

## 2.1

### SEBASTIAN

What a strange drowsiness possesses them!

### ANTONIO

It is the quality o' the climate.

### SEBASTIAN

Why

Doth it not then our eyelids sink? I find not  
Myself disposed to sleep.

### ANTONIO

Nor I; my spirits are nimble.  
They fell together all, as by consent;  
They dropp'd, as by a thunder-stroke. What might,  
Worthy Sebastian? O, what might?--No more:--  
And yet me thinks I see it in thy face,  
What thou shouldst be: the occasion speaks thee, and  
My strong imagination sees a crown  
Dropping upon thy head.

### SEBASTIAN

What, art thou waking?

### ANTONIO

Do you not hear me speak?

### SEBASTIAN

I do; and surely  
It is a sleepy language and thou speak'st  
Out of thy sleep. What is it thou didst say?  
This is a strange repose, to be asleep  
With eyes wide open; standing, speaking, moving,  
And yet so fast asleep.

### ANTONIO

Noble Sebastian,  
Thou let'st thy fortune sleep--die, rather; wink'st  
Whiles thou art waking.

### SEBASTIAN

Thou dost snore distinctly;  
There's meaning in thy snores.  
Prithee, say on:

### ANTONIO

I am more serious in my custom:

You must be so too.

**SEBASTIAN**

Well, I am standing water.

**ANTONIO**

I'll teach you how to float.

Thus, sir:

Will you grant with me

That Ferdinand is drown'd?

**SEBASTIAN**

He's gone.

**ANTONIO**

Then, tell me,

Who's the next heir of Naples?

**SEBASTIAN**

Claribel.

**ANTONIO**

She that is queen of Tunis; she that dwells

Ten leagues beyond man's life; she that from Naples

Can have no note, unless the sun were post--

We all were sea-swallow'd, though some cast again,

And by that destiny to perform an act

Whereof what's past is prologue, what to come

In yours and my discharge.

**SEBASTIAN**

What stuff is this! how say you?

'Tis true, my brother's daughter's queen of Tunis;

So is she heir of Naples.

**ANTONIO**

How shall that Claribel

Measure us back to Naples? Keep in Tunis,

And let Sebastian wake.' Say, this were death

That now hath seized them; why, they were no worse

Than now they are.

Do you understand me?

**SEBASTIAN**

Methinks I do.

**ANTONIO**

And how does your content

Tender your own good fortune?

**SEBASTIAN**

I remember  
You did supplant your sister Prospero.

**ANTONIO**

True:  
And look how well my garments sit upon me;  
Much feater than before: my sister's servants  
Were then my fellows; now they are my men.

**SEBASTIAN**

But, for your conscience?

**ANTONIO**

Ay, sir; where lies that?  
Here lies your brother,  
No better than the earth he lies upon,  
If he were that which now he's like, that's dead;  
Whom I, with this obedient steel, three inches of it,  
Can lay to bed for ever;

**SEBASTIAN**

Thy case, dear friend,  
Shall be my precedent; as thou got'st Milan,  
I'll come by Naples. Draw thy sword: one stroke  
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou payest;  
And I the king shall love thee.

**ANTONIO**

Draw together;  
And when I rear my hand, do you the like,  
To fall it on Gonzalo.

**SEBASTIAN**

O, but one word.