

Act I

1: *Actus primus, Scena prima.*

2: [*Enter the Duke of Ephesus, with the Merchant of Siracusa, 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 ransom 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 heauier taske could not haue beene impos'd,
36: Then I to speake my griefes vnspeakeable:
37: Yet that the world may wnesse 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,
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 diuorce 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 *Egean* 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 calls 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 strucken 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.

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 deuise 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.*]

Act II

272: *Actus Secundus.*

273: [*Enter Adriana, wife to Antipholis Sereptus, with
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 a dore.

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 vnmo'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 burnd 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 releue 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 witness.

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.

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 reparaire.

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 Errotis.*]

395:

Ant.

The gold I gaue 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 meanes 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 Insconce 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.

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 deerely 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 laughs 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.

Act III

616: *Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.*

617: [*Enter Antipholus of Ephesus, his man Dromio, Angelo the 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 parchement, & 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'are 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 dainty 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 coniure 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,

686: _

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: would 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;

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 wisdom,

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 despite 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 disdain 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 beleeeue

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 flood of teares:
834: Sing Siren for thy selfe, and I will dote:
835: Spread ore the siluer waues thy golden haires;
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.

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 enchanting 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:
Ant.
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.*]

Act IV

980: *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 Guilders 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
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.

1026: _

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,

1128: Stigmaticall in making worse in minde.

1129:

Luc.

Who would be iealous 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 thankes 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 keepes 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 supping?

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,

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.

1298: _

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.

1302: _

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, call'd Pinch*]

1323:

Ant.

Come goe along, my wife is comming yon-der.

1324: _

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 wizzard, 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 witnesse with her that she did:

1378:

Dro.

God and the Rope-maker beare me witnesse,

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,

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 abiection 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:*

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?

1402: _

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, 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, frightened.*]

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 stufte 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*]

Act V

1462: *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.*]

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 ieaalous 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 ieaalous 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:

Adr.

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 wholsome 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:

Adr.

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:

Adr.

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
bare head, with the Headsman, & other
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.
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: witness 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 iustice,

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.

Discover 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 greuous 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 wnesse 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: _

1754:

Cur.

He did, and from my finger snatch that Ring.

1755:

E.Anti.

Tis true (my Liege) this Ring I had of her.

1756:

Duke.

Saw'st thou him enter at the Abbey heere?

1757:

Curt.

As sure (my Liege) as I do see your Grace.

1758:

Duke.

Why this is straunge: Go call the Abbesse hi-ther.

1759: _

1760: I thinke you are all mated, or starke mad.

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 beleeeue 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 witnesse with me that it is not so.

1806: I ne're saw *Siracusa* in my life.

1807:

Duke.

I tell thee *Siracusian*, 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, 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 deciphers 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,

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 heaue 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 two Brothers*]

1900:

S.Dro.

Mast[er]. shall I fetch your stuffe from shipbord?

1901:

E.An.

Dromio, what stuffe 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.*]

1920: FINIS.

1921: The Comedie of Errors