



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,

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

**Act III**  
**Scene 3**  
*Another part of the island.*



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

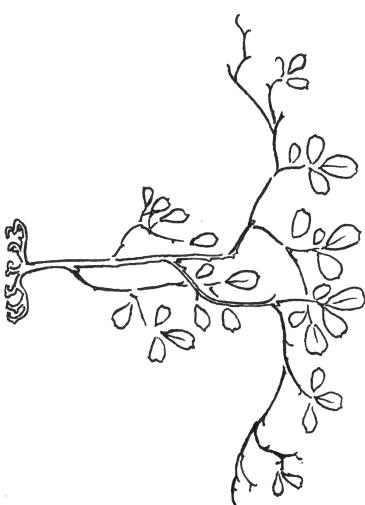
*[Aside to ANTONIO] The next advantage  
Will we take throughly.*

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.*



## CALIBAN

Be not afear'd; 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.

## TRINCULO

Wilt come? I'll follow, Stephano.

(*Exeunt*)



(*Solemn and strange music*)

## ALONSO

What harmony is this? My good friends, hark!

## GONZALO

Marvellous sweet music!

(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

I'll believe both;

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!

CALIBAN

Art thou afraid?

STEPHANO

No, monster, not I.

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.

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.

CALIBAN

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.*

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.

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.



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

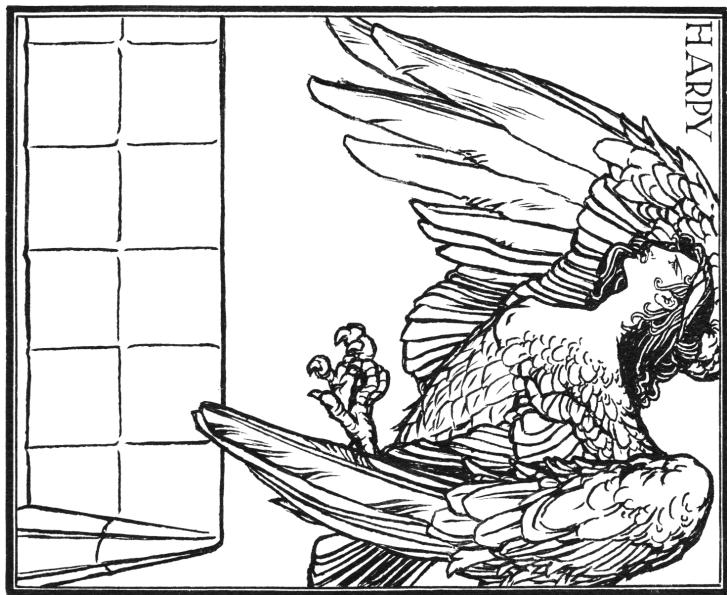
Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him,  
I' th' afternoon to sleep: there thou mayst brain him,  
Having first seized his books, or with a log  
Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake,  
Or cut his wezand with thy knife. Remember  
First to possess his books; for without them  
He's but a 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  
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?



HARPY



CALIBAN

What a pied nimny's this! Thou scury patch!  
I do beseech thy greatness, give him blows  
And take his bottle from him: when that's gone  
He shall drink nougat 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.

(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!