

Sings. *The master, the swabber, the boatswain, and I,
The gunner, and his mate,
Lov'd Mal, Meg, Marrian and Margery,
But none of us car'd for Kate;
For she had a tongue with a tang,
Would cry to a sailor, Go, hang:
She lov'd not the savour of tar nor of pitch,
Yet a taylor might scratch her where-e'er she did itch.
Then to sea, boys, and let her go hang.*

This is a scurvy tune too: but here's my comfort. [Drinks.

Cal. Do not torment me: oh!

Ste. What's the matter? have we devils here? do you put tricks upon's with salvages, and men of *Inde*? ha? I have not 'scap'd drowning to be afraid now of your four legs; for it hath been said, As proper a man as ever went on four legs cannot make him give ground; and it shall be said so again, while *Stephano* breaths at his nostrils.

Cal. The spirit torments me: oh!

Ste. This is some monster of the isle with four legs; who has got, as I take it, an ague: where, the devil, should he learn our language? I will give him some relief, if it be but for that: if I can recover him, and keep him tame, and get to *Naples* with him, he's a present for any emperor that ever trod on neats-leather.

Cal. Do not torment me, pr'ythee; I'll bring my wood home faster.

Ste. He's in a fit now; and does not talk after the wisest: he shall taste of my bottle. If he have never drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove his fit: if I can recover him, and keep him tame, I cannot ask too much for him; he shall pay for him, that hath him, and that soundly.

Cal. Thou dost me yet but little hurt; thou wilt anon; I know it by my trembling: now *Prosper* works upon me.

Ste. Come on your ways; open your mouth; here is that which will give language to a cat; open your mouth; this will shake your shaking, I can tell you, and that soundly: you cannot tell who's your friend; open your chaps again.

Trin.