

# The Comedy of Errors

## 4.3

*Enter Antipholus of Syracuse, wearing the chain*

**ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE**

There's not a man I meet but doth salute me  
As if I were their well-acquainted friend,  
And everyone doth call me by my name.  
Some tender money to me, some invite me,  
Some other give me thanks for kindnesses. 5  
Some offer me commodities to buy.  
Even now a tailor called me in his shop,  
And showed me silks that he had bought for me,  
And therewithal took measure of my body.  
Sure, these are but imaginary wiles, 10  
And Lapland sorcerers inhabit here.

*Enter Dromio of Syracuse with the money*

**DROMIO OF SYRACUSE** Master, here's the gold you sent me  
for. What, have you got redemption from the picture  
of old Adam new apparelled?

**ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE**

What gold is this? What Adam dost thou mean? 15

**DROMIO OF SYRACUSE** 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. 20

**ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE** I understand thee not.

**DROMIO OF SYRACUSE** No? Why, 'tis a plain case: he that  
went like a bass 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 25  
and gives them suits of durance; he that sets up his  
rest to do more exploits with his mace than a Moorish  
pike.

**ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE** What, thou mean'st an officer?

**DROMIO OF SYRACUSE** Ay, sir, the sergeant of the band: he 30  
that brings any man to answer it that breaks his bond;  
one that thinks a man always going to bed, and says

`God give you good rest.'

**ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE** Well, sir, there rest in your  
foolery. Is there any ships puts forth tonight? May we  
be gone? 35

**DROMIO OF SYRACUSE** Why, sir, I brought you word an  
hour since that the barque *Expedition* put forth tonight,  
and then were you hindered by the sergeant to tarry  
for the hoy *Delay*. Here are the angels that you sent 40  
for to deliver you.

**ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE**  
The fellow is distraught, and so am I,  
And here we wander in illusions.  
Some blesseÁd power deliver us from hence.  
*Enter a Courtesan [from the Porcupine]*

**COURTESAN**  
Well met, well met, Master Antipholus. 45  
I see, sir, you have found the goldsmith now.  
Is that the chain you promised me today?

**ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE**  
Satan, avoid! I charge thee, tempt me not!

**DROMIO OF SYRACUSE** Master, is this Mistress Satan?

**ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE** It is the devil. 50

**DROMIO OF SYRACUSE** 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 55  
light. Light is an effect of fire, and fire will burn. Ergo,  
light wenches will burn. Come not near her.

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

**DROMIO OF SYRACUSE** Master, if you do, expect spoon-meat, 60  
and bespeak a long spoon.

**ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE** Why, Dromio?

**DROMIO OF SYRACUSE** Marry, he must have a long spoon  
that must eat with the devil.

**ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE** *(to Courtesan)*  
Avoid, thou fiend! What tell'st thou me of supping? 65  
Thou art, as you are all, a sorceress.

I conjure thee to leave me and be gone.

**COURTESAN**

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. 70

**DROMIO OF SYRACUSE**

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, 75  
The devil will shake her chain, and fright us with it.

**COURTESAN** (to Antipholus)

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

**ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE**

Avaunt, thou witch!±±Come, Dromio, let us go.

**DROMIO OF SYRACUSE**

`Fly pride' says the peacock. Mistress, that you know. 80  
*Exeunt Antipholus of Syracuse  
and Dromio of Syracuse*

**COURTESAN**

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. 85  
The reason that I gather he is mad,  
Besides this present instance of his rage,  
Is a mad tale he told today at dinner  
Of his own doors being shut against his entrance.  
Belike his wife, acquainted with his fits, 90  
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 rushed into my house, and took perforce  
My ring away. This course I fittest choose, 95  
For forty ducats is too much to lose.

*Exit*