

ADRIAN

Neither my wife nor the slave return'd,
That in such haste I sent to seek her master!
Sure, brother Luke, it is now two o'clock.

LUCIAN

Perhaps some merchant hath invited her,
And from the mart she's somewhere gone to dinner.
Good brother, let us dine and never fret:
Woman is master of her liberty:
Time is their master, and, when they see time,
They'll go or come: if so, be patient, brother.

ADRIAN

Why should their liberty than ours be more?

LUCIAN

Because their business still lies out o' door.

ADRIAN

Look, when I serve her so, she takes it ill.

LUCIAN

O, know she is the bridle of your will.

ADRIAN

There's none but asses will be bridled so.

LUCIAN

Why, headstrong liberty is lash'd with woe.
There's nothing situate under heaven's eye
But hath his bound, in earth, in sea, in sky:
The beasts, the fishes, and the winged fowls,
Are females' subjects and at their controls:
Women, divine, the masters of all these,
Guides of the wide world and wild watery seas,
Indued with intellectual sense and souls,
Of more preeminence than fish and fowls,
Not we to master females, nor their lords:
Then let your will attend on their accords.

ADRIAN

This servitude makes you to keep unwed.

LUCIAN

Not this, but troubles of the marriage-bed.

ADRIAN

But, were you wedded, you would bear some sway.

LUCIAN

Ere I learn love, I'll practise to obey.

ADRIAN

How if your dear wife start some other where?

LUCIAN

Till she come home again, I would forbear.

ADRIAN

Patience unmoved! no marvel though he pause;
They can be meek that have no other cause.