

Say, he dines forth, and let no creature enter:

Come, sister; *Dromio*, play the porter well.

*Ant.* Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell?

Sleeping, or waking, mad, or well advis'd?

Known unto these, and to myself disguis'd?

I'll say as they say, and persevere so;

And in this mist at all adventures go.

*S. Dro.* Master, shall I be porter at the gate?

*Adr.* Ay, let none enter, lest I break your pate.

*Luc.* Come, come, *Antipholis*, we dine too late. [*Exeunt.*]

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## ACT III. SCENE I.

*The Street before Antipholis's House.*

*Enter Antipholis of Ephesus, Dromio of Ephesus, Angelo, and Balthazar.*

E. ANTIPHOLIS.

GOOD signior *Angelo*, you must excuse us;  
My wife is shrewish when I keep not hours;  
Say, that I linger'd with you at your shop  
To see the making of her carcanet,  
And that to-morrow you will bring it home.  
But here's a villain that would face me down  
He met me on the mart, and that I beat him,  
And charg'd him with a thousand marks in gold;  
And that I did deny my wife and house:  
Thou drunkard thou, what didst thou mean by this?<sup>a</sup>  
I think, thou art an afs.

<sup>a</sup> ----- didst thou mean by this?

*E. Dro.* Say what you will, sir, but I know what I know,  
That you beat me at the mart, I have your hand to show;  
If the skin were parchment, and the blows you gave were ink,  
Your hand-writing would tell you what I think.

*E. Ant.* I think, &c.

*E. Dro.*