

(4) Baptista / Petruchio

81 *The Taming of the Shrew* ACT 2. SC. 1

TRANIO, [as LUCENTIO]

Pardon me, sir, the boldness is mine own,
That being a stranger in this city here
Do make myself a suitor to your daughter,
Unto Bianca, fair and virtuous. 95
Nor is your firm resolve unknown to me,
In the preferment of the eldest sister.
This liberty is all that I request,
That, upon knowledge of my parentage,
I may have welcome 'mongst the rest that woo 100
And free access and favor as the rest.
And toward the education of your daughters
I here bestow a simple instrument
And this small packet of Greek and Latin books. 105
Biondello comes forward with the gifts.
If you accept them, then their worth is great.

BAPTISTA

Lucentio is your name. Of whence, I pray?

TRANIO, [as LUCENTIO]

Of Pisa, sir, son to Vincentio.

BAPTISTA

A mighty man of Pisa. By report
I know him well. You are very welcome, sir. 110
[To Hortensio as Lito.] Take you the lute, [To
Lucentio as Cambio.] and you the set of books.
You shall go see your pupils presently.
Holla, within!

Enter a Servant

Sirrah, lead these gentlemen 115
To my daughters, and tell them both
These are their tutors. Bid them use them well.
[Servant exits with Hortensio and Lucentio.]
We will go walk a little in the orchard,
And then to dinner. You are passing welcome,
And so I pray you all to think yourselves. 120

83 *The Taming of the Shrew* ACT 2. SC. 1

PETRUCHIO

Signior Baptista, my business asketh haste,
And every day I cannot come to woo.
You knew my father well, and in him me,
Left solely heir to all his lands and goods,
Which I have bettered rather than decreased. 125
Then tell me, if I get your daughter's love,
What dowry shall I have with her to wife?

BAPTISTA

After my death, the one half of my lands,
And, in possession, twenty thousand crowns.

PETRUCHIO

And, for that dowry, I'll assure her of
Her widowhood, be it that she survive me,
In all my lands and leases whatsoever.
Let specialties be therefore drawn between us,
That covenants may be kept on either hand. 130

BAPTISTA

Ay, when the special thing is well obtained,
That is, her love, for that is all in all. 135

PETRUCHIO

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. 140
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.

BAPTISTA

Well mayst thou woo, and happy be thy speed. 145
But be thou armed for some unhappy words.

PETRUCHIO

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