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William Shakespeare

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THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ¹.

A Lord.
 CHRISTOPHER SLY, a tinker.
 Hostess, Page, Players, Huntsmen, and Servants. } Persons in the
 BAPTISTA, a rich gentleman of Padua. } Induction.
 VINCENTIO, an old gentleman of Pisa.
 LUCENTIO, son to Vincentio, in love with Bianca.
 PETRUCHIO², a gentleman of Verona, a suitor to Katharina.
 GREMIO, }
 HORTENSIO, } suitors to Bianca.
 TRANIO, }
 BIONDELLO, } servants to Lucentio.
 GRUMIO³, }
 CURTIS⁴, } servants to Petruchio.
 A Pedant.
 KATHARINA, the shrew, }
 BIANCA, } daughters to Baptista.
 Widow.

Tailor, Haberdasher, and Servants attending on Baptista and
 Petruchio.

SCENE: *Padua, and Petruchio's country house.*

¹ DRAMATIS PERSONÆ] First given
 by Rowe.

² PETRUCHIO] PETRUCIO Knight.
 PETRUCCIO Ritson conj.

³ GRUMIO] GRUNNIO S. Walker
 conj.

⁴ CURTIS] Capell.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

INDUCTION.

SCENE I. *Before an alehouse on a heath.*

Enter HOSTESS and SLV.

Sly. I'll pheeze you, in faith.

Host. A pair of stocks, you rogue!

Sly. Y'are a baggage: the Slys are no rogues; look in the chronicles; we came in with Richard Conqueror. Therefore paucas pallabris; let the world slide: sessa! 5

Host. You will not pay for the glasses you have burst?

Sly. No, not a denier. Go by, Jeronimy: go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.

Host. I know my remedy; I must go fetch the third-borough. [Exit. 10

Sly. Third, or fourth, or fifth borough, I'll answer him by law: I'll not budge an inch, boy: let him come, and kindly. [Falls asleep.

INDUCTION.] Pope. om. Ff Q. See note (1).

SCENE I. Before...] Theobald. A Hedge Ale-house. Capell.

Enter...] Enter Begger and Hostes, Christophero Sly. Ff Q.

1. *pheeze*] *fese* (Q).

2. *stocks*] F₃ F₄. *stockes* F₁ Q. *stokes* F₂.

4. *came in*] *came* Rowe (ed. 1).

5. *paucas*] *paucus* F₄.

7. *Go by, Jeronimy*] *goe by Ieroni-*

mie Q. *go by S. Ieronimie* Ff (*Ieronimy* F₂, *Ieronimy* F₃F₄). *go by, Ieronimo* Theobald. '*go by,*' says *Ieronimy* Steevens (Capell conj.). *go—by S. Ieronimy* Knight. See note (11).

9. *thirdborough*] Theobald. *headborough* Ff Q.

10. [Exit.] Rowe. om. Ff Q.

13. [Falls asleep.] Ff Q. Falls from off his bench, and sleeps. Capell. Lies down on the ground, and falls asleep. Malone.

4 THE TAMING OF THE SHREW. [INDUCTION.]

Horns winded. Enter a Lord from hunting, with his train.

Lord. Huntsman, I charge thee, tender well my hounds:
 Brach Merriman, the poor cur is emboss'd; 15
 And couple Clowder with the deep-mouth'd brach.
 Saw'st thou not, boy, how Silver made it good
 At the hedge-corner, in the coldest fault?
 I would not lose the dog for twenty pound.

First Hun. Why, Belman is as good as he, my lord; 20
 He cried upon it at the merest loss
 And twice to-day pick'd out the dullest scent:
 Trust me, I take him for the better dog.

Lord. Thou art a fool: if Echo were as fleet,
 I would esteem him worth a dozen such. 25
 But sup them well and look unto them all:
 To-morrow I intend to hunt again.

First Hun. I will, my lord.

Lord. What's here? one dead, or drunk? See, doth
 he breathe?

Sec. Hun. He breathes, my lord. Were he not warm'd
 with ale, 30
 This were a bed but cold to sleep so soundly.

Lord. O monstrous beast! how like a swine he lies!
 Grim death, how foul and loathsome is thine image!
 Sirs, I will practise on this drunken man.
 What think you, if he were convey'd to bed, 35
 Wrapp'd in sweet clothes, rings put upon his fingers,
 A most delicious banquet by his bed,
 And brave attendants near him when he wakes,
 Would not the beggar then forget himself?

First Hun. Believe me, lord, I think he cannot choose. 40

14. SCENE II. Pope.
 Horns winded.] Winde hornes.
 Ff Q.

15. *Brach*] *Leech* Hanmer. *Bathe*
 Johnson conj. *Breathe* Mitford conj.
Brace Becket conj. *Trash* Singer.

Brach.....*emboss'd*;} (*Brach*
Merriman, the poor cur, is emboss'd.)

Grant White. *Brach, Merriman, the*
...emboss'd Johnson. (*Back Merri-*
man!—the...emboss'd) Anon. conj.

23. *better*] om. Q.

30, 31. Printed as prose in Ff Q,
 as verse first by Rowe (ed. 2).

37. *bed*] *side* Anon. conj.

SCENE I.] *THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.* 5

Sec. Hun. It would seem strange unto him when he
 waked.

Lord. Even as a flattering dream or worthless fancy.
 Then take him up and manage well the jest :
 Carry him gently to my fairest chamber
 And hang it round with all my wanton pictures: 45
 Balm his foul head in warm distilled waters
 And burn sweet wood to make the lodging sweet:
 Procure me music ready when he wakes,
 To make a dulcet and a heavenly sound ;
 And if he chance to speak, be ready straight 50
 And with a low submissive reverence
 Say 'What is it your honour will command?'
 Let one attend him with a silver basin
 Full of rose-water and bestrew'd with flowers ;
 Another bear the ewer, the third a diaper, 55
 And say 'Will't please your lordship cool your hands?'
 Some one be ready with a costly suit
 And ask him what apparel he will wear ;
 Another tell him of his hounds and horse,
 And that his lady mourns at his disease : 60
 Persuade him that he hath been lunatic ;
 And when he says he is, say that he dreams,
 For he is nothing but a mighty lord.
 This do and do it kindly, gentle sirs:
 It will be pastime passing excellent, 65
 If it be husbanded with modesty.

First Hun. My lord, I warrant you we will play our
 part,
 As he shall think by our true diligence
 He is no less than what we say he is.

41, 42. *waked.* *Lord. Even... fancy. Then] waked, Even...fancy.* *Lord. Then* Anon. conj. ...*he's poor*, Rowe (ed. 2). *And...he is,* —Theobald. *And...he's Sly*, Johnson conj. *And when he says what he is,* Long conj. MS. *When he says what he is*, Collier MS. *And what he says he is*, Jackson conj. *And when he says who he is*, Anon. ap. Halliwell conj. See note (III).

46. *Balm...head] Bath...hidē* Capell conj.

in] with Rowe (ed. 2).

55. *the third] a third* Rowe.

62. *And...he is,] Ff Q. And when he says he is poor*, Rowe (ed. 1). *And*

67. *we will] we'll* Rowe (ed. 2).

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6 *THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.* [INDUCTION.]

Lord. Take him up gently and to bed with him; 70
 And each one to his office when he wakes.

[*Some bear out Sly. A trumpet sounds.*
Sirrah, go see what trumpet 'tis that sounds:

[*Exit Servingman.*
Belike, some noble gentleman that means,
 Travelling some journey, to repose him here.

Re-enter Servingman.

How now! who is it?

Serv. An't please your honour, players 75
 That offer service to your lordship.

Lord. Bid them come near.

Enter Players.

Now, fellows, you are welcome.

Players. We thank your honour.

Lord. Do you intend to stay with me to-night?

A Player. So please your lordship to accept our duty. 80

Lord. With all my heart. This fellow I remember,
 Since once he play'd a farmer's eldest son:
 'Twas where you woo'd the gentlewoman so well:
 I have forgot your name; but, sure, that part
 Was aptly fitted and naturally perform'd. 85

A Player. I think 'twas Soto that your honour means.

Lord. 'Tis very true: thou didst it excellent.
 Well, you are come to me in happy time;
 The rather for I have some sport in hand
 Wherein your cunning can assist me much. 90
 There is a lord will hear you play to-night:
 But I am doubtful of your modesties;

71. [Some bear out Sly.] Theobald. om. Ff Q.

A trumpet sounds.] Sound trumpets. Ff Q.

72. [Exit S.] Ex. Servant. Theobald. om. Ff Q.

75. SCENE III. Pope.

Re-enter...] Enter... Ff Q.

75, 76. An't...players That] Ff Q. Please your honour, players That Pope.

An it...Players that Malone.

76. That offer] That come to offer Capell. That offer humble Collier MS.

77. Enter P.] Ff Q, after line 76.

80. A Player.] Edd. 2. Player. Ff Q.

85. fitted] fit S. Walker conj.

86. A Player.] Sincklo. F₁ Q. Sin. F₂. Sim. F₃ F₄. 1. P. Capell. See note (iv).

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Lest over-eyeing of his odd behaviour,—
 For yet his honour never heard a play,—
 You break into some merry passion 95
 And so offend him; for I tell you, sirs,
 If you should smile he grows impatient.

A Player. Fear not, my lord: we can contain ourselves,
 Were he the veriest antic in the world.

Lord. Go, sirrah, take them to the buttery, 100
 And give them friendly welcome every one:
 Let them want nothing that my house affords.

[*Exit one with the Players.*]

Sirrah, go you to Barthol'mew my page,
 And see him dress'd in all suits like a lady:
 That done, conduct him to the drunkard's chamber; 105
 And call him 'madam,' do him obeisance.

Tell him from me, as he will win my love,
 He bear himself with honourable action,
 Such as he hath observed in noble ladies
 Unto their lords, by them accomplished: 110

Such duty to the drunkard let him do
 With soft low tongue and lowly courtesy,
 And say, 'What is't your honour will command,
 Wherein your lady and your humble wife
 May show her duty and make known her love?' 115

And then with kind embracements, tempting kisses,
 And with declining head into his bosom,
 Bid him shed tears, as being overjoy'd
 To see her noble lord restored to health,
 Who for this seven years hath esteemed him 120
 No better than a poor and loathsome beggar:
 And if the boy have not a woman's gift
 To rain a shower of commanded tears,

98. *A Player.*] *Plai.* F₁ F₂. *Play.* bare Q.
 Q. *Pla.* F₃ F₄. 1. P. Capell. 112. *soft low*] *soft slow* Malone
 99. See note (v). conj.
 101. *And...one*] omitted by Rowe. 113. *will*] *doth* Q.
 103. *Barthol'mew*] *Bartholmew* 120. *this seven*] *these seven* Rowe
 Ff Q. *Bartholomew* Rowe. (ed. 2). *twice seven* Theobald.
 108. *bear*] F₃ F₄. *beare* F₁ F₂. *him*] *himself* Rowe.

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8 *THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.* [INDUCTION.]

An onion will do well for such a shift,
 Which in a napkin being close convey'd 125
 Shall in despite enforce a watery eye.
 See this dispatch'd with all the haste thou canst:
 Anon I'll give thee more instructions. [*Exit a Servingman.*]
 I know the boy will well usurp the grace,
 Voice, gait and action of a gentlewoman: 130
 I long to hear him call the drunkard husband,
 And how my men will stay themselves from laughter
 When they do homage to this simple peasant.
 I'll in to counsel them; haply my presence
 May well abate the over-merry spleen 135
 Which otherwise would grow into extremes. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A bedchamber in the Lord's house.*

Enter aloft SLY, with Attendants; some with apparel, others with basin and ewer and other appurtenances, and Lord.

Sly. For God's sake, a pot of small ale.

First Serv. Will't please your lordship drink a cup of sack?

Sec. Serv. Will't please your honour taste of these conserves?

Third Serv. What raiment will your honour wear to-day?

Sly. I am Christophero Sly; call not me 'honour' nor 'lordship:' I ne'er drank sack in my life; and if you give me any conserves, give me conserves of beef: ne'er ask me what raiment I'll wear; for I have no more doublets than 5

125. *being...convey'd*] (*being...convey'd*) Ff Q.

133. *peasant.*] Johnson. *peasant*, Ff Q. *peasant*; Rowe.

135. *the*] *their* Collier (Collier MS.).

SCENE II.] Capell. SCENE IV. Pope. A...house.] Theobald.

Enter aloft SLY...] *Enter aloft the drunkard...* Ff Q. A stately Room in the Lord's House: In it a Stage and other Appurtenances, for the

Play: and, in another Part, a Bed; SLY, in a rich Night-dress, sitting on it; surrounded by Servants, bearing Apparel, Bason, Ewer, &c. a Side-board being by. Enter, at lower End, the Lord, himself habited like a Servant. Capell.

1. *Sly.*] Beg. Ff Q, and elsewhere in the scene.

5. *Christophero*] *Christopher* Warburton.

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backs, no more stockings than legs, nor no more shoes than
feet; nay, sometime more feet than shoes, or such shoes as 10
my toes look through the overleather.

Lord. Heaven cease this idle humour in your honour!
O, that a mighty man of such descent,
Of such possessions and so high esteem,
Should be infused with so foul a spirit! 15

Sly. What, would you make me mad? Am not I
Christopher Sly, old Sly's son of Burton-heath, by birth a
pedlar, by education a card-maker, by transmutation a
bear-herd, and now by present profession a tinker? Ask
Marian Hacket, the fat ale-wife of Wincot, if she know me 20
not: if she say I am not fourteen pence on the score for
sheer ale, score me up for the lyingest knave in Christen-
dom. What! I am not bestraught: here's—

Third Serv. O, this it is that makes your lady mourn!

Sec. Serv. O, this is it that makes your servants droop! 25

Lord. Hence comes it that your kindred shuns your
house,

As beaten hence by your strange lunacy.
O noble lord, bethink thee of thy birth,
Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment
And banish hence these abject lowly dreams. 30
Look how thy servants do attend on thee,
Each in his office ready at thy beck.

Wilt thou have music? hark! Apollo plays, [*Music.*

And twenty caged nightingales do sing:
Or wilt thou sleep? we'll have thee to a couch 35

10. *sometime*] *sometimes* F₃F₄.

12. *ill[ic] evil* Collier MS.

17. *Christopher*] F₁QF₂. *Chris-*
tophero F₃F₄.

Sly's] *Sies* F₁.

Burton-heath] *Barton-heath*

Steevens conj.

18. *card-maker*] *cart-maker* or
cord-maker or *crate-maker* or *cord-*
wainer Anon. conj.

21. *fourteen pence*] xiii. d. F₁QF₂.
xiv. d. F₃F₄.

score] *sorce* F₂.

22. *shew*] F₄. *shere* F₁QF₂F₃.
shear Jordan conj. *Warwickshire*

Collier MS.

23. *What!*] *What* FfQ. *What?*—
Hanmer.

bestraught] *distraught* Steevens
conj. (withdrawn).

here's—] Ff. *here's* Q.

24. *Third Serv.*] 3. Man. F₁QF₂.

1. Man. F₃F₄.

25. *is it*] *it is* Rowe.

26. *shuns*] *shun* Rowe.

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10 THE TAMING OF THE SHREW. [INDUCTION.]

Softer and sweeter than the lustful bed
 On purpose trimm'd up for Semiramis.
 Say thou wilt walk ; we will bestrew the ground :
 Or wilt thou ride ? thy horses shall be trapp'd,
 Their harness studded all with gold and pearl. 40
 Dost thou love hawking ? thou hast hawks will soar
 Above the morning lark : or wilt thou hunt ?
 Thy hounds shall make the welkin answer them,
 And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth.

First Serv. Say thou wilt course ; thy greyhounds are
 as swift 45
 As breathed stags, ay, fleeter than the roe.

Sec. Serv. Dost thou love pictures ? we will fetch thee
 straight
 Adonis painted by a running brook
 And Cytherea all in sedges hid
 Which seem to move and wanton with her breath, 50
 Even as the waving sedges play with wind.

Lord. We'll show thee Io as she was a maid
 And how she was beguiled and surprised,
 As lively painted as the deed was done.
Third Serv. Or Daphne roaming through a thorny wood, 55
 Scratching her legs that one shall swear she bleeds,
 And at that sight shall sad Apollo weep,
 So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn.

Lord. Thou art a lord and nothing but a lord :
 Thou hast a lady far more beautiful 60
 Than any woman in this waning age.

First Serv. And till the tears that she hath shed for thee
 Like envious floods o'er-run her lovely face,
 She was the fairest creature in the world ;
 And yet she is inferior to none. 65

Sly. Am I a lord ? and have I such a lady ?
 Or do I dream ? or have I dream'd till now ?
 I do not sleep : I see, I hear, I speak ;
 I smell sweet savours and I feel soft things :
 Upon my life, I am a lord indeed 70

43. *hounds*] *bounds* Q.47. *Sec. Serv.*] 2. M. Ff Q.51. *with*] *with th'* Anon. conj.63. *o'er-run*] *o'er-ran* Theobald.