[*to Ariel*] Thou hast done well, fine Ariel...[*to Ferdinand*]
Follow me.
[*to Ariel*] Hark what thou else shalt do me.
Miranda. Be of comfort,
My father's of a better nature, sir,
Than he appears by speech: this is unwonted
Which now came from him.
Prospero [*to Ariel*]. Thou shalt be as free
As mountain winds; but then exactly do
All points of my command.
Ariel. To th' syllable.
Prospero [*turns again to Ferdinand*]. Come, follow:
[*to Miranda*] speak not for him.

They enter the cave.

[2. 1.] *A forest glade in another part of the Island.*

KING ALONSO lies upon the turf, his face buried in the grass: GONZALO, ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, and others stand about him: SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO converse apart in low mocking tones.

Gonzalo. Beseech you, sir, be merry; you have cause,
So have we all, of joy; for our escape
Is much beyond our loss; our hint of woe
Is common—every day some sailor's wife,
The masters of some merchant, and the merchant,
Have just our theme of woe: But for the miracle—
I mean our preservation—few in millions
Can speak like us: then wisely, good sir, weigh
Our sorrow with our comfort.
Alonso [*without looking up*]. Prithee, peace.
(*Sebastian.* He receives comfort like cold porridge.
(*Antonio.* The visitor will not give him o'er so.

(*Sebastian.* Look, he's winding up the watch of his wit—by and by it will strike.

Gonzalo. Sir—

(*Sebastian.* One...tell.

Gonzalo. When every grief is entertained that's offered,
Comes to the entertainer—

Sebastian [*aloud*]. A dollar.

Gonzalo [*turning*]. Dolour comes to him, indeed. You have spoken truer than you purposed.

Sebastian. You have taken it wiselier than I meant you should.

Gonzalo [*to the king again*]. Therefore, my lord,—

(*Antonio.* Fie, what a spendthrift is he of his tongue.

Alonso. I prithee, spare.

Gonzalo. Well, I have done: But yet—

(*Sebastian.* He will be talking.

(*Antonio.* Which, of he or Adrian, for a good wager, first begins to crow?

(*Sebastian.* The old cock.

(*Antonio.* The cockerel.

(*Sebastian.* Done: the wager?

(*Antonio.* A laughter.

(*Sebastian.* A match!

Adrian. Though this island seem to be desert,—

(†*Antonio.* Ha, ha, ha!

(*Sebastian.* So! you're paid.

Adrian.—uninhabitable, and almost inaccessible,—

(*Sebastian.* Yet—

Adrian.—yet—

(*Antonio.* He could not miss't.

Adrian.—it must needs be of subtle, tender and delicate temperance.

(*Antonio.* 'Temperance' was a delicate wench.

(*Sebastian*. Ay, and a subtle, as he most learnedly delivered.

Adrian. The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.

(*Sebastian*. As if it had lungs, and rotten ones.

(*Antonio*. Or, as 'twere perfumed by a fen.

Gonzalo. Here is every thing advantageous to life.

(*Antonio*. True, save means to live.

(*Sebastian*. Of that there's none, or little.

Gonzalo. How lush and lusty the grass looks! how green!

(*Antonio*. The ground, indeed, is tawny.

(*Sebastian*. With an eye of green in't.

(*Antonio*. He misses not much.

(*Sebastian*. No: he doth but mistake the truth totally.

Gonzalo. But the rarity of it is, which is indeed almost beyond credit,—

(*Sebastian*. As many vouched rarities are.

Gonzalo.—that our garments, being, as they were, drenched in the sea, hold notwithstanding their freshness and †gloss, as being rather new dyed than stained with salt water.

(*Antonio*. If but one of his pockets could speak, would it not say he lies?

(*Sebastian*. Ay, or very falsely pocket up his report.

Gonzalo. Methinks our garments are now as fresh as when we put them on first in Afric, at the marriage of the king's fair daughter Claribel to the King of Tunis.

(*Sebastian*. 'Twas a sweet marriage, and we prosper well in our return.

Adrian. Tunis was never graced before with such a paragon to their queen.

Gonzalo. Not since widow Dido's time.

(*Antonio*. Widow? a pox o'that: How came that widow in? Widow Dido!

(*Sebastian*. What if he had said 'widower Æneas' too?
Good Lord, how you take it!
Adrian. Widow Dido, said you? you make me study of that: She was of Carthage, not of Tunis.
Gonzalo. This Tunis, sir, was Carthage.
Adrian. Carthage?
Gonzalo. I assure you, Carthage.
(*Antonio*. His word is more than the miraculous harp.
(*Sebastian*. He hath raised the wall, and houses too.
(*Antonio*. What impossible matter will he make easy next?
(*Sebastian*. I think he will carry this island home in his pocket, and give it his son for an apple.
(*Antonio*. And, sowing the kernels of it in the sea, bring forth more islands.
†*Gonzalo*. I.
(*Antonio*. Why, in good time.
Gonzalo. Sir, we were talking, that our garments seem now as fresh as when we were at Tunis at the marriage of your daughter, who is now queen.
(*Antonio*. And the rarest that e'er came there.
(*Sebastian*. Bate, I beseech you, widow Dido.
(*Antonio*. O, widow Dido! ay, widow Dido.
Gonzalo. Is not, sir, my doublet as fresh as the first day I wore it? I mean, in a sort.
(*Antonio*. That sort was well fished for.
Gonzalo. When I wore it at your daughter's marriage?
Alonso [*sitting up*]. You cram these words into mine ears, against
The stomach of my sense...Would I had never
Married my daughter there: for, coming thence,
My son is lost, and, in my rate, she too,
Who is so far from Italy removed,
I ne'er again shall see her...O thou mine heir

Of Naples and of Milan, what strange fish
Hath made his meal on thee?
†*Francisco.* Sir, he may live.
I saw him beat the surges under him,
And ride upon their backs; he trod the water,
Whose enmity he flung aside...and breasted
The surge most swoln that met him: his bold head
'Bove the contentious waves he kept....and oared
Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke
To th' shore...that o'er his wave-worn basis bowed,
As stooping to relieve him: I not doubt
He came alive to land.
Alonso. No, no, he's gone.
Sebastian [*aloud*]. Sir, you may thank yourself for this great loss,
That would not bless our Europe with your daughter,
But rather loose her to an African,
Where she, at least, is banished from your eye,
Who hath cause to wet the grief on't.
Alonso. Prithee, peace.
Sebastian. You were kneeled to, and importuned otherwise
By all of us: and the fair soul herself
Weighed between loathness and obedience, at
Which end of the beam sh'ould bow...We have lost your son,
I fear, for ever: Milan and Naples have
Mo widows in them of this business' making,
Than we bring men to comfort them:
The fault's your own.
Alonso. So is the dear'st o'th' loss.
Gonzalo. My lord Sebastian,
The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness,
And time to speak it in: you rub the sore,
When you should bring the plaster.

(*Sebastian.* Very well.
(*Antonio.* And most chirurgeonly.
Gonzalo. It is foul weather in us all, good sir,
When you are cloudy.
(*Sebastian.* Fowl weather?
(*Antonio.* Very foul.
Gonzalo. Had I plantation of this isle, my lord,—
(*Antonio.* He'd sow't with nettle-seed.
(*Sebastian.* Or docks, or mallows.
Gonzalo. And were the king on't, what would I do?
(*Sebastian.* 'Scape being drunk, for want of wine.
Gonzalo. I'th' commonwealth I would by contraries
Execute all things: for no kind of traffic
Would I admit: no name of magistrate:
Letters should not be known: riches, poverty,
And use of service—none: contract, succession,
Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard—none:
No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil:
No occupation, all men idle, all:
And women too, but innocent and pure:
No sovereignty—
(*Sebastian.* Yet he would be king on't.
(*Antonio.* The latter end of his commonwealth forgets the beginning.
Gonzalo. All things in common nature should produce
Without sweat or endeavour: treason, felony,
Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,
Would I not have: but nature should bring forth,
Of it own kind, all foison, all abundance,
To feed my innocent people.
(*Sebastian.* No marrying 'mong his subjects?
(*Antonio.* None, man, all idle; whores and knaves...
Gonzalo. I would with such perfection govern, sir,
T'excel the golden age, and—

Sebastian [*aloud*]. 'Save his majesty!
Antonio. Long live Gonzalo!
Gonzalo. Do you mark me, sir?
Alonso. Prithee, no more: thou dost talk nothing to me.
Gonzalo. I do well believe your highness, and did it to minister occasion to these gentlemen, who are of such sensible and nimble lungs, that they always use to laugh at nothing.
Antonio. 'Twas you we laughed at.
Gonzalo. Who, in this kind of merry fooling, am nothing to you: so you may continue, and laugh at nothing still.
Antonio. What a blow was there given!
Sebastian. An it had not fallen flat-long.
Gonzalo. You are gentlemen of brave mettle: you would lift the moon out of her sphere—if she would continue in it five weeks without changing!

ARIEL appears aloft, 'playing solemn music.'

Sebastian. We would so, and then go a bat-fowling.

GONZALO turns away.

Antonio. Nay, good my lord, be not angry.
Gonzalo. No, I warrant you. I will not adventure my discretion so weakly...[*he lies down*] Will you laugh me asleep, for I am very heavy?
Antonio. Go sleep, and hear us.

[*all sleep but Alonso, Sebastian and Antonio*

Alonso. What, all so soon asleep? I wish mine eyes
Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts. I find,
They are inclined to do so.
Sebastian. Please you, sir,
Do not omit the heavy offer of it:
It seldom visits sorrow; when it doth,
It is a comforter.

Antonio. We two, my lord,
Will guard your person, while you take your rest,
And watch your safety.
Alonso. Thank you...wondrous heavy.
[*Alonso sleeps. Ariel vanishes*
Sebastian. What a strange drowsiness possesses them!
Antonio. It is the quality o'th' climate.
Sebastian. Why
Doth it not then our eyelids sink? I find not
Myself disposed to sleep.
Antonio. Nor I. My spirits are nimble:
They fell together all, as by consent;
They dropped—as by a thunder-stroke...[*in a whisper, pointing at the sleepers*] What might,
Worthy Sebastian? O, what might? No more...
And yet, methinks, I see it in thy face,
What thou shouldst be: th'occasion speaks thee, and
My strong imagination sees a crown
Dropping upon thy head.
Sebastian. What! art thou waking?
Antonio. Do you not hear me speak?
Sebastian. I do, and surely
It is a sleepy language; and thou speak'st
Out of thy sleep: What is it thou didst say?
This is a strange repose, to be asleep
With eyes wide open; standing, speaking, moving...
And yet so fast asleep.
Antonio. Noble Sebastian,
Thou let'st thy fortune sleep...die rather...wink'st
Whiles thou art waking.
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: ebbing men, indeed,—
Most often—do so near the bottom run
By their own fear, or sloth.
Sebastian. Prithee, say on.
The setting of thine eye and cheek proclaim
A matter from thee; and a birth, indeed,
Which throes thee much to yield.
Antonio [*points to Gonzalo*]. Thus, sir:
Although this lord of weak remembrance; this,
Who shall be of as little memory
When he is earthed, hath here almost persuaded—
For he's a spirit of persuasion, only
Professes to persuade—the king his son's alive,
'Tis as impossible that he's undrowned,
As he that sleeps here swims.
Sebastian. I have no hope
That he's undrowned.
Antonio. O, out of that 'no hope'
What great hope have you! no hope, that way, is
Another way so high an hope, that even
Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond,
†But douts discovery there....Will you grant with me
That Ferdinand is drowned?
Sebastian. He's gone.
Antonio. Then, tell me,
Who's the next heir of Naples?

Sebastian. Claribel.
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'th' moon's too slow—till new-born chins
Be rough and razorable: she that...from whom
We were all sea-swallowed, 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?
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—[*sinks his voice*]
that's dead—
Whom I with this obedient steel—[*touching his dagger*]
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...[*pointing to Gonzalo*] 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.
Antonio. Draw together:
[*they unsheath swords*
And when I rear my hand, do you the like
To fall it on Gonzalo.
Sebastian. O, but one word.
[*they talk apart*

'Music.' ARIEL appears again, unseen by them, and bends over GONZALO.

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 thee 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. Then let us both be sudden.
†*Gonzalo* [*waking*]. Now, good angels preserve the king!
Why, how now? Ho! awake! [*shaking Alonso, who wakes.*
Alonso [*to Antonio and Sebastian*]. Why are you drawn?
Wherefore this ghastly looking? 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 shaked you, sir, and cried...as mine eyes opened,
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'th'island.
Alonso. Lead away.
Ariel [*as the band moves off*]. Prospero my lord shall
know what I have done....
So, king, go safely on to seek thy son. [*vanishes*

[2.2.] *A barren upland: the weather lowering.*
'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: [*lightning*] His spirits hear me,
And yet I needs must curse....[*casts down his burden*]
But they'll nor pinch,
Fright me with urchin-shows, pitch me i'th' 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.

[*he falls upon his face, so that his gaberdine hides him*
Trinculo [*stumbling forward, looking at the sky*]. Here's neither bush nor shrub, to bear off any weather at all... and another storm brewing, I hear it sing i'th' 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....[*trips over Caliban*] What have we here? a man or a fish? dead or alive? [*sniffing*] 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 lay out ten to see a dead Indian...[*lifts the gaberdine*] Legged like a man; and his fins like arms...[*feels the body warily*] Warm, o' my troth! [*starts back*] 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: [*more thunder*] Alas! the storm is come again: my best way is to creep under his gaberdine: [*he does so, at the tail end*] there is no other shelter hereabout: misery acquaints a man with strange bed-fellows: [*pulling the skirt round him*] 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 bos'n, 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...O!

Stephano. What's the matter? [*turning*] Have we devils here? Do you put tricks upon's with salvages and men of Ind, ha? I have not 'scaped drowning, to be afeard 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' nostrils.

Caliban. The spirit torments me...O!

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 [*showing his face*]. 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, it 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. [*seizing him by the shoulder*

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: [*thrusting the bottle in his face*] 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... [*Caliban drinks*] 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...[*Caliban drinks again*] Amen, I will pour some in thy other mouth.

Trinculo. Stephano,—

Stephano [*starting back*]. 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.

Stephano. If thou beest Trinculo...[*returns*] come forth: [*grips his ankles*] I'll pull thee by the lesser legs: [*pulls and pauses*] if any be Trinculo's legs, these are they: [*spies his face*] Thou art very Trinculo, indeed: How cam'st thou to be the siege of this moon-calf? Can he vent Trinculos?

Trinculo [*staggering to his feet*]. 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 gaber-

dine, for fear of the storm: [*fondling him foolishly*] And art thou living, Stephano? O Stephano, two Neapolitans 'scaped!

Stephano. Prithee do not turn me about, my stomach is not constant.

Caliban. These be fine things, an if they be not sprites:
That's a brave god, and bears celestial liquor:
I will kneel to him. [*he does so*

Stephano. How didst thou 'scape? How cam'st thou hither? Swear by this bottle, how thou cam'st hither... I escaped upon a butt of sack, which the sailors heaved o'er-board—by this bottle! which I made of the bark of a tree, with mine own hands, since I was cast ashore.

Caliban [*coming forward*]. I'll swear upon that bottle, to be thy true subject, for the liquor is not earthly.

Stephano. Here: [*offering Trinculo the bottle*] swear then how thou escapedst.

Trinculo. Swam ashore, man, like a duck...I can swim like a duck, I'll be sworn.

Stephano. Here, kiss the book....[*Trinculo drinks*] Though thou canst swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose [*snatching the bottle from him*].

Trinculo. O Stephano, hast any more of this?

Stephano. The whole butt, man. My cellar is in a rock by th' sea-side, where my wine is hid...[*spies Caliban*] How now, moon-calf? how does thine ague?

Caliban. Hast thou not dropped from heaven?

Stephano. Out o'th' moon, I do assure thee....[*draining the bottle*] I was the man i'th' moon, when time was.

Caliban [*bowing low*]. I have seen thee in her: and I
do adore thee:
My mistress showed 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 afeard of him? a very weak monster...The man i' th' moon! a most poor credulous monster...[*as Caliban sucks at the empty bottle*] Well drawn, monster, in good sooth.

Caliban. I'll show thee every fertile inch of the 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.

[*Caliban kneels with his back to Trinculo*

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. [*Caliban kisses his foot*

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;
I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee,
Thou wondrous man.

Trinculo. A most ridiculous monster, to make a wonder of a poor drunkard!

Caliban. I prithee, let me bring thee where crabs grow;
And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts;
Show thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how
To snare the nimble marmozet: I'll bring thee
To clustring filberts, and sometimes I'll get thee
†Young scamels from the rock: Wilt thou go with me?

Stephano. I prithee now, lead the way, without any more talking....Trinculo, the king and all our company

else being drowned, we will inherit here: [*to Caliban*] Here; bear my bottle: [*clutching at Trinculo's arm*] Fellow Trinculo; we'll fill him by and by again.

Caliban ['*sings drunkenly*']. Farewell master; farewell, farewell.

Trinculo. A howling monster: a drunken monster.

Caliban. No more dams I'll make for fish,
Nor fetch in firing
At requiring,
Nor scrape trenchering, nor wash dish,
'Ban 'Ban, Ca-Caliban
Has a new master—get a new man.
Freedom, high-day! high-day, freedom! freedom, high-day, freedom!

Stephano. O brave monster; lead the way. [*they reel off*

[3. 1.] *Before Prospero's cell:* 'FERDINAND, *bearing a log.*'

Ferdinand. There be some sports are painful; and
their labour
Delight in them sets off: some kinds of baseness
Are nobly undergone; and most poor matters
Point to rich ends...This my mean task
Would be as heavy to me as odious, but
The mistress which I serve quickens what's dead,
And makes my labours—pleasures...O, she is
Ten times more gentle than her father's crabbed;
And he's composed of harshness....[*he sits*] I must remove
Some thousands of these logs, and pile them up,
Upon a sore injunction; my sweet mistress
Weeps, when she sees me work, and says, such baseness
Had never like executor...[*rising to continue*] I forget...
But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labours—
†Most busie lest, when I doe it.

MIRANDA comes from the cave; PROSPERO, behind her, stands at the door, unseen.

Miranda. Alas, now pray you,
Work not so hard: I would, the lightning had
Burnt up those logs that you are enjoined to pile:
Pray, set it down, and rest you: when this burns,
'Twill weep for having wearied you...My father
Is hard at study; pray now, rest yourself—
He's safe for these three hours.
Ferdinand. O most dear mistress,
The sun will set before I shall discharge
What I must strive to do.
Miranda. If you'll sit down,
I'll bear your logs the while: pray give me that,
I'll carry it to the pile.
Ferdinand. No, precious creature,—
I had rather crack my sinews, break my back,
Than you should such dishonour undergo,
While I sit lazy by.
Miranda. It would become me
As well as it does you; and I should do it
With much more ease: for my good will is to it,
And yours it is against.
(*Prospero.* Poor worm thou art infected,
This visitation shows it.
Miranda. You look wearily.
Ferdinand. No, noble mistress, 'tis fresh morning with me
When you are by at night: I do beseech you—
Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers—
What is your name?
Miranda. Miranda,—O my father,
I have broke your hest to say so!

Ferdinand. Admired Miranda,
Indeed, the top of admiration, worth
What's dearest to the world...Full many a lady
I have eyed with best regard, and many a time
Th' harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent ear: for several virtues
Have I liked several women—never any
With so full soul, but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she owed,
And put it to the foil....But you, O you,
So perfect, and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best.
Miranda. I do not know
One of my sex; no woman's face remember,
Save, from my glass, mine own: nor have I seen
More that I may call men than you, good friend,
And my dear father: how features are abroad,
I am skilless of; but, by my modesty— [*faltering*
The jewel in my dower—I would not wish
Any companion in the world but you...
Nor can imagination form a shape,
Besides yourself, to like of...But I prattle
Something too wildly, and my father's precepts
I therein do forget.
Ferdinand. I am, in my condition,
A prince—Miranda—I do think, a king,
(I would, not so!) and would no more endure
This wooden slavery, than to suffer
The flesh-fly blow my mouth...Hear my soul speak....
The very instant that I saw you, did
My heart fly to your service, there resides
To make me slave to it, and for your sake
Am I this patient log-man.
Miranda. Do you love me?

Ferdinand. O heaven...O earth, bear witness to
this sound,
And crown what I profess with kind event
If I speak true...if hollowly, invert
What best is boded me to mischief...I,
Beyond all limit of what else i'th' world,
Do love, prize, honour you.
Miranda. I am a fool
To weep at what I am glad of.
(*Prospero.* Fair encounter
Of two most rare affections: heavens rain grace
On that which breeds between 'em!
Ferdinand. Wherefore weep you?
Miranda. At mine unworthiness, that dare not offer
What I desire to give; and much less take
What I shall die to want...But this is trifling—
And all the more it seeks to hide itself,
The bigger bulk it shows....Hence bashful cunning,
And prompt me plain and holy innocence....
I am your wife, if you will marry me;
If not, I'll die your maid: to be your fellow
You may deny me, but I'll be your servant,
Whether you will or no.
Ferdinand [*kneeling*]. My mistress,—dearest!
And I thus humble ever.
Miranda. My husband then?
Ferdinand. Ay, with a heart as willing
As bondage e'er of freedom: here's my hand.
Miranda. And mine, with my heart in't; and now
farewell
Till half an hour hence.
Ferdinand. A thousand! thousand!

[*Miranda pursues her way: Ferdinand goes to fetch more logs*

Prospero. So glad of this as they I cannot be,
Who are surprised with all; but my rejoicing
At nothing can be more...I'll to my book,
For yet, ere supper time, must I perform
Much business appertaining. [*he turns back into his cell*

[3. 2.] *A cove by the sea: on one side the land slopes gently down to the shore, on the other are cliffs with a little cave.* STEPHANO, TRINCULO *and* CALIBAN *sit by the entrance to the cave, drinking.*

Stephano. Tell not me—when the butt is out we will drink water, not a drop before; therefore bear up, and board 'em. Servant-monster, drink to me.

Trinculo. Servant-monster! [*pledges Stephano*] †The folly of this island! They say there's but five upon this isle; we are three of them—if th'other two be brained like us, the state totters.

Stephano. Drink servant-monster when I bid thee. Thy eyes are almost set in thy head.

Trinculo. Where should they be set else? he were a brave monster indeed, if they were set in his tail.

Stephano. My man-monster hath drowned his tongue in sack: for my part, the sea cannot drown me—I swam, ere I could recover the shore, five-and-thirty leagues, off and on. By this light thou shalt be my lieutenant, monster, or my standard.

Trinculo. Your lieutenant if you list—he's no standard.

Stephano. We'll not run, Monsieur Monster.

Trinculo. Nor go neither: but you'll lie, like dogs, and yet say nothing neither.

Stephano. Moon-calf, speak once in thy life, if thou beest a good moon-calf.

Caliban. How does thy honour? Let me lick thy shoe: I'll not serve him, he is not valiant.

Trinculo. Thou liest, most ignorant monster, I am in case to justle a constable: Why, thou deboshed fish thou, was there ever a man a coward, that hath drunk so much sack as I to-day? Wilt thou tell a monstrous lie, being but half a fish, and half a monster?

Caliban. Lo, how he mocks me! wilt thou let him, my lord?

Trinculo. 'Lord,' quoth he! that a monster should be such a natural!

Caliban. Lo, lo, again! bite him to death, I prithee.

Stephano. Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your head: if you prove a mutineer,—the next tree! The poor monster's my subject, and he shall not suffer indignity.

Caliban. I thank my noble lord....Wilt thou be pleased
To hearken once again to the suit I made to thee?

Stephano. Marry will I: kneel and repeat it. I will stand, and so shall Trinculo.

[*Caliban kneels, Stephano and Trinculo totter to their feet*

'*Enter* ARIEL, *invisible.*'

Caliban. As I told thee before, I am subject to a tyrant—
A sorcerer, that by his cunning hath
Cheated me of the island.

Ariel. Thou liest.

Caliban [*turning on Trinculo*]. Thou liest, thou jesting monkey, thou:
I would, my valiant master would destroy thee....
I do not lie.

Stephano. Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in's tale, by this hand, I will supplant some of your teeth.

Trinculo. Why, I said nothing.

Stephano. Mum then, and no more: [*to Caliban*] Proceed.

Caliban. I say, by sorcery, he got this isle—
From me he got it....If thy greatness will

Revenge it on him—for I know thou dar'st,
But this thing dare not—
Stephano. That's most certain.
Caliban. Thou shalt be lord of it, and I will serve thee.
Stephano. How now shall this be compassed? Canst thou bring me to the party?
Caliban. Yea, yea, my lord, I'll yield him thee asleep,
Where thou mayst knock a nail into his head.
Ariel. Thou liest, thou canst not.
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 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 of doors, and make a stock-fish of thee.
Trinculo. Why, what did I? I did nothing: I'll go further off.
Stephano. Didst thou not say he lied?
Ariel. Thou liest.
Stephano. Do I so? take thou that [*strikes him*]. As you like this, give me the lie another time.
Trinculo. I did not give the lie: Out of your wits, and hearing 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 further off. [*threatening Trinculo*
Caliban. Beat him enough: after a little time,
I'll beat him too.

Stephano. Stand further: 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?
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 liv'st, 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 mak'st 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 cout'em: and scout'em, and flout'em,
Thought is free.

Caliban. That's not the tune.

'*ARIEL plays the tune on a tabor and pipe.*'

Stephano. What is this same?

Trinculo [*staring about him*]. This is the tune of our catch, played by the picture of Nobody.

Stephano [*shakes his fist*]. If thou beest a man, show thyself in thy likeness: if thou beest a devil, take't as thou list.

Trinculo [*maudlin*]. O forgive me my sins!

Stephano. He that dies, pays all debts: I defy thee; [*his courage suddenly ebbing*] Mercy upon us!

Caliban. 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 twangling 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 taborer—he lays it on.

Trinculo. Wilt come? I'll follow, Stephano.

[*they follow Ariel up the cove*

[3. 3.] *The lime-grove above Prospero's cave, close to the summit of the cliff.* ALONSO *and his train, tired and dejected, wend their way through the trees;* GONZALO *lags behind.*

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 attached with weariness,
To th' dulling of my spirits: Sit down, and rest...

[*Alonso, Gonzalo, Adrian and Francisco seat themselves*

Even here I will put off my hope, and keep it
No longer for my flatterer: he is drowned
Whom thus we stray to find, and the sea mocks
Our frustrate search on land...well, let him go.

(*Antonio* [*standing, with Sebastian, apart from the rest*].

I am right glad that he's so out of hope:
Do not, for one repulse, forego the purpose
That you resolved t'effect.

(*Sebastian.* The next advantage
Will we take throughly.

(*Antonio.* Let it be to-night,
For, now they are oppressed with travel, they
Will not, nor cannot, use such vigilance
As when they are fresh.

(*Sebastian.* I say, to-night: no more.

'*Solemn and strange music: and* PROSPER *on the top, invisible.*'

Alonso. What harmony is this? my good friends, hark!
Gonzalo. Marvellous sweet music!

'*Enter several strange shapes, bringing in a banquet; and 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 phœnix' throne, one phœnix
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.* Honest lord,
Thou hast said well: for some of you there present...
Are worse than devils.
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* [*smiling grimly*]. Praise in departing.