

Folger SHAKESPEARE LIBRARY

Advancing knowledge & the arts

A Digital Anthology of Early Modern English Drama

emed.folger.edu

Discover over four hundred early modern English plays that were professionally performed in London between 1576 and 1642. Browse plays written by Shakespeare's contemporaries; explore the repertoires of London's professional companies; and download plays for reading and research.

This documentary edition has been edited to provide an accurate and transparent transcription of a single copy of the earliest surviving print edition of this play. Further material, including editorial policy and XML files of the play, is available on the EMED website. EMED texts are edited and encoded by Meaghan Brown, Michael Poston, and Elizabeth Williamson, and build on work done by the EEBO-TCP and the Shakespeare His Contemporaries project. This project is funded by a Humanities Collections and Reference Resources grant from the NEH's Division of Preservation and Access.



Plays distributed under a Creative Commons Attribution-ShareAlike 4.0 International License.

img: 305-a
sig: 5M4v

THE
WOMANS PRIZE:
OR,
The Tamer Tamed.

Actus Primus Scæna Prima.

column: 305-b-1

*Enter Moroso, Sophocles, and Tranio, with Rosemary,
as from a wedding.*

Moroso.

GOd give 'em joy.

Tra. Amen.

Soph. Amen, say I to: (wench,
The Puddings now i'th proof; alas poor
Through what a mine of patience must
thou worke,

Ere thou know'st good houre more?

Tra. Tis too true: Certaine,
Me thinks her father has dealt harshly with her,
Exceeding harshly, and not like a Father,
To match her to this Dragon; I protest
I pity the poore Gentlewoman.

Mor. Me thinks now,
He's not so terrible as people think him.

Soph. This old thiefe flatters, out of meere devotion,
To please the father for his second daughter.

Tra. But shall he have her?

Soph. Yes, when I have Rome.
And yet the father's for him.

Mor. Ile assure ye,
I hold him a good man.

Soph. Yes sure a wealthy,
But whether a good womans man, is doubtfull.

Tra. Would 'twere no worse.

Mor. What though his other wife,
Out of her most abundant sobernesse,
Out of her daily huy and cries upon him,
(For sure she was a Rebell) turn'd his temper,
And forc'd him blow as high as she? do'st follow
He must retain that long since buried Tempest,
To this soft maid?

Soph. I feare it.

Tra. So do I too:
And so far, that if God had made me woman,
And his wife that must be —

Mor. What would you doe sir?

wln 0001
wln 0002
wln 0003
wln 0004

wln 0005

wln 0006
wln 0007

wln 0008
wln 0009
wln 0010
wln 0011
wln 0012
wln 0013
wln 0014
wln 0015
wln 0016
wln 0017
wln 0018
wln 0019
wln 0020
wln 0021
wln 0022
wln 0023
wln 0024
wln 0025
wln 0026
wln 0027
wln 0028
wln 0029
wln 0030
wln 0031
wln 0032
wln 0033
wln 0034
wln 0035
wln 0036
wln 0037
wln 0038
wln 0039
wln 0040
wln 0041
wln 0042
wln 0043
wln 0044

wln 0045
wln 0046

Tra. I would learn to eat Coales with an angry Cat,
And spit fire at him: I would (to prevent him)

column: 305-b-2

wln 0047
wln 0048
wln 0049
wln 0050
wln 0051
wln 0052
wln 0053
wln 0054
wln 0055
wln 0056
wln 0057
wln 0058
wln 0059
wln 0060
wln 0061
wln 0062
wln 0063
wln 0064
wln 0065
wln 0066
wln 0067
wln 0068
wln 0069
wln 0070
wln 0071
wln 0072
wln 0073
wln 0074
wln 0075
wln 0076
wln 0077
wln 0078
wln 0079
wln 0080
wln 0081
wln 0082
wln 0083
wln 0084
wln 0085
wln 0086
wln 0087
wln 0088

Do all the ramping, roaring tricks, a whore
Being drunke, and tumbling ripe, would tremble at:
There is no safety else, nor morall wisdom,
To be a wife, and his.

Soph. So I should think too.

Tra. For yet the bare remembrance of his first wife
(I tell ye on my knowledge, and a truth too)
Will make him start in's sleep, and very often
Cry out for Cudgels, Colstaves, any thing;
Hiding his Breeches, out of feare her Ghost
Should walk, and weare 'em yet. Since his first marriage,
He is no more the still *Petruchio*,
Then I am *Babylon*.

Soph. He's a good fellow,
And on my word I love him: but to think
A fit match for this tender soule —

Tra. His very frowne, if she but say her prayers
Louder then men talk treason, makes him tindar;
The motion of a Diall, when he's testy,
Is the same trouble to him as a water-worke;
She must do nothing of her selfe; not eate,
Drink, say sir how do ye, make her ready, unready,
Unlesse he bid her.

Soph. He will bury her
Ten pound to twenty shillings, within these three

Tra: Ile be your halfe. (weeks.

Enter Jaques with a pot of Wine.

Mor. He loves her most extreemly,
And so long 'twil be honey-moon. Now *Jaques*
You are a busie man I am sure.

Jaq. Yes certaine,
This old sport must have egges,

Soph. Not yet this ten daies.

Jaq. Sweet Gentlemen with Muskadell.

Tra. That's right sir.

Mor. This fellow broods his Master: speed ye *Jaques*.

Soph. We shall be for you presently.

Jaq. Your worships
Shal have it rich and neat: and o' my conscience
As welcom as our Lady day: O my old sir,
When shall we see your worship run at Ring?
That houre a standing were worth money

Nnnnn

Mor.

wln 0089
wln 0090
wln 0091
wln 0092
wln 0093
wln 0094
wln 0095
wln 0096
wln 0097
wln 0098
wln 0099
wln 0100
wln 0101
wln 0102
wln 0103
wln 0104
wln 0105
wln 0106
wln 0107
wln 0108
wln 0109
wln 0110

wln 0111

wln 0112
wln 0113
wln 0114
wln 0115
wln 0116
wln 0117
wln 0118
wln 0119
wln 0120
wln 0121
wln 0122
wln 0123
wln 0124
wln 0125
wln 0126
wln 0127
wln 0128
wln 0129
wln 0130
wln 0131
wln 0132

Mor. So sir.
Jaq. Upon my little honesty, your Mistris,
If I have any speculation, must thinke
This single thrumming of a Fiddle,
Without a Bow, but ev'n poore sport.
Mor. Y'are merry.
Ja. Would I were wise too: so God bless your worship.
Tra. The fellow tels you true. *Exit Jaq.*
Soph. When is the day man?
Come, come, you'l steale a marriage.
Mor. Nay believe me:
But when her father pleases I am ready,
And all my friends shall know it.
Tra. Why not now?
One charge had serv'd for both.
Mor. There's reason in't.
Soph. Call'd *Rowland*.
Mor. Will ye walke?
They'l think we are lost: Come Gentlemen.
Tra. You have wip't him now.
Soph. So will he never the wench I hope.
Tra. I wish it. *Exeunt.*

Scæna secunda.

Enter Rowland, and Livia.

Row. Now *Livia*, if you'l goe away to night,
If your affections be not made of words.
Liv. I love you, and you know how dearly *Rowland*,
Is there none neere us? my affections ever
Have been your servants; with what superstition
I have ever Sainted you —
Row. Why then take this way.
Liv. Twill be a childish and a lesse prosperous course,
Then his that knows not care: why should we do
Our honest and our hearty love such wrong,
To over-run our fortunes?
Row. Then you flatter.
Liv. Alas you know I cannot.
Row. What hopes left else
But flying to enjoy ye?
Liv. None so far,
For let it be admitted we have time,
And all things now in other expectation,
My father's bent against us; what but ruine,
Can such a by-way bring us? if your feares

wln 0133
wln 0134
wln 0135
wln 0136
wln 0137
wln 0138
wln 0139
wln 0140
wln 0141
wln 0142
wln 0143
wln 0144
wln 0145
wln 0146
wln 0147
wln 0148
wln 0149
wln 0150
wln 0151
wln 0152
wln 0153
wln 0154

Would let you look with my eyes, I would shew you,
And certain, how our staying here would win us
A course, though somewhat longer, yet far surer.

Row. And then *Moroso* h'as ye.

Liv. No such matter:

For hold this certaine, begging, stealing, whoring,
Selling, (which is a sin unpardonable)
Of counterfeit Cods, or musty English Cracas,
Switches, or stones for th'toothache sooner finds me,
Then that drawn Fox and *Moroso*.

Row. But his money,

If wealth may win you —

Liv. If a Hog may be

High Priest among the Jewes: his money *Rowland*?

Oh Love forgive me, what faith hast thou?

Why, can his money kisse me?

Row. Yes.

Liv. Behind,

Lasd out upon a Petticote: or graspe me

While I cry, O good thank you? o' my troth

Thou makst me merry with thy feare: or lie with me,

As you may do? alas, what fooles you men are?

column: 306-a-2

wln 0155
wln 0156
wln 0157
wln 0158
wln 0159
wln 0160
wln 0161
wln 0162
wln 0163
wln 0164
wln 0165
wln 0166
wln 0167
wln 0168
wln 0169
wln 0170
wln 0171
wln 0172
wln 0173
wln 0174
wln 0175
wln 0176
wln 0177
wln 0178
wln 0179
wln 0180

His mouldy money? half a dozen Riders,
That cannot sit but stamp fast to their Saddles?
No *Rowland*, no man shall make use of me;
My beauty was born free, and free Ile give it
To him that loves, not buys me. You yet doubt me.

Row. I cannot say I doubt ye.

Liv. Goe thy waies,

Thou art the prettiest puling piece of passion:

Yfaith I will not faile thee.

Row. I had rather —

Liv. Prethee believe me, if I do not carry it,

For both our goods —

Row. But —

Liv. What but?

Row. I would tell you.

Liv. I know all you can tell me; all's but this,
You would have me, and lie with me; is't not so?

Row. Yes.

Liv. Why you shall; will that content you? Goe.

Row. I am very loth to goe.

Liv. Now o' my conscience

Thou art an honest fellow: here's my sister;

Go, prethee goe; this kisse, and credit me,

Ere I am three nights older, I am for thee:

You shall heare what I do.

Farewell.

*Enter Byancho,
and Maria.*

wln 0181
wln 0182
wln 0183
wln 0184
wln 0185
wln 0186
wln 0187
wln 0188
wln 0189
wln 0190
wln 0191
wln 0192
wln 0193
wln 0194
wln 0195
wln 0196
wln 0197
wln 0198
wln 0199
wln 0200
wln 0201
wln 0202
wln 0203
wln 0204
wln 0205
wln 0206
wln 0207
wln 0208
wln 0209
wln 0210
wln 0211
wln 0212
wln 0213
wln 0214
wln 0215
wln 0216
wln 0217
wln 0218
wln 0219
wln 0220
wln 0221
wln 0222

Row. Farewell.

Exit Rowland.

Liv. Alas poore foole, how it looks?
It would ev'n hang it selfe, should I but crosse it.
For pure love to the matter I must hatch it.

Bya. Nay never look for merry houre *Maria*,
If now you make it not; let not your blushes,
Your modesty, and tendernesse of spirit,
Make you continuall Anvile to his anger:
Believe me, since his first wife set him going,
Nothing can bind his rage: Take your own Councell,
You shall not say that I perswaded you.

But if you suffer him —

Mar. Stay, shall I do it?

Bya. Have you a stomack to't?

Mar. I never shew'd it.

Bya. Twill shew the rarer, and the stronger in you.
But do not say I urg'd you.

Mar. I am perfect,
Like *Curtius* to redeeme my Countrey, have I
Leap'd into this gulph of marriage, and Ile do it.
Farewell all poorer thoughts, but spight & anger,
Till I have wrought a miracle. Now cosen,
I am no more the gentle tame *Maria*;
Mistake me not; I have a new soule in me
Made of a North-wind, nothing but tempest;
And like a tempest shall it make all ruins,
Till I have run my will out.

Bya. This is brave now,
If you continue it; but your own will lead you.

Mar. Adieu all tendernesse, I dare continue;
Maides that are made of feares and modest blushes,
View me, and love example.

Bya. Here is your sister.

Mar. Here is the brave old mans love.

Bya. That loves the young man.

Mar. I and hold thee there wench: what a grief of heart
When *Paphos* Rebels should up rowse old night, (is't,
To sweat against a Cork; to lie and tell
The clock o'th **longs**, to rise sport-starv'd?

Liv. Deere sister,
Where have you been you talke thus?

Mar. Why at Church, wench;

Where

wln 0223
wln 0224
wln 0225
wln 0226
wln 0227
wln 0228
wln 0229
wln 0230
wln 0231
wln 0232
wln 0233
wln 0234
wln 0235
wln 0236
wln 0237
wln 0238
wln 0239
wln 0240
wln 0241
wln 0242
wln 0243
wln 0244
wln 0245
wln 0246
wln 0247
wln 0248
wln 0249
wln 0250
wln 0251
wln 0252
wln 0253
wln 0254
wln 0255
wln 0256
wln 0257
wln 0258
wln 0259
wln 0260
wln 0261
wln 0262
wln 0263
wln 0264
wln 0265
wln 0266
wln 0267
wln 0268

Where I am tide to talke thus: I am a wife now.
Liv. It seems so, and a modest.
Mar. You are an asse;
When thou art married once, thy modesty
Will never buy thee Pins.
Liv. 'Blesse me.
Mar. From what?
Bya. From such a tame foole as our cozen *Livia*?
Liv. You are not mad.
Mar. Yes wench, and so must you be,
Or none of our acquaintance, marke me *Livia*.
Or indeed fit for our sex: Tis bed time.
Pardon me yellow *Hymen*, that I meane
Thine offrings to protract, or to keepe fasting
My valiant Bridegroom.
Liv. Whether will this woman?
Bya. You may perceive her end.
Liv. Or rather feare it.
Mar. Dare you be partner in't?
Liv. Leave it *Maria*,
I feare I have mark'd too much, for goodnesse leave it;
Devest you with obedient hands to bed.
Mar. To bed? No *Livia*, there are Comets hang
Prodigious over that yet; there's a fellow
Must yet before I know that heat (nere start wench)
Be made a man, for yet he is a monster;
Here must his head be *Livia*.
Liv. Never hope it.
Tis as easie with a Sive to scoope the Ocean, as
To tame *Petruchio*.
Mar. Stay: *Lucina* heare me,
Never unlock the treasure of my womb
For humane fruit, to make it capable;
Nor never with thy secret hand make briefe
A mothers labour to me; if I doe
Give way unto my married husbands will,
Or be a wife, in any thing but hopes,
Till I have made him easie as a child,
And tame as feare, he shall not win a smile,
Or a pleas'd look, from this austerity,
Though it would pull another Joynture from him,
And make him ev'ry day another man;
And when I kisse him, till I have my will,
May I be barren of delights, and know
Onely what pleasures are in dreams, and guesses.
Liv. A strange Exordium.

wln 0269
wln 0270
wln 0271
wln 0272
wln 0273
wln 0274
wln 0275
wln 0276
wln 0277
wln 0278
wln 0279
wln 0280
wln 0281
wln 0282
wln 0283
wln 0284
wln 0285
wln 0286
wln 0287
wln 0288
wln 0289
wln 0290

Bya. All the severall wrongs
Done by Emperious husbands to their wives
These thousand yeeres and upwards, strengthen thee:
Thou hast a brave cause.

Mar. And Ile doe it bravely
Or may I knit my life out ever after.

Liv. In what part of the world got she this spirit?
Yet pray *Maria*, looke before you truly,
Besides the obedience of a wife,
Which you will finde a heavy imputation,
Which yet I cannot thinke your own, it shews
So distant from your sweetnesse.

Mar. Tis I sweare.

Liv. Weigh but the person, and the hopes you have,
To worke this disperate cure.

Mar. A weaker subject
Would shame the end I aime at, disobedience.
You talk too tamely: By the faith I have
In mine own Noble will, that childish woman
That lives a prisoner to her husbands pleasure,
Has lost her making, and becomes a beast,
Created for his use, not fellowship.

column: 306-b-2

wln 0291
wln 0292
wln 0293
wln 0294
wln 0295
wln 0296
wln 0297
wln 0298
wln 0299
wln 0300
wln 0301
wln 0302
wln 0303
wln 0304
wln 0305
wln 0306
wln 0307
wln 0308
wln 0309
wln 0310
wln 0311
wln 0312
wln 0313
wln 0314
wln 0315
wln 0316

Liv. His first wife said as much.

Mar. She was a foole,
And took a scurvy course; let her be nam'd
'Mongst those that wish for things, but dare not do 'em:
I have a new daunce for him.

Liv. Are you of this faith?

Bya. Yes truly, and wil die in't.

Liv. Why then let's all weare breeches.

Mar. Now thou comst neere the nature of a woman;
Hang these tame hearted Eyasses, that no sooner
See the Lure out, and heare their husbands halla,
But cry like Kites upon 'em: The free Haggard
(Which is that woman, that hath wing, and knowes it,
Spirit, and plume) wil make an hundred checks,
To shew her freedome, saile in ev'ry ayre,
And look out ev'ry pleasure; not regarding
Lure, nor quarry, till her pitch command
What she desires, making her foundred keeper
Be glad to fling out traines, and golden ones,
To take her down again.

Liv. You are learned sister;
Yet *I* say still take heed.

Mar. A witty saying;
Ile tell thee *Livia*, had this fellow tired
As many wives as horses under him,
With spurring of their patience; had he got

wln 0317
wln 0318
wln 0319
wln 0320
wln 0321
wln 0322
wln 0323
wln 0324
wln 0325
wln 0326
wln 0327
wln 0328
wln 0329
wln 0330
wln 0331
wln 0332
wln 0333
wln 0334
wln 0335
wln 0336
wln 0337
wln 0338
wln 0339
wln 0340
wln 0341
wln 0342
wln 0343
wln 0344
wln 0345
wln 0346
wln 0347
wln 0348
wln 0349
wln 0350
wln 0351
wln 0352
wln 0353
wln 0354
wln 0355
wln 0356
wln 0357
wln 0358

A Patent, with an Office to reclaime us
Confirm'd by Parliament; had he all the malice
And subtilty of Devils, or of us,
Or any thing that's worse then both.

Liv. Hey, hey boyes, this is excellent.

Mar. Or could he

Cast his wives new again, like Bels to make 'em
Sound to his will; or had the fearfull name
Of the first breaker of wilde women: yet,
Yet would I undertake this man, thus single,
And spight of all the freedom he has reach'd to,
Turn him and bend him as I list, and mold him
Into a babe again; that aged women,
Wanting both teeth & spleen, may Master him.

Bya. Thou wilt be chronicl'd.

Mar. That's all I aime at.

Liv. I must confesse, I do with all my heart
Hate an Emperious husband, and in time
Might be so wrought upon.

Bya. To make him cuckold?

Mar. If he deserve it.

Liv. Then Ile leave ye Ladies.

Bya. Thou hast not so much Noble anger in thee.

Mar. Goe sleep, goe sleep, what we intend to do,
Lies not for such starv'd soules as thou hast *Livia*.

Liv. Good night: the Bridegroom will be with you

Mar. That's more then you know. (presently.)

Liv. If ye worke upon him,

As you have promised, ye may give example,
Which no doubt will be followed.

Mar. So.

By. Good night: we'l trouble you no further.

Mar. If you intend no good, pray doe no harm.

Liv. None, but pray for you.

Exit Livia.

Bya. 'Cheere wench?

Mar. Now *Byancha*,

Those wits we have let's wind 'em to the height,
My rest is up wench, and I pull for that
Will make me ever famous. They that lay
Foundations, are halfe builders all men say.

Enter Jaques.

Jaq. My Master forsooth.

Nnnnn2

Mar.

wln 0359

Mar. Oh how do's thy Master? prethee commend me

wln 0360

Jaq. How's this? my Master staies forsooth. (to him.

wln 0361

Mar. Why let him stay, who hinders him forsooth?

wln 0362

Jaq. The Revel's ended now,

wln 0363

To visit you.

wln 0364

Mar. I am not sick.

wln 0365

Jaq. I mean to see his chamber, forsooth. (sooth?

wln 0366

Mar. Am I his Groom? where lay he last night, for-

wln 0367

Jaq. In the low matted Parlour.

wln 0368

Mar. There lies his way by the long Gallery.

wln 0369

Jaq. I mean your chamber: y'ar very merry Mistris.

wln 0370

Mar. Tis a good signe I am sound hearted *Jaques*:

wln 0371

But if you'l know where I lie, follow me;

wln 0372

And what thou seest, deliver to thy Master.

wln 0373

Bya. Do gentle *Jaques*.

Exeunt.

wln 0374

Ja. Ha, is the wind in that dore?

wln 0375

By'r Lady we shall have foule weather then:

wln 0376

I doe not like the shuffling of these women, (ther:

wln 0377

They are mad beasts when they knock their heads toge-

wln 0378

I have observ'd them all this day; their whispers,

wln 0379

One in anothers eare, their signes, and pinches,

wln 0380

And breaking often into violent laughters:

wln 0381

As if the end they purpos'd were their own.

wln 0382

Call you this weddings? Sure this is a knavery,

wln 0383

A very trick, and dainty knavery,

wln 0384

Marvellous finely carried, that's the comfort:

wln 0385

What would these women doe in waies of honour,

wln 0386

That are such Masters this way. Well, my Sir

wln 0387

Has been as good at finding out these toys,

wln 0388

As any living; if he lose it now,

wln 0389

At his own perill be it. I must follow.

Exit.

wln 0390

Scena tertia.

wln 0391

Enter Servants with lights, Petruchio, Petronius, Moroso,

wln 0392

Tranio, and Sophocles.

wln 0393

Petru. You that are married, Gentlemen, home at ye

wln 0394

For a round wager now.

wln 0395

Soph. Of this nights Stage?

wln 0396

Petru. Yes. (shillings.

wln 0397

Soph. I am your first man: a paire of Gloves of twenty

wln 0398

Petru. Done: who takes me up next? I am for all bets.

wln 0399

Mor. Well lusty *Laurence*, were but my night now,

wln 0400

Old as I am, I would make you clap on Spurs,

wln 0401

But I would reach you, and bring you to your trot too:

wln 0402
wln 0403
wln 0404
wln 0405
wln 0406
wln 0407
wln 0408
wln 0409
wln 0410
wln 0411
wln 0412
wln 0413
wln 0414
wln 0415
wln 0416
wln 0417
wln 0418
wln 0419
wln 0420
wln 0421
wln 0422
wln 0423

I would Gallants. ha?
Petru. Well said good Will; but where's the staffe boy,
Old father time, your houre-glasse is empty. (ces;
Tra. A good tough traine would break thee all to pie-
Thou hast not breath enough to say thy prayers.
Petron. See how these boyes despise us. Will you to bed
This pride will have a fall. (sonne?
Petru. Upon your daughter;
But I shall rise again, if there be truth
In Egges, and butter'd Pasnips.
Petro. Wil you to bed son, & leave talking;
To morrow morning we shall have you looke,
For all your great words, like St. *George* at Kingston,
Running a foot-back from the furious Dragon,
That with her angry taylor belabours him
For being lazie.
Tra. His courage quench'd, and so far quench'd —
Petru. Tis well sir.
What then?
Soph. Fly, fly, quoth then the fearfull dwarfe;
Here is no place for living man.
Petru. Well my masters, if I doe sinke under my busi-

column: 307-a-2

wln 0424
wln 0425
wln 0426
wln 0427
wln 0428
wln 0429
wln 0430
wln 0431
wln 0432
wln 0433
wln 0434
wln 0435
wln 0436
wln 0437
wln 0438
wln 0439
wln 0440
wln 0441
wln 0442
wln 0443
wln 0444
wln 0445
wln 0446
wln 0447
wln 0448
wln 0449

ness, as I finde tis very possible, I am not the first that has
miscarried; So that's my comfort, what may be done
without impeach or waste, I can and will doe.
Enter Jaques.
How now is my faire Bride a bed?
Jaq. No truly sir.
Petron. Not a bed yet? body o' me: we'l up and rifle
her: here's a coyle with a mayden-head, tis not intayl'd,
is it?
Petru. If it be, ile try all the Law i'th Land, but Ile cut
it off: let's up, let's up, come.
Jaq. That you cannot neither.
Petru. Why?
Jaq. Unlesse you'll drop through the Chimney like a
Daw, or force a breach i'th windows: you may untile
the house, tis possible.
Petru. What dost thou meane?
Jaq. A morall sir, the Ballat will expresse it:
*The wind and the rain has turnd you back again,
And you cannot be lodged there.* The truth is all the doores
Are baracadoed; not a Cathole, but holds a murd'rer in't.
She's victual'd for this moneth.
Petru. Art not thou drunk?
Soph. He's drunk, he's drunk; come, come, let's up.
Jaq. Yes, yes, I am drunke: ye may goe up, ye may
Gentlemen, but take heed to your heads: I say no more.

wln 0450
wln 0451
wln 0452
wln 0453
wln 0454
wln 0455
wln 0456
wln 0457
wln 0458
wln 0459
wln 0460
wln 0461
wln 0462
wln 0463
wln 0464
wln 0465
wln 0466
wln 0467
wln 0468
wln 0469
wln 0470
wln 0471
wln 0472
wln 0473
wln 0474
wln 0475
wln 0476
wln 0477
wln 0478
wln 0479
wln 0480
wln 0481
wln 0482
wln 0483
wln 0484
wln 0485
wln 0486
wln 0487
wln 0488
wln 0489
wln 0490
wln 0491

Soph. Ile try that.

Exit Soph.

Petron. How dost thou say? the door fast lock'd fellow?

Jaq. Yes truly sir, tis lock'd, and guarded too; and two as desperate tongues planted behind it, as ere yet batterd: they stand upon their honours, and will not give up without strange composition, Ile assure you; marching away with their Pieces cockt, and Bullets in their mouthes will not satisfie them.

Petru. How's this? how's this they are?
Is there another with her?

Jaq. Yes marry is there, and an Engineir.

Mor. Who's that for Heavens sake?

Jaq. Colonell *Byancha*, she commands the workes: *Spinala's* but a ditcher to her, there's a halfe-moon; I am but a poore man, but if you'l give me leave, Ile venture a yeeres wages, draw all your force before it, and mount your ablest piece of battery, you shall not enter it these three nights yet.

Enter Sophocles.

Petru. I should laugh at that good *Jaques*.

Soph. Beat back again, she's fortified for ever.

Jaq. Am I drunk now sir?

Soph. He that dares most, goe up now, and be cool'd.
I have scap'd a pretty scowring.

Petru. What are they mad? have we another Bedlam?
They doe not talke I hope?

Soph. Oh terribly, extreamly fearfull, the noise at London-bridge is nothing neere her.

Petru. How got she tongue?

Soph. As you got taile, she was born to't.

Petru. Lock'd out a doors, and on my wedding-night?
Nay, and I suffer this, I may goe graze:
Come Gentlemen, Ile batter; are these vertues?

Soph. Do, and be beaten off with shame, as I was: I went up, came to th' doore, knockd, no body answered; knock'd lowder, yet heard nothing: would have broke in by force; when suddenly a water-worke flew from the window with such violence, that had I not duck'd quickly like a Fryer, *cætera quis nescit?* The chamber's nothing but a meere Ostend, in every window Pewter cannons mounted, you'l quickly finde with what they are charg'd, sir.

Petru.

wln 0492
wln 0493
wln 0494
wln 0495
wln 0496
wln 0497
wln 0498
wln 0499
wln 0500
wln 0501
wln 0502
wln 0503
wln 0504
wln 0505
wln 0506
wln 0507
wln 0508
wln 0509
wln 0510
wln 0511
wln 0512
wln 0513
wln 0514
wln 0515
wln 0516
wln 0517
wln 0518
wln 0519
wln 0520
wln 0521
wln 0522
wln 0523
wln 0524
wln 0525
wln 0526
wln 0527
wln 0528
wln 0529
wln 0530
wln 0531
wln 0532
wln 0533
wln 0534
wln 0535
wln 0536
wln 0537

Petru. Why then *tantara* for us.
Soph. And all the lower works lin'd sure with small
shot, long tongues with Fire-locks, that at twelve score
blanke hit to the heart: now and ye dare go up
Enter Maria and Byanca above.
Mor. The window opens, beat a parley first;
I am so much amaz'd my very haire stands.
Petron. Why how now daughter: what intrenc'd?
Mar. A little guarded for my safety sir.
Petru. For your safety Sweet-heart? why who offends
I come not to use violence. (you?
Mar. I thinke you cannot sir, I am better fortified.
Petru. I know your end,
You would faine reprove your Maiden-head
A night, or two.
Mar. Yes, or ten, or twenty, or say an hundred;
Or indeed, till I list lie with you.
Soph. That's a shrewd saying; from this present houre,
I never will believe a silent woman.
When they break out they are bonfires.
Petro. Till you list lie with him? why who are you
Bya. That trim Gentlemans wife, sir. (Madam?
Petru. Cry you mercy, do you command too?
Mar. Yes marry do's she, and in chiefe.
Bya. I doe command, and you shall go without:
(I mean your wife, for this night)
Mar. And for the next too wench, and so as't follows.
Petro. Thou wilt not, wilt 'a?
Mar. Yes indeed deere father,
And till he seale to what I shall set down,
For any thing I know, for ever.
Soph. Indeed these are Bugs-words.
Tra. You heare sir, she can talke, God be thanked.
Petru. I would I heard it not sir. (man,
Soph. I finde that all the pity bestowd upon this wo-
Makes but an Anagram of an ill wife,
For she was never vertuous.
Petru. Youl let me in I hope, for all this jesting.
Mar. Hope still Sir.
Petron. You will come down I am sure.
Mar. I am sure I will not.
Petron. Ile fetch you then.
Bya. The power of the whole County cannot sir,
Unlesse we please to yeild, which yet I thinke
We shal not; charge when you please, you shall
Heare quickly from us.

wln 0538
wln 0539
wln 0540
wln 0541
wln 0542
wln 0543
wln 0544
wln 0545
wln 0546
wln 0547
wln 0548
wln 0549
wln 0550
wln 0551
wln 0552
wln 0553
wln 0554
wln 0555
wln 0556
wln 0557
wln 0558
wln 0559

Mor. Blesse me from a Chicken of thy hatching,
Is this wiving?

Petru. Prethee *Maria* tell me what's the reason,
And do it freely, you deale thus strangely with me?
You were not forc'd to marry, your consent
Went equally with mine, if not before it:
I hope you do not doubt I want that mettle
A man should have to keepe a woman waking;
I would be sorry to be such a Saint yet:
My person, as it is not excellent,
So tis not old, nor lame, nor weak with Physick,
But wel enough to please an honest woman,
That keeps her house, and loves her husband.

Mar. Tis so.

Petru. My means and my conditions are no shamers
Of him that owes 'em, all the world knows that,
And my friends no reliers on my fortunes.

Mar. All this I believe, and none of all these parcels
I dare except against; nay more, so far
I am from making these the ends I aime at,
These idle outward things, these womens feares,
That were I yet unmarried, free to choose

column: 307-b-2

wln 0560
wln 0561
wln 0562
wln 0563
wln 0564
wln 0565
wln 0566
wln 0567
wln 0568
wln 0569
wln 0570
wln 0571
wln 0572
wln 0573
wln 0574
wln 0575
wln 0576
wln 0577
wln 0578
wln 0579
wln 0580
wln 0581
wln 0582
wln 0583
wln 0584
wln 0585

Through all the Tribes of man, **i'ld** take *Petruchio*
In's shirt, with one ten Groats to pay the Priest,
Before the best man living, or the ablest (ones.
That ev'r leap'd out of Lancashire, and they are right

Petron. Why do you play the foole then, and stand pra-
Out of the window like a broken Miller! (ting

Petru. If you wil have me credit you *Maria*,
Come down, and let your love confirme it.

Mar. Stay there sir, that bargain's yet to make.

Bya. Play sure wench, the packs in thine own hand.

Soph. Let me die lowsie, if these two wenches
Be not brewing knavery to stock a Kingdome.

Petru. Why this is a Riddle:
I love you, and I love you not.

Mar. It is so:
And till your own experience do untie it,
This distance I must keep.

Petru. If you talk more,
I am angry, very angry.

Mar. I am glad on't, and I wil talke.

Petru. Prethee peace,
Let me not think thou art mad. I tell thee woman,
If thou goest forward, I am still *Petruchio*.

Mar. And I am worse, a woman that can feare
Neither *Petruchio Furius*, nor his fame,
Nor any thing that tends to our allegiance;

wln 0586
wln 0587
wln 0588
wln 0589
wln 0590
wln 0591
wln 0592
wln 0593
wln 0594
wln 0595
wln 0596
wln 0597
wln 0598
wln 0599
wln 0600
wln 0601
wln 0602
wln 0603
wln 0604
wln 0605
wln 0606
wln 0607
wln 0608
wln 0609
wln 0610
wln 0611
wln 0612
wln 0613
wln 0614
wln 0615
wln 0616
wln 0617
wln 0618
wln 0619
wln 0620
wln 0621
wln 0622
wln 0623
wln 0624
wln 0625
wln 0626
wln 0627

There's a short method for you, now you know me.
Petru. If you can carry't so, tis very wel.
Bya. No you shall carry it, sir.
Petru. Peace gentle Low-bel.
Petron. Use no more words, but come down instantly,
I charge thee by the duty of a child.
Petru. Prethee come *Maria*, I forgive all.
Mar. Stay there; That duty, that you charge me by
(If you consider truly what you say)
Is now another mans, you gave't away
I'th Church, if you remember, to my husband:
So all you can exact now, is no more
But onely a due reverence to your person,
Which thus I pay: Your blessing, and I am gone
To bed for this night.
Petron. This is monstrous:
That blessing that St. *Dunstan* gave the Devil,
If I were neere thee, I would give thee —
Pull thee down by th' nose.
Bya. Saints should not rave, sir;
A little Rubarb now were excellent.
Petru. Then by that duty you owe to me *Maria*,
Open the doore, and be obedient: I am quiet yet.
Mar. I do confesse that duty; make your best on't.
Petru. Why give me leave, *I* will.
Bya. Sir, there's no learning
An old stiffe Jade to trot: you know the morall.
Mar. Yet as *I* take it sir, *I* owe no more
Then you owe back again.
Petru. You wil not Article?
All *I* owe, presently, let me but up, ile pay.
Mar. Y'are too hot, and such prove Jades at length;
You do confesse a duty or respect to me from you again:
That's very neere, or full the same with mine?
Petru. Yes.
Mar. Then by that duty, or respect, or what
You please to have it, goe to bed and leave me,
And trouble me no longer with your fooling;
For know, *I* am not for you.
Petru. Well, what remedy?
Petron. A fine smart Cudgell. Oh that *I* were neer thee.
Bya. If you had teeth now, what a case were we in?

Mor.

wln 0628
wln 0629
wln 0630
wln 0631
wln 0632
wln 0633
wln 0634
wln 0635
wln 0636
wln 0637
wln 0638
wln 0639
wln 0640
wln 0641
wln 0642
wln 0643
wln 0644
wln 0645
wln 0646
wln 0647
wln 0648
wln 0649
wln 0650
wln 0651
wln 0652
wln 0653
wln 0654
wln 0655
wln 0656
wln 0657
wln 0658
wln 0659
wln 0660
wln 0661
wln 0662
wln 0663
wln 0664
wln 0665
wln 0666
wln 0667
wln 0668
wln 0669
wln 0670
wln 0671
wln 0672
wln 0673

Mor. These are the most authentique Rebels, next
Tyrone, I ever read of.

Mar. A weeke hence, or a fortnight, as you beare you,
And as I finde my will observ'd, I may
With intercession of some friends be brought
May be to kisse you; and so quarterly
To pay a little rent by composition,
You understand me?

Soph. Thou Boy, thou.

Petru. Well there are more Maides then *Maudlin*, that's
my comfort.

Mar. Yes, and more men then *Michael*. (meat Lady.

Petru. I must not to bed with this stomach, and no

Mar. Feed where you will, so it be sound, and whol-
Else live at livery, for i'le none with you. (some,

By. You had best back one of the dairy maids, they'l
carry.

But take heed to your girthes, you'l get a bruise else.

Petru. Now if thou would'st come down, and tender
All the delights due to a marriage bed, (me:

Studdy such kisses as would melt a man,
And turne thy selfe into a thousand figures,
To adde new flames unto me, I would stand
Thus heavy, thus regardlesse, thus despising
Thee, and thy best allurings: all thy beauty
That's laid upon your bodies, mark me well,
For without doubt your mind's are miserable,
You have no maskes for them: all this rare beauty,
Lay but the Painter, and the silke worme by,
The Doctor with his dyets, and the Taylor,
And you appeare like flead Cats, not so handsome.

Mar. And we appeare like her that sent us hither,
That onely excellent and beauteous nature;
Truly our selves, for men to wonder at,
But too divine to handle; we are Gold,
In our own natures pure; but when we suffer
The husbands stamp upon us then alayes,
And bas ones of you, men are mingled with us,
And make us blush like Copper.

Petru. Then, and never
Till then are women to be spoken of,
For till that time you have no soules I take it:
Good night: come Gentlemen; i'le fast for this night,
But by this hand — well: I shall come up yet?

Mar. Noe.

Petru. There will I watch thee like a wither'd Jewry,

wln 0674
wln 0675
wln 0676
wln 0677
wln 0678
wln 0679
wln 0680
wln 0681
wln 0682
wln 0683
wln 0684
wln 0685
wln 0686
wln 0687
wln 0688
wln 0689
wln 0690
wln 0691
wln 0692
wln 0693
wln 0694
wln 0695
wln 0696

Thou shalt neither have meat, fire, nor Candle,
Nor any thing that's easie: doe you rebell so soone?
Yet take mercy.

By. Put up your Pipes: to bed sir; i'le assure you
A moneths seige will not shake us.

Moro. Well said Colonell.

Mar. To bed to bed *Petruchio*: good night Gentlemen,
You'l make my Father sicke with sitting up:
Here you shall finde us any time these ten dayes,
Unlesse we may march off with our contentment.

Petru. Ile hang first.

Mar. And i'le quarter if I doe not,
Ile make you know, and feare a wife *Petruchio*,
There my cause lies.

You have been famous for a woman tamer,
And beare the fear'd-name of a brave wife-breaker:
A woman now shall take those honours off, (leeve me,
And tame you; nay, never look so bigge, she shall be-
And *I* am she: what thinke ye; good night to all,
Ye shall finde Centinels.

By. If ye dare sally.

Exeunt above.

Petro. The devill's in 'em, ev'n the very devill, the
downe right devill.

column: 308-a-2

wln 0697
wln 0698
wln 0699
wln 0700
wln 0701
wln 0702
wln 0703
wln 0704
wln 0705
wln 0706
wln 0707
wln 0708
wln 0709
wln 0710
wln 0711
wln 0712
wln 0713

Petru. Ile devill 'em: by these ten bones I will: i'le
bring it to the old Proverb no sport no pie: —
taken down i'th top of all my speed; this is fine danc-
ing: Gentlemen, stick to me. You see our Freehold's
touch'd, and by this light, we will beleaguer 'em, and
either starve 'em out, or make 'em recreant.

Petro. Ile see all passages stopt, but those about 'em:
If the good women of the Towne dare succour 'em,
We shall have warres indeed.

Soph. Ile stand perdue upon 'em.

Mor. My regiment shall lye before.

Iaq. I think so, 'tis grown too old to stand.

Petru. Let's in, and each provide his tackle,
We'l fire'em out, or make'em take their pardons,
Heare what I say, on their bare knees —
Am I *Petruchio*, fear'd, and spoken of,
And on my wedding night am I thus jaded?

Exe. Omnes.

wln 0714

Scæna quarta.

wln 0715

Enter Rowland, and Pedro, at severall doores.

wln 0716
wln 0717
wln 0718

Row. Now *Pedro*?

Ped. Very busie Master *Rowland*.

Row. What haste man?

wln 0719
wln 0720
wln 0721
wln 0722
wln 0723
wln 0724
wln 0725
wln 0726
wln 0727
wln 0728
wln 0729
wln 0730
wln 0731
wln 0732
wln 0733
wln 0734
wln 0735
wln 0736
wln 0737
wln 0738
wln 0739
wln 0740
wln 0741
wln 0742
wln 0743
wln 0744
wln 0745
wln 0746
wln 0747
wln 0748
wln 0749
wln 0750
wln 0751
wln 0752
wln 0753
wln 0754
wln 0755
wln 0756
wln 0757
wln 0758
wln 0759
wln 0760

Ped. I beseech you pardon me,
I am not mine own man.
Row. Thou art not mad?
Ped. No; but beleeve me, as hasty —
Row. The cause good *Pedro*?
Ped. There be a thousand sir; you are not married?
Row. Not yet.
Ped. Keepe your selfe quiet then.
Row. Why?
Ped. You'l finde a Fiddle
That never will be tun'd else: from all women —
Row. What ailes the fellow tro? *Iaques*?
Iaq. Your friend sir.
But very full of businesse.
Row. Nothing but businesse?
Prethee the reason, is there any dying?
Iaq. I would there were sir.
Row. But thy businesse?
Iaq. Ile tell you in a word,
I am sent to lay
An imposition upon Sowse and Puddings,
Pasties, and Penny Custards, that the women
May not relieve yon Rebels: Fare ye well sir.
Row. How does my Mistresse?
Iaq. Like a resty jade.
She's spoil'd for riding.
Row. What a devill ayle they?
Custards, and penney Pasties, Fooles and Fiddles,
What's this to'th purpose? O well met.
Soph. Now *Rowland*.
I cannot stay to talk long.
Row. What's the matter?
Here's stirring, but to what end? whether goe you?
Soph. To view the works.
Row. What workes?
Soph. The womens Trenches.
Row. Trenches? are such to see?
Soph. I doe not jest sir.
Row. I cannot understand you.
Soph. Doe not you heare
In what a state of quarrell the new Bride
Stands with her husband?

Exit.
Enter
Iaques,

Exit Iaques.
Enter Sophocles.

Row.

wln 0761
wln 0762
wln 0763
wln 0764
wln 0765
wln 0766
wln 0767
wln 0768
wln 0769
wln 0770
wln 0771
wln 0772
wln 0773
wln 0774
wln 0775
wln 0776
wln 0777
wln 0778
wln 0779
wln 0780
wln 0781
wln 0782
wln 0783
wln 0784
wln 0785
wln 0786
wln 0787
wln 0788
wln 0789
wln 0790
wln 0791
wln 0792
wln 0793
wln 0794
wln 0795
wln 0796
wln 0797
wln 0798
wln 0799
wln 0800
wln 0801
wln 0802
wln 0803
wln 0804
wln 0805
wln 0806

Row. Let him stand with her, and there's an end.
Soph. It should be, but by'r Lady
She holds him out at Pikes end, and defies him,
And now is fortifide; such a Regiment of Rutters
Never defied men braver: I am sent
To view their preparation.
Row. This is newes
Stranger then Armes in the ayre, you saw not
My gentle Mistresse?
Soph. Yes, and meditating
Upon some secret businesse, when she had found it
She leapt for joy, and laugh'd, and straight retir'd
To shun *Moroso*.
Row. This may be for me.
Soph. Will you along?
Row. No.
Soph. Farewell.
Row. Farewell sir.
What should her musing meane, and what her joy in't,
If not for my advantage? stay ye; may not
That Bob-taile Jade *Moroso*, with his Gold,
His gew-gaudes, and the hope she has to send him
Quickly to dust, excite this? here she comes,
And yonder walkes the Stallion to discover:
Yet i'le salute her: save you beauteous mistresse.
Livi. The Fox is kennell'd for me: save you sir.
Row. Why doe you looke so strange?
Liv. I use to looke sir
Without examination.
Moro. Twenty Spur-Royals for that word.
Row. Belike then
The object discontents you?
Liv. Yes it does.
Row. Is't come to this? you know me, doe you not?
Liv. Yes as I may know many by repentance.
Row. Why doe you breake your faith?
Liv. Ile tell you that too,
You are under age, and no band holds upon you.
Moro. Excellent wench.
Liv. Sue out your understanding,
And get more haire, to cover your bare knuckle
(For Boyes were made for nothing, but dry kisses,)
And if you can, more manners.
Moro. Better still.
Liv. And then if I want Spanish gloves, or stockings,
A ten-pound waste-coate, or a Nag to hunt on,

Exit Sophocles.

*Enter
Livia at
one doore, and
Moroso at
another
hark-
ning.*

wln 0807
wln 0808
wln 0809
wln 0810
wln 0811
wln 0812
wln 0813
wln 0814
wln 0815
wln 0816
wln 0817
wln 0818
wln 0819
wln 0820
wln 0821
wln 0822

It may be I shall grace you to accept 'em.
Row. Farewell, and when I credit women more,
May I to Smith-field, and there buy a Jade,
(And know him to be so) that breakes my neck.
Liv. Because I have knowne you, Ile be thus kinde to
Farewell, and be a man, and i'le provide you, (you;
Because I see y'are desperate, some stai'd Chamber-maid
That may relieve your youth, with wholesome doctrin.
Mor. She's mine from all the world: ha wench?
Liv. Ha Chicken? — *gives him a box o'th eare and Ex.*
Mor. How's this? I do not love these favours: save you.
Row. The devill take thee — *wrings him byth' nose.*
Mor. Oh!
Row. There's a love token for you: thank me now.
Mor. Ile thinke on some of ye, and if I live,
My nose alone shall not be plaid withall. *Exit.*

wln 0823

Actus secundus. Scæna prima.

wln 0824
wln 0825
wln 0826

Enter Petronius, and Moroso.
Petro. A Box o'th eare doe you say?
Mor. Yes sure a sound one,

column: 308-b-2

wln 0827
wln 0828
wln 0829
wln 0830
wln 0831
wln 0832
wln 0833
wln 0834
wln 0835
wln 0836
wln 0837
wln 0838
wln 0839
wln 0840
wln 0841
wln 0842
wln 0843
wln 0844
wln 0845
wln 0846
wln 0847
wln 0848
wln 0849
wln 0850
wln 0851
wln 0852

Beside my nose blown to my hand; if *Cupid*
Shoot Arrows of that waight, i'le sweare devoutly,
Has sude his liverie, and no more a Boy.
Petro. You gave her some ill language?
Mor. Not a word,
Petro. Or might be you weare fumbling?
Mor. Would I had sir.
I had been a forehand then; but to be baffel'd,
And have no feeling of the cause —
Petro. Be patient,
I have a medicine clapt to her back will cure her.
Mor. No sure it must be afore sir.
Petro. O' my Conscience,
When I got these two wenches (who till now
Ne'r shew'd their riding) *I* was drunck with Bastard,
Whose nature is to forme things like it selfe
Heady, and monstrous: did she slight him too?
Mor. That's all my comfort: a meere Hobby-horse
She made childe *Rowland*: s'foot she would not know
Not give him a free look, not reckon him (him,
Among her thoughts, which I held more then wonder,
I having seene her within's three dayes kisse him
With such an appetite as though she would eat him.
Petro. There is some trick in this: how did he take it?
Mor. Ready to cry; he ran away.
Petro. I feare her.

wln 0853
wln 0854
wln 0855
wln 0856
wln 0857
wln 0858
wln 0859
wln 0860
wln 0861
wln 0862
wln 0863
wln 0864
wln 0865
wln 0866
wln 0867
wln 0868
wln 0869
wln 0870
wln 0871
wln 0872
wln 0873
wln 0874
wln 0875
wln 0876
wln 0877
wln 0878
wln 0879
wln 0880
wln 0881
wln 0882
wln 0883
wln 0884
wln 0885
wln 0886
wln 0887
wln 0888
wln 0889
wln 0890
wln 0891
wln 0892
wln 0893
wln 0894

And yet I tell you, ever to my anger,
She is as tame as Innocency; it may be
This blow was but a favour.

Mor. Ile be sworne
'Twas well tye'd on then.

Petro. Goe too, pray forget it,
I have bespoken a Priest: and within's two houres
Ile have ye married; will that please you?

Mor. Yes.

Petro. Ile see it done my selfe, and give the Lady
Such a sound exhortation for this knavery
Ile warrant you, shall make her smell this Moneth on't,

Mor. Nay good sir, be not violent.

Petro. Neither —

Mor. It may be
Out of her earnest love, there grew a longing
(As you know women have such toys) in kindnesse,
To give me a box o'th eare or so.

Petro. It may be.

Mor. I reckon for the best still: this night then
I shall enjoy her.

Petro. You shall hansell her.

Mor. Old as I am, i'le give her one blow for't
Shall make her groane this twelve-moneth.

Petro. Where's your joynture?

Mor. I have a joynture for her.

Petro. Have your Councill
Perus'd it yet?

Mor. No Councill, but the night, and your sweet
Shall ere peruse that Joynture. (daughter

Petro. Very well sir.

Moro. Ile no demurrers on't nor no rejoynders.
The other's ready seal'd.

Petro. Come then lets' comfort
My Son *Petruchio*, he's like little Children
That loose their Bables, crying ripe.

Mor. Pray tell me,
Is this stern woman still upon the flaunt
Of bold defiance?

Petro. Still, and still she shall be
Till she be starv'd out: you shall see such justice,
That women shall be glad after this tempest

To

wln 0895 To tye their husbands shooes, and walke their horses;
wln 0896 That were a merry world: doe you heare the rumour,
wln 0897 They say the women are in Insurrection,
wln 0898 And meane to make a —
wln 0899 *Petro.* They'l sooner
wln 0900 Draw upon walls as we doe: Let 'em, let 'em,
wln 0901 We'l ship 'em out in Cuck-stooles, there they'l saile
wln 0902 As brave *Columbus* did, till they discover
wln 0903 The happy Islands of obedience.
wln 0904 We stay too long, Come.
wln 0905 *Mor.* Now Saint *George* be with us.

Exeunt.

wln 0906 *Scæna Secunda.*

wln 0907 *Enter Livia alone*

wln 0908 *Liv.* Now if I can but get in hansomely,
wln 0909 Father I shall deceive you, and this night
wln 0910 For all your private plotting, i'le no wedlock;
wln 0911 I have shifted saile, and finde my Sisters safety
wln 0912 A sure retirement; pray to heaven that *Rowland*
wln 0913 Do not beleeve too farre, what I said to him,
wln 0914 For y'on old Foxcase forc'd me, that's my feare.
wln 0915 Stay, let me see, this quarter fierce *Petruchio*
wln 0916 Keepes with his Myrmidons: I must be suddaine,
wln 0917 If he seize on me, I can looke for nothing
wln 0918 But Marshall Law; to this place have I scap'd him;
wln 0919 Above there. *Enter Maria, and Byancha above.*

wln 0920 *Mar.* *Cheval'a.*

wln 0921 *Liv.* A Friend.

wln 0922 *By.* Who are you?

wln 0923 *Liv.* Looke out and know.

wln 0924 *Mar.* Alas poore wench who sent thee,
wln 0925 What weake foole made thy tongue his Orator?
wln 0926 I know you come to parly.

wln 0927 *Liv.* Y'are deceiv'd,
wln 0928 Urg'd by the goodnes of your cause I come
wln 0929 To doe as you doe.

wln 0930 *Mar.* Y'ar too weake, too foolish,
wln 0931 To cheat us with your smoothnesse: doe not we know
wln 0932 Thou hast been kept up tame?

wln 0933 *Liv.* Beleeve me.

wln 0934 *Mar.* No, prethee good *Livia*
wln 0935 Utter thy Eloquence somewhere else.

wln 0936 *By.* Good Cosen

wln 0937
wln 0938
wln 0939
wln 0940
wln 0941
wln 0942
wln 0943
wln 0944
wln 0945
wln 0946
wln 0947
wln 0948
wln 0949
wln 0950
wln 0951
wln 0952
wln 0953
wln 0954
wln 0955
wln 0956
wln 0957
wln 0958

Put up your Pipes; we are not for your palat,
Alas we know who sent you.
Liv. O' my word —
By. Stay there; you must not thinke your word,
Or by your Maydenhead, or such Sunday oathes
Sworne after Even-Song, can inveigle us
To loose our hand-fast: did their wisdomes thinke
That sent you hither, we would be so foolish,
To entertaine our gentle Sister *Sinon*,
And give her credit, while the wooden Jade
Petruchio stole upon us: no good Sister,
Goe home, and tell the merry Greekes that sent you,
Ilium shall burn, and I, as did *Aeneas*,
will on my back, spite of the Myrmidons,
Carry this warlike Lady, and through Seas
Unknown, and unbeleev'd, seek out a Land,
Where like a race of noble *Amazons*,
We'le root our selves and to our endlesse glory
Live, and despise base men.
Liv. Ile second ye.
By. How long have you been thus?
Liv. That's all one Cosen.

column: 309-a-2

wln 0959
wln 0960
wln 0961
wln 0962
wln 0963
wln 0964
wln 0965
wln 0966
wln 0967
wln 0968
wln 0969
wln 0970
wln 0971
wln 0972
wln 0973
wln 0974
wln 0975
wln 0976
wln 0977
wln 0978
wln 0979
wln 0980
wln 0981
wln 0982
wln 0983
wln 0984

I stand for freedome now.
By. Take heed of lying;
For by this light, if we doe credit you,
And finde you tripping, his infliction
That kill'd the Prince of *Orenge*, will be sport
To what we purpose.
Liv. Let me feele the heaviest. (mayden-head,
Mar. Swear by thy Sweet-heart *Rowland* (for by your
I feare 'twill be too late to swear) you meane
Nothing but faire and safe, and honourable
To us, and to your selfe.
Liv. I sweare.
By. Stay yet,
Sweare as you hate *Moroso*, that's the surest,
And as you have a certaine feare to finde him
Worse then a poore dride Jack, full of more Aches
Then *Autumne* has; more knavery, and usury,
And foolery, and brokery, then doggs-ditch:
As you doe constantly beleeve he's nothing
But an old empty bagge with a grey beard,
And that beard such a Bob-taile, that it lookes
Worse then a Mares taile eaten off with Fillyes:
As you acknowledge, that young handsome wench
That lyes by such a Bilbo blade, that bends
With ev'ry passe he makes to'th hilts, most mis[*]rable,
A dry nurse to his Coughes, a fewerer

wln 0985
wln 0986
wln 0987
wln 0988
wln 0989
wln 0990
wln 0991
wln 0992
wln 0993
wln 0994
wln 0995
wln 0996
wln 0997
wln 0998
wln 0999
wln 1000
wln 1001
wln 1002
wln 1003
wln 1004
wln 1005
wln 1006
wln 1007
wln 1008
wln 1009
wln 1010
wln 1011
wln 1012
wln 1013
wln 1014
wln 1015
wln 1016
wln 1017
wln 1018
wln 1019
wln 1020
wln 1021
wln 1022
wln 1023
wln 1024
wln 1025
wln 1026

To such a nasty fellow, a rob'd thing
Of all delights youth lookes for: and to end,
One cast away on course beef, born to brush
That everlasting Cassock that has worne
As many Servants out, as the Northeast passage
Has consum'd Saylor: if you sweare this, and truly
Without the reservation of a gowne
Or any meritorious Petticoate,
'Tis like we shall beleeve you.

Liv. I doe sweare it.

Mar. Stay yet a little; came this wholesome motion
(Deale truly Sister) from your own opinion,
Or some suggestion of the Foe?

Liv. Nev'r feare me,
For by that little faith I have in husbands,
And the great zeale I beare your cause, I come
Full of that liberty, you stand for, Sister.

Mar. If we beleeve, and you prove recreant *Livia*,
Think what a maym you give the noble Cause
We now stand up for: Thinke what women shall
An hundred yeare hence speak thee, when examples
Are look'd for, and so great ones, whose relations
Spoke as we doe **th'em** wench, shall make new customs.

By. If you be false, repent, goe home, and pray,
And to the serious women of the City
Confesse your selfe; bring not a sinne so heynous
To load thy soule, to this place: mark me *Livia*,
If thou bee'st double, and betray'st our honours,
And we fail in our purpose: get thee where
There is no women living, nor no hope
There ever shall be.

Mar. If a Mothers daughter,
That ever heard the name of stubborn husband
Found thee, and know thy sinne.

By. Nay, if old age,
One that has worne away the name of woman,
And no more left to know her by, but railing,
No teeth, nor eyes nor legges, but wooden ones (thee
Come but i'th wind-ward of thee, for sure she'l smell
Thou'lt be so ranck, she'l ride thee like a night-mare,
And say her Prayers back-ward to undoe thee,
She'l curse thy meat and drink, and when thou marriest,

Clap

column: 309-b-1

wln 1027
wln 1028
wln 1029
wln 1030
wln 1031
wln 1032
wln 1033
wln 1034
wln 1035
wln 1036
wln 1037
wln 1038
wln 1039
wln 1040
wln 1041
wln 1042
wln 1043
wln 1044
wln 1045
wln 1046
wln 1047
wln 1048
wln 1049
wln 1050
wln 1051

Clap a sound spell for ever on thy pleasures.
Mar. Children of five yeare old, like little Fayries
Will pinch thee into motley, all that ever
Shall live, and heare of thee, I meane all women;
Will (like so many furies) shake their Keyes,
And tosse their flaming distaffes o're their heads,
Crying Revenge: take heed, 'tis hideous:
Oh 'tis a fearefull office, if thou had'st
(Though thou bee'st perfect now) when thou cam'st,
A false Imagination, get thee gone, (hither,
And as my learned Cozen said repent,
Thls place is sought by soundnesse.
Liv. So I seeke it,
Or let me be a most despis'd example.
Mar. I doe beleeeve thee, be thou worthy of it.
You come not empty?
Liv. No, Here's Cakes, and cold meat,
And tripe of prooffe: behold here's wine, and beere,
Be suddaine, I shall be surpriz'd else. (way:
Mar. Meet at the low Parlor doore, there lyes a close
What fond obedience you have living in you,
Or duty to a man, before you enter,
Fling it away, 'twill but defile our Offrings.
By. Be wary as you come,
Liv. I warrant ye.

Exeunt.

wln 1052

Scæna Tertia.

wln 1053

Enter three Maides.

wln 1054
wln 1055
wln 1056
wln 1057
wln 1058
wln 1059
wln 1060
wln 1061
wln 1062

1 Mai. How goes your businesse Girles?
2 A foot, and faire.
3 If fortune favour us: away to your strength
The Country Forces are ariv'd, be gone.
We are discover'd else.
1 Arme, and be valiant.
2 Think of our cause.
3 Our Justice.
1 'Tis sufficient.

Exeunt.

wln 1063

Scæna quarta.

wln 1064

Enter Rowland and Tranio at severall doores.

wln 1065

Tra. Now Rowland?

wln 1066
wln 1067
wln 1068
wln 1069
wln 1070
wln 1071
wln 1072
wln 1073
wln 1074
wln 1075
wln 1076
wln 1077
wln 1078
wln 1079
wln 1080
wln 1081
wln 1082
wln 1083
wln 1084
wln 1085
wln 1086
wln 1087

Row. How **youe** you?
Tra. How do'st thou man,
Thou look'st ill:
Row. Yes, pray can you tell me *Tranio*,
Who knew the devill first?
Tra. A woman.
Row. **Thou** hast heard I am sure of *Esculapius*.
So were they not well acquainted?
Tra. May be so,
For they had certaine Dialogues together.
Row. He sold her fruit, I take it?
Tra. Yes, and Cheese
That choak'd all mankinde after.
Row. Canst thou tell me
Whether that woman ever had a faith
After she had eaten?
Tra. That's a Schoole question
Row. No
'Tis no question, for beleeeve me *Tranio*,
That cold fruit after eating bread naught in her
But windy promises, and chollick vowes
That broke out both wayes.

column: 309-b-2

wln 1088
wln 1089
wln 1090
wln 1091
wln 1092
wln 1093
wln 1094
wln 1095
wln 1096
wln 1097
wln 1098
wln 1099
wln 1100
wln 1101
wln 1102
wln 1103
wln 1104
wln 1105
wln 1106
wln 1107
wln 1108
wln 1109
wln 1110
wln 1111
wln 1112
wln 1113

Row. Thou ha'st heard I am sure
Of *Esculapius*, a farre famed Surgeon,
One that could set together quarter'd Traytors,
And make 'em honest men.
Tra. How do'st thou *Rowland*?
Row. Let him but take, (if he dare doe a cure
Shall get him fame indeed) a faithlesse woman,
There will be credit for him, that will speake him,
A broken woman *Tranio*, a base woman,
And if he can cure such a rack of honour
Let him come here, and practise.
Tra. Now for honours sake
Why what ayl'st thou *Rowland*?
Row. I am ridden *Tranio*.
And Spur-gald to the life of patience
(Heaven keepe my wits together) by a thing
Our worst thoughts are too noble for, a woman.
Tra. Your Mistresse has a little frown'd it may be?
Row. She was my Mistresse.
Tra. Is she not?
Row. No *Tranio*.
She has done me such disgrace, so spitefully,
So like a woman bent to my undoing,
That henceforth a good horse shall be my Mistresse,
A good Sword, or a Booke: and if you see her,
Tell her I doe beseech you, even for love sake. —

wln 1114
wln 1115
wln 1116
wln 1117
wln 1118
wln 1119
wln 1120
wln 1121
wln 1122
wln 1123
wln 1124
wln 1125
wln 1126

Tra. I will *Rowland*.
Row. She may sooner
Count the good I have thought her,
Our old love and our friend-ship,
Shed one true teare, meane one houre constantly,
Be old, and honest, married, and a maide,
Then make me see her more, or more beleeeve her:
And now I have met a Messenger, farewell sir.

Exit.

Tra. Alas poore *Rowland*, I will doe it for thee:
This is that dogge *Moroso*, but I hope
To see him cold i'th mouth first 'er he enjoy her: (him,
Ile watch this young man, desperate thoughts may seize
And if my purse, or councell can, i'le ease him.

Exit

wln 1127

Scæna quinta.

wln 1128
wln 1129

*Enter Petruchio, Petronius, Moroso, and
Sophocles.*

wln 1130
wln 1131
wln 1132
wln 1133
wln 1134
wln 1135
wln 1136
wln 1137
wln 1138
wln 1139
wln 1140
wln 1141
wln 1142
wln 1143
wln 1144
wln 1145
wln 1146
wln 1147
wln 1148
wln 1149
wln 1150

Petru. For looke you Gentlemen, say that I grant her
Out of my free and liberall love, a pardon,
Which you and all men else know she deserves not,
(*Teneatis amici*) can all the world leave laughing?

Petro. I thinke not.

Petru. No by — they cannot;
For pray consider, have you ever read,
Or heard of, or can any man imagine.
So stiffe a Tomb boy, of so set a **mal*lice**,
And such a brazen resolution,
As this young Crab-tree? and then answer me,
And marke but this too friends, without a cause,
Not a foule word comes crosse her, not a feare,
She justly can take hold on, and doe you thinke
I must sleepe out my anger, and endure it,
Sow pillows to her ease, and lull her mischiefe?
Give me a Spindle first: no, no my Masters,
Were she as faire as *Nell a Greece*, and house-wife,
As good as the wise Saylor's wife, and young still,
Never above fifteene; and these tricks to it,
She should ride the wild Mare once a week, she should.

Ooooo

(beleeeve

wln 1151 (Believe me friends she should) I would tabor her,
wln 1152 Till all the Legions that are crept into her,
wln 1153 Flew out with fire i'th tailes.
wln 1154 *Soph.* Me thinks you erre now,
wln 1155 For to me seems, a little sufferance
wln 1156 Were a far surer cure.
wln 1157 *Petru.* Yes, I can suffer,
wln 1158 Where I see promises of peace and amendment.
wln 1159 *Mor.* Give her a few conditions.
wln 1160 *Petru.* Ile be hangd first.
wln 1161 *Petron.* Give her a crab-tree-cudgell.
wln 1162 *Petru.* So I will;
wln 1163 And after it a flock-bed for her bones.
wln 1164 And hard egges, till they brace her like a Drum,
wln 1165 She shall be pamperd with —
wln 1166 She shall not know a stoole in ten moneths Gentlemen.
wln 1167 *Soph.* This must not be.
wln 1168 *Jaq* Arme, arme, out with your weapons,
wln 1169 For all the women in the Kingdom's on ye;
wln 1170 They swarm like waspes, and nothing can destroy 'em,
wln 1171 But stopping of their hive, and smothering of 'em.
wln 1172 *Ped.* Stand to your guard sir, all the devils extant
wln 1173 Are broke upon us, like a cloud of thunder;
wln 1174 There are more women, marching hitherward,
wln 1175 In rescue of my Mistris, **th[.]n** ere turn'd taile
wln 1176 At Sturbridge Faire; and I believe, as fiery.
wln 1177 *Jaq.* The forlorn-hope's led by a Tanners wife,
wln 1178 I know her by her hide; a desperate woman:
wln 1179 She flead her husband in her youth, and made (ther,
wln 1180 Raynes of his hide to ride the Parish. Take 'em all toge-
wln 1181 They are a genealogy of Jennets, gotten
wln 1182 And born thus, by the boysterous breath of husbands;
wln 1183 They serve sure, and are swift to catch occasion,
wln 1184 (I meane their foes, or husbands) by the fore-locks,
wln 1185 And there they hang like favours; cry they can,
wln 1186 But more for Noble spight, then feare: and crying
wln 1187 Like the old Gyants that were foes to Heaven,
wln 1188 They heave ye stoole on stoole, and fling main Potlids
wln 1189 Like massie rocks, dart ladles, tossing Irons,
wln 1190 And tongs like Thunderbolts, till overlayd,
wln 1191 They fall beneath the waight; yet still aspiring
wln 1192 At those Emperious Codsheads, that would tame 'em.
wln 1193 There's nere a one of these, the worst and weakest,
wln 1194 (Choose where you will) but dare attempt the raying
wln 1195 Against the soveraigne peace of Puritans,
wln 1196 A May-pole, and a Morris, maugre mainly

Enter Jaques.

Enter Pedro.

wln 1197
wln 1198
wln 1199
wln 1200
wln 1201
wln 1202
wln 1203
wln 1204
wln 1205
wln 1206
wln 1207
wln 1208
wln 1209
wln 1210
wln 1211
wln 1212
wln 1213
wln 1214
wln 1215
wln 1216
wln 1217
wln 1218

Their zeale, and Dudgeon-daggers: and yet more,
Dares plant a stand of battring Ale against 'em,
And drinke 'em out o'th Parish (tience.
Soph. Lo you fierce *Petruchio*, this comes of your impa-
Ped. There's one brought in the Beares against the Ca-
Of the Town, made it good, and fought 'em. (nons
Jaq. Another, to her everlasting fame, erected
Two Ale-houses of ease: the quarter-sessions
Running against her roundly; in which businesse
Two of the disannullers lost their night-caps:
A third stood excommunicate by the cudgell.
The Cunstable, to her eternall glory,
Drunke hard, and was converted, and she victor.
Ped. Then are they victualed with pies and puddings,
(The trappings of good stomacks) noble Ale
the true defendor, Sawsages, and smoak'd ones,
If need be, such as serve for Pikes; and Porke,
(Better the Jewes never hated:) here and there
A bottle of Metheglin, a stout Britaine
That wil stand to 'em; what else they want, they war for.
Petru. Come to councell,
Soph. Now you must grant conditions or the Kingdom

column: 310-a-2

wln 1219
wln 1220
wln 1221
wln 1222
wln 1223
wln 1224
wln 1225
wln 1226
wln 1227
wln 1228
wln 1229
wln 1230
wln 1231
wln 1232
wln 1233
wln 1234
wln 1235
wln 1236
wln 1237

Will have no other talke but this.
Petron. Away then, and let's advise the best.
Soph: Why doe you tremble?
Mor. Have I liv'd thus long to be knockt o'th head,
With halfe a washing beetle? pray be wise sir.
Petru. Come, something Ile doe; but what it is I know
not.
Soph. To councel then, and let's avoyd their follies.
Guard all the doors, or we shal not have a cloke left. *Exe*
Enter three mayds, at severall doors.
1. How goes the businesse, girles?
2. A foot, and faire.
3. If fortune favour us: away to your strength,
The Country forces are ariv'd; be gon we are discove-
red else.
1. Arme, and be valiant.
2. Think of our cause.
3. Our iustice.
1. Tis sufficient. *Exeunt*

wln 1238

Scena tertia.

wln 1239

Enter Petronius, Petruchio, Moroso, Sophocles, and Tranio.

wln 1240

Petro. I am indifferent, though I must confesse,

wln 1241
wln 1242
wln 1243
wln 1244
wln 1245
wln 1246
wln 1247
wln 1248
wln 1249
wln 1250
wln 1251
wln 1252
wln 1253
wln 1254
wln 1255
wln 1256
wln 1257
wln 1258
wln 1259
wln 1260
wln 1261
wln 1262
wln 1263
wln 1264
wln 1265
wln 1266
wln 1267
wln 1268
wln 1269
wln 1270
wln 1271
wln 1272
wln 1273
wln 1274
wln 1275
wln 1276
wln 1277
wln 1278
wln 1279
wln 1280
wln 1281
wln 1282
wln 1283
wln 1284

I had rather see her carted.

Tra. No more of that sir.

Soph. Are ye resolv'd to give her fair conditions?
Twill be the safest way.

Petru. I am distracted,
Would I had run my head into a halter
When I first woo'd her: if I offer peace,
She'l urge her own conditions, that's the devil.

Soph. Why say she do?

Petru: Say, I am made an Asse, then;
I know her aime: may I with reputation
(Answer me this) with safety of mine honour,
(After the mighty mannage of my first wife,
Which was indeed a fury to this Filly,
After my twelve strong labours to reclaime her,
Which would have made *Don Hercules* horn mad,
And hid him in his hide) suffer this *Sicely*,
Ere she have warm'd my sheets, ere grappel'd with me,
This Pinck, this painted Foyst, this Cockle-boat,
To hang her Fights out, and defie me friends,
A wel known man of war? if this be equal,
And I may suffer, say, and I have done?

Petron. I do not think you may.

Tra. You'l make it worse sir.

Soph. Pray heare me good *Petruchio*: but ev'n now,
You were contented to give all conditions,
To try how far she would carry: Tis a folly,
(And you wil find it so) to clap the curb on,
Er you be sure it proves a naturall wildnesse,
And not a forc'd. Give her conditions,
For on my life this tricke is put into her.

Petron. I should believe so too.

Soph. And not her own.

Tra. You'l finde it so.

Soph. Then if she flownder with you,
Clap spurs on, and in this you'l deale with temperance,
Avoyd the hurry of the world.

Tra. And loose

Musick above.

Mor. No honour on my life, sir.

Petru. I wil do it.

Petron. It seems they are very merry.

Enter Jaques.

Petru. Why God hold it.

Mor. Now *Jaques*?

Jaq. They are i'th flaunt, sir.

Soph.

wln 1285
wln 1286
wln 1287
wln 1288
wln 1289
wln 1290
wln 1291
wln 1292
wln 1293
wln 1294
wln 1295
wln 1296
wln 1297
wln 1298
wln 1299
wln 1300
wln 1301
wln 1302
wln 1303
wln 1304
wln 1305
wln 1306
wln 1307
wln 1308
wln 1309
wln 1310
wln 1311
wln 1312
wln 1313
wln 1314
wln 1315
wln 1316
wln 1317
wln 1318
wln 1319
wln 1320
wln 1321
wln 1322
wln 1323
wln 1324
wln 1325
wln 1326
wln 1327
wln 1328
wln 1329
wln 1330

Soph. Yes we heare 'em.
Jaq. They have got a stick of Fiddles, and they firke
In wondrous waies, the two grand Capitanos, (it
(They brought the Auxiliary Regiments)
Daunce with their coats tuckt up to their bare breeches,
And bid them kisse 'em, that's the burden;
They have got Metheglin, and audacious Ale,
And talke like Tyrants.
Petron. How knowest thou?
Jaq. I peep't in *Song!*
At a loose Lansket.
Tra. Harke.
Petron. A Song, pray silence. *All the women above.*
Mor. They look out.
Petru. Good ev'n Ladies.
Mar. **Good** you good ev'n sir.
Petru. How have you slept to night?
Mar. Exceeding well sir.
Petru. Did you not wish me with you?
Mar. No, believe me,
I never thought upon you.
Cun. Is that he?
Bya. Yes.
Cun. Sir?
Soph. She has drunk hard, mark her hood.
Cun. You are —
Soph. Learnedly drunk, Ile hang else: let her utter.
Cun. And I must tell you, *viva voce* friend,
A very foolish fellow.
Tra. There's an Ale figure.
Petru. I thank you *Susan Brotes.*
Cit. Forward sister.
Cun. You have espoused here a hearty woman,
A comely, and couragious.
Petru. Wel I have so.
Cun. And to the comfort of distressed damsels,
Women out-worn in wedlock, and such vessels,
This woman has defied you.
Petru. It should seem so.
Cun. And why?
Petru. Yes, can you tell?
Cun. For thirteen causes.
Petru. Pray by your patience Mistris.
Cit. Forward sister.
Petru. Do you mean to treat of all these?
Cit. Who shall let her?

wln 1331
wln 1332
wln 1333
wln 1334
wln 1335
wln 1336
wln 1337
wln 1338
wln 1339
wln 1340
wln 1341
wln 1342
wln 1343
wln 1344
wln 1345
wln 1346
wln 1347
wln 1348
wln 1349
wln 1350
wln 1351
wln 1352

Petro. Doe you heare, Velvet-hood, we come not now
To heare your doctrine.

Cunt. For the first, I take it,
It doth divide it selfe into seven branches.

Petru. Harke you good *Maria*,
Have you got a Catechiser here?

Tra. Good zeale.

Soph. Good three pil'd predication, will you peace,
And heare the cause we come for?

Cunt. Yes Bob-tailes
We know the cause you come for, here's the cause,
But never hope to carry her, never dream
Or flatter your opinions with a thought
Of base repentance in her.

Cit. Give me sack,
By this, and next strong Ale.

Cun. Swear forward sister.

Cit. By all that's cordiall, in this place we'l bury
Our bones, fames, tongues, our triumphs; and then all
That ever yet was chronicl'd of woman;
But this brave wench, this excellent despiser,
This bane of dull obedience, shall inherit

column: 310-b-2

wln 1353
wln 1354
wln 1355
wln 1356
wln 1357
wln 1358
wln 1359
wln 1360
wln 1361
wln 1362
wln 1363
wln 1364
wln 1365
wln 1366
wln 1367
wln 1368
wln 1369
wln 1370
wln 1371
wln 1372
wln 1373
wln 1374
wln 1375
wln 1376
wln 1377
wln 1378

His liberall wil, and march off with conditions
Noble, and worth her selfe.

Cun. She shall *Tom Tilers*,
And brave ones too; My hood shal make a hearse-cloth,
And I lie under it, like *Jone o Gaunt*,
Ere I goe lesse, my Distaffe stucke up by me,
For the eternall Trophee of my conquests;
And loud fame at my head, with two main Bottles,
Shall fill to all the world the glorious fall
Of old *Don Gillian*.

Cit. Yet a little further,
We have taken Armes in rescue of this Lady;
Most just and Noble: if ye beat us off
Without conditions, and we recant,
Use us as we deserve; and first degrade us
Of all our ancient chambring: next that
The Symbols of our secrecy, silke Stockings,
Hew of our heeles; our petticotes of Armes
Teare of our bodies, and our Bodkins breake
Over our coward heads.

Cun. And ever after
To make the tainture most notorious,
At all our Crests, *videlicet* our Plackets.
Let Laces hang, and we returne againe
Into our former titles, Dayry maids.

Petru. No more wars: puissant Ladies, shew conditions,

wln 1379
wln 1380
wln 1381
wln 1382
wln 1383
wln 1384
wln 1385
wln 1386
wln 1387
wln 1388
wln 1389
wln 1390
wln 1391
wln 1392
wln 1393
wln 1394
wln 1395
wln 1396
wln 1397
wln 1398
wln 1399
wln 1400
wln 1401
wln 1402
wln 1403
wln 1404
wln 1405
wln 1406
wln 1407
wln 1408
wln 1409
wln 1410
wln 1411
wln 1412
wln 1413
wln 1414
wln 1415
wln 1416
wln 1417
wln 1418
wln 1419
wln 1420

And freely I accept 'em.

Mar. Call in *Livia*;

She's in the treaty too.

Enter Livia above.

Mor. How, *Livia*?

Mar. Heare you that sir?

There's the conditions for ye, pray peruse 'em.

Petron. Yes, there she is: t'had been no right rebellion,
Had she held off; what think you man?

Mor. Nay nothing.

I have enough o'th prospect: o'my conscience,
The worlds end, and the goodnesse of a woman
Will come together.

Petron. Are you there sweet Lady?

Liv. Cry you mercy sir, I saw you not: your blessing.

Petron. Yes when I blesse a jade, that stumbles with me.
How are the Articles?

Liv. This is for you sir;

And I shal think upon't.

Mor. You have us'd me finely.

Liv. There's no other use of thee now extant,
But to be hung up; cassock, cap, and all,
For some strange monster at Apothecaries.

Petron. I heare you whore.

Liv. It must be his then sir,
For need wil then compell me.

Cit. Blessing on thee.

Liv. He wil undoe me in meere pans of Coles
To make him lustie.

Petron. There's no talking to 'em;
How are they sir?

Petru. As I expected: Liberty and clothes,
When, and in what way she wil: continuall moneys,
Company, and all the house at her dispose;
No tongue to say, why is this? or whether wil it;
New Coaches, and some buildings, she appoints here,
Hangings, and hunting-horses: and for Plate
And Jewels for her private use, I take it,
Two **twousand** pound in present: then for Musick,
And women to read French;

Reads.

Petron. This must not be.

Petru. And at the latter end a clause put in,
That *Livia* shal by no man be importun'd.

Ooooo2

This

wln 1421

This whole moneth yet, to marry.

wln 1422

Petron. This is monstrous.

wln 1423

Petru. This shall be done, Ile humor her awhile:

wln 1424

If nothing but repentance, and undoing

wln 1425

Can win her love, Ile make a shift for one.

wln 1426

Soph. When ye are once a bed, all these conditions

wln 1427

Lie under your own seale.

wln 1428

Mar. Do yo like 'em?

wln 1429

Petru. Yes.

wln 1430

And by that faith I gave you fore the Priest

wln 1431

Ile ratifie 'em.

wln 1432

Cun. Stay, what pledges?

wln 1433

Mar. No, Ile take that oath;

wln 1434

But have a care you keep it.

wln 1435

Cit. Tis not now

wln 1436

As when *Andrea* liv'd.

wln 1437

Cun. If you do juggle,

wln 1438

Or alter but a Letter of these Articles

wln 1439

We have set down, the self-same persecution.

wln 1440

Mar. Mistrust him not.

wln 1441

Petru. By all my honesty —

wln 1442

Mar. Enough. I yield.

wln 1443

Petron. What's this

wln 1444

Inserted here?

wln 1445

Soph. That the two valiant women that command here

wln 1446

Shall have a Supper made em, and a large one,

wln 1447

And liberall entertainment without grudging,

wln 1448

And pay for all their Souldiers.

wln 1449

Petru. That shall be too;

wln 1450

And if a tun of Wine wil serve to pay 'em,

wln 1451

They shall have justice: I ordaine ye all

wln 1452

Pay-masters, Gentlemen.

wln 1453

Tra. Then we shall have sport boyes.

wln 1454

Mar. We'l meet you in the Parlour.

wln 1455

Petru. Ne'r looke sad sir, for I will doe it.

wln 1456

Soph. There's no danger in't.

wln 1457

Petru. For *Livia*'s Article, you shall observe it,

wln 1458

I have tyde my selfe.

wln 1459

Petron. I wil.

wln 1460

Petru. Along then: now

wln 1461

Either I break, or this stiffe plant must bow.

Exeunt.

wln 1462

Actus tertius, Scæna prima.

wln 1463

Enter Tranio, and Rowland.

wln 1464
wln 1465
wln 1466
wln 1467
wln 1468
wln 1469
wln 1470
wln 1471
wln 1472
wln 1473
wln 1474
wln 1475
wln 1476
wln 1477
wln 1478
wln 1479
wln 1480
wln 1481
wln 1482

Tra. Come, you shall take my counsell.
Row. I shall hang first.
Ile no more love, that's certaine, tis a bane,
(Next that they poyson Rats with) the most mortall:
No, I thank Heaven, I have got my sleep again,
And now begin to write sence; I can walk ye
A long howre in my chamber like a man,
And think of something that may better me;
Some serious point of Learning, or my state;
No more ay-mees, and miseries *Tranio*
Come neer my brain. Ile tell thee, had the devil
But any essence in him of a man,
And could be brought to love, and love a woman,
Twould make his head ake worsen then his hornes doe;
And firke him with a fire he never felt yet,
Would make him dance. I tell thee there is nothing
(It may be thy case *Tranio*, therefore heare me:)
Under the Sun (reckon the masse of follies
Crept into th' world with man) so desperate,

column: 311-a-2

wln 1483
wln 1484
wln 1485
wln 1486
wln 1487
wln 1488
wln 1489
wln 1490
wln 1491
wln 1492
wln 1493
wln 1494
wln 1495
wln 1496
wln 1497
wln 1498
wln 1499
wln 1500
wln 1501
wln 1502
wln 1503
wln 1504
wln 1505
wln 1506
wln 1507
wln 1508
wln 1509
wln 1510

So madde, so sencelesse, poor and base, so wretched,
Roguy, and scurvy.
Tra. VWhether wilt thou *Rowland*?
Row. As tis to be in love.
Tra. And why for vertue sake?
Row. And why for vertues sake? do'st thou not con-
Tra. No by my troth. (ceive me?)
Row. Pray then, and hartely
For fear thou fall into 't: I'le tell thee why too,
(For I have hope to save thee) when thou lovest,
And first beginst to worship the gilt calfe,
Imprimis, thou hast lost thy gentry,
And like a prentice flung away thy freedom.
Forthwith thou art a slave.
Tra. That's a new Doctrine.
Row. Next thou art no more man.
Tra. VVhat then?
Row. A Fryppery;
Nothing but brayded haire, and penny riband,
Glove, garter, ring, rose, or at best a swabber,
If thou canst love so neer to keep thy making,
Yet thou wilt loose thy language.
Tra. VVhy.
Row. O *Tranio*,
Those things in love, ne'r talke as we do,
Tra. No?
Row. No without doubt, they sigh and shake the head,
And sometimes whistle dolefully.

wln 1511
wln 1512
wln 1513
wln 1514
wln 1515
wln 1516
wln 1517
wln 1518
wln 1519
wln 1520
wln 1521
wln 1522
wln 1523
wln 1524
wln 1525
wln 1526
wln 1527
wln 1528
wln 1529
wln 1530
wln 1531
wln 1532
wln 1533
wln 1534
wln 1535
wln 1536
wln 1537
wln 1538
wln 1539
wln 1540
wln 1541
wln 1542
wln 1543
wln 1544
wln 1545
wln 1546
wln 1547
wln 1548
wln 1549
wln 1550

Tra. No tongue?

Row. Yes *Tranio*, but no truth in't, nor no reason,
And when they cant (for tis a kind of canting)
Ye shall hear, if you reach to understand 'em
(Which you must be a foole first, or you cannot)
Such gibbrish; such believe me, I protest Sweet,
And oh deer Heavens, in which such constellations
Raigne at the births of lovers, this is too well,
And daigne me Lady, daigne me I beseech ye
You poor unworthy lump, and then she licks him

Tra. A — on't, this is nothing.

Row. Thou ha'st hit it:

Then talks she ten times worse, and wryes and wriggles,
As though she had the itch (and so it may be.)

Tra. Why thou art grown a strange discoverer.

Row. Of mine own follies *Tranio*.

Tra. VVilt thou *Rowland*,
Certaine ne'r love again?

Row. I think so, certain,

And if I be not dead drunk, I shall keep it.

Fra. Tell me but this; what do'st thou think of women?

Row. VVhy as I think of fiddles, they delight me,
Till their strings break.

Fra. VVhat strings?

Row. Their modesties,
Faithes, vowes and maidenheads, for they are like Kits
They have but foure strings to 'em.

Tra. VVhat wilt thou

Give me for ten pound now, when thou next lovest,
And the same woman still?

Row. Give me the money;

A hundred, and my Bond for't.

Tra. But pray hear me.

I'le work all meanes I can to reconcile ye:

Row. Do, do, give me the money.

Tra. There.

Row. VVork *Tranio*.

Tra. You shall go sometimes where she is.

Row. Yes straight.

This is the first good I ere got by woman.

Tra.

column: 311-b-1

wln 1551
wln 1552
wln 1553
wln 1554
wln 1555
wln 1556
wln 1557
wln 1558
wln 1559
wln 1560
wln 1561
wln 1562
wln 1563
wln 1564
wln 1565
wln 1566
wln 1567
wln 1568
wln 1569
wln 1570
wln 1571
wln 1572
wln 1573
wln 1574
wln 1575
wln 1576
wln 1577
wln 1578
wln 1579
wln 1580
wln 1581
wln 1582
wln 1583
wln 1584

Tra. You would think it strange now, if an other
As good as hers, say better. (beauty
Row. Well.
Tra. Conceive me,
This is no point o'th wager.
Row. That's all one. (you.
Tra. Love you as much, or more, then she now hates
Row. Tis a good hearing, let 'em love: ten pound more,
I never love that woman.
Tra. There it is;
And so an hundred, if you lose.
Row. Tis done;
Have you an other to put in?
Tra. No, no sir.
Row. I am very sorry: now will I erect
A new Game and go hate for th' bell; I am sure
I am in excellent case to win.
Tra. I must have leave.
To tell you, and tell truth too, what she is,
And how shee suffers for you.
Row. Ten pound more,
I never believe you.
Tra. No sir, I am stinted.
Row. Well, take your best way then.
Tra. Let's walk, I am glad
Your sullen feavor's off.
Row. Shal't see me *Tranio*
A monstrous merry man now: let's to the Wedding,
And as we go, tell me the generall hurry
Of these madde wenches, and their workes.
Tra. I will.
Row. And do thy worst.
Tra. Something i'll do.
Row. Do *Tranio*. *Exeunt.*

wln 1585

wln 1586

wln 1587
wln 1588
wln 1589
wln 1590
wln 1591
wln 1592
wln 1593

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Pedro, and Jaques.

Ped. A paire of stocks bestride 'em, are they gone?
Jaq. Yes they are gon; and all the pans i'th Town
Beating before 'em: what strange admonitions
They gave my Master, and how fearfully
They threaten'd, if he brok 'em?
Ped. O' my conscience
Has found his full match now.

wln 1594
wln 1595
wln 1596
wln 1597
wln 1598
wln 1599
wln 1600
wln 1601
wln 1602
wln 1603
wln 1604
wln 1605
wln 1606
wln 1607
wln 1608
wln 1609
wln 1610
wln 1611
wln 1612
wln 1613
wln 1614
wln 1615

Jaq. That I believe too.
Ped. How did she entertaine him?
Iaq. She lookt on him.
Ped. But scurvely.
Iaq. With no great affection
That I saw: and I heard some say he kiss'd her,
But 'twas upon a treaty, and some coppies
Say but her cheek.
Ped. *Iaques*, what wouldst thou give
For such a wife now?
Iaq. Full as many prayers
As the most zealous Puritane conceives
Out of the meditation of fat veale,
Or birds of prey, cram'd capons, against Players,
And to as good a tune too, but against her:
That heaven would blesse me from her: mark it *Pedro*,
If this house be not turn'd within this fortnight
With the foundation upward, i'le be carted.
My comfort is yet that those Amoritities,
That came to back her cause, those heathen whores had
their hoods hallowed with sack.
Ped. How div'lish drunk they were?

column: 311-b-2

wln 1616
wln 1617
wln 1618
wln 1619
wln 1620
wln 1621
wln 1622
wln 1623
wln 1624
wln 1625
wln 1626
wln 1627
wln 1628
wln 1629
wln 1630
wln 1631
wln 1632
wln 1633
wln 1634
wln 1635
wln 1636
wln 1637
wln 1638
wln 1639
wln 1640
wln 1641

Jaq. And how they tumbled, *Pedro*, didst thou marke
The Countrey Cavaliero?
Ped. Out upon her,
How she turn'd down the **Bagget**?
Jaq. I that sunke her.
Ped. That drink was wel put to her; what a sober salt
When the chaire fel, she fetchd, with her heels upward?
Jaq. And what a piece of Landskip she discoverd?
Ped. Didst mark her, when her hood fel in the Posset?
Jaq. Yes, and there rid, like a Dutch hoy; the Tumbrel,
When she had got her ballasse.
Ped. That I saw too.
Jaq. How faine she would have drawn on *Sophocles*
To come aboard, and how she simperd it —
Ped. I warrant her, she has been a worthy striker.
Iaq. I'th heat of Summer there had been some hope
Ped. Hang her. (on't.
Jaq. She offerd him a Harry-groat, and belcht out,
Her stomack being blown with Ale, such Courtship,
Upon my life has givn him twenty stooles since:
Believe my calculation, these old women
When they are tippled, and a little heated
Are like new wheels, theyl roare you all the Town ore
Till they be greasd.
Ped. The City Cinque-pace
Dame **tosse** and Butter, had **he** Bob too?

wln 1642
wln 1643
wln 1644
wln 1645
wln 1646

Jaq. Yes,
But she was sullen drunk, and given to filching,
I see her offer at a Spoon; my master
I do not like his looke, I feare has fasted
For all this preparation; lets steale by him.

Exeunt.

wln 1647

Scena tertia.

wln 1648

Enter Petruchio, and Sophocles.

wln 1649

Soph. Not let you touch her all this night?

wln 1650

Petru. Not touch her.

wln 1651

Soph. Where was your courage?

wln 1652

Petru. Where was her obedience?

wln 1653

Never poore man was sham'd so; never Rascall
That keeps a stud of whores was us'd so basely.

wln 1654

wln 1655

Soph. Pray you tell me one thing truly;

wln 1656

Do you love her?

wln 1657

Petru. I would I did not, upon that condition

wln 1658

I past thee halfe my Land.

wln 1659

Soph. It may be then,

wln 1660

Her modesty requir'd a little violence?

wln 1661

Some women love to struggle.

wln 1662

Petru. She had it,

wln 1663

And so much that I sweat for't, so I did,

wln 1664

But to no end: I washt an Ethiope;

wln 1665

She swore my force might weary her, but win her

wln 1666

I never could, nor should, till she consented;

wln 1667

And I might take her body prisoner,

wln 1668

But for her mind or appetite —

wln 1669

Soph. Tis strange;

wln 1670

This woman is the first I ever read of,

wln 1671

Refus'd a warranted occasion,

wln 1672

And standing on so faire termes.

wln 1673

Petru. I shall quit her.

wln 1674

Soph. Us'd you no more art?

wln 1675

Petru. Yes, I swore to her,

wln 1676

And by no little ones, if presently

wln 1677

Without more disputation on the matter,

wln 1678

She grew not neerer to me, and dispatcht me

wln 1679

Out of the pain I was, for I was nettl'd,

wln 1680

And willingly, and eagerly, and sweetly,

I would

wln 1681
wln 1682
wln 1683
wln 1684
wln 1685
wln 1686
wln 1687
wln 1688
wln 1689
wln 1690
wln 1691
wln 1692
wln 1693
wln 1694
wln 1695
wln 1696
wln 1697
wln 1698
wln 1699
wln 1700
wln 1701
wln 1702
wln 1703
wln 1704
wln 1705
wln 1706
wln 1707
wln 1708
wln 1709
wln 1710
wln 1711
wln 1712
wln 1713
wln 1714
wln 1715
wln 1716
wln 1717
wln 1718
wln 1719
wln 1720
wln 1721
wln 1722
wln 1723
wln 1724
wln 1725
wln 1726

I would to her Chamber-maid, and in her hearing
Begin her such a huntes-up.

Soph. Then she started?

Petru. No more then I do now; marry she answered
If I were so dispos'd, she could not help it;
But there was one cal'd *Iaques*, a poor Butler
One that might well content a single woman.

Soph. And he should tilt her.

Petru. To that sence, and last
She bad me yet these six nights look for nothing,
Nor strive to purchase it, but faire good night,
And so good morrow, and a kisse or two
To close my stomach, for her vow had seald it,
And she would keep it constant.

Soph. Stay ye, stay ye,
Was she thus when you woo'd her?

Petru. Nothing *Sophocles*,
More keenely eager, I was oft afraid
She had bin light, and easy, she would showre
Her kisses so upon me.

Soph. Then I fear
An other spoke's i'th wheele.

Petru. Now thou hast found me,
There gnawes my devill, *Sophocles*, O patience
Preserve me; that I make her not example
By some unworthy way; as fleaing her,
Boyling, or making verjuice, drying her.

Soph. I hear her.

Petru. Mark her then, and see the heire
Of spight and prodigality, she has studied
A way to begger's both, and by this hand
She shall be if I live a Doxy.

Soph. Fy Sir.

Mar. I do not like that dressing, tis too poor,
Let me have six gold laces, broad and massy.
And betwixt ev'ry lace a rich embroydry,
Line the gown through with plush, perfum'd, and
All the sleeves down with pearle. (purffle

Petru. What think you *Sophocles*.
In what point stands my state now?

Mar. For those hangings
Let 'em be carried where I gave appointment,
They are too base for my use, and bespeak
New pieces of the civill wars of France,
Let 'em be large and lively, and all silke work,
The borders gold.

*Maria at the
dore, and Servant
and woman.*

wln 1727
wln 1728
wln 1729
wln 1730
wln 1731
wln 1732
wln 1733
wln 1734
wln 1735
wln 1736
wln 1737
wln 1738
wln 1739
wln 1740
wln 1741
wln 1742
wln 1743
wln 1744
wln 1745
wln 1746
wln 1747
wln 1748

Soph. I marry sir, this cuts it.

Mar. That fourteen yardes of satten give my woman,
I do not like the colour, tis too civill:
Ther's too much silk i'th lace too; tell the Dutchman
That brought the mares, he must with all speed send me
An other suit of horses, and by all meanes
Ten cast of Hawkes for 'th River, I much care not
What price they beare, so they be sound, and flying,
For the next winter, I am for the Country;
And mean to take my pleasure; wher's the horse man?

Petru. She meanes to ride a great horse.

Soph. With a side saddle? (month

Petru. Yes, and shee'l run a tilt within this twelve-

Mar. To morrow Ile begin to learne, but pray sir
Have a great care he be an easy doer,
Twill spoyle a Scholler els.

Soph. An easy doer,
Did you hear that?

Petru. Yes, I shal meet her morals
Er it be long I fear not.

Mar. O good morrow.

Soph. Good morrow Lady, how is't now.

column: 312-a-2

wln 1749
wln 1750
wln 1751
wln 1752
wln 1753
wln 1754
wln 1755
wln 1756
wln 1757
wln 1758
wln 1759
wln 1760
wln 1761
wln 1762
wln 1763
wln 1764
wln 1765
wln 1766
wln 1767
wln 1768
wln 1769
wln 1770
wln 1771
wln 1772
wln 1773
wln 1774

Mar. Faith sickly,
This house stands in an ill ayre.

Petru. Yet more charges?

Mar. Subject to rots, and hewms; out on't, tis nothing
But a tild fog.

Petru. What think of the Lodge then?

Mar. I like the seate, but tis too little, *Sophocles*
Let me have thy opinion, thou hast judgement.

Petru. Tis very well.

Mar. What if I pluck it down,
And built a square upon it, with two courts
Still rising from the entrance?

Petru. And i'th midst
A Colledge for yong Scolds.

Mar. And to the Southward
Take in a garden of some twenty acres,
And cast it off the Italian fashion, hanging.

Petru. And you could cast your self so too; pray Lady
Will not this cost much money?

Mar. Some five thousand,
Say six: Ile have it battel'd too.

Petru. And gilt; *Maria*,
This is a fearfull course you take pray think on't,
You are a woman now, a wife, and his
That must in honesty, and justice look for
Some due obedience from you.

wln 1775
wln 1776
wln 1777
wln 1778
wln 1779
wln 1780
wln 1781
wln 1782
wln 1783
wln 1784
wln 1785
wln 1786
wln 1787
wln 1788
wln 1789
wln 1790
wln 1791
wln 1792
wln 1793
wln 1794
wln 1795
wln 1796
wln 1797
wln 1798
wln 1799
wln 1800
wln 1801
wln 1802
wln 1803
wln 1804
wln 1805
wln 1806
wln 1807
wln 1808
wln 1809
wln 1810
wln 1811
wln 1812
wln 1813
wln 1814
wln 1815
wln 1816

Mar. That bare word
Shall cost you many a pound more, build upon't;
Tell me **o[.]** due obedience? what's a husband?
What are we married for, to carry sumpters?
Are we not one peece with you, and as worthy
Our own intentions, as you yours?

Petru Pray hear me.

Mar. Take two small drops of water, equall weigh'd,
Tell me which is the heaviest, and which ought
First to discend in duty?

Petru. You mistake me;

I urge not service from you, nor obedience
In way of duty, but of love, and **oredit**;
All I expect is but a noble care
Of what I have brought you, and of what I am,
And what our name may be

Mar. That's in my making. *Petru.* Tis true it is so.

Mar Yes it is *Petruchio*,

For there was never man without our molding,
Without our stampe upon him, and our justice,
Left any thing three ages after him
Good, and his own.

Soph. Good Lady understand him.

Mar. I do too much, sweet *Sophocles*, he's one
Of a most spightfull self condition,
Never at peace with any thing but age,
That has no teeth left to return his anger:
A Bravery dwels in his blood yet, of abusing
His first good wife; he's sooner fire then powder,
And sooner mischief.

Petru. If I be so sodain
Do not you fear me?

Mar. No nor yet care for you,
And if it may be lawfull, I defie you:

Petru. Do's this become you now?

Mar. It shall become me.

Petru. Thou disobedient, weak, vain-glorious woman,
Were I but half so wilfull, as thou **[*]pightfull**,
I should now drag thee to thy duty.

Mar. Drag me?

Petru. But I am friends again: take all your pleasure.

Mar. Now you perceive him *Sophocles*.

Petru.

wln 1817
wln 1818
wln 1819
wln 1820
wln 1821
wln 1822
wln 1823
wln 1824
wln 1825
wln 1826
wln 1827
wln 1828
wln 1829
wln 1830
wln 1831
wln 1832
wln 1833
wln 1834
wln 1835
wln 1836
wln 1837
wln 1838
wln 1839
wln 1840
wln 1841
wln 1842
wln 1843
wln 1844
wln 1845
wln 1846
wln 1847
wln 1848
wln 1849
wln 1850
wln 1851
wln 1852
wln 1853
wln 1854
wln 1855
wln 1856
wln 1857
wln 1858
wln 1859
wln 1860
wln 1861
wln 1862

Petru. I love thee
Above thy vanity, thou faithlesse creature.
Mar. Would I had been so happy when I married,
But to have met an honest man like thee,
For I am sure thou art good, I know thou art honest,
A handsome hurtlesse man, a loving man,
Though never a penny with him; and those eyes,
That face, and that true heart; weare this for my sake,
And when thou thinkst upon me pity me:
I am cast away,
Soph. Why how now man?
Petru. Pray leave me,
And follow your advices.
Soph. The man's jealous:
Petru. I shall find a time ere it be long, to aske you
One or two foolish questions.
Soph. I shall answer
As well as I am able, when you call me:
If she mean true, tis but a little killing,
And if I do not venture its —
Farewel sir.
Petru. Pray farewell. Is there no keeping
A wife to one mans use? no wintering
These cattell without straying? tis hard dealing,
Very hard dealing, Gentlemen, strange dealing:
Now in the name of madnesse, what star raignd,
What dog-star, bull, or bear-star, when I married
This second wife, this whirlwind, that takes all
Within her compasse? was I not well warnd,
(I thought I had, and I believe I know it,)
And beaten to repentance in the daies
Of my first doting? had I not wife enough
To turn my love too? did I want vexation,
Or any speciall care to kill my heart?
Had I not ev'ry morning a rare breakfast,
Mixt with a learned Lecture of ill language,
Louder then *Tom* o' Lincoln; and at dinner,
A dyet of the same dish? was there evening
That ere past over us, without thou knave,
Or thou whore, for digestion? had I ever
A pull at this same poor sport men run mad for,
But like a cur I was faine to shew my teeth first,
And almost worry her? and did Heaven forgive me,
And take this Serpent from me? and am I
Keeping tame devils now again? my heart akes;
Something I must do speedily: Ile die,

Exit Mar.

Exit Soph.

wln 1863
wln 1864
wln 1865

If I can handsomely, for that's the way
To make a Rascall of her; I am sick,
And Ile go very neer it, but Ile perish.

Exit.

wln 1866

Scæna Quarta.

wln 1867

Enter Livia, Byancha, Tranio, and Rowland.

wln 1868

Liv. Then I must be content sir, with my fortune.

wln 1869

Row. And I with mine.

wln 1870

Liv. I did not think, a look,

wln 1871

Or a poore word or two, could have displanted

wln 1872

Such a fix'd constancy, and for your end too. (gaws,

wln 1873

Row. Come, come, I know your courses: there's no gew-

wln 1874

Your Rings, and Bracelets, and the Purse you gave me,

wln 1875

The money's spent in entertaining you

wln 1876

At Plays, and Cherry-gardens.

wln 1877

Liv. There's your Chain too.

wln 1878

But if you'l give me leave, Ile weare the haire still;

wln 1879

I would yet remember you.

wln 1880

Bya. Give him his love wench;

wln 1881

The yong man has imployment for 't.

column: 312-b-2

wln 1882

Tra. Fie Rowland.

wln 1883

Row. You cannot fie me out a hundred pound

wln 1884

With this poore plot: yet, let me nere see day more,

wln 1885

If something do not struggle strangely in me.

wln 1886

Bya. Young man, let me talk with you.

wln 1887

Row. Wel young woman.

wln 1888

Bya. This was your Mistris once.

wln 1889

Row. Yes.

wln 1890

Bya. Are ye honest?

wln 1891

I see you are young, and handsome.

wln 1892

Row. I am honest. (judgement

wln 1893

Bya. Why that's wel said: and there's no doubt your

wln 1894

Is good enough, and strong enough to tell you

wln 1895

Who are your foes, and friends: why did you leave her?

wln 1896

Row. She made a puppy of me.

wln 1897

Bya. Be that granted:

wln 1898

She must doe so sometimes, and oftentimes;

wln 1899

Love were too serious else.

wln 1900

Row. A witty woman.

wln 1901

Bya. Had you lov'd me —

wln 1902

Row. I would I had.

wln 1903

Bya. And deerly;

wln 1904

And I had lov'd you so: you may love worse sir,

wln 1905

But that is not materiall.

wln 1906

Row. I shal loose.

wln 1907

Bya. Some time or other for variety

wln 1908
wln 1909
wln 1910
wln 1911
wln 1912
wln 1913
wln 1914
wln 1915
wln 1916
wln 1917
wln 1918
wln 1919
wln 1920
wln 1921
wln 1922
wln 1923
wln 1924
wln 1925
wln 1926
wln 1927
wln 1928
wln 1929
wln 1930
wln 1931
wln 1932
wln 1933
wln 1934
wln 1935
wln 1936
wln 1937
wln 1938
wln 1939
wln 1940
wln 1941
wln 1942
wln 1943
wln 1944
wln 1945
wln 1946
wln 1947

I should have cal'd you foole, or boy, or bid you
Play with the Pages: but have lov'd you stil,
Out of all question, and extreamly too;
You are a man made to be loved:

Row. This woman

Either abuses me, or loves me deadly.

Bya. Ile tell you one thing, if I were to choose
A husband to mine own mind, I should think
One of your mothers making would content me,
For o' my conscience she makes good ones.

Row. Lady,

Ile leave you to your commendations:
I am in again, The divel take their tongues.

Bya. You shall not goe.

Row. I wil: yet thus far *Livia*,
Your sorrow may induce me to forgive you,
But never love again; if I stay longer,
I have lost two hundred pound.

Liv. Good sir, but thus much —

Tra. Turn if thou beest a man.

Liv. But one kisse of you;
One parting kisse, and I am gone too.

Row. Come,

I shall kisse fifty pound away at this clap:
We'l have one more, and then farewel.

Liv. Farewel.

Bya. Wel, go thy waies, thou bearst a kind heart with

Tra. H'as made a stand. (thee.

Bya. A noble, brave young fellow,
Worthy a wench indeed.

Row. I wil: I wil not.

Exit Rowland.

Tra. He's gone: but shot agen; play you but your part,
And I will keep my promise: forty Angels
In fair gold Lady: wipe your eyes: he's yours
If I have any wit.

Liv. Ile pay the forfeit.

Bya. Come then, lets see your sister, how she fares now,
After her skirmish: and be sure, *Moroso*
Be kept in good hand; then all's perfect, *Livia*.

Exeunt.

Scæna

wln 1948

Scena quinta.

wln 1949

Enter Jaques and Pedro.

wln 1950

Ped. O *Jaques, Jaques*, what becomes of us?

wln 1951

Oh my sweet Master.

wln 1952

Jaq. Run for a Physitian,

wln 1953

And a whole peck of Pothecaries, *Pedro*.

wln 1954

He wil die, didle, didle die: if they come not quickly,

wln 1955

And bring all people that are skilfull

wln 1956

In Lungs and Livers: raise the neighbours,

wln 1957

And all the Aquavite-bottles extant;

wln 1958

And, O the Parson, *Pedro*; O the Parson,

wln 1959

A little of his comfort, never so little;

wln 1960

Twenty to one you finde him at the Bush,

wln 1961

There's the best Ale.

wln 1962

Ped. I fly.

Exit Pedro.

wln 1963

Enter Maria, and Servants.

wln 1964

Mar. Out with the Trunks, ho:

wln 1965

Why are you idle? Sirha, up to th'Chamber,

wln 1966

And take the hangings down, and see the Linnen

wln 1967

Packt up, and sent away within this halfe houre.

wln 1968

What are the Carts come yet? some honest body

wln 1969

Help down the chests of Plate, and some the wardrobe,

wln 1970

Alas we are undone else.

wln 1971

Jaq. Pray forsooth,

wln 1972

And I beseech ye, tell me, is he dead yet?

wln 1973

Mar. No, but is drawing on: out with the Armour.

wln 1974

Jaq. Then Ile goe see him.

wln 1975

Mar. Thou art undone then fellow: no man that has

wln 1976

Been neere him come neere me.

wln 1977

Enter Sophocles, and Petronius.

wln 1978

Soph. Why how now Lady, what means this?

wln 1979

Petron. Now daughter, how dos my sonne?

wln 1980

Mar. Save all you can for Heaven sake.

wln 1981

Enter Livia, Byancha, and Tranio.

wln 1982

Liv. Be of good comfort sister.

wln 1983

Mar. O my Casket.

wln 1984

Petron. How do's thy husband woman?

wln 1985

Mar. Get you gon, if you mean to save your lives: the

wln 1986
wln 1987
wln 1988
wln 1989
wln 1990
wln 1991
wln 1992
wln 1993
wln 1994
wln 1995
wln 1996
wln 1997
wln 1998
wln 1999
wln 2000
wln 2001
wln 2002
wln 2003
wln 2004
wln 2005
wln 2006
wln 2007
wln 2008
wln 2009

Petron. Stand further off, I prethee. (sicknesses.)
Mar. Is i'th house sir,
My husband has it now;
Alas he is infected, and raves extreamly:
Give me some counsell friends.
Bya. Why lock the doores up,
And send him in a woman to attend him.
Mar. I have bespoke two women; and the City
Hath sent a watch by this time: meat nor money
He shall not want, nor prayers.
Petron. How long is't
Since it first tooke him?
Mar. But within this three houres. *Enter Watch.*
I am frighted from my wits: — O here's the watch;
Pray doe your Office, lock the doores up friends,
And patience be his Angel.
Tra. This comes unlook'd for: (me,
Mar. Ile to the lodge; some that are kind and love
I know wil visit me. *Petruchio within.*
Petru. Doe you heare my Masters: ho, you that locke
Petron. Tis his voyce. (the doores up.
Tra. Hold, and let's heare him. (retick.
Petru. Wil ye starve me here: am I a Traytor, or an He-
Or am I grown infectious?

column: 313-a-2

wln 2010
wln 2011
wln 2012
wln 2013
wln 2014
wln 2015
wln 2016
wln 2017
wln 2018
wln 2019
wln 2020
wln 2021
wln 2022
wln 2023
wln 2024
wln 2025
wln 2026
wln 2027
wln 2028
wln 2029
wln 2030
wln 2031
wln 2032
wln 2033

Petron. Pray sir, pray.
Petru. I am as wel as you are, goodman puppy.
Mar. Pray have patience,
You shall want nothing sir.
Petru. I want a cudgell,
And thee, thou wickednesse.
Petron. He speakes wel enough.
Mar. 'Had ever a strong heart sir.
Petru. Wil ye heare me?
First be pleas'd
To think I know ye all, and can distinguish
Ev'ry mans severall voyce: you that spoke first,
I know my father in law; the other *Tranio*,
And I heard *Sophocles*; the last, pray marke me,
Is my dam'd wife *Maria*:
If any man misdoubt me for infected,
There is mine arme, let any man looke on't.
Enter Doctor and Potheary.
Doct. Save ye Gentlemen.
Petron: O welcome Doctor,
Ye come in happy time; pray your opinion,
What think you of his pulse?
Doct. It beats with busiest,
And shews a general inflammation,

wln 2034
wln 2035
wln 2036
wln 2037
wln 2038
wln 2039
wln 2040
wln 2041
wln 2042
wln 2043
wln 2044
wln 2045
wln 2046
wln 2047
wln 2048
wln 2049
wln 2050
wln 2051
wln 2052
wln 2053
wln 2054
wln 2055
wln 2056
wln 2057
wln 2058
wln 2059
wln 2060
wln 2061
wln 2062
wln 2063
wln 2064
wln 2065
wln 2066
wln 2067
wln 2068
wln 2069
wln 2070
wln 2071
wln 2072
wln 2073
wln 2074
wln 2075
wln 2076
wln 2077

Which is the symptome of a pestilent feaver,
Take twenty ounces frow him.

Petru. Take a foole;

Take an ounce from mine arme, and Doctor Deuz-ace,
Ile make a close-stoole of your Velvet costard.

— Gentlemen, doe ye make a may-game on me?

I tell ye once againe, I am as sound,

As wel, as wholsome, and as sensible,

As any of ye all: Let me out quickly,

Or as I am a man, Ile beat the wals down,

And the first thing I light upon shall pay for't.

Exit Doctor and Potheccary.

Petro. Nay we'l go with you Doctor.

Mar. Tis the safest;

I saw the tokens sir.

Petro. Then there is but one way.

Petru. Wil it please you open?

Tra. His fit grows stronger still.

Mar. Let's save our selves sir,

He's past all worldly cure.

Petro. Friends do your office.

And what he wants, if money, love, or labour,

Or any way may win it, let him have it.

Farewell, and pray my honest friends —

Exeunt.

Petru. Why Rascals,

Friends, Gentlemen, thou beastly wife, *Jaques*;

None heare me? who at the doore there?

1 Watch. Thinke I pray sir,

Whether you are going, and prepare your selfe.

2 Watch. These idle thoughts disturbe you, the good
Gentlewoman

Your wife has taken care you shall want nothing.

Petru. Shall I come out in quiet? answer me,

Or shall I charge a fowling-piece, and make

Mine own way; two of ye I cannot misse,

If I misse three; ye come here to assault me.

I am as excellent wel, I thank Heav'n for't,

And have as good a stomacke at this instant —

2 Watch. That's an ill signe.

1 Watch. He draws on; he's a dead man,

Petru. And sleep as soundly; wil ye looke upon me?

1 Watch. Do you want Pen and Inke? while you have
Settle your state.

(sence sir,

Petru. Sirs, I am wel, as you are;

Or

column: 313-b-1

wln 2078
wln 2079
wln 2080
wln 2081
wln 2082
wln 2083
wln 2084
wln 2085
wln 2086
wln 2087
wln 2088
wln 2089
wln 2090
wln 2091
wln 2092
wln 2093
wln 2094
wln 2095
wln 2096
wln 2097
wln 2098
wln 2099
wln 2100
wln 2101
wln 2102
wln 2103
wln 2104
wln 2105
wln 2106
wln 2107
wln 2108
wln 2109
wln 2110
wln 2111
wln 2112
wln 2113
wln 2114
wln 2115
wln 2116
wln 2117
wln 2118
wln 2119
wln 2120
wln 2121
wln 2122
wln 2123

Or any Rascall living.

2 *Watch.* would you were sir.

Petru. Look to your selves, and if you love your lives,
Open the doore, and fly me, for I shoot else;
— Ile shoot, and presently, chain-bullets;
And under foure I will not kill.

1 *Watch.* Let's quit him,
It may be it is trick: he's dangerous.

2 *Watch.* The devill take the hinmost, I cry.

Enter Petruchio with a piece.

*Exit watch
running.*

Petru. Have among ye;
The doore shall open too, Ile have a faire shoot;
Are ye all gone? tricks in my old daies, crackers
Put now upon me? and by Lady *Green-sleeves*?
Am I grown so tame after all my triumphs?
But that I should be thought mad, if I rail'd
As much as they deserve against these women,
I would now rip up from the primitive cuckold,
All their arch-villanies, and all their dobles,
Which are more then a hunted Hare ere thought on:
When a man has the fairest, and the sweetest
Of all their sex, and as he thinks the noblest,
What has he then? and Ile speake modestly,
He has a Quartern-ague, that shall shake
All his estate to nothing; never cur'd,
Nor never dying; H'as a ship to venture
His fame, and credit in, which if he man not
With more continuall labour then a Gally
To make her tith, either she grows a Tumbrell
Not worth the cloth she weares; or springs more leakes
Then all the fame of his posterity
Can ever stop againe: I could raile twenty daies;
Out on 'em hedge-hogs,
He that shal touch 'em, has a thousand thorns
Runs through his fingers: If I were unmarried,
I would do any thing below repentance,
Any base dunhill slavery; be a hang-man,
Ere I would be a husband: O the thousand,
Thousand, ten thousand waies they have to kil us!
Some fall with too much stringing of the Fiddles,
And those are fooles; some, that they are not suffer'd,
And those are Maudlin-lovers: some, like Scorpions,
They poyson with their tailles, and those are Martyrs;
Some die with doing good, those Benefactors,
And leave 'em land to leap away: some few,
For those are rarest, they are said to kill

wln 2124
wln 2125
wln 2126
wln 2127
wln 2128
wln 2129
wln 2130

With kindnesse, and faire usage; but what they are
My Catologue discovers not: onely tis thought
They are buried in old wals with their heeles upward.
I could raile twenty daies together now.
Ile seek 'em out, and if I have not reason,
And very sensible, why this was done,
Ile go a birding yet, and some shall smart for't.

Exit.

wln 2131

Actus Quartus. Scœna prima.

wln 2132

Enter Moroso and Petronius.

wln 2133
wln 2134
wln 2135
wln 2136
wln 2137
wln 2138
wln 2139
wln 2140

Mor. That I do love her, is without all question,
And most extreemly, deerly, most exactly;
And that I would ev'n now, this present Monday,
Before all others, maids, wives, women, widdows,
Of what degree or calling, marry her,
As certaine too; but to be made a whim-wham,
A Jib-crack, and a Gentleman o'th first house
For all my kindnesse to her.

column: 313-b-2

wln 2141
wln 2142
wln 2143
wln 2144
wln 2145
wln 2146
wln 2147
wln 2148
wln 2149
wln 2150
wln 2151
wln 2152
wln 2153
wln 2154
wln 2155
wln 2156
wln 2157
wln 2158
wln 2159
wln 2160
wln 2161
wln 2162
wln 2163
wln 2164
wln 2165
wln 2166

Petron. How you take it?
Thou get a wench, thou get dozen night-caps;
Wouldst have her come, and lick thee like a calfe,
And blow thy nose, and busse thee?

Mor. Not so neither.

Petron. What wouldst thou have her do?

Mor. Do as she should do;

Put on a clean smock, and to Church, and marry,
And then to bed a Gods name, this is faire play,
And keeps the Kings peace; let her leave her bobs,
I have had too many of them, and her quillets,
She is as nimble that way as an Eele;
But in the way she ought to me especially,
A sow of Lead is swifter.

Petron Quoaat your griefes down.

Mor. Give faire quarter, I am old and crasie,
And subject to much fumbling, I confesse it;
Yet something I would have that's warme, to hatch me:
But understand me I would have it so,
I buy not more repentance in the bargaine
Then the ware's worth I have; if you allow me
Worthy your Son-in-law, and your allowance,
Do it a way of credit; let me show so,
And not be troubled in my visitations,
With blows, and bitternesse, and down right railings,
As if we were to couple like two cats,

wln 2167
wln 2168
wln 2169
wln 2170
wln 2171
wln 2172
wln 2173
wln 2174
wln 2175
wln 2176
wln 2177
wln 2178
wln 2179
wln 2180
wln 2181
wln 2182
wln 2183
wln 2184
wln 2185
wln 2186
wln 2187
wln 2188
wln 2189
wln 2190
wln 2191
wln 2192
wln 2193
wln 2194
wln 2195
wln 2196
wln 2197
wln 2198
wln 2199
wln 2200
wln 2201
wln 2202
wln 2203
wln 2204
wln 2205
wln 2206
wln 2207

With clawing, **add** loud clamour:

Petron. Thou fond man

Hast thou forgot the Ballard, crabbed age,
Can *May* and *Ianuary* match together,
And nev'r a storm between 'em? say she abuse thee,
Put case she doe.

Mor. Wel.

Petron. Nay, believe she do's.

Mor. I doe believe she do's.

Petron. And div'lishly:

Art thou a whit the worse?

Mor. That's not the matter,

I know, being old, tis fit I am abus'd;
I know tis handsome, and I know moreover
I am to love her for't.

Petron. Now you come to me.

Mor. Nay more then this; I find too, and finde certain,
What Gold I have, Pearle, Bracelets, Rings, or Owches,
Or what she can desire, Gowns, Petticotes,
Wastcotes, Embroydered-stockings, Scarffs, Cals, Feathers
Hats, five pound Garters, Muffs, Masks, Ruffs, & Ribands,
I am to give her for't.

Petron. Tis right, you are so.

Mor. But when I have done all this, and think it duty,
Is't requisit an other bore my nostrils?
Riddle me that.

Petron. Go get you gone, and dreame

She's thine within these two daies, for she is so;
The boy's beside the saddle: get warm broths,
And feed apace; think not of worldly busnesse,
It cools the blood; leave off your tricks, they are hateful,
And meere forerunners of the ancient measures;
Contrive your beard o'th top cut like Verdugoes;
It shows you would be wise, and burn your night-cap,
It looks like halfe a winding-sheet, and urges
From a young wench nothing but cold repentance:
You may eate Onyons, so you'l not be lavish.

Mor. I am glad of that.

Petron. They purge the blood, and quicken,
But after 'em, conceive me, sweep your mouth,
And where there wants a tooth, stick in a clove.

Ppppp

Mor.

wln 2208
wln 2209
wln 2210
wln 2211
wln 2212
wln 2213
wln 2214
wln 2215

wln 2216
wln 2217
wln 2218
wln 2219

wln 2220
wln 2221
wln 2222
wln 2223
wln 2224
wln 2225
wln 2226
wln 2227
wln 2228
wln 2229
wln 2230
wln 2231
wln 2232
wln 2233
wln 2234
wln 2235
wln 2236
wln 2237
wln 2238
wln 2239
wln 2240
wln 2241
wln 2242
wln 2243
wln 2244
wln 2245
wln 2246
wln 2247
wln 2248
wln 2249
wln 2250
wln 2251

Mar. Shall I hope once againe, say't,
Petro. You shall sir:
And you shall have your hope. *Enter Byanचा and Tranio.*
Moro. Why there's a match then.
Byan. You shall not finde me wanting, get you gon.
Here's the old man, he'l think you are plotting else
Something against his new Sonne. *Exit Tranio.*
Moro. Fare ye well sir. *Exit Moroso.*

Byan. *And ev'ry Buck had his Doe,*
And ev'ry Cuckold a Bell at his Toe:
Oh what should we have then, then Boyes then,
O what sport should we have then?

Petro. This is the spirit, that inspires 'em all.
By. Give you good ev'n.
Petro. A word with you Sweet Lady.
By. I am very hasty sir.
Petro. So **your** were ever.
By. Well what's your will?
Petro. Was not your skilfull hand
In this last stratagem? were not your mischiefes
Eeking the matter on?
By. In's shutting up?
Is that it?
Petro. Yes.
By. Ile tell you.
Petro. Doe,
By. And truly.
Good old man, I doe grieve exceeding much,
I feare too much.
Petro. I am sorry for your heavinesse.
Belike you can repent then?
By. There you are wide too.
Not that the thing was done (conceive me rightly)
Do's any way molest me.
Petro. What then Lady?
By. But that I was not in't, there's my sorrow, there
Now you understand me, for Ile tell you,
It was so sound a peece, and so well carried,
And if you marke the way, so hansomely,
Of such a heighth, and excellence, and art
I have not known a braver, for conceive me,
When the grosse foole her husband would be sick —
Petro. Pray stay.
By. Nay, good, your patience: and no sence for't,

wln 2252
wln 2253
wln 2254
wln 2255
wln 2256
wln 2257
wln 2258
wln 2259
wln 2260
wln 2261
wln 2262
wln 2263
wln 2264
wln 2265
wln 2266
wln 2267
wln 2268
wln 2269
wln 2270
wln 2271
wln 2272
wln 2273
wln 2274

Then stept your daughter in.
Petro. By your appointment.
By. I would it had, on that condition
I had but one halfe smock, I like it so well;
And like an excellent cunning woman, cur'd me
One madnesse with an other, which was rare,
And to our weake beleifes, a wonder.
Petro. Hang ye,
For surely, if your husband looke not to ye,
I know what will.
By. I humbly thank your worship.
And so I take my leave.
Petro. You have a hand I heare too.
By. I have two sir.
Petro. In my yong daughters businesse.
By. You will finde there
A fitter hand then mine, to reach her frets,
And play down diddle to her.
Petro. I shall watch ye.
By. Doe.
Petro. And I shall have justice.
By. Where?
Petro. That's all one;

column: 314-a-2

wln 2275
wln 2276
wln 2277

I shall be with you at a turne hence forward.
By. Get you a posset too; and so good ev'n sir.

Exeunt.

wln 2278

Enter Petruchio, Iaques; and Pedro.

wln 2279
wln 2280
wln 2281
wln 2282
wln 2283
wln 2284
wln 2285
wln 2286
wln 2287
wln 2288
wln 2289
wln 2290
wln 2291
wln 2292
wln 2293
wln 2294
wln 2295
wln 2296

Iaq. And as I told your worship, all the hangings,
Brasse, Pewter, Plate, ev'n to the very looking-glasses.
Ped. And that that hung for our defence, the Armor,
And the march Beere was going too: Oh *Iaques*
What a sad sight was that?
Iaq. Even the two Rundlets,
The two that was our hope, of Muskadell,
(Better nev'r tongue tript over) these two Cannons,
To batter brawne withall at Christmas, sir
Ev'n those two lovely twyns, the enemy
Had almost cut off cleane.
Petru. Goe trim the house up.
And put the things in order as they were.
I shall finde time for all this: could I finde her
But constant any way, I had done my businesse;
Were she a whore directly, or a scold,
An unthrift, or a woman made to hate me,
I had my wish, and knew which way to rayne her:

*Exit Ped. and
Iaq.*

wln 2297
wln 2298
wln 2299
wln 2300
wln 2301
wln 2302
wln 2303
wln 2304
wln 2305
wln 2306
wln 2307
wln 2308
wln 2309
wln 2310
wln 2311
wln 2312
wln 2313
wln 2314
wln 2315
wln 2316
wln 2317
wln 2318
wln 2319
wln 2320
wln 2321
wln 2322
wln 2323
wln 2324
wln 2325
wln 2326
wln 2327
wln 2328
wln 2329
wln 2330
wln 2331
wln 2332
wln 2333
wln 2334
wln 2335
wln 2336
wln 2337
wln 2338
wln 2339
wln 2340

But while she shewes all these, and all their losses,
A kinde of linsey woolsey, mingled mischiefe
Not to be ghest at, and whether true, or borrowed,
Not certaine neither, what a hap had I,
And what a tydie fortune, when my fate
Flung me upon this Beare-whelp? here she comes
Now if she have a colour, for the fault is
A cleanly one, upon my conscience
I shall forgive her yet, and finde a something
Certaine, I married for: her wit: Ile marke her.

*Enter
Maria.*

Mar. Not let his wife come neere him in his sicknes,
Not come to comfort him? she that all lawes
Of heaven, and Nations have ordain'd his second,
Is she refus'd? and two old Paradoxes,
Peeces of five and fifty, without faith
Clapt in upon him? h'as a little pet,
That all young wives must follow necessary
Having their Mayden-heads —

Petru. This is an Axiome
I never heard before.

Mar. Or say rebellion
If we durst be so foule, which two faire words
Alas win us from, in an houre, an instant,
We are so easie, make him so forgetfull
Both of his reason, honesty, and credit,
As to deny his wife a visitation?
His wife, that (though she was a little foolish,)
Lov'd him, Oh heaven forgive her for't! nay doted,
Nay had run mad, had she not married him,

Petru. Though I doe know this falsar then the devill,
I cannot choose but love it.

Mar. What doe I know
But those that came to keepe him, might have kill'd him,
In what a case had I been then? I dare not
Beleeve him such a base, debosh'd companion,
That one refusall of a tender maide
Would make him faigne this s[*]cknesse out of need,
And take a Keeper to him of fourescore
To play at Billiards; one that mew'd content
And all her teeth together; not come neere him?

Petru. This woman would have made a most rare Je-
She can prevaricate on any thing: (suite
There was not to be thought a way to save her
In all imagination, beside this.

Mar.

wln 2387
wln 2388
wln 2389
wln 2390
wln 2391
wln 2392
wln 2393
wln 2394
wln 2395
wln 2396
wln 2397
wln 2398
wln 2399
wln 2400
wln 2401
wln 2402
wln 2403
wln 2404
wln 2405
wln 2406
wln 2407
wln 2408

For this offence, which no submission
Can ever mediate for, you'l finde it so,
What ever you shall doe by intercession,
What you can offer, what your Land can purchase,
What all your friends, or families can win,
Shall be but this, not to forswear your knowledge,
But ever to forbear it: now your will sir.

Petru. Thou art the subtlest woman I think living,
I am sure the lewdest; now be still, and marke me;
Were I but any way addicted to the devill,
I should now think I had met a play-fellow
To profit by, and that way the most learned
That ever taught to murmur. Tell me thou,
Thou most poor, paltry spitefull whore: doe you cry?
Ile make you roare, before I leave.

Mar. Your pleasure.

Petru. Was it not sinne enough, thou Fruiterer
Full of the fall thou eat'st: thou devils broker,
Thou Seminary of all sedition,
Thou sword of veng'ance, with a thred hung o're us,
Was it not sinne enough, and wickednes
In full abundance? was it not vexation

column: 314-b-2

wln 2409
wln 2410
wln 2411
wln 2412
wln 2413
wln 2414
wln 2415
wln 2416
wln 2417
wln 2418
wln 2419
wln 2420
wln 2421
wln 2422
wln 2423
wln 2424
wln 2425
wln 2426
wln 2427
wln 2428
wln 2429
wln 2430
wln 2431
wln 2432
wln 2433
wln 2434

At all points, cap a pe? nay, I shall pinch you,
Thus like a rotten rascall to abuse.
The name of heaven, the tye of marriage,
The honour of thy friends; the expectation
Of all that thought thee vertuous, with rebellion,
Childish and base rebellion, but continuing.
After forgiveness too, and worse, your mischief,
And against him setting the hope of heaven by,
And the deere reservation of his honour
Nothing above ground could have won to hate thee:
Well goe thy wayes.

Mar. Yes.

Petru. You shall heare me out first:
What punishment mai'st thou deserve, thou thing,
Thou Idle thing of nothing, thou pull'd Primrose,
That two houres after, art a weed, and wither'd,
For this last flourish on me? am I one
Selected out of all the husbands living,
To be so ridden by a Tit of ten pence,
Am I so blind and Bed-rid? I was mad,
And had the Plague, and no man must come neere me,
I must be shut up, and my substance bezel'd,
And an old woman watch me.

Mar. Well sir, well,
You may well glory in't.

Petru. And when it comes to opening, 'tis my plot,

wln 2435
wln 2436
wln 2437
wln 2438
wln 2439
wln 2440
wln 2441
wln 2442
wln 2443
wln 2444
wln 2445
wln 2446
wln 2447
wln 2448
wln 2449
wln 2450
wln 2451
wln 2452
wln 2453
wln 2454
wln 2455
wln 2456
wln 2457

I must undoe my selfe forsooth: do'st heare me?
If I should beat thee now, as much may be,
Do'st thou not well deserve it, o' thy conscience,
Do'st thou not cry, come beat me?

Mar. I defie you.

And my last loving teares farwell: the first stroke,
The very first you give me if you dare strike,
Try me, and you shall finde it so, for ever
Never to be recall'd: I know you love me,
Mad till you have enjoy'd me; I doe turne
Utterly from you, and what man I meet first
That has but spirit to deserve a favour,
Let him beare any shape, the worse the better,
Shall kill you, and enjoy me; what I have said
About your foolish sicknesse, e're you have me
As you would have me, you shall sweare, is certaine,
And challenge any man, that dares deny it;
And in all companies approve my actions,
And so farwell for this time.

Exit Mar.

Petru. Grief goe with thee,
If there be any witchcrafts, herbes, or potions,
Saying my Prayers back-ward, Fiends, or Fayries
That can againe unlove me, I am made.

Exit.

wln 2458

Scæna Secunda.

wln 2459

Enter Byanacha, and Tranio.

wln 2460
wln 2461
wln 2462
wln 2463
wln 2464
wln 2465
wln 2466
wln 2467
wln 2468
wln 2469
wln 2470
wln 2471
wln 2472

Tra. Mistresse, you must doe it.

By. Are the writings ready I told you of?

Tra. Yes they are ready, but to what use I know not.

By. Y'are an Asse, you must have all things constru'd,

Tra. Yes, and peirc'd too,

Or I finde little pleasure.

By. Now you are knavish,

Goe too, fetch *Rowland* hither presently,
Your twenty pound lies bleeding else: she is married
Within these twelve houres, if we crosse it not,
And see the Papers of one size.

Tra. I have ye.

By. And for disposing of 'em.

Ppppp2

Tra.

wln 2473
wln 2474
wln 2475
wln 2476
wln 2477
wln 2478
wln 2479
wln 2480
wln 2481
wln 2482
wln 2483
wln 2484
wln 2485
wln 2486
wln 2487
wln 2488
wln 2489
wln 2490
wln 2491
wln 2492
wln 2493
wln 2494
wln 2495
wln 2496
wln 2497
wln 2498
wln 2499
wln 2500
wln 2501
wln 2502
wln 2503
wln 2504
wln 2505
wln 2506
wln 2507
wln 2508
wln 2509
wln 2510
wln 2511
wln 2512
wln 2513
wln 2514
wln 2515
wln 2516
wln 2517
wln 2518

Tra. If I faile you
Now I have found the way, use Marshall Law
And cut my head off with a hand Saw:
By. Wel sir.
Petronius and *Moroso* I'le see sent for
About your businesse; goe.
Tra. I am gone.
By. Ho *Livia*.
Liv. Who's that?
By. A friend of yours, Lord how you looke now,
As if you had lost a Carrick.
Liv. O *Byancha*.
I am the most undone, unhappy woman.
By. Be quiet wench, thou shalt be done, and done,
And done, and double done, or all shall split for't,
No more of these minc'd passions, they are mangy,
And ease thee of nothing, but a little wind,
An apple will doe more: thou fear'st *Moroso*.
Liv. Even as I feare the Gallowes.
By. Keepe thee there still.
And you love *Rowland*? say.
Liv. If I say not
I am sure I lye.
By. What would'st thou give that woman,
In spite of all his anger, and thy feare,
And all thy Fathers policy, that could
Clap ye within these two nights quietly
Into a Bed together?
Liv. How?
By. Why fairely,
At half sword man and wife: now the red blood comes,
I marry now the matters chang'd.
Liv. *Byancha*,
Me thinks you should not mock me.
By. Mock a pudding.
I speake good honest English, and good meaning.
Liv. I should not be ungratefull to that woman.
By. I know thou would'st not, follow but my Counsell
And if thou hast him not, despight of fortune
Let me nev'r know a good night more; you must
Be very sick o'th instant.
Liv. Well, what follows?
By. And in that sicknesse send for all your friends,
Your Father, and your feavor old *Moroso*,
And *Rowland* shall be there too.
Liv. What of these?

Exit Tra.
Enter Livia.

wln 2519
wln 2520
wln 2521
wln 2522
wln 2523
wln 2524
wln 2525
wln 2526
wln 2527
wln 2528

By. Doe you not twitter yet? of this shall follow
That which shall make thy heart leape, and thy lips
Venture as many kisses, as the Merchants
Doe dollars to the East-Indies: you shall know all,
But first walke in, and practise, pray be sick.

Liv. I doe beleeve you: and *I* am sick.

By. Doe
To bed then, come, Ile send away your Servants
Post for your Foole, and Father; and good fortune,
As we meane honesty, now strike an up-shot.

Exeunt.

wln 2529

Scæna Tertia.

wln 2530

Enter Tranio, and Rowland.

wln 2531
wln 2532
wln 2533
wln 2534
wln 2535
wln 2536

Tra. Nay, on my conscience, I have lost my money,
But that's all one: Ile never more perswade you,
I see you are resolute, and I commend you.

Row. But did she send for me?

Tra. You dare beleeve me.

Row. I cannot tell, you have your waies for profit

column: 315-a-2

wln 2537
wln 2538
wln 2539
wln 2540
wln 2541
wln 2542
wln 2543
wln 2544
wln 2545
wln 2546
wln 2547
wln 2548
wln 2549
wln 2550
wln 2551
wln 2552
wln 2553
wln 2554
wln 2555
wln 2556
wln 2557
wln 2558
wln 2559
wln 2560
wln 2561
wln 2562

Allow'd you *Tranio*, as well as I
Have to avoid 'em feare:

Tra. No, on my word sir
I deale directly with you.

Enter Servant.

Row. How now fellow,
Whither Post you so fast?

Serv. O sir my Master
Pray did you see my Master?

Row. Why your Master?

Serv. Sir his Jewell.

Row. With the gilded Button?

Serv. My pretty Mistresse *Livia*.

Row. What of her?

Serv. Is falne sick o'th suddaine.

Row. How o'th sullens?

Serv. O'th suddaine sir, I say, very sick: apples.

Row. It seemes she hath got the toothach with raw

Serv. It seemes you have got the headach, fare you
You did not see my Master? (well sir.

Row. Who told you so?

Tra. No, no, he did not see him.

Row. Farewell blew bottle.

Exit Servant.

What should her sicknesse be?

Tra. For you it may be.

Row. Yes when my braines are out, I may beleeve it,
Never before I am sure: yet I may see her

wln 2563
wln 2564
wln 2565
wln 2566
wln 2567
wln 2568
wln 2569
wln 2570
wln 2571
wln 2572
wln 2573
wln 2574
wln 2575
wln 2576
wln 2577
wln 2578
wln 2579
wln 2580
wln 2581
wln 2582
wln 2583
wln 2584
wln 2585
wln 2586
wln 2587
wln 2588
wln 2589
wln 2590
wln 2591
wln 2592
wln 2593
wln 2594
wln 2595
wln 2596
wln 2597
wln 2598
wln 2599
wln 2600
wln 2601
wln 2602
wln 2603
wln 2604

'Twill be a point of honesty:

Tra. It will so.

Row. It may be not too: you would faine be fingring
This old sinne-offring of two hundred, *Tranio*,
How daintily, and cunningly you drive me
Up like a Deere to'th toyle, yet *I* may leape it,
And what's the woodman then?

Tra. A looser by you.

Speake will you go or not? to me 'tis equall.

Row. Come what goes lesse?

Tra. Nay not a penny *Rowland*.

Row. Shall I have liberty of conscience
Which by interpretation, is ten kisses?
Hang me if I affect her: yet it may be,
This whorson manners will require a strugling,
Of two and twenty, or by'r-Lady thirty.

Tra. By'r-lady Ile require my wager then,
For if you kisse so often, and no kindnesse,
I have lost my speculation, i'le allow you —

Row. Speake like a Gamster now.

Tra. It may be two.

Row. Under a dozen *Tranio* ther's no setting,
You shall have forty shillings, winck at small faults.
Say I take twenty, come, by all that's honest
I doe it but to vex her.

Tra. Ile no **by-lowes**.

If you can love her doe, if you can hate her,
Or any else that loves you.

Row. Prethee *Tranio*.

Tra. Why farewell twenty pound, twill not undoe me;
You have my resolution.

Row. And your money,

Which since you are so stubborne, if I forfeit,
Make me a Jack o' Lent, and breake shins
For untag'd points and Compters: Ile goe with you,
But if thou gett'st a penny by the bargaine;
A parting kisse is lawfull?

Tra. I allow it. (bargaine:

Row. Knock out my braines with Apples; yet a

Tra. I tell you, i'le no bargaines; win, and weare it.

Row. Thou art the strangest fellow.

Tra. That's all one.

Row.

column: 315-b-1

wln 2605
wln 2606
wln 2607

Row. Along then, twenty pound more if thou dar'st,
I give her not a good word.

Tra. Not a Penny.

Exeunt.

wln 2608

Scæna quarta.

wln 2609

Enter Petruchio, Jaques, and Pedro.

wln 2610
wln 2611
wln 2612
wln 2613
wln 2614
wln 2615
wln 2616
wln 2617
wln 2618
wln 2619
wln 2620
wln 2621
wln 2622

Petru. Prethee, entreat her come, I will not trouble her
Above a word or two; ere I endure *(Exit Pedro.*
This life, and with a woman, and a vow'd one
To all the mischiefes she can lay upon me,
Ile goe to Plough again, and eat leeke Porridge;
Begging's a pleasure to 't not to be numberd:
No there be other Countries *Iaques* for me, and other
people, yea, and other women.
If I have need, here's money, there's your ware,
Which is faire dealing, and the Sunne, they say
Shines as warme there, as here, and till I have lost
Either my selfe, or her, I care not whether
Nor which first.

wln 2623
wln 2624
wln 2625
wln 2626
wln 2627
wln 2628

Iaq. Will your worship heare me?
Petru. And utterly outworne the memory
Of such a curse as this, none of my Nation
Shall ever know me more.
Iaq. Out alas sir
What a strange way doe you runne?

wln 2629
wln 2630
wln 2631

Petru. Any way,
So I out-runne this rascall.
Iaq. Me thinkes now,

wln 2632
wln 2633
wln 2634

If your good worship could but have the patience.
Petru. The patience, why the patience?
Iaq. Why i'le tell you,

wln 2635
wln 2636
wln 2637

Could you but have the patience.
Petru. Well the patience.
Iaq. To laugh at all she do's, or when she railles,

wln 2638
wln 2639
wln 2640

To have a drum beaten o'th top o'th house,
To give the neighbours warning of her Larme,
As I doe when my wife rebels.

wln 2641
wln 2642
wln 2643

Petru. Thy wife?
Thy wife's a Pigeon to her a meere slumber,
The dead of night's not stiller.

wln 2644
wln 2645
wln 2646

Iaq. Nor an Iron Mill.
Petru. But thy wife is certaine.
Iaq. That's false Doctrine,

wln 2647

You never read of a certaine woman.

wln 2648
wln 2649
wln 2650
wln 2651
wln 2652
wln 2653
wln 2654
wln 2655
wln 2656
wln 2657
wln 2658
wln 2659
wln 2660
wln 2661
wln 2662
wln 2663
wln 2664
wln 2665
wln 2666
wln 2667
wln 2668
wln 2669

Petru. Thou know'st her way.
Ja. I should doe, I am sure.
I have ridden it night, and day, this twenty yeare.
Petru. But mine is such a drench of Balderdash,
Such a strange carded cunningnesse, the Rayne-bow
When she hangs bent in heaven, sheds not her colours
Quicker and more then this deceitfull woman
Weaves in her dyes of wickednesse: what sayes she?
Ped. Nay not a word sir, but she pointed to me,
As though she meant to follow; pray sir bear it
Ev'n as you may, I need not teach your worship,
The best men have their crosses, we are all mortall.
Petru. What ailes the fellow?
Ped. And no doubt she may sir
Petru. What may she, or what do's she, or what is she?
Speake and be hang'd.
Ped. She's mad Sir.
Petru. Heaven continue it.
Ped. Amen if't be his pleasure
Petru. How mad is she?
Ped. As mad as heart can wish sir: she has drest her self
(Saving your worships reverence) iust i'th cut

Enter
Ped.

column: 315-b-2

wln 2670
wln 2671
wln 2672
wln 2673
wln 2674
wln 2675
wln 2676
wln 2677
wln 2678
wln 2679
wln 2680
wln 2681
wln 2682
wln 2683
wln 2684
wln 2685
wln 2686
wln 2687
wln 2688
wln 2689
wln 2690
wln 2691
wln 2692
wln 2693
wln 2694
wln 2695

Of one of those that multiply i'th Suburbs
For single money, and as durtilly:
If any speake to her, first she whistles,
And then begins her compasse with her fingers,
And points to what she would have.
Petru. What new waye's this?
Ped. There came in Master *Sophocles*,
Petru. And what
Did Master *Sophocles* when he came in?
Get my Truncks ready sirha, i'le be gone straight.
Ped. He's here to tell you
She's horne mad *Iaques*.
Soph. Call ye this a woman?
Petru. Yes sir, she is a woman,
Soph. Sir, I doubt it.
Petru. I had thought you had make experience,
Soph. Yes I did so.
And almost with my life.
Petru. You rid too fast sir.
Soph. Pray be not mistaken: by this hand
Your wife's as chaste, and honest as a virgin,
For any thing I know: 'tis true she gave me
A Ring.
Petru. For rutting.
Soph. You are much deceiv'd still,
Beleeve me, I never kist her since, and now

Enter Sophocles.

wln 2696
wln 2697
wln 2698
wln 2699
wln 2700
wln 2701
wln 2702
wln 2703
wln 2704
wln 2705
wln 2706
wln 2707
wln 2708
wln 2709
wln 2710
wln 2711
wln 2712
wln 2713
wln 2714
wln 2715
wln 2716
wln 2717
wln 2718
wln 2719
wln 2720
wln 2721
wln 2722
wln 2723
wln 2724
wln 2725
wln 2726
wln 2727
wln 2728
wln 2729
wln 2730
wln 2731
wln 2732
wln 2733
wln 2734
wln 2735
wln 2736
wln 2737

Coming in visitation, like a friend,
I thinke she is mad sir, suddainly she started,
And snatch'd the Ring away, and drew her knife out,
To what intent I know not.

Petru. Is this certaine?

Soph. As I am here sir.

Petru. I beleeve you honest.

Enter Maria.

And pray continue so.

Soph. She comes.

Petru. Now Damsell,

What will your beauty doe, if I forsake you?

Doe you deale by signes, and tokens? as I ghesse then,

You'l walke abroad, this Sommer, and catch Captaines,

Or hire a peece of holy ground i'th Suburbs,

And keepe a neast of Nuns?

Soph. O doe not stir her!

You see in what a case she is?

Petru. She is dogged,

And in a beastly case I am sure: Ile make her

If she have any tongue, yet tattle *Sophocles*

Prethee observe this woman seriously,

And eye her well, and when thou hast done, but tell me

(For thou hast understanding) in what case

My sence was, when I chose this thing.

Soph. Ile tell you

I have seene a sweeter —

Petru. An hundred times cry oysters.

Ther's a poore Begger wench about Black-Fryers

Runs on her breech may be an Empresse to her.

Soph. Nay, now you are too bitter.

Petru. Nev'r a whit sir:

Ile tell thee woman; for now I have day to see thee,

And all my wits about me, and I speake

Not out of passion neither (leave your mumping)

I know you're well enough: Now would I give

A million but to vex her: when I chose thee

To make a Bedfellow, I tooke more trouble,

Then twenty Termes can come too, such a cause

Of such a title, and so everlasting

That *Adams* Genealogie may be ended

Ere any law find thee: I tooke a Leprosie,

Nay worse, the plague, nay worse yet, a possession

and

wln 2738
wln 2739
wln 2740
wln 2741
wln 2742
wln 2743
wln 2744
wln 2745
wln 2746
wln 2747
wln 2748
wln 2749
wln 2750
wln 2751
wln 2752
wln 2753
wln 2754
wln 2755
wln 2756
wln 2757
wln 2758
wln 2759
wln 2760
wln 2761
wln 2762
wln 2763
wln 2764
wln 2765
wln 2766
wln 2767
wln 2768
wln 2769
wln 2770
wln 2771
wln 2772
wln 2773
wln 2774
wln 2775
wln 2776
wln 2777
wln 2778
wln 2779
wln 2780
wln 2781
wln 2782
wln 2783

And had the devill with thee, if not more:
And yet worse, was a beast, and like a beast
Had my reward, a Jade to fling my fortunes;
For who that had but reason to distinguish
The light from darknesse, wine from water, hunger
From full sacyety, and Fox from ferne bush
That would have married thee?

Soph. She is not so ill.

Petru. She's worse then I dare think of: she's so lewd,
No Court is strong enough to bear her cause,
She hath neither manners, honesty, behaviour,
Wife-hood, nor woman-hood, nor any morall
Can force me think she had a mother, no
I do believe her stedfastly, and know her
To be a woman-Woolfe by transmigration,
Her first forme was a Ferrets undergrounde,
She kills the memories of men: not yet?

Soph. Do you think she's sensible of this?

Petru. I care not,
Be what she will: the pleasure I take in her,
Thus I blow off, the care I took to love her,
Like this point I unty, and thus I loose it,
The husband I am to her, thus I sever:
My vanity farwell: yet, for you have bin
So neer me as to bear the name of wife,
My unquench'd charity shall tell you thus much
(Though you deserve it well) you shall not beg,
What I ordan'd your Jointure, honestly
You shall have settled on you: and half my house,
The other half shall be imploy'd in prayers,
(That meritorious charge Ile be at also
Yet to confirm you christian) your apparrell,
And what belongs to build up such a folly,
Keep I beseech you, it infects our uses,
And now I am for travell.

Mar. Now I love you,
And now I see you are a man ile talk to you,
And I forget your bitternesse.

Soph. How now man?

Petru. O *Pliny*, if thou wilt be ever famous
Make but this woman all thy wonders.

Mar. Sure sir
You have hit upon a happy course, a blessed,
And what will make you vertuous?

Petru. She'l ship me.

Mar. A way of understanding I long wishd for,

wln 2784
wln 2785
wln 2786
wln 2787
wln 2788
wln 2789
wln 2790
wln 2791
wln 2792
wln 2793
wln 2794
wln 2795
wln 2796
wln 2797
wln 2798
wln 2799
wln 2800
wln 2801
wln 2802
wln 2803
wln 2804
wln 2805

And now tis come, take heed you fly not back sir,
Me thinks you look a new man to me now,
A man of excellence, and now I see
Some great design set in you: you may think now
(And so may most that know me) 'twere my part
Weakly to weep your losse, and to resist you,
Nay hang about your neck and like a dotard
Urge my strong tie upon you: but I love you,
And all the world shall know it, beyond woman,
And more prefer the honour of your Country,
Which chiefly you are born for, and may perfect,
The uses you may make of other Nations,
The ripening of your knowledge, conversation,
The full ability, and strength of judgement,
Then any private love, or wanton kisses.
Go worthy man, and bring home understanding. (men.
Soph. This were an excellent woman to breed School-
Mar. For if the Merchant through unknown Seas
To get his wealth, then deer sir, what must you (plough
To gather wisdom? go, and go alone,
Only your noble mind for your companion,
And if a woman may win credit with you,

column: 316-a-2

wln 2806
wln 2807
wln 2808
wln 2809
wln 2810
wln 2811
wln 2812
wln 2813
wln 2814
wln 2815
wln 2816
wln 2817
wln 2818
wln 2819
wln 2820
wln 2821
wln 2822
wln 2823
wln 2824
wln 2825
wln 2826
wln 2827
wln 2828
wln 2829
wln 2830
wln 2831

Go far: too far you cannot: still the farther
The more experience finds you: and go sparing,
One meale a week will serve you, and one sute,
Through all your travels: for you'l find it certaine,
The poorer and the baser you appear,
The more you look through still.
Petru. Do'st hear her?
Soph. Yes.
Petru. What would this woman do if she were suffer'd,
Upon a new adventure?
Soph. Make us nothing,
I wonder that she writes not.
Mar. Then when time,
And fulnesse of occasion have new made you,
And squard you from a sot into a Signour,
Or neerer from a Iade into a courser;
Come home an aged man, as did *Ulysses*,
And I your glad *Penelope*.
Petru. That must have
As many lovers as I languages,
And what she do's with one i'th day, i'th night
Undoe it with an other.
Mar. Much that way sir;
For in your absence, it must be my honour,
That, that must make me spoken of hereafter,
To have temptations, and not little ones

wln 2832
wln 2833
wln 2834
wln 2835
wln 2836
wln 2837
wln 2838
wln 2839
wln 2840
wln 2841
wln 2842
wln 2843
wln 2844
wln 2845
wln 2846
wln 2847
wln 2848
wln 2849
wln 2850
wln 2851
wln 2852
wln 2853
wln 2854
wln 2855
wln 2856
wln 2857
wln 2858
wln 2859
wln 2860
wln 2861
wln 2862
wln 2863
wln 2864
wln 2865
wln 2866
wln 2867
wln 2868
wln 2869
wln 2870
wln 2871
wln 2872
wln 2873

Daily and hourelly offerd me, and strongly,
Almost believed against me, to set off
The faith, and loyalty of her that loves you.

Petru. What should I do?

Soph. Why by my — I would travell,
Did not you mean so?

Petru. Alas no, nothing lesse man:
I did it but to try sir, shee's the devill,
And now I find it, for she drives me, I must go:
Are my trunks down there, and my horses ready?

Mir. Sir, for your house, and if you please to trust me
With that you leave behinde.

Petru. Bring down the money.

Mar. As I am able, and to my poor fortunes,
I'll govern as a widow: I shall long
To hear of your wel-doing, and your profit:
And when I hear not from you once a quarter,
I'll wish you in the Indies, or Cataya,
Those are the climes must make you.

Petru. How's the wind?

She'll wish me out o'th world anon.

Mar. For France.

Tis very faire; get you aboard to night sir,
And loose no time, you know the tide staies no man,
I have cold meats ready for you.

Petru. Far thee well.

Thou ha'st foold me o'th Kingdom with a vengeance,
And **thouc** canst foole me in againe.

Mir. Not I sir,

I love you better, take your time, and pleasure.
Ile see you horsd.

Petru. I think thou wouldst see me hangd too,
Were I but halfe as willing.

Mar. Any thing

That you think well of, I dare look upon.

Petru. You'll bear me to the lands end *Sophocles*,
And other of my friends I hope.

Mar. Nev'r doubt sir,

You cannot want companions for your good:
I am sure you'll kisse me ere I go; I have businesse,
And stay long here I must not.

Petru. Get thee going.

column: 316-b-1

wln 2874
wln 2875
wln 2876
wln 2877
wln 2878
wln 2879
wln 2880
wln 2881
wln 2882
wln 2883
wln 2884
wln 2885
wln 2886
wln 2887
wln 2888
wln 2889
wln 2890
wln 2891
wln 2892
wln 2893
wln 2894
wln 2895
wln 2896
wln 2897
wln 2898
wln 2899
wln 2900
wln 2901
wln 2902
wln 2903

For if thou tarriest but an other Dialogue
Ile kick thee to thy Chamber.
Mar. Far you well Sir,
And bear your selfe, I do beseech you once more,
Since you have undertaken doing wisely,
Manly, and worthily, tis for my credit,
And for those flying fames here of your follies,
Your gambols, and ill breeding of your youth,
For which I understand you take this travell,
Nothing should make me leave you els, ile deale
So like a wife, that loves your reputation,
And the most large addition of your credit,
That those shall die: if you want Limon-waters,
Or any thing to take the edge o'th Sea off,
Pray speak, and be provided.

Petru. Now the Devill,
That was your first good master, shoure his blessing
Upon ye all: into whose custody —

Mar. I do commit your Reformation,
And so I leave you to your *Stilo novo*.

Exit Maria

Petru. I will go: yet I will not: once more *Sophocles*
Ile put her to the test.

Soph. You had better go.

Petru. I will go then: let's seek my father out,
And all my friends to see me faire aboard:
Then women, if there be a storme at Sea,
Worse then your tongues can make, and waves more
Then your dissembling fayths are, let me feele (broken
Nothing but tempests, till they cracke my Keele.

Exeunt

wln 2904

Actus Quintus, Scena Prima.

wln 2905
wln 2906

*Enter Petronius, and Byancha with
foure papers.*

wln 2907
wln 2908
wln 2909
wln 2910
wln 2911
wln 2912
wln 2913
wln 2914

By. Now whether I deserve that blame you gave me,
Let all the world discern sir.

Petron. If this motion,
(I mean this fair repentance of my Daughter)
Spring from your good perswasion, as it sems so,
I must confesse I have spoke too boldly of you,
And I repent.

By. The first touch was her own,

wln 2915
wln 2916
wln 2917
wln 2918
wln 2919
wln 2920
wln 2921
wln 2922
wln 2923
wln 2924
wln 2925
wln 2926
wln 2927
wln 2928
wln 2929
wln 2930
wln 2931
wln 2932
wln 2933
wln 2934
wln 2935
wln 2936

Taken no doubt from disobeying you,
The second I put to her, when I told her
How good, and gentle yet, with free contrition
Again you might be purchas'd: loving woman,
She heard me, and I thank her, thought me worthy
Observing in this point: yet all my counsell,
And comfort in this case, could not so heal her
But that grief got his share too, and she sickend.

Petron. I am sorry she's so ill, yet glad her sicknesse

Ha's got so good a ground.

Enter Moroso.

By. Here comes *Moroso*.

Petron. O you are very welcome,
Now you shall know your happinesse.

Mor. I am glad on't.

What makes this Lady here?

By. A dish for you sir

You'l thank me for hereafter.

Petron. True *Moroso*,

Go get you in, and see your Mistris.

By. She is sick sir,

But you may kisse her whole.

Mor. How.

column: 316-b-2

wln 2937
wln 2938
wln 2939
wln 2940
wln 2941
wln 2942
wln 2943
wln 2944
wln 2945
wln 2946
wln 2947
wln 2948
wln 2949
wln 2950
wln 2951
wln 2952
wln 2953
wln 2954
wln 2955
wln 2956
wln 2957
wln 2958
wln 2959
wln 2960
wln 2961
wln 2962

By. Comfort her.

Mor. VVhy am I sent for sir?

Petron. Will you in, and see?

By. May be she needs confession.

Mor. By St. *Mary*,

She shall have absolution then and pennance,
But not above her carriage.

Petron. Get you in foole.

By. Here comes the other too.

Petron. Now *Tranio*.

Good ev'n to you too, and you are welcome.

Row. Thank you.

Petron. I have a certaine Daughter.

Row. Would you had sir.

Petron. No doubt you know her well.

Row. Nor never shall sir.

She is a woman, and the waies unto her
Are like the finding of a certaine path
After a deep falne Snow.

Petron. Well thats by'th by still.

This Daughter that I tell you of is falne
A little crop sick, with the dangerous surfeit
She took of your affection.

Row. Mine sir?

Petron. Yes sir.

Or rather, as it seemes, repenting.

Exit. Mor.
En. Rowland and
Tranio.

wln 2963
wln 2964
wln 2965
wln 2966
wln 2967
wln 2968
wln 2969
wln 2970
wln 2971
wln 2972
wln 2973
wln 2974
wln 2975
wln 2976
wln 2977
wln 2978
wln 2979
wln 2980
wln 2981
wln 2982
wln 2983
wln 2984
wln 2985
wln 2986
wln 2987
wln 2988
wln 2989
wln 2990
wln 2991
wln 2992
wln 2993
wln 2994
wln 2995
wln 2996
wln 2997
wln 2998
wln 2999
wln 3000
wln 3001
wln 3002
wln 3003
wln 3004

And there she lies within, debating on't,
Row. Well sir.
Petron. I think 'twere well you would see her.
Row. If you please sir;
I am not squeamish of my visitation.
Petron. But, this ile tell you, she is alter'd much,
You'l finde her now an other *Livia*.
Row. I have enough o'th old sir.
Petron. No more foole,
To look gay babies in your eyes yong *Rowland*,
And hang about your prety neck.
Row. I am glad on't,
And thank my Fates I have scapd such execution,
Petron. And busse you till you blush againe.
Row. Thats hard sir,
She must kisse shamefully ere I blush at it,
I never was so boyish; well, what followes?
Petron. She's mine now, as I please to settle her,
At my command, and where I please to plant her:
Only she would take a kind of farwell of you,
And give you back a wandring vow or two,
You left in pawn; and two or three slight oaths
She lent you too, she looks for.
Row. She shall have 'em
With all my heart sir, and if you like it better,
A free release in writing.
Petron. Thats the matter,
And you from her, you shall have an other *Rowland*,
And then turne taile to taile, and peace **by** with you.
Row. So be it: your twenty pound sweats *Tranio*.
Tra. 'Twill not undoe me *Rowland*, do your worst.
Row. Come, shall we see her Sir?
By. What ere she saies
You must beare manly *Rowland*, for her sicknesse
Has made her somewhat teatish.
Row. Let her talke
Till her tongue ake I care not: by this hand
Thou hast a handsome face wench, and a body
Daintely mounted; now do I feele an hundred
Runing directly from me, as I pist it.
Enter Livia discovered abed, and Moroso by her.
By. pray draw 'em softly, the least hurry sir

Puts

wln 3005
wln 3006
wln 3007
wln 3008
wln 3009
wln 3010
wln 3011
wln 3012
wln 3013
wln 3014
wln 3015
wln 3016
wln 3017
wln 3018
wln 3019
wln 3020
wln 3021
wln 3022
wln 3023
wln 3024
wln 3025
wln 3026
wln 3027
wln 3028
wln 3029
wln 3030
wln 3031
wln 3032
wln 3033
wln 3034
wln 3035
wln 3036
wln 3037
wln 3038
wln 3039
wln 3040
wln 3041
wln 3042
wln 3043
wln 3044
wln 3045
wln 3046
wln 3047
wln 3048
wln 3049
wln 3050

Puts her to much impatience.
Petron. How is't daughter?
Liv. O very sick, very sick, yet somewhat
Better I hope; a little lightsommer,
Because this Goodman has forgiven me;
Pray set me higher; Oh my head:
Bya. Wel done wench.
Liv. Father, and all good people that shal heare me,
I have abus'd this man perniciously; was never old man
humbled so;
I have scornd him, and cal'd him nasty names,
I have spit at him,
Flung Candles ends in's beard, and cald him harrow,
That must be drawn to all he dos: contemn'd him,
For me thought then he was a beastly fellow.
(Oh God my side) a very beastly fellow:
And gave it out, his cassock was a Barge-cloth,
Pawnd to his predeceffor by a Sculler,
The man yet living: I gave him purging-comfits
At a great christning once,
That spoyl'd his Chamblet breeches; and one night
I strewd the staires with pease, as he past down;
And the good Gentleman (woe worth me for't)
Ev'n with his reverent head, this head of wisdom,
Told two and twenty staires, good and true;
Mist not a step, and as we say verbatim
Fell to the bottome, broke his casting Bottle,
Lost a fair toad-stone of some eighteen shillings,
Jumbled his joynts together, had two stooles,
And was translated. All this villany
Did I: I *Livia*, I alone, untaught.
Mor. And I unask'd, forgive it.
Liv. Where's *Byan*cha?
Bya. Here Cozen.
Liv. Give me drinke,
Bya. There.
Liv. Who's that?
Mor. *Rowland*.
Liv. O my dissembler, you and I must part.
Come neerer sir.
Row. I am sorry for your sicknesse.
Liv. Be sorry for your selfe sir, you have wrong'd me,
But I forgive you; are the papers ready?
Bya. I have 'em here: wilt please you view 'em?
Petron. Yes.
Liv. Shew 'em the young man too, I know he's willing

wln 3051
wln 3052
wln 3053
wln 3054
wln 3055
wln 3056
wln 3057
wln 3058
wln 3059
wln 3060
wln 3061
wln 3062
wln 3063
wln 3064
wln 3065
wln 3066
wln 3067
wln 3068
wln 3069
wln 3070
wln 3071
wln 3072

To shift his sailes too: tis for his more advancement;
Alas, we might have beggerd one another;
We are young both, and a world of children
Might have been left behind to curse our follies:
We had been undone *Byancho*, had we married,
Undone for ever: I confesse I lov'd him,
I care not who shall know it, most intirely;
And once, upon my conscience, he lov'd me;
But farewell that, we must be wiser cosen.
Love must not leave us to the world: have you done?

Row. Yes, and am ready to subscribe.

Liv. Pray stay then:

Give me the papers, and let me peruse 'em,
And so much time, as may afford a teare
At our last parting.

Bya. Pray retire, and leave her,

Ile call ye presently.

Petro. Come Gentlemen, the showre must fall.

Row. Would I had never seen her.

Bya. Thou hast done bravely wench.

Liv. Pray Heaven it prove so.

Bya. There are the other papers: when they come

column: 317-a-2

wln 3073
wln 3074
wln 3075
wln 3076
wln 3077
wln 3078
wln 3079
wln 3080
wln 3081
wln 3082
wln 3083
wln 3084
wln 3085
wln 3086
wln 3087
wln 3088
wln 3089
wln 3090
wln 3091
wln 3092
wln 3093
wln 3094
wln 3095
wln 3096
wln 3097
wln 3098

Begin you first, and let the rest subscribe
Hard by your side; give 'em as little light
As Drapers doe their wares.

Liv. Didst mark *Moroso*,

In what an agony he was, and how he cry'd most
When I abus'd him most?

Bya. That was but reason.

Liv. Oh what a stinking thief is this?

Though I was but to counterfeit, he made me
Directly sick indeed. Tames-street to him
Is a meere Pomander.

Bya. Let him be hang'd.

Liv. Amen.

Bya. And lie you still.

And once more to your businesse.

Liv. Call 'em in.

Now if there be a power that pities lovers,
Helpe now, and heare my prayers.

Enter Petronius, Rowland, Tranio, Moroso.

Petro. Is she ready?

Bya. She has done her lamentations: pray go to her.

Liv. *Rowland*, come neer me, and before you seale,

Give me your hand: take it again; now kisse me,

This is the last acquaintance we must have;

I wish you ever happy: there's the paper.

Row. Pray stay a little.

wln 3099
wln 3100
wln 3101
wln 3102
wln 3103
wln 3104
wln 3105
wln 3106
wln 3107
wln 3108
wln 3109
wln 3110
wln 3111
wln 3112
wln 3113
wln 3114
wln 3115
wln 3116
wln 3117
wln 3118
wln 3119
wln 3120
wln 3121
wln 3122
wln 3123
wln 3124
wln 3125
wln 3126
wln 3127
wln 3128
wln 3129
wln 3130
wln 3131
wln 3132

Petro. Let me never live more
But I do begin to pity this young fellow;
How heartily he weeps!
Bya. There's Pen and Inke sir.
Liv. Ev'n here I pray you. Tis a little Emblem
How neere you have been to me.
Row. There.
Bya. Your hands too,
As witnesses.
Petro. By any means
To th' booke sonne.
Mor. With all my heart.
Bya. You must deliver it.
Row. There *Livia*, and a better love light on thee,
I can no more.
Bya. To this you must be witness too.
Petro. We wil.
Bya. Doe you deliver it now.
Lyv. Pray set me up;
There *Rowland*, all thy old love back: and may
A new to come exceed mine, and be happy.
I must no more.
Row. Farewell:
Liv. A long farewell.
Bya. Leave her by any means, till this wild passion
Be off her head; draw all the Curtaines close,
A day hence you may see her, twil be better,
She is now for little company.
Petro. Pray tend her.
I must to horse straight: you must needs along too,
To see my sonne aboard; were but his wife
As fit for pity, as this wench, I were happy.
Bya. Time must do that too: fare ye wel; to morrow
You shall receive a wife to quit your sorrow.

Exit Rowl.

Exeunt.

wln 3133

Scæna secunda.

wln 3134
wln 3135

*Enter Jaques, Pedro, and Porters, with Chest
and Hampers.*

wln 3136
wln 3137

Jaq. Bring 'em away sirs.
Ped. Must the great Trunks go too

Jaq.

wln 3138
wln 3139
wln 3140
wln 3141
wln 3142
wln 3143
wln 3144
wln 3145
wln 3146
wln 3147
wln 3148
wln 3149
wln 3150
wln 3151
wln 3152
wln 3153
wln 3154
wln 3155
wln 3156
wln 3157
wln 3158
wln 3159
wln 3160
wln 3161
wln 3162
wln 3163
wln 3164
wln 3165
wln 3166
wln 3167
wln 3168
wln 3169
wln 3170
wln 3171
wln 3172
wln 3173
wln 3174
wln 3175
wln 3176
wln 3177
wln 3178
wln 3179
wln 3180
wln 3181
wln 3182
wln 3183

Jaq. Yes, and the Hampers; nay be speedy Masters;
He'l be at Sea before us else.

Ped. O *Jaques*,
What a most blessed turn hast thou?

Jaq. I hope so.

Ped. To have the Sea between thee and this woman,
Nothing can drown her tongue, but a storm.

Jaq. By your leave,
We'l get us up to *Paris* with all speed;
For on my soule, as far as *Amyens*
She'l carry blanke; away to Lyon key
And ship 'em presently, we'l follow ye.

Ped. Now could I wish her in that Trunk:

Jaq. God shield man,
I had rather have a Beare in't.

Ped. Yes, Ile tell ye:
For in the passage if a Tempest take ye,
As many doe, and you lie beating for it,
Then, if it pleas'd the fates, I would have the Master
Out of a powerfull providence, to cry,
Lighten the ship of all hands, or we perish;
Then this for one, as best spar'd, should by all means
Over-board presently.

Jaq. O' that condition,
So we were certaine to be rid of her,
I would wish her with us: But believe me *Pedro*,
She would spoyle the fishing on this coast for ever,
For none would keepe her company, but Dog-fish,
As currish as her selfe; or Porpises,
Made to all fatall uses: The two Fish-streets
Were she but once ariv'd amongst the Whitings,
Would sing a wofull *misereri Pedro*,
And mourn in poor *John*, till her memory
Were cast o' shore agen, with a strong Sea-breach:
She would make god *Neptune*, and his fire-forke,
And all his demi-gods, and goddesses,
As weary of the Flemmish channell *Pedro*,
As ever boy was of the schoole: tis certain,
If she but meet him faire, and were wel angred,
She would break his god-head.

Ped. Oh her tongue, her tongue.

Jaq. Rather her many tongues.

Ped. Or rather strange tongues.

Jaq. Her lying tongue.

Ped. Her lisping tongue.

Jaq. Her long tongue.

wln 3184
wln 3185
wln 3186
wln 3187
wln 3188
wln 3189
wln 3190
wln 3191
wln 3192
wln 3193
wln 3194
wln 3195
wln 3196
wln 3197
wln 3198
wln 3199
wln 3200
wln 3201
wln 3202
wln 3203
wln 3204
wln 3205

Ped. Her lawlesse tongue.
Jaq. Her loud tongue.
Ped. And her lickrish —
Jaq. Many other tongues, and many stranger tongues
Then ever Babel had to tell his ruines,
Were women rais'd withall; but never a true one.

Enter Sophocles.

Soph. Home with your stuffe agen; the journeyes ended.
Jaq. What do's your worship meane?
Soph. Your Master, O *Petruchio*, O poore fellows.
Ped. O *Jaques*, *Jaques*.
Soph. O your Master's dead,
His body comming back; his wife, his devil;
The grieffe of — her
Jaq. Has kild him?
Soph. Kild him, kild him.
Ped. Is there no law to hang her.
Soph. Get ye in,
And let her know her misery, I dare not
For feare impatience seize me, see her more,
I must away agen: Bid her for wife-hood,
For honesty, if she have any in her,

column: 317-b-2

wln 3206
wln 3207
wln 3208
wln 3209
wln 3210
wln 3211
wln 3212
wln 3213
wln 3214
wln 3215
wln 3216
wln 3217
wln 3218
wln 3219
wln 3220
wln 3221
wln 3222
wln 3223
wln 3224
wln 3225
wln 3226
wln 3227

Even to avoyd the shame that follows her.
Cry if she can: your weeping cannot mend it.
The body wil be here within this houre, so tell her;
And all his friends to curse her. Farewell fellowes.

Exit Soph.

Ped. O *Jaques*, *Jaques*.
Jaq. O my worthy Maister.
Ped. O my most beastly Mistris, hang her.
Jaq. Split her.
Ped. Drown her directly.
Jaq. Starve her.
Ped. Stinke upon her.
Jaq. Stone her to death: may all she eate be Eggs,
Till she run kicking mad for men.
Ped. And he,
That man, that gives her remedy, pray Heav'n
He may ev'n *ipso facto*, lose his longings. (her,
Jaq. Let's goe discharge our selves, and he that serves
Or speaks a good word of her from this houre,
A seagly curse light on him, which is, *Pedro*;
The feind ride through him bootied, and spurd, with a
Sythe at's back.

Exeunt.

wln 3228

Scena tertia.

wln 3229

Enter Rowland, and Tranio stealing behind him.

wln 3230

Row. What a dull asse was I to let her go thus?

wln 3231

Upon my life she loves me still: wel Paper,

wln 3232

Thou onely monument of what I have had,

wln 3233

Thou all the love now left me, and now lost,

wln 3234

Let me yet kisse her hand, yet take my leave

wln 3235

Of what I must leave ever: Farewell *Livia*.

wln 3236

Oh bitter words, Ile read ye once again,

wln 3237

And then for ever study to forget ye.

wln 3238

How's this? let me look better on 't: A Contract?

wln 3239

— a **Contract**, seal'd, and ratified,

wln 3240

Her fathers hand set to it, and *Moroso's*:

wln 3241

I do not dream sure, let me read again,

wln 3242

The same still: tis a contract.

wln 3243

Tra. Tis so *Rowland*;

wln 3244

And by the vertue of the same, you pay me

wln 3245

An hundred pound to morrow.

wln 3246

Row. Art sure *Tranio*,

wln 3247

We are both alive now?

wln 3248

Tra. Wonder not, ye have lost.

wln 3249

Row. If this be true, I grant it.

wln 3250

Tra. Tis most certaine,

wln 3251

There's a Ring for you to, you know it.

wln 3252

Row. Yes.

wln 3253

Tra. When shall I have my money?

wln 3254

Row. Stay ye, stay ye,

wln 3255

When shall I marry her?

wln 3256

Tra. To night.

wln 3257

Row. Take heed now

wln 3258

You do not trifle me; if you doe,

wln 3259

You'l finde more payment, then your money comes to:

wln 3260

Come sweare; I know I am a man, and finde

wln 3261

I may deceive my selfe: Sweare faithfully,

wln 3262

Sweare me directly, am I *Rowland*?

wln 3263

Tra. Yes.

wln 3264

Row. Am I awake?

wln 3265

Tra. Ye are.

wln 3266

Row. Am I in health?

wln 3267

Tra. As far as I conceive.

wln 3268

Row. Was I with *Livia*?

wln 3269

Tra. You were, and had his contract.

wln 3270

Row. And shall I enjoy her?

Qqqqq

Tra.

wln 3271

Tra. Yes, if ye dare.

wln 3272

Row. Swear to all these.

wln 3273

Tra. I will.

wln 3274

Row. As thou art honest, as thou hast a conscience,

wln 3275

As that may wring thee if thou lye; all these

wln 3276

To be no vision, but a truth, and serious.

wln 3277

Tra. Then by my honesty, and faith, and conscience;

wln 3278

All this is certaine.

wln 3279

Row. Let's remove our places.

wln 3280

Swear it again.

wln 3281

Tra. By — tis true.

wln 3282

Row. I have lost then, and Heaven knows I am glad ont.

wln 3283

Let's goe, and tell me all, and tell me how,

wln 3284

For yet I am a Pagan in it.

wln 3285

Tra. I have a Priest too,

wln 3286

And all shall come as even as two Testers.

Exeunt.

wln 3287

Scæna Quarta.

wln 3288

*Enter Petronius, Sophocles, Moroso, and Petruchio born
in a Coffin.*

wln 3289

Petron. Set down the body, and one call her out.

wln 3290

Enter Maria in blacke, and Jaques.

wln 3291

You are welcome to the last cast of your fortunes;

wln 3292

There lies your husband, there your loving husband,

wln 3293

There he that was *Petruchio*, too good for ye;

wln 3294

Your stubborn, and unworthy way has kild him

wln 3295

Ere he could reach the Sea; if ye can weep,

wln 3296

Now ye have cause begin, and after death

wln 3297

Do something yet to th' world, to thinke ye honest.

wln 3298

So many teares had sav'd him, shed in time;

wln 3299

And as they are (so a good mind goe with 'em)

wln 3300

Yet they may move compassion.

wln 3301

Mar. Pray ye all heare me,

wln 3302

And judge me as I am, not as you covet,

wln 3303

For that would make me **ye** more miserable:

wln 3304

Tis true, I have cause to grieve, and mighty cause;

wln 3305

And truely and unfainedly I weep it.

wln 3306

Soph. I see there's some good nature yet left in her.

wln 3307

Mar. But what's the cause? mistake me not, not this

wln 3308

As he is dead, I weep for; Heaven defend it, (man,

wln 3309

I never was so childish: but his life,

wln 3310

His poore unmanly wretched foolish life,

wln 3311

Is that my full eyes pity, there's my mourning.

wln 3312

Petron. Dost thou not shame?

wln 3313

wln 3314
wln 3315
wln 3316
wln 3317
wln 3318
wln 3319
wln 3320
wln 3321
wln 3322
wln 3323
wln 3324
wln 3325
wln 3326
wln 3327
wln 3328
wln 3329
wln 3330
wln 3331
wln 3332
wln 3333
wln 3334
wln 3335
wln 3336

Mar. I do, and even to water,
To think what this man was, to think how simple,
How far below a man, how far from reason,
From common understanding, and all Gentry,
While he was living here he walkt amongst us.
He had a happy turn he dyed; ile tell ye,
These are the wants I weep for, not his person:
The memory of this man, had he liv'd
But two yeers longer, had begot more follies,
Then wealthy Autumne flyes: But let him rest,
He was a foole, and farewell he; not pitied,
I meane in way of life, or action
By any understanding man that's honest;
But onely in's posterity, which I
Out of the feare his ruines might out live him
In some bad issue, like a carefull woman,
Like one indeed born onely to preserve him,
Denyd him meanes to raise.

Petru. Unbutton me,
— I die indeed else? O *Maria*,
Oh my unhappinesse, my misery.

Petron. Go to him whore; — if he perish,
Ile see thee hang'd my selfe.

column: 318-a-2

wln 3337
wln 3338
wln 3339
wln 3340
wln 3341
wln 3342
wln 3343
wln 3344
wln 3345
wln 3346
wln 3347
wln 3348
wln 3349
wln 3350
wln 3351
wln 3352
wln 3353
wln 3354
wln 3355
wln 3356
wln 3357
wln 3358
wln 3359
wln 3360
wln 3361

Petru. Why, why *Maria*. (give me;

Mar. I have done my worst, and have my end, for-
From this houre make me what you please: I have tam'd
And now am vowd your servant: Look not strangly, (ye,
Nor feare what I say to you. Dare you kisse me?
Thus I begin my new love.

Petru. Once againe?

Mar. With all my heart.

Petru. Once again *Maria*.

O Gentlemen, I know not where I am.

Soph. Get ye to bed then: there you'l quickly know sir.

Petru. Never no more your old tricks?

Mar. Never sir.

Petru. You shall not need, for as I have a faith
No cause shall give occasion.

Mar. As I am honest,
And as I am a maid yet, all my life
From this houre since, since ye make so free profession,
I dedicate in service to your pleasure.

Soph. I marry, this goes roundly off.

Petru. Go *Jaques*,
Get all the best meat may be bought for money,
And let the hogsheds blood, I am born again:
Well little *England*, when I see a husband
Of any other Nation stern or jealous,

wln 3362
wln 3363
wln 3364
wln 3365
wln 3366
wln 3367
wln 3368
wln 3369
wln 3370
wln 3371
wln 3372
wln 3373
wln 3374
wln 3375
wln 3376
wln 3377
wln 3378
wln 3379
wln 3380
wln 3381
wln 3382
wln 3383
wln 3384
wln 3385
wln 3386
wln 3387
wln 3388
wln 3389
wln 3390
wln 3391
wln 3392
wln 3393
wln 3394
wln 3395
wln 3396
wln 3397
wln 3398
wln 3399
wln 3400
wln 3401
wln 3402
wln 3403
wln 3404

Ile wish him but a woman of thy breeding,
And if he have not butter to thy bread,
Till thy teeth bleed, ile never trust my travell.

Enter Rowland, Livia, Byanacha, and Tranio.

Petro. What have we here?

Row. Another morris, sir.

That you must pipe too.

Tra. A poore married couple

Desire an offering sir.

Bya. Never frown at it,
You cannot mend it now: there's your own hand;
And yours *Moroso*, to confirme the bargaine.

Petron. My hand?

Mor. Or mine?

Bya. You'l finde it so.

Petron. A trick.

By — a trick.

Bya. Yes sir, we trickt ye.

Liv. Father.

Petro. Hast thou lyen with him? speake?

Liv. Yes truly sir.

Petro. And hast thou done the deed boy?

Row. I have done sir,

That, that will serve the turne, I think.

Petru. A match then,

Ile be the maker up of this: *Moroso*,
There's now no remedy you see, be willing;
For be, or be not, he must have the wench.

Mor. Since I am over-reach'd, let's in to dinner,
And if I can Ile drink't away.

Tra. That's wel said.

Petro. Well sirha, you have playd a tricke, look to't,
And let me be a grandsire within's twelvemoneth,
Or by this hand, Ile curtaile halfe your fortunes.

Row. There shall not want my labour sir: your money;
Here's one has undertaken.

Tra. Well, Ile trust her,
And glad I have so good a pawn.

Row. Ile watch ye.

Petru. Lets in, and drink of all hands, and be joviall:
I have my colt again, and now she carries;
And Gentlemen, whoever marries next,
Let him be sure he keep him to his Text.

Exeunt.

PROLOGUE

wln 3405

PROLOGUE.

column: 318-b-1

wln 3406
wln 3407
wln 3408
wln 3409
wln 3410
wln 3411
wln 3412
wln 3413
wln 3414
wln 3415

*LAdies to you, in whose defence and right,
Fletchers brave Muse prepar'd her self to fight
A battaile without blood, 'twas well fought too,
(The victory's yours, though got with much ado.)
We do present this Comedy, in which
A rivulet of pure wit flowes, strong and rich
In Fancy, Language, and all parts that may
Adde grace and ornament to a merry Play.
Which this may prove. Yet not to go too far
In promises from this our female war,*

column: 318-b-2

wln 3416
wln 3417
wln 3418
wln 3419
wln 3420
wln 3421
wln 3422
wln 3423
wln 3424
wln 3425

*We do intreat the angry men would not
Expect the mazes of a subtle plot,
Set Speeches, high expressions; and what's worse,
in a true Comedy, politique discourse.
The end we ayme at, is to make you sport;
Yet neither gall the City, nor the Court.
Heare, and observe his Comique straine and when
Y'are sick of melancholy, see't agen.
'Tis no deere Physick, since 'twill quit the cost:
Or his intentions, with our pains, are lost.*

column: 318-b

wln 3426

EPILOGUE.

column: 318-b-1

wln 3427
wln 3428
wln 3429
wln 3430
wln 3431
wln 3432

*THe Tamer's tam'd, but so, as nor the men
Can finde one just cause to complaine of, when
They fitly do consider in their lives,
They should not raign as Tyrants o'r their wives.
Nor can the women from this president
Insult, or triumph: it being aptly meant,*

column: 318-b-2

wln 3433
wln 3434
wln 3435

*To teach both Sexes due equality;
And as they stand bound, to love mutually.
If this effect, arising from a cause*

wln 3436
wln 3437
wln 3438

*Well layd, and grounded, may deserve applause,
We something more then hope, our honest ends
Will keep the men, and women too, our friends.*

column: 318-b

wln 3439

FINIS.

Qqqqq2

LOVES

Textual Notes

1. **151 (306-a)**: The regularized reading *Laid* is amended from the original *Lasd*.
2. **219 (306-a)**: The regularized reading *lungs* is amended from the original *longs*.
3. **560 (307-b)**: The regularized reading *i'd* is amended from the original *i'ld*.
4. **920 (309-a)**: The regularized reading *Qui va la* is amended from the original *Cheval'a*.
5. **980 (309-a)**: The regularized reading *Fillies* comes from the original *Fillyes*, though possible variants include *Flies*.
6. **983 (309-a)**: The regularized reading *miserable* is supplied for the original *mis[*]rable*.
7. **1007 (309-a)**: The regularized reading *'em* is amended from the original *th'em*.
8. **1038 (309-b)**: The regularized reading *This* is amended from the original *Thls*.
9. **1138 (309-b)**: The regularized reading *malice* is supplied for the original *ma[*]ice*.
10. **1052 (309-b)**: This scene is duplicated below. Editions often remove this instance.
11. **1066 (309-b)**: The regularized reading *do* is amended from the original *yoe*.
12. **1072 (309-b)**: This line is duplicated below.
13. **1175 (310-a)**: The regularized reading *than* is supplied for the original *th[·]n*.
14. **1300 (310-b)**: The regularized reading *God* is amended from the original *Good*.
15. **1416 (310-b)**: The regularized reading *thousand* is amended from the original *twousand*.
16. **1531 (311-a)**: The regularized reading *Tranio* is amended from the original *Fra.*
17. **1534 (311-a)**: The regularized reading *Tranio* is amended from the original *Fra.*
18. **1619 (311-b)**: The regularized reading *Bragget* is amended from the original *Bagget*.
19. **1641 (311-b)**: The regularized reading *toss* comes from the original *tosse*, though possible variants include *toast*.
20. **1641 (311-b)**: The regularized reading *her* is amended from the original *he*.
21. **1752 (312-a)**: The regularized reading *rheums* is amended from the original *hewms*.
22. **1777 (312-a)**: The regularized reading *of* is supplied for the original *o[·]*.
23. **1787 (312-a)**: The regularized reading *credit* is amended from the original *oredit*.
24. **1812 (312-a)**: The regularized reading *spiteful* is supplied for the original *[*]pightfull*.
25. **2167 (313-b)**: The regularized reading *and* is amended from the original *add*.
26. **2224 (314-a)**: The regularized reading *you* is amended from the original *your*.
27. **2333 (314-a)**: The regularized reading *sickness* is supplied for the original *s[*]cknesse*.
28. **2377 (314-b)**: The regularized reading *dog-leech* is amended from the original *dogge-latch*.
29. **2588 (315-a)**: The regularized reading *by-blowes* is amended from the original *by-lowes*.

30. **2842 (316-a)**: The regularized reading *Maria* is amended from the original *Mir.*
31. **2859 (316-a)**: The regularized reading *thou* is amended from the original *thouc.*
32. **2860 (316-a)**: The regularized reading *Maria* is amended from the original *Mir.*
33. **2924 (316-b)**: The regularized reading *Has* is amended from the original *Ha's.*
34. **2991 (316-b)**: The regularized reading *be* is amended from the original *by.*
35. **3022 (317-a)**: The regularized reading *predecessor* is amended from the original *predeceffor.*
36. **3239 (317-b)**: The regularized reading *Contract* is amended from the original *Conrract.*
37. **3304 (318-a)**: The regularized reading *yet* is amended from the original *ye.*