

GONZALO: Good boatswain, have care. Where's the Master?

BOATSWAIN: I pray now, keep below.

GONZALO: Where is the Master, boatswain?

BOATSWAIN: Do you not hear him? You mar our labor.
Keep your cabins. You do assist the storm.

GONZALO: Nay, good, be patient.

BOATSWAIN : When the sea is. Hence! What cares these
roarers for the name of king? To cabin! Silence!
Trouble us not.

GONZALO: Good, yet remember whom thou hast
aboard.

BOATSWAIN: None that I more love than myself. You are
a councillor; if you can command these elements
to silence, and work the peace of the present, we
will not hand a rope more. Use your authority. If
you cannot, give thanks you have lived so long, and
make yourself ready in your cabin for the mischance
of the hour, if it so hap.—Cheerly, good
hearts!—Out of our way, I say! (*He exits*)

GONZALO: I have great comfort from this fellow. Methinks
he hath no drowning mark upon him. His
complexion is perfect gallows. Stand fast, good
Fate, to his hanging. Make the rope of his destiny
our cable, for our own doth little advantage. If he be
not born to be hanged, our case is miserable.