

**SHAKESPEARE'S
KATHERINE AND
PETRUCHIO, A COMEDY;**

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Shakespeare's *Katherine and Petruchio*, a comedy; by William Shakespeare & David Garrick & J. P. Kemble

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WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE & DAVID GARRICK & J. P. KEMBLE

**SHAKESPEARE'S
KATHERINE AND
PETRUCHIO, A COMEDY;**

Shakspeare's
KATHARINE AND PETRUCHIO,

A COMEDY ;

TAKEN BY

DAVID GARRICK

FROM

THE TAMING OF A SHREW:

REVISED BY

J. P. KEMBLE;

AND NOW FIRST PUBLISHED AS IT IS ACTED AT

THE THEATRE ROYAL

IN

Cobent Garden.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THE THEATRE.

1810.

Price One Shilling.

PR 2878
 T25 K45
 1810
 MAIN

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

PETRUCHIO,	— — — — —	Mr. KEMBLE.
BAPTISTA,	— — — — —	Mr. DAVENPORT.
HORTENSIO,	— — — — —	Mr. CLAREMONT.
<i>Musick-master,</i>	— — — — —	Mr. TREBY.
<i>Tailor,</i>	— — — — —	Mr. LISTON.
BIONDELLO,	} <i>Baptista's Servants.</i> {	Mr. BLANCHARD.
PEDRO,		Mr. JEFFERIES.
GRUMIO,	} — — — — — {	Mr. SIMMONS.
<i>Cook,</i>		Mr. PLATT.
NATHANIEL,	— — — — —	Mr. GRANT.
GABRIEL,	} <i>Petruchio's Servants.</i> {	Mr. GAYWOOD.
GREGORY,		Mr. POWERS.
ADAM,		Mr. HEATH.
WALTER,		Mr. BROWN.
RALPH,		Mr. SARJANT.
KATHARINE,	— — — — —	Mrs. C. KEMBLE.
BIANCA,	— — — — —	Mrs. HUMPHRIES.
CURTIS,	— — — — —	Mrs. EMERY.

Ladies and Gentlemen.

*Scene—Baptista's House in Padua, and Petruchio's
 Country-house.*

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KATHARINE AND PETRUCHIO.

A C T I.

SCENE,
Baptista's House.

A Hall.

Enter BAPTISTA, PETRUCHIO,—and GRUMIO, who waits behind.

Bap. THUS have I, 'gainst my own self-interest,
Repeated all the worst you 're to expect
From my shrewd daughter, Katharine :—if you 'll
venture,

Maugre my plain and honest declaration,
You have my free consent, win her and wed her.

Pet. Signior Baptista, thus it stands with me.
Antonio, my father, is deceas'd :
You knew him well, and, knowing him, know me,
Left solely heir to all his lands and goods,
Which I have better'd, rather than decreas'd :
And I have thrust myself into the world,
Haply to wive and thrive, as best I may.
My business asketh haste, old signior,
And every day I cannot come to woo :
Let specialties be therefore drawn between us,
That covenants may be kept on either hand.

Bap. Yes, when the special thing is well obtain'd,
My daughter's love ; for that is all in all.

Pet. Why, that is nothing ; for I tell you, father,
I am as peremptory, as she proud-minded ;

And where two raging fires meet together,
 They do consume the thing that feeds their fury.
 Though little fire grows great with little wind,
 Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all ;
 So, I to her, and so, she yields to me ;
 For I am rough, and woo not like a babe.

Gr. Nay, look you, sir, he tells you flatly
 what his mind is : Why, give him gold enough,
 and marry him to a puppet, or an old trot with
 ne'er a tooth in her head. Though she have as many
 diseases as two and fifty horses,—Why, nothing comes
 amiss, so money comes withall.—You know him not.

Bap. And will you woo her, sir ?

Pet. Why came I hither, but to that intent ?
 Think you, a little din can daunt my ears ?
 Have I not, in my time, heard lions roar ?
 Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,
 And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies ?
 Have I not, in a pitched battle, heard
 Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets' clang ?
 And do you tell me of a woman's tongue ;
 That gives not half so great a blow to hear,
 As will a chesnut in a farmer's fire ?—
 Tush, tush ! fear boys with bugs.

Bap. Then, thou 'rt the man,
 The man for Katharine, and her father too :
 That shall she know, and know my mind at once.
 I'll portion her above her gentler sister,
 New-married to Hortensio :
 And, if, with scurril taunt, and squeamish pride,
 She make a mouth, and will not taste her fortune,
 I'll turn her forth to seek it in the world ;
 Nor henceforth shall she know her father's doors.

Pet. Say'st thou me so ? Then, as your daughter,
 signior,
 Is rich enough to be Petruchio's wife ;
 Be she as curst as Socrates' Xantippe,
 She moves me not a whit :—Were she as rough,
 As are the swelling Adriatick seas,—

I come to wive it wealthily in Padua ;
If wealthily, then happily, in Padua.

Bap. Well may'st thou woo, and happy be thy
speed !

But be thou arm'd for some unhappy words.

Pet. Ay, to the proof ; as mountains are for winds,
That shake not, though they blow perpetually.

[KATHARINE and the Musick-master make a Noise
without.]

Mas. Help ! help !

Kat. Out of the house, you scraping fool.

Pet. What noise is that ?

Bap. O, nothing ; this is nothing.—

My daughter, Katharine, and her musick-master ;
This is the third I've had within this month :
She is an enemy to harmony.

*Enter Musick-master, with his Forehead bloody, and
a broken Lute in his Hand.*

How now, my friend, why dost thou look so pale ?

Mas. For fear, I promise you, if I do look pale.

Bap. What, will my daughter prove a good
musician ?

Mas. I think, she'll sooner prove a soldier ;
Iron may hold with her, but never lutes.

Bap. Why, then, thou canst not break her to the
lute ?

Mas. Why, no ; for she hath broke the lute to me.
I did but tell her, she mistook her frets,
And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering,
When, with a most impatient devilish spirit,
Frets call you them ?—quoth she,—I'll fret your
fool's cap :

And, with that word, she struck me on the head,
And through the instrument my pate made way ;
And there I stood, amazed for awhile,
As on a pillory, looking through the lute :
While she did call me rascal-fidler,

And twangling Jack, with twenty such vile terms,
As she had studied to misuse me so.

Pet. Now, by the world, it is a lusty wench ;
I love her ten times more than e'er I did.
O, how I long to have a grapple with her !

Mas. I would not have another grapple with her,
To purchase Padua : For what is past,
I'm paid sufficiently : if, at your leisure,
You think my broken fortunes, head, and lute,
Deserve some reparation, you know where
To inquire for me ; and so, good gentlemen,
I am your much
Disorder'd, broken-pated, humble servant.

[*Exit Musick-master.*]

Bap. What, are you mov'd, Petruchio ? Do you
flinch ?

Pet. I'm more and more impatient, sir ; and long
To be a partner in these favourite pleasures.

Bap. O, by all means, sir.—Will you go with me,
Or shall I send my daughter Kate to you ?

Pet. I pray you do, I will attend her here.

[*Exit BAPTISTA.*]

Grumio,—retire, and wait my call within.

[*Exit GRUMIO.*]

Since that her father is so resolute,
I'll woo her with some spirit, when she comes :—
Say, that she rail,—Why then, I'll tell her plain,
She sings as sweetly as a nightingale :—
Say, that she frown,—I'll say, she looks as clear
As morning roses, newly wash'd with dew :—
If she do bid me pack, I'll give her thanks,
As though she bade me stay by her a week :—
If she deny to wed, I'll crave the day
When I shall ask the banns, and when be married.

[*KATHARINE and BAPTISTA without.*]

Kat. Sir,—father,—surely—

Bap. Hence, Kate !—ne'er tell me.

Pet. O, here she comes,—and now, Petruchio,
speak.

Enter KATHARINE.

Kat. How? Turn'd adrift, nor know my father's house?

Reduc'd to this, or none? the maid's last prayer?

Sent to be woo'd, like bear unto the stake?

Trim wooing like to be!—and he the bear;

For I shall bait him.—Yet, the man's a man.

Pet. Kate in a calm?—Maids must not be wooers.—

Good morrow, Kate;—for that's your name, I hear.

Kat. Well have you heard, but impudently said: They call me Katharine, that do talk of me.

Pet. You lie, in faith; for you are call'd plain Kate,—

And bonny Kate,—and sometimes Kate the curst.

But, Kate,—the prettiest Kate in Christendom,—

Take this of me, Kate of my consolation.—

Hearing thy mildness prais'd in every town,

Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded,

Thy affability, and bashful modesty,

Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs,

Myself am mov'd to woo thee for my wife.

Kat. Mov'd in good time! Let him that mov'd you hither,

Remove you hence: I knew you at the first,

You were a moveable.

Pet. A moveable! Why, what's that?

Kat. A joint-stool.

Pet. Thou hast hit it: come, sit on me.

Kat. Asses are made to bear, and so are you.

Pet. Women are made to bear, and so are you.—

Alas, good Kate, I will not burden thee;

For, knowing thee to be but young and light,—

Kat. Too light, for such a swain as you to catch.

[*Going.*]

Pet. Come, come, you wasp; i' faith, you are too angry.

Kat. If I be waspish, best beware my sting.

Pet. My remedy then is, to pluck it out.