

The Tempest

2.1

*Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Gonzalo, Adrian,
and Francisco*

GONZALO *(to Alonso)*

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, 5
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 Prithee, peace.

SEBASTIAN *(to Antonio)* He receives comfort like cold 10
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 *(to Alonso)* Sir±± 15

SEBASTIAN *(to Antonio)* One: tell.

GONZALO *(to Alonso)*

When every grief is entertained that's offered,
Comes to th'entertainer±±

SEBASTIAN A dollar.

GONZALO Dolour comes to him indeed. You have spoken 20
truer than you purposed.

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

GONZALO *(to Alonso)* Therefore my lord±±

ANTONIO *(to Sebastian)* Fie, what a spendthrift is he of his 25
tongue!

ALONSO *(to Gonzalo)* I prithee, spare.

GONZALO Well, I have done. But yet±±

SEBASTIAN *(to Antonio)* He will be talking.

ANTONIO Which of he or Adrian, for a good wager, first 30
begins to crow?

SEBASTIAN The old cock.

ANTONIO The cockerel.

SEBASTIAN Done. The wager?

ANTONIO A laughter. 35

SEBASTIAN A match!

ADRIAN (*to Gonzalo*) Though this island seem to be desert±±

[ANTONIO] (*to Sebastian*) Ha, ha, ha!

[SEBASTIAN] So, you're paid.

ADRIAN Uninhabitable, and almost inaccessible±± 40

SEBASTIAN (*to Antonio*) Yet±±

ADRIAN Yet±±

ANTONIO (*to Sebastian*) He could not miss't.

ADRIAN It must needs be of subtle, tender, and delicate
temperance. 45

ANTONIO (*to Sebastian*) Temperance was a delicate wench.

SEBASTIAN Ay, and a subtle, as he most learnedly
delivered.

ADRIAN (*to Gonzalo*) The air breathes upon us here most
sweetly. 50

SEBASTIAN (*to Antonio*) As if it had lungs, and rotten ones.

ANTONIO Or as 'twere perfumed by a fen.

GONZALO (*to Adrian*) Here is everything advantageous to
life.

ANTONIO (*to Sebastian*) True, save means to live. 55

SEBASTIAN Of that there's none, or little.

GONZALO (*to Adrian*) How lush and lusty the grass looks!
How green!

ANTONIO The ground indeed is tawny.

SEBASTIAN With an eye of green in't. 60

ANTONIO He misses not much.

SEBASTIAN No, he doth but mistake the truth totally.

GONZALO (*to Adrian*) But the rarity of it is, which is indeed
almost beyond credit±±

SEBASTIAN (*to Antonio*) As many vouched rarities are. 65

GONZALO (*to Adrian*) That our garments being, as they
were, drenched in the sea, hold notwithstanding their
freshness and glosses, being rather new-dyed than
stained with salt water.

ANTONIO (*to Sebastian*) If but one of his pockets could 70
speak, would it not say he lies?

SEBASTIAN Ay, or very falsely pocket up his report.

GONZALO *(to Adrian)* 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. 75

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. 80

GONZALO Not since widow Dido's time.

ANTONIO *(to Sebastian)* Widow? A pox o'that! How came that 'widow' in? Widow Dido!

SEBASTIAN What if he had said 'widower Aeneas' too? Good Lord, how you take it! 85

ADRIAN *(to Gonzalo)* '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. 90

ANTONIO *(to Sebastian)* 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. 95

ANTONIO And sowing the kernels of it in the sea, bring forth more islands.

GONZALO *(to Adrian)* Ay.

ANTONIO *(to Sebastian)* Why, in good time. 100

GONZALO *(to Alonso)* 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. 105

ANTONIO O, widow Dido? Ay, widow Dido.

GONZALO *(to Alonso)* Is not, sir, my doublet as fresh as the first day I wore it? I mean in a sort.

ANTONIO *(to Sebastian)* That 'sort' was well fished for.

GONZALO *(to Alonso)* When I wore it at your daughter's marriage. 110

ALONSO

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, 115
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 120
And ride upon their backs. He trod the water,
Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted
The surge, most swoll'n, that met him. His bold head
'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oared
Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke 125
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 (*to Alonso*)

Sir, you may thank yourself for this great loss,
That would not bless our Europe with your daughter, 130
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 135
Weighed between loathness and obedience at
Which end o'th' beam should bow. We have lost your
son,
I fear, for ever. Milan and Naples have
More widows in them of this business' making
Than we bring men to comfort them. The fault's your
own. 140

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 *(to Antonio)* Very well. 145

ANTONIO And most chirurgically.

GONZALO *(to Alonso)*

It is foul weather in us all, good sir,
When you are cloudy.

SEBASTIAN *(to Antonio)* Fowl weather?

ANTONIO

Very foul.

GONZALO *(to Alonso)*

Had I plantation of this isle, my lord±±

ANTONIO *(to Sebastian)*

He'd sow't with nettle-seed.

SEBASTIAN Or docks, or mallows. 150

GONZALO

And were the king on't, what would I do?

SEBASTIAN *(to Antonio)*

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; 155

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; 160

And women too±±but innocent and pure;

No sovereignty±±

SEBASTIAN *(to Antonio)* Yet he would be king on't.

ANTONIO The latter end of his commonwealth forgets the
beginning.

GONZALO *(to Alonso)*

All things in common nature should produce 165

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. 170

SEBASTIAN (to Antonio) No marrying 'mong his subjects?

ANTONIO None, man, all idle: whores and knaves.

GONZALO (to Alonso)
I would with such perfection govern, sir,
T'excel the Golden Age.

SEBASTIAN Save his majesty!

ANTONIO
Long live Gonzalo!

GONZALO (to Alonso) And±do you mark me, sir? 175

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. 180

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! 185

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.

Enter Ariel, invisible, playing solemn music

SEBASTIAN We would so, and then go a-bat-fowling. 190

ANTONIO (to Gonzalo) Nay, good my lord, be not angry.

GONZALO No, I warrant you, I will not adventure my
discretion so weakly. Will you laugh me asleep? For I
am very heavy.

ANTONIO Go sleep, and hear us. 195
Gonzalo, Adrian, and Francisco sleep

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, 200

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.
He sleeps. [Exit Ariel]

SEBASTIAN
What a strange drowsiness possesses them!

ANTONIO
It is the quality o'th' climate.

SEBASTIAN Why 205
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 thunderstroke. What might,
Worthy Sebastian, O, what might±±? No more!±± 210
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 215
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, 220
Thou letst 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 225
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

230

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,

235

Which throes thee much to yield.

ANTONIO

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

240

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

245

Another way so high a hope that even

Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond,

But doubt 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.

250

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

255

We all were 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; 260
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 265
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 270
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 275
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. 280

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, 285
No better than the earth he lies upon
If he were that which now he's like±±that's dead;
Whom I with this obedient steel, three inches of it,

Can lay to bed for ever; whiles you, doing thus,
 To the perpetual wink for aye might put 290
 This ancient morsel, 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, 295
 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,
 And when I rear my hand, do you the like 300
 To fall it on Gonzalo.

They draw

SEBASTIAN O, but one word.
Enter Ariel, invisible, with music

ARIEL (to Gonzalo)
 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 them living.
He sings in Gonzalo's ear

While you here do snoring lie, 305
 Open-eyed conspiracy
 His time doth take.
 If of life you keep a care,
 Shake off slumber, and beware.
 Awake, awake! 310

ANTONIO (to Sebastian)
 Then let us both be sudden.

GONZALO (awaking) Now good angels
 Preserve the King!

ALONSO (awaking)
 Why, how now? Ho, awake!
The others awake
 (To Antonio and Sebastian) Why are you drawn?
 (To Gonzalo) Wherefore this ghastly looking?

GONZALO
 What's the matter?

SEBASTIAN

Whiles we stood here securing your repose, 315
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 320
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, 325
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. 330

Exeunt all but Ariel

ARIEL

Prospero my lord shall know what I have done.
So, King, go safely on to seek thy son.
Exit