

# The Comedy of Errors

by William Shakespeare

Act 5, sc. 1 (line 137 - Verse)

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## Adriana

May it please your grace, Antipholus, my husband,  
Whom I made lord of me and all I had,  
At your important letters,--this ill day  
A most outrageous fit of madness took him;  
That desperately he hurried through the street,  
With him his bondman, all as mad as he--  
Doing displeasure to the citizens  
By rushing in their houses, bearing thence  
Rings, jewels, any thing his rage did like.  
Once did I get him bound and sent him home,  
Whilst to take order for the wrongs I went,  
That here and there his fury had committed.  
Anon, I wot not by what strong escape,  
He broke from those that had the guard of him;  
And with his mad attendant and himself,  
Each one with ireful passion, with drawn swords,  
Met us again and madly bent on us,  
Chased us away; till, raising of more aid,  
We came again to bind them. Then they fled  
Into this abbey, whither we pursued them:  
And here the abbess shuts the gates on us  
And will not suffer us to fetch him out,  
Nor send him forth that we may bear him hence.

Therefore, most gracious duke, with thy command

Let him be brought forth and borne hence for help.