



(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

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

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*)

Awake, awake!

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

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?

(*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 scaped
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

II.1

The Tempest

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.

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:*



FOR EVERY TRIFLE ARE THEY SET UPON 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.

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,

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 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 afraid—thy good friend Trinculo.

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,
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?

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.

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
gaberline for fear of the storm. And art thou living,
Stephano? O Stephano, two Neapolitans 'scaped!

STEPHANO

Prithce, 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.

TRINCULO

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

SEBASTIAN

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

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! Ebbling men, indeed,
Most often do so near the bottom run
By their own fear or sloth.

SEBASTIAN

Prithce, say on:

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