

SCENE III.

E. Antipholis's House.

Enter Adriana, and Luciana.

Adr. **A**H, *Luciana*, did he tempt thee so?
Might'st thou perceive austerely in his eye
That he did plead in earnest, yea, or no?
Look'd he or red or pale, or sad or merrily?
What observation mad'st thou in this case,
Of his heart's meteors tilting in his face?

Luc. First, he deny'd you had in him a right.

Adr. He meant, he did me none; the more my spite.

Luc. Then swore he that he was a stranger here.

Adr. And true he swore, though yet forsworn he were.

Luc. Then pleaded I for you.

Adr. And what said he?

Luc. That love I begg'd for you, he begg'd of me.

Adr. With what persuasion did he tempt thy love?

Luc. With words that in an honest suit might move.
First, he did praise my beauty, then, my speech.

Adr. Did'st speak him fair?

Luc. Have patience, I beseech.

Adr. I cannot, nor I will not, hold me still;
My tongue, though not my heart, shall have its will.
He is deformed, crooked, old and sere,
Ill-fac'd, worse-body'd, shapeless every where;
Vicious, ungentle, foolish, blunt, unkind,
Stigmatical in making, worse in mind.

Luc. Who would be jealous then of such a one?
No evil lost is wail'd, when it is gone.

Adr. Ah! but I think him better than I say,
And yet would he in others eyes were worse!
Far from her nest the lapwing cries away;
My heart prays for him, though my tongue do curse.

SCENE