**The Comedy of Errors**

by William Shakespeare

Directed by Fiona Poole

**Reading: Wednesday 7 April, 7.45p.m.** by Zoom.

**Auditions: Sunday 25 April, from 1pm in Fountain Gardens\***

**Playing dates: Monday 9th to 14th August 2021 2019 TBC**

**Rehearsals:** **Start Tuesday, 17 May (From then on Tuesday, Thursday, Friday evenings and Sunday afternoons)**

**The health and safety of our members and community is the priority of the RSS. All DATES ARE SUBJECT TO CHANGE in response to government guidance on the C-19 pandemic. Updates will be posted on the RSS website.**

**\* Anticipating the HMG C-19 Recovery Roadmap, all auditions will be held in line with the ‘Rule of 6’. To enable this, AUDITION SLOTS WILL BE ALLOCATED IN ADVANCE and you must attend at the time of your allocated slot.**

**Audition Pieces**

**NB : You are welcome to request to be considered for as many parts as you wish, however you may not be asked to read for all the parts you wish to be considered for at the director’s discretion. Given the nature of the work you may be asked to read another named character’s part to be considered for your choice (eg EMILIA for DUKE/DUCHESS)**

**Quick Guide (you may not be asked to read all pieces for any one part)**

**ADRIANA - 1 , 2 DUKE/DUCHESS – 3**

**LUCIANA – 1 , 2 EGON - 3**

**EMILIA – 1 ANTIPHOLUS – 4, 5**

**LUCE - 8,9 DROMIO – 4, 6**

**COURTESAN – 7, 9 ANGELO/A, BALTHASAR - 9, 10**

**MERCHANTS/JAILERS etc - 9 PINCH- 9**

**For LUCE, CORTESAN, ANGELO/A, BALTHASAR and other MERCHANTS etc auditionees will be asked to take on other named parts in piece 9 to be allocated at auditions. This is to allow them to show ensemble work and range. We advise being familiar with the piece but are not asking that those auditioning for these roles prepare any specific part in 9.**

1. **EMILIA, ADRIANA. LUCIANA**

**EMILIA**

Be quiet, people. Wherefore throng you hither?

**ADRIANA**

To fetch my poor distracted husband hence.
Let us come in, that we may bind him fast
And bear him home for his recovery.

**EMILIA**

How long hath this possession held the man?

**ADRIANA**

This week he hath been heavy, sour, sad,
And much different from the man he was;
But till this afternoon his passion
Ne'er brake into extremity of rage.

**EMILIA**

Hath he not lost much wealth by wreck of sea?
Buried some dear friend? Hath not else his eye
Stray'd his affection in unlawful love?
A sin prevailing much in youthful men,
Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing.
Which of these sorrows is he subject to?

**ADRIANA**

To none of these, except it be the last;
Namely, some love that drew him oft from home.

**EMILIA**

You should for that have reprehended him.

**ADRIANA**

Why, so I did.

**EMILIA**

Ay, but not rough enough.

**ADRIANA**

As roughly as my modesty would let me.

**EMILIA**

Haply, in private.

**ADRIANA**

And in assemblies too.

**EMILIA**

Ay, but not enough.

**ADRIANA**

It was the copy of our conference:
In bed he slept not for my urging it;
At board he fed not for my urging it;
Alone, it was the subject of my theme;
In company I often glanced it;
Still did I tell him it was vile and bad.

**EMILIA**

And thereof came it that the man was mad.
The venom clamours of a jealous woman
Poisons more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.
It seems his sleeps were hinder'd by thy railing,
And therefore comes it that his head is light.
Thou say'st his meat was sauced with thy upbraidings:
Unquiet meals make ill digestions;
Thereof the raging fire of fever bred;
And what's a fever but a fit of madness?
Thou say'st his sports were hinderd by thy brawls:
Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue
But moody and dull melancholy,
Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair,
And at her heels a huge infectious troop
Of pale distemperatures and foes to life?
In food, in sport and life-preserving rest
To be disturb'd, would mad or man or beast:
The consequence is then thy jealous fits
Have scared thy husband from the use of wits.

**LUCIANA**

She never reprehended him but mildly,
When he demean'd himself rough, rude and wildly.
Why bear you these rebukes and answer not?

**ADRIANA**

She did betray me to my own reproof.
Good people enter and lay hold on him.

**EMILIA**

No, not a creature enters in my house.

**ADRIANA**

Then let your servants bring my husband forth.

**EMILIA**

Neither: he took this place for sanctuary,
And it shall privilege him from your hands
Till I have brought him to his wits again,
Or lose my labour in assaying it.

1. ADRIANA, LUCIANA

**ADRIANA**

Neither my husband nor the slave return'd,
That in such haste I sent to seek his master!
Sure, Luciana, it is two o'clock.

**LUCIANA**

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

**ADRIANA**

Why should their liberty than ours be more?

**LUCIANA**

Because their business still lies out o' door.

**ADRIANA**

Look, when I serve him so, he takes it ill.

**LUCIANA**

O, know he is the bridle of your will.

**ADRIANA**

There's none but asses will be bridled so.

**LUCIANA**

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 their males' subjects and at their controls:
Men, more divine, the masters of all these,
Lords of the wide world and wild watery seas,
Indued with intellectual sense and souls,
Of more preeminence than fish and fowls,
Are masters to their females, and their lords:
Then let your will attend on their accords.

**ADRIANA**

This servitude makes you to keep unwed.

**LUCIANA**

Not this, but troubles of the marriage-bed.

**ADRIANA**

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

**LUCIANA**

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

**ADRIANA**

How if your husband start some other where?

**LUCIANA**

Till he come home again, I would forbear.

**ADRIANA**

Patience unmoved! no marvel though she pause;
They can be meek that have no other cause.
A wretched soul, bruised with adversity,
We bid be quiet when we hear it cry;
But were we burdened with like weight of pain,
As much or more would we ourselves complain:
So thou, that hast no unkind mate to grieve thee,
With urging helpless patience wouldst relieve me,
But, if thou live to see like right bereft,
This fool-begg'd patience in thee will be left.

**LUCIANA**

Well, I will marry one day, but to try.
Here comes your man; now is your husband nigh.

1. DUKE/DUCHESS and EGON

**DUKE**

Merchant of Syracuse, plead no more;
I am not partial to infringe our laws:
The enmity and discord which of late
Sprung from the rancorous outrage of your duke
To merchants, our well-dealing countrymen,
Who wanting guilders to redeem their lives
Have seal'd his rigorous statutes with their bloods,
Excludes all pity from our threatening looks.
It hath in solemn synods been decreed
Both by the Syracusians and ourselves,
To admit no traffic to our adverse towns Nay, more,
If any born at Ephesus be seen
At any Syracusian marts and fairs;
Again: if any Syracusian born
Come to the bay of Ephesus, he dies,
His goods confiscate to the duke's dispose,
Unless a thousand marks be levied,
To quit the penalty and to ransom him.
Thy substance, valued at the highest rate,
Cannot amount unto a hundred marks;
Therefore by law thou art condemned to die.

**EGEON**

Yet this my comfort: when your words are done,
My woes end likewise with the evening sun.

**DUKE**

Well, Syracusian, say in brief the cause
Why thou departed'st from thy native home
And for what cause thou camest to Ephesus.

**EGEON**
In Syracusa was I born, and wed
With her I lived in joy; our wealth increased
By prosperous voyages I often made
To Epidamnum; till my factor's death
And the great care of goods at random left
Drew me from kind embracements of my spouse:
From whom my absence was not six months old
Before herself, ~~almost at fainting under~~~~The pleasing punishment that women bear,~~
~~Had made provision for her following me~~~~And~~ soon and safe arrived where I was.
There had she not been long, but she became
A joyful mother of two goodly sons;
And, which was strange, the one so like the other,
As could not be distinguish'd but by names.
That very hour, and in the self-same inn,
A meaner woman was delivered
Of such a burden, male twins, both alike:
Those,--for their parents were exceeding poor,--
I bought and brought up to attend my sons.
My wife, not meanly proud of two such boys,
Made daily motions for our home return:
Unwilling I agreed. Alas! too soon,
We came aboard.
A league from Epidamnum had we sail'd,
Before the always wind-obeying deep
Gave any tragic instance of our harm:
The sailors sought for safety by our boat,
And left the ship, then sinking-ripe, to us:
My wife, more careful for the latter-born,
Had fasten'd him unto a small spare mast,
Such as seafaring men provide for storms;
To him one of the other twins was bound,
Whilst I had been like heedful of the other:
The children thus disposed, my wife and I,
Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fix'd,
Fasten'd ourselves at either end the mast;
And floating straight, obedient to the stream,
Was carried towards Corinth, as we thought.
At length the sun, gazing upon the earth,
Dispersed those vapours that offended us;
And by the benefit of his wished light,
The seas wax'd calm, and we discovered
Two ships from far making amain to us,
Of Corinth that, of Epidaurus this:
But ere they came,--O, let me say no more!

**DUKE**

Nay, forward, old man; do not break off so;
For we may pity, though not pardon thee.

**EGEON**
For, ere the ships could meet by twice five leagues,
We were encounterd by a mighty rock;
Which being violently borne upon,
Our helpful ship was splitted in the midst;
So that, in this unjust divorce of us,
Fortune had left to both of us alike
What to delight in, what to sorrow for.
Her part, poor soul! seeming as burdened
With lesser weight but not with lesser woe,
Was carried with more speed before the wind;
And in our sight they three were taken up
By fishermen of Corinth, as we thought.
At length, another ship had seized on us;
And, knowing whom it was their hap to save,
Gave healthful welcome to their shipwreck'd guests;
And would have reft the fishers of their prey,
Had not their bark been very slow of sail;
And therefore homeward did they bend their course.
Thus have you heard me sever'd from my bliss;
That by misfortunes was my life prolong'd,
To tell sad stories of my own mishaps.

1. ANTIPHOLUS, DROMIO

**ANTIPHOLUS** **OF SYRACUSE**

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

**DROMIO OF SYRACUSE**

Do you know me, sir? am I Dromio? am I your man?
am I myself?
**ANTIPHOLUS** **OF SYRACUSE**

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

**DROMIO OF SYRACUSE**

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

**ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE**

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

**DROMIO OF SYRACUSE**

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

What claim lays she to thee?

**DROMIO OF SYRACUSE**

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** **OF SYRACUSE**

What is she?

**DROMIO OF SYRACUSE**

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** **OF SYRACUSE**

How dost thou mean a fat marriage?

**DROMIO OF SYRACUSE**

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** **OF SYRACUSE**

What complexion is she of?

**DROMIO OF SYRACUSE**

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** **OF SYRACUSE**

That's a fault that water will mend.

**DROMIO OF SYRACUSE**

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

What's her name?

**DROMIO OF SYRACUSE**

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

Then she bears some breadth?

**DROMIO OF SYRACUSE**

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** O**F SYRACUSE**

In what part of her body stands Ireland?

**DROMIO OF SYRACUSE**

Marry, in her buttocks: I found it out by the bogs.
**ANTIPHOLUS** **OF SYRACUSE**

Where Scotland?

**DROMIO OF SYRACUSE**

I found it by the barrenness; hard in the palm of the hand.
**ANTIPHOLUS** **OF SYRACUSE**

Where France?

**DROMIO OF SYRACUSE**

In her forehead; armed and reverted, making war
against her heir.
**ANTIPHOLUS** **OF SYRACUSE**

Where England?

**DROMIO OF SYRACUSE**

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** **OF SYRACUSE**

Where Spain?

**DROMIO OF SYRACUSE**

Faith, I saw it not; but I felt it hot in her breath.
**ANTIPHOLUS** **OF SYRACUSE**

Where America, the Indies?

**DROMIO OF SYRACUSE**

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** **OF SYRACUSE**

Where stood Belgium, the Netherlands?

**DROMIO OF SYRACUSE**

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** **OF SYRACUSE**

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 OF SYRACUSE**

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

1. ANTIPHOLUS

**ANTIPHOLUS** **OF EPHESUS**

My liege, I am advised what I say,
Neither disturbed with the effect of wine,
Nor heady-rash, provoked with raging ire,
Albeit my wrongs might make one wiser mad.
This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner:
That goldsmith there, were he not pack'd with her,
Could witness it, for he was with me then;
Who parted with me to go fetch a chain,
Promising to bring it to the Porpentine,
Where Balthazar and I did dine together.
Our dinner done, and he not coming thither,
I went to seek him: in the street I met him
And in his company that gentleman.
There did this perjured goldsmith swear me down
That I this day of him received the chain,
Which, God he knows, I saw not: for the which
He did arrest me with an officer.
I did obey, and sent my peasant home
For certain ducats: he with none return'd
Then fairly I bespoke the officer
To go in person with me to my house.
By the way we met
My wife, her sister, and a rabble more
Of vile confederates. Along with them
They brought one Pinch, a hungry lean-faced villain,
A mere anatomy, a mountebank,
A threadbare juggler and a fortune-teller,
A needy, hollow-eyed, sharp-looking wretch,
A dead-looking man: this pernicious slave,
Forsooth, took on him as a conjurer,
And, gazing in mine eyes, feeling my pulse,
And with no face, as 'twere, outfacing me,
Cries out, I was possess'd. Then all together
They fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence
And in a dark and dankish vault at home
There left me and my man, both bound together;
Till, gnawing with my teeth my bonds in sunder,
I gain'd my freedom, and immediately
Ran hither to your grace; whom I beseech
To give me ample satisfaction
For these deep shames and great indignities.

**6.** **DROMIO (not an audition piece for ADRIANA)**

**ADRIANA**

Say, is your tardy master now at hand?

**DROMIO OF EPHESUS**

Nay, he's at two hands with me, and that my two ears
can witness.

**ADRIANA**

Say, didst thou speak with him? know'st thou his mind?

**DROMIO OF EPHESUS**

Ay, ay, he told his mind upon mine ear:
Beshrew his hand, I scarce could understand it.

**ADRIANA**

Spake he so doubtfully, thou couldst not feel his meaning?

**DROMIO OF EPHESUS**

Nay, he struck so plainly, I could too well feel his
blows; and withal so doubtfully that I could scarce
understand them.

**ADRIANA**

But say, I prithee, is he coming home? It seems he
hath great care to please his wife.

**DROMIO OF EPHESUS**

Why, mistress, sure my master is horn-mad.

**ADRIANA**

Horn-mad, thou villain!

**DROMIO OF EPHESUS**

I mean not cuckold-mad;
But, sure, he is stark mad.
When I desired him to come home to dinner,
He ask'd me for a thousand marks in gold:
''Tis dinner-time,' quoth I; 'My gold!' quoth he;
'Your meat doth burn,' quoth I; 'My gold!' quoth he:
'Will you come home?' quoth I; 'My gold!' quoth he.
'Where is the thousand marks I gave thee, villain?'
'The pig,' quoth I, 'is burn'd;' 'My gold!' quoth he:
'My mistress, sir' quoth I; 'Hang up thy mistress!
I know not thy mistress; out on thy mistress!'

**ADRIANA**

Quoth who?

**DROMIO OF EPHESUS**

Quoth my master:
'I know,' quoth he, 'no house, no wife, no mistress.'
So that my errand, due unto my tongue,
I thank him, I bare home upon my shoulders;
For, in conclusion, he did beat me there.

**ADRIANA**

Go back again, thou slave, and fetch him home.

**DROMIO OF EPHESUS**

Go back again, and be new beaten home?
For God's sake, send some other messenger.

**ADRIANA**

Back, slave, or I will break thy pate across.

**DROMIO OF EPHESUS**

And he will bless that cross with other beating:
Between you I shall have a holy head.

**ADRIANA**

Hence, prating peasant! fetch thy master home.

**DROMIO OF EPHESUS**

Am I so round with you as you with me,
That like a football you do spurn me thus?
You spurn me hence, and he will spurn me hither:
If I last in this service, you must case me in leather.

1. **COURTESAN**

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

1. **LUCE (not an audition piece for DROMIO or ANTIPHOLUS)**

**LUCE**

[Within] What a coil is there, Dromio? who are those
at the gate?

**DROMIO OF EPHESUS**

Let my master in, Luce.

**LUCE**

[Within] Faith, no; he comes too late;
And so tell your master.

**DROMIO OF EPHESUS**

O Lord, I must laugh!
Have at you with a proverb--Shall I set in my staff?

**LUCE**

[Within] Have at you with another; that's--When?
can you tell?

**DROMIO OF SYRACUSE**

[Within] If thy name be call'd Luce--Luce, thou hast
answered him well.

**ANTIPHOLUS** **OF EPHESUS**

Do you hear, you minion? you'll let us in, I hope?

**LUCE**

[Within] I thought to have asked you.

**DROMIO OF SYRACUSE**

[Within] And you said no.

**DROMIO OF EPHESUS**

So, come, help: well struck! there was blow for blow.
**ANTIPHOLUS** **OF EPHESUS**

Thou baggage, let me in.

**LUCE**

[Within] Can you tell for whose sake?

**DROMIO OF EPHESUS**

Master, knock the door hard.

**LUCE**

[Within] Let him knock till it ache.
**ANTIPHOLUS** **OF EPHESUS**

You'll cry for this, minion, if I beat the door down.

**LUCE**

[Within] What needs all that, and a pair of stocks in the town?

1. **PINCH, COURTEZAN and CHORUS (this is an edited version of the text) Not an audition piece for ADRIANA or ANTIPHOLUS**

**Courtezan**

How say you now? is not your husband mad?

**ADRIANA**

His incivility confirms no less.
Good Doctor Pinch, you are a conjurer;
Establish him in his true sense again,
And I will please you what you will demand.

**Courtezan**

Mark how he trembles in his ecstasy!

**PINCH**

Give me your hand and let me feel your pulse.

**ANTIPHOLUS** **OF EPHESUS**

There is my hand, and let it feel your ear.

*Striking him*

**PINCH**

I charge thee, Satan, housed within this man,
To yield possession to my holy prayers
And to thy state of darkness hie thee straight:
I conjure thee by all the saints in heaven!
**ANTIPHOLUS** **OF EPHESUS**

Peace, doting wizard, peace! I am not mad.

**ADRIANA**

O, that thou wert not, poor distressed soul!
**ANTIPHOLUS** **OF EPHESUS**

You minion, you, are these your customers?
Did this companion with the saffron face
Revel and feast it at my house to-day,
Whilst upon me the guilty doors were shut
And I denied to enter in my house?

**ADRIANA**

Is't good to soothe him in these contraries?

**PINCH**

It is no shame: the fellow finds his vein,
And yielding to him humours well his frenzy.
**ANTIPHOLUS** **OF EPHESUS**

Thou hast suborn'd the goldsmith to arrest me.

**ADRIANA**

Alas, I sent you money to redeem you,
By Dromio here, who came in haste for it.

**DROMIO OF EPHESUS**

Money by me! heart and goodwill you might;
But surely master, not a rag of money.

God and the rope-maker bear me witness
That I was sent for nothing but a rope!

**PINCH**

Mistress, both man and master is possess'd;
I know it by their pale and deadly looks:
They must be bound and laid in some dark room.

**ANTIPHOLUS** **OF EPHESUS**

Dissembling harlot, thou art false in all;
And art confederate with a damned pack
To make a loathsome abject scorn of me:
But with these nails I'll pluck out these false eyes
That would behold in me this shameful sport.

*Enter three or four, and offer to bind him. He strives*

**ADRIANA**

O, bind him, bind him! let him not come near me.

**PINCH**

More company! The fiend is strong within him.

**ANTIPHOLUS** **OF EPHESUS**

What, will you murder me? Thou gaoler, thou,
I am thy prisoner: wilt thou suffer them
To make a rescue?

**Officer**

Masters, let him go
He is my prisoner, and you shall not have him.

**PINCH**

Go bind this man, for he is frantic too.

*They offer to bind Dromio of Ephesus*

**ADRIANA**

What wilt thou do, thou peevish officer?
Hast thou delight to see a wretched man
Do outrage and displeasure to himself?

**Officer**

He is my prisoner: if I let him go,
The debt he owes will be required of me.

**ADRIANA**

Say now, whose suit is he arrested at?

**Officer**

One Angelo, a goldsmith: do you know him?

**ADRIANA**

I know the man. What is the sum he owes?

**Officer**

Two hundred ducats.

**ADRIANA**

Say, how grows it due?

**Officer**

Due for a chain your husband had of him.

**ADRIANA**

He did bespeak a chain for me, but had it not.

**Courtezan**

When as your husband all in rage to-day
Came to my house and took away my ring--
The ring I saw upon his finger now--
Straight after did I meet him with a chain.

**ADRIANA**

It may be so, but I did never see it.
Come, gaoler, bring me where the goldsmith is:
I long to know the truth hereof at large.

**Officer**

Away! they'll kill us.

1. **BALTHAZAR & ANGELO/A**

**BALTHAZAR**

Have patience, sir; O, let it not be so!
Herein you war against your reputation
And draw within the compass of suspect
The 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 supposed by the common rout
Against your yet ungalled estimation
That may with foul intrusion enter in
And dwell upon your grave when you are dead;
For slander lives upon succession,
For ever housed where it gets possession.

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