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

**ACT 1, SCENE 1**

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| **TRANIO***Mi perdonato,* gentle master mine.I am in all affected as yourself,Glad that you thus continue your resolveTo suck the sweets of sweet philosophy.Only, good master, while we do admireThis virtue and this moral discipline,Let’s be no stoics nor no stocks, I pray,Or so devote to Aristotle’s checksAs Ovid be an outcast quite abjured.Balk logic with acquaintance that you have,And practice rhetoric in your common talk;Music and poesy use to quicken you;The mathematics and the metaphysics—Fall to them as you find your stomach serves you.No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en.In brief, sir, study what you most affect.**LUCENTIO**Gramercies, Tranio, well dost thou advise.If, Biondello, thou wert come ashore,We could at once put us in readinessAnd take a lodging fit to entertainSuch friends as time in Padua shall beget.But stay awhile. What company is this?**TRANIO**Master, some show to welcome us to town.*LUCENTIO and TRANIO stand by**Enter BAPTISTA, KATHERINE, BIANCA, GREMIO, and HORTENSIO***BAPTISTA**Gentlemen, importune me no farther,For how I firmly am resolved you know—That is, not to bestow my youngest daughterBefore I have a husband for the elder.If either of you both love Katherina,Because I know you well and love you wellLeave shall you have to court her at your pleasure.**GREMIO**To cart her, rather. She’s too rough for me.—There, there, Hortensio, will you any wife?**KATHERINE***(to* BAPTISTA*)* I pray you, sir, is it your willTo make a stale of me amongst these mates?**HORTENSIO**“Mates,” maid? how mean you that? No mates for youUnless you were of gentler, milder mold.**KATHERINE**I' faith, sir, you shall never need to fear.I wish it is not halfway to her heart.But if it were, doubt not her care should beTo comb your noddle with a three-legged stoolAnd paint your face and use you like a fool.**HORTENSIO**From all such devils, good Lord, deliver us!**GREMIO**And me too, good Lord!**TRANIO***(aside to* LUCENTIO*)*Husht, master, here’s some good pastime toward.That wench is stark mad or wonderful froward.**LUCENTIO***(aside to* TRANIO*)* But in the other’s silence do I seeMaid’s mild behavior and sobriety.Peace, Tranio.**TRANIO***(aside to* LUCENTIO*)* Well said, master. Mum, and gaze your fill.**BAPTISTA***(to* GREMIO *and* HORTENSIO*)*Gentlemen, that I may soon make goodWhat I have said—Bianca, get you in,And let it not displease thee, good Bianca,For I will love thee ne'er the less, my girl.**KATHERINE**A pretty peat! It is bestPut finger in the eye, an she knew why.**BIANCA**Sister, content you in my discontent.—Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe.My books and instruments shall be my company,On them to look and practice by myself.**LUCENTIO**Hark, Tranio! Thou may’st hear Minerva speak.**HORTENSIO**Signior Baptista, will you be so strange?Sorry am I that our goodwill effectsBianca’s grief.**GREMIO**Why will you mew her up,Signior Baptista, for this fiend of hellAnd make her bear the penance of her tongue?**BAPTISTA**Gentlemen, content ye. I am resolved.—Go in, Bianca.*EXIT BIANCA*And for I know she taketh most delightIn music, instruments, and poetry,Schoolmasters will I keep within my house,Fit to instruct her youth. If you, Hortensio,Or, Signior Gremio, you know any such,Prefer them hither, for to cunning menI will be very kind, and liberalTo mine own children in good bringing up.And so farewell.—Katherina, you may stay,For I have more to commune with Bianca.*EXIT BAPTISTA***KATHERINE**Why, and I trust I may go too, may I not? What, shall I be appointed hours as though, belike, I knew not what to take and what to leave, ha?*EXIT KATHERINE***GREMIO**You may go to the devil’s dam! Your gifts are so good here’s none will hold you.—Their love is not so great, Hortensio, but we may blow our nails together and fast it fairly out. Our cake’s dough on both sides. Farewell. Yet for the love I bear my sweet Bianca, if I can by any means light on a fit man to teach her that wherein she delights, I will wish him to her father.**HORTENSIO**So will I, Signior Gremio. But a word, I pray. Though the nature of our quarrel yet never brooked parle, know now upon advice, it toucheth us both, that we may yet again have access to our fair mistress and be happy rivals in Bianca’s love, to labor and effect one thing specially.**GREMIO**What’s that, I pray?**HORTENSIO**Marry, sir, to get a husband for her sister.**GREMIO**A husband? A devil!**HORTENSIO**I say a husband.**GREMIO**I say a devil. Think’st thou, Hortensio, though her father be very rich, any man is so very a fool to be married to hell?**HORTENSIO**Tush, Gremio. Though it pass your patience and mine to endure her loud alarums, why, man, there be good fellows in the world, an a man could light on them, would take her with all faults, and money enough.**GREMIO**I cannot tell. But I had as lief take her dowry with this condition: to be whipped at the high cross every morning.**HORTENSIO**Faith, as you say, there’s small choice in rotten apples. But come, since this bar in law makes us friends, it shall be so far forth friendly maintained till by helping Baptista’s eldest daughter to a husband we set his youngest free for a husband, and then have to ’t afresh. Sweet Bianca! Happy man be his dole! He that runs fastest gets the ring. How say you, Signior Gremio?**GREMIO**I am agreed, and would I had given him the best horse inv Padua to begin his wooing that would thoroughly woo her, wed her, and bed her, and rid the house of her! Come on.*Exeunt GREMIO and HORTENSIO***TRANIO**I pray, sir, tell me, is it possibleThat love should of a sudden take such hold?**LUCENTIO**O Tranio, till I found it to be true,I never thought it possible or likely.But see, while idly I stood looking on,I found the effect of love in idlenessAnd now in plainness do confess to theeThat art to me as secret and as dearAs Anna to the Queen of Carthage was,Tranio, I burn, I pine, I perish, Tranio,If I achieve not this young modest girl.Counsel me, Tranio, for I know thou canst.Assist me, Tranio, for I know thou wilt.**TRANIO**Master, it is no time to chide you now.Affection is not rated from the heart.If love have touched you, naught remains but so:*Redime te captum quam queas minimo.***LUCENTIO**Gramercies, lad, go forward. This contents.The rest will comfort, for thy counsel’s sound.**TRANIO**Master, you looked so longly on the maid,Perhaps you marked not what’s the pith of all.**LUCENTIO**Oh yes, I saw sweet beauty in her faceSuch as the daughter of Agenor had,That made great Jove to humble him to her handWhen with his knees he kissed the Cretan strand.**TRANIO**Saw you no more? Marked you not how her sisterBegan to scold and raise up such a stormThat mortal ears might hardly endure the din?**LUCENTIO**Tranio, I saw her coral lips to moveAnd with her breath she did perfume the air.Sacred and sweet was all I saw in her.**TRANIO***(aside)* Nay, then, ’tis time to stir him from his trance.—I pray, awake, sir! If you love the maid,Bend thoughts and wits to achieve her. Thus it stands:Her eldest sister is so curst and shrewdThat till the father rid his hands of her,Master, your love must live a maid at home,And therefore has he closely mewed her up,Because she will not be annoyed with suitors.**LUCENTIO**Ah, Tranio, what a cruel father’s he!But art thou not advised, he took some careTo get her cunning schoolmasters to instruct her?**TRANIO**Ay, marry, am I, sir; and now ’tis plotted!**LUCENTIO**I have it, Tranio!**TRANIO**   Master, for my hand,Both our inventions meet and jump in one.**LUCENTIO**Tell me thine first.**TRANIO**   You will be schoolmasterAnd undertake the teaching of the maid:That’s your device.**LUCENTIO**   It is. May it be done?**TRANIO**Not possible. For who shall bear your partAnd be in Padua here Vincentio’s son,Keep house and ply his book, welcome his friends,Visit his countrymen and banquet them?**LUCENTIO***Basta,* content thee, for I have it full.We have not yet been seen in any house,Nor can we be distinguished by our facesFor man or master. Then it follows thus:Thou shalt be master, Tranio, in my stead,Keep house and port and servants as I should.I will some other be, some Florentine,Some Neapolitan, or meaner man of Pisa.'Tis hatched, and shall be so. Tranio, at onceUncase thee. Take my colored hat and cloak.*They exchange clothes.*When Biondello comes, he waits on thee,But I will charm him first to keep his tongue.**BIONDELLO**Where have I been? Nay, how now, where are you? Master, has my fellow Tranio stolen your clothes? Or you stolen his? Or both? Pray, what’s the news?**LUCENTIO**Sirrah, come hither: ’tis no time to jest,And therefore frame your manners to the time.Your fellow Tranio here, to save my life,Puts my apparel and my countenance on,And I for my escape have put on his;For in a quarrel since I came ashoreI killed a man and fear I was descried.Wait you on him, I charge you, as becomes,While I make way from hence to save my life.You understand me?**BIONDELLO**    Aye, sir. *(aside)* Ne'er a whit.**LUCENTIO**And not a jot of “Tranio” in your mouth.Tranio is changed into Lucentio.**BIONDELLO**The better for him. Would I were so too.**TRANIO**So could I, faith, boy, to have the next wish after,That Lucentio indeed had Baptista’s youngest daughter.But, sirrah, not for my sake, but your master’s, I adviseYou use your manners discreetly in all kind of companies.When I am alone, why then I am Tranio;But in all places else, your master Lucentio.**LUCENTIO**Tranio, let’s go. One thing more rests, that thyself execute, to make one among these wooers. If thou ask me why, sufficeth my reasons are both good and weighty.*Exeunt.* | **TRANIO**Pardon me, gentle master. As usual, I’m in complete agreement with you about everything, and glad that you still relish the idea of studying philosophy—and let me add that I admire your virtue and your moral discipline. That said, let’s not become total stoics or unfeeling blocks of wood and give up all thought of pleasure. We don’t want to become so focused on Aristotle that we forget to read Ovid. Here’s my thought: practice your logic as you chat with your friends, and your rhetoric in ordinary conversation. Use music and poetry to excite your senses. Math and metaphysics—well, I’d play them by ear, spending only as much time on them as you can stand. There’s nothing to be gained from things we take no pleasure in. What I’m saying, sir, is this: study what you most enjoy.**LUCENTIO**Thanks, Tranio. That’s good advice. Now if only Biondello would get here, we could find a nice place to stay where the friends we’ll make here in Padua could visit us. Wait! Who are all these people?**TRANIO**Maybe it’s a parade to welcome us to town, master.***LUCENTIO****and****TRANIO****stand off to one side****BAPTISTA****enters with his elder daughter,****KATHERINE****, the younger daughter,****BIANCA****, and two suitors to****BIANCA****, an old man named****GREMIO****and a younger man named****HORTENSIO****.***BAPTISTA**Enough, gentlemen! You can’t influence me on this point. You know how I feel. I’m determined not to permit my younger daughter to marry until I have a husband for the elder one. I’ve long regarded you both as good friends. Therefore, if either of you is partial to Katherina, he shall have my permission to court her freely.**GREMIO**To cart her (off to jail), better yet. She’s too much for me. How about you, Hortensio? Are you still interested in marrying?**KATHERINE***(to* BAPTISTA*)* May I ask, sir, if it’s your intention to publicly humiliate me, showing me off like a floozy in front of these suitors?**HORTENSIO**We’re not your suitors, that’s for sure! Not until you improve your temper, girl!**KATHERINE**Don’t worry, I couldn’t care less. The only possible interest I could take in you would be to hit you on the head with a stool, paint your face with blood, and make a fool out of you.**HORTENSIO**May the good Lord keep me safe from all women like her!**GREMIO**Me too, Lord!**TRANIO***(speaking so that only* LUCENTIO *can hear)* Wow! This’ll be fun to watch! This girl is either completely crazy or incredibly willful.**LUCENTIO***(speaking so that only* TRANIO *can hear)* But her sister seems quiet and well behaved, as a young girl should be. Shhh, Tranio.**TRANIO***(speaking so that only* LUCENTIO *can hear)* Indeed, master. Let’s keep quiet and watch.**BAPTISTA***(to* GREMIO *and* HORTENSIO*)* Gentlemen, since I’d like to make good on what I’ve said—Bianca, go inside. And don’t be unhappy, my dear. Whatever happens, you know I’ll never love you less.**KATHERINE**What a spoiled little brat. She’d make herself cry now, if she could think of a reason.**BIANCA**Sister, be happy in my unhappiness.—Sir, I will humbly obey you. I’ll take comfort in my books and music, reading and practicing my instruments.**LUCENTIO**Listen Tranio! That’s Minerva’s (the Greek goddess of wisdom) voice you hear.**HORTENSIO**Signior Baptista, will you really be this cruel? I regret that our goodwill should cause Bianca unhappiness.**GREMIO**Why are you locking her away because of this fiend from hell, Signor Baptista? Why does the one daughter have to be punished for the other’s mouth?**BAPTISTA**Gentlemen, I’ve made my decision. That’s all there is to it. Go inside, Bianca.*BIANCA EXITS*And because I know how fond she is of music, playing her instruments, and poetry, I plan to hire live-in tutors for her. If either of you gentlemen knows anyone who would be suitable for the job, send him to me. I’ll pay well for good teachers. I don’t stint when it comes to educating my children. Goodbye, gentlemen. Katherina, you may stay. I have things to discuss with Bianca.*BAPTISTA EXITS***KATHERINE**Stay out here? I don’t think so! Am I to be dictated to, like a child? Told when to come and where to go? No.*KATHERINE EXITS***GREMIO**You can go straight to Hades! What you have to offer is nothing anyone wants. Hortensio, our desire to be married isn’t so great that we can’t wait this out patiently. It’s tough on both of us, but I guess we’ll live. So long. But to prove my love for Bianca, I’m going to see if I can find a good tutor to give her lessons in the things she enjoys. If I do, I’ll send him to her father.**HORTENSIO**I’ll do the same. But wait—don’t go just yet, Signior Gremio. I know we’ve never exactly been allies, but it might be in both our interests, if you think about it, to put our heads together about one particular thing. That is, if we ever want to return to being rivals for Bianca’s love.**GREMIO**And that would be—?**HORTENSIO**To find a husband for her sister.**GREMIO**A husband? You mean a devil!**HORTENSIO**I mean a husband.**GREMIO**I say a devil. Do you really think there’s a man fool enough to marry into Hades—however rich the father is?**HORTENSIO**Oh, I don’t know. Just because we wouldn’t want to put up with her tantrums, that doesn’t mean there aren’t guys who would, if we could find them. Guys who’d take her with all her faults, provided there were enough money involved.**GREMIO**I don’t know. All I know is *I’d* rather endure a public whipping every morning than put up with her—even with a big dowry.**HORTENSIO**The two choices are about equal, it’s true. But come, since we must be friends in the face of this new obstacle, let’s work together to find a husband for Baptista’s elder daughter, and thus free his younger daughter to have a husband, too. Then we can go back to fighting with each other. Happy the man that claims you, sweet Bianca! And may the best man win. What do you say, Signior Gremio?**GREMIO**Agreed. This imaginary suitor for Katherina—I’d buy him the best horse in Padua if he’d get here quickly, woo her, marry her, take her away, and rid the house of her. Let’s go.*GREMIO AND HORTENSIO EXIT***TRANIO**Sir, is it possible that a person could fall in love so suddenly?**LUCENTIO**Oh, Tranio, until it happened to me, I never would have thought it possible. But now I confess it openly to you, Tranio. You are to me what Anna (the sister to whom Dido, the Queen of Carthage, confessed her crush on Aeneas in *The Aeneid,* an Greek epic poem) was to the Queen of Carthage. I confide in you. I tell you, Tranio, I’m on fire, in agony. I’ll die if I can’t have this modest young girl for my wife. Advise me, Tranio—I know you can. Help me, Tranio—I know you will.**TRANIO**Master, this is no moment to lecture you. The heart won’t be reasoned with. If love has touched you, love has touched you—end of story. But, as the Roman Terence advises, now that you’re a captive, it’s time to buy back your freedom at the lowest possible cost.**LUCENTIO**Yes, you’re right. Please go on. I feel better already, and I know there’s more good advice where that came from.**TRANIO**Master, you were so focused on the girl herself, I wonder if you missed the main point here.**LUCENTIO**Oh no! I saw sweetness and beauty in her face of the kind that humbled great Zeus. He saw it in Europa that time she brought him to his knees in Crete.**TRANIO**That’s all you noticed? You missed the part where her sister began to scold her and made such a ruckus that human ears could hardly stand it?**LUCENTIO**Tranio, I saw her coral-pink lips move and perfume the air with her breath. I saw nothing in her except what is virtuous and lovely.**TRANIO***(to the audience)* I think it’s time to rouse him from his trance.—Wake up, sir! If you love the girl, it’s time to figure out how to win her. The way things stand, her older sister is so bitchy and difficult that the father can’t wait to get rid of her. But until he does, your sweetheart is grounded, locked up at home and not allowed any suitors.**LUCENTIO**Oh, Tranio, what a cruel father he is. Still, did you notice how ready he was to hire good tutors for her?**TRANIO**I did—and now I’ve got it!**LUCENTIO**Tranio, I think I’ve got it!**TRANIO**I’ll bet we’re both thinking the same thing, master.**LUCENTIO**Tell me your idea first.**TRANIO**You will pretend to be a schoolmaster and offer to teach the girl. Is that your plan?**LUCENTIO**It is. Do you think it would work?**TRANIO**No, not a chance. You’re supposed to be here in Padua studying. So who would fill in for you—pretend to be Vincentio’s son, live in his house, pore over his books, welcome his friends, and wine and dine his fellow expatriates from Pisa?**LUCENTIO**Enough! Don’t worry, I have it all figured out. No one has seen us yet, and no one knows what we look like—which of us is master and which servant. It’s obvious:*You* will be *me,* Tranio—live in my house, instruct the servants and do everything in my place just as I would. I, meanwhile, will impersonate some other made-up fellow—some guy from Florence or Naples, or some poor guy from Pisa. There! That’s a plan. Take off what you’re wearing and put on my hat and cloak.*They exchange clothes*Here comes Biondello. Where have you been, boy?**BIONDELLO**Where have *I* been? Where are *you?* Has Tranio stolen your clothes, master? Or have you stolen his? Have you both stolen each other’s? Please, what’s going on?**LUCENTIO**Come here, boy. It’s no time for jokes: sober up. Tranio and I have traded clothes to save my life. I killed a man in a fight since we came ashore, and I’m worried someone saw me. While I make my escape, I need you to wait on Tranio as though he were me. Understand?**BIONDELLO**Of course, sir. *(to the audience)* Not a word.**LUCENTIO**And you’re not to utter a syllable of Tranio’s name. “Tranio” is now “Lucentio.”**BIONDELLO**Lucky for him. Wish I could say the same.**TRANIO**I’d second your wish if it automatically meant that Lucentio could have Baptista’s youngest daughter. This is for your master’s sake, not mine. So watch your step when there are other people around. When we’re by ourselves you can call me “Tranio.” Everywhere else, address me as your master Lucentio.**LUCENTIO**Tranio, let’s go. One last thing, and this is up to you. You’ll have to woo Bianca like the rest. Don’t ask why. Just trust me—I know what I’m doing.*They all exit.* |