

## Antipholus of Syracuse, Dromio of Ephesus

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

He that commends me to mine own content  
Commends me to the thing I cannot get:  
I to the world am like a drop of water  
That in the ocean seeks another drop,  
Who, falling there to find his fellow forth,  
Unseen, inquisitive, confounds himself.  
So I, to find a mother and a brother,  
In quest of them, unhappy, lose myself.

[Enter DROMIO OF EPHEBUS]

Here comes the almanac of my true date.  
- What now? How chance thou art returned so soon?

DROMIO OF EPHEBUS

'Returned so soon'? Rather approached too late.  
The capon burns, the pig falls from the spit;  
The clock hath strucken twelve upon the bell;  
My mistress made it one upon my cheek.  
She is so hot because the meat is cold;  
The meat is cold because you come not home;  
You come not home because you have no stomach,  
You have no stomach, having broke your fast.  
But we that know what 'tis to fast and pray,  
Are penitent for your default to-day.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

Stop in your wind, sir; tell me this, I pray:  
Where have you left the money that I gave you?

DROMIO OF EPHEBUS

O, sixpence that I had o'Wednesday last  
To pay the saddler for my mistress' crupper?  
The saddler had it, sir; I kept it not.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

I am not in a sportive humour now;  
Tell me, and dally not: where is the money?  
We being strangers here, how dar'st thou trust  
So great a charge from thine own custody?

DROMIO OF EPHEBUS

I pray you, jest, sir, as you sit at dinner.  
I from my mistress come to you in post;  
If I return, I shall be post indeed,  
For she will score your fault upon my pate.  
Methinks your maw, like mine, should be your clock  
And strike you home without a messenger.