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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.



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img: 1-a

img: 1-b
sig: A1r

ln 0001

ln 0002

ln 0003

ln 0004

ln 0005

ln 0006

ln 0007

A
Pleasant Conceited
History, called The taming
of a Shrew.
As it was sundry times acted by the
Right honorable the Earl of
Pembroke his servants.

ln 0008

ln 0009

ln 0010

ln 0011

Printed at London by Peter Short and
are to be sold by Cuthbert Burby, at his
shop at the Royal Exchange.
1594.

img: 2-a

img: 2-b
sig: A2r

wln 0001

wln 0002

A Pleasant conceited History, called
The Taming of a Shrew.

wln 0003

wln 0004

Enter a Tapster, beating out of his doors
Sly Drunken.

wln 0005

wln 0006

wln 0007

wln 0008

wln 0009

wln 0010

wln 0011

wln 0012

wln 0013

wln 0014

wln 0015

wln 0016

Tapster.
YOU whoreson drunken slave, you had best be gone,
And empty your drunken paunch somewhere else
For in this house thou shalt not rest tonight.

Exit Tapster.

Sly. Tilly-vally, by crisee Tapster I'll feeze you anon.
Fills the t'other pot and all's paid for, look you
I do drink it of mine own Instigation, *Omne bene*
Here I'll lie a while, why Tapster I say,
Fills a fresh cushion here.
Hey ho, here's good warm lying.

He falls asleep.

wln 0017

wln 0018

wln 0019

wln 0020

wln 0021

wln 0022

wln 0023

wln 0024

Enter a Noble man and his men
from hunting.
Lord. Now that the gloomy shadow of the night,
Longing to view Orion's drizzling looks,
Leaps from th' antarctic World unto the sky
And dims the Welkin with her pitchy breath,
And darksome night o'ershades the crystal heavens,
Here break we off our hunting for tonight,

img: 3-a
sig: A2v

wln 0025
wln 0026
wln 0027
wln 0028
wln 0029
wln 0030
wln 0031
wln 0032
wln 0033
wln 0034
wln 0035
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wln 0051
wln 0052
wln 0053
wln 0054
wln 0055
wln 0056
wln 0057

img: 3-b
sig: A3r

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

Couple up the hounds and let us hie us home,
And bid the huntsman see them meated well,
For they have all deserved it well today,
But soft, what sleepy fellow is this lies here?
Or is he dead, see one what he doth lack?

Servingman. My lord, 'tis nothing but a drunken sleep,
His head is too heavy for his body,
And he hath drunk so much that he can go no further.

Lord. Fie, how the slavish villain stinks of drink.
Ho, sirrah arise. What so sound asleep?
Go take him up and bear him to my house,
And bear him easily for fear he wake,
And in my fairest chamber make a fire,
And set a sumptuous banquet on the board,
And put my richest garments on his back,
Then set him at the Table in a chair:
When that is done against he shall awake,
Let heavenly music play about him still,
Go two of you away and bear him hence,
And then I'll tell you what I have devised,
But see in any case you wake him not.

Exeunt two with *Sly*.

Now take my cloak and give me one of yours,
All fellows now, and see you take me so,
For we will wait upon this drunken man,
To see his countenance when he doth awake
And find himself clothed in such attire,
With heavenly music sounding in his ears,
And such a banquet set before his eyes,
The fellow sure will think he is in heaven,
But we will be about him when he wakes,
And see you call him Lord, at every word,
And offer thou him his horse to ride abroad,

And thou his hawks and hounds to hunt the deer,
And I will ask what suits he means to wear,
And whatsoe'er he saith, see you do not laugh,
But still persuade him that he is a Lord.

Enter one.

Messenger And it please your honor your players be come
And do attend your honor's pleasure here.

Lord. The fittest time they could have chosen out,
Bid one or two of them come hither straight,
Now will I fit myself accordingly,
For they shall play to him when he awakes.

Enter two of the players with packs at their
backs, and a boy.

Now sirs, what store of plays have you?

Sander Marry my lord you may have a Tragical

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
wln 0089
wln 0090

img: 4-a
sig: A3v

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
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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

Or a comodity, or what you will.

The other. A Comedy thou shouldst say, 'Zounds
thou 'lt shame us all.

Lord. And what's the name of your Comedy?

Sander Marry my lord 'tis called The taming of a shrew:
'Tis a good lesson for us my lord, for us that are married men

Lord. The taming of a shrew, that's excellent sure,
Go see that you make you ready straight,
For you must play before a lord tonight,
Say you are his men and I your fellow,
He's something foolish, but whatsoe'er he says,
See that you be not dashed out of countenance.
And sirrah go you make you ready straight,
And dress yourself like some lovely lady,
And when I call see that you come to me,
For I will say to him thou art his wife,
Dally with him and hug him in thine arms,
And if he desire to go to bed with thee,

Then fain some 'scuse and say thou wilt anon.
Be gone I say, and see thou dost it well.

Boy. Fear not my Lord, I'll dandle him well enough
And make him think I love him mightily.

Exit boy.

Lord. Now sirs go you and make you ready too,
For you must play as soon as he doth wake.

Sander O brave, sirrah Tom, we must play before
A foolish Lord, come let's go make us ready,
Go get a dishclout to make clean your shoes,
And I'll speak for the properties, My Lord, we must
Have a shoulder of mutton for a property,
And a little vinegar to make our Devil roar.

Lord. Very well: sirrah see that they want nothing.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter two with a table and a banquet on it, and two
other, with *Sly* asleep in a chair, richly
apparelled, and the music playing.

One. So: sirrah now go call my Lord,
And tell him that all things is ready as he willed it.

Another. Set thou some wine upon the board
And then I'll go fetch my Lord presently.

Exit.

Enter the Lord and his men.

Lord. How now, what is all things ready?

One. Ay my Lord.

Lord. Then sound the music, and I'll wake him straight,
And see you do as erst I gave in charge.
My lord, My lord, he sleeps soundly: My lord.

Sly. Tapster, gi's a little small ale. Hey ho,

wln 0119
wln 0120
wln 0121

img: 4-b
sig: A4r

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

Sly. For which Lord?

Lord. For your honor my Lord.

wln 0122

Sly. Who I, am I a Lord? Jesus what fine apparel
have I got.

wln 0123

Lord. More richer far your honor hath to wear,
And if it please you I will fetch them straight.

wln 0124

wln 0125

wln 0126

wln 0127

wln 0128

wln 0129

wln 0130

wln 0131

wln 0132

wln 0133

wln 0134

wln 0135

wln 0136

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wln 0139

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wln 0145

wln 0146

wln 0147

wln 0148

wln 0149

wln 0150

wln 0151

wln 0152

wln 0153

wln 0154

Will And if your honor please to ride abroad,
I'll fetch you lusty steeds more swift of pace

Than winged *Pegasus* in all his pride,

That ran so swiftly over the *Persian* plains.

Tom. And if your honor please to hunt the deer,
Your hounds stands ready coupled at the door,

Who in running will o'ertake the Row,

And make the long breathed Tiger broken winded.

Sly. By the mass I think I am a Lord indeed,
What's thy name?

Lord. *Simon* and it please your honor.

Sly. *Simon*, that's as much to say *Simion* or *Simon*
Put forth thy hand and fill the pot.

Give me thy hand, *Sim.* am I a lord indeed?

Lord. Ay my gracious Lord, and your lovely lady
Long time hath mourned for your absence here,

And now with joy behold where she doth come

To gratulate your honor's safe return.

Enter the boy in Woman's attire.

Sly. *Sim.* Is this she?

Lord. Ay my Lord.

Sly. Mass 'tis a pretty wench, what's her name?

Boy. Oh that my lovely Lord would once vouchsafe
To look on me, and leave these frantic fits,

Or were I now but half so eloquent,

To paint in words what i'll perform in deeds,

I know your honor then would pity me.

Sly. Hark you mistress, will you eat a piece of
bread,

img: 5-a

sig: A4v

wln 0155

Come sit down on my knee, *Sim* drink to her *Sim*,
For she and I will go to bed anon.

wln 0156

wln 0157

Lord. May it please you, your honor's players be come
To offer your honor a play.

wln 0158

wln 0159

Sly. A play *Sim*, O brave, be they my players?

wln 0160

Lord. Ay my Lord.

wln 0161

Sly. Is there not a fool in the play?

wln 0162

Lord. Yes my lord.

wln 0163

Sly. When will they play *Sim*?

wln 0164
wln 0165
wln 0166
wln 0167
wln 0168
wln 0169
wln 0170
wln 0171
wln 0172

Lord. Even when it please your honor, they be ready.
Boy. My lord I'll go bid them begin their play.
Sly. Do, but look that you come again.
Boy. I warrant you my lord, I will not leave you thus.

Exit boy.

Sly. Come *Sim*, where be the players? *Sim* stand by
Me and we'll flout the players out of their coats.
Lord. I'll call them my lord. Ho where are you there?
Sound Trumpets.

wln 0173
wln 0174
wln 0175
wln 0176
wln 0177
wln 0178
wln 0179
wln 0180
wln 0181
wln 0182
wln 0183
wln 0184
wln 0185
wln 0186

Enter two young Gentlemen, and a man
and a boy.

Polidor Welcome to *Athens* my beloved friend,
To *Plato's* schools and *Aristotle's* walks,
Welcome from *Sestos* famous for the love
Of good *Leander* and his Tragedy,
For whom the *Hellespont* weeps brinish tears,
The greatest grief is I cannot as I would
Give entertainment to my dearest friend.

Aurelius Thanks noble *Polidor* my second self,
The faithful love which I have found in thee
Hath made me leave my father's princely court,
The Duke of *Sestos* thrice renowned seat,
To come to *Athens* thus to find thee out,

img: 5-b
sig: B1r

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

Which since I have so happily attained,
My fortune now I do account as great
As erst did *Caesar* when he conquered most,
But tell me noble friend where shall we lodge,
For I am unacquainted in this place.

Polidor My Lord if you vouchsafe of scholars' fare,
My house, myself, and all is yours to use,
You and your men shall stay and lodge with me.

Aurelius With all my heart, I will requite thy love.

Enter *Simon*, *Alphonsus*, and his
three daughters.

But stay; what dames are these so bright of hue
Whose eyes are brighter than the lamps of heaven,
Fairer than rocks of pearl and precious stone,
More lovely far than is the morning sun,
When first she opens her oriental gates.

Alfonso Daughters be gone, and hie you to the church,
And I will hie me down unto the quay,
To see what Merchandise is come ashore.

Exeunt Omnes.

Polidor Why how now my Lord, what in a dump,
To see these damsels pass away so soon?
Aurelius Trust me my friend I must confess to thee,
I took so much delight in these fair dames,

wln 0211
wln 0212
wln 0213
wln 0214
wln 0215
wln 0216
wln 0217
wln 0218
wln 0219
wln 0220

img: 6-a
sig: B1v

As I do wish they had not gone so soon,
But if thou canst, resolve me what they be,
And what old man it was that went with them,
For I do long to see them once again.

Polidor I cannot blame your honor good my lord,
For they are both lovely, wise, fair and young,
And one of them the youngest of the three
I long have loved (sweet friend) and she loved me,
But never yet we could not find a means
How we might compass our desired joys.

wln 0221
wln 0222
wln 0223
wln 0224
wln 0225
wln 0226
wln 0227
wln 0228
wln 0229
wln 0230
wln 0231
wln 0232
wln 0233
wln 0234
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wln 0247
wln 0248
wln 0249
wln 0250
wln 0251
wln 0252
wln 0253
wln 0254

Aurelius Why, is not her father willing to the match?

Polidor Yes trust me, but he hath solemnly sworn,
His eldest daughter first shall be espoused,
Before he grants his youngest leave to love,
And therefore he that means to get their loves,
Must first provide for her if he will speed,
And he that hath her shall be fettered so,
As good be wedded to the devil himself,
For such a scold as she did never live,
And till that she be sped none else can speed,
Which makes me think that all my labors lost,
And whosoe'er can get her firm good will,
A large dowry he shall be sure to have,
For her father is a man of mighty wealth,
And an ancient Citizen of the town,
And that was he that went along with them.

Aurelius But he shall keep her still by my advice,
And yet I needs must love his second daughter
The image of honor and Nobility,
In whose sweet person is comprised the sum
Of nature's skill and heavenly majesty.

Polidor I like your choice, and glad you chose not mine,
Then if you like to follow on your love,
We must devise a means and find some one
That will attempt to wed this devilish scold,
And I do know the man. Come hither boy,
Go your ways sirrah to *Ferando's* house,
Desire him take the pains to come to me,
For I must speak with him immediately.

Boy. I will sir, and fetch him presently.

Polidor A man I think will fit her humor right,
As blunt in speech as she is sharp of tongue,
And he I think will match her every way,
And yet he is a man of wealth sufficient,

img: 6-b
sig: B2r

wln 0255

And for his person worth as good as she,

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
wln 0269
wln 0270
wln 0271
wln 0272
wln 0273
wln 0274
wln 0275
wln 0276

And if he compass her to be his wife,
Then may we freely visit both our loves.
Aurelius O might I see the center of my soul
Whose sacred beauty hath enchanted me,
More fair than was the Grecian *Helena*
For whose sweet sake so many princes died,
That came with thousand ships to *Tenedos*,
But when we come unto her father's house,
Tell him I am a Merchant's son of *Sestos*,
That comes for traffic unto *Athens* here,
And here sirrah I will change with you for once,
And now be thou the Duke of *Sestos*' son,
Revel and spend as if thou wert myself,
For I will court my love in this disguise.
Valeria My lord, how if the Duke your father should
By some means come to *Athens* for to see
How you do profit in these public schools,
And find me clothed thus in your attire,
How would he take it then think you my lord?
Aurelius Tush fear not *Valeria* let me alone,
But stay, here comes some other company.

wln 0277
wln 0278
wln 0279
wln 0280
wln 0281
wln 0282
wln 0283
wln 0284
wln 0285
wln 0286
wln 0287

Enter *Ferando* and his man *Sander*
with a blue coat.
Polidor Here comes the man that *I* did tell you of.
Ferando Good morrow gentlemen to all at once.
How now *Polidor*, what man still in love?
Ever wooing and canst thou never speed,
God send me better luck when I shall woo.
Sander *I* warrant you master and you take my council.
Ferando Why sirrah, are you so cunning?
Sander Who *I*, 'twere better for you by five mark
And you could tell how to do it as well as *I*.

img: 7-a
sig: B2v

wln 0288
wln 0289
wln 0290
wln 0291
wln 0292
wln 0293
wln 0294
wln 0295
wln 0296
wln 0297
wln 0298
wln 0299
wln 0300
wln 0301
wln 0302

Polidor I would thy master once were in the vain,
To try himself how he could woo a wench.
Ferando Faith *I* am even now a going.
Sander I' faith sir, my master's going to this gear now.
Polidor Whither in faith *Ferando*, tell me true.
Ferando To bonny *Kate*, the patientest wench alive
The devil himself dares scarce venture to woo her,
Signior *Alfonso*'s eldest daughter,
And he hath promised me six thousand crowns
If *I* can win her once to be my wife,
And she and *I* must woo with scolding sure,
And *I* will hold her to 't till she be weary,
Or else I'll make her yield to grant me love.
Polidor How like you this *Aurelius*, *I* think he knew
Our minds before we sent to him,

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
wln 0317
wln 0318
wln 0319
wln 0320
wln 0321

img: 7-b
sig: B3r

wln 0322
wln 0323
wln 0324
wln 0325
wln 0326
wln 0327
wln 0328
wln 0329
wln 0330
wln 0331
wln 0332
wln 0333
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wln 0336
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wln 0338
wln 0339
wln 0340
wln 0341
wln 0342
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wln 0345
wln 0346
wln 0347
wln 0348
wln 0349
wln 0350

But tell me, when do you mean to speak with her?

Ferando Faith presently, do you but stand aside,
And I will make her father bring her hither,
And she, and I, and he, will talk alone.

Polidor With all our hearts, Come *Aurelius*
Let us be gone and leave him here alone.

Exeunt.

Ferando Ho Signior *Alfonso*, who's within there?

Alfonso Signior *Ferando* your welcome heartily,
You are a stranger sir unto my house.

Hark you sir, look what I did promise you
I'll perform, if you get my daughter's love.

Ferando Then when I have talked a word or two with her,
Do you step in and give her hand to me,
And tell her when the marriage day shall be,
For I do know she would be married fain,
And when our nuptial rites be once performed
Let me alone to tame her well enough,
Now call her forth that I may speak with her.

Enter *Kate*.

Alfonso Ha *Kate*, Come hither wench and list to me,
Use this gentleman friendly as thou canst.

Ferando Twenty good morrows to my lovely *Kate*.

Kate. You jest I am sure, is she yours already?

Ferando I tell thee *Kate* I know thou lov'st me well.

Kate. The devil you do, who told you so?

Ferando My mind sweet *Kate* doth say I am the man,
Must wed, and bed, and marry bonny *Kate*.

Kate. Was ever seen so gross an ass as this?

Ferando Ay, to stand so long and never get a kiss.

Kate. Hands off I say, and get you from this place;
Or I will set my ten commandments in your face.

Ferando I prithee do *kate*; they say thou art a shrew,
And I like thee the better for I would have thee so.

Kate. Let go my hand, for fear it reach your ear.

Ferando No *kate*, this hand is mine and I thy love.

Kate. In faith sir no the woodcock wants his tail.

Ferando But yet his bill will serve, if the other fail.

Alfonso How now *Ferando*, what says my daughter?

Ferando She's willing sir and loves me as her life.

Kate. 'Tis for your skin then, but not to be your wife.

Alfonso Come hither *Kate* and let me give thy hand
To him that I have chosen for thy love,
And thou tomorrow shalt be wed to him.

Kate. Why father, what do you mean to do with me,
To give me thus unto this brainsick man,
That in his mood cares not to murder me?

She turns aside and speaks.

But yet I will consent and marry him,

wln 0351
wln 0352
wln 0353
wln 0354
wln 0355

img: 8-a
sig: B3v

For I methinks have lived too long a maid,
And match him too, or else his manhood's good.
Alfonso Give me thy hand *Ferando* loves thee well,
And will with wealth and ease maintain thy state.
Here *Ferando* take her for thy wife,

wln 0356
wln 0357
wln 0358
wln 0359
wln 0360
wln 0361
wln 0362
wln 0363
wln 0364
wln 0365
wln 0366
wln 0367
wln 0368
wln 0369
wln 0370
wln 0371
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wln 0375
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wln 0380
wln 0381
wln 0382
wln 0383
wln 0384
wln 0385
wln 0386
wln 0387
wln 0388
wln 0389

And sunday next shall be your wedding day.
Ferando Why so, did I not tell thee I should be the man
Father, I leave my lovely *Kate* with you,
Provide yourselves against our marriage day,
For I must hie me to my country house
In haste, to see provision may be made,
To entertain my *Kate* when she doth come.
Alfonso Do so, come *Kate*, why dost thou look
So sad, be merry wench thy wedding day's at hand.
Son fare you well, and see you keep your promise.
Exit Alfonso and Kate.
Ferando So, all thus far goes well. Ho *Sander*.
Enter *Sander* laughing.
Sander *Sander*, I' faith you're a beast, I cry God heartily
Mercy, my heart's ready to run out of my belly with
Laughing, I stood behind the door all this while,
And heard what you said to her.
Ferando Why didst thou think that I did not speak well to her?
Sander You spoke like an ass to her, I'll tell you what,
And I had been there to have wooed her, and had this
Cloak on that you have, chud have had her before she
Had gone a foot further, and you talk of Woodcocks
with her, and I cannot tell you what.
Ferando Well sirrah, and yet thou seest I have got her for all this.
Sander Ay marry 'twas more by hap then any good cunning
I hope she'll make you one of the head men of the
parish shortly.
Ferando Well sirrah leave your jesting and go to *Polidor*'s house,
The young gentleman that was here with me,
And tell him the circumstance of all thou knowest,
Tell him on sunday next we must be married,
And if he ask thee whither I am gone,
Tell him into the country to my house,
And upon sunday I'll be here again. *Exit Ferando,*

img: 8-b
sig: B4r

wln 0390
wln 0391
wln 0392
wln 0393
wln 0394
wln 0395

Sander I warrant you Master fear not me
For doing of my business.
Now hang him that has not a livery coat
To slash it out and swash it out amongst the proudest
On them. Why look you now I'll scarce put up
Plain *Sander* now at any of their hands, for and anybody

wln 0396
wln 0397
wln 0398
wln 0399
wln 0400
wln 0401
wln 0402
wln 0403
wln 0404
wln 0405
wln 0406
wln 0407
wln 0408
wln 0409
wln 0410
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wln 0412
wln 0413
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wln 0415
wln 0416
wln 0417
wln 0418
wln 0419
wln 0420
wln 0421
wln 0422
wln 0423

img: 9-a
sig: B4v

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

have any thing to do with my master, straight
They come crouching upon me, I beseech you good Master
Sander speak a good word for me, and then am I so
Stout and takes it upon me, and stands upon my pantofles
To them out of all cry, why I have a life like a giant
Now, but that my master hath such a pestilent mind
To a woman now a late, and I have a pretty wench
To my sister, and I had thought to have preferred my
Master to her, and that would have been a good
Deal in my way but that he's sped already.

Enter *Polidor's* boy.

Boy. Friend, well met.

Sander 'Zounds, friend well met. I hold my life he sees
Not my master's livery coat,
Plain friend hop of my thumb, know you who we are.

Boy. Trust me sir it is the use where I was born,
To salute men after this manner, yet notwithstanding
If you be angry with me for calling of you friend,
I am the more sorry for it, hoping the style
Of a fool will make you amends for all.

Sander The slave is sorry for his fault, now we cannot be
Angry, well what's the matter that you would do with us.

Boy. Marry sir, I hear you pertain to signior
Ferando.

Sander Ay and thou beest not blind thou mayst see,
Ecce signum, here.

Boy. Shall I entreat you to do me a message to your
Master?

Sander Ay, it may be, and you tell us from whence you come.

Boy. Marry sir I serve young *Polidor* your master's
friend.

Sander Do you serve him, and what's your name?

Boy. My name sirrah, I tell thee sirrah is called *Catapie*.

Sander Cake and pie, O my teeth waters to have a piece
of thee.

Boy. Why slave wouldst thou eat me?

Sander Eat thee, who would not eat *Cake* and pie?

Boy. Why villain my name is *Catapie*,
But wilt thou tell me where thy master is.

Sander Nay thou must first tell me where thy master is,
For I have good news for him, I can tell thee.

Boy. Why see where he comes.

Enter *Polidor, Aurelius* and *Valeria*.

Polidor Come sweet *Aurelius* my faithful friend,
Now will we go to see those lovely dames
Richer in beauty than the orient pearl,
Whiter than is the Alpine Crystal mold,
And far more lovely than the terreal plant,

wln 0444
wln 0445
wln 0446
wln 0447
wln 0448
wln 0449
wln 0450
wln 0451
wln 0452
wln 0453
wln 0454
wln 0455
wln 0456
wln 0457

img: 9-b
sig: C1r

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

That blushing in the air turns to a stone.

What *Sander*, what news with you?

Sander Marry sir my master sends you word

That you must come to his wedding tomorrow.

Polidor What, shall he be married then?

Sander Faith *Ay*, you think he stands as long about it as you do.

Polidor Whither is thy master gone now?

Sander Marry he's gone to our house in the Country, To make all things in a readiness against my new Mistress comes thither, but he'll come again tomorrow.

Polidor This is suddenly dispatched belike, Well, sirrah boy, take *Sander* in with you

And have him to the buttery presently.

Boy. I will sir: come *Sander*.

Exit Sander and the Boy.

Aurelius *Valeria* as erst we did devise,

Take thou thy lute and go to *Alfonso's* house, And say that *Polidor* sent thee thither.

Polidor *Ay Valeria* for he spoke to me, To help him to some cunning Musician, To teach his eldest daughter on the lute, And thou I know will fit his turn so well As thou shalt get great favor at his hands, Begone *Valeria* and say I sent thee to him.

Valeria I will sir and stay your coming at *Alfonso's* house.

Exit Valeria

Polidor Now sweet *Aurelius* by this device Shall we have leisure for to court our loves, For whilst that she is learning on the lute, Her sisters may take time to steal abroad, For otherwise she'll keep them both within, And make them work whilst she herself doth play, But come let's go unto *Alfonso's* house, And see how *Valeria* and *Kate* agrees, I doubt his Music scarce will please his scholar, But stay here comes *Alfonso*.

Enter *Alfonso*

Alfonso. What Master *Polidor* you are well met, I thank you for the man you sent to me, A good Musician I think he is, I have set my daughter and him together, But is this gentleman a friend of yours?

Polidor He is, I pray you sir bid him welcome, He's a wealthy Merchant's son of *Sestos*.

Alfonso. You're welcome sir and if my house afford

img: 10-a
sig: C1v

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
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wln 0514
wln 0515
wln 0516
wln 0517
wln 0518
wln 0519
wln 0520

You any thing that may content your mind,
I pray you sir make bold with me.
Aurelius I thank you sir, and if what I have got,
By merchandise or travel on the seas,
Satins or lawns or azure colored silk,
Or precious fiery pointed stones of Indy,
You shall command both them myself and all.

Alfonso Thanks gentle sir, *Polidor* take him in,
And bid him welcome to unto my house,
For thou I think must be my second son,
Ferando, *Polidor* dost thou not know
Must marry *Kate*, and tomorrow is the day.

Polidor Such news I heard, and *I* came now to know.

Alfonso *Polidor* 'tis true, go let me alone,
For I must see against the bridegroom come,
That all things be according to his mind,
And so I'll leave you for an hour or two.

Exit.

Polidor Come then *Aurelius* come in with me,
And we'll go sit a while and chat with them,
And after bring them forth to take the air.

Exit.

Then *Sly* speaks.

Sly. *Sim*, when will the fool come again?

Lord. He'll come again my Lord anon.

Sly. Gi's some more drink here, 'zounds where's
The Tapster, here *Sim* eat some of these things.

Lord. So I do my Lord.

Sly. Here *Sim*, I drink to thee.

Lord. My Lord here comes the players again,

Sly. O brave, here's two fine gentlewomen.

wln 0521
wln 0522
wln 0523
wln 0524

Enter *Valeria* with a Lute and *Kate*
with him.

Valeria The senseless trees by music have been moved
And at the sound of pleasant tuned strings,

img: 10-b
sig: C2r

wln 0525
wln 0526
wln 0527
wln 0528
wln 0529
wln 0530
wln 0531
wln 0532
wln 0533
wln 0534
wln 0535

Have savage beasts hung down their list'ning heads,
As though they had been cast into a trance.
Then it may be that she whom naught can please,
With music's sound in time may be surprised,
Come lovely mistress will you take your lute,
And play the lesson that I taught you last?

Kate. It is no matter whether I do or no,
For trust me *I* take no great delight in it.

Valeria I would sweet mistress that it lay in me,
To help you to that thing that's your delight.

Kate. In you with a pestilence, are you so kind?

wln 0536
wln 0537
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

img: 11-a
sig: C2v

wln 0559
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

Then make a night cap of your fiddle's case,
To warm your head, and hide your filthy face.

Valeria If that sweet mistress were your heart's content,
You should command a greater thing than that,
Although it were ten times to my disgrace.

Kate. You're so kind 'twere pity you should be
hanged,

And yet methinks the fool doth look asquint.

Valeria Why mistress do you mock me?

Kate. No, but I mean to move thee.

Valeria Well, will you play a little?

Kate. Ay, give me the Lute.

She plays.

Valeria That stop was false, play it again.

Kate. Then mend it thou, thou filthy ass.

Valeria What, do you bid me kiss your arse?

Kate. How now jack sauce, you're a jolly mate,
You're best be still lest I cross your pate,
And make your music fly about your ears,
I'll make it and your foolish coxcomb meet.

She offers to strike him with the lute.

Valeria Hold mistress, 'zounds will you break my lute?

Kate. Ay on thy head, and if thou speak to me,

There take it up and fiddle somewhere else,
She throws it down.

And see you come no more into this place,
Lest that I clap your fiddle on your face.

Exit Kate.

Valeria 'Zounds, teach her to play upon the lute?
The devil shall teach her first, I am glad she's gone,
For I was ne'er so 'fraid in all my life,
But that my lute should fly about mine ears,
My master shall teach her his self for me,
For I'll keep me far enough without her reach,
For he and *Polidor* sent me before
To be with her and teach her on the lute,
Whilst they did court the other gentlewomen,
And here methinks they come together.

Enter *Aurelius*, *Polidor*, *Emelia*,
and *Philena*.

Polidor How now *Valeria*, where's your mistress?

Valeria At the vengeance I think and nowhere else.

Aurelius Why *Valeria*, will she not learn apace?

Valeria Yes by 'r lady she has learnt too much already,
And that I had felt had I not spoke her fair,
But she shall ne'er be learnt for me again.

Aurelius Well *Valeria* go to my chamber,
And bear him company that came today
From *Sestos*, where our aged father dwells.

Exit Valeria.

wln 0584
wln 0585
wln 0586
wln 0587
wln 0588
wln 0589
wln 0590
wln 0591
wln 0592

img: 11-b
sig: C3r

Polidor Come fair *Emelia* my lovely love,
Brighter than the burnished palace of the sun,
The eyesight of the glorious firmament,
In whose bright looks sparkles the radiant fire,
Wily *Prometheus* slyly stole from *Jove*,
Infusing breath, life, motion, soul,
To every object stricken by thine eyes.
Oh fair *Emelia* I pine for thee,
And either must enjoy thy love, or die.

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

Emelia Fie man, I know you will not die for love:
Ah *Polidor* thou needst not to complain,
Eternal heaven sooner be dissolved,
And all that pierceth Phoebus' silver eye,
Before such hap befall to *Polidor*.

Polidor Thanks fair *Emelia* for these sweet words,
But what saith *Philena* to her friend?

Philena Why I am buying merchandise of him.

Aurelius Mistress you shall not need to buy of me,
For when I crossed the bubbling Canibey,
And sailed along the Crystal Hellespont,
I filled my coffers of the wealthy mines,
Where I did cause Millions of laboring Moors
To undermine the caverns of the earth,
To seek for strange and new found precious stones,
And dive into the sea to gather pearl,
As fair as *Juno* offered *Priam's* son,
And you shall take your liberal choice of all.

Philena I thank you sir and would *Philena* might
In any courtesy requite you so,
As she with willing heart could well bestow.

wln 0614
wln 0615
wln 0616
wln 0617
wln 0618
wln 0619
wln 0620
wln 0621
wln 0622
wln 0623
wln 0624
wln 0625

Enter *Alfonso*.

Alfonso How now daughters, is *Ferando* come?

Emelia Not yet father, I wonder he stays so long.

Alfonso And where's your sister that she is not here?

Philena She is making of her ready father
To go to church and if that he were come.

Polidor I warrant you he'll not be long away.

Alfonso Go daughters get you in, and bid your
Sister provide herself against that we do come,
And see you go to church along with us.

Exit Philena and Emelia.

I marvel that *Ferando* comes not away.

img: 12-a
sig: C3v

wln 0626
wln 0627

Polidor His Tailor it may be hath been too slack,
In his apparel which he means to wear,

wln 0628
wln 0629
wln 0630
wln 0631
wln 0632
wln 0633
wln 0634
wln 0635
wln 0636
wln 0637

For no question but some fantastic suits
He is determined to wear today,
And richly powdered with precious stones,
Spotted with liquid gold, thick set with pearl,
And such he means shall be his wedding suits.
Alfonso I cared not I what cost he did bestow,
In gold or silk, so he himself were here,
For I had rather lose a thousand crowns,
Then that he should deceive us here today,
But soft I think I see him come.

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

Enter *Ferando* basely attired, and a
red cap on his head.
Ferando Good-morrow father, *Polidor* well met,
You wonder I know that I have stayed so long.
Alfonso Ay marry son, we were almost persuaded,
That we should scarce have had our bridegroom here,
But say, why art thou thus basely attired?
Ferando Thus richly father you should have said,
For when my wife and I am married once,
She's such a shrew, if we should once fall out,
She'll pull my costly suits over mine ears,
And therefore am I thus attired awhile,
For many things I tell you's in my head,
And none must know thereof but *Kate* and I,
For we shall live like lambs and Lions sure,
Nor lambs to Lions never was so tame,
If once they lie within the Lions' paws
As *Kate* to me if we were married once,
And therefore come let us to church presently.
Polidor Fie *Ferando* not thus attired for shame,
Come to my Chamber and there suit thyself,

img: 12-b
sig: C4r

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
wln 0674

Of twenty suits that I did never wear.
Ferando Tush *Polidor* I have as many suits
Fantastic made to fit my humor so
As any in Athens and as richly wrought
As was the Massy Robe that late adorned,
The stately legate of the Persian King,
And this from them have I made choice to wear.
Alfonso I prithee *Ferando* let me entreat
Before thou goest unto the church with us,
To put some other suit upon thy back.
Ferando Not for the world if I might gain it so,
And therefore take me thus or not at all,
Enter *Kate*.
But soft see where my *Kate* doth come,
I must salute her: how fares my lovely *Kate*?
What art thou ready? shall we go to church?

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

img: 13-a
sig: C4v

Kate. Not I with one so mad, so basely tired,
To marry such a filthy slavish groom,
That as it seems sometimes is from his wits,
Or else he would not thus have come to us.

Ferando Tush *Kate* these words adds greater love in me
And makes me think thee fairer than before,
Sweet *Kate* the lovelier than Diana's purple robe,
Whiter than are the snowy Apennines,
Or icy hair that grows on Boreas' chin.
Father I swear by Ibis' golden beak,
More fair and Radiant is my bonny *Kate*,
Than silver Xanthus when he doth embrace,
The ruddy Simois at Ida's feet,
And care not thou sweet *Kate* how I be clad,
Thou shalt have garments wrought of Median silk,
Enchased with precious Jewels fetched from far,
By Italian Merchants that with Russian stems,
Plows up huge sorrows in the *Terrene Main*,

And better far my lovely *Kate* shall wear,
Then come sweet love and let us to the church,
For this I swear shall be my wedding suit.

Exeunt omnes.

Alfonso Come gentlemen go along with us,
For thus do what we can he will be wed.

Exit.

wln 0693
wln 0694
wln 0695
wln 0696
wln 0697
wln 0698

Enter *Polidor's* boy and *Sander*.

Boy. Come hither sirrah boy.

Sander Boy; oh disgrace to my person, 'zounds boy
Of your face, you have many boys with such
Pickadevantes I am sure, 'zounds would you
Not have a bloody nose for this?

Boy. Come, come, I did but jest, where is that
Same piece of pie that I gave thee to keep.

Sander The pie? Ay you have more mind of your belly
Than to go see what your master does.

Boy. Tush 'tis no matter man I prithee give it me,
I am very hungry I promise thee.

Sander Why you may take it and the devil burst
You with it, one cannot save a bit after supper,
But you are always ready to munch it up.

Boy. Why come man, we shall have good cheer
Anon at the bridehouse, for your master's gone to
Church to be married already, and there's
Such cheer as passeth.

Sander O brave, I would I had eat no meat this week,
For I have never a corner left in my belly
To put a venison pasty in, I think I shall burst myself
With eating, for I'll so cram me down the tarts

wln 0699
wln 0700
wln 0701
wln 0702
wln 0703
wln 0704
wln 0705
wln 0706
wln 0707
wln 0708
wln 0709
wln 0710
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wln 0720
wln 0721

wln 0722
wln 0723
wln 0724
wln 0725

img: 13-b
sig: D1r

wln 0726
wln 0727
wln 0728
wln 0729
wln 0730
wln 0731
wln 0732
wln 0733
wln 0734
wln 0735
wln 0736
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wln 0755
wln 0756
wln 0757
wln 0758
wln 0759

img: 14-a
sig: D1v

wln 0760
wln 0761

wln 0762
wln 0763
wln 0764
wln 0765

And the marchpanes, out of all cry.

Boy. Ay, but how wilt thou do now thy master's
Married, thy mistress is such a devil, as she'll make
Thee forget thy eating quickly, she'll beat thee so.

Sander Let my master alone with her for that, for
He'll make her tame well enough ere long I warrant thee
For he's such a churl waxen now of late that and he be
Never so little angry he thums me out of all cry,
But in my mind sirrah the youngest is a very
Pretty wench, and if I thought thy master would
Not have her I'd have a fling at her
Myself, I'll see soon whither 'twill be a match
Or no: and it will not I'll set the matter
Hard for myself I warrant thee.

Boy. 'Zounds you slave will you be a Rival with
My master in his love, speak but such
Another word and I'll cut off one of thy legs.

Sander Oh, cruel judgement, nay then sirrah,
My tongue shall talk no more to you, marry my
Timber shall tell the trusty message of his master,
Even on the very forehead on thee, thou abusious
Villain, therefore prepare thyself.

Boy. Come hither thou Imperfectious slave in
Regard of thy beggary, hold thee there's
Two shillings for thee? to pay for the
Healing of thy left leg which I mean
Furiously to invade or to maim at the least.

Sander O supernodical foul? well I'll take your
two shillings but I'll bar striking at legs.

Boy. Not I, for I'll strike anywhere.

Sander Here here take your two shillings again
I'll see thee hanged ere I'll fight with thee,
I got a broken shin the other day,
'Tis not, whole yet and therefore I'll not fight
Come come why should we fall out?

Boy. Well sirrah your fair words hath something
Allayed my Choler: I am content for this once
To put it up and be friends with thee,

But soft see where they come all from church,
Belike they be Married already.

Enter *Ferando and Kate and Alfonso and Polidor
and Emelia and Aurelius and Philena.*

Ferando Father farewell, my *Kate* and I must home,
Sirrah go make ready my horse presently.

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

img: 14-b
sig: D2r

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
wln 0807
wln 0808
wln 0809
wln 0810
wln 0811
wln 0812
wln 0813

Alfonso Your horse! what son I hope you do but jest,
I am sure you will not go so suddenly.

Kate. Let him go or tarry I am resolved to stay,
And not to travel on my wedding day.

Ferando Tut *Kate* I tell thee we must needs go home,
Villain hast thou saddled my horse?

Sander Which horse, your curtal?

Ferando 'Zounds you slave stand you prating here?
Saddle the bay gelding for your Mistress.

Kate Not for me: for I'll not go.

Sander The ostler will not let me have him, you owe ten pence
For his meat, and six pence for stuffing my mistress' saddle.

Ferando Here villain go pay him straight.

Sander Shall I give them another peck of lavender.

Ferando Out slave and bring them presently to the door

Alfonso Why son I hope at least you'll dine with us.

Sander I pray you master let's stay till dinner be done.

Ferando 'Zounds villain art thou here yet? *Exit Sander.*
Come *Kate* our dinner is provided at home.

Kate. But not for me, for here I mean to dine.
I'll have my will in this as well as you,
Though you in madding mood would leave your friends
Despite of you I'll tarry with them still.

Ferando Ay *Kate* so thou shalt but at some other time,
Whenas thy sisters here shall be espoused,
Then thou and I will keep our wedding day,
In better sort than now we can provide,

For here *I* promise thee before them all,
We will ere long return to them again,
Come *Kate* stand not on terms we will away,
This is my day, tomorrow thou shalt rule,
And I will do whatever thou commands.
Gentlemen farewell, we'll take our leaves,
It will be late before that we come home.

Exit Ferando and Kate.

Polidor Farewell *Ferando* since you will be gone.

Alfonso So mad a couple did I never see.

Emelia. They're even as well matched as I would wish.

Philena And yet I hardly think that he can tame her.

For when he has done she will do what she list.

Aurelius Her manhood then is good I do believe.

Polidor *Aurelius* or else I miss my mark,
Her tongue will walk if she doth hold her hands,
I am in doubt ere half a month be past
He'll curse the priest that married him so soon,
And yet it may be she will be reclaimed,
For she is very patient grown of late.

Alfonso God hold it that it may continue still,

wln 0814
wln 0815
wln 0816
wln 0817
wln 0818
wln 0819
wln 0820
wln 0821
wln 0822
wln 0823
wln 0824
wln 0825
wln 0826

img: 15-a
sig: D2v

I would be loath that they should disagree,
But he I hope will hold her in a while.
Polidor Within this two days I will ride to him,
And see how lovingly they do agree.
Alfonso Now *Aurelius* what say you to this,
What have you sent to *Sestos* as you said,
To certify your father of your love,
For I would gladly he would like of it,
And if he be the man you tell to me,
I guess he is a Merchant of great wealth.
And *I* have seen him oft at *Athens* here,
And for his sake assure thee thou art welcome.
Polidor And so to me whilst *Polidor* doth live.

wln 0827
wln 0828
wln 0829
wln 0830
wln 0831
wln 0832
wln 0833
wln 0834
wln 0835
wln 0836
wln 0837

Aurelius I find it so right worthy gentlemen,
And of what worth your friendship I esteem,
I leave censure of your several thoughts,
But for requital of your favors past,
Rests yet behind, which when occasion serves
I vow shall be remembered to the full,
And for my father's coming to this place,
I do expect within this week at most.

Alfonso Enough *Aurelius*? but we forget
Our Marriage dinner now the bride is gone,
Come let us see what there they left behind.

Exit Omnes

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
wln 0853
wln 0854
wln 0855
wln 0856
wln 0857
wln 0858
wln 0859

*Enter Sander with two or three
serving men*

Sander Come sirs provide all things as fast as you can,
For my Master's hard at hand and my new Mistress
And all, and he sent me before to see all things ready.

Tom. Welcome home *Sander* sirrah how looks our
New Mistress they say she's a plaguy shrew.

Sander Ay and that thou shalt find I can tell thee and thou
Dost not please her well, why my Master
Has such ado with her as it passeth and he's even
like a madman.

Will. Why *Sander* what does he say.

Sander Why I'll tell you what: when they should
Go to church to be married he puts on an old
Jerkin and a pair of canvas breeches down to the
Small of his leg and a red cap on his head and he
Looks as thou wilt burst thyself with laughing
When thou seest him: he's e'en as good as a
Fool for me: and then when they should go to dinner
He made me Saddle the horse and away he came.
And ne'er tarried for dinner and therefore you had best
Get supper ready against they come, for

img: 15-b

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

They be hard at hand *I* am sure by this time.

Tom. 'Zounds see where they be already.

Enter Ferando and Kate.

Ferando Now welcome *Kate*: where's these villains

Here, what? not supper yet upon the board:

Nor table spread nor nothing done at all,

Where's that villain that I sent before.

Sander Now, *adsum*, sir.

Ferando Come hither you villain I'll cut your nose,

You Rogue: help me off with my boots: wilt please

You to lay the cloth? 'zounds the villain

Hurts my foot? pull easily I say; yet again.

He beats them all.

They cover the board and fetch in the meat.

'Zounds? burnt and scorched who dressed this meat?

Will. Forsooth John cook.

He throws down the table and meat

and all, and beats them.

Ferando Go you villains bring you me such meat,

Out of my sight I say and bear it hence,

Come *Kate* we'll have other meat provided,

Is there a fire in my chamber sir?

Sander *Ay* forsooth.

Exit Ferando and Kate.

Manent serving-men and eat up all the meat.

Tom. 'Zounds? I think of my conscience my Master's

Mad since he was married.

Will. I laughed what a box he gave *Sander*

For pulling off his boots.

Enter Ferando again.

Sander I hurt his foot for the nonce man.

Ferando Did you so you damned villain.

He beats them all out again.

This humor must I hold me to a while,

wln 0893
wln 0894
wln 0895
wln 0896
wln 0897
wln 0898
wln 0899
wln 0900
wln 0901
wln 0902
wln 0903
wln 0904

To bridle and hold back my headstrong wife,

With curbs of hunger: ease: and want of sleep,

Nor sleep nor meat shall she enjoy tonight,

I'll mew her up as men do mew their hawks,

And make her gently come unto the lure,

Were she as stubborn or as full of strength

As were the *Thracian* horse *Alcides* tamed,

That King *Aegeus* fed with flesh of men,

Yet would I pull her down and make her come

As hungry hawks do fly unto their lure.

Exit.

Enter Aurelius and Valeria.

Aurelius *Valeria* attend: I have a lovely love,

wln 0905
wln 0906
wln 0907
wln 0908
wln 0909
wln 0910
wln 0911
wln 0912
wln 0913
wln 0914
wln 0915
wln 0916
wln 0917
wln 0918
wln 0919
wln 0920
wln 0921
wln 0922
wln 0923
wln 0924
wln 0925
wln 0926

img: 16-b
sig: D4r

As bright as is the heaven crystalline,
As fair as is the milk white way of Jove,
As chaste as *Phoebe* in her summer sports,
As soft and tender as the azure down,
That circles *Citherea's* silver doves.
Her do *I* mean to make my lovely bride,
And in her bed to breathe the sweet content,
That *I* thou knowest long time have aimed at.
Now *Valeria* it rests in thee to help
To compass this, that *I* might gain my love,
Which easily thou mayst perform at will,
If that the merchant which thou toldst me of,
Will as he said go to *Alfonso's* house,
And say he is my father, and there with all
Pass over certain deeds of land to me,
That I thereby may gain my heart's desire,
And he is promised reward of me.
Valeria Fear not my Lord I'll fetch him straight to you,
For he'll do any thing that you command,
But tell me my Lord, is *Ferando* married then?
Aurelius He is: and *Polidor* shortly shall be wed,
And he means to tame his wife erelong.

wln 0927
wln 0928
wln 0929
wln 0930
wln 0931
wln 0932
wln 0933
wln 0934
wln 0935
wln 0936
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

Valeria He says so.
Aurelius Faith he's gone unto the taming school.
Valeria The taming school; why is there such a place?
Aurelius Ay: and *Ferando* is the Master of the school.
Valeria That's rare: but what *decorum* does he use?
Aurelius Faith I know not: but by some odd device
Or other, but come *Valeria* I long to see the man,
By whom we must comprise our plotted drift,
That I may tell him what we have to do.
Valeria Then come my Lord and I will bring you to him
straight.
Aurelius Agreed, then let's go. *Exeunt*
Enter *Sander and his Mistress*.
Sander Come Mistress.
Kate. *Sander* I prithee help me to some meat,
I am so faint that I can scarcely stand.
Sander Ay marry mistress but you know my master
Has given me a charge that you must eat nothing,
But that which he himself giveth you.
Kate. Why man thy Master needs never know it.
Sander You say true indeed: why look you Mistress,
What say you to a piece of beef and mustard now?
Kate. Why I say 'tis excellent meat, canst thou
help me to some?
Sander Ay, I could help you to some but that
I doubt the mustard is too choleric for you,

wln 0953
wln 0954
wln 0955
wln 0956
wln 0957
wln 0958
wln 0959
wln 0960

img: 17-a
sig: D4v

But what say you to a sheep's head and garlic?
Kate. Why any thing, I care not what it be.
Sander Ay but the garlic I doubt will make your breath
stink, and then my Master will curse me for letting
You eat it: But what say you to a fat Capon?
Kate. That's meat for a King sweet *Sander* help
Me to some of it.
Sander Nay by 'r lady then 'tis too dear for us, we must

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
wln 0985
wln 0986
wln 0987
wln 0988
wln 0989
wln 0990
wln 0991
wln 0992
wln 0993
wln 0994

Not meddle with the King's meat.
Kate Out villain dost thou mock me,
Take that for thy sauciness.
She beats him.
Sander 'Zounds are you so light fingered with a murrain,
I'll keep you fasting for it this two days.
Kate. I tell thee villain I'll tear the flesh of
Thy face and eat it and thou prates to me thus.
Sander Here comes my Master now he'll course you.
Enter *Ferando* with a piece of meat upon his
dagger's point and *Polidor* with him.
Ferando See here *Kate* I have provided meat for thee,
Here take it: what is 't not worthy thanks,
Go sirrah? take it away again you shall be
Thankful for the next you have.
Kate Why I thank you for it.
Ferando Nay now 'tis not worth a pin go sirrah and take
It hence I say.
Sander Yes sir I'll Carry it hence: Master let her
Have none for she can fight as hungry as she is.
Polidor I pray you sir let it stand, for I'll eat
Some with her myself.
Ferando Well sirrah set it down again.
Kate. Nay nay I pray you let him take it hence,
And keep it for your own diet for I'll none,
I'll ne'er be beholding to you for your Meat,
I tell thee flatly here unto thee thy teeth
Thou shalt not keep me nor feed me as thou list,
For I will home again unto my father's house.
Ferando Ay, when you're meek and gentle but not
Before, I know your stomach is not yet come down,
Therefore no marvel thou canst not eat,
And I will go unto your Father's house,
Come *Polidor* let us go in again,

img: 17-b
sig: E1r

wln 0995
wln 0996

And *Kate* come in with us I know ere long,
That thou and I shall lovingly agree.

Exeunt Omnes

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

Enter *Aurelius Valeria and Philotus
the Merchant.*

Aurelius Now Senior *Philotus*, we will go
Unto *Alfonso's* house, and be sure you say
As I did tell you, concerning the man
That dwells in *Sestos*, whose son I said I was,
For you do very much resemble him,
And fear not: you may be bold to speak your mind.

Philotus I warrant you sir take you no care,
I'll use myself so cunning in the cause,
As you shall soon enjoy your heart's delight.

Aurelius Thanks sweet *Philotus*, then stay you here,
And I will go and fetch him hither straight.
Ho, Signior *Alfonso*: a word with you.

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

Enter *Alfonso*.

Alfonso Who's there? what *Aurelius* what's the matter
That you stand so like a stranger at the door?

Aurelius My father sir is newly come to town,
And I have brought him here to speak with you,
Concerning those matters that *I* told you of,
And he can certify you of the truth.

Alfonso Is this your father? you are welcome sir.

Philotus Thanks *Alfonso*, for that's your name *I* guess,
I understand my son hath set his mind
And bent his liking to your daughter's love,
And for because he is my only son,
And I would gladly that he should do well,
I tell you sir, I not mislike his choice,
If you agree to give him your consent,
He shall have living to maintain his state,

img: 18-a
sig: E1v

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

Three hundred pounds a year I will assure
To him and to his heirs, and if they do join,
And knit themselves in holy wedlock band,
A thousand massy ingots of pure gold,
And twice as many bars of silver plate,
I freely give him, and in writing straight,
I will confirm what I have said in words.

Alfonso Trust me I must commend your liberal mind,
And loving care you bear unto your son,
And here I give him freely my consent,
As for my daughter I think he knows her mind,
And I will enlarge her dowry for your sake.
And solemnize with joy your nuptial rites,
But is this gentleman of *Sestos* too?

Aurelius He is the *Duke* of *Sestos*' thrice renowned son,
Who for the love his honor bears to me:
Hath thus accompanied me to this place.

wln 1044
wln 1045
wln 1046
wln 1047
wln 1048
wln 1049
wln 1050
wln 1051
wln 1052
wln 1053
wln 1054
wln 1055
wln 1056
wln 1057
wln 1058
wln 1059
wln 1060

img: 18-b
sig: E2r

Alfonso. You were to blame you told me not before,
Pardon me my Lord, for if I had known
Your honor had been here in place with me,
I would have done my duty to your honor.

Valeria Thanks good *Alfonso*: but I did come to see
Whenas these marriage rites should be performed,
And if in these nuptials you vouchsafe,
To honor thus the prince of *Sestos*' friend,
In celebration of his spousal rites,
He shall remain a lasting friend to you,
What says *Aurelius* father.

Philotus I humbly thank your honor good my Lord,
And ere we part before your honor here:
Shall articles of such content be drawn,
As twixt our houses and posterities,
Eternally this league of peace shall last,
Inviolate and pure on either part:

wln 1061
wln 1062
wln 1063
wln 1064

Alfonso. With all my heart, and if your honor please,
To walk along with us unto my house,
We will confirm these leagues of lasting love.

Valeria Come then *Aurelius* I will go with you. *Exeunt omnes.*

wln 1065
wln 1066
wln 1067
wln 1068
wln 1069
wln 1070
wln 1071
wln 1072

Enter *Ferando and Kate and Sander.*

Sander Master the haberdasher has brought my
Mistress home her cap here.

Ferando Come hither sirrah: what have you there?

Haberdasher. A velvet cap sir and it please you.

Ferando Who spoke for it? didst thou *Kate*?

Kate. What if I did, come hither sirrah, give me
The cap, I'll see if it will fit me.

wln 1073
wln 1074
wln 1075
wln 1076
wln 1077
wln 1078
wln 1079
wln 1080
wln 1081

She sets it on her head.

Ferando O monstrous: why it becomes thee not,
Let me see it *Kate*: here sirrah take it hence,
This cap is out of fashion quite.

Kate The fashion is good enough: belike you,
Mean to make a fool of me.

Ferando Why true he means to make a fool of thee,
To have thee put on such a curtailed cap,
sirrah begone with it.

wln 1082
wln 1083
wln 1084
wln 1085
wln 1086
wln 1087
wln 1088

Enter the *Tailor* with a gown.

Sander Here is the *Tailor* too with my Mistress' gown.

Ferando Let me see it *Tailor*: what with cuts and jags?
'Zounds you villain, thou hast spoiled the gown.

Tailor. Why sir I made it as your man gave me direction,
You may read the note here.

Ferando Come hither sirrah: *Tailor* read the note.

wln 1089
wln 1090
wln 1091

img: 19-a
sig: E2v

Tailor. Item a fair round compassed cape.
Sander Ay that's true.
Tailor. And a large trunk sleeve.

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

Sander That's a lie master, I said two trunk sleeves.
Ferando Well sir go forward.
Tailor. Item a loose-bodied gown.
Sander Master if ever I said loose body's gown,
Sew me in a seam and beat me to death,
With a bottom of brown thread.
Tailor. I made it as the note bade me.
Sander I say the note lies in his throat and thou too,
And thou sayst it.
Tailor. Nay nay ne'er be so hot sirrah, for I fear you not.
Sander Dost thou hear *Tailor*, thou hast braved
Many men: brave not me.
Thou 'st faced many men.
Tailor. Well sir.
Sander Face not me I'll neither be faced nor braved
At thy hands I can tell thee.
Kate. Come come I like the fashion of it well enough,
Here's more ado than needs I'll have it,
And if you do not like it hide your eyes,
I think I shall have nothing by your will.
Ferando Go I say and take it up for your master's use.
Sander 'Zounds: villain not for thy life touch it not,
'Zounds, take up my mistress' gown to his
Master's use?
Ferando Well sir: what's your conceit of it.
Sander I have a deeper conceit in it than you
think for, take up my Mistress' gown
To his master's use?
Ferando *Tailor* come hither: for this time take it
Hence again, and I'll content thee for thy pains.
Tailor. I thank you sir. *Exit Tailor.*
Ferando Come *Kate* we now will go see thy father's house
Even in these honest mean habiliments,
Our purses shall be rich, our garments plain,

img: 19-b
sig: E3r

wln 1126
wln 1127
wln 1128
wln 1129
wln 1130
wln 1131
wln 1132
wln 1133

To shroud our bodies from the winter rage,
And that's enough, what should we care for more.
Thy sisters *Kate* tomorrow must be wed,
And I have promised them thou shouldst be there
The morning is well up let's haste away,
It will be nine o'clock ere we come there.
Kate. Nine o'clock, why 'tis already past two
In the afternoon by all the clocks in the town.

wln 1134
wln 1135
wln 1136
wln 1137
wln 1138
wln 1139

Ferando I say 'tis but nine o'clock in the morning.
Kate. I say 'tis two o'clock in the afternoon.
Ferando It shall be nine then ere we go to your father's,
Come back again, we will not go today.
Nothing but crossing of me still,
I'll have you say as I do ere you go. *Exeunt omnes.*

wln 1140
wln 1141
wln 1142
wln 1143
wln 1144
wln 1145
wln 1146
wln 1147
wln 1148
wln 1149
wln 1150
wln 1151
wln 1152
wln 1153
wln 1154
wln 1155
wln 1156
wln 1157
wln 1158

Enter *Polidor, Emelia, Aurelius and Philena.*
Polidor Fair *Emelia* summer's sun-bright Queen,
Brighter of hue than is the burning clime,
Where *Phoebus* in his bright equator sits,
Creating gold and precious minerals,
What would *Emelia* do? if I were forced
To leave fair *Athens* and to range the world.
Emelia Should thou assay to scale the seat of Jove,
Mounting the subtle airy regions
Or be snatched up as erst was *Ganymede*,
Love should give wings unto my swift desires,
And prune my thoughts that I would follow thee,
Or fall and perish as did *Icarus*.
Aurelius Sweetly resolved fair *Emelia*,
But would *Philena* say as much to me,
If I should ask a question now of thee,
What if the duke of *Sestos* only son,
Which came with me unto your father's house,
Should seek to get *Philena's* love from me,

img: 20-a
sig: E3v

wln 1159
wln 1160
wln 1161
wln 1162
wln 1163
wln 1164
wln 1165
wln 1166
wln 1167
wln 1168
wln 1169
wln 1170
wln 1171
wln 1172
wln 1173
wln 1174
wln 1175
wln 1176
wln 1177
wln 1178
wln 1179
wln 1180

And make thee Duchess of that stately town,
Wouldst thou not then forsake me for his love?
Philena Not for great *Neptune*, no nor *Jove* himself,
Will *Philena* leave *Aurelius's* love,
Could he install me *Empress* of the world,
Or make me Queen and guidress of the heavens,
Yet would I not exchange thy love for his,
Thy company is poor *Philena's* heaven,
And without thee, heaven were hell to me.
Emelia And should my love as erst did *Hercules*
Attempt to pass the burning vaults of hell,
I would with piteous looks and pleasing words,
As once did *Orpheus* with his harmony,
And ravishing sound of his melodious harp,
Entreat grim *Pluto* and of him obtain,
That thou mightest go and safe return again.
Philena And should my love as erst *Leander* did,
Attempt to swim the boiling hellespont
For *Hero's* love: no towers of brass should hold
But I would follow thee through those raging floods,
With locks dishevered and my breast all bare,
With bended knees upon *Abydos* shore,

wln 1181
wln 1182
wln 1183
wln 1184
wln 1185
wln 1186
wln 1187
wln 1188
wln 1189
wln 1190
wln 1191
wln 1192

img: 20-b
sig: E4r

I would with smoky sighs and brinish tears,
Importune *Neptune* and the wat'ry Gods,
To send a guard of silver scaled *Dolphins*,
With sounding *Tritons* to be our convoy,
And to transport us safe unto the shore,
Whilst I would hang about thy lovely neck,
Redoubling kiss on kiss upon thy cheeks,
And with our pastime still the swelling waves.
Emelia Should *Polidor* as great *Achilles* did,
Only employ himself to follow arms,
Like to the warlike *Amazonian* Queen,
Penthesilea Hector's paramour,

wln 1193
wln 1194
wln 1195
wln 1196
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
wln 1219

Who foiled the bloody *Pyrrhus* murderous greek,
I'll thrust myself amongst the thickest throngs,
And with my utmost force assist my love.
Philena Let *Aeole* storm: be mild and quiet thou,
Let *Neptune* swell, be *Aurelius* calm and pleased,
I care not I, betide what may betide,
Let fates and fortune do the worst they can,
I reckon not: they not discord with me,
Whilst that my love and *I* do well agree.
Aurelius Sweet *Philena* beauties mineral,
From whence the sun exhales his glorious shine,
And clad the heaven in thy reflected rays,
And now my liefest love, the time draws nigh,
That *Hymen* mounted in his saffron robe,
Must with his torches wait upon thy train,
As *Helen's* brothers on the horned Moon,
Now *Juno* to thy number shall I add,
The fairest bride that ever Merchant had.

Polidor Come fair *Emelia* the priest is gone,
And at the church your father and the rest,
Do stay to see our marriage rites performed,
And knit in sight of heaven this *Gordian* knot.
That teeth of fretting time may ne'er untwist,
Then come fair love and gratulate with me,
This days content and sweet solemnity.

Exeunt Omnes

Sly *Sim* must they be married now?
Lord. Ay my Lord.

wln 1220
wln 1221
wln 1222
wln 1223
wln 1224
wln 1225
wln 1226

Enter *Ferando and Kate and Sander*.
Sly. Look *Sim* the fool is come again now.
Ferando Sirrah go fetch our horses forth, and bring
Them to the back gate presently.
Sander I will sir *I* warrant you,
Ferando Come *Kate* the Moon shines clear tonight
methinks.

Exit Sander.

img: 21-a

wln 1270
wln 1271
wln 1272

And leave their companies for fear of harm,
And unto *Athens* haste to seek my son.
Exit Duke.

wln 1273
wln 1274
wln 1275
wln 1276
wln 1277
wln 1278
wln 1279
wln 1280
wln 1281
wln 1282

Ferando Why so *Kate* this was friendly done of thee,
And kindly too: why thus must we two live,
One mind, one heart, and one content for both,
This good old man does think that we are mad,
And glad he is I am sure, that he is gone,
But come sweet *Kate* for we will after him,
And now persuade him to his shape again.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter *Alfonso and Philotus and Valeria,*
Polidor, Emelia, Aurelius and Philena.

wln 1283
wln 1284
wln 1285
wln 1286
wln 1287
wln 1288
wln 1289

Alfonso Come lovely sons your marriage rites
performed,
Let's hie us home to see what cheer we have,
I wonder that *Ferando* and his wife
Comes not to see this great solemnity.
Polidor No marvel if *Ferando* be away,
His wife I think hath troubled so his wits,

img: 22-a
sig: F1v

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

That he remains at home to keep them warm,
For forward wedlock as the proverb says,
Hath brought him to his night cap long ago.
Philotus But *Polidor* let my son and you take heed,
That *Ferando* say not ere long as much to you,
And now *Alfonso* more to show my love,
If unto *Sestos* you do send your ships,
Myself will fraught them with *Arabian* silks,
Rich afric spices *Arras* counterpoints,
Musk *Cassia*: sweet smelling *Ambergris*,
Pearl, coral, crystal, jet, and ivory,
To gratulate the favors of my son,
And friendly love that you have shown to him.
Valeria And for to honor him and this fair bride,
Enter the *Duke of Sestos*.
I'll yearly send you from my father's court,
Chests of refined sugar severally,
Ten ton of tunis wine, sucket sweet drugs,
To celebrate and solemnize this day,
And custom free your merchants shall converse:
And interchange the profits of your land,
Sending you gold for brass, silver for lead,
Casses of silk for packs of wool and cloth,
To bind this friendship and confirm this league.
Duke. I am glad sir that you would be so frank,
Are you become the *Duke* of *Sestos*' son,

wln 1316
wln 1317
wln 1318
wln 1319
wln 1320
wln 1321
wln 1322
wln 1323

img: 22-b
sig: F2r

And revels with my treasure in the town,
Base villain that thus dishonorest me.
Valeria 'Zounds it is the *Duke* what shall I do,
Dishonor thee why, knowest thou what thou sayest?
Duke. Here's no villain: he will not know me now,
But what say you? have you forgot me too?
Philotus Why sir, are you acquainted with my son?
Duke. With thy son? no trust me if he be thine,

wln 1324
wln 1325
wln 1326
wln 1327
wln 1328
wln 1329
wln 1330
wln 1331
wln 1332
wln 1333
wln 1334
wln 1335
wln 1336
wln 1337
wln 1338
wln 1339
wln 1340

I pray you sir who am I?
Aurelius Pardon me father: humbly on my knees,
I do entreat your grace to hear me speak.
Duke. Peace villain: lay hands on them,
And send them to prison straight.
Philotus and Valeria runs away.
Then *Sly* speaks.
Sly. I say we'll have no sending to prison.
Lord. My Lord this is but the play, they're but in jest.
Sly. I tell thee *Sim* we'll have no sending,
To prison that's flat: why *Sim* am not I *Don Christo Vary*?
Therefore *I* say they shall not go to prison.
Lord. No more they shall not my Lord,
They be run away.
Sly. Are they run away *Sim*? that's well,
Then gis some more drink, and let them play again.
Lord. Here my Lord.

wln 1341
wln 1342
wln 1343
wln 1344
wln 1345
wln 1346
wln 1347
wln 1348
wln 1349
wln 1350
wln 1351
wln 1352
wln 1353
wln 1354
wln 1355
wln 1356

img: 23-a
sig: F2v

Sly drinks and then falls asleep.
Duke. Ah treacherous boy that durst presume,
To wed thyself without thy father's leave,
I swear by fair *Cinthia's* burning rays,
By *Merops'* head and by seven mouthed *Nile*,
Had I but known ere thou hadst wedded her,
Were in thy breast the world's immortal soul,
This angry sword should rip thy hateful chest,
And hewed thee smaller than the *Libyan* sands,
Turn hence thy face: o cruel impious boy,
Alfonso I did not think you would presume,
To match your daughter with my princely house,
And ne'er make me acquainted with the cause.
Alfonso My Lord by heavens I swear unto your grace,
I knew none other but *Valeria* your man,
Had been the *Duke* of *Sestos'* noble son,

wln 1357
wln 1358
wln 1359

Nor did my daughter I dare swear for her.
Duke. That damned villain that hath deluded me,
Whom I did send guide unto my son,

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
wln 1379
wln 1380
wln 1381
wln 1382
wln 1383
wln 1384
wln 1385
wln 1386
wln 1387
wln 1388
wln 1389
wln 1390

img: 23-b
sig: F3r

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

Oh that my furious force could cleave the earth,
That I might muster bands of hellish fiends,
To rack his heart and tear his impious soul.
The ceaseless turning of celestial orbs,
Kindles not greater flames in flitting air,
Than passionate anguish of my raging breast,
Aurelius Then let my death sweet father end your grief,
For I it is that thus have wrought your woes,
Then be revenged on me for here I swear,
That they are innocent of what I did,
Oh had I charge to cut off *Hydra's* head,
To make the topless *Alps* a champion field,
To kill untamed monsters with my sword,
To travel daily in the hottest sun,
And watch in winter when the nights be cold,
I would with gladness undertake them all,
And think the pain but pleasure that I felt,
So that my noble father at my return,
Would but forget and pardon my offense,
Philena Let me entreat your grace upon my knees,
To pardon him and let my death discharge
The heavy wrath your grace hath vowed 'gainst him.
Polidor And good my Lord let us entreat your grace,
To purge your stomach of this Melancholy,
Taint not your princely mind with grief my Lord,
But pardon and forgive these lovers' faults,
That kneeling crave your gracious favor here.
Emelia. Great prince of *Sestos*, let a woman's words,
Entreat a pardon in your lordly breast,
Both for your princely son, and us my Lord.
Duke. *Aurelius* stand up I pardon thee,

I see that virtue will have enemies,
And fortune will be thwarting honor still,
And you fair virgin too I am content,
To accept you for my daughter since 'tis done,
And see you princely used in *Sestos* court.
Philena Thanks good my Lord and I no longer live,
Than I obey and honor you in all:
Alfonso Let me give thanks unto your royal grace,
For this great honor done to me and mine,
And if your grace will walk unto my house,
I will in humblest manner I can, show
The eternal service I do owe your grace.
Duke Thanks good *Alfonso*: but I came alone,
And not as did beseem the *Sestian Duke*,
Nor would I have it known within the town,
That I was here and thus without my train,
But as I came alone so will I go,

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
wln 1421
wln 1422
wln 1423

And leave my son to solemnize his feast,
And ere 't be long I'll come again to you,
And do him honor as beseems the son
Of mighty *Jerobell* the *Sestian Duke*,
Till when I'll leave you, Farewell *Aurelius*.

Aurelius Not yet my Lord, I'll bring you to your ship.

Exeunt Omnes.

Sly sleeps.

Lord. Who's within there? come hither sirs my Lord's
Asleep again: go take him easily up,
And put him in his own apparel again,
And lay him in the place where we did find him,
Just underneath the alehouse side below,
But see you wake him not in any case.

Boy. It shall be done my Lord come help to bear him
hence,

Exit.

img: 24-a
sig: F3v

wln 1424
wln 1425

*Enter Ferando, Aurelius and Polidor
and his boy and Valeria and Sander.*

wln 1426
wln 1427
wln 1428

Ferando Come gentlemen now that supper's done,
How shall we spend the time till we go to bed?

Aurelius Faith if you will in trial of our wives,
Who will come soonest at their husband's call.

wln 1429
wln 1430
wln 1431
wln 1432

Polidor Nay then *Ferando* he must needs sit out,
For he may call I think till he be weary,
Before his wife will come before she list.

wln 1433
wln 1434
wln 1435

Ferando 'Tis well for you that have such gentle wives,
Yet in this trial will I not sit out,
It may be *Kate* will come as soon as yours.

wln 1436
wln 1437
wln 1438

Aurelius My wife comes soonest for a hundred pound.

Polidor I take it: I'll lay as much to yours,
That my wife comes as soon as I do send.

wln 1439
wln 1440
wln 1441

Aurelius How now *Ferando* you dare not lay belike.

Ferando Why true I dare not lay indeed;
But how, so little money on so sure a thing,
*A hundred pound: why I have laid as much
Upon my dog, in running at a Deer,
She shall not come so far for such a trifle,
But will you lay five hundred marks with me,
And whose wife soonest comes when he doth call,*

wln 1442
wln 1443
wln 1444

*And shows herself most loving unto him,
Let him enjoy the wager I have laid,
Now what say you? dare you adventure thus?*

wln 1445
wln 1446
wln 1447

Polidor Ay were it a thousand pounds I durst presume
On my wife's love: and *I* will lay with thee.

wln 1448
wln 1449
wln 1450

wln 1451

wln 1452

Enter Alfonso.

wln 1453

wln 1454

img: 24-b
sig: F4r

wln 1455

wln 1456

wln 1457

wln 1458

wln 1459

wln 1460

wln 1461

wln 1462

wln 1463

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

wln 1483

wln 1484

wln 1485

wln 1486

img: 25-a
sig: F4v

wln 1487

wln 1488

wln 1489

wln 1490

wln 1491

wln 1492

wln 1493

wln 1494

Alfonso How now sons what in conference so hard,
May I without offense, know where abouts.

Aurelius Faith father a weighty cause about our wives
Five hundred marks already we have laid,
And he whose wife doth show most love to him,
He must enjoy the wager to himself.

Alfonso Why then *Ferando* he is sure to lose,
I promise thee son thy wife will hardly come,
And therefore I would not wish thee lay so much.

Ferando Tush father were it ten times more,
I durst adventure on my lovely *Kate*,
But if I lose I'll pay, and so shall you.

Aurelius Upon mine honor if I lose I'll pay.

Polidor And so will I upon my faith I vow.

Ferando Then sit we down and let us send for them.

Alfonso I promise thee *Ferando* I am afraid thou wilt lose

Aurelius I'll send for my wife first, *Valeria*
Go bid your Mistress come to me.

Valeria I will my Lord.

Exit Valeria.

Aurelius Now for my hundred pound.
Would any lay ten hundred more with me,
I know I should obtain it by her love.

Ferando I pray God you have not laid too much already.

Aurelius Trust me *Ferando* I am sure you have,
For you I dare presume have lost it all.

Enter *Valeria* again.

Now sirrah what says your mistress?

Valeria She is something busy but she'll come anon.

Ferando Why so, did not I tell you this before,
She is busy and cannot come.

Aurelius I pray God your wife send you so good an answer
She may be busy yet she says she'll come.

Ferando Well well: *Polidor* send you for your wife.

Polidor Agreed *Boy* desire your mistress to come hither.
Boy. I will sir

Exit Boy.

Ferando Ay so so he desires her to come.

Alfonso *Polidor* I dare presume for thee,
I think thy wife will not deny to come.

And I do marvel much *Aurelius*,
That your wife came not when you sent for her.

wln 1495

Enter the *Boy* again.

wln 1496

Polidor Now where's your Mistress?

wln 1497

Boy. She bade me tell you that she will not come,
And you have any business, you must come to her.

wln 1498

wln 1499

Ferando Oh monstrous intolerable presumption,
Worse than a blazing star, or snow at midsummer,

wln 1500

wln 1501

Earthquakes or any thing unseasonable,
She will not come: but he must come to her.

wln 1502

wln 1503

Polidor Well sir *I* pray you let's hear what
Answer your wife will make.

wln 1504

wln 1505

Ferando Sirrah, command your Mistress to come
To me presently.

Exit Sander.

wln 1506

wln 1507

Aurelius I think my wife for all she did not come,
Will prove most kind for now I have no fear,
For I am sure *Ferando's* wife, she will not come.

wln 1508

wln 1509

Ferando The more's the pity: than I must lose.

wln 1510

Enter *Kate* and *Sander*.

wln 1511

But I have won for see where *Kate* doth come.

wln 1512

Kate. Sweet husband did you send for me?

wln 1513

Ferando I did my love I sent for thee to come,
Come hither *Kate*, what's that upon thy head

wln 1514

wln 1515

Kate. Nothing husband but my cap I think.

wln 1516

wln 1517

Ferando Pull it off and tread it under thy feet,
'Tis foolish I will not have thee wear it.

wln 1518

wln 1519

She takes off her cap and treads on it.

img: 25-b

sig: G1r

wln 1520

Polidor Oh wonderful metamorphosis.

wln 1521

Aurelius This is a wonder: almost past belief.

wln 1522

Ferando This is a token of her true love to me,
And yet I'll try her further you shall see,
Come hither *Kate* where are thy sisters.

wln 1523

wln 1524

Kate. They be sitting in the bridal chamber.

wln 1525

Ferando Fetch them hither and if they will not come,
Bring them perforce and make them come with thee.

wln 1526

wln 1527

Kate. I will.

wln 1528

wln 1529

Alfonso I promise thee *Ferando* I would have sworn,
Thy wife would ne'er have done so much for thee.

wln 1530

wln 1531

Ferando But you shall see she will do more than this,
For see where she brings her sisters forth by force.

wln 1532

wln 1533

Enter *Kate* thrusting *Philena* and *Emelia* before her,
and makes them come unto their husbands' call.

wln 1534

wln 1535

Kate See husband I have brought them both.

wln 1536

Ferando 'Tis well done *Kate*.

wln 1537

Emelia Ay sure and like a loving piece, your worthy
To have great praise for this attempt.

wln 1538

wln 1539

Philena Ay for making a fool of herself and us.

wln 1540
wln 1541
wln 1542
wln 1543
wln 1544
wln 1545
wln 1546
wln 1547
wln 1548
wln 1549
wln 1550
wln 1551
wln 1552

img: 26-a
sig: G1v

Aurelius Beshrew thee *Philena*, thou hast
Lost me a hundred pound tonight.
For I did lay that thou wouldst first have come.
Polidor But thou *Emelia* hast lost me a great deal more.
Emelia You might have kept it better then,
Who bade you lay?
Ferando Now lovely *Kate* before their husbands here,
I prithee tell unto these headstrong women,
What duty wives do owe unto their husbands.
Kate. Then you that live thus by your pampered wills,
Now list to me and mark what I shall say,
Th' eternal power that with his only breath,
Shall cause this end and this beginning frame,

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
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wln 1578
wln 1579
wln 1580
wln 1581
wln 1582
wln 1583
wln 1584
wln 1585
wln 1586

Not in time, nor before time, but with time, confused,
For all the course of years, of ages, months,
Of seasons temperate, of days and hours,
Are tuned and stopped, by measure of his hand,
The first world was, a form, without a form,
A heap confused a mixture all deformed,
A gulf of gulfs, a body bodiless,
Where all the elements were orderless,
Before the great commander of the world,
The King of Kings the glorious God of heaven,
Who in six days did frame his heavenly work,
And made all things to stand in perfect course.
Then to his image he did make a man.
Old *Adam* and from his side asleep,
A rib was taken, of which the Lord did make,
The woe of man so termed by *Adam* then,
Woman for that, by her came sin to us,
And for her sin was *Adam* doomed to die,
As *Sara* to her husband, so should we,
Obey them, love them, keep, and nourish them,
If they by any means do want our helps,
Laying our hands under their feet to tread,
If that by that we, might procure their ease,
And for a precedent I'll first begin,
And lay my hand under my husband's feet
She lays her hand under her husband's feet.
Ferando Enough sweet, the wager thou hast won,
And they I am sure cannot deny the same.
Alfonso Ay *Ferando* the wager thou hast won,
And for to show thee how *I* am pleased in this,
A hundred pounds I freely give thee more,
Another dowry for another daughter,
For she is not the same she was before.
Ferando Thanks sweet father, gentlemen goodnight

img: 26-b

wln 1587
wln 1588
wln 1589
wln 1590
wln 1591
wln 1592
wln 1593
wln 1594
wln 1595
wln 1596
wln 1597
wln 1598
wln 1599
wln 1600
wln 1601

For *Kate* and *I* will leave you for to night,
'Tis *Kate* and *I* am wed, and you are sped.
And so farewell for we will to our beds.

Exit Ferando and Kate and Sander.

Alfonso Now *Aurelius* what say you to this?

Aurelius Believe me father *I* rejoice to see,
Ferando and his wife so lovingly agree.

*Exit Aurelius and Philena and
Alfonso and Valeria.*

Emelia How now *Polidor* in a dump, what sayst thou
man?

Polidor *I* say thou art a shrew.

Emelia That's better than a sheep.

Polidor Well since 'tis done let it go, come let's in.

Exit Polidor and Emelia.

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
wln 1616
wln 1617
wln 1618
wln 1619

Then enter two bearing of *Sly* in his
Own apparel again, and leaves him
Where they found him, and then goes out.

Then enter the *Tapster*.

Tapster. Now that the darksome night is overpast,
And dawning day appears in crystal sky,
Now must *I* haste abroad: but soft who's this?
What *Sly* o wondrous hath he lain here all night,
I'll wake him, *I* think he's starved by this,
But that his belly was so stuffed with ale,
What how *Sly*, Awake for shame.

Sly. *Sim* gis some more wine: what's all the
Players gone: am not *I* a Lord?

Tapster. A Lord with a murrain: come art thou
drunken still?

Sly. Who's this? *Tapster*, oh Lord sirrah, *I* have had
The bravest dream tonight, that ever thou
Heardest in all thy life.

wln 1620
wln 1621
wln 1622
wln 1623
wln 1624
wln 1625
wln 1626
wln 1627
wln 1628
wln 1629

Tapster. Ay marry but you had best get you home,
For your wife will course you for dreaming here tonight,

Sly Will she? *I* know now how to tame a shrew,
I dreamt upon it all this night till now,
And thou hast waked me out of the best dream
That ever *I* had in my life, but *I*'ll to my
Wife presently and tame her too
And if she anger me.

Tapster. Nay tarry *Sly* for *I*'ll go home with thee,
And hear the rest that thou hast dreamt tonight.

wln 1630

Exeunt Omnes.

img: 27-b
sig: [N/A]

FINIS.

Textual Notes

1. **93 (4-a)**: The regularized reading *boy* is supplied for the original *b[*]y*.
2. **757 (13-b)**: The regularized reading *sirrah* is amended from the original *sirray*.