

Balthazar; Antipholus of Ephesus

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS

Go, get thee gone; fetch me an iron crow.

BALTHAZAR

Have patience, sir. O, let it not be so!
Herein you war against your reputation,
And draw within the compass of suspect
Th'unviolated honour of your wife.
Once, this: your long experience of her wisdom,
Her sober virtue, years and modesty,
Plead on her part some cause to you unknown;
And doubt not, sir, but she will well excuse
Why at this time the doors are made against you.
Be ruled by me: depart in patience,
And let us to the Tiger all to dinner,
And about evening come yourself alone
To know the reason of this strange restraint.
If by strong hand you offer to break in
Now in the stirring passage of the day,
A vulgar comment will be made of it;
And that supposèd by the common rout
Against your yet ungalld estimation
That may with foul intrusion enter in
And dwell upon your grave when you are dead;
For slander lives upon succession,
Forever housèd where it gets possession.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS

You have prevailed. I will depart in quiet,
And in despite of mirth mean to be merry.
I know a wench of excellent discourse,
Pretty and witty, wild and yet, too, gentle.
There will we dine. This woman that I mean,
My wife - but, I protest, without desert -
Hath oftentimes upbraided me withal.
To her will we to dinner. *[To Angelo]* Get you home
And fetch the chain; by this, I know, 'tis made.
Bring it, I pray you, to the Porpentine,
For there's the house. That chain will I bestow -
Be it for nothing but to spite my wife -
Upon mine hostess there. Good sir, make haste.
Since mine own doors refuse to entertain me,
I'll knock elsewhere to see if they'll disdain me.