

If any bark put forth, come to the mart;
 Where I will walk 'till thou return to me:
 If every one knows us, and we know none,
 'Tis time, I think, to trudge, pack, and be gone.

S. Dro. As from a bear a man would run for life,
 So fly I from her that would be my wife.

[Exit.]

SCENE IV.

S. Ant. There's none but witches do inhabit here;
 And therefore 'tis high time that I were hence:
 She that doth call me husband, even my soul
 Doth for a wife abhor. But her fair sister,
 Possess'd with such a gentle sovereign grace,
 Of such enchanting presence and discourse,
 Hath almost made me traitor to myself:
 But lest myself be guilty of self-wrong,
 I'll stop mine ears against the mermaid's song.

Enter Angelo, with a chain.

Ang. Master *Antipholis*!

S. Ant. Ay, that's my name.

Ang. I know it well, fir; lo, here is the chain;
 I thought t' have ta'en you at the porcupine;
 The chain unfinish'd made me stay thus long.

S. Ant. What is your will that I shall do with this?

Ang. What please yourself, fir; I have made it for you.

S. Ant. Made it for me, fir! I bespoke it not.

Ang. Not once, nor twice, but twenty times you have:
 Go home with it, and please your wife withal;
 And soon at supper-time I'll visit you,
 And then receive my money for the chain.

S. Ant. I pray you, fir, receive the money now,
 For fear you ne'er see chain nor money more.

Ang. You are a merry man, fir; fare you well.

[Exit.]

S. Ant. What I should think of this, I cannot tell:

But