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THE  
COMEDY OF ERRORS,

In Five Acts.

WITH

ALTERATIONS, ADDITIONS,

AND WITH

*Songs, Duets, Glees, and Chorusses,*

SELECTED ENTIRELY FROM THE

PLAYS, POEMS, AND SONNETS

OF

SHAKESPEARE.

PERFORMED AT THE THEATRE ROYAL,  
COVENT GARDEN.

*The Overture and new Music composed, and the  
Glees arranged, by Mr. BISHOP.*

THE SELECTIONS

FROM

*Dr. Arne, Sir J. Stevenson, Stevens, and Mozart.*



London :

PRINTED BY AND FOR

SAMPSON LOW, 42, LAMB'S CONDUIT STREET.

1819.

# COMPTON OF ERRORS

In the year 1848

By the Hon. the Comptroller

of the Treasury

in answer to a Resolution of the House of Representatives

passed on the 15th of March 1848

By JOHN W. WALKER, Clerk of the House of Representatives

NEW YORK: PUBLISHED BY

WALKER & COMPANY, 15 NASSAU ST. 1848

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## ADVERTISEMENT.

THE admirers of SHAKSPEARE having long regretted, that most of his *Lyrical Compositions*, have never been sung in a Theatre, the COMEDY OF ERRORS, (one of the shortest and most lively of his Comedies) has been selected as the best vehicle for their introduction.—A few additional scenes and passages were absolutely necessary for this purpose; and however deficient these may be found, it is hoped they will be readily pardoned, as having served to bring on the stage, more of the “*native wood notes wild*,” of our IMMORTAL BARD!

Dec. 8th, 1819.







# THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

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## ACT I. SCENE I.

A HALL IN THE PALACE OF THE DUKE.

*The Duke discovered seated on his Throne and surrounded by his Officers of State.—Ægeon in Chains.—Flourish.*

*Ægeon.* Proceed, Solinus, to procure my fall ;  
And terminate, by this thy rig'rous doom,  
Ægeon's life and miseries together.

*Duke.* Merchant of Syracuse, plead no more :  
The enmity and discord which, of late,  
Sprung from the ranc'rous outrage of your duke  
To merchants, our well-dealing countrymen,—  
Who wanting guilders to redeem their lives,  
Have seal'd his rig'rous statutes with their blood,—  
Excludes all pity from our threat'ning 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 and ourselves,  
T' admit no traffic to our adverse towns :

Nay, more ;—If any, born at Ephesus,  
 Be seen at Syracusan marts or 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 ransom him.  
 Thy substance, valued at the highest rate,  
 Cannot amount unto an hundred marks ;  
 Therefore by law thou art condemn'd to die.

*Ægeon.* This comfort then, the wretch's last  
 resource,

At least, I gain from the severe decree,  
 My woes must finish ere the setting sun.

*Duke.* Yet, Syracusan, say to me, in brief,  
 Why thou departedst from thy native home ;  
 And for what cause thou cam'st to Ephesus.

*Ægeon.* A heavier task could not have been  
 impos'd ;

Yet will I utter what my grief permits.  
 In Syracuse was I born ; and wed  
 Unto a woman, happy but for me !  
 With her I liv'd in joy ; our wealth increas'd  
 By prosp'rous traffick, 'till my factor's death  
 Drew us unwillingly to Epidamnum :  
 There had we not been long, but she became  
 A joyful mother of two goodly sons ;  
 And, strange to hear, the one so like the other,  
 They hardly by ourselves could be distinguish'd.  
 That very hour, and in the self-same house,

A poor mean woman was delivered  
Of such a burden, male twins, both alike.  
These, for their parents were exceeding poor,  
I bought, and brought up, to attend my sons.  
My wife, not meanly proud of her two boys,  
Made daily motions for our home return :  
Unwilling I agreed. We came aboard—  
O, bitter recollection !

*Duke.* Stop thy tears :—

I long, yet almost dread, to hear the rest.

*Ægeon.* 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 into our fearful minds  
A dreadful warrant of immediate death.  
The sailors sought for safety by our boat,  
And left the ship, then sinking-ripe, to us.  
My wife, more careful for the elder-born,  
Had fasten'd him unto a small spare mast ;  
To him, one of the other twins was bound ;  
While I had been like heedful of the younger.  
The children thus disposed, my wife and I  
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 sea wax'd calm ; and we discover'd  
Two ships, from far, making amain to us :



But ere they came——

*Duke.* Pursue thy tale, old man.

*Ægeon.* Being encounter'd by a mighty rock,  
Our helpless raft was splitted in the midst:  
Her part,—poor soul!—burden'd with lesser weight,  
Was carried with more speed before the wind;  
And, in our sight, they three were taken up  
By fishermen of Corinth.

At length, another ship had seiz'd on us;  
And would have 'reft those fishers of their prey,  
Had not their bark been very slow of sail.

*Duke.* Relate at full

What hath befallen to them, and thee, 'till now.

*Ægeon.* My youngest boy, and yet my eldest  
care,

At eighteen years, became inquisitive  
After his brother; and importun'd me  
That his attendant—for his case was like,  
'Reft of his brother, but retain'd his name,—  
Might bear him company, in quest of him,  
Whom while I labour'd of a love to see,  
I yielded to the loss of him I lov'd;  
Since which unhappy time no news arriving  
What course their wayward stars had hurried them,  
Five summers have I spent in furthest Greece,  
Roaming ev'n through the bounds of Asia;  
And, coasting homeward, came to Ephesus:  
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.

## THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

*Duke.* Hapless Ægeon, whom the fates have  
mark'd

To bear th' extremity of dire mishap!

Now trust me, were it not against our laws,

Against my crown, my oath, my dignity,

My soul should sue as advocate for thee :

But though thou art adjudged to the death,

And passed sentence cannot be recall'd,

Without our honour's great disparagement,

Yet will I favour thee in what I can :

I therefore, merchant, limit thee this day,

To seek thy life by beneficial help :

Try all the friends thou hast in Ephesus ;

Beg thou, or borrow, to make up the sum,

And live ; if not, then art thou doom'd to die.

[*Exeunt the Duke & Officers of State.—Flourish.*

*Ægeon.* What friends, alas! can misery expect?

This pity but prolongs the date of pain :

And to a sure, though short-protracted end

Helpless and hopeless doth Ægeon wend.

[*Exit with the Officers.*

## SCENE II.

THE HOUSE AND GARDEN OF ANTIPHOLIS.

*Enter Luciana.*

*Luciana.* Why does Antipholis so long delay,  
 And give his wife new cause for jealousy?  
 In vain I still preach patience—for she says  
 That should I live to see these griefs my own,  
 My boasted reasoning would be thrown aside.  
 Well, I will marry one day but to try—  
 Yet all things must combine to tempt me to it.  
 First, the season—not when drear winter chills;  
 But when, as good old calendars assert,  
 Wedlock's apt season, merry spring time comes!

SONG.—(As you like it.)

## I.

*It was a lover and his lass,  
 With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,  
 That o'er the green corn-field did pass,  
 In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,  
 When birds do sing, hey ding, a-ding, ding,  
 Sweet lovers love the spring.*

## II.

*This carol they began that hour,  
 With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,  
 How that life was but a flower,  
 In the spring time, &c.*



## SCENE III.

THE MART. VIEW OF THE HARBOUR IN THE BACK.

*Enter Antipholis of Syracuse and Cleon.*

*Cle.* Therefore give out you are of Epidamnum :  
 Lest that your goods be forfeit to the state.  
 This very day a Syracusan merchant  
 Is apprehended for arrival here ;  
 And, not being able to buy out his life,  
 Dies ere the weary sun sets in the west.—  
 There is your money which I had to keep.

*Ant. of Syr.* Where is that loitering knave?—

Dromio ! Dromio !

[*Calling him.*]

*Enter Dromio of Syracuse.*

*Dr. of Syr.* Here Sir—here !

*Ant. of Syr.* Go, bear this money to the Centaur,  
 where we host ;

And stay there, sirrah, till I come to thee.  
 Within this hour it will be dinner-time ;  
 'Till then, 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 sick and weary.  
 Get thee away !

*Dr. of Syr.* Many a man would take you at  
 your word,

And go away indeed, having so great  
 A treasure in his charge.—Of what strength do  
 You conceive my honesty, good master,  
 That you dare put it to such temptation?

*Ant. of Syr.* Of proof against a greater charge  
 than this :

Were it remiss, thy love would strengthen it ;  
 I think, thou would'st not wrong me, if thou could'st.

*Dr. of Syr.* I hope, I should not, sir ; but there  
 is such

A thing as trusting too far. Odd's heart, 'tis  
 A weighty matter ; and, if balanc'd in  
 A stilliard against my honesty,  
 I doubt——

*Ant. of Syr.* That very doubt is my security ;  
 No further argument, but speed away.

*Dr. of Syr.* Ay ; but, master, you know the old  
 saying,—

*Ant. of Syr.* Then thou hast no occasion to tell  
 it me.

Begone I say.—

[*Exit Dromio of Syracuse.*

A trusty villain, 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 the inn, and dine with me?

*Cle.* I am invited, sir, to certain merchants,  
 Of whom I hope to make much benefit :  
 I crave your pardon : but, at five o'clock,

Please you, I'll meet you here upon the mart ;  
 And afterwards consort with you 'till bed-time.  
 My present business calls me from you now.

*Ant. of Syr.* Farewell, 'till then.—I will go lose  
 myself,

And wander up and down, to view the city.

*Cle.* Sir, I commend you to your own content.

[*Exit Cleon.*

*Ant. of Syr.* He that commends me to my 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 out,

Unseen, inquisitive, confounds himself :

So I, to find a mother and a brother,

In search of them, unhappy, lose myself.—

*Enter Dromio of Ephesus.*

How now ? How chance thou art return'd so soon ?

*Dr. of Eph.* Return'd so soon ! rather approach'd  
 too late :

The capon burns, the pig falls from the spit ;

The clock hath stricken 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 't is to fast and pray,



Are penitent for your default to-day.

*Ant. of Syr.* Stop in your wind, sir: Tell me  
this, I pray,

Where have you left the money that I gave you?

*Dr. of Eph.* Money!—O, the money that I had on  
Wednesday last, to pay for mending my  
Mistress's saddle. The sadler had it, sir:  
I kept it not.

*Ant. of Syr.* 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?

*Dr. of Eph.* I pray you, jest, sir, as you sit at  
dinner.

I from my mistress come to you in haste:  
Methinks your stomach, like mine, should be your  
clock,

And send you home without a messenger.

*Ant. of Syr.* 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?

*Dr. of Eph.* To me, sir!—Why, you gave no  
gold to me.

*Ant. of Syr.* Come, come, have done your fool-  
ishness;

And tell me how thou hast dispos'd my charge.

*Dr. of Eph.* My charge was but to fetch you  
from the mart

Home to your house, the Phoenix, sir, to dinner;

My mistress and her sister stay for you.

*Ant. of Syr.* Now, as I am a Christian,—Answer me,

In what safe place you have bestow'd my money;  
Or I shall break that merry sponce of yours,  
That stands on tricks, when I am undispos'd.  
Where are the thousand marks thou hadst of me?

*Dr. of Eph.* I have some marks of yours upon my pate;

Some of my mistress' marks upon my shoulders;  
Between you both, they make, perhaps, a thousand:  
If I should pay your worship these again,  
Perchance, you will not take it patiently.

*Ant. of Syr.* Thy mistress' marks!—What mistress, slave, hast thou?

*Dr. of Eph.* Your worship's wife, my mistress,  
at the Phoenix;

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

*Ant. of Syr.* What, wilt thou flout me thus unto my face,

Being forbid? There, take you that, sir knave.

*Dr. of Eph.* What mean you sir?—for heaven's sake, hold your hands:

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

[*Exit Dromio of Ephesus.*

*Ant. of Syr.* Upon my life, by some device or other;  
The villain has been trick'd of all my money.  
They say, this town is full of cozenage;  
If it prove so, I will be gone the sooner.

Misguided by my hopes, in doubt I stray,  
 To seek what I, perchance, may never find.  
 May not the cruel hand of destiny,  
 Ere this, have rendered all my searches vain?  
 If so, how wretched has my folly made me!  
 In luckless hour, alas! I left my home;  
 Left the fond comforts of a father's love,  
 The only bliss my fortune had in store,  
 For dubious pleasures on a foreign shore. [Exit.

#### SCENE IV.

AN ANTI-CHAMBER IN BALTHAZAR'S HOUSE.

*Enter Balthazar and Antipholis of Ephesus.*

*Ant of Eph.* In sooth, Balthazar, you must now  
 excuse me;

My wife is shrewish if I keep not hours,  
 And it grows late.

*Bal.* Come—yet carouse with us—another glass?

*Ant. of Eph.* Another time—good night.

*Bal.* Go to, Antipholis—you are to blame,  
 To nurse and nourish thus her wayward spirit.  
 Were I the lady Adriana's husband!—

*Ant. of Eph.* Like me, Balthazar,  
 Regretting that the canker jealousy  
 Infected such a fair and beauteous flower,  
 Thoud'st try by gentle watchfulness and care,  
 To cure and to preserve it.



*Bal.* Not I, Antipholis.  
 Her beauty's triumph may enslave my friend;  
 With me, it should not last—  
*Ant of Eph.* Nor can it last.

SONNET.— (*Antipholis of Ephesus.*)

## BEAUTY'S VALUATION.

## I.

*Beauty is but a vain, and doubtful good,  
 A shining gloss, that fadeth suddenly—  
 A flower that dies when first it 'gins to bud,  
 A brittle glass, that's broken presently.  
 A doubtful good, a gloss, a glass, a flower!  
 Lost, faded, broken, dead within an hour!*

## II.

*And, as goods lost, are seldom—never found,  
 As faded gloss no rubbing will refresh;  
 As flowers dead, lie wither'd on the ground,  
 As broken glass no cement can redress,  
 So beauty blemish'd once, for ever's lost,  
 In spite of art, of painting, pain and cost.*

*Bal.* 'Tis well—good night—and yet forsooth,  
 'tis strange  
 If such the power of Adriana's charms,  
 Another's glances should but now so wound!  
 [*Antipholis looks confused.*]

Deny it not—deny not that within,  
Sharing our revelry ; even at first sight  
Circean Lesbia's smiles—

*Ant. of Eph. (agitated.)* Lesbia's !

*Balt.* Aye, Lesbia's ! and not thyself, hast thou  
to thank

For this thy honourable safe retreat,  
But a bold rival—ha ! behold he comes !  
And with him—Cerimon.

*Enter Cerimon and Etesiphon.*

*Cer.* How now, forsooth !

Break up our social board ! leave us Antipholis ?

*Bal.* As 'tis his custom—love is still victorious.  
That senior-junior, giant dwarf, Dan Cupid ;  
Regent of love rhimes, lord of folded arms,  
The anointed sovereign of sighs and groans ;  
Dread prince of plackets, and great general  
Of trotting paritors—he, this whimpering, whining,  
Pur-blind boy, still leads him to a wife—  
A woman, that is like a German clock—  
Ever repairing—

*Ant. of Eph.* Nay—nay—Balthazar—

*Cer. (taking his hand)* Come, be prevailed on—  
For once, at least, Antipholis,—and hark !—  
The hollow murmuring of the wind  
Forebodes a stormy night.

*Ant. of Eph.* Well !—since you'll have it so—  
But think not that I heed the storm.  
No—no—my friends.

GLEE.—(As you Like it.)

*Blow, blow, thou wintry wind,  
Thou art not so unkind.*

*As man's ingratitude:*

*Thy tooth is not so keen,*

*Because thou art not seen,*

*Although thy breath be rude.*

*Heigh, ho! sing heigh, ho! unto the green holly;  
Most friendship is failing,—most loving mere folly.*

*Then heigh, ho! the holly!*

*This life is most jolly.*

[*Exeunt.*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

## ACT II. SCENE I.

A ROOM IN THE HOUSE OF ANTIPHOLIS OF EPHEBUS.

*Enter Luciana.*

*Luc.* Where is my sister—where my Adriana?  
oh! she comes.

*Enter Adriana.*

*Adr.* Neither my husband, nor the slave return'd,  
That, in such haste, I sent to look for him?  
Sure, Luciana, it is two o'clock.

*Luc.* Perhaps, some merchant has 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;  
Will come, or go; therefore be patient, sister.

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

*Luc.* Because their business still lies out of door.

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

*Luc.* He is the bridle of your actions, sister.

*Adr.* None, but an idiot, would be bridled so.

*Luc.* Why, headstrong liberty belongs to man,  
And ill befits a woman's gentle mind.

There's nothing situate under Heaven's eye,  
But hath its bound, in earth, in sea, and air:  
The beasts, the fishes, and the winged tribes,  
Are their males' subjects, and at their controul:  
Man, more divine, the master of them all,



Indu'd with intellectual sense and soul,  
 Is master to his female ; nay, her lord :  
 Let then your will attend on his commands.

*Adr.* This servitude makes you remain unwed.

*Luc.* Not this ; but troubles of the marriage state.

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

*Luc.* Before I wed, I'll practice to obey.

*Adr.* How, if your husband start some other  
 where ?

*Luc.* With all the gentle, artificial means  
 That patient meekness and domestic cares  
 Could bring to my relief, I would beguile  
 The intervening hours, 'till he, tir'd out  
 With empty transient pleasures, should return,  
 To seek content and happiness at home :  
 With smiles I'd welcome him, and put in practice  
 Each soothing art that kindness could suggest,  
 To wean his mind from such delusive joys.

*Adr.* O special reasoning ! Well may they be  
 patient,  
 Who never had a cause for anger given them.  
 How easily we cure another's grief !  
 But were we burden'd with like weight of woe,  
 As much, or more, we should ourselves complain :  
 Patience I've none—no—I shall haply share  
 The fate of her, we have so oft lamented—  
 Poor love-lorn Barbara !

*Luc.* Barbara !—nay sister—

[*Taking her hand.*

*Adr.* She had a song of—willow!—An old thing  
It was ; but it expressed her fortune.

SONG.—(Othello.)

*The poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree,*

*Sing all a green willow :*

*Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,*

*Sing willow, willow, willow :*

*The fresh stream ran by her, and murmur'd her  
moans,*

*Sing willow, willow, willow :*

*Her soft tears fell from her, and soften'd the stones,*

*Sing willow, willow, willow.*

*Luc.* Here comes your man ; now is your husband  
near.

*Enter Dromio of Ephesus.*

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

*Dr. of Eph.* Nay, he's at two hands with me,  
and that my two ears can witness.

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

*Dr. of Eph.* Ay, ay ; he told his mind upon my  
ear :

Beshrew his hand, I scarce could understand it.

*Luc.* Spake he so doubtfully, thou could'st not  
find

His meaning ?



*Dr. of Eph.* Nay; he struck so plainly, I could too well feel his blows; and with all so doubtfully, that I could scarce understand them.

*Adr.* But say, I pray thee, is he coming home? It seems, he hath great care to please his wife!

*Dr. of Eph.* Why, mistress, sure, my master is horn-mad.

*Luc.* Horn-mad, thou villain!

*Dr. of Eph.* I mean not cuckold-mad; but, sure, stark-mad.

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

'Tis dinner-time, quoth I:—My gold, quoth he—

Your meat doth burn, quoth I:—My gold quoth he:

Where are 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 do not know thy mistress:—out on thy mistress!

*Luc.* Quoth who?

*Dr. of Eph.* 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 hither.

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

*Dr. of Eph.* Go back again, and be new beaten home?

For heaven's sake, send some other messenger.

*Adr.* Hence prating peasant! fetch thy master home.

*Dr. of Eph.* Am I so round with you, as you with me,

That, like a foot-ball, 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.

[*Exit Dromio of Ephesus.*]

*Luc.* Fy! how impatience lowereth on your brow!

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

Do their gay vestments his affections bait?

That's not my fault; he's master of my fortunes.

What ruins are in me, that can be found

By him not ruin'd? My decayed beauty,

A sunny look of his would soon repair:

But, too unruly deer! he breaks the pale,

And feeds from home: poor I am left despis'd.

*Luc.* Self-harming jealousy: Fie! beat it hence.

*Adr.* I know, his eye doth homage other-where;  
Or else, what lets it but he would be here?

Sister, you know, he promis'd me a bracelet:

Some stranger fair hath caught his truant eye,

And triumphs in the gifts design'd for me.

Such trifles yet with ease I could forego,

So I were sure he left his heart at home.

I see, the jewel best enameled

Will lose its lustre: so doth Adriana;

Whom once, unwearied with continual gazing,

He fondly call'd the treasure of his life.

*Luc.* And still shall call her so ; come, be of heart,  
In sooth, for my sake, sister ; 'tis the mere  
Phantom of your mind—tormenting fancy.

*Adr.* Fancy !

*Luc.* Aye, fancy—that strange, inexplicable—  
Dismiss it, sister.

*Adr.* Oh, that I could ; I'll try ; but first—

DUET.—(Merchant of Venice.)

I.

ADRIANA. *Tell me, where is Fancy bred ?  
Or in the heart, or in the head ?  
How begot, how nourished ?*

II.

LUCIANA. *It is engender'd in the eyes,  
With gazing fed, and Fancy dies  
In the cradle where it lies.  
Let us both ring Fancy's knell ;  
I'll begin it—Ding, dong, bell.*

ADRIANA. *Ding, dong, bell !*

BOTH. *Ding, dong, bell !*

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

## THE MART.

*Enter Antipholis of Syracuse.*

*Ant. of Syr.* 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.  
O! 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 knew no Centaur! you receiv'd no gold!  
Your mistress sent to have me home to dinner!  
My house was at the Phoenix! wert thou mad,  
That thus so strangely thou didst answer me!

*Dr. of Syr.* What answer, sir? when spake I  
such a word?

*Ant. of Syr.* Ev'n now, ev'n here; not half an  
hour since.

*Dr. of Syr.* I did not see you, since you sent me  
hence,

Home to the Centaur, with the gold you gave me.

*Ant. of Syr.* Villain, thou didst 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.



*Dr. of Syr.* I'm glad, to see you in this merry  
vein ;

What means this jest, I pray you, master, tell me ?

*Ant. of Syr.* What, dost thou jeer, and flout me  
in the teeth,

Think'st thou, I jest ? there take thou that, and that.

*Dr. of Syr.* Hold, sir, for heav'n's sake : now  
your jest is earnest :

Upon what bargain do you give it me ?

*Ant. of Syr.* 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.

When the sun shines, let foolish gnats make sport ;  
But creep in crannies, when he hides his beams.

If you will jest with me, then know my aspect,  
And fashion your demeanour to my looks.

*Dr. of Syr.* I pray, sir, why am I beaten ?

*Ant. of Syr.* Dost thou not know ?

*Dr. of Syr.* Nothing ; but that I am beaten.

*Ant. of Syr.* Why, first, for flouting me ; and  
then, for urging

It, in spite of my assertion to the contrary.

Is dinner ready ?

*Dr. of Syr.* No, sir ; I think, the meat wants  
what I've got.

*Ant. of Syr.* What's that ?

*Dr. of Syr.* Why, basting, sir.

*Ant. of Syr.* No more, thou knave ! for see,  
who wafts us yonder :

This way they haste, and by their gestures seem  
To point out me.—What should they mean, I trow?

*Enter Adriana and Luciana.*

*Adr.* Aye, aye, Antipholis; look strange and  
frown;

Some other mistress hath some sweeter aspect:

I am not Adriana, nor thy wife.

How comes it now, my husband, O! how comes it,  
That thou art thus estranged to thyself?

Thyself, I call it, being strange to me.

O! do not tear thyself away from me;

For know, my love, as easy may'st thou fall

A drop of water in the breaking gulf,

And take unmingled thence that drop again,

As take from me thyself.

*Ant of Syr.* 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.

*Luc.* Fie, brother! how the world is changed  
with you!

When were you wont to use my sister thus?

She sent for you by Dromio home to dinner.

*Ant of Syr.* By Dromio?

*Dr. of Syr.* By me?

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

That he did buffet thee, and, in his blows,



Denied my house, for his ; me, for his wife.

*Ant. of Syr.* Did you converse, sir, with this  
gentlewoman ?

*Dr. of Syr.* I, sir!—I never saw her 'till this  
moment.

*Ant. of Syr.* Villain, thou liest ; for e'en her  
very words

Didst thou deliver to me on the mart.

*Dr. of Syr.* I never spoke with her in all my life.

*Ant. of Syr.* How can she then thus 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 !—  
Come, I will fasten thus upon thy arm ;  
Thou art an elm, my husband ; I, a vine,  
Whose weakness, married to thy stronger state,  
Shares in thy virtues and partakes thy strength.  
If aught possess thee from me, it is dross,  
Usurping ivy, idle moss, or brier,  
Who, all for want of pruning, with intrusion  
Infect thy sap, and live on thy destruction.

*Ant. of Syr.* To me she speaks,—she moves me  
for her theme.—

What, was I married to her in my sleep ?

Or sleep I now ? and dream, I hear all this ?

What error thus deceives our eyes and ears ?

Yet that the mystery I may explore,

I'll seem to entertain the fallacy.

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

*Dr. of Syr.* Meaning me?

*Luc.* Ay, thee, thou slug!

*Dr. of Syr.* Spread for dinner!

*Ant. of Syr.* Am I alive? Am I Antipholis?  
Sleeping or waking? Mad, or well advis'd?  
Known unto these, yet to myself unknown!  
Fain would I learn from whence these wonders flow:  
But that I almost fear to trace the source,  
So strange is every thing I see and hear.

*Adr.* Come, come, no longer will I be a fool,  
To put the finger in the eye, and weep,  
While 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 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.

[*Exeunt Adriana, Antipholis of Syracuse,  
and Luciana.*]

*Dr. of Syr.* Spread for dinner! I am afraid, I shall  
Be somewhat aukward, as I am not well  
Acquainted with the customs of the house:  
Though, I suppose, they'll be so courteous  
To teach a new-comer—particularly your ladies  
in waiting—

Aye, there they go.—

And have taken my master with 'em. Sure,

We are in the land of fairies, and converse  
 With sprites and goblins. I wish they mayn't have  
 Infected my poor master; for, even now,  
 He swore to a discourse, I held with him  
 Here on the mart; when, I can swear, I was  
 Talking to the strong box yonder at the Centaur.—  
 Mighty odd all this!—*(voice without)*—Dromio,

Dromio—

Oh! a lady in waiting—

Dear, sweet, unknown! thy doating Dromio comes.

[*Exit.*

*Enter Antipholis of Ephesus, Balthazar,  
 Cerimon, and others.*

*Ant. of Eph.* I do repent me I have staïd so  
 long.

Good night, Balthazar.

*Bal.* Prithee, Antipholis, be more resolv'd—  
 And by bold remedy still try to cure  
 Your lady's malady.

*Ant. of Eph.* Aye—in due time—but now—

*Bal.* Well—for to-night return—

But if she welcome you with taunts and jeers,  
 Tell her your friends grow jealous in their turn,  
 And missing you, in your accustom'd sports,  
 Will, ere the dawn shall gild yon mountains' tops,  
 Once more awake you with the hunter's peal.

*Ant. of Eph.* *(smiling with satisfaction.)* The  
 hunter's peal!

*Cer.* Aye—your old pastime!—to the chase my friend;

And there, if foremost, and you kill the deer—

*Ant. of Eph.* The thought inspires me!—and if we fail

In this our wonted sport—still as before

We can recline beneath the greenwood tree,

And sing, and laugh at the world's empty

Vain pursuits.

GLEE.—(As you Like it.)

*Under the greenwood tree,*

*Who loves to lie with me,*

*And tune his merry note*

*Unto the sweet bird's throat,*

*Come hither, come hither, come hither!*

*Here shall he see*

*No enemy,*

*But winter and rough weather.*

[*Exeunt.*

END OF THE SECOND ACT.



## ACT III. SCENE I.

A STREET, WITH THE HOUSE OF ANTIPHOLIS OF  
EPHESUS.

*Enter Antipholis of Ephesus, Cerimon, Angelo,  
and Dromio of Ephesus.*

*Ant. of Eph.* Good Signor Angelo,  
Say, that I linger'd with you, at your shop,  
To see the making of her bracelet,  
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 charged him with a thousand marks of gold,  
And that I did deny my wife and house.  
Thou drunkard thou, what didst thou mean by this?

*Dr. of Eph.* Say what you will, sir, but I know  
what I know:  
That you beat me at the mart, I have the marks to  
witness.

*Ant. of Eph.* Silence, thou sot; or I shall sober  
thee.  
You're sad, Signor Angelo; pray heaven, our cheer  
May answer my good-will, and your good welcome!  
But soft, my door is lock'd: Sirrah, ring the bell.  
*Dr. of Eph.* [*Rings.*] O, he's a little soberer,  
and he does know his own-house now.

*Ant. of Eph.* Will they not hear?

*Dr. of Eph.* In good truth, I think they will not. My mistress, sure, means to be quits with you, master: you denied her awhile ago, and now, she's determined to deny you.

*Ant. of Eph.* Have done, thou varlet. Call to them; bid them let us in.

*Dr. of Eph.* Maud, Hermia, Marian, Cicely, Gillian, Madge!

*Dr. of Syr.* [*Within.*] Mome, malt-horse, capon, coxcomb, idiot, patch!—Dost thou conjure for wenches, that thou call'st for such store, when one is one too many?—Go get thee from the gate.

*Dr. of Eph.* What patch is made our porter?—My master stays in the street.

*Dr. of Syr.* [*Within.*] Let him walk from whence he came; lest he catch cold in his feet.

*Ant. of Eph.* Who talks within there?—Ho, open the door.

*Dr. of Syr.* [*Within.*] Right, sir:—I'll tell you when, an you'll tell me wherefore.

*Ant. of Eph.* What art thou, there, that keep'st me from mine own house?

*Dr. of Syr.* The porter, sir, and my name is Dromio.

*Dr. of Eph.* O, villain, thou hast stolen both mine office and my name.

*Hermia.* [*Within.*] Why; what a coil is there?—Dromio, who are those at the door?

*Dr. of Eph.* Let my master in.

*Her.* [*Within.*] Peace, fool! my master's here already.

*Ant. of Eph.* Do you hear, you minion? You'll let us in, I trow.

*Her.* [*Within.*] Can you tell for whose sake?

*Dr. of Eph.* Master, knock at the door hard.

*Dr. of Syr.* [*Within.*] Let him knock till it ache.

*Adriana.* [*Within.*] Who is at the gate, that keeps all this noise?

*Ant. of Eph.* Are you there, wife? You might have come before.

*Adr.* [*Within.*] Your wife, sir knave!—Go, get you from the gate.

*Ant. of Eph.* Get from the gate! What means this saucy language?

There's something more in this.—Why Adriana!

*Adr.* [*Within.*] Hence, you familiar coxcomb!  
Cease your noise;

Or you shall dearly pay for all this outrage.—

Dromio, be sure, you keep fast the doors against 'em.

*Ant. of Eph.* Why, wife, I say,—

*Dr. of Syr.* [*Within.*] She's gone back to dinner, sir, to take a refreshing cup; and has no time to answer idle questions now.

*Ant. of Eph.* Now, on my soul, some strange  
mysterious guile

Lurks underneath this unaccustom'd usage:

Some shameful minion here is entertain'd.

*Ang.* Have patience, sir: O, let it not be thus;  
Herein you war against your reputation,



And draw within the compass of suspect  
The inviolated honour of your wife.

*Cer.* Aye, sir, your long experience of her  
wisdom,

Her sober virtue, years, and modesty  
Plead, on her part, some cause to you unknown ;  
And, doubt it not, but she will well excuse  
Why at this time, the doors are barred against you.

*Ant. of Eph.* Shall I be thus shut forth from my  
own house,

While they are revelling to my dishonour ?  
Go, fetch an instrument : I'll break the door,  
Shatter it all to pieces. but I'll enter.

*Go.* (*To Dromio, stamping and menacing*).

*Dromio.* Gone ! [*Exit.*

*Ang.* Be rul'd by me : depart in patience,  
And let us to the Tiger go 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 ;  
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 ev'n to posterity,  
For ever hous'd, when once it gets possession.

*Cer.* It does—it does—let him prevail my lord.



*Ant. of Eph.* You have prevail'd: I will depart  
 in quiet;  
 And, in despite of wrath, try to be merry.  
 I know a wench of excellent discourse,  
 Lesbia by name; wild, and yet right gentle;  
 There will we dine:—this woman that I mean,  
 My wife,—but I protest, without desert,—  
 Hath oftentimes upbraided me withal:  
 To Lesbia we'll to dinner. Get you home,  
 And fetch the jewel; by this, I guess, 'tis made:  
 Bring it, I pray you, to the Porcupine;  
 For there's the house; and there will I bestow it,  
 Be it for nothing but to spite my wife,  
 Upon this Lesbia.—Use dispatch.

*Ang.* I will.—  
 I'll meet you at that place some hour, sir, hence,  
 That is, if Fate or evil spirits, say not nay.  
 For I know not why—  
 Though ne'er to superstition given,  
 I could believe we trod upon enchanted ground,  
 And elves and witches were abroad.

[*Exit.*

*Ant. of Eph.* And I.—And now I recollect, last  
 night  
 I dreamt St. Withold had the desert left,  
 And as the bell toll'd "one," hover'd and shriek'd  
 Like the ill-omen'd bird, with fatal knell,  
 Around my dwelling.

## DUET.—(King Lear).

*St. Withold footed thrice the wold,  
 He met the night-mare, and her nine-fold ;—  
     Bid her alight,  
     And her troth plight,  
 And aroint thee, witch ! aroint thee, right !*

[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

A GARDEN.

*Antipholis of Syracuse, Adriana, and  
 Luciana discovered.*

*Adr.* Why, why was I to this keen mock'ry  
 born ?

How at your hands have I deserv'd this coldness ?  
 In sooth, you do me wrong : there was a time  
 When I believed, so fond was my credulity,  
 The sun was scarce so true unto the day,  
 As you to me.

*Ant. of Syr.* I would some friendly light  
 Might chase away the mist that clouds our fancies,  
 And give this dream a meaning !—True, I see  
 These beauteous bowers, in nature's fragrance rich ;  
 Behold the painted children of her hand,  
 Flaunting in gay luxuriance all around ;  
 I see imperial Phœbus' trembling beam  
 Dance on the curly brook ; whose gentle current  
 Glides imperceptibly away, scarce staying  
 To kiss th' embracing bank.

*Adr.* So glides away  
Thy hasty love,—O, apt illusion!—  
And mocks my constant and attentive care,  
That seeks in vain to keep it.

*Luc.* Dearest brother,  
Why turn on me your eyes?—regard my sister,  
Who with such earnest suit solicits you  
To heal her wounded peace.

*Adr.* It cannot be,  
But that some frenzy hath possess'd his mind,  
Else could he not with cold indifference hear  
His Adriana pleading. Music's voice  
O'er such entranc'd dispositions  
Hath oft a magic power, and can recall  
The wand'ring faculties. That song, which in  
The happy morn of life, first won his love,—  
That song, I'll try again.

SONG.—(Sonnets.)

I.

*Come, live with me, and be my love,  
And we will all the pleasure prove,  
That hill and valley, dell and field,  
And all the craggy mountains yield :  
There will we sit upon the rocks,  
And see the shepherds feed their flocks ;  
There will I make thee beds of roses,  
With a thousand fragrant posies ;*

*If these delights thy mind may move,  
Then, live with me, and be my love.*

## II.

*Come, live with me, and be my dear,  
And we will revel all the year  
In plains and groves, on hills and dales,  
Where fragrant air breathes sweetest gales.  
There shall you have the beauteous pine,  
The cedar, and the spreading vine ;  
The birds, with heavenly tuned throats,  
Possess wood-echoes with sweet notes :  
If these delights thy mind may move,  
Then, live with me, and be my love.*

*Luc.* Speak, speak to her, Antipholis.

*Adr.* In vain ; there is some magic in thine eye  
That hath infected his : Perchance, to thee  
He may unfold the source of his distemp'ration :  
For me, no longer will I sue for that  
My right may claim : loose infidelity  
And lawless passion have estrang'd his soul.  
Yet, think, my husband, could'st thou bear the like?  
Preserve then equal league with thy true bed ;  
Keep me unstain'd, thou undishour'd live.

[*Exit Adriana.*

*Luc.* And may it be, that you have quite forgot  
A husband's office ? Shall, Antipholis,  
Ev'n in the spring of love, thy passion fade ?  
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 in secret ;  
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.

*Ant. of Syr.* Now, by the air we breathe, I vow,  
sweet lady,

My senses are all smother'd up in wonder ;  
All but my sight ; with that, methinks, I view  
An angel pleading ; and while, thus delighted,  
I may peruse the graces of that brow,  
I will not wish the mystery unfolded ;  
But to your chidings pay submissive awe,  
As to a holy mandate : Speak, speak on.

*Luc.* Be secret false : Why need she be acquainted ?  
What simple thief brags of his own bad deeds ?  
'Tis double wrong, to truant with your bed,  
And let her read it in your looks at board ;  
Then gentle brother, get you in again ;  
And call my sister, wife ; comfort her, cheer her ;  
'Tis holy sport, to be a little false,  
When the sweet breath of flattery conquers strife.

*Ant. of Syr.* Sweet mistress,—let me call you by  
that name,—

Teach me, O teach me how to think, and answer ;  
Lay open to my shallow gross conceit  
The folded meaning of your sugar'd words.  
Against my soul's pure truth, why labour you

To make it wander in an unknown path ?  
 Are you a goddess ? Would you new-create me ?  
 Transform me then, and to your power I'll yield :  
 But, if I am Antipholis, I swear,  
 Your weeping sister is no wife to me :  
 O, no ! to you alone my soul inclines ;  
 Then train me not, sweet mermaid, with thy voice,  
 To drown me in thy sister's flood of tears.  
 Sing, syren, for thyself, and I will dote : (*Kneels.*)  
 Spread o'er the silver waves thy glossy locks,  
 And, as a bed, I'll take thee ; there I'll lie,  
 And in that glorious supposition, think,  
 He gains by death, that hath such means to die.

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

*Ant. of Syr.* Not mad,—enchanted ; how, I do  
 not know.

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

*Ant of Syr.* From gazing on your dazzling  
 beams, fair sun.

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

*Ant of Syr.* As good to wink, sweet love, as  
 look on darkness.

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

*Ant of Syr.* Thy sister's sister.

*Luc.* That's my sister.

*Ant. of Syr.* No ;

It is thyself, my own self's better half,  
 My eye's clear eye, my dear heart's dearer heart,

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

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

*Ant. of Syr.* Call thyself sister, sweet; for thee

I mean:

Thee will I love, with thee would spend my days:

Give me thy hand.

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

I'll seek my sister, to get her consent,

If she approve, I shall accord, no doubt.

[*Going, stops.*

And yet, Antipholis, is it not fit

This mockery should end—come, raise, console her,

Let not so fair a flower fade, droop and perish.

### SONG.—“ Love's Loss.”

(Sonnets.)

*Sweet rose! fair flower, untimely pluck'd, soon  
faded,*

*Pluck'd in the bud, and faded in the spring!*

*Bright orient pearl! alack! too timely shaded!*

*Fair creature! kill'd too soon by death's dark  
sting!*

*Like a green plum, that hangs upon a tree,*

*And falls (through storms) before that fall should  
be!*

[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III.

THE STREET WITH THE HOUSE OF ANTIPHOLIS OF  
EPHESUS.

*Enter from the House of Antipholis of Syracuse.*

*Ant. of Syr.* O, subtle power! O, soil too capable!  
Scarce had her sun of beauty warm'd my heart,  
When the gay flower of love, disclosing fragrance,  
Sprung up at once, and blossom'd to perfection,  
Ere well the bud was seen.—

*Enter Dromio of Syracuse, from the House ;  
he passes Antipholis without seeing him, and  
is hastening off.*

Why, how now, Dromio?

Where run'st thou so fast?

*Dr. of Syr.* Do you know me, sir? Am I Dromio? Am I your man? Am I myself?

*Ant. of Syr.* Thou art Dromio, thou art my man, thou art thyself.

*Dr. of Syr.* I am an ass, I am a woman's man, and beside myself.

*Ant. of Syr.* What woman's man? and how beside thyself?

*Dr. of Syr.* Marry, sir, beside myself, I am due to a woman; one that claims me, one that haunts me, one that will have me.

*Ant. of Syr.* What claim lays she to thee?



*Dr. of Syr.* Marry, sir, such claim as you would lay to your horse.

*Ant. of Syr.* What is she ?

*Dr. of Syr.* A very reverend body ; and, though I have but lean luck in the match, yet she is a wond'rous fat marriage : Sir, she's the kitchen-wench, 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

*Ant. of Syr.* I'll warrant, the rags, and the tal-low in them, will burn a Poland winter.

*Dr. of Syr.* They would, indeed, sir : to conclude ; this drudge laid claim to me, called me Dromio, swore I was betrothed to her, told me what secret marks I had about me ; as the marks on 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 would have transform'd me to a curtal-dog, and made me turn in the wheel.

*Ant. of Syr.* Sure, none but witches can inhabit here ;

And therefore 'tis high time that we were hence.

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.

*Dr. of Syr.* I fly with joy ; for now I shall be blown safe,

From this same scullion—this mountain of mad flesh.

*[As he is going off, the fat Kitchen Wench suddenly throws up the window in Antipholis's house, and shakes her fist at him.]*

*Kitch. W.* Come back, or I'll so baste thee Dromio.

*Dr. of Syr.* 'Tis she ;

As from a bear, a man would run for life,

So I from her, who swears she is my wife !

*[Exit Dromio.]*

*Ant. of Syr.* 'Tis all illusion !—Who comes now ?

*Enter Angelo with a Bracelet.*

*Ang.* Master Antipholis,—

*Ant. of Syr.* Ay, that's my name.

*Ang.* I know it well, sir :—Lo, here is the bracelet :—

I thought to have ta'en you at the Porcupine ;

It being unfinish'd, made my stay thus long.

*Ant. of Syr.* What is your will that I should do with this ?

*Ang.* Ev'n what you please, sir : I have made it for you.

*Ant. of Syr.* Made it for me, sir : I never once bespoke it.

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

Go home with it, and please your wife withall :

About your supper-time I'll visit you,

And then receive my money for the bracelet.

*Ant. of Syr.* I pray you, sir, since you will force  
it on me,

Receive the money now ;  
For fear you ne'er see that, or jewels, more.

*Ang.* You are a merry man, sir :—Fare you well.  
[*Exit Angelo.*

*Ant. of Syr.* Wonder on wonder rises every mo-  
ment !

What I should think of this, I cannot tell :  
However strange, here on my arm I 'll wear it,  
Preserve it safe, as fortune's happy pledge :  
Off' as I look on it, I'll heave a sigh,  
And say, the self-same hour that gave thee to me,  
Gave me to gaze on Luciana's eyes :  
So will I make a profit of a chance,  
And treasure up a comfort in affliction.  
Unwillingly I go : my wounded soul,  
How'er from Ephesus my body part,  
Lingers behind in Luciana's heart.

[*Exit.*

## SCENE IV.

*A River surrounded by Mountains, whose tops are covered with snow.—Across the River is a rustic Bridge.—Horns heard without—and Balthazar, Cerimon, and others, are seen crossing the Bridge dressed as Hunters.*

*Bal.* Here ends our chase : and though Antipholis Declin'd our sport, has he in Ephesus Known more ?

*Cer.* I warrant no, Balthazar.  
Never did hounds send forth such gallant chiding !  
The woods, the mountains, every region round  
Re-echoed with their cry ! Oh ! who e'er heard  
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.

*Bal.* A sound more tuneable  
Was never holla'd to, or cheer'd with horn.  
Go, forester—lead the hounds home, and there  
We'll crown the joys of this autumnal day,  
With fireside pastime—Oh !—to court flies  
Leave transient summer joys.

## QUARTETTO AND CHORUS.

(*Love's Labour's Lost.*)

*When icicles hang by the wall,  
And Dick, the shepherd, blows his nail,  
And Tom bears logs unto the hall,  
And milk comes frozen home in pail;*



*When blood is nipp'd, and ways be foul,  
Then nightly sings the staring owl,*

*To-who—*

*Tu-whit, to-who, a merry note,  
While bonny Joan doth keel the pot.*

II.

*When all aloud the wind doth blow,  
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,  
And birds sit brooding in the snow,  
And Marian's nose looks red and raw!*

*When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,  
Then nightly sings the staring owl,*

*To-who—*

*Tu whit, to-who, a merry note,  
While bonny Joan doth keel the pot.*

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

## ACT IV. SCENE I.

THE MART.

*Enter Angela, Chares, and an Officer.*

*Cha.* You know, since Pentecost the sum is due ;  
And since, I have not much importun'd you :  
Nor had I now, sir, but that I am bound  
To Persia, and want guilders for my voyage :  
Therefore make present satisfaction,  
Or I attach you by this officer.

*Ang.* Ev'n just the sum that I do owe to you,  
Is growing to me from Antipholis ;  
And, in the instant that I met with you,  
He had of me a bracelet: at five o'clock,  
I shall receive the money for the same :  
Please you but walk with me down to his house,  
I will discharge my bond, and thank you too.

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

*Enter Antipholis of Ephesus and Dromio of  
Ephesus.*

*Ant. of Eph.* While I go to the goldsmith's  
house, go thou  
And buy a rope's-end : that will I bestow  
Among the base confederates of my wife,

For locking me out of my doors to-day.—

But soft, I see the goldsmith :—Get thee gone  
To buy the rope, and bring it home to me.

[*Exit Dromio of Ephesus.*]

A man is well help up, that trusts to you :

I promis'd me your presence, and the bracelet ;  
But neither that nor goldsmith came to me.

*Ang.* Saving your merry humour, here's the note  
How much your jewel weighs, to th' utmost carat.

The fineness of the gold and chargeful fashion  
Make it 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. of Eph.* I am not furnish'd with the sum  
about me ;

Besides, I have some business in the town.

Good signor, take the stranger to my house,  
And with you take the bracelet : 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 bracelet there  
yourself ?

*Ant. of Eph.* No, do you bear it ; lest I come not  
time enough.

*Ang.* Well, sir, I will then :—Have you it about  
you ?

*Ant. of Eph.* 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 jewel:

Both wind and tide stay for the gentleman,  
And I, to blame, have held him here too long.

*Ant. of Eph.* I guess you use this dalliance, to excuse

Your breach of promise at the Porcupine :

I should have chid you for not bringing it ;

But, like a shrew, you first begin to brawl.

*Cha.* The hour steals on : I pray you, sir, dispatch.

*Ang.* You hear how he importunes me :—The bracelet——

*Ant. of Eph.* Why, give it to my wife ; and fetch your money.

*Ang.* Come, come, you know, I gave it you even now :

Or give it me, or send me by some token.

*Ant. of Eph.* Fie ! now you run this humour out of breath :

Come, where is it ? I pray you let me see it.

*Cha.* My business cannot brook this dalliance.

Good sir, say, if you'll answer me, or no ;

If not, I'll leave him to the officer.

*Ant. of Eph.* I answer you !—what should I answer you ?

*Ang.* The money that you owe me for the bracelet.

*Ant. of Eph.* I owe you none, 'till I receive the bracelet.

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



*Ant. of Eph.* 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.

*Cha.* 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, sir, in my reputation; Either consent to pay the sum for me, Or I attach you by this officer.

*Ant. of Eph.* Consent to pay for what 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. of Eph.* 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.*

*Dr. of Syr.* Master, there is a bark of Epidamnum

That stays but 'till her owner comes aboard; Then, sir, she bears away. Our fraughtage, sir, I have convey'd aboard; and I have bought The oil, the balsamum and aqua vitæ:

The ship is in her trim, the merry wind  
Blows fair from land, they stay for nought at all,  
But for the owner, master and yourself.

*Ant. of Eph.* How now, madman? Why,  
thou peevish sheep,

What ship of Epidamnum stays for me?

*Dr. of Syr.* A ship, you sent me to, sir, to hire  
wafage.

*Ant. of Eph.* Thou drunken slave, I sent thee  
for a rope;

And told thee to what purpose, and for whom.

*Dr. of Syr.* You sent me to the bay, sir, for a  
bark.

*Ant. of Eph.* I will debate the matter at more  
leisure,

And teach your ears to list me 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, begone—

On, officer, to prison, 'till he comes.

[*Exeunt Antipholis of Ephesus, Angelo,  
Chares, and Officer.*]

*Dr. of Syr.* To Adriana's!—that is, where we  
din'd. Go there again?—Surely my poor master's  
mind is strangely alter'd:—But now, he sent me to  
seek a vessel; and swore, he would not stay an hour  
longer: now he denies it all; and rather seems in-

clined to take up his abode here; for upon the strength of one visit only, he has got the key of Adriana's treasure, and sends for ducats as familiarly as he would for his own:—Then, how he should come arrested!—I'll venture, however, to her house once more, and get the money for him; if that Blowzabel, who claim'd me for her husband, does not set her kitchen-stuff countenance in my way, and fright me from my purpose.

[*Exit.*

## SCENE II.

A ROOM IN THE HOUSE OF ANTIPHOLIS OF EPHEBUS.

*Enter Adriana and Luciana.*

*Adr.* What, Luciana, did he tempt thee so?  
Didst thou mark,  
Look'd he or pale or red, or sad or merry?

*Luc.* First, he denied you had in him a right.

*Adr.* He meant, he did me none: the more my wrong.

*Luc.* Then, swore he, that he was a stranger here.

*Adr.* And true he swore; though yet forsworn he be.

*Luc.* Then pleaded I for you.

*Adr.* What said he then?

*Luc.* That love I begg'd for you, he begg'd of me.

*Adr.* With what persuasion did he tempt thy love?

*Luc.* With words that in an honest suit might move:

First, did he praise my beauty, then my speech.

*Adr.* Didst speak him fair?

*Luc.* Have patience, I beseech you.

*Adr.* I cannot, nor I will not, hold me still.  
My tongue, though not my heart, must have its scope.

O, he is shapeless, crooked, old, and seer,  
Vicious, ungentle, foolish, rude, unkind,  
Deform'd in person, more deform'd in soul!

*Luc.* Yet do not give such way to your affliction,  
But call your better reason to your aid:

O, did my brother's mind but mate his person,  
Were but his conduct graceful as his visage,  
What woman might with Adriana boast  
So vast a fund of hymeneal bliss!

Trust then to time, and fault-repairing wisdom,  
To change his mind; nor soil, with partial breath,  
A form in nature's fairest colours drest.

*Adr.* O, but I think him better than I say,  
And wish him kind and fair to me alone,  
Thus, lap-wing like, far from my nest I cry,  
To puzzle and mislead intruding eyes  
That seek to rob me of my treasur'd bliss.  
Oh! would that he'd return!

*Luc.* And if he did, you would upbraid him,  
sister,

*Adr.* Not much—I'd say to him—



## SONG.

(Measure for Measure.)

*Take, oh ! take those lips away !  
That so sweetly were forsworn !  
And those eyes, the break of day,  
Lights, which do mislead the morn.  
But my kisses bring again,  
Seals of love, tho' seal'd in vain !*

*Enter Dromio of Syracuse.*

*Dr. of Syr.* Here, go :—the desk,—the purse—  
now make haste.

*Luc.* How hast thou lost thy breath ?

*Dr. of Syr.* By running fast.

*Adr.* Where is thy master, Dromio ? is he well ?

*Dr. of Syr.* No, he's in Tartar-limbo,—a devil  
hath him,

One whose hard heart is button'd up with steel ;

A fiend, a fury, pitiless and rough ;

A back-friend ; one that commands

The passages of alleys, creeks and lanes.

*Adr.* Why, man, what is the matter ?

*Dr. of Syr.* I do not know the matter ; but he  
is arrested.

*Adr.* Arrested is he ?—in debt unkown to me !  
Tell me at whose suit ?

*Dr. of Syr.* I do not know at whose suit he is

arrested, but arrested he is : and his suit to you is, that you will send him, mistress, redemption, the money in his desk.

*Adr.* Go fetch it, sister.—

[*Exit Luciana.*

This I wonder at—and—(*turning to Dromio, who is fanning himself*)

Why how now ? Thou art faint !

*Dr.* To be sure I am.

*Adr.* Go—refresh thyself—

(*Dromio smiles and bows.*)

Haste—repair thee to the kitchen:

*Dro.* The kitchen ! O Lord !—don't mention it—  
I'm quite well, ma'am—quite !

*Enter Luciana with a Purse.*

*Adr.* Go, Dromio ; there's the money ; bear it  
strait ;

And bring thy master home immediately.

[*Exit Dromio.*

Yet, wherefore bring him home, since he has lost  
All token of regard, and slights the place,  
Where once, he said, his every comfort dwelt ?  
Why should I wish him here ? and yet without him  
What is this home to me !

*Luc.* Some vague conceit,  
The phantom of the moment, hath possess'd him :  
It will away as soon.

*Adr.* 'Pray heaven, it may,  
For, 'till he shake it of, no mate have I,

But jealous doubt—Oh Luciana !  
 Do you not remember well the day,  
 When first these fears arose—  
 'Twas in yon grove! (*pointing off.*)

*Luc.* I know—

On that bright summer morn, when all around,  
 Save you and Philomel, who warbl'd near,  
 Were blithsome, joyous !

DUET.—(Sonnets.)

*As it fell upon a day  
 In the merry month of May,  
 Sitting in a pleasant shade,  
 With a grove of myrtles made,  
 Beasts did leap, and birds did sing,  
 Trees did grow, and plants did spring ;  
 Every thing did banish moan,  
 Save the nightingale alone ;  
 She, poor bird, as all forlorn,  
 Lean'd her breast up-till a thorn ;  
 " Fie, fie, fie !" now she would cry :  
 " Teren, teren !" by and by.  
 That to hear her so complain,  
 Scarce I could from tears refrain ;  
 For her griefs, so lovely shewn,  
 Made me think upon my own.*

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE III.

THE GREAT SQUARE IN EPHEBUS.

*Enter Antipholis of Syracuse, with the Bracelet on his arm.*

*Ant. of Syr.* There's not a man I meet but doth salute me,  
As if I were his well-acquainted friend:  
And every one doth call me by my name:  
Some tender money to me, some invite me,  
Some offer me commodities to buy;  
While others give me thanks for kindnesses:  
Ev'n 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.*

*Dr. of Syr.* Master, here's the gold you sent me for.—What, have you got rid of the fiend?

*Ant. of Syr.* What gold is this?—What fiend dost thou mean?

*Dr. of Syr.* He that came behind you, sir, like an evil angel, and bid you forsake your liberty.

*Ant. of Syr.* I understand thee not:

*Dr. of Syr.* No;—why 'tis plain enough. The



man, sir, that, when gentlemen are tir'd, gives them a fob, and rests them: He, sir, that takes pity on decay'd men, and gives them suits of durance.

*Ant. of Syr.* Mean'st thou an officer?

*Dr. of Syr.* Aye, sir, the sergeant of the band; he that brings any man to answer it, that breaks his bond: One that thinks a man always going to bed, and says, Heaven send you good rest!

*Ant. of Syr.* Well, sir, there rest your foolery.—Is there any ship puts forth to-night? May we be gone?

*Dr. of Syr.* Why, sir, I brought you word, an hour since, that the bark, Expedition, puts forth to-night; and then were you hinder'd by the sergeant, to tarry for the hoy, Delay. Here are the angels that you sent for, to deliver you.

*Ant. of Syr.* The fellow is distract, and so am I: And here we wander in illusion: Some blessed power deliver us from hence!

*Enter Lesbia.*

*Lès.* Well met, well met, master Antipholis. I see, sir, you have found the goldsmith now: Is this the bracelet you promis'd me to-day?

*Ant. of Syr.* What more temptations? Mistress, you do impeach your modesty, Here in the street, thus to commit yourself Into the hands of one who knows you not.

*Lès.* Not know me?—How?—Am I not Lesbia? And are not you Antipholis?—Nay, jest not:

Return with me, and we will mend our cheer.

*Ant. of Syr.* Have you no bashfulness? no sense of shame?

No touch of modesty? Why will you tear Ungentle words from my reluctant tongue?

*Les.* I would not do so, good Antipholis; I do but ask for what you promis'd me.

*Ant. of Syr.* I promis'd thee!

*Les.* Aye, as we sat at dinner.

*Ant. of Syr.* I ne'er beheld thy face, until this instant.

*Les.* And told'st me that thy wife——

*Ant. of Syr.* My wife?—thou sorceress!

*Dr. of Syr.* Master, you certainly have been married,

And have forgot it.

*Les.* Say, did you not, Antipholis?

*Ant. of Syr.* I tell thee, no.

*Les.* Nor take my ring?

*Ant. of Syr.* No, no; nor comprehend  
What thy false tongue hath utter'd. Dromio,  
Follow me to our inn: I will not stay,  
Nor longer listen to thy sorceries.

[*Exit Antipholis of Syracuse, Lesbia following him.*]

*Dr. of Syr.* [*Draws his sword.*] No, you don't:—Here's my charm against witches. Mistress, it is written that evil spirits appear to men like angels of light: Light is an effect of fire, and fire will burn; ergo, light wenches will burn: therefore we will

not trust ourselves near you.

[*Exit Dromio of Syracuse.*]

*Les.* Now, out of doubt, Antipholis 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 bracelet :  
 Both one and other he denies me now.  
 What then remains ? What measures shall I take ?  
 My way is strait to hie me 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,  
 To right myself against this madman's wrong.

[*Exit.*]

#### SCENE IV.

A STREET.

*Enter Antipholis of Ephesus, and Officer.*

*Ant. of Eph.* 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 will sound harshly in her ears.  
 Here comes my man ; I think he brings the money

*Enter Dromio of Ephesus with a Rope.*

*Ant. of Eph.* How now, sir, have you that I sent you for?

*Dr. of Eph.* Here's that, I'll warrant you, will pay them all.

*Ant. of Eph.* But, where's the money?

*Dr. of Eph.* Why, sir, I gave the money for the rope.

*Ant. of Eph.* Five hundred ducats, villain, for a rope?

*Dr. of Eph.* I'll serve you, sir, five thousand at that rate.

*Ant. of Eph.* To what end did I bid thee hie thee hence?

*Dr. of Eph.* To a rope's end, sir; and to that end am I return'd.

*Ant. of Eph.* And to that end, sir, will I welcome you. [Beats him.

*Off.* Good sir, be patient.

*Dr. of Eph.* Nay, 'tis for me to be patient; I am in adversity.

*Off.* Good now, hold thy tongue.

*Dr. of Eph.* Nay, rather persuade him to hold his hands.

*Ant. of Eph.* Thou stupid senseless villain!

*Dr. of Eph.* I would I were senseless, sir, that I might not feel your blows.

*Ant. of Eph.* Thou art sensible in nothing, but blows, and so is an ass.



*Dr. of Eph.* I am an ass, indeed; you may prove it by my endurance. I have serv'd him from the hour of my nativity to this instant, and have had 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 wak'd with it, when I sleep; rais'd with it, when I sit; driven out of doors with it, when I go abroad; welcom'd home with it when I return; nay, I bear it on my shoulders, as a beggar does her brat: and, I think, when he hath lamed me, I shall beg with it from door to door.

*Ant. of Eph.* Well, we'll along.—My wife is coming yonder.

*Enter Adriana, Luciana, Lesbia, Dr. Pinch, and his Servants.*

*Dr. of Eph.* Mistress, *respice finem*, respect your end:—or rather, the prophecy, like the parrot, beware of the rope's end.

*Ant. of Eph.* Wilt thou still prate? art thou not quieted?

Then take thou that, and that. [*Beats him.*]

*Off.* Good sir, be patient.

*Les.* How say you now? Is not your husband mad?

*Adr.* His incivility confirms no less.

Good Doctor Pinch, you are a skilful man;  
Establish him in his true sense again,  
And I will pay you what I have i' the world.

*Luc.* Alas ! how fiery and fierce he looks !

*Les.* Mark, how he trembles in his ecstasy !

*Pinch.* Give me your hand, and let me feel your pulse.

*Ant. of Eph.* There is my hand, and let it feel your ear. [*Strikes him.*

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

Civilly yield possession of my patient :

Or I shall play the devil with thee strait.

*Ant. of Eph.* Peace, doting wizard, Peace ! I am not mad.

*Adr.* Oh, that thou wert not, poor distracted soul !

*Ant. of Eph.* You minion you, are these your customers ?

Did this companion, with the saffron face,

Revel and feast it at my board to-day,

While upon me the guilty doors were shut,

And I denied to enter in my house ?

*Adr.* O, husband, heaven 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. of Eph.* I din'd at home !—Thou villain, what say'st thou ?

*Dr. of Eph.* Sir, sooth to say, you did not dine at home.

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

*Dr. of Eph.* In sooth, your doors were lock'd,  
and you shut out.

*Ant. of Eph.* And did not she herself revile me  
there?

*Dr. of Eph.* Sans fable, she herself revil'd you  
there.

*Ant. of Eph.* And did not I, in rage depart from  
thence?

*Dr. of Eph.* In verity you did : my bones bear  
witness,

That since have felt the vigour of your rage.

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

*Pinch.* It is no blame, the fellow finds his vein,  
And, yielding to him, humours well his frenzy.

*Ant. of Eph.* Thou hast suborn'd the goldsmith  
to arrest me.

*Adr.* Alas ! I sent you money, to redeem you,  
By Dromio here, who came in haste for it.

*Dr. of Eph.* Money by me !—Love and good-  
will you might ;

But surely, master, not a doit of money.

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

*Adr.* He came to me, and I delivered it.

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

*Dr. of Eph.* Heaven, and the rope-maker, can  
bear me witness

That I was sent for nothing but a rope.

*Ant. of Eph.* Liar ! slave ;—but thou (*Turning  
to Adriana*)

Say, wherefore did'st thou lock me forth to-day?  
And why dost thou deny the bag of gold?

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

*Dr. of Eph.* And gentle master, I received no gold:  
But I can swear, sir, that we were lock'd out.

*Adr.* Dissembling villain, thou speak'st false in  
both.

*Ant. of Eph.* 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 those false eyes  
That would behold me in this shameful sort.

*Adr.* O! hold him, hold him, let him not come  
near me. [*Servants seize him.*]

*Pinch.* More company!—the fiend is strong  
within him.

*Ant. of Eph.* What, will you murder me?—  
Thou officer,

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 seize that man, for he is frantic too.

*Dr. of Eph.* (*Rubbing his hands with joy.*) Good!  
seize the gaoler! the shoulder slapper.

*Pinch.* And him! (*Pointing to Dromio.*)

Seize on that varlet—they are all possess'd,  
And must be bound and laid in some dark room.

*Dr. of Eph.* I! I bound in a dark room.



*Off.* (To Doctor's servants.) Stand off—he is my prisoner ; if I let him go, The debt he owes will be required of me.

*Adr.* What wilt thou do thou peevish officer ? Good master doctor see him safe convey'd Home to thy house.—O most unhappy day !

*Ant. of Eph.* Oh ! most unhappy wanton !

*Dr. of Eph.* Oh ! most unhappy Dromio !

*Pinch.* Away—bear them all to my strong room.

[*Exeunt Servants, forcing off Antipholis of Ephesus and Dromio of Ephesus, followed by Dr. Pinch.*]

*Adr.* I will discharge thee ;— (to officer) Lead me forthwith unto his creditor. But say, whose suit is he arrested at ?

*Off.* One Angelo, a goldsmith.

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

*Off.* Two hundred ducats.

Due for a bracelet which your husband had.

*Adr.* He did bespeak 't for me, but had it not.

*Les.* 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,— Strait after did I meet him with the bracelet.

*Adr.* It may be so ; but I did never see it. Officer, bring me where the goldsmith is ; I long to know the truth hereof at large.

[*Noise without.*]

*Luc.* Heaven, for thy mercy ! they are loose again !

*Adr.* And come with naked swords.  
Let's call more help, to have 'em bound again.

*Off.* Away! they'll kill us! [*Exeunt.*

*Enter Antipholis of Syracuse and Dromio of Syracuse, with drawn swords.*

*Dr. of Syr.* She that would be your wife, now ran from you.

*Ant. of Syr.* Come to the Centaur; fetch your stuff from thence:

I long that we were safe and sound on board.

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

[*Night-roll and Drum without.*

Hark! the cry is up—on ev'ry side they come.

'Tis madness all: and I begin to doubt

That even love and beauty are but snares

To plunge my soul in yet severer cares. [*Exeunt.*

[*Night-roll and Drum continued.*

## SCENE V.

*An Apartment in Balthazar's House—in the back a large Dining Table, on which is Fruit, Wine, Silver Goblets, &c.*

*Bal. (without)* Come—this way—cheerily—

*Enter Balthazar, Cerimon, and others, leading in Antipholis of Ephesus.*

*Bal.* So—look up, Antipholis—you're safe with friends,

'Tis I—Balthazar!

*Ant. of Eph.* Balthazar!

*Bal.* Hearing noise, we left our social bowl  
And rush'd into the street—there we found you  
Fast in the clutches of this mountebank—  
This meer anatomy—this living dead man—  
We fought—and rescued you.

*Ant. of Eph.* (*looking round*) I see—  
Balthazar's house!—thanks! thanks!

[*Taking his hand.*

But where's the perjur'd and confederate crew—  
I will have justice! (*Going*)

*Bal.* (*Detaining him.*) Not now Antipholis.  
Wait till the storm blows o'er; and in calm hour,  
Appeal unto the Duke—he'll see thee righted.  
Meantime, though a sad truant at the chace,  
Partake our evening sports. Come, in yon bowl  
Drown every care!

*Ant. of Eph.* Why, yes, Balthazar—fill, fill me  
to the brim.

### TRIO AND CHORUS.

(*Antony and Cleopatra.*)

*Come, thou monarch of the vine,  
Plumpy Bacchus, with pink eyne!  
In thy vats, our cares be drown'd,  
With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd;  
Cup us till the world goes round!  
Cup us till the world goes round!*

## ACT V. SCENE I.

A STREET.

*Enter Luciana and Hermia.*

*Luc.* Now—do you rightly understand me,  
Hermia—

Still is your poor unhappy master lost,  
And whilst your mistress and the doctor's followers  
That way pursue him—be it our duty  
To watch around these walls.

*Her.* I understand, and Heaven grant  
We may discover and restore my master.

*Luc.* Away—be that your post, whilst this is mine.

[*Exit Hermia.*

Poor Adriana! whose love for her ill-fated lord,  
Still blooms as in its dawn—whose life, made up  
Of sunshine and of tears, may well be liken'd  
To an April day.

SONG, *Luciana.*—(Two Gentlemen  
of Verona.)

*Oh how this spring of love resembleth right,  
The uncertain glory of an April day—  
Which now shews all the glory of the light,  
And by and by a cloud takes all away.*

[*Exit.*



## SCENE II.

A STEEET BEFORE AN ABBEY.

*Enter Angelo and Chares.*

*Ang.* I am sorry, sir, that I have hinder'd you :  
But, I protest, he had the jewel of me ;  
Though most dishonestly he did deny it.

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

*Ang.* Of very reverend estimation, sir,  
Of credit infinite, highly belov'd,  
Second to none that lives within our walls :  
His word might bear my wealth at any time.

*Cha.* Speak softly—some one approaches.

*Ang.* Is it Antipholis ?

*Cha.* No—'tis his wife—the Lady Adriana.

*Enter Adriana.*

*Adr.* I pray ye, have ye seen my lord, my  
husband ?

*Cha.* No—but we seek him, lady. (*sternly.*)

*Ang.* Peace—

Nor by stern look, by action, or by word,  
Increase her suffering.—Lady, 'tis true—  
We seek Antipholis, and when the mists  
Of night disperse, we trust to find and lead  
Him to his home—come—this way, Chares.

[*Exit with Chares.*]

*Adr.* Oh ! that 'twere dawn.

*Enter Luciana.*

Now—what tidings, sister ?

*Luc.* Alas ! the darkness of the night precludes our search.

*Adr.* All dreary, dark,—and yet, in yonder east, Am I deceived, or do I not behold Bright, glimmering streaks ?—Oh yes,—and hark ! I hear morn's tuneful harbinger !

SONG, *Adriana.*—(Venus and Adonis.)

*Lo ! here the gentle lark, weary of rest,  
From his moist cabinet mounts up on high,  
And wakes the morning, from whose silver breast  
The sun ariseth in true majesty.*

[*Exeunt, after Song.*

*Re-enter Chares and Angelo.*

*Cha.* 'Tis he ! observe—

*Ang.* E'en so—and that same bracelet on his arm.

*Ang.* Which he forswore most monstrously to have.  
Good sir, draw near to me : I'll speak to him.

*Enter Antipholis of Syracuse, and Dromio of Syracuse.*

Signor Antipholis, 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 bracelet which 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 jewel you had of me : Can you deny it ?

*Ant. of Syr.* I know I had : I never did deny it.

*Cha.* Yes, that you did, sir, and forswore it too.

*Ant. of Syr.* Who heard me to deny, or to forswear it ?

*Cha.* These ears of mine, thou knowest well, did hear thee.

Fy on thee, wretch ! 'tis pity that thou liv'st,  
 To walk where any honest men resort.

*Ant. of Syr.* Thou art a villain to impeach me thus :

I'll prove mine honour and mine honesty  
 Against thee, with my life, if thou dar'st stand  
 it. [*Draws.*]

*Cha.* [*Draws.*] I dare, and do defy thee for a villain.

*Enter Adriana, Luciana, Lesbia, and Doctor Pinch's Servants.*

*Adr.* Hold ! hurt him not, for heaven's sake ;  
 he's mad.

*Dr. of Syr.* Run, master, run, for heaven's sake :  
take house :

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

[*Exeunt into the Abbey.*]

*Adr.* Pursue them, I beseech ye :—bring them back.

*Enter the Abbess and two Sisters, from the Abbey.*

*Abbess.* Be quiet, people ! wherefore throng ye  
hither ?

*Adr.* To fetch my poor distracted husband hence.

Let us come in, that we may bind fast,

And bear him home for his recovery.

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

*Cha.* I'm sorry now that I did draw upon him.

*Abbess.* How long hath this possession held  
the man ?

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

And much, much different from the man he was :

But, till this afternoon, his fatal passion

Ne'er broke into extremity of rage.

*Abbess.* 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 them, except it be the last ;

Namely, some love that drew him oft from home.



*Abdess.* You should for that have reprehended him.

*Adr.* Why, so I did.

*Abdess.* Ay, but not rough enough.

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

*Abdess.* Haply, in private.

*Adr.* And in assemblies too.

*Abdess.* Ay, but not enough.

*Adr.* 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 glanc'd at it ;

Still did I tell him, it was vile and base.

*Abdess.* And therefore came it that the man was mad.

The venom'd 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's bred :  
 And what's a fever, but a fit of madness ?  
 Thou say'st, his sports were hinder'd with thy brawls ;  
 Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue,  
 But moody, mopish, and dull melancholy,  
 Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair ?  
 And, at her heels, a huge infectious troop  
 Of pale distemperatures and foes to life ?

The consequence is then, thy jealousies  
Have scar'd thy husband from his better sense.

*Luc.* She never reprehended him but gently,  
When he demean'd himself rough, rude, and wild.  
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.

*Abbess.* No, not a creature enters in my house.

*Adr.* Then let your servants bring my husband  
forth.

*Abbess.* 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 essaying it.

*Adr.* I will attend my husband ; be his nurse,  
Diet his sickness ; for it is my office ;  
And therefore let me have him home with me.

*Abbess.* Be patient ; for I will not let him stir,  
'Till I have us'd th' approved means I know,  
With wholesome syrups, drugs, and holy prayers,  
To bring him to his former state again.

It is a branch and parcel of my 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.

*Abbess.* Be quiet, and depart : thou shalt not  
have him.

[*Exeunt Abbess and Sisters into the Priory.*]

*Luc.* Complain unto the duke of this indignity.

*Adr.* Come then, I will fall prostrate at his feet,  
And never rise, until my prayers and tears  
Have won his grace to come in person hither,  
And take perforce my husband from this abbess.

*Cha.* By this, I think, the dial points at five:  
Shortly, I'm sure, the duke himself, in person,  
Comes this way to the melancholy vale,  
The place of death, and sorry execution,  
Behind the ditches of the abbey here.

*Ang.* Upon what cause?

*Cha.* 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, Ægeon in chains, Executioner,  
two Officers, and Gentlemen.*

*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, Antipholis, 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 seiz'd him;  
 That desperately he hurried through the street,  
 Once did I get him bound, and sent him home;  
 When, oh! he broke from those who guarded him,  
 And with his mad attendant, with drawn swords,  
 Met us again, and, madly bent on us,  
 Chas'd us away; till, raising of more aid,  
 We came again to bind 'em: then they fled  
 Into this abbey;  
 But here the abbess shuts the gates on us,  
 And will not suffer us to fetch him out;  
 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 good and grace I could.  
 Go, some of ye, knock at the abbey-gate,  
 And bid the lady-abbess come to me:  
 I will determine this, before I stir.

[*Exit a Gentleman.*]

*Enter Hermia.*

*Her.* O! mistress, mistress, haste and save yourself;  
 My master and his man are both broke loose.

*Adr.* Peace, fool! thy master and his man are here,  
 And that is false, thou dost report to us.



*Her.* Mistress, upon my life, I tell you true ;  
I have not breath'd, almost, since I did see 'em.

[*Noise without.*]

Hark, hark ! I hear 'em, mistress : fly ! begone !

[*Exit.*]

*Duke.* Fear nothing ; I'll protect you.

*Adr.* Ah, me ! it is my husband !

*Enter Antipholis of Ephesus, and Dromio of Ephesus.*

*Ant. of Eph.* Justice, most gracious duke, O,  
grant me justice !

Ev'n for the service that, long since, I did thee,  
When I bestrode thee in the wars, and took  
Deep scars to save thy life ; e'en for the blood  
Which then I lost for thee, now grant me justice.

*Ægeon.* Unless the fear of death doth make me dote,  
I see my son Antipholis and Dromio.

*Ant. of Eph.* Justice, sweet prince, against that  
woman there,

She whom thou gav'st to me to be my wife ;  
She hath abused and dishonour'd me,  
E'en in the strength and height of injury.

*Duke.* Discover how, and thou shalt find me just.

*Ant. of Eph.* This day, great duke, she shut the  
doors upon me,

While she within was feasting with her minions.

*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 that is false, he burdens me withal.

*Luc.* Ne'er may I look on day, nor sleep on night,  
But she doth tell your highness simple truth!

*Ang.* O, perjur'd woman! They are both forsworn;  
In this the madman justly chargeth them:  
My lord, in truth, thus far I witness with him,  
That he din'd not at home, but was lock'd out.

*Duke.* Why, what an intricate impeach is this!  
I think, you all have drunk of Circe's cup.  
If here you hous'd him, here he would have been.  
You say, he din'd at home: the goldsmith here  
Denies that saying:—Sirrah, what say you?

*Dr. of Eph.* Sir, he din'd with her there at the  
Porcupine.

*Les.* He did, and from my finger snatch'd that ring.

*Ant. of Eph.* 'Tis true, my liege, this ring I had  
of her.

*Duke.* Saw'st thou him enter at the abbey here?

*Les.* As sure, my liege, as I do see your grace.

*Duke.* This is most strange! Go, call the abness  
hither.

[*Exit a Gentleman.*]

*Ægeon.* 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.

*Ægeon.* Is not your name, sir, called Antipholis?  
And is not that your bondman, Dromio?

*Ant. of Eph.* True, reverend hapless man, we are  
so call'd.

*Ægeon.* I am sure both of ye remember me.

*Ant. of Eph.* Remember you!

*Ægeon.* Why look you strange on me? You know  
me well.

*Ant. of Eph.* I never saw you in my life, till now.

*Ægeon.* O! grief hath chang'd me, since you saw  
me last;

And careful hours, with time's deforming hand,  
Have written strange defeatures in my face:

But tell me yet, dost thou not know my voice?

*Ant. of Eph.* Neither.

*Ægeon.* Not know my voice? O, time's extremity,  
Hast thou so crack'd and splitted my poor tongue,

In seven short years, that here my only son

Knows not my feeble key of untun'd cares?

Though now this grained face 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 lamp some fading glimmer left;

All these old witnesses—I cannot err,—

Tell me thou art my son, Antipholis.

*Ant. of Eph.* I never saw my father in my life.

*Ægeon.* But seven years since, in Syracuse, boy,

Thou know'st we parted: But, psrhaps, my son,

Thou sham'st t'acknowledge me in misery.

*Ant. of Eph.* The duke, and all that know me in  
the city,



Can witness with me that it is not so :  
I ne'er saw Syracuse in my life.

*Duke.* I tell thee, Syracusan, twenty years  
Have I been patron to Antipholis ;  
During which time he ne'er saw Syracuse.  
I see, thy age and dangers make thee dote.

*Enter Gentlemen, Abbess, Antipholis of Syracuse, and Dromio of Syracuse, from the Abbey.*

*Abbess.* Most mighty duke, behold a man much  
wrong'd.

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

*Duke.* One of these men is genius to the other !  
But of the two, which is the natural man,  
And which the spirit ? who decyphers them ?

*Ant. of Syr.* Ægeon art thou not ?  
O, my dear father ! who hast bound him thus ?

*Abbess.* 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 hadst a wife once call'd Æmilia,  
Who bore thee, at a burden, two fair sons,—  
O ! if thou be'st the same Ægeon, speak,  
And speak unto the same Æmilia.

*Ægeon.* Æmilia ! O, support thyself, my soul,  
'Till I once more, have caught within my arms  
Their long-lost happiness !

*Æmilia.* Thou art Ægeon, then : I do not dream.  
My husband, take, take my reviving heart,



Spotless and pure as when it first was thine;  
Which from the cloister of religious solitude  
No voice, but thine, could ever have recall'd.

*Ant. of Syr.* If I not interrupt such sacred feelings,  
Thus let me bend, and mingle tears of rapture.  
O, raise, my father, raise your reverend hands,  
And bless your truant son.

*Ægeon.* My dearest boy!  
This is too much:—O, curb thy joys a moment,  
And have compassion on thy father's weakness.  
But, if my feeble brain deceive me not,  
One anxious question yet remains to ask:  
Heart of my heart, resolve me; where's that son,  
Who floated with thee on the fatal raft?

*Æmilia.* 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 which you see me in.

*Ant. of Eph.* And he reserv'd, to share the happier hours  
Of his dear parents, whom, till now unknown,  
He greets with nature's best and fondest feelings,  
Another tie my fortune yet allots,  
And thus I claim it!

*Ant. of Syr.* Welcome, dearest brother!

[*They embrace.*]

*Both Drom.* Welcome, dearest brother!

[*They embrace.*]

*Ant. of Syr.* Ne'er may we feel a separation more.

*Duke.* Why here begins his morning story right:  
These plainly are the parents to these children,  
Who thus amazingly are met together.

*Æmilia.* Most gracious duke,—

*Duke.* One moment's pause, and all your griefs  
shall end.

Antipholis, thou cam'st from Corinth first?

*Ant. of Syr.* Not I, my lord; I came from  
Syracuse.

*Dro. of Syr.* And I with him.

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

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

*Dr. of Eph.* And I with him.

*Ang.* And I—why that's the bracelet, sir, you  
had of me.

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

*Ant. of Eph.* And you, sir, for the same ar-  
rested me.

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

*Dr. of Eph.* No, none by me.

*Ant. of Syr.* This purse of ducats I receiv'd for  
you,

And Dromio, my man, did bring 'em me.

I see, we still did meet each other's servant,

And thereupon these errors all arose.

*Dr. of Eph.* You see, brother, these wise folks  
can't blame us in these matters.

*Dr. of Syr.* Really, brother, I think not.

*Ant. of Eph.* These ducats pawn I for my father here.

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

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

*Ant. of Syr.* I, gentle mistress.

*Adr.* Are you not my husband?

*Ant. of Eph.* No; I say, nay to that.

*Ant. of Syr.* And so do I.

*Æmilia.* 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,

Who've suffered wrong, go, keep us company,

And you shall have full satisfaction.

The duke, my husband, and my children both,

And you, the kalendars of their nativity,

Go to a gossip's feast; go all with me:

After so long grief, such festivity!

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

And be a cheerful witness of the blessings,

Your pious faith and virtuous resignation

Have drawn upon you from relenting heaven.

Come.

[*Flourish, and exeunt into the Abbey, all but the two Dromios.*]

*Dr. of Eph.* Methinks you are my glass and not my brother.



I see by you I am a sweet-faced youth!—  
Will you walk in and see their gossipping?

*Dr. of Syr.* Not I, sir,—you are my elder.

*Dr. of Eph.* That's a question—how shall we  
try it?

*Dr. of Syr.* We will draw cuts for the senior—  
Till then, lead thou first.

*Dr. of Eph.* Nay, then thus:—  
We came into the world like brother and brother,  
And now let's go hand in hand, not one before the  
other.

[*Exeunt hand in hand into the Abbey.*]

## SCENE THE LAST.

INTERIOR OF ABBEY.

*All the Characters discovered.*

*Æmilia.* Such is our history—and now  
The joys that gild the evening of our days  
Let all partake.

*Ant. of Syr. (Turning to Luciana.)*

Ay, all—say you not so, fair gentlewoman!  
And what I told you, when you call'd me brother?  
The time, the place incites me to make good—  
May I not hope that a more tender name?—

*Luciana.* Should I find thee  
Worthy and constant, as my mind suggests,  
The general joy that smiles around, shall not  
Be damp'd by any vain reserve of mine.



*Ant. of Syr.* (*Kneeling to her and taking her hand.*)

Brother, behold !  
I've lost a sister, but I've gain'd a wife !

(*Rises.*)

What say'st thou, Dromio ?

*Dr. of Syr.* Say—that, thank fortune,  
I've gain'd a sister and have lost a wife !  
Brother, my service to the fair, fat queen  
Of the kitchen.

*Dr. of Eph.* Brother, the less that's said on that  
subject

The better.

*Duke.* Now to the palace, and there crown our  
joys.

*Æmilia.* Joys past the reach of hope—our lesson  
this—

That misery past endears our present bliss—  
Wherein we read with wonder and delight  
This sacred truth—"whatever is, is right!"

FINALE.—(Tempest, and Midsummer  
Night's Dream.)

LUCIANA. *Honour, riches, marriage, blessing,  
Long continuance, and increasing ;  
Hourly joys be still upon you !  
Heaven showers its blessings on you!*

CHORUS.

*Honours, riches, &c.*

**LUCIANA.** *If we shadows have offended,  
Do but smile, and all is ended.*

**CHORUS.**

*Honour, riches, &c.*

**ADRIANA.** *Gentles, do not reprehend;  
If you pardon, we will mend.*

**CHORUS.**

*Honour, riches, &c.*

**END OF THE COMEDY.**









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