

To snare the nimble marmoset; I'll bring thee
To clust'ring filberts, and sometimes I'll get thee
Young sea-malls from the rock. Wilt thou go with me?

Ste. I pr'ythee now, lead the way without any more talking.
Trinculo, the king and all our company else being drown'd, we
will inherit here. Here, bear my bottle; fellow *Trinculo*, we'll
fill him by and by again.

Cal. [*Sings drunkenly.*] Farewel, master; farewell, farewell.

Trin. A howling monster; a drunken monster!

Cal. No more dams I'll make for fish,
Nor fetch in firing at requiring,
Nor scrape trencher, nor wash dish.
Ban', Ban', Cacalyban

Has a new master, get a new man.

Freedom, hey-day, hey-day, freedom, freedom, hey-day, freedom!

Ste. O brave monster, lead the way. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

Prospero's Cave.

Enter Ferdinand, bearing a log.

F E R D I N A N D.

THERE be some sports are painful, but their labour
Delight in them sets off: some kinds of baseness
Are nobly undergone, and most poor matters
Point to rich ends. This my mean task wou'd be
As heavy to me, as 'tis odious, but
The mistress which I serve quickens what's dead,
And makes my labours pleasures: O, she is
Ten times more gentle than her father's crabbed;
And he's compos'd of harshness. I must move

Some