

The Comedy of Errors

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ACT I

SCENE I. A hall in DUKE SOLINUS'S palace.

Enter DUKE SOLINUS, AEGEON, Gaoler, Officers, and other Attendants

AEGEON

Proceed, Solinus, to procure my fall  
And by the doom of death end woes and all.

DUKE SOLINUS

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.  
For, since the mortal and intestine jars  
'Twixt thy seditious countrymen and us,  
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                   hesus, he dies,  
His goods co                   to the duke's dispose,  
Unless a tho                   ks be levied,  
To quit the                   nd to ransom him.  
Thy substanc                   at the highest rate,  
Cannot amoun                   hundred marks;  
Therefore by                   art condemned to die.

AEGEON

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

DUKE SOLINUS

Well, Syracu                   in brief the cause  
Why thou dep                   from thy native home  
And for what                   ou camest to Ephesus.

AEGEON

A heavier ta                   not have been imposed  
Than I to sp                   iefs unspeakable:  
Yet,                   ay witness that my end

Was                   y nature, not by vile offence,  
I'll                   at my sorrows give me leave.

In S                   as I born, and wed

Unto                   happy but for me,

And by me, had not our hap been bad.

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: