

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

(fragment piosenki z musicalu *Jesus Christ Superstar*)
adapted by Bogumiła Misztal

Act 1

Narrator:

Lucencio, a gentleman from Lombardy, comes to Padua with his servant Tranio, to devote himself to learning.

Lucentio:

Stay a while. What company is this?

Tranio:

Some show to welcome us to town.

Baptista:

Gentlemen, importune me no further. That is not to bestow my youngest daughter before I have a husband for the elder.

Gremio:

She is too rough for me. There, there, Hortensio. Will you any wife?

Hortensio:

From all such devils, good Lord deliver us.

Catherine:

I pray you, sir, is it your will to make a stale of me among these mates?

Bianca:

Sister, content you in my discontent.
Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe.

Baptista:

Gentlemen, I am resolved. And so farewell. Catherine, you may stay for I have more to commune with Bianca.

Catherine:

Why, and I trust I may go too, may I not? Ha!

Gremio:

You may go to the devil's dam.

Narrator:

Gremio and Hortensio, who are both in love with Bianca, decide to find a husband for Catherine.

Hortensio:

Signor Gremio. We may yet 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. Come on.

Narrator:

Lucencio, seeing Bianca, falls in love with her and decides to change clothes with Tranio, pretending he is a simple scholar.

Lucentio:

Tranio, I burn, I pine, I perish, Tranio, if I achieve not this young modest girl. I saw sweet beauty in her face. I saw her coral lips to move.

Act 2

Narrator

Another gentleman comes to Padua with his servant Grumio. He is looking for a rich wife.

Petruccio:

My best- beloved and approved friend Hortensio. I trow this is his house. Here, Grumio, knock I say.

Grumio:

Knock, sir? Whom should I knock?
Help, masters, help! My master is mad.

Petruccio:

Now knock when I bid you.

Hortensio:

How now, what's the matter? Sweet friend, what happy gale blows you to Padua?

Petruccio:

I come to wive it wealthily in Padua

Hortensio:

I can, Petruccio, help thee to a wife with wealth enough, Her only fault is that she is intolerable curst.

Narrator:

Petruccio is not afraid to meet Baptista Minola, Catherine's father, and he wants to see the girl.

Grumio:

Master, master. Who goes there, ha?

Hortensio:

It is the rival to my love. God save you, Signor Gremio.

Gremio:

And you are well met, Signor Hortensio. Trow you whither I am going?
To Baptista Minola. I promised to enquire carefully about a schoolmaster for the fair Bianca. And by good fortune I have lighted well on this young man.

Hortensio:

'Tis well, Gremio. Listen to me. Here is a gentleman whom by chance I met, will undertake to woo curst Catherine, yea, and to marry her.

Gremio:

O sir, such a life with such a wife were strange. But if you have a stomach to't, a ' God's name.

Act 3

Bianca:

Good sister, unbind my hands. What you will command me will I do.

Catherine:

Of all the suitors here I charge thee tell whom thou lov'st best.

Bianca:

Believe me sister, of all the men alive I never yet beheld that special face.

Baptista:

For shame, why dost thou wrong her that did never wrong thee?

Catherine:

Her silence floats me.

Baptista:

Was ever gentleman thus grieved as I ? But who comes here?

Gremio:

Good morrow, neighbour Baptista.

Baptista:

Good morrow, neighbour Gremio. God save you, gentlemen.

Petruccio:

And you, good sir. Pray, have you not a daughter called Katherine, fair and virtuous?

Baptista:

I have a daughter , sir , called Katherine. What may I call your name?

Petruccio:

Petruccio is my name, Antonio's son. A man well known throughout Italy.

Narrator:

Now Gremio introduces Lucentio as a scholar to Bianca. He calls him Cambio. At the same time Tranio, in his masters clothes, presents himself as Lucentio, a suitor to Bianca. Petruccio introduces Hortensio as another scholar cunning in music and mathematics. He calls him Licio.

Narrator:

Catherine is quiet impolite to her teachers. She hits Hortensio at his head but it makes Petruccio determined to marry her.

Petruccio:

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

Catherine:

Well heard but something hard of hearing. They call me Catherine that do talk of me.

Petruccio:

You lie, in faith, for you are called plain Kate, and bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst. But Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom.

Petruccio:

I swear I'll cuff you if you strike again.

Catherine:

So may you lose your arm

Baptista:

Now, Signor Petruccio. How speed you with my daughter?

Petruccio:

How but well, sir?

Baptista:

God send you joy, Petruccio. 'Tis a match.

Gremio and Tranio:

Amen, say we. We will be witnesses.

Act 4**Narrator:**

Petruccio marries Catherine on a Sunday and after a tiresome journey they arrive at his house.

Petruccio:

Go and fetch my supper in. Sit down Kate and welcome. Off with my boots. Be merry Kate. Some water here. You villain.

Catherine:
Patience, I pray.

Petruccio:
Tis burnt and so is all the meat. There, take it.

Catherine:
I pray you husband, be not so disquiet. The meat was well.

Petruccio:
I tell thee, Kate. T'was burnt and dried away. Tomorrow shall be mended. Come I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber.

Act 5

Narrator:
Catherine, hungry and unhappy, starts her new life. Nothing suits her husband. Neither a nice cap nor a nice gown. How is she to look like when visiting her father?

Petruccio:
Well, come, my Kate. We will unto your father's even in these honest habiliments. Good Lord, how bright and goodly shines the moon.

Catherine:
The moon? The sun. It's not moonlight now.

Petruccio:
I say it is the moon that shines so bright.

Hortensio:
Say as he says or we shall never go.

Petruccio:
I say it is the moon.

Catherine:
I know it is the moon.

Petruccio:
Nay then you lie, it is the blessed sun.

Catherine:
Then God be blessed, it is the blessed sun.

Hortensio:
Petruccio. Go the ways. The field is won.

Petruccio:
First kiss me Kate.

Catherine:

What? In the midst of the street?

Petruccio:

Why then, let's home again.

Catherine:

Nay, I will give you a kiss.

Narrator:

Catherine learns how to be obedient to her husband. Soon they arrive at Lucentio's house to take part in a banquet. Here comes Lucentio with Bianca and Hortensio with a nice widow. But who is a better wife than Catherine?

Petruccio:

Now, for my life, Hortensio fears his widow.

Widow:

Your husband being troubled by with a shrew, measures my husband's sorrow with his woe.

Catherine:

A very mean meaning.

Widow:

Right, I mean you.

Petruccio:

To her, Kate!

Hortensio:

To her, widow!

Narrator:

Petruccio and Lucentio make a bet on whose wife is better.

Lucentio:

Go, bid your mistress come to me.

Tranio:

Sir, my mistress sends you word that she is busy and she cannot come.

Petruccio:

Is that an answer:

Gremio:

Pray God, sir, your wife send you not a worse.

Hortensio:

Go and entreat my wife to come to me forthwith.

Hortensio's servant:

She will not come. She bids you come to her.

Petruccio:

Sirrah Grumio, go to your mistress. Say I command her to come.

Hortensio:

I know her answer

Petruccio:

What?

Hortensio:

She will not.

Baptista:

Here comes Catherine.

Catherine:

What is your will sir that you send for me?

Petruccio:

Where's your sister and Hortensio's wife?

Catherine:

They sit conferring by the parlour fire.

Petruccio:

Go, fetch them hither.

Lucentio:

Here is a wonder.

Baptista: She is changed as she had never been.

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:

The wisdom of your duty hath cost me a hundred crowns since supper time.

Bianca:

The more fool you for laying on my duty.

Petruccio:

Catherine, I charge thee tell these headstrong women what duty they do owe their lords and husbands.

Catherine:

Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy sovereign, one that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance commits his body
To painful labour both by sea and land,
To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,
While thou liest warm at home, secure and safe,
And craves no other tribute at thy hands
But love, fair looks, and true obedience,
Too little payment for so great a debt.

Petruccio:

Why, there's a wench! Come and kiss me Kate.

Hortensio:

Now, go thy ways, thou has tamed a curst shrew.

Catherine:

*I don't know how to love him
What to do, how to move him
I've been changed
Yes, really changed
In these past few days
When I've seen myself
I seem like someone else*

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