



SEBASTIAN  
An it had not fallen flat-long.

GONZALO

You are gentlemen of brave metal; you would lift the moon out  
of her sphere, if she would continue in it five weeks without  
changing.

(Enter ARIEL, invisible, playing solemn music)

SEBASTIAN

We would so, and then go a bat-fowling.

ANTONIO

(To GONZALO) Nay, good my lord, be not angry.

GONZALO

No, I warrant you; I will not adventure my discretion so  
weakly. Will you laugh me asleep, for I am very heavy?

ANTONIO

Go sleep, and hear us.

ALONSO

(All sleep except ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, and ANTONIO)

ANTONIO

What, all so soon asleep! I wish mine eyes

Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts: I find  
They are inclined to do so.

SEBASTIAN

Please you, sir,

Do not omit the heavy offer of it:  
It seldom visits sorrow; when it doth,  
It is a comforter.

HELD sow't with nettle-seed.

More widows in them of this business' making  
Than we bring men to comfort them:  
The fault's your own.

ALONSO

So is the dear'st o' the loss.

GONZALO

My lord Sebastian,  
The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness  
And time to speak it in: you rub the sore,  
When you should bring the plaster.

SEBASTIAN

Very well.

ANTONIO

And most chirurgeononly.

GONZALO

(To ALONSO) It is foul weather in us all, good sir,  
When you are cloudy.

SEBASTIAN

Foul weather?

ANTONIO

Very foul.

GONZALO

Had I plantation of this isle, my lord,—

ANTONIO

Hath made his meal on thee?

ANTONIO

Sir, he may live:  
I saw him beat the surges under him,  
And ride upon their backs; he trod the water,  
Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted  
The surge most swoln that met him; his bold head  
'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd  
Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke  
To the shore, that o'er his wave-worn basis bow'd,  
As stooping to relieve him: I not doubt  
He came alive to land.

ALONSO

We two, my lord,  
Will guard your person while you take your rest,  
And watch your safety.

ALONSO

Thank you. Wondrous heavy.

(ALONSO sleeps. Exit ARIEL.)

SEBASTIAN

What a strange drowsiness possesses them!

ANTONIO

It is the quality o' the climate.

SEBASTIAN

Why

Doth it not then our eyelids sink? I find not  
Myself disposed to sleep.

ANTONIO

Nor I; my spirits are nimble.  
They fell together all, as by consent;

They dropp'd, as by a thunder-stroke. What might,  
Worthy Sebastian? O, what might?—No more:—  
And yet me thinks I see it in thy face,

What thou shouldst be: the occasion speaks thee, and  
My strong imagination sees a crown  
Dropping upon thy head.

SEBASTIAN

What, art thou waking?

SEBASTIAN

You were kneel'd to and importuned otherwise  
By all of us, and the fair soul herself  
Weigh'd between loathness and obedience, at  
Which end o' the beam should bow. We have lost your son,  
I fear, for ever: Milan and Naples have



ANTONIO

Why, in good time.

GONZALO

(To ALONSO) Sir, we were talking that our garments seem now as fresh as when we were at Tunis at the marriage of your daughter, who is now queen.

ANTONIO

And the rarest that e'er came there.

SEBASTIAN

Bate, I beseech you, widow Dido.

ANTONIO

O, widow Dido! ay, widow Dido.

GONZALO

(To ALONSO) Is not, sir, my doublet as fresh as the first day I wore it? I mean, in a sort.

ANTONIO

That sort was well fished for.

GONZALO

(To ALONSO) When I wore it at your daughter's marriage?

ALONSO

You cram these words into mine ears against  
The stomach of my sense. Would I had never  
Married my daughter there! for, coming thence,  
My son is lost and, in my rate, she too,  
Who is so far from Italy removed  
I ne'er again shall see her. O thou mine heir  
Of Naples and of Milan, what strange fish

Thou let'st thy fortune sleep—die, rather; wink'st  
Whiles thou art walking.

SEBASTIAN

Thou dost snore distinctly;  
There's meaning in thy snores.

SEBASTIAN

What if he had said ‘widower Æneas’ too? Good Lord, how you take it!

ADRIAN

(To GONZALO) ‘Widow Dido’ said you? you make me study of that: she was of Carthage, not of Tunis.

GONZALO

This Tunis, sir, was Carthage.

ADRIAN

Carthage?

GONZALO

I assure you, Carthage.

SEBASTIAN

His word is more than the miraculous harp; he hath raised the wall and houses too.

ANTONIO

What impossible matter will he make easy next?

SEBASTIAN

I think he will carry this island home in his pocket and give it his son for an apple.

ANTONIO

And, sowing the kernels of it in the sea, bring forth more islands.

GONZALO

Ay.

ANTONIO

I am more serious than my custom: you Must be so too, if heed me; which to do Trebles thee o'er.

SEBASTIAN

Well, I am standing water.

ANTONIO

I'll teach you how to flow.

SEBASTIAN

Do so: to ebb

Hereditary sloth instructs me.

ANTONIO

O,

If you but knew how you the purpose cherish Whiles thus you mock it! how, in stripping it, You more invest it! Ebbing men, indeed, Most often do so near the bottom run By their own fear or sloth.

SEBASTIAN

Prithee, say on:

The setting of thine eye and cheek proclaim A matter from thee, and a birth indeed Which throes thee much to yield.

ANTONIO

Thus, sir:

Although this lord of weak remembrance, this, Who shall be of as little memory When he is earth'd, hath here almost persuade,—

For he's a spirit of persuasion, only  
 Professes to persuade,—the king his son's alive,  
 'Tis as impossible that he's undrown'd  
 And he that sleeps here swims.

SEBASTIAN

I have no hope

That he's undrown'd.

ANTONIO

O, out of that 'no hope'  
 What great hope have you! no hope that way is  
 Another way so high a hope that even  
 Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond,  
 But doubt discovery there. Will you grant with me  
 That Ferdinand is drown'd?

SEBASTIAN

He's gone.

ANTONIO

Then, tell me,

Who's the next heir of Naples?

SEBASTIAN

Claribel.

ANTONIO

She that is queen of Tunis; she that dwells  
 Ten leagues beyond man's life; she that from Naples  
 Can have no note, unless the sun were post—  
 The man i' the moon's too slow—till new-born chins  
 Be rough and razorable; she that—from whom?  
 We all were sea-swallow'd, though some cast again,

GONZALO

Methinks our garments are now as fresh as when we put them  
 on first in Afric, at the marriage of the king's fair daughter  
 Claribel to the King of Tunis.

SEBASTIAN

'Twas a sweet marriage, and we prosper well in our return.

ADRIAN

Tunis was never graced before with such a paragon to  
 their queen.

GONZALO

Not since widow Dido's time.

ANTONIO

Widow! a pox o' that! How came that widow in? widow Dido!



And by that destiny to perform an act  
Whereof what's past is prologue, what to come  
In yours and my discharge.

SEBASTIAN

What stuff is this! how say you?  
'Tis true, my brother's daughter's queen of Tunis;  
So is she heir of Naples; 'twixt which regions  
There is some space.

ANTONIO

A space whose every cubit  
Seems to cry out, 'How shall that Claribel  
Measure us back to Naples? Keep in Tunis,  
And let Sebastian wake.' Say, this were death  
That now hath seized them; why, they were no worse  
Than now they are. There be that can rule Naples  
As well as he that sleeps; lords that can prate  
As amply and unnecessarily  
As this Gonzalo; I myself could make  
A chough of as deep chat. O, that you bore  
The mind that I do! what a sleep were this  
For your advancement! Do you understand me?

Methinks I do.

SEBASTIAN

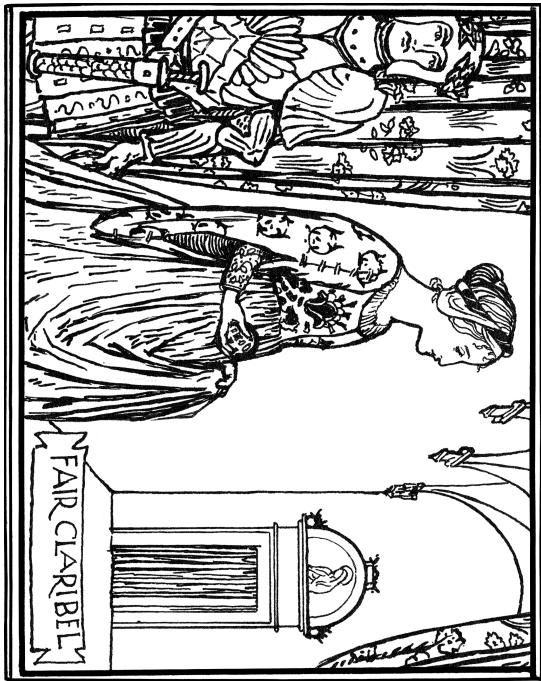
If but one of his pockets could speak, would it not say he lies?

SEBASTIAN

Ay, or very falsely pocket up his report

ANTONIO

And how does your content  
Tender your own good fortune?



SEBASTIAN

I remember

You did supplant your brother Prospero.

ANTONIO

True:

And look how well my garments sit upon me;  
Much feater than before: my brother's servants  
Were then my fellows; now they are my men.

SEBASTIAN

But, for your conscience?

ANTONIO

Ay, sir; where lies that? if 'twere a kibe,  
'Twould put me to my slipper: but I feel not  
This deity in my bosom: twenty consciences,  
That stand 'twixt me and Milan, candied be they  
And melt ere they molest! Here lies your brother,  
No better than the earth he lies upon,  
If he were that which now he's like, that's dead;  
Whom I, with this obedient steel, three inches of it,  
Can lay to bed for ever; whiles you, doing thus,  
To the perpetual wink for aye might put

This ancient morsel, this Sir Prudence, who  
Should not upbraid our course. For all the rest,  
They'll take suggestion as a cat laps milk;  
They'll tell the clock to any business that  
We say befits the hour.

SEBASTIAN

As if it had lungs and rotten ones.

ANTONIO

Or as 'twere perfumed by a fen.

GONZALO

Here is everything advantageous to life.

ANTONIO

True; save means to live.

SEBASTIAN

Of that there's none, or little.

GONZALO

How lush and lusty the grass looks! how green!

ANTONIO

The ground indeed is tawny.

SEBASTIAN

With an eye of green in't.

ANTONIO

He misses not much.

SEBASTIAN

No; he doth but mistake the truth totally.

GONZALO

But the rarity of it is,—which is indeed almost  
beyond credit,—

SEBASTIAN

As many vouched rarities are.