Enter Solinus, Duke of Ephesus, with Egeon, the merchant of Syracuse, Gaoler, and other attendants

EGEON
Proceed, Solinus, to procure my fall,
And by the doom of death end woes and all.

DUKE
Merchant of Syracuse, plead no more.
I am not partial to infringe our laws.
The enmity and discord which of late
Sprung from the rancorous outrage of your Duke
To merchants, our well-dealing countrymen,
Who, wanting guilders to redeem their lives,
Have sealed his rigorous statutes with their bloods,
For since the mortal and intestine jars
'Twixt thy seditious countrymen and us
It hath in solemn synods been decreed
Both by the Syracusians and ourselves
To admit no traffic to our adverse towns.

Nay, more:
If any born at Ephesus be seen
At any Syracusian marts and fairs;
Again, if any Syracusian born
Come to the bay of Ephesus, he dies,
His goods confiscate to the Duke's dispose,
Cannot amount unto a hundred marks;
Therefore by law thou art condemned to die.

Yet this my comfort: when your words are done,
My woes end likewise with the evening sun.

Well, Syracusian, say in brief the cause
Why thou departed'st from thy native home,
And for what cause thou camest to Ephesus.

A heavier task could not have been imposed
Than I to speak my griefs unspeakable.
Yet, that the world may witness that my end
Was wrought by nature, not by vile offence,
I'll utter what my sorrow gives me leave.
In Syracusa was I born, and wed
Unto a woman happy but for me,
And by me, had not our hap been bad.
With her I lived in joy, our wealth increased
By prosperous voyages I often made.
To Epidamnum, till my factor's death,

And the great care of goods at random left,

Drew me from kind embracements of my spouse,

From whom my absence was not six months old

Before herself, almost at fainting under

The pleasing punishment that women bear,

Had made provision for her following me,

And soon and safe arrived where I was.

There had she not been long but she became

A joyful mother of two goodly sons;

As could not be distinguished but by names.

That very hour, and in the self-same inn,

I bought, and brought up to attend my sons.

My wife, not meanly proud of two such boys,

Made daily motions for our home return.

Unwilling I agreed. Alas, too soon

We came aboard.

A league from Epidamnum had we sailed

Before the always wind-obeying deep

Gave any tragic 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 fearful minds

A doubtful warrant of immediate death,

Which though myself would gladly have embraced,

Yet the incessant weepings of my wife,

Weeping before for what she saw must come,

And piteous plainings of the pretty babes,

That mourned for fashion, ignorant what to fear,

Forced me to seek delays for them and me.

And this it was – for other means was none –

The sailors sought for safety by our boat,

Whilst I had been like heedful of the other.

The children thus disposed, my wife and I,

Fastened ourselves at either end the mast,

And floating straight, obedient to the stream,

Was carried towards Corinth, as we thought.

At length the sun, gaz ing upon the earth,

Dispersed those vapours that offended us,

And by the benefit of his wished light

The seas waxed calm, and we discovered

Two ships from far, making amain to us:
Of Corinth that, of Epidaurus this.
But ere they came – O, let me say no more.
Gather the sequel by that went before!

Nay, forward, old man; do not break off so,
For we may pity, though not pardon thee.

O, had the gods done so, I had not now
Worthily termed them merciless to us;
For ere the ships could meet by twice five leagues
We were encountered by a mighty rock,
Which being violently borne upon,
Our helpful 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, poor soul, seeming as burdened
With lesser weight but not with lesser woe,
Was carried with more speed before the wind,
And in our sight they three were taken up
By fishermen of Corinth, as we thought.
At length another ship had seized on us,
And knowing whom it was their hap to save
Gave healthful welcome to their shipwrecked guests,
And would have reft the fishers of their prey
Had not their bark been very slow of sail;
And therefore homeward did they bend their course.

And for the sake of them thou sorrowest for,
Do me the favour to dilate at full
What hath befallen of them and thee till now.

My youngest boy, and yet my eldest care,
At eighteen years became inquisitive
After his brother, and importuned me
That his attendant, so his case was like,
Reft of his brother, but retained his name,
Might bear him company in the quest of him;
Whom whilst I laboured of a love to see,
I hazarded the loss of whom I loved.
Five summers have I spent in farthest Greece,
Roaming clean through the bounds of Asia,
And coasting homeward came to Ephesus,
Hopeless to find, 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 travels warrant me they live.
DUKE
CE I.i.141 Hapless Egeon, whom the fates have marked
CE I.i.142 To bear the extremity of dire mishap,
CE I.i.143 Now trust me, were it not against our laws,
CE I.i.144 Against my crown, my oath, my dignity,
CE I.i.145 Which princes, would they, may not disannul,
CE I.i.146 My soul should sue as advocate for thee.
CE I.i.147 But, though thou art adjudged to the death,
CE I.i.148 And passed sentence may not be recalled
CE I.i.149 But to our honour's great disparagement,
CE I.i.150 Therefore, merchant, I'll limit thee this day
CE I.i.151 To seek thy health by beneficial help.
CE I.i.152 Try all the friends thou hast in Ephesus;
CE I.i.153 And live. If no, then thou art doomed to die.
CE I.i.154 Gaoler, take him to thy custody.

GAOLER
CE I.i.157 I will, my lord.

EGEON
CE I.i.158 Hopeless and helpless doth Egeon wend,
CE I.i.159 But to procrastinate his lifeless end.
Exeunt

FIRST MERCHANT
CE I.ii.1 Therefore give out you are of Epidamnum
CE I.ii.2 Lest that your goods too soon be confiscate.
CE I.ii.3 This very day a Syracusian merchant
CE I.ii.4 Is apprehended for arrival here,
CE I.ii.5 And, not being able to buy out his life,
CE I.ii.6 According to the statute of the town
CE I.ii.7 Dies ere the weary sun set in the west.
CE I.ii.8 There is your money that I had to keep.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE
CE I.ii.9 (to Dromio of Syracuse)
CE I.ii.9 Go, bear it to the Centaur, where we host,
CE I.ii.10 And stay there, Dromio, till I come to thee.
CE I.ii.11 Within this hour it will be dinner-time.
CE I.ii.12 Till that I'll view the manners of the town,
CE I.ii.13 Peruse the traders, gaze upon the buildings,
CE I.ii.14 And then return and sleep within mine inn;
CE I.ii.15 For with long travel I am stiff and weary.
CE I.ii.16 Get thee away.

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE
CE I.ii.17 Many a man would take you at your word
CE I.ii.18 And go indeed, having so good a mean.
Exeunt

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE
CE I.ii.19 A trusty villain, sir, that very oft,
CE I.ii.20 When I am dull with care and melancholy,
Lightens my humour with his merry jests.

FIRST MERCHANT

I am invited, sir, to certain merchants,
Of whom I hope to make much benefit.
I crave your pardon. Soon at five o'clock,
And afterward consort you till bedtime.
My present business calls me from you now.

FIRST MERCHANT

Sir, I commend you to your own content.
Exit

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

He that commends me to mine 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 find his fellow forth,
Unseen, inquisitive, confounds himself.
So I, to find a mother and a brother,
In quest of them unhappy, lose myself.
Here comes the almanac of my true date.
What now? How chance thou art returned so soon?

DROMIO OF EPHESUS

Returned so soon? Rather approached too late.
The capon burns, the pig falls from the spit.
The clock hath strucken twelve upon the bell;
My mistress 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 today.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

Stop in your wind, sir. Tell me this, I pray:
Where have you left the money that I gave you?

DROMIO OF EPHESUS

O, sixpence, that I had o' Wednesday last
To pay the saddler for my mistress' crupper.
The saddler had it, sir. I kept it not.
ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

CE I.ii.58  I am not in a sportive humour now.

CE I.ii.59  Tell me, and daily not: where is the money?
CE I.ii.60  We being strangers here, how darest thou trust
CE I.ii.61  So great a charge from thine own custody?

DROMIO OF EPHESUS

CE I.ii.62  I pray you, jest, sir, as you sit at dinner.
CE I.ii.63  I from my mistress come to you in post.
CE I.ii.64  If I return I shall be post indeed,
CE I.ii.65  For she will score your fault upon my pate.
CE I.ii.66  Methinks your maw, like mine, should be your clock
CE I.ii.67  And strike you home without a messenger.

CE I.ii.68  Come, Dromio, come, these jests are out of season.

CE I.ii.69  Reserve them till a merrier hour than this.
CE I.ii.70  Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee?

DROMIO OF EPHESUS

CE I.ii.71  To me, sir? Why, you gave no gold to me!

CE I.ii.72  Come on, sir knave, have done your foolishness,
CE I.ii.73  And tell me how thou hast disposed thy charge.

CE I.ii.74  My charge was but to fetch you from the mart
CE I.ii.75  Home to your house, the Phoenix, sir, to dinner.
CE I.ii.76  My mistress and her sister stays for you.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

CE I.ii.77  Now, as I am a Christian, answer me
CE I.ii.78  In what safe place you have bestowed my money,
CE I.ii.79  Or I shall break that merry sconce of yours
CE I.ii.80  That stands on tricks when I am undisposed.
CE I.ii.81  Where is the thousand marks thou hadst of me?

DROMIO OF EPHESUS

CE I.ii.82  I have some marks of yours upon my pate,
CE I.ii.83  Some of my mistress' marks upon my shoulders,
CE I.ii.84  But not a thousand marks between you both.
CE I.ii.85  If I should pay your worship those again,
CE I.ii.86  Perchance you will not bear them patiently.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

CE I.ii.87  Thy mistress' marks? What mistress, slave, hast thou?

DROMIO OF EPHESUS

CE I.ii.88  Your worship's wife, my mistress at the Phoenix;
CE I.ii.89  She that doth fast till you come home to dinner,
CE I.ii.90  And prays that you will hie you home to dinner.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

CE I.ii.91  What, wilt thou flout me thus unto my face,
Being forbid? There, take you that, sir knave.

He beats Dromio

DROMIO OF EPHESUS

What mean you, sir? For God's sake hold your hands.

Nay, an you will not, sir, I'll take my heels.

Exit

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

Upon my life, by some device or other

The villain is o'er-raught of all my money.

They say this town is full of cozenage,

As nimble jugglers that deceive the eye,

Dark-working sorcerers that change the mind,

Soul-killing witches that deform the body,

Disguised cheaters, prating mountebanks,

And many suchlike liberties of sin.

If it prove so, I will be gone the sooner.

I'll to the Centaur to go seek this slave.

I greatly fear my money is not safe.

Exit

Enter Adriana, wife of Antipholus of Ephesus, with

Luciana, her sister

Neither my husband nor the slave returned,

That in such haste I sent to seek his master?

Sure, Luciana, it is two o'clock.

Perhaps some merchant hath invited him,

And from the mart he's somewhere gone to dinner.

A man is master of his liberty.

They'll go or come. If so, be patient, sister.

Why should their liberty than ours be more?

Because their business still lies out o' door.

Look when I serve him so he takes it ill.

Why, headstrong liberty is lashed with woe.

There's none but asses will be bridled so.

Why, headstrong liberty is lashed with woe.

There's nothing situate under heaven's eye

But hath his bound in earth, in sea, in sky.
The beasts, the fishes, and the winged fowls,
Are their males' subjects and at their controls.
Man, more divine, the master of all these,
Lord of the wide world and wild watery seas,
Indued with intellectual sense and souls,
Of more pre-eminence than fish and fowls,
Are masters to their females, and their lords.

ADRIANA
This servitude makes you to keep unwed.

LUCIANA
Not this, but troubles of the marriage-bed.

ADRIANA
But were you wedded, you would bear some sway.

LUCIANA
Ere I learn love, I'll practise to obey.

ADRIANA
How if your husband start some otherwhere?

LUCIANA
Till he come home again I would forbear.

ADRIANA
Patience unmoved! No marvel though she pause.

LUCIANA
As much or more we should ourselves complain.

ADRIANA
Here comes your man. Now is your husband nigh.

LUCIANA
Well, I will marry one day, but to try.

ADRIANA
Say, is your tardy master now at hand?

DROMIO OF EPHESUS
Nay, he's at two hands with me,
and that my two ears can witness.

ADRIANA
Say, didst thou speak with him? Knowest thou his mind?

DROMIO OF EPHESUS
I? Ay. He told his mind upon mine ear.

Beshrew his hand, I scarce could understand it.
LUCIANA
CE II.i.50  Spake he so doubtfully thou couldst not feel
CE II.i.51  his meaning?

DROMIO OF EPHESUS
CE II.i.52  Nay, he struck so plainly I could
too well feel his blows, and withal so doubtfully that I
could scarce understand them.

ADRIANA
CE II.i.55  But say, I prithee, is he coming home?
CE II.i.56  It seems he hath great care to please his wife.

DROMIO OF EPHESUS
CE II.i.57  Why, mistress, sure my master is horn-mad.

ADRIANA
CE II.i.58.1  Horn-mad, thou villain?
CE II.i.58.2  I mean not cuckold-mad,
CE II.i.59  But sure he is stark mad.
CE II.i.60  When I desired him to come home to dinner
CE II.i.61  He asked me for a thousand marks in gold.
CE II.i.62  ’Tis dinner-time,’ quoth I. ’My gold,’ quoth he.
CE II.i.63  ‘Your meat doth burn,’ quoth I; ’My gold,’ quoth he.
CE II.i.64  ’Will you come home?’ quoth I. ’My gold,’ quoth he.
CE II.i.65  ‘Where is the thousand marks I gave thee, villain?’
CE II.i.66  ’The pig,’ quoth I, ’is burned.’ ’My gold,’ quoth he.
CE II.i.67  ’My mistress, sir – ’ quoth I – ’Hang up thy mistress!
I know not thy mistress. Out on thy mistress!’

LUCIANA
CE II.i.69  Quoth who?

DROMIO OF EPHESUS
CE II.i.70  Quoth my master.
CE II.i.71  ’I know,’ quoth he, ’no house, no wife, no mistress.’
CE II.i.72  So that my errand, due unto my tongue,
CE II.i.73  I thank him, I bare home upon my shoulders;
CE II.i.74  For, in conclusion, he did beat me there.

ADRIANA
CE II.i.75  Go back again, thou slave, and fetch him home.

DROMIO OF EPHESUS
CE II.i.76  Go back again, and be new-beaten home?
CE II.i.77  For God’s sake send some other messenger.

ADRIANA
CE II.i.78  Back, slave, or I will break thy pate across.

DROMIO OF EPHESUS
CE II.i.79  And he will bless that cross with other beating,
CE II.i.80  Between you I shall have a holy head.
Hence, prating peasant, fetch thy master home.

She beats Dromio

Am I so round with you as you with me?

That like a football you do spurn me thus?

You spurn me hence, and he will spurn me hither.

Exit

Fie, how impatience loureth in your face.

His company must do his minions grace

Whilst I at home starve for a merry look.

Hath homely age the 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 marred,

Unkindness blunts it more than marble hard.

Do their gay vestments his affections bait?

That's not my fault; he's master of my state.

What ruins are in me that can be found

By him not ruined? Then is he the ground

Of my defeatures. My decayed fair

A sunny look of his would soon repair.

But, too unruly deer, he breaks the pale

And feeds from home. Poor I am but his stale.

Self-harming jealousy! Fie, beat it hence.

Unfeeling fools can with such wrongs dispense.

i know his eye doth homage otherwhere,

Or else what lets it but he would be here?

Sister, you know he promised me a chain.

Would that alone a love he would detain

So he would keep fair quarter with his bed.

I see the jewel best enamelled

Will lose his beauty. Yet the gold bides still

That others touch; and often touching will

Wear gold, and no man that hath a name

But falsehood and corruption doth it shame.

Since that my beauty cannot please his eye, I'll weep what's left away, and weeping die.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Line</th>
<th>Text</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>CE II.ii.1</td>
<td><strong>ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE</strong>&lt;br&gt;The gold I gave to Dromio is laid up&lt;br&gt;Safe at the Centaur, and the heedful slave&lt;br&gt;Is wandered forth in care to seek me out&lt;br&gt;By computation and mine host's report.&lt;br&gt;I could not speak with Dromio since at first&lt;br&gt;I sent him from the mart. See, here he comes.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CE II.ii.7</td>
<td><strong>DROMIO OF SYRACUSE</strong>&lt;br&gt;How now, sir. Is your merry humour altered?&lt;br&gt;As you love strokes, so jest with me again.&lt;br&gt;You know no Centaur. You received no gold.&lt;br&gt;Your mistress sent to have me home to dinner?&lt;br&gt;My house was at the Phoenix. Wast thou mad&lt;br&gt;That thus so madly thou didst answer me?</td>
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<td>CE II.ii.22</td>
<td><strong>ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE</strong>&lt;br&gt;Yea, dost thou jeer and flout me in the teeth? &lt;br&gt;Thinkest thou I jest? Hold, take thou that, and that. &lt;br&gt;It beats Dromio</td>
</tr>
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<td>CE II.ii.24</td>
<td><strong>DROMIO OF SYRACUSE</strong>&lt;br&gt;Hold, sir, for God's sake; now your jest is earnest.&lt;br&gt;Upon what bargain do you give it me?</td>
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<tr>
<td>CE II.ii.26</td>
<td><strong>ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE</strong>&lt;br&gt;Because that I familiarly sometimes&lt;br&gt;Do use you for my fool, and chat with you,&lt;br&gt;Your sauciness will jest upon my love,&lt;br&gt;And make a common of my serious hours.</td>
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<td>CE II.ii.30</td>
<td>When the sun shines let foolish gnats make sport,&lt;br&gt;But creep in crannies when he hides his beams. &lt;br&gt;And fashion your demeanour to my looks,&lt;br&gt;Or I will beat this method in your sconce.</td>
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<td>CE II.ii.13</td>
<td>What answer, sir? When spake I such a word?</td>
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<tr>
<td>CE II.ii.15</td>
<td>I did not see you since you sent me hence&lt;br&gt;Home to the Centaur with the gold you gave me.</td>
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<tr>
<td>CE II.ii.17</td>
<td>Villain, thou didst deny the gold's receipt,&lt;br&gt;And told me of a mistress and a dinner,&lt;br&gt;For which I hope thou felttest I was displeased.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CE II.ii.20</td>
<td>I am glad to see you in this merry vein.&lt;br&gt;What means this jest, I pray you, master, tell me?</td>
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<td>CE II.ii.21</td>
<td><strong>ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE</strong>&lt;br&gt;Even now, even here, not half an hour since.</td>
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DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

CE II.ii.35  'Sconce' call you it? So you would leave battering I had rather have it a head. An you would leave these blows long I must get a sconce for my head, and ensconce it too, or else I shall seek my wit in my shoulders. But I pray, sir, why am I beaten?

sconce (n.) 2 shelter, screen, guard
ensconce, insconce (v.) 1 protect, conceal, shelter
wit (n.) 5 mind, brain, thoughts

CE II.ii.36

CE II.ii.37

CE II.ii.38

CE II.ii.39

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

CE II.ii.40  Dost thou not know?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

CE II.ii.41  Nothing, sir, but that I am beaten.

CE II.ii.42

CE II.ii.43

CE II.ii.44  Ay, sir, and wherefore; for they say every why hath a wherefore.

CE II.ii.45

CE II.ii.46  Why, first: for flouting me; and then wherefore: for urging it the second time to me.

flout (v.) insult, abuse, mock
urge (v.) 6 provoke, incite, impel

CE II.ii.47

CE II.ii.48  Was there ever any man thus beaten out of season, when in the why and the wherefore is neither rhyme nor reason?

season, out of (adj./adv.) 2 inopportune, inappropriately, inconveniently

CE II.ii.49

CE II.ii.50  Well, sir, I thank you.

CE II.ii.51

CE II.ii.52  Marry, sir, for this something that you gave me for nothing.

CE II.ii.53

CE II.ii.54  I'll make you amends next, to give you nothing for something. But say, sir, is it dinner-time?

CE II.ii.55

CE II.ii.56

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

CE II.ii.57  No, sir. I think the meat wants that I have.

CE II.ii.58

CE II.ii.59  In good time, sir. What's that?

CE II.ii.60

CE II.ii.61  Basting.

CE II.ii.62  Well, sir, then 'twill be dry

CE II.ii.63

CE II.ii.64  If it be, sir, I pray you eat none of it.

CE II.ii.65
ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE
Your reason?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE
Lest it make you choleric, and
purchase me another dry basting.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE
Well, sir, learn to jest in
good time. There's a time for all things.

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE
I durst have denied that before
you were so choleric.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE
By what rule, sir?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE
Marry, sir, by a rule as plain as
the plain bald pate of Father Time himself.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE
Let's hear it.

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE
There's no time for a man to
recover his hair that grows bald by nature.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE
May he not do it by fine
and recovery?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE
Yes, to pay a fine for a periwig,
and recover the lost hair of another man.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE
Why is Time such a
niggard of hair, being, as it is, so plentiful an excrement?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE
Because it is a blessing that he
bestows on beasts, and what he hath scanted men in
hair he hath given them in wit.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE
Why, but there's many a
man hath more hair than wit.

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE
Not a man of those but he hath
the wit to lose his hair.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE
Why, thou didst conclude
hairy men plain dealers, without wit.
DROMIO OF SYRACUSE
The plainer dealer, the sooner lost. Yet he loseth it in a kind of jollity.

jollity (n.) sexual pleasure, carnal enjoyment

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE
For what reason?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE
For two, and sound ones, too.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE
Nay, not sound, I pray you.

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE
Sure ones, then.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE
Nay, not sure in a thing falsing.

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE
Certain ones, then.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE
Name them.

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE
The one, to save the money that he spends in tiring. The other, that at dinner they should not drop in his porridge.

tiring (n.) hair-dressing
porridge (n.) meat and vegetable stew or broth [reputed to produce strength]

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE
You would all this time have proved there is no time for all things.

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE
Marry, and did, sir; namely, e'en no time to recover hair lost by nature.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE
But your reason was not substantial, why there is no time to recover.

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE
Thus I mend it: Time himself followers.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE
I knew 'twould be a bald conclusion. But, soft – who wafts us yonder?

bald (adj.) trivial, foolish, witless
waft (v.) beckon, wave [at], signal

Enter Adriana and Luciana

ADRIANA
Ay, ay, Antipholus, look strange and frown.

aspect (n.) [of a human face] look, appearance, expression

Some other mistress hath thy sweet aspects.

I am not Adriana, nor thy wife.

The time was once when thou unurged wouldst vow that never words were music to thine ear,
CE II.ii.124 That never object pleasing in thine eye,
CE II.ii.125 That never touch well welcome to thy hand,
CE II.ii.126 That never meat sweet-savoured in thy taste,
CE II.ii.127 Unless I spake, or looked, or touched, or carved to thee.
CE II.ii.128 How comes it now, my husband, O how comes it,
CE II.ii.129 That thou art then estranged from thyself?
CE II.ii.130 Thyself I call it, being strange to me
CE II.ii.131 That, undividable, incorporate,
CE II.ii.132 Am better than thy dear self's better part.
CE II.ii.133 Ah, do not tear away thyself from me;
CE II.ii.134 For know, my love, as easy mayst thou fall
CE II.ii.135 A drop of water in the breaking gulf,
CE II.ii.136 And take unmingled thence that drop again
CE II.ii.137 Without addition or diminishing,
CE II.ii.138 As take from me thyself, and not me too.
CE II.ii.139 How dearly would it touch me to the quick
CE II.ii.140 Shouldst thou but hear I were licentious,
CE II.ii.141 And that this body consecrate to thee
CE II.ii.142 By ruffian lust should be contaminate?
CE II.ii.143 Wouldst thou not spit at me, and spurn at me,
CE II.ii.144 And hurl the name of husband in my face,
CE II.ii.145 And tear the stained skin off my harlot brow,
CE II.ii.146 And from my false hand cut the wedding ring,
CE II.ii.147 And break it with a deep-divorcing vow?
CE II.ii.148 I know thou canst, and therefore see thou do it!
CE II.ii.149 My blood is mingled with the crime of lust;
CE II.ii.150 For if we two be one, and thou play false,
CE II.ii.151 I do digest the poison of thy flesh,
CE II.ii.152 Being strumpeted by thy contagion.
CE II.ii.153 Keep then fair league and truce with thy true bed,
CE II.ii.154 I live unstained, thou undishonoured.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE
Plead you to me, fair dame? I know you not.
In Ephesus I am but two hours old,
As strange unto your town as to your talk,
Who, every word by all my wit being scanned,
Wants wit in all one word to understand.

LUCIANA
Fie, brother, how the world is changed with you.
When were you wont to use my sister thus?
She sent for you by Dromio home to dinner.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE
By Dromio?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE
By me?

ADRIANA
By thee; and this thou didst return from him:
That he did buffet thee, and in his blows
Denied my house for his, me for his wife.

**ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE**

Did you converse, sir, with this gentlewoman?

What is the course and drift of your compact?

**DROMIO OF SYRACUSE**

I, sir? I never saw her till this time.

**ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE**

I never spake with her in all my life.

**DROMIO OF SYRACUSE**

Villain, thou liest; for even her very words

Didst thou deliver to me on the mart.

**DROMIO OF SYRACUSE**

I never spake with her in all my life.

**ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE**

How can she thus then call us by our names? –

Unless it be by inspiration.

**ADRIANA**

How ill agrees it with your gravity

To counterfeit thus grossly with your slave,

Abetting him to thwart me in my mood.

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.

Whose weakness, married to thy stronger state,

Makes me with thy strength to communicate.

If aught possess thee from me, it is dross,

Usurping ivy, brier, or idle moss,

Who, all for want of pruning, with intrusion

Inflect thy sap, and live on thy confusion.

**ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE**

(aside)

To me she speaks; she moves me for her theme.

What, was I married to her in my dream?

Or sleep I now, and think I hear all this?

What error drives our eyes and ears amiss?

Until I know this sure uncertainty,

I'll entertain the offered fallacy.

**LUCIANA**

Dromio, go bid the servants spread for dinner.

**DROMIO OF SYRACUSE**

(aside)

move (v.) 4 appeal to, urge, exhort
theme (n.) 1 subject, subject-matter, topic of discourse
CE II.197 O for my beads! I cross me for a sinner.

CE II.198 This is the fairy land. O spite of spites,

CE II.199 We talk with goblins, owls, and sprites.

CE II.200 If we obey them not, this will ensue:

CE II.201 They'll suck our breath, or pinch us black and blue.

LUCIANA

CE II.202 Why pratest thou to thyself, and answerest not?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

CE II.204 I am transformed, master, am not I?

CE II.205 I think thou art in mind, and so am I.

CE II.206 Nay, master, both in mind and in my shape.

CE II.207 Thou hast thine own form.

CE II.208 No, I am an ape.

LUCIANA

CE II.209 If thou art changed to aught, 'tis to an ass.

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

CE II.210 'Tis true, she rides me, and I long for grass.

CE II.211 'Tis so, I am an ass; else it could never be

CE II.212 But I should know her as well as she knows me.

ADRIANA

CE II.213 Come, come, no longer will I be a fool,

CE II.214 To put the finger in the eye and weep

CE II.215 Whilst man and master laughs my woes to scorn.

CE II.216 Come, sir, to dinner. – Dromio, keep the gate. –

CE II.217 Husband, I'll dine above with you today,

CE II.218 And shrive you of a thousand idle pranks. –

CE II.219 Sirrah, if any ask you for your master,

CE II.220 Say he dines forth, and let no creature enter. –

CE II.221 Come, sister. – Dromio, play the porter well.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

(aside)

CE II.222 Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell?

CE II.223 Sleeping or waking? mad or well advised?

CE II.224 Known unto these, and to myself disguised!

CE II.225 I'll say as they say and persever so,

CE II.226 And in this mist at all adventures go.

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

CE II.227 Master, shall I be porter at the gate?

ADRIANA

CE II.228 Ay, and let none enter, lest I break your pate.
Come, come, Antipholus, we dine too late.

Exeunt

Enter Antipholus of Ephesus, his man Dromio, Angelo the goldsmith, and Balthasar the merchant

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS

Good Signior Angelo, you must excuse us all. My wife is shrewish when I keep not hours. Say that I lingered with you at your shop. To see the making of her carcanet, And that tomorrow you will bring it home. But here's a villain that would face me down. He met me on the mart, and that I beat him, And charged him with a thousand marks in gold, Say that I lingered with you at your shop To see the making of her carcanet, And that tomorrow you will bring it home. But here's a villain that would face me down. He met me on the mart, and that I beat him, And charged 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?

DROMIO OF EPHESUS

Say what you will, sir, but I know what I know: That you beat me at the mart I have your hand to show.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS

I think thou art an ass.

DROMIO OF EPHESUS

Marry, so it doth appear By the wrongs I suffer, and the blows I bear. I should kick, being kicked, and, being at that pass, You would keep from my heels, and beware of an ass.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS

You're sad, Signor Balthasar. Pray God our cheer May answer my good will, and your good welcome here.

BALTHASAR

I hold your dainties cheap, sir, and your welcome dear.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS

O, Signor Balthasar, either at flesh or fish A table full of welcome makes scarce one dainty dish.

BALTHASAR

Good meat, sir, is common. That every churl affords.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS

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

BALTHASAR

Small cheer and great welcome makes a merry feast.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS

Ay, to a niggardly host and more sparing guest. But though my cates be mean, take them in good part. Better cheer may you have, but not with better heart. But soft, my door is locked. Go bid them let us in.
Maud, Bridget, Marian, Cicely, Gillian, Ginn!

Mome, malthorse, capon, coxcomb, idiot, patch,
capon (n.) 2 castrated cockerel; so: fool, dolt [as term of abuse]
coxcomb (n.) 2 fool's head, fool, simpleton
malthorse, malt-horse (n./adj.) heavy brewer's horse; so: drudge, idiot
mome (n.) blockhead, fool, dolt
patch (n.) fool, clown; rogue, knave
hatch (n.) 2 lower part of a door, half-door, gate
conjure (v.) 1 ask solemnly, entreat earnestly, beseech
conjure (v.) 4 engage in magic, cast spells, invoke supernatural aid
store (n.) 1 abundance, plenty, surplus, quantity
wench (n.) girl, lass

Either get thee from the door or sit down at the hatch.
hatch (n.) 2 lower part of a door, half-door, gate

Dost thou conjure for wenches, that thou callest for such store,
conjure (v.) 1 ask solemnly, entreat earnestly, beseech
conjure (v.) 4 engage in magic, cast spells, invoke supernatural aid
store (n.) 1 abundance, plenty, surplus, quantity
wench (n.) girl, lass

When one is one too many? Go, get thee from the door.

What patch is made our porter? – My master stays in the street.
patch (n.) fool, clown; rogue, knave
stay (v.) 1 wait (for), await

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

Who talks within, there? Hoa, open the door.

Right, sir, I'll tell you when an you'll tell me wherefore.

Wherefore? For my dinner. I have not dined today.

Nor today here you must not. Come again when you may.

What art thou that keepest me out from the house I owe?

The porter for this time, sir, and my name is Dromio.

Enter Luce

coil (n.) turmoil, disturbance, fuss

What a coil is there, Dromio! Who are those at the gate?

Let my master in, Luce.
Faith, no, he comes too late; And so tell your master.

O Lord, I must laugh.

Have at you with a proverb: shall I set in my staff? staff, set in one's make oneself at home, take up abode

Have at you with another. That's 'When? Can you tell?'

If thy name be called Luce, Luce, thou hast answered him well.

Do you hear, you minion? You'll let us in, I trow

I thought to have asked you.

And you said no.

So, come – help. Well struck! There was blow for blow.

Thou baggage, let me in.

Can you tell for whose sake?

Master, knock the door hard.

Let him knock till it ache.

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

What needs all that, and a pair of stocks in the town?

Keep (v.) 4 keep up, maintain, carry on

Enter Adriana

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

By my troth, your town is troubled with unruly boys.

Are you there, wife? You might have come before.

Your wife, sir knave? Go get you from the door.

knave (n.) 1 scoundrel, rascal, rogue

keep (v.) 4 keep up, maintain, carry on

minion (n.) 2 hussy, jade, minx

trow (v.) 4 hope, trust, suppose

boy (n.) 1 fellow, rogue, wretch
DROMIO OF EPHESUS
CE III.i.65
If you went in pain, master, this knave would go sore.

ANGELO
CE III.i.66
Here is neither cheer, sir, nor welcome. We would fain have either.

cheer (n.) 1 entertainment, fare, food and drink
fain (adv.) gladly, willingly

BALTHASAR
CE III.i.67
In debating which was best, we shall part with neither.

part (v.) 1 depart [from], leave, quit

DROMIO OF EPHESUS
CE III.i.68
They stand at the door, master. Bid them welcome hither.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS
CE III.i.69
There is something in the wind, that we cannot get in.

DROMIO OF EPHESUS
CE III.i.70
You would say so, master, if your garments were thin.

thin (adj.) 1 flimsy, threadbare, insufficient

CE III.i.71
Your cake here is warm within. You stand here in the cold.

buy and sell, past form bought and sold betray,
exploit, treat treacherously

DROMIO OF EPHESUS
CE III.i.72
It would make a man mad as a buck to be so bought and sold.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS
CE III.i.73
Go fetch me something. I'll break ope the gate.

ope (adj.) open

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE
CE III.i.74
(within)
Break any breaking here, and I'll break your knave's pate.

knave (n.) 1 scoundrel, rascal, rogue

DROMIO OF EPHESUS
CE III.i.75
A man may break a word with you, sir, and words are but wind;

break (v.) 1 speak, exchange

CE III.i.76
Ay, and break it in your face, so he break it not behind.

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE
CE III.i.77
(within)

CE III.i.77
It seems thou wantest breaking. Out upon thee, hind!

hind (n.) 1 boor, fellow, rustic, peasant
want (v.) 4 require, demand, need

DROMIO OF EPHESUS
CE III.i.78
Here's too much ' Out upon thee.' I pray thee, let me in.

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE
CE III.i.79
(within)

CE III.i.79
Ay, when fowls have no feathers, and fish have no fin.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS
CE III.i.80
Well, I'll break in. Go borrow me a crow.

crow (n.) 1 crowbar

DROMIO OF EPHESUS
CE III.i.81
A crow without feather, master – mean you so?

DROMIO OF EPHESUS
CE III.i.82
For a fish without a fin, there's a fowl without a feather. –

DROMIO OF EPHESUS
CE III.i.83
If a crow help us in, sirrah, we'll pluck a crow together.

crow, pluck a settle the quarrel, clear up the matter

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS
CE III.i.84
Go, get thee gone. Fetch me an iron crow.

crow (n.) 1 crowbar

BALTHASAR
CE III.i.85
Have patience, sir. O, let it not be so.

CE III.i.86
Herein you war against your reputation,

compass (n.) 1 range, reach, limit, scope

CE III.i.87
And draw within the compass of suspect

CE III.i.88
The unviolated honour of your wife.
Once this: your long experience of her wisdom,
Her sober virtue, years, and modesty,
Plead on her 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 ruled by me. Depart in patience,
And let us to the Tiger all to dinner,
And about evening come yourself 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 rout
Against your yet ungalled estimation
That may with foul intrusion enter in
And dwell upon your grave when you are dead.
For slander lives upon succession,
And ever housed where it gets possession.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS
You have prevailed. I will depart in quiet,
And in despite of mirth mean to be merry.
I know a wench of excellent discourse,
Pretty and witty; wild, and yet, too, gentle.
Hath oftentimes upbraided me withal.
To her will we to dinner.

ANTEPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE
Do so. – This jest shall cost me some expense.

Exeunt

LUCIANA

And may it be that you have quite forgot
A husband's office? Shall, Antipholus,
Even in the spring of love thy love-springs rot?
Shall love in building grow so ruinous?
If you did wed my sister for her wealth,
Then for her wealth's sake use her with more kindness;
Or if you like elsewhere, do it by stealth –
Muffle your false love with some show of blindness.
muffle (v.) hide, conceal, camouflage

orator (n.) advocate, spokesman, champion

become (v.) 3 put a good front on, give a pleasing appearance to

apparel (v.) 1 clothe, dress up, trick out

harbinger (n.) forerunner, herald, precursor
taint (v.) 1 sully, infect, stain

carriage (n.) 1 bearing, demeanour, manner of behaviour

secret-false (adj.) secretly disloyal, covertly inconstant

attain (n.) 1 disgrace, dishonour, corruption

simple (adj.) 2 foolish, silly, stupid

truant (v.) play truant, be unfaithful

board (n.) 1 table, mealtimes

bastard (adj.) 1 illegitimate, spurious, unauthorized

fame (n.) 1 reputation, renown, character

ill (adj.) 2 evil, wicked, immoral

compact (adj.) 2 made up, composed

credit (n.) 2 trust, faith, belief

sport (n.) 1 recreation, amusement, entertainment

vain (n.) deceptive, false, idle [in using words]

else (adv.) 1 otherwise

wonder (n.) 5 special power, miraculous quality

conceit (n.) 3 understanding, intelligence, apprehension

earthy (adj.) 4 coarse, unrefined, gross

gross (adj.) 9 dull, obtuse, ignorant

folded (adj.) hidden, veiled, concealed

power (n.) 7 control, influence, sway

decline (v.) 1 incline, lean, bend

mermaid (n.) siren

note (n.) 1 melody, tune, music, song

train (v.) 1 lure, entice, decoy

supposition (n.) 1 notion, opinion, belief

reason (v.) 1 talk, speak, converse
ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE
CE III.ii.54 Not mad, but mated. How I do not know. mated (adj.) bewildered, confused

LUCIANA
CE III.ii.55 It is a fault that springeth from your eye.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE
CE III.ii.56 For gazing on your beams, fair sun, being by.

LUCIANA
CE III.ii.57 Gaze where you should, and that will clear your sight.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE
CE III.ii.58 As good to wink, sweet love, as look on night. wink (v.) 1 shut one's eyes

LUCIANA
CE III.ii.59 Why call you me 'love'? Call my sister so.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE
CE III.ii.60.1 Thy sister's sister.
CE III.ii.60.2 That's my sister.

LUCIANA
CE III.ii.60.3 No,
CE III.ii.61 It is thyself, mine own self's better part,
CE III.ii.62 Mine eye's clear eye, my dear heart's dearer heart,
CE III.ii.63 My food, my fortune, and my sweet hope's aim,
CE III.ii.64 My sole earth's heaven, and my heaven's claim.

LUCIANA
CE III.ii.65 All this my sister is, or else should be.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE
CE III.ii.66 Call thyself sister, sweet, for I am thee.
CE III.ii.67 Thee will I love, and with thee lead my life.
CE III.ii.68 Thou hast no husband yet, nor I no wife.
CE III.ii.69.1 Give me thy hand. still (adj.) 1 silent, quiet

LUCIANA
CE III.ii.69.2 O, soft, sir, hold you still.
CE III.ii.70 I'll fetch my sister to get her good will.
CE III.ii.71 Exit
Enter Dromio of Syracuse

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE
CE III.ii.71 Why, how now, Dromio.
CE III.ii.72 Where runnest thou so fast?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE
CE III.ii.73 Do you know me, sir? Am I Dromio? Am I your man? Am I myself?

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE
CE III.ii.75 Thou art, Dromio. Thou art my man, thou art thyself.

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE
CE III.ii.77 I am an ass, I am a woman's man, and besides myself.
ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE
CE III.i.79 What woman's man? And
CE III.i.80 how besides thyself?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE
CE III.i.81 Marry, sir, besides myself I am
CE III.i.82 due to a woman. One that claims me, one that haunts
CE III.i.83 me, one that will have me.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE
CE III.i.84 What claim lays she to thee?
CE III.i.85

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE
CE III.i.86 Marry, sir, such claim as you
CE III.i.87 would lay to your horse; and she would have me as a
CE III.i.88 beast – not that, I being a beast, she would have me,
CE III.i.89 but that she, being a very beastly creature, lays claim
CE III.i.90 to me.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE
CE III.i.91 What is she?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE
CE III.i.92 A very reverent body – ay, such
CE III.i.93 a one as a man may not speak of without he say 'sir-reverence.'
CE III.i.94 I have but lean luck in the match, and yet
CE III.i.95 is she a wondrous fat marriage.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE
CE III.i.96 How dost thou mean, a fat
CE III.i.97 marriage?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE
CE III.i.98 Marry, sir, she's the kitchen
CE III.i.99 wench, and all grease; and I know not what use to put
CE III.i.100 her to but to make a lamp of her and run from her by
CE III.i.101 her own light. I warrant her rags and the tallow in
CE III.i.102 them will burn a Poland winter. If she lives till doomsday
CE III.i.103 she'll burn a week longer than the whole world.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE
CE III.i.104 What complexion is she
CE III.i.105 of?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE
CE III.i.106 Swart like my shoe, but her face
CE III.i.107 nothing like so clean kept. For why? She sweats a man
CE III.i.108 may go overshoes in the grime of it.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE
CE III.i.109 That's a fault that water
CE III.i.110 will mend.

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE
CE III.i.111 No, sir, 'tis in grain. Noah's
CE III.i.112 flood could not do it.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE
What's her name?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

Nell, sir; but her name and three quarters – that's an ell and three quarters – will not measure her from hip to hip.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

Then she bears some breadth?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

No longer from head to foot than from hip to hip. She is spherical, like a globe. I could find out countries in her.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

In what part of her body stands Ireland?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

Marry, sir, in her buttocks. I found it out by the bogs.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

Where Scotland?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

I found it by the barrenness, hard in the palm of the hand.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

Where France?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

In her forehead, armed and reverted, making war against her heir.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

Where England?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

I looked for the chalky cliffs, but I could find no whiteness in them. But I guess it stood in her chin, by the salt rheum that ran between France and it.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

Where Spain?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

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

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

Where America, the Indies?
embellished with rubies, carbuncles, sapphires, declining
carbuncle (n.) 1 fiery red precious stone
decline (v.) 1 incline, lean, bend
aspect (n.) 2 [of objects] sight, appearance
armado (n.) armada, fleet, navy
carrack, carack (n.) galley, large merchant ship, also fitted out for war

CE III.ii.143 their rich aspect to the hot breath of Spain, who
declined whole armadoes of carracks to be ballast at her nose.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE
CE III.ii.145 Where stood Belgia, the
CE III.ii.146 Netherlands?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE
CE III.ii.147 O, sir, I did not look so low.
CE III.ii.148 To conclude, this drudge, or diviner laid claim to me,
CE III.ii.149 called me Dromio, swore I was assured to her, told me
CE III.ii.150 what privy marks I had about me, as the mark of my
CE III.ii.151 shoulder, the mole in my neck, the great wart on my
CE III.ii.152 left arm, that I, amazed, ran from her as a witch.
CE III.ii.153 And I think if my breast had not been made of faith, and my heart of steel,
CE III.ii.154 She had transformed me to a curtal dog, and made me turn 't the wheel.

curtal (adj.) with a docked tail; common, household
turn (v.) 8 spin round, whirl about, go round and round

CE III.ii.155 Go hie thee presently. Post to the road.

CE III.ii.156 An if the wind blow any way from shore
CE III.ii.157 I will not harbour in this town tonight.
CE III.ii.158 If any bark put forth, come to the mart,
CE III.ii.159 Where I will walk till thou return to me.
CE III.ii.160 If everyone knows us, and we know none,
CE III.ii.161 'Tis time, I think, to trudge, pack, and be gone.

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE
CE III.ii.162 As from a bear a man would run for life,
CE III.ii.163 So fly I from her that would be my wife.
CE III.ii.164 Exit

ANGELO
CE III.ii.173.1 Master Antipholus.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE
CE III.ii.173.2 Ay, that's my name.

CE III.ii.174
I know it well, sir. Lo, here's the chain.

CE III.ii.175 I thought to have ta'en you at the Porpentine.
CE III.ii.176 The chain unfinished made me stay thus long.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

CE III.ii.177 What is your will that I shall do with this?

ANGELO

CE III.ii.178 What please yourself, sir. I have made it for you.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

CE III.ii.179 Made it for me, sir! I bespake it not.

ANGELO

CE III.ii.180 Not once, nor twice, but twenty times you have.
CE III.ii.181 Go home with it, and please your wife withal,
CE III.ii.182 And soon at supper-time I'll visit you,
CE III.ii.183 And then receive my money for the chain.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

CE III.ii.184 I pray you, sir, receive the money now,
CE III.ii.185 For fear you ne'er see chain nor money more.

ANGELO

CE III.ii.186 You are a merry man, sir. Fare you well.

CE III.ii.186 Exit

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

CE III.ii.187 What should I think of this I cannot tell.
CE III.ii.188 But this I think: there's no man is so vain
CE III.ii.189 That would refuse so fair an offered chain.
CE III.ii.190 I see a man here needs not live by shifts,
CE III.ii.191 When in the streets he meets such golden gifts.
CE III.ii.192 I'll to the mart, and there for Dromio stay;
CE III.ii.193 If any ship put out, then straight away!

Exit

CE I.i.1.1 Enter Second Merchant, Angelo the goldsmith, and
CE I.i.1.2 an Officer

SECOND MERCHANT

CE IV.i.1 You know since Pentecost the sum is due,
CE IV.i.2 And since I have not much importuned you;
CE IV.i.3 Nor now I had not, but that I am bound
CE IV.i.4 To Persia, and want guilders for my voyage.
CE IV.i.5 Therefore make present satisfaction,
CE IV.i.6 Or I'll attach you by this officer.

ANGELO

CE IV.i.7 Even just the sum that I do owe to you
CE IV.i.8 Is growing to me by Antipholus,
CE IV.i.9 And in the instant that I met with you
CE IV.i.10 He had of me a chain. At five o'clock
CE IV.i.11 I shall receive the money for the same.
CE IV.i.12 Plesaeth you walk with me down to his house,
CE IV.i.13 I will discharge my bond, and thank you, too.

Enter Antipholus of Ephesus and Dromio of Ephesus, from the Courtesan's

OFFICER

CE IV.i.14.1 Enter Antipholus of Ephesus and Dromio of Ephesus,

http://www.shakespeareswords.com/Print-Play.aspx?IdPlay=1...
That labour may you save. See where he comes.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS

While I go to the goldsmith's house, go thou
And buy a rope's end; that will I bestow
Among my wife and her 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.

DROMIO OF EPHESUS

I buy a thousand pound a year, I buy a rope.
Exit

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS

A man is well holp 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 chained together, and therefore came not.

ANGELO

Saving your merry humour, here's the note
How much your chain weighs to the utmost carat,
The fineness of the gold, and chargeful fashion,
Which doth amount to three odd ducats more
Than I stand debted to this gentleman.
I pray you see him presently discharged,
For he is bound to sea, and stays but for it.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS

I am not furnished with the present money;
Besides, I have some business in the town.
Good signor, take the stranger to my house.
And with you take the chain, and bid my wife
Disburse the sum on the receipt thereof.
Perchance I will be there as soon as you.

ANGEL0

Then you will bring the chain to her yourself.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS

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

ANGEL0

Well, sir, I will. Have you the chain about you?

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS

An if I have not, sir, I hope you have;
Or else you may return without your money.

ANGEL0

Nay, come, I pray you, sir, give me the chain.
Both wind and tide stays for this gentleman,
And I, too blame, have held him here too long.
CE IV.i.48  Good Lord! You use this dalliance to excuse
dalliance (n.) 2 idle talk, fooling about, waste of time
CE IV.i.49  Your breach of promise to the Porpentine.
chide (v.), past form chid 1 scold, rebuke, reprove
CE IV.i.50  I should have chid you for not bringing it,
shrew (n.) vexatious person, troublesome individual
CE IV.i.51  But like a shrew you first begin to brawl.
[of either sex]

SECOND MERCHANT
CE IV.i.52  The hour steals on. I pray you, sir, dispatch.
dispatch, despatch (v.) 4 hurry up, be quick

ANGELO
CE IV.i.53  You hear how he importunes me. The chain!
importune (v.) 1 urge, press

CE IV.i.54  Why, give it to my wife, and fetch your money.

CE IV.i.55  Come, come. You know I gave it you even now.
token (n.) 1 sign, evidence, mark
CE IV.i.56  Either send the chain, or send me by some token.

ANTEPHOLUS OF EPHESUS
CE IV.i.57  Fie, now you run this humour out of breath.
breath (n.) 6 easy breathing, power to breathe
CE IV.i.58  Come, where's the chain? I pray you let me see it.

CE IV.i.59  My business cannot brook this dalliance.
dalliance (n.) 2 idle talk, fooling about, waste of time
CE IV.i.60  Good sir, say whe'er you'll answer me or no.
answer (v.) 7 pay, repay, requite
CE IV.i.61  If not, I'll leave him to the officer.

CE IV.i.62  I answer you? What should I answer you?

ANGELO
CE IV.i.63  The money that you owe me for the chain.

CE IV.i.64  I owe you none till I receive the chain.

ANGELO
CE IV.i.65  You know I gave it you half an hour since.

CE IV.i.66  You gave me none. You wrong me much to say so.

ANGELO
CE IV.i.67  You wrong me more, sir, in denying it.

CE IV.i.68  Consider how it stands upon my credit.
stand upon (v.) 3 concern, be of importance to

SECOND MERCHANT
CE IV.i.69  Well, officer, arrest him at my suit.
suit (n.) 1 formal request, entreaty, petition

OFFICER
CE IV.i.70  I do,
CE IV.i.71  And charge you in the Duke's name to obey me.

ANGELO
CE IV.i.72  This touches me in reputation.
touch (v.) 9 stain, taint, infect
CE IV.i.73  Either consent to pay this sum for me,
attach (v.) 1 arrest, seize, apprehend
CE IV.i.74  Or I attach you by this officer.

ANTEPHOLUS OF EPHESUS
Consent to pay thee that I never had?

Arrest me, foolish fellow, if thou darest.

Here is thy fee – arrest him, officer.

I would not spare my brother in this case if he should scorn me so apparently.

I do arrest you, sir. You hear the suit.

Sir, sir, I shall have law in Ephesus, to your notorious shame, I doubt it not.

Enter Dromio of Syracuse, from the bay

Master, there's a bark of Epidamnum that stays but till her owner comes aboard, and then she bears away. Our fraughtage, sir, I have conveyed aboard, and I have bought the oil, the balsamum, and aqua-vitae.

The ship is in her trim; the merry wind blows fair from land. They stay for naught at all but for their owner, master, and yourself.


What ship of Epidamnum stays for me?

A ship you sent me to, to hire waftage.

Thou drunken slave, I sent thee for a rope, and told thee to what purpose, and what end.

You sent me for a rope's end as soon. You sent me to the bay, sir, for a bark.

I will debate this matter at more leisure, and teach your ears to list me with more heed.

To Adriana, villain, hie thee straight.

Give her this key, and tell her in the desk that's covered o'er with Turkish tapestry there is a purse of ducats. Let her send it.

Tell her I am arrested in the street, and that shall bail me. Hie thee, slave. Be gone. On, officer; to prison, till it come.

Exeunt all but Dromio of Syracuse
DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

To Adriana. That is where we dined,

Where Dowsabel did claim me for her husband.

She is too big, I hope, for me to compass.

Thither I must, although against my will;

For servants must their masters' minds fulfill.

Exit

Enter Adriana and Luciana

ADRIANA

Ah, Luciana, did he tempt thee so?

Mightst thou perceive austerely in his eye

That he did plead in earnest, yea or no?

Looked he or red or pale, or sad or merrily?

What observation madest thou in this case

Of his heart's meteors tilting in his face?

LUCIANA

First, he denied you had in him no right.

He meant he did me none, the more my spite.

Then swore he that he was a stranger here.

And true he swore, though yet forsworn he were.

Then pleaded I for you.

And what said he?

That love I begged for you, he begged of me.

With what persuasion did he tempt thy love?

With words that in an honest suit might move.

First he did praise my beauty, then my speech.

Didst speak him fair?

Have patience, I beseech.

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-faced, worse-bodied, shapeless everywhere;

Vicious, ungentle, foolish, blunt, unkind,

Stigmatical in making, worse in mind.

Dowsabel (n.) sweetheart, lady-love

compass (v.) 6 embrace, enfold

austerely (adv.) seriously, sternly, severely

sad (adj.) 3 downcast, distressed, mournful, gloomy

tilt (v.) joust, fight [with lances], thrust

spite (n.) 1 annoyance, vexation, irritation

stranger (n.) foreigner, alien, outsider

forswear (v), past forms forsworn, forswore 1 swear falsely, perjure [oneself], break one's word

suit (n.) 2 wooing, courtship

fair (adv.) 1 kindly, encouragingly, courteously

still (adj.) 1 silent, quiet

sere (adj.) dried up, withered, parched

shapeless (adj.) 1 unshapely, ugly, unsightly

ungentle (adj.) 4 unchivalrous, ungentlemanly

making (n.) physical appearance, bodily form, build

stigmatical (adj.) deformed, disfigured, ugly
LUCIANA

CE IV.ii.23 Who would be jealous, then, of such a one?
CE IV.ii.24 No evil lost is wailed when it is gone.

ADRIANA

CE IV.ii.25 Ah, but I think him better than I say,
CE IV.ii.26 And yet would herein others' eyes were worse.
CE IV.ii.27 Far from her nest the lapwing cries away.
CE IV.ii.28 My heart prays for him, though my tongue do curse.

Enter Dromio of Syracuse

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

CE IV.ii.29 Here, go – the desk, the purse, sweet, now, make haste.

LUCIANA

CE IV.ii.30.1 How hast thou lost thy breath?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

CE IV.ii.30.2 By running fast.

ADRIANA

CE IV.ii.31 Where is thy master, Dromio? Is he well?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

CE IV.ii.32 No. He's in Tartar limbo, worse than hell.
CE IV.ii.33 A devil in an everlasting garment hath him,
CE IV.ii.34 One whose hard heart is buttoned up with steel,
CE IV.ii.35 A fiend, a fairy, pitiless and rough;
CE IV.ii.36 A wolf, nay, worse, a fellow all in buff;
CE IV.ii.37 A backfriend, a shoulder-clapper, one that countermands
CE IV.ii.38 The passages of alleys, creeks, and narrow lands;
CE IV.ii.39 A hound that runs counter, and yet draws dryfoot well;
CE IV.ii.40 One that before the Judgement carries poor souls to hell.

ADRIANA

CE IV.ii.41 Why, man, what is the matter?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

CE IV.ii.42 I do not know the matter, he is rested on the case.

ADRIANA

CE IV.ii.43 What, is he arrested? Tell me at whose suit.

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

CE IV.ii.44 I know not at whose suit he is arrested well;
CE IV.ii.45 But he's in a suit of buff which 'rested him, that can I tell.
CE IV.ii.46 Will you send him, mistress, redemption – the money in his desk?

ADRIANA

CE IV.ii.47.1 Go fetch it, sister.
CE IV.ii.47.2  This I wonder at,
CE IV.ii.48  That he unknown to me should be in debt.
CE IV.ii.49  Tell me, was he arrested on a band?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

CE IV.ii.50  Not on a band, but on a stronger thing:
CE IV.ii.51  A chain, a chain – do you not hear it ring?

ADRIANA

CE IV.ii.52.1  What, the chain?
CE IV.ii.52.2  No, no – the bell. 'Tis time that I were gone.
CE IV.ii.53  It was two ere I left him, and now the clock strikes one.

ADRIANA

CE IV.ii.54  The hours come back – that did I never hear.
CE IV.ii.55  O yes, if any hour meet a sergeant 'a turns back for very fear.
CE IV.ii.56  As if time were in debt. How fondly dost thou reason!

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

CE IV.ii.57  Time is a very bankrupt, and owes more than he's worth to season.
CE IV.ii.58  Nay, he's a thief, too. Have you not heard men say
CE IV.ii.59  That time comes stealing on by night and day?
CE IV.ii.60  If 'a be in debt and theft, and a sergeant in the way,
CE IV.ii.61  Hath he not reason to turn back an hour in a day?
CE IV.ii.62  Enter Luciana with the money

ADRIANA

CE IV.ii.62  Go, Dromio, there's the money. Bear it straight,
CE IV.ii.63  And bring thy master home immediately.
CE IV.ii.64  Come, sister, I am pressed down with conceit –
CE IV.ii.65  Conceit, my comfort and my injury.
CE IV.ii.65  Enter
CE IV.iii.1  Enter Antipholus of Syracuse

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

CE IV.iii.1  There's not a man I meet but doth salute me
CE IV.iii.2  As if I were their well-acquainted friend,
CE IV.iii.3  And every one doth call me by my name.
CE IV.iii.4  Some tender money to me, some invite me,
CE IV.iii.5  Some other give me thanks for kindnesses.
CE IV.iii.6  Some offer me commodities to buy,
CE IV.iii.7  Even now a tailor called me in his shop
CE IV.iii.8  And showed me silks that he had bought for me,
CE IV.iii.9  And therewithal took measure of my body.
CE IV.iii.10  Sure, these are but imaginary wiles,
CE IV.iii.11  And Lapland sorcerers inhabit here.
CE IV.iii.12  Enter Dromio of Syracuse

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

CE IV.iii.12  Master, here's the gold you sent
me for. – What, have you got the picture of old Adam

**ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE**

What gold is this? What Adam dost thou mean?

**DROMIO OF SYRACUSE**

Not that Adam that kept the

paradise, but that Adam that keeps the prison. He that
goes in the calf's skin that was killed for the prodigal.

He that came behind you, sir, like an evil angel, and bid
you forsake your liberty.

**ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE**

I understand thee not.

**DROMIO OF SYRACUSE**

No? Why, 'tis a plain case: he

that went like a bass viol in a case of leather; the man,
sir, that when gentlemen are tired gives them a sob and
rests them; he, sir, that takes pity on decayed men and
gives them suits of durance; he that sets up his rest to
do more exploits with his mace than a morris-pike.

**ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE**

What, thou meanest an

officer?

**DROMIO OF SYRACUSE**

Ay, sir, the sergeant of the band

– he that brings any man to answer it that breaks his
band; one that thinks a man always going to bed, and
says, ‘God give you good rest!’

**ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE**

Well, sir, there rest in

your foolery. Is there any ships put forth tonight?

May we be gone?

**DROMIO OF SYRACUSE**

Why, sir, I brought you word

an hour since that the bark *Expedition* put forth tonight,

and then were you hindered by the sergeant to tarry for

the hoy *Delay*. Here are the angels that you sent for to
deliver you.

**ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE**

The fellow is distract, and so am I,

And here we wander in illusions.

Some blessed power deliver us from hence!

Enter a Courtesan

**COURTESAN**

Well met, well met, Master Antipholus.
I see, sir, you have found the goldsmith now.

Is that the chain you promised me today?

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

Satan, avoid! I charge thee, tempt me not!

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

Master, is this Mistress Satan?

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

It is the devil.

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

Nay, she is worse, she is the devil's dam; and here she comes in the habit of a light wench; and thereof comes that the wenches say 'God damn me' – that's as much to say 'God make me a light wench.' It is written they appear to men like angels of light. Light is an effect of fire, and fire will burn. Ergo, light wenches will burn. Come not near her.

COURTESAN

Your man and you are marvellous merry, sir.

Will you go with me? We'll mend our dinner here.

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

Master, if you do, expect spoon-meat, or bespeak a long spoon.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

Why, Dromio?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

Marry, he must have a long spoon that must eat with the devil.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

(to Courtesan)

Avoid then, fiend. What tellest thou me of supping?

COURTESAN

Give me the ring of mine you had at dinner, or for my diamond the chain you promised, and I'll be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

Some devils ask but the parings of one's nail, A rush, a hair, a drop of blood, a pin, A nut, a cherry stone. But she, more covetous, would have a chain. Master, be wise; an if you give it her, The devil will shake her chain, and fright us with it.

avoid (v.) 1 be off, be gone, go away

habit (n.) 1 dress, clothing, costume

light (adj.) 1 promiscuous, licentious, immoral, wanton

wench (n.) girl, lass

ergo (adv.) therefore

light (adj.) 1 promiscuous, licentious, immoral, wanton

burn (v.) 3 suffer from venereal disease

marvellous (adv.) very, extremely, exceedingly

mend (v.) 4 supplement, augment

spoonmeat, spoon-meat (n.) soft food served on a spoon

bespeak (v.), past forms bespake, bespoke 1 ask for, order, request

avoid (v.) 1 be off, be gone, go away

supping (n.) taking supper

conjure (v.) 1 ask solemnly, entreat earnestly, beseech

for (prep.) 4 in return for

rush (n.) 1 reed

fright (v.), past form frightened frighten, scare, terrify
I pray you, sir, my ring, or else the chain!

I hope you do not mean to cheat me so.

Avaunt, thou witch! Come, Dromio, let us go.

Now, out of doubt, Antipholus is mad,

Else would he never so demean himself.

A ring he hath of mine worth forty ducats,

And for the same he promised 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 today 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 lunatic,

He rushed into my house and took perforce

My ring away. This course I fittest choose,

For forty ducats is too much to lose.

Fear me not, man. I will not break away.

I'll give thee ere I leave thee so much money

To warrant thee as I am ‘rested for.

My wife is in a wayward mood today,

And will not lightly trust the messenger

That I should be attached in Ephesus.

I tell you, 'twill sound harshly in her ears.

Here comes my man. I think he brings the money.

How now, sir. Have you that I sent you for?

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

But where's the money?

Why, sir, I gave the money for the rope.

Five hundred ducats, villain, for a rope?

I'll serve you, sir, five hundred at the rate.
ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS
To what end did I bid thee hie thee home?

DROMIO OF EPHESUS
To a rope's end, sir, and to that end am I returned.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS
And to that end, sir, I will welcome you.

He beats Dromio

OFFICER
Good sir, be patient.

DROMIO OF EPHESUS
Nay, 'tis for me to be patient. I am in adversity.

OFFICER
Good now, hold thy tongue.

DROMIO OF EPHESUS
Nay, rather persuade him to hold his hands.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS
Thou whoreson, senseless villain.

DROMIO OF EPHESUS
I would I were senseless, sir, that I might not feel your blows.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS
Thou art sensible in nothing but blows; and so is an ass.

DROMIO OF EPHESUS
I am an ass, indeed. You may prove it by my long ears. I have served him from the hour of my nativity 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 warm, he cools me with beating. I am waked with it when I sleep, raised with it when I sit, driven out of doors with it when I go from home, welcomed home with it when I return; nay, I bear it on my shoulders, as a beggar wont her brat, and I think when he hath lamed me, I shall beg with it from door to door.

Enter Adriana, Luciana, the Courtesan, and a schoolmaster

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS
Come, go along — my wife is coming yonder.

DROMIO OF EPHESUS
Mistress, respice finem — ' respect your end,' or rather, to prophesy like the parrot, 'beware the rope's end.'

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS
Wilt thou still talk?

He beats Dromio

COURTESAN
How say you now? Is not your husband mad?

ADRIANA

His incivility confirms no less.

CE IV.iv.45

Good Doctor Pinch, you are a conjuror.

CE IV.iv.44

Establish him in his true sense again,

CE IV.iv.46

And I will please you what you will demand.

CE IV.iv.47

Alas, how fiery and how sharp he looks!

LUCIANA

Mark how he trembles in his ecstasy.

COURTESAN

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

PINCH

There is my hand, and let it feel your ear.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS

He strikes Pinch

I charge thee, Satan, housed within this man,

CE IV.iv.52

To yield possession to my holy prayers,

CE IV.iv.53

And to thy state of darkness hie thee straight.

CE IV.iv.54

I conjure thee by all the saints in heaven.

CE IV.iv.55

Peace, doting wizard, peace. I am not mad.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS

Dined at home?

CE IV.iv.66

(To Dromio)

Thou villain, what sayst thou?

DROMIO OF EPHESUS

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

CE IV.iv.67

Were not my doors locked up, and I shut out?

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS

Perdie, your doors were locked, and you shut out.
And did not she herself revile me there?

Sans fable, she herself reviled you there.

Did not her kitchen-maid rail, taunt, and scorn me?

Certes she did. The kitchen vestal scorned you.

And did not I in rage depart from thence?

In verity you did. My bones bear witness, that since have felt the vigour of his rage.

Is't good to soothe him in these contraries?

It is no shame. The fellow finds his vein, and, yielding to him, humours well his frenzy.

Thou hast suborned the goldsmith to arrest me.

Alas, I sent you money to redeem you, by Dromio here, who came in haste for it.

Money by me? Heart and good will you might, but surely, master, not a rag of money.

Went'st not thou to her for a purse of ducats?

He came to me, and I delivered it.

And I am witness with her that she did.

God and the ropemaker bear me witness that I was sent for nothing but a rope.

Mistress, both man and master is possessed; I know it by their pale and deadly looks.

They must be bound and laid in some dark room.

Say, wherefore didst thou lock me forth today?

lock forth (v.) lock out, lock the door against
And why dost thou deny the bag of gold?

ADRIANA
I did not, gentle husband, lock thee forth.

DROMIO OF EPHESUS
And, gentle master, I received no gold.

But I confess, sir, that we were locked out.

ADRIANA
Dissembling villain, thou speakest false in both.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS
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 I'll pluck out these false eyes
That would behold in me this shameful sport.

ADRIANA
O, bind him, bind him, let him not come near me!

Enter three or four and offer to bind him.

He strives

More company! The fiend is strong within him.

Ay me, poor man, how pale and wan he looks.

What, will you murder me? Thou, gaoler, thou,
I am thy prisoner – wilt thou suffer them
To make a rescue?

Masters, let him go.

He is my prisoner, and you shall not have him.

Go bind this man, for he is frantic too.

What wilt thou do, thou peevish officer?

Hast thou delight to see a wretched man
Do outrage and displeasure to himself?

He is my prisoner. If I let him go
The debt he owes will be required of me.

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 conveyed
Home to my house. O most unhappy day!
ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS
CE IV.i.122 O most unhappy strumpet! strumpet (n.) harlot, prostitute, whore
DROMIO OF EPHESUS
CE IV.i.123 Master, I am here entered in bond for you.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS
CE IV.i.124 Out on thee, villain! Wherefore dost thou mad me? mad (v.) madden, exasperate, infuriate
DROMIO OF EPHESUS
CE IV.i.125 Will you be bound for nothing? Be mad, good master –
CE IV.i.126 Cry ‘the devil!’.

LUCIANA
CE IV.i.127 God help, poor souls, how idly do they talk! idly (adv.) foolishly, crazily, frivolously

ADRIANA
CE IV.i.128 Go bear him hence. Sister, go you with me.
CE IV.i.129 Say now, whose suit is he arrested at?
suit (n.) formal request, entreaty, petition

OFFICER
CE IV.i.130 One Angelo, a goldsmith. Do you know him?
ADRIANA
CE IV.i.131 I know the man. What is the sum he owes?
OFFICER
CE IV.i.132.1 Two hundred ducats. grow (v.) arise, come into existence
ADRIANA
CE IV.i.132.2 Say, how grows it due?
OFFICER
CE IV.i.133 Due for a chain your husband had of him.
ADRIANA
CE IV.i.134 He did bespeak a chain for me, but had it not. bespeak (v.), past forms bespake, bespoke 1 ask for, order, request

COURTESAN
CE IV.i.135 Whenas your husband all in rage today
CE IV.i.136 Came to my house and took away my ring,
CE IV.i.137 The ring I saw upon his finger now,
CE IV.i.138 Straight after did I meet him with a chain. straight (adv.) straightaway, immediately, at once

ADRIANA
CE IV.i.139 It may be so, but I did never see it.
CE IV.i.140 Come, gaoler, bring me where the goldsmith is.
CE IV.i.141 I long to know the truth hereof at large. large, at 1 at length, in full, thoroughly
CE IV.i.141.1 Enter Antipholus of Syracuse and Dromio of Syracuse, with their rapiers drawn
CE IV.i.141.2

LUCIANA
CE IV.i.142 God, for thy mercy, they are loose again!
ADRIANA
CE IV.i.143 And come with naked swords. Let’s call more help
CE IV.i.144.1 To have them bound again.
OFFICER

Away, they'll kill us.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

I see these witches are afraid of swords.

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

She that would be your wife now ran from you.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

Come to the Centaur. Fetch our stuff from thence.

I long that we were safe and sound aboard.

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

Faith, stay here this night. They will surely do us no harm. You saw they speak us fair, give us gold. Methinks they are such a gentle nation that but for the mountain of mad flesh that claims marriage of me, I could find in my heart to stay here still and turn witch.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

I will not stay tonight for all the town; Therefore away, to get our stuff aboard.

Enter Second Merchant and Angelo the goldsmith

ANGELO

I am sorry, sir, that I have hindered you;

But I protest he had the chain of me, though most dishonestly he doth deny it.

SECOND MERCHANT

How is the man esteemed here in the city?

ANGELO

Of very reverend reputation, sir, of credit infinite, highly beloved, second to none that lives here in the city. His word might bear my wealth at any time.

SECOND MERCHANT

Speak softly. Yonder, as I think, he walks.

Enter Antipholus of Syracuse and Dromio of Syracuse again

ANGELO

'Tis so; and that self chain about his neck

Which he forswore most monstrously to have.

Good sir, draw near to me. I'll speak to him.

Signor Antipholus, I wonder much

That you would put me to this shame and trouble,

And not without some scandal to yourself, with circumstance and oaths so to deny

This chain, which now you wear so openly,

frighted (adj.) frightened, terrified, scared

frightened, terrified, scared

stuff (n.) 6 baggage, belongings, luggage

fair (adv.) 1 kindly, encouragingly, courteously
gentle (adj.) 2 courteous, friendly, kind
methinks(t), methought(s) (v.) it seems /seemed to me

still (adv.) 1 constantly, always, continually

reverend (adj.) revered, worthy, respected

forswear (v), past forms forsworn, forswore 3 deny, repudiate, refuse to admit

self (adj.) same, selfsame, identical, exact

scandal (n.) 1 shame, discredit, disgrace

circumstance (n.) 3 special argument, detailed explanation
Beside the charge, the shame, imprisonment,
You have done wrong to this my honest friend,
Who, but for staying on our controversy,
Had hoisted sail and put to sea today.
This chain you had of me. Can you deny it?

I think I had. I never did deny it.
Yes, that you did, sir, and forswore it, too.
Who heard me to deny it or forswear it?
These ears of mine, thou knowest, did hear thee.
I dare, and do defy thee for a villain.
Hold, hurt him not, for God's sake; he is mad.
Some get within him, take his sword away.
Bind Dromio too, and bear them to my house.
Be quiet, people. Wherefore throng you hither?
To fetch my poor distracted husband hence.
Let us come in, that we may bind him fast
And bear him home for his recovery.
I knew he was not in his perfect wits.
i am sorry now that I did draw on him.
How long hath this possession held the man?
This week he hath been heavy, sour, sad,

And much, much different from the man he was.

But till this afternoon his passion

Ne'er brake into extremity of rage.

Hath he not lost much wealth by wrack of sea?

Buried some dear friend? Hath not else his eye

Strayed his affection in unlawful love,

Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing?

Which of these sorrows is he subject to?

To none of these except it be the last,

Namely some love that drew him oft from home.

You should for that have reprehended him.

Why, so I did.

Ay, but not rough enough.

As roughly as my modesty would let me.

Haply, in private.

And in assemblies, too.

Ay, but not enough.

It was the copy 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 theme;

In company I often glanced at it.

Still did I tell him it was vile and bad.

And thereof came it that the man was mad.

The venom clamours of a jealous woman

Poisons more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.

It seems his sleeps were hindered by thy railing,

And thereof comes it that his head is light.

Thou sayst his meat was sauced with thy upbraidings.

Unquiet meals make ill digestions.

Thereof the raging fire of fever bred;

And what's a fever but a fit of madness?

Thou sayst his sports were hindered by thy brawls.

Sweet recreation barred, what doth ensue
But moody and dull melancholy,
Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair,
And at her heels a huge infectious troop
Of pale distemperatures and foes to life.

In food, in sport, and life-preserving rest
To be disturbed would mad or man or beast.
The consequence is, then, thy jealous fits
Have scared thy husband from the use of wits.

She never reprehended him but mildly,
When he demeaned himself rough, rude, and wildly.
Why bear you these rebukes, and answer not?
She did betray me to my own reproof.
Good people, enter, and lay hold on him.
No, not a creature enters in my house.
Then let your servants bring my husband forth.
Take (v.) 21 take refuge in, go into, enter [for safety]
Or lose my labour in assaying it.

Neither. He took this place for sanctuary,
And it shall privilege him from your hands
Till I have brought him to his wits again,
Or lose my labour in assaying it.
I will attend my husband, be his nurse,
Diet his sickness, for it is my office,
And will have no attorney but myself.
And therefore let me have him home with me.

Be patient, for I will not let him stir
Till I have used the approved means I have,
With wholesome syrups, drugs, and holy prayers,
To make of him a formal man again.
A charitable duty of my order.
Therefore depart, and leave him here with me.
I will not hence and leave my husband here.
And ill it doth beseem your holiness
To separate the husband and the wife.

Exit

Be quiet, and depart. Thou shalt not have him.

Exit

Complain unto the Duke of this indignity.
ADRIANA
Come, go. I will fall prostrate at his feet, and never rise until my tears and prayers have won his grace to come in person hither and take perforce my husband from the Abbess.

SECOND MERCHANT
By this, I think, the dial points at five.

ANGELO
Upon what cause?

SECOND MERCHANT
To see a reverend Syracusian merchant, who put unluckily into this bay against the laws and statutes of this town, beheaded publicly for his offence.

ANGELO
See where they come. We will behold his death.

ANGELO
Kneel to the Duke before he pass the abbey.

DUKE
Yet once again proclaim it publicly, if any friend will pay the sum for him, he shall not die, so much we tender him.

ADRIANA
May it please your grace, Antipholus my husband, who I made lord of me and all I had at your important letters, this ill day an outrageous fit of madness took him, that desperately 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, anything his rage did like. Once did I get him bound, and sent him home whilst to take order 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,

Each one with ireful passion, with drawn swords

Chased us away; till, raising of more aid,

We came again to bind them. Then they fled

And here the Abbess shuts the gates on us,

And will not suffer us to fetch him out,

Therefore, most gracious Duke, with thy command

Let him be brought forth, and borne hence for help.

DUKE

Long since, thy husband served me in my wars;

And I to thee engaged a prince's word,

When thou didst 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

O mistress, mistress, shift and save yourself!

My master and his man are both broke loose,

Beaten the maids a-row, and bound the Doctor,

Whose beard they have singed off with brands of fire,

And ever as it blazed they threw on him

Great pails of puddled mire to quench the hair.

My master preaches patience to him, and the while

His man with scissors nicks him like a fool.

And sure, unless you send some present help,

Between them they will kill the conjuror.

MESSENGER

My master and his man are both broke loose,

And the while they were making him master of thy bed,

And ever as it blazed they threw on him

Great pails of puddled mire to quench the hair.

My master preaches patience to him, and the while

His man with scissors nicks him like a fool.

Adriana

Peace, fool; thy master and his man are here,

And that is false thou dost report to us.

MESSENGER

Mistress, upon my life I tell you true.

I have not breathed almost since I did see it.

He cries for you, and vows, if he can take you.

To scorch your face and to disfigure you.

Cry within

Hark, hark, I hear him, mistress. Fly, be gone!

DUKE

Come, stand by me. Fear nothing. Guard with halberds!

ADRIANA

Ay me, it is my husband. Witness you

That he is borne about invisible.

Even now we housed him in the abbey here,

And now he's there, past thought of human reason.

Enter Antipholus of Ephesus and Dromio of Ephesus

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESEUS
Justice, most gracious Duke, O grant me justice,
Even for the service that long since I did thee
When I bestrid thee in the wars, and took
Deep scars to save thy life. Even for the blood
That then I lost for thee, now grant me justice!

Justice, sweet prince, against that woman there,
She whom thou gavest to me to be my wife;
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.

Discover how, and thou shalt find me just.
This day, great Duke, she shut the doors upon me
While she with harlots feasted in my house.
A grievous fault. Say, woman, didst thou so?
No, my good lord. Myself, he, and my sister
Today did dine together. So befall my soul
As this is false he burdens me withal.

This woman locked me out this day from dinner.
That goldsmith there, were he not packed 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,
Who parted with me to go fetch a chain,
Balthasar and I did dine together.
Our dinner done, and he not coming thither,
There did this perjured goldsmith swear me down
down by swearing

That I this day of him received 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 peasant home

For certain ducats. He with none returned.

Then fairly I bespoke the officer

To go in person with me to my house.

By the way we met

My wife, her sister, and a rabble more

Of vile confederates. Along with them

They brought one Pinch, a hungry, lean-faced villain,

A mere anatomy, a mountebank,

A threadbare juggler and a fortune-teller,

A needy, hollow-eyed, sharp-looking wretch,

A living dead man. This pemicious slave,

Forsooth, took on him as a conjuror,

And gazing in mine eyes, feeling my pulse,

And with no face, as 'twere, outfacing me,

Cries out I was possessed. Then all together

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 in sunder,

I gained my freedom, and immediately

Ran hither to your grace, whom I beseech

To give me ample satisfaction

For these deep shames and great indignities.

ANGELO

My lord, in truth, thus far I witness with him:

That he dined not at home, but was locked out.

DUKE

But had he such a chain of thee, or no?

ANGELO

He had, my lord, and when he ran in here

These people saw the chain about his neck.

SECOND MERCHANT

(to Antipholus of Ephesus)

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.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS

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 burden me withal.

**DUKE**

CE V.i.270 Why, what an intricate impeach is this!
CE V.i.271 I think you all have drunk of Circe's cup.
CE V.i.272 If here you housed him, here he would have been.
CE V.i.273 If he were mad, he would not plead so coldly.
CE V.i.274 (to Adriana) You say he dined at home. The goldsmith here
CE V.i.275 Denies that saying. (to Dromio of Ephesus) Sirrah, what say you?

**DROMIO OF EPSHESUS**

CE V.i.276 Sir, he dined with her there at the Porpentine.

**COURTESAN**

CE V.i.277 He did, and from my finger snatched that ring.

**ANTIPHOLUS OF EPSHESUS**

CE V.i.278 'Tis true, my liege, this ring I had of her.

**DUKE**

CE V.i.279 Sawest thou him enter at the abbey here?

**COURTESAN**

CE V.i.280 As sure, my liege, as I do see your grace.

**DUKE**

CE V.i.281 Why, this is strange. Go call the Abbess hither.
CE V.i.282 I think you are all mated, or stark mad.
CE V.i.282 *Exit one to the Abbess*

**EGEON**

CE V.i.283 Most mighty Duke, vouchsafe me speak a word.
CE V.i.284 Haply I see a friend will save my life
CE V.i.285 And pay the sum that may deliver me.

**DUKE**

CE V.i.286 Speak freely, Syracusian, what thou wilt.

**EGEON**

CE V.i.287 Is not your name, sir, called Antipholus?
CE V.i.288 And is not that your bondman Dromio?

**DROMIO OF EPSHESUS**

CE V.i.289 Within this hour I was his bondman, sir,
CE V.i.290 But he, I thank him, gnawed in two my cords.
CE V.i.291 Now am I Dromio, and his man, unbound.

**EGEON**

CE V.i.292 I am sure you both of you remember me.

**DROMIO OF EPSHESUS**

CE V.i.293 Ourselves we do remember, sir, by you,
CE V.i.294 For lately we were bound as you are now.
CE V.i.295 You are not Pinch's patient, are you, sir?

**EGEON**

CE V.i.296 Why look you strange on me? You know me well.

**ANTIPHOLUS OF EPSHESUS**

CE V.i.297 I never saw you in my life till now.
EGEON
CE V.i.298  O, grief hath changed me since you saw me last,
CE V.i.299  And careful hours with time's deformed hand
CE V.i.300  Have written strange defeatures in my face.
CE V.i.301  But tell me yet, dost thou not know my voice?

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPSHEUS
CE V.i.302  Neither.

EGEON
CE V.i.303  Dromio, nor thou?

DROMIO OF EPSHEUS
CE V.i.304.1  No, trust me, sir, nor I.

EGEON
CE V.i.304.2  I am sure thou dost.

DROMIO OF EPSHEUS
CE V.i.305  Ay, sir, but I am sure I do not,
CE V.i.306  and whatsoever a man denies you are now bound to
CE V.i.307  believe him.

EGEON
CE V.i.308  Not know my voice? O time's extremity,
CE V.i.309  Hast thou so cracked and splitted my poor tongue
CE V.i.310  In seven short years that here my only son
CE V.i.311  Knows not my feeble key of untuned cares?
CE V.i.312  Though now this grained face of mine be hid
CE V.i.313  In sap-consuming winteres drizzled snow,
CE V.i.314  And all the conduits of my blood froze up,
CE V.i.315  Yet hath my night of life some memory,
CE V.i.316  My wasting lamps some fading glimmer left,
CE V.i.317  My dull deaf ears a little use to hear.
CE V.i.318  All these old witnesses, I cannot err,
CE V.i.319  Tell me thou art my son Antipholus.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPSHEUS
CE V.i.320  I never saw my father in my life.

EGEON
CE V.i.321  But seven years since, in Syracusa, boy,
CE V.i.322  Thou knowest we parted. But perhaps, my son,
CE V.i.323  Thou shamest to acknowledge me in misery.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPSHEUS
CE V.i.324  The Duke and all that know me in the city
CE V.i.325  Can witness with me that it is not so.
CE V.i.326  I ne'er saw Syracusa in my life.

DUKE
CE V.i.327  I tell thee, Syracusan, twenty years
CE V.i.328  Have I been patron to Antipholus,
CE V.i.329  During which time he ne'er saw Syracusa.
CE V.i.330  I see thy age and dangers make thee dote.
CE V.i.331.1 Enter Aemilia, the Abbess, with Antipholus of
CE V.i.331.2 Syracuse and Dromio of Syracuse

DUCE (v) become deranged, behave foolishly
extremity (n) 3 utmost severity, extreme intensity, hardship
gained (adj) 2 furrowed, lined, wrinkled
conduit (n) 1 channel, passage, vein
lamp (n) eye
dull (adj) 5 insensitive, incapable of sensation
ABBESS

Most mighty Duke, behold a man much wronged.
All gather to see them

ADRIANA

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 natural man,
And which the spirit? Who deciphers them?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

I, sir, am Dromio. Command him away.

DROMIO OF EPHESUS

I, sir, am Dromio. Pray let me stay.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

Egeon art thou not? or else his ghost.

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

O, my old master – who hath bound him here?

ABBESS

Whoever bound him, I will loose his bonds,
And gain a husband by his liberty.
Speak, old Egeon, if thou beest the man
That hadst a wife once called Æmilia.
That bore thee at a burden two fair sons.
O, if thou beest the same Egeon, speak,
And speak unto the same Æmilia.

DUKE

Why, here begins his morning story right.
These two Antipholuses', these two so like.
And these two Dromios, one in semblance,
Besides her urging of her wrack at sea –
These are the parents to these children,
Which accidentally are met together.

EGEON

If I dream not, thou art Æmilia.
If thou art she, tell me, where is that son
That floated with thee on the fatal raft?

AEMELIA

By men of Epidamnum 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 Epidamnum.
What then became of them I cannot tell.
I, to this fortune that you see me in.

DUKE

(to Antipholus of Syracuse)

Antipholus, thou camest from Corinth first.
ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE
CE V.i.364 No, sir, not I. I came from Syracuse.

DUKE
CE V.i.365 Stay, stand apart. I know not which is which.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS
CE V.i.366 I came from Corinth, my most gracious lord.

DROMIO OF EPHESUS
CE V.i.367 And I with him.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS
CE V.i.368 Brought to this town by that most famous warrior
CE V.i.369 Duke Menaphon, your most renowned uncle.

ADRIANA
CE V.i.370 Which of you two did dine with me today?

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE
CE V.i.371.1 I, gentle mistress.  
CE V.i.371.2 And are not you my husband?

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS
CE V.i.372 No, I say nay to that.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE
CE V.i.373 And so do I. Yet did she call me so,
CE V.i.374 And this fair gentlewoman, her sister here,
CE V.i.375 Did call me brother. (To Luciana) What I told you then
CE V.i.376 I hope I shall have leisure to make good,
CE V.i.377 If this be not a dream I see and hear.

ANGELO
CE V.i.378 That is the chain, sir, which you had of me.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE
CE V.i.379 I think it be, sir. I deny it not.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS
CE V.i.380 And you, sir, for this chain arrested me.

ANGELO
CE V.i.381 I think I did, sir. I deny it not.

ADRIANA
CE V.i.382 (to Antipholus of Ephesus) I sent you money, sir, to be your bail
CE V.i.383 By Dromio, but I think he brought it not.

DROMIO OF EPHESUS
CE V.i.384 No, none by me.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE
CE V.i.385 This purse of ducats I received from you,
CE V.i.386 And Dromio my man did bring them me.
CE V.i.387 I see we still did meet each other's man,
CE V.i.388 And I was ta'en for him, and he for me.
And thereupon these errors are arose.

**ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS**

These ducats pawn I for my father here.

**DUKE**

It shall not need. Thy father hath his life.

**COURTESAN**

Sir, I must have that diamond from you.

**ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS**

There, take it, and much thanks for my good cheer.

**AEMELIA**

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,

By that this sympathized one day's error

Have suffered wrong. Go, keep us company,

And we shall make full satisfaction.

Thirty-three years have I but gone in travail

Of you, my sons, and till this present hour

My heavy burden ne'er delivered.

The Duke, my husband, and my children both,

And you, the calendars of their nativity,

Go to a gossips' feast, and go with me.

After so long grief, such nativity.

With all my heart I'll gossip at this feast.

**DUKE**

**DROMIO OF SYRACUSE**

Master, shall I fetch your stuff from shipboard?

**ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS**

Dromio, what stuff of mine hast thou embarked?

**DROMIO OF SYRACUSE**

Your goods that lay at host, sir, in the Centaur.

**ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE**

He speaks to me – I am your master, Dromio!

Come, go with us, we'll look to that anon.

Embrace thy brother there, rejoice with him.

**DROMIO OF SYRACUSE**

There is a fat friend at your master's house

That kitchened me for you today at dinner.

She now shall be my sister, not my wife!

**DROMIO OF EPHESUS**

Methinks you are my glass, and not my brother.
I see by you I am a sweet-faced youth.
Will you walk in to see their gossiping?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE
Not I, sir. You are my elder.

DROMIO OF EPHESUS
That's a question. How shall we try it?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE
We'll draw cuts for the senior. Till then, lead thou first.

DROMIO OF EPHESUS
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