

## S C E N E III.

*Enter Dromio of Syracuse.**S. Ant.* Why, how now, *Dromio*, where runn'st thou so fast?*S. Dro.* Do you know me, sir? am I *Dromio*? am I your man? am I myself?*S. Ant.* Thou art *Dromio*, thou art my man, thou art thyself.*S. Dro.* I am an ass, I am a woman's man, and besides myself.*S. Ant.* What woman's man? and how besides thyself?*S. Dro.* Marry, sir, besides myself, I am due to a woman; one that claims me, one that haunts me, one that will have me.*S. Ant.* What claim lays she to thee?*S. Dro.* Marry, sir, such claim as you would lay to your horse; and she would have me as a beast: not that, I being a beast, she would have me; but that she, being a very beastly creature, lays claim to me.*S. Ant.* What is she?*S. Dro.* A very reverent body; ay, such a one as a man may not speak of, without he say, sir reverence: I have but lean luck in the match; and yet is she a wond'rous fat marriage.*S. Ant.* How dost thou mean, a fat marriage?*S. Dro.* Marry, sir, she's the kitchen-wench, and all grease, and I know not what use to put her to, but to make a lamp of her, and run from her by her own light. I warrant, her rags, and the tallow in them, will burn a *Poland* winter: if she lives 'till doomsday, she'll burn a week longer than the whole world.*S. Ant.* What complexion is she of?*S. Dro.* Swart, like my shoe, but her face nothing like so clean kept; for why? she sweats, a man may go over-shoes in the grime of it.*S. Ant.* That's a fault that water will mend.*S. Dro.* No, sir, 'tis in grain; *Noah's* flood could not do it.*S. Ant.* What's her name?*S. Dro.* *Nell*, sir; but her name and three quarters, that is, an ell and three quarters, will not measure her from hip to hip.*S. Ant.*