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ACT II. SCENE I.

*Another Part of the Island.*

*Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Anthonio, Gonzalo, Adrian, Francisco,  
and others.*

G O N Z A L O.

**B**ESEECH you, sir, be merry: you have cause  
(So have we all) of joy; for our escape  
Is much beyond our loss; our hint of woe  
Is common; every day, some sailor's wife,  
The masters of some merchant, and the merchant  
Have just our theme of woe: but for the miracle,  
(I mean our preservation) few in millions  
Can speak like us: then wisely, good sir, weigh  
Our sorrow with our comfort.

*Alon.* Pr'ythee, peace.

*Seb.* He receives comfort like cold porridge.

*Ant.* The adviser will not give o'er so.

*Seb.* Look, he's winding up the watch of his wit, by and by  
it will strike.

*Gon.* Sir.

*Seb.* On: tell.

*Gon.* When every grief is entertain'd that's offer'd; comes to  
the entertainer —

*Seb.* A dollar.

*Gon.* Dolour comes to him, indeed, you have spoken truer  
than you propos'd.

*Seb.* You have taken it wiselier than I meant you should.

*Gon.* Therefore, my lord.

*Ant.* Fie, what a spend-thrift is he of his tongue?

*Alon.* I pr'ythee, spare.

*Gon.* Well, I have done: but yet —

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*Seb.*