

The Comedie of Errors.

by

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Based on the Folio Text of 1623



DjVu Editions E-books



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Shakespeare: First Folio

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The Comedie of Errors

H1

Actus primus, Scena prima.

2 *Enter the Duke of Ephesus, with the Merchant of Siracusa,*
 3 *Iaylor, and other attendants.*

4 *Marchant.*

5 Proceed *Solinus* to procure my fall,
 6 And by the doome of death end woes and all.

7 *Duke.* Merchant of *Siracusa*, plead no more.

8 I am not partiall to infringe our Lawes;

9 The enmity and discord which of late

10 Sprung from the rancorous outrage of your Duke,

11 To Merchants our well- dealing Countrimen,

12 Who wanting gilders to redeeme their liues,

13 Haue seal'd his rigorous statutes with their blouds,

14 Excludes all pittie from our threatning lookes:

15 For since the mortall and intestine iarres

16 Twixt thy seditious Countrimen and vs,

17 It hath in solemne Synodes beene decreed,

18 Both by the *Siracusians* and our selues,

19 To admit no trafficke to our aduerse townes:

20 Nay more, if any borne at *Ephesus*

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

22 Againe, if any *Siracusan* borne

23 Come to the Bay of *Ephesus*, he dies:

24 His goods confiscate to the Dukes dispose,

25 Vnlesse a thousand markes be leuied

26 To quit the penalty, and to ransome him:

27 Thy substance, valued at the highest rate,

28 Cannot amount vnto a hundred Markes,

29 Therefore by Law thou art condemn'd to die.

30 *Mer.* Yet this my comfort, when your words are done,

31 My woes end likewise with the euening Sonne.

32 *Duk.* Well *Siracusan*; say in briefe the cause

33 Why thou departedst from thy natiue home?

34 And for what cause thou cam'st to *Ephesus*.

35 *Mer.* A heuier taske could not haue beene impos'd,

36 Then I to speake my griefes vnspeakeable:

37 Yet that the world may witness that my end

38 Was wrought by nature, not by vile offence,

39 Ile vtter what my sorrow giues me leaue.

40 In *Syracusa* was I borne, and wedde
41 Vnto a woman, happy but for me,
42 And by me; had not our hap beene bad:
43 With her I liu'd in ioy, our wealth increast
44 By prosperous voyages I often made
45 To *Epidamium*, till my factors death,
46 And he great care of goods at randone left,
47 Drew me from kinde embracements of my spouse;
48 From whom my absence was not sixe moneths olde,
49 Before her selfe (almost at fainting vnder
50 The pleasing punishment that women beare)
51 Had made prouision for her following me,
52 And soone, and safe, arriued where I was:
53 There had she not beene long, but she became
54 A ioyfull mother of two goodly sonnes:
55 And, which was strange, the one so like the other,
56 As could not be distinguish'd but by names.
57 That very howre, and in the selfe- same Inne,
58 A meane woman was deliuered
59 Of such a burthen Male, twins both alike:
60 Those, for their parents were exceeding poore,
61 I bought, and brought vp to attend my sonnes.
62 My wife, not meanelly prouid of two such boyes,
63 Made daily motions for our home returne:
64 Vnwilling I agreed, alas, too soone wee came aboard.
65 A league from *Epidamium* had we saild
66 Before the alwaies winde- obeying deepe
67 Gaue any Tragicke Instance of our harme:
68 But longer did we not retaine much hope;
69 For what obscured light the heauens did grant,
70 Did but conuay vnto our fearefull mindes
71 A doubtfull warrant of immediate death,
72 Which though my selfe would gladly haue imbrac'd,
73 Yet the incessant weepings of my wife,
74 Weeping before for what she saw must come,
75 And pitteous playnings of the prettie babes
76 That mourn'd for fashion, ignorant what to feare,
77 Forst me to seeke delayes for them and me,
78 And this it was: (for other meanes was none)
79 The Sailors sought for safety by our boate,
80 And left the ship then sinking ripe to vs.
81 My wife, more carefull for the latter borne,
82 Had fastned him vnto a small spare Mast,
83 Such as sea- faring men prouide for stormes:
84 To him one of the other twins was bound,
85 Whil'st I had beene like heedfull of the other.

86 The children thus dispos'd, my wife and I,
 87 Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fixt,
 88 Fastned our selues at eyther end the mast,
 89 And floating straight, obedient to the streame,
 90 Was carried towards *Corinth*, as we thought.
 91 At length the sonne gazing vpon the earth,
 92 Disperst those vapours that offended vs,
 93 And by the benefit of his wished light
 94 The seas waxt calme, and we discovered
 95 Two shippes from farre, making amaine to vs:
 96 Of *Corinth* that, of *Epidarus* this,
 97 But ere they came, oh let me say no more,
 98 Gather the sequell by that went before.
 99 *Duk.* Nay forward old man, doe not breake off so, [H1v
 100 For we may pittie, though not pardon thee.
 101 *Merch.* Oh had the gods done so, I had not now
 102 Worthily tearm'd them mercilesse to vs:
 103 For ere the ships could meet by twice fiue leagues,
 104 We were encountred by a mighty rocke,
 105 Which being violently borne vp,
 106 Our helpfull ship was splitted in the midst;
 107 So that in this vniust diorce of vs,
 108 Fortune had left to both of vs alike,
 109 What to delight in, what to sorrow for,
 110 Her part, poore soule, seeming as burdened
 111 With lesser waight, but not with lesser woe,
 112 Was carried with more speed before the winde,
 113 And in our sight they three were taken vp
 114 By Fishermen of *Corinth*, as we thought.
 115 At length another ship had seiz'd on vs,
 116 And knowing whom it was their hap to saue,
 117 Gaue healthfull welcome to their ship- wrackt guests,
 118 And would haue reft the Fishers of their prey,
 119 Had not their backe beene very slow of saile;
 120 And therefore homeward did they bend their course.
 121 Thus haue you heard me seuer'd from my blisse,
 122 That by misfortunes was my life prolong'd,
 123 To tell sad stories of my owne mishaps.
 124 *Duke.* And for the sake of them thou sorrowest for,
 125 Doe me the fauour to dilate at full,
 126 What haue befallne of them and they till now.
 127 *Merch.* My yongest boy, and yet my eldest care,
 128 At eighteene yeeres became inquisitiue
 129 After his brother; and importun'd me
 130 That his attendant, so his case was like,
 131 Reft of his brother, but retain'd his name,

132 Might beare him company in the quest of him:
 133 Whom whil'st I laboured of a loue to see,
 134 I hazarded the losse of whom I lou'd.
 135 Fiue Sommers haue I spent in farthest *Greece*,
 136 Roming cleane through the bounds of *Asia*,
 137 And coasting homeward, came to *Ephesus*:
 138 Hopelesse to finde, yet loth to leaue vnsought
 139 Or that, or any place that harbours men:
 140 But heere must end the story of my life,
 141 And happy were I in my timelie death,
 142 Could all my trauells warrant me they liue.
 143 *Duke*. Haplesse *Egeon* whom the fates haue markt
 144 To beare the extremitie of dire mishap:
 145 Now trust me, were it not against our Lawes,
 146 Against my Crowne, my oath, my dignity,
 147 Which Princes would they may not disanull,
 148 My soule should sue as aduocate for thee:
 149 But though thou art adiudged to the death,
 150 And passed sentence may not be recal'd
 151 But to our honours great disparagement:
 152 Yet will I fauour thee in what I can;
 153 Therefore Marchant, Ile limit thee this day
 154 To seeke thy helpe by beneficiall helpe,
 155 Try all the friends thou hast in *Ephesus*,
 156 Beg thou, or borrow, to make vp the summe,
 157 And liue: if no, then thou art doom'd to die:
 158 Iaylor, take him to thy custodie.
 159 *Iaylor*. I will my Lord.
 160 *Merch*. Hopelesse and helpelesse doth *Egeon* wend,
 161 But to procrastinate his liuelesse end. *Exeunt*.
 162 *Enter Antipholis Erotos, a Marchant, and Dromio*.
 163 *Mer*. Therefore giue out you are of *Epidamium*,
 164 Lest that your goods too soone be confiscate: [
 165 This very day a *Syracusan* Marchant
 166 Is apprehended for a riuall here,
 167 And not being able to buy out his life,
 168 According to the statute of the towne,
 169 Dies ere the wearie sunne set in the West:
 170 There is your monie that I had to keepe.
 171 *Ant*. Goe beare it to the Centaure, where we host,
 172 And stay there *Dromio*, till I come to thee;
 173 Within this houre it will be dinner time,
 174 Till that Ile view the manners of the towne,
 175 Peruse the traders, gaze vpon the buildings,
 176 And then returne and sleepe within mine Inne,
 177 For with long trauaile I am stiffe and wearie.

178 Get thee away.
 179 *Dro.* Many a man would take you at your word,
 180 And goe indeede, hauing so good a meane.
 181 *Exit Dromio.*
 182 *Ant.* A trustie villaine sir, that very oft,
 183 When I am dull with care and melancholly,
 184 Lightens my humour with his merry iests:
 185 What will you walke with me about the towne,
 186 And then goe to my Inne and dine with me?
 187 *E.Mar.* I am inuited sir to certaine Marchants,
 188 Of whom I hope to make much benefit:
 189 I craue your pardon, soone at fiue a clocke,
 190 Please you, Ile meete with you vpon the Mart,
 191 And afterward consort you till bed time:
 192 My present businesse cals me from you now.
 193 *Ant.* Farewell till then: I will goe loose my selfe,
 194 And wander vp and downe to view the Citie.
 195 *E.Mar.* Sir, I commend you to your owne content.
 196 *Exeunt.*
 197 *Ant.* He that commends me to mine owne content,
 198 Commends me to the thing I cannot get:
 199 I to the world am like a drop of water,
 200 That in the Ocean seekes another drop,
 201 Who falling there to finde his fellow forth,
 202 (Vnseene, inquisitiue) confounds himselfe.
 203 So I, to finde a Mother and a Brother,
 204 In quest of them (vnhappie a) loose my selfe.
 205 *Enter Dromio of Ephesus.*
 206 Here comes the almanacke of my true date:
 207 What now? How chance thou art return'd so soone.
 208 *E.Dro.* Return'd so soone, rather approacht too late:
 209 The Capon burnes, the Pig fals from the spit;
 210 The clocke hath stricken twelue vpon the bell:
 211 My Mistris made it one vpon my cheeke:
 212 She is so hot because the meate is colde:
 213 The meate is colde, because you come not home:
 214 You come not home, because you haue no stomacke:
 215 You haue no stomacke, hauing broke your fast:
 216 But we that know what 'tis to fast and pray,
 217 Are penitent for your default to day.
 218 *Ant.* Stop in your winde sir, tell me this I pray?
 219 Where haue you left the mony that I gaue you.
 220 *E.Dro.* Oh sixe pence that I had a wensday last,
 221 To pay the Sadler for my Mistris crupper:
 222 The Sadler had it Sir, I kept it not.
 223 *Ant.* I am not in a sportiue humor now:

224 Tell me, and dally not, where is the monie?
 225 We being strangers here, how dar'st thou trust
 226 So great a charge from thine owne custodie.
 227 *E.Dro.* I pray you iest sir as you sit at dinner:
 228 I from my Mistris come to you in post:
 229 If I returne I shall be post indeede. [H2
 230 For she will scoure your fault vpon my pate:
 231 Me thinkes your maw, like mine, should be your cooke,
 232 And strike you home without a messenger.
 233 *Ant.* Come *Dromio*, come, these iests are out of season,
 234 Reserue them till a merrier houre then this:
 235 Where is the gold I gaue in charge to thee?
 236 *E.Dro.* To me sir? why you gaue no gold to me?
 237 *Ant.* Come on sir knaue, haue done your foolishnes,
 238 And tell me how thou hast dispos'd thy charge.
 239 *E.Dro.* My charge was but to fetch you fro[m] the Mart
 240 Home to your house, the *Phoenix* sir, to dinner;
 241 My Mistris and her sister staies for you.
 242 *Ant.* Now as I am a Christian answer me,
 243 In what safe place you haue bestow'd my monie;
 244 Or I shall breake that merrie sconce of yours
 245 That stands on tricks, when I am vndispos'd:
 246 Where is the thousand Markes thou hadst of me?
 247 *E.Dro.* I haue some markes of yours vpon my pate:
 248 Some of my Mistris markes vpon my shoulders:
 249 But not a thousand markes betweene you both.
 250 If I should pay your worship those againe,
 251 Perchance you will not beare them patiently.
 252 *Ant.* Thy Mistris markes? what Mistris slaue hast thou?
 253 *E.Dro.* Your worships wife, my Mistris at the *Phoenix*;
 254 She that doth fast till you come home to dinner:
 255 And praies that you will hie you home to dinner.
 256 *Ant.* What wilt thou flout me thus vnto my face
 257 Being forbid? There take you that sir knaue.
 258 *E.Dro.* What meane you sir, for God sake hold your |(hands:
 259 Nay, and you will not sir, Ile take my heeles.
 260 *Exeunt Dromio Ep.*
 261 *Ant.* Vpon my life by some deuse or other,
 262 The villaine is ore- wrought of all my monie.
 263 They say this towne is full of cosenage:
 264 As nimble Iuglers that deceiue the eie:
 265 Darke working Sorcerers that change the minde:
 266 Soule- killing Witches, that deforme the bodie:
 267 Disguised Cheaters, prating Mountebankes;
 268 And manie such like liberties of sinne:
 269 If it proue so, I will be gone the sooner:

270 Ile to the Centaur to goe seeke this slaue,
 271 I greatly feare my monie is not safe. *Exit.*

Actus Secundus.

273 *Enter Adriana, wife to Antipholis Sereptus, with*
 274 *Luciana her Sister.*
 275 *Adr.* Neither my husband nor the slaue return'd,
 276 That in such haste I sent to seeke his Master?
 277 Sure *Luciana* it is two a clocke.
 278 *Luc.* Perhaps some Merchant hath inuited him,
 279 And from the Mart he's somewhere gone to dinner:
 280 Good Sister let vs dine, and neuer fret;
 281 A man is Master of his libertie:
 282 Time is their Master, and when they see time,
 283 They'll goe or come; if so, be patient Sister.
 284 *Adr.* Why should their libertie then ours be more?
 285 *Luc.* Because their businesse still lies out adore.
 286 *Adr.* Looke when I serue him so, he takes it thus.
 287 *Luc.* Oh, know he is the bridle of your will.
 288 *Adr.* There's none but asses will be bridled so. [
 289 *Luc.* Why, headstrong liberty is lasht with woe:
 290 There's nothing situate vnder heauens eye,
 291 But hath his bound in earth, in sea, in skie.
 292 The beasts, the fishes, and the winged fowles
 293 Are their males subiects, and at their controules:
 294 Man more diuine, the Master of all these,
 295 Lord of the wide world, and wilde watry seas,
 296 Indued with intellectuall sence and soules,
 297 Of more preheminance then fish and fowles,
 298 Are masters to their females, and their Lords:
 299 Then let your will attend on their accords.
 300 *Adri.* This seruitude makes you to keepe vnwed.
 301 *Luci.* Not this, but troubles of the marriage bed.
 302 *Adr.* But were you wedded, you wold bear some sway
 303 *Luc.* Ere I learne loue, Ile practise to obey.
 304 *Adr.* How if your husband start some other where?
 305 *Luc.* Till he come home againe, I would forbear.
 306 *Adr.* Patience vnmou'd, no maruel though she pause,
 307 They can be meeke, that haue no other cause:
 308 A wretched soule bruis'd with aduersitie,
 309 We bid be quiet when we heare it crie.
 310 But were we burnded with like waight of paine,
 311 As much, or more, we should our selues complaine:

312 So thou that hast no vnkinde mate to greeue thee,
 313 With vrging helpelesse patience would releuee me;
 314 But if thou liue to see like right bereft,
 315 This foole- beg'd patience in thee will be left.
 316 *Luci.* Well, I will marry one day but to trie:
 317 Heere comes your man, now is your husband nie.
 318 *Enter Dromio Eph.*
 319 *Adr.* Say, is your tardie master now at hand?
 320 *E.Dro.* Nay, hee's at too hands with mee, and that my
 321 two eares can witnesse.
 322 *Adr.* Say, didst thou speake with him? knowst thou
 323 his minde?
 324 *E.Dro.* I, I, he told his minde vpon mine eare,
 325 Beshrew his hand, I scarce could vnderstand it.
 326 *Luc.* Spake hee so doubtfully, thou couldst not feele
 327 his meaning.
 328 *E.Dro.* Nay, hee strooke so plainly, I could too well
 329 feele his blowes; and withall so doubtfully, that I could
 330 scarce vnderstand them.
 331 *Adri.* But say, I prethee, is he comming home?
 332 It seemes he hath great care to please his wife.
 333 *E.Dro.* Why Mistresse, sure my Master is horne mad.
 334 *Adri.* Horne mad, thou villaine?
 335 *E.Dro.* I meane not Cuckold mad,
 336 But sure he is starke mad:
 337 When I desir'd him to come home to dinner,
 338 He ask'd me for a hundred markes in gold:
 339 'Tis dinner time, quoth I: my gold, quoth he:
 340 Your meat doth burne, quoth I: my gold quoth he:
 341 Will you come, quoth I: my gold, quoth he;
 342 Where is the thousand markes I gaue thee villaine?
 343 The Pigge quoth I, is burn'd: my gold, quoth he:
 344 My mistresse, sir, quoth I: hang vp thy Mistresse:
 345 I know not thy mistresse, out on thy mistresse.
 346 *Luci.* Quoth who?
 347 *E.Dr.* Quoth my Master, I know quoth he, no house,
 348 no wife, no mistresse: so that my arrant due vnto my
 349 tongue, I thanke him, I bare home vpon my shoulders:
 350 for in conclusion, he did beat me there.
 351 *Adri.* Go back againe, thou slaue, & fetch him home.
 352 *Dro.* Goe backe againe, and be new beaten home?
 353 For Gods sake send some other messenger. [H2v
 354 *Adri.* Backe slaue, or I will breake thy pate a- crosse.
 355 *Dro.* And he will blesse y crosse with other beating:
 356 Betweene you, I shall haue a holy head.
 357 *Adri.* Hence prating peasant, fetch thy Master home.

358 *Dro.* Am I so round with you, as you with me,
 359 That like a foot- ball you doe spurne me thus:
 360 You spurne me hence, and he will spurne me hither,
 361 If I last in this seruice, you must case me in leather.
 362 *Luci.* Fie how impatience lowreth in your face.
 363 *Adri.* His company must do his minions grace,
 364 Whil'st I at home starue for a merrie looke:
 365 Hath homelie age th' alluring beauty tooke
 366 From my poore cheeke? then he hath wasted it.
 367 Are my discourses dull? Barren my wit,
 368 If voluble and sharpe discourse be mar'd,
 369 Vnkindnesse blunts it more then marble hard.
 370 Doe their gay vestments his affections baite?
 371 That's not my fault, hee's master of my state.
 372 What ruines are in me that can be found,
 373 By him not ruin'd? Then is he the ground
 374 Of my defeatures. My decayed faire,
 375 A sunnie looke of his, would soone repaire.
 376 But, too vnruely Deere, he breakes the pale,
 377 And feedes from home; poore I am but his stale.
 378 *Luci.* Selfe- harming Iealousie; fie beat it hence.
 379 *Ad.* Vnfeeling fools can with such wrongs dispence:
 380 I know his eye doth homage other- where,
 381 Or else, what lets it but he would be here?
 382 Sister, you know he promis'd me a chaine,
 383 Would that alone, a loue he would detaine,
 384 So he would keepe faire quarter with his bed:
 385 I see the Iewell best enamaled
 386 Will loose his beautie: yet the gold bides still
 387 That others touch, and often touching will,
 388 Where gold and no man that hath a name,
 389 By falshood and corruption doth it shame:
 390 Since that my beautie cannot please his eie,
 391 Ile weepe (what's left away) and weeping die.
 392 *Luci.* How manie fond fooles serue mad Ielousie?
 393 *Exit.*
 394 *Enter Antipholis Erotis.*
 395 *Ant.* The gold I gawe to *Dromio* is laid vp
 396 Safe at the *Centaur*, and the heedfull slaue
 397 Is wandred forth in care to seeke me out
 398 By computation and mine hosts report.
 399 I could not speake with *Dromio*, since at first
 400 I sent him from the Mart? see here he comes.
 401 *Enter Dromio Siracusia.*
 402 How now sir, is your merrie humor alter'd?
 403 As you loue stroakes, so iest with me againe:

404 You know no *Centaur*? you receiu'd no gold?
 405 Your Mistresse sent to haue me home to dinner?
 406 My house was at the *Phoenix*? Wast thou mad,
 407 That thus so madlie thou did didst answere me?
 408 *S.Dro.* What answer sir? when spake I such a word?
 409 *E.Ant.* Euen now, euen here, not halfe an howre since.
 410 *S.Dro.* I did not see you since you sent me hence
 411 Home to the *Centaur* with the gold you gaue me.
 412 *Ant.* Villaine, thou didst denie the golds receipt,
 413 And toldst me of a Mistresse, and a dinner,
 414 For which I hope thou feltst I was displeas'd.
 415 *S.Dro.* I am glad to see you in this merrie vaine,
 416 What means this iest, I pray you Master tell me?
 417 *Ant.* Yea, dost thou ieere & flowt me in the teeth?
 418 Thinkst y I iest? hold, take thou that, & that. *Beats Dro.*
 419 *S.Dr.* Hold sir, for Gods sake, now your iest is earnest,
 420 Vpon what bargaine do you giue it me?
 421 *Antiph.* Because that I familiarlie sometimes
 422 Doe vse you for my foole, and chat with you,
 423 Your sawcinesse will iest vpon my loue,
 424 And make a Common of my serious howres,
 425 When the sunne shines, let foolish gnats make sport,
 426 But creepe in crannies, when he hides his beames:
 427 If you will iest with me, know my aspect,
 428 And fashion your demeanor to my lookes,
 429 Or I will beat this method in your sconce.
 430 *S.Dro.* Sconce call you it? so you would leaue batte-ring,
 431 I had rather haue it a head, and you vse these blows
 432 long, I must get a sconce for my head, and Inconce it
 433 to, or else I shall seek my wit in my shoulders, but I pray
 434 sir, why am I beaten?
 435 *Ant.* Dost thou not know?
 436 *S.Dro.* Nothing sir, but that I am beaten.
 437 *Ant.* Shall I tell you why?
 438 *S.Dro.* I sir, and wherefore; for they say, euery why
 439 hath a wherefore.
 440 *Ant.* Why first for flowting me, and then wherefore,
 441 for vrging it the second time to me.
 442 *S.Dro.* Was there euer anie man thus beaten out of
 443 season, when in the why and the wherefore, is neither
 444 rime nor reason. Well sir, I thanke you.
 445 *Ant.* Thanke me sir, for what?
 446 *S.Dro.* Marry sir, for this something that you gaue me
 447 for nothing.
 448 *Ant.* Ile make you amends next, to giue you nothing
 449 for something. But say sir, is it dinner time?

450 *S.Dro.* No sir, I thinke the meat wants that I haue.
451 *Ant.* In good time sir: what's that?
452 *S.Dro.* Basting.
453 *Ant.* Well sir, then 'twill be drie.
454 *S.Dro.* If it be sir, I pray you eat none of it.
455 *Ant.* Your reason?
456 *S.Dro.* Lest it make you chollericke, and purchase me
457 another drie basting.
458 *Ant.* Well sir, learne to iest in good time, there's a
459 time for all things.
460 *S.Dro.* I durst haue denied that before you were so
461 chollericke.
462 *Anti.* By what rule sir?
463 *S.Dro.* Marry sir, by a rule as plaine as the plaine bald
464 pate of Father time himselfe.
465 *Ant.* Let's heare it.
466 *S.Dro.* There's no time for a man to recouer his haire
467 that growes bald by nature.
468 *Ant.* May he not doe it by fine and recouerie?
469 *S.Dro.* Yes, to pay a fine for a perewig, and recouer
470 the lost haire of another man.
471 *Ant.* Why, is Time such a niggard of haire, being (as
472 it is) so plentifull an excrement?
473 *S.Dro.* Because it is a blessing that hee bestowes on
474 beasts, and what he hath scanted them in haire, hee hath
475 giuen them in wit.
476 *Ant.* Why, but theres manie a man hath more haire
477 then wit.
478 *S.Dro.* Not a man of those but he hath the wit to lose
479 his haire.
480 *Ant.* Why thou didst conclude hairy men plain dea-lers
481 without wit.
482 *S.Dro.* The plainer dealer, the sooner lost; yet he loo-seth
483 it in a kinde of iollitie.
484 *An.* For what reason.
485 *S.Dro.* For two, and sound ones to. [H3
486 *An.* Nay not sound I pray you.
487 *S.Dro.* Sure ones then.
488 *An.* Nay, not sure in a thing falsing.
489 *S.Dro.* Certaine ones then.
490 *An.* Name them.
491 *S.Dro.* The one to saue the money that he spends in
492 trying: the other, that at dinner they should not drop in
493 his porrage.
494 *An.* You would all this time haue prou'd, there is no
495 time for all things.

496 *S.Dro.* Marry and did sir: namely, in no time to re-couer
 497 haire lost by Nature.
 498 *An.* But your reason was not substantiall, why there
 499 is no time to recouer.
 500 *S.Dro.* Thus I mend it: Time himselfe is bald, and
 501 therefore to the worlds end, will haue bald followers.
 502 *An.* I knew 'twould be a bald conclusion: but soft,
 503 who wafts vs yonder.
 504 *Enter Adriana and Luciana.*
 505 *Adri.* I, I, *Antipholus*, looke strange and frowne,
 506 Some other Mistresse hath thy sweet aspects:
 507 I am not *Adriana*, nor thy wife.
 508 The time was once, when thou vn- vrg'd wouldst vow,
 509 That neuer words were musicke to thine eare,
 510 That neuer obiect pleasing in thine eye,
 511 That neuer touch well welcome to thy hand,
 512 That neuer meat sweet- sauour'd in thy taste,
 513 Vnlesse I spake, or look'd, or touch'd, or caru'd to thee.
 514 How comes it now, my Husband, oh how comes it,
 515 That thou art then estranged from thy selfe?
 516 Thy selfe I call it, being strange to me:
 517 That vndiuidable Incorporate
 518 Am better then thy deere selves better part.
 519 Ah doe not teare away thy selfe from me;
 520 For know my loue: as easie maist thou fall
 521 A drop of water in the breaking gulfe,
 522 And take vnmingled thence that drop againe
 523 Without addition or diminishing,
 524 As take from me thy selfe, and not me too.
 525 How deerey would it touch thee to the quicke,
 526 Shouldst thou but heare I were licencious?
 527 And that this body consecrate to thee,
 528 By Ruffian Lust should be contaminate?
 529 Wouldst thou not spit at me, and spurne at me,
 530 And hurle the name of husband in my face,
 531 And teare the stain'd skin of my Harlot brow,
 532 And from my false hand cut the wedding ring,
 533 And breake it with a deepe- diuorcing vow?
 534 I know thou canst, and therefore see thou doe it.
 535 I am possest with an adulterate blot,
 536 My bloud is mingled with the crime of lust:
 537 For if we two be one, and thou play false,
 538 I doe digest the poison of thy flesh,
 539 Being strumpeted by thy contagion:
 540 Keepe then faire league and truce with thy true bed,
 541 I liue distain'd, thou vndishonoured.

542 *Antip.* Plead you to me faire dame? I know you not:
 543 In *Ephesus* I am but two houres old,
 544 As strange vnto your towne, as to your talke,
 545 Who euery word by all my wit being scan'd,
 546 Wants wit in all, one word to vnderstand.
 547 *Luci.* Fie brother, how the world is chang'd with you:
 548 When were you wont to vse my sister thus?
 549 She sent for you by *Dromio* home to dinner. [
 550 *Ant.* By *Dromio*? *Drom.* By me.
 551 *Adr.* By thee, and this thou didst returne from him.
 552 That he did buffet thee, and in his blowes,
 553 Denied my house for his, me for his wife.
 554 *Ant.* Did you conuerse sir with this gentlewoman:
 555 What is the course and drift of your compact?
 556 *S.Dro.* I sir? I neuer saw her till this time.
 557 *Ant.* Villaine thou liest, for euen her verie words,
 558 Didst thou deliuer to me on the Mart.
 559 *S.Dro.* I neuer spake with her in all my life.
 560 *Ant.* How can she thus then call vs by our names?
 561 Vnlesse it be by inspiration.
 562 *Adri.* How ill agrees it with your grauitie,
 563 To counterfeit thus grosely with your slaue,
 564 Abetting him to thwart me in my moode;
 565 Be it my wrong, you are from me exempt,
 566 But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt.
 567 Come I will fasten on this sleeue of thine:
 568 Thou art an Elme my husband, I a Vine:
 569 Whose weaknesse married to thy stranger state,
 570 Makes me with thy strength to communicate:
 571 If ought possesse thee from me, it is drosse,
 572 Vsurping Iuie, Brier, or idle Mosse,
 573 Who all for want of pruning, with intrusion,
 574 Infect thy sap, and liue on thy confusion.
 575 *Ant.* To mee shee speakes, shee moues mee for her
 576 theame;
 577 What, was I married to her in my dreame?
 578 Or sleepe I now, and thinke I heare all this?
 579 What error driues our eies and eares amisse?
 580 Vntill I know this sure vncertaintie,
 581 Ile entertaine the free'd fallacie.
 582 *Luc.* *Dromio*, goe bid the seruants spred for dinner.
 583 *S.Dro.* Oh for my beads, I crosse me for a sinner.
 584 This is the Fairie land, oh spight of spights,
 585 We talke with Goblins, Owles and Sprights;
 586 If we obey them not, this will insue:
 587 They'll sucke our breath, or pinch vs blacke and blew.

588 *Luc.* Why prat'st thou to thy selfe, and answer'st not?
 589 *Dromio*, thou *Dromio*, thou snaile, thou slug, thou sot.
 590 *S.Dro.* I am transformed Master, am I not?
 591 *Ant.* I thinke thou art in minde, and so am I.
 592 *S.Dro.* Nay Master, both in minde, and in my shape.
 593 *Ant.* Thou hast thine owne forme.
 594 *S.Dro.* No, I am an Ape.
 595 *Luc.* If thou art chang'd to ought, 'tis to an Asse.
 596 *S.Dro.* 'Tis true she rides me, and I long for grasse.
 597 'Tis so, I am an Asse, else it could neuer be,
 598 But I should know her as well as she knowes me.
 599 *Adr.* Come, come, no longer will I be a foole,
 600 To put the finger in the eie and weepe;
 601 Whil'st man and Master laughes my woes to scorne:
 602 Come sir to dinner, *Dromio* keepe the gate:
 603 Husband Ile dine aboue with you to day,
 604 And shriue you of a thousand idle pranks:
 605 Sirra, if any aske you for your Master,
 606 Say he dines forth, and let no creature enter:
 607 Come sister, *Dromio* play the Porter well.
 608 *Ant.* Am I in earth, in heauen, or in hell?
 609 Sleeping or waking, mad or well aduisde:
 610 Knowne vnto these, and to my selfe disguise:
 611 Ile say as they say, and perseuer so:
 612 And in this mist at all aduentures go.
 613 *S.Dro.* Master, shall I be Porter at the gate?
 614 *Adr.* I, and let none enter, least I breake your pate.
 615 *Luc.* Come, come, *Antipholus*, we dine to late. [H3v

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

617 *Enter Antipholus of Ephesus, his man Dromio, Angelo the*
 618 *Goldsmith, and Balthaser the Merchant.*
 619 *E.Anti.* Good signior *Angelo* you must excuse vs all,
 620 My wife is shrewish when I keepe not howres;
 621 Say that I lingerd with you at your shop
 622 To see the making of her Carkanet,
 623 And that to morrow you will bring it home.
 624 But here's a villaine that would face me downe
 625 He met me on the Mart, and that I beat him,
 626 And charg'd him with a thousand markes in gold,
 627 And that I did denie my wife and house;
 628 Thou drunkard thou, what didst thou meane by this?
 629 *E.Dro.* Say what you wil sir, but I know what I know,

630 That you beat me at the Mart I haue your hand to show;
 631 If y skin were parchment, & y blows you gaue were ink,
 632 Your owne hand- writing would tell you what I thinke.
 633 *E.Ant.* I thinke thou art an asse.
 634 *E.Dro.* Marry so it doth appeare
 635 By the wrongs I suffer, and the blowes I beare,
 636 I should kicke being kickt, and being at that passe,
 637 You would keepe from my heeles, and beware of an asse.
 638 *E.An.* Y're sad signior *Balthazar*, pray God our cheer
 639 May answer my good will, and your good welcom here.
 640 *Bal.* I hold your dainties cheap sir, & your welcom deer.
 641 *E.An.* Oh signior *Balthazar*, either at flesh or fish,
 642 A table full of welcome, makes scarce one daintly dish.
 643 *Bal.* Good meat sir is co[m]mon that euery churle affords.
 644 *Anti.* And welcome more common, for thats nothing
 645 but words.
 646 *Bal.* Small cheere and great welcome, makes a mer-rie
 647 feast.
 648 *Anti.* I, to a niggardly Host, and more sparing guest:
 649 But though my cates be meane, take them in good part,
 650 Better cheere may you haue, but not with better hart.
 651 But soft, my doore is lockt; goe bid them let vs in.
 652 *E.Dro.* *Maud, Briget, Marian, Cisley, Gillian, Ginn.*
 653 *S.Dro.* Mome, Malthorse, Capon, Coxcombe, Idi-ot,
 654 Patch,
 655 Either get thee from the dore, or sit downe at the hatch:
 656 Dost thou coniuere for wenches, that y calst for such store,
 657 When one is one too many, goe get thee from the dore.
 658 *E.Dro.* What patch is made our Porter? my Master
 659 stayes in the street.
 660 *S.Dro.* Let him walke from whence he came, lest hee
 661 catch cold on's feet.
 662 *E.Ant.* Who talks within there? hoa, open the dore.
 663 *S.Dro.* Right sir, Ile tell you when, and you'll tell
 664 me wherefore.
 665 *Ant.* Wherefore? for my dinner: I haue not din'd to
 666 day.
 667 *S.Dro.* Nor to day here you must not come againe
 668 when you may.
 669 *Anti.* What art thou that keep'st mee out from the
 670 howse I owe?
 671 *S.Dro.* The Porter for this time Sir, and my name is
 672 *Dromio.*
 673 *E.Dro.* O villaine, thou hast stolne both mine office
 674 and my name,
 675 The one nere got me credit, the other mickle blame:

676 If thou hadst beene *Dromio* to day in my place,
 677 Thou wouldst haue chang'd thy face for a name, or thy
 678 name for an asse.
 679 *Enter Luce.*
 680 *Luce.* What a coile is there *Dromio*? who are those
 681 at the gate?
 682 *E.Dro.* Let my Master in *Luce.*
 683 *Luce.* Faith no, hee comes too late, and so tell your
 684 Master.
 685 *E.Dro.* O Lord I must laugh, haue at you with a Pro-uerbe,
 687 Shall I set in my staffe.
 688 *Luce.* Haue at you with another, that's when? can
 689 you tell?
 690 *S.Dro.* If thy name be called *Luce*, *Luce* thou hast an-swer'd
 691 him well.
 692 *Anti.* Doe you heare you minion, you'll let vs in I
 693 hope?
 694 *Luce.* I thought to haue askt you.
 695 *S.Dro.* And you said no.
 696 *E.Dro.* So come helpe, well strooke, there was blow
 697 for blow.
 698 *Anti.* Thou baggage let me in.
 699 *Luce.* Can you tell for whose sake?
 700 *E.Drom.* Master, knocke the doore hard.
 701 *Luce.* Let him knocke till it ake.
 702 *Anti.* You'll crie for this minion, if I beat the doore
 703 downe.
 704 *Luce.* What needs all that, and a paire of stocks in the
 705 towne?
 706 *Enter Adriana.*
 707 *Adr.* Who is that at the doore y keeps all this noise?
 708 *S.Dro.* By my troth your towne is troubled with vn-ruly
 709 boies.
 710 *Anti.* Are you there Wife? you might haue come
 711 before.
 712 *Adri.* Your wife sir knaue? go get you from the dore.
 713 *E.Dro.* If you went in paine Master, this knaue wold
 714 goe sore.
 715 *Angelo.* Heere is neither cheere sir, nor welcome, we
 716 wold faine haue either.
 717 *Baltz.* In debating which was best, wee shall part
 718 with neither.
 719 *E.Dro.* They stand at the doore, Master, bid them
 720 welcome hither.
 721 *Anti.* There is something in the winde, that we can-not
 722 get in.

723 *E.Dro.* You would say so Master, if your garments
 724 were thin.
 725 Your cake here is warme within: you stand here in the
 726 cold.
 727 It would make a man mad as a Bucke to be so bought
 728 and sold.
 729 *Ant.* Go fetch me something, Ile break ope the gate.
 730 *S.Dro.* Breake any breaking here, and Ile breake your
 731 knaues pate.
 732 *E.Dro.* A man may breake a word with your sir, and
 733 words are but winde:
 734 I and breake it in your face, so he break it not behinde.
 735 *S.Dro.* It seemes thou want'st breaking, out vpon thee
 736 hinde.
 737 *E.Dro.* Here's too much out vpon thee, I pray thee let
 738 me in.
 739 *S.Dro.* I, when fowles haue no feathers, and fish haue
 740 no fin.
 741 *Ant.* Well, Ile breake in: go borrow me a crow.
 742 *E.Dro.* A crow without feather, Master meane you so; [H4
 743 For a fish without a finne, ther's a fowle without a fether,
 744 If a crow help vs in sirra, wee'll plucke a crow together.
 745 *Ant.* Go, get thee gon, fetch me an iron Crow.
 746 *Balth.* Haue patience sir, oh let it not be so,
 747 Heerein you warre against your reputation,
 748 And draw within the compasse of suspect
 749 Th' vnuiolated honor of your wife.
 750 Once this your long experience of your wisdomes,
 751 Her sober vertue, yeares, and modestie,
 752 Plead on your part some cause to you vnknowne;
 753 And doubt not sir, but she will well excuse
 754 Why at this time the dores are made against you.
 755 Be rul'd by me, depart in patience,
 756 And let vs to the Tyger all to dinner,
 757 And about euening come your selfe alone,
 758 To know the reason of this strange restraint:
 759 If by strong hand you offer to breake in
 760 Now in the stirring passage of the day,
 761 A vulgar comment will be made of it;
 762 And that supposed by the common rowt
 763 Against your yet vngalled estimation,
 764 That may with foule intrusion enter in,
 765 And dwell vpon your graue when you are dead;
 766 For slander liues vpon succession:
 767 For euer hows'd, where it gets possession.
 768 *Anti.* You haue preuail'd, I will depart in quiet,

769 And in despight of mirth meane to be merrie:
 770 I know a wench of excellent discourse,
 771 Prettie and wittie; wilde, and yet too gentle;
 772 There will we dine: this woman that I meane
 773 My wife (but I protest without desert)
 774 Hath oftentimes vpbraided me withall:
 775 To her will we to dinner, get you home
 776 And fetch the chaine, by this I know 'tis made,
 777 Bring it I pray you to the *Porpentine*,
 778 For there's the house: That chaine will I bestow
 779 (Be it for nothing but to spight my wife)
 780 Vpon mine hostesse there, good sir make haste:
 781 Since mine owne doores refuse to entertaine me,
 782 Ile knocke else- where, to see if they'll disdaine me.
 783 *Ang.* Ile meet you at that place some houre hence.
 784 *Anti.* Do so, this iest shall cost me some expence.
 785 *Exeunt.*
 786 *Enter Iuliana, with Antipholus of Siracusia.*
 787 *Iulia.* And may it be that you haue quite forgot
 788 A husbands office? shall *Antipholus*
 789 Euen in the spring of Loue, thy Loue- springs rot?
 790 Shall loue in buildings grow so ruinate?
 791 If you did wed my sister for her wealth,
 792 Then for her wealths- sake vse her with more kindnesse:
 793 Or if you like else- where doe it by stealth,
 794 Muffle your false loue with some shew of blindnesse:
 795 Let not my sister read it in your eye:
 796 Be not thy tongue thy owne shames Orator:
 797 Looke sweet, speake faire, become disloyaltie:
 798 Apparell vice like vertues harbenger:
 799 Beare a faire presence, though your heart be tainted,
 800 Teach sinne the carriage of a holy Saint,
 801 Be secret false: what need she be acquainted?
 802 What simple thiefe brags of his owne attaine?
 803 'Tis double wrong to truant with your bed,
 804 And let her read it in thy lookes at boord:
 805 Shame hath a bastard fame, well managed,
 806 Ill deeds is doubled with an euill word:
 807 Alas poore women, make vs not beleue
 808 (Being compact of credit) that you loue vs, [
 809 Though others haue the arme, shew vs the sleeue:
 810 We in your motion turne, and you may moue vs.
 811 Then gentle brother get you in againe;
 812 Comfort my sister, cheere her, call her wise;
 813 'Tis holy sport to be a little vaine,
 814 When the sweet breath of flatterie conquers strife.

815 *S.Anti.* Sweete Mistris, what your name is else I
 816 know not;
 817 Nor by what wonder you do hit of mine:
 818 Lesse in your knowledge, and your grace you show not,
 819 Then our earths wonder, more then earth diuine.
 820 Teach me deere creature how to thinke and speake:
 821 Lay open to my earthie grosse conceit:
 822 Smothred in errors, feeble, shallow, weake,
 823 The foulded meaning of your words deceit:
 824 Against my soules pure truth, why labour you,
 825 To make it wander in an vnknowne field?
 826 Are you a god? would you create me new?
 827 Transforme me then, and to your powre Ile yeeld.
 828 But if that I am I, then well I know,
 829 Your weeping sister is no wife of mine,
 830 Nor to her bed no homage doe I owe:
 831 Farre more, farre more, to you doe I decline:
 832 Oh traine me not sweet Mermaide with thy note,
 833 To drowne me in thy sister floud of teares:
 834 Sing Siren for thy selfe, and I will dote:
 835 Spread ore the siluer waues thy golden haire;
 836 And as a bud Ile take thee, and there lie:
 837 And in that glorious supposition thinke,
 838 He gaines by death, that hath such meanes to die:
 839 Let Loue, being light, be drowned if she sinke.
 840 *Luc.* What are you mad, that you doe reason so?
 841 *Ant.* Not mad, but mated, how I doe not know.
 842 *Luc.* It is a fault that springeth from your eie.
 843 *Ant.* For gazing on your beames faire sun being by.
 844 *Luc.* Gaze when you should, and that will cleere
 845 your sight.
 846 *Ant.* As good to winke sweet loue, as looke on night.
 847 *Luc.* Why call you me loue? Call my sister so.
 848 *Ant.* Thy sisters sister.
 849 *Luc.* That's my sister.
 850 *Ant.* No: it is thy selfe, mine owne selves better part:
 851 Mine eies cleere eie, my deere hearts deerer heart;
 852 My foode, my fortune, and my sweet hopes aime;
 853 My sole earths heauen, and my heauens claime.
 854 *Luc.* All this my sister is, or else should be.
 855 *Ant.* Call thy selfe sister sweet, for I am thee:
 856 Thee will I loue, and with thee lead my life;
 857 Thou hast no husband yet, nor I no wife:
 858 Giue me thy hand.
 859 *Luc.* Oh soft sir, hold you still:
 860 Ile fetch my sister to get her good will. *Exit.*

861 *Enter Dromio, Siracusia.*

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

864 *S.Dro.* Doe you know me sir? Am I *Dromio*? Am I
865 your man? Am I my selfe?

866 *Ant.* Thou art *Dromio*, thou art my man, thou art
867 thy selfe.

868 *Dro.* I am an asse, I am a womans man, and besides
869 my selfe.

870 *Ant.* What womans man? and how besides thy
871 selfe?

872 *Dro.* Marrie sir, besides my selfe, I am due to a woman:
873 One that claimes me, one that haunts me, one that will
874 haue me. [H4v

875 *Anti.* What claime laies she to thee?

876 *Dro.* Marry sir, such claime as you would lay to your
877 horse, and she would haue me as a beast, not that I bee-ing
878 a beast she would haue me, but that she being a ve-rie
879 beastly creature layes claime to me.

880 *Anti.* What is she?

881 *Dro.* A very reuerent body: I such a one, as a man
882 may not speake of, without he say sir reuerence, I haue
883 but leane lucke in the match, and yet is she a wondrous
884 fat marriage.

885 *Anti.* How dost thou meane a fat marriage?

886 *Dro.* Marry sir, she's the Kitchin wench, & al grease,
887 and I know not what vse to put her too, but to make a
888 Lampe of her, and run from her by her owne light. I
889 warrant, her ragges and the Tallow in them, will burne
890 a *Poland* Winter: If she liues till doomesday, she'l burne
891 a weeke longer then the whole World.

892 *Anti.* What complexion is she of?

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

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

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

899 *Anti.* What's her name?

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

903 *Anti.* Then she beares some bredth?

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

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

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

910 *Ant.* Where *Scotland*?

911 *Dro.* I found it by the barrennesse, hard in the palme
912 of the hand.

913 *Ant.* Where *France*?

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

916 *Ant.* Where *England*?

917 *Dro.* I look'd for the chalkle Cliffes, but I could find
918 no whitenesse in them. But I guesse, it stood in her chin
919 by the salt rheume that ranne betweene *France*, and it.

920 *Ant.* Where *Spaine*?

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

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

923 *Dro.* Oh sir, vpon her nose, all ore embellished with
924 Rubies, Carbuncles, Saphires, declining their rich As-pect
925 to the hot breath of Spaine, who sent whole Ar-madoes
926 of Carrects to be ballast at her nose.

927 *Anti.* Where stood *Belgia*, the *Netherlands*?

928 *Dro.* Oh sir, I did not looke so low. To conclude,
929 this drudge or Diuiner layd claime to mee, call'd mee
930 *Dromio*, swore I was assur'd to her, told me what priuie
931 markes I had about mee, as the marke of my shoulder,
932 the Mole in my necke, the great Wart on my left arme,
933 that I amaz'd ranne from her as a witch. And I thinke, if
934 my brest had not beene made of faith, and my heart of
935 steele, she had transform'd me to a Curtull dog, & made
936 me turne i'th wheele.

937 *Anti.* Go hie thee presently, post to the rode,
938 And if the winde blow any way from shore,
939 I will not harbour in this Towne to night.
940 If any Barke put forth, come to the Mart,
941 Where I will walke till thou returne to me:
942 If euerie one knowes vs, and we know none,
943 'Tis time I thinke to trudge, packe, and be gone.

944 *Dro.* As from a Beare a man would run for life,
945 So flie I from her that would be my wife. *Exit*

946 *Anti.* There's none but Witches do inhabite heere,
947 And therefore 'tis hie time that I were hence:
948 She that doth call me husband, euen my soule
949 Doth for a wife abhorre. But her faire sister
950 Possest with such a gentle soueraigne grace,
951 Of such inchanting presence and discourse,
952 Hath almost made me Traitor to my selfe:

953 But least my selfe be guilty to selfe wrong,
 954 Ile stop mine eares against the Mermaids song.
 955 *Enter Angelo with the Chaine.*
 956 *Ang.* Mr *Antipholus*.
 957 *Anti.* I that's my name.
 958 *Ang.* I know it well sir, loe here's the chaine,
 959 I thought to haue tane you at the *Porpentine*,
 960 The chaine vnfinish'd made me stay thus long.
 961 *Anti.* What is your will that I shal do with this?
 962 *Ang.* What please your selfe sir: I haue made it for
 963 you.
 964 *Anti.* Made it for me sir, I bespoke it not.
 965 *Ang.* Not once, nor twice, but twentie times you
 966 haue:
 967 Go home with it, and please your Wife withall,
 968 And soone at supper time Ile visit you,
 969 And then receiue my money for the chaine.
 970 *Anti.* I pray you sir receiue the money now.
 971 For feare you ne're see chaine, nor mony more.
 972 *Ang.* You are a merry man sir, fare you well. *Exit.*
 973 *Anti.* What I should thinke of this, I cannot tell:
 974 But this I thinke, there's no man is so vaine,
 975 That would refuse so faire an offer'd Chaine.
 976 I see a man heere needs not liue by shifts,
 977 When in the streets he meetes such Golden gifts:
 978 Ile to the Mart, and there for *Dromio* stay,
 979 If any ship put out, then straight away. *Exit.*

Actus Quartus. Scoena Prima.

981 *Enter a Merchant, Goldsmith, and an Officer.*
 982 *Mar.* You know since Pentecost the sum is due,
 983 And since I haue not much importun'd you,
 984 Nor now I had not, but that I am bound
 985 To *Persia*, and want Gilders for my voyage:
 986 Therefore make present satisfaction,
 987 Or Ile attach you by this Officer.
 988 *Gold.* Euen iust the sum that I do owe to you,
 989 Is growing to me by *Antipholus*,
 990 And in the instant that I met with you,
 991 He had of me a Chaine, at fiue a clocke
 992 I shall receiue the money for the same:
 993 Pleaseth you walke with me downe to his house,
 994 I will discharge my bond, and thanke you too.

995 *Enter Antipholus Ephes. Dromio from the Courtizans.*
 996 *Offi.* That labour may you saue: See where he comes.
 997 *Ant.* While I go to the Goldsmiths house, go thou [H5
 998 And buy a ropes end, that will I bestow
 999 Among my wife, and their confederates,
 1000 For locking me out of my doores by day:
 1001 But soft I see the Goldsmith; get thee gone,
 1002 Buy thou a rope, and bring it home to me.
 1003 *Dro.* I buy a thousand pound a yeare, I buy a rope.
 1004 *Exit Dromio*
 1005 *Eph. Ant.* A man is well holpe vp that trusts to you,
 1006 I promised your presence, and the Chaine,
 1007 But neither Chaine nor Goldsmith came to me:
 1008 Belike you thought our loue would last too long
 1009 If it were chain'd together: and therefore came not.
 1010 *Gold.* Sauing your merrie humor: here's the note
 1011 How much your Chaine weighs to the vtmost charect,
 1012 The finenesse of the Gold, and chargefull fashion,
 1013 Which doth amount to three odde Duckets more
 1014 Then I stand debted to this Gentleman,
 1015 I pray you see him presently discharg'd,
 1016 For he is bound to Sea, and stayes but for it.
 1017 *Anti.* I am not furnish'd with the present monie:
 1018 Besides I haue some businesse in the towne,
 1019 Good Signior take the stranger to my house,
 1020 And with you take the Chaine, and bid my wife
 1021 Disburse the summe, on the receipt thereof,
 1022 Perchance I will be there as soone as you.
 1023 *Gold.* Then you will bring the Chaine to her your
 1024 selfe.
 1025 *Anti.* No beare it with you, least I come not time e-nough.
 1027 *Gold.* Well sir, I will? Haue you the Chaine about
 1028 you?
 1029 *Ant.* And if I haue not sir, I hope you haue:
 1030 Or else you may returne without your money.
 1031 *Gold.* Nay come I pray you sir, giue me the Chaine:
 1032 Both winde and tide stayes for this Gentleman,
 1033 And I too blame haue held him heere too long.
 1034 *Anti.* Good Lord, you vse this dalliance to excuse
 1035 Your breach of promise to the *Porpentine*,
 1036 I should haue chid you for not bringing it,
 1037 But like a shrew you first begin to brawle.
 1038 *Mar.* The houre steales on, I pray you sir dispatch.
 1039 *Gold.* You heare how he importunes me, the Chaine.
 1040 *Ant.* Why giue it to my wife, and fetch your mony.
 1041 *Gold.* Come, come, you know I gaue it you euen now.

1042 Either send the Chaine, or send me by some token.
 1043 *Ant.* Fie, now you run this humor out of breath,
 1044 Come where's the Chaine, I pray you let me see it.
 1045 *Mar.* My businesse cannot brooke this dalliance,
 1046 Good sir say, whe'r you'l answer me, or no:
 1047 If not, Ile leaue him to the Officer.
 1048 *Ant.* I answer you? What should I answer you.
 1049 *Gold.* The monie that you owe me for the Chaine.
 1050 *Ant.* I owe you none, till I receiue the Chaine.
 1051 *Gold.* You know I gaue it you halfe an houre since.
 1052 *Ant.* You gaue me none, you wrong mee much to
 1053 say so.
 1054 *Gold.* You wrong me more sir in denying it.
 1055 Consider how it stands vpon my credit.
 1056 *Mar.* Well Officer, arrest him at my suite.
 1057 *Offi.* I do, and charge you in the Dukes name to o-bey
 1058 me.
 1059 *Gold.* This touches me in reputation.
 1060 Either consent to pay this sum for me,
 1061 Or I attach you by this Officer.
 1062 *Ant.* Consent to pay thee that I neuer had:
 1063 Arrest me foolish fellow if thou dar'st.
 1064 *Gold.* Heere is thy fee, arrest him Officer.
 1065 I would not spare my brother in this case,
 1066 If he should scorne me so apparantly.
 1067 *Offic.* I do arrest you sir, you heare the suite.
 1068 *Ant.* I do obey thee, till I giue thee baile.
 1069 But sirrah, you shall buy this sport as deere,
 1070 As all the mettall in your shop will answer.
 1071 *Gold.* Sir, sir, I shall haue Law in *Ephesus*,
 1072 To your notorious shame, I doubt it not.
 1073 *Enter Dromio Sira. from the Bay.*
 1074 *Dro.* Master, there's a Barke of *Epidamium*,
 1075 That staies but till her Owner comes aboard,
 1076 And then sir she beares away. Our fraughtage sir,
 1077 I haue conuei'd aboard, and I haue bought
 1078 The Oyle, the *Balsamum*, and Aqua- vitae.
 1079 The ship is in her trim, the merrie winde
 1080 Blowes faire from land: they stay for nought at all,
 1081 But for their Owner, Master, and your selfe.
 1082 *An.* How now? a Madman? Why thou peeuish sheep
 1083 What ship of *Epidamium* staies for me.
 1084 *S.Dro.* A ship you sent me too, to hier waftage.
 1085 *Ant.* Thou drunken slaue, I sent thee for a rope,
 1086 And told thee to what purpose, and what end.
 1087 *S.Dro.* You sent me for a ropes end as soone,

1088 You sent me to the Bay sir, for a Barke.
 1089 *Ant.* I will debate this matter at more leisure
 1090 And teach your eares to list me with more heede:
 1091 To *Adriana* Villaine hie thee straight:
 1092 Giue her this key, and tell her in the Deske
 1093 That's couer'd o're with Turkish Tapistrie,
 1094 There is a purse of Duckets, let her send it:
 1095 Tell her, I am arrested in the streete,
 1096 And that shall baile me: hie thee slaue, be gone,
 1097 On Officer to prison, till it come. *Exeunt*
 1098 *S.Dromio.* To *Adriana*, that is where we din'd,
 1099 Where Dowsabell did claime me for her husband,
 1100 She is too bigge I hope for me to compasse,
 1101 Thither I must, although against my will:
 1102 For seruants must their Masters mindes fulfill. *Exit*
 1103 *Enter Adriana and Luciana.*
 1104 *Adr.* Ah *Luciana*, did he tempt thee so?
 1105 Might'st thou perceiue austerely in his eie,
 1106 That he did plead in earnest, yea or no:
 1107 Look'd he or red or pale, or sad or merrily?
 1108 What obseruation mad'st thou in this case?
 1109 Oh, his hearts Meteors tilting in his face.
 1110 *Luc.* First he deni'de you had in him no right.
 1111 *Adr.* He meant he did me none: the more my spight
 1112 *Luc.* Then swore he that he was a stranger heere.
 1113 *Adr.* And true he swore, though yet forsworne hee
 1114 were.
 1115 *Luc.* Then pleaded I for you.
 1116 *Adr.* And what said he?
 1117 *Luc.* That loue I begg'd for you, he begg'd of me.
 1118 *Adr.* With what perswasion did he tempt thy loue?
 1119 *Luc.* With words, that in an honest suit might moue.
 1120 First, he did praise my beautie, then my speech.
 1121 *Adr.* Did'st speake him faire?
 1122 *Luc.* Haue patience I beseech.
 1123 *Adr.* I cannot, nor I will not hold me still.
 1124 My tongue, though not my heart, shall haue his will.
 1125 He is deformed, crooked, old, and sere,
 1126 Ill- fac'd, worse bodied, shapelesse euery where:
 1127 Vicious, vngentle, foolish, blunt, vnkinde, [H5v
 1128 Stigmaticall in making worse in minde.
 1129 *Luc.* Who would be ieaalous then of such a one?
 1130 No euill lost is wail'd, when it is gone.
 1131 *Adr.* Ah but I thinke him better then I say:
 1132 And yet would herein others eies were worse:
 1133 Farre from her nest the Lapwing cries away;

1134 My heart praies for him, though my tongue doe curse.
 1135 *Enter S.Dromio.*
 1136 *Dro.* Here goe: the deske, the purse, sweet now make
 1137 haste.
 1138 *Luc.* How hast thou lost thy breath?
 1139 *S.Dro.* By running fast.
 1140 *Adr.* Where is thy Master *Dromio*? Is he well?
 1141 *S.Dro.* No, he's in Tartar limbo, worse then hell:
 1142 A diuell in an euerlasting garment hath him;
 1143 On whose hard heart is button'd vp with steele:
 1144 A Feind, a Fairie, pittillesse and ruffe:
 1145 A Wolfe, nay worse, a fellow all in buffe:
 1146 A back friend, a shoulder- clapper, one that counterma[n]ds
 1147 The passages of allies, creekes, and narrow lands:
 1148 A hound that runs Counter, and yet draws drifoot well,
 1149 One that before the Iudgme[n]t carries poore soules to hel.
 1150 *Adr.* Why man, what is the matter?
 1151 *S.Dro.* I doe not know the matter, hee is rested on
 1152 the case.
 1153 *Adr.* What is he arrested? tell me at whose suite?
 1154 *S.Dro.* I know not at whose suite he is arested well;
 1155 but is in a suite of buffe which rested him, that can I tell,
 1156 will you send him Mistris redemption, the monie in
 1157 his deske.
 1158 *Adr.* Go fetch it Sister: this I wonder at.
 1159 *Exit Luciana.*
 1160 Thus he vnknowne to me should be in debt:
 1161 Tell me, was he arested on a band?
 1162 *S.Dro.* Not on a band, but on a stronger thing:
 1163 A chaine, a chaine, doe you not here it ring.
 1164 *Adria.* What, the chaine?
 1165 *S.Dro.* No, no, the bell, 'tis time that I were gone:
 1166 It was two ere I left him, and now the clocke strikes one.
 1167 *Adr.* The houres come backe, that did I neuer here.
 1168 *S.Dro.* Oh yes, if any houre meete a Serieant, a turnes
 1169 backe for verie feare.
 1170 *Adri.* As if time were in debt: how fondly do'st thou
 1171 reason?
 1172 *S.Dro.* Time is a verie bankerout, and owes more then
 1173 he's worth to season.
 1174 Nay, he's a theefe too: haue you not heard men say,
 1175 That time comes stealing on by night and day?
 1176 If I be in debt and theft, and a Serieant in the way,
 1177 Hath he not reason to turne backe an houre in a day?
 1178 *Enter Luciana.*
 1179 *Adr.* Go *Dromio*, there's the monie, beare it straight,

1180 And bring thy Master home imediately.
1181 Come sister, I am prest downe with conceit:
1182 Conceit, my comfort and my iniurie. *Exit.*
1183 *Enter Antipholus Siracusia.*
1184 There's not a man I meete but doth salute me
1185 As if I were their well acquainted friend,
1186 And euerie one doth call me by my name:
1187 Some tender monie to me, some inuite me;
1188 Some other giue me thankses for kindnesses;
1189 Some offer me Commodities to buy.
1190 Euen now a tailor cal'd me in his shop,
1191 And show'd me Silkes that he had bought for me,
1192 And therewithall tooke measure of my body.
1193 Sure these are but imaginarie wiles,
1194 And lapland Sorcerers inhabite here.
1195 *Enter Dromio. Sir.*
1196 *S.Dro.* Master, here's the gold you sent me for: what
1197 haue you got the picture of old *Adam* new apparel'd?
1198 *Ant.* What gold is this? What *Adam* do'st thou
1199 meane?
1200 *S.Dro.* Not that *Adam* that kept the Paradise: but
1201 that *Adam* that keeps the prison; hee that goes in the
1202 calues- skin, that was kil'd for the Prodigall: hee that
1203 came behinde you sir, like an euill angel, and bid you for-sake
1204 your libertie.
1205 *Ant.* I vnderstand thee not.
1206 *S.Dro.* No? why 'tis a plaine case: he that went like
1207 a Base- Viole in a case of leather; the man sir, that when
1208 gentlemen are tired giues them a sob, and rests them:
1209 he sir, that takes pittie on decaied men, and giues them
1210 suites of durance: he that sets vp his rest to doe more ex-ploits
1211 with his Mace, then a Moris Pike.
1212 *Ant.* What thou mean'st an officer?
1213 *S.Dro.* I sir, the Serieant of the Band: he that brings
1214 any man to answer it that breakes his Band: one that
1215 thinkes a man alwaies going to bed, and saies, God giue
1216 you good rest.
1217 *Ant.* Well sir, there rest in your foolerie:
1218 Is there any ships puts forth to night? may we be gone?
1219 *S.Dro.* Why sir, I brought you word an houre since,
1220 that the Barke *Expedition* put forth to night, and then
1221 were you hindred by the Serieant to tarry for the *Hoy*
1222 *Delay*: Here are the angels that you sent for to deliuer
1223 you.
1224 *Ant.* The fellow is distract, and so am I,
1225 And here we wander in illusions:

1226 Some blessed power deliuer vs from hence.
 1227 *Enter a Curtizan.*
 1228 *Cur.* Well met, well met, Master *Antipholus*:
 1229 I see sir you haue found the Gold- smith now:
 1230 Is that the chaine you promis'd me to day.
 1231 *Ant.* Sathan auoide, I charge thee tempt me not.
 1232 *S.Dro.* Master, is this Mistris *Sathan*?
 1233 *Ant.* It is the diuell.
 1234 *S.Dro.* Nay, she is worse, she is the diuels dam: [
 1235 And here she comes in the habit of a light wench, and
 1236 thereof comes, that the wenches say God dam me, That's
 1237 as much to say, God make me a light wench: It is writ-ten,
 1238 they appeare to men like angels of light, light is an
 1239 effect of fire, and fire will burne: *ergo*, light wenches will
 1240 burne, come not neere her.
 1241 *Cur.* Your man and you are maruailous merrie sir.
 1242 Will you goe with me, wee'll mend our dinner here?
 1243 *S.Dro.* Master, if do expect spoon- meate, or bespeake
 1244 a long spoone.
 1245 *Ant.* Why *Dromio*?
 1246 *S.Dro.* Marrie he must haue a long spoone that must
 1247 eate with the diuell.
 1248 *Ant.* Auoid then fiend, what tel'st thou me of sup-|(ping?
 1249 Thou art, as you are all a sorceresse:
 1250 I coniure thee to leaue me, and be gon.
 1251 *Cur.* Giue me the ring of mine you had at dinner,
 1252 Or for my Diamond the Chaine you promis'd,
 1253 And Ile be gone sir, and not trouble you.
 1254 *S.Dro.* Some diuels aske but the parings of ones naile, [H6
 1255 a rush, a haire, a drop of blood, a pin, a nut, a cherrie-stone:
 1256 but she more couetous, wold haue a chaine: Ma-ster
 1257 be wise, and if you giue it her, the diuell will shake
 1258 her Chaine, and fright vs with it.
 1259 *Cur.* I pray you sir my Ring, or else the Chaine,
 1260 I hope you do not meane to cheate me so?
 1261 *Ant.* Auant thou witch: Come *Dromio* let vs go.
 1262 *S.Dro.* Flie pride saies the Pea- cocke, Mistris that
 1263 you know. *Exit.*
 1264 *Cur.* Now out of doubt *Antipholus* is mad,
 1265 Else would he neuer so demeane himselfe,
 1266 A Ring he hath of mine worth fortie Duckets,
 1267 And for the same he promis'd me a Chaine,
 1268 Both one and other he denies me now:
 1269 The reason that I gather he is mad,
 1270 Besides this present instance of his rage,
 1271 Is a mad tale he told to day at dinner,

1272 Of his owne doores being shut against his entrance.
 1273 Belike his wife acquainted with his fits,
 1274 On purpose shut the doores against his way:
 1275 My way is now to hie home to his house,
 1276 And tell his wife, that being Lunaticke,
 1277 He rush'd into my house, and tooke perforce
 1278 My Ring away. This course I fittest choose,
 1279 For fortie Duckets is too much to loose.
 1280 *Enter Antipholus Ephes. with a Iailor.*
 1281 *An.* Feare me not man, I will not breake away,
 1282 Ile giue thee ere I leaue thee so much money
 1283 To warrant thee as I am rested for.
 1284 My wife is in a wayward moode to day,
 1285 And will not lightly trust the Messenger,
 1286 That I should be attach'd in *Ephesus*,
 1287 I tell you 'twill sound harshly in her eares.
 1288 *Enter Dromio Eph. with a ropes end.*
 1289 Heere comes my Man, I thinke he brings the monie.
 1290 How now sir? Haue you that I sent you for?
 1291 *E.Dro.* Here's that I warrant you will pay them all.
 1292 *Anti.* But where's the Money?
 1293 *E.Dro.* Why sir, I gaue the Monie for the Rope.
 1294 *Ant.* Fiue hundred Duckets villaine for a rope?
 1295 *E.Dro.* Ile serue you sir fiue hundred at the rate.
 1296 *Ant.* To what end did I bid thee hie thee home?
 1297 *E.Dro.* To a ropes end sir, and to that end am I re-turn'd.
 1299 *Ant.* And to that end sir, I will welcome you.
 1300 *Offi.* Good sir be patient.
 1301 *E.Dro.* Nay 'tis for me to be patient, I am in aduer-sitie.
 1303 *Offi.* Good now hold thy tongue.
 1304 *E.Dro.* Nay, rather perswade him to hold his hands.
 1305 *Anti.* Thou whoreson senselesse Villaine.
 1306 *E.Dro.* I would I were senselesse sir, that I might
 1307 not feele your blowes.
 1308 *Anti.* Thou art sensible in nothing but blowes, and
 1309 so is an Asse.
 1310 *E.Dro.* I am an Asse indeede, you may prooue it by
 1311 my long eares. I haue serued him from the houre of my
 1312 Natiuitie to this instant, and haue nothing at his hands
 1313 for my seruice but blowes. When I am cold, he heates
 1314 me with beating: when I am warme, he cooles me with
 1315 beating: I am wak'd with it when I sleepe, rais'd with
 1316 it when I sit, driuen out of doores with it when I goe
 1317 from home, welcom'd home with it when I returne, nay
 1318 I beare it on my shoulders, as a begger woont her brat:
 1319 and I thinke when he hath lam'd me, I shall begge with

1320 it from doore to doore.
 1321 *Enter Adriana, Luciana, Courtizan, and a Schoole-master,*
 1322 *call'd Pinch.*
 1323 *Ant.* Come goe along, my wife is comming yon-der.
 1325 *E.Dro.* Mistris *respice finem*, respect your end, or ra-ther
 1326 the prophesie like the Parrat, beware the ropes end.
 1327 *Anti.* Wilt thou still talke? *Beats Dro.*
 1328 *Curt.* How say you now? Is not your husband mad?
 1329 *Adri.* His inciuality confirmes no lesse:
 1330 Good Doctor *Pinch*, you are a Coniurer,
 1331 Establish him in his true sence againe,
 1332 And I will please you what you will demand.
 1333 *Luc.* Alas how fiery, and how sharpe he lookes.
 1334 *Cur.* Marke, how he trembles in his extasie.
 1335 *Pinch.* Giue me your hand, and let mee feele your
 1336 pulse.
 1337 *Ant.* There is my hand, and let it feele your eare.
 1338 *Pinch.* I charge thee Sathan, hous'd within this man,
 1339 To yeeld possession to my holie praiers,
 1340 And to thy state of darknesse hie thee straight,
 1341 I coniure thee by all the Saints in heauen.
 1342 *Anti.* Peace doting wizard, peace; I am not mad.
 1343 *Adr.* Oh that thou wer't not, poore distressed soule.
 1344 *Anti.* You Minion you, are these your Customers?
 1345 Did this Companion with the saffron face
 1346 Reuell and feast it at my house to day,
 1347 Whil'st vpon me the guiltie doores were shut,
 1348 And I denied to enter in my house.
 1349 *Adr.* O husband, God doth know you din'd at home
 1350 Where would you had remain'd vntill this time,
 1351 Free from these slanders, and this open shame.
 1352 *Anti.* Din'd at home? Thou Villaine, what sayest
 1353 thou?
 1354 *Dro.* Sir sooth to say, you did not dine at home.
 1355 *Ant.* Were not my doores lockt vp, and I shut out?
 1356 *Dro.* Perdie, your doores were lockt, and you shut
 1357 out.
 1358 *Anti.* And did not she her selfe reuile me there?
 1359 *Dro.* *Sans Fable*, she her selfe reuil'd you there.
 1360 *Anti.* Did not her Kitchen maide raile, taunt, and
 1361 scorne me?
 1362 *Dro.* *Certis* she did, the kitchin vestall scorn'd you.
 1363 *Ant.* And did not I in rage depart from thence?
 1364 *Dro.* In veritie you did, my bones beares witnesse,
 1365 That since haue felt the vigor of his rage.
 1366 *Adr.* Is't good to sooth him in these contraries?

1367 *Pinch.* It is no shame, the fellow finds his vaine,
 1368 And yeelding to him, humors well his frensie.
 1369 *Ant.* Thou hast subborn'd the Goldsmith to arrest
 1370 mee.
 1371 *Adr.* Alas, I sent you Monie to redeeme you,
 1372 By *Dromio* heere, who came in hast for it.
 1373 *Dro.* Monie by me? Heart and good will you might,
 1374 But surely Master not a ragge of Monie.
 1375 *Ant.* Wentst not thou to her for a purse of Duckets.
 1376 *Adri.* He came to me, and I deliuer'd it.
 1377 *Luci.* And I am wisse with her that she did:
 1378 *Dro.* God and the Rope- maker beare me wisse,
 1379 That I was sent for nothing but a rope.
 1380 *Pinch.* Mistris, both Man and Master is possest,
 1381 I know it by their pale and deadly lookes, [H6v
 1382 They must be bound and laide in some darke roome.
 1383 *Ant.* Say wherefore didst thou locke me forth to day,
 1384 And why dost thou denie the bagge of gold?
 1385 *Adr.* I did not gentle husband locke thee forth.
 1386 *Dro.* And gentle Mr I receiu'd no gold:
 1387 But I confesse sir, that we were lock'd out.
 1388 *Adr.* Dissembling Villain, thou speak'st false in both
 1389 *Ant.* Dissembling harlot, thou art false in all,
 1390 And art confederate with a damned packe,
 1391 To make a loathsome abiect scorne of me:
 1392 But with these nailes, Ile plucke out these false eyes,
 1393 That would behold in me this shamefull sport.
 1394 *Enter three or foure, and offer to binde him:*
 1395 *Hee striues.*
 1396 *Adr.* Oh binde him, binde him, let him not come
 1397 neere me.
 1398 *Pinch.* More company, the fiend is strong within him
 1399 *Luc.* Aye me poore man, how pale and wan he looks.
 1400 *Ant.* What will you murther me, thou Iailor thou?
 1401 I am thy prisoner, wilt thou suffer them to make a res-cue?
 1403 *Offi.* Masters let him go: he is my prisoner, and you
 1404 shall not haue him.
 1405 *Pinch.* Go binde this man, for he is franticke too.
 1406 *Adr.* What wilt thou do, thou peeuish Officer?
 1407 Hast thou delight to see a wretched man
 1408 Do outrage and displeasure to himselfe?
 1409 *Offi.* He is my prisoner, if I let him go,
 1410 The debt he owes will be requir'd of me.
 1411 *Adr.* I will discharge thee ere I go from thee,
 1412 Beare me forthwith vnto his Creditor,
 1413 And knowing how the debt growes I will pay it.

1414 Good Master Doctor see him safe conuey'd
 1415 Home to my house, oh most vnhappy day.
 1416 *Ant.* Oh most vnhappy strumpet.
 1417 *Dro.* Master, I am heere entred in bond for you.
 1418 *Ant.* Out on thee Villaine, wherefore dost thou mad
 1419 mee?
 1420 *Dro.* Will you be bound for nothing, be mad good
 1421 Master, cry the diuell.
 1422 *Luc.* God helpe poore soules, how idly do they
 1423 talke.
 1424 *Adr.* Go beare him hence, sister go you with me:
 1425 Say now, whose suite is he arrested at?
 1426 *Exeunt. Manet Offic. Adri. Luci. Courtizan*
 1427 *Off.* One *Angelo* a Goldsmith, do you know him?
 1428 *Adr.* I know the man: what is the summe he owes?
 1429 *Off.* Two hundred Duckets.
 1430 *Adr.* Say, how growes it due.
 1431 *Off.* Due for a Chaine your husband had of him.
 1432 *Adr.* He did bespeake a Chain for me, but had it not.
 1433 *Cur.* When as your husband all in rage to day
 1434 Came to my house, and tooke away my Ring,
 1435 The Ring I saw vpon his finger now,
 1436 Straight after did I meete him with a Chaine.
 1437 *Adr.* It may be so, but I did neuer see it.
 1438 Come Iailor, bring me where the Goldsmith is,
 1439 I long to know the truth heereof at large.
 1440 *Enter Antipholus Siracusia with his Rapier drawne,*
 1441 *and Dromio Sirac.*
 1442 *Luc.* God for thy mercy, they are loose againe.
 1443 *Adr.* And come with naked swords,
 1444 Let's call more helpe to haue them bound againe.
 1445 *Runne all out.*
 1446 *Off.* Away, they'l kill vs.
 1447 *Exeunt omnes, as fast as may be, frighted.*
 1448 *S.Ant.* I see these Witches are affraid of swords.
 1449 *S.Dro.* She that would be your wife, now ran from
 1450 you.
 1451 *Ant.* Come to the Centaur, fetch our stuffe from
 1452 thence:
 1453 I long that we were safe and sound aboard.
 1454 *Dro.* Faith stay heere this night, they will surely do
 1455 vs no harme: you saw they speake vs faire, giue vs gold:
 1456 me thinkes they are such a gentle Nation, that but for
 1457 the Mountaine of mad flesh that claimes mariage of me,
 1458 I could finde in my heart to stay heere still, and turne
 1459 Witch.

1460 *Ant.* I will not stay to night for all the Towne,
 1461 Therefore away, to get our stuffe aboard. *Exeunt*

Actus Quintus. Scoena Prima.

1463 *Enter the Merchant and the Goldsmith.*
 1464 *Gold.* I am sorry Sir that I haue hindred you,
 1465 But I protest he had the Chaine of me,
 1466 Though most dishonestly he doth denie it.
 1467 *Mar.* How is the man esteem'd heere in the Citie?
 1468 *Gold.* Of very reuerent reputation sir,
 1469 Of credit infinite, highly belou'd,
 1470 Second to none that liues heere in the Citie:
 1471 His word might beare my wealth at any time.
 1472 *Mar.* Speake softly, yonder as I thinke he walkes.
 1473 *Enter Antipholus and Dromio againe.*
 1474 *Gold.* 'Tis so: and that selfe chaine about his necke,
 1475 Which he forswore most monstrously to haue.
 1476 Good sir draw neere to me, Ile speake to him:
 1477 Signior *Antipholus*, I wonder much
 1478 That you would put me to this shame and trouble,
 1479 And not without some scandall to your selfe,
 1480 With circumstance and oaths, so to denie
 1481 This Chaine, which now you weare so openly.
 1482 Beside the charge, the shame, imprisonment,
 1483 You haue done wrong to this my honest friend,
 1484 Who but for staying on our Controuersie,
 1485 Had hoisted saile, and put to sea to day:
 1486 This Chaine you had of me, can you deny it?
 1487 *Ant.* I thinke I had, I neuer did deny it.
 1488 *Mar.* Yes that you did sir, and forswore it too.
 1489 *Ant.* Who heard me to denie it or forswear it?
 1490 *Mar.* These eares of mine thou knowst did hear thee:
 1491 Fie on thee wretch, 'tis pittie that thou liu'st
 1492 To walke where any honest men resort.
 1493 *Ant.* Thou art a Villaine to impeach me thus,
 1494 Ile proue mine honor, and mine honestie
 1495 Against thee presently, if thou dar'st stand:
 1496 *Mar.* I dare and do defie thee for a villaine.
 1497 *They draw. Enter Adriana, Luciana, Courtezan, & others.*
 1498 *Adr.* Hold, hurt him not for God sake, he is mad,
 1499 Some get within him, take his sword away:
 1500 Binde *Dromio* too, and beare them to my house.
 1501 *S.Dro.* Runne master run, for Gods sake take a house,

1502 This is some Priorie, in, or we are spoyl'd.
 1503 *Exeunt to the Priorie.* [II
 1504 *Enter Ladie Abbesse.*
 1505 *Ab.* Be quiet people, wherefore throng you hither?
 1506 *Adr.* To fetch my poore distracted husband hence,
 1507 Let vs come in, that we may binde him fast,
 1508 And beare him home for his recouerie.
 1509 *Gold.* I knew he was not in his perfect wits.
 1510 *Mar.* I am sorry now that I did draw on him.
 1511 *Ab.* How long hath this possession held the man.
 1512 *Adr.* This weeke he hath beene heauie, sower sad,
 1513 And much different from the man he was:
 1514 But till this afternoone his passion
 1515 Ne're brake into extremity of rage.
 1516 *Ab.* Hath he not lost much wealth by wrack of sea,
 1517 Buried some deere friend, hath not else his eye
 1518 Stray'd his affection in vnlawfull loue,
 1519 A sinne preuailing much in youthfull men,
 1520 Who giue their eies the liberty of gazing.
 1521 Which of these sorrowes is he subiect too?
 1522 *Adr.* To none of these, except it be the last,
 1523 Namely, some loue that drew him oft from home.
 1524 *Ab.* You should for that haue reprehended him.
 1525 *Adr.* Why so I did.
 1526 *Ab.* I but not rough enough.
 1527 *Adr.* As roughly as my modestie would let me.
 1528 *Ab.* Haply in priuate.
 1529 *Adr.* And in assemblies too.
 1530 *Ab.* I, but not enough.
 1531 *Adr.* It was the copie of our Conference.
 1532 In bed he slept not for my vrging it,
 1533 At boord he fed not for my vrging it:
 1534 Alone, it was the subiect of my Theame:
 1535 In company I often glanced it:
 1536 Still did I tell him, it was vilde and bad.
 1537 *Ab.* And thereof came it, that the man was mad.
 1538 The venome clamors of a iealous woman,
 1539 Poisons more deadly then a mad dogges tooth.
 1540 It seemes his sleepes were hindred by thy railing,
 1541 And thereof comes it that his head is light.
 1542 Thou saist his meate was sawc'd with thy vpbraidings,
 1543 Vnquiet meales make ill digestions,
 1544 Thereof the raging fire of feauer bred,
 1545 And what's a Feauer, but a fit of madnesse?
 1546 Thou sayest his sports were hindred by thy bralles.
 1547 Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue

1548 But moodie and dull melancholly,
 1549 Kinsman to grim and comfortlesse dispaire,
 1550 And at her heeles a huge infectious troope
 1551 Of pale distemperatures, and foes to life?
 1552 In food, in sport, and life- preseruing rest
 1553 To be disturb'd, would mad or man, or beast:
 1554 The consequence is then, thy iealous fits
 1555 Hath scar'd thy husband from the vse of wits.
 1556 *Luc.* She neuer reprehended him but mildely,
 1557 When he demean'd himselfe, rough, rude, and wildly,
 1558 Why beare you these rebukes, and answer not?
 1559 *Adri.* She did betray me to my owne reproofe,
 1560 Good people enter, and lay hold on him.
 1561 *Ab.* No, not a creature enters in my house.
 1562 *Ad.* Then let your seruants bring my husband forth
 1563 *Ab.* Neither: he tooke this place for sanctuary,
 1564 And it shall priuiledge him from your hands,
 1565 Till I haue brought him to his wits againe,
 1566 Or loose my labour in assaying it.
 1567 *Adri.* I will attend my husband, be his nurse,
 1568 Diet his sicknesse, for it is my Office,
 1569 And will haue no attorney but my selfe,
 1570 And therefore let me haue him home with me.
 1571 *Ab.* Be patient, for I will not let him stirre,
 1572 Till I haue vs'd the approoued meanes I haue,
 1573 With wholesome sirrups, drugges, and holy prayers
 1574 To make of him a formall man againe:
 1575 It is a branch and parcell of mine oath,
 1576 A charitable dutie of my order,
 1577 Therefore depart, and leaue him heere with me.
 1578 *Adri.* I will not hence, and leaue my husband heere:
 1579 And ill it doth beseeme your holinesse
 1580 To separate the husband and the wife.
 1581 *Ab.* Be quiet and depart, thou shalt not haue him.
 1582 *Luc.* Complaine vnto the Duke of this indignity.
 1583 *Adri.* Come go, I will fall prostrate at his feete,
 1584 And neuer rise vntill my teares and prayers
 1585 Haue won his grace to come in person hither,
 1586 And take perforce my husband from the Abbesse.
 1587 *Mar.* By this I thinke the Diall points at fiue:
 1588 Anon I'me sure the Duke himselfe in person
 1589 Comes this way to the melancholly vale;
 1590 The place of depth, and sorrie execution,
 1591 Behinde the ditches of the Abbey heere.
 1592 *Gold.* Vpon what cause?
 1593 *Mar.* To see a reuerent *Siracusan* Merchant,

1594 Who put vnluckily into this Bay
 1595 Against the Lawes and Statutes of this Towne,
 1596 Beheaded publikely for his offence.
 1597 *Gold.* See where they come, we wil behold his death
 1598 *Luc.* Kneele to the Duke before he passe the Abbey.
 1599 *Enter the Duke of Ephesus, and the Merchant of Siracuse*
 1600 *bare head, with the Headsman, & other*
 1601 *Officers.*
 1602 *Duke.* Yet once againe proclaime it publikely,
 1603 If any friend will pay the summe for him,
 1604 He shall not die, so much we tender him.
 1605 *Adr.* Iustice most sacred Duke against the Abbesse.
 1606 *Duke.* She is a vertuous and a reuerend Lady,
 1607 It cannot be that she hath done thee wrong.
 1608 *Adr.* May it please your Grace, *Antipholus* my husba[n]d,
 1609 Who I made Lord of me, and all I had,
 1610 At your important Letters this ill day,
 1611 A most outragious fit of madnesse tooke him:
 1612 That desp'rately he hurried through the streete,
 1613 With him his bondman, all as mad as he,
 1614 Doing displeasure to the Citizens,
 1615 By rushing in their houses: bearing thence
 1616 Rings, Jewels, any thing his rage did like.
 1617 Once did I get him bound, and sent him home,
 1618 Whil'st to take order for the wrongs I went,
 1619 That heere and there his furie had committed,
 1620 Anon I wot not, by what strong escape
 1621 He broke from those that had the guard of him,
 1622 And with his mad attendant and himselfe,
 1623 Each one with irefull passion, with drawne swords
 1624 Met vs againe, and madly bent on vs
 1625 Chac'd vs away: till raising of more aide
 1626 We came againe to binde them: then they fled
 1627 Into this Abbey, whether we pursu'd them,
 1628 And heere the Abbesse shuts the gates on vs,
 1629 And will not suffer vs to fetch him out,
 1630 Nor send him forth, that we may beare him hence. [I1v
 1631 Therefore most gracious Duke with thy command,
 1632 Let him be brought forth, and borne hence for helpe.
 1633 *Duke.* Long since thy husband seru'd me in my wars
 1634 And I to thee ingag'd a Princes word,
 1635 When thou didst make him Master of thy bed,
 1636 To do him all the grace and good I could.
 1637 Go some of you, knocke at the Abbey gate,
 1638 And bid the Lady Abbesse come to me:
 1639 I will determine this before I stirre.

1640 *Enter a Messenger.*
 1641 Oh Mistris, Mistris, shift and saue your selfe,
 1642 My Master and his man are both broke loose,
 1643 Beaten the Maids a- row, and bound the Doctor,
 1644 Whose beard they haue sindg'd off with brands of fire,
 1645 And euer as it blaz'd, they threw on him
 1646 Great pailles of puddled myre to quench the haire;
 1647 My Mr preaches patience to him, and the while
 1648 His man with Cizers nickes him like a foole:
 1649 And sure (vnlesse you send some present helpe)
 1650 Betweene them they will kill the Coniurer.
 1651 *Adr.* Peace foole, thy Master and his man are here,
 1652 And that is false thou dost report to vs.
 1653 *Mess.* Mistris, vpon my life I tel you true,
 1654 I haue not breath'd almost since I did see it.
 1655 He cries for you, and vowes if he can take you,
 1656 To scorch your face, and to disfigure you:
 1657 *Cry within.*
 1658 Harke, harke, I heare him Mistris: flie, be gone.
 1659 *Duke.* Come stand by me, feare nothing: guard with
 1660 Halberds.
 1661 *Adr.* Ay me, it is my husband: wnesse you,
 1662 That he is borne about inuisible,
 1663 Euen now we hous'd him in the Abbey heere.
 1664 And now he's there, past thought of humane reason.
 1665 *Enter Antipholus, and E.Dromio of Ephesus.*
 1666 *E.Ant.* Iustice most gracious Duke, oh grant me iu-|(stice,
 1667 Euen for the seruice that long since I did thee,
 1668 When I bestrid thee in the warres, and tooke
 1669 Deepe scarres to saue thy life; euen for the blood
 1670 That then I lost for thee, now grant me iustice.
 1671 *Mar.Fat.* Vnlesse the feare of death doth make me
 1672 dote, I see my sonne *Antipholus* and *Dromio*.
 1673 *E.Ant.* Iustice (sweet Prince) against y Woman there:
 1674 She whom thou gau'st to me to be my wife;
 1675 That hath abused and dishonored me,
 1676 Euen in the strength and height of iniurie:
 1677 Beyond imagination is the wrong
 1678 That she this day hath shamelesse throwne on me.
 1679 *Duke.* Discouer how, and thou shalt finde me iust.
 1680 *E.Ant.* This day (great Duke) she shut the doores
 1681 vpon me,
 1682 While she with Harlots feasted in my house.
 1683 *Duke.* A greeuous fault: say woman, didst thou so?
 1684 *Adr.* No my good Lord. My selfe, he, and my sister,
 1685 To day did dine together: so befall my soule,

1686 As this is false he burthens me withall.
1687 *Luc.* Nere may I looke on day, nor sleepe on night,
1688 But she tels to your Highnesse simple truth.
1689 *Gold.* O periur'd woman! They are both forsworne,
1690 In this the Madman iustly chargeth them.
1691 *E.Ant.* My Liege, I am aduised what I say,
1692 Neither disturbed with the effect of Wine,
1693 Nor headie- rash prouoak'd with raging ire,
1694 Albeit my wrongs might make one wiser mad.
1695 This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner;
1696 That Goldsmith there, were he not pack'd with her,
1697 Could witness it: for he was with me then,
1698 Who parted with me to go fetch a Chaine,
1699 Promising to bring it to the Porpentine,
1700 Where *Balthasar* and I did dine together.
1701 Our dinner done, and he not comming thither,
1702 I went to seeke him. In the street I met him,
1703 And in his companie that Gentleman.
1704 There did this periur'd Goldsmith sweare me downe,
1705 That I this day of him receiu'd the Chaine,
1706 Which God he knowes, I saw not. For the which,
1707 He did arrest me with an Officer.
1708 I did obey, and sent my Pesant home
1709 For certaine Duckets: he with none return'd.
1710 Then fairely I bespoke the Officer
1711 To go in person with me to my house.
1712 By'th' way, we met my wife, her sister, and a rabble more
1713 Of vilde Confederates: Along with them
1714 They brought one *Pinch*, a hungry leane- fac'd Villaine;
1715 A meere Anatomie, a Mountebanke,
1716 A thred- bare Iugler, and a Fortune- teller,
1717 A needy- hollow- ey'd- sharpe- looking- wretch;
1718 A liuing dead man. This pernicious slaue,
1719 Forsooth tooke on him as a Coniurer:
1720 And gazing in mine eyes, feeling my pulse,
1721 And with no- face (as 'twere) out- facing me,
1722 Cries out, I was possest. Then altogether
1723 They fell vpon me, bound me, bore me thence,
1724 And in a darke and dankish vault at home
1725 There left me and my man, both bound together,
1726 Till gnawing with my teeth my bonds in sunder,
1727 I gain'd my freedome; and immediately
1728 Ran hether to your Grace, whom I beseech
1729 To giue me ample satisfaction
1730 For these deepe shames, and great indignities.
1731 *Gold.* My Lord, in truth, thus far I witnes with him:

1732 That he din'd not at home, but was lock'd out.
 1733 *Duke.* But had he such a Chaine of thee, or no?
 1734 *Gold.* He had my Lord, and when he ran in heere,
 1735 These people saw the Chaine about his necke.
 1736 *Mar.* Besides, I will be sworne these eares of mine,
 1737 Heard you confesse you had the Chaine of him,
 1738 After you first forswore it on the Mart,
 1739 And thereupon I drew my sword on you:
 1740 And then you fled into this Abbey heere,
 1741 From whence I thinke you are come by Miracle.
 1742 *E.Ant.* I neuer came within these Abbey wals,
 1743 Nor euer didst thou draw thy sword on me:
 1744 I neuer saw the Chaine, so helpe me heauen:
 1745 And this is false you burthen me withall.
 1746 *Duke.* Why what an intricate impeach is this?
 1747 I thinke you all haue drunke of *Circes* cup:
 1748 If heere you hous'd him, heere he would haue bin.
 1749 If he were mad, he would not pleade so coldly:
 1750 You say he din'd at home, the Goldsmith heere
 1751 Denies that saying. Sirra, what say you?
 1752 *E.Dro.* Sir he din'de with her there, at the Porpen-tine.
 1753 *Cur.* He did, and from my finger snacht that Ring.
 1754 *E.Anti.* Tis true (my Liege) this Ring I had of her.
 1755 *Duke.* Saw'st thou him enter at the Abbey heere?
 1756 *Curt.* As sure (my Liege) as I do see your Grace.
 1757 *Duke.* Why this is straunge: Go call the Abbesse hi-ther.
 1760 I thinke you are all mated, or starke mad. [I2
 1761 *Exit one to the Abbesse.*
 1762 *Fa.* Most mighty Duke, vouchsafe me speak a word:
 1763 Haply I see a friend will saue my life,
 1764 And pay the sum that may deliuer me.
 1765 *Duke.* Speake freely *Siracusan* what thou wilt.
 1766 *Fath.* Is not your name sir call'd *Antipholus*?
 1767 And is not that your bondman *Dromio*?
 1768 *E.Dro.* Within this houre I was his bondman sir,
 1769 But he I thanke him gnaw'd in two my cords,
 1770 Now am I *Dromio*, and his man, vnbound.
 1771 *Fath.* I am sure you both of you remember me.
 1772 *Dro.* Our selues we do remember sir by you:
 1773 For lately we were bound as you are now.
 1774 You are not *Pinches* patient, are you sir?
 1775 *Father.* Why looke you strange on me? you know
 1776 me well.
 1777 *E.Ant.* I neuer saw you in my life till now.
 1778 *Fa.* Oh! grieffe hath chang'd me since you saw me last,
 1779 And carefull houres with times deformed hand,

1780 Haue written strange defeatures in my face:
 1781 But tell me yet, dost thou not know my voice?
 1782 *Ant.* Neither.
 1783 *Fat.* *Dromio*, nor thou?
 1784 *Dro.* No trust me sir, nor I.
 1785 *Fa.* I am sure thou dost?
 1786 *E.Dromio.* I sir, but I am sure I do not, and whatso-euer
 1787 a man denies, you are now bound to beleuee him.
 1788 *Fath.* Not know my voice, oh times extremity
 1789 Hast thou so crack'd and splitted my poore tongue
 1790 In seuen short yeares, that heere my onely sonne
 1791 Knowes not my feeble key of vntun'd cares?
 1792 Though now this grained face of mine be hid
 1793 In sap- consuming Winters drizled snow,
 1794 And all the Conduits of my blood froze vp:
 1795 Yet hath my night of life some memorie:
 1796 My wasting lampes some fading glimmer left;
 1797 My dull deafe eares a little vse to heare:
 1798 All these old witnesses, I cannot erre.
 1799 Tell me, thou art my sonne *Antipholus*.
 1800 *Ant.* I neuer saw my Father in my life.
 1801 *Fa.* But seuen yeares since, in *Siracusa* boy
 1802 Thou know'st we parted, but perhaps my sonne,
 1803 Thou sham'st to acknowledge me in miserie.
 1804 *Ant.* The Duke, and all that know me in the City,
 1805 Can wisse with me that it is not so.
 1806 I ne're saw *Siracusa* in my life.
 1807 *Duke.* I tell thee *Siracusan*, twentie yeares
 1808 Haue I bin Patron to *Antipholus*,
 1809 During which time, he ne're saw *Siracusa*:
 1810 I see thy age and dangers make thee dote.
 1811 *Enter the Abbesse with Antipholus Siracusa,*
 1812 *and Dromio Sir.*
 1813 *Abbesse.* Most mightie Duke, behold a man much
 1814 wrong'd.
 1815 *All gather to see them.*
 1816 *Adr.* I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceiue me.
 1817 *Duke.* One of these men is *genius* to the other:
 1818 And so of these, which is the naturall man,
 1819 And which the spirit? Who decipheres them?
 1820 *S.Dromio.* I Sir am *Dromio*, command him away.
 1821 *E.Dro.* I Sir am *Dromio*, pray let me stay.
 1822 *S.Ant.* *Egeon* art thou not? or else his ghost.
 1823 *S.Drom.* Oh my olde Master, who hath bound him
 1824 heere?
 1825 *Abb.* Who euer bound him, I will lose his bonds,

1826 And gaine a husband by his libertie:
 1827 Speake olde *Egeon*, if thou bee'st the man
 1828 That hadst a wife once call'd *Aemilia*,
 1829 That bore thee at a burthen two faire sonnes?
 1830 Oh if thou bee'st the same *Egeon*, speake:
 1831 And speake vnto the same *Aemilia*.
 1832 *Duke*. Why heere begins his Morning storie right:
 1833 These two *Antipholus*, these two so like,
 1834 And these two *Dromio*'s, one in semblance:
 1835 Besides her vrging of her wracke at sea,
 1836 These are the parents to these children,
 1837 Which accidentally are met together.
 1838 *Fa*. If I dreame not, thou art *Aemilia*,
 1839 If thou art she, tell me, where is that sonne
 1840 That floated with thee on the fatall rafte.
 1841 *Abb*. By men of *Epidamium*, he, and I,
 1842 And the twin *Dromio*, all were taken vp;
 1843 But by and by, rude Fishermen of *Corinth*
 1844 By force tooke *Dromio*, and my sonne from them,
 1845 And me they left with those of *Epidamium*.
 1846 What then became of them, I cannot tell:
 1847 I, to this fortune that you see mee in.
 1848 *Duke*. *Antipholus* thou cam'st from *Corinth* first.
 1849 *S.Ant*. No sir, not I, I came from *Siracuse*.
 1850 *Duke*. Stay, stand apart, I know not which is which.
 1851 *E.Ant*. I came from *Corinth* my most gracious Lord
 1852 *E.Dro*. And I with him.
 1853 *E.Ant*. Brought to this Town by that most famous
 1854 Warriour,
 1855 Duke *Menaphon* your most renowned Vnckle.
 1856 *Adr*. Which of you two did dine with me to day?
 1857 *S.Ant*. I, gentle Mistris.
 1858 *Adr*. And are not you my husband?
 1859 *E.Ant*. No, I say nay to that.
 1860 *S.Ant*. And so do I, yet did she call me so:
 1861 And this faire Gentlewoman her sister heere
 1862 Did call me brother. What I told you then,
 1863 I hope I shall haue leisure to make good,
 1864 If this be not a dreame I see and heare.
 1865 *Goldsmith*. That is the Chaine sir, which you had of
 1866 mee.
 1867 *S.Ant*. I thinke it be sir, I denie it not.
 1868 *E.Ant*. And you sir for this Chaine arrested me.
 1869 *Gold*. I thinke I did sir, I deny it not.
 1870 *Adr*. I sent you monie sir to be your baile
 1871 By *Dromio*, but I thinke he brought it not.

1872 *E.Dro.* No, none by me.
 1873 *S.Ant.* This purse of Duckets I receiu'd from you,
 1874 And *Dromio* my man did bring them me:
 1875 I see we still did meete each others man,
 1876 And I was tane for him, and he for me,
 1877 And thereupon these errors are arose.
 1878 *E.Ant.* These Duckets pawne I for my father heere.
 1879 *Duke.* It shall not neede, thy father hath his life.
 1880 *Cur.* Sir I must haue that Diamond from you.
 1881 *E.Ant.* There take it, and much thanks for my good
 1882 cheere.
 1883 *Abb.* Renowned Duke, vouchsafe to take the paines
 1884 To go with vs into the Abbey heere,
 1885 And heare at large discoursed all our fortunes,
 1886 And all that are assembled in this place:
 1887 That by this simpathized one daies error
 1888 Haue suffer'd wrong. Goe, keepe vs companie, [I2v
 1889 And we shall make full satisfaction.
 1890 Thirtie three yeares haue I but gone in trauaile
 1891 Of you my sonnes, and till this present houre
 1892 My heauie burthen are deliuered:
 1893 The Duke my husband, and my children both,
 1894 And you the Kalenders of their Natiuity,
 1895 Go to a Gossips feast, and go with mee,
 1896 After so long greefe such Natiuitie.
 1897 *Duke.* With all my heart, Ile Gossip at this feast.
 1898 *Exeunt omnes. Manet the two Dromio's and*
 1899 *two Brothers.*
 1900 *S.Dro.* Mast[er]. shall I fetch your stufte from shipbord?
 1901 *E.An. Dromio,* what stufte of mine hast thou imbarkt
 1902 *S.Dro.* Your goods that lay at host sir in the Centaur.
 1903 *S.Ant.* He speakes to me, I am your master *Dromio.*
 1904 Come go with vs, wee'l looke to that anon,
 1905 Embrace thy brother there, reioyce with him. *Exit*
 1906 *S.Dro.* There is a fat friend at your masters house,
 1907 That kitchin'd me for you to day at dinner:
 1908 She now shall be my sister, not my wife,
 1909 *E.D.* Me thinks you are my glasse, & not my brother:
 1910 I see by you, I am a sweet- fac'd youth,
 1911 Will you walke in to see their gossipping?
 1912 *S.Dro.* Not I sir, you are my elder.
 1913 *E.Dro.* That's a question, how shall we trie it.
 1914 *S.Dro.* Wee'l draw Cuts for the Signior, till then,
 1915 lead thou first.
 1916 *E.Dro.* Nay then thus:
 1917 We came into the world like brother and brother:

1918 And now let's go hand in hand, not one before another.
1919 *Exeunt.*

FINIS.
The Comedie of Errors.
