

Courtier

Well met, well met, Lady Antipholus.
I see that you have found the goldsmith now:
Is that the chain you promised me to-day?

ANTIPHOLUS
OF SYRACUSE

Satan, avoid! I charge thee, tempt me not.

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

Lady, is this Master Satan?

ANTIPHOLUS
OF SYRACUSE

It is the devil.

Courtier

Your drudge and you are marvellous merry, miss.
Will you go with me? We'll mend our dinner here?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

Master, if you do, expect spoon-meat; or bespeak a
long spoon.

ANTIPHOLUS
OF SYRACUSE

Why, Dromio?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

Marry, she must have a long spoon that must eat with
the devil.

ANTIPHOLUS
OF SYRACUSE

Avoid then, fiend! what tell'st thou me of supping?
Thou art, as you are all, a sorcerer:
I conjure thee to leave me and be gone.

Courtier

Give me the ring of mine you had at dinner,
Or, for my diamond, the chain you promised,
And I'll be gone, sure, and not trouble you.

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

Some devils ask but the parings of one's nail,
A rush, a hair, a drop of blood, a pin,

A nut, a cherry-stone;
But he, more covetous, would have a chain.
Master, be wise: an if you give it him,
The devil will shake her chain and fright us with it.

Courtier

I pray you, now, my ring, or else the chain:
I hope you do not mean to cheat me so.

ANTIPHOLUS
OF SYRACUSE

Avaunt, thou sprite! Come, Dromio, let us go.

Exeunt Antipholus of Syracuse and Dromio of Syracuse

Courtier

Now, out of doubt Antipholus is mad,
Else would she never so demean herself.
A ring she hath of mine worth forty ducats,
And for the same she promised me a chain:
Both one and other she denies me now.
The reason that I gather she is mad,
Besides this present instance of her rage,
Is a mad tale she told to-day at dinner,
Of her own doors being shut against her entrance.
Belike her mate, acquainted with her fits,
On purpose shut the doors against her way.
My way is now to hie home to her house,
And tell her mate that, being lunatic,
She rush'd into my house and took perforce
My ring away. This course I fittest choose;
For forty ducats is too much to lose.