

⑥ Gremio / Baptista / Tranio

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

GREMIO and TRANIO, [as LUCENTIO]  
Amen, say we. We will be witnesses.

PETRUCHIO  
Father, and wife, and gentlemen, adieu. 340  
I will to Venice. Sunday comes apace.  
We will have rings, and things, and fine array,  
And kiss me, Kate. We will be married o' Sunday.  
*Petruchio and Katherine exit*  
*[through different doors.]*

GREMIO  
Was ever match clapped up so suddenly?

BAPTISTA  
Faith, gentlemen, now I play a merchant's part 345  
And venture madly on a desperate mart.

TRANIO, [as LUCENTIO]  
'Twas a commodity lay fretting by you.  
'Twill bring you gain, or perish on the seas.

BAPTISTA  
The gain I seek, is quiet [in] the match.

GREMIO  
No doubt but he hath got a quiet catch. 350  
But now, Baptista, to your younger daughter.  
Now is the day we long have lookèd for.  
I am your neighbor and was suitor first.

TRANIO, [as LUCENTIO]  
And I am one that love Bianca more  
Than words can witness or your thoughts can guess. 355

GREMIO  
Youngling, thou canst not love so dear as I.

TRANIO, [as LUCENTIO]  
Graybeard, thy love doth freeze.

GREMIO  
But thine doth fry!  
Skipper, stand back. 'Tis age that nourisheth.

TRANIO, [as LUCENTIO]  
But youth in ladies' eyes that flourisheth. 360

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BAPTISTA  
Content you, gentlemen. I will compound this strife.  
'Tis deeds must win the prize, and he of both  
That can assure my daughter greatest dower  
Shall have my Bianca's love.  
Say, Signior Gremio, what can you assure her? 365

GREMIO  
First, as you know, my house within the city  
Is richly furnishèd with plate and gold,  
Basins and ewers to lave her dainty hands;  
My hangings all of Tyrian tapestry;  
In ivory coffers I have stuffed my crowns, 370  
In cypress chests my arras counterpoints,  
Costly apparel, tents, and canopies,  
Fine linen, Turkey cushions bossed with pearl,  
Valance of Venice gold in needlework,  
Pewter and brass, and all things that belongs 375  
To house or housekeeping. Then, at my farm  
I have a hundred milch-kine to the pail,  
Six score fat oxen standing in my stalls,  
And all things answerable to this portion.  
Myself am struck in years, I must confess, 380  
And if I die tomorrow this is hers,  
If whilst I live she will be only mine.

TRANIO, [as LUCENTIO]  
That "only" came well in. [To Baptista.] Sir, list to  
me:  
I am my father's heir and only son. 385  
If I may have your daughter to my wife,  
I'll leave her houses three or four as good,  
Within rich Pisa walls, as any one  
Old Signior Gremio has in Padua,  
Besides two thousand ducats by the year 390  
Of fruitful land, all which shall be her jointure.—  
What, have I pinched you, Signior Gremio?

GREMIO

Two thousand ducats by the year of land?  
 [Aside.] My land amounts not to so much in all.—  
 That she shall have, besides an argosy  
 That now is lying in Marcellus' road. 395  
 [To Tranio.] What, have I choked you with an argosy?

TRANIO, [as LUCENTIO]

Gremio, 'tis known my father hath no less  
 Than three great argosies, besides two galliasses  
 And twelve tight galleys. These I will assure her,  
 And twice as much whate'er thou offrest next. 400

GREMIO

Nay, I have offered all. I have no more,  
 And she can have no more than all I have.  
 [To Baptista.] If you like me, she shall have me and  
 mine. 405

TRANIO, [as LUCENTIO]

Why, then, the maid is mine from all the world,  
 By your firm promise. Gremio is outvied.

BAPTISTA

I must confess your offer is the best,  
 And, let your father make her the assurance,  
 She is your own; else, you must pardon me. 410  
 If you should die before him, where's her dower?

TRANIO, [as LUCENTIO]

That's but a cavil. He is old, I young.

GREMIO

And may not young men die as well as old?

BAPTISTA

Well, gentlemen, I am thus resolved:  
 On Sunday next, you know 415  
 My daughter Katherine is to be married.

[To Tranio as Lucentio.] Now, on the Sunday  
 following, shall Bianca

Be bride to you, if you make this assurance.  
 If not, to Signior Gremio. 420  
 And so I take my leave, and thank you both.

GREMIO

Adieu, good neighbor. [Baptista] exits.

Now I fear thee not.

Sirrah young gamester, your father were a fool  
 To give thee all and in his waning age 425  
 Set foot under thy table. Tut, a toy!  
 An old Italian fox is not so kind, my boy.

[Gremio] exits.

TRANIO

A vengeance on your crafty withered hide!—  
 Yet I have faced it with a card of ten.  
 'Tis in my head to do my master good. 430  
 I see no reason but supposed Lucentio  
 Must get a father, called "supposed Vincentio"—  
 And that's a wonder. Fathers commonly  
 Do get their children. But in this case of wooing,  
 A child shall get a sire, if I fail not of my cunning. 435  
 He exits.