

The Taming of the Shrew

4.3

Enter Katherine and Grumio

GRUMIO

No, no, forsooth. I dare not, for my life.

KATHERINE

The more my wrong, the more his spite appears.

What, did he marry me to famish me?

Beggars that come unto my father's door

Upon entreaty have a present alms, 5

If not, elsewhere they meet with charity.

But I, who never knew how to entreat,

Nor never needed that I should entreat,

Am starved for meat, giddy for lack of sleep,

With oaths kept waking and with brawling fed, 10

And that which spites me more than all these wants,

He does it under name of perfect love,

As who should say if I should sleep or eat

'Twere deadly sickness, or else present death.

I prithee, go and get me some repast. 15

I care not what, so it be wholesome food.

GRUMIO What say you to a neat's foot?

KATHERINE

'Tis passing good. I prithee, let me have it.

GRUMIO

I fear it is too choleric a meat.

How say you to a fat tripe finely broiled? 20

KATHERINE

I like it well. Good Grumio, fetch it me.

GRUMIO

I cannot tell, I fear 'tis choleric.

What say you to a piece of beef, and mustard?

KATHERINE

A dish that I do love to feed upon.

GRUMIO

Ay, but the mustard is too hot a little. 25

KATHERINE

Why then, the beef, and let the mustard rest.

GRUMIO

Nay, then I will not. You shall have the mustard,
Or else you get no beef of Grumio.

KATHERINE

Then both, or one, or anything thou wilt.

GRUMIO

Why then, the mustard without the beef. 30

KATHERINE

Go, get thee gone, thou false, deluding slave,
(*Beating him*) That feed'st me with the very name of
meat.

Sorrow on thee and all the pack of you,
That triumph thus upon my misery.

Go, get thee gone, I say. 35

Enter Petruccio and Hortensio, with meat

PETRUCCIO

How fares my Kate? What, sweeting, all amont?

HORTENSIO

Mistress, what cheer?

KATHERINE

Faith, as cold as can be.

PETRUCCIO

Pluck up thy spirits, look cheerfully upon me.

Here, love, thou seest how diligent I am

To dress thy meat myself and bring it thee. 40

I am sure, sweet Kate, this kindness merits thanks.

What, not a word? Nay then, thou lov'st it not,

And all my pains is sorted to no proof.

Here, take away this dish.

KATHERINE

I pray you, let it stand.

PETRUCCIO

The poorest service is repaid with thanks, 45

And so shall mine before you touch the meat.

KATHERINE I thank you, sir.

HORTENSIO

Signor Petruccio, fie, you are to blame.

Come, Mistress Kate, I'll bear you company.

PETRUCCIO (*aside*)

Eat it up all, Hortensio, if thou lov'st me. 50

(*To Katherine*) Much good do it unto thy gentle heart.

Kate, eat apace; and now, my honey love,

Will we return unto thy father's house,

And revel it as bravely as the best,

With silken coats, and caps, and golden rings, 55
With ruffs, and cuffs, and farthingales, and things,
With scarves, and fans, and double change of
bravery,

With amber bracelets, beads, and all this knavery.
What, hast thou dined? The tailor stays thy leisure,
To deck thy body with his ruffling treasure. 60

Enter Tailor with a gown

Come, tailor, let us see these ornaments.
Lay forth the gown.

Enter Haberdasher with a cap

What news with you, sir?

HABERDASHER

Here is the cap your worship did bespeak.

PETRUCCIO

Why, this was moulded on a porringer±±
A velvet dish. Fie, fie, 'tis lewd and filthy. 65
Why, 'tis a cockle or a walnut-shell,
A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap.
Away with it! Come, let me have a bigger.

KATHERINE

I'll have no bigger. This doth fit the time,
And gentlewomen wear such caps as these. 70

PETRUCCIO

When you are gentle you shall have one, too,
And not till then.

HORTENSIO (*aside*) That will not be in haste.

KATHERINE

Why, sir, I trust I may have leave to speak,
And speak I will. I am no child, no babe.
Your betters have endured me say my mind, 75
And if you cannot, best you stop your ears.
My tongue will tell the anger of my heart,
Or else my heart concealing it will break,
And rather than it shall I will be free
Even to the uttermost as I please in words. 80

PETRUCCIO

Why, thou sayst true. It is a paltry cap,
A custard-coffin, a bauble, a silken pie.
I love thee well in that thou lik'st it not.

KATHERINE

Love me or love me not, I like the cap
And it I will have, or I will have none. 85
[Exit Haberdasher]

PETRUCCIO

Thy gown? Why, ay. Come, tailor, let us see't.
O mercy, God, what masquing stuff is here?
What's this±±a sleeve? 'Tis like a demi-cannon.
What, up and down carved like an apple-tart?
Here's snip, and nip, and cut, and slish and slash, 90
Like to a scissor in a barber's shop.
Why, what o' devil's name, tailor, call'st thou this?

HORTENSIO *(aside)*

I see she's like to have nor cap nor gown.

TAILOR

You bid me make it orderly and well,
According to the fashion and the time. 95

PETRUCCIO

Marry, and did, but if you be remembered
I did not bid you mar it to the time.
Go hop me over every kennel home,
For you shall hop without my custom, sir.
I'll none of it. Hence, make your best of it. 100

KATHERINE

I never saw a better fashioned gown,
More quaint, more pleasing, nor more commendable.
Belike you mean to make a puppet of me.

PETRUCCIO

Why true, he means to make a puppet of thee.

TAILOR She says your worship means to make a puppet 105
of her.

PETRUCCIO

O monstrous arrogance! Thou liest, thou thread, thou
thimble,
Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter, nail,
Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter-cricket, thou.
Braved in mine own house with a skein of thread! 110
Away, thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant,
Or I shall so bemete thee with thy yard
As thou shalt think on prating whilst thou liv'st.
I tell thee, I, that thou hast marred her gown.

TAILOR

Your worship is deceived. The gown is made 115
 Just as my master had direction.
 Grumio gave order how it should be done.

GRUMIO
 I gave him no order, I gave him the stuff.

TAILOR
 But how did you desire it should be made?

GRUMIO Marry, sir, with needle and thread. 120

TAILOR
 But did you not request to have it cut?

GRUMIO Thou hast faced many things.

TAILOR I have.

GRUMIO Face not me. Thou hast braved many men. Brave
 not me. I will neither be faced nor braved. I say unto 125
 thee I bid thy master cut out the gown, but I did not
 bid him cut it to pieces. *Ergo* thou liest.

TAILOR (*showing a paper*) Why, here is the note of the
 fashion, to testify.

PETRUCCIO Read it. 130

GRUMIO The note lies in's throat if he say I said so.

TAILOR (*reads*) '*Imprimis*, a loose-bodied gown.'

GRUMIO Master, if ever I said loose-bodied gown, sew me
 in the skirts of it and beat me to death with a bottom
 of brown thread. I said a gown. 135

PETRUCCIO Proceed.

TAILOR (*reads*) '*With a small compassed cape.*'

GRUMIO I confess the cape.

TAILOR (*reads*) '*With a trunk sleeve.*'

GRUMIO I confess two sleeves. 140

TAILOR (*reads*) '*The sleeves curiously cut.*'

PETRUCCIO Ay, there's the villany.

GRUMIO Error i'th' bill, sir, error i'th' bill. I commanded
 the sleeves should be cut out and sewed up again, and
 that I'll prove upon thee though thy little finger be 145
 armed in a thimble.

TAILOR This is true that I say. An I had thee in place
 where, thou shouldst know it.

GRUMIO I am for thee straight. Take thou the bill, give
 me thy mete-yard, and spare not me. 150

HORTENSIO Godamercy, Grumio, then he shall have no

odds.

PETRUCCIO

Well, sir, in brief, the gown is not for me.

GRUMIO You are i'th' right, sir. 'Tis for my mistress.

PETRUCCIO (*to the Tailor*)

Go, take it up unto thy master's use. 155

GRUMIO (*to the Tailor*) Villain, not for thy life. Take up my mistress' gown for thy master's use!

PETRUCCIO Why, sir, what's your conceit in that?

GRUMIO O, sir, the conceit is deeper than you think for.

'Take up my mistress' gown to his master's use'±±O 160
fie, fie, fie!

PETRUCCIO (*aside*)

Hortensio, say thou wilt see the tailor paid.

(*To the Tailor*) Go, take it hence. Be gone, and say no more.

HORTENSIO (*aside to the Tailor*)

Tailor, I'll pay thee for thy gown tomorrow.

Take no unkindness of his hasty words. 165

Away, I say. Commend me to thy master.

Exit Tailor

PETRUCCIO

Well, come, my Kate. We will unto your father's

Even in these honest, mean habiliments.

Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor,

For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich, 170

And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,

So honour peereth in the meanest habit.

What, is the jay more precious than the lark

Because his feathers are more beautiful?

Or is the adder better than the eel 175

Because his painted skin contents the eye?

O no, good Kate, neither art thou the worse

For this poor furniture and mean array.

If thou account'st it shame, lay it on me,

And therefore frolic; we will hence forthwith 180

To feast and sport us at thy father's house.

Go call my men, and let us straight to him,

And bring our horses unto Long Lane end.

There will we mount, and thither walk on foot.

Let's see, I think 'tis now some seven o'clock,
And well we may come there by dinner-time.

185

KATHERINE

I dare assure you, sir, 'tis almost two,
And 'twill be supper-time ere you come there.

PETRUCCIO

It shall be seven ere I go to horse.
Look what I speak, or do, or think to do,
You are still crossing it. Sirs, let't alone.
I will not go today, and ere I do
It shall be what o'clock I say it is.

190

HORTENSIO (*aside*)

Why, so this gallant will command the sun.
Exeunt