The Comedie of Errors.

Actus Primus, Scena prima.

Enter the Duke of Ephesus, with the Merchant of Syracusa, Jaylor , and other attendants.

Marchant.
PRoceed *Salinus* to procure my fall,
And by the doome of death end woes and all.
Duke. Merchant of *Siracusa,* plead no more.
I am not partiall to infringe our Lawes ;
The enmitie and discord which of late
Sprung from the rancorous outrage of your Duke,
To Merchants our well-dealing Countrimen,
Who wanting gilders to redeeme their lives,
Have seal'd his rigorous statutes with their blouds,
Excludes all pitty from our threatening lookes :
For since the mortall and intestine jarres
Twixt thy seditious Countrimen and us,
It hath in solemn Synodes been decreed,
Both by the *Siracusians* and our selves,
T'admit no trafficke to our adverse townes :
Nay more, if any borne at *Ephesus*
Be seene at any *Siracusian* Marts and Faires :
Againe, if any *Siracusian* born
Come to the Bay of *Ephesus,* he dies :
His goods confiscate to the Dukes dispose,
Unlesse a thousand marks be levied
To quit the penalty, and ransome him :
Thy substance , valued at the highest rate,
Cannot amount unto a hundred Markes,
Therefore by Law thou art condemn'd to die.
Mer. Yet this my comfort, when your words are done,
My woes end likewise with the evening Sunne.
Duk. Well *Siracusian ;* say in briefe the cause
Why thou departedst from thy native home?
And for what cause thou cam'st to *Ephesus ?*
Mer. A heavier taske could not have beene impos'd,
Then I to speake my griefes unspeakable:
Yet that the world may witnesse, that my end
Was wrought by nature, not by vile offence,
Ile utter what my sorrow gives me leave.
In *Syracusa* was I borne , and wedde
Unto a woman, happy but for me,
And by me ; had not our hap beene bad:
With her I liv'd in joy, our wealth increast
By prosperous voyages I often made
To *Epidamium,* till my factors death :
And he great care of goods at randone left,
Drew me from kinde embracements of my spouse ;
From whom my absence was not sixe moneths olde,
Before her selfe (almost at fainting under

The pleasing punishment that women beare)
Had made provision for her following me,
And soone, and safe arrived where I was :
There had she not beene long, but she became
A joyfull mother of two goodly sonnes:
And, which was strange, the one so like the other,
As could not be distinguish'd but by names.
That very howre , and in the self-same Inne,
A meane woman was delivered
Of such a burthen, Male, twins both alike:
Those, for their parents were exceeding poore,
I bought, and brought up to attend my sonnes.
My wife,not meanely proud of two such boyes,
Made daily motions for our home returne :
Unwilling I agreed, alas, too soone wee came aboord.
A league from *Epidamium* had we saild
Before the alwayes winde-obeying deepe
Gave any Tragicke Instance of our harme :
But longer did we not retaine much hope;
For what obscured light the heavens did grant,
Did but convey unto our fearefull mindes
A doubtfull warrant of immediate death ;
Which though my selfe would gladly have imbrac'd,
Yet the incessant weepings of my wife,
Weeping before for what she saw must come,
And pitteous playnings of the prettie babes
That mourn'd for fashion, ignorant what to feare,
Forst me to seeke delayes for them and me,
And this it was : (for other meanes was none)
The Sailors fought for safety by our boate,
And left the Ship then sinking ripe to us.
My wife, more carefull for the latter borne,
Had fastened him unto a small spare Mast,
Such as sea-faring men provide for stormes :
To him one of the other twins was bound,
Whil'st I had beene like heedfull of the other.
The children thus dispos'd, my wife and I,
Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fixt,
Fastned our selves at eyther end the mast,
And floating straight, obedient to the streame,
Was carried towards *Corinth*, as we thought.
At length the sonne gazing upon the earth,
Disperst those vapours that offended us,
And by the benefit of his wished light
The seas waxt calme, and we discovered
Two shippes from farre, making amaine to us :
Of *Corinth* that, of *Epidarus* this ;
But ere they came, oh let me say no more,
Gather the sequell by that went before.
Duke. Nay forward old man, doe not breake off so,

For we may pitty , though not pardon thee.
Merch. Oh had the gods done so, I had not now
Worthily tearm'd them mercilesse to us :
For ere the ships could meet by twice five leagues,
We were encountred by a mighty rocke,
Which being violently borne up,
Our helpefull Ship was splitted in the midst;
So that in this unjust divorce of us,
Fortune had left to both of us alike,
What to delight in, what to sorrow for,
Her part, poore soule, seeming as burdened,
With lesser waight, but not with lesser woe,
Was carried with more speed before the winde,
And in our sight they three were taken up
By Fishermen of *Corinth* , as we thought.
At length another Ship had seiz'd on us,
And knowing whom it was their hap to save,
Gave healthfull welcome to their ship-wrackt guests,
And would have reft the Fishers of their prey,
Had not their barke been very slow of saile;
And therefore homeward did they bend their course.
Thus have you heard me sever'd from my blisse,
That by misfortunes was my life prolong'd,
To tell sad stories of my owne mishaps.
Duke. And for the sake of them thou sorrowest for,
Doe me the favour to dilate at full,
What hath befalne of them and they till now.
Merch. My yongest boy, and yet my eldest care,
At eighteene yeeres became inquisitive
After his brother ; and importun'd me
That his attendant, so his case was like,
Rest of his brother, but retain'd his name,
Might beare him company in the quest of him :
Whom whil'st I laboured of a love to see,
I hazarded the losse of whom I lov'd.
Five Sommers have I spent in farthest *Greece,*
Roming cleane through the bounds of *Asia,*
And coasting homeward, came to *Ephesus :*
Hopelesse to finde, yet loath to leave unsought
Or that, or any place that harbours men :
But heere must end the story of my life,
And happy were I in my timelie death,
Could all my travells warrant me they live.
Duke. Haplesse *Egeon* whom the fates have markt
To bear th'extremitie of dire mishap :
Now trust me, were it not against our Lawes,
Against my Crowne, my oath, my dignity,
Which Princes would they may not disanull,
My soule should sue as advocate for thee:
But though thou art adjudged to the death,
And passed sentence may not be recal'd
But to our honours great disparagement :
Yet will I favour thee in what I can,
Therefore Marchant, Ile limit thee this day
To seek thy helpe by beneficiall helpe,
Try all the friends thou hast in *Ephesus,*
Beg thou, or borrow, to make up the summe,
And live : if no, then thou art doom'd to die :
Jaylor take him to thy custodie.
Jaylor. I will my Lord.
Merch. Hopelesse and helplesse doth *Egeon* wend,
But to procrastinate his livelesse end. *Exeunt.*

Enter Antipholis, Erotes, a Merchant, and Dromio.
Mer. Therefore give out you are of *Epidamium,*
Lest that your goods too soone be confiscate :

This very day a *Syracusan* Marchant
Is apprehended for a rivall here,
And not being able to buy out his life,
According to the statute of the towne,
Dies ere the wearie sunne set in the West ;
There is your monie that I had to keepe.
Ant. Goe bear it to the Centaure, where we host,
And stay there *Dromio,* till I come to thee ;
Till that Ile view the manners of the towne,
Within this houre it will be dinner time:
Peruse the traders, gaze upon the buildings,
And then returne and sleepe within mine [Iune],
For with long travaile I am stiffe and wearie.
Get thee away.
Dro. Many a man would take you at your word,
And goe indeede, having so good a meane.
Exit Dromio.
Ant. A trustie villaine sir, that very oft,
When I am dull with care and melancholly,
Lightens my humour with his merry jests :
What will you walke with me about the towne,
And then goe to my Inne and dine with me?
E. Mar. I am invited sir to certaine Marchants,
Of whom I hope to make much benefit :
I crave your pardon, soone at five a clocke,
Please you, Ile meet with you upon the Mart,
And afterward consort you till bed time:
My present businesse cals me from you now.
Ant. Farewell till then : I will go loose my selfe,
And wander up and down to view the Citie.
E. Mar. Sir I commend you to your owne content.
Exeunt.
Ant. He that commends me to my own content,
Commends me to the thing I cannot get:
I to the world am like a drop of water,
That in the Ocean seekes another drop,
Who failing there to finde his fellow forth,
(Unseene, inquisitive) confounds himselfe,
So I, to finde a Mother and a Brother,
In quest of him (unhappie a) loose my selfe.

Enter Dromio of Ephesus.
Here comes the almanacke of my true date:
What now? How chance thou art return'd so soone.
E.Dro. Return'd so soone, rather approacht too late:
The Capon burnes, the Pig fals from the spit;
The clocke hath strucken twelve upon the bell:
My Mistris made it one upon my cheeke :
She is so hot because the meate is colde :
The meate is colde, because you come not home ;
You come not home, because you have no stomacke :
You have no stomacke, having broke your fast :
But we that know what 'tis to fast and pray,
Are penitent for your default to day.
Ant. Stop in your winde sir, tell me this I pray?
Where have you left the mony that I gave you?
E.Dro. Oh sixe pence that I had a wensday last,
To pay the Sadler for my Mistris crupper :
The Sadler had it Sir, I kept it not.
Ant. I am not in a sportive humor now :
Tell me, and dally not, where is the monie?
We being strangers here, how dar'st thou trust
So great a charge from thine owne custodie.
E. Dro. I pray you jest sir as you sit at dinner :
I from my Mistris come to you in post:
If I returne I shall be post indeede.

For

For she will scoure your fault upon my pate :
Me thinkes your maw, like mine, should be your cooke,
And strike you home without a messenger.
Ant. Come *Dromio,*come, these jests are out of season,
Reserve them till a merrier houre then this :
Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee?
E.Dro. To me sir? why you gave no gold to me?
Ant. Come on sir knave, have done your foolishnes,
And tell me how thou hast dispos'd thy charge.
E. Dro. My charge was but to fetch you [from] the Mart
Home to your house, the *Phoenix* sir, to dinner ;
My Mistris and her sister staies for you.
Ant. Now as I am a Christian answer me,
In what safe place you have bestow'd my monie:
Or I shall break that merry sconce of yours
that stands on tricks, when I am undispos'd :
Where is the thousand Markes thou hadst of me?
E.Dro. I have some markes of yours upon my pate:
Some of my Mistris markes upon my shoulders :
But not a thousand markes betweene you both.
If I should pay your worship those againe,
Perchance you will not beare them patiently.
Ant. Thy Mistris markes? what Mistris slave hast thou?
E.Dro. Your worships wife,my Mistris at the *Phoenix;*
She that doth fast till you come home to dinner:
And praies that you will hie you home to dinner.
Ant. What wilt thou flout me thus unto my face
Being forbid? There take you that sir knave.
E.Dro. What mean you sir, for God sake hold your
Nay, and you will not sir, Ile take my heeles. (hands ;
Exeunt Dromio Ep.
Ant. Upon my life by some device or other,
The villaine is ore-wrought of all my monie.
They say this towne is full of cosenage :
As nimble Juglers that deceive the eie:
Darke-working Sorcerers that change the minde:
Soule-killing Witches, that deforme the bodie:
Disguised Cheaters, prating Mountebankes ;
And many such like liberties of sinne :
If it prove so, I will be gone the sooner :
Ile to the Centaur to goe seeke this slave
I greatly feare my monie is not safe,
Exit.

Actus Secundus.

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

Adr. Neither my husband nor the slave return'd,
That in such haste I sent to seeke his Master?
Sure *Luciana* it is two a clocke.
Luc. Perhaps some Merchant hath invited him,
And from the Mart he's somewhere gone to dinner :
Good Sister let us dine, and never fret ;
A man is Master of his libertie ;
Time is their Master, and when they see time,
They'll goe or come ; if so, be patient Sister.
Adr. Why should their libertie then ours be more?
Luc. Because their businesse still lyes out adore.
Adr. Looke when I serve him so, he takes it ill.
Luc. Oh, know he is the bridle of your will.
Adr. There's none but asses will be bridled so.

Luc. Why, headstrong liberty is lasht with woe:

There's nothing situate under heavens eye,
But hath his bound in earth, in sea, in skie.
The beasts, the fishes, and the winged fowles
Are their males subjects, and at their controules :
Man more divine, the Master of all these,
Lord of the wide world, and wilde watry seas,
Indued with intellectual sence and soules,
Of more preheminence than fish and fowles.
Are masters to their females, and their Lords:
Then let your will attend on their accords.
Adri. This servitude makes you to keepe unwed.
Luci. Not this but troubles of the marriage bed.
Adr. But were you wedded, you wold bear some sway
Luc. Ere I learn love, Ile practise to obey.
Adr. How if your husband start some other where?
Luc. Till he come home againe, I would forbeare.
Adr. Patience unmov'd, no marvel though she pause,
They can be meeke, that have no other cause:
A wretched soule bruis'd with adversitie,
We bid be quiet when we hear it crie.
But were we burdned with light waight of paine,
As much, or more, we should our selves complaine :
So thou that hast no unkinde mate to greeve thee,
With urging helplesse patience would releeve me ;
But if thou live to see like right bereft,
This foole-beg'd patience in thee will be left.
Luci. Well, I will marry one day but to trie:
Here comes your man, now is your husband nie.

Enter Dromio Eph.

Adr. Say, is your tardie master now at hand?
E.Dro. Nay, hee's at too hands with mee, and that my two eares can witnesse.
Adr. Say, didst thou speake with him? knowst thou his minde?
E.Dro. I, I, he told his minde upon mine eare,
Beshrew his hand, I scarce could understand it.
Luc. Spake hee so doubtfully , thou couldst not feele his meaning.
E. Dro. Nay, hee strooke so plainly , I could too well feele his blows ; and withall so doubtfully, that I could scarce understand them.
Adri. But say, I prethee, is he comming home?
It seemes he hath great care to please his wife.
E.Dro. Why Mistresse, sure my Master is horn mad.
Adri. Horne mad, thou villaine?
E.Dro. I mean not Cuckold-mad,
But sure he is starke mad :
When I desir'd him to come home to dinner ;
He ask'd me for a hundred markes in gold ;
Tis dinner time, quoth I : my gold, quoth he :
Your meat doth burne, quoth I : my gold, quoth he ;
Where is the thousand markes I gave thee villaine ?
The Pigge, quoth I, is burn'd: my gold, quoth he :
My mistresse, sir, quoth I : hang up thy Mistresse ;
I know not thy mistresse, out on my mistresse.
Luci. Quoth who?
E.Dr. Quoth my Master, I know quoth he, no house, no wife, no mistresse : so that my arrant due unto my tongue, I thanke him, I bare home upon my shoulders : for in conclusion, he did beat me there.
Adri. Go back againe thou slave, & fetch him home.
Dro. Goe back againe, and be new beaten home?
For Gods sake send some other messenger.

Adri. Backe slave, or I will breake thy pate a-crosse.
Dro. And he will blesse [yt] crosse with other beating :
Between you I shall have a holy head.
Adri. Hence prating pesant, fetch thy master home.
Dro. Am I so round with you, as you with me,
That like a foot-ball you doe spurne me thus :
You spurne me hence, and he will spurne me hither,
If I last in this service, you must case me in leather. *Exit.*
Luci. Fie how impatience lowreth in your face:
Adri. His company must do his minions grace,
Whil'st I at home starve for a merrie looke:
Hath homelie age th'alluring beauty tooke
From my poore cheeke ? then he hath wasted it.
Are my discourses dull? Barren my wit,
If voluble and sharp discourse be mar'd,
Unkindnesse blunts it more than marble hard.
Doe their gay vestments his affections baite?
That's not my fault, hee's master of my state.
What ruines are in me that can be found,
By him not ruin'd? Then is he the ground
Of my defeatures. My decayed faire,
A sunnie looke of his, would soone repaire.
But, too unruly Deere, he breakes the pale,
And feedes from home; poore I am but his stale.
Luci. Selfe-harming Jealousie, fie beat it hence.
Ad. Unfeeling fools can with such wrongs dispence :
I know his eye doth homage other-where,
Or else, what lets it but he would be here?
Sister, you know he promised me a chaine,
Would that alone, a love he would detaine,
So he would keep faire quarter with his bed.
I see the Jewell best enamaled
Will loose his beautie : yet the gold bides still
That others touch, and often touching will:
Where gold and no man that hath a name,
By falshood and corruption doth it shame:
Since that my beautie cannot please his eie,
Ile weepe (what's left away) and weeping die.
Luc. How manie fond fooles serve mad Jealousie?
Exit.
Enter Antipholis Errotis.
Ant. The gold I gave to *Dromio* is laid up
Safe at the *Centaur,* and the heedfull slave
Is wandred forth in care to seeke me out
By computation and mine hosts report.
I could not speake with *Dromio*, since at first
I sent him from the Mart ? see here he comes.
Enter Dromio Siracusia.
How now sir, is your merrie humor alter'd?
As you love stroakes, so jest with me againe:
You know no *Centaur?* you receiv'd no gold?
Your Mistresse sent to have me home to dinner?
My house was at the *Phoenix ?* Wast thou mad,
That thus so madlie thou didst answere me?
S. Dro. What answer sir ? when spake I such a word?
E.Ant. Even now,even here, not halfe an howre since.
S.Dro. I did not see you since you sent me hence
Home to the *Centaur* with the gold you gave me.
Ant. Villaine, thou didst denie the golds receit,
And toldst me of a Mistresse, and a dinner.
For which I hope thou feltst I was displeas'd.
S.Dro. I am glad to see you in this merrie veine,
What meanes this jest, I pray you Master tell me?
Ant. Yea, dost thou jeere & flowt me in the teeth?
Thinkst [yu] I jest? hold, take thou that, & that. *Beats Dro.*
S.Dro. Hold sir,for Gods sake, now your jest is earnest,

Upon what bargaine do you give it me?
Antiph. Because that I familiarlie sometimes

Do use you for my foole, and chat with you,
Your sawcinesse will jest upon my love,
And make a Common of my serious howres.
When the sunne shines, let foolish gnats make sport,
But creepe in crannies, when he hides his beames ;
If you will jest with me, know my aspect,
And fashion your demeanor to my lookes,
Or I will beat this method in your sconce.

S.Dro. Sconce call you it ? so you would leave battering, I had rather have it a head, and you use these blows long, I must get a sconce for my head, and Insconce it to, or else I shall seek my wit in my shoulders, but I pray sir, why am I beaten?

Ant. Dost thou not know?

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

Ant. Shall I tell you why?

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

Ant. Why first for flowting me, and then wherefore, for urging it the second time to me.

S.Dro. Was there ever anie man thus beaten out of season, when in the why and the wherefore, is neither rime nor reason. Well sir, I thanke you.

Ant. Thanke me sir, for what?

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

Ant. Ile make you amends next. to give you nothing for something. But say sir, is it dinner time?

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

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

S.Dro. Basting.

Ant. Well sir, then 'twill be drie.

S.Dro. If it be sir, I pray you eat not of it.

Ant. Your reason?

S.Dro. Lest it make you chollericke, and purchase me another drie basting.

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

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

Anti. By what rule sir?

S.Dro. Marry sir, by a rule as plaine as the plaine bald pate of Father time himselfe.

Ant. Let's hear it.

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

Ant. May he not do it by fine and recoverie?

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

Ant. Why, is Time such a niggard of haire, being (as it is) so plentifull an excrement?

S.Dro. Because it is a blessing that hee bestowes on beasts, and what he hath scanted them in haire, hee hath given them in wit.

*Ant.*Why, but theres manie a man hath more haire than wit.

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

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

S.Dro. The plainer dealer, the sooner lost ; yet he looseth it in a kind of jollitie.

Ant. For what reason?

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

*An.*Nay

An. Nay not sound I pray you.

S. Dro. Sure ones then.
An. Nay not sure in a thing falsing.
S.Dro. Certaine ones then,
An, Name them.
S. Dro. The one to save the money that he spends in trying : the other, that at dinner they should not drop in his porrage.
An. You would all this time have prov'd, [here] is no time for all things.
S.Dro. Marry and did sir: namely, no time to recover haire lost by Nature.
An. But your reason was not substantiall, why there is no time to recover.
S.Dro. Thus I mend it : Time himself is bald, and therefore to the worlds end, will have bald followers.
An. I knew 'twould be a bald conclusion : but soft, who wafts us yonder?

Enter Adriana and Luciana.

Adri. I, I, *Antipholus,* look strange and frowne,
Some other Mistresse hath some sweet aspects :
I am not *Adriana,* nor thy wife,
The time was once, when thou un-urg'd wouldst vow,
That never words were musick to thine eare,
That never object pleasing in thine eye,
That never touch well welcome to thy hand ;
That never meat sweer-savour'd in thy taste ;
Unlesse I spake, or look'd, or touch'd or carv'd to thee.
How comes it now, my Husband, oh how comes it,
That thou art then estranged from thy selfe?
Thy selfe I call it, being strange to me:
That undividable Incorporate
Am better than thy deere selfes better part.
Ah doe not teare away thy selfe from me;
For know my love: as easie maist thou fall
A drop of water in the breaking gulfe,
And take unmingled thence that drop againe
Without addition or diminishing,
As take from me thy selfe, and not me too.
How deerely would it touch thee to the quicke,
Shouldst thou but heare I were licentious?
And that this body consecrate to thee,
By Ruffian Lust should be contaminate?
Wouldst thou not spit at me, and spurne at me,
And hurle the name of husband in my face,
And teare the stain'd skin of my Harlot brow,
And from my false hand cut the wedding ring,
And breake it with a deepe-divorcing vow?
I know thou canst, and therefore see thou do it.
I am possest with an adulterate blot,
My bloud is mingled with the crime of lust:
For if we two be one, and thou play false,
I doe digest the poyson of thy flesh,
Being strumpeted by thy contagion.
Keep then faire league and truce whith thy true bed,
I live distain'd, thou undishonoured.
Antip. Plead you to me faire dame? I know you not :
In *Ephesus* I am but two houres old,
As strange unto your town, as to your talk,
Who every word by all my wit being scan'd,
Wants wit in all, one word to understand.
Luci. Fie brother, how the world is chang'd with you :
When were you wont to use my sister thus?
She sent for you by *Dromio* home to dinner.

Ant. By *Dromio?* *Drom.* By me.
Adr. By thee, and thus thou didst returne from him.
That he did buffet thee, and in his blowes,
Denied my house for his, me for his wife.
Ant. Did you converse sir with this gentlewoman:
What is the course and drift of your compact?
S.Dro. I sir? I never saw her till this time.
Ant. Villaine thou liest, for even her verie words,
Didst thou deliver to me on the Mart.
S.Dro, I never spake with her in all my life.
Ant. How can she thus then call us by our names?
Unlesse it be by inspiration.
Adr. How ill agrees it with your gravitie,
To counterfeit thus grosely with your slave,
Abetting him to thwart me in my moode ;
Be it my wrong, you are from me exempt,
But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt.
Come I will fasten on this sleeve of thine:
Thou art an Elme, my husband, I a Vine :
Whose weakenesse married to thy stronger state,
Makes me with thy strength to communicate :
If ought possesse thee from me, it is drosse,
Usurping Ivie, Brier, or idle Mosse,
Who all for want of pruning, with intrusion,
Infect thy sap, and live on thy confusion.
Ant. To mee shee speakes , shee moves mee for her theame ;
What, was I married to her in my dreame?
Or sleepe I now, and thinke I heare all this?
What error drives our eies and eares amisse?
Untill I know this sure uncertaintie,
Ile entertaine the free'd fallacie.
Luc. Dromio, Go bid the servants spred for dinner.
S.Dro. Oh for my beads, I crosse me for a sinner.
This is the Fairie land, oh spight of spights,
We talke with Goblins, Owles and Sprights ;
If we obey them not, this will insue :
They'll suck our breath, or pinch us blacke and blew.
Luc. Why prat'st thou to thy selfe, and answer not?
Dromio, thou *Dromio,* snaile, thou slug, thou sot.
S.Dro. I am transformed Master, am I not?
Ant. I thinke thou art in minde, and so am I.
S. Dro. Nay Master, both in minde, and in my shape.
Ant. Thou hast thine own forme.
S.Dro. No, I am an Ape.
Luc. If thou art chang'd to ought, 'tis to an Asse.
S.Dro. 'Tis true she rides me, and I long for grasse.
'Tis so, I am an Asse, else it could never be,
But I should know her as well as she knowes me.
Adr. Come, come, no longer will I be a foole,
To put the finger in the eie and weepe;
Whil'st man and master laughes my woes to scorne :
Come sir to dinner, *Dromio* keepe the gate:
Husband Ile dine above with you to day,
And shrive you of a thousand idle prankes :
Sirra, if any aske you for your Master,
Say he dines forth, and let no creature enter:
Come sister, *Dromio* play the Porter well.
Ant. Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell?
Sleeping or waking, mad or well advisde:
Knowne unto these, and to my selfe disguisde:
Ile say as the say, and persever so:
And in this mist at all adventures go.
S.Dro. Master, shall I be Porter at the gate?
Adr. I, and let none enter least I breake your pate.
Luci. Come, come, *Antipholis,* we dine too late.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Entr Antipholus of Ephesus , his man Dromio, Angelo the Goldsmith, and Balthazar the Merchant.

E. Ant. Good signor *Angelo* you must excuse us all,
My wife is shrewish when I keepe not howres,
Say that I lingerd with you at your shop
To see the making of her Carkanet,
And that to morrow you will bring it home.
But here's a villaine that would face me downe
He met me on the Mart, and that I beat him,
And charg'd him with a thousand markes in gold,
And that I did denie my wife and house;
Thou drunkard thou, what didst thou meane by this?
E.Dro. Say what you wil sir, but I know what I know,
That you beat me at the Mart I have your hand to show ;
If [ye] skin were parchment, & [ye] blows you gave were ink,
Your owne hand-writing would tell you what I thinke.
E.Ant. I thinke thou art an asse.
E. Dro. Marry so it doth appeare
By the wrongs I suffer, and the blowes I beare:
I should kicke being kickt, and being at that passe,
You would keepe from my heeles, and beware of an asse.
E. An. Y'are sad signior *Balthazar,* pray God our cheer
May answer my good will, and your good welcom here.
Bal. I hold your dainties cheap sir, & your welcom deer.
E. Ant. Oh signior *Balthazar,* either at flesh or fish,
A table full of welcome, makes scarce one dainty dish.
Bal. Good meat sir is comon that every churle affords.
Anti. And welcome more common, for thats nothing but words.
Bal. Small cheere and great welcome, makes a merrie feast.
Anti. I, to a niggardly Host, and more sparing guest :
But though my cates*[eates]* be meane, take them in good part,
Better cheere may you have, but not with better hart.
But soft, my door is lockt ; goe bid them let us in.
E.Dro. Maud,Briget, Marian, Cisly, Gillian, Ginn.
S. Dro. Mome, Malthorse, Capon, Coxcombe, Idiot, Patch.
Either get thee from the door ; or sit downe at the hatch :
Dost thou conjure for wenches, that [yu] calst for such store,
When one is one too many, goe get thee from the dore.
E.Dro. What patch is made our Porter ? my Master stayes in the street.
S. Dro. Let him walke from whence he came, lest hee catch cold on's feet.
E.Ant. Who talks within there ? hoa, open the dore.
S. Dro. Right sir , Ile tell you when, and you'll tell me wherefore.
Ant. Wherefore? for my dinner : I have not din'd to day.
S. Dro. Nor to day here you must not come againe when you may.
Ant. What art thou that keep'st mee out from the howse I owe ?
S. Dro. The Porter for this time Sir, and my name is *Dromio.*
E. Dro. O villaine , thou hast stolne both mine office and my name.
The one nere got me credit, the other mickle blame :
If thou hadst bid *Dromio* to day in my place,

Thou wouldst have chang'd thy face for a name, or thy name for an asse.

Enter Luce.

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

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

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

E.Dro. O Lord I must laugh, have at you with a Proverbe.

Shall I set in my staffe.

Luce. Have at you with another, that's when? can you tell?

S. Dro. If thy name be called *Luce, Luce* thou hast answer'd him well.

Anti. Doe you heare you minion , you'll let us in I hope?

Luce. I thought to have askt you.

S.Dro. And you said no.

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

Ant. Thou baggage let me in.

Luce. Can you tell for whose sake?

E. Drom. Master, knocke the doore hard.

Luce. Let him knocke till it ake.

Ant. You'll crie for this minion , if I beat the doore downe.

Luce. What needs all that, and a paire of stocks in the town?

Enter Adriana.

Adr. Who is that at the doore [yt] keeps all this noise?

S.Dro. By my troth your towne is troubled with unruly boies.

Anti. Are you there Wife ? you might have come before.

Adr. Your wife sir knave? go get you from the dore.

E.Dro. If you went in paine Master, this knave wold goe fore.

Angelo. Heere is neither cheere sir, nor welcome, we would faine have either.

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

E. Dro. They stand at the doore, Master, bid them welcome hither.

Anti. There is something in the winde, that we cannot get in.

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

Your cake here is warme within : you stand here in the cold.

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

Ant. Go fetch me something, Ile breake ope the gate.

S.Dro. Breake any breaking here , and Ile breake your knaves pate.

E.Dro. A man may breake a word with you sir, and words are but winde ;

I and breake it in your face, so he break it not behinde.

S. Dro. It seemes thou want'st breaking, out upon thee hinde.

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

S. Dro. I, when fowles have no feathers, and fish have no fin.

Ant. Well, Ile break in : go borrow me a crow.

E.Dro. A crow without feather, Master mean you so ;

For

For a fish without a finne, there's a fowle without a feather,

If a crow help us in sirra, wee'll plucke a crow together.

Ant. Go, get thee gon, fetch me an iron Crow.
Balth. Have patience sir, oh let it not be so,
Heerein you warre against your reputation,
And draw within the compasse of suspect
Th'unviolated honour of your wife.
Once this your long experience of your wisdome,
Her sober vertue, yeares, and modestie,
Plead on your part some cause to you unknowne ;
And doubt not sir, but she will well excuse
Why at this time the dores are made against you.
Be rul'd by me , depart in patience,
And let us to the Tyger all to dinner,
And about evening come your selfe alone,
To know the reason of this strange restraint :
If by strong hand you offer to breake in
Now in the stirring passage of the day,
A vulgar comment will be made of it ;
And that supposed by the common rowt
Against your yet ungalled estimation.
That may with foule intrusion enter in,
And dwell upon your grave when you are dead;
For slander lives upon succession ;
For ever hows'd, where it once gets possession.
Ant. You have prevail'd, I will depart in quiet,
And in despight of mirth meane to be merrie :
I know a wench of excellent discourse,
Prettie and wittie ; wilde and yet too gentle ;
There will we dine : this woman that I meane
My wife (but I protest without desert)
Hath oftentimes upbraided me withall :
To her will we to dinner, get you home
And fetch the chaine, by this I know 'tis made,
Bring it I pray you to the *Porpentine,*
For there's the house : That chain I will bestow
(Be it for nothing but to spight my wife)
Upon my hostesse there, good sir make haste :
Since mine own doors refuse to entertain me,
Ile knocke else-where, to see if thay'll disdaine me.
Ang. Ile meet you at that place some houre sir hence.
Ant. Do so, this jest shall cost me some expence.
Exeunt.

Enter [Juliana], with Antipholus of Siracusa.

[Julia]. And may it be that you have quite forgot
A husbands office ? shall *Antipholus*
Even in the spring of Love, thy Love-springs rot?
Shall love in buildings grow so ruinate?
If you did wed my sister for her wealth,
Then for her wealths-sake use her with more kindnesse:
Of if you like else-where, doe it by stealth,
Muffle your false love with some shew of blindnesse :
Let not my sister reade it in your eye:
Be not thy tongue thy own shames Orator :
Looke sweet, speake faire, become disloyaltie:
Apparell vice like vertues harbenger :
Beare a faire presence, though your heart be tainted,
Teach sinne the carriage of a holy Saint,
Be secret false : what need she be acquainted?
What simple thiefe brags of his own attaine?
'Tis double wrong to truant with your bed,
And let her reade it in thy lookes at boord :
Shame hath a bastard fame, well mannaged,
Ill deeds are doubled with an evill word:
Alas poore women, make us not beleeve
(Being compact of credit) that you love us,

Though others have the arme, shew us the sleeve :
We in your motion turne ; and you may move us.

Then gentle brother get you in againe ;
Comfort my sister, cheere her, call her wife ;
'Tis holy sport to be a little vaine,
When the sweet breath of flatterie conquers strife.
S. Anti. Sweet Mistris : what your name is else
I know not ;
Nor by what wonder you do hit of mine :
Less in your knowledge , and your grace you show not,
Then our earths wonder, more than earth divine.
Teach me deere creature how to think and speak :
Lay open to my earthie grosse conceit:
Smothred in errors, feeble, shaddow, weake,
The foulded meaning of your words deceit ;
Against my soules pure truth, why labour you,
To make it wander in an unknowne field?
Are you a god ? would you create me new?
Transforme me then, and to your powre Ile yeeld.
But if that I am I, then well I know,
Your weeping sister is no wife of mine,
Nor to her bed a homage doe I owe :
Farre more, farre more, to you doe I decline :
Oh traine me not sweet Mermaide with thy note
To drowne me in thy sister floud of teares :
Sing Siren for thy selfe, and I will dote :
Spread ore the silver waves thy golden haires ;
And as a bud Ile take thee, and there lie :
And in that glorious supposition thinke,
He gains by death, that hath such means to die :
Let Love, being light, be drowned if she sinke.
Luc. What are you mad, that you doe reason so?
Ant. Not mad, but mated, how I doe not know.
Luc. It is a fault that springeth from your eie.
Ant. For gazing on your beames, faire sun being by.
Luc. Gaze when you should, and that will cleere
your sight.
Ant. As good to winke sweet love, as looke on night.
Luc. Why call you me love? Call my sister so.
Ant. Thy sisters sister.
Luc. That's my sister.
Ant. No : it is thy selfe, mine owne selfes better part :
Mine eies cleere eie, my deere hearts deerer heart,
My foode, my fortune, and my sweet hopes aime;
My sole earths heaven, and my heavens claime.
Luc. All this my sister is, or else should be.
Ant. Call thy selfe sister sweet, for I am thee :
Thee will I love, and with thee lead my life ;
Thou hast no husband yet, nor I no wife ;
Give me thy hand.
Luc. Oh soft sir, hold you still :
Ile fetch my sister to get her good will. *Exit.*

Enter Dromio, Siracusia.

Ant. Why how now *Dromio*, where run'st thou so
fast.
S. Dro. Doe you know me sir ? Am I *Dromio ?* Am I
your man? Am I my selfe?
Ant. Thou art *Dromio,* thou art my man, thou art
thy selfe.
Dro. I am an asse, I am a womans man, and besides
my selfe.
Ant. What womans man ? and how besides thy
selfe?
Dro. Marrie sir, besides my selfe, I am due to a woman :
One that claimes me, one that haunts me, one that will
have me.

Ant. What

Anti. What claime laies she to thee?
Dro. Marry sir , such claime as you would lay to your

horse, and she would have me as a beast ; not that I beeing a beast she would have me, but that she being a very beastly creature layes claime to me.

Anti. What is she?

Dro. A very reverent body : I such a one, as a man may not speake of, without he say sir reverence : I have but leane lucke in the match , and yet is she a wondrous fat marriage.

Anti. How dost thou meane a fat marriage ?

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

Ant. What complexion is she of?

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

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

Ddro. No sir, 'tis in graine, *Noahs* flood could not do it.

Anti. What's her name?

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

Anti. Then she beares some bredth?

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

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

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

Ant. Where *Scotland?*

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

Ant. Where *France?*

Dro. In her forehead, arm'd and reverted, making warre against her heire.

Ant. Where *England*?

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

Ant. Where *Spaine?*

Dro. Faith I saw it not : but I felt it hot in her breath.

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

Dro. Oh sir, upon her nose, all ore embellished with Rubies, Carbuncles, Saphires, declining their rich Aspect to the hot breath of Spaine *,* who sent whole Armadoes of Carracts to be ballast at her nose.

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

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

Anti. Go hie thee presently, post to the rode,
And if the winde blow any way from shore,
I will not harbour in this Towne to night.
If any Barke put forth, come to the Mart,

Where I will walke till thou returne to me:
If everie one knowes us , and we know none,

‘Tis time I think to trudge, packe. and be gone.
Dro. As from a Beare a man would run for life,
So flie I from her that would be my wife. *Exit.*
Anti. There’s none but witches do inhabite heere,
And therefore ‘tis hie time that I were hence :
She that doth call me husband, even my soule
Doth for a wife abhorre. But her faire sister
Possest with such a gentle soveraigne grace,
Of such inchanting presence and discourse,
Hath almost made me Traitor to my selfe:
But least my selfe be guilty to selfe wrong,
Ile stop mine eares against the Mermaids song.

Enter Angelo with the Chaine.

Ang. M. *Antipholus.*
Anti. I that’s my name.
Ang. I know it well sir, loe here’s the chaine,
I thought to have tane you at the *Porpentine,*
The chaine unfinish'd made me stay thus long.
Anti. What is your will that I shal do with this?
Ang. What please your selfe sir : I have made it for you.
Anti. Made it for me sir, I bespoke it not.
Ang. Not once, nor twice, but twentie times you have :
Go home with it, and please your Wife withall,
And soone at supper time Ile visit you,
And then receive my money for the chaine.
Anti. I pray you sir receive the money now,
For feare you ne’re see chaine, nor mony more.
Ang. You are a merry man sir, fare you well. *Exit.*
Ant. What I should thinke of this, I cannot tell:
But this I thinke, there’s no man is so vaine,
That would refuse so faire an offer’d Chaine.
I see a man heere needs not live by shifts,
When in the streets he meetes such Golden gifts:
Ile to the Mart, and there for *Dromio* stay,
If any Ship put out, then strait away. *Exit.*

Actus Quartus. Scoena Prima.

Enter a Merchant, Goldsmith, and and Officer.

Mer. You know since Pentecost the sum is due,
And since I have not much importun’d you,
Not now I had not, but that I am bound
To *Persia.* and want Gilders for my voyage :
Therefore make present satisfaction,
Or Ile attach you by this Officer.
Gold. Even just the sum that I do owe to you,
Is growing to me by *Antipholus,*
And in the instant tht I met with you,
He had of me a Chaine : at five a clocke
I shall receive the money for the same :
Pleaseth you walke with me downe to his house,
I will discharge my bond, and thanke you too.

Enter Antipholus Ephes. Dromio from the Courtizans.

Offi. That labour may you save: See where he comes.
Ant. While I go to the Goldsmiths house, go thou
And

And buy a ropes end, that will I bestow
Among my wife, and their confederates,

For locking me out of my doores by day :
But soft I see the Goldsmith ; get thee gone,
Buy thou a rope, and bring it home to me.
Dro. I buy a thousand pound a yeare, I buy a rope.
Exit Dromio.
Eph. Ant. A man is well holpe up that trusts to you,
I promised your presence , and the Chaine,
But neither Chaine nor Goldsmith came to me:
Belike you thought our love would last too long
If it were chain'd together : and therefore came not.
Gold. Saving your merrie humor, here's the note
How much your Chaine weighs to the utmost Charect,
The finenesse of the Gold, and chargefull fashion,
Which doth amount to three odde Duckets more
Then I stand debted to this Gentleman,
I pray you see him presently discharg;d,
For he is bound to Sea, and stayes but for it.
Ant. I am not furnish'd with the present monie:
Besides I have some businesse in the towne,
Good Signior take the stranger to my house,
And with you take the Chaine, and bid my wife
Disburse the summe, on the receit thereof,
Perchance I will be there as soone as you.
Gold. Then you will bring the Chaine to her your selfe.
Ant. No, beare it with you, least I come not time enough.
Gold. Well sir, I will? Have you the Chaine about you?
Ant. And if I have not sir, I hope you have:
Or else you may returne without your money.
Gold, Nay come I pray you sir, give me the Chaine:
Both winde and tide stayes for the Gentleman,
And I too blame have held him heere too long.
Ant. Good Lord, you use this dalliance to excuse
Your breach of promise to the *Porpentine,*
I should have chid you for not bringing it,
But like a shrew you first begin to brawle.
Mer. The houre steales on, I pray you sir dispatch.
Gold. You heare how he importunes me, the Chaine.
Ant. Why give it to my wife, and fetch your mony.
Gold. Come, come, you know I gave it you even now.
Either send the Chaine, or send me by some token.
Ant. Fie, now you run this humor out of breath,
Come where's the Chaine, I pray you let me see it.
Mer. My businesse cannot brooke this dalliance,
Good sir say, whe'r you'l answer me, or no :
If not, Ile leave him to the Officer.
Ant. I answer you? What should I answer you.
Gold. The monie that you owe me for the Chaine.
Ant. I owe you none till I receive the Chaine.
Gold. You know I gave it you halfe an houre since.
Ant. You gave me none, you wrong mee much to say so.
Gold. You wrong me sir in denying it:
Consider how it stands upon my credit.
Mer. Well Officer, arrest him at my suite.
Offi. I do , and charge you in the Dukes name to obey me.
Gold. This touches me in reputation.
Either consent to pay the sum for me,
Or I attach you by this Officer.
Ant. Consent to pay thee that I never had :
Arrest me foolish fellow if thou dar'st.

Gold. Here is thy fee, arrest him Officer.
I would not spare my brother in this case

If he should scorne me so apparantly.
Offi. I do arrest you sir, you heare the suite.
Ant. I do obey thee, till I give thee baile.
But sirrah you shall buy this sport as deere,
As all the mettall in your shop will answer.
Gold. Sir, sir, I shall have Law in *Ephesus,*
To your notorious shame, I doubt it not.

Enter Dromio Sira. from the Bay.

Dro. Master, there's a Barke of *Epidamium,*
That staies but till her Owner comes aboord,
And then sir she beares away. Our fraughtage sir,
I have convei'd aboord, and I have brought
The Oyle, the *Balsamum,* and Aqua-vitae.
The ship is in her trim , the merrie winde
Blowes faire from land : they stay for nought at all,
But for their Owner, Master, and your selfe.
An. How now? a Madman? Why thou peevish sheep,
What ship of *Epidamium* staies for me.
S.Dro. A ship you sent me to, to hier waftage.
Ant. Thou drunken slave, I sent thee for a rope,
And told thee to what purpose, and what end.
S. Dro. You sent me for a ropes end as soone,
You sent me to the Bay sir , for a Barke.
Ant. I will debate this matter at more leisure,
And teach your eares to list me with more heede :
To *Adriana* Villaine hie the straight :
Give her this key, and tell her in the Deske
That's cover'd o're with Turkish Tapistrie,
There is a purse of Duckets, let her send it:
Tell her, I am arrested in the streete,
And that shall baile me : hie thee slave, be gone,
On Officer to prison, till it come. *Exeunt.*
S. Dromio. To *Adriana,* that is where we din'd,
Where Dowsabell did claime me for her husband,
She is too bigge I hope for me to compasse,
Thither I must, although against my will :
For servants must their Masters mindes fulfill. *Exit.*

Enter Adriana and Luciana.

Adr. Ah *Luciana,* did he tempt thee so?
Might'st thou perceive austeerely in his eie,
That he did plead in earnest, yea or no :
Look'd he or red or pale, or sad or merrily ?
What observation mad'st thou in this case?
Of his hearts Meteors tilting in his face.
Luc. First he deni'de you had in him no right.
Adr. He meant he did me none : the more my spight.
Luc. Then swore that he was a stranger heere.
Adr. And true he swore, though yet forsworne hee were.
Luc. Then pleaded I for you.
Adr. And what said he?
Luc. That love I begg'd for you, be begg'd of me.
Adr. With what perswasion did he tempt thy love?
Luc. With words, that in an honest suit might move.
First, he did praise my beautie, then my speech.
Adr. Did'st speake him faire?
Luc. Have patience I beseech.
Adr. I cannot, nor I will not hold me still,
My tongue, though not my heart, shall have his will.
He is deformed, crooked, old and sere,
Ill-fac'd, worse bodied, shapelesse every where:
Vicious, ungentle, foolish, blunt, unkinde,
Stigma-

Stigmaticall in making worse the minde.
Luc. Who would be jealous then of such a one?

No evill lost is wail'd, when it is gone.
Adr. Ah but I thinke him better than I say :
And yet would herein others eies were worse :
Farre from her nest the Lapwing cries away ;
My heart praies for him, though my tongue doe curse.

Enter S. Dromio.

Dro. Here goe : the desk, the purse, sweet now make haste.
Luc. How hast thou lost thy breath?
S. Dro. By running fast.
Adr. Where is thy Master *Dromio*? Is he well?
S. Dro. No, he's in Tartar limbo, worse than hell :
A divell in an everlasting garment hath him ;
One whose hard heart is button'd up with steele :
A Fiend, a Fairie, pittilesse and ruffe :
A Wolfe, nay worse, a fellow all in buffe,
A back friend, a shoulder-clapper, one that [countermands]
The passages of allies, creekes and narrow lands :
A hound that runs Counter, and yet draws drifoot well,
One that before the [Judgment] carries poore soules to hel.
Adr. Why man, what is the matter ?
S.Dro. I doe not know the matter , hee is rested on the case.
Adr. What is he arrested? tell me at whose suite?
S. Dro. I know not at whose suite he is arrested well; but he's in a suite of buffe which rested him, that I can tell: Will you send him Mistris redemption, the monie in his deske.
Adr. Go fetch it Sister : this I wonder at.

Exit Luciana.

Thus he unknown to me should be in debt :
Tell me, was he arested on a band?
S.Dro. Not on a band, but on a stronger thing :
A chaine, a chaine, doe you not here it ring.
Adria. What, the chain?
S. Dro. No, no, the bell, 'tis time that I were gone :
It was two ere I left him, and now the clocke strikes one.
Adr. The houres come backe, that did I never here.
S.Dro. Oh yes, if any houre meet a Serjeant, a turnes backe for very feare.
Adri. As if time were in debt : how fondly do'st thou reason?
S. Dro. Time is a verie bankrout, and owes more then he's worth to season.
Nay, he's a theef too: have you not heard men say,
That time comes stealing on by night and day?
If I be in debt and theft, and a Serjeant in the way,
Hath he not reason to turne back an houre in a day?

Enter Luciana.

Adr. Go *Dromio,* there's the monie, beare it straight,
And bring thy Master home imediately.
Come sister, I am prest downe with conceit :
Conceit, my comfort and my injurie. *Exit.*

Enter Antipholus Siracusia.

There's not a man I meete but doth salute me,
As if I were their well acquainted friend,
And everie one doth call me by my name:
Some tender monie to me, some invite me ;
Some other give me thankes for kindnesses ;
Some offer me Commodities to buy.
Even now a tailor cal'd me in his shop,

And show'd me Silkes that he had bought for me,
And therewithall tooke measure of my body.
Sure these are but imaginarie wiles,

And lapland Sorcerers inhabite here.

Enter Dromio. Sir.

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

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

S.Dro. Not that *Adam* that kept the Paradise: but That *Adam* that keepes the prison ; hee that goes in the calves-skin, that was kil'd for the Prodigall : hee that came behinde you sir, like an evill angel, and bid you forsake your libertie.

Ant. I understand thee not.

S. Dro. No? why 'tis a plaine case: he that went like a Base-Viole in a case of leather ; the man sir, that when Gentlemen are tired gives them a sob, and rests them : he sir, that takes pittie on decaied men, and gives them suites of durance : he that sets up his rest to do more exploits with his Mace, then a Moris Pike.

Ant. What thou mean'st an officer?

S.Dro. I sir, the Serjeant of the Band : one that brings any man to answer it that breakes his Band: one that thinkes a man alwaies going to bed, and saies, God give you good rest.

Ant. Well sir, there rest in your foolerie :
Is there any ships puts forth to night? may we be gone?

S.Dro. Why sir , I brought you word an houre since, that the Barke *Expedition* put forth to night, and then were you hindred by the Serjeant to tarry for the *Hoy Delay ;* Here are the angels that you sent for to deliver you.

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

Enter a Curtizan.

Cur. Well met, well met, Master *Antipholus :*
I see sir, you have found the Gold.smith now :
Is that the chaine you promis'd me to day.

Ant. Sathan avoide, I charge thee tempt me not.

S.Dro. Master, is this Mistris *Sathan*?

Ant. It is the divell.

S.Dro. Nay, she is worse, she is the divels dam : And here she comes in the habit of a light wench, and thereof comes that the wenches say God dam me, That's as much to say, God make me a light wench : It is written, they appeare to men like angels of light, light is an effect of fire, and fire will burne : *ergo,* light wenches will burne, come not neere her.

Cur. Your man and you are marvailous merrie sir.
Will you goe with me, wee'll mend our dinner here?

S.Dro. Master, if you do, expect spoon-meate, or bespeake a long spoone.

Ant. Why *Dromio?*

S. Dromio. Marrie he must have a long spoone that must eate with the divell.

Ant. Avoid then fiend, what tel'st thou me of supping?
Thou art, as you are all a sorceresse:
I conjure thee to leave me, and be gon.

Cur. Give me the ring of mine you had at dinner,
Or for my Diamond the chaine you promis'd,
And Ile be gone sir , and not trouble you.

S. Dro. Some divels aske but the parings of ones naile,

a rush, a haire, a drop of bloud, a pin, a nut, a cherrie-stone : but she more covetous, would have a chaine: Ma-

ster be wise, and if you give it her, the divell will shake her Chaine, and fright us with it.

Cur. I pray you sir my Ring, or else the Chaine,
I hope you do not meane to cheate me so?

Ant. Avant thou witch : Come *Dromio* let us go.

S.Dro. Flie pride saies the Pea-cocke, Mistris that you know. *Exit.*

Cur. Now out of doubt *Antipholus* is mad,
Else would he never so demeane himselfe,
A Ring he hath of mine worth fortie Duckets,
And for the same he promis'd me a Chaine,
Both one and other he denies me now:
The reason that I gather he is mad,
Besides this present instance of his rage,
Is a mad tale he told to day at dinner,
Of his owne doores being shut against his entrance,
Belike his wife acquainted with his fits,
On purpose shut the doores against his way.
My way is now to hie home to his house,
And tell his wife, that being Lunaticke,
He rush'd into my house, and tooke perforce
My Ring away. This course I fittest choose,
For fortie Duckets is too much to loose. *Exit.*

Enter Antipholus Ephes. with a Jaylor.

An. Feare me not man, I will not breake away,
Ile give thee ere I leave thee so much money
To warrant thee as I am rested for.
My wife is in a wayward moode to day,
And will not lightly trust the Messenger,
That I should be attach'd in *Ephesus,*
I tell you 'twill sound harshly in her eares.

Enter Dromio Eph. with a ropes end.

Heere comes my Man, I thinke he brings the monie.
How now sir? Hav you that I sent you for?

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

Ant. But where's the Money ?

E.Dro. Why sir, I gave the Monie for the Rope.

Ant. Five hundred Duckets villaine for a rope?

E.Dro. Ile serve you sir five hundred at the rate.

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

E.Dro. To a ropes end sir, and to that end am I return'd.

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

Offi. Good sir be patient

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

Offi. Good now hold thy tongue.

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

Anti. Thou whorson senselesse Villaine.

E.Dro. I would I were senselesse sir, that I might not feele your blowes.

Anti. Thou art sensible in nothing but blowes , and so is an Asse.

E.Dro. I am an Asse indeede, you may proove it by my long eares. I have served him from the houre of my Nativitie to this instant, and have nothing at his hands for my service but blowes. When I am cold , he heates me with beating ; when I am warme, he cooles me with beating : I am wak'd with it when I sleepe, rais'd with it when I sit, driven out of doores with it when I goe from home, welcom'd home with it when I returne, nay

---

I beare it on my shoulders , as a begger woont her brat :
and I thinke when he hath lam'd me, I shall begge with

it from doore to doore.

Enter Adriana, Luciana, Courtezan, and a Schoolemaster , call'd Pinch.

Ant. Come goe along, my wife is comming yonder.
E.Dro. Mistris *respice finem,* respect your end, or rather the prophesie like the Parrat, beware the ropes end.
Anti. Wilt thou still talke? *Beats Dro.*
Curt. How say you now? Is not your husband mad?
Adri. His incivility confirmes no lesse:
Good Doctor *Pinch*, you are a Conjurer,
Establish him in his true sence againe,
And I will please you what you will demand.
Luc. Alas how fiery, and how sharpe he lookes,
Cur. Marke, how he trembles in his extasie.
Pinch. Give me your hand, and let mee feele your pulse.
Ant. There is my hand, and let it feele your eare.
Pinch. I charge thee Sathan, hous'd within this man
To yeeld possession to my holie praiers,
And to thy state of darknesse hie thee straight,
I conjure thee by all the Saints in heaven.
Anti. Peace doting wizard, peace ; I am not mad,
Adr. Oh that thou wer't not, poore distressed soule.
Anti. You Minion you, are these your Customers?
Did this Companion with the saffron face
Revell and feast it at my house to day,
Whil'st upon me the guiltie doores were shut,
And I denied to enter in my house.
Adr. O husband, God doth know you din'd at home,
Where would you had remaind untill this time,
Free from these slanders, and this open shame.
Ant. Din'd at home ? Thou Villaine, what sayest thou?
Dro. Sir sooth to say, you did not dine at home.
Ant. Were not my doores lockt up, and I shut out ?
Dro. Perdie, your doores were lockt, and you shut out.
Anti. And did not she her selfe revile me there?
Dro. Sans Fable, she her selfe revil'd you there.
Ant. Did not her Kitchen maide raile, taunt, and scorne me?
Dro. Certis she did, the Kitchen vestall scorn'd you:
Ant. And did not I in rage depart from thence?
Dro. In veritie you did, my bones beares witnesse,
That since have felt the vigor of his rage.
Adr. It's good to smooth him in these contraries?
Pinch. It is no shame, the fellow finds his vaine,
And yeelding to him, humors well his frensie.
Ant. Thou hast suborn'd the Goldsmith to arrest mee.
Adr. Alas, I sent you Monie to redeeme you,
By *Dromio* heere, who came in hast for it.
Dro. Monie by me? Heart and good will you might,
But surely Master not a ragge of Monie.
Ant. Wentst not thou to her for a purse of Duckets.
Adri. He came to me and I deliver'd it.
Luci. And I am witnesse with her that she did :
Dro. God and the Rope-maker beare me witnesse,
That I was sent for nothing but a rope.
Pnch. Mistris, both Man and Master is possest,
I know it by their pale and deadly lookes.
They

They must be bound and laide in some darke roome.

Ant. Say wherefore did'st thou locke me forth to day,
And why dost thou denie the bagge of gold?
Adr. I did not gentle husband locke thee forth.
Dro. And gentle [Mr] I receiv'd no gold:
But I confesse sir, that we were lock'd out.
Adr. Dissembling Villain, thou speak'st false in both.
Ant. Dissembling harlot, thou art false in all,
And art confederate with a damned packe,
To make a loathsome abject scorne of me:
But with these nailes Ile plucke out these false eyes,
That would behold in me this shamefull sport.

Enter three or foure, and offer to binde him :
Hee strives.

Adr. Oh binde him, binde him, let him not come
neere me.
Pinch. More company, the fiend is strong within him
*L*uc. Aye me poore man, how pale and wan he looks.
Ant. What, will you murther me, thou Jailor thou?
I am thy prisoner , wilt thou suffer them to make a res-
cue?
Offi. Masters let him go : he is my prisoner, and you
shall not have him
Pinch. Go binde this man, for he is franticke too.
Adr. What wilt thou do, thou peevish Officer?
Hast thou delight to see a wretched man
Do outrage and displeasure to himselfe?
Offi. He is my prisoner, if I let him go,
The debt he owes will be requir'd of me.
Adr. I will disharge thee ere I go from thee,
Beare me forthwith unto his Creditor,
And knowing how the debt growes I will pay it.
Good Master Doctor see him safe convey'd
Home to my house, o most unhappy day.
Ant. Oh most unhappie strumpet.
Dro. Master, I am heere entred in bond for you.
Ant. Out on thee Villaine, wherefore dost thou mad
mee?
Dro. Will you be bound for nothing, be mad good
master, cry the divell.
Luc. God helpe poore soules, how idlely doe they
talke.
Adr. Go beare him hence, sister go you with me :
Say now. whose suite is he arrested at?
Exeunt. Manet Offic. Adri. Luci. Courtizan.
Off. One *Angelo* a Goldsmith, do you know him?
Adr. I know the man : what is the summe he owes?
Off. Two hundred Duckets.
Adr. Say, how grows it due.
Off. Due for a Chaine your husband had of him.
Adr. He did bespeake a Chain for me, but had it not.
Cur. When as your husband all in rage to day
Came to my house, and tooke away my Ring,
The Ring I saw upon his finger now,
Straight after did I meete him with a Chaine,
Adr. It may be so, but I did never see it.
Come Jaylor, bring me where the Goldsmith is,
I long to know the truth hereof at large.

Enter Antipholus Siracusia with his Rapier drawne,
and Dromio Sirac.
Luc. God for thy mercy, they are loose againe.
Adr. And come with naked swords,
Let's call more helpe to have them bound againe.
Runne all out.

Off. Away, they'l kill us.

Exeunt omnes, as fast as may be, frighted.
S.Ant. I see these Witches are affraid of swords.
S.Dro. She that would be your wife, now ran from you.
Ant. Come to the Centaur, fetch our stuffe from thence :
I long that we were safe and sound aboord.
Dro. Faith stay heere this night , they will surely do us no harme : you saw they speake us faire , give us gold: me thinkes they are such a gentle Nation, that but for the Mountaine of mad flesh that claimes mariage of me, I could finde in my heart to stay heere still, and turne Witch.
Ant. I will not stay to night for all the Towne,
Therefore away, to get our stuffe aboord. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scoena Prima.

Enter the Merchant and the Goldsmith.

Gold. I am sorry Sir that I have hindred you,
But I protest he had the Chaine of me,
Though most dishonestly he doth denie it.
Mar. How is the man esteem'd heere in the Citie?
Gold. Of very reverent reputation sir,
Of credit infinite, highly belov'd.
Second to none that lives heere in the Citie :
His word might beare my wealth at any time.
Mar. Speak softly, yonder as I thinke he walkes.

Enter Antipholus and Dromio again.
Gold. 'Tis so: and that selfe chaine about his necke,
Which he forswore most monstrously to have.
Good sir draw neere to me, Ile speake to him:
Signior *Antipholus* , I wonder much
That you would put me to this shame and trouble,
And not without some scandall to your selfe,
With circumstance and oaths, so to denie
This Chaine, which now you weare so openly,
Beside the charge, the shame, imprisonment,
You have done wrong to this my honest friend,
Who but for staying on our Controversie,
Had hoisted sail, and put to sea to day :
This Chaine you had of me, can you deny it?
Ant. I thinke I had, I never did deny it.
Mer. Yes that you did sir, and forswore it too.
Ant. Who heard me to denie it or forsweare it?
Mer. These eares of mine thou knowst did hear thee :
Fie on thee wretch 'tis pitty that thou liv'st
To walke where any honest men resort.
Ant. Thou art a Villaine to impeach me thus,
Ile prove mine honor, and mine honestie
Against thee presently , if thou dar'st stand:
Mer. I dare and do defie thee for a villaine.

They draw. Enter Adriana, Luciana, Courtezan, and others.
Adr. Hold, hurt him not for Gods sake, he is mad,
Some get within him, take his sword away :
Binde *Dromio* too, and beare them to my house.
S. Dro. Runne master run, for Gods sake take a house,
This is some Priorie, in, or we are spoyl'd.
Exeunt to the Priorie.
Enter

Enter Lady Abbesse.

Abb. Be quiet people, wherefore throng you hither?
Adr. To fetch my poore distracted husband hence;
Let us come in, that we may binde him fast,
And beare him home for his recoverie.
Gold. I knew he vvas not in his perfect wits.
Mar. I am sorry now that I did draw on him.
Ab. How long hath this possession held the man.
Adr. This week he hath been heavie, sower, sad,
And much much different from the man he was:
But till this afternoone his passion
Ne're brake into extremity of rage.
Ab. Hath he not lost much wealth by wrack of sea,
Buried some deere friend, hath not else his eye
Stray'd his affection in unlawfull love ,
A sinne prevailing much in youthfull men,
Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing.
Which of these sorrowes is he subject to ?
Adr. To none of these except it be the last,
Namely some love that drew him oft from home.
Ab. You should for that have reprehended him.
Adr. Why so I did.
Ab. I, but not rough enough.
Adr. As roughly as my modestie would let me.
Ab. Haply in private.
Adr. And in assemblies too.
Ab. I, but not enough.
Adr. It was the copie of our Conference.
In bed he slept not for my urging it,
At board he fed not for my urging it:
Alone, it was the subject of my Theame:
In company I often glanced it.
Still did I tell him, it was vilde and bad.
Ab. And thereof came it, that the man was mad.
The venome clamors of a jealous woman,
Poisons more deadly then a mad dogges tooth.
It seemes his sleepes were hindred by thy railing,
And thereof comes it that his head is light.
Thou saist his meat was sawc'd with thy upbraidings,
Unquiet meales makes ill digestions,
Thereof the raging fire of feaver bred,
And what's a Feaver but a fit of madnesse?
Thou say'st his sports were hindred by thy bralles,
Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue
But moodie and dull melancholly ,
Kinsman to grim and comfortlesse despaire,
And at her heeles a huge infectious troope
Of pale distemperatures, and foes to life?
In food in sport, and life-preserving rest
To be disturb'd, would mad or man or beast :
The consequence is then, thy jealous fits
Have scar'd thy husband from the use of wits.
Luc. She never reprehended him but mildely,
When he demean'd himselfe, rough, rude, and wildly.
Why beare you those rebukes, and answer not?
Adri. She did betray me to my owne reproofe,
Good people enter and lay hold on him.
Ab. No, not a creature enters in my house.
Ad. Then let your servants bring my husband forth.
Ab. Neither: he took this place for sanctuary,
And it shall priviledge him from your hands,
Till I have brought him to his wits againe,
Or loose my labour in assaying it.
Ad. I will attend my Husband, be his nurse,

Diet his sicknesse, for it is my Office,
And will have no Attourney but my selfe,
And therefore let me have him home with me.
Ab. Be patient, for I will not let him stirre,
Till I have us'd the approoved meanes I have,
With wholsome sirrups, drugges, and holy prayers
To make of him a formall man againe:
It is a branch and parcell of mine oath,
A charitable dutie of my order,
Therefore depart, and leave him heere with me.
Adr. I will not hence, and leave my husband heere:
And ill it doth beseeme your holinesse
to separate the husband and the wife.
Ab. Be quiet and depart, thou shalt not have him.
Luc. Complaine unto the Duke of this indignity.
Adr. Come go, I will fall prostrate at his feete,
And never rise untill my teares and prayers
Have won his grace to come in person hither,
And take perforce my husband from the Abbesse.
Mar. By this I thinke the Diall points at five :
Anon I'me sure the Duke himselfe in person
Comes this way to the melancholly vale;
The place of depth and sorrie execution,
Behinde the ditches of the Abbey here.
Gold. Upon what cause?
Mer. To see a reverent *Syracusian* Merchant ,
Who put unluckily into this Bay
Against the Lawes and Statutes of this Towne,
Beheaded publickely for his offence.
Gold. See where they come, we will behold his death.
Luc. Kneel to the Duke before he passe the Abbey.

Enter the Duke of Ephesus, and the Merchant of Siracuse bare head, with the Headsman, & other Officers.

Duke. Yet once againe proclaime it publickely,
If any friend will pay the summe for him,
He shall not die, so much we tender him.
Adr. Justice most sacred Duke against the Abbesse.
Duke. She is a virtuous and a reverend Lady,
It cannot be that she hath done thee wrong.
Adr. May it please your Grace, *Antipholus* my [husband],
Whom I made Lord of me, and all I had,
At your important Letters this ill day,
A most outragious fit of madnesse tooke him:
That desp'rately he hurried through the streete,
With him his bondman, all as mad as he,
Doing displeasure to the Citizens,
By rushing in their houses : bearing thence
Rings, Jewels, any thing his rage did like.
Once did I get him bound, and sent him home,
Whil'st to take order for the wrongs I went,
That heere and there his furie had committed,
Anon, I wot not, by what strong escape
He broke from those that had the guard of him,
And with his mad attendant and himselfe,
Each one with irefull passion, with drawne swords
Met us againe, and madly bent on us,
Chac'd us away : till raising of more aide,
We came again to binde them : then they fled
Into this Abbey, whether we pursu'd them,
And heere the Abbesse shuts the gates on us,
And will not suffer us to fetch him out,
Nor send him forth that we may beare him thence.
I Therefore

Therefore most gracious Duke with thy command,

Let him be brought forth, and borne hence for helpe.
Duke. Long since thy husband serv'd me in my wars,
And I to thee ingag'd a Princes word,
When thou did'st make him Master of thy bed ,
To do him all the grace and good I could.
Go some of you knocke at the Abbey gate,
And bid the Lady Abbesse come to me :
I will determine this before I stirre.
Enter a Messenger.
O Mistris, Mistris, shift and save your selfe,
My Master and his man are both broke loose,
Beaten the Maids a-row, and bound the Doctor,
Whose beard they have sindg'd off with brands of fire,
And ever as it blaz'd, they threw on him
Great pailes of pudled myre to quench the haire;
My Mr preaches patience to him, and the while
His man with Cizers nickes him like a foole:
And sure (unlesse you send some present helpe)
Betweene them they will kill the Conjurer.
Adr. Peace foole, thy Master and his man are here,
And that is false thou dost report to us.
Mess. Mistris, upon my life I tel you true,
I have not breath'd almost since I did see it.
He cries for you, and vowes if he can take you,
To scorch your face, and to disfigure you:
Cry within.
Harke, harke, I hear him Mistris : flie, be gone.
Duke. Come, stand by me, feare nothing : guard with Halberds.
Ad. Ay me, it is my husband : witnesse you,
That he is borne about invisible,
Even now we hous'd him in the Abbey heere,
And now he's there, past thought of humane reason.

Enter E. Antipholus, and E. Dromio of Ephesus.
E.Ant. Justice most gracious Duke, oh grant me ju- (stice,
Even for the service that long since I did thee,
When I bestrid thee in the warres, and tooke
Deepe scarres to save thy life ; even for the blood
That then I lost for thee, now grant me justice.
Mar. Fat. Unless the feare of death doth make me dote, I see my sonne *Antipholus* and *Dromio.*
E.Ant. Justice (sweet Prince) against [yt] woman there:
She whom thou gav'st to me to be my wife;
That hath abused and dishonoured me,
Even in the strength and height of injurie:
Beyond imagination is the wrong
That she this day hath shamelesse throwne on me.
Duke. Discover how, and thou shalt finde me just.
E.Ant. This day (great Duke) she shut the doores upon me.
While she with Harlots feasted in my house.
Duke. A greevous fault: say woman didst thou so?
Ad. No my good Lord. My self, he, and my sister,
To day did dine together : so befall my soule,
As this is false he burthens me withall.
Luc. Nere may I looke on day, nor sleepe on night,
But she tels to your Highnesse simple truth.
Gold. O perjur'd woman! They are both forsworne,
In this the Madman justly chargeth them.
E.Ant. My Liege, I am advised what I say,
Neither disturb'd with the effect of Wine
Nor headie-rash provoak'd with raging ire,
Albeit my wrongs might make one wiser mad.

This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner ;

That Goldsmith there, were he not pack'd with her,
Could witnesse it : for he was with me then,
Who parted with me to go fetch a Chaine,
Promising to bring it to the Porpentine,
Where *Balthazar* and I did dine together.
Our dinner done, and he not comming thither,
I went to seeke him. In the street I met him,
And in his companie that Gentleman.
There did this perjur'd Goldsmith sweare me downe,
That I this day of him receiv'd the Chaine,
Which God he knowes, I saw not. For the which,
He did arrest me with an Officer.
I did obey, and sent my Pesant home
For certain Duckets : he with none return'd.
Then fairely I bespoke the Officer
To go in person with me to my house.
By'th'way, we met my wife, her sister and a rabble more
Of vilde Confederates : Along with them
They brought one *Pinch*, a hungry lean-fac'd Villaine ;
A meere Anatomie, a Mountebanke,
A thred-bare Jugler, and a Fortune-teller.
A needy-hollow-ey'd-sharpe-looking-wretch ;
A living dead man. This pernicious slave,
Forsooth tooke on him as a Conjurer :
And gazing in mine eyes, feeling my pulse,
And with no-face (as t'were) out-facing me,
Cries out, I was possest. Then altogether
They fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence,
And in a darke and dankish vault at home
There left me and my man, both bound together,
Till gnawing with my teeth my bonds in sunder,
I gain'd my freedome ; and immediately
Ran hither to your Grace, whom I beseech
To give me ample satisfaction
For these deep shames, and great indignities.
Gold. My Lord, in truth, thus far I witnes with him:
That he din'd not at home, but was lock'd out.
Duke. But had he such a Chaine of thee, or no?
Gold He had my Lord, and when he ran in heere,
These people saw the Chaine about his necke.
Mar. Besides, I will be sworne these eares of mine,
Heard you confess you had the Chaine of him,
After you first forswore it on the Mart,
And thereupon I drew my sword on you:
And then you fled into this Abbey heere,
From whence I thinke you are come by Miracle.
E.Ant. I never came within these Abbey wals,
Nor ever didst thou draw thy sword on me:
I never saw the Chaine, so helpe me heaven :
And this is false you burthen me withall.
Duke. Why what an intricate impeach is this?
I thinke you all have drunke of *Circes* cup:
If heere you hous'd him, heere he would have bin.
If he were mad he would not pleade so coldly :
You say he din'd at home, the Goldsmith heere
Denies that saying. Sirra, what say you?
E.Dro. Sir he din'de with her there, at the Porpentine.
Cur. He did, and from my finger snatch't that Ring.
E.Anti. Tis true (my Liege) this Ring I had of her.
Duke. Saw'st thou him enter at the Abbey heere?
Curt. As sure(my Liege) as I do see your Grace.
Duke. Why this is strange : Goe call the Abbesse hither.
I thinke you are all mated, or starke mad.
Exit.

Exit one to the Abbesse.

Fa. Most mighty Duke, vouchsafe me speake a word :
Haply I see a friend will save my life,
And pay the sum that may deliver me.
Duke. Speake freely *Syracusian* what thou wilt.
Fath. Is not your name sir call'd *Antipholus ?*
And is not that your bondman *Dromio?*
E.Dro. Within this hour I was his bondman sir,
But he I thanke him gnaw'd in two my cords,
Now am I *Dromio*, and his man, unbound.
Fath. I am sure both of you remember me.
Dro. Our selves we do remember sir by you:
For lately we were bound as you are now.
You are not *Pinches* patient, are you sir?
Father. Why looke you strange on me? you know me well.
E.Ant. I never saw you in my life till now.
Fa. Oh! griefe hath chang'd me since you saw me last,
And carefull houres with times deformed hand,
Have written strange defeatures in my face :
But tell me yet, dost thou not know my voyce?
Ant. Neither.
*Fat. Dromio,*nor thou.
Dro. No trust me sir, nor I.
Fa. I am sure thou dost?
E.Dromio. I sir, but I am sure I do not, and whatsoever a man denies, you are now bound to beleeve him.
Fath. Not know my voice, oh times [extremity]
Hast thou so crack'd and splitted my poore tongue
In seven short yeares, that here my onely sonne
Knowes not my feeble key of untun'd cares?
Though now this grained face of mine be hid
In sap-consuming Winters drizled snow,
And all the Conduits of my blood froze up :
Yet hath my night of life some memorie :
My wasting lampes some fading glimmer left ;
My dull deaf eares a little use to heare :
All these old witnesses, I cannot erre.
Tell me, thou art my sonne *Antipholus.*
Ant. I never saw my Father in my life.
Fa. But seven yeares since, in *Syracusa* boy
Thou know'st we parted, but perhaps my sonne,
Thou sham'st to acknowledge me in miserie.
Ant. The Duke, and all that know me in the City,
Can witnesse with me that it is not so.
I ne're saw *Syracusa* in my life.
Duke. I tell thee *Syracusan,* twentie yeares
Have I bin Patron to *Antipholus,*
During which time he ne're saw *Siracusa:*
I see thy age and dangers make thee dote.

Enter the Abbesse with Antipholus Syracusa, and Dromio Sir.

Abbesse. Most mightie Duke, behold a man much wrong'd.
All gather to see them.
Adr. I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceive me.
Duke. One of these men is *genius* to the other :
And so of these which is the naturall man,
And which the spirit ? who deciphers them?
S. Dromio. I Sir amd *Dromio,* command him away.
E.Dro. I Sir am *Dromio.* pray let me stay.
S.Ant. Egeon art thou not? or else his ghost.

S.Drom. Oh my olde Master, who hath bound him

heere?
Abb. Who ever bound him, I will lose his bonds,
And gaine a husband by his libeertie :
Speak olde *Egeon,* if thou bee'st the man
That hadst a wife once call'd *AEmilia,*
That bore thee at a burthen two faire sonnes?
Oh if thou be'st the same *Egeon,* speake :
And speake unto the same *AEmilia.*
Duke. Why heere begins this Morning storie right:
These two *Antipholus,* these two so like,
And those two *Dromio's*, one in semblance:
Besides her urging of her wracke at sea,
These are the parents to these children,
Which accidentally are met together.
Fat. If I dreame not, thou art *AEmilia,*
If thou art she, tell me, where is that sonne
That floated with thee on the fatall rafte.
Abb. By men of *Epidamium,* he, and I,
And the twin *Dromio,* all were taken up;
But by and by, rude Fishermen of *Corinth*
By force tooke *Dromio* and my sonne from them,
And me they left with those of *Epidamium.*
What then became of them I cannot tell,
I, to this fortune that you see mee in.
Duke. Antipholis thou cam'st from *Corinth* first.
S. Ant. No sir, not I, I came from *Syracuse.*
Duke. Stay, stand apart, I know not which is which.
E. Ant. I came from *Corinth* my most gracious Lord
E. Dro. And I with him.
E. Ant. Brought to this Town by that most famous Warriour,
Duke *Menaphon,* your most renowned Unckle.
Adr. Which of you two did dine with me to day?
S. Ant. I, gentle Mistris.
Adr. And you are not my husband?
E. Ant. No, I say nay to that.
S. Ant. And so doe I, yet did she call me so :
And this faire Gentlewoman her sister heere
Did call me brother. What I told you then,
I hope I shall have leisure to make good,
If this be not a dreame I see and heare.
Goldsmith. That is the Chaine sir, which you had of mee.
S.Ant. I thinke it be sir, I denie it not.
E.Ant. And you sir for this Chaine arrested me.
Gold. I thinke I did sir, I deny it not.
Adr. I sent you monie sir to be your baile
By *Dromio,* but I thinke he brought it not.
E.Dro. No, none by me.
S. Ant. This purse of Duckets I receiv'd from you,
And *Dromio* my man did bring them me:
I see we still did meete each others man,
And I was tane for him, and he for me,
And thereupon these errors are arose.
E.Ant. These Duckets pawne I for my father heere.
Duk. It shall not neede, thy father hath his life.
Cur. Sir, I must have that Diamond from you.
E.Ant. There take it, and much thanks for my good cheere.
Abb. Renowned Duke, vouchsafe to take the paines
To go with us into the Abbey heere,
And hear at large discoursed all our fortunes,
And all that are assembled in this place:
That by this simpathized one daies error,
Have suffered wrong. Goe, keepe us companie,

And we shall make full satisfaction.

Thirtie three yeares have I been gone in travaile
Of you my sonnes, and till this present houre
My heavie burthens are delivered:
The Duke my husband, and my children both,
And you the Kalendars of their Nativity,
Go to a Gossips feast, and go with mee,
After so long griefe such Nativitie.
Duke. With all my heart I'le Gossip at this feast.

Exeunt omnes. Mannet the two Dromio's and two Brothers.

S.Dro. Mast. shall I fetch your stuffe from shipbord?
E.An. Dromio, what stuffe of mine hast thou imbarkt
*S.Dro.*Your goods that lay at host sir in the Centaur.
S.Ant. He speakes to me, I am your master *Dromio.*

Come go with us, wee'l looke to that anon,

Embrace thy brother there, rejoyce with him. *Exit.*

S.Dro. There is a fat friend at your masters house.
That kitchin'd me for you to day at dinner :
She now shall be my sister, not my wife.

E.D. Me thinks you are my glasse, & not my brother:
I see by you, I am a sweet-fac'd youth,
Will you walke in to see their gossipping?

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

E. Dro. That's a question, how shall we trie it.

S. Dro. Wee'l draw Cuts for the Signior, till then,
lead thou first.

E. Dro. Nay then thus:
We came into the world like brother and brother:
And now let's go hand in hand, not one before another.

Exeunt.

F I N I S.