

ANTIPHOLUS S / DROMIO E

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

Here comes the almanac of my true date.—
What now? How chance thou art returned so soon?

Enter Dromio of Ephesus.

DROMIO OF EPHEBUS

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

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

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

DROMIO OF EPHEBUS

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

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

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

DROMIO OF EPHEBUS

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

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

Come, Dromio, come, these jests are out of season.

Reserve them till a merrier hour than this.
Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee?

DROMIO OF EPHEBUS

To me, sir? Why, you gave no gold to me!

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

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

DROMIO OF EPHEBUS

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

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

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

DROMIO OF EPHEBUS

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

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

Thy mistress' marks? What mistress, kanve, hast
thou?

DROMIO OF EPHEBUS

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

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE (*beating Dromio*)

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

DROMIO OF EPHEBUS

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

Dromio of Ephesus exits

ADRIANA/LUCIANA

ADRIANA

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

LUCIANA

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

ADRIANA

Why should their liberty than ours be more?

LUCIANA

Because their business still lies out o' door.

ADRIANA

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

LUCIANA

O, know he is the bridle of your will.

ADRIANA

There's none but asses will be bridled so.

LUCIANA

Why, headstrong liberty is lashed with woe.
The beasts, the fishes, and the wingèd fowls
Are their males' subjects and at their controls.
Man, more divine, the master of all these,
Lord of the wide world and wild wat'ry seas,
Endued with intellectual sense and souls,
Of more preeminence than fish and fowls,
Are masters to their females, and their lords.
Then let your will attend on their accords.

ADRIANA

This servitude makes you to keep unwed.

LUCIANA

Not this, but troubles of the marriage bed.

ADRIANA

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

LUCIANA

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

ADRIANA

How if your husband start some otherwhere?

LUCIANA

Till he come home again, I would forbear.

ADRIANA

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,
But were we burdened 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 would relieve me;
But if thou live to see like right bereft,
This fool-begged patience in thee will be left.

LUCIANA

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

ADRIANA / DROMIO E

ADRIANA

Say, is your tardy master now at hand?

DROMIO OF EPHESUS Nay, he's at two hands with me,
and that my two ears can witness.

ADRIANA

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

DROMIO OF EPHESUS

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

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

DROMIO OF EPHESUS Nay, he struck so plainly I could
too well feel his blows, and withal so doubtfully
that I could scarce understand them.

ADRIANA

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

DROMIO OF EPHESUS

Why, mistress, sure my master is horn mad.

ADRIANA

Horn mad, thou villain?

DROMIO OF EPHESUS I mean not cuckold mad,
But sure he is stark mad.

When I desired him to come home to dinner,
He asked me for a thousand marks in gold.
"Tis dinnertime," quoth I. "My gold," quoth he.
"Your meat doth burn," quoth I. "My gold," quoth
he.

"Will you come?" quoth I. "My gold," quoth he.
"Where is the thousand marks I gave thee, villain?"
"The pig," quoth I, "is burned." "My gold," quoth
he.

"My mistress, sir," quoth I. "Hang up thy mistress!
I know not thy mistress. Out on thy mistress!"

ADRIANA Quoth who?

DROMIO OF EPHESUS Quoth my master.

“I know,” quoth he, “no house, no wife, no
mistress.”

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.

ADRIANA

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

DROMIO OF EPHESUS

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

ADRIANA

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

DROMIO OF EPHESUS

And he will bless that cross with other beating.
Between you, I shall have a holy head.

ADRIANA

Hence, prating peasant. Fetch thy master home.

DROMIO OF EPHESUS

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.

He exits.