

*Ste.* *Trinculo*, run into no further danger : interrupt the monster one word further, and, by this hand, I'll turn my mercy out o' doors, and make a stock-fish of thee.

*Trin.* Why, what did I? I did nothing; I'll go further off.

*Ste.* Didst thou not say, he ly'd?

*Ari.* Thou liest.

*Ste.* Do I so? take thou that.

[*Beats him.*]

As you like this, give me the lie another time.

*Trin.* I did not give thee the lie; out o' your wits and hearing too? A pox o' your bottle! this can sack and drinking do: a murrain on your monster, and the devil take your fingers!

*Cal.* Ha, ha, ha.

*Ste.* Now, forward with your tale. Pr'ythee, stand further off.

*Cal.* Beat him enough; after a little time, I'll beat him too.

*Ste.* Stand further. Come, proceed.

*Cal.* Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him I' th' afternoon to sleep; there thou may'st brain him, Having first seiz'd his books: or with a log Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake, Or cut his wezand with thy knife. Remember, First to possess his books; for without them He's but a sot, as I am; and hath not One spirit to command. They all do hate him As rootedly as I. Burn but his books; He has brave utensils, for so he calls them, Which, when he has an house, he'll deck't withal. And that most deeply to consider, is The beauty of his daughter; he himself Calls her a non-pareil: I ne'er saw woman But only *Sycorax* my dam, and her; But she as far surpasses *Sycorax*, As greatest does the least.

*Ste.* Is it so brave a lass?

*Cal.* Ay, lord; she will become thy bed, I warrant, And bring thee forth brave brood.

*Ste.*