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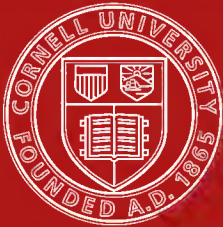
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THE COMEDIES, HISTORIES,
AND TRAGEDIES OF MR. WILLIAM
SHAKESPEARE

As presented at the Globe and Blackfriars
Theatres, *circa* 1591-1623

*Being the first revised folio text of 1623, in
parallel pages with the "Globe" text,
with Critical Introductions*

A SEQUEL TO

The Bankside Shakespeare

EDITED BY APPLETON MORGAN



NEW YORK
THE SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY OF NEW YORK

1894

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A SEQUEL TO
The Bankside Shakespeare
XXII.

THE COMEDIE OF ERRORS



(*The Heminges and Condell text with the
"Globe" modern text.*)

With an Introduction

BY

APPLETON MORGAN, A. M., LL. B. (COLUMBIA)

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"Shakespeare in Fact and in Criticism;" "Venus
and Adonis, A Study in Warwickshire Dia
lect;" "The Shakespearean Myth;"
"Digesta Shakespeareana;"
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NEW YORK
THE SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY OF NEW YORK
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INTRODUCTION.

WITH the title-page date of 1623, Heminges and Condell brought out the first collected Edition of Shakespeare's Plays, under the patronage of the Earls of Pembroke and Montgomery, two new names in a Shakespearean connection, but at the charges of Jaggard, Blount, Smithweeke and Aspley, who had owned and printed some of the earlier Quartos.

In this collected edition were sixteen plays, of which no quarto editions have ever been discovered, and for the texts of which we have no other authority than that of these Folio editors. Probably these sixteen were plays which Shakespeare had been able to keep from the rapacity of the stationers, the piracy by stenographers and the larceny of disloyal actors, since many of them had been mentioned by Francis Meres as well known in 1598—some thirty years before.

They were now entered on the Stationers' Register, however, by the above-named Blount and Jaggard (who appear on the title page of the First Folio as its publishers), on the eighth day of November, 1623, as follows :

1623. 8^o Nouembris. 1623. Rr. Jac. 21. ^o Mr. Blounte; Isaak Jaggard.—Entred for their copie vnder the hands of Mr Doctor Worrall and Mr Cole, warden, Mr William Shakspeers Comedyes, Histories and Tragedyes so manie of the said copies as are not formerly entred to other men, viz^t. *Comedyes*. The Tempest. The two gentlemen of Verona. Measure for Measure. The Comedy of Errors. As you like it. Alls well that ends well. Twelife night. The winter's tale.—

Histories. The third part of Henry the sixth.* Henry the eighth. Tragedies. Coriolanus. Timon of Athens. Julius Cæsar. Mackbeth. Anthonie and Cleopatra. Cymbeline.

—An entry which, if it preceded the publication of the folio, would, according to the present custom of publishers at least, have thrown the actual appearance of that volume into the year 1624. It would seem, also, that some legal difficulties had surrounded the undertaking from its start. At least I draw this much from the fact that the entry above cited was made, not by the proprietors themselves, as was usual, but by their counsel and solicitor.

But, however that may have been, there is no difficulty in selecting from among them THE COMEDY OF ERRORS as the earliest in point of composition. We are indeed able to locate it much earlier than even Meres's mention of it in 1598—probably to identify its performance at the Rose playhouse in 1592, and to its having been acted at some playhouse not earlier than, but probably at about, the month of August, 1589. This evidence is, to mention the best evidence first, the long localism† introduced in Act third, scene second, where two of the actors refer to such affairs in England, Scotland, France, Spain, the Netherlands, and even in far-off America, as for some reason happened to be of special public interest at the date of its insertion. The matter is lugged in, as Dromio the clown is lugged into the Pilgrimage to Parnassus (1597), “by a rope,” the rope being, in this case, a very thin one indeed, consisting merely of a remark by one of the

* This may be a scrivener's error for the *First Part of King Henry VI*. For, as we have seen, that play—known as *The Contention*—was issued in quarto in 1594 by Creed and Millington (Millington had copyrighted it as *The First Part of the Contention*, March 12th, 1593-4), whereas there is no Quarto anywhere corresponding to the *First Part of King Henry the Sixth*, which appears first in this First Folio.

† See, as to Localisms, Introduction to Volume I.

twin Dromios that he is claimed by a woman who "haunts him and will have him." The particular matter which gives us the date is as follows: (F. 907.)

"*Antipholus of S.* In what part of her body stands * * * * Scotland?

"*Dromio of S.* I found it by the barrenness; hard in the palm of the hand.

"*Antipholus of S.* Where France?

"*Dromio of S.* In her forehead; armed and reverted, making war against her heir."

The gibe at Scotland would have been relished in days when Elizabeth was troubled with the nightmare of a Scotch claimant for her throne. And the pun on *hair* and *heir* was an allusion to the civil war in France over the successorship of Henry the Fourth—which allusion would have been palpably stale and senseless had not the news been comparatively recent to a London audience. This war actually began with the murder of Henry the Third, August 2d, 1589. But it may be argued that a state of war was really inaugurated between the contending parties at the date of the death of the Duke of Anjou in 1584. Or the pun would have been again appropriate when Essex was sent by the English Court to the assistance of Henry of Navarre. So the pun helps us at least to the date 1591, which is the earliest date at which we can conjecture the appearance of a true Shakespearean play. Were further proof that this passage was interpolation needed, it would be found in the discrepancy between Dromio's statement in line F. 1095 that his involuntary sweetheart is named Dowsabel, whereas he here (F. 897) says her name is Nell; clearly that he may work in the pun—Nell—an ell—in describing her dimensions; the identical carelessness with a purpose that is so frequent in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*.* (Unless, indeed, some one shall arise to dis-

* See Introduction to Volume I.

cover that "Nell" was short for "Dowsabel," which would be quite in accord with the expected in Shakespearean hermeneutics !)

And such being the testimony, it is amply confirmed by the context. Indeed, of internal evidence that *The Comedy of Errors* was Shakespeare's very early work, the play has an abundance. It is written in rhyme, a form which Shakespeare discarded as experience showed him how much more effectively his actors could deliver blank verse or prose. It makes no attempt to distinguish character; the Antipholi might be Dromios, or the Dromios Antipholi, or either anybody else in the play, so far as the speeches put into their mouths characterize them or do more than fit them for the "business" assigned to each. Again, the anachronisms would be harrowing were they not boyish, as in the *Titus Andronicus*, and fitted with much amateur allusion to the classics. Here in Ephesus are, for example, a striking clock, ducats, guilders, marks, angels, sixpences and pounds sterling. Here are aqua vitæ, a mace, "suits of durance," a "hoy" (a sloop-rigged coaster of Elizabeth's time); women named Maud, Bridget, Marian, Jenny, Cicely, Nell, Dowsabel and Gilian; Turkish tapestry, "Tartar limbo," wenches who swear "God damn," rapiers, "Lapland sorcerers," etc. To be finical, if the play related to a date subsequently to St. Paul's visit, A. D. 56, we might strain a point to place in Ephesus a Priory and a Prioress, allusions to Christians, to Adam, Noah, Satan, the Prodigal Son, to "Saints in Heaven" and to Pentecost. But even St. Paul did not bring to the Ephesians the institutions of beads for prayers, the right of sanctuary in religious houses, any more than he did the English legalisms of "fine and recovery" and "actions on the case." And I think that the misdemeanor of Ægeon in entering the port of Ephesus may be an anachronistic allusion to the

Statute 1 Eliz. ch. 13, which inaugurated the policy of barring certain ports to foreigners. For it is in evidence that the policy was not intended to be Ephesian when the Merchant, at line F. 162, advises Antipholus of Syracuse to give it out that he is from Epidamnum, in order to avoid the penalty provided by the special or temporary decree of non-intercourse with the port of Syracuse.

Possibly, too, the pun on the Warwickshire pronunciation of "ship" as "sheep," and the use of the Warwickshire "soon" in the sense of "promptly" or "exactly"—in the keeping of an appointment at a certain hour—and of "coil" for "trouble," may be called anachronisms." They are certainly evidence that the author of them had lived in Warwickshire. As to the "Schoolmaster named Pinch," that seems to me an indication of Shakespeare's authorship. The whilom bad boy of Stratford-on-Avon, chased by Sir Thomas Lucy's bailiffs, cuffed by the beadle and flogged by Thomas Hunt, seems to have expressly disliked schoolmasters. What was wanted, at this point in the play, was a leech. But, just as he made clever old Parson Evans, in *The Merry Wives*, go out of his way to be ridiculous as a pedagogue, so he makes this schoolmaster do duty as a medical attendant, in order to get a fling at schoolmasters in general. (I may add, however, that, as usual, we find on examination that Shakespeare is justified in anything he may assume. We have Ben Jonson's authority for it that schoolmasters were given to other sorts of cunning:

"I would have ne'er a cunning schoolmaster in England—I mean a cunning man as a schoolmaster—that is, a conjurer."

Another and final proof of very early production would be the stage directions, which are quite as rudimentary as any of the amusing examples heretofore given,* which included not only the name of the

* See Introduction to Volume VII. *ante*.

character and his business, but his place in the cast, and a note of what he had been supposed to be about before entering. Such stage directions as "*Enter Dromio (of Syracuse) from the bay;*" "*Enter Antipholus of Ephesus, his man Dromio, Angelo the goldsmith, and Belthazar the merchant;*" "*Enter Adriana, Luciana, Courtizan, and a Schoolmaster named Pinch;*" "*Exit one to the Abbess;*" "*Exeunt to the Priorie;*" could only have been supplied at about the date to which we have seen that both the external and internal evidence agree in pointing, on a stage barren of scenery, and in a play which requires fewer properties than almost any other Shakesporean play—a purse, a rope, a chain, possibly an axe for the Headsman, and nothing more. But for all these I should be inclined to place both the *Titus Andronicus* and the *Pericles* earlier than *The Comedy of Errors*, from the fact alone that the two former were entirely devoid of humor, or anything that could be called humor. Social English life was so simple—so the reverse of complex that is—that there was very little opportunity in literature for any attempt at humor except in dealing with the correspondencies between the sexes. Shakespeare was the earliest writer who could create humorous situations without coarseness. He seems to have first intimated this power in *The Comedy of Errors*, which, crude and formative as it is in some features, is that most unusual phenomenon in Elizabethan literature, a pure as well as a perfect Farce.

Indeed, *The Comedy of Errors* may be pronounced as Shakespeare's only Farce. A perfect Farce, like a perfect Comedy, requires no scenic effect, or change of scene. But unlike comedy, which deals with life and with the verities, and whose characters must be always true, Farce requires that exaggeration at the expense of truth which shall produce only comic situation and cater only to the amusement of its audi-

ence. And moreover it is the causes, not the effects, which are to be exaggerated. That is to say, granted the causes, the effects are to be perfectly natural. It is apparent upon this definition that *The Comedy of Errors* is a perfect Farce. It ravages possibility and outrages our reason. Everybody knows that two persons coming from two different civilizations could not be dressed exactly alike. And when we add that each has a servant, and that the two servants are dressed exactly alike and speak exactly alike, the absurdity goes beyond the balk of unreason itself. But, granted the possibility, everything would then occur as it does in *The Comedy of Errors*.

Shakespeare is said to have taken this play from the Latin comedy of *Menæchmi*, by Plautus, which Plautus in turn took from the *Διδυμοί* of Menander. In reference to this, it would be well for the exact student to read Plautus's play, in order that he may see in how slight a degree Shakespeare was indebted to any model. If he ever read Plautus, he must have read him in the original Latin, for the old translation (which is in parts a literal construction and partly mere paraphrase) of the play (supposed to have been done by William Warner, who wrote the poem "Albion's England") was only printed in 1595, which was later than the date at which we have ascertained that the Shakespeare comedy was acted. It is also asserted, but by authority which eludes verification, that a "Historie of Errors" was acted at the Court at about the year 1577. But most readers of Shakespeare have tired of conjectural sources for his work. For my own part, I am inclined to think that the play of mistaken identity in real life is too familiar,* and in fiction is too much of a favorite, to make it either necessary or plausible to pronounce where any special user of it got his inspiration.

* See *Personal Identity*; a Paper read before the New York Medico-Legal Society. Papers. Vol. II., 1874.

Shakespeare has certainly surpassed Plautus in his piece, by giving the two brothers each a servant identical in visage, thus squaring the opportunities for farce comedy, and he has stretched the opportunities for comic situation far beyond the audacity of the Latin comedist.

In the Christmas holidays of the year 1594, the students of Gray's Inn (according to an account printed in 1688 under the title of *Gesta Grayorum*, and which the dedication declares was printed exactly from the original manuscript, it being "thought necessary not to slip anything, which, though it may seem odd, yet naturally begets a veneration on account of its antiquity"), held unusual revels, including theatrical performances, masques, burlesques, dances, processions through London and in boats on the Thames, and the like. A mock court was held at the Inn, under the presidency of one Henry Helmes, a Norfolk gentleman, who was elected "Prince of Purpoole," the ancient name of the manor, with other students assigned to the proper officers of his mock court. The revels culminated in an entertainment on the evening of Innocents' day, when the students of the Inner Temple were among the invited guests, they assuming the honors of ambassadors, and appearing at nine o'clock "very gallantly appointed," and being received in high state. This narrative concludes: "After their departure the throngs and tumults did somewhat cease, although so much of them continued as was able to disorder and confound any good inventions whatsoever; in regard whereof, as also for that the sports intended were especially for the gracing of the Templarians, it was thought good not to offer anything of account saving dancing and revelling with gentlewomen; and, after such sports, a Comedy of Errors, like to Plautus his Menechmus, was played by the players: so that night was begun and continued to the

end in nothing but confusion and errors, whereupon it was ever afterwards called the night of errors." "The spacious and elegant open-roofed hall of Gray's Inn, the erection of which was completed in the year 1560," says Dr. Halliwell-Phillipps, "is therefore one of the only two buildings now (1888) remaining in London, in which, so far as we know, any of the plays of Shakespeare were performed in his own time." John Manningham, a student of this same Inner Temple, who might have been present on the occasion, and so subsequently reminded of it, made in his diary the entry: "1601. Feb. 2. At our feast we had a play called Twelve Night, or What You Will, much like the Comedie of Errors or Menechmi in Plautus, but most like and neere to that in Italian called Inganai." That both of these plays were Shakespeare's, argues much for his popularity as a playwright, and agrees with all the official records, the Stationers' entries and the title pages of the Quarto printers. There are other references to *The Comedy of Errors* in Decker's *Satrio-Mastrix*, 1602, and in his "Newes from Hell" (1606); and in Anton's *Philosophers Satyrs* (1616).

Although written at so early a period, and dealing with matter so unusual in the poetical form, the rhymes show a remarkable facility; not one, so far as I can discover, being forced, nor a single strained or far fetched or incongruous word or figure or excursus being brought into the text for the rhyme's sake. And in this I cannot help comparing Shakespeare's youthful work with that of our moderns; with Mr. Browning, for example, who has never hesitated to mix any metaphor, or to travel into any foreign or absurd or incomprehensible analogy to get a single rhyme, and to travel back again to the matter on hand for the next one, even if the next rhyme after that required a journey into still another quarter of space. Who will forget, in *Clive*, that Mr. Browning is willing to represent

his hero as making a noise in eating, "silent save for biscuit crunch," in order to run out one of his lines and end it with a rhyme? Nothing of the sort, either in breach of prosody or of good manners, can be discovered even in the very earliest of Shakespeare's compositions.

APPLETON MORGAN.



WE, the undersigned, a Committee appointed by *The Shakespeare Society of New York* to confer and report upon a Notation for *The Bankside Edition* of the plays of William Shakespeare, hereby certify that the *Notation* of the present volume: of which five hundred copies only are printed, of which this copy belongs to Set No. 87: is that resolved upon by us, and reported by us to, and adopted by, *The Shakespeare Society of New York*.

COMMITTEE { ALVEY A. ADEE, *Chairman*.
ALBERT R. FREY.
HARRISON GREY FISKE.
APPLETON MORGAN.





The Comedie of Errors.

Actus primus, Scena prima.

1 *Enter the Duke of Ephesus, with the Merchant of Siracusa,*
2 *laylor, and other attendants.*

3 *Merchant.*

4 **P**roceed *Solinus* to procure my fall,

5 And by the doome of death end woes and all.

6 **D**uke. Merchant of *Siracusa*, plead no more.

7 I am not partiall to infringe our Lawes ;

8 The enmity and discord which of late

9 Sprung from the rancorous outrage of your Duke,

10 To Merchants our well-dealing COUNTRYMEN,

11 Who wanting gilders tó redeeme their liues,

I. i. 12 Haue seal'd his rigorous statutes with their blouds,

10 13 Excludes all pittie from our threatning looks :

14 For since the mortall and intestine iarres

15 Twixt thy feditious COUNTRYMEN and vs,

16 It hath in solemne Synodes beene decreed,

17 Both by the *Siracusians* and our felues,

18 To admit no trafficke to our aduerse townes :

19 Nay more, if any borne at *Ephesus*

20 Be seene at any *Siracusan* Marts and Fayres :

I. i. 21 Againe, if any *Siracusan* borne

20 22 Come to the Bay of *Ephesus*, he dies :

23 His goods confiscate to the Dukes dispose,

24 Vnlesse a thousand markes be leuied

25 To quit the penalty, and to ranfome him :



THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *A ball in the Duke's palace.*

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

Æge.

PROCEED, Solinus, to procure my fall
And by the doom of death end woes and all.

Duke. Merchant of Syracuse, plead no more;

I am not partial to infringe our laws:

The enmity and discord which of late
Sprung from the rancorous outrage of your duke
To merchants, our well-dealing countrymen,
Who wanting guilders to redeem their lives
Have seal'd his rigorous statutes with their bloods,
Excludes all pity from our threatening looks.

10

For, since the mortal and intestine jars
'Twixt thy seditious countrymen and us,
It hath in solemn synods been decreed,
Both by the Syracusians and ourselves,
To admit no traffic to our adverse towns:
Nay, more,

If any born at Ephesus be seen
At any Syracusian marts and fairs;
Again: if any Syracusian born
Come to the bay of Ephesus, he dies,
His goods confiscate to the duke's dispose,
Unless a thousand marks be levied,
To quit the penalty and to ransom him.

20

- 26 Thy substance, valued at the highest rate,
 27 Cannot amount vnto a hundred Markes,
 28 Therefore by Law thou art condemn'd to die.
 29 *Mer.* Yet this my comfort, when your words are done,
 30 My woes end likewise with the euening Sonne.
 I. i. 31 *Duk.* Well *Siracusan*; say in brieft the cause
 30 32 Why thou departedst from thy natiue home?
 33 And for what cause thou cam'st to *Ephesus*.
 34 *Mer.* A heauier taske could not haue bene impos'd,
 35 Then I to speake my griefes vnspeakeable:
 36 Yet that the world may witnesse that my end
 37 Was wrought by nature, not by vile offence,
 38 Ile vtter what my sorrow giues me leaue.
 39 In *Syracusa* was I borne, and wedde
 40 Vnto a woman, happy but for me,
 I. i. 41 And by me; had not our hap bene bad:
 40 42 With her I liu'd in ioy, our wealth increast
 43 By prosperous voyages I often made
 44 To *Epidamium*, till my factors death,
 45 And he great care of goods at randone left,
 46 Drew me from kind embracements of my spouse;
 47 From whom my absence was not fixe moneths olde,
 48 Before her selfe (almost at fainting vnder
 49 The pleasing punishment that women beare)
 50 Had made prouision for her following me,
 I. i. 51 And soone, and safe, arriued where I was:
 50 52 There had she not bene long, but she became
 53 A ioyfull mother of two goodly sonnes:
 54 And, which was strange, the one so like the other,
 55 As could not be distinguish'd but by names.
 56 That very howre, and in the self-same Inne,
 57 A meane woman was deliuered
 58 Of such a burthen Male, twins both alike:
 59 Those, for their parents were exceeding poore,
 60 I bought, and brought vp to attend my sonnes:
 61 My wife, not meanely prouid of two such boyes,

Thy substance, valued at the highest rate,
Cannot amount unto a hundred marks;
Therefore by law thou art condemn'd to die.

Æge. Yet this my comfort: when your words are done,
My woes end likewise with the evening sun.

Duke. Well, Syracusian, say in brief the cause
Why thou departed'st from thy native home 30
And for what cause thou camest to Ephesus.

Æge. A heavier task could not have been imposed
Than I to speak my griefs unspeakable:
Yet, that the world may witness that my end
Was wrought by nature, not by vile offence,
I'll utter what my sorrow gives me leave.

In Syracuse was I born, and wed
Unto a woman, happy but for me,
And by me, had not our hap been bad.
With her I lived in joy; our wealth increased 40
By prosperous voyages I often made

To Epidamnum; till my factor's death
And the great care of goods at random left
Drew me from kind embracements of my spouse:
From whom my absence was not six months old
Before herself, almost at fainting under
The pleasing punishment that women bear,
Had made provision for her following me
And soon and safe arrived where I was.

There had she not been long but she became 50
A joyful mother of two goodly sons;
And, which was strange, the one so like the other
As could not be distinguish'd but by names.
That very hour and in the self-same inn
A meaner woman was delivered
Of such a burden, male twins, both alike:
Those, for their parents were exceeding poor,
I bought and brought up to attend my sons.
My wife, not meanly proud of two such boys,

I. i.

60

62 Made daily motions for our home returne :
 63 Vnwilling I agreed, alas, too soone wee came aboard.
 64 A league from *Epidamium* had we saild
 65 Before the alwaies winde-obeying deepe
 66 Gaue any Tragicke Instance of our harme :
 67 But longer did we not retaine much hope ;
 68 For what obscured light the heauens did grant,
 69 Did but conuay vnto our fearefull mindes
 70 A doubtfull warrant of immediate death,

I. i.

71

71 Which though my selfe would gladly haue imbrac'd,
 72 Yet the incessant weepings of my wife,
 73 Weeping before for what she saw must come,
 74 And pitteous playnings of the prettie babes
 75 That mourn'd for fashion, ignorant what to feare,
 76 Forst me to seeke delays for them and me,
 77 And this it was : (for other meanes was none)
 78 The Sailors fought for safety by our boate,
 79 And left the ship then sinking ripe to vs.

I. i.

80

80 My wife, more carefull for the latter borne,
 81 Had fastned him vnto a small spare Maft,
 82 Such as sea-faring men prouide for stormes :
 83 To him one of the other twins was bound,
 84 Whil'ft I had beene like heedfull of the other.
 85 The children thus dispos'd, my wife and I,
 86 Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fixt,
 87 Fastned our selues at eyther end the maft,
 88 And floating straight, obedient to the streame,
 89 Was carried towards *Corinth*, as we thought.

I. i.

90

90 At length the sonne gazing vpon the earth,
 91 Disperst those vapours that offended vs,
 92 And by the benefit of his wishd light
 93 The seas waxt calme, and we discouered
 94 Two shippes from farre, making amaine to vs :
 95 Of *Corinth* that, of *Epidarus* this,
 96 But ere they came, oh let me say no more,
 97 Gather the sequell by that went before.

Made daily motions for our home return : 60
Unwilling I agreed ; alas ! too soon
We came aboard.
A league from Epidamnum had we sail'd,
Before the always wind-obeying deep
Gave any tragic instance of our harm :
But longer did we not retain much hope ;
For what obscured light the heavens did grant
Did but convey unto our fearful minds
A doubtful warrant of immediate death ;
Which though myself would gladly have embraced,
Yet the incessant weepings of my wife, 71
Weeping before for what she saw must come,
And piteous plainings of the pretty babes,
That mourn'd for fashion, ignorant what to fear,
Forced me to seek delays for them and me.
And this it was, for other means was none :
The sailors sought for safety by our boat,
And left the ship, then sinking-ripe, to us :
My wife, more careful for the latter-born,
Had fasten'd him unto a small spare mast, 80
Such as seafaring men provide for storms ;
To him one of the other twins was bound,
Whilst I had been like heedful of the other :
The children thus disposed, my wife and I,
Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fix'd,
Fasten'd ourselves at either end the mast ;
And floating straight, obedient to the stream,
Was carried towards Corinth, as we thought.
At length the sun, gazing upon the earth,
Dispersed those vapours that offended us ; 90
And, by the benefit of his wished light,
The seas wax'd calm, and we discovered
Two ships, from far, making amain to us,
Of Corinth that, of Epidaurus this :
But ere they came,—O, let me say no more !
Gather the sequel by that went before.

- 98 *Duk.* Nay forward old man, doe not breake off fo,
 99 For we may pittie, though not pardon thee.
- I. i.
 100 *Merch.* Oh had the gods done fo, I had not now
 101 Worthily tearm'd them mercileffe to vs:
 102 For ere the fhips could meet by twice fiue leagues,
 103 We were encountred by a mighty rocke,
 104 Which being violently borne vp,
 105 Our helpfull fhipe was splitted in the midft;
 106 So that in this vniuft diuorce of vs,
 107 Fortune had left to both of vs alike,
 108 What to delight in, what to sorrow for,
 109 Her part, poore soule, seeming as burdened
- I. i.
 110 With leffer waight, but not with leffer woe,
 111 Was carried with more fpeed before the winde,
 112 And in our fight they three were taken vp
 113 By Fifhermen of *Corinth*, as we thought.
 114 At length another fhipe had feiz'd on vs,
 115 And knowing whom it was their hap to faue,
 116 Gaue healthfull welcome to their fhipe-wrackt guefts,
 117 And would haue reft the Fifhers of their prey,
 118 Had not their backe beene very flow of faile;
 119 And therefore homeward did they bend their courfe.
- I. i.
 120 Thus haue you heard me feuer'd from my bliffe,
 121 That by misfortunes was my life prolong'd,
 122 To tell sad ftories of my owne mishaps.
- 123 *Duke.* And for the fake of them thou sorroweft for,
 124 Doe me the fauour to dilate at full,
 125 What haue befallne of them and they till now.
- 126 *Merch.* My youngest boy, and yet my eldest care,
 127 At eightene yeeres became inquisitiue
 128 After his brother; and importun'd me
 129 That his attendant, fo his cafe was like,
 130 Reft of his brother, but retain'd his name,
 131 Might beare him company in the queft of him:
 132 Whom whil'ft I laboured of a loue to fee,
 133 I hazarded the losse of whom I lou'd.

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

Age. O, had the gods done so, I had not now
Worthily term'd them merciless to us! 100

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

Her part, poor soul! seeming as burdened
With lesser weight but not with lesser woe,
Was carried with more speed before the wind; 110

And in our sight they three were taken up
By fishermen of Corinth, as we thought.
At length, another ship had seized on us;
And, knowing whom it was their hap to save,
Gave healthful welcome to their shipwreck'd guests;
And would have reft the fishers of their prey,
Had not their bark been very slow of sail;
And therefore homeward did they bend their course.
Thus have you heard me sever'd from my bliss,
That by misfortunes was my life prolong'd, 120
To tell sad stories of my own mishaps.

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

Age. My youngest boy, and yet my eldest care,
At eighteen years became inquisitive
After his brother: and importuned me
That his attendant—so his case was like,
Reft of his brother, but retain'd his name—
Might bear him company in the quest of him:
Whom whilst I labour'd of a love to see, 131
I hazarded the loss of whom I loved.

- 134 Fiue Sommers haue I spent in fartheft *Greece*,
 135 Roming cleane through the bounds of *Asia*,
 136 And coasting homeward, came to *Ephesus*:
 137 Hopelesse to finde, yet loth to leaue vnfought
 138 Or that, or any place that harbours men :
 139 But heere must end the story of my life,
 I. i. 140 And happy were I in my timelie death,
 140 141 Could all my trauels warrant me they liue.
 142 *Duke*. Haplesse *Egeon* whom the fates haue markt
 143 To beare the extremitie of dire mishap :
 144 Now trust me, were it not against our Lawes,
 145 Against my Crowne, my oath, my dignity,
 146 Which Princes would they may not difanull,
 147 My soule should sue as aduocate for thee :
 148 But though thou art adiudged to the death,
 149 And passed sentence may not be recal'd
 I. i. 150 But to our honours great disparagement :
 150 151 Yet will I fauour thee in what I can ;
 152 Therefore Marchant, Ile limit thee this day
 153 To seeke thy helpe by beneficiall helpe,
 154 Try all the friends thou hast in *Ephesus*,
 155 Beg thou, or borrow, to make vp the summe,
 156 And liue: if no, then thou art doom'd to die:
 157 Iaylor, take him to thy custodie.
 158 *Iaylor*. I will my Lord.
 159 *Merch*. Hopelesse and helpelesse doth *Egeon* wend,
 160 But to procraftinate his liuelesse end. *Exeunt.*

161 *Enter Antipholis Erotos, a Marchant, and Dromio.*

- 162 *Mer*. Therefore giue out you are of *Epidamium*,
 163 Left that your goods too soon be confiscate:
 164 This very day a *Syracusan* Marchant
 165 Is apprehended for a riuall here,
 166 And not being able to buy out his life,

Five summers have I spent in furthest Greece,
 Roaming clean through the bounds of Asia,
 And, coasting homeward, came to Ephesus;
 Hopeless to find, yet loath to leave unsought
 Or that or any place that harbours men.
 But here must end the story of my life;
 And happy were I in my timely death,
 Could all my travels warrant me they live.

140

Duke. Hapless Ægeon, whom the fates have mark'd
 To bear the extremity of dire mishap!
 Now, trust me, were it not against our laws,
 Against my crown, my oath, my dignity,
 Which princes, would they, may not disannul,
 My soul should sue as advocate for thee.
 But, though thou art adjudged to the death
 And passed sentence may not be recall'd
 But to our honour's great disparagement,
 Yet I will favour thee in what I can.
 Therefore, merchant, I'll 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 no, then thou art doom'd to die.
 Gaoler, take him to thy custody.

150

Gaol. I will, my lord.

Æge. Hopeless and helpless doth Ægeon wend,
 But to procrastinate his lifeless end. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. *The Mart.*

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse, DROMIO of Syracuse,
and First Merchant.

First Mer. Therefore give out you are of Epidamnum,
 Lest that your goods too soon be confiscate.
 This very day a Syracusan merchant
 Is apprehended for arrival here;
 And not being able to buy out his life

167 According to the statute of the towne,
 168 Dies ere the wearie funne fet in the West:
 169 There is your monie that I had to keepe.

I. ii.
 10 170 *Ant.* Goe beare it to the Centaure, where we hof,
 171 And stay there *Dromio*, till I come to thee;
 172 Within this houre it will be dinner time,
 173 Till that Ile view the manners of the towne,
 174 Perufe the traders, gaze vpon the buildings,
 175 And then returne and sleepe within mine Inne,
 176 For with long trauaile I am stiffe and wearie.
 177 Get thee away.

178 *Dro.* Many a man would take you at your word,
 179 And goe indeede, hauing fo good a meane.

180 *Exit Dromio.*

I. ii.
 20 181 *Ant.* A trustie villaine fir, that very oft,
 182 When I am dull with care and melancholly,
 183 Lightens my humour with his merry iests:
 184 What will you walke with me about the towne,
 185 And then goe to my Inne and dine with me?

186 *E.Mar.* I am inuited fir to certaine Marchants,
 187 Of whom I hope to make much benefit:
 188 I craue your pardon, foone at fiue a clocke,
 189 Please you, Ile meete with you vpon the Mart,
 190 And afterward confort you till bed time:

I. ii.
 30 191 My present bufineffe cals me from you now.

192 *Ant.* Farewell till then: I will goe loofe my selfe,
 193 And wander vp and downe to view the Citie.

194 *E.Mar.* Sir, I commend you to your owne content.

195 *Exeunt.*

196 *Ant.* He that commends me to mine owne content,
 197 Commends me to the thing I cannot get:
 198 I to the world am like a drop of water,
 199 That in the Ocean seekes another drop,
 200 Who falling there to finde his fellow forth,
 201 (Vnfeene, inquisitiue) confounds himselfe.

I. ii.
 40 202 So I, to finde a Mother and a Brother,
 203 In quest of them (vnhappie a) loofe my selfe.

According to the statute of the town
Dies ere the weary sun set in the west.
There is your money that I had to keep.

Ant. S. Go bear it to the Centaur, where we host,
And stay there, Dromio, till I come to thee. 10
Within this hour it will be dinner-time:
Till that, I'll view the manners of the town,
Peruse the traders, gaze upon the buildings,
And then return and sleep within mine inn,
For with long travel I am stiff and weary.
Get thee away.

Dro. S. Many a man would take you at your word,
And go indeed, having so good a mean. [Exit.

Ant. S. A trusty villain, sir, that very oft,
When I am dull with care and melancholy, 20
Lightens my humour with his merry jests.
What, will you walk with me about the town,
And then go to my inn and dine with me?

First Mer. I am invited, sir, to certain merchants,
Of whom I hope to make much benefit;
I crave your pardon. Soon at five o'clock,
Please you, I'll meet with you upon the mart
And afterward consort you till bed-time:
My present business calls me from you now.

Ant. S. Farewell till then: I will go lose myself 30
And wander up and down to view the city.

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

Ant. S. He that commends me to mine own content
Commends me to the thing I cannot get.
I to the world am like a drop of water
That in the ocean seeks another drop,
Who, falling there to find his fellow forth,
Unseen, inquisitive, confounds himself:
So I, to find a mother and a brother,
In quest of them, unhappy, lose myself. 40

204 *Enter Dromio of Ephesus.*

205 Here comes the almanacke of my true date:

206 What now? How chance thou art return'd so soone.

207 *E. Dro.* Return'd so soone, rather approacht too late:

208 The Capon burnes, the Pig fals from the spit;

209 The clocke hath strucken twelue vpon the bell:

210 My Mistris made it one vpon my cheeke:

211 She is so hot because the meate is colde:

212 The meate is colde, because you come not home:

213 You come not home, because you have no stomacke:

I. ii. 214 You haue no stomacke, hauing broke your fast:

51 215 But we that know what 'tis to fast and pray,

216 Are penitent for your default to day.

217 *Ant.* Stop in your winde fir, tell me this I pray?

218 Where haue you left the mony that I gaue you.

219 *E. Dro.* Oh fixe pence that I had a wensday last,

220 To pay the Sadler for my Mistris crupper:

221 The Sadler had it Sir, I kept it not.

222 *Ant.* I am not in a sportiue humor now:

223 Tell me, and dally not, where is the monie?

I. ii. 224 We being strangers here, how dar'ft thou trust

61 225 So great a charge from thine owne custodie.

226 *E. Dro.* I pray you iest fir as you sit at dinner:

227 I from my Mistris come to you in post:

228 If I returne I shall be post indeede.

229 For she will scoure your fault vpon my pate:

230 Me thinkes your maw, like mine, should be your cooke,

231 And strike you home without a messenger.

232 *Ant.* Come *Dromio*, come, these iests are out of seafon,

I. ii. 233 Referue them till a merrier houre then this:

70 234 Where is the gold I gaue in charge to thee?

235 *E. Dro.* To me fir? why you gaue no gold to me?

236 *Ant.* Come on fir knaue, haue done your foolifhnes,

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

238 *E. Dro.* My charge was but to fetch you frō the Mart

239 Home to your houfe, the *Phœnix* fir, to dinner;

Enter DROMIO of Ephesus.

Here comes the almanac of my true date.

What now ? how chance thou art return'd so soon ?

Dro. E. Return'd so soon ! rather approach'd too late :

The capon burns, the pig falls from the spit,

The clock hath 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 'tis to fast and pray

Are penitent for your default to-day.

51

Ant. S. Stop in your wind, sir ; tell me this I pray :

Where have you left the money that I gave you ?

Dro. E. O,—sixpence, that I had o' Wednesday last

To pay the saddler for my mistress' crupper ?

The saddler had it, sir ; I kept it not.

Ant. S. I am not in a sportive humour now :

Tell me, and dally not, where is the money ?

We being strangers here, how darest thou trust

So great a charge from thine own custody ?

61

Dro. E. I pray you, jest, sir, as you sit at dinner :

I from my mistress come to you in post ;

If I return, I shall be post indeed,

For she will score your fault upon my pate.

Methinks your maw, like mine, should be your clock

And strike you home without a messenger.

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

Reserve them till a merrier hour than this.

Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee ?

70

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

Ant. S. Come on, sir knave, have done your foolishness

And tell me how thou hast disposed thy charge.

Dro. E. My charge was but to fetch you from the mart
Home to your house, the Phœnix, sir, to dinner :

- 240 My Miftris and her fister ftaiēs for you.
 241 *Ant.* Now as I am a Christian anfwer me,
 242 In what fafe place you haue beftow'd my monie;
 I. ii. 243 Or I fhall breake that merrie ſconce of yours
 80 244 That ftands on tricks, when I am vndifpos'd:
 245 Where is the thouſand Markes thou hadft of me?
 246 *E. Dro.* I haue ſome markes of yours vpon my pate:
 247 Some of my Miftris markes vpon my fhoulders:
 248 But not a thouſand markes betweene you both.
 249 If I fhould pay your worſhip thoſe againe,
 250 Perchance you will not beare them patiently.
 251 *Ant.* Thy Miftris markes? what Miftris ſlaue haft thou?
 252 *E. Dro.* Your worſhips wife, my Miftris at the *Phœnix*;
 253 She that doth faſt till you come home to dinner:
 I. ii. 254 And praies that you will hie you home to dinner.
 91 255 *Ant.* What wilt thou flout me thus vnto my face
 256 Being forbid? There take you that ſir knaue.
 257 *E. Dro.* What meane you ſir, for God ſake hold your
 258 Nay, and you will not ſir, Ile take my heels. (hands:
 259 *Exeunt Dromio Ep.*
 260 *Ant.* Vpon my life by ſome deuife or other,
 261 The villaine is ore-wrought of all my monie.
 262 They ſay this towne is full of cofenage:
 263 As nimble Iuglers that deceiue the eie:
 I. ii. 264 Darke working Sorcerers that change the minde:
 100 265 Soule-killing Witches, that deforme the bodie:
 266 Diſguiſed Cheaters, prating Mountebanks;
 267 And manie ſuch like liberties of finne:
 268 If it proue ſo, I will be gone the ſooner:
 269 Ile to the Centaur to goe ſeeke this ſlaue,
 270 I greatly feare my monie is not fafe. *Exit.*

My mistress and her sister stays for you.

Ant. S. Now, as I am a Christian, answer me,
In what safe place you have bestow'd my money,
Or I shall break that merry sconce of yours,
That stands on tricks when I am undisposed:

80

Where is the thousand marks thou hadst of me?

Dro. E. I have some marks of yours upon my pate,
Some of my mistress' marks upon my shoulders;
But not a thousand marks between you both.

If I should pay your worship those again,
Perchance you will not bear them patiently.

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

Dro. E. Your worship's wife, my mistress at the Phœnix:
She that doth fast till you come home to dinner,
And prays that you will hie you home to dinner.

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

91

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

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

Ant. S. Upon my life, by some device or other
The villain is o'er-raught of all my money.

They say this town is full of cozenage,
As, nimble jugglers that deceive the eye,
Dark-working sorcerers that change the mind,
Soul-killing witches that deform the body,
Disguised cheaters, prating mountebanks,
And many such-like liberties of sin:

100

If it prove so, I will be gone the sooner.
I'll to the Centaur, to go seek this slave:

I greatly fear my money is not safe. [*Exit.*

Actus Secundus.

271 *Enter Adriana, wife to Antipholis Sereptus, with*
 272 *Luciana her Sister.*

273 *Adr.* Neither my husband nor the slaue return'd,
 274 That in such haste I sent to seeke his Master?
 275 Sure *Luciana* it is two a clocke.

276 *Luc.* Perhaps some Merchant hath inuited him,
 277 And from the Mart he's somewhere gone to dinner:
 278 Good Sister let vs dine, and neuer fret;
 279 A man is Master of his libertie:

II. i. 280 Time is their Master, and when they see time,

10 281 They'll goe or come; if so, be patient Sister.

282 *Adr.* Why should their libertie then ours be more?

283 *Luc.* Because their businesse still lies out adore.

284 *Adr.* Looke when I serue him so, he takes it thus.

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

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

287 *Luc.* Why, headstrong libertie is lashed with woe:

288 There's nothing situate vnder heauens eye,

289 But hath his bound in earth, in sea, in skie.

II. i. 290 The beasts, the fishes, and the winged fowles

20 291 Are their males subiects, and at their controules:

292 Man more diuine, the Master of all these,

293 Lord of the wide world, and wilde watry seas,

294 Indued with intellectuall fence and foules,

295 Of more preheminance then fish and fowles,

296 Are masters to their females, and their Lords:

297 Then let your will attend on their accords.

298 *Adri.* This seruitude makes you to keepe vnwed.

299 *Luci.* Not this, but troubles of the marriage bed.

300 *Adr.* But were you wedded, you wold bear some sway

II. i. 301 *Luc.* Ere I learne loue, Ile practise to obey.

30 302 *Adr.* How if your husband start some other where?

303 *Luc.* Till he come home againe, I would forbear.

ACT II.

SCENE I. *The house of ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus.**Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA.*

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

Luc. Perhaps some merchant hath invited him,
And from the mart he's somewhere gone to dinner.
Good sister, let us dine and never fret :

A man is master of his liberty :
Time is their master, and when they see time
They'll go or come: if so, be patient, sister.

10

Adr. Why should their liberty than ours be more ?

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

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

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

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

Luc. Why, headstrong liberty is lash'd with woe.
There's nothing situate under heaven's eye

But hath his bound, in earth, in sea, in sky :

The beasts, the fishes and the winged fowls
Are their males' subjects and at their controls :

20

Men, more divine, the masters of all these,
Lords of the wide world and wild watery seas,
Indued with intellectual sense and souls,
Of more pre-eminence than fish and fowls,
Are masters to their females, and their lords ;
Then let your will attend on their accords.

Adr. This servitude makes you to keep unwed.

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

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

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

Adr. How if your husband start some other where ?

30

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

304 *Adr.* Patience vn mou'd, no maruel though fhe pause,
 305 They can be meeke, that haue no other caufe:
 306 A wretched soule bruis'd with aduerfitie,
 307 We bid be quiet when we heare it crie.
 308 But were we burnded with like waight of paine,
 309 As much, or more, we fould our felues complaine:
 310 So thou that haft no vnkinde mate to greeue thee,
 II. i. 311 With vrging helpeleffe patience would releue me;
 40 312 But if thou liue to fee like right bereft,
 313 This foole-beg'd patience in thee will be left.
 314 *Luci.* Well, I will marry one day but to trie:
 315 Heere comes your man, now is your husband nie.

316 *Enter Dromio Eph.*

317 *Adr.* Say, is your tardie mafter now at hand?
 318 *E.Dro.* Nay, hee's at too hands with mee, and that my
 319 two eares can witneffe.

320 *Adr.* Say, didft thou fpeake with him? knowft thou
 321 his minde?

322 *E.Dro.* I, I, he told his minde vpon mine eare,
 323 Befhrew his hand, I fcarce could vnderstand it.

II. i. 324 *Luc.* Spake hee fo doubtfully, thou couldft not feele
 51 325 his meaning.

326 *E.Dro.* Nay, hee ftrooke fo plainly, I could too well
 327 feele his blowes; and withall fo doubtfully, that I could
 328 fcarce vnderftand them.

329 *Adri.* But fay, I prethee, is he comming home?
 330 It feemes he hath great care to please his wife.

331 *E.Dro.* Why Miftrefse, fure my Mafter is horne mad.

332 *Adri.* Horne mad, thou villaine?

333 *E.Dro.* I meane not Cuckold mad,

II. i. 334 But fure he is ftarke mad:

60 335 When I defir'd him to come home to dinner,

336 He ask'd me for a hundred markes in gold:

337 'Tis dinner time quoth I: my gold, quoth he:

338 Your meat doth burne, quoth I: my gold quoth he:

Adr. Patience unmoved ! no marvel though she pause ;
 They can be meek that have no other cause.
 A wretched soul, bruised with adversity,
 We bid be quiet when we hear it cry ;
 But were we burden'd with like weight of pain,
 As much or more we should ourselves complain :
 So thou, that hast no unkind mate to grieve thee,
 With urging helpless patience wouldst relieve me ;
 But, if thou live to see like right bereft,
 This fool-begg'd patience in thee will be left.

40

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

Enter DROMIO of Ephesus.

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

Dro. E. Nay, he'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 ?

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

Luc. Spake he so doubtfully, thou couldst not feel his
 meaning ?

51

Dro. E. Nay, he struck so plainly, I could too well feel
 his blows ; and withal so doubtfully that I could scarce
 understand them.

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

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

Adr. Horn-mad, thou villain !

Dro. E. I mean not cuckold-mad ;
 But, sure, he is stark mad.

When I desired him to come home to dinner,
 He asked me for a thousand marks in gold :

60

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

' Your meat doth burn,' quoth I ; ' My gold ! ' quoth he :

- 339 Will you come, quoth I: my gold, quoth he;
 340 Where is the thousand markes I gaue thee villaine?
 341 The Pigge quoth I, is burn'd: my gold, quoth he:
 342 My mistresse, fir, quoth I: hang vp thy Mistresse:
 343 I know not thy mistresse, out on thy mistresse.
- II. i. 344 *Luci.* Quoth who?
 70 345 *E.Dro.* Quoth my Master, I know quoth he, no house,
 346 no wife, no mistresse; so that my arrant due vnto my
 347 tongue, I thanke him, I bare home vpon my shoulders:
 348 for in conclusion, he did beat me there.
 349 *Adri.* Go back againe, thou slaue, & fetch him home.
 350 *Dro.* Goe backe againe, and be new beaten home?
 351 For Gods sake send some other messenger.
 352 *Adri.* Backe slaue, or I will breake thy pate a-crosse.
- II. i. 353 *Dro.* And he will blesse y^e crosse with other beating:
 80 354 Betweene you, I shall haue a holy head.
 355 *Adri.* Hence prating pefant, fetch thy Master home.
 356 *Dro.* Am I so round with you, as you with me,
 357 That like a foot-ball you doe spurme me thus:
 358 You spurme me hence, and he will spurme me hither,
 359 If I last in this seruice, you must cafe me in leather.
- 360 *Luci.* Fie how impatience lowreth in your face.
 361 *Adri.* His company must do his minions grace,
 362 Whil't I at home starue for a merrie looke:
 II. i. 363 Hath homelie age th'alluring beauty tooke
 90 364 From my poore cheeke? then he hath wafted it.
 365 Are my discourfes dull? Barren my wit,
 366 If voluble and sharpe discourfe be mar'd,
 367 Vnkindnesse blunts it more then marble hard.
 368 Do their gay vestments his affections baite?
 369 That's not my fault, hee's master of my state.
 370 What ruines are in me that can be found,
 371 By him not ruin'd? Then is he the ground
 372 Of my defeatures. My decayed faire,
 373 A funnie looke of his, would soone repaire.

'Will you come home?' quoth I; 'My gold!' quoth he,
 'Where is the thousand marks I gave thee, villain?'
 'The pig,' quoth I, 'is burn'd;' 'My gold!' quoth he.
 'My mistress, sir,' quoth I; 'Hang up thy mistress!
 I know not thy mistress! out on thy mistress!'

Luc. Quoth who?

Dro. E. Quoth my master:

70

'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, did he beat me there.

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

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

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

Dro. E. And he will bless that cross with other beating:
 Between you I shall have a holy head.

80

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

Dro. E. Am I so round with you as you with me,
 That like a football you do spurn me thus?
 You spurn me hence, and he will spurn me hither:
 If I last in this service, you must case me in leather.

[Exit.

Luc. Fie, how impatience loureth in your face!

Adr. His company must do his minions grace,
 Whilst I at home starve for a merry look.
 Hath homely age the alluring beauty took
 From my poor cheek? then he hath wasted it:
 Are my discourses dull? barren my wit?
 If voluble and sharp discourse be marr'd,
 Unkindness blunts it more than marble hard:
 Do their gay vestments his affections bait?
 That's not my fault: he's master of my state:
 What ruins are in me that can be found,
 By him not ruin'd? then is he the ground
 Of my defeatures. My decayed fair
 A sunny look of his would soon repair:

90

II. i.

100

374 But, too vnruely Deere, he breakes the pale,
 375 And feedes from home ; poore I am but his stale.
 376 *Luci.* Selfe-harming lealoufie; fie beat it hence.
 377 *Ad.* Vnfeeling fools can with fuch wrongs difpence:
 378 I know his eye doth homage other-where,
 379 Or elfe, what lets it but he would be here ?
 380 Sifter, you know he promis'd me a chaine,
 381 Would that alone, a loue he would detaine,
 382 So he would keepe faire quarter with his bed :

II. i.

110

383 I fee the lewell beft enamaled
 384 Will loofe his beautie: yet the gold bides still
 385 That others touch, and often touching will,
 386 Where gold and no man that hath a name,
 387 By falshood and corruption doth it flame:
 388 Since that my beautie cannot please his eie,
 389 He weepe (what's left away) and weeping die.
 390 *Luci.* How manie fond fooles ferue mad leloufie ?
 391 *Exit.*

392

Enter Antipholis Erotis.

393 *Ant.* The gold I gaue to *Dromio* is laid vp
 394 Safe at the *Centaur*, and the heedfull flauie
 395 Is wandred forth in care to feeke me out
 396 By computation and mine hofts report.
 397 I could not fpeake with *Dromio*, fince at firft
 398 I fent him from the Mart ? fee here he comes.

399

Enter Dromio Siracusia.

II. ii.

10

400 How now fir, is your merrie humor alter'd ?
 401 As you loue ftroakes, fo left with me againe:
 402 You know no *Centaur* ? you receiud no gold ?
 403 Your Miftrefse fent to haue me home to dinner ?
 404 My houfe was at the *Phœnix* ? Waft thou mad,
 405 That thus fo madlie thou didft anfwere me ?
 406 *S.Dro.* What anfwer fir ? when fpake I fuch a word ?
 407 *E.Ant.* Euen now, euen here, not halfe an howre fince.

But, too unruly deer, he breaks the pale
And feeds from home; poor I am but his stale. 100

Luc. Self-harming jealousy! fie, beat it hence!

Adr. Unfeeling fools can with such wrongs dispense.
I know his eye doth homage elsewhere;
Or else what lets it but he would be here?
Sister, you know he promised me a chain;
Would that alone, alone he would detain,
So he would keep fair quarter with his bed!
I see the jewel best enamelled

Will lose his beauty; yet the gold bides still, 110
That others touch, and often touching will
Wear gold: and no man that hath a name,
By falsehood and corruption doth it shame.
Since that my beauty cannot please his eye,
I'll weep what's left away, and weeping die.

Luc. How many fond fools serve mad jealousy!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A public place.*

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse.

Ant. S. The gold I gave to Dromio is laid up
Safe at the Centaur; and the heedful slave
Is wander'd forth, in care to seek me out
By computation and mine host's report.
I could not speak with Dromio since at first
I sent him from the mart. See, here he comes.

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.

How now, sir! is your merry humour alter'd?
As you love strokes, so jest with me again.
You know no Centaur? you received no gold?
Your mistress sent to have me home to dinner?
My house was at the Phoenix? Wast thou mad, 10
That thus so madly thou didst answer me?

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

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

- 408 *S.Dro.* I did not see you since you sent me hence
 409 Home to the *Centaur* with the gold you gave me.
 410 *Ant.* Villaine, thou didst denie the golds receipt,
 411 And toldst me of a Mistresse, and a dinner,
 II. ii. 412 For which I hope thou feltest I was displeas'd.
 20 413 *S.Dro.* I am glad to see you in this merrie vaine,
 414 What meanes this iest, I pray you Master tell me ?
 415 *Ant.* Yea, dost thou iere & flowt me in the teeth ?
 416 Thinkst \bar{y} I iest ? hold, take thou that, & that. *Beats Dro.*
 417 *S.Dr.* Hold fir, for Gods sake, now your iest is earnest,
 418 Vpon what bargaine do you giue it me ?
 419 *Antiph.* Because that I familiarlie sometimes
 420 Doe vse you for my foole, and chat with you,
 421 Your sawcinesse will iest vpon my loue,
 II. ii. 422 And make a Common of my serious howres,
 30 423 When the sunne shines, let foolish gnats make sport,
 424 But creepe in crannies, when he hides his beames :
 425 If you will iest with me, know my aspect,
 426 And fashon your demeanor to my lookes,
 427 Or I will beat this method in your sconce.
 428 *S.Dro.* Sconce call you it ? so you would leaue batte-
 429 ring, I had rather haue it a head, and you vse these blows
 430 long, I must get a sconce for my head, and Inscence it
 II. ii. 431 to, or else I shall seek my wit in my shoulders, but I pray
 40 432 fir, why am I beaten ?
 433 *Ant.* Dost thou not know ?
 434 *S.Dro.* Nothing fir, but that I am beaten.
 435 *Ant.* Shall I tell you why ?
 436 *S.Dro.* I fir, and wherefore ; for they say, euery why
 437 hath a wherefore.
 438 *Ant.* Why first for flowting me, and then wherefore,
 439 for vrging it the second time to me.

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

Ant. S. Villain, thou 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.

Dro. S. I am glad to see you in this merry vein: 20
What means this jest? I pray you, master, tell me.

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

[*Beating him.*]

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

Upon what bargain do you give it me?

Ant. S. Because that I familiarly sometimes
Do use you for my fool, and chat with you,
Your sauciness will jest upon my love,
And make a common of my serious hours.
When the sun shines let foolish gnats make sport, 30
But creep in crannies when he hides his beams.
If you will jest with me, know my aspect
And fashion your demeanour to my looks,
Or I will beat this method in your sconce.

Dro. S. Sconce call you it? so you would leave batter-
ing, I had rather have it a head: an you use these blows
long, I must get a sconce for my head and insconce it
too; or else I shall seek my wit in my shoulders. But, I
pray, sir, why am I beaten? 40

Ant. S. Dost thou not know?

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

Ant. S. Shall I tell you why?

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

Ant. S. Why, first,—for flouting me; and then, where-
fore,—

For urging it the second time to me.

- 440 *S.Dro.* Was there euer anie man thus beaten out of
 II. ii. 441 feason, when in the why and the wherefore, is neither
 50 442 rime nor reason. Well fir, I thanke you.
 443 *Ant.* Thanke me fir, for what?
 444 *S.Dro.* Marry fir, for this something that you gaue me
 445 for nothing.
 446 *Ant.* Ile make you amends next, to giue you nothing
 447 for something. But fay fir, is it dinner time?
 448 *S.Dro.* No fir, I thinke the meat wants that I haue.
 449 *Ant.* In good time fir: what's that?
 II. ii. 450 *S.Dro.* Bafting.
 60 451 *Ant.* Well fir, then 'twill be drie.
 452 *S.Dro.* If it be fir, I pray you eat none of it.
 453 *Ant.* Your reason?
 454 *S.Dro.* Left it make you chollericke, and purchafe me
 455 another drie bafting.
 456 *Ant.* Well fir, learne to left in good time, there's a
 457 time for all things.
 458 *S.Dro.* I durft haue denied that before you vvere fo
 459 chollericke.
 460 *Anti.* By what rule fir?
 II. ii. 461 *S.Dro.* Marry fir, by a rule as plaine as the plaine bald
 71 462 pate of Father time himfelfe.
 463 *Ant.* Let's heare it.
 464 *S.Dro.* There's no time for a man to recouer his haire
 465 that growes bald by nature.
 466 *Ant.* May he not doe it by fine and recouerie?
 467 *S.Dro.* Yes, to pay a fine for a perewig, and recouer
 468 the loft haire of another man.
 II. ii. 469 *Ant.* Why, is Time fuch a niggard of haire, being (as
 79 470 it is) fo plentifull an excrement?
 471 *S.Dro.* Because it is a bleffing that hee beftowes on
 472 beafts, and what he hath fcanted them in haire, hee hath
 473 giuen them in wit.

Dro. S. Was there ever any man thus beaten out of season,
When in the why and the wherefore is neither rhyme
nor reason ?

Well, sir, I thank you.

50

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

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

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

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

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

Dro. S. Basting.

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

60

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

Ant. S. Your reason ?

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

Ant. S. Well, sir, learn to jest in good time: there's a
time for all things.

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

Ant. S. By what rule, sir ?

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

71

Ant. S. Let's hear it.

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

Ant. S. May he not do it by fine and recovery ?

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

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

79

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

- 474 *Ant.* Why, but theres manie a man hath more haire
 475 then wit.
 476 *S.Dro.* Not a man of thofe but he hath the wit to lofe
 477 his haire.
 478 *Ant.* Why thou didft conclude hairy men plain dea-
 479 lers without wit.
 II. ii. 480 *S.Dro.* The plainer dealer, the fooner loft; yet he loo-
 90 481 feth it in a kinde of iollitie.
 482 *An.* For what reafon.
 483 *S.Dro.* For two, and found ones to.
 484 *An.* Nay not found I pray you.
 485 *S.Dro.* Sure ones then.
 486 *An.* Nay, not fure in a thing falſing.
 487 *S.Dro.* Certaine ones then.
 488 *An.* Name them.
 489 *S.Dro.* The one to ſaue the money that he ſpends in
 II. ii. 490 trying: the other, that at dinner they ſhould not drop in
 100 491 his porrage.
 492 *An.* You would all this time haue prou'd, there is no
 493 time for all things.
 494 *S.Dro.* Marry and did fir: namely, in no time to re-
 495 couer haire loft by Nature.
 496 *An.* But your reafon was not ſubſtantiall, why there
 497 is no time to recouer.
 498 *S.Dro.* Thus I mend it: Time himſelfe is bald, and
 II. ii. 499 therefore to the worlds end, will haue bald followers.
 111 500 *An.* I knew 'twould be a bald concluſion: but ſoft,
 501 who wafts vs yonder.

502 *Enter Adriana and Luciana.*

- 503 *Adri.* I, I, *Antipholus*, looke ſtrange and frowne,
 504 Some other Miſtreſſe hath thy ſweet aſpects:
 505 I am not *Adriana*, nor thy wife.
 506 The time was once, when thou vn-vrg'd wouldſt vow,
 507 That neuer words were muſicke to thine eare,
 508 That neuer obieſt pleaſing in thine eye,

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

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

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

Dro. S. The plainer dealer, the sooner lost: yet he loseth it in a kind of jollity. 90

Ant. S. For what reason?

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

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

Dro. S. Sure ones then.

Ant. S. Nay, not sure, in a thing falsing.

Dro. S. Certain ones then.

Ant. S. Name them.

Dro. S. The one, to save the money that he spends in tiring; the other that at dinner they should not drop in his porridge. 100

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

Dro. S. Marry, and did, sir; namely, no time to recover hair lost by nature.

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

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

Ant. S. I knew 'twould be a bald conclusion: But, soft! who wafts us yonder? 111

Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA.

Adr. Ay, ay, Antipholus, look strange and frown:
Some other mistress hath thy sweet aspects;
I am not Adriana nor thy wife.
The time was once when thou unurg'd wouldst vow
That never words were music to thine ear,
That never object pleasing to thine eye,

- 509 That neuer touch well welcome to thy hand,
 II. ii. 510 That neuer meat sweet-fauour'd in thy taste,
 120 511 Vnlesse I spake, or look'd, or touch'd, or caru'd to thee.
 512 How comes it now, my Husband, oh how comes it,
 513 That thou art then estranged from thy selfe?
 514 Thy selfe I call it, being strange to me:
 515 That vndiuidable Incorporate
 516 Am better then thy deere selves better part.
 517 Ah doe not teare away thy selfe from me;
 518 For know my loue: as easie maist thou fall
 519 A drop of water in the breaking gulfe,
 II. ii. 520 And take vnmingled thence that drop againe
 130 521 Without addition or diminishing,
 522 As take from me thy selfe, and not me too.
 523 How deerely would it touch thee to the quicke,
 524 Shouldst thou but heare I were licentious?
 525 And that this body consecrate to thee,
 526 By Ruffian Lust should be contaminate?
 527 Wouldst thou not spit at me, and spurne at me,
 528 Aud hurl the name of husband in my face,
 529 And teare the stain'd skin of my Harlot brow,
 II. ii. 530 And from my false hand cut the wedding ring,
 140 531 And breake it with a deepe-diuorcing vow?
 532 I know thou canst, and therefore see thou doe it.
 533 I am possesst with an adulterate blot,
 534 My bloud is mingled with the crime of lust:
 535 For if we two be one, and thou play false,
 536 I doe digest the poison of thy flesh,
 537 Being strumpeted by thy contagion:
 538 Keepe then faire league and truce with thy true bed,
 539 I liue distain'd, thou vndishonoured.
 II. ii. 540 *Antip.* Plead you to me faire dame? I know you not:
 150 541 In *Ephesus* I am but two houres old,
 542 As strange vnto your towne, as to your talke,
 543 Who euery word by all my wit being scan'd,
 544 Wants wit in all, one word to vnderstand.

That never touch well welcome to thy hand,
 That never meat sweet-savour'd in thy taste;
 Unless I spake, or look'd, or touched, or carved to thee. 120
 How comes it now, my husband, O, how comes it,
 That thou art thus estranged from thyself?
 Thyself I call it, being strange to me,
 That, undividable, incorporate,
 Am better than thy dear self's better part.
 Ah, do not tear away thyself from me !
 For know, my love, as easy mayst thou fall
 A drop of water in the breaking gulf
 And take unmingled thence that drop again,
 Without addition or diminishing, 130
 As take from me thyself and not me too.
 How dearly would it touch thee to the quick,
 Shouldst thou but hear I were licentious
 And that this body, consecrate to thee,
 By ruffian lust should be contaminate !
 Wouldst thou not spit at me and spurn at me
 And hurl the name of husband in my face
 And tear the stain'd skin off my harlot-brow
 And from my false hand cut the wedding-ring
 And break it with a deep-divorcing vow ? 140
 I know thou canst; and therefore see thou do it.
 I am possess'd with an adulterate blot;
 My blood is mingled with the crime of lust:
 For if we two be one and thou play false,
 I do digest the poison of thy flesh,
 Being strumpeted by thy contagion.
 Keep then fair league and truce with thy true bed;
 I live unstain'd, thou undishonoured.
Ant. S. Plead you to me, fair dame? I know you not:
 In Ephesus I am but two hours old, 150
 As strange unto your town as to your talk;
 Who, every word by all my wit being scann'd
 Want wit in all one word to understand.

- 545 *Luci.* Fie brother, how the world is chang'd with you:
 546 When were you wont to vse my sifter thus?
 547 She sent for you by *Dromio* home to dinner.
 548 *Ant.* By *Dromio*? *Drom.* By me.
 II. ii. 549 *Adr.* By thee, and this thou didst returne from him.
 160 550 That he did buffet thee, and in his blowes,
 551 Denied my house for his, me for his wife.
 552 *Ant.* Did you conuerse fir with this gentlewoman:
 553 What is the course and drift of your compact?
 554 *S.Dro.* I fir? I neuer saw her till this time.
 555 *Ant.* Villaine thou lieft, for euen her verie words,
 556 Didst thou deliuer to me on the Mart.
 557 *S.Dro.* I neuer spake with her in all my life.
 558 *Ant.* How can she thus then call vs by our names?
 II. ii. 559 Vnlesse it be by inspiration.
 170 560 *Adri.* How ill agrees it with your grautie,
 561 To counterfeit thus grosely with your flaue,
 562 Abetting him to thwart me in my moode;
 563 Be it my wrong, you are from me exempt,
 564 But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt.
 565 Come I will fasten on this fleue of thine:
 566 Thou art an Elme my husband, I a Vine:
 567 Whose weaknesse married to thy stranger state,
 568 Makes me with my strength to communicate:
 II. ii. 569 If ought possesse thee from me, it is drosse,
 180 570 Vsurping luie, Brier, or idle Mosse,
 571 Who all for want of pruning, with intrusion,
 572 Infect thy sap, and liue on thy confusion.
 573 *Ant.* To mee shee speakes, shee moues mee for her
 574 theame;
 575 What, was I married to her in my dreame?
 576 Or sleepe I now, and thinke I heare all this?
 577 What error driues our eies and eares amisse,
 578 Vntill I know this fure vncertaintie,
 579 Ile entertaine the free'd fallacie.

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. S. By Dromio ?

Dro. S. By me ?

Adr. By thee: and this thou didst return from him,
That he did buffet thee and in his blows
Denied my house for his, me for his wife. 160

Ant. S. Did you converse, sir, with this gentlewoman ?
What is the course and drift of your compact ?

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

Ant. S. Villain, thou liest; for even her very words
Didst thou deliver to me on the mart.

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

Ant. S. How can she thus then call us by our names ?
Unless it be by inspiration.

Adr. How ill agrees it with your gravity 170
To counterfeit thus grossly with your slave,
Abetting him to thwart me in my mood !
Be it my wrong you are from me exempt,
But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt.
Come, I will fasten on this sleeve of thine:

Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine,
Whose weakness married to thy stronger state
Makes me with thy strength to communicate:
If aught possess thee from me, it is dross,
Usurping ivy, brier, or idle moss; 180
Who, all for want of pruning, with intrusion
Infect thy sap and live on thy confusion.

Ant. S. To me she speaks; she moves me for her
theme:

What, was I married to her in my dream ?
Or sleep I now, and think I hear all this ?
What error drives our eyes and ears amiss ?
Until I know this sure uncertainty,
I'll entertain the offer'd fallacy.

- II. ii. 580 *Luc. Dromio*, goe bid the seruants fpre for dinner.
 191 581 *S.Dro.* Oh for my beads, I croffe me for a finner.
 582 This is the Fairie land, oh fpight of fpights,
 583 We talke with Goblins, Owles and Sprights;
 584 If we obay them not, this will infue:
 585 They'll fucke our breath, or pinch vs blacke and blew.
 586 *Luc.* Why prat'ft thou to thy felfe, and anfwer'ft not?
 587 *Dromio*, thou *Dromio*, thou fnaile, thou slug, thou sot.
 588 *S.Dro.* I am transformed Mafter, am I not?
 589 *Ant.* I think thou art in minde, and so am I.
 590 *S.Dro.* Nay Mafter, both in minde, and in my fhape.
 II. ii. 591 *Ant.* Thou haft thine owne forme.
 200 592 *S.Dro.* No, I am an Ape.
 593 *Luc.* If thou art chang'd to ought, 'tis to an Affe.
 594 *S.Dro.* 'Tis true fhe rides me, and I long for graffe.
 595 'Tis fo, I am an Affe, elfe it could neuer be,
 596 But I fhould know her as well as fhe knowes me.
 597 *Adr.* Come, come, no longer will I be a foole,
 598 To put the finger in the eie and weepe;
 599 Whil'ft man and Mafter laughes my woes to fcorne:
 600 Come fir to dinner, *Dromio* keepe the gate:
 II. ii. 601 Husband lle dine aboue with you to day,
 210 602 And fhriue you of a thousand idle pranks:
 603 Sirra, if any aske you for your Mafter,
 604 Say he dines forth, and let no creature enter:
 605 Come fifter, *Dromio* play the Porter well.
 606 *Ant.* Am I in earth, in heauen, or in hell?
 607 Sleeping or waking, mad or well aduifde:
 608 Knowne vnto thefe, and to my felfe difguifde:
 609 lle fay as they fay, and perfeuer fo:
 610 And in this mift at all aduentures go.
 II. ii. 611 *S.Dro.* Mafter, fhall I be Porter at the gate?
 220 612 *Adr.* I, and let none enter, leaft I breake your pate.
 613 *Luc.* Come, come, *Antipholus*, we dine to late.

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

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

191

This is the fairy land : O spite of spites !

We talk with goblins, owls and sprites :

If we obey them not, this will ensue,

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

Luc. Why pratest thou to thyself and answer'st not ?

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

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

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

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

Ant. S. Thou hast thine own form.

Dro. S. No, I am an ape,

200

Luc. If thou art changed to aught, 'tis to an ass.

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

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

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

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

To put the finger in the eye and weep,

Whilst man and master laugh my woes to scorn.

Come, sir, to dinner. Dromio, keep the gate.

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

And shrive you of a thousand idle pranks.

210

Sirrah, if any ask you for your master,

Say he dines forth and let no creature enter.

Come, sister. Dromio, play the porter well.

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

Sleeping or waking ? mad or well-advised !

Known unto these, and to myself disguised !

I'll say as they say and persevere so

And in this mist at all adventures go.

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

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

220

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

[*Exeunt.*]

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

614 *Enter Antipholus of Ephesus, his man Dromio, Angelo the*
 615 *Goldsmith, and Balthazer the Merchant.*

- 616 *E. Anti.* Good signior Angelo you must excuse vs all,
 617 My wife is shrewish when I keepe not howres;
 618 Say that I lingerd with you at your shop
 619 To see the making of her Carkanet,
 620 And that to morrow you will bring it home.
 621 But here's a villaine that would face me downe
 622 He met me on the Mart, and that I beat him,
 623 And charg'd him with a thousand markes in gold,
 III. i. 624 And that I did denie my wife and house;
 10 625 Thou drunkard thou, what didst thou meane by this?
 626 *E. Dro.* Say what you wil sir, but I know what I know,
 627 That you beat me at the Mart I haue your hand to shew;
 628 If y^e skin were parchment, & y^e blows you gaue were ink,
 629 Your owne hand-writing would tell you what I thinke.
 630 *E. Ant.* I thinke thou art an affe.
 631 *E. Dro.* Marry so it doth appeare
 632 By the wrongs I suffer, and the blowes I beare,
 633 I should kicke being kickt, and being at that passe,
 634 You would keepe from my heeles, and beware of an affe,
 III. i. 635 *E. An.* Y'are sad signior *Balthazar*, pray God our cheer
 20 636 May answer my good will, and your good welcom here.
 637 *Bal.* I hold your dainties cheap sir, & your welcom deer.
 638 *E. An.* Oh signior *Balthazar*, either at flesh or fish,
 639 A table full of welcome, makes scarce one dainty dish.
 640 *Bal.* Good meat sir is comon that euery churle affords.

ACT. III.

SCENE I. *Before the house of* ANTIPHOLUS of
Ephesus.

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

Ant. E. Good Signior Angelo, you must excuse us all;
My wife is shrewish when I keep not hours:
Say that I linger'd with you at your shop
To see the making of her carcanet
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 in gold
And that I did deny my wife and house.
Thou drunkard, thou, what didst thou mean by this? 10

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

That you beat me at the mart, I have your hand to show:
If the skin were parchment and the blows you gave were
ink,

Your own handwriting would tell you what I think.

Ant. E. I think thou art an ass.

Dro. E. Marry, so it doth appear
By the wrongs I suffer and the blows I bear.
I should kick, being kick'd; and, being at that pass,
You would keep from my heels and beware of an ass.

Ant. E. You're sad, Signior Balthazar: pray God our
cheer

May answer my good will and your good welcome here. 20

Bal. I hold your dainties cheap, sir, and your welcome
dear.

Ant. E. O, Signior Balthazar, either at flesh or fish,
A table full of welcome makes scarce one dainty dish.

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

- 641 *Anti.* And welcome more common, for thats nothing
 642 but words.
- 643 *Bal.* Small cheere and great welcome, makes a mer-
 644 rie feaft.
- 645 *Anti.* I, to a niggardly Host, and more sparing guest:
 646 But though my cates be meane, take them in good part,
 647 Better cheere may you haue, but not with better hart.
- III. i.
 30 648 But soft, my doore is lockt; goe bid them let vs in.
- 649 *E.Dro.* *Maud, Briget, Marian, Cistey, Gillian, Ginn.*
 650 *S.Dro.* Mome, Malthorse, Capon, Coxcombe, Idi-
 651 ot, Patch,
- 652 Either get thee from the dore, or sit downe at the hatch:
 653 Dost thou coniure for wenches, that y^e calst for such store,
 654 When one is one too many, goe get thee from the dore.
- 655 *E.Dro.* What patch is made our Porter? my Master
 656 stayes in the street.
- 657 *S.Dro.* Let him walke from whence he came, lest hee
 658 catch cold on's feet.
- 659 *E.Ant.* Who talks within there? hoa, open the dore.
 660 *S.Dro.* Right fir, Ile tell you when, and you'll tell
 661 me wherefore.
- III. i.
 40 662 *Ant.* Wherefore? for my dinner: I haue not din'd to
 663 day.
- 664 *S.Dro.* Nor to day here you must not come againe
 665 when you may.
- 666 *Anti.* What art thou that keep'ft mee out from the
 667 howse I owe?
- 668 *S.Dro.* The Porter for this time Sir, and my name is
 669 *Dromio.*
- 670 *E.Dro.* O villaine, thou hast stolne both mine office
 671 and my name,
 672 The one nere got me credit, the other mickle blame:
 673 If thou hadst been *Dromio* to day in my place,
 674 Thou wouldst haue chang'd thy face for a name, or thy
 675 name for an affe.

Ant. E. And welcome more common; for that's nothing but words.

Bal. Small cheer and great welcome makes a merry feast.

Ant. E. Ay to a niggardly host and more sparing guest: But though my cates be mean, take them in good part; Better cheer may you have, but not with better heart. But, soft, my door is lock'd. Go bid them let us in.

Dro. E. Maud, Bridget, Marian, Cicely, Gillian, Ginn!

Dro. S. [*Within*] Mome, malt-horse, capon, coxcomb, idiot, patch!

Either get thee from the door or sit down at the hatch. Dost thou conjure for wenches, that thou call'st for such store,

When one is one too many? Go get thee from the door.

Dro. E. What patch is made our porter? My master stays in the street.

Dro. S. [*Within*] Let him walk from whence he came, lest he catch cold on's feet.

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

Dro. S. [*Within*] Right, sir; I'll tell you when, an you'll tell me wherefore.

Ant. E. Wherefore? for my dinner: I have not dined to-day.

Dro. S. [*Within*] Nor to-day here you must not; come again when you may.

Ant. E. What art thou that keepest me out from the house I owe?

Dro. S. [*Within*] The porter for this time, sir, and my name is Dromio.

Dro. E. O villain! thou hast stolen both mine office and my name.

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

If thou hadst been Dromio to-day in my place,

Thou wouldst have changed thy face for a name or thy name for an ass.

30

40

676

Enter Luce.

677 *Luce.* What a coile is there *Dromio*? who are those
678 at the gate?

679 *E.Dro.* Let my Master in *Luce*.

III. i.
50

680 *Luce.* Faith no, hee comes too late, and so tell your
681 Master.

682 *E.Dro.* O Lord I must laugh, haue at you with a Pro-
683 uerbe,

684 Shall I fet in my staffe.

685 *Luce.* Haue at you with another, that's when? can
686 you tell?

687 *S.Dro.* If thy name be called *Luce*, *Luce* thou hast an-
688 swer'd him well.

689 *Anti.* Doe you heare you minion, you'll let vs in I
690 hope?

691 *Luce.* I thought to haue askt you.

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

693 *E.Dro.* So come helpe, well strooke, there was blow
694 for blow.

695 *Anti.* Thou baggage let me in.

696 *Luce.* Can you tell for whose sake?

697 *E.Drom.* Master, knocke the doore hard.

698 *Luce.* Let him knocke till it ake.

699 *Anti.* You'll crie for this minion, if I beat the doore
700 downe.

III. i.
60

701 *Luce.* What needs all that, and a paire of stocks in the
702 towne?

703

Enter Adriana.

704 *Adr.* Who is that at the doore \ddot{y} keeps all this noise?

705 *S.Dro.* By my troth your towne is troubled with vn-
706 ruly boies.

707 *Anti.* Are you there Wife? you might haue come
708 before.

709 *Adri.* Your wife sir knaue? go get you from the dore.

Luce. [*Within*] What a coil is there, Dromio? who are those at the gate?

Dro. E. Let my master in, Luce.

Luce. [*Within*] Faith, no; he comes too late;
And so tell your master.

50

Dro. E. O Lord, I must laugh!
Have at you with a proverb—Shall I set in my staff?

Luce. [*Within*] Have at you with another; that's—
When? can you tell?

Dro. S. [*Within*] If thy name be call'd Luce,—Luce,
thou hast answered him well.

Ant. E. Do you hear, you minion? you'll let us in, I hope?

Luce. [*Within*] I thought to have ask'd you.

Dro. S. [*Within*] And you said no.

Dro. E. So, come, help: well struck! there was blow
for blow.

Ant. E. Thou baggage, let me in.

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

Dro. E. Master, knock the door hard.

Luce. [*Within*] Let him knock till it ache.

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

Luce. [*Within*] What needs all that, and a pair of stocks
in the town?

60

Adr. [*Within*] Who is that at the door that keeps all
this noise?

Dro. S. [*Within*] By my troth, your town is troubled
with unruly boys.

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

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

- 710 *E.Dro.* If you went in paine Maſter, this knaue wold
 711 goe fore.
- 712 *Angelo.* Heere is neither cheere fir, nor welcome, we
 713 would faine haue either.
- 714 *Baltz.* In debating which was beſt, wee fhall part
 715 with neither.
- 716 *E.Dro.* They ſtand at the doore, Maſter, bid them
 717 welcome hither.
- 718 *Anti.* There is ſomething in the winde, that we can-
 719 not get in.
- III. i. 720 *E.Dro.* You would ſay ſo Maſter, if your garments
 70 721 were thin.
- 722 Your cake here is warme within: you ſtand here in the
 723 cold.
- 724 It would make a man mad as a Bucke to be ſo bought
 725 and fold.
- 726 *Ant.* Go fetch me ſomething, Ile break ope the gate.
- 727 *S.Dro.* Breake any breaking here, and Ile breake your
 728 knaues pate.
- 729 *E.Dro.* A man may breake a word with you fir, and
 730 words are but winde:
- 731 I and breake it in your face, ſo he break it not behinde.
- 732 *S.Dro.* It ſeemes thou want'ſt breaking, out upon thee
 733 hinde.
- 734 *E.Dro.* Here's too much out vpon thee, I pray thee let
 735 me in.
- 736 *S.Dro.* I, when fowles haue no feathers, and fiſh haue
 737 no fin.
- III. i. 738 *Ant.* Well, Ile breake in: go borrow me a crow.
 80 739 *E.Dro.* A crow without feather, Maſter meane you ſo;
 740 For a fiſh without a finne, ther's a fowle without afether,
 741 If a crow help vs in firra, wee'll plucke a crow together.
- 742 *Ant.* Go, get thee gon, fetch me an iron Crow.
- 743 *Balth.* Haue patience fir, oh let it not be ſo,
 744 Heerein you warre againſt your reputation,
 745 And draw within the compaſſe of ſuſpect

Dro. E. If you went in pain, master, this 'knave'
would go sore.

Ang. Here is neither cheer, sir, nor welcome: we
would fain have either.

Bal. In debating which was best, we shall part with
neither.

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

Ant. E. There is something in the wind, that we can-
not get in.

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

70

Your cake there is warm within; you stand here in the
cold:

It would make a man mad as a buck to be so bought
and sold.

Ant. E. Go fetch me something; I'll break ope the gate.

Dro. S. [*Within*] Break any breaking here, and I'll
break your knave's pate.

Dro. E. A man may break a word with you, sir, and
words are but wind,

Ay, and break it in your face, so he break it not behind.

Dro. S. [*Within*] It seems thou want'st breaking: out
upon thee, hind!

Dro. E. Here's too much 'out upon thee?' I pray thee,
let me in.

Dro. S. [*Within*] Ay, when fowls have no feathers and
fish have no fin.

Ant. E. Well, I'll break in: go borrow me a crow.

80.

Dro. E. A crow without feather? Master, mean you so?
For a fish without a fin, there's a fowl without a feather:
If a crow help us in, sirrah, we'll pluck a crow together.

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

Bal. Have patience, sir; O, let it not be so!

Herein you war against your reputation
And draw within the compass of suspect

- 746 Th'vnuiolated honor of your wife.
- III. i.
90 747 Once this your long experience of your wifedome,
748 Her sober vertue, yeares, and modestie,
749 Plead on your part some cause to you vnknowne;
750 Aud doubt not fir, but she will well excufe
751 Why at this time the dores are made against you.
752 Be rul'd by me, depart in patience,
753 And let vs to the Tyger all to dinner,
754 And about euening come your selfe alone,
755 To know the reason of this strange restraint:
756 If by strong hand you offer to breake in
III. i.
100 757 Now in the stirring passage of the day,
758 A vulgar comment will be made of it;
759 And that supposed by the common rowt
760 Against your yet vngalled estimation,
761 That may with foule intrusion enter in,
762 And dwell vpon your graue when your are dead;
763 For slander liues vpon succession;
764 For euer hows'd, where it gets possession.
765 *Anti.* You haue preuail'd, I will depart in quiet,
766 And in despite of mirth meane to be merrie:
III. i.
110 767 I know a wench of excellent discourse,
768 Prettie and wittie; wilde, and yet too gentle;
769 There will we dine: this woman that I meane
770 My wife (but I protest without desert)
771 Hath oftentimes vpbraided me withall:
772 To her will we to dinner, get you home
773 And fetch the chaine, by this I know 'tis made,
774 Bring it I pray you to the *Porpentine*,
775 For there's the house: That chaine will I bestow
776 (Be it for nothing but to spight my wife)
III. i.
120 777 Vpon mine hostesse there, good fir make haste:
778 Since mine owne doores refuse to entertaine me,
779 He knocke else-where, to see if they'll disdaine me.
780 *Ang.* He meet you at that place some houre hence.
781 *Anti.* Do so, this iest shall cost me some expence.
782

Exeunt.

The unviolated honour of your wife.
 Once this,—your long experience of her wisdom,
 Her sober virtue, years and modesty, 90
 Plead on her part some cause to you unknown;
 And doubt not, sir, but she will well excuse
 Why at this time the doors are made against you.
 Be ruled by me: depart in patience,
 And let us to the Tiger all to dinner,
 And about evening come yourself alone.
 To know the reason of this strange restraint.
 If by strong hand you offer to break in
 Now in the stirring passage of the day,
 A vulgar comment will be made of it, 100
 And that supposed by the common rout
 Against your yet ungalled estimation
 That may with foul intrusion enter in
 And dwell upon your grave when you are dead:
 For slander lives upon succession,
 For ever housed where it gets possession.

Ant. E. You have prevail'd: I will depart in quiet,
 And, in despite of mirth, mean to be merry.
 I know a wench of excellent discourse,
 Pretty and witty; wild and yet, too, gentle; 110
 There will we dine. This woman that I mean,
 My wife—but, I protest, without desert—
 Hath oftentimes upbraided me withal:
 To her will we to dinner. [*To Ang.*] Get you home
 And fetch the chain; by this, I know 'tis made:
 Bring it, I pray you, to the Porpentine;
 For there's the house: that chain will I bestow—
 Be it for nothing but to spite my wife—
 Upon mine hostess there: good sir, make haste.
 Since mine own doors refuse to entertain me, 120
 I'll knock elsewhere, to see if they'll disdain me.

Ang. I'll meet you at that place some hour hence.

Ant. E. Do so. This jest shall cost me some expense.

[*Exeunt.*]

783 *Enter Iuliana, with Antipholus of Siracusia.*

784 *Iulia.* And may it be that you haue quite forgot

785 A husband's office? fhall *Antipholus*

786 Euen in the spring of Loue, thy Loue-springs rot?

787 Shall loue in buildings grow so ruinate?

788 If you did wed my sifter for her wealth,

789 Then for her wealths-fake vse her with more kindnesse:

790 Or if you like else-where doe it by stealth,

791 Muffle your false loue with some shew of blindnesse:

III. ii. 792 Let not my sifter read it in your eye:

10 793 Be not thy tongue thy onwe fhames Orator:

794 Looke sweet, speake faire, become disloyaltie:

795 Apparell vice like vertues harbenger:

796 Beare a faire presence, though your heart be tainted,

797 Teach sinne the carriage of a holy Saint,

798 Be secret false: what need she be acquainted?

799 What simple thiefe brags of his owne attaine?

800 'Tis double wrong to truant with your bed,

801 And let her read it in thy lookes at boord:

III. ii. 802 Shame hath a bastard fame, well managed,

20 803 Ill deeds is doubled with an euill word:

804 Alas poore women, make vs not beleue

805 (Being compact of credit) that you loue vs,

806 Though others haue the arme, shew vs the fleue:

807 We in your motion turne, and you may moue vs.

808 Then gentle brother get you in againe;

809 Comfort my sifter, cheere her, call her wife;

810 'Tis holy sport to be a little vaine,

811 When the sweet breath of flatterie conquers strife.

812 *S. Anti.* Sweete Miftris, what your name is else I know

III. ii. 813 not;

30 814 Nor by what wonder you do hit of mine:

815 Lesse in your knowledge, and your grace you shew not,

816 Then our earths wonder, more then earth diuine.

817 Teach me deere creature how to thinke and speake:

SCENE II. *The same.**Enter* LUCIANA *and* ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse.

Luc. And may it be that you have quite forgot
 A husband's office? shall, Antipholus,
 Even in the spring of love, thy love-springs rot?
 Shall love, in building, grow so ruinous?
 If you did wed my sister for her wealth,
 Then for her wealth's sake use her with more kindness:
 Or if you like elsewhere, do it by stealth;
 Muffle your false love with some show of blindness:
 Let not my sister read it in your eye;
 Be not thy tongue thy own shame's orator; 10
 Look sweet, speak fair, become disloyalty;
 Apparel vice like virtue's harbinger;
 Bear a fair presence, though your heart be tainted;
 Teach sin the carriage of a holy saint;
 Be secret-false: what need she be acquainted?
 What simple thief brags of his own attain?
 'Tis double wrong, to truant with your bed
 And let her read it in thy looks at board:
 Shame hath a bastard fame, well managed;
 Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word. 20
 Alas, poor women! make us but believe,
 Being compact of credit, that you love us;
 Though others have the arm, show us the sleeve;
 We in your motion turn, and you may move us.
 Then, gentle brother, get you in again;
 Comfort my sister, cheer her, call her wife:
 'Tis holy sport to be a little vain,
 When the sweet breath of flattery conquers strife.

Ant. S. Sweet mistress,—what your name is else, I know
 not,
 Nor by what wonder you do hit of mine,— 30
 Less in your knowledge and your grace you show not
 Than our earth's wonder; more than earth divine.
 Teach me, dear creature, how to think and speak;

- 818 Lay open to my earthie grosse conceit :
 819 Smothred in errors, feeble, fshallow, weake,
 820 The fouled meaning of your words deceit :
 821 Against my foules pure truth, why labour you,
 822 To make it wander in an vnknowne field ?
 III. ii. 823 Are you a god? would you create me new ?
 40 824 Transforme me then, and to your powre Ile yeeld.
 825 But if that I am I, then well I know,
 826 Your weeping sifter is no wife of mine,
 827 Nor to her bed no homage doe I owe:
 828 Farre more, farre more, to you doe I decline:
 829 Oh traine me not fweet Mermaide with thy note,
 830 To drowne me in thy sifter floud of teares:
 831 Sing Siren for thy felfe, and I will dote:
 832 Spread ore the siluer waues thy golden haire;
 833 And as a bud Ile take thee, and there lie:
 834 And in that glorious supposition thinke,
 III. ii. 835 He gaines by death, that hath such meanes to die:
 50 836 Let Loue, being light, be drowned if fhe sinke.
 837 *Luc.* What are you mad, that you doe reason so ?
 838 *Ant.* Not mad, but mated, how I doe not know.
 839 *Luc.* It is a fault that springeth from your eie.
 840 *Ant.* For gazing on your beames faire fun being by.
 841 *Luc.* Gaze when you should, and that will cleere
 842 your fight.
 843 *Ant.* As good to winke fweet loue, as looke on night.
 844 *Luc.* Why call you me loue ? Call my sifter so.
 845 *Ant.* Thy sisters sifter.
 III. ii. 846 *Luc.* That's my sifter.
 60 847 *Ant.* No: it is thy felfe, mine owne selves better part:
 848 Mine eies cleere eie, my deere hearts deerer heart;
 849 My foode, my fortune, and my fweet hopes aime;
 850 My fole earths heauen, and my heauens claime.
 851 *Luc.* All this my sifter is, or elle should be.
 852 *Ant.* Call thy felfe sifter fweet, for I am thee:

Lay open to my earthy-gross conceit,
 Smother'd in errors, feeble, shallow, weak,
 The folded meaning of your words' deceit.
 Against my soul's pure truth why labour you
 To make it wander in an unknown field?
 Are you a god? would you create me new?
 Transform me then, and to your power I'll yield. 40
 But if that I am I, then well I know
 Your weeping sister is no wife of mine,
 Nor to her bed no homage do I owe:
 Far more, far more to you do I decline.
 O, train me not, sweet mermaid, with thy note,
 To drown me in thy sister's flood of tears:
 Sing, siren, for thyself and I will dote:
 Spread o'er the silver waves thy golden hairs,
 And as a bed I'll take them and there lie,
 And in that glorious supposition think 50
 He gains by death that hath such means to die:
 Let Love, being light, be drowned if she sink!
Luc. What, are you mad, that you do reason so?
Ant. S. Not mad, but mated; how, I do not know.
Luc. It is a fault that springeth from your eye.
Ant. S. For gazing on your beams, fair sun, being by.
Luc. Gaze where you should, and that will clear your
 sight.
Ant. S. As good to wink, sweet love, as look on night.
Luc. Why call you me love? call my sister so.
Ant. S. Thy sister's sister.
Luc. That's my sister.
Ant. S. No; 60
 It is thyself, mine own self's better part,
 Mine eye's clear eye, my dear heart's dearer heart,
 My food, my fortune and my sweet hope's aim,
 My sole earth's heaven and my heaven's claim.
Luc. All this my sister is, or else should be.
Ant. S. Call thyself sister, sweet, for I am thee.

853 Thee will I loue, and with thee lead my life;
 854 Thou haft no husband yet, nor I no wife:
 855 Giue me thy hand.

III. ii.
 70

856 *Luc.* Oh foft fir, hold you still:
 857 Ile fetch my fifter to get her good will. *Exit.*

858 *Enter Dromio, Siracusia.*

859 *Ant.* Why how now *Dromio*, where run'ft thou fo
 860 faft?

861 *S.Dro.* Doe you know me fir? Am I *Dromio*? Am I
 862 your man? Am I my felfe?

863 *Ant.* Thou art *Dromio*, thou art my man, thou art
 864 thy felfe.

III. ii.
 80

865 *Dro.* I am an affe, I am a woman's man, and besides
 866 my felfe.

867 *Ant.* What womans man? and how besides thy
 868 felfe?

869 *Dro.* Marrie fir, besides my felfe, I am due to a woman:
 870 One that claimes me, one that haunts me, one that will
 871 haue me.

872 *Anti.* What claime laies fhe to thee?

873 *Dro.* Marry fir, fuch claime as you would lay to your
 874 horfe, and fhe would haue me as a beaft, not that I bee-
 875 ing a beaft fhe would haue me, but that fhe being a ve-
 876 rie beaftly creature layes claime to me.

III. ii.
 90

877 *Anti.* What is fhe?

878 *Dro.* A very reuerent body: I fuch a one, as a man
 879 may not fpeake of, without he fay fir reuerence, I haue
 880 but leane lucke in the match, and yet fhe is a wondrous
 881 fat marriage.

882 *Anti.* How doft thou meane a fat marriage?

883 *Dro.* Marry fir, fhe's the Kitchin wench, & al greafe,
 884 and I know not what vfe to put her too, but to make a
 885 Lampe of her, and run from her by her owne light. I
 886 warrant, her ragges and the Tallow in them, will burne

Thou wilt I love and with thee lead my life:
Thou hast no husband yet, nor I no wife.
Give me thy hand.

Luc. O, soft, sir! hold you still:
I'll fetch my sister, to get her good will. [*Exit.* 70

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.

Ant. S. Why, how now, Dromio! where runn'st thou so fast?

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

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

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

Ant. S. What woman's man? and how besides thyself? 80

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

Ant. S. What claim lays she to thee?

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

Ant. S. What is she? 90

Dro. S. A very reverent body; ay, such a one as a man may not speak of without he say 'Sir-reverence.' I have but lean luck in the match, and yet is she a wondrous fat marriage.

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

Dro. S. Marry, sir, she's the kitchen wench, and all grease; and I know not what use to put her to, but to make a lamp of her, and run from her by her own light. I warrant her rags, and the tallow in them, will

887 a *Poland* Winter : If she liues till doomesday, she'l burne
888 a weeke longer then the whole World.

889 *Anti.* What complexion is she of?

890 *Dro.* Swart like my shoo, but her face nothing like
891 so cleane kept : for why? she sweats a man may goe o-
892 uer-shooes in the grime of it.

893 *Anti.* That's a fault that water will mend.

894 *Dro.* No sir, 'tis in graine, *Noahs* flood could not
895 do it.

III. ii.
110

896 *Anti.* What's her name ?

897 *Dro.* *Nell* Sir : but her name is three quarters, that's
898 an Ell and three quarters, will not measure her from hip
899 to hip.

900 *Anti.* Then she beares some bredth ?

901 *Dro.* No longer from head to foot, then from hippe
902 to hippe : she is sphericall, like a globe : I could find out
903 Countries in her.

904 *Anti.* In what part of her body stands *Ireland* ?

III. ii.
121

905 *Dro.* Marry sir in her buttockes, I found it out by
906 the bogges.

907 *Ant.* Where *Scotland* ?

908 *Dro.* I found it by the barreneffe, hard in the palme
909 of the hand.

910 *Ant.* Where *France* ?

911 *Dro.* In her forehead, arm'd and reuerted, making
912 warre against her heire.

913 *Ant.* Where *England* ?

914 *Dro.* I look'd for the chackle Cliffes, but I could find
915 no whiteneffe in them. But I gueffe, it stood in her chin
916 by the salt rheume that ranne betweene *France*, and it.

917 *Ant.* Where *Spaine* ?

918 *Dro.* Faith I saw it not: but I felt it hot in her breth.

919 *Ant.* Where *America*, the *Indies* ?

920 *Dro.* Oh sir, vpon her nose, all ore embellished with
921 Rubies, Carbuncles, Saphires, declining their rich Af-

burn a Poland winter: if she lives till doomsday, she'll burn a week longer than the whole world.

Ant. S. What complexion is she of?

Dro. S. Swart, like my shoe, but her face nothing like so clean kept: for why, she sweats; a man may go over shoes in the grime of it.

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

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

Ant. S. What's her name?

110

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

Ant. S. Then she bears some breadth?

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

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

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

121

Ant. S. Where Scotland?

Dro. S. I found it by the barrenness; hard in the palm of her hand.

Ant. S. Where France?

Dro. S. In her forehead; armed and reverted, making war against her heir.

Ant. S. Where England?

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

Ant. S. Where Spain?

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

Ant. S. Where America, the Indies?

Dro. S. Oh, sir, upon her nose, all o'er embellished with rubies, carbuncles, sapphires, declining their rich

- III. ii. 922 peēt to the hot breath of Spaine, who sent whole Ar-
 141 923 madoes of Carrects to be ballast at her nose.
 924 *Anti.* Where stood *Belgia*, the *Netherlands*?
 925 *Dro.* Oh fir, I did not looke so low. To conclude,
 926 this drudge or Diuiner layd claime to mee, call'd mee
 927 *Dromio*, fwore I was affur'd to her, told me what priue
 928 markes I had about mee, as the marke of my shoulder,
 929 the Mole in my necke, the great Wart on my left arme,
 930 that I amaz'd ranne from her as a witch. And I thinke, if
 III. ii. 931 my brest had not been made of faith, and my heart of
 150 932 steele, she had transform'd me to a Curtull dog, & made
 933 me turne i'th wheele.
 934 *Anti.* Go hie thee presently, post to the rode,
 935 And if the winde blow any way from shore,
 936 I will not harbour in this Towne to night.
 937 If any Barke put forth, come to the Mart,
 938 Where I will walke till thou returne to me:
 939 If euerie one knowes vs, and we know none,
 940 'Tis time I thinke to trudge, packe, and be gone.
 941 *Dro.* As from a Beare a man would run for life,
 III. ii. 942 So flie I from her that would be my wife. *Exit*
 161 943 *Anti.* There's none but Witches do inhabite heere,
 944 And therefore 'tis hie time that I were hence:
 945 She that doth call me husband, euen my foule
 946 Doth for a wife abhorre. But her faire sister
 947 Possesst with such a gentle soueraigne grace,
 948 Of such inchanting presence and discourse,
 949 Hath almost made me Traitor to my selfe:
 950 But leaft my selfe be guilty to selfe wrong,
 951 Ile stop mine eares against the Mermaids song.
 952 *Enter Angelo with the Chaine.*
 III. ii. 953 *Ang.* M^r *Antipholus*.
 170 954 *Anti.* I that's my name.
 955 *Ang.* I know it well fir, loe here's the chaine,

aspect to the hot breath of Spain; who sent whole armadoes of carracks to be ballast at her nose.

141

Ant. S. Where stood Belgia, the Netherlands?

Dro. S. Oh, sir, I did not look so low. To conclude, this drudge, or diviner, laid claim to me; called me Dromio; swore I was assured to her; told me what privy marks I had about me, as, the mark of my shoulder, the mole in my neck, the great wart on my left arm, that I, amazed, ran from her as a witch:

And, I think, if my breast had not been made of faith
and my heart of steel,
She had transform'd me to a curtal dog and made me
turn i' the wheel.

150

Ant. S. Go hie thee presently, post to the road:
An if the wind blow any way from shore,
I will not harbour in this town to-night:
If any bark put forth, come to the mart,
Where I will walk till thou return to me.
If every one knows us, and we know none,
'Tis time, I think, to trudge, pack and be gone.

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

Ant. S. There's none but witches do inhabit here;
And therefore 'tis high time that I were hence.
She that doth call me husband, even my soul
Doth for a wife abhor. But her fair sister,
Possess'd with such a gentle sovereign grace,
Of such enchanting presence and discourse,
Hath almost made me traitor to myself:
But, lest myself be guilty to self-wrong,
I'll stop mine ears against the mermaid's song.

161

Enter ANGELO with the chain.

Ang. Master Antipholus,—

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

170

Ang. I know it well, sir: lo, here is the chain.

- 956 I thought to haue tane you at the *Porpentine*,
 957 The chaine vnfinifh'd made me ftay thus long.
 958 *Anti.* What is your will that I fhall do with this ?
 959 *Ang.* What pleafe your felfe fir : I haue made it for
 960 you.
 961 *Anti.* Made it for me fir, I befpoke it not.
 962 *Ang.* Not once, nor twice, but twentie times you
 963 haue :
 964 Go home with it, and pleafe your Wife withall,
 III. ii. 965 And foone at fupper time Ile vifit you,
 180 966 And then receiue my money for the chaine.
 967 *Anti.* I pray you fir receiue the money now,
 968 For feare you ne're fee chaine, nor mony more.
 969 *Ang.* You are a merry man fir, fare you well. *Exit.*
 970 *Ant.* What I fhould thinke of this, I cannot tell :
 971 But this I thinke, there's no man is fo vaine,
 972 That would refufe fo faire an offer'd Chaine.
 973 I fee a man heere needs not liue by fhifts,
 974 When in the ftreets he meetes fuch Golden gifts :
 975 Ile to the Mart, and there for *Dromio* ftay,
 976 If any fhip put out, then ftraight away *Exit.*

Actus Quartus. Scœna Prima.

- 977 *Enter a Merchant, Goldsmith, and an Officer.*
 978 *Mar.* You know fince Pentecoft the fum is due,
 979 And fince I haue not much importun'd you,
 980 Nor now I had not, but that I am bound
 981 To *Perfia*, and want Gilders for my voyage :
 982 Therefore make prefent fatifaction,
 983 Or Ile attach you by this Officer.
 984 *Gold.* Euen iuft the fum that I do owe to you,
 985 Is growing to me by *Antipholus*,
 IV. i. 986 And in the infant that I met with you,
 10 987 He had of me a Chaine, at fiue a clocke

I thought to have ta'en you at the Porpentine:
The chain unfinish'd made me stay thus long.

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

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

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

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

Go home with it and please your wife withal:

And soon at supper-time I'll visit you

And then receive my money for the chain.

180

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

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

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

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

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

That would refuse so fair an offer'd chain.

I see a man here needs not live by shifts,

When in the streets he meets such golden gifts.

I'll to the mart and there for Dromio stay:

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

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *A public place.*

Enter Second Merchant, ANGELO, *and an* Officer.

Sec. Mer. You know since Pentecost the sum is due,

And since I have not much importuned you;

Nor now I had not, but that I am bound

To Persia and want guilders for my voyage:

Therefore make present satisfaction,

Or I'll attach you by this officer.

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

Is growing to me by Antipholus,

And in the instant that I met with you

He had of me a chain: at five o'clock

10

988 I fhall receiue the money for the fame.
 989 Pleaseth you walke with me downe to his houfe,
 990 I will difcharge my bond, and thanke you too.

991 *Enter Antipholus Ephes. Dromio from the Courtizans.*

992 *Offi.* That labour you may faue: See where he comes.

993 *Ant.* While I go to the Goldsmiths houfe, go thou

994 And buy a ropes end, that will I beftow

995 Among my wife, and their confederates,

996 For locking me out of my doores by day:

IV. i. 997 But foft I fee the Goldfmith; get thee gone,

20 998 Buy thou a rope, and bring it home to me.

999 *Dro.* I buy a thoufand pound a yeare, I buy a rope.

1000

Exit Dromio

1001 *Eph. Ant.* A man is well holpe vp that trusts to you,

1002 I promifed your prefence, and the Chaine,

1003 But neither Chaine nor Goldfmith came to me:

1004 Belike you thought our loue would laft too long

1005 If it were chain'd together: and therefore came not.

1006 *Gold.* Sauing your merrie humor: here's the note

1007 How much your Chaine weighs to the vtmoft charect,

IV. i. 1008 The fineneffe of the Gold, and chargefull fafhion,

30 1009 Which doth amount to three odde Duckets more

1010 Then I ftand debted to this Gentleman,

1011 I pray you fee him prefently difcharg'd,

1012 For he is bound to Sea, and ftayes but for it.

1013 *Anti.* I am not furnifh'd with the prefent monie:

1014 Befides I haue fome bufineffe in the towne,

1015 Good Signior take the ft ranger to my houfe

1016 And with you take the Chaine, and bid my wife

1017 Difburfe the fumme, on the receipt thereof,

1018 Perchance I will be there as foon as you.

IV. i. 1019 *Gold.* Then you will bring the Chaine to her your

40 1020 felfe.

I shall receive the money for the same.
 Pleaseth you walk with me down to his house,
 I will discharge my bond and thank you too.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus *and* DROMIO of Ephesus
from the courtesan's.

Off. That labour may you save: see where he comes.

Ant. E. While I go to the goldsmith's house, go thou
 And buy a rope's end: that will I bestow
 Among my wife and her confederates,
 For locking me out of my doors by day.
 But, soft! I see the goldsmith. Get thee gone:
 Buy thou a rope and bring it home to me. 20

Dro. E. I buy a thousand pound a year: I buy a rope.
[Exit.]

Ant. E. A man is well help up that trusts to you:
 I promised your presence and the chain:
 But neither chain nor goldsmith came to me.
 Belike you thought our love would last too long,
 If it were chain'd together, and therefore came not.

Ang. Saving your merry humour, here's the note
 How much your chain weighs to the utmost carat,
 The fineness of the gold and chargeful fashion,
 Which doth amount to three odd ducats more 30
 Than I stand debted to this gentleman:
 I pray you, see him presently discharged,
 For he is bound to sea and stays but for it.

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

Ang. Then you will bring the chain to her yourself? 40

1021 *Anti.* No beare it with you, leaft I come not time e-
1022 nough.

1023 *Gold.* Well fir, I will? Haue you the Chaine about
1024 you?

1025 *Ant.* And if I haue not fir, I hope you haue:
1026 Or elfe you may returne without your money.

1027 *Gold.* Nay come, I pray you fir, giue me the Chaine:
1028 Both winde and tide ftayes for this Gentleman,
1029 And I too blame haue held him heere too long.

1030 *Anti.* Good Lord, you vfe this dalliance to excufe
IV. i. 1031 Your breach of promife to the *Porpentine*,
50 1032 I fhould haue chid you for not bringing it,
1033 But like a fhrew you firft begin to brawle.

1034 *Mar.* The houre steals on, I pray you fir difpatch.

1035 *Gold.* You heare how he importunes me, the Chaine.

1036 *Ant.* Why giue it to my wife, and fetch your mony.

1037 *Gold.* Come, come, you know I gaue it you euen now.
1038 Either fend the Chaine, or fend me by fome token.

1039 *Ant.* Fie, now you run this humor out of breath,
1040 Come where's the Chaine, I pray you let me fee it.

1041 *Mar.* My bufineffe cannot brooke this dalliance,
IV. i. 1042 Good fir fay, whe'r you'l anfwer me, or no:
60 1043 If not, lle leaue him to the Officer.

1044 *Ant.* I anfwer you? What fhould I anfwer you.

1045 *Gold.* The monie that you owe me for the Chaine.

1046 *Ant.* I owe you none, till I receiue the Chaine.

1047 *Gold.* You know I gaue it you halfe an houre fince.

1048 *Ant.* You gaue me none, you wrong mee much to
1049 fay fo.

1050 *Gold.* You wrong me more fir in denying it.

1051 Consider how it ftands vpon my credit.

1052 *Mar.* Well Officer, arrefst him at my fuite.

1053 *Offi.* I do, and charge you in the Dukes name to o-
IV. i. 1054 bey me.
70

1055 *Gold.* This touches me in reputation.

1056 Either confent to pay this fum for me,

1057 Or I attach you by this Officer.

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

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

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

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

Ant. E. Good Lord! you use this dalliance to excuse
Your breach of promise to the Porpentine.
I should have chid you for not bringing it, 50
But, like a shrew, you first begin to brawl.

Sec. Mer. The hour steals on; I pray you, sir, dispatch.

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

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

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

Ant. E. Fie, now you run this humour out of breath,
Come, where's the chain? I pray you, let me see it.

Sec. Mer. My business cannot brook this dalliance.
Good sir, say whether you'll answer me or no: 60
If not, I'll leave him to the officer.

Ant. E. I answer you! what should I answer you?

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

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

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

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

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

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

Off. I do; and charge you in the duke's name to obey
me. 70

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

- 1058 *Ant.* Consent to pay thee that I neuer had :
- 1059 Arrest me foolifh fellow if thou dar'st.
- 1060 *Gold.* Heere is thy fee, arrest him Officer.
- 1061 I would not spare my brother in this case,
- 1062 If he should scorne me so apparantly.
- 1063 *Offic.* I do arrest you fir, you hear the fuite.
- IV. i. 1064 *Ant.* I do obey thee, till I giue thee baile.
- 81 1065 But sirrah, you shall buy this sport as deere,
- 1066 As all the mettall in your shop will answer.
- 1067 *Gold.* Sir, fir, I shall haue Law in *Ephesus*,
- 1068 To your notorious fhamé, I doubt it not.
- 1069 *Enter Dromio Sira. from the Bay.*
- 1070 *Dro.* Master, there's a Barke of *Epidamium*,
- 1071 That staies but till her Owner comes aboard,
- 1072 And then fir she beares away. Our fraughtage fir,
- 1073 I haue conuei'd aboard, and I haue bought
- IV. i. 1074 The Oyle, the *Balsamum*, and Aqua-vitæ.
- 91 1075 The ship is in her trim, the merrie winde
- 1076 Blowes faire from land: they stay for nought at all,
- 1077 But for their Owner, Master, and your selfe.
- 1078 *An.* How now? a Madman? Why thou peeuiſh ſheep
- 1079 What ship of *Epidamium* staies for me.
- 1080 *S.Dro.* A ship you sent me too, to hier waftage.
- 1081 *Ant.* Thou drunken slaue, I sent thee for a rope,
- 1082 And told thee to what purpose, and what end.
- 1083 *S.Dro.* You sent me for a ropes end as soone,
- IV. i. 1084 You sent me to the Bay fir, for a Barke.
- 100 1085 *Ant.* I will debate this matter at more leifure
- 1086 And teach your eares to list me with more heede:
- 1087 To *Adriana* Villaine hie thee straight:
- 1088 Giue her this key, and tell her in the Deske
- 1089 That's couer'd o're with Turkifh Tapiftrie,
- 1090 There is a purse of Duckets, let her send it:
- 1091 Tell her, I am arrested in the streete,

Ant. E. Consent to pay thee that I never had!
Arrest me, foolish fellow, if thou darest.

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

Off. I do arrest you, sir: you hear the suit.

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

81

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

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse, from the bay.

Dro. S. Master, there is a bark of Epidamnum
That stays but till her owner comes aboard
And 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 their owner, master, and yourself.

91

Ant. E. How now! a madman! Why, thou peevish
sheep
What ship of Epidamnum stays for me?

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

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

Dro. S. You sent me for a rope's end as soon:
You sent me to the bay, sir, for a bark.

Ant. E. I will debate this matter at more leisure
And teach your ears to list me with more heed.

100

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

1092 And that shall baile me: hie thee slaue, be gone,
 1093 On Officer to prifon, till it come. *Exeunt*

1094 *S.Dromio.* To *Adriana*, that is where we din'd,
 IV. i. 1095 Where Dowfabell did claime me for her husband,
 III 1096 She is too bigge I hope for me to compaffe,
 1097 Thither I muft, although againft my will:
 1098 For feruants muft their Mafters mindes fulfill. *Exit*

1099 *Enter Adriana and Luciana.*

1100 *Adr.* Ah *Luciana*, did he tempt thee fo?
 1101 Might'ft thou perceiue aufterely in his eie,
 1102 That he did plead in earneft, yea or no:
 1103 Look'd he or red or pale, or fad or merrily?
 1104 What obferuation mad'ft thou in this cafe?
 1105 Oh, his hearts Meteors tilting in his face.
 1106 *Luc.* Firft he deni'de you had in him no right.
 1107 *Adr.* He meant he did me none: the more my ffight
 1108 *Luc.* Then fwore he that he was a ftranger heere.
 IV. ii. 1109 *Adr.* And true he fwore, though yet forfworne hee
 IO 1110 were.
 1111 *Luc.* Then pleaded I for you.
 1112 *Adr.* And what faid he?
 1113 *Luc.* That loue I begg'd for you, he begg'd of me.
 1114 *Adr.* With what perfwafion did he tempt thy loue?
 1115 *Luc.* With words, that in an honest fuit might moue,
 1116 Firft, he did praise my beautie, then my fpeech.
 1117 *Adr.* Did'ft fpeake him faire?
 1118 *Luc.* Haue patience I befeech.
 1119 *Adr.* I cannot, nor I will not hold me ftill,
 1120 My tongue, though not my heart, fhall haue his will.
 IV. ii. 1121 He is deformed, crooked, old, and fere,
 20 1122 Ill-fac'd, worfe bodied, fhapeleffe euery where:

And that shall bail me: hie thee, slave, be gone!
On, officer, to prison till it come.

[*Exeunt Sec. Merchant, Angelo,
Officer, and Ant. E.*]

Dro. S. To Adriana! that is where we dined,
Where Dowsabel did claim me for her husband:
She is too big, I hope, for me to compass. 111
Thither I must, although against my will,
For servants must their masters' minds fulfil. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *The house of ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus.*

Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA.

Adr. Ah, Luciana, did he tempt thee so?
Mightst thou perceive austerely in his eye
That he did plead in earnest? yea or no?
Look'd he or red or pale, or sad or merrily?
What observation madest thou in this case
Of his heart's meteors tilting in his face?
Luc. First he denied you had in him no right.
Adr. He meant he did me none; the more my spite.
Luc. Then swore he that he was a stranger here.
Adr. And true he swore, though yet forsworn he were. 10
Luc. Then pleaded I for you.
Adr. And what said he?
Luc. That love I begg'd for you he begg'd of me.
Adr. With what persuasion did he tempt thy love?
Luc. With words that in an honest suit might move.
First he did praise my beauty, then my speech.
Adr. Didst speak him fair?
Luc. Have patience, I beseech.
Adr. I cannot, nor I will not, hold me still:
My tongue, though not my heart, shall have his will.
He is deformed, crooked, old and sere,
Ill-faced, worse bodied, shapeless everywhere: 20

1123 Vicious, vngentle, foolifh, blunt, vnkinde,
 1124 Stigmaticall in making worfe in minde.
 1125 *Luc.* Who would be iealous then of such a one?
 1126 No euill loft is wail'd, when it is gone.
 1127 *Adr.* Ah but I thinke him better then I fay:
 1128 And yet would herein others eies were worfe:
 1129 Farre from her nest the Lapwing cries away;
 1130 My heart praies for him, though my tongue doe curfe.

1131 *Enter S.Dromio.*

1132 *Dro.* Here goe: the deske, the purfe, fweet now make
 1133 hafte.
 1134 *Luc.* How haft thou loft thy breath?
 1135 *S.Dro.* By running fast.
 1136 *Adr.* Where is thy Master *Dromio*? Is he well?
 1137 *S.Dro.* No, he's in Tartar limbo, worfe then hell:
 1138 A diuell in an euerlasting garment hath him;
 1139 On whose hard heart is button'd vp with fteele:
 1140 A Feind, a Fairie, pittileffe and ruffe:
 1141 A Wolfe, nay worfe, a fellow all in buffe:
 1142 A back friend, a foulder clapper, one that countermāds
 1143 The paffages of allies, creekes, and narrow lands:
 1144 A hound that runs Counter, and yet draws drifoot well,
 1145 One that before the ludgmēt carries poore foules to hel.
 1146 *Adr.* Why man, what is the matter?
 1147 *S.Dro.* I doe not know the matter, hee is refted on
 1148 the cafe.
 1149 *Adr.* What is he arrested? tell me at whose fuite?
 1150 *S.Dro.* I know not at whose fuite he is arefted well;
 1151 but is in a fuite of buffe which refted him, that can I tell,
 1152 will you send him Miftris redemption, the monie in
 1153 his deske.
 1154 *Adr.* Go fetch it Sifter: this I wonder at.
 1155 *Exit Luciana.*
 1156 Thus he vnknowne to me fould be in debt:
 1157 Tell me, was he arefted on a band?

Vicious, ungentle, foolish, blunt, unkind,
Stigmatical in making, worse in mind.

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

Adr. Ah, but I think him better than I say,
And yet would herein others' eyes were worse.
Far from her nest the lapwing cries away:
My heart prays for him, though my tongue do curse.

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.

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

Luc. How hast thou lost thy breath?

Dro. S. By running fast. 30

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

Dro. S. No, he's in Tartar limbo, worse than hell.
A devil in an everlasting garment hath him;
One whose hard heart is button'd up with steel;
A fiend, a fury, pitiless and rough;
A wolf, nay, worse, a fellow all in buff:
A back-friend, a shoulder-clapper, one that countermands
The passages of alleys, creeks and narrow lands;
A hound that runs counter and yet draws dry-foot well;
One that before the judgement carries poor souls to hell. 40

Adr. Why, man, what is the matter?

Dro. S. I do not know the matter: he is 'rested on the
case.

Adr. What, is he arrested? Tell me at whose suit.

Dro. S. I know not at whose suit he is arrested well;
But he's in a suit of buff which 'rested him, that can I tell.
Will you send him, mistress, redemption, the money in
his desk?

Adr. Go fetch it, sister. [*Exit Luciana.*] This I wonder at,
That he, unknown to me, should be in debt.
Tell me, was he arrested on a band?

IV. ii.

50

1158 *S.Dro.* Not on a band, but on a stronger thing:

1159 A chaine, a chaine, doe you not here it ring.

1160 *Adria.* What, the chaine?1161 *S.Dro.* No, no, the bell, 'tis time that I were gone:

1162 It was two ere I left him, and now the clocke strikes one.

1163 *Adr.* The houres come backe, that did I neuer here.1164 *S.Dro.* Oh yes, if any houre meete a Serieant, a turnes
1165 backe for verie feare.1166 *Adri.* As if time were in debt: how fondly do't thou
1167 reason?1168 *S.Dro.* Time is a verie bankerout, and owes more then
1169 he's worth to seafon.

IV. ii.

60

1170 Nay, he's a theefe too: haue you not heard men say,

1171 That time comes stealing on by night and day?

1172 If I be in debt and theft, and a Serieant in the way,

1173 Hath he not reason to turne backe an houre in a day?

1174

*Enter Luciana.*1175 *Adr.* Go *Dromio*, there's the monie, beare it fraight,

1176 And bring thy Maister home imediately,

1177 Come sifter, I am preft downe with conceit:

1178 Conceit, my comfort and my iniurie.

Exit.

1179

Enter Antipholus Siracusia.

1180 There's not a man I meete but doth salute me

1181 As if I were their well acquainted friend,

1182 And euerie one doth call me by my name:

1183 Some tender monie to me, some inuite me;

1184 Some other giue me thanks for kindneses:

1185 Some offer me Commodities to buy.

1186 Euen now a tailor cal'd me in his shop,

1187 And showed me Silkes that he had bought for me,

1188 And therewithall tooke measure of my body.

IV. iii.

10

1189 Sure these are but imaginarie wiles,

1190 And lapland Sorcerers inhabite here.

Dro. S. Not on a band, but on a stronger thing;
A chain, a chain! Do you not hear it ring? 50

Adr. What, the chain?

Dro. S. No, no, the bell: 'tis time that I were gone:
It was two ere I left him, and now the clock strikes one.

Adr. The hours come back! that did I never hear.

Dro. S. O, yes; if any hour meet a sergeant, a' turns
back for very fear.

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

Dro. S. Time is a very bankrupt and owes more than
he's worth to season.

Nay, he's a thief too: have you not heard men say,
That Time comes stealing on by night and day? 60
If Time be in debt and theft, and a sergeant in the way,
Hath he not reason to turn back an hour in a day?

Re-enter LUCIANA with a purse.

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

SCENE III. *A public place.*

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse.

Ant. S. There's not a man I meet but doth salute me
As if I were their well-acquainted friend;
And every one doth call me by my name.
Some tender money to me; some invite me;
Some other give me thanks for kindnesses;
Some offer me commodities to buy:
Even now a tailor call'd me in his shop
And show'd me silks that he had bought for me
And therewithal took measure of my body.
Sure, these are but imaginary wiles
And Lapland sorcerers inhabit here. 10

1191

Enter Dromio.Sir.

1192 *S.Dro.* Maſter, here's the gold you ſent me for : what
1193 haue you got the picture of old *Adam* new apparel'd ?

1194 *Ant.* What gold is this? What *Adam* do'ſt thou
1195 meane ?

1196 *S.Dro.* Not that *Adam* that kept the Paradife : but
1197 that *Adam* that keeps the prifon ; hee that goes in the
1198 calues-skin, that was kil'd for the Prodigall : he that

IV. iii.
20

1199 came behinde you fir, like an euill angel, and bid you for-
1200 fake your libertie.

1201 *Ant.* I vnderſtand thee not.

1202 *S.Dro.* No ? why 'tis a plaine caſe ; he that went like
1203 a Baſe-Viole in a caſe of leather ; the man fir, that when
1204 gentlemen are tired giues them a fob, and reſts them :
1205 he fir, that takes pittie on decaied men, and giues them
1206 fuites of durance : he that fets vp his reſt to doe more ex-
1207 ploits with his Mace, then a Moris Pike.

1208 *Ant.* What thou mean'ſt an officer ?

1209 *S.Dro.* I fir, the Serieant of the Band : he that brings
1210 any man to anſwer it that breakes his Band : one that
1211 thinkes a man alwaies going to bed, and faies, God giue
1212 you good reſt.

1213 *Ant.* Well fir, there reſt in your foolerie :

1214 Is there any ſhips puts forth to night ? may we be gone ?

1215 *S.Dro.* Why fir, I brought you word an houre ſince,
1216 that the Barke *Expedition* put forth to night, and then
1217 were you hindred by the Serieant to tarry for the *Hoy*
1218 *Delay* : Here are the angels that you ſent for to deliuer
1219 you.

1220 *Ant.* The fellow is diftract, and ſo am I,

1221 And here we wander in illuſions :

1222 Some bleſſed power deliuer vs from hence.

1223

Enter a Curtizan.

1224 *Cur.* Well met, well met, Maſter *Antipholus* :

1225 I ſee fir you haue found the Gold-fmith now :

1226 Is that the chaine you promis'd me to day.

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.

Dro. S. Master, here's the gold you sent me for. What, have you got the picture of old Adam new-apparelled?

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

Dro. S. Not that Adam that kept the Paradise, but that Adam that keeps the prison: he that goes in the calf's skin that was killed for the Prodigal; he that came behind you, sir, like an evil angel, and bid you forsake your liberty.

Ant. S. I understand thee not.

Dro. S. No? why, 'tis a plain case: he that went, like a bass-viol, in a case of leather; the man, sir, that when gentlemen are tired, gives them a sob and 'rests them; he, sir, that takes pity on decayed men and gives them suits of durance; he that sets up his rest to do more exploits with his mace than a morris-pike.

Ant. S. What, thou meanest an officer?

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

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

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

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

Enter a Courtezan.

Cour. Well met, well met, Master Antipholus.
I see, sir, you have found the goldsmith now:
Is that the chain you promised me to-day?

- 1227 *Ant.* Sathan auoide, I charge thee tempt me not.
 IV. iii. 1228 *S. Dro.* Mafter, is this Miftris *Sathan*?
 50 1229 *Ant.* It is the diuell.
 1230 *S. Dro.* Nay, ſhe is worſe, ſhe is the diuels dam:
 1231 And here ſhe comes in the habit of a light wench, and
 1232 thereof comes, that the wenches ſay God dam me, That's
 1233 as much to ſay, God make me a light wench: It is writ-
 1234 ten, they appeare to men like angels of light, light is an
 1235 effect of fire, and fire will burne: *ergo*, light wenches will
 1236 burne, come not neere her.
- IV. iii. 1237 *Cur.* Your man and you are maruailous merrie fir.
 60 1238 Will you goe with me, wee'll mend our dinner here?
 1239 *S. Dro.* Mafter, if do expect ſpoon-meat, or beſpeake
 1240 a long ſpoone.
 1241 *Ant.* Why *Dromio*?
 1242 *S. Dro.* Marrie he muſt haue a long ſpoone that muſt
 1243 eate with the diuell.
 1244 *Ant.* Auoid then fiend, what tel'ſt thou me of ſup-
 1245 Thou art, as you are all a forcereſſe: (ping?)
 1246 I coniure thee to leave me, and be gon.
- IV. iii. 1247 *Cur.* Giue me the ring of mine you had at dinner,
 70 1248 Or for my Diamond the Chaine you promis'd,
 1249 And Ile begone fir, and not trouble you.
 1250 *S. Dro.* Some diuels aſke but the parings of ones naile,
 1251 a ruſh, a haire, a drop of blood, a pin, a nut, a cherrie-
 1252 ſtone: but ſhe more couetous, wold haue a chaine: Ma-
 1253 ſter be wife, and if you giue it her, the diuell will ſhake
 1254 her Chaine, and fright vs with it.
 1255 *Cur.* I pray you fir my Ring, or elſe the Chaine,
 IV. iii. 1256 I hope you do not meane to cheate me ſo?
 80 1257 *Ant.* Auant thou witch: come *Dromio* let vs go.
 1258 *S. Dro.* Flie pride ſaies the Pea-cocke, Miftris that
 1259 you know. *Exit.*
 1260 *Cur.* Now out of doubt *Antipholus* is mad,
 1261 Elſe would he neuer ſo demeane himſelfe,

Ant. S. Satan, avoid ! I charge thee, tempt me not.

Dro. S. Master, is this Mistress Satan ?

Ant. S. It is the devil.

50

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

Cour. Your man and you are marvellous merry, sir.

Will you go with me ? We'll mend our dinner here ?

60

Dro. S. Master, if you do, expect spoon-meat ; or bespeak a long spoon,

Ant. S. Why, Dromio ?

Dro. S. Marry, he must have a long spoon that must eat with the devil.

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

Thou art, as you are all, a sorceress :

I conjure thee to leave me and be gone.

Cour. Give me the ring of mine you had at dinner,

Or, for my diamond, the chain you promised,

70

And I'll be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

Dro. S. Some devils ask but the parings of one's nail,

A rush, a hair, a drop of blood, a pin,

A nut, a cherry-stone ;

But she, more covetous, would have a chain.

Master, be wise : an if you give it her,

The devil will shake her chain and fright us with it.

Cour. I pray you, sir, my ring, or else the chain :

I hope you do not mean to cheat me so.

Ant. S. Avaunt, thou witch ! Come, Dromio, let us go.

80

Dro. S. 'Fly pride,' says the peacock : mistress, that you know.

[*Exeunt Ant. S. and Dro S.*]

Cour. Now, out of doubt Antipholus is mad,

Else would he never so demean himself.

- 1262 A Ring he hath of mine worth fortie Duckets,
 1263 And for the same he promis'd me a Chaine,
 1264 Both one and other he denies me now :
 1265 The reafon that I gather he is mad,
 1266 Besides this present instance of his rage,
 1267 Is a mad tale he told to day at dinner,
 1268 Of his owne doores being fhut againft his entrance.
 IV. iii.
 91 1269 Belike his wife acquainted with his fits,
 1270 On purpofe fhut the doores againft his way:
 1271 My way is now to hie home to his house,
 1272 And tell his wife, that being Lunaticke,
 1273 He rufh'd into my houfe, and tooke perforce
 1274 My Ring away. This courfe I fitteft choofe,
 1275 For fortie Duckets is too much to loofe.

1276 *Enter Antipholus Ephes. with a lailor.*

- 1277 *An.* Feare me not man, I will not breake away,
 1278 Ile giue thee ere I leaue thee fo much money
 1279 To warrant thee as I am refted for.
 1280 My wife is in a wayward moode to day,
 1281 And will not lightly trust the Meffenger,
 1282 That I fhould be attach'd in *Ephesus*,
 1283 I tell you 'twill sound harfhly in her eares.

1284 *Enter Dromio Eph. with a ropes end.*

- 1285 Heere comes my Man, I thinke he brings the monie.
 1286 How now fir? Haue you that I fent you for ?
 IV. iv.
 10 1287 *E.Dro.* Here's that I warrant you will pay them all.
 1288 *Anti.* But where's the Money ?
 1289 *E.Dro.* Why fir, I gaue the Monie for the Rope.
 1290 *Ant.* Fiue hundred Duckets villaine for a rope ?
 1291 *E.Dro.* Ile ferue you fir fiue hundred at the rate.
 1292 *Ant.* To what end did I bid thee hie thee home?
 1293 *E.Dro.* To a ropes end fir, and to that end am I re-
 1294 turn'd.

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

91

[*Exit.*]SCENE IV. *A street.**Enter* ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus *and the Officer.*

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

Enter DROMIO of Ephesus *with a rope's-end.*

Here comes my man; I think he brings the money.
 How now, sir! have you that I sent you for?

Dro. E. Here's that, I warrant you, will pay them all. 10

Ant. E. But where's the money?

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

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

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

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

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

1295 *Ant.* And to that end fir, I will welcome you.

1296 *Offi.* Good fir be patient.

IV. iv. 1297 *E.Dro.* Nay 'tis for me to be patient, I am in aduer-
21 1298 fitie.

1299 *Offi.* Good now hold thy tongue.

1300 *E.Dro.* Nay, rather perfwade him to hold his hands.

1301 *Anti.* Thou whorefon fenfeleffe Villaine.

1302 *E.Dro.* I would I were fenfeleffe fir, that I might
1303 not feele your blowes.

1304 *Anti.* Thou art fenfible in nothing but blowes, and
1305 fo is an Affe.

IV. iv. 1306 *E.Dro.* I am an Affe indeede, you may prooue it by
30 1307 my long eares. I haue ferued him from the houre of my
1308 Natiuitie to this infant, and haue nothing at his hands
1309 for my feruice but blowes. When I am cold, he heates
1310 me with beating: when I am warme, he cooles me with
1311 beating: I am wak'd with it when I sleepe, rais'd with
1312 it when I fit, driuen out of doores with it when I*goe
1313 from home, welcom'd home with it when I returne, nay
1314 I beare it on my foulders, as a begger woont her brat:
IV. iv. 1315 and I thinke when he hath lam'd me, I fhall begge with
40 1316 it from doore to doore.

1317 *Enter Adriana, Luciana, Courtizan, and a Schoole-*
1318 *master, call'd Pinch.*

1319 *Ant.* Come goe along, my wife is comming yon-
1320 der.

1321 *E.Dro.* Miftris *respice finem*, refpect your end, or ra-
1322 ther the prophefie like the Parrat, beware the ropes end.

1323 *Anti.* Wilt thou ftill talke? *Beats Dro.*

1324 *Curt.* How fay you now? Is not your husband mad?

IV. iv. 1325 *Adri.* His inciuality confirmes no leffe:

50 1326 Good Doctour *Pinch*, you are a Coniurer,

1327 Eftablifh him in his true fence againe,

1328 And I will pleafe you what you will demand.

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

[*Beating him.*]

Off. Good sir, be patient.

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

21

Off. Good now, hold thy tongue.

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

Ant. E. Thou whoreson, senseless villain!

Dro. E. I would I were senseless, sir, that I might not feel your blows.

Ant. E. Thou art sensible in nothing but blows, and so is an ass.

Dro. E. I am an ass, indeed; you may prove it by my long ears. I have served him from the hour of my nativity to this instant, and have nothing at his hands for my service but blows. When I am cold, he heats me with beating; when I am warm, he cools me with beating: I am waked with it when I sleep; raised with it when I sit; driven out of doors with it when I go from home; welcomed home with it when I return: nay, I bear it on my shoulders, as a beggar wont her brat; and, I think, when he hath lamed me, I shall beg with it from door to door.

30

40

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

Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, *the Courtezan,* and PINCH.

Dro. E. Mistress, 'respice finem,' respect your end; or rather, the prophecy like the parrot, 'beware the rope's-end.'

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

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

Adr. His incivility confirms no less.

Good Doctor Pinch, you are a conjurer;

Establish him in his true sense again,

And I will please you what you will demand.

50

1329 *Luc.* Alas how fiery, and how fharpe he looks.

1330 *Cur.* Marke, how he trembles in his extasie.

1331 *Pinch.* Giue me your hand, and let mee feele your
1332 pulfe.

1333 *Ant.* There is my hand, and let it feele your eare.

1334 *Pinch.* I charge thee Sathan, hous'd within this man,

1335 To yeeld poffeffion to my holie praier,

IV. iv. 1336 And to thy fstate of darkneffe hie thee ftraight,

60 1337 I coniure thee by all the Saints in heauen.

1338 *Anti.* Peace doting wizzard, peace; I am not mad.

1339 *Adr.* O that thou wer't not, poore diftressed foule.

1340 *Anti.* You Minion you, are thefe your Customers?

1341 Did this Companion with the faffron face

1342 Reuell and feaft it at my houfe to day,

1343 Whil'ft vpon me the guiltie doores were fhut,

1344 And I denied to enter in my houfe.

1345 *Adr.* O husband, God doth know you din'd at home

1346 Where would you had remain'd vntill this time,

1347 Free from thefe flanders, and this open fhame.

IV. iv. 1348 *Anti.* Din'd at home? Thou Villaine, what fayeft

71 1349 thou?

1350 *Dro.* Sir footh to fay, you did not dine at home.

1351 *Ant.* Were not my doores lockt vp, and I fhut out?

1352 *Dro.* Perdie, your doores were lockt, and you fhut
1353 out.

1354 *Anti.* And did not fhe her felfe reuile me there?

1355 *Dro.* Sans Fable, fhe her felfe reuil'd you there.

1356 *Anti.* Did not her Kitchen maide raile, taunt, and
1357 fcorne me?

1358 *Dro.* Certis fhe did, the kitchin veftall fcorn'd you.

IV. iv. 1359 *Ant.* And did not I in rage depart from thence?

80 1360 *Dro.* In veritie you did, my bones beares witneffe,

1361 That fince haue felt the vigor of his rage.

1362 *Adr.* Is't good to footh him in thefe conraries?

1363 *Pinch.* It is no fhame, the fellow finds his vaine,

1364 And yeelding to him, humors well his frenfie.

Luc. Alas, how fiery and how sharp he looks!

Cour. Mark how he trembles in his ecstasy!

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

Ant. E. There is my hand, and let it feel your ear. [Striking him.]

Pinch. I charge thee, Satan, housed within this man,
To yield possession to my holy prayers,
And to thy state of darkness hie thee straight:
I conjure thee by all the saints in heaven!

60

Ant. E. Peace, doting wizard, peace! I am not mad.

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

Ant. E. You minion, you, are these your customers?
Did this companion with the saffron face
Revel and feast it at my house to-day,
Whilst upon me the guilty doors were shut
And I denied to enter in my house?

Adr. O husband, God doth know you dined at home;
Where would you had remain'd until this time,
Free from these slanders and this open shame!

Ant. E. Dined at home! Thou villain, what sayest thou?

71

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

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

Dro. E. Perdie, your doors were lock'd and you shut out.

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

Dro. E. Sans fable, she herself reviled you there.

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

Dro. E. Certes, she did; the kitchen-vestal scorn'd you.

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

Dro. E. In verity you did; my bones bear witness,
That since have felt the vigour of his rage.

80

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

Pinch. It is no shame; the fellow finds his vein
And yielding to him humours well his frenzy.

- 1365 *Ant.* Thou haft subborn'd the Goldſmith to arreſt
 1366 mee.
- 1367 *Adr.* Alas, I fent you Monie to redeeme you,
 1368 By *Dromio* heere, who came in haft for it.
- 1369 *Dro.* Monie by me? Heart and good will you might,
 IV. iv. 1370 But furely Maſter not a ragge of Monie.
- 90 1371 *Ant.* Wentſt not thou to her for a purſe of Duckets.
 1372 *Adri.* He came to me and I deliuer'd it.
- 1373 *Luci.* And I am witneſſe with her that ſhe did:
 1374 *Dro.* God and the Rope-maker beare me witneſſe,
 1375 That I was ſent for nothing but a rope.
- 1376 *Pinch.* Miſtris, both man and Maſter is poſſeſt,
 1377 I know it by their pale and deadly lookes,
 1378 They muſt be bound and laide in ſome darke roome.
- 1379 *Ant.* Say wherefore didſt thou locke me forth to day,
 IV. iv. 1380 And why doſt thou denie the bagge of gold?
- 100 1381 *Adr.* I did not gentle husband locke thee forth.
 1382 *Dro.* And gentle Mr I receiu'd no gold:
 1383 But I confeſſe ſir, that we were lock'd out.
- 1384 *Adr.* Diſſembling Villain, thou ſpeak'ſt falſe in both
 1385 *Ant.* Diſſembling harlot, thou art falſe in all,
 1386 And art confederate with a damned packe,
 1387 To make a loathſome abiect ſcorne of me:
 1388 But with theſe nailes, Ile pluck out theſe falſe eyes,
 1389 That would behold in me this ſhamefull ſport.
- 1390 *Enter three or foure, and offer to binde him:*
 1391 *Hee ſtrives.*
- 1392 *Adr.* Oh binde him, binde him, let him not come
 IV. iv. 1393 neere me.
- 110 1394 *Pinch.* More company, the fiend is ſtrong within him
 1395 *Luc.* Aye me poore man, how pale and wan he looks.
 1396 *Ant.* What will you murther me, thou lailor thou?
 1397 I am thy priſoner, wilt thou ſuffer them to make a reſ-
 1398 cue?

Ant. E. 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.

Dro. E. Money by me! heart and good-will you might;
But surely, master, not a rag of money.

Ant. E. Went'st not thou to her for a purse of ducats? 90

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

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

Dro. E. God and the rope-maker bear me witness
That I was sent for nothing but a rope!

Pinch. Mistress, both man and master is possess'd;
I know it by their pale and deadly looks:
They must be bound and laid in some dark room.

Ant. E. Say, wherefore didst thou lock me forth to-day?
And why dost thou deny the bag of gold?

Adr. I did not, gentle husband, lock thee forth. 100

Dro. E. And, gentle master, I received no gold;
But I confess, sir, that we were lock'd out.

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

Ant. E. Dissembling harlot, thou art false in all,
And art confederate with a damned pack
To make a loathsome abject scorn of me:
But with these nails I'll pluck out these false eyes
That would behold in me this shameful sport.

Enter three or four, and offer to bind him.

He strives.

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

Pinch. More company! The fiend is strong within him. 110

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

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

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

1399 *Offi.* Masters let him go: he is my prifoner, and you
1400 fhall not haue him.

1401 *Pinch.* Go binde this man, for he is franticke too.

1402 *Adr.* What wilt thou do, thou peeuish Officer?

1403 Haft thou delight to see a wretched man

IV. iv. 1404 Do outrage and displeafure to himfelfe?

120 1405 *Offi.* He is my prifoner, if I let him go,

1406 The debt he owes will be requir'd of me.

1407 *Adr.* I will difcharge thee ere I go from thee,

1408 Beare me forthwith vnto his Creditor,

1409 And knowing how the debt growes I will pay it.

1410 Good Master Doct̄or fee him fafe conuey'd

1411 Home to my houfe, oh moft vnhappy day.

1412 *Ant.* Oh moft vnhappye ftrumpet.

1413 *Dro.* Mafter, I am heere entered in bond for you.

1414 *Ant.* Out on thee Villaine, wherefore doft thou mad

1415 mee?

IV. iv. 1416 *Dro.* Will you be bound for nothing, be mad good

131 1417 Mafter, cry the diuell.

1418 *Luc.* God helpe poore foules, how idley doe they

1419 talke.

1420 *Adr.* Go beare him hence, fifter go you with me:

1421 Say now, whofe fuite is he arrefted at?

1422 *Exeunt. Manet Offic. Adri. Luci. Courtizan*

1423 *Off.* One *Angelo* a Goldsmith, do you know him?

1424 *Adr.* I know the man: what is the fumme he owes?

1425 *Off.* Two hundred Duckets.

1426 *Adr.* Say, how growes it due.

1427 *Off.* Due for a Chaine your husband had of him.

1428 *Adr.* He did befpeake a Chain for me, but had it not.

IV. iv. 1429 *Cur.* When as your husband all in rage to day

141 1430 Came to my houfe, and tooke away my Ring,

1431 The Ring I faw vpon his finger now,

1432 Straight after did I meete him with a Chaine.

1433 *Adr.* It may be fo, but I did neuer fee it.

Off. Masters, let him go:
He is my prisoner, and you shall not have him.

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

[*They offer to bind Dro. E.*]

Adr. What wilt thou do, thou peevish officer?
Hast thou delight to see a wretched man
Do outrage and displeasure to himself?

Off. He is my prisoner; if I let him go, 120
The debt he owes will be required of me.

Adr. I will discharge thee ere I go from thee:
Bear me forthwith unto his creditor,
And, knowing how the debt grows, I will pay it.
Good master doctor, see him safe convey'd
Home to my house. O most unhappy day!

Ant. E. O most unhappy strumpet!

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

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

Dro. E. Will you be bound for nothing? be mad, good
master: cry 'The devil!' 131

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

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

[*Exeunt all but Adriana, Luciana,
Officer and Courtezan.*]

Say now, whose suit is he arrested at?

Off. One Angelo, a goldsmith: do you know him?

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

Off. Two hundred ducats.

Adr. Say, how grows it due?

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

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

Cour. When as your husband all in rage to-day
Came to my house and took away my ring— 141

The ring I saw upon his finger now—
Straight after did I meet him with a chain.

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

1434 Come lalor, bring me where the Goldsmith is,
1435 I long to know the truth heereof at large.

1436 *Enter Antipholus Siracusia with his Rapier drawne,*
1437 *and Dromio Sirac.*

1438 *Luc.* God for thy mercy, they are loofe againe.

1439 *Adr.* And come with naked fwords,

1440 Let's call more helpe to haue them bound againe.

1441 *14V. iv.*

Runne all out.

150 1442 *Off.* Away, they'l kill vs.

1443 *Exeunt omnes, as fast as may be, frighted.*

1444 *S. Ant.* I see these Witches are affraid of fwords.

1445 *S. Dro.* She that would be your wife, now ran from
1446 you.

1447 *Ant.* Come to the Centaur, fetch our stufte from
1448 thence :

1449 I long that we were safe and found aboard.

1450 *Dro.* Faith stay heere this night, they will surely do

1451 vs no harme : you saw they speake vs faire, giue vs gold :

1452 me thinkes they are such a gentle Nation, that but for

1453 the Mountaine of mad flesh that claimes mariage of me,

1454 *14V. iv.* I could finde in my heart to stay heere still, and turne

160 1455 Witch.

1456 *Ant.* I will not stay to night for all the Towne,

1457 Therefore away, to get our stufte aboard. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scœna Prima.

1458 *Enter the Merchant and the Goldsmith.*

1459 *Gold.* I am forry Sir that I haue hindred you,

1460 But I protest he had the Chaine of me,

1461 Though most dishonestly he doth denie it.

1462 *Mar.* How is the man esteem'd heere in the Citie?

1463 *Gold.* Of very reuerent reputation fir,

1464 Of credit infinite, highly belou'd,

Come, gaoler, bring me where the goldsmith is :
I long to know the truth hereof at large.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse *with his rapier drawn, and*
DROMIO of Syracuse.

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

Adr. And come with naked swords.

Let's call more help to have them bound again.

Off. Away ! they'll kill us.

150

[*Exeunt all but Ant. S. and Dro. S.*

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

Dro. S. She that would be your wife now ran from
you.

Ant. S. Come to the Centaur ; fetch our stuff from
thence :

I long that we were safe and sound aboard.

Dro. S. Faith, stay here this night ; they will surely do
us no harm : you saw they speak us fair, give us gold :
methinks they are such a gentle nation that, but for the
mountain of mad flesh that claims marriage of me, I could
find in my heart to stay here still and turn witch.

160

Ant. S. I will not stay to-night for all the town :
Therefore away, to get our stuff aboard. [*Exeunt.*

ACT. V.

SCENE I. *A street before a Priory.*

Enter Second Merchant *and* ANGELO.

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

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

Ang. Of very reverend reputation, sir,
Of credit infinite, highly beloved,

1465 Second to none that liues heere in the Citie :
 1466 His word might beare my wealth at any time.
 1467 *Mar.* Speake softly, yonder as I thinke he walkes.

1468 *Enter Antipholus and Dromio againe.*

V. i.

10

1469 *Gold.* 'Tis so : and that selfe chaine about his necke,
 1470 Which he forswore most monstroufly to haue.
 1471 Good fir draw neere to me, Ile speake to him :
 1472 Signior *Antipholus*, I wonder much
 1473 That you would put me to this shame and trouble,
 1474 And not without some scandall to your selfe,
 1475 With circumstance and oaths, so to denie
 1476 This Chaine, which now you weare so openly.
 1477 Beside the charge, the shame, imprifonment,

V. i.

20

1478 You haue done wrong to this my honest friend,
 1479 Who but for staying on our Controuersie,
 1480 Had hoisted saile, and put to sea to day :
 1481 This Chaine you had of me, can you deny it?
 1482 *Ant.* I thinke I had, I neuer did deny it.
 1483 *Mar.* Yes that you did fir, and forswore it too.
 1484 *Ant.* Who heard me to denie it or forswear it?
 1485 *Mar.* These eares of mine thou knowst did hear thee :
 1486 Fie on thee wretch, 'tis pittie that thou liu'ft
 1487 To walke where any honest men resort.

V. i.

30

1488 *Ant.* Thou art a Villaine to impeach me thus,
 1489 Ile proue mine honor, and mine honestie
 1490 Against thee presently, if thou dar'ft stand :
 1491 *Mar.* I dare and do desie thee for a villaine.

1492 *They draw. Enter Adriana, Luciana, Courtezan, & others.*

1493 *Adr.* Hold, hurt him not for God sake, he is mad,
 1494 Some get within him, take his sword away :
 1495 Binde *Dromio* too, and beare them to my house.
 1496 *S. Dro.* Runne master run, for Gods sake take a house,
 1497 This is some Priorie, in, or we are spoyl'd.

1498

Exeunt to the Priorie.

Second to none that lives here in the city :
His word might bear my wealth at any time.

Sec. Mer. Speak softly : yonder, as I think, he walks.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse and DROMIO of Syracuse.

Ang. 'Tis so; and that self chain about his neck 10
Which he forswore most monstrously to have.

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

Signior Antipholus, I wonder much

That you would put me to this shame and trouble;

And, not without some scandal to yourself,

With circumstance and oaths so to deny

This chain which now you wear so openly :

Beside the charge, the shame, imprisonment,

You have done wrong to this my honest friend,

Who, but for staying on our controversy, 20

Had hoisted sail and put to sea to-day :

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

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

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

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

Sec. Mer. These ears of mine, thou know'st, did hear thee.

Fie on thee, wretch ! 'tis pity that thou livest

To walk where any honest men resort.

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

I'll prove mine honor and mine honesty 30

Against thee presently, if thou darest stand.

Sec. Mer. I dare, and do defy thee for a villain.

[*They draw.*]

Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, the Courtezan, and others.

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

Some get within him, take his sword away :

Bind Dromio too, and bear them to my house.

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

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

[*Exeunt Ant. S. and Dro. S. to the Priory.*]

1499

*Enter Ladie Abbefse.*1500 *Ab.* Be quiet people, wherefore throng you hither?

V. i.

1501 *Adr.* To fetch my poore diftracted husband hence,

40

1502 Let vs come in, that we may binde him fast,

1503 And beare him home for his recouerie.

1504 *Gold.* I knew he vvas not in his perfect wits.1505 *Mar.* I am sorry now that I did draw on him.1506 *Ab.* How long hath this poffeffion held the man.1507 *Adr.* This weeke he hath beene heauie, fower fad,

1508 And much different from the man he was :

1509 But till this afternoone his passion

1510 Ne're brake into extremity of rage.

1511 *Ab.* Hath he not loft much wealth by wrack of fea,

V. i.

1512 Buried fome deere friend, hath not elfe his eye

51

1513 Stray'd his affection in vnlawfull loue,

1514 A finne preuailing much in youthfull men,

1515 Who giue their eies the liberty of gazing.

1516 Which of thefe forrowes is he fubiect too?

1517 *Adr.* To none of thefe, except it be the laft,

1518 Namely, fome loue that drew him oft from home.

1519 *Ab.* You fhould for that haue reprehended him.1520 *Adr.* Why fo I did.1521 *Ab.* I but not rough enough.1522 *Adr.* As roughly as my modeftie would let me.1523 *Ab.* Haply in priuate.

V. i.

1524 *Adr.* And in assemblies too.

61

1525 *Ab.* I, but not enough.1526 *Adr.* It was the copie of our Conference.

1527 In bed he fleep not for my vrging it,

1528 At boord he fed not for my vrging it :

1529 Alone, it was the fubiect of my Theame :

1530 In company I often glanced it :

1531 Still did I tell him, it was vilde and bad.

1532 *Ab.* And thereof came it, that the man was mad.

V. i.

1533 The venome clamors of a iealous woman,

70

1534 Poifons more deadly then a mad dogges tooth.

Enter the Lady Abbess.

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

Adr. To fetch my poor distracted husband hence.

Let us come in, that we may bind him fast, 40

And bear him home for his recovery.

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

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

Abb. How long hath this possession held the man?

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

And much different from the man he was;

But till this afternoon his passion

Ne'er brake into extremity of rage.

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

Buried some dear friend? Hath not else his eye

Stray'd his affection in unlawful love? 51

A sin prevailing much in youthful men,

Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing.

Which of these sorrows is he subject to?

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

Namely, some love that drew him oft from home.

Abb. You should for that have reprehended him.

Adr. Why, so I did.

Abb. Ay, but not rough enough.

Adr. As roughly as my modesty would let me.

Abb. Haply, in private.

Adr. And in assemblies too.

Abb. Ay, but not enough. 61

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 glanced it;

Still did I tell him it was vile and bad.

Abb. And thereof came it that the man was mad:

The venom clamours of a jealous woman

Poisons more deadly than a mad dog's tooth. 70

- 1535 It feemes his sleepes were hindred by thy railing,
 1536 And thereof comes it that his head is light.
 1537 Thou faist his meate was sawc'd with thy vpbraidings,
 1538 Vnquiet meales make ill digestions,
 1539 Thereof the raging fire of feauer bred,
 1540 And what's a Feauer, but a fit of madnesse?
 1541 Thou fayest his sports were hindred by thy bralles.
 1542 Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue
 V. i. 1543 But moodie and dull melancholly,
 80 1544 Kinsman to grim and comfortlesse dispaire,
 1545 And at her heeles a huge infectious troope
 1546 Of pale distemperatures, and foes to life?
 1547 In food, in sport, and life-preferuing rest
 1548 To be disturb'd, would mad or man, or beast:
 1549 The consequence is then, thy ielous fits
 1550 Hath scar'd thy husband from the vse of wits.
 1551 *Luc.* She neuer reprehended him but mildly,
 1552 When he demean'd himselfe, rough, rude, and wildly,
 V. i. 1553 Why beare you these rebukes, and answer not?
 90 1554 *Adri.* She did betray me to my owne reproofe,
 1555 Good people enter, and lay hold on him.
 1556 *Ab.* No, not a creature enters in my house.
 1557 *Ad.* Then let your seruants bring my husband forth
 1558 *Ab.* Neither: he tooke this place for sanctuary,
 1559 And it shall priuiledge him from your hands,
 1560 Till I haue brought him to his wits againe,
 1561 Or loofe my labour in affaying it.
 1562 *Adr.* I will attend my husband, be his nurse,
 V. i. 1563 Diet his sicknesse, for it is my Office,
 100 1564 And will haue no attorney but my selfe,
 1565 And therefore let me haue him home with me.
 1566 *Ab.* Be patient, for I will not let him stirre,
 1567 Till I haue vs'd the approued meanes I haue,
 1568 With wholsome sirrups, drugges, and holy prayers
 1569 To make of him a formall man againe:
 1570 It is a branch and parcell of mine oath,

It seems his sleeps were hinder'd by thy railing,
 And thereof comes it that his head is light.
 Thou say'st his meat was sauced with thy upbraidings:
 Unquiet meals make ill digestions;
 Thereof the raging fire of fever bred;
 And what's a fever but a fit of madness?
 Thou say'st his sports were hinder'd by thy brawls:
 Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue
 But moody and dull melancholy,
 Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair,
 And at her heels a huge infectious troop
 Of pale distemperatures and foes to life?
 In food, in sport and life-preserving rest
 To be disturb'd, would mad or man or beast:
 The consequence is then, thy jealous fits
 Have scared thy husband from the use of wits.

80

Luc. She never reprehended him but mildly,
 When he demean'd himself rough, rude and wildly.
 Why bear you these rebukes and answer not?

Adr. She did betray me to my own reproof.
 Good people, enter and lay hold on him.

90

Abb. No, not a creature enters in my house.

Adr. Then let your servants bring my husband forth.

Abb. Neither: he took this place for sanctuary,
 And it shall privilege him from your hands
 Till I have brought him to his wits again,
 Or lose my labour in assaying it.

Adr. I will attend my husband, be his nurse,
 Diet his sickness, for it is my office,
 And will have no attorney but myself;
 And therefore let me have him home with me.

100

Abb. Be patient; for I will not let him stir
 Till I have used the approved means I have,
 With wholesome syrups, drugs and holy prayers,
 To make of him a formal man again:
 It is a branch and parcel of mine oath,

- 1571 A charitable dutie of my order,
 1572 Therefore depart, and leaue him heere with me.
 V. i. 1573 *Adr.* I will not hence, and leaue my husband heere :
 110 1574 And ill it doth befeeme your holinesse
 1575 To separate the husband and the wife.
 1576 *Ab.* Be quiet and depart, thou shalt not haue him.
 1577 *Luc.* Complaine vnto the Duke of this indignity.
 1578 *Adr.* Come go, I will fall prostrate at his feete,
 1579 And neuer rise vntill my teares and prayers
 1580 Haue won his grace to come in person hither,
 1581 And take perforce my husband from the Abbeffe.
 1582 *Mar.* By this I thinke the Diall points at fiae :
 V. i. 1583 Anon I'me fure the Duke himfelfe in person
 120 1584 Comes this way to the melancholly vale ;
 1585 The place of depth, and forrie execution,
 1586 Behinde the ditches of the Abbey heere.
 1587 *Gold.* Vpon what cause ?
 1588 *Mar.* To see a reuerent *Siracufian* Merchant,
 1589 Who put vnluckily into this Bay
 1590 Against the Lawes and Statutes of this Towne,
 1591 Beheaded publikely for his offence.
 1592 *Gold.* See where they come, we wil behold his death
 1593 *Luc.* Kneele to the Duke before he passe the Abbey.

 1594 *Enter the Duke of Ephefus, and the Merchant of Siracuse*
 1595 *bare head, with the Headsman, & other*
 1596 *Officers.*
 V. i. 1597 *Duke.* Yet once againe proclaime it publikely,
 130 1598 If any friend will pay the fumme for him,
 1599 He shall not die, so much we tender him.
 1600 *Adr.* Iustice most sacred Duke against the Abbeffe.
 1601 *Duke.* She is a vertuous and a reuerend Lady,
 1602 It cannot be that she hath done thee wrong.
 1603 *Adr.* May it please your Grace, *Antipholus* my husband,
 1604 Who I made Lord of me, and all I had,
 1605 At your important Letters this ill day,

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 110
To separate the husband and the wife.

Abb. Be quiet and depart: thou shalt not have him.
[*Exit.*]

Luc. Complain unto the duke of this indignity.

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

Sec. Mer. By this, I think, the dial points at five:
Anon, I'm sure, the duke himself in person
Comes this way to the melancholy vale, 120
The place of death and sorry execution,
Behind the ditches of the abbey here.

Ang. Upon what cause?

Sec. Mer. To see a reverend Syracusian merchant,
Who put unluckily into this bay
Against the laws and statutes of this town,
Beheaded publicly for his offence.

Ang. See where they come: we will behold his death.

Luc. Kneel to the duke before he pass the abbey.

*Enter DUKE, attended; ÆGEON bareheaded; with the
Headsman and other Officers.*

Duke. Yet once again proclaim it publicly, 130
If any friend will pay the sum for him,
He shall not die; so much we tender him.

Adr. Justice, most sacred Duke, against the abbess!

Duke. She is a virtuous and a reverend lady:
It cannot be that she hath done thee wrong.

Adr. May it please your grace, Antipholus my husband,
Whom I made lord of me and all I had,
At your important letters,—this ill day

- 1606 A most outrageous fit of madnesse tooke him :
 V. i. 1607 That desp'rately he hurried through the streete,
 141 1608 With him his bondman, all as mad as he,
 1609 Doing displeasure to the Citizens,
 1610 By rushing in their houses : bearing thence
 1611 Rings, lewels, any thing his rage did like.
 1612 Once did I get him bound, and sent him home,
 1613 Whil'ft to take order for the wrongs I went,
 1614 That heere and there his furie had committed,
 1615 Anon I wot not, by what strong escape
 V. i. 1616 He broke from those that had the guard of him,
 150 1617 And with his mad attendant and himselfe,
 1618 Each one with irefull passion, with drawne swords
 1619 Met vs againe, and madly bent on vs
 1620 Chac'd vs away : till raising of more aide
 1621 We came againe to binde them : then they fled
 1622 Into this Abbey, whether we purfu'd them,
 1623 And heere the Abbesse shuts the gates on vs,
 1624 And will not suffer vs to fetch him out,
 1625 Nor send him forth, that we may beare him hence.
 1626 Therefore most gracious Duke with thy command,
 V. i. 1627 Let him be brought forth, and borne hence for helpe.
 161 1628 *Duke.* Long since thy husband feru'd me in my wars
 1629 And I to thee ingag'd a Princes word,
 1630 When thou didst make him Master of thy bed,
 1631 To do him all the grace and good I could.
 1632 Go some of you, knock at the Abbey gate,
 1633 And bid the Lady Abbesse come to me :
 1634 I will determine this before I stirre.

1635 *Enter a Messenger.*

- 1636 Oh Mistris, Mistris, shift and faue your selfe,
 1637 My Master and his man are both broke loose,
 1638 Beaten the Maids a-row, and bound the Doctour,
 1639 Whose beard they haue findg'd off with brands of fire,
 1640 And euer as it blaz'd, they threw on him

A most outrageous fit of madness took him ;
 That desperately he hurried through the street,—
 With him his bondman, all as mad as he,— 141
 Doing displeasure to the citizens
 By rushing in their houses, bearing thence
 Rings, jewels, any thing his rage did like.
 Once did I get him bound and sent him home,
 Whilst to take order for the wrongs I went
 That here and there his fury had committed.
 Anon, I wot not by what strong escape,
 He broke from those that had the guard of him ;
 And, with his mad attendant and himself, 150
 Each one with ireful passion, with drawn swords,
 Met us again and madly bent on us,
 Chased us away, till raising of more aid
 We came again to bind them. Then they fled
 Into this abbey, whither we pursued them :
 And here the abbess shuts the gate on us,
 And will not suffer us to fetch him out,
 Nor send him forth that we may bear him hence.
 Therefore, most gracious duke, with thy command
 Let him be brought forth and borne hence for help.

Duke. Long since thy husband served me in my wars, 161
 And I to thee engaged a prince's word,
 When thou didst make him master of thy bed,
 To do him all the grace and good I could.
 Go, some of you, knock at the abbey-gate
 And bid the lady abbess come to me.
 I will determine this before I stir.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. O mistress, mistress, shift and save yourself !
 My master and his man are both broke loose,
 Beaten the maids a-row and bound the doctor,
 Whose beard they have singed off with brands of fire ;
 And ever, as it blazed, they threw on him

1641 Great pailcs of puddled myre to quench the haire ;
 1642 My Mr preaches patience to him, and the while
 1643 His man with Cizers nickes him like a foole :
 1644 And fure (vnleffe you fend some prefent helpe)
 1645 Betweene them they will kill the coniuurer.
 1646 *Adr.* Peace foole, thy Mafter and his man are here,
 1647 And that is falfe thou doft report to vs.

V. i. 1648 *Meff.* Miftris, upon my life I tel you true,
 181 1649 I haue not breath'd almoft fince I did fee it.
 1650 He cries for you, and vowes if he can take you,
 1651 To fcorch your face, and to diffigure you :

1652 *Cry within.*

1653 Harke, harke, I heare him Miftris: flie, be gone.
 1654 *Duke.* Come ftand by me, feare nothing: guard with
 1655 Halberds.
 1656 *Adr.* Ay me, it is my husband : witneffe you,
 1657 That he is borne about inuifible,
 1658 Euen now we hous'd him in the Abbey heere.
 1659 And now he's there, paff thought of humane reafon.

V. i. 1660 *Enter Antipholus, and E. Dromio of Ephesus.*
 190 1661 (ftice,

1662 *E. Ant.* Iuftice moft gracious Duke, oh grant me iu-
 1663 Euen for the feruice that long fince I did thee,
 1664 When I beftred thee in the warres, and tooke
 1665 Deepe fcarres to faue thy life ; euen for the blood
 1666 That then I loft for thee, now grant me iuftice.

1667 *Mar. Fat.* Vnleffe the feare of death doth make me
 1668 dote, I fee my fonne *Antipholus* and *Dromio*.

1669 *E. Ant.* Iuftice (sweet Prince) againft y^e Woman there:
 1670 She whom thou gau'ft to me to be my wife;

V. i. 1671 That hath abufed and difhonored me,
 200 1672 Euen in the ftrength and height of iniurie :
 1673 Beyond imagination is the wrong

1674 That fhe this day hath fhameleffe throwne on me.
 1675 *Duke.* Difcouer how, and thou fhalt find me iuft.

Great pails of puddled mire to quench the hair:
 My master preaches patience to him, and, the while,
 His man with scissors nicks him like a fool,
 And sure, unless you send some present help,
 Between them they will kill the conjurer.

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

Serv. Mistress, upon my life, I tell you true;
 I have not breathed almost since I did see it.
 He cries for you and vows, if he can take you,
 To scorch your face and to disfigure you.

181

[*Cry within.*

Hark, hark! I hear him, mistress: fly, be gone!

Duke. Come, stand by me; fear nothing. Guard with
 halberds!

Adr. Ay me, it is my husband! Witness you,
 That he is borne about invisible:
 Even now we housed him in the abbey here;
 And now he's there, past thought of human reason.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus and DROMIO of Ephesus.

Ant. E. Justice, most gracious duke, O, grant me
 justice!

190

Even for the service that long since I did thee,
 When I bestrid thee in the wars and took
 Deep scars to save thy life; even for the blood
 That then I lost for thee, now grant me justice.

Æge. Unless the fear of death doth make me dote,
 I see my son Antipholus and Dromio.

Ant. E. Justice, sweet prince, against that woman there!
 She whom thou gavest to me to be my wife,
 That hath abused and dishonour'd me
 Even in the strength and height of injury!
 Beyond imagination is the wrong
 That she this day hath shameless thrown on me.

200

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

- 1676 *E. Ant.* This day (great Duke) fhe fhut the doores
 1677 vpon me,
 1678 While fhe with Harlots feasted in my houfe.
 1679 *Duke.* A greeuous fault: fay woman, didft thou fo?
 1680 *Adr.* No my good Lord. My felfe, he, and my fifter,
 1681 To day did dine together: fo befall my foule,
 1682 As this is falfe he burthens me withall.
 V. i. 1683 *Luc.* Nere may I looke on day, nor fleepe on night,
 210 1684 But fhe tels to your Highneffe fimple truth.
 1685 *Gold.* O periur'd woman! They are both forfworne,
 1686 In this the Madman iuftly chargeth them.
 1687 *E. Ant.* My Liege, I am aduifed what I fay,
 1688 Neither difturbed with the effect of Wine,
 1689 Nor headie-rafh prouoak'd with raging ire,
 1690 Albeit my wrongs might make one wifer mad.
 1691 This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner;
 V. i. 1692 That Goldfmith there, were he not pack'd with her,
 220 1693 Could witneffe it: for he was with me then,
 1694 Who parted with me to go fetch a Chaine,
 1695 Promifing to bring it to the Porpentine,
 1696 Where *Balthafar* and I did dine together.
 1697 Our dinner done, and he not comming thither,
 1698 I went to feeke him. In the ftreet I met him,
 1699 And in his companie that Gentleman.
 1700 There did this periur'd Goldfmith fweare me downe,
 1701 That I this day of him receiu'd the Chaine,
 V. i. 1702 Which God he knowes, I faw not. For the which,
 230 1703 He did arreft me with an Officer.
 1704 I did obey, and fent my Peſant home
 1705 For certaine Duckets: he with none return'd.
 1706 Then fairely I beſpoke the Officer
 1707 To go in perſon with me to my houfe.
 1708 By'th'way, we met my wife, her fifter, and a rabble more
 1709 Of vilde Confederates: Along with them
 1710 They brought one *Pinch*, a hungry leane-fac'd Villaine;

Ant. E. This day, great duke, she shut the doors upon
me,

While she with harlots feasted in my house.

Duke. A grievous fault! Say, woman, didst thou so?

Adr. No, my good lord: myself, he and my sister
To-day did dine together. So befall my soul
As this is false he burdens me withal!

Luc. Ne'er may I look on day, nor sleep on night, 210
But she tells to your highness simple truth!

Ang. O perjured woman! They are both forsworn:
In this the madman justly chargeth them.

Ant. E. My liege, I am advised what I say,
Neither disturbed with the effect of wine,
Nor heady-rash, provoked with raging ire,
Albeit my wrongs might make one wiser mad.
This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner:
That goldsmith there, were he not pack'd with her,
Could witness it, for he was with me then; 220

Who parted with me to go fetch a chain,
Promising to bring it to the Porpentine,
Where Balthazar and I did dine together.
Our dinner done, and he not coming thither,
I went to seek him: in the street I met him
And in his company that gentleman.
There did this perjured goldsmith swear me down
That I this day of him received the chain,
Which, God he knows, I saw not: for the which
He did arrest me with an officer.

I did obey, and sent my peasant home
For certain ducats: he with none return'd.
Then fairly I bespoke the officer 230

To go in person with me to my house.
By the way we met
My wife, her sister, and a rabble more
Of vile confederates. Along with them
They brought one Pinch, a hungry lean-faced villain,

- 1711 A meere Anatomie, a Mountebanke,
 V. i. 1712 A thred-bare Iügler, and a Fortune-teller,
 240 1713 A needy-hollow-ey'd-sharpe-looking-wretch ;
 1714 A liuing dead man. This pernicious flaue,
 1715 Forfooth tooke on him as a Coniurer :
 1716 And gazing in mine eyes, feeling my pulfe,
 1717 And with no-face (as 'twere) out-facing me,
 1718 Cries out, I was posselt. Then altogether
 1719 They fell vpon me, bound me, bore me thence,
 1720 And in a darke and dankish vault at home
 1721 There left me and my man, both bound together,
 V. i. 1722 Till gnawing with my teeth my bonds in sunder,
 250 1723 I gain'd my freedome ; and immediatly
 1724 Ran hether to your Grace, whom I befeech
 1725 To giue me ample fatisfaction
 1726 For these deepe fhames, and great indignities.
 1727 *Gold.* My Lord, in truth, thus far I witnes with him :
 1728 That he din'd not at home, but was lock'd out.
 1729 *Duke.* But had he such a Chaine of thee, or no?
 1730 *Gold.* He had my Lord, and when he ran in heere ;
 1731 These people saw the Chaine about his necke.
 V. i. 1732 *Mar.* Besides, I will be sworne these eares of mine,
 260 1733 Heard you confesse you had the Chaine of him,
 1734 After you first forswore it on the Mart,
 1735 And thereupon I drew my sword on you:
 1736 And then you fled into this Abbey heere,
 1737 From whence I thinke you are come by Miracle.
 1738 *E. Ant.* I neuer came within these Abbey wals,
 1739 Nor euer didst thou draw thy sword on me :
 1740 I neuer saw the Chaine, so helpe me heauen:
 1741 And this is false you burthen me withall.
 V. i. 1742 *Duke.* Why what an intricate impeach is this ?
 270 1743 I thinke you all haue drunke of *Circes* cup:
 1744 If heere you hous'd him, heere he would haue bin.
 1745 If he were mad, he would not pleade so coldly :
 1746 You say he din'd at home, the Goldsmith heere

A mere anatomy, a mountebank,
 A threadbare juggler and a fortune-teller,
 A needy, hollow-eyed, sharp-looking wretch, 240
 A living-dead man : this pernicious slave,
 Forsooth, took on him as a conjuror,
 And gazing in mine eyes, feeling my pulse,
 And with no face, as 'twere, outfacing me,
 Cries out, I was possess'd. Then all together
 They fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence
 And in a dark and dankish vault at home
 There left me and my man, both bound together ;
 Till, gnawing with my teeth my bonds in sunder,
 I gain'd my freedom and immediately 250
 Ran hither to your grace ; whom I beseech
 To give me ample satisfaction
 For these deep shames and great indignities.

Ang. My lord, in truth, thus far I witness with him,
 That he dined not at home, but was lock'd out.

Duke. But had he such a chain of thee or no ?

Ang. He had, my lord : and when he ran in here.
 These people saw the chain about his neck.

Sec. Mer. Besides, I will be sworn these ears of mine
 Heard you confess you had the chain of him 260
 After you first forswore it on the mart :
 And thereupon I drew my sword on you ;
 And then you fled into this abbey here,
 From whence, I think, you are come by miracle.

Ant. E. I never came within these abbey-walls,
 Nor ever didst thou draw thy sword on me :
 I never saw the chain, so help me heaven !
 And this is false you burden me withal.

Duke. Why what an intricate impeach is this !
 I think you all have drunk of Circe's cup. 270
 If here you housed him, here he would have been :
 If he were mad, he would not plead so coldly :
 You say he dined at home ; the goldsmith here

1747 Denies that faying. Sirra, what fay you?

1748 *E. Dro.* Sir he din'de with her there, at the Porpen-
1749 tine.

1750 *Cur.* He did, and from my finger snatcht that Ring.

1751 *E. Anti.* Tis true (my Liege) this Ring I had of her.

1752 *Duke.* Saw'ft thou him enter at the Abbey heere?

1753 *Curt.* As fure (my Liege) as I do fee your Grace.

v. i. 1754 *Duke.* Why this is fraunge: Go call the Abbeffe hi-
280 1755 ther.

1756 I thinke you are all mated, or starke mad.

1757 *Exit one to the Abbeffe.*

1758 *Fa.* Most mighty Duke, vouchsafe me fpeak a word:

1759 Haply I fee a friend will saue my life,

1760 And pay the fum that may deliuer me.

1761 *Duke.* Speake freely *Siracufian* what thou wilt.

1762 *Fath.* Is not your name fir called *Antipholus*?

1763 And is not that your bondman *Dromio*?

1764 *E. Dro.* Within this houre I was his bondman fir,

v. i. 1765 But he I thanke him gnaw'd in two my cords,

290 1766 Now am I *Dromio*, and his man, vnbound.

1767 *Fath.* I am fure you both of you remember me.

1768 *Dro.* Our felues we do remember fir by you:

1769 For lately we were bound as you are now.

1770 You are not *Pinches* patient, are you fir?

1771 *Father.* Why looke you ftrange on me? you know
1772 me well.

1773 *E. Ant.* I neuer faw you in my life till now.

1774 *Fa.* Oh! grieffe hath chang'd me fince you faw me laft,

1775 And carefull houres with times deformed hand,

1776 Haue written ftrange defeatures in my face:

v. i. 1777 But tell me yet, doft thou not know my voice?

301 1778 *Ant.* Neither.

1779 *Fat.* *Dromio*, nor thou?

1780 *Dro.* No trust me fir, nor I.

1781 *Fa.* I am fure thou doft?

Denies that saying. Sirrah, what say you ?

Dro. E. Sir, he dined, with her there, at the Porpen-
tine.

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

Ant. E. 'Tis true, my liege; this ring I had of her.

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

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

Duke. Why, this is strange. Go call the abbess
hither. 280

I think you are all mated or stark mad.

[Exit one to the Abbess.]

Æge. Most mighty duke, vouchsafe me speak a word:

Haply I see a friend will save my life

And pay the sum that may deliver me.

Duke. Speak freely, Syracusian, what thou wilt.

Æge. Is not your name, sir, call'd Antipholus ?

And is not that your bondman, Dromio ?

Dro. E. Within this hour I was his bondman, sir.

But he, I thank him, gnaw'd in two my cords:

Now am I Dromio and his man unbound. 290

Æge. I am sure you both of you remember me.

Dro. E. Ourselves we do remember, sir, by you:

For lately we were bound, as you are now.

You are not Pinch's patient, are you, sir ?

Æge. Why look you so strange on me ? you know me
well.

Ant. E. I never saw you in my life till now.

Æge. O, grief hath changed me since you saw me last,

And careful hours with time's deformed hand

Have written strange defeatures in my face:

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

Ant. E. Neither. 301

Æge. Dromio, nor thou ?

Dro. E. No, trust me, sir, nor I.

Æge. I am sure thou dost.

- 1782 *E. Dromio.* I fir, but I am fure I do not, and whatfo-
 1783 ever a man denies, you are now bound to beleue him.
 1784 *Fath.* Not know my voice, oh times e tremity
 1785 Haft thou so cracked and splitted my poor tongue
 V. i. 1786 In feuen fhort yeeres, that heere my onely fonne
 310 1787 Knowes not my feeble key of vntun'd cares?
 1788 Though now this grained face of mine be hid
 1789 In fap-confuming Winters drizled fnow,
 1790 And all the Conduits of my blood froze vp:
 1791 Yet hath my night of life fome memorie:
 1792 My wafting lamps fome fading glimmer left;
 1793 My dull deafe eares a little vfe to heare:
 1794 All these old witneffes, I cannot erre.
 1795 Tell me, thou art my fonne *Antipholus.*
 V. i. 1796 *Ant.* I neuer faw my Father in my life.
 320 1797 *Fa.* But feuen yeares fince in *Siracufa* boy
 1798 Thou know'ft we parted, but perhaps my fonne,
 1799 Thou fham'ft to acknowledge me in miferie.
 1800 *Ant.* The Duke, and all that know me in the City,
 1801 Can witneffe with me that it is not fo.
 1802 I ne're faw *Siracufa* in my life.
 1803 *Duke.* I tell thee *Siracufian*, twentie yeares
 1804 Haue I bin Patron to *Antipholus*,
 1805 During which time, he ne're faw *Siracufa*:
 1806 I fee thy age and dangers make thee dote.
- 1807 *Enter the Abbeffe with Antipholus Siracufa,*
 1808 *and Dromio Sir.*
- V. i. 1809 *Abbeffe.* Moft mightie Duke, behold a man much
 330 1810 wrong'd.
 1811 *All gather to fee them.*
- 1812 *Adr.* I fee two husbands, or mine eyes deceiue me.
 1813 *Duke.* One of thefe men is *genius* to the other:
 1814 And fo of thefe, which is the naturall man,
 1815 And which the fpirit? Who deciphers them?
 1816 *S. Dromio.* I Sir am *Dromio*, command him away.

Dro. E. Ay, sir, but I am sure I do not: and whatsoever a man denies, you are now bound to believe him.

Ege. Not know my voice! O time's extremity,
Hast thou so crack'd and splitt'd my poor tongue
In seven short years, that here my only son
Knows not my feeble key of untuned cares? 310
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 lamps some fading glimmer left,
My dull deaf ears a little use to hear:
All these old witnesses—I cannot err—
Tell me thou art my son Antipholus.

Ant. E. I never saw my father in my life.

Ege. But seven years since, in Syracuse, boy, 320
Thou know'st we parted: but perhaps, my son,
Thou shamest to acknowledge me in misery.

Ant. E. The duke and all that know me in the city
Can witness with me that it is not so:
I ne'er saw Syracuse in my life.

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

Re-enter Abbess, *with* ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse *and* DROMIO
of Syracuse.

Abb. Most mighty duke, behold a man much wrong'd. 330

[*All gather to see them.*]

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

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

Dro. S. I, sir, am Dromio: command him away.

- 1817 *E. Dro.* I Sir am *Dromio*, pray let me stay.
 1818 *S. Ant.* *Egeon* art thou not? or else his ghost.
 1819 *S. Drom.* Oh my olde Master, who hath bound him
 1820 heere?
- V. i.
 340 1821 *Abb.* Who euer bound him, I will lose his bonds,
 1822 And gaine a husband by his libertie:
 1823 Speake olde *Egeon*, if thou bee'st the man
 1824 That hadst a wife once called *Emilia*,
 1825 That bore thee at a burthen two faire sonnes?
 1826 Oh if thou bee'st the same *Egeon*, speake:
 1827 And speake vnto the same *Emilia*.
 1828 *Duke.* Why heere begins his Morning storie right:
 1829 These two *Antipholus*, these two so like,
 1830 And these two *Dromio's*, one in semblance:
 1831 Besides her vrging of her wracke at sea,
 V. i.
 360 1832 These are the parents to these children,
 1833 Which accidentally are met together.
 1834 *Fa.* If I dreame not, thou art *Emilia*,
 1835 If thou art she, tell me, where is that sonne
 1836 That floated with thee on the fatall raffe.
- V. i.
 350 1837 *Abb.* By men of *Epidamium*, he, and I,
 1838 And the twin *Dromio*, all were taken vp;
 1839 But by and by, rude Fishermen of *Corinth*
 1840 By force tooke *Dromio*, and my sonne from them,
 1841 And me they left with those of *Epidamium*.
 1842 What then became of them, I cannot tell:
 1843 I, to this fortune that you see mee in.
- 1844 *Duke.* *Antipholus* thou cam'st from *Corinth* first.
 1845 *S. Ant.* No sir, not I, I came from *Siracuse*.
 1846 *Duke.* Stay, stand apart, I know not which is which.

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

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

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

Abb. Whoever bound him, I will loose his bonds

And gain a husband by his liberty.

340

Speak, old Ægeon, if thou be'st the man

That hadst a wife once call'd Æmilia

That bore thee at a burden two fair sons:

O, if thou be'st the same Ægeon, speak,

And speak unto the same Æmilia!

Æge. If I dream not, thou art Æmilia:

If thou art she, tell me where is that son

That floated with thee on the fatal raft?

Abb. By men of Epidamnum he and I

And the twin Dromio all were taken up;

350

But by and by rude fishermen of Corinth

By force took Dromio and my son from them

And me they left with those of Epidamnum.

What then became of them I cannot tell;

I to this fortune that you see me in.

Duke. Why, here begins his morning story right:

These two Antipholuses, these two so like,

And these two Dromios, one in semblance,—

Besides her urging of her wreck at sea,—

These are the parents to these children,

360

Which accidentally are met together.

Antipholus, thou camest from Corinth first?

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

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

- 1847 *E. Ant.* I came from *Corinth* my most gracious Lord
 1848 *E. Dro.* And I with him.
 1849 *E. Ant.* Brought to this Town by that most famous
 1850 Warriour,
 1851 Duke *Menaphon*, your most renowned Vnckle.
 1852 *Adr.* Which of you two did dine with me to day ?
 1853 *S. Ant.* I, gentle Mistris.
 v. i. 1854 *Adr.* And are you not my husband ?
 371 1855 *E. Ant.* No, I say nay to that.
 1856 *S. Ant.* And so do I, yet did fhe call me fo :
 1857 And this faire Gentlewoman her sister heere
 1858 Did call me brother. What I told you then,
 1859 I hope I fhall haue leifure to make good,
 1860 If this be not a dreame I fee and heare.
 1861 *Goldsmith.* That is the Chaîne fir, which you had of
 1862 mee.
 v. i. 1863 *S. Ant.* I thinke it be fir, I denie it not.
 380 1864 *E. Ant.* And you fir for this Chaîne arrested me.
 1865 *Gold.* I thinke I did sir, I deny it not.
 1866 *Adr.* I sent you monie fir to be your baile
 1867 By *Dromio*, but I thinke he brought it not.
 1868 *E. Dro.* No, none by me.
 1869 *S. Ant.* This purse of Duckets I receiu'd from you,
 1870 And *Dromio* my man did bring them me :
 1871 I fee we still did meete each others man,
 1872 And I was tane for him, and he for me,
 1873 And thereupon these errors are arose.
 v. i. 1874 *E. Ant.* These Duckets pawne I for my father heere.
 390 1875 *Duke.* It shall not neede, thy father hath his life.
 1876 *Cur.* Sir I must haue that Diamond from you.
 1877 *E. Ant.* There take it, and much thanks for my good
 1878 cheere.
 1879 *Abb.* Renowned Duke, vouchsafe to take the paines
 1880 To go with vs into the Abbey heere,
 1881 And [heare at large discoursed all our fortunes,
 1882 And all that are affembled in this place:

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

Dro. E. And I with him.

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

Duke Menaphon, your most renowned uncle.

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

Ant. S. I, gentle mistress.

Adr. And are you not my husband?

Ant. E. No; I say nay to that.

371

Ant. S. And so do I; yet did she call me so:

And this fair gentlewoman, her sister here,

Did call me brother. [*To Luc.*] What I told you then,

I hope I shall have leisure to make good;

If this be not a dream I see and hear.

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

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

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

380

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

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

Dro. E. No, none by me.

Ant. S. This purse of ducats I received from you

And Dromio my man did bring them me.

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

And I was ta'en for him, and he for me,

And thereupon these errors are arose.

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

Duke. It shall not need; thy father hath his life.

390

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

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

Abb. Renowned duke, vouchsafe to take the pains
To go with us into the abbey here

And hear at large discoursed all our fortunes:

And all that are assembled in this place,

- 1883 That by this fimpathized one daies error
 1884 Haue suffer'd wrong. Goe, keepe vs companie,
 V. i. 1885 And we fhall make full fatisfaction.
 400 1886 Thirtie three yeares haue I but gone in trauaile
 1887 Of you my fonnes, and till this prefent houre
 1888 My heaue burthen are deliuered:
 1889 The Duke my husband, and my children both,
 1890 And you the Kalenders of their Natiuity,
 1891 Go to a Goffips feaft, and go with mee,
 1892 After fo long greefe fuch Natiuitie.
 1893 *Duke.* With all my heart, lle Goffip at this feaft.

 1894 *Exeunt omnes. Manet the two Dromio's and*
 1895 *two Brothers.*
 1896 *S.Dro.* Maft.fhall I fetch your ftuffe from fhipbord?
 V. i. 1897 *EAn.Dromio,* what ftuffe of mine haft thou imbarkt
 410 1898 *S.Dro.* Your goods that lay at hoft fir in the Centaur.
 1899 *S.Ant.* He fpeakes to me, I am your mafter *Dromio.*
 1900 Come go with vs, wee'l looke to that anon,
 1901 Embrace thy brother there, reioyce with him. *Exit*
 1902 *S.Dro.* There is a fat friend at your mafters houfe,
 1903 That kitchin'd me for you to day at dinner:
 1904 She now fhall be my fifter, not my wife,
 1905 *E.D.* Me thinks you are my glaffe, & not not my brother:
 V. i. 1906 I fee by you, I am a fweet-fac'd youth,
 420 1907 Will you walke in to fee their goffipping?
 1908 *S.Dro.* Not I fir, you are my elder.
 1909 *E.Dro.* That's a queftion, how fhall we trie it.
 1910 *S.Dro.* Wee'l draw Cuts for the Signior, till then,
 1911 lead thou firft.
 1912 *E.Dro.* Nay then thus:
 1913 We came into the world like brother and brother:
 1914 And now let's go hand in hand, not one before another.
 1915 *Exeunt.*

FINIS.

That by this sympathized one day's error
Have suffer'd wrong, go keep us company,
And we shall make full satisfaction.

Thirty-three years have I but gone in travail 400
Of you, my sons; and, till this present hour,
My heavy burthen ne'er delivered.

The duke, my husband and my children both,
And you the calenders of their nativity,
Go to a gossips' feast, and go with me;
After so long grief, such festivity!

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

[*Exeunt all but Ant. S., Ant, E..*

Dro. S., and Dro. E.

Dro. S. Master, shall I fetch your stuff from shipboard?

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

Dro. S. Your goods that lay at host, sir, in the Centaur. 410

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

[*Exeunt Ant. S. and Ant. E.*

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

Dro. E. Methinks you are my glass, and not my brother:
I see by you I am a sweet-faced youth.

Will you walk in to see their gossiping?

Dro. S. Not I, sir; you are my elder. 420

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

Dro. S. We'll draw cuts for the senior: till then lead
thou first.

Dro. E. Nay, then, thus:

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

[*Exeunt.*

F I N I S .

THE COMEDIE OF ERRORS.
COLLATION OF THE BANKSIDE SHAKESPEARE WITH THE
GLOBE SHAKESPEARE.

BANKSIDE LINE.	GLOBE LINE.	BANKSIDE LINE.	GLOBE LINE.
4	Act I, Scene i. 1	978	Act IV, Scene i. 1
51	50	1032	50
101	100	1085	100
151	150	1100	“ Scene ii. 1
162.	“ Scene ii. 1	1158	50
214	50	1180	“ Scene iii. 1
265	100	1229	50
271	Act II, Scene i. 1	1277	“ Scene iv. 1
324	50	1325	50
374	100	1381	100
393	“ Scene ii. 1	1442	150
443	50	1459	Act V, Scene i. 1
491	100	1511	50
541	150	1564	100
592	200	1616	150
616	Act III, Scene i. 1	1672	200
680	50	1723	250
758	100	1776	300
789	“ Scene ii. 1	1838	350
834	50	1886	400
887	100		
932	150		

COLLATION OF THE BANKSIDE SHAKESPEARE WITH THE
FIRST FOLIO.

FIRST FOLIO COLUMN.	BANKSIDE LINE.	FIRST FOLIO COLUMN.	BANKSIDE LINE.
1st column, page 85	48	1st column, page 93	1059
2d " " 85	98	2d " " 93	1123
1st " " 86	163	1st " " 94	1186
2d " " 86	228	2d " " 94	1250
1st " " 87	286	1st " " 95	1313
2d " " 87	351	2d " " 95	1377
1st " " 88	417	1st " " 96	1440
2d " " 88	483	2d " " 96	1497
1st " " 89	547	1st " " 97	1562
2d " " 89	613	2d " " 97	1625
1st " " 90	673	1st " " 98	1690
2d " " 90	739	2d " " 98	1756
1st " " 91	805	1st " " 99	1818
2d " " 91	871	2d " " 99	1884
1st " " 92	937	1st " " 100	1899
2d " " 92	993	2d " " 100	1915



