

SIDE #6 – GONZALO AN OLDER COURTIER + STEPHANO THE CRASS BUTLER + IRIS

GONZALO, (*After landing on a desert island, he tries to divert King Alonzo from sorrow who weeps because he believes his son has drowned*)

Beseech you, sir, be merry. You have cause—
So have we all—of joy, for our escape
Is much beyond our loss. Then wisely, good sir,
Weigh our sorrow with our comfort.
Here is everything advantageous to life.
How lush and lusty the grass looks! How green!
Had I plantation of this isle, my lord—
And were the king on 't, what would I do?
In the commonwealth I would by contraries
Execute all things, for no kind of traffic
Would I admit; no name of magistrate;
Letters should not be known! riches, poverty,
And use of service, none! contract, succession,
Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none!
No sovereignty— but *nature* should bring forth
Of its own kind all foison, all abundance,
To feed my innocent people.

STEPHANO, (*to Trinculo whom he is delighted to find not drowned*)

How didst thou scape? How cam'st thou hither? Swear by this bottle how thou
cam'st hither—I escaped upon a butt of sack, which the sailors heaved o'erboard—by
this bottle, which I made of the bark of a tree with mine own hands, since I was cast
ashore. Here. Swear then how thou escapedst. Here, kiss the book! (*Makes Trinculo
swig from the bottle*) Though thou canst swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose.
Of this wine, I have the whole butt, man. My cellar is in a rock by th' seaside, where my
wine is hid.— (*Turning to Caliban who he has plied with liquor*) How now,
mooncalf, how does thine ague? Stare not so, I ha' not dropped down from heaven,
but from th' moon. Out o' th' moon, I do assure thee. I was the man i' th' moon when
time was. Come, swear to that. Kiss the book. (*Caliban hesitates to drink*) Come now!
I will furnish it anon with new contents. Swear! (*Makes Caliban swig from the bottle*) O
brave monster! Lead the way!

IRIS (*A Goddess invoking another Goddess, Ceres*)

Approach thou, Ceres —the Queen o' th' sky,
Whose wat'ry arch and messenger am I,
Bids thee leave thy leisure, and with her sovereign grace,
Here on this grass-plot, in this very place,
To come and sport. Her peacocks fly amain.
Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain.