

CALIBAN

All the infections that the sun sucks up
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall and make him
By inchmeal a disease! 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 firebrand in the dark
Out of my way, unless he bid 'em. But
For every trifle are they set upon me,
Sometimes 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. 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 and covers himself with a cloak.

Enter Trinculo.

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. Yond same black cloud, yond 20
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. *Noticing Caliban.*
What have we here, a man or a fish? Dead or 25
alive? A fish, he smells like a fish—a very ancient
and fishlike 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.
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 35
opinion, hold it no longer: this is no fish, but an

islander that hath lately suffered by a thunderbolt.
(*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 40
with strange bedfellows. I will here shroud till the
dregs of the storm be past.

He crawls under Caliban's cloak.

Enter Stephano singing.

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. 45

Well, here's my comfort. *Drinks.*

Sings.

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

The gunner and his mate,

Loved Mall, Meg, and Marian, and Margery,

But none of us cared for Kate. 50

For she had a tongue with a tang,

Would cry to a sailor "Go hang!"

She loved not the savor 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? Have we devils here?

Ha? I have not scaped drowning to be afeard now
of your four legs!

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, 70
he's a present for any emperor that ever trod on
neat's leather.

CALIBAN Do not torment me, prithee. I'll bring my
wood home faster.

STEPHANO He's in his fit now, and does not talk after 75
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. 80

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. Open your mouth.
Here is that which will give language to you, cat. 85
Open your mouth. This will shake your shaking, I
can tell you, and that soundly. *Caliban drinks.*