care should be
To comb your noddle with a three-legged stool
And paint your face and use you like a fool.

Hor. From all such devils, good Lord deliver us!

Gre. And me too, good Lord!

Bap. Gentlemen, that I may soon make good
What I have said—Bianca, get you in:

And let it not displease thee, good Bianca,
For I will love thee ne'er the less, my girl.

Kat. A pretty pet! It is best

Put finger in the eye, an she knew why,

Tra. Hush! master! Here's some good pastime
toward.

That wench is stark mad or wonderful froward.

Bia. Sister, content you in my discontent.

Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe:

My books and instruments shall be my company,
On them to look and practice by myself.

Luc. But in the other's silence do I see
Maid's mild behavior and sobriety.

Peace, Tranio!

Hor. Signior Baptista, will you be so strange?
Sorry am I that our good will effects
Bianca's grief.

Gre. Why will you mew her up,
Signior Baptista, for this fiend of hell,
And make her bear the penance of her tongue?

Bap. Gentlemen, content ye; I am resolved.
Go in, Bianca.

And for I know she taketh most delight
In music, instruments, and poetry,
Schoolmasters will I keep within my house
Fit to instruct her youth. If you, Hortensio,
Or, Signior Gremio, you, know any such,
Prefer them hither; for to cunning men
I will be very kind, and liberal

To mine own children in good bringing up;
And so, farewell. Katherina, you may stay,
For I have more to commune with Bianca.

Kat. Why, and I trust I may go too; may I not?
What! shall I be appointed hours, as though, belike,
I knew not what to take and what to leave? Hal!

Gre. You may go to the devil's dam: your gifts are
so good, here's none will hold you. Their love is not
so great, Hortensio, but we may blow our nails to-
gether and fast it fairly out; our cake's dough on
both sides. Farewell: yet, for the love I bear my sweet
Bianca, if I can by any means light on a fit man to
teach her that wherein she delights, I will wish him
to her father.

Hor. So will I, Signior Gremio; but a word, I pray.
Though the nature of our quarrel yet never brooked
parle, know now, upon advice, it toucheth us both—
that we may yet again have access to our fair mistress
and be happy rivals in Bianca's love—to labor and
effect one thing specially.

Gre. What's that, I pray?

Hor. Marry, sir, to get a husband for her sister.

Gre. A husband! A devil.

Hor. I say, a husband.

Gre. I say, a devil. Thinkst thou, Hortensio, though
her father be very rich, any man is so very a fool to
be married to hell?

Hor. Tush, Gremio! Though it pass your patience
and mine to endure her loud alarms, why, man,
there be good fellows in the world, an a man could
light on them, would take her with all faults, and
money enough.

Gre. I cannot tell; but I had as lief take her dowry
with this condition: to be whipped at the high cross
every morning.

Hor. Faith, as you say, there's small choice in rot-
ten apples. But come; since this bar in law makes us
friends, it shall be so far forth friendly maintained,
till by helping Baptista's eldest daughter to a hus-
band we set his youngest free for a husband, and then
have to't afresh. Sweet Bianca! Happy man be his
dole! He that runs fastest gets the ring. How say you,
Signior Gremio?

Gre. I am agreed; and would I had given him the
best horse in Padua to begin his wooing that would
thoroughly woo her, wed her, and bed her, and rid
the house of her. Come on.

Tra. I pray, sir, tell me, is it possible
That love should of a sudden take such hold?

Luc. O Tranio! till I found it to be true

I never thought it possible or likely.

But see, while idly I stood looking on,
I found the effect of love in idleness,
And now in plainness do confess to thee,

That art to me as secret and as dear
As Anna to the Queen of Carthage was,
Tranio, I burn, I pine, I perish, Tranio,
If I achieve not this young modest girl.
O, yes, I saw sweet beauty in her face.
Such as the daughter of Agenor had,
That made great Jove to humble him to her hand
When with his knees he kissed the Cretan strand.
Tranio, I saw her coral lips to move,
And with her breath she did perfume the air.
Sacred and sweet was all I saw in her.
Counsel me, Tranio, for I know thou canst;
Assist me, Tranio, for I know thou wilt.

Tra. Thus it stands:
Her elder sister is so curst and shrewd
That till the father rid his hands of her,
Master, your love must live a maid at home.

Luc. Ah, Tranio, what a cruel father's hel!
But art thou not advised he took some care
To get her cunning schoolmasters to instruct her?

Tra. Ay, marry, am I, sir; and now 'tis plotted.

Luc. I have it, Tranio.

Tra. Master, for my hand,
Both our inventions meet and jump in one.

Luc. Tell me thine first.

Tra. You will be schoolmaster
And undertake the teaching of the maid:
That's your device.

Luc. It is; may it be done?

Tra. Not possible; for who shall bear your part
And be in Padua here Vincentio's son?

Luc. Then, it follows thus:

Thou shalt be master, Tranio, in my stead,
Keep house and port and servants as I should;
I will some other be—some Florentine,
Some Neapolitan, or meaner man of Pisa.
'Tis hatched and shall be so. Tranio, at once
Uncase thee; take my colored hat and cloak.
When Biondello comes he waits on thee;
But I will charm him first to keep his tongue.

Tra. So had you need.

In brief, sir, sith 'it your pleasure is
And I am tied to be obedient—
For so your father charged me at our parting:
"Be serviceable to my son," quoth he,
Although I think 'twas in another sense—
I am content to be Lucentio.

Luc. And let me be a slave, t'achieve that maid
Whose sudden sight hath thrall'd my wounded eye.
Here comes the rogue.

Enter Biondello.

Sirrah, where have you been?

Bio. Where have I been! Nay, how now! Where
are you?

Master, has my fellow Tranio stol'n your clothes,
Or you stol'n his? or both? Pray, what's the news?

Luc. Sirrah, come hither: 'tis no time to jest,
And therefore frame your manners to the time.
Your fellow Tranio here, to save my life,
Puts my apparel and my count'nance on,
And I for my escape have put on his;
For in a quarrel since I came ashore
I killed a man and fear I was descried.
Wait you on him, I charge you, as becomes,
While I make way from hence to save my life.
You understand me?

Bio. I, sir! ne'er a whit.

Luc. And not a jot of Tranio in your mouth.
Tranio is changed into Lucentio.

Bio. The better for him; would I were so too!

Luc. Tranio, let's go.
One thing more rests that thyself execute,
To make one among these wooers.

END BAND I SIDE A

SIDE A BAND II

Enter Petruchio, and his man Grumio.

Pet. Verona, for a while I take my leave
To see my friends in Padua; but of all
My best beloved and approved friend,
Hortensio; and I trow this is his house.
Here, sirrah Grumio; knock, I say.

Gru. Knock, sir? whom should I knock? Is there
Any man has rebused your worship?

Pet. Villain, I say, knock me here soundly.

Gru. Knock you here, sir? Why, sir, what am I,
Sir, that I should knock you here, sir?

Pet. Villain, I say, knock me at this gate,
And rap me well or I'll knock your knave's pate.

Gru. My master is grown quarrelsome. I should
knock you first,

And then I know after who comes by the worst.

Pet. Will it not be?

Faith, sirrah, and you'll not knock, I'll ring it;
I'll try how you can *sol, fa*, and sing it.

Gru. Help, masters, help! my master is mad.

Pet. Now, knock when I bid you, sirrah villain!

Enter Hortensio.

Hor. How now, what's the matter? My old friend
Grumio! and my good friend Petruchio! How do you
all at Verona?

Pet. Signior Hortensio, come you to part the fray?

Hor. Rise, Grumio, rise; we will compound this quarrel.

Gru. If this be not a lawful cause for me to leave his serv-
ice, look you, sir: he bid me knock him and rap him
soundly, sir. Well, was it fit for a servant to use his
master so, being, perhaps, for aught I see, two-and-
thirty, a pip out?

Whom would to God, I had well knocked at first,
Then had not Grumio come by the worst.

Pet. A senseless villain! Good Hortensio,

I bade the rascal knock upon your gate,
And could not get him for my heart to do it.

Gru. Knock at the gate? O heavens! Spake you not
these words plain: "Sirrah, knock me here; rap me
here; knock me well; and knock me soundly"? And
come you now with "knocking at the gate"?

Pet. Sirrah, be gone, or talk not, I advise you.

Hor. Petruchio, patience; I am Grumio's pledge.
Why, this' a heavy chance 'twixt him and you,
Your ancient, trusty, pleasant servant Grumio.
And tell me now, sweet friend, what happy gale
Blows you to Padua here from old Verona?

Pet. Such wind as scatters young men through the
world

To seek their fortunes farther than at home,
Where small experience grows. But in a few,
Signior Hortensio, thus it stands with me:

Antonio, my father, is deceased

And I have thrust myself into this maze,
Happily to wive and thrive as best I may.
Crowns in my purse I have, and goods at home,
And so am come abroad to see the world.

Hor. Petruchio, shall I then come roundly to thee
And wish thee to a shrewd ill-favored wife?
Thou'dst thank me but a little for my counsel,
And yet I'll promise thee she shall be rich,
And very rich; but thou'rt too much my friend,
And I'll not wish thee to her.

Pet. Signior Hortensio, 'twixt such friends as we
Few words suffice; and therefore, if thou know
One rich enough to be Petruchio's wife,
As wealth is burden of my wooing dance,
Be she as foul as was Florentius' love,
As old as Sibyl, and as curst and shrewd
As Socrates' Xanthippe, or a worse,
She moves me not, or not removes, at least,
Affection's edge in me, were she as rough
As are the swelling Adriatic seas.

I come to wive it wealthily in Padua;
If wealthily, then happily in Padua.

Gru. Nay, look you, sir, he tells you flatly what his
mind is; why, give him gold enough and marry him
to a puppet or an aglet-baby or an old trot with ne'er
a tooth in her head, though she have as many dis-
eases as two-and-fifty horses: why, nothing comes
amiss so money comes withal.

Hor. Petruchio, since we are stepped thus far in,
I will continue that I broached in jest.

I can, Petruchio, help thee to a wife
With wealth enough, and young and beauteous,
Brought up as best becomes a gentlewoman.
Her only fault—and that is faults enough—
Is that she is intolerable curst

And shrewd and froward, so beyond all measure,
That were my state far worse than it is
I would not wed her for a mine of gold.

Pet. Hortensio, peace! Thou knowst not gold's
effect.

Tell me her father's name, and 'tis enough;
For I will board her though she chide as loud
As thunder when the clouds in autumn crack.

Hor. Her father is Baptista Minola,
An affable and courteous gentleman;
Her name is Katherine Minola,
Renowned in Padua for her scolding tongue.

Pet. I know her father, though I know not her;
And he knew my deceased father well.

I will not sleep, Hortensio, till I see her;
And therefore let me be thus bold with you,

To give you over at this first encounter
Unless you will accompany me thither.

Gru. I pray you, sir, let him go while the humor
lasts. A my word, and she knew him as well as I do,
she would think scolding would do little good upon
him. She may perhaps call him half a score knaves or
so: why, that's nothing; and he begin once, he'll rail
in his rope tricks. I'll tell you what, sir, and she stand
him but a little, he will throw a figure in her face
and so disfigure her with it that she shall have no
more eyes to see withal than a cat. You know him
not, sir.

Hor. Tarry, Petruchio, I must go with thee,
For in Baptista's keep my treasure is.
He hath the jewel of my life in hold,
His youngest daughter, beautiful Bianca,
And her withholds from me and other more,
Suitors to her and rivals in my love,
Supposing it a thing impossible,
For those defects I have before rehearsed,
That ever Katherine will be wooed.
Therefore this order hath Baptista ta'en,
That none shall have access unto Bianca
Till Katherine the curst have got a husband.

Gru. Katherine the curst!
A title for a maid of all titles the worst.

Hor. Now shall my friend Petruchio do me grace
And offer me, disguised in sober robes,
To old Baptista as a schoolmaster
Well seen in music, to instruct Bianca,
That so I may, by this device, at least
Have leave and leisure to make love to her,
And unsuspected court her by herself.

Enter Gremio, and Lucentio disguised [as Cambio].

Gru. Here's no knavery! See, to beguile the old
folks, how the young folks lay their heads together!
Master, master, look about you. Who goes there, ha?

Hor. Peace, Grumio! it is the rival of my love.
Petruchio, stand by awhile.

Gru. O, this woodcock, what an ass it is!

Pet. Peace, sirrah!

Hor. Grumio, mum! God save you, Signior Gremio!

Gre. And you are well met, Signior Hortensio.
Trow you whither I am going? To Baptista Minola.
I promised to inquire carefully
About a schoolmaster for the fair Bianca,

And, by good fortune, I have lighted well
On this young man; for learning and behavior
Fit for her turn; well read in poetry
And other books, good ones, I warrant ye.

Luc. What'er I read to her, I'll plead for you
As for my patron, stand you so assured,
As firmly as yourself were still in place;
Yea, and perhaps with more successful words
Than you, unless you were a scholar, sir.

Hor. 'Tis well; and I have met a gentleman
Hath promised me to help me to another,
A fine musician to instruct our mistress;
So shall I no whit be behind in duty
To fair Bianca, so beloved of me.

Gre. Beloved of me, and that my deeds shall prove.

Hor. Gremio, 'tis now no time to vent our love.
Here is a gentleman whom by chance I met,
Upon agreement from us to his liking,
Will undertake to woo curst Katherine;
Yea, and to marry her if her dowry please.

Gre. So said, so done, is well.

Hortensio, have you told him all her faults?

Pet. I know she is an irksome, brawling scold;
If that be all, masters, I hear no harm.

Gre. No, sayst me so, friend?

O, sir, such a life, with such a wife, were
strange!

But if you have a stomach, to't a God's name;
You shall have me assisting you in all.

But will you woo this wildcat?

Pet. Will I live?

Gru. [Aside] Will he woo her? Ay, or I'll hang her.

Pet. Why came I hither but to that intent?

Think you a little din can daunt mine ears?
Have I not in my time heard lions roar?
Have I not heard the sea, puffed up with winds,
Rage like an angry boar chafed with sweat?
Have I not heard great ordnance in the field
And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies?
Have I not in a pitched battle heard
Loud larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets' clang?
And do you tell me of a woman's tongue,
That gives not half so great a blow to hear
As will a chestnut in a farmer's fire?
Tush, tush! fear boys with bugs.

Gru. [Aside] For he fears none.

Gre. This gentleman is happily arrived,
My mind presumes, provided that he win her.

Gru. [Aside] I would I were as sure of a good
dinner.

END BAND II SIDE A

SIDE A BAND III

Enter Katherine and Bianca [with her hands tied].

Bia. Good sister, wrong me not, nor wrong your-
self,

To make a bondmaid and a slave of me;
That I disdain; but for these other gauds,
Unbind my hands, I'll pull them off myself,
Yea, all my raiment, to my petticoat;
Or what you will command me will I do,
So well I know my duty to my elders.

Kat. Of all thy suitors, here I charge thee,
tell

Whom thou lovest best; see thou dissemble not.

Bia. Believe me, sister, of all the men alive
I never yet beheld that special face
Which I could fancy more than any other.

Kat. Minion, thou liest. Is't not Hortensio?

Bia. If you affect him, sister, here I swear
I'll plead for you myself but you shall have him.

Kat. O, then, belike, you fancy riches more:
You will have Gremio to keep you fair.

Bia. Is it for him you do envy me so?
Nay, then you jest, and now I well perceive
You have but jested with me all this while.
I prithee, sister Kate, untie my hands.

Kat. If that be jest then all the rest was so.

Strikes her.

Enter Baptista.

Bap. Why, how now, damel! Whence grows this insolence?

Bianca, stand aside. Poor girl! she weeps.
Go ply thy needle; meddle not with her.
For shame, thou hilding of a devilish spirit,
Why dost thou wrong her that did ne'er wrong thee?
When did she cross thee with a bitter word?

Kat. Her silence flouts me, and I'll be revenged.

Flies after Bianca.

Bap. What! in my sight? Bianca, get thee in.

Exit [Bianca].

Kat. What! will you not suffer me? Nay, now I see

She is your treasure, she must have a husband;
I must dance barefoot on her wedding day,
And, for your love to her, lead apes in hell.
Talk not to me: I will go sit and weep
Till I can find occasion of revenge. *[Exit.]*

Bap. Was ever gentleman thus grieved as I?
But who comes here?

Enter Gremio, [with] Lucentio [(Cambio)] in the habit of a mean man; Petruchio, with [Hortensio (Licio) as a Musician; and] Tranio [(Lucentio)], with his boy [Biondello] bearing a lute and books.

Gre. Good morrow, neighbor Baptista.

Bap. Good morrow, neighbor Gremio. God save you, gentlemen!

Pet. And you, good sir. Pray, have you not a daughter

Called Katherina, fair and virtuous?

Bap. I have a daughter, sir, called Katherina.

Gre. You are too blunt; go to it orderly.

Pet. You wrong me, Signior Gremio; give me leave.

I am a gentleman of Verona, sir,
That, hearing of her beauty and her wit,
Her affability and bashful modesty,
Her wondrous qualities and mild behavior,
Am bold to show myself a forward guest
Within your house, to make mine eye the witness
Of that report which I so oft have heard.
And, for an entrance to my entertainment,
I do present you with a man of mine,

[Presenting Hortensio]

Cunning in music and the mathematics,
To instruct her fully in those sciences,
Whereof I know she is not ignorant.
Accept of him, or else you do me wrong:
His name is Licio, born in Mantua.

Bap. Y'are welcome, sir; and he, for your good sake.

But for my daughter Katherine, this I know,
She is not for your turn, the more my grief.

Pet. I see you do not mean to part with her,
Or else you like not of my company.

Bap. Mistake me not; I speak but as I find.
Whence are you, sir? What may I call your name?

Pet. Petruchio is my name, Antonio's son,
A man well known throughout all Italy.

Bap. I know him well; you are welcome for his sake.

Gre. Saving your tale, Petruchio, I pray,
Let us, that are poor petitioners, speak too.
Neighbor, this is a gift very grateful, I am sure of it. To express the like kindness, myself, that have

been more kindly beholding to you than any, freely
give unto you this young scholar, *[Presenting Lucentio]* that hath been long studying at Rheims; as
cunning in Greek, Latin, and other languages, as the
other in music and mathematics. His name is Cam-
bio; pray accept his service.

Bap. A thousand thanks, Signior Gremio. Wel-
come, good Cambio. *[To Tranio]* But, gentle sir,
methinks you walk like a stranger; may I be so bold
to know the cause of your coming?

Tra./Luc. Pardon me, sir, the boldness is mine own,
That, being a stranger in this city here,
Do make myself a suitor to your daughter,
Unto Bianca, fair and virtuous. Lucentio is my name.

Bap. Of whence, I pray?

Tra./Luc. Of Pisa, sir; son to Vincentio.

Bap. A mighty man of Pisa; by report
I know him well. You are very welcome, sir.
[To Hortensio] Take you that lute, *[To Lucentio]*
and you the set of books;
You shall go see your pupils presently.

Enter a Servant.

Sirrah, lead these gentlemen
To my daughters, and tell them both
These are their tutors: bid them use them well.

[Exit Servant, with Lucentio and Hortensio, Biondello following.]

We will go walk a little in the orchard
And then to dinner. You are passing welcome,
And so I pray you all to think yourselves.

Pet. Signior Baptista, my business asketh haste,
And every day I cannot come to woo.
You knew my father well, and in him me,
Left solely heir to all his lands and goods,
Which I have bettered rather than decreased:
Then tell me, if I get your daughter's love,
What dowry shall I have with her to wife?

Bap. After my death the one half of my lands,
And in possession twenty thousand crowns.

Pet. And, for that dowry, I'll assure her of
Her widowhood, be it that she survive me,
In all my lands and leases whatsoever.
Let specialties be therefore drawn between us
That covenants may be kept on either hand.

Bap. Ay, when the special thing is well obtained,
That is, her love; for that is all in all.

Pet. Why, that is nothing; for I tell you, father,
I am as peremptory as she proud-minded;
And where two raging fires meet together
They do consume the thing that feeds their fury:
Though little fire grows great with little wind,
Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all;
So I to her, and so she yields to me;
For I am rough and woo not like a babe.

Bap. Well mayst thou woo and happy be thy speed!
But be thou armed for some unhappy words.

Pet. Ay, to the proof; as mountains are for winds,
That shake not, though they blow perpetually.

Enter Hortensio [(Licio)], with his head broke.

Bap. How now, my friend! Why dost thou look
so pale?

Hor./Lic. For fear, I promise you, if I look pale.

Bap. What, will my daughter prove a good mu-
sician?

Hor./Lic. I think she'll sooner prove a soldier.
Iron may hold with her but never lutes.

Bap. Why, then, thou canst not break her to the
lute?

Hor./Lic. Why, no; for she hath broke the lute to
me.

I did but tell her she mistook her frets
And bowed her hand to teach her fingering;
When, with a most impatient devilish spirit,

"Frets, call you these?" quoth she; "I'll fume with
them";

And, with that word, she struck me on the head,
And through the instrument my pate made way.
And there I stood amazed for a while
As on a pillory, looking through the lute,
While she did call me rascal, fiddler,
And twangling Jack, with twenty such vile terms
As had she studied to misuse me so.

Pet. Now, by the world, it is a lusty wench!
I love her ten times more than e'er I did:
O, how I long to have some chat with her!

Bap. *[To Hortensio]* Well, go with me, and be not
so discomfited.

Proceed in practice with my younger daughter;
She's apt to learn and thankful for good turns.
Signior Petruchio, will you go with us,
Or shall I send my daughter Kate to you?

Exeunt [all but Petruchio].

Pet. I pray you do; I will attend her here
And woo her with some spirit when she comes.
Say that she rail, why then I'll tell her plain
She sings as sweetly as a nightingale;
Say that she frown, I'll say she looks as clear
As morning roses newly washed with dew;
Say she be mute and will not speak a word,
Then I'll commend her volubility,
And say she uttereth piercing eloquence.
If she do bid me pack, I'll give her thanks,
As though she bid me stay by her a week;
If she deny to wed, I'll crave the day
When I shall ask the banes, and when be married.

END BAND III SIDE A

SIDE B BAND I

But here she comes; and now, Petruchio, speak.

Enter Katherina.

Good morrow, Kate; for that's your name, I hear.

Kat. Well have you heard, but something hard of
hearing:

They call me Katherina that do talk of me.

Pet. You lie, in faith; for you are called plain
Kate,

And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst;
But, Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom;
Kate of Kate-Hall, my superdainty Kate,
For dainties are all Kates; and therefore, Kate,
Take this of me, Kate of my consolation:
Hearing thy mildness praised in every town,
Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded—
Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs—
Myself am moved to woo thee for my wife.

Kat. Moved! In good time: let him that moved
you hither

Remove you hence. I knew you at the first
You were a movable.

Pet. Why, what's a movable?

Kat. A joint stool.

Pet. Thou hast hit it: come sit on me.

Kat. Asses are made to bear, and so are you.

Pet. Women are made to bear, and so are you.

Kat. No such jade as you, if me you mean.

Pet. Alas, good Kate, I will not burden thee;

For, knowing thee to be but young and light—

Kat. Too light for such a swain as you to catch,

And yet as heavy as my weight should be.

Pet. Should bel should—buzz!

Kat. Well ta'en, and like a buzzard.

Pet. O slow-winged turtle! shall a buzzard take
thee?

Kat. Ay, for a turtle, as he takes a buzzard.

Pet. Come, come, you wasp; i' faith you are too angry.

Kat. If I be waspish, best beware my sting.

Pet. My remedy is then to pluck it out.

Kat. Ay, if the fool could find it where it lies.

Pet. Who knows not where a wasp does wear his sting?

In his tail.

Kat. In his tongue.

Pet. Whose tongue?

Kat. Yours, if you talk of tales; and so farewell.

Pet. Nay, come again.

Good Kate, I am a gentleman.

Kat. That I'll try.

She strikes him.

Pet. I swear I'll cuff you, if you strike again.

Kat. So may you lose your arms:

If you strike me, you are no gentleman,

And if no gentleman, why then no arms.

Pet. A herald, Kate? O, put me in thy books!

Kat. What is your crest? a coxcomb?

Pet. A combless cock, so Kate will be my hen.

Kat. No cock of mine; you crow too like a craven.

Pet. Nay, come, Kate, come; you must not look so sour.

Kat. It is my fashion when I see a crab.

Pet. Why, here's no crab, and therefore look not sour.

Kat. There is, there is.

Pet. Then show it me.

Kat. Had I a glass I would.

Pet. What, you mean my face?

Kat. Well aimed of such a young one.

Pet. Now, by Saint George, I am too young for you.

Kat. Yet you are withered.

Pet. 'Tis with cares.

Kat. I care not.

Pet. Nay, hear you, Kate; in sooth you scape not so.

Kat. I chafe you if I tarry; let me go.

Pet. No, not a whit; I find you passing gentle.

'Twas told me you were rough and coy and sullen,
And now I find report a very liar;

For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous,

But slow in speech, yet sweet as springtime flowers.

Thou canst not frown, thou canst not look askance,

Nor bite the lip as angry wenches will,

Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross in talk;

But thou with mildness entertainst thy wooers,

With gentle conference, soft and affable.

Why does the world report that Kate doth limp?

O sland'rous world! Kate, like the hazel twig

Is straight and slender, and as brown in hue

As hazelnuts and sweeter than the kernels.

O, let me see thee walk: thou dost not halt!

Kat. Go, fool; and whom thou keepst command.

Pet. Did ever Dian so become a grove

As Kate this chamber with her princely gait?

O, be thou Dian and let her be Kate,

And then let Kate be chaste and Dian sportfull!

Kat. Where did you study all this goodly speech?

Pet. It is extempore, from my mother wit.

Kat. A witty mother! witless else her son.

Pet. Am I not wise?

Kat. Yes; keep you warm.

Pet. Marry, so I mean, sweet Katherine, with thy love.

And therefore, setting all this chat aside,

Thus in plain terms: your father hath consented

That you shall be my wife, your dowry 'greed on;

And will you, nill you, I will marry you.

Now, Kate, I am a husband for your turn;

For, by this light, whereby I see thy beauty—

Thy beauty that doth make me like thee well—

Thou must be married to no man but me.

For I am he am born to tame you, Kate,
And bring you from a wild Kate to a Kate
Conformable as other household Kates.

Here comes your father: never make denial;

I must and will have Katherine to my wife.

Bap. Now, Signior Petruccio, how speed you with my daughter?

Pet. How but well, sir? how but well?

It were impossible I should speed amiss.

Bap. Why, how now, daughter Katherine! in your dumps?

Kat. Call you me daughter? Now, I promise you,

You have showed a tender fatherly regard

To wish me wed to one half lunatic,

A madcap ruffian and a swearing Jack,

That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.

Pet. Father, 'tis thus: yourself and all the world

That talked of her have talked amiss of her.

If she be curst, it is for policy,

For she's not froward but modest as the dove;

She is not hot but temperate as the morn;

For patience she will prove a second Grissel,

And Roman Lucrece for her chastity;

And to conclude, we have 'greed so well together

That upon Sunday is the wedding day.

Kat. I'll see thee hanged on Sunday first.

Gre. Hark, Petruccio: she says she'll see thee hanged first.

Tra./Luc. Is this your speeding? Nay, then good night our part!

Pet. Be patient, gentlemen, I choose her for myself;

If she and I be pleased, what's that to you?

'Tis bargained 'twixt us twain, being alone,

That she shall still be curst in company.

I tell you, 'tis incredible to believe

How much she loves me. O, the kindest Kate!

She hung about my neck, and kiss on kiss

She vied so fast, protesting oath on oath,

That in a twink she won me to her love.

O, you are novices! 'Tis a world to see

How tame, when men and women are alone,

A meacock wretch can make the curstest shrew.

Give me thy hand, Kate: I will unto Venice

To buy apparel 'gainst the wedding day.

Provide the feast, father, and bid the guests;

I will be sure my Katherine shall be fine.

Bap. I know not what to say; but give me your hands.

God send you joy, Petruccio! 'tis a match.

Gre., Tra./Luc. Amen, say we; we will be witnesses.

Pet. Father, and wife, and gentlemen, adieu.

I will to Venice; Sunday comes apace.

We will have rings and things and fine array;

And, kiss me, Kate, we will be married a Sunday.

Exeunt Petruccio and Katherine.

Gre. Was ever match clapped up so suddenly?

But now, Baptista, to your younger daughter:

Now is the day we long have looked for;

I am your neighbor, and was suitor first.

Tra./Luc. And I am one that love Bianca more

Than words can witness or your thoughts can guess.

Gre. Youngling, thou canst not love so dear as I.

Tra./Luc. Greybeard, thy love doth freeze.

Gre. But thine doth fry.

Skipper, stand back, 'tis age that nourisheth.

Tra./Luc. But youth in ladies' eyes that flourisheth.

Bap. Content you, gentlemen; I will compound this strife;

'Tis deeds must win the prize, and he, of both,

That can assure my daughter greatest dower

Shall have my Bianca's love.

Say, Signior Gremio, what can you assure her?

Gre. First, as you know, my house within the city

Is richly furnished with plate and gold;

Basins and ewers to lave her dainty hands;

My hangings all of Tyrian tapestry;

In ivory coffers I have stuffed my crowns;

In cypress chests my arras counterpoints,

Costly apparel, tents, and canopies.

Fine linen, Turkey cushions bossed with pearl,

Valance of Venice gold in needlework,

Pewter and brass, and all things that belong

To house or housekeeping. Then, at my farm

I have a hundred milch kine to the pail,

Sixscore fat oxen standing in my stalls,

And all things answerable to this portion.

Myself am struck in years, I must confess;

And if I die tomorrow, this is hers,

If whilst I live she will be only mine.

Tra./Luc. That "only" came well in. Sir, list to me:

I am my father's heir and only son;

If I may have your daughter to my wife

I'll leave her houses three or four as good,

Within rich Pisa walls, as any one

Old Signior Gremio in Padua;

Besides two thousand ducats by the year

Of fruitful land, all which shall be her jointure.

What, have I pinched you, Signior Gremio?

Gre. Two thousand ducats by the year of land!

My land amounts not to so much in all:

That she shall have, besides an argosy

That now is lying in Marseilles' road.

What, have I choked you with an argosy?

Tra./Luc. Gremio, 'tis known my father hath no less

Than three great argosies, besides two galliasses

And twelve tight galleys; these I will assure her,

And twice as much, whate'er thou offrest next.

Gre. Nay, I have offred all, I have no more.

Tra./Luc. Why, then the maid is mine from all the world.

Bap. Well, gentlemen,

I am thus resolved. On Sunday next, you know,

My daughter Katherine is to be married:

Now, on the Sunday following, shall Bianca

Be bride to you if you make this assurance;

If not, to Signior Gremio:

And so I take my leave and thank you both.

END BAND I SIDE B

SIDE B BAND II

Enter Lucentio [(Cambio)], Hortensio [(Licio)], and Bianca.

Luc./Cam. Fiddler, forbear; you grow too forward, sir.

Have you so soon forgot the entertainment

Her sister Katherine welcomed you withal?

Hor./Lic. 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.

Luc./Cam. Preposterous ass, that never read so far

To know the cause why music was ordained!

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.

Hor./Lic. Sirrah, I will not bear these braves of thine.

Bia. 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.

Enter Baptista, Gremio, [and] Tranio [(Lucentio)].

Hor./Lic. You'll leave his lecture when I am in tune?

Luc./Cam. That will be never; tune your instrument.

Bia. Where left we last?

Luc./Cam. Here, madam:

Hic ibat Simois; hic est Sigeia tellus;

Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis.

Bia. Conster them.

Luc./Cam. *Hic ibat*, as I told you before, *Simois*, I am *Lucentio*, *hic est*, son unto *Vincenzio* 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 pantaloons.

Hor./Lic. Madam, my instrument's in tune.

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

Luc./Cam. Spit in the hole, man, and tune again.

Bia. Now let me see if I can conster 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.

Hor./Lic. Madam, 'tis now in tune.

Luc./Cam. All but the bass.

Hor./Lic. The bass 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; *Pedascule*, I'll watch you better yet.

Bia. In time I may believe, yet I mistrust.

Luc./Cam. Mistrust it not; for, sure, *Aeacides* Was *Ajax*, called so from his grandfather.

Bia. 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 master, take it not unkindly, pray, That I have been thus pleasant with you both.

Hor./Lic. You may go walk and give me leave a while;

My lessons make no music in three parts.

Luc./Cam. Are you so formal, sir? [*Aside*] Well, I must wait

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

Hor./Lic. 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.

Bia. Why, I am past my gamut long ago.

Hor./Lic. Yet read the gamut of *Hortensio*.

Bia. "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 odd inventions.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Mistress, your father prays you leave your books

And help to dress your sister's chamber up; You know tomorrow is the wedding day.

Bia. Farewell, sweet masters both; I must be gone. [*Exeunt Bianca and Messenger.*]

Luc./Cam. Faith, mistress, then I have no cause to stay. [*Exit.*]

Hor./Lic. 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 wand'ring eyes on every stale,
Seize thee that list; if once I find thee ranging,
Hortensio will be quit with thee by changing.

END BAND II SIDE B

SIDE B BAND III

Enter *Baptista*, *Gremio*, *Tranio* [(*Lucentio*)],
Katherina, *Bianca*, [(*Lucentio* (*Cambio*),] and
others; Attendants.

Bap. [To *Tranio*] Signior *Lucentio*, this is the
'pointed day

That *Katherine* 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?

Kat. 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 wooed 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 friends, invite, and proclaim the banes;
Yet never means to wed where he hath wooed.
Now must the world point at poor *Katherine*
And say, "Lo! there is mad *Petruchio's* wife,
If it would please him come and marry her."

Tra./Luc. Patience, good *Katherine*, 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.

Kat. Would *Katherine* had never seen him though!
Exit weeping [followed by *Bianca* and others].

Bap. 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 humor.

Enter *Biondello*.

Bio. Master, master! news! [old news!] and such
news as you never heard of!

Bap. Is it new and old too? How may that be?

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

Bap. Is he come?

Bio. Why, no, sir.

Bap. What then?

Bio. He is coming.

Bap. When will he be here?

Bio. When he stands where I am and sees you
there.

Tra./Luc. But, say, what to thine old news?

Bio. Why, *Petruchio* 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 horsehipped 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 windgalls, sped with spavins, rayed
with the 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-checked bit, and a headstall of sheep's
leather, which, being restrained to keep him from
stumbling, hath been often burst and now repaired
with knots; one girth six times 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.

Bap. Who comes with him?

Bio. O, sir! his lackey, for all the world caparisoned
like the horse; a monster, a very monster in apparel,
and not like a Christian footboy or a gentleman's lackey.

Tra./Luc. 'Tis some odd humor pricks him to this
fashion,

Yet oftentimes he goes but mean appareled.

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

Bio. Why, sir, he comes not.

Bap. Didst thou not say he comes?

Bio. Who? that *Petruchio* came?

Bap. Ay, that *Petruchio* came.

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

Bap. Why, that's all one.

Enter *Petruchio* and *Gremio*.

Pet. Come, where be these gallants? Who is at
home?

Bap. You are welcome, sir.

Pet. And yet I come not well.

Bap. And yet you halt not.

Tra./Luc. Not so well appareled

As I wish you were.

Pet. 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?

Bap. 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 eyesore to our solemn festival.

Tra./Luc. And tell us what occasion of import

Hath all so long detained you from your wife

And sent you hither so unlike yourself?

Pet. Tedious it were to tell and harsh to hear.

Sufficieth 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 with all.

But where is *Kate*? I stay too long from her;

The morning wears, 'tis time we were at church.

Tra./Luc. See not your bride in these unreverent
robes.

Go to my chamber; put on clothes of mine.

Pet. Not I, believe me; thus I'll visit her.

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

Pet. 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 accouterments,

'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!

Tra./Luc. He hath some meaning in his mad attire.

END BAND III SIDE B

SIDE B BAND IV

Enter *Gremio*.

Hor. Signior *Gremio*, came you from the church?

Gre. As willingly as e'er I came from school.

Hor. And is the bride and bridegroom coming
home?

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

Hor. Curster than she? Why, 'tis impossible.
Gre. Why, he's a devil, a devil, a very fiend.
Hor. Why, she's a devil, a devil, the devil's dam.
Gre. Tut! she's a lamb, a dove, a fool to him.
 I'll tell you, Sir Hortensio: when the priest
 Should ask if Katherine 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 stooped again to take it up,
 This mad-brained 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."

Hor. What said the wench when he rose again?
Gre. Trembled and shook; forwhy he stamped 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; quaffed off the muscatel
 And threw the sops all in the sexton's face,
 Having no other reason
 But that his beard grew thin and hungerly,
 And seemed to ask him sops as he was drinking.
 This done, he took the bride about the neck
 And kissed 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 plays.*

Pet. Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for your pains.

I know you think to dine with me today
 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.

Bap. Is't possible you will away tonight?

Pet. I must away today, 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.

Tra./Luc. Let us entreat you stay till after dinner.

Pet. It may not be.

Gre. Let me entreat you.

Pet. It cannot be.

Kat. Let me entreat you.

Pet. I am content.

Kat. Are you content to stay?

Pet. I am content you shall entreat me stay,

But yet not stay, entreat me how you can.

Kat. Now, if you love me, stay.

Pet. Grumio, my horsel

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

Kat. Nay then,

Do what thou canst, I will not go today;
 No, nor tomorrow, 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.

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

Kat. I will be angry; what hast thou to do?

Father, be quiet; he shall stay my leisure.

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

Kat. Gentlemen, forward to the bridal dinner:

I see a woman may be made a fool

If she had not a spirit to resist.

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

Go to the feast, revel and domineer,
 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 anything;
 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 Petruccio, Katherine [and Grumio].

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

Gre. Went they not quickly, I should die with laughing.

Tra./Luc. Of all mad matches never was the like.

Luc./Cam. Mistress, what's your opinion of your sister?

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

Gre. I warrant him, Petruchio is Kated.

Bap. Neighbors and friends, though bride and bridegroom wants

For to supply the places at the table,

You know there wants no junkets at the feast.

Come, gentlemen, let's go.

END BAND IV SIDE B

SIDE C BAND I

Enter Grumio.

Gru. Fie, fie, on all tired jades, on all mad masters,
 and all foul ways! Was ever man so beaten? Was
 ever man so rayed? Was ever man so weary? I am
 sent before to make a fire, and they are coming after
 to warm them. Now were not I a little pot and soon
 hot, my very lips might freeze to my teeth, my tongue
 to the roof of my mouth, my heart in my belly, ere
 I should come by a fire to thaw me; but I, with blowing
 the fire, shall warm myself; for, considering the
 weather, a taller man than I will take cold. Holla, ho!
 Curtis.

Enter Curtis.

Cur. Who is that calls so coldly?

Gru. A piece of ice; if thou doubt it, thou mayst
 slide from my shoulder to my heel with no greater
 a run but my head and my neck. A fire, good Curtis.

Cur. Is my master and his wife coming, Grumio?

Gru. O, ay, Curtis, ay; and therefore fire, fire; cast
 on no water.

Cur. Is she so hot a shrew as she's reported?

Gru. She was, good Curtis, before this frost, but
 thou knowest winter tames man, woman, and beast;
 for it hath tamed my old master, and my new mis-
 tress, and myself, fellow Curtis.

Cur. Away, you three-inch fool! I am no beast.

Gru. Am I but three inches? Why, thy horn is a
 foot; and so long am I at the least. But wilt thou
 make a fire? or shall I complain on thee to our mis-
 tress, whose hand—she being now at hand—thou shalt
 soon feel, to thy cold comfort, for being slow in thy
 hot office.

Cur. I prithee, good Grumio, tell me, how goes the
 world?

Gru. A cold world, Curtis, in every office but thine;
 and therefore, fire. Do thy duty, and have thy duty,
 for my master and mistress are almost frozen to
 death.

Cur. There's fire ready; and therefore, good
 Grumio, the news.

Gru. Why, "Jack, boy! ho, boy!" and as much news
 as thou wilt.

Cur. Come, you are so full of cony-catching.

Gru. Why, therefore fire, for I have caught ex-
 treme cold. Where's the cook? Is supper ready, the
 house trimmed, rushes strewed, cobwebs swept; the
 servingmen in their new fustian, their white stock-
 ings, and every officer his wedding garment on? Be
 the jacks fair within, the jills fair without, the carpets
 laid, and everything in order?

Cur. All ready; and therefore, I pray thee, news.

Gru. First, know, my horse is tired; my master and
 mistress fall'n out.

Cur. How?

Gru. Out of their saddles into the dirt—and thereby
 hangs a tale.

Cur. Let's ha't, good Grumio.

Gru. Lend thine ear.

Cur. Here.

Gru. There. [Strikes him.]

Cur. This 'tis to feel a tale, not to hear a tale.

Gru. And therefore 'tis called a sensible tale, and
 this cuff was but to knock at your ear and beseech
 listening. Now I begin: *Imprimis*, we came down a
 foul hill, my master riding behind my mistress—

Cur. Both of one horse?

Gru. What's that to thee?

Cur. Why, a horse.

Gru. Tell thou the tale; but hadst thou not crossed
 me thou shouldst have heard how her horse fell, and
 she under her horse; thou shouldst have heard in
 how miry a place, how she was bemoiled: how he
 left her with the horse upon her; how he beat me
 because her horse stumbled; how she waded through
 the dirt to pluck him off me; how he swore; how she
 prayed, that never prayed before; how I cried; how
 the horses ran away; how her bridle was burst; how
 I lost my crupper; with many things of worthy mem-
 ory, which now shall die in oblivion and thou return
 unexperienced to thy grave.

Cur. By this reck'ning he is more shrew than she.

Gru. Ay; and that thou and the proudest of you
 all shall find when he comes home. But what talk I
 of this? Call forth Nathaniel, Joseph, Nicholas, Philip,
 Walter, Sugarsop, and the rest; let their heads be
 slickly combed, their blue coats brushed and their
 garters of an indifferent knit; let them curtsy with
 their left legs and not presume to touch a hair of my
 master's horsetail till they kiss their hands. Are they
 all ready?

Cur. They are.

Gru. Call them forth.

Cur. Do you hear? ho! You must meet my master
 to countenance my mistress.

Gru. Why, she hath a face of her own.

Cur. Who knows not that?

Gru. Thou, it seems, that calls for company to
 countenance her.

Cur. I call them forth to credit her.

Gru. Why, she comes to borrow nothing of them.

Enter four or five Servingmen.

Nat. Welcome home, Grumio!

Gru. Welcome, you.

Phi. How now, Grumio!

Gru. How now, you.

Jos. What, Grumio!

Gru. What, you.

Nic. Fellow Grumio!

Gru. Fellow, you,

Nat. How now, old lad!

Gru. And thus much for greeting. Now, my
 spruce companions, is all ready and all things neat?

Nat. All things is ready. How near is our master?

Gru. E'en at hand, alighted by this; and therefore
 be not—Cock's passion, silence! I hear my master.

Enter Petruccio and Kate.

Pet. Where be these knaves? What! no man at door

To hold my stirrup nor to take my horse?
Where is Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip?

All Ser. Here, here, sir; here, sir.

Pet. Here, sir! here, sir! here, sir! here, sir!
You loggerheaded and unpolished grooms!
What, no attendance? no regard? no duty?
Where is the foolish knave I sent before?

Gru. Here, sir; as foolish as I was before.

Pet. You peasant swain! you stupid malt-horse drudgel

Did I not bid thee meet me in the park
And bring along these rascal knaves with thee?

Gru. Nathaniel's coat, sir, was not fully made,
And Gabriel's pumps were all unpinked i' the heel;
There was no link to color Peter's hat,
And Walter's dagger was not come from sheathing;
There were none fine but Adam, Rafe, and Gregory;
The rest were ragged, old, and beggarly.
Yet, as they are, here are they come to meet you.

Pet. Go, rascals, go, and fetch my supper in.

Exeunt Servants.

[Sings] "Where is the life that late I led?"
Where are those—? Sit down, Kate, and welcome.
Food, food, food, food!

Enter Servants with supper.

Why, when, I say?—Nay, good sweet Kate, be merry—

Off with my boots, you rogues! you villains! When?
[Sings] "It was the friar of orders grey,
As he forth walked on his way":
Out, you rogue! you pluck my foot awry;

Take that, and mend the plucking of the other.

[Strikes him.]

Be merry, Kate. Some water, here; what, ho!

Enter one with water.

Where's my spaniel Troilus? Sirrah, get you hence
And bid my cousin Ferdinand come hither:

[Exit Servant.]

One, Kate, that you must kiss and be acquainted with.

Where are my slippers? Shall I have some water?
Come, Kate, and wash, and welcome heartily.—
You stupid villain! will you let it fall?

[Strikes him.]

Kat. Patience, I pray you; 'twas a fault unwilling.

Pet. A stupid beetleheaded, flap-eared knave!
Come, Kate, sit down; I know you have a stomach.
Will you give thanks, sweet Kate, or else shall I?—
What's this? muttont?

1. Ser. Ay.

Pet. Who brought it?

Peter. I.

Pet. 'Tis burnt; and so is all the meat.

What dogs are these! Where is the rascal cook?
How durst you, villains, bring it from the dresser,
And serve it thus to me that love it not?

[Throws the meat about the stage.]

There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all.
You heedless joltheads and unmannered slaves!
What, do you grumble? I'll be with you straight.

Kat. I pray you, husband, be not so disquiet:
The meat was well, if you were so contented.

Pet. I tell thee, Kate, 'twas burnt and dried away,
And I expressly am forbid to touch it,
For it engenders choler, planteth anger,
And better 'twere that both of us did fast,
Since, of ourselves, ourselves are choleric,
Than feed it with such overroasted flesh.
Be patient; tomorrow't shall be mended,
And for this night we'll fast for company.
Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber.

Exeunt.

Enter Servants severally.

Nat. Peter, didst ever see the like?

Peter. He kills her in her own humor.

Enter Curtis, a Servant.

Cur. Where is he?

Gru. In her chamber, making a sermon of continency to her;

And rails and swears and rates, that she, poor soul,
Knows not which way to stand, to look, to speak,
And sits as one new-risen from a dream.

Away, away! for he is coming hither. [Exeunt.]

Enter Petruccio.

Pet. Thus have I politically begun my reign,
And 'tis my hope to end successfully.
My falcon now is sharp and passing empty,
And till she stoop she must not be full gorged,
For then she never looks upon her lure.
Another way I have to man my haggard,
To make her come and know her keeper's call;
That is, to watch her as we watch these kites
That bate and beat and will not be obedient.
She eat no meat today, nor none shall eat;
Last night she slept not, nor tonight she shall not:
As with the meat, some undeserved fault
I'll find about the making of the bed,
And here I'll fling the pillow, there the bolster,
This way the coverlet, another way the sheets.
Ay, and amid this hurly I intend
That all is done in reverend care of her,
And in conclusion she shall watch all night;
And if she chance to nod I'll rail and brawl
And with the clamor keep her still awake.
This is a way to kill a wife with kindness,
And thus I'll curb her mad and headstrong humor.
He that knows better how to tame a shrew,
Now let him speak: 'tis charity to show.

END BAND I SIDE C

SIDE C BAND II

Enter Tranio and Hortensio

Tra./Luc. Is't possible, friend Licio, that Mistress Bianca

Doth fancy any other but Lucentio?

Hor./Lic. Stand by and mark the manner of his teaching.

Enter Bianca [and Lucentio (Cambio)].

Luc./Cam. Now, mistress, profit you in what you read?

Bia. What, master, read you? First resolve me that.

Luc./Cam. I read that I profess, the Art to Love.

Bia. And may you prove, sir, master of your art!

Luc./Cam. While you, sweet dear, prove mistress of my heart.

Tra./Luc. O spiteful love! unconstant woman-kind!

Hor./Lic. Mistake no more: I am not Licio,
Nor a musician, as I seem to be;

But one that scorns to live in this disguise

Know, sir, that I am called Hortensio.

I will be married to a wealthy widow

Ere three days pass, which hath as long loved me

As I have loved this proud disdainful haggard.

Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks,

Shall win my love; and so I take my leave.

Tra./Luc. Mistress Bianca, bless you with such grace

As longeth to a lover's blessed case!

Nay, I have ta'en you napping, gentle love,
And have forsworn you with Hortensio.

Bia. Tranio, you jest. But have you both forsworn me?

Tra./Luc. Mistress, we have.

Luc./Cam.

Then we are rid of Licio.

Tra./Luc. I' faith, he'll have a lusty widow now,
That shall be wooed and wedded in a day.

Bia. God give him joy!

Tra./Luc. Ay, and he'll tame her.

Bia.

He says so, Tranio.

Tra./Luc. Faith, he is gone unto the taming school.

Bia. The taming school! What, is there such a place?

Tra./Luc. Ay, mistress, and Petruccio is the master,
That teacheth tricks eleven-and-twenty long
To tame a shrew and charm her chattering tongue.

Enter Biondello.

Bio. O master, master! I have watched so long
That I'm dog-weary, but at last I spied
An ancient angel coming down the hill
Will serve the turn.

Tra./Luc. What is he, Biondello?

Bio. Master, a *mercantante* or a pedant—
I know not what; but formal in apparel,
In gait and countenance surely like a father.

Luc./Cam. And what of him, Tranio?

Tra./Luc. If he be credulous and trust my tale
I'll make him glad to seem Vincentio,
And give assurance to Baptista Minola
As if he were the right Vincentio.

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.

END BAND II SIDE C

SIDE C BAND III

Enter Katherina and Grumio.

Gru. No, no, forsooth; I dare not for my life.

Kat. The more my wrong, the more his spite appears.

What, did he marry me to famish me?
Beggars, that come unto my father's door,
Upon entreaty have a present alms;
If not, elsewhere they meet with charity.
But I, who never knew how to entreat,
Nor never needed that I should entreat,
Am starved for meat, giddy for lack of sleep,
With oaths kept waking and with brawling fed.
And that which spites me more than all these wants,
He does it under name of perfect love,
As who should say, if I should sleep or eat
'Twere deadly sickness or else present death.

I prithee go and get me some repast;
I care not what, so it be wholesome food.

Gru. What say you to a neat's foot?

Kat. 'Tis passing good; I prithee let me have it.

Gru. I fear it is too choleric a meat.

How say you to a fat tripe finely broiled?

Kat. I like it well; good Grumio, fetch it me.

Gru. I cannot tell; I fear 'tis choleric.

What say you to a piece of beef and mustard?

Kat. A dish that I do love to feed upon.

Gru. Ay, but the mustard is too hot a little.

Kat. Why then, the beef, and let the mustard rest.

Gru. Nay then, I will not; you shall have the mustard

Or else you get no beef of Grumio.

Kat. Then both, or one, or anything thou wilt.
Gru. Why then, the mustard without the beef.
Kat. Go, get thee gone, thou false deluding slave,
Beats him.

That feedst me with the very name of meat.
Sorrow on thee and all the pack of you
That triumph thus upon my misery!
Go, get thee gone, I say.

Enter Petruchio, and Hortensio with meat.

Pet. How fares my Kate? What, sweeting, all amot?

Hor. Mistress, what cheer?

Kat. Faith, as cold as can be.

Pet. Pluck up thy spirits; look cheerfully upon me.
Here, love; thou seest how diligent I am
To dress thy meat myself and bring it thee.
I am sure, sweet Kate, this kindness merits thanks.
What! not a word? Nay then, thou lovest it not
And all my pains is sorted to no proof.
Here, take away this dish.

Kat. I pray you, let it stand.

Pet. The poorest service is repaid with thanks,
And so shall mine, before you touch the meat.

Kat. I thank you, sir.

Hor. Signior Petruchio, fie! you are to blame.
Come, Mistress Kate, I'll bear you company.

Pet. Much good do it unto thy gentle heart!
Kate, eat apace. And now, my honey love,
Will we return unto thy father's house
And revel it as bravely as the best,
With silken coats and caps and golden rings,
With ruffs and cuffs and farthingales and things;
With scarfs and fans and double change of brav'ry,
With amber bracelets, beads, and all this knav'ry.
What! hast thou dined? The tailor stays thy leisure
To deck thy body with his ruffling treasure.

Enter Tailor.

Come, tailor, let us see these ornaments;
Lay forth the gown.

Enter Haberdasher.

What news with you, sir?

Hab. Here is the cap your Worship did bespeak.

Pet. Why, this was molded on a porringer;
A velvet dish: fie, fie! 'tis lewd and filthy:
Why, 'tis a cockle or a walnut shell,
A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap—
Away with it! Come, let me have a bigger.

Kat. I'll have no bigger, this doth fit the time,
And gentlewomen wear such caps as these.

Pet. When you are gentle you shall have one too—
And not till then.

Hor. [Aside] That will not be in haste.

Kat. Why, sir, I trust I may have leave to speak,
And speak I will; I am no child, no babe.
Your betters have endured me say my mind,
And if you cannot, best you stop your ears.
My tongue will tell the anger of my heart,
Or else my heart, concealing it, will break,
And rather than it shall, I will be free,
Even to the uttermost, as I please, in words.

Pet. Why, thou sayst true; it is a paltry cap,
A custard-coffin, a bauble, a silken pie.
I love thee well in that thou likest it not.

Kat. Love me or love me not, I like the cap,
And it I will have or I will have none.

[Exit Haberdasher.]

Pet. Thy gown? Why, ay: come, tailor, let us see't.
O mercy, God! what masquing stuff is here?
What's this? a sleeve? 'Tis like a demicannon.
What! up and down, carved like an apple tart?
Here's snip and nip and cut and slish and slash,
Like to a censer in a barber's shop.
Why, what, a devil's name, tailor, callst thou this?

Hor. [Aside] I see, she's like to have neither cap
nor gown.

Tai. You bid me make it orderly and well,

According to the fashion and the time.

Pet. Marry, and did; but if you be rememb'ed,
I did not bid you mar it to the time.

Go, hop me over every kennel home,

For you shall hop without my custom, sir.

I'll none of it: hence! make your best of it.

Kat. I never saw a better-fashioned gown,
More quaint, more pleasing, nor more commendable.
Belike you mean to make a puppet of me.

Pet. Why, true; he means to make a puppet of thee.

Tai. She says your Worship means to make a pup-
pet of her.

Pet. O monstrous arrogance!

Thou liest, thou thread, thou thimble,
Thou yard, three-quarters, half yard, quarter, naill
Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter cricket thou!
Braved in mine own house with a skein of thread!
Away! thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant,
Or I shall so bemetee thee with thy yard
As thou shalt think on prating whilst thou livest!
I tell thee, I, that thou hast marred her gown.

Tai. Your Worship is deceived; the gown is made
Just as my master had direction.

Grumio gave order how it should be done.

Gru. I gave him no order; I gave him the stuff.

Tai. But how did you desire it should be made?

Gru. Marry, sir, with needle and thread.

Tai. But did you not request to have it cut?

Gru. Thou hast faced many things.

Tai. I have.

Gru. Face not me: thou hast braved many men;
brave not me: I will neither be faced nor braved.
I say unto thee, I bid thy master cut out the gown, but
I did not bid him cut it to pieces; ergo, thou liest.

Tai. Why, here is the note of the fashion to testify.

Pet. Read it.

Gru. The note lies in's throat if he say I said so.

Tai. "Imprimis, a loose-bodied gown."

Gru. Master, if ever I said loose-bodied gown, sew
me in the skirts of it and beat me to death with a
bottom of brown thread. I said a gown.

Pet. Proceed.

Tai. "With a small compassed cape."

Gru. I confess the cape.

Tai. "With a trunk sleeve."

Gru. I confess two sleeves.

Tai. "The sleeves curiously cut."

Pet. Ay, there's the villainy.

Gru. Error i' the bill, sir; error i' the bill! I com-
manded the sleeves should be cut out and sewed up
again, and that I'll prove upon thee, though thy little
finger be armed in a thimble.

Tai. This is true that I say; and I had thee in place
where, thou shouldst know it.

Gru. I am for thee straight. Take thou the bill, give
me thy meteyard, and spare not me.

Hor. God-a-mercy, Grumio! Then he shall have no
odds.

Pet. Well, sir, in brief, the gown is not for me.

Gru. You are i' the right, sir; 'tis for my mistress.

Pet. Go, take it up unto thy master's use.

Gru. Villain, not for thy life! Take up my mistress'
gown for thy master's use!

Pet. Why, sir, what's your conceit in that?

Gru. O, sir, the conceit is deeper than you think for.
Take up my mistress' gown to his master's use!

O, fie, fie, fie!

Pet. [Aside] Hortensio, say thou wilt see the tailor
paid.

Go take it hence; be gone and say no more.

Hor. Tailor, I'll pay thee for thy gown tomorrow;
Take no unkindness of his hasty words.

Away! I say; commend me to thy master. *Exit Tailor.*

Bap. Well, come, my Kate; we will unto your
father's,

Even in these honest mean habiliments.

Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor,
For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich;
And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
So honor peereth in the meanest habit.
What, is the jay more precious than the lark
Because his feathers are more beautiful?
Or is the adder better than the eel

Because his painted skin contents the eye?
O, no, good Kate; neither art thou the worse
For this poor furniture and mean array.

If thou accountst it shame, lay it on me.
And therefore frolic; we will hence forthwith
To feast and sport us at thy father's house.
Go call my men, and let us straight to him;
And bring our horses unto Long-Lane end;
There will we mount, and thither walk on foot.
Let's see; I think 'tis now some seven o'clock,
And well we may come there by dinnertime.

Kat. I dare assure you, sir, 'tis almost two
And 'twill be suppertime ere you come there.

Pet. It shall be seven ere I go to horse.

Look what I speak or do or think to do,
You are still crossing it. Sirs, let's alone:
I will not go today; and ere I do,
It shall be what o'clock I say it is.

Hor. Why, so this gallant will command the sun.

END BAND III SIDE C

SIDE D BAND I

*Enter Tranio [(Lucentio)], and the Pedant dressed
like Vincentio (booted and bareheaded).*

Tra./Luc. Sir, this is the house: hold your own in any
case

With such austerity as longeth to a father.

Ped. I warrant you.

Enter Biondello.

But, sir, here comes your boy;

'Twere good he were schooled.

Tra./Luc. Fear you not him. Sirrah Biondello,
Now do your duty thoroughly, I advise you:
Imagine 'twere the right Vincentio.

Bio. Tut! fear not me.

Tra./Luc. But hast thou done thy errand to
Baptista?

Bio. I told him that your father was at Venice,
And that you looked for him this day in Padua.

Tra./Luc. Here comes Baptista. Set your count-
enance, sir.

Enter Baptista and Lucentio [(Cambio)].

Signior Baptista, you are happily met.

[To the Pedant] Sir, this is the gentleman I told you
of.

I pray you, stand good father to me now,
Give me Bianca for my patrimony.

Ped. Soft, son!

Sir, by your leave: having come to Padua
To gather in some debts, my son Lucentio
Made me acquainted with a weighty cause
Of love between your daughter and himself.
I am content, in a good father's care,
To have him matched; and if you please to like
No worse than I, upon some agreement
Me shall you find ready and willing
With one consent to have her so bestowed;

Bap. Sir, pardon me in what I have to say:
Your plainness and your shortness please me well.

And therefore, if you say no more than this,
That like a father you will deal with him
And pass my daughter a sufficient dower,
The match is made; and all is done;
Your son shall have my daughter with consent.
Tra./Luc. I thank you, sir. Where, then, do you
know best

We be affied and such assurance ta'en
As shall with either part's agreement stand?

Bap. Not in my house, Lucentio; for, you know,
Pitchers have ears, and I have many servants.
Besides, old Gremio is heark'ning still,
And happily we might be interrupted.

Tra./Luc. Then at my lodging, and it like you:
There doth my father lie, and there this night
We'll pass the business privately and well.
Send for your daughter by your servant here.

Bap. Biondello, hie you home
And bid Bianca make her ready straight;
And, if you will, tell what hath happened:
Lucentio's father is arrived in Padua,
And how she's like to be Lucentio's wife.

Luc./Cam. I pray the gods she may with all my
heart! *Exit [Lucentio].*

Tra./Luc. Dally not with the gods, but get thee
gone. *[Exit Biondello.]*
Signior Baptista, shall I lead the way?

Bap. I follow you. *Exeunt.*

Enter Lucentio (Cambio) and Biondello.

Bio. Cambio!

Luc./Cam. What sayst thou, Biondello?

Bio. You saw my master wink and laugh upon
you?

Luc./Cam. Biondello, what of that?

Bio. Faith, nothing; but has left me here behind
to expound the meaning or moral of his signs and
tokens.

Luc./Cam. I pray thee, moralize them.

Bio. Then thus. Baptista is safe, talking with the
deceiving father of a deceitful son.

Luc./Cam. And what of him?

Bio. His daughter is to be brought by you to the
supper.

Luc./Cam. And then?

Bio. The old priest at Saint Luke's Church is at
your command at all hours.

Luc./Cam. And what of all this?

Bio. I cannot tell, except they are busied about
a counterfeit assurance: take you assurance of her.
To the church! Take the priest, clerk, and some
sufficient honest witnesses.

If this be not that you look for, I have no more to
say,

But bid Bianca farewell forever and a day.

Luc./Cam. Hearest thou, Biondello?

Bio. I cannot tarry: I knew a wench married in
an afternoon as she went to the garden for parsley
to stuff a rabbit; and so may you, sir; and so, adieu,
sir. My master hath appointed me to go to Saint
Luke's, to bid the priest be ready to come against you
come with your appendix. *Exit.*

Luc./Cam. I may, and will, if she be so contented.
She will be pleased; then wherefore should I doubt?
Hap what hap may, I'll roundly go about her;
It shall go hard if Cambio go without her.

Exit.

Enter Petruchio, Kate, Hortensio, [and Servants].

Pet. Come on, a God's name; once more toward
our father's.
Good Lord, how bright and goodly shines the
moon!

Kat. The moon! The sun: it is not moonlight now.

Pet. I say it is the moon that shines so bright.

Kat. I know it is the sun that shines so bright.

Pet. Now, by my mother's son, and that's my-
self,

It shall be moon, or star, or what I list,

Or ere I journey to your father's house.

Go on and fetch our horses back again.

Evermore crossed and crossed; nothing but crossed!

Hor. Say as he says, or we shall never go.

Kat. Forward, I pray, since we have come so
far,

And be it moon, or sun, or what you please.

And if you please to call it a rush candle,

Henceforth I vow it shall be so for me.

Pet. I say it is the moon.

Kat. I know it is the moon.

Pet. Nay, then you lie; it is the blessed sun.

Kat. Then God be blest, it is the blessed sun!

But sun it is not when you say it is not,

And the moon changes even as your mind.

What you will have it named, even that it is;

And so it shall be so for Katherine.

Hor. Petruchio, go thy ways: the field is won.

*Enter Biondello, Lucentio, and Bianca;
Gremio is out before.*

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

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

Exit [with Bianca].

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

Pet. Well, forward, forward!

And not unluckily against the bias.

But soft! company is coming here.

Enter Vincentio.

Vin. Fair sir, and you my merry mistress,
My name is called Vincentio; my dwelling, Pisa;
And bound I am to Padua, there to visit
A son of mine, which long I have not seen.

Pet. What is his name?

Vin. Lucentio, gentle sir.

Pet. Happily met; the happier for thy son.

Sir, here's the door, this is Lucentio's house

Vin. You shall not choose but drink before you
go. *Knock.*

Pedant looks out of the window.

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

Vin. Is Signior Lucentio within, sir?

Ped. He's within, sir, but not to be spoken with-
al.

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

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

Pet. 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.

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

Vin. Art thou his father?

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

Enter Biondello.

Bio. 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.

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

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

Vin. What, you notorious villain! Didst thou never
see thy master's father, Vincentio?

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

Vin. Is't so, indeed? *He beats Biondello.*

Bio. Help, help, help! Here's a madman will mur-
der me. *[Exit.]*

Ped. Help, son! Help, Signior Baptista!
[Exit from above.]

Pet. Prithce, Kate, let's stand aside and see the
end of this controversy. *[They retire.]*

*Enter Pedant [below] with Servants, Baptista,
[and] Tranio [(Lucentio)].*

Tra./Luc. How now! what's the matter?

Bap. What, is the man lunatic?

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

Tra./Luc. Call forth an officer.

[Enter one with an Officer.]

Carry this mad knave to the jail.

Vin. Carry me to the jail!

Thus strangers may be haled and abused;
O monstrous villain!

Enter Biondello, Lucentio, and Bianca.

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

*Exeunt Biondello, Tranio, and Pedant as fast
as may be.*

Luc. Pardon, sweet father. *Kneel.*

Vin. Lives my sweet son?

Bia. Pardon, dear father.

Bap. How hast thou offended?
Where is Lucentio?

Luc. Here's Lucentio,

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

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

Bap. Why, tell me, is not this my Cambio?

Bia. Cambio is changed into Lucentio.

Luc. 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.

Gre. My cake is dough, but I'll in among the rest,
Out of hope of all but my share of the feast. *[Exit.]*

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

Pet. First kiss me, Kate, and we will.

Kat. What! in the midst of the street?

Pet. What! art thou ashamed of me?

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

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

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

Pet. Is not this well? Come, my sweet Kate;
Better once than never, for never 't'oo late.

Exeunt.

*Enter Baptista, Vincentio, Gremio, the Pedant,
Lucentio, and Bianca, Tranio, Biondello, Gremio,
[Petruchio, Katherine, Hortensio,] and Widow;
the Servingmen with Tranio bringing in a banquet.*

Luc. 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 selfsame kindness welcome thine.
Brother Petruchio, sister Katherine,
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.

Pet. Nothing but sit and sit, and eat and eat!
Bap. Padua affords this kindness, son Petruchio.
Pet. Padua affords nothing but what is kind.
Hor. For both our sakes I would that word were true.

Pet. Now, for my life, Hortensio fears his widow.
Wid. Then never trust me, if I be afraid.

Pet. You are very sensible, and yet you miss my sense:

I mean, Hortensio is afraid of you.
Wid. He that is giddy thinks the world turns round.
Pet. Roundly replied.

Kat. Mistress, how mean you that?
Wid. Thus I conceive by him.

Pet. Conceives by me! How likes Hortensio that?
Hor. My widow says, thus she conceives her tale.

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

Kat. "He that is giddy thinks the world turns round":

I pray you, tell me what you meant by that.
Wid. Your husband, being troubled with a shrew,
Measures my husband's sorrow by his woe,
And now you know my meaning.

Kat. A very mean meaning.
Wid. Right, I mean you.

Kat. And I am mean indeed, respecting you.
Pet. To her, Kate!

Hor. To her, widow!
Pet. A hundred marks, my Kate does put her down.

Hor. That's my office.
Pet. Spoke like an officer; ha' to thee, lad.

Bap. How likes Gremio these quick-witted folks?
Gre. Believe me, sir, they butt together well.

Bia. Head and butt! An hasty-witted body
Would say your head and butt were head and horn.
Vin. Ay, mistress bride, hath that awakened you?
Bia. Ay, but not frightened me; therefore I'll sleep again.

Pet. Nay, that you shall not; since you have begun,
Have at you for a bitter jest or two.

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

Exit Bianca [with Katherine and Widow].

Pet. She hath prevented me. Here, Signior Tranio;
This bird you aimed at, though you hit her not:
Therefore a health to all that shot and missed.

Tra. O sir! Lucentio slipped me, like his greyhound,
Which runs himself and catches for his master.

Pet. A good swift simile but something cur-
rish.

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

Bap. O ho, Petruchio! Tranio hits you now.

Hor. Confess, confess, hath he not hit you here?

Pet. 'A has a little galled me, I confess;
But, as the jest did glance away from me,
'Tis ten to one it maimed you two outright.

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

Pet. 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.

Hor. Content. What's the wager?
Luc. Twenty crowns.

Pet. Twenty crowns!
I'll venture so much of my hawk or hound,
But twenty times as much upon my wife.
Luc. A hundred then.
Hor. Content.
Pet. A match! 'Tis done.
Hor. Who shall begin?
Luc. That will I.

Go, Biondello, bid your mistress come to me.
Bio. I go. *Exit.*
Bap. Son, I'll be your half Bianca comes.
Luc. I'll have no halves; I'll bear it all myself.

[Re-]enter Biondello.

How now! what news?
Bio. Sir, my mistress sends you word
That she is busy and she cannot come.
Pet. How! She is busy and she cannot come!
Is that an answer?
Gre. Ay, and a kind one too;
Pray God, sir, your wife send you not a worse.
Pet. I hope, better.
Hor. Sirrah Biondello, go and entreat my wife
To come to me forthwith. *Exit Biondello.*
Pet. O ho! entreat her!
Nay, then she must needs come.
Hor. I am afraid, sir,
Do what you can, yours will not be entreated.

[Re-]enter Biondello.

Now, where's my wife?
Bio. She says you have some goodly jest in hand.
She will not come; she bids you come to her.
Pet. Worse and worse; she will not come! O vile,
Intolerable, not to be endured!
Sirrah Grumio, go to your mistress; say
I command her come to me. *Exit [Grumio].*
Hor. I know her answer.
Pet. What?
Hor. She will not.
Pet. The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.

Enter Katherine.

Bap. Now, by my halidom, here comes Katherine!
Kat. What is your will, sir, that you send for me?
Pet. Where is your sister, and Hortensio's wife?
Kat. They sit conferring by the parlor fire.
Pet. 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 Katherine.]

Luc. Here is a wonder, if you talk of a wonder.
Hor. And so it is. I wonder what it bodes.

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

Bap. 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.

Pet. Nay, I will win my wager better yet
And show more sign of her obedience,
Her new-built virtue and obedience.

Enter Kate, Bianca, and Widow.

See where she comes and brings your froward wives
As prisoners to her womanly persuasion.
Katherine, that cap of yours becomes you not:
Off with that bauble, throw it underfoot.
Wid. Lord! let me never have a cause to sigh
Till I be brought to such a silly pass!

Bia. Fie! what a foolish duty call you this?
Luc. I would your duty were as foolish too;
The wisdom of your duty, fair Bianca,
Hath cost me a hundred crowns since suppertime.
Bia. The more fool you for laying on my duty.
Pet. Katherine, I charge thee, tell these headstrong
women

What duty they do owe their lords and husbands.
Wid. Come, come, you're mocking; we will have no
telling.

Pet. Come on, I say; and first begin with her.
Wid. She shall not.
Pet. I say she shall: and first begin with her.
Kat. Fie, fie! unkitt that threat'ning 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 labor 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 forward 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.

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

Vin. 'Tis a good hearing when children are toward.
Luc. But a harsh hearing when women are froward.

Pet. Come, Kate, we'll to bed.
We three are married, but you two are sped.
'Twas I won the wager, [To Lucentio] though you hit
the white;

And, being a winner, God give you good night!

Exit Petruchio [with Katherine].

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

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

Finis.

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