

COMEDY OF ERRORS ACT 3 SCENE 2

ANTIPHOLUS

Why, how now, Dromio! where runn'st thou so fast?

DROMIO

Do you know me, sir? am I Dromio? am I your man?
am I myself?

ANTIPHOLUS

Thou art Dromio, thou art my man, thou art thyself.

DROMIO

I am an ass, I am a woman's man and besides myself.

ANTIPHOLUS

What woman's man? and how besides thyself? besides thyself?

DROMIO

Marry, sir, besides myself, I am due to a woman; one
that claims me, one that haunts me, one that will have me.

ANTIPHOLUS

What claim lays she to thee?

DROMIO

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.

ANTIPHOLUS

What is she?

DROMIO

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.

ANTIPHOLUS

How dost thou mean a fat marriage?

DROMIO

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.

ANTIPHOLUS

What complexion is she of?

DROMIO

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

ANTIPHOLUS

That's a fault that water will mend.

DROMIO

No, sir, 'tis in grain; Noah's flood could not do it.

ANTIPHOLUS

What's her name?

DROMIO

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

ANTIPHOLUS

Then she bears some breadth?

DROMIO

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

ANTIPHOLUS

In what part of her body stands Ireland?

DROMIO

Marry, in her buttocks: I found it out by the bogs.

ANTIPHOLUS

Where Scotland?

DROMIO

I found it by the barrenness; hard in the palm of the hand.

ANTIPHOLUS

Where France?

DROMIO

In her forehead; armed and reverted, making war
against her heir.

ANTIPHOLUS

Where England?

DROMIO

I looked 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.

ANTIPHOLUS

Where Spain?

DROMIO

Faith, I saw it not; but I felt it hot in her breath.

ANTIPHOLUS

Where America, the Indies?

DROMIO

Oh, sir, upon her nose all o'er embellished with
rubies, carbuncles, sapphires, declining their rich
aspect to the hot breath of Spain; who sent whole
armadoes of caracks to be ballast at her nose.

ANTIPHOLUS

Where stood Belgia, the Netherlands?

DROMIO

Oh, sir, I did not look so low. To conclude, this
drudge, or diviner, laid claim to me, call'd me
Dromio; swore I was assured to her; told me what
privy marks I had about me, as, the mark of my
shoulder, the mole in my neck, the great wart on my
left arm, that I amazed ran from her as a witch:
And, I think, if my breast had not been made of
faith and my heart of steel,
She had transform'd me to a curtal dog and made
me turn i' the wheel.

ANTIPHOLUS

Go hie thee presently, post to the road:
An if the wind blow any way from shore,
I will not harbour in this town to-night:
If any bark put forth, come to the mart,
Where I will walk till thou return to me.
If every one knows us and we know none,
'Tis time, I think, to trudge, pack and be gone.

DROMIO

As from a bear a man would run for life,
So fly I from her that would be my wife.