§ 7. This Facsimile. Thanks to the Duke and P. A. D. xiii

would be. Even with doubling several of the parts, A Shrew would require about ten men and four boys.

§ 7. This Facsimile is made from the Duke of Devonshire's unique original, which he kindly lent at my request to Mr Praetorius, who photographed it, and made the transfers. Mr Kell has put it on stone. The scenes and lines of A Shrew are marked here on the inside margins; while those lines which contain words that have been more or less taken up into The Shrew are numbered and daggered on the outer margins, where the corresponding Acts and Scenes of The Shrew are also marked. I owe many thanks to the Duke of Devonshire for his unfailing kindness in the loan of his originals, and to my friend Mr Daniel for his like ready help in all Shakspere troubles and puzzles.

Michaelmas night, 1859:
3 St. George's Square, London, N.W.

NOTES.

p. iv, § 3. 'structurally.'
Shakspeare followed the structure of the T. R. closely: his chief alterations in this respect consisting in the omission of the Bastard's visit to a religious house, and the details of K. John's poisoning.—W. G. Store. But see Mr. Edward Rose's Paper, read before the New Shakspere Society in or about 1876, and then printed in Macmillan's Magazine. It is to my impression of this that I refer.—P.

p. v. Loose-hobbled
See Var. An., 1821, v. 468. Reed refers to Dekker's Honest Whore, Pt. 2. Penelope Whorehound (who wants to pass as an honest woman) enters 'like a Citizen's wife.' She says: '... if I go among citizens' wives, they jeer at me; if I go among the loose-hobbled gowns, they cry a pax on me, because I go civilly attired, and swear their trade was a good trade, till such as I am took it out of their hands.' &c.—Dodsley's Old Plays, 1782, vol. iii. pp. 478, 479.
In the 1st Part of the Honest Whore, a Bastard says to Bellfront (the honest whore): 'O sweet Madonna, on with your loose gown, your felt and your feather!'
—Dodsley, iii. 313. Observe that, in the quotation from the 2nd Part of II. W., 'loose-hobbled gowns' = whores; they apparently having this distinctive garb, which no decent woman would wear.

p. viii. Marlowe and a Shrew.
Samuel Hackett pointed out eight years later than Knight's friend (Notes and Queries, 1st S. i. 226, 237, Feb. 9, 1850), the first, second, and seventh of these passages. I suspect that he gave some of the other parallelisms, but as he didn't quote in full, and I don't possess the particular edition he refers to, I haven't verified more than these three.—W. G. Store.

p. ix. Copy and plagiarism.
Mr A. H. Bulle tells me that this is his conclusion too, in his edition of Marlowe. He thinks Marlowe's big words were adopted as a joke by the writer of A Shrew.
THE TAMING OF A SHREW.

THE FIRST QUARTO,
1594.

(THE PLAY REVISED BY ANOTHER WRITER AND SHAKESPEARE INTO "THE TAMING OF THE SHREW").

A FACSIMILE, BY PHOTOLITHOGRAPHY,
FROM THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE'S UNIQUE ORIGINAL,
BY
CHARLES PRAETORIUS.

WITH FOREWORDS BY
FREDERICK J. FURNIVALL,
M.A., TRIN. HALL, CAMBRIDGE; HON. DR. PHIL., BERLIN.

LONDON:
PRODUCED BY C. PRAETORIUS, 14 CLAREVILLE GROVE,
HEREFORD SQUARE, S.W.
1886.
DEDICATED
TO MY SON

Percy Furnivall,
OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL, LONDON,
(Born April 5, 1869.)

One-Mile Tricycle Champion, 1885 and 1886;
One-Mile and Five-Mile Bicycle Champion, 1886;
Champion of the English Team in America, 1883 (11 races, 11 prizes;
7 firsts, 3 seconds, 1 third);
Champion of the Beretta Club, 1884-5, and of the Racing Cyclists’
Club, 1886;
Winner of the International Challenge Shield, and City Challenge Cup,
Kildare Challenge Cup, Surrey Challenge Cup and Trophy, &c., 1886;
Rider of One Mile in 1 min. 30 sec., Aug. 1885.
10 Firsts, 3 Seconds, in his 21 Races, 1886.

40 SHAKESPEARE QUARTO FACSIMILES,
WITH INTRODUCTIONS, LINE-NUMBERS, &c., BY SHAKESPEARE SCHOLARS,
ISSUED UNDER THE SUPERINTENDENCE OF DR. F. J. FURNIVALL.

1. Those by W. Griggs.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>No.</th>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Year</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1</td>
<td>Hamlet</td>
<td>1603</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2</td>
<td>Hamlet</td>
<td>1604</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3</td>
<td>Midsummer Night’s Dream. 1600. (Fisher.)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4</td>
<td>Midsummer Night’s Dream. 1600. (Roberts.)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5</td>
<td>Loves Labor’s Lost. 1603</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6</td>
<td>Merry Wives. 1609</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7</td>
<td>Merchant of Venice. 1600. (Roberts.)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8</td>
<td>Henry IV. I st Part. 1598</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9</td>
<td>Henry IV. 2nd Part. 1600</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10</td>
<td>Passionate Pilgrim. 1599</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11</td>
<td>Richard III. 1597</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12</td>
<td>Venus and Adonis. 1593</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>13</td>
<td>Troilus and Cressida. 1609</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

2. Those by C. Proctorius.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>No.</th>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Year</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>14</td>
<td>Much Ado About Nothing. 1600</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15</td>
<td>Taming of a Shrew. 1605</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>16</td>
<td>Merchant of Venice. 1600. (R. K. for Thomas Heyes.)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>17</td>
<td>Richard II. 1597. Duke of Devonshire’s copy. (in stone.)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>18</td>
<td>Richard II. 1597. Mr. Huth. (facsimile.)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>20</td>
<td>Richard II. 1634. (facsimile.)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>21</td>
<td>Pericles. 1609. Q.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>22</td>
<td>Pericles. 1609. Q.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>23</td>
<td>The Whole Contention. 1619, Part I. (For 3 Henry VI.)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>24</td>
<td>The Whole Contention. 1619, Part II. (For 3 Henry VI.)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>25</td>
<td>Romeo and Juliet. 1597</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>26</td>
<td>Romeo and Juliet. 1598</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>27</td>
<td>Henry V. 1600</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>28</td>
<td>Henry V. 1601</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>29</td>
<td>Titus Andronicus. 1600</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>30</td>
<td>Sonnets and Love’s Complaint. 1609.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>31</td>
<td>Othello. 1603</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>32</td>
<td>Othello. 1603</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>33</td>
<td>King Lear. 1608. Gr. (N. Butler. Plate, Bull.)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>34</td>
<td>King Lear. 1608. Gr. (N. Butler.)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>35</td>
<td>Love’s Labour’s Lost. 1600</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>36</td>
<td>Romeo and Juliet. Updating. (facsimile.)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>37</td>
<td>Contention. 1614. (facsimile.)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>38</td>
<td>True Tragedy. 1600. (facsimile.)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>39</td>
<td>The Famous Victories. 1608. (not yet done.)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>40</td>
<td>The Troublesome Reigns. 1611. (For King John: not yet done.)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

[Shakespeare-Quarto Facsimiles, No. 15]
FOREWORDS TO
"THE TAMING OF A SHREW," 1594.

§ 1. Why A Shrew is in a 'Shaksper Quarto Facsimile' Series, p. iii
§ 2. Three hands in The Shrew, p. iii
§ 3. Shakspere's use of A Shrew, p. iv
§ 4. Authorship of A Shrew, p. viii
§ 5. Editions of A Shrew, p. x
§ 6. Time of the Play, p. x
§ 7. This Facsimile, p. xiii

§ 1. This Quarto of a play in which Shakspere had no hand, is included in the series of "Shaksper Quarto Facsimiles" for the same reason that The Contention and True Tragedy have already found place there, because it is a play which Shakspere and a fellow-worker re-wrought.

§ 2. As I think it certain that two hands besides Shakspere's work on the recast of The Contention and True Tragedy into the First and Second Parts of Henry the Sixth, so I cannot doubt that another man helped Shakspere—or rather, that he helped another man—in the conversion of the "Taming of A Shrew" into the "Taming of the Shrew." There are many scenes and lines in "The Shrew" in a style in which I hold that Shakspere did not, at any time of his life, write, such as the following, in Act I. sc. i.:

    Tew. Master, it is no time to chide you now; 148
    Affection is not rated from the heart:
    If love have touch'd you, naught remains but so:
    'Redimte te captim quam quos minimas!' 153
    Luc. Gramercies, Lad! Go forward! this contents:
    The reft wil comfort, for thy counfel's found.
    Tew. Master, you look'd so longly on the maid,
    Perhaps you mark'd not what's the pith of all. 157
    Luc. Oh, yes, I saw a sweet beautie in her face,
    Such as the daughter of Agamor had,
    That made great love to humble him to her hand,
    When with his knees he kist the Cretan Brond! 161

As the late Richard Grant White wrote long ago:

"In The Taming of the Shrew three hands at least are traceable; that of the author of the old play, that of Shakspere himself, and that of a co-labourer. The first appears in the structure of the plot, and in the incidents and dialogue of most of the minor scenes; to the last must be assigned the greater part of the love-business between Bianca and her two suitors; while to Shakspere belong the strong clear characterization, the delicious humour, and the rich verbal colouring of the recast Induction, and all the scenes in which Katharine and Petruchio
and Grumio are the prominent figures, together with the general effect produced by scattering lines and words and phrases here and there, and removing others elsewhere, throughout the rest of the play." (Quoted in Dyce's Shakspere, 2nd ed. 1856, iii. 102-3, from Grant White's Introduction to the Shrew in his first edition of Shakspere, vol. ii. It is also in his second edition, 'The Riverside Sh.', tho' the Introductions are only a page each.)

As Grant White says, the Old Playwright's work underlies the whole play, and crops up frequently all through; the Adapter's is seen in these structural changes;—1, the removal of the scene of the action from Athens to Padua; 2, the addition of the disguised intrigues of Bianca's lovers; 3, the substitution of one sister of Kate's for two, and of the Pedant for Vincentio; and in the re-cast of these Acts and Scenes: Act I.; Act II. Sc. i., lines 1-174, 327-413; Act III. Sc. i.; ii. 126-150, 242-254; Act IV. Sc. ii. iv. (iii. v. Dyce); Act V. Sc. i.; ii. 171-189. Shakspere rewrote the Induction, and the parts of Katharine and Petruchio, and almost all Grumio, with the other characters on the stage at the same time as they were, namely, Induction; Act II. Sc. i. 115-326; III. ii. 1-125, 151-241. IV. i. (and ii. Dyce), IV. iii. v. (iv. vi. Dyce); and V. ii. 1-180; with occasional touches elsewhere.

§ 3. Shakspere's work at A Shrew then was, not to alter it structurally as well as re-create all its characters,—as he did to turn 'The Troublesome Raigne' into his King John—but to inform with his genius the three leading characters—Ferando, Kate, Sander—of the unnamed old playwright, and the other subsidiary ones who had to be on the stage with them. And as he found in the drawer of the Jack Cade of The Contention a writer whom he needed but to develop, so in the sketcher of Sander (or Saunders) in A Shrew he recognized an artist whose work he had but to touch up in order to produce some of his most effective Grumio scenes in The Taming of the Shrew. Compare the following bits which I printed in the New Shakspere Society's Trans. 1874, p. 107-110:—

\[A Shrew. (p. 31, l. 23.)\\]
San. What say you to a piece of beef and mustard now?
Kate. Why, I say tis excellent meate; canst thou helpe me to some?
San. I, I could helpe you to some, but that I doubt the mustard is too colerick for you. But what say you to a sheepes head and garlick?
Kate. Why, any thing; I care not what it be.

\[The Shrew: Shakspere.\\]
Gru. What say you to a piece of Beef and mustard?
Kate. A dish that I do love to feece upon.
Gru. I, but the mustard is too hot a little.

\[Out, villain! dost thou mocke me? Take that for thy sausensese! [She beats him.\\]
Gru. Go, get thee gone, thou false deluding slave! [Beats him.\]
§ 3. SHAKESPEARE'S USE OF HIS ORIGINAL IN 'A SHREW.'

_Enter Ferando and Kate and Sander._

_San._ Master, the haberdasher has brought my
 Büroso home her cappe here.

_Feran._ Come hither, sirra! what haue you there?

_Habar._ A velvet cappe, sir, and it please you.

_Feran._ Who spake for it? didst thou, Kate?

_Kate._ What if I did? come hither, sirra! I give me

_The cap!_ Ie see if it will fit me.

[She sets it on her head.

_Feran._ O monstrous, why it becomes thee not,

_Let me see it, Kate: here, sirra, take it hence!_ Away with it, come _let me haue a bigger._

_This cappe is out of fashion quite._

_Kate._ The fashion is good enough:

_belike you_ to make a fool of me.

_Feran._ Why, true, he means to make a fool of thee,

_To haue thee put on such a curtald cappe!_ Belyke you meant to make a puppet of me.

_Sirra._ begun with it!

[Enter the Taylor with a gowne.

_Heer is the Taylor too with my_ Mistris gowne.

_Feran._ Let me see it, Taylor: what, with cutts and jaggers!

_Souene, you villain, thou hast spoiled the gowne!

_Taylor._ Why, sir, I made it as your man gave me direction.

_You may reade the note here._

_Feran._ Come hither, sirra! Taylor, reade the note.

_Taylor._ Item, a faire round compact cape.

_San._ If, that's true.

_Taylor._ And a large truncke sleeve.

_San._ Thats a lie, master. _I sayd, two truncke sleeves.

_Feran._ Well sir, goe forward!

_Taylor._ Item, a loose bodied gowne.

_San._ Master, if ever I sayd loose bodied gownes.

_Gru._ Master, if ever I said loose bodied gownes, you me in the skirts of it.


\[1\] This "bodies" certainly looks better than "bodied." But see note p. xiii.
(A Shrew.)

Saw me in a sneeze, and baste me to death,

With a bottome of browne thread.

Taylor. I made it as the note bad me.
San. I say the note lies in his thraste, and thou too,
And thou sayst it.

Taylor. Nay, nay, nere be so hot, sirra, for I fear ye not.
San. Doost thou hearse, Taylor? thou hast braided

Many men: braue not me!

Thou hast faed many men.

Taylor. Well sir.
San. Face not ma: Ile neither be faed nor braued

At thy handes, I can tell thee.

Kate. Come, come, I like the fashion of it well enough,

Here's more a do then needs; Iле have it, I,

And if you do not like it, hide your eies:

I think I shall have nothing by your will.

Ferar. Go, I say, and take it vp for your masters vse.
San. Soure, villain! not for thy life! touch it not!

Souns: take vp my mistress gowne to his Masters vse!

Ferar. Well, sir, what's your conceit of it?
San. I have a deeper conceit in it then you thinke for:

Take vp my mistixis gowne
to his masters vse!

Ferar. Tailor, come hether; for this time take it.

Hence againe, and Ile content thee for thy paines.

Taylor. I thank you sir.

[Ferar. Come, Kate, we now will go see thy fathers house
Even in these honest meanes abiliments.
Our purses shall be rich, our garments plaine,
To shrowe our bodies from the winter rage,
And thats enough, what should we care for more?

(The Shrew.)

and baste me to death with a bottome of browne thread...

Tail. This is true that I say: and I had thee in place where thou shouldst know it.

Gru. Thou hast faed many things.

Tail. I have.

Gru. Face not ma: thou hast braided manie men; brake not me; I will neither be faed nor braued...

Kate. I never saw a better fashion'd gowne...

Lone me, or louse me not, I like the cap,
And if I will have, or I will have none.

Hor. I see shees like to have neither cap nor gowne...

Pet. Go take it vp into thy masters vse.

Gru. Villaine, not for thy life!

Take vp my Mistress gowne for thy masters vse!

Pet. Why sir, what's your conceit in that?
Gru. Oh sir, the conceit is deeper then you thinke for.

Take vp my Mistress gowne
to his masters vse.
Oh fie, fie, fie.
Pet. Hortensiia, say thou wilt see the Tailor paide:

Go take it hence.

Hor. Tailor, Ile paye that for thy gowne to-morrow.
§ 3. Shakespeare’s Use of His Original in ‘A Shrew.’

(A Shrew.)

Thy sisters, Kate, to morrow must be... we will hence forthwith, wed,
And I have promised them thou shouldst be there.
The morning is well vp; let’s haste away; Let’s see; I thinke ‘tis now some seven a clock.
It will be nine a clock ere we come there.
Kate. Nine a clock! why ‘tis all readie past two.
In the after noone by all the clocks in the town.
Feran. I say tis but nine a clock in the morning.
Kate. I say tis two a clock in the after noone.
Feran. It shall be nine then ere we go to your fathers.
Come hark! againe! we will not go to day.
Nothing but crossing of me still!
He haue you saie as I doo, ere you go.

[Exeunt omnes.

Compare, too:—

A Shrew. (p. 39-40.)

Feran. Come, Kate, the Moone shines cleere to night,
Kate. I think it, why husband, you are deceiued;
It is the sun.
Feran. Yet againe! I come backe againe! it shall be the moone.
Kate. When I say as you say, it is the moone.
Feran. Jesus save the glorious moone.
Kate. Jesus save the glorious moone.

The Shrew. (p. 225, col. 2.)

Pet. It shall be seuen ere I go to horse;
Looke, what I speake, or do, or thinke to doe,
You are still crossing it. Sirs, let’s alone;
I will not goe to day; and ere I doe,
It shall be what a clock I say it is.

So also the bits about making Kate greet old Vincentio (the Duke of Cestus in “A Shrew”) as a “Faire lovely malde,” and the scene of the bets on the wives’ obedience, are both in A Shrew.

Compare the following lines from the last Scene:—

A Shrew.
Laying our hands under their feete to And place your hands below your husbands footes:
A Shrew.

If that, by that, we might procure their

In token of which dutie, if he please,

And for a president He first begin,
And lay my hand vnder my husbands

feete,

and

Tis Kate and I am wed, and you are spid

Pet. Come Kate, we'll to bed,

And so farewell, for we wil to our beds. We three are married, but you two are

spid.

In the Old Spelling Shakspeare we have cut the play up on Mr Grant White's lines, and printed the non-Shakspieran part in small type, and the Shakspieran in large, as we have done with the other semi-spurious plays.

The kinship of Grumio's humour to Falstaff's, and the possibly confirming fact that Pistol quotes in 2 Hen. IV, V. iii. 146, the same song as Petruchio does in The Shrew, "Where is the life that late I led," IV. I. 143, make me put The Shrew in 1596-7.

§ 4. With regard to the authorship of A Shrew, I do not myself feel the necessity of its having had two writers. The text gives me no such conviction of two different men being concerned in it as The Contention and True Tragedy do. I am content to suppose A Shrew the work of some one unknown man. If it is to be divided between two known ones, probably most readers will accept the suggestion of Charles Knight that at least the comic part was Greene's, and the argument of his United-States correspondent that at least the more poetic and inflated parts were Marlowe's. This correspondent compares the following passages copied from Marlowe's known plays into A Shrew (Knight's Shakspeare, 2nd ed. 1842, ii. 114-115).

MARLOWE.

Now that the gloomy shadow of the night,
Longing to view Orion's drizzling look, Leaps from the antarctic world unto the sky, And dimnes the welkin with his pitchie And dimnes the Welkin with her pitchie breath.

Faustus, p. 8, ed. 1818 A Shrew, Induction, i. 10-13, p. 3

Fairer than rocks of pearl and precious stone. . . . Whose eyes are brighter then the lampes of heaven. Whose eyes are brighter then the lampes of heaven.

Tamburlaine, Part I. Act III. Sc. iii. A Shrew, iii. 22-3, p. 9

Image of honour and nobility. . . . The image of honor and Nobilitie, In whose sweet person is compris'd the sum

In whose sweet person is comprisde the somme
§ 4. DID MARLOWE WRITE 'A SHREW,' OR PART OF IT?

**Marowe.**

Of nature's skill and heavenly majesty,


Of natures skill and heavenlie majestie.

*A Shrew*, iv. 31-5, p. 10

Eternall heaven sooner be dissolv'd,
And all that pierceth Phebus' silver eye,
Before such hap fall to Zenoctrine.


Eternall heaven sooner be dissolude,
And all that pearseth Phebus silver eie,
Before such hap befall to Polidoro.

*A Shrew*, vii. 36-8, p. 21

Thy garments shall be made of Median silk,
Enchas'd with precious jewels of mine own.


Thou shalt have garments wrought of Median silke,
Enchas with precious Jewells fetcht from far.

*A Shrew*, vii. 71-2, p. 23

And Christian merchants that with Russian stems
Plough up huge farrows in the Caspian seas,


And Christian Marchants that with Russian stenes,
Plous vp huge forrowes in the Terren Maine.

*A Shrew*, vii. 73-4, p. 23

The terrene main. " " " sc. i.

*Wagner. Come hither, sirrah boy!*  
*Robin. 'Boy!' oh disgrace to my person! Zounds, 'boy' in your face! You have seen many boys with beards, I am sure.*

*Faustus*, p. 12, ed. 1818

*Boy. Come hither sirha boy.  
Sen. Boy: oh disgrace to my person. sowes, boy of your face, you have many boies with such Picke-deuantes, I am sure.*

*A Shrew*, viii. 1-4, p. 24

With ravishing sounds of his melodious harpe,

*Faustus*, p. 20

And ravishing sound of his melidious harpe.

*A Shrew*, xiv. 32, p. 38

Knight's American correspondent quotes several more passages in which *A Shrew's* imitation of Marlowe is strong, but not so direct as the transfers above. He also proves, by a dozen quotations (p. 116-117), that Marlowe often did repeat himself; he parallels the tall-talk description of beauty in *A Shrew, Tamburlaine*, and *Faustus* (p. 117), the pictures of Wealth in *A Shrew* and the *Jew of Malta* (p. 115), the extravagance of declamation in *A Shrew* and *Tamburlaine* (p. 118); he says that Marlowe did write a comedy, now lost, *The Maiden's Holiday*, and that *A Shrew's* Sander and Boy are pretty much a repetition of *Faustus's* Wagner and Robin, 'from whom indeed they borrow verbatim the commence-ment of a dialogue' (viii. 1-4). 'Does it not appear more reasonable,' then, 'to suppose' that Marlowe wrote *A Shrew*, than that another man copied so many lines and expressions, and borrowed so many ideas and characteristics from him? I can only say for myself, that I believe in the copier and plagiarist, and reject the theory of Marlowe's authorship of *A Shrew*, in whole or in part.
§ 5. EDITIONS OF ‘A SHEREW.’ § 6. TIME OF THE PLAY.

§ 5. Of ‘A Shrew’ we know three old editions.
The first edition is thus entered in the Stationers’ Registers:

Secundo die maij

Peter Shorte / Enter’d vnto him for his copie vnder master
warden Cawood’s hande / a booke intituled
A pleasant Conceyted historie called the
Tayminge of a Shrowe ... ... ... viij /

The second edition of 1596—‘Imprinted at London by P. S.’
for ‘Cuthbert Burbye’: a copy at Bridgewater House—is not
entered on the Register; but the third is, thus, in 1607:

22. Januarij

Master Linge Enter’d for his copies by direccon of A Court
and with consent of Master Burbye vnder his
handwrtyinge These iij copies
viz.
Romeo and Iuliet.
Loues Labour Loste.
The taminge of A Shrewie. xvij’ R.

Accordingly, this edition is ‘Printed at London by V. S. for
Nicholas Ling, and are to be sold at his shop in Saint Dunstans
Church-yard in Fleet-street. 1607.’ Copies are in the Bodleian,
British Museum, Duke of Devonshire’s, vol. 375, &c.

The edition of 1594 was reprinted by Nichols, and (ed. Amyot)
for the old Shakespeare Society, and facsimiled by hand under
Mr E. W. Ashbee’s, direction, only a hundred copies being printed.
I have not compared the hand-facsimile and Mr Praetorius’s, sun
ones all thro’, but having done so occasionally, I note that both
have agreed in letters misprinted in the original, and among others
in the ‘forowes’ for ‘forrowes’ = furrows, in the last line on C 4,
p. 23 below.

§ 6. On the time of the Play, our friend and helper, Mr P. A.
Daniel, says in the New Shakspere Soc’s Trans. 1877-9, p. 169:
“In the old Play of the Taming of a Shrew the whole story is knit
up in the course of two days. In the first, Ferando-Petruchio
woos Kate and fixes his marriage for next Sunday [p. 14, l. 76,
l. 163; p. 18, l. 207, below]; ‘next Sunday’ then becomes to-
morrow [p. 16, l. 159], ‘to-morrow’ becomes to-day, and to-day
ends with the wedding night in Ferando’s country house [p. 38,
l. 222]. All the rest of the Play is included in the second
day.”
§ 6. Does 'A Shrew' Cover Three Days or Four?

Having workt out the time differently before I rememberd the passage above, I referd the point to Mr. Daniel, and he writes that he now thinks he might have divided his “second day into two, making the second of them begin with the entry of Polidor &c.” p. 37 below (p. 527, Hazlitt’s *Shaks. Lib.* I. ii.). In the preceding scene, same page, l. 61, Ferando says, “Thy sisters, Kate, tomorrow must be wed,” and this would suppose another day for the rest of the play.

If the stage-direction on p. 21 “Enter Alfonso” must stand as it is, Mr. Daniel’s conclusions that the Sunday and ‘to-morrow’ of Ferando, Alfonso, &c. becomes to-day, Saturday, cannot be avoided (I think), as we cannot fairly put the whole of Saturday night between Polidor and Aurelius’s going in to sit a while and chat with Emelie and Philena on p. 18, l. 213, and then bringing ‘them forth to take the aire’ as they do on p. 20, while Alfonso enters to them on p. 21. Yet as Ferando on p. 22, l. 23, bids Alfonso ‘Godmorow’, evidently on Sunday morning,1 I have taken advantage of the couplet so—bestow on p. 21, l. 53-4, and the correspondence of the scene following with III. ii. of *The Shrew*, to end sc. vi. with ‘bestow,’ and to suppose the omission of the Stage-Direction *Exeunt Omnès* after ‘bestow,’ and that of ‘and Aurelius, Polidor, Emelie and Philena’ after ‘Enter Alfonso.’ As this change makes the play consistent with itself, and alters no word of its text, but only the Stage-directions, which are so notoriously incomplete and faulty in most Quartos, I think it justifiable, especially as Philena’s couplet so—bestow may be fairly taken to point to the end of a scene.2

Having thus Saturday and Sunday, I make Monday begin with sc. xii. p. 33, and end with sc. xiii. p. 37, while Tuesday comprises from sc. xiv. p. 37 to the end of the play: 4 days altogether.

P.S. Mr. Daniel has since been good enough to send me his scheme of the play. He rejects my cutting the continuous scene on p. 21 into two at Alfonso’s entry, in order to begin Sunday there and make the play’s time consistent with its words. He also makes one scene of the ten pages, 8-18 below, which I have cut into 3 scenes,—partly thro’ carelessness, being misled when in a hurry, by the wrong “*Ex. Omnès*” on p. 9, and taking my sc. v. on p. 12 to be a fresh one instead of a continuation of the old one. His scheme is as follows:

1 Polidor’s and Alfonso’s ‘to-day,’ l. 14, 21, p. 22, also imply Sunday.
2 Compare me—solomnity, p. 39, l. 46-7. I don’t deny that more other couplets like three-s’r, p. 9, l. 11-12, shrew (shro)-so, p. 13, l. 55-6, case-face, p. 19, l. 13-14, mate-fate, p. 19, l. 25-9, occur in the middle of other scenes.

Sc. i. p. 497-508 (p. 8-18, Facs.)
   "Enter two young Gentlemen"—to—"take the sire [Exit."

   ii. p. 508-513 (p. 18-24, Facs.)
   "Enter Valeria with a lute"—to—"he will wed. [Exit."

   iii. p. 513-518 (p. 24-28, Facs.)
   "Enter Polidor's Boy"—to—"they left behind [Exit omnes."

   iv. p. 518-520 (p. 28-30, Facs.)
   "Enter Sanders"—to—"unto there lure. [Exit."

   v. p. 520-521 (p. 30-31, Facs.)
   "Enter Aurelius"—to—"then lets go. [Exit omnes."

   vi. p. 521-523 (p. 31-33, Facs.)
   "Enter Sanders"—to—"louingly agree. [Ex. Omnes."

   vii. p. 523-525 (p. 33-35, Facs.)
   "Enter Aurelius"—to—"go with you. [Ex. Omnes."

   viii. p. 525-527 (p. 35-37, Facs.)
   "Enter Ferando"—to—"ere you go. [Exeunt Omnes."

   ix. p. 527-530 (p. 37-39, Facs.)
   "Enter Polidor"—to—"sweet solemnity. [Ex. Omnes."

   x. p. 530-531 (p. 39-41, Facs.)
   "Enter Ferando"—to—"shape again. [Ex. Omnes."

   xi. p. 532-535 (p. 41-45, Facs.)
   "Enter Alfonso"—to—"to your ship. [Exeunt Omnes."

   xii. p. 536-541 (p. 46-51, Facs.)
   "Enter Ferando"—to—"Exit Polidor and Emelia."

"Day I, Sc. i. to iv., includes the opening day and "tomorrow—next Sunday." The only possible way I see of dividing the time is to make the "tomorrow—next Sunday" day commence with my sc. ii.; tho' I believe that scene to be a continuation of the opening day. [Certainly—F.] 1 I can't possibly make any break in that scene on the entry of Alfonso, p. 511 (p. 21, Facs.).

"Day II, sc. v. to viii. I was no doubt wrong in making this "Day III, sc. ix. to xii. portion of the play only one day."

The number of the Characters in the Play is larger than I should have thought the ordinary travelling Company of Shakspeare's time

1 Observe, however, that Valeria says (Hazlitt's Sh. Lib. II. ii. 508): 'Come . . . will you take your lute, and play the lesson that I taught you last?' Kate, then, has had at least one previous lesson. It isn't likely that she had two lessons on the same day. Yet (at p. 510, Hazlitt) Val. says: 'For he and Polidor sent me before,' &c.; with which cf. pp. 506, 507. Apparently the writer forgot his characters' talk at these latter references, or deliberately altered his time-scheme at Valeria's entry (p. 510).—W. G. Stone.
§ 7. This Facsimile, Thanks to the Duke and P. A. D.

would be. Even with doubling several of the parts, A Shrew would require about ten men and four boys.

§ 7. This Facsimile is made from the Duke of Devonshire's unique original, which he kindly lent at my request to Mr Praetorius, who photographed it, and made the transfers. Mr Kell has put it on stone. The scenes and lines of A Shrew are marked here on the inside margins; while those lines which contain words that have been more or less taken up into The Shrew are numbered and dagged on the outer margins, where the corresponding Acts and Scenes of The Shrew are also marked. I owe many thanks to the Duke of Devonshire for his unfailing kindness in the loan of his originals, and to my friend Mr Daniel for his like ready help in all Shakspeare troubles and puzzles.

Michaelmas night, 1886:
3 St. George's Square, London, N.W.

________________

NOTES.

p. iv, § 3. 'structurally.'

Shakspere followed the structure of the T. R. closely; his chief alterations in this respect consisting in the omission of the Bastard's visit to a religious house, and the details of K. John's poisoning.—W. G. Stone. But see Mr. Edward Rose's Paper, read before the New Shakspere Society in or about 1876, and then printed in Macmillan's Magazine. It is to my impression of this that I refer.—P.

p. v, Loose-bodied

See Var. 2d., 1824, v. 488. Reed refers to Dekker's Honest Whore, Pt. 2. Peneleope Whorehound (who wants to pass as an honest woman) enters 'like a Citizen's wife.' She says: '... if I go among citizens' wives, they jeer at me; if I go among the loose-bodied gowns, they cry a pox on me, because I go civilly attired, and swear their trade was a good trade, till such as I am took it out of their hands.' &c.—Dodson's Old Plays, 1780, vol. iii. pp. 478, 479.

In the 1st Part of the Honest Whore, a Bawd says to Bellafonte (the honest whore): 'O sweet Madonna, on with your loose gown, your felt and your feather!' —Dodson, iii. 313. Observe that, in the quotation from the 2nd Part of H. W., 'loose-bodied gowns' = whores; they apparently having this distinctive garb, which no decent woman would wear.

p. viii. Marlow and a Shrew.

Samuel Hickson pointed out eight years later than Knight's friend (Notes and Queries, 1st S. i. 226, 227, Feb. 9, 1850), the first, second, and seventh of these passages. I suspect that he gave some of the other parallelism, but as he didn't quote in full, and I don't possess the particular edition he refers to, I haven't verified more than these three.—W. G. Stone.

p. ix. Copyer and plagiarist.

Mr A. H. Bullen tells me that this is his conclusion too, in his edition of Marlowe. He thinks Marlowe's big words were adopted as a joke by the writer of A Shrew.
Characters in a Shrew.

_Induction_ (12 Men and 2 Boys).

*Tipster,* (sig. A 2) p. 3, (G 2) p. 51.


*A Lord,* (named Simon, sig. A 4, p. 7) and his *Men,* (A 2) p. 3, p. 6, p. 45.

*A Messenger,* (A 3) p. 5.

Two *Players,* (Sander, a married man (p. 5, l. 64), and Tom ♦) p. 5


Four *Servants,* p. 6.

---

_The Play:_ 14 men, and 4 Boys (1 Polidor’s, 3 as Alfonso’s Daughters).


_Valeria* (p. 11, l. 63), _Aurelius’_ man, p. 8.

_Polidor’s Boy,* p. 8, p. 47.


_Alfonsus* or _Alfonso,* (B) p. 9,

and his three Daughters—

1. _Kath_ (B, p. 9) (who weds Ferando).

2. _Phylena* or _Philena* (B, p. 9) (who weds Aurelius).

3. _Emelia* (B, p. 9) (who weds Polidor).

_Ferando* (who weds Kate), p. 11.

†_Saunders* or _Sander,* Ferando’s man, p. 11.

†_Tom* or _Will,* &c. (Ferando’s men, p. 28.

_Phylotus,* the Merchant (who acts as Aurelius’ Father), p. 33, p. 41.

_The Haberdasher,* p. 35.

_The Tailor,* p. 35.

_Ierobell* (p. 45), Duke of Cettus, p. 40, p. 42.

---

The scene of the Induction is any hunting county, with an Inn and a Lord’s house, in England. _That of the Play,_ _Athena._ _The stage time of the whole, one night. Time of the Play, (3 or) 4 days:_ Saturday, Sunday, Monday and Tuesday.
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 servants.

Printed at London by Peter Short and are to be sold by Cutbert Burbie, at his shop at the Royall Exchange. 1594.
A Pleasent conceited Historie, called
The Taming of a Shrew.

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

Tapster.

You whorson droonken slave, 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 crieffe Tapster Ile fese you anon.
Fils the tother pot and alls paid for, looke you
I doo drinke it of mine owne Inligation, Omne bene
Heere Ile lie a while, why Tapster I say,
Fils a fresh cuhen heere.
Heigh ho, heers good warme lying.
He fals allepe.

Enter a Noble man and his men
from hunting.

Lord. Now that the gloomie shadwowe of the night,
Longing to view Orions drifling lookes,
Leapes from th'antartick World vnto the skie
And dims the Welkin with her pitchie breath,
And darkesome night oershades the chirftall heauens,
Here breake we off our hunting for to night,
The taming of a Shrew.

Cupple ye the hounds and let vs hie vs home,
And bid the huntsman see them meeted well,
For they have all defended it well to daie,
But soft, what sleepe fellow is this lies heere?
Or is he dead, see one what he dooth lacke?  (sleepe)

Serving man. My lord, tis nothing but a drunken
His head is too heauie for his bodie,
And he hath drunk so much that he can go no further.

Lord. Fie, how the slauef villaines flinkes of drink.

Ho, sirha arise. What so found asleepe?
Go take him vppe and beare him to my house,
And bear him easlie for feare he wake,
And in my fairest chamber make a fire,

And set a sumptuous banquet on the boord,
And put my richest garments on his backe,
Then set him at the Table in a chaire:
When that is done against he shall awake,
Let heauenlie musick play about him still,
Go two of you awake and beare him hence,
And then Ile tell you what I have devised,
But see in any place you wake him not.

Exeunt two with Sir.

Now take my cloake and give me one of yours,
A fellowes now, and see you take me so,
For we will waite upon this doozenken man,
To see his countenance when he dooth awake
And finde him selue clothed in such attire,
With heauenlie musicke sounding in his ears,
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 waketh,
And see you call him Lord, at euery word,
And offer thou him his horse to ride abroad,
The taming of a Shrew.

And thou his hawkes and houndes to hunt the deere,
And I will ask what furies he meanes to weare,
And what so ere he faith see you doe not laugh,
But still persuade him that he is a Lord.

Enter one.

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

Lord. The fittest time they could have chosen out,
Bid one or two of them come hither straight.
Now will I fit 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 sirs, what store of plaies haue you?
San. Marrie my lord you maie have a Tragicall
Or a comodite, or what you will.

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

Lord. And what is the name of your Comedie?
San. Marrie my lord ris calde The taming of a Shrew
That is a good lesson for vs my lord, for vs y are married 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 something foolish, but what so ere he saies,
See that you be not daunt out of countenance.
And sirha go you make you ready straight,
And dresse your selfe like some louelie ladie,
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
The taming of a Shrew.

Then sake some scuffle and say thou wilt anon.
Be gone I say, and see thou dost it well.
Boy. Fear not my Lord, I'll dandell him well enough
And make him thinke I love him mightelie. Ex. boy.
Lord. Now sir go you and make you ready to,
For you must play afoone as he dooth wake.
San. O braue, sirha Tom, we must play before
A foolish Lord, come let's go make vs ready,
Go get a dishealt to make cleane your shooes,
And I'll speake for the properties, My Lord, we must
Have a shoulder of mutton for a propertie,
And a little vinegre to make our Diuell røre.
Lord. Very well: sirha see that they want nothing.
Exit omnes.

Enter two with a table and a banquest on it, and two
other, with She asleep in a chaire, richlie
apparelled, & the musick plaing.

One. So: sirha now go call my Lord,
And tell him that all things is ready as he will it.
Another. Set thou some wine uppon the boord
And then I'll go fetch my Lord prettindie. Exit

Enter the Lord and his men.

Lord. How now, what is all things readie?
One. I my Lord.
Lord. Then found the musick, and I'll wake him
And see you doo as earli I gaue in charge.
My lord, my lord, he sleepes foundlie: My lord.
She. Tapiter, gig a little small ale. Heigh ho,
Lord. Heers wine my lord, the purest of the grape.
She. For which Lord?
Lord. For your honour my Lord.
She.
The taming of a Shrew.

Slie. Who I, am I a Lord? Jesu, what fine apparell have I got.

Lord. More rich her face ye honour hath to weare,
And if it please you I will fetch them straignt.

Wil. And if your honour please to ride abroad,
Ile fetch you luffie steeedes more swift of pace
Then winged Pegafus in all his pride,
That ran to twistie over 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 breathd Tygre broken winded.

Slie. By the maffe I think I am a Lord indeed,
What's thy name?

Lord. Simon and it please your honour.

Slie. Simon, that's as much to say Simion or Simon
Put forth thy hand and fill the pot.
Give me thy hand, Sim am I a lord indeed?

Lord. I my gracious Lord, and your louselie ladie
Long time hath mooend for your abience here,
And now with joy behold where the dooth come
To grante the honour safe returne.

Enter the boy in Womans attire.

Slie. Sim. Is this thee?

Lord. My Lord.

Slie. Maske is a prettie wench, what's her name?

Boy. Ohy that my louselie Lord would once vouchsafe
To looke on me, and leave these frantike fits,
Or were I now but halfe so eloquent,
To paint in words what hee performe in deeds,
I know your honour then would pittie me.

Slie. Hakest thou mistresse, will you eat a peece of
bread?

Come
Enter two young Gentlemen, and a man
and a boire.

Pol. Welcome to Athens my beloved friend,
To Platoes schooles and Aristotles walkes,
Welcome from Celes famous for the loue
Of good Leander and his Tragedie,
For whom the Helespont weepes brimish teares,
The greatest griefe is I cannot as I would
Give entertainment to my dearest friend:

Aurel. Thanks noble Polidor my second selfe,
The faithfull loue which I haue found in thee
Hath made me leave my fathers princelie court,
The Duke of Celes thistle renowned feate,
To come to Athens thus to find thee out,
The taming of a Shrew.

Which since I have so happlie attained,
My fortune now I doo account as great
As earst did Caesar when he conquered most,
But tell me noble friend where shall we lodge,
For I am unacquainted in this place.

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

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

Enter Simon, Alphonas, 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 prestious stone,
More louelie farre then is the morning sunne,
When first she opes hit orientall gates.

Alfon. Daughters be gone, and he you to y church,
And I will hie me downe vnto the key,
To see what Marchandife is come a thore.

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 with they had not gone so soone,
But if thou canst, refolue 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, faire and yong,
And one of them the yoongest of the three
I long haue lou'd (sweet friend) and the lou'd me,
But never yet we could not find a meanes
How we might compasse our desired ioyes.

B Aurel.
ACT I
SCENE I

THE TAMING OF A SHREW.

Aurel. Why, is not her father willing to the match?
Pol. Yes trueth me, but he hath solemnly sworn,
His eldest daughter first shall be espoused,
Before he granteth his youngest leave to love,
And therefore he that means to get their loves,
Must first provide 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 never live,
And till that she be sped none else can speed,
Which makes me thinke that all my labours lost,
And whosoever can get her firme good will,
A large dowrie he shall be sure to haue,
For her father is a man of mightie wealth,
And an ancient Citizen of the towne,
And that was he that went along with them.

Aurel. But he shall keepe her still by my advice,
And yet I needs must love his second daughter
The image of honor and Nobilitie,
In whose sweet person is comphrsed the somme
Of naturals skill and heauenlie majestie.

Pol. I like your choise, and glad you chose not mine,
Then if you like to follow on your love,
We must devise a meanes and finde some one
That will attempt to wed this diuell she should,
And I doo know the man. Come hither boy,
Go your waies firsha to Ferandoes house,
Desire him take the paines to come to me,
For I must speake with him immedicat.

Boy. I will sir, and fetch him prefendie.

Pol. A man I thinke will fit his humor right,
As blunt in speech as he is sharpe of toong,
And he I thinke will match his euerie waie,
And yet he is a man of wealth sufficient.
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 freely visit both our loves.

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

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

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

Enter Ferando and his man Saunder
with a blew coat.

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

Feran. Good morrow gentlemen to all at once.

How now Polidor, what man liue in loue?
Euer wooring and canst thou neuer speed,
God fend me better luck when I shall woo.

San. I warrant you maister and you take my counsell.
Feran. Why sirha, are you so cunning?
San. Who I, twere better for you by five marke
And you could tel how to doo it as well as I.
The taming of a Shrew.

Pol. I would thy maistre once were in the vaine,
To trie himselfe how he could woo a wench.
Feran. Faith I am euene 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 patient wench alius
The duell himselfe dares scarce venter to woo her,
Signior Alfonso eldest daughter,
And he hath promisde me six thouand 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 too till she be wearie,
Or else Ile make her yeeld to grant me louse.
Pol. How like you this Aurelius, I thinke he knew
Our mindes before we fent to him,
But tell me, when doo you meane to speake with her?
Feran. Faith pretendlie, 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 all our heartes, Come Aurelius
Let vs be gone and leue him heere alone. Exit.
Feran. Ho Signiour Alfonso, whole within there?
Alfon. Signiour Ferando your welcom eartlie,
You are a stranger sir vnto my house.
Hakke you sir, looke what I did promise you
Ile perforne, if you get my daughters louse.
Feran. Then when I haue talke a word or two with hir,
Doo you step in and giue her hand to me,
And tell her when the marriage daie shall be,
For I doo know she would be married faine,
And when our nuptiall rites be once perfomde
Let me alone to tame hir well enough,
Now call her foorth that I may speake with hir.
Enter Kate.

Alfon.
The taming of a Shrew.

Alfon. Ha Kate, come hither wench & lift to me, 
Vse this gentleman friendly as thou canst.

Feran. Twentie good morrowes to my louely Kate.
Kate. You left I am sure, is the yours already?
Feran. I tell thee Kate I know thou louest 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 ever seene so grose an affe 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 will set my ten commandments in your face.
Feran. I prethee 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 care.
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 ferue, if the other faile.
Alfon. How now Ferando, what faies my daughter?
Feran. She sees willing sir and loues me as sir life.
Kate. Tis for your skin then, but not to be your wife,
Alfon. Come hither Kate and let me give thy hand
To him that I haue choosen for thy loue,
And thou to morrow shalt be wed to him.
Kate. Why father, what do you mean to do with me,
To give me thus to this brain fick man,
That in his mood cares not to murder me?
She turns aside and speakes,
But yet I will conuent and marrie him,
For I methinkes haue liute too long a maid,
And match him to, or else his manhoods good.
Alfon. Give me thy hand Ferando loues thee wel,
And will with wealth and eafe maintaine thy state.
Here Ferando take her for thy wife.

B 3

And
Act II.

Scene 1.

The Taming of a Shrew.

Feran. Why so, did I not tell thee I should be the man
Father, I leave my louelie Kate with you,
Provide your selues against our mariage daie,
For I must hie me to my countrie houfe
In haste, to see provision may be made,
To entertaine my Kate when she dooth come.

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

Exit Alfonso and Kate.

Feran. So, all thus fare goes well. Ho Sandter.

Enter Sandter laughing.

San. Sandter, Ihaith your a beast, Ierie God hartlie
Mercie, my harts readie to run out of my bellie with
Laughing, I flood behind the doore all this while,
And heard what you faied to hir.

Feran. Why didst thou think that I did not speake
San. You spoke like an affe to her, I tel you what,
And I had been there to hauve woode hir, and had this
Clocke on that you haue, chud haue had her before she
Had gone a foot furder, and you talke of Woodcocks
with her, and I cannot tell you what.

Feran. Wel sirha, & ye thinke I haue got her
San. I marrie twas more by hap then any good cunning
I hope sheele make you one of the head men of the
parith shortly.

Feran. Wel sirha leave your inpling and go to Polidors
The young gentleman that was here with me, (houfe,
And tell him the circumstance of all thou knowst,
Tell him on sundey next we must be married,
And if he aske thee whither I am gone,
Tell him into the countrie to my houfe,
And vpon sundaye Ile be heere againe. Ex. Ferando,

San.
Sc. v.

**The taming of a Shrew.**

_Sam._ I warrant you Maitre Fear not me
For doing of my businesse.
Now hang him that has not a liuerie coat
To flash it out and wash it out amongst the proudest
On them. Why looke you now, I fear not you, put vp
_Plaire Saunder_ now at any of their handes, for and any
Bodie haue any thing to doo with my maister, straight
They come crouching upon me, I beseech you good M.
_Saunder_ speake a good word for me, and then am I to
Stout and takes it upon me, & stands upon my pantofles
To them out of all crie, why I have a life like a giant.
Now, but that my maister hath such a pestilent mind
To a woman now a late, and I have a prettie wench
To my sister, and I had thought to have preferred my
Maister to her, and that would have beene a good
Deale in my waie but that hees sped already.

_Enter Polidors boie._

_Boy._ Friend, well met.
_Sam._ Sounds, friend well met. I hold my life he sees
Not my maisteres liuerie coat,
Plaine friend hop of my thun, kno you who we are.
_Boy._ Truthe me sir it is the vfe 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 forie for it, hoping the tyle
Of a foole will make you amends for all.

_Sam._ The flaye is forie for his fault, now we cannot be
Angrie, wel what the matter that you would do with vs.
_Boy._ Marry sir, I heare you pertain to signior
_Ferando._
_Sam._ I and thou best not blind thou maist see,
_Ecco signum_, heere.

_Boy._ Shall I treat you to doo me a message to your
Maister?
_Sam._
The taming of a Shrew.

San. I, it may be, & you tell us from whence you com.
Boy. Marry sir I ferue yong Polidor your maisters friend.
San. Do you ferue him, and what is your name?
Boy. My name sirha, I tell thee sirha is cald Catapie.
San. Cake and pie, O my teeth waters to have a peace of thee.
Boy. Why slue wouldst thou eate me?
San. Eate thee, who would not eate Cake and pie?
Boy. Why villains my name is Catapie,
But wilt thou tell me where thy maister is.
San. Nay thou must first tell me where thy maister is,
For I have good newes for him, I can tell thee.
Boy. Why see where he comes.

Enter Polidor, Aurelius and Valeria.

Pol. Come sir I unnie Aurelius my faithfull friend,
Now will we go to see those louelie dames
Richer in beaute then the orient pearle,
Whiter then is the Alpine Chriftall mould,
And faire more louelie then the terean plant,
That blushing in the aire turnes to a stone.
What Sander, what newes with you?
San. Marry sir I my maister sendes you word
That you must come to his wedding to morrow.
Pol. What, shall he be married then?
San. Faith I, you thinke he flandes so long about it as you doo.
Pol. Whither is thy maister gone now?
San. Marrie hees gone to our house in the Countrie,
To make all things in a readiness against my new
Mistresse comes thither, but heele come againe to morrowe.
Pol. This is suddainlie dispatcht belike.
Well, sirha boy, take Sander in with you
And
The taming of a Shrew.
And haue him to the butrie pretendie.
Boy, I will sit come Saunders.
Exit Saunders and the Boy.
Aurel. Valeria as erfc we did devise,
Take thou thy lute and go to Alfonso house,
And say that Polidor sent thee thither.
Pol. I Valeria for he spake to me,
To helpe him to some cunning Musitian,
To teach his eldist daughter on the lute,
And thou I know will fit his turne so well
As thou shalt get great favoure at his handes,
Begon Valeria and say I sent thee to him.
Valer. I will sit and stay your comming at Alfonso house.
Exit Valeria
Pol. Now sweete Aurelius by this devise:
Shall we haue leisur for to court our louses,
For whilst that he is learning on the lute,
His sisters may take time to sleepe abrode,
For otherwise she keep them both within,
And make them worke whilst the hir selue doth play,
But come let go vnto Alfonso house,
And see how Valeria and Kate agrée,
I doubt his Mufick skarfe will please his skoller,
But stay here comes Alfonso.
Enter Alfonso
Alfonso. What M. Polidor you are well mett,
I thank you for the man you sent to me,
A good Mustion I think he is,
I haue set my daughter and him togethier,
But is this gentellman a friend of youres?
Pol. He is, I praise you sir bid him welcome,
He's a wealthie Marchants sonne of Cefius.
Alfonso. Your welcom sir and if my house aforde
You
The taming of a Shrew.

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

Aurel. I thank you sir, and if what I have got,
By marchandise or trauell on the seas,
Sattins or lawnes or azure coloured silke,
Or precious firie pointed stones of Indie,
You shall command both them my selfe and all.

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.

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

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

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

Then Slie speakes.

Slie. Sim, when will the foole come againe?

Lord. Heele come againe my Lord anon.

Slie. Gis some more drinke here, foures wheres
The Tapster, here Sim eat some of these thinges.

Lord. So I doo my Lord.

Slie. Here Sim, I drinke to thee.

Lord. My Lord heere comes the plaiers againe,
Slie. O braue, heers two fine gentlewomen.

Enter Valeria with a Lute and Kate
with him.

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

Haue
The taming of a Shrew.

Have savage beastes hung downe their listning heads,
As though they had beeene cast into a trance.
Then it may be that the whom nought can please,
With musickes found in time may be surprise,
Come lowly mistresse will you take your lute,
And play the leffon that I taught you laft?
Kate. It is no matter whether I doo or no,
For truft me I take no great delight in it.
Vale. I would sweet mistrefle that it laie in me,
To helpe you to that thing thats your delight.
Kate. In you with a pettence, are you so kind?
Then make a night cap of your fiddles cafe,
To warme your head, and hide your filthie face.
Vale. If that sweet mistrefle 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'ed,
And yet methinkes thefoole dooth looke as quint.
Vale. Why mistrefle doo you mocke me?
Kate. No, but I meane to moue thee.
Vale. Well, will you plaie a little?
Kate. I, give me the Lute.
She plaies.
Vale. That floe was false, play it againe.
Kate. Then mend it thou, thou filthy asse.
Vale. What, doo you bid me kissse your arse?
Kate. How now iack saufe, your a jollie mate,
Your heft be still leaff I crosse your pate,
And make your musickes flie about your eares,
Ile make it and your foolish coxcombe meet.
She offers to strike him with the lute.
Vale. Hold mistrefle, soues wil you breake my lute?
Kate. I on thy head, and if thou speake to me,
The taming of a Shrew.

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.

Val. Souns, teach hir to play vpone the lute?
The deuill that teach her first, I am glad shees gone,
For I was neare so fraid in all my life,
But that my lute should flie 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,
Whilsht they did count the other gentlewomen,
And heere methinks they come together.

Enter Aurelia, Polidor, Emelia, and Phileas.

Pol. How now Valeria, wethers 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 Valeriago to my chamber,
And heare him companie that came to daie
From Ceitius, where our aged father dwells. Ex. Valeria.

Pol. Come faire Emelia my louelie loue,
Brighter then the burnishd pallace of the sinne,
The eie-light of the glorious firmament,
In whose bright looks sparkles the radiant fire,
While Prometheus sile it stole from Iove,
Influing breath, life, motion, foule,
To everie object striken by thine eies.
Oh faire Emelia I pine for thee,
And either must enjoy thy loue, or die.

Emelia.
The taming of a Shrew.

Enter Emelia. Fieman, I know you will not die for love.
Alf. Polidor thou needest not to complaine,
Emelia. Eternall heaven sooner be dissolude,
Pol. And all that pearseth Phebus siluer eie,
Before such hap befall to Polidor.
Pol. Thanks faire Emelia for these sweet words,
But what faith Phylena to her friend?
Phyl. Why I am buying marchandise of him.
Emelia. Miftresse you shall not need to buie of me,
For when I croft the bubling Canibey,
And sailde along the Cristall Helisfont,
I filde my cokers of the wealthie mines,
Where I did cause Millions of labouring Moores
To undermine the cowerstes of the earth,
To secke for strange and new found precious stones,
And dye into the sea to gather pearle,
As faire as Iuno offered Priams sonne,
And you shall take your liberall choice of all.
Phyl. I thank you sir and would Phylena might
In any curselesse requite you so,
As the with willing hart could well beflaw.

Enter Alfonso.

Alfonso. How now daughters, is Ferando come?
Emelia. Not yet father, I wonder he stayes so long.
Alfonso. And where is your sister that she is not heere?
Phylena. She is making of her readie father
To goe to church and if that he were come.
Pol. I warrant you heele not be long awaie.
Alfonso. 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 Phylena and Emelia.

I maruell that Ferando comes not away.

C 3
Pol.
The taming of a Shrew.

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

Alfon. I carde not I what cost he did bestow,
In gold or silke, so he himselfe were here,
For I had rather lose a thousand crownes,
Then that he should deceuie vs here to daie,
But soe 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 persuaded,
That we should scarce haue had our bridegrome here,
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,
Shee such a shrew, if we should once fall out,
Sheepe pul my costlie futes over mine eares,
And therefore am I thus attired awhile,
For manie things I tell you's in my head,
And none must know thereof but Kate and I,
For we shall live like lammes and Lions sure,
Nor lammes to Lions never was so tame,
If once they lie within the Lions paws
As Kate to me if we were married once,

And therefore come let vs to church presently,

Pol. Fie Ferando not thus attired for shame.

Come to my Chamber and there fite thy felle,
The taming of a Shrew

Oft time fates that I did neuer were:
  Ferar. Tuft Polidor I haue as many futes
Fantastick made to fit my humor so
As any in Athens and as richlie wrought
As was the Maffie Robe that late adornde,
The fately legate of the Perisian King,
And this from them haue I made choise to weare.
  Alfon. I prethie Ferardo let me intreat
Before thou goste vnto the church with vs,
To put some other fute vpon thy backe.
  Ferar. Not for the world if I might gaine it so,
And therefore take me thus or not at all,

Enter Kate.

But softe where my Kate doth come,
I muft salute hir: how fates my louely Kate?
What art thou readie? shal we go to church?
  Kate. Not I with one so mad, so basely tichte,
To marrie such a flichtie flausish groome,
That as it feemes sometimes is from his wits,
Or else he would not thus have come to vs.
  Ferar. Tuft Kate these words addes greater loue in me
And makes me think the fairest then before,
Sweete Kate the louelier then Dianas purple robe,
Whiter then are the Inowl 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 Smines at Idas fecte,
And care not thou sweere Kate how I be clad,
Thou shalt haue garments wrought of Median filke,
Enchaft with pretious Jewells feecht from far,
By Italian Marchants that with Russian itemes,
Plovs vp huge sorrowes in the Terren Maine,

And
The taming of a Shrew.

And better fare my lovely Kate shall weare,
Then come sweet loue and let vs to the church
For this I weare shall be my wedding suit.

Exit all.

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

Enter Polidors boy and Sander.
Boy. Come hither sirha boy.
San. Boy; oh dilgrace to my person, founs boy
Of your face, you haue many boies with fuch
Pickadeuantes I am sure, founs would you
Not haue a bloudie nofe for this?
Boy. Come, come, I did but lef, where is that
Same pcece 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 prerte giue it me,
I am verie hungry I promife thee.
San. Why you may take it and the devill burst
You with it, one cannot taste 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 bridewhouse; for your maisters gone to
Church to be married alreadie, and the tarts
Such cheere as pasteth.
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 I le so cram me downe the tarts
And the marchpaines, out of all cri.
Boy. I, but how wilt thou doo now thy maisters
Married, thy mistresse is such a devill, as sheele make
Thee forget thy eating quickly, sheele beat thee fo.
San.
The taming of a Shrew.

San. Let my maister alone with hit for that, for
Heele make hit tame well inough ere longe I warent thee
For he's such a churl waxen now of late that and he be
Neuer fo little angry he thums me out of all crie,
But in my minde hitra the youngest is a verie
Prettie wench, and if I thought thy maister would
Not haue hit I de haue a flinge at hit
My selfe, hit see soone whether will be a match
Or no: and it will not hit se the matter
Hard for my selfe I warrant thee.

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

San. Oh, cruell judgement, nay then sirra,
My tongue shal talke no more to you, marry my
Timber I shal tell the trustie message of his maister,
Even on the very forehead on thee, thou abusious
Villaine, therefore prepare thy selfe.

Boy. Come hither thou Imperfectious shiue in
Regard of thy beggery, holde thee theres
Two shillings for thee? to pay for the
Healing of thy left legge which I meane
Furiouly to invade or to maine at the least.

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

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 gata a broken shin the other day,
Tis not, whole yet and therefore Ile not fight
Come come why should we fall out?

Boy. Well shiare your faire words hath something
Alaied my Coller: I am content for this once
To put it vp and be frends with thee,
The taming of a Shrew.

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

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

Feran. Father farwell, my Kate and I must home,
Sirra go make ready my horfe pretendlie.

Alfon. Your horfe! what fon I hope you doo but lef,
I am sure you will not go so suddainly.

Kate. Let him go or tarry I am resolu'd to stay,
And not to tranell on my wedding day.

Feran. Tut Kate I tell thee we must needs go home,
Villaine haft thou saddled my horfe?

San. Which horfe, your curtall?

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

Kate Not for me: for I le not go.  
(pence
San. The officer will not let me have 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 give them another pecke of lavender.

Feran. Out sounes and bring them pretendly to the dore

Alfon. Why fon I hope at least youe dine with vs

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


Come Kate our dinner is provided at home.

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

I le haue my will in this as well as you,
Though you in madding mood would leave your frends
Despite of you I le 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,
The taming of a Shrew.

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

Exit Ferando and Kate.

Pol. Farewell Ferando since you will be gone.

Alfon. So mad a cupple did I never see.

Emel. They're even as well macth as I would wish.

Phile. And yet I hardly thinke that he can tame her.

For when he has don the will do what she lift.

Aurel. Her manhood then is good I do beleue.

Pol. Aurelius or else I misse my marke,
Her croung with walke if the doth hold her handes,
I am in doubt ere halfe a month be past.

Hele curse the priest that married him so soon,
And yet it may be she will be reclaimde,
For she is verie patient gone of late.

Alfon. God hold it that it may continue still,
I would be loth that they should disagre,
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 have you sent to Cefius as you said,
To certify your father of your loue,
For I would gladlie he would like of it,

And if he be the man you tell to me,
I gess he is a Marchant of great wealth.
And I have seene him oft at Athens here,
And for his sake assure thee thou art welcome.

Pol. And so to me whilst Polidor doth live.

Aurelius
Act III.  Sc. ii.

Aurel.  I find it so right worthy gentlemen,
And what worth your friendship to me,
I hate censure of your severall thoughts,
But requital of your favours paid,
Rests yet behind, which when occasion serues
I vow shall be remembred to the full,
And for my fathers comming to this place,
I do expect within this weeke at most.

Alfon.  Though Aurelius: but we forget
Our Marriage dinner now the bride is gone,
Come let vs see what there they left behind.  Exit Omnes

Enter Sanders with two or three serving men

San.  Come firs provide all things as fast as you can,
For my Master hard at hand and my new Mistris
And all, and he sent me before to see all things redy.

Tom.  Welcome home Sanders how dooes our
New Mistris they say she's a plagie Shrew.

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

Will.  Why Sanders what dooes he say.

San.  Why I'll tell you what; when they shold
Go to church to be maried he puts on an olde
Jerkin and a pair of canvas 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 feest him: he's none 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 here tarried for dinner and therefore you had best
Get supper rodding against they come, for

They
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; wheres these villains
Here, what? not slipper yet vpon the borde:
Nor table fired nor nothing don at all,
Whereas that villain that I sent before.
San. Now, adiun, sir.

Feran. Come hither you villain, I he cut your nose,
You Rogue: helpe me of with my bootes: wilt please
You to lay the cloth? sounes the villain
Hurts my foote? pull eafeely I say, yet againe.

He beatethem all.

They cover the bord and fetch in the meate.

Sounes? burnt and skorch? who dreft this meate?

Will. Forfiouth John cooke.

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

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

Exit Ferando and Kate.

Servants setting men and eate vp all the meate.

Tom. Sounes? I thynke of my conscience my Maisters

Mad since he was marryed.

Will. I left what a boxe he gave Sander
For pulling of his bootes.

Enter Ferando againe.

San. I hurt his foote for the nonce man.

Feran. Did you so you damned villain.

He beateth them all out againe.

This humor must I holde me to a while,
The taming of a Shrew

To bride and hold back my headstrong wife,
With curbes of hunger eate; and want of sleepe,
Nor sleepe nor meate shall she inioie to night,
Ile mew her vp as men do mew their hawkes,
And make her gentile come vnto the lure,
Were she as stubborn or as full of strenge
As were the Thracian horse Achelides tame,
That King Egesfed with fief of men,
Yet would I pull her downe and make her come
As hungry hawkes do flye vnto there lure.

Exit.

Enter Aurelius and Valeria.

Aurel. Valeria attend; I have a louely love,
As bright as is the heauen cristalline,
As faire as is the milke white way of Ioue,
As chaft as Phæbe in her sommer sporte,
As softe and tender as the asure downe,
That circles Citheres silver doues.
Her do I meane to make my louely bride,
And in her bed to breath the sweete content,
That I thow know I longtime have aimed at.
Now Valeria it releth in thee to helpe
To compasse this, that I might gaine my love,
Which easlie 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
Pass ouer certaine deedes of land to me,
That I thereby may gaine my hearts desire.
And he is promised reward of me.

Val. Fear not my Lord Ile fetch him straight to you,
For hele do anything 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 erelong.

Valeria
The taming of a Shrew.

Val. He faies fo.
Aurel. Faith he's gon vnto the taming schoole.
Val. The taming schoole: why is there such a place?
Aurel. I: and Ferando is the Maister of the schoole.
Val. Thats rare: but what decorum dos he vse?
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 compriue our plotted drifft,
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.
San. Come Miftres.
Kate. Sander I prethe helpe me to some meate,
I am so faint that I can scarceely stande.
San. I marry mistris but you know my maister
Has given me a charge that you must eate nothing,
But that which he himselfe giued you.
Kate. Why man thy Maister needs never know it.
San. You say true indeed: why looke you Mistris,
What fay you to a peife of beeffe and mustard now?
Kate. Why I say tis excellent meate, canst thou
helpe me to some?
San. I, I could helpe you to some but that
I doubt the mustard is too colerick for you,
But what fay you to a sheepes head and garlick?
Kate. Why any thing, I care not what it be.
San. I but the garlick I doubt will make your breath
stinke, and then my Maister will course me for leting
You eate it: But what fay you to a fat Capon?
Kate. Thats meate for a King sweet Sander helpe
Me to some of it.
San. Nay berlady then tis too deere for vs, we must
Not
The taming of a Shrew.

Not meddle with the Kings meate,
Kate Out villaine dolt thou mocke me,
Take that for thy sawfinesse.
She beates him.
San. Sounes are you so light fingerd with a murrin,
Ile keepe you fasting for it this two daies.
Kate. I tell thee villaine Ile tear the flesh of
Thy face and eate it and thou prates to me thus.
San. Here comes my Maiter now hele course you.
Enter Ferando with a peece of meate vpon his
daggers point and Polidor with him.

Feran. Se here Kate I haue prouided meate for thee,
Here take it: what if it not worthie thankes,

Goe sirra? take it awaie agaie you shall be
Thankefull for the next you haue.
Kate. Why I thankes you for it.

Feran. Nay nowtis not worth a pin go sirray and take
It hence I say.
San. Yes sir Ile Carrie it hence: Maiter let her
Haue none for she can fight as hungric as she is.

Pol. I pray you sir let it stand, for Ile eate
Some with her my selfe.
Feran. Well sirra set it downe agaie,
Kate. Nay nay I pray you let him take it hence,
And keepe it for your owne diet ye Ile none,
Ile nere be beholding to you for your Meate,
I tell thee flatlie here vnto the thy teethe
Thou shalt not keepe me nor feed me as thou lift,

For I will home againe vnto my fathers houfe.
Feran. I, when you'r meeke and gentell but not
Before, I know your flomack is not yet come downe,
Therefore no maruell thou canst not eate,

And I will goe vnto your Fathers houfe,
Come Polidor let vs goe in againe,
The taming of a Shrew.

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

Enter Aurelius Valeria and Phylotus
the Marchant.

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

Phylot. I warrant you Sir take you no care,
Ile vie my felte to cunning in the caufe,
As you shall soone joyce your harts delight.

Aurel. Thanks 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 what the
That you stand fo 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 certifie you of the truth.

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

Phylot. Thanks Alfonso, for thats your name I geffe,
I understand 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 shoulde doo well,
I tell you Sir, I not mislike his choife,
If you agree to give him your content,
He shall haue license to maintaine his state,

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 themselves in holy wedlock bandes,
A thousand saffie in gots of pure gold,
And twice as many bares of siluer plate,
I freely geue him, and in writing striaight,
I will confirme what I haue saide in wordes.

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

Aurel. He is the Duke of Cesius thriue renowned son,
Who for the loue his honour bares 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 have donne my dutie to your honour.

Val. Thanks 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 Cesius frend,
In celebration of his spousall rites,
He shall remaine a lasting friend to you,
What faies Aurelius father.

Phylus. 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 housees and possesterities,
Eternallie this league of peace shall last,
Inuiolat and pure on either part.

Alfonso
The taming of a Shrew.

Afton. 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 haberdafter has brought my
Miftrffe home her cappe here.

Feran. Come hither sirra: what haue you there?

Habur. A velvet cappe sir and it please you.

Feran. Who spoake for it? didst thou Kate?

Kate. What if I did, come hither sirra, give 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 fashion quite.

Kate. The fashion is good enought: be like 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 begun with it.

Enter the Taylor with a gowne.

San. Here is the Taylor too with my Milris gowne.

San. Be fore I make it as your man gave me direc-
You may reade the note here.

Feran. Come hither sirra: Taylor reade the note.

Taylor. Item a faire round compeas cape.

San. That's true.

Taylor. And a large truncke sleeue.
The taming of a Shrew.

San. Thats a lie maister. I faid two truncke sleeues.

Feran. Well sir goe forward.

Tailor. Item a loose bodied gowne.

San. Maister if euer I faid loose bodies gowne,
Sew me in a feame and beate me to death,
Witha botomme of browne thred.

Tailor. I made it as the note bad me.

San. I say the note lies in his throate and thou too,
And thou saist it

Taylor. Nay nay nere be so hot sirra, for I feare you not.

San. Doost thou heare Taylor, thou haft braued
Many men; braue not me.

Thou'st fafte many men.

Taylor. Well sir.

San. Face not me I leuether be faste nor braued
At thy handes I can tell thee.

Kate. Come come I like the fashion of it well enough,
Heres more a do then needs Ile haue it t,
And if you do not like it hide your eies,
I thinke I shall haue nothing by your will.

Feran. Go I say and take it vp for your maisters vfe.

San. Sounds, villaine not for thy life touch it not,

Sounds, take vp my miftris gowne to his
Maisters vfe?

Feran. Well sir: what's your conceit of it.

San. I haue a deeper conceite in it then you
think for, take vp my Miftris gowne
To his maisters vfe?

Feran. Tailor come hether: for this time take it

Hence againe, and Ile content thee for thy paines.

Taylor. I thank you sir.

Exit Taylor.

Feran. Come Kate we now will goe see thy fathers houfe
Euen in these honest meane abillments,

Our purses shall be rich, our garments plaine,
The taming of a Shrew.

To throw our bodies from the winter rage
And that's enough, what should we care for more
Thy sister Kate to morrow must be wed,
And I have promised them thou shouldest be there.
The morning is well up, let's hast away,
It will be nine a clock ere we come there.
Kate. Nine a clock, why is all this past two
In the after noone by all the clocks in the town.
Feran. I say tis but nine a clock in the morning.
Kate. I say tis two 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 crosting of me stills,
He haue you say as I doo ere you go.  

Enter Polidor, Emelia, Aurelius and Philema.

Pol. Faire Emelia sommers fun bright Queene,
Brighter of hew then is the burning clime,
Where Phabus in his bright equator sits,
Creating gold and praffious mineralls,
What would Emelia doo? If I were forf
To leaue faire Athens and to range the world.
Emel. Should thou asay to scale the seate of loue,
Mounting the futile ayrie regions
Or be snatched vp as eresse was Ganimed,
Loure should glue winges vnto my swift desires,
And prune my thoughts that I would follow thee,
Or fall and perish as did Icarus.

Aurel. Sweetly resoluelu faire Emelia,
But would Phylema say as much to me,
If I should ask a question now of thee,
What if the duke of Ceflus only fon,
Which came with me vnto your fathers house,
Should seke to git Phylemas love from me,

And
The taming of a Shrew.

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

Phyle. Not for great Neptune, no nor loue himselfe,
Will Philema leave Aurelius loue,
Could he inflame me Empres of the world,
Or make me Queene and guidres of the heavens,
Yet would I not exchange thy loue for his,
Thy company is poore Philemas heavens,
And without thee, heavens were hell to me.

Eme. And should my loue as erst 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 rauiishing sound of his melodious harpe,
Intreate grim Pluto and of him obtaine,
That thou mightest goe and safe retourne againe.

Phyle. And should my loue as erst Leander did,
Attempte to swimme the boyling heliopont
For Heros loue: no towers of brasse should hold
But I would follow thee through those raging flouds,
With lockes disheuered and my brest all bare,
With bended knees upon Abidas shooe,
I would with smokie sighes and brishe teares,
Impartune Neptune and the watry Gods,
To send a guard of siluer sealed Dolphins,
With sounding Tritons to be our convoy,
And to transport vs safe vnto the shore,
Whilst I would hang about thy louely necke,
Redoubling kisse on kisse vpon thy cheeke,
And with our pastime still the swelling waues.

Eme. Should Petidor as great Achilles did,
Onely imploie himselfe to follow armes,
Like to the warlike Amazonian Queene,
Penthbelca Heetors paramore,

Who
**The taming of a Shrew**

Who soyled the bloudie Peribas murderous greeke,
Ile thrust my felie amongst the thickest throngs,
And with my utmost force assist my loue.

*Phyle.* Let Eole florde: be mild and quiet thou,
Let Neptune swell, be Aurelius calm 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 Philema bewties mynerall,
From whence the sun exhaules his glorious shine,
And clad the heaven in thy reflected raies,
And now my highest loue, the time drawes nie,
That Haman mounted in his saffron robe,
Must with his torches weight upon thy traine,
As Hellens brothers on the horned Moone,
Now Juno to thy number shal I adde,
The fairest bride that euer Marchant had.

*Pol.* Come faire Emelia the preefte is gon,
And at the church your father and the reffe,
Do stay to see our marriage rites performde,
And knit in sight of heaven this Gordian knot,
That teeth of fretting time may nere untwist,
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.

---

Enter Ferando and Kate and Sander.

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

**Feran.** Sirra go fetch our hores forth, and bring

Them to the backe gate prettie.

**San.** I will Sir I warrant you,

**Exit Sander.**

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

**Kate.**
The taming of a Shrew

Kate. The moone: why husband you are deceiued
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 faue the glorious moone.
Kate. Iesus faue the glorious moone.
Feran. I am glad Kate your stomack is come downe,
I know it well thou knowest it is the sun,
But I did trie to see if thou wouldst speake,
And croffe me now as thou haist done before,
And trust me Kate hast thou not named the moone,
We had gon backe againe as sure as death,
But soft whose this thats comming here.

Enter the Duke of Cesius alone.

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

Ferando speakes to the olde man,
Faire louely maide young and affable,
More cleere of hev and far more beautifull,
Then preuious Sardonix or purple rockes,
Of Amithes or glistering Hiasmite,
More amiable farre then is the plain,
Where glistering Cepherus in siluer bouses,
Gafeth upon the Giant Andromede,
Sweet Kate entertaine this louely woman.

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

Kate
The taming of a Shrew.

Kate. Faire louely lady, bright and Christalline,
Bewteous and stately as the eie-traine bird,
As glorious as the morning waft with dew,
Within whose eies she takes her dawningbeames,
And golden somner sleepe spon thy cheekes,
Wrap vp thy raditions in some cloud,
Leaft that thy wewty make this stately towne,
Inhabitable like the burning Zene,
With sweet refractions of thy louely face.

Duke. What is the mad to? or is my shape transformd,
That both of them perwade me I am a woman,
But they are mad sure, and therefore I lebegon,
And leaue their companions for fear of harme,
And vnto Athes haft to seeke my son.

Exit Duke.

Feran. Why to 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 perwade him to his shape againe.

Ex. omnes.

Enter Alfonso and Phylutus and Valeria,
Polidor, Emelia, Aurelius and Phylema.

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

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

That
The taming of a Shrew.
That he remaines at home to keepe them warme,
For forwarde wedlocke as the proverbe fayes,
Hath brought him to his nightcappe long agoe.

Philo. But Pelisor let my son and you take heed,
That Ferando say not ere long as much to you,
And now Alfonso more to shew my loue,
If unto Cesius you do send your ships,
My fels will fraught them with Arabian silkes,
Rich affruck spices Arras counter poines,
Muske Cassia sweet smelling, Ambegreekc,
Pearle, currroll, chrifall, jett, and iuone,
To grateulate the favors of my son,
And friendly loue that you have thone to him.

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

Enter the Duke of Cesius.

He yeely send you from my fathers courte,
Chefts of refind fuger seuerally,
Ten tunne of tunis wine, fucet sweet druges,
To celibrate and solemnise this day,
And custome free your merchant shall conuerse:

And intercchange the profits of your land,
Sending you gold for bradle, filer for leade,
Caffes of filke 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 Cesius son,
And refus with my treasure in the towne,
Bale villaine that thus dishonoreft me.

Vid. Sounes it is the Duke what shall I doo,
Dishonour thee why, know it thou what thou failest?

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

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

Duke. With thy son no trust me if he be thine,
The taming of a Shrew.

I pray you sir who am I?

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

Duke. Peace villain: lay handes on them,
And send them to prison straights.

Phylotus and Valeria runnes away.
Then She speakes.

She. I say wele have no sending to prison.
Lord. My Lord this is but the play, they're but in jest.
She. I tell thee Sim wele have no sending,
To prison that's 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.
She. Are they run away Sim? thats well,
Then gis some more drinke, and let them play again.
Lord. Here my Lord.

She drinks and then falls a sleepe.

Duke. Ah treacherous boy that durft presume,
To wed thy selfe without thy fathers leaue,
I sweare by Bayre Cyntheas burning rayes,
By Merops head and by seaun Mouthed Nile,
Had I but knowne ere thou hadst wedded her,
Were in thy brest the worlds immortall soule,
This angrie sword shold rip thy hatefull cheift,
And hewd thee smaller then the Libian sandes,
Turne hence thy face: oh cruel 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.

Alfonso. My Lord by heauens I sweare unto your grace,
I knew none other but Valeria your man,
Had bin the Duke of Ceflus noble son,

F2 Not
Nor did my daughter I dare sware for her.  

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

Aurelius. Then let my death sweet father end your griefe,  
For I it is that thus haue wroght your woes,  
Then be rememder on me for here I sweare,  
That they are innocent of what I did,  
Oh had I charge to cut of Hydras hed,  
To make the topleste Alpet 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 gladness vndertake them all,  
And thynke 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 heave wrath your grace hath vowe gainst him.  
Pol. And good my Lord let vs intreat your grace,  
To purge your filomack of this Melancholy,  
Taynt not your princely minde with griefe my Lord,  
But pardon and forgive these louers faults,  
That kneeling craue your gratious favour here.  

Emel. Great prince of Cesnus, let a womans worde,  
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

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,
And fee you princely vsde in Cessus courte.

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

Alfon. Let me gue thanks vnto your royall grace,
For this great honor do to me and mine,
And if your grace will walke vnto my house,
I will in humblest maner I can, shew
The eternall seruice I doo owe your grace.

Duke Thanks good Alfonse: but I came alone,
And not as did befoeme the Cestian Duke,
Nor would I haue it knowne within the towne,
That I was here and thus without my traine,
But as I came alone so will I go,
And leaue my fon to solemnifie his feast,
And ere I belong Ile come againe to you,
And do him honour as befoemes the fon
Of mightie Terebell the Cestian Duke,
Till when I leaue you, Farwell Aurelius.

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

Exeunt Omnes.

Sil shepnes.

Lord. Whose within there? come hither sirs my Lords
A shepe againe: go takke him easely vp,
And put him in his one apparell againe,
And lay him in the place where we did find him,
Ift underneath the alehouse side below,
But see you wake him not in any case.

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

Exit.

F3 Enter
The taming of a Shrew.

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

Feron. Come gentlemen now that supper's done,
How shall we spend the time till we go to bed?

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

Pol. Nay then Ferando he must needs sit out,
For he may call I think till he be weary,
Before his wife will come before the lift.

Feron. 'Tis well for you that have such gentle wives,
Yet in this triall will I not sit out,
It may be Kate will come as soone as yours.

Aurel. My wife comes soonest for a hundred pound.

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

Aurel. How now Ferando you dare not lay belike.

Feron. Why true I dare not lay in deedde,
But how, so little mony on so sure a thing,
A hundred pound: why I have layd as much
Upon my dogge, in running at a Deere,
She shall not come so faire for such a trifle,
But will you lay five hundred marke with me,
And whose wife soonest comes when he doth call,
And thrones her tale most louing vnto him,
Let him inioye the wager I haue laid,
Now what say you, how you aduenture thus?

Pol. I weare it a thousand pounds I durft presume
On my wiuers loose: and I will lay with thee.

Enter Alfonso.

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

Aurelius
The taming of a Shrew

Aurel. Faith father a weighty cause about our wives
Five hundred marke already we haue layd,
And he whose wife doth the moost love to him,
He must incie the wager to himselfe.
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.
Feran. Toth father were it ten times more,
I durst aduerture on my louely Kate,
But if I lose Ile pay, and so shall you.
Aurel. Upon mine honour if I loose Ile pay.
Pol. And so will I upon my faith I vow.
Feran. Then fit we downe and let vs send for them.
Alfon. I promise thee Ferando I am afraid thou wilt lose
Aurel. Ile send for my wife first Valeria.
Go bid your Mistris come to me.
Val. I will my Lord.
Exit Valeria.
Aurel. Now for my hundred pound.
Would any lay ten hundred more with me,
I know I should obtaine it by her lone.
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.

Now Sirra what faies your mistris?
Val. She is something busie but shee come anon.
Feran. Why so, did not I tell you this before,
She is busie and cannot come.

Aurel. I pray God your wife send you so good an an-
She may be busie yet she fayes shele come.
Feran. Well well: Polidor lend you for your wife.

Polidor
The taming of a Shrew.

Pol. Agreed Boy, desire your mistresse to come hither.

Boy. I will sit

Ex. Boy.

Feran. I so so he deters her to come.

Alfon. Polidor I dare presume for thee,

I think thy wife will not deny to come.

And I do assure much Aurelius

That your wife came not when you sent for her.

Enter the Boy again.

Pol. Now wheres your Mistresa?

Boy. She bad me tell you that she will not come,

And you have any businesse, you must come to her.

Feran. Oh monstrous intolerable presumptuous,

Worse then a blasing fire, or snow at midsummer,

Earthquakes or any thing vnseasonable,

She will not come: but he must come to her.

Pol. Well sir I pray you lets here what

Answere your wife will make.

Feran. Sirra, command your Mistress to come

To me pretently.

Exit Sander.

Aurel. I think my wife for all she did not come,

Will prove most kinde for now I have no feare,

For I am sure Ferander wife, she will not come.

Feran. The more's the pittie: then I must lose.

Enter Kate and Sander.

Kate. Sweet husband did you send for me?

Feran. I did my love I sent for thee to come,

Come hither Kate, what's that upon thy head

Kate. Nothing husband but my cap I think.

Feran. Pull it of and tred it under thy feete,

Tis foolish, I will not have thee weare it.

She takes off 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 love to me,
And yet I leire her farther 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 promisse thee Ferando I would haue sworne,
Thy wife would nere haue done so much for thee.
Feran. But you shall see he will do more then this,
For see where she brings her sisters forth by force.

Enter Kate thrusting Phylem and Emeles before her,
and makes them come vnto their husbands call.

Kate. See husband I haue brought them both.
Feran. Tis well done Kate.
Eme. I sute and like a louing peecle, your worthy
To haue great praise for this attempt.
Phyle. I for making a folle of her selfe and vs.
Aurel. Bethrow thee Phylema, thou haft
Lofst me a hundred pound to night.
For I did lay that thou wouldst first haue come.
Pol. But thou Emeles hast lost me a great deale more.
Eme. You might haue kept it better then,
Who bad you lay?
Feran. Now loudy Kate before there husbands here,
I prethee tell vnto these heidstrong women,
What dutie wares doo owe vnto their husbands.
Kate. Then you that liue thus by your pompered wills,
Now lift to me and marke what I shall say,
Theetemall power that with his only breath,
Shall cause this end and this beginning frame,

Not
The taming of a Shrew
Not in time, nor before time, but with time, confused,
For all the course of yeares, of ages, moneths,
Of seacons temperate, of dayes and houres,
Are tund and slopt, by measure of his hand,
The first world was, a forme, without a forme,
A heape confused a mixture all deformed,
A gulf of gulfes, a body bodiles,
Where all the elements were ordered,
Before the great commander of the world,
The King of Kings the glorious God of heaven,
Who in fix daies did frame his heavenly worke,
And made all things to stand in perfect course.
Then to his image he did make a man.
Old Adam and from his side a sleepe,
A rib was taken, of which the Lord did make,
The woe of man so termed by Adam then,
Woman for that, by her came sinne to vs,
And for her sin was Adam doomed to die,
As Sara to her husband, so should we,
Obey them, love them, keepe, and nourish them,
If they by any means doo want our helps,
Laying our handes vnder theirfeete to tread,
If that by that we, might procure there ease,
And for a president he first begin,
And lay my hand vnder my husbands feete
She laies her hand vnder her husbands feete.
Feran. Enough sweet, the wager thou haft won,
And they I am sure cannot deny the same.
Feran. J Ferando the wager thou haft won,
And for to shew thee how I am pleasid in this,
A hundred pounds I freely give thee more,
Another dowry for another daughter,
Feran. Thankes sweet father, gentlemen godnight
For
The taming of a Shrew.

For Kate and I will leave you both to night,
Tis Kate and I am wed, and you are sped.
And I farewell for we will to our beds.

Exit Ferando and Kate and Sander.

Alfon. Now Aurelius what say you to this?
Aurel. Beleeue me father I rejoice to see,
Ferando and his wife so lovingly agree.

Exit Aurelius and Phylema and
Alfonso and Valeria.

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

Pol. I say thou art a shrew.
Eme. Thats better then a sheepe.

Pol. Welle since is don let it go, come lets in.

Exit Polidor and Emelia.

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

Then enter the Tapster.

Tapster. Now that the darkest night is ouerpast,
And dawning day apeares in crieffall sky,
Now must I haft abroad: but softe where this?
What Slie oh wondrous hath helaine here allnight,
Ile wake him, I thinke he's starued by this,
But that his belly was so flufft with ale,
What how Slie, Awake for shame.

Slie. Sim gis some more wine: what's all the
Players gon: ain not I a Lord?

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

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

Tapster
The taming of a Shrew.

Tafster. I marry but you had best get you home,
For your wife will coude you for dreining here to night,
Else Will she? I know now how to tame a shrew,
I dreamt upon it all this night till now,
And thou hast wak't 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 her anger me.

Tafster. Nay tarry Else for Ile go home with thee,
And heare the rest that thou haft dreamt to night.

Exeunt Omnes.

FINIS