

S C E N E II.

Enter Dromio Syra. from the bay.

S. Dro. Master, there is a bark of *Epidamnum*,
That stays but 'till her owner comes aboard;
Then, sir, she bears away. Our fraughtage, sir,
I have convey'd aboard; and I have bought
The oil, the balsamum, and aqua-vitæ.
The ship is in her trim; the merry wind
Blows fair from land; they stay for nought at all,
But for their owner, master, and yourself.

E. Ant. How now! a mad man! why, thou peevish sheep,
What ship of *Epidamnum* stays for me?

S. Dro. A ship you sent me to, to hire waftage.

E. Ant. Thou drunken slave, I sent thee for a rope;
And told thee to what purpose, and what end.

S. Dro. You sent me for a rope's-end as soon:
You sent me to the bay, sir, for a bark.

E. Ant. I will debate this matter at more leisure,
And teach your ears to list me with more heed.
To *Adriana*, villain, hie thee straight,
Give her this key, and tell her, in the desk
That's cover'd o'er with *Turkish* tapestry
There is a purse of ducats; let her send it:
Tell her, I am arrested in the street,
And that shall bail me; hie thee, slave; be gone:
On, officer, to prison, 'till it come.

[*Exeunt.*

S. Dro. To *Adriana*! that is where we din'd,
Where *Dowdabel* did claim me for her husband;
She is too big, I hope, for me to compass.
Thither I must, although against my will,
For servants must their masters minds fulfil.

Exit.

S C E N E