

XIV.  
COMEDY OF ERRORS.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

SOLINUS, Duke of Ephesus.  
ÆGEON, a Merchant of Syracuse.  
ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, { Twin Brothers, and Sons  
ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse, { to Ægeon and Æmilia, but  
  unknown to each other.  
DROMIO of Ephesus, } Twin Brothers, and Attendants  
DROMIO of Syracuse, } on the two Antipholus's.  
BALHAZAR, a Merchant.  
ANGLO, a Goldsmith.

A Merchant, Friend to Antipholus of Syracuse.  
PINCH, a Schoolmaster, and a Conjuror.  
ÆMILIA, Wife to Ægeon, an Abbess at Ephesus  
ADRIANA, Wife to Antipholus of Ephesus.  
LUCIANA, her Sister.  
LUCB, her Servant.  
A Courtezan.  
Gaoler, Officers, and other Attendants.

SCENE — Ephesus.

ACT I.

SCENE I. A Hall in the Duke's Palace.

Enter DUKE, ÆGEON, Gaoler, Officers, and other Attendants.

Ægeon.

PROCEED, Solinus, to procure my fall,  
And, by the doom of death, end woes and all.  
Duke. Merchant of Syracuse, plead no more;  
I am not partial, to infringe our laws:  
The enmity and discord, which of late  
Sprung from the rancorous outrage of your duke  
To merchants, our well-dealing countrymen,—  
Who, wanting gilders to redeem their lives,  
Have sealed his rigorous statutes with their bloods,—  
Excludes all pity from our threatening looks.  
For, since the mortal and intestine jars  
'Twixt thy seditious countrymen and us,  
It hath in solemn synods been decreed,  
Both by the Syracusans<sup>1)</sup> and ourselves  
To admit no traffic to our adverse towns:  
Nay, more,  
If any, born at Ephesus, be seen  
At any Syracusan marts and fairs,  
Again, if any Syracusan born,  
Come to the bay of Ephesus, he dies,  
His goods confiscate to the duke's dispose;  
Unless a thousand marks be levied,  
To quit the penalty, and to ransom him.  
Thy substance, valued at the highest rate,  
Cannot amount unto a hundred marks;  
Therefore, by law thou art condemn'd to die.  
Æge. Yet this my comfort; when your words are done,  
My woes end likewise with the evening sun.  
Duke. Well, Syracusan, say, in brief, the cause  
Why thou departedst from thy native home;  
And for what cause thou cam'st to Ephesus.  
Æge. A heavier task could not have been impos'd,  
Than I to speak my griefs unspeakable:  
Yet, that the world may witness, that my end  
Was wrought by nature, not by vile offence,<sup>2)</sup>  
I'll utter what my sorrow gives me leave.

In Syracuse was I born; and wed  
Unto a woman, happy but for me,  
And by me too, had not our hap been bad.  
With her I liv'd in joy; our wealth increas'd,  
By prosperous voyages I often made  
To Epidamnum, till my factor's death;  
And he (great care of goods at random left)<sup>3)</sup>  
Drew me from kind embracements of my spouse:  
From whom my absence was not six months' old,  
Before herself (almost at fainting, under  
The pleasing punishment that women bear,)  
Had made provision for her following me,  
And soon, and safe, arrived where I was.  
There she had not been long, but she became  
A joyful mother of two goodly sons;  
And, which was strange, the one so like the other,  
As could not be distinguish'd but by names.  
That very hour, and in the selfsame inn,  
A poor mean woman was delivered  
Of such a burden, male twins, both alike:  
Those, for their parents were exceeding poor,  
I bought, and brought up to attend my sons.  
My wife, not meanly proud of two such boys,  
Made daily motions for our home return:  
Unwilling I agreed; alas, too soon.  
We came aboard;  
A league from Epidamnum had we sail'd,  
Before the always-wind-obeying deep  
Gave any tragic instance of our harm:  
But longer did we not retain much hope;  
For what obscured light the heavens did grant  
Did but convey unto our fearful minds  
A doubtful warrant of immediate death;  
Which, though myself would gladly have embrac'd,  
Yet the incessant weepings of my wife,  
Weeping before for what she saw must come,  
And piteous plainings of the pretty babes,  
That mourn'd for fashion, ignorant what to fear,  
Forc'd me to seek delays for them and me.  
And this it was, — for other means was none. —  
The sailors sought for safety by our boat,  
And left the ship, then sinking-ripe, to us:  
My wife, more careful for the latter-born,  
Had fasten'd him unto a small spare mast,

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Such as sea-faring men provide for storms:  
To him one of the other twins was bound,  
Whilst I had been like heedful of the other.  
The children thus dispos'd, my wife and I,  
Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fix'd,  
Fasten'd ourselves at either end the mast;  
And floating straight, obedient to the stream,  
Were carried towards Corinth, as we thought.  
At length the sun, gazing upon the earth,  
Dispers'd those vapours that offended us;  
And, by the benefit of his wish'd light,<sup>4)</sup>  
The seas wax'd calm, and we discovered  
Two ships from far making amain to us,  
Of Corinth that, of Epidaurus this:  
But ere they came, — O, let me say no more,  
Gather the sequel by that went before.

Duke. Nay, forward, old man, do not break off so;  
For we may pity, though not pardon thee.

Æge. O, had the gods done so, I had not now  
Worthily term'd them merciless to us!

For, ere the ships could meet by twice five leagues,  
We were encounter'd by a mighty rock;  
Which being violently borne upon,  
Our helpful ship was splitted in the midst,  
So that, in this unjust divorce of us,  
Fortune had left to both of us alike  
What to delight in, what to sorrow for.

Her part, poor soul! seeming as burdened  
With lesser weight, but not with lesser woe,  
Was carried with more speed before the wind;  
And in our sight they three were taken up  
By fishermen of Corinth, as we thought.

At length, another ship had seiz'd on us;  
And knowing whom it was their hap to save,  
Gave helpful welcome to their shipwreck'd guests,  
And would have reft the fishers of their prey,  
Had not their bark been very slow of sail,  
And therefore homeward did they bend their course. —  
Thus have you heard me sever'd from my bliss;  
That by misfortunes was my life prolong'd,  
To tell sad stories of my own mishaps.

Duke. And, for the sake of them thou sorrowest for,  
Do me the favour to dilate at full  
What hath befall'n of them, and thee, till now.

Æge. My youngest boy, and yet my eldest care,<sup>5)</sup>  
At eighteen years became inquisitive  
After his brother; and importun'd me,  
That his attendant, (for his case was like,<sup>6)</sup>  
Reft of his brother, but retain'd his name,)  
Might bear him company in the quest of him:  
Whom whilst I labour'd of a love to see,  
I hazarded the loss of whom I lov'd.

Five summers have I spent in furthest<sup>7)</sup> Greece,  
Roaming clean through the bounds of Asia,<sup>8)</sup>  
And, coasting homeward, came to Ephesus;  
Hopeless to find, yet loath to leave unsought,  
Or that, or any place that harbours men.

But here must end the story of my life;  
And happy were I in my timely death,  
Could all my travels warrant me they live.

Duke. Hapless Ægeon, whom the fates have mark'd  
To bear the extremity of dire mishap!  
Now, trust me, were it not against our laws,  
Against my crown, my oath, my dignity,  
Which princes, would they, may not disannul,  
My soul should sue as advocate for thee.  
But, though thou art adjudged to the death,  
And passed sentence may not be recall'd,  
But to our honour's great disparagement,  
Yet will I favour thee in what I can:  
Therefore, merchant, I'll limit thee this day,  
To seek thy help by beneficial help:  
Try all the friends thou hast in Ephesus:

Beg thou, or borrow, to make up the sum,  
And live; if not,<sup>9)</sup> then thou art doom'd to die: —  
Gaoler, take him to thy custody.

Gaol. I will, my lord.  
Æge. Hopeless, and helpless, doth Ægeon wend,<sup>10)</sup>  
But to procrastinate his lifeless end. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

A public Place.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS and DROMIO of Syracuse, and a Merchant.

Mer. Therefore, give out, you are of Epidamnum,  
Lest that your goods too soon be confiscate.

This very day, a Syracusan merchant  
Is apprehended for arrival here;  
And, not being able to buy out his life,  
According to the statute of the town,  
Dies ere the weary sun set in the west.

There is your money that I had to keep.  
Ant. S. Go bear it to the Centaur, where we host,  
And stay there, Dromio, till I come to thee.

Within this hour it will be dinner-time:  
Till that, I'll view the manners of the town,  
Peruse the traders, gaze upon the buildings,  
And then return, and sleep within mine inn;  
For with long travel I am stiff and weary.

Get thee away.  
Dro. S. Many a man would take you at your word,  
And go, indeed, having so good a mien.

[Exit Dro. S.]  
Ant. S. A trusty villain,<sup>11)</sup> sir; that very oft,  
When I am dull with care and melancholy,  
Lightens my humour with his merry jests.

What, will you walk with me about the town,  
And then go to my inn, and dine with me?  
Mer. I am invited, sir, to certain merchants,  
Of whom I hope to make much benefit;  
I crave your pardon. Soon, at five o'clock,  
Please you, I'll meet with you upon the mart,  
And afterwards consort you till bed-time;  
My present business calls me from you now.

Ant. S. Farewell till then; I will go lose myself,  
And wander up and down, to view the city.

Mer. Sir, I commend you to your own content.  
[Exit Merchant.]

Ant. S. He that commends me to mine own content  
Commends me to the thing I cannot get.  
I to the world am like a drop of water,  
That in the ocean seeks another drop;  
Who, failing there to find his fellow forth,  
Unseen, inquisitive, confounds himself:<sup>12)</sup>  
So I, to find a mother, and a brother,  
In quest of them, unhappy, lose myself.

Enter DROMIO of Ephesus.

Here comes the almanac of my true date. —  
What now? How chance, thou art return'd so soon?

Dro. E. Return'd so soon! rather approach'd too late:  
The capon burns, the pig falls from the spit;  
The clock hath strucken twelve upon the bell,  
My mistress made it one upon my cheek:  
She is so hot, because the meat is cold;  
The meat is cold, because you come not home;  
You come not home, because you have no stomach;  
You have no stomach, having broke your fast:  
But we, that know what 'tis to fast and pray,  
Are penitent for your default to-day.

Ant. S. Stop in your wind, sir: tell me this, I pray;  
Where have you left the money that I gave you?

Dro. E. O, — six-pence, that I had o' Wednes-  
day last,

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To pay the saddler for my mistress' crupper;  
The saddler had it, sir, I kept it not.

*Ant. S.* I am not in a sportive humour now:  
Tell me, and dally not, where is the money?  
We being strangers here, how dar'st thou trust  
So great a charge from thine own custody?

*Dro. E.* I pray you, jest, sir, as you sit at dinner:  
I from my mistress come to you in post;  
If I return, I shall be post indeed;

For she will score you fault upon my pate.<sup>13)</sup>  
Methinks, your maw, like mine, should be your clock,  
And strike you home without a messenger.

*Ant. S.* Come, Dromio, come, these jests are out  
of season;

Reserve them till a merrier hour than this;  
Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee?

*Dro. E.* To me, sir? why you gave no gold to me.

*Ant. S.* Come on, sir knave; have done your foolish-  
ness,

And tell me, how thou hast dispos'd thy charge.

*Dro. E.* My charge was but to fetch you from  
the mart

Home to your house, the Phœnix, sir, to dinner;  
My mistress, and her sister, stay for you.

*Ant. S.* Now, as I am a christian, answer me,  
In what safe place you have bestow'd<sup>14)</sup> my money;  
Or I shall break that merry sounce of yours,<sup>15)</sup>  
That stands on tricks when I am undispos'd:

Where is the thousand marks thou hadst of me?

*Dro. E.* I have some marks of yours upon my pate,  
Some of my mistress' marks upon my shoulders,  
But not a thousand marks between you both. —  
If I should pay your worship those again,  
Perchance, you will not bear them patiently.

*Ant. S.* Thy mistress' marks! what mistress, slave,  
hast thou?

*Dro. E.* Your worship's wife, my mistress at the  
Phœnix;

She that doth fast, till you come home to dinner,  
And prays, that you will hie you home to dinner.

*Ant. S.* What, wilt thou flout me thus unto my face,  
Being forbid? There, take you that, sir knave.

*Dro. E.* What mean you, sir? for God's sake, hold  
your hands;

Nay, an you will not, sir, I'll take my heels.

[Exit Dro. E.]

*Ant. S.* Upon my life, by some device or other,  
The villain is o'er-raught<sup>16)</sup> of all my money.

They say, this town is full of cozenage;<sup>17)</sup>  
As, nimble jugglers, that deceive the eye,  
Dark-working sorcerers, that change the mind,  
Soul-killing witches, that deform the body;  
Disguised cheaters, prating mountebanks,  
And many such like liberties of sin:<sup>18)</sup>  
If it prove so, I will begone the sooner.

I'll to the Centaur, to go seek this slave;

I greatly fear, my money is not safe.

[Exit.]

## ACT II.

## SCENE I. A public Place.

Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA.

*Adr.* Neither my husband, nor the slave return'd,  
That in such haste I sent to seek his master!  
Sure, Luciana, it is two o'clock.

*Luc.* Perhaps, some merchant hath invited him,  
And from the mart he's somewhere gone to dinner.

Good sister, let us dine, and never fret:  
A man is master of his liberty:

Time is their master; and, when they see time,  
They'll go, or come: if so, be patient, sister.

*Adr.* Why should their liberty than ours be more?

*Luc.* Because their business still lies out o'door.

*Adr.* Look, when I serve him so, he takes it ill.

*Luc.* O, know, he is the bridle of your will.

*Adr.* There's none, but asses, will be bridled so.

*Luc.* Why, headstrong liberty is lash'd with woe.<sup>1)</sup>

There's nothing, situate under heaven's eye,  
But hath his bound, in earth, in sea, in sky:  
The beasts, the fishes, and the winged fowls,  
Are their males' subject,<sup>2)</sup> and at their controls:  
Men, more divine, the masters of all these,  
Lords of the wide world, and wild wat'ry seas,  
Indued with intellectual sense and souls,  
Of more pre-eminence than fish and fowls,  
Are masters to their females, and their lords:  
Then let your will attend on their accords.

*Adr.* This servitude makes you to keep unwed.

*Luc.* Not this, but troubles of the marriage-bed.

*Adr.* But, were you wedded, you would bear some  
sway.

*Luc.* Ere I learn love, I'll practise to obey.

*Adr.* How if your husband start some other where?<sup>3)</sup>

*Luc.* Till he come home again, I would forbear.

*Adr.* Patience, unmov'd, no marvel though she  
pause;<sup>4)</sup>

They can be meek, that have no other cause.<sup>5)</sup>

A wretched soul, bruis'd with adversity,  
We bid be quiet, when we hear it cry;

But were we burden'd with like weight of pain,  
As much, or more, we should ourselves complain:

So thou, that hast no unkind mate to grieve thee,  
With urging helpless patience<sup>6)</sup> would'st relieve me:

But, if thou live to see like right bereft,  
This fool-begg'd<sup>7)</sup> patience in thee will be left.

*Luc.* Well, I will marry one day, but to try; —  
Here comes your man, now is your husband nigh.

Enter DROMIO of Ephesus.

*Adr.* Say, is your tardy master now at hand?

*Dro. E.* Nay, he is at two hands with me, and  
that my two ears can witness.

*Adr.* Say, didst thou speak with him? know'st  
thou his mind?

*Dro. E.* Ay, ay, he told his mind upon mine ear;  
Beshrew his hand, I scarce could understand it.

*Luc.* Spake he so doubtfully, thou could'st not  
feel his meaning?

*Dro. E.* Nay, he struck so plainly, I could too  
well feel his blows; and withal so doubtfully, that  
I could scarce understand them.<sup>8)</sup>

*Adr.* But say, I pr'ythee, is he coming home?  
It seems, he hath great care to please his wife.

*Dro. E.* Why, mistress, sure my master is horn-mad.

*Adr.* Horn-mad, thou villain?

*Dro. E.* I mean not cuckold-mad; but, sure, he's  
stark mad:

When I desir'd him to come home to dinner,  
He ask'd me for a thousand marks in gold:

'Tis dinner time, quoth I; My gold, quoth he:  
Your meat doth burn, quoth I; My gold, quoth he:

Will you come home? quoth I; My gold, quoth he:  
Where is the thousand marks I gave thee, villain?

The pig, quoth I, is burn'd; My gold, quoth he:  
My mistress, sir, quoth I; Hang up thy mistress;

I know not thy mistress; out on thy mistress!  
*Luc.* Quoth who?

*Dro. E.* Quoth my master:  
I know, quoth he, no house, no wife, no mistress; —  
So that my errand, due unto my tongue,

I thank him, I bare home upon my shoulders;  
For, in conclusion, he did beat me there.

*Adr.* Go back again, thou slave, and fetch him  
home.

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*Dro. E.* Go back again, and be new beaten home?  
For God's sake, send some other messenger.

*Adr.* Back, slave, or I will break thy pate across.

*Dro. E.* And he will bless that cross with other  
beating:

Between you I shall have a holy head.

*Adr.* Hence, prating peasant; fetch thy master  
home.

*Dro. E.* Am I so round with you, as you with me,<sup>9)</sup>  
That like a football you do spurn me thus?

You spurn me hence, and he will spurn me hither;  
If I last in this service, you must case me in leather.<sup>10)</sup>

[Exit.]

*Luc.* Fye, how impatience lowreth in your face!

*Adr.* His company must do his minions grace,  
Whilst I at home starve for a merry look.

Hath homely age the alluring beauty took  
From my poor cheek? then he hath wasted it;

Are my discourses dull? barren my wit?

If voluble and sharp discourse be marr'd,  
Unkindness blunts it, more than marble hard.

Do their gay vestments his affections bait?  
That's not my fault, he's master of my state:

What ruins are in me, that can be found  
By him not ruin'd? then is he the ground

Of my defeatures:<sup>11)</sup> My decayed fair<sup>12)</sup>  
A sunny look of his would soon repair;

But, too unruly deer, he breaks the pale,  
And feeds from home; poor I am but his stale.<sup>13)</sup>

*Luc.* Self-harming jealousy! — fye, beat it hence.

*Adr.* Unfeeling fools can with such wrongs dispense.

I know his eye doth homage otherwhere;

Or else, what lets it but he would be here?

Sister, you know, he promis'd me a chain; —  
Would that alone alone he would detain,

So he would keep fair quarter with his bed!  
I see, the jewel, best enamelled,

Will lose his beauty; and though gold 'bides still,  
That others touch, yet often touching will

Wear gold; and so no man,<sup>14)</sup> that hath a name,  
But falsehood and corruption doth it shame.<sup>15)</sup>

Since that my beauty cannot please his eye,  
I'll weep what's left away, and weeping die.

*Luc.* How many fond fools serve mad jealousy!

[Exeunt.]

## SCENE II.

The same.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse.

*Ant. S.* The gold, I gave to Dromio, is laid up  
Safe at the Centaur; and the heedful slave

Is wander'd forth, in care to seek me out.  
By computation, and mine host's report,

I could not speak with Dromio, since at first  
I sent him from the mart: See here he comes.

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.

How now, sir? is your merry humour alter'd?  
As you love strokes, so jest with me again.

You know no Centaur? you receiv'd no gold?  
Your mistress sent to have me home to dinner?

My house was at the Phœnix? Wast thou mad,  
That thus so madly thou didst answer me?

*Dro. S.* What answer, sir? when spake I such a  
word?

*Ant. S.* Even now, even here, not half an hour since.

*Dro. S.* I did not see you since you sent me hence,  
Home to the Centaur, with the gold you gave me.

*Ant. S.* Villain, thou did'st deny the gold's receipt;  
And told'st me of a mistress and a dinner;  
For which, I hope, thou felt'st I was displeas'd.

*Dro. S.* I am glad to see you in this merry vein:  
What means this jest? I pray you, master, tell me.

*Ant. S.* Yea, dost thou jeer, and flout me in the teeth?  
Think'st thou, I jest? Hold, take thou that, and that.

[Beating him.]

*Dro. S.* Hold, sir, for God's sake: now your jest  
is earnest:

Upon what bargain do you give it me?  
*Ant. S.* Because that I familiarly sometimes

Do use you for my fool, and chat with you,  
Your sauciness will jest upon my love,

And make a common of my serious hours.<sup>16)</sup>  
When the sun shines, let foolish gnats make sport,  
But creep in crannies, when he hides his beams.

If you will jest with me, know my aspect,<sup>17)</sup>  
And fashion your demeanour to my looks,  
Or I will beat this method in your sounce.

*Dro. S.* Sounce, call you it? so you would leave  
battering, I had rather have it a head: an you use  
these blows long, I must get a sounce for my head,  
and insconce it too;<sup>18)</sup> or else I shall seek my  
wit in my shoulders. But, I pray, sir, why am I  
beaten?

*Ant. S.* Dost thou not know?

*Dro. S.* Nothing, sir; but that I am beaten.

*Ant. S.* Shall I tell you why?

*Dro. S.* Ay, sir, and wherefore; for, they say, every  
why hath a wherefore.

*Ant. S.* Why, first — for flouting me; and then,  
wherefore, —

For urging it the second time to me.

*Dro. S.* Was there ever any man thus beaten out  
of season?

When, in the why, and the wherefore, is neither  
rhyme nor reason?

Well, sir, I thank you.

*Ant. S.* Thank me, sir? for what?

*Dro. S.* Marry, sir, for this something that you  
gave me for nothing.

*Ant. S.* I'll make you amends next, to give you  
nothing for something. But, say, sir, is it dinner-  
time?

*Dro. S.* No, sir; I think, the meat wants that I  
have.

*Ant. S.* In good time, sir, what's that?

*Dro. S.* Basting.

*Ant. S.* Well, sir, then 'twill be dry.

*Dro. S.* If it be, sir, I pray you eat none of it.

*Ant. S.* Your reason?

*Dro. S.* Lest it make you choleric, and purchase  
me another dry basting.

*Ant. S.* Well, sir, learn to jest in good time; There's  
a time for all things.

*Dro. S.* I durst have denied that, before you were  
so choleric.

*Ant. S.* By what rule, sir?

*Dro. S.* Marry, sir, by a rule as plain as the plain  
bald pate of father Time himself.

*Ant. S.* Let's hear it.

*Dro. S.* There's no time for a man to recover his  
hair, that grows bald by nature.

*Ant. S.* May he not do it by fine and recovery?<sup>19)</sup>

*Dro. S.* Yes, to pay a fine for a peruke, and recover  
the lost hair of another man.

*Ant. S.* Why is Time such a niggard of hair, being,  
as it is, so plentiful an excrement?

*Dro. S.* Because it is a blessing that he bestows  
on beasts: and what he hath scanted men in hair,  
he hath given them in wit.

*Ant. S.* Why, but there's many a man hath more  
hair than wit.

*Dro. S.* Not a man of those, but he hath the wit  
to lose his hair.

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*Ant. S.* Why, thou didst conclude hairy men plain dealers without wit.

*Dro. S.* The plainer dealer, the sooner lost: Yet he loseth it in a kind of jollity.

*Ant. S.* For what reason?

*Dro. S.* For two; and sound ones too.

*Ant. S.* Nay, not sound, I pray you.

*Dro. S.* Sure ones then.

*Ant. S.* Nay, not sure, in a thing falsing.<sup>20)</sup>

*Dro. S.* Certain ones then.

*Ant. S.* Name them.

*Dro. S.* The one to save the money that he spends in tiring; the other, that at dinner they should not drop in his porridge.

*Ant. S.* You would all this time have proved, there is no time for all things.

*Dro. S.* Marry, and did, sir; namely, no time<sup>21)</sup> to recover hair lost by nature.

*Ant. S.* But your reason was not substantial, why there is no time to recover.

*Dro. S.* Thus I mend it: Time himself is bald, and therefore, to the world's end, will have bald followers.

*Ant. S.* I knew, 'twould be a bald conclusion: But soft! who wafts us<sup>22)</sup> yonder?

*Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA.*

*Adr.* Ay, ay, Antipholus, look strange, and frown; Some other mistress hath thy sweet aspects, I am not Adriana, nor thy wife.

The time was once, when thou unurg'd would'st vow That never words were music to thine ear,

That never object pleasing in thine eye,

That never touch well-welcome to thy hand,

That never meat sweet-savour'd in thy taste,

Unless I spake, look'd, touch'd,<sup>23)</sup> or carv'd, to thee.

How comes it now, my husband, oh, how comes it,

That thou art then estranged from thyself?

Thyself I call it, being strange to me,

That undividable, incorporate,

Am better than thy dear self's better part.

Ah, do not tear away thyself from me;

For know, my love, as easy may'st thou fall<sup>24)</sup>

A drop of water in the breaking gulph,

And take unmingled thence that drop again,

Without addition, or diminishing,

As take from me thyself, and not me too.

How dearly would it touch thee to the quick,

Should'st thou but hear I were licentious?

And that this body, consecrate to thee,

By ruffian lust should be contaminate?

Would'st thou not spit at me, and spurn at me,

And hurl the name of husband in my face,

And tear the stain'd skin off my harlot brow,

And from my false hand cut the wedding ring,

And break it with a deep-divorcing vow?

I know thou canst; and therefore, see, thou do it.

I am possess'd with an adulterate blot;

My blood is mingled with the crime of lust:

For, if we two be one, and thou play false,

I do digest the poison of thy flesh,

Being strumpeted by thy contagion.

Keep then fair league and truce with thy true bed;

I live dis-stain'd, thou undishonoured.

*Ant. S.* Plead you to me, fair dame? I know you not:

In Ephesus I am but two hours old,

As strange unto your town, as to your talk;

Who, every word by all my wit being scann'd,

Want wit in all, one word to understand.

*Luc.* Fye, brother! how the world is chang'd with you:

When were you wont to use my sister thus?

She sent for you by Dromio home to dinner.

*Ant. S.* By Dromio?

*Dro. S.* By me?

*Adr.* By thee; and this thou didst return from him,—

That he did buffet thee, and, in his blows

Denied my house for his, me for his wife.

*Ant. S.* Did you converse, sir, with this gentle-

woman?

What is the course and drift of your compact?

*Dro. S.* I, sir? I never saw her till this time.

*Ant. S.* Villain, thou liest; for even her very words

Didst thou deliver to me on the mart.

*Dro. S.* I never spake with her in all my life.

*Ant. S.* How can she thus then call us by our names,

Unless it be by inspiration?

*Adr.* How ill agrees it with your gravity,

To counterfeit thus grossly with your slave,

Abetting him to thwart me in my mood?

Be it my wrong, you are from me exempt,<sup>25)</sup>

But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt.

Come, I will fasten on this sleeve of thine:

Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine;

Whose weakness, married to thy stronger state,

Makes me with thy strength to communicate:

If aught possess thee from me, it is dross,

Usurping ivy, briar, or idle moss;<sup>26)</sup>

Who, all for want of pruning, with intrusion

Infect thy sap, and live on thy confusion.

*Ant. S.* To me she speaks; she moves me for her

theme:

What, was I married to her in my dream?

Or sleep I now? and think I hear all this?

What error drives our eyes and ears amiss?

Until I know this sure uncertainty,

I'll entertain the offer'd fallacy.

*Luc.* Dromio, go bid the servants spread for dinner.

*Dro. S.* O, for my beads! I cross me for a sinner.

This is the fairy land; — O, spite of spites! —

We talk with goblins, owls, and elvish sprites;

If we obey them not, this will ensue,

They'll suck our breath, or pinch us black and blue.

*Luc.* Why prat'st thou to thyself, and answer'st not?

Dromio, thou drone, thou snail, thou slug, thou sot!

*Dro. S.* I am transformed, master, am not I?

*Ant. S.* I think, thou art, in mind, and so am I.

*Dro. S.* Nay, master, both in mind, and in my shape.

*Ant. S.* Thou hast thine own form.

*Dro. S.* No, I am an ape.

*Luc.* If thou art chang'd to aught, 'tis to an ass.

*Dro. S.* 'Tis true; she rides me, and I long for

grass.

'Tis so, I am an ass; else it could never be,

But I should know her as well as she knows me.

*Adr.* Come, come, no longer will I be a fool,

To put the finger in the eye and weep,

Whilst man, and master, laugh my woes to scorn. —

Come, sir, to dinner; Dromio, keep the gate: —

Husband, I'll dine above with you to-day,

And shrive you<sup>27)</sup> of a thousand idle pranks:

Sirrah, if any ask you for your master,

Say, he dines forth, and let no creature enter. —

Come, sister: — Dromio, play the porter well.

*Ant. S.* Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell?

Sleeping or waking? mad, or well advis'd?

Known unto these, and to myself disguis'd!

I'll say as they say, and perséver so,

And in this mist at all adventures go.

*Dro. S.* Master, shall I be porter at the gate?

*Adr.* Ay; and let none enter, lest I break your pate.

*Luc.* Come, come, Antipholus, we dine too late.

[*Exeunt.*]

HIV.

## ACT III.

SCENE I. *The same.*

*Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, DROMIO of Ephesus, ANGELO, and BALTHAZAR.*

*Ant. E.* Good signior Angelo, you must excuse us all;

My wife is shrewish, when I keep not hours:

Say, that I linger'd with you at your shop,

To see the making of her carkanet,<sup>1)</sup>

And that to-morrow you will bring it home.

But here's a villain, that would face me down

He met me on the mart; and that I beat him,

And charg'd him with a thousand marks in gold;

And that I did deny my wife and house: —

Thou drunkard, thou, what didst thou mean by this?

*Dro. E.* Say what you will, sir, but I know what

I know:

That you beat me at the mart, I have your hand

to show:

If the skin were parchment, and the blows you gave

were ink,

Your own handwriting would tell you what I think.

*Ant. E.* I think, thou art an ass.

*Dro. E.* Marry, so it doth appear

By the wrongs I suffer, and the blows I bear.

I should kick, being kick'd; and, being at that pass,

You would keep from my heels, and beware of an ass.

*Ant. E.* You are sad, signior Balthazar: 'Pray

God, our cheer,

May answer my good will, and your good welcome

here.

*Bal.* I hold your dainties cheap, sir, and your wel-

come dear.

*Ant. E.* O, signior Balthazar, either at flesh or fish,

A table full of welcome makes scarce one dainty dish.

*Bal.* Good meat, sir, is common; that every churl

affords.

*Ant. E.* And welcome more common; for that's

nothing but words.

*Bal.* Small cheer, and great welcome, makes a

merry feast.

*Ant. E.* Ay, to a niggardly host, and more sparing

guest.

But though my cates be mean, take them in good part;

Better cheer may you have, but not with better heart.

But, soft; my door is lock'd; Go bid them let us in.

*Dro. E.* Maud, Bridget, Marian, Cicely, Gillian,

Jen!

*Dro. S.* [*Within.*] Mome,<sup>2)</sup> malt-horse, capon, cox-

comb, idiot, patch!<sup>3)</sup>

Either get thee from the door, or sit down at the

hatch:

Dost thou conjure for wenches, that thou call'st for

such store,

When one is one too many? Go, get thee from the

door.

*Dro. E.* What patch is made our porter? My mas-

ter stays in the street.

*Dro. S.* Let him walk from whence he came, lest

he catch cold on's feet.

*Ant. E.* Who talks within there? ho, open the door.

*Dro. S.* Right, sir, I'll tell you when, an you'll tell

me wherefore.

*Ant. E.* Wherefore! for my dinner; I have not din'd

to-day.

*Dro. S.* Nor to-day here you must not; come again,

when you may.

*Ant. E.* What art thou, that keep'st me out from

the house I owe?<sup>4)</sup>

*Dro. S.* The porter for this time, sir, and my name

is Dromio.

*Dro. E.* O villain, thou hast stolen both mine office and my name:

The one ne'er got me credit, the other mickle blame.

If thou had'st been Dromio to-day in my place,

Thou would'st have chang'd thy face for a name,

or thy name for an ass.

*Luc.* [*Within.*] What a coil is there? Dromio,

who are those at the gate?

*Dro. E.* Let my master in, Luce.

*Luc.* Faith, no; he comes too late:

And so tell your master.

*Dro. E.* O Lord, I must laugh; —

Have at you with a proverb. — Shall I set in my staff?

*Luc.* Have at you with another: that's, — When?

can you tell?

*Dro. S.* If thy name be call'd Luce, Luce, thou

hast answer'd him well.

*Ant. E.* Do you hear, you minion? you'll let us

in, I hope?

*Luc.* I thought to have ask'd you.

*Dro. S.* And you said, no.

*Dro. E.* So, come, help; well struck; there was

blow for blow.

*Ant. E.* Thou baggage, let me in.

*Luc.* Can you tell for whose sake?

*Dro. E.* Master, knock the door hard.

*Luc.* Let him knock till it ake.

*Ant. E.* You'll cry for this, minion, if I beat the

door down.

*Luc.* What needs all that, and a pair of stocks

in the town?

*Adr.* [*Within.*] Who is that at the door, that keeps

all this noise?

*Dro. S.* By my troth, your town is troubled with

unruly boys.

*Ant. E.* Are you there, wife? you might have come

before.

*Adr.* Your wife, sir knave! go, get you from the door.

*Dro. E.* If you went in pain, master, this knave

would go sore.

*Ang.* Here is neither cheer, sir, nor welcome; we

would fain have either.

*Bal.* In debating which was best, we shall part

with neither.<sup>5)</sup>

*Dro. E.* They stand at the door, master; bid them

welcome hither.

*Ant. E.* There is something in the wind, that we

cannot get in.

*Dro. E.* You would say so, master, if your garments

were thin.

*Ant. E.* Go, get thee gone, fetch me an iron crow.

*Bal.* Have patience, sir, O, let it not be so; Herein you war against your reputation, And draw within the compass of suspect The unviolated honour of your wife. Once this, — <sup>6</sup>) Your long experience of her wisdom, Her sober virtue, years, and modesty, Plead on her part some cause to you unknown; And doubt not, sir, but she will well excuse Why at this time the doors are made against you. <sup>7</sup>) Be rul'd by me; depart in patience, And let us to the Tiger all to dinner: And, about evening, come yourself alone, To know the reason of this strange restraint. If by strong hand you offer to break in, Now in the stirring passage of the day, A vulgar comment will be made on it; <sup>8</sup>) And that supposed by the common rout Against your yet ungalled estimation, That may with foul intrusion enter in, And dwell upon your grave when you are dead: For slander lives upon succession; For ever hous'd, where it once gets possession. <sup>9</sup>)  
*Ant. E.* You have prevail'd; I will depart in quiet, And, in despite of mirth, <sup>10</sup>) mean to be merry. I know a wench of excellent discourse, — Pretty and witty; wild, and, yet too, gentle; — There will we dine: this woman that I mean, My wife, (but, I protest, without desert,) Hath oftentimes upbraided me withal; To her will we to dinner. — Get you home, And fetch the chain: by this, I know, 'tis made: Bring it, I pray you, to the Porcupine; For there's the house; that chain will I bestow (Be it for nothing but to spite my wife,) Upon mine hostess there: good sir, make haste: Since mine own doors refuse to entertain me, I'll knock elsewhere, to see if they'll disdain me.  
*Ang.* I'll meet you at that place, some hour hence.  
*Ant. E.* Do so; This jest shall cost me some expence. [Exeunt.]

## SCENE II.

The same.

Enter LUCIANA and ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse.

*Luc.* And may it be that you have quite forgot A husband's office? shall, Antipholus, <sup>11</sup>) hate, Even in the spring of love, thy love-springs rot? Shall love, in building, grow so ruinat? If you did wed my sister for her wealth, Then, for her wealth's sake, use her with more kindness: Or, if you like elsewhere, do it by stealth; Muffle your false love with some show of blindness: Let not my sister read it in your eye; Be not thy tongue thy own shame's orator; Look sweet, speak fair, become disloyalty; Apparel vice like virtue's harbinger: Bear a fair presence, though your heart be tainted; Teach sin the carriage of a holy saint; Be secret-false: What need she be acquainted? What simple thief brags of his own attainment? 'Tis double wrong, to truant with your bed, And let her read it in thy looks at board: Shame hath a bastard fame, well managed; Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word. Alas, poor women! make us but believe, Being compact of credit, <sup>12</sup>) that you love us; Though others have the arm, show us the sleeve; We in your motion turn, and you may move us. Then, gentle brother, get you in again;

Comfort my sister, cheer her, call her wife:

'Tis holy sport, to be a little vain, <sup>13</sup>)

When the sweet breath of flattery conquers strife.

*Ant. S.* Sweet mistress, (what your name is else, I know not,

Nor by what wonder you do hit on mine,)

Less, in your knowledge, and your grace, you show not,

Than our earth's wonder; more than earth divine.

Teach me, dear creature, how to think and speak;

Lay open to my earthy gross conceit,

Smother'd in errors, feeble, shallow, weak,

The folded meaning of your words' deceit.

Against my soul's pure truth why labour you,

To make it wander in an unknown field?

Are you a god? would you create me new?

Transform me then, and to your power I'll yield.

But if that I am I, then well I know,

Your weeping sister is no wife of mine,

Nor to her bed no homage do I owe;

Far more, far more, to you do I decline.

O, train me not, sweet mermaid, <sup>14</sup>) with thy note,

To drown me in thy sister's flood of tears;

Sing, siren, for thyself, and I will dote:

Spread o'er the silver waves thy golden hairs,

And as a bed I'll take thee, and there lie;

And, in that glorious supposition, think

He gains by death, that hath such means to die: —

Let love, being light, be drowned if she sink!

*Luc.* What, are you mad, that you do reason so?

*Ant. S.* Not mad, but mated: <sup>15</sup>) how, I do not know.

*Luc.* It is a fault that springeth from your eye.

*Ant. S.* For gazing on your beams, fair sun, being by.

*Luc.* Gaze where you should, and that will clear your sight.

*Ant. S.* As good to wink, sweet love, as look on night.

*Luc.* Why call you me love? call my sister so.

*Ant. S.* Thy sister's sister.

*Luc.* That's my sister.

*Ant. S.* No,

It is thyself, mine own self's better part;

Mine eye's clear eye, my dear heart's dearer heart;

My food, my fortune, and my sweet hope's aim,

My sole earth's heaven, and my heaven's claim. <sup>16</sup>)

*Luc.* All this my sister is, or else should be.

*Ant. S.* Call thyself sister, sweet, for I aim thee:

Thee will I love, and with thee lead my life;

Thou hast no husband yet, nor I no wife:

Give me thy hand.

*Luc.* O, soft, sir, hold you still;

I'll fetch my sister, to get her good will. [Exit *Luc.*]

Enter from the House of ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus,

DROMIO of Syracuse.

*Ant. S.* Why, how now, Dromio? where run'st thou so fast?

*Dro. S.* Do you know me, sir? am I Dromio? am I your man? am I myself?

*Ant. S.* Thou art Dromio, thou art my man, thou art thyself.

*Dro. S.* I am an ass, I am a woman's man, and besides myself.

*Ant. S.* What woman's man? and how besides thyself?

*Dro. S.* Marry, sir, besides myself, I am due to a woman; one that claims me, one that haunts me, one that will have me.

*Ant. S.* What claim lays she to thee?

*Dro. S.* Marry, sir, such claim as you would lay to your horse; and she would have me as a beast: not that, I being a beast, she would have me; but that she, being a very beastly creature, lays claim to me.

*Ant. S.* What is she?

RIV.

*Dro. S.* A very reverent body; ay, such a one as a man may not speak of, without he say, sir-reverence: <sup>17</sup>) I have but lean luck in the match, and yet is she a wondrous fat marriage.

*Ant. S.* How dost thou mean, a fat marriage?

*Dro. S.* Marry, sir, she's the kitchen-wench, and all grease; and I know not what use to put her to, but to make a lamp of her, and run from her by her own light. I warrant, her rags, and the tallow in them, will burn a Poland winter: if she lives till doomsday, she'll burn a week longer than the whole world.

*Ant. S.* What complexion is she of?

*Dro. S.* Swart, <sup>18</sup>) like my shoe, but her face nothing like so clean kept; For why? she sweats, a man may go over shoes in the grime of it.

*Ant. S.* That's a fault that water will mend.

*Dro. S.* No, sir, 'tis in grain; Noah's flood could not do it.

*Ant. S.* What's her name?

*Dro. S.* Nell, sir; — but her name and three quarters, that is, an ell and three quarters, will not measure her from hip to hip.

*Ant. S.* Then she bears some breadth?

*Dro. S.* No longer from head to foot, than from hip to hip: she is spherical, like a globe; I could find out countries in her.

*Ant. S.* In what part of her body stands Ireland?

*Dro. S.* Marry, sir, in her buttocks; I found it out by the bogs.

*Ant. S.* Where Scotland?

*Dro. S.* I found it out by the barrenness; hard, in the palm of the hand.

*Ant. S.* Where France?

*Dro. S.* In her forehead; armed and reverted, making war against her hair. <sup>19</sup>)

*Ant. S.* Where England?

*Dro. S.* I looked for the chalky cliffs, but I could find no whiteness in them: but I guess, it stood in her chin, by the salt rheum that ran between France and it.

*Ant. S.* Where Spain?

*Dro. S.* Faith, I saw it not; but I felt it, hot in her breath.

*Ant. S.* Where America? the Indies?

*Dro. S.* O, sir, upon her nose, all o'er embellished with rubies, carbuncles, sapphires, declining their rich aspect to the hot breath of Spain; who sent whole armadas of carracks to the ballast at her nose.

*Ant. S.* Where stood Belgia, the Netherlands?

*Dro. S.* O, sir, I did not look so low. To conclude, this drudge, or diviner, laid claim to me; called me Dromio; swore, I was assured to her; <sup>20</sup>) told me what privy marks I had about me, as the mark of my shoulder, the mole in my neck, the great wart on my left arm, that I, amazed, ran from her as a witch: and, I think, if my breast had not been made of faith, and my heart of steel, she had transformed me to a curtail-dog, and made me turn i'the wheel.

*Ant. S.* Go, hie thee presently, post to the road; And if the wind blow any way from shore, I will not harbour in this town to-night.

If any bark put forth, come to the mart, Where I will walk, till thou return to me.

If every one knows us, <sup>21</sup>) and we know none, 'Tis time, I think, to trudge, pack, and be gone.

*Dro. S.* As from a bear a man would run for life, So fly I from her that would be my wife. [Exit.]

*Ant. S.* There's none but witches do inhabit here; And therefore 'tis high time that I were hence.

She, that doth call me husband, even my soul

Doth for a wife abhor: but her fair sister, Possess'd with such a gentle sovereign grace, Of such enchanting presence and discourse, Hath almost made me traitor to myself: But, lest myself be guilty to self-wrong, I'll stop mine ears against the mermaid's song.

Enter ANGELO.

*Ang.* Master Antipholus?

*Ant. S.* Ay, that's my name.

*Ang.* I know it well, sir: Lo, here is the chain: I thought to have ta'en you at the Porcupine: <sup>22</sup>) The chain unfinished made me stay thus long.

*Ant. S.* What is your will, that I shall do with this?

*Ang.* What please yourself, sir; I have made it for you.

*Ant. S.* Made it for me, sir! I bespoke it not.

*Ang.* Not once, nor twice, but twenty times you have:

Go home with it, and please your wife withal; And soon at supper-time I'll visit you,

And then receive my money for the chain.

*Ant. S.* I pray you, sir, receive the money now,

For fear you ne'er see chain, nor money, more.

*Ang.* You are a merry man, sir; fare you well. [Exit.]

*Ant. S.* What I should think of this, I cannot tell:

But this I think, there's no man is so vain,

That would refuse so fair an offer'd chain.

I see, a man here needs not live by shifts,

When in the streets he meets such golden gifts.

I'll to the mart, and there for Dromio stay;

If any ship put out, then straight away. [Exit.]

## ACT IV.

SCENE I. The same.

Enter a Merchant, ANGELO, and an Officer.

*Mer.* You know, since pentecost the sum is due,

And since I have not much importun'd you;

Nor now I had not, but that I am bound

To Persia, and want gilders <sup>1</sup>) for my voyage:

Therefore make present satisfaction,

Or I'll attach you by this officer.

*Ang.* Even just the sum, that I do owe to you,

Is growing to me <sup>2</sup>) by Antipholus:

And, in the instant that I met with you,

He had of me a chain; at five o'clock,

I shall receive the money for the same:

Pleaseth you walk with me down to his house,

I will discharge my bond, and thank you too.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, and DROMIO of Ephesus.

*Off.* That labour may you save; see where he comes.

*Ant. E.* While I go to the goldsmith's house, go thou

And buy a rope's end; that will I bestow

Among my wife and her confederates,

For locking me out of my doors by day. —

But soft, I see the goldsmith: — get thee gone;

Buy thou a rope, and bring it home to me.

*Dro. E.* I buy a thousand pound a year! I buy a rope! [Exit *DROMIO*.]

*Ant. E.* A man is well help up, that trusts to you:

I promised your presence, and the chain;

But neither chain, nor goldsmith, came to me:

Belike, you thought our love would last too long,

If it were chain'd together; and therefore came not.

*Ang.* Saving your merry humour, here's the note,

How much your chain weighs to the utmost carat;

The fineness of the gold and chargeful fashion;

RIV.

Which doth amount to three odd ducats more  
Than I stand debted to this gentleman:

I pray you, see him presently discharg'd,  
For he is bound to sea, and stays but for it.

*Ant. E.* I am not furnish'd with the present money;  
Besides, I have some business in the town:  
Good signior, take the stranger to my house,  
And with you take the chain, and bid my wife  
Disburse the sum on the receipt thereof;  
Perchance, I will be there as soon as you.

*Ang.* Then you will bring the chain to her yourself?

*Ant. E.* No: bear it with you, lest I come not  
time enough.

*Ang.* Well, sir, I will: Have you the chain about  
you?

*Ant. E.* An if I have not, sir, I hope you have;  
Or else you may return without your money.

*Ang.* Nay, come, I pray you, sir, give me the chain;  
Both wind and tide stays for this gentleman,  
And I, to blame, have held him here too long.

*Ant. E.* Good lord, you lose this dalliance, to excuse  
Your breach of promise to the Porcupine:  
I should have chid you for not bringing it,  
But, like a shrew, you first begin to brawl.

*Mer.* The hour steals on; I pray you, sir, despatch.

*Ang.* You hear, how he importunes me; the chain—

*Ant. E.* Why, give it to my wife, and fetch your  
money.

*Ang.* Come, come, you know, I gave it you even now;  
Either send the chain, or send me by some token.

*Ant. E.* Fye! now you run this humour out of  
breath:

Come, where's the chain? I pray you let me see it.

*Mer.* My business cannot brook this dalliance:  
Good sir, say, where you'll answer me or no;  
If not, I'll leave him to the officer.

*Ant. E.* I answer you! What should I answer you?

*Ang.* The money, that you owe me for the chain.

*Ant. E.* I owe you none, till I receive the chain.

*Ang.* You know, I gave it you half an hour since.

*Ant. E.* You gave me none; you wrong me much  
to say so.

*Ang.* You wrong me more, sir, in denying it:  
Consider, how it stands upon my credit.

*Mer.* Well, officer, arrest him at my suit.

*Off.* I do; and charge you, in the duke's name,  
to obey me.

*Ang.* This touches me in reputation:—  
Either consent to pay this sum for me,  
Or I attach you by this officer.

*Ant. E.* Consent to pay thee that I never had!  
Arrest me, foolish fellow, if thou dar'st.

*Ang.* Here is thy fee; arrest him, officer;—  
I would not spare my brother in this case,  
If he should scorn me so apparently.

*Off.* I do arrest you, sir; you hear the suit.

*Ant. E.* I do obey thee, till I give thee bail:—  
But, sirrah, you shall buy this sport as dear  
As all the metal in your shop will answer.

*Ang.* Sir, sir, I shall have law in Ephesus,  
To your notorious shame, I doubt it not.

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.

*Dro. S.* Master, there is a bark of Epidamnum,  
That stays but till her owner comes aboard,  
And then, sir, bears away: <sup>3)</sup> our fraughtage, sir,  
I have convey'd aboard; and I have bought  
The oil, the balsam, and the aqua-vitæ.  
The ship is in her trin; the merry wind  
Blows fair from land: they stay for nought at all,  
But for their owner, master, and yourself.

*Ant. E.* How now! a madman? Why thou peevish  
sheep, <sup>4)</sup>

What ship of Epidamnum stays for me?

*Dro. S.* A ship you sent me to, to hire waftage.

*Ant. E.* Thou drunken slave, I sent thee for a rope;  
And told thee to what purpose, and what end.

*Dro. S.* You sent me, sir, for a rope's-end as  
soon: <sup>5)</sup>

You sent me to the bay, sir, for a bark.

*Ant. E.* I will debate this matter at more leisure,  
And teach your ears to listen <sup>6)</sup> with more heed.

To Adriana, villain, hie thee straight;  
Give her this key, and tell her in the desk

That's cover'd o'er with Turkish tapestry,  
There is a purse of ducats; let her send it;

Tell her, I am arrested in the street,  
And that shall bail me: hie thee, slave; be gone.

On, officer, to prison till it come.

[*Exeunt* Merchant, ANGELO, Officer, and ANT. E.]

*Dro. S.* To Adriana! that is where we din'd,  
Where Dowsabel did claim me for her husband:

She is too big, I hope, for me to compass.  
Thither I must, although against my will,  
For servants must their masters' minds fulfil. [*Exit.*]

## SCENE II.

The same.

Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA.

*Adr.* Ah, Luciana, did he tempt thee so?

Might'st thou perceive austerely in his eye

That he did plead in earnest, yea or no?  
Look'd he or red, or pale, or sad, or merrily?

What observation mad'st thou in this case,  
Of his heart's meteors tilting in his face? <sup>7)</sup>

*Luc.* First, he denied you had in him no right.  
*Adr.* He meant, he did me none; the more my  
spite. <sup>8)</sup>

*Luc.* Then swore he, that he was a stranger here.  
*Adr.* And true he swore, though yet forsworn he  
were.

*Luc.* Then pleaded I for you.  
*Adr.* And what said he?

*Luc.* That love I begg'd for you, he begg'd of me.  
*Adr.* With what permission did he tempt thy love?

*Luc.* With words, that in an honest suit might move.  
First, he did praise my beauty; then, my speech.

*Adr.* Did'st speak him fair?  
*Luc.* Have patience, I beseech.

*Adr.* I cannot, nor I will not, hold me still;  
My tongue, though not my heart, shall have his will.  
He is deformed, crooked, old, and sere, <sup>9)</sup>

Ill-fac'd, worse-bodied, shapeless every where,  
Vicious, ungentle, foolish, blunt, unkind;  
Stigmatical in making, <sup>10)</sup> worse in mind.

*Luc.* Who would be jealous then of such a one?  
No evil lost is wail'd when it is gone.

*Adr.* Ah! but I think him better than I say,  
And yet would herein others' eyes were worse:

Far from her nest the lapwing cries away; <sup>11)</sup>  
My heart prays for him, though my tongue do  
curse.

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.

*Dro. S.* Here, go; the desk, the purse; sweet now,  
make haste.

*Luc.* How hast thou lost thy breath?  
*Dro. S.* By running fast.

*Adr.* Where is thy master, Dromio? is he well?  
*Dro. S.* No, he's in Tartar limbo, worse than hell.  
A devil in an everlasting garment <sup>12)</sup> hath him,  
One, whose hard heart is button'd up with steel;

A fiend, a fairy, pitiless and rough;  
A wolf, nay, worse, a fellow all in buff;  
A back-friend, a shoulder-clapper, one that counter-  
mands

The passages of alleys, creeks, and narrow lands; <sup>13)</sup>  
A hound that runs counter, and yet draws dry-  
foot well; <sup>14)</sup>

One that, before the judgment, carries poor souls  
to hell. <sup>15)</sup>

*Adr.* Why, man, what is the matter?  
*Dro. S.* I do not know the matter; he is 'rested  
on the case.

*Adr.* What, is he arrested? tell me, at whose suit.  
*Dro. S.* I know not at whose suit he is arrested,  
well;

But he's in a suit of buff, <sup>16)</sup> which 'rested him,  
that can I tell:

Will you send him, mistress, redemption, the money  
in the desk?

*Adr.* Go fetch it, sister. — This I wonder at,  
*[Exit* LUCIANA.]

That he, unknown to me, should be in debt:—  
Tell me, was he arrested on a band? <sup>17)</sup>

*Dro. S.* Not on a band, but on a stronger thing;  
A chain, a chain: do you not hear it ring?

*Adr.* What, the chain?  
*Dro. S.* No, no, the bell; 'tis time, that I were  
gone.

It was two ere I left him, and now the clock  
strikes one.

*Adr.* The hours come back! that did I never hear.  
*Dro. S.* O yes, if any hour meet a sergeant, a'turns  
back for very fear.

*Adr.* As if time were in debt! how fondly dost  
thou reason!

*Dro. S.* Time is a very bankrupt, <sup>18)</sup> and owes  
more than he's worth, to season.

Nay, he's a thief too: Have you not heard men say,  
That time comes stealing on by night and day?

If he be in debt, and theft, and a sergeant in the way,  
Hath he not reason to turn back an hour in a day?

Enter LUCIANA.

*Adr.* Go, Dromio; there's the money, bear it straight;  
And bring thy master home immediately. —  
Come, sister; I am press'd down with conceit; <sup>19)</sup>  
Conceit, my comfort, and my injury. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE III.

The same.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse.

*Ant. S.* There's not a man I meet, but doth salute me  
As if I were their well-acquainted friend:

And every one doth call me by my name.  
Some tender money to me, some invite me;

Some other give me thanks for kindnesses;  
Some offer me commodities to buy:

Even now a tailor call'd me in his shop,  
And show'd me silks that he had bought for me,

And, therewithal, took measure of my body.  
Sure, these are but imaginary wiles,  
And Lapland sorcerers inhabit here.

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.

*Dro. S.* Master, here's the gold you sent me for:  
What, have you got the picture of Old Adam new  
apparelled? <sup>20)</sup>

*Ant. S.* What gold is this? What Adam dost thou  
mean?

*Dro. S.* Not that Adam, that kept the paradise,

but that Adam, that keeps the prison: he that goes  
in the calf's-skin that was killed for the prodigal;  
he that came behind you, sir, like an evil angel,  
and bid you forsake your liberty.

*Ant. S.* I understand thee not.  
*Dro. S.* No? why 'tis a plain case; he that went  
like a base-viol, in a case of leather; the man, sir,  
that, when gentlemen are tired, gives them a fob,  
and 'rests them; he, sir, that takes pity on decayed  
men, and gives them suits of durance; he that sets  
up his rest to do more exploits with his mace, than  
a morris-pike. <sup>21)</sup>

*Ant. S.* What! thou mean'st an officer?  
*Dro. S.* Ay, sir, the sergeant of the band; he,  
that brings any man to answer it, that breaks his  
band; one that thinks a man always going to bed,  
and says, *God give you good rest!*

*Ant. S.* Well, sir, there rest in your foolery. Is there  
any ship puts forth to-night? may we be gone?

*Dro. S.* Why, sir, I brought you word an hour  
since, that the bark Expedition put forth to-night;  
and then were you hindered by the sergeant, to  
tarry for the hoy, Delay: Here are the angels that  
you sent for, to deliver you.

*Ant. S.* The fellow is distract, and so am I;  
And here we wander in illusions;  
Some blessed power deliver us from hence!

Enter a Courtezan.

*Cour.* Well met, well met, master Antipholus.  
I see, sir, you have found the goldsmith now:  
Is that the chain, you promis'd me to-day?

*Ant. S.* Satan, avoid! I charge thee tempt me not!  
*Dro. S.* Master, is this mistress Satan?

*Ant. S.* It is the devil.  
*Dro. S.* Nay, she is worse, she is the devil's dam;  
and here she comes in the habit of a light wench;  
and thereof comes, that the wenches say, *God damn  
me*, that's as much as to say, *God make me a  
light wench*. It is written, they appear to men like  
angels of light: light is an effect of fire, and fire  
will burn; *ergo*, light wenches will burn; Come not  
near her.

*Cour.* Your man and you are marvellous merry, sir.  
Will you go with me? We'll mend our dinner here. <sup>22)</sup>

*Dro. S.* Master, if you do expect spoon-meat, or  
bespeak a long spoon. <sup>23)</sup>

*Ant. S.* Why, Dromio?  
*Dro. S.* Marry, he must have a long spoon, that  
must eat with the devil.

*Ant. S.* Avoid then, fiend! what tell'st thou me of  
supping?

Thou art, as you are all, a sorceress:  
I conjure thee to leave me, and be gone.

*Cour.* Give me the ring of mine you had at dinner,  
Or, for my diamond, the chain you promis'd;

And I'll be gone, sir, and not trouble you.  
*Dro. S.* Some devils ask but the paring <sup>24)</sup> of  
one's nail,

A rush, a hair, a drop of blood, a pin,  
A nut, a cherry-stone; but she, more covetous,  
Would have a chain.

Master, be wise; an' if you give it her,  
The devil will shake her chain, and fright us with it.

*Cour.* I pray you, sir, my ring or else the chain;  
I hope, you do not mean to cheat me so.

*Ant. S.* Avaunt, thou witch! Come, Dromio, let us go.  
*Dro. S.* Fly pride, says the peacock: Mistress, that  
you know. [*Exeunt* ANT. S. and DRO. S.]

*Cour.* Now, out of doubt, Antipholus is mad,  
Else would he never so demean himself:  
A ring he hath of mine worth forty ducats,  
And for the same he promis'd me a chain;

Both one, and the other, he denies me now.  
The reason that I gather he is mad,  
(Besides this present instance of his rage,)  
Is a mad tale, he told to-day at dinner,  
Of his own doors being shut against his entrance.  
Belike, his wife, acquainted with his fits,  
On purpose shut the doors against his way.  
My way is now, to hie home to his house,  
And tell his wife, that, being lunatic,  
He rush'd into my house, and took perforce  
My ring away: This course I fittest choose;  
For forty ducats is too much to lose. [Exit.]

## SCENE IV.

The same.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, and an Officer.

Ant. E. Fear me not, man, I will not break away;  
I'll give thee, ere I leave thee, so much money  
To warrant thee, as I am 'rested for.  
My wife is in a wayward mood to-day;  
And will not lightly trust the messenger,  
That I should be attach'd in Ephesus:  
I tell you, 'twill sound harshly in her ears. —

Enter DROMIO of Ephesus, with a rope's end.

Here comes my man; I think, he brings the money.  
How now, sir? have you that I sent you for?  
Dro. E. Here's that, I warrant you, will pay them  
all. <sup>25)</sup>

Ant. E. But where's the money?

Dro. E. Why, sir, I gave the money for the rope.

Ant. E. Five hundred ducats, villain, for a rope?

Dro. E. I'll serve you, sir, five hundred at the rate.

Ant. E. To what end did I bid thee hie thee home?

Dro. E. To a rope's end, sir; and to that end am

I returned.

Ant. E. And to that end, sir, I will welcome you.

[Beating him.]

Off. Good sir, be patient.

Dro. E. Nay, 'tis for me to be patient; I am in

adversity.

Off. Good now, hold thy tongue.

Dro. E. Nay, rather persuade him to hold his hands.

Ant. E. Thou whoreson, senseless villain!

Dro. E. I would I were senseless, sir, that I might

not feel your blows.

Ant. E. Thou art sensible in nothing but blows,

and so is an ass.

Dro. E. I am an ass, indeed; you may prove it by

my long ears. <sup>26)</sup> I have served him from the hour

of my nativity to this instant, and have nothing at

his hands for my service, but blows; when I am

cold, he heats me with beating: when I am warm,

he cools me with beating: I am waked with it,

when I sleep; raised with it, when I sit; driven

out of doors with it, when I go from home; wel-

comed home with it, when I return: nay, I bear it

on my shoulders, as a beggar wont her brat; and,

I think, when he hath lamed me, I shall beg with

it from door to door.

Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, and the Courtezan,

with PINCH, and others.

Ant. E. Come, go along; my wife is coming yonder.

Dro. E. Mistress, respice finem, respect your end:

or rather the prophecy, like the parrot, Beware

the rope's end.

Ant. E. Wilt thou still talk? [Beats him.]

Cour. How say you now? is not your husband mad?

Ant. E. His incivility confirms no less. —

Good doctor Pinch, you are a conjurer;

Establish him in his true sense again,

And I will please you what you will demand.

Luc. Alas, how fiery and how sharp he looks!  
Cour. Mark, how he trembles in his ecstasy!  
Pinch. Give me your hand, and let me feel your  
pulse.

Ant. E. There is my hand, and let it feel your ear.

Pinch. I charge thee, Satan, hous'd within this man,

To yield possession to my holy prayers.

And to thy state of darkness hie thee straight;

I conjure thee by all the saints in heaven.

Ant. E. Peace, dotting wizard, peace; I am not mad.

Adr. O, that thou wert not, poor distressed soul!

Ant. E. You minion, you, are these your customers?

Did this companion <sup>27)</sup> with the saffron face

Revel and feast it at my house to-day,

Whilst upon me the guilty doors were shut,

And I denied to enter in my house?

Adr. O, husband, God doth know you din'd at home,

Where 'would you had remain'd until this time,

Free from these slanders, and this open shame!

Ant. E. I din'd at home! <sup>28)</sup> Thou villain, what

say'st thou?

Dro. E. Sir, sooth to say, you did not dine at home.

Ant. E. Were not my doors lock'd up, and I shut out?

Dro. E. Perdy, <sup>29)</sup> your doors were lock'd, and you

shut out.

Ant. E. And did not she herself revile me there?

Dro. E. Sans fable, she herself revil'd you there.

Ant. E. Did not her kitchen-maid rail, taunt, and

scorn me?

Dro. E. Certes, <sup>30)</sup> she did; the kitchen-vestal <sup>31)</sup>

scorn'd you.

Ant. E. And did not I in rage depart from thence?

Dro. E. In verity, you did;—my bones bear witness,

That since have felt the vigour of his rage.

Adr. Is't good to sooth him in these contraries?

Pinch. It is no shame; the fellow finds his vein,

And, yielding to him, humours well his frenzy.

Ant. E. Thou hast suborn'd the goldsmith to ar-

rest me.

Adr. Alas! I sent you money to redeem you,

By Dromio here, who came in haste for it.

Dro. E. Money by me? heart and good-will you might.

But, surely, master, not a rag of money.

Ant. E. Went'st not thou to her for a purse of ducats?

Adr. He came to me, and I deliver'd it.

Luc. And I am witness with her, that she did.

Dro. E. God and the rope-maker, bear me witness,

That I was sent for nothing but a rope!

Pinch. Mistress, both man and master is possess'd;

I know it by their pale and deadly looks:

They must be bound, and laid in some dark room.

Ant. E. Stay, wherefore didst thou lock me forth

to-day,

And why dost thou deny the bag of gold?

Adr. I did not, gentle husband, lock thee forth.

Dro. E. And, gentle master, I receiv'd no gold;

But I confess, sir, that we were lock'd out.

Adr. Dissembling villain, thou speak'st false in

both.

Ant. E. Dissembling harlot, thou art false in all;

And art confederate with a damned pack,

To make a loathsome abject scorn of me:

But with these nails, I'll pluck out these false eyes,

That would behold me in this shameful sport.

[PINCH and his Assistants bind ANT. E.

and Dro. E.]

Adr. O, bind him, bind him, let him not come near

me.

Pinch. More company;—the fiend is strong within

him.

Luc. Ah me, poor man! how pale and wan he looks!

Ant. E. What, will you murder me? thou gaoler,

thou,

I am thy prisoner: wilt thou suffer them  
To make a rescue!

Off. Masters, let him go:

He is my prisoner, and you shall not have him.

Pinch. Go, bind this man, for he is frantic too.

Adr. What wilt thou do, thou peevish officer?

Hast thou delight to see a wretched man

Do outrage and displeasure to himself?

Off. He is my prisoner; if I let him go,

The debt he owes will be requir'd of me.

Adr. I will discharge thee, ere I go from thee:

Bear me forthwith unto his creditor,

And knowing how the debt grows, I will pay it.

Good master doctor, see him safe convey'd

Home to my house. — O most unhappy day!

Ant. E. O most unhappy strumpet! <sup>32)</sup>

Dro. E. Master, I am here enter'd in bond for you.

Ant. E. Out on thee, villain! wherefore dost thou

mad me?

Dro. E. Will you be bound for nothing? be mad,

Good master; cry, the devil. —

Luc. God help, poor souls, how idly do they talk?

Adr. Go bear him hence. — Sister, go you with me. —

[Exeunt PINCH and Assistants, with ANT. E.

and Dro. E.]

Say now, whose suit is he arrested at?

Off. One Angelo, a goldsmith; Do you know him?

Adr. I know the man: What is the sum he owes?

Off. Two hundred ducats.

Adr. Say, how grows it due?

Off. Due for a chain, your husband had of him.

Adr. He did bespeak a chain for me, but had it not.

Cour. When as your husband, all in rage, to-day

Came to my house, and took away my ring,

(The ring I saw upon his finger now.)

Straight after, did I meet him with a chain.

Adr. It may be so, but I did never see it:—

Come, gaoler, bring me where the goldsmith is,

I long to know the truth hereof at large.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse, with his rapier

drawn, and DROMIO of Syracuse.

Luc. God, for thy mercy! they are loose again.

Adr. And come with naked swords; let's call more

help,

To have them bound again.

Off. Away, they'll kill us.

[Exeunt Officer, ADR. and LUC.]

Ant. S. I see, these witches are afraid of swords.

Dro. S. She, that would be your wife, now ran

from you.

Ant. S. Come to the Centaur; fetch our stuff <sup>33)</sup>

from thence:

I long, that we were safe and sound aboard.

Dro. S. Faith, stay here this night, they will surely

do us no harm; you saw, they speak us fair, give

us gold: methinks, they are such a gentle nation,

that but for the mountain of mad flesh that claims

marriage of me, I could find in my heart to stay

here still, and turn witch.

Ant. S. I will not stay to-night for all the town;

Therefore away, to get our stuff aboard. [Exeunt.]

Mer. How is the man esteem'd here in the city?

Ang. Of very reverent reputation, sir,  
Of credit infinite, highly belov'd,  
Second to none that lives here in the city;  
His word might bear my wealth at any time.  
Mer. Speak softly: yonder, as I think, he walks.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS and DROMIO of Syracuse.

Ang. 'Tis so; and that self chain about his neck,

Which he forswore, most monstrously, to have.

Good sir, draw near to me, I'll speak to him. —

Signior Antipholus, I wonder much

That you would put me to this shame and trouble;

And not without some scandal to yourself,

With circumstance, and oaths, so to deny

This chain, which now you wear so openly:

Besides the charge, the shame, imprisonment,

You have done wrong to this my honest friend;

Who, but for staying on our controversy,

Had hoisted sail, and put to sea to-day:

This chain you had of me, can you deny it?

Ant. S. I think, I had; I never did deny it.

Mer. Yes, that you did, sir; and forswore it too.

Ant. S. Who heard me to deny it, or forswear it?

Mer. These ears of mine, thou knowest, did hear

thee:

Eye on thee, wretch! 'tis pity, that thou liv'st

To walk where any honest men resort.

Ant. S. Thou art a villain to impeach me thus:

I'll prove mine honour and mine honesty

Against thee presently, if thou dar'st stand.

Mer. I dare, and do defy thee for a villain. [They draw.]

Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, Courtezan, and others.

Adr. Hold, hurt him not, for God's sake; he is mad;

Some get within him, <sup>1)</sup> take his sword away:

Bind Dromio too, and bear them to my house.

Dro. S. Run, master, run; for God's sake, take a

house. <sup>2)</sup>

This is some priory;—In, or we are spoil'd.

[Exeunt ANT. S. and Dro. S. to the Priory.]

Enter the Abbess.

Abb. Be quiet, people; Wherefore throng you hither?

Adr. To fetch my poor distracted husband hence:

Let us come in, that we may bind him fast,

And bear him home for his recovery.

Ang. I knew, he was not in his perfect wits.

Mer. I am sorry now, that I did draw on him.

Abb. How long hath this possession held the man?

Adr. This week he hath been heavy, sour, sad,

And much, much different from the man he was; <sup>3)</sup>

But, till this afternoon, his passion

Ne'er brake into extremity of rage.

Abb. Hath he not lost much wealth by wreck at sea?

Buried some dear friend? Hath not else his eye

Stray'd 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?

Adr. To none of these, except it be the last;

Namely, some love, that drew him oft from home.

Abb. You should for that have reprehended him.

Adr. Why, so I did.

Abb. Ay, but not rough enough.

Adr. As roughly, as my modesty would let me.

Abb. Haply, in private.

Adr. And in assemblies too.

Abb. Ay, but not enough.

Adr. It was the copy <sup>4)</sup> 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;

## ACT V.

SCENE I. The same.

Enter Merchant and ANGELO.

Ang. I am sorry, sir, that I have hinder'd you;

But, I protest, he had the chain of me,

Though most dishonestly he doth deny it.

Mer. How is the man esteem'd here in the city?

In company, I often glanced it;  
Still did I tell him it was vile and bad.  
*Abb.* And thereof came it, that the man was mad:  
The venom clamours of a jealous woman  
Poison 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 sauc'd 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 hinder'd by thy brawls:  
Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue,  
But moody and dull melancholy,  
(Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair;) <sup>5</sup>  
And, at her heels, <sup>6</sup> 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.  
*Luc.* She never reprehended him but mildly,  
When he demean'd himself rough, rude, and wildly.—  
Why bear you these rebukes, and answer not?  
*Adr.* She did betray me to my own reproof.—  
Good people, enter, and lay hold on him.  
*Abb.* No, not a creature enters in my house.  
*Adr.* Then, let your servants bring my husband forth.  
*Abb.* Neither; he took this place for sanctuary,  
And it shall privilege him from your hands,  
Till I have brought him to his wits again,  
Or lose my labour in assaying it.  
*Adr.* I will attend my husband, be his nurse,  
Diet his sickness, for it is my office,  
And will have no attorney but myself;  
And therefore let me have him home with me.  
*Abb.* Be patient; for I will not let him stir,  
Till I have used the approved means I have,  
With wholesome syrups, drugs, and holy prayers,  
To make of him a formal man again: <sup>7</sup>  
It is a branch and parcel of mine oath,  
A charitable duty of my order;  
Therefore depart, and leave him here with me.  
*Adr.* I will not hence, and leave my husband here;  
And ill it doth beseem your holiness,  
To separate the husband and the wife.  
*Abb.* Be quiet, and depart, thou shalt not have him.  
[Exit Abbess.]  
*Luc.* Complain unto the duke of this indignity.  
*Adr.* Come, go; I will fall prostrate at his feet,  
And never rise until my tears and prayers  
Have won his grace to come in person hither,  
And take perforce my husband from the abbess.  
*Mer.* By this, I think, the dial points at five:  
Anon, I am sure, the duke himself in person  
Comes this way to the melancholy vale;  
The place of death and sorry execution, <sup>8</sup>  
Behind the ditches of the abbey here.  
*Ang.* Upon what cause?  
*Mer.* To see a reverend Syracusan merchant,  
Who put unluckily into this bay  
Against the laws and statutes of this town,  
Beheaded publicly for his offence.  
*Ang.* See, where they come, we will behold his death.  
*Luc.* Kneel to the duke, before he pass the abbey.  
Enter DUKE attended; ÆGEON bare-headed; with  
the Headsman and other Officers.  
*Duke.* Yet once again proclaim it publicly,  
If any friend will pay the sum for him,  
He shall not die, so much we tender him.  
*Adr.* Justice, most sacred duke, against the abbess!

*Duke.* She is a virtuous and a reverend lady;  
It cannot be, that she hath done thee wrong.  
*Adr.* May it please your grace, Antipholus, my  
husband,  
Whom I made lord of me and all I had,  
At your important letters, — <sup>9</sup> 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 <sup>10</sup> 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.  
*Duke.* Long since, thy husband serv'd me in my wars;  
And I to thee engag'd a prince's word,  
When thou didst make him master of thy bed,  
To do him all the grace and good I could.—  
Go, some of you, knock at the abbey-gate,  
And bid the lady abbess come to me;  
I will determine this, before I stir.

## Enter a Servant.

*Serv.* O mistress, mistress, shift and save yourself!  
My master and his man are both broke loose,  
Beaten the maids a-row, <sup>11</sup> and bound the doctor,  
Whose beard they have singed off with brands of fire;  
And ever as it blazed, they threw on him  
Great pails of puddled mire to quench the hair:  
My master preaches patience to him, while <sup>12</sup>  
His man with scissars nicks him like a fool: <sup>13</sup>  
And, sure, unless you send some present help,  
Between them they will kill the conjuror.  
*Adr.* Peace, fool, thy master and his man are here;  
And that is false, thou dost report to us.  
*Serv.* Mistress, upon my life, I tell you true;  
I have not breath'd almost, since I did see it.  
He cries for you, and vows, if he can take you,  
To scorch your face, and to disfigure you:  
[Cry within.]  
Hark, hark, I hear him, mistress; fly, be gone.  
*Duke.* Come, stand by me, fear nothing: Guard  
with halberts.  
*Adr.* Ah me, it is my husband! Witness you  
That he is borne about invisible:  
Even now we hous'd him in the abbey here;  
And now he's there, past thought of human reason.  
Enter ANTIPHOLUS and DROMIO of Ephesus.  
*Ant. E.* Justice, most gracious duke, oh, grant me  
justice!  
Even for the service that long since I did thee,  
When I bestrid thee in the wars, <sup>14</sup> and took  
Deep scars to save thy life; even for the blood  
That then I lost for thee, now grant me justice.  
*Æge.* Unless the fear of death doth make me dote,  
I see my son Antipholus, and Dromio.  
*Ant. E.* Justice, sweet prince, against this woman  
there.

She whom thou gav'st to me to be my wife;  
That hath abused and dishonour'd me,  
Even in the strength and height of injury!  
Beyond imagination is the wrong,  
That she this day hath shameless thrown on me.  
*Duke.* Discover how, and thou shalt find me just.  
*Ant. E.* This day, great duke, she shut the doors  
upon me,  
While she, with harlots <sup>15</sup> feasted in my house.  
*Duke.* A grievous fault: say, woman, didst thou so?  
*Adr.* No, my good lord; — myself, he, and my sister,  
To-day did dine together: So befall my soul,  
As this is false, he burdens me withal!  
*Luc.* Ne'er may I look on day, nor sleep on night,  
But she tells to your highness simple truth!  
*Ang.* O perjurd woman! they are both forsworn.  
In this the madman justly chargeth them.  
*Ant. E.* My liege, I am advised <sup>16</sup> what I say;  
Neither disturb'd <sup>17</sup> with the effect of wine,  
Nor heady-rash, provok'd with raging ire,  
Albeit, my wrongs might make one wiser mad.  
This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner:  
That goldsmith there, were he not pack'd with her,  
Could witness it, for he was with me then;  
Who parted with me to go fetch a chain,  
Promising to bring it to the Porcupine,  
Where Balthazar and I did dine together.  
Our dinner done, and he not coming thither,  
I went to seek him: In the street I met him;  
And in his company, that gentleman.  
There did this perjurd goldsmith swear me down,  
That I this day of him receiv'd the chain,  
Which, God he knows, I saw not: for the which,  
He did arrest me with an officer.  
I did obey; and sent my peasant home  
For certain ducats: He with none return'd.  
Then fairly I bespoke the officer,  
To go in person with me to my house.  
By the way we met  
My wife, her sister, and a rabble more  
Of vile confederates; along with them  
They brought one Pinch; a hungry lean-faced villain,  
A mere anatomy, a mountebank,  
A thread-bare juggler, and a fortune-teller;  
A needy, hollow-ey'd, sharp-looking wretch,  
A living dead man: this pernicious slave,  
Forsooth, took on him as a conjurer;  
And, gazing in mine eyes, feeling my pulse,  
And with no face, as 'twere, outfacing me,  
Cries out, I was possess'd: then altogether  
They fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence;  
And in a dark and dankish vault at home  
There left me and my man, both bound together;  
Till knawing with my teeth my bonds in sunder,  
I gain'd my freedom, and immediately  
Ran hither to your grace; whom I beseech  
To give me ample satisfaction  
For these deep shames, and great indignities.  
*Ang.* My lord, in truth, thus far I witness with him;  
That he din'd not at home, but was lock'd out.  
*Duke.* But had he such a chain of thee, or no?  
*Ang.* He had, my lord; and when he ran in here,  
These people saw the chain about his neck.  
*Mer.* Besides, I will be sworn, these ears of mine  
Heard you confess, you had the chain of him,  
After you first forswore it on the mart,  
And, thereupon, I drew my sword on you;  
And then you fled into this abbey here,  
From whence, I think, you are come by miracle.  
*Ant. E.* I never came within these abbey walls,  
Nor ever didst thou draw thy sword on me:  
I never saw the chain, so help me heaven!  
And this is false, you burden me withal.

*Duke.* What an intricate impeach is this!  
I think, you all have drank of Circe's cup.  
If here you hous'd him, here he would have been;  
If he were mad, he would not plead so coldly: —  
You say, he din'd at home; the goldsmith here  
Denies that saying: — Sirrah, what say you?  
*Dro. E.* Sir, he dined with her there, at the Por-  
cupine.  
*Cour.* He did; and from my finger snatch'd that  
ring.  
*Ant. E.* 'Tis true, my liege, this ring I had of her.  
*Duke.* Saw'st thou him enter at the abbey here?  
*Cour.* As sure, my liege, as I do see your grace.  
*Duke.* Why, this is strange: — Go call the abbess  
hither;  
I think, you are all mated, or stark mad.  
[Exit an Attendant.]  
*Æge.* Most mighty duke, vouchsafe me speak a word,  
Haply, I see a friend will save my life,  
And pay the sum that may deliver me.  
*Duke.* Speak freely, Syracusan, what thou wilt.  
*Æge.* Is not your name, sir, call'd Antipholus?  
And is not that your bondman Dromio?  
*Dro. E.* Within this hour I was his bondman, sir,  
But he, I thank him, know'd in two my cords:  
Now am I Dromio, and his man, unbound.  
*Æge.* I am sure, you both of you remember me.  
*Dro. E.* Ourselves we do remember, sir, by you;  
For lately we were bound, as you are now.  
You are not Pinch's patient, are you, sir?  
*Æge.* Why look you strange on me? you know  
me well.  
*Ant. E.* I never saw you in my life till now.  
*Æge.* Oh! grief hath chang'd me, since you saw  
me last;  
And careful hours, with time's deform'd <sup>18</sup> hand,  
Have written strange defeatures <sup>19</sup> in my face:  
But tell me yet, dost thou not know my voice?  
*Ant. E.* Neither.  
*Æge.* Dromio, nor thou?  
*Dro. E.* No, trust me, sir, nor I.  
*Æge.* I am sure, thou dost.  
*Dro. E.* Ay, sir? but I am sure, I do not; and  
whatsoever a man denies, you are now bound to  
believe him.  
*Æge.* Not know my voice! O time's extremity!  
Hast thou so crack'd and splitt'd my poor tongue,  
In seven short years, that here my only son  
Knows not my feeble key of untun'd cares? <sup>20</sup>  
Though now this grained face <sup>21</sup> of mine be hid  
In sap-consuming winter's drizzled snow,  
And all the conduits of my blood froze up;  
Yet hath my night of life some memory,  
My wasting lamps some fading glimmer left,  
My dull deaf ears a little use to hear:  
All these old witnesses (I cannot err.)  
Tell me, thou art my son Antipholus.  
*Ant. E.* I never saw my father in my life.  
*Æge.* But seven years since, in Syracusa, boy,  
Thou know'st, we parted: but, perhaps, my son,  
Thou sham'st to acknowledge me in misery.  
*Ant. E.* The duke, and all that know me in the city,  
Can witness with me that it is not so;  
I ne'er saw Syracusa in my life.  
*Duke.* I tell thee, Syracusan, twenty years  
Have I been patron to Antipholus,  
During which time he ne'er saw Syracusa:  
I see, thy age and dangers make thee dote.  
Enter the Abbess, with ANTIPHOLUS Syracusan,  
and DROMIO Syracusan.  
*Abb.* Most mighty duke, behold a man much wrong'd.  
[All gather to see him.]

*Adr.* I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceive me.

*Duke.* One of these men is Genius to the other; And so of these: Which is the natural man, And which the spirit? Who deciphers them?

*Dro. S.* I, sir, am Dromio; command him away.

*Dro. E.* I, sir, am Dromio; pray, let me stay.

*Ant. S.* Ægeon, art thou not? or else his ghost?

*Dro. S.* O, my old master, who hath bound him here?

*Abb.* Whoever bound him, I will loose his bonds, And gain a husband by his liberty: — Speak, old Ægeon, if thou be'st the man That had'st a wife once called Æmilia, That bore thee at a burden two fair sons: O, if thou be'st the same Ægeon, speak, And speak unto the same Æmilia!

*Æge.* If I dream not, thou art Æmilia; If thou art she, tell me, where is that son That floated with thee on the fatal raft?

*Abb.* By men of Epidamnum, he, and I, And the twin Dromio; all were taken up; But, by and by, rude fishermen of Corinth By force took Dromio, and my son from them, And me they left with those of Epidamnum: What then became of them, I cannot tell; I, to this fortune that you see me in.

*Duke.* Why, here begins his morning story right; <sup>22</sup>) These two Antipholus's, these two so like, And these two Dromio's, one in semblance, — Besides her urging of her wreck at sea, — These are the parents to these children, Which accidentally are met together. Antipholus, thou cam'st from Corinth first?

*Ant. S.* No, sir, not I; I came from Syracuse.

*Duke.* Stay, stand apart; I know not which is which.

*Ant. E.* I came from Corinth, my most gracious lord.

*Dro. E.* And I with him.

*Ant. E.* Brought to this town by that most famous warrior

Duke Menaphon, your most renowned uncle.

*Adr.* Which of you two did dine with me to-day?

*Ant. S.* I, gentle mistress.

*Adr.* And are not you my husband?

*Ant. E.* No, I say nay to that.

*Ant. S.* And so do I, yet did she call me so; And this fair gentlewoman, her sister here, Did call me brother: — What I told you then, I hope, I shall have leisure to make good; If this be not a dream I see and hear.

*Ang.* That is the chain, sir, which you had of me.

*Ant. S.* I think it be, sir; I deny it not.

*Ant. E.* And you, sir, for this chain arrested me.

*Ang.* I think I did, sir; I deny it not.

*Adr.* I sent you money, sir, to be your bail, By Dromio; but I think he brought it not.

*Dro. E.* No, none by me.

*Ant. S.* This purse of ducats I receiv'd from you, And Dromio my man did bring them me: I see, we still did meet each other's man, And I was ta'en for him, and he for me, And thereupon these errors are arose.

*Ant. E.* These ducats pawn I for my father here.

*Duke.* It shall not need, thy father hath his life.

*Cour.* Sir, I must have that diamond from you.

*Ant. E.* There, take it; and much thanks for my good cheer.

*Abb.* Renowned duke, vouchsafe to take the pains To go with us into the abbey here, And hear at large discoursed all our fortunes: — And all that are assembled in this place, That by this sympathized one day's error Have suffer'd wrong, go, keep us company, And we shall make full satisfaction. — Twenty-five years have I but gone in travail Of you, my sons; nor, till this present hour, My heavy burdens are delivered: — <sup>23</sup>) The duke, my husband, and my children both, And you the calendars of their nativity, Go to a gossip's feast, and go with me; After so long grief, such nativity! <sup>24</sup>)

*Duke.* With all my heart, I'll gossip at this feast.

[*Exeunt* DUKE, ABBESS, ÆGEON, Courtzean, Merchant, ANGELO, and Attendants.]

*Dro. S.* Master, shall I fetch your stuff from ship-board?

*Ant. E.* Dromio, what stuff of mine hast thou embark'd?

*Dro. S.* Your goods, that lay at host, sir, in the Centaur.

*Ant. S.* He speaks to me; I am your master, Dromio: Come, go with us; we'll look to that anon: Embrace thy brother there, rejoice with him.

[*Exeunt* ANTIPHOLUS S. and E., ADRIANA, and LUCIANA.]

*Dro. S.* There is a fat friend at your master's house, That kitchen'd me for you to-day at dinner; She now shall be my sister, not my wife.

*Dro. E.* Methinks, you are my glass, and not my brother?

I see by you, I am a sweet-faced youth.

Will you walk in to see their gossiping?

*Dro. S.* Not I, sir; you are my elder.

*Dro. E.* That's a question: how shall we try it?

*Dro. S.* We will draw cuts for the senior: till then, lead thou first.

*Dro. E.* Nay, then thus:

We came into the world, like brother and brother; And now let's go hand in hand, not one before another.

[*Exeunt.*]