

Shakespeare's Dysfunctional Families

'Who would be a father...!'

Week 4

in Shakespeare's day the main rite of passage was marriage. The match that he arranges for Miranda is the one that she would — and does— choose for herself, and the union brings concord between nations and reunion between brothers. Miranda, with the confidence and resilience of the loved child, expresses no qualms about setting forth for the "brave new world." Her father approves, her husband-to-be is all she could wish, she is looking forward only to happiness. Prospero has not burdened her with his cares. His parting wishes to Ariel could as fittingly be addressed to her: "to the elements / Be free, and fare thou well!" (V.i.317–18). It is Prospero's willing sacrifice of his own well-being for the sake of his daughter's that gives the play its wistful, nostalgic tone. The "music of the island" is hauntingly sweet and sad. *The Tempest* is a fable of fatherly wish-fulfillment and ideal nurture.

By the time that Shakespeare wrote *The Tempest*, his own daughters

[Sharon Hamilton, *Shakespeare's Daughters*, (Nth. Carolina: McFarland, 2003), pp. 33-34]

Othello: The Moor of Venice

Act 1 Scene 1

Roderigo. What a full fortune does the thick lips owe
If he can carry't thus!

Iago. Call up her father,
Rouse him: make after him, poison his delight.

70

Roderigo. Here is her father's house; I'll call aloud.

What, ho, Brabantio! Signior Brabantio, ho!

Iago. Awake! what, ho, Brabantio! thieves! thieves! thieves!
Look to your house, your daughter and your bags!
Thieves! thieves!

[BRABANTIO appears above, at a window]

- Brabantio. What is the reason of this terrible summons?
What is the matter there? 85
- Roderigo. Signior, is all your family within?
- Iago. Are your doors lock'd?
- Brabantio. Why, wherefore ask you this? 90
- Iago. 'Zounds, sir, **you're robb'd**; for shame, put on
your gown;
Your **heart is burst**, you have lost half your soul;
Even **now, now, very now**, an **old black ram**
Is topping **your white ewe**. Arise, arise; 95
Awake the snorting citizens with the bell,
Or else the **devil will make a grandsire of you**:
Arise, I say.
- Brabantio. What, have you lost your wits?
- Roderigo. Most reverend signior, do you know my voice? 100
- Brabantio. Not I. what are you?
- Roderigo. **My name is Roderigo**.
- Brabantio. **The worser welcome:**
I have charged thee not to haunt about my doors:
In honest plainness thou hast heard me say 105
My daughter is not for thee;
- *****
- Roderigo. Sir, sir, sir,— 110
- Brabantio. But thou must needs be sure
My spirit and my place have in them power
To make this bitter to thee.
- Roderigo. Patience, good sir.
- Brabantio. What tell'st thou me of robbing? **this is Venice;** 115
My house is not a grange.
- Roderigo. Most grave Brabantio,
In simple and pure soul I come to you.
- Iago. 'Zounds, sir, you are one of those that will not
serve God, if the devil bid you. Because we come to 120
do you service and you think we are ruffians, you'll
have **your daughter covered with a Barbary horse**;
you'll have **your nephews neigh** to you; you'll have
courses for cousins and **gennets for Germans**.
- Brabantio. What profane wretch art thou? 125
- Iago. I am one, sir, that comes to tell you **your** daughter
and the Moor **are now** making **the beast with two backs**.

Brabantio. Thou art a villain.

Iago. You are—a senator.

Brabantio. This thou shalt answer; I know thee, Roderigo. 130

Roderigo. Sir, I will answer any thing. But, I beseech you,
 If't be your pleasure and most wise consent,
 As partly I find it is, that your fair daughter,
 At this odd-even and dull watch o' the night,
 Transported, with no worse nor better guard 135
 But with a knave of common hire, a gondolier,
 To the gross clasps of a lascivious Moor—
 If this be known to you and your allowance,
 We then have done you bold and saucy wrongs;
 But if you know not this, my manners tell me 140
 We have your wrong rebuke. Do not believe
 That, from the sense of all civility,
 I thus would play and trifle with your reverence:
 Your daughter, if you have not given her leave,
 I say again, hath made a gross revolt;
 Tying her duty, beauty, wit and fortunes 145
 In an extravagant and wheeling stranger
 Of here and every where. Straight satisfy yourself:
 If she be in her chamber or your house,
 Let loose on me the justice of the state 150
 For thus deluding you.

Brabantio. Strike on the tinder, ho!
 Give me a taper! call up all my people!
 This accident is not unlike my dream:
 Belief of it oppresses me already. 155
 Light, I say! light!

[Exit above]

Iago explains that he must leave Roderigo to accompany Brabantio as Othello must not know of Iago's role in revealing his marriage and incensing Desdemona's father.

[Exit]

[Enter, below, BRABANTIO, and Servants with torches]

Brabantio. It is too true **an evil: gone** she is;
 And what's to come of my despised time
 Is nought but bitterness. Now, Roderigo,
 Where didst thou see her? O unhappy girl!
 With the Moor, say'st thou? **Who would be a father!** 180
 How didst thou know 'twas she? O she deceives me
 Past thought! What said she to you? Get more tapers:
 Raise all my kindred. Are they married, think you?

Roderigo. Truly, I think they are.

Brabantio. O heaven! **How got she out? O treason** of the blood! 185
Fathers, from hence trust not your daughters' minds
By what you see them act. Is there not charms
 By which the property¹ of youth and maidhood
May be abused? Have you not read, Roderigo,
 Of some such thing? 190

Roderigo. Yes, sir, I have indeed.

Brabantio. Call up my brother. **O, would you had had her!**
 Some one way, some another. Do you know
 Where we may apprehend her and the Moor?

Roderigo. I think I can discover him, if you please, 195
 To get good guard and go along with me.

Brabantio. Pray you, lead on. At every house I'll call;
 I may command at most. Get weapons, ho!
 And raise some special officers of night.
 On, good Roderigo: I'll deserve your pains. 200

[*Exeunt*]

1.2

Hoping to provoke a violent outcome, Iago tells Othello that his marriage to Desdemona has been revealed and urges him to flee. Othello refuses:

Othello. Not I. I must be found: 235
 My parts, my title and my perfect soul
 Shall manifest me rightly.

[Enter BRABANTIO, RODERIGO, and Officers with torches and weapons]

Othello. Holla! stand there!

Roderigo. Signior, it is the Moor. 275

Brabantio. Down with him, thief!

[They draw on both sides]

Iago. You, Roderigo! come, sir, I am for you.

Othello. **Keep up your bright swords, for the dew will rust them.**
Good signior, you shall more command with years 280
Than with your weapons.

¹ **property** 1.†**a.** Usually with *the* and *of*. The characteristic quality of a person or thing; (hence) character, nature. *Obsolete*; **3. b.** A (usually material) thing belonging to a person, group of persons, etc.; a possession; (as a mass noun) that which one owns; possessions collectively; a person's goods, wealth, etc. Also *figurative*. [Both meanings were current in the fourteenth century.]

Brabantio. O thou **foul thief**, where hast thou **stow'd**² **my** daughter?
 Damn'd as thou art, thou hast **enchanted her**;
 For I'll refer me to all things of sense,
 If she in chains of magic were not bound, 285
 Whether a maid so tender, fair and happy,
 So opposite to marriage that she shunned
 The wealthy curled darlings of our nation,
 Would ever have, to incur a general mock,
 Run from her **guardage**³ to the sooty bosom 290
 Of such a **thing** as thou, **to fear, not to delight**.
 Judge me the world, if 'tis not gross in sense
 That thou hast **practised on her** with foul charms,
Abused her delicate youth with drugs or minerals
 That weaken motion:

Lay hold upon him: if he do resist, 300
 Subdue him at his peril....

Othello makes no attempt to resist and welcomes the chance to represent his position to the duke who has in any case sent for him "Upon some present business of the state" (312)

1.3

A council chamber

The Duke (Doge) discusses with Senators the military threat from the Turks who threaten to invade Cyprus which was occupied at that time by the Venetian state. The Duke has sent for Othello to whom Venice looks as its principal soldier and defender.

[Enter BRABANTIO, OTHELLO, IAGO, RODERIGO, and Officers]

Brabantio asks that before passing to the formal business of state the Duke will hear "my particular grief".

Duke of Venice. Why, what's the matter?

Brabantio. **My** daughter! O, my daughter! 395

Duke of Venice. [with Senator] **Dead?**

Brabantio. **Ay, to me**;
 She is abused, **stol'n from me**, and corrupted
 By spells and medicines bought of mountebanks;
For nature so preposterously to err, 400

² stow'd †1. a. *transitive*. To place; to put in a certain place, position, or situation. *Obsolete*;
 4. *Nautical*. a. To place (cargo) in proper order in the hold or other receptacles in a ship; also,
 to store (provisions, etc.) between decks.

³ **guardage**, *n. Obsolete. rare*. Keeping, guardianship.

The *OED* gives only two instances of the use of this word, quoting this as the earliest.

Being not deficient, blind, or lame of sense,
Sans witchcraft could not.

Duke of Venice. **Whoe'er he be** that in this foul proceeding
Hath thus beguiled your daughter of herself
And you of her, **the bloody book of law** 405
You shall yourself read in the bitter letter
After your own sense, yea, **though our proper son**
Stood in your action.

Brabantio. Humbly I thank your grace.
Here is the man, this Moor, whom now, it seems, 410
Your special mandate for the state-affairs
Hath hither brought.

Duke of Venice. [with Senator] We are very sorry for't.

Duke of Venice. [To OTHELLO] What, in your own part, can you say to this?

Brabantio. Nothing, but this is so. 415

Othello. Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,
My very noble and approved good masters,
That I have **ta'en away this old man's daughter**,
It is **most true; true**, I have married her:
The very **head and front** of my offending 420
Hath this extent, no more....

Othello responds with modesty and dignity, confessing his lack of experience in worldly matters other than in military affairs.

Brabantio. **A maiden never bold;** 435
Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion
Blush'd at herself; and she, in spite of nature,
Of years, of country, credit, every thing,
To fall in love with what she fear'd to look on!
It is **a judgment maim'd and most imperfect** 440
That will confess perfection so could err
Against all rules of nature...

Othello. I do beseech you,
Send for the lady to the Sagittary,
And let her speak of me before her father

Duke of Venice. Fetch **Desdemona** hither.⁴

Othello gives an account – as he did to Desdemona in winning her love – of his personal history. This includes something of his military exploits, his being “sold into slavery” and his travels to strange and distant lands.

⁴ This is the first time that Desdemona has been named.

My story being done,
 She gave me for my pains a world of sighs:
 She swore, in faith, 'twas **strange**, 'twas **passing strange**, 505
 'Twas **pitiful**, 'twas **wondrous pitiful**:
 She wish'd she had not heard it, yet **she wish'd**
That heaven had made her such a man: she thank'd me,
 And bade me, **if I had a friend** that loved her,
 I should but teach him how to tell my story. 510
And that would woo her. Upon **this hint** I spake:
 She loved me for the dangers I had pass'd,
 And I loved her **that she did pity them**.
 This only is the witchcraft I have used:
 Here comes the lady; let her witness it. 515

[Enter DESDEMONA, IAGO, and Attendants]

Duke of Venice. I think this tale would win my daughter too.
 Good Brabantio,
 Take up this mangled matter at the best:

Brabantio. I pray you, hear her speak:
 If she **confess** that she was half the wooer,
 Destruction on my head, if my bad blame
 Light on the man! Come hither, **gentle mistress**: 525
 Do you perceive in all **this noble company**
Where most you owe obedience?

Desdemona. My noble father,
 I do perceive here a divided duty:
 To you I am bound for **life and education**; 530
 My **life and education** both do learn me
How to respect you; you **are the lord of duty**;
 I am **hitherto** your daughter: but **here's my husband**,
 And **so much duty as my mother show'd**
To you, preferring you before her father, 535
So much I challenge that I may profess
Due to the Moor my lord.

Brabantio. God be wi' you! I have done.
 Please it your grace, on to the state-affairs:
 I had rather to adopt a child than get it. 540
 Come hither, **Moor**:
 I here do give thee that with all my heart
 Which, but thou hast already, with all my heart
 I would keep from thee. For your sake, **jewel**,
 I am glad at soul I have no other child: 545
For thy escape would teach me tyranny,
To hang clogs on them. I have done, my lord.

In rhyming couplets the Duke gives a series of platitudes urging Brabantio to make the best of the present situation to which Brabantio ironically in similar vein.

The Duke then turns to matters of state, in particular the threat to Cyprus (at that time ruled by Venice) from a potential invasion by a Turkish fleet.

Othello is engaged to face this threat with a strong military response but makes a request in respect of his wife:

Most humbly therefore bending to your state,
I crave fit disposition for my wife. 585
 Due reference of **place and exhibition,**
 With such accommodation and besort
 As **levels with her breeding.**

Duke of Venice. If you please,
Be't at her father's. 590

Brabantio. I'll not have it so.

Othello. Nor I.

Desdemona. Nor I; I would not there reside,
 To put my father in impatient thoughts
 By being in his eye....

Duke of Venice. What would You, Desdemona?

Desdemona. That **I did love the Moor to live with him,** 600
 My downright violence and storm of fortunes
 May trumpet to the world: **my heart's subdued**
Even to the very quality of my lord:

I saw Othello's visage in his mind,
And to his honour and his valiant parts 605
Did I my soul and fortunes consecrate.

So that, dear lords, **if I be left behind,**
A moth of peace, and he go to the war,
The rites for which I love him are bereft me,
And I a heavy interim shall support 610
 By his dear absence. Let me go with him.

Othello. Let her have your voices.
 Vouch with me, heaven, **I therefore beg it not,**
To please the palate of my appetite,
Nor to comply with heat—the young affects 615
 In me defunct—and proper satisfaction.
 But **to be free and bounteous to her mind:**

Othello reassures the Duke and councillors that the presence of his wife will in no way distract him from his responsibilities to the state of Venice.

First Senator. Adieu, brave Moor, use Desdemona well.

FALSTAFF

Well, **thou wert be horribly chid tomorrow** when thou comest to thy father: if thou love me, **practise an answer**.

PRINCE HENRY

Do thou stand for my father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life.

FALSTAFF

Shall I? content: this **chair shall be my state**, this **dagger my sceptre**, and **this cushion my crown**.

PRINCE HENRY

Thy state is taken for a joined-stool, thy golden sceptre for a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich crown for a pitiful bald crown!

FALSTAFF

Well, **an the fire of grace be not quite out of thee**, now shalt thou be moved. Give me a cup of sack to make my eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept; for I must speak in passion, and I will do it in King Cambyses' vein.

PRINCE HENRY

Well, here is my leg.

FALSTAFF

And here is my speech. Stand aside, nobility.

Harry, I do not only marvel where thou spendest thy time, but also **how thou art accompanied**: for though the camomile, the more it is trodden on the faster it grows, yet **youth, the more it is wasted the sooner it wears**. That **thou art my son**, I have partly **thy mother's word**, partly my own opinion, but chiefly a villanous trick of thine eye and a foolish-hanging of thy nether lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be son to me, here lies the point; **why, being son to me, art thou so pointed at?** Shall the blessed sun of heaven prove a micher and eat blackberries? a question not to be asked. Shall the **sun of England prove a thief and take purses?** a question to be asked. There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of and it is known to many in our land by **the name of pitch**: this pitch, as ancient writers do report, **doth defile; so doth the company thou keepest**: for, Harry, now I do not

speak to thee in drink but in tears, not in pleasure but in passion, not in words only, but in woes also: **and yet there is a virtuous man** whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

PRINCE HENRY

What manner of man, an it like your majesty?

FALSTAFF

A goodly portly man, i' faith, and a corpulent; of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye and a most noble carriage; and, as I think, **his age some fifty**, or, by'r lady, **inclining to three score**; and now I remember me, **his name is Falstaff**: if that man should be lewdly given, he deceiveth me; for, Harry, I see virtue in his looks. If then the tree may be known by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then, peremptorily I speak it, **there is virtue in that Falstaff: him keep with, the rest banish**. And tell me now, thou naughty varlet, tell me, where hast thou been this month?

PRINCE HENRY

Dost thou speak like a king? **Do thou stand for me, and I'll play my father.**

FALSTAFF

Depose me? if thou dost it half so gravely, so majestically, both in word and matter, hang me up by the heels for a rabbit-sucker or a poulter's hare.

PRINCE HENRY

Well, here I am set.

FALSTAFF

And here I stand: judge, my masters.

PRINCE HENRY

Now, Harry, whence come you?

FALSTAFF

My noble lord, from Eastcheap.

PRINCE HENRY

The complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

FALSTAFF

'Sblood, my lord, they are false: nay, I'll tickle ye for a young prince, i' faith.

PRINCE HENRY

Swearest thou, ungracious boy? henceforth ne'er look on me. **Thou art violently carried away from grace: there is a devil haunts thee in the likeness of an old fat man;** a tun of man is thy companion. Why dost thou converse with that trunk of humours, that bolting-hutch of beastliness, that swollen parcel of dropsies, that huge bombard of sack, that stuffed cloak-bag of guts, that roasted Manningtree ox with the pudding in his belly, **that reverend vice, that grey iniquity, that father ruffian, that vanity in years?** Wherein is he good, but to taste sack and drink it? **wherein neat and cleanly,** but to carve a capon and eat it? **wherein cunning,**⁶ but in craft? wherein crafty, but in villany? wherein villanous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?

FALSTAFF

I would your grace would take me with you: whom means your grace?

PRINCE HENRY

That villanous abominable misleader of youth, Falstaff, that old white-bearded Satan.

FALSTAFF

My lord, the man I know.

PRINCE HENRY

I know thou dost.

FALSTAFF

But to say I know more harm in him than in myself, were to say more than I know. That he is old, the more the pity, his white hairs do witness it; but that he is, saving your reverence, a whoremaster, that I utterly deny. If sack and sugar be a fault, God help the wicked! if to be old and merry be a sin, then many an old host that I know is damned: if to be fat be to be hated, then Pharaoh's lean kine are to be loved. No, my good lord; **banish** Peto, **banish** Bardolph, **banish** Poins: but for sweet Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, valiant Jack Falstaff, and therefore more valiant, being, as he is, old Jack Falstaff, **banish not him** thy Harry's company, **banish not him** thy Harry's company: **banish plump Jack, and banish all the world.**

⁶ cunning – ingenuity, skill.

PRINCE HENRY

I do, I will....

Act 3 Scene 2. London. The palace.

Prince Hal answers his father's summons to the Palace – the episode parodied by Falstaff in 2.4 is now enacted for real.

Hollow Crown: Palace intro. 53.34min.

→ 1.00.26

Enter KING HENRY IV, PRINCE HENRY, and others

KING HENRY IV

Lords, give us leave; the Prince of Wales and I
Must have some private conference; but be near at hand,
For we shall presently have need of you.

Exeunt Lords

I know not whether God will have it so,
For some displeasing service I have done,
That, in his secret doom, out of my blood
He'll breed revengement and a scourge for me;
But thou dost in thy passages of life
Make me believe that thou art only mark'd
For the hot vengeance and the rod of heaven
To punish my mistreadings. Tell me else,
Could such inordinate and low desires,
Such poor, such bare, such lewd, such mean attempts,⁷
Such barren pleasures, rude society,
As thou art match'd withal and grafted to,⁸
Accompany the greatness of thy blood
And hold their level with thy princely heart?

PRINCE HENRY

So please your majesty, I would I could
Quit all offences with as clear excuse
As well as I am doubtless I can purge
Myself of many I am charged withal:
Yet such extenuation let me beg,⁹
As, in reproof of many tales devised,
which oft the ear of greatness needs must hear,

⁷ **attempts**: escapades.

⁸ **match'd withal**: associated with

⁹ **extenuation**: mitigation

By smiling pick-thanks and base news-mongers,¹⁰
 I may, for some things true, wherein my youth
 Hath faulty wander'd and irregular,
 Find pardon on my true submission.

KING HENRY IV

God pardon thee! yet let me wonder, Harry,
 At thy affections, which do hold a wing
 Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors.
 Thy place in council thou hast rudely lost,
 Which by thy younger brother is supplied,¹¹
 And art almost an alien to the hearts
 Of all the court and princes of my blood:
 The hope and expectation of thy time¹²
 Is ruin'd, and the soul of every man
 Prophetically doth forethink thy fall.
 Had I so lavish of my presence been,
 So common-hackney'd in the eyes of men,
 So stale and cheap to vulgar company,
 Opinion, that did help me to the crown,
 Had still kept loyal to possession
 And left me in reputeless banishment,
 A fellow of no mark nor likelihood.
 By being seldom seen, I could not stir
 But like a comet I was wonder'd at;
 That men would tell their children 'This is he;'
 Others would say 'Where, which is Bolingbroke?'
 And then I stole all courtesy from heaven,¹³
 And dress'd myself in such humility
 That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,
 Loud shouts and salutations from their mouths,
 Even in the presence of the crowned king.
 Thus did I keep my person fresh and new;
 My presence, like a robe pontifical,
 Ne'er seen but wonder'd at: and so my state,
 Seldom but sumptuous, showed like a feast
 And won by rareness such solemnity.
 The skipping king,¹⁴ he ambled up and down
 With shallow jesters and rash bavin wits,¹⁵
 Soon kindled and soon burnt; carded his state,¹⁶
 Mingled his royalty with capering fools,
 Had his great name profaned with their scorns

¹⁰ **pick-thanks**: sycophantic informers

¹¹ i.e. John of Lancaster.

¹² **of thy time**: for your life

¹³ **I stole all courtesy from heaven**: I took on a manner of almost godlike graciousness

¹⁴ The skipping king – i.e. King Richard II whom

¹⁵ **rash**: superficial; **bavin** is brushwood that is easily kindled but quickly burns up

¹⁶ **carded his state**: debased his dignity

And gave his countenance,¹⁷ against his name,
 To laugh at gibing boys and stand the push
 Of every beardless vain comparative,¹⁸
 Grew a companion to the common streets,
 Enfeoff'd himself to popularity;¹⁹
 That, being daily swallow'd by men's eyes,
 They surfeited with honey and began
 To loathe the taste of sweetness, whereof a little
 More than a little is by much too much.
 So when he had occasion to be seen,
 He was but as the cuckoo is in June,
 Heard, not regarded; seen, but with such eyes
 As, sick and blunted with community,
 Afford no extraordinary gaze,
 Such as is bent on sun-like majesty
 When it shines seldom in admiring eyes;
 But rather drowzed and hung their eyelids down,
 Slept in his face²⁰ and render'd such aspect
 As cloudy²¹ men use to their adversaries,
 Being with his presence glutted, gorged and full.
 And in that very line,²² Harry, standest **thou**;
 For **thou** has lost thy princely privilege
 With vile participation: not an eye
 But is a-weary of thy common sight,
 Save mine, which hath desired to see thee more;
 Which now doth that I would not have it do,
 Make blind itself with foolish tenderness.

PRINCE HENRY

I shall hereafter, my thrice gracious lord,
 Be more myself.²³

KING HENRY IV

For all the world
 As thou art to this hour was Richard then
 When I from France set foot at Ravenspurgh,
 And even as I was then is Percy now.²⁴
 Now, by my sceptre and my soul to boot,
 He hath more worthy interest to the state²⁵

¹⁷ **countenance**: authority

¹⁸ **comparative**: one who mocks another with derisive comparisons

¹⁹ **Enfeoff'd**: committed

²⁰ **face**: presence

²¹ **cloudy**: sullen

²² **line**: category, class

²³ **more myself**: behave as my birth and position suggest I should

²⁴ Percy – i.e. Harry Percy [aka 'Hotspur'].

²⁵ **worthy interest**: valid claim

Than thou **the shadow of succession**;²⁶
 For of no right, nor colour like to right,²⁷
 He doth fill fields with harness in the realm,
 Turns head against the lion's armed jaws,²⁸
 And, being no more in debt to years than thou,
Leads ancient lords and reverend bishops on
 To bloody battles and to bruising arms.²⁹
 What **never-dying honour** hath he got
 Against **renowned Douglas**! whose high deeds,
 Whose hot incursions and great name in arms
 Holds from all soldiers chief majority
 And military title capital³⁰
 Through all the kingdoms that acknowledge Christ:
Thrice hath this Hotspur, Mars in swathling clothes,
 This infant warrior, in his enterprises
Discomfited great Douglas, ta'en him once,
Enlarged him and made a friend of him,
 To fill the mouth of deep defiance up³¹
 And **shake the peace and safety of our throne.**
And what say you to this? Percy, Northumberland,
 The Archbishop's grace of York, Douglas, Mortimer,
 Capitulate against us and are up.
But wherefore do I tell these news to thee?
 Why, Harry, do I tell thee of my foes,
Which art my near'st and dearest enemy?
 Thou that art like enough, through **vassal fear**,³²
Base inclination and the **start of spleen**³³
To fight against me under Percy's pay,
 To dog his heels and curtsy at his frowns,
 To **show how much thou art degenerate.**

PRINCE HENRY

Do not think so; **you shall not find it so:**
 And **God forgive them** that so much have sway'd
 Your majesty's good thoughts away from me!
I will redeem all this on Percy's head
 And in the closing of **some glorious day**³⁴
 Be bold to tell you that **I am your son;**
 When I will wear a **garment all of blood**

²⁶ **the shadow of succession**: a poor imitation of a successor

²⁷ **colour like to**: semblance of

²⁸ **Turns head**: leads an army

²⁹ **bruising arms**: injurious weapons

³⁰ **chief majority**// **And military title capital**: the reputation for martial pre-eminence

³¹ **To fill the mouth of deep defiance up**: to complete the number of those opposing us

³² **vassal**: base, reprehensible

³³ **start of spleen**: fit of bad temper

³⁴ **closing of some glorious day**: triumphant end of some battle

And stain my favours³⁵ in a bloody mask,
 Which, wash'd away, shall scour my shame with it:
 And that shall be the day, whene'er it lights,³⁶
 That this same child of honour and renown,
 This gallant Hotspur, this all-praised knight,
 And your unthought-of Harry chance to meet.
 For every honour sitting on his helm,
 Would they were multitudes, and on my head
 My shames redoubled! for the time will come,
 That I shall make this northern youth exchange
 His glorious deeds for my indignities.
 Percy is but my factor, good my lord,
 To engross up glorious deeds on my behalf;
 And I will call him to so strict account,
 That he shall render every glory up,
 Yea, even the slightest worship of his time,³⁷
 Or I will tear the reckoning from his heart.³⁸
This, in the name of God, I promise here:
 The which if He be pleased I shall perform,
 I do beseech your majesty may salve
 The long-grown wounds of my intemperance:³⁹
 If not, the end of life cancels all bands;⁴⁰
 And I will die a hundred thousand deaths
 Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow.⁴¹

KING HENRY IV

A hundred thousand rebels die in this:
 Thou shalt have charge and sovereign trust herein.....⁴²

The Taming of the Shrew

Playing the good girl

Bianca vs Katherine (the Shrew):

Bianca is apparently fair-spoken & subservient to both fathers (& suitors) – “plighted cunning” hides manipulative, self-serving nature;

In Lear & Shrew fathers show preference to hypocritical daughters & set down the public role they wish them to play;

³⁵ **favours:** features

³⁶ **lights:** dawns

³⁷ **the slightest worship of his time:** the smallest honour he has gained in his lifetime

³⁸ **from his heart:** i.e. by his death

³⁹ **intemperance:** lack of self control

⁴⁰ **bands:** bonds, promises

⁴¹ **parcel:** portion

⁴² **charge and sovereign trust:** command and royal responsibility

Both Lear & Baptista flatter themselves on being good fathers – they take as evidence of this their daughters' compliance with her prescribed role;

Each values reputation & status & avoids any word or act that reflects badly on their public image;

Shallowness of fathers' outlook revealed by presence of a sister who is the favoured sister's opposite – disobedient sister sees through her sister's Good Girl guise.

Doubling of sisters: most of Sh's plays have single daughter. Her confidante typically a friend or cousin; her sibling a brother from whom she is separated by circumstances (Twelfth Night; Hamlet);

*Juxtaposition of sisters with opposite temperaments very revealing of father-daughter relationships: The cost – **to fathers** in misjudging his daughters;*

to daughters of abusing father's trust.

In Shrew the older sister (Katherine) is unregenerate black sheep – causes public humiliation for family & insult & injury to herself;

The younger her father's "pretty peat" (pet) [Shrew, 1.1] – appears ideal woman: eloquent, modest & pliable;

Bianca (ital. = 'white') – symbolic of beauty & purity – only the rebellious daughter sees her petty, vindictive side;

Gullible father basks in good impression & distances himself from fractious Kate – refuses all blame for her – intent on "rid[ding] the house of her" (1.1);

it takes another man (Petruccio) who values Kate sufficiently to teach her self-control & empathy to break the cycle;

By end of the play ample evidence of Bianca's manipulateness & Kate's integrity;

Baptista remains oblivious to daughters' true natures: Kate fixed in the stereotype of 'shrew'; Bianca has begun to reveal to husband & father "the claws and fangs beneath her white cloak" [Sharon Hamilton, Shakespeare's Daughters, p. 94].

Bianca masquerades as paragon – father abets her in playing the role.

Act I, Scene 1

Padua. A public place

Lucentio – a gentleman of Pisa – has just arrived in Padua, eager to study philosophy. His servant, Tranio, says that he, too, is excited for Lucentio's studies, but he encourages Lucentio to mix his studies with pleasure.

Enter BAPTISTA [a rich citizen of Pisa] with his two daughters, KATHERINA and BIANCA; GREMIO [a rich old citizen of Padua]; HORTENSIO [a gentleman of Padua] suitors to BIANCA.

(LUCENTIO and TRANIO stand aside and observe).

[Baptista Minola](#). Gentlemen, importune me no farther,
For how I firmly am resolv'd you know; 345
That is, not to bestow my youngest daughter
Before I have a husband for the elder.

If either of you both love Katherina,
Because I know you well and love you well,
Leave shall you have to court her at your pleasure. 350

[Gremio](#). To cart her rather. She's too rough for me.
There, there, Hortensio, will you any wife?

[Katherina](#). [To BAPTISTA] I pray you, sir, is it your will
To make a stale of me amongst these mates?

[Hortensio](#). Mates, maid! How mean you that? No mates for you, 355
Unless you were of gentler, milder mould.

[Katherina](#). I' faith, sir, you shall never need to fear;
Iwis it is not halfway to her heart;
But if it were, doubt not her care should be
To comb your noddle with a three-legg'd stool, 360
And 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*] Husht, master! Here's some good pastime toward;
That wench is stark mad or wonderful froward. 365

[Lucentio](#). But in the other's silence do I see
Maid's mild behaviour and sobriety.
Peace, Tranio!

[Tranio](#). Well said, master; mum! and gaze your fill.

[Baptista Minola](#). Gentlemen, that I may soon make good 370
What 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.

[Katherina](#). A pretty peat! it is best
Put finger in the eye, an she knew why. 375

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 practise by myself.

Lucentio. [*Aside*] Hark, Tranio, thou mayst hear Minerva speak! 380

Hortensio. Signior Baptista, will you be so strange?
 Sorry am I that our good will effects
 Bianca's grief.

Gremio. Why will you mew her up,
 Signior Baptista, for this fiend of hell, 385
 And make her bear the penance of her tongue?

Baptista Minola. Gentlemen, content ye; I am resolv'd.

Go in, Bianca.

Exit BIANCA

And for I know she taketh most delight
 In music, instruments, and poetry, 390

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 men

I will be very kind, and liberal 395

To mine own children in good bringing-up;

And so, farewell. Katherina, you may stay;

For I have more to commune with Bianca. *Exit*

Katherina. Why, and I trust I may go too, may I not?

What! shall I be appointed hours, as though, belike, 400

I knew not what to take and what to leave? Ha! *Exit*

Although Gremio and Hortensio are rivals for Bianca's hand they agree to work together to find a husband for Katherina.

They exit, leaving Tranio and Lucentio alone on-stage.

Lucentio declares that he has fallen in love with Bianca and is desperate to win her heart. Tranio suggests that Lucentio disguise himself as a teacher and go to teach Bianca in her house while Tranio will pretend to be Lucentio. They exchange clothes.

Act 2 Scene 1

Enter KATHERINA and BIANCA, bound.

Bianca. Good sister, wrong me not, nor wrong yourself,

To make a bondmaid and a slave of me-

That I disdain; but for these other gawds,

Unbind my hands, I'll pull them off myself, 840

Yea, all my raiment, to my petticoat;
Or what you will command me will I do,
So well I know my duty to my elders.

Katherina. Of all thy suitors here I charge thee tell
Whom thou lov'st best. See thou dissemble not. 845

Bianca. Believe me, sister, of all the men alive
I never yet beheld that special face
Which I could fancy more than any other.

Katherina. Minion, thou liest. Is't not Hortensio?

Bianca. If you affect him, sister, here I swear 850
I'll plead for you myself but you shall have him.

Katherina. O then, belike, you fancy riches more:
You will have Gremio to keep you fair.

Bianca. Is it for him you do envy me so? 855
Nay, then you jest; and now I well perceive
You have but jested with me all this while.
I prithee, sister Kate, untie my hands.

Katherina. [Strikes her] If that be jest, then an the rest was so.

Enter BAPTISTA

Baptista Minola. Why, how now, dame! Whence grows this insolence? 860
Bianca, stand aside - poor girl! she weeps.

[He unbinds her]

Go ply thy needle; meddle not with her.
For shame, thou hilding of a devilish spirit,
Why dost thou wrong her that did ne'er wrong thee? 865
When did she cross thee with a bitter word?

Katherina. Her silence flouts me, and I'll be reveng'd.

[Flies after BIANCA]

Baptista Minola. What, in my sight? Bianca, get thee in.

[Exit BIANCA]

Katherina. What, will you not suffer me? Nay, now I see
She is your treasure, she must have a husband;
I must dance bare-foot on her wedding-day,
And for your love to her lead apes in hell.
Talk not to me; I will go sit and weep, 875
Till I can find occasion of revenge.

Exit KATHERINA

[Baptista Minola](#). Was ever gentleman thus griev'd as I?
But who comes here?

Enter GREMIO, with LUCENTIO in the habit of a mean man; PETRUCHIO, with HORTENSIO as a musician; and TRANIO, as LUCENTIO, with his boy, BIONDELLO, bearing a lute and books.

Petruchio presents himself as a potential husband for the shrewish Katherine, claiming (falsely) to have heard of “her beauty and her wit, // Her affability and bashful modesty, // Her wondrous qualities and mild behaviour”.

Petruchio dismisses all attempts to warn him of Katherine’s boisterous nature and following a meeting with Kate declares that they are to be married as soon as may be arranged.

[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, 960
Which I have bettered rather than decreas'd.
Then tell me, if I get your daughter's love,
What dowry shall I have with her to wife?

[Baptista Minola](#). After my death, the one half of my lands
And, in possession, twenty thousand crowns. 965

[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 specialities be therefore drawn between us,
That covenants may be kept on either hand. 970

[Baptista Minola](#). Ay, when the special thing is well obtain'd,
That is, her love; for that is all in all....

Exeunt PETRUCHIO and KATHERINA severally

[Gremio](#). Was ever match clapp'd up so suddenly?

[Baptista Minola](#). Faith, gentlemen, now I play a merchant's part,
And venture madly on a desperate mart.

[Tranio](#). 'Twas a commodity lay fretting by you; 1180
'Twill bring you gain, or perish on the seas.

[Baptista Minola](#). The gain I seek is quiet in the match.

[Gremio](#). No doubt but he hath got a quiet catch.
But now, Baptista, to your younger daughter:

Now is the day we long have looked for; 1185
I am your neighbour, and was suitor first.

[Tranio](#). And I am one that love Bianca more
Than words can witness or your thoughts can guess.

[Gremio](#). Youngling, thou canst not love so dear as I.

[Tranio](#). Greybeard, thy love doth freeze. 1190

[Gremio](#). But thine doth fry.
Skipper, stand back; 'tis age that nourisheth.

[Tranio](#). But youth in ladies' eyes that flourisheth.

[Baptista Minola](#). Content you, gentlemen; I will compound this strife.
'Tis deeds must win the prize, and he of both 1195
That can assure my daughter greatest dower
Shall have my Bianca's love.
Say, Signior Gremio, what can you assure her?

[Gremio](#). First, as you know, my house within the city
Is richly furnished with plate and gold, 1200
Basins and ewers to lave her dainty hands;
My hangings all of Tyrian tapestry;
In ivory coffers I have stuff'd my crowns;
In cypress chests my arras counterpoints,
Costly apparel, tents, and canopies, 1205
Fine linen, Turkey cushions boss'd with pearl,
Valance of Venice gold in needle-work;
Pewter and brass, and all things that belongs
To house or housekeeping. Then at my farm
I have a hundred milch-kine to the pail, 1210
Six score fat oxen standing in my stalls,
And all things answerable to this portion.
Myself am struck in years, I must confess;
And if I die to-morrow this is hers,
If whilst I live she will be only mine. 1215

Tranio, of course, is only pretending to be Lucentio, a gentleman of some wealth, and can make extravagant promises with no possible prospect of fulfilling them. He therefore 'outbids' the elderly Gremio.

[Gremio](#). Nay, I have off'red all; I have no more;
And she can have no more than all I have; 1235
If you like me, she shall have me and mine.

[Tranio](#). Why, then the maid is mine from all the world
By your firm promise; Gremio is out-vied.

Baptista Minola. I must confess your offer is the best;
 And let your father make her the assurance, 1240
 She is your own. Else, you must pardon me;
 If you should die before him, where's her dower?

Tranio. That's but a cavil; he is old, I young.

Gremio. And may not young men die as well as old?

Baptista Minola. Well, gentlemen, 1245
 I am thus resolv'd: on Sunday next you know
 My daughter Katherine is to be married;
 Now, on the Sunday following shall Bianca
 Be bride to you, if you make this assurance;
 If not, to Signior Gremio. 1250
 And so I take my leave, and thank you both.

Exit BAPTISTA

Bianca, however, is far from the dutiful, obedient daughter that her father would like to believe her.

Act 3 scene 1

Enter LUCENTIO as CAMBIO, HORTENSIO as LICIO, and BIANCA

The two rivals are bent on wooing Bianca.

Lucentio. Fiddler, forbear; you grow too forward, sir.
 Have you so soon forgot the entertainment
 Her sister Katherine welcome'd you withal? 1270

Hortensio. But, wrangling pedant, this is
 The patroness of heavenly harmony.
 Then give me leave to have prerogative;
 And when in music we have spent an hour,
 Your lecture shall have leisure for as much. 1275

Lucentio. Preposterous ass, that never read so far
 To know the cause why music was ordain'd!
 Was it not to refresh the mind of man
 After his studies or his usual pain?
 Then give me leave to read philosophy, 1280
 And while I pause serve in your harmony.

Hortensio. Sirrah, I will not bear these braves of thine.

Bianca. Why, gentlemen, you do me double wrong
 To strive for that which resteth in my choice.
 I am no breeching scholar in the schools, 1285

I'll not be tied to hours nor 'pointed times,
 But learn my lessons as I please myself.
 And to cut off all strife: here sit we down;
 Take you your instrument, play you the whiles!
 His lecture will be done ere you have tun'd. 1290

[Hortensio](#). You'll leave his lecture when I am in tune?

[Lucentio](#). That will be never - tune your instrument.

[Bianca](#). Where left we last?

[Lucentio](#). Here, madam:
 'Hic ibat Simois, hic est Sigeia tellus,
 Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis.'⁴³ 1295

[Bianca](#). Construe them.

[Lucentio](#). 'Hic ibat' as I told you before- 'Simois' I am Lucentio-
 'hic est' son unto Vincentio of Pisa- 'Sigeia tellus' disguised
 thus to get your love- 'Hic steterat' and that Lucentio that
 comes a-wooing- 'Priami' is my man Tranio- 'regia' bearing my
 port- 'celsa senis' that we might beguile the old pantaloon. 1300

[Hortensio](#). Madam, my instrument's in tune.

[Bianca](#). Let's hear. O fie! the treble jars.

[Lucentio](#). Spit in the hole, man, and tune again. 1305

[Bianca](#). Now let me see if I can construe it: 'Hic ibat Simois' I
 know you not - 'hic est Sigeia tellus' I trust you not- 'Hic
 steterat Priami' take heed he hear us not- 'regia' presume not-
 'celsa senis' despair not.

[Hortensio](#). Madam, 'tis now in tune. 1310

[Lucentio](#). All but the bass.

[Hortensio](#). The bass is right; 'tis the base knave that jars.
 [Aside] How fiery and forward our pedant is!
 Now, for my life, the knave doth court my love.
 Pedascule, I'll watch you better yet. 1315

[Bianca](#). In time I may believe, yet I mistrust.

[Lucentio](#). Mistrust it not - for sure, AEacides
 Was Ajax, call'd so from his grandfather.

⁴³ 'Here ran the [river] Simois; here is the Sigeian land (Troy); here stood the lofty palace of old Priam' [Ovid, *Heroides* 1.33-34]. The context is a letter written by Penelope to Ulysses.

[Bianca](#). I must believe my master; else, I promise you,
I should be arguing still upon that doubt; 1320
But let it rest. Now, Licio, to you.
Good master, take it not unkindly, pray,
That I have been thus pleasant with you both.

[Hortensio](#). [To LUCENTIO] You may go walk and give me leave
awhile; 1325
My lessons make no music in three Parts.

[Lucentio](#). Are you so formal, sir? Well, I must wait,
[Aside] And watch withal; for, but I be deceiv'd,
Our fine musician groweth amorous.

[Hortensio](#). Madam, before you touch the instrument 1330
To learn the order of my fingering,
I must begin with rudiments of art,
To teach you gamut in a briefer sort,
More pleasant, pithy, and effectual,
Than hath been taught by any of my trade; 1335
And there it is in writing fairly drawn.

[Bianca](#). Why, I am past my gamut long ago.⁴⁴

[Hortensio](#). Yet read the gamut of Hortensio.

[Bianca](#). [Reads]
"Gamut" I am, the ground of all accord- 1340
"A re" to plead Hortensio's passion-
"B mi" Bianca, take him for thy lord-
"C fa ut" that loves with all affection-
"D sol re" one clef, two notes have I-
"E la mi" show pity or I die.' 1345
Call you this gamut? Tut, I like it not!
Old fashions please me best; I am not so nice
To change true rules for odd inventions.

Enter a SERVANT

[Servant](#). Mistress, your father prays you leave your books 1350
And help to dress your sister's chamber up.
You know to-morrow is the wedding-day.

[Bianca](#). Farewell, sweet masters, both; I must be gone.

Exeunt BIANCA and SERVANT

⁴⁴ **gamut**: The musical scale as systematized by Guido d'Arezzo c.1024 and called after 'Gamma *ut*', its first note.

[Lucentio](#). Faith, mistress, then I have no cause to stay. 1355

Exit

[Hortensio](#). But I have cause to pry into this pedant;
Methinks he looks as though he were in love.
Yet if thy thoughts, Bianca, be so humble
To cast thy wand'ring eyes on every stale - 1360
Seize thee that list. If once I find thee ranging,
Hortensio will be quit with thee by changing. Exit

Eventually, after much disguising, confusion and assumed identities, three marriages are celebrated: Petruchio to Kate, Lucentio to Bianca, and Hortensio to a rich widow. Lucentio throws a celebratory banquet and while the three wives are out of the room the men dispute about which has the most obedient wife; Petruchio proposes a test.

Each of them will send for his wife, and the one whose wife obeys first will be the winner. After placing a significant amount of money on the wager, Lucentio sends Biondello go to get Bianca, confident that she will obey at once while her father is so confident of Bianca's compliance that he offers to cover half of Lucentio's bet.

However, Biondello returns to tell them that Bianca "is busy and she cannot come". Hortensio receives a similar response from the widow. Finally, Grumio goes back to get Kate, and she returns at once, to the great surprise of all but Petruchio. Petruchio sends Kate back to bring in the other wives. Again, she obeys. The other wives are scornful of Kate's submissiveness:

[Widow](#). Lord, let me never have a cause to sigh
Till I be brought to such a silly pass!

[Bianca](#). Fie! what a foolish duty call you this?

[Lucentio](#). I would your duty were as foolish too;
The wisdom of your duty, fair Bianca,
Hath cost me a hundred crowns since supper-time!

[Bianca](#). The more fool you for laying on my duty.

The play ends, of course, with Kate's famous but contentious lecture to the other wives in which she reprimands them for behaving as they have.

A wife's duty to her husband, she says, mimics the duty that "the subject owes the prince," because the husband endures great pain and labour for her benefit:

I am asham'd that women are so simple
To offer war where they should kneel for peace;

Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,
When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.