

*Cour.* Give me the ring of mine you had at dinner,  
Or for my diamond the chain you promis'd,  
And I'll be gone, fir, and not trouble you.

*S. Dro.* Some devils ask but the parings of one's nail, a rush,  
a hair, a drop of blood, a pin, a nut, a cherry-stone; but she, more  
covetous, would have a chain. Master, be wise; an if you give  
it her, the devil will shake her chain, and fright us with it.

*Cour.* I pray you, fir, my ring, or else the chain;  
I hope, you do not mean to cheat me so.

*S. Ant.* Avaunt, thou witch! come, *Dromio*, let us go.<sup>a</sup>  
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

*Cour.* Now, out of doubt, *Antipholis* is mad,  
Else would he never so demean himself.  
A ring he hath of mine worth forty ducats,  
And for the same he promis'd me a chain;  
Both one and other he denies me now.  
The reason that I gather he is mad,  
(Besides this present instance of his rage)  
Is a mad tale he told to-day at dinner,  
Of his own doors being shut against his entrance.  
Belike, his wife acquainted with his fits  
On purpose shut the doors against his way.  
My way is now to hie home to his house,  
And tell his wife that, being lunatick,  
He rush'd into my house, and took perforce  
My ring away. This course I fittest choose,  
For forty ducats is too much to lose.

[*Exit.*

*S. Ant.* Avoid, thou fiend! what tell'st thou me of supping?  
Thou art (as you are all) a forcerefs:  
I conjure thee to leave me and be gone.

*Cour.* Give me, &c.

<sup>a</sup> ----- let us go.

*S. Dro.* Fly pride, says the peacock; mistress, that you know.  
SCENE VII. &c.

[*Exeunt.*