The Comedie of Errors.


Enter the Duke of Ephesus, with the Merchant of Sirena, 
Isaac, and other attendants.

Duke. I am no more to stand as post to thee, 
When thou hast done thy business.

Merchant. 

The Comedie of Errors.

The pleasing punishment that women bear, 
Had made provision for her following me, 
And doe, and safe, arrived where I was: 
There had she not beene long, but she became 
A joyfull mother of two godly sons:

And, which was strange, the one so like the other, 
As could not be distinguished but by names: 
That very howre, and in the selfe-same Inue, 
A meane woman was delivered 

Of such a burthen Male, twis both alike: 

Nay, I wished for one of the two, 

Gave any Tragi-keene Instance of our hate: 

But longer did we not retaine much hope; 

For what obscured light the heavens did grant, 

Did but conuert into our fearefull minds, 

A doubtfull warrant of immediate death, 

Which though my selfe too gladly have embrac'd,

Yet the incessant weepings of my wife, 

Weeping before for what the law might come, 

And piteous pynings of the prettie babes,

That mourn'd for fashion, ignorant what to fear, 

Peril me to feake delays for them and me,

And that it was for (other meanes was none) 

The Sailors bought for safety by our boat, 

And left the ship then finding ripe to vs.

My wife, more careful for the latter barren, 

Had fastne'd him into a small bare Malf, 

Such as fearing men provide for advertisances: 

To him one of the other twins was bound, 

Whilst I had borne like beadfull of the other, 

The children thus dispos'd, my wife and I, 

Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fixt, 

Fastne'd our feltes at eyther end the malf, 

And floating (straight, obedient to the fireame, 

Was carried towards Corinna, as we thought, 

At length the sonne gazing upon the earth, 

Disperst those vapours that ascended vs,

And by the benefit of his wilful light

The fess wast calme, and we discouered 

Two shippes from farre, making amain to vs: 

Of Corinna that, of Ephesus this, 

But ere they came, oh let me say no more, 

Gather the sequel by that went before.

Duk, Nay forward old man, do not break off so, 

For
The Comedie of Errors.

For we may pity, though not pardon thee.

Merc. Oh had the gods done so, I had not now
Worshipfully ta'en them mericleffe to vs;
For ere the ships could meet by twice five leages,
We were encounter'd by a mighty rocke,
Which being violently borne vs,
Our helpfull ship was plattted in the midle;
So that in this vnust divorce of vs,
Fortune had left to both of vs like,
What to delight in, what to sorrow for,
Her part, poore soule, seeming as burdened
With leffer weight, but not with leffer woe,
Was caried with more speedes before the winde,
And in our fight they three were taken vp
By Fishermen of Carthage, as we thought.
At length another ship had seiz'd on vs,
And knowing whom it was their hap to faie,
Gave healthfull welcome to their ship-wrackt guests,
And would have sett the Fishers of their prey,
Had not their backe beene very flou of life;
And therefore homeward did they bend their course.
Thus have you heard from my wife,
That by misfortunes was my life prolong'd,
To tell fad stories of my owne mishaps.

Duke. And for the lacke of them thou forsworest for,
Doe me the favour to dilate at full,
What haue before of them and they till now.

Merc. My younge boy, and yet my chiefe care,
At eighteen yeares became iniquitie,
After his brother, and impotency.
That his ascendant, to his case was like,
Rit of his brother, but retai'd his name,
Might bear him company in the quest of him:
Whom whilom I laboured of a louse to fee,
I hazarded the lofe of whom I lond.
Fine Sommers haue I spent in fairest Greece,
Roaming cleane through the bounds of Asia,
And coulning homeward, came to Ephyss:
Hopeless to finde, yet lost to leaue vnsouled.
Or that, or any place that harbours men:
But here must end the story of my life,
And happy were I in my timelie death,
Could all my trablets warrant me they live.

Duke. Hopeless Ephyss whom the faces haue markt
To bear the extreme of dire misloup.
Now trust me, were it not against our Lawes,
Against my Crown, my oath, my dignity,
Which Princes would they not most disdaine,
My soule shou'd see as advocate for thee;
But though thou art adjudged to the death,
And pass'd sentence may not be recal'd
But to our honours great disparagement:
Yet will I favour thee in what I can;
Therefore Marchant, Ile limit thee this day
To seek thy helpe by beneficall helpe,
Try all the friends thou hast in Ephyss,
Beg thou, or borrow, to make vp the summe,
And live; if no, then thou art doom'd to dye;
Tale, take him to thy cuftefolle.

Joyner. I will my Lord.

Merc. Hopelessly and helplessly doth Egon send,
But to procramaine his lifeelle end.

Enter Antipholus Eresius, a Marchant, and Dromio.

Mer. Therefore giue oue you are of Epidamnum,
Left that your goods too soone be cuftefolle:
This very day a Syracusian Marchant
Is apprehende for a riuell here,
And not being able to buy oue his life,
According to the custom of the towne,
Dies ere the warie funnele fits in the Welle:
There is your monie that I had to keep:
Ant. Goe beare to it to the Centaure, where we holst,
And say there Dromio, till I come to thee;
Within this houre it will be dinner tyme,
Till that I view the manhs of the towne,
 Peroe the traders, gaze upon the buildings,
And then returne and sleepe within mine Inn,
For with long trauaile I am rife and warie.
Get thee away;

Dra. Many a man would take you at your word,
And goe indeede, having so good a mean.

Exit Dromio.

Ant. A truflie villaine is, that very ofs,
When I am dull with care and melancholy,
Eightens my humour with his merry lefts:
What will you walke with me about the towne,
Ant. You shall accompany me to my Inn and dine with me.
E. Mar. I am inured fit to cettaine Marchants,
Of whom I hope to make much benefite:
I crave your pardon, soone as fune a clocke,
Plesse you, doe meete with you the Marz,
And afterward confort you till bed time:
My present businesse calls me from you now.

Ant. Farewell till then: I wil goe loole my selfe,
And wander up and downe to view the Citie.
E. Mar. Sir, I commend you to your owne content.

Exit.

Ant. He that commends me to mine owne content,
Commends meto the thing I cannot get:
I to the world am like a drop of water,
That in the Ocean seeks another drop,
Who falling there to finde his fellow forth,
(Valence, iniquitie) confounds himselfe.
So I to finde a Mother and a Brother,
In quest of them (whapziea) loole my selfe.

Enter Dromio of Ephyss.
Here comes the almanacke of my true date:
What now? How chance thou art return'd soone.
E. Dra. Return'd soone, rather approache too late:
The Capon burns, the Pig falls from the spits.
The clocke hath strucken twelve upon the bell:
My Mistriss made it one upon my cheekes:
She is so hot because the mease is cold.
The mese is cold, because you come not home:
You come not home, because you have no fomacke:
You have no fomacke, having broke your left:
But we that know what this is to fast and pray,
Are penitent for your default so day.

Ant. Stop in your winde fit, tell me this I pray
Where have you left the mony that I gave you.
E. Dra. Oh five pense that I had a weenday left,
To pay the Sadler for my Mistriss cruppens.
The Sadler had it Sir, I kepe it not.

Ant. I am not in a spfsticke humor now:
Tell me, and daily noe, where is the monie?
We being strangers here, how darst thou trust
So great a charge from thine owne cuftefolle.
E. Dra. I pray you lese not as you sit at dinner:
I from my Mistriss come to you in post.
If I returne I shall be paid indeede.

For
For the will scourge your fault upon your face:

Thinks your maw, like mine, should be your cooke,
And strike you home without a messenger.

A: Come, Come, come, these legs are out of season,
Refute them till a merrier hour then this:
Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee?

E: To me? If? why you gave no gold to me?

A: Come on in knave, have done your foolishnes,
And tell me how thou haft disposed thy charge.

E: My charge was but to fetch you to the Mart
To your house, the Phœbus fit, to dinner;
My Miniftras and her felon sties for you.

A: Now, as I am a Christian answer me,
In what safe place you have betow'd my money;
Or I shall break that merrie fonce of yours
That stands on trickes, when I am wipful:
Where is the thousand and markes thou hadst of me?

E: I haue some markes of yours upon my plate,
Some of my Miniftras markes upon my foulders:
But not a thousand marks between you both,
If I should pay your worship these again.
Perchance you will not bear them patiently.

A: Thy Miniftras markes, or what Miniftras haft thou?

E: Your worship's wife, my Minifras at the Phœbus;
She that doth fall till you come home to dinner:
And praises that you will lie you home to dinner.

A: What wilt thou flout me thus in my face

E: What meanes you this, for God sake hold your

A: Nay, and you will not, Ile take my heele.

A: Upon my life by some deuide or other,
The villains are out-ow'ret of all my monie.
They say this towne is full of eftors:

As nimble Tuggers that desent the eie:
Darke working Sorcerers that change the minde:
Soule-killing Watches, that deforme the bodie:
Disguised Cheasers, prasing Mountebanks;
And such like libures of time:
In my prese, I will be gone the sooner,
Ile to the Centaur to goe seek the flame,
I greatly fear my monie is not safe.

Exit.

A A Us Secundus.

Enter Adriana's wife to Antiophels Serjeant with
Luciana her Sister.

A. Neither my husband nor the slave return'd,
That in such haste I went to seek his Master?
Sure Luciana, it is two o' clock.

L. Perhaps some Merchant hath invited him,
And from the Mart he's somewhere gone to dinner:
Good Serjeet let vs dine, and never fear:
A man is master of his libertie:
Time is their Master, and, when they see time,
They'ull go or come; if no, be patient Serjeet.

A. Why should they libertie then outs be more?

L. Because their butfife still lies out afore.

A. Looks when I ferue him, he takes it thus.

L. Oh, how now he is the bride of your will.

A: There's none but slaves will be bridled so.

Lut. Why, headstrong liberty is lath with woe:
There's nothing fituate under heavens eye,
But hath his bound in earth, in sea, in skie.
The beafts, the fishes, and the winged foules
Are their males subjectes, and at their controules:
Man more divine, the Master of all their,
Lord of the wide world, and wildes wary fea,
Indeed with little shall fence and foules,
Of more preluminesence then fifth and foules.
Are masters to their females, and their Lords:
Then let your will attend on their accords.

A: This feminate makes you to keep viewed.
Luc. Not this, but troubles of the marriage bed.
A: But were you wedded, you would bear some way
Luc. Ere I learne loose, He practifie to obey.
A: How if your husband there be some other where?
Luc. Till he come home againe, I would forbear.

A. Patience vmaid, no manuel though the paufe,
They can be noke, that hate no other caufe:
A wretched foole brais d with adulterie,
We bide be quiet when we heare it ere.
But were we burred with like weight of paine,
As much, or more, we should not feares complaint:
So thou hast hath no wondome mate to greece thee,
With virgin healeffe patience would receive me;
But if thou liue to see righte benefits,
This foole beggers patience in thee will be left.

Luc. Well, I will marrie one day but to rie:
Here comes your man, now is your husband rie.

Enter Dromio Eph.

A: Say, is your sunder matter now at hand?

E. Nay, he's at too hands with me, and that my
two cares can witnesse.

A: Why didst thou speake with him? knowest thou
his minde?

E: I, he told his minde upon mine eager,
Rehears his hand. I fearce could understand it.

Luc. Speake hee to doubtfullly, thou couldst not feele
his meaning.

E: Nay, hee Strooke fo plentifully, I could too well
feele his blowes: and withall so doubtfullely, that I could
fearce understand them.

A: But say, I prrofere, is he comming home?
It feemes he hath great care to please his wife.

E. Nay, Why Miftreffe, sure my Maiter is home mad.
A: Home mad, thou villains?

E. I meane not Cuckold mad,
But sure he is stark mad:
When I desir'd him to come home to dinner,
He ask'd me for a hundred markes in gold:
'Tis dinner time, quoth I; my gold, quoth he:
Your meat doth burne, quoth I; my gold quoth he:
Will you come, quoth I; my gold, quoth he:
Where is the thousand markes I guev thee villain?
The pigge quoth I, is burn'd: my gold, quoth he:
My Mistreffe, fri, quoth I; hang vp thy Mistreffe:
I know not thy mistreffe, out on thy mistreffe.

Luc. Quoth who?

E. Quoth my Maiter, I know quoth he, no house,
no wife, no mistreffe: so that my heart doth run to my
throat, I thank him, I have home upon my shoulders:
for in conclusion, he did bear me there.

A: Go back againe, thou slave, & fetch him home.

E. Goe backe againe, and newe bestow home 
For Gods sake fende some other messenger.

H 2

A: Backe.
The Comedie of Errors.

Adr. Backe thes, or I will breake thy pace a-crosse.
Dro. And he will bleepe ye crosse with other beating:
Betweene you, I shall have a holy head.
Adr. Hence pesting peafors, ditch thy Master home.

Dro. Am I long with you, as you with me,
That like a foot-ball you doe purne me thus:
You purne me hence, and he will purne me hither.
If I left in the same, you must cafe me in leather.
Luci. Fie how impatience lowreth in your face.
Adr. His company must do his minions grace,
While’t at home staine for a merrie looke:
Hath hommee age th’hasturing beauty tooke
From your poore cheeks? then he hath wasted it.
Are my discourtesy dull? Barran my wet.
If voluble and thatpe discourfe be mar’d
Vcnindesse blunts it more then marble hard.
Doe their gay serments his affections bate?
That’s not my fault, here’s master of my fate.
What rume is in me that can be found,
By him nor man? Then is he the ground
Of my desture. My decayd faire,
A fiming loupes, with which he loope require.
But, too vnudy Deree, he breaks the pale,
And feedes from home: poor I am but his stale.
Luci. Selfe-harmoning leafoufie, fie bea be bea houc.
Ad. Vnfeeling fools can with fuch wrongs dispence:
I know his ey doth hommage other-where.
Or els, what late is, but he would be there?
Sister, you know he promis’d me a chaine.
Would that alone, a jow he would detaine.
So howe would keepe faire quarters with his bed:
I fee the Jewell beft enameled
Will loofe his beautie: yet the gold hides still.
That others tonic, and often touching will,
Where gold and no man that hath a name,
By calldowd and corruption doth it shame:
Since that my beautie cannot pleasse his eie,
He weeps (what’s left away) and weeping die.

Luci. How mane fouf fools seue mad teloufie?

Exit.

Enter Anipholis Errours.

Ant. The gold I gave to Dromio is laid vp.
Safe at the Centaur, and the headfull flue
Is wounded forth in care to seeke me out.
By computation and mine hons report,
I could not speake with Dromio, since at first
I sent him from the Mart: see here he comes.

Enter Dromio Swamfia.

How now sir, is your merrie humor alter’d?
As you loose freakers, so left with me againe:
You know no Centaur? you recei’d no gold?
Your Mistrefse sent to haue me home to dinner?
My house was at the Phoenix: Was thou mad,
That thus so madly thou didst anfwere me?
S.Dro. What anfwere fit? when speake I such a word?
E. Ant. Even now, even here, not halfe an hour wone.
S.Dro. I did not fee you since you fente me hence.

Home to the Centaur with the gold you gave me.
Ant. Villaine, thou didst denye the golds recei’d,
And told me of a Mistrefse, and a dinner,
For which I hope thou fentst I was displa’d.
S.Dro. I am glad to fee you in this merrie vaine,
What means this left, I pray you Master tell me?
Ant. Yea, dolt thou teere & flowe me in the teeth?
Thinkſt thou I left hold, take thou that, & that.
S.Dro. Hold fir, for Gods fake, now your left is earneth,

Vpon what bargain do ye give it me?
Antiph. Because that I familiarie sometime
Doe vfe you for my foole, and chat with you,
Your awneiffe will left upon my lone,
And make a Common of my serious howers.
When the fiime shine, his foolifh guns make sport,
But crepe in cunnings, when he hides his bowes:
If you will left with me, know my aspee,
And fashion your demeanor to my lookes,
Or I will beat this method in your sconce.
S.Dro. Scence call you it? so you would leaue batte-
ing, I had rather have it a head, and you vfe them blows long,
I must get a sconce for my head, and Inforce it to,
or elle I shall feek my wish in my shoulders, but I pray
fit, why am I beaten?
Ant. Doft thou not know?
S.Dro. Nothing fir, that I am beaten.
Ant. Shall I tell you why?
S.Dro. I tell, and wherefoere; for they fay, every why hath a wherefoere.
I pleaue you for flowing me, and then wherefoere,
For verging it the second time to me.
S.Dro. Was there euer anie man thus beaten out of feacon,
when in the why and the wherefoere, is neither time nor reacon.
Well sir, I thanke you.
Ant. Thanke me fir, for what?
S.Dro. Marry fir, for this somthing that you gave me
for nothing.

Ant. He makes you amend next, to give you nothing for somthing. But fay fir, is it dinner time?
S.Dro. No fir, I thinke the meat wants that I haue.
Ant. In good time fir; what’s that?
S.Dro. Baiting.
Ant. Well fir, then twill be drie.
S.Dro. If it be fir, I praye you eat none of it.
Ant. Your reacon?
S.Dro. Left fir, make you chollerickke, and purchafe me another drie baiting.
Ant. Well fir, leaue to leaue in good time, there’s a time for all things.
S.Dro. I durst haue denied that before you were fo chollerickke.

Ant. By what rule fir?
S.Dro. Marry fir, by a rule as plaine as the plaine bald paue of Father time himself.
Ant. Let’s hear it.
S.Dro. There’s no time for a man to recover his haire that grows bald by nature.
Ant. May he not doe it by fine and recouerie?
S.Dro. Yes, to pay a fine for a perreg, and recouer the loft haire of another man.
Ant. Why, is Time such a niggard of haire, being (as it is) so plentiful an excrement?
S.Dro. Because it is a blesling that hee beflowes on beafts, and what he hath shent them in haire, bee hath given them in wit.
Ant. Why, but thers mane a man hath more haire then wit.
S.Dro. Not a man of those but he hath the wit to lose his haire.
Ant. Why thou dost conclude airy men plain dealers wit: at wit.
S.Dro. The plaineler dealer, the sooner lost; yet he loseth it in a kinde of jollitie.
Ant. For what reacon.
S.Dro. For two, and sound ones to.

An. Nay.
The Come die of Errors.

Ant. Nay not sound I pray you.
S. Dra. Sure ones then.
Ant. Nay, not sure in a thing falling.
S. Dra. Certain ones then.
Ant. Name them.
S. Dra. The one to fume the money that he spends in trying: the other, that at dinner they should not drop in his plate, &c.
Ant. You would all this time have prou'd, there is no time for all things.
S. Dra. Marry and did I; namely, in no time to receive harder lost by Nature.
Ant. But your reason was not substantially, why there is no time to recover.
S. Dra. Thus I mend it: Time himself is bald, and therefore to the world's end, will have bald followers.
Ant. I knew twould be a bald conclusion: but lost, who waits vs yonder.

Enter Adriana and Luciana.

Adri. I, I, Antipholus, looke strange and frowne,
Some other Mistrife hath thy sweet appels.
I am not Adriana, nor thy wife.
The time was once, when thou vn-erg'd, wouldst vow,
That never words were musicke to thine ear,
That never obied pleasing in thine eye,
That never touch well welcome to thy hand,
That never meat sweet-favour'd in thy taste,
Von cloth or drapes, or touch'd on car'd to thee.
How comes it now, my Husband, how comes it,
That thou art then estranged from thy felle?
Thy felle I call it, being strange to me:
That undistinguishable Incorporate.
Am better then thy deere fellest better part,
Ah does not ease away thy felle from me;
For know my love as cafes maist thou call
A drop of water in the breaking gulf,
And take vnmingled thenes the drop againe
Without addition or diminishing,
As take from me thy felle, and not me too.
How deerely would it touch thee to the quickke,
Shouldst thou but hear were I licentious.
And that this body consecrate to thee,
By Rustian Luit should be contaminat?
Wouldst thou not fust at me, and spurne at me,
And huddle the name of husband in my face,
And tease the face's skin of my Harlot brow,
And from my felle hand cut the wedding ring,
And breakes it with a deepse-disoucroy vow?
I know thou cant, and therefore fees thee doon.
I am pooffet with an adulterate blod,
My blod is mingled with the crime of Luit:
For if we two be one, and thou play falle,
I doe diggest the poifon of thy feell,
Being bumberged by thy contagion.
Keepeth then faire league and truce with thy true bed,
I live diffaint, thou vndifchnoured.

Ant. Plead you to me faire dame? I know you not;
In Ephesus I am but two hours old,
As strange to your cowme, as to your tale,
Who every word by all my wise being leand.
Wants within all one word to vnderstand.
Luc. Pobrother, how the world is changed with you,
When were you went to see my fitter thus?
She sente you by Dromio home to dinner.

Ant. By Dromio? Drom. By me.
Adr. By thee, and this thou didst returne from him,
That lie did buffete thee, and in his blowes,
Denied my house for his, me for his wife.
Ant. Did you consent of fit this gentlewoman?
What is the course and drift of your conspact?
S. Dra. It is? I shered her fit this time.
Adr. Villaine thou liest, for even her verie words,
Didst thou deliver to me on the Mart.
S. Dra. I never spake with her in all my life.
Adr. How can she then thus call vs by our names?
Valsest it be by inspiration.
Adr. How ill agrees it with your gravitie,
To counterfeit this grosely with thy fale,
Abterning hum to thow art me in my moode;
As it my wrong, you are from me exempt,
But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt.
Come I will ratten on this fleuce of shine:
Thow art an Elme my husband, I a Vine.
Whole weakneffe married to thy stranger state,
Makes me with thy strength to communicate:
If ought poifete thee from me, this drolle,
Viuring fair, bitter, or idle Muffe,
Who all for want of prunung, with intrusion,
Infect thy sap, and luce on thy conflation.

Adr. To mee fhee speakes, fhee muste mee for her
thesame;
What, was I married to her in my drame?
or sleepe I now, and thinke I heare all this?
What error drives thy eyes and understanding?
Vstall I know this true vnderstanding,
Ile entertaine the free'd false.

Luc. Dromio, gos bid the seruants hired for dinner.
S. Dra. Oh for my beads, I crosse me for a dinner.
This is the Fairie land, oh spight of spightes,
We talk with Goblins, Owies and Spights;
If we sfake them, this will infuce:
They'll sucke out our breath, or pinch vs blacke and blewe.
Luc. Why praty's thou to thy felle, and answer'd not?
Dromio, thou Dromio, thou shalfe, thou flueg, thou flue.
S. Dra. I am transformed Matter, am I not?
Adr. I think thou art in minde, and so am I.
S. Dra. Nay Matter, both in minde, and in my flue.
Adr. Thou hast thine owne convo.
S. Dra. No, I am an Ape.
Luc. If thou art chang'd to ought to, is to an Affe.
S. Dra. Tis true the Affe rides me, and I long for gaffe.
Tis so, Iam an Affe, ells it could never be,
But I should know her as well as the knowes me.

Adr. Come, come, no longer will I be a filthy,
To put the finger in the eie and weep;
Whil I man and Master laughes my woes to comence;
Come fit to dinner, Dromio keep the gate;
Husband Ie dine aboute with you to day,
And throwe you of a thousand idle prankes:
Sirra, if any ask for your Master,
Say he dines forth, and let no creature enter:
Come fitter, Dromio play the Porter well.
Adr. Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell?
Sleeping or waking, mad or well advis'd,
Knowe vnto thet, and to my felle disguidite:
Ie lay as they lay, and perfeiter to:
And in this shift at all adventures go.
S. Dra. Master, shall I be Porter at the gate?
Adr. I, and let none enter, leaft I breake your pate.

Luc. Come, come, Antipholus, we dine to late.
Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

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

E. Ant. Good signior Angelo you must excuse vs all, My wife is scarce with me when I keep not mine house; Say that I lingered with you at your shop To see the making of her Concert, And that to morrow you will bring it home. But here's a signior that would case me downe He met me on the Mart, and that I beat him, And charg'd him with a thousand marks in gold, And that I did deny my wife and house; Thou drunkard thou, what didst thou mean by this? E. Dru. Say what you will sir, but I know what I know, That you beat me at the Mart I have yours hand to flow; If my skin were parchment, & f' blows you gave were ink, Your owne hand-writing would tell you what I think'd; E. Ant. I think you art an affe. E. Dru. Marry to it doth appear By the wrongs I suffer, and the blowes I bear, I should kick being kick'd, and being at that paffe, You would keep from my heels, and be ware of an affe. E. Ant. 'Tis sad signior Balthasar, pray God our cheer May answer my good will, and your good welcome here. Balth. I hold your dainties cheap sir, & your welcom dear. E. Ant. On signior Balthasar, either of either side, A table full of welcome, makes scarce one dainty ditt. Balth. Good meat is a comedon that every churl affords. E. Ant. And welcome more common, for thats nothing but words. Balth. Small cheere and great welcome, makes a merrie feaste.

E. Ant. To a niggardly Hof, and more barren guest; But though my cases be meane, take them in good part, Better cheere may you have, but not with better hart. But soft, my door is lockt; goe bid them let vs in. E. Dru. Maud, Britet, Marian, Cisy, Gailant, Ginn. S. Dru. Mome, Mithorie, Caupon, Goxcombe, Edin., Patch, Either get thee from the door, or sit downe at the hatches: Dof't thou conteig for wenches, that's call'd for such faire, When one is one too many, goe get thee from the door. E. Dru. What patch is made our Porter? my Master stays in the street.

S. Dru. Let him walke from whence he came, left he catch cold on'rs feet. E. Ant. Who talks within there? hoa, open the door. S. Dru. Right sir, I'll tell you when, and you'll tell me wherefore. Ant. Wherefore for my dinner: I have not din'd to day. S. Dru. Not to day here you mus't not come againe when you may. Ant. What art thou that keep'lt mee out from the bowle I owe? S. Dru. The Porter for this time Sir, and my name is Dromio. E. Dru. O villain, thou haft done both mine office and my name, The one here got me credit, the other mickle blame: If thou hadst beene Dromio to day in my place, Thou wouldst haue chang'd thy face for a name, or thy name for an affe.

Enter Lucce.

Lucce. What a coile is there Dromio? who are these at the gate? E. Dru. Let my Master in Lucce. Lucce. Farewell, he comes too late, and so tell your Master. E. Dru. O Lord I must laugh, haue at you with a Proverb, Shall I set in my stiffe. Lucce. Haue at you with another, that's when e can you cull. S. Dru. If thy name be called Lucce, Lucce thou hast answer'd him well. Ant. Do you heare you minion, you'll let us in I hope? Lucce. I thought to haue askt you. S. Dru. And you said no. E. Dru. So come helpe, well brothre, there was blow for blow. Ant. With my bagge let me in. Lucce. Can you tell for whole takfe? E. Dru. Master, knocke the doore hard. Lucce. Let him knocke till it speke. Ant. You'll crye for this minion, if I beat the doore downe, Lucce. What needs all this, and a pair of stocks in the town? Enter Adrian.

Adri. Who is that at the doore? keeps all this noise? S. Dru. By my troth your townes is troubled with vassal boies.

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

Adri. Your wife sir knaue? goe get you from the doore. E. Dru. If you went in paine Master, this knaue would goe love. Angelo. Here is neither cheere sir, nor welcome, we would faine have either. Balde. In debating which was best, wee shall part with neither.

E. Dru. They stand at the doore, Master, bid them welcome hither.

Ant. There is something in the winde, that we can not get in.

E. Dru. You would say so Master, if your garments were thin.

Your cake here is warme within; you stand here in the cold.

It would make a man mad as a Bucke to be so fought and cold.

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

S. Dru. Breake any breaking here, and Ile break you your knaues pate.

E. Dru. A man may brake a word with your firs, and words are but windes: I and brake it in your face, so he brake it not behinde.

S. Dru. It seems thou want brakeing, out vpon thee hinde.

E. Dru. There's too much out vpon thee, I pray thee let me in.

S. Dru. I, when bowles haue no feathers, and fish家属 no fyn.

Ant. Well, Ile brake ingo borrow me a crow.

E. Dru. A crow without feather, Master meanes you so; For
The Comedie of Errors.

Though others have the arme, thow vs the flecke: We in your motion turne, and you may move vs. Then gentle brother get you in againe; Comfort my sifter, chesse her, call her wife; Tis holy sport to be a little vain, When the sweet breath of flatterie conquers thy frite.

S. Ant. Sweece Milits, what your name is elles I know not; Nor by what wonder you do hit of mine: Lest in your knowledge, and your grace you shrouf not, Then our earths wonder, more then earth divine. Teach me decreese creature how to think and speake, Lay open to my earthe groffe conceit: Smoothed in errors, feeble, shallow, weake, The fouled meaning of your words deceit: Against my foules pure truth, why labour you, To make it wander in an unknowne field? Are you a god, or would you create me new? Transforme men ther, and to your powre Ile yeld. But if that I am, then well I know, Your weeping sifter is no wife of mine; Nor to her bed no homage doe I owe: Fare more, faire more, to you doe I decline: Oh traine me not sweere Mercurius with thy stone, To drowne me in thy fitter floud of teares: Sing Siren for thy fitter, and I will stoo: Spread oer the flower waues thy golden haires; And as a bad Ite take thee, and there lie; And in that glorius supposition thine, He games by death, that hath such meanes to die: Let Ioue, being light, be drovne if the finke.

Lyc. What are you mad, that you do eaton so? Ant. Not mad, but mazed, how I do not know, Lyc. It is a fault that springeth from your eie. Ant. For gazing on your beames faire fun being by, Lyc. Gaze when you should, and that will cleare your right.

Ant. As good to winke sweet love, as looke on night, Lyc. Why call you me love? Call my sifter so. Ant. Thy sifter sifter, Lyc. That's my sifter.

Ant. No: it is thy sifle, nine owne sifels better part: Mine eies cleare eie, my deare hearts deare heart, my foode, my fortune, and my sweet hopes sion; My sole earths heaven, and my heartes claim: Lyc. All this my sifler is, or else should be. Ant. Call thy sifler sifler sifler, for I am there: Thow wile I loue, and with thee lead my life: Thou haft no husband yet, nor I no wife: Give me thy hand.

Lyc. Oh soff, fir, hold you still: I'll fetch my sifter to get her good will. Exit. Enter Dromio, Siranauta.

Ant. Why how now Dromio, where run't thou so fast?

S. Dromio. Do you know me sir? Am I Dromio? Am I your man? Am I thy sifler?

Ant. Thou art Dromio, thou art my man, thou art thy sifler.

Drom. I am an aile, I am a womans man, and besides my sifler.

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

Drom. Marrice sifler, besides my sifler, I am due to a woman: One that claims me, one that haunts me, one that will have me.

Ant. What
The Comedie of Errors.

Ant. What claim he laies the to thee?

Dro. Marry sir, such a 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 the being a very beastly creature layes claim to me.

Ant. What is she?

Dro. A very curious body: such a one, as a man may not speak of, without he say retirerence, I have but little luck in the match, and yet she is a wondrous fat marriage.

Ant. How doth thou meane a fat marriage?

Dro. Marry sir, she's the Kitchin wench, & al grease, and I know not what vice to put her too, but to make a Lamp of her, and run from her by her own light. I warrant, her ragges and the Tallow in them, will burne a Poland Winter: If the lutes till doo medley, she'll burne a weeke longer then the whole World.

Ant. What complexion is she of?

Dro. Swart like my felloo, but her face nothing like so cleane kept: for why she twets a man may goe out-foothes in the grime of it.

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

Dro. No sir, 'tis in grame, Neather flood could not do it.

Ant. What's her name?

Dro. Nell sir: but her name is three quarters, that's an Eel and three quarters, will not measure her from hip to hip.

Ant. Then she beares some breath?

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

Ant. In what part of her body stands Ireland?

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

Ant. Where Scotland?

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

Ant. Where France?

Dro. In her forhead, arm'd and returnd, making warre against her heire.

Ant. Where England?

Dro. I look'd for the chialle Cliffe, but I could find no whitenees in them. But I guette, it flood in her chin by the salt rheume that ranne betweene France, and it.

Ant. Where Spaine?

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

Ant. Where America, the Indies?

Dro. Oh sir, upon her nose, all ore embellisched with Rubies, Carbuncles, Saphires, declining their rich Appell to the hot breath of Spaine, who lent whole Armadoes of Carretts to be ballast at her nose.

Ant. Where flood Belgae, the Netherlandes?

Dro. Oh sir, I did not look to low. To conclude, this drudge or Doutier laid claim to mee, call'd mee Dromio, I wore I was affiaid to her, told me what pursie markes I had about mee, as the marke of my shoulder, the Mole in my necke, the great Wart on my left arm, that I amaz'd rame from her as a witch. And I think, if my breth had not beene made of faith, and my heart of steel, she had transform'd me to a Curruill dog, & made me turn'd wheeles.

Ants. Go sit there presently, post to the roade, And if the wind blow any way from thence, I will not harbour in this Towne to night. If any Barketh forth, come to the Mart,

Where I will walke till thou returne to me: If ever one knowes vs, and we know none, Tis time I think to trudge, packe, and be gone. Dro. As from a Bear a man would run for life, So fly I from her that would be my wife. Exit Ant. There's none but Whitches do inhabit here, And therefore 'tis his time that I were hence: She that doth call me husband, even my soul Doth for a wife abhorre. But her faire fater Poetfe with such a gentle foueraigne grace, Of such inchanting preface and discurfe, Hard almost made me Traitors to my selfe: But least my selfe be guilty to selfe wrong, Ile stop mine eares against the Mermaids song.

Enter Angelus with the Chaine.

Ang. Mr Antipholus.

Ant. I that's my name.

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

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

Ang. What plate your faire sir: I have made it for you.

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

Ang. Not once, not twice, but twentie times you have: Go home with it, and please your Wife withall, And soone at supper time hee visit you, And then receeve my money for the chaine.

Ant. What should I think of this, I cannot tell: But this I thinkke, there's no man is so vaine, That would refuse so faire an offer'd Chaine. I see a man herea needs not line by shizufs, When in the streets he meetes such Gilden gifts: Ile to the Mart, and there for Dromio stay, If any ship put out, then straight away. Exit.

Alius Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter a Mere about, Goldsmith, and an Officer.

Mar. You know since Penteoss the sum is due, And since I have not much importunde you, Nor now I had not, but that I am bound To Perfa, and want Gilders for my voyage: Therefore make preste satisfaction, Or I shall be forth my selfe, and strike the Officer.

Gold. Even iuff the sum that I do owe to you, Is growing to me by Antipholus, And in the inault that I met with you, He had of me a Chaine, as fule a clocke I shall receive the money for the same: Pleaseth you walke with me downe to his house, I will discharge my bond, and thank you too.

Enter Antipholus Epeh! Dromio from the Counters.

Offi. That labour may you faue: See where he comes.

Ant. While I go to the Goldsmithes hous, go thou 

And
And buy a ropes end, that will I betheow
Among my wife, and their confederates,
For locking me out of my doores by day:
But oft I see the Goldsmith get thee gone,
Buy thou a rope, and bring it home to me.

**Dro.** I buy a thousand pound a year, I buy a rope.

**Exit Dramas**

**Eph.** A man is well holpe vp that truth to you,
I promised your presence, and the Chaine,
But neither, Chaine nor Goldsmith came to me:
Believe you thought our lace would last too long.
If we were charmed together; and therefore came not.

**Gold.** Saving your merrie humor: here's the note
How much your Chaine weighs to the vernon charmed,
The fineness of the Gold, and chargefull fashion,
Which don't amount to three oddke Duckers more
Then I hand debted to this Gentleman,
I pray you fee him presently discharg'd,
He is for to see, and fayles for it.

**Ant.** I am not furnish'd with the present money;
Befides I have some busintell in the town,
Good Signior take the stranger to my house,
And with you take the Chaine, and bid my wife
Disharle the fomme, on the receive thereof,
Perchance I will be there as foonie as you.

**Gold.** Then you will bring the Chaine to her your selfe.

**Ant.** No bese it with you, least I come not time eno-

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

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

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

**Ant.** Good Lord, you see this dalliance to excite
Your break of promisse to the trade Purveyors,
I shoulel have chyld you for not bringing it,
But like a fittwe sir first begin to brawle.

**Mar.** The house feales on, I pray you sir dispatch.

**Gold.** You hear how he importunes me, the Chaine.
Wh'by I give it to my wife, and fetchly my money.

**Gold.** Come, come, you know I gave it you even now,
Either lend the Chaine, or fayle me by fome token.

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

**Mar.** My busineffe cannot brooke this dalliance,
Good sir fray, who'ly you'f answer me, or no:
If not, He leave him to the Officer.

**Ant.** I answer you? What should I answer you.

**Gold.** The monie that you owe me for the Chaine.

**Ant.** I owe you none, till I receive the Chaine.

**Gold.** You know I gave it you half an hour since.

**Ant.** You gave me none, you wrong mee much to fay so.

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

**Mar.** Well Officer, arrest him at my suite.

**Off.** I do, and charge you in the Dukes name to o-

**Gold.** This touches me in reputation.
Either content to pay this sum for me,
Or I attach you by this Officer.

**Ant.** Confess to pay thee that I ever had:
Arrest me foolish fellow if thou da'st.
The Comedy of Errors.

Sigmaticall in making w ote in minds.

Luc. Who would be jealous then of such a one?

No envill lost, wail'd, when it is gone.

Adv. Ah but I think him better then I say:

And yet were herein others ies were worse;

Fare from her meit the Lapping cries away,

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

Enter S. Dromio.

Dro. Here goe: the deale, the purfue, sweet now make haftte.

Luc. How haft thou loft thy breath?

S. Dro. By running fast.

Adv. Where is thy Master Dromio? Is he well?

S. Dro. No, he's in Tectar Imbro, wore than hell.

A diuell in an everliving garment hath him:

On whole hard hearts is burden'd & with file:

A Feind, a Faire, pittifull & ruffe.

A Wolfe, may worse, a fellow all in buffe:

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

The pasagges of alleys, creekes, & narrow lads:

A hound that runn Counter, & yet draws down foot well.

That one before the Iudgment carries poynte foules to hel.

Adv. Why man, what is the matter?

S. Dro. I doe not know the matter, hee is refted on the cafe.

Adv. What is he refted? tell me at whole face.

S. Dro. I know not at whole face he is restored well;

but is in a buffe of buffe which refted him, that can't sell,

will you send him Mistris redemption, the monie in his deale.

Adv. Go fetch it Siffer: this I wonder at.

Exit Luciana.

Thus he unknowne to me should be in debt:

Tell me, was he refted on a bank?

S. Dro. Not on a bank, but on a stronger thing:

A chaine, a chaine, doe you not here it ring.

Adv. What, the chaine?

S. Dro. No, no, the bell, the time that I was gone:

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

Adv. The hours come backe, that did I never here.

S. Dro. Oh yes, if any hours meete a Seriacne, a turnes

backe for very fear.

Adv. As it were in debt: how fondly do'ts thou

reason?

S. Dro. Time is a very bankracer, and owes more then

he's worth to season.

Nay, he's a theefe too: hastie you not heard men say,

That time comes fleeting on by night and day?

If be in deale and thieves, and a Seriacne in the way,

Hath he not reason to turne backe an hour in a day?

Enter Luciana.

Adv. Go Dromio, there's the monie, beare it straite,

And bring thy Master home immediatly.

Come siffer, I am preload with conceit:

Conceit make comfort and my miserie

Exit.

Enter Antipholus Serv. in.

There's not a man I meete but doth Slater me

As if I were their well acquainted friend,

And euerie one doth call me by my name:

Some tender monie to me, some invite me;

Some other give me thanks for kindnese,

Some officers Comodiities to buy,

Then now a tailor calleth me in his shop,

And shew'd me Silkes that he had bought for me,

And therewithall rooke measure of my body.

Sure these are but imaginarie wiles,

And lapid and Sorcerers inhabit here.

Enter Dromio Ser.

S. Dro. Master, here's the gold you sent me for: what have you got the picture of old Adam new apparel?

S. Adv. What gold is this? What Adam doth thou mean?

S. Dro. Not that Adam that kept the Paradise: but that Adam that keeps the prioftey he goes in the calues-skin, that was kil'd for the Prodigall: heh that came behinde you sir, like an euill angel, and bid you for take your libertie.

Adv. I understand thee not.

S. Dro. No? why 'tis a plaine cafe: he that went like a Bafe-Viole in a cafe of feather; the man sir, that when gentlemen are tired gives them a bob, and reft them: he sir, that takes pittie on decayed men, and gives them suftices of endurance: he that sets up his deale to doe more, exploits with his Mace, then a Morris Pike.

S. Adv. What thou meanst it an officer?

S. Dro. Yes, sir, the Seriacne of the Band: he that brings any man to anser it that breaks his Band: one that thankes a man always going to bed, and saies, God give you good reft.

Adv. Well sir, there reft in your footerie.

Is there any ships pass for to night? may we be gone?

S. Dro. Why sir, I brought you word an hour since, that the Bark Exposition put forth to night, and then were you hindered by the Seriacne to tarry for the Hoy Delay: Here are the angels that you shut for to deliver you.

Adv. The fellow is dirst, and so am I.

And here we wander in illusions:

Some blesst power deliver us from hence.

Enter a Cericiun.

Cur. Well sir, well met, Master Antipholus:

I see sir you have found the Goldsmith now:

Is that the chaine you promis'd me to day?

Adv. Satan avoidit, I charge thee tempt me not.

S. Dro. Master, is this Mistris Sathani?

Adv. It is the diuell.

S. Dro. Nay, she is worfe, she is the diuell dam:

And here she comes in the habite of a light wench, and thereof comes, that the wenches say God dam me, Thas's as much to say, God make me a light wench: It is written, they appease to men like angels of light, light is an effect of fire, and fire will burne: ergo, light wenches will burne, come not neere her.

Cur. Your man and you are maruialous merrie sir.

Will you goe with me, we'll mend our dinner here?

S. Dro. Master, if do expect a spoon-mate, or bespeak a longe boome.

Adv. Why Dromio?

S. Dro. Marrie he must have a long spoon that must cate with the diuell.

Adv. Avoide then fiend, what tell'st thou me of sup-

Thou art, as you are all a forceresse:

(ping?)

I confirme thee to leve me, and be gon.

Cur. Give me the ring of mine you had at dinner,

Or for my Diamond the Chains you promis'did,

And Ile be gone sir, and our trouble you,

S. Dro. Some diuisel ask me but the parings of ones hare,
The Comedie of Errors.

a rough, a haire, a drop of blood, a pin, a nut, a cherie-
stonne: but the more courous, would have a chaine: Ma-
fter be wife, and if you give it her, the diuell will shake
her Chaine, and bright vs with it.

Curt. I pray you fix my Ring, or elle the Chaine,
I hope you do not mean to chuse me fo?

Ant. A reveue witch. Come Dromio let vs go.

E. Dr. Elfe pride faces the Pea-cocke, Misfris that
you know.

Curt. Now out of doubt Antipholus is mad.
Elfe he would neuer do demam himselfe,
A Ring he hath of mine worth forte Ducks,
And for the same he promis'd me a Chaine,
Both one and other he denies me now :
The reason that I gather he is mad,
Besides this present influence of his rage,
Is a mad tale he told to day at dinner,
Of his owne doores being thun against his entrance.
Belike his wife acquainted with his fits,
On poupfe flutt the doores against his way:
My way is now to his home to his house,
And tell his wife, that being Lustick,
He would fli me into his house, and force
My Ring away.
This course I treflechole,
For forte Ducks is too much to looke.

Enter Antipholus Epheus with a letter.

An. Fears me not man, I will not breake away,
I lue these and I loose thee to much money
To warrant thee as I am relled for.
My wife is in a wayward moodle to day,
And will not lightly trust the Meffenger,
That should be attach'd in Epheus,
I tell you twill found hastfully in her ears.

Enter Dromio Eob with a rope end.

Here comes my man. I think he brings the monie.
How now sir. Have you that I sent you for?
E. Dr. Here's that I warrant you will pay them all.
Ant. But where's the money?
E. Dr. Why sir, I gave the monie for the rope.
Ant. Five hundred Duncucks viliain for a rope?
E. Dr. I lere you for five hundred at the rate.
Ant. To what end did I bid thee thee home?
E. Dr. To a roapes end for, and to that end am I return'd.
Ant. And to that end sir, I will welcome you.
Ofi. Good sir be patient.
E. Dr. Nay his for mee be patient, I am aduer-
feite.

Ofi. Good now bid thy tongue.
E. Dr. Nay, rather proride him to hold his hands.
Ant. Thou whoreson fentife Viliaine.
E. Dr. I would I were fentifelesse fit, that I might
not feele your blowes.
Ant. Thou art fentifable in nothing but blowes, and
so is an Affe.
E. Dr. I am an Affe indeede, you may prouoe it by
my longe eares. I have streened him from the house of my
Nunfie to this infaute, and have nothing at his hands
for my fervice but blowes. When I am cold, he beaters
me with beating I am warme, he cooles me with
beating. I am walk'd with it when I sleepe, rais'd with
it when I fit, driv'n out of doores with it when I goe
from home, welcome'd home with it when I returne, say
I bear it on my shoulders, as a begger woon't her brat:
and I thinke when he hath, I am'd me, I shall begge with
it from doore to doore.

E. Dr. Miffris refires flem, respect your end, or
rather the prophesie like the Parris, beware the ropes end.
Ant. Wilt thou full takle?
Becia Dr. Curt. How say you now? Is not your husband mad?
Ant. His incendury confirmes no lefe:
Good Doctor Pinch, you are a Conjurier,
Etablith him in his true fence againe,
And I will pleate you what you will demand.
Luc. Alas how fury, and how thraspe he looke.
Curt. Marke, how he trembles in his extasie.
Pinch. Give me your hand, and let me feel ye
puffle.
Ant. There is my hand, and let it feel your care.
Mench. I charge thee Sathan, hons'd within this man,
To yeald poiffion to thy holy purpose,
And to thy state of darknesse thas thee strait,
I conifie thee by all the Saints in heauen.
Ant. Peace dotin; wizard, peace: I am not mad.
Ant. On that thou wert's not, poor diffettious fool.
Ant. You Minion you, are these your Customers?
Did this Companie with the suflon face
Reuel and fcall it at my house to day,
Whill I foon me the guiltie doores were flied,
And I denied to enter in my house.

Ant. O husband, God doth know you din't at home.
Where would you had remand'd vntill this time,
Free from the flanders, and this open fiane.

Ant. Dinn'd at home? Thou Viliaine, what fayefl thou?

Ant. I am not the heer feele remile me there?

Ant. Did not her kitchen made falle, taunt, and
fome me?

Ant. I was the did the kitchin v的好 fcall'd you,
Ant. And did not I in rage depart from thence?
Ant. In verifie you did, my bones beare witneffe,
That since have felt the vigir of his rage.
Ant. It's good to footh him in these contraries?
Pinch. It is no thame, the fellow finds his vaine,
And yeelding to him, humors well his frende.
Ant. Thou haft fubbond't the Goldsmith to afftrct
me.

Ant. Alas, I fent you Monie to redeeme you.
By Dromio herre, who came in buff for it.

Ant. Monie by me? Heart and good will you might,
But lurye Maffier no ragge of Monie.
Ant. Wente not thou ther for a purfe of Ducks,
Ant. He came to me, and I deliuer'd it.
Luc. And I am witneffe with her that the did,
Ant. God and the Rope-maker beare me witneffe,
That I was fent for nothing but a rope.

Pinch. Miffris, both Man and Maffier is polift,
I know it by their pale and deadly looks,
They must be bound and laide in some darke roomes.

Atr. Say wherefore didst thou locke me forth to day, And why dost thou denye the bagge of gold?

Atr. I did not gentle husband locke thee forth.

Dr. And gentle Sir I receiv'd no gold:

But I confess'd it, that we were lock'd out.

Atr. Difsembling Villain, thou speakest't false in both.

Atr. Difsembling harlot, thou art false in all, And art confederate with a damned packe, To make a laothsome abjecte scene of me:

But with these nails, lie plucke out these false eyes, That would behold in me this flamentfull sport.

Enter these or some, and offer to bind him.

Hotly.

Atr. Oh binde him, binde him, let him not come near me.

Punb. More company, the fiend is strong within him

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

Atr. What will you murder me, thou fals thou? I am thy prisoner, wilt thou suffer them to make a rescue?

Off. Matters let him go: he is my prisoner, and you shall not have him.

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

Atr. What wilt thou do, thou peevish Officer? Hast thou delight to fee a wretched man Do outrage and dispiseface to himself?

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

Atr. I will discharge thee ere I go from thee. Bear me forthwith vato his Creditor, And know how the debt growes I will pay it, Good Matter Doctor I fee him safe convey'd. Home to my house, on most vnappy day.

Luc. Oh most vnappy triumpher.

Dr. Matter, I am here encrined in bond for you.

Atr. Out on thee Villaine, wherefore dost thou mad me I.

Dr. Will you be bound for nothing, be mad good Matter, cry the duell.

Luc. God helpe poore faulcers, how idely doe they take.

Atr. Go bear him hence, firer go you with me, Say now, whose fault is he areflected at.


Off. One Angel or a Goldsmith, do you know him?

Atr. I know the man: what is the summe he owes?

Off. Two hundred Ducaters.

Atr. Say, how growes it due.

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

Atr. He did blesse me Chaine for me, but had it not.

Car. When as your husband all in rage to day, Came to my house, and tooke away my Ring; The Ring law upon his finger now,

Straight after did I meete him with a Chaine,

Atr. It may be so, but I did never see it.

Come ladyes, bring me where the Goldsmith is, I long to know the truth hererof at large.

Enter Antheolus Erudicte, with his Rager draughts, and Drumme Strac.

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

Atr. And come with naked swords, Let's call more helpe to have them bound again.

Drum. all out.

Off. Away, they'll kill vs.

Exeunt omnes, as fast as may be, frighted.

S. Atr. I see thee Witches are afraid of words.

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

Atr. Come to the Centaur, fetch our floute from thence:

I long that we were safe and sound aboard.

Dr. Faith stay heere this night, they will surely do vs no harme: you saw they speake vs faire, give vs gold: me thinkes they are such a gentle Nation, that but for the Mountain of mad fies that claims marriage of me, I could finde in my heart to stay heere still, and curse Witches.

Atr. I will not stay to night for all the Towne, Therefore away, to get our floute aboard.

Exeunt.

Aulus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter the Merchant and the Goldsmith.

Gold. I am forry Sir that I have hindered you,

But I proceed he had the Chaine of me,

Though most dishonestly he doth denye it.

Mar. How is the man eleem'd heere in the Citie?

Gold. Of very reccent reportacion fit,

Of eredit infinite, highly beliow'd,

Second to none that liues heere in the Citie.

His word might bear his wealt at an y me.

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

Enter Antheolus and Dromio againe.

Gold. This is so, and that false chamne about his necke,

Which he forsooke most most horribly to loose.

Good sir draw neere to me, I speake to him: Signior Antheolus, I wonder much

That you would put me to this shame and trouble,

And not without some scandall to your selfe,

With circunstance and oathes, to do denye

This Chaine, which now you weare to openly.

Befide the charge, the shame, imprisonment,

You have done wrong to this my honest friend,

Who but for staying on our Controuerze,

Had hoistfull faile, and put to sea to day:

This Chaine you had of me, can you deny it?

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

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

Atr. Who heard me to denye it or forwaxe it?

Mar. These ears of mine knew not whereof I hear thee.

Fie on thee witch, 'tis putry that thou liest.

To Walke where any honest men resort.

Atr. Thou art a Villaine to impeach me thus,

Ie prove mine honor, and mine honestie

Against thee presently, if thou darst stand.

Mar. I dare and do desife thee for a villaine.

They draw. Enter Adriano, Lucianos, Courtisan, or others.

Atr. Hold, hurt him not for God sake, he is mad,

Some get within him, take his sword away:

Binde Dromio too, and bear thee to my house.

S. Dr. Runne matter run, for Gods sake take a houfe,

This is some Priorie, in or we are spoild.

Exeunt to the Priorie.
Enter Lady Abbess.

Ab. Be quiet people, wherefore throng you hither?

Adr. To fetch my poor distraited husband hence,

Let vs come in, that we may bindle him fast,

And bear him home for his recovery.

Gold. I knew he was no man in his perfect wits.

Ab. I am sorry now that I did draw him.

Adr. How long hath this poseffion held the man.

Ab. This week e he hath been bedie, lowest lad,

And much different from the man he was:

But till this afternoon his passion

Ne're brake into extremity of rage.

Ab. Has he not lost much wealth by wreck of sea,

Buried some deere friend, hath not elfe his eye,

Stray'd his affection in unfaithfull love,

A finne prentailing much in youthful men,

Who give their eies the liberty of gazig.

Which of these forerones is he fubject too?

Adr. To none of thefe, except it be the late,

Namely, some lone that drew him oft from home.

Ab. You should for that have reprehended him.

Adr. Why so? I think he dotes.

Ab. I, but not rough enough.

Adr. As roughly as my modelfle would let me.

Ab. Happly in private.

Adr. And in assemblies too.

Ab. I, but not enough.

Adr. It was the copie of our Conference.

In bed he slept not for my virging is,

At board he fed not for my virging is:

Alone, it was the fubject of my Timeae.

In company I often glanced it:

Still did I tell him, it was vifde and bad.

Ab. And thereof came it, that the man was mad.

The venemous clamors of a lealous woman,

Poiions more deadly then a mad dogges tooth.

It feemes his fleapes were hindered by thy sailings

And thereof cometh it, that his head is light.

Thous faith his meate was fawed with thy vpbraiding,

Vnquiet meates make ill digestion,

Thereof the raging fire of feauer bred,

And what's a Feauer, but a fit of madneffe?

Thou saist his sports were hindered by thy brasles.

Sweet recreation bard, what doth enlue

But mordac and dull melancholy,

Kinfman to grimm and comfortlesse dispair,

And as her heales a huge infectious trooppe

Of pale distemperatures, and foes to life?

In food, in sport, and life-prefering reft

To be disturb'd, would mad or man, or beast:

The conquence is then, thy jealous fits

Hast fear thy husband from the vie of wits.

Lye. She neuer reprehended him but mildly,

When he demaund himselfe, rough, rude, and wildly,

Why beare you these rebukes, and answer not?

Adr. She did betray me to my owne reproofs,

Good people enter, and lay hold on him.

Ab. No, not a creature enters in my hous.

Adr. Then let your ferrants bring my husband forth

Ab. Neither: he tooke this place for sanctuary,

And it foall plucke him from your hands,

Till I have brought him to his wifes againe,

Or loose my labour in affaying it.

Adr. I will attend my husband, be his nurse,
The Comedie of Errors.

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

Duke. Long since my husband left me in my wars
And to the ingag'd a Princess word,
When thou didst make him Master of thy bed,
To do him all the grace and good I could.
Go thee of me; thou art a false Abbeffy,
And bid the Lady Abbeffy come to me:
I will determine this before I die.

Enter a Messenger.

Oh Mistreis, Mistreis, flint and true your selfe,
My Master and his man are both broke loose,
Benten the Mans a row, and bound the Doctor.
Whose head they have finy'd off with brands of fire,
And ever as it blesse d, they threw on him.
Great pelts of puddled myre to quench the haire;
My Master preaches patience to him, and the while
His man with Cizors nickes him like a foole:
And fure (vndele you send some present helpe)
Bewteen them they will kill the Conurer.

Adr. Peace floute, thy Master and his man are here,
And I am flalt thou shalt report to vs.

Stuff. Mistreis, upon my life I tell you true,
I have not breathd so almoft since I did fee it.
He cries for you, and vows if he can take you,
To search your face, and to disfigure you:
Cry within.

Hark, hark, I hear him Mistreis fle, gone out.

Duke. Come by me if you, maist nothing guard with
Harpers.

Adr. By me, it is my husband: witneffe you,
That he is borne without issue.
Even so he would him in the Abbey here,
And now he's there, i'thoughts of humane reason.

Enter Antipholus, and E. Dromio of Ephesus.

E. Aut. Jullicie most gracious Duke, oh grant me in
Even for the sentence that long since I did thee,
When I deliberate thee in the warres, and tooke
Deepe scarres to fute thy life; even for the blood
That then I lost for thee, now grant mee Jullicie.

Mar. Pat. Vinylle the teare of death doe make me
done, I see my sonne Antipholus and Drmone.

E. Aut. Jullicie (sweet Prince) against a Woman there;
She whom thou gavest to me to be my wife;
That thast abuted and dishonored me,
Even in the strength and height of iniure:
Beyond imagination is the wrong
That the this day hath Shameoflese throwne on me.

Duke. Disconer how, and thou shalt ringe me light.

E. Aut. This day (great Duke) the Shameoflese doures
Upon me,
While she with Harles faced in my house.

Duke. A greevous fault: say woman, diffeth them so?

Adr. No my good Lord. My felle, he, and my sister,
To day did dine together: so befall my soule,
As this is falle he burns me withall.

Loe, Nere may I looke on day, nor sleepe on night,
But fine tales to your Highnesse fimpble truth.

Gold. O perjured woman! They are both forsworne.
In this the Madman nuyly chargeth them.

E. Aut. My Liege, I am advisd what I say,
Neither disturbed with the effect of Wine,
Nor headtie rash profound'd with raging ire,
Albeit my wrongs might make one wiser mad.

This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner;
That Goldsmith there, were he not pack'd with her,
Could witnesse it: for he was with me then,
Who parted with me to go fetch a Chaine,
Promising to bring it to the Porpentine,
Where Ballafafar and I did dine together.
Our dinner done, and he not coming thither,
I went to seek him. In the Street I met him,
And in his companie that Gentleman.
There did this perjured Goldsmith swear me downe.
That this day of him receivd the Chaine,
Which God he knowes, I faw not. For the which,
He did arrest me with an Officer.
I did obey, and sent my Pecane home
For certaine Duckers: he with none return'd.
Then fairely I bespoke the Officer
To go to perfon with me to my house.
By this way, we met my wife, her sister, and a rabbler more
Of wilde Confederates: Along with them
They brought one Pinch, a hungry leasue'se's villainie;
A merre Anatomy, a Mountebanke,
A three-barre hugger, and a Fortune-teller,
A needy-hollow-cry'd-shape-looking-wretch;
A luing dead man. This pernicious flawe
Forsooth tooke on him as a Conurer:
And gazing in my eye, feeling my pulse,
And with no-face (as twere) out-facing me,
Cries out, I was pooffle. Then altogether
They fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence,
And in a dark and dankish vault at home.
There left me and my man, both bound together,
Till gapning with my teeth my bonds in funder,
I gain'd my freedome; and immediatly
Ran hither to your Grace, whom I beseech
To give me ample satisfaction
For these deepe shamees, and great indignities.

Gold. My Lord, in truth, thus far I witnesse with him:
That he did not at home, but was lock'd out.

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

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

Mar. Beside, I will be sworn these tears of mine,
Heard you confess you had the Chaine of him,
After you forsooke it on the Mart,
And thereupon I drew my sword on you:
And then you fled into this Abbey here,
From whence I think you are come by Miracle.

E. Aut. I enter came within these Abbey walls,
Nor euer didst thou draw thy sword on me:
I never saw the Chaine, so help me heauen:
And this is faile you burneth me withall.

Duke. Why what an intricate impeach is this?
I thinke you all have drunke of Great cup:
It heere you howse'd him, heere he would have bin,
If he were mad, he would not please so coldly:
You fay he didn't at home, the Goldsmith heere
Denies that saying. Sirra, what say you?

E. Dros. Sir he didn't with her there, at the Porpentine.

Cur. He did, and from my finger snatch that Ring.

E. Aut. This true (my Liege) this Ring I had of her.

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

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

Duke. Why this is strange: Go call the Abbeffe his ther.
I think you are all mated, or flache mad.
The Comedie of Errors.

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S. Drum. Oh my aide Mafter, who hath bound him here?

Abb. Who euer bound him, I will lose his bonds,
And gaine a husband by his liberati:—
Speake olde Egeon, if thou be b't the man,
That hadit a wife once call'd Aemilia,
That boret thee at a burthen two faire fannies,
Oh if thou be't the fame Egeon, speake;
And speake vnto the fame Aemilia.

Duke. Why heere begins his Morning florilege;
These two Aemilias, these two so like,
And these two Dromes's, one in emblance:
Besides her virgin of her wracke at fez,
These are the parents to these children,
Which accidentally are met togethe.
Fa. If I dreame not, thou art Aemilia,
If thou art fil, telle me, where is that fannie
That floated with thee on the fairall rai:
Abb. By men of Epidamnus, he, and I,
And the twin Dromes, all were taken vp;
But by and by, rude Fiferhemen of Corinth
By force tooke Dromio, and my fonne from them,
And me they left with thofe of Epidamnus,
What then became of them, I cannot tell:
J, to this fortune that you fee me in.
Duke. Aemilia thou camst it from Corinth shift.
E. Ant. No, sir, not I, I came from Strascia.
Duke. Stay, stand apart, I know not which is which.
E. Ant. I came from Corinth my most gracious Lord.
E. Drum. And I with him.
E. Ant. Brought to this Town by that most famous
WaUior, 
Duke Menaphou your most renowned Vunkle.
Adr. Which of you two did dine with me to day?
S. Ant. I, gentle Militia.
Adr. And are not you my husband?
E. Ant. No, I say no to that.
S. Ant. And do I yet, did the call me so?
And this faire Gentlewoman her sifter heere
Did call me brother. What I told you then,
I hope I shall have leasure to make good,
If this be not a dreame I see and heare.
Goldsmith. That is the Chaine fir, which you had of me.
S. Ant. I thinke it be fir, I denie it not.
E. Ant. And you fir for this Chaine arrested me.
Gold. I thinke I did fir, I denie it not.
Adr. I sent you monie fir to be your baile
By Drumio, but I thinke he brought it not.
E. Drum. No, none by me.
S. Ant. This purse of Duckets I receiue'd from you,
And Dromio my man did bring them me:
I see we fill did meete each others man,
And I was tane for him, and he for me,
And thereupon these errors are arose.
E. Ant. Thee Duckets payne I for my father heere.
Duke. It shall not neede, thy father hath his life.
Cur. Sir I must have that Diamond from you.
E. Ant. There take it, and much thanks for my good cheer.
Abb. Renowned Duke, voucheffe to take the pains
To go with vs 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 dayes error
Haued suffer'd wrong. Go, keep vs compaines.
The Comedie of Errors.

And we shall make full satisfaction.
Thirtie three yeares have I but gone in travaile:
Of you my fowmes, and till this present hour
My heasse but then are deliverid:
The Duke my husband, and my children both,
And you the Kalendar of their Nautiony,
Go to a Gossips feast, and go with mee,
After to long grieve such Nautiony.
Duke. With all my heart, I'll Gossip at this feast.

Exit owmes. Almost the two Drimos's and two Brothers.
S. Drs. Mad, shall I fetch your stuffe from shipboard?
E. An. Drimos, what stuffe of mine haue thou imburke
S. Drs. Your goods that lay at host fir in the Centaur.
S. Ant. He speakes to me, I am your master Drimos.

Come go with vs, we'll looke to that anon,
Embrace thy brother there, rejoysce with him,
Exit.
S. Drs. There is a far friend at your masters house,
That kircbiet me for you to day at dinner:
She now shall be my fister, not my wife,
E. D. Me thinks you are my glass, not my brother:
I see by you, I am a sweet-fac'd youth,
Will you walkin in to see their gosliping?
S. Drs. Not I sir, you are my elder.
E. Drs. That's a question, how shall we trie it.
S. Drs. We'll draw Cuts for the Signior, till then,
lead thou first.
E. Drs. Nay then thus:
We came into the world like brother and brother:
And now let's go hand in hand, not one before another.

FINIS.

[Decorative ornament]