

A Pleasant Conceited

Historie, called The taming
of a Shrew.

As it was sundry times acted by the
Right honorable the Earle of
Pembrook his seruants.



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are to be sold by Cutbert Burbie, at his
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1594.



A Pleasant conceited Historie, called
The Taming of a Shrew.

Enter a Tapster, beating out of his doores
Slie Droonken.

Tapster.

YOU whorson droonken slaue, you had best be gone,
 And empty your droonken panch some where else
 For in this house thou shalt not rest to night.

Exit Tapster.

Slie. Tilly vally, by crisee Tapster Ile fese you anon.
 Fils the tother pot and alls paid for, looke you
 I doo drinke it of mine owne Inttegration, *Omne bene*
 Heere Ile lie a while, why Tapster I say,
 Fils a fresh cusshen heere.
 Heigh ho, heers good warme lying.
 He fals allcepe.

Enter a Noble man and his men
 from hunting.

Lord. Now that the gloomie shaddow of the night,
 Longing to view Orions drifling lookes,
 Leapes from th'antarticke World vnto the skie
 And dims the Welkin with her pitchie breath,
 And darkesome night oreshades the christall heauens,
 Here breake we off our hunting for to night,

A 2

Cuppel

Sc.i.

Ind.
Sc.i.

†

†

†

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Ind. i.

The taming of a Shrew.

Sc. i.

† 18 Cupple vppe the hounds and let vs hie vs home,
 † 28 And bid the huntsman fee them meated well,
 For they haue all deseru'd it well to daie,
 † 31 But soft, what sleepeie fellow is this lies heere?
 † 31 Or is he dead, see one what he dooth lacke? (sleepe,

† 32 *Seruingman.* My lord, tis nothing but a drunken
 His head is too heauie for his bodie,
 And he hath drunke so much that he can go no further.

Lord. Fie, how the slauiſh villaine stinks of drinke.
 Ho, sirha arise. What so sound asleepe?

Go take him vppe and beare him to my house,
 And beare him easilie for feare he wake,

† 46 And in my fairest chamber make a fire,
 † 39 And set a sumptuous banquet on the boord,

And put my richest garmentes on his backe,
 Then set him at the Table in a chaire:

When that is doone against he shall awake,
 † 50-1 Let heauenlie musicke play about him still,

Go two of you awaie and beare him hence,
 And then Ile tell you what I haue deuise,

But see in any case you wake him not.

Exeunt two with Slie.

Now take my cloake and giue me one of yours,

And fellowes now, and see you take me so,

For we will waite vpon this droonken man,

To see his countnance when he dooth awake

And finde himselfe clothed in such attire,

† 50-1 With heauenlie musicke sounding in his eares,

† 39 And such a banquet set before his eies,

The fellow sure will thinke he is in heauen,

But we will be about him when he wakes,

And see you call him Lord, at euerie word,

† 61 And offer thou him his horse to ride abroad,

And

Sc.i.

The taming of a Shrew.

Ind. I.

And thou his hawkes and houndes to hunt the deere,
 And I will aske what fures he meanes to weare,
 And what so ere he saith see you doo not laugh,
 But still perswade him that he is a Lord.

Enter one.

Mes. And it please your honour your plaiers be com
 And doo attend your honours pleasure here.

Lord. The fittest time they could haue chosen out,
 Bid one or two of them come hither straight,
 Now will I fir my selfe accordinglie,
 For they shall play to him when he awakes.

Enter two of the players with packs at their
 backs, and a boy.

Now firs, what store of plaies haue you?

San. Marrie my lord you maie haue a Tragical
 Ora comoditie, or what you will.

The other. A Comedie thou shouldst say, founs
 thout shame vs all.

Lord. And whats the name of your Comedie?

San. Marrie my lord tis calde The taming of a shrew:
 Tis a good lesson for vs my lord, for vs y are maried men

Lord. The taming of a shrew, thats excellent sure,
 Go see that you make you readie straight,
 For you must play before a lord to night,
 Say you are his men and I your fellow,
 Hees somethig foolish, but what so ere he saies,
 See that you be not dasht out of countenance.
 And sir ha go you make you ready straight,
 And dresse your selfe like some louelieladie,
 And when I call see that you come to me,
 For I will say to him thou art his wife,
 Dallie with him and hug him in thine armes,
 And if he desire to goe to bed with thee,

A 3

Then

Ind. i*The taming of a Shrew.*Sc. i.

Then faine some feuse and fay thou wilt anon.
Be gone I say, and see thou doost it well.

77

Boy. Feare not my Lord, Ile dandell him well enough
And make him thinke I loue him mightilie. *Ex. boy.*

80

Lord. Now sirs go you and make you ready to,
For you must play assoone as he dooth wake.

San. O braue, sirha Tom, we must play before
A foolish Lord, come lets go make vs ready,
Go get a dishclout to make cleane your shooes,
And Ile speake for the properties, My Lord, we must
Haue a shoulder of mutton for a propertie,
And a little vinegre to make our Diuell rore.

84

88

Lord. Very well: sirha see that they want nothing.
Exeunt omnes.

Ind.
Sc. iiSc. ii.

Enter two with a table and a banquet on it, and two
other, with *Slie* asleepe in a chaire, richlie
apparelled, & the musick plaieng.

One. So: sirha now go call my Lord,
And tel him that all things is ready as he wil'd it.

Another. Set thou some wine vpon the boord
And then Ile go fetch my Lord presendie. *Exit*

4

Enter the Lord and his men.

Lord. How now, what is all thinges readie?

One. I my Lord. *(straight,*

Lord. Then sound the musick, and Ile wake him
And see you doo as earst I gaue in charge,
My lord, My lord, he sleepes foundlie: My lord.

8

Slie. Tapster, gis a little small ale. Heigh ho,

Lord. Heers wine my lord, the purest of the grape.

Slie. For which Lord?

12

Lord. For your honour my Lord.

Slie.

Scii.

*The taming of a Shrew.*Ind.
Sc.ii.

Slie. Who I, am I a Lord? Iesus what fine apparell
haue I got.

Lord. More richer farre your honour hath to weare,
And if it please you I will fetch them straight.

Wil. And if your honour please to ride abroad,
Ile fetch you luffie steedes more swift of pace
Then winged *Pegasus* in all his pride,
That ran so swiftlie ouer the *Persian* plaines.

Tom. And if your honour please to hunt the deere,
Your hounds stands readie cuppeld at the doore,
Who in running will oretake the Row,
And make the long breathde Tygre broken winded.

Slie. By the masse I thinke I am a Lord indeed,
Whats thy name?

Lord. *Simon* and it please your honour.

Slie. *Simon*, thats as much to say *Simion* or *Simon*
Put forth thy hand and fill the pot.
Giue me thy hand, *Sim.* am I a lord indeed?

Lord. I my gracious Lord, and your louelie ladie
Long time hath moorned for your absence heere,
And now with ioy behold where she dooth come
To gratulate your honours safe returne.

Enter the boy in Womans attire.

Slie. *Sim.* Is this she?

Lord. I my Lord.

Slie. Masse tis a prettie wench, whats her name?

Boy. Oh that my louelie Lord would once vouchsafe
To looke on me, and leaue these frantike fits,
Or were I now but halfe so eloquent,
To paint in words what ile performe in deedes,
I know your honour then would pittie me.

Slie. Harke you mistresse, wil you eat a peece of
bread,

Come

43 †

46 †

47 †

74 †

77 †

70 †

64 †

8 †

110 †

Ind.

Sc.ii.

† 145

† 131

† 132

The taming of a Shrew.

Come sit downe on my knee, *Sim* drinke to hir *Sim*,
For she and I will go to bed anon.

Lord. May it please you, your honors plaiers be come
To offer your honour a plaie.

Slie. A plaie *Sim*, O braue, be they my plaiers?

Lord. I my Lord.

Slie. Is there not a foole in the plaie?

Lord. Yes my lord.

Slie. When wil they plaie *Sim*?

Lord. Euen when it please your honor, they be readie.

Boy. My lord Ile go bid them begin their plaie.

Slie. Doo, but looke that you come againe.

Boy. I warrant you my lord, I wil not leaue you thus.

Exit boy.

Slie. Come *Sim*, where be the plaiers? *Sim* stand by
Me and wecle flout the plaiers out of their cores.

Lord. Ile cal them my lord. Hoe where are you there?

Sound Trumpets.

Act I.

Sc.i.

Enter two yong Gentlemen, and a man
and a boie.

Pol. Welcome to *Athens* my beloued friend,
To *Platoes* schooles and *Aristotles* walkes,
Welcome from *Cestus* famous for the loue
Of good *Leander* and his Tragedie,
For whom the *Helespont* weepes brinish teares,
The greatest griefe is I cannot as I would
Giue entertainment to my dearest friend?

Aurel. Thankes noble *Polidor* my second selfe,
The faithfull loue which I haue found in thee
Hath made me leaue my fathers princelie court,
The Duke of *Cestus* thrise renowned seate,
To come to *Athens* thus to find thee out,

Which

Sc.ii.

44

48

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Sc.iii.

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8

12

Sc.iii

*The taming of a Shrew.*Act I.
Sc.i.

Which since I haue so happilie attained,
My fortune now I doo account as great
As earst did *Cesar* when he conquered most,
But tell me noble friend where shal we lodge,
For I am vnacquainted in this place.

Pol. My Lord if you vouchsafe of schollers fare,
My house, my selfe, and all is yours to vse,
You and your men shall staie and lodge with me.

Aurel. With all my hart, I will requite thy loue.

Enter *Simon*, *Alphonsus*, and his
three daughters.

But staie; what dames are these so bright of hew
Whose eies are brighter then the lampes of heauen,
Fairer then rocks of pearle and pretious stone,
More louelic farre then is the morning sunne,
When first she opes hir orientall gates.

Alfon. Daughters be gone, and hie you to y church,
And I will hieme downe vnto the key,
To see what Marchandise is come ashore.

Ex. Omnes.

Pol. Why how now my Lord, what in a dumpe,
To see these damfels passe away so soone?

Aurel. Trust me my friend I must confesse to thee,
I tooke so much delight in these faire dames,
As I doo wish they had not gone so soone,
But if thou canst, resolue me what they be,
And what old man it was that went with them,
For I doo long to see them once againe.

Pol. I cannot blame your honor good my lord,
For they are both louely, wise, faire and yong,
And one of them the yoongest of the three
I long haue lou'd (sweet friend) and she lou'd me,
But neuer yet we could not find a meanes
How we might compasse our desired ioyes.

B

Aurel.

Sc.iv.

Act I
Sc. i.*The taming of a Shrew.*

Sc. iv

Aurel. Why, is not her father willing to the match?

Pol. Yes trust me, but he hath solemnlie sworne,
His eldest daughter first shall be espowse,
Before he grauntes his yoongest leaue to loue,
And therefore he that meanes to get their loues,
Must first prouide for her if he will speed,
And he that hath her shall be fettered so,
As good be wedded to the diuell himselfe,
For such a skould as she did neuer liue,
And till that she be sped none else can speed,
Which makes me thinke that all my labours lost,
And whofoere can get hir firme good will,
A large dowrie he shall be sure to haue,
For her father is a man of mightie wealth,
And an ancient Cittizen of the towne,
And that was he that went along with them.

Aurel. But he shall keepe hir still by my aduise,
And yet I needs must loue his second daughter
The image of honor and Nobilitie,
In whose sweet person is comprisde the somme
Of natures skill and heauenlie maiestie.

Pol. I like your choise, and glad you chose not mine,
Then if you like to follow on your loue,
We must deuise a meanes and find some one
That will attempt to wed this deuilish skould,
And I doo know the man. Come hither boy,
Go your waies firha to *Ferandoes* house,
Desire him take the paines to come to me,
For I must speake with him immediatlie.

Boy. I will sir, and fetch him presentlie.

Pol. A man I thinke will fit hir humor right,
As blunt in speech as she is sharpe of toong,
And he I thinke will match hir euerie waie,
And yet he is a man of wealth sufficient,

And

Sc. iv.

The taming of a Shrew.

And for his person worth as good as she,
 And if he compasse hir to be his wife,
 Then may we freeleie visite both our loues.

52 *Aurel.* O might I see the center of my soule
 Whose sacred beautie hath enchanted me,
 More faire then was the Grecian *Helena*
 For whose sweet sake so many princes dide,
 54 That came with thousand shippes to *Tenedos*,
 But when we come vnto hir fachers house,
 Tell him I am a Marchants sonne of *Cestus*,
 That comes for traffike vnto *Athens* heere,
 60 And heere sirha I will change with you for once,
 And now be thou the Duke of *Cestus* sonne,
 Reuell and spend as if thou wert my selfe,
 For I will court my loue in this disguise.

64 *Val.* My lord, how if the Duke your father should
 By some meanes come to *Athens* for to see
 How you doo profit in these publike schooles,
 And find me clothed thus in your attire,
 68 How would he take it then thinke you my lord?

Aurel. Tush feare not *Valeria* let me alone,
 But staie, heere comes some other companie.

Enter *Ferando* and his man *Saunders*
 with a blew coat.

72 *Pol.* Here comes the man that I did tel you of.

Feran. Good morrow gentlemen to all at once.
 How now *Polidor*, what man still in loue?
 Euer wooing and canst thou neuer speed,
 God send me better luck when I shall woo.

76 *San.* I warrant you maister and you take my counsell.

Feran. Why sirha, are you so cunning?

78 *San.* Who I, twere better for you by fiae marke
 And you could tel how to doo it as well as I.

B 2

Pol.

Act I
 Sc. ii.

Act I.
Sc.ii.

The taming of a Shrew.

Sc.ii.

Pol. I would thy maister once were in the vaine,
To trie himselfe how he could woe a wench.

Feran. Faith I am euen now a going.

San. I faith sir, my maisters going to this geere now.

Pol. Whither in faith *Ferando*, tell me true.

Feran. To bonie *Kate*, the patientst wench aliue
The diuel himselfe dares scarce venter to woo her,
Signior *Alfonso*s eldest daughter,
And he hath promiscde me six thousand crownes
If I can win her once to be my wife,
And she and I must woo with skoulding sure,
And I will hold hir toot till she be wearie,
Or else Ile make her yeeld to graunt me loue.

Pol. How like you this *Aurelius*, I thinke he knew
Our mindes before we sent to him,
But tell me, when doo you meane to speake with her?

Feran. Faith presentlie, doo you but stand aside,
And I will make her father bring hir hither,
And she, and I, and he, will talke alone.

Pol. With al our heartes, Come *Aurelius*
Let vs be gone and leaue him heere alone. *Exit.*

Feran. Ho Signiour *Alfonso*, whose within there?

Alfon. Signiour *Ferando* your welcome hartilie,
You are a stranger sir vnto my house.
Harke you sir, looke what I did promiscde you
Ile performe, if you get my daughters loue.

Feran. Then when I haue talkt a word or two with hir,
Doo you step in and giue her hand to me,
And tell her when the marriage daie shal be,
For I doo know she would be married faine,
And when our nuptiall rites be once performde
Let me alone to tame hir well enough,
Now call her forth that I may speake with hir.

Enter *Kate*,

Alfon.

Act II.
Sc.i.

Sc.v.*The taming of a Shrew.*Act II.
Sc.i.

Alfon. Ha *Kate*, Come hither wench & list to me,
Vse this gentleman friendlie as thou canst.

Feran. Twentie good morrowes to my louely *Kate*.

Kate. You iest I am sure, is she yours alreadie?

Feran. I tell thee *Kate* I know thou lou'st me well.

Kate. The deuill you doo, who told you so?

Feran. My mind sweet *Kate* doth say I am the man,
Must wed, and bed, and marrie bonnie *Kate*.

Kate. Was euer seene so grose an asse as this?

Feran. I, to stand so long and neuer get a kisse.

Kate. Hands off I say, and get you from this place;
Or I wil set my ten commandments in your face.

Feran. I prethe doo *kate*; they say thou art a shrew,

And I like thee the better for I would haue thee so.

Kate. Let go my hand, for feare it reach your eare.

Feran. No *kate*, this hand is mine and I thy loue.

Kate. In faith sir no the woodcock wants his taile.

Feran. But yet his bil wil serue, if the other faile.

Alfon. How now *Ferando*, what saies my daughter?

Feran. Shees willing sir and loues me as hir life.

Kate. Tis for your skin then, but not to be your wife.

Alfon. Come hither *Kate* and let me giue thy hand
To him that I haue chosen for thy loue,

And thou to morrow shalt be wed to him.

Kate. Why father, what do you meane to do with me,
To giue me thus vnto this brainsick man,
Thar in his mood cares not to murder me?

She turnes aside and speakes.

But yet I will consent and marrie him,

For I methinkes haue liude too long a maid,

And match him to, or else his manhoods good.

Alfon. Giue me thy hand *Ferando* loues thee wel,
And will with wealth and ease maintaine thy state.

Here *Ferando* take her for thy wife,

B 3

And

183 †

268 †

268 † 272 †

215 †

282 †

308 †

309 †

387 †

319 †

Act II.

Sc.i.

† 325

† 322

† 299

† 394-5

The taming of a Shrew.

And sunday next shall be your wedding day.

Feran. Why so, did I not tell thee I should be the man
 Father, I leaue my louelic *Kate* with you,
 Prouide your selues against our mariage daie,
 For I must hie me to my countrie house
 In hast, to see prouision may be made,
 To entertaine my *Kate* when she dooth come.

Alfon. Doo so, come *Kate*, why doost thou looke
 So sad, be merrie wench thy wedding daies at hand.
 Sonne fare you well, and see you keepe your promise.

Exit Alfonso and Kate.

Feran. So, all thus farre goes well. Ho *Saunders*.

Enter Saunders laughing.

San. *Sander*, I saith your a beast, Icrie God hartilie
 Mercie, my harts readie to run out of my bellie with
 Laughing, I stood behind the doore all this while,
 And heard what you said to hir. (wel to hir?)

Feran. Why didst thou think that I did not speake

San. You spoke like an asse to her, Ile tel you what,
 And I had been there to haue woode hir, and had this
 Cloke on that you haue, chud haue had her before she
 Had gone a foot further, and you talke of Woodcocks
 with her, and I cannot tell you what. (for all this.)

Feran. Wel sirha, & yet thou seest I haue got her

San. I marry twas more by hap then any good cunning
 I hope sheele make you one of the head men of the
 parish shortly.

Feran. Wel sirha leaue your iesting and go to *Polidors*
 The yong gentleman that was here with me, (house,
 And tell him the circumstance of all thou knowst,
 Tell him on sunday next we must be married,
 And if he aske thee whither I am gone,
 Tell him into the countrie to my house,
 And vpon sundaie Ile be heere againe.

Ex. Ferando,
San.

Sc.v.

76

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Sc.v.

The taming of a Shrew.

108 *San.* I warrant you Maister feare not me
 For dooing of my businesse.
 Now hang him that has not a liuerie cote
 To slash it out and swash it out amongst the proudest
 112 On them. Why looke you now Ile scarce put vp
 Plaine *Saunder* now at any of their handes, for and any
 Bodie haue any thing to doo with my maister, straight
 They come crouching vpon me, I beseech you good M.
 116 *Saunder* speake a good word for me, and then am I so
 Stout and takes it vpon me, & stands vpon my pantofles
 To them out of all crie, why I haue a life like a giant
 Now, but that my maister hath such a pestilent mind
 To a woman now a late, and I haue a prettie wench
 120 To my sister, and I had thought to haue preferd my
 Maister to her, and that would haue beene a good
 Deale in my waie but that hees sped alreadie.

Enter Polidor's boie.

124 *Boy.* Friend, well met.
San. Souins, friend well met. I hold my life he sees
 Not my maisters liuerie coat,
 Plaine friend hop of my thum, kno you who we are.
 128 *Boy.* Trust me sir it is the vse where I was borne,
 To salute men after this manner, yet notwithstanding
 If you be angrie with me for calling of you friend,
 I am the more sorie for it, hoping the stile
 Of a foole will make you amends for all.
 132 *San.* The slave is sorie for his fault, now we cannot be
 Angrie, wel whats the matter that you would do with vs.

Boy. Marry sir, I heare you pertain to signior

Ferando.

San. I and thou beest not blind thou maist see,

Ecce signum, heere.

136 *Boy.* Shall I intreat you to doo me a message to your
 Maister?

San.

The taming of a Shrew.

Sc.v.

San. I, it may be, & you tel vs from whence you com.

137

Boy. Marrie sir I serue yong *Polidor* your maisters friend.

San. Do you serue him, and whats your name?

Boy. My name sirha, I tell thee sirha is cald Catapie.

140

San. Cake and pie, O my teeth waters to haue a peece of thee.

Boy. Why slaue wouldst thou eate me?

San. Eate thee, who would not eate Cake and pie?

Boy. Why villaine my name is Catapie,

144

But wilt thou tell me where thy maister is.

San. Nay thou must first tell me where thy maister is, For I haue good newes for him, I can tell thee.

Boy. Why see where he comes.

148

Enter *Polidor*, *Aurclius* and *Valeria*.

Pol. Come sweet *Aurclius* my faithfull friend,

Now will we go to see those louelie dames

Richer in beawtie then the orient pearle,

Whiter then is the Alpine Christall mould,

152

And farre more louelie then the terean plant,

That blushing in the aire turnes to a stone.

What *Sander*, what newes with you?

San. Marry sir my maister sends you word
That you must come to his wedding to morrow.

166

Pol. What, shall he be married then?

San. Faith I, you thinke he standes as long about it as
you doo.

Pol. Whither is thy maister gone now?

160

San. Marrie hees gone to our house in the Countrie,
To make all thinges in a readinesse against my new
Mistresse comes thither, but heele come againe to
morrowe.

Pol. This is suddainlie dispatcht belike,
Well, sirha boy, take *Saunder* in with you

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And

Sc.v.

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And haue him to the buttrie presentlie.

Boy. I will sir : come *Saunders*.

Exit Saunders and the Boy.

Aurel. *Valeria* as erste we did deuise,
Take thou thy lute and go to *Alfonso* house,
And say that *Polidor* sent thee thither.

Pol. I *Valeria* for he spoke to me,
To helpe him to some cunning Musioun,
To teach his eldest daughter on the lute,
And thou I know will fit his turne so well
As thou shalt get great fauour at his handes,
Begon *Valeria* and say I sent thee to him.

Valer. I will sir and stay your comming at *Alfonso*
house.

Exit Valeria

Pol. Now sweete *Aurelius* by this deuise
Shall we haue leifure for to courte our loues,
For whilst that she is learning on the lute,
Hir sisters may take time to steele abroad,
For otherwise shele keep them both within,
And make them worke whilst she hir selfe doth play,
But come lets go vnto *Alfonso* house,
And see how *Valeria* and *Kate* agree,
I doute his Musick skarfe will please his skoller,
But stay here comes *Alfonso*.

Enter Alfonso

Alfonso. What M. *Polidor* you are well mett,
I thanke you for the man you sent to me,
A good Musition I thinke he is,
I haue set my daughter and him together,
But is this gentellman a frend of youres?

Pol. He is, I praie you sir bid him welcome,
He's a wealthie Marchants sonne of *Cestus*.

Alfonso. Your welcom sir and if my house asorde

C

You

The taming of a Shrew.

Sc.v.

You any thing that may content your mind,
I pray you sir make bold with me.

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Aurel. I thanke you sir, and if what I haue got,
By marchandise or trauell on the seas,
Sattins or lawnes or azure colloured filke,
Or pretious fire pointed stones of Indie,
You shall command both them my selfe and all.

200

Alfon. Thanks gentle sir, *Polidor* take him in,
And bid him welcome to vnto my house,
For thou I thinke must be my second sonne,
Ferando, *Polidor* doost thou not know
Must marry *Kate*, and to morrow is the day.

204

Pol. Such newes I heard, and I came now to know.

208

Alfon. *Polidor* tis true, goe let me alone,
For I must see against the bridegroome come,
That all thinges be according to his mind,
And so Ile leaue you for an houre or two. *Exit.*

212

Pol. Come then *Aurelius* come in with me,
And wee le go sit a while and chat with them,
And after bring them forth to take the aire. *Exit.*

Then *Slie* speakes.

Slie. *Sim*, when will the foole come againe?

216

Lord. Heele come againe my Lord anon.

Slie. Gis some more drinke here, founs wheres
The Tapster, here *Sim* eate some of these things.

Lord. So I doo my Lord.

220

Slie. Here *Sim*, I drinke to thee.

Lord. My Lord heere comes the plaiers againe,

Slie. O braue, heers two fine gentlewomen.

228

Enter *Valeria* with a Lute and *Kate*
with him.

Sc.vi.

Vale. The fencelesse trees by musick haue bin moou'd
And at the sound of pleasant tuned strings,

2

Haue

The taming of a Shrew.

4 Have savage beastes hung downe their listning heads,
As though they had beene cast into a trance.

Then it may be that she whom nought can please,
With musickes sound in time may be surprisde,
Come louely mistresse will you take your lute,
8 And play the lesson that I taught you last?

Kate. It is no matter whether I doo or no,
For trust me I take no grear delight in it.

12 Val. I would sweet mistresse that it laie in me,
To helpe you to that thing thats your delight.

Kate. In you with a pestlence, are you so kind?
Then make a night cap of your fiddles case,
To warme your head, and hide your filthie face.

16 Val. If that sweet mistresse were your harts content,
You should command a greater thing then that,
Although it were ten times to my disgrace.

Kate. Your so kind twere pittie you should be
hang'd,

20 And yet methinkes the foole dooth looke asquint.

Val. Why mistresse doo you mocke me?

Kate. No, but I meane to moue thee.

Val. Well, will you plaie a little?

24 Kate. I, giue me the Lute.

She plaies.

Val. That stop was false, play it againe.

Kate. Then mend it thou, thou filthy asse.

Val. What, doo you bid me kisse your arse?

28 Kate. How now iack sause, your a iollie mate,
Your best be still least I crosse your pate,
And make your musicke flie about your eares,
He make it and your foolish coxcombe meet.

She offers to strike him with the lute.

32 Val. Hold mistresse, souns wil you breake my lute?

Kate. I on thy head, and if thou speake to me,

C 2

There

149 †

159 †

148 †

154 †

Act II.
Sci.

The taming of a Shrew.

Sc. vi

There take it vp and fiddle somewhere else,
She throwes it downe.

And see you come no more into this place,
Least that I clap your fiddle on your face. *Ex. Kate.*

† 149

Val. Souns, teach hir to play vpon the lute?
The deuill shal teach her first, I am glad shees gone,
For I was neare so fraid in all my life,
But that my lute should fie about mine eares,
My maister shall teach her his selfe for me,
For Ile keepe me far enough without hir reach,
For he and *Polydor* sent me before
To be with her and teach her on the lute,
Whilst they did court the other gentlewomen,
And heere methinkes they come together.

Enter *Aurelius*, *Polidor*, *Emelia*,
and *Philena*.

Pol. How now *Valeria*, whears your mistresse?

Val. At the vengeance I thinke and no where else.

Aurel. Why *Valeria*, will she not learne apace?

Val. Yes berlady she has learnt too much already,
And that I had felt had I not spoke hir faire,
But she shall neare be learnt for me againe.

Aurel. Well *Valeria* go to my chamber,
And beare him companie that came to daie
From *Cestus*, where our aged father dwels. *Ex. Valeria.*

Pol. Come faire *Emelia* my louelie loue,
Brighter then the burnisht pallace of the sunne,
The eie-sight of the glorious firmament,
In whose bright lookes sparkles the radiant fire,
Wilie *Promethus* stolie stole from *Ioue*,
Infusing breath, life, motion, soule,
To euerie obiect striken by thine eies.
Oh faire *Emelia* I pine for thee,
And either must enioy thy loue, or die.

Emelia.

Act III.
Sci.

Sc.vi.

The taming of a Shrew.

65 *Eme.* Fie man, I know you will not die for loue.
Ah Polidor thou needst not to complaine,
 68 *Eternall* heauen sooner be dissolude,
 And all that pearseth *Phebus* siluer eie,
 Before such hap befall to *Polidor*.

Pol. Thanks faire *Emelia* for these sweet words,
 But what saith *Phylena* to hir friend?

72 *Phyle.* Why I am buying marchandise of him.
Aurel. Mistresse you shall not need to buie of me,
 For when I crost the bubling Canibey,
 And sailde along the Cristall Helispont,
 76 I filde my cofers of the wealthie mines,
 Where I did cause Millions of labouring Moores
 To vndermine the cauernes of the earth,
 To seeke for strange and new found pretious stones,
 80 And diue into the sea to gather pearle,
 As faire as *Iuno* offered *Priams* sonne,
 And you shall take your liberall choice of all.

Phyle. I thanke you sir and would *Phylena* might.
 84 In any curtesie requite you so,
 As she with willing hart could well bestow.

Sc.vii.

Enter *Alfonso*.

Alfon. How now daughters, is *Ferando* come?

Eme. Not yet farther, I wonder he staies so long.

Alfon. And wheres your sister that she is not heere?

9 *Phyle.* She is making of hir readie father
 To goe to church and if that he were come.

Pol. I warrant you heele not be long awaie.

8 *Alfon.* Go daughters get you in, and bid your
 Sister prouide her selfe against that we doo come,
 And see you goe to church along with vs.

Exit Philena and Emelia.

10 I maruell that *Ferando* comes not away.

C 3

Pol.

Act III.
 Sc. ii.

The taming of a Shrew.

Pol. His Tailor it may be hath bin too slacke,
 In his apparrell which he meanes to weare,
 For no question but some fantasticke futes
 He is determined to weare to day,
 And richly powdered with pretious stoncs,
 Spotted with liquid gold, thick ser with pearle,
 And such he meanes shall be his wedding futes.

Alfon. I carden not I what cost he did bestow,
 In gold or silke, so he himselfe were heere,
 For I had rather lose a thousand crownes,
 Then that he should deceiue vs heere to daie,
 But soft I thinke I see him come.

Enter *Ferando* baselie attired, and a
 red cap on his head.

Feran. Godmorow father, *Polidor* well met,
 You wonder I know that I haue staid so long.

Alfon. I marrie son, we were almost perswaded,
 That we should scarfe haue had our bridegroome heere,
 But say, why art thou thus basely attired?

Feran. Thus richlie father you should haue said,
 For when my wife and I am married once,
 Shees such a shrew, if we should once sal out,
 Sheele pul my costlie futes ouer mine eares,
 And therefore am I thus attired awhile,
 For manie thinges I tell you's in my head,
 And none must know thereof but *Kate* and I,
 For we shall liue like lammes and Lions sure,
 Nor lammes to Lions neuer was so tame,
 If once they lie within the Lions pawes
 As *Kate* to me if we were married once,

And therefore come let vs to church presently,

Pol. Fie *Ferando* not thus atired for shame,
 Come to my Chamber and there sute thy selfe,

Of

The taming of a Shrew

Oftwentie futes that I did neuer were

Feran. Tush *Polidor* I haue as many futes
Fantasticke made to fit my humor so

As any in Athens and as richlie wrought
As was the Massie Robe that late adorn'd,
The stately legate of the Persian King,

And this from them haue I made choise to weare.

Alfon. I prethie *Ferando* let me intreat
Before thou gosse vnto the church with vs,
To put some other sute vpon thy backe.

Feran. Not for the world if I might gaine it so,
And therefore take me thus or not at all,

Enter *Kate*.

But softse where my *Kate* doth come,
I must salute hir: how fares my louely *Kate*?
What art thou readie? shall we go to church.?

Kate. Not I with one so mad, so basely tirde,
To marrie such a filthie slavish groome,
That as it seemes sometimes is from his wits,
Or else he would not thus haue come to vs.

Feran. Tush *Kate* these words addes greater loue in me
And makes me thinke thee fairrer then before,
Sweete *Kate* the louelier then Dianas purple robe,
Whiter then are the snowie Apenis,
Or icie haire that groes on Boreas chin.

Father I sweare by Ibis golden beake,
More faire and Radiante is my bonie *Kate*,
Then siluer Zanthus when he doth imbrace,
The ruddie Simies at Idas feete,

And care not thou swete *Kate* how I be clad,
Thou shalt haue garments wrought of Median silke,
Enchast with pretious Iewells fecht from far,
By Italian Marchants that with Russian stemes,
Plous vp huge sorrowes in the *Terren Maine*,

And

Act III.
Scii.

The taming of a Shrew.

And better farre my louely *Kate* shall weare,
Then come sweet loue and let vs to the church
For this I sweare shall be my wedding sute.

Exeunt omnes.

Alfon. Come gentlemen go along with vs,
For thus doo what we can he will be wed. *Exit.*

Enter *Polidors* boy and *Sander*.

Boy. Come hither sir ha boy.

San. Boy; oh disgrace to my person, founs boy
Of your face; you haue many boies with such
Pickadeuantes I am sure; founs would you
Not haue a bloudie nose for this?

Boy. Come, come, I did but iest, where is that
Same peece of pie that I gaue thee to keepe.

San. The pie? I you haue more minde of your bellie
Then to go see what your maister dooes.

Boy. Tush tis no matter man I prethe giue it me,
I am verie hungry I promise thee.

San. Why you may take it and the deuill burst
You with it, one cannot saue a bit after supper,
But you are alwaies readie to munch it vp.

Boy. Why come man, we shall haue good cheere
Anon at the bridehouse; for your maisters gone to
Church to be married already, and thearts
Such cheere as passerh.

San. O braue, I would I had eate no meat this week,
For I haue neuer a corner left in my bellie
To put a venison pastie in, I thinke I shall burst my selfe
With eating, for Ile so cram me downe the tarts
And the marchpaines, out of all crie.

Boy. I, but how wilt thou doo now thy maisters
Married, thy mistresse is such a deuill, as sheele make
Thee forget thy eating quickly, sheele beat thee so.

San.

Sc.vii.

15

19

Sc.viii.

4

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12

16

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24

Sc.viii.*The taming of a Shrew.*Act III.
Sc.ii.

28 *San.* Let my maister alone with hir for that, for
Heele make hir tame wel inough ere longe I warent thee
For he's such a churle waxen now of late that and he be
Neuer so little angry he thums me out of all crie,
32 But in my minde sirra the yongest is a verie
Prettie wench, and if I thought thy maister would
Not haue hir Ide haue a slinge at hir
My selfe, Ile see soone whether twill be a match
Or no: and it will not Ile set the matter
36 Hard for my selfe I warrant thee.

Boy. Sounes you slaue will you be a Riual with
My maister in his loue, speake but such
Another worde and Ile cut off one of thy legges.

40 *San.* Oh, cruell iudgement, nay then sirra,
My tongue shall talke no more to you, marry my
Timber shall tell the trustie message of his maister,
Euen on the very forehead on thee, thou abusious
44 Villaine, therefore prepare thy selfe.

Boy. Come hither thou Imperfecksious slaue in
Regard of thy beggery, holde thee theres
Two shillings for thee? to pay for the
48 Healing of thy left legge which I meane
Furiouly to inuade or to maime at the least.

San. O supernodicall foule? well Ile take your
two shillings but Ile barre striking at legges.

52 *Boy.* Not I, for Ile strike any where.

San. Here here take your two shillings again
Ile see thee hangd ere Ile fight with thee,
I gat a broken shin the other day,
56 Tis not, whole yet and therefore Ile not fight
Come come why should we fall out?

Boy. Well sirray your faire words hath something
Alaied my Coller: I am content for this once
60 To pur it vp and be friends with thee,

D

But

Act III.
Sc. ii.

† 183

† 184

The taming of a Shrew.

But soft see where they come all from church,
Belike they be Married all redy.

*Enter Ferando and Kate and Alfonso and Polidor
and Emelia and Aurelius and Philema.*

† 192

† 206

Feran. Father farwell, my Kate and I must home,
Sirra go make ready my horse presendie.

Alfon. Your horse! what son I hope you doo butiest,
I am sure you will not go so suddainly.

† 210

Kate. Let him go or tarry I am resolute to stay,
And not to trauell on my wedding day.

Feran. Tut Kate I tell thee we must needes go home,
Villaine hast thou saddled my horse?

San. Which horse, your curtail?

Feran. Sounes you slaue stand you prating here?
Saddell the bay gelding for your Mistris.

Kate. Not for me: for Ile not go. (pence

San. The ostler will not let me haue him, you owe ten
For his meate, and 6 pence for stuffing my mistris saddle.

Feran. Here villaine go pay him straight.

San. Shall I giue them another pecke of lauender.

Feran. Out slaue and bring them presently to the dore

Alfon. Why son I hope at least youle dine with vs

† 200

San. I pray you maister lets stay till dinner be don.

Feran. Sounes villaine art thou here yet? *Ex. Sander.*
Come Kate our dinner is prouided at home.

Kate. But not for me, for here I meane to dine.

Ile haue my will in this as well as you,
Though you in madding mood would leaue your frends
Despite of you Ile tarry with them still.

Feran. I Kate so thou shalt but at some other time,
When as thy sisters here shall be espoused,
Then thou and I will keepe our wedding day,
In better sort then now we can prouide,

For

Sc. viii

67

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91

The taming of a Shrew.

For here I promise thee before them all,
We will ere long returne to them againe,
Come *Kate* stand not on termes we will awaie,
This is my day, to morrow thou shalt rule,
And I will doo what euer thou commandes.
Gentlemen farwell, wele take our leues,
It will be late before that we come home.

Exit Ferando and Kate.

Pol. Farwell *Ferando* since you will be gone.

Alfon. So mad a cupple did I neuer see.

Emel. They're euen as well macht as I would wish.

Phile. And yet I hardly thinke that he can tame her.
For when he has don she will do what she list.

Aurel. Her manhood then is good I do beleuee.

Pol. *Aurelius* or else I misse my marke,
Her tounge will walke if she doth hold her handes,
I am in dout ere halfe a month be past
Hele curse the priest that married him so soone,
And yet it may be she will be reclaimde,
For she is verie patient grone of late.

Alfon. God hold it that it may continue still,
I would be loth that they should disagree,
But he I hope will holde her in a while.

Pol. Within this two daies I will ride to him,
And see how louingly they do agree.

Alfon. Now *Aurelius* what say you to this,
What haue you sent to *Cestus* as you said,
To certifie your fader of your loue,
For I would gladlie he would like of it,
And if he be the man you tell to me,
I gesse he is a Marchant of great wealth.

And I haue seene him oft at *Athens* here,
And for his sake assure thee thou art welcome.

Pol. And so to me whilest *Polidor* doth liue.

Act III.
Sc. ii.

The taming of a Shrew.

Sc. viii.

Aurel. I find it so right worthie gentlemen,
And of what worth your frendship I esteeme,
I leue censure of your seuerall thoughts,
But for requirall of your fauours past,
Rests yet behind, which when occasion serues
I vow shalbe remembered to the full,
And for my fathers comming to this place,
I do expect within this weeke at most.

125

128

132

Alfon. Inough *Aurelius*? but we forget
Our Marriage dinner now the bride is gon,
Come let vs se what there they left behind. *Exit Omnes*

135

Act IV.
Sc. ii.

Sc. ix.

*Enter Sanders with two or three
seruing men*

San. Come sirs prouide all thinges as fast as you can,
For my Masters hard at hand and my new Mistris
And all, and he sent me before to see all thinges redy.

† 78

Tom. Welcome home *Sander* sirra how lookes our
New Mistris they say she's a plagie shrew.

† 22

† 33

San. I and that thou shalt find I can tell thee and thou
Dost not please her well, why my Maister
Has such a doo with hir as it passeth and he's even
like a madman.

4

8

Will. Why *Sander* what dos he say.

San. Why Ile tell you what: when they should
Go to church to be married he puts on an olde
Jerkin and a paire of canuas breeches downe to the
Small of his legge and a red cap on his head and he
Lookes as thou wilt burst thy selfe with laughing
When thou seest him: he's ene as good as a
Foole for me: and then when they should go to dinner
He made me Saddle the horse and away he came.
And nere rarried for dinner and therefore you had best
Get supper reddy against they come, for

12

16

20

They

† III. ii. 44

† 47

Sc.iX.

The taming of a Shrew

They be hard at hand I am sure by this time.

Tom. Sounes see where they be all redy.

Enter Ferando and Kate.

Feran. Now welcome *Kate*: wher'es these villains
Here, what? not supper yet vppon the borde:
Nor table spred nor nothing don at all,
Wheres that villaine that I sent before.

San. Now, *adsum*, sir.

Feran. Come hether you villaine Ile cut your nose,
You Rogue: helpe me of with my bootes: wilt please
You to lay the cloth? sounes the villaine
Hurts my foote? pull easely I say; yet againe.

He beates them all.

They couer the bord and fetch in the meate.

Sounes? burnt and skorcht who drest this meate?

Will. Forsooth Iohn cooke.

He throwes downe the table and meate
and all, and beates them.

Feran. Go you villaines bringe you me such meate,
Out of my sight I say and beare it hence,
Come *Kate* wele haue other meate prouided,
Is there a fire in my chamber sir?

San. I forsooth.

Exit Ferando and Kate.

Manent seruimgmen and eate vp all the meate.

Tom. Sounes? I thinke of my conscience my Masters
Mad since he was maried.

Will. I laft what a boxe he gaue *Sander*
For pulling of his bootes.

Enter Ferando againe.

San. I hurt his foote for the nonce man.

Feran. Did you so you damned villaine.

He beates them all out againe.
This humor must I holde me to a while,

To

Act IV.

Sci.

120 †

118 †

123 †

129 †

130 †

131 †

147 †

150 †

164 †

165 †

181 † 173 †

212 †

Act IV.
Sc. i.

The taming of a Shrew

Sc. ix.

To bridle and hold backe my headstrong wife,
With curbes of hunger: ease; and want of sleepe,
Nor sleepe nor meare shall she inioie to night,
He mew her vp as men do mew their hawkes,
And make her gentlie come vnto the lure,
Were she as stuborne or as full of strength
As were the *Thracian* horse *Alcides* tamde,
That King *Egeus* fed with flesh of men,
Yet would I pull her downe and make her come
As hungry hawkes do flie vnto there lure.

Exit.

Enter *Aurelius* and *Valeria*.

Aurel. *Valeria* attend: I haue a louely loue,
As bright as is the heauen cristalline,
As faire as is the milke white way of loue,
As chaste as *Phæbe* in her sommer sportes,
As softe and tender as the asure downe,
That circles *Cithereas* siluer doves.
Her do I meane to make my louely bride,
And in her bed to breath the sweete content,
That I thou knowst long time haue aimed at.
Now *Valeria* it rests in thee to helpe
To compasse this, that I might gaine my loue,
Which easilie thou maist performe at will,
If that the marchant which thou toldst me of,
Will as he sayd go to *Alfonso* house,
And say he is my father, and there with all
Pas ouer certaine deedes of land to me,
That I thereby may gaine my hearts desire.
And he is promised reward of me.

Val. Feare not my Lord He fetch him straight to you,
For hele do any thing that you command,
But tell me my Lord, is *Ferando* married then?

Aurel. He is: and *Polidor* shortly shall be wed,
And he meanes to tame his wife ere long.

Valeria

46

48

52

55

Sc. x.

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† 201

† 195

† 195

Act. IV.
Sc. ii.

† 51

† 53

Sc.x

The taming of a Shrew.

24

Val. He saies fo.*Aurel.* Faith he's gon vnto the taming schoole.*Val.* The taming schoole: why is there such a place?

28

Aurel. I: and *Ferando* is the Maister of the schoole.*Val.* Thats rare: but what *decorum* dos he vse?

32

Aurel. Faith I know not: but by som odde deuise
Or other, but come *Valeria* I long to see the man,
By whome we must comprise our plotted'drift,
That I may tell him what we haue to doo.*Val.* Then come my Lord and I will bring you to him
straight.*Aurel.* Agreed, then lets go.*Exeunt*Enter *Sander* and his *Mistres*.

Sc.xi.

San. Come *Mistris*.*Kate.* *Sander* I prethe helpe me to some meate,
I am so faint that I can scarcely stande.

4

San. I marry *mistris* but you know my maister
Has giuen me a charge that you must eate nothing,
But that which he himselfe giueth you.

8

Kate. Why man thy Maister needs neuer know it.*San.* You say true indede: why looke you *Mistris*,
What say you to a peece of beeffe and mustard now?

23 †

Kate. Why I say tis excellent meate, canst thou
helpe me to some?

12

San. I, I could helpe you to some but that
I doubt the mustard is too collick for you,
But what say you to a sheepes head and garlick?

25 †

Kate. Why any thing, I care not what it be.

16

San. I but the garlike I doubt will make your breath
stinke, and then my Maister will course me for letting
You eate it: But what say you to a fat Capon?

29 †

Kate. Thats meate for a King sweet *Sander* helpe
Me to some of it.

20

San. Nay berlady then tis too deere for vs, we must

Not

Act IV.

Sc.ii.

53 †

54 †

55 †

56 †

Act IV.

Sc.iii.

15 †

9 †

The taming of a Shrew.

Not meddle with the Kings meate.

Kate Out villaine dost thou mocke me,
Take that for thy sawsineffe.

She beates him.

San. Sounes are you so light fingerd with a murrin,
Hee keepe you fasting for it this two daies.

Kate. I tell thee villaine Hee tear the flesh of
Thy face and eate it and thou prates to me thus.

San. Here comes my Maister now hee course you.

Enter *Ferando* with a peece of meate vppon his
daggers point and *Polidor* with him.

Feran. Se here *Kate* I haue prouided meate for thee,
Here take it: what ist not worthie thanks,
Goe sirra? take it awaie againe you shall be
Thankfull for the next you haue.

Kate Why I thanke you for it.

Feran. Nay now tis not worth a pin go sirray and take
It hence I say.

San. Yes sir Hee Carrie it hence: Maister let her
Haue none for she can fight as hungrie as she is.

Pol. I pray you sir let it stand, for Hee eate
Somewith her my selfe.

Feran. Well sirra set it downe againe.

Kate. Nay nay I pray you let him take it hence,
And keepe it for your owne diete for Hee none,
Hee nere be beholding to you for your Meate,
I tell thee flatlie here vnto the thy teethe
Thou shalt not keepe me nor feede me as thou list,
For I will home againe vnto my fathers house.

Feran. I, when you'r meeke and gentell but not
Before, I know your stomack is not yet come downe,
Therefore no maruell thou canste not eate,
And I will goe vnto your Fathers house,
Come *Polidor* let vs goe in againe,

And

Sc. xi.

The taming of a Shrew.

And Kate come in with vs I know ere longe,
That thou and I shall louingly agree.

Ex. Omnes

Sc. xii.

Enter *Aurelius Valeria* and *Phylotus*
the Marchant.

Act IV.

Sc. iv.

Aurel. Now Senior *Phylotus*, we will go
Vnto *Alfonso's* house, and be sure you say
As I did tell you, concerning the man
That dwells in *Cestus*, whose son I said I was,
For you doo very much resemble him,
And feare not: you may be bold to speake your mind.

Phylo. I warrant you sir take you no care,
He vse my selfe so cunning in the cause,
As you shall soone inioie your harts delight.

Aurel. Thankes sweet *Phylotus*, then stay you here,
And I will go and fetch him hither straight.
Ho, Senior *Alfonso*: a word with you.

Enter *Alfonso*.

(matter

Alfon. Whose there? what *Aurelius* whats the
That you stand so like a stranger at the doore?

Aurel. My father sir is newly come to towne,
And I haue brought him here to speake with you,
Concerning those matters that I tolde you of,
And he can certesie you of the truth.

Alfon. Is this your father? you are welcome sir.

Phylo. Thankes *Alfonso*, for thats your name I gesse,
I vnderstand my son hath set his mind
And bent his liking to your daughters loue,
And for because he is my only son,
And I would gladly that he should doo well,
I tell you sir, I not mislike his choise,
If you agree to giue him your consent,
He shall haue liuing to maintaine his state,

E

Three

The taming of a Shrew.

Three hundred poundes a yeere I will assure
To him and to his heyres, and if they do ioyne,
And knit themselues in holy wedlock bande,
A thousand massie in gots of pure gold,
And twise as many bares of siluer plate,
I freely giue him, and in writing straight,
I will confirme what I haue said in wordes.

Alfon. Trust me I must commend your liberall mind,
And louing care you beare vnto your son,
And here I giue him freely my consent,
As for my daughter I thinke he knowes her mind,
And I will enlarge her dowrie for your sake.
And solemnise with ioie your nuptiall rites,
But is this gentleman of *Cestus* too?

Aurel. He is the Duke of *Cestus* thrise renowned son,
Who for the loue his honour beares to me:
Hath thus accompanied me to this place.

Alfonso. You weare to blame you told me not before,
Pardon me my Lord, for if I had knowne
Your honour had bin here in place with me,
I would haue donne my dutie to your honour.

Val. Thankes good *Alfonso*: but I did come to see
When as these marriage rites should be performed;
And if in these nuptialls you vouchsafe,
To honour thus the prince of *Cestus* frend,
In celebration of his spousall rites,
He shall remaine a lasting friend to you,
What saies *Aurelius* father.

Phylo. I humbly thanke your honour good my Lord,
And ere we parte before your honor here:
Shall articles of such content be drawne,
As twixt our houses and posterities,
Eternallie this league of peace shall last,
Inuiolat and pure on either part:

Alfonso

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Sc.xiii

The taming of a Shrew.

Alfonso. With all my heart, and if your honour please,
To walke along with vs vnto my house,
We will confirme these leagues of lasting loue.

Val. Come then *Aurelius* I will go with you. *Ex. omnes.*

Enter *Ferando* and *Kate* and *Sander*.

San. Master the haberdasher has brought my
Mistresse home her cappe here.

Feran. Come hither sirra: what haue you there?

Habar. A veluet cappe sir and it please you.

Feran. Who spoake for it? didst thou *Kate*?

Kate. What if I did, come hither sirra, giue me
The cap, Ile see if it will fit me.

She sets it one hir head.

Feran. O monstrous: why it becomes thee nor,
Let me see it *Kate*: here sirra take it hence,
This cappe is out of fashon quite.

Kate. The fashon is good inough: belike you,
Meane to make a foole of me.

Feran. Why true he meanes to make a foole of thee;
To haue thee put on such a curtald cappe,
sirra begon with it.

Enter the *Taylor* with a gowne.

San. Here is the *Taylor* too with my Mistris gowne.

Feran. Let me see it *Taylor*: what with cuts and iaggess?
Sounes you villaine, thou hast spoiled the gowne. (tion,

Taylor. Why sir I made it as your man gaue me direc-
You may reade the note here.

Feran. Come hither sirra: *Taylor* reade the note.

Taylor. Item a faire round compast cape.

San. I thats true.

Taylor. And a large truncke sleeue.

E 2

Sander

IV. iv.

57†

Act. IV.
Sc. iii.

62†

63† 64†

69†

64†

67†

} 103†

104†

81†

87†

90†

130†

132†

140†

142†

Act IV.
Sc. iii.*The taming of a Shrew.*

Sc. xiii.

- † 143 *San.* Thats a lie maister. I sayd two truncke sleeues.
 25
Feran. VWell fir goe forward.
- † 135 *Taylor.* Item a loofe bodied gowne.
 28
 † 136 *San.* Maister if euer I sayd loofe bodies gowne,
 † 137 Sew me in a seame and beate me to death,
 138 Witha bottome of browne thred.
- † 130 *Taylor.* I made it as the note bad me.
 † 133 *San.* I say the note lies in his throate and thou too,
 32
And thou sayst it
Taylor. Nay nay nere be so hot sirra, for I feare you not.
- † 125 *San.* Dooft thou heare *Taylor*, thou hast braued
 126 Many men: braue not me.
 36
 † 123 Thou'lt faste many men.
Taylor. Well fir.
- † 125-7 *San.* Face not me Ile nether be faste nor braued
 At thy handes I can tell thee.
 40
Kate. Come come I like the fashion of it well enough,
 Heres more a do then needs Ile haue it I,
 And if you do not like it hide your eies,
 I thinke I shall haue nothing by your will.
- † 93
 † 159 *Feran.* Go I say and take it vp for your maisters vse.
 44
 † 160 *San.* Souns: villaine not for thy life touch it not,
 † 160-7 Souns, take vp my mistris gowne to his
 48
 † 161 Maisters vse?
Feran. Well fir: whats your conceit of it.
- † 162 *San.* I haue a deeper conceite in it then you
 † 163 thinke for, take vp my Mistris gowne
 164 { To his maisters vse?
 52
- † 160-7 *Feran.* *Taylor* come hether: for this time take it
 † 168 Hence againe, and Ile content thee for thy paines.
Taylor. I thanke you fir. *Exit Taylor.*
- † 171 *Feran.* Come *Kate* we now will go see thy fathers house
 172 Euen in these honest meane abilliments,
 † 173 Our purses shall be rich, our garments plaine,

To

Sc. xiii.

*The taming of a Shrew.*Act. IV.
Sc. iii.

60 To throwd our bodies from the winter rage
And thats inough, what should we care for more
Thy sisters *Kate* to morrow must bewed,
64 And I haue promised them thou shouldst be there
The morning is well vp lets hast away,
It will be nine a clocke ere we come there.

Kate. Nine a clock, why tis allreadie past two
In the after noone by all the clocks in the towne.

Feran. I say tis but nine a clock in the morning.

68 *Kate.* I say tis tow a clock in the after noone.

Feran. It shall be nine then ere we go to your fathers,
Come backe againe, we will not go to day.
Nothing but crossing of me still,
72 Ile haue you say as I doo ere you go. *Exeunt omnes.*

190 †

191 †

193 †

196 †

195 †

197 †

Sc. xiv.

Enter *Polidor, Emelia, Aurelius and Philema.*

Pol. Faire *Emelia* sommers fun bright Queene,
Brighter of hew then is the burning clime,
Where *Phæbus* in his bright æquator sits,
4 Creating gold and preffious minneralls,
Vvhat would *Emelia* doo? if I were forst
To leaue faire *Athens* and to range the world.

Eme. Should thou assay to scale the seate of loue,
6 Mounting the futtle ayrie regions
Or be snacht vp as erst was *Ganimed*,
Loue should giue winges vnto my swift desires,
And prune my thoughts that I would follow thee,
12 Or fall and perish as did *Icarus*.

Aurel. Sweetly resolu'd faire *Emelia*,
But would *Phylema* say as much to me,
If I should aske a question now of thee,
16 Vvhat if the duke of *Cestus* only son,
Vvwhich came with me vnto your fathers house,
Should seeke to git *Phylemas* loue from me,

And

The taming of a Shrew.

Sc. xiv.

And make thee Duches of that stately towne,
Wouldst thou not then forsake me for his loue?

Phyle. Not for great *Neptune*, no nor *Ioue* himselse,
Will *Phylema* leaue *Aurelius* loue,
Could he install me *Empres* of the world,
Or make me Queene and guidres of the heauens,
Yet would I not exchange thy loue for his,
Thy company is poore *Philemas* heauen,
And without thee, heauen were hell to me.

Eme. And should my loue as erste did *Hercules*
Attempt to passe the burning valtes of hell,
I would with piteous lookes and pleasing wordes,
As once did *Orpheus* with his harmony,
And rauishing found of his melodious harpe,
Intreate grim *Pluto* and of him obtaine,
That thou mightest go and safe retourne againe.

Phyle. And should my loue as earst *Leander* did,
Attempte to swimme the boyling helispont
For *Heros* loue: no towers of brasse should hold
But I would follow thee through those raging fouds,
With lockes disheuered and my brest all bare,
With bended knees vpon *Abidas* shoore,
I would with smokie sighes and brinish teares,
Importune *Neptune* and the watry Gods,
To send a guard of siluer scaled *Dolphins*,
With sounding *Tritons* to be our conuoy,
And to transport vs safe vnto the shore,
Whilst I would hang about thy louely necke,
Redoubling kisse on kisse vpon thy cheekes,
And with our pastime still the swelling waues.

Eme. Should *Polidor* as great *Achilles* did,
Onely imploy himselse to follow armes,
Like to the warlike *Amazonian* Queene,
Penthesilea *Hectors* paramore,

Who

Sc. XIV.

The taming of a Shrew

Who soyld the bloudie *Pirrhus* murderous greeke,
 Ile thrust my selfe amongst the thickest throngs,
 And with my vrmost force assist my loue.

Phyle. Let *Eole* storme: be mild and quiet thou,
 Let *Neptune* swell, be *Aurelius* calme and pleased,
 I care not I, betide what may betide,
 Let fates and fortune doo the worst they can,
 I recke them not: they not discord with me,
 Whilst that my loue and I do well agree.

Aurel. Sweet *Phylema* bewties mynerall,
 From whence the sun exhales his glorious shine,
 And clad the heauen in thy reflected raies,
 And now my liefest loue, the time draws nie,
 That *Himen* mounted in his saffron robe,
 Must with his torches waight vpon thy traine,
 As *Hellens* brothers on the horned Moone,
 Now *Iuno* to thy number shall I adde,
 The fairest bride that euer Marchant had.

Pol. Come faire *Emelia* the preeste is gon,
 And at the church your father and the reffe,
 Do stay to see our marriage rites performde,
 And knit in sight of heauen this *Gordian* knot.
 That teeth of fretting time may nere vntwist,
 Then come faire loue and gratulate with me,
 This daies content and sweet solemnity. *Ex. Omnes.*

Slie. *Sim* must they be married now?

Lord. I my Lord.

Sc. XV.

Enter *Ferando* and *Kate* and *Sander*.

Slie. Looke *Sim* the foole is come againe now.

Feran. Sirra go fetch our horsses forth, and bring
 Them to the backe gate presentlie.

San. I will sir I warrant you, *Exit Sander.*

Feran. Come *Kate* the Moone shines cleere to night
 methinkes. *Kate.*

Act IV.
 Sc. V.

Act IV.
Sc. v.*The taming of a Shrew*

Sc. xv.

Kate. The moone? why husband you are deceiud
It is the sun.

Feran. Yet againe: come backe againe it shall be
The moone ere we come at your fathers.

Kate. Why Ile say as you say it is the moone.

Feran. Iesus saue the glorious moone.

Kate. Iesus saue the glorious moone.

Feran. I am glad *Kate* your stomach is come downe,
I know it well thou knowest it is the sun,
But I did trie to see if thou wouldst speake,
And crosse me now as thou hast donne before,
And trust me *kate* hadst thou not named the moone,
We had gon back againe as sure as death,
But soft whose this thats comming here.

Enter the *Duke of Cestus* alone.

Duke. Thus all alone from *Cestus* am I come,
And left my princelie courte and noble traine,
To come to *Athens*, and in this disguise,
To see what course my son *Aurelius* takes,
But stay, heres some it may be Trauells thether,
Good sir can you direct me the way to *Athens*?

Ferando speakes to the olde man.
Faire louely maide yoong and affable,
More cleere of hew and far more beautifull,
Then pretious *Sardonix* or purple rockes,
Of *Amithefts* or glistering *Hiajinthe*,
More amiable farre then is the plain,
VWhere glistring *Cepherus* in siluer boures,
Gaseth vpon the Giant *Andromede*,
Sweet *Kate* entertaine this louely woman.

Duke. I thinke the man is mad he calles me a woman.

Kate

Sc. xv.

*The taming of a Shrew.*Act IV.
Sc. v.

36

Kate. Faire louely lady, bright and Chrif talline,
 Bewteous and stately as the eie-traind bird,
 As glorious as the morning washt with dew,
 Within whose eies she takes her dawning beames,
 40 And golden fommer sleepes vpon thy cheekes,
 Wrap vp thy radiations in some cloud,
 Least that thy bewty make this stately towne,
 Inhabitable like the burning *Zone*,
 44 With sweet reflections of thy louely face.

44

48

Duke. What is she mad to? or is my shape transformd,
 That both of them perswade me I am a woman,
 But they are mad sure, and therefore Ile begon,
 And leaue their companies for fear of harme,
 And vnto *Athens* hast to seeke my son.

Exit Duke.

52

56

Feran. Why so *Kate* this was friendly done of thee,
 And kindly too: why thus must we two liue,
 One minde, one heart, and one content for both,
 This good old man dos thinke that we are mad,
 And glad he is I am sure, that he is gonne,
 But come sweet *Kate* for we will after him,
 And now perswade him to his shape againe.

Ex. omnes.

Sc. xvi.

Enter *Alfonso* and *Phylotus* and *Valeria*,
Polidor, *Emelia*, *Aurelius* and *Phylema*.

Act V.
Sc. i.

4

Alfon. Come louely sonnes your marriage rites
 performed,
 Lets hie vs home to see what cheere we haue,
 I wonder that *Ferando* and his wife
 Comes not to see this great solemnitie.

Pol. No maruell if *Ferando* be away,
 His wife I think hath troubled so his wits,

F

That

The taming of a Shrew.

That he remaines at home to keepe them warme,
For forward wedlocke as the prouerbe sayes,
Hath brought him to his nightcappe long agoe.

Phylo. But *Polidor* let my son and you take heede,
That *Ferando* say not ere long as much to you,
And now *Alfonso* more to shew my loue,
If vnto *Cestus* you do send your ships,
My selfe will fraught them with *Arabian* silkes,
Rich affrick spices *Arras* counter paines,
Muske *Cassia*: sweet smelling *Ambergreece*,
Pearle, curroll, christall, iett, and iuorie,
To gratulate the fauors of my son,
And friendly loue that you haue shone to him.

Vale. And for to honour him and this faire bride,

Enter the *Duke of Cestus*.

Ile yerly send you from my fathers courte,
Chests of refind fuger feuerally,
Ten tunne of tunis wine, sucket sweet druges,
To celibrate and solemnise this day,
And custome free your marchants shall conuerse:
And interchange the profits of your land,
Sending you gold for brasle, siluer for leade,
Castles of silke for packes of woll and cloth,
To binde this friendship and confirme this league.

Duke. I am glad sir that you would be so franke,
Are you become the *Duke of Cestus* son,
And reuels with my treasure in the towne,
Base villaine that thus dishonorest me.

Val. Sounes it is the *Duke* what shall I doo,
Dishonour thee why, knowst thou what thou saist?

Duke. Her's no villaine: he will not know me now,
But what say you? haue you forgot me too?

Phylo. Why sir, are you acquainted with my son?

Duke. With thy son? no trust me if he be thine,

8

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Se. xvi.

The taming of a Shrew.

I pray you sir who am I?

Aurel. Pardon me father: humblie on my knees,
I do intreat your grace to heare me speake.

Duke. Peace villaine: lay handes on them,
And send them to prison straight.

Phylotus and Valeria runnes away.

Then *Slie* speakes.

Slie. I say wele haue no sending to prison.

Lord. My Lord this is but the play, theyre but in iest.

Slie. I tell thee *Sim* wele haue no sending,
To prison thats flat: why *Sim* am not I *Don Christo Vary*?
Therefore I say they shall not go to prison.

Lord. No more they shall not my Lord,
They be run away.

Slie. Are they run away *Sim*? thats well,
Then gis some more drinke, and let them play againe.

Lord. Here my Lord.

Slie drinckes and then falls a sleepe.

Duke. Ah trecherous boy that durst presume,
To wed thy selfe without thy fathers leaue,
I sweare by fayre *Cintheas* burning rayes,
By *Merops* head and by seauen mouthed *Nile*,
Had I but knowne ere thou hadst wedded her,
Were in thy brest the worlds immortall foule,
This angric sword should rip thy hatefull chest,
And hewd thee smaller then the *Libian* sandes,
Turne hence thy face: oh cruell impious boy,
Alfonso I did not thinke you would presume,
To mach your daughter with my princely house,
And nere make me acquainted with the cause.

Alfon. My Lord by heauens I sweare vnto your grace,
I knew none other but *Valeria* your man,
Had bin the *Duke of Cestus* noble son,

F 2

Nor

66†

115†

100†

97†

97†

102†

Act V.
Sc. i.

Sc. xvi.

The taming of a Shrew.

Nor did my daughter I dare sweare for her.

Duke. That damned villaine that hath deluded me,
Whome I did send guide vnto my son,
Oh that my furious force could cleaue the earth,
That I might muster bands of hellish feedes,
To rack his heart and teare his impious soule.
The ceaselesse turning of celestiall orbes,
Kindles not greater flames in sitting aire,
Then passionate anguish of my raging brest,

Aurel. Then let my death sweet father end your grieve,
For I it is that thus haue wrought your woes,
Then be reuengd on me for here I sweare,
That they are innocent of what I did,
Oh had I charge to cut of *Hydraes* hed,
To make the topleesse *Alpes* a champion field,
To kill vntamed monsters with my sword,
To trauell dayly in the hottest sun,
And watch in winter when the nightes be colde,
I would with gladnesse vndertake them all,
And thinke the paine but pleasure that I felt,
So that my noble father at my returne,
Would but forget and pardon my offence,

Phile. Let me intreat your grace vpon my knees,
To pardon him and let my death discharge
The heauy wrath your grace hath vowd gainst him.

Pol. And good my Lord let vs intreat your grace,
To purge your stomack of this Melancholy,
Taynt not your princely minde with grieve my Lord,
But pardon and forgie these louers faults,
That kneeling craue your gracious fauor here.

Emel. Great prince of *Cestus*, let a womans wordes,
Intreat a pardon in your lordly brest,
Both for your princely son, and vs my Lord.

Duke. *Aurelius* stand vp I pardon thee,

The taming of a Shrew

104 I see that vertue will haue enemies,
And fortune will be thwarting honour still,
And you faire virgin too I am content,
To accept you for my daughter since tis don,
108 And see you princely vsde in *Cestus* court.

Phyle. Thankes good my Lord and I no longer liue,
Then I obey and honour you in all:

112 *Alfon.* Let me giue thankes vnto your royall grace,
For this grear honor don to me and mine,
And if your grace will walke vnto my house,
I will in humblest maner I can, show
The eternall seruice I doo owe your grace.

116 *Duke* Thanks good *Alfonso*: but I came alone,
And not as did befeeme the *Cestian Duke*,
Nor would I haue it knowne within the towne,
That I was here and thus without my traine,
120 But as I came alone so will I go,
And leaue my son to solemnise his feast,
And ere't belong Ile come againe to you,
And do him honour as befeemes the son
124 Of mightie *Ierobell* the *Cestian Duke*;
Till when Ile leaue you, Farwell *Aurelius*.

Aurel. Not yet my Lord, Ile bring you to your ship.

Exeunt Omnes.

Shee sleepest.

Lord. Whose within there? come hither sirs my Lords
A sleepe againe: go take him easily vp,
128 And put him in his one apparell againe,
And lay him in the place where we did find him,
Iust vnderneath the alehouse side below,
But see you wake him not in any case.

132 *Boy.* It shall be don my Lord come helpe to beare him
hence,

Exit.

V.ii.

The taming of a Shrew.

Enter *Ferando*, *Aurelius* and *Polidor*
and his boy and *Valeria* and *Sander*.

Sc.xvii

Feran. Come gentlemen now that suppers donne,
How shall we spend the time till we go to bed?

† 66

Aurel. Faith if you will in triall of our wiues,
Who will come fownest at their husbands call.

† 68

Pol. Nay then *Ferando* he must needs sit out,
For he may call I thinke till he be weary,
Before his wife will come before she list.

4

Feran. Tis well for you that haue such gentle wiues,
Yet in this triall will I not sit out,
It may be *Kate* will come as soone as yours.

8

† 74

Aurel. My wife comes soonest for a hundred pound.

Pol. I take it: Ile lay as much to youres,
That my wife comes as soone as I do send.

12

Aurel. How now *Ferando* you dare not lay belike.

Feran. Why true I dare not lay indeede;
But how, so little mony on so sure a thing,
A hundred pound: why I haue layd as much

16

† 72

Vpon my dogge, in running at a Deere,
She shall not come so farre for such a trifle,
But will you lay five hundred markes with me,
And whose wife soonest comes when he doth call,
And shewes her selfe most louing vnto him,
Let him inioye the wager I haue laid,
Now what say you? dare you aduenture thus?

20

† 68

Pol. I weare it a thousand pounds I durst presume
On my wiues loue: and I will lay with thee.

24

† 69

Enter *Alfonso*.

† 79

Alfon. How now sons what in conference so hard,
May I without offence, know where abouts.

28

Aurelius

Sc. xvii

The taming of a Shrew

29

Aurel. Faith father a waightry cause about our wiues
Fiuie hundred markes already we haue layd,
And he whose wife doth shew most loue to him,
He must inioie the wager to himselfe.

32

Alfon. Why then *Ferando* he is sure to lose,
I promise thee son thy wife will hardly come,
And therefore I would not with thee lay so much.

36

Feran. Tush father were it ten times more,
I durst aduenture on my louely *Kate*,
But if I lose Ile pay, and so shall you.

40

Aurel. Vpon mine honour if I loose Ile pay.

Pol. And so will I vpon my faith I vow.

Feran. Then sit we downe and let vs send for them.

Alfon. I promise thee *Ferando* I am afraid thou wilt lose

44

Aurel. Ile send for my wife first, *Valeria*
Go bid your Mistris come to me.

Val. I will my Lord.

Exit Valeria.

48

Aurel. Now for my hundred pound.
Would any lay ten hundred more with me,
I know I should obtaine it by her loue.

Feran. I pray God you haue not laid too much already.

Aurel. Trust me *Ferando* I am sure you haue,
For you I dare presume haue lost it all.

Enter Valeria againe.

52

Now sirra what saies your mistris?

Val. She is something busie but shele come anon.

Feran. Why so, did not I tell you this before,
She is busie and cannot come. (fwere

56

Aurel. I pray God your wife send you so good an an-
She may be busie yet she sayes shele come.

Feran. Well well: *Polidor* send you for your wife.

Polidor

69†

72†

75†

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82†

84†

The taming of a Shrew.

† 87

Pol Agreed *Boy* desire your mistress to come hither.*Boy*. I will sir*Ex. Boy.*

60

† 88

Feran. I so he desires her to come.*Alfon*. *Polidor* I dare presume for thee,
I thinke thy wife will not deny to come.And I do maruell much *Aurelius*,

64

That your wife came not when you sent for her.

Enter the *Boy* againe.

† 90

Pol. Now wheres your Mistress?

† 91

Boy. She bad me tell you that she will not come,
And you haue any businesse, you must come to her.

68

† 92

† 94

Feran. Oh monstrous intollerable presumption,
Worse then a blasing starre, or snow at midsummer,
Earthquakes or any thing vnseasonable,
She will not come: but he must come to her.

72

Pol. Well sir I pray you lets here what
Answer your wife will make.

† 95

† 96

Feran. Sirra, command your Mistress to come
To me presentlie,*Exit Sander.*

76

Aurel. I thinke my wife for all she did not come,
Will proue most kinde for now I haue no feare,
For I am sure *Ferandos* wife, she will not come.*Feran*. The mores the pittie: then I must lose.

80

Enter *Kate* and *Sander*.

† 99

† 100

But I haue won for see where *Kate* doth come.*Kate*. Sweet husband did you send for me?*Feran*. I did my loue I sent for thee to come,
Come hither *Kate*, whats that vpon thy head

84

† 121

† 122

Kate. Nothing husband but my cap I thinke.*Feran* Pull it of and treade it vnder thy feete,
Tis foolish I will not haue thee weare it.

87

She takes of her cap and treads on it.

Polidor

The taming of a Shrew.

Pol. Oh wonderfull metamorphosis.

Aurel. This is a wonder: almost past beleefe.

Feran. This is a token of her true loue to me,
And yet Ile trie her further you shall see,
Come hither *Kate* where are thy sisters.

Kate. They be sitting in the bridall chamber.

Feran. Fetch them hither and if they will not come,
Bring them perforce and make them come with thee.

Kate. I will.

Alfon. I promise thee *Ferando* I would haue sworne,
Thy wife would nere haue donne so much for thee.

Feran. But you shall see she will do more then this,
For see where she brings her sisters forth by force.

Enter *Kate* thrusting *Phylema* and *Emelia* before her,
and makes them come vnto their husbands call.

Kate. See husband I haue brought them both.

Feran. Tis well don *Kate*.

Eme. I sure and like a louing peece, your worthy
To haue great praise for this attempt.

Phyle. I for making a foole of her selfe and vs.

Aurel. Beshrew thee *Phylema*, thou hast
Lost me a hundred pound to night.

For I did lay that thou wouldst first haue come.

Pol. But thou *Emelia* hast lost me a great deale more.

Eme. You might haue kept it better then,
Who bad you lay?

Feran. Now louely *Kate* before there husbands here,
I prethe tell vnto these hedstrong women,
What dutie wiues doo owe vnto their husbands.

Kate. Then you that liue thus by your pompered wills,
Now list to me and marke what I shall say,
Theternall power that with his only breath,
Shall cause this end and this beginning frame,

G

Not

The taming of a Shrew

Not in time, nor before time, but with time, confusd,
 For all the course of yeares, of ages, moneths,
 Of seasons temperate, of dayes and houres,
 Are tund and stopt, by measure of his hand,
 The first world was, a forme, without a forme,
 A heape confusd a mixture all deformd,
 A gulse of gulfes, a body bodiles,
 Where all the elements were orderles,
 Before the great commander of the world,
 The King of Kings the glorious God of heauen,
 Who in six daies did frame his heauenly worke,
 And made all things to stand in perfit course.
 Then to his image he did make a man.

Olde *Adam* and from his side a sleepe,
 A rib was taken, of which the Lord did make,
 The woe of man so termd by *Adam* then,
 Woman for that, by her came sinne to vs,
 And for her sin was *Adam* doomd to die,
 As *Sara* to her husband, so should we,
 Obey them, loue them, keepe, and nourish them,
 If they by any meanes doo want our helpes,
 Laying our handes vnder theire feete to tread,
 If that by that we, might procure there ease,
 And for a president Ile first begin,
 And lay my hand vnder my husbands feete

She laies her hand vnder her husbands feete.

Feran. Inough sweet, the wager thou hast won,
 And they I am sure cannot denie the same.

Alfon. I *Ferando* the wager thou hast won,
 And for to shew thee how I am pleasd in this,
 A hundred poundes I freely giue thee more,
 Another dowry for another daughter,
 For she is not the same she was before.

Feran. Thankes sweet father, gentlemen godnight

For

120

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† 164

† 177

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† 175

Sc. xviii.

The taming of a Shrew.

153 For *Kate* and *I* will leaue you for to night,
Tis *Kate* and *I* am wed, and you are sped.
And so farwell for we will to our beds.

Exit Ferando and Kate and Sander.

156 *Alfon.* Now *Aurelius* what say you to this?

Aurel. Beleeue me father *I* reioice to see,
Ferando and his wife so louingly agree.

*Exit Aurelius and Phylema and
Alfonso and Valeria.*

Eme. How now *Polidor* in a dump, what sayst thou
man?

160 *Pol.* *I* say thou art a shrew.

Eme. Thats better then a sheepe.

162 *Pol.* Well since tis don let it go, come lets in.

Exit Polidor and Emelia.

Sc. xix.

Then enter two bearing of *Slie* in his
Owne apparrell againe, and leaues him
Where they found him, and then goes out.
Then enter the *Tapster*.

1 *Tapster.* Now that the darke some night is ouerpast,
And dawning day appeares in cristall sky,
Now must *I* hast abroad: but soft whose this?
4 What *Slie* oh wondrous hath he laine here all night,
He wake him, *I* thinke he's starued by this,
But that his belly was so stuf with ale,
What how *Slie*, Awake for shame.

8 *Slie.* *Sim* gis some more wine: whats all the
Plaiers gon: am not *I* a Lord?

Tapster. A Lord with a murrin: come art thou
drunken still?

12 *Slie.* Whose this? *Tapster*, oh Lord sitra, *I* haue had
The brauest dreame to night, that euer thou
Hardest in all thy life.

Tapster

185 †

188 †

The taming of a Shrew.

Sc. XIX

Tapster. I marry but you had best get you home,
For your wife will course you for dreaming here to night,

16

Slie Will she? I know now how to tame a shrew,
I dreamt vpon it all this night till now,
And thou hast wakt me out of the best dreame
That euer I had in my life, but Ile to my
Wife presently and tame her too
And if she anger me.

20

Tapster. Nay tarry *Slie* for Ile go home with thee,
And heare the rest that thou hast dreamt to night.

24

Exeunt Omnes.

FINIS

