

# The Comedy of Errors

by William Shakespeare

Act 5, sc. 1 (line 24 - Verse)

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## Lady Abbess

And thereof came it that the man was mad.

The venom clamours of a jealous woman

Poisons more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.

It seems his sleeps were hinder'd by thy railing,

And therefore comes it that his head is light.

Thou say'st his meat was sauced with thy upbraidings:

Unquiet meals make ill digestions;

Thereof the raging fire of fever bred;

And what's a fever but a fit of madness?

Thou say'st his sports were hinderd by thy brawls:

Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue

But moody and dull melancholy,

Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair,

And at her heels a huge infectious troop

Of pale distemperatures and foes to life?

In food, in sport and life-preserving rest

To be disturb'd, would mad or man or beast:

The consequence is then thy jealous fits

Have scared thy husband from the use of wits.