

**TRINCULO (speech)**

Here's neither bush nor shrub to bear off any weather at all, and another storm brewing – I hear it sing in the wind. Yon same black cloud, yon 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 – yon 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 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.

*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.

## Dialogue with CALIBAN and STEPHANO

### TRINCULO

Stephano! If thou beest Stephano, touch me and speak to me; for I am Trinculo – be not afeard – thy good friend Trinculo.

### STEPHANO

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

### TRINCULO

I took him to be killed with a thunder-stroke. But art thou not drowned, Stephano? I hope now thou art not drowned. Is the storm overblown? I hid me under the dead mooncalf's gaberdine for fear of the storm. And art thou living, Stephano? O Stephano, two Neapolitans scaped!

### STEPHANO

Prithee, do not turn me about; my stomach is not constant.

### CALIBAN

*[Aside]* These be fine things, an if they be not sprites. That's a brave god, and bears celestial liquor. I will kneel to him.

### STEPHANO

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.

### CALIBAN

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

### STEPHANO

Here; swear then how thou escaped'st.

### TRINCULO

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

### STEPHANO

Here, kiss the book. Though thou canst swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose.

### TRINCULO

O Stephano. hast any more of this?

### STEPHANO

The whole butt, man: my cellar is in a rock by the sea-side where my wine is hid. How now, mooncalf! How does thine ague?

**CALIBAN**

Hast thou not dropped from heaven?

**STEPHANO**

Out o' the moon, I do assure thee. I was the man i' the 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.

**STEPHANO**

Come, swear to that: kiss the book. I will furnish it anon with new contents. Swear.

**TRINCULO**

By this good light, this is a very shallow monster. I afeard of him? A very weak monster! The man i' the moon! A most poor, credulous monster! Well drawn, monster, in good sooth!

**CALIBAN**

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.

**CALIBAN**

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

**STEPHANO**

Come on then; down, and swear.

**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 –

**STEPHANO**

Come, kiss.

**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.  
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!

**CALIBAN**

I prithee, let me bring thee where crabs grow,  
And I with my long nails will dig thee pignuts,  
Show thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how  
To snare the nimble marmoset. I'll bring thee  
To clustering filberts and sometimes I'll get thee  
Young scamels from the rock. Wilt thou go with me?

**STEPHANO**

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.

**CALIBAN**

*[Sings drunkenly]* Farewell master, farewell, farewell!

**TRINCULO**

A howling monster; a drunken monster!

**CALIBAN**

No more dams I'll make for fish  
Nor fetch in firing  
At requiring;  
Nor scrape trencher, nor wash dish:  
'Ban, 'Ban, Ca-Caliban  
Has a new master – get a new man!  
Freedom, high-day! High-day, freedom! Freedom, high-day, freedom!

**STEPHANO**

O brave monster! Lead the way!