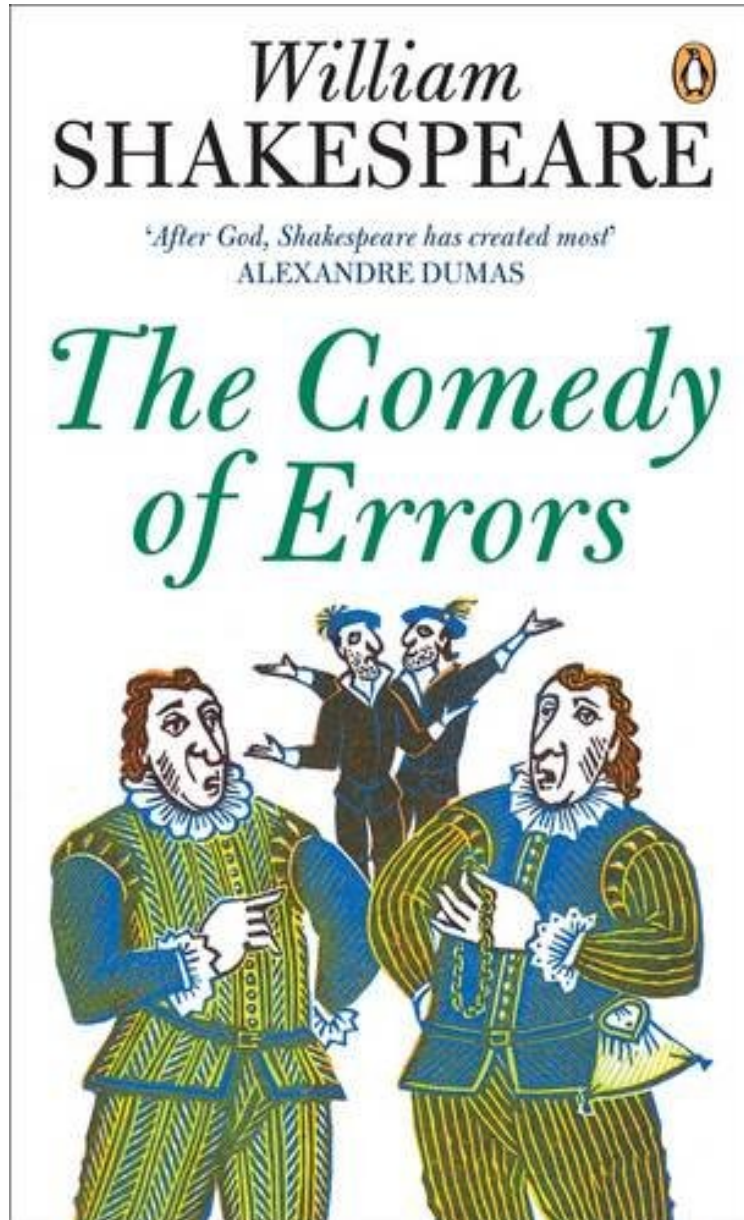


(Read now) New Penguin Shakespeare Comedy Of Errors

New Penguin Shakespeare Comedy Of Errors

William Shakespeare

**Download PDF / ePub / DOC / audiobook / ebooks*



 Download

 Read Online

#5927282 in Books 2005-11-29 2005-11-29 Format: International Edition Original language: English PDF # 1
7.13 x .51 x 4.371, .30 Binding: Mass Market Paperback 208 pages | File size: 35.Mb

William Shakespeare : New Penguin Shakespeare Comedy Of Errors before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised New Penguin Shakespeare Comedy Of Errors:

A farcical comedy of mistaken identity and outrageous trickery, William Shakespeare's *The Comedy of Errors* is edited by Stanley Wells with an introduction by Randall Martin in Penguin Shakespeare. 'We'll leave a proof, by that which we will do, Wives may be merry, and yet honest too' Two sets of identical twins - Dromio and Antipholus of Syracuse, and their brothers Dromio and Antipholus of Ephesus - having been separated at sea as children, find themselves in the same city for the first time as adults. Soon, their friends mistake the twins for one another and bewilderment abounds, as the wife of one man declares the other to be her husband, pronouncing him mad when he denies the claim. Exuberant, complex and brilliantly farcical, this is a hilarious comedy of confusion and ultimate reunion. This book contains a general introduction to Shakespeare's life and Elizabethan theatre, a separate introduction to *The Comedy of Errors*, a chronology, suggestions for further reading, an essay discussing performance options on both stage and screen, and a commentary. William Shakespeare (1564-1616) was born to John Shakespeare and Mary Arden some time in late April 1564 in Stratford-upon-Avon. He wrote about 38 plays (the precise number is uncertain), many of which are regarded as the most exceptional works of drama ever produced, including *Romeo and Juliet* (1595), *Henry V* (1599), *Hamlet* (1601), *Othello* (1604), *King Lear* (1606) and *Macbeth* (1606), as well as a collection of 154 sonnets, which number among the most profound and influential love-poetry in English. If you enjoyed *The Comedy of Errors*, you might like *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, also available in Penguin Shakespeare. 'After God, Shakespeare has created most' Alexandre Dumas

Praise for "William Shakespeare: Complete Works" "Remarkable . . . makes Shakespeare's extraordinary accomplishment more vivid than ever."--James Shapiro, professor, Columbia University, bestselling author of "A Year in the Life of Shakespeare: 1599" "A feast of literary and historical information."--"The Wall Street Journal" Praise for "William Shakespeare: Complete Works" "Remarkable . . . makes Shakespeare's extraordinary accomplishment more vivid than ever."--James Shapiro, professor, Columbia University, bestselling author of "A Year in the Life of Shakespeare: 1599" "A feast of literary and historical information."--"The Wall Street Journal"

About the Author William Shakespeare was born to John Shakespeare and Mary Arden in late April 1564 in Stratford-upon-Avon. He wrote about 38 plays (the precise number is uncertain), many of which are regarded as the most exceptional works of drama ever produced, including *Romeo and Juliet* (1595), *Henry V* (1599), *Hamlet* (1601), *Othello* (1604), *King Lear* (1606) and *Macbeth* (1606), as well as a collection of 154 sonnets, which number among the most profound and influential love poetry in English. Shakespeare died in Stratford in 1616. Excerpt. Reprinted by permission. All rights reserved.

Act 1 Scene 1 running scene 1 Enter Duke of Ephesus with [Egeon] the merchant of Syracuse, Jailer and other Attendants

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

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 sealed his rigorous statutes with their bloods, Excludes all pity from our threat'ning looks, For, since the mortal and intestine jars 'Twixt thy seditious countrymen and us, It hath in solemn synods been decreed, Both by the Syracusans and ourselves, To admit no traffic to our adverse towns. Nay, more: if any born at Ephesus Be seen at any Syracusan marts and fairs, Again, if any Syracusan 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, Syracusan, say in brief the cause Why thou departed'st from thy native home, And for what cause thou cam'st to Ephesus.

EGEON A heavier task could not have been imposed Than I to speak my griefs unspeakable. Yet, that the world may witness that my end Was wrought by nature, not by vile offence, I'll utter what my sorrow gives me leave. In Syracuse was I born, and wed Unto a woman, 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 Epidamium, 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 arriv'd 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 distinguished but by names. That very hour, and in the self-same inn, A poor mean woman was deliver'd 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 Epidamium had we sailed Before the always wind-obeying deep Gave any tragic instance of our harm. But longer did we not retain much hope, For what obscur'd light the heavens did grant Did but convey unto our fearful minds A doubtful warrant of immediate death, Which though myself would gladly have embraced, Yet the incessant weepings of my wife, Weeping before for what she saw must come, And piteous plainings of the pretty babes, That mourned for fashion, ignorant what to fear, Forced me to seek delays for them and me. And this it was - for other means was none - 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 fastened 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 fixed, Fastened 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 wishd light, The seas waxed calm, and we discoverd Two ships from far, making amain to us, Of Corinth that, of Epidaurus this. But ere they came - O, let me say no more. Gather the sequel by that went before. DUKE Nay, forward, old man, do not break off so, For we may pity, though not pardon thee. EGEON O, had the gods done so, I had not now Worthily termed them merciless to us: For ere the ships could meet by twice five leagues, We were encountered by a mighty rock, Which being violently borne up 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 shipwrecked 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 severed from my bliss, That by misfortunes was my life prolonged, To tell sad stories of my own mishaps. DUKE And for the sake of them thou sorrowest for, Do me the favour to dilate at full What have befall'n of them and thee till now. EGEON My youngest boy, and yet my eldest care, At eighteen years became inquisitive After his brother, and importuned me That his attendant - for his case was like, Reft of his brother, but retained his name - Might bear him company in the quest of him: Whom whilst I laboured of a love to see, I hazarded the loss of whom I loved. Five summers have I spent in farthest Greece, Roaming clean through the bounds of Asia, And coasting homeward, came to Ephesus, Hopeless to find, yet loath to leave unsought Or that or any place that harbours men. But here must end the story of my life, And happy were I in my timely death, Could all my travels warrant me they live. DUKE Hapless Egeon, whom the fates have marked To bear the extremity of dire mishap. Now trust me, were it not against our laws, Against my crown, my oath, my dignity, Which princes, would they, may not disannul, My soul should sue as advocate for thee. But, though thou art adjudgd to the death, And passd sentence may not be recalled But to our honour's great disparagement, Yet will I favour thee in what I can; Therefore, merchant, I'll limit thee this day To seek thy health by beneficial help. Try all the friends thou hast in Ephesus, Beg thou or borrow to make up the sum, And live. If no, then thou art doomed to die. Jailer, take him to thy custody. JAILER I will, my lord. EGEON Hopeless and helpless doth Egeon wend, But to procrastinate his lifeless end. Exeunt [Act 1 Scene 2] running scene 1 continues Enter Antipholus [of Syracuse], a Merchant [of Ephesus] and Dromio [of Syracuse] MERCHANT OF EPHEBUS Therefore give out you are of Epidamium, Lest that your goods too soon be confiscate. This very day a Syracusan merchant Is apprehended for arrival here, And not being able to buy out his life, According to the statute of the town, Dies ere the weary sun set in the west. There is your money that I had to keep. Gives money ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE Go bear it to the Centaur, To Dromio where we host, And stay there, Dromio, till I come to thee. Within this hour it will be dinner-time. Till that, I'll view the manners of the town, Peruse the traders, gaze upon the buildings, And then return and sleep within mine inn, For with long travel I am stiff and weary. Get thee away. DROMIO OF SYRACUSE Many a man would take you at your word, And go indeed, having so good a mean. Exit ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE A trusty villain, sir, that very oft, When I am dull with care and melancholy, Lightens my humour with his merry jests. What, will you walk with me about the town, And then go to my inn and dine with me? MERCHANT OF EPHEBUS I am invited, sir, to certain merchants, Of whom I hope to make much benefit. I crave your pardon. Soon at five o'clock, Please you, I'll meet with you upon the mart, And afterward consort you till bed-time. My present business calls me from you now. ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE Farewell till then. I will go lose myself And wander up and down to view the city. MERCHANT OF EPHEBUS Sir, I commend you to your own content. Exit ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE He that commends me to mine own content Commends me to the thing I cannot get. I to the world am like a drop of water That in the ocean seeks another drop, Who, falling there to find his fellow forth - Unseen, inquisitive - confounds himself. So I, to find a mother and a brother, In quest of them, unhappy, lose myself. Enter Dromio of Ephesus Here comes the almanac of my true date. - What now? How chance thou art returned so soon? DROMIO OF EPHEBUS Returned so soon? Rather approached too late: The capon burns, the pig falls from the spit, The clock hath stricken twelve upon the bell, My mistress made it one upon my cheek. She is so hot because the meat is cold, The meat is cold because you come not home, You come not home because you have no stomach, You have no stomach having broke your fast: But we that know what 'tis to fast and pray Are penitent for your default today. ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE Stop in your wind, sir. Tell me this, I pray: Where have you left the money that I gave you? DROMIO OF EPHEBUS O, sixpence that I had o' Wednesday last To pay the saddler for my mistress' crupper? The saddler had it, sir, I kept it not. ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE I am not in a sportive humour now: Tell me, and dally not, where is the money? We being strangers here, how dar'st thou trust So great a charge from thine own custody? DROMIO OF EPHEBUS I pray you jest, sir, as you sit at dinner. I from my mistress come to you in post, If I return I shall be post indeed, For she will score your fault upon my pate. Methinks your maw, like mine, should be your clock, And strike you home without a messenger. ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE Come, Dromio, come, these jests are out of season, Reserve them till a merrier hour than this. Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee? DROMIO

OF EPHESUS To me, sir? Why, you gave no gold to me. ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE Come on, sir knave, have done your foolishness, And tell me how thou hast disposed thy charge. DROMIO OF EPHESUS My charge was but to fetch you from the mart Home to your house, the Phoenix, sir, to dinner; My mistress and her sister stays for you. ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE Now as I am a Christian, answer me, In what safe place you have bestowed my money, Or I shall break that merry sconce of yours That stands on tricks when I am undisposed. Where is the thousand marks thou hadst of me? DROMIO OF EPHESUS I have some marks of yours upon my pate, Some of my mistress' marks upon my shoulders, But not a thousand marks between you both. If I should pay your worship those again, Perchance you will not bear them patiently. ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE Thy mistress' marks? What mistress, slave, hast thou? DROMIO OF EPHESUS Your worship's wife, my mistress at the Phoenix; She that doth fast till you come home to dinner, And prays that you will hie you home to dinner. ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE What, wilt thou flout me thus unto my face Being forbid? There, take you that, sir knave. Beats Dromio DROMIO OF EPHESUS What mean you, sir? For God's sake, hold your hands: Nay, an you will not, sir, I'll take my heels. Exit ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE Upon my life, by some device or other The villain is o'er-raught of all my money. They say this town is full of cozenage, As nimble jugglers that deceive the eye, Dark-working sorcerers that change the mind, Soul-killing witches that deform the body, Disguisd cheaters, prating mountebanks, And many suchlike liberties of sin. If it prove so, I will be gone the sooner. I'll to the Centaur to go seek this slave. I greatly fear my money is not safe. Exit Act 2 Scene 1 running scene 2 Enter Adriana, wife to Antipholus [of Ephesus], with Luciana, her sister ADRIANA Neither my husband nor the slave returned, 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 lashed 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 wingd fowls Are their males' subjects and at their controls. Man, more divine, the master of all these, Lord of the wide world and wild wat'ry seas, Indued with intellectual sense and souls, Of more pre-eminence 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 we should ourselves complain. So thou, that hast no unkind mate to grieve thee, With urging helpless patience would relieve me, But if thou live to see like right bereft, This fool-begged 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.