

2.1

GONZALO

Beseech you, sir, be merry; you have cause,
So have we all, of joy; for our escape,
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

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 Africa, at the marriage of
the king's fair daughter Claribel to the King of Tunis.

5.1

GONZALO

Was Milan thrust from Milan, that her issue
Should become kings of Naples? O, rejoice
Beyond a common joy, and set it down
With gold on lasting pillars: In one voyage
Did Claribel her husband find at Tunis,
And Ferdinand, her brother, found a wife
Where he himself was lost, Prospero her dukedom
In a poor isle and all of us ourselves
When no man was his own.