

Adr. [*within.*] Who is that at the door that keeps all this noise?

S. Dro. By my troth, your town is troubled with unruly boys.

E. Ant. Are you there, wife? you might have come before.

Adr. Your wife, fir knave! go, get you from the gate.^a

E. Ant. Go, get thee gone, fetch me an iron crow.

Bal. Have patience, fir: o, let it not be thus.

Herein you war against your reputation,

And draw within the compass of suspect

Th' unviolated honour of your wife.

Once, this; your long experience of her wisdom,

Her sober virtue, years, and modesty,

Plead on her part some cause to you unknown;

And doubt not, fir, but she will well excuse

Why at this time the doors are barr'd against you.

Be rul'd by me, depart in patience,

And let us to the tiger all to dinner,

And about evening come yourself alone,

To know the reason of this strange restraint.

Luce. Can you tell for whose sake?

E. Dro. Master, knock the door hard.

Luce. Let him knock 'till it ake.

E. Ant. You'll cry for this, minion, if I beat the door down.

Luce. What needs all that, and a pair of stocks in the town?

Adr. [*within.*] Who is that, &c.

^a ----- go, get you from the gate.

S. Dro. If you went in pain, master, this knave would go sore.

Ang. Here is neither cheer, fir, nor welcome; we would fain have either.

Bal. In debating which was best, we shall part with neither.

E. Dro. They stand at the door, master; bid them welcome hither.

E. Ant. There's something in the wind that we cannot get in.

S. Dro. You would say so, master, if your garments were thin.

Your cake here is warm within: you stand here in the cold.

It would make a man as mad as buck to be so bought and sold.

E. Ant. Go, fetch me something, I'll break ope the gate.

S. Dro. Break any breaking here, and I'll break your knave's pate.

E. Dro. A man may break a word with you, fir, and words are but wind;
Ay, and break it in your face, so he break it not behind.

S. Dro. It seems, thou wantest breaking; out upon thee, hind!

E. Dro. Here's too much: out upon thee; I pray thee, let me in.

E. Dro. Ay, when fowls have no feathers, and fish have no fin.

E. Ant. Well, I'll break in; go, borrow me a crow.

E. Dro. A crow without feather, master, mean you so?

For a fish without a fin, there's a fowl without a feather:

If a crow help us in, firrah, we'll pluck a crow together.

E. Ant. Go, get thee gone. &c.

If