

The Comedie of Errors.

Actus Primus, Scoena Prima.

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

Merchant.

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 looks :
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 *Siracusan* Marts and Faires :
Againe, if any *Siracusan* borne
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 ransom 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 *Siracusan* ; 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 grieve 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 too, 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 store of goods at randone leaving,
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 been 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 hour , and in the self-same Inne,
 A poore meane woman was delivered
 Of such a burthen, Maletwins both alike:
 Those, for their parents were exceeding poore,
 I bought, and brought up to attend my sonnes.
 My wife, not meanelly proud of two such boys,
 Made daily motions for our home return :
 Unwilling I agreed, alas, too soon we came aboard.
 A league from *Epidamium* had we sayld
 Before the alwayes winde-obeying deep
 Gave any tragick Instance of our harm :
 But longer did we not retain much hope;
 For what obscured light the heavens did grant,
 Did but convey unto our fearfull minds
 A doubtfull warrant of immediate death ;
 Which though my self would gladly have imbrac'd,
 Yet the incessant weeping of my wife,
 Weeping before for what she saw must come,
 And pitteous plainings of the pretty babes
 That mourn'd for fashion, ignorant what to fear,
 Fors't me to seek delays for them and me,
 And this it was : (for other means 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 born,
 Had fastened him unto a small spare Mast,
 Such as Sea-faring men provide for storms :
 To him one of the other twins was bound,
 Whil'st I had been 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 Sunne gazing upon the earth,
 Disperst those vapours that offended us,
 And by the benefit of this wish'd light
 The Seas waxe calme, and we discovered
 Two shippes from farre, making amain to us :
 Of *Corinth* that , of *Epidaurus* this ;
 But ere they came, oh let me say no more,
 Gather the sequell by that went before.

Duke. Nay forward old man, do not break off so,

H For

For we may pittie , 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 beig violently born up upon,
Our helpfull 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 lesse waight, but not with lesse 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 helpfull welcome to their Shipwrackt guests,
And would have reft the Fishers of their prey,
Had not their Bark been very slow of ail;
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 own mishaps.

Duke. And for the sakes of them thou sorrest for,
Do me the favor to dilate at full,
What hath befallen of them and thee till now.

Merch. My youngest boy, and yet my eldest care,
At eighteen yers became inquisitive
After his brother ; and importun'd me
that his attendant, (for his case was like,
Rest of his brother, but retain'd his name,)
Might bear 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 *Greene*,
Roming clean 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 here must end the story of my life,
And happy were i in my timely death,
Could all my travells warrant me they live.

Duk. 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 soul 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 Merchant, Ile limit thee this day
To seek thy help by beneficiall help,
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, Erotos, a Merchant, and Dromio.

Mer. Therefore give out you are of *Epidamium*,
Lest that your goods too soon be confiscate :

This very day a *Syracusan* Merchant
Is apprehended for arrival here,
And not being able to buy out his life,
According to the statute of the Town,
Dies ere the weary Sunne set in the West ;
There is your money that I had to keep.

Ant. Go 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 Town,
Within this hour it will be dinner time:
Peruse the traders, gaze upon the buildings,
And then return and sleep within mine Inne,
For with long travaile I am stiffe and weary.
Get thee away.

Dro. Many a man would take you at your word,
And go indeed, having so good a means.

Exit Dromio.

Ant. A trusty villain sir, that very oft,
When I am dull with care and melancholly,
Lightens my humor with his merry jests :
What, will you walk with me about the towne,
And then go to the Inne and dine with me?

E. Mer. I am invited sir to certaine Merchants,
Of whom I hope to make much benefit :
I crave your pardon , soon at five a clock,
Please you, Ile meet with you upon the Mart,
And afterward consort you till bed time:
My present businesse calls me from you now.

Ant. Farewell till then : I will go loose my life,
And wander up and down to view the Citie.

E. Mer. Sir I commend you to your own 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 seeks another drop,
Who falling there to finde his fellow forth,
(Unseen, inquisitive) confounds himself,
So I, to finde a Mother and a Brother,
Inquest of him (unhappie) loose my self.

Enter Dromio of Ephesus.

Here comes the almanack of my true date:
What now? How chance thou art return'd so soon,

E.Dro. Return'd so soon, rather approacht too late:
The Capon burnes, the Pig falls from the spit;
The clock hath stricken twelve upon the bell:
My Mistris made it one upon my cheek :
She is so hot because the meat is cold :
The meat is cold because you come not home ;
You come not home, because you have no stomach :
You have no stomach, having broke your fast :
But we that know what 'tis to fast and pray,
Are penitent for your default do day.

Ant. Stop in your winde sir, tell me this I pray,
Where have you left the money that I gave you?

E.Dro. Oh? six 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 money?
We being strangers here, how dar'st thou trust
So great a charge from thine own custodie.

E. Dro. I pray you jset sir as you sit at dinner :
I from my Mistris come to you in post:
If I return I shall be post indeed.

For

For she will scoure hour fault upon my pate :

Methinks your maw, like mine, should be your [cook],
And strike you home without a messenger.

Ant. Come *Dromio*, come, these jests are out of season,
Reserve them till a merrier houre than 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 foolishness,
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 money:
Or I shall break that merry sponce of yours
that stands on tricks, when I am undispos'd :
Where is the thousand Marks thou hadst of me?

E.Dro. I have some marks of yours upon my pate:
Some of my Mistris marks upon my shoulders :
But not a thousand marks between you both.
If I should pay your worship those again,
Perchance you will not bear them patiently.

Ant. Thy Mistris marks? 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 prays 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 heels. (hands ;

Exit Dromio Ep.

Ant. Upon my life by some device or other,
The villain is ore-wrought of all my money.
They say this Town is full of cosenage :
As nimble Juglers that deceive the eye:
Dark-working Sorcerers that change the minde:
Soul-killing Witches, that deform the body:
Disguised Cheaters, prating Mountebanks ;
And many such like liberties of sinne :
If it prove so , I will be gone the sooner :
Ile to the Centaure to go seek this slave
I greatly feare my money is not safe,

Exit.

Actus Secunda.

*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 seek his Master?
Sure *Luciana* it is two a clock.

Luc. Perhaps some Merchant hath invited him,
And from the Mart he's somewhere gone to dinner :
Good Sister, Let us dine, and never fret ;
A man is Master of his libertie ;
Time is their Master, and when they see time,
They'll go or come ; if so, be patient Sister.

Adr. Why should their libertie than ours be more?

Luc. Because their businesse still lyes out adore.

Adr. Look 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 wide watry seas,
 Indued with intellectual sence and soul,
 Of more preheminance than fish and fowle.
 Are masters to their females, and their Lords:
 Then let your will attend on their accords.
Adri. this servitude makes you to keep unwed.
Luci. Not this but troubles of the marriage bed.
Adri. But were you wedded, you would bear some sway.
Luc. Ere I learn love, Ile practise to obey.
Adri. How if your husband start some other where?
Luc. Till he come home again , I would forbear.
Adri. Patience unmov'd, no marvell though she pause,
 They can be meek , that have no other cause:
 A wretched soul bruis'd with adversitie,
 We bid be quiet when we hear it crie.
 But were we burnd with light waight of pain,
 As much, or more, we should our selves complain :
 So thou that hast no unkinde mate to grieve thee,
 With urging helplesse patience would relieve me ;
 But if thou live to see like right bereft,
 This fool-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.

Adri. Say, is your tardie master now at hand?
E.Dro. Nay, he's at two hands with me, and that my
 two eares can witnesse.
Adri. Say, didst thou speak with him? knowst thou
 his minde?
E.Dro. I, I, he told his minde upon mine eare,
 Beshrew his hand, I scarece chould understand it.
Luc. Spake he so doubtfully , thou couldst not feel
 his meaning.
E. Dro. Nay, he struck so plainly , I could too well
 feel his blows ; and withall so boubtfully, that I could
 scarce understand them.
Adri. But say, I prethee, is he coming home?
 It seems he hath great care to please his wife.
E.Dro. Why Mistresse, sure my Master is horn mad.
Adri. Horn mad, thou villain?
E.Dro. I mean not Cuckold-mad,
 But sure he is stark mad :
 When I desir'd hom to come home to dinner ;
 He ask'd me for a 1000. marks in gold ;
 Tis dinner time, quoth I : my gold, quoth he :
 Your meat doth burn, quoth I : my gold, quoth he ;
 Where is the thousand marks I gave thee villain ?
 The Pigge, quoth I, is burn'd: my gold, quoth he :
 My mistresse, sir, quoth I : hand up thy mistresse ;
 I know not thy mistresse, out on my mistresse.
Luc. Quoth who?
E.Dro. Quoth my Master, I know, quoth he, no house,
 no wife, no mistresse : so that my arrant due unto my
 tongue, I thank him, I bare home upon my shoulders :
 for in conclusion, he did beat me there.
Adri. Go back again thou slave, and fetch him home.
Dro. Go back again, and be new beaten home?
 For Gods sake send some other messenger.

H 2 *Adri. Back*

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

Dro. And he will blesse that crosse with other beating :
Between you I shall have a holy head.

Adri. Hence prating peasant, fetch thy master home.

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

Luci. Fie how impatience lowreth in your face:

Adri. His company must do his minions grace,
Whil'st I at home starve for a merry look :
Hath homely age th'alluring beauty took
From my poor cheek ? then he hath wasted it.
Are my discourses dull? Barren my wit,
If voluble and sharp discourse be mar'd,
Unkindnesse blots it more than marble hard.
Do their gay vestments his affections baite?
That's not my fault, he'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 sunny look of his, would soon repaire.
But (too unruly Deer,) he breaks the pale,
And feeds from home; poor I am but his stale.

Luci. Self-harming jealousy, fie beat it hence.

Ad. Ufeeling fools can with such wrongs dispence :
I know his eye doth homage other-where,
Or else, what let it but he would be here?
Sister, you know he promised me a chain,
Would that alone, alone he would detain,
So he would keep faire quarter with his bed.
I see the Jewel best enamaled
Will lose his beauty : yet the gold bides still
That others touch, and often touching will:
Since that my beauty cannot please his eie,
He weep (what's left) away and weeping die.

Luc. How many fond fools serve mad Jealousie?

Exeunt.

Enter Antipholis Erotes.

Ant. The gold I gave to *Dromio* is laid up
Safe at the *Centaur*; and the heedfull slave
Is wandred forth in care to seek me out
By computation and mine hosts report.
I could not speak with *Dromio*, since at first
I sent him from the Mart : see here he comes.

Enter Dromio Siracusan.

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

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

E. Ant. Even now, even here, not half an houre since.

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

Ant. Villain, thou didst deny the golds receipt,
And toldst me of a Mistress, and a dinner.
For which I hope thou feltest I was displeas'd.

S. Dro. I am glad to see you in this merry veine,
What means this jest, I pray you Master tell me?

Ant. Yea, do'st thou jeer and flowt me in the teeth?
Thinkst thou I jest? hold, take thou that, & that. *Beats Dro.*

S. Dro. Hold sir, for Gods sake, now your jest is earnest,

Upon what bargain do you give it me?

Antiph. Because that I familiarly sometimes
Do use you for my fool, and chat with you,
Your sawcinesse will jest upon my love,
And make a Common of my serious houres.
When the Sunne shines, let foolish gnats make sport,
But creep in crannies, when he hides his beames ;
If you will jest with me, know my aspect,
And fashion your demeanor to my looks,
Or I will beat this method in your sconce.

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

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 flouting me, and then wherefore, for urging it the second time to me.

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

Ant. Thank 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 think the meat wants that I have.

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

S.Dro. Basting.

Ant. Well sir, then 'twill be dry.

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

Ant. Your reason?

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

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

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

Ant. By what rule sir?

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

Ant. Let's hear it.

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

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

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 plentiful an excrement?

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

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

S.Dro. Not a man of these but he hath the wit to loe his haire.

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

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

Ant. For what reason?

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

An.Nay

An. Nay not sound ones I pray you.

S. Dro. Sure ones then.

An. Nay not sure in a thing falsing.

S. Dro. Certain ones then,

An. Name them.

S. Dro. The one to save the money that he spends in tryint : the other that at dinner they shoul not drop in his porrage.

An. You would all this time have prov'd, there 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 yondar?

Enter Adriana and Luciana.

Ardi. I, I, *Antipholis*, 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 taset ;
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 extranged from thy self?
Thy self I call it, being strange to me:
That undividable Incorporate
Am better than thy deer selfs better part.
Ah do not tear away thy self 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 again
Without addition or diminishing,
As take from me thy self, and not me too.
How dearly would it touch thee to the quick,
Shouldst thou hear I were licentious?
And that this body consecrate to thee,
By Ruffian Lust should be contaminate?
Wouldst thou not spit at me, and spurn at me,
And hurl the name of husband in my face,
And tear the stain'd skin of my Harlot brow,
And from my false hand cut the wedding ring,
And break it with a deep-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 do digest the poyson of my flesh,
Being strumpeted by thy contagion.
Keep the faire league and truce with 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 didn't return from him.
That he did buffet thee, and in his blows,
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. Villain thou liest, for even her very 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 me she speaks , she moves me for her
theame ;

What, was I married to her in my dreame?
Or sleep I now, and think I hear all this?
What error drives our eyes and eares amisse?
Untill I know this sure uncertaintie,
Ile entertain 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 fairy land, oh spite of spights,
We talk with Goblins, Owles and Elves Sprights ;
If we obey them not, this will insue :
They'l suck our breath, or pinch us black and blew.

Luc. Why prat'st thou to thy self,

Dromio, thou *Dromio,* snaile, thou slug, thou sot.

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

Ant. I think 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 knows me.

Adr. Come, come, no longer will I be a fool,
To put the finger in the eye and weep;
Whil'st man and master laughs my woes to scorn :
Come sir to dinner, *Dromio* keep the gate:
Husband Ile dine above with you to day,
And shrive you of a thousand idle pranks :
Sirra, if any ask you for you 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 advis'd:
Known unto these, and to my self disguis'd[!]
Ile say as the say , and persever so:
Ile 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.

H 3

Actus

Entr Antipholis 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 keep not houres,
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 fce me down
He met me on the Mart, and that I beat him,
And charg'd him with a thousand marks in gold,
And that I did deny my wife and house;
Thou drunkard thou, what didst thou mean by this?

E.Dro. Say what you will sir, but I know what I know,
That you beat me at the Mart I have your hand to show ;
If the skin were parchm[en]t, & the blows you gave were ink,
Your hand-writing would tell you what I think.

E.Ant. I think thou art an asse.

E. Dro. Marry so it doth appear
By the wrongs I suffer, and the blows I bear :
I should kick being kickt, and being at that passe,
You would keep from my heels, 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 common that every churle affords.

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

Bal. Small cheere and great welcome, makes a mer-
ry feast.

Ant. I, to a niggardly Host, and more sparing guest :
But though my cates[*eates*] be mean, take them in good part,
Better cheere may you have, but not with better hart.
But soft, my door is lockt ; go bid them let us in.

E.Dro. Maud, Briget, Marian, Cisly, Gillian, Ginn.

S. Dro. Mome, Malt-horse, Capon, Coxcombe, Idi-
ot, Patch.

Either get thee from the door ; or sit down at the hatch :
Dost thou conjure for wenches, that thou calst for such store,
When one is one too many, go get thee from the doore.

E.Dro. What patch is made our porter ? my Master
stays in the street.

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

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

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 again
when you may.

Ant. What art thou that keep'st me out from the
house 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 ne're 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.

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

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

Luc. Faith no, he comes too late , and so tell your Master.

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

Shall I set in my staffe.

Luc. 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.

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

Luc. I thought to have askt you.

S.Dro. And you said no.

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

Ant. Thou baggage let me in.

Luce. Can you tell for whose sake?

E. Drom. Master, knock the door hard.

Luc. Let him knock till it ake.

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

Luc. What needs all that, and a paire of stockes in the Town?

Enter Adriana.

Adr. Who is that at the door that keeps all this noise?

S.Dro. By my troth your Town is troubled with unruly boys.

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

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

E.Dro. If you went in paine Master, this knave would go fore.

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

Baltz. In debating which was best, we shall part with heither.

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

Ant. 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 Buck to be so bought and sold.

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

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

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

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

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

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

S. Dro. I, when fowles have no feathers and fish have ne 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 fin, there's a fowle without a feather,
If a crow help us in sirra, wee'll pluck a crow together.

Ant. Go, get thee gon, fetch me an iron Crow.

Balth. Have patience sir, oh let it not be so,
Herein yu warre against your reputation,
And draw within the compasse of suspect
Th'inviolated honour of your wife.
Once this your long experience of your wisdom,
Her sober vertue, years, and modesty,
Plead on your part some cause to you unknown ;
And doubt not sir, but she will well excuse
Why at this time the doors are made against you.
Be rul'd by me , depart in patience,
And let us to the Tyger all to dinner,
And about evening come your self alone,
To know the reason of this strange restraint :
If by strong hand you offer to break in
Now in the stirring passage of the day,
A vulgar comment will be made of it ;
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 hous'd, where it once gets possession.

Ant. You have prevail'd, I will depart in quiet,
And in despite of mirth mean to be merry :
I know a wench of excellent discourse,
Pretty and witty ; wilde and yet too gentle ;
There will we dine : this woman that I mean
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 knock else-where, to see if thay'll disdain me.

Ang. Ile meet you at that place some houre sir hence.

Ant. Do so, this jest shall cost me some expence.

Exeunt.

Enter Luciana, with Antipholis of Siracusa.

Julia. And may it be that you have quite forgot
A husbands office ? shall *Antipholis*
Even in the spring of Love, they Love-springs rot?
Shall love in buildings grow so ruinate?
If you did wed my sister for her wealth,
Then for heer wealths-sake use her with more kindnesse:
Of if you like elsewhere, do it by stealth,
Muffle your false love with some shew of blindness :
Let not my sister reade it in your eye:
Be not thy tongue thy own shames Orator :
Look sweet, speak 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 looks at boord :
Shame hath a bastard fame, well mannaged,
Ill deeds are doubled with an evill word:
Alas poor women, make us not beleieve
(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 i again ;
Comfort my sister, cheere her, call her wife ;
'Tis holy sport to be a little vain,
When the sweet breath of flattery conquers strife.

S. Ant. 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.
Teah me deere creature how to think and speak [.]
Lay open to my earthy grosse conceit:
Smothered in errors, feeble, shaddow, weak,
The foulded meaning of your words deceit ;
Against my souls pure truth, why labour you,
To make it wander in an unknown 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 do I owe :
Far more, far more, to you do I decline :
Oh traine me not sweet Mermaide with thy note
To drown me in thy sisters floud of teares :
Sing Siren for thy self, and I will dote :
Spred ore the silver waves thy golden haire ;
And as a bed Ile take thee, ad there lie :
And in that glorious supposition think,
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 do reason so?

Ant. Not mad, but mated, how I do not know.

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

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 wink sweet love, as look 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 self, mine own selfs better part :

Mine eyes cleere eye, my deere hearts dearer heart,
My food, 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.

Enter Dromio, Siracusa.

Ant. Why how now Dromio, where run'st thou so
fast.

S. Dro. Do you know me sir ? Amd I *Dromio* ? Am I
your man? Am I my self?

Ant. Thou art *Dromio*, thou art my man, thou art
thy self.

Dro. I am an asse, I am a womans man, and besides
my self.

Ant. What womans man ? and how besides thy
self?

Dro. Marry sir, besides my self, I am due to a woman :
One that claimes me, one that haunts me, one that will
have me.

Ant. What

Ant. What claime layes 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 being a beast she would have me, but that she being a very beastly creature lays claime to me.

Ant. What is she?

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

Anti. How dost thou mean a fat marriage ?

Dro. Marry sir, she's the Kitchen wench, and all grease, and I know not what use to put her too, but to make a Lamp of her, and run from her by her own light. I warrant, her ragges and the Tallow in them, will burnd a *Poland* Winter : If she lives till doomesday, she'll burne a week longer than the whole World.

Ant. What complexion is she of?

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

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

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

Ant. What's heer 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.

Ant. Then she beares some bredth?

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

Ant. 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 ad reverted, making warre against her haire.

Ant. Where *England*?

Dro. I look'd for the chalky Cliffes, but I could find no whitenesse in them. But I guesse, it stood in her chin by the salt rheume that ran between *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, ceclining their rich Aspect to the hot breath of *Spaine* , who sent whole Armadoes of Carracts to be ballast at her nose.

Ant. Where stood *Belgia*, the *Netheerlands*?

Dro. Oh sir , I did not look so low. To conclude, this drudge of Diviner layd claime to me , call'd me *Dromio*, swore I was assur'd to her, told me what privie marks I had about me , as the marks of my shoulder, the Mole in my neck, the great Wart on my left arme, that I amaz'd ran from her as a Witch. And I think, if my brest had not been made of faith, and my heart of steel. she had transform'd me to a Curtall dog, and made me turh i'th wheel.

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

Where I will walk till thou return to me:
 If every one knows us, and we know none,
 'Tis time I think to trudge, pack, and be gone.
Dro. As from a Bear a man would run for life,
 So flie I from her that would be my wife. *Exit.*
Ant. There's none but witches do inhabite here,
 And therefore 'tis hie time that I were hence :
 She that doth call me husband, even my soul
 Doth for a wife abhorre. But her faire sister
 Possest with such a gentle soveraigne grace,
 Of such enchanting presence and discourse,
 Hath almost ade me Traytor to my self:
 But least my self be guilty to self-wrong,
 Ile stop mine eares against the Mermaids song.

Enter Angelo with the Chain.

Ang. M. Antipholis.
Ant. I that's my name.
Ang. I know it well sir, loe here's the Chain,
 I thought to have tane you at the *Porpentine*,
 The Chain unfinisht made me stay thus long.
Ant. What is your will that I shall do with this?
Ant. What please your self sir : I have made it for
 you.
Ant. 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 soon at supper time Ile visit you,
 And then receive my money for the Chain.
Ant. I pray you sir receive the money now,
 For fear you ne're see Chain, nor money more.
Ang. You are a merry man sir, fare you well. *Exit.*
Ant. What I should think of this, I cannot tell:
 But this I think, there's no man is so vain,
 that would refuse so faire an offer'd Chain.
 I see a man here needs not live by shifts,
 When in the streets he meets 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 my by *Antipholis*,
 And in the instant tht I met with you,
 He had of e a Chain : at five a clock
 I shall receive the money for the same :
 Pleaseth you walk with me down to his youse,
 I will discharge my bond, and thank you too.

Enter Antipholis Ephes. Dromio from the Courtezans.

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 doors 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 help up that trusts to you,
I promised your presence , and the Chain,
But neither Chain nor Goldsmith came to me:
Belike you thought our love would last too long
If it were chain'd together : and therefore came not.

Gold. Saving your merry humor, here's the note
How much you Chain weighs to the utmost Raccat,
The finenesse of the Gold, and chargefull fashipn,
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 stays but for it.

Ant. I am not furnish'd with the present money:
Besides I have some businesse in the Town,
Good Signor take the stranger to my house,
And with you take the Chain, and bid my wife
Disburse the summe, of the receipt thereof,
Perchance I will be there as soon as you.

Gold. Then you will bring the Chain to her your
self.

Ant. No, bear it with you, least I come not time
enough.

Gold. Well sir, I will? Have you the Chain about
you?

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

Gold. Nay come I pray you sir, give me the Chain:
Both winde and tide stays for the Gentleman,
And I to blame have held him here 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 steals on, I pray you sir dispatch.

Gold. You hear how he importunes me, the Chain :

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

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

Ant. Fie, now you run this humor out of breath,
Come where's the Chain, I pray you let me see it.

Mer. My businesse cannot brook 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? Why should I answer you?

Gold. The money that you owe me for the Chain.

Ant. I owe you none till I receive the Chain.

Gold. You know I gave it you half an houre since.

Ant. You gave me none, you wrong me 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 o-
bey 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 that I never had :
Arrest me foolish fello if thou dar'st.

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

Offi. I do arrest you sir, you hear the suite.

Ant. I do obey thee, till I give the baile.

But sirrah you shall buy this sport as deer,
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 Bark of *Epidamium*,
That stays but till her Owner comes aboard,
Then sir she bears away. Our fraughtage sir,
I have convey'd aboard, ad I have brought
The Oyle, the *Balsamum*, and Aqua-vitae.
The Ship is in her trim, the merry winde
Blows faire from land: ther stay for nought at all,
But for their Owner, Master, and your self.

Ant. How now I a Madman! Why thou peevish sheep,
What Ship of *Epidamium* stays 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 soon,
You sent me to the Bay sir, for a Bark.

Ant. I will debate this matter at more leisure,
And teach your eares to list me with more heed:

To *Adriana* Villain hie the Straight:

Give her this key, and tell her in the Desk

That's cover'd o're with Turkish Tapistry,

There is a purse of Duckets, let her send it:

Tell her, I am arrested in the street,

And that shall baile me: hie the slave, be gone,

On Officer to prison, till it come. *Exeunt.*

S. Dro. To *Adriana*, that is where we din'd,
Where *Dowsabell* did claime me for her husband,
She is too big I hope for me to compasse,
Thither I must, although against my will:
For servants must their Masters minds fulfill. *Exit.*

Enter Adriana and Luciana.

Adri. Ah *Luciana*, did he tempt thee so,

Might'st thou perceive austerely in his eye,

That he did plead in earnest, yea or no:

Look'd he or red or pale, or sad or merrily?

What observation mad'st thou in this case?

Of his hearts Meteors tiltin in his face?

Luc. First he denied you had in him no right.

Adri. He meant he did me nond: the more my spight.

Luc. Then swore that he was a stranger here.

Adri. And true he swore, though yet forsworne he
were.

Luc. Then pleaded I for you.

Adri. And what said he?

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

Adri. With what perswasion did he tempt thy love?

Luc. With words, that in an honest suit might move.
First, he did praise my beautie, the my speech.

Adri. Did'st speak him faire?

Luc. Have patience I beseech.

Adri. 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, ungente, 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 think him better than I say :

And yet would herein others eyes were worse :

Far from her nest the Lapwing cryes away ;

My heart prays for him, though my tongue do curse.

Enter S. Dromio.

Dro. Here, go : the desk, the purse, seet now make haste.

Luc. How hast thou lost thy breath?

S. Dro. By running fast.

Adr. Where is thy Master *Dromeo*? Is he well?

S. Dro. No, he's in *Tartar limbo*, worse than hell :

A devill in an everlasting garment hath him ;

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

A Fiend, a Fairie, pittillesse and ruffe :

A Wolfe, nay worse, a fellow all in buffe,

A back friend, a shoulder-clapper, one that countermands

The passages of allies, creeks and narrow lands :

A hound that runs Counter, and yet draws drifoot well,

One that before the Judgement carries poor souls to hell.

Adr. Why man, what is the matter ?

S. Dro. I do not know the matter , he 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 money in his desk?

Adr. Go fetch it Sister : this I wonder at.

Exit Luciana.

That 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 chain, a chain, do you not hear it [r]ing?

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 clock strikes one.

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

S. Dro. Oh yes, if an hour meet a Sergeant, a turns back for very fear.

Adri. As if time were in debt : how fondly do'st thou reason?

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

Nay, he's a thief too: have you not heard men say,

That time comes stealing on by night and day?

If I be in debt and theft, and a Sergeant in the way,

Hath he not reason to turn back an hour in a day?

Enter Luciana.

Luc. Go *Dromio*, there's the money, bear it straight, And bring thy Master home immediately.

Come sister, I am prest down with conceit :

Conceit , my comfort and my injurie *Exit.*

Enter Antipholis Siracusan.

An. S. There's not a man I meet but doth salute me,

As if I were their well acquainted friend,

And every one doth call me by my name:

Some tender money to me, some invite me ;

Some other give me thanks for kindnesses ;

Some offer me Commodities to buy.

Even now a tailor call'd me in his shop,

And show'd me Silks that he had bought for me,
And therewithall took measure of my body.
Sure these are but imaginary 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
mean?

S.Dro. Not that *Adam* that kept the Paradise: but
That *Adam* that keeps the prison ; he that goes in the
calves-skin, that was kil'd for the Prodigall : he that
came behinde you sir, like an evill Angel, and bid you for-
sake your liberty.

Ant. I understand thee not.

S. Dro. No? why 'tis a plain case: he that went like
a Base Viole in a case of leather ; the man sir, that when
Gentlemen are tired gives them a [f]job, and rests them :
he sir, that takes pittie on decayed men, and gives them
suits of durance : he that sets up his rest to do more ex-
ploits with his Mace, than a *Moris Pike*.

Ant. What ? thou mean'st an Officer?

S.Dro. I Sir, the Serjeant of the Band : one that
thinks a man alwayes going to bed, and faith, God give
you good rest.

Ant. Well sir, there rest in your foolery :
Is there and Ship puts forth to night? may we be gone?

S.Dro. Why sir , I brought you word an houre since
that the Bark *Expedition* put forth to night, and then,
were you hindred by the Sergeant 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 wandeer in illusions :
Some blessed power deliver us from hence.

Enter a Curtizan.

Cur. Well met, well met, Master *Antipholis* :
I see sir, you have found the Goldsmith now :
Is that the Chain 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 devill.

S.Dro. Nay, she is worse, she is the devils 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 writ-
ten, 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 marveilous merry sir.
Will you go with me, wee'll mend our dinner here?

S.Dro. Master, if you do, expect spoon-meate, or be-
speak a long spoon.

Ant. Why *Dromio*?

S. Dromio. Marry he must have a long spoon that must
eat with the devill.

Ant. Avoid then fiend, what tel'st thou me of sup-
Thou art, (as you are all,) a sorceresse? (ping?)
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 chain you promis'd,
And Ile be gon sir , and not trouble you.

S. Dro. Some devils ask but the parings of ones naile,

a rush, a haire, a drop of bloud, a pin, a nut, a cherry-stone : but she more covetous, would have a chain : Master be wise, and if you give it her, the devill will shake her Chain, and fright us with it.

Cur. I pray you sir, my Ring, or else the Chain, I hope you do not mean to cheat me so?

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

S.Dro. Flie pride says the Peacock, Mistris that you know. *Exeunt.*

Cur. Now out of doubt *Antipholis* is mad, Else would he never so demean himself, A Ring he hath of mine worth fortie Duckets, Andfor the same he promis'd me a Chain, Both one and other he denies me now: The reason that I gather he is mad, (Besides this present instance of his rage,) Is a mad tale he told to day at dinner, Of his own doors being shut against his entrance, Belike his wife acquainted with his fits, On purpose shut the doors against his way. My way is now to hie home to his house, And tell his wife that being Lunatick, He rush'd into my house, and took perforce My Ring away. This course I fittest choose, For forty Duckets is too mich to loose. *Exit.*

Enter Antipholus Ephes. with a Jaylor.

An. Fear me not man, I will not break 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 mood to day, And will not lightly trust the Messenger, That I should be attach'd in *Ephesus*, I tell you 'twill sound harshly in her eares.

Enter Dromio Eph. with a ropes end.

Here comes my Man, I think he brings the money. 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 Money for the Rope.

Ant. Five hundred Duckets villain 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 Villain.

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

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

E.Dro. I am an Asse indeed, you may prove it by my long eares. I have served him from the hour of my Nativitie to this instant, and have nothing at his hands for my service but blows. When I am cold, he heats me with beating; when I am warme, he cools me with beating: I am wak'd with it, when I sleep, rais'd with it when I sit, driven out of doors with it when I go from home, welcom'd home with it when I return nay

I bear it on my shoulders , as a beggar woont her brat,
and I think when he hath lam'd me, I shall begge with
it from door to door.

*Enter Adriana, Luciana, Courtezan, and a Schoole-
master , called Pinch.*

Ant. Come go along, my wife is comming yonder.

E.Dro. Mistris *respice finem*, respect your end, or rather the prophesie like the Parrot, beware the ropes end.

Anti. Wilt thou still talke? *Beats Dro.*

Cur. How say you now? Is not your husband mad?

Adri. His incivility confirms no lesse:

Good Doctor *Pinch*, you are a Conjuror,

Establish him in his true sence againe,

And I will please you what you will demand.

Luc. Alas how fiery and how sharp he looks,

Cur. Mark, how he trembles in his extasie.

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

Ant. There is my hand, and let it feel your eare.

Pinch. I charge thee Sathan, hous'd within this man
To yeeld possession to my holy prayers,
And to thy state of darknesse hie thee straight,
I conjure thee by all the Saints in heaven.

Ant. Peace doting wizzard, peace ; I am not mad,

Adr. Oh that thou wer't not, poor distressed soul.

Ant. 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 doors 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 Villain, what sayest thou?

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

Ant. Were not my doors lockt up, and I shut out ?

Dro. Perdie, your doors were lockt, and you shut out.

Anti. And did not she her self revile me there?

Dro. *SansFable*, she her self 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 bear 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 fello finds his veine,
And yeelding to him, humors well his frensie.

Ant. Thou hast suborn'd the Goldsmith to arrest me.

Adr. Alas, I sent you Money to redeem you,
By *Dromio* here, who came in hast for it.

Dro. Money by me? Heart and good will you might,
But surely Master not a ragge of Money.

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 bear 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 looks.

They

They must be bound and laid in some dark room.

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

Adr. I did not gentle husband lock thee forth.

Dro. And gentle M. 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 pack,

To make a loathsome abject scorn of me:

But with these nails Ile pluck out these false eyes,

That would behold in me this shamefull sport.

Enter three or foure, and offer to binde him :

He strives.

Adr. Oh binde him, binde him, let him not come
neer me.

Pinch. More company, the fiend is strong within him.

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

Ant. What, will you murther me, thou Jaylor 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 frantick too.

Adr. What wilt thou do, thou peevish Officer?

Hast thou delight to see a wretched man

Do outrage and displeasure to himself?

Offi. He is my prisoner, if I let him go,

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

Adr. I will discharge thee ere I go from thee,

Bear me forthwith unto his Creditor,

And knowing how the debt grows I will pay it.

Good Master Doctor see him safe convey'd

Home to my house, o most unhappy day.

Ant. Oh most unhappy strumpet.

Dro. Master, I am here entred in bond for you.

Ant. Out on thee Villain, wherefore dost thou mad
me?

Dro. Will you be bound for nothing, be mad good
master, cry the devill.

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

Adr. Go bear him hence, sister go you with me :

Say now. whose suite is he arrested at?

Exeunt. Manet Offi. 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 Chain your husband had of him.

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

Cour. When as your husband all in rage to day

Came to my house, and took away my Ring,

The Ring I saw upon his finger now,

Straight after did I meet him with a Chain,

Adr. It may be so, but I did nerer see it.

Come Jaylor, bring me where the Goldsmith is,

I long to know the truth hereof at large.

*Enter Antipholis Siracusan with his Rapier drawn,
and Dromio Sirac.*

Luc. God for thy mercy, they are loose again.

Adr. And come with naked swords,

Let's call more help to have them bound again.

Run all out.

Off. Away, they'll kill us.

Exeunt omnes, as fast as may be, frightened.

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 Centaure, fetch our stuffe from'thence :
I long that we were safe and sound aboord.

Dro. Faith stay here this night , they will surely do
us no harm : you saw they spake us faire , gave us gold:
me thinks they are such a gentle Nation, that but for
the Mountain of mad flesh that claims mariage of me,
I could finde in my heart to stay here still, and turn
Witch.

Ant. I will not stay to night for all the Town,
Therefore away, to get our stuffe aboard. *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 Chain of me,
Though most dishonestly he did deny it.

Mer. How is the man esteem'd here in the Citie?

Gold. Of very reverent reputation sir,
Of credit infinite, highly belov'd.
Second to none that lives here in the Citie :
His word might bear my wealth at any time.

Mer. Speak softly, yonder as I think he walks.

Enter Antipholis and Dromio again.

Gold. 'Tis so: and that self-chain about his neck,
Which he forswore (most monstrously) to have.
Good sir draw neer to me, Ile speak to him:
Signior *Antipholis* , I wonder much
That you would put me to this shame and trouble,
And not without some scandall to your self,
With circumstance and oaths, so to deny
This chain, which now you wear so openly,
Beside the charge, the shame, imprisonment,
You have done wrong to this my honest friend,
Who but for staying on our Controversie,
Had hoisted sail, and put to sea to day :
This chain you had of me, can you deny it?

Ant. I think I had, I never did deny it.

Mer. Yes that you did sir, and forswore it too.

Ant. Who heard me to deny it or forswear it?

Mer. These eares of mine thou knowst did hear thee :
Fie on thee wretch 'tis pittie that thou liv'st
To walk where any honest men resort.

Ant. Thou art a Villain to impeach me thus,
Ile prove mine honour, and mine honesty
Against the presently , if thou dar'st stand:

Mer. I dare and do defie thee for a villain.

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, a[n]d bear them to my house.

S. Dro. Run 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 poor distracted husband hence;
Let us come in, that we may bind him fast,
And bear him home for his recovery.

Gold. I knew he was not in his perfect wits.

Mer. 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 heavy, sower, sad,
And much much different from the man he was:
But till this afternoon his passion
Ne'er brake into extremity of rage.

Ab. Hath he not lost much wealth by wrack at Sea,
Buried some dear friend, hath not else his eye
Stray'd his affection in unlawfull love,
A sin prevailing much in youthful men,
Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing.
Which of these sorrows is he subject to?

Adr. To none of these except it be the last,
Namely some love that drew him oft from home.

Ab. You should for that have reprehended him.

Ad. Why so I did.

Ab. I, but not rough enough.

Ad. As roughly as my modesty would let me.

Ab. Haply in private.

Ad. And in assemblies too.

Ab. I, but not enough.

Ad. 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 Theam:
In company I often glanced it.
Still did I tell him, it was wilde and bad.

Ab. And thereof came it that the man was mad.
The venomous clammours of a jealous woman,
Poysons more deadly then a mad dogs tooth.
It seeme his sleeps were hindred by thy railing,
And thereof comes it that his head is light.
Thou sai'st his meat was sawc'd with thy upbraidings,
Unquiet meals makes ill digestions,
And what's a Feaver but a fit of Madnesse?
Thou say'st his sports were hindred by thy brawles,
Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue
But muddy and dull melancholly,
Kinsman to grim and comfortlesse despair,
And at her heels a huge infections troop
Of pale distemperatures, and foes to life?
In food in sport, and life-preserving rest
T 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 mildly,
When he demean'd himself rough, rude, and wildely.
Why hear you those rebukes, and answer not?

Ad. She did betray me to my own reproof,
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 again,
Or lose 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 self,
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 approved means I have,
With wholesome Sirrups, Drugs, and holy Prayers
To make of him a formal man again:
It is a branch and parcell of mine oath,
A charitable duty of my order,
Therefore depart, and leave him here with me.

Ad. I will not hence, and leave my Husband here:
And ill it doth beseem you holinesse
to separate the Husband and the Wife.

Ab. Be quiet and depart, thou shalt not have him.

Luc. Complain unto the Duke of this indignity.

Ad. Come go, I will fall prostrate at his feet,
And never rise untill my tears and prayers
Have won his Grace to come in person hither,
And take perforce my husband from the Abbesse. *Exeunt*

Enter Merchant and Goldsmith.

Mer. By this I think the Diall points at five :
Anon I'me sure the Duke himselfe in person
Comes this way to the Melancholly vale;
The plae of death and sorry execution,
Behind the ditches of the Abbey here.

Gold. Upon what cause?

Mer. To see a reverend *Syracusan* Merchant ,
Who put unluckily into this Bay
Against the Lawes and Statutes of this Town,
Beheaded publickly for his offence.

Gold. See where they ome, we will behold his death.

Enter Adriana and [Lucio]

Luc. Kneel to the Duke before he passe the Abbey.
Enter the Duke of Ephesus, and the Merchant of Syracuse bareheaded, with the Headsman, and other Officers.

Duke. Yet once again proclaim it publickly,
If any friend will pay the summe for him,
He shall not die, so much we tender him.

Enter Adriana.

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.

Ad. May it please your Grace, *Antipholis* my husband,
Whom I made Lord of me, and all I had,
(At your impotent Letters) this ill day,
A most outrageous fit of madnesse took him,
That desp'rately he hurried through the street,
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, ad sent him home,
Whil'st to take ordeer for the wrongs I went,
That here and there his fury had committed,
Anon, I wot not, by what strong escape
He broke from those that had the guard of him,
And with his mad attendant and himself,
Each one with irefull passion, with drawn Swords
Met us again, and madly bent on us,
Chac'd us away : till raising of more aid,
We came again to bind them : then they fled
Into this Abbey, whether we pursu'd them,
And here the Abbesse shuts the gates on us,
And will not suffer us to fetch him out,
Nr send him forth that we ay bear him thence.

I

Therebore

Therefore most gracious Duke with thy command,
Let him be brought forth, and borne hence for help.

Duke. Long since thy husband serv'd me in my Wars,
And I to thee 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 knock at the Abbey gate,
And bid the Lady Abbess come to me :
I will determine this before I stir.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. O Mistris, Mistris, shift and save your self,
My Master and his men are both broke loose,
Beaten the Maids a-row, and bound the Doctor,
Whose beard they have sing'd off with brands of fire,
And ever as it blaz'd, they threw on him
Great pails of pudled myre to quench the hair;
My Mr. preaches patience to him, and the while
His man with Scissors nicks him like a fool:
And sure (unles you send some other present help)
Between them they will kill the Conjurer.

Ad. Peace fool, thy Master and his man are here,
And tht is false thou dost report to us.

Mess. Mistris, upon my life I tell you true,
I have not breath'd almost since I did see it.
He cryes for you, and vows if he can take you,
To scorch your face, and to disfigure you:

Cry within.

Hark, hark, I hear him Mistris : flie, be gone.

Duke. Come, stand by me, fear nothing : guard with
Halberds.

Ad. Ay me, it is my husband : witness you,
That he is borne about invisible,
Even now we hous'd him in the Abbey here,
And now hee's there, past thought of humane reason.

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

E.Ant. Justice most gracious Duke, oh grant me Justice,
Even for the servie that long since I did thee,
When I bestrid thee in the wars, and took
Deep skars to save thy life ; even for the bloud
That then I lost for thee, now grant me Justice.

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

E.Ant. Justice (sweet Prince) against that woman
She whom thou gav'st to me to be my wife; (there:
That hath abused and dishonoured me,
Even in the strength and height of injury:
Beyond imagination is the wrong
That She this day hath shameless thrown on me.

Duke. Discover now, and thou shalt find me just.

E.Ant. This day (great Duke) she shut the doors up-
on me.

Whilst she with Harlots feasted in my house.

Duke. A grievous 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 soul,
As this is false he burthens me withall.

Luc. Ne're may I look on day, nor sleep on night,
But she tells to your Highness simple truth.

Gold. O perjur'd woman! They are both forsworn,
In this the Mad man justly chargeth them.

E.Ant. My Liege, I am advised what I say,
Neither disturb'd with the effect of Wine
Nor heady-rash provok'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 witness it : for he was with me then,
 Who parted with me to go fetch a Chain,
 Promising to bring it to the Porpentine,
 Where *Balthazar* and I did dine together.
 Our dinner done, and he not coming thither,
 I went to seek him. In the street I met him,
 And in his company that Gentleman.
 There did this perjur'd Goldsmith swear me down,
 That I this day from him receiv'd the Chain,
 Which God he knows, I saw not. For the which,
 He did arrest me with an Officer.
 I did obey, and sent my Pesant home
 For certain Duckets : he with none retur'd.
 Then fairly 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 Villain ;
 A meer Anatomy, a Moountebank,
 A thred-bare Jugler, and a Fortune-teller.
 A needy-hollow-eyed-sharp-looking-wretch ;
 A living dead man. This pernicious slave,
 Forsooth took 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 dark and dankish vault at home
 There left me and my man, both bound together,
 Till gnawing with my teeth my bonds asunder,
 I gain'd my freedom ; 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 witness with him:
 That he din'd not at home, but was lock'd out.

Duke. But had he such a Chain of thee, or no?

Gold. He had my Lord, and when he ran in here,
 These people saw the Chain about his neck.

Mer. Besides, I will be sworn these ears of mine,
 Heard you confess you had the Chain 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 here,
 From whence I think you are come by miracle.

E.Ant. I never came within these Abbey walls,
 Nor ever didst thou draw thy sword on me:
 I never saw the Chain, so help me heaven :
 And this is false you burthen me withall.

Duke. Why what an intricate impeach is this?
 I think you all have drunk of *Circes* Cup:
 If here you hous'd him, here he would have been.
 If he were mad he would not plead so coldly :
 You say he din'd at home, the Goldsmith here
 Denies that saying. Sirra, what say you?

E.Dro. Sir he din'd with her there , at the Porpen-
 tine.

Cur. He did, and from my finger snatch't that Ring.

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

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

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

Duke. Why this is strange : Goe call the Abbess here.
 I think you are all mated, or stark mad.

Exit.

Enter one to the Abbess.

Fa. Most mighty Duke, vouchsafe me speake a word :
Haply I see a friend will save my life,
And pay the summe that may deliver me.

Duke. Speak freely *Syracusan* what thou wilt.

Fath. Is not your name sir call'd *Antipholis* ?
And is not that your bond-man *Dromio*?

E.Dro. Within this hour I was his bondman sir,
But he I thank him gnaw'd in two my cords,
Now am I *Dromio*, and his man unbound.

Fath. I am sure both of you remember me.

Dro. Our selves we doe remember sir by you:
For lately we were bound as you are now.
You are not *Pinches* Patient, are you Sir?

Father. Why look you strange on me? you know me well.

E.Ant. I never saw you in my life till now.

Fa. Oh! grief hath chang'd me since you saw me last,
And carefull hours 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.

Fat. I am sure thou dost?

E.Dromio. I sir, but I am sure I doe not, and whatso-
ever a man denies, you are now bound to believe him.

Ft. Not know my voyce! oh times extremity,
Hast thou so crack'd and splitted my poor tongue
In seven short yeares, that here my onely Son
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 memory :
My wasting lamps some fading glimmer left ;
My dull deaf eares a little use to hear :
All these old witnesses, I cannot erre.
Tell me, thou art my Son *Antipholis*.

Ant. I never saw my Father in my life.

Fa. But seven heares since, in *Syracusa* Boy,
Thou know'st we parted, but perhaps my Son,
Thou sham'st to acknowledge me in misert.

Ant. The Duke, and all that know me in the City,
Can witness with me that it is not so.
I ne're saw *Syracusa* in my life.

Duke. I tell thee *Syracusan*, twenty yeares
Have I been Patron to *Antipholis*,
During which time he he're saw *Syracusa*:
I see thy age and dangers make thee dote.

*Enter the Abbess with Antipholis Syracusan ,
and Dromio Sirac.*

Abbeße. Most mighty 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 decipher them?

S. Dromio. I Sir am *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 old Master, who hath bound him here?

Abb. Who ever bound him, I will loose his bonds,
And gain a husband by his liberty :
Speak old *Egeo*, if thou be'st the man
That had'st a Wife once call'd *AEmilia*,
That bore thee at a burthen two fair Sons?
Oh if [thon] be'st the same *egeon*, speak :
And speak unto the same *AEmilia*.

Duke. Why here begins this Morning story right:
These two *Antipholis*, these two so like,
And those two *Dromio*'s, on in semblance:
Besides her urging of her wrack at Sea,
These are the Parents to these children,
Which accidentally are met together.

Fat. If I dream not, thou art *AEmilia*,
If thou art she, tell me, where is that Son
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 took *Dromio* and my Son 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 me 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 Uncke.

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 fair Gentlewoman here
Did call me Brother. What I told you then,
I hope I shall have leisure to make good,
If this be not a dream I see and hear.

Goldsmith. That is the Chain Sir, which you had of
me.

S.Ant. I think it be Sir, I deny it not.

E.Ant. And you sir for this Chain arrested me.

Gold. I think I did Sir, I deny it not.

Adr. I sent you money Sir to be your bayle

By *Dromio*, but I think 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 meet each others man,
And I was tane for him, and he for me,
And thereupon thesse errors are arose.

E.Ant. These Duckets pawn I for my Father here.

Duk. It shall not need, 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
cheer.

App. Renowned Duke, vouchsafe to take the pains
To go with us into the Abbey here,
And hear at large discoursed all our fortunes,
And all that are assembled in this place:
That by this simpathized one dayes error,
Have suffered wrong. Go, keep us company,

I 2 And

And we shall make full satisfaction.
Thirty three yeares have I been gone in travell
Of you my Sons, and till this present hour
My heavy burthens are delivered:
The Duke my Husband, and my children both,
And you the Kalendar of their Nativity,
Go to a Gossips feast, and go with me,
After so long grief such Nativity.

Duke. With all my heart I'll Gossip at this feast.

*Exeunt omnes. Manner the two Dromio's and
two Brothers.*

S.Dro. Mast. shall I fetch your stuffe from shipboord?

E.An. Dromio, what stuffe of mine hast thou imbarck'd.

S.Dro. Your goods that lay at host sir in the Centaur.

S.Ant. He speaks to me, I am your Master *Dromio*.

Come go with us, we'l look 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, and not my bro-
I see by you, I am a sweet-fac'd youth, (ther:
Will you walk in to see their Gossiping?

S. Dro. Not I Sir, you are my Elder.

E. Dro. That's a question, how shall I try it.

S. Dro. We'l draw Cuts for the Signiority, 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.
