

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS

William Shakespeare

ANT OF SYR: Why, how now, Dromio, where run'st thou so fast?

DRO OF SYR: Do you know me, sir? Am I Dromio? Am I your man? Am I myself?

ANT OF SYR: Thou art Dromio, thou art my man, thou art thyself.

DRO OF SYR: I am an ass, I am a woman's man, and besides myself.

ANT OF SYR: What woman's man, and how besides thyself?

DRO OF SYR: Marry, sir, besides myself, I am due to a woman: one that claims me, one that haunts me, one that will have me.

ANT OF SYR: What claim lays she to thee?

DRO OF SYR: Marry, sir, such claim as you would lay to your horse, and she would have me as a beast; not that, I being a beast, she would have me, but that she, being a very beastly creature, lays claim to me.

ANT OF SYR: What is she?

DRO OF SYR: A very reverent body: ay, such a one as a man may not speak of without he say "Sir-reverence." I have but lean luck in the match, and yet is she a wondrous fat marriage.

ANT OF SYR: How dost thou mean a fat marriage?

DRO OF SYR: Marry, sir, she's the kitchen wench and all grease, and I know not what use to put her to but to make a lamp of her and run from her by her own light. I warrant, her rags and the tallow in them will burn a Poland winter: if she lives till doomsday, she'll burn a week longer than the whole world.

ANT OF SYR: What complexion is she of?

DRO OF SYR: Swart, like my shoe, but her face nothing like so clean kept: for why? she sweats, a man may go over shoes in the grime of it.

ANT OF SYR: That's a fault that water will mend.

DRO OF SYR: No, sir, 'tis in grain, Noah's flood could not do it.

ANT OF SYR: What's her name?

DRO OF SYR: Nell, sir; but her name and three quarters, that's an ell and three quarters, will not measure her from hip to hip.

ANT OF SYR: Then she bears some breadth?

DRO OF SYR: No longer from head to foot than from hip to hip: she is spherical, like a globe; I could find out countries in her.

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ANT OF SYR: In what part of her body stands Ireland?

DRO OF SYR: Marry, sir, in her buttocks, I found it out by the bogs.

ANT OF SYR: Where Scotland?

DRO OF SYR: I found it by the barrenness, hard in the palm of the hand.

ANT OF SYR: Where France?

DRO OF SYR: In her forehead, arm'd and reverted, making war against her heir.

ANT OF SYR: Where England?

DRO OF SYR: I look'd for the chalky cliffs, but I could find no whiteness in them. But I guess, it stood in her chin, by the salt rheum that ran between France and it.

ANT OF SYR: Where Spain?

DRO OF SYR: Faith, I saw it not; but I felt it hot in her breath.

ANT OF SYR: Where America, the Indies?

DRO OF SYR: O, sir, upon her nose, all o'er embellish'd with rubies, carbuncles, sapphires, declining their rich aspect to the hot breath of Spain, who sent whole armadoes of carrects to be ballast at her nose.

ANT OF SYR: Where stood Belgia, the Netherlands?

DRO OF SYR: O, sir, I did not look so low.