

*Seb.* He will be talking.

*Ant.* Which of them, he, or *Adrian*, for a good wager, first begins to crow?

*Seb.* The old cock.

*Ant.* The cockrell.

*Seb.* Done: the wager?

*Ant.* A laughter.

*Seb.* A match.

*Adr.* Though this island seem to be desert —

*Seb.* Ha, ha, ha.

*Ant.* So: you're paid.

*Adr.* Uninhabitable, and almost inaccessible —

*Seb.* Yet, —

*Adr.* Yet —

*Ant.* He could not miss't.

*Adr.* It must needs be of subtle, tender, and delicate temperance.

*Ant.* *Temperance* was a delicate wench.

*Seb.* Ay, and a subtle, as he most learnedly deliver'd.

*Adr.* The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.

*Seb.* As if it had lungs, and rotten ones.

*Ant.* Or, as 'twere perfumed by a fen.

*Gon.* Here is every thing advantageous to life.

*Ant.* True, save means to live.

*Seb.* Of that there's none, or little.

*Gon.* How lush and lusty the grass looks? how green?

*Ant.* The ground, indeed, is tawny.

*Seb.* With an eye of green in't.

*Ant.* He misses not much.

*Seb.* No: he does but mistake the truth totally.

*Gon.* But the rarity of it is, which is, indeed, almost beyond credit —

*Seb.* As many voucht rarities are.

*Gon.* That our garments being (as they were) drench'd in the sea, hold notwithstanding their freshness and glosses; being rather new dy'd than stain'd with salt water.

*Ant.*