THE TEMPEST.

Actus primus, Scena prima.

A tempestuous noise of Thunder and Lightning heard: Enter a Ship-master , and a Boteswaine.

Master.
Bote-swaine.
Botes. Heere Master : What cheere?
Mast. Good : Speake to th'Mariners : fall too't, yarely. or we run our selves a ground, bestirre, bestirre. *Exit.*

Enter Mariners.

Botes. Heigh my hearts, cheerely, cheerely my harts : yare, yare : Take in the toppe-sale : Tend to th'Masters whistle : Blow till thou burst thy winde , if roome e – nough.

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Anthonio, Ferdinando Gonzalo, and others.

Alon. Good Boteswaine have care: where's the Master ? Play the men.
Botes. I pray now keepe below.
Anth. Where is the Master, Boson?
*Botes.*Do you not heare him ? you marre our labour, Keepe your Cabines : you do assist the storme.
Gonz. Nay, good be patient.
Botes. When the Sea is : hence, what cares these roarers for the name of King? to Cabine; silence : trouble us not.
Gon. Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboord.
Botes. None that I more love then my selfe. You are a Counsellor,if you can command these Elements to silence, and worke the peace of the present, wee will not hand a rope more, use your authoritie : If you cannot, give thankes you have liv'd so long, and make your selfe readie in your Cabine for the mischance of the houre, if it so hap. Cheerely good hearts : out of our way I say. *Exit.*
Gon. I have great comfort from this fellow:methinks he hath no drowning marke upon him, his complexion is perfect Gallowes : stand fast good Fate to his hanging, make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our owne doth little advantage : If he be not borne to bee hang'd, our case is miserable. *Exit.*

Enter Boteswaine.

*Botes.*Downe with the top-Mast : yare,lower,lower, bring her to Try with Maine-course. A plague----------
A cry within. Enter Sebastian, Anthonio & Gonzalo.

upon this howling: they are lowder then the weather,
or our office: yet againe ? What do you heere? Shal we
give ore and drowne,have you a mind to sinke ?
Sebas. A poxe o'your throat,you bawling, blasphe-
mous incharitable Dog.
Botes. Worke you then.
*Anth.*Hang cur,hang,you whoreson insolent Noyse-
maker, we are lesse afraid to be drownde,then thou art.
Gonz. I'le warrant him for drowning, though the
Ship were no stronger then a Nutt-shell, and as leaky as
an unstanched wench.
Botes. Lay her a hold,a hole, set her two courses off
to Sea againe,lay her off.

Enter Mariners wet.

*Mari.*All lost,to prayers,to prayers,all lost.
Botes. What must our mouths be cold?
Gonz. The King,and Prince,at prayers, let's assist them,
for our case is as theirs.
Sebas. I'am out of patience.
An. We are meerly cheated out of our lives by drunkards,
This wide-chopt-rascall,would thou mightst lye drow-
ning the washing of ten Tides.
Gonz. Hee'l be hang'd yet.
Though every drop of water sweare against it,
And gape at widst to glut him. *A confused noyse within.*
Mercy on us.
We split,we split .Farewell my wife, and children,
Farewell brother : we split,we split,we split.
Anth. Let's all sinke with' King
Seb. Let's take leave of him. *Exit.*
Gonz. Now would I give a thousand furlongs of Sea,
for an Acre of barren ground : Long heath, Browne
firrs , any thing; the wills above be done, but I would
faine dye a dry death. *Exit.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Prospero and Miranda.

Mir. If by your Art (my deerest father) you have
Put the wild waters in this Rore;alay them:
The skye it seemes would powre down stinking pitch,
But that the Sea,mounting to th' welkins cheeke,
Dashes the fire out. Oh! I have suffered
With those that I saw suffer: A brave vessell
A (Who

(Who had no doubt some noble creature in her)
Dash'd all to peeces : O the cry did knocke
Against my very heart : poore soules,they perish'd.
Had I byn any God of power,I would
Have sunke the Sea within the Earth, or ere
It should the good Ship so have swallow'd,and
The fraughting Soules within her.
Pros. Be collected,
No more amazement : Tell your pitteous heart
there's no harme done.
Mir. O woe,the day.
Pros. No harme:
I have done nothing, but in care of thee
(Of thee my deere one ; thee my daughter) who
Art ignorant of what thou art . naught knowing
Of whence I am : nor that I am more better
Then *Prospero,*Master of a full poore cell,
And thy no greater Father.
Mira. More to know
Did never medle with my thoughts.
Pros. 'Tis time
I should informe thee farther : Lend thy hand
And plucke my Magick garment from me: So,
Lye there my Art: wipe thou thine eyes, have comfort,
The direfull spectacle of the wracke which touch'd
The very vertue of compassion in thee :
I have with such provision in mine Art
So safely ordered,that there is no soule
No not so much perdition as an hayre
Betid to any creature in the vessell
Which thou heardst cry , which thou saw'st sinke: Sit
For thou must now know farther. [downe,
Mira. You have often
Begun to tell me what I am, but stopt
And left me to a bootelesse Inquisition,
Concluding,stay : not yet.
Pros. The howr's now come
The very minute byds thee ope thine eare,
Obey, and be attentive. Canst thou remember
A time before we came unto this Cell?
I doe not thinke thou canst,for then thou was't not
Out three yeeres old.
Mira. Certainely Sir, I can.
Pros. By what? by any other house,or person?
Of any thing the Image,tell me,that
Hath kept with thy remembrance.
Mira. 'Tis farre off:
And rather like a dreame,then an assurance
That my remembrance warrants : Had I not
Fowre,or five women once,that tended me?
Pros. Thou hadst; and more *Miranda :* But how is it
That this lives in thy minde? What seest thou els
In the dark-backward and Abisme of Time?
Yf thou remembrest ought ere thou cam'st here,
How thou cam'st here thou maist.
Mira. But that I doe not.
Pros. Twelve here since (Miranda)twelve yere since,
Thy father was the Duke of *Millaine* and
A Prince of power :
Mira. Sir, are not you my Father?
Prof. Thy Mother was a peece of vertue,and
She said thou wast my daughter ; and thy father
Was Duke of *Millaine,*and his onely heire,
And Princesse ; no worse Issued.
Mira. O the heavens,
What fowle play had we,that we came from thence?

Or blessed was't we did?
Pros. Both,both my Girle.
By fowle-play (as thou saist) were we heav'd thence,
But blessedly holpe hither.
Mira. O my heart bleedes
To thinke oth' teene that I have turn'd you to,
Which is from my remembrance,please you,farther;
Pros. My brother and thy uncle,call'd *Anthonio :*
I pray thee marke me, that a brother should
Be so perfidious : he, whom next thy selfe
Of all the world I lov'd, and to him put
The mannage of my state , as at that time
Through all the signories it was the first,
And *Prospero,*the prime Duke, being so reputed
In dignity ; and for the liberall Artes,
Without a paralell ; those being all my studie,
The Government I cast upon my brother,
And to my State grew stranger,being transported
And rapt in secret studies,thy false uncle
(Do'st thou attend me?)
Mira. Sir,most heedefully.
Pros. Being once perfected how to graunt suites,
how to deny them : who t'advance, and who
To trash for over-topping; new created
The creatures that were mine,I say, or chag'd 'em,
Or els new form'd 'em ; having both the key,
Of Officer,and office,set all hearts i'th state
To what tune pleas'd his eare,that now he was
The Ivy which had hid my princely Trunck.
And suckt my verdure out on't : Thou attend'st not?
Mira. O good Sir, I doe.
Pros. I pray thee marke me :
I thus neglecting worldly ends,all dedicated
To closenes,and the bettering of my mind
with that,which but by being so retir'd
Ore-priz'd all popular rate:in my false brother
Awak'd an evill nature, and my trust
Like a good parent, did beget of him
A falsehood in it's contrarie,as great
As my trust was, which had indeede no limit,
A confidence sans bound. He being thus Lorded,
Not onely with what my revenew yeelded,
But what my power might els exact. Like one
Who having into truth,by telling of it,
Made such a synner of his memorie
To credite his owne lie,he did beleeve
He was indeed the Duke,out o'th' Substitution
And executing th'outward face of Roialtie
With all prerogative:hence his Ambition growing :
Do'st thou heare?
Mira. Your tale,Sir, would cure deafenesse.
Pros. To have no Schreene between this part he plaid,
And him he plaid it for,he needes will be
Absolute *Millaine*, Me (poore man) my Librarie
Was Dukedome large enough: of temporall roalties
He thinks me now incapable. Confederates
(so drie he was for Sway) with King of *Naples*
To give him Annuall tribute,doe him homage
Subject his Coronet,to his Crowne and bend
The Dukedom yet unbow'd (alas poore *Millaine*)
To most ignoble stooping.
Mira. Oh the heavens :
Pros. Marke his condition,and th'event,then tell me
If this might be a brother.
Mira. I should sinne
To thinke but Noblie of my Grand-mother,

Good

Good wombes have borne bad sonnes.
Pro. Now the Condition.
This King of *Naples* being an Enemy
To me inveterate,hearkens my Brothers suit,
Which was, That he in lieu o'th' premises,
Of homage,and I know not how much Tribute,
Should presently extirpate me and mine
Out of the Dukedome, and confer faire *Millaine*
With all the Honors, on my brother : Wheeon
A treacherous Armie levied, one mid-night
Fated to th' purpose, did *Anthonio* open
The gates of *Millaine,* and ith' dead of darkenesse
The ministers for th' purpose hurried thence
Me, and thy crying selfe.
Mira. Alack, for pitty :
I not remembring how I cride out then
Will cry it ore againe : it is a hint
That wrings mine eyes too't.
Pro. Heare a little further,
And then I'le bring thee to the present businesse
Which now's upon's : without the which,this Story
Were most impertinent.
Mir. Wherefore did they not
That howre destroy us?
Pro. Well demanded, wench :
My Tale provokes that question : Deare,they durst not,
So deare the love my people bore me : nor set
A marke so bloudy on the businesse; but
With colours fairer, painted their fould ends.
In few, they hurried us a-boord a Barke ,
Bore us some Leagues to Sea, where they prepared
A rotten carkasse of a Butt, not rigg'd,
Nor tackle, sayle, nor mast, the very rats
Instinctively have quit it : There they hoyst us
To cry to th'Sea, that roard to us ; to sigh
To th' windes, whose pitty sighing backe againe
Did us but loving wrong.
Mir. Alack, what trouble
Was I then to you?
Pro. O, a Cherubin
Thou was't that did preserve me ; Thou didst smile,
Infused with a fortitude from heaven,
When I have deck'd the sea with drops full salt,
Under my burthen groan'd which rais'd in me
An undergoing stomacke, to beare up
Against what should ensue.
Mir. How came we a shore ?
Pro. By providence divine,
Some food, we had,and some fresh water, that
A noble *Neapolitan Gonzalo*
Out of his Charity, (who being then appointed
Master of this desigh) did give us, with
Rich garments, linnens, stuffs, and necessaries
Which since have steeded much, so of his gentlenesse
Knowing I lov'd my bookes, he furnishd me
From mine owne Library, with volumes, that
I prize above my Dukedome.
Mir. Would I might
But ever see that man.
Pro. Now I arise,
Sit still, and heare the last of our sea-sorrow :
Heere in this Iland we arriv'd, and heere
Have I, thy Schoolemaster, made thee more profit
Then other Princesse can, that have more time
For vainer howres; and Tutors, not so carefull.
Mir. Heavens thank you for't. And now I pray you Sir,

For still ‘tis beating in my minde; your reason
For raysing this Sea-storme?
Pro. Know thus far forth,
By accident most strange, bountifull *Fortune*
(Now my deere Lady) hath mine enemies
Brought to this shore : And by my prescience
I fined my *Zenith* doth depend upon
A most auspicious starre, whose influence
If now I court not, but omit ; my fortunes
Will ever after droope : Heere cease more questions,
Thou art inclinde to sleepe : ‘tis a good dulnesse,
And give it way : I know thou canst not chuse :
Come away, Servant, come ; I am ready now,
Approach my *Ariel.* Come. *Enter Ariel.*
Ari. All haile, great Master, grave Sir, haile: I come
To answer thy best pleasure ; be’t to fly,
To swim, to dive into the fire : to ride
On the curld clowds : to thy strong bidding, taske
Ariel, and all his Qualitie.
Pro. Has thou, Spirit,
Performd to point, the Tempest that I bad thee.
Ar. To every Article.
I boorded the Kings ship : now on the Beake,
Now in the Waste, the Decke, in every Cabyn,
I flam’d amazement, sometime I’ld divide
And burne in many places ; on the Top-mast,
The Yards and Bore-spritt, would I flame sistinctly,
Then meete, and joyne. *Joves* Lightning,the precursers
O’th dreadfull Thunder-claps more momentarie
And sight out-running were not ; the fire,and cracks
Of sulphurous roaring, the most mighty *Neptune*
Seeme to besiege, and make his bold waves tremble,
Yea, his dread Trident shake.
Pro. My brave Spirit,
Who was so firme, so constant, that this coyle
Would not infect his reason?
Ar. Not a soule
But felt a Feaver of the madde, and plaid
Some tricks of desperation ; all but Mariners
Plung’d in the foaming bryne, and quit the vessell ;
Then all a fire with e the Kings sonne *Ferdinand*
With haire up-staring (then like reeds, not haire)
Was the first man that leapt; cride hell is empty,
And all the Divels are heere.
Pro. Why that’s my spirit :
But was not this mye shore ?
Ar. Close by, my Master.
Pro. But are they (*Ariel*) safe?
Ar. Not a haire perishd :
On their sustaining garments not a blemish,
But fresher then before :and as thou badst me,
In troops I have dispersd them ‘bout the Isle:
The Kings sonne have I landed by himselfe,
Whom I left cooling of the Ayre with sighes,
In an odde Angle of the Isle, and sitting
His armes in this sad knot.
Pro. Of the Kings ship,
The Marriners,say how thou hast disposd,
And all the rest o’th’ Fleete ?
Ar. Safely in harbour
Is the Kings shippe, in the deepe Nooke, where once
Thou calldst me up at midnight to fetch dew
From the still-vext *Bermoothes,* there she’s hid;
The Marriners all under hatches stowed,
Who, with a Charme joynd to their suffred labour
I have left asleep L and for the rest o’th’ Fleet

(Which I dispers'd) they all have met againe,
And are upon the *Mediterranian* Flote
Bound sadly home for *Naples,*
Supposing that they saw aht Kings ship wrackt,
And his great person perish.
Pro. *Ariel,* thy charge
Exactly is perform'd ; but there's more worke :
What is the time o'th 'day?
Ar. Past the mid season.
Pro. At least two Glasses : the time 'twixt six & now
Must by us both be spent most preciously.
Ar. Is there more toyle? Since y[u] dost give me pains,
Let me remember thee what thou hast promis'd,
Which is not yet perform'd me.
Pro. How now? moodie?
What is't thou canst demand?
Ar. My Libertie.
Pro. Before the time be out ? no more:
Ar. I prethee,
Remember I have done thee worthy service,
Told thee no lyes, made thee no mistakings, serv'd
Without or grudge, or grumblings ; thou did promise
To bate me a full yeere.
Pro. Do'st thou forget
From what a torment I did free thee? *Ar.* No.
Pro. Thou do'st : & thinkst it much to tread y[e] Ooze
Of the salt deepe;
To run upon the sharpe winde of the North,
To doe me businesse in the veines o'th' earth
When it is bak'd with frost.
Ar. I do not Sir.
Pro. Thou liest, malignant Thing : hast thou forgot
The fowle Witch *Sycorax,* who with Age and Envy
Was growne into a hoope? hast thou forgot her?
Ar. No Sir.
Pro. Thou hast : where was she born? speak: tell me:
Ar. Sir, in *Argier.*
Pro. Oh, was she so : I must
Once in a moneth recount what thou hast bin,
Which thou forgetst. This damn'd Witch *Sycorax*
For mischiefes manifold, and sorceries terrible
To enter humane hearing, from *Argier*
Thou know'st was banish'd : for one thing she did
They wold not take her life: Is not this true? *Ar.* I,Sir.
Pro. This blew ey'd hag, was hither brought with
And here was left by th'Saylors; thou my slave, (child,
As thou reportst thy selfe, was then her servant,
And for thou wast a Spirit too delicate
To act her earthy, and abhord commands,
Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee
By helpe of her more potent Ministers,
And in her most unmittigable rage,
Into a cloven Pyne, within which rift
Imprison'd, thou didst painefully remaine
A doxen yeeres : within which space she di'd,
And left thee there : where thou didst vent thy groanes
As fast as Mill-wheeles strike : Then was this Island
(Save for the Son, that [he] did littour heere,
A frekelld whelpe, hag-borne) not honour'd with
A humane shape.
Ar. Yes: *Caliban* her sonne.
Pro. Dull thing, I say so : he, that *Caliban*
Whom now I keepe in service, thou best know'st
What torment I did fine thee in; thy grones
Did make wolves howle, and penetrate the breasts
Of ever-angry Beares; it was a torment

To lay upon the damn'd, which *Sycorax*
Could not againe undoe : it was mine Art,
When I arriv'd, and heard thee, that made gape
The Pyne,and let thee out.
Ar. I thanke thee Master.
Pro. If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an Oake
And peg-thee in his knotty entrailes, till
Thou hast howl'd away twelve winters.
Ar. Pardon, Master,
I will be correspondent to command
And doe my spryting,gently.
Pro. Doe so : and after two daies
I will discharge thee.
Ar. That's my noble Master :
What shall I doe? say what? what shall I doe?
Pro. Goe make thy selfe like a Nymph o'th'Sea,
Be subject to no sight but thine,and mine :invisible
To every eye-ball else : goe take this shape
And hither come in't : goe : hence
With diligence. *Exit.*
Pro. Awake, deere hart awake, thou hast slept well,
Awake.
Mir. The strangenes of your story,put
Heavinesse in me.
Pro. Shake it off : Come on:
Wee'll visit *Caliban,* my slave, who never
Yeelds us kinde answere.
Mir. 'Tis a villaine Sir, I doe not love to looke on.
Pro. But as 'tis
We cannot misse him : he do's make our fire,
Fetch in our wood, and serves in Offices
that profit us : What hoa : slave ! *Caliban :*
Thou Earth, thou : speake.
Cal, within. There's wood enough within.
Pro. Come forth I say, there's other busines for thee:
Come thou Tortoys, when? *Enter Ariel like a water-*
Fine apparision: my queint *Ariel,* *Nymph.*
Hearke in thine eare.
Ar. My Lord, it shall be done. *Exit.*
Pro. Thou poysonous slave, got by y[e]divell himselfe
Upon thy wicked Dam ; come forth. *Enter Caliban.*
Cal. As wicked dewe, as ere my mother brush'd
With Ravens feather from unwholesome Fen
Drop on you both : A Southwest blow on yee,
And blister you all ore.
Pro. For this be sure, to night thou shalt have cramps,
Side-stiches, that shall pen thy breath up, Urchins
Shall for that vast of night,that they may worke
All exercise on thee : thou shalt be pinch'd
As thicke as hony-combe, each pinch more stinging
Then Bees that made 'em.
Cal. I must eat my dinner :
This Island's mine by *Sycorax* my mother,
Which thou tak'st from me : when thou cam'st first
Thou stroakst me,& made much of me: wouldst give me
Water with berries in't : and teach me how
To name the bigger Light, and how the lesse
That burne by day,and night : and then I lov'd thee
And shew'd thee all the qualities o'th'Isle,
The fresh Springs,Brine-pits ;barren place and fertill,
Curs'd be I that did so : All the Charmes
Of *Sycorax :* Toades, Beetles, Batts light on you :
For I am all the Subjects that you have,
Which first was min owne King : and here you sty-me
In this hard Rocke,whiles you doe keepe from me
The rest o'th'Island.
Pro. Thou

Pro. Thou most lying slave,
Whom stripes may move,not kindnes: I have us'd thee
(Filth as thou art) with humane care,and lodg'd thee
In mine owne Cell, till thou didst seeke to violate
The honor of my childe.
Cal. Oh ho, oh ho, would't had bene done:
Thou didst prevent me, I had peopel'd else
This Isle with *Calibans.*
Mira. Abhorred Slave,
Which any print of goodnesse wilt not take,
Being capable of all ill : I pittied thee,
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each houre
One thing or other : when thou didst not (Savage)
Know thine owne meaning; but wouldst gabble, like
A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes
With words that made them knowne: Bur thy wild race
(Tho thou dids't learn) had that in't, which good natures
Could ot abide to be with; therefore wast thou
Deservedly confin'd into this Rocke, who hadst
Deserv'd more than a prison.
Cal. You taught me Language, and my profit on't
Is, I know how to curse : the red-plague rid you
For learning me your language.
Pros. Hag-seed, hence :
Fetch us in Fewell, and be quicke thou'rt best
To answer other businesse :shrug'st thou (Malice)
If thou neglectst,or dost unwillingly
What I command, Ile racke thee with old Crampes,
Fill all thy bones with Aches, make thee rore,
That beasts shall tremble at thy dyn.
Cal. No, 'pray thee.
I must obey, his Art is of such pow'r,
It would controll my Dams god *Setebas,*
And make a vassaile of him.
Pro. So slave,hence *Exit Cal.*
Enter Ferdinand & Ariel, invisible playing & singing.
Ariel Song. *Come unto these yellow sands,*
and then take hands :
Curtsied when you have,and kist
the wilde waves whist:
Foote it featly heere, and there, and sweete Sprights beare
the burthen. Burthen dispersedly.
Harke,harke,bowgh wawgh : the watch-Dogges barke,
bowgh-wawgh.
Ar. *Hark,hark, I heare,the straine of strutting Chanticlere*
cry cockadidle dowe.
*Fer.*Where shold this Musick be? I'th aire,or th'earth?
It sounds no more: ans sure it waytes upon
Some God 'oth'Iland, sitting on a banke,
Weeping againe the King my Fathers wracke.
This Musicke crept by me upon the waters,
Allaying both their fury, and my passion
With it's sweet ayre : thence I have follow'd it
(Or it hath drawne me rather) but 'tis gone.
No, it begins againe.
Ariell Song.*Full fathom five thy Father lies,*
Of his bones are Corrall made :
Those are pearles that were his eies,
Nothng of him that doth fade,
But doth sufferd a Sea-change
Into something rich,& strange:
Sea-Nimphs hourly ring his knell.
Burthen: ding dong.
Harke now I heare them, ding-dong bell.
Fer. The Ditty do's remember my drown'd Father,
This is no mortall busines, nor no sound

That the earth owes : I heare it now above me.
Pro. The fringed Curtaines of thine eye advance,
And say what thou see'st yond.
Mira. What is't a Spirit?
Lord, how it lookes about : Beleeve me sir,
It carries a brave forme. But 'tis a spirit.
Pro. No wench,it eats,and sleeps, & hath such senses
As we have: such. This Gallant which thou seest
Was in the wracke : and but hee's fomething stain'd
With greefe (that's beauties canker) y[u] might'st call him
A goodly person : he hath lost his fellowes,
And strayes about to finde 'em.
Mir. I might call him
A thing divine, for nothing naturall
I ever saw so Noble.
Pro. It goes on I see
As my soule prompts it : Spirit,fine spirit, Ile free thee
Within two dayes for this.
Fer. Most sure the Goddesse
On whom these ayres attend : Vouchsafe my pray'r
May know if you remaine upon this Island,
And that you will some good instruction give
How I may beare me heere : my prime request
(Which I do last pronounce) is (O you wonder)
If you be Mayd, or no?
Mir. No wonder Sir,
But certainly a Mayd.
Fer. My Language? Heavens :
I am the best of them that speake this speech,
Were I but where 'tis spoken.
Pro. How? the best?
What wer't thou if the King of *Naples* heard thee?
Fer. A single thing, as I am now, that wonders
To heare thee speake of *Naples* : he do's heare me,
And that he do's, I weepe : my selfe am *Naples,*
Who, with mine eyes (never since at ebbe) beheld
The King my Father wrack't.
Mir. Alacke, for mercy.
Fer. Yes faith,& all his Lords,the Duke of *Millaine*
And his brave sonne, being twaine.
Pro. The Duke of *Millaine*
And his more braver daughter, could controll thee
If now 'twere fit to do't : At the first sight
They have chang'd eyes : Delicate *Ariel,*
Ile set thee free for this. A word good Sir,
I feare you have done your selfe some wrong ; A word.
Mir. Why speakes my father so ungently ? This
Is the third man that ere I saw : the first
That ere I sigh'd for : pitty move my father
To be enclin'd my way.
Fer. O, if a Virgin,
And your affection not gone forth, Ile make you
The Queene of *Naples.*
Pro. Soft sir, one word more.
They are both in eythers pow'rs : But this swift busines
I must uneasie make, least too light winning
Make the prize light. One word more : I charge thee
That thou attend me : Thou do'st heere usurpe
The name thou ow'st not, and hast put thy selfe
Upon this Island, as a spy, to win it
From me, the Lord on't.
Fer. No, as I am a man.
Mir. Ther's nothing ill, can dwell in such a Temple,
If the ill-spirit have so fayre a house,
Good things will strive to dwell with't.
Pro. Follow me.

Pros. Speake not you for him : hee's a Traitor: come,
Ile manacle thy neck and feete together :
Sea water shalt thou drinke : thy food shall be
The fresh-brooke Mussels, wither'd roots, and huskes
Wherein the Acorne cradled . Follow.
Fer. No,
I will resist such entertainment, till
Mine enemy ha's more pow'r.
He drawes, and is charmed from moving.
Mira. O deere Father,
Make not too rash a triall of him, for
Hee's gentle,and not fearfull.
Pros. What I say,
My foote my Tutor? Put thy sword up Traitor,
Who mak'st a shew,but dar'st not strike:thy conscience
Is so possest with guilt : Come,from thy ward,
For I can heere disarme thee with this sticke,
And make thy weapon drop.
Mira. Beseech you Father.
Pros. Hence :hang not on my garments,
Mira. Sir have pity,
Ile be his surety.
Pros. Silence : One word more
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee : What,
An advocate for an Impostor ? Hush :
Thou think'st there is no more such shapes as he,
(Having seene but him and *Caliban:*) Foolish wench,
To th'most of men, this is a *Caliban,*
And they to him are Angels.
Mira. My affections
Are then most humble: I have no ambition
To see a goodlier man.
Pros. Come on, obey :
Thy Nerves are in their infancy againe.
And have no vigour in them.
Fer. So they are :
My spirits, as in a dreame, are all bound up :
My Fathers losse, the weaknesse which I feele,
The wracke of all my friends, nor this mans threats,
To whom I am subdude, are but light to me,
Might I but through my prison once a day
Behold this Mayd : all corners else o'th'Earth
Let liberty make use of : space enough
Have I in such a prison.
Pros. It workes : Come on.
Thou hast done well, fine *Ariell :* follow me,
Harke what thou else shalt do mee.
Mira. Be of comfort,
My Fathers of a better nature (Sir)
Then he appeares by speech : this is unwonted
Which now came from him.
Pros. Thou shalt be as free
As mountaine windes ; but then exactly do
All points of my command.
Ariell. To th'syllable.
Pros. Come follow : speake not for him. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus. Scoena Prima.

Enter Alonso,Sebastian, Anthonio, Gonzalo, Adrian,
Francisco, and others.
Gonz. Beseech you Sir, be merry ; you have cause,
(So have we all) of joy ; for our escape

Is much beyond our losse ; our hint of woe
Is common, every day, some Saylors wife,
The Masters of some Merchant, and the Merchant
Have just our Theame of woe : But for the miracle,
(I meane our preservation) few in millions
Can speake like us : then wisely (good Sir) weigh
Our sorrow, with our comfort.
Alons. Prethee peace.
Seb. He receives comfort like cold porredge.
Ant. The Visitor will not give him ore so.
Seb. Looke, hee's winding up the watch of his wit,
By and by it will strike.
Gon. Sir.
Seb. One : Tell.
Gon. When every greefe is entertaind,
That's offer'd comes to th'entertainer.
Seb. A dollor.
Gon. Dolour comes to him indeed, you have spoken
truer then you purpos'd.
Seb. You have taken it wiselier then I meant you
should.
Gon. Therefore my Lord.
Ant. Fie, what a spend-thrift is he of his tongue.
Alon. I pre-thee spare.
Gon. Well, I have done : But yet
Seb/ He will be talking.
Ant. Which, of he, or Adrian,for a good wager,
First begins to crow?
Seb. The old Cocke.
Ant. The Cockrell.
Seb. Done : The wager?
Ant. A Laughter.
Seb. *A match.*
Adr. Though this Island seeme to be desert.
Seb. Ha, ha, ha.
Ant. So : you'r paid.
Adr. Uninhabitable, and almost inaccessible.
Seb. Yet
Adr. Yet
Ant. He could not misse't.
Adr. It must needs be of subtle, tender, and delicate
temperance.
Ant. *Temperance* was a delicate wench.
Seb. I, and a subtle, as he most learnedly deliver'd.
Adr. The ayre breathes upon us here most sweetly.
Seb. As if it had Lungs, and rotten ones.
Ant. Or, as 'twere perfum'd by a Fen.
Gon. Heere is every thing advantageous to life.
Ant. True, save meanes to live.
Seb. Of that there's none, or little.
Gon. How lush and lusty the grasse lookes ?
How greene?
Ant. The ground indeed is tawny.
Seb. With an eye of greene in't.
Ant. He misses not much.
Seb. No : he doth but mistake the truth totally.
Gon. But the rariety of it is, which is indeed almost
beyond credit.
Seb. As many voucht rarities are.
Gon. That our Garments being(as they were) drencht
in the Sea, hold notwithstanding their freshnesse and
glosses, being rather new dy'de then stain'd with salte
water.
Ant. If but one of his pockets could speake, would
it not say he lyes ?
Seb. I, or very falsely pocket up his report.

Gon.

Gon. Me thinkes our garments are now as fresh as when we put them on first in Affricke , at the marriage of the kings faire daughter *Claribel* to the king of *Tunis*.

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

Adri. *Tunis* was never grac'd before with such a Paragon to their Queene.

Gon. Not since widdow *Dido's* time.

Ant. Widow? A pox o'that : how came that Widdow in? Widdow *Dido!*

Seb. What if he had said Widdower *AEneas* too? Good Lord, how your take it?

Adri. Widdow *Dido* said you? You make me study of that : She was of *Carthage,* not of *Tunis.*

Gon. This *Tunis* Sir was *Carthage.*

Adri. *Carthage?* *Gon.* I assure you *Carthage.*

Ant. His word is more then the miraculous Harpe.

Seb. He hath rais'd the well,and houses too.

*Ant.*What impossible matter wil he make easy next?

Seb. I thinke hee will carry this Island home in his pocket,and give it his sonne for an Apple.

Ant. And sowing the kernels of it in the Sea, bring forth more Islands.

Gon. I *Ant.* Why in good time.

Gon. Sir, we were talking, that our garments seeme now as fresh as when we were at *Tunis* at the marriage of your daughter, who is now Queene.

Ant. And the rarest that ere came there.

Seb. Bate (I beseech you) widdow *Dido*

Ant. O Widdow *Dido*? I, Widdow *Dido*.

Gon. Is not Sir my doublet as fresh as the first day I wore it? I meane in a sort.

Ant. That sort was well fish'd for.

Gon. When I wore it at your daughters marriage.

Alon. You cram these words into mine eares,against the stomacke of my sense : would I had never
Married my daughter there : For comming thence
My sonne is lost, and (in my rate) she too,
Who is so farre from *Italy* removed,
I ne're againe shall see her : O thou mine heire
Of *Naples* and of *Millaine,* what strange fish
Hath made his meale on thee?

Fran. Sir he may live,
I saw him beate the surges under him,
And ride upon their backes ; he trod the water
Whose enmity he flung aside : and brested
The surge most swolne that met him : his bold head
'Bove the contentious waves he kept. and oared
Himselfe with his good armes in lusty stroke
To th'shore ; that ore his wave-worne basis bowed
As stooping to releeve him : I not doubt
He came alive to Land.

Alon. No, no, hee's gone.

Seb. Sir you may thank your selfe for this great losse,
That would not blesse our Europe with your daughter,
But rather loose her to an Affrican,
Where she at least, is banish't from your eye,
Who hath cause to wet the greefe on't.

Alon. Pre-thee peace.

Seb. You were kneel'd too, & importun'd otherwise
By all of us : and the faire soul her selfe
Waigh'd betweene loathness, and obedience,at
Which end o'th'beame should bow: we have lost your
I feare for ever: *Millaine* and *Naples* have (son,
Mo widdowes in them of this businesse making,
Then we bring men to comfort them:

The faults your owne.
Alon. So is the deer'st oth'losse.
Gon. My Lord *Sebastian,*
The truth you speake doth lacke some gentlenesse,
And time to speake it in : you rub the sore,
When you should bring the plaister.
Seb. Very well. *Ant.* And most Chirurgeonly.
Gon. It is foule weather in us all, good Sir,
When you are cloudy.
Seb. Fowle weather? *Ant.* Very foule.
Gon. Had I plantation of this Isle my Lord.
Ant. Hee'd sow't with Nettle-seed.
Seb. Or dockes, or Mallowes.
Gon. And were the King on't, what vvould I do?
Seb. Scape being drunke, for want of Wine.
Gon. I'th'Commonwealth I vvould (by contraries)
Execute all things : for no kinde of Trafficke
Would I admit : Nor name of Magistrate:
Letters should not be knowne : Riches,poverty,
And use of service, none : Contract, Succession,
Borne, bound of Land, Tilth, Vineyard none :
No use of Mettall, Corne, or Wine,or Oyle:
No occupation, all men idle, all :
And Women too, but innocent and pure :
No Soveraignty.
Seb. Yet he vvould be King on't.
Ant. The latter end of his Common-wealth forgets
the beginning.
Gon. All things in common Nature should produce
Without sweat or endeavour : Treason, fellony,
Sword,Pike, Knife, Gun, or neede of any Engine
Would I not have : but Nature should bring forth
Of it owne kinde, all foyson, all abundance
To feed my innocent people.
Seb. No marrying 'mong his subjects ?
Ant. None (man) all idle ; Whores and knaves,
Gon. I vvould vvith such perfection governe Sir:
T'Excell the Golden Age.
Seb. 'Save his Majesty. *Ant.* Long live *Gonzalo.*
Gon. And do you marke me, Sir? (me.
Alon. Pre-thee no more: thou dost talke nothing to
Gon. I do vvell beleeve your Highnesse, and did it
to minister occasion to these Gentlemen, who are of
such sensible and nimble Lungs, that they alwayes use
to laugh at nothing.
Ant. 'Twas you vve laugh'd at.
Gon. Who,in this kind of merry fooling am nothing
to you : so you may continue,and laugh at nothing still.
Ant. What a blow was there given??
Seb. And it had not falne flat-long.
Gon. You are Gentlemen of brave mettal: you would
lift the Moone out of her spheare, if she would continue
in it five weekes vvithout changing.
Enter Ariell playing solemne Musicke.
Seb. We vvould so ,and then go a Bat-fowling.
Ant. Nay good my Lord, be not angry.
Gon. No I warrant you, I vvill not adventure my
discretion so weakly : Will you laugh me asleepe, for I
am very heavy.
Ant. Go sleepe, and heare us.
Alon. What, all so soone asleepe? I wish mine eyes
Would (with themselves) shut up my thoughts,
I finde they are iclin'd to do so.
Seb. Please you Sir,
Do not omit the heavy offer of it:
It sildome visits sorrow, when it doth,it is a Comforter.
Ant.

Ant. We two my Lord, will guard your person,
While you take your rest,and watch your safety.
Alon. Thanke you : Wondrous heavy.
Seb. What a strange drowsines possesses them?
Ant. It is the quality o'th'Clymate.
Seb. Why
Doth it not then our eye-lids sinke ? I finde
Not my selfe dispos'd to sleep.
Ant. Nor I, my spirits are nimble :
They fell together all, as by consent
They dropt, as by a Thunder-stroke : what might
Worthy *Sebastian?* O, what might ? no more :
And yet, me thinkes I see it in thy face,
What thou should'st be : th'occasion speaks thee, and
My strong imagination see's a Crowne
Dropping upon thy head.
Seb. What? art thou waking ?
Ant. Do you not heare me speake?
Seb. I do, and surely
It is a sleepy Language ; and thou speak'st
Out of thy sleepe : What is it thou didst say?
This is a strange repose, to be asleepe
With eyes wide open : standing, speaking, moving :
And yet so fast asleepe.
Ant. Noble *Sebastian,*
Thou let'st thy fortune sleepe : die rather : wink'st
Whiles thou art waking.
Seb. Thou do'st snore distinctly,
There's meaning in thy snores.
Ant. I am more serious then my custome : you
Must be so too, if heed me : which to do,
Trebbles thee o're.
Seb. Well : I am standing water.
Ant. Ile teach you how to flow.
Seb. Do so : to ebbe
Hereditary Sloth instructs me.
Ant. O !
If you but knew how you the purpose cherish
Whiles thus you mocke it : how in stripping it
You more invest it : ebbing men, indeed
(Most often) do so neere the bottome run
By their owne feare, or sloth.
Seb. 'Pre-thee say on,
The setting of thine eye, and cheeke proclaime
A matter from thee ; and a birth, indeed,
Which throwes thee much to yeeld.
Ant. Thus Sir :
Although this Lord of weake remembrance; this
Who shall be of as little memory
When he is earth'd, hath here almost perswaded
(For hee's a Spirit of perswasion, onely
Professes to perswade) the King his sonne's alive,
'Tis as impossible that hee's undrown'd,
As he that sleepes heere, swims.
Seb. I have no hope
That hee's undrown'd.
Ant. O, out of that no hope,
What great hope have you? No hope that way, Is
Another way so high a hope, that even
Ambition cannot pierce a winke beyond
But doubt discovery there. Will you grant with me
That *Ferdinand* is drown'd
Seb. He's gone.
Ant. Then tell me,who's the next heire of *Naples ?*
Seb. Claribell.
Ant. She that is Queene of *Tunis :* she that dwels

Ten leagues beyond mans life : she that from *Naples*
Can have no note, unlesse the Sun were post :
The Man i'th Moone's too slow, till new-borne chinnes
Be rough, and Razor-able : She that from whom
We all were sea-swallow'd, though some cast againe,
(And by that destiny) to performe an act
Whereof, what's past is Prologue ; what to come
In yours, and my discharge.
Seb. What stuffe is this ? How say you?
'Tis true my brothers daughter's Queene of *Tunis,*
So is she heyre of *Naples,* 'twixt which Regions
There is some space.
Ant. A space, whose ev'ry cubit
Seemes to cry out, how shall that *Claribell*
Measure us backe to *Naples ?* keepe in *Tunis,*
And let *Sebastian* wake. Say, this were death
That now hath seiz'd them, why they were no worse
Then now they are : There be that can rule *Naples*
As well as he that sleepes : Lords, that can prate
As amply, and unnecessarily
As this *Gonzallo :* I my selfe could make
A Chough of as deepe chat : O, that you bore
The minde that I do ; what a sleepe were this
For your advancement? Do you understand me?
Seb. Me thinkes I do.
Ant. And how do's your content
Tender your owne good fortune?
Seb. I remember
You did supplant your Brother *Prospero.*
Ant. True:
And looke how well my Garments sit upon me,
Much feater then before : My Brothers servants
Were then my fellowes, now they are my men.
Seb. But for your conscience.
Ant. I Sir : where lies that ? If'twere a kybe
'Twould put me to my slipper : But I feele not
This Diety in my bosome : 'Twentie consciences
That stand 'twixt me, and *Millaine,* candied be they,
And melt ere they mollest : Heere lies your Brother,
No better then the earth he lies upon,
If he were that which now hee's like (that's dead)
Whom I with this obedient steele (three inches of it)
Can lay to bed for ever : whiles you doing thus,
To the perpetuall winke for aye might put
This ancient morsell : this Sir Prudence, who
Should not upbraid our course : for all the rest
They'l take suggestion, as a Cat laps milke,
They'l tell the clocke, to any businesse that
We say befits the houre.
Seb. Thy case, deere Friend
Shall be my president : As thou got'st *Millaine,*
I'le come by *Naples :* Draw thy sword, one stroke
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou paiest,
And I the King shall love thee.
Ant. Draw together :
And when I reare my hand, do you the like
To fall it on *Gonzalo.*
Seb. O, but one word.
Enter Ariell with Musicke and Song.
Ariel. My Master through his Art forsees the danger
That you (his friend)are in, and sends meforth
(For else his project dies) to keepe them living.
Sings in Gonzaloes eare.
While you here do snoaring lie,
Open-ey'd Conspiracie
His time doth take:

If of Life you keepe a care,
Shake off slumber and beware.
Awake, awake.

Ant. Then let us both be sodaine.
Gon. Now, good Angels preserve the King.
Alo. Why how now hoa;awake?why are you drawn?
Wherefore this ghastly looking?
Gon. What's the matter?
Seb. Whiles we stood here securing your repose,
(Even now) we heard a hollow burst of bellowing
Like Buls, or rather Lyons; did't not wake you ?
It strooke mine eare most terribly.
Alo. I heard nothing.
Ant. O, 'twas a din to fright a Monsters eare;
To make an earthquake : sure it was the roare
Of a whole heard of Lyons.
Alo. Heard you this *Gonzalo ?*
Gon. Upon mine honour,Sir,I heard a humming,
(And that a strange one too) which did awake me :
I shak'd you Sir,and cride : as mine eyes opend,
I saw their weapons drawne : there was a noyse,
That's verily : 'tis best we stand upon our guard;
Or that we quit this place : let's draw our weapons.
Alo. Lead off this ground & let's make further search
For my poore sonne.
Gon. Heavens keepe him from these Beasts :
For he is sure i'th Island.
Alo. Lead away. (done.
Ariell. *Prospero* my Lord, shall know what I have
So (King)goe safely on to seeke thy Son. *Exeunt.*

Scoena Secunda.

Enter Caliban, *with a burthen of Wood (a noyse of Thunder heard.)*

Cal. All the infections that the Sunne suckes up
From Bogs,Fens, Flats, on *Prosper* fall,and make him
By ynch-meale a disease : his Spirits heare me,
And yet I needes must curse.But they'll nor pinch,
Fright me with Urchyn-shewes,pitch me i'th mire,
Nor lead me like a fire-brand, in the darke
Out of my way, unlesse he bid'em; but
For every trifle, are they set upon me,
Sometime like Apes,that moe and chatter at me,
And after bite me: then like Hedg-hogs, which
Lye tumbling in my bare-foote way, and mount
Their pricks at my foot-fall : sometime am I
All wound with Adders, who with cloven tongues
Doe hisse me into madnesse : [I o], now Lo, *Enter*
Here comes a Spirit of his,and to torment me *Trinculo.*
For bringing wood in slowly: I'le fall flat,
Perchance he will not mind me.
Tri. Here's neither bush, nor shrub to beare off any
weather at all : and another Storme brewing, I heare it
sing ith' winde: yond same blacke cloud, yond huge
one, lookes like a foule bumbard that would shed his
licquor : if it should thunder, as it did before, I know
not where to hide my head: yond same cloud cannot
choose but fall by paile-fuls. What have we here, a man,
or a fish ? dead or alive? a fish, hee smels like a fish : a
very ancient and fish-like smell : a kinde of, not of the

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newest poore-John: a strange fish : were I in *England* now (as once I was) and had but this fish painted; not a holiday-foole there but would give a peece of silver : there, would this Monster, make a man: any strange beast there, makes a man: when they will not give a doit to relieve a lame Begger,they will lay out ten to see a dead *Indian :* Leg'd like a man; and his Finnes like Armes: warme o' my troth : I doe now let loose my opinion ; hold it no longer ; this is no fish, but an Islander, that hath lately suffered by a Thunderbolt : Alas, the storme is come againe : my best way is to creepe under his Gaberdine : there in no other shelter hereabout : Misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellowes : I will here shrowd till the dregges of the storme be past.

Enter Stephano singing.

Ste. I shall no more to sea,to sea, here shall I dye ashore.
This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a mans
Funerall : well, here's my comfort. *Drinkes.*

Sings. The Master, the Swabber,the Boate-swaine & I;
The Gunner, and his Mate
Lov'd Mall,Meg,and Marrian,and Margerie,
But none of us car'd for Kate.
For she had a tongue with a tang,
Would cry to a Sailor goe hang :
She lov'd not the favour of Tar nor of Pitch,
Yet a Tailor might scratch her where ere she did itch.
Then to Sea Boyes,and let her goe hang.
This is a scurvy tune too:
But here's my comfort. *drinks.*

Cal. Doe not torment me : oh.

Ste. What's the matter?
Have we divels here?
Doe you put trickes upon's with Salvages, and Men of Inde? ha? I have not scap'd drowning, to be afeard now of your foure legges : for it hath bin said; as proper a man as ever went on foure legs, cannot make him give ground : and it shall be said so againe, while *Stephano* breathes at' nostrils.

Cal. The Spirit torments me : oh.

Ste. This is some Monster of the Isle, with foure legs; who hath got (as I take it) an Ague : where the divell should he learne our language? I will give him some reliefe if it be but for that : if I can recover him, and keepe him tame , and get to *Naples* with him, he's a Present for any Emperour that ever trod on Neates-leather.

Cal. Doe not torment me 'prethee : I'le bring my wood home faster.

Ste. He's in his fit now ; and doe's not talke after the wisest ; hee shall taste of my Bottle : if hee have never drunke wine afore, it will goe neere to remove his Fit : If I can recover him, and keepe him tame, I will not take too much for him; hee shall pay for him that hath him, and that soundly.

Cal. Thou do'st me yet but little hurt ; thou wilt anon, I know it by thy trembling : Now *Prosper* workes upon thee.

- *Ste.* Come on your wayes : open your mouth . here is that which will give language to you Cat*;* open your mouth ; this will shake your shaking, I can tell you.and that soundly : you cannot tell who's your friend ; your chaps againe.

Tri. I should know that voyce:
It should be,

But hee is dround; and these are divels; O de-
fend me.
Ste. Foure legges and two voyces ; a most delicate
Monster : his forward voyce now is to speake well of
his friend; his backward voice, is to utter foule speeches,
and to detract : if all the wine in my bottle will recover
him, I will helpe his Ague : Come : Amen, I will
poure some in thy other mouth.
Tri. Stephano.
Ste. Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy,mercy :
This is a divell, and no Monster : I will leave him, I
have no long Spoone.
Tri. Stephano : if thou beest *Stephano,* touch me, and
speake to me : for I am *Trinculo;* be not afeard, thy
good friend *Trinculo.*
Ste. If thou bee'st *Trinculo* : come foorth : I'le pull
thee by the lesser legges : if any be *Trinculo's* legges,
these are they : Thou art very *Trinculo* indeede : how
cam'st thou to be the siege of this Moone-calfe? Can
he vent *Trinculo's?*
Tri. I tooke him to be kil'd with a thunder-strok;but
art thou not dround *Stephano :* I hope now thou art
not dround : Is the Storme over-blowne ? I hid mee
under the dead Moone-Calfes Gaberdine, for feare of
the Storme : And art thou living *Stephano ?* O *Stephano,*
two *Neapolitanes* scap'd?
Ste. 'Prethee doe not turne me about, my stomacke
is not constant.
Cal. These be fine things,and if they be not sprights:
that's a brave God, and beares Celestiall liquor : I will
kneele to him.
Ste. How did'st thou scape?
How cam'st thou hither ?
Sweare by this Bottle how thou can'st hither : I escap'd
upon a But of Sacke, which the Saylors heaved o're-
boord, by this Bottle which I made of the barke of
a Tree, with mine owne hands, since I was cast a'-
shore.
Cal. I'le sweare upon that Bottle, to be thy true sub-
ject, for the liquor is not earthly.
St. Heere : sweare then how thou escap'dst.
Tri. Swom ashore (man) lik a Ducke : I can swim
like a Ducke i'le be sworne.
Ste. Here, kisse the Booke.
Though thou canst swim like a Ducke, thou art made
like a Goose.
Tri. O *Stephano*, ha'st any more of this?
Ste. The whole But (man) my Cellar is in a rocke
by the sea-side, where my Wine is hid :
How now Moone-Calfe,how do's thine Ague?
Cal. Ha'st thou not dropt from heaven?
Ste. Out o'th Moone I doe assure thee. I was the
Man ith' Moone, when time was.
Cal. I have seene thee in her : and I doe adore thee:
My Mistris shew'd me thee, and thy Dog, and thy Bush.
Ste. Come, sweare to that : kisse the Booke : I will
furnish it anon with new Contents : Sweare.
Tri. By this good light, this is a very shallow Mon-
ster : I afeard of him? a very weake Monster :
The Man ith' Moone ?
A most poor creadulous Monster :
Well drawne Monster, in good sooth.
Cal. Ile shew thee every fertill ynch 'oth Island : and
I will kisse thy foote : I prethee be my god.
Tri. By this light, a most perfidious, and drunken
Monster, when's god's a sleepe he'll rob his Bottle.

Cal. Ile kisse thy foot.Ile sweare my selfe thy Subject.
Ste. Come on then : downe and sweare.
Tri. I shall laugh my selfe to death at this puppi-headed Monster : a most scurvie Monster : I could finde in my heart to beate him.
Ste. Come, kisse.
Tri. But that the poore Monster's indrinke:
An abhominable Monster.
Cal. I'le shew thee the best Springs : I'le plucke thee Berries: I'le fish for thee ; and get thee wood enough.
A plague upon the Tyrant that I serve ;
I'le beare him no more Stickes, but follow thee, thou wondrous man.
Tri. A most rediculous Monster,to make a wonder of a poore drunkard.
Cal. I'prethee let me bring thee where Crabs grow; and I with my long nayles will digge thee pig-nuts; show thee a Jayes nest, and instruct thee how to snare the nimble Marmazet : I'le bring thee to clustring Philbirts, and sometimes I'le get the young Scamels from the Rocke: Wilt thou goe with me?
Ste. I pre'thee now lead the way without any more talking. *Trinculo*, the King, and all our company else being dround, wee will inherit here: Here; beare my Bottle: Fellow *Trinculo;* we'll fill him by and by a-gaine.

Caliban Sings drunkenly.

Farewell Master ; farewell, farewell.
Tri. A howling Monster : a drunken Monster.

Cal. No more dams I'le make for fish,
Nor fetch in firing, at requiring,
Nor scrape trenchering, nor wash dish,
Ban' ban' Cacalyban
Has a newMaster, get a new Man.

Freedome,high-day,high-day freedome,freedome high-day, freedome.
Ste. O brave Monster ; lead the way. *Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius. Scoena Prima.

Enter Ferdinand (bearing a Log.)

Fer. There be some Sports are painfull; & their labor
Delight in them set off : Some kindes of basenesse
Are nobly undergon ; and most poore matters
Point to rich ends : this my meane Taske
Would be as heavy to me, as odious, but
The Mistris which I serve, quickens what's dead,
And makes my labours, pleasures : O She is
Ten times more gentle, then her Father's crabbed;
And he's compos'd of harshnesse. I must remove
Some thousands of these Logs, and pile them up,
Upon a sore injunction ; my sweet Mistris
Weepes when she sees me worke, & saies, such basenes
Had never like Executor : I forget :
But these sweet thoughts, doe even refresh my labours,
Most busie lest, when I do it *Enter Miranda*
Mir. Alas, now pray you *and Prospero.*
Worke not so hard : I would the lightning had
Burnt up those Logs that you are enjoynd to pile :
Pray set it downe, and rest you : when this burnes
'Twill weepe for having wearied you : my Father
Is hard at study ; pray now rest your selfe,
He's

Hee's safe for these three houres.
Fer. O most deere Mistris,
The Sun will set before I shall discharge
What I must strive to do.
Mir. If you'l sit downe
Ile beare your Logges the while: pray give me that,
Ile carry it to the pile.
Fer. No precious Creature,
I had rather cracke my sinewes, breake my backe,
Then you should such dishonor undergoe,
While I sit lazy by.
Mir. It would become me
As well as it do's you; and I should do it
With much more ease : for my good will is to it,
And yours it is against.
Pro. Poore worme thou art infected,
This visitation shewes it.
Mir. You looke wearily.
Fer. No, noble Mistris, 'tis fresh morning with me
When you are by at night : I do beseech you
Cheefely, that I might set it in my prayers,
What is your name?
Mir. Miranda,O my Father,
I have broke your hest to say so.
Fer. Admir'd *Miranda,*
Indeede the top of Admiration, worth
What's deerest to the world : full many a Lady
I have ey'd with best regard, and many a time
Th'harmony of their tongues, hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent eare : for severall vertues
Have I lik'd severall women, never any
Vvith so full soule, but some defect in her
Did quarrell with the noblest grace she ow'd,
And put it to the foile. But you, O you,
So perfect, and so [peet*[r]*lesse], are created
Of everie Creatures best.
Mir. I do not know
One of my sexe ; no womans face remember,
Save from my glasse, mine owne: Nor have I seene
More that I may call men, then you good friend,
And my deere Father : how features are abroad
I am skillesse of ; but by my modestie
(The jewell in my dower) I would not wish
Any Companion in the world but you :
Nor can imagination forme a shape
Besides your selfe, to like of : but I prattle
Something too wildely, and my Fathers precepts
I therein do forget.
Fer. I am, in my condition
A Prince (*Miranda*) I do thinke a King
(I would not so) and would no more endure
This wodden slaverie, then to suffer
The flesh=flie blow my mouth : heare my soule speake.
The verie instant that I saw you, did
My heart flie to your service, there resides
To make me slave to it, and for your sake
Am I this patient Logge-man.
Mir. Do you love me?
Fer. O heaven ; O earth,beare witnes to this sound,
And crowne what I professe with kinde event
If I speake true : if hollowly, invert
Vvhat best is boaded me, to mischiefe : I,
Beyond all limit of what else i'th world
Do love, prize, honor you.
Mir. I am a foole
To weepe at what I am glad of.

Pro. Faire encounter
Of two most rare affections : heavens raine grace
On that which breeds betweene ‘em.
Fer. Vvherefore weepe you?
Mir. At mine unworthinesse, that dare not offer
Vvhat I desire to give ; and much lesse take
Vvhat I shall die to want :But this is trifling,
And all the more it seekes to hide it selfe,
The bigger bulke it shewes.Hence bashfull cunning,
And prompt me plaine and holy innocence.
I am your wife,if you will marrie me;
If not, Ile die your maid : to be your fellow
You may denie me, but Ile be your servant
Vvhether you will or no.
Fer. My Mistris (deerest)
And I thus humble ever.
Mir. My husband then?
Fer. I, with a heart as willing
As bondage ere of freedome : heere’s my hand.
Mir. And mine, with my heart in’t; and now farewel
Till halve an houre hence.
Fer. A thousand, thousand. *Exeunt.*
Pro. So glad of this as they I cannot be,
Vvho are surpriz’d with all ; but my rejoycing
At nothing can be more : Ile to my booke,
For yet ere supper time, must I performe
Much businesse appertaining. *Exit.*

Scoena Secunda.

Enter Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo.

Ste. Tell not me, when the But is out we will drinke water, not a drop before ; therefore beare up, & boord em’ Servant Monster, drinke to me.
Trin. Servant Monster ? the folly of this Island, they say there’s but five upon this isle ; we are three of them, if th’other two be brain’d like us, the State totters.
Ste. Drinke servant Monster when I bid thee, thy eies are almost set in thy head.
Trin. Vvhere should they bee set else ? hee were a brave Monster indeede if they were set in his taile.
Ste. My man-Monster hath drown’d his tongue in sacke : for my part the Sea cannot drowne mee, I swam ere I could recover the shore, five and thirtie Leagues off and on, by this light thou shalt bee my Lieutenant Monster, or my Standard.
Trin. Your Lieutenant if you list, hee’s no standard.
Ste. Vveel not run Monsieur Monster.
Trim. Nor go neither : but you’l lie like dogs, and yet say nothing neither.
Ste. Moone-calfe,speake once in thy life, if thou beest a good Moone-calfe.
Cal. How does thy honour? Let me licke thy shooe : Ile not serve him, he is not valiant.
Trin. Thou liest most ignorant Monster, I am in case to justle a Constable : why, thou debosh’d Fish thou, was there ever a man a Coward, that hath drunk so much Sacke as I to day ? wilt thou tell a monstrous lie, being but halfe a Fish,and halfe a Monster ?
Cal, Loe, how he mockes me, wilt thou let him my Lord?

[*Cal.*]

Trin. Lord, quoth he ? that a Monster should be such
a Naturall?
Cal. Loe, loe againe : bite him to death I prethee.
Ste. Trinculo, keepe a good tongue in your head : If
you prove a mutineere, the next Tree : the poore Mon-
ster's my subject, and he shall not suffer indignity.
Cal. I thanke my noble Lord. Wilt thou be pleas'd
to hearken once againe to the suite I made to thee?
Ste. Marry will I : kneele, and repeate it,
I will stand, and so shall *Trinculo.*

Enter Ariell invisible.

Cal. As I told thee before, I am subject to a Tirant,
A Sorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me
Of the Island.
Ariell. Thou lyest.
Cal. Thou lyest, thou jesting Monkey thou :
I would my valiant Master would destroy thee.
I do not lye.
Ste. Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in's tale,
By this hand, I will supplant some of your teeth.
Trin. Why, I said nothing.
Ste. Mum then,and no more : proceed.
Cal. I say by Sorcery he got this Isle
From me, he got it. If thy Greatnesse will
Revenge it on him, (for I know thou dar'st)
But this Thing dare not.
Xiste. That's most certaine.
Cal. Thou shalt be Lord of it, and Ile serve thee.
Ste. How now shall this be compast?
Canst thou bring me to the party?
Cal, Yea, yea my Lord, Ile yeeld him thee asleepe,
Where thou maist knocke a naile into his head.
Ariell. Thou liest, thou canst not.
Cal. What a py'de Ninnie's this? Thou scurvy patch:
I do beseech thy Greatnesse give him blowes,
And take his bottle from him: When that's gone,
He shall drinke nought but brine, for Ile not shew him
Where the quicke Freshes are.
Ste. Trinculo, run into no further danger :
Interrupt the Monster one word further, and by this
hand, Ile turne my mercie out o'doores, and make a
Stockfish of thee.
Trin. Why, what did I? I did nothing :
Ile go farther off.
Ste. Didst thou not say he lyed?
Ariell. Thou liest.
Ste. Do I so? Take thou that,
As you like this, give me the lye another time.
Trin. I did not give the lie : Out o'your wittes, and
hearing too?
A pox o'your bottle, this can Sacke and drinking doo :
A murren on you Monster, and the divell take your
fingers.
Cal. Ha,ha,ha.
Ste. Now forward with your Tale: prethee stand
further off.
Cal. Beate him enough : after a little time
Ile beate him too.
Ste. Stand farther : Come proceede.
Cal. Why as I told thee, 'tis a custome with him
I'th afternoone to sleepe : there thou maist braine him,
Having first seiz'd his bookes : Or with a logge
Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake,
Or cut his wezand with thy knife. Remember
First to possesse his Bookes ; for without them

Hee's but a Sot, as I am; nor hath not
One Spirit to command : they all do hate him
As rootedly as I. Burne but his Bookes,
He ha's brave Utensils (for so he calles them)
Which when he ha's a house, hee'l decke withall.
And that most deeply to consider, is
The beautie of his daughter : he himselfe
Cals her a non-pareill : I never saw a woman
But onely *Sycorax* my Dam, and she;
But she as farre surpasseth *Sycorax,*
As great'st do's least.
Ste. Is it so brave a Lasse?
Cal. I Lord, she will become thy bed,I warrant,
And bring thee forth brave brood.
Ste. Monster, I will kill this man : his daughter and
I will be King and Queene, save our Graces : and *Trin-*
culo and thy selfe shall be Vice-royes :
Dost thou like the plot *Trinculo?*
Trin. Excellent.
Ste. Give me thy hand, I am sorry I beate thee:
But while thou liv'st keepe a good tongue in thy head.
Cal. Within this halfe houre will he be asleepe,
Wilt thou destroy him then ?
Ste. I on mine honour.
Ariell. This will I tell my Master.
Cal. Thou mak'st me merry : I am full of pleasure,
Let us be jocond. Will you troule the Catch
You taught me but whileare?
Ste. At thy request Monster, I will do reason,
Any reason : Come on *Trinculo,* let us sing.
Sings.
Flout 'em, and cout'em : and skowt'em, and flout'em,
Thought is free.
Cal. That's not the tune.
Ariell plaies the tune on a Tabor and Pipe.
Ste. What is this s[*f*]ame ?
Trin. This is the tune of our Catch,plaid by the pic-
ture of No-body.
*Ste.*If thou beest a man,shew thy selfe in thy likenes :
If thou beest a divell, take't as thou list.
Trin. O forgive me my sinnes.
Ste. He that dies payes all debts: I defie thee;
Mercy upon us.
Cal. Art thou affeard?
Ste. No Monster, not I
Cal. Be not affeard, the Isle is full of noyses,
Sounds, and sweet aires, that give delight and hurt not:
Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
Will hum about mine eares ; and sometime voices,
That if I then had wak'd after long sleepe,
Will make me sleepe againe, and then in dreaming,
The clouds methought would open, and shew riches
Ready to drop upon me, that when I wak'd
I cri'de to dreame againe.
Ste. This will prove a brave kingdome to me,
Where I shall have my Musike for nothing.
Cal. When *Prospero* is destroy'd.
Ste. That shall be by and by:
I remember the storie.
Trin. The sound is going away.
Lets follow it, and after do our worke.
Ste. Leade Monster,
Wee'l follow : I would I could see this Taborer,
He layes it on.
Trin. Wilt come?
Ile follow *Stephano.* *Exeunt*
Scena

Scena Tertia.

Enter Alonso,Sebastian, Anthonio,Gonzallo, Adrian,Francisco, &c.

Gon. By'r lakin, I can goe no further, Sir,
My old bones akes : t\here's a maze trod indeede
Through fourth-rights, & Meanders : by your patience,
I needes must rest me.
Al. Old Lord, I cannot blame thee,
Who, am my selfe attach'd with wearinesse
To th'dulling of my spirits : Sit downe,and rest :
Even here I will put off my hope, and keepe it
No longer for my Flatterer : he is droun'd
Whom thus we stray to finde,and the Sea mocks
Our frustrate search on land : well,let him goe.
Ant. I am right glad,that he's so out of hope :
Doe not for one repulse forgoe the purpose
That you resolv'd t'effect.
Seb. The next advantage will we take throughly.
Ant. Let it be to night,
For now they are oppres'd with travaile,they
Will not,nor cannot use such vigilance
As when they are fresh.
Solemne and strange Musicke : and Prosper on the top (invisible :) Enter [sever all] strange shapes,bringing in a Banket ; and dance about it with gentle actions of salutations, and inviting the King,&c. to eate, they depart.
Seb. I say to night : no more.
Al. What harmony is this ? my good friends,harke.
Gon. Marvellous sweet Musicke.
Alo. Give us kind keepers,heavẽs: what were these?
Seb. A living *Drolerie :* now I will beleeve
That there are Unicornes : that in *Arabia*
There is one Tree, the Phoenix throne,one Phoenix
At this houre reigning there.
Ant. Ile beleeve both :
And what do's else want credit,come to me
And Ile [besworne] 'tis true : Travellers nere did lye,
Though fooles at home condemne'em.
Gon. If in *Naples*
I should report this now, would they beleeve me?
If I should say I saw such Islands ;
(For certes,these are people of the Island)
Who though they are of monstrous shape,yet note
Their manners are more gentle, kinde,then of
Our humaine generation you shall finde
Many, nay almost any.
Pro. Honest Lord,
Thou hast said well: for some of you there present ;
Are worse then divels.
Al. I cannot too much muse
Such shapes,such gesture,and such sound expressing
(Although they want the use of tongue) a kinde
Of excellent dumbe discourse.
Pro. Praise in departing.
Fr. They vanish'd strangely.
Seb. No matter, since (macks.
They have left their Viands behined; for wee have sto-
Wilt please you taste of what is here?
Alo. Not I. (Boyes
Gon. Faith Sir,you neede not feare: when wee were
Who would beleeve that there were Mountayneeres,
Dew-lapt,like Buls,whose throats had hanging at'em
Wallets of flesh? or that there were such men

Whose heads stood in their brests? which now we finde
Each putter out of five for one, will bring us
Good warrant of.
Al. I will stand to, and feede,
Although my last,no matter, since I feele
The best is past : brother : my Lord,the Duke,
Stand too, and doe as we.
Thunder and Lightning. Enter Ariell (like a Harpey)claps his wings upon the Table, and with a quient device the Banquet vanishes.
Ar. You are three men of sinne, whom destiny
That hath to instrument this lower world,
And what is in't : the never surfeited Sea,
Hath caus'd to belch up you ; and on this Island,
Where man doth not inhabit, you'mongst men,
Being most unfit to live : I have made you mad;
And even with such like valour,men hang,and drowne
Their proper selves : you fooles,I and my fellowes
Are ministers of Fate, the Elements
Of whom your swords are temper'd,may as well
Wound the loud windes,or with bemockt-at-Stabs
Kill the still closing waters, as diminish
One dowle that's in my plumbe : My fellow ministers
Are like-invulnerable : if you could hurt,
Your swords are now too massie for you strengths,
And will not be uplifted : But remember
(For that's my businesse to you) that you three
From *Millaine* did supplant good *Prospero,*
Expos'd unto the Sea (which hath requit it)
Him, and his innocent childe: for which foule deed,
The Powres,delaying (not forgetting) have
Incens'd the Seas,and Shores ; yea,all the Creatures
Against your peace : Thee of thy Sonne, *Alonso*
They have bereft ; and doe pronounce by me
Lingring perdition (worse than any death
Can be at once) shall step,by step attend
You, and your wayes, whose wraths to guard you from,
Which here,in this most desolate Isle,else fals
Upon your heads,is nothing but hearts-sorrow,
And a cleere life ensuing.
He vanishes in Thunder : then (to soft Musicke.) Enter the shapes againe, and daunce (with mockes and mowes) and carrying out the Table.
Pro. Bravely the figure of this *Harpie,*hast thou
Perform'd (my *Ariell*) a grace it had devouring:
Of my Instruction, hast thou nothing bated
In what thou had'st to say : so with good life.
And observation strange, my meaner ministers
Their severall kindes have done: my high charmes work,
And these (mine enemies) are all knit up
In their distractions : they now are in my powre ;
And in these fits,I leave them, while I visit
Yong *Ferdinand*(whom they suppose is droun'd)
And his,and mine lov'd darling.
Gon. I'th name of something holy,Sir,why stand you
In this strange stare ?
Al. O,it is monstrous : monstrous :
Me thought the billowes spoke,and told me of it,
The windes did sing it to me: and the Thunder
(That deepe and dreadfull Organ-Pipe) pronounc'd
The name of *Prosper* : it did base my Trespasse,
Therefore my Sonne i'th Ooze is bedded ; and
I'le seeke him deeper then ere plummet sounded,
And with him there lye muddied. *Exit.*
Seb. But one feend at a time,
Ile fight their Legions ore.

Ant. Ile be thy Second. *Exeunt.*
Gon. All three of them are desperate: their great guilt
(Like poyson given to worke a great time after)
Now gins to bite the spirits : I doe beseech you
(That are of suppler joynts) follow them swiftly,
And hinder them from what this extasie
May now provoke them to.
Ad. Follow, I pray you. *Exeunt omnes.*

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Prospero, Ferdinand,and Miranda.
Pro. If I have too austerely punish'd you,
Your compensation makes amends, for I
Have given you here,a third of mine owne life,
Or that for which I live : who,once againe
I render to thy hand : All thy vexations
Were but my trials of thy love, and thou
Hast strangely stood the test : here,afore heaven
I ratifie this my rich guift : O *Ferdinand,*
Doe not smile at me, that I boast her of,
For thou shalt finde she will out-strip all praise
And make it halt,behinde her.
Fer. I doe beleeve it
Against an Oracle.
Pro. Then,as my guest,and thine owne acquisition
Worthily purchas'd, take my daughter : But
If thou do'st breake her Virgin-knot, before
All sanctimonious ceremonies may
With full and holy right, be ministred,
No sweet aspersion shall the heavens let fall
To make this contract grow; but barraine hate,
Sower-ey'd disdaine, and discord shall bestrew
The union of your bed, with weedes so loathly
That you shall hate it both : Therefore take heede,
As Hymens Lamps shall light you.
Fer. As I hope
For quiet dayes,faire Issue,and long life,
With such love,as 'tis now the murkiest den,
The most opportune place, the strongst suggestion,
Our worser *Genius* can, shall never melt
Mine honor into lust, to take away
The edge of that dayes celebration,
When I shall thinke,or *Phoebus* Steeds are founderd,
Or Night kept chain'd below.
Pro. Fairely spoke ;
Sit then,and talke with her,she is thine owne ;
What *Ariell*;my industrious [servãt] *Ariell.* *Enter Ariell.*
Ar. What would my potent master ? here I am.
Pro. Thou,and thy meaner fellowes, your last service
Did worthily performe : and I must use you
In such another tricke : goe bring the rabble
(Ore whome I give thee powre) here,to this place:
Incite them to quicke motion, for I must
Bestow upon the eyes of this yong couple
Some vanity of mine Art : it is my promise,
And they expect it from me.
Ar. Presently ?
Pro. I: with a twincke.
Ar. Before you can say come,and goe,
And breathe twice ; and cry, so,so:
Each one tripping on his Toe,
Will be here with mop,and mowe.
Doe you love me Master? no?

Pro. Dearely,my delicate *Ariell :* doe not approach
Till thou do'st heare me call.
Ar. Well: I conceive. *Exit.*
Pro. Looke thou be true : doe not give dalliance
Too much the raigne : the strongest oathes, are straw
To th'fire ith'blood : be more abstenious,
Or else good night your vow.
Fer. I warrant you, Sir,
The white cold virgin Snow, upon my hea[rt]
Abates the ardour of my Liver.
Pro. Well.
Now come my *Ariell,*bring a Corolary,
Rather then want a Spirit;appear,& pertly. *Soft musick.*
No tongue : all eyes : be silent. *Enter Iris.*
Ir. Ceres, most bounteous Lady, thy rich Leas
Of Wheate,Rye,Barley,Fetches,Oates and Pease;
Thy Turphie-Mountaines, where live nibling Sheepe,
And flat Medes thatchd with Stover,them to keepe:
Thy bankes with pioned,and twilled brims
Which spungie *Aprill,* at thy hest betrims;
To make cold Nymphes cast crownes ; & thy broome-
Whose shadow the dismissed Batchelor loves, (groves;
Being laffe-lorne : thy pole-clipt vineyard,
And thy Sea-marge stirrile,and rockey-hard,
Where thou thy selfe do'st ayre, the Queene o'th Skie,
Whose watry Arch, and messenger,am I.
Bids thee leave these,& with her soveraigne grace, *Juno*
Here on this grasse-plot,in this very place *descends.*
To come, and sport : here Peacocks flye amaine :
Approach, rich *Ceres* ,her to entertaine. *Enter Ceres.*
Cer. Haile,many-colored Messenger, that nere
Do'st disobey the wife of *Jupiter :*
Who, with thy saffron wings,upon my flowres
Diffusest hony drops, refreshing showres,
And with each end of thy blew bowe do'st crowne
My boskie acres,and my unshrubd downe,
Rich scarph to my proud earth: why hath thy Queene
Summond me hither,to this short gras'd Greene ?
Ir. A contract of true Love, to celebrate,
And some donation freely to estate
On the bles'd Lovers.
Cer. Tell me heavenly Bowe,
If *Venus* or her Sonne, as thou do'st know,
Doe now attend the Queene ? since they did plot
The meanes, that duskie *Dis,*my daughter got,
Her,and her blind-Boyes scandald company,
I have forsworne.
Ir. Of her societie
Be not afraid : I met her dietie
Cutting the clouds towards *Paphos :* and her Son
Dove-drawn with her : here thought they to have done
Some wanton charme, upon this Man and Maide,
Whose vowes are,that no bed-right shall be paid
Till *Hymens* Torch be lighted : but in vaine,
Marses hot Minion is returnd againe,
Her waspish headed sonne,has broke his arrowes,
Swears he will shoote no more,but play with Sparrows,
And be a Boy right out.
Cer. Highest Queene of State,
Great *Juno* comes, I know her by her gate.
Ju. How do's my bounteous sister ? goe with me
To blesse this twaine,that they may prosperous be,
And honourd in their Issue. *They Sing.*

Ju. Honor ,riches ,marriage ,blessing,
Long continuance,and encreasing,
Hourely joyes, be still upon you,

Juno

Juno sings her blessings on you.
Earths increase, foyzon plentie,
Barnes, and Garners, never empty.
Vines, with clustring bunches growing,
Plants, with goodly burthen bowing :
Spring come to you at the farthest,
In the very end of Harvest.
Scarcity and want shall shun you,
Ceres *blessing so is on you.*

Fer. This is a most majesticke vision, and
Harmonious charmingly :may I be bold
To thinke these spirits ?

Pro. Spirits,which by mine Art
I have from their confines call'd to enact
My present fancies.

Fer. Let me live here ever,
So rare a wondred Father, and a wife
Makes this place Paradise.

Pro. Sweet now, silence :
Juno and *Ceres* whisper seriously,
There's something else to doe : hush, and be mute
Or else our spell is mar'd.

Juno *and* Ceres *whisper,and send* Iris *on employment.*

Iris. You Nimphs cald *Nayades* of [ye] windring brooks,
With your sedg'd crownes,and ever-harmelesse lookes,
Leave your crispe channels, and on this greene-Land
Answere your summons, *Juno* do's command.
Come temperate *Nimphes,* and helpe to celebrate
A Contract of true Love : be not too late.

Enter Certaine Nimphes.

You Sun-burn'd Sicklemen of August weary,
Come hether from the furrow, and be merry,
Make holly day : your Rye-straw hats put on,
And these fresh Nimphes encounter every one
In Country footing.

Enter certaine Reapers (properly habited:)they joyne with the Nimphes,in a gracefull dance,towards the end whereof, Prospero *starts sodainly and speakes, after which to a strange hollow and confused noyse, they heavily vanish.*

Pro. I had forgot that foule conspiracy
Of the beast *Calliban,* and his confederates
Against my life : the minute of their plot
Is almost come : Well done, avoyd: no more.

Fer. This is strange : your fathers in some passion
That workes him strongly.

Mir. Never till this day
Saw I him touch'd with anger, so distemper'd.

Pro. You doe looke (my son) in a mov'd sort,
As if you were dismaid: be cheerefull Sir,
Our Revels now are ended : These our actors,
(As I foretold you) were all Spirits, and
Are melted into Ayre, into thin Ayre,
And like the baselesse fabricke of this vision
The Clowd-capt Towres,the gorgeous Pallaces,
The solemne Temples, the great Globe it selfe,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And like this insubstantiall Pageant faded
Leave not a racke behinde : we are such stuffe
As dreames are made on ; and our little life
Is rounded with a sleepe : Sir, I am vext,
Beare with my weakenesse,my old braine is troubled:
Be not disturb'd with my infirmitie,
If you be pleas'd, retire into my Cell,
And there repose, a turne or two, Ile walke
To still my beating minde.

Fer. Mir. We wish your peace. *Exit.*

Pro. Come with a thought; I thank the *Ariell:* come.
Enter Ariell.
Ar. Thy thoughts I cleave to, what's thy pleasure?
Pro. Spirit : We must prepare to meet with *Caliban.*
Ar. I my Commander, when I presented *Ceres*
I thought to have told thee of it, but I fear'd
Least I might anger thee.
Pro. Say again, where didst thou leave these varlots?
Ar. I told you Sir,they were red-hot with drinking,
So full of valour,that they smote the ayre
For breathing in their faces : beate the ground
For kissing of their feete ; yet alwaies bending
Towards their project : then I beate my Tabor,
At which like unback't colts they prickt their eares,
Advanc'd their eye-lids, lifted up their noses
As they smelt musicke, so I charm'd their eares
That Calfe-like, they my lowing follow'd, through
Tooth'd briars,sharpe firzes, pricking gosse,& thorns,
Which entred their fraile shins : at last I left them
I'th' filthy mantled poole beyond your Cell,
There dancing up to th'chins, that the fowle Lake
Ore-stunck their feet.
Pro. This was well done (my bird)
Thy shape invisible retaine thou still :
The trumpery in my house, goe bring it hither
For stale to catch these theeves. *Ar.* I go, I goe. *Exit.*
Pro. A Devill, a borne-Devill, on whose nature
Nurture can never sticke : on whom my paines
Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost,
And, as with age, his body ouglier growes,
So his minde cankers : I will plague them all ,
Even to roaring : Come, hang on them this line.
Enter Ariell, *loaden with glistering apparell, &c. Enter*
Caliban, Stephano, *and* Trinculo, *all wet.*
Cal. Pray you tread softly, that the blinde Mole may
not heare a foot fall : we now are neere his Cell.
St. Monster,your Fairy, [sw] you say is a harmles Fairy,
Has done little better then plaid the Jacke with us.
Trin. Monster, I do smell all horse-pisse, at which
My nose is in great indignation.
Ste. So is mine. Do you heare Monster : If I should
Take a displeasure against you : Looke you.
Trin. Thou wert but a lost Monster.
Cal. Good my Lord, give me thy favour stil,
Be patient, for the prize Ile bring thee too
Shall hudwinke this mischance : therrefore speake softly,
All's husht as midnight yet.
Trin. I, but to loose our bottles in the Poole.
Ste. There is not onely disgrace and dishonor in that
Monster, but an infinite losse.
Tr. That's more to me then my wetting :
Yet this is your harmlesse Fairy, Monster.
Ste. I will fetch off my bottle,
Though I be o're eares for my labour.
Cal. Pre-thee (my King) be quiet. Seest thou heere
This is the mouth o'th Cell : no noise,and enter :
Do that good mischeefe,which may make this Island
Thine owne for ever, and I thy *Caliban*
For aye thy foot-licker.
Ste. Give me thy hand,
I do begin to have bloody thoughts.
Trin. O King *Stephano,* O Peere : O worthy *Stephano,*
Looke what a wardrobe heere is for thee.
Cal. Let it alone thou foole, it is but trash.
Tri. Oh, ho, Monster : wee know what belongs to a
frippery, O King *Stephano.*

Ste. Put off that gowne *(Trinculo*) by this hand Ile
have that gowne.
Tri. Thy grace shall have it. (meane
Cal. The dropsie drowne this foole, what doe you
To doate thus on such luggage ?l let's alone
And doe the murther first : if he awake,
From toe to crowne hee'l fill our skins with pinches,
Make us strange stuffe.
Ste. Be you quiet (Monster) Mistris line, is not this
my Jerkin? now is the Jerken under the line : now Jer-
kin you are like to lose your haire,& prove a bald Jerkin.
Trin. Doe, doe ; we steale by line and levell, and't
like your grace.
Ste. I thank thee for that jest ; heer's a garment for't:
Wit shall not goe un-rewarded while I am King of this
Country : Steale by line and levell, is an excellent passe
of pate : there's another garment for't.
Tri. Monster, come put some Lime upon your fin-
gers, and away with the rest.
Cal. I will have none on't : we shall loose our time,
And all be turn'd to Barnacles, or to Apes
With foreheads villanous low.
Ste. Monster, lay to your fingers : helpe to beare this
away, where my hogshead of wine is, or Ile turne you
out of my kingdome : goe to, carry this.
Tri. And this.
Ste. I , and this.
A noyse of Hunters heard. Enter divers Spirits in shape of Dogs and Hounds, hunting them about : Prospero and Ariel setting them on.
Pro. Hey *Mountaine,* hey.
Ari. S*ilver :* there it goes*, Silver*.
Pro. Fury, Fury : there Tyrant, there : harke, harke.
Goe, charge my Goblins that they grinde their joynts
With dry Convultions, shorten up their sinewes
With aged Cramps, & more pinch-spotted make them,
Then Pard, or Cat o'Mountaine.
Ari. Harke, they rore.
Pro. Let them be hunted soundly : At this houre
Lies at my mercy all mine enemies :
Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou
Shalt have the ayre at freedome :for a little
Follow, and doe me service. *Exeunt.*

Actus quintus: Scoena Prima.

Enter Prospero *(in his Magicke robes) and* Ariel.

Pro. Now do's my Project gather to a head:
My charmes cracke not: my Spirits obey, and Time
Goes upright with his carriage : how's the day?
Ar. On the fixt hower, at which time, my Lord
You said our worke should cease.
Pro. I did say so,
When first I rais'd the Tempest : say my Spirit,
How fares the King, and's followers ?
Ar. Confin'd together
In the same fashion, as you gave in charge,
Just as you left them; all prisoners Sir
In the *Line-grove* which weather-fends your Cell,
They cannot boudge till your release : The King,
His Brother, and yours,abide all three distracted,
And the remainder mourning over them,
Brim full of sorrow, and dismay : but chiefly

Him that you term'd Sir, the good old Lord *Gonzallo,*
His teares runs downe his beard like winters drops
From eaves of reeds : your charm so strongly works 'em
That if you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender.
Pro. Dost thou thinke so, Spirit ?
Ar. Mine would, Sir, were I humane.
Pro. And mine shall.
Hast thou (which art but aire) a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions, and shall not my selfe,
One of their kinde, that rellish all as sharpely,
Passion as they, be kindlier mov'd then thou art?
Thogh with their high wrongs I am strook to th'quick,
Yet, with my nobler reason, gainst my furie
Doe I take part : the rarer Action is
In vertue, then in vengeance : they, being penitent,
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
Not a frowne further : Goe,release them *Ariell,*
My Charmes Ile breake,their senses Ile restore,
And they shall be themselves.
Ar. Ile fetch them,Sir. *Exit.*
Pro. Ye Elves of hils,brooks,stãding lakes & groves,
And ye, that on the sands with printlesse foote
Doe chafe the ebbing-*Neptune,* and doe flie him
When he comes backe : you demy-Puppets, that
By Moone-shine doe the greene sowre Ringlets make,
Whereof the Ewe not bites : and you, whose pastime
Is to make midnight-Mushrumps, that rejoyce
To heare the solemne Curfewe, by whose ayde
(Weake Masters though ye be) I have bedymn'd
The Noone-tide Sun,call'd forth the mutenous windes,
And twixt the greene Sea, and the azur'd vault
Set roaring warre : To the dread ratling Thunder
Have I given fire, and rifted *Joves* stowt Oke
With his owne Bolt : The strong bass'd promontorie
Have I made shake, and by the spurs pluckt up
The Pyne, and Cedar. Graves at my command
Have wak'd their sleepers, op'd,and let 'em forth
By my so potent Art. But this rough Magicke
I heere abjure : and when I have requir'd
Some heavenly Musicke (which even now I do)
To worke mine end upon their Sences, that
This Ayrie-charme is for, I'le breake my staffe,
Bury it certaine fadomes in the earth,
And deeper then did ever Plummet found
Ile drowne my booke. *Solemne musicke.*

Heere enters Ariel *before:Then* Alonso *with a franticke gesture, attended by* Gonzalo. Sebastian *and* Anthonio *in like manner attended by* Adrian *and* Francisco:*They all enter the circle which* Prospero *had made,and there stand charm'd ; which* Prospero *observing, speakes.*

A solemne Ayre,and the best comforter,
To an unsetled fancie, Cure thy braines
(Now uselesse) boile within thy skull : there stand
For you are Spell-stopt.
Holy *Gonzallo,* Honourable man,
Mine eyes ev'n sociable to the shew of thine
Fall fellowly drops : The charme dissolves apace,
And as the morning steales upon the night
(Melting the darknesse) so their rising sences
Begin to chace the ignorant fumes that mantle
Their cleerer reason. O good *Gonzallo*
My true preserver, and a loyall Sir,
To him thou follow'st; I will pay thy graces
Home both in word,and deede: Most cruelly

Didst

Did thou *Alonso,* use me, and my daughter :
Thy brother was a furtherer in the Act,
Thou art pinch'd for't now *Sebastian.* Flesh, and bloud,
You, brother mine, that entertaine ambition,
Expelld remorse, and nature, whom, with *Sebastian*
(Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong)
Would heere have kill'd your King : I do forgive thee,
Unnaturall though thou art : Their understanding
Begins to swell, and the approching tide
Will shortly fill the reasonable shore
That now ly foule, and muddy : not one of them
That yet lookes on me, or would know me: *Ariell,*
Fetch me the Hat, and Rapier in my Cell,
I will discase me, and my selfe present
As I was some time *Millaine*: quickly Spirit,
Thou shalt ere long be free.

Ariell sings and helps to attire him.

Where the Bee sucks, there suck I,
In a Cowslips bell, I lie,
There I cowch when Owles doe crie,
On the Batts backe I doe flie
after Sommer merrily.
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the Bow.

Pro. Why that's my dainty *Ariell:* I shall misse
Thee, but yet thou shalt have freedome : so,so,so.
To the Kings ship, invisible as thou art,
There shalt thou finde the Marriners asleepe
Under the Hatches : the Master and the Boat-swaine
Being awake, enforce them to this place ;
And presently, I pre'thee.

Ar. I drinke the aire before me, and returne
Or ere your pulse twice beate. *Exit.*

Gon. All torment,trouble, wonder, and amazement
Inhabits heere : some heavenly power guide us
Out of this fearefull Country.

Pro. Behold Sir King
The wronged Duke of *Millaine, Prospero:*
For more assurance that a living Prince
Do's now speake to thee, I embrace thy body,
And to thee, and thy Company, I bid
A hearty welcome.

Alo. Where thou bee'st he or no,
Or some inchanted trifle to abuse me,
(As late I have beene) I not know : thy Pulse
Beats as of flesh,and blood : and since I saw thee,
Th'affliction of my minde amends, with which
I feare a madnesse held me : this must crave
(And if this be at all) a most strange story.
Thy Dukedome I resigne, and doe entreat
Thou pardon me my wrongs : But how shold *Prospero*
Be living, and be here?

Pro. First, noble Frend,
Let me embrace thine age, whose honor cannot
Be measur'd, or confin'd.

Gonz. Whether this be,
Or be not, I'le not sweare.

Pro. You doe yet taste
Some subtleties o'th'Isle, that will nor let you
Beleeve things certaine: Wellcome, my friends all,
But you, my brace of Lords, were I so minded
I heere could plucke his Highnesse frowne upon you
And justifie you Traitors : at this time
I will tell no tales.

Seb. The Divell speakes in him:

Pro. No :

For you (most wicked Sir) whom to call brother
Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive
Thy rankest fault ; all of them : and require
My Dukedome of thee, which,perforce I know
Thou must restore.
Alo. If thou beest *Prospero*
Give us particulars of thy preservation,
How thou hast met us heere, whom three howres since
Were wrackt upon this shore ? where I have lost
(How sharp the point of this remembrance is)
My deere sonne *Ferdinand.*
Pro. I am woe for't, Sir.
Alo. Irreparable is the losse, and patience
Saies, it is past her cure.
Pro. I rather thinke
You have not sought her helpe, of whose soft grace
For the like losse, I have her soveraigne aid,
And rest myself content.
Alo. You the like losse?
Pro. As great to me, as late, and supportaable
To make the deere losse,have I meanes much weaker
Then you may call to comfort you ; for I
Have lost my daughter.
Alo. A daughter?
Oh heavens, that they were living both in [*Nalpes*]
The King and Queene there, that they were, I wish
My selfe were mudded in that oo-zie bed
Where my sonne lies: when did you lose your daughter?
Pro. In this last Tempest. I perceive these Lords
At this encounter doe so much admire,
That they devoure their reason, and scarce thinke
Their eies doe offices of Truth : Their words
Are naturall breath : but howsoev'r you have
Been justled from your sences, know for certain
That I am *Prospero,* and that very Duke
Which was thrust forth of *Millaine,* who most strangely
Upon this shore (where you were wrackt) was landed
To be the Lord on't: No more yet of this ,
For 'tis a Chronicle of day by day,
Not a relation for a break-fast,nor
Befitting this first meeting : Welcome, Sir;
This Cell's my Court : heere have I few attendants,
And Subjects none abroad: pray you looke in:
My Dukedome since you have given me againe,
I will requite you with as good a thing,
At least bring forth a wonder, to content ye
As much, as me my Dukedome.
Here Prospero discovers Ferdinand and Miranda,playing at Chesse.
Mir. Sweet Lord, you play me false.
Fer. No my dearest love,
I would not for the world. (wrangle,
Mir. Yes, for a score of Kingdomes, you should
And I would call it faire play.
Alo. If this prove
A vision of the Island, one deere Sonne
Shall I twice loose.
Seb. A most high miracle.
Fer. Though the Seas threaten they are mercifull,
I have curs'd them without cause.
Alo. Now all the blessings
Of a glad father, compasse thee about:
Arise, and say how thou cam'st heere.
Mir. O wonder!
How many goodly creatures are there heere?
How beauteous mankinde is? O brave new world

That has such people in't.
Pro. 'Tis new to thee. (play?
Alo. What is this Maid, with whom thou was't at
Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three houres :
Is she the goddesse that hath sever'd us,
And brought us thus together?
Fer. Sir, she is mortall;
But by immortall providence, she's mine;
I chose her when I could not aske my Father
For his advise : nor thought I had one : She
Is daughter to this famous Duke of *Millaine,*
Of whom, so often I have heard renowne,
But never saw before: of whom I have
Receiv'd a second life; and second Father
This Lady makes him to me.
Alo. I am hers.
But O, how odly will it sound, that I
Must aske my childe forgivenesse?
Pro. There Sir stop,
Let us not burthen our remembrances, with
A heavinesse that's gon.
Gon. I have inly wept,
Or should have spoke ere this : looke downe you gods
And on this couple drop a blessed crowne;
For it is you, that have chalk'd forth the way
Which brought us hither.
Alo. I say Amen, *Gonzallo.*
Gon. Was *Millaine* thrust from *Millaine,* that his Issue
Should become Kings of *Naples*? O rejoyce
Beyond a common joy, and set it downe
With gold on lasting Pillers : In one voyage
Did *Claribell* her husband finde at *Tunis,*
And *Ferdinand* her brother, found a wife,
Where he himselfe was lost : *Prospero*, his Dukedome
In a poore Isle : and all of us, our selves,
When no man was his owne.
Alo. Give me your hands:
Let griefe and sorrow still embrace his heart,
That doth not wish you joy.
Gon. Be it so, Amen.
Enter Ariell,with the Master and Boatswaine amazedly following.
O lookeSir,looke Sir, here is more of us :
I prophesi'd, if a Gallowes were on Land
This fellow could not drowne : Now blasphemy,
That swear'st Grace ore-boord,not an oath on shore,
Hast thou no mouth by land?
What is the newes?
Bot. The best newes is, that we have safely found
Our King, and company : The next: our Ship,
Which but three glasses since, we gave out split,
Is tyte, and yare, and bravely rig'd, as when
We first put out to Sea.
Ar. Sir, all this service
Have I done since I went.
Pro. My tricksey Spirit.
Alo. These are not naturall evens, they strengthen
From strange, to stranger : say, how came you hither ?
Bot. If I did thinke, Sir, I were well awake,
I'ld strive to tell you : we were dead of sleepe,
And (how we know not) all clapt under hatches,
Where,but even now, with strange,and severall noyses
Of roring,shreeking,howling,gingling chaines,
And mo diversitie of sounds, all horrible.
We were awak'd : straight way, at liberty ;
Where we, in all our trim, freshly beheld

Our royall, good, and gallant Ship : our Master
Capring to eye her: on a trice, so please you,
Even in a dreame, were we divided from them,
And were brought moaping hither.
Ar. Was't well done?
Pro. Bravely (my diligence) thou shalt be free.
Alo. This is as strange a Maze, as ere men trod,
And there is in this businesse, more then nature
Was ever conduct of: some Oracle
Must rectifie our knowledge.
Pro. Sir, my Leige,
Doe not infest your minde, with beating on
The strangenesse of this businesse,at pickt leisure
(Which shall be shortly single) I'le resolve you,
(Which to you shall seeme probable) of every
These happend accidents : till when, be cheerfull
And thinke of each thing well : Come hither Spirit,
Set *Caliban*, and his companions free :
Untye the Spell : How fares my gracious Sir ?
There are yet missing of your Companie
Some few odde Lads, that you remember not.
Enter Ariell, driving in Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo in their stolne Apparell.
Ste. Every man shift for all the rest, and let
No man take care of himselfe ; for all is
But fortune : *Coragio* Bully-Monster [*Corasio*].
Tri. If these be true spies which I weare in my head,
here's a goodly sight.
Cal. O *Setebos,* these be brave Spirits indeede :
How fine my Master is ? I am afraid
He will chastise me.
Seb. Ha, ha :
What things are these, my Lord *Anthonio ?*
Will money buy em?
Ant. Very like : one of them
Is a plaine Fish, and no doubt marketable.
Pro. Marke but the badges of these men, my Lords,
Then say if they be true : This mishapen knave;
His Mother was a Witch, and one so strong
That could controle the Moone ; make flowes, and ebs,
And deale in her command, without her power :
These three have robd me, and this demy-divell;
(For he's a bastard one) had plotted with them
To take my life : two of these Fellowes, you
Must know,and owne, this Thing of darkenesse, I
Acknowledge mine.
Cal. I shall be pincht to death.
Alo. Is not this *Stephano,* my drunken Butler ?
Seb. He is drunke now ;
Where had he wine ?
Alo. And *Trinculo* is reeling ripe : where should they
Finde this grand Liquor that hath gilded 'em?
How cam'st thou in this pickle?
Tri. I have bin in such a pickle since I saw you last,
That I feare me will never out of my bones:
I shall not feare fly-blowing.
Seb. Who how now *Stephano?*
Ste. O touch me not,I am not *Stephano,*but a Cramp.
Pro. You'ld be King o'the Isle, Sirha?
Ste. I should have bin a sore one then.
Alo. This is a strange thing as ere I look'd on.
Pro. He is as disproportion'd in his Manners
As in his shape: Goe Sirha, to my Cell,
Take with you your Companions : as you looke
To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.
Cal. I that I will : and Ile be wife hereafter,
And

And seeke for grace : what a thrice double Asse
Was I to take this drunkard for a god ?
And worship this dull foole?
Pro. Goe to, away. (found it.
Alo. Hence, and bestow your luggage where you
Seb. Or stole it rather.
Pro. Sir, I invite your Highnesse, and your traine
To my poore Cell : where you shall take your rest
For this one night, which part of it, Ile waste
With such discourse, as I not doubt, shall make it
Goe quicke away : The story of my life,
And the particular accidents, gon by
Since I came to this Isle : And in the morne
I'le bring you to your ship , and so to *Naples,*

E P I L O G U E,
spoken by *Prospero.*

N*Ow my Charmes are all ore-throwne,*
And what strength I have's mine owne.
Which is most faint : now 'tis true
I must be heere consinde by you,
Or sent to Naples, *Let me not*
Since I have my Dukedome got,
And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell
In this bare Island, by your Spell,
But release me from my bands
With the helpe of your good hands :
Gentle breath of yours, my Sailes
Must fill, or else my project failes,
which was to please: Now I want
Spirits to enforce: Art to inchant,
And my ending is despaire,
Unless I be reliev'd by praier
Which pierces so, that it assaults
Mercy it selfe, and frees all faults.
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
Let your Indulgence set me free. Exit.

F I N I S.

Where I have hope to see the nuptiall
Of these our deere-belov'd, solemnized,
And thence retire me to my *Millaine,* where
Every third thought shall be my grave.
Alo. I long
To hear the story of your life ; which must
Take the eare strangely.
Pro. I'le deliver all,
And promise you calme Seas, auspicious gales,
And saile, so expeditious, that shall catch
Your Royall fleete farre off : My *Ariel* ; chicke
That is thy charge : Then to the Elements
Be free, and fare thou well : please you draw neere.
Exeunt omnes.

The Scene, an un-inhabited Island

Names of the Actors.

Alonso, K. of Naples:
Sebastian his Brother.
Prospero, the right Duke of Millaine.
Anthonio his brother,the usurping Duke of Millaine.
Ferdinand, Son to the King of Naples.
Gonzalo, an honest old Councellor.
Adrian, & Francisco, Lords.
Caliban, a salvage and deformed slave.
Trinculo, a Jester.
Stephano, a drunken Butler.
Master of a Ship.
Boate-Swaine.
Marriners.
Miranda, daughter to Prospero.
Ariell, an ayrie spirit.
Iris \
Ceres \
Juno > *Spirits.*
Nymphes /
Reapers /

T H E