

*E. Dro.* Marry, doth it so appear  
By the wrongs I suffer, and the blows I bear?  
I should kick being kick'd; and, being at that pass,  
You would keep from my heels, and beware of an afs.

*E. Ant.* Y'are sad, signior *Balthazar*. Pray god, our cheer  
May answer my good will, and your good welcome.<sup>a</sup>  
But, soft; my door is lock'd; go, bid them let us in.

*E. Dro.* *Maud, Bridget, Marian, Cicely, Gillian!*

*S. Dro.* [*within*] Mome, malt-horse, capon, coxcomb, idiot,  
patch,  
Either get thee from the door, or sit down at the hatch:  
Dost thou conjure for wenches, that thou call'st for such store,  
When one is one too many? go, get thee from the door.<sup>b</sup>

<sup>a</sup> ----- and your good welcome.

*Bal.* I hold your dainties cheap, fir, and your welcome dear.

*E. Ant.* Ah signior *Balthazar*, either at flesh or fish,  
A table-full of welcome makes scarce one dainty dish.

*Bal.* Good meat, fir, is common; that every churl affords.

*E. Ant.* And welcome more common; for that's nothing but words.

*Bal.* Small cheer, and good welcome, makes a merry feast.

*E. Ant.* Ay, to a niggardly host, and more sparing guest:  
But though my cates be mean, take them in good part;  
Better cheer may you have, but not with better heart.  
But, soft; my door is lock'd; &c.

<sup>b</sup> ----- get thee from the door.

*E. Dro.* What patch is made our porter? my master stays in the street.

*S. Dro.* Let him walk from whence he came, lest he catch cold on's feet.

*E. Ant.* Who talks within there? ho, open the door.

*S. Dro.* Right, fir, I'll tell you when, an you'll tell me wherefore.

*E. Ant.* Wherefore? for my dinner: I have not din'd to-day.

*S. Dro.* Nor to-day here you must not: come again when you may.

*E. Ant.* What art thou that keep'st me out from the house I owe?

*S. Dro.* The porter for this time, fir, and my name is *Dromio*.

*E. Dro.* O villain, thou hast stol'n both mine office and my name.

The one ne'er got me credit, the other mickle blame;

If thou hadst been *Dromio* to-day in my place,

Thou would'st have chang'd thy face for a name, or thy name for an afs.

*Luce.* [*within.*] What a coil is there! *Dromio*, who are those at the gate?

*E. Dro.* Let my master in, *Luce*.

*Luce.* Faith, no; he comes too late;

And so tell your master.

*E. Dro.* O lord, I must laugh;

Have at you with a proverb: Shall I set in my staff?

*Luce.* Have at you with another; that's, when? can you tell?

*S. Dro.* If thy name be called *Luce*, *Luce*, thou hast answer'd him well.

*S. Ant.* Do you hear, you minion, you'll let us in, I hope?

*Luce.* I thought to have ask'd you.

*S. Dro.* And you said, no.

*E. Dro.* So, come, help, well struck; there was blow for blow.

*E. Ant.* Thou baggage, let me in.