

BOATSWAIN (speech)

If I did think, sir, I were well awake,
I'd strive to tell you. We were dead of sleep,
And – how we know not – all clapped under hatches,
Where but even now with strange and several noises
Of roaring, shrieking, howling, jingling chains,
And more diversity of sounds, all horrible,
We were awaked, straightway at liberty;
Where we, in all her trim, freshly beheld
Our royal, good and gallant ship; our master
Cap'ring to eye her. – on a trice, so please you,
Even in a dream, were we divided from them,
And were brought moping hither.