

# The Tempest

## 2.2

*Enter Caliban, wearing a gaberdine, and with a burden of wood.*

**CALIBAN** *[throwing down his burden]*

All the infections that the sun sucks up  
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall, and make him  
By inch-meal a disease!

*[A noise of thunder heard]*

His spirits hear me,

And yet I needs must curse. But they'll nor pinch,  
Fright me with urchin-shows, pitch me i'th' mire, 5  
Nor lead me like a fire-brand 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 10  
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 15  
For bringing wood in slowly. I'll fall flat.  
Perchance he will not mind me.

*He lies down*

**TRINCULO** Here's neither bush nor shrub to bear off any  
weather at all, and another storm brewing. I hear it  
sing i'th' wind. Yon same black cloud, yon huge one, 20  
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. Yon same cloud cannot choose but  
fall by pailfuls. *(Seeing Caliban)* What have we here, a  
man or a fish? Dead or alive?±±A fish, he smells like 25  
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. 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.

30

*[Thunder]*

Alas, the storm is come again. My best way is to creep  
under his gaberdine; there is no other shelter hereabout.  
Misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows. I will  
here shroud till the dregs of the storm be past.

40

*He hides under Caliban's gaberdine.*

*Enter Stefano, singing, with a wooden bottle in his  
hand*

**STEFANO**

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.

*He drinks, then sings*

The master, the swabber, the boatswain, and I, 45

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!' 50

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!

Then to sea, *etc.*

This is a scurvy tune, too. But here's my comfort. 55

*He drinks*

**CALIBAN** *(to Trinculo)* Do not torment me! O!

**STEFANO** 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 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

60

ground.' And it shall be said so again, while Stefano breathes at' nostrils.

**CALIBAN** The spirit torments me. O!

**STEFANO** This is some monster of the isle with four legs, 65  
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. 70

**CALIBAN** (*to Trinculo*) Do not torment me, prithee! I'll bring my wood home faster.

**STEFANO** 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 75  
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** (*to Trinculo*) Thou dost me yet but little hurt. Thou wilt anon, I know it by thy trembling. Now Prosper works upon thee. 80

**STEFANO** 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. 85  
Open your chaps again.

*Caliban drinks*

**TRINCULO** I should know that voice. It should be±±but he is drowned, and these are devils. O, defend me!

**STEFANO** 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. 90

*Caliban drinks*

Amen. I will pour some in thy other mouth.

**TRINCULO** Stefano! 95

**STEFANO** 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** Stefano! If thou beest Stefano, touch me and

100  
speak to me, for I am Trinculo. Be not afeard. Thy good friend Trinculo.

**STEFANO** If thou beest Trinculo, come forth. I'll pull thee by the lesser legs. If any be Trinculo's legs, these are they.

*He pulls out Trinculo by the legs*

Thou art very Trinculo indeed! How cam'st thou to be the siege of this moon-calf? Can he vent Trinculos? 105

**TRINCULO** (*rising*) I took him to be killed with a thunderstroke. But art thou not drowned, Stefano? I hope now thou art not drowned. Is the storm overblown? I hid me under the dead moon-calf's gaberdine for fear of the storm. And art thou living, Stefano? O Stefano, two Neapolitans scaped! 110

*[He dances Stefano round]*

**STEFANO** Prithee, do not turn me about. My stomach is not constant.

**CALIBAN**

These be fine things, an if they be not spirits.

That's a brave god, and bears celestial liquor. 115

I will kneel to him.

*[He kneels]*

**STEFANO** (*to Trinculo*) 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'erboard, by this bottle±±which I made of the bark of a tree with mine own hands since I was cast ashore. 120

**CALIBAN** I'll swear upon that bottle to be thy true subject, for the liquor is not earthly.

**STEFANO** (*offering Trinculo the bottle*) Here. Swear then how thou escapedst. 125

**TRINCULO** Swum ashore, man, like a duck. I can swim like a duck, I'll be sworn.

**STEFANO** Here, kiss the book.

*Trinculo drinks*

Though thou canst swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose. 130

**TRINCULO** O Stefano, hast any more of this?

**STEFANO** The whole butt, man. My cellar is in a rock by th' seaside, where my wine is hid.

*[Caliban rises]*

How now, moon-calf? How does thine ague? 135

**CALIBAN** Hast thou not dropped from heaven?

**STEFANO** Out o'th' moon, I do assure thee. I was the man  
i'th' moon when time was.

**CALIBAN**

I have seen thee in her, and I do adore thee.

My mistress showed me thee, and thy dog and thy bush. 140

**STEFANO** Come, swear to that. Kiss the book. I will furnish  
it anon with new contents. Swear.

*Caliban drinks*

**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! Well 145  
drawn, monster, in good sooth!

**CALIBAN** *(to Stefano)*

I'll show thee every fertile inch o'th' 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. 150

**CALIBAN** *(to Stefano)*

I'll kiss thy foot. I'll swear myself thy subject.

**STEFANO** Come on then; down, and swear.

*[Caliban kneels]*

**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±± 155

**STEFANO** *(to Caliban)* 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. 160

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! 165

**CALIBAN** *(to Stefano)*

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 marmoset. I'll bring thee  
To clust'ring filberts, and sometimes I'll get thee 170  
Young seamews from the rock. Wilt thou go with  
me?

**STEFANO** I prithee now, lead the way without any more  
talking.±±Trinculo, the King and all our company else  
being drowned, we will inherit here.±±Here, bear my  
bottle.±±Fellow Trinculo, we'll fill him by and by again. 175

**CALIBAN** (*sings drunkenly*) Farewell, master, farewell,  
farewell!

**TRINCULO** A howling monster, a drunken monster!

**CALIBAN** (*sings*)

No more dams I'll make for fish,  
Nor fetch in firing 180

At requiring,

Nor scrape trenchering, nor wash dish.

'Ban, 'ban, Cacaliban

Has a new master.±±Get a new man!

Freedom, high-day! High-day, freedom! Freedom, high- 185  
day, freedom!

**STEFANO** O brave monster! Lead the way.  
*Exeunt*