

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 pailfuls. What have
we here? a man or a fish? dead or alive? A fish: he smells
like a fish; a very ancient 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:
miserable 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!*

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 afraid 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.



(Another part of the island.)

(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 mow and chatter at me
And after bite me, then like hedgehogs which
Lie tumbling in my barefoot way and mount
Their pricks at my footfall; sometime am I

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 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.

TRINCULO

Stephano!

STEPHANO

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 afeard—thy good friend Trinculo.

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*)



ALONSO

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

GONZALO

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

SEBASTIAN

Whiles 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?

GONZALO

Upon mine honour, sir, I heard a humming,
And that a strange one too, which did awake me:
I shook 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.

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 earnest 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.*

STEPHANO

How didst thou 'scape? How earnest thou hither? swear
by this bottle how thou earnest 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, I'll be sworn.

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 thine ague?

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.

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.

ANTONIO

Draw together;
And when I rear my hand, do you the like,
To fall it on Gonzalo.

(They draw their swords)

SEBASTIAN

O, but one word.

(They talk apart)

(Re-enter ARIEL, invisible)

ARIEL

My master through his art foresees the danger
That you, his friend, are in; and sends me forth—
For else his project dies—to keep them living.

(Sings in GONZALO's ear)

While you here do snoring lie,

Open-eyed conspiracy

His time doth take.

If of life you keep a care,

Shake off slumber, and beware:

Awake, awake!

ANTONIO

(To SEBASTIAN) Then let us both be sudden.

GONZALO

(Waking) Now, good angels

Preserve the king.

(He wakes ALONSO)

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

Thy case, dear friend,

Shall be my precedent; as thou got'st Milan,
I'll come by Naples. Draw thy sword: one stroke
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou payest;
And I the king shall love thee.



'I'LL KISS THY FOOT'

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 draw'n, 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 serve!

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?

SEBASTIAN

Methinks I do.

ANTONIO

And how does your content Tender your own good fortune?

SEBASTIAN

I remember You did supplant your brother Prospero.