SHAKESPEARE'S THE COMEDY OF ERRORS REVISER FOR HIGH SCHOOL AND COLLEGE PRODUCTION

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HIGH SCHOOL AND COLLEGE PRODUCTION

THESIS

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By

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PART I
INTRODUCTION

This revision of Shakespeare's *The Comedy of Errors*, it must be stated at the very beginning, is in no way intended to take the place of a serious study of the original work. It is, rather, a revision to make the play a suitable stage vehicle for high school and college drama groups which would otherwise shun it because of the language difficulties involved.

The primary goal of this study is to make the play understandable to an audience of young people burdened with and limited by little interest in things literary, especially in a work authored by one so sanctioned and lauded by their elders. *The Comedy of Errors* has been moderately cut, even more moderately augmented, and generally revised so that the verbal qualities of the Elizabethan era are now the verbal qualities of today.

The subsidiary goal of this study is to provide, by means of stage directions suggesting sets, entrances, and characterization, a working text for the production of the play. An effort was made not to suggest too much, for it is desired that as much opportunity as possible exist for inventive and imaginative production.
Shakespeare's literary techniques have been somewhat tampered with for purposes of consistency. Many of the prose lines in the play have been rendered into blank verse in order to give younger students a more vivid impression of the primary technique of Shakespeare—the iambic pentameter line. It is also thought that the play reads more smoothly with less alternation between prose and verse. Some prose is retained, especially in the speeches of the clowns—the Dromios. It is doubtful, however, that much umbrage will be taken because of the change of prose, language appropriate to peasants, servants, and other lowlies, into formal verse lines; in any case, the prospective audience is unlikely to be acquainted with the doctrine of decorum.

Most of the feminine endings to the iambic pentameter line have been eliminated. This was also done to present Shakespeare's primary technique of using the strong end-stopped line rather than the soft two-syllable ending that has vocal emphasis retreating from the second syllable. Even though prose and the iambic line with the feminine ending are much more in evidence in Shakespeare's later works, it would seem that a case could be made for the end-stopped iambic line being the technical nucleus of all of Shakespeare's works. The only feminine endings retained are those which end a line with a word that is necessary to the sense of the line.
This revision is written not to make the play a creature of this writer, but to preserve the essence of Shakespeare as much as possible while, at the same time, modernizing the language. The technique used in this modernization is this: every word that Shakespeare used that still retains the same meaning today as when he used it is unchanged in the new text unless its use in an Elizabethan idiom makes understanding difficult. If the meaning has changed over the hundreds of years since the play was written, then a word or words are substituted that convey the original meaning that Shakespeare intended. Where such substitution is not satisfactory nor entirely possible, then a new line or phrase is inserted in place of the original line or phrase. Most of the puns, quibbles, and conceits have been deleted because they are hopelessly archaic as Shakespeare wrote them and because they are not the best understood nor appreciated stage fare of today's audiences.

The flavor of Elizabethan speech is retained somewhat in that Shakespeare's word order is not tinkered with except when it stands in the way of a clear understanding of the line or lines. There are some instances where the word order is dictated by the exigencies of poetical form or rhyme or both, but the over-riding principle adhered to is that no obstacle should come between the potential reader or hearer and his understanding of the sense of the play.
A study of this kind, though it is primarily a transliteration of the original text, must be somewhat concerned with the general history of the work. Some knowledge, however slight the accumulated information, must be gathered and absorbed in order that the work be authoritative to some degree. The source or sources of the work to be transliterated are useful in revealing what the author used of them and what he discarded, how he arranged the events or situations or characters that he deemed worthwhile. The source material presents the ideas of the original perpetrators of the story-line and the extent to which the author to be revised utilized them.

Most of Shakespeare's plays do not come full-blown and new from the artist's mind, but are derived from various stories already known before he put his hand to them. This is not meant to imply that Shakespeare was lacking in ingenuity, imagination, or originality. Anyone who has made an attempt to peruse the Shakespearean canon with seriousness and effort at understanding could easily refute such a suggestion. The Comedy of Errors, which is considered by many scholars to be among the earliest of Shakespeare's efforts, is no exception to his usual practice in use of source materials. It is possible that in some sense this play set the pattern of his technique of selecting stories already familiar and reworking them to his own purposes.
He may have found early that the procedure worked well for him and continued the process during his artistic life.

Harold C. Goddard, an eminent Shakespearean critic, comments that although the young playwright had a writer to inspire him, he managed to improve upon him.

The play is an adaptation from Plautus, and the young Shakespeare had the advantage of standing as it were on the shoulders of his Roman predecessor. However, he quadruples the ingenuity called for in managing the plot by introducing a second pair of twins. Plautus had had but one in *The Menæchmi*.

One of the more famous Shakespearean scholars, Sir Edmund Chambers, agrees with Goddard, and he also seems quite incensed at the idea that anyone could suggest that the Bard could have used anything but a manuscript written in the original Plautine Latin.

That *The Comedy of Errors* derives from *The Menæchmi* is obvious. It is equally obvious that it is not a translation of *The Menæchmi*, but a free adaptation of the ingeniously entangled situation which its model afforded; and it is probable that one at least of the new complications introduced, the addition to the twin Antipholuses of the twin Dromios, owes its suggestion to another play of Plautus, *The Amphitruo*. There is no particular reason to suppose that Shakespeare knew William Warner's translation of *The Menæchmi*, the publication of which in 1594 was probably an effect rather than a cause of the production of the play.

Hazelton Spencer also seems to refute the opinion that Shakespeare worked from a translation of his sources rather

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than from the original Latin.

No English translation of this comedy is known to have existed in Shakespeare's time. The serious framework, the story of Aegon and Aemelia, is from the old romance of Apollonius of Tyre, probably as told by Chaucer's contemporary, John Gower, in his Confessio Amantis. From these sources Shakespeare presumably worked directly. The historic of Error of the Paul's Boys in 1577 was probably a morality play. It is unlikely that A historic of fferrar, acted by Sussex's Men in 1583, has any connection with *The Comedy of Errors.*

In the following notation Spencer attempts to puncture another theory with which he seems to disagree:

From the mixture of blank verse, doggerel, prose, and decasyllabic verse rhymed in couples and alternately, some have inferred the partial survival of an earlier, non-Shakespearean text. It seems more likely that Shakespeare is experimenting with style as well as genre.

E. K. Chambers agrees with Spencer about the possibility of there being other manuscripts that may have interested Shakespeare in this particular story.

It is a hazardous conjecture, and therefore has been made with much confidence, that a play performed at court by the choir-boys of St. Paul's on the 1st of January, 1577, under the title of "the historie of Error," represents an earlier composition subsequently worked up by Shakespeare. That is, I think, too much to hang upon the similarity of name.

Hardin Craig is in accord with both Chambers and Spencer, and he makes a point of Shakespeare's use of Plautine proper nouns.

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4Ibid.

5Chambers, p. 22.
Although a translation of Plautus was published in 1595 and may previously have been circulated in manuscript, there are few cases in which Shakespeare's words resemble those of the translator. Moreover, Shakespeare uses names from the original which do not appear in the translation.

This thesis, being restricted solely to The Comedy of Errors, intends to avoid completely the academic brouhaha that rages about the "... small Latin and less Greek, ..." syndrome. Such histrionics based on evidence that is, to say the least, inconclusive, seems to be, at best, misplaced professionalism and, at worst, polemical nit-picking. This writer feels that "... the play's the thing."

Though it is interesting to note, the question of whether Shakespeare used a translation of a Plautine play or worked from the original Latin version is of small importance to our purpose. It is enough to show that Shakespeare did use Plautine plays and a Greek romance as the basic plot of The Comedy of Errors.

The foundation of Shakespeare's plot, the confusion of twins, comes from the Menachmi of Plautus. Shakespeare added an extra set of twins—the servant Dromios. This extra set of principals could have been inspired by Plautus.

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7 Ben Jonson, "To the Memory of My Beloved, the Author Mr. William Shakespeare, And What He Hath Left Us," English Literature, edited by Donald B. Clark and others (New York, 1960), p. 213.
Amphitruo which has two sets of characters, masters and servants, although they are not twins. Spencer relates a further contribution of the Amphitruo to The Comedy of Errors. "Besides a number of minor details, the Amphitruo also supplied the theme of Act III, scene i, the husband kept out of his house by an interloper." The Greek romance, Apollonius of Tyre, is the source material for the tragical background story of Aegeon and Aemilia.

Another important piece of information to a revisor is the approximate date of the work's composition. This knowledge places the work in the appropriate stage of the artist's development and enables the revisor to limit himself to those devices and techniques that the artist was capable of at the time of composition. It also prevents the revisor from "corrupting" the piece by applying techniques that were later evolved by the artist. Thus, long soliloquies, long prose passages, and a preponderance of feminine endings to lines have no place in The Comedy of Errors; Shakespeare had not yet evolved such techniques when he began the composition of this early play.

There are several devices for judging when a Shakespearean play was written. One and all of them provide only an educated hope and guess. First of all, there are

8 Spencer, p. 133. 9 Ibid. 10 Ibid.
two general categories of evidence—external and internal. The date of the composition of The Comedy of Errors seems to hang upon a piece of internal evidence—a topical allusion to civil wars in France. In Act III, scene ii, Dromio of Syracuse refers to France as "armed and reverted, making war against her heir." G. G. Gervinus, a noted German student of the Shakespearean canon, uses this evidence for dating the play. He contends that

. . . The Comedy of Errors, as is proved by an allusion in the piece, was written at the time of the French civil wars against Henry IV (1589-93), probably soon after 1591 when Essex was sent to the assistance of Henry IV, and it thus indisputably belongs to this early period.

Hardin Craig mentions the topical allusions in the play and also a piece of wholly external evidence, a notation of the play in a publication, to support his contention that the play is an early work of Shakespeare.

The Comedy of Errors is possibly the earliest Shakespearean comedy preserved. Gestas Grayorum mentions the play in connection with the celebration of the annual revel at Gray's Inn on Holy Innocent's Day (December 28), 1594 . . . . The style of The Comedy of Errors and certain allusions in it to contemporary events indicate the play is earlier than even 1594.  

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11 An excellent explanation of these categories and the various ways they are explored is found in Craig, pp. 34-39.


It seems to be generally accepted among scholars that this early work by the promising young playwright was first performed sometime during or before the year 1594.

Because of limited documentary evidence, the dating of Shakespeare's plays can be little more than speculation. The stage history of the plays is something else again. The stage history of *The Comedy of Errors* indicates that the play lost most of its appeal after the early seventeenth century. When the comedy was finally revived and sporadically performed during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, the original was cut considerably, and extraneous songs, dances, and situations were added to enliven the play and sustain the audience's interest in it. Perhaps, then, there is some precedent for the changes attempted in this thesis.

According to Spencer, the first documentation of the play in production is that a few performances were given in 1602; it was revived in 1604 for court performances. There is no record of a performance again until 1741. In 1734 the Covent Garden Theatre presented a two-act adaptation titled *See if you like it, or 'Tis all a Mistake*. In the more than one hundred years that intervene between the court performances and the Covent Garden performance, it would seem that a particularly somber silence prevailed. Then, "from 1741, when it was acted at Drury Lane with Charles Macklin

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11 Spencer, p. 130.
as Dromio of Syracuse, until well into the nineteenth century, *The Comedy of Errors* was played fairly often, but always in altered versions.\(^{15}\)

Except for the Drury Lane productions, Covent Garden seems to have been the only theatre interested in the play, for *The Comedy of Errors*, under many new titles and weeded of unwanted parts and patched with new scenes and speeches, appeared there spasmodically in the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries; there is little notice of performances elsewhere. John Phillip Kemble produced in 1808 an altered version at the Garden which was an adaption of an adaption by Thomas Hull. Hull's version, a 1779 effort, had also been presented there. It enlarged the role of Dromio of Syracuse and lavished much sentiment on the roles of Adriana and Luciana.\(^{16}\)

The indefatigable Spencer relates that in 1790 a new adaptation, not very different from *The Twins: or, Which is Which?* published in 1780 in London and Edinburgh by William Woods, was presented at Covent Garden. The new adaptation shortened the play and concentrated on the farcical element. Frederic Reynolds, during the 1819 season at the Garden, produced *The Comedy of Errors* with such innovations as

\[
\ldots\text{ added musical numbers consisting of selections from other plays and poems by Shakespeare to settings lifted from Mozart, Arne, and others. There was, for example, a hunting scene in the}
\]

\(^{15}\text{Ibid., p. 131.}\)

\(^{16}\text{Ibid.}\)
third act, in order to introduce "When icicles hang by the wall" from Love's Labour's Lost; it was sung before a backing of snow-topped mountains. In the fourth act, "Antipholus" of Syracuse turns up drunk in the house of the merchant Balthasar to afford an excuse for a trio and chorus of "Come, thou monarch of the vine," from Anthony and Cleopatra.\(^\text{17}\)

Spencer gives some special note to a Samuel Phelps, who presented The Comedy of Errors at the Sadler's Wells Theatre in 1855. Phelps is lauded for ". . . his taste, his fidelity to his author, and the pious enthusiasm which led him to revive all but seven of the plays."\(^\text{18}\)

As for twentieth-century performances up to 1940, the date that Spencer's book was published, he mentions only two specifically. One is the "tabloid" version given at the New York World's Fair in 1939.\(^\text{19}\) Of the other performance, Spencer, perhaps a little sad about his commentary, says that

Although, under title of The Boys from Syracuse, a musical version, wild and free, played to critical as well as popular applause on Broadway during the season of 1938-39, Shakespeare's comedy has never, so far as we know, been really popular.\(^\text{20}\)

It does not seem necessary to chronicle further than Spencer's efforts, for he illustrates well the skimpy attention that the play has received over the years. The play is not what would be considered a theatrical staple in the plays by Shakespeare that are produced. It is hoped that the revision of the play will contribute to the reversal of this state of

\(^\text{17}\)Ibid., pp. 131-132. \(^\text{18}\)Ibid., p. 132. 
\(^\text{19}\)Ibid. \(^\text{20}\)Ibid., p. 130.
affairs by clearing away the difficulties of language, thereby freeing the fine farcical plot from its verbal quagmire.

Since this thesis is a work primarily concerned with the text of one of Shakespeare's plays, something should be said about the history of the text itself. There is actually little to be said. Hardin Craig mentions that the play's text first appeared in the Folio of 1623, and that some evidence exists that the play had undergone some revision before its inclusion in the Folio. The only other comment to make is that one of the most prominent textual publications concerned with Shakespeare, the Variorum, has not as yet compiled an edition dealing with The Comedy of Errors. Whether the play is worthy of such an exhaustive study is a matter for speculation.

Because this is a play written by one of the masters of the English language, and because it is necessary that it be possible to know and understand Shakespeare's work from its beginnings to its end, and because The Comedy of Errors, as a result of natural language changes, is in danger of becoming the sole property of scholars, the play must be revised if it is not to be lost to the literate majority, those who finish high school and perhaps have a minimum of college training.

This literate majority knows next to nothing about the Elizabethan era or its writers, and *The Comedy of Errors* is incomprehensible to them on the page or on the stage because they do not know what the author is talking about. There are too many gaps in understanding between the sixteenth century and the twentieth for the play to be enjoyed in its original form. Words that were household items to Shakespeare's audience are sheer gobbledygook to an average English-speaking person today. Also, word order over the hundreds of years has undergone much change in that its flexibility has, to a great extent, been lost. Theatrically, the play is basically good. It is farce, pure, if not pious, and simple, if not modest; and it is timeless—confused communication between human beings, marital misunderstandings, shrewish wives, suspicious husbands, and men confused and frightened by circumstance have not ceased to exist, nor are they likely to do so.

The initial step in rendering this play into modern language was to change Shakespeare's sixteenth-century meanings into twentieth-century meanings. This was done word by word and line by line wherever possible. If this metamorphosis proved hazardous, unwieldy, or impossible, the words or lines were deleted, and a substitution in the spirit of the original was put in. These substitutions will be readily recognized by the reader, as the Hardin Craig edition
of the Shakespearean manuscript is directly facing the modernized manuscript in Part II of this thesis. The substitution of new lines was necessary only a few times. In some places, a deletion called forth not a substitution, but a blending of what was already present in the Shakespearean text.

The decision to exchange the Elizabethan forms of the personal and relative pronouns for those in use today was a difficult one. It was feared that to remove the thou's, thee's, thy's, and thyself's would steal away too much of the Elizabethan flavor of the play. For the same reason, it was hard to part with the archaic forms of verbs such as have (hath, hast) and go (goeth, goest). But it was feared that these forms, if retained, would do more to alienate the prospective audience than they would to fascinate them.

Margaret Webster, in her book *Shakespeare Without Tears*, provides what is probably the wisest attitude to take toward *The Comedy of Errors*. She refers to it as

... one of the few plays which may be stylized to the limit of the director's invention and with all the extended artifice of music, ballet, and comedy tricks. So trimmed and graced and mercilessly cut, it may still serve as an hors d'oeuvre for the less sophisticated, especially if the actors saddled with the Dromios can contrive to bring a real, and personal, comic quality to our aid.22

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It should be re-emphasized that this revision is not meant to usurp the place of the Shakespearean manuscript for scholarly purposes, though its use in the high school classroom would not be entirely unwarranted since the changes are not so cataclysmic as to render the modern text non-Shakespearean. In any case, a high school senior class or a group of young college thespians can highly enjoy producing this play. If this revision permits The Comedy of Errors to be so used and enjoyed, the project will have been worthwhile and its primary and subsidiary purposes will have been fulfilled. Again, an opinion of Webster's is appropriate. "The play is not bad vaudeville. Perhaps we are a little spoiled for it because we expect something more than vaudeville from the Shakespeare we have learned to know."23

For the purposes of this thesis vaudeville is quite sufficient, and it is hoped that in some small way this effort can help young people learn to enjoy and to look forward to a Shakespearean play.

23Ibid., p. 140.
PART II
THE COMEDY OF
ERRORS

Cast of Characters

SOLINUS, duke of Ephesus
ABEGON, a merchant of Syracuse

ANTIPHOLUS, of Ephesus, (twin brothers, and
ANTIPHOLUS, of Syracuse, (sons to Aegeon and
Aemilia

DROMIO, of Ephesus, (twin brothers, and
DROMIO, of Syracuse, (servants of the two
Antipholuses

BALTHAZAR, a merchant
ANGELO, a goldsmith

First Merchant, friend to Antipholus of Syracuse
Second Merchant, to whom Angelo is a debtor
Finch, a conjurer and self-styled doctor

AEMILIA, wife to Aegeon, an abbess at Ephesus
ADRIANA, wife to Antipholus of Ephesus
LUCIANA, sister of Adriana

Nell, servant to Adriana, a kitchen maid
Frosterpine, a prostitute

Jailers, Officers, and Citizens of Ephesus

Scene: Ephesus, a Mediterranean coastal city
ACT I

Scene 1. A hall in the Duke's palace.

Enter Duke, Aegeon, Isobel, Officers, and other Attendants.

Duke. 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,
The wanting guilders to redeem their lives
Have seal'd his rigorous statutes with their bloods,
Excludes all pity from our threatening looks.
For, since the mortal and intestine jars
ACT I

Scene I

The stage is already set for Scene II; the curtain opens only on a pool of light in which stands a jilt throne. An off-stage voice calls out, in a rather booming, stentorian tone, "His Royal Highness, Solinus, Duke of Ephesus."

Solinus walks into the pool of light, stands before the throne and bows to the right and left as if to courtiers, and sits down. A page offers him a wine cup, and he drinks. He makes a signal as if motioning someone to approach him. He is, flanked by two officers, nears the throne and falls to his knees.

Solinus: Your Grace . . .

Duke: Merchant of Syracuse, plead not to me;

The anger and harassment which of late
Your warlike Duke of Syracuse has shown
To my poor merchants, my good countrymen,

Erases pity from my gentle heart.

A page offers him a bowl of fruit; he hesitates over his
'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:
May, more,
If any born at Ephesus be seen
At any Syracusan marts and fairs;
Again: if any Syracusan born
Come to the bay of Ephesus, he dies,
His goods confiscate to the duke'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.

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

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

Agee. A heavier task could not have been imposed
choice. Another page irons a large napkin over the Duke’s
lap and one arm of the throne. The Duke chooses a peach,
tears it in half, and begins eating. He talks while he
eats, being far more interested in the peach than in Aegon.

It has in solemn councils been decreed,
both by the Syracusians and ourselves,
to stop all trade between our adverse towns;
and more, quite well you know the more I speak;
If any born in Ephesus be seen
at any Syracusan marts and fairs;
Also: if any Syracusan born
comes to the bay of Ephesus, he dies;
The Duke pauses significantly and glances at Aegon.

unless, perchance, a thousand marks be paid
to ease the penalty and ransom him.

He inspects Aegon’s raveled clothes and unkempt appearance.
your substance, valued at the highest rate,
cannot amount unto a hundred marks;
Therefore, by law you are condemned to die.

Aegon: This is my comfort: when your words are done,
your woes end likewise.

Duke: mildly interested Say—in brief—the cause
of your departure from your native home,
And why you chose to come to Ephesus.
Then I to speak my grief 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, had not our had been bad.
With her I lived in joy; our wealth increased
My prosperous voyages I often made
To Epidaurus; till my factor's death
And the great care of goods at random left
Draw 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;
And, which was strange, the one so like the other
As could not be distinguish'd but by names.
That very hour and in the selfsame inn
A meaner woman was delivered
Of such a burden, male twins, both alike:
Those, for their parents were exceeding poor,
Aegaeon: I'll utter what my sorrow will allow.

In Syracuse I was born, and wed

Unto a girl, a bright and happy girl.

With her I lived in joy: our wealth increased
By prosperous voyages we often made
To Epidamnum.

There she soon became

The joyfull mother of two goodly sons;
And, which was strange, the one so like the other
They could not be distinguished but by names.
That very hour and in the place we lodged,
A lowly peasant woman was relieved
Of such a burden, male twins, both alike:
And these, their parents were extremely poor,
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 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 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 mourn'd for fashion, ignorant what to fear,
Force'd 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,
I bought. I planned they would attend my sons.
My wife, who was most proud of her new babes,
Made daily pleadings for our home return:
Unwilling I agreed; alas! Too soon
We came aboard a ship unblessed with luck.

The Duke has been getting a bit fidgety, but at the words
"... any indication of our harm;" he becomes interested
in Aesop's tragic tale.

Three hours from Epidamnum had we sailed
Before the always wind-obeying sea
Gave any indication of our harm:

Then what the heavens gave of fading light
Conveyed unto our eyes and fearful minds
The dreadful possibility of death.
The sea and wind did battle for our lives,
And tore at ship and man with savage might.

The sailors left the ship, near-sunk, to us:
And left the ship, then sinking-ripe, to us:
My wife, more careful for the latter-born,
Had fasten'd him unto a small spare mast,
Such as seafaring men provide for storms;
To him one of the other twins was bound,
Whilst I had been like heedful of the other;
The children thus disposed, my wife and I,
Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fix'd,
Fasten'd ourselves at either end the mast;
And floating straight, obedient to the stream,
Was carried towards Corinth, as we thought.
At length the sun, gazing upon the earth,
Dispersed those vapours that offended us;
And, by the benefit of his wished light,
The seas wax'd calm, and we discovered
Two ships from far making amain to us,
Of Corinth that, of Epidaurus this:
But are they same,--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.
Agee. O, had the gods done so, I had not now
Worthily term'd them merciless to us!
For, ere the ships could meet by twice five leagues,
We were encounter'd by a mighty rock;
My wife, more careful for our younger twin,
Had fastened him onto a small, spare mast,
Such as seafaring men provide for storms;
To him one of the other twins was bound,
While I had done the same with my two babes:
The children thus disposed, my wife and I,
Fixing our eyes on whom our love was fixed,
Fastened ourselves at either end the mast,

And floated west towards Corinth, as we thought.

At length the seas waxed calm, and we soon saw
Two ships afar each making speed toward us . . .
He breaks off suddenly, overcome by emotion.
Oh, let me say no more!

**Duke:** Old man, tell on,
For we may pity, though not pardon you.

**Aegaeon:** haltingly

Before the ships could meet and pick us up,
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 shipwreck'd guests;
And would have left the fishers of their prey,
Had not their bark been very slow of sail;
And therefore homeward did they bend their course.
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,
Do me the favour to dilate at full
What hath befall'n of them and thee till now.
Which being violently borne upon,
Our helpful mast was broken in the midst;
So that, in this unjust divorce of us,

Her half, poor soul, seeming as burdened
With lesser weight but not with lesser woe,
Was carried with more speed before the wind;
And in my sight they three were taken up
Aboard a ship of Epidamnus's mark.
By then the other ship had seized on us;
And, knowing whom it was they saved from death,
Gave lively welcome to their shipwrecked guests.

Thus have you heard me severed from my joy.

Duke: Please, for the sake of them you sorrow for,
Do me the favor to relate at full
What has befallen them and you till now.

The Duke signals for a chair for Aegon before he speaks
this line--the business can be conducted during it, carrying
over into Aegon's next lines. The Duke should be completely
Aege. 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 retain'd his name—
Might bear him company in the quest of him:
Whom whilst I labour'd of a love to see,
I hazarded the loss of whom I loved.

Five summers have I spent in furthest Greece,
Roaming o'er all 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. Hapless Aegeon, 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,
absorbed in Aegeon's tale by now.

Aegeon: My youngest boy, and yet my eldest care,
At eighteen years became inquisitive
After his brother; and he begged of me
To authorize his search for nearest kin.

He asked to take with him for company
His servant, Dromio, bereft also
Of brother's love. Unwilling, I said yes.

Duke: Poor man, destroyed, uncommed; not once, but twice.
Your mortal seed is scattered by the winds.

Aegeon: Five summers have I spent in foreign lands,
Roaming all the boundaries of Greece.
And, coasting homeward, come to Ephesus.

But here must end the story of my life;
And happy would I be to welcome death
If all my travels proved my sons alive.

Duke: He rises from his throne; Aegeon rises also in deference.

Luckless Aegeon, whom the gods have marked
To bear the anger of unhappy fate!
Believe me, were it not against our laws,
Against my crown, my oath, my dignity,
Such things that princes never may annul,
My soul should sue as advocate for thee.
But, though thou art adjudged to the death
And passed sentence may not be recall'd
But to our honour's great disparagement,
Yet I will favour thee in what I can.
Therefore, merchant, I'll limit thee this day
To seek thy life by beneficial help:
Try all the friends thou hast 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.

Gaol. I will, my lord.

Age. Hopeless and helpless doth Ageon wand,
But to procrastinate his lifeless end. Exeunt.

Scene II. The Mart.

Enter Antipholus of Syracuse, Dromio of Syracuse, and First Merchant.
My soul would sue as advocate for you.
But though you are condemned to lose your life,
And sentence passed may never be recalled,
(‘Twould do our honor great disparagement)
Yet I will favor you in what I can.
Therefore, merchant, I’ll give to you this day
To save your life by seeking friendly help:
Try all the friends you have in Ephesus;
So beg for gold, or borrow. Make the sum
And live; if not, then you are doomed to die.
Jailer, take him in your custody.
Two Jailers come forward, bow.
First Jailer: I will, my lord; he’ll not escape my eye.
Aegaeon: A dying bird has small desire to fly.

Aegaeon bows before the Duke. The two officers and Aegaeon
beck out of the pool of light. The Duke meditates for a
moment, signals for a mirror, inspects his beard. The bowl
of fruit is offered again; he hesitates then takes an apple.
The napkin is draped as the light fades out to a dark stage.

Scene II. The Market

Light rises on Antipholus of Syracuse, Dromio of Syracuse,
and First Merchant. The set may merely suggest a market place.
However, on either side of the stage there should be the
facade of two houses, both two-story edifices with balconies.
First Man. Therefore give out you are of Epidamnum,  
Lest that your goods too soon be confiscated.  
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.

Ant. S. To bear it to the Centaur, where we host,  
And stay there, Dromio, till I come to thee.  
Within this hour it will be dinner-time:  
Till that, 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.  
Set thee away.  
Dro. S. Many a man would take you at your word,  
And go indeed, having so good a man. Exit.  
Ant. S. A trusty villain, sir, that very oft,  
When I am dull with care and melancholy,  
Lightens my humour with his merry jests.
overhanging the street. The set may be as elaborate or as simple as desired.

FIRST SER.: If asked, admit to Epidamnian birth,
Or they may confiscate your worldly goods.
This very day a man from Syracuse
Has been arrested for arrival here;
He's poor and thus cannot redeem his life.
According to our new Ephesian law,
He dies before the weary sun sets down.
There is your money that I had to keep.
He hands Antipholus a small bag.

ANT. S.: handing the bag to DRO. S.
So bear it to the Centaur, where we lodge,
And stay there, Dromio, until I come.
Within this hour it will be time to eat:
Till then, I'll view the customs of the town,
Look over goods and gaze upon the mart,
And then return and sleep within the inn,
For I am stiff and tired with traveling.
Get you away, my man, and tarry not.

DRO. S.: Many a man would take you at your word,
And go indeed, having so good a sum. He exits.

ANT. S.: A trusty clown, my friend, that very oft,
When I am dull with care and somber thoughts,
Beguiles my humor with his merry jokes.
What, will you walk with me about the town,
And then go to my inn and dine with me?

First Man. I am invited, sir, to certain merchants,
Of whom I hope to make much benefit;
I crave your pardon. Soon at five o'clock,
Please you, I'll meet with you upon the mart
And afterward consort you till bed-time:
My present business calls me from you now.

Ant. E. Farewell till then: I will go lose myself
And wander up and down to view the city.

First Man. Sir, I commend you to your own content. Exit.

Ant. E. He that commands 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.

Here comes the almanac of my true date.
What now? how chance thou art return'd so soon?

Drce. E. 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;
Come, walk with me—you'll tell me of your town
And then come to my inn and lunch with me.

First Mer.: I am invited, sir, to merchant friends,
Whose money-bags I plan to make my own;
I ask your pardon. I could at five o'clock,
If it please you, meet with you at the mart,
And afterward could be your guide till night:
My present business calls me from you now.

Ant. E.: Farewell till then: I will go lose myself
And wander here and there to view the town.

First Mer.: I leave you, sir, to find your own content. exit

Ant. E.: My own contentment I shall never find.
I to the world am like a drop of rain
That in the ocean seeks another drop,
Who, falling there to find his cloud-born twin
Unseen, inquisitive, confuses all;
So I, to find a mother and a twin,
In search of them, unhappy, lose myself.

Dromio of Ephesus enters.

What now? How come you are returned so soon?

Dro. E.: Returned so soon? I'd say approached too late:
The chicken burns, the pig falls from the spit,
The clock has struck twelve times 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 to-day.

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

Dro. E. 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.

Ant. S. I am not in a sportive humour now:
Tell me, and dally not, where is the money?
We being strangers here, how darest thou trust
So great a charge from thine own custody?

Dro. E. I pray you, jest, sir, as you sit at dinner:
I from my mistress came to you in post;
If I return, I shall be post indeed,
For she will score your fault upon my pate.
Methinks your maw, like mine, should be your ock
And strike you home without a messenger.

Ant. S. 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?
My mistress made it one upon my cheek:
She is quite hot because the meat is cold;
The meat is cold because you hunger not;

You have no hunger having broke your fast;
And fast is how we'd best take foot for home
Or curbstones will for pillows serve our heads.
Ant. E.: Stop braying like an ass and tell me this:
where have you left the gold I gave to you?
Dro. E.: Oh,—sixpence, that I had on Wednesday last
To pay the tinker for my mistress' cup?
The tinker had it, sir; I kept it not.
Ant. E.: Sir, I'm not in a happy humor now;
Tell me, and waste no time, where is the gold?
We are strangers here; how dare you trust
So great a charge away from your own hand?
Dro. E.: I pray you, joke, sir, as you sit at lunch:
I from my mistress come to you post haste;
If I return, I shall be whipped indeed,
For she will mark your fault upon my head.
I think your gut, like mine, should be your clock
And chime you home without a messenger.
Ant. E.: Come, Dromio, come, these jokes are out of tune;
Reserve them till a merrier hour than this.
Where is the gold I gave to you to guard?
Dro. E. To me, sir? why, you gave no gold to me.
Ant. S. Come on, sir knave, have done your foolishness
And tell me how thou hast disposed thy charge.
Dro. E. 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.
Ant. S. Now, as I am a Christian, answer me
In what safe place you have bestow'd my money,
Or I shall break that merry sconce of yours
That stands on tricks when I am undisposed:
Where is the thousand marks thou hadst of me?
Dro. E. 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.
Ant. S. Thy mistress' marks? what mistress, slave, hast thou?
Dro. E. 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.
Ant. S. What, wilt thou flout me thus unto my face,
Being forbid? There, take you that, sir knave.

Dro. E. What mean you, sir? for God's sake, hold your hands!
May, an you will not, sir, I'll take my heels. Exit.
Dr. E.: To me, sir? Why, you gave no gold to me.
Ant. S.: Come, come, sir clown, have done with foolishness
And tell me how my order was obeyed.
Dr. E.: My order was to fetch you from the mart
Home to your house; your wife calls you to eat.
My mistress and her sister wait for you.
Ant. S.: Now, as I am a Christian, answer me
In what safe place have you bestowed my gold,
Or I shall addle well that brain of yours
That conjures tricks of which I have no need.
Where is the thousand marks you had of me?
Dr. E.: I have some marks of yours upon my head,
Some of my mistress' marks upon my back,
But not a thousand marks between you both.
If I should pay your worship those again,
Perhaps you would not bear them patiently.
Ant. S.: Your mistress' marks? What mistress, slave, have you?
Dr. E.: Your worship's wife, my mistress at your home,
She that does wait till you come home to lunch
And prays that you will quickly get you there.
Ant. S.: Do you insist on lying to my face,
Being forbid? Then there, take that, you knave!
Ant. S. roundly begins to beat Dr. E. about the head
Dr. E.: What mean you, sir? For God's sake hold your hands!
Or, if you will not, sir, I'll take my leave. He runs.
Ant. S. 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,
Darkest-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.

ACT II

Scene I. The house of Antipholus of Ephesus.

Enter Adriana and Luciana.

Adr. 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.
Luc. Perhaps some merchant hath invited him
And from the mart he's somewhere gone to dinner.
Good sister, let us dine and never fret:
A man is master of his liberty:
Ant. S.: to the audience. Upon my life, by some device of his, The silly fool's been parted from my gold. Looks warily about. They say this town is full of cheating knaves And nimble jugglers that deceive the eye, Dark-working sorcerers that change the mind, Soul-killing witches that deform the frame, Dissembling whores and grasping mountebanks, And many such-like liberals in sin: If it prove so, I will be gone at once. I'll to the Centaur, seek my erring slave; To longer stay could mean an early grave. Exit

ACT II

Scene I

Inside the house of Antipholus of Ephesus. The set need not be changed from Act I, for this scene can be carried on in a small lighted area similar to that used for Scene I, Act I. Lights rise on Adriana and Luciana.

Adr.: Neither my husband nor the slave returned, That in such haste I sent to seek his lord.
Sure, Luciana, it is two o'clock.

Luc.: Perhaps some friend invited him to lunch, And from the mart he went elsewhere to dine.
Good sister, let us eat and never fret:
Men are masters of their liberty;
Time is their master, and when they see time
They'll go or come: if so, be patient, sister.

Adr. Why should their liberty than ours be more?
Luc. Because their business still lies out o' door.
Adr. Look, when I serve him so, he takes it ill.
Luc. O, know he is the bridle of your will.
Adr. There 's none but asses will be bridled so.
Luc. 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 beastes, the fishes and the winged fouls
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 fouls,
Are masters to their females, and their lords:
Then let your will attend on their accords.

Adr. This servitude makes you to keep unwed.
Luc. Not this, but troubles of the marriage-bed.
Adr. But, were you wedded, you would bear some away.
Luc. Ere I learn love, I'll practise to obey.
Adr. How if your husband start some other where?
Luc. Till he come home again, I would forbear.
Adr. Patience unmoved! no marvel though she pause;
Time is their master, but when they have time,
They'll come and go; if so, be patient, sister.

Adv.: Why should their liberty be more than ours?

Luc.: Because their business lies outside the home.

Adv.: Look, when I act as free, he takes it ill.

Luc.: The bridle gives good guidance to the mare.

Adv.: There's none but asses will be bridled so.

Luc.: Free rein or none will bring you nought but grief.

There's nothing female under heaven's eye
That is not bound. In earth, in sky and sea.
The female beasts, the fishes and the birds
Are their males' subjects and in their control.
Men, more divine, the masters of all these,

Are masters to their wives; they are our lords.
Thus let your willfulness be less than his.

Adv.: Such servitude has kept you long unwed.

Luc.: Not this, but troubles I see others have.

Adv.: But, were you married, you would have some say.

Luc.: Till I learn love, I'll practice to obey.

Adv.: What if your husband longed for someone else?

Luc.: Till he came home again, I'd sit and wait.

Adv.: Patience itself! Your counsel moves me not!
They can be meek that have no other cause.
A wretched soul, bruised 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 we should ourselves complain;
So thou, that hast no unkind mate to grieve thee,
With urging helpless patience wouldst relieve me;
But, if thou live to see like right bereft,
This fool-begg'd patience in thee will be left.

Luc. Well, I will marry one day, but to try.
Here comes your man; now is your husband nigh.

Enter Dromio of Ephesus.

Air. Say, is your tardy master now at hand?

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

Air. Say, didst thou speak with him? know'st thou his mind?

Dro. E. Ay, ay, he told his mind upon mine ear;

Beshrow his hand, I scarce could understand it.

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

Dro. E. Nay, he struck so plainly, I could too well feel his blows; and withal so doubtfully that I could scarce understand them.
When you are wed, such patience will soon die.

Luc.: Well, I will marry one day, then we'll see.
Here comes the slave; your husband should be near.
Dromio of Ephesus walks hesitantly into the light.
It is obvious that he doesn't want to get within
Adriana's reach, for he knows she will be angry.
Adr.: Say, is your tardy master now at hand?
Dro. E.: No, he's at two hands with me, and that my two ears
can attest.
Adr.: Well, did you speak with him? Know you his mind?
Dro. E.: Oh yes, he told his mind upon my ear:
So hard at hand, I scarce could understand,
Luc.: Spoke he so strange, you could not feel his thought?
Dro. E.: Oh no, he spoke so well it cleared my head,
But then, such forceful thoughts are often strange.
Adr. But say, I prithee, is he coming home?
It seems he hath great care to please his wife.

Dro. E. Why, mistress, sure my master is horn-mad.

Adr. Horn-mad, thou villain!

Dro. E. I mean not cuckold-mad;
But, sure, he is stark mad.

When I desired 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!'

Luc. Quoth who?

Dro. E. 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.

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

Dro. E. Go back again, and be new beaten home?

For God's sake, send some other messenger.

Adr. Back, slave, or I will break thy pate across.
Adr.: But say, I pray you, is he coming home?
It seems he has small care to please his wife.

Dro. E.: When I informed him that you wait for him,
he asked me for a thousand marks in gold.
'It's time to eat,' said I; 'My gold!' said he.
'Your meat will burn,' said I; 'My gold!' said he.
'Will you come home?' said I; 'My gold!' said he,
'Where are my thousand marks, you silly fool?'
'The pig,' said I, 'is burned.' 'My gold!' said he.
'My mistress, sir,' said I. 'Great hound of hell!
I know no mistress; say she wait and rot!'
Luc.: Said who?
Dro. E.: Said he.
'I know,' said he, 'no mistress, wife, nor house.'
And with these words, he sent me on my way
with not a word or nod to bear you home,
but only bruises and an aching head.
Adr.: Go back again, you slave, and fetch him home.
Dro. E.: Go back again, and be new beaten home?
For God's sake, send some other messenger.
Adr.: Back, slave, or I will break your stupid head.
Dr. E. And he will bless that cross with other beating.
Between you I shall have a holy head.

Adr. Hence, prating peasant! fetch thy master home.

Dr. E. 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 ease me in leather. Exit.

Luc. Fie, how impatience loureth in your face!

Adr. 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 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 features. 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 stake.

Luc. Self-harming jealousy! fie, beat it hence!

Adr. Unfeeling fools can with such wrongs dispense.
Dru. E.: And he will break my arms, perhaps my neck:  
Between you I'll become a stretcher-case.  

Adr.: Away, you babbling fool, go fetch him home! He exits.

Luo.: Come now, impatience blossoms on your face.  

Adr.: His company must please his mistress well,  
While I at home starve for a loving look.  
Has homely age my girlish beauty washed  
From my poor cheek? Then he has wasted it.  
Are my discussions dull and lacking wit?  
If interesting and gay discourse be stilled,  
Unkindness is the thing that stifles it:  
Do her new dresses catch his roving eye?  
That's not my fault, he keeps his wallet closed.  
What ruins in me that can be found, are they  
By him not ruined? He then is the cause  
Of my disfigure. My unhappy face  
A happy look of his would soon repair.  
But not from him can I expect sweet smiles;  
He feeds from home, on other women's wiles!  

Luo.: Self-harming jealousy--thrust it away.  

Adr.: disjointedly and distractedly, on the verge of tears.
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, alone 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,
By falsehood and corruption doth it shame.
Since that my beauty cannot please his eye,
I'll weep what's left away, and weeping die.

Luo. How many fond fools serve mad jealousy! Exeunt.

Scene II. A public place.

Enter Antipholus of Syracuse.

Ant. S. The gold I gave to Dromio is laid up
Safe at the Centaur; and the heedful slave
Is wander'd forth, in care to seek me out
I know his heart has found some other love,
Or he would not withhold himself from me.
He promised me a necklace for my own;
I wish he'd throw the money it will cost
Into the street, if throwing it away
would keep him home, his heart and interest here.

She drops dejectedly into a chair.
It seems my beauty cannot please his eye;
I'll weep what's left away, and weeping die.
Adriana bows her head and sobs.
Luc.: Why must we women be such jealous fools?
Good reason flesch when gnawing envy rules.
Luciana tries to comfort her sister; the lights fade to a dark stage.

Scene II

Lights rise on Antipholus of Syracuse. He is browsing
before a market stall, picking up an item here and there.
He finds nothing of interest, turns away and muses aloud.
Ant. S.: The gold I gave to Dromio is laid up
Safe at the Centaur; and the helpful slave
Is wandered forth to find where I have gone.
By computation and mine host's report.
I could not speak with Dromio since at first
I sent him from the mart. 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 received 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?

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

Ant. S. Even now, even here, not half an hour since.

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

Ant. S. Villain, thou didst deny the gold's receipt
And told'at me of a mistress and a dinner;
For which, I hope, thou felt'st I was displeased.

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

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

Beating him.

Dro. S. Hold, sir, for God's sake! now your jest is earnest;
Upon what bargain do you give it me?

Ant. S. Because that I familiarly sometimes
Here comes he now as saucy as a calf;
I'll question him his lying to my face.

enter Dromio of Syracuse

And now, sir! Is your merry humor changed?
As you love beatings, joke with me again.
You know no Centaur? You received no gold?
Your mistress sent to have me home to dine?
My house is waiting for me? Were you mad,
That thus so madly you did answer me?

Dro. S.: What answer, sir? When spoke I such strange words?
Ant. S.: Why, even now, not half an hour since.
Dro. S.: I have not seen you since I went away,
Home to the Centaur, with your purse of gold.
Ant. S.: You lunatic, you swore I had no gold
And told me of a mistress and a meal;
For which, I hope, you felt I was displeased.
Dro. S.: I'm glad to see you in this merry vein:
What means this jest? I pray you, master, say.
Ant. S.: And do you jeer and lie to me again?
You think I jest? Take that and that—and that!
He boxes Dromio's ears.

Dro. S.: Hold, sir, you pay me what I have not earned.
What have I done to cause this hot complaint?
Ant. S.: Because I sometimes use you for my fool
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 shine 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 demeanour to my looks,
Or I will beat this method in your sconce.

Dro. S. Sconce call you it? so you would leave battering,
I had rather have it a head: an you use these blows long,
I must get a sconce for my head and insconce it too; or else
I shall seek my wit in my shoulders. But, I pray, sir, why
am I beaten?
Ant. E. Dost thou not know?
Dro. S. Nothing, sir, but that I am beaten.
Ant. E. Shall I tell you why?
Dro. S. Ay, sir, and wherefore; for they say every why hath
a wherefore.
Ant. E. Why, first—for slouting me; and then, wherefore,—
for urging it the second time to me.
Dro. S. Was there ever any man thus beaten out of season,
And am familiar with you in my speech,
Think not you can forget your lowly place
And make a common joke of serious thoughts.
In sunlight let the foolish gnats make sport,
But creep in crannies when the darkness falls.
If you would jest with me, watch smiles and frowns,
And act according to my changing mood.

Dromio is rubbing away the pain of his bruises when at this point Antipholus breaks off and looks beyond him. Adriana and Luciana approach the two men. Adriana is waving to them. Antipholus looks behind him but there is no one there.
When in the why and the wherefore is neither rhyme nor reason?

Well, sir, I thank you.

Ant. S. Thank me, sir! for what?

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

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

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

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

Dro. S. Basting.

Ant. S. Well, sir, then 'twill be dry.

Dro. S. If it be, sir, I pray you, eat none of it.

Ant. S. Your reason?

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

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

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

Ant. S. By what rule, sir?

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

Ant. S. Let 's hear it.

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

Ant. S. May he not do it by fine and recovery?
Dr. S. Yes, to pay a fine for a periwig and recover the lost hair of another man.

Ant. S. Why is Time such a niggard of hair, being, as it is, so plentiful an excrement?

Dr. S. Because it is a blessing that he bestows on beasts; and what he hath scanted men in hair he hath given them in wit.

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

Dr. S. Not a man of those but he hath the wit to lose his hair.

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

Dr. S. The plainer dealer, the sooner lost: yet he loseth it in a kind of jollity.

Ant. S. For what reason?

Dr. S. For two; and sound ones too.

Ant. S. Nay, not sound, I pray you.

Dr. S. Sure ones then.

Ant. S. Nay, not sure, in a thing failing.

Dr. S. Certain ones then.

Ant. S. Name them.

Dr. S. The one, to save the money that he spends in tiring; the other that at dinner they should not drop in his porridge.

Ant. S. You would all this time have proved there is no time for all things.

Dr. S. Marry, and did, sir; namely, no time to recover
hair lost by nature.

Ant. S. But your reason was not substantial, why there is no time to recover.

Bro. S. Thus I mend it: Time himself is bald and therefore to the world's end will have bald followers.

Ant. S. I knew 'twould be a bald conclusion: But, soft! who wafts us yonder?

Enter Adriana and Luciana.

Adr. 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 unurged 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 serv'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!
Who are these women; do they call to us?

Adr. Oh yes, Antipholus, look strange and frown;
Some other mistress has your sweeter face;
I am not Adriana nor your wife.
There was a time when you, unurged, would vow
That never words were music to your ear,
That never objects pleasing to your eye,
That never touch was welcome to your hand,

Until my voice, my eyes, my touch were yours.
Adriana takes hold of Antipholus' arm and strokes his cheek.
Antipholus recoils in shock.
Why is it now, my husband, that your heart
Is such a stranger, fighting with itself?

Ah, do not tear yourself away from me.
For know, my love, as easy mayst thou fall
A drop of water in the breaking gulf
And take unmingled thence that 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 two 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.

Ant. Sir. Plead you to me, fair dame? I know you not:
In Ephesus I am but two hours old,
For know, my love, as easy may you throw
A drop of water in the breaking gulf
And take away unmixed that drop again,
Without addition or diminishing,
As take from me yourself and not me too.
How dearly would it touch you to the quick,
Should you but hear I were a common bawd,
And that this body, wedded once to you,
Should be defiled by other lustful men.
Would you not spit at me and curse at me
And hurl the name of harlot in my face?
Would you not tear my sin-stained skin away
And from my false hand cut the wedding-ring
And break it with an all-divorcing vow?
I know you could; I also think you should.
I am possessed with an adulterous blot;
My blood is mingled with the crime of lust,
For if we two be one and you are false,
Then I contain your poison in my flesh.
By you I am, unwilling, made a whore.
Keep then an honest heart and one true bed;
I'll live unstained, and you will honored stay.

antipholus is completely at a loss.
Ant. S.: Pray, do you plead to me? 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 scannd,
 Want wit in all one word to understand.

Luc. Sie, 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.

Ant. S. By Dromio?

Dro. S. By me?

Adr. 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.

Ant. S. Did you converse, sir, with this gentlewoman?
 What is the course and drift of your compact?

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

Ant. S. Villain, thou liest; for even her very words
 Didst thou deliver to me on the mart.

Dro. S. I never spake with her in all my life.

Ant. S. How can she thus than call us by our names?
 Unless it be by inspiration.

Adr. 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.
A stranger to your town and to your talk;
Who, scanning every word with all my brain,
Lacks brain to understand them—all or one.

Luc. Come, brother! How the world is changed with you!
When were you prone to use my sister thus?
She sent for you by Dromio home to dine.

Ant. S. : By Dromio?

Dro. S. : By me?

Adr. : By you! You said
That he attacked you on the mart with angry hands,
Denied my house for his, me for his wife.

Ant. S. : Did you converse, sir, with this woman here?
What was the aim and drift of your debate?


Ant. S. : He grabs Dromio by the collar and shakes him.
Dishonest slave! You lie! Her very words,
An hour ago, you told me on the mart!

Dro. S. : Wailing I never spoke with her in all my life!

Ant. S. : How is it then they call us by our names?

Frightened now Unless they are endowed with witches' power.

Adr. : How ill agrees it with your dignity
To laugh and act so strangely with a slave.
You should not help this fool make fun of me.
Perhaps the fault is mine we are estranged,
But scorn me not to call me evil names.
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
Infest thy sap and live on thy confusion.

Ant. 3. 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.

Luc. Dromio, go bid the servants spread for dinner.

Dro. S. O, for my beads! I cross me for a sinner.
This is the fairy land: O spite of spitefuls!
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.

Luc. Why protest thou to thyself and answer'st not?
Dromio, thou drone, thou snail, thou slug, thou sotl
Come, I will fasten on this sleeve of yours:

Ant. S.: disbelievingly
To me she speaks; my mind is not my own.
What, was I married to her in a dream?
Or sleeping now, I think I hear all this?
What evil drives our eyes and ears amiss?
Until I know more of this mystery,
I'll humor her; it's safest to take care.
Luc.: Now Dromio! Bid the servants spread for lunch.
Dro. S.: thoroughly frightened
This is the fairy land: O spite of spites!
We talk with goblins, owls, unholy sprites:
If we obey them not, what might they do?
They'll tweak our ears and pinch us black and blue.
Adv.: Why gabble to yourself and answer not?
Speak up, you drone, you snail, you slug, you clot!
Adriana, during the preceding speech, attempts to strike
Dromio a few times; he moves out of the way of each blow.
Dr. S. I am transformed, master, am I not?

Ant. S. I think thou art in mind, and so am I.

Dr. S. Nay, master, both in mind and in my shape.

Ant. S. Thou hast thine own form.

Dr. S. No, I am an ape.

Luc. If thou art changed to aught, 'tis to an ass.

Dr. S. 'Tis true; she rides me and I long for grass.

'Tis so, I am an ass; else it could never be

But I should know her as well as she knows me.

Adr. Come, come, no longer will I be a fool,

To put the finger in the eye and weep,

Whilst man and master laugh my woes to scorn.

Come, sir, to dinner. Dromio, keep the gate.

Husband, I'll dine above with you to-day

And 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.

Ant. S. Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell?

Sleeping or waking? mad or well-advised?

Known unto these, and to myself disguised?

I'll say as they say and persever so

And in this mist at all adventures go.
For the rest of the scene Dromio and Antipholus whisper to each other.

Dro. S.: Ohhhhh! I'm transformed, my master; am I not?
Ant. S.: I think you are, in mind, and so am I.
Dro. S.: No, master, both in mind and in my shape.
Ant. S.: You have your own form.
Dro. S.: No, I am an ape.
Ant. S.: If you are changed at all, it's to an ass.
Dro. S.: It's true! She scolds me, and I long for grass.
It's so; I am an ass, or it would be
That I should know her well, as she knows me.
Adr.: Come, come, no longer will I be a fool,
And put my fingers to my eyes and weep,
While man and master laugh my tears to scorn.
Come, sir, to lunch, and Dromio, keep the gate.
Husband, I'll dine above with you today
And pardon you a thousand idle pranks.
to Dromio If any person asks you for your lord,
Say he dines out, and let no creature in.

Ant. S.: Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell?
Sleeping or waking? Mad or ill advised?
Known unto these and to myself disguised?
I'll say as they; do as they wish me to,
And in this mist-like, maddened time dare all.
Dr. D. Master, shall I be porter at the gate?

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

Luc. Come, come, Antipholus, we dine too late. Exeunt.

ACT III

Scene I. Before the house of Antipholus of Ephesus.

Enter Antipholus of Ephesus, Dromio of Ephesus, Angelo, and Balthasar.

Ant. E. 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 saracenet And that to-morrow 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? Dr. E. 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.
Dro. E.: Master, shall I be porter at the gate?

Agr.: twisting Dromio's ear

Oh yes, and watch it well or feel my hate.

Luo.: Come, come, Antipholus, we dine too late.

All exit into the house of Antipholus of Ephesus.

ACT III

Scene I

Antipholus of Ephesus, Angelo, and Salthazar are strolling toward the house of Antipholus.

Ant. E.: Good signor Angelo, excuse me please;

My wife is shrewish when I come so late;

Say that I lingered with you at your shop

To watch the making of her golden chain

And that tomorrow you will bring it home.

Enter Dromio of Ephesus, somewhat dejected and wary

But here's a clown that knows well how to lie:

He met me on the mart, said I beat him

For losing gold of mine—a thousand marks—

And that I did deny my wife and home.

You beer-house fool, what did you mean by that?

Dro. E.: Say what you will, sir, but I know what I know;

That you beat me at the mart, I have your marks to show.
Ant. E. I think thou art an ass.

Dro. E. 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.

Ant. E. You're sad, Signior Balthazar: pray God our cheer

May answer my good will and your good welcome here.

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

Ant. E. O, Signior Balthazar, either at flesh or fish,

A table full of welcomes makes scarce one dainty dish.

Bel. Good meat, sir, is common; that every shurl affords.

Ant. E. And welcome more common; for that 's nothing but

words.

Bel. Small cheer and great welcome makes a merry feast.

Ant. E. 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.

Dro. E. Maud, Bridget, Marian, Cicely, Gillian, Jinn!

Dro. S. Within Mome, malt-horse, capon, coxcomb, idiot,
patchi

Either get thee from the door or sit down at the hatch.
Ant. E.: I think you are an ass and liar too.

Dro. E.: An ass would know that truth's a waste on you.

Ant. E.: Come, lift that frowning face, good Balthazar;
My table shall make light and fair that look.

Bel.: Your table matters not; though steaks are char,
Your words alone can furnish comfort's nook.

Ant. E.: Come, come, sweet tongue, mere words aren't flesh
nor fish,
A platter welcome-heaped is scarce a dish.

Bel.: Good meat is common, sir, of little cost.

Ant. E.: For want of food, good friends are sometimes lost.

Bel.: Small cheer, great welcome makes a merry feast.

Ant. E.: Ay, to a stingy host who shares his least.

Now though my food be plain, enough there be
To fill our bellies full. Come, you shall see.

He tries the door.

The door is locked. to Dromio Go bid them let us in.

Dro. E.: Maud, Bridget, Marian, Cicely, Lillian, Lynni
Dro. E.: within the house Dolt, plow-horse, rooster,
root-hog, duckling, steed!

Away with you or suffer what you need!
Dost thou conjure for wenches, that thou call'est for such store,
When one is one too many? Go get thee from the door.

Dro. E. What patch is made our porter? My master stays in the street.

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

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

Dro. S. Within Right, sir; I'll tell you when, an you'll tell me wherefore.

Ant. E. Wherefore? For my dinner: I have not dined to-day.

Dro. S. Within Nor to-day here you must not; come again when you may.

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

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

Dro. E. O villain! thou hast stolen both mine office and my name.
The one ne'er got me credit, the other nickle blame.
If thou hadst been Dromio to-day in my place,
Thou wouldst have changed thy face for a name or thy name for an ass.

Luc. Within What a coil is there, Dromio? who are those at the gate?
A broken head, a mouth that bleeds full sore

Can scarcely call, as you have, for a whore.

Dro. E.: What clown is that? My master's in the street!

Dro. S.: Then walk him on, streetwalkers there to greet.

Ant. E.: Who talks within? Ho! Open up this door!

Dro. S.: I'll tell you when if you'll tell me what for.


Dro. S.: Nor will you here if I have aught to say.

Ant. E.: Who is it keeps me from my house? What ho!

Dro. S.: The porter, sir, my name is Dromio.

Dro. E.: You thief! To steal my office and my name;

They get me little credit, too much blame.

Nells from above What noise, Dromio! Who is at the gate?
Dr. E. Let my master in, Luce.

Luce. Within Faith, no; he comes too late;
And so tell your master.

Dr. E. O Lord, I must laugh!
Have at you with a proverb—Shall I set in my staff?

Luce. Within Have at you with another; that 's—
When? can you tell?

Dr. S. Within If thy name be call'd Luce,—Luce, thou
hast answer'd him well.

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

Luce. Within I thought to have ask'd you.

Dr. E. Within and you said no.

Dr. E. So, come, help: well struck! there was blow for
blow.

Ant. E. Thou baggage, let me in.

Luce. Within Can you tell for whose sake?

Dr. E. Master, knock the door hard.

Luce. Within Let him knock till it ache.

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

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

Air. Within Who is that at the door that keeps all this
noise?
Dro. E.: Nell, let us in!

Nell: Faith, no, you come too late.

Ant. E.: You baggage, let me in!
Nell: Why should I so?
Ant. E.: The house is mine!
Dro. E.: aside . . . no other place to go.

Ant. E.: You'll cry for this, when I beat this front door down!
Nell: Who needs to cry, with a good strong jail in town?

Adr.: Who is at the door that makes such noise?
Dr. E. **Within** By my troth, your town is troubled with unruly boys.

Ant. E. Are you there, wife? you might have come before.

Adv. **Within** Your wife, sir knave! go get you from the door.

Dr. E. If you went in pain, master, this 'knave' would go sure.

Adv. Here is neither cheer, sir, nor welcome: we would fain have either.

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

Dr. E. They stand at the door, master; bid them welcome hither.

Ant. E. There is something in the wind, that we cannot get in.

Dr. E. You would say so, master, if your garments were thin.

Your sake there is warm within; you stand here in the cold:
It would make a man mad as a buck, to be so bought and sold.

Ant. E. To fetch me something: I'll break ope the gate.

Dr. E. **Within** Break any breaking here, and I'll break your knave's pate.

Dr. E. A man may break a word with you, sir, and words are but wind,
Dro. S.: within Your town is troubled with unruly boys.

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

Adr.: Your wife, sir knave? Go, get you from my door.

Adr.: This house can offer neither food nor cheer,
Just vain debate: the door to open or shut.

Sal.: to Ant. E. I pray you, sir, let's all away from here;
The man within is something of a nut.

Ant. E.: to Dro. E. To fetch a bar! I'll break the hinges' lead.

Dro. S.: within You break a hinge, I'll break your knavish head!
Ay, and break it in your face, so he break it not behind.

Pro. S. Within It seems thou want'st breaking: out upon thee, hind!

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

Pro. S. Within Ay, when fowls have no feathers and fish have no fin.

Ant. E. Well, I'll break in: go borrow me a crow.

Pro. E. 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.

Ant. E. To get thee gone; fetch me an iron crow.

Sel. 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 ruled by me: depart in patience,
And let us to the Tiger all to dinner,
And about evening come yourself alone
Ant. E.: to Dro. E. So, get you gone; fetch me an iron crow.

3al.: Have patience, sir; Oh, let it not be so!
Herein you war against your goodly name
And draw within the compass of a doubt
The unviolated honor of your wife,
Your knowledge of her truthfulness,
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 shut and looked.
Be ruled by me: depart in patience,
And let us to the Tiger all to dine,
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 housed where it gets possession.

Ant. H. You have prevail'd: I will depart in quiet,
And, in despite of mirth, mean to be merry.
I know a wench of excellent discourse,
Pretty and witty, wild and yet, too, gentle:
There will we dine. This woman that I mean,
My wife—but, I protest, without desert—
Hath oftentimes upbraided me withal:
To her will we to dinner. To Ang. Get you home
And fetch the chain; by this I know 'tis made:
Bring it, I pray you, to the Porpentine;
For there 's the house: that chain will I bestow—
Be it for nothing but to spite my wife—
Upon mine hostess there: good sir, make haste.
Since mine own doors refuse to entertain me,
I'll knock elsewhere, to see if they'll disdain me.
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.

Ant. E.: You have prevailed: I will depart in quiet,
And, in despite of anger, play at joy.
I know a wench of pretty form and face,
Witty, wild, and yet quite gentle too.
There will we dine. This woman that I mean,
My wife—but, I protest, without desert—
Has oftentimes upbraided me with her:
To her will we to lunch, to Ang. Now get you home
And fetch the golden chain you've made for me.
Bring it, I pray you, to the Porcupine;
For there's the house: that chain will I bestow—
Be it for nothing else but foolish spite—
Upon my hostess there: good sir, make haste.
Since my own doors refuse to entertain
I'll knock elsewhere, to see if they disdain.
Ang. I'll meet you at that place some hour hence.

Ant. E. Do so. This jest shall cost me some expense.

Exeunt.

Scene II. The same.

Enter Luciana and Antipholus of Syracuse.

Luc. And may it be that you have quite forgot
A husband's office? shell, 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, speak 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:
Ang.: I'll meet you at that place some hour hence.
Ant. E.: Do so. This jest shall cost me some expense.
They exit; lights fade.

Scene II

Antipholus of Syracuse and Luciana are in the living room
of the house of Antipholus of Ephesus.

Luc.: And may it be that you have quite put by
A husband's office? shall, Antipholus,
In the spring of love, your love-springs dry?
Shall love, in building, grow so ruinous?
If you did wed my sister for her wealth,
Then for her wealth's sake be with her more kind;
Or, if you love elsewhere, do it by stealth;
Hide your false love with show of being blind;
Let not my sister read it in your eye;
Be not your tongue your own shame's orator;
Be sweet, speak fair, be graceful in the lie;
Clothe wicked vice, and look you more at her;
Bear a fair presence, though your heart bear taint;
Teach sin the carriage of a holy saint;
Be secret-false: in public show constraint;
What simple thief confesses his complaint?
It's double wrong to play in other beds
And let her read it in your 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 to be a little vain,
When the sweet breath of flattery conquers strife.

Ant. S. Sweet mistress,—what your name is else, I know not,
Nor by what wonder you do hit of mine,—
Less in your knowledge and your grace you show not
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,
Shame's fame is lessened when no word is spread;
Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word.
Also, poor women! make us but believe,
And easily are we made, that you do love;
Though others have the arm, show us the sleeve;
We at your motion turn, and us you move.
Then gentle brother, go upstairs again;
Comfort my sister, cheer her, call her wife:
It's holy sport to be a little vain,
When the sweet breath of flattery conquers strife.

Ant. S.: Sweet mistress--what else your name, I do not know.
Nor by what wonder you do hit on mine--
More in your knowledge and your grace you show
Than our earth's wonder, more than stars sublime.
Teach me, dear creature, how to think and speak;
Lay open to my earthy, simple brain,
Smothered in errors, feeble, shallow, weak,
The simple meaning of your words' refrain.
Against my soul's pure truth why labor you
To make it wander in an unknown field?
Are you a god? Would you create me now?
Transform me then, and to your power I'll yield.
But if then I am I, how 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 decline.  
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 golden 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!  

Luc. What, are you mad, that you do reason so?  
Ant. S. Not mad, but mated; how, I do not know.  
Luc. It is a fault that springeth from your eye.  
Ant. S. For gazing on your beams, fair sun, being by.  
Luc. Gaze where you should, and that will clear your sight.  
Ant. S. As good to wink, sweet love, as look on night.  
Luc. Why call you me love? call my sister so.  
Ant. S. Thy sister's sister.  
Luc. That's my sister.  
Ant. S. No;  
It is thyself, mine own self's better part,  
Mine eye's clear eye, my dear heart's dearer heart,  
My food, my fortunes and my sweet hope's aim,  
My sole earth's heaven and my heaven's claim.  
Luc. All this my sister is, or else should be.
And to her bed no homage do I owe;
Far more, far more to you do I incline.
Oh, train me not, sweet mermaid, with your voice,
To drown me in your sister's teared distress:
Sing, siren, for yourself and I'll rejoice;
My heart and soul will drown in happiness.

Luc.: What, are you mad, that you do reason so?
Ant. S.: Not truly mad, but reason I forego.
Luc.: It is a fault that's caused by roving eyes.
Ant. S.: More fault if I should love by telling lies.
Luc.: Case where you should, and that will clear your sight.
Ant. S.: Why not be blind, sweet love, as look on night?
Luc.: Why call me love? Should call my sister so.
Ant. S.: Your sister's sister.
Luc.: That's my sister.
Ant. S.: No,
It is yourself, my own self's better part,
My 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.
Luc.: All this my sister is, or else should be.
Ant. 8. 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.
Luc. O, soft, s ir! hold you still!
I'll fetch my sister, to get her good will. Exit.

Enter Dromio of Syracuse.

Ant. 8. Why, how now, Dromio! where runn'at thou so fast?
Dro. 8. Do you know me, sir? am I Dromio? am I your man? am I myself?
Ant. 8. Thou art Dromio, thou art my man, thou art thyself.
Dro. 8. I am an ass, I am a woman's man and besides myself.
Ant. 8. What woman's man? and how besides thyself?
Dro. 8. Marry, sir, besides myself, I am due to a woman; one that claims me, one that haunts me, one that will have me.
Ant. 8. What claim lays she to thee?
Dro. 8. 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.
Ant. 8. What is she?
Dro. 8. A very reverent 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.
Ant. S.: Call yourself sister, sweet, for you are she.
You will I love and with you lead my life:
You have no husband yet, nor I no wife.
Give me your hand.
Luc.: O, soft, sir! Please be still!
I'll to my sister, for I think her ill. She exits.

Enter Dromio of Syracuse; Ant. S. has come outside
and sees Dromio.

Ant. S.: Why, how now, Dromio! Where run you thus so fast?
Dro. S.: Do you know me, sir? Am I Dromio? Am I your man? Am I myself?
Ant. S.: You are Dromio, you are my man, you are yourself.
Dro. S.: I am an ass, I am a woman's man and beside myself.
Ant. S.: What woman's man, and how beside yourself?
Dro. S.: Ay, Sir, beside myself. I am due to a woman; one
that claims me, one that haunts me, one that will have me.
Ant. S.: What claim lays she to you?
Dro. S.: My god, 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
creatura, lays claim to me.
Ant. S.: What is she?
Dro. S.: A very goodly body; ay, such a one as a man may not
speak of without he say, "A man." I have but lean luck in the
match, and yet she is a wondrous fat marriage.
Ant. S. How dost thou mean a fat marriage?

Dro. S. 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 rage and the tallow in them will burn a Poland winter: if she lives till doomsday, she'll burn a week longer than the whole world.

Ant. S. What complexion is she of?

Dro. S. Swart, like my shoe, but her face nothing like so clean kept: for why, she sweats; a man may go over shoes in the grime of it.

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

Dro. S. No, sir, 'tis in grain; Noah's flood could not do it.

Ant. S. What's her name?

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

Ant. S. Then she bears some breadth?

Dro. S. No longer from head to foot than from hip to hip; she is spherical, like a globe; I could find out countries in her.
Ant. S.: How do you mean a fat marriage?

Dro. S.: 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'd bet, her rags and the tallow in them would burn a Russian winter; if she lived till doomsday, she'd burn a week longer than the whole world.

Ant. S.: Of what complexion is she?

Dro. S.: Dark, like my shoe, but her face nothing like so clean kept, because she sweats; a man needs wear overshoes in the grime of it.

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

Dro. S.: No, sir, it's ingrained; Noah's flood could not do it.

Ant. S.: What's her name?

Dro. S.: Nell, sir; but six axehandles laid end to end would not measure her from hip to hip.

Ant. S.: Then she has some breadth?

Dro. S.: Some breadth is right. She smells as if the whole of Spain were cocked therein.

Ant. S.: No, No, I mean she's wide?

Dro. S.: No longer from head to foot than from side to side; she is spherical, like a globe; I could find countries in her.
Ant. S. In what part of her body stands Ireland?

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

Ant. S. Where Scotland?

Dro. S. I found it by the barrenness; hard in the palm of the hand.

Ant. S. Where France?

Dro. S. In her forehead; armed and reverent, making war against her hair.

Ant. S. Where England?

Dro. S. 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.

Ant. S. Where Spain?

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

Ant. S. Where America, the Indies?

Dro. S. Oh, sir, upon her nose, all o'er embellished 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.

Ant. S. Where stood Belgia, the Netherlands?

Dro. S. Oh, sir, I did not look so low. To conclude, this drudge, or diviner, laid claim to me; called me Dromio; swore I was assured to her; told me what privy marks I had about me, as, the mark of my shoulder, the mole in my
Ant. S.: On what part of her body stands Ireland?

Dro. S.: Marry, sir, on her butt, though famine never lived there, by my word.

Ant. S.: Where Scotland?

Dro. S.: In her throat, the pipes are blown from dawn to dusk and echo in your ears.

Ant. S.: Where France?

Dro. S.: In her forehead; armed and trenches, making war against her hair.

Ant. S.: Where England?

Dro. S.: 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 sea that ran between France and it.

And to conclude,
this drudge, this grease-pot, laid claim to me; called me Dromio; swore I was engaged to her; told me what private marks I had about me, as, the mark on my shoulder, the mole on 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 curtail dog and made me turn i'
the wheel.

Ant. S. Go hie thee presently, post to the road:
An if the wind blow any way from shere,
I will not harbour in this town to-night;
If any bark put forth, come to the mart,
Where I will walk till thou return to me.
If every one knows us and we know none,
'Tis time, I think, to trudge, pack and be gone.

Dro. S. As from a bear a man would run for life,
So fly I from her that would be my wife. Exit.

Ant. S. 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.

Enter Angelo with the chain.
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 transformed me to a cringing dog and made me bay at the moon.

**Ant. S.:** Go get away and hasten to the road.
For if the wind blow any way from shore,
I will not harbor in this town tonight;
If any ship put forth, come to the mart,
Where I will walk till you return to me.
If every one knows us and we know none,
It's time to leave; I think this town's bewitched.

**Pro. S.:** As from a bear a man would run for life,
I run from her who wants to be my wife. He exits.

**Ant. S.:** There's none but witches do inhabit here;
And therefore it's high time I were away.
She that calls me spouse, my very soul
Does for a wife abhor. Her sister though,
Possessed with such a gentle sovereign grace,
Of such enchanting presence and sweet voice,
Has almost made me traitor to myself;
But, lest myself be guilty of self-wrong,
I'll close my ears against the mermaid's song.

**enter Angelo with the golden chain**
Ang. Master Antipholus,—

Ant. S. Ay, that 's my name.

Ang. I know it well, sir; lo, here is the chain.
I thought to have ta'en you at the Porpentine;
The chain unfinish'd made me stay thus long.

Ant. S. What is your will that I shall do with this?

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

Ant. S. Made it for me, sir; I bespoke it not.

Ang. 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.

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

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

Ant. S. 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.
Ant. S.: Master Antipholus,—

Ant. S.: Yes, that's my name.

Ant. S.: I know it well, sir! lo, here is the chain.

Ant. S.: I meant to meet you at the Forcquipine:

Ant. S.: It was unfinished, and I had to wait.

Ant. S.: What is your will that I shall do with this?

Ant. S.: Why, please yourself; you asked that it be made.

Ant. S.: I asked? I never asked for such a chain.

Ant. S.: Not once, nor twice, but twenty times you have.

Ant. S.: Go home with it and please your angry wife;

Ant. S.: And soon at supper-time I'll visit you

Ant. S.: And then receive my money for the chain.

Ant. S.: I pray you, sir, receive the money now,

Ant. S.: For fear you won't see chain nor money more.

Ant. S.: You are a merry man; farewell for now. He exits.

Ant. S.: What I should think of this, I cannot tell:

Ant. S.: But this I think, there's no man is so vain

Ant. S.: That would refuse so fair an offered chain.

Ant. S.: I see a man here needs not live by trick,

Ant. S.: When in the streets he meets men mad and sick.

Ant. S.: I'll to the mart and there for Dromio wait;

Ant. S.: If any ship put out, away then straight!

Ant. S.: He exits, and the lights fade to a dark stage.
ACT IV

Scene I. A public place.

Enter Second Merchant, Angelo, and an Officer.

Sec. Mer. You know since Pentecost the sum is due,
And since I have not much importuned 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.

Ang. 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 of Ephesus and Dromio of Ephesus from the
courtesan's.

Off. That labour may you save: see where he comes.

Ant. E. 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 leading 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.
ACT IV

Scene I

Lights rise on Angelo, Second Merchant, and two Officers; they are in the market place.

Sec. Mer.: You've known since Easter that the debt was due. And since I have not dunned you for the sum And would not now, except that I am bound To Persia and need money for my trip; You must in full make restitution now, Or suffer at the hands of these police.

Ang.: The very sum that I owe now to you Is owing to me by Antipholus, And at the moment that I met with you I gave to him a chain. At five o'clock I shall receive the money for it here. Will you wait here with me until he comes? I shall discharge my debt and thank you too.

enter Antipholus of Ephesus and Dromio of Ephesus

They are returning from the house of the prostitute.

Off.: That waiting you may save; see, here he comes.

Ant. El.: While I go to the goldsmith's house, go you And buy a rope's end; that will I unlash Upon my wife and those in league with her For locking me out of my house today. Here comes the tardy goldsmith. Get you gone! enter Angelo To buy the rope and bring it home to me.
Dr. E. I buy a thousand pound a year: I buy a rope.

Exit.

Ant. E. A man is well help up that trusts to you:
I promised your presence and the chain;
But neither chain nor goldsmith came to me.
Unlike you thought our love would last too long,
If it were chain'd together, and therefore came not.

Ang. 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
Then I stand debted to this gentleman:
I pray you, see him presently discharged,
For he is bound to sea and stays but for it.

Ant. E. I am not furnish'd with the present money;
Besides, I have some business in the town.
Jocd 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.

Ang. Then you will bring the chain to her yourself?
Ant. E. No; bear it with you, lest I come not time enough.

Ang. Well, sir, I will. Have you the chain about you?
Ant. E. An if I have not, sir, I hope you have;
Or else you may return without your money.
Pro. E.: For my part, I would buy one metal-tipped
And trade them red-hot stripes for cold disdain.

Ant. E.: to Ang. A man is little served that trusts to you.
You promised me your presence and the chain;
But neither chain nor goldsmith came to me.
Perhaps you thought our friendship would not last
If it were chained, and therefore you came not.

Ang.: Oh, sir, you are a card. Now here's the bill;
It's itemized as to the weight and worth,
The fineness of the gold, et cetera.
The charge amounts to three odd ducats more
Than I stand 'debted to this gentleman.
I pray you, pay to him the sum you owe,
For he must catch a boat and needs the fare.

Ant. E.: I do not carry such a sum around;
Besides I have some business here just now.
Good signior, take the stranger to my house
And with you take the chain; then bid my wife
To pay the sum. Please give her a receipt.
I should be there almost as soon as you.

Ang.: Then you will bring the chain to her yourself?
Ant. E.: No; bear it with you, lest I cannot come.
Ang.: All right, sir, then I will. Have you the chain?
Ant. E.: And if I have not, sir, I hope you have;
Or else you may return without your pay.
Ang. 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.  

Ant. E. 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.  

Sec. Mer. The hour steals on; I pray you, sir, dispatch.  
Ang. You hear how he importunes me;--the chain!  

Ant. E. Why, give it to my wife and fetch your money.  
Ang. Come, come, you know I gave it you even now.  
Either send the chain or send me by some token.  

Ant. E. Me, now you run this humour out of breath,  
Come, where 's the chain? I pray you, let me see it.  

Sec. Mer. 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.  

Ant. E. I answer you! what should I answer you?  
Ang. The money that you owe me for the chain.  

Ant. E. I owe you none till I receive the chain.  
Ang. You know I gave it you half an hour since.  

Ant. E. You gave me none: you wrong me much to say so.  
Ang. You wrong me more, sir, in denying it:  
Consider how it stands upon my credit.
Ang.: Come, come, I pray you, sir, give me the chain; Both wind and tide stays for this gentleman, And I, to blame, have held him up too long.  

   Ant. E.: Good Lord! You use this jesting to excuse Your failure to deliver me the chain. 
I should have scolded you for failing thus, But, like a calf, you first begin to bawl.  

   Sec. Mar.: The hour steals on; I pray you, sir, pay me.  
   Ang.: You hear how he deceives me. to Ant. E. Sir, the chain!  
   Ant. E.: Why, take it to my wife; she'll pay you then.  
   Ang.: Come, sir, you know you took it even now.  

   Ant. E.: Good Lord, you run the humor out of breath.  
Come, where's the chain? I pray you, let me see.  

   Sec. Mar.: My business cannot wait on argument.  
   Good sir, say if you'll pay me, yes or no.  
If not, I'll leave him to the officer.  

   Ant. E.: Please tell me why and what to you I owe.  
   Ang.: The money that you owe me for the chain!  
   Ant. E.: I owe you none till I receive the chain.  
   Ang.: You have received it—not an hour since.  
   Ant. E.: You gave me none. You do great wrong to lie.  
   Ang.: You wrong me more, sir, when you do deny That I have done you good as per my word.
Sec. Mar. Well, officer, arrest him at my suit.
Off. I do; and charge you in the duke's name to obey me.
Ang. This touches me in reputation.
Either consent to pay this sum for me
Or I attach you by this officer.
Ant. E. Consent to pay thee that I never had!
Arrest me, foolish fellow, if thou dar'st.
Ang. Here is thy fee; arrest him, officer.
I would not spare my brother in this case,
If he should scorn me so apparently.
Off. I do arrest you, sir: you hear the suit.
Ant. E. 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.
Ang. Sir, sir, I shall have law in Ephesus,
To your notorious shame; I doubt it not.

Enter Dromio of Syracuse, from the bay.

Dro. S. 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
Sec. Mar.: Well, officer, arrest him at my suit.

Off.: I do, and warn you not to try escape.

Ang.: This touches me in that it blots my name.

Either consent to pay this sum for me
Or I'll arrest you by this officer.

Ant. E.: Consent to pay for what I never had?
Arrest me, stupid fellow, if you dare.

Ang.: Here is your fee; arrest him where he stands.
I would not spare my mother in this case
If she had used me ill as thus you have.

Off.: I do arrest you, sir; you hear the suit.

Ant. E.: I will obey you till I pay my bail.

to Ang. But you, my friend, shall pay for this as dear
As all the metal in your shop can buy.

Ang.: Sir, sir, the courts are just in Ephesus,
To your notorious shame; I doubt it not.

Enter Dromio of Syracuse, from the bay. This could be any
entrance other than stage left or right, for the sake of
some variety of entry.

Dro. S.: Good sir, there is an Epidamnian ship
That stays until her owner comes aboard
And then, sir, out she sails. Our baggage, sir,
I have conveyed aboard, and I have bought
The oil, the sea-sick powder, and the wine.
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.

Ant. E. How now! a madman! Why, thou peevish sheep,
What ship of Epidamnum stays for me?

Dro. S. A ship you sent me to, to hire waftage.

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

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

Ant. E. I will debate this matter at more leisure
And teach your ears to list me with more heed.

To Adrian, villain, his 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: his thee, slave, be gone!
On, officer, to prison till it come.

Exeunt Scene. Merchant, Angelo, Officer, and Ant. E.

Dro. S. To Adrian: 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 fulfil. Exit.
Blows fair from land; she stays for nothing now
But for her owner, master, and yourself.

Ant. E.: How now, you fool! What gabble do you mouthes?
What ship of Epidamnum waits for me?

Dro. S.: A ship you sent me to, to hire a berth.

Ant. E.: You drunken slave, I sent you for a rope
And told you for what purpose and what end.

Dro. S.: You sent me to a saddler for a rope
Just as you'd send a well man to be cured.

Ant. E.: I will debate this matter in good time
And teach your ears to hear me with more heed.

To Adriana, lunk-head, go you now;
Give her this key and tell her in the desk
That's covered with the Turkish tapestry,
There is a purse of ducats; fetch it here.
Tell her I am arrested in the street,
And that shall bail me out; go, get you gone!
On, officer, to prison till he comes.

exit all but Dromio

Dro. S.: To Adriana! That is where we dined,
Where dirty Bell did claim me for her own;
She is a fiend! I hope she is not there,
But I must go, although against my will.
Servants must their masters' wish fulfill. He exits.
Scene II. The house of Antipholus of Ephesus.

Enter Adriana and Luciana.

Adr. Ah, Luciana, did he tempt thee so?
Mightst thou perceive susterely 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 madest thou in this case
Of his heart's meteors tilting in his face?
Luc. First he denied you had in him no right.
Adr. He meant he did me none; the more my spite.
Luc. Then swore he that he was a stranger here.
Adr. And true he swore, though yet he were.
Luc. Then pleaded I for you.
Adr. And what said he?
Luc. That love I begg'd for you he begg'd of me.
Adr. With what persuasion did he tempt thy love?
Luc. With words that in an honest suit might move.
First he did praise my beauty, then my speech.
Adr. Didst speak him fair?
Luc. Have patience, I beseech.
Adr. I cannot, nor I will not, hold me still;
My tongue, though not my heart, shall have his will.
He is inform'd, crooked, old and sere,
Ill-fac'd, more bodied, shapeless everywhere;
Scene II

The lights rise on Adriana and Luciana in the living room of the house of Antipholus of Ephesus.

Adr.: Ah, Luciana, did he tempt you so? Did you perceive him honest in his eyes Which told his plea was true? Speak! Yes or No? Looked he red or pale, or well or sick? What observations made you in his face? And stood he still, sincere—or slyly pace?

Luc.: First he denied you had a right to him.

Adr.: He meant he did me none. He does me wrong.

Luc.: Then swore he that he was a stranger here.

Adr.: And true he swore, but yet how truly lied.

Luc.: Then pleaded I for you.

Adr.: And what said he?

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

Adr.: With what sweet words did he attempt your love?

Luc.: With words that in an honest suit might please; First he did praise my beauty, then my speech.

Adr.: Did he speak so?

Luc.: Have patience, I beseech!

Adr.: I will not! For I cannot hold me still! I cannot speak enough to say him ill! He is deformed, insane, and worse—he lies! Pock-faced and ugly, cursed with shifty eyes,
vicious, ungentle, foolish, blunt, unkind,
Stigmatical in making, worse in mind.
Luc. Who would be jealous then of such a one?
No evil lost is wail'd when it is gone.
Adr. Ah, but I think him better than I say,
And yet would herein others' eyes were worse.
Far from her nest the lapwing cries away:
"My heart prays for him, though my tongue do curse.

Enter Dromio of Syracuse.

Dro. S. Here! go; the desk, the purse! sweet, now,
make haste.
Luc. How hast thou lost thy breath?
Dro. S. By running fast.
Adr. There is thy master, Dromio? is he well?
Dro. S. 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 that countermands
The passages of alleys, creeks and narrow lands;
A hound that runs counter and yet draws dry-foot well;
One that before the judgement carries poor souls to hell.
Adr. Why, man, what is the matter?
Dro. S. I do not know the matter: he is 'rested on
the case.
Vicious, ungentle, foolish, blunt, unkind,
Stigmatical in sight and worse in mind.

Luc.: Who would be jealous then of such a one?
No evil lost is wailed when it is gone.

Adv.: Ah, but I think him better than I say.
I curse him with my tongue, but still I pray
He will return to me when all is done;
Of all the men I've known, there is just one.

Enter Dromio of Syracuse

Dro. S.: Here! go; the desk, the purse! sweet, now,
make haste!

Luc.: How have you lost your breath?

Dro. S.: By running fast!

Adv.: Where is your master, Dromio; is he well?

Dro. S.: God knows he's in a place that's worse than hell.
A devil with a badge has clutched him tight,
One whose hard heart is icy-black as night,
A fiend, a curse, whose soul is Satan's due;
A wolf, no, worse, a fellow all in blue.

Adv.: Why, man, be calm and tell us what is wrong.

Dro. S.: I do not know the wrong, but he is pinched.
Agr. What, is he arrested? Tell me at whose suit.

Dro. S. 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?

Agr. Lo 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 band?

Dro. S. Not on a band, but on a stronger thing; a chain, a chain! Do you not hear it ring?

Agr. What, the chain?

Dro. S. No, no, the bell: 'tis time that I were gone;

It was two ere I left him, and now the clock strikes one.

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

Dro. S. O, yes; if any hour meet a sergeant, a' turns back for very fear.

Agr. As if time were in debt! how fondly dost thou reason!

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

Nay, he's a thief too: have you not heard men say, that time comes stealing on by night and day?

If time be in debt and theft, and a sergeant in the way, hath he not reason to turn back an hour in a day?
Adr.: Now what? Is he arrested? Tell me why!

Dro. S.: I cannot tell what I have never known.
The money in his desk he sends for straight.

Adr.: 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?

Dro. S.: Not on a bond, but on a stronger thing;
A chain, a chain! Do you not hear it ring?

Adr.: The chain?

Dro. S.: No, no, the bell; it's time I left.
Perhaps he lies in jail accused of theft;
He'll waste away to nothing as I wait.
Re-enter Luciana with a purse.

Adr. 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 III. A public place.

Enter Antipholus of Syracuse.

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

Enter Dromio of Syracuse.

Dro. S. Master, here's the gold you sent me for.
What, have you got the picture of old Adam new-apparelled?
Ant. S. What gold is this? what Adam dost thou mean?
Re-enter Luc. with a purse. She gives it to Adriana.

Adr.: Go, Dromio; there's the money, bear it straight.

He exits.

Scene III

The mart; enter Antipholus of Syracuse

Ant. S.: There's not a man I meet but does salute
As if I were his well-acquainted friend;
And every one here calls me by my name.
Some offer money to me; some invite;
Some others give me thanks for kindnesses;
Some offer me commodities to buy:
Just now a tailor pulled me in his shop
And showed me silks that he had bought for me
And there and then took measure of my frame.
Sure, these are but imaginary wiles
And gypsy soresrers inhabit here.

enter Dromio of Syracuse

Dro. S.: Master, here's the gold for which you sent.

Ant. S.: What gold is this? I sent you for no gold.
The last I knew, you were to hire a ship
Which, leaving soon or late, God make it soon,
Was meant to take us forth from Ephesus.
Dro. S. 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.

Ant. S. I understand thee not.

Dro. S. 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.

Ant. S. What, thou meanest an officer?

Dro. S. 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!'
**Pro. S.:** to the audience My brain begins to reel

**Ant. S.:** Come, Dromio!

Tell me your tale of gold; I'd like to know.

**Dro. S.:** The tail I have, I'm not so sure it's gold;

The more I hear, the more I look behind

To see if I am followed by a tail.

Dromio looks over his shoulder and down at his rear, then feels his ears.

Not yet. I'll try once more to make some sense.

Good sir, were you not handed to the law,

Upon some argument, I know not what?

And did you send me to that maddened house

Where grease-ball chased me up and down the halls?

Did you not ask for bail and give a key

To give to that crazed witch who says you're here?

I swear I saw you carted to the jail,

Surrounded by enforcers of the law.

**Ant. S.:** You mean some officers arrested me?

**Dro. S.:** Yes sir, the sergeant of the debt and bond,

He that like a witch can wave a wand

But lacking magic power of a witch,

Relies on forceful blows to make men twitch.
Ant. S. Well, sir, there rest in your foolery. Is there any ship puts forth to-night? may we be gone?

Drer. S. Why, sir, I brought you word an hour since that the bark Expedition put forth to-night; 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.

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

Enter a Courtesan.

Cour. Well met, well met, Master Antipholus.
I see, sir, you have found the goldsmith now:
Is that the chain you promised me to-day?

Ant. S. Satan, avoid! I charge thee, tempt me not.

Drer. S. Master, is this Mistress Satan?

Ant. S. It is the devil.

Drer. S. 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.
Ant. S.: Well, sir, rest there from jesting more.
Is there a ship tonight; may we be gone?

Dro. S.: Why, sir, I brought you word an hour since:
The good ship Expedition sallies out.
The wind blows true, the captain waits for us,
But then were you upbraided by those men
And carted off to cool your heels in jail.
Here are the ducats sent to free you, sir.
Ant. S.: The fellow is distracted--so am I,
And here we wander in illusions:
Some blessed power deliver us from here!

enter the prostitute

Proz.: Hello, hello, Master Antipholus.
I see, sir, you have found the goldsmith now:
Is that the chain you promised me today?
Ant. S.: Satan, away! I charge you, tempt me not.
Dro. S.: Is Satan female, sir?
Ant. S.: It is his wife.
Dro. S.: No, she is worse; she's mother to the fiend,
And here she stands! She makes my stomach churn,
All dressed up like a whore! Oh, sir, beware!
Cour. Your man and you are marvellous merry, sir. Will you go with me? We'll mend our dinner here?

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

Ant. S. Why, Dromio?

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

Ant. S. 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.

Cour. 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.

Dr. S. 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: and if you give it her, The devil will shake her chain and fright us with it.

Cour. I pray you, sir, my ring, or else the chain: I hope you do not mean to cheat me so.

Ant. S. Awaunt, thou witch! Come, Dromio, let us go.

Dr. S. 'Fly pride,' says the peacock: mistress, that you know. Exeunt Ant. S. and Dr. S.
Pros.: Your man and you are merry, sir, today. Will you with me? We'll sup here at my home.

Dro. S.: I'll wager forty ducats that's no home; Looks more a house for cats from where I stand. My lord, if you should sup in such a place, Request a spoon that reaches there to here.

Ant. S.: Why, Dromio?

Dro. S.: The longer spoon you have
When dining with the fiend, more safe you are.

Ant. S.: Away then, fiend! Why tempt me with your food? You are, as you are all, a sorceress;
I do command you—leave us and be gone.

Pros.: Give me my ring I gave to you at lunch, Or, for my ring, the chain you promised me.
Then I'll be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

Dro. S.: Some devils ask a snip of fingernail, A lash, a hair, a drop of blood, a pin, A piece of skin, at very most, an ear.
But she, more greedy, asks a golden chain.
Master, be wise, and give it not away; She gives us naught and still expects her pay.

Pros.: I pray you, sir, my ring, or else the chain; I hope you do not mean to cheat me so.

Ant. S.: Curse on you, witch! Come, Dromio, let us go.
Court. 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 to-day at dinner,  
Of his own doors being shut against his entrance.  
Belike his wife, acquainted with his fits,  
On purpose shut the doors against his way.  
My way is now to his 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.

Scene IV. A street.

Enter Antipholus of Ephesus and the Officer.

Ant. E. 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 to-day,  
And will not lightly trust the messenger.  
That I should be attach'd in Ephesus,
Pros.: Without a doubt, Antipholus is mad:
Else would he never so demean himself.
A ring he has of mine worth forty crowns,
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 tale he told to me at lunch today,
Of his own doors closed shut against his face.
Perhaps his wife, acquainted with his fits,
On purpose shut the door against his way.
The thing I'll do is get me to his house
And tell his wife, since he is lunatic,
He rushed into my house and took by force
My ring away. This course is best to choose;
For forty crowns is much too much to lose.
She exits; lights fade.

Scene IV

A street; lights rise on Antipholus and the Officers.
Ant. E.: Fear me not, men; I will not break away.
I'll give you, ere I leave you, all bright coins
To lighten up the darkness of your minds.
My wife is in a wayward mood today,
And will not lightly trust the messenger.
That I am thought a crook 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?

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

Ant. E. But where 's the money?

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

Ant. E. Five hundred ducats, villain, for a rope?

Dro. E. I 'll serve you, sir, five hundred at the rate.

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

Dro. E. To a rope's-end, sir; and to that end am I returned.

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

Seating him.

Off. Good sir, be patient.

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

Off. Good now, hold thy tongue.

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

Ant. E. Thou whoreson, senseless villain!

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

Ant. E. Thou art sensible in nothing but blows, and so is an ass.
I tell you, will sound harshly in her ears.

_enter Dromio of Ephesus with a rope's end_

Here comes my man; I think he brings the gold.

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

_Dro._ E.: This, good sir, will surely pay them all.

_Ant._ E.: But where's the gold?

_Dro._ E.: Why, given for the rope.

_Ant._ E.: Five hundred ducats, Dromio, for a rope?

_Dro._ E.: I'll humor you, my lord; the sum was five.

_Ant._ E.: To what end did I send you to my home?

_Dro._ E.: To a rope's end, sir; and to that end, returned.

He hands the rope to Antipholus.

_Ant._ E.: And to that end, sir, I will welcome you.

Beats Dromio with the rope.

_Off.: Good sir, hold off! Be patient with your man.

_Dro._ E.: It's me who must be patient; I'm in pain!

_Off.: Then hold your tongue.

_Dro._ E.: I would he held his hands!

_Ant._ E.: You senseless fool! Take that, and that ... take that!

_Dro._ E.: If I were senseless, I'd not feel your blows.

_Ant._ E.: To blows alone have you some sense, you ass!

_Dro._ E.: hides behind the officer to deliver these lines
Dr. F. 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 beats 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.

Ant. E. Come, go along; my wife is coming yonder.

Enter Adriana, Luciana, the Courtesan, and Pinch.

Dr. F. Mistress, 'respice finem,' respect your end; or rather, the prophecy like the parrot, 'beware the rope's end.'


Cour. How say you now? is not your husband mad?

Adr. 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.

Luc. Also, how fiery and how sharp he looks!

Cour. Mark how he trembles in his ecstasy!

Pinch. Give me your hand and let me feel your pulse.
I am an ass indeed, long service proves.
I’ve served him from the hour of my birth;
Such pay I’ve had was given me in blows.
A beating heats me well when I am cold;
When I am warm, a beating fans my brow.
A beating wakes me when I, sleeping, dream,
And when I sit, a beating makes me stand.
His beating drives me out into the storm;
I’m welcomed home with it when I return.
I bear it on my shoulders as a stone,
And even twitch and flinch when I’m alone.

Ant. E.: Curb your craven tongue; my wife is here.
enter Adriano, Luciana, the prostitute, and Pinch

Dro. E.: He is at his rope’s end and mad. Take care!
Good mistress, do not turn your back on him,
Or end to end, he’ll lay the rope to you.

Ant. E.: Will you still talk? Beate Dromio again
Pros.: Is not your husband mad?

Adr.: His incivility confirms no less.
Good Doctor Pinch, you are a learned man.
Establish him in his true sense again,
And I will give you what you will demand.

Luc.: Alas, how fiery and how sharp he looks!
Pros.: See how he trembles in his fevered state!
Pinch: Give me your hand and let me feel your pulse.
Ant. E. There is my hand, and let it feel your ear.

Striking him.

Pinch. I charge thee, Satan, housed within this man,
To yield possession to my holy prayers
And to thy state of darkness his thee straight;
I conjure thee by all the saints in heaven!

Ant. E. Peace, doting wizard, peace! I am not mad.

Adv. 0, that thou wert not, poor distressed soul!

Ant. E. You minion, you, are these your customers?
Did this companion with the saffron face
Feast and feast it at my house to-day,
Whilst upon me the guilty doors were shut
And I denied to enter in my house?

Adv. 0 husband, 3od doth know you dined at home;
Where would you had remain'd until this time,
Free from these slanders and this open shame!

Ant. E. Dined at home! Thou villain, what sayest thou?

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

Ant. E. Were not my doors lock'd up and I shut out?

Dro. E. Perdie, your doors were lock'd and you shut out.

Ant. E. And did not she herself revile me there?

Dro. E. Sane fable, she herself reviled you there.

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

Dro. E. Certes, she did; the kitchen-vestal scorn'd you.

Ant. E. And did not I in rage depart from thence?
Ant. E.: There is my hand, and let it feel your ear.  

Antipholus strikes Pinch on the ear.  

Pinch: chanting I charge you, Satan, housed within this man,  
To yield possession to my holy prayers  
And to your state of darkness go again:  
I conjure you by all the saints above!  

Ant. E.: Peace, ancient wizard, peace! I am not mad.  

Adr.: O, how I wish it so, poor troubled soul.  

Ant. E.: You baggage, you; are these your wicked friends?  
Did this companion with his yellow teeth  
Allay his thirst and hunger at my house,  
While I stood lackey at the guilty doors,  
Denied a happy entrance to my home?  

Adr.: Oh husband, God does know you dined at home;  
Where, if you had remained until this time,  
These slanders and this shame would not have been.  

Ant. E.: Dined at home! Oh, how you lie! Say you?  

Dro. E.: Sir, truth to tell, you did not dine at home.  

Ant. E.: Were not my doors locked up and I shut out?  

Dro. E.: In truth, your doors were locked and you shut out.  

Ant. E.: And did not she herself revile me there?  

Dro. E.: No doubt at all, herself reviled you there.  

Ant. E.: Did not her kitchen-maid throw taunts at me?  

Dro. E.: She did; the kitchen-wench was full of scorn.  

Ant. E.: And did I not in rage depart from there?
Pro. E. In verity you did; my bones bear witness, 
That since have felt the vigour of his rage.

Adr. Is 't good to soothe him in these contrarieties? 
Finch. It is no shame: the fellow finds his vein 
And yielding to him humours well his frenzy.

Ant. E. Thou hast suborn'd the goldsmith to arrest me. 
Adr. Alas, I sent you money to redeem you, 
By Dromio here, who came in haste for it. 

Dro. E. Money by met heart and good-will you might; 
But surely, master, not a rag of money. 

Ant. E. Went'st not thou to her for a purse of ducats? 
Adr. He came to me and I deliver'd it. 
Luc. And I am witness with her that she did. 

Dro. E. God and the rope-maker bear me witness 
That I was sent for nothing but a rope! 
Finch. 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. 

Ant. E. Say, wherefore didst thou lock me forth to-day? 
And why dost thou deny the bag of gold? 
Adr. I did not, gentle husband, look thee forth. 

Dro. E. And, gentle master, I received no gold;
Dr. E.: O, sir, you did. In very truth, you did.

Adv.: He will not die, Sir Pinch? Please say you no.

Pinch: It's hard to tell until we find the cause.
Some men contract a fever with these fits.
It might just help to bind his head with gauze;
Try honeyed words and see if he submits.
Adv.: Dear heart . . .

Ant. E.: You are the cause of my arrest!
Adv.: Alas, I sent you gold to set you free!
By Dromio here, who came in haste for it.

Dr. E.: By me! Oh sir, I never saw your gold!

Ant. E.: You went not then to her to fetch my purse?
Adv.: He came to me and I delivered it.

Luc.: And I am witness for her that she did.
Dr. E.: Dear God in heaven knows this is not so;
Sir, I was sent for nothing but a rope.

Pinch: Mistress, both man and master are possessed.
I know it by their pale and deadly looks.
They must be bound and laid in some dark room.

Ant. E.: Tell me, why did you lock me out today?

Adv.: I did not, gentle husband, lock you out.

Dr. E.: And, gentle master, I received no gold;
But I confess, sir, that we were look'd out.

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

Ant. E. 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.

Enter three or four, and offer to bind him. He strives.

Adr. O, bind him, bind him! let him not come near me.

Finch. More company! The fiend is strong within him.

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

Ant. E. What, will you murder me? Thou gaoler, thou,

I am thy prisoner: wilt thou suffer them

To make a rescue?

Off. Masters, let him go:

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

Finch. So bind this man, for he is frantic too.

They offer to bind Dro. E.

Adr. What wilt thou do, thou peevish officer?

Hast thou delight to see a wretched man
But I uphold, sir, that we were locked out.

Ant. E.: You lying fool! Your tongue is false in both!
And you, dissembling hag, are false in all
And are in league with mad and mangy dogs
To make an object fit for scorn of me:
But these two hands shall pluck out those false eyes
That would behold me brought so low as this.

He lunges at Adriana; some townspeople have gathered,
and some of these stop him and offer to help bind him.

He struggles.

Adr.: O, bind him, bind him! Let him not come near!

Pinch: So quick! More help! The fiend is strong in him!

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

Ant. E.: What, will you murder me? You villain, you!

to the officer I am thy prisoner! Will you not help
To make a rescue?

Off.:

Masters, let him go;
The prisoner's mine and cannot go with you!

Pinch: Indicating Dromio, who has been jumping around on
one foot and then the other
To bind this man, for he is frantic too.

A couple of men begin to chase Dromio, adding to the

general melee.

Adr.: What do you say, you peevish officer?
Have you delight to see a wretched man
Do outrage and displeasure to himself?

Off. He is my prisoner: if I let him go,
The debt he owes will be required of me.

Adr. I will discharge thee ere I go from thee:
Bear me forthwith unto his creditor
And, knowing how the debt grows, I will pay it.

Good master doctor, see him safe convey'd

Home to my house. O most unhappy day!

Ant. E. O most unhappy strumpet!

Dro. E. Master, I am here enter'd in bond for you.

Ant. E. Out on thee, villain! wherefore dost thou mad me?

Dro. E. Will you be bound for nothing? be mad,
good master: cry 'The devil!'

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

Adr. So bear him hence. Sister, go you with me.

Exeunt all but Adriana, Luciana, Officer and Courtesan.

Say now, whose suit is he arrested at?

Off. One Angelo, a goldsmith: do you know him?

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

Off. Two hundred ducats.

Adr. Say, how grows it due?

Off. Due for a chain your husband had of him.

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

Cour. When as your husband all in rage to-day
Came to my house and took away my ring—
Do outrage and displeasure to himself?

Off.: He is my charge. If I should let him go,
The debt he owes will be required of me.

Adr.: I will discharge the money that is owed.
Take me forthwith unto his creditor.

Good master doctor, see him safe conveyed
Home to my house. O most unhappy day!

Ant. E.: Oh most unhappy strumpet! They carry him off.

Dro. E.: Master, help!

Ant. E.: A pox on you, you false, unfaithful fool!

Luc.: God help, poor souls, how lunatic they seem!

Adr.: Jo, bear him home. Sister, go you with me.

exit all but Adriana, Luciana, Officer, and prostitute

Tell me, good man, whom does my husband owe?

Off.: One Angelo, a goldsmith. Know you him?

Adr.: I know the man. Now, how much gold is due?

Off.: Two hundred ducats.

Adr.: Say you? Why so much?

Off.: Due for a chain your husband had of him.

Adr.: He talked about a chain, but had it not.

Pros.: 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.

Adr. 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 rapier drawn, and
Dromio of Syracuse.*

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

Adr. And come with naked swords.

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

Off. Away! they'll kill us.

*Exeunt all but Ant. S. and Dro. S.*

Ant. S. I see these witches are afraid of swords.

Dro. S. She that would be your wife now ran from you.

Ant. S. Come to the Centaur; fetch our stuff from thence;

I long that we were safe and sound aboard.

Dro. S. Faith, stay here this night; they will surely do
us no hurt: 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.

Ant. S. I will not stay to-night for all the town;
Therefore away, to get our stuff aboard. *Exeunt.*
The ring I saw upon his finger now—

Straight after did I meet him with a chain.

Adv.: It may be so; I did not see it though.

Come, jailer, bring me where the goldsmith is:

I long to know the truth about these things.

*enter Antipholus of Syracuse with his rapier drawn, and
Dromio of Syracuse

Luc.: God give us mercy! They are loose again!

Adv.: And come with naked swords! Oh, help! help-ho!

Off.: Away! Away! They'll kill us where we stand.

exit all but Antipholus and Dromio

Ant. S.: I see these witches are afraid of swords.

Dro. S.: She that would be your wife now ran from you.

Ant. S.: Come, to the Centaur at your fastest ship,

I'm anxious to be safe aboard our ship.

They exit; lights fade.
ACT V

Scene I. A street before a Priory.

Enter Second Merchant and Angelo.

Ang. 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.
Seg. Mer. How is the man esteem'd here in the city?
Ang. 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.
Seg. Mer. Speak softly: yonder, as I think, he walks.

Enter Antipholus of Syracuse and Dromio of Syracuse.
Ang. 'Tis so; and that self chain about his neck
Which he forewore 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,
ACT V

Scene I

Lights rise on the street before a convent wall; enter Second Merchant and Angelo.

Ang.: I'm sorry, sir, that I have hindered you.

But, I protest, he had the chain of me;

He is dishonest if he says not so.

Sec. Mer.: How is the man esteemed here in the town?

Ang.: His reputation is the very best,

Of credit infinite and greatly loved.

Second to none that lives here in the town;

His word might bear my wealth at any time.

Sec. Mer.: Speak softly: yonder, as I think, he comes.

enter Antipholus of Syracuse and Dromio of Syracuse.

Ang.: It's him; and there's my chain about his neck

Which he insisted he had never had.

Good sir, be witness, and I'll speak to him.

Signior Antipholus, I wonder much

That you would shame yourself and do me harm

And, not without some scandal to us all,

Deny this chain which openly you wear.

Besides my harm and your imprisonment,

You have done wrong to this my honest friend,

Who could have hoisted sail and put to sea

Had you complied and paid the debt you owe.
Had hoisted sail and put to sea to-day:
This chain you had of me: can you deny it.

Ant. S. I think I had; I never did deny it.

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

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

Sec. Mer. These ears of mine, thou know'st, did hear thee.

Pie on thee, wretch! 'tis pity that thou livest
To walk where any honest men resort.

Ant. S. Thou art a villain to impeach me thus:
I'll prove mine honour and mine honesty
Against thee presently, if thou darest stand.

Sec. Mer. I dare, and do defy thee for a villain.

They draw.

Enter Adriano, Luciana, the Courtesan, and others.

Adri. Hold, hurt him not, for God's sake! he is mad.

Some get within him, take his sword away!

Bind Brome too, and bear them to my house.

Dr. S. Run, master, run; for God's sake, take a house!

This is some priory. In, or we are spoil'd!

Exeunt Ant. S. and Drus. S. to the Priory.

Enter the Lady Abbess.

Abb. Be quiet, people. Wherefore throng you hither?
This chain you had of me; is that not true?

Ant. S.: Of course I did; I never said not so.

Ant.: You did deny it--swore it was not so!

Ant. S.: Who heard me lie and then to swear it true?

Sec. Mar.: These ears of mine, you know I heard you, knave!

Why lie, you wretch? I'm sorry that you live

To crawl where any honest man may walk.

Ant. S.: I know you not, but no man calls me names.

I'll carve my honor and my honesty

Upon your face for all the world to see. They draw rapiers.

enter Adriana, Luciana, the prostitute and others

Adv.: Hold, hurt him not, for God's sake! He is mad!

Break down his guard and take his sword away:

Bind Dromio too, and bear them to my house.

Dro. S.: Run, master, run! Take shelter in a house!

This is a convent. In, or we are dead!

They dash into the convent door, almost knocking down the

portly abbess as she is coming out. She blocks the door,

more by bulk than intent. She brushes herself off and

regains most of her composure.

Abbess: dryly I wonder at your holy zeal today;

I stand amazed so many come to pray.
Adr. To fetch my poor distracted husband hence.
Let us come in, that we may bind him fast
And bear him home for his recovery.

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

Sec. Mar. I am sorry now that I did draw on him.

Abb. How long hath this possession held the man?

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

Abb. Hath he not lost much wealth by wreck of seas?
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?

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

Abb. You should for that have reprehended him.

Adr. Why, so I did.

Abb. Ay, but not rough enough.

Adr. As roughly as my modesty would let me.

Abb. Haply, in private.

Adr. And in assemblies too.
"Why come you here?"

Adr.: My husband has gone mad.
Let us come in, that we may bind him fast
And bear him home for his recovery.

Ang.: I did not know his mind was so disturbed.
Seo. Mar.: I'm sorry that I tried to fight with him.

Abbess: How long has he been ill?

Adr.: For all this week.

He has been different from the man he was,
But till this afternoon, he did not rage.

Abbess: Perhaps he's lost much wealth; his ships have sunk?
Or buried some dear friend and madly grieves?
Might he have wandered from his rightful home
In search of lawless love and new delight?
Could one of these have caused his present state?

Adr.: Oh, none of those—except, perhaps, the last;
Some other love that drew him from his home.
Abbess: You should for that have reprimanded him.
Adr.: Why, so I did.

Abbess: Yes, but not rough enough.
Adr.: As roughly as I could, not being rude.

Abbess: Perhaps, in private?
Adr.: And in public, too.
Abb. Ay, but not enough.

Mr. 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 it;
Still did I tell him it was vile and bad.
Abb. And thereof came it that the man was mad:
The venom of a jealous woman
Poisons more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.
It seems his sleep was hinder'd by thy railing,
And thereof comes it that his head is light.
Thou say'st 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 say'st his sports were hinder'd 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
Abbess: Oh, yes, but not enough.

Adr.: Oh, quite enough.

In bed he slept not for my telling him;
At table, fed not for my telling him;
Alone, it was the subject of my theme;
In public, I would tell him with my eyes;
Again and yet again I told him so.

Abbess: And there, my girl, is why the man is mad.
The poisoned bellows of a jealous wife
Are far more deadly than a mad dog's bite.
It seems his sleep was hindered by your spite,
And that is why his fevered head is light.
You say his meat was sauced with your complaint?

Unquiet meals do cause a stomach ache,
a stomach that's in pain can heat the brain,
And what's a fever but a maddened fit?
You say his sports were hindered by your words?
Sweet recreation barred, what then ensues
Is moody and dull sadness in the heart,
Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair.

In food, in sport, in life-preserving rest
To be disturbed would madden man or beast.
Therefore, my dear, I say your jealous fits
Have soared thy husband from the use of wits.

Luc. She never reprehended him but mildly,
When he demean'd himself rough, rude and wildly.
Why bear you these rebukes and answer not?

Adr. She did betray me to my own reproof.
Good people, enter and lay hold on him.

Abb. No, not a creature enters in my house.

Adr. Then let your servants bring my husband forth.

Abb. 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.

Adr. 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.

Abb. 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:
It is a branch and parcel of mine oath,
A charitable duty of my order.
Therefore depart and leave him here with me.

Adr. I will not hence and leave my husband here:
And ill it doth be seem your holiness
Luc. She only softly scolded, never hard,
When he demeaned himself in others' eyes,

To Adriana Why bear you these rebukes and answer not?

Adr. She tries to use my words to make me small.

Good people, enter and lay hold on him.

Abbess: No! Not a single one goes in this house!

Adr. Then let your servants bring my husband forth!

Abbess: Nor that! He thought this refuge to be safe.

And refuge it shall be till he can rest,
And I have brought him to his wits again.

Adr.: I will attend my husband, be his nurse,

Diet his sickness, for it is my place.

I'll have no substitute stand in for me.

Now, therefore, let me take him home with me.

Abbess: Be patient; for I will not let him stir

Until I've used the holy means I have,

The wholesome syrups, drugs and saintly prayers,

To make of him a proper man again.

It is a duty of my order here;

Therefore, depart and leave him here with me.

Adr.: I will not go and leave my husband here;

And it should shame your order and your life
To separate the husband and the wife.

Abb. Be quiet and depart: thou shalt not have him.

Exit.

Luc. Complain unto the duke of this indignity.

Adv. 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.

Sec. Mer. 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.

Ang. Upon what cause?

Sec. Mer. 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.

Ang. See where they come: we will behold his death.

Luc. Kneel to the duke before he pass the abbey.

Enter Duke, attended; Aegon bareheaded; with the Headsman
and other Officers.

Duke. Yet once again proclaim it publicly,
If any friend will pay the sum for him,
To separate a husband from his wife.

Abbess: Be quiet and go; you shall not have him now.

She exits into the convent.

Luc.: The Duke should hear of this unlawfulness.

Mrs.: You're right. I'll ask the favor of His Grace
To take by force my husband from this place.

I will fall prostrate at his feet in tears
And will not rise nor smile until he hears.

Sec. Mar.: There is, good madam, no real need to go.
For yonder comes the Duke in fine array.

He wears his coronet, the ducal crown.

There must be some event of magnitude . . .

And there's the Headsman close behind his grace.

I thought that must be it . . .

Ang.: My friend, what's it?

Sec. Mar.: There is a merchant here from Syracuse,
Quite old and sad—and, also, penniless.

Who landed in the bay three days ago
Against the law—and now he'll lose his head.

Ang.: See, here they come; we will behold his death.

Luc.: Kneel to the duke before he passes by.

Enter Duke, Agenon, Executioner, and officers.

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.

Adr. 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.
Adr. May it please your grace, Antipholus my husband,

Whom I made lord of me and all I had,
At your important letters,—this ill day
A most 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
Chased us away, till raising of more aid
He shall not die; this mercy do we give.

Adv.: My Lord, against the abbess I bring suit.

Duke: She is a woman virtuous and good;
It cannot be that she has done you wrong.

Adv.: If it may please your grace to hear my suit,
I'll say, in brief, the cause of my complaint.

Antipholus, the man to whom I'm wed,
Whom I made lord of me and all I had,
This ill-begotten day, has gone quite mad.

With his servant, just as mad as he,
He rushed into and through the city streets,
Doing displeasure to the citizens
By running in their houses; stealing there
Rings, jewels, chains, whatever his madness liked.
Once did I get him bound and sent him home,

And tried to right the wrongs he did commit;
But by some strong escape, I know not how,
He broke away from those that guarded him;
And with his mad attendant and himself,

Met us again with rage and naked swords.
We ran away but came again with help
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 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.
So, 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 Servant.
Serv. 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 conjurer.
To bind them once again. And here they ran.

And here the abbess shuts the gates on us
And will not let us fetch the poor man out,
Nor send him forth that I might bear him home.
Therefore, most gracious duke, at your command,
Let him be brought and given to my hand.
Duke: Your husband saved my life in time of war;
I swore to do for him, as best I could,

All things he did deserve and even more.
So, some of you, knock at the abbey-gate
And bid the lady abbess come to me.
I will decide on this before I leave.

A servant, breathless

Serv.: O mistress, mistress, flee and save yourself!
My master and his man have broken loose;
They beat the maids and bound the doctor fast.

My master preaches patience to the man
While Dromio cuts his beard off with a blade.
Unless you send some present help to him,
Between them they will kill the learned soul.
Adr. Peace, fool! thy master and his men are here. And that is false thou dost report to us.
Serv. 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 sear 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!
Adr. 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.
Ant. E. 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.
Age. Unless the fear of death doth make me dote, I see my son Antipholus and Dromio.
Ant. E. Justice, sweet prince, against that woman there! She whom thou gavest to me to be my wife,
Adr.: Peace, fool! Your master and his men are here.
And that is false you now report to us.

Serv.: Mistress, upon my life, I tell you true;
I have been running from the sight of it.
Your husband curses you. He promises
To scorched your face and to disfigure you.

The sound of running feet is heard off stage.

Listen! I hear him, mistress; fly, be quick!

Duke: Come, stand by me; fear nothing. Guards, take care!

Adr.: Ah me, it is my husband! It must be
That he is born about invisible;
Just now he ran into the abbey here;
And now he's there. I think I'm going to faint!
She half-collapses on Luciana's arm.

Enter Antipholus of Ephesus and Dromio of Ephesus

Ant. E.: Justice, most gracious duke, for I am wronged!
When I did save your life that long war since,
when I stood over you and took the blows,
For my blood then, now give me rightful law!

Seagoe: Unless the fear of death makes me go mad,
I see my long-lost son Antipholus.

Ant. E.: Justice, sweet prince, against that woman there!
That wench you gave 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.
Ant. E. 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?
Adr. No, my good lord: myself, he and my sister
To-day did dine together. So befall my soul
As this is false he burdens me withal.

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

Ang. O perjured woman! They are both forsworn:
In this the madman justly chargeth them.

Ant. E. My liege, I am advised what I say,
Neither disturbed with the effect of wine,
Nor heady-rash, provoked with raging ire,
Albeit my wrongs might make one wiser mad.
ThIs woman look'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;
She parted with me to go fetch a chain,
Promising to bring it to the Porpentine,
Where Balthasar and I did dine together.
She has abused and much dishonored me:
Yes, even to the very height of harm.
Beyond imagination is the wrong
That she this day has heaped upon my head.

Duke: Tell me how, and you shall find me just.

Ant. E.: This day, great duke, she shut my doors on me,
While she with harlots feasted in my house.

Duke: An awful fault! Say, woman, did you so?

Adr.: No, lord, for I, my sister, and himself
Did dine together. Satan take my soul
If this is false. Let Luciana say.

Luc.: May Satan take me where I stand, dear lord,
If she tells not your highness simple truth!

Ant.: Oh, perjured woman! You and she tell lies!
In this, the madman justly charges thee!

Ant. E.: My liege, this woman looked me out today.
That goldsmith, were he not in past with her,
Could witness it, for he was with me then.
He went away from me to fetch a chain
And promised to deliver it to me
Where Balthasar and I did eat our lunch.
Our dinner done, and he not coming thither,
I went to seek him: in the street I met him
and in his company that gentleman.
There did this perjured goldsmith swear me down
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 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 Finch, 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 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
Our eating done, the chain delivered not,
I went to seek him—found him in the street,
And in his company that gentleman.
There did this perjured goldsmith swear me down
That I this day from him received the chain,
Which, good God knows, had never graced my hand.
He called the law and threatened me with jail;
I did obey, and sent my servant home
For certain gold I hoped would free me then.
He came not back with gold, but with a rope!
Then fairly I addressed the officer
To go in person with me to my house.

Me met my wife, her sister, and a mob
Of vile confederates. Along with them
They brought one Pinch, a hungry, lean-faced man.

And, gazing in my eyes, he counts my pulse,
And with no face, as though outfacing me,
Criss cross, I was possessed. Then all at once
They fell on me and bound me hand and foot.
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 gain'd my freedom and immediately
Ran hither to your grace; whom I beseech
To give me ample satisfaction
For these deep shame and great indignities.

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

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

Ang. He had, my lord: and when he ran in here,
These people saw the chain about his neck.

Sec. Mar. 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.

Ant. E. 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 housed him, here he would have been;
And in a dark and dankish vault at home,
They left me and my men, both bound and gagged;
Till, gnawing with my teeth my bonds in twain,
I gained my freedom and immediately
Ran hither to find your grace; whom I beseech
To give me satisfaction for this shame
And help erase these hot indignities.

Ang.: My lord, in truth, thus far I witness him:
He did not dine at home, but was looked out.

Duke: But had he such a chain of you or no?

Ang.: He had, my lord, and when he ran in here,
These people saw the chain about his neck.

Sec. Mar.: Besides, I will be sworn these ears of mine
Heard you confess you had the chain of him,
Though you denied it first upon the mart:
And thenceupon I drew my sword on you;
And then you fled into this abbey here,
But how you're out again, I cannot say.

Ant. E.: I never came within these abbey walls,
Nor never did you draw a sword on me;
I never saw the chain, so help me, God!
And this with which you burden me is false.

Duke: To hear it told, I'd swear you all were drunk!
If here you housed him, here he would have been;
If he were mad, he would not plead so coldly:
You say he dined at home; the goldsmith here
Denies that saying. Sirrah, what say you?

Dro. E. Sir, he dined with her there, at the Porpentine.
Cour. He did, and from my finger snatch'd that ring.
Ant. E. 'Tis true, my liege; this ring I had of her.
Duke. Saw'st thou him enter at the abbey here?
Cour. 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 one to the Abbess.

Aege. 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.
Aege. Is not your name, sir, call'd Antipholus?
And is not that your bondman, Dromio?
Dro. E. 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.
Aege. I am sure you both of you remember me.
Dro. E. 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?

Aege. Why look you strange on me? you know me well.
If he were mad, he would not plead so well;
You say he dined at home; the goldsmith here
Denies that tale. Good peasant, what say you?

Dro. E.: Good sir, he dined with her, the lady there.
Pros.: He did, and from my finger snatched that ring.

Ant. E.: It's true, my liege; this ring I had of her.

Duke: And did you see him enter in this place?

Pros.: As sure, my liege, as I do see your face.
Duke: So call the abbess here, for this is strange;
I think you all are stark and raving mad!

exit one to the abbess

Aegaeon: Most mighty duke, oh, let me speak a word.
Perhaps I see a friend will save my life
And pay the sum that may deliver me.

Duke: Speak freely, Syracuse, what you will.

Aegaeon: Is not your name, sir, called Antipholus;
And is that not your bondsman, Dromio?

Why look you strange on me? You know me well.
Ant. E. I never saw you in my life till now.
Aege. O, grief hath changed 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?
Ant. E. Neither.
Aege. Dromio, nor thou?
Dro. E. No, trust me, sir, nor I.
Aege. I am sure thou dost.
Dro. E. Ay, sir, but I am sure I do not; and whatsoever a
man denies, you are now bound to believe him.
Aege. 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 untuned ears?
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.
Ant. E. I never saw my father in my life.
Aege. But seven years since, in Syracuse, boy,
Ant. E.: I never saw you in my life till now.

Agecon: Oh, grief has changed me since you saw me last,
And care-filled hours with time's engraving hand
Have written strange disfigure on my face:
But tell me yet, do you not know my voice?

Ant. E.: I know not either face nor voice, good sir.

Agecon: Brumio, and you?

Dro. E.: No, trust me, sir, nor I.

Agecon: I'm sure you do.

Dro. E.: But, sir, I'm sure I don't.

Agecon: Not know my voice? O, time's extremity,
Have you so cracked and split my wagging tongue
In seven years, that here my only son
Knows not my feeble key of untuned cares?
Though now this wrinkled face of mine be hid
In sap-consuming winter's drissled snow,

Yet has my night of life some memory,
My wasted eyes some fading glimmer left,
My dull, deaf ears a little use to hear:
With these old witnesses, I cannot err.
Tell me you are my son Antipholus.

Ant. E.: I never saw my father in my life.

Agecon: But seven years since, in Syracuse, my boy,
Thou know'st we parted: but perhaps, my son,
Thou shamest to acknowledge me in misery.

Ant. E. 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, Syracusian, 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 Abbess, with Antipholus of Syracuse and Dromio of Syracuse.

Abb. Most mighty duke, behold a man much wrong'd.

All gather to see them.

Adv. 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?

Dro. S. I, sir, am Dromio: command him away.

Dro. E. I, sir, am Dromio: pray, let me stay.

Ant. E. Aegeon art thou not? or else his ghost?

Dro. S. O, my old master! who hath bound him here?

Abb. Whoever bound him, I will loose his bonds
And gain a husband by his liberty.

Speak, old Aegeon, if thou be'st the man
You know we parted: but perhaps, my son,
You're shamed to know me in such misery.

Ant. E.: The duke and all that know me in the town
Can witness with me that it is not so;

To Syracuse I've never traveled, sir.

Duke: I tell you, Syracusan, twenty years
Have I been patron to Antipholus,
And in this time, he never saw your town.

I see your age and dangers make you mad.

re-enter abbess, with Antipholus of Syracuse and Dromio of Syracuse

Abbess: Most mighty Duke, behold a man much wronged.

Adr. S. I see two husbands; catch me as I faint!
She again half-collapses into Luciana's arms.

Duke: One of these men is spirit to the next.

And so of these, which is the natural man
And which the ghost? Now who can tell us this?

Dro. E. I, sir, am Dromio; send him away.

Dro. E. I, sir, am Dromio; pray, let me stay.

Ant. E. My father are you not, or else his ghost?

Dro. S. O, my old master! Who has bound him thus?

Abbess: Whoever bound him, I will loose his bonds
And gain a husband by his liberty.

Speak up, Aegeon, if you be the man
That hadst a wife once call'd Aemilia
That bore thee at a burden two fair sons:
O, if thou be'st the same Aegwon, speak,
And speak unto the same Aemilia!

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 wreck at sea,—
These are the parents to these children,
Which accidentally are met together.

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

Abb. 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. Antipholus, thou camest from Corinth first?
Ant. S. No, sir, not I; I came from Syracuse.

Duke. Stay, stand apart; I know not which is which.
That had a wife once called Asmilia,
who bore for you in labor two fair sons:
Oh, if you are the same Aegeon, speak,
And speak unto the same Asmilia!

Duke: Why, now the tale he told does make some sense!
These men, these twins that look so much alike,
pointing to each in turn
And these two Dromios—the one and one—
These are the parents of these goodly men
Which now are met together by some chance.

Aegeon: If I dream not, you are Asmilia;
If you are she, tell me where is that son
That floated off with you upon the mast?

Abbess: By men of Epidamnum he and I
Were taken up and saved from cruel death—
Along with Dromio, his servant there—
Or there—Oh, well, suffice it we were saved.
But, by and by, a ship from Corinth's shore
By force took son and man away from me
And left me with the men who helped us there.
What then became of them I cannot tell;
I ended here, as Abbess, as you see.

Duke: Antipholus, you came from Corinth first?
Ant. S.: No, sir, not I; I came from Syracuse.
Duke: Wait, stand apart! I know not which is which!
Ant. E. I came from Corinth, my most gracious lord,—

Dro. E. And I with him.

Ant. E. Brought to this town by that most famous warrior,
Duke Menaphon, your most renowned uncle.

Adr. Which of you two did dine with me to-day?

Ant. S. I, gentle mistress.

Adr. And are not you my husband?

Ant. E. No; I say nay to that.

Ant. S. And so do I; yet did she call me so:
And this fair gentlewoman, her sister here,
Did call me brother. To Luc. What I told you then,
I hope I shall have leisure to make good;
If this be not a dream I see and hear.

Ant. That is the chain, sir, which you had of me.

Ant. S. I think it be, sir; I deny it not.

Ant. E. And you, sir, for this chain arrested me.

Ant. I think I did, sir; I deny it not.

Adr. I sent you money, sir, to be your bail,
By Dromio; but I think he brought it not.

Dro. E. No, none by me.

Ant. S. 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.
Ant. E.: I came from Corinth, my most gracious lord,—

Dro. E.: And I with him.

Ant. E.: Brought by that warrior Duke

Good Menepheus, your uncle most renowned.

Adr.: Which one of you did dine with me today?

Ant. S.: I, gentle mistress.

Adr.: You are not my spouse?

Ant. E.: Oh, no, good dame, I will say no to that!

Ant. S.: And so do I, yet did she call me so;

And this fair, gentle maid, her sister here,

Did call me brother. to Luciana what I told you then,

I hope I shall have leisure to explain;

If this be not a dream I see and hear.

And: That is the chain, sir, that you had of me.

Ant. S.: I think it is, sir; I deny it not.

Ant. E.: And you, sir, for this chain arrested me.

And: I think I did, sir; I deny it not.

Adr.: I sent you money, sir, to be your bail,

By Dromio; I think he brought it not.

Dro. E.: At least, my gentle mistress, not by me.

Ant. S.: This purse of ducats I received from you,

And Dromio my man did bring them straight.

I see we must have met each other's man;

I did mistake the one, and you the next,

And thereupon these errors blossomed forth.
Ant. E. These ducats pawn I for my father here.
Duke. It shall not need; thy father hath his life.
Corr. Sir, I must have that diamond from you.
Ant. E. There, take it; and much thanks for my good cheer.
Abb. 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 sympathized 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 burthen never 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 festivity!
Duke. With all my heart, I'll gossip at this feast.

Except all but Ant. E., Ant. R., Dro. S., and Dro. E.

Dro. S. Master, shall I fetch your stuff from shipboard?
Ant. E. Dromio, what stuff of mine hast thou embark'd?
Dro. S. Your goods that lay at host, sir, in the Centaur.
Ant. S. He speaks to me. I am your master, Dromio!
Come, go with us; we'll look to that anon:
Ant. E.: I give these ducats for my father's life.
Duke: There is no need; your father has his life.
Proe.: But sir, I'll have that diamond that you wear.
Ant. E.: There, take it; and much thanks for my good cheer.
Abbess: Most noble prince, perhaps you'll take the time
to go with us into the abbey here
To hear at large how all our fortunes met:
And all that are assembled in this place,
That by this strange and wondrous day's mistakes
Have suffered wrong, come keep us company. taking the
duke's arm

Come to a happy feast; here, go with me;
We'll cure so long a grief and merry be!
Duke: With all my heart I'll be a jolly guest.
exit all but the two Dromios
Embrace thy brother there; rejoice with him.

Exeunt Ant. E. and Ant. E.

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

Dro. E. 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?

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

Dro. E. That 's a question: how shall we try it?

Dro. S. We'll draw lots for the senior: till then lead thou first.

Dro. E. 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.
Pro. S.: There is a fat girl at your master's house
That entertained me well today at lunch.
She now shall be my sister, not my wife.

Pro. E.: I think you are my mirror, not my kin:
I see by you I am a sweet-faced youth.
Will you walk in to watch their festival?

Pro. S.: Not first, my friend, you are the elder twin.

Pro. E.: Now that's a question; how can we decide?

Pro. S.: We could draw lots or straws; till then you lead.

Pro. E.: No, no, then thus; we came into this world
As servants born, but blessed by being twin.
Come take my hand; together we shall go--
Two brothers found and fond--Now, let's go in.

They exit; lights fade.
BIBLIOGRAPHY

Books


