The Tempest

Act 2 Scene 2 Extract

Scenes

CALIBAN

All the infections that the sun sucks up
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall, and make him
By inch-meal 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,
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.
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 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. What have we here? A man or a fish? Dead or 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: 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 lazy out ten to see a dead Indian. Leged 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. Alas, the storm is come again! my best way is to creep under his gabardine: 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.

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:
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.
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? Have we devils here? Do you put tricks upon's with savages, 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, he's a present for any emperor that ever trod on neat's leather.