

# The Comedy of Errors

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## SCENE II. The same.

*Enter LUCIANA and ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse*

### LUCIANA

And may it be that you have quite forgot  
A husband's office? shall, Antipholus.  
Even in the spring of love, thy love-springs rot?  
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?  
'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.  
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.  
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'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, mine own self's better part,  
Mine eye's clear eye, my dear heart's dearer heart,  
My food, my fortune and my sweet hope's aim,  
My sole earth's heaven and my heaven's claim.

**LUCIANA**

All this my sister is, or else should be.  
ANTIPHOLUS

**OF SYRACUSE**

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

**LUCIANA**

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

*Exit*

*Enter DROMIO of Syracuse*

ANTIPHOLUS

**OF SYRACUSE**

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

**DROMIO OF SYRACUSE**

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

**OF SYRACUSE**

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

**DROMIO OF SYRACUSE**

I am an ass, I am a woman's man and besides myself.

**ANTIPHOLUS**

What woman's man? and how besides thyself? besides thyself?

**DROMIO OF SYRACUSE**

Marry, sir, besides myself, I am due to a woman; one that claims me, one that haunts me, one that will have me.

ANTIPHOLUS

**OF SYRACUSE**

What claim lays she to thee?

**DROMIO OF SYRACUSE**

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, being a very beastly creature, lays claim to me.

ANTIPHOLUS

**OF SYRACUSE**

What is she?

**DROMIO OF SYRACUSE**

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.

ANTIPHOLUS

**OF SYRACUSE**

How dost thou mean a fat marriage?

**DROMIO OF SYRACUSE**

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.

ANTIPHOLUS

**OF SYRACUSE**

What complexion is she of?

**DROMIO OF SYRACUSE**

Swart, like my shoe, but her face nothing half so  
clean kept: for why, she sweats; a man may go over  
shoes in the grime of it.

ANTIPHOLUS

**OF SYRACUSE**

That's a fault that water will mend.

**DROMIO OF SYRACUSE**

No, sir, 'tis in grain; Noah's flood could not do it.

ANTIPHOLUS

**OF SYRACUSE**

What's her name?

**DROMIO OF SYRACUSE**

Nell, sir; but her name and three quarters, that's  
an ell and three quarters, will not measure her from  
hip to hip.

ANTIPHOLUS

**OF SYRACUSE**

Then she bears some breadth?

**DROMIO OF SYRACUSE**

No longer from head to foot than from hip to hip:  
she is spherical, like a globe; I could find out  
countries in her.

ANTIPHOLUS

**OF SYRACUSE**

In what part of her body stands Ireland?

**DROMIO OF SYRACUSE**

Marry, in her buttocks: I found it out by the bogs.

ANTIPHOLUS

**OF SYRACUSE**

Where Scotland?

**DROMIO OF SYRACUSE**

I found it by the barrenness; hard in the palm of the hand.

ANTIPHOLUS

## **OF SYRACUSE**

Where France?

## **DROMIO OF SYRACUSE**

In her forehead; armed and reverted, making war  
against her heir.

ANTIPHOLUS

## **OF SYRACUSE**

Where England?

## **DROMIO OF SYRACUSE**

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.

ANTIPHOLUS

## **OF SYRACUSE**

Where Spain?

## **DROMIO OF SYRACUSE**

Faith, I saw it not; but I felt it hot in her breath.

ANTIPHOLUS

## **OF SYRACUSE**

Where America, the Indies?

## **DROMIO OF SYRACUSE**

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.

ANTIPHOLUS

## **OF SYRACUSE**

Where stood Belgia, the Netherlands?

## **DROMIO OF SYRACUSE**

Oh, sir, I did not look so low. To conclude, this  
drudge, or diviner, laid claim to me, call'd me  
Dromio; swore I was assured to her; told me what  
privy marks I had about me, 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:  
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.  
ANTIPHOLUS

## OF SYRACUSE

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:  
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,  
'Tis time, I think, to trudge, pack and be gone.

## DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

As from a bear a man would run for life,  
So fly I from her that would be my wife.

*Exit*

ANTIPHOLUS

## OF SYRACUSE

There's none but witches do inhabit here;  
And therefore 'tis high time that I were hence.  
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,  
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*

## ANGELO

Master Antipholus,--  
ANTIPHOLUS

## OF SYRACUSE

Ay, that's my name.

## ANGELO

I know it well, sir, lo, here is the chain.  
I thought to have ta'en you at the Porpentine:

The chain unfinish'd made me stay thus long.  
ANTIPHOLUS

**OF SYRACUSE**

What is your will that I shall do with this?

**ANGELO**

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

**OF SYRACUSE**

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

**ANGELO**

Not once, nor twice, but twenty times you have.  
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.  
ANTIPHOLUS

**OF SYRACUSE**

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

**ANGELO**

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

*Exit*

ANTIPHOLUS

**OF SYRACUSE**

What I should think of this, I cannot tell:  
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,  
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*