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# The Taming of the Shrew

## Act IV, sc. 1

**PETRUCHIO:** Thus have I politicly begun my reign,  
And 'tis my hope to end successfully.  
My falcon now is sharp and passing empty.  
And till she stoop she must not be full-gorg'd,  
For then she never looks upon her lure.  
Another way I have to man my haggard,  
To make her come, and know her keeper's call,  
That is, to watch her, as we watch these kites  
That bate and beat, and will not be obedient.  
She eat no meat to-day, nor none shall eat;  
Last night she slept not, nor to-night she shall not;  
As with the meat, some undeserved fault  
I'll find about the making of the bed;  
And here I'll fling the pillow, there the bolster,  
This way the coverlet, another way the sheets;  
Ay, and amid this hurly I intend  
That all is done in reverend care of her-  
And, in conclusion, she shall watch all night;  
And if she chance to nod I'll rail and brawl  
And with the clamour keep her still awake.  
This is a way to kill a wife with kindness,  
And thus I'll curb her mad and headstrong humour.  
He that knows better how to tame a shrew,  
Now let him speak; 'tis charity to show.