

Lye tumbling in my bare-foot-way, and mount
 Their pricks at my foot-fall; sometime am I
 All wound with adders, who with cloven tongues
 Do hiss me into madness. Lo! now! lo!

Enter Trinculo.

Here comes a sp'rit of his now to torment me,
 For bringing wood in slowly. I'll fall flat;
 Perchance, he will not mind me.

Trin. Here's neither bush nor shrub to bear off any weather at all, and another storm brewing; I hear it sing i' th' wind: yond same black cloud, yond 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: yond same cloud cannot chuse 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 an holyday-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*. Legg'd 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 suffer'd by a thunder-bolt. Alas! the storm is come again. My best way is to creep under his gabardine: there is no other shelter hereabout; misery acquaints a man with strange bed-fellows: I will here shrowd 'till the dregs of the storm be past.

S C E N E III.

Enter Stephano singing.

Ste. *I shall no more to sea, to sea, here shall I die a-shore.*
 This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's funeral: well, here's my comfort.

[*Drinks.*
Sings.