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| **ORIGINAL TEXT** | **MODERN ENGLISH TEXT** |

**ACT 2, SCENE 1**

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| *Enter KATHERINE and BIANCA. BIANCA is bound.*  **BIANCA**    1   Good sister, wrong me not, nor wrong yourself,   2   To make a bondmaid and a slave of me;   [3](javascript:poptastic('ShrewNotes21.html" \l "3');)   That I disdain: but for these other gawds,   4   Unbind my hands, I'll pull them off myself,   5   Yea, all my raiment, to my petticoat;   6   Or what you will command me will I do,   7   So well I know my duty to my elders.  **KATHERINE**    8   Of all thy suitors, here I charge thee, tell   9 Whom thou lovest best: see thou dissemble not.  **BIANCA**   10   Believe me, sister, of all the men alive  11   I never yet beheld that special face  [12](javascript:poptastic('ShrewNotes21.html" \l "12');)   Which I could fancy more than any other.  **KATHERINE**   [13](javascript:poptastic('ShrewNotes21.html" \l "13');)   Minion, thou liest. Is't not Hortensio?  **BIANCA**   [14](javascript:poptastic('ShrewNotes21.html" \l "14');)   If you affect him, sister, here I swear  15 I'll plead for you myself, but you shall have him.  **KATHERINE**   16   O then, belike, you fancy riches more:  [17](javascript:poptastic('ShrewNotes21.html" \l "17');)   You will have Gremio to keep you fair.  **BIANCA**   [18](javascript:poptastic('ShrewNotes21.html" \l "18');)   Is it for him you do envy me so?  19   Nay then you jest, and now I well perceive  20   You have but jested with me all this while:  21   I prithee, sister Kate, untie my hands.  **KATHERINE**   22   If that be jest, then all the rest was so.             *Strikes her.*             *Enter BAPTISTA.*  **BAPTISTA**   23   Why, how now, dame! whence grows this insolence?  24   Bianca, stand aside. Poor girl! she weeps.  25   Go ply thy needle; meddle not with her.  [26](javascript:poptastic('ShrewNotes21.html" \l "26');)   For shame, thou hilding of a devilish spirit,  27   Why dost thou wrong her that did ne'er wrong thee?  28   When did she cross thee with a bitter word?  **KATHERINE**   29   Her silence flouts me, and I'll be revenged.  *Flies after BIANCA.*    **BAPTISTA**   30   What, in my sight? Bianca, get thee in.  *Exit BIANCA.*  **KATHERINE**   31   What, will you not suffer me? Nay, now I see  32   She is your treasure, she must have a husband;  [33](javascript:poptastic('ShrewNotes21.html" \l "33');)   I must dance bare-foot on her wedding day  34   And for your love to her lead apes in hell.  35   Talk not to me: I will go sit and weep  36   Till I can find occasion of revenge.  *Exit.*  **BAPTISTA**   37   Was ever gentleman thus grieved as I?  38   But who comes here?             *Enter GREMIO, LUCENTIO in the*  [\*\*](javascript:poptastic('ShrewNotes21.html#sd1');)        *habit of a mean man; PETRUCHIO,*             *[with HORTENSIO disguised as a*             *musician; and] TRANIO [disguised*             as Lucentio] with his boy [BIONDELLO]             bearing a lute and books.  **GREMIO**   39   Good morrow, neighbor Baptista.      **BAPTISTA**   40   Good morrow, neighbor Gremio.  41   God save you, gentlemen!  **PETRUCHIO**   42   And you, good sir! Pray, have you not a daughter  43   Call'd KATHERINE, fair and virtuous?  **BAPTISTA**   44   I have a daughter, sir, called KATHERINE.  **GREMIO**   [45](javascript:poptastic('ShrewNotes21.html" \l "45');)   You are too blunt: go to it orderly.    **PETRUCHIO**   46   You wrong me, Signior Gremio: give me leave.  47   I am a gentleman of Verona, sir,  48   That, hearing of her beauty and her wit,  49   Her affability and bashful modesty,  [50](javascript:poptastic('ShrewNotes21.html" \l "50');)   Her wondrous qualities and mild behavior,  51   Am bold to show myself a forward guest  52   Within your house, to make mine eye the witness  53   Of that report which I so oft have heard.  [54](javascript:poptastic('ShrewNotes21.html" \l "54');)   And, for an entrance to my entertainment,  55   I do present you with a man of mine,  *[Presenting Hortensio.]*  56   Cunning in music and the mathematics,  57   To instruct her fully in those sciences,  58   Whereof I know she is not ignorant:  59   Accept of him, or else you do me wrong:  60   His name is Litio, born in Mantua.  **BAPTISTA**   61   Y' are welcome, sir; and he, for your good sake.  62   But for my daughter KATHERINE, this I know,  63   She is not for your turn, the more my grief.  **PETRUCHIO**   64   I see you do not mean to part with her,  65   Or else you like not of my company.  **BAPTISTA**   [66](javascript:poptastic('ShrewNotes21.html" \l "66');)   Mistake me not; I speak but as I find.  67   Whence are you, sir? what may I call your name?  **PETRUCHIO**   68   Petruchio is my name; Antonio's son,  69   A man well known throughout all Italy.  **BAPTISTA**   [70](javascript:poptastic('ShrewNotes21.html" \l "70');)   I know him well: you are welcome for his sake.  **GREMIO**   [71](javascript:poptastic('ShrewNotes21.html" \l "71');)   Saving your tale, Petruchio, I pray,  72   Let us, that are poor petitioners, speak too:  [73](javascript:poptastic('ShrewNotes21.html" \l "73');)   Backare! you are marvellous forward.  **PETRUCHIO**   [74](javascript:poptastic('ShrewNotes21.html" \l "74');)   O, pardon me, Signior Gremio; I would fain be doing.  **GREMIO**   75   I doubt it not, sir; but you will curse your wooing.  76   Neighbor, this is a gift very grateful, I am  77   sure of it. To express the like kindness, myself,  78   that have been more kindly beholding to you than  79   any, freely give unto you this young scholar,  *[Presenting Lucentio.]*  80   that hath been long studying at Rheims; as cunning  81   in Greek, Latin, and other languages, as the other  82   in music and mathematics: his name is Cambio; pray,  83   accept his service.  **BAPTISTA**   84   A thousand thanks, Signior Gremio.  85   Welcome, good Cambio.  *[To Tranio.]*  [86](javascript:poptastic('ShrewNotes21.html" \l "86');)   But, gentle sir, methinks you walk like a stranger:  87   may I be so bold to know the cause of your coming?  **TRANIO**   88   Pardon me, sir, the boldness is mine own,  89   That, being a stranger in this city here,  90   Do make myself a suitor to your daughter,  91   Unto Bianca, fair and virtuous.  92   Nor is your firm resolve unknown to me,  93   In the preferment of the eldest sister.  94   This liberty is all that I request,  95   That, upon knowledge of my parentage,  96   I may have welcome 'mongst the rest that woo  [97](javascript:poptastic('ShrewNotes21.html" \l "97');)   And free access and favor as the rest:  98   And, toward the education of your daughters,  99   I here bestow a simple instrument, 100   And this small packet of Greek and Latin books: 101   If you accept them, then their worth is great.  **BAPTISTA**  [102](javascript:poptastic('ShrewNotes21.html" \l "102');)   Lucentio is your name; of whence, I pray?  **TRANIO**  103   Of Pisa, sir; son to Vincentio.    **BAPTISTA**  [104](javascript:poptastic('ShrewNotes21.html" \l "104');)   A mighty man of Pisa; by report 105   I know him well: you are very welcome, sir, 106   Take you the lute, and you the set of books; [107](javascript:poptastic('ShrewNotes21.html" \l "107');)   You shall go see your pupils presently. 108   Holla, within!  *Enter a SERVANT.*  108                         Sirrah, lead these gentlemen 109   To my daughters; and tell them both, 110   These are their tutors: bid them use them well.  *[Exit Servant, with Lucentio and Hortensio,*             *Biondello following.]*  [111](javascript:poptastic('ShrewNotes21.html" \l "111');)   We will go walk a little in the orchard, [112](javascript:poptastic('ShrewNotes21.html" \l "112');)   And then to dinner. You are passing welcome, 113   And so I pray you all to think yourselves.  **PETRUCHIO**  114   Signior Baptista, my business asketh haste, 115   And every day I cannot come to woo. 116   You knew my father well, and in him me, 117   Left solely heir to all his lands and goods, 118   Which I have better'd rather than decreased: 119   Then tell me, if I get your daughter's love, 120   What dowry shall I have with her to wife?    **BAPTISTA**  121   After my death the one half of my lands, [122](javascript:poptastic('ShrewNotes21.html" \l "122');)   And in possession twenty thousand crowns.  **PETRUCHIO**  123   And, for that dowry, I'll assure her of [124](javascript:poptastic('ShrewNotes21.html" \l "124');)   Her widowhood, be it that she survive me, 125   In all my lands and leases whatsoever: [126](javascript:poptastic('ShrewNotes21.html" \l "126');)   Let specialties be therefore drawn between us, 127   That covenants may be kept on either hand.  **BAPTISTA**  128   Ay, when the special thing is well obtain'd, 129   That is, her love; for that is all in all.    **PETRUCHIO**  130   Why, that is nothing: for I tell you, father, 131   I am as peremptory as she proud-minded; 132   And where two raging fires meet together [133](javascript:poptastic('ShrewNotes21.html" \l "133');)   They do consume the thing that feeds their fury: 134   Though little fire grows great with little wind, 135   Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all: 136   So I to her and so she yields to me; 137   For I am rough and woo not like a babe.  **BAPTISTA**  [138](javascript:poptastic('ShrewNotes21.html" \l "138');)   Well mayst thou woo, and happy be thy speed! [139](javascript:poptastic('ShrewNotes21.html" \l "139');)   But be thou arm'd for some unhappy words.  **PETRUCHIO**  [140](javascript:poptastic('ShrewNotes21.html" \l "140');)   Ay, to the proof; as mountains are for winds, 141   That shake not, though they blow perpetually.  [\*\*\*](javascript:poptastic('ShrewNotes21.html" \l "sd142');)       *Enter HORTENSIO [disguised as Litio],*           *with his head broke.*  **BAPTISTA**  142   How now, my friend! why dost thou look so pale?  **HORTENSIO**  143   For fear, I promise you, if I look pale.  **BAPTISTA**  144   What, will my daughter prove a good musician?  **HORTENSIO**  145   I think she'll sooner prove a soldier [146](javascript:poptastic('ShrewNotes21.html" \l "146');)   Iron may hold with her, but never lutes.  **BAPTISTA**  [147](javascript:poptastic('ShrewNotes21.html" \l "147');)   Why, then thou canst not break her to the lute?  **HORTENSIO**  148   Why, no; for she hath broke the lute to me. [149](javascript:poptastic('ShrewNotes21.html" \l "149');)   I did but tell her she mistook her frets, [150](javascript:poptastic('ShrewNotes21.html" \l "150');)   And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering; 151   When, with a most impatient devilish spirit, [152](javascript:poptastic('ShrewNotes21.html" \l "152');)   "Frets, call you these?" quoth she; "I'll fume with them." 153   And, with that word, she struck me on the head, 154   And through the instrument my pate made way; [155](javascript:poptastic('ShrewNotes21.html" \l "155');)   And there I stood amazed for a while, 156   As on a pillory, looking through the lute; 157   While she did call me rascal fiddler [158](javascript:poptastic('ShrewNotes21.html" \l "158');)   And twangling Jack; with twenty such vile terms, [159](javascript:poptastic('ShrewNotes21.html" \l "159');)   As had she studied to misuse me so.  **PETRUCHIO**  [160](javascript:poptastic('ShrewNotes21.html" \l "160');)   Now, by the world, it is a lusty wench; 161   I love her ten times more than e'er I did: 162   O, how I long to have some chat with her!  **BAPTISTA**  163   Well, go with me and be not so discomfited: 164   Proceed in practise with my younger daughter; [165](javascript:poptastic('ShrewNotes21.html" \l "165');)   She's apt to learn and thankful for good turns. 166   Signior Petruchio, will you go with us, 167   Or shall I send my daughter Kate to you?  **PETRUCHIO**  168   I pray you do.             *Exeunt [all but] Petruchio.*  [168](javascript:poptastic('ShrewNotes21.html" \l "168');)                         I will attend her here, 169   And woo her with some spirit when she comes. 170   Say that she rail; why then I'll tell her plain 171   She sings as sweetly as a nightingale: [172](javascript:poptastic('ShrewNotes21.html" \l "172');)   Say that she frown, I'll say she looks as clear 173   As morning roses newly wash'd with dew: 174   Say she be mute and will not speak a word; 175   Then I'll commend her volubility, 176   And say she uttereth piercing eloquence: [177](javascript:poptastic('ShrewNotes21.html" \l "177');)   If she do bid me pack, I'll give her thanks, 178   As though she bid me stay by her a week: [179](javascript:poptastic('ShrewNotes21.html" \l "179');)   If she deny to wed, I'll crave the day [180](javascript:poptastic('ShrewNotes21.html" \l "180');)   When I shall ask the banns and when be married. 181   But here she comes; and now, Petruchio, speak.             *Enter KATHERINE.*  182   Good morrow, Kate; for that's your name, I hear.  **KATHERINE**  [183](javascript:poptastic('ShrewNotes21.html" \l "183');)   Well have you heard, but something hard of hearing: 184   They call me KATHERINE that do talk of me.    **PETRUCHIO**  185   You lie, in faith; for you are call'd plain Kate, 186   And bonny Kate and sometimes Kate the curst; 187   But Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom [188](javascript:poptastic('ShrewNotes21.html" \l "188');)   Kate of Kate Hall, my super-dainty Kate, [189](javascript:poptastic('ShrewNotes21.html" \l "189');)   For dainties are all Kates, and therefore, Kate, [190](javascript:poptastic('ShrewNotes21.html" \l "190');)   Take this of me, Kate of my consolation; 191   Hearing thy mildness praised in every town, [192](javascript:poptastic('ShrewNotes21.html" \l "192');)   Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded, 193   Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs, 194   Myself am moved to woo thee for my wife.  **KATHERINE**  [195](javascript:poptastic('ShrewNotes21.html" \l "195');)   Moved! in good time: let him that moved you hither 196   Remove you hence: I knew you at the first [197](javascript:poptastic('ShrewNotes21.html#197');)   You were a moveable.  **PETRUCHIO**  197  Why, what's a moveable?  **KATHERINE**  [198](javascript:poptastic('ShrewNotes21.html#198');)   A join'd-stool.    **PETRUCHIO**  198  Thou hast hit it: come, sit on me.  **KATHERINE**  [199](javascript:poptastic('ShrewNotes21.html" \l "199');)   Asses are made to bear, and so are you.    **PETRUCHIO**  200   Women are made to bear, and so are you.  **KATHERINE**  [201](javascript:poptastic('ShrewNotes21.html" \l "201');)   No such jade as you, if me you mean.  **PETRUCHIO**  202   Alas! good Kate, I will not burden thee; [203](javascript:poptastic('ShrewNotes21.html" \l "203');)   For, knowing thee to be but young and light—    **KATHERINE**  [204](javascript:poptastic('ShrewNotes21.html" \l "204');)   Too light for such a swain as you to catch; 205   And yet as heavy as my weight should be.  **PETRUCHIO**  [206](javascript:poptastic('ShrewNotes21.html#206');)   Should be! should—buzz!    **KATHERINE**  [206](javascript:poptastic('ShrewNotes21.html" \l "206');)                           Well ta'en, and like a buzzard.  **PETRUCHIO**  [207](javascript:poptastic('ShrewNotes21.html" \l "207');)   O slow-wing'd turtle! shall a buzzard take thee?  **KATHERINE**  208   Ay, for a turtle, as he takes a buzzard.  **PETRUCHIO**  209   Come, come, you wasp; i' faith, you are too angry.  **KATHERINE**  210   If I be waspish, best beware my sting.  **PETRUCHIO**  211   My remedy is then to pluck it out.  **KATHERINE**  212   Ay, if the fool could find it where it lies,  **PETRUCHIO**  213   Who knows not where a wasp does 214   wear his sting? In his tail.  **KATHERINE**  215   In his tongue.  **PETRUCHIO**  216   Whose tongue?  **KATHERINE**  [217](javascript:poptastic('ShrewNotes21.html" \l "217');)   Yours, if you talk of tails: and so farewell.  **PETRUCHIO**  218   What, with my tongue in your tail? nay, come again, 219   Good Kate; I am a gentleman—  **KATHERINE**  [219](javascript:poptastic('ShrewNotes21.html" \l "219');)                                                     That I'll try.  *She strikes him.*  **PETRUCHIO**  220   I swear I'll cuff you, if you strike again.  **KATHERINE**  221   So may you lose your arms: 222   If you strike me, you are no gentleman; [223](javascript:poptastic('ShrewNotes21.html" \l "223');)   And if no gentleman, why then no arms.  **PETRUCHIO**  [224](javascript:poptastic('ShrewNotes21.html" \l "224');)   A herald, Kate? O, put me in thy books!    **KATHERINE**  [225](javascript:poptastic('ShrewNotes21.html" \l "225');)   What is your crest? a coxcomb?    **PETRUCHIO**  [226](javascript:poptastic('ShrewNotes21.html" \l "226');)   A combless cock, so Kate will be my hen.  **KATHERINE**  [227](javascript:poptastic('ShrewNotes21.html" \l "227');)   No cock of mine; you crow too like a craven.  **PETRUCHIO**  228   Nay, come, Kate, come; you must not look so sour.  **KATHERINE**  [229](javascript:poptastic('ShrewNotes21.html" \l "229');)   It is my fashion, when I see a crab.  **PETRUCHIO**  230   Why, here's no crab; and therefore look not sour.  **KATHERINE**  231   There is, there is.  **PETRUCHIO**  232   Then show it me.  **KATHERINE**  233   Had I a glass, I would.  **PETRUCHIO**  234   What, you mean my face?    **KATHERINE**  [235](javascript:poptastic('ShrewNotes21.html" \l "235');)   Well aim'd of such a young one.  **PETRUCHIO**  [236](javascript:poptastic('ShrewNotes21.html" \l "236');)   Now, by Saint George, I am too young for you.  **KATHERINE**  237   Yet you are wither'd.  **PETRUCHIO**  238   'Tis with cares.  **KATHERINE**  239   I care not.  **PETRUCHIO**  [240](javascript:poptastic('ShrewNotes21.html" \l "240');)   Nay, hear you, Kate: in sooth you scape not so.  **KATHERINE**  [241](javascript:poptastic('ShrewNotes21.html" \l "241');)   I chafe you, if I tarry: let me go.  **PETRUCHIO**  242   No, not a whit: I find you passing gentle. [243](javascript:poptastic('ShrewNotes21.html" \l "243');)   'Twas told me you were rough and coy and sullen, 244   And now I find report a very liar; 245   For thou are pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous, [246](javascript:poptastic('ShrewNotes21.html" \l "246');)   But slow in speech, yet sweet as spring-time flowers: [247](javascript:poptastic('ShrewNotes21.html" \l "247');)   Thou canst not frown, thou canst not look askance, 248   Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will, 249   Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross in talk, 250   But thou with mildness entertain'st thy wooers, [251](javascript:poptastic('ShrewNotes21.html" \l "251');)   With gentle conference, soft and affable. 252   Why does the world report that Kate doth limp? 253   O slanderous world! Kate like the hazel-twig 254   Is straight and slender and as brown in hue 255   As hazel nuts and sweeter than the kernels. [256](javascript:poptastic('ShrewNotes21.html" \l "256');)   O, let me see thee walk: thou dost not halt.  **KATHERINE**  [257](javascript:poptastic('ShrewNotes21.html" \l "257');)   Go, fool, and whom thou keep'st command.    **PETRUCHIO**  [258](javascript:poptastic('ShrewNotes21.html" \l "258');)   Did ever Dian so become a grove 259   As Kate this chamber with her princely gait? 260   O, be thou Dian, and let her be Kate; [261](javascript:poptastic('ShrewNotes21.html" \l "261');)   And then let Kate be chaste and Dian sportful!  **KATHERINE**  262   Where did you study all this goodly speech?  **PETRUCHIO**  [263](javascript:poptastic('ShrewNotes21.html" \l "263');)   It is extempore, from my mother-wit.  **KATHERINE**  [264](javascript:poptastic('ShrewNotes21.html" \l "264');)   A witty mother! witless else her son.  **PETRUCHIO**  265   Am I not wise?  **KATHERINE**  [266](javascript:poptastic('ShrewNotes21.html" \l "266');)   Yes; keep you warm.  **PETRUCHIO**  267   Marry, so I mean, sweet KATHERINE, in thy bed: 268   And therefore, setting all this chat aside, 269   Thus in plain terms: your father hath consented 270   That you shall be my wife; your dowry 'greed on; [271](javascript:poptastic('ShrewNotes21.html" \l "271');)   And, Will you, nill you, I will marry you. [272](javascript:poptastic('ShrewNotes21.html" \l "272');)   Now, Kate, I am a husband for your turn; 273   For, by this light, whereby I see thy beauty, 274   Thy beauty, that doth make me like thee well, 275   Thou must be married to no man but me; 276   For I am he am born to tame you Kate, [277](javascript:poptastic('ShrewNotes21.html" \l "277');)   And bring you from a wild Kate to a Kate 278   Conformable as other household Kates. 279   Here comes your father: never make denial; 280   I must and will have KATHERINE to my wife.             *Enter BAPTISTA, GREMIO, and TRANIO*             *[disguised as Lucentio].*  **BAPTISTA**  [281](javascript:poptastic('ShrewNotes21.html" \l "281');)   Now, Signior Petruchio, how speed you with my daughter?  **PETRUCHIO**  282   How but well, sir? how but well? 283   It were impossible I should speed amiss.  **BAPTISTA**  [284](javascript:poptastic('ShrewNotes21.html" \l "284');)   Why, how now, daughter KATHERINE! in your dumps?  **KATHERINE**  [285](javascript:poptastic('ShrewNotes21.html" \l "285');)   Call you me daughter? now, I promise you 286   You have show'd a tender fatherly regard, 287   To wish me wed to one half lunatic; 288   A mad-cup ruffian and a swearing Jack, [289](javascript:poptastic('ShrewNotes21.html" \l "289');)   That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.  **PETRUCHIO**  290   Father, 'tis thus: yourself and all the world, 291   That talk'd of her, have talk'd amiss of her: [292](javascript:poptastic('ShrewNotes21.html" \l "292');)   If she be curst, it is for policy, 293   For she's not froward, but modest as the dove; 294   She is not hot, but temperate as the morn; [295](javascript:poptastic('ShrewNotes21.html" \l "295');)   For patience she will prove a second Grissel, [296](javascript:poptastic('ShrewNotes21.html" \l "296');)   And Roman Lucrece for her chastity: 297   And to conclude, we have 'greed so well together, 298   That upon Sunday is the wedding-day.  **KATHERINE**  299   I'll see thee hang'd on Sunday first.  **GREMIO**  300   Hark, Petruchio; she says she'll see thee hang'd first.  **TRANIO**  301   Is this your speeding? nay, then, good night our part!  **PETRUCHIO**  302   Be patient, gentlemen; I choose her for myself: 303   If she and I be pleased, what's that to you? 304   'Tis bargain'd 'twixt us twain, being alone, 305   That she shall still be curst in company. 306   I tell you, 'tis incredible to believe 307   How much she loves me: O, the kindest Kate! 308   She hung about my neck; and kiss on kiss [309](javascript:poptastic('ShrewNotes21.html" \l "309');)   She vied so fast, protesting oath on oath, 310   That in a twink she won me to her love. [311](javascript:poptastic('ShrewNotes21.html" \l "311');)   O, you are novices! 'tis a world to see, 312   How tame, when men and women are alone, [313](javascript:poptastic('ShrewNotes21.html" \l "313');)   A meacock wretch can make the curstest shrew. 314   Give me thy hand, Kate: I will unto Venice, [315](javascript:poptastic('ShrewNotes21.html" \l "315');)   To buy apparel 'gainst the wedding-day. 316   Provide the feast, father, and bid the guests; [317](javascript:poptastic('ShrewNotes21.html" \l "317');)   I will be sure my KATHERINE shall be fine.  **BAPTISTA**  318   I know not what to say: but give me your hands; 319   God send you joy, Petruchio! 'tis a match.  **GREMIO, TRANIO**  320   Amen, say we: we will be witnesses.  **PETRUCHIO**  321   Father, and wife, and gentlemen, adieu; 322   I will to Venice; Sunday comes apace: 323   We will have rings and things and fine array; [324](javascript:poptastic('ShrewNotes21.html" \l "324');)   And kiss me, Kate, we will be married o'Sunday.             *Exeunt PETRUCHIO and KATHERINE.*  **GREMIO**  [325](javascript:poptastic('ShrewNotes21.html" \l "325');)   Was ever match clapp'd up so suddenly?    **BAPTISTA**  326   Faith, gentlemen, now I play a merchant's part, [327](javascript:poptastic('ShrewNotes21.html" \l "327');)   And venture madly on a desperate mart.  **TRANIO**  [328](javascript:poptastic('ShrewNotes21.html" \l "328');)   'Twas a commodity lay fretting by you: 329   'Twill bring you gain, or perish on the seas.    **BAPTISTA**  330   The gain I seek is, quiet in the match.  **GREMIO**  [331](javascript:poptastic('ShrewNotes21.html" \l "331');)   No doubt but he hath got a quiet catch. 332   But now, Baptista, to your younger daughter: 333   Now is the day we long have looked for: 334   I am your neighbor, and was suitor first.    **TRANIO**  335   And I am one that love Bianca more 336   Than words can witness, or your thoughts can guess.  **GREMIO**  [337](javascript:poptastic('ShrewNotes21.html" \l "337');)   Youngling, thou canst not love so dear as I.  **TRANIO**  338   Graybeard, thy love doth freeze.    **GREMIO**  338                                                   But thine doth fry. [339](javascript:poptastic('ShrewNotes21.html" \l "339');)   Skipper, stand back: 'tis age that nourisheth.  **TRANIO**  340   But youth in ladies' eyes that flourisheth.    **BAPTISTA**  [341](javascript:poptastic('ShrewNotes21.html" \l "341');)   Content you, gentlemen: I will compound this strife: [342](javascript:poptastic('ShrewNotes21.html" \l "342');)   'Tis deeds must win the prize; and he of both [343](javascript:poptastic('ShrewNotes21.html" \l "343');)   That can assure my daughter greatest dower 344   Shall have my Bianca's love. 345   Say, Signior Gremio, What can you assure her?  **GREMIO**  346   First, as you know, my house within the city 347   Is richly furnished with plate and gold; [348](javascript:poptastic('ShrewNotes21.html" \l "348');)   Basins and ewers to lave her dainty hands; [349](javascript:poptastic('ShrewNotes21.html" \l "349');)   My hangings all of Tyrian tapestry; 350   In ivory coffers I have stuff'd my crowns; [351](javascript:poptastic('ShrewNotes21.html" \l "351');)   In cypress chests my arras counterpoints, [352](javascript:poptastic('ShrewNotes21.html" \l "352');)   Costly apparel, tents, and canopies, [353](javascript:poptastic('ShrewNotes21.html" \l "353');)   Fine linen, Turkey cushions boss'd with pearl, [354](javascript:poptastic('ShrewNotes21.html" \l "354');)   Valance of Venice gold in needlework, 355   Pewter and brass and all things that belong 356   To house or housekeeping: then, at my farm [357](javascript:poptastic('ShrewNotes21.html" \l "357');)   I have a hundred milch-kine to the pail, 358   Sixscore fat oxen standing in my stalls, [359](javascript:poptastic('ShrewNotes21.html" \l "359');)   And all things answerable to this portion. [360](javascript:poptastic('ShrewNotes21.html" \l "360');)   Myself am struck in years, I must confess; 361   And if I die tomorrow, this is hers, 362   If whilst I live she will be only mine.  **TRANIO**  363   That "only" came well in. Sir, list to me: 364   I am my father's heir and only son: 365   If I may have your daughter to my wife, 366   I'll leave her houses three or four as good, 367   Within rich Pisa walls, as any one 368   Old Signior Gremio has in Padua; [369](javascript:poptastic('ShrewNotes21.html" \l "369');)   Besides two thousand ducats by the year [370](javascript:poptastic('ShrewNotes21.html" \l "370');)   Of fruitful land, all which shall be her jointure. [371](javascript:poptastic('ShrewNotes21.html" \l "371');)   What, have I pinch'd you, Signior Gremio?    **GREMIO**  372   Two thousand ducats by the year of land! 373   My land amounts not to so much in all: [374](javascript:poptastic('ShrewNotes21.html" \l "374');)   That she shall have; besides an argosy [375](javascript:poptastic('ShrewNotes21.html" \l "375');)   That now is lying in Marseilles' road. [376](javascript:poptastic('ShrewNotes21.html" \l "376');)   What, have I chok'd you with an argosy?    **TRANIO**  377   Gremio, 'tis known my father hath no less [378](javascript:poptastic('ShrewNotes21.html" \l "378');)   Than three great argosies; besides two galliases, [379](javascript:poptastic('ShrewNotes21.html" \l "379');)   And twelve tight galleys: these I will assure her, 380   And twice as much, whate'er thou offer'st next.  **GREMIO**  381   Nay, I have offer'd all, I have no more; 382   And she can have no more than all I have: 383   If you like me, she shall have me and mine.    **TRANIO**  384   Why, then the maid is mine from all the world, [385](javascript:poptastic('ShrewNotes21.html" \l "385');)   By your firm promise: Gremio is out-vied.    **BAPTISTA**  386   I must confess your offer is the best; [387](javascript:poptastic('ShrewNotes21.html" \l "387');)   And, let your father make her the assurance, 388   She is your own; else, you must pardon me, 389   if you should die before him, where's her dower?  **TRANIO**  390   That's but a cavil: he is old, I young.  **GREMIO**  391   And may not young men die, as well as old?    **BAPTISTA**  392   Well, gentlemen, 393   I am thus resolved: on Sunday next you know 394   My daughter KATHERINE is to be married: 395   Now, on the Sunday following, shall Bianca 396   Be bride to you, if you make this assurance; 397   If not, Signior Gremio: 398   And so, I take my leave, and thank you both.    **GREMIO**  399   Adieu, good neighbor.  *Exit [BAPTISTA].*  399   Now I fear thee not: [400](javascript:poptastic('ShrewNotes21.html" \l "400');) Sirrah young gamester, your father were a fool 401   To give thee all, and in his waning age [402](javascript:poptastic('ShrewNotes21.html" \l "402');)   Set foot under thy table: tut, a toy! 403   An old Italian fox is not so kind, my boy.  *Exit.*  **TRANIO**  404   A vengeance on your crafty wither'd hide! [405](javascript:poptastic('ShrewNotes21.html" \l "405');)   Yet I have fac'd it with a card of ten. 406   'Tis in my head to do my master good: 407   I see no reason but supposed Lucentio 408   Must get a father, call'd 'supposed Vincentio;' 409   And that's a wonder: fathers commonly [410](javascript:poptastic('ShrewNotes21.html" \l "410');)   Do get their children; but in this case of wooing, 411   A child shall get a sire, if I fail not of my cunning.  *Exit.* | ***KATHERINE****and****BIANCA****enter.****BIANCA****'S hands are tied.*  **BIANCA**  Dear sister, it’s unfair to me—and unfair to yourself—to turn me into a slave. That I won’t stand for. But if you want my *things*—untie my hands and I’ll give them to you myself, everything, even down to my slip. Or anything else you order me to do. I know I should obey my elders.  **KATHERINE**  What I want is for you to tell me which of your suitors you like best. And don’t lie.  **BIANCA**  I swear, dear sister, I have not yet encountered that special face I might prefer to any other.  **KATHERINE**  You lying brat. It’s Hortensio, isn’t it?  **BIANCA**  If you want him, dear sister, he’s yours. I swear I’ll woo him for you myself.  **KATHERINE**  Oh, I see. You’re more interested in money. You’ll live in luxury with Gremio.  **BIANCA**  Is it because of *him* that you envy me? You must be kidding! And now I see that you’ve been joking all the while. Please, Kate, untie my hands.  ***KATHERINE****strikes her.*  **KATHERINE**  If *that’s* a joke, I guess the rest was, too.  ***BAPTISTA****enters*  **BAPTISTA**  What in the world is going on!  *(to* KATHERINE*)* Young lady, where do you get the nerve!—*(to* BIANCA*)* Get behind me, Bianca.—Poor girl, she’s hysterical!—Go do some sewing. Don’t even talk to her. *(to* KATHERINE*)* You monstrous, good-for-nothing fiend! Why would you want to hurt your sister? She never did you any harm! When has she spoken even one cross word to you?  **KATHERINE**  She mocks me with her silence, and I’ll get my revenge on her. *She runs at****BIANCA****as if she’s going to strike her.*  **BAPTISTA**  What, in my presence? How dare you!—Bianca, go inside.  ***BIANCA****exits.*  **KATHERINE**  You mean you don’t even want to hear my side? Of course! She’s your treasure. She must have a husband and I must dance barefoot on her wedding day. You like her best and so I’ll die an old maid. Don’t talk to me. I’ll just go cry myself sick and think of some way to get back at all of you.  *She exits.*  **BAPTISTA**  Has any man ever had to put up with what I do? Now what?  ***GREMIO****enters with****LUCENTIO****, dressed as a poor man;****PETRUCHIO****enters with****HORTENSIO****, disguised as a musician;****TRANIO****, disguised as****LUCENTIO****, enters with****BIONDELLO****, who is carrying a lute and books.*  **GREMIO**  Good morning, neighbor Baptista.  **BAPTISTA**  Good morning, neighbor Gremio. Greetings, gentlemen.  **PETRUCHIO**  And to you, good sir. Tell me, don’t you have a virtuous and lovely daughter named Katherina?  **BAPTISTA**  I have a daughter named Katherina, sir.  **GREMIO**  *(to* PETRUCHIO*)* You are too blunt. You’re supposed to work up to it.  **PETRUCHIO**  Please, Signior Gremio. Allow me to continue.—I am a gentleman of Verona, sir, who, hearing of your daughter’s beauty and wit, her friendly disposition and bashful modesty, her uncommon virtues and her mild behavior, have taken the liberty of presenting myself as a guest at your house in the hope of seeing for myself if what I’ve heard is true. And, as the price of admission for being received by you, I here present you with a servant of mine. (*he presents* HORTENSIO*, disguised as* LITIO*)*. He is expert in the fields of music and mathematics. I thought he might instruct her in those branches of knowledge—of which she is, I gather, no beginner. Be good enough to accept this gift—I’ll be offended if you don’t. His name is Litio, and he comes from Mantua.  **BAPTISTA**  You and he are both welcome, sir. As for my daughter Katherine, this much I know: she’s not for you—more’s the pity.  **PETRUCHIO**  I see you don’t intend to part with her—or perhaps you don’t like my company.  **BAPTISTA**  Don’t misunderstand me, sir. I’m just stating the facts as I see them. Where are you from? What’s your name?  **PETRUCHIO**  My name is Petruchio, son of Antonio, a man well known throughout Italy.  **BAPTISTA**  I know him well. You are welcome for his sake.  **GREMIO**  With all due respect, Petruchio, give someone else a chance to speak. You’re *so* aggressive!  **PETRUCHIO**  Forgive me, Signior Gremio, but I’m anxious to get things moving.  **GREMIO**  No doubt, but you may be going about it the wrong way—Neighbor, this gift is very gracious, I’m sure. I myself, who am more indebted to you than anyone, have brought you this young scholar *(presenting* LUCENTIO*, disguised as* CAMBIO*)* who has long studied at Rheims (a renowned university in France). He is as expert in Greek, Latin, and other languages as that other man is in music and mathematics. His name is Cambio. Please accept his services.  **BAPTISTA**  Many thanks, Signior Gremio. Welcome, good Cambio.*(to* TRANIO *as* LUCENTIO*)* As for you, sir, you would appear to be a stranger. May I be so bold as to ask your reason for coming?  **TRANIO**  *(as* LUCENTIO*)* Pardon me, sir, the boldness is all mine in seeking to court your fair and virtuous daughter, Bianca. I am indeed a stranger in this city. I’m aware of your firm decision regarding her older sister. I only ask that when you know who my parents are, I may be made as welcome as her other suitors and given the same freedom and favor. My contribution toward the education of your daughters is a lute and this small package of Greek and Latin books. *(*BIONDELLO *brings the gifts forward)* You would add to their value by accepting them.  **BAPTISTA**  Your name is Lucentio, you say. Of what city, may I ask?  **TRANIO**  *(as* LUCENTIO*)* Of Pisa, sir, son of Vincentio.  **BAPTISTA**  A man of great influence. I know him well by reputation. You are very welcome here, sir. *(to* HORTENSIO *as*LITIO*)* You take the lute *(to* LUCENTIO *as* CAMBIO*)*, and you, the set of books. I’ll send you to your pupils right away. You there in the house!  *A servant enters.*  Boy, take these gentlemen to my daughters, and tell them both they are to be their teachers and to be courteous to them. *The servant exits with****LUCENTIO*** *and****HORTENSIO****, followed by****BIONDELLO****.*  Let’s take a little walk in the orchard before dinner. You are all most welcome here; please make yourselves at home.  **PETRUCHIO**  Signior Baptista, I’m actually in a bit of a hurry. I can’t make this wooing into a daily thing. You knew my father well; therefore, you know me, the sole heir to all his property and possessions, which I have added to rather than depleted. So, tell me, assuming I win your daughter’s love, what dowry would she bring to the marriage?  **BAPTISTA**  Twenty thousand crowns now, and half my lands after my death.  **PETRUCHIO**  Fair enough. And on my side, I’ll guarantee that if I die before she does, she shall inherit all my land and the rent from any property I own. Let’s have explicit contracts drawn up to ensure that both sides keep their promises.  **BAPTISTA**  Certainly, as soon as you’ve gotten the most important thing—her love. That counts for everything.  **PETRUCHIO**  Oh, that’s nothing, believe me, sir. I’m as commanding as she is proud, and when two raging fires meet, they end up consuming the very thing that kindled them. Blow on a fire and all you do is fan the flames. But a great gust of wind will blow the fire out completely. I’m that great gust to her fire. I’m rough, and I don’t woo like a little boy.  **BAPTISTA**  Well, good luck! I hope you’re successful. But prepare yourself for some unpleasantness.  **PETRUCHIO**  I’ll be completely prepared. Mountains don’t tremble, however much the wind may blow!  *Enter****HORTENSIO****as****LITIO****, with his head cut and bleeding*  **BAPTISTA**  Gracious! Why so pale, my friend?  **HORTENSIO**  *(as* LITIO*)* I would have to say from fear.  **BAPTISTA**  Will my daughter be a good musician, do you think?  **HORTENSIO**  I think she’ll be a better soldier. She may be good with firearms. Never lutes.  **BAPTISTA**  You don’t think you can teach her?  **HORTENSIO**  No, but she’s taught me a thing or two! All I said was that she was using the wrong frets and tried to adjust her fingering. And she jumps up and says, “Frets? I’ll give you frets!” With that, she clobbers me with the lute so that my head goes right through, and there I am, dazed, strings around my neck, looking through the sound hole like I was in the stocks, while she calls me “worthless fiddler,” “twanging twerp,” and twenty more hateful names, as though she’d prepared for me by composing a long list of insults to use on my behalf.  **PETRUCHIO**  I like this girl! She has real character! Now I want her more than ever. I can’t wait to meet her!  **BAPTISTA**  *(to* HORTENSIO*, disguised as* LITIO*)* All right, come with me. Don’t be discouraged. Continue your lessons with my younger daughter. She’s quick to learn and responsive. Signior Petruchio, will you come with us, or shall I send my daughter Kate to you?  **PETRUCHIO**  Please do.  *Everyone but****PETRUCHIO****exits.*  I’ll wait for her here and when she comes I’ll take a novel approach with her. If she rants, I’ll tell her that she sings as sweetly as a nightingale. If she glares, I’ll say her brow is as clear as roses newly washed with morning dew. If she is silent and won’t speak at all, I’ll praise her chattiness and say she speaks with piercing eloquence. If she orders me to go, I’ll thank her warmly as if she’d just offered to put me up for a week. If she refuses my proposal, I’ll tell her how much I’m looking forward to the announcement and the wedding. But here she comes. Here goes!  ***KATHERINE*** *enters.*  Good morning, Kate, for I hear that’s what you’re called.  **KATHERINE**  Is that what you’ve heard? Then you’d better get your ears checked. I am called Katherine by those who have any business using my name.  **PETRUCHIO**  Liar. In fact, you’re called Kate, plain Kate—and pretty Kate, and sometimes Kate the shrew. But it’s definitely Kate—the prettiest Kate in the world, Katie, Kitty, Kat-woman, the Kate-ster—and so, Kate, here’s my pitch: that having heard your charming disposition praised—not to mention your beauty and your virtues, though none of them as richly as you deserve—I find myself driven to propose. I want you for my wife.  **KATHERINE**  “Driven?” Really? Well, let whoever drove you here drive you back again. I had you figured for a piece of furniture.  **PETRUCHIO**  What do you mean by “furniture”?  **KATHERINE**  A joint stool; a useless three-legged piece of furniture.  **PETRUCHIO**  You’re right, actually. Come sit on my lap.  **KATHERINE**  Donkeys are made for bearing, and so are you.  **PETRUCHIO**  Women are made for bearing, and so are you.  **KATHERINE**  Not by the likes of you!  **PETRUCHIO**  Oh heavens, Kate, I wouldn’t think of burdening you. I know how light (loose, as in a floozy) and carefree you are.  **KATHERINE**  Too light for a lout like you to catch—though no lighter than I should be.  **PETRUCHIO**  Should be? Maybe you *should be* the subject of some gossipy buzz!  **KATHERINE**  Buzz off, buzzard. (A buzzard could also mean an idiot.)  **PETRUCHIO**  If I’m a buzzard, you’re a turtledove.  **KATHERINE**  Only a buzzard would think so.  **PETRUCHIO**  Come, my little wasp—you’re too angry.  **KATHERINE**  If I’m a wasp, look out for my stinger.  **PETRUCHIO**  All I have to do is remove it.  **KATHERINE**  True, if a fool such as yourself could find it.  **PETRUCHIO**  Everyone knows where a wasp wears its stinger. In its tail.  **KATHERINE**  No, in its tongue.  **PETRUCHIO**  Whose tongue?  **KATHERINE**  Yours, if we’re talking about tales (as in tall tales or lying). I’m leaving.  **PETRUCHIO**  You’re leaving with my tongue in your tail? (That’s a pretty dirty joke so I won’t explain it.) No, come back, Kate. I’m too much of a gentleman.  **KATHERINE**  A gentleman? We’ll see about that!  *She hits him.*  **PETRUCHIO**  I swear I’ll smack you if you hit me again.  **KATHERINE**  Not if you want to keep your arms! If you hit me, that proves you’re not a gentleman. (A gentleman would be from a noble family, which would have a coat of arms.) And if you’re not a gentleman, then you don’t have any arms.  **PETRUCHIO**  Are you a herald, Kate? Put me in your books! (A herald’s book officially registered gentlemen.)  **KATHERINE**  What is your crest (the symbol on the coat of arms)? A coxcomb? (A coxcomb was a dunce cap.)  **PETRUCHIO**  I’ll give up my comb (the floofy red thing on a rooster, a symbol of manliness), if you’ll be my hen.  **KATHERINE**  Your rooster is not for me. It has no fighting spirit.  **PETRUCHIO**  Oh, come on now, Kate. Don’t look so sour.  **KATHERINE**  That’s my way, when I see a crab-apple.  **PETRUCHIO**  There’s no crab-apple here, so don’t look sour.  **KATHERINE**  There is a crab-apple here.  **PETRUCHIO**  Show me.  **KATHERINE**  I would, if I had a mirror.  **PETRUCHIO**  What, you mean my face looks like a crab-apple?  **KATHERINE**  What a clever child he is!  **PETRUCHIO**  You know, you’re right. I probably am too young for you.  **KATHERINE**  Maybe, but you’re wrinkled all the same.  **PETRUCHIO**  Oh, that’s with worry.  **KATHERINE**  Well, that doesn’t worry me.  **PETRUCHIO**  Listen, Kate! You won’t get away like that.  **KATHERINE**  Let me go. I’ll make you angry if I stay.  **PETRUCHIO**  No, not a bit. I find you quite gentle. I was told that you were violent, proud, and sullen. But now I see that people have been lying about you, for you are funny, playful, and beautifully behaved, not sharp-tongued, but as sweet as flowers in springtime. You haven’t got it in you to frown or look displeased or bite your lip as angry women do. You don’t take pleasure in bitter conversation. No, you entertain your suitors with mild and gentle conversation, quiet and pleasant. Why does the world report that Kate is lame? The world’s a liar. Kate is as straight and slender as a hazel-twig, her hair as brown as hazelnut shells, and she herself sweeter than the kernels. Take a few steps—I want to see you walk. You don’t limp at all!  **KATHERINE**  Get out of here, fool, and give orders to your servants, not me.  **PETRUCHIO**  Did Diana ever beautify a grove as much as Kate beautifies this room with her queenly movements? You be Diana, and let Diana be Kate. Then let Kate be the chaste one, while Diana plays with me.  **KATHERINE**  Where do you memorize all this smart talk?  **PETRUCHIO**  I make it up as I go. It’s born of my mother wit, my natural intelligence.  **KATHERINE**  A witty mother! Too bad about the son!  **PETRUCHIO**  Am I not wise?  **KATHERINE**  Enough to keep yourself warm.  **PETRUCHIO**  Yes, I intend to keep myself warm, sweet Katherine—with your money. So let’s cut to the chase: your father has consented for you to become my wife. Your dowry is agreed upon, and whether you like it or not, I will marry you. I tell you, I’m the man for you, Kate. I swear by this light, which shows me your beauty—the beauty that makes me love you—that you must be married to no man but me. I’m the man who was born to tame you and change you from a wildcat Kate into a Kate as gentle and domestic as other household Kates.  ***BAPTISTA****,****GREMIO****, and****TRANIO****enter.*  Here comes your father. Don’t even think about refusing. I must and will have Katherine for my wife.  **BAPTISTA**  Now, Signior Petruchio, how are you getting on with my daughter?  **PETRUCHIO**  Beautifully, sir, beautifully! It couldn’t go any other way.  **BAPTISTA**  Now, daughter Katherine? Are you down in the dumps?  **KATHERINE**  You have the nerve to call me daughter? Is this a father’s loving care—wanting to marry me off to a total madman, a worthless, irresponsible louse who thinks if he swears enough, he’ll get his way?  **PETRUCHIO**  Sir, this is the truth: you and the rest—all the people who have ever talked about her—have all been wrong. If she seems fierce, it’s for a reason. She’s not obstinate but gentle as the dove, not high-strung but peaceful as the morning. She has the patience of a housewife and the modesty of Rome’s Lucrece. In short, we’ve gotten along so well that Sunday is our wedding day.  **KATHERINE**  I’ll see you hanged on Sunday first!  **GREMIO**  Listen to that Petruchio: she says she’ll see you hanged first.  **TRANIO**  Is this your idea of success? So much for our plan.  **PETRUCHIO**  Relax, gentlemen. I’ve made my choice. If she and I are happy, what’s it to you? When we were alone, we agreed that in public she would go on being unpleasant. I tell you, though, it’s incredible how much she loves me. Darling Kate! She hung about my neck, smothering me with kisses, making vow after vow. In this way, she won my heart lickety-split! You men are rank beginners! It’s amazing how even a timid wretch can tame the most dreadful shrew, if the two are left alone together. Give me your hand, Kate. I’m off to Venice to buy outfits for the wedding. Plan the feast, sir, and invite the guests. I want my Katherine decked out in the finest clothes.  **BAPTISTA**  I don’t know what to say. Well, give me your hands.  God give you joy, Petruchio. Call it a match!  **GREMIO AND TRANIO**  Amen to that! We’ll be your witnesses.  **PETRUCHIO**  Father, wife, friends—farewell! I’m off to Venice. Sunday is just around the corner. We will have rings and things and fancy dress! So kiss me, Kate. We’re to be married on Sunday.  ***PETRUCHIO****and****KATHERINE****exit in different directions.*  **GREMIO**  Was there ever a match put together so quickly?  **BAPTISTA**  Truly, gentlemen, this is a chancy piece of business. I’ve made a risky investment.  **TRANIO**  *(speaking as* LUCENTIO*)* Yes, but the item was just gathering dust. This way, you’ll either make a profit by it or lose it on the high seas.  **BAPTISTA**  The only profit I seek is a peaceful match.  **GREMIO**  There’s no doubt that Petruchio’s got quite a catch. Now, Baptista, let’s turn to your younger daughter. We’ve been waiting a long time for this day. I’m your neighbor and came courting first.  **TRANIO**  *(speaking as* LUCENTIO*)* And I am one who loves Bianca more than words can express, more than you can imagine.  **GREMIO**  Callow youth, you don’t yet know how to love!  **TRANIO**  *(speaking as* LUCENTIO*)* Old man, your love is ice.  **GREMIO**  And you’re all sizzle. Stand back, boy. Age is the thing that nourishes.  **TRANIO**  *(speaking as* LUCENTIO*)* Yes, but in the ladies' eyes, it’s youth that flourishes.  **BAPTISTA**  Enough, gentlemen. I will settle this matter. Deeds will determine the winner here. Whichever of you can promise Bianca the greatest dower shall have my daughter’s love. Tell me, Signior Gremio, what can you offer her?  **GREMIO**  First of all, my house in the city, as you know, is filled with expensive furniture and household articles, china and gold, basins and pitchers for her to wash her dainty hands in. All my wall hangings are tapestries from Tyre. My ivory strongboxes are stuffed with gold, my wooden trunks filled with elegant rugs, expensive clothing, hangings and bed curtains, fine linens, Turkish cushions trimmed with pearls, Venetian draperies, pewter and brass, and everything else a household could possibly want. Then, at my farm I have a hundred milk cows, a hundred and twenty fat oxen in my stables, and all the equipment necessary to maintain them. I’m getting on in years, and if I died tomorrow, all this will belong to Bianca—if only while I live she’ll belong solely to me.  **TRANIO**  *(speaking as* LUCENTIO*)* That “solely” is very much to the point. *(to* BAPTISTA*)* Sir, hear me out: I am my father’s only son and, as such, his *sole* heir. If you give me your daughter’s hand in marriage, she will end up with three or four houses in Pisa as good as any one that Gremio has in Padua—not to mention the two thousand ducats a year that my land earns me. All of which I’ll leave her in my will. Did I see you flinch, Signior Gremio?  **GREMIO**  Two thousand ducats a year from his land! *(to himself)*All my land together isn’t worth that much!—Aha! I forgot to mention the merchant ship that lies in Marseilles harbor. *(to* TRANIO*)* Sorry—have I caught you choking on a merchant ship?  **TRANIO**  *(speaking as* LUCENTIO*)* Please, Gremio! Everyone knows that my father has no less than three, huge merchant ships and fourteen galleys—two large and twelve small. These also I promise to Bianca—and whatever your next offer is, I’ll double it.  **GREMIO**  I have nothing else to offer. That’s everything I own. I can’t offer her more than all I have. *(to* BAPTISTA*)* If you choose me, she shall have me and mine.  **TRANIO**  *(speaking as* LUCENTIO*)* In that case I, of all the men in the world, have won the maid, by your explicit promise. Gremio is outbid.  **BAPTISTA**  I must admit your offer is the best. And provided that your father will be your guarantor, she shall be yours. Otherwise—forgive me, but if you should die before him, what becomes of her dowry?  **TRANIO**  *(speaking as* LUCENTIO*)* That’s nothing! He is old, I’m young.  **GREMIO**  Oh, and young men never die?  **BAPTISTA**  Well, gentlemen, that’s my decision. As you know, next Sunday my daughter Katherina is to be married. *(to*TRANIO *as* LUCENTIO*)* Therefore, the Sunday after, Bianca shall be married to you—if you obtain that guarantee. If not, she’ll be married to Signior Gremio. And so I thank you both and bid you goodbye.  **GREMIO**  Farewell, good neighbor.  ***BAPTISTA****exits.*  Now I’m not worried. You there, young sport! Your father would be a fool to give you all his wealth and spend his declining years as a guest in your house. It’s absurd. An old Italian fox is never that generous, my boy.  *He exits.*  **TRANIO**  Sneaky, dried-up old coot! We’ll see who gets the upper hand! I’ve already bluffed pretty well—and without even a face card. I have a mind to help my master. Clearly, the fake Lucentio will have to produce a father—call him “fake Vincentio”—and it will be a miracle. Usually fathers produce children, not the other way around. But in this case of wooing, a child shall father his own father—if my wits don’t fail me.  *He exits.* |