

**GONZALO**

Beseech you, sir, be merry; you have cause,  
So have we all, of joy; for our escape  
Is much beyond our loss. Our hint of woe  
Is common; every day some sailor's wife,  
The masters of some merchant and the merchant  
Have just our theme of woe; but for the miracle,  
I mean our preservation, few in millions  
Can speak like us: then wisely, good sir, weigh  
Our sorrow with our comfort.

**ALONSO**

Prithee, peace.

**SEBASTIAN**

He receives comfort like cold porridge.

**ANTONIO**

The visitor will not give him o'er so.

**SEBASTIAN**

Look he's winding up the watch of his wit;  
by and by it will strike.

**GONZALO**

Sir,--

**SEBASTIAN**

One: tell.

**GONZALO**

When every grief is entertain'd that's offer'd,  
Comes to the entertainer--

**SEBASTIAN**

A dollar.

**GONZALO**

Dolour comes to him, indeed: you  
have spoken truer than you purposed.

**SEBASTIAN**

You have taken it wiselier than I meant you should.

**GONZALO**

Therefore, my lord,--

**ANTONIO**

Fie, what a spendthrift is he of his tongue!

**ALONSO**

I prithee, spare.

**GONZALO**

Well, I have done: but yet,--

**SEBASTIAN**

He will be talking.

**GONZALO**

Though this island seem to be desert,--

Uninhabitable and almost inaccessible,--

**SEBASTIAN**

Yet,--

**GONZALO**

Yet,--

**ANTONIO**

He could not miss't.

**GONZALO**

It must needs be of subtle, tender and delicate temperance. The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.

**SEBASTIAN**

As if it had lungs and rotten ones.

**GONZALO**

Here is everything advantageous to life.

**ANTONIO**

True; save means to live.

**GONZALO**

But the rarity of it is,--which is indeed almost beyond credit,--

**SEBASTIAN**

As many vouched rarities are.

**GONZALO**

That our garments, being, as they were, drenched in the sea, hold notwithstanding their freshness and glosses, being rather new-dyed than stained with salt water. Methinks our garments are now as fresh as when we put them on first in Afric, at the marriage of the king's fair daughter Claribel to the King of Tunis.

**SEBASTIAN**

'Twas a sweet marriage, and we prosper well in our return.

**GONZALO**

Is not, sir, my doublet as fresh as the first day I wore it? I mean, in a sort.

**ANTONIO**

That sort was well fished for.

**GONZALO**

When I wore it at your daughter's marriage?

**ALONSO**

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 removed  
I ne'er again shall see her. O thou mine heir  
Of Naples and of Milan, what strange fish  
Hath made his meal on thee?

**SEBASTIAN**

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.

**ALONSO**

Prithee, peace.

**SEBASTIAN**

You were kneel'd to and importuned otherwise  
By all of us, and the fair soul herself  
Weigh'd between loathness and obedience, at  
Which end o' the beam should bow. We have 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.

**ALONSO**

So is the dear'st o' the loss.