

COMEDY OF ERRORS

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS

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

ANGELO

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.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS

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.

ANGELO

Then you will bring the chain to her yourself?

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS

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

ANGELO

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

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS

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

ANGELO

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

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS

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.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS

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

DROMIO OF EPHEBUS

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

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS

But where's the money?

DROMIO OF EPHEBUS

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

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS

Five hundred ducats, villain, for a rope?

DROMIO OF EPHEBUS

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

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS

To what end did I bid thee hie thee home?

DROMIO OF EPHEBUS

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

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS

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

[Beating him]

Thou whoreson, senseless villain!

DROMIO OF EPHEBUS

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

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS

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

DROMIO OF EPHEBUS

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.

LUCIANA

And may it be that you have quite forgot
 A husband's office? shall, Antipholus.
 Even in the spring of love, thy love-springs rot?
 Shall love, in building, grow so ruinous?
 If you did wed my sister for her wealth,
 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;
 Look sweet, be 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?
 What simple thief brags of his own attainment?
 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;
 Comfort my sister, cheer her, call her wife:
 'Tis holy sport to be a little vain,
 When the sweet breath of flattery conquers strife.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

Sweet mistress—what your name is else, I know not,
 Nor by what wonder you do hit of mine,—
 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.
 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's 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!

LUCIANA

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

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

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

LUCIANA

It is a fault that springeth from your eye.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

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

LUCIANA

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

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

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

LUCIANA

Why call you me love? call my sister so.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

Thy sister's sister.

LUCIANA

That's my sister.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

No; it is thyself.

ADRIANA

Ay, ay, Antipholus, look strange and frown:

Some other mistress hath thy sweet aspects;

I am not Adriana nor thy wife.

The time was once when thou unurg'd 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-savor'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 thus estrang'd 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!