

Be it my wrong, you are from me exempt,
 But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt.
 Come, I will fasten on this sleeve of thine;
 Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine:
 Whose weakness marry'd to thy stronger state,
 Makes me with thy strength to communicate;
 If ought possess thee from me, it is dross,
 Usurping ivy, brier, or idle moss,
 Which all for want of pruning, with intrusion,
 Infect thy sap, and live on thy confusion.

Ant. To me she speaks; she moves me for her theme;
 What, was I marry'd to her in my dream?
 Or sleep I now, and think I hear all this?
 What error drives our eyes and ears amiss?
 Until I know this sure uncertainty,
 I'll entertain the favour'd fallacy.

Luc. *Dromio*, go, bid the servants spread for dinner.*

Adr. Come, come, no longer will I be a fool,
 To put the finger in the eye, and weep,
 Whilst man and master laugh my woes to scorn.
 Come, sir, to dinner; *Dromio*, keep the gate;
 Husband, I'll dine above with you to-day,
 And thrive you of a thousand idle pranks;
 Sirrah, if any ask you for your master,

* ----- servants spread for dinner.

S. Dro. O for my beads! I cross me for a sinner.
 This is the fairy land: o spite of spite!
 We talk with goblins, owls, and elvish sprights;
 If we obey them not, this will ensue,
 They'll suck our breath, or pinch us black and blue.

Luc. Why prat'st thou to thyself,
Dromio, thou *Dromio*, snail, thou slug, thou sot?

S. Dro. I am transformed, master, am I not?

Ant. I think, thou art in mind, and so am I.

S. Dro. Nay, master, both in mind and in my shape.

Ant. Thou hast thine own form.

S. Dro. No; I am an ape.

Luc. If thou art chang'd to ought, 'tis to an ass.

S. Dro. 'Tis true, she rides me, and I long for grass.
 'Tis so, I am an ass; else it could never be,
 But I should know her as well as she knows me.

Adr. Come, come, &c.

Say,