

The Comedy of Errors



William Shakespeare

a version by Dominic Power

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Cover: Richard Neale as Dromio of Syracuse *Photo:* Hide the Shark

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This version of *The Comedy of Errors* was first performed by Shakespeare at the Tobacco Factory on 25th March 2011

Cast

Duke of Ephesus	Paul Currier
Egeon & Balthasar	David Collins
Officer	Craig Fuller
Dromio of Syracuse	Richard Neale
Sea Captain & Pinch	Jack Bannell
Antipholus of Syracuse	Dan Winter
Dromio of Ephesus	Gareth Kennerley
Antipholus of Ephesus	Matthew Thomas
Angelo	Alan Coveney
Courtesan	Kate Kordel
Adriana	Dorothea Myer-Bennett
Luciana	Ffion Jolly
Ginn	Holly McKinlay
Pianist & Merchant	Doron Davidson
Abbess	Nicky Goldie
Violinist	Gina Griffiths or Esther Watkins

Production

Director	Andrew Hilton
Assistant Director	Rosy Banham
Set & Costume Designer	Harriet de Winton
Costume Supervisor	Rosalind Marshall
Costume Assistant	Bianca Ward
Costume Maintenance	Lauren Macaulay
Costume Laundry	Kim Winter
Composer & Sound Designer	Elizabeth Purnell
Lighting Designer	Matthew Graham
Fight Director	Peter Clifford
Production Photographer	Hide the Shark
Production Manager	Chris Bagust
Company & Stage Manager	Polly Meech
Stage Managers	Eleanor Dixon & Andy Guard
Carpenter	Martin Moyes

Part One

Scene 1

A room in the Duke's Palace in Ephesus
Duke, Egeon, Gaoler and other Attendants

- 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 seal'd his rigorous statutes with their bloods,
 Excludes all pity from our threatening looks.
 And since the mortal and intestine jars
 'Twixt thy seditious countrymen and us
 It hath in solemn synods been decreed -
 Both by your Syracusans and ourselves -
 To admit no traffic to our adverse towns.
 Nay more,
 If any born at Ephesus be seen
 At any Syracusan marts and fairs,
 Again, if any Syracusan born
 Enter our bay of Ephesus, he dies,
 His goods confiscate to the state's dispose,
 Unless a thousand marks be levied
 To quit the penalty and to ransom him.
 Thy substance, valued at the highest rate,
 Cannot amount unto a hundred marks.
 Therefore by law thou art condemn'd to die.
- Egeon** Well, this my comfort: when your words are done
 My woes end likewise with the evening sun.
- Duke** Yet, Syracusan, say in brief the cause
 Why thou departed'st from thy native home
 To risk thy safety here in Ephesus.
- Egeon** A heavier task could not have been impos'd
 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 Syracuse was I born, and wed
 Unto a woman, happy but for me –

And by me, too, had not my hap been bad.
 A while we liv'd in joy. Our wealth increas'd
 By prosperous voyages my factor made
 To Epidamnum, til his ill-starr'd death
 Took me from kind embracements of my spouse
 To care for goods at Epidamnum left.
 My forced absence was not six months old
 Before my wife, almost at fainting under
 The pleasing punishment that women bear,
 Made quick provision for her following me
 And sure and safe arrived where I was.
 There she soon became the joyful mother
 Of two goodly sons, the one so like the other
 As could not be distinguish'd.
 And which was strange, there in the self-same hour
 A meaner woman was thus deliver'd
 Of such a burden, male twins, both alike.
 Those - for their parents were exceeding poor -
 I bought, to bring up to attend my sons.
 My wife, not meanly proud of our two babes,
 Made daily motion for our home return.
 Unwilling I agreed.
 Alas, alas, too soon we came aboard.
 A league from Epidamnum had we sail'd,
 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 fearful warrant of immediate death.
 Which though myself would gladly have embrac'd,
 The piteous plainings of the pretty babes
 That mourn'd for fashion, ignorant what to fear,
 Forc'd us seek some means to stay our fate.
 The sailors sought for safety by their boat
 And left the ship, then sinking-ripe, to us.
 And thus it was that all our means were this:
 My wife, first careful for our latter-born,
 Attach'd him tight unto a small spare mast,
 Such as seafaring men provide for storms.
 To him one of the meaner twins was bound,
 And I, like heedful, tied the other two.
 The children thus dispos'd at either end

Our slender craft, my wife and I likewise
 Attach'd ourselves and held the babes above
 The stream. Floating thus, obedient to the wind,
 We carried north t'ward safety, as we thought.
 At length the sun, gazing upon the earth,
 Dispers'd those vapours that offended us,
 And by the benefit of his wished light
 The seas wax'd calmer and we perceiv'd afar
 The land wherein our hopes of life were lock'd.
 But ere we came - O, let me say no more.
 Gather the sequel by that went before.

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

Egeon O, had the gods done so, I had not now
 Worthily term'd them merciless to us!
 We were encounter'd by a mighty rock,
 Which being violently borne upon
 Our helpful raft was splitted in the midst,
 So that in this unjust divorce of us
 Fortune did leave to each 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, a bark of Syracuse seiz'd on us
 And, knowing whom it was their hap to save,
 Gave healthful welcome to their shipwreck'd guests.
 I begg'd them chase the fishers with their prey.
 This they denied me, being slow of sail,
 And so we bent our course to Syracuse
 Where I in sorrow watch'd the years unfold.
 Thus have you heard me sever'd from my bliss,
 That by misfortunes was my life prolong'd
 To tell sad stories of my own mishaps.

Duke And for the sake of them thou sorrowest for,
 Say what hath befall'n them and thee till now.

Egeon My own dear son and my dearest care,
 At eighteen years became inquisitive
 After his brother, and importun'd me

That he might venture forth in quest of him
 That bore his likeness. At once the like request
 Made the meaner boy, to find his other self.
 Their hopes were mirrors of my own and yet
 I would not yield - the hazard was too great.
 They would not heed me. They put forth in stealth.
 I knew not where, receiv'd nor sign nor token.
 So I for love perforce must seek them all.
 Seven summers have I spent in furthest Greece,
 Roaming clean through the bounds of Asia
 And, coasting homeward, came to Ephesus,
 Hopeless to find, yet loath to leave unsought.
 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 Hapless Egeon, whom the fates have mark'd
 To bear the extremity of dire mishap,
 Now, trust me, were it not against our laws,
 Against my crown, my oath, my dignity,
 Which princes, would they, may not disannul,
 My soul would sue as advocate for thee.
 But, though thou art adjudged to the death
 And passed sentence may not be recall'd
 Yet I will favour thee in what I can.
 Therefore, merchant, I'll grant to thee this day
 To seek thy life by beneficial help.
 Try if thou may find a friend in Ephesus.
 Beg thou, or borrow, to make up the sum,
 And live. If no, then thou art doom'd to die.
 Gaoler, take him to thy custody.

Gaoler I will, my lord.

Egeon Hopeless and helpless doth Egeon wend,
 But to procrastinate his lifeless end.

Exeunt

Scene 2 (Act1 Sc2)

The Mart in Ephesus

Enter from the harbour Dromio of Syracuse

Syr Dromio *[Singing] Voyages begun in error
 May misfortune know thereafter,*

*Raging tempest, wrack and terror -
 Echoes of Poseidon's laughter.
 Yet at harbour,
 Our journey ended,
 We do forget.
 All shall be mended.*

*When the sea doth kiss the land
 And water dances on the sand
 Our voyage is done
 And hath begun.*

*Youth and vigour soon are squander'd
 Voyaging o'er sea or land
 So saith Dromio that wander'd
 Full seven year, from boy to man.
 [Now at harbour,
 My journey ended,
 Will I forget.
 All shall be mended.*

When the sea doth kiss the land etc ...]

Enter Antipholus of Syracuse, and a Sea Captain

Captain Therefore give out you are of Crete or Rhodes
 Lest that your goods too soon be confiscate.
 This very day a Syracusan merchant
 Is apprehended for arrival here,
 And, not being able to buy out his life
 According to the statute of the town,
 Dies ere the weary sun set in the west.
 There is your money that I had to keep,
 One thousand marks in gold for you complete.

Syr Antiph Good Captain, thank you. Dromio, go bear
 This safely to the Centaur where we host
 And stay there with it, till I come to thee.
 Within this hour it will be dinner-time.
 Till then I'll view the manners of the town,
 Peruse the traders, gaze upon the buildings,
 And then return and sleep within mine inn
 For with long travel I am stiff and weary.

Dromio The front gate of the Centaur is my course?

Syr Antiph What matters the gate, Dromio?

Dromio The front doth host the man, the rear a horse.

Syr Antiph Go, get thee away.

Exit Dromio

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

Syr Antiph A trusty villain, sir, bred up with me.
When I am dull with care and melancholy
He lightens my humour with merry jests.
He'd no more steal from me than I from him.
What, will you walk with me about the town,
And then go to my inn and dine with me?

Captain I am invited, sir, to certain merchants
Of whom I hope to make much benefit.
I crave your pardon. At five o'clock,
Please you, I'll meet you here upon the mart
And afterward consort you till bed-time.

Syr Antiph Farewell till then. I will go lose myself
And wander up and down to view the city.

Captain Sir, be wary. In this kind-seeming state
Old Syracuse is held in bitter hate.
But I commend you to your own content.

Exit

Syr Antiph 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.

Enter Dromio of Ephesus

What now? How chance thou art return'd so soon?

Eph Dromio Return'd so soon? Rather approach'd 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.

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

Eph Dromio 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.

Syr Antiph I am not in a sportive humour now.
Tell me, and dally not, where is the money?
We being strangers here, how dar'st thou trust
So great a charge from thine own custody?

Eph Dromio I pray you jest, sir, as you sit at dinner.
I from my mistress come to you in post.
If I return I shall be post indeed
For she will score your fault upon my pate.
Your belly, sir, like mine, should be your clock
And strike you home without a messenger.

Syr Antiph Come, Dromio, come, these jests are out of season,
Reserve them till a merrier hour than this.
Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee?

Eph Dromio To me, sir? Why, you gave no gold to me.

Syr Antiph Come on, sir knave, have done your foolishness
And tell me how thou hast dispos'd thy charge.

Eph Dromio My charge was but to fetch you from the mart
Home to your house, the Phoenix, sir, to dinner.
My mistress and her sister stays for you.

Syr Antiph Now as I am a Christian, answer me
In what safe place you have bestow'd my money,
Or I shall break that merry scone of yours
That stands on tricks when I am undispos'd.
Where is the thousand marks thou hadst of me?

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

Syr Antiph Thy mistress' marks? What mistress, slave, hast thou?

Eph Dromio Your worship's wife, my mistress at the Phoenix,
She that doth fast till you come home to dinner,

And prays that you will hie you home to dinner.

Syr Antiph What, wilt thou flout me thus unto my face,
Being forbid? There, take you that, sir knave.

Eph Dromio What mean you, sir? For God's sake, hold your hands.
Nay, and you will not, sir, I'll take my heels.

Exit

Syr Antiph 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 such-like 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 Antipholus of Ephesus, Angelo and Balthazar

Eph Antiph The man who dies for want a thousand marks
Might earn our pity, never our contempt.

Angelo He hath usurp'd our bound'ries 'gainst our law
And thus must die. The times are perilous.
Ephesians all must stand upon their guard.

Balthazar 'Tis known that now within our city walls
Merchants of Syracuse mingle unobserv'd.
Mayhap by sorcery native to their land
Our own reflections have they robb'd
From out our mirrors and us do counterfeit.
Our city dames, for fear their sweet converse
Should by ill chance fall on unlicens'd ears,
Forebear to speak, e'en unto their lords.

Eph Antiph It may be thus, but if my wife be dumb
'Tis by displeasure, not that I am aught
Than what I am. For my part I do hold
A ducat from Syracuse doth sound as true
As one from Ephesus. Silk that's traded there
Upon our ladies' backs will hang as fair -
Your pardon, sir, perchance I speak too free.
Time and custom hath our statutes weigh'd.
Though it be quaint, the law must be obey'd.

Balthazar Your judgment doth equal your renown, Antipholus.

Eph Antiph So to our business, Signior Angelo.
How fares the golden chain that I bespoke
As token for my wife?

Angelo It doth await you in my workshop, sir.
Some details want to make the work complete.

Enter a Courtesan

Eph Antiph Then do it straight. Of late my wife is vex'd,
And looks for fault where no fault exists.
Of this gold band I mean to make a wall
To prison her ill humour for a while.

Courtesan Your wife is beholden to you for a gold band, sir. Have you
none to bestow upon a friend?

Eph Antiph Signior Balthazar, here's a 'city dame'
Not cares what ears her words do fall upon.
She would prattle were I King of Syracuse.
How now, madam, what would you give me for such a
favour?

Courtesan I should give a thing would give you joy.

Eph Antiph Can it be spent?

Courtesan A man would be spent did he but have it.

Eph Antiph Of what value is it?

Courtesan Too little for what thou hast, Signior Antipholus. For your
gold band I would give my ring.

Eph Antiph 'Tis no great thing, scarce forty ducats in our city's mart.

Courtesan Then come inside and drink a flask of wine. Within my
house you'll see its value rise 'til you do shower me with
gold.

Eph Antiph Madam, at my house we all are engag'd.
E'en now my wife commands our dinner there.

Balthazar Nay, sir, 'tis yet a while until we dine.
We'll indoors with you.

Angelo That way do I incline.

Eph Antiph We may not tarry, yet will we taste your wine.
For 'tis no sin to sit and sip and chat.

Balthazar And afterwards swear oaths you never sat.

Scene 3 (Act2 Sc1)

The house of Antipholus of Ephesus
Adriana and Luciana

- Adriana** Neither my husband nor the slave return'd
That in such haste I sent to seek his master!
Sure, Luciana, it is two o'clock.
- Luciana** Perhaps some merchant hath invited him
And from the mart he's somewhere gone to dinner.
Good sister, let us dine and never fret.
A man is master of his liberty.
Time is their master and, when they see time,
They'll go or come. If so, be patient, sister.
- Adriana** Why should their liberty than ours be more?
- Luciana** Because their business still lies out o' door.
- Adriana** Look, when I serve him so he takes it ill.
- Luciana** O, know he is the bridle of your will.
- Adriana** There's none but asses will be bridled so.
- Luciana** Why, headstrong liberty is lash'd 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.
Men, more divine, the masters of all these,
Lords 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.
Then let your will attend on their accords.
- 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 dallies other where?
- Luciana** Till he come home again I would forbear.

Adriana Patience unmov'd! No marvel though she pause.
 They can be meek that have no other cause.
 A wretched soul, bruis'd with adversity,
 We bid be quiet when we hear it cry,
 But were we burden'd with like weight of pain
 As much or more would we ourselves complain.
 So thou, that hast no unkind mate to grieve thee,
 With urging helpless patience wouldst relieve me.

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

Enter Dromio of Ephesus

Here comes your man. Now is your husband nigh.

Adriana Say, is your tardy master now at hand?

Eph Dromio Nay, he's at two hands with me, and that my two ears can witness.

Adriana Say, didst thou speak with him? Know'st thou his mind?

Eph Dromio Ay, ay, he told his mind upon mine ear.
 Beshrew his hand, I scarce could understand it.

Luciana Spake he so doubtfully, thou couldst not feel his meaning?

Eph Dromio Nay, he struck so plainly, I could too well feel his blows.
 And withal so doubtfully that I could scarce understand them.

Adriana But say, I prithee, is he coming home?
 It seems he hath great care to please his wife.

Eph Dromio Why, mistress, sure my master is horn-mad.

Adriana Horn-mad, thou villain?

Eph Dromio I mean not cuckold-mad,
 But sure he is stark mad.
 When I desir'd him to come home to dinner
 He ask'd me for a thousand marks in gold.
 'Tis dinner-time,' quoth I. 'My gold!' quoth he.
 'Your meat doth burn,' quoth I. 'My gold!' quoth he.
 'Will you come home?' quoth I. 'My gold!' quoth he.
 'Where is the thousand marks I gave thee, villain?'
 'The pig,' quoth I, 'is burn'd.' 'My gold!' quoth he.
 'My mistress, sir - ' quoth I, 'Hang up thy mistress,
 I know not thy mistress, out on thy mistress - !'

Luciana Quoth who?

Eph Dromio Quoth my master.
 'I know,' quoth he, 'no house, no wife, no mistress.'
 So that my errand due unto my tongue,
 I thank him, I bare home upon my shoulders,
 For, in conclusion, he did beat me there.

Adriana Go back again, thou slave, and fetch him home.

Eph Dromio Go back again, and be new beaten home?
 For God's sake, send some other messenger.

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

Eph Dromio And he will bless that cross with other beating.
 Between you I shall have a holy head.

Adriana Hence, prating peasant! Fetch thy master home.

Eph 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.
 If I last in this service, you must case me in leather.

Exit

Luciana Fie, how impatience loureth in your face!

Adriana His company must do his harlots 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 marr'd
 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 ruin'd? 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.

Luciana Self-harming jealousy! Fie, beat it hence!

Adriana Unfeeling fools can with such wrongs dispense.
 I know his eye doth homage elsewhere
 Or else what lets it but he would be here?
 Sister, you know he promis'd me a chain.
 I would he would that golden toy detain
 So he would keep fair quarter with his bed.

I see the jewel best enamelled
 Will lose its beauty. Yet gold shines still
 That falsehood and corruption doth supply.
 Since my beauty no longer please his eye
 I'll weep what's left away and weeping die.

Luciana How many fond fools serve mad jealousy?

Exeunt

Scene 4 (Act 2 Sc2)

The Mart

Enter Antipholus of Syracuse

Syr Antiph The gold I gave to Dromio is laid up
 Safe at the Centaur and by mine host's report
 The heedful slave is wander'd forth
 In care to seek me out. See, here he comes.

Enter Dromio of Syracuse

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

Syr Dromio What answer, sir? When spake I such a word?

Syr Antiph Even now, even here, not half an hour since.

Syr Dromio I did not see you since you sent me hence,
 Home to the Centaur with the gold you gave me.

Syr Antiph Villain, thou didst deny the gold's receipt
 And told'st me of a mistress and a dinner,
 For which, I hope, thou felt'st I was displeas'd.

Syr Dromio I am glad to see you in this merry vein.
 What means this jest? I pray you, master, tell me.

Syr Antiph Yea, dost thou jeer and flout me in the teeth?
 Think'st thou I jest? Hold, take thou that, and that.

Syr Dromio Hold, sir, for God's sake! Now your jest is earnest.
 Upon what bargain do you give it me?

Syr Antiph Because that I familiarly sometimes
 Do use you for my fool and chat with you,

Your sauciness will jest upon my love
 And make a common of my serious hours.
 When the sun shines let foolish gnats make sport,
 But creep in crannies when he hides his beams.
 If you will jest with me, know my aspect
 And fashion your demeanor to my looks
 Or I will beat this method in your sconce.

Syr Dromio Sconce call you it? So you would leave battering, I had rather call it a head. An you use these blows long, I must wear my head on my back and hide my wit in my shoulders. But, I pray, sir why am I beaten?

Syr Antiph Dost thou not know?

Syr Dromio Nothing, sir, but that I am beaten.

Syr Antiph Shall I tell you why?

Syr Dromio Ay, sir, and wherefore, for they say every why hath a wherefore.

Syr Antiph Why, first for flouting me, and then wherefore, for urging it the second time to me.

Syr Dromio Was there ever any man thus beaten out of season,
 When in the why and the wherefore is neither rhyme nor reason?
 Well, sir, I thank you.

Syr Antiph Thank me, sir, for what?

Syr Dromio Marry, sir, for this something that you gave me for nothing.

Syr Antiph I'll make you amends next, to give you nothing for something. But say, sir, is it dinner time?

Syr Dromio No, sir. I think the meat wants that I have.

Syr Antiph Indeed, sir - what's that?

Syr Dromio Basting.

Syr Antiph Well, sir, then 'twill be dry.

Syr Dromio If it be, sir, I pray you eat none of it.

Syr Antiph Your reason?

Syr Dromio Lest it make you choleric and purchase me another dry basting.

Syr Antiph Well, sir, learn to jest in good time. There's a time for all things.

- Syr Dromio** I durst have denied that before you were so choleric.
- Syr Antiph** By what rule, sir?
- Syr Dromio** Marry, sir, by a rule as plain as the plain bald pate of Father Time himself.
- Syr Antiph** Let's hear it.
- Syr Dromio** There's no time for a man to recover his hair that grows bald by nature.
- Syr Antiph** Ay, thou say'st true! Why is Time such a niggard of hair, when it doth grow so freely?
- Syr Dromio** Because hair is a blessing he bestows on beasts, and what he hath scanted men in hair he hath given them in wit.
- Syr Antiph** There's many a man hath both hair and wit.
- Syr Dromio** Not a man of those but he hath the wit to lose his hair.
- Syr Antiph** Why, thou conclud'st hairy men be beastly dealers without wit.
- Syr Dromio** Beasts know not Time nor wit. Time, being no beast, hath wit without limit, yet is himself bald. So to the world's witty end Time would have bald followers.

Enter Adriana and Luciana

- Syr Antiph** I knew 'twould be a bald conclusion. But soft who wafts us yonder?
- Adriana** Ay, ay, Antipholus, look strange and frown.
Some other mistress hath thy sweet aspects,
I am not Adriana nor thy wife.
The time was once when thou unurg'd wouldst vow
That never words were music to thine ear,
That never object pleasing in thine eye,
That never touch well welcome to thy hand,
That never meat sweet-savour'd in thy taste,
Unless I spake, or look'd, or touch'd, or carv'd to thee.
How comes it now, my husband, O how comes it,
That thou art thus estranged from thyself?
Thyself I call it, being strange to me,
That, undividable, incorporate,
Am better than thy dear self's better part.
Ah, do not tear away thyself from me!
For know, my love, as easy mayest thou fall
A drop of water in the breaking gulf

And take unmingled that same drop again,
 Without addition or diminishing,
 As take from me thyself and not me too.
 How dearly would it touch thee to the quick
 Shouldst thou but hear I were licentious
 And that this body, consecrate to thee,
 By ruffian lust should be contaminate?
 Wouldst thou not spit at me and spurn at me
 And hurl the name of husband in my face
 And tear the stain'd skin off my harlot brow
 And from my false hand cut the wedding ring
 And break it with a deep-divorcing vow?
 I know thou canst, and therefore see thou do it.
 I am possess'd with an adulterate blot,
 My blood is mingled with the crime of lust,
 For if we too be one and thou play false
 I do digest the poison of thy flesh,
 Being strumpeted by thy contagion.
 Keep then fair league and truce with thy true bed,
 I live unstain'd, thou undishonoured.

Syr Antiph 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
 Which, every word by all my wit being scann'd,
 Want wit in all one word to understand.

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

Syr Antiph By Dromio?

Syr Dromio 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.

Syr Antiph Did you converse, sir, with this gentlewoman?
 What is the course and drift of your compact?

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

Syr Antiph Villain, thou liest, for even her very words
 Didst thou deliver to me on the mart.

Syr Dromio I never spake with her in all my life.

- Syr Antiph** 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!
Wrong me if you must with your indiff'rence
But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt.
Come, I will fasten on this sleeve of thine.
Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine
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
Infect thy sap and live on thy confusion.
- Syr Antiph** *[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 offer'd fallacy.
- Luciana** Dromio, go bid the servants spread for dinner.
- Syr Dromio** O, for my beads! I cross me for a sinner.
This is the fairy land. O spite of spites,
We talk with goblins, owls and sprites.
If we obey them not, this will ensue -
They'll suck our breath, or pinch us black and blue.
- Luciana** Why prat'st thou to thyself and answer'st not?
Dromio, thou drone, thou snail, thou slug, thou sot!
- Syr Dromio** I am transformed, master, am I not?
- Syr Antiph** I think thou art in mind, and so am I.
- Syr Dromio** Nay, master, both in mind and in my shape.
- Syr Antiph** Thou hast thine own form.
- Syr Dromio** No, I am an ape.
- Luciana** If thou art chang'd to aught, 'tis to an ass.
- Syr Dromio** 'Tis so, I am an ass, else it could never be
But I should know her as well as she knows me.
- Adriana** Come, come, no longer will I be a fool

To put the finger in the eye and weep
 Whilst man and master laugh my woes to scorn.
 Come, sir, to dinner. Dromio, keep the gate.
 Husband, dine above with me today
 I'll shrive you of a thousand idle pranks.
 Sirrah, if any ask you for your master,
 Say he dines forth and let no creature enter.
 Come, sister. Dromio, play the porter well.

Syr Antiph *[Aside]* Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell?
 Sleeping or waking? Mad or well-advis'd?
 Known unto these, and to myself disguis'd!
 I'll say as they say and persevere so
 And in this mist at all adventures go.

Syr Dromio Master, shall I be porter at the gate?

Adriana Ay, and let none enter, lest I break your pate.

Luciana Come, come, Antipholus, we dine too late.

Exeunt

Scene 5 (Act 3 Sc1)

Near to the door to Antipholus of Ephesus' House
*Enter Dromio of Ephesus and then Antipholus of Ephesus, Angelo and
 Balthazar, singing:*

*There is a lady pours the wine
 Seek for her at the Porpentine.
 No drop will she spill on the floor
 Of Burgundy or Rhenish.
 Pleasure's parting ever grieves us,
 Pleasure waken'd shall relieve us.
 Her charms do draw the liquor out
 I'til dry and weary lies the spout,
 Yet the liquor all her guests crave for
 Her art shall soon replenish.
 Pleasure's etc ...]*

Eph Antiph Good Signior Angelo, you must excuse us all.
 My wife is shrewish when I keep not hours.
 Say that I linger'd with you at your shop
 To see the making of her carcanet
 And that tomorrow you will bring it home.

- Angelo** So much shall I vouch, for peace and good digestion.
- Eph Antiph** But here's a villain that would face me down
He met me on the mart and that I beat him
And charg'd him with a thousand marks in gold,
And that I did deny my wife and house.
Thou drunkard, thou, what didst thou mean by this?
- Eph Dromio** Say what you will, sir, but I know what I know.
That you beat me at the mart, I have your hand to show.
If the skin were parchment and the blows you gave were ink
Your own handwriting would tell you what I think.
- Eph Antiph** I think thou art an ass.
- Eph Dromio** Marry, so it doth appear
By the wrongs I suffer and the blows I bear.
I should kick, being kick'd, and being at that pass
You would keep from my heels and beware of an ass.
- Eph Antiph** You're sad, Signior Balthazar. Pray God our cheer
May answer my good will and your good welcome here.
- Balthazar** I hold your dainties cheap, sir, and your welcome dear.
- Eph Antiph** O, Signior Balthazar, either at flesh or fish
A table full of welcome make scarce one dainty dish.
- Balthazar** Good meat, sir, is common. That every churl affords.
- Eph Antiph** And welcome more common, for that's nothing but words.
- Balthazar** Small cheer and great welcome makes a merry feast.
- Eph Antiph** 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 lock'd. Go bid them let us in.
- Eph Dromio** Maud, Bridget, Marian, Cicel, Gillian, Ginn!
- Syr Dromio** *[Within]* Mome, malt-horse, capon, coxcomb, idiot, patch!
Either get thee from the door or sit down at the hatch.
Dost thou conjure for wenches that thou call'st for such store
When one is one too many? Go, get thee from the door.
- Eph Dromio** What patch is made our porter? My master stays in the street.
- Syr Dromio** Let him walk from whence he came, lest he catch cold in's feet.
- Eph Antiph** Who talks within there? Ho, open the door!

Syr Dromio Right, sir, I'll tell you when an you tell me wherefore.
Eph Antiph Wherefore? For my dinner. I have not din'd today.
Syr Dromio Nor today here you must not. Come again when you may.
Eph Antiph What art thou that keep'st me out from the house I owe?
Syr Dromio The porter for this time, sir, and my name is Dromio.
Eph Dromio O villain, thou hast stolen both mine office and my name!
 The one ne'er got me credit, the other mickle blame.

Enter Ginn within

Ginn What a coil is here, Dromio? Who are those at the gate?
Eph Dromio Ginn? Let my master in.
Ginn Faith, no, he comes too late,
 And so tell your master.
Eph Antiph Thou baggage, let me in.
Ginn Can you tell for whose sake?
Eph Dromio Master, knock the door hard.
Ginn Let him knock till it ache.
Eph Antiph You'll cry for this, minion, if I beat the door down.
Ginn What needs all that and a pair of stocks in the town?

Enter Adriana within

Adriana Who is that at the door that keeps all this noise?
Syr Dromio By my troth, your town is troubl'd with unruly boys.
Eph Antiph Are you there, wife? You might have come before.
Adriana Your wife, sir knave? Go get you from the door.

Exit Adriana & Ginn

Angelo Here is neither cheer, sir, nor welcome. We would fain
 have either.
Balthazar In debating which was best, we shall part with neither.
Eph Dromio They stand at the door, master. Bid them welcome hither.
Eph Antiph There is something in the wind that we cannot get in.
Eph Dromio You would say so, master, if your garments were thin.
 Your wife's warm within. You stand in the cold.
 It would make a man mad, to be so bought and sold.
Eph Antiph Go fetch me something. I'll break ope the gate.

- Syr Dromio** Break any breaking here and I'll break your knave's pate!
- Eph Dromio** A man may break a word with you, sir, and words are but wind.
Ay, and break it in your face, so he break it not behind.
- Syr Dromio** It seems thou want'st breaking. Out upon thee, hind!
- Eph Dromio** Here's too much 'out upon thee!' I pray thee, let me in!
- Syr Dromio** Ay, when fowls have no feathers and fish have no fin.
- Eph Antiph** Well, I'll break in. Go borrow me a crow.
- Eph Dromio** A crow without feather? Master, mean you so?
For a fish without a fin, there's a fowl without a feather.
If a crow help us in, sirrah, we'll pluck a crow together.
- Eph Antiph** Go get thee gone. Fetch me an iron crow.
- Balthazar** Have patience, sir. O, let it not be so!
Herein you war against your reputation
And draw within the compass of suspect
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 rul'd 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,
For ever hous'd where it gets possession.
- Eph Antiph** You have prevail'd. I will depart in quiet
And, in despite of mirth, mean to be merry.
We know a wench of excellent discourse,
Pretty and witty, wild, and yet gentle, too.
There will we wine and dine. This lady -
Though, I protest, without desert - my wife

Hath oftentimes upbraided me withal.
 To her will we return. *[To Angelo]* Get you home
 And fetch the chain. Bring it, I pray you,
 To the Porpentine. That chain will I bestow -
 Be it for nothing but to spite my wife -
 Upon our gentle hostess. Good sir, make haste.
 Since mine own doors refuse to entertain me,
 I'll knock elsewhere, to see if they'll disdain me.

Angelo I'll meet you at that place some hour hence.

Eph Antiph Do so. This jest shall cost me some expense.

Exeunt

Scene 6 (Act3 Sc2)

Within the house

Adriana weeps. Dromio of Syracuse sings:

Syr Dromio *Mistress, thou doth love in error,
 When thou endeavour Love to know.
 We may not understand nor measure
 The aching heart nor yet the treasure
 Love at hazard doth bestow.

 Thy image study in the mirror
 The glass will show the changes wrought
 By Love that we would make a minion,
 That o'er mankind hath dominion,
 So our confusion is Love's sport.*

Enter Luciana and Antipholus of Syracuse

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.
 Let not my sister read it in your eye,
 Be not thy tongue thy own shame's orator.
 Look sweet, be fair, become disloyalty,
 Apparel vice like virtue's harbinger,
 Bear a fair presence, though your heart be tainted,

Teach sin the carriage of a holy saint,
 Be secret-false, what need she be acquainted?
 What simple thief brags of his own attaint?
 'Tis double wrong to truant with your bed
 And let her read it in thy looks at board.
 Shame hath a bastard fame, well managed,
 Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word.
 Alas, poor women, make us but believe,
 Being compact of credit, that you love us.
 Though others have the arm, show us the sleeve.
 We in your motion turn and you may move us.
 Then, gentle brother, get you in again,
 Comfort my sister, cheer her, call her wife.
 'Tis holy sport a greater love to feign
 And the sweet breath of flattery conquers strife.

Syr Antiph Sweet mistress - what your name is else, I know not,
 Nor by what wonder you do hit of mine.
 More in your knowledge and your grace you show
 Than our earth's wonder, more than earth divine.
 Teach me, dear creature, how to think and speak.
 Lay open to my earthy gross conceit,
 Smother'd in errors, feeble, shallow, weak,
 The folded meaning of your words' deceit.
 Against my soul's pure truth why labour you
 To make it wander in an unknown field?
 Are you a god? Would you create me new?
 Transform me then and to your power I'll yield.
 But if that I am I, then well I know
 Your weeping sister is no wife of mine,
 Nor to her bed no homage do I owe.
 Far more, far more to you do I incline.
 O, train me not, sweet mermaid, with thy note,
 To drown me in thy sister's flood of tears.
 Sing, siren, for thyself and I will dote.
 Spread o'er the silver waves thy ebon hairs
 And as a bed I'll take them and there lie,
 And in that glorious supposition think
 He gains by death that hath such means to die.
 Let Love, being light, be drowned if she sink!

Luciana What, are you mad, that you do reason so?

Syr Antiph Not mad, but mated, how I do not know.

- Luciana** It is a fault that springeth from your eye.
- Syr Antiph** For gazing on your beams, fair sun, being by.
- Luciana** Gaze where you should, and that will clear your sight.
- Syr Antiph** As good to wink, sweet love, as look on night.
- Luciana** Why call you me love? Call my sister so.
- Syr Antiph** Thy sister's sister.
- Luciana** That's my sister.
- Syr Antiph** No,
It is thyself, mine own self's better part,
Mine eye's clear eye, my dear heart's dearer heart,
My food, my fortune and my sweet hope's aim,
My sole earth's heaven and my heaven's claim.
- Luciana** All this my sister is, or else should be.
- Syr Antiph** Call thyself sister, sweet, for I am thee.
Thee will I love and with thee lead my life.
Thou hast no husband yet nor I no wife.
Give me thy hand.
- Luciana** O, soft, sir, hold you still.
I'll fetch my sister, to get her good will.
- Exit*
Enter Dromio of Syracuse
- Syr Antiph** Why, how now, Dromio, where runn'st thou so fast?
- Syr Dromio** Do you know me, sir? Am I Dromio? Am I your man? Am I myself?
- Syr Antiph** Thou art Dromio, thou art my man, thou art thyself.
- Syr Dromio** I am an ass, I am a woman's man and besides myself.
- Syr Antiph** What woman's man? And how besides thyself?
- Syr Dromio** Marry, sir, besides myself, I am due to a woman, one that claims me, one that haunts me, one that will have me.
- Syr Antiph** What claim lays she to thee?
- Syr Dromio** Marry sir, such claim as you would lay to your horse, and she would have me as a beast. Not that, I being a beast, she would have me, but that she, being a very beastly creature, lays claim to me.
- Syr Antiph** What is she?

- Syr Dromio** A very reverend body. Ay, such a one as a man may not speak of without he say 'Sir-reverence.' I have but lean luck in the match, and yet is she a wondrous fat marriage.
- Syr Antiph** How dost thou mean a fat marriage?
- Syr Dromio** Marry, sir, she's the kitchen wench and all grease, and I know not what use to put her to but to make a lamp of her and run from her by her own light. I warrant her rags and the tallow in them will burn a Poland winter. If she live till doomsday she'll burn a week longer than the whole world.
- Syr Antiph** What complexion is she of?
- Syr Dromio** Swart, like my shoe, but her face nothing half so clean kept. For why? She sweats. A man may go over shoes in the grime of it.
- Syr Antiph** That's a fault that water will mend.
- Syr Dromio** No, sir, 'tis in grain. Noah's flood could not do it.
- Syr Antiph** What's her name?
- Syr Dromio** Nell, sir. But her name and three quarters, that's an ell and three quarters, will not measure her from hip to hip.
- Syr Antiph** Then she bears some breadth?
- Syr Dromio** No longer from head to foot than from hip to hip. She is spherical, like a globe. I could find out countries in her.
- Syr Antiph** In what part of her body stands Ireland?
- Syr Dromio** Marry, in her buttocks. I found it out by the bogs.
- Syr Antiph** Where Scotland?
- Syr Dromio** I found it by the barrenness. Hard in the palm of the hand.
- Syr Antiph** Where England?
- Syr Dromio** 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 against it.
- Syr Antiph** Where Spain?
- Syr Dromio** Faith, I saw it not. But I felt it hot in her breath.
- Syr Antiph** Where America, the Indies?
- Syr Dromio** Oh, sir, upon her nose all o'er embellish'd with rubies, carbuncles, sapphires, declining their rich aspect to the hot breath of Spain, who sent whole armadoes of caracks to be

ballast at her nose.

Syr Antiph Where stood Belgia, the Netherlands?

Syr Dromio Oh, sir, I did not look so low. To conclude, this drudge, or diviner, laid claim to me, call'd me Dromio, swore I was assur'd to her, told me what privy marks I had about me, as the mark of my shoulder, the mole in my neck, the great wart on my left arm, that I amazed ran from her as a witch. And, I think, if my breast had not been made of faith and my heart of steel, she had transform'd me to a curtal dog and made me turn i'th'wheel.

Syr Antiph Go hie thee presently, post to the quay.
An if the wind blow any way from shore,
I will not harbour in this town tonight.
If any bark put forth come to the mart
Where I will walk till thou return to me.
If every one knows us and we know none,
'Tis time, I think, to trudge, pack and be gone.

Syr Dromio As from a bear a man would run for life,
So fly I from her that would be my wife.

Exit

Syr Antiph There's none but witches do inhabit here,
And therefore 'tis high time that I were hence.
She that doth call me husband, even my soul
Doth for a wife abhor. But her fair sister,
Possess'd with such a gentle sovereign grace,
Of such enchanting presence and discourse,
Hath almost made me traitor to myself.
But, lest myself be guilty to self-wrong,
I'll stop mine ears against the mermaid's song.

*He exits from the house
Enter Angelo with the chain*

Angelo Master Antipholus -

Syr Antiph Ay, that's my name.

Angelo I know it well, sir, lo, here is the chain.
I meant to have found you at the Porpentine.
The chain unfinish'd made me stay thus long.

Syr Antiph What is your will that I shall do with this?

Angelo What please yourself, sir. I have made it for you.

Syr Antiph Made it for me, sir! I bespoke it not.

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

Syr Antiph I pray you, sir, receive the money now,
For fear you ne'er see chain nor money more.

Angelo You are a merry man, sir. Fare you well.

Exit

Syr Antiph What I should think of this, I cannot tell.
But this I think, there's no man is so vain
That would refuse so fair an offer'd chain.
I see a man here needs not live by shifts
When in the streets he meets such golden gifts.
I'll to the mart, and there for Dromio stay.
If any ship put out, then straight away.

Exit

Part Two

Scene 7 (Act4 Sc1)

The Mart

Dromio of Ephesus waits outside the door to the Porpentine

Eph Dromio *[Singing] Did Poseidon dwell on land
And his wat'ry realm forsook
Of sea grass would our lutes be strung.
Yet if a man a fish did hook
For wanton sport and he were took,
By rope of seaweed he'd be hung.
This catch by Dromio is sung:

I dream'd I did a mackerel wed
As waters roil'd above my head.*

He falls asleep

Enter Merchant, Angelo and an Officer

Merchant You know since Pentecost the sum is due
When since I have not much importun'd you,
Nor now I had not, but that I am bound
To Persia and want guilders for my voyage.
Therefore make present satisfaction
Or I'll attach you by this officer.

Angelo Even just the sum that I do owe to you
Is growing to me by Antipholus
And in the instant that I met with you
He had of me a chain. At five o'clock
I shall receive the money for the same.
Pleaseth you walk with me down to his house,
I will discharge my bond and thank you too.

Enter Antipholus and Balthasar from the Porpentine, the Courtesan at the door

Eph Antiph *[To Balthasar] Farewell, sir.*

Officer That labour may you save. See where he comes.

Eph Antiph Dromio,
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.

Eph Dromio I buy a thousand pound a year, I buy a rope!

Exit Dromio of Ephesus and Balthasar severally

Eph Antiph A man is well help up that trusts to you.
I promis'd here your presence and the chain,
But neither chain nor goldsmith came to me.
Belike you thought our love would last too long,
If it were chain'd together, and therefore came not.

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 discharg'd
For he is bound to sea and stays but for it.

Eph Antiph I am not furnish'd with the present money.
Besides, I have some business in the town.

He waves the Courtesan away and she exits

Two hundred ducats!
Good signior, 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.

Angelo Then you will bring the chain to her yourself?

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

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

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

Angelo Nay, come, I pray you, sir, give me the chain.
Both wind and tide stays for this gentleman
And I, to blame, have held him here too long.

Eph Antiph Good Lord, you use this dalliance to excuse
Your breach of promise to the Porpentine!
I should have chid you for not bringing it
But, like a shrew, you first begin to brawl.

Merchant The hour steals on. I pray you, sir, dispatch.

Angelo You hear how he importunes me - the chain!

- Eph Antiph** Why, give it to my wife and fetch your money.
- Angelo** Come, come, you know I gave it you even now.
Either send the chain or send me by some token.
- Eph Antiph** Fie, now you run this humour out of breath.
Come, where's the chain? I pray you, let me see it.
- Merchant** My business cannot brook this dalliance.
Good sir, say whether you'll answer me or no.
If not, I'll leave him to the officer.
- Eph Antiph** I answer you? What should I answer you?
- Angelo** The money that you owe me for the chain.
- Eph Antiph** I owe you none till I receive the chain.
- Angelo** You know I gave it you half an hour since.
- Eph Antiph** You gave me none. You wrong me much to say so.
- Angelo** You wrong me more, sir, in denying it.
Consider how it stands upon my credit.
- Merchant** Well, officer, arrest him at my suit.
- Officer** I do, and charge you in the Duke's name to obey me.
- Angelo** This touches me in reputation.
Either consent to pay this sum for me
Or I attach you by this officer.
- Eph Antiph** Consent to pay thee that I never had?
Arrest me, foolish fellow, if thou darest.
- Angelo** Here is thy fee - arrest him, officer.
I would not spare my brother in this case
If he should scorn me so apparently.
- Officer** I do arrest you, sir. You hear the suit.
- Eph Antiph** I do obey thee till I give thee bail.
But, sirrah, you shall buy this sport as dear
As all the metal in your shop will answer.
- Angelo** Sir, sir, I will have law in Ephesus,
To your notorious shame, I doubt it not.

Enter Dromio of Syracuse, from the bay

- Syr Dromio** Master, there is a bark of Epidamnum
That stays but till her owner comes aboard
And then, sir, she bears away. Our fraughtage, sir,
I have convey'd 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 nought at all
 But for their owner, master, and yourself.

Eph Antiph How now, a madman! Why, thou peevish sheep,
 What ship of Epidamnum stays for me?

Syr Dromio A ship you sent me to, to purchase our escape.

Angelo Escape, false sir? I see that I am robb'd.

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

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

Eph Antiph 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 cover'd 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 Merchant, Angelo, Officer, and Antipholus of Ephesus

Syr Dromio To Adriana! That is where we din'd,
 Where Dowsabel did claim me for her husband.
 Thither I must, although against my will,
 For Syracusan lives are forfeit here.
 Heedless of peril, I'll make my master sure,
 Ere he's made headless by Ephesian law.

Exit

Scene 8 (Act4 Sc2)

The house of Antipholus of Ephesus
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?
 Look'd he or red or pale, or sad or merrily?
 What observation mad'st thou in this case

Of his heart's meteors tilting in his face?

Luciana First he denied you had in him no right.

Adriana He meant he did me none. The more my spite.

Luciana Then swore he that he was a stranger here.

Adriana And true he swore, though yet forsworn he were.

Luciana Then pleaded I for you.

Adriana And what said he?

Luciana That love I begg'd for you he begg'd of me.

Adriana With what persuasion did he tempt thy love?

Luciana With words that in an honest suit might move.
First he did praise my beauty, then my speech.

Adriana Didst speak him fair?

Luciana Have patience, I beseech.

Adriana I cannot, nor I will not, hold me still.
My tongue, though not my heart, shall have his will.
He is deformed, crooked, old and sere,
Ill-fac'd, worse bodied, shapeless everywhere.
Vicious, ungentle, foolish, blunt, unkind,
Stigmatical in body, worse in mind.

Luciana Who would be jealous then of such a one?
No evil lost is wail'd when it is gone.

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

Enter Dromio of Syracuse

Syr Dromio Here, go - the desk, the purse! Sweat, now, make haste.

Luciana How hast thou lost thy breath?

Syr Dromio By running fast.

Adriana Where is thy master, Dromio? Is he well?

Syr Dromio No, he's in Tartar limbo, worse than hell.
A devil in an everlasting garment hath him,
One whose hard heart is button'd up with steel.
A fiend, a fury, pitiless and rough,
A wolf, nay, worse, a fellow all in buff.

A back-friend, a shoulder-clapper, one contains
 The passaging of alleys, creeks and lanes.
 A hound that knows its quarry by its smell,
 A Cerberus that guards the gates of hell.

Adriana Why, man, what is the matter?

Syr Dromio I do not know the matter. He is 'rested on the case.

Adriana What, is he arrested? Tell me at whose suit.

Syr Dromio I know not at whose suit he is arrested well,
 But he's in a suit of buff which 'rested him, that can I tell.
 Will you send him, mistress, redemption, the money in his
 desk?

Adriana Go fetch it, sister.

Exit Luciana

This I wonder at,
 That he, unknown to me, should be in debt.
 Tell me, was he arrested on a bond?

Syr Dromio Not on a bond, but on a stronger thing –

A clock begins to strike four

The Law! The Law! Do you not hear it ring?

Adriana What, the law?

Syr Dromio No, no, the bell. He is but yet alive.
 It was three ere I left him. If the bell strike five -

Adriana 'Tis but four, fool! What fear'st thou so?

Syr Dromio Time is a very bankrupt, us time doth owe.
 Nay, he's a thief too. Have you not heard men say
 That Time comes stealing on by night and day?

Re-enter Luciana with a purse

Adriana Go, Dromio. There's the money, bear it straight
 And bring thy master home immediately.
 Come, sister. I am press'd down with conceit -
 Conceit, my comfort and my injury.

Exeunt

Scene 9 (Act4 Sc3 & 4)

The Mart

Enter Antipholus of Syracuse

Syr Antiph There's not a man I meet but doth salute me
 As if I were their well-acquainted friend,
 And every one doth call me by my name.
 Some tender money to me, some invite me,
 Some other give me thanks for kindnesses.
 Some offer me commodities to buy.
 Even now a tailor call'd me in his shop
 And show'd me silk that he had bought for me
 And therewithal took measure of my body.
 Sure, these are but imaginary wiles
 And Lapland sorcerers inhabit here.

Enter Syr Dromio

Syr Dromio Master, here's the gold you sent me for. What, have you lost
 the picture of old Adam new-apparell'd?

Syr Antiph What gold is this? What Adam dost thou mean?

Syr Dromio Not that Adam that kept the Paradise but that Adam that
 keeps the prison. He that goes in the calf's skin that was
 kill'd for the Prodigal. He that came behind you, sir, like an
 evil angel, and bid you bid farewell to your head.

Syr Antiph I understand thee not.

Syr Dromio No? Why, 'tis a plain case. He that went, like a bass-viol, in
 a case of leather. Him, sir, that when gentlemen are tired
 lends his arm and 'rests them. He, sir, that takes pity on
 decay'd men and gives them suits of durance.

Syr Antiph What, thou mean'st an officer?

Syr Dromio Ay, sir, the sergeant of the band, he that brings any man to
 answer it that breaks his bond. One that thinks a man
 always going to bed and says, 'God give you good rest!'

Syr Antiph Well, sir, there rest in your foolery. Is there any ship puts
 forth tonight? May we be gone?

Syr Dromio Why, sir, I brought you word an hour since that the bark
Expedition puts forth tonight, and then were you hinder'd by
 the sergeant to tarry for the good ship *Farewell*. Here are the
 angels that you sent for to deliver you.

Syr Antiph The fellow is distract, and so am I,

And here we wander in illusions -
Some blessed power deliver us from hence!

Enter Courtesan

- Courtesan** Well met, well met, Master Antipholus.
I see, sir, you have paid the goldsmith now.
Is that the chain you promis'd me today?
- Syr Antiph** Satan, avoid, I charge thee, tempt me not!
- Syr Dromio** Master, is this Mistress Satan?
- Syr Antiph** It is the devil.
- Syr Dromio** Nay, she is worse, she is the devil's dam, and here she comes in the habit of 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? Give me the chain and we'll mend our supper here.
- Syr Dromio** Master, if you do, expect spoon-meat, or bespeak a long spoon.
- Syr Antiph** Why, Dromio?
- Syr Dromio** Marry, he must have a long spoon that must eat with the devil.
- Syr Antiph** Avoid, then Fiend - what tell'st thou me of supping?
Thou art, as you are all, a sorceress.
I conjure thee to leave me and be gone.
- Courtesan** Give me the ring of mine you had at dinner,
Or for my ring the chain you promis'd me
And I'll be gone, sir, and not trouble you.
- Syr Dromio** 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.
- Courtesan** I pray you, sir, my ring, or else the chain.
I hope you do not mean to cheat me so.
- Syr Antiph** Avaunt, thou witch! Come, Dromio, let us go.
- Syr Dromio** 'Fly pride,' says the peacock. Mistress, that you know.

Exeunt Antipholus and Dromio of Syracuse

Courtesan 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 promis'd me a chain.
 Both one and other he denies me now.
 Besides this present instance of his rage,
 A mad tale he told me 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 rush'd into my house and took perforce
 My ring away. This course I fittest choose,
 For forty ducats is too much to lose.

*Exit**Enter Antipholus of Ephesus and the Officer*

Eph Antiph 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 attach'd in Ephesus.
 I tell you, 'twill sound harshly in her ears.

Enter Dromio of Ephesus with a rope's-end

Here comes my man. I think he brings the money.
 How now, sir, have you that I sent you for?

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

Eph Antiph But where's the money?

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

Eph Antiph Five hundred ducats, villain, for a rope?

Eph Dromio I'd serve you, sir, five hundred ropes for that.

Eph Antiph To what end did I bid thee hie thee home?

Eph Dromio To a rope's-end, sir, and to that end am I return'd.

Eph Antiph And to that end, sir, *[whipping him]* I will welcome you.

Officer Good sir, be patient.

Eph Dromio Nay, 'tis for me to be patient. I am in adversity.

- Officer** Good, now, hold thy tongue.
- Eph Dromio** Nay, rather persuade him to hold his hands.
- Eph Antiph** *[Whipping him again]* Thou whoreson, senseless villain!
- Eph Dromio** I would I were senseless, sir, that I might not feel your blows.
- Eph Antiph** Thou art sensible in nothing but blows, and so is an ass.
- Eph Dromio** I am an ass, indeed. You may prove it by my long ears. I have serv'd 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 wak'd with it when I sleep, rais'd with it when I sit, driven out of doors with it when I go from home, welcom'd home with it when I return. Nay, I bear it on my shoulders as a beggar bears her brat. And I think when he hath lam'd me, I shall beg with it from door to door.
- Eph Antiph** Come, go along, my wife is coming yonder.
Enter Adriana, Luciana, the Courtesan, Pinch and his men
- Eph Dromio** Mistress, *respice finem*, respect your end, or rather, to prophesy like the parrot, 'beware the rope's-end.'
- Eph Antiph** Wilt thou still talk?
- Courtesan** How say you now? Is not your husband mad?
- Adriana** His incivility confirms no less.
Good Doctor Pinch, you are a conjurer.
Establish him in his true sense again
And I will please you what you will demand.
- Luciana** Alas, how fiery and how sharp he looks!
- Courtesan** Mark how he trembles in his ecstasy!
- Pinch** Give me your hand and let me feel your pulse.
- Eph Antiph** There is my hand, and let it feel your ear.
- Pinch** I charge thee, Satan, hous'd within this man,
To yield possession to my holy prayers
And to thy state of darkness hie thee straight.
I conjure thee by all the saints in heaven!
- Eph Antiph** Peace, doting wizard, peace! I am not mad.
- Adriana** O, that thou wert not, poor distressed soul!
- Eph Antiph** You minion, you, are these your customers?

- Did this companion with the saffron face
 Revel and feast it at my house today
 Whilst upon me the guilty doors were shut
 And I denied to enter in my house?
- Adriana** O husband, God doth know you din'd at home.
 Where would you had remain'd until this time,
 Free from these slanders and this open shame!
- Eph Antiph** Din'd at home? Thou villain, what sayest thou?
- Eph Dromio** Sir, sooth to say, you did not dine at home.
- Eph Antiph** Were not my doors lock'd up and I shut out?
- Eph Dromio** Perdy, your doors were lock'd and you shut out.
- Eph Antiph** And did not she herself revile me there?
- Eph Dromio** Sans fable, she herself revil'd you there.
- Eph Antiph** Did not her chambermaid rail, taunt, and scorn me?
- Eph Dromio** Certes, she did. The chamber-vestal scorn'd you.
- Eph Antiph** And did not I in rage depart from thence?
- Eph Dromio** In verity you did. My bones bear witness,
 That since have felt the vigour of his rage.
- Adriana** Is't good to soothe him in these contraries?
- Pinch** It is no shame. The fellow finds his vein,
 And yielding to him humours well his frenzy.
- Eph Antiph** Thou hast suborn'd the goldsmith to arrest me.
- Adriana** Alas, I sent you money to redeem you,
 By Dromio here, who came in haste for it.
- Eph Dromio** Money by me? Heart and goodwill you might,
 But surely master, not a rag of money.
- Eph Antiph** Went'st not thou to her for a purse of ducats?
- Adriana** He came to me and I deliver'd it.
- Luciana** And I am witness with her that she did.
- Eph Dromio** God and the rope-maker bear me witness
 That I was sent for nothing but a rope!
- Pinch** Mistress, both man and master is possess'd.
 I know it by their pale and deadly looks.
 They must be bound and laid in some dark room.
- Eph Antiph** Say, wherefore didst thou lock me forth today?

And why dost thou deny the bag of gold?

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

Eph Dromio And, gentle master, I receiv'd no gold.
But I confess, sir, that we were lock'd out.

Adriana Dissembling villain, thou speak'st false in both.

Eph Antiph 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.

Two of Pinch's men grapple with him

Adriana O, bind him, bind him! Let him not come near me.

Pinch More company! The fiend is strong within him.

Luciana Ay me, poor man, how pale and wan he looks!

Eph Antiph What, will you murder me? Thou gaoler, thou,
I am thy prisoner. Wilt thou suffer them
To make a rescue?

Officer Masters, let him go.
He is my prisoner, and you shall not have him.

Pinch Go bind this man, for he is frantic too.

Another of Pinch's men binds Dromio of Ephesus

Adriana What wilt thou do, thou peevish officer?
Hast thou delight to see a wretched man
Do outrage and displeasure to himself?

Officer He is my prisoner. If I let him go
The debt he owes will be requir'd of me.

Adriana I will discharge thee ere I go from thee.
Bear me forthwith unto his creditor,
And, knowing how the debt grows, I will pay it.
Good master doctor, see him safe convey'd
Home to my house. O most unhappy day!

Eph Antiph O most unhappy strumpet!

Eph Dromio Master, I am here enter'd in bond for you.

Eph Antiph Out on thee, villain, wherefore dost thou mad me?

Eph Dromio Will you be bound for nothing? Be mad, good master. Cry
'The devil!'

Luciana God help, poor souls, how idly do they talk!

Adriana Go bear him hence. Sister, go you with me.

Exeunt all but Adriana, Luciana, Officer and Courtesan

Say now, whose suit is he arrested at?

Officer One Angelo, a goldsmith. Do you know him?

Adriana I know the man. What is the sum he owes?

Officer Two hundred ducats.

Adriana Say, how grows it due?

Officer Due for a chain your husband had of him.

Adriana He did bespeak a chain for me, but had it not.

Courtesan When as your husband all in rage today
Came to my house and took away my ring -
The ring I saw upon his finger now -
Straight after did I meet him with a chain.

Adriana It may be so, but I did never see it.
Come, gaoler, bring me where the goldsmith is.
I long to know the truth hereof at large.

Enter Antipholus of Syracuse with his sword drawn, and Dromio of Syracuse

Luciana God, for thy mercy, they are loose again!

Adriana And come with naked swords. Let's call more help
To have them bound again.

Officer Away, they'll kill us!

Exeunt all but Antipholus and Dromio of Syracuse

Syr Antiph I see these witches are afraid of swords.

Syr Dromio She that would be your wife now ran from you.

Syr Antiph Come to the Centaur. Fetch our stuff from thence.
I long that we were safe and sound aboard.

Syr Dromio 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.

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

*Exeunt***Scene 10** (Act5 Scene1)

A street before a Priory
Enter Merchant and Angelo

Angelo I am sorry, sir, that I have hinder'd you,
 But, I protest, he had the chain of me,
 Though most dishonestly he doth deny it.

Merchant How is the man esteem'd in Ephesus?

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

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

Enter Antipholus and Dromio of Syracuse

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 -
 Signior 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.
 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?

Syr Antiph I think I had. I never did deny it.

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

Syr Antiph Who heard me to deny it or forswear it?

Merchant These ears of mine, thou know'st did hear thee.
 Fie on thee, wretch, 'tis pity that thou liv'st
 To walk where any honest man resort.

Syr Antiph Thou art a villain to impeach me thus.
 I'll prove mine honour and mine honesty
 Against thee presently, if thou dar'st stand.

Merchant I dare, and do defy thee for a villain.

They draw

Enter Adriana, Luciana, the Courtesan and the Officer

Adriana Hold, hurt him not, for God's sake, he is mad.
Come, get within him, take his sword away.
Bind Dromio too, and bear them to my house.

Syr Dromio Run, master, run! For God's sake, take a house!
This is some priory. In, or we are spoil'd!

Exeunt Antipholus and Dromio of Syracuse into the Priory

Enter the Lady Abbess, Emelia

Emelia Be quiet, people. Wherefore throng you hither?

Adriana To fetch my poor distracted husband hence.
Let us come in, that we may bind him fast
And bear him home for his recovery.

Angelo I knew he was not in his perfect wits.

Merchant I am sorry now that I did draw on him.

Emelia How long hath this possession held the man?

Adriana This week he hath been heavy, sour, sad
And much different from the man he was.
But till this afternoon his passion
Ne'er brake into extremity of rage.

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

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

Emelia You should for that have reprehended him.

Adriana Why, so I did.

Emelia Ay, but not rough enough.

Adriana As roughly as my modesty would let me.

Emelia Haply, in private.

Adriana And in assemblies too.

Emelia Ay, but not enough.

- Adriana** 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 glanc'd at it.
Still did I tell him it was vile and bad.
- Emelia** 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 hinder'd by thy railing,
And therefore comes it that his head is light.
Thou say'st his meat was sauc'd 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 say'st his sports were hinderd by thy brawls.
Sweet recreation barr'd, 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 disturb'd, would mad or man or beast.
The consequence is then thy jealous fits
Have scar'd thy husband from the use of wits.
- Luciana** She never reprehended him but mildly,
When he demean'd himself rough, rude and wildly.
Why bear you these rebukes and answer not?
- Adriana** She did betray me to my own reproof.
Good people enter and lay hold on him.
- Emelia** No, not a creature enters in my house.
- Adriana** Then let your servants bring my husband forth.
- Emelia** 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.
- Adriana** 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.

Emelia Be patient, for I will not let him stir
 Till I have us'd the approved means I have,
 With wholesome syrups, drugs and holy prayers,
 To make of him a formal man again.
 It is a branch and parcel of mine oath,
 A charitable duty of my order.
 Therefore depart and leave him here with me.

Adriana I will not hence and leave my husband here,
 And ill it doth beseem your holiness
 To separate the husband and the wife.

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

Exit

Luciana 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.

Merchant By this, I think, the dial points at five.
 Anon, I'm sure, the Duke himself in person
 Comes this way to the melancholy vale,
 The place of death and sorry execution,
 Behind the ditches of the abbey here.

Adriana Upon what cause?

Merchant To see a reverend Syracusan 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.

Luciana Kneel to the Duke before he pass the abbey.

Enter Duke, Egeon bareheaded, with the Headsman and a Servant

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.

Servant I will, my lord.

Exit

Adriana Justice, most sacred Duke, against the abbess!

Duke She is a virtuous and a reverend lady.
 It cannot be that she hath done thee wrong.

Adriana May it please your grace, Antipholus, my husband,
 Whom I made lord of me and all I had
 At your important letters, this ill day
 A most 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, any thing 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
 And with his mad attendant and himself,
 Each one with ireful passion, with drawn swords,
 Met us again and madly bent on us,
 Chas'd us away, till raising of more aid,
 We came again to bind them. Then they fled
 Into this abbey, whither we pursued them.
 And here the abbess shuts the gates on us
 And will not suffer us to fetch him out,
 Nor send him forth that we may bear him hence.
 Therefore, most gracious Duke, with thy command
 Let him be brought forth and borne hence for help.

Duke Long since thy husband serv'd me in my wars,
 And I to thee engag'd a prince's word,
 When thou didst make him master of thy bed,
 To do him all the grace and good I could.
 Go, Officer, knock at the abbey gate
 And bid the lady abbess come to me.
 I will determine this before I stir.

Enter Ginn

Ginn 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 sing'd off with brands of fire,
 And ever, as it blaz'd, 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 conjurer.

Adriana Peace, fool! Thy master and his man are here,
And that is false thou dost report to us.

Ginn Mistress, upon my life, I tell you true.
I have not breath'd 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.

Eph Antiph *[Off]* Justice, my lord! Justice!

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

Enter Antipholus and Dromio of Ephesus

Adriana Why, he is borne about invisible!
Even now we hous'd him in the abbey there,
And now he's here.

Duke Come, stand by me, fear nothing.

Eph Antiph 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.

Egeon Unless the fear of death doth make me dote,
I see my son Antipholus and Dromio.

Eph Antiph Justice, sweet prince, against that woman there!
She whom thou gav'st to me to be my wife,
That hath abused and dishonour'd me
Even in the strength and height of injury!
Beyond imagination is the wrong
That she this day hath shameless thrown on me.

Duke Discover how, and thou shalt find me just.

Eph Antiph This day, great Duke, she shut the doors upon me
While she with harlots feasted in my house.

Duke A grievous fault! Say, woman, didst thou so?

Adriana 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!

Luciana Ne'er may I look on day, nor sleep on night,
But she tells to your highness simple truth!

Angelo *[Aside]* O perjur'd woman! They are both forsworn.
In this the madman justly chargeth them.

Eph Antiph

My liege, I am advised what I say,
 Neither disturb'd with the effect of wine,
 Nor heady-rash, provok'd with raging ire,
 Albeit my wrongs might make one wiser mad.
 This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner.
 That goldsmith there, were he not pack'd with her,
 Could witness it, for he was with me then,
 Who parted with me to go fetch a chain,
 Promising to bring it to the Porpentine
 Where Balthazar and I did dine together.
 Our dinner done, and he not coming thither,
 I went to seek him. On the mart I met him
 And in his company that gentleman.
 There did this perjur'd goldsmith swear me down
 That I this day of him receiv'd the chain,
 Which, God he knows, I saw not. For the which
 He did arrest me with this officer.
 I did obey, and sent my peasant home
 For certain ducats. He with none return'd.
 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-fac'd 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 pernicious slave,
 Forsooth, took on him as a conjurer,
 And gazing in mine eyes, feeling my pulse,
 And with no face, as 'twere, outfacing me,
 Cries out I was possess'd. 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 our bonds in sunder,
 I gain'd my freedom, and immediately
 Ran hither to your grace, whom I beseech
 To give me ample satisfaction
 For these deep shames and great indignities.

Angelo

My lord, in truth, thus far I witness with him,
 That he din'd not at home, but was lock'd out.

- Duke** But had he such a chain of thee or no?
- Angelo** He had, my lord, and when he ran in here
These people saw the chain about his neck.
- Merchant** 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.
- Eph Antiph** 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** Why, what an intricate impeach is this!
I think you all have drunk of Circe's cup.
If here you hous'd him, here he would have been.
If he were mad, he would not plead so coldly.
You say he din'd at home. The goldsmith here
Denies that saying. Sirrah, what say you?
- Eph Dromio** Sir, he din'd with her there, at the Porpentine.
- Courtesan** He did, and from my finger snatch'd that ring.
- Eph Antiph** 'Tis true, my liege. This ring I had of her.
- Duke** Saw'st thou him enter at the abbey here?
- Courtesan** As sure, my liege, as I do see your grace.
- Duke** Why, this is strange. Go, call the abbess hither.
I think you are all mated or stark mad.
- Exit the Officer*
- Egeon** Most mighty Duke, vouchsafe me speak a word.
Haply I see a friend will save my life
And pay the sum that may deliver me.
- Duke** Speak freely, Syracusan, what thou wilt.
- Egeon** Is not your name, sir, call'd Antipholus?
And is not that your bondman, Dromio?
- Eph Dromio** Within this hour I was his bondman sir,
But he, I thank him, gnaw'd in two my cords.
Now am I Dromio and his man unbound.
- Egeon** I am sure you both of you remember me.

- Eph Dromio** Ourselves we do remember, sir, by you.
For lately we were bound, as you are now.
You are not Pinch's patient, are you, sir?
- Egeon** Why look you strange on me? You know me well.
- Eph Antiph** I never saw you in my life till now.
- Egeon** O, grief hath chang'd me since you saw me last
And careful hours with time's deformed hand
Have written strange defeatures in my face.
But tell me yet, dost thou not know my voice?
- Eph Antiph** Neither.
- Egeon** Dromio, nor thou?
- Eph Dromio** No, trust me, sir, nor I.
- Egeon** I am sure thou dost.
- Eph Dromio** Ay, sir, but I am sure I do not, and whatsoever a man denies,
you are bound to believe him.
- Egeon** Not know my voice? O time's extremity,
Hast thou so crack'd and splitted my poor tongue
In seven short years, that here my only son
Knows not my feeble key of untun'd cares?
Though now this grained face of mine be hid
In sap-consuming winter's drizzled snow
And all the conduits of my blood froze up,
Yet hath my night of life some memory,
My wasting lamps some fading glimmer left,
My dull deaf ears a little use to hear.
All these old witnesses - I cannot err -
Tell me thou art my son Antipholus.
- Eph Antiph** I never saw my father in my life.
- Egeon** But seven years since, in Syracuse, boy,
Thou know'st we parted. But perhaps, my son,
Thou shamest to acknowledge me in misery.
- Eph Antiph** The Duke and all that know me in the city
Can witness with me that it is not so.
I ne'er saw Syracuse in my life.
- Duke** I tell thee, Syracusan, twenty years
Have I been patron to Antipholus,
During which time he ne'er saw Syracuse.
I see thy age and dangers make thee dote.

Re-enter Emelia, with Antipholus and Dromio of Syracuse, and the Officer

Emelia Most mighty Duke, behold a man much wrong'd.

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?

Syr Dromio I, sir, am Dromio, command him away.

Eph Dromio I, sir, am Dromio, pray let me stay.

Syr Antiph Egeon art thou not? Or else his ghost?

Syr Dromio O, my old master! Who hath bound him here?

Emelia Whoever bound him, I will loose his bonds
And gain a husband by his liberty.
Speak, old Egeon, if thou be'st the man
That hadst a wife once call'd Emelia
That bore thee at a burden two fair sons.
O, if thou be'st the same Egeon, speak,
And speak unto the same Emelia!

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

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

Emelia By fishermen of Ephesus he and I
And the twin Dromio all were taken up,
But by and by Corinthian pirates
By force took Dromio and my son from me.
But what befell them then I cannot tell.
I to this fortune that you see me in.

Duke Antipholus, thou camest from Corinth first!

Syr Antiph No, sir, not I. I came from Syracuse.

Duke Stay, stand apart, I know not which is which.

Eph Antiph I came from Corinth, my most gracious lord -

Eph Dromio And I with him.

- Eph Antiph** Brought to this town by that Mandakuni Bey
That merchant prince, who bought our liberty
Else we had both liv'd pirates 'til our death.
- Adriana** Which of you two did dine with me today?
- Syr Antiph** I, gentle mistress.
- Adriana** And are not you my husband?
- Eph Antiph** No. I say nay to that.
- Syr Antiph** And so do I. Yet did she call me so,
And this fair gentlewoman, her sister here,
Did call me brother. *[To Luciana]* What I told you then
I hope I shall have leisure to make good
If this be not a dream I see and hear.
- Angelo** That is the chain, sir, which you had of me.
- Syr Antiph** I think it be, sir. I deny it not.
- Eph Antiph** And you, sir, for this chain arrested me.
- Angelo** I think I did, sir. I deny it not.
- Adriana** I sent you money, sir, to be your bail,
By Dromio, but I think he brought it not.
- Eph Dromio** No, none by me.
- Syr Antiph** This purse of ducats I received from you,
And Dromio, my man, did bring them me.
I see we still did meet each other's man,
And I was ta'en for him, and he for me,
And thereupon these errors are arose.
- Eph Antiph** These ducats pawn I for my father here.
- Duke** It shall not need. Thy father hath his life.
- Courtesan** Sir, I must have that ring from you.
- Eph Antiph** There, take it, and much thanks for my good cheer.
- Emelia** Renowned Duke, vouchsafe to take the pains
To go with us into the abbey here
And hear at large discoursed all our fortunes.
And all that are assembled in this place,
That by this sympathised one day's error
Have suffer'd 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 joy with me.
 After so long grief, such felicity!

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

*Exeunt all but Antipholus of Syracuse, Antipholus of Ephesus, Dromio of
 Syracuse and Dromio of Ephesus*

Syr Dromio Master, shall I fetch your stuff from shipboard?

Eph Antiph Dromio, what stuff of mine hast thou embark'd?

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

Syr Antiph 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.

Exeunt Antipholus of Syracuse and Antipholus of Ephesus

Syr Dromio There is a fat friend at your master's house,
 That kitchen'd me for you today at dinner.
 She now shall be my sister, not my wife.

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

Syr Dromio Not I, sir. You are my elder.

Eph Dromio That's a question. How shall we try it?

Syr Dromio We'll draw cuts for the senior. Till then lead thou first.

Eph Dromio 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