

Antipholus and Dromio

- **Antipholus of Syracuse.** He that commends me to mine own content
Commends me to the thing I cannot get.
I to the world am like a drop of water
That in the ocean seeks another drop,
Who, falling there to find his fellow forth,
Unseen, inquisitive, confounds himself:
So I, to find a mother and a brother,
In quest of them, unhappy, lose myself.

[Enter DROMIO of Ephesus]

- Here comes the almanac of my true date.
What now? how chance thou art return'd so soon?
- **Dromio of Ephesus.** Return'd so soon! rather approach'd 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 to-day.
- **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 Ephesus.** 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 humour now:
Tell me, and dally not, where is the money?
We being strangers here, how darest thou trust
So great a charge from thine own custody?
- **Dromio of Ephesus.** I pray you, air, 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 score 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 Ephesus.** 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 Ephesus.** 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 and Dromio

- **Antipholus of Syracuse.** In what safe place you have bestow'd my money,
Or I shall break that merry sponce of yours
That stands on tricks when I am undisposed:
Where is the thousand marks thou hadst of me?
- **Dromio of Ephesus.** 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.
If I should pay your worship those again,
Perchance you will not bear them patiently.
- **Antipholus of Syracuse.** Thy mistress' marks? what mistress, slave, hast thou?
- **Dromio of Ephesus.** 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.** What, wilt thou flout me thus unto my face,
Being forbid? There, take you that, sir knave.
- **Dromio of Ephesus.** What mean you, sir? for God's sake, hold your hands!
Nay, and you will not, sir, I'll take my heels.

[Exit]

- **Antipholus of Syracuse.** Upon my life, by some device or other
The villain is o'er-raught of all my money.
They say this town is full of cozenage,
As, nimble jugglers that deceive the eye,
Dark-working sorcerers that change the mind,
Soul-killing witches that deform the body,
Disguised cheaters, prating mountebanks,
And many such-like liberties of sin:
If it prove so, I will be gone the sooner.
I'll to the Centaur, to go seek this slave:
I greatly fear my money is not safe.