

Original Version

The Taming of The Shrew: Act III (scene ii)

On stage: Tranio, Lucentio, Biondello, Attendants

Enter Gremio

- TRANIO:** Signior Gremio, came you from the church?
- GREMIO:** As willingly as e'er I came from school.
- TRANIO:** *(as Lucentio)* And is the bride and bridegroom coming home?
- GREMIO:** A bridegroom, say you? 'Tis a groom indeed,
A grumbling groom, and that the girl shall find.
- TRANIO:** Curster than she? Why, 'tis impossible.
- GREMIO:** Why, he's a devil, a devil, a very fiend.
- TRANIO:** Why, she's a devil, a devil, the devil's dam.
- GREMIO:** Tut, she's a lamb, a dove, a fool to him!
I'll tell you, Sir Lucentio: when the priest
Should ask if Katherine should be his wife,
"Ay, by gogs wouns!" quoth he, and swore so loud
That, all amazed, the priest let fall the book,
And as he stooped again to take it up,
The mad-brained 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."
- TRANIO:** What said the wench when he rose again?
- GREMIO:** Trembled and shook, for why he stamped and swore
As if the vicar meant to cozen him.
But after many ceremonies done,
He calls for wine. "A health!" quoth he, as if
He had been aboard, carousing to his mates
After a storm; quaffed off the muscatel
And threw the sops all in the sexton's face,
Having no other reason
But that his beard grew thin and hungerly

And seemed to ask him sops as he was drinking.
This done, he took the bride about the neck
And kissed her lips with such a clamorous smack
That at the parting all the church did echo.
And I, seeing this, came thence for very shame,
And after me, I know, the rout is coming.
Such a mad marriage never was before.

Music plays

Hark, hark! I hear the minstrels play.

Enter Petruchio, Katherine, Bianca, Baptista, Hortensio, Grumio & train

PETRUCHIO: Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for you
I know you think to dine with me today
And have prepared great store of wedding cheer,
But so it is, my haste doth call me hence,
And therefore here I mean to take my leave.

BAPTISTA: Is 't possible you will away tonight?

PETRUCHIO: I must away today, 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.

TRANIO: Let us entreat you stay till after dinner.

PETRUCHIO: It may not be

GREMIO: Let me entreat you.

PETRUCHIO: It cannot be

KATHERINE: Let me entreat you.

PETRUCHIO: I am content.

KATHERINE: Are you content to stay?

PETRUCHIO: I am content you shall entreat me stay,
But yet not stay, entreat me how you can.

KATHERINE: Now, if you love me, stay.

PETRUCHIO: Grumio, my horse.

GRUMIO: Ay, sir, they be ready. The oats have eaten the horses.

KATHERINE: Nay, then, Do what thou canst, I will not go today,
No, nor tomorrow, not till 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 surly groom,
That take it on you at the first so roundly.

PETRUCHIO: O Kate, content thee. Prithee, be not angry.

KATHERINE: I will be angry. What hast thou to do?—
Father, be quiet. He shall stay my leisure.

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

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

PETRUCHIO: They shall go forward, Kate, at thy command.—
Obey 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 anything.
And here she stands, touch her whoever dare.
I'll bring mine action on the proudest he
That stops my way in Padua.—Grumio,

Draw forth thy weapon, we are 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.

Exuent Petruchio, Katherine & Grumio

BAPTISTA: Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet ones.

GREMIO: Went they not quickly, I should die with laughing.

TRANIO: Of all mad matches never was the like.

LUCENTIO: *(as Cambio)* Mistress, what's your opinion of your sister?

BIANCA: That, being mad herself, she's madly mated.

GREMIO: I warrant him, Petruchio is Kated.

BAPTISTA: Neighbors 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.

TRANIO: Shall sweet Bianca practice how to bride it?

BAPTISTA: She shall, Lucentio. Come, gentlemen, let's go.

Exuent all