The Comedie of Errors from Mr. William Shakespeares comedies, histories, &amp; tragedies. Published according to the true original copies.

Mr. William Shakespeares comedies, histories, &amp; tragedies

Bodleian First Folio, Arch. G c.7

Shakespeare, William, 1564-1616.

Heminge, John, approximately 1556-1630

Condell, Henry, -1627

Droeshout, Martin, 1601

Jaggard, Isaac, -1627

Blount, Edward, fl. 1594-1632

Jaggard, William, 1569-1623

Smethwicke, John, -1641

Aspley, William, -1640

Bodleian Digital Library Systems and Services

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    <funder>The second phase of the Bodleian First Folio project was made possible by a lead gift from Dr Geoffrey Eibl-Kaye and generous support from the Sallie Dickson Memorial Fund/Dallas Shakespeare Club Fund, Mr James Barber, and a private individual. The Bodleian Libraries are very grateful for this additional support, which brings new features to the digitized First Folio, enabling more efficient and intuitive use for all with an interest in Shakespeare, early modern drama, theatre and book history.</funder>
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<date when="2014-09-11">11 September 2014</date>
Mr. William Shakespeares comedies, histories, & tragedies.: Published according to the true originall copies.

First Folio

London, England:

William Jaggard, Edward Blount, John Smethwicke

1623

8 November 1623

Bodleian Library, Arch. G c.7

S111228

015592789

ESTC, S111228

Greg, III, p. 1109-12

Pforzheimer, 905

STC (2nd ed.), 22273
<note type="citation">Rasmussen, E. &amp; West, A.J. "The Shakespeare First Folios a descriptive catalogue", Palgrave Macmillan, 2012.</note>  

<note type="citation">Hinman, C. The printing and proof-reading of the First Folio of Shakespeare, Oxford, 1963, p.30</note>  


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<titlePart>M</titlePart><hi rend="superscript">r</hi> VVILLIAM <lb/> <hi rend="large">SHAKESPEARES</hi> <lb/> COMEDIES, <lb/> HISTORIES, &amp; <lb/> TRAGEDIES.  

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Mis-signed leaves: a3 mis-signed Aa3; ³gg1 mis-signed Gg; nn1-­nn2 mis-signed Nn and Nn2 and oo1 mis-signed Oo.

"The life and death of King Iohn" begins new pagination on leaf a1 recto; "The tragedy of Coriolanus" begins new pagination on leaf aa1 recto.
The title page is trimmed and mounted, with a section of the mount towards the foot of the leaf mutilated resulting in the loss of some the Droechout imprint at the bottom left hand corner of the portrait and the central section of an early MS not. For a full condition report, including a full survey of damage and repairs, please contact Rare Books.


Two MS verses on first endpaper verso: 1. 9 lines of verse by an unknown author, first line reads "An active swain to make a leap was seen". 2. A copy of Ben Jonson’s printed "To the Reader"; MS note on t.p. (mutilated) appears to read "Honest [Shakes]peare". Minor
annotations on leaf 2n4 (Macbeth). All in an early English hand, presumably added after leaving the Library.</p></additions>


<p>For further details on the printing of this item see Hinman, Charleton. The printing and proof-reading of the First Folio of Shakespeare: Oxford, 1963.</p>

<p>Acquired by the Bodleian in 1623, presumably in sheets. It was sent out to <persName>William Wildgoose</persName> on 17 February 1624 for binding (see: Library Records e.258, fol. 48r) and upon its return chained in Duke Humfrey at shelfmark S 2.17 Art. It is listed in the Bodleian’s catalogue of printed books but was gone by the publication of the next catalogue in 1674, replaced by the newer <bibl><title>Third Folio</title> (<date when="1664">1664</date>)</bibl>. There is no explicit reference in Library Records to the disposal of this copy, but there is a record of a sale of
"superfluous library books" to <persName>Richard Davis</persName>, a bookseller in Oxford, in <date when="1664">1664</date> for the sum of <num value="24">£24</num>.<p>
After leaving the Bodleian this copy entered the collection of <persName>Richard Turbutt</persName> of Ogston Hall, Derbyshire at some point in the early 18th century. It stayed in the family’s possession until <date when="1906">1906</date>, when it was reacquired by the Bodleian for the sum of <num value="3000">£3000</num>, raised by public subscription. For a full discussion of the rediscovery and purchase of this copy see: F. Madan, G. M. R. Turbutt and S. Gibson, The Original Bodleian Copy of the First Folio of Shakespeare (Oxford, 1905).<p>
For a full discussion of this copy and the digital version see http://shakespeare.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/ and West and Rasmussen (2011), 31.<p>
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Ephesus

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Antipholus of Syracuse, son to Aegeon and Aemilia

Dromio of Ephesus, twin brother to Antipholus of Syracuse, and attendant on the two Antipholuses

Merchant of Ephesus

Aegeon, a merchant of Syracuse
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      </sp>
      <l>
        <c rend="decoratedCapital">P</c><c rend="decoratedCapital">S</c><c rend="decoratedCapital">o</c><c rend="decoratedCapital">l</c><c rend="decoratedCapital">i</c><c rend="decoratedCapital">n</c><c rend="decoratedCapital">u</c><c rend="decoratedCapital">s</c><c rend="decoratedCapital">u</c><c rend="decoratedCapital">s</c><c rend="decoratedCapital">i</c><c rend="decoratedCapital">-</c><c rend="decoratedCapital"></c><c rend="decoratedCapital">t</c><c rend="decoratedCapital">o</c><c rend="decoratedCapital">u</c><c rend="decoratedCapital">r</c><c rend="decoratedCapital">n</c><c rend="decoratedCapital">c</c><c rend="decoratedCapital">e</c><c rend="decoratedCapital">d</c><c rend="decoratedCapital">y</c><c rend="decoratedCapital">s</c><c rend="decoratedCapital"></c><c rend="decoratedCapital">i</c><c rend="decoratedCapital">m</c><c rend="decoratedCapital">u</c><c rend="decoratedCapital">o</c><c rend="decoratedCapital">t</c><c rend="decoratedCapital">h</c><c rend="decoratedCapital"></c><c rend="decoratedCapital">t</c><c rend="decoratedCapital">o</c><c rend="decoratedCapital"></c><c rend="decoratedCapital">r</c><c rend="decoratedCapital">o</c><c rend="decoratedCapital">c</c><c rend="decoratedCapital">c</c><c rend="decoratedCapital">e</c><c rend="decoratedCapital">z</c><c rend="decoratedCapital">s</c><c rend="decoratedCapital"></c><c rend="decoratedCapital">n</c><c rend="decoratedCapital">t</c><c rend="decoratedCapital"></c><c rend="decoratedCapital">t</c><c rend="decoratedCapital">o</c><c rend="decoratedCapital">y</c><c rend="decoratedCapital">o</c><c rend="decoratedCapital">r</c><c rend="decoratedCapital">g</c><c rend="decoratedCapital">u</c><c rend="decoratedCapital">r</c><c rend="decoratedCapital">y</c><c rend="decoratedCapital">s</c><c rend="decoratedCapital">e</c><c rend="decoratedCapital"></c><c rend="decoratedCapital">s</c><c rend="decoratedCapital">i</c><c rend="decoratedCapital">n</c><c rend="decoratedCapital">g</c><c rend="decoratedCapital">c</c><c rend="decoratedCapital">l</c><c rend="decoratedCapital">a</c><c rend="decoratedCapital">n</c><c rend="decoratedCapital">t</c><c rend="decoratedCapital">d</c><c rend="decoratedCapital">s</c><c rend="decoratedCapital">e</c><c rend="decoratedCapital"></c><c rend="decoratedCapital">y</c><c rend="decoratedCapital"></c><c rend="decoratedCapital">o</c><c rend="decoratedCapital">u</c><c rend="decoratedCapital">t</c><c rend="decoratedCapital">e</c><c rend="decoratedCapital">r</c><c rend="decoratedCapital">e</c><c rend="decoratedCapital">s</c><c rend="decoratedCapital">a</c><c rend="decoratedCapital">y</c><c rend="decoratedCapital">d</c><c rend="decoratedCapital">r</c><c rend="decoratedCapital">c</c><c rend="decoratedCapital">o</c><c rend="decoratedCapital">r</c><c rend="decoratedCapital">d</c><c rend="decoratedCapital">c</c><c rend="decoratedCapital">e</c><c rend="decoratedCapital">r</c><c rend="decoratedCapital">d</c><c rend="decoratedCapital">c</c><c rend="decoratedCapital">d</c><c rend="decoratedCapital">e</c><c rend="decoratedCapital">r</c><c rend="decoratedCapital">c</c><c rend="decoratedCapital">d</c><c rend="decoratedCapital">e</c><c rend="decoratedCapital">c</c> to procure my fall.</l>
    </sp>
  </head>
  <l>
    And by the doome of death end woes and all.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-err-duk">
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  </sp>
  <l>Merchant of <hi rend="italic">Siracusa</hi>, plead no more.</l>
  <l>I am not partiall to infringe our Lawes;</l>
  <l>The enmity and discord which of late</l>
  <l>Sprung from the rancorous outrage of your Duke,</l>
  <l>To Merchants our well&#x2011;dealing Countrimen,</l>
</div>
</div>
Who wanting gilders to redeeme their liues,
Haue seal'd his rigorous statutes with their
blouds.
Excludes all pitty from our threatening lookes:
For since the mortall and intestine iarres
Twixt thy seditious Countrimen and vs,
It hath in solemne Synodes beene decreed,
Both by the Siracusians and our selues,
To admit no traffike to our aduerse townes:
Nay more, if any borne at Ephesus
Be seene at any Siracusian Marts and Fayres:
Againe, if any Siracusian borne Come to the Bay of Ephesus, he
dies:
His goods confiscate to the Dukes dispose,
Vnlesse a thousand markes be leuied
To quit the penalty, and to ransome him:
Thy substance, valued at the highest rate,
Cannot amount vnto a hundred Markes,
Therefore by Law thou art condemn'd to die.

Yet this my comfort, when your words are done,
My woes end likewise with the euening Sonne.

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

A heauier taske could not haue beene impos'd,
Then I to speake my griefes vnspeakeable:
Yet that the world may witnesse that my end
Was wrought by nature, not by vile offence,
Ile utter what my sorrow giues me leaue.

In Syracusa was I borne, and wedde
Vnto a woman, happy but for me,
And by me; had not our hap beene bad:
With her I liu'd in ioy, our wealth increast
By prosperous voyages I often made to Epidamium, till my factors death.

And he great care of goods at randone left,

Drew me from kinde embracements of my spouse;

From whom my absence was not sixe moneths olde,

Before her selfe (almost at fainting under the pleasing punishment that women beare)

Had made prouision for her following me,

And soone, and safe, arriued where I was:

There had she not beene long, but she became a joyfull mother of two goodly sonnes:

And, which was strange, the one so like the other, as could not be distinguish'd but by names.

That very howre, and in the selfe same Inne, of such a burthen Male, twins both alike:

Those, for their parents were exceeding poore,

I bought, and brought vp to attend my sonnes.

Made daily motions for our home returne:

Vnwilling I agreed, alas, too soone wee came aboord.

A league from Epidamium had we saild before the alwaies winde obeying deepe:

Gauie any Tragicke Instance of our harme:

But longer did we not retaine much hope;

For what obscured light the heauens did grant,

Did but conuay vnto our fearefull mindes a doubtfull warrant of immediate death,

Which though my selfe would gladly haue imbrac'd,

Yet the incessant weepings of my wife,

Weeping before for what she saw must come,

And piteous playnings of the prettie babes

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

Forst me to seeke delayes for them and me,

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

Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fixt,

Fastned our selues at eyther end the mast,

And floating straight, obedient to the streame,

Was carried towards Corinth, as we
thought.<br>

At length the sonne gazying vpon the earth,<br>
Disperst those vapours that offended vs,<br>
And by the benefit of his wished light<br>
The seas waxt calme, and we discouered<br>Two shippes from farre, making amaine to vs:<br>Of Corinth that, of Epidarus this,<br>But ere they came, oh let me say no more,<npo>gather the sequell by that went before.<br>
</npo>

At length another ship had seiz'd on vs,<br>And knowing whom it was their hap to saue,<br>Gaue healthfull welcome to their ship&wrackt

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Duke. - And for the sake of them thou sorrowest for, Doe me the fauour to dilate at full, What haue befalne of them and they till now.

Merch. - My yongest boy, and yet my eldest care, At eighteene yeeres became inquisitiue, After his brother; and importun'd me, That his attendant, so his case was like, Reft of his brother, but retain'd his name, Might beare him company in the quest of him, Whom whil'st I laboured of a loue to see, I hazarded the losse of whom I lou'd, Fiue Sommers haue I spent in farthest Greece, Roming cleane through the bounds of Asia, And coasting homeward, came to Ephesus, Hopelesse to finde, yet loth to leave vnsought, Or that, or any place that harbours men, But heere must end the story of my life, And happy were I in my timelie death, Could all my trauells warrant me they liue.

Egeon whom the fates haue markt - Haplesse Egeon whom the fates haue markt, To beare the extremitie of dire mishap: Now trust me, were it not against our Lawes, Against my Crowne, my oath, my dignity, Which Princes would they may not disanull, My soule should sue as aduocate for thee, But though thou art adiudged to the death, And passed sentence may not be recal'd, But to our honours great disparagement, Yet will I fauour thee in what I can, Therefore Marchant, Ile limit thee this day, To seeke thy helpe by beneficial helpe, Try all the friends thou hast in Ephesus.

Iaylor - Beg thou, or borrow, to make vp the summe, And liue: if no, then thou art doom'd to die, Iaylor, take him to thy custodie.
I will my Lord.

Hopelesse and helpelesse doth Egean wend,

But to procrastinate his liuelesse end.

Exeunt.

Enter Antipholis Erotes, a Marchant, and Dromio.

Therefore giue out you are of Epidamium,

Lest that your goods too soone be confiscate:

This very day a Syracusan Marchant

Is apprehended for a riuall here,

And not being able to buy out his life,

According to the statute of the towne,

Dies ere the wearie sunne set in the West:

There is your monie that I had to keepe.

Goe beare it to the Centaure, where we host,

And stay there Dromio, till I come to thee;

Within this houre it will be dinner time,

Till that Ile view the manners of the towne,

Peruse the traders, gaze vpon the buildings,

And then returne and sleepe within mine Inne,

For with long trauaile I am stiffe and wearie.

Get thee away.

Many a man would take you at your word,

And goe indeede, hauing so good a meane.

A trustie villaine sir, that very oft,

When I am dull with care and melancholy,
Lightens my humour with his merry jests:
What will you walke with me about the towne,
And then goe to my Inne and dine with me?

I am inuited sir to certaine Marchants,
Of whom I hope to make much benefit:
I craue your pardon, soone at fiue a clocke,
Please you, Ile meete with you vpon the Mart,
And afterward consort you till bed time:
My present businesse cals me from you now.

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

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

Here comes the almanacke of my true date:
What now? How chance thou art return'd so soone.

Return'd so soone, rather approacht too late:
The Capon burnes, the Pig fals from the spit;
The clocke hath strucken twelue vpon the bell:
My Mistris made it one vpon my cheeke:
She is so hot because the meate is colde:
The meate is colde, because you come not home:
You come not home, because you haue no stomacke:
You haue no stomacke, hauing broke your fast:
But we that know what 'tis to fast and pray,
Are penitent for your default to day.
Ant. Stop in your winde sir, tell me this I pray? Where haue you left the mony that I gaue you.

E. Dro. Oh sixe pence that I had a wensday last, To pay the Sadler for my Mistris crupper: The Sadler had it Sir, I kept it not.

Ant. I am not in a sportiue humor now: Tell me, and dally not, where is the monie? We being strangers here, how dar'st thou trust So great a charge from thine owne custodie.

E. Dro. I pray you iest sir as you sit at dinner: I from my Mistris come to you in post: If I returne I shall be post indeede. For she will scoure your fault vpon my pate: Me thinkes your maw, like mine, should be your cooke, And strike you home without a messenger.

Ant. Come Dromio, come, these iests are out of season, Reserue them till a merrier houre then this: Where is the gold I gaue in charge to thee?

E. Dro. To me sir? why you gaue no gold to me?

Ant. Come on sir knaue, haue done your foolishnes, And tell me how thou hast dispos'd thy charge.

E. Dro.
My charge was but to fetch you from the Mart to dinner; to dinner;

My Mistris and her sister staies for you.

Now as I am a Christian answer me, in what safe place you haue bestow'd my monie; Or I shall breake that merrie sconce of yours that stands on tricks, when I am vndispos'd: Where is the thousand Markes thou hadst of me?

I haue some markes of yours vpon my pate: Some of my Mistris markes vpon my shoulders: But not a thousand markes betweene you both. If I should pay your worship those againe, Perchance you will not beare them patiently.

Thy Mistris markes? what Mistris slaue hast thou?

Your worships wife, my Mistris at the Phoenix;

She that doth fast till you come home to dinner: And praies that you will hie you home to dinner.

What wilt thou flout me thus vnto my face Being forbid? There take you that sir knaue.

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

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

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

Exit.

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

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

Adr. Why should their libertie then ours be more?

Luc. Because their businesse still lies out adore.

Adr. Looke when I serue him so, he takes it thus.
Oh, know he is the bridle of your will.

There's none but asses will be bridled so.

Why, headstrong liberty is lasht with woe:
There's nothing situate vnder heauens eye,
The beasts, the fishes, and the winged fowles
Are their males subiects, and at their controules:
Man more divine, the Master of all these,
Lord of the wide world, and wilde watry seas,
Indued with intellectuall sence and soules,
Of more preheminence then fish and fowles,
Are masters to their females, and their Lords:
Then let your will attend on their accords.
This seruitude makes you to keepe vnwed.
Not this, but troubles of the marriage bed.
But were you wedded, you wold bear some sway
Ere I learne loue, Ile practise to obey.
How if your husband start some other where?

Till he come home againe, I would forbeare.

Patience vnmo'd, no maruel though she pause,
They can be meeke, that haue no other cause:
A wretched soule bruis'd with aduersitie,
We bid be quiet when we hear it cry.

But were we burdened with like weight of pain,

As much, or more, we should our selves complain:

So thou that hast no unkind mate to grieve thee,

With urging helpless patience would relieve me;

But if thou live to see like right bereft,

This fool'd patience in thee will be left.

Well, I will marry one day but to try:

Here comes thy man, now is thy husband nay.

Say, is thy tardy master now at hand?

Say, didst thou speak with him? knowst thou his mind?

I, I, he told his mind upon mine ear,

Beshrew his hand, I scarce could understand it.

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

Nay, he strooke so plainly, I could too well feel his blows; and withall so doubtfully, that I could scarce understand them.

But say, I prethee, is he coming home?

It seemes he hath great care to please his wife.
E. Dro. 

Why Mistresse, sure my Master is horned mad.

Adri. 

Horne mad, thou villaine?

E. Dro. 

I mean't not Cuckold mad, 

But sure he is starke mad: 

When I desir'd him to come home to dinner, 

He ask'd me for a hundred markes in gold: 

'Tis dinner time, quoth I: my gold, quoth he: 

Your meat doth burne, quoth I: my gold quoth he: 

Will you come, quoth I: my gold, quoth he: 

Where is the thousand markes I gaue thee villaine? 

The Pigge quoth I, is burn'd: my gold, quoth he: 

My mistresse, sir, quoth I: hang vp thy Mistresse: 

I know not thy mistresse, out on thy mistresse.

Luci. 

Quoth who?

E.Dr. 

Quoth my Master, I know quoth he, no house, 

no wife, no mistresse: so that my arrant due vnto my 
tongue, I thanke him, I bare home vpon my shoulders: 

for in conclusion, he did beat me there.

Adri. 

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

Dro. 

Goe backe againe, and be new beaten home? 

For Gods sake send some other messenger.

Adri. 

Backe.

The Comedie of Errors.
<sp who="#F-err-adr">
  <speaker rend="italic">Adri.</speaker>
  <l>Backe slawe, or I will breake thy pate a&#x2011;crosse.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-err-sdr">
  <speaker rend="italic">Dro.</speaker>
  <l>And he will blesse</l>
  <choice><abbr>y</abbr><expan>that</expan></choice>
  crosse with other beating:
</sp>

  <l>Betweene you, I shall haue a holy head.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-err-adr">
  <speaker rend="italic">Adri.</speaker>
  <l>Hence prating pesant, fetch thy Master home.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-err-sdr">
  <speaker rend="italic">Dro.</speaker>
  <l>Am I so round with you, as you with me,</l>
  <l>That like a foot&#x2011;ball you doe spurne me thus;</l>
  <l>You spurne me hence, and he will spurne me hither;</l>
  <l>If I last in this seruice, you must case me in leather.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-err-ici">
  <speaker rend="italic">Luci.</speaker>
  <l>Fie how impatience lowreth in your face.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-err-adr">
  <speaker rend="italic">Adri.</speaker>
  <l>His company must do his minions grace,</l>
  <l>Whil'st I at home starue for a merrie looke;</l>
  <l>Hath homelie age th' alluring beauty tooke</l>
  <l>From my poore cheeke? then he hath wasted it.</l>
  <l>Are my discourses dull? Barren my wit,</l>
  <l>If voluble and sharpe discourse be mar'd,</l>
  <l>Vankindnesse blunts it more then marble hard.</l>
  <l>Doe their gay vestments his affections baite?</l>
  <l>That's not my fault, hee's master of my state.</l>
  <l>What ruines are in me that can be found,</l>
  <l>By him not ruin'd? Then is he the ground</l>
  <l>Of my defeatures. My decayed faire,</l>
  <l>A sunnie looke of his, would soone repaire.</l>
  <l>But, too vnruuly Deere, he breaks the pale,</l>
  <l>And feedes from home; poore I am but his stale.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-err-ici">
  <speaker rend="italic">Luci.</speaker>
</sp>
Selfe-harming Iealousie; fie beat it hence.

Vnfeeling fools can with such wrongs dispence:
I know his eye doth homage other where,
Or else, what lets it but he would be here?
Sister, you know he promis'd me a chaine,
Would that alone, a loue he would detaine,
So he would keepe faire quarter with his bed:
I see the Iewell best enamaled
Will loose his beautie: yet the gold bide still
That others touch, and often touching will,
Where gold and no man that hath a name,
By falshood and corruption doth it shame:
Since that my beautie cannot please his eie,
Ile weepe (what's left away) and weeping die.

How manie fondfooles serue mad Ielousie?

Enter Antipholis Erotis.
The gold I gaue to 
Safe at the Centaur, and the heedfull slaue
Is wandred forth in care to seeke me out
By computation and mine hosts report.
I could not speake with Dromio, since at first
I sent him from the Mart? see here he comes.

Enter Dromio Siracusia.
How now sir, is your merrie humor alter'd?
As you loue stroakes, so iest with me againe.
You know no Centaur? you receiu'd no gold?
Your Mistresse sent to haue me home to dinner?
My house was at the Phoenix? Wast thou mad.
That thus so madlie thou did didst answere me?

S. Dro.

What answer sir? when spake I such a word?

E. Ant.

Euen now, euen here, not halfe an howre since.

S. Dro.

I did not see you since you sent me hence Home to the Centaur with the gold you gaue me.

Ant.

Villaine, thou didst denie the golds receit, And toldst me of a Mistresse, and a dinner, For which I hope thou feltst I was displeas'd.

S. Dro.

I am glad to see you in this merrie vaine, What meanes this iest, I pray you Master tell me?

Antiph.

Because that I familiarlie sometimes Doe vse you for my foole, and chat with you, Your sawcinesse will iest vpon my loue, And make a Common of my serious howres, When the sunne shines, let foolish gnats make sport,
But creepe in crannies, when he hides his beames:
If you will iest with me, know my aspect,
And fashion your demeanor to my lookes,
Or I will beat this method in your sconce.

Sconce call you it? so you would leave
batte ring, I
had rather haue it a head, and you vse these blows long, I
must get a sconce for my head, and Inscone it to,
or else I shall seek my wit in my shoulders, but I pray
sir, why am I beaten?

Dost thou not know?

Was there euer anie man thus beaten out of season,
when in
the why and the wherefore, is neither rime nor reason.
Well sir, I thanke you.

Marry sir, for this something that you gaue me for
nothing.<p></p>

<sp who="#F-err-san"/>

<speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>

<p>Ile make you amends next, to giue you nothing for something. But say sir, is it dinner time?</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-err-sdr"/>

<speaker rend="italic">S. Dro.</speaker>

<p>No sir, I thinke the meat wants that I'haue.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-err-san"/>

<speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>

<p>In good time sir: what's that?</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-err-sdr"/>

<speaker rend="italic">S. Dro.</speaker>

<p>Basting.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-err-san"/>

<speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>

<p>Well sir, then 'twill be drie.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-err-sdr"/>

<speaker rend="italic">S. Dro.</speaker>

<p>If it be sir, I pray you eat none of it.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-err-san"/>

<speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>

<p>Your reason?</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-err-sdr"/>

<speaker rend="italic">S. Dro.</speaker>

<p>Lest it make you chollericke, and purchase me another drie basting.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-err-san"/>

<speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>

<p>Well sir, learne to iest in good time, there's a time for all things.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-err-sdr"/>

<speaker rend="italic">S. Dro.</speaker>

<p>I durst haue denied that before you were so chollericke.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-err-san"/>

<speaker rend="italic">Anti.</speaker>

<p>By what rule sir?</p>

</sp>
Marry sir, by a rule as plain as the plain bald pate of Father time himselfe.

Let's heare it.

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

May he not doe it by fine and recouerie?

Yes, to pay a fine for a perewig, and recouer the lost haire of another man.

Why, is Time such a niggard of haire, being (as it is) so plentiful an excrement?

Because it is a blessing that hee bestowes on beasts, and what he hath scanted them in haire, hee hath giuen them in wit.

Why, but theres manie a man hath more haire then wit.

Not a man of those but he hath the wit to lose his haire.

Why thou didst conclude hairy men plain dealers without wit.

writ.
S. Dro.\</sp>\p>The plainer dealer, the sooner lost; yet he loo\textsuperscript{2011}; \<lb/>seth it in a kinde of iollitie.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-err-ang">
  <speaker rend="italic">An.</speaker>
  <p>For what reason.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-err-sdr">
  <speaker rend="italic">S. Dro.</speaker>
  <p>For two, and sound ones to.</p>
</sp>
<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">
<hi rend="italic">An.</hi>
Nay</fw>
<p><pb faces="FFimg:axc0109-0.jpg" n="89"/>
The Comedie of Errors.</p>
<cb n="1"/>
<sp who="#F-err-ang">
  <speaker rend="italic">An.</speaker>
  <p>Nay not sound I pray you.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-err-sdr">
  <speaker rend="italic">S. Dro.</speaker>
  <p>Sure ones then.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-err-ang">
  <speaker rend="italic">An.</speaker>
  <p>Nay, not sure in a thing falsing.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-err-sdr">
  <speaker rend="italic">S. Dro.</speaker>
  <p>Certaine ones then.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-err-ang">
  <speaker rend="italic">An.</speaker>
  <p>Name them.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-err-sdr">
  <speaker rend="italic">S. Dro.</speaker>
  <p>The one to saue the money that he spends in trying: the other, that at dinner they should not drop in his porriage.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-err-ang">
  <speaker rend="italic">An.</speaker>
  <p>You would all this time haue prou'd, there is no time for all things.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-err-sdr"/>
Marry and did sir: namely, in no time to recover hairc lost by Nature.

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

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

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

Enter Adriana and Luciana.

I, I, Antipholus, looke strange and frowne,

Some other Mistresse hath thy sweet aspects:

The time was once, when thou vn-vrg'd wouldst vow,

That neuer words were musicke to thine eare,

That neuer obiect pleasing in thine eye,

That neuer meat sweet-sauour'd in thy taste,

Vnlesse I spake, or look'd, or touch'd, or caru'd to thee.

How comes it now, my Husband, oh how comes it,

That thou art then estranged from thy selfe?

Thy selfe I call it, being strange to me:

That vndividable Incorporate

Am better then thy deere selfes better part.

Ah doe not teare away thy selfe from me;

For know my loue: as easie maist thou fall.

A drop of water in the breaking gulfe,

And take vnmingled thence that drop againe

Without addition or diminishing,

As take from me thy selfe, and not me too.

Howdeerely would it touch thee to the quicke,

Shouldst thou but heare I were licencious?
And that this body consecrate to thee,
By Ruffian Lust should be contaminate?
Wouldst thou not spit at me, and spurne at me,
And hurle the name of husband in my face,
And teare the stain'd skin of my Harlot brow,
And from my false hand cut the wedding ring,
And breake it with a deepe divorcing vow?
I know thou canst, and therefore see thou doe it.
I am possest with an adulterate blot,
My bloud is mingled with the crime of lust:
For if we two be one, and thou play false,
I doe digest the poison of thy flesh,
Being strumpeted by thy contagion.
Keepe then faire league and truce with thy true bed,
I liue distain'd, thou vndishonoured.

Plead you to me faire dame? I know you not:
In Ephesus I am but two houres old,
As strange vnto your towne, as to your talke,
Wants wit in all, one word to vnderstand.

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

Did you conuerse sir with this gentlewoman:
What is the course and drift of your compact?

I sir? I neuer saw her till this time.

Villaine thou liest, for euen her verie words,

Didst thou deliuer to me on the Mart.

I neuer spake with her in all my life.

How can she thus then call vs by our names?

Vnlesse it be by inspiration.

How ill agrees it with your grauitie,

To counterfeit thus grosely with your slaue,

Abetting him to thwart me in my moode;

Be it my wrong, you are from me exempt,

But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt.

Come I will fasten on this sleeue of thine:

Thou art an Elme my husband, I a Vine:

Whose weaknesse married to thy stranger state,

Makes me with thy strength to communicate:

If ought possesse thee from me, it is drosse,

Vsurping Iuie, Brier, or idle Mosse,

Who all for want of pruning, with intrusion,

Infect thy sap, and liue on thy confusion.

To mee shee speakes, shee moues mee for her theame;

What, was I married to her in my dreame?

Or sleepe I now, and thinke I heare all this?

What error driues our eies and eares amissè?

Vntill I know this sure vncertaintie,

Ile entertaine the free'd fallacie.

To mee shee speakes, shee moues mee for her theame;

What, was I married to her in my dreame?

Or sleepe I now, and thinke I heare all this?

What error driues our eies and eares amissè?

Vntill I know this sure vncertaintie,

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Or sleepe I now, and thinke I heare all this?

What error driues our eies and eares amissè?

Vntill I know this sure vncertaintie,

Ile entertaine the free'd fallacie.

To mee shee speakes, shee moues mee for her theame;
dinner.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-err-sdr">
  <speaker rend="italic">S. Dro.</speaker>
  <l>Oh for my beads, I crosse me for a sinner.</l>
  <l>This is the Fairie land, oh spight of spights,</l>
  <l>We talke with Goblins, Owles and Sprights;</l>
  <l>If we obay them not, this will insue:</l>
  <l>They'll sucke our breath, or pinch vs blacke and blew.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-err-luc">
  <speaker rend="italic">Luc.</speaker>
  <l>Why prat'st thou to thy selfe, and answer'st not?</l>
</sp>

<hi rend="italic">Dromio</hi>, thou <hi rend="italic">Dromio</hi>, thou snaile, thou slug, thou sot.</p>

<sp who="#F-err-sdr">
  <speaker rend="italic">S. Dro.</speaker>
  <l>I am transformed Master, am I not?</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-err-san">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
  <l>I thinke thou art in minde, and so am I.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-err-sdr">
  <speaker rend="italic">S. Dro.</speaker>
  <l>Nay Master, both in minde, and in my shape.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-err-san">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
  <l>Thou hast thine owne forme.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-err-sdr">
  <speaker rend="italic">S. Dro.</speaker>
  <l>No, I am an Ape.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-err-luc">
  <speaker rend="italic">Luc.</speaker>
  <l>If thou art chang'd to ought, 'tis to an Asse.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-err-sdr">
  <speaker rend="italic">S. Dro.</speaker>
  <l>'Tis true she rides me, and I long for grasse.</l>
  <l>'Tis so, I am an Asse, else it could neuer be.</l>
  <l>But I should know her as well as she knowes me.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-err-adr">
  <speaker rend="italic">Adr.</speaker>
</sp>
Come, come, no longer will I be a fool,
To put the finger in the eye and weep;
Whil'st man and Master laugh my woes to scorn:
Come sir to dinner, Dromio keep the gate:
Husband Ile dine above with you to day,
And shriue you of a thousand idle pranks:
Sirra, if any ask you for your Master,
Say he dines forth, and let no creature enter:
Come sister, Dromio play the Porter well.

Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell?
Sleeping or waking, mad or well advised:
Known unto these, and to myselfe disguis'd:
I'll say as they say, and perseuer so:
And in this mist at all adventures go.

Master, shall I be Porter at the gate?
I, and let none enter, least I break your pate.
Come, come, Antipholus, we dine too late.
Merchant.<stage>
<sp who="#F-err-can">E. Anti</sp>
<l>Good signior <hi rend="italic">Angelo</hi> you must excuse all.</l>
</sp>

vs

<l>My wife is shrewish when I keepe not howres;</l>
<l>Say that I lingerd with you at your shop</l>
<l>And that to morrow you will bring it home.</l>
<l>But here's a villaine that would face me downe</l>
<l>He met me on the Mart, and that I beat him</l>
<l>And charg'd him with a thousand markes in gold</l>
<l>And that I did denie my wife and house</l>
<l>Thou drunkard thou, what didst thou meane by this?</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-err-edr">E. Dro.</sp>
<l>Say what you wil sir, but I know what I know</l>
<l>That you beat me at the Mart I haue your hand to show</l>
<l>If the skin were parchment, & the blows you gaue were ink</l>
<l>Your owne hand writing would tell you what I thinke.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-err-can">E. Ant.</sp>
<l>I thinke thou art an asse</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-err-edr">E. Dro.</sp>
<l>Marry so it doth appeare</l>
<l>By the wrongs I suffer, and the blowes I beare</l>
<l>I should kicke being kickt, and being at that passe</l>
<l>You would keepe from my heeles, and beware of an asse</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-err-can">E. An.</sp>
<l>Y'are sad signior <hi rend="italic">Balthazar</hi>, pray</l>
<l>God our cheer</l>
<l>May answer my good will, and your good welcom here.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-err-bal">Bal.</sp>
<l>I hold your dainties cheap sir, & your welcom deer.</l>
Oh signior Balthazar, either at flesh or fish.

A table full of welcome, makes scarce one dainty dish.

Good meat sir is common that every churl affords.

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

Small cheer and great welcome, makes a merrie feast.

I, to a niggardly Host, and more sparing guest:

But though my cates be meane, take them in good part,

Better cheer may you haue, but not with better hart.

But soft, my doore is lockt; goe bid them let vs in.

Maud, Brigit, Marian, Cisley, Gillian, Ginn.

Mome, Malthorse, Capon, Coxcombe, Idiot, Patch.

Either get thee from the dore, or sit downe at the hatch:

Dost thou conjure for wenches, that thou calst for such store,

When one is one too many, goe get thee from the dore.

What patch is made our Porter? my Master stays in the street.
Let him walke from whence he came, lest hee catch cold on's feet.

Who talks within there? hoa, open the dore.

Right sir, Ile tell you when, and you'll tell me wherefore.

Wherefore? for my dinner: I haue not din'd to day.

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

What art thou that keep'st mee out from the howse I owe?

The Porter for this time Sir, and my name is Dromio.

O villaine, thou hast stolne both mine office and my name,
The one nere got me credit, the other mickle blame:
If thou hadst beene Dromio to day in my place,
Thou wouldst haue chang'd thy face for a name, or thy name for an asse.

Enter Luce.

Enter Luce.
What a coile is there Dromio? who are those at the gate?

Let my Master in Luce.

Faith no, hee comes too late, and so tell your Master.

Hauve at you with another, that's when? can you tell?

If thy name be called Luce, Luce thou hast an-swer'd him well.

Doe you heare you minion, you'll let vs in I hope?

I thought to haue askt you.

And you said no.

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

Thou baggage let me in.
Can you tell for whose sake?

Master, knocke the doore hard.

Let him knocke till it ake.

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

Are you there Wife? you might haue come before.

Your wife sir knau? go get you from the dore.

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

Nobleman.
Heere is neither cheere sir, nor welcome, we would faine have either.

In debating which was best, wee shall part with neither.

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

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

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

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

It would make a man mad as a Bucke to be so bought

Go fetch me something, Ile break ope the gate.

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

A man may breake a word with your sir, and words are but winde:

I and breake it in your face, so he break it not behinde.

It seemes thou want'st breaking, out vpon thee

and

sold.

Go fetch me something, Ile break ope the gate.

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

A man may breake a word with your sir, and words are but winde:

I and breake it in your face, so he break it not behinde.
E. Dro.

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

S. Dro.

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

Ant.

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

E. Dro.

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

Ant.

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

Balth.

Haue patience sir, oh let it not be so, Heerein you warre against your reputation, And draw within the compasse of suspect Th' vnuiolated honor of your wife.

Once this your long experience of your wisedome, Her sober vertue, yeares, and modestie, Plead on your part some cause to you vknowne; And doubt not sir, but she will well excuse Why at this time the dores are made against you. Be rul'd by me, depart in patience, And let vs to the Tyger all to dinner, And about euening come your selfe alone, To know the reason of this strange restraint; If by strong hand you offer to breake in Now in the stirring passage of the day, A vulgar comment will be made of it; And that supposed by the common rowt Against your yet vngalled estimation,
That may with foul intrusion enter in,
And dwell upon your grave when you are dead;
For slander lives upon succession:
For ever howsed, where it gets possession.

You have prevailed, I will depart in quiet,
And in despight of mirth mean to be merry:
I know a wench of excellent discourse,
Prettie and witty; wilde, and yet too gentle;
There will we dine: this woman that I meaned
My wife (but I protest without desert)
Hath oftentimes upbraided me withall:
To her will we to dinner, get you home
And fetch the chaine, by this I know 'tis made,
Bring it I pray you to the Porpentine,
For there's the house: That chaine will I bestow
(But I protest without desert)
Upon my hostess there, good sir make haste:
Since mine owne doores refuse to entertaine me,
I will knock elsewhere, to see if they'll disdain me.

I will meet you at that place some houre hence.
Do so, this jest shall cost me some expence.

Enter Iuliana, with Antipholus of Siracusi.

And may it be that you have quite forgot
A husband's office? shall even in the spring of love, thy love-springs rot?
Shall love in buildings grow so ruinated?
If you did wed my sister for her wealth,
Then for her wealth's sake use her with more kindnesse:
Or if you like elsewhere doe 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 owne shames Orator: 
Looke sweet, speake faire, become disloyaltie: 
Apparell vice like vertues harbenger: 
Beare a faire presence, though your heart be tainted, 
Teach sinne the carriage of a holy Saint, 
Be secret false: what need she be acquainted? 
Tis double wrong to truant with your bed, 
And let her read it in thy lookes at boord: 
Shame hath a bastard fame, well managed, 
Ill deeds is doubled with an euill word: 
Alas poore women, make vs not beleue 
(Being compact of credit) that you loue vs, 
Though others haue the arme, shew vs the sleeue: 
We in your motion turne, and you may moue vs. 
Then gentle brother get you in againe; 
Comfort my sister, cheere her, call her wife; 
'Tis holy sport to be a little vaine, 
When the sweet breath of flatterie conquers strife. 

S.Anti.
Sweete Mistris, what your name is else I know not; 
Nor by what wonder you do hit of mine: 
Lesse in your knowledge, and your grace you show not, 
Then our earths wonder, more then earth diuine. 
Teach me deere creature how to thinke and speake: 
Lay open to my earthie grosse conceit: 
Smothred in errors, feeble, shallow, weake, 
The foulded meaning of your words deceit: 
Against my soules pure truth, why labour you, 
To make it wander in an vnknowne field? 
Are you a god? would you create me new? 
Transforme me then, and to your powre Ile yeeld. 
But if that I am I, then well I know 
Your weeping sister is no wife of mine, 
Nor to her bed no homage doe I owe: 
Farre more, farre more, to you doe I decline: 
Oh traine me not sweet Mermaide with thy note, 
To drowne me in thy sister floud of teares: 
Sing Siren for thy selfe, and I will dote: 
Spread ore the siluer waues thy golden haires; 
And as a bud Ile take thee, and there lie: 
And in that glorious supposition thinke, 
He gaines by death, that hath such meanes to die: 
Let Loue, being light, be drowned if she sinke.
<sp who="#F-err-luc">
  <speaker rend="italic">Luc.</speaker>
  <l>What are you mad, that you doe reason so?</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-err-san">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
  <l>Not mad, but mated, how I doe not know.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-err-luc">
  <speaker rend="italic">Luc.</speaker>
  <l>It is a fault that springeth from your eie.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-err-san">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
  <l>For gazing on your beames faire sun being by.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-err-luc">
  <speaker rend="italic">Luc.</speaker>
  <l>Gaze when you sho\lb/>uld, and that will cleere your sight.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-err-san">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
  <l>As good to winke sweet loue, as looke on night.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-err-luc">
  <speaker rend="italic">Luc.</speaker>
  <l>Why call you me loue? Call my sister so.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-err-san">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
  <l>Thy sisters sister.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-err-luc">
  <speaker rend="italic">Luc.</speaker>
  <l>That's my sister.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-err-san">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
  <l>No: it is thy selfe, mine owne selfes better part:</l>
  <l>My eies cleere eie, my deere hearts deerer heart;</l>
  <l>My foode, my fortune, and my sweet hopes aime;</l>
  <l>My sole earths heauen, and my heauens claime.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-err-luc">
  <speaker rend="italic">Luc.</speaker>
  <l>All this my sister is, or else should be.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-err-san"/>
Call thy selfe sister sweet, for I am thee: 
Thee will I loue, and with thee lead my life: 
Thou hast no husband yet, nor I no wife: 
Give me thy hand.

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

Why how now Dromio, where run'st thou so fast?

Doe you know me sir? Am I your man? Am I my selfe?

Thou art Dromio, thou art my man, thou art thy selfe.

Marrie sir, besides my selfe, I am due to a woman: One that claimes me, one that haunts me, one that will haue me.
The Comedie of Errors.

What claime laies she to thee?

Marry sir, such claime as you would lay to your horse, and she would haue me as a beast, not that I bee-ing a beast she would haue me, but that she being a ve-rie beastly creature layes claime to me.

What is she?

A very reuerent body: I such a one, as a man may not speake of, without he say sir reuerence, I haue but leane lucke in the match, and yet is she a wondrous fat marriage.

How dost thou meane a fat marriage? <hi>Poland</hi> Winter: If she liues till doomesday, she'l burne a weeke longer then the whole World.

What complexi on is she of?

Swart like my shoo, but her face nothing like so cleane kept: for why? she sweats a man may goe o-uer-shooes in the grime of it.
Anti. That's a fault that water will mend.

No sir, 'tis in graine, Noahs flood could not do it.

What's her name?

Sir: but her name is three quarters, that's an Ell and three quarters, will not measure her from hip to hip.

Then she beares some bredth?

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

Marry sir in her buttockes, I found it out by the bogges.

In what part of her body stands Ireland?

I found it by the barrennesse, hard in the palme of the hand.
Where France?

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

Where England?

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

Where Spaine?

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

Where America, the Indies?

Oh sir, vpon her nose, all ore embellishe d with Rubies, Carbuncles, Saphires, declining their rich As-pect to the hot breath of Spaine, who sent whole Ar-madoes of Carrects to be ballast at her nose.

Where stood Belgia, the Netherlands?

Oh sir, I did not looke so low. To conclude, this drudge or
Diuiner layd claime to mee, call'd mee,

Dromio, swore I was assur'd to her,
told me what priuie markes I had about mee, as the marke of my shoulder, the Mole in my necke, the great Wart on my left arme, that I amaz'd ranne from her as a witch. And I thinke, if my brest had not beene made of faith, and my heart of steele, she had transform'd me to a Curtull dog, & made me turne i'th wheele.

Go hie thee presently, post to the rode, And if the winde blow any way from shore, I will not harbour in this Towne to night. If any Barke put forth, come to the Mart, Where I will walke till thou returne to me: If euerie one knowes vs, and we know none, 'Tis time I thinke to trudge, packe, and be gone.

As from a Beare a man would run for life, So flie I from her that would be my wife.

There's none but Witches do inhabite heere, And therefore 'tis hie time that I were hence: She that doth call me husband, euen my soule Doth for a wife abhorre. But her faire sister Possest with such a gentle soueraigne grace, Of such inchanting presence and discourse, Hath almost made me Traitor to my selfe: But least my selfe be guilty to selfe wrong, Ie stop mine eares against the Mermaids song.

Enter Angelo with the Chaine.

Mr Antipholus.

I that's my name.
who="#F-err-ang"
<speaker rend="italic">Ang.</speaker>
<l>I know it well sir, loe here's the chaine,<l>
<l>I thought to haue tane you at the <hi rend="italic">Porpentine</hi>,<l>
<l>The chaine vnfinish'd made me stay thus long.<l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-err-san">
<speaker rend="italic">Anti.</speaker>
<l>What is your will that I shal do with this?<l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-err-ang">
<speaker rend="italic">Ang.</speaker>
<l>What please your selfe sir: I haue made it for <lb/>you.<l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-err-san">
<speaker rend="italic">Anti.</speaker>
<l>Made it for me sir, I bespoke it not.<l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-err-ang">
<speaker rend="italic">Ang.</speaker>
<l>Not once, nor twice, but twentie times you <lb/>haue:<l>
<l>Go home with it, and please your Wife withall,<l>
<l>And soone at supper time Ile visit you,<l>
<l>And then receiue my money for the chaine.<l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-err-san">
<speaker rend="italic">Anti.</speaker>
<l>I pray you sir receiue the money now.<l>
<l>For feare you ne're see chaine, nor mony more.<l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-err-ang">
<speaker rend="italic">Ang.</speaker>
<l>You are a merry man sir, fare you well.<l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
<sp who="#F-err-san">
<speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
<l>What I should thinke of this, I cannot tell:<l>
<l>But this I thinke, there's no man is so vaine,<l>
<l>That would refuse so faire an offer'd Chaine,<l>
<l>I see a man heere needs not liue by shifts,<l>
<l>When in the streets he meetes such Golden gifts:<l>
<l>Ile to the Mart, and there for <hi rend="italic">Dromio</hi> stay,<l>
<l>If any ship put out, then straight away.<l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
<div><div type="act" n="4"> <div type="scene" n="1"> <head rend="italic center">Actus Quartus. Scoena Prima. </head> <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter a Merchant, Goldsmith, and an Officer.</stage> <sp who="#F-err-mer"> <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker> <l>You know since Pentecost the sum is due,</l> <l>And since I haue not much importun'd you,</l> <l>Nor now I had not, but that I am bound</l> <l>To <hi rend="italic">Persia</hi>, and want Gilders for my voyage:</l> <l>Therefore make present satisfaction,</l> <l>Or Ile attach you by this Officer.</l> </sp> <sp who="#F-err-gol"> <speaker rend="italic">Gold.</speaker> <l>Euen iust the sum that I do owe to you,</l> <l>Is growing to me by <hi rend="italic">Antipholus</hi>,</l> <l>And in the instant that I met with you,</l> <l>He had of me a Chaine, at fiue a clocke</l> <l>I shall receiue the money for the same:</l> <l>Pleaseth you walke with me downe to his house,</l> <l>I will discharge my bond, and thanke you too.</l> </sp> <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Antipholus Ephes.Dromio from the Courtizans.</stage> <sp who="#F-err-off"> <speaker rend="italic">Offi.</speaker> <l>That labour may you saue: See where he comes.</l> </sp> <sp who="#F-err-san"> <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker> <l>While I go to the Goldsmiths house, go thou</l> <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">And</fw> <pb facs="FFimg:axc0113-0.jpg" n="93"/> <fw type="rh">The Comedie of Errors.</fw> <cb n="1"/> <l>And buy a ropes end, that will I bestow</l> <l>Among my wife, and their confedera tes,</l> <l>For locking me out of my doores by day:</l> <l>But soft I see the Goldsmith; get thee gone,</l> <l>Buy thou a rope, and bring it home to me.</l> </sp> <sp who="#F-err-sdr"> <speaker rend="italic">Dro.</speaker> <l>I buy a thousand pound a yeare, I buy a rope.</l> </sp> </div></div></div>
Exit Dromio

Eph.Ant. (to #F-err-ean)

A man is well holpe vp that trusts to you,
I promised your presence, and the Chaine,
But neither Chaine nor Goldsmith came to me:
Belike you thought our loue would last too long
If it were chain'd together: and therefore came not.

Gold. (to #F-err-gol)

Sauing your merrie humor: here's the note
How much your Chaine weighs to the utmost charact,
The finenesse of the Gold, and chargefull fashion,
Which doth amount to three odde Duckets more
Then I stand debted to this Gentleman,
I pray you see him presently discharg'd,
For he is bound to Sea, and stayes but for it.

Anti. (to #F-err-san)

I am not furnish'd with the present monie:
Besides I haue some businesse in the towne,
Good Signior take the stranger to my house,
And with you take the Chaine, and bid my wife
Disburse the summe, on the receit thereof,
Perchance I will be there as soone as you.

Gold. (to #F-err-gol)

Then you will bring the Chaine to her your selfe.

Anti. (to #F-err-san)

No beare it with you, least I come not time e-nough.

Gold. (to #F-err-gol)

Well sir, I will? Haue you the Chaine about you?

Anti. (to #F-err-san)

And if I haue not sir, I hope you haue:
Or else you may returne without your money.

Gold. (to #F-err-gol)

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

Good Lord, you use this dalliance to excuse your breach of promise to the Porpentine.

I should haue chid you for not bringing it.

But like a shrew you first begin to brawle.

The houre steales on, I pray you sir dispatch.

You heare how he importunes me, the Chaine.

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

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

Either send the Chaine, or send me by some token.

My businesse cannot brooke this dalliance,

If not, Ile leaue him to the Officer.

I answer you? What should I answer you.

The monie that you owe me for the Chaine.

I owe you none, till I receiue the Chaine.
Gold. You know I gave it you half an hour since.

Ant. You gave me none, you wrong me much to say 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.

Offic. I do, and charge you in the Duke's name to obey me.

Gold. This touches me in reputation. Either consent to pay this sum for me, or I attach you by this Officer.

Ant. Consent to pay thee that I never had: Arrest me foolish fellow if thou dar'st.

Offic. Heere is thy fee, arrest him Officer.

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

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

Ant. I do obey thee, till I give thee bail.

But sirrah, you shall pay this sport as dear.

As all the mettal in your shop will answer.
Sir, sir, I shall haue Law in Ephesus, To your notorious shame, I doubt it not. Enter Dromio Sira. That staies but till her Owner comes aboord, And then sir she beares away. Our fraughtage sir, I haue conuei'd aboord, and I haue boug The Oyle, the Balsamum, and Aqua vitæ. The ship is in her trim, the merrie winde Blowes faire from land: they stay for nought at all, But for their Owner, Master, and your selfe. How now? a Madman? Why thou peeuish sheep What ship of Epidamium staies for me. A ship you sent me too, to hie waftage. Thou drunken slaue, I sent thee for a rope, And told thee to what purpose, and what end. You sent me for a ropes end as soone, You sent me to the Bay sir, for a Barke. I will debate this matter at more leisure And teach your eares to list me with more heede: To Adriana Villaine hie thee straight: Giue her this key, and tell her in the Deske That's couer'd o're with Turkish
There is a purse of Duckets, let her send it:
Tell her, I am arrested in the streete,
And that shall baile me: hie thee slave, be gone,
On Officer to prison, till it come

Exeunt.

Enter Adriana and Luciana.

Ah Luciana, did he tempt thee so?
Might'st thou perceive austereely in his eie,
That he did plead in earnest, yea or no:
Look'd he or red or pale, or sad or merrily?
What observation mad'st thou in this case?
Oh, his hearts Meteors tilting in his face.

First he deni'de you had in him no right.
And true he swore, though yet forsworne he were.
Then swore he that he was a stranger heere.
And true he swore, though yet forsworne hee were.
Then pleaded I for you.

And what said he?

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

With what perswasion did he tempt thy love?

With words, that in an honest suit might move.

First, he did praise my beautie, then my speech.

Did'st speake him faire?

Haue patience I beseech.

I cannot, nor I will not hold me still,

My tongue, though not my heart, shall haue his will.

He is deformed, crooked, old, and sere,

Ill-fac'd, worse bodied, shapelesse euery where:

Vicious, vngentle, foolish, blunt, vnkinde,

Who would be jealous then of such a one?

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

Stigmaticall in making worse in minde.
Ah but I thinke him better then I say:
And yet would herein others eies were worse:
Farre from her nest the Lapwing cries away:
My heart praies for him, though my tongue doe curse.

Enter S.Dromio.

Here goe: the deske, the purse, sweet now make haste.

How hast thou lost thy breath?

Where is thy Master Dromio? Is he well?

By running fast.

No, he's in Tartar limbo, worse then hell:
A duell in an euerlasting garment hath him:
On whose hard heart is button'd vp with steele:
A Feind, a Fairie, pittilesse and ruffe:
A Wolfe, nay worse, a fellow all in buffe:
A back friend, a shoulder-clapper, one that countermãds:
The passages of allies, creeks, and narrow lands:
A hound that runs Counter, and yet draws drifoot well,
One that before the
Carries poore soules to hel.

Why man, what is the matter?

I doe not know the matter, hee is rested on the case.
<sp who="#F-err-adr">
    <speaker rend="italic">Adr.</speaker>
    <l>What is he arrested? tell me at whose suite?\</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-err-sdr">
    <speaker rend="italic">S. Dro.</speaker>
    <p>I know not at whose suite he is arrested well; \<lb/>but is in a suite of buffè which rested him, that can I tell, \<lb/>will you send him Mistris redemption, the monie in \<lb/>his deske.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-err-adr">
    <speaker rend="italic">Adr.</speaker>
    <l>Go fetch it Sister: this I wonder at.\</l>
</sp>

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit Luciana.</stage>

<l>Thus he vnknowne to me should be in debt:\</l>
<l>Tell me, was he arrested on a band?\</l>

<sp who="#F-err-sdr">
    <speaker rend="italic">S. Dro.</speaker>
    <l>Not on a band, but on a stronger thing:\</l>
    <l>A chaine, a chaine, doe you not here it ring.\</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-err-adr">
    <speaker rend="italic">Adria.</speaker>
    <l>What, the chaine?\</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-err-sdr">
    <speaker rend="italic">S. Dro.</speaker>
    <l>No, no, the bell, 'tis time that I were gone:\</l>
    <l>It was two ere I left him, and now the clocke strikes one.\</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-err-adr">
    <speaker rend="italic">Adr.</speaker>
    <l>The houres come backe, that did I neuer here.\</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-err-sdr">
    <speaker rend="italic">S. Dro.</speaker>
    <l>Oh yes, if any houre meete a Serieant, a turnes \<lb/>backe for verie feare.\</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-err-adr">
    <speaker rend="italic">Adri.</speaker>
    <l>As if time were in debt: how fondly do'st thou \<lb/>reason?\</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-err-sdr">
    <speaker rend="italic">S. Dro.</speaker>
    <p>\</p>
</sp>
Time is a verie bankerout, and owes more then he's worth to season.

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

That time comes stealing on by night and day?

If I be in debt and theft, and a Sericent in the way,

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

Enter Luciana.

Go Dromio, there's the monie, beare it straight,

And bring thy Master home imediately.

Come sister, I am prest downe with conceit:

Conceit, my comfort and my iniurie.

Enter Antipholus Siracusia.

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

As if I were their well acquainted friend,

And euerie one doth call me by my name;

Some tender monie to me, some inuite me;

Some other giue me thankes for kindnesses;

Some offer me Commodities to buy.

Euen now a tailor cal'd me in his shop,

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

And therewithall tooke measure of my body.

Sure these are but imaginarie wiles,

And lapland Sorcerers inhabite here.

Enter Dromio.

Master, here's the gold you sent me for: what haue you got the picture of old Adam new apparel'd?

What gold is this? What Adam do'st thou meane?

Not that Adam that kept the Paradise:
but that Adam that keepes the prison; hee that goes in the calues-skin, that was kil'd for the Prodigall: hee that came behinde you sir, like an euill angel, and bid you for-sake your libertie.

I vnderstand thee not.

I sir, the Serieant of the Band: he that brings any man to answer it that breakes his Band: one that thinkes a man alwaies going to bed, and saies, God giue you good rest.

Well sir, there rest in your foolerie: Is there any ships puts forth to night? may we be gone?

Barke Expedition put forth to night, and then were you hindred by the Serieant to tarry for the Hoy: Here are the angels that you sent for to deliuer you.
The fellow is distract, and so am I.
And here we wander in illusions:
Some blessed power deliver us from hence.

Enter a Curtizan.

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

Master, is this Mistris Sathan?
It is the devil.
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 dam 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:
therefore come not near her.

Your man and you are marvelous merrie sir.
Will you goe with me, we'll mend our dinner here?
Master, if do expect spoon-meate, or bespeak a long spoone.
Marrie he must have a long spoone that must
eate with the diuell.

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

Some diuels ask but the parings of ones naile,
the diuell will shake her Chaine, and fright vs with it.

I pray you sir my Ring, or else the Chaine,
I hope you do not meane to chreate me so?

Auant thou witch: Come Dromio let vs go.

Flie pride saies the Peacocke, Mistris that you know.

Flixe pride saies the Pea-cocke, Mistris that you know.

Exit.
Now out of doubt Antipholus is mad,
Else would he never so demean himselfe,
A Ring he hath of mine worth forty Duckets,
And for the same he promis'd me a Chaine,
Both one and other he denies me now:
The reason that I gather he is mad,
Besides this present instance of his rage,
Of his owne doors being shut against his entrance,
Belike his wife acquainted with his fits,
On purpose shut the doors against his way:
My way is now to hie home to his house,
And tell his wife, that being Lunaticke,
He rush'd into my house, and tooke perforce
My Ring away. This course I fittest choose,
For forty Duckets is too much to loose.

Enter Antipholus Ephes. with a Iailor.
Feare me not man, I will not breake away,
Ile giue thee ere I leaue thee so much money
To warrant thee as I am rested for.
My wife is in a wayward moode to day,
And will not lightly trust the Messenger,
That I should be attach'd in Ephesus,
I tell you 'twill sound harshly in her eares.

Enter Dromio Eph. with a ropes end.
Heere comes my Man, I thinke he brings the monie.
How now sir? Haue you that I sent you for?
Here's that I warrant you will pay them all.

But where's the Money?
<p>Why sir, I gave the Monie for the Rope.</p><p>Fiue hundred Duckets villaine for a rope?</p><p>Ile serue you sir fiue hundred at the rate.</p><p>To what end did I bid thee hie thee home?</p><p>To a ropes end sir, and to that end am I re-turn'd.</p><p>And to that end sir, I will welcome you.</p><p>Good now hold thy tongue.</p><p>Nay, rather perswade him to hold his hands.</p><p>Nay 'tis for me to be patient, I am in aduer-sitie.</p><p>Nay 'tis for me to be patient, I am in aduer-sitie.</p><p>Thou whoreson senselesse Villaine.</p><p>I wish I were senselesse sir, that I might not feele your blowes.</p>
who = "#F-err-san"

Anti.</speaker>
<p>Thou art sensible in nothing but blowes, and so is an Asse.</p></sp>

E. Dro.</speaker>

I am an Asse indeede, you may prooue it by my long eares. I haue serued him from the houre of my Natiuitie to this instant, and haue nothing at his hands for my seruice but blowes. When I am cold, he heates me with beating: when I am warme, he cooles me with beating: I am wak'd with it when I sleepe, rais'd with it when I sit, driuen out of doores with it when I goe from home, welcom'd home with it when I returne, nay. I beare it on my shoulders, as a begger woont her brat: and I thinke when he hath lam'd me, I shall begge with it from doore to doore.

Enter Adriana, Luciana, Courtizan, and a Schoole-master, call'd Pinch.

Come goe along, my wife is comming yon-der.

Mistris <hi rend="italic">respice</hi>, respect your end, or ra-ther the prophesie like the Parrat, beware the ropes end.

Wilt thou still talke?

Beats Dro.</stage>

Curt.

How say you now? Is not your husband mad?

His inciuility confirmes no lesse:

Good Doctor <hi rend="italic">Pinch</hi>, you are a Coniurer.
Establish him in his true sense againe,
And I will please you what you will demand.

Alas how fiery, and how sharpe he lookes.

Marke, how he trembles in his extasie.

Giue me your hand, and let mee feele your pulse.

There is my hand, and let it feele your eare.

I charge thee Sathan, hous'd within this man,
To yeeld possession to my holie praiers,
And to thy state of darknesse hie thee straight,
I coniure thee by all the Saints in heauen.

Peace doting wizard, peace; I am not mad.

Oh that thou wer't not, poore distressed soule.

You Minion you, are these your Customers?
Did this Companion with the saffron face
Reuell and feast it at my house to day,
Whil'st vpon me the guiltie doores were shut,
And I denied to enter in my house.

O husband, God doth know you din'd at home
Where would you had remain'd vntill this time,
Free from these slanders, and this open shame.
Din'd at home? Thou Villaine, what sayest thou?

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

Were not my doores lockt vp, and I shut out?

Perdie, your doores were lockt, and you shut out.

And did not she her selfe reuile me there?

Sans Fable, she her selfe reuil'd you there.

Did not her Kitchen maide raile, taunt, and scorne me?

Certis she did, the kitchin vestall scorn'd you.

And did not I in rage depart from thence?

In veritie you did, my bones beares witnesse, That since haue felt the vigor of his rage.

Is't good to sooth him in these contraries?

Is't good to sooth him in these contraries?
It is no shame, the fellow finds his vaine,
And yeelding to him, humors well his frensie.

Thou hast subborn'd the Goldsmith to arrest mee.
Alas, I sent you Monie to redeem you,
By Dromio heere, who came in hast for it.
Wentst not thou to her for a purse of Duckets.
He came to me, and I deliuer'd it.
And I am witness with her that she did:
God and the Rope-maker beare me witness,
That I was sent for nothing but a rope.
Mistris, both Man and Master is possesst,
I know it by their pale and deadly lookes,
They must be bound and laide in some darke roome.
Say wherefore didst thou locke me forth to day,
And why dost thou deny the bagge of gold?

I did not gentle husband locke thee forth.

And gentle Mr I receiu'd no gold: But I confesse sir, that we were lock'd out.

Dissembling Villain, thou speak'st false in both

Dissembling harlot, thou art false in all, And art confederate with a damned packe, To make a loathsome abiect scorne of me: But with these nailes, Ile plucke out these false eyes, That would behold in me this shamefull sport.

Enter three or foure, and offer to binde him: Hee striues.

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

More company, the fiend is strong within him

Aye me poore man, how pale and wan he looks.

What will you murther me, thou Tailor thou? I am thy prisoner, wilt thou suffer them to make a re-scue?

Masters let him go: he is my prisoner, and you shall not haue him.
<sp who="#F-err-pin">
  <speaker rend="italic">Pinch.</speaker>
  <l>Go binde this man, for he is frantick too.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-err-adr">
  <speaker rend="italic">Adr.</speaker>
  <l>What wilt thou do, thou peeuish Officer?</l>
  <l>Hast thou delight to see a wretched man</l>
  <l>Do outrage and displeasure to himselfe?</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-err-off">
  <speaker rend="italic">Offi.</speaker>
  <l>He is my prisoner, if I let him go</l>
  <l>The debt he owes will be requir'd of me.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-err-adr">
  <speaker rend="italic">Adr.</speaker>
  <l>I will discharge thee ere I go from thee.</l>
  <l>Beare me forthwith vnto his Creditor.</l>
  <l>And knowing how the debt growes I will pay it.</l>
  <l>Good Master Doctor see him safe conuey'd</l>
  <l>Home to my house, oh most vnhappy day.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-err-san">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
  <l>Oh most vnhappie strumpet.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-err-sdr">
  <speaker rend="italic">Dro.</speaker>
  <l>Master, I am heere entred in bond for you.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-err-san">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
  <l>Out on thee Villaine, wherefore dost thou mad</l>
  <lb>me?</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-err-sdr">
  <speaker rend="italic">Dro.</speaker>
  <l>Will you be bound for nothing, be mad good</l>
  <l>Master, cry the diuell.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-err-luc">
  <speaker rend="italic">Luc.</speaker>
  <l>God helpe poore soules, how idlely doe they</l>
  <lb>talk</lb>.</sp>

<sp who="#F-err-adr">
  <speaker rend="italic">Adr.</speaker>
  <l>Go beare him hence, sister go you with me.</l>
  <l>Say now, whose suite is he arrested at?</l>
</sp>

Luc. Courtizan

Off.

One Angelo a Goldsmith, do you know him?

Off.

One Angelo a Goldsmith, do you know him?

Off.

Two hundred Duckets.

Off.

Due for a Chaine your husband had of him.

Off.

Due for a Chaine your husband had of him.

Luc.

God for thy mercy, they are loose again.

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God for thy mercy, they are loose again.

Luc.

God for thy mercy, they are loose again.

Luc.
And come with naked swords,
Let's call more helpe to haue them bound againe.

Runne all out.

Away, they'l kill vs.

Awa, they'l kill vs.

Off.

I see these Witches are affraid of swords.
She that would be your wife, now ran from you.

Come to the Centaur, fetch our stuffe from thence:
I long that we were safe and sound aboord.

Faith stay heere this night, they will surely do vs no harme: you saw they speake vs faire, giue vs gold: me thinkes they are such a gentle Nation, that but for the Mountaine of mad flesh that claimes mariage of me, I could finde in my heart to stay heere still, and turne Witch.

I will not stay to night for all the Towne, Therefore away, to get our stuffe aboord.

Enter the Merchant and the Goldsmith.

Prima.
I am sorry Sir that I haue hindred you,
But I protest he had the Chaine of me,
Though most dishonestly he doth denie it.

How is the man esteem'd heere in the Citie?
Of very reverent reputation sir,
Of credit infinite, highly belou'd,
Second to none that liues heere in the Citie:
His word might beare my wealth at any time.

Speake softly, yonder as I thinke he walkes.
'Tis so: and that selfe chaine about his necke,
Which he forswore most monstrously to haue.
Good sir draw neere to me, Ile speake to him:
Signior Antipholus, I wonder much
That you would put me to this shame and trouble,
And not without some scandall to your selfe,
With circumstance and oaths, so to denie
This Chaine, which now you weare so openly.
You haue done wrong to this my honest friend,
Who but for staying on our Controuersie,
Had hoisted saile, and put to sea to day:
This Chaine you had of me, can you deny it?

I thynke I had, I neuer did deny it.
I think I had, I never did deny it.
Yes that you did sir, and forswore it too.
<speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
Who heard me to deny it or forswear it?
</sp>

<sp who="#F-err-mer">
<speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
These eares of mine thou knowst did hear thee:
Fie on thee wretch, 'tis pitty that thou liu'st:
To walke where any honest men resort.
</sp>

<sp who="#F-err-san">
<speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
Thou art a Villaine to impeach me thus,
Ile proue mine honor, and mine honestie
Against thee presently, if thou dar'st stand:
</sp>

<sp who="#F-err-mer">
<speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
I dare and do defie thee for a villaine.
</sp>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">They draw. Enter Adriana, Luciana, Courtezan, & others.</stage>

<sp who="#F-err-adr">
<speaker rend="italic">Adr.</speaker>
Hold, hurt him not for God sake, he is mad,
Some get within him, take his sword away:
Binde <hi rend="italic">Dromio</hi> too, and beare them to my house.
</sp>

<sp who="#F-err-sdr">
<speaker rend="italic">S. Dro.</speaker>
Runne master run, for Gods sake take a house,
This is some Priorie, in, or we are spoyl'd.
</sp>

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt. to the Priorie.</stage>

<fw type="italic" place="footRight">Enter</fw>

<pb faces="FFimg:axc0117-0.jpg" n="97"/>
<fw type="rh">The Comedie of Errors.</fw>
<cb n="1"/>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Ladie Abbesse.</stage>

<sp who="#F-err-abb">
<speaker rend="italic">Ab.</speaker>
Be quiet people, wherefore throng you hither?
</sp>
To fetch my poore distracted husband hence,
Let vs come in, that we may binde him fast,
And beare him home for his recouerie.

I knew he was not in his perfect wits.

I am sorry now that I di draw on him.

This weeke he hath beene heauie, sower sad,
And much different from the man he was;
But till this afternoone his passion
Ne're brake into extremity of rage.

You should for that haue reprehended him.

To none of these, except it be the last,
Namely, some loue that drew him oft from home.
I but not rough enough.</span>

As roughly as my modestie would let me.</span>

Haply in priuate.</span>

And in assemblies too.</span>

I, but not enough.</span>

It was the copie of our Conference.

In bed he slept not for my vrging it,

At boord he fed not for my vrging it:

Alone, it was the subject of my Theame:

In company I often glanced it:

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

And thereof came it, that the man was mad.

The venome clamors of a iealous woman.

Poisons more deadly then a mad dogges tooth.

It seemes his sleepes were hindred by thy railing,

And thereof comes it that his head is light.

Thou sayest his sports were hindred by thy bralles.

Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue

But moodie and dull melancholly,

Kinsman to grim and comfortlesse dispai

And at her heeles a huge infectious troope

Of pale distemperatures, and foes to life?

In food, in sport, and life-preseruing rest

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

The consequence is then, thy jealous fits

Hath scar'd thy husband from the vse of wits.
She neuer reprehended him but mildely,

When he demean'd himselfe, rough, rude, and wildly,

Why beare you these rebukes, and answer not?

She did betray me to my owne reproofe,

Good people enter, and lay hold on him.

No, not a creature enters in my house.

Then let your seruants bring my husband forth

Neither: he tooke this place for sanctuary,

And it shall priuiledge him from your hands,

Till I haue brought him to his wits againe,

Or loose my labour in assaying it.

I will attend my husband, be his nurse,

Diet his sicknesse, for it is my Office,

And will haue no atturney but my selfe,

And therefore let me haue him home with me.

Be patient, for I will not let him stirre,

Till I haue vs'd the approoued meanes I haue,

With wholesome sIRRups, drugges, and holy prayers,

To make of him a formall man againe:

It is a branch and parcell of mine oath,

A charitable dutie of my order,

Therefore depart, and leaue him heere with me.

I will not hence, and leaue my husband heere:

And ill it doth beseeme your holinesse

To separate the husband and the wife.
Ab. Be quiet and depart, thou shalt not have him.

Luc. Complain unto the Duke of this indignity.

Adr. Come go, I will fall prostrate at his feete, and never rise until my tears and prayers have won his grace to come in person hither, and take perforce my husband from the Abbesse.

Mar. By this I think the Diall points at five: anon I'm sure the Duke himselfe in person comes this way to the melancholly vale; behind the ditches of the Abbey here.

Gold. Vpon what cause?

Mar. To see a reverent Siracusian Merchant, who unluckily into this Bay, against the Lawes and Statutes of this Towne, beheaded publicly for his offence.

Gold. See where they come, we will behold his death.

Luc. Kneele to the Duke before he passe the Abbey.

Enter the Duke of Ephesus, and the Merchant of Siracuse bare head, with the Headsman, other Officers. Duke. Yet once again proclaim it publicly,
If any friend will pay the summe for him,
He shall not die, so much we tender him.

Iustice most sacred Duke against the Abbesse.

May it please your Grace, Antipholus my husband,
Who I made Lord of me, and all I had,
At your important Letters this ill day,
A most outrageous fit of madnesse tooke him:
That desp'radely he hurried through the streete,
With him his bondman, all as mad as he,
Doing displeasure to the Citizens,
By rushing in their houses: bearing thence
Rings, jewels, any thing his rage did like.
Once did I get him bound, and sent him home,
Whil'st to take order for the wrongs I went,
That heere and there his furie had committed,
Anon I wot not, by what strong escape
He broke from those that had the guard of him,
And with his mad attendant and himselfe,
Each one with irefull passion, with drawne swords
Met vs againe, and madly bent on vs
Chac'd vs away: till raising of more aide
We came againe to binde them: then they fled
Into this Abbey, whether we pursu'd them,
And heere the Abbesse shuts the gates on vs,
And will not suffer vs to fetch him out,
Nor send him forth, that we may beare him hence.

Therefore most gracious Duke with thy command,
Let him be brought forth, and borne hence for helpe.
And I to thee ingag'd a Princes word.
When thou didst make him Master of thy bed,
To do him all the grace and good I could.
Go some of you, knocke at the Abbey gate,
And bid the Lady Abbesse come to me:
I will determine this before I stirre.

Enter a Messenger.

Oh Mistris, Mistris, shift and saue your selfe,
My Master and his man are both broke loose,
Beaten the Maids a-row, and bound the Doctor,
Whose beard they haue sindg'd off with brands of fire,
And euer as it blaz'd, they threw on him great pailes of puddled myre to quench the haire;
My Mr preaches patience to him, and the while
His man with Cizers nickes him like a foole:
And sure (vnlesse you send some present helpe)
Betweene them they will kill the Coniurer.

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

Mess. Mistris, vpon my life I tel you true,
I haue not breath'd almost since I did see it.
He cries for you, and vowes if he can take you,
To scorch your face, and to disfigure you:

Cry within.

Harke, harke, I heare him Mistris: flie, be gone.


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

Enter Antipholus, and E. Dromio of Ephesus.

Enter Antipholus, and E. Dromio of Ephesus.
E. Ant. Iustice most gracious Duke, oh grant me iu&x00AD;

Euen for the servise that long since I did thee,
When I bestrid thee in the warres, and tooke
Deepe scarres to saue thy life; euen for the blood
That then I lost for thee, now grant me iustice.

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

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

Duke. Discouer how, and thou shalt f
me iust.

E. Ant. This day (great Duke) she s
doores 
While she with Harlots feasted in my house.

Duke. A greeuous fault: say woman, didst thou so?

Adr. No my good Lord. My selfe, he, and my sister,
To day did dine together: so befall my soule,
As this is false he burthens me withall.
Luc. Nere may I looke on day, nor sleepe on night,
But she tells to your Highnesse simple truth.

Gold. O perjur'd woman! They are both forsworne,
In this the Madman justly chargeth them.

E. Ant. My Liege, I am advis'd what I say,
Neither disturb'd with the effect of Wine,
Nor headie rash prouoak'd with raging ire,
Albeit my wrongs might make one wiser mad.

This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner;
That Goldsmith there, were he not pack'd with her,
Could witnesse it: for he was with me then,
Who parted with me to go fetch a Chaine,
Promising to bring it to the Porpentine,
Where Balthasar and I did dine together.
Our dinner done, and he not comming thither,
I went to seeke him. In the street I met him,
And in his companie that Gentleman.
There did this perjur'd Goldsmith sweare me downe,
That I this day of him receiu'd the Chaine,
Which God he knowes, I saw not. For the which,
He did arrest me with an Officer.
I did obey, and sent my Pesant home
For certaine Duckets: he with none return'd.
Then fairly I bespake the Officer
To go in person with me to my house.
By'th' way, we met my wife, her sister, and a rabble more
Of vile Confederates: Along with them,
They brought one Pinch, a hungry leane fac'd Villaine;
A meere Anatomie, a Mountebanke,
A thred bare Iugler, and a needy hollow ey'd sharpe looking wretch;
A liuing dead man. This pernicious slae,
Forsooth tooke on him as a Coniurer:
And gazing in mine eyes, feeling my pulse,
And with no face (as 'twere) out of facing me,

Cries out, I was possest. Then altogether

They fell vpon me, bound me, bore me thence,

And in a darke and dankish vault at home

There left me and my man, both bound together,

Till gnawing with my teeth my bonds in sunder,

I gain'd my freedome; and immediately

Ran hether to your Grace, whom I beseech

To giue me ample satisfaction

For these deepe shames, and great indignities.

My Lord, in truth, thus far I witnes with him:

That he din'd not at home, but was lock'd out.

He had my Lord, and when he ran in heere,

These people saw the Chaine about his necke.

Besides, I will be sworne these eares of mine,

Heard you confesse you had the Chaine of him,

After you first forswore it on the Mart,

And thereupon I drew my sword on you:

And then you fled into this Abbey heere,

From whence I thinke you are come by Miracle.

I neuer came within these Abbey wals,

Nor euer didst thou draw thy sword on me:

I neuer saw the Chaine, so helpe me heauen:

And this is false you burthen me withall.

Why what an intricate impeach is this?

I think ye all haue drunke of Circes cup:

If heere you hous'd him, heere he would haue bin.

If he were mad, he would not pleade so coldly:

You say he din'd at home, the Goldsmith heere
Denies that saying. Sirra, what say you?

Sir he din'de with her there, at the Porpen-tine.

Sir he din'de with her there, at the Porpen-tine.

He did, and from my finger snacht that Ring.

Tis true (my Liege) this Ring I had of her.

Saw'st thou him enter at the Abbey heere?

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

Why this is straunge: Go call the Abbesse hi-ther.

I thinke you are all mated, or starke mad.

Most mighty Duke, vouchsafe me speak a word:

Haply I see a friend will saue my life,

And pay the sum that may deliuer me.

Most mighty Duke, vouchsafe me speak a word:

Haply I see a friend will saue my life,

And pay the sum that may deliuer me.

Why this is straunge: Go call the Abbesse hi-ther;

I thinke you are all mated, or starke mad.

Speake freely <hi rend="italic">Siracusian</hi> what thou wilt.

Speake freely <hi rend="italic">Siracusian</hi> what thou wilt.

Exit one to the Abbesse.
Is not your name sir call'd Antipholus?

And is not that your bondman Dromio?

Within this houre I was his bondman sir,

But he I thanke him gnaw'd in two my cords,

Now am I Dromio, and his man, unbound.

I am sure you both of you remember me.

Our selues we do remember sir by you:

You are not Pinches patient, are you sir?

Why looke you strange on me? you know me well.

Oh! griefe hath chang'd me since you saw me last,

And carefull houres with times deformed hand,

But tell me yet, dost thou not know my voice?

Neither.

Dromio, nor thou?

Dromio, and his man, and his man,
<p>No trust me sir, nor I.</p>

<sp who="#F-err-aeg">
  <speaker rend="italic">Fa.</speaker>
  <p>I am sure thou dost?</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-err-edr">
  <speaker rend="italic">E. Dromio.</speaker>
  <p>I sir, but I am sure I do not, and whatsoever a man denies, you are now bound to believe him.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-err-aeg">
  <speaker rend="italic">Fath.</speaker>
  <p>Not know my voice, oh times extremity</p>
  <lb>Hast thou so crack'd and splitted my poore tongue</lb>
  <lb>In seuen short yeares, that heere my onely sonne</lb>
  <lb>Knowes not my feeble key of vntun'd cares?</lb>
  <lb>Though now this grained face of mine be hid</lb>
  <lb>In sap consuming Winters drizled snow,</lb>
  <lb>And all the Conduits of my blood froze vp:</lb>
  <lb>Yet hath my night of life some memorie:</lb>
  <lb>My wasting lampes some fading glimmer left;</lb>
  <lb>My dull deafe eares a little vse to heare:</lb>
  <lb>All these old witnesses, I cannot erre.</lb>
  <lb>Tell me, thou art my sonne <hi rend="italic">Antipholus.</hi></lb>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-err-san">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
  <p>I neuer saw my Father in my life.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-err-aeg">
  <speaker rend="italic">Fa.</speaker>
  <lb>But seuen yeares since, in <hi rend="italic">Siracusa</hi> boy</lb>
  <lb>Thou know'st we parted, but perhaps my sonne,</lb>
  <lb>Thou sham'st to acknowledge me in misery.</lb>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-err-san">
  <speaker rend="italic">Ant.</speaker>
  <lb>The Duke, and all that know me in the City,</lb>
  <lb>Can witnesse with me that it is not so.</lb>
  <lb>I ne're saw <hi rend="italic">Siracusa</hi> in my life.</lb>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-err-duk">
  <speaker rend="italic">Duke.</speaker>
</sp>
I tell thee Siracusian, twentie yeares.

Haue I bin Patron to Antipholus, During which time, he ne're saw Siracusa:

I see thy age and dangers make thee dote.

Enter the Abbesse with Antipholus Siracusa, and Dromio Sir.

Most mightie Duke, behold a man much wrong'd.

All gather to see them.

I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceiue me.

One of these men is genius to the other:

And so of these, which is the naturall man, And which the spirit? Who deciphers them?

I Sir am Dromio, command him away.

I Sir am Dromio, pray let me stay.

Egeon art thou not? or else his ghost.

Oh my olde Master, who hath bound him heere?

Oh my olde Master, who hath bound him heere?

Abb.
Who euer bound him, I will lose his bonds,
And gaine a husband by his libertie:
Speake olde Egeon, if thou bee'st the man,
That hadst a wife once call'd &;

Egeon, if thou bee'st the man

Æmilia, if thou bee'st the man

Egeon,

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Æmilia,
Antipholus thou cam'st from Corinth first.

No sir, not I, I came from Siracuse.

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

I came from Corinth my most gracious Lord

And I with him.

Brought to this Town by that most famous Warriour, Duke Menaphon your most renowned Vnckle.

Which of you two did dine with me to day?

I, gentle Mistris.

And are not you my husband?

No, I say nay to that.

And this faire Gentlewoman her sister heere Did call me brother. What I told you then,

I hope I shall haue leisure to make good,
If this be not a dreame I see and heare.

Goldsmith.

That is the Chaine sir, which you had of mee.

S. Ant.

I thinke it be sir, I denie it not.

S. Ant.

I thinke I did sir, I deny it not.

Adr.

I sent you monie sir to be your baile

E. Dro.

No, none by me.

S. Ant.

This purse of Ducks I receiu'd from you,

Dromio

I see we still did meete each others man,

And I was tane for him, and he for me,

And thereupon these errors are arose.

E. Ant.

These Ducks pawne I for my father heere.

Duke.

It shall not neede, thy father hath his life.

Cur.

Sir I must haue that Diamond from you.
There take it, and much thanks for my good cheer.

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.

Thirtie three years have I but gone in travaile of you my sons, and till this present hour. My heavy burden are delivered: The Duke my husband, and my children both, and you the Kalenders of their Nativity. Go to a Gossips feast, and go with me, after so long grief such Nativity.

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

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

Come go with vs, wee'l looke to that anon,  
Embrace thy brother there, reioyce with him.  

Exit.

S. Dro.  
There is a fat friend at your masters house,  
That kitchin'd me for you to day at dinner:  
She now shall be my sister, not my wife.  

S. Dro.  
There is a fat friend at your masters house,  
That kitchin'd me for you to day at dinner:  
She now shall be my sister, not my wife.  

E. Dro.  
That's a question, how shall we trie it.  

S. Dro.  
Wee'l draw Cuts for the Signior, till then, lead thou first.  

E. Dro.  
Nay then thus:  
We came into the world like brother and brother:  
And now let's go hand in hand, not one before another.  

Exeunt.