

## SCENE IV.

*Enter S. Dromio.**S. Dro.* Here, go; the desk, the purse; sweet now, make haste.*Luc.* How hast thou lost thy breath?*S. Dro.* By running fast.*Adr.* Where is thy master, *Dromio*? is he well?

*S. Dro.* No; he's in *Tartar Limbo*, worse than hell;  
 A devil in an everlasting garment hath him,  
 One whose hard heart is button'd up with steel:  
 A fiend, a fury, pitiless, and rough,  
 A wolf, nay, worse, a fellow all in buff;  
 A back-friend, a shoulder-clapper, one that commands  
 The passages of alleys, creeks, and narrow lands;  
 A hound that runs counter, and yet draws dry-foot well;  
 One that before the judgment carries poor souls to hell.

*Adr.* Why, man, what is the matter?*S. Dro.* I do not know the matter; he is 'rested on the case.*Adr.* What, is he arrested? tell me, at whose suit?

*S. Dro.* I know not at whose suit he is arrested; but he's in  
 a suit of buff which 'rested him, that I can tell. Will you fend  
 him, mistress, redemption, the money in his desk?

*Adr.* Go, fetch it, sister. This I wonder at, [*Exit Luc.*  
 That he, unknown to me, should be in debt.  
 Tell me, was he arrested on a bond?

*S. Dro.* Not on a bond, but on a stronger thing;  
 A chain, a chain; do you not hear it ring?

*Adr.* What, the chain?*S. Dro.* No, no; the bell; 'tis time that I were gone.<sup>a</sup><sup>a</sup> ----- that I were gone.

It was two ere I left him, and now the clock strikes one.

*Adr.* The hours come back? that I did never hear.*S. Dro.* O yes, if any hour meet a serjeant, it turns back for very fear.*Adr.* As if time were in debt! how fondly dost thou reason!*S. Dro.* Time is a very bankrout, and owes more than he's worth.

Nay, he's a thief too; have you not heard men say,

That time comes stealing on by night and day?

If time be in debt, and theft, and a serjeant in the way,

Hath he not reason to turn back an hour in a day?

*Enter, &c.**Enter*