

**Abbess; Adriana**

ABBESS

Hath he not lost much wealth by wrack of sea?  
Buried some dear friend? Hath not else his eye  
Strayed his affection in unlawful love? -  
A sin prevailing much in youthful men,  
Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing.  
Which of these sorrows is he subject to?

ADRIANA

To none of these, except it be the last,  
Namely, some love that drew him oft from home.

ABBESS

You should for that have reprehended him.

ADRIANA

Why, so I did.

ABBESS

Ay, but not rough enough.

ADRIANA

As roughly as my modesty would let me.

ABBESS

Haply in private.

ADRIANA

And in assemblies too.

ABBESS

Ay, but not enough.

ADRIANA

It was the copy of our conference.  
In bed he slept not for my urging it;  
At board he fed not for my urging it;  
Alone, it was the subject of my theme;  
In company, I often glanced at it;  
Still did I tell him it was vile and bad.

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 hindered by thy railing,  
And thereof comes it that his head is light.  
Thou sayst his meat was sauced with thy upbraidings:  
Unquiet meals make ill digestions;  
Thou sayst his sports were hindered by thy brawls:  
Sweet recreation barred, what doth ensue  
But moody and dull melancholy,  
In food, in sport, and life-preserving rest,  
To be disturbed would mad or man or beast;  
The consequence is, then, thy jealous fits  
Hath scared thy husband from the use of wits.