

And couple Clowder with the deep-mouth'd brach.
Saw'st thou not, boy, how Silver made it good?³
At the hedge-corner, in the coldest fault?
I would not lose the dog for twenty pound.

1. *Hun.* Why, Belman is as good as he, my lord;
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.
But sup them well, and look unto them all;
To-morrow I intend to hunt again.

1. *Hun.* I will, my lord.

"Four greyhounds and six bratches,
For hare, foxe, and wild cattles."

Merriman surely could not be designed for the name of a female of the canine species. STEEVENS.

The word is certainly used by Chapman in his *Gentleman Usher*, a comedy, 1606, as synonymous to *bitch*: "*Venus*, your *brach* there, runs so proud, &c." So also our author in *K. Henry IV.* P. I: "I'd rather hear *Lady*, my *brach*, howl in Irish." Mr. Tollet was of opinion that the term *brach* was sometimes applied to males, and that it meant "a hound of eminent quickness of scent." Mr. Pope understood by it a hound in general. The structure of the passage before us, and the manner in which the next line is connected with this [*And couple, &c.*] added to the circumstance of the word *brach* occurring in the end of that line, incline me to think that *Brach* is here a corruption, and that the line before us began with a verb, not a noun. MALONE.

Sir T. Hanmer reads, *Leech Merriman*, that is, *apply some remedies* to *Merriman*, the poor cur has his joints swell'd. Perhaps we might read, *Batbe Merriman*, which is, I believe, the common practice of huntmen; but the present reading may stand:

— *tender well my hounds:*

Brach—Merriman—the poor cur is emboss'd. JOHNSON.

2 — *the poor cur is emboss'd,*] A hunting term. When a deer is hard run and foams at the mouth, he is said to be *emboss'd*. T. WART.

From the Spanish, *des embocar*, to cast out of the mouth.—Dr. Johnson seems to have considered it as derived from *bosse*, Fr. a tumour. We have again the same expression in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"—the boar of Theſſaly

"Was never so *emboss'd*." MALONE.

3 — *how Silver made it good*] This, I suppose, is a technical term. It occurs likewise in the 23d song of Drayton's *Polyolbion*:

"What's otter'd by the first, the other good doth make." STEEVENS.

TAMING OF THE SHREW. 247

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

2. *Hun.* He breathes, my lord: Were he not warm'd with ale,

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,

Wrap'd in sweet cloaths, 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?

1. *Hun.* Believe me, lord, I think he cannot choose.

2. *Hun.* It would seem strange unto him when he wak'd.

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:

Balm his foul head in warm distilled waters,

And burn sweet wood to make the lodging sweet:

Procure me musick ready when he wakes,

To make a dulcet and a heavenly sound;

And if he chance to speak, be ready straight,

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,

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:

Persuade him, that he hath been lunatick;

And, when he says he is—, say, that he dreams⁴,

For

⁴ *And, when he says he is—, say that he dreams,]* i. e. when he says he is such or such a man, as the matter may turn out.

Mr. Steevens would read,

And when he says he's poor, say that he dreams—.

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For he is nothing but a mighty lord.
This do, and do it kindly⁵, gentle firs;
It will be pastime passing excellent,
If it be husbanded with modesty⁶.

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

Lord. Take him up gently, and to bed with him;
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 Servant.*

Belike, some noble gentleman; that means,
Travelling some journey, to repose him here.—

Re-enter Servant.

How now? who is it?

Ser. An it please your honour,
Players that offer service to your lordship.

Lord. Bid them come near:—

Enter Players.

Now, fellows, you are welcome.

1. *Play.* We thank your honour.

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

2. *Play.* So please your lordship to accept our duty⁷.

Lord.

I have no doubt that the blank was intended by the author. It is observable that the metre of the line is perfect without any supplemental word. In the *Tempest* a similar blank is found, which Shakspeare there also certainly intended:—"I should know that voice; it should be—; but he is drown'd, and these are devils." MALONE.

Perhaps the sentence is left imperfect, because he did not know by what name to call him. BLACKSTONE.

5 — *do it kindly,*] i. e. naturally. MASON.

6 — *modesty.*] By *modesty* is meant *moderation*, without suffering our merriment to break into an excess. JOHNSON.

7 — *to accept our duty.*] It was in those times the custom of players to travel in companies, and offer their service at great houses. JOHNSON.

In the fifth *Earl of Northumberland's Household Book*, (with a copy of which I was honoured by the late dutches,) the following article occurs. The book was begun in the year 1512:

"Rewards to Players.

"Item, to be payd to the said Richard Gowge and Thomas Percy for
rewards

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.

1. *Play.* I think⁸, '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.
 There is a lord will hear you play to-night :
 But I am doubtful of your modesties ;
 Left, over-eying of his odd behaviour,
 (For yet his honour never heard a play,)
 You break into some merry passion,
 And so offend him ; for I tell you, sirs,
 If you should smile, he grows impatient.

1. *Play.* Fear not, my lord ; we can contain ourselves,
 Were he the veriest antick in the world.

Lord. Go, firrah, take them to the buttery *,

And

rewards to players for playes playd in Chrystinmas by stranegers in my
 house after xxd. every play by estimation somme xxxij s. iiij d. Which
 ys apoynted to be payd to the said Richard Gowege and Thomas Percy
 at the said Chrystinmas in full contentacion of the said rewardys xxxij s.
 iiij d." * STEEVENS.

⁸ 1. *Play.* I think, &c.] To this speech *Sinklo* is inadvertently pre-
 fixed in the old copy. *Sinklo* or *Sinkler* was an actor in the same com-
 pany with Shakspeare, &c.—He is introduced together with Burbage,
 Condell, Lowin, &c. in the Induction to Marston's *Malcontent*, 1604,
 and was also a performer in the entertainment entitled *The Seven Dead-
 lie Sinns*. Mr. Tyrwhitt some years ago pointed out the error.

MALONE.

There can be no doubt that *Sinklo* was the name of one of the players,
 which has crept in both here and in the Third Part of *Henry VI.* instead
 of the name of the person represented.—Again at the conclusion of the
 Second Part of *King Henry IV.* "Enter *Sinklo* and three or four offi-
 cers." See the quarto, 1600. TYRWHITT.

* —take them to the buttery,] Mr. Pope had probably these words in
 his thoughts, when he wrote the following passage of his preface :
 "—the top of the profession were then mere players, not gentlemen of
 the stage ; they were led into the *buttery* by the steward, not placed at the
 lord's

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And give them friendly welcome every one ;
Let them want nothing that my house affords.—

[*Exeunt Servant and Players.*]

Sirrah, go you to Bartholomew my page, [*to a Servant.*]

And see him dress'd in all suits like a lady :

That done, conduct him to the drunkard's chamber,

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 observ'd in noble ladies

Unto their lords, by them accomplished :

Such duty to the drunkard let him do,

With soft low tongue⁹, and lowly courtesy ;

And say,—What is't your honour will command,

Wherein your lady, and your humble wife,

May shew her duty, and make known her love ?

And then—with kind embracements, tempting kisses,

And with declining head into his bosom,—

Bid him shed tears, as being over-joy'd

To see her noble lord restor'd to health,

Who for this seven years hath esteemed him¹

No better than a poor and loathsome beggar :

And if the boy have not a woman's gift,

lord's table, on the lady's toilette." But he seems not to have observed, that the players here introduced are *strollers* ; and there is no reason to suppose that our author, Heminge, Burbage, Condell, &c. who were licensed by King James, were treated in this manner. MALONE.

9 *With soft low tongue—*] So, in *King Lear* :

" ——— Her voice was ever soft,

" Gentle and low ; an excellent thing in woman." MALONE.

¹ *Who for this seven years hath esteemed him*] " That the poet (says Mr. Theobald) designed, the tinker's supposed lunacy should be of fourteen years standing at least, is evident from two parallel passages in the play to that purpose." He therefore reads—for *twice* seven years. But in both those passages the term mentioned is *fifteen*, not *fourteen*, years. The servants (p. 255.) may well be supposed to forget the precise period dictated to them by their master, or, as is the custom of such persons, to aggravate what they have heard. There is therefore, in my opinion, no need of change. MALONE.

Our author rarely reckons time with any great correctness. Both *Falstaff* and *Orlando* forget the true hour of their appointments. STEEV.

To

To rain a shower of commanded tears,
 An onion² will do well for such a shift;
 Which in a napkin being close convey'd,
 Shall in despite enforce a watry eye.
 See this dispatch'd with all the haste thou canst;
 Anon I'll give thee more instructions.— [*Exit* Servant.
 I know, the boy will well usurp the grace,
 Voice, gait, and action of a gentlewoman:
 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,
 Which otherwise would grow into extremes. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

A Bedchamber in the Lord's House³.

SLY is discovered⁴ in a rich night gown, with attendants;
 some with apparel, others with bason, ewer, and other
 appurtenances. Enter Lord, dress'd like a Servant,
 Sly. For God's sake, a pot of small ale⁵.

1. Ser.

² *An onion*.—] It is not unlikely that the onion was an expedient
 used by the actors of interludes. JOHNSON.

So, in *Anthony and Cleopatra*: "The tears live in an onion that should
 water this sorrow." STEEVENS.

³ *A Bedchamber, &c.*] From the original stage-direction in the
 first folio it appears that Sly and the other persons mentioned in the
 Induction, were intended to be exhibited here, and during the repre-
 sentation of the comedy, in a balcony above the stage. The direction
 here is: "Enter aloft the drunkard with attendants, &c." So after-
 wards at the end of this scene—"The Presenters above speak." See
 The Account of our old theatres, Vol. I. MALONE.

⁴ *Sly is discovered, &c.*] Thus in the original play: "Enter two
 with a table and banquet on it, and two other with Sly asleep in a
 chaire, richlie apparelled, and the musick plaieng."

"One. So, sirha, now go call my lord;

"And tell him all things are ready as he will'd it.

"Another. Set thou some wine upon the boord,

"And then Ile go fetch my lord presently.

Exit.

⁵ *Enter*

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

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

3. *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 backs, no more stockings than legs, nor no more shoes than feet; nay, sometimes, more feet than shoes, or such shoes as 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!

Sly. What, would you make me mad? Am not I Chri-

" Enter the Lord and his men.

" Lord. How now, what is all things readie?

" One. Yea, my lord.

" Lord. Then found the musick, and Ile wake him strait,

" And see you do as earst I gave in charge.

" My lord, my lord, (he sleepes soundly) my lord.

" She. Tapster, give's a little small ale: heigh ho.

" Lord. Here's wine, my lord, the purest of the grape.

" She. For which lord?

" Lord. For your honor, my lord.

" She. Who I, am I a lord?—What fine apparell have I got?

" Lord. More richer far your honour hath to weare,

" And if it please you I will fetch them straight.

" Wil. And if your honour please to ride abroad,

" Ile fetch your lustie steedes more swift of pace

" Then winged Pegasus in all his pride,

" That ran so swiftlie over Persian plaines.

" Tom. And if your honour please to hunt the deere,

" Your hounds stand readie coupled at the doore,

" Who in running will oretake the row,

" And make the long-breathde tygre broken-winded." STEEVENS.

⁵ — *small ale.*] This beverage is mentioned in the accounts of the Stationers' Company, in the year 1558:—"For a stampe of *small ale*—." I suppose it was what we now call *small beer*, no mention of that liquor being made on the same books, though "*duble bere, and duble duble ale,*" are frequently recorded, STEEVENS.

stopher Sly, old Sly's son of Burton-heath; by birth a pedler, 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 Wincot⁶, if she know me not: if she say I am not fourteen pence on the score for sheer ale, score me up for the lyingst knave in Christendom. What, I am not bestraught⁷: Here's—

3. *Ser.* O, this it is that makes your lady mourn.

2. *Ser.* O, this it is that makes your servants droop.

Lord. Hence comes it that your kindred shun 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:

Look, how thy servants do attend on thee,

Each in his office ready at thy beck.

Wilt thou have musick? hark! Apollo plays, [*Musick.*

And twenty caged nightingales do sing:

Or wilt thou sleep? we'll have thee to a couch,

Softer and sweeter than the lustful bed

6 — of *Burton-heath*—*Marian Hacket, the fat ale-wife of Wincot*,] I suspect we should read—*Barron-heath*. *Barton* and *Woodmancot*, or, as it is vulgarly pronounced, *Wincot*, are both of them in Gloucestershire, near the residence of Shakspeare's old enemy, Justice Shallow. Very probably too, this fat ale-wife might be a real character. STEEVENS.

Wincotte is a village in Warwickshire, with which Shakspeare was well acquainted, near Stratford. The house kept by our genial hostess, still remains, but is at present a mill. The meanest hovel to which Shakspeare has an allusion, interests curiosity, and acquires an importance: at least, it becomes the object of a poetical antiquarian's inquiries. T. WARTON.

There is likewise a village in Warwickshire called *Burton Hastings*.

Among Sir A. Cockayne's poems (as Dr. Farmer and Mr. Steevens have observed) there is an epigram on Sly and his ale, addressed to Mr. Clement Fisher of *Wincot*. MALONE.

7 — *I am not bestraught*:] *Bestraught* seems to have been synonymous to *distraught*, or *distracted*. See Minshew's *Dict.* 1617:

“*Bestraht*, a Lat. *distractus mente*. Vi. *Mad* and *Bedlam*.” MALONE.

There is no verb extant from which the participle *bestraught* can be formed. In *Albion's England*, however by Warner, 1692, and in Lord Surrey's Translation of the 4th book of Virgil's *Æneid*, I meet with the word as spelt by Shakspeare. STEEVENS.

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.

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.

1. *Ser.* Say, thou wilt course ; thy greyhounds are as swift

As breathed stags, ay, fleetier than the roe.

2. *Ser.* 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,

Even as the waving sedges play with wind.

Lord. We'll shew thee Io, as she was a maid ;

And how she was beguiled and surpris'd,

As lively painted as the deed was done.

3. *Ser.* Or Daphne, roaming through a thorny wood ;
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

Than any woman in this waining age.

1. *Ser.* And, till the tears, that she hath shed for thee,

Like envious floods, o'er-ran her lovely face,

She was the fairest creature in the world ;

And yet she is inferior to none.

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 favours, and I feel soft things :—

Upon my life, I am a lord, indeed ;

And not a tinker, nor Christophero Sly.—

Well, bring our lady hither to our sight ;

And once again, a pot o' the smallest ale.

2. *Ser.* Will't please your mightiness to wash your hands?

[*Servants present an ewer, basin, and napkin.*

O, how we joy to see your wit restor'd!

O, that once more you knew but what you are!

These fifteen years you have been in a dream;

Or, when you wak'd, so wak'd as if you slept.

Sly. These fifteen years! by my fay, a goodly nap.
But did I never speak of all that time?

1. *Ser.* O, yes, my lord; but very idle words:—

For though you lay here in this goodly chamber,

Yet would you say, ye were beaten out of door;

And rail upon the hostess of the house;

And say, you would present her at the leet⁸,

Because she brought stone-jugs, and no seal'd quarts:—

Sometimes, you would call out for Cicely Hacket.

Sly. Ay, the woman's maid of the house.

3. *Ser.* Why, sir, you know no house, nor no such maid;

Nor no such men, as you have reckon'd up,—

As Stephen Sly, and old John Naps of Greece⁹,

And Peter Turf, and Henry Pimpernell;

⁸ — *leet*,] At the Court-leet, or courts of the manor. JOHNSON.

⁹ — *John Naps of Greece*,] A *hart of Greece* was a *fat hart*.
Graisse, Fr. So, in the old ballad of *Adam Bell*, &c.

“Eche of them slew a hart of *graece*.”

Again, in *Ives's Select Papers*, at the coronation feast of Elizabeth of York, queen of king Henry VII. among other dishes were “*capons of High Greece*.”

Perhaps this expression was used to imply that *John Naps* (who might have been a real character) was a *fat man*: or as Poins calls the associates of Falstaff *Trojans*, *John Naps* might be called a *Grecian* for such another reason. STEEVENS.

For old *John Naps* of Greece, read—old *John Naps* o' the Green.

BLACKSTONE.

The addition seems to have been a common one. So, in our author's *K. Henry IV.* P. II: “Who is next?—Peter Bullcalf of the Green.”

In the *London Canticleers*, a comedy, 1659, a ballad entitled “George o' the Green” is mentioned. Again, in our author's *K. Henry IV.* P. II: “I beseech you, sir, to countenance William Visor of Woncot, against Clement Perkes o' the bill.”—The emendation proposed by Sir W. Blackstone was also suggested in Theobald's edition, and adopted by Sir T. Hanmer. MALONE.

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And twenty more such names and men as these,
Which never were, nor no man ever saw.

Sly. Now, Lord be thanked for my good amends!

All. Amen.

Sly. I thank thee; thou shalt not lose by it.

*Enter Page, as a lady, with attendants*¹.

Page. How fares my noble lord?

Sly. Marry, I fare well; for here is cheer enough.
Where is my wife?

Page. Here, noble lord; What is thy will with her?

Sly. Are you my wife, and will not call me—husband?
My men should call me—lord; I am your good-man.

Page. My husband and my lord, my lord and husband;
I am your wife in all obedience.

Sly. I know it well:—What must I call her?

Lord. Madam.

Sly. Al'ce madam, or Joan madam?

Lord. Madam, and nothing else; so lords call ladies.

Sly. Madam wife, they say, that I have dream'd,
And slept above some fifteen year or more.

Page. Ay, and the time seems thirty unto me;
Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.

Sly. 'Tis much;—Servants, leave me and her alone.—
Madam, undress you, and come now to bed.

Page. Thrice noble lord, let me entreat of you,
To pardon me yet for a night or two;

Or, if not so, until the sun be set:

For your physicians have expressly charg'd,

In peril to incur your former malady,

That I should yet absent me from your bed:

I hope, this reason stands for my excuse.

Sly. Ay, it stands so, that I may hardly tarry so long.
But I would be loth to fall into my dreams again; I will
therefore tarry, in despite of the flesh and the blood.

¹ *Enter Page, &c.*] Here, as in the preceding part of this *Introduction*, Shakspeare has pursued the track marked out by the author of the old *Taming of a Shrew*; always, however, improving greatly on his original. MALONE.

Enter

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Your honour's players, hearing your amendment,
Are come to play a pleasant comedy,
For so your doctors hold it very meet;
Seeing too much sadness hath congeal'd your blood,
And melancholy is the nurse of frenzy,
Therefore, they thought it good you hear a play,
And frame your mind to mirth and merriment,
Which bars a thousand harms, and lengthens life.

Sly. Marry, I will; let them play it: Is not a com-
monty² a Christmas gambol, or a tumbling trick?

Page. No, my good lord; it is more pleasing stuff.

Sly. What, household stuff?

Page. It is a kind of history.

Sly. Well, we'll see't: Come, madam wife, sit by my
side, and let the world slip; we shall ne'er be younger.

[They sit down.]

ACT I. SCENE I.

Padua. *A public Place.*

Enter LUCENTIO and TRANIO.

Luc. Tranio, since—for the great desire I had
To see fair Padua, nursery of arts;—
I am arriv'd for fruitful Lombardy³,
The pleasant garden of great Italy;
And, by my father's love and leave, am arm'd
With his good will, and thy good company,
My trusty servant, well approv'd in all;
Here let us breathe, and happily institute
A course of learning, and ingenious studies⁴.

Pisa,

² *Is not a comonty*—] *Commonity* for comedy. STEEVENS.

³ — *for fruitful Lombardy*,] Padua is a city of Lombardy. STEEV.

⁴ — *ingenious studies*.] I rather think it was written *ingenuous stu-*
dies, but of this and a thousand such observations there is little certainty.

JOHNSON.

Pisa, renowned for grave citizens,
 Gave me my being, and my father first,
 A merchant of great traffick through the world,
 Vincentio, come of the Bentivolii⁵.
 Vincentio's son⁶, brought up in Florence,
 It shall become, to serve all hopes conceiv'd⁷,
 To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds:
 And therefore, Tranio, for the time I study,
 Virtue, and that part of philosophy
 Will I apply⁸, that treats of happiness
 By virtue 'specially to be achiev'd.
 Tell me thy mind: for I have Pisa left,
 And am to Padua come; as he that leaves
 A shallow plash, to plunge him in the deep,
 And with satiety seeks to quench his thirst.
*Tra. Mi perdonate*⁹, gentle master mine,
 I am in all affected as yourself;

In Cole's Dictionary, 1677, it is remarked—"ingenuous and ingenious are often confounded." Thus in *The Bird in a Cage*, by Shirley, 1633—"deal ingeniously, sweet lady." REED.

⁵ Vincentio, come of the Bentivolii.] The old copy reads—*Vincentio's*—The emendation was made by Sir T. Hanmer. I am not sure that it is right. Our author might have written

Vincentio's son, come of the Bentivolii.

If that be the true reading, this line should be connected with the following, and a colon placed after *world* in the preceding line; as is the case in the original copy, which adds some support to the emendation now proposed:

Vincentio's son, come of the Bentivolii,

Vincentio's son, brought up in Florence,

It shall become, &c. MALONE.

⁶ Vincentio's son &c.] *Vincentio's* is here used as a quadrisyllable. Mr. Pope, I suppose, not perceiving this, unnecessarily reads—*Vincentio his son*, which has been too hastily adopted by the subsequent editors.

MALONE.

⁷ —to serve all hopes conceiv'd,] To fulfill the expectations of his friends. MALONE.

⁸ Virtue, and that part of philosophy &c.] Sir Thomas Hanmer, and after him Dr. Warburton, read—to virtue; but formerly *ply* and *apply* were indifferently used, as to *ply* or *apply* his studies. JOHNSON.

⁹ *Mi perdonate*,] Old Copy—*Me pardonato*. The emendation was suggested by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

Glad

Glad that you thus continue your resolve,
 To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy.
 Only, good master, while we do admire
 This virtue, and this moral discipline,
 Let's be no stoicks, nor no stocks, I pray;
 Or so devote to Aristotle's checks¹,
 As Ovid be an outcast quite abjur'd:
 Talk logic^{*} with acquaintance that you have,
 And practice rhetoric in your common talk;
 Musick and poesy use, to quicken you;
 The mathematicks, and the metaphysicks,
 Fall to them, as you find your stomach serves you:
 No profit grows, where is no pleasure ta'en;—
 In brief, sir, study what you most affect.

Luc. Gramercies, Tranio, well dost thou advise.
 If, Biondello, thou wert come ashore,
 We could at once put us in readiness;
 And take a lodging, fit to entertain
 Such friends as time in Padua shall beget.
 But stay a while: What company is this?

Tra. Master, some show, to welcome us to town.

*Enter BAPTISTA, CATHARINA, BIANCA, GREMIO,
 and HORTENSIO. LUCENTIO and TRANIO stand aside.*

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

¹ — *Aristotle's checks,*] are, I suppose, the harsh rules of Aristotle.

STEEVENS.

Such as tend to *check* and restrain the indulgence of the passions.

MALONE.

Tranio is here descanting on academical learning, and mentions by name six of the seven liberal sciences. I suspect this to be a mis-print, made by some copyist or compositor, for *ethicks*. The sense confirms it.

BLACKSTONE.

^{*} *Talk logic*—] Old Copy—*Balk*—. Corrected by Mr. Rowe.

MALONE.

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

Cath. I pray you, sir, [*to BAP.*] is it your will
To make a stale of me amongst these mates?

Hor. Mates, maid! how mean you that? no mates for
you,

Unless you were of gentler, milder mould.

Cath. I'faith, sir, you shall never need to fear;
I wis, it is not half way to her heart:
But, if it were, doubt not, her care should be
To comb your noddle with a three-legg'd stool,
And paint your face, and use you like a fool.

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

Gre. And me too, good Lord!

Tra. Hush, master! here is some good pastime toward;
That wench is stark mad, or wonderful froward.

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

Peace, Tranio.

Tra. Well said, master; mum! and gaze your fill.

Bap. Gentlemen, that I may soon make good
What I have said,—Bianca, get you in:
And let it not displease thee, good Bianca;
For I will love thee ne'er the less, my girl.

Cath. A pretty peat²! 'tis best
Put finger in the eye,—an she knew why.

Bian. Sister, content you in my discontent.—
Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe:
My books and instruments shall be my company;
On them to look, and practise by myself.

Luc. Hark, Tranio! thou may'st hear Minerva speak.
[*aside.*]

Hor. Signior Baptista, will you be so strange³?

² *A pretty peat!*] *Peat* or *pet* is a word of endearment from *petit*, little, as if it meant—pretty little thing. JOHNSON.

This word is, I believe, of Scotch extraction. I find it in one of the proverbs of that country, where it signifies *darling*. "He has fault of a wife, that marries mam's *pet*." i. e. He is in great want of a wife who marries one that is her mother's darling. STEEVENS.

³ —*so strange?*] That is, so odd, so different from others in your conduct. JOHNSON.

Sorry am I, that our good will effects
Bianca's grief.

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

Bap. Gentlemen, content ye; I am resolv'd:—
Go in, Bianca. [Exit BIANCA.]

And for I know, she taketh most delight
In musick, instruments, and poetry,
Schoolmasters will I keep within my house,
Fit to instruct her youth.—If you, Hortensio,—
Or signior Gremio, you,—know any such,
Prefer them hither; for to cunning men⁴
I will be very kind, and liberal
To mine own children in good bringing-up;
And so farewell. Catharina, you may stay;
For I have more to commune with Bianca. [Exit.]

Cath. Why, and, I trust, I may go too, May I not?
What, shall I be appointed hours; as though, belike,
I knew not what to take, and what to leave? Ha! [Exit.]

Gre. You may go to the devil's dam; your gifts⁵ are so
good, here is none will hold you. Their love is not so
great⁶, Hortensio, but we may blow our nails together,
and fast it fairly out; our cake's dough on both sides.
Farewel:—Yet, for the love I bear my sweet Bianca, if I
can by any means light on a fit man, to teach her that
wherein she delights, I will wish him to her father⁷.

Hor. So will I, signior Gremio: But a word, I pray.

4 — to cunning men] *Cunning* had not yet lost its original signification of *knowing, learned*, as may be observed in the translation of the Bible. JOHNSON.

5 — your gifts—] *Gifts* for endowments. MALONE.

6 Their love is not so great,—] Perhaps we should read—*Your* love. In the old manner of writing y^e stood for either *their* or *your*. The editor of the third folio and some modern editors, with, I think, less probability, read *our*. If *their* love be right, it must mean—the good will of Baptista and Bianca towards us. MALONE.

7 — I will wish him to her father.] i. e. I will recommend him. So, in *Much ado about nothing*:

“To wish him wrestle with affection.” REED.

Though the nature of our quarrel yet never brook'd parle, know now, upon advice, it toucheth us both,—that we may yet again have access to our fair mistress, and be happy rivals in Bianca's love,—to labour and effect one thing 'specially.

Gre. What's that, I pray?

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

Gre. A husband! a devil.

Hor. I say, a husband.

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

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

Gre. I cannot tell: but I had as lief take her dowry with this condition,—to be whipp'd at the high cross every morning.

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

Gre. I am agreed: and 'would I had given him the best horse in Padua to begin his wooing, that would thoroughly woo her, wed her, and bed her, and rid the house of her. Come on. [Exeunt GRE. and HOR.]

Tra. [advancing.] I pray, sir, tell me,—Is it possible That love should of a sudden take such hold?

^s — *Happy man be his dole!*] A proverbial expression. It is used in *Damon and Pythias*, 1582. *Dole* is any thing dealt out or distributed, though its original meaning was the provision given away at the doors of great men's houses. STEEVENS.

In *Cupid's Revenge*, by B. and Fletcher, we meet with a similar expression, which may serve to explain that before us: "Then *happy man be his fortune!*" i. e. May his fortune be that of a happy man! MALONE.

Luc. O, Tranio, till I found it to be true,
 I never thought it possible, or likely;
 But see! while idly I stood looking on,
 I found the effect of love in idleness:
 And now in plainness do confess to thee,—
 That art to me as secret, and as dear,
 As Anna to the queen of Carthage was;—
 Tranio, I burn, I pine, I perish, Tranio,
 If I atchieve not this young modest girl:
 Counsel me, Tranio, for I know thou canst;
~~And~~ Tranio, for I know thou wilt.

Tra. Master, it is no time to chide you now;
 Affection is not rated⁹ from the heart:
 If love have touch'd you, nought remains but so,—
*Redime te captum quam queas minimo*¹.

Luc. Gramercies, lad; go forward: this contents;
 The rest will comfort, for thy counsel's found.

Tra. Master, you look'd so longly on the maid,
 Perhaps you mark'd not what's the pith of all.

Luc. O yes, I saw sweet beauty in her face,
 Such as the daughter of Agenor² had,
 That made great Jove to humble him to her hand,
 When with his knees he kiss'd the Cretan strand.

Tra. Saw you no more? mark'd you not, how her sister
 Began to scold; and raise up such a storm,
 That mortal ears might hardly endure the din?

Luc. Tranio, I saw her coral lips to move,
 And with her breath she did perfume the air;
 Sacred, and sweet, was all I saw in her.

⁹ — is not rated—] is not driven out by chiding. MALONE.

¹ *Redime te captum quam queas minimo.*] Our author had this line from *Lilly*, which I mention, that it may not be brought as an argument of his learning. JOHNSON.

Dr. Farmer's pamphlet affords an additional proof that this line was taken from *Lilly*, and not from *Terence*; because it is quoted, as it appears in the *grammarian*, and not as it appears in the *poet*. It may be added, that *captus est, labeat*, is not in the same play which furnished the quotation. STEEVENS.

² — daughter of Agenor—] Europa, for whose sake Jupiter transformed himself into a bull. STEEVENS.

Tra. Nay, then, 'tis time to stir him from his trance,
 I pray, awake, fir; If you love the maid,
 Bend thoughts and wits to atchieve her. Thus it stands:
 Her elder sifter is so curst and shrewd,
 That, till the father rid his hands of her,
 Master, your love must live a maid at home;
 And therefore has he closely mew'd her up,
 Because she shall not be annoy'd³ with suitors.

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

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

Luc. I have it, Tranio.

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

Luc. Tell me thine first.

Tra. You will be school-master,
 And undertake the teaching of the maid:
 That's your device.

Luc. It is: May it be done?

Tra. Not possible; For who shall bear your part,
 And be in Padua here Vincentio's son?
 Keep house, and ply his book; welcome his friends;
 Visit his countrymen, and banquet them?

Luc. Basta⁴; content thee; for I have it full.
 We have not yet been seen in any house;
 Nor can we be distinguish'd by our faces,
 For man, or master: then it follows thus;—
 Thou shalt be master, Tranio, in my stead,
 Keep house, and port⁵, and servants, as I should:
 I will some other be; some Florentine,
 Some Neapolitan, or meaner man of Pisa.—
 'Tis hatch'd, and shall be so:—Tranio, at once
 Uncase thee; take my colour'd hat and cloak:
 When Biondello comes, he waits on thee;

³ — *she shall not be annoy'd*—] Old Copy—*she will not*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

⁴ *Basta*;] i. e. 'tis enough; Italian and Spanish. STEEVENS.

⁵ — port,] *Port*, is figure, show, appearance. JOHNSON.

But I will charm him first to keep his tongue.

Tra. So had you need.

[*They exchange habits.*]

In brief, sir, sith it your pleasure is,

And I am ty'd to be obedient ;

(For so your father charg'd me at our parting ;

Be serviceable to my son, quoth he,

Although, I think, 'twas in another sense,)

I am content to be Lucentio,

Because so well I love Lucentio.

Luc. Tranio, be so, because Lucentio loves :

~~And let me~~ be a slave, to atchieve that maid

Whose sudden hath thrall'd my wounded eye.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Here comes the rogue.—Sirrah, where have you been ?

Bion. Where have I been ? Nay, how now, where are you ?

Master, has my fellow Tranio stol'n your cloaths ?

Or you stol'n his ? or both ? pray, what's the news ?

Luc. Sirrah, come hither ; 'tis no time to jest,

And therefore frame your manners to the time.

Your fellow Tranio here, to save my life,

Puts my apparel and my countenance on,

And I for my escape have put on his ;

For in a quarrel, since I came ashore,

I kill'd a man, and fear I was descry'd⁶ :

Wait you on him, I charge you, as becomes,

While I make way from hence to save my life :

• You understand me ?

Bion. Ay, sir, ne'er a whit.

Luc. And not a jot of Tranio in your mouth ;

Tranio is chang'd into Lucentio.

Bion. The better for him ; 'Would, I were so too !

Tra. So would I⁷, 'faith, boy, to have the next wish
after,—

⁶ —and fear I was descry'd:] i. e. I fear I was observ'd in the act of killing him. The editor of the third folio reads—I am descry'd; which has been adopted by the modern editors. MALONE.

⁷ So would I,—] The old copy has—could. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

That Lucentio indeed had Baptista's youngest daughter.
But, firrah,—not for my sake, but your master's,—I
advise

You use your manners discreetly in all kind of companies:
When I am alone, why, then I am Tranio;
But in all places else, your master⁸ Lucentio.

Luc. Tranio, let's go:—

One thing more rests, that thyself execute;—
To make one among these wooers: If thou ask me why,—
Sufficeth, my reasons are both good and weighty⁹.

[*Exeunt*.]

1. *Ser.* My lord, you nod; you do not mind the play.

Sly. Yes, by saint Anne, do I. A good matter, surely;
Comes there any more of it?

Page. My lord, 'tis but begun.

Sly. 'Tis a very excellent piece of work, madam lady;
Would, 'twere done!

SCENE II.

The same. Before Hortensio's House.

Enter PETRUCHIO and GRUMIO.

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

⁸ — your master.—] Old Copy—you master. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

⁹ — good and weighty.] The division for the second act of this play is neither marked in the folio nor quarto editions. Shakspeare seems to have meant the first act to conclude here, where the speeches of the Tinker are introduced; though they have been hitherto thrown to the end of the first act, according to a modern and arbitrary regulation.

STEEVENS.

1 *Exeunt*.] Here in the old copy we have—"The Presenters above speaks."—meaning Sly, &c. who were placed in a balcony raised at the back of the stage. After the words—"Would it were done," the marginal direction is—*They sit and mark.* MALONE.

Gru.

Gru. Knock, fir! whom should I knock? is there any man has rebus'd your worship?²

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

Gru. Knock you here³, fir? why, fir, what am I, fir, That I should knock you here, fir?

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

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

And then I know after who comes by the worst.

Pet. Will it not be?

'Faith, firrah, an you'll not knock, I'll wring it; I'll try how you can *sol, fa,* and sing it.

[*He wrings GRUMIO by the ears.*]

Gru. Help, masters⁴, help! my master is mad.

Pet. Now knock when I bid you: firrah! villain!

Enter HORTENSIO.

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

Pet. Signior Hortensio, come you to part the fray?
Con tutto il core bene trovato, may I say.

Hor. *Alla nostra casa bene venuto,*
Molto honorato signor mio Petruchio.

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

² — *has rebus'd your worship?*] What is the meaning of *rebus'd*? or is it a false print for *abus'd*? TYRWHITT.

³ *Knock you here,*—] Grumio's pretensions to wit have a strong resemblance to those of Dromio in the *Comedy of Errors*; and this circumstance makes it the more probable that these two plays were written at no great distance of time from each other. MALONE.

⁴ *Help, masters*—] The old copy reads—here; and in several other places in this play *mistress*, instead of *masters*. Corrected by Mr. Theobald. In the Mss. of our author's age *M.* was the common abbreviation of *Master* and *Mistress*. Hence the mistake. See the *Merchant of Venice*, Act V. 1600, and 1623:

"What ho, M. [*Master*] Lorenzo, and M. [*Mistress*] Lorenzo."

MALONE.

Gru.

Gru. Nay, 'tis no matter, what he 'leges in Latin⁵.—
If this be not a lawful cause for me to leave his service,—
Look you, sir,—he bid me knock him, and rap him
foundly, sir: Well, was it fit for a servant to use his ma-
ster so; being, perhaps, (for aught I see) two and thirty,
—a pip out⁶?

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

Pet. A senseless villain!—Good Hortensio,
I bade the rascal knock upon your gate,
And could not get him for my heart to do it.

Gru. Knock at the gate?—O heavens!—
Spake you not these words ^{first} in,—*Sirrah, knock me here,
Rap me here, knock me well, and knock me soundly?*
And come you now with—knocking at the gate?

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

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

Pet. Such wind as scatters young men through the world,
To seek their fortunes farther than at home,
Where small experience grows. But, in a few⁷,
Signior Hortensio, thus it stands with me:—
Antonio, my father, is deceas'd;
And I have thrust myself into this maze,

5 — *what he 'leges in Latin.*] i. e. I suppose, what he *alleges* in
Latin. STEEVENS.

I cannot help suspecting that we should read—"Nay, 'tis no matter
what *he leges* in Latin, if this be not a lawful cause for me to leave his
service. Look you, sir."—That is, *'Tis no matter what is law, if this
be not a lawful cause, &c.* TYRWHITT.

6 — *a pip out?*] The old copy has—*peepe*. Corrected by Mr. Pope.

MALONE.

7 *But in a few,*] *In a few*, means the same as *in short*, *in few words*.

JOHNSON.

So, in *K. Henry IV.* Part II:

"*In few*;—his death, whose spirit lent a fire—" STEEVENS.

Haply

Haply to wive, and thrive, as best I may :
Crowns in my purse I have, and goods at home,
And so am come abroad to see the world.

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

Pet. Signior Hortensio, 'twixt such friends as we,
Few words suffice : and, therefore, if thou know
One rich enough to be Petruchio's wife,
(As wealth is burthen of my wooing dance ⁸,)
Be she as foul as was Florentius' love ⁹,

As

⁸ (*As wealth is burthen of my wooing dance*)] The *burthen* of a *dance* is an expression which I have never heard; the *burthen of his wooing song* had been more proper. JOHNSON.

⁹ *Be she as foul as was Florentius' love*,] I suppose this alludes to the story of a Florentine, which is met with in an old book, called, *A Thousand Notable Things*, and perhaps in other Collections. "He was ravished over-night with the lustre of jewels, and was mad till the marriage was solemnized; but next morning, viewing his lady before she was so gorgeously trim'd up,—she was such a leane, yellow, rivell'd, deform'd creature, that he never lived with her afterwards." FARMER.

The allusion is to a story told by Gower in the first book *De Confectione Amantis*. *Florent* is the name of a knight who had bound himself to marry a deformed hag, provided she taught him the solution of a riddle on which his life depended. The following is the description of her :

"*Florent* his wofull heed up lifte,
" And saw this vecke, where that she sit,
" Which was the lotheste wighte
" That ever man caste on his eye :
" Hir nose baas, hir browes hie,
" Hir eyes small, and depe sette,
" Hir cheekes ben with teres wette,
" And rivelyn as an empty skyn,
" Hangyng downe unto the chyn;
" Hir lippes shronken ben for age,
" There was no grace in hir visage.
" Hir front was narowe, hir lockes hore,
" She loketh forth as doth a more :

" Hir

As old as Sibyl, and as curst and shrewd
 As Socrates' Xantippe, or a worse,
 She moves me not, or not removes, at least,
 Affection's edge in me; were she as rough¹
 As are the swelling Adriatick seas:
 I come to wive it wealthily in Padua;
 If wealthily, then happily in Padua.

Gru. Nay, look you, sir, he tells you flatly what his mind is: Why, give him gold enough, and marry him to a puppet, or an aglet-baby²; or an old trot with ne'er a tooth in her head, though she have as many diseases as two and fifty horses³: why, nothing comes amiss, so money comes withal.

Hor. Petruchio, since we have kept thus far in,
 I will continue that I broach'd in jest.
 I can, Petruchio, help thee to a wife
 With wealth enough, and young, and beauteous;
 Brought up, as best becomes a gentlewoman:

"Hir neck is shorte, hir sholders courbe,

"That might a mans luste distourbe:

"Hir bodie great, and no thyng small,

"And shortly to descrive hir all,

"She hath no lith without a lacke,

"But like unto the woll sacke: &c."—

"Though she be the foulest of all, &c."

This story might have been borrowed by Gower from an elder narrative in the *Gesta Romanorum*. See the Introductory Discourse to the *Canterbury Tales of Chaucer*, last edit. Vol. IV. p. 153. STEEVENS.

¹ — *were she as rough*] The old copy reads—*were she is as rough*. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

² — *an aglet-baby*;] was a small image or head cut on the tag of a point, or lace. That such figures were sometimes appended to them, Dr. Warburton has proved by a passage in Mezeray, the French Historian:—"portant meme sur les aiguillettes [points] des petites têtes de mort." MALONE.

³ — *as many diseases as two and fifty horses*:] I suspect this passage to be corrupt, though I know not how to rectify it.—*The fifty diseases of a horse* seem to have been proverbial. So, in the *Yorkshire Tragedy*, 1608: "O stumbling jade! the spavin o'ertake thee! the fifty diseases stop thee!" MALONE.

Her only fault (and that is—faults enough⁴,)
 Is,—that she is intolerable curst,
 And shrewd⁵, and froward; so beyond all measure,
 That, were my state far worser than it is,
 I would not wed her for a mine of gold.

Pet. Hortensio, peace; thou know'st not gold's effect:—
 Tell me her father's name, and 'tis enough;
 For I will board her, though she chide as loud
 As thunder, when the clouds in autumn crack.

Hor. Her father is Baptista Minola,
 An affable and courteous gentleman:
 Her name is, Catharina Minola,
 Renown'd in Padua for her scolding tongue.

Pet. I know her father, though I know not her;
 And he knew my deceased father well:—
 I will not sleep, Hortensio, till I see her;
 And therefore let me be thus bold with you,
 To give you over at this first encounter,
 Unless you will accompany me thither.

Gru. I pray you, sir, let him go while the humour lasts.
 O' my word, an she knew him as well as I do, she would
 think scolding would do little good upon him: She may,
 perhaps, call him half a score knaves, or so: why, that's
 nothing; an he begin once, he'll rail in his rope-tricks⁶.

I'll

4 — *and that is—faults enough,*] And that one is itself a host of faults. The editor of the second folio, who has been copied by all the subsequent editors, unnecessarily reads—and that is *fault* enough.

MALONE.

5 — *shrew'd,*] here means, having the qualities of a *shrew*. The adjective is now used only in the sense of *acute, intelligent*. MALONE.

6 — *he'll rail in his rope-tricks.*] Sir T. Hanmer reads—in his *rhetorick*. But the old copy is certainly right. *Ropery* or *rope-tricks* originally signified abusive language, without any determinate idea; such language as parrots are taught to speak. So, in *Hudibras*:

“ Could tell what subt'lest parrots mean,

“ That speak, and think contrary clean;

“ What member 'tis of whom they talk,

“ When they cry *rope*, and walk, knave, walk.”

The following passage in Wilson's *Art of Rhetorique*, 1553, shews that this was the meaning of the term: “ Another good fellow in the country,

I'll tell you what, fir,—an she stand him but a little, he will throw a figure in her face, and so disfigure her with it, that she shall have no more eyes to see withal than a cat⁷: You know him not, fir.

Hor. Tarry, Petruchio, I must go with thee;
For in Baptista's keep⁸ my treasure is:
He hath the jewel of my life in hold,
His youngest daughter, beautiful Bianca;
And her withholds from me, and other more⁹

country, being an officer and maiour of a town, and desirous to speak like a fine learned man, having just occasion to rebuke a runnegate fellow, said after this wise in a great heate: Thou yngram and vacation knave, if I take thee any more — in the circumcision of my dampnation, I will so corrupte thee that all vacation leaves shall take ill sample by thee." This the author in the margin calls—"rope-ripe chiding." So, in *May-day*, a comedy by Chapman, 1611:

"Lord! how you role in your rope-ripe terms. MALONE.

In *Romeo and Juliet*, Shakspeare uses *ropery* for *roguey*, and therefore certainly wrote *rope-tricks*. *Rope-tricks* we may suppose to mean tricks of which the contriver would deserve the rope. STEEVENS.

— *that she shall have no more eyes to see withal than a cat*:] The humour of this passage I do not understand. This animal is remarkable for the keenness of its sight. Probably the poet meant to have said—*a cat in a bottle*. Of this diversion see an account in *Much ado about nothing*, Act I. [Vol. II. p. 217.] to the note on which the following passages may be added from a poem called *Cornucopia*, or *Pasquil's Night-cap*, or an *Antidote for the Head-ache*, 1623, p. 48:

"Fairer than any stake in Greys-inne field, &c.

"Guarded with gunners, bill-men, and a rout

"Of bow-men bold, which at a cat do shoot."

Again, *ibid*:

"Nor on the top a cat-a-mount was fram'd,

"Or some wilde beast that ne'er before was tam'd;

"Made at the charges of some archer stout,

"To have his name canoniz'd in the clout."

These instances serve to shew that it was customary to shoot at factitious as well as real cats. STEEVENS.

It may mean, that he shall swell up her eyes with blows, till she shall seem to peep with a contracted pupil, like a cat in the light. JOHNSON.

⁸ — *in Baptista's keep*—] *Keep* is custody. The strongest part of an ancient castle was called the *keep*. STEEVENS.

⁹ — *and other more*] *And*, which appears to have been accidentally omitted in the old copy, was supplied by Dr. Thirlby; who likewise reformed the metre of this passage. MALONE.

Suitors to her, and rivals in my love :
 Supposing it a thing impossible,
 (For those defects I have before rehears'd,)
 That ever Catharina will be woo'd,
 Therefore this order hath Baptista ta'en ;—
 That none shall have access unto Bianca,
 Till Catharine the curst have got a husband.

Gru. Catharine the curst !

A title for a maid, of all titles the worst.

Hor. Now shall my friend Petruchio do me grace ;
 And offer me, disguis'd in sober robes,
 To old Baptista as a school-master
 Well seen in musick¹, to instruct Bianca :
 That so I may by this device, at least,
 Have leave and leisure to make love to her,
 And, unsuspected, court her by herself.

*Enter GREMIO ; with him LUCENTIO disguis'd, with
 books under his arm.*

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

Hor. Peace, Grumio ; 'tis the rival of my love :—Pe-
 truchio, stand by a while.

Gru. A proper stripling, and an amorous ! [*They retire.*]

Gre. O, very well ; I have perus'd the note.
 Hark you, sir ; I'll have them very fairly bound :
 All books of love, see that at any hand² ;
 And see you read no other lectures to her :
 You understand me :—Over and besides
 Signior Baptista's liberality,
 I'll mend it with a largess :—Take your papers too,
 And let me have them very well perfum'd ;
 For she is sweeter than perfume itself,

¹ *Well seen in musick,*] *Seen* is *versed*, practised. So, in Spenser's
Faery Queen, b. iv. c. ii :

“ *Well seen* in every science that mote bee.” STEEVENS.

² — *at any hand* ;] i. e. at all events. STEEVENS.

To whom they go to. What will you read to her?

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

Gre. O this learning! what a thing it is!

Gru. O this woodcock³! what an ass it is!

Pet. Peace, firrah.

Hor. Grumio, mum!—God save you, signior Gremio!

Gre. And you are well met, signior Hortensio.

Trow you, whither

I am going?—To Baptista's school.

I promis'd to enquire carefully about

A schoolmaster for the fair Bianca:

And, by good fortune, I have lighted well

On this young man; for learning, and behaviour,

Fit for her turn; well read in poetry,

And other books,—good ones, I warrant you.

Hor. 'Tis well: and I have met a gentleman,

Hath promis'd me to help me⁴ to another,

A fine musician to instruct our mistress;

So shall I no whit be behind in duty

To fair Bianca, so belov'd of me.

Gre. Belov'd of me,—and that my deeds shall prove.

Gru. And that his bags shall prove.

Hor. Gremio, 'tis now no time to vent our love: [aside,

Listen to me, and, if you speak me fair,

I'll tell you news indifferent good for either.

Here is a gentleman, whom by chance I met,

Upon agreement from us to his liking,

Will undertake to woo curst Catharine;

Yea, and to marry her, if her dowry please.

Gre. So said, so done, is well:—

Hortensio, have you told him all her faults?

³ O this woodcock!] See Vol. II. p. 290, n. 6. MALONE.

⁴ —help me—] The old copy reads—help one. STEEVENS.

Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

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

Gre. No, say'st me so, friend? What countryman?

Pet. Born in Verona, old Antonio's son⁵:

My father dead, my fortune lives for me;
And I do hope good days, and long, to see.

Gre. O, sir, such a life, with such a wife, were strange:
But, if you have a stomach, to't o' God's name;
You shall have me assisting you in all.
But will you woo this wild cat?

Pet. Will I live?

Gru. Will he woo her? ay, or I'll hang her. [*aside.*]

Pet. Why came I hither, but to that intent?

Think you, a little ~~man~~ can daunt mine ears?

Have I not in my time heard lions roar?

Have I not heard the sea, puff'd up with winds,

Rage like an angry boar, chafed with sweat?

Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,

And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies?

Have I not in a pitched battle heard

Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets' clang⁶?

And do you tell me of a woman's tongue;

That gives not half so great a blow to the ear⁷,

As will a chesnut in a farmer's fire?

Tush, tush! fear boys with bugs⁸.

Gru. For he fears none. [*aside.*]

Gre. Hortensio, hark!

This gentleman is happily arriv'd,

My mind presumes, for his own good, and yours.

Hor. I promis'd, we would be contributors,

⁵ — Antonio's son:] Old Copy—*Butonio's* son. Corrected by Mrs. Rowe. MALONE.

⁶ — and trumpets' clang?] i. e. the clang of trumpets. STEEVENS.

⁷ — so great a blow to the ear,] The old copy reads—to bear. The emendation is Sir T. Hanmer's. MALONE.

So, in *K. John*:

"Our ears are cudgell'd; not a word of his

"But buffets better than a fist of France." STEEVENS.

⁸ — with bugs:] i. e. with bug-bears. So, in *Cymbeline*:

" — are become

"The mortal bugs o'th' field." STEEVENS.

And bear his charge of wooing, whatsoe'er.

Gre. And so we will; provided, that he win her.

Gru. I would, I were as sure of a good dinner. [*aside*]

Enter TRANIO, bravely apparell'd; and BIONDELLO.

Tra. Gentlemen, God save you! If I may be bold,
Tell me, I beseech you, which is the readiest way
To the house of signior Baptista Minola?

Bion. He that has the two fair daughters⁹:—is't [*aside*
to *Tra.*] he you mean?

Tra. Even he, Biondello¹.

Gre. Hark you, fir; You mean not her to—²

Tra. Perhaps him and the fir; What have you to do?

Pet. Not her that chides, in any hand, I pray.

Tra. I love no chiders, fir:—Biondello, let's away.

Luc. Well begun, Tranio. [*aside*]

Hor. Sir, a word ere you go;—

Are you a suitor to the maid you talk of, yea, or no?

Tra. An if I be, fir, is it any offence?

Gre. No; if, without more words, you will get you
hence.

Tra. Why, fir, I pray, are not the streets as free
For me, as for you?

Gre. But so is not she.

Tra. For what reason, I beseech you?

Gre. For this reason, if you'll know,—

⁹ *He that has the two fair daughters &c.*] This speech should rather be given to Gremio; to whom, with the others, Tranio has addressed himself. TYRWHITT.

¹ *Even he, Biondello!*] Mr. Tyrwhitt would regulate this line thus: "Even he. Biondello!" But I think the old copy, both here and in the preceding speech, is right. Biondello adds to what his master had said, the words—"He that has the two fair daughters," to ascertain more precisely the person for whom he had enquired; and then addresses Tranio; "—is't he you mean?" MALONE.

² *—You mean not her to—*] Mr. Tyrwhitt would read—you mean not her too. I believe, an abrupt sentence was intended; or perhaps Shakspeare might have written—her to woo. Tranio in his answer might mean, that he would woo the father, to obtain his consent, and the daughter for herself. This, however, will not complete the metre. I incline therefore to my first supposition. MALONE.

That she's the choice love of signior Gremio.

Hor. That she's the chosen of signior Hortensio.

Tra. Softly, my masters! if you be gentlemen,

Do me this right,—hear me with patience.

Baptista is a noble gentleman,

To whom my father is not all unknown;

And, were his daughter fairer than she is,

She may more suitors have, and me for one.

Fair Leda's daughter had a thousand wooers;

Then well one more may fair Bianca have:

And so she shall; Lucentio shall make one,

Though Paris came, in hope to speed alone.

Gre. What! this gentleman will out-talk us all.

Luc. Sir, give him head; I know, he'll prove a jade.

Pet. Hortensio, to what end are all these words?

Hor. Sir, let me be so bold as to ask you,

Did you yet ever see Baptista's daughter?

Tra. No, sir; but hear I do, that he hath two;

The one as famous for a scolding tongue,

As is the other for beauteous modesty.

Pet. Sir, sir, the first's for me; let her go by.

Gre. Yea, leave that labour to great Hercules;

And let it be more than Alcides' twelve.

Pet. Sir, understand you this of me, insooth;—

The youngest daughter, whom you hearken for,

Her father keeps from all access of suitors;

And will not promise her to any man,

Until the eldest sister first be wed:

The younger then is free, and not before.

Tra. If it be so, sir, that you are the man

Must stand as all, and me amongst the rest;

An if you break the ice, and do this feat³,—

Archieve the elder, set the younger free

For our access,—whose hap shall be to have her,

Will not so graceless be, to be ingrate.

Hor. Sir, you say well, and well you do conceive;

And since you do profess to be a suitor,

³ — this feat—] The old copy reads—this seeks. The emendation was made by Mr. Kowe. STEEVENS.

You must, as we do, gratify this gentleman,
To whom we all rest generally beholden.

Tra. Sir, I shall not be slack: in sign whereof,
Please ye we may contrive this afternoon⁴,
And quaff caroules to our mistress' health;
And do as adversaries do in law⁵,—
Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.

Gru. Bion. O excellent motion! Fellows, let's begone⁶.

Hor. The motion's good indeed, and be it so;—
Petruchio, I shall be your *ben venuto*. [Exeunt.]

ACT II. SCENE I.

The same. A Room in Baptista's House.

Enter CATHARINA and BIANCA.

Bian. Good sister, wrong me not, nor wrong yourself*,
To make a bondmaid and a slave of me;
That I disdain: but for these other gawds⁷,—
Unbind my hands, I'll pull them off myself,

4 — contrive this afternoon,] *Contrive* does not signify here to project but to spend, and wear out. As in this passage of *Spenser*:

"Three ages, such as mortal men contrive." *WARBURTON.*

The word is used in the same sense of spending or wearing out in *Painter's Palace of Pleasure*. *JOHNSON.*

Contrive, I suppose, is from *contero*. So, in the *Hecyra* of Terence:
"Totum hunc contrivi diem." *STEEVENS.*

5 — as adversaries do in law,] By *adversaries in law*, I believe, our author means not suitors, but barristers, who, however warm in their opposition to each other in the courts of law, live in greater harmony and friendship in private, than perhaps those of any other of the liberal professions. Their clients seldom "eat and drink with their adversaries as friends." *MALONE.*

6 — Fellows, let's begone.] *Fellows* means fellow-servants. *Grumio* and *Biondello* address, each the other, and also the disguised *Lucentio*.

MALONE.

* nor wrong yourself,] Do not act in a manner unbecoming a woman and a sister. So, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*: "Master Ford, this wrongs you." *MALONE.*

7 — but for these other gawds,—] The old copy reads—*goods*. Corrected by Mr. Theobald. *Gawds*, he observes, are toys, trifling ornaments. *MALONE.*

Yea, all my raiment, to my petticoat;
Or, what you will command me, will I do,
So well I know my duty to my elders.

Cath. Of all thy suitors, here I charge thee⁸, tell
Whom thou lov'st best: see thou dissemble not.

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

Cath. Minion, thou liest; Is't not Hortensio?

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

Cath. O then, belike, you fancy riches more;
You will have Gratiano to keep you fair⁹.

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

Cath. If that be jest, then all the rest was so. [*strikes her.*]

Enter BAPTISTA.

Bap. Why, how now, dame! whence grows this insolence?—

Bianca, stand aside;—poor girl! she weeps:—

Go ply thy needle; meddle not with her.—

For shame, thou hilding¹ of a devilish spirit,

Why dost thou wrong her that did ne'er wrong thee?

When did she cross thee with a bitter word?

Cath. Her silence flouts me, and I'll be reveng'd.

[*flies after* BIANCA.]

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

[*Exit* BIANCA.]

Cath. Will you not suffer me²? Nay, now I see,

⁸ — *I charge thee.*] *Thee*, which was accidentally omitted in the old copy, was supplied by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

⁹ — *to keep you fair.*] I wish to read—to keep you *fine*. But either word may serve. JOHNSON.

¹ — *hilding*—] The word *hilding* or *binderling*, is a *low wretch*; it is applied to Catharine for the coarseness of her behaviour. JOHNSON.

² *Will you not suffer me?* The old copy reads—*What*, will &c. The compositor probably caught the former word from the preceding line. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

She is your treasure, she must have a husband;
 I must dance bare-foot on her wedding-day,
 And, for your love to her, lead apes in hell³.
 Talk not to me; I will go fit and weep,
 Till I can find occasion of revenge. [*Exit CATHARINA.*]

Bap. Was ever gentleman thus griev'd as I?
 But who comes here?

Enter GREMIO, with LUCENTIO in the habit of a mean man; PETRUCHIO, with HORTENSIO as a musician; and TRANIO, with BIONDELLO bearing a lute and books.

Gre. Good-morrow, neighbour Baptista.

Bap. Good-morrow, neighbour Gremio: God save you, gentlemen!

Pet. And you, good sir! Pray, have you not a daughter Call'd Catharina, fair, and virtuous?

Bap. I have a daughter, sir, call'd Catharina.

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

Pet. You wrong me, signior Gremio; give me leave.—
 I am a gentleman of Verona, sir,
 That,—hearing of her beauty, and her wit,
 Her affability, and bashful modesty,
 Her wond'rous qualities, and mild behaviour,—
 Am bold to shew myself a forward guest
 Within your house, to make mine eye the witness
 Of that report which I so oft have heard.
 And, for an entrance to my entertainment,
 I do present you with a man of mine,

[*presenting* HORTENSIO.]

Cunning in musick, and the mathematicks,
 To instruct her fully in those sciences,

³ *And, for your love to her, lead apes in hell.*] "To lead apes" was in our author's time, as at present, one of the employments of a bear-herd, who often carries about one of those animals along with his bear: but I know not how this phrase came to be applied to old maids. We meet with it again in *Much ado about nothing*: "Therefore (says Beatrice,) I will even take six-pence in earnest of the bear-herd, and lead his apes to hell." MALONE.

Whereof, I know, she is not ignorant :
Accept of him, or else you do me wrong ;
His name is Licio, born in Mantua.

Bap. You're welcome, sir ; and he, for your good sake :
But for my daughter Catharine,—this I know,
She is not for your turn, the more my grief.

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

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

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

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

Gre. Saving your tale, Petruchio, I pray,
Let us, that are poor petitioners, speak too :
Baccare ! you are marvellous forward⁴.

Pet. O, pardon me, signior Gremio ; I would fain be
doing.

Gre. I doubt it not, sir ; but you will curse your woo-
ing.—

Neighbour⁵, this is a gift very grateful, I am sure of it.
To express the like kindness myself, that have been more
kindly beholden to you than any, I freely give unto
you this young scholar⁶, [*presenting Lucentio*,] that hath
been

4 Baccare ! you are marvellous forward.] Baccare is an old proverbial word, used by John Heywood ; who hath made, what he pleases to call, epigrams upon it. Take two of them, such as they are :

" Baccare, quoth Mortimer to his sow,

" Went that sow backe at that bidding, trow you ?"

" Baccare, quoth Mortimer to his sow : se,

" Mortimer's sow speaketh as good Latin as he." FARMER.

5 Neighbour,] The old copy has—neighbours. Corrected by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

6 — I freely give unto you this young scholar,] The words in Roman characters, which were certainly omitted in the old copy by the negligence of the compositor or transcriber, were supplied by Mr. Tyrwhitt. If his emendation wanted any support, it might be had in the preceding part of this scene, where Petruchio, presenting Hortensio to Baptista, uses almost the same form of words :

been long studying at Rheims; as cunning in Greek, Latin, and other languages, as the other in musick and mathematicks: his name is Cambio; pray, accept his service.

Bap. A thousand thanks, signior Gremio: welcome, good Cambio.—But, gentle sir, [*to Tranio.*] methinks, you walk like a stranger; May I be so bold to know the cause of your coming?

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

Nor is your firm resolve unknown to me.

In the preferment of the eldest sister:

This liberty is all that I request,—

That, upon knowledge of my parentage,

I may have welcome 'mongst the rest that woo,

And free access and favour as the rest.

And, toward the education of your daughters,

I here bestow a simple instrument,

And this small packet of Greek and Latin books:

If you accept them, then their worth is great.

Bap. Lucentio is your name? of whence, I pray?

Tra. Of Pisa, sir; son to Vincentio.

“And, for an entrance of my entertainment,

“I do present you with a man of mine,

“Cunning in musick, &c.”

Free leave give &c. was the absurd correction of the editor of the third folio. MALONE.

7 — [*this small packet of Greek and Latin books:*] In queen Elizabeth's time the young ladies of quality were usually instructed in the learned languages, if any pains were bestowed on their minds at all. Lady Jane Gray and her sisters, queen Elizabeth, &c. are trite instances.

PERCY.

8 Lucentio is your name? How should Baptista know this? Perhaps a line is lost, or perhaps our author was negligent. Mr. Theobald supposes they converse privately, and that thus the name is learned; but then the action must stand still; for there is no speech interposed between that of Tranio and this of Baptista. Another editor imagines that Lucentio's name was written on the packet of books. MALONE.

Bap.

Bap. A mighty man of Pisa, by report ;
 I know him well⁹ : you are very welcome, sir.—
 Take you [*to Hor.*] the lute, and you [*to Luc.*] the set
 of books,
 You shall go see your pupils presently.
 Holla, within !—

Enter a Servant.

Sirrah, lead these gentlemen
 To my daughters ; and tell them both,
 These are their tutors ; bid them use them well.
 [*Exit Servant, with Hortensio, Lucentio, and Biond.*]
 We will go walk a little in the orchard,
 And then to dinner : You are passing welcome,
 And so I pray you all to think yourselves.

Pet. Signior Baptista, my business asketh haste,
 And every day I cannot come to woo¹.
 You knew my father well ; and in him, me,
 Left solely heir to all his lands and goods,
 Which I have better'd rather than decreas'd :

⁹ *I know him well :* It appears in a subsequent part of this play that Baptista was not personally acquainted with Vincentio. The pedant indeed talks of Vincentio and Baptista having lodged together twenty years before at an inn in Genoa ; but this appears to have been a fiction for the *nence* ; for when the pretended Vincentio is introduced, Baptista expresses no surprise at his not being the same man with whom he had formerly been acquainted ; and, when the real Vincentio appears, he supposes him an impostor. The words therefore, "I know him well," must mean, *I know well who he is*. Baptista uses the same words before, speaking of Petruchio's father : "I know him well ; you are welcome for his sake" — where they must have the same meaning ; viz. *I know who he was* ; for Petruchio's father is supposed to have died before the commencement of the play.

Some of the modern editors point the passage before us thus :

A mighty man of Pisa ; by report
 I know him well.—

but it is not so pointed in the old copy, and the regulation seems unnecessary, the very same words having been before used with equal licence concerning the father of Petruchio. MALONE.

¹ *And every day I cannot come to woo.* This is the burthen of part of an old ballad, entitled *The Ingenious Braggadocia* :

"And I cannot come every day to wooe." STEEVENS.

Then

Then tell me,—if I get your daughter's love,
What dowry shall I have with her to wife?

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

Pet. And, for that dowry, I'll assure her of
Her widowhood²,—be it that she survive me,—
In all my lands and leases whatsoever:
Let specialties be therefore drawn between us,
That covenants may be kept on either hand.

Bap. Ay, when the special thing is well obtain'd,
That is,—her love; for that is all in all.

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

Bap. Well may'st thou woo, and happy be thy speed!
But be thou arm'd for some unhappy words.

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

Re-enter HORTENSIO, with his head broken.

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

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

Bap. What, will my daughter prove a good musician?

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

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

Hor. Why, no; for she hath broke the lute to me.
I did but tell her, she mistook her frets³,

² ——— I'll assure her of

Her widowhood,—] Sir T. Hanmer reads—*for her widowhood*.
The reading of the old copy is harsh to our ears, but it might have been
the phraseology of the time. MALONE.

³ — *her frets*,] A fret is that stop of a musical instrument which
causes or regulates the vibration of the string. JOHNSON.

And how'd her hand to teach her fingering ;
 When, with a most impatient devilish spirit,
Frets, call you these ? quoth she : *I'll fume with them :*
 And, with that word, she struck me on the head,
 And through the instrument my pate made way ;
 And there I stood amazed for a while,
 As on a pillory, looking through the lute :
 While she did call me, — rascal fidler,
 And — twangling Jack⁴ ; with twenty such vile terms,
 As she had⁵ studied to misuse me so.

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

Bap. Well, go with me, and be not so discomfited :
 Proceed in practice with my younger daughter ;
 She's apt to learn, and thankful for good turns —
 Signior Petruchio, will you go with us ;
 Or shall I send my daughter Kate to you ?

Pet. I pray you, do ; I will attend her here, —

[*Exeunt BAP. GRE. TRA. and HOR.*]

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

⁴ *And — twangling Jack ;*] *Jack*, it has been already observed, was an expression of contempt. See Vol. II. p. 214, n. 5. *Twangling Jack* is, mean, paltry lutanist. MALONE.

⁵ — *she bad* —] In the old copy these words are accidentally transposed. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

Enter

Enter CATHARINA.

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

Cath. Well have you heard, but something hard of hearing⁶;

They call me—Catharine, that do talk of me.

Pet. You lie, in faith; for you are call'd plain Kate,
And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst;
But Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom,
Kate of Kate-hall, my super-dainty Kate,
For dainties are all cates: and therefore, Kate,
Take this of me, Kate of my consolation;
Hearing thy mildness prais'd in every town,
Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty fownded,
(Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs,)
Myself am mov'd to woo thee for my wife.

Cath. ~~Mov'd~~! in good time: let him that mov'd you
hither,

Remove you hence: I knew you at the first,
You were a moveable.

Pet. Why, what's a moveable?

Cath. A joint-stool⁷.

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

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

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

Cath. No such jade, fir⁸, as you, if me you mean.

Pet. Alas, good Kate, I will not burden thee:
For, knowing thee to be but young and light,—

⁶ *Well have you heard, but something hard of hearing.*] A poor quibble was here intended. It appears from many old English books that *beard* was pronounced in our author's time, as if it were written *bard*. MALONE.

⁷ *A joint stool.*] This is a proverbial expression:

"Cry you mercy, I took you for a join'd stool."

See Ray's *Collection*. STEEVENS.

⁸ *No such jade, fir,*—] The latter word, which is not in the old copy, was supplied by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

Perhaps we should read—no such *jack*. However there is authority for *jade* in a male sense. So, in *Soliman and Perseda*, PICTON says of Basilisco, "He just like a knight! He'll just like a *jade*," FARMER.

So before, in p. 277: "*—I know, he'll prove a jade.*" MALONE.

Cath.

Cath. Too light for such a swain as you to catch;
And yet as heavy as my weight should be.

Pet. Should be? should buzz.

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

Pet. O, slow-wing'd turtle! shall a buzzard take thee?

Cath. Ay, for a turtle; as he takes a buzzard⁹.

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

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

Pet. My remedy is then, to pluck it out.

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

Pet. Who knows not where a wasp doth wear his sting?
In his tail.

Cath. In his tongue.

Pet. Whose tongue?

Cath. Yours, if you talk of tails¹; and so farewell.

Pet. What with my tongue in your tail?—nay, come
again,

Good Kate; I am a gentleman.

Cath. That I'll try. [striking him.]

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

Cath. So may you loose your arms:

If you strike me, you are no gentleman;

And if no gentleman, why, then no arms.

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

Cath. What is your crest? a coxcomb?

Pet. A comble's cock, so Kate will be my hen.

Cath. No cock of mine, you crow too like a craven².

⁹ *Ay, for a turtle, as he takes a buzzard.*] Perhaps we may read better:—*Ay, for a turtle, and he takes a buzzard.* That is, he may take me for a turtle, and he shall find me a hawk. JOHNSON.

This kind of expression likewise seems to have been proverbial. So, in the *Three Lords of London*, 1590:

“ ———— ha't no more skill,

“ Than take a *falcon* for a *buzzard*?” STEEVENS.

¹ *Yours, if you talk of tails;*] The old copy reads—*tales*, and it may perhaps be right.—“ *Yours, if your talk be no better than an idle tale.*” Our author is very fond of using words of similar sounds in different senses.—I have, however, followed the emendation made by Mr. Pope, which all the modern editors have adopted. MALONE.

² — a craven.] A *craven* is a degenerate, dispirited cock. STEEV.

Pet.

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

Cath. It is my fashion, when I see a cra

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

Cath. There is, there is.

Pet. Then shew it me.

Cath. Had I a glass, I would.

Pet. What, you mean my face?

Cath. Well aim'd of such a young one.

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

Cath. Yet you are wither'd.

Pet. 'Tis with cares.

Cath. I care not.

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

Cath. I chafe you, if I tarry; let me go.

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

'Twas told me, you were rough, and coy, and fullen,

And now I find report a very liar;

For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous;

But slow in speech, yet sweet as spring-time flowers;

Thou canst not frown, thou canst not look askance,

Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will;

Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross in talk;

But thou with mildness entertain'st thy wooers,

With gentle conference, soft, and affable.

Why does the world report, that Kate doth limp?

O slanderous world! Kate, like the hazle-twig,

Is straight, and slender; and as brown in hue

As hazle nuts, and sweeter than the kernels.

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

Cath. Go, fool, and whom thou keep'st command.

Pet. Did ever Dian so become a grove,

As Kate this chamber with her princely gait?

O, be thou Dian, and let her be Kate;

And then let Kate be chaste, and Dian sportful!

Cath. Where did you study all this goodly speech?

³ *Go, fool, and whom thou keep'st command.*] This is exactly the *παράμηνος ἐμίτασσε* of Theocritus, *Eid.* xv. v. 90. and yet I would not be positive that Shakspeare had ever read even a translation of Theocritus. TYRWHITT.

Pet. It is extempore, from my mother-wit.

Cath. A witty mother! witless else her son.

Pet. Am I not wise?

Cath. Yes; keep you warm⁴.

Pet. Marry, so I mean, sweet Catharine, in thy bed:
And therefore, setting all this chat aside,

Thus in plain terms:—Your father hath consented

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

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

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

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

(Thy beauty that doth make me like thee well,)

Thou must be married to no man but me:

For I am he am bound to tame you, Kate;

And bring you from a wild Kate to a Kate

Conformable⁵, as other household Kates.

Here comes your father; never make denial,

I must and will have Catharine to my wife.

Re-enter BAPTISTA, GREMIO, and TRANIO.

Bap. Now, signior Petruchio; how speed you with my daughter?

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

It were impossible, I should speed amiss.

Bap. Why, how now, daughter Catharine? in your dumps?

Cath. Call you me, daughter? now, I promise you,

You have new'd a tender fatherly regard,

To wish me wed to one half lunatick;

A mad-cap ruffian, and a swearing Jack⁶,

That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.

⁴ *Am I not wise?*

[Yes; keep you warm.] So, in *Much ado about nothing*: "—that if he has wit enough to keep himself warm." STEEVENS.

⁵ *And bring you from a wild Kate to a Kate*

Conformable,—] Thus the old copy. The editor of the second folio with some probability reads—from a wild Kat (meaning certainly cat). So before: "But will you woo this wild cat?" MALONE.

⁶ — and a swearing Jack,] See p. 285, n. 4. MALONE.

Pet. Father, 'tis thus,—yourself and all the world,
That talk'd of her, have talk'd amiss of her;
If she be curst, it is for policy:
For she's not froward, but modest as the dove;
She is not hot, but temperate as the morn:
For patience she will prove a second Grissel⁷,
And Roman Lucrece for her chastity:
And to conclude,—we have 'greed so well together,
That upon Sunday is the wedding-day.

Cath. I'll see thee hang'd on Sunday first.

Gre. Hark, Petruchio! she says, she'll see thee hang'd first.

Tra. Is this your speedinge? nay, then, good night our part!

Pet. Be patient, gentlemen; I choose her for myself;
If she and I be pleas'd, what's that to you?
'Tis bargain'd 'twixt us twain, being alone,
That she shall still be curst in company.
I tell you, 'tis incredible to believe
How much she loves me: O, the kindest Kate!—
She hung about my neck; and kifs on kifs
She vy'd so fast⁸, protesting oath on oath,
That in a twink she won me to her love.

⁷ — a second Grissel;] There is a play entered at Stationers' Hall, May 28, 1599, called "The plaie of Patient Grissel." Boccaccio was the inventor of the story, and Chaucer copied it in his *Clerke of Oxenforde's Tale*. STEEVENS.

⁸ — kifs on kifs

She vy'd so fast,—] *Vie* and *revye* were terms at cards, now superseded by the more modern word, *brag*. The words were frequently used in a sense somewhat remote from their original one. In the famous trial of the seven bishops, the chief justice says, "We must not permit *vying* and *revying* upon one another." FARMER.

Vie and *Revie* were terms at *Primero*, the fashionable game in our author's time. See Florio's *Second Frutes*, quarto, 1591: S. "Let us play at *Primero* then. A. What shall we play for? S. One shilling stake and three rest.—I *vye* it; will you hould it? A. Yea, sir, I should it, and *revye* it."

To out-vie Howel explains in his Dictionary, 1660, thus: "Faire peur ou intimider avec un vray ou feint *envy*, et faire quitter le jeu a la partie contraire." MALONE.

O, you are novices! 'tis a world to see⁹,
 How tame, when men and women are alone,
 A meacock wretch¹, can make the curfeste shrew.—
 Give me thy hand, Kate: I will unto Venice,
 To buy apparel 'gainst the wedding-day:—
 Provide the feast, father, and bid the guests;
 I will be sure, my Catharine shall be fine.

Bap. I know not what to say: but give me your hands;
 God send you joy, Petruchio! 'tis a match.

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

Pet. Father, and wife, and gentlemen, adieu;
 I will to Venice, Sunday comes apace:—
 We will have rings, and things, and fine array;
 And kifs me, Kate, we will be married o'Sunday.

[*Exeunt PET. and CATH. severally.*]

Gre. Was ever match clap'd up so suddenly?

Bap. 'Faith, gentlemen, now I play a merchant's part,
 And venture madly on a desperate mart.

Tra. 'Twas a commodity lay fretting by you;
 'Twill bring you gain, or perish on the seas.

Bap. The gain I seek is—quiet in the match*.

Gre. No doubt, but he hath got a quiet catch.
 But now, Baptista, to your younger daughter;—
 Now is the day we long have looked for;
 I am your neighbour, and was suitor first.

Tra. And I am one, that love Bianca more
 Than words can witness, or your thoughts can guess.

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

Tra. Grey-beard! thy love doth freeze.

Gre. But thine doth fry². Skipper,

⁹ — 'tis a world to see,] i. e. It is wonderful to see. This expression is often met with in old historians, as well as dramatick writers.

STEEVENS.

¹ — a meacock wretch—] i. e. a timorous dastardly creature.

STEEVENS.

* — in the match.] Old Copy—me the match. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

² But thine doth fry.] Old Gremio's notions are confirmed by *Shadwell*:

“The fire of love in youthful blood,

“Like what is kindled in brush-wood,

Skipper, stand back; 'tis age, that nourisheth.

Tra. But youth, in ladies' eyes that flourisheth.

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

'Tis deeds, must win the prize; and he, of both,
That can assure my daughter greatest dower,
Shall have my Bianca's love—.

Say, signior Gremio, what can you assure her?

Gre. First, as you know, my house within the city
Is richly furnished with plate and gold;
Basons; and ewers³, to lave her dainty hands;
My hangings all of Tyrian tapestry:
In ivory coffers I have stuff'd my crowns;
In cypress chests my arras, counterpoints⁴,
Costly apparel, tents, and canopies⁵,
Fine linen, Turkey cushions boss'd with pearl,

“ But for a moment burns :—

“ But when crept into aged veins,

“ It slowly burns, and long remains ;

“ It glows, and with a fullen beat,

“ Like fire in logs, it burns, and warms us long ;

“ And though the flame be not so great,

“ Yet is the heat as strong.” JOHNSON.

³ *Basons and ewers*,—] A *bason* and *ewer* seem to have been furniture of which much account was made in our author's time. They were usually of silver; and probably the fashion of these articles was more particularly attended to, because they were regularly exhibited to the guests before and after dinner, it being the custom to wash the hands at both those times. See p. 315, n. 3. MALONE.

⁴ — counterpoints,] These coverings for beds are at present called *counterpanes*; but either mode of spelling is proper.

Counterpoint is the monkish term for a particular species of musick, in which notes of equal duration, but of different harmony, are set in opposition to each other. In like manner *counterpanes* were anciently composed of patch-work, and so contrived that every *pane* or partition in them, was contrasted with one of a different colour, though of the same dimensions. STEEVENS.

⁵ — tents and canopies,] I suppose by *tents* old Gremio means work of that kind which the ladies call *tent-stitch*. He would hardly enumerate *tents* (in their common acceptation) among his domestic riches.

STEEVENS.

I suspect, the furniture of some kind of bed, in the form of a pavilion, was known by this name in our author's time. MALONE.

Valance of Venice gold in needle-work,
 Pewter⁶ and brass, and all things that belong
 To house, or house-keeping: then, at my farm,
 I have a hundred milch-kine to the pail,
 Sixscore fat oxen standing in my stalls,
 And all things answerable to this portion.
 Myself am struck in years; I must confess;
 And, if I die to-morrow, this is hers,
 If, whilst I live, she will be only mine.

Tra. That, only, came well in—Sir, list to me;
 I am my father's heir, and only son:
 If I may have your daughter to my wife,
 I'll leave her houses three or four as good,
 Within rich Pisa walls, as any one
 Old signior Gremio has in Padua;
 Besides two thousand ducats by the year
 Of fruitful land, all which shall be her jointure.—
 What, have I pinch'd you, signior Gremio?

Gre. Two thousand ducats by the year, of land!
 My land amounts not to so much in all:
 That she shall have; besides an argosy⁷,
 That now is lying in Marseilles' road:—
 What, have I chok'd you with an argosy?

Tra. Gremio, 'tis known, my father hath no less
 Than three great argosies; besides two galliasses⁸,
 And twelve tight gallies: these I will assure her,
 And twice as much, whate'er thou offer'st next.

* ⁶ Pewter—] We may suppose that *pewter* was, even in the time of queen Elizabeth, too costly to be used in common. It appears from "The regulations and establishment of the household of Henry Algernon Percy, the fifth earl of Northumberland, &c." that vessels of *pewter* were hired by the year. This *household-book* was begun in the year 1512. See Holinshed's Description of England, p. 188, and 189.

STEEVENS.

⁷ *That she shall have; besides an argosy;—*] She shall have that, whatever be its value, and an argosy over and above. HEATH.

⁸ — *two galliasses,*] A *galeas* or *gallias*, is a heavy low-built vessel of burthen, with both sails and oars, partaking at once of the nature of a ship and a galley. STEEVENS.

Gre. Nay, I have offer'd all, I have no more ;
And she can have no more than all I have ;—
If you like me, she shall have me and mine.

Tra. Why, then the maid is mine from all the world,
By your firm promise ; Gremio is out-vied¹.

Bap. I must confess, your offer is the best ;
And, let your father make her the assurance,
She is your own ; else, you must pardon me :
If you should die before him, where's her dower ?

Tra. That's but a cavil ; he is old, I young.

Gre. And may not young men die, as well as old ?

Bap. Well, gentlemen,
I am thus resolv'd :—On Sunday next, you know,
My daughter Catharine is to be marry'd :
Now, on the Sunday following, shall Bianca
Be bride to you, if you make this assurance ;
If not, to signior Gremio :

And so I take my leave, and thank you both. [Exit.]

Gre. Adieu, good neighbour.—Now I fear thee not ;
Sirrah, young gamester¹, your father were a fool
To give thee all, and, in his waning age,
Set foot under thy table : Tut ! a toy !
An old Italian fox is not so kind, my boy. [Exit.]

Tra. A vengeance on your crafty wither'd hide ;
Yet I have fac'd it with a card of ten².
'Tis in my head to do my master good :—
I see no reason, but suppos'd Lucentio
Must get a father, call'd—suppos'd Vincentio ;
And that's a wonder : fathers, commonly,

¹ — *out-vied.*] See p. 290, n. 8. MALONE.

¹ *Sirrah, young gamester,*—] Perhaps alluding to the pretended Lucentio's having before talk'd of *out-vying* him. See the last note.

MALONE.

² — *with a card of ten.*] i. e. with a very high card. The phrase seems to have been applied to those persons who gained their ends by impudence, and bold confident assertion. MALONE.

So, Skelton :

“ Fyrste pycke a quarrel, and fall out with him then,

“ And so outface him with a *card of ten*.” WARBURTON.

Do get their children; but, in this case of wooing,
A child shall get a fire, if I fail not of my cunning³.
Exit.

A C T III. S C E N E I.

A Room in Baptista's House.

Enter LUCENTIO, HORTENSIO, and BIANCA.

Luc. Fidler, forbear; you grow too forward, fir:
Have you so soon forgot the entertainment
Her sister Catharine welcom'd you withal?

Hor. But, wrangling pedant, this is*
The patroness of heavenly harmony:
Then give me leave to have prerogative;
And when in musick we have spent an hour,
Your lecture shall have leisure for as much.

Luc. Preposterous ass! that never read so far
To know the cause why musick was ordain'd!
Was it not, to refresh the mind of man,
After his studies, or his usual pain?
Then give me leave to read philosophy,
And, while I pause, serve in your harmony.

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

Bian. Why, gentlemen, you do me double wrong,
To strive for that which resteth in my choice:
I am no breeching scholar⁴ in the schools;
I'll not be ty'd to hours, nor 'pointed times,

³ — if I fail not of my cunning.] As this is the conclusion of an act, I suspect that the poet design'd a rhyming couplet. Instead of *cunning* we might read—*doing*, which is often used by Shakspeare in the sense here wanted, and agrees perfectly well with the beginning of the line—
“a child shall get a fire.” STEEVENS.

* — *this is*] Probably our author wrote—*this lady is*, which completes the metre, *wrangling* being used as a trisyllable. MALONE.

⁴ — no breeching scholar—] i. e. no school-boy liable to corporal correction. So, in *K. Edward II.* by Marlowe, 1598:

“Whose looks were as a breeching to a boy.” STEEVENS.

But learn my lessons as I please myself.

And, to cut off all strife, here sit we down :—

Take you your instrument, play you the whiles ;

His lecture will be done, ere you have tun'd.

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

[*to Bianca.* *Hor. retires.*

Luc. That will be never ;—tune your instrument.

Bian. Where left we last ?

Luc. Here, madam :—

Hic ibat Simois ; hic est Sigeia tellus ;

Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis.

Bian. Construe them.

Luc. *Hic ibat*, as I told you before,—*Simois*, I am Lucentio,—*hic est*, son unto Vincentio of Pisa,—*Sigeia tellus*, disguised thus to get your love ;—*Hic steterat*, and that Lucentio that comes a wooing,—*Priami*, is my man Tranio,—*regia*, bearing my port,—*celsa senis*, that we might beguile the old pantaloons⁵.

Hor. Madam, my instrument's in tune. [*returning.*

Bian. Let's hear :—

[*Hor. plays.*

O fie ! the treble jars.

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

Bian. Now let me see if I can construe it : *Hic ibat Simois*, I know you not ;—*hic est Sigeia tellus*, I trust you not ;—*Hic steterat Priami*, take heed he hear us not ;—*regia*, presume not ;—*celsa senis*, despair not.

Hor. Madam, 'tis now in tune.

Luc. All but the base.

Hor. The base is right ; 'tis the base knave that jars.

How fiery and forward our pedant is !

Now, for my life, the knave doth court my love :

*Pedascule*⁶, I'll watch you better yet.

⁵ — *pantaloons.*] The old cully in Italian farces. JOHNSON.

⁶ *Pedascule.*] He would have said *Didascule*, but thinking this too honourable, he coins the word *Pedascule*, in imitation of it, from *pedant*. WARBURTON.

I believe it is no coinage of Shakspeare's. It is more probable that it lay in his way, and he found it. STEEVENS.

Bian.

Bian. In time I may believe, yet I mistrust⁷.

Luc. Mistrust it not; for, sure, *Æacides*⁸

Was Ajax,—call'd so from his grandfather.

Bian. I must believe my master; else, I promise you, I should be arguing still upon that doubt:

But let it rest.—Now, Licio, to you:—

Good masters⁹, take it not unkindly, pray,

That I have been thus pleasant with you both.

Hor. You may go walk, [*to Luc.*] and give me leave awhile;

My lessons make no musick in three parts.

Luc. Are you so formal, sir? well, I must wait,

And watch withal; for, but I be deceiv'd¹,

~~Our~~ fine musician groweth amorous. [*aside.*]

Hor. Madam, before you touch the instrument,

To learn the order of my fingering,

I must begin with rudiments of art;

To teach you gamut in a briefer sort,

More pleasant, pithy, and effectual,

Than hath been taught by any of my trade:

And there it is in writing, fairly drawn.

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

Hor. Yet read the gamut of Hortensio.

Bian. Gamut, *I am, the ground of all accord*, [*reads.*]

A re, to plead Hortensio's passion;

E mi, Bianca, take him for thy lord,

C fault, that loves with all affection:

D sol re, one cliff, two notes have I;

E la mi, show pity, or I die.

⁷ *In time I may believe, yet I mistrust.*] This and the seven verses that follow have in all the editions been stupidly shuffled and misplaced to wrong speakers; so that every word said was glaringly out of character. THEOBALD.

⁸ — *for, sure, Æacides &c.*] This is only said to deceive Hortensio, who is supposed to listen. STEEVENS.

⁹ *Good masters,*] Old copy—*master*. Corrected by Mr. Pope.

MALONE.

¹ — *but I be deceiv'd,*] But has here the signification of *unless*.

MALONE.

Call

Call you this—gamut? tut! I like it not:
 Old fashions please me best; I am not so nice,
 To change true rules for odd inventions².

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Mistress, your father prays you leave your books,
 And help to dress your sister's chamber up;
 You know, to-morrow is the wedding-day.

Bian. Farewel, sweet masters, both; I must begone.

[Exeunt Bian. and Serv.]

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

Hor. But I have cause to pry into this pedant;
 Methinks, he looks as though he were in love:—
 Yet if thy thoughts, Bianca, be so humble,
 To cast thy wand'ring eyes on every stale,
 Seize thee, that list: If once I find thee ranging,
 Hortensio will be quit with thee by changing. *[Exit.]*

SCENE II.

The same. Before Baptista's House.

*Enter BAPTISTA, GREMIO, TRANIO, CATHARINA,
 BIANCA, LUCENTIO, and Attendants.*

Bap. Signior Lucentio, *[to Tra.]* this is the "pointed day
 That Catharine and Petruchio should be marry'd,
 And yet we hear not of our son-in-law:
 What will be said? what mockery will it be,
 To want the bridegroom, when the priest attends
 To speak the ceremonial rites of marriage?
 What says Lucentio to this shame of ours?

Cath. No shame but mine: I must, forsooth, be forc'd

² *To change true rules for odd inventions.* The old copy reads—*To charge true rules for old inventions*: The former emendation was made by the editor of the second folio; the latter by Mr. Theobald.—*Old*, however, may be right. I believe, an opposition was intended. As *change* was corrupted into *charge*, why might not *true* have been put instead of *new*? Perhaps the author wrote

To change *new* rules for old inventions.

i. e. to accept of new rules in exchange for old inventions. MALONE.

To give my hand, oppos'd against my heart,
 Unto a mad-brain radesby, full of spleen³;
 Who woo'd in haste, and means to wed at leisure.
 I told you, I, he was a frantick fool,
 Hiding his bitter jests in blunt behaviour:
 And, to be noted for a merry man,
 He'll woo a thousand, 'point the day of marriage,
 Make friends, invite them, and proclaim the banns⁴;
 Yet never means to wed where he hath woo'd.
 Now must the world point at poor Catharine,
 And say,—*Lo, there is mad Petruchio's wife,*
If it would please him come and marry her.

Tra. Patience, good Catharine, and Baptista too;
 Upon thy life, Petruchio means but well,
 Whatever fortune stays him from his word:
 Though he be blunt, I know him passing wise;
 Though he be merry, yet withal he's honest.

Cath. 'Would, Catharine had never seen him though!

[*Exit, weeping, followed by Bianca and others.*]

Bap. Go, girl; I cannot blame thee now to weep;
 For such an injury would vex a very saint,
 Much more a shrew of thy impatient humour⁵.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Bion. Master, master! news, old news⁶, and such news
 as you never heard of!

³ — *full of spleen*;] That is, full of humour, caprice, and inconstancy. JOHNSON.

⁴ *Make friends, invite them, and proclaim the banns*;] *Them* is not in the old copy. For this emendation the present editor is answerable. The editor of the second folio, to supply the defect in the metre, reads, with less probability in my opinion,

Make friends, invite, yes, and proclaim &c. MALONE.

⁵ — *of thy impatient humour.*] *Thy*, which is not in the old copy, was inserted by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

⁶ — *old news.*] These words have been added by some of the editors, and necessarily, for the reply of Baptista supposes them to have been already spoken.—*Old laughing,—old utis,* &c. are expressions of that time merely hyperbolical, and have been more than once used by Shakspeare. See a note on *K. Henry IV. P. II. Act II. sc. iv.* STEEVENS.

They were added by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

Bap.

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

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

Bap. Is he come?

Bion. Why, no, sir.

Bap. What then?

Bion. He is coming.

Bap. When will he be here?

Bion. When he stands where I am, and sees you there.

Tra. But say, what:—To thine old news.

Bion. Why, Petruchio is coming, in a new hat, and an old jerkin; a pair of old breeches, thrice turn'd; a pair of boots that have been candle-cases, one buckled, another laced; an old rusty sword ta'en out of the town armory, with a broken hilt, and chapeless, with two broken points⁷: His horse hip'd with an old mothy saddle, and stirrups of no kindred: besides, possess'd with the glanders, and like to mose in the chine; troubled with the lampas, infected with the fashions, full of windgalls, sped with spavins, rai'd with the yellows, past cure of the fives⁸, stark spoil'd with the staggers, begnawn with the

⁷ — pair of boots—one buckled, another laced; an old rusty sword ta'en out of the town-armory, with a broken hilt, and chapeless, with two broken points:] How a sword should have two broken points, I cannot tell. There is, I think, a transposition caused by the seeming relation of point to sword. I read, a pair of boots, one buckled, another laced with two broken points; an old rusty sword—with a broken hilt, and chapeless. JOHNSON.

I suspect that several words giving an account of Petruchio's belt are wanting. The belt was then broad and rich, and worn on the outside of the clothes. Two broken points might therefore have concluded the description of its ostentatious meanness. STEEVENS.

The broken points might be the two broken tags to the laces. TOLLET.
— that have been candle-cases,] That is, I suppose, boots long left off, and after having been converted into cases to hold the ends of candles, returning to their first office. STEEVENS.

⁸ — infected with the fashions,—past cure of the fives,] Fashions. So called in the West of England, but by the best writers on farriery, farcins, or farcy.—Fives. So called in the West; wivres elsewhere, and avivres by the French; a distemper in horses, little differing from the strangles. GREY.

the bots; sway'd in the back⁹, and shoulder-shotten; ne'er legg'd before¹, and with a half-check'd bit, and a headstall of sheep's leather; which, being restrain'd to keep him from stumbling, hath been often burst, and now repair'd with knots: one girt six times pieced, and a woman's crupper of velure², which hath two letters for her name, fairly set down in studs, and here and there pieced with packthread.

Bap. Who comes with him?

Bion. O, sir, his lacquey, for all the world caparison'd like the horse; with a linen stock³ on one leg, and a kersey boot-hose on the other, garter'd with a red and blue list; an old hat, and the humour of forty fancies prick'd in't for a feather⁴: a monster, a very monster in

Shakspeare is not the only writer who uses *fashions* for *farcy*. See Decker's comedy of *Old Fortunatus*, 1600, and the *New Ordinary* by Brome. STEEVENS.

9 — [sway'd in the back,] The old copy has—*waid*. Corrected by Sir T. Hanmer. MALONE.

1 — ne'er legg'd before,] i. e. founder'd in his fore feet; having, as the jockies term it, *never a fore leg* to stand on. The subsequent words—"which, being restrain'd, to keep him from *stumbling*"—seem to countenance this interpretation. The modern editors read—*near-legg'd* before; but to go near before is not reckoned a defect, but a perfection, in a horse. MALONE.

2 — a crupper of velure,] *Velure* is velvet. *Velours*, Fr. STEEVENS.

3 — stock—] i. e. stocking. STEEVENS.

4 — an old hat, and the humour of forty fancies prick'd in't for a feather:] This was some ballad or drollery of that time, which the poet here ridicules, by making Petruchio prick it up in his foot-boy's old hat for a feather. His speakers are perpetually quoting scraps and stanzas of old ballads, and often very obscurely; for, so well are they adapted to the occasion, that they seem of a piece with the rest. In Shakspeare's time, the kingdom was over-run with these doggrel compositions.

WARBURTON.

I have some doubts concerning this interpretation. A *fancy* appears to have been some ornament worn formerly in the hat. So Peacham, in his *Worth of a Penny*, describing "an indigent and discontented foldat," says, "he walks with his arms folded, his belt without a sword or rapier, that perhaps being somewhere in trouble; a *bat* without a band, hanging over his eyes; only it wears a weather-beaten *fancy* for fashion-sake." MALONE.

apparel;

apparel; and not like a christian foot-boy, or a gentleman's lacquey.

Tra. 'Tis some odd humour pricks him to this fashion;—
Yet oftentimes he goes but mean apparell'd.

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

Bion. Why, fir, he comes not.

Bap. Didst thou not say, he comes?

Bion. Who? that Petruchio came?

Bap. Ay, that Petruchio came.

Bion. No, fir; I say, his horse comes with him on his back.

Bap. Why, that's all one.

Bion. Nay, by faint Jamy, I hold you a penny,
A horse and a man is more than one, and yet not many.

Enter PETRUCHIO and GRUMIO.

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

Bap. You are welcome, fir.

Pet. And yet I come not well.

Bap. And yet you halt not.

Tra. Not so well apparell'd

As I wish you were.

Pet. Were it better, I should rush in thus.

But where is Kate? where is my lovely bride?—

How does my father?—Gentles, methinks you frown:

And wherefore gaze this goodly company;

As if they saw some wond'rous monument,

Some comet, or unusual prodigy?

Bap. Why, fir, you know, this is your wedding-day:

First were we sad, fearing you would not come;

Now sadder, that you come so unprovided.

Fye! doff this habit, shame to your estate,

An eye-sore to our solemn festival.

Tra. And tell us, what occasion of import

Hath all so long detain'd you from your wife,

And sent you hither so unlike yourself?

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

Sufficeth, I am come to keep my word,

Though

Though in some part enforced to digress⁵;
Which, at more leisure, I will so excuse
As you shall well be satisfied withal.
But, where is Kate? I stay too long from her;
The morning wears, 'tis time we were at church.

Tra. See not your bride in these unreverent robes;
Go to my chamber, put on cloaths of mine.

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

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

Pet. Good sooth, even thus; therefore have done with words;

To me she's marry'd, not unto my cloaths:
Could I repair what she will wear in me,
As I can change these poor accoutrements,
⁶ I were well for Kate, and better for myself.
But what a fool am I, to chat with you,
When I should bid good-morrow to my bride,
And seal the title with a lovely kiss?

[*Exeunt PET. GRU. and BION.*]

Tra. He hath some meaning in his mad attire:
We will persuade him, be it possible,
To put on better ere he go to church.

Bap. I'll after him, and see the event of this. [*Exit.*]

Tra. But, sir, to her love⁶ concerneth us to add
Her father's liking: Which to bring to pass,
As I before imparted⁷ to your worship,
I am to get a man,—whate'er he be,
It skills not much; we'll fit him to our turn,—

⁵ — to digress;] to deviate from any promise. JOHNSON.

⁶ But, sir, to her love—] The words *to her*, which are wanting in the old copy, have been inserted on the suggestion of Mr. Tyrwhitt. The nominative case to the verb *concerneth* is here understood. A similar licence may be found in *As you like it*, p. 232, l. 2. MALONE.

We must suppose, that Lucentio had before informed Tranio in private of his having obtained Bianca's love; and Tranio here resumes the conversation, by observing, that *to her love* it concerns them to add *her father's consent*; and then goes on to propose a scheme for obtaining the latter. TYRWHITT.

⁷ As I before imparted—] *I*, which was inadvertently omitted in the old copy, was added by the editor of the second folio; but with his usual inaccuracy was inserted in the wrong place. MALONE.

And he shall be Vincentio of Pisa;
 And make assurance, here in Padua,
 Of greater sums than I have promised.
 So shall you quietly enjoy your hope,
 And marry sweet Bianca with content.

Luc. Were it not that my fellow school-master
 Doth watch Bianca's steps so narrowly,
 'Twere good, methinks, to steal our marriage;
 Which once perform'd, let all the world say—no,
 I'll keep mine own, despite of all the world.

Tra. That by degrees we mean to look into,
 And watch our vantage in this business:
 We'll over-reach the grey-beard, Gremio,
 The narrow-prying father, Minola;
 The quaint musician, amorous Licio;
 All for my master's sake, Lucentio.—

Re-enter GREMIO.

Signior Gremio! came you from the church?

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

Tra. And is the bride and bridegroom coming home?

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

Tra. Currier than she? why, 'tis impossible.

Gre. Why, he's a devil, a devil, a very fiend.

Tra. Why, she's a devil, a devil, the devil's dam.

Gre. Tut! she's a lamb, a dove, a fool to him.

I'll tell you, sir Lucentio; When the priest
 Should ask—if Catharine should be his wife,

Ay, by gogs-wouns, quoth he; and swore so loud,
 That, all amaz'd, the priest let fall the book:

And, as he stoop'd again to take it up,
 This mad-brain'd bridegroom took him such a cuff,
 That down fell priest and book, and book and priest;
Now take them up, quoth he, *if any list.*

Tra. What said the wench, when he rose again?

Gre. Trembled and shook; for why, he stamp'd, and
 swore,

^s *As willingly &c.*] This is a proverbial saying. See Ray's *Collection*. STEEVENS.

As if the vicar meant to cozen him.

But after many ceremonies done,

He calls for wine :

A break, quoth he ; as if he had been aboard,

Carousing to his mates after a storm :

Quaff'd off the muscadell^o, and threw the sops

All in the sexton's face ; having no other reason,—

But that his beard grew thin and hungerly,

And seem'd to ask him sops as he was drinking.

This done, he took the bride about the neck ;

- And kiss'd her lips with such a clamorous smack,

That, at the parting, all the church did echo.

^o *Quaff'd off the muscadell*,] It appears from this passage, and the following one in the *History of the two Maids of Moreclacke*, a comedy by Robert Armin, 1609, that it was the custom to drink wine immediately after the marriage ceremony. Armin's play begins thus :

Enter a Maid strewing flowers, and a serving-man perfuming the door.

" Maid. Strew, strew.

" Man. The muscadine stays for the bride at church.

" The priest and Hymen's ceremonies 'tend

" To make them man and wife."

There was likewise a flower [*Sops in Wine*] that borrowed its name from this ceremony. STEEVENS.

The fashion of introducing a bowl of wine into the church at a wedding, to be drank by the bride and bridegroom and persons present, was very anciently a constant ceremony ; and, as appears from this passage, not abolished in our author's age. We find it practised at the magnificent marriage of queen Mary and Philip, in Winchester cathedral, 1554. " The trumpets founded, and they both returned to their traverses in the quire, and there remayned untill masse was done : at which tyme, wyne and sops were hallowed and delyvered to them both." COLLECT. Append. Vol. IV. p. 400, edit. 1770. T. WARTON.

This custom is of very high antiquity ; for it subsisted among our Gothick ancestors.—" *Ingressus domum convivalem sponsus cum pronubo suo, sumpto poculo, quod maritale vocant, ac paucis a pronubo de mutato vitæ genere prefatis, in signum constantiæ, virtutis, defensionis et tutelæ, propinat sponsæ, & simul morgennaticam [dotalitium ob virginitatem] promittit, quod ipsa grato animo recotens, pari ratione & modo, paulo post mutato in uxorium habitum operculo capitis, ingressa, poculum, uti nosirates vocant, uxorium leviter delibans, amorem, fidem, diligentiam, & subjectionem promittit.*" *Stiernhook de Jure Sueonum & Gothorum vetusto*, p. 163, quarto, 1672. MALONE.

306 TAMING OF THE SHREW.

I, seeing this¹, came thence for very shame ;
And after me, I know, the rout is coming :
Such a mad marriage never was before :
Hark, hark ! I hear the minstrels play. [Musick.]

Enter PETRUCHIO, CATHARINA, BIANCA, BAPTISTA, HORTENSIO, GRUMIO, and Train.

Pet. Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for your pains :
I know, you think to dine with me to-day,
And have prepar'd great store of wedding cheer ;
But so it is, my haste doth call me hence,
And therefore here I mean to take my leave.

Bap. Is't possible, you will away to-night ?

Pet. I must away to-day, before night come—
Make it no wonder ; if you knew my business,
You would entreat me rather go than stay.
And, honest company, I thank you all,
That have beheld me give away myself
To this most patient, sweet, and virtuous wife :
Dine with my father, drink a health to me ;
For I must hence, and farewell to you all.

Tra. Let us entreat you stay till after dinner.

Pet. It may not be.

Gre. Let me entreat you.

Pet. It cannot be.

Cath. Let me entreat you.

Pet. I am content.

Cath. Are you content to stay ?

Pet. I am content you shall entreat me stay ;
But yet not stay, entreat me how you can.

Cath. Now, if you love me, stay.

Pet. Grumio my horse.

Gru. Ay, sir, they be ready ; the oats have eaten the horses².

Cath.

¹ I, seeing this,—] The old copy has—And I seeing—. And was probably caught from the beginning of the next line. The emendation is Sir T. Hanmer's. MALONE.

² — the oats have eaten the horses.] There is still a ludicrous expression, when horses have staid so long in a place as to have eaten more than they

Cath. Nay, then,
Do what thou canst, I will not go to-day;
No, nor to-morrow, nor till ³ I please myself.
The door is open, sir, there lies your way,
You may be jogging, whiles your boots are green;
For me, I'll not be gone, till I please myself:—
'Tis like, you'll prove a jolly furly groom,
That take it on you at the first so roundly.

Pet. O; Kate, content thee; pr'ythee, be not angry.

Cath. I will be angry; What hast thou to do?—

Father, be quiet; he shall stay my leisure.

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

Cath. Gentlemen, forward to the bridal dinner:—
I see, a woman may be made a fool,
If she had not a spirit to resist.

Pet. They shall go forward, Kate, at thy command:—

Obeys the bride, you that attend on her:

Go to the feast, revel and domineer,

Carouse full measure to her maidenhead,

Be mad and merry,—or go hang yourselves;

But for my bonny Kate, she must with me.

Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret;

I will be master of what is mine own:

She is my goods, my chattels, she is my house,

My household-stuff, my field, my barn,

My horse, my ox, my ass, my any thing;

And here she stands, touch her whoever dare;

they are worth,—viz. that *their heads are too big for the stable door*. I suppose Grumio has some such meaning, though it is more openly express'd, as follows, in the original play:

"*Feran.* Tut, Kate, I tel thee we must needs go home:

"*Villaine*, hast thou saddled my horse?

"*San.* Which horse? your curtall?

"*Feran.* Souns, you slave, stand you prating here?

"*Saddle* the bay gelding for your mistress.

"*Kate.* Not for me, for I will not go.

"*San.* The ostler will not let me have him: you owe ten pence for his meate, and 6 pence for stuffing my mistress saddle.

"*Feran.* Here, villaine; goe pay him strait." STEEVENS.

3 — nor till—] Old Copy—not till. Corrected by Mr. Rowe.

MALONE.

I'll

I'll bring mine action on the proudest he
 That stops my way in Padua.—Grumio,
 Draw forth thy weapon, we're beset with thieves;
 Rescue thy mistress, if thou be a man:—
 Fear not, sweet wench, they shall not touch thee, Kate;
 I'll buckler thee against a million.

[*Exeunt* PET. CATH. and GRU.]

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

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

Tra. Of all mad matches, never was the like!

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

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

Gre. I warrant him, Petruchio is Kated.

Bap. Neighbours and friends, though bride and bridegroom wants

For to supply the places at the table,

You know, there wants no junkets at the feast;—

Lucentio, you shall supply the bridegroom's place;

And let Bianca take her sister's room.

Tra. Shall sweet Bianca practise how to bride it?

Bap. She shall, Lucentio.—Come, gentlemen, let's go.

[*Exeunt*.]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Hall in Petruchio's Country House.

Enter GRUMIO.

Gru. Fye, fye, on all tired jades! on all mad masters!
 and all foul ways! Was ever man so beaten? was ever
 man so ray'd⁴? was ever man so weary? I am sent be-
 fore to make a fire, and they are coming after to warm

4 — so ray'd?] i. e. *beuray'd*, made dirty. So Spenser, B. II. c. 8.
 ft. 32: "Ruffled and foully ray'd with filthy foil." TOLLET.

So, in *Summer's Last Will and Testament*, 1600: "Let there be a
 few rushes laid in the place where Backwinter shall tumble, for fear
 of raying his clothes." STEVENS.

them.

them. Now, were not I a little pot, and soon hot⁵, my very lips might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the roof of my mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I should come by a fire to thaw me:—But, I, with blowing the fire, shall warm myself; for, considering the weather, a taller man than I will take cold. Holla, hoa! Curtis!

Enter CURTIS.

Curt. Who is that, calls so coldly?

Gru. A piece of ice: If thou doubt it, thou may'st slide from my shoulder to my heel, with no greater a run but my head and my neck. A fire, good Curtis.

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

Gru. Oh, ay, Curtis, ay: and therefore fire, fire; cast on no water⁶.

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

Gru. She was, good Curtis, before this frost: but, thou know'st, winter tames man, woman, and beast; for it hath tam'd my old master, and my new mistress, and myself, fellow Curtis⁷.

Curt.

⁵ — a little pot, and soon hot,] This is a proverbial expression.

STEEVENS.

⁶ — fire, fire; cast on no water.] There is an old popular catch of three parts, in these words:

“Scotland burneth, Scotland burneth.

“Fire, fire; — Fire, fire;

“Cast on me more water.” BLACKSTONE.

⁷ — winter tames man, &c.] “Winter,” says Grumio, “tames man, woman, and beast: for it has tamed my old master, my new mistress, and myself, fellow Curtis.—Away, you three-inch'd fool,” replies Curtis, “I am no beast.” Why, asks Dr. Warburton, had Grumio call'd him one? He alters therefore *myself* to *thyself*, and all the editors follow him. But there is no necessity; if Grumio calls *himself* a *beast*, and Curtis, *fellow*, surely he calls Curtis a *beast* likewise. Malvolio takes this sense of the word: “let this *fellow* be look'd to!—*Fellow*! not *Malvolio*, after my degree, but *fellow*!” In Ben Jonson's *Case is Altered*, “What says my *fellow* Onion?” quoth *Christophero*.—“All of a house,” replies *Onion*, “but not *fellows*.”

In the old play, call'd *The Return from Parnassus*, we have a curious passage, which shews the opinion of contemporaries concerning the learning of Shakspeare; this use of the word *fellow* brings it to my remembrance. Burbage and Kempe are introduced to teach the university-men the art of acting, and are represented (particularly Kempe, as

Curt. Away, you three-inch fool⁸! I am no beast.

Gru. Am I but three inches? why, thy horn is a foot⁹; and so long am I, at the least. But wilt thou make a fire, or shall I complain on thee to our mistress, whose hand (she being now at hand) thou shalt soon feel, to thy cold comfort, for being slow in thy hot office.

Curt. I pr'ythee, good Grumio, tell me, How goes the world?

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

Curt. There's fire ready; And therefore, good Grumio, the news?

Gru. Why, *Jack boy! ho boy!*¹ and as much news as thou wilt.

Curt. Come, you are so full of cony-catching:—

Gru. Why therefore, fire; for I have caught extreme cold. Where's the cook? is supper ready, the house trimm'd, rushes strew'd, cobwebs swept; the serving-men in their new fustian, their white stockings³, and every officer his wedding-garment on? Be the jacks fair with-

leaden spout.—*very illiterate.* “Few of the university, says Kempe, pen plays well; they smell too much of that writer, *Ovid*, and that writer *Metamorphosis*:—why, here's our *Fellow Shakspeare* puts them all down.” FARMER.

The sentence delivered by Grumio is proverbial:

“Wedding, and ill-wintering, tame both man and beast.”

See Ray's *Collection*. STEEVENS.

⁸ *Away, you three-inch fool!*] This contemptuous expression alludes to Grumio's diminutive size. He has already mentioned it himself:—“Now, were not I a *little pot*—” His answer likewise, “—and so long am I at the least,”—shews that this is the meaning, and that Dr. Warburton was mistaken in supposing that these words allude to the *thickness* of Grumio's skull. MALONE.

⁹ *Why, thy horn is a foot;*] The meaning is, that he had made Curtis a cuckold. WARBURTON.

¹ *Jack boy! ho boy!*] is the beginning of an old round in three parts. Sir JOHN HAWKINS.

² —as thou wilt.] Old Copy—*wilt thou*. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

³ —their *white stockings*,—] The old copy reads—*the white*—. Corrected by the editor of the third folio. MALONE.