



(Another part of the island.)

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

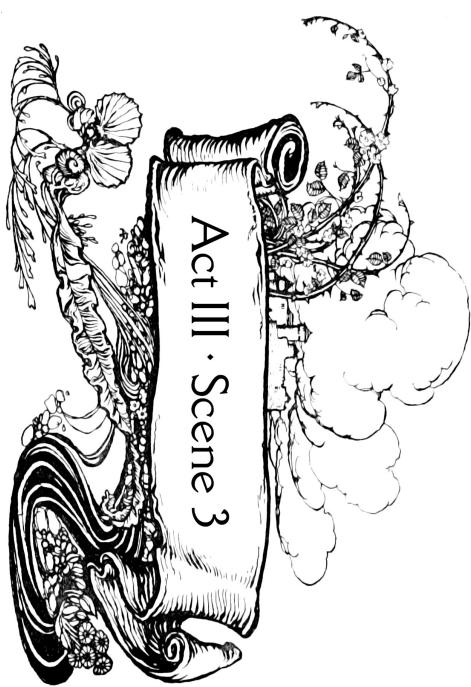
GONZALO

By'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,
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

SOMETIMES VOICES...MAKE ME SLEEP AGAIN



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!

*(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?

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)

(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!

CALIBAN

Art thou affard?

STEPHANO

No, monster, not I.



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.



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.

(*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-surfeited 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 bemoak'd-at stabs
Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish
One dowle 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,
They have bereft; and do pronounce by me:



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?

PROSPERO
Bravely the figure of this harpy hast thou
Perform'd, my Ariel; a grace it had, devouring:
Of my instruction hast thou nothing bated
In what thou hadst to say: so, with good life
And observation strange, my meaner ministers
Their several kinds have done. My high charms work
And these mine enemies are all knit up
In their distractions; they now are in my power;
And in these fits I leave them, while I visit
Young Ferdinand, whom they suppose is drown'd,
And his and mine loved darling.

(He exits, above.)

GONZALO

I' the name of something holy, sir, why stand you
In this strange stare?

ALONSO

O, it is monstrous, monstrous:
Methought the billows spoke and told me of it;
The winds did sing it to me, and the thunder,

Lingering perdition, worse than any death
Can be at once, shall step by step attend
You and your ways; whose wraths to guard you from—
Which here, in this most desolate isle, else falls
Upon your heads—is nothing but heart-sorrow
And a clear life ensuing.

(He vanishes in thunder; then, to soft music, enter the Shapes
again, and dance, with mocks and mows, and carrying out the
table)

That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounced
The name of Prosper: it did bass my trespass.
Therefore my son i' the ooze is bedded, and
I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded
And with him there lie muddled.

(*Exit Alonso*)

SEBASTIAN

But one fiend at a time,
I'll fight their legions o'er.

ANTONIO

I'll be thy second.

(*Exit SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO*)

GONZALO

All three of them are desperate: their great guilt,
Like poison given to work a great time after,
Now 'gins to bite the spirits. I do beseech you
That are of suppler joints, follow them swiftly
And hinder them from what this ecstasy
May now provoke them to.

ADRIAN

Follow, I pray you.

(*Exeunt*)



CALIBAN

What a pied ninny's this! Thou scurvy 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!