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*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK THE COMEDY OF ERRORS ***

This text of *The Comedy of Errors* is from Volume I of the nine-volume 1863 Cambridge edition of Shakespeare. The Preface ([e-text 23041](#)) and the other plays from this volume are each available as separate e-texts.

General Notes are in their original location at the end of the play, followed by the text-critical notes originally printed at the bottom of each page. All notes are hyperlinked in both directions. In dialogue, a link from a speaker's name generally means that the note applies to an entire line or group of lines.

Line numbers—shown in the right margin and used for all notes—are from the original text. In prose passages the exact line counts will depend on your browser settings, and will probably be different from the displayed numbers. Stage directions were not included in the line numbering.

THE WORKS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

EDITED BY

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Dramatis Personæ

- Act I [Scene 1](#) A hall in the Duke's palace.
[Scene 2](#) The Mart.
- Act II [Scene 1](#) The house of Antipholus of Ephesus.
[Scene 2](#) A public place.
- Act III [Scene 1](#) Before the house of Antipholus of Ephesus.
[Scene 2](#) The same.
- Act IV [Scene 1](#) A public place.
[Scene 2](#) The house of Antipholus of Ephesus.
[Scene 3](#) A public place.
[Scene 4](#) A street.
- Act V [Scene 1](#) A street before a Priory.

Endnotes

[Critical Apparatus](#) ("Linenotes")

[Texts Used](#) (from general preface)

397

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

398

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ. ¹

SOLINUS ², duke of Ephesus.

ÆGEON, a merchant of Syracuse.

ANTIPHOLUS ³ of Ephesus } twin brothers, and sons to Ægeon and Æmilia.
ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse, }

DROMIO of Ephesus } twin brothers, and attendants on the two Antipholuses.
DROMIO of Syracuse, }

BALTHAZAR, a merchant.

ANGELO, a goldsmith.

First Merchant, friend to Antipholus of Syracuse.

Second Merchant, to whom Angelo is a debtor.

PINCH, a schoolmaster.

ÆMILIA, wife to Ægeon, an abbess at Ephesus.

ADRIANA, wife to Antipholus of Ephesus.

LUCIANA, her sister.

LUCE, servant to Adriana.

A Courtezan.

Gaoler, Officers, and other Attendants.

SCENE—*Ephesus.*

1. DRAMATIS PERSONÆ first given by Rowe.

2. SOLINUS] See [note \(i\)](#).

3. ANTIPHOLUS] See [note \(i\)](#).

399

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *A hall in the DUKE's palace.*

I. 1

Enter DUKE, ÆGEON, Gaoler, Officers, and other Attendants.

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

Duke. Merchant of Syracuse, plead no more;
I am not partial to infringe our laws:
The enmity and discord which of late
Sprung from the rancorous outrage of your duke
To merchants, our well-dealing countrymen,
Who, wanting guilders to redeem their lives,
Have seal'd his rigorous statutes with their bloods,
Excludes all pity from our threatening looks.
For, since the mortal and intestine jars
'Twixt thy seditious countrymen and us,
It hath in solemn synods been decreed,
Both by the Syracusians and ourselves,
To admit no traffic to our adverse towns:

400

Nay, more,
If any born at Ephesus be seen
At any Syracusian marts and fairs;
Again: if any Syracusian born
Come to the bay of Ephesus, he dies,
His goods confiscate to the duke's dispose;
Unless a thousand marks be levied,
To quit the penalty and to ransom him.
Thy substance, valued at the highest rate,
Cannot amount unto a hundred marks;
Therefore by law thou art condemn'd to die.

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

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

Æge. A heavier task could not have been imposed
Than I to speak my griefs unspeakable:
Yet, that the world may witness that my end
Was wrought by nature, not by vile offence,
I'll utter what my sorrow gives me leave.
In Syracuse was I born; and wed
Unto a woman, happy but for me,
And by me, had not our hap been bad.
With her I lived in joy; our wealth increased
By prosperous voyages I often made
To Epidamnum; till my factor's death,
And the great care of goods at random left,
Drew me from kind embracements of my spouse:
From whom my absence was not six months old,
Before herself, almost at fainting under
The pleasing punishment that women bear,
Had made provision for her following me,
And soon and safe arrived where I was.

401

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
Gave any tragic instance of our harm:
But longer did we not retain much hope;

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	For what obscured light the heavens did grant Did but convey unto our fearful minds A doubtful warrant of immediate death; Which though myself would gladly have embraced,	70
	Yet the incessant weepings of my wife, Weeping before for what she saw must come, And piteous plainings of the pretty babes, That mourn'd for fashion, ignorant what to fear, Forced me to seek delays for them and me.	75
402	And this it was, for other means was none: 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:	80
	The children thus disposed, my wife and I, Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fix'd, Fasten'd ourselves at either end the mast; And floating straight, obedient to the stream, Was carried towards Corinth, as we thought.	85
	At length the sun, gazing upon the earth, Dispersed those vapours that offended us; And, by the benefit of his wished light, The seas wax'd calm, and we discovered Two ships from far making amain to us, Of Corinth that, of Epidaurus this:	90
	But ere they came,—O, let me say no more! Gather the sequel by that went before.	95
	<i>Duke.</i> Nay, forward, old man; do not break off so; For we may pity, though not pardon thee.	
	<i>Æge.</i> O, had the gods done so, I had not now Worthily term'd them merciless to us!	100
	For, ere the ships could meet by twice five leagues, We were encounter'd by a mighty rock; Which being violently borne upon, Our helpful ship was splitted in the midst;	105
	So that, in this unjust divorce of us, Fortune had left to both of us alike What to delight in, what to sorrow for. Her part, poor soul! seeming as burdened With lesser weight, but not with lesser woe, Was carried with more speed before the wind;	110
403	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;	115
	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.	120
	<i>Duke.</i> And, for the sake of them thou sorrowest for, Do me the favour to dilate at full What hath befall'n of them and thee till now.	
	<i>Æge.</i> 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:	125
	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;	130
	Hopeless to find, yet loath to leave unsought Or that, or any place that harbours men. But here must end the story of my life; And happy were I in my timely death,	135

Could all my travels warrant me they live.

140

Duke. Hapless Ægeon, whom the fates have mark'd
To bear the extremity of dire mishap!

404

Now, trust me, were it not against our laws,
Against my crown, my oath, my dignity,
Which princes, would they, may not disannul,
My soul should sue as advocate for thee.

145

But, though thou art adjudged to the death,
And passed sentence may not be recall'd
But to our honour's great disparagement,
Yet will I favour thee in what I can.

150

Therefore, merchant, I'll limit thee this day
To seek thy help by beneficial help:

Try all the friends thou hast in Ephesus;
Beg thou, or borrow, to make up the sum,
And live; if no, then thou art doom'd to die.

155

Gaoler, take him to thy custody.

Gaol. I will, my lord.

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

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The Mart.*

I. 2

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

First Mer. Therefore give out you are of Epidamnum,
Lest that your goods too soon be confiscate.
This very day a Syracusian merchant
Is apprehended for arrival here;
And, not being able to buy out his life,
According to the statute of the town,
Dies ere the weary sun set in the west.
There is your money that I had to keep.

5

405

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

10

Within this hour it will be dinner-time:
Till that, I'll view the manners of the town,
Peruse the traders, gaze upon the buildings,
And then return, and sleep within mine inn;
For with long travel I am stiff and weary.
Get thee away.

15

Dro. S. Many a man would take you at your word,
And go indeed, having so good a mean. [Exit.

Ant. S. A trusty villain, sir; that very oft,
When I am dull with care and melancholy,
Lightens my humour with his merry jests.
What, will you walk with me about the town,
And then go to my inn, and dine with me?

20

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

25

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

30

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

Ant. S. He that commends me to mine own content
Commends me to the thing I cannot get.
I to the world am like a drop of water,
That in the ocean seeks another drop;
Who, falling there to find his fellow forth,
Unseen, inquisitive, confounds himself:
So I, to find a mother and a brother,
In quest of them, unhappy, lose myself.

406

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Enter DROMIO of Ephesus.

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

Dro. E. Return'd so soon! rather approach'd too late:
The capon burns, the pig falls from the spit;
The clock hath stricken twelve upon the bell; 45
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; 50
But we, that know what 'tis to fast and pray,
Are penitent for your default to-day.

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

Dro. E. O,—sixpence, that I had o' Wednesday last 55
To pay the saddler for my mistress' crupper?
The saddler had it, sir; I kept it not.

Ant. S. I am not in a sportive humour now:
Tell me, and dally not, where is the money?
We being strangers here, how darest thou trust 60
So great a charge from thine own custody?

Dro. E. 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, 65
For she will score your fault upon my pate.
Methinks your maw, like mine, should be your clock,
And strike you home without a messenger.

Ant. S. Come, Dromio, come, these jests are out of
season;
Reserve them till a merrier hour than this. 70
Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee?

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

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

Dro. E. My charge was but to fetch you from the mart 75
Home to your house, the Phoenix, sir, to dinner:
My mistress and her sister stays for you.

Ant. S. Now, as I am a Christian, answer me,
In what safe place you have bestow'd my money;
Or I shall break that merry sponce of yours,
That stands on tricks when I am undisposed: 80
Where is the thousand marks thou hadst of me?

Dro. E. I have some marks of yours upon my pate,
Some of my mistress' marks upon my shoulders;
But not a thousand marks between you both. 85
If I should pay your worship those again,
Perchance you will not bear them patiently.

Ant. S. Thy mistress' marks? what mistress, slave,
hast thou?

Dro. E. Your worship's wife, my mistress at the
Phoenix;
She that doth fast till you come home to dinner,
And prays that you will hie you home to dinner. 90

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

Dro. E. What mean you, sir? for God's sake, hold your
hands!

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

Ant. S. Upon my life, by some device or other 95
The villain is o'er-raught of all my money.
They say this town is full of cozenage;
As, nimble jugglers that deceive the eye,
Dark-working sorcerers that change the mind.
Soul-killing witches that deform the body, 100
Disguised cheaters, prating mountebanks,
And many such-like liberties of sin:
If it prove so, I will be gone the sooner.

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

[*Exit.*

105

ACT II.

SCENE I. *The house of ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus.*

II. 1

Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA.

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

Luc. Perhaps some merchant hath invited him,
And from the mart he's somewhere gone to dinner. 5
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.

Adr. Why should their liberty than ours be more? 10

Luc. Because their business still lies out o' door.

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

Luc. O, know he is the bridle of your will.

Adr. There's none but asses will be bridled so.

Luc. Why, headstrong liberty is lash'd with woe. 15
There's nothing situate under heaven's eye
But hath his bound, in earth, in sea, in sky:
The beasts, the fishes, and the winged fowls,
Are their males' subjects and at their controls:

409

Men, more divine, the masters of all these, 20
Lords of the wide world and wild watery seas,
Indued with intellectual sense and souls,
Of more pre-eminence than fish and fowls,
Are masters to their females, and their lords:
Then let your will attend on their accords. 25

Adr. This servitude makes you to keep unwed.

Luc. Not this, but troubles of the marriage-bed.

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

Luc. Ere I learn love, I'll practise to obey.

Adr. How if your husband start some other where? 30

Luc. Till he come home again, I would forbear.

Adr. Patience unmoved! no marvel though she pause;
They can be meek that have no other cause.

A wretched soul, bruised with adversity,
We bid be quiet when we hear it cry; 35

But were we burden'd with like weight of pain,
As much, or more, we should ourselves complain:
So thou, that hast no unkind mate to grieve thee,
With urging helpless patience wouldst relieve me;
But, if thou live to see like right bereft, 40
This fool-begg'd patience in thee will be left.

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

Enter DROMIO of Ephesus.

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

Dro. E. Nay, he's at two hands with me, and that my 45
two ears can witness.

410

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

Dro. E. Ay, ay, he told his mind upon mine ear:
Beshrew his hand, I scarce could understand it.

Luc. Spake he so doubtfully, thou couldst not feel his
meaning? 50

Dro. E. Nay, he struck so plainly, I could too well feel

his blows; and withal so doubtfully, that I could scarce understand them.

Adr. But say, I prithee, is he coming home?
It seems he hath great care to please his wife.

55

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

Adr. Horn-mad, thou villain!

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

When I desired him to come home to dinner,
He ask'd me for a thousand marks in gold:

60

"'Tis dinner-time," quoth I; "My gold!" quoth he:
'Your meat doth burn,' quoth I; 'My gold!' quoth he:
'Will you come home?' quoth I; 'My gold!' quoth he,
'Where is the thousand marks I gave thee, villain?'
'The pig,' quoth I, 'is burn'd;' 'My gold!' quoth he:
'My mistress, sir,' quoth I; 'Hang up thy mistress!
I know not thy mistress; out on thy mistress!'

65

Luc. Quoth who?

Dro. E. Quoth my master:
'I know,' quoth he, 'no house, no wife, no mistress.'

70

411

So that my errand, due unto my tongue,
I thank him, I bare home upon my shoulders;
For, in conclusion, he did beat me there.

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

75

Dro. E. Go back again, and be new beaten home?
For God's sake, send some other messenger.

Adr. Back, slave, or I will break thy pate across.

Dro. E. And he will bless that cross with other
beating:

Between you I shall have a holy head.

80

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

Dro. E. Am I so round with you as you with me,
That like a football you do spurn me thus?
You spurn me hence, and he will spurn me hither:
If I last in this service, you must case me in leather.

85

[*Exit.*

Luc. Fie, how impatience lowereth in your face!

Adr. His company must do his minions grace,
Whilst I at home starve for a merry look.
Hath homely age the alluring beauty took
From my poor cheek? then he hath wasted it:
Are my discourses dull? barren my wit?
If voluble and sharp discourse be marr'd,
Unkindness blunts it more than marble hard:
Do their gay vestments his affections bait?

90

That's not my fault; he's master of my state:
What ruins are in me that can be found,
By him not ruin'd? then is he the ground
Of my defeatures. My decayed fair
A sunny look of his would soon repair:
But, too unruly deer, he breaks the pale,
And feeds from home; poor I am but his stale.

95

100

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

Adr. Unfeeling fools can with such wrongs dispense.
I know his eye doth homage elsewhere;
Or else what lets it but he would be here?
Sister, you know he promised me a chain;
Would that alone, alone he would detain,
So he would keep fair quarter with his bed!

105

412

I see the jewel best enamelled
Will lose his beauty; yet the gold bides still,
That others touch, and often touching will
Wear gold: and no man that hath a name,
By falsehood and corruption doth it shame.
Since that my beauty cannot please his eye,
I'll weep what's left away, and weeping die.

110

115

Luc. How many fond fools serve mad jealousy!

SCENE II. *A public place.*

II. 2

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse.

Ant. S. The gold I gave to Dromio is laid up
Safe at the Centaur; and the heedful slave
Is wander'd forth, in care to seek me out
By computation and mine host's report.
I could not speak with Dromio since at first
I sent him from the mart. See, here he comes.

5

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.

413

How now, sir! is your merry humour alter'd?
As you love strokes, so jest with me again.
You know no Centaur? you receiv'd no gold?
Your mistress sent to have me home to dinner?
My house was at the Phœnix? Wast thou mad,
That thus so madly thou didst answer me?

10

Dro. S. What answer, sir? when spake I such a word?*Ant. S.* Even now, even here, not half an hour since.*Dro. S.* I did not see you since you sent me hence,
Home to the Centaur, with the gold you gave me.

15

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

20

Ant. S. Yea, dost thou jeer and flout me in the teeth?
Think'st thou I jest? Hold, take thou that, and that.*[Beating him.]**Dro. S.* Hold, sir, for God's sake! now your jest is
earnest:

Upon what bargain do you give it me?

25

Ant. S. Because that I familiarly sometimes
Do use you for my fool, and chat with you,
Your sauciness will jest upon my love,
And make a common of my serious hours.
When the sun shines let foolish gnats make sport,
But creep in crannies when he hides his beams.
If you will jest with me, know my aspect,
And fashion your demeanour to my looks,
Or I will beat this method in your sconce.

30

Dro. S. Sconce call you it? so you would leave
battering, I had rather have it a head: an you use
these blows long, I must get a sconce for my head, and
insconce it too; or else I shall seek my wit in my
shoulders. But, I pray, sir, why am I beaten?

35

Ant. S. Dost thou not know?

40

Dro. S. Nothing, sir, but that I am beaten.*Ant. S.* Shall I tell you why?*Dro. S.* Ay, sir, and wherefore; for they say every why
hath a wherefore.

414

Ant. S. Why, first,—for flouting me; and then,
wherefore,—

45

For urging it the second time to me.

Dro. S. Was there ever any man thus beaten out of
season,
When in the why and the wherefore is neither rhyme
nor reason?
Well, sir, I thank you.*Ant. S.* Thank me, sir! for what?

50

Dro. S. Marry, sir, for this something that you gave
me for nothing.*Ant. S.* I'll make you amends next, to give you nothing

for something. But say, sir, is it dinner-time?

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

55

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

Dro. S. Basting.

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

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

Ant. S. Your reason?

60

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

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

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

65

Ant. S. By what rule, sir?

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

Ant. S. Let's hear it.

70

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

Ant. S. May he not do it by fine and recovery?

Dro. S. Yes, to pay a fine for a periwig, and recover the lost hair of another man.

75

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

415

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

80

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

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

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

85

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

Ant. S. For what reason?

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

90

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

Dro. S. Sure ones, then.

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

Dro. S. Certain ones, then.

Ant. S. Name them.

95

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

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

100

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

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

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

105

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

Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA.

Adr. Ay, ay, Antipholus, look strange and frown: Some other mistress hath thy sweet aspects; I am not Adriana nor thy wife.

416

110

	The time was once when thou unurged wouldst vow That never words were music to thine ear, That never object pleasing in thine eye, That never touch well welcome to thy hand, That never meat sweet-savour'd in thy taste, Unless I spake, or look'd, or touch'd, or carved to thee. How comes it now, my husband, O, how comes it, That thou art then estranged from thyself? Thyself I call it, being strange to me, That, undividable, incorporate, Am better than thy dear self's better part. Ah, do not tear away thyself from me! For know, my love, as easy mayst thou fall A drop of water in the breaking gulf, And take unmingled thence that drop again, Without addition or diminishing, As take from me thyself, and not me too. How dearly would it touch thee to the quick, Shouldst thou but hear I were licentious, And that this body, consecrate to thee, By ruffian lust should be contaminate! Wouldst thou not spit at me and spurn at me, And hurl the name of husband in my face, And tear the stain'd skin off my harlot-brow, And from my false hand cut the wedding-ring, And break it with a deep-divorcing vow? I know thou canst; and therefore see thou do it. I am possess'd with an adulterate blot; My blood is mingled with the crime of lust: For if we two be one, and thou play false, I do digest the poison of thy flesh, Being strumpeted by thy contagion. Keep, then, fair league and truce with thy true bed; I live distain'd, thou undishonoured.	115
	<i>Ant. S.</i> Plead you to me, fair dame? I know you not: In Ephesus I am but two hours old, As strange unto your town as to your talk; Who, every word by all my wit being scann'd, Wants wit in all one word to understand.	120
	<i>Luc.</i> Fie, brother! how the world is changed with you! When were you wont to use my sister thus? She sent for you by Dromio home to dinner.	125
	<i>Ant. S.</i> By Dromio?	
	<i>Dro. S.</i> By me?	130
	<i>Adr.</i> By thee; and this thou didst return from him, That he did buffet thee, and, in his blows, Denied my house for his, me for his wife.	
	<i>Ant. S.</i> Did you converse, sir, with this gentlewoman? What is the course and drift of your compact?	135
	<i>Dro. S.</i> I, sir? I never saw her till this time.	
	<i>Ant. S.</i> Villain, thou liest; for even her very words Didst thou deliver to me on the mart.	
	<i>Dro. S.</i> I never spake with her in all my life.	
	<i>Ant. S.</i> How can she thus, then, call us by our names, Unless it be by inspiration.	140
	<i>Adr.</i> How ill agrees it with your gravity To counterfeit thus grossly with your slave, Abetting him to thwart me in my mood! Be it my wrong you are from me exempt, But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt. Come, I will fasten on this sleeve of thine: Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine, Whose weakness, married to thy stronger state, Makes me with thy strength to communicate: If aught possess thee from me, it is dross, Usurping ivy, brier, or idle moss; Who, all for want of pruning, with intrusion Infect thy sap, and live on thy confusion.	145
417		
	<i>Ant. S.</i> To me she speaks; she moves me for her theme:	150
418		

	What, was I married to her in my dream? Or sleep I now, and think I hear all this? What error drives our eyes and ears amiss? Until I know this sure uncertainty, I'll entertain the offer'd fallacy.	185
	<i>Luc.</i> Dromio, go bid the servants spread for dinner.	
	<i>Dro. S.</i> O, for my beads! I cross me for a sinner. This is the fairy land;—O spite of spites! We talk with goblins, owls, and sprites: If we obey them not, this will ensue, They'll suck our breath, or pinch us black and blue.	190
	<i>Luc.</i> Why pratest thou to thyself, and answer'st not? Dromio, thou drone, thou snail, thou slug, thou sot!	
	<i>Dro. S.</i> I am transformed, master, am I not?	
	<i>Ant. S.</i> I think thou art in mind, and so am I.	195
	<i>Dro. S.</i> Nay, master, both in mind and in my shape.	
	<i>Ant. S.</i> Thou hast thine own form.	
	<i>Dro. S.</i> No, I am an ape.	
	<i>Luc.</i> If thou art chang'd to aught, 'tis to an ass.	
419	<i>Dro. S.</i> 'Tis true; she rides me, and I long for grass. 'Tis so, I am an ass; else it could never be But I should know her as well as she knows me.	200
	<i>Adr.</i> Come, come, no longer will I be a fool, To put the finger in the eye and weep, Whilst man and master laughs my woes to scorn. Come, sir, to dinner. Dromio, keep the gate. Husband, I'll dine above with you to-day, And shrive you of a thousand idle pranks. Sirrah, if any ask you for your master, Say he dines forth, and let no creature enter. Come, sister. Dromio, play the porter well.	205
	<i>Ant. S.</i> Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell? Sleeping or waking? mad or well-advised? Known unto these, and to myself disguised! I'll say as they say, and persevere so, And in this mist at all adventures go.	210
	<i>Dro. S.</i> Master, shall I be porter at the gate?	
	<i>Adr.</i> Ay; and let none enter, lest I break your pate.	
	<i>Luc.</i> Come, come, Antipholus, we dine too late.	
	[<i>Exeunt.</i>]	

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Before the house of* ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus.

III. 1

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

420	<i>Ant. E.</i> Good Signior Angelo, you must excuse us all; My wife is shrewish when I keep not hours: Say that I linger'd with you at your shop To see the making of her carcanet, And that to-morrow you will bring it home. But here's a villain that would face me down He met me on the mart, and that I beat him, And charged him with a thousand marks in gold, And that I did deny my wife and house. Thou drunkard, thou, what didst thou mean by this?	5
	<i>Dro. E.</i> Say what you will, sir, but I know what I know; That you beat me at the mart, I have your hand to show: If the skin were parchment, and the blows you gave were ink, Your own handwriting would tell you what I think.	10

Ant. E. I think thou art an ass.

Dro. E. Marry, so it doth appear
By the wrongs I suffer, and the blows I bear.
I should kick, being kick'd; and, being at that pass,
You would keep from my heels, and beware of an ass.

15

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

20

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

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

Bal. Good meat, sir, is common; that every churl
affords.

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

25

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

Ant. E. Ay to a niggardly host and more sparing
guest:
But though my cates be mean, take them in good part;
Better cheer may you have, but not with better heart.
But, soft! my door is lock'd.—Go bid them let us in.

30

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

421

Dro. S. [*Within*] Mome, malt-horse, capon, coxcomb,
idiot, patch!
Either get thee from the door, or sit down at the
hatch.

Dost thou conjure for wenches, that thou call'st for
such store,
When one is one too many? Go get thee from the door,

35

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

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

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

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

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

40

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

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

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

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

45

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

Dro. E. Let my master in, Luce.

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

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

50

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

422

Dro. S. [*Within*] If thy name be call'd Luce, —Luce,
thou hast answer'd him well.

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

Luce. [*Within*] I thought to have ask'd you.

Dro. S. [*Within*] And you said no.

55

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

Ant. E. Thou baggage, let me in.

Luce. [*Within*] Can you tell for whose sake?

Dro. E. Master, knock the door hard.

Luce. [*Within*] Let him knock till it ache.

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

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

60

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

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

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

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

Dro. E. If you went in pain, master, this 'knave' would go sore.

65

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

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

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

423

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

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

70

Your cake here is warm within; you stand here in the cold:

It would make a man mad as a buck, to be so bought and sold.

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

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

Dro. E. A man may break a word with you, sir; and words are but wind;

75

Ay, and break it in your face, so he break it not behind.

Dro. S. [*Within*] It seems thou want'st breaking: out upon thee, hind!

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

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

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

80

Dro. E. A crow without feather? Master, mean you so?

For a fish without a fin, there's a fowl without a feather:

If a crow help us in, sirrah, we'll pluck a crow together.

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

Bal. Have patience, sir; O, let it not be so!

85

Herein you war against your reputation,
 And draw within the compass of suspect
 Th' unviolated honour of your wife.
 Once this,—your long experience of her wisdom,
 Her sober virtue, years, and modesty, 90
 Plead on her part some cause to you unknown;
 And doubt not, sir, but she will well excuse
 Why at this time the doors are made against you.
 Be ruled by me: depart in patience,
 424 And let us to the Tiger all to dinner; 95
 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, 100
 And that supposed by the common rout
 Against your yet ungalled estimation,
 That may with foul intrusion enter in,
 And dwell upon your grave when you are dead;
 For slander lives upon succession, 105
 For ever housed where it gets possession.

Ant. E. You have prevail'd: I will depart in quiet,
 And, in despite of mirth, mean to be merry.
 I know a wench of excellent discourse,
 Pretty and witty; wild, and yet, too, gentle: 110
 There will we dine. This woman that I mean,
 My wife—but, I protest, without desert—
 Hath oftentimes upbraided me withal:
 To her will we to dinner. [*To Ang.*] Get you home,
 And fetch the chain; by this I know 'tis made: 115
 Bring it, I pray you, to the Porpentine;
 For there's the house: that chain will I bestow—
 Be it for nothing but to spite my wife—
 Upon mine hostess there: good sir, make haste.
 Since mine own doors refuse to entertain me, 120
 I'll knock elsewhere, to see if they'll disdain me.

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

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

[*Exeunt.*]

425

SCENE II. *The same.*

III. 2

Enter LUCIANA *and* ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse.

Luc. 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?
 Shall love, in building, grow so ruinous?
 If you did wed my sister for her wealth, 5
 Then for her wealth's sake use her with more
 kindness:
 Or if you like elsewhere, do it by stealth;
 Muffle your false love with some show of blindness:
 Let not my sister read it in your eye;
 Be not thy tongue thy own shame's orator; 10
 Look sweet, speak fair, become disloyalty;
 Apparel vice like virtue's harbinger;
 Bear a fair presence, though your heart be tainted;
 Teach sin the carriage of a holy saint;
 Be secret-false: what need she be acquainted? 15
 What simple thief brags of his own attainment?
 'Tis double wrong, to truant with your bed,
 And let her read it in thy looks at board:
 Shame hath a bastard fame, well managed;
 Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word. 20
 Alas, poor women! make us but believe,
 Being compact of credit, that you love us;
 Though others have the arm, show us the sleeve;
 We in your motion turn, and you may move us.
 Then, gentle brother, get you in again; 25
 Comfort my sister, cheer her, call her wife:
 'Tis holy sport, to be a little vain,

	When the sweet breath of flattery conquers strife.	
426	<i>Ant. S.</i> Sweet mistress,—what your name is else, I know not, Nor by what wonder you do hit of mine,— Less in your knowledge and your grace you show not Than our earth's wonder; more than earth divine. Teach me, dear creature, how to think and speak; Lay open to my earthy-gross conceit, Smother'd in errors, feeble, shallow, weak, The folded meaning of your words' deceit. Against my soul's pure truth why labour you To make it wander in an unknown field? Are you a god? would you create me new? Transform me, then, and to your power I'll yield. But if that I am I, then well I know Your weeping sister is no wife of mine, Nor to her bed no homage do I owe: Far more, far more to you do I decline. O, train me not, sweet mermaid, with thy note, To drown me in thy sister flood of tears: Sing, siren, for thyself, and I will dote: Spread o'er the silver waves thy golden hairs, And as a bed I'll take them, and there lie; And, in that glorious supposition, think He gains by death that hath such means to die: Let Love, being light, be drowned if she sink!	30 35 40
	<i>Luc.</i> What, are you mad, that you do reason so?	
	<i>Ant. S.</i> Not mad, but mated; how, I do not know.	
	<i>Luc.</i> It is a fault that springeth from your eye.	55
	<i>Ant. S.</i> For gazing on your beams, fair sun, being by.	
	<i>Luc.</i> Gaze where you should, and that will clear your sight.	
	<i>Ant. S.</i> As good to wink, sweet love, as look on night.	
	<i>Luc.</i> Why call you me love? call my sister so.	
427	<i>Ant. S.</i> Thy sister's sister.	
	<i>Luc.</i> That's my sister.	
	<i>Ant. S.</i> 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.	60
	<i>Luc.</i> All this my sister is, or else should be.	65
	<i>Ant. S.</i> 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.	
	<i>Luc.</i> O, soft, sir! hold you still: I'll fetch my sister, to get her good will. [Exit.	70
	<i>Enter</i> DROMIO of Syracuse.	
	<i>Ant. S.</i> Why, how now, Dromio! where runn'st thou so fast?	
	<i>Dro. S.</i> Do you know me, sir? am I Dromio? am I your man? am I myself?	
	<i>Ant. S.</i> Thou art Dromio, thou art my man, thou art thyself.	75
	<i>Dro. S.</i> I am an ass, I am a woman's man, and besides myself.	
	<i>Ant. S.</i> What woman's man? and how besides thyself?	
	<i>Dro. S.</i> Marry, sir, besides myself, I am due to a woman; one that claims me, one that haunts me, one that will have me.	80
	<i>Ant. S.</i> What claim lays she to thee?	
	<i>Dro. S.</i> Marry, sir, such claim as you would lay to your horse; and she would have me as a beast: not that, I being a beast, she would have me; but that she,	85

	being a very beastly creature, lays claim to me.	
	<i>Ant. S.</i> What is she?	
428	<i>Dro. S.</i> A very reverent body; ay, such a one as a man may not speak of, without he say Sir-reverence. I have but lean luck in the match, and yet is she a wondrous fat marriage.	90
	<i>Ant. S.</i> How dost thou mean a fat marriage?	
	<i>Dro. S.</i> Marry, sir, she's the kitchen-wench, and all grease; and I know not what use to put her to, but to make a lamp of her, and run from her by her own light. I warrant, her rags, and the tallow in them, will burn a Poland winter: if she lives till doomsday, she'll burn a week longer than the whole world.	95
	<i>Ant. S.</i> What complexion is she of?	100
	<i>Dro. S.</i> Swart, like my shoe, but her face nothing like so clean kept: for why she sweats; a man may go over shoes in the grime of it.	
	<i>Ant. S.</i> That's a fault that water will mend.	
	<i>Dro. S.</i> No, sir, 'tis in grain; Noah's flood could not do it.	105
	<i>Ant. S.</i> What's her name?	
	<i>Dro. S.</i> Nell, sir; but her name and three quarters, that's an ell and three quarters, will not measure her from hip to hip.	110
	<i>Ant. S.</i> Then she bears some breadth?	
	<i>Dro. S.</i> No longer from head to foot than from hip to hip: she is spherical, like a globe; I could find out countries in her.	
	<i>Ant. S.</i> In what part of her body stands Ireland?	115
	<i>Dro. S.</i> Marry, sir, in her buttocks: I found it out by the bogs.	
	<i>Ant. S.</i> Where Scotland?	
	<i>Dro. S.</i> I found it by the barrenness; hard in the palm of the hand.	120
	<i>Ant. S.</i> Where France?	
	<i>Dro. S.</i> In her forehead; armed and reverted, making war against her heir.	
	<i>Ant. S.</i> Where England?	
429	<i>Dro. S.</i> I looked for the chalky cliffs, but I could find no whiteness in them; but I guess it stood in her chin, by the salt rheum that ran between France and it.	125
	<i>Ant. S.</i> Where Spain?	
	<i>Dro. S.</i> Faith, I saw it not; but I felt it hot in her breath.	130
	<i>Ant. S.</i> Where America, the Indies?	
	<i>Dro. S.</i> Oh, sir, upon her nose, all o'er embellished with rubies, carbuncles, sapphires, declining their rich aspect to the hot breath of Spain; who sent whole armadoes of caracks to be ballast at her nose.	135
	<i>Ant. S.</i> Where stood Belgia, the Netherlands?	
	<i>Dro. S.</i> Oh, sir, I did not look so low. To conclude, this drudge, or diviner, laid claim to me; called me Dromio; swore I was assured to her; told me what privy marks I had about me, as, the mark of my shoulder, the mole in my neck, the great wart on my left arm, that I, amazed, ran from her as a witch:	140
	And, I think, if my breast had not been made of faith, and my heart of steel, She had transform'd me to a curtal dog, and made me turn i' the wheel.	
	<i>Ant. S.</i> Go hie thee presently, post to the road:— An if the wind blow any way from shore, I will not harbour in this town to-night:—	145

If any bark put forth, come to the mart,
 Where I will walk till thou return to me.
 If every one knows us, and we know none, 150
 'Tis time, I think, to trudge, pack, and be gone.

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

430 *Ant. S.* There's none but witches do inhabit here;
 And therefore 'tis high time that I were hence. 155
 She that doth call me husband, even my soul
 Doth for a wife abhor. But her fair sister,
 Possess'd with such a gentle sovereign grace,
 Of such enchanting presence and discourse, 160
 Hath almost made me traitor to myself:
 But, lest myself be guilty to self-wrong,
 I'll stop mine ears against the mermaid's song.

Enter ANGELO with the chain.

Ang. Master Antipholus,—

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

Ang. I know it well, sir:—lo, here is the chain.
 I thought to have ta'en you at the Porpentine: 165
 The chain unfinish'd made me stay thus long.

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

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

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

Ang. Not once, nor twice, but twenty times you have. 170
 Go home with it, and please your wife withal;
 And soon at supper-time I'll visit you,
 And then receive my money for the chain.

Ant. S. I pray you, sir, receive the money now,
 For fear you ne'er see chain nor money more. 175

Ang. You are a merry man, sir: fare you well.
 [Exit.]

Ant. S. What I should think of this, I cannot tell:
 But this I think, there's no man is so vain
 That would refuse so fair an offer'd chain.
 I see a man here needs not live by shifts, 180
 When in the streets he meets such golden gifts.
 I'll to the mart, and there for Dromio stay:
 If any ship put out, then straight away. [Exit.]

431

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *A public place.*

IV. 1

Enter Second Merchant, ANGELO, *and an* Officer.

Sec. Mer. You know since Pentecost the sum is due,
 And since I have not much importuned you;
 Nor now I had not, but that I am bound
 To Persia, and want guilders for my voyage:
 Therefore make present satisfaction, 5
 Or I'll attach you by this officer.

Ang. Even just the sum that I do owe to you
 Is growing to me by Antipholus;
 And in the instant that I met with you
 He had of me a chain: at five o'clock 10
 I shall receive the money for the same.
 Pleaseth you walk with me down to his house,
 I will discharge my bond, and thank you too.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus *and* DROMIO of
 Ephesus *from the courtesan's.*

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

Ant. E. While I go to the goldsmith's house, go thou 15
 And buy a rope's end: that will I bestow
 Among my wife and her confederates,
 For locking me out of my doors by day.—

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

20

Dro. E. I buy a thousand pound a year: I buy a rope.
[*Exit.*]

432

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

25

Ang. Saving your merry humour, here's the note
How much your chain weighs to the utmost carat,
The fineness of the gold, and chargeful fashion,
Which doth amount to three odd ducats more
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.

30

Ant. E. I am not furnish'd 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.

35

Ang. Then you will bring the chain to her yourself?

40

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

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

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

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

45

Ant. E. Good Lord! you use this dalliance to excuse
Your breach of promise to the Porpentine.
I should have chid you for not bringing it,
But, like a shrew, you first begin to brawl.

50

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

Ang. You hear how he importunes me;—the chain!

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

433

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

55

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

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

60

Ant. E. I answer you! what should I answer you?

Ang. The money that you owe me for the chain.

Ant. E. I owe you none till I receive the chain.

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

65

Ant. E. You gave me none: you wrong me much to say
so.

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

Sec. Mer. Well, officer, arrest him at my suit.

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

70

Ang. This touches me in reputation.
Either consent to pay this sum for me,
Or I attach you by this officer.

Ant. E. Consent to pay thee that I never had!
Arrest me, foolish fellow, if thou darest.

75

Ang. Here is thy fee; arrest him, officer.
I would not spare my brother in this case,

If he should scorn me so apparently.

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

Ant. E. I do obey thee till I give thee bail.
But, sirrah, you shall buy this sport as dear
As all the metal in your shop will answer.

Ang. Sir, sir, I shall have law in Ephesus,
To your notorious shame; I doubt it not.

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse, *from the bay.*

434 *Dro. S.* Master, there is a bark of Epidamnum
That stays but till her owner comes aboard,
And then, sir, she bears away. Our fraughtage, sir,
I have convey'd aboard; and I have bought
The oil, the balsamum, and aqua-vitæ.
The ship is in her trim; the merry wind
Blows fair from land: they stay for nought at all
But for their owner, master, and yourself.

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

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

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

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

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

To Adriana, villain, hie thee straight:
Give her this key, and tell her, in the desk
That's cover'd o'er with Turkish tapestry
There is a purse of ducats; let her send it:
Tell her I am arrested in the street,
And that shall bail me: hie thee, slave, be gone!
On, officer, to prison till it come.

[*Exeunt* Sec. Merchant, Angelo, Officer, and Ant. E.

Dro. S. To Adriana! that is where we dined,
Where Dowsabel did claim me for her husband:
She is too big, I hope, for me to compass.
Thither I must, although against my will,
For servants must their masters' minds fulfil. [*Exit.*

435

SCENE II. *The house of* ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus.

IV. 2

Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA.

Adr. Ah, Luciana, did he tempt thee so?

Mightst thou perceive austerely in his eye
That he did plead in earnest? yea or no?

Look'd he or red or pale, or sad or merrily?
What observation madest thou, in this case,
Of his heart's meteors tilting in his face?

Luc. First he denied you had in him no right.

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

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

Adr. And true he swore, though yet forsworn he were.

Luc. Then pleaded I for you.

Adr. And what said he?

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

Adr. With what persuasion did he tempt thy love?

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

Adr. Didst speak him fair?

Luc. Have patience, I beseech.

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

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	My tongue, though not my heart, shall have his will. He is deformed, crooked, old, and sere, Ill-faced, worse bodied, shapeless everywhere; Vicious, ungentle, foolish, blunt, unkind; Stigmatical in making, worse in mind.	20
	<i>Luc.</i> Who would be jealous, then, of such a one? No evil lost is wail'd when it is gone.	
436	<i>Adr.</i> Ah, but I think him better than I say, And yet would herein others' eyes were worse. Far from her nest the lapwing cries away: My heart prays for him, though my tongue do curse.	25
	<i>Enter</i> DROMIO of Syracuse.	
	<i>Dro. S.</i> Here! go; the desk, the purse! sweet, now, make haste.	
	<i>Luc.</i> How hast thou lost thy breath?	
	<i>Dro. S.</i> By running fast.	30
	<i>Adr.</i> Where is thy master, Dromio? is he well?	
	<i>Dro. S.</i> No, he's in Tartar limbo, worse than hell. A devil in an everlasting garment hath him; One whose hard heart is button'd up with steel; A fiend, a fury, pitiless and rough; A wolf, nay, worse; a fellow all in buff; A back-friend, a shoulder-clapper, one that countermands The passages of alleys, creeks, and narrow lands; A hound that runs counter, and yet draws dry-foot well; One that, before the Judgment, carries poor souls to hell.	35
	<i>Adr.</i> Why, man, what is the matter?	
	<i>Dro. S.</i> I do not know the matter: he is 'rested on the case.	
	<i>Adr.</i> What, is he arrested? Tell me at whose suit.	
	<i>Dro. S.</i> I know not at whose suit he is arrested well; But he's in a suit of buff which 'rested him, that can I tell. Will you send him, mistress, redemption, the money in his desk?	40
437	<i>Adr.</i> Go fetch it, sister. [<i>Exit Luciana.</i>] This I wonder at, That he, unknown to me, should be in debt. Tell me, was he arrested on a band?	45
	<i>Dro. S.</i> Not on a band, but on a stronger thing; A chain, a chain! Do you not hear it ring?	50
	<i>Adr.</i> What, the chain?	
	<i>Dro. S.</i> No, no, the bell: 'tis time that I were gone: It was two ere I left him, and now the clock strikes one.	
	<i>Adr.</i> The hours come back! that did I never hear.	55
	<i>Dro. S.</i> O, yes; if any hour meet a sergeant, 'a turns back for very fear.	
	<i>Adr.</i> As if Time were in debt! how fondly dost thou reason!	
	<i>Dro. S.</i> Time is a very bankrupt, and owes more than he's worth to season. Nay, he's a thief too: have you not heard men say, That Time comes stealing on by night and day? If Time be in debt and theft, and a sergeant in the way, Hath he not reason to turn back an hour in a day?	60
	<i>Re-enter</i> LUCIANA with a purse.	
	<i>Adr.</i> Go, Dromio; there's the money, bear it straight; And bring thy master home immediately. Come, sister: I am press'd down with conceit,— Conceit, my comfort and my injury.	65

SCENE III. *A public place.*

IV. 3

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse.

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

5

10

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.

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

Ant. S. What gold is this? what Adam dost thou
mean?

Dro. S. Not that Adam that kept the Paradise, but
that Adam that keeps the prison: he that goes in the
calf's skin that was killed for the Prodigal; he that
came behind you, sir, like an evil angel, and bid you
forsake your liberty.

15

Ant. S. I understand thee not.

Dro. S. No? why, 'tis a plain case: he that went, like a
base-viol, in a case of leather; the man, sir, that, when
gentlemen are tired, gives them a sob, and 'rests
them; he, sir, that takes pity on decayed men, and
gives them suits of durance; he that sets up his rest to
do more exploits with his mace than a morris-pike.

20

25

Ant. S. What, thou meanest an officer?

Dro. S. Ay, sir, the sergeant of the band; he that
brings any man to answer it that breaks his band; one
that thinks a man always going to bed, and says, 'God
give you good rest!'

30

Ant. S. Well, sir, there rest in your foolery. Is there
any ship puts forth to-night? may we be gone?

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

35

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

Enter a Courtezan.

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

40

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

Dro. S. Master, is this Mistress Satan?

Ant. S. It is the devil.

45

Dro. S. Nay, she is worse, she is the devil's dam; and
here she comes in the habit of a light wench: and
thereof comes that the wenches say, 'God damn me;'
that's as much to say, 'God make me a light wench.' It
is written, they appear to men like angels of light:
light is an effect of fire, and fire will burn; ergo, light
wenches will burn. Come not near her.

50

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

440 *Dro. S.* Master, if you do, expect spoon-meat; or bespeak a long spoon. 55

Ant. S. Why, Dromio?

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

Ant. S. Avoid then, fiend! what tell'st thou me of supping? 60

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

Cour. Give me the ring of mine you had at dinner,
Or, for my diamond, the chain you promised,
And I'll be gone, sir, and not trouble you. 65

Dro. S. Some devils ask but the parings of one's nail,
A rush, a hair, a drop of blood, a pin,
A nut, a cherry-stone;
But she, more covetous, would have a chain.
Master, be wise: an if you give it her,
The devil will shake her chain, and fright us with it. 70

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

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

Dro. S. 'Fly pride,' says the peacock: mistress, that you know. 75

[*Exeunt Ant. S. and Dro. S.*

Cour. 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. 80
The reason that I gather he is mad,—
Besides this present instance of his rage,—
Is a mad tale he told to-day at dinner,
Of his own doors being shut against his entrance.
Belike his wife, acquainted with his fits, 85
On purpose shut the doors against his way.
My way is now to his home to his house,
And tell his wife that, being lunatic,
441 He rush'd into my house, and took perforce
My ring away. This course I fittest choose; 90
For forty ducats is too much to lose. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *A street.*

IV. 4

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus and the Officer.

Ant. E. Fear me not, man; I will not break away:
I'll give thee, ere I leave thee, so much money,
To warrant thee, as I am 'rested for.
My wife is in a wayward mood to-day,
And will not lightly trust the messenger. 5
That I should be attach'd in Ephesus,
I tell you, 'twill sound harshly in her ears.

Enter DROMIO of Ephesus with a ropes-end.

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

Dro. E. Here's that, I warrant you, will pay them all. 10

Ant. E. But where's the money?

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

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

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

Ant. E. To what end did I bid thee hie thee home? 15

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

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

[Beating him.]

Off. Good sir, be patient.

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

20

Off. Good, now, hold thy tongue.

442

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

Ant. E. Thou whoreson, senseless villain!

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

25

Ant. E. Thou art sensible in nothing but blows, and so
is an ass.

Dro. E. 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.

30

35

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

Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, *the* Courtezan, and PINCH.

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

40

Ant. E. Wilt thou still talk? [Beating him.]

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

Adr. His incivility confirms no less.
Good Doctor Pinch, you are a conjurer;
Establish him in his true sense again,
And I will please you what you will demand.

45

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

Cour. Mark how he trembles in his ecstasy!

Pinch. Give me your hand, and let me feel your pulse.

443

Ant. E. There is my hand, and let it feel your ear.

[Striking him.]

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

50

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

55

Adr. O, that thou wert not, poor distressed soul!

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

60

Adr. O husband, God doth know you dined at home;
Where would you had remain'd until this time,
Free from these slanders and this open shame!

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

65

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

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

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

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

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

70

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

	<i>Dro. E.</i> Certes, she did; the kitchen-vestal scorn'd you.	
	<i>Ant. E.</i> And did not I in rage depart from thence?	
	<i>Dro. E.</i> In verity you did; my bones bear witness, That since have felt the vigour of his rage.	75
	<i>Adr.</i> Is't good to soothe him in these contraries?	
	<i>Pinch.</i> It is no shame: the fellow finds his vein, And, yielding to him, humours well his frenzy.	
	<i>Ant. E.</i> Thou hast suborn'd the goldsmith to arrest me.	
	<i>Adr.</i> Alas, I sent you money to redeem you, By Dromio here, who came in haste for it.	80
444	<i>Dro. E.</i> Money by me! heart and good-will you might; But surely, master, not a rag of money.	
	<i>Ant. E.</i> Went'st not thou to her for a purse of ducats?	
	<i>Adr.</i> He came to me, and I deliver'd it.	85
	<i>Luc.</i> And I am witness with her that she did.	
	<i>Dro. E.</i> God and the rope-maker bear me witness That I was sent for nothing but a rope!	
	<i>Pinch.</i> Mistress, both man and master is possess'd; I know it by their pale and deadly looks: They must be bound, and laid in some dark room.	90
	<i>Ant. E.</i> Say, wherefore didst them lock me forth to-day? And why dost thou deny the bag of gold?	
	<i>Adr.</i> I did not, gentle husband, lock thee forth.	
	<i>Dro. E.</i> And, gentle master, I received no gold; But I confess, sir, that we were lock'd out.	95
	<i>Adr.</i> Dissembling villain, them speak'st false in both.	
	<i>Ant. E.</i> Dissembling harlot, them art false in all, And art confederate with a damned pack To make a loathsome abject scorn of me: But with these nails I'll pluck out these false eyes, That would behold in me this shameful sport.	100
	<i>Enter three or four, and offer to bind him. He strives.</i>	
	<i>Adr.</i> O, bind him, bind him! let him not come near me.	
	<i>Pinch.</i> More company! The fiend is strong within him.	
	<i>Luc.</i> Ay me, poor man, how pale and wan he looks!	105
	<i>Ant. E.</i> What, will you murder me? Thou gaoler, thou, I am thy prisoner: wilt thou suffer them To make a rescue?	
	<i>Off.</i> Masters, let him go: He is my prisoner, and you shall not have him.	
445	<i>Pinch.</i> Go bind this man, for he is frantic too. [<i>They offer to bind Dro. E.</i>]	110
	<i>Adr.</i> What wilt thou do, thou peevish officer? Hast thou delight to see a wretched man Do outrage and displeasure to himself?	
	<i>Off.</i> He is my prisoner: if I let him go, The debt he owes will be required of me.	115
	<i>Adr.</i> 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!	120
	<i>Ant. E.</i> O most unhappy strumpet!	
	<i>Dro. E.</i> Master, I am here entered in bond for you.	
	<i>Ant. E.</i> Out on thee, villain! wherefore dost thou mad me?	
	<i>Dro. E.</i> Will you be bound for nothing? be mad, good	125

master: cry, The devil!

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

Adr. 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?

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

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

130

Off. Two hundred ducats.

Adr. Say, how grows it due?

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

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

Cour. When as your husband, all in rage, to-day

Came to my house, and took away my ring,—

The ring I saw upon his finger now,—

Straight after did I meet him with a chain.

135

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

446 *Come, gaoler, bring me where the goldsmith is:*

I long to know the truth hereof at large.

140

[*Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse with his rapier drawn, and DROMIO of Syracuse.*

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

Adr. And come with naked swords.

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

Off. Away! they'll kill us.

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

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

145

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

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

I long that we were safe and sound aboard.

Dro. S. Faith, stay here this night; they will surely do

us no harm: you saw they speak us fair, give us gold:

methinks they are such a gentle nation, that, but for

the mountain of mad flesh that claims marriage of me,

I could find in my heart to stay here still, and turn

witch.

150

Ant. S. I will not stay to-night for all the town;

Therefore away, to get our stuff aboard.

155

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *A street before a Priory.*

V. 1

Enter Second Merchant and ANGELO.

Ang. I am sorry, sir, that I have hinder'd you;

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

Though most dishonestly he doth deny it.

447 *Sec. Mer.* How is the man esteem'd here in the city?

Ang. Of very reverent reputation, sir,

5

Of credit infinite, highly beloved,

Second to none that lives here in the city:

His word might bear my wealth at any time.

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

[*Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse and DROMIO of Syracuse.*

Ang. 'Tis so; and that self chain about his neck,

10

Which he forswore most monstrously to have.

Good sir, draw near to me, I'll speak to him;

	Signior Antipholus, I wonder much That you would put me to this shame and trouble; And, not without some scandal to yourself, With circumstance and oaths so to deny This chain which now you wear so openly: Beside the charge, the shame, imprisonment, You have done wrong to this my honest friend; Who, but for staying on our controversy, Had hoisted sail and put to sea to-day: This chain you had of me; can you deny it?	15
	<i>Ant. S.</i> I think I had; I never did deny it.	
	<i>Sec. Mer.</i> Yes, that you did, sir, and forswore it too.	
	<i>Ant. S.</i> Who heard me to deny it or forswear it?	25
	<i>Sec. Mer.</i> These ears of mine, thou know'st, did hear thee.	
	Fie on thee, wretch! 'tis pity that thou livest To walk where any honest men resort.	
	<i>Ant. S.</i> Thou art a villain to impeach me thus: I'll prove mine honour and mine honesty Against thee presently, if thou darest stand.	30
448	<i>Sec. Mer.</i> I dare, and do defy thee for a villain. [<i>They draw.</i> <i>Enter</i> ADRIANA, LUCIANA, <i>the Courtezan, and others.</i>	
	<i>Adr.</i> Hold, hurt him not, for God's sake! he is mad. Some get within him, take his sword away: Bind Dromio too, and bear them to my house.	35
	<i>Dro. S.</i> Run, master, run; for God's sake, take a house! This is some priory.—In, or we are spoil'd! [<i>Exeunt Ant. S. and Dro. S. to the Priory.</i> <i>Enter the Lady Abbess.</i>	
	<i>Abb.</i> Be quiet, people. Wherefore throng you hither?	
	<i>Adr.</i> To fetch my poor distracted husband hence. Let us come in, that we may bind him fast, And bear him home for his recovery.	40
	<i>Ang.</i> I knew he was not in his perfect wits.	
	<i>Sec. Mer.</i> I am sorry now that I did draw on him.	
	<i>Abb.</i> How long hath this possession held the man?	
	<i>Adr.</i> 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.	45
	<i>Abb.</i> 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? A sin prevailing much in youthful men, Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing. Which of these sorrows is he subject to?	50
	<i>Adr.</i> To none of these, except it be the last; Namely, some love that drew him oft from home.	55
	<i>Abb.</i> You should for that have reprehended him.	
	<i>Adr.</i> Why, so I did.	
	<i>Abb.</i> Ay, but not rough enough.	
	<i>Adr.</i> As roughly as my modesty would let me.	
449	<i>Abb.</i> Haply, in private.	
	<i>Adr.</i> And in assemblies too.	60
	<i>Abb.</i> Ay, but not enough.	
	<i>Adr.</i> It was the copy of our conference: In bed, he slept not for my urging it; At board, he fed not for my urging it; Alone, it was the subject of my theme; In company I often glanced it; Still did I tell him it was vile and bad.	65

	<i>Abb.</i> 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.	70
	It seems his sleeps were hinder'd by thy railing: And thereof comes it that his head is light. Thou say'st his meat was sauced with thy upbraidings: Unquiet meals make ill digestions; Thereof the raging fire of fever bred;	75
	And what's a fever but a fit of madness? Thou say'st his sports were hinder'd by thy brawls: Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue But moody and dull melancholy, Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair;	80
	And at her heels a huge infectious troop Of pale distemperatures and foes to life? In food, in sport, and life-preserving rest To be disturb'd, would mad or man or beast: The consequence is, then, thy jealous fits Have scared thy husband from the use of wits.	85
450	<i>Luc.</i> She never reprehended him but mildly, When he demean'd himself rough, rude, and wildly. Why bear you these rebukes, and answer not?	
	<i>Adr.</i> She did betray me to my own reproof. Good people, enter, and lay hold on him.	90
	<i>Abb.</i> No, not a creature enters in my house.	
	<i>Adr.</i> Then let your servants bring my husband forth.	
	<i>Abb.</i> Neither: he took this place for sanctuary, And it shall privilege him from your hands Till I have brought him to his wits again, Or lose my labour in assaying it.	95
	<i>Adr.</i> I will attend my husband, be his nurse, Diet his sickness, for it is my office, And will have no attorney but myself; And therefore let me have him home with me.	100
	<i>Abb.</i> Be patient; for I will not let him stir Till I have used the approved means I have, With wholesome syrups, drugs and holy prayers, To make of him a formal man again: It is a branch and parcel of mine oath, A charitable duty of my order. Therefore depart, and leave him here with me.	105
	<i>Adr.</i> I will not hence, and leave my husband here: And ill it doth beseem your holiness To separate the husband and the wife.	110
	<i>Abb.</i> Be quiet, and depart: thou shalt not have him. [<i>Exit.</i>]	
	<i>Luc.</i> Complain unto the Duke of this indignity.	
	<i>Adr.</i> Come, go: I will fall prostrate at his feet, And never rise until my tears and prayers Have won his Grace to come in person hither, And take perforce my husband from the abbess.	115
	<i>Sec. Mer.</i> 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.	120
451	<i>Ang.</i> Upon what cause?	
	<i>Sec. Mer.</i> To see a reverend Syracusan merchant, Who put unluckily into this bay Against the laws and statutes of this town, Beheaded publicly for his offence.	125
	<i>Ang.</i> See where they come: we will behold his death.	
	<i>Luc.</i> Kneel to the Duke before he pass the abbey.	
	<i>Enter</i> DUKE, <i>attended</i> ; ÆGEON <i>bareheaded</i> ; <i>with the</i> Headsman <i>and other</i> Officers.	
	<i>Duke.</i> Yet once again proclaim it publicly, If any friend will pay the sum for him,	130

He shall not die; so much we tender him.

Adr. Justice, most sacred Duke, against the abbess!

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

135

Adr. May it please your Grace, Antipholus my
husband,—

Whom I made lord of me and all I had,
At your important letters,—this ill day
A most outrageous fit of madness took him;
That desperately he hurried through the street,—
With him his bondman, all as mad as he,—
Doing displeasure to the citizens

140

By rushing in their houses, bearing thence
Rings, jewels, any thing his rage did like.
Once did I get him bound, and sent him home,
Whilst to take order for the wrongs I went,
That here and there his fury had committed.

145

452

Anon, I wot not by what strong escape,
He broke from those that had the guard of him;
And with his mad attendant and himself,
Each one with ireful passion, with drawn swords,
Met us again, and, madly bent on us,

150

Chased us away; till, raising of more aid,
We came again to bind them. Then they fled
Into this abbey, whither we pursued them;
And here the abbess shuts the gates on us,
And will not suffer us to fetch him out,

155

Nor send him forth, that we may bear him hence.
Therefore, most gracious Duke, with thy command
Let him be brought forth, and borne hence for help.

160

Duke. Long since thy husband served me in my wars;
And I to thee engaged a prince's word,
When thou didst make him master of thy bed,
To do him all the grace and good I could.
Go, some of you, knock at the abbey-gate,
And bid the lady abbess come to me.
I will determine this before I stir.

165

Enter a Servant.

Serv. O mistress, mistress, shift and save yourself!
My master and his man are both broke loose,
Beaten the maids a-row, and bound the doctor,
Whose beard they have singed off with brands of fire;
And ever, as it blazed, they threw on him
Great pails of puddled mire to quench the hair:
My master preaches patience to him, and the while
His man with scissors nicks him like a fool;
And sure, unless you send some present help,
Between them they will kill the conjurer.

170

175

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

453

Serv. Mistress, upon my life, I tell you true;
I have not breathed almost since I did see it.
He cries for you, and vows, if he can take you,
To scorch your face and to disfigure you.

180

[*Cry within.*

Hark, hark! I hear him, mistress: fly, be gone!

Duke. Come, stand by me; fear nothing. Guard with
halberds!

185

Adr. Ay me, it is my husband! Witness you,
That he is borne about invisible:
Even now we housed him in the abbey here;
And now he's there, past thought of human reason.

*Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus and DROMIO of
Ephesus.*

Ant. E. Justice, most gracious Duke, O, grant me
justice!

190

Even for the service that long since I did thee,
When I bestrid thee in the wars, and took
Deep scars to save thy life; even for the blood

	That then I lost for thee, now grant me justice.	
	<i>Æge.</i> Unless the fear of death doth make me dote, I see my son Antipholus, and Dromio.	195
	<i>Ant. E.</i> 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: Beyond imagination is the wrong That she this day hath shameless thrown on me.	200
	<i>Duke.</i> Discover how, and thou shalt find me just.	
	<i>Ant. E.</i> This day, great Duke, she shut the doors upon me, While she with harlots feasted in my house.	205
	<i>Duke.</i> A grievous fault! Say, woman, didst thou so?	
	<i>Adr.</i> No, my good lord: myself, he and my sister To-day did dine together. So befall my soul As this is false he burdens me withal!	
454	<i>Luc.</i> Ne'er may I look on day, nor sleep on night, But she tells to your Highness simple truth!	210
	<i>Ang.</i> O perjured woman! They are both forsworn: In this the madman justly chargeth them.	
	<i>Ant. E.</i> My liege, I am advised what I say; Neither disturbed with the effect of wine, Nor heady-rash, provoked with raging ire, Albeit my wrongs might make one wiser mad. This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner: That goldsmith there, were he not pack'd with her, Could witness it, for he was with me then; Who parted with me to go fetch a chain, Promising to bring it to the Porpentine, Where Balthazar and I did dine together. Our dinner done, and he not coming thither, I went to seek him: in the street I met him, And in his company that gentleman. There did this perjured goldsmith swear me down That I this day of him received the chain, Which, God he knows, I saw not: for the which He did arrest me with an officer. I did obey; and sent my peasant home For certain ducats: he with none return'd. Then fairly I bespoke the officer To go in person with me to my house. By the way we met my wife, her sister, and a rabble more Of vile confederates. Along with them They brought one Pinch, a hungry lean-faced villain, A mere anatomy, a mountebank, A threadbare juggler, and a fortune-teller, A needy, hollow-eyed, sharp-looking wretch, A living-dead man: this pernicious slave, Forsooth, took on him as a conjurer; And, gazing in mine eyes, feeling my pulse, And with no face, as 'twere, outfacing me, Cries out, I was possess'd. Then all together They fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence, And in a dark and dankish vault at home There left me and my man, both bound together; Till, gnawing with my teeth my bonds in sunder, I gain'd my freedom, and immediately Ran hither to your Grace; whom I beseech To give me ample satisfaction For these deep shames and great indignities.	215 220 225 230 235 240 245
455	<i>Ang.</i> My lord, in truth, thus far I witness with him, That he dined not at home, but was lock'd out.	250 255
	<i>Duke.</i> But had he such a chain of thee or no?	
	<i>Ang.</i> He had, my lord: and when he ran in here, These people saw the chain about his neck.	
	<i>Sec. Mer.</i> Besides, I will be sworn these ears of mine	

	Heard you confess you had the chain of him, After you first forswore it on the mart: And thereupon I drew my sword on you; And then you fled into this abbey here, From whence, I think, you are come by miracle.	260
	<i>Ant. E.</i> I never came within these abbey-walls; Nor ever didst thou draw thy sword on me: I never saw the chain, so help me Heaven: And this is false you burden me withal!	265
	<i>Duke.</i> Why, what an intricate impeach is this! I think you all have drunk of Circe's cup. If here you housed him, here he would have been; If he were mad, he would not plead so coldly: You say he dined at home; the goldsmith here Denies that saying. Sirrah, what say you?	270
	<i>Dro. E.</i> Sir, he dined with her there, at the Porpentine.	275
	<i>Cour.</i> He did; and from my finger snatch'd that ring.	
	<i>Ant. E.</i> 'Tis true, my liege; this ring I had of her.	
	<i>Duke.</i> Saw'st thou him enter at the abbey here?	
	<i>Cour.</i> As sure, my liege, as I do see your Grace.	
456	<i>Duke.</i> Why, this is strange. Go call the abbess hither. I think you are all mated, or stark mad.	280
	[Exit one to the Abbess.]	
	<i>Æge.</i> 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.	
	<i>Duke.</i> Speak freely, Syracusian, what thou wilt.	285
	<i>Æge.</i> Is not your name, sir, call'd Antipholus? And is not that your bondman, Dromio?	
	<i>Dro. E.</i> Within this hour I was his bondman, sir, But he, I thank him, gnaw'd in two my cords: Now am I Dromio, and his man unbound.	290
	<i>Æge.</i> I am sure you both of you remember me.	
	<i>Dro. E.</i> Ourselves we do remember, sir, by you; For lately we were bound, as you are now. You are not Pinch's patient, are you, sir?	
	<i>Æge.</i> Why look you strange on me? you know me well.	295
	<i>Ant. E.</i> I never saw you in my life till now.	
	<i>Æge.</i> O, grief hath changed me since you saw me last, And careful hours with time's deformed hand Have written strange defeatures in my face: But tell me yet, dost thou not know my voice?	300
	<i>Ant. E.</i> Neither.	
	<i>Æge.</i> Dromio, nor thou?	
	<i>Dro. E.</i> No, trust me, sir, nor I.	
	<i>Æge.</i> I am sure thou dost.	
	<i>Dro. E.</i> Ay, sir, but I am sure I do not; and whatsoever a man denies, you are now bound to believe him.	305
457	<i>Æge.</i> 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? Though now this grained face of mine be hid In sap-consuming winter's drizzled snow, And all the conduits of my blood froze up, Yet hath my night of life some memory, My wasting lamps some fading glimmer left, My dull deaf ears a little use to hear: All these old witnesses—I cannot err— Tell me thou art my son Antipholus.	310
	<i>Ant. E.</i> I never saw my father in my life.	315
	<i>Æge.</i> But seven years since, in <u>Syracusa</u> , boy,	

Thou know'st we parted: but perhaps, my son,
Thou shamest to acknowledge me in misery.

320

Ant. E. The Duke and all that know me in the city
Can witness with me that it is not so:
I ne'er saw Syracuse in my life.

Duke. I tell thee, Syracusan, twenty years
Have I been patron to Antipholus,
During which time he ne'er saw Syracuse:
I see thy age and dangers make thee dote.

325

*Re-enter Abbess, with ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse and
DROMIO of Syracuse.*

Abb. Most mighty Duke, behold a man much wrong'd.

[*All gather to see them.*]

Adr. I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceive me.

330

Duke. One of these men is Genius to the other;
And so of these. Which is the natural man,
And which the spirit? who deciphers them?

Dro. S. I, sir, am Dromio: command him away.

Dro. E. I, sir, am Dromio: pray, let me stay.

335

Ant. S. Ægeon art thou not? or else his ghost?

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

Abb. Whoever bound him, I will loose his bonds,
And gain a husband by his liberty.

458

Speak, old Ægeon, if thou be'st the man
That hadst a wife once call'd Æmilia,
That bore thee at a burden two fair sons:
O, if thou be'st the same Ægeon, speak,
And speak unto the same Æmilia!

340

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

345

Abb. By men of Epidamnum he and I
And the twin Dromio, all were taken up;
But by and by rude fishermen of Corinth
By force took Dromio and my son from them,
And me they left with those of Epidamnum.
What then became of them I cannot tell;
I to this fortune that you see me in.

350

Duke. Why, here begins his morning story right:
These two Antipholuses, these two so like,
And these two Dromios, one in semblance,—
Besides her urging of her wreck at sea,—
These are the parents to these children,
Which accidentally are met together.
Antipholus, thou camest from Corinth first?

355

360

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

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

Ant. E. I came from Corinth, my most gracious lord,—

Dro. E. And I with him.

365

Ant. E. Brought to this town by that most famous
warrior.

459

Duke Menaphon, your most renowned uncle.

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

Ant. S. I, gentle mistress.

Adr. And are not you my husband?

Ant. E. No; I say nay to that.

370

Ant. S. And so do I; yet did she call me so:
And this fair gentlewoman, her sister here,
Did call me brother. [*To Lucia.*] What I told you then,
I hope I shall have leisure to make good;
If this be not a dream I see and hear.

375

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

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

	<i>Ant. E.</i> And you, sir, for this chain arrested me.	
	<i>Ang.</i> I think I did, sir; I deny it not.	
	<i>Adr.</i> I sent you money, sir, to be your bail, By Dromio; but I think he brought it not.	380
	<i>Dro. E.</i> No, none by me.	
	<i>Ant. S.</i> 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.	385
	<i>Ant. E.</i> These ducats pawn I for my father here.	
	<i>Duke.</i> It shall not need; thy father hath his life.	
	<i>Cour.</i> Sir, I must have that diamond from you.	390
	<i>Ant. E.</i> There, take it; and much thanks for my good cheer.	
	<i>Abb.</i> 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.—	395
460	Thirty-three years have I but gone in travail Of you, my sons; and till this present hour My heavy burthen ne'er delivered. The Duke, my husband, and my children both, And you the calendars of their nativity, Go to a gossips' feast, and go with me; After so long grief, such nativity!	400
	<i>Duke.</i> With all my heart, I'll gossip at this feast.	405
	[<i>Exeunt all but Ant. S., Ant. E., Dro. S., and Dro. E.</i>	
	<i>Dro. S.</i> Master, shall I fetch your stuff from ship- board?	
	<i>Ant. E.</i> Dromio, what stuff of mine hast thou embark'd?	
	<i>Dro. S.</i> Your goods that lay at host, sir, in the Centaur.	
	<i>Ant. S.</i> He speaks to me. —I am your master, Dromio: Come, go with us; we'll look to that anon: Embrace thy brother there; rejoice with him.	410
	[<i>Exeunt Ant. S. and Ant. E.</i>	
	<i>Dro. S.</i> There is a fat friend at your master's house, That kitchen'd me for you to-day at dinner: She now shall be my sister, not my wife.	415
	<i>Dro. E.</i> 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?	
461	<i>Dro. S.</i> Not I, sir; you are my elder.	
	<i>Dro. E.</i> That's a question: how shall we try it?	420
	<i>Dro. S.</i> We'll draw cuts for the senior: till then lead thou first.	
	<i>Dro. E.</i> Nay, then, thus:— We came into the world like brother and brother; And now let's go hand in hand, not one before another.	
	[<i>Exeunt.</i>	

NOTE I.

In the spelling of the name of 'Solinus' we have followed the first Folio. In the subsequent Folios it was altered, most probably by an accident in F₂ to 'Salinus.' The name occurs only once in the copies, and that in the first line of the text. The name which we have given as 'Antipholus' is spelt indifferently thus, and 'Antipholis' in the Folios. It will hardly be doubted that the lines in the rhyming passage, [III. 2. 2, 4](#), where the Folios read 'Antipholus,' are correctly amended by Capell, and prove that 'Antipholus' is the spelling of Shakespeare. Either word is evidently corrupted from 'Antiphilus.' These names are merely arbitrary, but the surnames, 'Erotes' and 'Sereptus,' are most probably errors for 'Errans,' or 'Erraticus' and 'Surreptus,' of which the latter is plainly derived from Plautus' *Menæchmus Surreptus*, a well-known character in Shakespeare's day; see Brian Melbancke's *Philotimus* (1582), p. 160: "Thou art like Menechmus Subreptus his wife ... whose "husband shall not neede to be justice of peace" for she "will have a charter to make her justice of coram." See [Merry Wives, I. 1. 4, 5](#). In spelling 'Syracusan' instead of 'Syracusan' we follow the practice of the Folios in an indifferent matter. 'Epidamnum' not 'Epidamium' is found in the English translation of the *Menæchmi*, 1595, so the latter form in F₁ is probably a printer's error.

NOTE II.

[I. 2. 1](#). That this scene is laid at the Mart appears from Antipholus's allusion to this place in [II. 2. 5, 6](#):

'I could not speak with Dromio since at first
I sent him from the mart.'

463 As this play is derived from a classical prototype, Capell has supposed no change of scene, but lays the whole action in 'a Publick Place;' evidently with much inconvenience to the Persons.

NOTE III.

[II. 1. 30](#). Johnson's ingenious conjecture may have been suggested to him by a passage in *As you like it*, [IV. 3. 17](#):

'Her love is not the hare that I do hunt.'

But the received reading of the Folios is perhaps confirmed by a line in the present play, [III. 2. 7](#):

'Or if you like elsewhere, do it by stealth.'

NOTE IV.

[II. 1. 108 sqq.](#) The only correction of this passage which we believe to be quite free from doubt is that in [line 112](#), 'Wear' for 'Where.' Accordingly, with this exception, we have retained the precise words of the first Folio.

NOTE V.

[IV. 2. 38](#). Grey's conjecture of 'lanes' for 'lands' is made somewhat more probable by the existence of copies of F₁ in which the word appears 'lans.' A corrector would naturally change this rather to 'lands' than to 'lanes,' because of the rhyme.

NOTE VI.

[IV. 2. 46](#). The Folios have 'send him Mistris redemption,' and Rowe, by his punctuation and capital R, made Dromio call Luciana 'Redemption.' Pope and Theobald seem to have followed him, though they give the small r. The Folios cannot be made chargeable with this error, for the comma does not regularly follow vocatives in these editions where we expect it. There is no comma, for instance, following the word 'Mistress' in [IV. 3. 75](#) or in [IV. 4. 39](#).

NOTE VII.

[IV. 4. 29](#). The word 'ears' might probably be better printed "ears' for 'years;' for a pun—hitherto, however, unnoticed—seems to be indicated by the following words. A very farfetched explanation has been offered by Steevens, and accepted by Delius and, we believe, by all the modern editors, namely, that Antipholus has wrung Dromio's ears so often that they have attained a length like an ass's.

464

NOTE VIII.

[V. 1. 1](#). Shakespeare uses the words 'Priory' and 'Abbey' as synonymous. Compare [V. 1. 37](#) and [V. 1. 122](#).

NOTE IX.

[V. 1. 235](#). It might possibly be better to print this line as two lines, the first being broken:

'By the way we met
My wife...'

But the place is probably corrupt.

NOTE X.

[V. 1. 399](#). The number Thirty-three has been altered by editors to bring the figures into harmony with other periods named in the play. From [I. 1. 126, 133](#) the age of Antipholus has been computed at twenty-three; from [I. 1. 126](#) and [V. 1. 308](#) we derive twenty-five. The Duke says he has been patron to

Antipholus for twenty years, [V. 1. 325](#); but three or five seems too small an age to assign for the commencement of this patronage. Antipholus saved the Duke's life in the wars 'long since,' [V. 1. 161, 191](#). His 'long experience' of his wife's 'wisdom' and her 'years' are mentioned, [III. 1. 89, 90](#). But Shakespeare probably did not compute the result of his own figures with any great care or accuracy.

Act I: Scene 1

- I. 1 [A hall ... palace.](#)] Malone. The Duke's palace. Theobald. A publick Place. Capell.
 ÆGEON,] Rowe. with the Merchant of Siracusa, Ff.
 Officers,] Capell. Officer, Staunton. om. Ff.
1. *Solinus*] F₁. *Salinus* F₂ F₃ F₄.
 10. *looks*] *books* Anon. conj.
 14. *Syracusians*] F₄. *Siracusians* F₁ F₂ F₃. *Syracusans* Pope. See [note \(i\)](#).
 - 16, 17, 18. *Nay more If ... seen At any*] Malone. *Nay, more, if ... Ephesus Be seen at any* Ff.
 18. *any*] om. Pope.
 23. *to ransom*] F₁. *ransom* F₂ F₃ F₄.
 27. *this*] *'tis* Hanmer.
 33. *griefs*] F₁. *griefe* F₂. *grief* F₃ F₄.
 35. *nature*] *fortune* Collier MS.
 39. *by me*] F₁. *by me too* F₂ F₃ F₄.
 42. *Epidamnum*] Pope. *Epidamium* Ff. *Epidamnum* Rowe. See [note \(i\)](#).
 43. *the*] *then* Edd. conj.
the ... care ... left] Theobald. *he ... care ... left* F₁. *he ... store ... leaving* F₂ F₃ F₄. *heed ... caves ... left* Jackson conj.
random] F₃ F₄. *randone* F₁ F₂.
 - I. 1 50. *had she*] Ff. *she had* Rowe.
 55. *meaner*] Delius (S. Walker conj.). *meane* F₁. *poor meane* F₂. *poor mean* F₃ F₄.
 56. *burden, male twins*] *burthen male, twins* F₁.
 - 61, 62. So Pope. One line in Ff.
 61. *soon*] *soon!*] Pope. *soon*. Capell.
 70. *gladly*] *gently* Collier MS.
 71. *weepings*] F₁. *weeping* F₂ F₃ F₄.
 76. *this*] *thus* Collier MS.
 79. *latter-*] *elder-* Rowe.
 86. *either end the mast*] *th' end of either mast* Hanmer.
 - 87, 88. *And ... Was*] Ff. *And ... Were* Rowe. *Which ... Was* Capell.
 91. *wished*] F₁. *wish'd* F₂ F₃ F₄.
 92. *seas wax'd*] *seas waxt* F₁. *seas waxe* F₂. *seas wax* F₃. *seas was* F₄. *sea was* Rowe.
 94. *Epidaurus*] *Epidarus* F₁. *Epidamnum* Theobald conj.
 - I. 1 103. *upon*] Pope. *up* F₁ *up upon* F₂ F₃ F₄.
 104. *helpful*] *helpless* Rowe.
 113. *another*] *the other* Hanmer.
 115. *healthful*] F₁. *helpful* F₂ F₃ F₄.
 117. *bark*] *backe* F₁.
 120. *That*] *Thus* Hanmer. *Yet* Anon. conj.
 122. *sake*] F₁. *sakes* F₂ F₃ F₄.
 124. *hath ... thee*] *have ... they* F₁.
of] om. F₄.
 128. *so*] F₁. *for* F₂ F₃ F₄.
 130. *the*] om. Pope.
 131. *I labour'd of a*] *he labour'd of all* Collier MS.
 - 144, 145. These lines inverted by Hanmer.
 145. *princes, would they, may*] Hanmer. *Princes would they may* F₁. *Princes would, they may* F₂ F₃ F₄.
 151. *Therefore, merchant, I'll*] Ff. *Therefore merchant, I* Rowe. *I, therefore, merchant* Pope. *I'll, therefore, merchant* Capell.
 152. *help ... help*] Ff. *life ... help* Pope. *help ... means* Steevens conj. *hope ... help* Collier. *fine ... help* Singer.
by] *thy* Jackson conj.
 155. *no*] *not* Rowe.
 156. *Gaoler,*] *Jailor, now* Hanmer. *So, jailer,* Capell.
 159. *lifeless*] Warburton. *liveless* Ff.

Act I: Scene 2

I. 2

- SCENE II.] Pope. No division in Ff.
The Mart.] Edd. A public place. Capell. The Street. Pope. See [note \(ii\)](#).
Enter ...] Enter Antipholis Erotes, a Marchant, and Dromio. Ff.
4. *arrival*] *a rivall* F₁.
10. *till*] *tell* F₂.
11, 12. The order of these lines is inverted by F₂ F₃ F₄.
12. *that*] *then* Collier MS.
18. *mean*] F₁. *means* F₂ F₃ F₄.
23. *my*] F₁. *the* F₂ F₃ F₄.
28. *consort*] *consort with* Malone conj.
30. *myself*] F₁. *my life* F₂ F₃ F₄.
33. SCENE III. Pope.
mine] F₁. *my* F₂ F₃ F₄.
37. *falling*] *failing* Barron Field conj.
37, 38. *fellow forth, Unseen,*] *fellow, for Th' unseen* Anon. conj.
38. *Unseen,*] *In search* Spedding conj.
Unseen, inquisitive,] *Unseen inquisitive!* Staunton.

I. 2

40. *them*] F₁. *him* F₂ F₃ F₄.
unhappy,] F₂ F₃ F₄. (*unhappie a*) F₁. *unhappier,* Edd. conj.
65. *score*] Rowe. *scoure* F₁ F₂ F₃. *scour* F₄.
66. *your clock*] Pope. *your cooke* F₁. *you cooke* F₂. *your cook* F₃ F₄.
76. *stays*] *stay* Rowe.
86. *will*] *would* Collier MS.
93. *God's*] Hanmer. *God* Ff.
96. *o'er-raught*] Hanmer. *ore-wrought* Ff.
99. *Dark-working*] *Drug-working* Warburton.
99, 100. *Dark-working ... Soul-killing*] *Soul-killing ... Dark-working* Johnson conj.
100. *Soul-killing*] *Soul-selling* Hanmer.
102. *liberties*] *libertines* Hanmer.

Act II: Scene 1

II. 1

- The house ... Ephesus.] Pope. The same (i.e. A publick place). Capell, and passim.
11. *o' door*] Capell. *adore* F₁ F₂ F₃. *adoor* F₄.
12. *ill*] F₂ F₃ F₄. *thus* F₁.
15. *lash'd*] *leashed* "a learned lady" conj. ap. Steevens. *lach'd* or *lac'd* Becket conj.
17. *bound, ... sky:*] *bound: ... sky,* Anon. conj.
19. *subjects*] *subject* Capell.
20, 21. *Men ... masters ... Lords*] Hanmer. *Man ... master ... Lord* Ff.
21. *wild watery*] *wilde watry* F₁. *wide watry* F₂ F₃ F₄.
22, 23. *souls ... fowls*] F₁. *soul ... fowl* F₂ F₃ F₄.
30. *husband start*] *husband's heart's* Jackson conj.
other where] *other hare* Johnson conj. See [note \(iii\)](#).
31. *home*] om. Boswell (ed. 1821).
39. *wouldst*] Rowe. *would* Ff.
40. *see*] *be* Hanmer.
41. *fool-begg'd*] *fool-egg'd* Jackson conj. *fool-bagg'd* Staunton conj. *fool-badged* Id. conj.

II. 1

44. SCENE II. Pope.
now] *yet* Capell.
45. *Nay*] *At hand?* Nay Capell.
and] om. Capell.
45, 46. *two ... two*] *too ... two* F₁.
50-53. *doubtfully*] *doubly* Collier MS.
53. *withal*] *therewithal* Capell.
that] om. Capell, who prints lines 50-54 as four verses ending *feel ... I ... therewithal ... them*.
59. *he is*] *he's* Pope. om. Hanmer.
61. *a thousand*] F₄. *a hundred* F₁ *a 1000* F₂ F₃.
64. *home*] Hanmer. om. Ff.
68. *I know not thy mistress*] *Thy mistress I know not* Hanmer. *I know not of thy mistress* Capell. *I know thy mistress not* Seymour conj.
out on thy mistress] F₁ F₄. *out on my mistress* F₂ F₃. '*out on thy mistress,*' Quoth he Capell. *I know no mistress; out upon thy mistress* Steevens conj.
70. *Quoth*] *Why, quoth* Hanmer.
71-74. Printed as prose in Ff. Corrected by Pope.
73. *bare*] *bear* Steevens.
my] *thy* F₂.
74. *there*] *thence* Capell conj.

85. *I last*] *I'm to last* Anon. conj.
 [Exit.] F₂.
87. SCENE III. Pope.
93. *blunts*] F₁. *blots* F₂ F₃ F₄.
- II. 1 107. *alone, alone*] F₂ F₃ F₄. *alone, a love* F₁. *alone, alas!* Hanmer. *alone, O love*, Capell conj. *alone a lone* Nicholson conj.
110. *yet the*] Ff. *and the* Theobald. *and tho'* Hanmer. *yet though* Collier.
111. *That others touch*] *The tester's touch* Anon. (Fras. Mag.) conj. *The triers' touch* Singer.
and] Ff. *yet* Theobald. *an* Collier. *though* Heath conj.
- 111, 112. *will Wear*] Theobald (Warburton). *will, Where*] F₁.
- 112, 113. F₂ F₃ F₄ omit these two lines. See note (iv).
112. *and no man*] F₁. *and so no man* Theobald. *and e'en so man* Capell. *and so a man* Heath conj.
113. *By*] F₁. *But* Theobald.
115. *what's left away*] (*what's left away*) F₁. (*what's left*) *away* F₂ F₃ F₄.

Act II: Scene 2

- II. 2 SCENE II.] Capell. SCENE IV. Pope.
 A public place.] Capell. A street. Pope.
- 3, 4, 5. *out By ... report.* I] F₁ F₂ F₃. *out By ... report, I* F₄. *out. By ... report, I* Rowe.
12. *didst*] *did didst* F₁.
23. Beating him] Beats Dro. Ff.
28. *jest*] *jet* Dyce.
29. *common*] *comedy* Hanmer.
- 35-107. Pope marks as spurious.
38. *else*] om. Capell.
45. *Why, first*] *First, why* Capell.
53. *next, to*] *next time*, Capell conj.
to] *and* Collier MS.
59. *none*] F₁. *not* F₂ F₃ F₄.
76. *hair*] *hair to men* Capell.
79. *men*] Pope, ed. 2 (Theobald). *them* Ff.
91. *sound*] F₁. *sound ones* F₂ F₃ F₄.
93. *falsing*] *falling* Heath conj.
97. *trimming*] Rowe. *trying* Ff. *tyring* Pope. *'tiring* Collier.
- II. 2 101. *no time*] F₂ F₃ F₄. *in no time* F₁. *e'en no time* Collier (Malone conj.).
110. *thy*] F₁. *some* F₂ F₃ F₄.
111. *not ... nor*] *but ... and* Capell conj.
112. *unurged*] *unurg'dst* Pope.
117. *or look'd, or*] *look'd*, Steevens.
to thee] om. Pope. *thee* S. Walker conj.
119. *then*] *thus* Rowe.
130. *but*] F₁. om. F₂ F₃ F₄.
135. *off*] Hanmer. *of* Ff.
138. *canst*] *wouldst* Hanmer.
140. *crime*] *grime* Warburton.
142. *thy*] F₁. *my* F₂ F₃ F₄.
143. *contagion*] *catagion* F₄.
145. *distain'd*] *unstain'd* Hanmer (Theobald conj.). *dis-stain'd* Theobald. *distained* Heath conj.
undishonoured] *dishonoured* Heath conj.
- 149, 150. Marked as spurious by Pope.
Who, ... Wants] *Whose every ..., Want* Becket conj.
- II. 2 150. *Wants*] Ff. *Want* Johnson.
155. *By me?*] Pope. *By me.* Ff.
156. *this*] F₁, Capell. *thus* F₂ F₃ F₄.
167. *your*] *you* F₂.
174. *stronger*] F₄. *stranger* F₁ F₂ F₃.
- 180-185. Marked 'aside' by Capell.
180. *moves*] *means* Collier MS.
183. *drives*] *draws* Collier MS.
184. *sure uncertainty*] *sure: uncertainly* Becket conj.
185. *offer'd*] Capell. *free'd* Ff. *favour'd* Pope. *proffered* Collier MS.
- 187-201. Marked as spurious by Pope.
189. *talk*] *walk and talk* Anon. conj.
goblins] *ghosts and goblins* Lettsom conj.
owls] *ouphs* Theobald.

- sprites*] F₁. *elves sprites* F₂ F₃ F₄. *elvish sprites* Rowe (ed. 2). *elves and sprites* Collier MS.
191. *or*] *and* Theobald.
192. *and answer'st not?*] F₁. om. F₂ F₃ F₄.
193. *Dromio, thou drone, thou snail*] Theobald. *Dromio, thou Dromio, thou snaile* F₁. *Dromio, thou Dromio, snaile* F₂ F₃ F₄.
194. *am I not?*] Ff. *am not I?* Theobald.
203. *the eye*] *thy eye* F₂ F₃.
204. *laughs*] Ff. *laugh* Pope.
- 211-215. Marked as 'aside' by Capell.

Act III: Scene 1

- III. 1 SCENE I. ANGELO and BALTHAZAR.] Angelo the Goldsmith and Balthasar the Merchant. Ff.
1. *all*] om. Pope.
- 11-14. Put in the margin as spurious by Pope.
11. *Say*] *you must say* Capell.
13. *the skin*] *my skin* Collier MS.
14. *own*] F₁. om. F₂ F₃ F₄.
you] *you for certain* Collier MS.
15. *doth*] *dont* Theobald.
19. *You're*] *Y'are* Ff. *you are* Capell.
20. *here*] om. Pope.
- 21-29. Put in the margin as spurious by Pope.
31. *Ginn*] om. Pope. *Jen'* Malone. *Gin'* Collier. *Jin* Dyce.
- 36-60. Put in the margin as spurious by Pope.
- 32, *sqq.* [Within] Rowe.
46. *been*] F₁. *bid* F₂ F₃ F₄.
47. *an ass*] *a face* Collier MS.
48. Luce. [Within] Rowe. Enter Luce. Ff.
there, Dromio? who] *there! Dromio, who* Capell.
- III. 1 54. *hope*] *trou* Theobald. Malone supposes a line omitted ending *rope*.
61. Adr. [Within]. Rowe. Enter Adriana. Ff.
- 65-83. Put in the margin as spurious by Pope.
67. *part*] *have part* Warburton.
71. *cake here*] *cake* Capell. *cake there* Anon. conj.
72. *mad*] F₁. *as mad* F₂ F₃ F₄.
as a buck] om. Capell.
75. *you,*] *your* F₁.
85. *so*] *thus* Pope.
89. *Once this*] *Own this* Malone conj. *This once* Anon. conj.
her] Rowe. *your* Ff.
91. *her*] Rowe. *your* Ff.
93. *made*] *barr'd* Pope.
105. *slander*] *lasting slander* Johnson conj.
upon] *upon its own* Capell conj.
106. *housed ... gets*] Collier. *hous'd ... gets* F₁. *hous'd ... once gets* F₂ F₃ F₄. *hous'd where 't gets* Steevens.
108. *mirth*] *wrath* Theobald.
116. *Porpentine*] Ff. *Porcupine* Rowe (and passim).
117. *will I*] F₁. *I will* F₂ F₃ F₄.
119. *mine*] F₁. *my* F₂ F₃ F₄.
122. *hour*] F₁. *hour, sir* F₂ F₃ F₄.

Act III: Scene 2

- III. 2 SCENE II. Enter LUCIANA] F₂. Enter JULIANA F₁.
1. Luc.] Rowe. Julia Ff.
2. *Antipholus*] *Antipholis, hate* Theobald. *Antipholis, thus* Id. conj. *a nipping hate* Heath conj.
unkind debate Collier MS.
4. *building*] Theobald. *buildings* Ff.
ruinous] Capell (Theobald conj.). *ruinate* Ff.
16. *attaint*] Rowe. *attaine* F₁ F₂ F₃. *attain* F₄.
20. *are*] F₂ F₃ F₄. *is* F₁.
21. *but*] Theobald. *not* Ff.
26. *wife*] *wise* F₁.
35. *shallow*] F₁. *shaddow* F₂ F₃. *shadow* F₄.
43. *no*] F₁. *a* F₂ F₃ F₄.

III. 2

44. *decline*] *incline* Collier MS.
46. *sister*] F₁. *sister's* F₂ F₃ F₄.
49. *bed*] F₂ F₃ F₄. *bud* F₁. *bride* Dyce.
them] Capell (Edwards conj.). *thee* Ff.
52. *she*] *he* Capell.
57. *where*] Pope. *when* Ff.
66. *am*] *mean* Pope. *aim* Capell.
71. SCENE III. Pope.
93. *How*] *What* Capell.
97. *Poland*] *Lapland* Warburton.
108. *and*] Theobald (Thirlby conj). *is* Ff.
120. *the*] Ff. *her* Rowe.
122. *forehead*] *sore head* Jackson conj.
reverted] *revolted* Grant White.
123. *heir*] *heire* F₁. *haire* F₂ F₃. *hair* F₄.
125. *chalky*] *chalkle* F₁.
135. *caracks*] Hanmer. *carrects* F₁. *carracts* F₂ F₃ F₄.
ballast] *ballasted* Capell.
138. *drudge, or*] *drudge of the Devil, this* Warburton.
or diviner] *this divine one* Capell conj.
140. *mark*] *marke* F₁. *marks* F₂ F₃ F₄.
143. *faith*] *flint* Hanmer.
143, 144. Printed as prose in Ff. As verse first by Knight.
144. *curtal*] F₄. *curtull* F₁. *curtall* F₂ F₃. *cur-tail* Hanmer.
146. *An*] Capell. *And* Ff.
150. *knows us*] *know us* Johnson.
154. SCENE IV. Pope.
161. *to*] *of* Pope.
164. *here is*] Pope. *here's* Ff.
177. Ant. S.] Ant. F₁ F₄. Dro. F₂ F₃.
181. *streets*] *street* Capell conj.

Act IV: Scene 1

IV. 1

8. *growing*] *owing* Pope.
12. *Pleaseth you*] Ff. *Please you but* Pope. *Please it you* Anon. conj.
14. *may you*] F₁ F₂ F₃. *you may* F₄.
17. *her*] Rowe. *their* Ff. *these* Collier MS.
26. *and*] om. Pope.
28. *carat*] Pope. *charect* F₁. *Raccat* F₂ F₃ F₄. *carat* Collier.
29. *chargeful*] *charge for* Anon. conj.
41. *time enough*] *in time* Hanmer.
46. *stays*] *stay* Pope.
this] F₁. *the* F₂ F₃ F₄.
47. *to blame*] F₃. *too blame* F₁ F₂ F₄.
53. *the chain!*] Dyce. *the chain*, Ff. *the chain*—Johnson.
56. *Either*] *Or* Pope.
me by] *by me* Heath conj.
60. *whether*] *whe'r* Ff. *where* Rowe. *if* Pope.
62. *what*] F₁. *why* F₂ F₃ F₄.
67. *more*] F₁. om. F₂ F₃ F₄.
70. Printed as verse by Capell.
73. *this*] F₁. *the* F₂ F₃ F₄.
74. *thee*] F₁. om. F₂ F₃ F₄. *for* Rowe.
85. SCENE II. Pope.
there is] Pope. *there's* Ff.
87. *And then, sir,*] F₁. *Then, sir,* F₂ F₃ F₄. *And then* Capell.
she] om. Steevens.
88. *bought*] F₁. *brought* F₂ F₃ F₄.
98. *You sent me*] *A rope! You sent me* Capell. *You sent me, Sir,* Steevens.

Act IV: Scene 2

IV. 2

- SCENE II.] SCENE III. Pope.
2. *austerely*] *assuredly* Heath conj.
4. *or sad or*] *sad* Capell.
merrily] *merry* Collier MS.

6. *Of* F₂ F₃ F₄. *Oh*, F₁.
 7. *you*] *you*; *you* Capell.
 no] *a* Rowe.
 18. *his*] *it's* Rowe.
 22. *in mind*] F₁. *the mind* F₂ F₃ F₄.
 26. *herein*] *he in* Hanmer.
 29. SCENE IV. Pope.
 sweet] *swift* Collier MS.
 33. *hath him*] *hath him fell* Collier MS. *hath him by the heel* Spedding conj.
 34. *One*] F₂ F₃ F₄. *On* F₁.
 After this line Collier MS. inserts: *Who knows no touch of mercy, cannot feel*.
 35. *fury*] Pope, ed. 2 (Theobald). *Fairie* Ff.
 37. *countermands*] *commands* Theobald.
 38. *of*] *and* Collier MS.
 alleys] *allies* Ff.
 lands] *lanes* Grey conj. See [note \(v\)](#).
 37, 38. *countermands* *The ... lands*] *his court maintains I' the ... lanes* Becket conj.
 42, 45. *'rested*] Theobald. *rested* Ff.
 43. *Tell*] *Well, tell* Edd. conj.
 44. *arrested well*;) F₁. *arrested, well*; F₂ F₃. *arrested: well*: F₄.
 45. *But he's*] F₃ F₄. *But is* F₁ F₂. *But 'a's* Edd. conj.
 can I] F₁ F₂. *I can* F₃ F₄.
 46. *mistress, redemption*] Hanmer. *Mistris redemption* F₁ F₂ F₃. *Mistris Redemption* F₄. See [note \(vi\)](#).
 48. *That*] *Thus* F₁.
 49, 50. *band*] *bond* Rowe.
 50. *but on*] *but* Pope.
 54-62. Put in the margin as spurious by Pope.
 55. *hear*] *here* F₁.
 56. *'a turns*] *it turns* Pope. *he turns* Capell.
 58. *bankrupt*] *bankrout* Ff.
 to season] om. Pope.
 61. *Time*] Rowe. *I* Ff. *he* Malone. *'a* Staunton.
 62. *an hour*] *any hour* Collier MS.

Act IV: Scene 3

- IV. 3 SCENE III.] SCENE V. Pope.
 13. *What, have*] Pope. *What have* Ff.
 got] *got rid of*Theobald. *not* Anon. conj.
 16. *calf's skin*] *calves-skin* Ff.
 22. *sob*] *fob* Rowe. *bob* Hanmer. *sop* Dyce conj. *stop* Grant White.
 'rests] Warburton. *rests* Ff.
 25. *morris*] *Moris* Ff. *Maurice* Hanmer (Warburton).
 28. *band*] *bond* Rowe.
 29. *says*] Capell. *saies* F₁. *saieth* F₂. *saith* F₃ F₄.
 32. *ship*] F₂ F₃ F₄. *ships* F₁.
 34. *put*] *puts* Pope.
 40. SCENE VI. Pope.
 44-62. Put in the margin as spurious by Pope.
 47-49. *and ... wench*.] Marked as spurious by Capell, MS.
 48, 49. *as much*] *as much as* Pope.
 54. *me? ... here?*] *me, ... here?* Ff. *me? ... here*. Steevens.
 55. *if you do, expect*] F₂ F₃ F₄. *if do expect* F₁.
 or] om. Rowe. *so* Capell. *either stay away, or* Malone conj. *and* Ritson conj. *Oh!* Anon. conj.
 60. *then*] F₁ F₂ F₃. *thou* F₄. *thee* Dyce.
 61. *are all*] *all are* Boswell.
 66-71. Printed as prose by Ff, as verse by Capell, ending the third line at *covetous*.
 75. Put in the margin as spurious by Pope.
 76. SCENE VII. Pope.
 84. *doors*] *door* Johnson.

Act IV: Scene 4

- IV. 4 SCENE IV.] SCENE VIII. Pope.
 and the Officer.] Capell. with a Jailor. Ff.
 5, 6. *messenger. That ... Ephesus,*] Rowe. *messenger, That ... Ephesus,* F₁ F₂ F₃. *messenger; That*

... *Ephesus*, F₄. *messenger*, *That ... Ephesus*: Capell.

14. Dro. E.] Off. Edd. conj.

15. *hie*] *high* F₂.

17. *returned*] *come* Anon. conj.

18. [Beating him.] Capell. [Beats Dro. Pope. om. Ff.

29. *ears*] See [note \(vii\)](#).

38. SCENE IX. Pope. The stage direction 'Enter ... Pinch,' precedes line 38 in Ff, and all editions till Dyce's.

Pinch.] a schoolmaster, call'd Pinch. Ff.

40. *the prophecy*] *the prophesie* F₁ F₂ F₃ F₄. *prophesie* Rowe. *to prophesy* Dyce.

39-41. *or rather ... talk?*] *or rather*, '*prospice funem*,' *beware the rope's end*. Ant. E. *Wilt thou still talk like the parrot?* Edd. conj.

41. [Beating him.] [Beats Dro. Ff.

46. *what*] *in what* Hanmer.

65. *Dined*] *Din'd I* Theobald. *I din'd* Capell.

72. *Certes*] Pope. *certis* Ff.

74. *bear*] *beares* F₁.

75. *vigour*] *rigour* Collier MS.

his] *your* Pope.

83. *master*] *mistress* Dyce conj.

rag] *bag* Becket conj.

84. *not thou*] *thou not* Capell.

87. *bear*] *do bear* Pope. *now bear* Collier MS.

89. *is*] *are* Rowe.

101. *these false*] Ff. *those false* Rowe.

102. [Flying at his wife. Capell.

Enter ...] The stage direction is transferred by Dyce to follow 105.

106. *me? Thou ... thou,*] Rowe. *me, thou ... thou?* Ff.

110. [They ... Dro. E.] Edd. om. Ff.

117. [They bind ANT. and DRO. Rowe.

124. *nothing?*] *nothing thus?* Hanmer, reading as verse.

126. *help, poor*] Theobald. *help poor* Ff.

idly] Pope. *idly* Ff.

127. *go*] *stay* Pope.

[Exeunt all but ...] Exeunt. Manet ... Ff (after line 128).

129. SCENE X. Pope.

133. *for me*] om. Hanmer.

141. SCENE XI. Pope.

143. [Runne all out. Ff.

144. [Exeunt ...] Exeunt omnes, as fast as may be, frighted. Ff.

150. *saw ... speak us ... give*] F₁. *saw ... spake us ... give* F₂ F₃ F₄. *saw ... spake to us ... give* Rowe. *saw ... spake us ... gave* Pope. *see ... speak us ... give* Capell.

Act V: Scene 1

V. 1 SCENE I. A street ... Priory] Pope. See [note \(viii\)](#).

3. *doth*] F₁. *did* F₂ F₃ F₄.

9. Enter ...] Enter Antipholis and Dromio againe. Ff.

12. *to me*] *with me* Collier MS.

18. *Beside*] Ff. *Besides* Pope.

26. *know'st ... thee.*] Ff. *knowest ... thee*. Pope. *knowest well ... thee*. Hanmer. *know'st ... thee, sir*. Capell. *know'st ... thee swear* Grant White conj.

30. *mine honesty*] F₁ F₂ F₃. *my honesty* F₄.

33. SCENE II. Pope.

33, 36. *God's ... God's*] F₃ F₄. *God ... God's* F₁ F₂.

38. *quiet, people.*] Theobald. *quiet people*. Ff.

45. *sour*] Rowe. *sower* Ff.

46. *much*] F₁ F₄. *much, much* F₂ F₃.

49. *of sea*] F₁. *at sea* F₂ F₃ F₄.

V. 1 50. *Hath not else his eye*] *Hath nought else his eye?* Anon. conj.

51. *his ... in*] *in ... and* Anon. conj.

61. *Ay*] *Ay, ay* Hanmer.

66. *it*] *at it* Pope.

69. *venom*] *venome* F₁ F₂. *venomous* F₃ F₄. *venom'd* Pope.

woman,] *woman* Pope.

69, 70. *clamours ... Poisons*] *clamours ... Poison* Pope. *clamour ... Poisons* Capell.

72, 75. *thereof*] *therefore* Johnson.

74. *make*] F₁. *makes* F₂ F₃ F₄.
77. *by*] *with* Pope.
79. *moody*] F₁. *muddy* F₂ F₃ F₄.] *moody, moping* Hanmer. *moody sadness* Singer conj. *melancholy*] *melancholia* Anon. conj.
80. *Kinsman*] *kins-woman* Capell. ending line 79 at *kins-*. *A'kin* Hanmer. Warburton marks this line as spurious.
81. *her*] *their* Malone (Heath conj.).
86. *Have*] F₂ F₃ F₄. *Hath* F₁.
88. *wildly*] *wild* Capell.
89. *these*] F₁ F₂. *those* F₃ F₄.
- V. 1 112. [Exit.] Theobald.
117. [Exeunt. Enter Merchant and Goldsmith. F₂.
121. *death*] F₃ F₄. *depth* F₁ F₂. *sorry*] *solemn* Collier MS.
124. *reverend* F₃ F₄. *reverent* F₁ F₂.
128. Enter Adriana and Lucia. F₂.
130. SCENE III. Pope. attended] Theobald.
132. Enter Adriana. F₂.
134. *reverend*] Ff.
137. *Whom*] F₂ F₃ F₄. *Who* F₁.
138. *important*] F₁. *impoteant* F₂. *impotent* F₃ F₄. *all-potent* Rowe. *letters*] F₁ F₂ F₃. *letter* F₄.
148. *strong*] *strange* Malone conj.
150. *with*] *here* Capell. *then* Ritson conj. *and himself*] mad himself Warburton.
158. *hence*] F₁ F₂. *thence* F₃ F₄.
168. SCENE IV. Pope. Enter a servant.] Capell. Enter a Messenger. Ff.
174. *to him*] om. Capell. *and*] om. Hanmer. *and the* om. Steevens.
- V. 1 176. *some*] F₁ *some other* F₂ F₃ F₄.
179. *to*] F₁ F₃ F₄. *of* F₂.
183. *scorch*] *scotch* Warburton.
205. *While*] F₁ *Whilst* F₂ F₃ F₄.
208. *To-day*] om. Hanmer. *So befall*] *So fall* Capell.
- 212, 213. [To Mer. Capell.
228. *of*] F₁. *from* F₂ F₃ F₄.
235. *By the way*] *To which he yielded: by the way* Capell, making two verses of 235. See [note \(ix\)](#).
- 235, 236. Pope ends these lines *and ... confederates*.
236. *Along with them*] om. Pope.
247. *And in*] *Into* Lettsom conj.
248. *There*] *They* Collier MS.
249. *in sunder*] F₁. *asunder* F₂ F₃ F₄.
- 267, 268. *chain, so ... Heaven: And*] *chain. So ... heaven* As Dyce.
281. *mad*] *made* F₂. [Exit ...] F₁ F₂. [Enter ... F₃ F₄.
291. *you both*] F₁. *both* F₂ F₃ F₄.
298. *deformed*] *deforming* Capell.
- V. 1 304. *Ay, sir,*] Capell. *I sir,* Ff. *I, sir?* Pope. *Ay, sir?* Malone.
- 304, 305. Printed as verse by Capell: *But ... whatsoever A ... him*.
307. *crack'd and splitted*] *crack'd my voice, split* Collier MS.
309. *of untuned cares*] *untuned of cares* Anon. conj. *cares*] *ears* Anon. conj.
314. *lamps*] *lamp* Pope.
316. *All*] *And all* Rowe. *old*] *hold* Warburton. *witnesses—I cannot err—*] *witnesses, I cannot erre*. Ff.
319. *Syracusa, boy*] Capell. *Syracusa boy* Ff. *Syracusa bay* Rowe. *Syracusa's bay* Hanmer.
329. SCENE VII. Pope. [All ... them.] [All ... him. Warburton.
332. *these. Which*] *these, which* Ff.
- V. 1 355-360. *Why ... together*] Ff insert this speech after 344. The alteration is due to Capell.
355. *his*] F₁ F₂. *this* F₃ F₄. *the* Pope.

story right] *story's light* Capell.

356. *Antipholuses, these*] *Antipholus, these* F₁. *Antipholis, these* F₂ F₃ F₄. *Antipholis's* Hanmer.
See [note \(i\)](#).
357. *these*] F₁ F₄. *those* F₂ F₃.
semblance] *semblance prove* Capell.
358. *Besides her urging of her*] *Both sides emerging from their* Hanmer.
Besides his urging of his Collier MS.
Besides his urging of her Dyce conj.
Malone supposes a line, beginning with *These*, lost after 358.
wreck at sea, —] *wreck, —all say*, Jackson conj.
359. *These are*] *These plainly are* Pope.
361. Ff prefix 'Duke.'
372. *her sister*] F₁. om. F₂ F₃ F₄.
373. [To Lucia.] [Aside to Lucia. Staunton conj.
387. *are arose*] Ff. *all arose* Rowe. *rare arose* Staunton. *here arose* Anon. conj.
394. *hear*] *here* Johnson.
398. *we shall make*] *ye shalt have* Pope.
399. *Thirty-three*] Ff. *Twenty-five* Theobald. *Twenty-three* Capell. See [note \(x\)](#).
but] F₁. *been* F₂ F₃ F₄. om. Hanmer.
400. *and till*] *nor till* Theobald. *until* Malone (Boaden conj.). *and at* Collier MS.
401. *burthen ne'er*] Dyce. *burthen are* F₁. *burthens are* F₂ F₃ F₄. *burden not* Capell. *burden undelivered* Collier. *burden here* Grant White. *burden has* Anon. conj. (ap. Halliwell).
404. *Go ... and go*] *Hence ... along* Lettsom conj. *So ... all go* Edd. conj.
and go] F₁ F₃ F₄. *and goe* F₂. *and gaud* Warburton. *and joy* Heath conj. *and gout* Jackson conj.
and see Anon. conj.
405. *nativity*] Ff. *felicity* Hanmer. *festivity* Dyce (Johnson conj.).
such nativity!] *suits festivity*. Anon. conj.
406. [Exeunt ...] [Exeunt omnes. Manet the two Dromio's and two brothers. Ff.
407. SCENE VIII. Pope.
fetch] *go fetch* S. Walker conj.
ship-board] *shipboard for you* Capell conj.
412. [Exeunt ...] [Exit. Ff.
420. *we try it?*] *we trie it*. F₁ *I try it*. F₂ F₃ F₄. *we try it, brother?* Capell.
421. *We'll*] *We will* Capell, ending lines 419-421 at *question ... draw ... first*.
senior] Pope. *signior* F₁ F₂. *signiority* F₃ F₄.
422. [embracing. Rowe.

V. 1

Sources

The general Preface ([e-text 23041](#)) discusses the 17th- and 18th-century editions in detail; the newer (19th-century) editions are simply listed by name. The following editions may appear in the Notes. All inset text is quoted from the Preface.

Folios:

F₁ 1623; F₂ (no date given); F₃ 1663; F₄ 1685.

"The five plays contained in this volume occur in the first Folio in the same order, and ... were there printed for the first time."

Early editions:

Rowe 1709

Pope 1715

"Pope was the first to indicate the *place* of each new scene; as, for instance, *Tempest*, I. 1. 'On a ship at sea.' He also subdivided the scenes as given by the Folios and Rowe, making a fresh scene whenever a new character entered—an arrangement followed by Hanmer, Warburton, and Johnson. For convenience of reference to these editions, we have always recorded the commencement of Pope's scenes."

Theobald 1733

Hanmer ("Oxford edition") 1744

Warburton 1747

Johnson 1765

Capell 1768; *also Capell's annotated copy of F₂*

Steevens 1773

Malone 1790

Reed 1803

Later editions:

Singer, Knight, Cornwall, Collier, Phelps, Halliwell, Dyce, Staunton

Updated editions will replace the previous one—the old editions will be renamed.

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