

*Dromio and his twin brother were separated at birth. Nell, the large, amorous kitchen-wench, who is pursuing Dromio, is actually betrothed to his twin brother, also called Dromio. This is not what I would call a politically correct speech, but Dromio's anxiety and imagination can be humorous.*

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 longer than the whole world.  
Her complexion is swart, like my shoe, but her face nothing half so clean kept:  
Nell is her name.  
She bears some breadth sir, no longer from head to foot than from hip to hip:  
she is spherical, like a globe; I could find out countries in her.  
Where Ireland? Marry, in her buttocks: I found it out by the bogs.  
Where Scotland? I found it out by the barrenness; hard in the palm of her hand.  
Where France? In her forehead; armed and reverted, making war against her hair.  
Where England? 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.  
Where Spain? Faith, I saw it not, but felt it hot in her breath.  
Where America, the Indies? Oh, sir, upon her nose all o'er embellished with rubies, carbuncles, sapphires.  
Where stood Belgia, the Netherlands? 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 husband.