



GONZALO

y'r lakin, I can go no further, sir;
My old bones ache: here's a maze trod indeed
Through forth-rights and meanders! By your patience,

Act III
Scene 3
Another part of the island.

(Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO,
ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, and others)



TRINCULO
(*Exeunt*)

Wilt come? I'll follow, Stephano.

I needs must rest me.

ALONSO
Old lord, I cannot blame thee,

Who am myself attach'd with weariness,
To the dulling of my spirits: sit down, and rest.
Even here I will put off my hope and keep it
No longer for my flatterer: he is drown'd
Whom thus we stray to find, and the sea mocks
Our frustrate search on land. Well, let him go.

ANTONIO

[*Aside to SEBASTIAN*] I am right glad that he's so out of
hope.
Do not, for one repulse, forego the purpose
That you resolved to effect.

SEBASTIAN

[*Aside to ANTONIO*] The next advantage
Will we take throughly.

ANTONIO

[*Aside to SEBASTIAN*] Let it be to-night;
For, now they are oppress'd with travel, they
Will not, nor cannot, use such vigilance
As when they are fresh.

SEBASTIAN

[*Aside to ANTONIO*] I say, to-night: no more.
(*Solemn and strange music*)

ALONSO

What harmony is this? My good friends, hark!

GONZALO

Marvellous sweet music!

Art thou afeard?

STEPHANO

No, monster, not I.

CALIBAN

Be not afeard; the isle is full of noises,
Sounds and sweet airs, that give delight and hurt not.
Sometimes a thousand twanging instruments
Will hum about mine ears, and sometime voices
That, if I then had waked after long sleep,
Will make me sleep again: and then, in dreaming,
The clouds methought would open and show riches
Ready to drop upon me that, when I waked,
I cried to dream again.

STEPHANO

This will prove a brave kingdom to me, where I shall have
my music for nothing.

CALIBAN

When Prospero is destroyed.

STEPHANO

That shall be by and by: I remember the story.

TRINCULO

The sound is going away; let's follow it, and after do our
work.

STEPHANO

Lead, monster; we'll follow. I would I could see this
tabourer; he lays it on.

(Enter PROSPERO above, invisible. Enter several strange
Shapes, bringing in a banquet; they dance about it with
gentle actions of salutation; and, inviting the King, &c. to
eat, they depart)

ALONSO

Give us kind keepers, heavens! What were these?

SEBASTIAN

A living drollery. Now I will believe
That there are unicorns, that in Arabia
There is one tree, the phoenix' throne, one phoenix
At this hour reigning there.

ANTONIO

I'll believe both;
And what does else want credit, come to me,
And I'll be sworn 'tis true: travellers ne'er did lie,
Though fools at home condemn 'em.

GONZALO

If in Naples
I should report this now, would they believe me?
If I should say, I saw such islanders—
For, certes, these are people of the island—
Who, though they are of monstrous shape, yet, note,
Their manners are more gentle-kind than of
Our human generation you shall find
Many, nay, almost any.

PROSPERO

[Aside] Honest lord,
Thou hast said well; for some of you there present
Are worse than devils.

CALIBAN

Thou makest me merry; I am full of pleasure:
 Let us be jocund: will you troll the catch
 You taught me but while-ere?

STEPHANO

At thy request, monster, I will do reason, any reason.
 Come on, Trinculo, let us sing.

(Sings)

*Flout 'em and scout 'em
 And scout 'em and flout 'em
 Thought is free.*

CALIBAN

That's not the tune.

(ARIEL plays the tune on a tabour and pipe)

STEPHANO

What is this same?

TRINCULO

This is the tune of our catch, played by the picture of
 Nobody.

STEPHANO

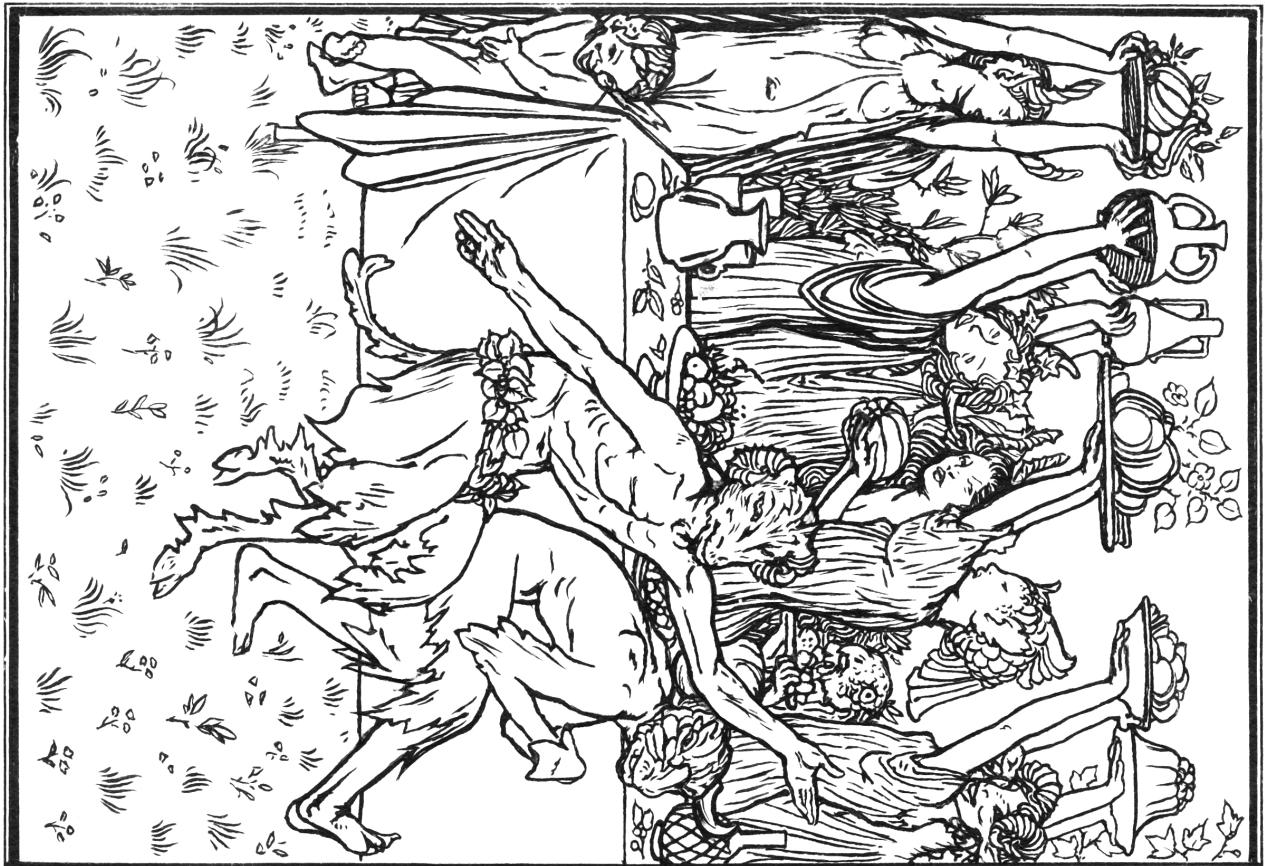
If thou beest a man, show thyself in thy likeness: if thou
 beest a devil, take't as thou list.

TRINCULO

O, forgive me my sins!

STEPHANO

He that dies pays all debts: I defy thee. Mercy upon us!



Calls her a nonpareil: I never saw a woman,
But only Sycorax my dam and she;
But she as far surpasseth Sycorax
As great'st does least.

STEPHANO

Is it so brave a lass?

CALIBAN

Ay, lord; she will become thy bed, I warrant.
And bring thee forth brave brood.

STEPHANO

Monster, I will kill this man: his daughter and I will be
king and queen—save our graces!—and Trinculo and
thyself shall be viceroys. Dost thou like the plot, Trinculo?

TRINCULO

Excellent.

STEPHANO

Give me thy hand: I am sorry I beat thee; but, while thou
livest, keep a good tongue in thy head.

CALIBAN

Within this half hour will he be asleep: Wilt thou destroy
him then?

STEPHANO

Ay, on mine honour.

ARIEL

This will I tell my master.





ALONSO

I cannot too much muse
Such shapes, such gesture and such sound, expressing,
Although they want the use of tongue, a kind
Of excellent dumb discourse.

PROSPERO

Praise in departing.

[Aside]
FRANCISCO
They vanish'd strangely.

SEBASTIAN

No matter, since
They have left their viands behind; for we have stomachs.
Will't please you taste of what is here?

ALONSO

Not I.



(*Beats TRINCULO*)

As you like this, give me the lie another time.

TRINCULO

I did not give the lie. Out o' your wits and bearing too?
A pox o' your bottle! this can sack and drinking do. A
murrain on your monster, and the devil take your fingers!

CALIBAN

Ha, ha, ha!

STEPHANO

Now, forward with your tale. Prithee, stand farther off.

CALIBAN

Beat him enough: after a little time
I'll beat him too.

STEPHANO

Stand farther. Come, proceed.

CALIBAN

Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him,
I' th' afternoon to sleep: there thou mayst brain him,
Having first seized his books, or with a log
Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake,
Or cut his wezand with thy knife. Remember
First to possess his books; for without them
He's but a sot, as I am, nor hath not
One spirit to command: they all do hate him
As rootedly as I. Burn but his books.
He has brave utensils,—for so he calls them—
Which when he has a house, he'll deck withal
And that most deeply to consider is
The beauty of his daughter; he himself

GONZALO

Faith, sir, you need not fear. When we were boys,
Who would believe that there were mountaineers
Dew-lapp'd like bulls, whose throats had hanging at 'em
Wallets of flesh? or that there were such men
Whose heads stood in their breasts? which now we find
Each putter-out of five for one will bring us
Good warrant of.

ALONSO

I will stand to and feed,
Although my last: no matter, since I feel
The best is past. Brother, my lord the duke,
Stand to and do as we.

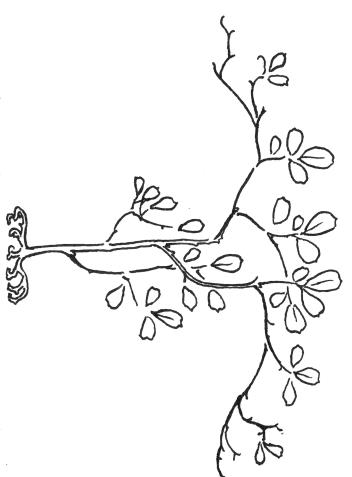
(*Thunder and lightning. Enter ARIEL, like a harpy; claps his wings upon the table; and, with a quaint device, the banquet vanishes*)

ARIEL

You are three men of sin, whom Destiny,
That hath to instrument this lower world
And what is in't, the never-surfeted sea
Hath caused to belch up you; and on this island
Where man doth not inhabit; you 'mongst men
Being most unfit to live. I have made you mad;
And even with such-like valour men hang and drown
Their proper selves.

(*ALONSO, SEBASTIAN &c. draw their swords*)

You fools! I and my fellows
Are ministers of Fate: the elements,
Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well
Wound the loud winds, or with bemock'd-at stabs
Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish



He shall drink nought but brine; for I'll not show him
Where the quick freshes are.

STEPHANO

Trinculo, run into no further danger: interrupt the
monster one word further, and, by this hand, I'll turn my
mercy out o' doors and make a stock-fish of thee.

TRINCULO

Why, what did I? I did nothing. I'll go farther off.

STEPHANO

Didst thou not say he lied?

ARIEL

Thou liest.

STEPHANO

Do I so? take thou that.

One dowlie that's in my plume: my fellow-ministers
Are like invulnerable. If you could hurt,
Your swords are now too massy for your strengths
And will not be uplifted. But remember—
For that's my business to you—that you three
From Milan did supplant good Prospero;
Exposed unto the sea, which hath requit it,
Him and his innocent child: for which foul deed
The powers, delaying, not forgetting, have
Incensed the seas and shores, yea, all the creatures,
Against your peace. Thee of thy son, Alonso,