

that. if I can recover him and keep him tame and get to Naples with him, he's a present for any emperor that ever trod on neat's leather.

CALIBAN

Do not torment me, prithee; I'll bring my wood home faster.

STEPHANO

He's in his fit now and does not talk after the wisest. He shall taste of my bottle: if he have never drunk wine afore will go near to remove his fit. If I can recover him and keep him tame, I will not take too much for him; he shall pay for him that hath him, and that soundly.

CALIBAN

Thou dost me yet but little hurt; thou wilt anon, I know it by thy trembling: now Prosper works upon thee.

STEPHANO

Come on your ways; open your mouth; here is that which will give language to you, cat: open your mouth; this will shake your shaking, I can tell you, and that soundly: you cannot tell who's your friend: open your chaps again.

TRINCULO

I should know that voice: it should be—but he is drowned; and these are devils: O defend me!

STEPHANO

Four legs and two voices: a most delicate monster! His forward voice now is to speak well of his friend; his backward voice is to utter foul speeches and to detract. If all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will help his ague. Come. Amen! I will pour some in thy other mouth.



This is a scurvy tune too: but here's my comfort.

(Drinks)

CALIBAN

Do not torment me: Oh!

STEPHANO

What's the matter? Have we devils here? Do you put tricks upon's with savages and men of Ind, ha? I have not escaped drowning to be afear'd now of your four legs; for it hath been said, As proper a man as ever went on four legs cannot make him give ground; and it shall be said so again while Stephano breathes at's nostrils.

CALIBAN

The spirit torments me; Oh!

STEPHANO

This is some monster of the isle with four legs, who hath got, as I take it, an ague. Where the devil should he learn our language? I will give him some relief, if it be but for

Stephano!

TRINCULO

Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy, mercy! This is a devil, and no monster: I will leave him; I have no long spoon.

TRINCULO

Stephano! If thou beest Stephano, touch me and speak to me: for I am Trinculo—be not afear'd—thy good friend Trinculo.

STEPHANO

If thou beest Trinculo, come forth: I'll pull thee by the lesser legs: if any be Trinculo's legs, these are they. Thou art very Trinculo indeed! How camest thou to be the siege of this moon-calf? can he vent Trinculos?

TRINCULO

I took him to be killed with a thunder-stroke. But art thou not drowned, Stephano? I hope now thou art not drowned. Is the storm overblown? I hid me under the dead moon-calf's gaberdine for fear of the storm. And art thou living, Stephano? O Stephano, two Neapolitans 'scaped!

STEPHANO

Prithee, do not turn me about; my stomach is not constant.

CALIBAN

*[Aside]* These be fine things, an if they be not sprites. That's a brave god and bears celestial liquor. I will kneel to him.



misery acquaints a man with strange bed-fellows. I will here shroud till the dregs of the storm be past.

(Enter STEPHANO, singing: a bottle in his hand)

STEPHANO

*I shall no more to sea, to sea,*

*Here shall I die ashore—*

This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's funeral: well, here's my comfort.

(Drinks)

(Sings)

*The master, the swabber, the boatswain and I,  
The gunner and his mate  
Loved Mall, Meg and Marian and Margery,  
But none of us cared for Kate;  
For she had a tongue with a tang,  
Would cry to a sailor, Go hang!  
She loved not the savour of tar nor of pitch,  
Yet a tailor might scratch her where'er she did itch:  
Then to sea, boys, and let her go hang!*

And after bite me, then like hedgehogs which  
Lie tumbling in my barefoot way and mount  
Their pricks at my footfall; sometime am I  
All wound with adders who with cloven tongues  
Do hiss me into madness.

(Enter TRINCULO)

Lo, now, lo!

Here comes a spirit of his, and to torment me  
For bringing wood in slowly. I'll fall flat;  
Perchance he will not mind me.

TRINCULO

Here's neither bush nor shrub, to bear off any weather at  
all, and another storm brewing; I hear it sing i' the wind:  
yond same black cloud, yond huge one, looks like a foul  
bombard that would shed his liquor. If it should thunder  
as it did before, I know not where to hide my head: yond  
same cloud cannot choose but fall by paifuls. What have  
we here? a man or a fish? dead or alive? A fish: he smells  
like a fish; a very auncient and fish-like smell; a kind of not  
of the newest Poor-John. A strange fish! Were I in  
England now, as once I was, and had but this fish painted,  
not a holiday fool there but would give a piece of silver:  
there would this monster make a man; any strange beast  
there makes a man: when they will not give a doit to  
relieve a lame beggar, they will lazy out ten to see a dead  
Indian. Legged like a man and his fins like arms! Warm o'  
my troth! I do now let loose my opinion; hold it no longer:  
this is no fish, but an islander, that hath lately suffered by  
a thunderbolt.

(Thunder.)

Alas, the storm is come again! my best way is to creep  
under his gaberdine; there is no other shelter hereabouts.

STEPHANO

How didst thou 'scape? How camest thou hither? swear  
by this bottle how thou camest hither. I escaped upon a  
butt of sack which the sailors heaved o'erboard, by this  
bottle; which I made of the bark of a tree with mine own  
hands since I was cast ashore.

CALIBAN

I'll swear upon that bottle to be thy true subject; for the  
liquor is not earthly.

STEPHANO

Here; swear then how thou escapedst.

TRINCULO

Swum ashore. man, like a duck: I can swim like a duck,  
thou art made like a goose.

STEPHANO

Here, kiss the book. Though thou canst swim like a duck,  
thou art made like a goose.

TRINCULO

O Stephano. hast any more of this?

STEPHANO

The whole butt, man: my cellar is in a rock by the  
sea-side where my wine is hid. How now, moon-calf! how  
does thineague?

CALIBAN

Hast thou not dropp'd from heaven?

STEPHANO

Out o' the moon, I do assure thee: I was the man i' the  
moon when time was.



## TRINCULO

### Act II

#### Scene 2

(Enter CALIBAN with a burden of wood. A noise of thunder heard.)

CALIBAN

All the infections that the sun sucks up  
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall and make him  
By inch-meal a disease! His spirits hear me  
And yet I needs must curse. But they'll nor pinch,  
Fright me with urchin—shows, pitch me i' the mire,  
Nor lead me, like a firebrand, in the dark  
Out of my way, unless he bid 'em; but  
For every trifle are they set upon me;  
Sometime like apes that now and chatter at me

CALIBAN

I have seen thee in her and I do adore thee: my mistress  
show'd me thee and thy dog and thy bush.

STEPHANO

Come, swear to that; kiss the book: I will furnish it anon  
with new contents swear.

TRINCULO

By this good light, this is a very shallow monster! I afeard  
of him! A very weak monster! The man i' the moon! A  
most poor credulous monster! Well drawn, monster, in  
good sooth!

CALIBAN

I'll show thee every fertile inch o' th' island; and I will  
kiss thy foot: I prithee, be my god.

TRINCULO

By this light, a most perfidious and drunken monster!  
when 's god's asleep, he'll rob his bottle.

CALIBAN

I'll kiss thy foot; I'll swear myself thy subject.

STEPHANO

Come on then; down, and swear.

TRINCULO

I shall laugh myself to death at this puppy-headed  
monster. A most scurvy monster! I could find in my heart  
to beat him,—

STEPHANO

Come, kiss.

TRINCULO  
But that the poor monster's in drink: an abominable  
monster!

CALIBAN  
I'll show thee the best springs; I'll pluck thee berries;  
I'll fish for thee and get thee wood enough.  
A plague upon the tyrant that I serv'd  
I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee,  
Thou wondrous man.

TRINCULO

A most ridiculous monster, to make a wonder of a  
Poor drunkard!

CALIBAN

I prithee, let me bring thee where crabs grow;  
And I with my long nails will dig thee pignuts;  
Show thee a jay's nest and instruct thee how  
To snare the nimble marmoset; I'll bring thee  
To clustering filberts and sometimes I'll get thee  
Young scamels from the rock. Wilt thou go with me?

STEPHANO

I prithee now, lead the way without any more talking.  
Trinculo, the king and all our company else being  
drowned, we will inherit here: here; bear my bottle: fellow  
Trinculo, we'll fill him by and by again.

CALIBAN

(*Sings drunkenly*)  
Farewell master; farewell, farewell!

TRINCULO

A howling monster: a drunken monster!

GONZALO  
Upon mine honour, sir, I heard a humming,  
And that a strange one too, which did awake me:  
I shaked you, sir, and cried: as mine eyes open'd,  
I saw their weapons drawn: there was a noise,  
That's verily. 'Tis best we stand upon our guard,  
Or that we quit this place; let's draw our weapons.

ALONSO

Lead off this ground; and let's make further search  
For my poor son.

GONZALO

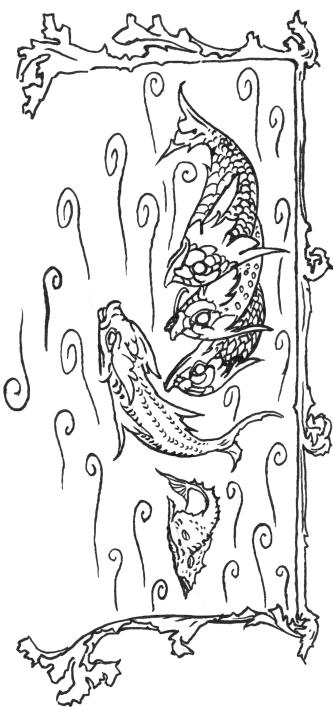
Heavens keep him from these beasts!  
For he is, sure, i' the island.

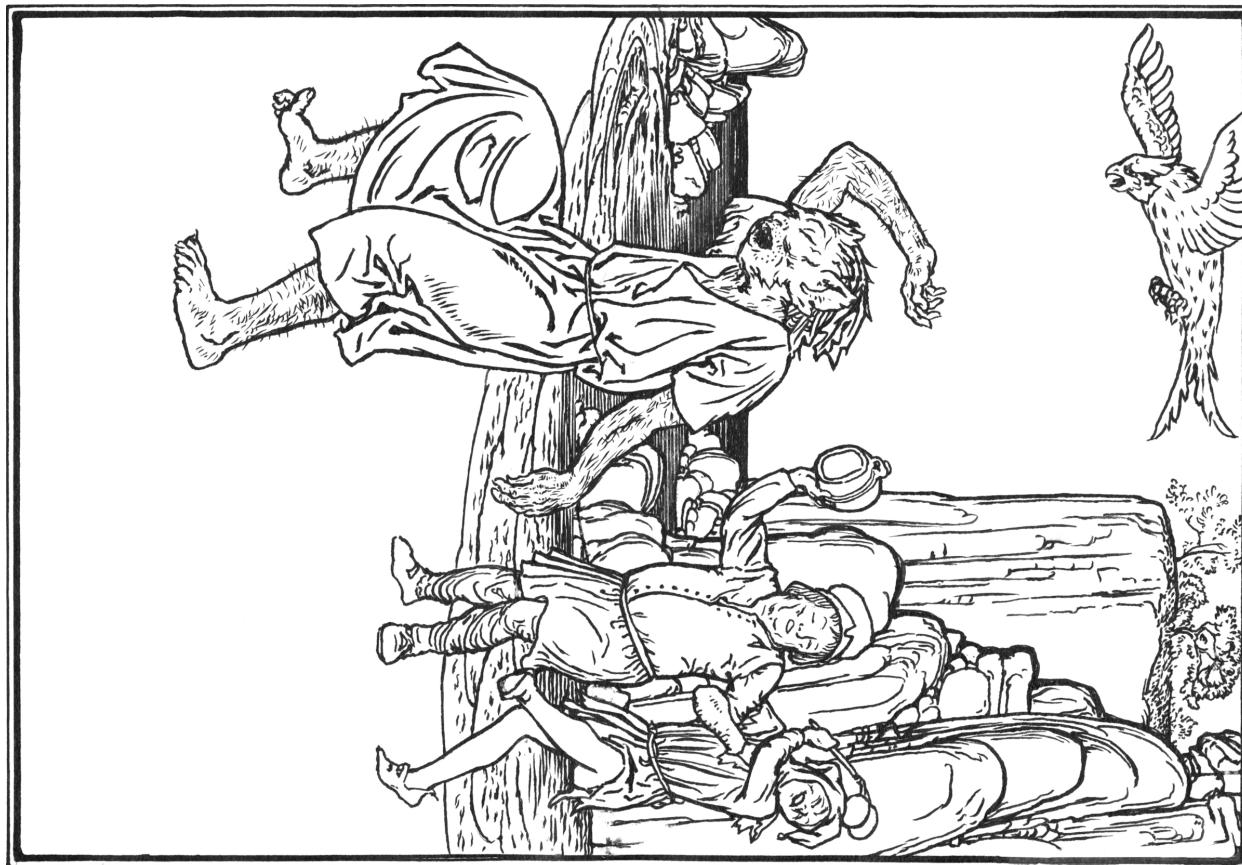
ALONSO

Lead away.

ARIEL

Prospero my lord shall know what I have done:  
So, king, go safely on to seek thy son.  
(*Exeunt*)





*Shake off slumber, and beware:  
Awake, awake!*

CALIBAN  
No more dams I'll make for fish  
Nor fetch in firing  
At requiring;

Nor scrape trencher, nor wash dish  
'Ban, 'Ban, Cacaliban  
Has a new master: get a new man.  
Freedom, hey-day! hey-day, freedom!  
hey-day, freedom!

STEPHANO

O brave monster! Lead the way.

(*Exeunt*)

ANTONIO  
(*To SEBASTIAN*) Then let us both be sudden.

GONZALO  
(*Waking*) Now, good angels  
Preserve the king.

(*He wakes ALONSO*)

ALONSO

(*To SEBASTIAN*) Why, how now? ho, awake! Why are you drawn?

Wherefore this ghastly looking?

GONZALO  
(*To SEBASTIAN*) What's the matter?

SEBASTIAN

Whilst we stood here securing your repose,  
Even now, we heard a hollow burst of bellowing  
Like bulls, or rather lions: did't not wake you?  
It struck mine ear most terribly.

ALONSO

I heard nothing.

ANTONIO

O, 'twas a din to fright a monster's ear,  
To make an earthquake! sure, it was the roar  
Of a whole herd of lions.

ALONSO

Heard you this, Gonzalo?

