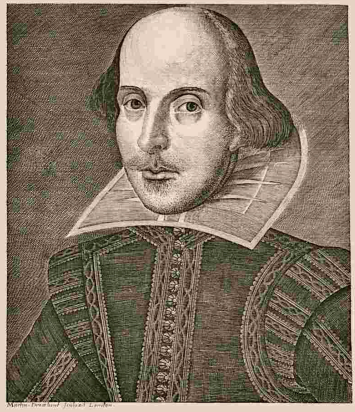
THE Comedy of Errors

MR. WILLIAM
SHAKESPEARES
COMEDIES,
HISTORIES, &
TRAGEDIES.

Published according to the True Originall Copies.



LONDON
Printed by Isaac Iaggard, and Ed. Blount. 1623.

The Project Gutenberg eBook of The Comedy of Errors

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*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK THE COMEDY OF ERRORS ***

Executive Director's Notes:

In addition to the notes below, and so you will *NOT* think all the spelling errors introduced by the printers of the time have been corrected, here are the first few lines of Hamlet, as they are presented herein:

Barnardo. Who's there?
Fran. Nay answer me: Stand & vnfold
your selfe

Bar. Long liue the King

* * * * *

As I understand it, the printers often ran out of certain words or letters they had often packed into a "cliche". . .this is the original meaning of the term cliche. . .and thus, being unwilling to unpack the cliches, and thus you will see some substitutions that look very odd. . .such as the exchanges of u for v, v for u, above. . .and you may wonder why they did it this way, presuming Shakespeare did not actually write the play in this manner. . . .

The answer is that they MAY have packed "liue" into a cliche at a time when they were out of "v"'s. . .possibly having used "vv" in place of some "w"'s, etc. This was a common practice of the day, as print was still quite expensive, and they didn't want to spend more on a wider selection of characters than they had to.

You will find a lot of these kinds of "errors" in this text, as I have mentioned in other times and places, many "scholars" have an extreme attachment to these errors, and many have accorded them a very high place in the "canon" of Shakespeare. My father read an assortment of these made available to him by Cambridge University in England for several months in a glass room constructed for the purpose. To the best of my knowledge he read ALL those available . . .in great detail. . .and determined from the various changes, that Shakespeare most likely did not write in nearly as many of a variety of errors we credit him for, even though he was in/famous for signing his name with several different spellings.

So, please take this into account when reading the comments below made by our volunteer who prepared this file: you may see errors that are "not" errors. . . .

So. . .with this caveat. . .we have NOT changed the canon errors, here is the Project Gutenberg Etext of Shakespeare's The first Part of Henry the Sixt.

Michael S. Hart
Project Gutenberg
Executive Director

* * * * *

Scanner's Notes:

What this is and isn't. This was taken from a copy of
Shakespeare's first folio and it is as close as I can come in
ASCII to the printed text.

The elongated S's have been changed to small s's and the conjoined ae have been changed to ae. I have left the spelling, punctuation, capitalization as close as possible to the printed text. I have corrected some spelling mistakes (I have put together a spelling dictionary devised from the spellings of the Geneva Bible and Shakespeare's First Folio and have unified spellings according to this template), typo's and expanded abbreviations as I have come across them. Everything within brackets [] is what I have added. So if you don't like that you can delete everything within the brackets if you want a purer Shakespeare.

Another thing that you should be aware of is that there are textual differences between various copies of the first folio. So there may be differences (other than what I have mentioned above) between this and other first folio editions. This is due to the printer's habit of setting the type and running off a number of copies and then proofing the printed copy and correcting the type and then continuing the printing run. The proof run wasn't thrown away but incorporated into the printed copies. This is just the way it is. The text I have used was a composite of more than 30 different First Folio editions' best pages.

David Reed

==========

The Comedie of Errors

Actus primus, Scena prima.

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

Marchant. Proceed Solinus 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 enmity 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 liues,
Haue seal'd his rigorous statutes with their blouds,
Excludes all pitty from our threatning lookes:
For since the mortall and intestine iarres
Twixt thy seditious Countrimen and vs,
It hath in solemne Synodes beene decreed,
Both by the Siracusians and our selues,
To admit no trafficke to our aduerse townes:
Nay more, if any borne at Ephesus
Be seene at any Siracusian Marts and Fayres:
Againe, if any Siracusian borne
Come to the Bay of Ephesus, he dies:
His goods confiscate to the Dukes dispose,
Vnlesse a thousand markes be leuied
To quit the penalty, and to ransome him:

Thy substance, valued at the highest rate,
Cannot amount vnto 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 euening Sonne

Duk. Well Siracusian; say in briefe the cause
Why thou departedst from thy natiue home?
And for what cause thou cam'st to Ephesus

Mer. A heauier taske could not haue beene impos'd,
Then I to speake my griefes vnspeakeable:
Yet that the world may witnesse that my end
Was wrought by nature, not by vile offence,
Ile vtter what my sorrow giues me leaue.
In Syracusa was I borne, and wedde
Vnto a woman, happy but for me,
And by me; had not our hap beene bad:
With her I liu'd in ioy, 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 vnder
The pleasing punishment that women beare)
Had made prouision for her following me,
And soone, and safe, arriued where I was:
There had she not beene long, but she became
A ioyfull 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 selfe-same Inne,
A meane woman was deliuered
Of such a burthen Male, twins both alike:
Those, for their parents were exceeding poore,
I bought, and brought vp to attend my sonnes.
My wife, not meanely prowd of two such boyes,
Made daily motions for our home returne:
Vnwilling I agreed, alas, too soone wee came aboord.
A league from Epidamium had we saild
Before the alwaies winde-obeying deepe
Gaue any Tragicke Instance of our harme:
But longer did we not retaine much hope;
For what obscured light the heauens did grant,
Did but conuay vnto our fearefull mindes
A doubtfull warrant of immediate death,
Which though my selfe would gladly haue 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 sought for safety by our boate,
And left the ship then sinking ripe to vs.
My wife, more carefull for the latter borne,
Had fastned him vnto a small spare Mast,
Such as sea-faring men prouide 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 selues at eyther end the mast,
And floating straight, obedient to the streame,
Was carried towards Corinth, as we thought.
At length the sonne gazing vpon the earth,
Disperst those vapours that offended vs,
And by the benefit of his wished light
The seas waxt calme, and we discouered
Two shippes from farre, making amaine to vs:
Of Corinth that, of Epidarus this,
But ere they came, oh let me say no more,
Gather the sequell by that went before

Duk. 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 vs:
For ere the ships could meet by twice fiue leagues,
We were encountred by a mighty rocke,
Which being violently borne vp,
Our helpefull ship was splitted in the midst;
So that in this vniust diuorce of vs,
Fortune had left to both of vs 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 vp
By Fishermen of Corinth, as we thought.
At length another ship had seiz'd on vs,
And knowing whom it was their hap to saue,
Gaue healthfull welcome to their ship-wrackt guests,
And would haue reft the Fishers of their prey,
Had not their backe beene very slow of saile;
And therefore homeward did they bend their course.

Thus haue you heard me seuer'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 fauour to dilate at full,
What haue befalne of them and they till now

Merch. My yongest boy, and yet my eldest care,
At eighteene yeeres became inquisitiue
After his brother; and importun'd me
That his attendant, so his case was like,
Reft of his brother, but retain'd his name,
Might beare him company in the quest of him:
Whom whil'st I laboured of a loue to see,
I hazarded the losse of whom I lou'd.
Fiue Sommers haue I spent in farthest Greece,
Roming cleane through the bounds of Asia,
And coasting homeward, came to Ephesus:
Hopelesse to finde, yet loth to leaue vnsought
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 trauells warrant me they liue

Duke. Haplesse Egeon whom the fates haue markt
To beare the 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 aduocate for thee:
But though thou art adiudged to the death,
And passed sentence may not be recal'd
But to our honours great disparagement:
Yet will I fauour thee in what I can;
Therefore Marchant, Ile limit thee this day
To seeke thy helpe by beneficiall helpe,
Try all the friends thou hast in Ephesus,
Beg thou, or borrow, to make vp the summe,
And liue: if no, then thou art doom'd to die:
Iaylor, take him to thy custodie

Iaylor. I will my Lord

Merch. Hopelesse and helpelesse doth Egean wend,
But to procrastinate his liuelesse end.

Exeunt.

Enter Antipholis Erotes, a Marchant, and Dromio.

Mer. Therefore giue out you are of Epidamium,
Lest that your goods too soone be confiscate:
This very day a Syracusian Marchant
Is apprehended for a riuall 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 beare it to the Centaure, where we host,
And stay there Dromio, till I come to thee;
Within this houre it will be dinner time,
Till that Ile view the manners of the towne,
Peruse the traders, gaze vpon the buildings,
And then returne and sleepe within mine Inne,
For with long trauaile I am stiffe and wearie.
Get thee away

Dro. Many a man would take you at your word,
And goe indeede, hauing 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 iests:
What will you walke with me about the towne,
And then goe to my Inne and dine with me?
E.Mar. I am inuited sir to certaine Marchants,
Of whom I hope to make much benefit:
I craue your pardon, soone at fiue a clocke,
Please you, Ile meete with you vpon the Mart,
And afterward consort you till bed time:
My present businesse cals me from you now

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

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

Exeunt.

Ant. He that commends me to mine owne 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 falling there to finde his fellow forth,
(Vnseene, inquisitiue) confounds himselfe.
So I, to finde a Mother and a Brother,
In quest of them (vnhappie 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 twelue vpon the bell:
My Mistris made it one vpon 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 haue no stomacke:
You haue no stomacke, hauing 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 haue you left the mony that I gaue 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 sportiue 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 iest sir as you sit at dinner:
I from my Mistris come to you in post:
If I returne I shall be post indeede.
For she will scoure your fault vpon my pate:
Me thinkes your maw, like mine, should be your cooke,
And strike you home without a messenger

Ant. Come Dromio, come, these iests are out of season,
Reserue them till a merrier houre then this:
Where is the gold I gaue in charge to thee?
E.Dro. To me sir? why you gaue no gold to me?
Ant. Come on sir knaue, haue done your foolishnes,
And tell me how thou hast dispos'd thy charge

E.Dro. My charge was but to fetch you fro[m] 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 haue bestow'd my monie;
Or I shall breake that merrie sconce of yours
That stands on tricks, when I am vndispos'd:
Where is the thousand Markes thou hadst of me?
E.Dro. I haue some markes of yours vpon my pate:
Some of my Mistris markes vpon 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 slaue 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 vnto my face
Being forbid? There take you that sir knaue

E.Dro. What meane you sir, for God sake hold your hands:
Nay, and you will not sir, Ile take my heeles.

Exeunt. Dromio Ep.

Ant. Vpon my life by some deuise or other,
The villaine is ore-wrought of all my monie.
They say this towne is full of cosenage:
As nimble Iuglers that deceiue the eie:
Darke working Sorcerers that change the minde:
Soule-killing Witches, that deforme the bodie:
Disguised Cheaters, prating Mountebankes;
And manie such like liberties of sinne:
If it proue so, I will be gone the sooner:
Ile to the Centaur to goe seeke this slaue,
I greatly feare my monie is not safe.

Enter.

Actus Secundus.

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

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

Luc. Perhaps some Merchant hath inuited him,
And from the Mart he's somewhere gone to dinner:
Good Sister let vs dine, and neuer 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 lies out adore

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

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 vnder heauens eye,
But hath his bound in earth, in sea, in skie.
The beasts, the fishes, and the winged fowles
Are their males subiects, and at their controules:
Man more diuine, the Master of all these,
Lord of the wide world, and wilde watry seas,
Indued with intellectuall sence and soules,
Of more preheminence then fish and fowles,
Are masters to their females, and their Lords:
Then let your will attend on their accords

Adri. This seruitude makes you to keepe vnwed

Luci. Not this, but troubles of the marriage bed

Adr. But were you wedded, you wold bear some sway
Luc. Ere I learne loue, Ile practise to obey

Adr. How if your husband start some other where?
Luc. Till he come home againe, I would forbeare

Adr. Patience vnmou'd, no maruel though she pause,
They can be meeke, that haue no other cause:
A wretched soule bruis'd with aduersitie,
We bid be quiet when we heare it crie.
But were we burdned with like waight of paine,
As much, or more, we should our selues complaine:
So thou that hast no vnkinde mate to greeue thee,
With vrging helpelesse patience would releeue me;
But if thou liue 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:
Heere 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 vpon mine eare,
Beshrew his hand, I scarce could vnderstand 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 blowes; and withall so doubtfully, that I could scarce vnderstand 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 horne mad

Adri. Horne mad, thou villaine?
E.Dro. I meane 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:
Will you come, quoth I: my gold, quoth he;
Where is the thousand markes I gaue thee villaine?
The Pigge quoth I, is burn'd: my gold, quoth he:
My mistresse, sir, quoth I: hang vp thy Mistresse:
I know not thy mistresse, out on thy mistresse

Luci. Quoth who? E.Dr. Quoth my Master, I know quoth he, no house, no wife, no mistresse: so that my arrant due vnto my tongue, I thanke him, I bare home vpon my shoulders: for in conclusion, he did beat me there

Adri. Go back againe, thou slaue, & fetch him home

Dro. Goe backe againe, and be new beaten home?
For Gods sake send some other messenger

Adri. Backe slaue, or I will breake thy pate a-crosse

Dro. And he will blesse y crosse with other beating:
Betweene you, I shall haue 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 seruice, you must case me in leather

Luci. Fie how impatience lowreth in your face

Adri. His company must do his minions grace,
Whil'st I at home starue 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 sharpe discourse be mar'd,
Vnkindnesse blunts it more then 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 vnruly Deere, he breakes the pale,
And feedes from home; poore I am but his stale

Luci. Selfe-harming Iealousie; fie beat it hence

Ad. Vnfeeling 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 promis'd me a chaine,
Would that alone, a loue he would detaine,
So he would keepe faire quarter with his bed:
I see the Iewell 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

Luci. How manie fond fooles serue mad Ielousie?

Enter.

Enter Antipholis Errotis.

Ant. The gold I gaue to Dromio is laid vp
Safe at the Centaur, and the heedfull slaue
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 loue stroakes, so iest with me againe:
You know no Centaur? you receiu'd no gold?
Your Mistresse sent to haue me home to dinner?
My house was at the Phoenix? Wast thou mad,
That thus so madlie thou did didst answere me?
S.Dro. What answer sir? when spake I such a word?
E.Ant. Euen now, euen 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 gaue 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 vaine,
What meanes this iest, I pray you Master tell me?
Ant. Yea, dost thou ieere & flowt me in the teeth?
Thinkst y I iest? hold, take thou that, & that.

Beats Dro.

S.Dr. Hold sir, for Gods sake, now your iest is earnest,
Vpon what bargaine do you giue it me?
Antiph. Because that I familiarlie sometimes
Doe vse you for my foole, and chat with you,
Your sawcinesse will iest vpon my loue,
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 iest 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 leaue battering, I had rather haue it a head, and you vse 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, euery why
hath a wherefore

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

S.Dro. Was there euer 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 gaue me
for nothing

Ant. Ile make you amends next, to giue you nothing
for something. But say sir, is it dinner time?
S.Dro. No sir, I thinke the meat wants that I haue

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 none of it

Ant. Your reason?
S.Dro. Lest it make you chollericke, and purchase me another drie basting

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

S.Dro. I durst haue 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 heare it

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

Ant. May he not doe it by fine and recouerie?
S.Dro. Yes, to pay a fine for a perewig, and recouer 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 giuen them in wit

Ant. Why, but theres manie a man hath more haire then 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 kinde of iollitie

An. For what reason

S.Dro. For two, and sound ones to

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 saue 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 haue prou'd, there is no time for all things

S.Dro. Marry and did sir: namely, in no time to recouer haire lost by Nature

An. But your reason was not substantiall, why there is no time to recouer

S.Dro. Thus I mend it: Time himselfe is bald, and therefore to the worlds end, will haue bald followers

An. I knew 'twould be a bald conclusion: but soft, who wafts vs yonder.

Enter Adriana and Luciana.

Adri. I, I, Antipholus, looke strange and frowne,
Some other Mistresse hath thy sweet aspects:
I am not Adriana, nor thy wife.
The time was once, when thou vn-vrg'd wouldst vow,
That neuer words were musicke to thine eare,
That neuer obiect pleasing in thine eye,
That neuer touch well welcome to thy hand,
That neuer meat sweet-sauour'd in thy taste,
Vnlesse I spake, or look'd, or touch'd, or caru'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 vndiuidable Incorporate
Am better then thy deere selfes better part.
Ah doe not teare away thy selfe from me;
For know my loue: as easie maist thou fall
A drop of water in the breaking gulfe,
And take vnmingled 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 licencious?
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-diuorcing vow?
I know thou canst, and therefore see thou doe 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 poison of thy flesh,

Being strumpeted by thy contagion:
Keepe then faire league and truce with thy true bed,
I liue distain'd, thou vndishonoured

Antip. Plead you to me faire dame? I know you not:
In Ephesus I am but two houres old,
As strange vnto your towne, as to your talke,
Who euery word by all my wit being scan'd,
Wants wit in all, one word to vnderstand

Luci. Fie brother, how the world is chang'd with you:
When were you wont to vse my sister thus?
She sent for you by Dromio home to dinner

Ant. By Dromio?
Drom. By me

Adr. By thee, and this 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 conuerse sir with this gentlewoman:
What is the course and drift of your compact?
S.Dro. I sir? I neuer saw her till this time

Ant. Villaine thou liest, for euen her verie words,
Didst thou deliuer to me on the Mart

S.Dro. I neuer spake with her in all my life

Ant. How can she thus then call vs by our names?
Vnlesse it be by inspiration

Adri. How ill agrees it with your grauitie,
To counterfeit thus grosely with your slaue,
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 sleeue of thine:
Thou art an Elme my husband, I a Vine:
Whose weaknesse married to thy stranger state,
Makes me with thy strength to communicate:
If ought possesse thee from me, it is drosse,
Vsurping Iuie, Brier, or idle Mosse,
Who all for want of pruning, with intrusion,
Infect thy sap, and liue on thy confusion

Ant. To mee shee speakes, shee moues 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 driues our eies and eares amisse?
Vntill I know this sure vncertaintie,
Ile entertaine the free'd fallacie

Luc. Dromio, goe bid the seruants 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 obay them not, this will insue:
They'll sucke our breath, or pinch vs blacke and blew

Luc. Why prat'st thou to thy selfe, and answer'st not?
Dromio, thou Dromio, thou 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 owne 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 neuer 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 aboue with you to day,
And shriue 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 heauen, or in hell?
Sleeping or waking, mad or well aduisde:
Knowne vnto these, and to my selfe disguisde:
Ile say as they say, and perseuer so:
And in this mist at all aduentures go

S.Dro. Master, shall I be Porter at the gate?
Adr. I, and let none enter, least I breake your pate

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

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Antipholus of Ephesus, his man Dromio, Angelo the Goldsmith, and
Balthaser the Merchant.

E.Anti. Good signior Angelo you must excuse vs 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 haue your hand to show;
If y skin were parchment, & y blows you gaue 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.An. Oh signior Balthazar, either at flesh or fish,
A table full of welcome, makes scarce one dainty dish

Bal. Good meat sir is co[m]mon that euery 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 be meane, take them in good part,
Better cheere may you haue, but not with better hart.
But soft, my doore is lockt; goe bid them let vs in

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

S.Dro. Mome, Malthorse, Capon, Coxcombe, Idiot, Patch,
Either get thee from the dore, or sit downe at the hatch:

Dost thou coniure for wenches, that y 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 haue not din'd to day

S.Dro. Nor to day here you must not come againe when you may

Anti. 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 beene Dromio to day in my place,
Thou wouldst haue 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, haue at you with a Prouerbe, Shall I set in my staffe

Luce. Haue 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 vs in I hope?
Luce. I thought to haue askt you

S.Dro. And you said no

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

Anti. 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

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

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

Enter Adriana.

Adr. Who is that at the doore y keeps all this noise?
S.Dro. By my troth your towne is troubled with vnruly boies

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

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

E.Dro. If you went in paine Master, this knaue wold goe sore

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

Baltz. In debating which was best, wee 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 mad as a Bucke to be so bought and sold

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

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

E.Dro. A man may breake a word with your 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 vpon thee hinde

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

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

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

E.Dro. A crow without feather, Master meane you so;
For a fish without a finne, ther's a fowle without a fether,
If a crow help vs in sirra, wee'll plucke a crow together

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

Balth. Haue patience sir, oh let it not be so,
Heerein you warre against your reputation,
And draw within the compasse of suspect
Th' vnuiolated honor of your wife.
Once this your long experience of your wisedome,
Her sober vertue, yeares, and modestie,
Plead on your part some cause to you vnknowne;
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 vs to the Tyger all to dinner,
And about euening 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 vngalled estimation,
That may with foule intrusion enter in,
And dwell vpon your graue when you are dead;
For slander liues vpon succession:
For euer hows'd, where it gets possession

Anti. You haue preuail'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 vpbraided 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 chaine will I bestow

(Be it for nothing but to spight my wife)
Vpon mine hostesse there, good sir make haste:
Since mine owne doores refuse to entertaine me,
Ile knocke else-where, to see if they'll disdaine me

Ang. Ile meet you at that place some houre hence

Anti. Do so, this iest shall cost me some expence.

Exeunt.

Enter Iuliana, with Antipholus of Siracusia.

Iulia. And may it be that you haue quite forgot
A husbands office? shall Antipholus
Euen in the spring of Loue, thy Loue-springs rot?
Shall loue in buildings grow so ruinate?
If you did wed my sister for her wealth,
Then for her wealths-sake vse her with more kindnesse:
Or if you like else-where doe it by stealth,
Muffle your false loue with some shew of blindnesse:
Let not my sister read it in your eye:
Be not thy tongue thy owne 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 owne attaine?
'Tis double wrong to truant with your bed,
And let her read it in thy lookes at boord:
Shame hath a bastard fame, well managed,
Ill deeds is doubled with an euill word:
Alas poore women, make vs not beleeue
(Being compact of credit) that you loue vs,
Though others haue the arme, shew vs the sleeue:
We in your motion turne, and you may moue vs.
Then gentle brother get you in againe;
Comfort my sister, cheere her, call her wise;
'Tis holy sport to be a little vaine,
When the sweet breath of flatterie conquers strife

S.Anti. Sweete Mistris, what your name is else I know not;
Nor by what wonder you do hit of mine:
Lesse in your knowledge, and your grace you show not,
Then our earths wonder, more then earth diuine.
Teach me deere creature how to thinke and speake:
Lay open to my earthie grosse conceit:
Smothred in errors, feeble, shallow, weake,
The foulded meaning of your words deceit:

Against my soules pure truth, why labour you,
To make it wander in an vnknowne 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 no 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 siluer waues thy golden haires;
And as a bud Ile take thee, and there lie:
And in that glorious supposition thinke,
He gaines by death, that hath such meanes to die:
Let Loue, 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 loue, as looke on night

Luc. Why call you me loue? 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 heauen, and my heauens claime

Luc. All this my sister is, or else should be

Ant. Call thy selfe sister sweet, for I am thee:
Thee will I loue, and with thee lead my life;
Thou hast no husband yet, nor I no wife:
Giue me thy hand

Luc. Oh soft sir, hold you still:
Ile fetch my sister to get her good will.

Enter.

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 haue me

Anti. What claime laies she to thee? Dro. Marry sir, such claime as you would lay to your horse, and she would haue me as a beast, not that I beeing a beast she would haue me, but that she being a verie beastly creature layes claime to me

Anti. What is she? Dro. A very reuerent body: I such a one, as a man may not speake of, without he say sir reuerence, I haue 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 vse 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 liues till doomesday, she'l burne a weeke longer then the whole World

Anti. 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 ouer-shooes in the grime of it

Anti. That's a fault that water will mend

Dro. 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 forhead, arm'd and reuerted, 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 ranne betweene France, and it

Ant. Where Spaine?
Dro. Faith I saw it not: but I felt it hot in her breth

Ant. Where America, the Indies? Dro. Oh sir, vpon her nose, all ore embellished with Rubies, Carbuncles, Saphires, declining their rich Aspect to the hot breath of Spaine, who sent whole Armadoes of Carrects 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 Diuiner layd claime to mee, call'd mee Dromio, swore I was assur'd to her, told me what priuie 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 beene made of faith, and my heart of steele, she had transform'd me to a Curtull 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 euerie one knowes vs, and we know none,
'Tis time I thinke 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, euen my soule
Doth for a wife abhorre. But her faire sister
Possest with such a gentle soueraigne 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. Mr Antipholus

Anti. I that's my name

Ang. I know it well sir, loe here's the chaine,
I thought to haue tane you at the Porpentine,
The chaine vnfinish'd made me stay thus long

Anti. What is your will that I shal do with this?
Ang. What please your selfe sir: I haue made it for you

Anti. Made it for me sir, I bespoke it not

Ang. Not once, nor twice, but twentie times you haue:
Go home with it, and please your Wife withall,
And soone at supper time Ile visit you,
And then receiue my money for the chaine

Anti. I pray you sir receiue the money now.
For feare you ne're see chaine, nor mony more

Ang. You are a merry man sir, fare you well.

Enter.

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 liue 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 straight away.

Enter.

Actus Quartus. Scoena Prima.

Enter a Merchant, Goldsmith, and an Officer.

Mar. You know since Pentecost the sum is due,
And since I haue not much importun'd you,
Nor 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. Euen iust the sum that I do owe to you,
Is growing to me by Antipholus,
And in the instant that I met with you,
He had of me a Chaine, at fiue a clocke

I shall receiue 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 saue: See where he comes

Ant. While I go to the Goldsmiths house, go thou
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 vp that trusts to you,
I promised your presence, and the Chaine,
But neither Chaine nor Goldsmith came to me:
Belike you thought our loue would last too long
If it were chain'd together: and therefore came not

Gold. Sauing your merrie humor: here's the note
How much your Chaine weighs to the vtmost 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

Anti. I am not furnish'd with the present monie:
Besides I haue 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

Anti. No beare it with you, least I come not time enough

Gold. Well sir, I will? Haue you the Chaine about you?
Ant. And if I haue not sir, I hope you haue:
Or else you may returne without your money

Gold. Nay come I pray you sir, giue me the Chaine:
Both winde and tide stayes for this Gentleman,
And I too blame haue held him heere too long

Anti. Good Lord, you vse this dalliance to excuse
Your breach of promise to the Porpentine,
I should haue chid you for not bringing it,
But like a shrew you first begin to brawle

Mar. The houre steales on, I pray you sir dispatch

Gold. You heare how he importunes me, the Chaine

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

Gold. Come, come, you know I gaue it you euen 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

Mar. My businesse cannot brooke this dalliance,
Good sir say, whe'r you'l answer me, or no:
If not, Ile leaue 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 receiue the Chaine

Gold. You know I gaue it you halfe an houre since

Ant. You gaue me none, you wrong mee much to
say so

Gold. You wrong me more sir in denying it.
Consider how it stands vpon my credit

Mar. 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 this sum for me,
Or I attach you by this Officer

Ant. Consent to pay thee that I neuer had:
Arrest me foolish fellow if thou dar'st

Gold. Heere is thy fee, arrest him Officer.
I would not spare my brother in this case,
If he should scorne me so apparantly

Offic. I do arrest you sir, you heare the suite

Ant. I do obey thee, till I giue 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 haue 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 haue conuei'd aboord, and I haue bought
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 peeuish sheep
What ship of Epidamium staies for me

S.Dro. A ship you sent me too, to hier waftage

Ant. Thou drunken slaue, 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 thee straight:
Giue her this key, and tell her in the Deske
That's couer'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 slaue, 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 seruants must their Masters mindes fulfill.

Exit

Enter Adriana and Luciana.

Adr. Ah Luciana, did he tempt thee so?
Might'st thou perceiue 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 obseruation mad'st thou in this case?
Oh, 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 he 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 loue I begg'd for you, he begg'd of me

Adr. With what perswasion did he tempt thy loue?
Luc. With words, that in an honest suit might moue.
First, he did praise my beautie, then my speech

Adr. Did'st speake him faire?
Luc. Haue patience I beseech

Adr. I cannot, nor I will not hold me still.
My tongue, though not my heart, shall haue his will.
He is deformed, crooked, old, and sere,
Ill-fac'd, worse bodied, shapelesse euery where:
Vicious, vngentle, foolish, blunt, vnkinde,
Stigmaticall in making worse in minde

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

Adr. Ah but I thinke him better then 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 deske, 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 then hell:
A diuell in an euerlasting garment hath him;

On whose hard heart is button'd vp with steele:
A Feind, a Fairie, pittilesse and ruffe:
A Wolfe, nay worse, a fellow all in buffe:
A back friend, a shoulder-clapper, one that counterma[n]ds
The passages of allies, creekes, and narrow lands:
A hound that runs Counter, and yet draws drifoot well,
One that before the Iudgme[n]t 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 arested well; but is in a suite of buffe which rested him, that can I 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 vnknowne 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 chaine?
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 neuer here

S.Dro. Oh yes, if any houre meete a Serieant, a turnes backe for verie feare

Adri. As if time were in debt: how fondly do'st thou reason?
S.Dro. Time is a verie bankerout, and owes more then he's worth to season.
Nay, he's a theefe too: haue you not heard men say,
That time comes stealing on by night and day?
If I be in debt and theft, and a Serieant in the way,
Hath he not reason to turne backe 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 iniurie.

Enter.

Enter Antipholus Siracusia.

There's not a man I meete but doth salute me
As if I were their well acquainted friend,
And euerie one doth call me by my name:
Some tender monie to me, some inuite me;
Some other giue me thankes for kindnesses;
Some offer me Commodities to buy.
Euen 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 haue 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 calues-skin, that was kil'd for the Prodigall: hee that came behinde you sir, like an euill angel, and bid you forsake your libertie

Ant. I vnderstand 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 giues them a sob, and rests them: he sir, that takes pittie on decaied men, and giues them suites of durance: he that sets vp his rest to doe more exploits with his Mace, then a Moris Pike

Ant. What thou mean'st an officer? S.Dro. I sir, the Serieant of the Band: he that brings any man to answer it that breakes his Band: one that thinkes a man alwaies going to bed, and saies, God giue 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 Serieant to tarry for the Hoy Delay: Here are the angels that you sent for to deliuer you

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

Enter a Curtizan.

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

Ant. Sathan auoide, I charge thee tempt me not

S.Dro. Master, is this Mistris Sathan?
Ant. It is the diuell

S.Dro. Nay, she is worse, she is the diuels 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 maruailous merrie sir.
Will you goe with me, wee'll mend our dinner here?
S.Dro. Master, if do expect spoon-meate, or bespeake
a long spoone

Ant. Why Dromio?
S.Dro. Marrie he must haue a long spoone that must
eate with the diuell

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

Cur. Giue 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 diuels aske but the parings of ones naile, a rush, a haire, a drop of blood, a pin, a nut, a cherriestone: but she more couetous, wold haue a chaine: Master be wise, and if you giue it her, the diuell will shake her Chaine, and fright vs with it

Cur. I pray you sir my Ring, or else the Chaine,
I hope you do not meane to cheate me so?
Ant. Auant thou witch: Come Dromio let vs go

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

Enter.

Cur. Now out of doubt Antipholus is mad,
Else would he neuer 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.

Enter Antipholus Ephes. with a Iailor.

An. Feare me not man, I will not breake away,
Ile giue thee ere I leaue 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? Haue you that I sent you for?
E.Dro. Here's that I warrant you will pay them all

Anti. But where's the Money?
E.Dro. Why sir, I gaue the Monie for the Rope

Ant. Fiue hundred Duckets villaine for a rope?
E.Dro. Ile serue you sir fiue hundred at the rate

Ant. To what end did I bid thee hie thee 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 aduersitie

Offi. Good now hold thy tongue

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

Anti. Thou whoreson 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 prooue it by my long eares. I haue serued him from the houre of my Natiuitie to this instant, and haue nothing at his hands for my seruice 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, driuen 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, Courtizan, 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 inciuility confirmes no lesse:
Good Doctor Pinch, you are a Coniurer,
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. Giue 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 coniure thee by all the Saints in heauen

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
Reuell and feast it at my house to day,
Whil'st vpon 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 remain'd vntill this time,
Free from these slanders, and this open shame

Anti. 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 vp, and I shut out?
Dro. Perdie, your doores were lockt, and you shut out

Anti. And did not she her selfe reuile me there?
Dro. Sans Fable, she her selfe reuil'd you there

Anti. Did not her Kitchen maide raile, taunt, and scorne me?
Dro. Certis she did, the kitchin 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 haue felt the vigor of his rage

Adr. Is't good to sooth 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 subborn'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 deliuer'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

Pinch. Mistris, both Man and Master is possest,
I know it by their pale and deadly lookes,
They must be bound and laide in some darke roome

Ant. Say wherefore didst 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 receiu'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 abiect 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 striues.

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

Pinch. More company, the fiend is strong within him
Luc. Aye me poore man, how pale and wan he looks

Ant. What will you murther me, thou Iailor thou?
I am thy prisoner, wilt thou suffer them to make a rescue?
Offi. Masters let him go: he is my prisoner, and you

shall not haue him

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

Adr. What wilt thou do, thou peeuish 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 discharge thee ere I go from thee,
Beare me forthwith vnto his Creditor,
And knowing how the debt growes I will pay it.
Good Master Doctor see him safe conuey'd
Home to my house, oh most vnhappy day

Ant. Oh most vnhappie 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 diuell

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 growes 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 vpon his finger now,
Straight after did I meete him with a Chaine

Adr. It may be so, but I did neuer see it.
Come Iailor, bring me where the Goldsmith is,
I long to know the truth heereof 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 haue them bound againe.

Runne all out.

Off. Away, they'l kill vs.

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 vs no harme: you saw they speake vs faire, giue vs 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 haue 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 reuerent reputation sir,
Of credit infinite, highly belou'd,
Second to none that liues heere in the Citie:
His word might beare my wealth at any time

Mar. Speake softly, yonder as I thinke he walkes.

Enter Antipholus and Dromio againe.

Gold. 'Tis so: and that selfe chaine about his necke,
Which he forswore most monstrously to haue.
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 haue done wrong to this my honest friend,
Who but for staying on our Controuersie,
Had hoisted saile, and put to sea to day:
This Chaine you had of me, can you deny it?
Ant. I thinke I had, I neuer did deny it

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

Ant. Who heard me to denie it or forsweare it?
Mar. These eares of mine thou knowst did hear thee:
Fie on thee wretch, 'tis pitty that thou liu'st
To walke where any honest men resort

Ant. Thou art a Villaine to impeach me thus,
Ile proue mine honor, and mine honestie
Against thee presently, if thou dar'st stand:
Mar. I dare and do defie thee for a villaine.

They draw. Enter Adriana, Luciana, Courtezan, & others.

Adr. Hold, hurt him not for God 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 Ladie Abbesse.

Ab. Be quiet people, wherefore throng you hither?
Adr. To fetch my poore distracted husband hence,
Let vs come in, that we may binde him fast,
And beare him home for his recouerie

Gold. I knew he was 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 weeke he hath beene heauie, sower sad,
And 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 vnlawfull loue,
A sinne preuailing much in youthfull men,

Who giue their eies the liberty of gazing.
Which of these sorrowes is he subiect too?
Adr. To none of these, except it be the last,
Namely, some loue that drew him oft from home

Ab. You should for that haue 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 priuate

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 vrging it,
At boord he fed not for my vrging it:
Alone, it was the subiect 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 iealous 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 meate was sawc'd with thy vpbraidings,
Vnquiet meales make ill digestions,
Thereof the raging fire of feauer bred,
And what's a Feauer, but a fit of madnesse?
Thou sayest his sports were hindred by thy bralles.
Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue
But moodie and dull melancholly,
Kinsman to grim and comfortlesse dispaire,
And at her heeles a huge infectious troope
Of pale distemperatures, and foes to life?
In food, in sport, and life-preseruing rest
To be disturb'd, would mad or man, or beast:
The consequence is then, thy iealous fits
Hath scar'd thy husband from the vse of wits

Luc. She neuer reprehended him but mildely,
When he demean'd himselfe, rough, rude, and wildly,
Why beare you these 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 seruants bring my husband forth
Ab. Neither: he tooke this place for sanctuary,
And it shall priuiledge him from your hands,
Till I haue brought him to his wits againe,
Or loose my labour in assaying it

Adr. I will attend my husband, be his nurse,
Diet his sicknesse, for it is my Office,
And will haue no atturney but my selfe,
And therefore let me haue him home with me

Ab. Be patient, for I will not let him stirre,
Till I haue vs'd the approoued meanes I haue,
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 leaue him heere with me

Adr. I will not hence, and leaue 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 haue him

Luc. Complaine vnto the Duke of this indignity

Adr. Come go, I will fall prostrate at his feete,
And neuer rise vntill my teares and prayers
Haue 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 fiue:
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 heere

Gold. Vpon what cause?
Mar. To see a reuerent Siracusian Merchant,
Who put vnluckily into this Bay
Against the Lawes and Statutes of this Towne,
Beheaded publikely for his offence

Gold. See where they come, we wil behold his death
Luc. Kneele 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 publikely,
If any friend will pay the summe for him,
He shall not die, so much we tender him

Adr. Iustice most sacred Duke against the Abbesse

Duke. She is a vertuous and a reuerend Lady,
It cannot be that she hath done thee wrong

Adr. May it please your Grace, Antipholus my husba[n]d,
Who 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, Iewels, 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 vs againe, and madly bent on vs
Chac'd vs away: till raising of more aide
We came againe to binde them: then they fled
Into this Abbey, whether we pursu'd them,
And heere the Abbesse shuts the gates on vs,
And will not suffer vs to fetch him out,
Nor send him forth, that we may beare him hence.
Therefore most gracious Duke with thy command,
Let him be brought forth, and borne hence for helpe

Duke. Long since thy husband seru'd me in my wars
And I to thee ingag'd a Princes word,
When thou didst 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.

Oh Mistris, Mistris, shift and saue your selfe,
My Master and his man are both broke loose,
Beaten the Maids a-row, and bound the Doctor,
Whose beard they haue sindg'd off with brands of fire,
And euer as it blaz'd, they threw on him
Great pailes of puddled 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 (vnlesse you send some present helpe)
Betweene them they will kill the Coniurer

Adr. Peace foole, thy Master and his man are here,
And that is false thou dost report to vs

Mess. Mistris, vpon my life I tel you true,
I haue 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 heare him Mistris: flie, be gone

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

Adr. Ay me, it is my husband: witnesse you,
That he is borne about inuisible,
Euen now we hous'd him in the Abbey heere.
And now he's there, past thought of humane reason.

Enter Antipholus, and E.Dromio of Ephesus.

E.Ant. Iustice most gracious Duke, oh grant me iustice,
Euen for the seruice that long since I did thee,
When I bestrid thee in the warres, and tooke
Deepe scarres to saue thy life; euen for the blood
That then I lost for thee, now grant me iustice

Mar.Fat. Vnlesse the feare of death doth make me
dote, I see my sonne Antipholus and Dromio

E.Ant. Iustice (sweet Prince) against y Woman there:
She whom thou gau'st to me to be my wife;
That hath abused and dishonored me,
Euen in the strength and height of iniurie:
Beyond imagination is the wrong
That she this day hath shamelesse throwne on me

Duke. Discouer how, and thou shalt finde me iust

E.Ant. This day (great Duke) she shut the doores
vpon me,
While she with Harlots feasted in my house

Duke. A greeuous fault: say woman, didst thou so?
Adr. No my good Lord. My selfe, 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 periur'd woman! They are both forsworne,
In this the Madman iustly chargeth them

E.Ant. My Liege, I am aduised what I say,
Neither disturbed with the effect of Wine,
Nor headie-rash prouoak'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 Balthasar 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 periur'd Goldsmith sweare me downe,
That I this day of him receiu'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 certaine 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 leane-fac'd Villaine;
A meere Anatomie, a Mountebanke,
A thred-bare Iugler, and a Fortune-teller,
A needy-hollow-ey'd-sharpe-looking-wretch;
A liuing dead man. This pernicious slaue,
Forsooth tooke on him as a Coniurer:
And gazing in mine eyes, feeling my pulse,
And with no-face (as 'twere) out-facing me,
Cries out, I was possest. Then altogether
They fell vpon 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 hether to your Grace, whom I beseech
To giue me ample satisfaction
For these deepe 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 confesse 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 neuer came within these Abbey wals,
Nor euer didst thou draw thy sword on me:
I neuer saw the Chaine, so helpe me heauen:
And this is false you burthen me withall

Duke. Why what an intricate impeach is this?
I thinke you all haue drunke of Circes cup:
If heere you hous'd him, heere he would haue 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 snacht 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 straunge: Go call the Abbesse hither.
I thinke you are all mated, or starke mad.

Exit one to the Abbesse.

Fa. Most mighty Duke, vouchsafe me speak a word:
Haply I see a friend will saue my life,
And pay the sum that may deliuer me

Duke. Speake freely Siracusian what thou wilt

Fath. Is not your name sir call'd Antipholus?
And is not that your bondman Dromio?
E.Dro. Within this houre I was his bondman sir,
But he I thanke him gnaw'd in two my cords,
Now am I Dromio, and his man, vnbound

Fath. I am sure you both of you remember me

Dro. Our selues 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 neuer 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,
Haue written strange defeatures in my face:
But tell me yet, dost thou not know my voice?
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 whatsoeuer a man denies, you are now bound to beleeue him

Fath. Not know my voice, oh times extremity
Hast thou so crack'd and splitted my poore tongue
In seuen short yeares, that heere my onely sonne
Knowes not my feeble key of vntun'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 vp:
Yet hath my night of life some memorie:
My wasting lampes some fading glimmer left;
My dull deafe eares a little vse to heare:
All these old witnesses, I cannot erre.
Tell me, thou art my sonne Antipholus

Ant. I neuer saw my Father in my life

Fa. But seuen yeares since, in Siracusa 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 Siracusa in my life

Duke. I tell thee Siracusian, twentie yeares
Haue 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 Siracusa, 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 deceiue 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 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 olde Master, who hath bound him heere?
Abb. Who euer bound him, I will lose his bonds,
And gaine a husband by his libertie:
Speake 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 bee'st the same Egeon, speake:
And speake vnto the same Aemilia

Duke. Why heere begins his Morning storie right:
These two Antipholus, these two so like,
And these two Dromio's, one in semblance:
Besides her vrging of her wracke at sea,
These are the parents to these children,
Which accidentally are met together

Fa. 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 vp;
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. Antipholus thou cam'st from Corinth first

S.Ant. No sir, not I, I came from Siracuse

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 Vnckle

Adr. Which of you two did dine with me to day?
S.Ant. I, gentle Mistris

Adr. And are not you my husband?
E.Ant. No, I say nay to that

S.Ant. And so do 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 haue 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 receiu'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

Duke. It shall not neede, thy father hath his life

Cur. Sir I must haue 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 vs into the Abbey heere,
And heare at large discoursed all our fortunes,
And all that are assembled in this place:
That by this simpathized one daies error
Haue suffer'd wrong. Goe, keepe vs companie,
And we shall make full satisfaction.
Thirtie three yeares haue I but gone in trauaile
Of you my sonnes, and till this present houre
My heauie burthen are deliuered:
The Duke my husband, and my children both,
And you the Kalenders of their Natiuity,
Go to a Gossips feast, and go with mee,
After so long greefe such Natiuitie

Duke. With all my heart, Ile Gossip at this feast.

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

S.Dro. Mast[er]. 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 vs, wee'l looke to that anon,
Embrace thy brother there, reioyce 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.

FINIS.

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