

*Gon.* Is not my doublet, fir, as fresh as the first day I wore it? I mean, in a fort.

*Ant.* That fort was well fish'd for.

*Gon.* When I wore it at your daughter's marriage.

*Alon.* You cram these words into mine ears against  
The stomach of my sense. Would, I had never  
Married my daughter there! for, coming thence,  
My son is lost, and, in my rate, she too,  
Who is so far from *Italy* remov'd,  
I ne'r again shall see her: O thou mine heir  
Of *Naples* and of *Milan*, what strange fish  
Hath made his meal on thee?

*Fran.* Sir, he may live.

I saw him beat the surges under him,  
And ride upon their backs; he trod the water,  
Whose enmity he flung aside; and breasted  
The surge most swell'n that met him: his bold head  
'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd  
Himself with his good arms in lusty strokes  
To th' shore; that o'er his wave-worn basis bow'd  
As stooping to relieve him: I not doubt  
He came alive to land.

*Alon.* No, no, he's gone.

*Seb.* Sir, you may thank yourself for this great loss,  
That would not bless our *Europe* with your daughter,  
But rather lose her to an *African*;  
Where she, at least, is banish'd from your eye,  
Who hath cause to wet the grief on't.

*Alon.* Pr'ythee, peace.

*Seb.* You were kneel'd to, and importun'd otherwise  
By all of us: and the fair soul herself  
Weigh'd between loathness and obedience, at  
Which end the beam should bow. We've lost your son,  
I fear, for ever: *Milan* and *Naples* have  
More widows in them of this business' making,  
Than we bring men to comfort them: the fault's  
Your own.

*Alon.*