

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

What now? How chance thou art returned so soon?

DROMIO OF EPHEBUS

Returned so soon? Rather approached too late!
The capon burns; the pig falls from the spit;
The clock hath stricken twelve upon the bell;
My mistress made it one upon my cheek.
She is so hot because the meat is cold;
The meat is cold because you come not home;
You come not home because you have no stomach;
You have no stomach, having broke your fast.
But we that know what 'tis to fast and pray
Are penitent for your default today.

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 for my mistress' crupper?
The saddler had it, sir; I kept it not.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

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

DROMIO OF EPHEBUS

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

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

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

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 EPHEBUS

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

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

Now, as I am a Christian, answer me
In what safe place you have bestowed my money,
Or I shall break that merry sconce of yours
That stands on tricks when I am undisposed.
Where is the thousand marks thou hadst of me?

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.
If I should pay your Worship those again,
Perchance you will not bear them patiently.

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, *beating Dromio*

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

DROMIO OF EPHEBUS

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

ADRIANA

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

LUCIANA

Perhaps some merchant hath invited him,
And from the mart he's somewhere gone to dinner.
Good sister, let us dine, and never fret.
A man is master of his liberty;
Time is their master, and when they see time
They'll go or come. If so, be patient, sister.

ADRIANA

Why should their liberty than ours be more?

LUCIANA

Because their business still lies out o' door.

ADRIANA

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

LUCIANA

O, know he is the bridle of your will.

ADRIANA

There's none but asses will be bridled so.

LUCIANA

Why, headstrong liberty is lashed with woe.
There's nothing situate under heaven's eye
But hath his bound in earth, in sea, in sky.
The beasts, the fishes, and the wingèd fowls
Are their males' subjects and at their controls.
Man, more divine, the master of all these,
Lord of the wide world and wild wat'ry seas,
Endued with intellectual sense and souls,
Of more preeminence than fish and fowls,
Are masters to their females, and their lords.
Then let your will attend on their accords.

ADRIANA

This servitude makes you to keep unwed.

LUCIANA

Not this, but troubles of the marriage bed.

ADRIANA

But, were you wedded, you would bear some sway.

LUCIANA

Ere I learn love, I'll practice to obey.

ADRIANA

How if your husband start some otherwhere?

LUCIANA

Till he come home again, I would forbear.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS, *to Angelo*

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.
Belike you thought our love would last too long
If it were chained together, and therefore came not.

ANGELO, *handing a paper to Antipholus of Ephesus*

Saving your merry humor, here's the note
How much your chain weighs to the utmost carat,
The fineness of the gold, and chargeful fashion,
Which doth amount to three-odd ducats more
Than I stand debted to this gentleman.
I pray you, see him presently discharged,
For he is bound to sea, and stays but for it.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS

I am not furnished with the present money.
Besides, I have some business in the town.
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 EPHESUS

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

ANGELO

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

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS

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

ANGELO

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

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS

Good Lord! You use this dalliance to excuse

Your breach of promise to the Porpentine.
I should have chid you for not bringing it,
But, like a shrew, you first begin to brawl.

ANGELO, *to Antipholus of Ephesus*
You hear how he importunes me. The chain!

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

ANGELO
Come, come. You know I gave it you even now.
Either send the chain, or send by me some token.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS
Fie, now you run this humor out of breath.
Come, where's the chain? I pray you, let me see it.

ANGELO
The money that you owe me for the chain.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS
I owe you none till I receive the chain.

ANGELO
You know I gave it you half an hour since.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS
You gave me none. You wrong me much to say so.

ANGELO
You wrong me more, sir, in denying it.
Consider how it stands upon my credit.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

Sing, Siren, for thyself, and I will dote.
Spread o'er the silver waves thy golden hairs,
And as a bed I'll take them and there lie,
And in that glorious supposition think
He gains by death that hath such means to die.
Let love, being light, be drownèd if she sink.

LUCIANA

What, are you mad that you do reason so?

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

Not mad, but mated—how, I do not know.

LUCIANA

It is a fault that springeth from your eye.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

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

LUCIANA

Gaze when 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

Thy sister's sister.

LUCIANA That's my sister.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE No,

It is thyself, mine own self's better part,
Mine eye's clear eye, my dear heart's dearer heart,
My food, my fortune, and my sweet hope's aim,
My sole Earth's heaven, and my heaven's claim.

LUCIANA

All this my sister is, or else should be.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

Call thyself "sister," sweet, for I am thee.
Thee will I love, and with thee lead my life;
Thou hast no husband yet, nor I no wife.
Give me thy hand.

LUCIANA O soft, sir. Hold you still.
I'll fetch my sister to get her goodwill.

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

Here, go—the desk, the purse! Sweet, now make haste.

ADRIANA

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.
A devil in an everlasting garment hath him,
One whose hard heart is buttoned up with steel;
A fiend, a fairy, pitiless and rough;
A wolf, nay, worse, a fellow all in buff;
A backfriend, a shoulder clapper, one that
countermands
The passages of alleys, creeks, and narrow lands;
A hound that runs counter and yet draws dryfoot
well,
One that before the judgment carries poor souls to
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,
But is in a suit of buff which 'rested him; that can I
tell.
Will you send him, mistress, redemption—the
money in his desk?

ADRIANA

Go fetch it, sister. (*Luciana exits.*) This I wonder at,

That he, unknown to me, 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.
It was two ere I left him, and now the clock strikes
one.

ADRIANA

The hours come back. That did I never hear.

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

O yes, if any hour meet a sergeant, he turns back
for very fear.

ADRIANA

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

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

Time is a very bankrout and owes more than he's
worth to season.
Nay, he's a thief too. Have you not heard men say
That time comes stealing on by night and day?
If he be in debt and theft, and a sergeant in the
way,
Hath he not reason to turn back an hour in a day?

ADRIANA

Go, Dromio. There's the money. Bear it straight,
And bring thy master home immediately.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS

Here comes my man. I think he brings the money.

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

DROMIO OF EPHESUS, *handing over the rope's end*

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

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS But where's the money?

DROMIO OF EPHESUS

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

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS

Five hundred ducats, villain, for a rope?

DROMIO OF EPHESUS

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

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS

To what end did I bid thee hie thee home?

DROMIO OF EPHESUS To a rope's end, sir, and to that end am I returned.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS, *beating Dromio*

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

DROMIO OF EPHESUS Nay, 'tis for me to be patient. I am in adversity.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS Thou whoreson, senseless villain.

DROMIO OF EPHESUS I would I were senseless, sir, that I might not feel your blows.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS Thou art sensible in nothing but blows, and so is an ass.

DROMIO OF EPHESUS I am an ass, indeed; you may prove it by my long ears.—I have served him from the hour of my nativity to this instant, and have nothing at his hands for my service but blows.

When I am cold, he heats me with beating; when I
am warm, he cools me with beating. I am waked
with it when I sleep, raised with it when I sit,
driven out of doors with it when I go from home,
welcomed home with it when I return. Nay, I bear it
on my shoulders as a beggar wont her brat, and I
think when he hath lamed me, I shall beg with it
from door to door.