

ACT IV

SCENE III. A public place.

*Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse*

ANT [SYR]     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.

*Enter DROMIO OF SYRACUSE*

DRO [SYR]     Master, here's the gold you sent me for. What, have  
you got the picture of old Adam new-apparelled?

ANT [SYR]     What gold is this? what Adam dost thou mean?

DRO [SYR]     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.

ANT [SYR]     I understand thee not. Rest in your foolery. Is there any ships put forth tonight? May we be gone?

DRO [SYR]     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.

ANT [SYR]     The fellow is distract, and so am I;  
And here we wander in illusions:  
Some blessed power deliver us from hence!

*Enter a Courtezan*

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

ANT [SYR]     Satan, avoid! I charge thee, tempt me not.

DRO [SYR]     Master, is this Mistress Satan?

ANT [SYR]     It is the devil.

DRO [SYR]     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  
ppear 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.

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

DRO [SYR]     Master, if you do, expect spoon-meat; or bespeak a long spoon.

ANT [SYR]     Why, Dromio?

DRO [SYR]     Marry, he must have a long spoon that must eat with the devil.

ANT [SYR]     Avoid then, fiend! what tell'st thou me of supping?  
Thou art, as you are all, a sorceress:  
I conjure thee to leave me and be gone.

**Courtezan** 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.

**DRO [SYR]** 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.

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

**ANT [SYR]** Avaunt, thou witch! Come, Dromio, let us go.

**DRO [SYR]** 'Fly pride,' says the peacock: mistress, that you know.  
*Exeunt Antipholus of Syracuse and Dromio of Syracuse*

**Courtezan** 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.  
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,  
On purpose shut the doors against his way.  
My way is now to hie home to his house,  
And tell his wife that, being lunatic,  
He rush'd into my house and took perforce  
My ring away. This course I fittest choose;  
For forty ducats is too much to lose.

*Exit*