

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS
By William Shakespeare

ACT I

SCENE I. A hall in DUKE SOLINUS' palace.

Enter DUKE SOLINUS, AEGEON, Gaoler, Officers, and other Attendants

AEGEON

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

DUKE SOLINUS

Merchant of Syracuse, plead no more;
It hath in solemn synods been decreed
To admit no traffic to our adverse towns: if any Syracusian born.
Therefore by law thou art condemned to die.

AEGEON

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

DUKE SOLINUS

Well, Syracusian, say in brief for what cause thou camest to Ephesus.

AEGEON

In Syracuse was I born, and wed
With her I lived in joy; our wealth increased
By prosperous voyages I often made
To Epidamnu. My spouse:
From whom my absence was not six months old
Had made provision for her following me
And soon and safe arrived where I was.
There had she not been long, but she became
A joyful mother of two goodly sons;
And, which was strange, the one so like the other,
As could not be distinguish'd but by names.
That very hour, and in the self-same inn,
A meaner woman was delivered
Of such a burden, male twins, both alike:

Those,--for their parents were exceeding poor,--
I bought and brought up to attend my sons.
My wife, not meanly proud of two such boys,
Made daily motions for our home return:
Unwilling I agreed. Alas! too soon,
We came aboard.
A league from Epidamnum had we sail'd,
Before the always wind-obeying deep
Did but convey unto our fearful minds
A doubtful warrant of immediate death;
The sailors sought for safety by our boat,
And left the ship, then sinking-ripe, to us:
My wife, more careful for the latter-born,
Had fasten'd him unto a small spare mast,
Such as seafaring men provide for storms;
To him one of the other twins was bound,
Whilst I had been like heedful of the other:
The children thus disposed, my wife and I,
Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fix'd,
Fasten'd ourselves at either end the mast;
O, let me say no more!
Gather the sequel by that went before.

DUKE SOLINUS

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

AEGEON

For, ere the ships could meet by twice five leagues,
We were encounterd by a mighty rock;
Which being violently borne upon,
Our helpful ship was splitted in the midst;
Her part, poor soul! Was carried with more speed before the wind;
And in our sight they three were taken up
By fishermen of Corinth, as we thought.
At length, another ship had seized on us;
And, knowing whom it was their hap to save,
Gave healthful welcome to their shipwreck'd guests;
And would have reft the fishers of their prey,
Had not their bark been very slow of sail;

And therefore homeward did they bend their course.
Thus have you heard me sever'd from my bliss;
That by misfortunes was my life prolong'd,
To tell sad stories of my own mishaps.

DUKE SOLINUS

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

AEGEON

My youngest boy, and yet my eldest care,
At eighteen years became inquisitive
After his brother: and importuned me
That his attendant--so his case was like,
Reft of his brother, but retain'd his name--
Might bear him company in the quest of him:
Whom whilst I labour'd of a love to see,
I hazarded the loss of whom I loved.
Five summers have I spent in furthest Greece,
Roaming clean through the bounds of Asia,
And, coasting homeward, came to Ephesus;
Hopeless to find, yet loath to leave unsought
Or that or any place that harbours men.
But here must end the story of my life;

DUKE SOLINUS

Hapless AEgeon, whom the fates have mark'd
To bear the extremity of dire mishap!
Now, trust me, were it not against our laws,
My soul would sue as advocate for thee.
Therefore, merchant, I'll limit thee this day
To seek thy life by beneficial help:
Gaoler, take him to thy custody.

Gaoler

I will, my lord.

AEGEON

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

Exeunt

SCENE II. The Mart.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse, DROMIO of Syracuse, and First Merchant

First Merchant

This very day a Syracusian merchant
Is apprehended for arrival here;
And not being able to buy out his life
Dies ere the weary sun set in the west.
There is your money that I had to keep.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

Go bear it to the Centaur, where we host,
And stay there, Dromio, till I come to thee.

Exit

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

What, will you walk with me about the town,
And then go to my inn and dine with me?

First Merchant

I am invited, sir, to certain merchants,
I crave your pardon.
Please you, I'll meet with you upon the mart

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

Farewell till then:

Exit

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

I to the world am like a drop of water

That in the ocean seeks another drop,
So I, to find a mother and a brother,
In quest of them, unhappy, lose myself.

Enter DROMIO of Ephesus

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

DROMIO OF EPHEBUS

Return'd so soon! rather approach'd too late:
My mistress is so hot because the meat is cold;
The meat is cold because you come not home;

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

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

DROMIO OF EPHEBUS

O,--sixpence, that I had o' Wednesday last
To pay the saddler?
The saddler had it, sir; I kept it not.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

I am not in a sportive humour now:
Tell me, and dally not, where is the money?

DROMIO OF EPHEBUS

I pray you, air, as you sit at dinner:
I from my mistress come to you in post;
If I return, I shall be post indeed,
For she will score your fault upon my pate.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

Come, Dromio, come, these jests are out of season;
Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee?

DROMIO OF EPHEBUS

To me, sir? why, you gave no gold to me.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

Come on, sir knave, have done your foolishness,
And tell me how thou hast disposed thy charge.

DROMIO OF PHEBUS

My charge was but to fetch you from the mart
Home to your house, sir, to dinner:

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

In what safe place you have bestow'd my money,
Where is the thousand marks thou hadst of me?

DROMIO OF EPHEBUS

I have some marks of yours upon my pate,
Some of my mistress' marks upon my shoulders,
But not a thousand marks between you both.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

Thy mistress' marks? what mistress, slave, hast thou?

DROMIO OF EPHEBUS

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

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

What, wilt thou flout me thus unto my face,
Being forbid?

DROMIO OF EPHEBUS

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

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

Upon my life,
I'll to the Centaur, to go seek this slave:
I greatly fear my money is not safe.
Exit

ACT II

SCENE I. The house of ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus.

Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA

LUCIANA

Perhaps some merchant hath invited him,
And from the mart he's somewhere gone to dinner.
be patient, sister.

ADRIANA

Look, when I serve him so, he takes it ill.

LUCIANA

O, know he is the bridle of your will.
Why, headstrong liberty is lash'd with woe.
Men,
Lords of the wide world and wild watery seas,
Are masters to their females,
Then let your will attend on their accords.

ADRIANA

This servitude makes you to keep unwed.
How if your husband start some other where?

LUCIANA

Till he come home again, I would forbear.

ADRIANA

Patience unmoved! no marvel though she pause;
They can be meek that have no other cause.
We bid be quiet when we hear it cry;
So thou, that hast no unkind mate to grieve thee,
With urging helpless patience wouldst relieve me,

LUCIANA

Here comes your man; now is your husband nigh.
Enter DROMIO of Ephesus

ADRIANA

Say, is your tardy master now at hand?

DROMIO OF EPHESUS

Nay, he's at two hands with me **ADRIANA**

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

DROMIO OF EPHESUS

Ay, ay, he told his mind upon mine ear:

I scarce could understand it.

LUCIANA

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

DROMIO OF EPHESUS

Nay; and withal so doubtfully that I could scarce understand them.

ADRIANA

But say, I prithee, is he coming home?

DROMIO OF EPHESUS

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

When I desired him to come home to dinner,

He ask'd me for a thousand marks in gold:

'My gold!' quoth he:

'My mistress, sir' quoth I; 'Hang up thy mistress!

I know not thy mistress; out on thy mistress!'

LUCIANA

Quoth who?

DROMIO OF EPHESUS

Quoth my master:

'I know,' quoth he, 'no house, no wife, no mistress.'

ADRIANA

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

DROMIO OF EPHEBUS

Go back again, and be new beaten home?
Between you I shall have a holy head.

ADRIANA

Hence, fetch thy master home.

DROMIO OF EPHEBUS

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

Exit

ADRIANA

Unfeeling fools can with such wrongs dispense.
Sister, you know he promised me a chain;
Would that alone, alone he would detain,
So he would keep fair quarter with his bed!
Since that my beauty cannot please his eye,
I'll weep what's left away, and weeping die.

Exeunt

SCENE II. A public place.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

The gold I gave to Dromio is laid up
Safe at the Centaur; and the heedful slave
Is wander'd forth, in care to seek me out
See, here he comes.

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse

How now sir! is your merry humour alter'd?
As you love strokes, so jest with me again.
You know no Centaur? you received no gold?
Wast thou mad,
That thus so madly thou didst answer me?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

What answer, sir? when spake I such a word?

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

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

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

I did not see you since you sent me hence,
with the gold you gave me.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

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

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

I am glad to see you in this merry vein:
What means this jest?

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

Because that I familiarly sometimes
Do use you for my fool and chat with you,
Your sauciness will jest upon my love.
Shall I tell you why?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

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

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

Why, first,--for flouting me; and then, wherefore--
For urging it the second time to me.
But say, sir, is it dinner-time?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

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

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

In good time, sir; what's that?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

Basting.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

Well, sir, then 'twill be dry.

But, soft! who wafts us yonder?

Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA

ADRIANA

Ay, ay, Antipholus, look strange and frown:

Some other mistress hath thy sweet aspects;

Keep then far league and truce with thy true bed;

I live unstain'd, thou undishonoured.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

Plead you to me, fair dame? I know you not:

LUCIANA

Fie, brother! how the world is changed with you!

She sent for you by Dromio home to dinner.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

By Dromio?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

By me?

ADRIANA

By thee;

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

Did you converse, sir, with this gentlewoman?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

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

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

Villain, thou liest;

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

I never spake with her in all my life.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

How can she thus then call us by our names,
Unless it be by inspiration.
To me she speaks;
Until I know this sure uncertainty,
I'll entertain the offer'd fallacy.

LUCIANA

Dromio, go bid the servants spread for dinner.

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

I am transformed, master, am I not?

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

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

ADRIANA

Come, come, no longer will I be a fool,
Come, sir, to dinner.
Come, sister. Dromio, keep the gate.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell?
Sleeping or waking? mad or well-advised?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

Master, shall I be porter at the gate?

ADRIANA

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

LUCIANA

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

ACT III

SCENE I. Before the house of ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, DROMIO of Ephesus, ANGELO, and BALTHAZAR

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS

Good Signior Angelo, you must excuse us all;
My wife is shrewish when I keep not hours:
But here's a villain that would face me down
He met me on the mart, and that I beat him,
And charged him with a thousand marks in gold,
And that I did deny my wife and house.
Thou drunkard, thou, what didst thou mean by this?

DROMIO OF EPHEBUS

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

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS

You're sad, Signior Balthazar: pray God our cheer
May answer my good will and your good welcome here.

BALTHAZAR

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

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS

O, Signior Balthazar, either at flesh or fish,
A table full of welcome make scarce one dainty dish.

BALTHAZAR

Small cheer and great welcome makes a merry feast.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS

Ay, to a niggardly host, and more sparing guest:
But, soft! my door is lock'd. Go bid them let us in.

DROMIO OF EPHEBUS

Maud, Bridget, Marian, Cicel, Gillian, Ginn!

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

[Within] Mome, malt-horse, capon, coxcomb,
idiot, patch!

Either get thee from the door, or sit down at the hatch.

DROMIO OF EPHEBUS

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

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS

Who talks within there? ho, open the door!

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

[Within] Right, sir; I'll tell you when, an you tell
me wherefore.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS

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

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

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

DROMIO OF EPHEBUS

O villain! thou hast stolen both mine office and my name.

LUCE

[Within] What a coil is there, Dromio? who are those
at the gate?

DROMIO OF EPHEBUS

Let my master in, Luce.

LUCE

[Within] Faith, no; he comes too late;

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

[Within] If thy name be call'd Luce--Luce, thou hast answered him well.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS

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

LUCE

[Within] I thought to have asked you.

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

[Within] And you said no.

DROMIO OF EPHEBUS

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

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS

Thou baggage, let me in.

LUCE

[Within] Can you tell for whose sake?

DROMIO OF EPHEBUS

Master, knock the door hard.

LUCE

[Within] Let him knock till it ache.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS

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

ADRIANA

[Within] Who is that at the door that keeps all this noise?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

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

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS

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

ADRIANA

[Within] Your wife, sir knave! go get you from the door.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS

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

DROMIO OF EPHESUS

You would say so, master, **ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS**

Go fetch me something: I'll break ope the gate.

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

[Within] Break any breaking here, and I'll break your knave's pate.

DROMIO OF EPHESUS

A man may break a word with you, sir, I pray thee, let me in.

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

[Within] Ay, when fowls have no feathers and fish have no fin.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS

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

DROMIO OF EPHESUS

A crow without feather? Master, mean you so?
If a crow help us in, sirrah, we'll pluck a crow together.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS

Go get thee gone; fetch me an iron crow.

BALTHAZAR

Have patience, sir; O, let it not be so!
Herein you war against your reputation
And draw within the compass of suspect

The unviolated honour of your wife.
Be ruled by me: depart in patience,
And about evening come yourself alone
To know the reason of this strange restraint.
If by strong hand you offer to break in
Now in the stirring passage of the day,
A vulgar comment will be made of it,
For slander lives upon succession,
For ever housed where it gets possession.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS

You have prevailed: I will depart in quiet,
To Angelo
Get you home
And fetch the chain;
Bring it, I pray you, to the Porpentine;
For there's the house: that chain will I bestow--
Be it for nothing but to spite my wife--
Upon mine hostess there: good sir, make haste.

ANGELO

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

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS

Do so. This jest shall cost me some expense.
Exeunt

SCENE II. The same.

Enter LUCIANA and ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse

LUCIANA

And may it be that you have quite forgot
A husband's office? shall, Antipholus.
Even in the spring of love, thy love-springs rot?
If you did wed my sister for her wealth,
use her with more kindness:
Or if you like elsewhere, do it by stealth;
Muffle your false love with some show of blindness:
Let not my sister read it in your eye;

Alas, poor women! make us but believe,
Being compact of credit, that you love us;
Then, gentle brother, get you in again;
Comfort my sister, cheer her, call her wife:
'Tis holy sport to be a little vain,
When the sweet breath of flattery conquers strife.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

Sweet mistress--what your name is else, I know not,
Nor by what wonder you do hit of mine,--
Teach me, dear creature, how to think and speak;
But if that I am I, then well I know
Your weeping sister is no wife of mine,
Nor to her bed no homage do I owe
Far more, far more to you do I decline.

LUCIANA

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

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

For gazing on your beams, fair sun, being by.

LUCIANA

Gaze where you should, and that will clear your sight.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

As good to wink, sweet love, as look on night.

LUCIANA

Why call you me love? call my sister so.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

No;
It is thyself, mine own self's better part,
Mine eye's clear eye, my dear heart's dearer heart,

LUCIANA

All this my sister is, or else should be.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

Call thyself sister, sweet, for I am thee.
Thou hast no husband yet nor I no wife.
Give me thy hand.

LUCIANA

O, soft, air! hold you still:
I'll fetch my sister, to get her good will.
Exit

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

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

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

Do you know me, sir? am I Dromio? am I your man?
am I myself?

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

Thou art Dromio, thou art my man, thou art thyself.

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

I am a woman's man

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

What woman's man?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

I am due to a woman; one
that claims me,

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

What claim lays she to thee?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

Marry sir, such claim as you would lay to your
horse;

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

What is she?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

A very reverent body; I have
but lean luck in the match, and yet is she a
wondrous fat marriage.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

How dost thou mean a fat marriage?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

Marry, sir, she's the kitchen wench and all grease;

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

What's her name?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

Nell, sir this
drudge, or diviner, laid claim to me, call'd me
Dromio; swore I was assured to her; told me what
privy marks I had about me, that I amazed ran from her as a witch:

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

Go hie thee presently, post to the road:
I will not harbour in this town to-night:
If every one knows us and we know none,
'Tis time, I think, to trudge, pack and be gone.

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE *Exit*

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

There's none but witches do inhabit here;
Enter ANGELO with the chain

ANGELO

Master Antipholus,--

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

Ay, that's my name.

ANGELO

I know it well, sir, lo, here is the chain.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

What is your will that I shall do with this?

ANGELO

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

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

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

ANGELO

Not once, nor twice, but twenty times you have.
And soon at supper-time I'll visit you
And then receive my money for the chain.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

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

ANGELO

You are a merry man, sir: fare you well.

Exit

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

What I should think of this, I cannot tell:
I'll to the mart, and there for Dromio stay
If any ship put out, then straight away.

Exit

ACT IV

SCENE I. A public place.

Enter Second Merchant, ANGELO, and an Officer

Second Merchant

You know since Pentecost the sum is due,
And since I have not much importuned you;

Therefore make present satisfaction,
Or I'll attach you by this officer.

ANGELO

Even just the sum that I do owe to you
Is growing to me by Antipholus,
Pleaseth you walk with me down to his house,
I will discharge my bond and thank you too.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus and DROMIO of Ephesus from the courtezan's

Officer

That labour may you save: see where he comes.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS

I see the goldsmith. Get thee gone;
Buy thou a rope and bring it home to me.

DROMIO OF EPHEBUS *Exit*

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS

A man is well help up that trusts to you:
I promised your presence and the chain;
But neither chain nor goldsmith came to me.

ANGELO

Saving your merry humour, here's the note
How much your chain weighs to the utmost carat,
Which doth amount to three odd ducats more
Than I stand debted to this gentleman:
I pray you, see him presently discharged,

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS

I am not furnish'd with the present money;
Good signior, take the stranger to my house
And with you take the chain and bid my wife
Disburse the sum on the receipt thereof:
Perchance I will be there as soon as you.

ANGELO

Then you will bring the chain to her yourself?

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS

No; bear it with you.

ANGELO

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

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS

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

ANGELO

Nay, come, I pray you, sir, give me the chain:

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS

I should have chid you for not bringing it,
But, like a shrew, you first begin to brawl.

Second Merchant

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

ANGELO

You hear how he importunes me;--the chain!

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS

Why, give it to my wife and fetch your money.

ANGELO

Come, come, you know I gave it you even now.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS

Fie, now you run this humour out of breath,
where's the chain? **Second Merchant**

My business cannot brook this dalliance.
Good sir, say whether you'll answer me or no:
If not, I'll leave him to the officer.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS

what should I answer you?

ANGELO

The money that you owe me for the chain.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS

I owe you none till I receive the chain.

ANGELO

You know I gave it you half an hour since.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS

You wrong me much to say so.

ANGELO

You wrong me more, sir, in denying it:

Second Merchant

Well, officer, arrest him at my suit.

Officer

I do; and charge you in the duke's name to obey me.

ANGELO

Either consent to pay this sum for me
Or I attach you by this officer.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS

Arrest me, foolish fellow, if thou darest.

ANGELO

Here is thy fee; arrest him, officer,

Officer

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

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS

I do obey thee till I give thee bail.

ANGELO

Sir, sir, I will have law in Ephesus,
To your notorious shame; I doubt it not.
Enter DROMIO of Syracuse, from the bay

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

Master, there is a bark of Epidamnum
That stays but till her owner comes aboard,
And then, sir, she bears away. they stay for nought at all
But for their owner, master, and yourself.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS

How now! a madman!
What ship of Epidamnum stays for me?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

A ship you sent me to, to hire waftage.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS

Thou drunken slave, I sent thee for a rope;

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

You sent me to the bay, sir, for a bark.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS

I will debate this matter at more leisure
And teach your ears to list me with more heed.
To Adriana, villain, hie thee straight:
There is a purse of ducats; Tell her I am arrested in the street
And that shall bail me; hie thee, slave, be gone!

Exeunt Second Merchant, Angelo, Officer, and Antipholus of Ephesus

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

To Adriana! that is where we dined,
Where Dowsabel did claim me for her husband:

Thither I must, although against my will,
For servants must their masters' minds fulfil.

Exit

SCENE II. The house of ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus.

Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA

ADRIANA

Ah, Luciana, did he tempt thee so?
What observation madest thou in this case
Of his heart's meteors tilting in his face?

LUCIANA

First he denied you had in him no right.

ADRIANA

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

LUCIANA

Then swore he that he was a stranger here.

ADRIANA

And true he swore, though yet forsworn he were.
With what persuasion did he tempt thy love?

LUCIANA

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

ADRIANA

Didst speak him fair?

LUCIANA

Have patience, I beseech.

ADRIANA

I cannot, nor I will not, hold me still;

He is deformed, crooked, old and sere,
Stigmatical in making, worse in mind.

LUCIANA

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

ADRIANA

Ah, but I think him better than I say,
My heart prays for him, though my tongue do curse.
Enter DROMIO of Syracuse

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

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

LUCIANA

How hast thou lost thy breath?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

By running fast.

ADRIANA

Where is thy master, Dromio? is he well?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

No, he's in Tartar limbo, worse than hell.

ADRIANA

Why, man, what is the matter?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

I do not know the matter: he is 'rested on the case.

ADRIANA

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

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

I know not at whose suit he is arrested well;
Will you send him, mistress, redemption, the money in his desk?

ADRIANA

Go fetch it, sister.
Exit Luciana

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

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

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

ADRIANA

What, the chain?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

No, no, the bell: 'tis time that I were gone:
Re-enter LUCIANA with a purse

ADRIANA

Go, Dromio; there's the money, bear it straight;
And bring thy master home immediately.
Exeunt

SCENE III. A public place.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

There's not a man I meet but doth salute me
As if I were their well-acquainted friend;
And every one doth call me by my name.

Enter DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

Master, here's the gold you sent me for. What, have you got the picture of old Adam new-apparelled?

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

What gold is this? what Adam dost thou mean?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

Not that Adam that kept the Paradise but that Adam that keeps the prison:

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

What, thou meanest an officer?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

Ay, sir, I brought you word an hour since that the bark Expedition put forth to-night; and then were you hindered by the sergeant, to tarry for the hoy Delay. Here are the angels that you sent for to deliver you.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

The fellow is distract, and so am I;
Enter a Courtezan

Courtezan

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

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

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

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

Master, is this Mistress Satan?

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

It is the devil.

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

Nay, she is worse, she is the devil's dam; Come not near her.

Courtezan

Your man and you are marvellous merry, sir.
Will you go with me? We'll mend our dinner here?

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

Thou art, as you are all, a sorceress:
I conjure thee to leave me and be gone.

Courtezan

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

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

Master, be wise:

Courtezan

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

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

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

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

'Fly pride,' says the peacock: *Exeunt Antipholus of Syracuse and Dromio of Syracuse*

Courtezan

Now, out of doubt Antipholus is mad,
Else would he never so demean himself.
A ring he hath of mine worth forty ducats,
And for the same he promised me a chain:
Both one and other he denies me now.
The reason that I gather he is mad,
My way is now to hie home to his house,
And tell his wife that, being lunatic,

He rush'd into my house and took perforce
My ring away. This course I fittest choose;
For forty ducats is too much to lose.

Exit

SCENE IV. A street.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus and the Officer

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS

Fear me not, man; I will not break away:
I'll give thee, ere I leave thee, so much money,
Enter DROMIO of Ephesus with a rope's-end

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

DROMIO OF EPHEBUS

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

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS

But where's the money?

DROMIO OF EPHEBUS

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

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS

Five hundred ducats, villain, for a rope?

DROMIO OF EPHEBUS

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

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS

To what end did I bid thee hie thee home?

DROMIO OF EPHEBUS

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

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS

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

Officer

Good sir, be patient.

DROMIO OF EPHEBUS

Nay, I am in adversity.

Officer

Good, now, hold thy tongue.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS

Come, go along; my wife is coming yonder.

Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, the Courtezan, and PINCH

DROMIO OF EPHEBUS

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

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS

Wilt thou still talk?

Courtezan

How say you now? is not your husband mad?

ADRIANA

His incivility confirms no less.
Good Doctor Pinch, you are a conjurer;
Establish him in his true sense again,

LUCIANA

Alas, how fiery and how sharp he looks!

Courtezan

Mark how he trembles in his ecstasy!

PINCH

Give me your hand and let me feel your pulse.

PINCH

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

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS

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

ADRIANA

O, that thou wert not, poor distressed soul!

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS

Did this companion feast it at my house to-day,
Whilst upon me the guilty doors were shut
And I denied to enter in my house?

ADRIANA

O husband, God doth know you dined at home;
Where would you had remain'd until this time,

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS

Dined at home! Thou villain, what sayest thou?

DROMIO OF EPHEBUS

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

ADRIANA

Is't good to soothe him in these contraries?

PINCH

It is no shame: the fellow finds his vein,
And yielding to him humours well his frenzy.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS

Thou hast suborn'd the goldsmith to arrest me.

ADRIANA

Alas, I sent you money to redeem you,
By Dromio here.

DROMIO OF EPHEBUS

Money by me!
But surely master, not a rag of money.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS

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

ADRIANA

He came to me and I deliver'd it.

LUCIANA

And I am witness with her that she did.

DROMIO OF EPHEBUS

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

PINCH

Mistress, both man and master is possess'd;
I know it by their pale and deadly looks:

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS

Say, wherefore didst thou lock me forth to-day?
And why dost thou deny the bag of gold?

ADRIANA

I did not, gentle husband, lock thee forth.

DROMIO OF EPHEBUS

And, gentle master, I received no gold;
But I confess, sir, that we were lock'd out.

ADRIANA

thou speak'st false in both.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS

thou art false in all;

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

ADRIANA

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

PINCH

More company! The fiend is strong within him.

LUCIANA

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

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS

What, will you murder me?

Officer

Masters, let him go

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

PINCH

Go bind this man, for he is frantic too.

They offer to bind Dromio of Ephesus

ADRIANA

What wilt thou do, thou peevish officer?

Officer

He is my prisoner: if I let him go,

The debt he owes will be required of me.

ADRIANA

I will discharge thee ere I go from thee:

Bear me forthwith unto his creditor,

And, knowing how the debt grows, I will pay it.

Good master doctor, see him safe convey'd

Home to my house. O most unhappy day!

ADRIANA

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

Exeunt all but Adriana, Luciana, Officer and Courtezan

Say now, whose suit is he arrested at?

Officer

One Angelo, a goldsmith: do you know him?

ADRIANA

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

Officer

Two hundred ducats.

ADRIANA

Say, how grows it due?

Officer

Due for a chain your husband had of him.

ADRIANA

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

Courtezan

When as your husband all in rage to-day

Came to my house and took away my ring--

The ring I saw upon his finger now--

Straight after did I meet him with a chain.

ADRIANA

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

Come, gaoler, bring me where the goldsmith is:

I long to know the truth hereof at large.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse with his rapier drawn, and DROMIO of Syracuse

LUCIANA

God, for thy mercy! they are loose again.

ADRIANA

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

Officer

Away! they'll kill us.
Exeunt all but Antipholus of Syracuse and Dromio of Syracuse

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

I see these witches are afraid of swords.

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

She that would be your wife now ran from you.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

Come to the Centaur; fetch our stuff from thence:
I long that we were safe and sound aboard.

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

Faith, stay here this night; they will surely do us
no harm:

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

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

ACT V

SCENE I. A street before a Priory.

Enter Second Merchant and ANGELO

ANGELO

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

Second Merchant

How is the man esteemed here in the city?

ANGELO

Of very reverend reputation, sir,

Second Merchant

Speak softly; yonder, as I think, he walks.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse and DROMIO of Syracuse

ANGELO

'Tis so; and that self chain about his neck
Signior Antipholus,
With circumstance and oaths so to deny
This chain which now you wear so openly:
can you deny it?

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

I think I had; I never did deny it.

Second Merchant

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

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

Who heard me to deny it or forswear it?

Second Merchant

These ears of mine,

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

Thou art a villain to impeach me thus:

They draw

Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, the Courtezan, and others

ADRIANA

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

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

Run, master, run;

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

Exeunt Antipholus of Syracuse and Dromio of Syracuse to the Priory

Enter the Lady Abbess, AEMILIA

AEMELIA

Be quiet, people. Wherefore throng you hither?

ADRIANA

To fetch my poor distracted husband hence.

ANGELO

I knew he was not in his perfect wits.

Second Merchant

I am sorry now that I did draw on him.

AEMELIA

How long hath this possession held the man?

ADRIANA

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

AEMELIA

Hath he not lost much wealth by wreck of sea?
Buried some dear friend? Hath not else his eye
Stray'd his affection in unlawful love?
Which of these sorrows is he subject to?

ADRIANA

To none of these, except it be the last;

AEMELIA

You should for that have reprehended him.

ADRIANA

Why, so I did.

\

AEMELIA

Ay, but not rough enough.

ADRIANA

It was the copy of our conference:
Alone, it was the subject of my theme;
In company I often glanced it;
Still did I tell him it was vile and bad.

AEMELIA

And thereof came it that the man was mad.
The venom clamours of a jealous woman
Poisons more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.
To be disturb'd, would mad or man or beast:
The consequence is then thy jealous fits
Have scared thy husband from the use of wits.

LUCIANA

She never reprehended him but mildly,
Why bear you these rebukes and answer not?

ADRIANA

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

AEMELIA

No, not a creature enters in my house.

ADRIANA

Then let your servants bring my husband forth.

AEMELIA

Neither: he took this place for sanctuary,
And it shall privilege him from your hands
Till I have brought him to his wits again,

ADRIANA

I will attend my husband, for it is my office,

AEMELIA

Be patient; for I will not let him stir
Till I have used the approved means I have,
Therefore depart and leave him here with me.

ADRIANA

I will not hence and leave my husband here:

AEMELIA

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

LUCIANA

Complain unto the duke of this indignity.

Second Merchant

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

ANGELO

Upon what cause?

Second Merchant

To see a reverend Syracusian merchant,
Who put unluckily into this bay
Against the laws and statutes of this town,
Beheaded publicly for his offence.

ANGELO

See where they come: we will behold his death.

*Enter DUKE SOLINUS, attended; AEGEON bareheaded; with the Headsman
and other Officers*

DUKE SOLINUS

Yet once again proclaim it publicly,
If any friend will pay the sum for him,
He shall not die;

ADRIANA

Justice, most sacred duke, against the abbess!

DUKE SOLINUS

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

ADRIANA

May it please your grace, Antipholus, my husband,
Whom I made lord of me and all I had,
--this ill day

A most outrageous fit of madness took him;
Once did I get him bound and sent him home,
Whilst to take order for the wrongs I went,
He broke from those that had the guard of him;
And with his mad attendant and himself,
Met us again and madly bent on us,
Chased us away;. Then they fled
Into this abbey, whither we pursued them:
And here the abbess shuts the gates on us
And will not suffer us to fetch him out,
Therefore, most gracious duke, with thy command
Let him be brought forth and borne hence for help.

DUKE SOLINUS

Long since thy husband served me in my wars,
And I to thee engaged a prince's word,
Go, some of you, knock at the abbey-gate
And bid the lady abbess come to me.
I will determine this before I stir.

Enter a Servant

Servant

O mistress, mistress, shift and save yourself!
My master and his man are both broke loose,
Beaten the maids a-row and bound the doctor
And sure, unless you send some present help,
Between them they will kill the conjurer.

ADRIANA

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

Servant

Mistress, upon my life, I tell you true;
I have not breathed almost since I did see it.
He cries for you, and vows, if he can take you,
To scorch your face and to disfigure you.
Cry within
Hark, hark! I hear him, mistress. fly, be gone!

DUKE SOLINUS

Come, stand by me; fear nothing.

ADRIANA

Ay me, it is my husband!
Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus and DROMIO of Ephesus

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS

Justice, most gracious duke, O, grant me justice!

AEGEON

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

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS

Justice, sweet prince, against that woman there!
She whom thou gavest to me to be my wife,
That hath abused and dishonour'd me
Even in the strength and height of injury!

This day, great duke, she shut the doors upon me,

DUKE SOLINUS

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

ADRIANA

No, my good lord: myself, he and my sister
To-day did dine together.

LUCIANA

she tells to your highness simple truth!

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS

My liege, I am advised what I say,
This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner:
That goldsmith there,
Could witness it, for he was with me then;
Who parted with me to go fetch a chain,
Promising to bring it to the Porpentine,
he not coming thither,
I went to seek him: in the street I met him
And in his company that gentleman.
There did this perjured goldsmith swear me down
That I this day of him received the chain,
Which,, I saw not: for the which
He did arrest me with an officer.
I did obey, and sent my peasant home
For certain ducats: he with none return'd
Then fairly I bespoke the officer
To go in person with me to my house.
By the way we met
My wife, her sister, and a rabble more
Of vile confederates. Along with them
They brought one Pinch, a hungry lean-faced villain,
And, gazing in mine eyes, feeling my pulse,
And
Cries out, I was possess'd. Then all together
They fell upon me, bound me,
And in a dark and dankish vault at home

There left me and my man, both bound together;
Till, gnawing with my teeth my bonds in sunder,
I gain'd my freedom, and immediately
Ran hither to your grace;

ANGELO

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

DUKE SOLINUS

But had he such a chain of thee or no?

ANGELO

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

Second Merchant

Besides, I will be sworn these ears of mine
Heard you confess you had the chain of him
And then you fled into this abbey here,
From whence, I think, you are come by miracle.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS

I never came within these abbey-walls,

DUKE SOLINUS

Why, what an intricate impeach is this!
You say he dined at home; the goldsmith here
Denies that saying. Sirrah, what say you?

DROMIO OF EPHEBUS

Sir, he dined with her there, at the Porpentine.

Courtezan

He did, and from my finger snatch'd that ring.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS

'Tis true, my liege; this ring I had of her.

DUKE SOLINUS

Saw'st thou him enter at the abbey here?

Courtezan

As sure, my liege, as I do see your grace.

DUKE SOLINUS

Why, this is strange. Go call the abbess hither.

Exit one to Abbess

AEGEON

Most mighty duke, vouchsafe me speak a word:
Haply I see a friend will save my life
And pay the sum that may deliver me.

DUKE SOLINUS

Speak freely, Syracusian, what thou wilt.

AEGEON

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

AEGEON

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

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS

I never saw you in my life till now.

AEGEON

O, grief hath changed me since you saw me last:
But tell me yet, dost thou not know my voice?

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS

Neither.

AEGEON

Dromio, nor thou?

DROMIO OF EPHEBUS

No, trust me, sir, nor I.

AEGEON

I am sure thou dost.

DROMIO OF EPHEBUS

Ay, sir, but I am sure I do not;

AEGEON

Not know my voice! O time's extremity,
Hast thou so crack'd and splitted my poor tongue
In seven short years, that here my only son
Knows not my feeble key of untuned cares?
All these old witnesses--I cannot err--
Tell me thou art my son Antipholus.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS

I never saw my father in my life.

AEGEON

But seven years since, in Syracuse, boy,
Thou know'st we parted:

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS

I ne'er saw Syracuse in my life.

DUKE SOLINUS

I tell thee, Syracusian, twenty years
Have I been patron to Antipholus,
During which time he ne'er saw Syracuse:

Re-enter AEMILIA, with ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse and DROMIO of Syracuse

AEMELIA

Most mighty duke, behold a man much wrong'd.
All gather to see them

ADRIANA

I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceive me.

DUKE SOLINUS

Which is the natural man,
And which the spirit?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

I, sir, am Dromio; command him away.

DROMIO OF EPHEBUS

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

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

AEgeon art thou not?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

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

AEMELIA

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

AEGEON

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

AEMELIA

By men of Epidamnum he and I
And the twin Dromio all were taken up;
But by and by rude fishermen of Corinth
By force took Dromio and my son from them
And me they left with those of Epidamnum.

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

DUKE SOLINUS

Why, here begins his morning story right;
These two Antipholuses, these two so like,
And these two Dromios, one in semblance,--
These are the parents to these children,
Which accidentally are met together.
Antipholus, thou camest from Corinth first?

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

No, sir, not I; I came from Syracuse.

DUKE SOLINUS

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

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS

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

DROMIO OF EPHESUS

And I with him.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS

Brought to this town by that most famous warrior,
Duke Menaphon, your most renowned uncle.

ADRIANA

Which of you two did dine with me to-day?

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

I, gentle mistress.

ADRIANA

And are not you my husband?

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS

No; I say nay to that.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

And so do I; yet did she call me so:

To Luciana

What I told you then,
I hope I shall have leisure to make good;

ANGELO

That is the chain, sir, which you had of me.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

I think it be, sir; I deny it not.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS

And you, sir, for this chain arrested me.

ANGELO

I think I did, sir; I deny it not.

ADRIANA

I sent you money, sir, to be your bail,
By Dromio

DROMIO OF EPHESUS

No, none by me.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

This purse of ducats I received from you,
And Dromio, my man, did bring them me.
I see we still did meet each other's man,
And I was ta'en for him, and he for me,
And thereupon these errors are arose.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS

These ducats pawn I for my father here.

DUKE SOLINUS

It shall not need; thy father hath his life.

AEMELIA

Renowned duke, vouchsafe to take the pains
To go with us into the abbey here
And hear at large discoursed all our fortunes:
And all that are assembled in this place,
That by this sympathized one day's error
Have suffer'd wrong, go keep us company,
And we shall make full satisfaction.
After so long grief, such festivity!

DUKE SOLINUS

With all my heart, I'll gossip at this feast.
*Exeunt all but Antipholus of Syracuse, Antipholus of Ephesus, Dromio of
Syracuse and Dromio of Ephesus*

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

Master, shall I fetch your stuff from shipboard?

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS

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

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

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

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

He speaks to me. I am your master, Dromio:
Embrace thy brother there; rejoice with him.
Exeunt Antipholus of Syracuse and Antipholus of Ephesus

DROMIO OF EPHEBUS

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

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

Not I, sir; you are my elder.

DROMIO OF EPHEBUS

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